

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 19

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday,

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1918.

No. 51

ADVISORY BOARD MEETS.

The Advisory Board for the local exemption board, which consists of Atty. Ewing, Holme and Coffee, and Appeal Agent J. A. Mead met Monday of this week, following instructions and went over the registrants in deferred classification. This board had instructions to recommend for re-classification all who are not working and had received deferred classification. They went on the production and non producing occupations and recommended many for class one. Most all the fellows in town, regardless of the number in family were recommended for class one, and this recommendation will go before the local draft board which will meet Saturday of this week. Whether or not the local board accepts the recommendations and re-classifies, is left to be seen.

FROM THE EXEMPTION BOARD

The Local Board have sent out notices to the following who have recently been placed in class one to appear for examination;

W. F. Locke.
Karl Certain.
Earl Hickman.
Adrian Dial.
Dennis Reynolds.
Smith Meador.

and three others who do not live here.

A call made for July 22nd has been received and the local board have certified the following named men in class one who will leave Miami on the morning of the 23rd. They will report to the local board on the evening of the 22nd.

Posey Robertson.
Jarvis Dees.
W. C. Hightower.
Clayde Gray.
James Oscar Wilson.
Robert Dial.
Odus H. Webster.
John C. Williams.
John B. Talley.
M. M. Craig, Jr.,

The above will go to San Antonio, Camp Travis.
Today a call for one man is made and who will go to Austin, for a Mechanical course.

Bill Waite.

The 21 year old boy, were classified 4 of them placed in class one and four were married men and temporarily placed in class 4.

The board has received no call for men in the future.
The only call made in Texas so far is a general call for 1800 men for August 5th, which will mean possibly two or three from our county. There has been many reports about a large number to be called for August, but so far the local board have received no calls for men, further than the 22nd of this month.

LATER. Instructions came this morning to the local board, calling for one man to entrain August 1st for Camp Mabre. They also received instructions to make a report on the number of men now in class one, and the number of the 1918 men placed in class one.

GOOD RAINS.

A fine rain fell over the Panhandle this week, ranging from 1 and 1-2 to five inches. Practically all parts of the county received good moisture, and the feed crops are looking fine. The rain at Miami reached near two inches in all, and the ground is in fine shape. Threshing and cutting wheat was temporarily stopped, but has been resumed again.

Some of our wheat fields have been turning out around twelve bushels per acre, and the test has been very high. Going near to No. 1 wheat.

The Mobettie country received a very heavy rain, and the feed crops in that section of the country is also very good. This rain practically assures a good feed crop.

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CAMP PUBLICITY OFFICE U. S. N. A.

Camp Travis, Texas, July 13, 1918.

From the moment the soldiers food enters the door of his company kitchen it is subject to the severest system of regulation sanitation and economy. Perishable articles go at once to the huge refrigerator, where a whole quarter of beef can be hung without crowding. Potatoes, onions and similar vegetables go to specially constructed bins, while canned goods and packages are aligned in rows on the storeroom shelves. The refrigerator is emptied once a day and scrubbed out thoroughly with boiling water and soap. The floor and shelves of the storeroom are treated likewise so that a linen handkerchief might be passed over either without being soiled.

No meat is served in an army mess hall at Camp Travis until all bone has been removed. The bone is cut into suitable size and warmed up gradually in order to extract all juices for soup stock. The various cuts of meat are as well known to the kitchen force as to any butcher, and were to the student cook who undertakes to make roast out of sirloin, or steak out of brisket.

In the mess hall, posted in prominent places, will be found signs such as, "Take All You Can Eat—Eat All You Take." And thereby hangs a tale. As the men finish their meal they take their aluminum pan and cup, together with the knife, fork and spoon that make up the army table equipment, to large galvanized iron cans, some of which are for refuse and others contain hot water where each man washes his own utensils. At the refuse cans stands a guard who notes what goes into them and takes the name of every man who has failed to "lick his platter clean." The list of names goes to the mess sergeant eventually and the men on the list go to the kitchen as K. P. there to apply the hot water and soap, peel potatoes and onions and otherwise make themselves useful for two or three weeks each. The penalty seems severe for the mere matter of leaving a tiny crust of bread or bit of meat in the plate, but one or two examples among newcomers usually puts a stop to all waste at the table.

In the use of leftovers army cooks are experienced and accomplished. One reason for their cleverness in this regard is that particular attention is paid to this in their training. Another is the fact that the big refrigerator allows them, to keep leftover food for a day or so before it appears on the menu, so that sameness in meals is avoided.

Even the garbage is arranged for and carefully sorted and disposed of. Tin can are washed, labels soaked off, and the cans strung on wires for recovery of the tin by reclamation processes. Kitchen waste is divided into classes so that contractors who buy it may handle it to the best advantage. Bread which is unfit for human food forms one class, cooked meat similar character another class, raw fats and meats which have been condemned by health authorities another. Cooked grease discarded as of no future value for human food, bones, and the like are also separated, while care is taken that broken glass and substances which make the garbage unsuitable or dangerous as animal food is otherwise disposed of.

After classification each class is weighted and record kept of the weight and forwarded to the camp conservation and reclamation officer. In this manner a complete statement of the waste accumulating at every company kitchen in camp is available and any accumulation are at once investigated. The very garbage containers themselves are subject to regulations, and in practically all organizations in Camp Travis are housed in screened-in sheds built

WIFE? DUDLEY SAYS HE CAN'T REMEMBER HER.

Odd Case of Memory Lapse: In Herington Baptist Pastor Held in Jail Here for Desertion of Woman. Recalls Little and is Vague.

"I'm not even sure my name is Dudley," said the Rev. William E. Dudley, pastor of the First Baptist church at Herington, Kan., who is in the county jail on a charge of wife desertion.

According to Dudley's story Sunday, he has no distinct remembrance of his life before he came to Herington, and even while there he claims to have had lapses in his memory regarding many incidents. "I haven't any idea where my people are," Dudley stated, and for a long time I have been wandering around the country hoping I might find them some place. I have gone through railroad trains, thinking some of them might see me and recognize me there. I have gone to Larned and Salina, and other Kansas towns and passed up and down the thoroughfares and spoken in public meetings to the people there, feeling that some day they would find me and tell me who I really am. Some way I feel that my home and me people are located in central Kansas, but I've never been able to find them.

Rev. William Dudley claims to remember vaguely being in different foreign countries, in Italy, especially in Genoa, in Port Said and in the Philippines. He thinks he has visited and spoken to the soldiers at the different cantonments. He says he has been at Fort Logan, Kelly Field, Fort Sam Houston and said he might have been at Miami, Texas, or passed through there on his wanderings but claims he can't remember when he was at the different places or how long.

Before he came to Herington, he said he had been at Salina, but did not know how long he had been there or when he came or how. He recalls coming to himself and finding he was working in the coal pits, but does not remember where it was or when. Another time, he said he came to himself and said he seemed to be working as a day laborer, and seemed to be bruised and beaten.

He claims to have spoken before the Kansas Wesleyan College on sociological subjects, and say that while at Herington he subscribed for Liberty bonds, War Savings Stamps and to the Red Cross, but said he could not remember finding any of his credentials or papers.

He seemed to think that at one time he was in the federal employ and remembers wearing a uniform with gold braid. He thought he was at one time connected with some federal case in a legal capacity, and said he studied Blackstone and other legal authorities.

Daughter in Background.

"I believe I have a daughter somewhere," said Dudley, "for I can dimly remember attending her graduation exercises at some girls' seminary. Since then, I have wandered around going to the different girl schools, thinking I might see her there, or some one who knew me. After her commencement, I believe I started out on a trip and after that all is a blank for a while."

Dudley said he had worked in the harvest fields near Salina, to earn money to buy War Savings Stamps and thinks from his ease in doing farm work, that at one time he lived on a farm. He said he had shot on the target fields and wants to be in the front line trenches now.

"I have been all over the southwest looking for my alma mater. I know I was graduated from some college and theological school, but I have no papers or credentials with me, nor can I remember which college mine is. Wherever I have been that I have found Dudleys, I have inquired if they knew me or were any kin, but I have not been able to find any clue as to my family. I can't remember whether I have a wife, or whether she is living or dead. I don't believe I have ever been in Wichita before, but I don't know for sure."

Dudley is a large, imposing looking man with dark hair and eyes, and speaks in a low, scholarly voice. He never remembers being detained by the authorities before, or ever having his thumb prints taken. He claims to be a confirmed optimist and says his mission is to refine and ennoble the human race. He wore a blue shirt and adark suit, but seemed to have sufficient money with him,

for the purpose. In this manner flies are shut out from their usual happy hunting grounds, and recruits not infrequently remain in camp several weeks before they see their first specimen here of this household pest.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

Somewhere in France, June 14 1918.

Dear Folks:- I wrote to Jack the day we landed and the second day after we got to camp he walked into my tent and I didn't hardly know him. I thought that I was dreaming. He is looking fine and says that he has been having a fine time, but would be glad to get back to Texas. I guess I will get to see him often as he is driving a truck and comes down pretty close to our camp nearly every day.

I heard the cannons roar the day before I saw him and he said that he was up close to the front and that the "Yanks" whipped them.

I didn't think much of France when we first landed but here it is a fine looking country.

They raise fine crops and have some of the best looking cows I ever saw but the people are pretty dirty. Pigs, dogs, horses and the rest of the family live in the same house.

I will write to you again soon. Hope everybody is well.

With lots of love, your son,
Pat.

ATTY. J. A. HOLMES SPEAKS FOR HOBBY AT MOBEETIE.

As previously arranged Atty. J. A. Holmes spoke to a large size crowd on the streets of Mobettie last Saturday afternoon in behalf of the candidacy of Gov. Hobby. His speech commanded the closest attention of his hearers and all were impressed with the fact that personal honesty above everything else was a necessary qualification for office and that Hobby was the man for the place. Hon. J. B. Clark spoke in behalf of the candidacy of Mr. Hill for Representative and Hon. L. D. Miller spoke in his own behalf as a candidate for County Judge.

Miss Pearl Smoot of White Deer visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Holland this week, and Mrs. Holland returned home with her last night for a ten days visit.

When he came to the jail.—Wichita (Kansas) Eagle.

The Mr. Dudley above spoken of lived at Miami for about 18 months and showed a pretty good memory. He took quite an active part in the local church and could remember his life and acquaintances for many years back. A later report than the above states that Mr. Dudley is now held under a \$1,000 bond and authorities are making a thorough investigation.

TO THE PUBLIC

We have moved our place of business from our old stand on Mobeetic Street to the Hill Market place where we will continue in the same lines, with a nice fresh stock of Groceries in addition.

Thanking our old customers for their patronage and hoping to make as many new ones as possible.

We are sincerely yours to please.

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J. H. DIAL, PROP.

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266 WOMEN REGISTER.

The total registration of women in this county was 266. There were about 25 who did not register. A total poll tax payment of men this year was a little better than 300, but with many boys gone in the army, the vote between women and men in Roberts County will be very close, and there is a good chance of the women out voting the men.

FOR SALE. 20-40 Minneapolis Oil Burner Tractor and two 4 gang Sanders disc plows only plowed 500 acres. Engine equipped with famous "Lutner Carburetor" enabling use of cheap fuel, one of the very best general purpose rigs that can be bought. If interested see or phone me at once as I don't need it and will sell worth the money, would consider some desirable trade.
W. L. Parton, Claude, Texas.

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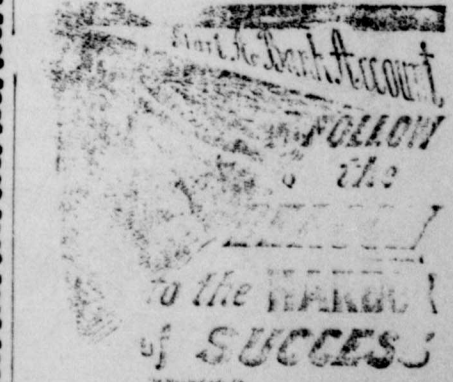
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Rainbow's End A Novel

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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O'REILLY, BACK IN CUBA AT LAST, HEARS BAD NEWS ABOUT ROSA AND ESTEBAN

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, rich Cuban planter, hides his money and jewels and the secret of the hiding place is lost when he and the only other person who knows it are killed. Donna Isabel, stepmother of the Varona twins—Esteban and Rosa—searches vainly for years for the hidden treasure. Johnny O'Reilly, an American, loves and is loved by Rosa. Donna Isabel falls to her death in an old well while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the Cuban insurgents is discovered and he and Rosa are forced to flee. O'Reilly, in New York on business, gets a letter from Rosa telling of her peril and he starts for Cuba. Pancho Cuetio, faithless manager of the Varona estates, betrays Esteban and Rosa, leading Colonel Cobo, notorious Spanish guerrilla, to their hiding place, Esteban, who is absent, returns just in time to rescue Rosa. O'Reilly's efforts to reach Rosa are fruitless and he is compelled by the Spanish authorities to leave Cuba. Esteban wreaks a terrible vengeance on Pancho Cuetio. A fierce fight with Spanish soldiers ensues. Esteban escapes, but badly wounded and half-conscious, he is unable to find his way back to his camp. Rosa, with the faithful servants who had remained with her, is forced to obey the concentration order of General Weyler, the Spanish commander, and seek refuge in Matanzas. O'Reilly returns to Cuba with a band of filibusters, which includes Norine Evans, an American girl who has dedicated her fortune and services as nurse to the Cuban cause.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Evening came, then night, and still the party was jerked along at the tail of the train without a hint as to its destination. About midnight those who were not dozing noted that they had stopped at an obscure pine-woods junction, and that when the train got under way once more their own car did not move. The ruse was now apparent; owing to the lateness of the hour, it was doubtful if anyone in the forward coaches was aware that the train was lighter by one car.

There was a brief delay; then a locomotive crept out from a siding, coupled up to the standing car, and drew it off upon another track. Soon the "excursion party" was being rushed swiftly toward the coast, some twenty miles away.

Major Ramos came down the aisle, laughing, and spoke to his American proteges.

"Well, what do you think of that, eh? Imagine the feelings of those good deputy marshals when they wake up, I bet they'll rub their eyes."

Miss Evans bounded excitedly in her seat; she clapped her hands.

"You must have friends in high places," O'Reilly grinned, and the Cuban agreed.

"Yes, I purposely drew attention to us in Charleston, while our ship was loading. She's ready and waiting for us now; and by daylight we ought to be safely out to sea. Meanwhile the Dauntless has weighed anchor and is steaming north, followed, I hope, by all the revenue cutters hereabouts."

It was the darkest time of the night when the special train came to a stop at a bridge spanning one of the deep Southern rivers. In the stream below,



Ten Minutes Later He Found Himself at the Steering Oar.

dimly outlined in the gloom, lay the Fair Play, a small tramp steamer; her crew were up and awake. The new arrivals were hurried aboard, and within a half-hour she was feeling her way seaward.

With daylight, caution gave way to haste, and the rusty little tramp began to drive forward for all she was worth. She cleared the three-mile limit safely and then turned south. Not a craft was in sight; not a smudge of smoke discolored the skyline.

It had been a trying night for the filibusters, and when the low coastline was dropped astern they began to think of sleep. Breakfast of a sort was served on deck, after which those

favorer ones who had berths sought them, while their less fortunate companions stretched out wherever they could find a place.

Johnnie O'Reilly was elated. Already he could see the hills of Cuba dozing behind their purple veils; in fancy he felt the fierce white heat from close-walled streets, and scented the odors of "mangly" swamps. He heard the ceaseless sighing of the royal palms. How he had hungered for it all; how he had raged at his delays! It had seemed so small a matter to return; it had seemed so easy to seek out Rosa and to save her! Yet the days had grown into weeks; the weeks had aged into months. Well, he had done his best; he had never rested from the moment of Rosa's first appeal. Her enemies had felled him once, but there would be no turning back this time—rather a firing squad or a dungeon in Cabanas than that.

CHAPTER XIII.

The City Among the Leaves and the City of Beggars.

The night was moonless and warm. An impalpable haze dimmed the star-glow, only the diffused illumination of the open sea enabled the passengers of the Fair Play to identify that blacker darkness on the horizon ahead of them as land. Major Ramos was on the bridge with the captain. Two men were taking soundings in a blind search for that steep wall which forms the side of the old Bahama channel. When the lead finally gave them warning, the Fair Play lost her headway and came to a stop, rolling lazily.

