

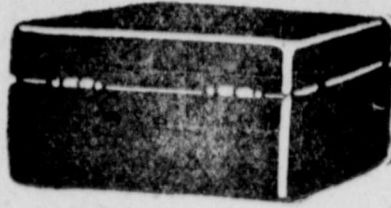
The Miami Chief.

Vol. 16

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, June, 3 1915.

No. 45

Best master of the art of telling a story. He has a keen sense of the dramatic and a knack of putting out a happy ending to the complications that threaten worse.



He is always master of his material and of his method. His characters never master him; he is always superior to his creations. Possessing the skill of the master craftsman, one finds the result worked out to a satisfactory finish.

The New Oppenheim Story

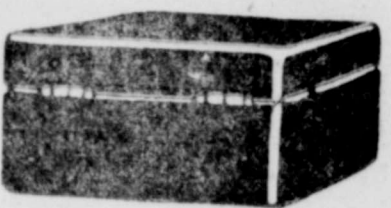
is mysteriously called

The Black Box

and the question naturally arises

WHAT

is THE BLACK BOX



Oppenheim has the knack of making the threads of his plot in such a manner that the reader will not feel they have been forced to his satisfaction.

Mr. Oppenheim has few equals among modern novelists. He is prolific, he is inventive in the invention of mysterious plots, he is a clever weaver of the plausible with the sensational, and he has the necessary gift of facile narrative.

Read this Unique Story by E. Phillips Oppenheim now appearing in

THIS NEWSPAPER



Oppenheim goes forward backward. Each plot comes from his own superiorly in movement, character and literary quality to predecessors.

Mr. Oppenheim is a storyteller pure and simple, and as such he is invariably and undeniably entertaining. He holds you with a grip that does not relax to the last syllable.

Over The Plains

Wheeler Dramatic Club presents a play "The Borderland" at Shamrock tonight.

Shamrock came very near to having a bad fire one night last week, on account of carelessness in a garage.

A Mather Hilburn is again on the entertaining list and from the local papers we find he is pleasing the Public.

One of the bankers at Higgins with intentions of working on the road the next day, set his time lock on the safe for over the day, one day last week, and as the road working was out of question due to a rainy night, he had to borrow money the next day with which to operate his business.

W. C. Stamper, former editor of the Wheeler Sun, is paying his old friends a visit this week.

Canadian has her bonds approved for the bridge across the Canadian river.

Canadian has a City Base Ball League, which seems to arouse great interest.

Clarendon enjoyed the best musical recital last week ever given in the town.

The Claude News has changed hands and is now under the management of M. E. Bishop.

A grave was recently broken into at Quannah and many valuables taken from the coffin, some nerve.

Ochiltree closed a successful term of school last week.

From Judge Heare

Los Angeles, Cal. 5-26-15
Dear Chief:— Since I last wrote the Club at Miami, I have taken in quite a slice of this coast country. We left green spots the deserts and mountains of Arizona on May 21 and arrived at San Barnardino, Cal. May 22. There we had a 50 mi. auto ride through the orange orchards, Redlands, Riverside, and high upon the beautiful Smiley heights and looked the landscape over. Money, water, soil freaks of nature and human energy have made a paradise of this locality.

Here Harold Bell Wright laid the ground work of his famous novel "In the eyes of the world" Here millionaires have created patches of fairyland and wonderland.

We spent Sunday visiting relatives in Los Angeles. Monday we took a great trip to California Island, 30 miles out in the Pacific ocean, where a wonderful city of tents, cottages and castles have been erected for a summer resort. Here we found more relatives and visited until Tuesday evening, enjoying every minute of the time. We saw the wonderful submarine gardens in glass bottom boats. We rode on the ocean at night and saw schools of flying fish by the aid of powerful searchlights.

We go to San Diego tomorrow from which place the Club will again hear from,
Old Man Heare

Miami Council No. 1783
Knights & Ladies SECURITY
OF
Meet on Every 4th Monday night.
G. C. FITZGERALD, President
Mrs. W. R. EWING, Financier.

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

Special Saturday

Special price on Roast
Pure Lard 10 pounds \$1.20
Pure Lard 5 pounds .60c

we also have nice fancy Cured meats Fresh Vegetables and Fruits.

We also carry a full line of H. J. Heinz goods

STUDER, Phone 83
"THE QUALITY HOUSE"

Panhandle Prosperity

The fellow who thinks there is not money in farming Panhandle land just listen what Ed Blair, a farmer living between Miami and Mobeetie did the past season. Mr. Blair has 160 a. of land 120 in cultivation and has sold \$2055. worth of stuff from his farm this winter. \$600.00 was from young mules he had raised, \$300 for hogs which he raised and fed out and the rest came from the sale of corn and feed stuffs. Mr. Blair did all the work himself, so one can see from the above sale of stuff that Panhandle farming pays.

There are other farmers in this section of the country who have done the same thing, and possibly some better, but that is mighty good for any man. The fellow who comes to this country and will work and manage can undoubtedly make good money.

Mutual Meeting

A call meeting of the members and directors to the Panhandle Mutual Aid Association was held at the First State Bank last Saturday at 3 o'clock. The by-laws were revised with a view to making them simpler and plainer. Certain changes were also made. The chief of these were: age limit cut down from 55 to 45; requirement of health certificate with every application; raising membership limit from 1000 to 1250 and requiring health certificate and 50c penalty from delinquents, before they will be re-instated with in the 30 days of grace after becoming delinquent, that is failing to pay an assessment within 15 days after the mailing of notice.

The regular annual meeting will be the second Saturday in September. Those wishing a copy of the revised by-laws should call upon or address the Secretary J. R. Durrett at Miami.

TROY SMITH

Attorney-at-Law
General Civil and Criminal Practice
Office in Smith & Burum Bldg.
MIAMI, TEXAS

The Ford Keeps a Chuggun

Old Zeke Perkins sold his hogs one day, and the gosh darned fool threw his money right away; he rode into town sitting on a board, and came riding home in a darn little Ford. When he came to the house and got to the gate, he shut down the barotille and threw on the brake; he grabbed for the reins, got the throttle instead and the daan little Ford kept a-chuggun ahead. Zeke jerked on the lever, and turned on the gas, kicked at the peddles and broke out the

glass; he cut all the wires and pulled off the top, but the gosh darned Ford, it just wouldn't stop. He pulled out his knife and he smiled so serene, cut a hole in the tank, drained out the gasoline; pulled out his gun shot the tires full of lead but the gol darned Ford kept a-chuggun right ahead—Swiped.

HAIL INSURANCE

Insure your crop against loss by hail. I represent Old Line companies only. No Mutuals. Rates have been reduced. I Solicit Your Business.

J. E. KINNEY, Agt.

The First State Bank of Miami, Texas

OPENED FOR BUSINESS SEPTEMBER, 1907

CAPITAL
STOCK
\$25,000



Surplus
and
profit
\$25,000

We solicit your business, and offer you the service of a strong and progressive organization. Our endeavor is to make our service such that our customers will recommend it.

W. COFFEE, PRESIDENT
B. F. TALLEY, V-PRES H. E. BAIRD, CASHIER
W. I. WHITSEL, V-PRES H. A. TALLEY, A-CASH.

Insure Your Wheat

Against Hail in The

Old Home Company

Of New York

Six Million Dollars Cash Capital.

F. H. SMYRES, AGT.
Miami, Texas.

Agricultural Lecture Friday June 4th.

To "get results" for the farmer this department must have active co-operation of, and establish the closest possible relations with the actual farmer's and women of the farm homes of the state. This can be obtained only through community organizations. To this end and for the purpose of organizing local institutions, W. E. Prescott representing this department will lecture at the following places on the dates and hours stated below.

Pampa, June 3 8 p. m.
Miami, " 4 8 p. m.
Canadian, " 5 2:30 p. m.

I extend an invitation to the general public, farmers especially, to hear the discussion of such topics as, organization, improvement of farm conditions, diversification, crop rotation, cooperative marketing and the like. Urge especially the attendance of the ladies.

Will you kindly lend the State of Texas your aid in securing a good attendance at these meetings.

Fred W. Davis

This is Not a Knocking Proposition

If you haven't a bank account, isn't it about time you were starting one?

No Better Time Than the Present

Our facilities for caring for your accounts are good.

We would be pleased to have you place one with us.

The Bank of Miami

(Unincorporated)

ROBERTS COUNTY DEPOSITORY

PROPERLY BUILT POULTRY HOUSE

Structure That Makes for Comfort of Fowls and Profit for the Keeper.

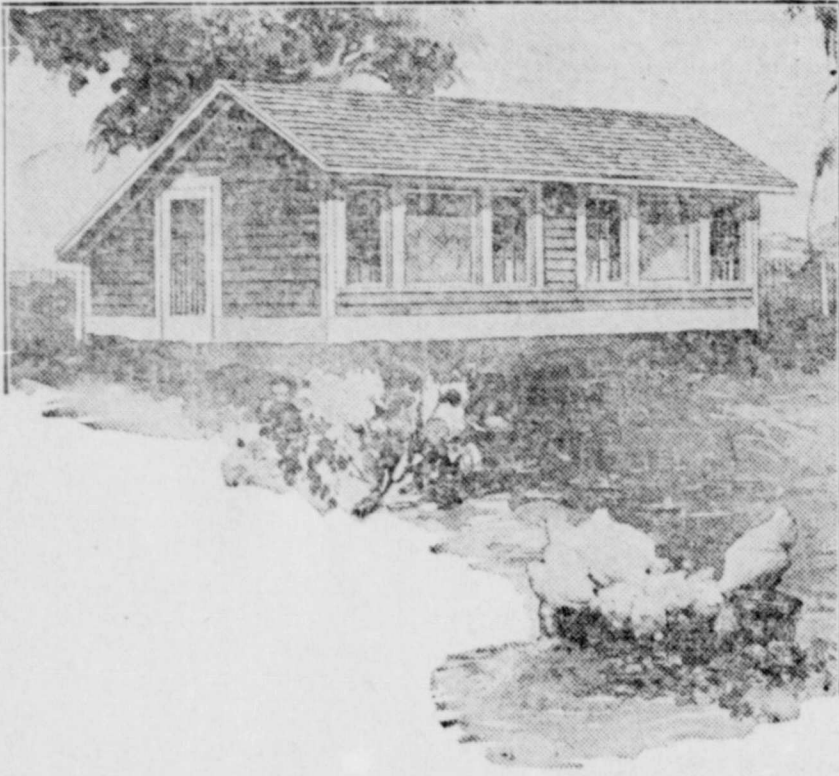
HENS WILL LAY IN WINTER

Division of Building Into Two Compartments Has a Definite Value—Poultry Does Better When Kept in Relatively Small Flocks.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1227 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A good building is absolutely necessary to get the profit out of poultry in the wintertime. Hens, to lay well,



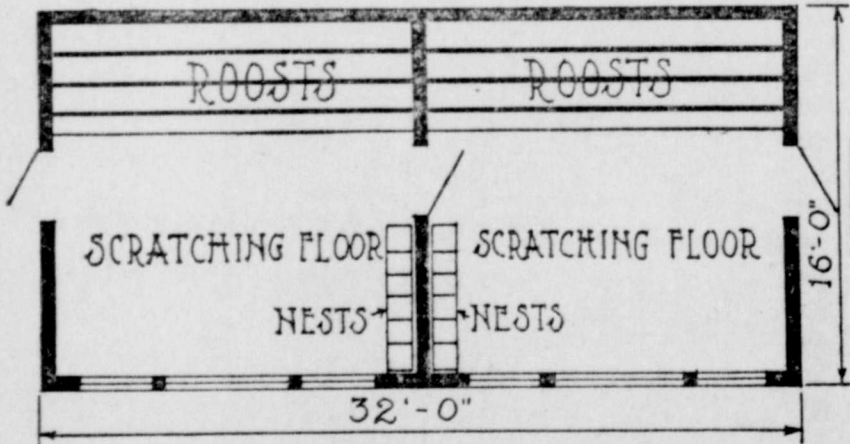
require comfort as well as food and drink. It is better to build a good house, as the expense is but little more and the results are much more satisfactory. A well-built poultry house is warm in winter and cool in summer, because the same construction that keeps out the cold will keep out the heat.

This two-compartment poultry house is 16 by 32 feet in size, with a partition across the middle.

A building put up in this manner with the roof pitched in two directions, costs a little more than a good shed roof house the same size on the ground, but it has a better appearance.

The reason for dividing the house into two compartments is that poultry do better when kept in smaller numbers. Successful poultry raising seems to depend to a certain extent upon limiting the number of fowls to 30 or 40 together in one compartment.

Poultrymen differ in regard to the number that may be kept together. Some draw the line at 25. It is difficult to furnish dust baths and clean water, with sufficient scratching sur-



face, for a flock of more than 35 or 40 without getting the buildings too large. Large poultry houses are expensive. Like all other lines of business, there are limitations that should be recognized in order to come out right on the profit side.

Poultry houses built in this style usually have a wider slope of roof at the back, so that the back of the building is made lower than the front. Poultry houses usually are faced toward the south, so that the roof is made higher in front to get the warmth and light from the sun. The way the windows are made in this poultry house admits both light and ventilation. The window frames are made in the usual

Followed Regular Formula.
George was struggling with his first letter to his aunt. He had often heard his mother read the family letters aloud and felt that he could easily follow the regular formula. "Dear Aunt," he wrote, "We are all sick and hope you are the same."

All He Wanted to Know.
Aunt—Do you know, Bobby, what candy does to your teeth?
Bobby—No, auntie; but I know what my teeth do to candy.

way and are fitted with single sash. Ventilation is provided by one extra wide window for each compartment, which is covered with very thin cotton cheese cloth. The cotton is so thin that it admits air as well as light. As the days become longer and warmer towards spring both window openings may be covered with cheesecloth.

The plan shows the roosts at the back and the nest boxes in the front part of the house. These nest boxes are made to rest on wall brackets about two feet above the concrete floor.

There is a door in the west end and another one in the east end of the house. Also there is a doorway through the center partition. It will depend upon the climate whether the west door shall be boarded up tight in the winter or left open for use. In summer the doors may all be left open.

This poultry house may be built higher or lower, according to the climate; also the upper part of the house is finished differently where the cold is extreme.

Sometimes louver openings are put in the ends of the gables and a loose floor of narrow strips placed overhead for a ceiling. Over these strips the little loft is filled with clean straw. Air finds its way slowly through the filling of straw, without causing a draft.

Sometimes the straw is supported by stretching woven wire fencing at the proper height. It is a good way to ventilate a poultry house if the

straw is always kept clean. A permanent filling of straw makes a harbor to shelter lice, mites and fleas, the three most persistent insect enemies that pester poultry.

Poultry houses built on this plan in the more northern sections of the country, where a great deal of zero weather is expected in the winter-time, are ceiled overhead at a height not exceeding six feet from the floor. The ceiling may be level in the front part of the house until where it joins the rafters. The ceiling boards are then nailed to the rafters.

A ceiling usually is made by tacking building paper on the lower edges of the ceiling joists. This paper is then covered with narrow matched ceiling that is made plain. Beading is objectionable, because it furnishes a harbor for small vermin. For the same reason the joints between the ceiling boards should be carefully filled with putty and paint. It is impossible to keep a poultry house clean and free from lice and mites unless it is especially built for the purpose.

The building of poultry houses requires considerable study to meet the

requirements. It is quite possible to have fresh eggs all winter in the coldest farming sections, but all the requisites necessary to keep the poultry comfortable and to furnish all the different kinds of feeds, must be carefully worked out to fit the climate and other local conditions.

Duty to One's Brother Man.
As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if he needs, giving him supplies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Clever Little Tommy.
"Say, mamma," said four-year-old Tommy, "let's play I'm an awful-looking old tramp. I'll come around to the back door and ask for a piece of pie and you get scared and give it to me."

Want to be a Clock.
"Oh, dear!" sighed small Joe. "I wish I had been born a clock."
"Why, dear?" queried his mother.
"Cause then I wouldn't have to wash my face and hands."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

White House Gardeners Heave Sighs of Relief

WASHINGTON.—Some of the gardeners connected with the propagating gardens, near the old bureau of engraving and printing building, have been heaving sighs of relief over the semi-official news at the White House which has had to do with the president's plans for the summer, the understanding being that President Wilson is likely to remain at the White House for most of the heated term, although the woman members of his family are expected to go to the summer White House at Cornish, N. H.

