

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 21 MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, OCTOBER 2 1919. No. 9.

DRIVE BEGUN

PAIGN WILL DETERMINE THE FUTURE OF RED CROSS.

Plans for Maintaining Organization at Present High Efficiency Are Given.

Plans for the nation-wide Red Cross campaign, opening Monday, November 1, are being begun in every city, county and by Red Cross workers. The primary object of the campaign will be to secure the Red Cross Roll Call, which will be a roll members for 1920. Twenty members will be sought about the country, and in the western Division of the Red Cross, comprising the states of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, the quota has been set at 600 members.

It is the consensus of opinion that the coming drive is the most important undertaken by the Red Cross, inasmuch as the results will determine to a large extent the possibilities of the Red Cross endeavors.

There is an unspoken question in mind as to why the Red Cross is conducting a drive? If so, perhaps following brief outline will answer query:

The Red Cross, first of all, must care of the wounded and disabled men in the hospitals. Thousands of men are still in the hospitals, and in the Army of Occupation, in camps awaiting discharge and in line on the border. The Red Cross continues to care for these men until the last man is home.

The safety of America hinges on the king of disease and Bolshevism. The Red Cross must complete obligations to foreign countries.

Cross relief commissions have their way into the hearts of these suffering peoples and have at hand the means for the solution of their problems.

The Red Cross must answer the call of the American people. The toll of influenza epidemic, the health crisis revealed by the draft, alarm statistics concerning infant mortality have added to the growing realization that public welfare depends on public health. The American people are becoming aroused to the urgent need of health knowledge. They have valued the value of Red Cross Home Visits for its activities have reached communities where no other social work is at work. They are learning to appreciate that the future of America depends on the training for citizenship of the coming generations.

Public health is turning to the Red Cross for help in solving these community problems.

One of the best reasons for the maintenance of the Red Cross at its present high state of reorganization efficiency is to be found in the most relief measures taken during recent storms that swept the Texas coast.

The Red Cross, one of whose objects is to minimize suffering after just a disaster, had machinery in readiness that was put into instant operation. Those left dependent by fire and death were not compelled to rely upon a haphazard improvised organization to collect funds and disburse inefficiently and wastefully the means of relief. On the first receipt of the news of the disaster, relief funds were made up at Laredo and in Antonio, Tex., trained disaster relief officials left St. Louis to take charge of the disbursement of supplies, while at Galveston a government vessel was hurriedly impressed into service to carry relief supplies.

The duty of liberal all-year-round support of the Red Cross is a plain duty.

FOR SALE—Bundle Oats and Corn, Baled Millet and Corn.

W. A. Dyer.

FOR SALE. Almost new McCormick ree binder. Has only cut 30 acres. 8-2tp. Lee Chisum.

DOUBLE WEDDING SATURDAY

James R. Carter and Miss Fannie Hollis, and Sam C. Carter and Ruby Pressler were married Saturday night. And as Rev. Whatley puts it, "You can't tell what a fellow will do when they want to get married." Of course Bro. Whatley always retires early, and as called out of a peaceful slumber to perform the ceremonies, but he is accommodating, and always ready to help the good young people when they want to get married.

The grooms in the double wedding are brothers. Sam recently returned from Dallas where he has been the past few months, and has accepted a position with the W. E. Stocker store. "Jim Bob" is local lineman for the Southernwestern and Miami Telephone Company and has been giving us efficient service for the past few months in this capacity.

The new brides are both well known here. Mrs. J. R. Carter is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hollis who live on the South Plains, and Mrs. S. C. Carter, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Pressler who lived here up to a short time ago and moved to Oklahoma.

Both couples will make their home in Miami, and we join their friends in the usual good wishes.

THE HOME PROGRESS CLUB

The Home Progress Club met at the home of Mrs. H. E. Baird, Thursday, Sept. 25.

The Roll call, which was answered with current events, showed a good attendance.

The constitution and by laws of the club were read, also, the proposed amendments to the constitution, which will be voted on at the next meeting.

The club voted to hold the present Manual Training fund and add to it until a sufficient amount is obtained.

Mrs. C. Coffee, Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Burnett were taken into the club.

The following committees were appointed: Committee on Education or School, Mesdames, Dyer, McKenzie, Strader, O'Loughlin.

Social, Mesdames Claude Locke, Robbins, Kinney. Civic, Mesdames Jackson, Baird, N. S. Locke, Ben Talley.

Music, Nelson, Sauls, Ed Lard, Clarence Locke.

The club will exchange good books and magazines with each other on club days, so let's remember to take some with us at the next meeting.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Jackson, October 9th. The first program of the season will be given at this meeting.

Subject, "Education." Remember to answer roll call with a "Thought from an Educator."

The hostess was assisted in serving dainty refreshments by Mesdames Newman and Jackson.

Adjournment. Press Reporter.

LOCATING THE PROFITEER

"Who are the profiteers?" asks the Vernon Record. Well, the producers know they are not guilty, the packers boldly maintain their innocence, the wholesalers say they are taking only a legitimate profit, the retailers claim the fault is not theirs and the laborers insist that they are just getting by. Seems to us about the only folks on whom the blame can be laid are the preachers; they must be responsible.—Carthage Register.

BLIND BOY IN NEW MEXICO SELLS MULE TO AID DRIVE

Blind, residing on a New Mexico ranch far from a railroad, and having no property which he can call his own save a mule, a young boy who has heard of the Baptist 75 million Campaign is preparing to sell that mule and give half of the proceeds to the campaign, Dr. L. R. Scarborough, General Director announces.

"One of the most cheering letters I have had since the campaign was launched came from this blind boy whom I baptized eleven years ago," Dr. Scarborough says. "The letter is written in a rather poor hand, on cheap tablet paper, but it is eloquent with the love of a soul that is completely surrendered to God. Ten years ago the boy lost his eye sight completely, but he did not give up on that account. He writes to tell me three things: First, that he is going to sell a mule, the only property he has, and give half the proceeds to this campaign; second, that he is praying for the success of the campaign; and, third, that God answers prayer. God is not going to deny a faith like that. I knew when I read that letter that the campaign would succeed."

SANDERS BRO. MOVE OFFICE TO MIAMI

Sanders Brothers, Contractors, possible the biggest set of dirt contractors in the Panhandle have moved their general offices back to Miami, and for the present are occupying a room at the court house adjoining the Sheriff's office.