Major Ramos spoke in a low tone from the darkness ahead, calling for a volunteer boat's crew to reconnoiter and to look for an opening through the reef. Before the words were out of his mouth O'Reilly had offered himself.

Ten minutes later he found himself at the steering oar of one of the ship's lifeboats, heading shoreward. There was a long night's work ahead; time passed, and so O'Reilly altered his course and cruised along outside the white water, urging his crew to luster strokes.

A mile—two miles—it seemed like ten to the taut oarsmen, and then a black blizzard of still water showed in phosphorescent foam. O'Reilly explored it briefly; then he turned back toward the ship. Soon he and his crew were aboard and the ship was groping her way toward the break in the reef. Meanwhile, her deck became a scene of feverish activity; out from her hold came cases of ammunition and medical supplies; the fieldpiece on the bow was hurriedly dismantled; the small boats, of which there was an extra number, were swung out, with the result that when the Fair Play had maneuvered as close as she dared everything was in readiness.

O'Reilly took the first load through, and discharged it upon a sandy beach. Every man tumbled overboard and waded ashore with a packing case; he dropped this in the sand above high-tide mark, and then ran back for another. It was swift, hot work. From the darkness on each side came the sounds of other boat crews similarly engaged.

Daylight was coming when the last boat cast off and the Fair Play, with a hoarse, triumphant blast of her whistle, faded into the north, her part in the expedition at an end.

Dawn showed the voyagers that they were indeed fortunate, for they were upon the mainland of Cuba, and as far as they could see, both east and west, the reef was unbroken. Men were lolling about, exhausted, but Major Ramos allowed them no time for rest; he roused them, and kept them on the go until the priceless supplies had been collected within the shelter of the brush. Then he broke open certain packages and distributed arms among his followers.

The three Americans, who were munching a tasteless breakfast of pilot bread, were joined by Major Ra-

mos. "I am dispatching a message to General Gomez headquarters, asking him to send a pack train and an escort for these supplies. There is danger here; perhaps you would like to go on with the couriers."

O'Reilly accepted eagerly; then thinking of the girl, he said doubtfully: "I'm afraid Miss Evans isn't equal to the trip."

"Nonsense! I'm equal to anything," Norine declared. And indeed she looked capable enough as she stood there in her short walking suit and stout boots.

Branch alone declined the invitation, vowing that he was too weak to budge. If there was the faintest prospect of riding to the interior he infinitely preferred to await the opportunity, he said, even at the risk of an attack by Spanish soldiers in the meantime.

It took O'Reilly but a short time to collect the few articles necessary for the trip; indeed, his bundle was so small that Norine was dismayed.

"Can't I take any clothes?" she inquired in a panic. "I can't live without a change."

"It is something you'll have to learn," he told her. "An insurrecto with two shirts is wealthy. Some of them haven't any."

"Isn't it likely to rain on us?" "It's almost sure to."

Miss Evans pondered this prospect; then she laughed. "It must feel funny," she said.

There were three other members of the traveling party, men who knew something of the country round about; they were good fighters, doubtless, but in spite of their shiny new weapons they resembled soldiers even less than did their major. All were dressed as they had been when they left New York; one even wore a derby hat and pointed patent-leather shoes. Nevertheless Norine Evans thought the little cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as it fled away into the jungle.

The first few miles were trying, for the coast was swampy and thickly grown up to underbrush; but in time the jungle gave place to higher timber and to open savannas deep in guinea grass. Soon after noon the travelers came to a farm, the owner of which was known to one of the guides, and here a stop was made in order to secure horses and food.

Johnnie, who was badly fagged from the previous night's work, found a shady spot and stretched himself out for a nap.

The shade was grateful. O'Reilly enjoyed his sleep.

The party had penetrated to the foothills of the Sierra de Cubitas, and as they ascended, the scenery changed. Rarely is the Cuban landscape anything but pleasing. It is a smiling island. It has been said, too, that everything in it is friendly to man: the people are amiable, warm-hearted; the very animals and insects are harmless. But here in the Cubitas range all was different. The land was stern and forbidding: canyons deep and damp raised dripping walls to the sky; braid paths skirted ledges that were bold and fearsome, or lost themselves in gloomy jungles as noisome as Spanish dungeons. Hidden away in these fastnesses, the rebel government had established its capital. Here, safe from surprise, the soldiers of Gomez and Maceo and Garcia rested between attacks, nursing their wounded and recruiting their strength for further sallies.

It was a strange seat of government—no nation ever had a stranger—for the state buildings were huts of bark and leaves, the army was uniformed in rags. Cook fires smoldered in the open glades; cavalry horses grazed in the grassy streets, and wood smoke drifted over them.

The second evening brought O'Reilly and Miss Evans safely through, and at news of the expedition's success a pack train was made ready to go to its assistance. Norine's letter from the New York Junta was read, and the young woman was warmly welcomed. One of the better huts was vacated for her use, and the officers of the provisional government called to pay their respects.

There were other Americans in Cubitas, as O'Reilly soon discovered. During his first inspection of the village he heard himself hailed in his own language, and a young man in dirty white trousers and jacket strode toward him.

"Welcome to our city!" the stranger cried. "I'm Judson, captain of artillery, departamento del Oriente; and you're the fellow who came with the quinine lady, aren't you?"

O'Reilly acknowledged his identity, and Judson grinned. "Have you met the old man," he inquired—"General Gomez?"

"No; I'd like to meet him." "Come along, then; I'll introduce you."

Gen. Maximo Gomez, father of patriots, bulwark of the Cuban cause, was seated in a hammock, reading some letters; O'Reilly recognized him instantly from the many pictures he had seen. He looked up at Judson's salute and then turned a pair of brilliant eyes, as hard as glass, upon O'Reilly. His was an irascible, brood-

ing face; it had in it something of the sternness, the exalted detachment, of the eagle, and O'Reilly gained a hint of the personality behind it. Maximo Gomez was counted one of the world's ablest guerrilla leaders; and indeed it had required the quenchless enthusiasm of a real military genius to fuse into a homogeneous fighting force the ill-assorted rabble of nondescripts whom Gomez led, to school them to privation and to render them sufficiently mobile to defy successfully ten times their number of trained troops. This, however, was precisely what the old Porto Rican had done, and in doing it he had won the admiration of military students.

With a bluntness not unkind he asked O'Reilly what had brought him to Cuba.

When O'Reilly explained the reason for his presence the old fighter nodded.

"So? You wish to go west, eh?" "Yes, sir. I want to find Colonel Lopez."

"Lopez? Miguel Lopez?" the general inquired quickly. "Well, you won't have to look far for him," General Gomez leathery countenance lightened into a smile. "He happens to be right here in Cubitas." Calling Judson to him, he said: "Amigo, take Mr. O'Reilly to Colonel Lopez; you will find him somewhere about. I am sorry we are not to have this young fellow for a soldier; he looks like a real man and—quite equal to five quintos, eh?"

It was the habit of the Cubans to refer to their enemies as quintos—the fifth part of a man! With a wave of his hand Gomez returned to his reading.

Col. Miguel Lopez, a handsome, animated fellow, took O'Reilly's hand in a hearty clasp when they were introduced; but a moment later his smile gave way to a frown and his brow darkened.

"So! You are that O'Reilly from Matanzas," said he. "I know you now, but—I never expected we would meet." "Esteban Varona told you about me, did he not?"

The colonel inclined his head. "I'm here at last, after the devil's own time. I've been trying every way to get through. The Spaniards stopped me at Puerto Principe—they sent me back home, you know. I've been perfectly crazy. I— You—" O'Reilly swallowed hard. "You know where Esteban is? Tell me—"

"Have you heard nothing?" "Nothing whatever. That is, nothing since Rosa, his sister— You understand, she and I are engaged—"

"Yes, yes; Esteban told me all about you."

Something in the Cuban's gravity of manner gave O'Reilly warning. A sudden fear assailed him. His voice shook as he asked:

"What is it? Not bad news?" "There was no need for the officer to answer. In his averted gaze O'Reilly read confirmation of his sickening apprehensions.

"Tell me! Which one?" he whispered.

"Both!" O'Reilly recoiled; a spasm distorted his chalky face. He began to shake weakly, and his fingers plucked aimlessly at each other.

Lopez took him by the arm. "Try to control yourself," said he. "Sit here while I try to tell you what little I know. Or would it not be better to wait awhile, until you are calmer?" As the young man made no answer, except to stare at him in a white agony of suspense, he sighed:

"I will tell you all I know—which isn't much. Esteban Varona came to me soon after he and his sister had fled from their home; he wanted to join my forces, but we were harassed on every side, and I didn't dare take the girl—no woman could have endured the hardships we suffered. So I convinced him that his first duty was to her, rather than to his country, and he agreed. He was a fine boy! He had spirit. He bought some stolen rifles and armed a band of his own—which wasn't a bad idea. I used to hear about him. Nobody cared to molest him, I can tell you, until finally he killed some of the regular troops. Then of course they went after him. Meanwhile he managed to destroy his own plantations, which Cuetio had robbed him of. You know Cuetio?"

"Yes."

"Well, Esteban put an end to him after a while; rode right up to La Jota one night, broke in the door, and mangled the scoundrel in his bed. But there was a mistake of some sort. It seems that a body of Cobo's volunteers were somewhere close by, and the two parties met. I have never learned all the details of the affair, and the stories of that fight which came to me are too preposterous for belief. Still, Esteban and his men must have fought like demons, for they killed some incredible number. But they were human—they could not defeat a regiment. It seems that only one or two of them escaped."

"Esteban? Did he—?"

Colonel Lopez nodded; then he said gravely: "Cobo takes no prisoners. I was in the Rubi hills at the time, fighting hard, and it was six weeks before I got back into Matanzas. Naturally,

when I heard what happened, I tried to find the girl, but Weyler was concentrating the pacificos by the time, and there was nobody left in the Yumuri; it was a desert."

"Then you don't know positively that she . . . that she—"

"Wait. There is no doubt that the boy was killed, but of Rosa's fate I can only form my own opinion. However, one of Esteban's men joined my troops later, and I not only learned something about the girl, but also why Esteban had been so relentlessly pursued. It was all Cobo's doings. You have heard of the fellow? No? Well, you will." The speaker's tone was eloquent of hatred. "He is worse than the worst of them—a monster! He had seen Miss Varona. She was a beautiful girl. . . ."

"Go on!" whispered the lover.

"I discovered that she didn't at first obey Weyler's edict. She and the two negroes—they were former slaves of her father, I believe—took refuge in the Pan de Matanzas. Later on, Cobo's men made a raid and—killed a great many. Some few escaped into the high ravines, but Miss Varona was not one of them. Out of regard for Esteban I made careful search, but I could find no trace of her."

"And yet you don't know what happened?" O'Reilly ventured. "You're not sure?"

"No, but I tell you again Cobo's men take no prisoners. When I heard about that raid I gave up looking for her."

"This—Cobo—" the American's voice shook in spite of his effort to hold it



"Why Look for Ethics in War?"

steady—"I shall hope to meet him some time."

The sudden fury that filled Colonel Lopez's face was almost hidden by the gloom. "Yes, Oh, yes!" he cried, quickly, "and you are but one of a hundred; I am another. In my command there is a standing order to spare neither Cobo nor any of his assassins; they neither expect nor receive quarter from us. Now, compañero—" the Cuban dropped a hand on O'Reilly's bowed head—"I am sorry that I had to bring you such evil tidings, but we are men—and this is war."

"No, no! It isn't war—it's merciless savagery! To murder children and to outrage women—why, that violates all the ethics of warfare."

"Ethics!" the colonel cried harshly. "Ethics? Hell is without ethics. Why look for ethics in war? Violence—injustice—insanity—chaos—that is war. It is man's agony—woman's despair. It is a defiance of God. War is without mercy, without law; it is, well, it is the absence of all law, all good."

It was some time before O'Reilly spoke; then he said, quietly: "I am not going back. I am going to stay here and look for Rosa."

"So!" exclaimed the colonel. "Well, why not? So long as we do not know precisely what has happened to her we can at least hope. But, if I were you, I would rather think of her as a dead than as a prisoner in some concentration camp. You don't know what those camps are like, my friend but I do. Now I shall leave you. One needs to be alone at such an hour—eh?" With a pressure of his hand Colonel Lopez walked away into the darkness.

Judson and his adventurous country man did not see O'Reilly that night, nor, in fact, did anyone. But the next morning he appeared before General Gomez. He was haggard, sick, listless. The old Porto Rican had heard from Lopez in the meantime; he was sympathetic.

"I am sorry you came all the way to hear such bad news," he said. "War is a sad, hopeless business."

"But I haven't given up hope," O'Reilly said. "I want to stay here and—fight."

Rosa and her two negro companions, in Matanzas, face death from starvation or from the epidemics that rage unchecked among the reconcentrados. The next installment tells of their plight and their efforts to keep body and soul together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) The Chinese alphabet consists of 214 letters.

FARM STOCK advertisement with illustration of a cow and a pig.

DEHORNING CATTLE advertisement with illustration of a cow being dehorned.

Advertisement for Cuticura ointment with illustration of a person.

Advertisement for cow dehorning operation with illustration of a cow in a crate.

Advertisement for worming and dehorning of cattle.

Advertisement for a comfortable pen for hogs.

Advertisement for pork best for our troops.

Advertisement for great supplies of bacon.

Advertisement for pork best for our troops.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page.

JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

Member of Mediation and Conciliation Board Tries EATONIC, the Wonderful Stomach Remedy, and Endorses It.

Judge William L. Chambers, who uses EATONIC as a remedy for loss of appetite and indigestion, is a Commissioner of the U. S. Board of Medication and Conciliation. It is natural for him to express himself in guarded language, yet there is no hesitation in his pronouncement regarding the value of EATONIC.

Office workers and others who sit much are liable to dyspepsia, belching, bad breath, heartburn, poor appetite, bloating, and impairment of general health.

Here's the secret: EATONIC drives the gas out of the body—and the Blood Goes With It! It is guaranteed to bring relief or you get your money back! Costs only a cent or two a day to try it.

Same Kind of Fight. The fight is the same the poor Egyptians put up against the grasshoppers and lice.

Outcure for Sore Hands. Look hands on retting in the hot sud of Outcure Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment.

Reflection. Though a man may think himself popular with a widow, he must know that he isn't her first choice.

The Strong Withstand the Heat of Summer Better Than the Weak. Old people are feeble and younger people are weak.

Improved Searchlight. From the pocket flash lamp operated by two or three dry cells of minute size the battery searchlight has been readily improved until today remarkable results are obtained.

Canned Ostrich Eggs. Signs reading "Newly canned ostrich eggs for sale" may soon meet the eyes of the housewife looking into the windows of grocery stores in London.

A war ending in exhaustion is not a victory. Doubt is a sort of mental "lost motion."

Put Into Practice

Conservation means the use of foods requiring less sugar, less fuel, and the minimum of wheat. Grape-Nuts requires NO SUGAR, NO FUEL, less milk or cream than any other cereals, and is part BARLEY. It's a concentrated, nourishing, economical and delicious food. TRY IT!

THE KITCHEN CABINET

The oak tree's boughs once touched the grass, But every year they grew a little farther from the ground, And nearer to the blue.

MORE COOLING DRINKS.

For drinks that are both nourishing and refreshingly cool, egg lemonade is probably the most popular.

Koumis.—Koumis is another food drink which is most wholesome. It was originally made in Arabia from mare's milk.

Mint Cup.—Express the juice from five lemons, using a glass squeezer; add the leaves from a dozen stalks of mint, one and a half cupsful of sugar or honey and a half cupful of water; cover and let stand 30 minutes.

Pineapple Lemonade.—Make a syrup by boiling together one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water for ten minutes; add the juice of three lemons and a can of grated pineapple; cool, strain and add a quart of ice water.

Raspberry shrub makes a most delicious drink; add a tablespoonful of the shrub to a glass of ice water to serve it.

Fruit beverages are cooling and slightly stimulating; as there is no limit to the variety of combinations one may always have something different.