From the propagating gardens are supplied the flowers for the White House tables, corridors and decorations of that character for friends of the family. This is in between seasons with gardeners, when they plan to get ready for next year. This is particularly true of roses. Not knowing whether the president and the members of his family have intended to remain at the White House for a part of the summer, and unaware of whether a large quantity of cut flowers would be needed for the White House throughout the summer, the gardeners had not dared to take up their established plants.

The White House depends very largely upon the propagating gardens for cut flowers, and when there was once a discussion of taking away from the Monument grounds the propagating greenhouses, near the bureau of engraving and printing, President Roosevelt put a stop to the plan for the time being by demanding to know:

"Where am I going to get my roses?"
Washingtonians who were frequent dinner guests at the White House in former administrations have always been grateful to Mrs. Roosevelt for doing away with the superfluity of flowers at formal dinners and other functions there. It was the custom, one woman was recalling the other day, to bank all the mantels, mural tables, and even the window niches and other spaces that could be filled in, with masses of cut flowers and tropical plants. Mrs. Roosevelt inaugurated a more simple style of table decoration and of having vases set here and there with graceful clusters in them.

Postage Stamps Shown in the National Museum

ONE of the finest museum collections of postage stamps in the world is owned by the United States government. The public is now, for the first time, given the privilege of viewing these stamps in tabulated and orderly form. Their arrangement in brand new mahogany cases of most modern construction has been completed by Joseph B. Leavy, the government philatelist, and they now form a permanent exhibit of the division of history of the national museum.

This \$200,000 collection is installed in the southwest corner of the old building of the museum in the finest equipment of its kind in the world.

The foreign countries are arranged in alphabetical order, and where there are colonies or possessions they are displayed in alphabetical order directly after the mother country in geographical sequence.

This collection is by no means complete; even in the United States issues a few of the stamps are missing. But even so, the history of the growth of the United States post office is practically reviewed as one examines the collection. The oldest specimens are those of the city issues of 1845—the first postmasters provisions in this country. These were issued five years after the birth of stamps in Great Britain. The dates bring the fact startlingly to mind that postage stamps have only been in use a little more than fifty years. The first government issues came out in 1847.

One of the gems of the collection is the display of 30-cent stamps of 1869 with inverted medallions. The 30-cent stamp is the rarest square of paper in the entire collection and is worth \$1,500.

Dr. Carroll Fox Is Uncle Sam's Expert on Fleas

DR. CARROLL FOX of the United States public health service knows practically all there is to know about fleas. He has a full understanding of fleas' habits and characteristics and is almost able to catch the flea point of view. A flea is not always the romping, carefree individual he appears to be. Many fleas are temperamentally wicked—a great deal more wicked than an elephant for example, even though considerably smaller than an elephant in stature. A flea will move into a community that has never given it the slightest motive for revenge and begin to plot against it, spreading disease by means of germs that it carries about on its person—germs even smaller than itself. That

is one of the wicked caprices of many an innocent appearing flea. It is because of these sinister traits that Doctor Fox of the health service has found it advisable to make fleas a life work. A person who knows just what line of germs a given flea carries in stock is naturally able to tell just how far one should go in shunning the society of that particular flea. The whole proposition is simply a matter of daily routine with Fox. He has little if any more regard for the average flea, personally, than you or I have. He is a serious-minded scientist.

Now, being a serious minded scientist, Fox is not given to cracking jokes—particularly not about fleas. Yet, a while ago when Fox made the acquaintance of an entirely new genus of fleas, he gave the genus a name that is not untinged with a certain suggestion of humor. The flea was discovered in the dark interior of Africa. Fox has named it the Rooseveltiella.

Somebody asked him how he happened to pick the name of Rooseveltiella for the new brand of flea.

"Well," Fox replied, in substance, "Theodore Roosevelt did a lot of valuable work in the same locality where the flea was discovered and it seemed rather fitting that it should be named after him."

Moving Picture Machines Bought for the Army

THE war department, through the office of Quartermaster General Aleshire, has let a contract for 65 moving picture machines for the use of the army. This means the war department has set out on a new plan whereby Uncle Sam will endeavor to furnish amusement and instruction for his soldiers. A moving picture machine will be sent to the chaplain of each post and each locality where troops are stationed.

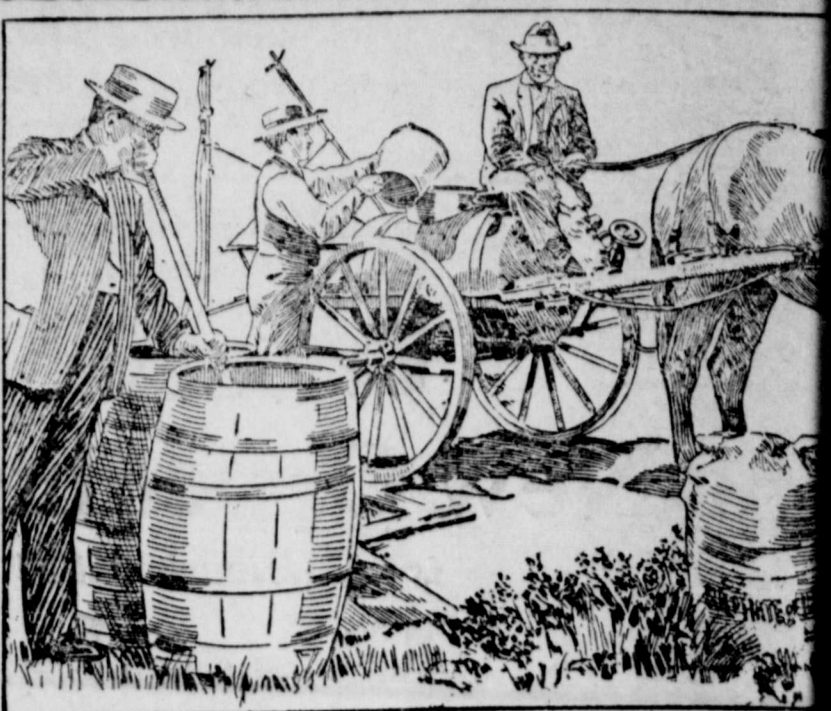
Not only will each garrison have the use of a machine, but machines will be provided for troops in the field, in the large field camps, and at places like Texas City and Galveston, where large bodies are assembled for possible use in Mexico.

Army officers are convinced the moving picture machine will be well worth the money in that it will provide amusement, entertainment, and also instruction for soldiers. It will tend to make the soldiers better satisfied and to reduce desertions. Also it will tend to keep soldiers in camp at night.

There is a constantly increasing demand on the part of medical officers of the army for films which may be used in moving picture machines as an aid in lectures at army posts and camps in emphasizing the necessity of the enforcement of sanitary measures and of personal habits which shall be conducive to individual health. Sometime ago an effort was made at Fort Totten to develop a film which would illustrate the protective value of typhoid immunization, but the results were not entirely successful, and those who had arranged for the pictorial development of a demonstration were not satisfied with the results of their labor.

Want to be a Clock.
"Oh, dear!" sighed small Joe. "I wish I had been born a clock."
"Why, dear?" queried his mother.
"Cause then I wouldn't have to wash my face and hands."

ADVANTAGE OF SPRAYING IN ORCHARDS



Making Iron Sulphate and Filling Sprayer Tank.

When it costs less than ten cents a tree to spray an apple orchard, the wonder is that more are not sprayed; particularly the wonder grows when it is a proved fact that the crop is increased from 50 to 300 per cent by intelligent spraying.

The cost of spraying is not easy to ascertain, or to make a general average, because of the varying conditions

his first meal; but if the poison not reached the inside of the cup, the worm will go on destroying the apple.

If the sprayer waits until the lobes close over the calyx cup, normally the poison cannot get inside. This is the point of the whole matter. It is necessary to spray before the lobes close.

It has been demonstrated over and over again that where perfect spraying was done from 92 to 95 per cent of all the first brood of the codling moth were killed. Also, this kind of spraying destroys some of the remaining ones afterward, thus practically preventing a second brood.

In order to get the poison into the little calyx cup it is necessary to eject it with considerable force, cause the stamen bars are thick, tolerably stout, and form a solid over the cup.

If the spray is put on as a mist, lodges on the outside, and if it is blown up into the air to come down in falling drops, it will strike this roof and roll off. Here's where the spray nozzle comes in. This instrument sends a driving spray of drops five or six feet before it is blown into a mist, and the nozzle is held within a foot or two of the blossom in order that the spray penetrate to the very bottom of the cup.

To do this thoroughly, it is necessary to point the nozzle straight at every blossom on the tree, and

The effectiveness of spraying is the great thing. If it is well done, the results will be certain, but if poorly done, they will be uncertain. It will not do to spray half the buds, or three-quarters, or even nine-tenths, and leave any portion unsprayed, if perfect success is to be attained.

The codling moth, which probably does more harm to apple orchards than any other insect, is hard to reach, and the greatest care must be taken to apply the spray at exactly the right time to put him out of business.

This insect varies somewhat in its work, and it may be that for two or three seasons in succession damage from it will not be large, but this period of relief may be succeeded by one in which the damage caused by this insect is tremendous.

The whole secret of successful spraying is to get the poison in the place where the worms will naturally go to eat it. If that is done, the career of the worm is ended, but if the poison is applied to other parts of the tree, and the favorite hiding places of the worm are not sprayed, it will go on eating its way into the heart of the apple, and the work of spraying will be lost.

If we examine a young apple when it is first forming it will be seen that there is a little hollow called the

calyx cup. This is covered over by the circle of stamens, and this, in turn, will be covered over soon after the little apple forms by the five little green lobes, which gradually close and form the perfect roof over the cup beneath.

The codling-moth lays its eggs on the leaves surrounding the clusters of little apples. The worms do not hatch out until several weeks after the little apple forms, but as soon as they are out they hustle for a hiding place, and they find this in the blossom end of the apple.

They crawl down between the little lobes through the stamens, to the very bottom of the calyx cup, and there, secure from molestation, they proceed to eat their way into the tender seeds.

Now it follows that if the sprayer has done a good job and injected the poison down to the bottom of the cup, Mr. C. Moth will meet his death with

Mr. C. Moth will meet his death with

his first meal; but if the poison not reached the inside of the cup, the worm will go on destroying the apple.

If the sprayer waits until the lobes close over the calyx cup, normally the poison cannot get inside. This is the point of the whole matter. It is necessary to spray before the lobes close.

It has been demonstrated over and over again that where perfect spraying was done from 92 to 95 per cent of all the first brood of the codling moth were killed. Also, this kind of spraying destroys some of the remaining ones afterward, thus practically preventing a second brood.

In order to get the poison into the little calyx cup it is necessary to eject it with considerable force, cause the stamen bars are thick, tolerably stout, and form a solid over the cup.

If the spray is put on as a mist, lodges on the outside, and if it is blown up into the air to come down in falling drops, it will strike this roof and roll off. Here's where the spray nozzle comes in. This instrument sends a driving spray of drops five or six feet before it is blown into a mist, and the nozzle is held within a foot or two of the blossom in order that the spray penetrate to the very bottom of the cup.

To do this thoroughly, it is necessary to point the nozzle straight at every blossom on the tree, and

The effectiveness of spraying is the great thing. If it is well done, the results will be certain, but if poorly done, they will be uncertain. It will not do to spray half the buds, or three-quarters, or even nine-tenths, and leave any portion unsprayed, if perfect success is to be attained.

The codling moth, which probably does more harm to apple orchards than any other insect, is hard to reach, and the greatest care must be taken to apply the spray at exactly the right time to put him out of business.

This insect varies somewhat in its work, and it may be that for two or three seasons in succession damage from it will not be large, but this period of relief may be succeeded by one in which the damage caused by this insect is tremendous.

The whole secret of successful spraying is to get the poison in the place where the worms will naturally go to eat it. If that is done, the career of the worm is ended, but if the poison is applied to other parts of the tree, and the favorite hiding places of the worm are not sprayed, it will go on eating its way into the heart of the apple, and the work of spraying will be lost.

If we examine a young apple when it is first forming it will be seen that there is a little hollow called the

calyx cup. This is covered over by the circle of stamens, and this, in turn, will be covered over soon after the little apple forms by the five little green lobes, which gradually close and form the perfect roof over the cup beneath.

The codling-moth lays its eggs on the leaves surrounding the clusters of little apples. The worms do not hatch out until several weeks after the little apple forms, but as soon as they are out they hustle for a hiding place, and they find this in the blossom end of the apple.

They crawl down between the little lobes through the stamens, to the very bottom of the calyx cup, and there, secure from molestation, they proceed to eat their way into the tender seeds.

Now it follows that if the sprayer has done a good job and injected the poison down to the bottom of the cup, Mr. C. Moth will meet his death with

Mr. C. Moth will meet his death with

Mr. C. Moth will meet his death with

PS. I
PHES
All C
dia E.
etabl
you m
the appet
E. Pink
the aches
feel like a
your medi
Mrs Lyo
stre the
man's il
known.
of the file
years ago
ly for tl
oved mor
combinati
and, toc
ble Comg
const to
y for won
Pinkha
are files
lets of let
with—mar
rown sij
ed their h
ham's Ve
some case
surgical op
CK LOS
to
View
from
the
the
University of
California
Laboratory.
Famous F
the days v
the vast h
there we
at a gall
through a
as the
that for
rest times
Beas of
ish skill
a man
is in I
near the
the win
ambassa
of sur
stem p
shot 500
perform
ular stan
shople re
yards, a
ambassa
recorded
when the
—Wast
Everybo
where an
ined to
the
the symph
at all. M
grape play
ing an um
y's wort
CLEAR
pokkepe
shel doc
house
cities i
and ten di
the and I
a lit
we have
entire ex
it happen
an att
let me wit
of the stc
ad always
same con
ey agrera
I happer
to my gro
that I
day it ca
tion, but
that we
I am a
ed no me
work as
the branch
ing nat
ing day
ness and
my sick
since I b
an conscie
whose
hours of
given by
Mich. in
comes I
Cereal—
well boile
Postum—
quickly
with crea
sows bevi
the
hinde are
the snu
a Reas

DRY FARMING SUCCESS

Two Distinct Systems Are Now Being Employed.

Deep Plowing Insures Larger Crop Yield and Also Saves Humus, Which is Important in Conserving Soil Moisture.

(By E. R. PARSONS, in Dry Farm Bulletin.)

There are two distinct schools of dry farming.

One relies more on the intensive tillage of the top five or six inches rather than on systematic deep working of the soil.

The other might be termed subsoil farming, for the results are obtained by deep plowing, deep rooting and a reservoir of moisture from two to six feet under the surface where practically nothing can extract the moisture but the roots of crops.

Anyone who plants trees two feet deep in the subsoil of a well cultivated farm and watches them grow can at once appreciate the difference between the two systems.

In the intensive surface system the farmer plows his sod two or three inches, rolls it flat and runs a slanted harrow over it.

The next season he backsets it, sets it back where it was before, and plants a crop on the other side of it. The last said about the yield the better.

In the deep plowing or subsoil system of farming, as advocated by the writer and such men as Parrel of Utah, Spalding of Denver, Colonel Bester of the Transvaal, etc., etc., we first disk the sod in wet weather as deep as possible, then turn it under from eight to ten inches deep, and disk the underside, which is now upmost.

In grandfather's time they used to plow the sod shallow and leave it to rot.

Nowadays we do most of this rotting with the disk, and alternate the disk with the harrow until the whole thing is reduced to a mellow seed bed.

A seed bed prepared in this manner and allowed time to soak up and settle with the precipitation of winter or spring, is good for 40 or 50 bushels of corn or three tons of sorghum feed the first year.

Deep work also saves the humus, which is as important as conserving moisture, for when sod is worried to pieces on the surface until it is worn out its fertilizing value (estimated at about \$100 an acre) is almost entirely lost—burned up by the atmosphere.

The next season we do not backset it. The modern way is to cross plow it, which cross chops the whole field, making the tilth finer yet.

Another reason we prefer cross plowing is that the plow, instead of following and skidding along the same ruts, attacks them at the side, going under them and through them, and works up all the cut and cover slices in the hard streaks left by the first breaking.

If this were thoroughly understood there would be no more backsetting, for the second year should produce the finest crop in the life of the field, rather than a catch crop of nubbins on a two or three-inch backset.

