

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 16

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, November, 19 1914.

No. 17

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DOCTORS VINEYARD
Surgery and diseases of Women
x-ray and Pathological Laboratories
uite 1,2,3 and 19 AMARILLO
Amarillo Natl. Bld. TEXAS

Advice on Postal Affairs

The postmaster is probably the only man in the world that has no trouble. In almost every other vocation there are times when something will arise to provoke a man, but the postmaster's life is all joy.

All he needs to do is to please the public. If a man is expecting an important letter, that doesn't come, the postmaster must do nothing more than deliver it anyway. The man feels that it should be done and if the obliging P. M. will hand it out to him, everything will be lovely.

The girls who come to the office as soon as the mail arrives demands nothing of the postmaster—nothing more than a letter every day from their beaux. If he will hand each one of them a nice fat letter from the "dearest boy on earth," there will be no complaint.

In spite of the fact that the postmasters lot is one free from all worries, it is sometimes difficult to find any one who will accept the position—When a new administration comes into power it is frequently the case that not more than half the population is willing to help the country out by accepting a postoffice.

Every postmaster should have the same price to all. If he cuts the price on stamps to a few friends, it will not be long until he will have to sell them cheaper to everyone. Talk the quality of your stamps. Tell that are better than those sold by your competitor, that they will carry a letter much quicker but hold the price up.

Occasionally a woman will think to place the money order in her letter before sealing the envelop, but such cases are, of course very rare.

Never throw in extra stamps to a good customer. If he kicks at the price, tell him that every thing has advanced on account of the war in Europe and that he should appreciate your holding the price down to the old figures.

It always pays to be polite to every customer, especially if he has an arm that looks like a country ham.

When a lady comes in for a money order, she always leaves two or three of her bundles, but don't rush out to find her, she will be back in a few minutes for more bundles than she has left—Ex.

YOU ARE LOSING PART OF YOUR CROP



The man who does not take advantage of the opportunity offered by a bank account, is losing his yield from the crop of life, for he soweth, but he reapeth not.

THE First State Bank Of Miami



A Real Bank For Depositors

Proclamation of Thanksgiving

President Wilson has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, Nov. 26, as Thanksgiving day.

It has long been the honored custom of our people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his many blessings to us as a nation. This year now drawing to a close, since we last observed our day of National thanksgiving has been while a year of discipline, because of the mighty forces of war and of changes which have disturbed the world, also a year of blessing to us.

It has been vauasafed to us to remain at peace, with honor, and in some part, to succor the suffering and supply the needs of those who are in want. We have been privileged by our own peace and self control in some degree to steady the counsels and shape the hopes and purposes of a day of fear and distress.

Our people have looked upon their own life as a nation with a deeper comprehension, a fuller realization of their responsibilities, as well as their blessings and a keener sense of the moral and practical significance of what their part among the nations of the world may come to be.

The hurtful effects of the foreign wars in their own industrial and commercial affairs have made them feel the more fully and see the more clearly their inter-dependence upon one another and has stirred them to a helpful co-operation such as they seldom have practiced before.

They have been quickened by a great moral stimulation. Their unmistakable ardor for peace their earnest pity and disinterested sympathy for those who are suffering, their readiness to help and to think of the needs of others has revealed them to ourselves, as well as to the world.

The business of the country has been supplied with instrumentalities and the commerce of the world with new channels of trade and intercourse. The Panama Canal has been opened to the commerce of the world. The two continents of America have been bound in a closer tie of friendship. New instrumentalities of international trade has been created which will be also new instrumentalities of acquaintance, intercourse and mutual service.

Never before have the people of the United States been situated for their own advantage or the advantages of their neighbors or so equipped to serve themselves and mankind.

Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the 26th of November next as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease from their wanted occupations and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks to Almighty God.

In witness whereof I have here unto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Woodrow Wilson

Notice to Hunters

No person on my ranch or in Miami has authority to invite hunters to my ranch. All hunters must stay out this includes the Streeter section, which is under my lease. Any person reported to me violating this notice, will be placed in the hands of the courts.

James Dobbs, Medicine Lodge Kans.

Electric Lights

E. C. Armstrong, representing the Nunn Electric Co. of Amarillo was in our city a few days this week talking electricity to us. Mr. Armstrong has surveyed the town carefully, got the measurements and figured the cost of a complete lighting system, modern in every way, and says it will take about \$5,000 to do the work. He proposes a plant that will be equal to any in the larger cities, furnishing lights 24 hours every day, with modern oil engines, a large one for evening and a small one for day current, good wiring, meter at every home and in fact equip the plant with latest devices.

The plan at present is to organize a stock Company among local people and place all the stock at home if possible, but if necessary, Mr. Armstrong says they will take one third of the stock.

The city Council will meet tomorrow evening at which time they will be asked for the franchise for the light Company, and if granted a mass meeting will be held first of next week, to which every citizen of the town is requested to come and the whole matter will be discussed from beginning to end and all questions will be answered fully. No matter whether you want stock, come to the meeting.

We are indeed glad to see plans for an electric light system in Miami. No town is complete without good lights. Electricity has long been recognized as the cheapest, best and safest, lets have it for Miami.

WANTED

Your butter and eggs. Bring them in and get the cash. Cap Rock Cafe wants them.

MONEY

To loan on land, or I will buy Vendors Lein notes. S. D. Park, Mobeetie Texas

K. L. S. Entertained

Friday evening of last week the K. and L. of S. entertained a large number of their friends at the hall. The Lodge at this place has recently initiated a large number of new members all of whom were present at the occasion, besides possibly 100 guests. A nice program was rendered, consisting of music by the band, music by the Doyl orchestra, Song by Miss Annie Ramsay, Reading by Miss Lucile Ewing, and an address by Atty. Smith, then came the big turkey supper. Well laden plates of turkey, pickles cake and coffee were passed.

The K.L. S. of Miami are a live bunch and splendid entertainers and the writer with many others sincerely thank them for one real good time.

Oh! yes Jess Dial was there "nuff sed"

What Others Think

Amarillo, Texas. 11-11-14

Editor, Miami Chief, Miami, Texas.

Dear Sir: The writer has just called his attention to an article in your issue of November 12 entitled "Let's make this a good looking town". We wish to compliment you on this article.

There is nothing that speaks better for the people of a town nor for the town itself than a cleanly appearance.

People are passing through our city every day and they judge the town and the people in the town a great deal by what they see.

We agree with you heartily and wish to compliment you on the stand you have taken in this direction.

Yours truly, J. M. Beasley, Mayor.

The Preacher

A preacher from Gainsville Came up to our town Went to Mobeetie and Laketon And preached all around.

While staying at Laketon He got into a flame Lost his coat and his trousers And his good book of fame.

Like all other preachers He was ready to run, When he was informed that In the flames there was a gun.

So he left the place Neither naked or clad And he landed in Miami Feeling very, very bad.

He came to the office Of the Miami Chief To ask the editor For a little relief.

But the editor was out Working on his Ford And it made the preacher as sharp As a two edged sword.

He used the Chief office Every day, many times Quarreled with the Devil And wrote the following lines.

The Editor's Got A Ford

If you don't just like this issue You had better thank the Lord, That you even got to see it, "Coz the Editor's got a Ford"

He used to potter round the shop And smoke what he could afford Now he's gone but not forgotten "Coz the Editor's got a Ford"

Folks call in now to see him, And the phone rings it's discord. But you bet they do not get him "Coz the Editor's got a Ford."

The Scissors, not the pen, now Are mightier than the sword, But there will be "the Devil to pay And he will not take a Ford.

—Eld. A. W. Young.

WE

Just want to call your attention a minute to our line of goods. We now have a fine line of the famous Heinz pepper sauce, Mustard sauce, Tomato Soup, Pork and Beans, Relish, Mustard, Peanut butter, etc. Stuff that is by far the very best that money can buy.

We also have a large quantity of guaranteed pure honey in 5 and 10 pound pails and blocks. Studers lard is absolutely pure and kettle rendered. Our canned Jellies, Jams and preserves can't be beat. Fresh barrel of Heinz Kraut, Best on earth. Full value for your money on everything.

STUDER
"The Meat Man"

SAVING MONEY

Is a Simple Process of growth

Form that habit and financial success will grow from your first small deposit from the same law that "great oaks from little acorns grow." No one becomes financially independent in a day. Everyone can save a little at a time. Stick to your saving plan and you will get there. We welcome your account and will help you to save and succeed.

The Bank of Miami

(Unincorporated)
ROBERTS COUNTY DEPOSITORY

Young Hoover Dies

Atty. Tom Hoover of Canadian a young lawyer of that place fell dead in Wichita, Kans. Tuesday of this week. He was seemingly in good health and his death was a shock to his many friends. The remains were buried in Canadian yesterday. Mr. Hoover was only about 24 years old and had a bright future before him. He had many friends over this part of the country and was enjoying a good law practice. He was raised at Canadian.

The New Grocery

A stock company was organized this week among quite a number of our most popular and enterprising citizens. The name of which will be the Miami Mercantile Company. It has a large number of stock holders who met Monday evening and elected the following officers and directors. J. M. Smith Pres, J. A. Mead sec'y, and J. L. Seiber, J. W. Philpott and C. Coffee directors. H. T. Gill will be the manager and Logan Coffee salesman. The new company has made application for incorporation with a paid up capital stock of \$1,000.

This is possibly one of the strongest grocery firms in the Panhandle and success seems inevitable. We predict a good trade for the new firm and nothing stands in their way of commanding one of the largest trades in the state.

All officers and stock holders are good business men, many of them who have had experience in the grocery business and Miami welcomes their new enterprise. They have purchased the stock of Coffee and Co. and will run the Miami Mercantile Company in the Philpott building.

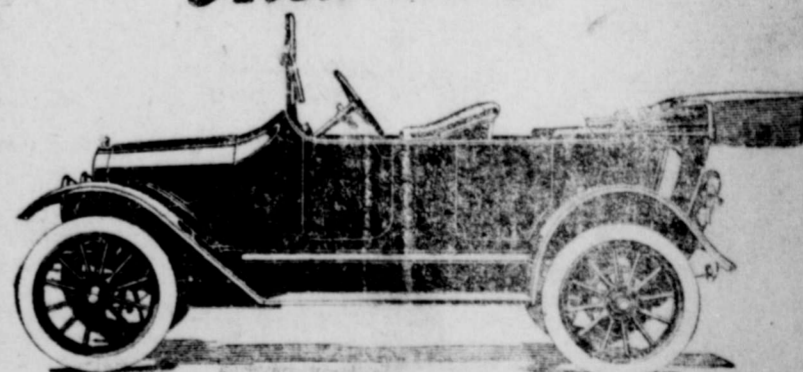
City Ordinances

The Chief has completed the city ordinances in pamphlet form. Containing all ordinances that have been passed up to date including No 1 which was not published. The books also contain a number of blank pages on which as new ordinances are passed may be cut from the Chief and pasted.

