

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 19

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, May, 30 1918.

No. 44

HEAVY RAIN AND HAIL OVER THIS SECTION.

Thursday night of last week we had a fine one inch rain. Friday night the same thing happened and people begin to feel pretty good over prospects for a crop, but the whole thing turned loose Monday afternoon and such a rain and hail as has not fell in years paid us a visit.

A heavy rain started just a little before four o'clock which soon turned into hail. Hail stones fully as large as hen eggs fell thick and fast for forty five minutes, beating everything into the ground that looked like a war garden; tearing the roofs off building and knocking out window panes like they were soap bubbles.

The entire roof of the printing office and bakers was punctured in so many places they could not be repaired and the contents of each building drenched and thoroughly soaked; Locke Bros lost two large glass sashes in the rear of their garage; the light plant roof was almost knocked off, and in fact hardly a house in town but what received a heavy damage and every available workman has been busy since that time trying to make repairs.

Before seven o'clock the bridge across Red Deer north from town was washed out, by what old timers say was the highest water they ever saw go down the stream. Many people were in town from the country and several town people were in the country who were unable to get to their homes before next day. Railroad bridges between here and Canadian and also between here and Pampa were washed out, and we understand near a half mile of track near Mendota was washed out. Needless to say that we have had no trains since.

Several head of cattle were drowned over the country between here and Hoover. Hail driving them into the fast swelling currents. We have been unable to learn the number of head drowned but it is known that there are several. The hail did not extend far south of town and only on the Plains in part of the Green Lake country. W. G. Lyons reports about a 50 per cent damage to some of the wheat in that country.

Monday night another heavy rain fell and Tuesday some rain fell during the day and again Tuesday night we had almost as much rain as fell Monday afternoon, again swelling the creek to a high point. All lakes in the country are full and running over and people are rejoicing over the big rains. (Haven't heard any one laughing much about the hail.)

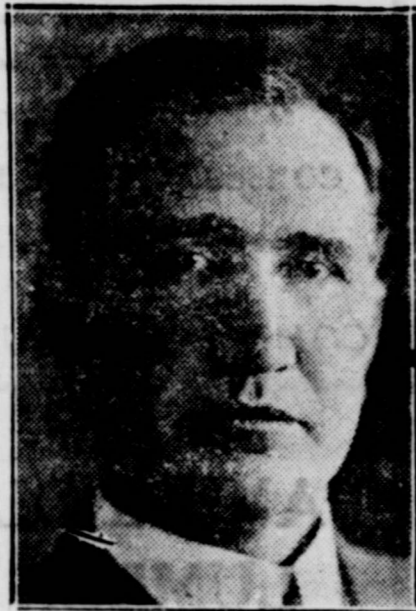
AND STILL IT RAINS.

Last night another heavy rain fell and this time it appears that the heaviest rain fell near Pampa and Red Deer came down again about as high as it was first of the week. W. E. Stocker lost most of his garden and part of his orchard by the banks caving in and the creek now is more than twice as wide as it was.

DELAYED RAILROAD TRAINS.

We are informed this afternoon, (Thursday) that aside from the two bridges between here and Hoover and the three between here and Canadian and mile of track, that the line is still receiving damages. About 500 feet of track went out last night and other looks like it will go before night. As many extra gangs as can be secured are working on the track and with the best of luck, we may expect trains by the first of next week.

Some talk has been of putting a "jitney" line between Miami and Pampa and Miami and Canadian and getting our mail once a day. This appears to be about the only way we have of getting any news.



W. S. BELL
Of Foard County
Candidate for State Senator

W. S. Bell of Crowell, Foard County spent yesterday in Miami making the acquaintance of our voters and telling them a few things about himself and his qualification for Senator from this district.

Mr. Bell is at present a member of the State Legislature from the 103rd district, and in which capacity he has served three terms without opposition which alone speaks well for him. He is a practical stock farmer and hog raiser, having the distinction of winning more prizes at the Fat Stock Show at Ft. Worth than any other man in the state. At the last session of the Legislature he was appointed Chairman of the Agricultural Committee, and is the author of several live stock sanitary bills, and also author of the million dollar rural school bill.

Mr. Bell is one of the early Texans and has lived in his present county for the past 33 years. He owns and operates one of the finest farms in Foard County and is also president of one of their foremost banking institutions. He is making a complete tour of the district in interest of his candidacy, and this territory covers 41 counties, which limits a man very closely when he makes them all.

TRAIN SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

Amarillo, Texas, May 25, 1918. Revised passenger train schedules go into effect on all railroads west of Chicago Sunday June 2nd by order of the Director General of Railroads. The committee on revision of western schedules had direction to co-ordinate passenger train service and eliminate trains not necessary. The transportation needs of every section were carefully studied and comparatively few trains were cancelled.

Yet the total passenger train miles eliminated will be around 11,728,000 and the saving in operating cost about \$18,000,000.00 a year. Much equipment, urgently needed for moving troops, will also be released and it must be borne in mind that the American railroads are an essential part of the war machine, their prime function being to move troops, food, munitions, and war supplies generally.

The changes, effective June 2nd, on this part of the Santa Fe Railway are slight. Nos. 113 and 118 supersede Nos. 21 and 22.

No. 113 leaves Kansas City 11:00 a. m., arriving Canadian 3:50, Miami 4:37, Amarillo 7:00 a. m.

No. 117 arrives Canadian 6:00, Miami 7:03, Pampa 7:50, and Amarillo 9:30 p. m.

No. 118 for Kansas City leaves Amarillo 12:50 p. m. arriving at Pampa 1:45, Miami 2:24, Canadian 3:00, and Kansas City 7:30 a. m.

No. 114 for Kansas City leaves Amarillo 6:45 p. m., arriving Pampa 8:17, Miami 8:58, Canadian 9:45 and Kansas City 3:30 p. m.

RED CROSS COLUMN

OVER THE TOP.

We went over the top in nice shape last week on our War Fund Campaign. All tabulations not yet being available, we are unable to give the exact amount of the subscription. Our quota was \$1292.

A class in Surgical dressings have just finished their study under Instructor, Mrs. J. W. Burks. They all finished the work in a splendid manner and deserve much credit for the time given and the ability shown, as does their teacher who did herself credit in instructing.

The Red Cross ladies in the Surgical Dressing department liked only one thousand having their 6000 dressings required for a shipment, so they called an extra unit together this afternoon, (Thursday) to make them and have finished, making the shipment ready to go as soon as railroad facilities can carry them. Making this thousand dressings in one afternoon is certainly putting out work in a hurry. If the big drive in Europe is now on, and all ladies in the United States are working as hard as the Miami ladies, there will be plenty of surgical dressings ready for all wounded.

CONGRESSMAN JONES MAKES STATEMENT

To the Citizens of the Eighteenth Congressional District:

I shall be a candidate for re-election to Congress from the Eighteenth District.

My term of office began March 4, just a little more than one year ago. I have attended the sessions regularly, and have attended strictly to the duties of the office. I am in full sympathy with the plans and purposes of the administration in this emergency and shall support it in a vigorous prosecution of the war. I shall favor the subordination of all other issues to the one great task of winning the war in the shortest possible time. That is my creed and the creed of every loyal American citizen.

I have answered two hundred and six roll calls, have dozed no issues and have supported every administration measure that has been presented as the record shows, and I respectfully ask any one interested to examine the records.

This is no time for partisan politics. Civilization is in a death struggle. I don't believe the people desire that large amounts of money, time and energy be spent in a political campaign during a war crisis.

In this hour it is the duty of every good citizen to serve wherever and in whatever capacity his government may assign him. Russia is now out of this fight. A heavier task, therefore, falls to our lot. Every available soldier is being and should be sent across just as soon as he can be equipped. Everyone here should be willing to consecrate his material resources to the country's cause. Each all, everything should be fused into the common purpose. All that we have, all that we are at stake. Democracy, liberty, humanity, are face to face with autocracy, avarice and brutality. The issues are unclouded. Everyone can assist. Everyone who possibly can should contribute to the Red Cross. Everyone who possibly can should buy Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds. Everyone, regardless of how much property he possesses, should do some useful work. In the rigid economy of the present, there is no place for the idler. The rich and the poor, the high and low each—all should melt in a common sentiment and stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, to the end that our declared purposes may be speedily accomplished, a complete victory won, and a lasting peace secured.

I desire to thank the people of this district for their many kindnesses and expressions of continuing confidence. I may add that I shall be pleased at any time to have the views of any constituent on public questions or pending legislation.

Respectfully yours,
Marvin Jones.

ACCOUNT NOTICE.

To all parties owing notes and accounts to the Cash Grocery Company we hereby give notice that they must be settled at once. The books of the business must be closed up within the next few days and we cannot give further time on open accounts. If you owe the Cash Grocery Company an account or past due note, you are expected to make settlement on same within the next ten days, with either R. R. McGregor or J. R. Talley.

DIVISION PUBLICITY OFFICE 90TH DIVISION, U. S. N. A.

Camp Travis, Texas, May 25, 1918

When the soldier boy's Evelyn Mea sends him a cake and a shoebox of fudge, why, of course he has to write her and tell her how "dee-licious" it was. What he doesn't tell her is that the cake got smashed in transit and he had to bury it in the garbage can. Nor does he mention the fact that the candy went astray because the address was faulty, and the sweets poor little Evelyn Mea labored over were dusty dry before they reached her correspondent.