A delusion cherished by the shallow school of dry farming is that water may be caused to rise from the subsoil to the seed bed in dry weather by packing, and that, therefore, there is no reason to plow deeply.

The professors of physics tell us that within certain well understood limits the densest, most compact soil has the stronger capillary pull, so even if there was free water present the seed bed would have to be compacted until more solid than the subsoil in order to obtain a rise of moisture from down below.

For instance, a brick will take moisture from a sponge, but the sponge will not take moisture from a brick.

It can also be readily understood that when a man is farming over a hundred feet of dry subsoil, there is no free water, for it is all absorbed, and converted into film water as fast as it falls.

The idea, of course, has been imported from the humid states where free water in the soil is rather the rule than the exception.

It is quite true, however, that after harrowing a newly plowed field in spring weather, moisture comes to the surface. It does, so long come to the surface. It does, so long as there is any free water in the top six inches which has not had time to be absorbed into the subsoil, but this is simply the top inch robbing the second and third and does not come from any depth.

As all dry farmers know—who have ever plowed a field—that instead of moisture coming up from below in dry weather, the seed bed commences to dry out, and if it has been overpacked a crust forms under the mulch which in a shallow plowed field may kill the crop.

Starts His Trees Right. A western horticulturist, who has had a very extensive experience in orchard planting, says that he makes it a practice when planting a large orchard, to follow his planters and try to pull up the trees. When a sharp jerk fails to loosen a tree, it is set firmly enough. But if the soil cracks and the tree pulls out, then it must be reset and the soil packed down as firmly as it should have been in the first place.



EVERY WOMAN wishes to look her best. You will never know what **YOUR BEST** is until you try

ZONA

the wonderful healer and beautifier. Send one dime and we will mail you a beautiful opal jar of ZONA with a 10-cent silk sponge for applying.

Write at once.

Zona Company, 410 N. Water Wichita, Kans.

The Exception. "Two is company," quoted the Sage. "Unless they happen to be husband and wife," corrected the Fool.

EXCELLENT FARMING CONDITIONS IN CANADA

Letters from Settlers Indicating Growing Prosperity.

The present year will add another proof that farming in Western Canada, when carried on with the same energy and system devoted to other lines of business, will bring about results fully as satisfactory.

Mixed farming as a tocsin has been sounded for a number of years, and today it is being adopted pretty generally throughout the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

There are those who have made no greater success of it than they did when they pursued grain growing alone, but where one has failed to accomplish what he had hoped to do, dozens have scored success.

From Sedgewick, Alberta, we hear of E. L. Deputy, for past twelve years manager for Frye & Sons, packers, Seattle, who during 1914 were the largest buyers of hogs on Alberta markets.

He is taking up active work on his 1,200-acre farm near Sedgewick. Although he was one of the highest paid salaried officials on the Pacific Coast, his frequent visits and personal knowledge of farming conditions in Western Canada convinced him there are greater opportunities in farming Alberta land than in commercial life, with greater assurance of ultimate independence and prospects of home-making under the most desirable conditions.

Thomas McKay, a farmer near Hardisty, Alberta, has this to say about the country:

"I came to Hardisty from Osage City, Kansas, nine years ago and took up a homestead here. This is a good district for the farmer who wishes to raise grain exclusively, and as a mixed farming country it cannot be beaten anywhere in the world to my knowledge.

"I had ten cattle, which ranged outside all last winter, and this spring they were fat enough for the market, this without being fed but one night during the entire winter; they were fine fat cattle and looked beautiful.

I raised some winter wheat here which weighed sixty-seven and a half pounds to the bushel, government weight, and which I shipped to Calgary. The miller who bought it said that it was the best wheat that had ever gone into Calgary. Wheat in this district yields as high as forty bushels to the acre, oats average sixty bushels. Alfalfa does well here.

"All in all I think the farmers are very well satisfied with the country, and the farmer who farms his land intelligently is sure to make a success. The climate here is the best I have ever lived in, the summers are delightful and the winters are mild. There has never been a blizzard during the nine years I have lived here nor any cyclones or wild storms."

A settler in the neighborhood of Gleichen, Alberta, spent \$2,000 in improving his quarter section, has 125 acres ready for crop, keeps 70 head of stock, believes in mixed farming, keeps two hired men, one all year, the other in summer only. He milks 12 to 18 cows, and receives an average monthly cream cheque of \$110. Last June he sold \$1,200 worth of hogs and in November two more carloads, besides supplying his own requirements, and is not only making money but building up a good home amid desirable surroundings. This is an example of the possibilities open to the industrious in the Gleichen district.

It is stated in the last three months \$38,000,000 of American capital has been invested in Canada, showing that United States financial men are satisfied of the solidity of Canadian institutions. Western Canada has been a heavy borrower and Western Canada's great resource is agriculture. U. S. financiers must be convinced that agriculture in Western Canada is sure and profitable or they would not be ready to invest so many millions in the country.—Advertisement.

It is easier to call a man a liar than it is to prove it.

Chocolate Soldiers.

The soldier's weakness for sweetmeats, to which Mr. Bernard Shaw called attention when he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," has been abundantly confirmed during the present war.

The quantity of sweets consumed by our army in France has been prodigious, while from Cairo comes the news that the Australians have absolutely eaten the place out of chocolate. On the troopships which brought them, too, it was the same. Thus Capt. Bean, the official correspondent with the force, writes: "Our canteen had five times the demand for sweets and soft drinks that was expected and one-fifth the demand for beer."—Westminster Gazette.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Dry Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

Opposite Cause and Effect. "I have such a poor appetite, doctor." "That's too much rich food."

To Cool a Burn and Take the Fire Out.

Be Prepared For Accidents



A Household Remedy

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblain, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DRY FARMING SUCCESS

Two Distinct Systems Are Now Being Employed.

Deep Plowing Insures Larger Crop Yield and Also Saves Humus, Which is Important in Conserving Soil Moisture.

(By E. R. PARSONS, in Dry Farm Bulletin.)

There are two distinct schools of dry farming.

One relies more on the intensive tillage of the top five or six inches rather than on systematic deep working of the soil.

The other might be termed subsoil farming, for the results are obtained by deep plowing, deep rooting and a reservoir of moisture from two to six feet under the surface where practically nothing can extract the moisture but the roots of crops.

Anyone who plants trees two feet deep in the subsoil of a well cultivated farm and watches them grow can at once appreciate the difference between the two systems.

In the intensive surface system the farmer plows his sod two or three inches, rolls it flat and runs a slanted harrow over it.

The next season he backsets it, sets it back where it was before, and plants a crop on the other side of it. The last said about the yield the better.

In the deep plowing or subsoil system of farming, as advocated by the writer and such men as Parrel of Utah, Spalding of Denver, Colonel Bester of the Transvaal, etc., etc., we first disk the sod in wet weather as deep as possible, then turn it under from eight to ten inches deep, and disk the underside, which is now upmost.

In grandfather's time they used to plow the sod shallow and leave it to rot.

Nowadays we do most of this rotting with the disk, and alternate the disk with the harrow until the whole thing is reduced to a mellow seed bed.

A seed bed prepared in this manner and allowed time to soak up and settle with the precipitation of winter or spring, is good for 40 or 50 bushels of corn or three tons of sorghum feed the first year.

Deep work also saves the humus, which is as important as conserving moisture, for when sod is worried to pieces on the surface until it is worn out its fertilizing value (estimated at about \$100 an acre) is almost entirely lost—burned up by the atmosphere.

The next season we do not backset it. The modern way is to cross plow it, which cross chops the whole field, making the tilth finer yet.

Another reason we prefer cross plowing is that the plow, instead of following and skidding along the same ruts, attacks them at the side, going under them and through them, and works up all the cut and cover slices in the hard streaks left by the first breaking.

If this were thoroughly understood there would be no more backsetting, for the second year should produce the finest crop in the life of the field, rather than a catch crop of nubbins on a two or three-inch backset.

A delusion cherished by the shallow school of dry farming is that water may be caused to rise from the subsoil to the seed bed in dry weather by packing, and that, therefore, there is no reason to plow deeply.

The professors of physics tell us that within certain well understood limits the densest, most compact soil has the stronger capillary pull, so even if there was free water present the seed bed would have to be compacted until more solid than the subsoil in order to obtain a rise of moisture from down below.

For instance, a brick will take moisture from a sponge, but the sponge will not take moisture from a brick.

It can also be readily understood that when a man is farming over a hundred feet of dry subsoil, there is no free water, for it is all absorbed, and converted into film water as fast as it falls.

The idea, of course, has been imported from the humid states where free water in the soil is rather the rule than the exception.

It is quite true, however, that after harrowing a newly plowed field in spring weather, moisture comes to the surface. It does, so long come to the surface. It does, so long as there is any free water in the top six inches which has not had time to be absorbed into the subsoil, but this is simply the top inch robbing the second and third and does not come from any depth.

As all dry farmers know—who have ever plowed a field—that instead of moisture coming up from below in dry weather, the seed bed commences to dry out, and if it has been overpacked a crust forms under the mulch which in a shallow plowed field may kill the crop.

Starts His Trees Right. A western horticulturist, who has had a very extensive experience in orchard planting, says that he makes it a practice when planting a large orchard, to follow his planters and try to pull up the trees. When a sharp jerk fails to loosen a tree, it is set firmly enough. But if the soil cracks and the tree pulls out, then it must be reset and the soil packed down as firmly as it should have been in the first place.

EVERY WOMAN

wishes to look her best. You will never know what YOUR BEST is until you try

ZONA

the wonderful healer and beautifier. Send one dime and we will mail you a beautiful opal jar of ZONA with a 10-cent silk sponge for applying.

Write at once.

Zona Company, 410 N. Water Wichita, Kans.

The Exception. "Two is company," quoted the Sage. "Unless they happen to be husband and wife," corrected the Fool.

EXCELLENT FARMING CONDITIONS IN CANADA

Letters from Settlers Indicating Growing Prosperity.

The present year will add another proof that farming in Western Canada, when carried on with the same energy and system devoted to other lines of business, will bring about results fully as satisfactory.

Mixed farming as a tocsin has been sounded for a number of years, and today it is being adopted pretty generally throughout the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

There are those who have made no greater success of it than they did when they pursued grain growing alone, but where one has failed to accomplish what he had hoped to do, dozens have scored success.

From Sedgewick, Alberta, we hear of E. L. Deputy, for past twelve years manager for Frye & Sons, packers, Seattle, who during 1914 were the largest buyers of hogs on Alberta markets.

He is taking up active work on his 1,200-acre farm near Sedgewick. Although he was one of the highest paid salaried officials on the Pacific Coast, his frequent visits and personal knowledge of farming conditions in Western Canada convinced him there are greater opportunities in farming Alberta land than in commercial life, with greater assurance of ultimate independence and prospects of home-making under the most desirable conditions.

Thomas McKay, a farmer near Hardisty, Alberta, has this to say about the country:

"I came to Hardisty from Osage City, Kansas, nine years ago and took up a homestead here. This is a good district for the farmer who wishes to raise grain exclusively, and as a mixed farming country it cannot be beaten anywhere in the world to my knowledge.

"I had ten cattle, which ranged outside all last winter, and this spring they were fat enough for the market, this without being fed but one night during the entire winter; they were fine fat cattle and looked beautiful.

I raised some winter wheat here which weighed sixty-seven and a half pounds to the bushel, government weight, and which I shipped to Calgary. The miller who bought it said that it was the best wheat that had ever gone into Calgary. Wheat in this district yields as high as forty bushels to the acre, oats average sixty bushels. Alfalfa does well here.

"All in all I think the farmers are very well satisfied with the country, and the farmer who farms his land intelligently is sure to make a success. The climate here is the best I have ever lived in, the summers are delightful and the winters are mild. There has never been a blizzard during the nine years I have lived here nor any cyclones or wild storms."

A settler in the neighborhood of Gleichen, Alberta, spent \$2,000 in improving his quarter section, has 125 acres ready for crop, keeps 70 head of stock, believes in mixed farming, keeps two hired men, one all year, the other in summer only. He milks 12 to 18 cows, and receives an average monthly cream cheque of \$110. Last June he sold \$1,200 worth of hogs and in November two more carloads, besides supplying his own requirements, and is not only making money but building up a good home amid desirable surroundings. This is an example of the possibilities open to the industrious in the Gleichen district.

It is stated in the last three months \$38,000,000 of American capital has been invested in Canada, showing that United States financial men are satisfied of the solidity of Canadian institutions. Western Canada has been a heavy borrower and Western Canada's great resource is agriculture. U. S. financiers must be convinced that agriculture in Western Canada is sure and profitable or they would not be ready to invest so many millions in the country.—Advertisement.

It is easier to call a man a liar than it is to prove it.

Chocolate Soldiers.

The soldier's weakness for sweetmeats, to which Mr. Bernard Shaw called attention when he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," has been abundantly confirmed during the present war.

The quantity of sweets consumed by our army in France has been prodigious, while from Cairo comes the news that the Australians have absolutely eaten the place out of chocolate. On the troopships which brought them, too, it was the same. Thus Capt. Bean, the official correspondent with the force, writes: "Our canteen had five times the demand for sweets and soft drinks that was expected and one-fifth the demand for beer."—Westminster Gazette.

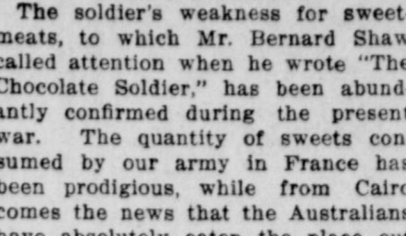
YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Dry Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

Opposite Cause and Effect. "I have such a poor appetite, doctor." "That's too much rich food."

To Cool a Burn and Take the Fire Out.

Be Prepared For Accidents



A Household Remedy

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblain, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

EVERY WOMAN

wishes to look her best. You will never know what YOUR BEST is until you try

ZONA

the wonderful healer and beautifier. Send one dime and we will mail you a beautiful opal jar of ZONA with a 10-cent silk sponge for applying.

Write at once.

Zona Company, 410 N. Water Wichita, Kans.

The Exception. "Two is company," quoted the Sage. "Unless they happen to be husband and wife," corrected the Fool.

EXCELLENT FARMING CONDITIONS IN CANADA

Letters from Settlers Indicating Growing Prosperity.

The present year will add another proof that farming in Western Canada, when carried on with the same energy and system devoted to other lines of business, will bring about results fully as satisfactory.

Mixed farming as a tocsin has been sounded for a number of years, and today it is being adopted pretty generally throughout the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

There are those who have made no greater success of it than they did when they pursued grain growing alone, but where one has failed to accomplish what he had hoped to do, dozens have scored success.

From Sedgewick, Alberta, we hear of E. L. Deputy, for past twelve years manager for Frye & Sons, packers, Seattle, who during 1914 were the largest buyers of hogs on Alberta markets.

He is taking up active work on his 1,200-acre farm near Sedgewick. Although he was one of the highest paid salaried officials on the Pacific Coast, his frequent visits and personal knowledge of farming conditions in Western Canada convinced him there are greater opportunities in farming Alberta land than in commercial life, with greater assurance of ultimate independence and prospects of home-making under the most desirable conditions.

Thomas McKay, a farmer near Hardisty, Alberta, has this to say about the country:

"I came to Hardisty from Osage City, Kansas, nine years ago and took up a homestead here. This is a good district for the farmer who wishes to raise grain exclusively, and as a mixed farming country it cannot be beaten anywhere in the world to my knowledge.

"I had ten cattle, which ranged outside all last winter, and this spring they were fat enough for the market, this without being fed but one night during the entire winter; they were fine fat cattle and looked beautiful.

I raised some winter wheat here which weighed sixty-seven and a half pounds to the bushel, government weight, and which I shipped to Calgary. The miller who bought it said that it was the best wheat that had ever gone into Calgary. Wheat in this district yields as high as forty bushels to the acre, oats average sixty bushels. Alfalfa does well here.

"All in all I think the farmers are very well satisfied with the country, and the farmer who farms his land intelligently is sure to make a success. The climate here is the best I have ever lived in, the summers are delightful and the winters are mild. There has never been a blizzard during the nine years I have lived here nor any cyclones or wild storms."

