

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 15

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No. 21

Helping the Farmer

The Sixty-third Congress has been asked to appropriate \$241,000 for the collection and diffusion of information concerning the marketing and distribution of farm products, and for the first time in history the marketing of agriculture is having an impact in National political affairs. The Thirty-third Texas Legislature appropriated \$15,000 for the establishment and maintenance of a state bureau of markets and any other state law-making bodies have considered the selling problems of the farmer. Like any other business man, the farmer only wants a fair proportion of his capital investment and living wage for his labor. There is no better way of helping him make both ends meet than by giving him a profitable market for his products.

Shot in Foot

Johnnie Graham who lives at Edman was shot through the foot yesterday while cleaning a rifle. The ball passed thru the foot and lodged in the sole of the boot. He was brought to Miami for medical aid and Dr. Kelly dressed the wound.

THE REWARD OF THRIFT THE BANK THE PLACE TO PUT IT

Every dollar hoarded away and taken out of circulation is dead money. Not alone are you endangering it by hiding it, but you are depriving the community the use of that money, and depriving yourself of the interest it could earn in the bank.

THE First State Bank Of Miami



Real Bank For Depositors

New Court House Fixtures

County Clerk McKenzie informs us that quite a lot of the new furniture for the Court House has been received. Among which is several tiers of new roller bottom book shelves, file cabinets, tables etc. for his office and part of the seats for the District Court room. It will possibly all be installed in January.

Work and Win

Winners never knock and knockers never win. Our future success depends on present actions.

Retgression has gotten many a good city down.

Knocking is only boosting walking backwards.

A city is judged by its streets it keeps.

No idle dreamers are found among city builders.

Development follows the lines of most persistence.

Willingness is better than latent ability.

Increase the efficiency of your city by boosting.

No town is better than its biggest knocker.

(Editor's Note - The first letter in each sentence makes a hidden city building note.)

OSTEOPATH

Dr. W. R. German an Osteopath who has been located at Canadian about one year and a half, is considering spending two days out of each week in Miami if he can get enough practice to justify doing so. Parties from near and in Miami who wished to take treatment have asked the doctor to open a branch office here. Dr. German says some cases cannot be cured but I will not from now on take any case unless I can guarantee them to be satisfied with the results of my treatment as I do not care to waste any time on any one I cannot benefit. I can safely say that 90 per cent of the patients who have taken treatment of me are well pleased with my system of treatment and I consider that a mighty good record considering the condition they were in when they placed themselves under my care and treatment.

I treat chronic cases only, and my terms of treatment are very reasonable. I will be glad to hear from any one who is in need of my services.

Dr. German. Osteopath. Canadian Tex.

3 Xmas Trees for Miami

Three Christmas trees are being arranged for in Miami the Sunday Schools taking the lead and there will be a tree Wednesday night at the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches. We trust that everyone will get presents and old Santa Clause will not overlook the few poor children of Miami who might be missed otherwise. Nothing is sadder on Christmas morning than for a little fellow to get up and find an empty stocking.

Some Chicken Market Miami Is

In talking with the Studer and The Peoples meat market today we find that Miami has made a pretty good record as a chicken and turkey market for the past 10 days. Since Monday week the two markets combined have shipped over 100 crates of chickens and turkeys. This is good evidence that Miami is on top as a poultry country and is very encouraging to our poultry raisers. The average price has been for chickens 9c and turkeys 12.1-2c. At Miami you always find a market for everything and you are safe on getting usually a little better price than you can at other places.

Warning issued against Holiday fires

Austin, Texas - The Texas Fire Insurance Commission, thru State Fire Marshal, English, has sent to every mayor, fire chief and fire marshal in Texas, a letter headed "Look out for holiday fire dangers," and warns them. Stores, churches and bazarrs are cautioned especially against defective wiring and using inflammable decorations near open gas jets or other possible ignition. The same warning is given with reference to using and lighting cigars, cigarettes and pipes. Heads of homes are urged to watch the Christmas decorations and not permit the children to take chances with fireworks and Christmas tree decorations. Included with the Fire Marshall's letter is the illustrated "Holiday Fire Bulletin" of the National Fire Protective Association. It impresses safety and eternal vigilance.

Busch-Wilks

All the world loves a lover, even the hoary locks predominate and when love comes in the advanced age of life, it is even more beautiful to behold. Mr. Amos K. Wilks, of Miami Texas, a retired capitalist was married to Mrs. Jennie D. Busch of this city, the marriage being the culmination of a courtship carried on by mail which gradually ripened into love and the Lone Star state resident came to Winchester to claim his bride. Dr. C. C. Carrol officiated at the home of the bride and only a few close friends and relatives were present. After a short bridal trip to the west they will return to Winchester for the present, but have not fully decided whether they will move to Texas or not. It is the third marriage for the bride and the second for the groom. Mrs. Busch is one of the best known residents of the city and is greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends. - Winchester (Ky.) Democrat.

A GENUINE CLOSING OUT SALE

Not just at Cost, But far below Cost on 90 per cent Of my Dry Goods. Prices Tell.

Beginning Friday Dec. 19 and continuing to Dec. 31st, I am going to close out everything in my store in the Dry Goods Line. Really at lower prices than the big Wholesale houses will sell at. Am for the present quitting the dry goods line and it will mean dollars to you if you take the advantages offered. Never before have such prices been made. I give you a big discount on the wholesale, not the retail price. Note the Prices.

Mens Pants below cost

A dandy lot of mens pants, about 87 pair in all sizes and kinds. You will note that I will give you the wholesale cost, then cut the price far below that. Will close out every pair at less than you can buy them in bulk from the manufacturer.

15 pair men pants that cost 1.75 only	1.10
25 pair mens pants that cost 2.50 at only	1.60
12 pair mens pants that cost 3.00 at only	2.10
8 pair mens pants that cost 3.25 at only	2.60
4 pair mens pants that cost 1.00 at only	.70

Work clothes for men

1 lot mens jumpers value 90c go at	65c
1 lot mens jumpers value 1.00 go at	75c
Mens duck pants value 1.00 go at	65c
Mens duck pants value 1.25 go at	.75c

Miscellaneous for Men, Women and Children. Prices Lowest.

Best quality mens hose, while they last during this sale at	50c doz.
Mens wool hose go at just 20c per pair	
Good grade of toweling at	5c per yd.
Mistletoe Aviation Caps for ladies and children go below cost,	25c each
Ladies sweaters that cost \$1.90 you can have for	\$1.50
1 bunch ladies scarfs 75c value for only	35c
Boys 25c hose all go at	15c pr.

Mens and Boys shirts and underwear

150 Mens dress shirts fine quality all \$1 to \$1.50 value your choice for	35c
150 mens work shirts good heavy stuff at only	40c
Mens fleece lined and plain ribbed underwear regular 50c value at	35c
Boys fleece lined shirts and drawers per suit	35c
Mens Oncita union suits, \$1 value for	75c
Boys Silver suits good value at	20c
Boys dress shirts, without collar, good 50c value for	35c

Boys Pants and Clothes

13 pair boys long pants that cost at wholesale from \$1 to \$2.50 per pair, all go at only	70c
1 lot boys short pants good value at	35c
1 lot boys short pants extra value at	75c

All silk and silkateen thread 8 spools for	25c
White pearl buttons, 10c cards for 7c	
18 dozen other white buttons for	10c
A bunch of good hats for men \$1.50 to \$3.00 value, go at from \$1 to \$2.00 each.	
Mens Linen collars while they last go at	10c each.
Oil cloth full width at	20c per yd.
1 box children overshoes, sizes 9 and 10 all go at	50c per pair.

For Xmas presents, see our fine line of handkerchiefs, hose supporters and suspenders which all go at and below cost. The best place in the Panhandle to save money this fall. Everything in the drygoods line goes, not at a profit for me, but a big saving for you.

Remember also that I have a fine line of Christmas candies, apples, nuts and fruits of all kinds, and a complete line of fresh groceries that are always at the right price. A months trade at McLarens will mean a big saving in your grocery bill. Try it. Everything on hand that is advertised. A pleasure to show you.

R. L. McLaren

Peoples MEAT Market And Produce House

We buy and pay cash for Hides, Furs, Poultry and Eggs and at all times have a nice line of fresh and salted meats.

Your Patronage Solicited.

PHONE NO. 18

McCracken & Seiber

OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door

WHY CONTINUE TO SNUB HER? WHY NOT HEED HER ADVICE? There is no success without nerve. Screw up your nerve, and START AN ACCOUNT HERE TODAY

The Bank of Miami

(Unincorporated) ROBERTS COUNTY DEPOSITORY



SYNOPSIS.

Minnie, spring-house girl at Hope sanatorium, tells the story. It opens with the arrival of Miss Patty Jennings, who is reported to be engaged to marry a prince, and the death of the old doctor who owns the sanatorium. The estate is left to a scapegrace grandson, Dicky Carter, who must appear on a certain date and run the sanatorium successfully for two months or forfeit the inheritance. A case of mumps delays Dick's arrival. Mr. Thoburn is hovering about in hopes of securing the place for a summer hotel. Pierce, a college man in hard luck, is prevailed upon by Van Alstyne, Dick's brother-in-law, to impersonate the missing heir. Carter arrives. Dick, who has eloped with Patty's younger sister, Dorothy, arrives, and the couple go into hiding in the old shelter house. Hearing of this, Dorothy's father, who is at the sanatorium, Dick arranges with Pierce to continue in the management of the property. Julia Summers, leading lady of Pierce's stranded theatrical company, arrives. She is suing Dicky for breach of promise. The prince, under the incognito of Oskar von Inwald, arrives at the sanatorium. Barnes, character man with Pierce's show and a graduate M. D., takes the place of a sanatorium physician. Pierce, who is very much interested in Patty, shows a strong dislike for Inwald. Dick becomes peevish over the independent manner in which Pierce is running the sanatorium. Miss Summers discovers that the Dick Carter she is seeking is the owner of the sanatorium. Dick, in attempting to steal his love letters from Miss Summers, breaks into the wrong room and gets the wrong letters. Miss Summers, who has convulsions from overeating. The patients believe it has been poisoned by the dope spring water. In a panic they go to Pierce and start a row. He tells them the truth about themselves and they make preparations to leave. A snow blockade compels the patients to return. Pierce lays out a course of rational and simple living and all agree to give it a trial.

CHAPTER XII.

They took to it like ducks to water. Not of course, that they didn't kick about making their own beds and having military discipline generally. They complained a lot, but when after three days went by with the railroad running as much on schedule as it ever does, they were all still there, and Mr. Jennings had limped out and spent a half-hour at the wood pile with his gouty foot on a cushion, I saw it was a success.

I ought to have been glad. I was, although when Mrs. Dicky found they were all staying, and that she might have to live in the shelter-house the rest of the winter, there was an awful scene. I was glad, too, every time I could see Mr. Thoburn's gloomy face, or hear the things he said when his name went up for the military walk.

The strange thing of all was the way they began to look up to Mr. Pierce. He was very strict; if he made a rule, it was obey or leave. (As they knew after Mr. Moody refused to take the military walk, and was presented with his bill and a railroad schedule within an hour. He had to take the military walk with Doctor Barnes that afternoon alone.) They had to respect a man who could do all the things in the gymnasium that they couldn't, and come in from a ten or fifteen-mile tramp through the snow and take a cold plunge and a swim to rest himself.

It was on Monday that we really got things started, and on Monday afternoon Miss Summers came out to the shelter-house in a towering rage.

"Where's Mr. Pierce?" she demanded.

"I guess you can see he isn't here," I said.

"Just wait until I see him!" she announced. "Do you know that I am down on the blackboard for the military walk today?—!"

"Why not?"

She turned and glared at me. "Why not?" she repeated. "Why, the audacity of the wretch! He brings me out into the country in winter to play in his atrocious play, strands me, and then tells me to walk twenty miles a day and smile over it!" She came over to me and shook my arm. "Not only that," she said, "but he has cut out my cigarettes and put Arabella on dog biscuit—Arabella, who can hardly eat a chicken wing."

"Well, there's something to be thankful for," I said. "He didn't put you on dog biscuit."

She laughed then, with one of her quick changes of humor.