The fact is that the postal service of Camp Travis is cluttered up with ill-packed, ill-addressed, ill-chosen and generally unnecessary parcels of food intended for a body of men who, even if the parcels never arrived at all, would be one of the best fed bodies of men in the country. The ration is a balanced one, every component that is required to make the meals nourishing and appetizing being provided. Fruits and vegetables find their place on the menu in season. The men do not need food from home. When it comes, if it is still in edible condition, the entire assemblage in the barracks of the recipient assist him in stowing it away, and a box that took long hours of thought and preparation disappears in five or ten minutes.

For those who have a sweet tooth and desire dainties between meals, the regimental exchanges are within a hundred yards or so of the farthest barracks, and for a few cents the soldier can fill up on ice cream or candy or other gimeracks. Quarter-pound cakes in sanitary oiled paper may be obtained there also, as well as fruit of all kinds. The ice cream is produced at a factory that has complied with sanitary regulations of the army. The same is true of the candy, and the cakes even bear a "release date" after which they are no longer to be considered fresh and may not therefore be sold. Although these cakes contain no wheat flour, the substitutes are so cleverly blended that the substitution cannot be detected. All things considered, therefore, if Evelyn Mea wants Private Oswald to have more goodies, she would do far better to send him the money to get them here at Camp where they are fresh, than to ship them to him in a fragile hat box or similar container. But even then, Private Oswald is better off as he is, for he gets all he can hold at meal times, and more than that is not good for him anyhow.

Troops at Camp Travis are getting field training now. They march out by regiments and stay out for the day, the company cooks accompanying the men and serving the noon meal from field kitchens. The drills and exercises approximate war conditions as nearly as may be, both men and officers being put through problems of attack and defense over the actual ground, instead of merely being quizzed on what they would do in supposed conditions on supposed territory.

The men appear to enjoy this work much better than the routine drill, although they realize that the latter has its place. But they get out into the country, and when the problem is one of open warfare, the individual soldier gets an opportunity to see something of the entirety of the work. He begins to realize how his role fits in with the whole scheme. When the problem is one of trench warfare, the necessity for co-operation and synchronization of effort is of still greater importance. And the soldier has a chance to see that, too.

The men like it because it is more like "real soldiering," as they say. They are not forgetting why they are here. These exercises are the nearest approach yet to that end. And that is why the men take to them so readily.

ELECTION NOTICE.

State of Texas, County of Roberts. Whereas, on the 13th day of May, 1918, a petition was presented to the Commissioners' Court of Roberts County, Texas, for an election in Commissioner's Precinct Number one (1) of this county on the question of authorizing a tax of not to exceed Fifteen (15) cents on the \$100.00 valuation of taxable property in said precinct for a road tax, under the provisions of the amendment of 1889 to the constitution of the State of Texas, adopted in 1890, and

Whereas, said petition was signed by more than fifty qualified voters of said precinct, it is therefore ordered by said Commissioners' Court, sitting in regular session that an elec-

GROCERIES

WE WILL SUPPLY YOUR DEMANDS IN GROCERIES AT A PRICE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE FEDERAL FOOD ADMINISTRATION. THE ADMINISTRATION ASKS US ALL NOT TO PROFITEER ON ANY FOOD COMMODITY. WE ARE NOT. ONLY A LEGITIMATE PROFIT IS ASKED AND WE WILL SERVE YOU THE BEST GROCERIES OBTAINABLE. WE ARE ASKING FOR A LIBERAL SHARE OF YOUR GROCERY BUSINESS ON THESE TERMS AND FEEL CONFIDENT THAT YOU WILL BE MORE THAN PLEASED IF YOU WILL GIVE US A TRIAL.

HERBERT C. HILL,
MARKET AND GROCERY
PHONE 83, FREE DELIVERY.

tion be held on the Fourth day of June A. D. 1918, to determine whether or not the Commissioner's Court of Roberts County, Texas, shall be authorized to levy a road tax of not to exceed Fifteen Cent on the \$100. valuation of all property lying in said Precinct, and that the following named persons shall conduct said election and are hereby appointed managers to wit: Gus Severson, J. W. Burks, L. G. Christopher, and S. E. Fitzgerald.

Said election shall be held at the Court house in the City of Miami, Texas. Said election shall be held under the provisions of the laws of the State of Texas, and only qualified voters who pay property tax in said precinct shall be permitted to vote at each election.

The ticket shall have written or printed on them the words: "For the tax" and "Against the Tax," and those who favor the tax shall vote the ticket for the tax and those who oppose to the tax shall vote the ticket against the Tax.

A copy of this order signed by the County Judge of said county shall serve as a proper notice of said election, and said notice shall be published in the Miami Chief a newspaper published in said in said Precinct No One (1) Dated the 13th day of May A. D. 1918.

J. E. Kinney, County Judge,
Roberts County, Texas.

The following editorial appeared in "The Courier," Evansville, Indiana, May 19, issue of that paper.

"A RISING TEXAN."

The meeting of the Indiana Democracy Editorial association was made distinctive by the address of Hon. Marvin Jones of Texas.

The Editors, accustomed to hearing at their annual meetings the most eminent men of the country, were thrilled by the eloquence of the young statesman from Texas. He began his speech late in the evening, but he got the attention of his hearers at once and held them breathlessly till his final climax was rewarded by rounds of applause.

The Lone Star state has given many eminent men to the councils of the nation. The guests in the crowded, banqueting hall predict that in Congressman Jones Texas is adding another to her many luminaries.

Indiana pays her respects to Texas and congratulates her sister commonwealth on sending to the halls of con-

gress the brilliant and eloquent young statesman, Marvin Jones. His career will be watched from the banks of the Wabash with the keenest interest and his successes with the utmost satisfaction."

The special exercises help this morning at the various churches by the Sunday schools, and the joint service at the Baptist church were well attended and a very instructive program was had. All business houses closed from 10 A. M. to noon and a large crowd were permitted to attend.

It has been reported that several head of cattle were drowned. It is known that at least a few head were drowned, but we are unable to learn the exact number.

1100 acres good plains land improved, in Ochiltree county. Price \$18.50 per acre, terms. Also 320 acres good level unimproved land at \$16.00 per acre. See or write me for particulars. C. E. McLarety, 43131c Ochiltree, Texas



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 First class work and careful operation. Special attention given to pyorrhea, (disease of the gums) and plate work. All work entrusted to my care will be appreciated and guaranteed. Can always be found in Christopher Bldg. Miami, Texas.
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 Will practice in all Courts.
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Don't wait until you are actually sick to take a laxative, you know "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." If you will just take **LIV-VER-LAX** regularly, it will keep you continually in the best possible shape, bright, energetic and happy. It is made of harmless vegetable matter, and by acting gently but effectively keeps the system cleansed of poisons and ready to perform its best work.
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The Miami Chief.
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
 Entered at the postoffice at Miami, Texas, as second-class matter.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE
L. G. Waggoner, Editor and Owner.
 Miami Texas.
 Thursday, May 30th 1918.

This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war

ANNOUNCEMENTS
 We are authorized to announce the following names, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, July 27th, 1918.

For Tax Assessor
W. A. DYER
TOM PURSLEY
For Sheriff and Tax Collector.
L. A. COFFEE
JACK WILSON
JOHN H. SHORT
J. R. WEBSTER
J. P. MURRY
R. J. CURTIS
R. R. MCGREGOR

For County Treasurer.
J. B. SAUL
MISS CORA McCLUNEY

For County Judge
J. K. McKENZIE

For County Commissioner, Precinct 4.
W. G. LYONS
W. B. KITCHEN.

For County and District Clerk.
M. M. CRAIG, Jr.
MRS. OLIVE DIXON

For Representative 124th District.
H. B. HILL
C. W. TURMAN.

For Commissioner, Precinct, 1.
H. T. GILL.

Don't forget to have your sons and friends sons register June 5th if they have become 21 since last June 5th. All men reaching that age in the past twelve months must register.

Another feather in our cap, "Over the Top" with the Red Cross War Fund. Still that is nothing to brag about, we only fulfilled an obligation which we owe to humanity.

The Federal Explosives Act prohibits the manufacture, sale, purchase and possession of all explosives and their ingredients, in time of war, without license. This compels practically every drug store to have a license permitting them to have in possession and sell explosive ingredients. These ingredients are: Bichromates, chlorates, chromates, nitrates, nitric acid, perchlorates, perborates, permanganates, peroxides and phosphorus in their various forms.

There is one consolation this week even if we have been receiving no mail. We have plenty to do and scarcely a minute to read if we had forty newspapers. Every carpenter and available person has been busy this week repairing the damages done to window lights, house tops, etc.

Editor Lee Satterwhite of Panhandle has entered the race for State Representative from that District. Mr. Satterwhite is an exceptional good newspaper man, having published one of the Panhandle's best weeklies at Panhandle for the past two years, and we feel quite sure that if elected, he will make also a good representative.

This thing of "wetting down" a printing office is not what some might think it is. Outside of the fact that there is considerable financial loss, there is work, unlimited and unbounded, trying to dig the ceiling plaster out of the type cases and forms; rubbing the rust off machinery, etc., and when you think you have everything ready to start, you find that you have only begin to get part of the rust off.

Our special road tax election comes off next Tuesday, authorizing the County Commissioners to levy a special tax of 15 cents on this commissioners precinct. About one more rain with an equal amount of damages and we will need about \$15 worth of tax to repair our public highways. Anyhow lets go vote this 15 cents next Tuesday and continue improvements on the roads as much as possible.