A settler in the neighborhood of Gleichen, Alberta, spent \$2,000 in improving his quarter section, has 125 acres ready for crop, keeps 70 head of stock, believes in mixed farming, keeps two hired men, one all year, the other in summer only. He milks 12 to 18 cows, and receives an average monthly cream cheque of \$110. Last June he sold \$1,200 worth of hogs and in November two more carloads, besides supplying his own requirements, and is not only making money but building up a good home amid desirable surroundings. This is an example of the possibilities open to the industrious in the Gleichen district.

It is stated in the last three months \$38,000,000 of American capital has been invested in Canada, showing that United States financial men are satisfied of the solidity of Canadian institutions. Western Canada has been a heavy borrower and Western Canada's great resource is agriculture. U. S. financiers must be convinced that agriculture in Western Canada is sure and profitable or they would not be ready to invest so many millions in the country.—Advertisement.

It is easier to call a man a liar than it is to prove it.

Chocolate Soldiers.

The soldier's weakness for sweetmeats, to which Mr. Bernard Shaw called attention when he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," has been abundantly confirmed during the present war.

The quantity of sweets consumed by our army in France has been prodigious, while from Cairo comes the news that the Australians have absolutely eaten the place out of chocolate. On the troopships which brought them, too, it was the same. Thus Capt. Bean, the official correspondent with the force, writes: "Our canteen had five times the demand for sweets and soft drinks that was expected and one-fifth the demand for beer."—Westminster Gazette.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Dry Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

Opposite Cause and Effect. "I have such a poor appetite, doctor." "That's too much rich food."

To Cool a Burn and Take the Fire Out.

Be Prepared For Accidents



A Household Remedy

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblain, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

EVERY WOMAN

wishes to look her best. You will never know what YOUR BEST is until you try

ZONA

the wonderful healer and beautifier. Send one dime and we will mail you a beautiful opal jar of ZONA with a 10-cent silk sponge for applying.

Write at once.

Zona Company, 410 N. Water Wichita, Kans.

The Exception. "Two is company," quoted the Sage. "Unless they happen to be husband and wife," corrected the Fool.

EXCELLENT FARMING CONDITIONS IN CANADA

Letters from Settlers Indicating Growing Prosperity.

The present year will add another proof that farming in Western Canada, when carried on with the same energy and system devoted to other lines of business, will bring about results fully as satisfactory.

Mixed farming as a tocsin has been sounded for a number of years, and today it is being adopted pretty generally throughout the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

There are those who have made no greater success of it than they did when they pursued grain growing alone, but where one has failed to accomplish what he had hoped to do, dozens have scored success.

From Sedgewick, Alberta, we hear of E. L. Deputy, for past twelve years manager for Frye & Sons, packers, Seattle, who during 1914 were the largest buyers of hogs on Alberta markets.

He is taking up active work on his 1,200-acre farm near Sedgewick. Although he was one of the highest paid salaried officials on the Pacific Coast, his frequent visits and personal knowledge of farming conditions in Western Canada convinced him there are greater opportunities in farming Alberta land than in commercial life, with greater assurance of ultimate independence and prospects of home-making under the most desirable conditions.

Thomas McKay, a farmer near Hardisty, Alberta, has this to say about the country:

"I came to Hardisty from Osage City, Kansas, nine years ago and took up a homestead here. This is a good district for the farmer who wishes to raise grain exclusively, and as a mixed farming country it cannot be beaten anywhere in the world to my knowledge.

"I had ten cattle, which ranged outside all last winter, and this spring they were fat enough for the market, this without being fed but one night during the entire winter; they were fine fat cattle and

Extra Lot of

Crucible Lister Shears
All sizes, made to fit your plows.

You'r Next
ELLIOTT THE BLACK SMITH

FEEDS

Just most anything you want in the feed line. Mill Run Bran at \$1.65. Fancy Hay at \$12.00 Other Feeds at the right prices. We are in the Market for broom corn and all kinds feeds & Grains Broom corn seed for chicken feed \$1 per hundred. Seed oats, Dwarf Maize. Sudan grass.

Philpotts Elevator

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., June 3 1915.

FOR SALE 25 h.p. Huber engine and a 36x58 Huber separator. Prices and terms right. First State Bank Miami, Texas.

Our roads are likely to be in bad condition for the wheat hauling. Lets look after them a little.



LINGERIE

Our Lingerie and Muslin underwear stock is complete and they are going fast. This week we will give special prices on muslin gowns, corset covers, princess slips and Petticoats see them. We have a beautiful line of ladies waists in NEWEST STYLES at 98c and \$1.25. SEE our Embroidery, swiss and cambrics 10c to 25c grades—10c per yd.

S. C. Osborne & Co.

TAILORING Well!

Now that is our business and we do all kind and do it right. Cleaning, Pressing, mending We can also supply your needs in All gents Ready-to-Wear

J. E. Martin

Glass Tumblers 65c a dozen

This price on Tumblers began today and continue until they are gone. Watch for special next week for first Saturday.

Once you trade with us means always a customer.
RAKCT STORE

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE,
DRUGS and MEDICINES, Toilet articles, Etc

—C. S. SEIBER, Prop—
JEWELRY, KODAKS AND SUPPLIES
Miami - - - Texas.

NOTICE

Persons having old machines who want them repaired will please bring them in at once as we will not be able to do repairing when the busy season comes.

Respect.
J. A. Newman & Co.

THE FITCH HOTEL

Under New Management
Everything the best that can be had.

M. M. McCauley, Proprietor.

See or call Harry A. Nelson if you want to buy a pure broad Percheron stallion. He has some good ones and can save you money on them.

SHERIFF'S SALE

State of Texas, County of Roberts,)
Whereas by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Roberts County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 15th day of April 1914 in favor of the Bank of Miami a partnership composed of T. M. Cunningham, President, H. Hussell, Vice President and Thos. J. Boney, Cashier, and against D. A. Abernathy and J. A. King, Number 92 on the docket of said court, I did on the 3rd day of June at nine o'clock a. m. levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situated in the County of Roberts State of Texas and belonging to the said J. A. King to wit: All of section No. 20, Block A, Certificate No. 5-708, Abstract No. 912, Grantee, H. & G. N. Ry. Co. and containing 640 acres of land, and on the 6th day of July 1915 being the first Tuesday of said month between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. on said day at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash all the right, title and interest of the said J. A. King in and to said property.

Dated at Miami, Texas, this 3rd day of June 1915.
O. B. Hardin
Sheriff Roberts County, Texas.

Expert Watch-Maker and Jeweler

Mr. Henry Ball, expert watch-maker and Jeweler has taken charge of my repair shop and will be found ready to do your repair work and transact any other business connected with my Jewelry and Music store. Mr. Ball is a fine workman having had experience in Rail Road watch work. Give him a trial and be convinced of his ability. I shall devote most of my time to the optical, piano, victrola and sewing machine business.
Yours for Business,
Cook Jewelry & Music Co.

Yes my dear friend, we are all very selfish. When we see other people doing things we don't enjoy, we are ready to call them down, and sometimes do it good and hard, yet we politely excuse ourselves for doing things equally as bad. Giving ourselves justice does seem to be the hardest thing for most of us to do.

The White House Lumber Co. has the finest Red Cedar Posts ever seen in Miami. See them before buying.

Hail Insurance

Am still representing Old Line Hail Insurance at the lowest possible rate. Better be safe.

L. B. Robertson & Son

To Small Grain Growers

Of Grey, Carron and Roberts Counties.
Come in and be insured with the Planters Mutual Hail Insurance Co. of Pampa, Texas, as this is the name we are to use as suggested by the Insurance Commissioner of Tex. at Austin.
J. W. Talley Sec'y F. Johnson Pres.

F. P. Reid has a nice stock of the big bone Poland China Hogs, registered, now for sale at his farm near Mobeetie. Write or phone for prices.

F. P. Reed
Mobeetie Texas

FARM Loans at 8 percent. See W. A. Palmer Canadian, Texas.



JUMBO

Is now showing up some of the best mules that has ever been in Texas. Jumbo is absolutely one of the best that can be had. He is 16 hands high, standard, and weighs 1300 pounds. I have lots of grass and water for mares and Jennets from a distance. Start now and raise the best. I also have some fine Black Mammoth Jennets for sale. Bred to Jumbo. For particulars address

E. C. BARRETT
Pampa, - - - Tex.

C. Coffee J. A. Holmes
COFFEE & HOLMES
Lawyers,
GENERAL PRACTICE
OFFICE IN SMITH BUREAU BUILDING
Miami - - - Texas.

ATTENTION LADIES
Call at my store and see The Free sewing Machine. A Revelation of the 20th Century
Walter Cook Jewelry and Music Co.
Pampa, Texas. 5-18-15

Editor Miami Chief,
Dear Sir: The Pampa Mutual Hail Ins. Co. of Pampa, is now fully authorized to do business by The Commissioner of Ins. at Austin. So come and be insured.

Respectfully,
J. W. Talley, Sec'y

ABSTRACT

Of Title made to any land or town lot in Roberts County
J. K. MCKENZIE
Miami, - - - Texas

J. H. KELLEY, Phg. M. D.
Physician and Surgeon

Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of children.

Office at Miami Dirug Co.
- Phone 33 -

MONEY

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

For Barbed wire, either galvanized or painted, hog wire or any kind of woven wire fence see the White House Lumber Co.

For Portland cement, baick, lime, plaster cement, sash doors and all kinds of building material, see the White House Lbr. Co.

EXCURSION RATE



All year excursion rates to Panama Pacific exposition.

Tickets on sale every day.
F. S. BARRON, Agent,



Telephone for Aid

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

Bell Telephone

A perfect means of guarding against emergencies and overcoming loneliness. Now is a good time to learn how YOU can get this service.

THE Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Co. DALLAS, - TEXAS.

Johnnie Weckesser

will be glad to do your dray work satisfaction absolutely guaranteed then patronize him.

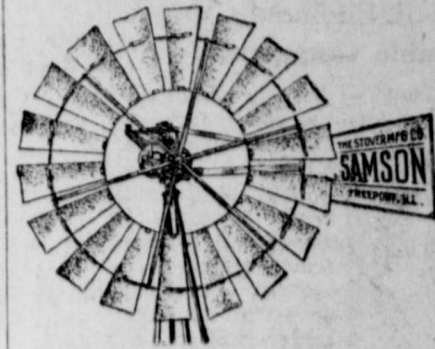
\$10.00 Reward \$10.00

Above reward will be paid for evidence leading to conviction of any person found fishing or hunting in what is known as the Dobbs pasture, N. W. of Miami, without our consent, as we have cattle in same and do not want them disturbed. All persons will hereby take notice thereof.

J. C. Dial
C. L. Dial

FIRE STONE TIRES. I have them to fit any size car. The price is the same as other brands, but the quality is better than the best of them. Fire Stone tires wear better and last longer. They cost no more than the cheap ones. Get them at C. S. Seibers Central Drug Store.

Miami, Texas, Nov. 4-14
Notice to all parties tearing down my fence and going through my pastures that I will prosecute them according to law. 15th.
Thos. O'Loughlin.



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.
AMARILLO HARDWARE CO.
Distributing Agents
Amarillo - - - Texas

See Kivlehen & Short

at the Sanitary Barber Shop for

Shaves, Hair Cuts and all Barber Work in first-class Style.

Also High class bath Accomodations

PICTURE FRAMES

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

ROY TROWBRIDGE
Miami, - - - Texas

City Barber Shop

First Class Service
Hot and Cold Bath
Agent for Panhandle STEAM LAUNDRY
Your Patronage Solicited
Pulaski & Finch
WORKMEN

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

Time again for screens. See those at the White House Lumber Companies yard. They are fine and at a reasonable price.

We have a few boxes of choice apples at \$1.65.
Studers Market

Heavy Corrugated TANKS

Of all kind. Best for the least \$\$\$
Christopher Bros

SUMMER

Is about here and we have everything you need for Summer wear. Our line of Oxford is a dandy, both for ladies and gentlemen. Plenty of Peters shoes to please. Our line of Summer Underwear is complete and the prices lowest. We received some new summer goods this week.

Don't forget our fine line of Summer dressgoods, all that is newest. Will have a bill of ladies trimmed hats soon. Quick delivery, low price, fair treatment on GOOD GROCERIES

J. R. WEBSTER

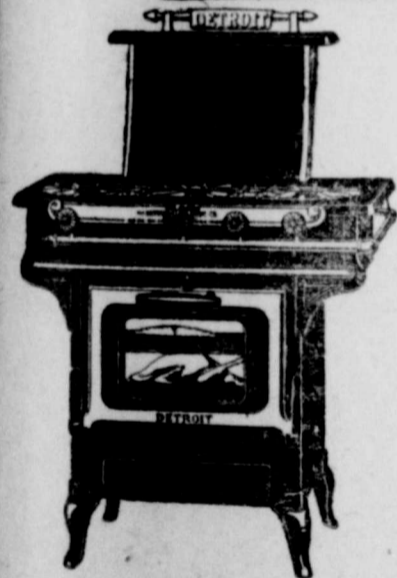
A Telephone is Cheaper than Time.

If you use a Miami Telephone you can talk to any place in town, any place in Texas or any City in the United States, from your own home. Why not save time, work and worry by using a telephone. Ask us for rates.

Our Reference—200 Satisfied Customers.
Miami Telephone Co. T. R. SAXON, Mgr.

BURN Oil or Gasoline

DETROIT VAPOR STOVES
Work Like Gas



My daughter likes to cook on my new Detroit-Vapor stove. She says it's just as easy to cook on as Aunt Martha's city gas stove. I find it cost less than wood or coal, and besides its so clean.

Come in and see these wonderful stoves. \$10. up. Ten Styles to select from.
J. A. NEWMAN & Company

W E

Are still on the job, selling the best groceries that money will buy. We know the value of a dollar and are always ready to give you full value for every dollar left at our store. our groceries are always fresh

Miami Merc. Co.

ICE

Delivered to any part of the city, any day, any place, any time, except Sunday and you may secure ice at the ice house on Sundays. Ice Wagon delivers Daily

Randal Patton

Kift White transacted business in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. Kuehn and son Chas. are visiting this week in Canadian.

Mrs. Alfred McAfee is visiting this week at the A. B. McAfee home.

Several Miami people attended the funeral of Mrs. Caylor in Canadian Sunday.

Ladies Missionary Society serves cream and cake in front of the Fitch Hotel Saturday evening.

R. D. Dunnivan and wife left the first of the week for a visit in central Texas, with relatives.

Sheriff Hardin and Judge Kinney made a business trip to Mobeetie Tuesday.

OWNER Please call at Chief office, get package sewing machine needles and pay for notice.

H. M. Anderson renewed the Chief to his father at Cheyenne, Okla. today.

A new sidewalk is being built in front of the Methodist church connecting the walk around both churches this week.

Capt. V. B. Lowry of the Lowry-Philips school at Amarillo will fill the pulpit at the Baptist Church Sunday.

M. Sauls came in this week from Carlsbad, N. M.

John Cunningham has our tanks for a dollar for the Chief twelve months.

Mrs. W. W. Brand and children left Saturday for their home in Dublin after a visit with her sister, Mrs. H. J. Newman.

J. W. Burks opened up a real estate office this week in the upstairs of the Cunningham building. The Chief office turned him out a fancy lot of stationery.

Oliver Elliot came in last week from Roswell, N. M. where he has been attending school. He won a very nice medal this year for being head of the class.

It costs even \$20. to over run the speed limit in Miami, so said the Mayor to an accuser this week. \$5 and the trimmings. Thanks, we are not in such a hurry.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Aid met with Mrs. Robertson yesterday evening. Ten members and five visitors present. Nifty refreshments were served.

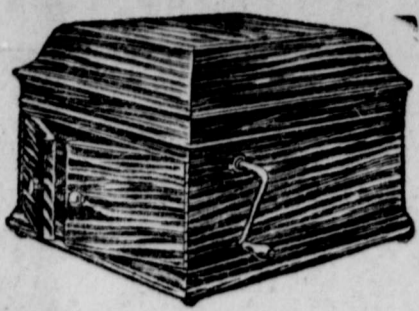
The local lodge Woodmen of the World are preparing a big supper tomorrow night. A fine time is promised with plenty of cream, and some good music by the local orchestra. All members, families and prospective members invited.

Womens Missionary Society held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening at the church. We will serve ice cream on the awning in front of the Fitch Hotel Saturday evening, every body come, the money will go toward cleaning up the church and pay some other accounts. Come and help.

