

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 15

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, OCTOBER 2, 1913.

No. 10

A WARNING

EDITORS NOTE. The following article was written at our request, by Mr. Lewelling while in Miami this week. He was agricultural demonstrator for Nebraska and Missouri several years and knows whereof he speaks. Other Panhandle papers are at liberty to use this article if they so desire.

In driving over the Panhandle and especially Roberts, Wheeler and Gray Counties I am pleased to note the progressive spirit among the farmers in that they have begun so early in the summer to prepare their land for next years wheat crop. Almost everywhere I have examined I have found the seed bed almost perfect and the rains that have fallen of late have made conditions as good for seeding as I have ever seen them in all my observation in several states. I see one thing however that may prove bad and that is what has prompted me to write this article.

I see that volunteer wheat has come up on much of the early plowing until in places the ground is almost covered with it. It looks pretty and fresh and green and I fear that some farmers will let it stand and look to it for a crop next year. That would simply be courting a failure. If you have any such notion I would advise you to go out very soon and make a thorough examination. You will find wheat coming up very thick in patches and other places where there is no wheat. The bare spots do not show as you look over the field, but weeds will take possession of them next spring and grow very fast in the well prepared soil.

If you bind your wheat you must also bind the weeds and they are a loss both in twine and labor. If you head your crop these weeds will fill the barges very fast and add much to the labor besides they go into the stack in their green condition and injure the quality of the grain.

Volunteer wheat is generally killed in the winter very badly in spots and if it does not it will put up spindling straws with small heads which fill very poorly and the yield from the straw that does grow well afford a very unsatisfactory quality of grain.

The thick bunches of wheat which look so nice now were caused by the plowing under of whole heads of wheat, and often many heads have been bunched together and when all the grain in them grows you have a King hill, which looks good at first, but in the end is worthless. Might as well set a goose on 40 eggs, she would spread herself and do her best but she would do no good. Better set her on the old unlucky thirteen, she would hatch more goings.

A small amount of volunteer wheat in the field will do little harm. You will sow your wheat just the same and it will cut no figure in next years crop.

I have written this article for the benefit of the man who is tempted to leave his nice field of volunteer wheat without any work or seeding and expects a crop next year. To such one I would say: Don't do it. Better hitch to your disk and throw the leaver forward so as to turn as much dirt as possible. Don't put any weight on disk. It would be better if the driver would walk instead of riding for you want the disk to run as shallow as possible. Follow the disk with a harrow and that with the drill sowing the proper amount of good clean well graded seed wheat and your chance for a "bumper" wheat crop next year will be wonderfully good.

Now if you happen to be from "Missouri" and must be showed, just leave a strip of your very best volunteer wheat clear across the field, don't leave a very wide strip, a small one will 'show you' and then in turn you can prove your nativity by showing your neighbors.

With very best wishes for the success of the farmers of the Panhandle as well as elsewhere, I am, Sincerely Yours,
C. M. Lewelling.
Beaver City, Neb.

Splendid Two Inch Rain

The Miami Country, and in fact the whole Panhandle and several adjoining States received a splendid rain last week. The local weather station registered about two inches, and it fell in about 16 hours, just a slow regular rain, the ground soaking kind.

This gives us one of the best fall seasons we have ever had, and thousands of acres of wheat is now being sowed, besides there is several hundred acres now up and looking fine. There will likely be the biggest wheat acreage here that has ever been in Roberts County.

Lookout next year for some wheat, it will keep a dozen elevators busy and may clog the traffic on the Santa Fe if we get a full crop. The present good season on fall wheat will assure plenty of good winter pasture and we hear the farmers say that the last rain will greatly aid the late rice crop.

We have been having splendid weather since the rain and the barbers say that the price of good shaves have gone down a little.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Bible School meets promptly at 10 o'clock every Lord's Day; suitable classes for all ages. You are invited to attend.—Geo. Wilks, Supt.
Preaching every 2nd Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.—S. A. McPherson, Pastor.

Panhandle State Fair Next Week

We Must Have More Stuff if we Send an Exhibit

LAST APPEAL

The big Panhandle State Fair opens up at Amarillo next Monday morning, Oct. 6th, and will continue during the week. The Amarillo Fair promises to be a good one from the start and they are offering some very nice attractions during the week. We look for a good attendance to go from Miami.

Do not forget the fact that we want to send a good exhibit from Roberts County and to do so we must get the stuff to send. Up to date there has been a very limited amount of stuff forthcoming, even with all of Mr. Robertson's efforts to gather it. We want to urge every farmer in Roberts county to bring in a sample of what they raised this year, and we need it forthcoming at once if it is to serve the purpose for which it is intended. Herein fail not, we need and must have it if we make any sort of display. The exhibit will leave here Saturday evening and in order to give time to pack it, it should be here by noon.

Remember Mr. Farmer that this is as much to you as any one else, will not cost you a cent and surely you can spare a few wheat and oats or a little fruit. Lets advertise our country a little at the fair, but to do so we

must get busy right now. Bring something in by noon, day-after-tomorrow.

Lyceum Course

Miami will have a lyceum course this year, as usual, and it promises to be a good one too. This has been secured through the Britt Lyceum Bureau and all five of the numbers are guaranteed to please.

The first number will be the Woods Orchestra Trio, which has been in Miami before and gave a very pleasing performance. This number will be here sometime this month, the exact date has not yet been set, but will be announced in the Chief as soon as possible. Watch for it and don't miss it, you will always be pleased if you attend, it will be a refined entertainment and local manager Dial is now selling season tickets and by buying now you save a fifty cent piece on the course.

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Mobeetie Fair Begins Tomorrow

The sixth annual Mobeetie Fair opens up in the morning, and they will as usual, have a fine Fair. We have heard a number of Miami people signify their intention of going. Mobeetie has had five good annual Fairs and we are sure this one will be a good one too. Take a spin out to Mobeetie tomorrow or next day and you will be surprised to see the amount of stuff they raise over there in the sand.

A good agricultural Fair is one thing that Miami has let Mobeetie beat her very badly on. We have never had a fair here, not because we did not have the products to exhibit or the finance to put it through, but just because someone did not take the lead and go after it. Lets have a Roberts County Fair next year.

P. L. SHELTON
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Commercial Hotel.

—MIAMI— —TEXAS—

METHODIST CHURCH—Preaching every 2nd and 4th Sunday at eleven o'clock. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. CHURCH OF GOD—Meets to practice singing every Friday evening at 7 p. m. Bible lesson every first day of the week at 10 a. m. Preaching on 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month.

Be sure and attend the Big Auction Sale at Higgins Jewelry and Music Co. at Higgin 2nd and 3rd of October.

COTTON MILLS USE LESS THAN ONE PER CENT OF PRODUCTION

Fifteen Hundred More Cotton Mills Needed.

Cotton Mill and Farmer Inseparable Comrades.

There is no industry more important to our progress than that of the cotton mills and none more in need of the patronage of our merchants and of the friendship of the people. Texas is on the frontier of the factory zone and the cotton mill is now a pioneer industry. It can thrive only where business conditions are reliable, a public sentiment stable, and the consuming public friendly to its output. The product is a staple one and when it enters the market must meet the competition of the eastern and southern mills where there is an abundance of waste labor, cheap fuel, cheap money, and where conditions are more settled.

We have fifteen cotton mills in Texas representing an investment of \$2,329,000, running 112,404 spindles and having a capacity of 40,000 bales, a yearly output valued at approximately \$2,250,000 and giving employment to 1,000 people.

Our cotton mills use less than one per cent of our cotton production; the remaining ninety-nine per cent seeks the foreign factory. The people of Texas consume approximately 220,000 bales of cotton per annum and yet out of the 40,000 bales manufactured in Texas, at least seventy per cent of it must find a market outside of the State, due to our failure to patronize home industry. It would require 1,500 cotton mills of the capacity of our present factories to consume the product of our farms, call for an investment of \$250,000,000, give employment to 150,000 people and add approximately a quarter of a billion dollars in value to our cotton crop.

These desirable conditions can only be obtained through co-operation and by fostering and encouraging this important industry.

The cotton mill and the cotton farm are inseparable comrades and in promoting the prosperity of the former we build up the latter.

ATTENTION STOCK MEN

We save you money! We save you time! Send us your orders for "Black Leaf Dip" No. 40. We ship just as the order is received. This is the government dip and the price is just what you pay for it in Amarillo. 8-4t

The Gerlach Merc. Co.
Canadian, Texas.



Special Sale for Cash

On account of times being close, and cash hard to get, we have decided to put our entire stock of merchandise on a special price for Cash. Now will be your chance to buy your winter supply of guaranteed goods at a sure bargain.

\$18,000.00 worth of dependable merchandise. Our shelves are full and running over with two of the best lines of boots and shoes that ever came to Miami and our tables and racks are overloaded with the best there is in mens and boys fine woolen suits.

Our house was never so full of nice warm winter Dry Goods. Bring in your bills and let us figure with you. Come early and get the pick. Quality and value are our talking points. The sale is now on.

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SYNOPSIS.

George Anderson and wife see a remarkable looking man come out of the Clermont hotel, look around furtively, wash his hands in the sink and pass on. Commotion attracts them to the Clermont, where it is found that the beautiful Miss Edith Challoner has fallen dead. Anderson describes the man he saw wash his hands in the sink. The hotel manager declares him to be Orlando Brotherson, physician, and Sweetwater, his assistant, take up the case. Mr. Challoner tells of a batch of letters found in his daughter's desk, signed "O. B." All are love letters except one, which shows that the writer was displeased. This letter was signed by Orlando Brotherson. Anderson goes with Sweetwater to identify Brotherson, who is found in a tenement under the name of Dunn. He is an inventor. Brotherson tells the coroner Miss Challoner repudiated him with scorn when he offered her his love. Sweetwater recalls the mystery of the murder of the washerwoman in which some details were similar to the Challoner affair. Challoner admits his daughter was deeply interested, if not in love with Brotherson. Sweetwater gets judgments in the same building with Brotherson. He watches the inventor at work at night and is detected by the latter. The detective moves to a room adjoining Brotherson's. He bores a hole in the wall to spy on Brotherson. He visits him and assists the inventor in his work. A girl sent by Sweetwater with Edith Challoner's letters is ordered out by Brotherson. He declares the letters were not written by him. Sweetwater is unmasked by Brotherson, who declares he recognized him at once. The discovery is made that the letters signed "O. B." were written by two different men. Sweetwater goes to Derby in search of the second "O. B." whom he expects to locate through one Doris Scott, mentioned in the letters. She is found acting as nurse for Oswald Brotherson, who is critically sick and calls the name of Edith in his delirium. Sweetwater comes across a peculiar hut in the woods. He sees a letter to the man marked "O. B. Brotherson" taken into the hut under the supervision of Doris Scott. Doris tells Challoner of seeing the man who was the face of the man who killed Edith. The door bell rings and she recognizes in the visitor the man of her dream. It is Orlando Brotherson, who requests an interview with his brother. It is denied. Orlando is greatly agitated at the realization that he has fallen in love with Doris.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"This. I make no apologies and expect in answer nothing more than an unequivocal yes or no. You tell me that you have never met my brother. Can that be said of the other members of your family—of your deceased daughter, in fact?"