Lest you forget, be sure to pay your Federal Income tax before June 15th under heavy penalty.

All county candidates must file their name with the County Chairman before it can be placed on the ticket. If you are a candidate, better see about this before June 15th.

This thing of having a bunch of town loafers is about a thing of the past. The government is asking every man to work, regardless of how rich or poor he is. There is always something to do and during the war no excuse will be accepted why you did not work.

Over at Amarillo there is a Crudgington Central Campaign Committee" who appear to be taking a strong hand to tear down Hon. Marvin Jones of Congress. We have noted many things they published and signed by the Committee. We would like to know just who that Committee is. It would certainly give more weight to the effect of an article if the public knew the personnel. It never looks good to us to see any charges brought against any person and signed by some patented name. We feel sure that there are some good men on the committee, and possibly they do not care to see their names go down in defeat at election time when the people of this district send Mr. Jones back to Congress with a bigger majority of votes than he received last year.

A mass meeting of the ladies of Roberts County will be held in Miami on Saturday, June 1, at 3: o'clock p. m. in the Picture show building. The men of Texas have seen proper to give the ballot to women. The women appreciate this and will meet and interchange ideas and so inform themselves on state issues. At this meeting a Ladies Club will be organized to work for Governor Hobby's election. All women are asked to come.
 Mrs. L. C. Heare, Chairman.

I. E. DUNCAN
 ATTORNEY AT LAW
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FOR SALE, two nice coming 3 year old fillies. High grade stock.
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 FOR SALE. A 1917 Maxwell car, almost good as new and in fine running condition. Will sell or trade for livestock.
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Service and economy are your only considerations.

Our responsibility goes hand in hand with yours.

As the largest rubber manufacturer in the world, it is our duty to supply you with tires of unfailing reliability and extreme mileage.

United States Tires are more than making good in this time of stress.

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 The time is about here when everything on the farm should be in the very finest repair....If your machinery needs fixing, bring it in before the day you will need it.

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Rainbow's End

A NOVEL by REX BEACH

Author of "THE IRON TRAIL," "THE SPOILERS," "HEART OF THE SUNSET," Etc.

(Copyright, by Harper and Brothers)

O'REILLY MAKES LOVE BADLY, BUT WELL ENOUGH TO WIN THE HEART OF ROSA.

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth—money, jewels and title deeds—in a well on his estate. The hiding place is known only to Sebastian, a slave. Don Esteban marries the aristocratic Donna Isabel, who tries unsuccessfully to wring the secret of the hidden treasure from Sebastian. Angered at his refusal, she urges Don Esteban to sell Evangelina, Sebastian's daughter. Don Esteban refuses, but in the course of a gambling orgie, he risks Evangelina at cards and loses. Crazy by the loss of his daughter, Sebastian kills Don Esteban and is himself killed. Many years pass and Donna Isabel is unable to find the hidden treasure. Don Mario, rich sugar merchant, seeks to marry Rosa, who has returned from school in the United States.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Good!" Don Mario rose to leave, for the exertion of his ride had made him thirsty. "You may name your own reward for helping me and I will pay it the day Rosa marries me. Now kindly advise her of my intentions and tell her I shall come to see her soon."

It was quite true that Johnnie O'Reilly—or "The O'Reilly," as his friends called him—had little in the way of worldly advantage to offer any girl, and it was precisely because of this fact that he had accepted a position here in Cuba, where, from the very nature of things, promotion was likely to be more rapid than in the New York office of his firm.

A dancing eye speaks every language; a singing heart gathers its own audience. Before the young Irish-American had more than a bowing acquaintance with the commonest Spanish verbs he had a calling acquaintance with some of the most exclusive people of Matanzas. He had adjusted himself serenely to his surroundings when Rosa Varona returned from school, but with her coming, away went all his complacency. His contentment vanished; he experienced a total change in his opinions, his hopes, and his ambitions.

He discovered, for example, that Matanzas was by no means the out-of-the-way place he had considered it; on the contrary, after meeting Rosa once by accident, twice by design, and three times by mutual arrangement, it had dawned upon him that this was the chief city of Cuba, if not, perhaps, the hub around which the whole world revolved; certainly it was the most agreeable of all cities, since it contained everything that was necessary for man's happiness. Yet, despite the thrill of his awakening, O'Reilly was



You May Name Your Own Reward.

at all pleased with himself, for, as happened, there was another girl back home, and during his first year of loneliness he had written to her more freely and more frequently than any man on such a salary as he had a right to do.

Inasmuch as her father was O'Reilly's "company" it may be seen that Rosa Varona's home-coming seriously complicated matters, not only from a sentimental, but from a business standpoint.

It was in a thoughtful mood that he rode up La Cumbre toward the Quinta de Esteban, late on the afternoon of Don Mario's visit. Instead of going directly to the house, as the merchant had done, O'Reilly turned off from the road and, after tethering his horse in a cluster of guava bushes, proceeded on foot. He did not like Donna Isabel, nor did Donna Isabel like him. Moreover, he had a particular reason for avoiding her today.

Just inside the Varona premises he paused an instant to admire the outlook. The quinta commanded an excel-

lent view of the Yumuri, on the one hand, and of the town and harbor on the other; no one ever climbed the hill from the city to gaze over into that hidden valley without feeling a pleasurable surprise at finding it still there. We are accustomed to think of perfect beauty as unsubstantial, evanescent; but the Yumuri never changed, and in that lay its supremest wonder.

Through what had once been well-tended grounds, O'Reilly made his way to a sort of sunken garden which, in spite of neglect, still remained the most charming nook upon the place; and there he sat down to wait for Rosa. The hollow was effectively screened from view by a growth of plantain, orange, and tamarind trees; over the rocky walls ran a profusion of flowering plants and vines; in the center of the open space was an old well, its masonry curb all but crumbled away.

When Rosa at last appeared, O'Reilly felt called upon to tell her, somewhat dizzily, that she was beyond doubt the sweetest flower on all the Quinta de Esteban, and since this somewhat hackneyed remark was the boldest speech he had ever made to her, she blushed prettily, flashing him a dimpled smile of mingled pleasure and surprise.

"Oh, but I assure you I'm in no sweet temper," said she. "Just now I'm tremendously angry."

"Why?"

"It's that stepmother—Isabel. If she dreamed that I see you as often as I do—well—Rosa lifted her eloquent hands and eyes heavenward. "I suppose that's why I enjoy doing it—I so dearly love to spite her."

"I see!" O'Reilly puckered his brows and nodded. "But why, in that case, haven't you seen me oftener? We might just as well have made the good lady's life totally unbearable."

"Silly! She knows nothing about it! With a flirtatious sigh Rosa added: "That's what robs the affair of its chief pleasure. Since it does not bother her in the least, I think I will not allow you to come any more."

After judicious consideration, O'Reilly pretended to agree.

"There's no fun in wreaking a horrible revenge, when your enemy isn't wise to it," he acknowledged. "Since it's your idea to irritate your stepmother, perhaps it would annoy her if I made love directly to her."

Rosa tittered, and then inquired, naively, "Can you make love, senior?"

"Can I? It's the one ability an O'Reilly inherits. Listen to this now." Reaching forth, he took Rosa's fingers in his: "Wait!" he cried as she resisted. "Pretend that you're Mrs. Varona, your own stepmother, and that this is he dimpled hand I'm holding."

"Oh-h!" The girl allowed his grasp to remain. "But Isabel's hand isn't dimpled; it's thin and bony. I've felt it on my ears often enough."

"Don't interrupt," he told her. "Isabel, my little darling—"

"Isabel!" exclaimed a voice, and the lovers started guiltily apart. They turned to find Esteban, Rosa's twin brother, staring at them oddly. "Isabel?" he repeated. "What's this?"

"You interrupted our theatricals. I was rehearsing an impassioned proposal to your beloved stepmother," O'Reilly explained, with a pretense of annoyance.

"Yes, Senior O'Reilly believes he can infuriate Isabel by laying siege to her. He's a foolish person—" Rosa's cheeks were faintly flushed and her color deepened at the amusement in Esteban's eyes. "He makes love wretchedly."

"What little I overheard wasn't bad," Esteban declared; then he took O'Reilly's hand.

Esteban was a handsome boy, straight, slim and manly, and his resemblance to Rosa was startling. With a look engaging in its frank directness, he said: "Rosa told me about your meetings here and I came to apologize for our stepmother's discourtesy. I'm sorry we can't invite you into our house, but—do you understand? Rosa and I are not like her; we are quite liberal in our views; we are almost Americans, as you see. I dare say that's what makes Isabel hate Americans so bitterly."

"Wouldn't it please her to know that I'm becoming Cubanized as fast as ever I can?" ventured the caller.

"Oh, she hates Cubans, too!" laughed the brother. "She's Spanish, you know. Well, it's fortunate you didn't see her today. Br-r! What a temper! She'll

walk in her sleep tonight, if ever." Rosa nodded soberly, and O'Reilly, suppressing some light reply that had sprung to his lips, inquired, curiously, "What do you mean by that?"

Brother and sister joined in explaining that Donna Isabel was given to peculiar actions, especially after periods of excitement or anger, and that one of her eccentricities had taken the form of somnambulist wanderings. "Oh, she's crazy enough," Esteban concluded. "I believe it's her evil conscience."