They recently took a big railroad contract near Lawton Oklahoma and this week shipped quite a lot of their dirt moving machinery to that place.

BAPTIST CHURCH

We will have services as usual Sunday. Sunday School 10 a. m.; morning preaching service 11 a. m. Bible study or B. Y. P. U. 7 p. m. Lesson 4th Chapter of James. Evening 7:45; Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening 7:45; Choir practice 8 p. m. Friday. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend any or all of these services.

E. G. Pennington, Pastor.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

All service will be held this week at the regular hours and days as has been each week. Preaching Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. Subject Sunday morning will be "Partisan Bigotry." Preaching Sunday night at 7:30. Subject Sunday night, will be "The Uniqueness of Jesus." The public is cordially invited to attend our services.

F. S. Vance, Minister.

Higgins News.—We have been looking far away from home for many weary months. We have been facing war. We have been reading war and doing all in our power to win the war. We did our part, after we got started, to put the Hun on the run. We have been looking far across the seas to where our boys were fighting for us and our country and we have been looking at the little white crosses that mark the resting places of our fallen heroes. But now the war is over. Peace has come at last. Let us turn our eyes from the scenes of war to the homes of our own land and strive as earnestly to make good in peace, even as we made good in war. There is much to be done at home, as well as abroad. Let's all of us be heroes in our own homes, in our own land, "going over the top" in all that is worthy and good, defeating the evils that are a menace to the homes of our land and proving by our deeds that we are loyal and true to our God, our country and our homes.

Folks who don't know—and the world seems to be full of them—blame the farmers for high food prices, when the fact is the farmer is the only man along the bread line who has done anything to lower them. A party of five men at a hotel was charged eleven dollars for one plain, square meal the other day. The thought struck them to find out what they were paying to the farmers for that meal. Here are the figures: Beef, two pounds, thirty six cents; potatoes, thirteen cents; bread two cents; butter seven cents; coffee, cream and sugar, four cents; corn, twenty cents; total eighty-two cents for farmers share. Representative of the Federation of Farm Bureaus recently presented proof of these figures to the president to show that

Limit Baby Loans Money to Uncle Sam



Emil Vaughan Saffir

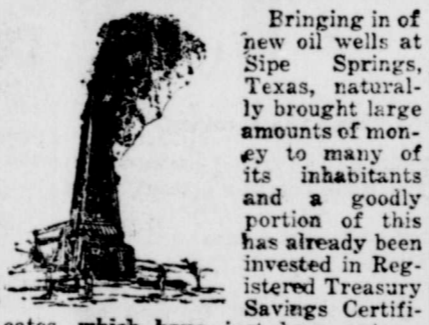
While this tiny lad is ringing the bell he holds in his hand, Uncle Sam is working for him. The lad, only 18 months of age, is Emil Vaughan Saffir of Beaumont. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Saffir and the grandson of Mrs. Eva Vaughan.

Shortly after Emil was born, \$1,000 worth of 1918 War Savings Stamps were bought for him and his parents and grandmother have now added \$1,000 worth of the 1919 issue of War Savings Stamps to them, so the beaming baby belongs to the Treasury Department's W. S. S. \$1,000 Savings Club for both years.

War Savings Stamps and the new \$100 and \$1,000 Registered Treasury Savings Certificates are ideal gifts for every one and especially for children of tender years. The baby does not understand that he is being given a present, no matter what it is—his little mind cannot grasp it. But when he becomes older and is told that Father and Mother, Grandmother or Uncle John gave him a Registered Treasury Savings Certificate or \$1,000 worth of War Savings Stamps or smaller amounts in the same securities, he will appreciate the gift far more than if it had been some toy which he had already destroyed.

The new \$100 and \$1,000 Registered Treasury Savings Certificates may be purchased for the baby and registered in his name and will thus be a reminder to him in years to come that, although young, he helped finance the Government when it was in need of help. Stake your children for the future! An investment in Registered Treasury Savings Certificates or War Savings Stamps means a college education or a start in business. Buy Registered Treasury Savings Certificates or War Savings Stamps. —W. S. S.—

Sipe Springs Oil Money is Going into Safe Investments.



Bringing in of new oil wells at Sipe Springs, Texas, naturally brought large amounts of money to many of its inhabitants and a goodly portion of this has already been invested in Registered Treasury Savings Certificates, which have just been put on sale by the U. S. Treasury Department. The State Bank of Sipe Springs and three individuals each bought a \$1,000 Certificate on the same day. On the first of August, enough \$100 and \$1,000 Registered Treasury Certificates were held in Sipe Springs to represent \$6 invested by every man, woman and child in the town and the surrounding township. This money is now safe, is earning interest for its owners and can be turned into cash, with the interest, if desired. The new Registered Treasury Savings Certificates can be gotten from banks and first and second class postoffices, so can Government War Savings Stamps.

food costs on the table are out of all proportion to the price charged the consumer.—Capper's Weekly.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

Required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of The Miami Chief published at Miami, for October, 1919.

Editor, L. G. Waggoner, Miami, Texas. Managing Editor, L. G. Waggoner, Miami, Texas. Business Manager, and Publisher, Miami, Texas.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of Sept 1919. John B. Webster, Notary Public in and for Roberts Co. (My commission expires June 1921.)

DO YOU LIVE TO EAT. or do you eat to live?

It doesn't matter which. The point is, no matter what you eat, you want the **BEST**

We sell the—

Best Teas and Coffees
Best Cookies and Crackers
Purest Jellies, Jams, and Preserves
Best Flour Made
Best Canned Goods

and the best general line of Groceries of all kinds to be found in this town. Not a case of dyspepsin in our entire stock. If you are not a customer of our store we cordially invite you to become one at once. We know we can satisfy you.

PHONE US
WE HAVE WHAT YOU WANT
LET US BE YOUR GROCER

MIAMI PRODUCE CO.
J. H. DIAL, PROP.

Public Sale
SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1919.
STARTING 1 P. M.
AT MY FARM 8 1-2 MILES S. MIAMI

I will sell to the highest bidder a mixed bunch of mares and mules, about eighteen head in all. Some extra good and some average, mixed ages. Just a good bunch of mixed stuff, in which you can find most anything you want.

Will also offer for sale some harness and a few other articles.

TERMS. 12 months time 10 per cent on bankable paper.