"The worst of it is," she said, in a confidential whisper, "I'll do it. I feel it. I guess if the truth were known I'm some older than he is, but—I'm afraid of him, Minnie. Little Judy is ready to crawl around and speak for a cracker or a kind word. Oh, I'm not in love with him, but he's got the courage to say what he means and do what he says."

She went to the door and looked back smiling.

"I'm off for the wood-pile," she called back. "And I've promised to chop two inches off my heels."

As I say, they took to it like ducks to water—except two of them, von Inwald and Thoburn. Mr. von Inwald stayed on, I hardly know why, but I guess it was because Mr. Jennings still hadn't done anything final about settlements, and with the newspapers marrying him every day it wasn't very comfortable. Next to him, Mr. Thoburn was the unhappiest mortal I have ever seen.

Doctor Barnes came out that afternoon and watched me while I closed the windows. He had a package in his

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF *The CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, The MAN in LOWER TEN, WHEN A MAN MARRIES* ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR BERT SMITH COPYRIGHT 1912 BY DOBBS MERRILL CO.

hand. He sat on the railing of the spring and looked at me.

"You're not warmly enough dressed for this kind of thing," he remarked.

"Where's that gray rabbits' fur, or whatever it is?"

"If you mean my chinchillas," I said, "they're in their box. Chinchillas are as delicate as babies and not near so plentiful. I'm warm enough."

"You look it." He reached over and caught one of my hands. "Look at that! Blue nails! It's about four degrees above zero here, and while the rest are wrapped in furs and steamers or rugs, with hot water bottles at their feet, you've got on a shawl. I'll bet you two dollars you haven't got on any—or-winter fannels."

"I never bet," I retorted, and went on folding up the steamer rugs.

"I'd like to help," he said, "but you're so darned capable, Miss Minnie—"

"You might see if you can get the slot-machine empty," I said. "It's full of water. It wouldn't work and Mr. Moody thought it was frozen. He's been carrying out boiling water all afternoon. If it stays in there and freezes the thing will explode."

He wasn't listening. He'd been fussing with his package and now he opened it and handed it to me, in the paper.

"It's a sweater," he said, not looking at me. "I bought it for myself and it was too small—Confound it, Minnie, I wish I could lie! I bought them for you! There's the whole business—sweater, cap, leggings and mittens. Go on! Throw them at me!"

But I didn't. I looked at them, all white and soft, and it came over me suddenly how kind people had been lately, and how much I'd been getting—the old doctor's waistcoat buttons and Miss Pat's furs, and now this! I just buried my face in them and cried.

Doctor Barnes stood by and said nothing. Some men wouldn't and had understood, but he did. After a minute or so he came over and pulled the sweater out from the bundle.

"I'm glad you like 'em," he said, "but as I bought them at Hubbard's, in Finleyville, and as the old liar guaranteed they wouldn't shrink, we'd better not try on 'em."

Well, I put them on and I was warmer and happier than I had been for some time. But that night when I went out to the shelter-house with the supper basket I found both the honeymooners in a wild state of excitement. They said that about five o'clock Thoburn had gone out to the shelter-house and walked all around it. Finally he had stopped at one of the windows of the other room, had worked at it with his penknife and got it open, and crawled through. They sat paralyzed with fright, and heard him moving around the other room, and he even tried their door. But it had been locked.

By Friday of that week you would hardly have known any of them. The fat ones were thinner and the thin ones fatter, and Miss Julia Summers could put her whole hand inside her belt.

And they were pleasant. They'd sit down to a supper of ham and eggs and apple sauce, and yell for more.

They fussed some still about sleeping with the windows open, especially the bald-headed men.

Mr. von Inwald was still there, and not troubling himself to be agreeable to any but the Jennings family. He and Mr. Pierce carefully avoided each

other, but I knew well enough that only policy kept them apart. Both of them, you see, were working for something.

Miss Cobb came to the springhouse early Friday morning, and from the way she came in and shut the door I knew she had something on her mind. She walked over to where I was polishing the brass railing around the spring—it had been the habit of years, and not easy to break—and stood looking at me and breathing hard.

"Minnie," she exclaimed, "I have found the thief!"

"Lord have mercy!" I said, and dropped the brass polish.

"I have found the thief!" she repeated firmly. "Minnie, our sins always find us out."

"I guess they do," I said shakily, and sat down on the steps to the

spring. "Oh, Miss Cobb, if only he would use a little bit of sense!"

"He?" she said. "He nothing! It's that Summers woman I'm talking about, Minnie. I knew that woman wasn't what she ought to be the minute I set eyes on her."

"The Summers woman!" I repeated.

Miss Cobb leaned over the railing and shook a finger in my face.

"The Summers woman," she said, "one of the chambermaids found my—my protectors hanging in the creature's closet!"

I couldn't speak. There had been so much happening that I'd clean forgotten Miss Cobb and her woolen tights. And now to have them come back like this and hang themselves around my neck, so to speak—it was too much.

"Per—perhaps they're hers," I said weakly after a minute.

"Stuff and nonsense!" declared Miss Cobb. "Don't you think I know my own, with L. C. in white cotton on the band, and my own darnin in the knee where I slipped on the ice? And more than that, Minnie, where those tights are, my letters are!"

I glanced at the pantry, where her letters were hidden on the upper shelf. The door was closed.

"But—but what would she want with the letters?" I asked, with my teeth fairly hitting together. Miss Cobb pushed her forehead into my shoulder.

"To blackmail me," she said, in a tragic voice, "or perhaps to publish. I've often thought of that myself—life's so beautiful. Letters from a life insurance agent to his lady-love—interesting, you know, and alliterative. As for that woman—!"

"What woman?" said Miss Summers' voice from behind us. We jumped and turned. "I always save myself trouble, so if by any chance you are discussing me—"

"As it happens," Miss Cobb said glancing at her, "I was discussing you."

"Fine!" said Miss Julia. "I love to talk about myself."

"I doubt if it's an edifying subject," Miss Cobb snapped.

Miss Julia looked at her and smiled.

"Perhaps not," she said, "but interesting. Don't put yourself out to be friendly to me, Miss Cobb, if you don't feel like it."

"Are you going to return my letters?" Miss Cobb demanded.

"Your letters?"

"My letters—that you took out of my room!"

"Look here," Miss Julia said, still in a good humor, "don't you suppose I've got letters of my own, without bothering with another woman's?"

"Perhaps," Miss Cobb replied in triumph, "perhaps you will say that you don't know anything of my—of my black woolen protectors?"

"Never heard of them!" said Miss Summers. "What are they?" And then she caught my eye, and I guess I looked stricken. "Oh!" she said.

"Miss Cobb was robbed the other night," I explained, as quietly as I could. "Somebody went into her room and took a bundle of letters."

"Letters!" Miss Summers straightened and looked at me.

"And my woolen tights," said Miss Cobb indignantly. "And I'll tell you this, Miss Summers, your dog got in my room that night, and while I have no suspicions, the chambermaid found my—er—messing garment this morning in your closet!"

"I don't believe," Miss Julia said, looking hard at me "that Arabella would steal anything so—er—grotesque! Do you mean to say," she added slowly, "that nothing was taken from that room but the—lingerie and a bundle of letters?"

"Exactly," said Miss Cobb, "and I'd thank you for the letters."

"The letters!" Miss Julia retorted. "I've never been in your room. I haven't got the letters. I've never seen her face. I—oh, it's the funniest ever!"

And with that she threw her head back and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks and she held her side.

"Screaming!" she gasped. "It's screaming! But, oh, Minnie, to have seen your face!"

Miss Cobb swept to the door and turned in a fury.

"I do not think it is funny," she stormed, "and I shall report to Mr. Carter at once what I have discovered."

She banged out, and Miss Julia put her head on a card table and writhed with joy. "To have seen your face, Minnie!" she panted, wiping her eyes. "To have thought you had Dick Carter's letters, that I keep rolled in asbestos, and then to have opened them and found they were to Miss Cobb!"

"Be as happy as you like," I snapped, "but you are barking up the wrong tree. I don't know anything about any letters and as far as that goes, do you think I've lived here fourteen years to get into the wrong room at night? If I'd wanted to get into your room, I'd have found your room, not Miss Cobb's."

She sat up and pulled her hat

straight, looking me right in the eye.

"If you'll recall," she said, "I came into the springhouse, and Arabella pulled that—garment of Miss Cobb's off a table. It was early—nobody was out yet. You were alone, Minnie, or no," she said suddenly, "you were not alone, Minnie, who was in the pantry?"

"What has that to do with it?" I managed, with my feet as cold as stone.

She got up and buttoned her sweater.

"Don't trouble to lie," she said. "I can see through a stone wall as well as most people. Whoever got those letters thought they were stealing mine, and there are only two people who would try to steal my letters; one is Dick Carter, and the other is his brother-in-law. It wasn't Sam in the pantry—he came in just after with his little snip of a wife."

"Well?" I managed.

But she was smiling again, not so pleasantly.

"I might have known it!" she said. "What a fool I've been, Minnie, and how clever you are under that red thatch of yours! Dicky cannot appear as long as I am here, and Pierce takes his place, and I help to keep the secret and to play the game! Well, I can appreciate a joke on myself as well as most people, but—Minnie, Minnie, think of that guilty wretch of a Dicky Carter shaking in the pantry!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," I said, but she only winked and went to the door.

"Don't take it too much to heart," she advised. "Too much loyalty is a vice, not a virtue. And another piece of advice, Minnie—when I find Dicky Carter, stand from under; something will fall."

They had charades during the rest hour that afternoon, the overweighted headed by the bishop, against the underweight headed by Mr. Moody. They selected their words from one of Horace Fletcher's books, and as Mr. Pierce wasn't either over or underweight, they asked him to referee.

Oh, they were crazy about him by that time. It was "Mr. Carter" here and "dear Mr. Carter" there, with the women knitting him neckties and the men coming up to be bullied and asking for more. And he kept the upper hand, too, once he got it.

But if Mr. Pierce was making a hit with the guests, he wasn't so popular with the Van Alstyne or the Carters. The night the cigar stand was closed Mr. Sam came to me and leaned over the counter.

"Put the key in a drawer," he said. "I can slip down here after the lights are out and get a smoke."

"Can't do it, Mr. Van Alstyne," I said. "Got positive orders."

"That doesn't include me." He was still perfectly good-humored.

"Sorry," I said. "Have to have a written order from Mr. Pierce."

He put a silver dollar on the desk between us and looked at me over it.

"Will that open the case?" he asked. But I shook my head.

"Well, I'll be hanged! What the devil sort of order did he give you?"

"He said," I repeated, "that I'd be coaxed and probably bribed to open the cigar case, and that you'd probably be the first one to do it, but I was to stick firm; you've been smoking too much, and your nerves are going."

"Insolent young puppy!" he exclaimed angrily, and stamped away.

So that I was not surprised when on that night, Friday, I was told to be at the shelter-house at ten o'clock for a protest meeting. Mrs. Sam told me.

"Something has to be done," she said. "I don't intend to stand much more. Nobody has the right to say when I shall eat or what. If I want to eat fried shoe leather, that's my affair."

We met at ten o'clock at the shelter-house, everybody having gone to bed—Miss Patty, the Van Alstyne and myself. The Dicksys were on good terms again, for a wonder, and when we were in they were in front of the fire, she on a box and he at her feet, with his head buried in her lap. He didn't even look up when we entered.

"They're here, Dicky," she said.

"All right!" he answered in a smothered voice. "How many of 'em?"

"Four," she said, and kissed the tip of his ear.

"For goodness sake, Dicky!" Mrs. Sam snapped in a disgusted tone, "stop that spooning and get us something to sit on."

"Help yourself," he replied, still from his wife's lap, "and don't be jealous, sis. If the sight of married happiness upsets you, go away. Go away, anyhow."

Mr. Sam came over and jerked him into a sitting position. "Either you'll sit up and take part in this discussion," he said angrily, "or you'll go out in the snow until it's over."

Mr. Dick leaned over and kissed his wife's hand.

"A cruel fate is separating us," he explained, "but try to endure it until I return. I'll be on the other side of the fireplace."

Miss Patty came to the fire and

stood warming her hands. I saw her sister watching her.

"What's wrong with you, Pat?" she asked. "Oskar not behaving?"