O'Reilly scanned the speaker silently for a moment; then he said, with a gravity unusual in him, "I wonder if you know that you're suspected of working for the insurrecto cause."

"Indeed? I didn't know."

"Well, it's a fact," O'Reilly heard Rosa gasp faintly. "Is it true?" he asked.

"I am a Cuban."

"Cuban? Your people were Spanish."

"True. But no Spaniard ever raised a Spanish child in Cuba. We are Cubans, Rosa and I go everywhere, and the Spanish officers talk plainly before me. Somebody must be the eyes and the ears for Colonel Lopez."

"Colonel Lopez?" exclaimed O'Reilly. Esteban nodded.

Rosa's face, as she looked at the two men, was white and worried. For a time the three of them sat silent; then the American said, slowly, "You'll be shot if you're caught."

"Some one must run chances," Esteban averred. "We're fighting tyranny; all Cuba is ablaze. I must do my part."

"But sooner or later you'll be discovered—then what?" persisted O'Reilly.

Esteban shrugged. "Who knows? There'll be time enough when—"

"What of Rosa?"

At this question the brother stirred uneasily and dropped his eyes. O'Reilly laid a hand upon his arm. "You have no right to jeopardize her safety. Without you, to whom could she turn?" The girl flashed her admirer a grateful glance.

"Senior, you for one would see that she—"

"But—I'm going away." O'Reilly felt rather than saw Rosa start, for his face was averted. "I came here to tell you both good-by. I may be gone for some time. I—I don't know when I can get back."

"I'm sorry," Esteban told him, with genuine regret. "We have grown very fond of you. But you will come back before long, eh? You're one of us. In the meantime I'll remember what you say, and at least I'll be careful." By no means wanting in tact, Esteban rose briskly and, after shaking hands with O'Reilly, left the two lovers to say farewell as best suited them.

But for once O'Reilly's ready tongue was silent. The laughter was gone from his blue eyes when he turned to the girl at his side.

"You say you are going away?" Rosa inquired, breathlessly. "But why?"

"I'm going partly because of this war and partly because of—something else. I tried to tell you yesterday, but I couldn't. When the revolution started everybody thought it was merely a local uprising, and I wrote my company to that effect; but, bless you, it has spread like fire, and now the whole eastern end of the island is ablaze. Business has stopped, and my employers have ordered me home to find out what's happened to their profits."

"You said there was something else—"

O'Reilly's hesitation became an embarrassed silence. He tried to laugh it off.

"There is; otherwise I'd stay right here and tell my penurious friends to whistle for their profits. It seems I'm cursed with a fatal beauty. You may have noticed it? No? Well, perhaps it's a magnificent business ability that I have. Anyhow, the president of my company has a notion that I'd make him a good son-in-law."

"—Oh!" cried Rosa.

And at her tone O'Reilly hurried on: "These rich men have the most absurd ideas. I suppose I'll have to—"

"Then you are in love, senior?"

The young man nodded vigorously. "Indeed I am—with the sweetest girl in Cuba. That's the whole trouble. That's why I'm hurrying home to resign before I'm fired. Not daring to look too long or too deeply into Rosa Varona's eyes until she had taken in the whole truth, he waited, staring at his feet. "I'm sort of glad it has come to a show-down and I can speak out. I'm hoping she'll miss me." After a moment he ventured, "Will she—er—will you, Rosa?"

"I? Miss you? Rosa lifted her brows in pretended amazement. "You are amusing, of course, but—I won't have much time to think about you for I am so soon to be married."

"Married? What? Nonsense!"

"Indeed! Do you think I'm so ugly nobody would have me? The richest man in Matanzas has asked for my hand this very afternoon."

"Who? Mario de Castano?"

"Yes."

O'Reilly laughed with relief, and though Rosa tried to look offended, she was forced to smile. "He's fat, I know," she admitted, "and he makes funny noises when he breathes; but he

is richer than Croesus, and I adore rich men."

"I hate 'em!" announced O'Reilly. Then for a second time he took Rosa's dimpled hand, saying, earnestly: "I'm sure you know now why I make love so badly, dear. It's my Irish conscience. And you'll wait until I come back, won't you?"

"Will you be gone—very long?" she asked.

O'Reilly looked deeply now into the dark eyes turned to his, and found that at last there was no coquetry in them anywhere—nothing but a lonesome, hungry yearning—and with a glad, incoherent exclamation he held out his arms. Rosa Varona crept into them; then with a sigh she upturned her lips to his.

"I'll wait forever," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

Retribution.

Although for a long time Donna Isabel had been sure in her own mind that Pancho Cueto, her administrator, was robbing her, she had never mustered courage to call him to a reckoning. Nevertheless, De Castano's blunt accusation, coupled with her own urgent needs, served to fix her resolution, and on the day after the merchant's visit she sent for the overseer, who at the time was living on one of the plantations.

Cueto was plainly curious to learn why he had been sent for, but since he asked no questions, his employer



"Will You Be Gone—Very Long?" She Asked.

was forced to open the subject herself. Through dry, white lips she began:

"My dear Pancho, times are hard. The plantations are failing, and so—" Pancho Cueto's eyes were set close to his nose, his face was long and thin and harsh; he regarded the speaker with such a sinister, unblinking stare that she could scarcely finish: "—and so I—can no longer afford to retain you as administrator."

"Times will improve," he said.

"Impossible! I tell you I'm bankrupt."

"So? Then the remedy is simple—sell a part of your land."

Although this suggestion came naturally enough, Donna Isabel turned cold, and felt her smile stiffen into a grimace. She wondered if Cueto could be feeling her out deliberately. "Sell the Varona lands?" she queried, after a momentary struggle with herself. "Esteban would rise from his grave. No. It was his wish that the plantations go to his children intact."

"And his wish is sacred to you, eh?" Cueto nodded his approval, although his smile was disconcerting. "An admirable sentiment! It does you honor! But speaking on this subject, I am reminded of that dispute with Jose Oroz over the boundary to La Joya. I have promised to show him the original deed to La Joya and to furnish him with the proofs about the boundary line. That would be better than a lawsuit, wouldn't it?"

"Decidedly! But—I will settle with him myself."

Cueto lifted an admonitory hand, his face alight with the faintest glimmer of ironic mirth. "I couldn't trust you to the mercies of that rascal," he said plainly. "No, I shall go on as I am, even at a sacrifice to myself. I love Don Esteban's children as my very own; and you, senora—"

Isabel knew that she must win a complete victory at once or accept irremediable defeat.

"Never!" she interrupted, with a tone of finality. "I can't accept your sacrifice. I am not worthy. Kindly arrange to turn over your books of account at once."

Then Pancho Cueto did an unexpected thing; he laughed shortly and shook his head.

Donna Isabel was ready to faint and her voice quavered as she went on: "Understand me, we part the best of friends despite all I have heard against you. I do not believe these stories people tell, for you probably have enemies. Even if all they said were true, I should force myself to be lenient because of your affection for my husband."

The man rose, still smiling. "It is I who have been lenient," said he.

"Eh? Speak plainly."

"Gladly. I have long suspected that

Don Esteban hid the deeds of his property with the rest of his valuables, and now that you admit—"

Donna Isabel recoiled sharply. "Admit! Are you mad? Deeds! What are you talking about?" Her eyes met his bravely enough, but she could feel her lips trembling loosely.

Casting aside all pretense, the overseer exclaimed: "Por el amor de Dios! An end to this! I know why you sent for me. You think I have been robbing you. Well, to be honest, so I have. Why should I tell as I do while you and those twins live here in luxury and idleness, squandering money to which you have no right?"

"Have I lost my reason?" gasped the widow. "No right?"

"At least no better right than I. Don't you understand? You have no title to these plantations! They are mine, for I have paid the taxes out of my own pockets now these many years."

"Taxes! What do you mean?"

"I paid them. The receipts are in my name."

"Heaven! Such perfidy! And you who knew him!"

"The deeds have been lost for so long that the property would have reverted to the crown had it not been for me. You doubt that, eh? Well, appeal to the court and you will find that it is true. Now, then, let us be frank. Inasmuch as we're both in much the same fix, hadn't we better continue our present arrangements?" He stared unblinkingly at his listener. "Oh, I mean it! Is it not better for you to be content with what my generosity prompts me to give, rather than to risk ruin for both by grasping for too much?"

"The outrage! I warrant you have grown rich through your stealing." Isabel's voice had gone flat with consternation.

"Rich? Well, not exactly, but comfortably well off." Cueto actually smiled again. "No doubt my frankness is a shock to you. You are angry at my proposition, eh? Never mind. You will think better of it in time, if you are a sensible woman. But now, since at last we enjoy such confidential relations, let us have no more of these miserable suspicions of each other. Let us entirely forget this unpleasant misunderstanding and be the same good friends as before."

Having said this, Pancho Cueto stood silent a moment in polite expectancy; then receiving no intelligible reply, he bowed low and left the room.

To the avaricious Donna Isabel Cueto's frank acknowledgment of theft was maddening, and the realization that she was helpless, nay, dependent upon his charity for her living, fairly crucified her proud spirit.

All day she brooded, and by the time evening came she had worked herself into such a state of nerves that she could eat no dinner. Some time during the course of the evening a wild idea came to Isabel. Knowing that the manager would spend the night beneath her roof, she planned to kill him. At first it seemed a simple thing to do—merely a matter of a dagger or a pistol, while he slept—but further thought revealed appalling risks and difficulties, and she decided to wait. Poison was far safer.