G. N. POWELL, OWNER
H. M. BARRET, AUCT.

—PERHAPS we ought to be satisfied with the present achievements of this institution, but you know—

"THE MORE A MAN GETS, THE MORE HE WANTS."

—This being true, we are then justified in soliciting new business; and especially so since we are so well equipped to handle it. Ask our customers—they will tell you of the superiority of our service.

THE BANK OF MIAMI
(unincorporated)
Roberts County Depository

The Bank Where You Feel at Home

The co-operation and assistance of our customers has helped build our business. We want more customers for the Bank of Personal service. We want more to feel at home. A Bank Whose Resources Are For Its Customers.

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF MIAMI
OPENED UP FOR BUSINESS IN SEPTEMBER OF 1907

CAPITAL	SURPLUS
STOCK	And Profit
\$25,000	\$300,000

B. F. TALLEY, President
W. L. MATHERS, V-Pres.
W. I. WHITSEL, V-Pres.
H. E. BAIRD, Cashier
H. A. TALLEY, A-Cash.

GREEN FANCY
by GEORGE BARR
Mc CUTCHEON

Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

Barnes listened at the door until he heard the water clattering down the stairway, and then went swiftly down the hall to No. 30. Mr. Prosser was sleeping just as soundly and as resoundingly as at midnight!

"By gad!" he muttered, half-aloud. Everything was as clear as day to him now. Bolting into his own room, he closed the door and stood stockstill for many minutes, trying to picture the scene in the cottage.

He found a letter in his box when he went downstairs, after stuffing the tin box deep into his pocket. Before he slit the envelope he knew that Sprouse was the writer. The message was brief:

"After due consideration, I feel that it would be a mistake for you to abandon your present duties at this time. It might be misunderstood. Stick to the company until something better turns up. With this thought in view I withdraw the two days' limit mentioned recently to you, and extend the time to one week. Yours very truly,
"J. H. WILSON."

"Gad, the fellow thinks of everything," said Barnes to himself. "He is positively uncanny."

He read between the lines, and saw there a distinct warning. It had not occurred to him that his plan to leave for New York that day with Miss Cameron might be attended by disastrous results.

But the jewels? What of them? He could not go gallivanting about the country with a half million dollars' worth of precious stones in his possession.

He spent the early part of the forenoon in wandering nervously about the hotel—upstairs and down. The jewels were locked in his pack upstairs. He went up to his room half a dozen times and almost instantly walked down again, after satisfying himself that the pack had not been rifled.

For the next three days and nights rehearsals were in full swing, with scarcely a moment's let-up. And so the time crept by, up to the night of the performance. Miss Cameron remained in ignorance of the close proximity of the jewels, and the police of Crowdale remained in even denser ignorance as to the whereabouts of the man who robbed Mr. Hasselwein of all his spare cash and an excellent gold watch.

No time was lost by the countess in getting word to her compatriots in New York. Barnes posted a dozen letters for her; each contained the tidings of her safety and the assurance that she would soon follow in person. Those three days and nights were full of joy and enchantment for Barnes. He actually debased himself by wishing that the Rushcroft company might find it imperative to go on rehearsing for weeks in that dim, enchanted temple.

He sat for hours in one of the most uncomfortable seats he had ever known, devouring with hungry eyes the shadowy, interested face so close to his own—and never tired.

On the afternoon of the dress rehearsal he led her, after an hour of almost insupportable repression, to the rear of the auditorium. Dropping into the seat beside her he blurted out, almost in anguish:

"I can't stand it any longer. I cannot be near you without—why, I—I—well, it is more than I can struggle against, that's all. You've either got to send me away altogether or—let me love you without restraint. I tell you I can't go on as I am now. You know I love you, don't you? You know I worship you. Don't be frightened. I just had to tell you today. I should have gone mad if I had tried to keep it up any longer." He waited breathlessly for her to speak. She sat silent and rigid, looking straight before her. "Is it hopeless?" he went on at last, huskily. "Must I ask your forgiveness for my presumption—and go away from you?"

She turned to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Am I not like other women? Why should I forgive you for loving me? Doesn't every woman want to be loved? No, no, my friend! Wait! A moment ago I was so weak and trembled that I thought I—oh, I was afraid for myself. Now I am quite calm and sensible. See how well I have myself in hand? I do not tremble, I am strong. We may now discuss ourselves calmly, sensibly. Oh! What are you doing?"

"I too am strong," he whispered. "I am sure of my ground now, and I am not afraid."

He had clasped the hand that rested on his sleeve and, as he pressed it to his heart, his other arm stole over her shoulders and drew her close to his triumphant body. For an instant

she resisted, and then relaxed into complete submission. Her head sank upon his shoulder.

"Oh!" she sighed, and there was wonder, joy—even perplexity, in the tremulous sigh of capitulation. "Oh," came softly from her parted lips again at the end of the first long, passionate kiss.

CHAPTER XXI.

The End in Sight.

Barnes, soaring beyond all previous heights of exaltation, ranged dizzily between "front" and "back" at the Grand opera house that evening. He was in the "wings" with her, whispering in her delighted ear; in the dressing-room, listening to her soft words of encouragement to the excited leading lady; on the narrow stairs leading up to the stage, assisting her to mount them; and all the time he was dreading the moment when he would awake and find it all a dream.

There was an annoying fly in his ointment, however. "I love you," she had said simply. "I want more than anything else in all the world to be your wife. But I cannot promise now. I must have time to think, time to—"

"Why should you require more time than I?" he persisted. "What is time to us? Why make wanton waste of it?"

"I know that I cannot find happiness except with you," she replied. "No matter what happens to me, I shall always love you, I shall never forget the joy of this. But—I cannot promise now," she finished gently and kissed him.

Between the second and third acts Tommy Gray rushed back with the box-office statement. The gross was \$359. The instant that fact became known to Mr. Rushcroft he informed Barnes that they had a "knockout," a gold mine, and that never in all his career had he known a season to start off so auspiciously as this one.

Three days later Barnes and "Miss Jones" said farewell to the strollers and boarded a day train for New York city. They left the company in a condition of prosperity. The show was averaging two hundred dollars nightly and Mr. Rushcroft was already booking return engagements for the early fall. He was looking forward to a tour of Europe at the close of the war. Barnes' sister, Mrs. Courtney, met them at the Grand Central terminal.