The books are worth 25 cents and may be obtained at the Chief office.

If you need the marshal, don't be afraid to callon him. Phone 121.

Maxwell



Maxwell 5 passenger touring car with complete equipment—including mohair top, clear vision ventilating windshield, speedometer, tire carrier and electric horn. Electric lights and starter. \$795 F.O.B. Miami. 1915 Hudson light Six 40 \$1650. delivered. Always ready to demonstrate.

J. L. Seiber & Co. Agts.

The Last Shot

FREDERICK PALMER

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SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, chief intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, returns South La Tir, meditates on war, and speculates on the comparative ages of himself and Marta, who is visiting in the Gray capital. Westerling calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff, and predicts that if he makes war against the Browns he will not win. On the march with the 53 of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, desires war and played-out patriotism and is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron overhearing, begs him off. Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true. Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergency. Lanstron declares his love for Marta. Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people and strike before declaring war. Farrow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Browns defenses. Farrow reveals his plans to Lanstron.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Now Dellarme disposed his men in line back of the ridge of fresh earth that they had dug in the night, ready to rush to their places when he blew the whistle that hung from his neck, but he did not allow them a glimpse over the crest.

"I know that you are curious, but powerful glasses are watching for you to show yourselves; and if a battery turned loose on us you'd understand," he explained.

Thus the hours wore on, and the church clock struck nine and ten.

"Never a movement down there!" called the sergeant from the crest to Dellarme. "Maybe this is just their final bluff before they come to terms about Bodlapoo"—that stretch of African jungle that seemed very far away to them all.

"Let us hope so!" said Dellarme seriously.

Choosing to go to town by the castle road rather than down the terrace to the main pass road, Marta, starting for the regular Sunday service of her school, as she emerged from the grounds, saw Feller, garden-shears in hand, a figure of stone watching the approach of some field-batteries. The question of allowing him to undertake his part as a spy had drifted into the background of her mind under the distressing and ever-present pressure of the crisis. He was to remain until there was war. She was almost past him before he realized her presence, which he acknowledged by a startled movement and a step forward as he took off his hat. She paused. His eyes were glowing like coals under a blower as he looked at her and again at the batteries, seeming to include her with the guns in the spell of his fervid abstraction.

"Frontier closed last night to prevent intelligence about our preparations leaking out—Lanny's plan all alive—the guns coming," he said, his shoulders stiffening, his chin drawing in, his features resolute and beaming with the ardor of youth in action—"troops moving here and there to their places—engineers preparing the defenses—automatics at critical points with the infantry—field-wires laid—field-telephones set up—the wireless spitting—the caissons full—planes and dirigibles ready—search-lights in position—"

There the torrent of his broken sentences was checked. A shadow passed in front of him. He came out of his trance of imageries of activities, so vividly clear to his military mind, to realize that Marta was abruptly leaving.

"Miss Galland!" he called urgently. "Firing may commence at any minute. You must not go into town!"

"But I must!" she declared, speaking over her shoulder while she passed. It was clear that no warning would prevail against her determined mood.

"Then I shall go with you!" he said, starting toward her with a light step. "It is not necessary, thank you!" she answered, more coldly than she had ever spoken to him. This had a magically quick effect on his attitude.

"I beg your pardon! I forgot!" he explained in his old man's voice, his head sinking, his shoulders drooping in the humility of a servant who recognizes that he has been properly rebuffed for presumption. "Not a gunner any more—I'm a spy!" he thought, as he shuffled off without looking toward the batteries again, though the music of wheels and hoofs was now close by.

Marta had a glimpse of him as she turned away. "He is what he is because of the army; a victim of a cult, a habit," she was thinking. "Had he been in any other calling his fine qualities might have been of service to the world and he would have been happy."

A company of infantry resting among their stacked rifles changed the color of the square in the distance from the gray pavement to the brown

of a mass of uniforms. In the middle of the main street a major of the brigade staff, with a number of junior officers and orderlies, was evidently waiting on some signal. Sentries were posted at regular intervals along the curb. The people in the houses and shops from time to time stopped packing up their effects long enough to go to the doors and look up and down apprehensively, asking bootless, nervous questions.

"Are they coming yet?"
"Do you think they will come?"
"Are you sure it's going to be war?"
"Will they shell the town?"

"There'll be time enough for you to get away!" shouted the major. "All we know is what is written in our instructions, and we shall act on them when the thing starts. Then we are in command. Meanwhile, get ready!"

Then the major became aware of a young woman who was going in the wrong direction. Her cheeks were flushed from her rapid walk, her lips were parted, showing firm, white teeth, and her black eyes were regarding him in a blaze of satire or amusement; an emotion, whatever it was, that thoroughly centered his attention.

"Mademoiselle, I am very sorry, but unless you live in this direction," he said very politely, "you may not go any farther. Until we have other orders or they attack every one is supposed to remain in his house or his place of business."

"This is my place of business!" Marta answered, for she was already opposite a small, disused chapel which was her schoolroom, where a half dozen of the faithful children were gathered around the masculine importance of Jacky Werther, one of the older boys.

"Then you are Miss Galland!" said the major, enlightened. His smile had an appreciation of the irony of her occupation at that moment. "Your children are very loyal. They would not tell me where they lived, so we had to let them stay there."

"Those who have homes," she said, identifying each one of the faithful with a glance, "have so many brothers and sisters that they will hardly be missed from the flock. Others have no homes—at least not much of a one—here her temper rose again—"taxes being so high in order that you may organize murder and the destruction of property."

"Now really, Miss Galland," he began solicitously, "I have been assigned to move the civil population in case of attack. Your children ought—"

"After school! You have your duty this morning and I have mine!" Marta interrupted pleasantly, and turned toward the chapel.

"They are putting sharpshooters in the church tower to get the aeroplanes, and there are lots of the little guns that fire bullets so fast you can't count 'em—and little spring wagons with dynamite to blow things up—and—"

Jacky Werther ran on in a series of vocal explosions as Marta opened the door to let the children go in.

"Yet you came!" said Marta with a hand caressing his shoulder.

"It looks pretty bad for peace, but we came," answered Jacky, round-eyed, in loyalty. "We'd come right through bullets 'cause we said we would if we wasn't sick, and we wasn't sick."

"My seven disciples—seven!" exclaimed Marta as she counted them. "And you need not sit on the regular seats, but around me on the platform. It will be more intimate."

"That's grand!" came in chorus. They did not bother about chairs, but seated themselves on the floor around Marta's skirts.

The church clock boomed out its deliberate strokes through ten, the hour set for the lesson, and all counted them—one—two—three. Marta was thinking what a dismal little effort theirs was, and yet she was very happy, tremblingly happy in her distraction and excitement, that they had not waited for her at the door of the chapel in vain.

She announced that there would be no talk this morning; they would only say their oath. Repeating in concert the pledge to the boys and girls of other lands, the childish voices peculiarly sweet and harmonious in contrast to the raucous and uneven sounds of foreboding from the street, they came in due course to the words of the concession that the oath made to militancy:

"If an enemy tries to take my land—"
"Children—I—" Marta interrupted with a sense of wonder and shock. They paused and looked at her questioningly. "I had almost forgotten that part!" she breathed confusedly. "That's the part that makes all we're doing against the Grays right!" put in Jacky Werther promptly.

"As I wrote it for you! I shall appeal to his sense of justice and reason with him—"

Jaws dropped and eyes bulged, for above the sounds of the street rose from the distance the unmistakable crackling of rifle fire which, as they

listened, spread and increased in volume.

"Go on—on to the end of the oath! It will take only a moment," said Marta resolutely. "It isn't much, but it's the best we can do!"

CHAPTER IX.

The Baptism of Fire.

All the landscape in front of Fracasse's company seemed to have been deserted; no moving figures were anywhere in sight; no sign of the enemy's infantry.

Faintly the town clock was heard striking the hour. From eight to nine and nine to ten Fracasse's men waited; waited until the machine was ready and Westerling should throw in the clutch; waited until the troops were in place for the first move before he hurled his battalions forward.

They did not know how the captain at their back received his orders, they only heard the note of the whistle, with a command familiar to a trained instinct on the edge of anticipation. It released a spring in their nerve-centers. They responded as the wheels respond when the throttle is opened. Jumping to their feet they broke into a run, bodies bent, heads down, like the peppered silhouette that faced Westerling's desk. What they had done repeatedly in drills and maneuvers they were now doing in war, mechanically as marionettes.

"Come on! The bullet is not made that can get me! Come on!" cried the giant Eugene Aronson.

Nearly all felt the exhilaration of movement in company. Then came the sound that generations had drilled for without hearing; the sound that summons the imagination of man in the thought of how he will feel and act when he hears it; the sound that is everywhere like the song snatches of bees driven whizzing through the air.

"That's it! We're under fire! We're under fire!" flashed a crooked lightning recognition of the sound through every brain.

There was no sign of the enemy; no telling where the bullets came from.

Whish-whish! Thipp-whing! The refrain gripped Peterkin's imagination with an unseen hand. He seemed to be suffocating. He wanted to throw himself down and hold his hands in front of his head. While Pilzer and Aronson were not thinking, only running, Peterkin was thinking with the rapidity of a man falling from a high building. He was certain only that he was bound to strike ground.

"An inch is as good as a mile!" He recollected the captain's teaching. "Only one of a thousand bullets fired in war ever kills a man"—but he was certain that he had heard a million already. He looked around to find that he was still keeping up with Eugene and felt the thrill of the bravery of fellowship at sight of the giant's flushed, confident face reveling in the spirit of a charge. And then, just

then, Eugene convulsively threw up his arms, dropped his rifle, and whirled on his heel. As he went down his hand clutched at his left breast and came away red and dripping. After one wild backward glance, Peterkin plunged ahead.

"Eugene!" Hugo Mallin had stopped and bent over Eugene in the supreme instinct of that terrible second, supporting his comrade's head.

The bullet is not—made— Eugene whispered, the ruling passion strong to the last. A flicker of the eyelids, a gurgle in the throat, and he was dead.

"Here, you are not going to get out this way!" Fracasse shouted, in the irritation of haste, slapping Hugo with his sword. "Go on! That's hospital-corp work."

Hugo had a glimpse of the captain's rigid features and a last one of Eugene's, white and still and yet as if he were about to speak his favorite boast; then he hurried on, his side-glance showing other prostrate forms. One form a few yards away half rose to call "Hospital!" and fell back, struck mortally by a second bullet.

"That's what you get if you forget instructions," said Fracasse with no sense of brutality, only professional exasperation. Keep down, you wound-

ed men!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

The colonel of the 128th had not looked for immediate resistance. He had told Fracasse's men to occupy the knoll expeditiously. But by the common impulse of military training, no less than in answer to the whistle's call, in face of the withering fire they dropped to earth at the base of a knoll, where Hugo threw himself down at full length in his place in line next to Peterkin.