Constant brooding over the treasure had long since affected Donna Isabel's brain, and as a consequence she often dreamed about it. She dreamed about it again tonight, and, strangely enough, her dreams were pleasant. Sebastian appeared, but for once he neither cursed nor threatened her; and Esteban, when he came, was again the lover who had courted her in Havana. It was amazing, delightful. Esteban and she were walking through the grounds of the quinta and he was telling her about his casks of Spanish sovereigns, about those boxes bound with iron, about the gold and silver ornaments of heavenly beauty and the pearls as large as plums. As he talked Isabel felt herself grow hot and cold with anticipation; she experienced spasms of delight.

Then of a sudden Isabel's whole dream-world dissolved. She awoke, or thought she did, at hearing her name shouted. But although she underwent the mental and the physical shock of being startled from slumber, although she felt the first swift fright of a person aroused to strange surroundings, she knew on the instant that she must still be asleep; for everything about her was dim and dark, the air was cold and damp, wet grass rose to her knees. Before she could half realize her condition she felt herself plunged into space. She heard herself scream hoarsely, fearfully, and knew, too late, that she was indeed awake. Then—whirling chaos—A sudden, blinding crash of lights and sounds—Nothing more!

Esteban Varona sat until a late hour that night over a letter which required the utmost care in its composition. It was written upon the thinnest of paper, and when it was finished the same material, Esteban put the letter in his pocket without addressing it. Letting himself out into the night, he took the path that led to the old sunken garden. He passed close by the well, and its gaping mouth, only half protected by the broken coping, reminded him that he had promised Rosa to cover it with planks. In its present condition it was a menace to animals, if not to human beings who were unaware of its presence.

Esteban's support of the insurrecto cause brings disaster to himself and Rosa. The next installment tells of their plight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Wrong Angle.
"Ah, Mr. Pester!" began the suave purveyor of ornate literary works. "I am told that you are a very deep reader, which means, of course, that you acquire much priceless wisdom from your perusal of—"
"Eh-yah!" interrupted old Festus Pester. "One of the most valuable truths that I have unearthed in that manner is the admonition, 'Before you fool with a fool be sure you save the fool to fool with.' You should have sized me up differently and flattered me by telling me that it was evident that I could not be flattered. That probably would have fetched me through in good shape for your purpose."—Kansas City Star.

How Fast They Are Dying.
Life insurance companies have gone far in figuring mortality rates, periods of expectancy, etc. Of course it can be figured out just how long you and I (based on the law of averages) may expect to live. From a well-known life insurance company the following interesting data is secured: "The population of the world is about 1,623,300,000. The average age at death is thirty-three years. Every year there are 57,372,727 deaths. Every week 908,516 die and 5,808 every minute. About three die every two seconds and about 60 have died while you were reading this item."

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"Do you know that your daughter is engaged?" "I know it, of course, but as yet I haven't been officially notified."

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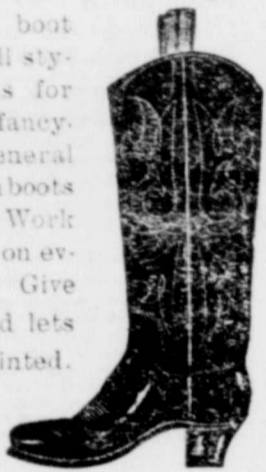


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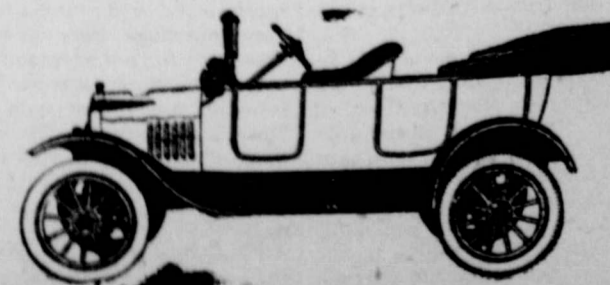
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We are headquarters for the best of Colorado Coal, and can supply you now—we can't promise what will be our position next fall. Call and see our local manager, NOW.

WHITE HOUSE LUMBER CO.

At the box supper given Thursday of last week for the Texas National guard boys, the neat sum of \$78.00 was received.

In the Liberty Loan purchasers list last week we stated that W. L. Mathers purchased \$2500 and R. L. Morrison \$200, which should have read W. L. Mathers \$2,000 and R. L. Morrison \$700.

Be sure to read Locke Bros. big full page ad on the last page of the Chief, it means dollars to you.

Thos. Cook returned last of last week from a trip to Kansas where he rounded up a big bunch of customers for Ochiltree county land and brought them down. He had 15 Sweeds in the bunch and sold 11 of them land, starting a neighborhood in that county.

The Gulf Refining Company sent \$25. to our county for the Red Cross War fund which must be appreciated, coming from a large corporation having stations all over the state.

J. W. Wells is one of the list who purchased a Liberty Bond and his name should have been on the list in last weeks paper.

Mrs. J. P. Murry went to Amarillo last week for a few weeks visit with relatives at that place.

Mrs. M. W. O'Loughlin and son Miles went to Amarillo last week for a visit with relatives and friends.

Rev. Hicks went to Amarillo Monday where he will have special treatment for his eyes which have been giving him so much trouble of late.

Mrs. L. G. Christopher received a very painful burn this week when a pan of gasoline in which she was washing clothing ignited. She was burned about the right arm and left hand, and after getting her clothing extinguished, went into the house and threw out the flaming gasoline, thus saving their house from fire. She is resting well today.

J. V. Coffee returned Tuesday from his extended visit over various portions of the state. He came back very much enthusiastic on the War Saving Stamps and has been getting things in line for a big drive in the near future.

H. H. Bowers was in yesterday and ordered the Chief office print a nice bunch of advertising for a big public sale he will have June 12th. A complete list of all stuff to be sold may be found in next weeks Chief.

Our Groccerymen are busy conserving time and men power by putting on a co-operative delivery plan. One deliveryman is sufficient for our town if the patrons will assist when phoning in their orders. Help the groccerymen help you by ordering only one time a day.

NOTICE. All parties knowing themselves to be owing me notes or accounts past due will please make arrangements to settle same at once. J. W. Wells.

Get Rid of Your Rheumatism. Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment a great help. The relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost.

Proper Food for Weak Stomachs The proper food for one man may be all wrong for another. Every one should adopt a diet suited to his age and occupation. Those who have weak stomachs need to be especially careful and should eat slowly and masticate their food thoroughly. It is also important that they keep their bowels regular. When they become constipated or when they feel dull and stupid after eating, they should take Chamberlain's Tablets to strengthen the stomach and moved the bowels. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect.

Attention! Cattlemen

From the undersigned you may obtain the genuine **KANSAS GERM FREE VACCINE** for Blackleg directly from the laboratory of DDr Franklin, the discoverer



You cannot afford to use the cheaper imitation. Purity of product is not only guaranteed, but the life of your animal is positively insured against death from blackleg. Let Us Show you

R. K. Elkins. Phone 125

DRY - GOODS

Shoes, Hats, Caps, Suits, Ties, Collars, Spring Coats, Fancy waists, Etc. **STYLES AND PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT**

W. E. STOCKER

ANNOUNCEMENT

I wish to say to my patrons and friends that I must give up sewing for a while on account of my eyes. I will do pressing, and will give special care to the cleaning of silks, gloves and kid shoes. Stained shoes made white as new. Mrs. A. Wilde. **WHEAT FIELD WANTED.** Will be glad to talk to anyone having a wheat field for sale for pasture purposes. Walter Kuhn

If you are looking for bargains in merchandise, better turn to the last page of the Chief and read.

SPECIAL PRICES.

Special 10 per cent discount on all cash bills June 1st to 10th.

J. W. Wells.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

1 Case Threshing Rig
80 H. P. Steam Engin.
32 inch Case Separator
1-23 Minneapolis Separator
1-24 Avery Separator
1-25-50 Avery Tractor
1-25-50 Wallis Tractor
All this machinery is in good condition. Terms or trade for any of this machinery.
Address Box 301, Claude, Tex. 42-2tp.

THE TELEPHONE Speaks for Itself

Time-saver
Errand-runner
Letter-writer
Efficient helper
Protection of Home and business
Order-bringer
Night and day worker
Easy way to travel

MIAMI COMPANY
Kate Lard
Chief Operator

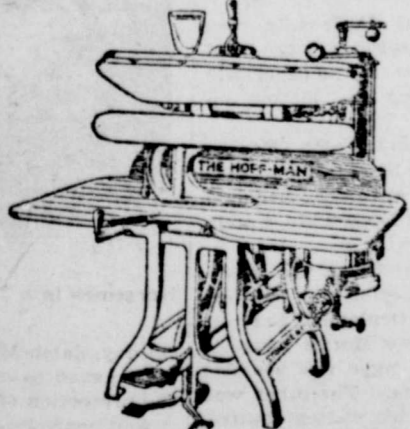
CHOICE RE-CLEANED Farm Seed

Pure Red Top Cane Seed, per pound	8 to 10c.
Honey Drip Seeded Ribbon Cane Seed, per lb.	13c.
White (Black hull) Kaffir Seed per pound	5c.
Red Kaffir Seed per pound	10c.
Red Dwarf Maize Seed per pound	5c.
White Maize Seed per pound	7c.
Spanish Peanuts per pound	10c.
June Corn per bushel	\$3.50

All sacked in new bags, the above prices are for bag lots.