Iced Tea.—To make tea that is palatable prepare the tea, scalding the pot and pouring fresh boiled water over the leaves, using a tablespoonful to a pint of water; strain over ice and chill.

And see how everywhere Love comforts, strengthens, helps and saves us all! What opportunities of good befall To make life sweet and fair.

GOOD THINGS FOR EVERYBODY.

When you want a new combination try the following:

Holland Salad.—Mix half a pound of Bologna sausage cut very thin with a pint of cold boiled potatoes, also thinly sliced, one medium sized onion finely shredded, six sardines freed from skin and bones; then cut in bits two hard cooked eggs sliced.

Dainty Croquettes.—Mix a cupful of boiled calf's liver, finely chopped, with a half cupful of bacon, also finely chopped and cooked crisp and brown; add salt and pepper, form into balls, dip in egg and crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Fish Souffle.—Force cooked fish of any kind through a sieve—there should be a quarter of a cupful. Cook a fourth of a cupful of bread crumbs with a third of a cupful of milk five minutes, add the fish and half a table-spoonful of butter, salt and paprika to taste. Beat the white of a small egg and add to the mixture. Turn into a buttered mold and bake in hot water until firm.

Marmalade Pudding.—Mix a cupful of barley flour with the same amount of stale bread crumbs and a cupful of suet chopped fine; add one beaten egg, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a cupful of marmalade. Turn into a buttered bowl, tie up in a cloth and steam three hours. Serve with a hard sauce. A thick slice of tomato covered with chopped onion and cucumber and served with French dressing is both a good and a pretty salad.

Hash may be made into balls or cakes, rolled in crumbs and browned making a most tasty dish with little work.

Japan's New Paper Currency. Two recent steps taken by the Japanese government illustrate the difficulties attendant upon the use of subsidiary coin whose metal value is close to its mint value.

Would Let Cities Build Houses. A bill has been introduced in the legislature at Albany, N. Y., permitting the larger cities of the state to purchase land and construct houses, the purpose being to relieve the great shortage of homes that exists in many cities.

The Solo Hop. The late Capt. Vernon Castle was very popular with the flying cadets under him. No teacher of flight was ever more affectionately regarded.

Summer Diarrhoeas can be controlled more quickly with GROVE'S BABY WIPERS MEDICINE and it is absolutely harmless. Just as effective for Adults as for Children.

Man's Mission. Man's mission is not to pull great problems down to his own level—but to climb up and conquer them.

Never attempt levity that hasn't a Person in it.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. No stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Drugists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

HOME TOWN HELPS

TOO FEW ARTISTIC ROADSIDES

In That Respect It Must Be Admitted That the United States Is Far Behind Europe.

The advantage and pleasure to be derived from an artistic roadside seem so apparent that it would appear unnecessary to comment on the matter, but when we travel about and see our highways with their bordering improvements we are forced to the conclusion that the appearances are not sufficiently appreciated.

Streets of the usual box-type of clapboard houses may be found in and about most of our cities. That they are devoid of any artistic conception is particularly proved when we contrast them with the roadsides which may be seen in charming variety throughout the most progressive European countries.

The awkward boxlike type shows a lack of thought beyond merely filling out the physical requirements, whereas the European type shows a graceful treatment of the roof lines and grouping of the chimneys.

In countries where the general surroundings are so artistic it becomes the natural habit to follow the prevalent examples, so that the idea when once started has a natural growth.

Architectural design may be artistically and economically applied to all classes of buildings, notwithstanding the general opinion that such thought is only applicable to expensive construction. When we arrive at a proper appreciation of the artistic roadside work of whatever class.

EASILY MADE RUSTIC SEAT

Limb of Felled Tree Quickly Converted Into Useful and Ornamental Addition to Yard.

It was merely as a matter of convenience that the largest limb of a tree which was felled, was sawed off nearer the ground than were the two small-



Shape of This Tree Made Simple Task to Construct a Seat From Its Stump.

er branches. However, this at once suggested a seat, which was very easily made. A piece of board was placed on the large stump and a simple back made of cross poles with vertical slats nailed to them, was fastened between the two smaller limbs.

TO HARMONIZE WITH HOUSE

Grounds Surrounding Structure Must Be Laid Out Solely With That Object in View.

The garden surrounding a residence must harmonize with the structure. If the latter be a palace the grounds should have palatial treatment; if a simple cottage or bungalow of modest appearance, a quiet, simple, almost rustic scene may be made to surround the domicile.

Would Let Cities Build Houses. A bill has been introduced in the legislature at Albany, N. Y., permitting the larger cities of the state to purchase land and construct houses, the purpose being to relieve the great shortage of homes that exists in many cities.

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When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. No stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Drugists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

WOMEN SUFFERERS MAY NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle.

The Mathematical Mind. "What was the answer to that investigation?"

FRECKLES

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Banish the Glooms. Drill your thoughts, shut out the gloomy and call in the bright.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher.

Uch. "There is one thing I can't understand," he started to say.

A sluggard may let his soil, also, sleep.

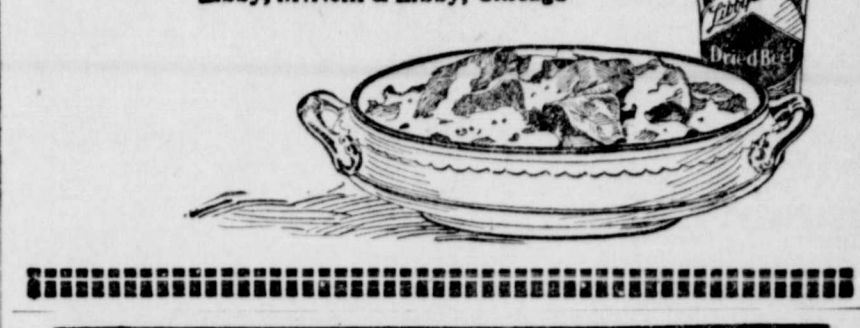
Such Flavory Sliced Beef!



Such Flavory Sliced Beef!

The tenderness of Libby's Sliced Dried Beef, will delight you—but you will find the greatest difference in the flavor!

Have Libby's Sliced Beef with creamed sauce today. See how much more tender, more delicate it is than any other you have ever tried.



The Malaria Mosquito

A mosquito cannot communicate malaria unless it is infected with malaria. The bite of a malaria mosquito will transmit malarial parasites to the blood of a person and these malarial parasites which feed on the blood should be destroyed before they have time to increase in numbers.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

possesses the power to entirely neutralize the malarial poison. The Quinine in GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC kills the germ and the Iron enriches the blood.

You can soon feel the Strengthening, Invigorating effect of GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. It is an exceptionally good general strengthening tonic for the Child, for the Mother and all the Family. Pleasant to take. Price 60c.

Perfectly Harmless. Contains No Nux-Vomica or other Poisonous Drugs.

Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."



In Such Cases

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has the greatest record for the greatest good.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Itching Rashes Soothed With Cuticura Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

Every Woman Wants Partine ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE. Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. No stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Drugists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Place anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamented, convenient and cheap.

FILMS DEVELOPED 5 Cents a Roll. Prints 3 cents and up. OKLAHOMA FILM FINISHING CO. 3114 N. Broadway Oklahoma City, Okla.

POP CORN WE BUY CAR LOTS OR LESS. KESTING 409-411 WALNUT STREET. KANSAS CITY, MO. W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 28-1918.

Rainbow's End *A Novel*

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spillers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

(Copyright, by Harper and Brothers)

O'REILLY, BACK IN CUBA AT LAST, HEARS BAD NEWS ABOUT ROSA AND ESTEBAN

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, rich Cuban planter, hides his money and jewels and the secret of the hiding place is lost when he and the only other person who knows it are killed. Donna Isabel, step-mother of the Varona twins—Esteban and Rosa—searches vainly for years for the hidden treasure. Johnny O'Reilly, an American, loves and is loved by Rosa. Donna Isabel falls to her death in an old well while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the Cuban insurgents is discovered and he and Rosa are forced to flee. O'Reilly, in New York on business, gets a letter from Rosa telling of her peril and he starts for Cuba. Pancho Cueto, faithless manager of the Varona estates, betrays Esteban and Rosa, leading Colonel Cobo, notorious Spanish guerrilla, to their hiding place. Esteban, who is absent, returns in time to rescue Rosa. O'Reilly's efforts to reach Rosa are fruitless and he is compelled by the Spanish authorities to leave Cuba. Esteban wreaks a terrible vengeance on Pancho Cueto. A fierce fight with Spanish soldiers ensues. Esteban escapes, but, badly wounded and half-conscious, he is unable to find his way back to his camp. Rosa, with the faithful servants who had remained with her, is forced to obey the concentration order of General Weyer, the Spanish commander, and seek refuge in Matanzas. O'Reilly returns to Cuba with a band of filibusters, which includes Norine Evans, an American girl who has dedicated her fortune and services as nurse to the Cuban cause.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Evening came, then night, and still the party was jerked along at the tail of the train without a hint as to its destination. About midnight those who were not dozing noted that they had stopped at an obscure pine-woods junction, and that when the train got under way once more their own car did not move. The ruse was now apparent; owing to the lateness of the hour, it was doubtful if anyone in the forward coaches was aware that the train was lighter by one car.

There was a brief delay; then a locomotive crept out from a siding, coupled up to the standing car, and drew it off upon another track. Soon the "excursion party" was being rushed swiftly toward the coast, some twenty miles away.

Major Ramos came down the aisle, laughing, and spoke to his American proteges.

"Well, what do you think of that, eh? Imagine the feelings of those good deputy marshals when they wake up. I bet they'll rub their eyes."

Miss Evans bounded excitedly in her seat; she clapped her hands.

"You must have friends in high places," O'Reilly grinned, and the Cuban agreed.

"Yes, I purposely drew attention to us in Charleston, while our ship was loading. She's ready and waiting for us now; and by daylight we ought to be safely out to sea. Meanwhile the Dauntless has weighed anchor and is steaming north, followed, I hope, by all the revenue cutters hereabouts."

It was the darkest time of the night when the special train came to a stop at a bridge spanning one of the deep Southern rivers. In the stream below,



Ten Minutes Later He Found Himself at the Steering Oar.

dimly outlined in the gloom, lay the Fair Play, a small tramp steamer; her crew were up and awake. The new arrivals were hurried aboard, and within a half-hour she was feeling her way seaward.

With daylight, caution gave way to haste, and the rusty little tramp began to drive forward for all she was worth. She cleared the three-mile limit safely and then turned south. Not a craft was in sight; not a smudge of smoke discolored the skyline.

It had been a trying night for the filibusters, and when the low constellations were dropped astern they began to think of sleep. Breakfast of a sort was served on deck, after which those

favorable ones who had berths sought them, while their less fortunate companions stretched out wherever they could find a place.

Johnnie O'Reilly was elated. Already he could see the hills of Cuba dozing behind their purple veils; in fancy he felt the fierce white heat from close-walled streets, and scented the odors of "mangly" swamps. He heard the ceaseless sighing of the royal palms. How he had hungered for it all; how he had raged at his delays!

It had seemed so small a matter to return; it had seemed so easy to seek out Rosa and to save her! Yet the days had grown into weeks; the weeks had aged into months. Well, he had done his best; he had never rested from the moment of Rosa's first appeal. Her enemies had felled him once, but there would be no turning back this time—rather a fring squad or a dungeon in Cabanas than that.

CHAPTER XIII.

The City Among the Leaves and the City of Beggars.

The night was moonless and warm. An impalpable haze dimmed the star-glow, only the diffused illumination of the open sea enabled the passengers of the Fair Play to identify that blacker darkness on the horizon ahead of them as land. Major Ramos was on the bridge with the captain. Two men were taking soundings in a blind search for that steep wall which forms the side of the old Bahama channel. When the lead finally gave them warning, the Fair Play lost her headway and came to a stop, rolling lazily.

Major Ramos spoke in a low tone from the darkness above, calling for a volunteer boat's crew to reconnoiter and to look for an opening through the reef. Before the words were out of his mouth O'Reilly had offered himself.

Ten minutes later he found himself at the steering oar of one of the ship's lifeboats, heading shoreward. There was a long night's work ahead; time passed, and so O'Reilly altered his course and cruised along outside the white water, urging his crew to lustre strokes.

A mile—two miles—it seemed like ten to the taut oarsmen, and then a black hiatus of still water showed in phosphorescent foam. O'Reilly explored it briefly; then he turned back toward the ship. Soon he and his crew were aboard and the ship was groping her way toward the break in the reef. Meanwhile, her deck became a scene of feverish activity; out from her hold came cases of ammunition and medical supplies; the fieldpiece on the bow was hurriedly dismounted; the small boats, of which there was an extra number, were swung out, with the result that when the Fair Play had maneuvered as close as she dared everything was in readiness.

O'Reilly took the first load through, and discharged it upon a sandy beach. Every man tumbled overboard and waded ashore with a packing case; he dropped this in the sand above high-tide mark, and then ran back for another. It was swift, hot work. From the darkness on each side came the sounds of other boat crews similarly engaged.

Daylight was coming when the last boat cast off and the Fair Play, with a hoarse, triumphant blast of her whistle, faded into the north, her part in the expedition at an end.

Dawn showed the voyagers that they were indeed fortunate, for they were upon the mainland of Cuba, and as far as they could see, both east and west, the reef was unbroken. Men were lolling about, exhausted, but Major Ramos allowed them no time for rest; he roused them, and kept them on the go until the priceless supplies had been collected within the shelter of the brush. Then he broke open certain packages and distributed arms among his followers.

The three Americans, who were munching a tasteless breakfast of plot bread, were joined by Major Ra-

mos. "I am dispatching a message to General Gomez' headquarters, asking him to send a pack train and an escort for these supplies. There is danger here; perhaps you would like to go on with the couriers."

O'Reilly accepted eagerly; then thinking of the girl, he said doubtfully: "I'm afraid Miss Evans isn't equal to the trip."

"Nonsense! I'm equal to anything," Norine declared. And indeed she looked capable enough as she stood there in her short walking suit and stout boots.

Branch alone declined the invitation, vowing that he was too weak to budge. If there was the faintest prospect of riding to the interior he infinitely preferred to await the opportunity, he said, even at the risk of an attack by Spanish soldiers in the meantime.

It took O'Reilly but a short time to collect the few articles necessary for the trip; indeed, his bundle was so small that Norine was dismayed.

"Can't I take any clothes?" she inquired in a panic. "I can't live without a change."

"It is something you'll have to learn," he told her. "An insurgente with two shirts is wealthy. Some of them haven't any."

"Isn't it likely to rain on us?"

"It's almost sure to."

Miss Evans pondered this prospect; then she laughed. "It must feel funny," she said.

There were three other members of the traveling party, men who knew something of the country round about; they were good fighters, doubtless, but in spite of their shiny new weapons they resembled soldiers even less than did their major. All were dressed as they had been when they left New York; one even wore a derby hat and pointed patent-leather shoes. Nevertheless Norine Evans thought the little cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as it fled away into the jungle.

The first few miles were trying, for the coast was swampy and thickly grown up to underbrush; but in time the jungle gave place to higher timber and to open savannas deep in guinea grass. Soon after noon the travelers came to a farm, the owner of which was known to one of the guides, and here a stop was made in order to secure horses and food.

Johnnie, who was badly fagged from the previous night's work, found a shady spot and stretched himself out for a nap.

The shade was grateful. O'Reilly enjoyed his sleep.

The party had penetrated to the foothills of the Sierra de Cubitas, and as they ascended, the scenery changed. Rarely is the Cuban landscape anything but pleasing. It is a smiling island. It has been said, too, that everything in it is friendly to man: the very animals and insects are harmless. But here in the Cubitas range all was different. The land was stern and forbidding: canyons deep and damp raised dripping ledges that were bold and fearsome, or lost themselves in gloomy jungles as noisome as Spanish dungeons. Hidden away in these fastnesses, the rebel government had established its capital. Here, safe from surprise, the soldiers of Gomez and Maceo and Garcia rested between attacks, nursing their wounded and recruiting their strength for further sallies.

It was a strange seat of government—no nation ever had a stranger—for the state buildings were huts of bark and leaves, the army was unformed in rags. Cook fires smoldered in the open glades; cavalry horses grazed in the grassy streets, and wood smoke drifted over them.