"I'm tired to death, but I don't sleep," Miss Patty said. "I—I don't know why."

"I do," her sister said. "If you weren't so haughty, Pat, and would just own up that you're sick of your bargain—"

"Dolly!" Miss Patty got red and then white.

"Oh, all right," Mrs. Dick said, and shrugged her shoulders. "Only, I hate to see you make an idiot of yourself, when I'm so happy."

Mr. Dick made a move at that to go across the fireplace to her, but Mr. Sam pushed him back where he was.

"You stay right there," he said. "Here's Pierce now."

He came in smiling, and as he stood inside the door, brushing the snow off, it was queer to see how his eyes went around the circle until he'd found Miss Patty and stopped at her.

Nobody answered his smile, and he came over to the fire beside Miss Patty.

"Great night!" he said, looking down at her. "There's something invigorating in just breathing that wind."

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Sam said disagreeably. "Of course, we haven't all got your shoulders."

"That's so," he answered, turning to her. "I said you women should not come so far. We could have met in my sitting room."

"You forget one thing," Mr. Dick put in disagreeably, "and that is that this meeting concerns me, and I cannot very well go to your sitting room."

"Fact," said Mr. Pierce, "I'd forgotten about you for the moment."

"You generally do," Mr. Dick retorted. "If you want the truth, Pierce, I'm about tired of your high-handed methods."

Mr. Pierce set his jaw and looked down at him.

"Why? I've saved the place, haven't I? Why, look here," he said, and pulled out a couple of letters, "these are the first fruits of those that weep—in other words, per aspera ad astra! Two new guests coming the last of the week—want to be put in training!"

Well, that was an argument nobody could find fault with, but their grievance was about themselves and they couldn't forgive him. They turned on him in the most heartless way—even Miss Patty—and demanded that he give them special privileges—breakfast when they wanted it, and Mr. Sam the key to the bar. And he stood firm, as he had that day in the lobby, and let the storm beat around him, looking mostly at Miss Patty. It was more than I could bear.

"Shame on all of you!" I said. "He's done what he promised he'd do, and more. If he did what he ought, he'd leave this minute, and let you find out for yourself what it is to drive thirty-odd different stomachs and the same number of bad dispositions in one direction."

"You are perfectly right, Minnie," Miss Patty said. "We're beastly, all of us, and I'm sorry." She went over and held out her hand to him. "You've done the impossible," she told him. He beamed.

"Your approval means more than anything," he said, holding her hand. Mrs. Dick sat up and opened her eyes wide.

"Speaking of Oskar," she began, and

He backed, still watching her, to his wife, and stood in front of her, as if to protect her.

Mr. Sam got his voice first.

"B—bad night for a walk," he said. "Frightful!" she said. "I've been buried to my knees. May I sit down?"

To those of us who knew her easy manner had something horrible in it.

"Sorry there are no chairs, Julia," Mr. Pierce said. "Sit on the cot, won't you?"

"Who is it?" Mrs. Dick asked from, as you may say, her eclipse. She and Miss Summers were the only calm ones in the room.

"I—I don't know." Mr. Dick stammered, but the next moment Miss Julia, from the cot, looked across at him and grinned.

"Well, Dicky!" she said. "Who'd have thought it!"

"You said you didn't know her!" his wife said from behind him.

"Who'd have thought who—what?" he asked with bravado.

"All this!" Miss Julia waved her hand around the room, with its bare walls, and blankets over the windows to keep the light in and the cold out, and the circle of us sitting around a round box on the links and lawn rollers. "To find you here, all snug in your own home, with your household gods and a wife." Nobody could think of anything to say. "That is," she went on, "I believe there's a wife. Good heavens, Dicky, it isn't Minnie!"

He stepped aside at that disclosing Mrs. Dick on her box, with her childish eyes wide open.

"There—there is a wife, Julia," he said. "This is her—she."

Well, she'd come out to make mischief—it was written all over her when she came in the door, but when Mr. Dick presented his wife, frightened as he was and still proud of her, and Mrs. Dick smiled in her pretty way, Miss Summers just walked across and looked down at her with a queer look on her face. I shut my eyes and waited for the crash, but nothing came, and when I opened them again there were the two women holding hands and Miss Summers smiling a sort of crooked grin at Mr. Dick.

"I ought to be very angry with your husband," she said. "I—well, I never expected him to marry, without my being among those present. But since he has done it—I, Dick, you wretched boy, you took advantage of my being laid up with the mumps!"

"Mumps!" Mrs. Dick said. "Why, he has just had them himself!" She looked around the circle suspiciously, as if every one of us looked as guilty as if he had been caught with the mumps concealed around him somewhere.

"I didn't have real mumps," Mr. Dick explained. "It was only—er—a swelling."

"You said it was mumps, and even now you hate pickles!"

Mr. Pierce had edged over to Miss Summers and patted her shoulder.

"Be a good sport, Julia," he whispered.

She threw off his hand.

"I'm being an idiot!" she said angrily. "Dick's an ass, and he's treated me like a villain, but look at that baby! It will be twenty years before she has to worry about her weight."

"I think we'd better be going," Miss Patty got up and gathered up her cloak. But if she meant to break up the party Miss Summers was not ready.

"If you don't mind," she said, "I'll stay. I'm frozen, and I've got to go home and sleep with my window up. You're lucky," she went on to the Dicks. "I dare say the air in here would scare us under a microscope, but at least it is warm."

The Van Alstyne made a move to go, but Mr. Dicky frantically gestured to them not to leave him alone, and Mr. Pierce sat down again sulkily. Mr. Pierce picked up his cap.

"I'll take you back," he said to Miss Patty, and his face was fairly glowing. But Miss Patty slipped her arm through mine.

"Come, Minnie, Mr. Pierce is going to take us," she said.

"I'd—rather go alone," I said.

"Nonsense."

"I'm not ready. I've got to gather up these dishes," I objected. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the glow dying out of Mr. Pierce's face. But Miss Patty took my arm and led me to the door.

"Let them gather up their own dishes," she said. "Dolly, you ought to be ashamed to let Minnie slave for you the way she does. Good night, everybody."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XIII.

Not Much Light.

Secretary Bryan, at a luncheon in Washington, said of a man who, through modesty, had declined an important and useful office: "So he wants to hide his light under a bushel, eh? Then perhaps the country is just as well off without his services." The secretary smiled and added: "When a man talks of hiding his light under a bushel, I usually think that a thimble would answer the purpose just as well."



"I Never Bet," I Retorted.



"If the Sight of Married Happiness Upsets You, Go Away."

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MISTAKE OF THE SALESMAN

Opportunity That Should Have Accompanied Sale of "Dalmatian" Had Been Lost Sight Of.

A man went into a shop in Harrisburg and told the proprietor that he wanted to buy a Dalmatian dog to take with him.

HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub.

How Congressmen Swear

A typical old-time "uncle" of Washington was overheard recently enlightening a colored visitor from the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia on the way congressmen take office.

In Restraint of Trade

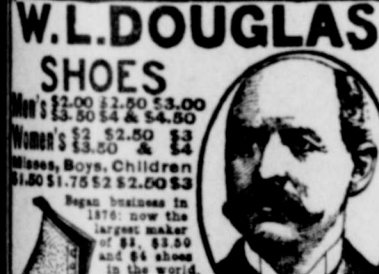
"Herr Schmidt is so fat that he can't get near enough to his counter to sell goods."

The Ideal

Made—Did he try to flatter you? Marjorie—Why, no, dear. He merely said I was the prettiest girl he'd ever met.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$2.00 to \$5.00, Women's \$1.50 to \$4.50, Boys, Children \$1.00 to \$2.50.



W. L. Douglas shoes are famous everywhere. Why not give them a try? The value you will receive for your money will astonish you.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature Brewster Wood.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.

SIGN TACKLER WANTED. Boy preferred. Good pay. Your name on list. Write to J. H. JOHNSON, 522 West 10th St., Wichita, Kan.

PISO'S REMEDY Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

SUMMER FALLOW AIDS

Profitable for Fall Wheat, Potatoes and Garden.

Soil Should Be Worked Only While Moist, Except in Disking—More Agricultural Science Needed in the Growing of Wheat.

Consider summer fallowing profitable only for fall wheat, potatoes and garden. Wheat must be grown here with 18 inches of rainfall, writes Albert Weaver of St. Francis, Kan.

THOUSANDS OF AVAILABLE HOMESTEADS

Western Canada's Homestead Area Being Increased.

The great rush for homesteads whenever a reservation is opened by the U. S. government reveals the fact that there is a great desire on the part of the American people to get land.

HOW FLIES CARRY INFECTION

Strong Wind, Blowing Steadily, May Convey Them Many Miles From Afflicted Region.

It seems that the inlet cribs in Lake Erie for the water supply of Cleveland are overrun with flies. The crib farthest out in the lake is six miles from shore.

More Sensitive and Kind.

We are much more sensitive than we were. On the other hand, we are more kind. At the present moment the western world is clamoring for physical comfort.

Answer That, Now.

He—Madam, you promised to obey me. Do you do it? She—Sir, you promised me your worldly goods. Do I get 'em?

Then He Wilted.

A weary and dejected theatrical troupe, after an unsuccessful trip, arrived in a small New Jersey town.

Man's Perfidy.

Cook (bitingly)—I'll never trust a man again! Parlor Maid—What's the trouble now? I suppose it's about that young journalist you've been going with.

Repertee.

Mrs. Wombat—Mah husband ain't been arrested in twenty-five years. Mrs. Coopley—Mine's up fo' life, too.—Puck.

Unreliable Doctor.

Mr. Seabury came home from the office one night and told his wife he had been to see the doctor.

Would Share the Leg.

At a recent election a ready answer secured one woman canvasser a vote for her party.

Benefit of Crop Rotation

When Proper Tillage Methods Are Followed Crops Will Suffer Less From Dry Weather.

By R. C. DONEYHOE, Professor of Agronomy, North Dakota Agricultural College.

While all of the causes of low yields of the small grains cannot be removed, practically all that are of immediate importance can be controlled in large measure by a well-planned system of crop rotation.

Breeding Draft Animals.

The breeding of heavy draft horses is one of the most profitable branches of live stock farming.

Making Money in Sheep.

The right kind of a sheepman knows every individual in his flock and looks out for the comfort of each one.

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The right kind of a sheepman knows every individual in his flock and looks out for the comfort of each one.

The Typewriter for the Rural Business Man

Whether you are a small town merchant or a farmer, you need a typewriter.

If you are writing your letters and bills by hand, you are not getting full efficiency.

It doesn't require an expert operator to run the L. C. Smith & Bros. typewriter. It is simple, compact, complete, durable.

Send in the attached coupon and we will give especial attention to your typewriter needs.

Coupon form for L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co. with fields for Name, P.O., and State.



"You Will Smile"

when you see the appetite returning, the digestion becoming better, the liver working properly and the bowels regular. This means health. To bring about this condition you should try HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It is a real safe guard against all ailments of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels and will help you to maintain health and strength at all times.

DON'T FAIL TO TRY A BOTTLE

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

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

Good for the Tailors.

"Well, Br'er Wilson," said the elder of one of the colored churches to a newly appointed pastor, "what do you think of yer new congregashun?"

"Since yo' asks me, Br'er Johnsing," replied the minister, "I have got to say dat I tink dey is er scrubby lookin' crowd."

"Why, Br'er Wilson, what do yo' mean?" questioned the other in amazement. "Dese folks has had mo' camp meetin's and der religion oftener dan mos' er congregashun in town."

"Well, dat's jes' it, br'er," responded the pastor, "dat's jes' de trouble. Dey has don wore out de seats ob dey pants backslidin' and dere knees prayin' fo' fo'igness."

Pious Advice.

A veteran told a story recently about a very pious chaplain. The chaplain was as brave as he was pious, and was distributing cartridges on the firing line at Gettysburg when he overheard a trooper swearing blasphemously at the enemy.

Rich Diet.

Medicine Man—What is the matter with your majesty? Cannibal King—Oh, I've an awful indigestion.

Triumph of Medical Art.

"And has this famous doctor cured your friend of the hallucination that she was sick?" "Oh, completely. She's really sick now."—Flegende Blaetter.

Answering the Lad.