"Fire pointblank at the crest in front of you! I saw a couple of men standing up there!" called Fracasse. "Fire fast! That's the way to keep down their fire—pointblank, I tell you! You're firing into the sky! I want to see more dust kicked up. Fire fast! We'll have them out of there soon! They're only an outpost."

Hugo was firing vaguely, like a man in a dream. Pilzer was shooting to kill. His eye had the steely gleam of his rifle sight and the liver patch on his cheek was a deeper hue as he sought to avenge Eugene's death. Drowned by the racket of their own fire, not even Peterkin was hearing the whish-whish of the bullets from Dellarme's company now. He did not know that the blacksmith's son, who was the fourth man from him, lay with his chin on his rifle stock and a tiny trickle of blood from a hole in his forehead running down the bridge of his nose.

Young Dellarme, new to his captain's rank, watching the plain through his glasses, saw the movement of mounted officers to the rear of the 128th as a reason for summoning his men.

"Creep up! Don't show yourselves! Creep up—carefully—carefully!" he kept repeating as they crawled toward their stomachs. "And no one is to fire until the command comes!"

Hugging the cover of the ridge of fresh earth which they had thrown up the previous night, they watched the white posts. Stransky, who had been ruminatively silent all the morning, was in his place, but he was not looking at the enemy. Cautiously, to avoid a reprimand, he raised his head to enable him to glance along the line. All the faces seemed drawn and clayish.

"They don't want to fight! They're just here because they're ordered here and haven't the character to defy authority," he thought. "The heaven is working! My time is coming!"

For Dellarme the minute had come when all his training was to be put to a test. The figures on the other side of the white posts were rising. He was to prove by the way he directed a company of infantry in action whether or not he was worthy of his captain's rank. He smiled cheerily. In order that he might watch how each man used his rifle, he drew back of the line, his slim body erect as he rested on one knee, his head level with the other heads while he fingered his whistle. The instant that Eugene Aronson sprang over the white post a blast from the whistle began the war.

It was a signal, too, for Stransky to play the part he had planned; to make the speech of his life. His six feet of stature shot to its feet with a Jack-in-the-box abruptness, under the impulse of a mighty and reckless passion.

"Men, stop firing!" he howled thunderously. "Stop firing on your brothers! Like you, they are only the pawns of the ruling class, who keep us all pawns in order that they may have champagne and caviare. Comrades, I'll lead you! Comrades, we'll take a white flag and go down to meet our comrades and we'll find that they think as we do! I'll lead you!"

The appeal was drowned in the crackling of the rifles working as regularly as punching-machines in a factory. Every soldier was seeing only his sight and the running figures under it. Mechanically and automatically, training had been projected into action, anticipation into realization. A spectator might as well have called to a man in a hundred-yard dash to stop running, to an oarsman in a race to jump out of his shell.

The company sergeant sprang for Stransky with an oath. But Stransky was in no mood to submit. He felled the sergeant with a blow and, recklessly defiant, stared at Dellarme, while the men, steadily firing, were still oblivious of the scene. The sergeant, stunned, rose to his knees and reached for his revolver. Dellarme, bent over to keep his head below the crest, had already drawn his as he hastened toward them.

"Will you get down? Will you take your place with your rifle?" demanded Dellarme.

Stransky laughed thunderously in scorn. He was handsome, titanic, and barbaric, with his huge shoulders stretching his blouse, which fell loosely around his narrow hips, while the fist that had felled the sergeant was still clenched.

"No!" said Stransky. "You won't kill much if you kill me and you'd kill less if you shot yourself! God Almighty! Do you think I'm afraid? Me—afraid!"

His eyes in a bloodshot glare, as uncompromising as those of a bull in an arena watching the next move of the red cape of the matador, regarded Dellarme, who hesitated in admiration of the picture of human force before him. But the old sergeant, smarting under the insult of the blow, his sandstone features mottled with red patches, had no compunctions of this order. He was ready to act as executioner.

"If you don't want to shoot, I can! An example—the law! There's no other way of dealing with him! Give the word!" he said to Dellarme.

Stransky laughed, now in strident cynicism. Dellarme still hesitated, recollecting Lanstron's remark. He pictured Stransky in a last stand in a redoubt, and every soldier was as precious to him as a piece of gold to a miser.

"One ought to be enough to kill me if you're going to do it to slow music," said Stransky. "You might as well kill me as the poor fools that your poor fools are trying to—"

Another breath finished the speech; a breath released from a ball that seemed to have come straight from hell. The fire control officer of a regiment of Gray artillery on the plain, scanning the landscape for the origin of the rifle-fire which was leaving many fallen in the wake of the charge of the Gray infantry, had seen a figure on the knoll. "How kind! Thank you!" his thought spoke faster than words. No need of range-finding! The range to every possible battery or infantry position around La Tir was already marked on his map. He passed the word to his guns.

The burst of their first shrapnel-shell blinded all three actors in the scene on the crest of the knoll with its ear-splitting crack and the force of its concussion threw Stransky down beside the sergeant. Dellarme, as his vision cleared, had just time to see Stransky jerk his hand up to his temple, where there was a red spot, before another shell burst, a little to the rear. This was harmless, as a shrapnel's shower of fragments and bullets carry forward from the point of explosion. But the next burst in front of the line. The doctor's period of idleness was over. One man's rifle shot up as his spine was broken by a jagged piece of shrapnel jacket. Now there were too many shells to watch them individually.

"It's all right—all right, men!" Dellarme called again, assuming his cheery smile. "It takes a lot of shrapnel to kill anybody. Our batteries will soon answer!"

His voice was unheard, yet its spirit it was felt. The men knew through their training that there was no use of dodging and that their best protection was an accurate fire of their own.

Stransky had half risen, a new kind of savagery dawning on his features as he regained his wits. With inverted eyes he regarded the red ends of his fingers, held in line with the bridge of his nose. He felt of the wound again, now that he was less dizzy. It was only a scratch and he had been knocked down like a beef in an abattoir by an unseen enemy, on whom he could not lay hands! Deafeningly, the shrapnel jackets continued to crack with "ukung-sh-ukung-sh" as the swift breath of the shrapnel missiles spread. The guns of one battery of that Gray regiment of artillery, each firing six 14-pound shells a minute methodically, every shell loaded with nearly two hundred projectiles, were giving their undivided attention to the knoll.

How long could his company endure this? Dellarme might well ask. He knew that he would not be expected to withdraw yet. With a sense of relief he saw Fracasse's men drop for cover at the base of the knoll and then, expectation fulfilled, he realized that rifle-fire now reinforced the enemy's shell fire. His duty was to remain while he could hold his men, and a feeling toward them such as he had never felt before, which was love, sprang full-fledged into his heart as he saw how steadily they kept up their fusillade.

Stransky, eager in response to a new passion, sprang forward into place and picked up his rifle.

"If you will not have it my way, take it yours!" said the best shot in the company, as he began firing with resolute coolness.

"They have a lot of men down," said Dellarme, his glasses showing the many prostrate figures on the wheat stubble. "Steady! steady! We have plenty of batteries back in the hills. One will be in action soon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TELLS OF TENSE MOMENTS

Man of Prominence Had Two, and Their Causes Were of Widely Different Beginnings.

I heard a prominent Cambridge man tell of the two most tense moments of his life yesterday, says a correspondent of the Boston Journal. But the tension in each case was different.

"I doubt if I ever shall forget either occasion," he said, reflectively. "They were big moments."

"The first was when I was in college. I was captain of the baseball team that year. We came to the end of the ninth. We needed one run to tie the score and another to win the game. Two men down and two on the sacks when I came to bat. And I lined out in my career! I did it. I lined out a three-bagger, right over the railroad track. When I felt it go—well, that was one occasion."

"And the other," he chuckled, but a slow flush crept over his cheeks. "It was thirty years ago, soon after I left college. I went over to see a girl her folks for the first time. I went on a Sunday. All the men were away. And they had duck for dinner." He stopped. "Ever carve a duck?" he asked meaningly. "No, neither had I before. Nor have I since." His blush deepened. "I never even went to see that girl again," he added plaintively.

One Viewpoint.

Hemmandhaw—Kangaroo farming is a very important industry in Australia. Mrs. Hemmandhaw—Fancy hoisting a kangaroo.—Youngstown Telegram.

WESTERN CANADA'S STRONG POSITION

"THE WHEAT GRANARY OF THE WORLD," A WELL APPLIED TERM.

Western Canada occupies a stronger position today than it ever has occupied. Taking one year with another, the efficiency of its lands to produce has been well proved. It has not been said of it that year in and year out there were bumper and bounteous crops. If such a condition existed it would be phenomenal in the history of any country. With an extensive territory producing grain, hogs, cattle and sheep, of some 800 miles wide and 1,000 miles long, it is easy to conceive of a wide variation in temperature and climate; there is variation in rainfall and snowfall; every section is not the best in the district—some are better than others and some worse, but as a general thing, the great percentage is "better." This past year has shown that some portions are not altogether immune from periods of drought. The same may be said of adjoining states to the south. But this year has also shown that in the greater portion of Western Canada drought does not appear, but even in the drought-stricken area of this year, past years have shown that the soil produces wonderfully well and even this year, with modern methods, known as "dry-farming," good crops were harvested. The large number of Americans who during the past sixteen years have been attracted to Canada have not gone simply because of the advertising of that country, but because their friends and their old-time neighbors have done well there, and with careful and judicious farming almost everyone has done well.

As a result of the great influx of immigration the open or prairie homesteading area is being rapidly taken up. The fact that this is so is evidence that Western Canada lands are productive, and on these open plains today are to be seen the homes of successful farmers from almost every state in the Union. They have earned their patents and now own outright their 160 acres of land, together probably with an adjoining 160 acres, which they have purchased or pre-empted, all of which is worth from \$25 to \$30 per acre. They originally started by growing grains altogether, but they found that they could secure a better price for much of their grain by feeding it to hogs and cattle, and the most successful ones are those who have followed this course.

But to meet the wants of the newcomer a new homestead area has been opened up, known as the "park country." In this park country are to be found beautiful groves of poplar and willow, small lakes and streams, with sufficient open area to enable one to go into immediate cultivation of crop, and in due time when they wish more land to be put under cultivation, they may at small cost cut down some of the groves, which in the meantime have been valuable in providing fuel and in giving shelter to cattle.

Notwithstanding the high character of the open prairie lands and the fact that farmers there have realized in a splendid way, there is the opinion backed up by a lot of experience that this parklike country contains soil even better than that of the open area referred to.

The opportunities, therefore, for money making are as great today as they ever were. The opportunities for carrying on farming successfully are fully as great as they ever were. Of this park area we have an immense quantity of land yet to be settled. It is true that the railroads have not yet penetrated these districts to the extent that they have the open area, but this will come and as settlements advance, so will railroads build. For the present there is a temporary lull in rail road building, but it is always the case that where there is a demand there will come a supply, and it will not be long before the park country will be penetrated by railroads that will give sufficient accommodation for all needs, but to those who prefer it there are lots of opportunities for purchasing land nearer towns and villages and at low prices and on easy terms.