"No."

"She was acquainted with Oswald Brotherson."

"She was?"

"Without your knowledge?"

"Entirely so."

"Corresponded with him?"

"Not exactly."

"How, not exactly?"

"He wrote to her—occasionally. She wrote to him frequently—but she never sent her letters."

"Ah!"

"The exclamation was sharp, short and conveyed little. Yet with its escape, the whole scaffolding of this man's hold upon life and his own fate went down in indistinguishable chaos. Mr. Challoner realized a sense of havoc, though the eyes bent upon his countenance had not wavered, nor the stalwart figure moved."

"I have read some of those letters," the inventor finally acknowledged. "The police took great pains to place them under my eye, supposing them to have been meant for me because of the initials written on the wrapper. But they were meant for Oswald. You believe that now?"

"I know it."

"And that is why I found you in the same house with him."

"It is. Providence has robbed me of my daughter; if this brother of yours should prove to be the man I am led to expect, I shall ask him to take that place in my heart and life which was once hers."

A quick recoil, a smothered exclamation on the part of the man he addressed. A barb had been hidden in this simple statement which had reached some deeply-hidden but vulnerable spot in Brotherson's breast, which had never been pierced before. It was a sight no man could see unmoved. Mr. Challoner turned sharply away, in dread of the abyss which the next word he uttered might open between them.

But Orlando Brotherson possessed resources of strength of which, possibly, he was not aware himself. When Mr. Challoner, still more affected by the silence than by the dread he had mentioned, turned to confront him again, it was to find his features composed and his glance clear. He had conquered all outward manifestation of the mysterious emotion which for an instant had laid his proud spirit low.

"You are considerate of my brother," were the words with which he reopened this painful conversation. "You will not find your confidence misplaced. Oswald is a straightforward fellow, of few faults."

"I believe it. No man can be so universally beloved without some very substantial claims to regard. I am glad to see that your opinion, though given somewhat coldly, coincides with that of his friends."

"I am not given to exaggeration," was the even reply.

Nothing which had yet passed showed that this man realized the fact that Oswald had been kept in ignorance of Miss Challoner's death. If these brothers were to meet on the morrow, it must be with the full understanding that this especial topic was to be completely avoided. But in what words could he urge such a request upon this man? None suggested themselves, yet he had promised Miss Scott that he would insure his silence in this regard, and it was with this difficulty and no other he had been struggling when Mr. Brotherson came upon him in the other room.

"You have still something to say," suggested the latter, as an oppressive silence swallowed up that icy sentence I have already recorded.

"I have," returned Mr. Challoner, regaining his courage under the exigencies of the moment. "Miss Scott is very anxious to have your promise that you will avoid all disagreeable topics with your brother till the doctor pronounces him strong enough to meet the trouble which awaits him."

"You mean—"

"He is not as unhappy as we. He knows nothing of the affliction which has befallen him. He was taken ill."

The rest was almost inaudible.

"Do you think I should be apt to broach this subject with anyone, let alone with him, whose connection with it I shall need days to realize?"

I'm not so given to gossip. Besides, he and I have other topics of interest. I have an invention ready with which I propose to experiment in a place he has already prepared for me. We can talk about that."

The irony, the hardy self-possession with which this was said struck Mr. Challoner to the heart. Without a word he wheeled about towards the door. Without a word, Brotherson stood, watching him go till he saw his hand fall on the knob when he quietly prevented his exit by saying:

"Unhappy truths cannot be long concealed. How soon does the doctor think my brother can bear these inevitable revelations?"

"He said this morning that if his patient were as well tomorrow as his present condition gives promise of, he might be told in another week."

Orlando bowed his appreciation of this fact, but added quickly:

"Who is to do the telling?"

"Doris," nobody else could be trusted with so delicate a task."

"I wish to be present."

Mr. Challoner looked up, surprised at the feeling with which this request was charged.

"As his brother—his only remaining relative, I have that right. Do you think that Doris—that Miss Scott, can be trusted not to forestall that moment by any previous hint of what awaits him?"

"If she so promises. But will you exact this from her? It surely cannot be necessary for me to say that your presence will add infinitely to the difficulty of her task."

"Yet it is a duty I cannot shirk. I will consult the doctor about it. I will make him see that I both understand and shall insist upon my rights in this matter. But you may tell Miss Doris that I will sit out of sight, and that I shall not intrude myself unless my name is brought up in an undesirable way."

The hand on the door-knob made a sudden movement.

"Mr. Brotherson, I can bear no more tonight. With your permission, I will leave this question to be settled by others." And with a reputation of his former bow, the bereaved father withdrew.

Orlando watched him till the door closed, then he too dropped his mask. But it was on again, when in a little while he passed through the sitting-room on his way upstairs.

No other day in his whole life had been like this to the hardy inventor; for in it both his heart and his conscience had been awakened, and up to this hour he had not really known that he possessed either.

CHAPTER XXXI.

What Is He Making?

Other boxes addressed to O. Brotherson had been received at the station, and carried to the mysterious shed in the woods; and now, with locked door and lifted top, the elder brother contemplated his stores and prepared himself for work.

He had been allowed a short interview with Oswald, and he had indulged himself in a few words with Doris. But he had left those memories behind with other and more serious matters. Nothing that could unnerve his hand or weaken his insight should enter this spot sacred to his great hope. Here genius reigned. Here he was himself wholly and without flaw—a Titan with his grasp on a mechanical idea by means of which he would soon rule the world.

Not so happy were the other characters in this drama. Oswald's thoughts, disturbed for a short time by his brother, had flown eastward again, in silent love and longing; while Doris, with a double dread now in her heart, went about her daily tasks, praying for strength to endure

the horrors of this week, without betraying the anxieties secretly devouring her.

And Mr. Challoner? The sight of Brotherson, though they never really met, acted like acid upon a wound, and it was not till six days had passed and the dreaded Sunday was at hand, that he slept with any sense of rest or went his way about the town without that halting at the corners which betrayed his perpetual apprehension of a most undesirable encounter.

The reason for this change will be apparent in the short conversation he held with a man he had come upon one evening in the small park just beyond the workmen's dwellings.

"You see I am here," was the stranger's low greeting.

"Thank God," was Mr. Challoner's reply. "I could not have faced tomorrow alone and I doubt if Miss Scott could have found the requisite courage. Does she know that you are here?"

"I stopped at her door."

"Was that safe?"

"I think so. Mr. Brotherson—the Brooklyn one—is up in his shed. He sleeps there now, I am told, and soundly too I've no doubt."

"What is he making?"

"What half the inventors on both sides of the water are engaged upon just now. A monoplane, or a biplane, or some machine for carrying men through the air. I know, for I helped him with it. But you'll find that if he succeeds in this undertaking, and I believe he will, nothing short of fame awaits him. His invention has starting points. But I'm not going to give them away. I'll be true enough to him for that. As an inventor he has my sympathy; but—well, we will see what we shall see, tomorrow. You say that he is bound to be present when Miss Scott relates her tragic story. He won't be the only unseen listener. I've made my own arrangements with Miss Scott. If he feels the need of watching her and his brother Oswald, I feel the need of watching him."

"You take a burden of intolerable weight from my shoulders. Now I shall feel easier about that interview. But I should like to ask you this: Do you feel justified in this continued surveillance of a man who has so frequently, and with such evident sincerity, declared his innocence?"

"I do that. If he's as guiltless as he says he is, my watchfulness won't hurt him. If he's not, then, Mr. Challoner, I've but one duty; to match his strength with my patience. That man is the one great mystery of the day, and mysteries call for solution. At least, there's the way a detective looks at it."

"May heaven help your efforts!"

"I shall need his assistance," was the dry rejoinder. Sweetwater was by no means blind to the difficulties awaiting him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Tell Me, Tell It All.

The day was a gray one, the first of the kind in weeks. As Doris stepped into the room where Oswald sat, she felt how much a ray of sunshine would have encouraged her and



"Dead!" He shrieked out.

yet how truly these leaden skies and this dismal atmosphere expressed the gloom which soon must fall upon this hopeful, smiling man.

Advancing slowly, and not answering because she did not hear some casual remark of his, she took her stand by his side and then slowly and with her eyes on his face, sank down upon her knees, still without speaking, almost without breathing.

"What is the matter, child? So weary, eh? Nothing worse than that, I hope."

"Are you quite strong this morning? Strong enough to listen to my troubles; strong enough to bear your own. If God sees fit to send them, I shall not hesitate from her lips as she watched the effect of each word, in breathless anxiety.

"Troubles? There can be but one

trouble for me," was his unexpected reply. "That I do not fear—will not fear in my hour of happy recovery. So long as Edith is well—Doris! Doris! You alarm me. Edith is not ill—not ill!"

The poor child could not answer save with her sympathetic look and halting, tremulous breath; and these signs, he would not, could not read, his own words had made such an echo in his ears.

"Ill! I cannot imagine Edith ill. I always see her in my thoughts, as I saw her on that day of our first meeting; a perfect, animated woman with the joyous look of a glad, harmonious nature. Nothing has ever clouded that vision. If she were ill I would have known it. We are so truly one—that—Doris, Doris, you do not speak. You know the depth of my love, the terror of my thoughts. Is Edith ill?"

The eyes gazing wildly into his, slowly left his face and raised themselves aloft, with a sublime look. Would he understand? Yes, he understood, and the cry which rang from his lips stopped for a moment, the beating of more than one heart in that little cottage.