Kiddle—Say, pop, what does "Penny wise, pound foolish" mean? Pop—That, my boy, is when a man marries a 200-pounder for her good sense.—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

Mean Hint.

"Jack proposed to me last night." "The poor boy's always doing some-thing desperate."

She's Going to Marry "Real Well."

A Manhattan woman whose daughter is soon to marry is thus quoted by the Nationalist: "Yes, my daughter is going to marry a bell hop from Chicago. He has such a fine position, pays him \$35 a week. He will be raised to \$50 the first of the year. I wanted them to put the wedding off until then because it will be hard for them to live in the city on less than fifty, but they won't do it. He will get another promotion soon after the first of the year and then he will get \$75 per week. It will take that much, you know, because my daughter just loves society."—Kansas City Star.

Poor Prospect.

When Senator Kern was running for governor of Indiana he stopped one noon at a little hotel in Brown county for some food.

When it is, It Isn't.

Garrett King, the popular divorcee lawyer of Reno, apropos of a wife who, after being a long time deceived, had brought suit for divorce at last against her husband, said: "People declare that ignorance is bliss. The trouble is that, as soon as we discover ignorance is bliss, it isn't."

Too Sweet.

"You are such a flatterer, Mr. Brown." "Not at all. That's just my candid opinion of you." "I think 'candid' would be more like it."

Right.

"There's one reason why I could never love you, Chollie. Can't you guess what it is?" "No, I can't think." "That's the reason."

Ladies, Read This!

"What's the trouble at your house?" "Hunger strike for a new bonnet." "Your wife refuses to eat?" "No; she refuses to cook."

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE was the yield of WHEAT

on many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields being reported as high as 50 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats, 50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bushels for flax.

J. Keys arrived in the country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 320 acres of land, in 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 68 lb. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada. Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or G. A. COOK, 125 W. 5th STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO. Canadian Government Agent

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THE FOLLOWING AFFLICTIONS: RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, COLIC, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, COLIC, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, COLIC, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION.

Wichita Directory

CHILE The great Mexican Dish easily made with Dye's Chile Mixture. The Mexican Chile Mixture. For sale at your grocer's at 10 and 25c, or send 10c for a can and book of recipes to W. A. DYE, WICHITA, KAN., CHILE SUPPLIES

TRAPPERS!

GET MORE MONEY FOR YOUR FURS Why send your furs 100 miles from home when you can get just as good prices of us and have your money at once. I pay you just what your furs are worth on the market and charge no commission. WRITE FOR PRIC LIST TODAY and get in on the highest prices being paid. J. H. JOHNSON, 522 WEST 10TH ST., WICHITA, KANSAS. —Established 1888—

W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 51-1913.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Manfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

Lumpkin-Thomas Hospital

606 TYLER STREET AMARILLO, 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 Mrs. N. H. Tudor, Matron
Attending Surgeons



DON'T BLAME THE STOVE

The chances are that the Stove is doing the best it can with the Coal that you have provided.

But if you are not getting satisfactory results why not try some Coal from the White House Lumber Company.

Best McAllester Lump and Nut, Dawson Pea and Dawson Nut.

Yes and we have some Rockvale Lump too, if that is what you want. Any kind you want and all prices from \$6.50 to \$10.00 Per Ton. Give us a trial.

WHITE HOUSE LUMBER COMPANY

MONEY,
To Loan on Land or I
Will buy Land Notes.
S. D. PARK MOBEETIE, 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.



Automobile Service

To Mobeetie and Other Points, or Trips About the Countrie.

DAILY MAIL LINE

Between Miami and Mobeetie For Either of the Above See

S. E. FITZGERALD

Proprietor

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable

Miami - - Texas.



Telephone for Aid

The DOCTOR, for man or beast, is only one of those you may summon instantly by

Bell Telephone

A perfect means of guarding against emergencies and overcoming loneliness.

Now is a good time to learn how YOU can get this service.

THE Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Co. DALLAS, - TEXAS

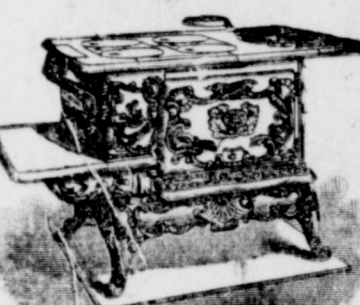


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DEALER IN

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

"CANTON CLIPPER" FARM IMPLEMENTS & MACHINE RY.



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

The Miami Chief.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Entered at the postoffice at Miami, Texas, 27, sec. second-class matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

L. G. WAGGONER, Editor & Owner.

MIAMI, TEX., DECEMBER 18, 1913.

Announcements

FOR TAX ASSESSOR

L. A. Coffey
L. G. Christopher
S. E. Fitzgerald

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY

Troy Smith

It isn't a bit too early to commence boosting Miami and Roberts county just as vigorously as we did a few days ago when we had the big annual rainfall

Everybody admits that there is an unequal distribution of wealth for the reason that the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, and say there should be some remedy applied. But when you touch their "pile" they back off and yelp confiscation; eh hump!

After going to another town to do some shopping a Chief subscriber says: "After getting hoodwinked, bamboozled, defrauded, humbugged, swindled, skinned and robbed, I have decided to do the balance of my trading at Miami." It takes all of the foregoing to head off some people who have decided that they can do better at another town. People learn slowly but surely that Miami is the best town in Texas.

The gentle influence of love is greater than the mightiest armies that were ever congregated. Don't forget to love if you would be loved. Give kind treatment and it will be yours in return.

Some people want the bible used as a text book in our schools. This would be rather hard on the teachers who would have to explain it to the little ones, who when they went home would have another explanation coming from their parents.

Put forth your very best efforts. By this you can make Miami and vicinity better and better. Every individual is a part and by each doing his best Miami will be the best place in Texas. If every individual did his or her part there would be no cause for complaint.

Don't forget to be courteous when a stranger drops into your store. A place of business much depends on the manner in which you treat him. A kind friendly and pleasant word may make him a lifetime friend to our town and your business.

The Quana Tribune-Chief will after Jan. 1st raise its subscription price from \$1 to \$1.50 a year. A number of the Panhandle weeklies are now selling their paper for \$1.50 per year and Tribune Chief subscribers will get as much for their money as any subscriber in the state. Editor Koch has been at Quana over 20 years and gives the people a dandy good paper every week.

If everyone treated the newspapers as nice as do the Southwestern Telephone Company, it would be very nice indeed. They refuse to take a bill for their advertising, but when due, the check is always placed on the editors desk without a word. It is a pretty good way to do business too.

Postmaster General Burleson recommended to the interstate commerce commission that the maximum weight of parcel post packages be increased from 20 to 50 pounds for all distances. The commission is expected to approve the increase, which will not affect existing parcel post rates.

Pride in home is a virtue the the People of Miami should cultivate. Miami is an ideal town viewed from many standpoints and we cannot say too many good things about it. Almost every day the remark is made in our hearing that we have the best town, every thing considered, in this state, and that there is no apparent reason why the town shouldn't get up and hump herself. Lets speak a good word for our home on every occasion. And lets practice greater civic righteousness with the object in view of making Miami the cleanest and best kept town in Texas.

A MAN may choose as the toy of an hour, a woman unworthy the sweet name of woman, because she has dishonored it, and he may for a time keep her company, but few if any choose such for life companions. When a man wants a wife, a life companion, he seeks for one who is pure in life and habits. All too often manhood find companions

from among the purest and sweetest of women, and make life a hell for them. But surely such things could be accomplished only be deceit-no sane woman would make such a mistake purposely. But how many about us in the world are making a mistake just as awful and far-reaching as that! How many choose drunkards and debouchees for companions with the purpose of keeping such company for all eternity? If a man is satisfied to go thru life with no effort for education, he cannot expect to have educated people for associates. If he is satisfied with uncouth manners and personal filthiness, he cannot expect the cleanest and most refined people to associate with him. Neither can a man reasonably expect to keep the company of filthy souled people all through this life and then mix among God's redeemed ones in eternal climes for all eternity. People who are hoping for heaven while yet associating with wicked allies of the Devil in this life are hoping without any reason for hope. According to the teaching of the Word, humans must choose here their associates for eternity and fit themselves for the conditions they expect for that futuae existence.—Ex.

Get your cotton flannel gloves at Osbornes Cash store, 3 pr 20c.

Osborne's sale is a hummer.

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.

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

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

Are you going home Christmas or New Year?



Low fares, first class service, from all points in Texas and New Mexico for the Christmas and New Year Holidays. Tickets on sale Dec. 20th, limited Jan. 4th for return. Also low rates to all eastern points. For detailed information see.

J. E. MARSHALL, Agent, Miami.

160 Acre Farm For sale

Commencing with this issue of the Miami Chief (Oct. 23, 1913) I will offer my FARM 8 miles southeast of Miami, now being farmed by Mr. Carruth and subject to his lease.

Price \$35 per acre \$5600
NOTICE This price will be reduced \$150 per week until sold. As I have no agents I reserve the right to suspend reduction one week at a time, while investigating conditional offers.
Write for particulars and easy terms while waiting for price to suit you, I advise you to wire acceptance, this is a case of "first Comes, first served."
My price this week is \$4550.

Geo. D. HENRY
336 Bales ave. Kansas city, Mo.

52 Doses of CHIEF for \$1

Local News

O. C. Elliott has purchased a new Ford.

R. V. West made the round trip to Amarillo Monday.

Dr. Gunn reports the arrival of a girl at H. G. Holcombs Friday.

Fred Chisum made the round trip to Canadian Saturday.

L. D. Pittman has the Chief sent to his address.

The White House Lumber Co. received a car of new lumber Friday.

Atty. W. R. Ewing made the trip to Mobeetie Saturday.

G. M. Counts of the south plain trading in our city to day.

Our popular County Clerk orders the Chief sent to his father a year.

W. T. West left Sunday for Ft. Worth to spend Xmas.

Miss Valeria Davis left Monday for Canadian to spend Xmas.

Miss Agnes Thompson is spending vacation at Pampa.

Our new shoe maker has opened up his shop.

J. W. Ketter Jr. is spending the holidays with his grandfather at Higgins.

Misses Lella McDonald and Letitia Rees made the round trip to Canadian Monday.

H. C. Brown returned Monday from Stillwater Okla. where he was called. His mother died Dec. 9th.

Don't forget to attend our Xmas tree next Wednesday night. Take the children and let them see Santa.

C. W. Cocking passed through town last week enroute to Mobeetie on business.

Mrs. B. Z. Williams and son left this week for Tishomingo Okla., to spend the Holidays.

A. T. Parton of Mobeetie and J. A. Wear of Hereford were in Miami Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heare of Pampa were shaking hands and visiting with Miami friends Friday.

A. T. Parton left this week for Oregon where his father and mother live. He will spend the winter up there.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Darr of Pleasanton are here this week visiting the Kirlebens and Judge Cunningham homes.

Mrs. George Forbes left Sunday for New Mexico where she will spend the Holidays with her parents.

Lige Powers and family returned last week from Pecos, where they moved a short time ago. Mr. Powers says he likes the Panhandle the best.

Thos. Thompson orders a nice bunch of stationary for the Cap Rock this week. He is now taking boarders as well as roomers.

A letter from W. S. Martin of Oklahoma City states that Mrs. Martin is now in a sanitarium in a very critical condition.

Mrs. Geo. B. Dunn and daughter Hattie, of Mobeetie passed thru Miami Saturday enroute to Roswell to spend the Holidays with her son who is attending school there.

Mrs. M. W. Sturdy left Sunday for Little Rock Ark. Mr. Sturdy then left Tuesday for Puntagordy Fla. where he will soon be joined by his wife and there make their future home.

Grandpa H. P. Chisum and wife left Saturday morning for Marlin where they will visit a while and go from there to Mission, on the Rio Grand to spend the winter months.

Auctioneer Barrett pulled off the Sturdy sale Saturday in a very creditable manner. Considering the scarcity of money, everything sold very well which we credit to a good live auctioneer. Barrett is a first class salesman when he has a half chance.

We wish to correct a little error in last week's Chief in which we stated that O. C. Traylor's mother had fallen and got hurt. It should have been Mrs. O. C. Traylor's mother, also that of T. I. Fulfer. Mr. Fulfer states that she had a stroke of paralysis and at present is still unconscious with a very slim chance to recovery.