JOSEPH EDWARDS
Claude, Texas.

LET THE HOFFMAN PRESS.



Do your Pressing. Your clothes will always look new and clean, and will last longer.

Glad to do your cleaning, pressing and mending. We do it promptly and do it right.

THE TOGGERY

PROGRAM AT PASTIME THEATRE
C. G. Frame, Owner.

3 PROGRAMS WEEKLY.
TUES., THURS., SAT.

With a 6 or 7 Reel Program each nite. Show starts 8:30 p. m. sharp and 9:45. Regular admission 10 and 20 cents unless an exceptional large picture.

The Kaiser "Beast of Berlin" coming on June 22. Admission 25 and 35c.

GOOD COOL REFRESHING ICE.

Delivered to your refrigerator daily. The wagon is now running every day except Sunday. Economize with your foods by keeping them on ice, it is cheaper and healthier than letting your eggs spoil or your butter melt and spoil. No orders accepted for less 10 cent Sunday hours 9: to 11: a. m. SEE OR PHONE

THE CITY ICE COMPANY

J. R. PATTON PHONE 67. G.G. ROBY.

PASSENGER SCHEDULE.

WEST.	
Train No. 21	2:32 a. m.
Train No. 117	8:13 p. m.
EAST.	
Train No. 22	2:48 p. m.
Train No. 114	10:14 p. m.

DR. J. M. HYDEN, OPT.

Smith Building
Amarillo, Texas
Established 1911.
Eyes tested and glasses fitted without the use of drugs. Any lens duplicated, send me your broken glasses for repair. Will make regular visits to Miami, watch for announcement or rate.

FLEMING'S TRANSFER LINE

YOUR WORK SOLICITED
All work Promptly Done and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
PHONE NO. 119
Miami, Texas.

FOR SALE.

Registered Herefords Bulls.
42-- W. H. Coble, Miami, Texas.
Get Rid of Your Rheumatism... Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment a great help. The relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost.

THE U. S. FUEL ADMINISTRATION

Is earnestly striving to protect you from suffering Next winter

We are acting as his agents in urging you to buy now. The mines and forests can supply now all the private consumers will buy and take home at this time. We can get it for you with no trouble.

WE CANNOT GET IT FOR YOU NEXT WINTER

Then there are problems of car shortage, transportation, teams and labor for local delivery, etc., that will become more serious month after month.

HELP YOUR GOVERNMENT
HELP YOURSELF BY
HEEDING THIS APPEAL

Panhandle Lumber Company.

(Suggestion for add by Wiley Blair)

MEMORIAL DAY

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON
Of the Vigilantes



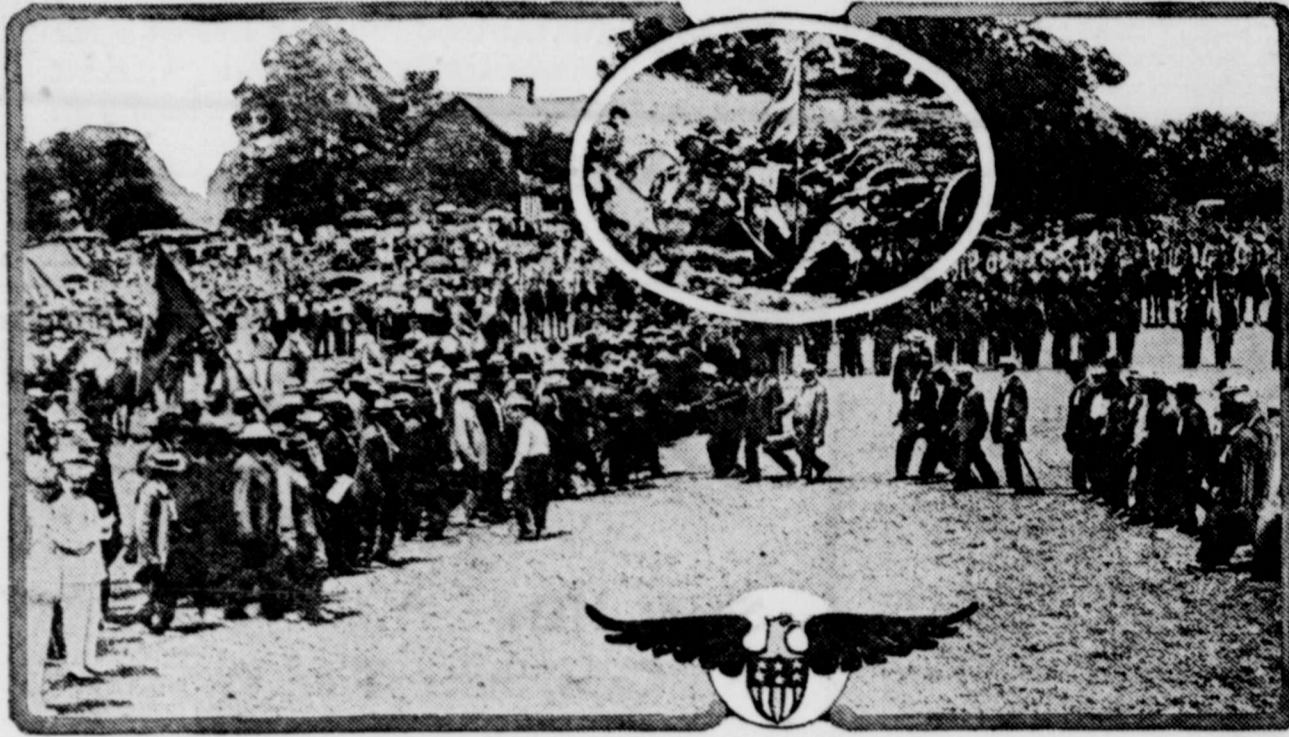
A handful of old men walking down the street
In worn, brushed uniforms, their grey heads high;
A faded flag above them, one drum to lift their feet,
Look again, O heart of mine, and see what passes by.

There's a vast crowd swaying, there's a wild band playing,
The streets are full of marching men, of tramping cavalry,
Alive and young and straight again, they ride to greet a mate again—
The gallant souls, the great souls, that live eternally.

A handful of old men walking down the highways?
Nay, we look on heroes that march among their peers;
The great, glad Companies have swung from Heaven's byways
And come to join their own again across the dusty years.

There are strong hands meeting, there are staunch hearts greeting,
A crying of remembered names, of deeds that shall not die.
A handful of old men?—Nay, my heart, look well again;
The spirit of America today is marching by!

Memorial Day's New Message



Brave soldiers, who have worn the blue!
Brave soldiers, who have worn the gray!
Alike to human rights renew
Your pledge of fealty today!

Blue, Gray, and Khaki

All One Color Now That
the Country Calls on
the Loyalty of
Her Sons.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
of the Vigilantes.

WHENEVER, here in the little town of Flushing, on Long Island, we have had a pathetic affair in connection with the present great world war, the little handful of aged men who are all that is left of the Grand Army of the Republic here, have had seats on the platform. In the parades they have had their place in line, seated in automobiles. Last year, when these aged veterans had their annual Memorial day parade, they permitted the Liberty Loan committee's automobiles to occupy a place in the line.

No doubt, when these old men are asked to the seats of honor in affairs having to do with the present war only, there is a desire, on the part of those who invite them, to honor the men who fought through one war and who have lived to see another and more enormous war. Sitting on the platform or in the automobiles the old men may think, "Even in these mighty times we are not forgotten."

They are not forgotten. Indeed, they are more freshly and more importantly remembered than they have been for many years. It is hardly too much to say that they are only now being remembered. Except on the one day—Memorial day—set aside in honor of their dead comrades, the old men in blue have been fairly well forgotten. They have been submerged in the onward rush of new times and new interests, and not remembered except when they put on their uniforms to place flowers on the flag-marked graves. When, to secure a few dollars for some purpose or another, they held some small affair, we remembered with something like surprise that they were still alive. Then we forgot them again.

These old men seem, as they sit on the platform these days, rather silent and unmoved. There is so much enthusiastic youth and lively patriotism in the seats facing them that by contrast they seem stolid and uninterested. What they are thinking of it all I cannot tell. They are very old men, many of them, and many of them are none too well, for they have the infirmities of age. No, I cannot guess what they are thinking. One may be thinking that he would be more comfortable in bed; another may be thinking how pitiful it is that he should have fought and lived to see, in his last days, a new and a greater war, as if wars were never to end; another may be thinking of similar meetings and similar patriotic fervor that leaped into being when Sumter was fired upon.

Sight to Arouse Patriotism.
I wish we could have, here in Flushing, or out yonder in Iowa, or in Oregon, a band of the old men in gray to sit on the platform at a patriotic meeting, as we have the old men in blue, sitting I know how we would feel when we saw them seated there

before us, with the flag of our country over them, and perhaps the flag of the Confederacy they fought for hanging at its side. Someone would start singing "Dixie," and every one would sing. Someone would start singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and every one would sing. If there were old men in blue sitting side by side with the old men in gray, we would weep. We could not help weeping. It would be a night none of us would ever forget, because the presence of the old men in blue and in gray would mean to us the union of complete patriotism, North, South, East and West, in a consecration of this just war against ruthless autocracy.

That would be the first night we saw the old men in gray and the old men in blue sitting there. Presently we would become accustomed to seeing them sitting there, just as we have become accustomed to seeing the old men in blue here in Flushing. We would applaud them each time, but we would not weep again, because that first great sweep of emotion would be over. Then we would feel just what we now feel when we see the old men of the Grand Army of the Republic at our meetings.