"Dead!" he shrieked, and fell back fainting in his chair, his lips still murmuring in semi-unconsciousness, "Dead! dead!"

Doris sprang to her feet, thinking of nothing but his wavering, slipping life till she saw his breath return, his eyes refill with light.

But the rest must be told; his brother exacted it and so did the situation. Further waiting, further hiding of the truth would be insupportable after this. But oh, the bitterness of it! No wonder that she turned away from those frenzied, wildly-demanding eyes.

"Doris?"

She trembled and looked behind her. She had not recognized his voice. Had another entered? Had his brother dared—No, they were alone; seemingly so, that is. She knew—no one better—that they were not really alone, that witnesses were within hearing, if not within sight.

"Doris," he urged again, and this time she turned in his direction and gazed, aghast. If the voice were strange, what of the face which now confronted her. The ravages of sickness had been marked, but they were nothing to those made in an instant by a blasting grief. She was startled, although expecting much, and could only press her hands while she waited for the question he was gathering strength to utter. It was simple when it came; just two words:

"How long?"

She answered them as simply:

"Just as long as you have been ill," said she; then, with no attempt to break the inevitable shock, she went on: "Miss Challoner was struck dead and you were taken down with typhoid on the self-same day."

"Struck dead! Why do you use that word, struck? Struck dead! she, a young woman. Oh, Doris, an accident! My darling has been killed in an accident!"

"They do not call it accident. They call it what it never was. What it never was," she insisted, pressing him back with frightened hands, as he strove to rise. "Miss Challoner was—"

How nearly the word shot had left her lips. How fiercely above all else, in that harrowing moment had risen the desire to fling the accusation of that word into the ears of him who listened from his secret hiding-place. She refrained out of compassion for the man she loved, and declared instead, "Miss Challoner died from a wound; how given, why given, no one knows. I had rather have died myself than have to tell you this. Oh, Mr. Brotherson, speak, sob, do anything but—"

She started back, dropping her hands as she did so. With quick intuition she saw that he must be left to himself if he were to meet this blow without succumbing. The body must have freedom if the spirit would not go mad. Conscious, or perhaps not conscious, of his release from her restraining hand, albeit propping by it, he staggered to his feet, murmuring that word of doom: "Wound! wound! my darling died of a wound! What kind of a wound?" he suddenly thundered out. "I cannot understand what you mean by wound. Make it clear to me. Make it clear to me at once. If I must bear this grief, let me know its whole depth. Leave nothing to my imagination, or I cannot answer for myself. Tell it all, Doris."

And Doris told him:

"She was on the mozzanine floor of the hotel where she lives. She was seemingly happy and had been writing a letter—a letter to me which they never forwarded. There was no one else by but some strangers—good people whom one must believe. She was crossing the floor when suddenly she threw up her hands and fell. A thin, narrow paper-cutter was in her grasp; and it flew into the lobby. Some say she struck herself with that cutter; for when they picked her up they found a wound in her

breast which that cutter might have made."

"Edith? never!"

The words were chokingly said; he was swaying, almost falling, but he steadied himself.

"Who says that?" he asked.

"It was the coroner's verdict."

"And she died that way—died?"

"Immediately."

"After writing to you?"

"Yes."

"What was in the letter?"

"Nothing of threat, they say. Only just cheer and expressions of hope. Just like the others, Mr. Brotherson."

"And they accuse her of taking her own life? Their verdict is a lie. They did not know her." Then, after some moments of wild and confused feeling, he declared, with a desperate effort at self-control: "You said that some believe this. Then there must be others who do not. What do they say?"

"Nothing. They simply feel as you do. They see no reason for the act and no evidence of her having meditated it. Her father and her friends insist besides, that she was incapable of such a horror. The mystery of it is killing us all; me above others, for I've had to show you a cheerful face, with my brain reeling and my heart like lead in my bosom."

She held out her hands. She tried to draw his attention to herself; not from any sentiment of egotism, but to break, if she could, the strain of these insupportable horrors where so short a time before Hope sang and Life reveled in reawakened joys.

Perhaps some faint realization of this reached him, for presently he caught her by the hands and bowed his head upon her shoulder and finally let her seat him again, before he said:

"Do they know of—of my interest in this?"

"Yes; they know about the two O. B.'s."

"The two—" He was on his feet again, but only for a moment; his weakness was greater than his will power.

"Orlando and Oswald Brotherson," she explained, in answer to his broken appeal. "Your brother wrote letters to her as well as you, and signed them just as you did, with his initials only. These letters were found in her desk, and he was supposed, for a time, to have been the author of all that were so signed. But they found out the difference after awhile. Yours were easily recognized after they learned there was another O. B. who loved her."

The words were plain enough, but the stricken listener did not take them in. They carried no meaning to him. How could they? The very idea she sought to impress upon him by this seemingly careless allusion was an incredible one. She found it her dreadful task to tell him the hard, bare truth.

"Your brother," she said, "was devoted to Miss Challoner, too. He even wanted to marry her. I cannot keep back this fact. It is known everywhere, and by everybody but you."

"Orlando?" His lips took an ironical curve, as he uttered the word. This was a young girl's imaginative fancy to him. "Why Orlando never knew her, never saw her, never—"

"He met her at Lenox."

The name produced its effect. He stared, made an effort to think, repeated Lenox over to himself; then suddenly lost his hold upon the idea which that word suggested, struggled again for it, seized it in an instant of madness and shouted out:

"Yes, yes, I remember. I sent him there—" and paused, his mind blank again.

Poor Doris, frightened to her very soul, looked blindly about for help; but she did not quit his side; she did not dare to, for his lips had reopened; the continuity of his thoughts had returned; he was going to speak.

"I sent him there." The words came in a sort of shout. "I was so hungry to hear of her and I thought he might mention her in his letter. Insane! Insane! He saw her and—"

What's that you said about his loving her? He couldn't have loved her; he's not of the loving sort. They've deceived you with strange tales. They've deceived the whole world with fancies and mad dreams. He may have admired her, but loved her—no! or if he had, he would have respected my claims."

"He did not know them."

A laugh, a laugh which paled Doris' cheek; then his tones grew even again, memory came back and he muttered faintly:

"That is true. I said nothing to him. He had the right to court her—and he did, you say; wrote to her; mad with importunities she was forced to rebuke; and—and what else? There is something else. Tell me; I will know all."

He was standing now, his feebleness all gone, passion in every lineament and his eye alive and feverish, with emotion. "Tell me," he repeated, with unrestrained vehemence,

"Tell me all. Kill me with sorrow save me from being unjust."

"He wrote her a letter; it opened her. He followed it up with a visit."

Doris paused; the sentence suspended. She had heard a hand on the door.

Orlando had entered the room.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Alone.

Oswald had heard nothing, nothing. But he took note of silence, and turning towards the frenzy saw what had happened, so was in a measure prepared to stern, short sentence which now through the room:

"Wait, Miss Scott! you tell story badly. Let him listen to From my mouth only shall be the stern and seemingly unpart I played in this family tragedy."

The face of Oswald had Those pensive features—below their gracious kindness—set selves in lines which altered the most beyond recognition; his voice was not without some of that hollow look at the other's countenance, he abruptly said:

"Speak! I am bound to listen are my brother."

Orlando turned towards Doris was slipping away.

"Don't go," said he.

Slowly he turned back.

Oswald raised his hand and the words with which he would begun his story.

"Never mind the beginning he. 'Doris has told all that saw Miss Challoner in Lenox, mired her and afterwards wrote threatening letter because she sed you.'"

"It is true. Other men have loved just such unworthy little as she was. I was sorry and ashamed, and as soon as my anger was over went to tell But she mistook my purposes."

"And what?"

Orlando hesitated. Even his nature trembled before the misadventure—a misery he was destined to meet rather than soothe. With altogether out of keeping with character, he sought in the of his darkened mind for words bitter and less abrupt than which sprang involuntarily to his lips. But he did not find them. The pitied his brother and wished that he did, nothing but the language suitable to the stern wished to impart, would leave

"And ended the pitiful story the moment with one quick meditated blow," was what he said.

"There is no other explanation for this act, Oswald. My little daughter it is for me to acknowledge, it is thus far guilty of this before an's death. But, as God bless the moment I first saw her, I know, nor did I for a moment and bled. She had that she was anything to wear a scarf all the any other man of my stamp badly. She was stony. I thought she despised my birth, my mechanical teacher who lack of aristocratic pretensions."

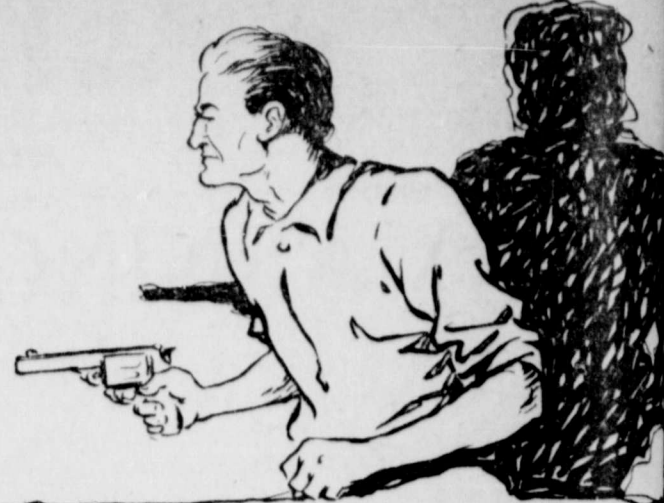
"We took and three months with getting worse and worse for her contempt. Deep and Ointment was she wrote were in every the brother rather than a Cuticura. Ointment I feel my guilt and deprecate weeks her head was I cannot say more. I should of Cuticura sult your grief by any length Cuticura Ointment sions of regret and sorrow." (Signed) Mar. 22, 1912.

A groan of intolerable from the sick man's lips, and the quick thrust of his rowaker the licence rising superior to "Free with 32-p. Skir said "Cuticura. De

"For a woman of Edith's to seek death in a moment of tion, the provocation must be very great. Tell me if I'm through life—you through all—or if I must seek in some inable failure of my own conduct the cause of her despair."