Invitations are out for a "42" at Mrs. Ewings tonight.

Mrs. Clarence Lyons is on the sick list.

Roy Mathers passed through Miami today enroute to Mobeetie.

If possible the Chief will come out on Wednesday next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Pennington are spending today in Higgins.

W. F. Patton made the trip to Mobeetie this week.

Miss Texa Heare of Pampa visited friends here this week.

Mrs. W. H. Dial returned Sunday from a visit to Ft. Worth.

M. M. Craig visited his son here yesterday and did some trading.

More rain and a little snow has put our roads in pretty bad shape again.

Miss Eulah Hudspeth will leave tomorrow for Bellview to spend Christmas.

Mrs. A. W. Chisum left Sunday for a Christmas with relatives at Quanah.

Misses Pauline Baird and Flora Jackson are expected home Saturday for the Holidays.

Roy Sewall who has been attending school at Stillwater returned this morning for vacation.

Mrs. A. Murk returned Saturday to Miami and she is likely to again permanently locate here.

Zeek Simpson will leave this week for Cushing Okla. where he will work in the oil fields. Zeek has been one of the faithful workers on the Miami well since it started.

Something terrible surely going to happen, the Chief Editor held the lucky number this morning to draw the \$450 box of Bryants chocolates at Stribling's. The first time we were ever lucky.

C. S. Seiber received some good news this morning. The civil case of the Canadian Long Distant Telephone Co. vs C. S. Seiber was refused admission in the Highest State courts. There was involved about \$4000 and Mr. Seiber has practically won the suit.

The Home talent play "A face at the window" was a decided hit last night. Extra to the play were some songs that were very highly appreciated. The young people played their parts well and deserve much credit. They paid about \$40 on the last note of the piano.

Mark Huseby, one of the daddies of Miami orders the Chief another year delivered to his ranch each week. Now he will get one of the best weeklies in the Panhandle delivered to his, one of the best ranches and fruit farms we have ever seen. Mark is an old timer and has made good in the Panhandle, and the only place we can see that he has failed in judgment is by not moving to Miami. However there are still hopes of redemption.

WOMAN'S STUDY CLUB

The Christmas season opened with a delightful party given to the Woman's Study Club by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tolbert on the second anniversary of their marriage. The guests, arriving promptly at 7:30 and were ushered into the sitting room which was lighted by candles softly shaded in the club colors of pink and green. The whole house was in holiday decorations and Miss Eillene Wren a vision in pink. Under a bower of the Club colors, was served delicious pink punch. After a merry round of "42" in which Jack Mead and Miss Eillene Wren were presented with Christmas boxes for being the victors, the hostess was aided by Mrs. Lucile Ewing and Miss Alpha Lard in serving delicious chicken salad, cheese cakes, olives, cake and coffee to the following, Judge and Mrs. Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. Will Burkes, Mr. and Mrs. Rees Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Lard, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Seiber, Mr. and Mrs. Milo O'Laughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wren, Mr. and Mrs. Hod Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Tolbert, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mead, Mrs. C. A. Olive, Miss Ophelia McAfee and Wemar Tolbert.

DIED TUESDAY

Grandma Fulfer, of whose sickness is made mention in another place, died Tuesday evening and was buried here yesterday. She was born in Tennessee 93 years ago but spent the better part of her life in the west. She was a member of the Baptist Church in good standing. The Chief joins the bereaved ones in sympathy for the loss of their mother.

Boot & Shoe Maker.

ALBERT WILDE, shoe and bootmaker is now located in Miami permanently and will on Monday Dec. 22nd open his shop. All work guaranteed satisfactory and first class. Across street from wagon yard leave your orders for boots. All styles and kinds made to order. Also general repairing on boots and shoes. Prices reasonable. Give me a call and lets get acquainted. Mail orders given special attention.

201f. Miami Texas.

Back Mason
after reading

The Marshal
wrote this:

IN THESE commercial busting times, when we're all busy chasing dimes, it's real now and then to read a tale of other days, of parous deeds and rattling frays, of stalwart fighting men. "The Marshal" is a tale that leads us from a land of stocks and deeds and Wall street news by wire, to one of gleaming sword and lance, of donjon keeps and all romance, of dangers stem and dire. The great Napoleon enters here, and does some business as a seer in gracious frame of mind; and other great men wander through the smirking book and help you forget the beady god. The hero is a man you'll like; no finer e'er came down the pike or faced misfortunes grim; so brave, so generous, so true, that when you've read about him you will want to be like him. So many pleasant people walk along the story's track and talk in such a charming way, that they will seem old friends, and when they leave you hope they'll come again upon a future day. A noble tale of men and dames with honest hearts and lofty aims, high purpose kept in view; you'll read about the luck they had with sympathy, and you'll be glad that you are human too.

Our next serial
Don't miss reading it
You'll enjoy every installment

The above story will begin Jan. 1 st.

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

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

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 55 F St., Washington, D. C.

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.

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.

Lone Star Items.

School closed Friday till after Holidays and our teacher is attending Institute at Canadian.

Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Gill visited the school one day last week.

Rev. Carpenter preached a good sermon to an appreciative congregation Sunday morning.

Mrs. J. W. Moore visited her daughter Mrs. Cassity Monday.

Oti Smith and family from Mexico are visiting at the Edison home. Mr. Smith is moving to Missouri.

The McCauley children took dinner with the Welsh children Sunday.

Estelle Slaton is sewing for Mrs. McCauley this week.

There was a good crowd out to Sunday School and Church. Our Sunday School is growing in interest and attendance each Sunday.

Hayne Slaton and Orion Welsh entertained about 20 of their playmates at the Welsh home Monday afternoon. Games were played and all seemed to have a good time.

W. M. Cotton and wife were transacting business in Miami Monday.

Gleaner.

ATTENTION

We are carrying a full line of groceries and are selling as cheap as the cheapest.

Our Gloves and childrens shoes are going at and below cost—**COME AND GET PRICES**

I will appreciate a liberal share of your trade and guarantee you prompt and courteous treatment.

J. R. Webster.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Miami Camp WOW No. 900

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

M. I. O. O. F.

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.

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.

Miami Council No. 1783
Knights & Ladies SECURITY OF

Meet on Every 4th Monday night
J. E. MARSHAL, President
Mrs. W. R. EWING, Financier.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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.

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.

PASSENGER TRAIN TIME CARD
(Southern Kansas Railway of Texas)
17—West Bound 7:12 p. m. daily
113—West Bound 5:30 a. m. daily
118—East Bound 11:07 a. m. daily
114—East Bound 6:35 p. m. daily

OSBORNE'S Extra SPECIAL

Our sale has been a great Success **ALREADY**, IN fact the greatest we ever Held. We believe it the greatest sale ever held in Miami. Look for the bargains.

Beginning today and continuing to Xmas we quote you the following extra specials.

6 spools Clarks O. N. T. Thread 25c
3 pairs 10c cotton-flannel gloves 20c
3 rolls 10c cotton batting for only 20c
All 35c ribbons this week going at 23c
10c bolts Christmas Ribbon for 05c
50c boys pants, extra good quality 35c

We call your special attention to old list.

OSBORNE'S

THE CRUCIFIXION: The Story of Calvary

BY LEONID ANDREYEV

THE moon had risen already when Jesus prepared to go to the Mount of Olives, where he had spent all his last nights. But he tarried, for some inexplicable reason, and the disciples, ready to start, were hurrying him then he said suddenly:

"He that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one. For I say unto you that this that is written must yet be accomplished in me. And he was reckoned among the transgressors."

The disciples were surprised and looked at one another in confusion. Peter replies:

"Lord, we have two swords here."

He looked searchingly into their kind faces, lowered his head, and said softly:

"It is enough."

The steps of the disciples resounded loudly in the narrow streets, and the disciples were frightened by the sounds of their own footsteps: on the white wall, illumined by the moon, their black shadows appeared—and they were frightened by their own shadows. They passed in silence through Jerusalem, which was absorbed in sleep, and now they came out of the gates of the city, and in the valley, full of fantastic, motionless shadows, the stream of Kedron appeared before them. Now they were frightened by everything. From time to time they looked back at Jerusalem, all white in the moonlight, and they spoke to one another about the fear that had passed; and those who walked in the rear heard, in fragments, the soft words of Jesus. He spoke about their forsaking him.



In the garden they paused soon after they had entered it. The majority of them remained there, and, speaking softly, began to make ready for their sleep, outspreading their cloaks over the transparent embroidery of the shadows and the moonlight. Jesus, tormented with uneasiness, and four of his disciples went further into the depth of the garden. There they seated themselves on the ground, which had not yet cooled off from the heat of the day, and while Jesus was silent, Peter and John lazily exchanged words almost devoid of any meaning. Suddenly Jesus rose quickly.

"My soul, is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here and watch with me," he said and departed hastily to the grove and soon disappeared amid its motionless shades and light.

"Where did he go?" said John, lifting himself on his elbow. Peter turned his head in the direction of Jesus and answered fatiguedly:

"I do not know."

And he yawned again loudly, then threw himself on his back and became silent. The others also became silent, and their motionless bodies were soon absorbed into the sound sleep of fatigue. Through his heavy slumber Peter saw vaguely something white, bending over, some one's voice resounded and died away, leaving no trace in his dimmed consciousness.

"Simon, are you sleeping?"

And he slept again, and again some soft voice reached his ear and died away without leaving any trace.

"You could not watch with me even one hour?"

"Oh, Master! if you only knew how sleepy I am," he thought in his slumber, but it seemed to him that he said it aloud. And he slept again. And a long time seemed to have passed, when suddenly the figure of Jesus appeared near him, and a loud, rousing voice instantly awakened him and the others:

"You are still sleeping and resting? It is ended, the hour has come—the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of the sinners."

The disciples quickly sprang to their feet, confusedly seizing their cloaks and trembling from the cold of the sudden awakening. Through the thicket of the trees a multitude of warriors and temple servants was seen approaching, noisily, illuminating their way with torches. And from the other side the disciples came running, quivering with cold, their sleepy faces frightened; and not yet understanding what was going on, they asked hastily:

"What is it? Who are these people with torches?"

Thomas, pale faced, his mustaches in disorder, his teeth chattering from chilliness, said to Peter:

"They have evidently come after us."

Now a multitude of warriors surrounded them, and the smoky, quivering light of the torches drove away somewhere the soft light of the moon. In front of the warriors walked quickly Judas Iscariot, and sharply turning his quick eye, he was searching for Jesus. He found him, rested for an instant his look upon his tall, slender figure, and quickly whispered to the priests:

"Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he. Take him and lead him cautiously. Lead him cautiously, do you hear?"

Then he quickly moved to Jesus, who waited for him in silence, and he directed his straight, sharp look, like a knife, into his calm, darkened eyes.

"Hail, Master!" he said loudly, charging his words of usual greeting with a strange and stern meaning.

But Jesus was silent, and the disciples looked at the traitor with horror, not understanding how the soul of a man could contain so much evil. Iscariot threw a rapid glance at their confused ranks, noticed their quiver, which was about to turn into a loud, trembling fear, noticed their pallor, their senseless smiles, the drowsy movements of their hands, which seemed as though fettered in iron at the shoulders—and a mortal sorrow began to burn in his heart, akin to the sorrow Christ had experienced before. Outstretching himself into a hundred ringing, sobbing strings, he rushed over to Jesus and kissed his cold cheek tenderly. He kissed it so softly, so tenderly, with such painful love and sorrow, that if Jesus had been a flower upon a thin stalk he would not have shaken from this kiss and would not have dropped the pearly dew from his pure petals.

"Judas," said Jesus, and with the lightning of his look he illumined that monstrous heap of

shadows which was Iscariot's soul, but he could not penetrate into the bottomless depth. "Judas! Is it with a kiss you betray the Son of Man?"

And he saw how that monstrous chaos trembled and stirred. Speechless and stern, like death in its haughty majesty, stood Judas Iscariot, and within him a thousand impetuous and fiery voices groaned and roared.

"Yes! We betray thee with the kiss of love! With the kiss of love we betray thee to outrage, to torture, to death! With the voice of love we call together the hangmen from their dark holes, and we place a cross—and high over the top of the earth we lift lover, crucified by love upon a cross."