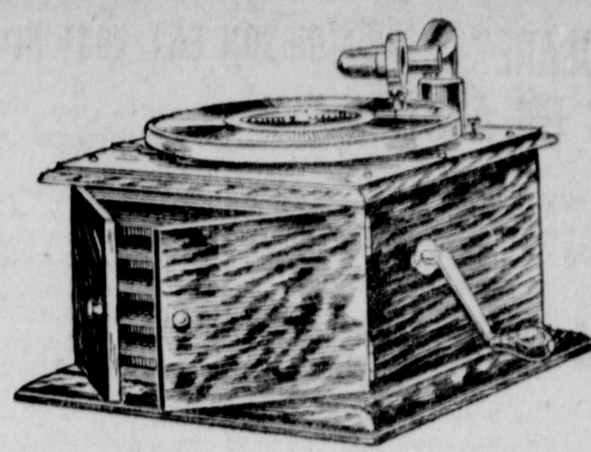
The Womens Study Club met with Mrs. J. A. Mead last Friday. Mrs. H. E. Baird vice president presiding. Mrs. Sam Seiber entertained the ladies with an interesting little story dealing with a hero and heroine who found the simple life, the ideal one. Mrs. Burks read an editorial that was very uplifting. After a business session Mrs. Mead served a tempting orange ice with angel food and pineapple cake.

J. W. Philpott and daughter Miss Ruth attended the State Grain Dealers Association at Galveston last week. Mr. Philpott reports a very pleasant trip and a big time at the convention. The Grain dealers passed a resolution against the raise in freight rates and sent a committee to the meeting at Austin this week. He came in Saturday and Miss Ruth visited with grandparents a few days at White Wright and came back this week.

W. H. Rhodes left Monday for Wichita, Kansas where he goes to open an office from which to sell his new calculator. Mr. Rhodes states that his new calculator is selling much faster than he at first anticipated and that business forces him to get an office in a more central point. His family will likely move to that place.



Victrolas



"Bet on Earth"

Come and Hear

These Wonderful Victrolas

any kind of music you like from banjo to band, and from the pickaninny to the worlds greatest artists. A great pleasure to any home. We have them in stock.

We can save you from \$50 to \$100 on a piano. Come in and let us tell you about them. Fine and medium grades

Walter Cook Jewelry & Music Co.

Miami Texas



Prices

\$15.00

to

\$400.00



Mrs. Roy Trowbridge arrived in California all right and reports a very pleasant trip.

Ellis Wells and family spent Sunday at Higgins in the Baptist fifth Sunday meeting.

Mrs. Dave Stribling and daughter Miss Sue visited in Miami Sunday. Mr. Stribling was down Monday.

Miss Olive Reid of Mobeetie visited friends in Miami this and last week.

Miss Jessie Sererton returned this week from Clarendon where she has been attending school.

Judge T. M. Cunningham left Sunday for Austin where he goes with a large delegate of others from over the State to meet with the Rail Road commission and see what can be done to prevent the proposed increase in freight rates.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. O'Loughlin came in Monday from Mineral Wells where they spent a few weeks for his health. Mr. O'Loughlin is looking much better and we believe his health was greatly improved.

Billie Lyons and family and Arthur Lyons and family came in this week and will make their homes in Miami. They are progressive farmers and Roberts County needs such men. Their household goods and farming tools will be shipped at once. They are brothers to Mrs. J. W. Philpott

W. L. Williams, head of the department of education of the College of Industrial Arts at Denton, and his wife are visiting in Miami this week. Miss Fay Jackson returned with them. Mr. Williams was at one time editor of the Miami newspaper, and spent several years in Roberts County. They came through in a car.

Geo. Fletcher has accepted a position with the First State bank and began work Tuesday. O. Brizentine, a brother to operator I. Brizentine took Mr. Fletchers place at the depot. His family arrived Monday.

Milus Gunn has accepted a position with the Central Drug store and began work Monday.

Miss Ariana McAfee is attending a house party at Clarendon this week and will return the 15th.

E. C. Meadows advanced his subscription to the Chief this week.

Stenographer Pickens has our thanks for a dollar to bring him the Chief a year.

Dan Kivlehen renewed the Chief this week to his brother Jim, at Edmond, Okla.

Dick Craig of Wheeler, a brother to M. M. and Harry here, came in this week and will begin work for G. M. Moon the 15th.

NOTICE

I am much in need of money and find it necessary to call upon those who are indebted to help me out. Please do what you can and oblige. Yours respectfully,
The Miami Drug Co.
By A. M. Jones, prop.

The 2nd team of Miami easily defeated the Laketon boys and part of Miami's first team Saturday evening in a slow game of base ball. Following was the final result.

	R	H	E
Miami	14	15	2
Laketon	1	2	8

Sunday the first team, with Webster as manager and the second team, with Rhodes as manager, played a slow game of ball on a watery field. Following is the results

	R	H	E
First Team	10	3	7
Second Team	1	17	17

Panhandle team will play here Sunday and possibly Mobeetie will play here Saturday, providing nothing to prevent.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Talley are rejoicing over the arrival of a new girl Tuesday.

Miss Maud Locke of Shamrock, who has been visiting relatives in Miami, left Tuesday for home.

FRESH

Everything in our Store is always fresh and fine. We keep our shop just like we keep our house, everything strictly sanitary.

Harvest

will soon be here and we have made arrangements to fill your want in the harvest meat Line. Here are a few things that we are offering at special prices.

Picnic hams, Home cured bacon and pure hog lard

We thank our old customers for a fine business and appreciate the many new ones that have begun trading with us, here of late.

QUALITY FIRST

The Central Meat Market

G. S. Seiber, Prop.

ITALY DECLARES WAR ON AUSTRIA

WILDEST JOY IS SHOWN BY ITALIANS AS PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR CONFLICT.

ELEVENTH TO TAKE UP ARMS

Comes to Aid of Allies With 4,000,000 Military Men and Powerful Fleet.

Rome, via Paris.—Italy is at war with Austria-Hungary. With the issuance of the general mobilization order, the Italian government issued a proclamation declaring war on Austria, which officially began Monday.

Prior to this and after a lengthy consultation, the ministers of war and marine proclaimed all the provinces bordering on Austria and the islands and coast towns of the Adriatic in a state of war, which was equivalent to the establishment of martial law, the step usually preceding the formal declaration.

Although drastic action had been looked for momentarily, Italians of all classes have been electrified by the swiftly moving events.

When Premier Salandra and Signor Sonnino, the foreign ministers, left the palace, the people cheered them enthusiastically.

When the first blow will be struck can not be foretold, but after many months of preparation the army, which has been greatly strengthened, and the navy, are ready. Exceedingly strong forces are in position all along the Austro-Italian frontier, on the Austrian side of which feverish preparations have been going on the last few days to make the fortifications as strong as possible and to clear the way for effective artillery action.

The German ambassador, Prince von Bulow, and the Austrian ambassador, Baron von Macchio, were given their passports Sunday afternoon. They will be given safe conduct when they leave, and so far as German and Austrian residents are concerned, every effort has been made to see them safely out of the country.

On the other hand, most alarming reports have been received from the Italian border towns that Italian residents in the Austrian Tyrol are experiencing great difficulty in returning to Italy and in many cases have been isolated under arrest.

From Germany come reports that considerable resentment is felt in official quarters there against what is alleged to be the obscurity of the Austrian diplomacy responsible for the failure of the negotiations with Italy initiated by Prince von Bulow, the German ambassador. The suggestion had been made that Austria should be left alone to fight Italy, but pledges taken by the German general staff and by the German emperor personally with Emperor Francis Joseph, resulted in the triumph of those advocating Austro-German solidarity even in a new war against Italy.

Eleventh Nation to Join Arms.

The entrance of Italy into the world war brings the number of states engaged up to 11. Italy, allied with Germany and Austria-Hungary since 1882 in the Triple alliance, was called upon last summer shortly after the assassination of the Austrian crown prince at Sarajevo, Bosnia, to support the Germanic empires. She declined and there began a series of diplomatic negotiations which soon resolved themselves into efforts on the part of Germany and Austria-Hungary to induce Italy to remain neutral.

When the great European war began Italy's army was considerably below the normal peace footing, estimated at 300,000 men. Almost half of these troops were in Tripoli. Now the active or first line army numbers more than 1,000,000 men of all arms.

The age limit of active service in Italy is 32. Men between that age and 40 form the territorial army, consisting of eight classes amounting to 1,150,000 second line troops. There also are about 1,000,000 men trained, but exempt from military service, who, in case of urgent necessity, could be called to arms. Volunteer corps likewise could be formed, so that Italy's total war strength, including resources of all kinds, is figured at about 4,000,000 men.

In eight months she has spent \$400,000,000 in military preparations. Italy has a powerful fleet of modern warships. The duke of the Abruzzi, cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, who is the chief naval officer of Italy, recently assumed command of the five dreadnoughts, the most powerful squadron ever assembled under the Italian flag. In addition Italy has eight warships of the pre-dreadnought type, nine armored cruisers, 13 protected cruisers and the usual complement of destroyers and torpedo boats. She also has 25 submarines.

Italy's population (1913) is given as 35,238,000. Military or naval service is compulsory and universal.

British Submarine Active in Straits.

Paris.—An official note regarding the operations in the Dardanelles says that a British submarine has sunk two torpedo boats and two transports, one of which was loaded with troops.

GIBSON BILL LOST IN HOUSE

Measure Reported Unfavorably By Body in Committee of Whole.

Austin, Texas.—Although the fate of the Gibson bill seems certain, it having been reported unfavorably by a margin of one vote by the entire senate, sitting as the insurance committee, the insurance fight has taken a new tack by the submission of a special message from Gov. Ferguson suggesting the enactment of a law to prohibit life insurance companies operating in Texas from charging more than 7 per cent annually upon any loan. Bills to that effect were offered in the house by Messrs. Bagby and Baker of Scurry and in the senate by Messrs. Harley and King.

FIND FOR TEDDY; SPLIT COSTS.

This Verdict in Barnes Libel Suit is Held by Court to be Improper.

Syracuse, N. Y.—The jury in the trial of the libel suit of William Barnes against Theodore Roosevelt was deadlocked Friday night after having returned a conditional verdict in favor of the former president, which Supreme Court Justice Andrews refused to receive. The condition which made the verdict an improper one was that the costs should be divided between the principals in the action.

The deadlock resulted from the announcement of Juror No. 11—Edward Burns, a Syracuse motorman, and a Republican—that if the costs and disbursements were not divided he favored a verdict for the plaintiff.

Educational Bill Passed in Senate.

Austin, Texas.—The senate's celerity in handling educational appropriations, as well as its generosity to such institutions, was again evidenced when the finance committee bill, which carries \$5,658,148 and allows substantially everything asked for by the university, A. & M. college and normal schools, was passed finally under the previous question, without any argument whatever. The bill was under consideration about seven minutes, on final passage, and about an equal length of time on engrossment.

Page Urges Payment for Cargoes.

London.—Official representations have been made by the American embassy to the government here within the last ten days, urging that steps be taken to arrive at a decision in the cases of nearly 400 cargoes which have been seized in English waters, so that the owners may know what to expect. Ambassador Page called on the foreign office at least three times to impress on Sir Edward Grey that American shippers owning cargoes running up to \$20,000,000, were asking Washington to see that Great Britain acted promptly.

England Sends Check for 8,000 Cannon

Bethlehem, Pa.—The Bethlehem Steel company received an order for 8,000 cannon from Lord Kitchener of the British war office. The order was accompanied by a check for \$16,150,000, part of which is for work already done by the company for the British government and part as an advance payment for material that will go into the 8,000 new field pieces. The cannon ordered are field pieces of a kind that can be turned out in about a month, and the company now is well equipped to make them faster than any other concern on earth.

Britain Requisitioned Transylvania

New York.—The Cunard line offices have announced that the Anchor line steamship Transylvania, which arrived in Glasgow from New York Sunday, had been requisitioned by the British government. This leaves in the trans-Atlantic passenger service of the Anchor line only the Orduña and Tuscania.

London Fears Gas Bombs.

London.—An intimation that German Zeppelin airships probably will use bombs charged with poisonous gases if they make raids on London is contained in a notice issued by Scotland yard, which warns the public in case of attack, "to keep all windows and doors on lower floors closed so as to prevent the admission of deleterious gases."

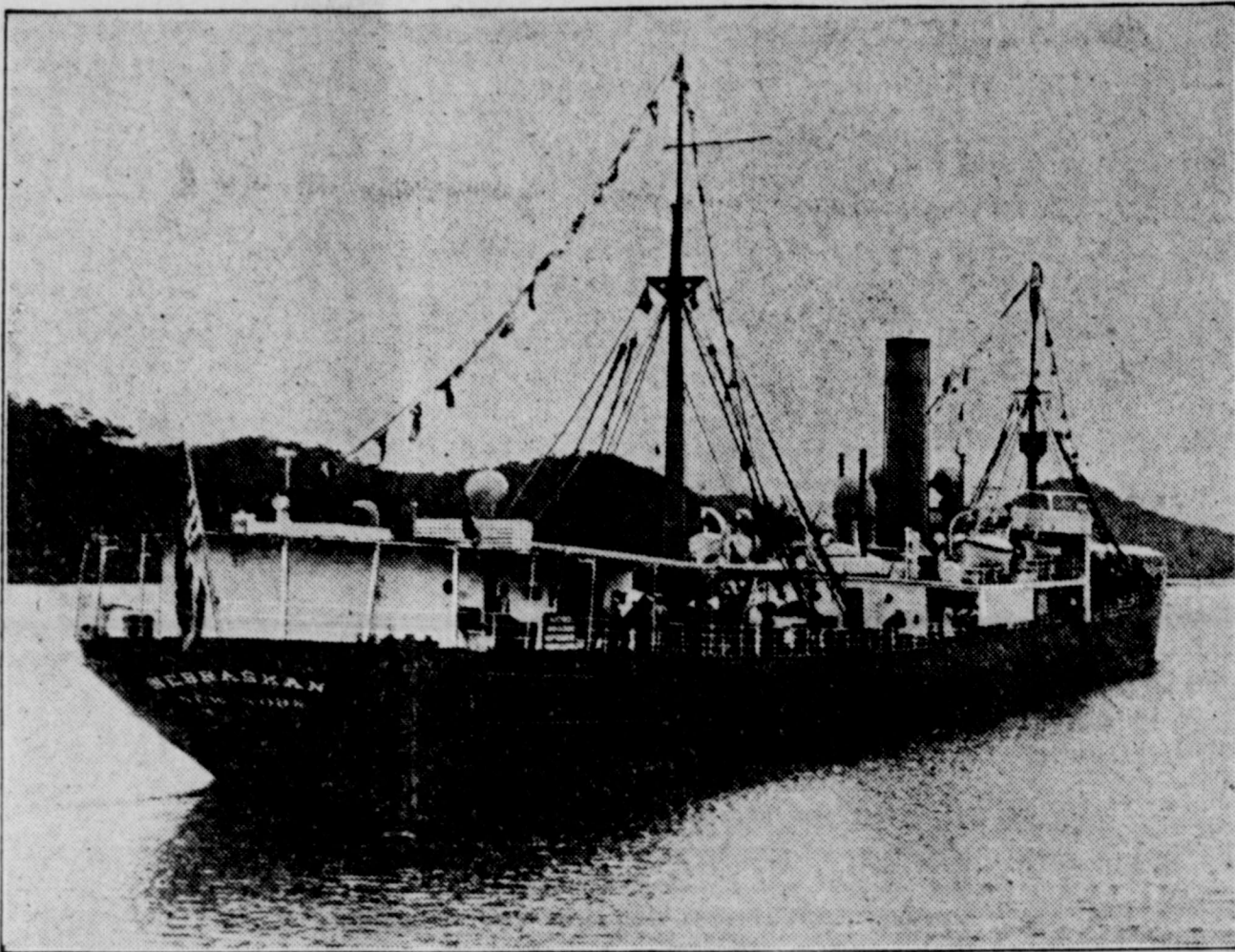
6,000 Armenians Reported Massacred.

London.—Six thousand Armenians have been massacred at Van, in Armenia, Asiatic Turkey, according to a dispatch received in official quarters in London from the Russian consul at Urmiah, Persia. This message is dated May 15. It adds that the Armenians are defending themselves to the utmost against the Turks and Kurds arrayed against them, but that help is urgently needed.