"It's now a quarter to five," said Barnes after the greeting and presentation. "Drop me at the Fifth Avenue bank, Edith. I want to leave something in my safety box downstairs. Sha'n't be more than five minutes."

He got down from the automobile at Forty-fourth street and shot across the sidewalk into the bank, casting quick, apprehensive glances through the five o'clock crowd on the avenue as he sprinted. In his hand he lugged the heavy, weatherbeaten pack. His sister and the countess stared after him in amazement.

Presently he emerged from the bank, still carrying the bag. He was beaming. A certain worried, haggard expression had vanished from his face, and for the first time in eight hours he treated his traveling wardrobe with scorn and indifference.

"Thank God, they're off my mind at last," he cried. "That is the first good, long breath I've had in a week. No, not now. It's a long story and I can't tell it in Fifth Avenue. It would be extremely annoying to have both of you die of heart failure with all these people looking on."

He felt her hand on his arm, and knew that she was looking at him with wide, incredulous eyes, but he faced straight ahead. He was terribly afraid that the girl beside him was preparing to shed tears of joy and relief. He could feel her searching in her jacket pocket for a handkerchief.

Mrs. Courtney was not only curious but apprehensive. She hadn't the faintest idea who Miss Cameron was, nor where her brother had picked her up. But she saw at a glance that she was lovely, and her soul was filled with strange misgivings. She was like all sisters who have pet bachelor brothers. She hoped that poor Tom hadn't gone and made a fool of himself.

The few minutes' conversation she had with the stranger only served to increase her alarm. Miss Cameron's voice and smile—and her eyes!—were positively alluring.

She had had a night letter from Tom that morning in which he said that he was bringing a young lady friend down from the north—and would she meet them at the station and put her up for a couple of days? That was all she knew of the dazzling stranger up to the moment she saw her. Immediately after that she knew by intuition a great deal more about her than Tom

could have told in volumes of correspondence. She knew, also, that Tom was lost forever!

"Now tell me," said the countess the instant they entered the Courtney apartment. She gripped both of his arms with her firm little hands and looked straight into his eyes, eagerly, hopefully. She had forgotten Mrs. Courtney's presence, she had not taken the time to remove her hat or jacket.

"Let's all sit down," said he. "My knees are unaccountably weak. Come along, Ede. Listen to the romance of my life."

And when the story was finished the countess took his hand in hers and held it to her cool cheek. The tears were still drowning her eyes.

"Oh, you poor dear! Was that why you grew so haggard and pale and hollow-eyed?"

"Partly," said he with great significance. "And you had them in your pack all the time? You—"

"I had Sprouse's most solemn word not to touch them for a week. He is the only man I feared. He is the only one who could have—"

"May I use your telephone, Mrs. Courtney?" cried she suddenly. She sprang to her feet, quivering with excitement. "Pray forgive me for being so ill-mannered, but I—must call up one or two people at once. They are my friends. You will understand, I am sure."

Barnes was pacing the floor nervously when his sister returned after conducting her new guest to the room prepared for her. The countess was at the telephone before the door closed behind her hostess.

"I wish you had been a little more explicit in your telegram, Tom," she said peevishly. "If I had known who she is I wouldn't have put her in that room. Now I shall have to move Aunt Kate back into it tomorrow and give Miss Cameron the big one at the end of the hall." Which goes to prove that Tom's sister was a bit of a snob in her way. "Stop walking like that and come here." She faced him accusingly. "Have you told all there is to tell, sir?"

"Can't you see for yourself, Ede, that I'm in love with her? Desperately, horribly, madly in love with her."



"Yes," She Breathed.

Don't giggle like that! I couldn't have told you while she was present, could I?"

"That isn't what I want to know. Is she in love with you? That's what I'm after."

"Yes," said he, but frowned anxiously. "She is perfectly adorable," said she, and was at once aware of a guilty, nagging impression that she would not have said it to him half an hour earlier for anything in the world.

She was strangely white and subdued when she rejoined them later on. She had removed her hat. The other woman saw nothing but the wealth of sun-kissed hair that rippled. Barnes went forward to meet her, filled with a sudden apprehension.

"What is it? You are pale and—what have you heard?"

She stopped and looked searchingly into his eyes. A warm flush rose to her cheeks; her own eyes grew soft and tender and wistful.

"They all believe that the war will last two or three years longer," she said huskily. "I cannot go back to my own country till it is all over. They implore me to remain here with them until—until my fortunes are mended." She turned to Mrs. Courtney and went on without the slightest trace of indecision or embarrassment in her manner. "You see, Mrs. Courtney, I am very, very poor. They have taken everything. I—I fear I shall have to accept this kind, generous proffer of a—" her voice shook slightly—"of a home with my friends until the Huns are driven out."

Barnes' silence was more eloquent than words. Her eyes fell. Not until Mrs. Courtney expressed the hope that Miss Cameron would condescend to accept the hospitality of her home until plans for the future were definitely fixed was there a sign that the object of her concern had given a thought to what she was saying.

"You are so very kind," stammered the countess. "But I cannot think of imposing upon—"

"Leave it to me, Ede," said Barnes gently, and laid his hand upon his

sister's arm, he led her from the room! Then he came swiftly back to the outstretched arms of the exile.

"A very brief New York engagement," he whispered in her ear, he knew not how long afterward. Her head was pressed against his shoulder, her eyes were closed, her lips, parted in the ecstasy of passion.

"Yes," she breathed, so faintly that he barely heard the strongest word ever put into the language of man.

Half an hour later he was speeding down the avenue in a taxi. His blood was singing, his heart was bursting with joy—his head was light, for the feel of her was still in his arms, the voice of her in his enraptured ears.

He was hurrying homeward to the "diggings" he was soon to desert forever. He was to spend the night at his sister's apartment. When he issued forth from his "diggings" at half-past seven he was attired in evening clothes, and there was not a woman in all New York, young or old, who would have denied him a second glance.

Later on in the evening three of the countess' friends arrived at the Courtney home to pay their respects to their fair compatriot and to discuss the crown jewels. They came and brought with them the consoling information that arrangements were practically completed for the delivery of the jewels into the custody of the French embassy at Washington, through whose intervention they were to be allowed to leave the United States without the formalities usually observed in cases of suspected smuggling. Upon the arrival in America of trusted messengers from Paris, headed by no less a personage than the ambassador himself, the imperial treasure was to pass into hands that would carry it safely to France. Prince Sebastian, still in Halifax, had been apprised by telegraph of the recovery of the jewels, and was expected to sail for England by the earliest steamer.