The second evening brought O'Reilly and Miss Evans safely through, and at news of the expedition's success a pack train was made ready to go to its assistance. Norine's letter from the New York junta was read, and the young woman was warmly welcomed. One of the better huts was vacated for her use, and the officers of the provisional government called to pay their respects.

There were other Americans in Cubitas, as O'Reilly soon discovered. During his first inspection of the village he heard himself hailed in his own language, and a young man in dirty white trousers and jacket strode toward him.

"Welcome to our city!" the stranger cried. "I'm Judson, captain of artillery, departamento del Oriente; and you're the fellow who came with the quinine lady, aren't you?"

O'Reilly acknowledged his identity, and Judson grinned. "Have you met the old man," he inquired—"General Gomez?"

"No; I'd like to meet him."

"Come along, then; I'll introduce you."

Gen. Maximo Gomez, father of patriots, bulwark of the Cuban cause, was seated in a hammock, reading some letters; O'Reilly recognized him instantly from the many pictures he had seen. He looked up at Judson's salute and then turned a pair of brilliant eyes, as hard as glass, upon O'Reilly. His was an irascible, brood-

ing face; it had in it something of the sternness, the exalted detachment, of the eagle, and O'Reilly gained a hint of the personality behind it. Maximo Gomez was counted one of the world's ablest guerrilla leaders; and indeed it had required the quenchless enthusiasm of a real military genius to fuse into a homogeneous fighting force the ill-assorted rabble of nondescripts whom Gomez led, to school them to privation and to render them sufficiently mobile to defy successfully ten times their number of trained troops. This, however, was precisely what the old Porto Rican had done, and in doing it he had won the admiration of military students.

With a bluntness not unkind he asked O'Reilly what had brought him to Cuba.

"When O'Reilly explained the reason for his presence the old fighter nodded.

"So? You wish to go west, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I want to find Colonel Lopez."

"Lopez? Miguel Lopez?" the general inquired quickly. "Well, you won't have to look far for him." General Gomez' leathery countenance lightened into a smile. "He happens to be right here in Cubitas." Calling Judson to him, he said: "Amigo, take Mr. O'Reilly to Colonel Lopez; you will find him somewhere about. I am sorry we are not to have this young fellow for a soldier; he looks like a real man and—quite equal to five quintos, eh?"

It was the habit of the Cubans to refer to their enemies as quintos—the fifth part of a man! With a wave of his hand Gomez returned to his reading.

Col. Miguel Lopez, a handsome, animated fellow, took O'Reilly's hand in a hearty clasp when they were introduced; but a moment later his smile gave way to a frown and his brow darkened.

"So! You are that O'Reilly from Matanzas," said he. "I know you now, but—I never expected we would meet."

"Esteban Varona told you about me, did he not?"

The colonel inclined his head. "I'm here at last, after the devil's own time. I've been trying every way to get through. The Spaniards stopped me at Puerto Principe—they sent me back home, you know. I've been perfectly crazy. I—You—O'Reilly swallowed hard. "You know where Esteban is? Tell me—"

"Have you heard nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. That is, nothing since Rosa, his sister—You understand, she and I are—engaged—"

"Yes, yes; Esteban told me all about you."

Something in the Cuban's gravity of manner gave O'Reilly warning. A sudden fear assailed him. His voice shook as he asked:

"What is it? Not bad news?"

There was no need for the officer to answer. In his averted gaze O'Reilly read confirmation of his sickest apprehensions.

"Tell me! Which one?" he whispered.

"Both!"

O'Reilly recoiled; a spasm distorted his chalky face. He began to shake weakly, and his fingers plucked aimlessly at each other.

Lopez took him by the arm. "Try to control yourself," said he. "Sit here while I try to tell you what little I know. Or would it not be better to wait awhile, until you are calmer?" As the young man made no answer, except to stare at him in a white agony of suspense, he sighed:

"I will tell you all I know—which isn't much. Esteban Varona came to me soon after he and his sister had fled from their home; he wanted to join my forces, but we were harassed on every side, and I didn't dare take the girl—a woman could have endured the hardships we suffered. So I convinced him that his first duty was to her, rather than to his country, and he agreed. He was a fine boy! He had spirit. He bought some stolen rifles and armed a band of his own—which wasn't a bad idea. I used to hear about him. Nobody cared to molest him, I can tell you, until finally he killed some of the regular troops. Then of course they went after him. Meanwhile he managed to destroy his own plantations, which Cueto had robbed him of. You know Cueto?"

"Yes."

"Well, Esteban put an end to him after a while; rode right up to La Joya one night, broke in the door, and snatched the scoundrel in his bed. But there was a mistake of some sort. It seems that a body of Cobo's volunteers were somewhere close by, and the two parties met. I have never learned all the details of the affair, and the stories of that fight which came to me are too preposterous for belief. Still, Esteban and his men must have fought like demons, for they killed some incredible number. But they were human—they could not defeat a regiment. It seems that only one or two of them escaped."

"Esteban? Did he—"

Colonel Lopez nodded; then he said gravely: "Cobo takes no prisoners. I was in the Rubi hills at the time, fighting hard, and it was six weeks before I got back into Matanzas. Naturally,

when I heard what happened, I tried to find the girl, but Weyer was concentrating the pacificos by the time, and there was nobody left in the Yumuri; it was a desert."

"Then you don't know positively that she . . . that she—"

"Wait. There is no doubt that the boy was killed, but of Rosa's fate I can only form my own opinion. However, one of Esteban's men joined my troops later, and I not only learned something about the girl, but also why Esteban had been so relentlessly pursued. It was all Cobo's doings. You have heard of the fellow? No? Well, you will." The speaker's tone was eloquent of hatred. "He is worse than the worst of them—a monster! I had seen Miss Varona. She was a beautiful girl. . . ."

"Go on!" whispered the lover.

"I discovered that she didn't at first obey Weyer's edict. She and the two negroes—they were former slaves of her father, I believe—took refuge in the Pan de Matanzas. Later on, Cobo's men made a raid and—killed a great many. Some few escaped into the high ravines, but Miss Varona was not one of them. Out of regard for Esteban I made careful search, but I could find no trace of her."

"And yet you don't know what happened?" O'Reilly ventured. "You're not sure?"

"No, but I tell you again Cobo's men take no prisoners. When I heard about that raid I gave up looking for her."

"This—Cobo—the American's voice shook in spite of his effort to hold it



Why Look for Ethics in War?

steady—"I shall hope to meet him some time."

The sudden fury that filled Colonel Lopez' face was almost hidden by the gloom. "Yes, Oh, yes!" he cried quickly, "and you are but one of a hundred; I am another. In my command there is a standing order to spare neither Cobo nor any of his assassins; they neither expect nor receive quarter from us. Now, companero—the Cuban dropped a band on O'Reilly's bowed head—"I am sorry that I had to bring you such evil tidings, but we are men—and this is war."

"No, no! It isn't war—it's merciless savagery! To murder children and to outrage women—why, that violates all the ethics of warfare."

"Ethics!" the colonel cried harshly. "Ethics? Hell is without ethics. Why look for ethics in war? Violence—justice—injustice—chaos—that is war. It is man's agony—woman's despair. It is a defiance of God. War is without mercy, without law; it is, well, it is the absence of all law, all good."

It was some time before O'Reilly spoke; then he said, quietly: "I am not going back. I am going to stay here and look for Rosa."

"So!" exclaimed the colonel. "Well, why not? So long as we do not know precisely what has happened to her, we can at least hope. But, if I were you, I would rather think of her a dead than as a prisoner in some concentration camp. You don't know what those camps are like, my friend but I do. Now I shall leave you. One needs to be alone at such an hour—eh?" With a pressure of his hand Colonel Lopez walked away into the darkness.

Judson and his adventurous country man did not see O'Reilly that night nor, in fact, did anyone. But the next morning he appeared before General Gomez. He was haggard, sick, listless. The old Porto Rican had heard from Lopez in the meantime; he was sympathetic.

"I am sorry you came all the way to hear such bad news," he said; "war is a sad, hopeless business."

"But I haven't given up hope," O'Reilly said. "I want to stay here and—and fight."

Rosa and her two negro companions, in Matanzas, face death from starvation or from the epidemics that rage unchecked among the reconcentrados. The next installment tells of their plight and their efforts to keep body and soul together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Chinese alphabet consists of 214 letters.



DEHORNING CATTLE IS

Operation Is Simple and Not Painful When Performed on Calves to Ten Days Old.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Dehorning cattle is almost universally practiced by stockmen who raise high-grade steers. Cattle without horns are easier to handle, have an advantage in the feed trough when in the feed lots, are less dangerous to attendants, and are more uniform in appearance. Also, they command a higher price in the market, which causes a shrinkage in weight, injures the carcass for commercial purposes, and the flesh in a bruised condition, detracting from its value.

While there are many cruel methods for performing this operation, one of the simplest and easiest methods is caustic, either soda or potash,



Cow in Dehorning Crate Ready for Operation.

undveloped horns of the calves. From the best results, the caustic should be applied when the calf is from four to ten days old. Callipens readily improve the hair from around the knobs where horns are developing. With a slip of moistened stick of caustic, rub a range of 2,000 horn alternately three or four times allowing it to dry each time before applying the next. Extreme care should be taken not to have the stick so close that the solution from it will run down the side of the calf's head. To prevent the spread of the caustic, wash with vaseline around the edge where the hair has been clipped.

For older cattle, where the horns have developed, either saws or clipper should be used. It is best to use the clipper on the young animals while the horns are still soft and tender. With older animals which have become hard, brittle horns the saw should be used. While the operation can be performed with clippers quicker and with less pain, this instrument is liable to crush the bone in older animals, causing a wound that heals very slowly. Cattle should never be dehorned during warm weather, spring being the best time to perform the operation. Delayed too long in the season, war, it will become infested with screw worms, and flies are very annoying. Either coal tar or pine tar applied to the wound will prevent injury. If screw worms appear in spite of all precautions, they may be removed by saturating a piece of sorbent cotton in chloroform and setting it into the wound, or by pouring gasoline into the horn cavity. This kills the worms, which should then be removed with a pair of forceps.

In order to make a clean cut and avoid trouble in performing the operation, the animal's head should be clamped or held in a firm position. This purpose dehorning chutes, the front of which consists of two strips of wood which can be closed firmly on either side of the cow's neck, are very convenient.

COMFORTABLE PEN FOR HOGS

Always Provide Dry Sleeping Quarters With Small Air Space Above Nest—Give Exercise.

Always give the pigs a dry place in which to sleep. Do not allow much air space above the nest. Give an opportunity for an abundance of exercise and a variety of feed. It is practicable to push them to popular market weights by the time they are seven months of age. The gains are made more cheaply before that time than it is possible to make them after that age.

PORK BEST FOR OUR TROOPS

Great Supplies of Bacon Must Be Transported to Boys in Khaki at Front in France.

Pork can be transported more readily and economically to troops in the field than can any other meat. Great supplies of bacon must go to the boys in khaki at the front. Unless a larger number of sows are bred, the amount of meat we will require next year will not be available.

Vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, partially cut off and overlapping other text.

METHODIST

J. H. HICKKS, Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock. J. K. McKenzie, S. P. teaching at 11 a. m. and 1:30 P. M.
Prayermeeting every Wednesday evening at 7.

J. K. MCKENZIE
Complete Abstract of land in Roberts county. Protect your property against fire and tornado.
AGENT FOR Leading fire insurance companies.
Phone 103

FARM AND RANCH LOANS

ON LONG TIME EASY TERMS

W. A. PALMER
Canadian, - - - Texas

DR. M. L. CUNN

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Central Drug Store
Eyes tested and glasses fitted
Miami - Texas

C. Coffey J. A. Holmes
COFFEE & HOLMES
Lawyers.
GENERAL PRACTICE
OFFICE IN CHRISTOPHER BUILDING
Miami - Texas.



Sold and Guaranteed by CENTRAL DRUG STORE
Prices from \$7 to \$50, and the best watch in the world for the money.

It can be done right here at home if it is commercial printing. Send your order for anything in the printing line to the Chief and save that much transportation.

J. H. KELLEY, Phg. M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Special attention given to Obstetric and diseases of children.

Office at Miami Drug Co
- Phone 33 -

MONEY TO LOAN
On farms and ranch land or to Buy Vendors lien notes.
Quick Service
L. B. ROBERTSON.

"NEVER-TEL"

Better than advertised
- Darken Your -
Gray Hair



SPECIAL TAX FOR MAINTENANCE OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND FURNISHING FREE TEXT BOOKS

House Joint Resolution No. 27.
Proposing an amendment to Art. 7 of the Constitution of the State of Texas by changing Sec. 3, providing for a thirty-five cent tax levy for the maintenance of the public schools of Texas, and providing free text books in public schools of the State of Texas, and making an appropriation herefor.

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas, - - - Section 1. That Section 3, Article 7 of the Constitution, be so changed as to read as follows (repealing a new section 3):

Section 3. One-fourth of the revenue derived from the State occupation taxes and mill tax of one (\$1.) dollar on every male inhabitant of this state between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, shall be set apart annually for the benefit of the public free schools; and in addition thereto, there shall be levied and collected an annual ad valorem State tax of such an amount not to exceed thirty-five cents on the one hundred (\$100.00) dollar valuation, as, with the available school fund arising from all other sources, will be sufficient to maintain and support the public schools of this State for a period of not less than six months in each year, and it shall be the duty of the State Board of Education to set aside a sufficient amount out of the said tax to provide free text books for the use of children attending the public free schools of this State; provided, however, that should the limit of taxation herein named be insufficient, the deficit may be met by appropriation from the general funds of the State, and the Legislature may also provide for the formation of school districts by general or special law without the local notice required in other cases of special legislation; and all such school districts, whether created by general or special law, may embrace parts of two or more counties. And the Legislature shall be authorized to pass laws for the assessment and collection of taxes in all said districts, and for the management and control of the public school or schools of such district, whether such districts are composed of territory wholly within a county or in parts of two or more counties. And the Legislature may authorize an additional ad valorem tax to be levied and collected within all school districts heretofore formed or hereafter formed, for the further maintenance of public free schools, and the erection and equipment of school buildings therein; provided, that a majority of the qualified property taxpaying voters of the district, voting at an election to be held for that purpose, shall vote such tax not to exceed in any one year fifty cents on the one hundred valuation of the property subject to taxation in such district, but the limitation upon the amount of school district tax herein authorized shall not apply to incorporated cities or towns constituting separate and independent school districts.

Sec. 2. The foregoing constitutional amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of the State at an election to be held throughout the State on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1918, at which election all voters favoring said proposed amendment shall write or have printed on their ballots the words, "For the amendment to the Constitution of the State of Texas providing for the levy of a special school tax for the maintenance of the public schools of the State and to provide free text books in the public schools of the State of Texas." and all those opposed shall "write or have printed on their ballots the words, "Against the amendment to the Constitution of the State of Texas providing for the levy of a special school tax for the maintenance of the public schools of the State of Texas."

Sec. 3. The Governor of the State is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for said election and to have same published as required by the Constitution and existing schools of the state and provide free text books in the public schools of the State of Texas.

Sec. 4. That the sum of two thousand (\$2,000.00) dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any funds in the Treasury of the State of Texas not otherwise appropriated, to pay the expenses of such publication and election.

(Note—H. J. R. No. 27 passed the House of Representatives by a two-thirds vote, yeas 108, nays 22, and passed the Senate by a two-thirds vote, yeas 23, nays 4.)
Approved March 19, 1917.
(A TRUE COPY.)
C. D. MIMS, Acting Secretary of State.

TAKING OF TESTIMONY IN CRIMINAL CASES.

House Joint Resolution No. 2.
To amend Sec. 10, Art. 7 of the Constitution of the State of Texas, providing for certain rights of accused persons in criminal prosecutions, and the manner in which the case may be prosecuted, and providing for the procuring of the testimony of the witnesses for both defense and prosecution.