"Oswald!" The tone was strong and yet that of one strong another. "Is it for us to heart of any woman, least of woman of her susceptibility keen inner life? The wish comes to some natures like ning flash from a clear sky. It goes, often without leaving (here it was in hand)—the follows the impulse which, instant of thought, would lashed in a back sweep of tions. Chance was the real to this death by suicide. We realize it as such and sorrow as a mutual burden to what remains to us of labor. Work is grief's consolation. Then let us work. But of all this Oswald but the one word.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



on never t
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results than t
shed with Calum
they're always
and—delicious.
for Calumet ins
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RECEIVED
GREAT AWARDS
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Better Biscuits Baked



Matrimony is a bargain—and some of the short end of every bar.

DRY SCALE COVERED HEAD
3760 Tamm Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—My little daughter's head began with a dry scale covering it. First it was a white scale over the top and then it got a dirty brown scab with a white scale under it. Her hair came out in clumps and she was itchy and scratched her head. I had her treated with Cuticura Soap and Ointment and she was cured in three weeks. (Signed) Mrs. Walter Rogers, Nov. 28, 1912.

TRIED REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.
The self-made man never quite gets the job finished.

THE RU-NA
CUGHS
COLD

TEXAS BREVITIES

The Coleman county fair will be held at Coleman Oct. 3 and 4.

Work will begin Oct. 2 on the new \$9,000 school building at Jayton.

Tioga will vote Oct. 4 on an issue of \$12,500 in bonds for waterworks.

Work has been started on the new \$70,000 postoffice building at Hillsboro.

The new \$35,000 Frisco depot at Madill, Okla., was opened last week to the public.

It is claimed that there is more than \$100,000 worth of buildings under construction at Decatur.

The tax rolls just completed in Bexar county show a valuation of \$105,898,862, an increase of \$6,468,214 over last year.

The city council of Clarksville, has awarded a contract for the erection of a city hall and fire station to cost \$3,800.

The First Christian church at Paris plans the erection of a \$40,000 church building to have a seating capacity of 1,300.

El Paso is to have a soap factory that will cover one acre of ground. It is expected to be in operation by Jan. 1, 1913.

It is stated that the Southwestern Telephone Company will build a three-story office building in Sherman to cost between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

Parties at Brownwood have asked for a 50-year gas franchise in that city. A very strong well was recently developed 12 miles west of that place.

On the charge that he shot and killed two white men and wounded a third, Will Davis, a negro living in the Petteway community, 15 miles north of Franklin, was hanged after the tragedy, which occurred at noon, Sunday. One of the white men killed was Tom Rushing, a brother of the sheriff, Will Rushing. Luke Hodge, the other white man killed, and Tom Maxwell, the one wounded, were both residents of the Petteway community.

The following bond issues were approved by the attorney general's department at Austin last week: Trinity county road district \$60,000; Parker county common school, district No. 23, \$5,000; city of Spur waterworks, 23,000; Jim Wells county common school district No. 12, \$6,000; city of Whitesboro electric light, \$5,000; Weatherford sewer, \$4,000; counties of Trinity and Houston common school district No. 30, \$4,000; Matagorda independent school district, \$8,000; Grand Prairie independent school district, \$20,000; Waxahachie waterworks improvement, \$22,500; Commerce waterworks extension, \$10,000.

According to late census figures, Dallas stands fifth in point of manufacturing industry of the cities of the south, and the first city in the southwest. The increase from 1890 to 1910 was 200 per cent and represents a total of \$26,950,000. Ten cities rank in order as follows: New Orleans, Atlanta, Memphis, Nashville, Dallas, Birmingham, Houston, Tampa, Chattanooga, Richmond. These figures are based on factories located within the city limits.

The Guaranty State Bank of Ashland, capital stock \$10,000, was guaranteed authority last week by the state banking board to do business.

Sulphur Springs, Tex.—W. P. Greer, who lives near Sulphur Springs, has marketed and sold from his 15-acre peach orchard this year \$2,200 worth of peaches, and the season is not yet over. He will make 1,200 bales of Bermuda hay, 500 bales of sorghum hay, 1,000 bushels of sweet potatoes and about forty bushels of corn.

The trustees of Hartley common school district let the contract for a new school building. The building is to be of concrete and brick, two stories and basement, and with furnishings that will cost \$15,000.

The M. K. & T. has issued instructions cutting off a number of telegraph operators at smaller stations throughout Texas. The towns affected are where three have been employed, only two will work in the future.

The most unique newspaper in Texas is being published in Fort Worth. The publication is issued weekly on post cards by the local Y. M. C. A. and pertains to association matters.

Since April 1 over 7,000,000 flies have been swatted in Plainview and turned over to the civic league committee. Ten cents a quart has been paid the contestants for fly swatting besides more than \$100 in cash prizes awarded to different swatters during the summer months.

DIZZY, HEADACHY, SICK, "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your liver clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Luckily for Him.

The amateur adventurer had just returned from stirring scenes in Mexico, where he had fought under the banners of the revolutionists. He had come home wounded and was telling his friends about it.

"It was my first engagement, you know. The bullet struck me just under the heart."

"And you lived? How remarkable!"

"Oh, no; not at all! You see, my heart was in my mouth at the time."

CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Literal Ones.
"You don't really quarrel with your wife, I am sure. What you have are only sham disputes."

"Yes, but she persists in putting them all over the pillows."

Cincinnati's tax levy is \$15.12 to each \$1,000 of valuation.

No "Let Up"

There will be no "let up" in that distress after eating until you first help the stomach and digestive system back to health and strength. For this work

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is particularly well adapted. It brings back appetite, aids digestion, keeps the bowels open and improves health in general. Try a bottle.

Ready for Him.

A conductor stumbled twice over the foot of a small boy. Looking back at the mother, the conductor said:

"Some people seem to have very awkward children."

"Yes," said the mother; "I was just thinking your mother had one."

The Big Package

Sunshine L.W. SODA CRACKERS

Everything's big about Sunshine L.W. Sodas—except the price. The big saving in the big, economical family package. The big satisfaction in crunching their crisp, fresh, flaky deliciousness. The big appetites their solid nourishment satisfies. And the big help in having on hand these ready-to-eat delicacies that everybody likes. At your grocer's—25c for the big package.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all filters. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, calendar, blotters, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

FEMALE MAKES THE TROUBLE

Certainly in the Case of the Mosquito They Are "More Deadly Than the Male."

The attention of many of our citizens who hitherto have taken little interest in entomological investigation, has been attracted to what they believe is a new variety of mosquito, a mosquito which in the course of evolution has lost its bark, but not its bite; that comes upon one unawares, without a musical accompaniment. Whatever may be said against the insect it should be set down to its credit that it takes its nourishment without music, declining to give that additional smart to one's misery. This active, but diminutive specimen of the genus Culex, now at the close of summer, is beginning a work that will continue until the first sharp frost. As a matter of fact these mosquitoes that have had no difficulty in pushing their way through the smallest meshed wire screens are all females, and for that reason we hear no song. The males are larger, perhaps cannot make their way through the screens, and remain outside, where they sing solos or join in numbers and give hallelujah choruses, and encourage the suffragette sisters at their work inside. The sisters have an insatiable thirst for blood, while the mouth of the male mosquito is not equipped for biting and he does not come into our houses. While the sisters are inside drinking blood the more temperate fathers of the family are outside sipping rain-water.

Eye Alone Detects Icebergs.

There at present is no absolute method of detecting icebergs, except Captain C. E. Johnson and A. S. Gamble of the cutters Seneca and Miami, which patrolled the route of the transatlantic liners from April to May.

Captain Johnson refuted the prevalent theory that a sudden drop in temperature meant the proximity of icebergs. Little or no change in temperature was noticeable, he said. Nor can icebergs, as generally supposed, be detected with any certainty by an echo from a ship's whistle or bells, as, according to Captain Johnson, a perpendicular berg may give an echo from some directions, but a slanting face reflects the sound. About ninety per cent. of the Seneca's efforts to get echoes were futile.

The presence of murrelets (a kind of auk), the officer declares, indicated the presence of icebergs, but he advises mariners to pay no attention to other birds.

Real Excitement.

"Yes," said the meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in your travels abroad."

"I have, indeed."

"Buffalo hunting—"

"Yes."

"And bear hunting—"

"Of course."

"Well, you just come around and let my wife take you house hunting and bargain hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is."

Big Sleep.

A middle-aged couple were preparing to leave for a week-end with a daughter in the city, and their last instructions to their grown-up son, who was a heavy sleeper, were to be sure and wind his alarm clock, so that he would be in time for his work the next morning.

Monday noon they got back to the house and were surprised to find the blinds closed exactly as they had been left the Friday previous on their departure. As they let themselves into the house they heard their son's voice coming sleepily from his bedroom:

"What's the matter? Did you miss your train?"

Rural Journalism.

"The editor of the Plunkville Palladium seems to be popular in the community."

"Yes; he'll omit an advertisement any time to print local poetry."

At the Door.

"What's that noise at the door? Opportunity knocking?"

"No, it's the wolf."

Nothing equals Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops for Bronchial weakness, sore chests, and throat troubles—3c at all Druggists.

Kilkenny castle is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the world, many of the rooms being much as they were 800 years ago.

A woman says things she doesn't mean; a man means things he doesn't say.

Copenhagen (Denmark) school teachers get \$330 a year.

WANTED
HOMES FOR THE FAMOUS
FAULTLESS STARCH DOLLS

Send 6 tops from ten cent packages of Faultless Starch and ten cents in stamps to cover postage and packing and get Miss Kilkenny Ann, 22 inches high. Send three tops from ten cent packages and four cents in stamps and get Miss Phoebe Trimm or Miss Lily White, twelve inches high. Send tops from five cent packages if you wish, but twice as many are required. Cut this ad out. It will be accepted in place of one ten cent or two five cent tops. Only one ad. will be accepted with each application. Write your name and address plainly.

THE BEST STARCH FOR ALL PURPOSES
FAULTLESS STARCH CO.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

WINCHESTER

"Repeater"
Smokeless Powder Shells

For a high grade shell at a reasonable price, the Winchester Loaded "Repeater" has the call among sportsmen who have tried all makes. Although moderate priced, the "Repeater" is loaded with the best quality of powder and shot. The list of loads furnished in this shell cover most shooters' requirements, and all of them give a full measure of shooting satisfaction. Look for the W on the box. They are

HIGH IN QUALITY MODERATE IN PRICE

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

LOCKE BROS.

Groceries, Feed, Furniture, Queensware and Undertaking Supplies

We solicit a share of your patronage. "Courteous treatment and price satisfactory to the buyer" is our motto.