Whether one cares to purchase or homestead it can better be done by paying a visit to the country and it will repay you to spend some little time visiting the different districts.—Advertisement.

Sufficient.

The discontinuance of the custom of embracing and kissing among royal cousins suggests that the plain American handshake is a sufficient salutation for all the purposes of courtesy.—Washington Star.

Hopelessly Out of Date.

Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack?
Jack—Yes; but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.—The Music Trade.

Has to Be an Actor.

"There is no reason for mentioning your name," said the eminent player. "You are a press agent; not an actor." "Believe me," replied Mr. Boostington, "a press agent has to be some actor to convince a star that he believes all the things he hammers out on the typewriter."

Brain Workers' Fatigue.

Tests of blood pressure in various forms of fatigue have shown that brain workers are more really fatigued than physical toilers.



Pilzer Was Shooting to Kill.

**Better
PIE
Crust
Baked
With**

NOT MADE BY THE TRUST

CALUMET

BAKING POWDER

CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO

Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For purer Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price.

Ask your grocer.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to any milk and soda.

Married in Haste.
Neighbor—The Widow Gay's marriage was rather sudden, wasn't it?
Friend—Yes; her daughter's baby was beginning to talk; and the widow wanted to have the wedding over before the kid learned to say "grandma."—New York Weekly.

D. J. Wing of Haverhill, Mass., has smoked one meerschaum pipe for 48 years.

W. L. DOUGLAS

MEN'S & WOMEN'S SHOES

\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50, \$9, \$9.50, \$10, \$10.50, \$11, \$11.50, \$12, \$12.50, \$13, \$13.50, \$14, \$14.50, \$15, \$15.50, \$16, \$16.50, \$17, \$17.50, \$18, \$18.50, \$19, \$19.50, \$20, \$20.50, \$21, \$21.50, \$22, \$22.50, \$23, \$23.50, \$24, \$24.50, \$25, \$25.50, \$26, \$26.50, \$27, \$27.50, \$28, \$28.50, \$29, \$29.50, \$30, \$30.50, \$31, \$31.50, \$32, \$32.50, \$33, \$33.50, \$34, \$34.50, \$35, \$35.50, \$36, \$36.50, \$37, \$37.50, \$38, \$38.50, \$39, \$39.50, \$40, \$40.50, \$41, \$41.50, \$42, \$42.50, \$43, \$43.50, \$44, \$44.50, \$45, \$45.50, \$46, \$46.50, \$47, \$47.50, \$48, \$48.50, \$49, \$49.50, \$50, \$50.50, \$51, \$51.50, \$52, \$52.50, \$53, \$53.50, \$54, \$54.50, \$55, \$55.50, \$56, \$56.50, \$57, \$57.50, \$58, \$58.50, \$59, \$59.50, \$60, \$60.50, \$61, \$61.50, \$62, \$62.50, \$63, \$63.50, \$64, \$64.50, \$65, \$65.50, \$66, \$66.50, \$67, \$67.50, \$68, \$68.50, \$69, 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IS IT STOVES YOU WANT?
Full line of Heaters, Comstock Castle, Hottentot, Veribest, Hotblast and Bachelors.
Ranges And Cooking STOVES
 And About the price. Oh! Well. Just call on
NEWMAN

PICTURE FRAMES
 I have anything in this line you could want and want your job. LET'S FIGGER
ROY TROWBRIDGE
 Miami, Texas

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

EMERY BLACK
 The One Horse Drayman
 Office Phone No. 65

Do you want to buy a piano right? If so see Walter Cook at Moons store.



Almost Like a Face-to-Face Chat

Mr. Jones had gone to a distant city on business to be away for several days, and had left his wife on the farm with no companion, except a small child.
 But she was not lonesome, for each day her husband called up for a few minutes' chat by Long Distance Bell Telephone.
 Have you a Telephone connected to the Bell System?
 Southwestern Tel. & Tel. Co.
 13-R-14

DON'T FAIL
 To see "Lucile Love" at the Cag Rack Theatre every Monday night. An interesting picture

Col. L. S. PALMER
 Auctioneer
 Terms Reasonable. See L. B. Robertson or write to Canadian

Somehow it fails to see a pathetic when a fellow asks an editor, for his wife and mother's sake, not to mention his despidations in the paper, though his actions have broken the laws of the state, and caused others to be guilty of misdemeanors. Why is it that a man does not think of his wife and mother before he violates the law, instead of after?
 — Glazier Review

The Miami Chief.
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
 Entered at the postoffice at Miami, Texas, as second-class matter.
 ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
 L. G. WAGGONER, Editor & Owner.
 MIAMI, TEX., NOVEMBER 19, 1914

Community Co-Operation
 By Gay L. Tufts

"Keep your money at home" is the hardest text I have to preach on.
 What I regard as the "mail order mania" is so strong with the inhabitants of the rural districts that they turn a deaf ear to all such preachments. They can not see that by keeping their money at home, they help themselves, the community in which they live and are interested in.

There seems to be an uncontrollable desire to order articles of need by mail, often-time articles that can be purchased at home for only a few cents more.

Most people enjoy getting letters and packages by mail. The dreariness of country life is relieved by the reception of a bunch of letters or a package or two.

There are those who buy of mail order houses because they enjoy the charm thereof. Greatly enjoying the mania, not that they believe they are getting the goods cheaper. There is also the deluded person who thinks he is saving money by patronizing the catalogues a thousand miles away.

Selfishness is at the bottom of all acts detrimental to community welfare and is an inborn characteristic that cannot be changed in less than 1,000 years. And, as we wish to realize results before that time we must accept the situation as it stands, and direct our efforts toward convincing these selfish people that they are in error.

Perhaps we may be able to turn the fellow who is under the impression that he is doing the right thing when he sends his money away from home because of a few cents real or fancied difference in price but what are we to do with the mail order mania? There is not enough asylums in the country to hold them all.

WILL
 The party that borrowed our wire stretchers, please return them
 White House Lbr. Co.

How about trees.
 Pay your city street tax.

The Progressive party is almost becoming history now.

Three more states are now on the state wide prohibition list and two more states are on the woman suffrage list.

The study of Scientific farming is the greatest lesson our people can learn. When you farm, farm with system and know why you do your work a certain way.

The only difference in men's and women's clothes is mens clothes are in style as long as they are wearable, womens clothes are wearable as long as they are in style.

Woe be unto Turkey. All of Europe is fighting Turkey and about the 25th of this month there will be several million turkeys slain in the United States.

It is very difficult for the Turks to distinguish the English from the Americans so they say. But bet your life that if they will just test them to a little fight they can soon distinguish them.

Great Britain it seems will never get over that idea that they should be master of the United States. They are again at their old tricks of 1812, stopping and searching American vessels bound for other countries. Seems to us that they should learn after a while that the United States is a free country.

The great world war is costing Europe millions of dollars every day. Report say that it has already cost the Southern States near five hundred million dollars now will some expert mathematician tell us how long it will take to bankrupt the world.

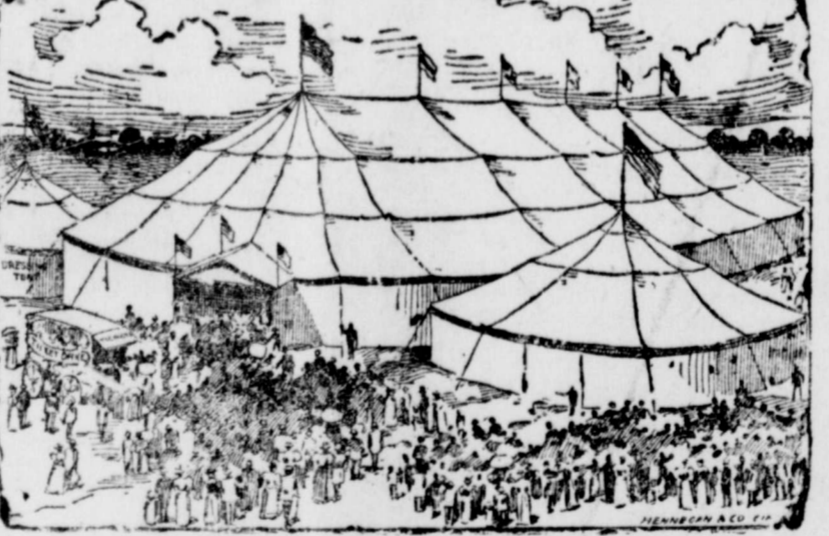
Only six states in the Union that now have not compulsory education law and Texas is one of the six. It is claimed to greatly assist the educational features of any state. No person has a right to keep their children out of school.

The crime of negligence in the past has been shamefully ignored in Miami but we trust that it will be more seriously considered in the future. When you or your children get sick especially with contagious diseases, stay at home, don't scatter the disease among all your friends and neighbors and maybe cause sickness and death among your friends, just to go to a show, after the mail or some unnecessary thing. If sick, stay at home.

J. W. Crudgington, state representative from Amarillo, advocates the establishment of a state penitentiary and asylum in the Panhandle on account of the splendid climate. The present institutions are crowded to the limit and more institutions must be provided for, so why not in the Panhandle where the climate would be an uplift to the evil doer and help bring the mental sufferer back to his normal state or mind?

COMING

Burks big Ten Nights in a Bar Room Company
 A Mammoth Entertainment Enterprise



Under a Palace pavilion theatre
 A Grand Spectacular Production.

More men women and children and more horses, more ponies, more dogs than any other similar production in the world.

Its pre-eminence over all others conceded
A BIG CONCERT BAND AND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Watch for the big Free Street Parade.
Under Water proof canvas, rain or shine

Will Exhibit at
Miami

Saturday Night, Nov. 21st.

THE Miami Mercantile Co.
 Is a new institution in the town and we hope to come to you, not as strangers, for we are not. Our aim is to give you more goods and better goods for less money. We have capitalized with a sufficiently large paid up capital stock to at all times buy for cash and in large quantities and will thus be enabled to sell groceries for a little less. We guarantee you good clean merchandise and courteous treatment, and earnestly solicit a liberal share of your grocery trade.
WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

Educate For Business
 Improve yourself by studying bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, commercial law, business correspondence, penmanship, etc. These are the real bread winning branches of education nowadays. Fall term begins September the first. Write for catalogue.
Cranghons Business College
 C. H. WEAVER, Manager. Amarillo, Texas.

Automobile Service
 To Mobeetic and Other Points, or Trips About the Country.
 DAILY MAIL LINE
 Between Miami and Mobeetic
 For Either of the Above See
S. E. FITZGERALD
 Proprietor
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable
 Miami - - Texas.