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas, - - - Section 1. That Section (10) of Article (7) of the Constitution of the State of Texas be so amended that the same will read and hereafter be as follows:

Section (10). In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall have a speedy public trial by an impartial jury. He shall have the right to demand the nature and cause of the accusation against him, and to have a copy thereof. He shall not be compelled to give evidence against himself and shall have the right of being heard by himself or counsel, or both; shall be confronted by the witnesses against him and shall have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, except that when the witness resides out of the State and the offense charged is a violation of any of the anti-trust laws of this State, the defendant and the State

MUSICAL PROGRAM TUES. JULY 30th.

The Program of the Miami Community Chorus will be given, under the direction of Mr. Myers of Amarillo, at the Baptist church, on Tuesday evening, July 30. Admission will be free to the general public, but a liberal donation is expected, the proceeds of which will go to the Red Cross fund. To every one a cordial invitation to attend is extended.

Following is the programme:
I. Mixed Chorus - Welsh National Air.
II. Ladies Chorus - Calvary—Rodney.
III. Vocal Duet.

(a) Santa Lucia - Italian Folk Song.
(b) Beileve Me, If All Those Endearing young Charms - Irish Folk Tune.
- Misses Dyer and George.

IV. Ladies Chorus - Denza.
(a) Sing On - Shelley.
(b) Barcarolle - Selected.

V. Piano Solo - Mrs. Baker.
VI. Mixed Chorus - Patriotic Songs.
(a) Rule Britannia - Arne.
(b) Italian National Hymn. - Liszt.
(c) Marseillaise - Liszt.

VII. Solo.
God be with Our Boy, Tonight - Bowls-Sanderson
Mrs. Rhode.

VIII. Ladies Chorus - Pinsuti-Banbow.
(a) Welcome, Pretty Primrose - Shelley.
(b) Hark, Hark My Soul - Linders.
(c) Water Lilies - Powell.

IX. Solo. - Claresce Huber, Chorus and audience.
X. Star Spangled Banner - Kay-Arnold. Chorus and Audience.

COME

Vote for R. L. Templeton for Representative

VOTE for R. L. Templeton of Wellington, Texa for State Senator in the Panhandle district. He is now serving his third term as a member of the House of Representatives from the east side of the Panhandle and has always stood for measures for West Texas. He is a prohibitionist and has been an ardent supporter of woman suffrage. Early in the campaign he took the position that Mr. Ferguson had been legally impeached and disqualified from holding the office, and he has not had to change his position on this question as has his opponent, in order to meet the trend of public opinion.
(Political Adv.)

CONTRIBUTIONS TO COMFORT KIT FUNDS.

| | |
|------------------------|--------|
| Mr. Lee Richardson | 50 |
| Contributed | \$2.05 |
| Mrs. Com Patton | \$1.00 |
| Mrs. D. S. Christopher | 25 |
| Mrs. Frank Raso | \$1.00 |
| John E. Kermode | \$5.50 |

NOTICE

All parties knowing themselves indebted to us by note or open account please call and settle at once by cash or satisfactory arrangements. This means say if you owe us, we need our money.
LOCKE BROS

shall have the right to produce and have the evidence admitted by deposition, under such rules and laws as the Legislature may hereafter provide; and no person shall be held to answer for a criminal offense, unless on an indictment of a grand jury, except in cases in which the punishment, is by fine or imprisonment, or otherwise than in the penitentiary, in cases of impeachment and in cases arising in the army or navy, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger.
Sec. 2. The Governor of this State is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for the submission of this amendment to the qualified voters of this State at the next general election for State and county officers.
Sec. 3. The qualified electors for members of the Legislature shall vote upon said amendment at the said general election and at which election all persons favoring said amendment shall have written or printed on the ballot the following: "For amendment to Section 10, Article 1 of the Constitution, providing for prosecution of criminal cases by information, or indictment, and taking of testimony of witnesses by deposition, under certain circumstances, and those opposed to such amendment shall have written or printed on the ballot as follows: "Against the amendment to Section 10, Article 1 of the Constitution."
Sec. 4. The sum of five thousand (\$5,000) dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any funds of the State Treasury of the State not otherwise appropriated to pay the expense of publishing, proclamation, and election.

(Note—H. J. R. No. 2 passed the House of Representatives by a two-thirds vote, yeas 121, nays 4; and passed the Senate with amendments by a two-thirds vote, yeas 21, nays 4 and the House concurred in the Senate amendments by a two-thirds vote, yeas 123, nays 0.
Approved March 10, 1917.
(A TRUE COPY.)
C. D. MIMS, Acting Secretary of State.

"CENTRAL" SPEAKS.

Call me not in scornful numbers: Like 'two-seven-O-nine-three;' Snatched out in insidious accents, Pray, be courteous to me. Would you like to sit here with a Telephone strapped on your head, All day long to answer summons? Wouldn't you wish that you were dead? When I say the line is busy, Honestly, sometimes it is. Why do you get so indignant, When you hear the buzzer whirr? And wrong numbers naturally Sometimes, I am at a loss, But in fact I give them mostly To subscribers who are cross. Be polite, it will not hurt you, Even though I'm in a box. I am human, although hidden, And am sensitive to knocks. Be polite; do unto others As you'd have them do unto you. It's a good rule to observe and You'll get better service, too.
Operators,

R. R. TIME TABLE

PASSENGER SCHEDULE EAST BOUND.

| | |
|---------|------------|
| No. 118 | 2:24 p. m. |
| No. 114 | 8:58 p. m. |

WEST BOUND.

| | |
|---------|------------|
| No. 113 | 4:37 a. m. |
| No. 117 | 7:03 p. m. |

PURSLEY'S

TRANSFER LINE

Solicit a liberal share of your

dray work and hauling. All

work given careful and prompt

attention.

Miami, Texas

I am prepared to do cleaning and pressing in short time. Phone 131. Will send for the clothes and deliver them.
At. Mr. A. Wilde.

Large size tracing sheets of carbon paper at the Chief.

Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy

Now is the time to buy a bottle of this remedy so as to be prepared in case that any one of your family should have an attack of colic or diarrhoea during the summer months. It is worth a hundred times its cost when needed.

Doing Good.

Few medicines have met with more favor or accomplished more good than Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. John F. Jantzen, Delmeny, Sask., Says of it, "I have used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy myself and in my family, and can recommend it as being an exceptionally fine preparation."

FOR SALE. 150 feet 3 1-2 inch well casing.
Harry A. Nelson.

Do You Mean business?

Do you really want to help WIN THE WAR? Of course you do— BUT WHY do you let your machinery lay out in the weather? Every new machine you have to buy takes the material and labor to build a Liberty Motor. The rains will come, if not in time for wheat, sure, in time for the row crops. Now is the time to build one of those

PANHANDLE IMPLEMENT SHEDS
For plans, specifications and cost, see our local manager.

BUILD NOW—What you have to SELL will BUY MORE LUMBER than ever before

SAVE YOUR FEED, LIVE STOCK AND MACHINERY.

CONSERVATION AND SERVICE OUR AIMS.

COME AND SEE US

PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.



EVERYBODY LIKES GOOD

EATABLES

Belle 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.
"Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon"

WE FIX CRIPPLES.

Horses, Automobiles, Wagons, Buggies, Plows, in fact every thing you ride in are work with. If your car is giving you any trouble don't put it off, bring it in and let us look it over we don't charge to examine it for you. We have free air in front.

Our Hobby is fixing Generators Starter, Motors and Batteries. All work is Gauranteed to give satisfaction both Blacksmithing and automobile repair

DUNIVEN BROTHERS

K. HICKMAN

DEALER IN

Grain Mills, Pipes, Casing

Hardware, Stoves,

and Tinware.

"CANTON CLIPPER" FARM

IMPLEMENTS & MACHINERY.

Galvanized Tanks, Troughs, Metallic Well Curbing, etc., Made to Order

TIN SHOP IN CO NECTION. MIAMI—TEXAS

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE,

DRUGS and MEDICINES, Toilet articles, Etc

— C. S. SEIBER, Prop —

JEWELRY, KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

Miami - - - Texas.

PUBLIC SALE

SATURDAY, JULY 20th 3, P. M.

On account of leaving for military service Tuesday of next week, I will offer for sale, on the streets of Miami, Sat-1 Ford Five Passenger Car. 1 Upright Piano. And Some Household Goods. Amounts under \$10. cash, over \$10. we will accept bankable notes, bearing 10 per cent interest due in six months.

M. M. CRAIG, Jr.
OWNER

Clubbing Rates

The Chief One Year and
Dallas News one Year for **\$2.15**

You can get the Miami Chief 1 year
and the
Southwestern Plainsman one year,
BOTH FOR \$2.00
At this Office.

Subscribe Now!

LOST OR STOLEN Seven
up and two goats from my place
miles north of town. Disappear-
Saturday June 22.
O. B. Hardin.

SWIMMING NOTICE. Bathing in
my surface tank 4 1-2 miles east of
town is forbidden. Please stay out.
A. W. Gill.

BARRETT & ALLEN

Licensed Auctioneers

Make sales anywhere and positively
guarantee satisfaction. Years of ex-
perience in the business and we know we
can please you. Our terms are always
right, and if our service is not right, it
costs you nothing. For dates address
**H. M. Barrett, Pampa, or the Miami
Chief.**

LET US FIX 'EM

When you have Magneto troubleship direct to us for im-
mediate repair and return to you without delay. We employ
factory trained men. Workmanship guaranteed. Ship in your
Automobile battery starter, generator and magnetos. We have
a new Storage Battery to fit every make of car. Ask for our
exchange price.

THE T. M. CALDWELL COMPANY.
(Official Service Station)

West 5th St. Amarillo, Texas
TRACTOR MAGNETO REPAIRS.

Are You One of Them?

There are a great many people who
could be very much benefited by tak-
ing Chamberlain's Tablets for a weak
& disordered stomach. Are you one
of them? Mr. M. R. Searl, Bald-
winville, N. Y., relates her experi-
ence in the use of these Tablets: "I
had a bad spell with my stomach
about six months ago, and was trou-
bled for two or three weeks with gas
and severe pains in the pit of my
stomach. Our druggist advised me
to take Chamberlain's Tablets. I

took a bottle home and the first dose
relieved me wonderfully, and I kept
on taking them until I was cured."
These tablets do not relieve pain but
after the pain has been relieved may
prevent its recurrence.

Cause of Drowsy.
Drowsiness is often caused by
indigestion and constipation, and
quickly disappears when Chamber-
lain's Tablets are taken. These tab-
lets strengthen the digestion and
move the bowels.

Mrs. J. G. Moss of Mineral Wells
is here for a visit with her daughter
Mrs. A. M. Jones.

Judge J. W. Crudgington has for-
mally with drawn from the race for
Congress against Hon. Marvin Jones.
His name, however will appear on the
ballots as they are already printed.

J. H. Ford and family were here
first of the week and informed us
that they were moving to Phoeniz,
Ariz. Mr. Ford was recently local
manager for the White House Lum-
ber Company.

Mrs. D. B. Stribling and son David
left yesterday for Waco where they
will visit Bub Stribling who expects
to sail for France in the next few
weeks.

Osborne Anderson of Pampa has
accepted a position with the J. W.
Wells store and began work Mon-
day.

Judge L. C. Heare came in Tuesday
from Electra. Judge states that he
traded the Miami-Electra drilling out
fit to a company for a well to be dug
on our lease. To which, we say
amen, provided the hole is not a dry
one. If it is dry, we say lets trade
back. Judge states that a drill is go-
ing down rapidly on the Rogers lease.

M. W. O'Loughlin is having a new
16x32, two story barn completed at
his city residence this week.

J. A. Newman shipped a car of cat-
tle to Kansas City Saturday and went
up with them.

J. R. Durrett sold the Early Levey
half section of land near Pampa this
week to A. H. Doucette.

T. J. Durrett and wife came in this
afternoon for a visit with their son
J. R. Durrett. They are from Wax-
ahachie.

Mrs. Mamie Keuhn is visiting the
O. C. Elliott family near Mobeetie
this week.

A list of State Officers who stand
for temperance and morality is in the
hands of the ladies Hobby Club.
Those who wish to examine the list
and gain any other state political in-
formation will do well to call at the
Ladies Hobby Club information bu-
reau. These information bureaus
will be at Wells, Locke and Moons
store.

Mrs. Thos Pearl of Lak'n, Kansas
came in last week and is visiting her
brother, Thos. O'Loughlin. Mr.
O'Loughlin is still very poorly in
health this week.

Emmett Gatlin came in this week
from a training camp in California
where he has been assisting the boys
in learning militarism. He expects
to remain at home until school starts
at Roswell this fall.

R. L. Simmons and family left yester-
day for a visit to East Texas.

J. A. Covey left Tuesday for a
short business trip to El Paso.

Sam Elkins and wife of New Mexi-
co have been visitors this week at the
Dr. Kelley and Bob Elkins homes.

Cap. Oliver Elliott left Sunday on
a return trip to San Francisco where
he will remain until chool starts at
Roswell.

Misses Mattie Elliott, Ollie and
Bettie Cole were visiting friends in
Miami Sunday.

Mrs. W. I. Whitsel from North of
the river was in town Friday regis-
tering for a vote in the coming elec-
tion.

Mrs. L. B. Robertson and daughter,
Miss Aurelia returned last week from
a few weeks visit in Arkansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Tolbert and
children of Littlefield visited Miami
friends and relatives Sunday and
Monday of this week.

J. E. Jones was in Monday from his
Gray County ranch and renewed for
the Chief while here.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce the
following names, subject to the ac-
tion 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.

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

For County Judge
J. K. McKENZIE

For County Commissioner, Prec 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, Prec., 1.
H. T. GILL.

J. L. LACKEY, CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.

Presents His Platform
To the voter of Roberts County.
I have endeavored to meet each of
you and present to you a card upon
which is printed some of the main
planks of my platform so that you
might know the things for which I
stand. But I find it utterly impossi-
ble to see all of you, so I am present-
ing it to you through the columns of
your home paper:

**"INCREASED... PRODUCTION. IS
NECESSARY TO WIN THE WAR—
WE MUST WIN IT.**

"My plan is to increase produc-
tion is: Let the producer be paid
Well for his products and the worker
be paid WELL for his work.

"I am against price fixing on ANY
necessity, unless it is fixed on ALL
necessities.

"I am against the creation of any
board that will take from the Presi-
dent any of his constitutional powers.

"I am for spending all the money
necessary to win the war, but NONE
to enrich corporations or individuals.

"WOMEN do not waste food; Con-
gress should NOT waste any money.

"I am in favor of amending our
immigration laws so that NO MORE
undesirable aliens can get into our
country.

"I am in favor of Congressmen
paying the SAME AMOUNT of in-
come tax on their salaries as OTHER
people have to pay on incomes of the
same amount.

"Our National Democratic Con-
vention two years ago ordered by an
overwhelming majority that women
be given the right to vote; they now
only have the right to vote in the pri-
maries. I shall strive to see that
the mandate of the convention is carried
out and that they be given full right
of suffrage."

I have always thought a candidate
for Congress should tell the people
how he stands on national issues, so
that they can judge him and I have
done so.

So far as I am informed, Mr. Jones
has no platform but his pictures with
a statement thereon that he is for
winning the war in the shortest pos-
sible time, and in favor of subordi-
nating all other issues. I will say
that I heartily endorse the first part
of the statement. But I cannot agree
with Mr. Jones that the issues of vi-
tal interest to the farmer, stock rais-
er, laborer and necessary business
man should be neglected or forgotten.
Because the class of people above
mentioned supply every essential im-
plement of war, and without these
the war cannot be won in a short
time, or any time so far as that is
concerned. So if I am elected, I
will strive to help them so that they
my be able to supply the necessities
to carry on and win the war in the
shortest time.

Do not ask any one to vote for me
solely through friendship. Let your
test be, "Who is the best man for
the place at this critical time?" If you
vote for either of us through any
OTHER reason, your vote will be
purely a compliment. President Wil-
son said, when so many people want-
ed to send Mr. Roosevelt to France
with an army, "This is no time to
pass around compliments."

If I am elected, I promise you:

1. That I will not forget your in-
terest.

2. That there will never be coming
1100. me any peace talk, or peace
resolution, until Imperial Germany
asks our commander upon what terms
she may have peace.

3. That I will ask you to vote for
me, if you think I am right.

Yours very truly,
J. L. Lackey.
(Political Adv.)