30,000 Italians Reported Detained.

Rome.—The report reaching Rome that the German and Austrian governments have prevented 30,000 Italians from leaving the territory of those countries has created a profound impression here. The Giornale d'Italia declines to believe the truth of the report, not only because this would be opposed to the rights of nations, but for the reason that the Italian government not only permitted the departure of Austrians and Germans from the peninsula, but protected these nationals.

AMERICAN STEAMER SUNK BY TORPEDO



The steamer Nebraska of the American-Hawaiian line, which was struck by a torpedo and seriously damaged off the British coast. She had started without cargo from Liverpool to New York, was flying the American flag and had her name and nationality painted on her sides.

WELLESLEY CREW READY FOR THE SEASON



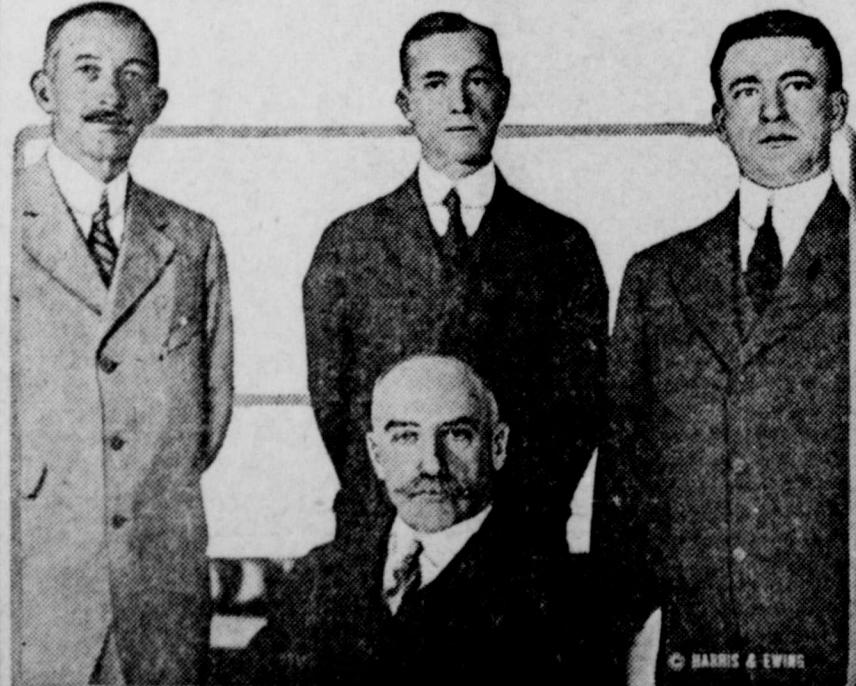
The 1915 crew of Wellesley college has shown exceptional speed in its trial spins on the lake and is now in prime condition for the contests of the season.

DRILLING GERMAN CITIZEN ARMY



Heads of boys' schools in Germany and some of their pupils in an improvised trench receiving instructions from a drill sergeant.

ADMIRAL BENSON AND STAFF



Rear Admiral Benson, chief of the new bureau of naval operations, and his staff. Standing behind the admiral, left to right, are: Capt. Volney O. Chase, Lieut. Wilson Brown and Lieut. Byron McCandless. Later the staff will be increased.

TEXAS NEWS CONDENSED

The Galveston dry dock bill has passed finally the senate.

An \$8,000 bond issue for improvement of the two central ward school buildings was voted at Ballinger.

Announcement was made in Dallas of the sale of a 150-foot lot on Ross and Magnolia streets for \$46,750.

The commissioners' court at Cameron has let contracts for the erection and repair of bridges amounting to \$3,350.

The attorney general's department has approved the Hemphill county road and bridge bonds in the sum of \$74,000.

Ground has been broken and work commenced on a flour mill at Daingerfield. It is said the mill will be in readiness for the fall business.

Work has begun on the new elevator at Megargel and will be finished in time to take care of the enormous oat and wheat crop which is growing over Archer country.

For the purpose of doing a business in farm loans, the Fidelity Trust company of Kansas City, Mo., has opened a branch in Dallas. The company has a capital and surplus of \$2,000,000.

Plans have been drawn at St. Louis, it is learned, for a \$500,000 museum for the late Adolphus Busch. The plans await the approval of Mrs. Lilly Busch, the widow, now in Germany.

The auditing committee of the city of Marshall has filed its report of the city's financial condition. This report shows that the city's assets are \$98,403.97, and liabilities \$41,719.57, an increase of \$1,690.02 on the report of a year ago.

From the most accurate data to be had it is estimated that during the planting season of 1914-15 there were set out in Garza county at least 50,000 or 60,000 fruit, shade and ornamental trees, etc.

Bonds to the following amounts have been voted in Runnels county rural schools: Content \$2,500, Norton, \$5,000, Trullitt and Long Branch combined as Harmony school \$2,500, Benn \$2,500; all these amounts to be spent in addition to former issues.

The Wortham-Mexia Oil and Gas company is the name of the new company that came into existence when a number of citizens of Wortham and Mexia met for the purpose of organizing a company to prospect for oil and gas in that vicinity. The capital stock was fixed at \$5,000 and all was immediately taken up.

Miss Fredda Streight, daughter of the late Editor T. E. Streight of McGregor, says she has been notified that she was the sole heir of the estate of her great uncle, Willis Moon, who died recently in San Antonio. The latter was engaged in sheep raising extensively and is said to have left an estate valued at approximately \$250,000.

The effect of the decision of the state supreme court in affirming the judgment of the lower courts in the case of the Texas company, in Wichita county, involving the county's right to tax oil leases, is to render collectible about \$30,000 in taxes due from the oil companies for 1912, 1913, and 1914. Of this amount the county will receive approximately \$16,000.

It is reported the Missouri, Oklahoma & Gulf railroad, which has been seeking an outlet to Dallas and Fort Worth for some time, is about to succeed in making arrangements whereby this can be done.

Three young women and two young men of Austin were injured when the automobile in which they were riding turned over about 15 miles north of that city. All were thrown violently against a barbed wire fence, suffering cuts and bruises.

The Grayson county commissioners court has ordered an election for the Howe good roads district for Saturday, June 19, to see whether or not bonds in the sum of \$60,000 may be issued with which to build graveled roads.

About 150 members attended the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Texas funeral directors and embalmers' association, which met at Fort Worth. The association has a membership of about 300.

The condensed monthly statement of the conditions of the savings departments of the 29 state banks maintaining such departments, issued by the commissioner of insurance and banking, shows total savings deposits of \$3,438,431.

The congregation of the First Baptist church at Coleman is considering plans and specifications for the erection of a new brick edifice, together with pipe organ and furnishings, will be \$25,000.

DR. LEO S. ROWE



Dr. Leo S. Rowe, professor of political and social science at the University of Pennsylvania, was made secretary general of the big Pan-American Commercial conference in Washington. Doctor Rowe has spent many years in South America and speaks Spanish like a native. He has been a member of various government commissions that have visited the republics to the south of us.

Simple Home Remedies.

A severe coughing paroxysm can be relieved by taking a teaspoonful of glycerin in a swallow of hot milk.

A salt bath is very beneficial and restful. Purchase of druggist a box of sea salt; dissolve about a fourth of it in hot water. Saturate a bath towel in the salt water, then let it dry. After the regular bath, rub the body with the salted towel, or use it mornings after the cold bath.

If you want to keep from sneezing, press the finger on the upper part of the nose.

A bag of hot sand with a tablespoonful of vinegar sprinkled on will relieve neuralgia.

Russ Language Spreads.

Russian is already the dominant tongue of 170,000,000 people, and the statisticians declare that by 1950 it will be spoken by no less than 300,000,000.

The BLACK BOX

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

FIRST INSTALLMENT

SANFORD QUEST, CRIMINOLOGIST.

The young man from the West had arrived in New York only that afternoon, and his cousin, town born and bred, had already embarked upon the task of showing him the great city. They occupied a table in a somewhat insignificant corner of one of New York's most famous roof garden restaurants. The place was crowded with diners. There were many notable men to be pointed out. The town young man was very busy.

"Tell me," the country cousin inquired, "who is the man at a table by himself? The waiters speak to him as though he were a little god. Is he a millionaire, or a judge, or what?"

"You're in luck, Alfred," the New Yorker declared. "That's the most interesting man in New York—one of the most interesting in the world. That's Sanford Quest."

"Who's he?"

"Sanford Quest is the greatest master in criminology the world has ever known. He is a magician, a scientist, the Pierpont Morgan of his profession."

"Say, do you mean that he is a detective?"

"Yes," he said simply, "you can call him that—just in the same way that you could call Napoleon a soldier or Lincoln a statesman. He is a detective, if you like to call him that, the master detective in the world."

When Sanford Quest entered his house an hour later he glanced into two of the rooms on the ground floor, in which telegraph and telephone operators sat at their instruments. Then, by means of a small lift, he ascended to the top story and entered a large apartment wrapped in gloom until, as he crossed the threshold, he touched the switches of the electric lights. One realized then that this was a man of taste. Quest drew up an easy chair to the wide-flung window, touching a bell as he crossed the room. In a few moments the door was opened and closed noiselessly. A young woman entered with a bundle of papers.

The criminologist glanced through the papers quickly. "No further inquiries, Laura?"

She left the room almost noiselessly.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

"This habit of becoming late for breakfast," Lady Ashleigh remarked, as she sat down the coffee pot, "is growing upon your father. Any news, dear?"

Ella glanced up from a pile of correspondence through which she had been looking a little negligently.

"None at all, mother. My correspondence is just the usual sort of rubbish—invitations and gossip. Such a lot of invitations, by the bye."

"At your age," Lady Ashleigh declared, "that is the sort of correspondence which you should find interesting."

"You know I am not like that, mother," she protested. "My music is really the only part of life which absolutely appeals to me. Oh, why doesn't Delaney make up his mind and let father know, as he promised! . . . Here comes daddy, mum."

Lord Ashleigh loitered for a moment to raise the covers from the dishes upon a side table. Afterwards he seated himself at the table.

"I heard this morning," he said, "from your friend Delaney. Ella. He went into the matter very fully. The substance of it is that for the first year of your musical training he advises New York."

"I have not finished yet. This cablegram," he went on, drawing a little slip of blue paper from his pocket, "was brought to me this morning—"

He smoothed it out before him and read:

To Lord Ashleigh, Hamblin House, Dorset, England: I find a magnificent program arranged for at Metropolitan Opera house this year. Have taken box for your daughter, engaged the best professor in the world, and secured an apartment at the Leland, our most select and comfortable residential hotel. Understand your brother is still in South America, returning early spring, but will do our best to make your daughter's year of study as pleasant as possible. Advise her sail on Saturday by Mauretania.

"On Saturday?" Ella almost screamed.

"I shall now," Lord Ashleigh said, "leave you to talk over and discuss this matter for the rest of the day. At dinner time tonight you can tell me your decision, or rather we will discuss it together."

CHAPTER II.

"I am to take it, I believe," Lord Ashleigh began after dinner that evening, "that you have finally decided, Ella, to embrace our Saturday?"

"If you please," Ella murmured, with glowing eyes.

"You will take your own maid with you, of course," Lord Ashleigh continued. "Lenora is a good girl and I am sure she will look after you quite well, but I have decided to supplement Lenora's surveillance over your comfort by sending with you, also, a sort of courier and general attendant—whom do you think? Well, Macdougall. He has lived in New York for some years, and you will doubtless find this a great advantage, Ella."

Ella glanced over her shoulder at the two servants who were standing discreetly in the background. Her eyes rested upon the pale, expressionless face of the man who during the last few years had enjoyed her father's confidence.

For a moment a queer sense of apprehension troubled her. Was it true, she wondered, that she did not like the man? She banished the thought almost as soon as it was conceived.

"You are spoiling me, daddy," Ella sighed.

"If you think so now," he remarked, "I do not know what you will say to me presently."

He laid upon the table a very familiar morocco case, stamped with a coronet.

"Our diamonds!" Ella exclaimed.

"The Ashleigh diamonds?"

The necklace lay exposed to view, the wonderful stones flashing in the subdued light.

"In New York," Lord Ashleigh continued, "it is the custom to wear jewelry in public more, even, than in this country. Allow me!"

He leaned forward. With long, capable fingers he fastened the necklace around his daughter's neck.

"It is our farewell present to you," Lord Ashleigh declared.

Ella, impelled by some curious impulse which she could not quite understand, glanced quickly around to where the manservant was standing. For once she saw something besides

room. Ella pointed to the door.

"Lenora, look outside. See if anyone is on that landing. I fancied that the door opened."

Lenora crossed the room and tried the handle. Then she turned towards her mistress in triumph.

"It is locked, my lady," she reported.

"Go down and ask Macdougall to come up. I am going to have this thing explained."

Something of her mistress's agitation seemed to have become communicated to Lenora.

She walked quickly to the back part of the hotel and ascended to the wing in which the servants' quarters were situated. Here she made her way along a corridor until she reached Macdougall's room. She knocked, and knocked again. There was no answer. She tried the door and found it was locked. Then she returned to the lift and descended once more to the floor upon which her mistress's apartments were situated. She opened the door of the suite without knocking and turned at once to the sitting room.

"I am sorry, my lady—" she began.

Then she stopped short. The lift boy, who had had a little trouble with his starting apparatus and had not as yet descended, heard the scream which broke from her lips, and a freeman in an adjacent corridor came running up almost at the same moment. Lenora was on her knees by her mistress's side. Ella was still lying in the easy-chair in which she had been seated, but her head was thrown back in an unnatural fashion. There was a red mark just across her throat.

Lenora shrieked, "She's fainted! And the diamonds—the diamonds have gone!"

A doctor, hurriedly summoned, had just completed a hasty examination when a police inspector, followed by a detective, entered.

"This is your affair, gentlemen, not mine," the doctor said gravely. "The young lady is dead. She has been cruelly strangled within the last five or ten minutes."

The inspector made a careful examination of the room.

"Tell me," he inquired, "is this the young lady who owned the wonderful Ashleigh diamonds?"

"They've gone!" Lenora shrieked. "They've been stolen! She was wearing them when I left the room!"

The inspector turned to the telephone.

"Mr. Marsham," he said, "I am afraid this will be a difficult affair. I am going to take the liberty of calling in an expert. That you, exchange? I want number one, New York city—Mr. Sanford Quest."

CHAPTER II.

There seemed to be nothing at all original in the methods pursued by the great criminologist when confronted with this tableau of death and robbery. His remarks to the inspector were few and perfunctory. He asked only a few languid questions of Macdougall and Lenora, who were summoned to his presence. Macdougall then turned to leave the room. Lenora was about to follow, but Quest signed to her to remain.

"I should like to have a little conversation with you about your mistress," he said to her pleasantly. "If you don't mind, I will ask you to accompany me in my car. I will send the man back with you."

They descended in the lift together and Quest handed the girl into his car. They drove quickly through the silent streets.

In a few minutes Lenora was installed in an easy chair in Quest's sitting-room.

"Lean back and make yourself comfortable," Quest invited, as he took a chair opposite to her. "I must just look through these papers."

The girl did as she was told. She opened her coat. The room was delightfully warm, almost overheated. A sense of rest crept over her. She was conscious that Quest had laid down the letters which he had been pretending to read. His eyes were fixed upon her. There was a queer new feeling creeping through her veins.

Quest's voice broke an unnatural silence.

"You are anxious to telephone someone," he said. "You looked at both the booths as we came through the hotel. Then you remembered, I think, that he would not be there yet. Telephone now. The telephone is at your right hand. You know the number."

She obeyed almost at once.

"Number 700, New York city."

"You will ask," Quest continued, "whether he is all right whether the jewels are safe."

There was a brief silence then the girl's voice.

"Are you there, James? . . . Yes, I am Lenora. Are you safe? Have you the jewels? . . . Where? . . . No, nothing fresh has happened."

"You are at the hotel," Quest said softly. "You are going to him."

"I cannot sleep," she continued. "I am coming to you."

She set down the receiver. Quest leaned a little more closely over her.

"You know where the jewels are hidden," he said. "Tell me where?"

Her lips quivered. She made no answer.

"Very good," Quest concluded. "You need not tell me. Only remember this: At nine o'clock tomorrow morning you will bring those jewels to this apartment. . . . Rest quietly now. I want you to go to sleep."