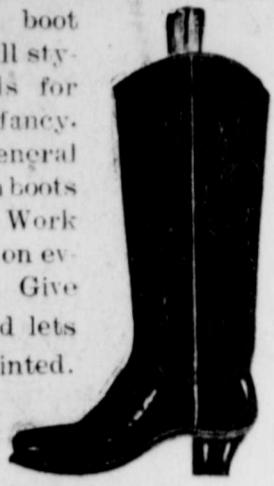
EXCURSION RATE
 All year round trip tourists tickets to all important cities in the United States and Canada. Ask for rates and routes.
 F. S. BARRON, Agent.

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE,
DRUGS and MEDICINES, Toilet articles, Etc
 — C. S. SEIBER, Prop—
JEWELER and WATCH REPAIRER
 Miami - - Texas.

Cureosity Seekers
 Will find something to attract their attention at the new store in Miami. It will be a complete business establishment and will be opened sometime first of next week. We will have something for the old and young, fat and lean, long and short, rich and poor and all other classes. Watch for the name and opening date next week. Located in the Phillpot building. Something new for everybody.
A. L. Muncy, Prop.

Boot & Shoe Maker.

I am now prepared to give you the very best in a genuine good Shopmade boot or shoe. All styles and kinds for your own fancy. Also do general repairing on boots and shoes. Work guaranteed on everything. Give me a call and lets get acquainted.



MAIL ORDERS

Given prompt and careful attention. Shop across street from Wagon yard. Come In.

ALBERT WILDE

Miami, Texas.

Cash Notice

Our terms cash 30 days only. Ten percent charged on past due accounts. Don't ask us for credit when your account is past due. Read and study verse below.

You owe us
We owe others
You pay us
We pay others.
Promises don't pay bills.
This means what it says
And says what it means.
Respectfully.

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

FOR SALE

Some nice Big Type Poland China Hogs, see or write.
H. A. Nelson,
Miami, Texas.

NO HUNTING

My lands are all posted and no hunting or trespassing will be allowed.
14 4tp. J. A. Meade.

THIS

Is to notify that all parties that have notes and accounts due the Panhandle Lumber Company, that they must positively be paid before the first of December.
Panhandle Lbr. Co.

FOR SALE

A \$350. H-D Motorcycle at a sacrifice price. Write quickly Address Box 484, Canadian, 14 2t. Texas.

HUNTING NOTICE

My lands are all posted and no hunting or trespassing will be allowed.
14 4tp. C. Coffee

I own section 55 Block A-4 land in Wheeler county, Texas five miles north of county seat. About two thirds of it susceptible of cultivation. Will sell for \$10. per acre, \$3,250. cash balance ten years time interest 6 per cent, payable annually. Running water across one corner, never dry. This proposition is open until January 1, 1915. Your correspondence solicited.

L. C. Barrot,
Amarillo, Texas.
Box 35.

Any one wanting dray work call W. F. Patton, Phone 67.

NOTICE

Coffee & Company have turned their accounts over to me for collection and I will be glad to have all owing them to call at the store and settle at once.
17 4tp. J.M. Smith

WHEN YOU

Stay all night in town, get a clean comfortable room at the
CAP ROCK

Dr. Shelton reports the arrival of a son at the Henry Anderson home Monday evening. Henry will likely put the youngster to clerking in the Locke store while he retires from the business ranks of our city.

WINTER SHOE SALE

Our Big stock of Fall and winter shoes have just arrived and are being placed on the shelves today. Remember that they are a line of shoes that are absolutely all leather, real leather. Easy wearing and a lasting shoe. The famous PETERS line. And the price, JUST LOOK.



Peters children shoes in sizes 2 to 8, a real leather shoe that gives good wear, patent and plain leather. A real good shoe, price \$1.25 to \$2.35

Boys and girls shoes in a suitable line for everyday or Sunday wear. Patent leather, gun metal, will not rip. All sizes. Price \$1.75 to \$2.00

Our Peters Classic ladies shoes, satin top, patent and vici, Cuban heel, plain toe, very latest. Size 3 to 6. Good value at \$3.25 to \$3.75

Mens 18 Carrat, Diamond Special and Cascade shoes conform to every law of foot case, will give satisfaction to the most precise. Black, tan, vici, gun medal. A real good shoe at a BIG BARGAIN, Price, \$3.25 to \$4.00

Mens Goodfeeler and Comfort work shoes are the best line ever shown in town at anything near my price. All sizes. Good easy, lasting shoes for the small price of \$3.25 to \$3.50

Don't fail to inspect this remarkable line of shoes. Every shoe on the shelf is a bargain. Peters Shoes are the standard of perfection. Give them just one trial.

J. R. Webster

"Best Place on Earth to buy Groceries"

YOU GET THE BEST

CORN CHOPS, Corn, Cold Pressed Cake, Mill run Bran, Kaffir and Maize Head Chops and Hay. New Corn Meal and Custom Grinding AT

Christopher Bros Mill. MIAMI TEXAS

Mrs. Harve Patton is in the city today.

Pete Mayfield visited at the O. C. Elliot home last evening.

O. C. Elliot is at the ranch to day on business.

Farist Quarrels stepped into the office this evening, we dont know how he got here, but we're glad to see him. He has been to Ft. Worth on business.

M. Husselby, wife and daughter, Miss Isabel of Wheeler county passed through Miami last evening enroute to Canyon.

Locke Bros, and Stribling received a car load of new Fords this week.

J. M. Smith moved to town last week into his new residence recently completed. He has placed his children in school.

Mrs. Wm. Goffnant and sister, Miss Eunice Herd of Memphis spent a few days in the city this week.

While coming from Amarillo onday evening Clarence Locke and Ed Lard had a collision with a wagon and the Ford came out badly crippled. No one was hurt.

At Phillpots. ELEVATOR

You will find Chick en feed, wheat, mill run, brand, Oats, shorts, maize, kaffir and fetrita seed, a good line of feed.

The best Coal that can be had, and an assortment of posts. Call and see us and our prices will sell you the stuff.

Good supply big German Millet Seed

J. W. PHILPOTT

Mrs. Frank Wier of Globe Ariz. came in this week and will make a visit at the Cleve Coffee home.

Sunday evening John Graham had a collision with a buggy and his car. No damage was done but the breaking of the buggy shafts.

Dr. Gunn had a small water work system put in at his residence last week.

The City dads have recently put a large number of hitching posts on east Broadway for the accomodation of the people who come to town. A large string of pots have been put down.

Watch the Chief every week for new ordinances. Remember that they only have to be published once. There may not be new ones every week, but the Chief will have all new ordinances as they are published.

Elder Young conducted a series of sermons at the Church of Christ this week. The attendance small and the sermons splendid.

Lee Newman, Leo Fitzgerald and Misses Wilmyrth Dial and Rhoda Rees motored to Pampa Saturday evening.

The H. Hood Family left last week for Bayside where they will spend the winter. Mr. Hood states that they will be back to Miami in the spring.

R. D. Dunnivan was in the city Saturday getting lumber to build new hog houses. Mr. Dunnivan has quite a nice bunch of hogs and is preparing for the winter. He also has 400 acres of wheat up and looking fine.

An entertainment and box supper will be given at the Edge School house thanksgiving night. The program will begin at 7:30 sharp. Everyone cordially invited to come and bring well filled boxes.

Mr. and Mrs. McDougle and Miss Wiggins of Headley were here the latter part of last week visiting at the J. W. Whatley home.

Judgs T. M. Cunningham went to Amarillo Tuesday where he met Mrs. Cunningham who returned from a few months visit to San Antonio.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church met at the home of Mrs. S. E. Fitzgerald yesterday afternoon at 3:00. There was thirteen present and one visitor (?). After business they resumed last weeks work and departed at an later hour.

Mrs. Jim Johnson and Rev. J. W. Whatley attended Tom Hoover's funeral in Canadian today.

John Dodson, W. Coffee and Thos O'Loughlin purchased 300 head of 2yr. old heifers of J. B. Bowers of Pampa.

Chas. Christopher made the round trip to Mobeetie and over that part of the country Monday. He was hauling J. W. Philpott and a broom corn buyer who bought some corn.

It is now time of the year to drain the water out of your automobile. A cold spell may come up while you sleep and in an hour do \$30. or \$40. worth of damage.

B. M. Darrett and family came to Miami this week where they expect to make their home. Mr. Durrett says that he will likely buy a home here.



In General Dry Goods

We are Unusually well prepared to handle that FALL BILL you intend to buy. We are "Lined up" and ready for you. Let us suggest the following. ALL Bargains.

Ladies and Misses Coats.
Mens and boys suits, \$5 to \$17
Blankets - \$1 to \$5.00
Hosiery, all sizes and prices.
Shoes, a shoe for every foot.
A pair for every person.
Everything worth the money.

DRESS GOODS
Calicos and percales.
Ginghams
Cotton Suiting
Galata, Serges
Poplin
Silks

We are anxious to show you some real bargains, and that you do not have to send away for your supplies.

Let Us Serve You S. C. Osborne & Co. The Cash Store

Eugene Shakelton and Chas. Barrett of Pampa transacted business in our city Monday.

Womens Missionary Society met at the church Wednesday afternoon for its regular Mission study. We had 10 present and a very interesting program was carried out as it was taken from the Missionary Voice. Next meeting will be social service and will meet with Mrs. Locke. Let every member be present for this Thanksgiving service.

Two or three boys had a crap game Sunday night by a campfire and at about the time the game got the most interesting, Sheriff Hardin and Deputy Hockett appeared on the scene and the participants proceeded to swell the fund of Roberts County about ten each.

ADULT WOMENS CLASS

It was decided last Sunday in the Baptist S. S. to organize an Adult Womens Class. Officers for this class to be elected next Sunday. if you are not already a member of such a class, we heartily invite you to join. We hope to arrange for a home department for the benefit of those who cannot attend S.S.

A beautiful afternoon, a gracious hostess and a very interesting mission lesson made the meeting of the Ladies Aid one of much pleasure at the home of Mrs. A. M. Jones. The following program was carried out with Mrs. Jones as Leader: Scripture lesson Mrs. Jones. Vocal trio Mesdames Rhodos, Jones and Wells Prayer. The call of Cuba, Mrs. Graham, the people and country Mrs. Weckesser. Southern Baptists Mrs. Dread Lee. How missions are established Mrs. Kinney, work of a missionary pastor, Mrs. Wells. How our workers win confidence Mrs. J. Wells, the worth of our sacred songs Mrs. Rees, life of Miss Emma Amos Mrs. Philpott. Piano solo, Mrs. Rees. 11 members present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Muncy have moved here from Lubbock and will open a new business in our city next week.

FOR SALE

One good used piano like new. Price \$125. takes it.
Piano Reed.



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

Over The Plains

Miss Callie Gates and Earl Bowers of Mobeetie were married Tuesday of last week.