Thus stood Judas, silent and cold, like death, and the shouting and the noise about Jesus answered the cry of his soul. With the rude irresolution of armed force, with the awkwardness of a vaguely understood purpose, the soldiers seized him and dragged him somewhere—their irresolution they mistook for resistance, their fear they mistook for derision and mockery over them. Like a herd of frightened lambs, the disciples stood huddled together, not interfering with anything, yet disturbing everybody and even themselves. Only a few of them resolved to walk and act separately. Jostled from all sides, Peter drew out the sword from its sheath with difficulty, as though he had lost his strength, and faintly lowered it upon the head of one of the priests—without causing him any harm. Jesus, who noticed it, ordered him to throw down the unnecessary sword, and, clanking faintly, the sword fell to the ground.

Thus it remained there, until many days later children at play found it and made a toy of it.

When Jesus was led away Peter, who had hidden himself behind the trees, came out and followed his Master in the distance. Noticing another man in front of him, who walked silently, he thought that it was John, and he called him softly:

"John, is that you?"

"And is that you, Peter?" answered the other, pausing, and by the voice Peter recognized the traitor. "Peter, why did you not run away together with the others?"

Peter stopped and said with contempt:

"Leave me, Satan!"

Judas began to laugh, and paying no further attention to Peter, he went farther, there where the torches were flashing dimly and where the clanking of the weapons mingled with the footsteps. Peter followed him cautiously, and thus they entered the court of the high priest almost simultaneously and mingled in the crowd of the priests who were warming themselves at the bonfires. Judas warmed his bony hands morosely at the bonfire and heard how Peter said loudly somewhere behind him:

"No, I do not know him."

But it was evident that they were insisting there that he was one of the disciples of Jesus, for Peter repeated still louder, "But I do not understand what you are saying."

Without turning around, and smiling involuntarily, Judas shook his head affirmatively and muttered:

"That's right, Peter! Do not give up your place near Jesus to anybody."

And he did not see how the frightened Peter walked away from the courtyard. And from that night until the very death of Jesus Judas did not see a single one of the disciples of Jesus near him, and amid all that multitude there were only two, inseparable until death, strangely bound together by sufferings—he who had been betrayed to abuse and torture and he who had betrayed him. Like brother, they both, the betrayed and the traitor, drank out of the same cup of sufferings, and the fiery liquid burnt equally the pure and the impure lips.

He saw how the soldiers led Jesus away. Night was passing, the bonfires were dying out and were becoming covered with ashes, and from the sentry house came dull cries, laughter and abuses. They were beating Jesus. As though lost, Iscariot was running around the deserted yard, now stopping, lifting his head and then starting to run again, stumbling upon the bonfires and the walls. Then he clung to the wall of the sentry house, and stretching himself, clung to the windows, to the crevices in the doors, and looked greedily to see what was going on within. He saw a narrow, stifling room, like all the sentry houses in the world, with filthy floors and walls. And he saw a man being beaten. They beat him on the face, on the head, they hurled him like a soft bale from

one corner of the room to the other; and as he did not cry out and did not resist, it seemed at times that it was not a live man, but a soft doll with bones and without blood.

And suddenly all became silent.

"What is this? Why are they silent? Have they guessed suddenly?"

In an instant Judas' head was filled with the roar and shout of thousands of infuriated thoughts. Have they guessed? Do they understand now that he is the very best of men? It is so simple, so clear. What are they doing there now? They kneel before him and weep softly, kissing his feet. Now he will come out here, and they will follow him meekly, crawling after him, here—to Judas—he will come out victorious, a Man, a Master of Truth, a God.

"Who is deceiving Judas? Who is right?"

But no. The noise and the shouting were resumed. They were beating him again. They did not guess, they did not understand, and they beat him more harshly, more painfully. And the bonfires were burning to the end, covered with ashes, and the smoke was just as transparently blue as the air, and the sky just as bright as the moon. Day was setting in.

"What is day?" asked Judas.

Now everything became bright, began to flash, grow young and the smoke was no longer blue but pink. The sun was rising.

"What is the sun?" asked Judas.

When the hammer was raised to nail the left hand of Jesus to the wood, Judas closed his eyes—he did not breathe, he did not see anything, he did not live—he only listened. Then the iron struck the iron with a thud, and then followed dull, short, low blows—he heard how the sharp nail was entering the soft wood.

One hand. It was not too late yet.

The other hand. It was still not too late yet.

One foot, the other foot—is it possible that all was ended? He opened his eyes irresolutely and saw how the cross was lifted and placed in a hole. He how how the hands of Jesus contracted convulsively, and how they relaxed painfully, and how the wounds were growing larger.

The hands were stretching, stretching, they became thin, white, dislocated at the shoulders, and the wounds under the nails turned redder—it seemed as though the hands would tear soon.

But everything stopped. Only ribs were moving, lifted by quick, deep breathing.

On the top of the earth stood the cross, and upon it Jesus, crucified.

The horror and the dreams of Iscariot had been realized—he rose and looked about him with a cold glance. And suddenly Iscariot saw as clearly as his terrible victory, also its ominous uncertainty. What if the people should suddenly understand? It was not too late as yet. Jesus was still alive. There he was calling with his sorrowful eyes.

What was it that prevented the thin covering obstructing the eyes of the people from bursting? And suddenly they would understand. Suddenly they would all move forward, in a stern mass of men, women and children—silently, without any outcries, and they would wipe out the soldiers, sink them in their own blood, tear out of the earth the accursed cross, and the hands of those who would remain among the living would lift high over the crown of the earth the free Jesus! Hosannah! Hosannah!

Hosannah? No, Judas would rather lie down on the ground and gnashing his teeth like a dog, he would watch and wait until the people would rise. But what has happened with Time? Now it almost stopped, so that he felt like pushing it with his hands, striking it with his feet, as a lazy ass; now it rushed madly as though from a mountain, taking his breath away, and his hands sought some support in vain. There Mary of Magdala was crying. There the mother of Jesus was crying. Let her cry. What mattered her tears now, the tears of all mothers, of all women on earth!

Jesus was dying. Is it possible? Yes, Jesus was dying. His pale hands were motionless, but quick convulsions ran over his face, his chest and his feet. Yes, he was dying. His breathing grew fainter. Then it stopped. No, there came another sigh—Jesus was still on earth. And then another one? No. No. No. Jesus died.

It was all over. Hosannah! Hosannah!

Judas stopped and surveyed with cold eyes the new, small earth. It had become small, and he felt as though it was all under his feet; he looked at the small mountains, quietly reddening in the last rays of the sun, and he felt the mountains were under his feet; he looked at the sky, which opened its blue mouth wide; he looked at the round little sun, which was vainly trying to scorch and to blind—and he felt the sky and the sun under his feet.

Judas had long selected a place where he would kill himself after the death of Jesus. It was on a mountain, high above Jerusalem, and there stood only one tree, bent, half decayed and tossed by the wind, which tore it on all sides. One of its crooked branches was outstretched toward Jerusalem, as if blessing or threatening it, and Judas chose that branch for fastening the noose upon it. Within two days Jesus of Nazareth and Judas Iscariot, the traitor, left the earth.

All night Judas was dangling upon the tree like some monstrous fruit over Jerusalem; and the wind turned his face now toward the city, now toward the desert, as though it wanted to show Judas both to the city and to the desert.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"The doctor says I must quit smoking. One lung is nearly gone."

"Oh, dear, John. Can't you hold out until we get enough coupons for that dining-room rug?"

PRUDENT ENJOYMENT.

"Have you had any trouble with your automobile rides, Mrs. Jones?"

"No, indeed; we make it a point to keep always near enough to a trolley line to get home."

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Many Things the Pages Do to Amuse Themselves

WASHINGTON.—As the crowd of sightseers entered the capitol they were surprised to hear shouts of laughter and the scraping of chairs. "Is that congress in session?" one of the party asked the guide. This wise individual laughed before he answered.

"No, it's too early in the morning for the congressmen, you couldn't get them out before noon except on extraordinary occasions. The noise you hear comes from the pages frolicking about in the chamber of the house of representatives. You'll see them for yourself when we go upstairs."

The noise increased visibly as the party neared the chamber. There were loud shouts in boyish voices, shrill laughter and the sounds of falling furniture. The guide took his sightseers to the visitors' gallery, for none except members of the house, their secretaries and house employees are allowed to enter the sacred precincts. But at this time of morning a wild sight was to be enjoyed. Fully 25 or 30 boys were running up and down the aisles of the room, totally forgetful of the pleasure of their fun. To a person accustomed to their surroundings in the pleasure of congressmen it was a most unusual sight. Several boys were wrestling, others boxing and still more tossing a piece of paper around the room in imitation of a baseball game.

The fact that visitors from all parts of the United States were looking at them did not seem to bother them in the least. They kept on with the sport. Then suddenly a member of the house entered and walked to his chair. At once the levity ceased. The boys walked to the sides of the room and tried to appear dignified—an impossible task, by the way.

The page, whether he be employed in the house or senate, holds a job that makes him envied by almost every youngster in Washington, besides a number of their old pals "back home." It isn't so much the fact that the position pays \$75 a month to the lucky youngster as long as congress is in session, but because of the prestige to be secured through such personal contact with the "big men" of the nation, for the page gets to the place where he can address every congressman by name and also be answered in a familiar strain. And what American boy wouldn't give most anything for such a privilege.

It's a treat to sit for a morning and watch the house pages. They arrive about 9 o'clock, then for three hours there is a continuous performance of fun galore, only ended when the house chaplain formally opens the day's session. Then for the remainder of the day the page works hard and earns his salary.

Street Car Regulations in the Capital City

TWO men were standing under a tree in Farragut square near the west side one hot afternoon last summer. One of them was in the uniform of the street car service and the other was in plain clothes. Each had a pencil and paper pad and each was making notes of the street cars passing.

"What are those men doing?" asked the reporter of a conductor, expecting the reply "spotters."

"Those men are making up reports as to whether the cars are light loaded, medium loaded, loaded or crowded," said the conductor. "One is in the employ of the public utilities commission. If a dozen or so passengers are on a car it will be marked as 'light,' if everybody has a seat and there is a scattering of empty seats, it will be marked 'medium,' if all the seats are occupied it will be marked 'loaded,' and if passengers are standing it will be marked 'crowded.' We have cut our schedule—that is, the company has reduced the number of cars running—because of the number of people out of the city, and those men are aiding in the making up of a report to determine whether the new schedule is providing sufficient accommodations to the public."

"Yes," said the conductor, "any rule for the safety and comfort of passengers ought to be a police regulation. A regulation made only by the company does not go very far. It is against the rule of the company for passengers to stand on the running board of open cars, but all I can do is to request or persuade a passenger to step inside. Perhaps there is no room inside. I have no authority to put him off."

"If a man spits on the floor of a car I can have him arrested and he will have to answer in court. It is a police regulation that a man shall not spit on the floor. The rule that smoking is permitted only on the last three seats is a company regulation, and a man can smoke on the front seat or any other seat if he chooses to be disagreeable about it and I may not put him off."

"However, a conductor can make nearly all men observe the smoking rule if you handle them right. You can get along better with the public by 'requesting' than by any other means. If you begin threatening you will be in hot water right away."

Was Hurtled Through the Door Like a Catapult

REPRESENTATIVE ERNEST W. ROBERTS of Massachusetts tells a story of a bully who lived in his town and whose general demeanor made him a fit subject for the stocks. Jim Jones was a general, all-round, good-for-nothing, lazy, fighting idler whose only work in life was an attempt to escape labor, but who was always boasting of what a "bad man" he was, under his ragged coat.

One day Mr. Roberts was strolling down the street and stopped to talk to a friend near a lamp post which stood outside of a saloon. From within came the odor of stale beer and tobacco mingling with the angry tones of a heated conversation.

Just then Jim Jones came strolling up proudly. Throwing out his chest and pointing to the swinging door from which the noise issued, he declared: "I'm going in there and throw every damned one of them fellows out. Just watch me. Be sure and count them as I throw."

Jim sailed within the mystic precincts, while outside Mr. Roberts and his friend awaited the outcome of the onslaught.