We would feel that they were there

Yes, it Was Here!



to typify the greater, the everlasting patriotism.

Too Many Lack Real Patriotism.
In a time of great stress, such as the present, ideas are in flux and each day brings its high and low tides of patriotism. Each day, town, and village has its high and low levels of patriotism. There are men who are all but disloyal, and men who are like gleaming beacons of loyalty. There are partisans who put party above country, and shifters who change with every breeze. There are siders who weaken at every German lie and strengthen between lies. There are fake intellectuals who gurgie and croon over any bit of unpatriotism and who scream for world-democracy but sneer at America. Each city, town, and village is just such a pool of swaying, senseless, unanchored feeling. And on the platform sits the little group of old men in blue—American once, American twice, American now and every minute and every hour.

That is what we see when we look at the old men in blue on our platforms here in Flushing. Rather silent

and rather unmoved, they sit there with their blue hats across their knees—Americans all the way through! It is what those of the South see when they look upon their old men in gray. These men have fought. They have lived long. Out of their battles and the well-fought fields came the Republic as it is today, strong and noble, and they have seen it and know that it is good. We come in from an air that is permeated with disloyalty, petty questionings and German-propagated doubts, and we see these silent, unmoved old men, the faithful. They are not questioning why. It is enough that the Republic has been insulted and assailed. That is, when we come to think of it, enough for all of us.

Great Republic Born in War.
Out of the wars that have been fought on our soil we have created a Republic. Washington, Lincoln, Davis, Grant and Lee, the thousands in blue and buff, in blue and in gray, wrought a Republic out of the raw, chaotic ideas of freedom, braving foreign powers and daring a struggle at home in order that the best might result, and the Republic still stands—the best the world has yet known. It is good enough for the old men in blue and the old men in gray; it is enough for them that it has been scorned and insulted by a bloodthirsty imperial Germany.

The aged men in blue and gray remind us that there is still a Republic, a fact we are too prone to forget. They file in slowly, some of them leaning on canes, and take their seats, and put their hats across their knees. They look out upon the audience with eyes that are dim; they stand when the "Star-Spangled Banner" is sung, and then sink into their seats again, silent and rather unmoved. They listen to speeches and rather wonder what it is all about, I imagine. Why should this man shout so loudly that we must beware of this or that? What has that got to do with it? The Republic has declared war and the war must be won though it cost the last life and the last dollar. That is what the old men think, I imagine. They fought; they offered their lives—what is all this pother about? Have the Germans already annexed the country, or is it still a free and independent Republic? Well, then, there are but two things to do—fight and win!

Their Duty Done; Ours to Do.
In their old age they sit there, the veterans in blue and gray, and they are rather helpless. They are old and they are feeble; they cannot fight, few of them can so much as work; they look out with dim eyes, not quite understanding, but with faith that we will do what they are no longer able to do. In a few days they will slip away and no longer be, and these last hours they loosen their fingers and let slip into our hands, for safety or for loss, to be preserved or dishonored, the Flag of the Republic.

And we? We dispute and complain and whine and falter. But, hark! What sound is that? The old men in blue and gray arise and salute with trembling hands. Their old eyes fill with tears. They stand and listen to the tramp! tramp! tramp of many feet. There are still men to carry the Flag of the Republic, for out of the hands of the men in blue and the men in gray the Flag has passed to the hands of the boys in khaki, and we see them marching by—thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands—the defenders of the Republic; no North, no South, no East, no West, but the Republic, One and Indivisible, Now and Forever!

TWO SENTRY DUTIES

By Clarissa Mackie

IT WAS very hot that May afternoon. Caleb Morris, one of Dodgeville's two remaining veterans of the Civil war, sat on the front porch of his home and mopped his bald forehead with a blue cotton handkerchief.

His wife came to the screen door and brushed away some flies with her apron. She was small and snow-haired and very energetic in speech and manner.

"Caleb," she said, "Dod Halpin's just been over to say he hears there's been another skirmish down at Little Bridge. A man was shot by a Mexican."

"Yes," responded Caleb, removing the pipe from his lips.

"I thought maybe you'd go down to the store and find out about it—Dod said they were going to raid us some night."

"They'll get good and peppered if they try that," barked Caleb, as he shuffled down to the gate.

"I don't know who'd pepper 'em," complained Ann Morris, as she returned to her ironing. "There ain't a man in Dodgeville smart enough to put salt on a bird's tail, much less pepper a Mexican! Humph!"

As soon as he gained the street, Caleb's shuffle changed to a martial step which rang out upon the hard pavement in rhythmic movement; people in the houses nodded and remarked to one another that Caleb Morris was going by—they knew his step. More than one aided significantly:

"Next year, perhaps, we won't hear even that—Caleb's eighty-one."

Caleb Morris didn't feel his eighty-one years as he made his way to the store, the center of information and gossip. He was wondering what would happen in Dodgeville if the roving bands of Mexicans should decide to cross the river boundary and invade the little town.

Of course the men would fight—but how? Suppose the raid took them unawares—at night? Who would warn them? How many precious lives might be lost before the citizens could rub their sleepy eyes, grab their weapons and defend their wives and families and their property?

Caleb pondered all these things and he was deep in thought by the time he gained the porch of the store and sank into his accustomed chair.

A dozen voices greeted him warmly. All were eager to tell him about the skirmish of the previous day, when an



Didn't Feel His Eighty-One Years.

American had lost his life defending his home.

"They oughter called out the soldiers," said a young lad importantly.

Caleb smiled a wintry smile.

"What soldiers?" he asked sarcastically.

There was silence, for Dodgeville and her sister towns were far from the forts.

"And there's likely to be a raid on Dodgeville any time," said Dod Halpin.

"I move we form a guard and watch out, so we can be warned in time," said Caleb in his cracked voice.

A broad smile went around the group.

"You better call for volunteers, Caleb," said Dod good-naturedly. "I reckon we'd all rather get our sleep, and then when the greasers come—why, we'll just turn and wipe 'em off the earth, yes, siree!"

"No use laying awake watching for trouble," yawned another.

"They might come in an airplane—and drop a bomb," whispered the lad fearfully.

"They might, but they won't," laughed someone shortly.

"There ain't an ounce of red blood in this hull town!" said Caleb, angrily, as he left the store and turned toward home. "I jest wish I could have seen some of you fellers at the battle of Gettysburg—I expect I wouldn't have seen nothing but the tails of your coats and your boot heels!"

As he disappeared in the distance, the men on the veranda shifted uneasily and then smiled furtively at one another.

"I wouldn't mind doing sentry duty if I thought it would be any use," said



He Shouldered a Musket.

Dod Halpin. "But some folks are always getting scared stiff over these little sham battles down in Mexico. There ain't no greaser coming into Dodgeville to fire on the American flag—bet your life, there ain't."

Lawyer Grinnel cleared his throat. "There ain't any flag flying that I can recollect," he remarked. He was Dodgeville's other veteran.

"Don't tell me you think there ain't any flags in Dodgeville," grunted Dod. "Wouldn't be surprised," sniffed the lawyer. "Maybe, old Caleb yonder's got one—seems to me he flies it on Memorial day, don't he?"

"I guess so—he's from the North," "North, East, South or West, Memorial day stands for the same idea," put in John Henry Smith, the storekeeper.

"That's right," agreed Lawyer Grinnel. "Now, what do you boys say about duty—eh?" "Watching for greasers?" asked a dozen voices.

"Yes." "The voices laughed derisively. "Just let us glimpse a greaser, that's all," they threatened.

The next morning Dodgeville was agog with excitement. It was told from one end of town to the other and circled madly among the loafers on the store veranda.

All night long old Caleb Morris, dressed in his faded blue uniform, with his gun over his shoulder, had patrolled the streets of Dodgeville, watching for the invaders!

It was known that Caleb was sleeping that day and even the careless small boys were particular not to make any noise around the Morris house. That night there were two sentries patrolling the streets. The other was Lawyer Grinnel in his ancient butternut suit, for he had been a drummer boy in the Confederate army. Over his shoulder was a musket as ancient as his suit.

He and Caleb Morris had met and had shaken hands in the midnight darkness of the street.

They had agreed upon a password. It was "Our Country."

Every time they met and passed each other, they saluted. Old Caleb's step was firm and unflinching and his gaunt shoulders were held erect.

Peter Grinnel was seventy-five years old, but he was small and spry and his eye was as keen as that of a hawk.

Every night for a week the old sentries patrolled the streets and their fellow citizens took to treating the matter as a joke.

"I guess we're the only United States soldiers in this town," retorted Caleb sharply.

"I don't know why we need any more," grumbled Dod, as he went away.

That very night there came a severe thunderstorm. Lightning flashed from sky to earth in javella strokes. The thunder roared like artillery.

Timid women heard the thunder and quaked, believing that the Mexicans had come at last.

The men folks laughed and turned over and went to sleep.

In Caleb Morris' house, Ann Morris and Mrs. Grinnel clung together and peered from the window, watching those two soldierly forms tramping back and forth in the rain.

Suddenly in the midst of the storm's tumult came a different sound. A sharp cracking that was not the sound of lightning bolt or thunder peal!

Shots in the night!

They meant but one thing to Dodgeville. The Mexicans had arrived under the cover of the storm. Away to the south a barn was blazing—perhaps the lightning had struck it—perhaps the torch of war had fired it; no one ever knew.