By request Chas. W. Hamilton has given up his lease on the Glazier Review. Miss Farrel says she will continue the paper herself for a while.

The New York Sympathy Orchestra is to play the Messiah with the Amarillo and Canyon Coral Clubs next May.

All public schools have been closed for 2 weeks at Quannah on account of tonsillitis.

On November 28 Higgins will vote whether or no pool halls will be allowed in their city.

Concrete blocks are ready for the new Baptist Church at Pampa and erection will begin soon.

The retail business men of plainview have organized a Retailers Association and will keep each other posted on the rating of everyone in their country.

Mrs. Tom Parks died last week near Canadian. Rev. Taylor of Canadian preached the funeral.

Calvin West and Miss Williams were married last week at Wheeler. Both prominent young people of that place.

We note all our exchanges report their crops of wheat in fine condition and that prospects are fine all over the plains, seems as though we will have a large crop next year.

Miami Council No. 1783

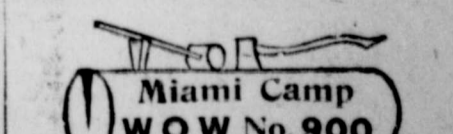
Knights & Ladies SECURITY

Meet on Every 4th Monday night.
G. C. FITZGERALD, President
Mrs W. R. EWING, Financeer.



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

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



Meets 4th Saturday night of each month.

Ed Humphrie, C. C.
A.R. Trowbridge, Clerk.

Thanksgiving

"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN"



PHOTO BY FRANK FOURNIER

When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyooock and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineas and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoos on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Old Time Spirit of Thanksgiving

THE old-time spirit of Thanksgiving. "Ah, those were good old days!" This, with reminiscent sadness. If there was not a lurking sentiment for the splendor of good-fellowship, for the charm of simplicity and the peace that comes from a contented heart, that marked the old-time Thanksgiving, there would be no regret for the good old days that are gone. But why can't they be conjured back again that we might cherish the generous spirit of that household festival?

It is the character of the day that we would have back again—the aftermath of the harvest, with its spirit of joyousness, the bounteous feast gathering together the family, making sacred the beauty of home ties.

In old New England a bustle of preparation began long before the appointed day. The turkey, strutting in haughty disregard of his fate, was watched with furtive eyes and fed with liberal care. The pumpkins were gathered and lay with faces upturned to the sun. Vegetables, fruits, nuts, raisins and citron were heaped in plenty upon the pantry shelf. And within, the house was aglow in joyful anticipation of the coming guests—a true hospitality, not so elaborate as it was bountiful and not so luxurious as it was beautiful, but replete with a rare kindness and grace.

And when the feast was over, and the long afternoon of sport and games was spent, and the shadows of evening closed round, the great assemblage crowded about the huge fireplace. How gaily the popcorn sputtered, how clear was the cider passed round! Hearts overflowing with jollity and gratitude burst into song:

Ah, on Thanksgiving day, when from east and from west,

From north and from south, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board,
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-worn man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
This was the spirit of old-time Thanksgiving.

STUCK UP



Gee! Ain't he proud? Seems like he knows he's goin' to be et by our minister tomorrow!

TRUE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

Thanksgiving Should Find Its Best Expression in the Doing of Some Kindly Act.

To limit reasons for thankfulness to mere material abundance, to national

and individual prosperity, as so often implied, is to overlook the greater causes of gratitude. Every now and then pathetic instances bring out the heartfelt expression that "if one has health he has everything." Position and possessions count for little compared to the simple retention of health. So, if a man or woman today, unblest by possession of the wealth or prosperity they think they ought to have, will ponder upon the blessing of health or upon the preservation of the lives and health of those near and dear to them throughout the year they must find deeper cause for thanksgiving than any mere increment in material things. This is the true reverence, the genuine spirit of thanksgiving.

But in expressing this spirit in thanksgiving services, in gladness and feasting, it must not be forgotten that the true thanksgiving must come from the heart, and will find its fullest expression in kindly act, in consideration of those less fortunate and in assisting to make others equally thankful. The thankfulness that is limited to self is ungracious and unworthy.

Yet even in temporal affairs the nation as a whole has cause for gratitude. No country has been more blessed with abundance of crops. Industrial and commercial conditions are normal. We have been spared from any great disasters. As a nation we are at peace with the world. The census shows a splendid growth. We face the future not only with confidence but enthusiasm.

First American Thanksgiving.

We have come to look upon Thanksgiving day as one of feasting and pleasure. It may differ from that of our grandfathers, but it's not so very far from the customs of the pilgrim fathers who first instituted the custom in New England. Did you ever have an account of the first American thanksgiving? The Puritans were accustomed to somber religious observances, but the spirit of a new world began to change the method of giving thanks. The transition was gradual, but occasionally the unexpected was thrust upon them in a very positive way.

Thanksgiving in the South.

Until the middle of the past century Thanksgiving was practically unknown in the South. In Virginia the first Thanksgiving proclamation was issued by Governor Wise in 1857.

DICK'S PARTNER

By Mrs. George E. Pickett

(Copyright by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THERE was snow on the peaks and the wind swept down the slopes and skurried wildly through the canyon.

The train pulled out from the little mountain station and left a passenger who stood on the platform looking over at the southwestern range as if dropped suddenly from another planet into an unknown life which presented puzzles of bewildering character.

"Be you Miss Lyleford?"

The girl looked attentively at the shaggy face as if with a view of classifying it and assigning it a place in the vast museum of human nature before admitting her identity.

"I am. You, I suppose, are Mr. Mawyer?"

"Yes; I'm Dick's pard."

Miss Lyleford extended her hand to him, while a smile lit up her face brilliantly.

"I am deeply indebted to Dick's pard," she said.

"No; it's t'other way 'round. I'm owin' you for a sight o' things; more particularly Dick's life."

She clasped her hands and a look of anxiety replaced the smile with which she had greeted him.

"He will get well?"

"Sure—now. The sight o' you'd call back a man what had already staked his claim in t'other world and filed his application with the land office yonder. He wouldn't want no land patent when he could take out the patent for the happiness o' jest lookin' at you."

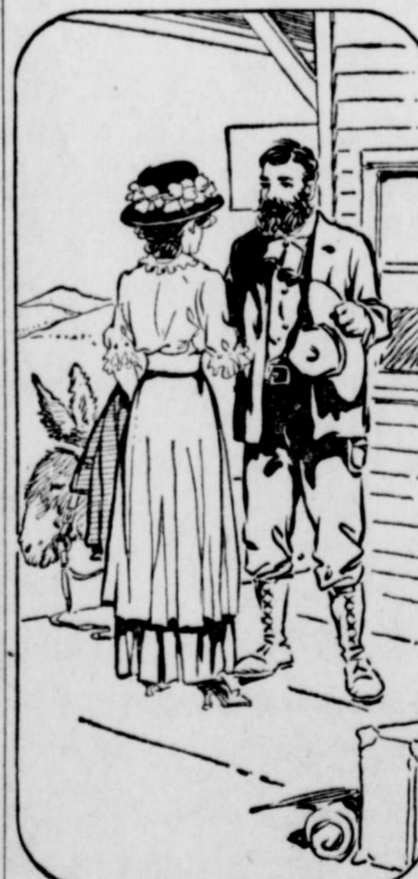
The winning smile came back and dimpled her cheeks and filled each curve of her face with ripples of light.

"A girl what can make sunshine out o' all the clouds around her can take the grumps out o' any man," thought "Dick's pard," looking at her admiringly.

"Now, miss, we'd better mosey," he said, "fer it's gittin' dark and the road 'long to our place isn't jist the path I'd recommend a delicate young lady to take when she wanted a constitutional to brace up a run down system. You ain't skeered o' most things, are ye?"

"I don't think so."

"No, I should think if a river of fire and brimston was here and somebody



"I Am Deeply Indebted to Dick's Pard," She Said.

you wanted to see was over yonder you'd go to that person."

"Possibly."

"Then you won't mind a little run like this. You see, we haven't any railroad to our mine. Sometime we'll have, when the workin's is more forwarder and we're a takin' the rocks out by tons. But it takes a time and while we're peggin' away we've got to git across the mountains the best we can, and that's burro train."

The expositor of mountain travel gave a peculiar cluck, what he called

a "wink of his voice," and his own personally conducted train drew up beside him. Daisy Lyleford looked curiously at the strange little beast, with its pathetic expression of unvarying patience and strict devotion to duty.

"I never had a pass over this route," she said.

"You won't find it such bad goin', though it isn't ecal to the lightnin' express for speed. It gets there jist the same and lays over the express in the matter o' landin' you most generally in one piece."

He assisted Miss Lyleford to mount the palfrey of the hills and the journey was begun, the miner leading the burro along a narrow winding path that ran across the foothills and along the edge of the canyon that opened darkly into the heart of the range. The sun went suddenly behind the mountains and night closed down early here while yet it was day in the valley. Over in the southwest flashes of lightning gleamed across the purple heights and thunder rolled faintly up the canyon.

"You must not be afraid of our mountain storms. They don't amount

to much, 'cept to look pretty. An' this little cuss will take you safe as a rockin' boss."

She smiled up at the rugged, kindly face that was dimly visible by the flashes of light.

"I shall not be afraid of anything with you to take care of me. I remember how good you were to Dick."

"Sho, now! I didn't do anything for him. He was mighty good to me when I hit the slag pile; that is, when I was down on my luck, you know."

"I know what you did," she said, softly, and her voice was like a strain of music across the wind that drifted down from the mountain. "He told me how you were his friend when he first came to the mines, a tenderfoot," he called it, and how you "knocked out" Big Stoker when he tried to play pranks on him. Then he told me about the time you went prospecting together on the west slope. It seems to me that I have gone over that trail scores of times. I have felt the desert sun blaze down on me till every drop of blood in my veins turned to fire."

"And then the climb away up the mountain, stumbling over rocks and slipping on smooth slides and scaling almost vertical slopes, and then the top, shivering in the cold, freezing in the sharp winds."

"It is a little coldishlike nights, waitin' fer the sun to rise; but, lordy! ain't it a fine sight when she does git up? It kind o' pays fer settin' 'round on top o' the hill tryin' to keep warm by a brush fire that goes out mos' as soon as it kindles."

"Then that time Dick slipped on a glare of ice and fell down the side of the mountain into a crevice, and you crawled down and found him there hurt so that he could not move, and you put your own coat around him to keep him warm and sat against the wind to shelter him from it. You set his broken ankle and nursed him through all the days that he was helpless, watching him day and night. You scarcely ate anything in all the time that Dick could not be moved, lest the food that you had brought for the journey should give out and Dick might suffer. Then, when he was able to bear the motion, you carried him in your arms down to the plain and to the little station and took care of him till he was well."

"Sho, now! Did Dick tell you all that stuff?"

"He would have died that time if it had not been for you."

"That's nothin' fer a man to do."