In a few moments the uproar increased. There were wild yells and smashing of chairs. The door jerked open and a kicking figure was hurtled through it like a catapult and fell into the gutter.

"One," counted out the friend aloud, determined to keep the score right. "Stop counting!" yelled the prostrate form in the gutter. "Ain't you got no sense—this is me!"

It was Jim.

Judge's Stern Warning to Desperate Prisoner

THERE is a good story going around the capitol about Congressman Small who hails from North Carolina. In prehistoric days, when Small was young in the law, he was prosecuting a town bully who bore a desperate character. This desperado was supposed to have added greatly to the population of the village cemetery and to be ready to kill his man at the drop of an acorn.

So when Small stood him up at the bar before a country justice of the peace the embryo congressman painted the prisoner in such dark colors that his own mother would never have recognized him at five paces. In the very height of his eloquence Small pointed a long finger at the trembling man and shouted:

"Why, that man at the bar would just as soon kill me as not right here before your face, judge."

The judge leaned thoughtfully over, took off his specs and glowered at the offending criminal.

"John Smith," he thundered, "if you dare kill Small here before me I will fine you a dollar and fifty cents for contempt of court; damn my soul, if I don't!"



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GOVERNOR ASKS AID FOR FLOOD SUFFERERS

REQUESTS CONTRIBUTIONS OF MONEY AND SUPPLIES FOR BRYAN REFUGEES.

DEATHS REPORTED NOW 103

The Known List of Dead is 79—Conditions Continue to Improve in North Texas.

Dallas, Texas.—While in Dallas Sunday Gov. Colquitt issued an appeal for assistance to flood sufferers around Bryan and the Brazos...

With hungry hundreds marooned on knolls, in trees and on roofs, with first sign of a smallpox epidemic...

From the region of Bryan came reports that hundreds of people were marooned within the territory of three counties.

Improvement in North Texas. Northern Texas conditions continue to improve rapidly...

The distress at San Felipe has been rendered more acute because of all the wide Brazos river bottom there...

FLOOD DEATH LIST TOTALS 150

Twenty More Drownings Occurred Monday Near Hempstead.

Dallas, Texas.—From Hempstead, where a score of people drowned Monday, down through Bryan...

Monday night brought the known dead list up to 150, with rumors and reports of far greater numbers of fatalities.

The cities and towns of Texas are pouring, as from a horn of plenty, trainloads of supplies that are precious in the flood districts now.

Widow Succeeds Husband.

McKinney, Texas.—At the regular monthly meeting of the commissioners' court, held here Monday...

Enlistments in Navy Show Large Gain

Washington.—For the first time since the Civil War the enlisted strength of the navy has passed the 50,000 mark...

Fort Stockton voters have petitioned

the city council to call an election to determine the issuance of bonds to the amount of \$50,000 for a waterworks and sewer system.

Martin's Successor Named.

Houston, Texas.—A. G. Whittington, who began his railroad career as a messenger boy for the Texas and Pacific at Dallas...

I. & G. N. MANAGER DROWNED

Henry Martin Loses Life in Flood Waters Near Hearne.

Hearne, Texas.—After taking the life of Henry Martin, vice president and general manager of the International and Great Northern...

It is estimated that 200 spent Thursday night clinging to treetops, roofs and other exposed places within three miles of Hearne.

Henry Martin, vice president and general manager of the International and Great Northern, drowned when a boat in which he was riding capsized.

STATE FAIR PROFITS \$41,076.47.

Value of Building Erected During Year Given at \$80,952.75.

Dallas, Texas.—The receipts of the state fair this year amounted to \$207,219.65, and the disbursements to \$165,684.47...

These figures were given in the officers' reports submitted to the annual meeting of the board of directors.

The amount invested in permanent improvements since the last fair were \$80,952.75. President Eckford, in his annual report, pointed out that needed improvements would cost at least \$300,000.

TWELVE DEATHS FROM FLOODS.

Damage Over Texas Runs Into Millions of Dollars.

Dallas, Tex.—Texas flood conditions in general became much more serious Wednesday and reports from scores of affected places up to late at night indicated that in a great many cities and towns the waters have not yet reached their highest stages...

Reports received here since the situation became serious on Tuesday show that at least 12 people have been drowned, five at Belton on Tuesday and seven more over the state during Wednesday.

Several hundreds of square miles of country are now under water and numerous flood and rain records have been broken. Serious reports of damage and danger to life, and also of deaths, have been received from the territory included from Wichita Falls southeast to Marlin and Navasota, from Paris southwest to Kerrville.

The railroads have been badly damaged, train service demoralized, public roads in many places made impassable, house, crop and stocks of merchandise have been washed away, telegraph and telephone lines seriously crippled, hundreds of bridges destroyed or damaged...

Federals Lose 220 in Battle Near Tulsa

Brownsville, Texas.—A 24-hour battle near Tulsa, 40 miles below Victoria, Tamulipas, in the region of important Mexican oil fields, resulted in a federal loss of 220, according to an official constitutionalist report received at Matamoros from Gen. Aguilar, the commander-in-chief of that district.

Naval Holiday Plan Favored by House

Washington.—By a vote of 217 to 11 the house passed the Hensley resolution, requesting President Wilson, so far as he can do so, with due regard for the interests of the United States, to co-operate with the suggestion of Winston Churchill, lord of the British admiralty, for an international naval holiday of one year.

Cave-In at Waco Causes One Death.

Waco, Texas.—A cave-in of the south bank of Barrons branch on Tennessee street, near Ninth street, caused the death of Eugene Skelton and seriously injured D. S. Stephens and A. C. McKenzie.

TEXAS BREVITIES

Whitesboro has let contract for the erection of an up-to-date electric light plant and work will commence immediately.

Copeland is rapidly assuming the proportions of a modern city. The latest enterprise for that place is a telephone exchange with private service.

Brownsville people are organizing a \$150,000 stock company for the erection of a large cold storage house. The plant will be used for the storage of truck and other products.

A good roads bond election will be held in Belton Dec. 29 for the purpose of determining the issuance of bonds in the sum of \$50,000.

A new artesian well was recently brought in at Commerce at a depth of 500 feet with a flow of 150 gallons per minute.

San Angelo wool growers sold more than 1,000,000 pounds of the fall clip to eastern buyers last week. The price was not made public.

The federal department of labor has established a children's bureau to teach parents how to care for children, and has just issued a booklet on "Prenatal Culture" which is for free distribution.

Teague residents will have natural gas immediately as the result of the completion of the pipe line from the Mexia fields. The line is 15 miles long and this is the first one emanating from the Mexia district.

Fredericksburg citizens held a big celebration a few days ago in honor of the completion of the San Antonio, Fredericksburg and Northern railroad. The town was packed with visitors to witness the driving of the last spike that completed the road.

Actual work on the construction of the \$20,000 bridge across Red river, four miles north of Byers, has begun and is being pushed to an early completion. This bridge will be 1,700 feet long with a 16-foot roadway, and known as the 98th meridian bridge.

The Texas & Pacific Railway company has begun the laying of 75-pound steel rails on the Transcontinental division of the road. The first stretch of the new work is from Sherman eastward about 30 miles. The track is also being resurfaced as the steel is laid.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Texas State Veterinarians' association held at College Station recently, especial attention to the control and eradication of infectious diseases in live stock was paid. The eradication of hog cholera came in for the special discussion and other matters of equal importance were defined at this meeting.

Interest of Texas visitors at the International Live Stock exhibition in Chicago centered in the work of the judges of the Hereford class, which breed is the favorite of the Lone Star state cattle raisers, and in the car-load division. Several Texas men have exhibits in the latter class. The task of picking the grand champion carload of steers was started, but it was announced that no awards would be made public until the entire 78 carloads of exhibits had been placed. C. M. Largent of Merkle, the only Texas exhibitor in the fat cattle classes, was awarded more ribbons with his animals.

Houston is making an effort to secure a government naval and coaling station for San Jacinto bay. The bay is a part of the Houston ship channel and as it is land-locked it affords an admirable site for the naval base.

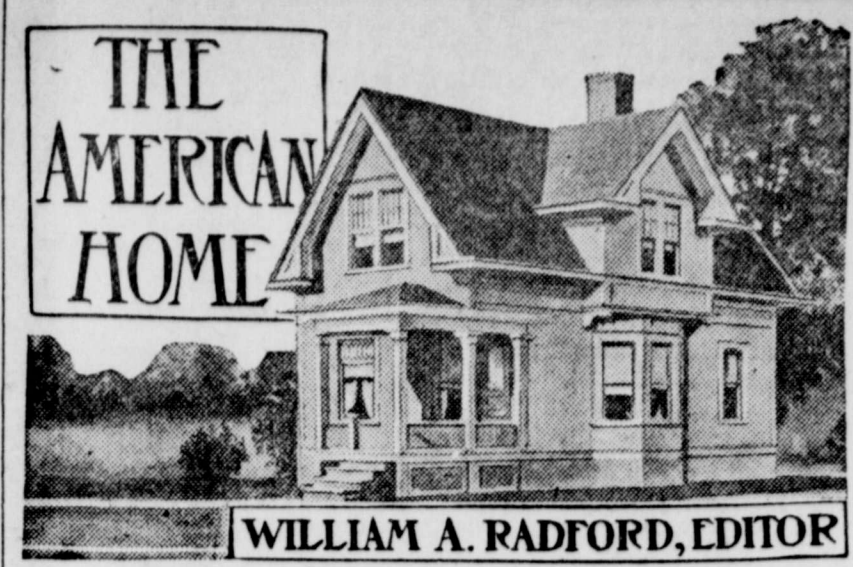
Snyder stockmen report that the recent rains in that section have done the grass much good and fine grazing will be afforded throughout the winter months. Several carloads of cattle are being pastured by local cattlemen.

According to data compiled by the Galveston Commercial association, there are 60 miles of paved streets and 24 miles of concrete sidewalks within the corporate limits of the Island City.

Lockhart is in the midst of considerable building activities at present. A number of handsome homes in the residence part of the city are under construction and the business section of town is also receiving its share of attention in the way of new buildings.

Press dispatches from Atlanta, Ga., announce the appointment of Peter Radford as national lecturer of the Farmers' Union in charge of the educational and publicity work. His headquarters will remain in Fort Worth and his department will have charge of national organization work.

Yoakum has accepted an offer from a St. Louis, Mo., concern for the establishment of a feather duster factory. It is likely that operations will commence at an early date.



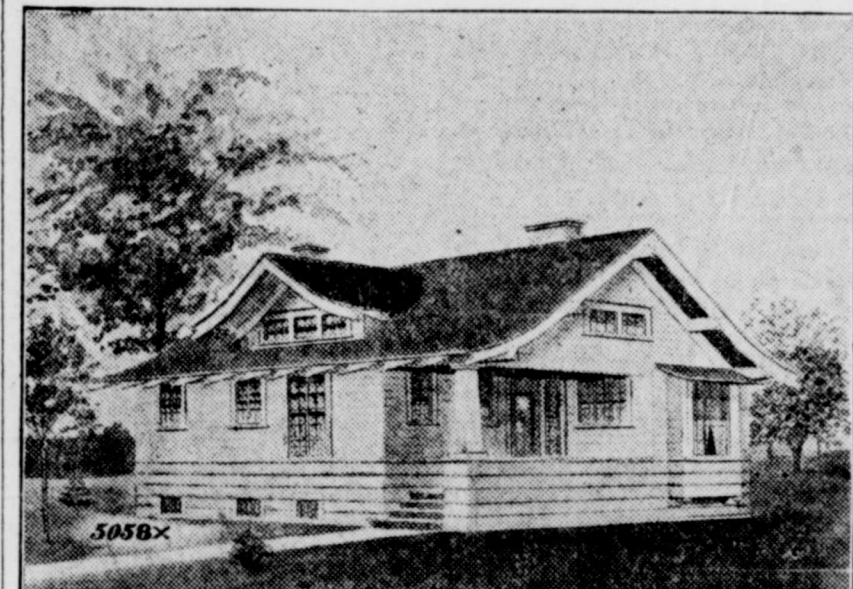
WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects.

The word "bungalow" is an Anglo-Indian term, meaning in India a species of rural villa, a house of light construction, usually of unbaked brick with a thatched roof.