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VACCINE for Blackleg directly from
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animal is positively insured against
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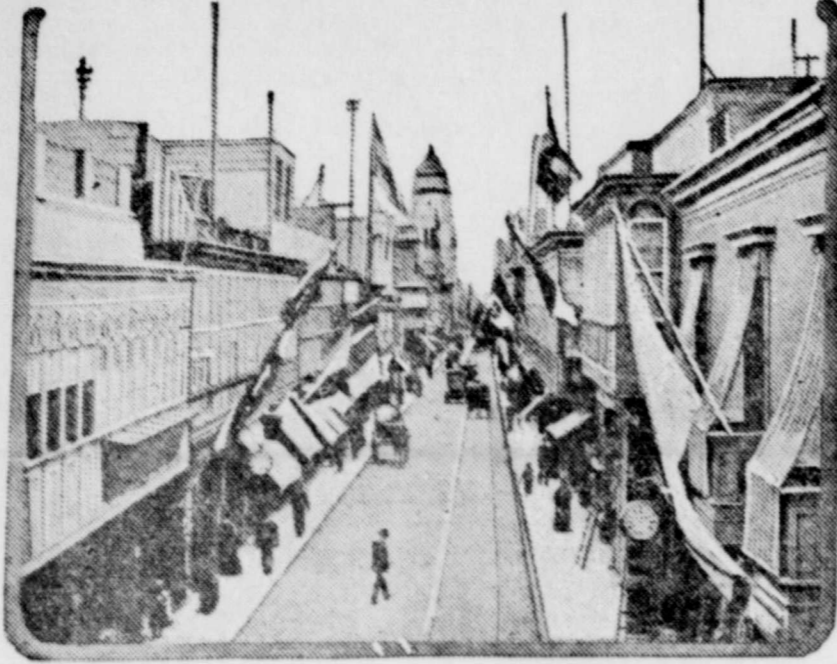
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LIMA the City of Kings



One of the Older Streets of Lima.

COMPARATIVELY few foreigners see interior regions of Peru today; but a majority of those who voyage up and down the Pacific pay brief visits to Lima, the City of the Kings. It is located in an undulating valley which extends inland from the ocean for 50 miles or more to the foothills of the Andes, although numerous mountain spurs rise here and there about the valley, two of which, San Cristobal and San Jeronimo, dominate the city of Lima. Through this valley the River Rimac winds its way to the sea at Callao, starting from rivulets at least 17,000 feet high amid the eternal snows of the mountains. Nearly four centuries have passed since Pizarro laid the foundation stones of the cathedral on a central plaza known today as Plaza Mayor. Around and in the vicinity of this level area the new capital began to grow. Pizarro's idea, according to historians, was to found a capital more easily accessible than the cities constructed by the Incas and their predecessors, who builded far inland and in localities difficult to reach.

The Rimac flows directly through Lima, the larger city development being on the southern side of the stream, writes William A. Reid in the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union. The latter is spanned by several bridges over which passes a constant traffic. Lima, with its 200,000 population today, has been a long time growing to present proportions. In shape the city was originally more or less that of a giant triangle, the hypotenuse of which was formed by the Rimac. Pizarro bestowed the name of City of the Kings upon the place as a token of honor on behalf of his royal benefactors; but gradually the native title seems to have become more and more popular. The name Lima is derived from that of the river, the legendary word Rimac meaning "one who speaks."

Historical Plaza Mayor.

If you go sightseeing in Lima the start should be made from the Plaza Mayor, a section of the city from which every kind of activity radiates today as in the past. This popular meeting ground comprises several acres, and so historical if not hallowed is every foot of space that one is lost in meditation in endeavoring to picture the countless epoch-making scenes that have transpired there. On one side of this plaza stands the massive cathedral with its twin towers, the foundation stones of which Pizarro himself is credited with laying. Near by is the site of the house in which the conqueror breathed his last as the assassin struck the death blow. Within the cathedral today the mummy of Pizarro lies, a shriveled but well-preserved figure, the sight of which causes silent reverence, whatever may have been the character of the man or the cause he espoused.

Occupying the entire north side of this Plaza Mayor is the historical palace, a massive but typically low structure with various courts, halls, and many rooms, which formerly housed the viceroys and their official families. Today this edifice is used for government purposes. With its uniformed sentinels always on duty it bears a military aspect, the daily guard mount being especially interesting to the stranger. The other sides of the Plaza Mayor are occupied today by the city hall and by business edifices, the lower floors of which serve as shops, restaurants, etc., while the upper stories are utilized by clubs or as private apartments.

The Plaza Mayor is one of Lima's most animated sights day and night. From here the electric cars radiate to every part of the city; here one finds carriages and motor cars for pleasure or for business; amid the beautiful flowers and foliage those who have leisure sit and read the news of the day or listen to the music of the bands which often enliven the evenings; the cathedral and the post office near by draw the citizens by thousands, and all are passing and repassing over a plaza so ancient and yet so modern; it is also the site from which the proclamation of Peruvian Independence was read to the throng on July 28, 1821, the anniversary of which is celebrated each year.

A short distance away standing on another attractive plaza known as Bol-

ivar, we find the two buildings which house the Peruvian congress. Especially historic is the senate chamber within the ancient Inquisition building.

Famous Torre-Tagle Mansion.

A majority of the older residences of Lima are the typical one-story structures, and usually a court is one of the leading features. Opening on this court are the various living, sleeping, and other apartments; while the court itself is adorned with growing plants, flowers, and often a small tree or two. Birds, parrots, and other pets are also numerous. Barred windows and balconies are always in evidence.

Many Lima homes of the better classes are two-story structures, and in such cases the balcony overhanging the street offers the family a fine point from which to view the life of the street when tired of the courtyard and its seclusion. One of the finest types of this home is the famous Torre-Tagle mansion. Almost a fortress in appearance as one enters the great stone wall leading from the street, but when within the courtyard (there are several), the outer doors closed, a veritable and secluded palace presents itself with enough luxurious surroundings to make even a king envious. It was built in the days of the viceroys and nothing seems to have been forgotten as regards comfort and convenience of those early times, even to the private chapel opening on one of the courts. The carved mahogany balconies overlooking the street are also works of art and patient toil.

Peru's capital is the home of a national museum, one of the world's most interesting institutions of this nature. It shares with that of Cairo in displaying to modern peoples various incidents of life and activity of by-gone races.

Many Pleasure Resorts.

The resorts and pleasure parks of the capital are numerous, and there are modern electric lines for reaching them from the heart of the city. Chorrillos, Barranco, Miraflores, La Punta, etc., offer those who love the sea fine opportunities for boating or bathing; and, indeed, a large number of people maintain their permanent homes on or near the Bay of Chorrillos, famous for its regattas and other aquatic sports. On the other hand, when the fogs and mist of winter overhang the coastal region many citizens of the capital find the sunny climate of Chosica especially appealing; the latter resort lies some 30 miles inland in the Andean foothills and directly on the Oroya railroad.

In 1870 an exposition was held in Lima, and naturally a number of new buildings were constructed in order to provide for exhibits and throngs of people. The name of Exposition park seems to have become definitely fixed upon this suburb, and today we find that many of the people of wealth and influence have established their homes in that part of Lima. The park itself covers about 30 acres, and is laid out in beautiful walks, artificial lakes, grottoes, flower gardens, and other attractive features. Within the park is also located one of the finest restaurants in the whole city, and it is here in season that many of the exclusive society folk spend the evenings, surrounded by tropical plants and flowers and charmed by the beautiful strains of the orchestral music, a feature of Lima life.

In front of this park the most beautiful avenue of the capital, known as Paseo Colon, has been constructed. It is nearly a mile long, is 150 feet wide, one end of which terminates at the new circle or Plaza Bolognesi. On either side of this avenue many costly residences have been built, along the middle avenue from end to end extends a border of flowers, and at intervals stand monuments representing the heroes of Peruvian history. A number of arches are studded with electric bulbs, which render the whole avenue especially attractive at night.

In Fond Remembrance.

"His last words were of you."

The prodigal son-in-law tried to feel as solemn as he looked.

"Might I inquire what they were?"

"You might. He said if he could get one good bluff at you he would die happy."

WHAT CAN WE DO?



In the New England Bulletin of the American Red Cross there is a splendid review of its work during the past year from which the following is an extract under the title of "The Human Side."

"The American Red Cross recognizes that our first duty for humanity in this war is the protection of our soldiers in France. It recognizes also that this duty lies with the United States government and that the government is responsible for it. As a supplementary relief organization the Red Cross stands ready to co-operate with the government in this work, and to put its organization, money and supplies into service at the call of the American army whenever and wherever they can be of use. Fully realizing the disadvantages that are always met in a foreign country, and with the view of keeping our soldiers in touch with things American, the Red Cross begins at the port of landing in France by establishing rest stations. These rest stations extend inland toward the camps and are located in a series of junction points and railroad stations where the soldiers are required to wait for train connections.

"Chief work of the American Red Cross in helping care for wounded soldiers lies in its co-operation with the government in supplying an efficient nursing service; in assisting the Army Medical corps in cases of emergency; and in furnishing materials for hospitals. There were on March 1, 1918, more than twenty-three hundred American Red Cross nurses employed in base hospitals and in the French military hospitals throughout the republic. The total number of hospitals of various sorts in the French republic exceeds five thousand, and more than half of these are receiving all or part of their medical and surgical supplies from the American Red Cross.

Re-education.

"The re-education of mutilated sol-

diers is being carried on jointly by the French government and the American Red Cross. There are between fifty and sixty schools of various kinds for this work. The Red Cross has provided more than six hundred mutilated soldiers with artificial legs of the best type, and has established a factory near Paris where artificial limbs are manufactured. By arranging for consultation between the surgeon and the manufacturer, the Red Cross has been able to secure the best possible treatment for each case.

With the wanton destruction of homes by the German army and the uprooting of the population in the devastated regions, the home as an institution in France is in peril. Realizing this condition, the Red Cross is endeavoring to find homes for the homeless children who have neither homes nor parents, and to help the refugees and repatriates to find a place to live until they shall be able to rebuild their homes.

"The most telling work of the Red Cross in France, as far as helping to win the war goes, is the care of the families of the French soldiers. The Red Cross is giving to the needy families of these French soldiers supplies and money, according to their needs.

"When the German army invaded France, hundreds of thousands of French people were driven from their homes and are now scattered throughout the republic. These people are known as refugees. The number has increased, of course, for various reasons until now there are more than 1,200,000, embracing all classes and ages, except able-bodied men. There are approximately 500,000 refugees in Paris alone.

"The housing of these people is one of the greatest problems of the French government. The American Red Cross is co-operating with the French government in this work."

The Empty House

By Fannie Barnett Linky

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The little brown car had swung with a soft humming sound down the smooth road, and its sole occupant was sitting with her hands in her lap, looking dreamily out at the landscape and the rows of houses that they passed. Many a one passing by on the sidewalk might have envied the lovely young woman who sat there, so slender and aristocratic, in the little brown car, but she herself was not even conscious of the looks, whether envious or admiring, that were cast in her direction.

If, as the poets say, "the eyes are mirrors of the soul," then it was very apparent that Elaine Hargrave was not happy, for the sad, far-away expression on her face told its own story. As the machine turned the corner of the street, however, she began to take more interest in her surroundings, and she watched carefully the houses she passed.

Suddenly she leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur.

"Stop, Jacques," she commanded, sharply, "at the house 'To Let.'"

The brakes ground sharply, and Elaine stepped out at once. She looked again and drew in her breath quickly. A wave of crimson flooded her face. The chauffeur wondered at the sudden order, for they were already late for dinner, and he did not think that his mistress could possibly want to look at this empty house.

The glory of a perfect spring day was over all the out-of-doors. It seemed a day to tempt anyone to remain in the open, and drink in to the full the beauties of bountiful nature, but evidently this did not attract the girl, for she mounted the steps of the house at once.

She looked around at Jacques after she had rung the bell. "Wait till I come out," she said.

A slovenly-looking woman suddenly appeared in response to her ring. She was as dusty looking, somehow, as the house was, and quite as dejected looking; but Elaine scarcely saw her as she spoke:

"I want to see the house," said the girl. "I suppose I can go in?"

"Well, it's gettin' pretty late, mum, and I don't think as you'd be seen' much," replied the old woman.

"You can give me your candle," said Elaine, quickly, as she slipped a coin into the not over clean hand, and with a little gasp, the woman yielded.

The front door was opened, and Elaine went through the passage and glided upstairs like a ghost, the woman promptly returning to the lower regions, whence she had come. Lighting the dirty candle from a gas jet burning in the passageway, Elaine went from one room to another with quick, nervous haste. Her face was quite colorless, but her eyes burned with a feverish light that made her seem very different from the brilliant lady of fashion that most people knew as Elaine Hargrave. Here she was but a girl; and face to face with memory, a memory that was still alive after three years of bitter struggle—the struggle of trying to forget.

For today was the third anniversary of what was to have been Elaine Hargrave's wedding day, but that wedding never took place; and on the third anniversary of "what might have been," as Elaine expressed it herself, and just home from travels that had taken her into the faraway corners of the world, the girl had become possessed with the desire to see the place that once she had expected to call "home."

She stopped for a moment in her fitting from room to room and looked about her. Here, but three short years before, she had planned to come as a happy bride, and here she had left the man she loved after their bitter quarrel, called him "Puritan" and "Prude," because he would not countenance the ways of her "set." How empty and false were the ways of that very same set, she had come bitterly to realize, just as in her heart of hearts she had come to respect all the more the man who would not bow down to them. And how empty was her heart as well!

She could see him plainly, if she but shut her eyes for a moment, as he stood before her that day so long ago, so tall and proud and good to look at. She had always taken such pride in his good looks, all the more so because he had not belonged to her "set," but had come to the city unknown, and had worked up to an enviable position. She could almost hear again his earnest voice as he remonstrated with her on that last fateful day in this house.

"I know that I do not belong to this 'set' that you seem to think so much of, dear," he said, "and perhaps that is why I find it so hard to accustom myself to the things that they do, but I am certain that I have too much regard for the woman who is to be my wife to want to see her follow in the footsteps of people whose chief aim in life seems to be to attract the attention of others. You are made for better things than this, Elaine, dear. Won't you be guided by me in this thing and give these people up? Please, dear, for my sake?"

She recalled now how she had flung away from him, although in her heart she had known even then that he was right, but some perverse spirit seemed to urge her not to give in; how she had refused to do what he asked of her, telling her "that she would live her life without him, and that she did not care how she lived, as long as she could understand the ways of her 'people.'" Even now, after three years, Elaine still winced as she thought those hasty words of hers. He must have hurt her—and all she had had let her go on without a word of protest, in the end gravely with her, and saying that he never asked her to come back and he hadn't. And they never wrote.

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She started once more on her grimace through the room, the dining room, with the fencer, which she herself had never had been so well-off as she had insisted upon living in that his own earnings would give her as many as possible luxuries that she had been accustomed to.

"So small a thing to mean as a loss," murmured the girl to herself. She had read those words and now they came into her mind for a time looking out at the clouded windows. Greatly as she loved her eyes and nose, she had never allowed her memory to flow in and engulf her. She had never allowed her mind to dwell on the things that had happened in the past. She had never allowed her mind to dwell on the things that had happened in the past.

Darkness fell. Outside, James looked so much like a ghost in the house! He folded his arms and half asleep. Down in the basement the care-taker, having finished supper, came up, and, forgetting her visitor, or, thinking that she surely zone away long ago, she knocked at the door and went home.

And Elaine dreamed on for long, she knew not. But suddenly she awoke to reality with a start, for it had grown very dark, and she saw that there were coming through the hall. The sound of a voice that seemed familiar.

"Hold the light low there, please, I wish to see all the rooms," said a voice. "Thank you; that's better."

Elaine had crept to the door, was listening with a white face, had a glimpse of the two men who passed the door—no, evidently the night watchman, holding the lamp, the other, the man she had seen three years before.

"So he, too, has not forgotten," thought Elaine, bitterly. She wondered if she should make her presence known— but time she tried to her course. She looked again, yes, the man was! Standing in front of the fireplace. Once more she stepped through the open door. "How dark it is," she said to herself, "to be so much older and grayer."