"I think it is a great thing for a man to do. It shows friendship, and I think that is not a common thing in life."

"I shall love it. I never saw a tent before. It will be such a novel experience to live in one."

"That is his tent that has the light in it. Away over there, where the clouds have divided and there is a big, white star shining down onto it."

"They fixed their gaze on the white tent and silence fell upon them until they had reached the little cluster of tents and Daisy's escort led her to the one next that on which the white star shone."

"This is yours next to his. Bill's taking care of Dick. Do you see the pink light in the window? That means he is better. I told Bill to put that light in the window if he was so that you might see it."

She stood for a moment in the doorway and looked over toward the east, where Thanksgiving day would dawn in a few hours. How full of gladness was the deep, dark night.

O PUMPKIN PIE

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

O pumpkin pie! Athwart thy face
A hundred fancies may I trace!
I see the glint of summer sun,
And twilight, when the day is done;
The sober peace of m'ning cows
Who in the meadow grasses browse;
The radiant glory of the morn
That sweeps across the nodding corn.
A thousand happy fancies start
When thou art nesting near my heart.

O pumpkin pie! I hear the breeze
That whispered in the maple trees;
I see the swaying fields of wheat,
And hear the birdsongs, clear and sweet;
And, low across the land at night,
I catch the ballad of delight—
The chant the cricket sings in glee;
And summer comes again to me.
O pumpkin pie! Thus dost thou cast
Thy joyous glamour o'er the past.

O pumpkin pie! Within thy breast
These gladsome summer fancies rest;
The golden sunshine and the dew
Have paid their tribute through and through.
The song the lark trilled in the air
Within thy form is echoed there;
For all these things of joy to me
Were caught and firmly held by thee.
O pumpkin pie! For all thou didst
I welcome thee unto my midst!

(Copyright by Wilbur D. Nesbit)

"Dick's my pardner," he said, quietly.
Miss Lyleford had heard men say
"he is my brother" with less of the
finality of self-surrender that was expressed in the simple statement of the relationship of this miner with his friend. She heard a soldier say once
"He is my comrade," with something of the deep, soft, earnest intonation of her escort.

A note in the sound of her voice reminded him of a voice he used to know away back in the years—his boyhood years—when he used to play with a girl in the schoolhouse yard.

That voice had drifted away in silence long ago and he had not thought of it for years, except sometimes when he lay awake nights and heard a soft wind sweep through the pine trees. To his ear the wind had an undertone of sadness, as if it might have drifted over a grave.

A blaze of lightning lit up the mountain pathway. From the narrow ledge that wound around a steep wall of rock the girl looked down into the depths of a canyon that seemed to open into the heart of the earth.

"Balaam will take you safe through, no matter how shaky it looks."

She looked up into the kindly, reassuring face, and smiled confidently.

"I am not afraid; but it all seems so strange and so beautiful, and awful. It is uplifted so far above the world that I do not seem to belong to earth any more. I wonder how the people who are used to such scenes feel, and if they are not larger and grander than we who live on the common levels."

"I s'pose most folks are about the same old bad pennies, no matter where they live nor what they look at."

"How do you know about me so far away?"

"Dick had told me where he come from, and then, when he was out o' his head, he talked about you, and I thought mebbe you lived back where he did. He didn't talk about anybody else, and I thought mebbe you might be all he had, and then I sent the telegram hoping you might get it and come."

"You and I are all he has, and we will save him."

The man lifted his face up toward the dark sky.

"Yes, please God, we'll save him."

They had left the narrow defile and were on a high plateau.

"There is Tent Town just before us. That is our camp. We have no houses yet. Will you mind staying in a tent?"

"I shall love it. I never saw a tent before. It will be such a novel experience to live in one."

"That is his tent that has the light in it. Away over there, where the clouds have divided and there is a big, white star shining down onto it."

"They fixed their gaze on the white tent and silence fell upon them until they had reached the little cluster of tents and Daisy's escort led her to the one next that on which the white star shone."

"This is yours next to his. Bill's taking care of Dick. Do you see the pink light in the window? That means he is better. I told Bill to put that light in the window if he was so that you might see it."

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ENGLISH WOMEN AS MOUNTED NURSES



Woman riders of Great Britain have organized the Women's First Aid Nursing Yeomanry corps to help the fighters in the field. The photograph shows some of the members of the corps riding across open country.

RUSSIANS PRAYING BEFORE FIGHTING



Officers of the famous Preobrazhensky regiment of the Russian army kneeling in prayer for the divine blessing before going into action.

LOADING A FRENCH GUN WITH A CRANE



So heavy are the shells fired by some of the French field pieces that they have to be loaded into the gun by means of a crane, which is a part of the equipment of the great engine of death. The gun is set in what is known as a well and the gun carriage works on wheels so that the recoil carries it backward on a smooth platform.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES S. WHITMAN



Charles S. Whitman, the governor-elect of New York, and Mrs. Whitman, photographed at Lakewood, N. J., where they went to recuperate after their successful campaign.

EMPRESS EUGENIE AS NURSE

Uses Her Home as Hospital and Personally Supervises Care of Officers.

London.—Although the Empress Eugenie is almost 80 years old, she is taking the greatest interest in the war and has set aside an entire wing of her house at Farnborough Hill for the use of wounded officers. Several injured officers are now recuperating there and their aged hostess personally supervises their care.

Her estate is near the great camp at Aldershot, which King George and Queen Mary visit frequently. Practically all of Empress Eugenie's men servants have joined the army in France. Nevertheless, she entertains many of the distinguished military

men who visit Aldershot, apologizing for her plain fare and explaining that her cooks have more important work now than preparing food for an aged empress and her guests.

Britain Increases Pensions.

London.—A white paper will be issued announcing a substantial increase in the pensions for disabled soldiers, which has been asked. The weekly, which has been asked. The childless widow will receive 7s 6d weekly and may qualify for an old age pension. The additional pension for a first child is 5s weekly and a half-crown for the next and onward three. For the fifth child and onward 2s each is allowed weekly. Thus a widow with five children would get 22s each week.

DRIVER OSBORNE



Driver Osborne of L battery, Royal Horse artillery, is likely to receive the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery. The battery was surprised by the Germans, every officer and most of the men were killed or wounded, and all but one of the guns put out of action. Osborne and two others stuck by the remaining gun and silenced the German pieces one by one until finally the enemy retreated.

COLONEL BRODGES



Colonel Brodges of the British army has been highly praised for his bravery in action, has been decorated by the French government with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and is slated to receive the Victoria Cross and the Distinguished Service order.

When the name of a new town that's spelled chiefly with consonants bobs up in the press dispatches, what can a harassed telegraph editor do but shut his eyes and hope for the best?

BLIZZARDS STOP FIERCE FIGHTING IN NORTH FRANCE

Neither Germans Nor Allies Make Advance in West Flanders During the Month.

WINTER IN POLAND

Snow Covers Plains and Mountains Where Russians Struggle With Teutonic Allies for Border Fortifications.

(Summary of Events.)

After four weeks of most desperate fighting there is a lull in the battle in Flanders. With this lull, however, has come little relief for the men in the trenches, as the artillery and rifle fire, to which they have been subjected with hardly any intermission, has been replaced by one of those storms which so often accompany November in this latitude.

In some parts of England the storm has reached the proportions of a blizzard; on the sea a heavy gale rages and the battle fields are getting their full share of wind and rain.

German Attacks All Repulsed.

For the most part the opposing armies have been content to shell each other at long range, but the Germans have made several attacks around Ypres, which, according to the French general staff, have been repulsed with heavy losses. Despite these losses it is not believed that the Germans have any intention of giving up their attempt to reach the French coast, and the Allies are making elaborate preparations to block any further advance in force.

Extensive defense works have been erected along the Yser Canal and the French armies are holding that line from the Belgian border south to the River Oise and pushing forward approach works which place them in a better position for either defense or offense.

Germans Cross the Yser.

The Germans have crossed the Yser river, according to the admission in the latest Paris official communication, and although the invaders occupy only a few hundred yards on the left bank of the stubbornly contested river, the allies can not be indifferent to this gain and desperate efforts will be made to drive back the slight wedge.

Both are Satisfied.

Each side expresses satisfaction with the progress of the war in France. Berlin says that the attacks of the Allies have been repulsed, and that their own attack is making headway; while in London and Paris it is felt that so long as the Allies can hold the line of the canal from Nieupoort to Ypres their position is a strong one.

In France, from the northwest to the southeast, there have been engagements of lesser importance, in which, according to the French report, General Joffre's armies have succeeded in gaining ground and strengthening their positions. The Germans continue to destroy bridges and railways in Belgium, but with what object remains a secret. It is believed, however, that they are making preparations to winter in that country, and they are taking every step to prevent their plans from becoming known to their enemies.

No End in Sight in Belgium.

The battle in Flanders is as far as ever from a decision, according to the official communications and judging from stories told by eye witnesses arriving from the battle front.

MARIE JOORSTENS



Among the heroic figures of the war in Europe is pretty Marie Joorstens, the telephone operator of Louvain who refused to leave her switchboard while that city was being bombarded by the Germans until she was finally driven away by the rain of shot and shell.

Berlin Hears Good News.

Great significance is attached in Berlin to last official reports from the west, which say "good advances" have been made in the region of the Argonne. This is the first time that expression has been used concerning the fighting in that district.

Winter Now in East Prussia.

In the eastern arena of war winter has set in and the mountains where the troops are facing each other are now covered with snow.

The Russians, continuing their enveloping movement around East Prussia, have entered Rypin, which is west of Soldau and on the road to Thorn; so that they have almost surrounded Emperor William's north-eastern and favorite province.

Just south of Rypin, however, the Germans have taken the offensive from Thorn and claim to have inflicted a defeat on the Russians near Wloclawek, on the Vistula river.

Check the Retreat.

Military observers say the Germans apparently have checked their retreat in Poland and by counter attacks are endeavoring to create a diversion. They say, however, that the Russians are not to be turned from their plan, which is believed to be an attack on Danzig.

Russian Advance Continues.

Five great Russian armies continue to roll forward in advances into East Prussia and Galicia.

With the occupation of Johannsburg, the Russian forces got the key to the railway lines along the border from Stalluponen, through Lyck, with Johannsburg as the southern terminal. In Galicia the investment of Przemysl has been resumed with the Russian army encircling the fortress on three sides. The southernmost point is at Turka, with the line stretching north-east and then around to Rzeszow, to the west of Przemysl.

The army approaching Craeow from Poland is now declared to be at the outer defenses. The official statements place the main body of this force within twenty to twenty-five miles of the city.

Vienna Admits Setback.

Vienna admits the Austrians have evacuated Eastern Galicia, but as an offset to this, says the Servian resistance has been broken and the Austrians have crossed the Danube, driving the Servians back into their own country. Vienna also reports that the Austrians now have turned their attention to the Montenegrins and are endeavoring to force them back. According to a Montenegrin report they have failed. Accounts from this part of the world are so contradictory, however, that the only thing clear is that the Austrians, by sending up reinforcements, virtually have cleared their country of the enemy.