And while the visitors at the Courtney house were lifting their glasses to toast the prince they loved, and, in turn, the beautiful cousin who had braved so much and fared so luckily, and the tall wayfarer who had come into her life, a small man was stooping over a rifled knapsack in a room far downtown, gaily regarding the result of an unusually hazardous undertaking, even for one who could perform such miracles as he. Scratching his chin, he grinned—for he was the kind who bears disappointment with a grin—and sat himself down at the big library table in the center of the room. Carefully selecting a pen-point he wrote:

"It will be quite obvious to you that I called unexpectedly tonight. The week was up, you see. I take the liberty of leaving under the paperweight at my elbow a two-dollar bill. It ought to be ample payment for the damage done to your faithful traveling companion. Have the necessary stitches taken in the gash and you will find the kit as good as new. I was more or less certain not to find what I was after, but as I have done no irreparable injury I am sure you will forgive my love of adventure and excitement. It was really quite difficult to get from the fire escape to your window, but it was a delightful experience. Try crawling along that ten-inch ledge yourself some day and see if it isn't productive of a pleasant thrill. I shall not forget your promise to return good for evil some day. God knows I hope I may never be in a position to test your sincerity. We may meet again, and I hope under agreeable circumstances. Kindly pay my deepest respects to the Countess Ted, and believe me to be,
"Yours very respectfully,
"SPROUSE."

"P. S.—I saw O'Dowd today. He left a message for you and the countess. Tell them, said he, that I ask God's blessing for them forever. He is off tomorrow for Brazil. He was very much relieved when he heard that I did not get the jewels the first time I went after them, and immensely entertained by my jolly description of how I went after them the second. By the way, you will be interested to learn that he has cut loose from the crowd he was trailing with. Mostly now, he says. Dynamiting munition plants in Canada was a grand project, says he, and it would have come to something if the d—d women had only left the d—d men alone. The expletives are O'Dowd's."

Ten hours before Barnes found this illuminating message on his library table he stood at the window of a lofty Park avenue apartment building, his arm about the slender, yielding figure of the only other occupant of the room. Pointing out over the black housetops, he directed her attention to the myriad lights in the upper floors of a great hostelry to the south and west and said:

"That is where you are going to live, darling."
[THE END.]

Grees Wonderful Canoeists.

"The Ojibway, the Cree and the Montagnais are the most wonderful canoeists in the world," says S. E. Sangster, writing of "The Woods Indian" in Boys' Life. "The woodsman has a sixth sense in rapid-running and bet at odds that they will run it and the mere glimpse of which makes your hair stand up and sends chills chasing up and down your spine."

Even Then.

Even the man who thinks twice before he speaks is often sorry he said it.—P. S. Transcript.

IN A JAPANESE WOODMEN'S CAMP



Japanese Woodcutters' Camp in British Columbia.

A LAZY creek, almost currentless through salt marshes, at low tide quite deep in its muddy bed; a salty, weedy, slightly smoky, cedary, and piney smell upon the air; windrows of kelp and other weedy drift upon the silth-eroding slope of bank; squirt of clams, in every fairly flat place, and rippling scuttles of flounders upon the bottom; drifting moons of stray medusae luminous in the water—there is a typical woodland setting in northern British Columbia, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. The crowd is ubiquitous, not unlike a raven; beloved he is of totemic designers and carvers, from Tillamook up to Nome, calling his hoarse "caw" from the shadows of some disheveled cedar.

On the high water mark of spring tides, ragged cedar and pessimistic-looking hemlock in silhouette against the sunny blue, purple-courses with raven-like shadow the distant mountain side. At the base of the irregularly standing timber, spared of loggers, an impenetrable thicket of sallow, salmon and button berry, blackberry bramble and whortle berry, under a taller growth of alder, willow and poplar, together make a tangle of fallen trunks and upturned roots, amid which the epibionts, the fireweed of the Pacific coast, overtops a man's head, a spire of vibrant pinkly purple flame.

At the forks of the creek, a wide eaved bunk house, its foundation posts lifting its floor well above the dampness of the marsh, stands upon a bit of ground where solid soil, washed down from the heights, supports rank grass. Rapidly built throughout of cedar, walls and roofs of split cedar shakes, in weathered redness it has a fitness to its place. Smaller shacks near, in color and size, match piles of cordwood near the water; awaiting a scow, a favoring high tide, and transportation across the water to the city.

The Ever-Welcome "Chow."

A scrap of straw matting and a momentary glimpse of a short and sturdy figure, round and black of head, the bronze skin in quiet contrast with blue overalls, showed it to be a Japanese woodcutters' camp. The sun was high and the shadows short by the time the sketch was finished. An eruption from the woods and cordwood piles toward the bunk-house suggested possible refreshment, even if the calling of the dish-pan, banged with a stick of firewood at the door, did not. There was too much good sketching about for the artist to want to return across the harbor for such an inconsequential thing as lunch, which, however, would quite likely suggest its lack some time between then and the sundown he knew he would linger for. So, portfolio under arm, he strolled to the bunk house.

Within, on either side, were two-tiered bunks against the walls, stopping short of the further end, which, stove beneath the end window—a rear door letting in breeze and sunshine—was combined kitchen, dining room, and place of assembly. About six persons, on either side of a three-plank table covered with oilcloth, looked curiously and courteously at the stranger as he stepped within. The cook poised loaded dishes on either hand, nodded and smiled the inscrutable Japanese smile. The mention of "chow" brought a cheerful grin to three or four faces at once, and a welcoming indication of a seat at the end of the table, as the three on that side hunched along to make a place—deftly shifting food with them. In 10 seconds more—with a grave courtesy—was placed before the guest the usual food, each portion in a blue-and-white bowl; to him was apportioned a separate teapot and a handleless cup, both of palegreen saki-ware.

Art in a Woodmen's Camp.

The artist ate and conversed. Such of these woodcutters as spoke English (and they nearly all did), spoke in intervals cropped, out of which at a phrase of this cast "Chinook" word or the careful English as a single dark cedar in a green meadow. Looking about, the guest noted a print on the bunk house wall. He got up and walked across to get a better view.