She obeyed without hesitation. Quest watched, for a moment, her regular breathing. Then he touched a bell by his side. Laura entered almost at once.

CHAPTER III.

The streets of New York were covered with a thin, powdery snow as the very luxurious car of Mrs. Delaney drew up outside the front of the Leland hotel, a little after midnight. Ella leaned over and kissed her hostess.

"Thank you, dear, ever so much, for your delightful dinner," she exclaimed, "and for bringing me home. As for the music, well, I can't talk about it. I am just going upstairs into my room to sit and think."

The car rolled off. Ella, a large umbrella held over her head by the doorkeeper, stepped up the little strip of drugged which led into the softly warmed hall of the Leland. Behind came her maid, Lenora, and Macdougall, who had been riding on the box for a moment to wipe the snow from his clothes as Ella crossed the hall to the left. Lenora turned toward him. He whispered something in her ear. For a moment she shook. Then she turned away and followed her mistress upstairs.

Arrived in her apartment, Ella threw herself with a little sigh of content into a big easy-chair before the fire and gave herself up for a few moments to reverie.

A log stirred upon the fire. She leaned forward lazily to replace it and then stopped short. Exactly opposite to her was a door which opened on to a back hall. It was used only by the servants. Just as she was in the act of leaning forward Ella became conscious of a curious hallucination.

"Lenora, come here at once."

The maid hurried in from the next

room. Ella pointed to the door.

"Lenora, look outside. See if anyone is on that landing. I fancied that the door opened."

Lenora crossed the room and tried the handle. Then she turned towards her mistress in triumph.

"It is locked, my lady," she reported.

"Go down and ask Macdougall to come up. I am going to have this thing explained."

Something of her mistress's agitation seemed to have become communicated to Lenora.

She walked quickly to the back part of the hotel and ascended to the wing in which the servants' quarters were situated. Here she made her way along a corridor until she reached Macdougall's room. She knocked, and knocked again. There was no answer. She tried the door and found it was locked. Then she returned to the lift and descended once more to the floor upon which her mistress's apartments were situated. She opened the door of the suite without knocking and turned at once to the sitting room.

"I am sorry, my lady—" she began.

Then she stopped short. The lift boy, who had had a little trouble with his starting apparatus and had not as yet descended, heard the scream which broke from her lips, and a freeman in an adjacent corridor came running up almost at the same moment. Lenora was on her knees by her mistress's side. Ella was still lying in the easy-chair in which she had been seated, but her head was thrown back in an unnatural fashion. There was a red mark just across her throat.

Lenora shrieked, "She's fainted! And the diamonds—the diamonds have gone!"

A doctor, hurriedly summoned, had just completed a hasty examination when a police inspector, followed by a detective, entered.

"This is your affair, gentlemen, not mine," the doctor said gravely. "The young lady is dead. She has been cruelly strangled within the last five or ten minutes."

The inspector made a careful examination of the room.

"Tell me," he inquired, "is this the young lady who owned the wonderful Ashleigh diamonds?"

"They've gone!" Lenora shrieked. "They've been stolen! She was wearing them when I left the room!"

The inspector turned to the telephone.

"Mr. Marsham," he said, "I am afraid this will be a difficult affair. I am going to take the liberty of calling in an expert. That you, exchange? I want number one, New York city—Mr. Sanford Quest."



"Our Diamonds!" She Exclaimed. "The Ashleigh Diamonds!"

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

There seemed to be nothing at all original in the methods pursued by the great criminologist when confronted with this tableau of death and robbery. His remarks to the inspector were few and perfunctory. He asked only a few languid questions of Macdougall and Lenora, who were summoned to his presence. Macdougall then turned to leave the room. Lenora was about to follow, but Quest signed to her to remain.

"I should like to have a little conversation with you about your mistress," he said to her pleasantly. "If you don't mind, I will ask you to accompany me in my car. I will send the man back with you."

They descended in the lift together and Quest handed the girl into his car. They drove quickly through the silent streets.

In a few minutes Lenora was installed in an easy chair in Quest's sitting-room.

"Lean back and make yourself comfortable," Quest invited, as he took a chair opposite to her. "I must just look through these papers."

The girl did as she was told. She opened her coat. The room was delightfully warm, almost overheated. A sense of rest crept over her. She was conscious that Quest had laid down the letters which he had been pretending to read. His eyes were fixed upon her. There was a queer new feeling creeping through her veins.

Quest's voice broke an unnatural silence.

"You are anxious to telephone someone," he said. "You looked at both the booths as we came through the hotel. Then you remembered, I think, that he would not be there yet. Telephone now. The telephone is at your right hand. You know the number."

She obeyed almost at once.

"Number 700, New York city."

"You will ask," Quest continued, "whether he is all right whether the jewels are safe."

There was a brief silence then the girl's voice.

"Are you there, James? . . . Yes, I am Lenora. Are you safe? Have you the jewels? . . . Where? . . . No, nothing fresh has happened."

"You are at the hotel," Quest said softly. "You are going to him."

"I cannot sleep," she continued. "I am coming to you."

She set down the receiver. Quest leaned a little more closely over her.

"You know where the jewels are hidden," he said. "Tell me where?"

Her lips quivered. She made no answer.

"Very good," Quest concluded. "You need not tell me. Only remember this: At nine o'clock tomorrow morning you will bring those jewels to this apartment. . . . Rest quietly now. I want you to go to sleep."

She obeyed without hesitation. Quest watched, for a moment, her regular breathing. Then he touched a bell by his side. Laura entered almost at once.

CHAPTER IV.

There seemed to be nothing at all original in the methods pursued by the great criminologist when confronted with this tableau of death and robbery. His remarks to the inspector were few and perfunctory. He asked only a few languid questions of Macdougall and Lenora, who were summoned to his presence. Macdougall then turned to leave the room. Lenora was about to follow, but Quest signed to her to remain.

"I should like to have a little conversation with you about your mistress," he said to her pleasantly. "If you don't mind, I will ask you to accompany me in my car. I will send the man back with you."

They descended in the lift together and Quest handed the girl into his car. They drove quickly through the silent streets.

In a few minutes Lenora was installed in an easy chair in Quest's sitting-room.

"Lean back and make yourself comfortable," Quest invited, as he took a chair opposite to her. "I must just look through these papers."

The girl did as she was told. She opened her coat. The room was delightfully warm, almost overheated. A sense of rest crept over her. She was conscious that Quest had laid down the letters which he had been pretending to read. His eyes were fixed upon her. There was a queer new feeling creeping through her veins.

Quest's voice broke an unnatural silence.

"You are anxious to telephone someone," he said. "You looked at both the booths as we came through the hotel. Then you remembered, I think, that he would not be there yet. Telephone now. The telephone is at your right hand. You know the number."

She obeyed almost at once.

"Number 700, New York city."

"You will ask," Quest continued, "whether he is all right whether the jewels are safe."

There was a brief silence then the girl's voice.

"Are you there, James? . . . Yes, I am Lenora. Are you safe? Have you the jewels? . . . Where? . . . No, nothing fresh has happened."

"You are at the hotel," Quest said softly. "You are going to him."

"I cannot sleep," she continued. "I am coming to you."

She set down the receiver. Quest leaned a little more closely over her.

"You know where the jewels are hidden," he said. "Tell me where?"

Her lips quivered. She made no answer.

"Very good," Quest concluded. "You need not tell me. Only remember this: At nine o'clock tomorrow morning you will bring those jewels to this apartment. . . . Rest quietly now. I want you to go to sleep."

She obeyed without hesitation. Quest watched, for a moment, her regular breathing. Then he touched a bell by his side. Laura entered almost at once.

CHAPTER V.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentations or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger.

"Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice.

There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-mothered cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his fingers. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness. . . .

The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his shoulder

bruised, his head swimming a little. Suddenly a gleam of light shone down. A trap-door above his head was slid a few inches back. The flare of an electric torch shone upon his face, a man's voice addressed him.

"Not the great Sanford Quest? This surely cannot be the greatest detective in the world walking so easily into the spider's web!"

"Any chance of getting out?" Quest asked laconically.

"None!" was the bitter reply. "You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!"

"Why this animus against me, my friend Macdougall?" Quest demanded. "You and I have never come up against one another before. I didn't like the life you led in New York ten years ago, or your friends, but you've suffered nothing through me."

"If I let you go," once more came the man's voice, "I know very well in what chair I shall be sitting before a month has passed. I am James Macdougall, Mr. Sanford Quest, and I have got the Ashleigh diamonds, and I have settled an old grudge, if not of my own, of one greater than you. That's all. A pleasant night to you!"

The door went down with a bang.

"A perfect oubliette," he remarked to himself, as he held a match over his head a moment or two later, "built for the purpose. It must be the house we failed to find which Bill Taylor used to keep before he was shot. Smooth brick walls, smooth brick floor, only exit twelve feet above one's head. Human means, apparently, are useless. Science, you have been my mistress all my days. You must save my life now or lose an earnest disciple."

Quest felt in his overcoat pocket and drew out the small, hard pellet. He gripped it in his fingers, stood as nearly as possible underneath the spot from which he had been projected, coolly swung his arm back, and flung the black pebble against the sliding door. The explosion which followed shook the very ground under his feet. For minutes afterwards everything around him seemed to rock. Then Sanford Quest emerged, dusty but unhurt, and touched a constable on his arm.

"Arrest me," he ordered. "I am Sanford Quest. I must be taken at once to headquarters."

They found a cab without much difficulty. It was five o'clock when they reached the central police station. Inspector French happened to be just

going off duty. He recognized Quest with a little exclamation.

"Got your man to bring me here," Quest explained, "so as to get away from the mob."

"Say, you've been in trouble!" the inspector remarked, leading the way into his room.

"Bit of an explosion, that's all," Quest replied. "I shall be all right when you've lent me a clothesbrush."

"The Ashleigh diamonds, eh?" the inspector asked eagerly.

"I shall have them at nine o'clock this morning," Sanford Quest promised, "and hand you over the murderer somewhere around midnight."

Quest slept for a couple of hours, had a bath and made a leisurely toilet. At a quarter to nine he sat down to breakfast in his rooms.

"At nine o'clock," he told his servant, "a young lady will call. Bring her up."

The door was suddenly opened. Lenora walked in. Quest glanced in surprise at the clock.

"My fault!" he exclaimed. "We are slow. Good-morning, Miss Lenora!"

She came straight to the table. She laid a little packet upon the table. Quest opened it coolly. The Ashleigh diamonds flashed up at him. He led Lenora to a chair and rang a bell.

"Prepare a bedroom upstairs," he ordered. "Ask Miss Roche to come here. . . . Laura," he added, as his secretary entered, "will you look after this young lady?"

A few minutes later Inspector French was announced. Quest nodded in a friendly manner.

"Some coffee, Inspector?"

"I'd rather have those diamonds!" Quest threw them lightly across the table.

The inspector whistled.

"And now, French, will you be here, please, at midnight, with three men, armed?"

"Here?" the inspector repeated. Quest nodded.



"What About the Young Woman?" the Inspector Asked.

CHAPTER V.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentations or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger.

"Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice.

There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-mothered cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his fingers. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness. . . .

The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his shoulder

bruised, his head swimming a little. Suddenly a gleam of light shone down. A trap-door above his head was slid a few inches back. The flare of an electric torch shone upon his face, a man's voice addressed him.

"Not the great Sanford Quest? This surely cannot be the greatest detective in the world walking so easily into the spider's web!"

"Any chance of getting out?" Quest asked laconically.

"None!" was the bitter reply. "You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!"

"Why this animus against me, my friend Macdougall?" Quest demanded. "You and I have never come up against one another before. I didn't like the life you led in New York ten years ago, or your friends, but you've suffered nothing through me."

"If I let you go," once more came the man's voice, "I know very well in what chair I shall be sitting before a month has passed. I am James Macdougall, Mr. Sanford Quest, and I have got the Ashleigh diamonds, and I have settled an old grudge, if not of my own, of one greater than you. That's all. A pleasant night to you!"

The door went down with a bang.

"A perfect oubliette," he remarked to himself, as he held a match over his head a moment or two later, "built for the purpose. It must be the house we failed to find which Bill Taylor used to keep before he was shot. Smooth brick walls, smooth brick floor, only exit twelve feet above one's head. Human means, apparently, are useless. Science, you have been my mistress all my days. You must save my life now or lose an earnest disciple."

Quest felt in his overcoat pocket and drew out the small, hard pellet. He gripped it in his fingers, stood as nearly as possible underneath the spot from which he had been projected, coolly swung his arm back, and flung the black pebble against the sliding door. The explosion which followed shook the very ground under his feet. For minutes afterwards everything around him seemed to rock. Then Sanford Quest emerged, dusty but unhurt, and touched a constable on his arm.

"Arrest me," he ordered. "I am Sanford Quest. I must be taken at once to headquarters."

They found a cab without much difficulty. It was five o'clock when they reached the central police station. Inspector French happened to be just

going off duty. He recognized Quest with a little exclamation.

"Got your man to bring me here," Quest explained, "so as to get away from the mob."

"Say, you've been in trouble!" the inspector remarked, leading the way into his room.

"Bit of an explosion, that's all," Quest replied. "I shall be all right when you've lent me a clothesbrush."

"The Ashleigh diamonds, eh?" the inspector asked eagerly.

"I shall have them at nine o'clock this morning," Sanford Quest promised, "and hand you over the murderer somewhere around midnight."

Quest slept for a couple of hours, had a bath and made a leisurely toilet. At a quarter to nine he sat down to breakfast in his rooms.

"At nine o'clock," he told his servant, "a young lady will call. Bring her up."

The door was suddenly opened. Lenora walked in. Quest glanced in surprise at the clock.

"My fault!" he exclaimed. "We are slow. Good-morning, Miss Lenora!"

She came straight to the table. She laid a little packet upon the table. Quest opened it coolly. The Ashleigh diamonds flashed up at him. He led Lenora to a chair and rang a bell.

"Prepare a bedroom upstairs," he ordered. "Ask Miss Roche to come here. . . . Laura," he added, as his secretary entered, "will you look after this young lady?"

A few minutes later Inspector French was announced. Quest nodded in a friendly manner.

"Some coffee, Inspector?"

"I'd rather have those diamonds!" Quest threw them lightly across the table.

The inspector whistled.

"And now, French, will you be here, please, at midnight, with three men, armed?"

"Here?" the inspector repeated. Quest nodded.

CHAPTER V.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentations or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger.

"Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice.

There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-mothered cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his fingers. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness. . . .

The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his shoulder

CHAPTER V.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentations or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger.

"Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice.

There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-mothered cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his fingers. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness. . . .

The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his shoulder

bruised, his head swimming a little. Suddenly a gleam of light shone down. A trap-door above his head was slid a few inches back. The flare of an electric torch shone upon his face, a man's voice addressed him.

"Not the great Sanford Quest? This surely cannot be the greatest detective in the world walking so easily into the spider's web!"

"Any chance of getting out?" Quest asked laconically.

"None!" was the bitter reply. "You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!"

"Why this animus against me, my friend Macdougall?" Quest demanded. "You and I have never come up against one another before. I didn't like the life you led in New York ten years ago, or your friends, but you've suffered nothing through me."

"If I let you go," once more came the man's voice, "I know very well in what chair I shall be sitting before a month has passed. I am James Macdougall, Mr. Sanford Quest, and I have got the Ashleigh diamonds, and I have settled an old grudge, if not of my own, of one greater than you. That's all. A pleasant night to you!"

The door went down with a bang.

"A perfect oubliette," he remarked to himself, as he held a match over his head a moment or two later, "built for the purpose. It must be the house we failed to find which Bill Taylor used to keep before he was shot. Smooth brick walls, smooth brick floor, only exit twelve feet above one's head. Human means, apparently, are useless. Science, you have been my mistress all my days. You must save my life now or lose an earnest disciple."

Quest felt in his overcoat pocket and drew out the small, hard pellet. He gripped it in his fingers, stood as nearly as possible underneath the spot from which he had been projected, coolly swung his arm back, and flung the black pebble against the sliding door. The explosion which followed shook the very ground under his feet. For minutes afterwards everything around him seemed to rock. Then Sanford Quest emerged, dusty but unhurt, and touched a constable on his arm.

"Arrest me," he ordered. "I am Sanford Quest. I must be taken at once to headquarters."