"THE OLD STAND"
LOCKE BROS.

Lumpkin-Thomas Hospital

400 THIRD STREET MIAMI, TEXAS

A modern Brick Building, especially equipped for the care of gynecological and surgical patients. Pathological and X-ray laboratory. Graduate nurses only.

DRS. LUMPKIN & THOMAS
Attending Surgeons

Wm. N. H. Tudor, M.D., Resident

Weekly CALENDAR

Miami
Wednesday and Thursday
OFFICE AT
CAPROCK HOTEL

Canadian
Friday and Saturday

DR. C. W. JONES Specialist

Orthodontia

That new and valuable treatment that makes uneven teeth straight.

Dentistry

Crown, Bridge Work and Dental Surgery.

Optometry

Correct improper vision. Glasses Fitted.

Are You Hungry?

If so, come to our place of business and have your wants satisfied. Best culinary accommodations. Courteous treatment.

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

Home Bakery,

J. W. HARRAH, Prop.

The Miami Chief.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Entered as the postoffice at Miami, Texas, at second-class matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

L. G. WILSON, Editor & Owner.

MIAMI, TEX., OCTOBER 2, 1914.

A PRECHMENT

Appertaining to the Texas Industrial Congress.

Poverty ought to envy wealth for the more varied opportunities it enjoys for doing good and only for that. That is the greatest, perhaps the single genuine advantage that the rich man has over the poor man. Of course there is none of us so destitute as to be without the chance of indulging to that exhalted and refined selfishness that is called altruism; there is neither a day nor an hour that does not present, not merely the opportunity, but the invitation, to be given a benefaction. But how infinitely more numerous are the opportunities that press instantly on the rich man. Herein is not only his advantage, but the profit of the wit, the energy, the thrift and the self-denial which his fortune signifies. To dedicate a dollar to the service of others is to in-

duce in every dollar that remains somewhat a greater power to give more complete satisfaction to its possessor. It must be a tedious task to stand guard over a fortune, a task that becomes more irksome and even mocking as one grows old; for as one approaches the end, one must feel that what in his youth he planted and cultivated at such infinite labor and pains has neither flowered nor fruited, but has remained shriveled and sterile.

One of the peculiar privileges of the poor is to imagine what one would do with a million. The character of the day dreamer will be somewhat revealed in the answer he gives to it. As for ourselves, we think the things we should do with a million would be to endow the work which Col. Exall is doing. We imagine it would be an ecstatic comfort to be able to feel that we had done something toward the complete consummation of that much-praised but still ill-appreciated task. We should feel that we were contributing, not merely, but somewhat instantly on the rich man. much, to the filling of millions of stomachs of men and women. This work is to increase and preserve the productivity of the soil. To dedicate a dollar to the service of others is to in-



THE FARMER'S FIRST AID IN SICKNESS.

WHEN there is sickness or an accident on the farm, haste in calling the doctor is vital. Life may rest on minutes. Don't wait until sickness occurs, and THEN wish you had a telephone. Order it NOW from our nearest manager, or write THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEPHONE AND TELEPHONE CO.



PICTURE FRAMES

I have anything in this line you could want and want your job. LET'S FIGGER

ROY TROWBRIDGE

Miami, - Texas

quence of the gift. Its further and greater consequence would be the higher civilization which would be, not made, but made possible, by the adequate and assured substance and comfort of the race. The race's richest endowment is its soil. Whether the race leaves more or less than it received from the preceding generation is determined largely by whether the soil it left was more or less fertile than the soil that was bequeathed to it, and hence it is that he who contributes to such work as Col. Exall is doing both pays a debt he owes to himself and the future.—News.

Don't forget to do a little boosting for Miami while you attend the Higgins, Mobeetie and Amarillo fairs.

The Higgins Fair is being pulled off today and tomorrow.

Yes, everybody has the same look on their face now, the pleasant look.

How about a good orchestra for Miami, we need one and must have it.

The owner of an automobile enjoys a smoother and permanent road, but what is joy to him is a real saving to the man who markets his crop, and since wealth is an ambition of many, the man who hauls his products over a good road, will have joy as well as economy.

If the Chief is not up to expectations this week, we trust that you will excuse us as the two little printers have been very sick and the office Angel is not with us, so the editor is the whole "shabang" and we may not get it all done.

Dogs were originally wild—which probably accounts for the otherwise unexplainable fact that women go wild about lap dogs. The sandog is way up and the yellow dog is low down. The Bull dog shows his teeth to such an extent that his and Teddy's photos are interchangeable. Indians like dogs—preferring them boiled. A long time ago a ship took a load of dogs somewhere or other and that kind of a ship has been called a bark ever since. Old Cog Tray raised the duke with himself by getting in bad company—a proceeding which has since been duplicated by Texas in the case of Governor Colquitt. Germany and Japan are the longest on war dogs. It would be a good thing if they could be made to bite each other. A watch dog has a watch but no watch pocket. Dogs have many names, the most frequent being Bolognese—with Wienerwurst and hamburger hot on the trail. Dogs are of many colors, the only bay dog how ever being one that bays the moon. Allowing spitz dogs on the street is now looked upon as being a violation of the anti-spitting ordinance. Dogs are full of fleas and fleas are generally full of dog. A cross between a bulldog and a blood hound makes a cross dog. The cur dog is merely a cur-sory.—Amarillo News.

MONEY,

To Loan on Land or Will buy Land Notes.

S. D. PARK MOBEETIE, TEXAS

WE CAME TO STAY

S. T. West

General Contractors & Builders

Plans and specifications furnished on short notice.

MIAMI

TEXAS

A PLEASURE TO SERVE YOU

WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT

The Miami Drug Co

The "Rexall" Store

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY

Open Sunday 8:00 to 10:00 A. M.; 2:30 to 7:00 P. M.

MIAMI Phone No. 33 TEXAS

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE,

DRUGS and MEDICINES, Toilet articles, Etc.

—C. S. SEIBER, Prop—

JEWELER AND WATCH REPAIRER.

Miami - Texas.

W. W. DAVIS & CO

Head Quarters For
Guns

Ammunition

Heating Stoves

Cooking Stoves

And Ranges

Shelf And

HEAVY HARDWARE

Repair Shop

I have again opened my Shoe, Boot and harness repair shop and am also prepared to do all kinds of repair work on Guns, Bicycles, Sewing machines, Etc. Saw filing and woodwork a specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Shop in The Black Meat Market Stand

H. C. EROWN

Terms Strictly Cash. Work left over 30 days subject to S.

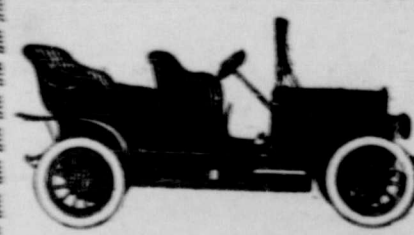


Miami Lodge No 805, A F & A M, meets night of First Friday of each month
H. E. Baird, W. M.
M. M. Craig, Sec.

Royal Arch Chapter, 265, meet night of Third Friday in each month.
H. E. Baird, H. P.
W. S. Tolbert, Sec.

See
Kivlehen & Short
at the
Sanitary Barber Shop
for
Shaves, Hair Cuts and
all Barber Work
in first-class
Style.

Also High class bath Accomodations



Automobile Service

To Mobeetie and Other Points or Trips About the Country

DAILY MAIL LINE

Between Miami and Mobeetie

For Either of the Above

S. E. FITZGERALD

—Proprietor—

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable

Miami - Texas.

W. E. STOCKER

Rockvale, Domino and Niggerhead coal in all sizes. POST, COTTON SEED CAKE AND MEAL. LUMP And crushed Rock Salt

NEW AND UERD SACKS

W. H. RHODES

DEALER IN

Rockvale and Niggerhead coal, Grain Feed and Cottonseed Cake.

Get my prices before buying

MIAMI - - - TEXAS

The Common Sense SILO

Best, Cheapest And Strongest.

CALL AND SEE MODEL FOR SALE BY

Panhandle Lumber co

MIAMI. - - TEXAS.

R. J. Newman & Company

We make Abstracts of land title. Examine and Pass on Land Paper.

Real Estate and Cattle

Rents Collected And Taxes Paid

We Sell For others and can sell Your Property. Give us a trial

Farms, Ranches and City Property for sale and exchange

SECRET SOCIETIES.

WOW Camp
WOW No. 900

Meet 4th Saturday night, of each month.
Ed Humphrie, C. C.
R. Trowbridge, Clerk.

Miami Homestead No. 1606
Brotherhood of American Yeomen.
Meet on Every 1st Friday Night.
J. M. GRIGSBY, Foreman.
TROWBRIDGE, Correspondent.

Miami Lodge No. 336
K of P. meet the night of the 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month.

J. L. Seiber, C. C.
N. S. Locke, K. of R. & S.

Knights & Ladies SECURITY
OF
Miami Council No. 1783

Meet on Every 3rd Saturday night
J. G. RAMSAY, President.
Mrs W. R. EWING, Financier.

Red Deer Camp, M. W. A.
No. 13193
Meet 4th Thursday night of each month
Oscar Ryan, V. C.
T. F. Mashburn, Clerk

Miami Lodge No. 48, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, meet in their own Hall each Tuesday night.
J. C. Dial N. G.
Roy Trowbridge, Secy.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Preaching at 11 o'clock every 1st and 3rd Sundays; Sunday School at 10 every Sunday; Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night.—Daniel Rees, Pastor.
Business meeting Wed. night after first Sunday of each month.

Local News

J. W. Burks transacted business in Canadian Wednesday.
Fred Bone came in from Amarillo this morning.
Jno. Craig of Wheeler was a Miami visitor last night and today.
Rob Elkins transacted business in Amarillo Monday.
W. R. Fulton and wife returned from a visit to his parents in Muscontina, Wis., this week.
Mrs. J. W. Douglas of Lipscomb is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Keffer.
J. W. Harrah left Sunday night for Ft. Worth.
R. F. Gillman left last night for Chicago.
Chas Keptinger and wife left last night for Washington Court House, Ohio.
C. H. Anthony is attending the Higgins Fair.
T. O. Arnold of Mobeetie was here yesterday.
G. M. Counts transacted business in Sweetwater this week.
O. A. Davis of Pampa spent Tuesday in this city.
M. G. Mathis spent Monday in Pampa.
K. A. Paine of Amarillo transacted business in Miami Monday.
Dan Kivleben and T. J. Boney spent last night in Canadian.
John Van visited Pampa Sunday.
Henry King of Kansas City was here a few days this week.
The Baptist will have Ordination and communion service next Lord's day.