He knew little and cared less of dates and dates familiarly spoken by talkers on Japanese art, but he decorative values, color and design and all the rest of it—whatever in short, that makes the Japanese print so interesting. This had he said, as he returned to his auditors were visibly pained though with the reserve characteristic of their kind; the artist's pointed at his portfolio, and inquired: "You make picture too, be?" and evoked admission to show us.

Sundry sketches of things and near brought smiling sideways glances of recognition, but most of a single sketch of fir tops, dark against a morning mist, with the misty of a boat and the oncoming ripple, an easy tide, attracted attention. It was appreciatively passed from hand to hand, and one said: "Now you, maybe you like?"

Kinship of the Pastel.

From one bunk and another curious wraps of mats and cloths of which again came a finely made or roll, exposing in turn a silken holding carved, founded, or treasures, a kakemono wrapped fragment of temple silk, or a shingles keeping flat between prints of modern photographs Japan.

Presently the table, cleared of food and with approving consent was an exhibition field on which and another, singly, and smiling, displayed his treasure for guest's delight. Half a dozen of samurai, a famous actor, a landscape, and a couple of uterative abstractions, each slowly doled and lingered over, were dispersed with bits of cast and bronze, iron, carved ivory, kake of two or three types, and even or two of pottery and cloisonne.

The noon period went swiftly tracted though it was far beyond regular length, and ended with reluctance and a smiling invitation the departing guest to "come-see us soon." Through the length of afternoon and the years since has lingered with the artist a smiling sense of having met in the wilderness the fellowship of the seeing.

EACH AGE HAS ADVANTAGE

Hard to Tell Which, From Childhood to the End, May Be Called the "Best."

Which is the best age? Are you believe the professor who tells us a man's best work is done before forty, or Robert Browning, who old age and cries, "Grown old with me—the best is yet to be?"

Childhood, remarks a writer in the London Answers, has a magic and a mystery which can never be regained, of its imagination a child shapes own world and creates its own lights in life.

Youth is the time when we find greatest physical expression. Ideals take form and we are not fettered by failures nor spoiled by success. Normal youth believes it can conquer all obstacles and achieve its ends.

Maturity knows better. The maturity is balanced by experience, while his mental faculties should have reached their highest point of development, physically he is not a backslider.

And what of Browning's old age? The best yet to be? Perhaps. The professor who has been a failure is near the end of his earthly troubles, and the one who has succeeded awaits with a sense of fulfillment, the next great adventure.

Taking It for Granted.

"What are you reading these days?" asked the talkative man. "Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,'" answered the student. "Ever dip into that work?" "No. I'm satisfied with just looking the Roman empire decline and fall, without going into all the details."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WOL... Need H... Urban... Mrs. St. Fr... Mrs. St. Fr... Mrs. St. Fr...

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Help to Pass the Crisis Safely—Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Can be Relied Upon.

Urbana, Ill.—"During Change of Life, in addition to its annoying symptoms, I had an attack of grippe which lasted all winter and left me in a weakened condition. I felt at times that I would never be well again. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it did for women passing through the Change of Life, so I told my doctor I would try it. I soon began to gain in strength and the annoying symptoms went to a dis-

appeared and your Vegetable Compound has made me a well, strong woman so I do all my own housework. I cannot recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly to women passing through the Change of Life."
—Mrs. FRANK HENSON, 1316 S. Orchard St., Urbana, Ill.

Women who suffer from nervousness, "heat flashes," backache, headaches and "the blues" should try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

First Impression.
"Well, I must be off."

"I thought so the first time I met you."

To Purify and Enrich the Blood
Take GROVER'S TASTELESS TONIC which is simply IRON and QUININE suspended in Syrup. So Pleasant Even Children Like It. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. Price 60c.

Always End to His Rope.

The trouble with the cheat is that sooner or later he is bound to meet someone he can't cheat.

How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. W. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

It is in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the police telegraph wires should be made of copper.

Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

It is better to hustle for a dollar than it is to indulge in a pipe dream of a million.

"BAYER CROSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Colds and pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents at drug stores—larger packages also. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acid ester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Politicians and Shoes.
Politicians resemble shoes in one respect; the higher grade is not machine made.

HAD TO GIVE UP

Was Almost Frantic With the Pain and Suffering of Kidney Complaint. Doan's Made Her Well.

Mrs. Lydia Shuster, 1838 Margaret St., Frankford, Pa., says: "A cold started my kidney trouble. My back began to ache and got sore and lame. My joints and ankles became swollen and painful and it felt as if needles were sticking into them. I finally had to give up and went from bed to worse. "My kidneys didn't act right and the secretions were scanty and distressing. I had awful dizzy spells when everything before me turned black; one time I couldn't see for twenty minutes. Awful pains in my head set me almost frantic and I was so nervous, I couldn't stand the least noise. How I suffered! Often I didn't care whether I lived or died. "I couldn't sleep on account of the terrible pains in my back and head. Nothing seemed to do me a bit of good until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. I could soon see they were helping me; the backache stopped, my kidneys were regulated and I no longer had any dizzy spells or rheumatic pains. I still take Doan's occasionally and they keep my kidneys in good health. "Sworn to before me."
K. W. CASBIDY, JR., Notary Public.

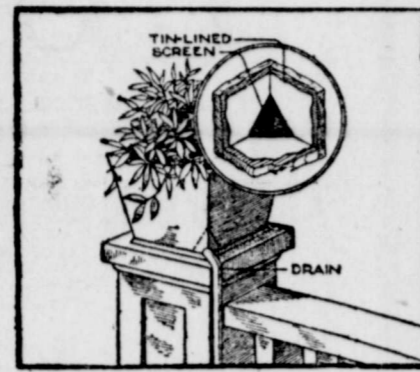
Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
Foster-McLburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Home Town Helps

EASY TO DRAIN FLOWER BOX

Simple Arrangement Which Will Prevent Damage to Post on Which Receptacle is Set.

The home mechanic is often called upon to build flower boxes to place on top of new posts, and other porch columns. To prevent rot and to maintain a good appearance, it is best to drain the flower box, as shown in the picture. The box is lined for a part



of its depth with tin or zinc, and drained through a one-inch tube to the downspout, or over the edge of the porch. A triangular piece of window screen placed over the drain opening will prevent clogging of the pipe.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

BEAUTIFYING THAT BARE SPOT

Ferns Particularly Adapted for Growth in Garden Spaces That Seem So Uninviting.