Her face was still wet with traces of her recent tears, but she did not even know it as she went to the door. He turned round and looked at her with a great start. Then he opened the door and opened it wider. If he walked into the room, it would be a sight to remember. All the light from the lamp would shine on the slender figure, strong, there so erect and proud. There, the face was white and strained, the blue eyes shone like twin stars. Use his unutterable astonishment.

"Elaine! Good God!"

"Listen," she said softly, her face a mask of pain. "Let me humble myself while I can. I need you, Richard, I want you—you and the little horse work."

"Elaine—Elaine—" The man's face was white, his eyes were staring, but he whispered her name, for he seemed to her as if he had seen a ghost. "Elaine—why did you come?"

Quite suddenly all the fear and seemed to die out of the girl's face. "Because I loved you," she whispered. "Because I came to understand that I could never be happy without you. When I stood in the little room we had planned together—" her voice broke—"Richard, forgive me."

She was in his arms, sobbing the words she could not speak, and arms were around her as he murmured: "It's for you to forgive me, Elaine. My little girl! And I thought you did not care!"

MORE STYLES IN SERVICE GARMENTS



Women are swarming into new activities to meet the needs of industry and to release men for service at the front. These war times call upon every individual to do some kind of work, excluding only the very old or the very young from active service. And women are acquiring themselves like men. They are getting down to business in uniforms scientifically designed to meet the requirements of the various kinds of work they have undertaken to do, and to meet their own sense of fitness. Many a smart uniform proclaims that its wearer is doing her bit by discharging the duties of some man who is "over there"—or on the way.

For the factory or farm or garden there are overcoats and service suits like those shown in the picture. They prove to be immensely convenient for house work, and for outings in the woods or mountains there is nothing so comfortable and satisfactory as the service suit. For trampng, climbing and fishing it has any outfit that includes a skirt discredited; there is no comparison between them for convenience.

For work that does not demand breeches or bifurcated skirts there is

a service suit like this except that it has a skirt. All these suits are made of Warren Jean material in khaki color. Caps and hats to match are made to be worn with them.

Smart society women who have deflected their cars and services to the government have donned a tunic uniform for driving them. Girls who are replacing young men as ushers in the theaters are uniformed in spirited coat and breeches suits with puttees and dashing little caps. Women serving in caissons like to be uniformed, Red Cross workers don cap and apron—everywhere the service garment is worn as a proud badge of duty fulfilled.

Julia Bottomley

Cheerful Looking Umbrellas.

Why should we look dull on a rainy day? We can be cheerful-looking even in our umbrella now, for the colored silk umbrellas for rain or shine is to be popular this summer. This combination umbrella and parasol offers protection from sun and shower alike. Some of these umbrellas have ivory tips and ferrules to match the handles.

ARMY MULE NEVER FORGETS TRAINING

As Peculiarities That Can Be Played Upon or Must Be Humored.

FOLLOW THE BELL MARE

When Leader Starts for Drink of Water Every Mule in Place Follows Her in Single File.

Louisville, Ky.—An old, flea-bitten, hammer-headed, ewe-necked bell mare, slowly picking her way across the corral at the remount station at Camp Zachary Taylor, followed by a long line of mules walking in single file, heads down and ears wagging, served as an illustration for an officer attached to the big cantonment who had just finished remarking that "horse nature and mule nature and human nature are mighty contrary things anyway you take them."

"Now take those mules," he said. "The education of a pack mule is a thing that must be begun early. He is just two purposes in life. One is to carry 225 pounds day after day and another is to follow the bell mare in the train, regardless of where that animal may go. Well, there is in that an illustration of the effectiveness of our training. The old mare started after a drink of water and there goes every dad-blasted one of those fool mules after a drink of water."

for 25 per cent less grain. He will thrive on this, and at the end of a hard campaign be squealing and kicking up his heels when the horse would be reduced to ineffectiveness.

Whether horse or mule, every animal bought for war duty must have been broken. When the animal gets into the army there are so many things it must be taught there is no time to waste on rudimentary things. It first goes to the corrals of the remount depot, where it is held with other animals of the same general type and conformation until a requisition for animals of that sort is received from some unit, to which it is issued.

Then begins the animal's real army training. As with a man, the first thing is to drive the lesson home that the first duty is toward the group to which it is assigned. In the man this soon becomes loyalty to the squad, the platoon, the company and the regiment and results in team work. For the animal it means that the lesson is driven home so relentlessly that it is the duty of a wheeler, or a leader, or a number two or three (the horses making up the middle team of a six-horse artillery team) to do this and so, that an animal that has been through this school will never do its most effective work anywhere but in the position to which it was accustomed in its training.

To the cavalry horse mules, the same thing applies. Put him into training, accustom him thoroughly to what is expected of him, and his rider may fall or be shot from the saddle, and in most cases he will hold his position and thunder forward with the rest of the command in the midst of the charge.

Investigation revealed that the pack mule is not the only member of his family that has peculiarities that can be played upon or must be humored. It was learned that the larger mules, teamed up or paired, must therefore be worked together if each is not to suffer a loss in efficiency.

Mules of High Quality.

The government requires three types of mules: Animals that weigh from 1,000 to 1,250 pounds for wheel mules; animals that weigh from 950 to 1,150 pounds, and the little flat-necked, short-legged mule which may weigh almost anything under 950 provided he has a legs to hold up the 225 pounds he is supposed to carry.

In this connection it might be remarked that the comparative difference in the quality of horses and mules is served in the stables of the different units at Camp Zachary Taylor in the corrals of the remount depot. An excellent illustration of the effects of the world war on the supply of such animals held in this country.

The country has been combed for horses and good animals, which apparently are difficult to obtain. When the word "good animals" terms is used it means a cavalry horse true to type conformation and having the ability to carry weight. It is true some fine animals are to be seen among the horses now trained by the army and the production of good artillery horses is fair to high.

The horse and the mule are not interchangeable by the army. Therefore the lack of good horses is the army men particularly lamented. If the task requires quickness of courage, if it is one that a sense of pride or a love of parade will carry through, the horse is chosen. Therefore, the cavalry and artillery use only twin stars.

Use Mules for Hard Tasks.

With a little more hard, thankless job to do one day after day through any campaign and over all kinds of trails, if softly, here must be short rations; me humble on the mule gets the call. He will do you, rich forward uncomplainingly, doing the little horse work day in and day out than "The man? horse, and at night he will ask

Somehow in France.—Every pilot in the British air service is now a trained wireless telegraphist. The use of the wireless on airplanes is, however, limited by the weight of the apparatus and the noise and vibration of the engines. Heavier-than-air craft cannot remain aloft, with engines stopped, for the reception of long wireless messages.

But the wireless has enlarged the field of airplanes in warfare. Messages transmitted by the "cavalry of the air" now keep headquarters in touch with every visible movement on the part of the enemy. It is, however, in connection with artillery that wireless is chiefly employed.

The difficulty of receiving "sound" signals in the air will be apparent when it is stated that conversation between pilot and observer is impracticable, without the use of special "loud-speaking" telephones, on account of the noise made by the engine, the hum of the vibrating rigging, and the rush of air.

Signals sent when flying across the ground station, or when turning, are not so clear as those sent while flying directly toward or away from the receiving station.

PILOTS ARE WIRELESS MEN

Men Who Operate Airplanes in British Aviation Service Must Be Telegraphers.

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TRAINING AMERICA'S NEW MARINERS

More than 40 schools have been started by the shipping board, as well as



More than 40 schools have been started by the shipping board, as well as Night free marine engineering schools, to train deck officers and engineers in merchant ships, and 5,000 Americans have been licensed as officers in merchant marine. The photograph shows students of the free navigation school at Tampa, Fla., after a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, taking tests in shooting the sun with the sextant. In the right foreground is D. L. Brown, instructor. To the left, looking into the sextant's telescope, is Prof. W. E. Burton, dean of the Massachusetts School of Technology, who is educational director of the shipping board navigation schools.

WEARS GERMAN SHIELD



The body armor this American officer is wearing shows how the Germans have reverted to ancient methods to protect their troops in this war. The Americans recovered this shield from a dugout in a German trench after a successful raid "somewhere in France."

SHELL DIDN'T DESTROY "U. S."

American Labor Mission Finds Good Omen at Wrecked Verdun Cathedral.

London.—Members of the American labor mission believe they found a good omen in the ruins of the imposing St. Louis cathedral at Verdun, which they viewed during their recent trip to the fighting fronts in France. Before the cathedral was subjected to shellfire the word "Louis" stood out in bold relief on one part of the building.

A shell, or possibly two or three of them, frantically tore away the "L," the "O" and the "I," but left intact the "U.S." In addressing mass meetings in France and England the Americans symbolized the incident with the outstanding part of the United States is destined to play in the conflict.

"SWAT THE YELLOW DOG"

Campaign Against Person Who Carries Rumors of Disasters, Innocently or With Intent.

Cleveland, O.—"Swat the Yellow Dog." This is the plea of a pamphlet being issued by the Cleveland Advertising club as a contribution to the campaign against insidious rumors of military disaster and against German propaganda. The pamphlet will be used as a letter enclosure and the local advertising club will attempt to get the other advertising clubs of the United States and Canada to issue similar pamphlets and push the campaign. The Yellow Dog is described as a person who carries rumors of disaster and spreads German propaganda, innocently or with intent.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Tears rolled down the face of the aged Federal Judge Alston G. Dayton when he charged the grand jury with its solemn duty of probing alleged pro-Germanism. He said:

"We are not going to allow such wretches as the Kaiser to sink our ships, kill our children and ruin our women. God pity the man who will stand for such actions."

COURT SHEDS TEARS AS HE CHARGES THE JURY

More than 40,000 children under sixteen years of age have savings accounts in the Los Angeles banks. They have more than \$1,000,000 on deposit, or an average of something over \$25 each. One thirteen-year-old youngster is credited with heading the list. He has nearly \$2,000 on deposit, from a beginning made with 50 cents when he was seven years old.

Many of the Los Angeles banks make special provisions for the savings accounts of children and in addition to accepting savings accounts, teach lessons of thrift in their advertising material. They also lend encouragement to thrift propaganda in the public schools and children's organizations.

EXPLOSIVES MADE OF CHEESE

Swiss Paper Launches Spirited Protest Against Abuse of Food Products.

Amsterdam.—Swiss cheese is being exported from Switzerland to belligerent countries to be used in the manufacture of ammunition. Vaterland, a Luzerne journal, launched a spirited protest against what it calls a flagrant misuse of valuable nutritive material for war purposes.

While there are many children without sufficient milk in Switzerland, says the paper, no milk product should be sent to the countries at war.

REFUSE TO ACCEPT CHARITY

Japanese and Chinese Are Hardest People to Induce to Take Public Aid.

Pasadena, Cal.—When fire destroyed half of the Chinatown of this city the Pasadena welfare bureau discovered that Chinese and Japanese are the hardest people in the world to get to accept public aid. The bureau tried for a week to give away a good suit of men's clothes. The suit was offered to at least a dozen worthy Orientals who had lost everything they possessed. Each refused to accept it grudgingly, but several offered to buy it.

BOMBAY GREAT CITY

Beautiful Metropolis Owes Much to the Parsis.

Unthinkable Towers of Silence Still Maintained in Heart of Most Fashionable Residential District—Population Now Million.

Bombay now has nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it already had 200,000 and early in the twentieth century the census takers counted 659,537 souls. Eleanor Franklin Egan writes in the Saturday Evening Post. Nearly 700,000 of these are Hindus and 150,000 are Mohammedans, while less than 10,000 are Christians, counting both pure European and mixed blood.

There are about 60,000 Parsis, and the Parsis are the most interesting and important element in the community. It is British initiative and example and to Parsi appreciation, intelligence and generosity that Bombay owes the fact of her present existence as one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Yet the Parsis still maintain the unthinkable towers of silence in the heart and center of Bombay's most fashionable residential district; the towers of silence, where the Parsis are disposed of by the forever hovering horrible flocks of kites, which on occasion grow gorged and careless and drop human flesh and little bones in the flowering fragrant gardens of the great Malabar hill. But what would you? The towers of silence are unthinkable only to the Christian mind.

To the mind of the Parsi all other methods of disposing of the dead are unthinkable.

The Parsis are sometimes carelessly referred to as Persian Jews or are grouped with Persian Jews, of whom there are a good many in Bombay. But the faith of the Parsis is not the Jewish faith. They are Zoroastrians—worshippers of the sun and fire as the truest manifestations of the Almighty—and they came down from Persia into India about the middle of the seventh century, when they began to be grossly persecuted by the Mohammedan conquerors of the Sassanian empire.

But they were persecuted always by the Mohammedan conquerors of India and by the Hindus, until the happy day arrived for all religions when British power began to be predominant in India. But Bombay was purely British long before the rest of India was anything but a happy hunting ground for English merchants, and the Parsis along with other mistreated elements in the population flocked to the sure shelter of the British flag. There are only about 100,000 Parsis in all India today and 90,000 of them belong to the Bombay Presidency or province; and at least 60,000 of these live in the city of Bombay.

Many of them are gentlemen of the finest type and they are distinguishable by their long black coats and the curious stiff black miterlike hats they wear. Their homes are the most pretentious in the city—palaces set alongside British palaces in the most fashionable districts; and they control a tremendous percentage of the city's commerce and trade.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE GEESE.

"Along a road which neither could be called a country road nor a city street," commenced Daddy, "there were some geese taking a walk. Mr. Gander was walking beside Mrs. Goose and behind them were the Geese children.

"It was in a part of the country which we call a suburb because it was outside a big city. There were many things which made it look like a city still—the elevated railway with tracks so high up they were even with the second stories of the houses gave it a very city-like appearance but the geese walking along the road gave it almost a barnyard look.

"It's a pleasant day," said Mrs. Goose.

"Cackle, Cackle, C-a-c-k-l-e," said Mr. Gander. "Yes, it's a pleasant day. I don't care though so much for the weather. Some folks and even some animals do—but as for me—it's beneath me!"

"It's very often above you," said one of the small Geese children, walking behind.

"Whatever do you mean?" asked Mr. Gander.

"Isn't the weather very often above you, Daddy Gander? It's not always beneath you," repeated the Goose child.

"Will you kindly explain yourself?" asked Mr. Gander. "If you don't, I



Mr. Gander Was Walking Beside Mrs. Goose.

Mr. Gander was walking beside Mrs. Goose and behind them were the Geese children. "Along a road which neither could be called a country road nor a city street," commenced Daddy, "there were some geese taking a walk. Mr. Gander was walking beside Mrs. Goose and behind them were the Geese children.

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Brand Whitlock said in an address in Washington:

"My war experiences have done me good. They have broadened my mind. I am a writer rather than a politician, and I write live too restricted lives.

"You know the story of Carlyle and his sound-proof room in Chelsea. Carlyle had built a sound-proof room for himself on the top of his house. The room had no windows, but only a skylight for illuminating purposes. To an elderly visitor from Craigenputtock the room was shown proudly by Carlyle, and the visitor gave a cackling laugh and said:

"My conscience, this is fine! Here ye may write and study all the rest of yer life and nobody'll be a bit the wiser!"

Children's Savings.

More than 40,000 children under sixteen years of age have savings accounts in the Los Angeles banks. They have more than \$1,000,000 on deposit, or an average of something over \$25 each. One thirteen-year-old youngster is credited with heading the list. He has nearly \$2,000 on deposit, from a beginning made with 50 cents when he was seven years old.

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The Supreme Test.

I was at a strange little meeting in Ohio, and just before the meeting a woman came up with a very stern expression on her face and said: "I am just going to tell you this. I had to give my boy. He was drafted and I had no choice. But I won't give up my food for anybody." It sounded as if her food was of more value to her than her boy. "But won't you please come to the meeting and hear what I have to tell you about how it is over there?" I asked. She came and, after the meeting she came to me and said: "I am just going to tell you that I am going to change my mind. I will go without some of the things."—Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith, in the Atlantic.

GUNMAKING GREAT SCIENCE

Manufacturer Must Not Exceed Variation of Two One-Thousandths of an Inch in Six-Foot Bore.

Gunmaking is a ticklish business—not dangerous, but just ticklish, writes Edward Hungerford in Collier's Weekly. It's mighty exact. A gun manufacturer must not exceed a variation of two one-thousandths of an inch in a six-foot bore. Not every man who walks into a shop, his overalls under his arm, and announces himself as an expert mechanic, can build guns to as delicate measurements as that.