Daniel Rees, Pastor
Miss Zella George went to Amarillo Saturday, returning Sunday.
Edgar Coble was in Amarillo Sunday.
L. D. Priest of Mobeetie spent Saturday in the metropolis.
M. M. Craig will attend the Mobeetie Fair and take a ten days vacation visiting relatives.
G. A. Addison of Canadian spent first of the week in the city.
Miss Eura Hudspeth returned Sunday from a trip to Amarillo.
The Studer Meat Market was moved Monday to their new headquarters.
The Miami Foot ball team will go to Mobeetie Saturday where they will play the Shamrock High school. Take them to a cleaning boys.
Don't forget the big spelling bee tomorrow night at the school. The town against the school. A lively time is expected.
D. D. Payne, an old timer of this county came in this week with his cattle and placed them on his ranch. His family will follow soon and he says he is satisfied here.
Miss Lucile Holcomb of Eldorado, Okla., is here visiting Miss Rose Humphries. The two young ladies spent Tuesday in Codman.
Mrs. Allen of Plainview is visiting Mrs. Johnson this week.
Miss Hattie Coffee is improving from her illness.
Claude Locke of Pampa visited his mother here Sunday.
Bob Elkins made a trip to Amarillo Tuesday.

W. R. Ewing. J. C. Dial
EWING & DIAL
Attorneys-At-Law,
CIVIL COURT PRACTICE
OFFICE IN CUNNINGHAM BUILDING
Miami - Texas.

DR. M. L. GUNN
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Central Drug Store
Miami - Texas

J. H. KELLEY, Pgh. M. D
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of children.
Office at Miami Drug Co.
Phone 33

W. E. Deer was in town Sunday visiting.
Read Thompson's locals on the last page.
Dr. J. H. Kelley made a professional visit to Canadian Saturday.
Mrs. J. H. Wheelers grand parents visited her this week.
Sheriff Center of Wheeler county was over Sunday in his new Ford.
Mrs. Rogers was in from the ranch yesterday.
Mrs. Burl Jackson is on the sick list.
A. C. Chilton has sold his household effects and will depart soon for Arizona.
A. M. Neil of near Mobeetie shipped a car of hogs from here to Ft. Worth Sunday.
Mrs. Bowers was in from the country Wednesday shopping and visited at the Burl Jackson home.
Mrs and Mr. Farington and there daughters were in from their farms Monday, shopping.
Mrs Wisely of Amarillo Texas is here visiting her sister Mrs. Jim Johnson.
Reverend W. A. Erwin will preach Sunday morning and night at the Presbyterian Church. Every one is invited to attend.

Mrs. A. O. B. Kidd broke off a needle of in her finger Saturday evening and it was necessary to call a physician to remove it.
The Baptist Ladies Aid Society met in regular session at the home of Mrs. W. H. Rhodes at 3 P. M. Wednesday. An interesting program was rendered. Subject "The Plan of Salvation". Mrs. Rhodes favored the ladies with a beautiful solo. Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Rees next Wednesday.
R. C. Bennett, wife and two children of Floyd County came in Saturday for a few days visit with John Kuhn and wife. Mr. Bennett says they had a fine rain down there last week and the future looks much brighter.
Mr. Dobbs of Medicine Lodge was here this week.

KING COTTON WILL SIT ON HIS THRONE AT THE TEXAS COTTON PALACE.

The Fleecy Staple Shown in All Forms From Planting to Making Cloth.

Cotton shown in all its forms from the plant to cloth will be one of the leading educational features of the Cotton Palace at Waco opening November 1st and closing November 16th.
All the subjects of King Cotton will assemble at the Palace. The by-products of both lint and seed will sit around the throne in the order of their importance and the manufacturing processes will be demonstrated in important instances. It is here all subjects will give an annual account to their king and the record will be one of glorious conquest and achievement. By visiting the throne room of King Cotton, one will be convinced that the half has never been told.
In the production of cotton per capita we excel any other country on the globe, and without our cotton the world would go naked and shiver with cold. Civilization has assigned to Texas the monumental task of clothing 300,000,000 people. To perform this gigantic mission, a half million plows must turn 12,000,000 acres of fertile soil per annum and over 2,000,000 people cultivate myriads of plants whose tiny looms weave from earth and air a fleecy staple that runs 4,600 gins, operates 113 compresses, runs 194 oil mills that crush 2,000,000 tons of seed, runs 30,000,000 spindles and fills the counters of two hemispheres with the most serviceable garment the world has ever known. The story of the growth, utility and power of the world's greatest industry will be presented in a most convincing and unforgettable manner.
The whir of the machinery as it takes the fibre from the boll and transforms it into a beautiful garment for the wardrobe of mankind, is one of the most instructive and important lessons in Twentieth century civilization.

The turning of cottonseed from waste into profit is the most wonderful industrial achievement of the age. The seed, considered worthless a quarter of a century ago, now brings the Texas farmer \$40,000,000 per annum. The by-products of this marvelous seed are legion and they will be on exhibition at the Palace, each telling a simple story of usefulness and power.

Everybody Likes Good Eatables.
Bell of Wichita Flour will please and Alton Steel cut Coffee is the best, with every other article their equal is what you will find at

G. M. MOON'S.

A Complete line of everything good to eat, all Fresh and the very best. Particular goods for particular people. Fresh stock pure Arkansas Comb HONEY

PASTIME

Say Guy, are you going to the Pastime to-night? They are putting on some classy shows there now. Don't care if I do.

Ladies and children Cordially invited to attend. No pictures will be shown to mar the most refined taste. Entire change of program daily.

ADMISSION 10c

KNIT UNDERWEAR

Knit to Fit And Fit to Wear.

The kinds that are comfortable and add too, rather than detract from the general dressed up appearance.

The kind that gives one the sense of being well clad underneath. A feeling that can come only when under garments are of the proper sort. We are showing this quality at such prices that you need wear no other kind.

S. C. Osborne & Co.

The Miami Telephone Co., will from now on give all day Sunday telephone service. This will be a great convenience and our telephone patrons will appreciate it.

J. W. Whitley assumed the duties of postmaster Oct. 1st. Miss Lella McDonald and Miss Mary Walker is assisting him.

Wm. Dial this week bought the entire bunch of James Dobbs calves numbering about 350 head.

Dr. Walcott of Amarillo was in the city yesterday.
B. P. and G. W. Seitz were in town yesterday on business.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Bible School meets promptly at 10 o'clock every Lord's Day; suitable classes for all ages. You are invited to attend.—Geo. Wilks, Supt.
Preaching every 3rd Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.—S. A. McPherson, Pastor

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Electricity in a Bowl Protects a Bunch of Coin



WASHINGTON.—"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," remarked Mr. Shakespeare, which only shows that Shakespeare, who was a man of letters, wrote a good many things that other people merely thought. This philosophy on morals is not a new thing, but there are several cases in Washington where it did apply. There is one widely discussed at the capital, where it is well known that Superintendent Elliott does not leave jewels and precious stones or anything else he happened to have lying around with a perfect sense, and there is not a laborer in the place who would not walk around the block to avoid going near them. Quite a while ago the senate laboratory was not the commodious structure it is now, but merely a private laboratory and workshop for Mr. Elliott. He was an electrical expert

then, as he is now, and was always fooling with anything from wireless to high frequency currents. He noticed at one time that a good many of his small personal possessions disappeared if he did not lock them up, and as he seldom thought to lock anything up, the lost list increased to an annoying extent.

One day he built a large lyden jar out of a big china bowl and a little tin foil. He dropped a lot of pennies and nickels and dimes into it and charged it with enough "juice" to kill an ox maybe, or at least enough to make the ox think he had been killed. He left it on a sheet of glass and walked off, leaving the door of the laboratory open.

It was not long before one of the outside laborers slipped in and took a look around. That bowl of small change was an irresistible temptation, and he evidently thought a few would not be missed. He ran his hand into the bowl, but before he could grasp a nickel he felt as though some one had hit him on the funny bone with an ax. He gave a wild yell and landed in the middle of the property yard. Since that time it has been well and generally known that Mr. Elliott's "juice" conjures up anything that belongs to him and you could not hire anybody at the capital to touch a thing of his.

His Model Shop Was Rather an Eerie Place

WHEN the model shop of the Smithsonian Institution was down by the railroad tracks in South Washington, Harry Handley and the late Mr. Elliott, who were in the shop, had the surrounding population "buffaloed" to such an extent that it was never necessary to lock a door. The model shop was rather an eerie place, anyhow, with its atmosphere of plaster of paris, half-remembered bodies and statues and things and skins and almost anything queer that happened to float through the museum. There were a lot of life masks in plaster, and the models of the shop were believed by the small boys and many of the oldsters of the vicinity to be body snatchers and to make their living by stealing and occult arts, including human vivisection.

The thing that made the place so eerie, or rather baleful, to illiterate neighbors was a human skeleton that lay in the back of the shop and that a simple arrangement of overhead lights could be made to get up off a chair and walk into the shop. There is one of the clerks up in the department who is an amateur naturalist of some attainment. He is a smoker and is in the habit of keeping a small reserve supply of tobacco in a jar on his desk, so that he can replenish his pouch if he runs out during the day.



He found, finally, that it was impossible to keep any tobacco on hand and whenever he wanted it in a hurry the jar was sure to have been emptied. The inhabitants of Ireland have nothing on the sons of Ham when it comes to dread snakes. All snakes look alike to them and they are all deadly, merely because they are snakes, quite regardless of the species. The clerk knew this quite well and, carefully washing out the tobacco dust from the jar, he one day dropped a perfectly harmless grass snake into it and put on the lid.

That afternoon he stayed late with a draftsman who was working over time in an adjoining room. About 5:30 there was an agonized yell from the neighborhood of his desk and one of the janitors passed through the room in a blinding cloud of dust and took the stairs three at a time without waiting for the elevator.