Trying to Crush Servians.

A dispatch from Berlin says the Austrian general staff has ordered an offensive movement with all possible force against the Servians in the hope of ending the Balkan phase of the war before winter sets in and so releasing further Austrian troops for service against the Russians.

Allies Take Turkish Forts.

The British admiralty announces the successes of operations against the Turkish garrison at Sheikh-Said, on the Strait of Bab-El-Mandeb, at the entrance of the Gulf of Aden, and of the occupation of the Turkish forts at Turba by Indian troops, assisted by the British cruiser, Duke of Edinburgh.

Rioting in Turkey.

It is learned that a conspiracy has broken out at Constantinople against the Germans and among the Turks. The chief conspirators were arrested and shot.

Civil War in Albania.

The town of Berat, Albania, has been pillaged and completely destroyed. Anarchy reigns at Aviona, Albania, and that region is a prey to civil war.

Turks Will Retaliate.

The commander of the Turkish forces at Beirut, in a formal note addressed to the American consul general, and intended for the British and French governments, declares that for every Musselman killed in the bombardment of any open and unfortified port, three British or French subjects will be immediately killed. The Turkish note says, moreover, that the commander declined to take the responsibility for any uprising against Christians, which might ensue from such a bombardment.

Marshal Roberts Dead.

British Field Marshal Earl Roberts is dead in France from pneumonia. Field Marshal Roberts, who was colonel in chief of the Indian troops, had gone to France to give them his greeting.

Try to Get Rumania In.

It is stated in Venice that Count Tisza, the Hungarian premier, has addressed letters to the Greek, Oriental and Rumanian archbishops promising political concessions to the Rumanians in Austria in return for Rumania's aid.

German Losses Now 509,000.

News dispatches say that the latest casualty lists published in Berlin bring the total of officers and men killed, wounded or missing up to 509,000. The list covers part of August, September and a few from October. One section alone carries 29,281 names.

Spy Put to Death.

It is officially announced that Carl Hans Lody, also known as Charles A. Inglis, who was found guilty by a court martial of espionage November 2, has been shot as a spy in London.

To Arouse A Lazy Liver

special attention must be paid to the Stomach and Bowels for they have a direct influence on each other. You will find it a good plan to take

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

for a few days to help Nature restore these organs to strength & healthy activity

AVOID SUBSTITUTES



CAR GOES 28.7 MILES ON GALLON OF GASOLINE

Red Crown Shows Remarkable Test.

Crowned by C. A. C. Committee.

Surprising results were obtained Tuesday in Chicago, when, in a distance test on the boulevards, a 1915 big six went 28.7 miles on a gallon of Red Crown gasoline. The test was made to demonstrate the fuel economy of high test gasoline, by the technical committee of the Chicago Automobile Club.

Red Crown gasoline, 58 test, was decided upon by the judges and drivers as the best gasoline to be used. All through the trip the clutch was not slipped, except when traffic congestion made it necessary. The dash adjustment on the carburetor was disconnected, and in order that the test be a fair one, the fan was in operation throughout the run.

Next came the acceleration test. With the carburetor adjustment the same as during the economy run, the car was driven from standing start to thirty miles an hour in 12 4/5 seconds. The flexibility test saw the car run at four miles an hour, then speeded up to forty-four.

The test proves that the six is not an excessive fuel consumer, where the best gasoline is used.

Trifling Mistake.

Mrs. Lane is a zealous and loyal wife, according to Harper's Magazine, and intends to avoid exaggeration, but she has a strong tendency in that direction.

"It is perfectly wonderful," she said to a patient friend, "to see the way Mr. Lane counts bills at the bank. I think they are so lucky to have him! He'll take a great pile of five and ten and twenty dollar bills and make his fingers fly just like lightning, and never make a mistake!"

"Never!" asked the friend, who knew Mrs. Lane's weakness, and could not forbear the question.

"Well—no—at least," stammered Mrs. Lane, "why, perhaps he might get five or ten cents out of the way, but not any more, ever."

His Line.

"What's his business?"
"He's a press agent."
"Oh; what make of press does he sell?"

DOCTOR KNEW Had Tried It Himself.

The doctor who has tried Postum knows that it is an easy, certain, and pleasant way out of the coffee habit and all of the ails following and he prescribes it for his patients as did a physician of Prospertown, N. J.

One of his patients says:
"During the summer just past I suffered terribly with a heavy feeling at the pit of my stomach and dizzy feelings in my head and then a blindness would come over my eyes so I would have to sit down. I would get so nervous I could hardly control my feelings."

"Finally I spoke to our family physician about it and he asked if I drank much coffee and mother told him that I did. He told me to immediately stop drinking coffee and drink Postum in its place, as he and his family had used Postum and found it a powerful re-builder and delicious food-drink."
"I hesitated for a time, disliking the idea of having to give up my coffee, but finally I got a package and found it to be all the doctor said."
"Since drinking Postum in place of coffee my dizziness, blindness and nervousness are all gone, my bowels are regular and I am well and strong. That is a short statement of what Postum has done for me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:
Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.
Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.


The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

"CASH COAL"
C. B. Cozart Grain Co.
 DEALERS IN
 Grain, Coal and Cotton Seed Cake
 We have put our Coal business on a strictly Cash basis and if you want to save money on your coal bill, come and trade with us
 30 DAYS CASH NO LONGER
W. H. RHODES, Mgr.
 Miami, Texas.

WAGON BOXES
 We Can make You a dandy good wagon Box at the Following prices,
28 INCH \$18.00
26 INCH \$16.50
 Complete and Guaranteed
ELLIOT
 The Blacksmith

HELPFUL HINTS
 For those Puzzled on
"What Car to Buy"
A FORD
 The Universal Car. The car that always Comes brck when it goes. Everymans car
An Overland
 The car for easy Riding, the car for room and pleasure, the Car for heavy roads and Hard pulling. Ask us for demonstration.
 AGENTS AND DISTRIBUTORS
Locke. Bros.
 The House of Quality

IT COST LESS
 To use good material than it does cheap material. That is why we buy good lumber, good shingles, post, wire, coal, and Dewy Portland Cement. Our prices are just what you will agree as being just a little less than others and our stock a little better
 Glass cut to fit any Opening
 A Pleasure to figure your Bills.

WHITE HOUSE LUMBER CO.
 THE BEST WINTES COAL IN TOWN.

North Plains
 Look out for a change in the weather!!!
 Mr. and Mrs. Price have gone to work for Mr. Bartholemew.
 Mrs. Seitz and children visited with her mother, Mrs. Elliot in Miami Saturday.
 Mr. Cowan and wife made the trip to Ochiltree, last week.
 L. C. Heare has been over on his Wheeler County farm the past few days.
 Geo. Seitz shipped a car load of hogs to Ft. Worth last Saturday.
 Mrs. Jones and children, Lee Newman and Harry Craig were visitors at S. S. Sunday.
 Quite a crowd went to Mr. Browns for singing Sunday night.
 An enjoyable Book card party was had last Saturday evening at the L. C. Heare home in honor of Miss Mable Westbrooks nineteenth birthday. Excellant music was furnishee by Mrs. Mc-Cuistian and Dora Dixon. After delicious refreshments were served the guests departed pronouncing Mrs. Heare an excellant hostess.


 If you want to get water all the time-in low winds and high winds the year around-put a Sampson Mill over your well. They are strong fellows and they do business all the time. Made in sizes 6 ft. to 20 ft.
 See D. K. Hickman, Miami or write us direct for catalogue and prices.
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 Wagon tanks, stock Tanks, Storage Tanks, made from the heaviest COF RUGATED Steel. The best and cheapest in all styles and sizes.
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Green Lake Items
 J. E. Seltz and wife visited in Pampa Saturday.
 Bert Lard and Shorty Haskell were out in the Green Lake country Saturday.
 Walter Davis and the boys were out to the Place Saturday.
 Erve Black and Mrs. Pursley went to Miami Friday.
 George Cooper and Tom Pursley went to Miami Sunday.
 Homer Allen and Sam Ledam went to Miami Saturday.
 Mike Cornett and Henry Shelton is south of Pampa putting in wheat.
 Frank Pursley and Windom Allen were visitors of Mrs. Pursley Sunday.
 Claude Ledrick, wife and mother spent Sunday with Mrs Pursley.
 Erve Black is on the sick list this week.
 Willie Christopher and family went to Miami Sunday.
 Mrs. Claude Carr is out visiting her brother, Mr. Hoskins this week.

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

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Taken From "Iowa Homestead" Farm paper Of Jund18, Durability of wooden Silos
 "In May 1894 erected a wooden stave silo in the place of a stone silo which was giving poor results. The stone seemed to cause a great spoiling of silage. The next year I put another stave silo and the two silos are standing to day, and are in good condition. They have been filled every year and in some cases have been carried over for summer silage. This makes the stave silos TWENTY and Twenty One years old. The hoops have been tightened only once during all this time and there has not been any need for replacing staves or any parts. I see no reason why these silos should not last 15 or 20 years longer. The cement base of these silos have been acted on by the acid until they are weak and chalky. I find the latter did whether in buttermilk or silage works on cement. For this reason we find it necessary to replace the cement floors in our dairies every few years.
 The above by T. L. Hicker of the Minnesota Experiment station will interest not only to those who have stave silos but to those who are contemplating building in the near future.
 For further information see
Homer Tolbert, Agt. Indiana Silo
 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
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 A Complete line of evervthing good to eat, all Fresh and the very best. Particular goods for particular people.
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 Attorney-at-Law
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 MIAMI, TEXAS

School Notes
 Clarice Wren was up to chapel Friday.
 Grace Lard visited the senior room Tuesday afternoon.
 The senior class is studying Shakespear's Othello.
 There will be a debate in the senior room on Friday, Nov. 20 on, Resolved that full suffrage should be extended the women of Texas.
 Affirmative: Girls.
 Negative: Boys.
 School will close on Wed. Dec. 16 for Christmas vacation.
 The Miami foot ball team will play Canadian on Thanksgiving dry at Canadian.
WANTED STOCK TO WINTER
 Plenty of rough feed, water and grass, are prepared to winter either horses and cattle see 13. E. Willie or C. P. Christopher

BURKS
 Big "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" show will be in Miami Saturday night Nov. 21 under a water proof tent. The Show is strictly moral and promises a fine entertainment. Big street parade at noon and the show in the evening. Worth your time and money.
FOR SALE
 Standard high grade almost new piano at a Bargain, Address box 35 Miami Texas.
NO HUNTING
 My lands are all posted and no hunting or tresspassing will be allowed.
 16 4tp. tf **Ray Morrison**

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 Write Mrs. R. L. Course
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 A bran new \$450 piano for \$250 See Walter Cook at Moons store.
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