There is perhaps no plant grown which appeals to the refined taste of the gardener and lover of plant life as the fern—with its wonderful grace of form and variety of color shading.

Few people realize what charming effects can be obtained at a very small cost with the aid of our native wood ferns. We admire them when they are seen in their native cool and shaded haunts, but we do not realize they can easily be transplanted and will quickly contribute to the beauty of our lawns and gardens.

Ferns may be found in the woods of almost every state in the Union. Around every house, whether in city or village, there are shady spots where grass and flowers will not grow. We look at these bare and uninviting places and wish something could be done to make them attractive. Take a day off, go to the woods, and with a trowel dig up some ferns, secure as many varieties as possible, plant them in the prepared bed, the larger varieties at the back, the more delicate in front.

It does not require so many for a start, as they multiply rapidly. Keep them moist until thoroughly established. Late in the fall cover with leaves. In the spring do not remove these leaves from the bed, as they help to hold the moisture. Enrich the soil and give the ferns more of their native conditions. Thus the former unsightly spots will have become places of joy and beauty.—Thrift Magazine.

An Evil and Its Cure.

Interest in Kansas City's efforts to rid itself of the billboard nuisance will be keen in every city in the country where the citizens are awake to the importance of maintaining urban and suburban districts in a condition of tidiness and beauty. The absurdity of spending great sums of money for good highways and other public improvements, and then allowing them to be heavily discounted by the presence of glaring and unsightly signs and pictures, is too well understood and too obvious to call for detailed argument. It appears that what is chiefly needed in order to gain relief from the aggressive billboard, in any city in the United States, is definite and rigorous local action. St. Louis has met with success in this direction, now Kansas City is following in its footsteps, and many other centers might wisely fall into line.—Christian Science Monitor.

Plants Trees Along Roads.

Dr. J. E. Westlake, of Virden, Ill., has started a campaign in behalf of fruit tree planting along the public highways. He favors the planting of a fruit tree on every mile of the country roads and suggests that the Boy Scout organizations serve as guardians of the trees after they are planted. He estimates the cost for the county would be about \$12,000. He has launched a similar campaign in other counties of the state.—Chicago Journal.

All Wind.

Henry Watterson, the famous editor, was talking about politicians. "Take the wind, the guff, out of a politician," he said, "and what remains?" "A noted politician's wife was listening to her husband over the telephone. Five, ten, fifteen minutes she listened patiently. Then she said: "Excuse me, Charles. Just a moment. I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's so tired."

Duty at Home and Abroad.

When you are in the city boost your locality, but when you are out of the city boost your city.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

In the petty cares and trials that perplex us day by day; "Mid the toils and self-deniials. We encounter in our way: When we feel our patience failing And our courage almost gone. Two things still we'll find availing— Keeping sweet and holding on.

CHOICE THINGS TO PREPARE NOW FOR WINTER.

A well stocked fruit closet is a source of great satisfaction to every housekeeper and recipes for such are always welcomed.

To Can Green Corn, Without Cooking.—To every nine cupsful of corn cut from the cob add one cupful of sugar and half a cupful of salt and one cupful of cold water. Mix well and be sure the sugar and salt are well dissolved, then seal in sterilized cans as usual.

Corn Salad.—Cut the corn from 12 large ears; chop one head of cabbage, sprinkle with salt and let stand three hours; drain off the water and add the corn to the cabbage; add a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonsful of salt, one-half cupful of ground mustard, four small red peppers, chopped fine, two quarts of vinegar. Cook until the vegetables are tender. Seal while hot.

Cucumber Chowder.—Take 12 ripe cucumbers, peeled and grated, and three onions, also grated. Squeeze the pulp dry; add chopped red pepper and salt to taste; thin with good, snappy vinegar and bottle cold. It should be of the consistency of prepared horseradish.

Cucumber Pickles.—Mix together one cupful of mustard and half a cupful of salt; stir into a gallon of good vinegar. When the cucumbers are gathered and washed they are dropped into this vinegar. When you have two quarts seal and put away in Mason jars.

Beet Relish.—Take one quart of chopped cabbage, one quart of chopped beets, two cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, half a teaspoonful of cayenne, one cupful of grated horseradish and vinegar to make a mixture of the consistency of prepared horseradish.

Rhubarb Conserve.—Take three and a half pounds of rhubarb, three lemons, the rind of one. Boil the rhubarb one-half hour with two pounds of sugar; add lemon juice and one-half pound of shredded, blanched almonds. Cook again one-half hour.

The woman who has not loved, played with and spanked a child, has missed one of the cardinal joys.

A VARIETY OF TIMBALES.

For an entree or for a luncheon dish this dainty mixture is always considered a tidbit.

Chicken Timbales.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-fourth of a cup of stale bread-crumbs, two-thirds of a cup of milk and cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one cupful of chopped cooked chicken, half a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and two eggs slightly beaten. Season with salt and pepper. Turn into buttered molds, having the molds two-thirds full; set into a pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper and bake twenty minutes. Serve with Bechamel sauce.

Bechamel Sauce.—Cook one and one-half cupfuls of white stock with one slice each of onion and carrot, a bit of bay leaf, sprig of parsley, six peppercorns, and after cooking twenty minutes strain; there should be one cupful. Melt one-fourth cupful of butter, add the same amount of flour and gradually one cupful of scalded milk. Season with salt and pepper.

Sweetbread and Mushroom Timbales.—Cook two tablespoonfuls of butter with one sliced onion five minutes. Add one and one-half cupfuls of mushroom caps finely chopped, and one small parboiled sweetbread, finely chopped, then add one cupful of medium thick white sauce, one-fourth cupful of stale bread-crumbs, one red pepper chopped, one-half teaspoonful of salt and the yolks of two eggs well beaten. Then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Fill buttered timbale molds, set in a pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper and bake fifteen minutes. Remove to the serving dish and pour around.

Mushroom Sauce.—Peel five large mushroom caps, cut in halves crosswise, then in slices. Cook in three tablespoonfuls of butter five minutes; dredge with two tablespoonfuls of flour, add one-third of a cup of cream and one cupful of chicken stock; cook two minutes. Season with salt and paprika and add one chopped truffle.

Ham timbales are made the same as the chicken, substituting chopped cooked ham.