Hidden Wealth Lost; Stove Is Worst Offender



either lost or hoarded up by curio collectors. Dogs, cats, pigs, goats and calves appear to be the chief offenders when it comes to eating paper bills. Recently the redemption division was compelled to examine the stomach of a dog that had swallowed a \$20 bill dropped by his owner. The bill was thought to be worth more than the dog, so the animal was killed. Calves mutilate paper money worse than any other animal. Goats appear to give it a "lick and a promise" and swallow the whole roll.

Men in the redemption division assert that in cases where animals swallow bills the proper course is to get the bills as soon as possible and to ship the whole mass to Washington to be unfolded and tested as to its genuineness.

Decidedly the larger part of money sent to Washington for redemption is said to have been mutilated by fire. The parlor stove is a great source of loss. During the summer months money is concealed in the stove and in the fall is sent up in smoke in the first fall fire.

THE United States has made millions of dollars through the efforts of its thrifty people to place their surplus wealth beyond the reach of thieves. Goats, calves, dogs and other animals have eaten hundreds of rolls of bills that would have been far safer in banks. Parlor stoves also appear to be a profitable source of loss.

But for the work of the redemption division of the treasury department a loss in many cases would be total. It is much of the money is redeemed, but to date Uncle Sam is \$4,000,000 richer than he would have been had he never issued paper money. Millions of the fractional currency have been offered for redemption and together with later issues, are

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ALL HAD SAME IDEA

FAMILY'S VAIN ENDEAVOR TO ESCAPE EACH OTHER.

Desire to Get Away From Weary "Amusements" Led to Humorous Result When They Were All Together Again.

Maltby, putting his name on the hotel register, turned to the smiling proprietor. "I understand," he said, "that this is about the only place in the entire country in the summer where a man can actually rest."

"You're correct about that, sir," replied the proprietor. "We've had immense pressure brought to bear upon us, but we've resisted. No automobiles within two miles; no card playing; nothing to drink but water and milk; no distractions."

"That's what I've heard, and that's why I'm here. I simply had to do it in self-defense. I had to get away from my family and friends. Give me a quiet room and let me sleep for a week."

At this moment a stage, coming along the opposite road from the one on which Maltby traveled, drew up to the entrance. A lady got out. Maltby, who was for a moment, speechless. It was his wife.

Her astonishment was equally great. He drew her into the parlor.

"How did you come here?" he gasped.

"To get away from the whole family, from the neighbors, from bridge, from automobiles—and from you! I saw this place advertised as the only one left."

"Well, I did the same. We may as well make the best of it."

Two hours later, strolling out from the simple evening meal, they were suddenly, in the corridor, faced by a tall, nervous looking young man.

"Walter!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Maltby in chorus, at their astonished son. "What on earth are you doing here?"

Walter's face fell.

"To rest—to get away from painted girls, cigarettes, automobile, race tracks, club bridge, bromidical talk, and, to be candid with you, dear parents—from you!"

"So did we from you. This is terrible!"

Walter in reply grasped them both by the arms.

"Dear father and mother," he whispered, "it can't be helped. This being the only place left in America where tired and overworked people like ourselves can come to be sheltered from the horrible summer amusements, it was natural for us all to meet. But the worst is yet to come."

He led them hurriedly out to the office and indicated a stage that had just arrived and from which there was alighting a familiar form owned by a tall lady with her back as yet turned. The faces of both parents blanched with fear.

"Who is she? Can it be—?"

Walter lighted a cigarette.

"The game's all up," he replied nonchalantly. "It's grandmother!"—Life.

Puts Bears on a Low Plane. An amusing letter received by a well-known Canadian lumberman from one of his old fire rangers on the upper Potawaw, affords an interesting insight into the contempt entertained for bears by the real backwoodsman.

The ranger writes: "Bears are a little troublesome. They have broken into the hut at Catfish several times during my absence, and have eaten my provisions and upset everything. I had the window nailed up with inch boards and five-inch spikes, and they tore that off and got in again. They come at night, too, and wake me up. I struck one in the face one night as he was trying to climb the window, and I scared another away when he started to pull down the barricade. The park men said the bears always were more troublesome than the mice and told me I should get a heavy revolver. I am not afraid of bears, but they cause more annoyance than squirrels."

Relaxation Means Longer Life. Some years ago, says a correspondent, I collected the statistics regarding the lives of stockbrokers in a certain city, and was surprised to find that nearly every person who lived a sober life and continuously studied the ups and downs of the money market fell either mentally or physically in a short time—less than a dozen years—ultimately disappearing from active life. On the other hand, the men who were operators of great skill and coolness and who lived regularly most of the time, but occasionally gave way to the drink habit, lived longer and had fewer mental disorders. This, of course, cannot be construed into an argument in favor of drinking even occasionally, but was to my mind a strong indication of the benefit coming from the occasional complete relaxation from intense mental anxiety. Protracted anxiety without rest breaks more men than does hard intellectual effort.—From the Family Doctor.

What Impressed Her. Father—Children, you did not pay good attention to the sermon this morning. Tell me what the minister said.

Three children try with indifferent success.

Eight-Year-Old Daughter—I know. He said there would be only two more Sundays of church.—Christian Register.

HOME TOWN HELPS

VILLAGES LACKING IN CHARM

Writer Compares Them With Those of France and Germany to Their Disadvantage.

The average American has no eye for harmonious effect, no appreciation of beauty for its own sake; and in none of the arts is this lack so evident as in architecture, says H. L. Mencken in the Smart Set.

No distinctively American style has arisen, and the average American home remains as ugly and as undistinguished as a Zulu kraal. In its essence, it is simply a square box. And from that archetype it proceeds upward, not through degrees of beauty, but through degrees of hideousness. The more it is plastered with ornament, the more vulgar and forbidding it becomes. The more it is adorned with color, the more that color becomes a sadness, a debauch, a public indecency. Take a train ride through any American state and you will be sickened by the chaotic ugliness of the flitting villages—houses sprawling and shapeless, green shutters upon yellow churches, a huge advertising sign upon every flat wall, an intolerable effect of carelessness, ignorance, squalor, bad taste and downright viciousness. But make the same sort of journey through France or Germany—say from Bremen to Munich or from Paris to Lyons—or through Austria or Italy or Switzerland, and you will be charmed by the beautiful harmony visible on all sides, the subordination of details to general effects, the instinctive feeling for color, the sound grouping, the constant presence of a tradition and a style. The design of the peasant houses changes 20 times between the Westphalian plain and the foothills of the Alps, but in every change there is a subtle reflection of the physical expression of human aspiration, worldly estate and character. I don't know any ugly villages between Bremen and Munich, nor even a village without its distinction, its special beauty, its individual charm. But I don't know of a village between Washington and Chicago that is not frankly appalling.

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SUMMER FALLOW AIDS CROP

Far Better Results Are Obtained After Third Year by Alternating Crop and Fallowing.

(By F. S. COOLEY, Superintendent of Montana Farmers' Institutes.)

Whether the fallow system will be an important part of the dry land crop rotation after the country is settled and developed, when land is worth \$100 or more per acre, we are not saying. Under present conditions and land values it is better practice to take one crop of 30 or 40 bushels, once in two years, than two crops of 15 or 20 bushels each.

Experience at the Moccasin experiment station indicates that it is good farming to take about three successive crops after breaking. After that summer fallow doubles the crop. Far better results are obtained after the third year from breaking by alternating crop and fallow. The results at Moccasin coincide with the best farm experience in the Gallatin valley and elsewhere. Good farmers in these places summer fallow religiously.

Summer fallowing does not mean simply allowing the land to lie idle and grow weeds and a volunteer crop. It means three definite objects: 1. To conserve and store up moisture. 2. To clean up the land and get rid of



It Closes Are Stubborn Use the Roller.

weeds. 3. To promote the preparation of available plant food for the next crop.

These objects are best accomplished by double disking the land early in the spring, then plowing in May or June after the weed seeds have germinated. Plowing early helps to prevent the run-off of summer rains and prevents loss of moisture. Harrowing should be done immediately after plowing, and thereafter often enough to kill small weeds and maintain a soil mulch.

By following this method seed will germinate at once when put in the latter part of August, the land will be clean, and a heavy crop may be confidently expected.

GOOD DRY FARMING FORMULA

Some Requirements Are Workable Soil, Some Common Sense, Willingness to Learn and Work.

Not all of the so-called "dry farming land" of the west is capable of profitable operation. It is a form of crime to urge a man—ignorant of conditions or requirements—to settle in a country where there is insufficient moisture to produce a profitable crop. Three elements must be considered: Precipitation, evaporation, and soil. A slight rainfall may be utilized to produce profit bearing crops, provided there is a low percentage of evaporation or a moisture retaining soil (under scientific treatment), or both.

Dry farming is good farming in many parts of the world, but it is not "Lazy Farming." It requires the utilization of a formula which has always brought good results: Sig: Good soil, one part. Good sense, one part. Willingness to learn, one part. Willingness to work, one part.

Some moisture properly conserved by methodical work.

Mix well before expecting results—then continue to use.

Farmers not willing to become students and scientific investigators—and more—those not willing to work—and mix "gray matter" with the dust of the earth—should take up some other line of agricultural effort.

BEST TREES FOR DRY LAND

Soil Should Be in Good State of Cultivation by Having Produced Several Preceding Crops.

(By B. O. LONGYEAR, Colorado Agricultural College.)

The following species of trees have been found to be best adapted to our climatic conditions for unirrigated land:

Broad Leaf Species—Green ash, white ash, black locust, honey locust, box elder, Russian olive, American elm.

For evergreens, the native western red cedar and the yellow pine. The latter species should be nursery-grown stock. The red cedar, however, can, sometimes be obtained from the foothills.

Land for these trees should be in a good state of cultivation, if possible by having produced several preceding crops. The smaller sizes of nursery stock, three to four feet in height, are better than larger trees. If planted when the soil is moist, it will not be necessary to use water. For a wind-break or shelter belt, plant in rows with the trees eight feet apart in the row and in rows ten feet apart, allowing the trees in one row to alternate with those in the next. Give thorough cultivation throughout the growing season as for a crop of corn. Protect the trees from prairie fires and live stock.

Food Value of Eggs. Eggs compared with wheat flour contain about the same amount of protein, ten times the fat and half the fuel value.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Interested. Husband (at the police station)—They say you have caught the fellow who robbed our house night before last.

Sergeant—Yes. Do you want to see him?