But the flame lighted up the streets and showed a hundred horsemen in a tangled web of barbed wire, arranged by the watchful sentries.

The two old war weapons barked and cracked alternately; from some safe shelter Caleb Morris and Peter Grinnel were indeed peppering the Mexicans!

Occasionally Caleb showed his uniform and Peter dodged out so that the invaders might know they were firing on Uncle Sam's soldiers.

And the flag above Caleb's gate fluttered in the wind and rain, while men jumped out of bed and blundered into their clothing and sought their guns.

Just as dawn broke the citizens of Dodgeville met and formed a mass of perhaps 50 men.

They ran madly after the fleeing Mexicans, but the Mexicans scarcely saw them.

All they saw were two gaunt soldiers dressed in uniforms, with guns at shoulder, and behind them a mass of men—probably hundreds—thousands—of the same uniformed soldiers!

The Mexicans gained the bridge, crossed it, burning it, and vanished not to return.

Their leader was roundly scored for leading them into a fortified town where they believed lived unsuspecting citizens.

The men of Dodgeville halted, and by common accord divided and drew up on either side of the road.

Between them marched the town's soldiery—Caleb Morris and Peter Grinnel. Covered with mud and grime, they passed between the lines, head up, eyes straight ahead, proud, conquering.

And as they passed, each citizen respectfully saluted the two heroes.

On the afternoon of that same even-



Horsemen in a Tangled Web of Barbed Wire.

ful day, Caleb Morris and Peter Grinnel were asked to organize a company for the protection of Dodgeville.

And contrary to every one's expectations, Caleb Morris has not yet seen his last Memorial day.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union)

The Living Heroes.

We are not unmindful of the living heroes. It is not the climax of glory to die on the battlefield. There are old soldiers who walk feebly in rades because of broken health induced by the horrors of southern prisons or the misadventure of southern swamps. Through the years many of these veterans have needed additional heroism to bear up against the misfortunes directly caused by the awful conflict. They pay our tributes of love and gratitude with honors because of what they did and what they endured.

Advertisement for Eaton's products, including a list of items like 'Eaton's... U.S. Navy' and 'Eaton's... U.S. Navy'.

A Business Should be as Big as Its Job

If bigness is of benefit to the public it should be commended.

The size of a business depends upon the needs which that business is called upon to serve. A business should be as big as its job. You do not drive tacks with a pile-driver—or piles with a tack-hammer.

Swift & Company's growth has been the natural and inevitable result of national and international needs.

Large-scale production and distribution are necessary to convert the live stock of the West into meat and by-products, and to distribute them over long distances to the consuming centers of the East and abroad.

Only an organization like that of Swift & Company, with its many packing plants, hundreds of distributing houses, and thousands of refrigerator cars, would have been able to handle the varying seasonal supplies of live stock and meet the present war emergency by supplying, without interruption:

First—The U. S. soldiers and the Allies in Europe by shipping as much as 800 carloads of meat products in a single week!

Second—The cantonments in the United States.

Third—The retailers upon whom the American public depends for its daily supply of meat.

But many people ask—Do producers and consumers pay too much for the complex service rendered?

Everyone, we believe, concedes the efficiency of the Swift & Company organization—in performing a big job in a big way at a minimum of expense.

Swift & Company's total profit in 1917 was less than 4 cents on each dollar of sales of meat and by-products. Elimination of this profit would have had practically no effect on live stock and meat prices.

Do you believe that this service can be rendered for less by any other conceivable method of organization or operation?

These questions and others are answered fully and frankly in the Swift & Company 1918 Year Book sent free on request.

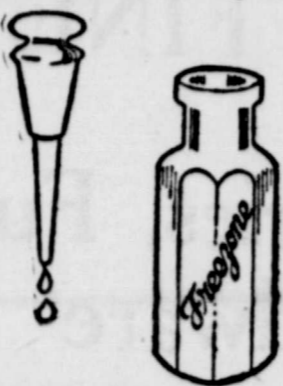
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OHIO MAN IS A MODERN WIZARD

CORNS STOP HURTING THEN LIFT OFF WITH FINGERS.

Drop of magic! Doesn't hurt one bit! Apply a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it off with the fingers. No pain at all! Try it!



Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and callouses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much talked of ether discovery of the Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

Broke.
"Money makes the mare go."
"In that case, mister, I couldn't even drive a pony cart."

SHE USED TO BE GRAY

Society Ladies Everywhere Use "La Creole" Hair Dressing.

The well-known society leader's hair was prematurely gray, perhaps just like yours, but Mrs. J. heard of "La Creole" Hair Dressing—how thousands of people everywhere had used it with perfect satisfaction. It is not a dye, but a preparation designed especially for the purpose of gradually restoring color to gray or faded hair, and which is easily applied by simply combing or brushing through the hair. "La Creole" Hair Dressing positively eradicates dandruff, keeps the scalp in a healthy condition and promotes the growth of new hair; brings back a natural, soft, even, dark shade to gray or faded hair, and makes it lustrous, full of life and beautiful. "La Creole" Hair Dressing is sold and guaranteed by all good drug stores everywhere, or sent direct for \$1.20 by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn.—(Adv.)

There may be balm in Gilead, but there are no cheap excursions to that place.

What does it profit a man to have brains if he does not use them?



To drive a tank, handle the guns, and sweep over the enemy trenches, takes strong nerves, good rich blood, a good stomach, liver and kidneys. When the time comes, the man with red blood in his veins "is up and at it." He has iron nerves for hardships—an interest in his work grips him. That's the way you feel when you have taken a blood and nerve tonic, made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Cherry bark, and rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold in sixty-cent vials by almost all druggists for past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need this spring to give you vim, vigor and vitality. At the fag end of a hard winter, no wonder you feel "run-down," blue, out of sorts. Try this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's. Don't wait! To-day is the day to begin! A little "pep," and you laugh and live.

The best means to oil the machinery of the body, put tone into the liver, kidneys and circulatory system, is to first practice a good house-cleaning. I know of nothing better as a laxative than a vegetable pill made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap. This is commonly sold by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and should be taken at least once a week to clear the twenty-five feet of intestines. You will thus clean the system—expel the poisons and keep well. Now is the time to clean house. Give yourself a spring house cleaning.—Adv.

Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

When You Use TARKIO You Run No Risk.

BEST FEED for Cattle, Hog, and Sheep Has been tried and stood the test. Write or call for prices and further information. **TARKIO MOLASSES FEED CO.** 861-7 Live Stock Exchange, Kansas City, Mo.

District Manager Wanted to handle big money making proposition. Small investment required. Exceptional opportunity. **On Road Bids, Phila., Pa.** W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 19-1918.

Query: Was Pat Arrested?

One night an Irishman was driving home in his donkey cart from a fair. As he had no light on the vehicle, he hastened on in order to avoid an interview with the police. But just as he came to the crossroads he came face to face with one of the R. I. C. "Hello, Pat," he said. "This is a case for the next court day, for, as you are aware, there must be a light on traveling asses at this hour of night."

"Oh, if that's the way," said Pat, indignantly, "why the devil isn't there a light on yourself?"

Whenever You Need a General Strengthening Tonic Take the Old Standard GUY'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It contains the well known tonic properties of QUININ and IRON and is very valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic. You can feel the good effect on the Blood after the first few doses. 50c.

Hard Work. Andrew Carnegie has had to stand for a lot of stories, so this little one blamed on him won't add but a trifle to his conscience:

"Speaking of the obstinacy of the Scotch," said the Laird of Skibo, "I once knew a Scotch minister who told me of a parishioner who prayed as follows:

"Lord, oh Lord, keep me from going wrong, for you know how hard it is to do anything with a Scot when once he has made up his mind."—Exchange.

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent Disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season. All dealers, or six by express, prepaid for \$1. H. SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv.

You Might Try This. "You're managing to wake up earlier in the morning."
"Yes, I've just bought a parrot."
"Instead of an alarm clock?"
"I already had an alarm clock, but I got so I didn't pay any attention to it. Now I hang the parrot's cage in my room and put the alarm clock under it. When the alarm goes off it startles the parrot, and what that bird says would wake anybody up."

Don't Worry About Pimples. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Necessary Expenditure. "I say, Brown, can't you manage to pay me that ten dollars you owe me?"
"I need the money."
"Awfully sorry, old man, but I can't do it."
"I notice you manage to go to the theater two or three times a week, though."
"That's just it. The thought that I owe you money is worrying me so that I have to do something to help me forget it."

\$100 Reward, \$100 Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials Ohio. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Castor Oil for Airplanes. The Italian minister of agriculture has appealed to the province of Catania to go into the business of cultivating ricinus (castor-oil seed) on a large scale, offering to supply the seed free and to buy the shelled product at 250 lire per quintal (about 22-23 cents a pound). The oil is to be used for airplane engines.

Natural headaches are not in it with the acquired kind.

A bucket of whitewash usually goes with each political investigation.

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For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

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ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
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At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS
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You Cannot be Constipated and Happy
A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living
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ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but CARTER'S IRON PILLS will greatly help most pale-faced people

Keep your face always toward the sunshine and shadows will fall behind you.—M. B. Whitman.

Probably the worst thing about poverty is the monotony connected with it.

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—that's what thousands of farmers say, who have gone from the U. S. to settle on homesteads or buy land in Western Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, is especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops to feed the world.

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