The reason why a house will not sell, in nine cases out of ten, is because it has no individuality. The bungalow has individuality; it has something that makes passers-by turn after they have passed the house and say "How cosy!"

A glance at the floor-plan and perspective shown herewith will show desirable and attractive features of this plan. From the broad entrance porch, one enters a good-sized hall, connecting, by means of wide cased opening with attractive column grille work, into a large living room, 12 by 19 feet.



bright and cheerful, having broad window spaces, a built-in seat, and a practical fireplace. A cased opening connects the living room and dining room, making practically one room, and giving exceptional spaciousness in a cottage of this size.

The bedroom is of good size, opens off the front hall, and is supplied with a large-sized clothes closet ventilated and lighted by means of a good-sized window. There is also a lighted clothes closet for hanging coats and hats, just beside the front door.

The exterior treatment of this house is in a very appropriate bungalow style. Rough boards are used, stained with creosote oil. The foundation courses, from grade to window sills are covered with wide boards with horizontal batten strips.

The loudest cackling is usually done over the smallest egg.



advantages of the bungalow for his home which he is to build the coming spring. For those desiring a small and inexpensive house, particularly, the bungalow offers great advantages. The original ideas of arrangement, as well as the unique ornamental schemes that are characteristic of bungalow work, make it possible to design and build a home-like, cosy house of individual appearance for the same cost as the plain, every-day cottage.

An example in point is the artistic four-room bungalow illustrated herewith. This has been built many times

WELL, BUT IN BED 55 YEARS

Mysterious Case of a French Woman Whom Doctors Say is in Perfect Health.

Paris.—Mlle. Lecaux, who has for fifty years been living in the environs of Paris and in perfectly good health, has remained abed for 55 years. The reason is unknown. Some say it is hypochondria, others assign love affairs as the cause, but be that as it may, in 1858 she made her decision.

Home Town Helps

BUSINESS POWER OF BEAUTY

Philadelphia Ledger Makes a Point Which Railroads Would Do Well to Observe.

If you get out at the railroad station at Lancaster, you want to get away from that town as quickly as possible, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Why? Because of the complete ugliness, saloon-side-entrance look to the whole surroundings of that first glimpse of it.

If you get out at the station of one of the subsidiary lines of the railroad at Forest Hills Gardens you exclaim: "How perfectly bully," and you don't tear yourself away from the spot until you have satisfied the instant demand for the study and enjoyment of the station, its approach and its surroundings.

Which pays? Does it pay Lancaster to have that first impression never quite removed? Does it not pay Forest Hills Gardens to have that first impression always emphasized?

How many cities lose millions by mere ugliness? How many millions are made by Berlin, Paris, Vienna by mere beauty?

What an egregious fool is the gutter scoffer who sneers at the idea of beauty and urges that the gutter is good enough. It is ignorance that decries the business power of beauty. And beauty tells on the business of a town nowhere more than at its portals—at its railroad station.

The new station at Montclair, N. J., is an example of how vigorously the axioms of city planning that the first impression must be a good impression is being put into practice.

FOR HOME THAT IS HOME

Writer Sounds the Praises of the Suburban Residence Over That of the City.

In the suburbs most of the people in the same neighborhood are of the same sort and standard of character, and in the suburban school which your children will attend, the pupils will be the children of people in your own walk of life, the sort of children with whom your own should grow up, associate and mate.

In the last analysis the home owner is what God intended him to be, a normal, healthy man, raising his children in a normal, healthy way; doing it in a home that allows for the fullest expression of his individuality and that of his family subject to an environment of his own making that brings out the best that's in him.

If you haven't thought of this point before, call on a fellow flat-dweller and feel the limp, anemic, howdy-do handshake and the lack of enthusiasm. Then call upon some friend living at the edge of a city or deep in the suburbs, and when you ring his bell you'll get a hearty greeting and a heartier handshake from a man with the light of the joy of living in his eye.—Exchange.

Parks and the Death Rate.

The city planning expert of Berlin, Dr. Werner Hegemann, lately visited Cleveland, and recommends a chain of boulevards through the most congested part of the city. Such a plan, he thinks, would do more for health than grand parks in the suburbs. The city health officer, Doctor Frederick, concurs, and says that the great need is for open spaces within convenient distance, to which mothers can take their babies in the hottest hours of the day and in the early evening. Cleveland, he says, is a healthy city for adults, but infant mortality is too great, and the main cause is summer heat. What is true of Cleveland is true elsewhere, and it may be noted that the strain of city conditions is probably more severe on a population mainly recruited from the country, as is the case in most American cities, than on a race of city dwellers, in which presumably the ability to endure heat, glare and a stifling atmosphere has been increased by a long continued process of elimination of the weakest.—Springfield Republican.

How It Happened.

"So you broke your engagement with Miss Spencer?" "No; I didn't break it." "Oh! she broke it?" "No; she didn't break it." "But it is broken?" "Yes; she told me what her clothes cost, and I told her what my income was; then our engagement sagged in the middle and dissolved."

Her Thrift.

"So Maude caught the rich old guy after all." "Yes; she always did say her honeymoon was going to be of the harvest kind."

Carrying It to Excess.

Quizzo — I understand that your friend Bronson is a vegetarian. Quizzed—Yes. He has such pronounced views on the subject that he married a grass widow.

Trade Locals

For any kind of hauling phone No. 66.

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 dont 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.

Rio Blend Coffee at McLarn, 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. Palmer, Att'y.

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.

WALTER COOK

Expert Watch Maker 21 years experience. Send us your work, we will get it back to you promptly and guarantee it. HIGGINS, TEXAS

If you want hauling of any kind, get Emory Black, the Drayman. Phone 46.

NOTICE

Hunters are warned to keep out of my pastures, or will have to prosecute them as the law provides. 17tf. W. Coffee

DRESS MAKING. Mrs. C. B. Parks has opened a dressmaking shop next door to the restaurant and is prepared to meet your needs in plain and fancy sewing. 17tf.

DR. M. L. GUNN
Physician and Surgeon

Office at Central Drug Store

Miami - Texas

The time to buy goods is when you need them and when you can get them cheap. Look up Osborne's prices.

I have a fine wheat crop to sell right, or trade. It is a dandy see 2. t. P. C. H. Patton.

I have a nice large office room up stairs on Main Street to rent. 13-14 T. M. Cunningham.

PATENTS

OVER 65 YEARS EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Consultations strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$4 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

When Osborne's puts on a sale it is a sure enough sale. Look up their add next week.

Osborne's big sale is creating the biggest sensation ever pulled off in Miami.

Get McCrackens and Seibers price at the Peoples Meat Market before you sell your chickens and turkeys.

Osbornes are selling all their ladies and Misses cloaks at absolute cost.

You can get your Christmas Oysters and Fish at the Peoples Meat Market. They always keep the best grades.

Xmas books makes fine presents and the Miami Drug Co. has a pretty line. Jones will do you right.

Better get your Christmas turkey early. The Peoples Meat Market has a dandy bunch to pick from and they are going fast.

The Jones Drug Store has a fine line of bibles and testaments that make suitable gifts toall. See them.

Get your rubbers while Osbornes sale is on.

The next thing in demand is Christmas and New Years post cards and the Miami Drug Co. certainly have a fine line. To look is to buy.

Last week of Osbornes big sale.

CANARIES. I have a number of canaries for sale which would make nice Christmas presents. Mrs. J. P. Loury.

Osbornes are selling the goods. Follow the crowd

Dr. M. M. Meeks will be in Miami for dental work, Tuesday, the 22nd of next week.

Don't forget to notice Osbornes extra special prices this week.

Green Lake Items

Homer Allen went to Miami Monday.

Tom Pursley went back to Miami Monday.

J. W. Gordon from Hoover was up to Erve Black's Tuesday looking after his steers, that Erve is feeding for him.

W. E. Davis is over to Dave Daviss this week working on a silo.

Lester Davis is home from Pampa for a few days.

Will Gray from Kings Mill visited J. E. Seitz Monday.

Mrs. Pursley and Erve Black went to Pampa Saturday.

Will Wilks and Charley Tigner was out in the Green Lake parts Saturday.

Chris Chisum moved part of Hoover up to his place this week. You had better leave Hoover alone Chris.

J. E. Seitz went to Miami Saturday.

Mr. Broadus is doing some building on his place this week.

Laketon Items.

Somebody has lost their rabbit foot prophesying on the weather.

Mrs. Nettie Ataway of Chilcotte is visiting her daughter Mrs. P. A. Pittman.

Robert Williams has moved on the A. E. Gething place. He is from Duncan Okla.

Earl Cummings came out from Miami, Saturday to visit his folks.

D. W. Turner and family made a round trip to Mobeetie Saturday.

L. D. Cummings and wife gave a singing Sunday night.

Mrs. P. A. Pittman and Mrs. Ataway spent Monday with Mrs. W. C. Christopher.

This week Osbornes are selling 6 spools clark O. N. T. thread 25c.

W. E. STOCKER
Rockvale, Domino and Niggerhead coal in all SIZES. POST, COTTON SEED CAKE AND MEAL. LUMP And crushed Rock Salt
NEW AND USED SACKS

PICTURE FRAMES

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

ROY TROWBRIDGE
Miami, -- Texas



EDGAR is a thoroughbred Poland China and will make the season at my place just South of Coffee Addition. Don't bring any sick sows. J. P. Wright.

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

-MIAMI -- TEXAS-

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

The Efficient Home Guard of Miami

BY L. C. HEARE.

Since war, with its carnage and pillage, is right at the door of our land, For the safty of our splendid village We've enrolled a brave volunteer band.

Unequaled for soldierly bearing Just the looks of our vicious home guard, Would send common Greasers a tearing Trying to make their getaway, hard.

Captain Ben and Uncle Bob Talley, Judge Coffee and Judge Cunningham, Dave Lard with Jack Mead for an ally Could surely Annihilate them.

Dear Ladies of Miami, be cheerful Can't you see what protection is here? You should not for a moment be fearful, For your splendid Home Guard has no fear.

Hot tamales and Chilli Con Carni These guards may discuss "Viva Voce," But if a Greaser should happen to see them He would immediately say "Adios."

We need not the bugles loud calling No arms, great or small, no drum. One look from our Guard, so appalling Will kill all invaders that come.

Then dear ladies yield not to sorrow, We will shield you from every known care, Treasure up happy thoughts for to-morrow Like your dear old friend,

Daddy Heare.



COME AND SEE

A full line of everything for presents for everybody. Pretty dolls, Toy pistols, Fine line of Jewelry, Toilet cases, Manicure sets and Ivory Puff boxes, Hat and bonnet brushes, Ivory case clocks, fance candies, Handbags and stationery, a nice and complete line to pick from. Come early and get your choice.

THE MIAMI DRUG CO.
Per. A. M. Jones, Prop.

Blacksmithing and Woodwork

Machine Repair work and First-Class Horse-shoeing

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

Studer's Market

WILL BUY

Your Poultry, Eggs, Hides and Furs and pay you the cash. Get our market prices before you sell. We get a daily market price.

Phone 83

An Awkward Fit

is an impossibility in a "Crack-a-Jack" brand tailoring. Never forget that every Crack-a-Jack brand garment is absolutely "a fit or no sale." A Crack-a-Jack customer pays only for complete satisfaction.

J. T. Hood, Agent.

McLARENS STORE.

W. H. RHODES

DEALER IN

Rockvale and Niggerhead coal, Grain Feed and Cottonseed Cake.

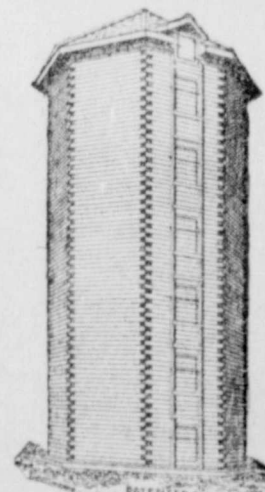
Get my prices before buying

MIAMI - TEXAS

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 everthing good to eat, all Fresh and the very best. Particular goods for particular people. Fresh stock pure Arkansas Comb HONEY



The Common Sense

SILO

Best, Cheapest And Strongest. CALL AND SEE MODEL FOR SALE BY

Panhandle Lumber Co

MIAMI, - TEXAS.

READ THE CHIEF. \$1