They found a cab without much difficulty. It was five o'clock when they reached the central police station. Inspector French happened to be just

going off duty. He recognized Quest with a little exclamation.

"Got your man to bring me here," Quest explained, "so as to get away from the mob."

"Say, you've been in trouble!" the inspector remarked, leading the way into his room.

"Bit of an explosion, that's all," Quest replied. "I shall be all right when you've lent me a clothesbrush."

"The Ashleigh diamonds, eh?" the inspector asked eagerly.

"I shall have them at nine o'clock this morning," Sanford Quest promised, "and hand you over the murderer somewhere around midnight."

Quest slept for a couple of hours, had a bath and made a leisurely toilet. At a quarter to nine he sat down to breakfast in his rooms.

"At nine o'clock," he told his servant, "a young lady will call. Bring her up."

The door was suddenly opened. Lenora walked in. Quest glanced in surprise at the clock.

"My fault!" he exclaimed. "We are slow. Good-morning, Miss Lenora!"

She came straight to the table. She laid a little packet upon the table. Quest opened it coolly. The Ashleigh diamonds flashed up at him. He led Lenora to a chair and rang a bell.

"Prepare a bedroom upstairs," he ordered. "Ask Miss Roche to come here. . . . Laura," he added, as his secretary entered, "will you look after this young lady?"

A few minutes later Inspector French was announced. Quest nodded in a friendly manner.

"Some coffee, Inspector?"

"I'd rather have those diamonds!" Quest threw them lightly across the table.

The inspector whistled.

"And now, French, will you be here, please, at midnight, with three men, armed?"

"Here?" the inspector repeated. Quest nodded.

CHAPTER V.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentations or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger.

"Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice.

There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-mothered cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his fingers. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness. . . .

The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his shoulder

bruised, his head swimming a little. Suddenly a gleam of light shone down. A trap-door above his head was slid a few inches back. The flare of an electric torch shone upon his face, a man's voice addressed him.

"Not the great Sanford Quest? This surely cannot be the greatest detective in the world walking so easily into the spider's web!"

"Any chance of getting out?" Quest asked laconically.

"None!" was the bitter reply. "You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!"

"Why this animus against me, my friend Macdougall?" Quest demanded. "You and I have never come up against one another before. I didn't like the life you led in New York ten years ago, or your friends, but you've suffered nothing through me."

"If I let you go," once more came the man's voice, "I know very well in what chair I shall be sitting before a month has passed. I am James Macdougall, Mr. Sanford Quest, and I have got the Ashleigh diamonds, and I have settled an old grudge, if not of my own, of one greater than you. That's all. A pleasant night to you!"

The door went down with a bang.

"A perfect oubliette," he remarked to himself, as he held a match over his head a moment or two later, "built for the purpose. It must be the house we failed to find which Bill Taylor used to keep before he was shot. Smooth brick walls, smooth brick floor, only exit twelve feet above one's head. Human means, apparently, are useless. Science, you have been my mistress all my days. You must save my life now or lose an earnest disciple."

Quest felt in his overcoat pocket and drew out the small, hard pellet. He gripped it in his fingers, stood as nearly as possible underneath the spot from which he had been projected, coolly swung his arm back, and flung the black pebble against the sliding door. The explosion which followed shook the very ground under his feet. For minutes afterwards everything around him seemed to rock. Then Sanford Quest emerged, dusty but unhurt, and touched a constable on his arm.

"Arrest me," he ordered. "I am Sanford Quest. I must be taken at once to headquarters."

They found a cab without much difficulty. It was five o'clock when they reached the central police station. Inspector French happened to be just

going off duty. He recognized Quest with a little exclamation.

"Got your man to bring me here," Quest explained, "so as to get away from the mob."

"Say, you've been in trouble!" the inspector remarked, leading the way into his room.

"Bit of an explosion, that's all," Quest replied. "I shall be all right when you've lent me a clothesbrush."

"The Ashleigh diamonds, eh?" the inspector asked eagerly.

"I shall have them at nine o'clock this morning," Sanford Quest promised, "and hand you over the murderer somewhere around midnight."

Quest slept for a couple of hours, had a bath and made a leisurely toilet. At a quarter to nine he sat down to breakfast in his rooms.

"At nine o'clock," he told his servant, "a young lady will call. Bring her up."

The door was suddenly opened. Lenora walked in. Quest glanced in surprise at the clock.

"My fault!" he exclaimed. "We are slow. Good-morning, Miss Lenora!"

She came straight to the table. She laid a little packet upon the table. Quest opened it coolly. The Ashleigh diamonds flashed up at him. He led Lenora to a chair and rang a bell.

"Prepare a bedroom upstairs," he ordered. "Ask Miss Roche to come here. . . . Laura," he added, as his secretary entered, "will you look after this young lady?"

A few minutes later Inspector French was announced. Quest nodded in a friendly manner.

"Some coffee, Inspector?"

"I'd rather have those diamonds!" Quest threw them lightly across the table.

The inspector whistled.

"And now, French, will you be here, please, at midnight, with three men, armed?"

"Here?" the inspector repeated. Quest nodded.

CHAPTER V.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentations or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger.

"Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice.

There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-mothered cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his fingers. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness. . . .

The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his shoulder

bruised, his head swimming a little. Suddenly a gleam of light shone down. A trap-door above his head was slid a few inches back. The flare of an electric torch shone upon his face, a man's voice addressed him.

"Not the great Sanford Quest? This surely cannot be the greatest detective in the world walking so easily into the spider's web!"

"Any chance of getting out?" Quest asked laconically.

"None!" was the bitter reply. "You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!"

"Why this animus against me, my friend Macdougall?" Quest demanded. "You and I have never come up against one another before. I didn't like the life you led in New York ten years ago, or your friends, but you've suffered nothing through me."

"If I let you go," once more came the man's voice, "I know very well in what chair I shall be sitting before a month has passed. I am James Macdougall, Mr. Sanford Quest, and I have got the Ashleigh diamonds, and I have settled an old grudge, if not of my own, of one greater than you. That's all. A pleasant night to you!"

The door went down with a bang.

"A perfect oubliette," he remarked to himself, as he held a match over his head a moment or two later, "built for the purpose. It must be the house we failed to find which Bill Taylor used to keep before he was shot. Smooth brick walls, smooth brick floor, only exit twelve feet above one's head. Human means, apparently, are useless. Science, you have been my mistress all my days. You must save my life now or lose an earnest disciple."

Quest felt in his overcoat pocket and drew out the small, hard pellet. He gripped it in his fingers, stood as nearly as possible underneath the spot from which he had been projected, coolly swung his arm back, and flung the black pebble against the sliding door. The explosion which followed shook the very ground under his feet. For minutes afterwards everything around him seemed to rock. Then Sanford Quest emerged, dusty but unhurt, and touched a constable on his arm.

"Arrest me," he ordered. "I am Sanford Quest. I must be taken at once to headquarters."

They found a cab without much difficulty. It was five o'clock when they reached the central police station. Inspector French happened to be just

going off duty. He recognized Quest with a little exclamation.

"Got your man to bring me here," Quest explained, "so as to get away from the mob."

"Say, you've been in trouble!" the inspector remarked, leading the way into his room.

"Bit of an explosion, that's all," Quest replied. "I shall be all right when you've lent me a clothesbrush."

"The Ashleigh diamonds, eh?" the inspector asked eagerly.

"I shall have them at nine o'clock this morning," Sanford Quest promised, "and hand you over the murderer somewhere around midnight."

Quest slept for a couple of hours, had a bath and made a leisurely toilet. At a quarter to nine he sat down to breakfast in his rooms.

"At nine o'clock," he told his servant, "a young lady will call. Bring her up."

The door was suddenly opened. Lenora walked in. Quest glanced in surprise at the clock.

"My fault!" he exclaimed. "We are slow. Good-morning, Miss Lenora!"

She came straight to the table. She laid a little packet upon the table. Quest opened it coolly. The Ashleigh diamonds flashed up at him. He led Lenora to a chair and rang a bell.

"Prepare a bedroom upstairs," he ordered. "Ask Miss Roche to come here. . . . Laura," he added,

The Panhandle Lumber Company
Dealers in

Lumber, Shingles, Windows, Doors, Paints, Oil
Posts, Wire Hog Fence, Lime, Cement
Brick and all Building Material

We make right that which is not right
J. E. MURFEE JR. Local Mgr. Miami, Texas

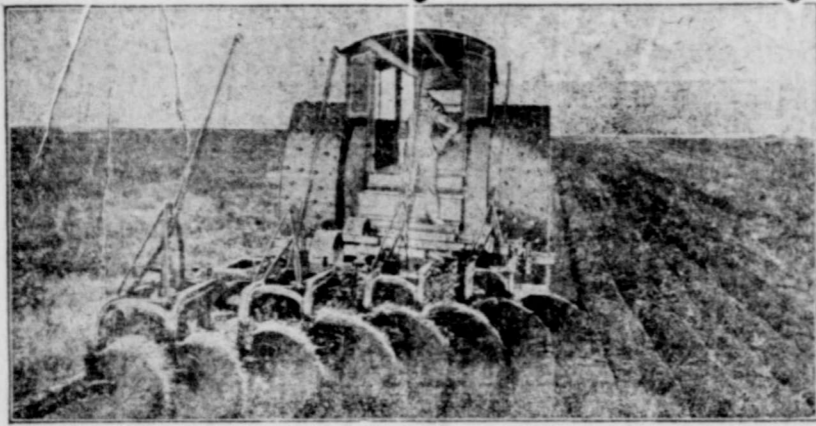
"CASH COAL"
C. B. Cozart Grain Co.
DEALERS IN
Grain, Coal and Cotton Seed Cake

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 DAYR CASH. NO LONGER
W. H. RHODES, Mgr.
Miami, Texas.

H. M. BARRETT,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
AND SALE CRIER, PAMPA, TEXAS

I make sales anywhere on a positive guarantee of satisfaction on my part.
My terms are 2 per cent on general sales if I give satisfaction, if not, no charges. Write or phone at my expense or notify the Chief for dates. I want your business.



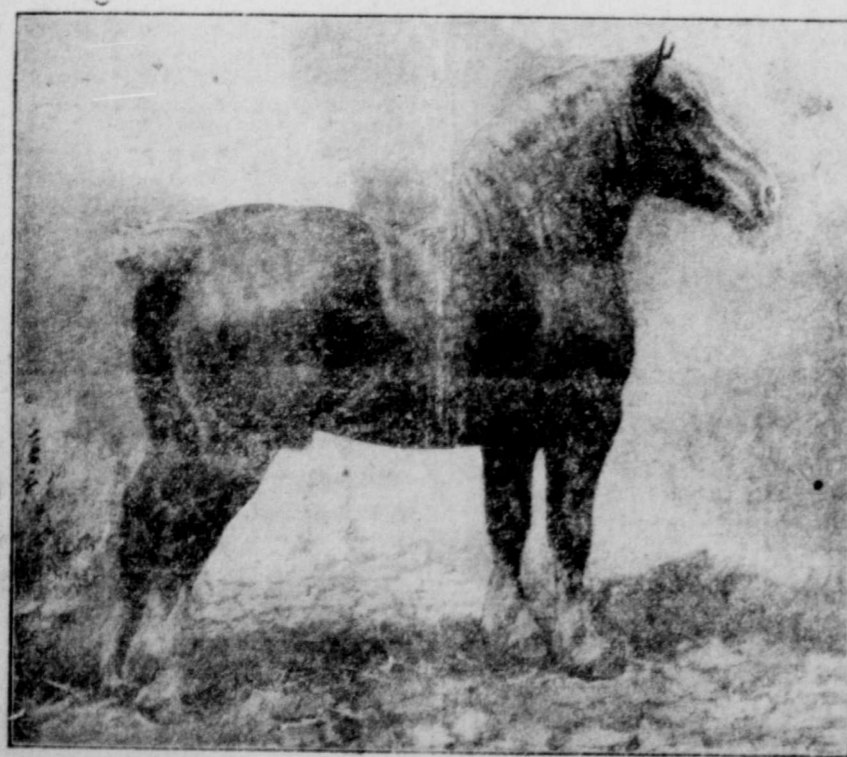
Gas Tractor

If you wish to plow your stubble 8 inches deep at a cost of 60¢ per acre, let me figure with you on a 25 h. p. Minneapolis tractor. On exhibit now at my farm. It has some advantages over any other gas tractor on the market. W. C. CHRISTOPHER.

Rhodes' Calculator for GRAIN AND ALL COMMODITIES

A new calculator that gives you the exact amount your load of grain comes to at a seconds glance. Absolutely correct and a great time saver. Mistakes eliminated. I have spent two years work on this book and it far exceeds anything on the market. 15 large grain companies have placed an order for enough to place one in each of their large string of elevators. Every wheat grower should have one. Come in and let me show you one.

W. H. RHODES, Owner and Publisher
Miami, Texas



HERO

A registered Purebred Stallion will make the 1915 season at the wagon yard in Miami. He is an extra good horse and papers can be seen at Bank of Miami. TERMS: \$15. to insure living colt, money due when colt born, mare trader sold or removed from the county.

J. P. Matthews.

We Sell
Coal Cake & Meal
Prices Right.

We Buy
Wheat, Kaffir, Maize,
Etc., and pay Highest Market Price.
ALVA ROLLER MILLS.
F. H. SMYRES, Mgr.

W. E. STOCKER

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

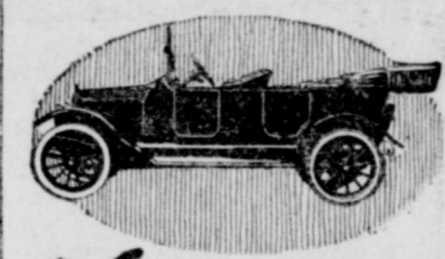
NEW AND USED SACKS

D. K. HICKMAN
DEALER IN

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

"CANTON CLIPPER" FARM IMPLEMENTS & MACHINERY.

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



Maxwell
New 1915 Model
\$695
17 New Features

A man right here in our town bought a low priced car last year. Some of the extras that he bought for it were:

High tension magneto, Shock Absorbers, New carburetor, Anti-rattling devices, License brackets, Anti-skid rear tires, Foot accelerator, Speedometer, Spare tire bracket.

These cost him more than \$196.50.

Now he owns a 1915 Maxwell with all these modern features and a dozen others.

This "Wonder Car" with Electric Self-Starters and Electric Lights only \$55 extra.



J. L. Seiber & Co. Agt
Miami - Texas

DR. M. L. GUNN
Physician and Surgeon

Office at Central Drug Store
Miami - Texas

PUBLIC SALE
Thursday, June 10

At my farm 10 miles south west of Miami on above date I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, the following.

LIVESTOCK	Farm Implements	
1 bay mare, weight 1500	2 farm wagons	1 3 leaf harrow
1 " " " 1400	1 rubber tired buggy	1 disc cultivator
1 " " " 1350	1 McCormie binder	1 6 shovel cultivator
1 black " " 1400	1 " header	1 godevil
1 rhone " " 1280	1 " mowing machiene	2 header barges
1 gray " " 1300	1 " hay rake	10 " forks
1 brown " " 1100	2 12in gang plows	1 feed grinder new
1 gray horse " 1300	1 16in " plow	1 12 disc Hoosier wheat drill
1 bay mare and colt.	1 12in plow	1 12 " Van Brunt " "
1 2 yr old filly	1 lister	1 Leader windmill
1 3 yr old horse	1 disc harrow.	1 scalding vat
8 3 yr old mules		10 sets work harness
2 1 yr old mules		2 set buggy "
2 good milch cows		
30 head feeding hogs		
5 brood sows, pigs by side		

TERMS: Under \$5 cash over that amount Bankable notes due Sept. 1 without interest, 5 per cent discount for cash Sale Begins at 10 o'clock.

FREE lunch at noon.

I. S. Jameson Auctioneer J. L. Keplinger Owner
T. J. Boney Clerk.

Glass cut to fit any opening at the White House Lumber Co.

FURNITURE!
WE HAVE It.

Our line of furniture is always full and complete. No matter what you need we are able to supply you. We keep all grades. Fine line of refrigerators and oil stoves. Prices always right.

Locke Bros.
The House of Quality

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

G. M. MOON'S.
A Complete line of everything good to eat, all Fresh and the very best. Particular goods for particular people.

"Swifts Premium Hams and Bacon"

Use the Chief Advertising columns