And a complicated business, too. A single disappearing gun, of a standard type adopted by our army, has, with its disappearing carriage but exclusive of its sights and accessories, almost eight thousand parts. A three-inch gun battery requires 3,576 tools, accessories and supplies which are simply part of its standard outfit. And yet our government stands in great need of thousands of these guns—and their accessories.

An army officer made these things clear to a chamber of commerce man of Rochester. And the chamber of commerce called a conference of several dozen of the leading manufacturers of Rochester. To them the man in khaki made the problem clear. He said that the program for heavy guns for the army until July, 1919, would run to a cost of \$2,000,000,000—perhaps even more. He translated these figures into those of size. He said that within that time there would be needed at least 65,000 tons of new parts for these guns in addition to 45,000,000 tons of replacement parts.

Let me translate these figures still further for you. There are 65,000 railroad locomotives in this country. Let us assume their average weight to be 200 tons each—it is a very fair estimate. That means that the railroad locomotives together weigh some 13,000,000 tons—or just one-fifth the castings required for the new parts alone of our heavy ordnance for the next 18 months of the war. We have embarked upon no piffing enterprise!

Soldiers Get Reading Habit.

The growth of the reading habit among the soldiers has brought to light an interesting contradiction to the generally accepted theory that among a group of individuals the leveling process is a leveling downward.

The men in the camps who are readers stimulate by their example the interest of those who are not. "Have you read this story?" asks Private X of Private Y. "Naw," replies Private Y; "I never read a book through in my life." "Well, y'oughta read this one. It's a better'n any movie show y'ever saw. It's a bear!" Thus does Private Y get an incentive to taste the joys of literature. There is a tendency toward a leveling upward.

The valuable service of the libraries is further developed by lectures, university extension courses, and the general education plan. Men not only will keep pace with their former civilian activities, but many of them will emerge from the army and navy better equipped for the battle of life.—Raymond B. Fosdick in Scribner's Magazine.

Musically Obedient.

Antonio was overawed by his surroundings when the first draft sent him to the cantonment. And he continued to live in awe, particularly of all officers, during the early days of his training. While standing guard one night, he was in such a flutter when the corporal of the guard approached, that he made his challenge in a low voice which the non-com could not hear.

"You'll have to speak up, my man," said the corporal, "or you'll get into trouble. I'll take your word for it that you challenged me, but when the officer of the day comes around, you'll have to sing it out or you'll get a trip to the guardhouse. Remember, sing it out and sing it out loud!"

Antonio vowed that he would make no mistake that would get him in the guardhouse, and when the officer of the day appeared a half hour later, he was greeted with—

"Tra-la-la, who coma dere?"—Everybody's Magazine.

The German Spirit.

"Any restitution that Germany offers to the allies will be offered, you may be sure, in the spirit of Griggs." The speaker was Edward Hungerford the advertising expert.

"Griggs and Miggs," he went on, "were kidnaped by bandits and shut up in a cave.

"They'll take every cent we've got on us," moaned Miggs. "Every blessed cent."

"They will, eh?" said Griggs, thoughtfully.

"They sure will."

"Griggs peeled a ten-spot from his roll."

"Here, Miggs," he said, "here is that ten dollars I've been owing' you for so long."

His Ancestors.

He was always boasting about his ancestors, and one day employed a genealogist to hunt them up. In due time the genealogist returned, returned, and was cordially received by his patron.

"So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Isn't that high?" objected the patron. "What's it for?"

"Principally," responded the genealogist, "for keeping quiet about them."—Tit-Bits.

RED PEP'S PHILOSOPHY



"Early to bed and early to rise and you will never meet any of our prominent citizens."

Did you ever think of the advantage and convenience of having a large lumber and building material stock right at your door, so to speak?

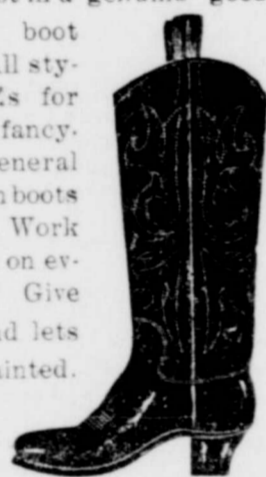
If we haven't got what you want we will order it for you. As we told you many times, we are here to serve you right.



WHITE HOUSE LUMBER CO. J. W. VOYLES, Local Mgr. WE HANDLE LUMBER, BUILDING MATERIAL, FENCING AND POSTS

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.



MAIL ORDERS

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

ALBERT WILDE

Miami, Texa

GENTLEMEN. If it's a plow and farm tractor that will do the work you want done, call J. W. Phillipott, at Miami and secure the Allis-Chalmers. This tractor can be seen at his farm at the O'Loughlin ranch, 14 miles S. W. of Miami.

The Chief \$1.50 Per Year.



LOOK OVER YOUR GLASSES.

There! That proves they DON'T FIT YOU. The kind we fit you with are made so you can see through them. So they correct your visual defect.

A.M. Jones Drug Co. THE CAREFUL DRUGGIST MIAMI, TEXAS

S. D. PARK. The big lean man of Mobeetie is making land loans now at 8 per cent instead of nine which has been the regular rate.

MIAMI-WHEELER MAIL LINE. Via Mobeetie Schedule Except Sunday.

Leaves Miami 7:30 a. m. Arrives Mobeetie 9:30 a. m. Arrive Wheeler 11:30 a. m. Leave Wheeler 1: p. m. Arrive Mobeetie 2: p. m. Arrive Miami 5: p. m.

Kerosene for Tractor work delivered any where within radius of 12 miles, 15 cents per gallon.

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TRADE. Inquire at the Chief office.

EXTRAORDINARY NOTICE. On and after July 15th all blacksmithing will be strictly cash. Kindly remember this. We must have the money to continue in business as all our bills must be paid in cash.

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

LOST. My big steel colored rabbit. \$1.00 reward for recovery.

I. E. DUNCAN ATTORNEY AT LAW First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Pampa, Texas.

The following letter from Bill Tolbert, who is on board the U. S. S. New York was received by Clayton Heare and Jim Kivlehen last week.

U. S. S. New York of Foreign Service June 14th, 1918.

Dear Pike and Jim. Well boy, here's to you in your last year at Old Varsity, and hope you come out with the "Billet" you are looking for.

I'm perfectly satisfied except for big desire to get a torpedo boat. But right now I couldn't get off this ship at all. The Chief tells me "nothing doing" everytime I ask for a transfer.

If this war keeps up for any length of time I hope to take to the air in some fashion. I have heard that in the English air service many of the pilots and observers are men who at one time specialized with signals.

Say, that is the way you people have it over me—I mean by the bathing and warm weather. Right now I am wearing the same clothes I did in January, and they are just enough to be comfortable.

The Varsity News was "bueno" and I will say that the old school is certainly coming along with the war work and all the time making herself stronger for peace times.

I can't tell you anything about what I am doing, nor what we are doing; it would probably interest you quite a bit, but it "can't be did."

I'm going to come home on leave if we ever get back and just heard there are special rates for men in uniform. Oh boy!

Your Old Pal, Bill.

Miami, Texas, July 12th 1918.

The Miami Chief: My Dear Sirs: I am receipt of the following letter, bearing date of July, 8th 1918, addressed to all Secretary Treasurers, from the Federal Land Bank of Houston.

We desire that you ascertain from the records in the County Clerk's office in your County, parties who have an indebtedness against their farms at a rate of interest higher than that charged by this bank.

Push this matter and let us know about what you have in prospect and say whether we can aid you in getting and extending our business in your territory.

Thanking you in advance for your co-operation we are, Very truly yours, Federal Land Bank of Houston. By T. J. Caldwell, Sec.

I have for the information of those who read the above letter that the territory of our Nelson National Farm Loan Association embraces all of Roberts and Gray Counties. Also that I shall gladly mail application blanks and information upon request.

The rate of interest charged is 6 1/2 per cent and the period of the loan is thirty five years with the privilege of paying it off at any interest paying date one half of one per cent additional. Your payments are 3 1/2 per cent of the amount you borrow and this pays your interest and principal and at the end of thirty five years the debt is wiped out.

Yours truly, Harry A. Nelson, Sec. Treas. Nelson N. F. L. A.

Among the Candidates.

TO THE VOTERS OF ROBERTS COUNTY.

Ladies and Gentlemen— I have been called to the colors, and will report for duty on the 22nd of this month. I will be unable to see each of you personally, and take this method of informing you that although I am not present, I will still be in the race for County and District Clerk, and solicit and shall appreciate your support, in the primary.

I must leave my campaign in the hands of my friends, and will appreciate any effort which they may put forth in my behalf.

As a citizen and as an official I have tried to do my duty, and when I don the uniform of the United States of America, and stand in line with the other boys who have gone and who will come after, I shall do my best to be a man and soldier worthy of your remembrance. And I sincerely hope that the boys of Roberts County may be present when Old Glory is carried into the presence of the Best of Berlin, and when the Throne of Autocracy has crumbled to the earth and upon the Kaisers' criminal brow shall rest the powerful heel of free Democracy; when brutalism, barbarism, ravagish of innocent women and the murder of angelic children has ceased, and the world be forever safe for humanity, then, may we return and again take up our abode with the good people of Roberts County.

Very truly yours, M. M. Craig, Jr. County and District Clerk.

TO THE LADY VOTERS.

It will be impossible for me to see personally, all the lady voters in the county, and to those who I am unable to see, I wish to say that your votes are solicited, and will be appreciated. If I am elected, all laws will be enforced, so far as I am able to enforce them, and use my very best endeavor in holding up the rights of the country. I ask all voters to vote for the man that they think qualified, and vote for him because he is qualified, and not because of an old friendship. If you consider me qualified, and I feel sure that you do, I will appreciate it.

Assuring you of my highest appreciation of your consideration I am, Yours very truly, R. J. Curtis.

Candidate for Sheriff and Tax Collector. p. 11.

H. B. HILL ENDORSED BY HOME FOLKS.

We, residents and citizens of Shamrock and Wheeler County, earnestly and unqualifiedly endorse H. B. Hill, of Wheeler County, as a candidate for Representative from the 124th, District of Texas. He is a man we know, and we unhesitatingly vouch for his enterprisy as a man and a citizen, and his ability to fill this important office. He is a good business man, and active in accomplishing things. We urge him for this office knowing that if the people elect him, he is a man qualified for the place.

The above endorsement was signed by all bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, preachers, blacksmiths, shoemakers and the newspaper men in Shamrock. Out of eighty five business and professional men and women in the town only two men refused to sign the endorsement.

Political Adv.

To The Voters of the 124th Legislative District.

Ladies and Gentlemen:— I am sure there are at least 10,000 voters in this District. It is not possible to see all. It is too expensive to address personal letters to all. I take this opportunity of making my final call of solicitation to each and every voter.

I was born in Fannin County, Aug. 12, 1880, Gober Texas, Fannin County. I was my home from infancy until I was 25 years of age. Alternated my time from early youth until now between farm and school work. Worked and paid my own way during the last six years of my schooling—two years in High School in Gober, one year in Ector and three years in Eash Texas Normal College, Commerce, Texas. Was principal of my home school at Gober, in 1903-04 1904-05. Read the boost of Shamrock and the Shamrock Country in E. L. Woodley's real estate literature and landed the at Shamrock Oct. 13, 1905. Bought land near McLean more than 12 years ago and began farming and stock farming between nine and ten years ago. Sold my place near McLean, and have been in the Pampa country nearly two years. For Texas to give its greatest help in winning the war is our greatest problem. However, as a native Texan, I have no doubt but that Texas will do all in her power, to help win the war. Neither do I doubt but that our part will be the greatest part taken by any State in the American Union. We must not become unbalanced but must remember to guard carefully our growing industries, must see that our institutions of learning make progress, and that economy and a business like management be made of our State's affairs. I favor submission of amendments to the people for Woman Suffrage, prohibition and modification of home-stead law. Want equalization of taxation, equal or just representation, efficient rural schools and efficient rural supervision.

Have been in Texas all my life and in the Panhandle nearly 13 years and having been engaged in farming and stock farming between nine and ten years and thus having come in touch with the needs of the masses by practical experience, it seems to me I ought to be the better qualified candidate for representative of the people. I aim to circulate no petition or have any petition circulated in my behalf as a recommendation. As far as I know, a loyal home support for me has never been questioned. If any is in doubt, make your investigation to your own satisfaction. Although I was defeated for representative two years ago by a small vote, my home votes were for me as shown by 445 votes in Gray County to 119 for my opponent, as shown by my home town, McLean, giving me 159 votes to 16 for my opponent and as was further shown by the voting box of LeFors (where I had just taught school) giving me 18 votes to 0 for my opponent. With an appreciation to all for your careful consideration of me, I remain, Very truly, W. C. Turman.

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Very truly, W. C. Turman.

Thos. Cook left Monday ward Oklahoma and Kansas on business.

Womans Missionary Society the usual hour. Prayer by Roll call and reading of 10 members present and Lesson on Stewardship Jackson.

Prayer by Mrs. Hicks. Prayer by Mrs. Jackson. The Ladies Auxiliary Methodical church will serve election day. They will stand on the sidewalk at convenient place.

The Miami Chief

PUBLISHED EVERY T

Entered at the postoffice Texas, as second-class

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN

L. G. Waggoner, Editor

Miami Texas.

WAGON SCALES. Wagon brand new set, never been Purchased over a year ago save your money on them.

MAKE ORDERS For Registered Pigs. Nelson's Sup. Stock farm can supply with the best grades of tured hogs and horses as H. A. NELSON

ad it will th... the reso... ble publicity... FIRE... WHEREAS... as wisely... raising... service proce... or President... regulations f... ve operation... be selective... WHEREA... each county... es) have b... resident as... advisory bou... surers in... uly designa... of such lega... press purp... and free adv... strants and... 25th Admini... regulations... paper and... the law; an... WHEREA... solemn pro... the promulga... vice Regul... and every l... designated... member of... or not) to... draft offic... responsible... Service La... be impariti... and all po... all lawyers... the Feder... this neces... during the... WHERE... ity of the... Association... generally... desiring sp... their coun... the requir... set forth, ... and coun... draft off... and with... WHERE... the atten... a few T... unimmedi... try and I... President... actions, ... and mov... as to det... registra... fees (as ... and shou... dered at... behalf of... ter of a... porting... in obtain... avoiding

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Owing to the advance in freight rates the following prices will apply on all Ford Cars, effective June 25th 1918.

If cars are driven from Dallas Texas the actual expense of trip will be added, not including Driver salary Name, F. O. B. Freight 3 per cent, Total

Detroit, Assm. Chg. Gov. Tax

Chassis \$400.00-\$51.00-\$10.55-\$461.55

Runabout \$435.00-\$51.00-\$11.45-\$497.45

Touring \$450.00-\$51.00-\$11.85-\$512.85

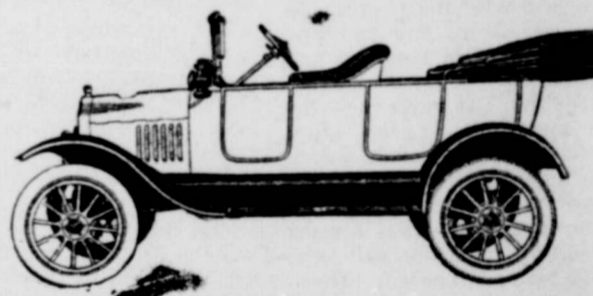
Couplet \$560.00-\$51.00-\$12.75-\$623.75

Sedan \$695.00-\$51.00-\$18.25-\$764.25

Truck \$600.00-\$51.00-\$15.75-\$666.75

Now is the time to get in your orders for the Ten Truck as prompt delivery can be made on them

J. A. Covey & Son, Authorized Agent



ARE YOU GOING TO BURY YOUR DEBTS WITH YOU?

We are living in an age of "Safety First." The "first" principal makes the same demand upon the individual upon the institution, and the only way the individual can obtain a legal reserve guaranteeing the payments of his debt by the use of legal reserve life in insurance. Investigate.

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