Husband—Sure! I'd like to talk to him. I want to know how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last twenty years.—Judge.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

Time! Pape's Diapiesin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, let this down: Pape's Diapiesin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapiesin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food. Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

Light on an Old Subject.

Dentist—Now, open wide your mouth and I won't hurt you a bit.

The Patient, after the extraction—Doctor, I know what Ananias did for a living now.

CHILDLESS WOMEN

These women once childless, now happy and physically well with healthy children will tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made it possible. Here are the names and correct addresses—write them if you want to, and learn for yourself. They are only a few out of many thousands.

"Our first baby is strong and healthy and we attribute this result to the timely use of your Compound."—Mrs. FRED YOUNG, Kent, Oregon.

"I owe my life and my baby's good health to your Compound."—Mrs. W. O. SPENCER, R. F. D., No. 2, Troy, Alabama.

"I have three children and took your Compound each time."—Mrs. JAMES HOWARD, Wilmington, Vermont.

"I have a lovely baby boy and you can tell every one that he is 'Pinkham's baby.'"—Mrs. LOUIS FISCHER, 32 Monroe St., Carlsbad, N. J.

"We are at last blessed with a sweet little baby girl."—Mrs. G. A. LAFERRE, Montegut, La.

"I have one of the finest baby girls you ever saw."—Mrs. C. E. GOODWIN, 1012 S. 6th St., Wilmington, N. C.

"My husband is the happiest man alive today."—Mrs. CLARA DARRACK, 307 Marilla St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Now I have a nice baby girl, the joy of our home."—Mrs. DEWEY, 117 So. Gate St., Worcester, Mass.

"There's a fine strong baby daughter now."—Mrs. A. A. GILES, Dewittville, N. Y., Route 24.

"I have a big, fat, healthy boy."—Mrs. A. A. BALLENGER, R. F. D. No. 1, Baltimore, Ohio.

Trade Locals

ROOM FOR RENT

Have a nice front room, furnished for rent. Close to town and school. Two gentlemen preferred. Inquire at the Chief office.

For any kind of hauling phone No. 66.

Don't forget the Home Bakery for short orders.

Ten copies music \$1.00. Higgins Jewelry and Music Co. Higgins Texas.

See the boys' pants at McLaren's

McLaren is out of the way and on the wrong side of the street but it will pay you to walk.

Walter Cook, Sells pianos, organs and sheet music.

See if McLaren don't have it for less.

See McLaren for the right price on pants for men and boys, he can save you money.

We are making a high grade, line of Cow-boy boots, made to order. We use only the best material and skilled help in making these boots. All repair work sent us by parcel post, receives prompt and careful attention. Successor to Gardner.

J. E. Ruby.
Canadian, Texas.

Quit kicking about hard times buy at McLaren's and save money.

NOTICE, No hunting or fishing on the Dobbs ranch under penalty of the law. James Dobbs, Medicine Lodge, Kansas. 2 tf

Dr. C. W. Jones made his regular weekly professional visit to Miami Wednesday and Thursday. The doctor will be here again next week on the above named days.

Rio Blend Coffee at McLaren, 5 lbs for \$1.00

For any kind of hauling call phone No. 66.

Money to Loan.

If you want money on farms or ranches, write or phone me at Canadian. W. A. Pajmer, Atty.

Best line of mens shirts at McLaren's prices are right.

Send me your watch if it needs repairing, I will make it run right. Walter Cook, Higgins, Texas.

Full line of crackers and candies at McLaren's.

School books are cash, don't forget to bring or send the money.

If you are afraid to send the money the children, leave a cash deposit, and we will give a receipt for it, and will charge the books against it. S. C. Osborne Co.

WALTER COOK

Expert Watch Maker
24 years experience. Send us your work, we will get it back to you promptly and guarantee it. HIGGINS, TEXAS

FOR SALE, a very nice seven room house on five acres of good land, good barn, laying in Miami. This is well located. Call or write Gerrard Ramsay.

Attend our Big Fair Oct. 2nd and 3rd. While here call and see our Big Auction Sale both days. 9 tf Higgins Jewelry and Music Co.

We invite the people of Miami and surrounding country to come to our Fair Oct 2nd 3rd. Make our place your head quarter. Big Auction Sale both days. 9 tf Higgins Jewelry and Music Co.

NOTICE

All those indebted to us will please come in and fix up their accounts. Locke Bros.

Investigate our prices before buying else where, you will find you can save money by buying from Locke Bros.

The Stender Meat Market are in their new location and wanting all the chickens and eggs they can get. They will pay you cash for them.

Thompson is selling his Ladies and Mens Hats at cost.

EXCHANGE OF OLD BOOKS.

There will be an exchange on the old 1908 to 1913 State adopted books for certain new 1913 to 1919 adoption. They are not to be exchanged for any book, but certain books have an exchange value.

The condition of books according to the State Superintendent, is, viz: Books must be sound, both cover and contents; no writing in them; all leaves in.

If you gave such books, bring them in after Sept. 1st for exchange S. C. OSBORNE & Co.

Thompson's is Head quarters for School shoes.

Since changing our method of business to cash, we can sell on a closer margin. You will find the prices as cheap as can be sold. Locke Bros.

Thompson is going to sell his Pants at cost. Also his girls coats, his ladies skirts and his boys hats.

Laketon Items.

We had a fine rain and our farmers are all smiling, and it is now that their families may see them without fear of a scolding.

Wheat sowing will now commence in full blast.

Laketon will have two school teachers. Miss Alice Stump began teaching Monday.

This is the first time in the history of Laketon that two teachers were necessary. Laketon will soon be able to give a complete high school course.

W. C. Christopher made the round trip to Miami Monday.

Uncle Josh.

Save a piece out of every dollar by trading at Thompsons.

Resolution Of Respect

Miami, Texas September 30, 1913.
To Officers and Members of Miami Lodge No 48, I. O. O. F.

We, your Committee, appointed to draft resolutions of respect of the death of Miss Besse Christopher, a daughter of one of our most honored and worthy members, beg leave to submit the following report and ask that the same be approved and that this committee be discharged:

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God to take from our midst the oldest daughter, Miss Besse, of our most worthy, honest, and energetic Past Grand, Brother L. G. Christopher and

Whereas We are most forcibly reminded by the passing of Miss Besse of our great and exalted principles that are laid down in our ritualistic work realizing full well "that all that is born must die", but that only a short time hence we shall find a true exemplification and a realization of the fact that in the place of death "There will be life, beauty and Joy."

And Whereas Brother L. G. Christopher has been an untiring worker in behalf of odd fellowship, an institution that teaches that all sprung from a common parent, we are all brothers in this journey through life and whose institutions are founded upon this great and noble principle that tend to make men social and humane.

Now Therefore be it resolved that we the Members of Miami Lodge No 48 I. O. O. F., Working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Texas, hereby, and by those means, express to Brother Christopher and his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathies in this the time of his trial and tribulation, and

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be spread at large upon the minutes of this Lodge and that a copy be mailed to Brother Christopher and family and that a copy be handed our local Newspaper for publication.

Respectfully Submitted,
W. W. Davis
J. M. Keffir
R. S. Trowbridge
Committee.

COTTON SEED CAKE

October, November & december delivery.

For PRICES CALL ON
F. H. SMYERS

H. O. Coffee

Miami's Resident painter and Decorator
USES NOTHING
but first-class workmen, first-class material
And a first-class guarantee.
Prompt Attention to All

D. K. HICKMAN

DEALER IN

Windmills, Pipes, Casing
Hardware, Stoves,
and Tinware.

"CANTON CLIPPER" FARM
IMPLEMENTS & MACHINERY.

Galvanized Tanks, Troughs, Metallic Well Curbings, etc., Made to Order
TIN SHOP IN CONNECTION. MIAMI - TEXAS

H. M. BARRETT

**Auctioneer and Sale
Crier. Work Guaranteed
LEAVE DATES AT CHIEF OFFICE**

Codman Items

Codman enjoyed a ground soaking rain last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tolbert made a business trip to Codman Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Harris spent Sunday in Canadian.

Will Robertson of the Edge ranch spent Sunday at the Humphries home in Miami.

The J. D. Grahams are moving to their new home in Codman this week.

Joe Smyers is filling his silo this week.

Homer Tolbert spent Sunday in Miami.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Matthews entertained the young folks of the north plains with a party Monday night.

Lone Star Items.

Mrs. C. I. Slaton and little Eugene have been quite sick with La Grippe.

J. B. Hanks and family visited at the Cotton home Sunday.

C. C. Lawson is away cutting feed.

Mrs. Coroway, Mrs. Gillis'es mother, is here visiting.

Mrs. Draper and son Charlie visited the school Monday.

Miss Leiva Spruill from the Washila is visiting at I. A. McNeils.

G. W. Sea began sowing wheat Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sea attended church in Mobeetie Sunday.

On account of the rain Friday and Saturday of last week we had to postpone our Rally day program till next Sunday.

Any customer buying \$25.00 worth of goods at our store at one time, during the month of Oct. we will give absolutely free, your choice of an hat in the store, either ladies or mens, good ones too.

Thos. Thompson

We will pay the highest price in the market for eggs and chickens delivered at our new location.

Studer Meat Market.

:- "Have a Fit" :-

Get a new suit or overcoat from M. MATHIS, the authorized dealer for the famous Star, the celebrated Royal and unequalled Work Bros., tailors.

Prices From \$10.50 to \$

Your old Clothes made new by the process of Cleaning and Pressing. Also do altering and repairing. A will convince

City Tailor Sho

Blacksmithing and Woodwork

Machine Repair work and
First-Class Horse-sho

W. H. Elliott
We Black-smith for a living

CANDIES COOKIES CAKES CRACKERS

A Fresh, Clean Stock
WE KEEP OUR STUFF SANITARY
Don't forget we sell fresh fruits

Stribling's Confectioner

FOR SALE

A few small farms, well improved and well located
This is my own land and if you have a little money
and a good name you can do business with us

W. C. Christopher

EXCURSIONS.



Golonists rates to California, and Coast, Tickets on sale daily Sept-October 10th.

Rates \$30 and \$35 to most all points. Take the Santa Fe All the way without.

All other information gladly furnished

For further particulars apply to

J. E. MARSHALL, Agent, Miami

The Black Dray LINE

We haul, Crate and Pack all kinds of fruit and household goods. All hauling prompt attention, guarantee, prices right.
Emry Black PHONE

READ THE CHIEF.