Halibut Timbales.—Cook a pound of halibut in boiling water, salted, drain and rub through a sieve. Season with salt, cayenne and lemon juice, add one-third of a cup of thick cream beaten stiff, then the whites of three beaten eggs. Turn into buttered molds, set in a pan of water, cover with buttered paper and bake twenty minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve with Bechamel sauce.

SMALL CHANCE TO GET AWAY

As It Happened, the Old Gentleman Was Placing the Blame Where It Didn't Belong.

"I don't know what the young men of today are coming to," said Mr. Smith. "In my young days there wasn't any need for all this courting. The girls then—"

But he was cut short by the coquette which Mrs. Smith accidentally dropped on his toes.

"I was only going to say, my dear," he remarked, when he had recovered his composure, "that I wish the young fellow who is calling on Christabel would go away and let us get the house shut up. It's past midnight!"

At that moment there entered the small boy of the household. He had been, for the last hour or so, behind the draught-screen in the drawing-room, and vowed that he had enjoyed himself better than if he had been at a movie show.

"It isn't his fault, pa," said the heir of the Smiths. "He can't go; Christabel's sitting on him!"

IN THE NATURE OF "BLUFF"

Rounder's Excuse for Declining Coffee Was Somewhat Laughable, Considering the Circumstances.

It was one of the days near the end of June, and young Bill, having to sustain a reputation as one of San Francisco's best town painters, had had a hard night. He looked it when, at 9 o'clock in the morning, he wandered into the hotel dining room to keep an appointment with a friend, who was just then at breakfast.

"Hello, Jack," Bill murmured, yawning. It appeared as if every syllable cost him untold effort. He sat down and rubbed his eyes with his fists. He bit his lips to keep from yawning again.

"Had breakfast?" Jack inquired.

"No," the other replied. "Don't want any."

"Well," Jack insisted, "have a cup of coffee, anyway."

Bill yawned again in spite of himself.

"Don't want any coffee," he said. "It would keep me awake all day."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Nellie Maxwell

A Voice From Sioux City, Iowa, says

PE-RU-NA

Worth Its Weight In Gold

You cannot mistake the words of Mr. W. W. Northrup, of 908 Fourth Street, Sioux City, Iowa. He is enthusiastic about his present health and the merits of PE-RU-NA and wants everyone to know it. Here is a recent letter from him:—



"PE-RU-NA is worth its weight in gold and then some. I used to think it only a woman's remedy but have changed my mind. I had a cough, especially in the morning. After using half a bottle of PE-RU-NA was much better. I would cough up chunks of phlegm and mucus, my eyes itched and bothered me. Judging from the symptoms given in your almanac it was catarrh. My stomach is in much better condition since using your medicine."
"Use this testimonial, if you wish. Don't hesitate to advertise the merits of PE-RU-NA."
(Signed) W. W. NORTHROP.

There are thousands just like Mr. Northrup, skeptical at first but convinced by a trial of PE-RU-NA.
DON'T BE AN UNBELIEVER.

If your trouble is of a catarrhal nature, try PE-RU-NA, then tell your friends. It is fine after an attack of grip or Spanish Flu.

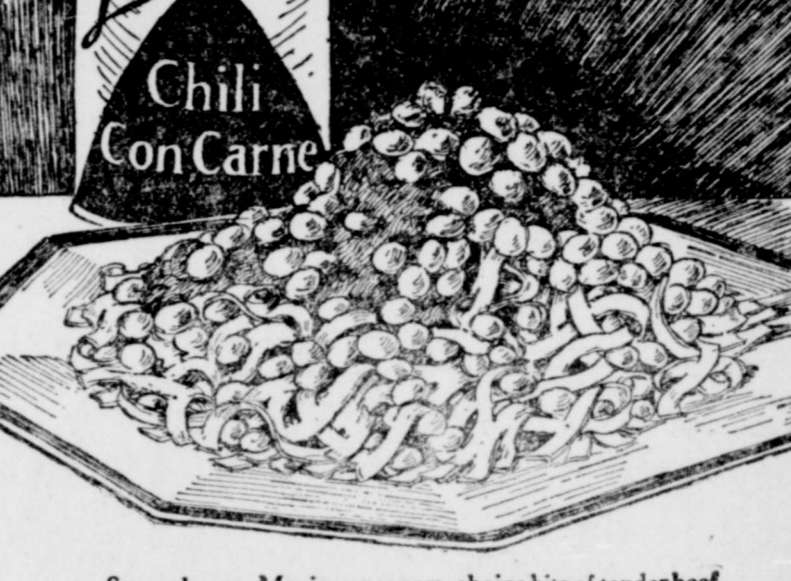
Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid FOR CATARRH AND CATARRHAL CONDITIONS

His Impression.
"Do mosquitoes carry malaria?"
"No," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "They jes' leave it right here."

The more a man doesn't know the less he doubts.
And the way of the transgressor is sometimes hard to beat.

The Only Cure.
"He's money-mad."
"That's a bad disease. Do you think he'll ever get money enough to cure it?"

False Philosophy.
"Nothing ever really goes to waste."
"How about the 'winks' in the days to come?"



Savory beans, Mexican peppers, choice bits of tender beef—all in a hot Spanish sauce! Such is Libby's Chili Con Carne—ask your grocer for a package today. Try it with rice, mashed potatoes or spaghetti—it's delightful.
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

GET a package today. Notice the flavor—the wholesome taste of Kentucky Burley tobacco.

Why do so many "regular men" buy Lucky Strike cigarettes? They buy them for the special flavor of the toasted Burley tobacco.

There's the big reason—it's toasted, and real Burley. Make Lucky Strike your cigarette.



Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

The Miami Chief.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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

L. G. Waggoner, Editor and Owner.

Miami Texas.

Thursday, Oct. 2, 1919

NICE FRESH PECANS

Send me your order for nice fresh Pecans. Will select nice choice ones for you at 20 cents per pound. F. O. B. Broomwood, Texas. Address me 1405 Ave. B. Broomwood, Texas. Walter Cook.

SEE HERE

I know that Dr. Baird knows nothing about this advertisement. I pay for it myself, because, every young man starting in a profession need all the boosting he can get and merit deserves reward.

He put in a set of teeth for me which is a perfect fit and I can eat and sleep with them in without any trouble.

J. W. Whatley.

SALESMAN WANTED

Lubricating Oil, Grease, Specialties. Whole or part time. Commission Basis. Man with car or rig. Deliveries from our Southwestern refinery.

RIVERSIDE REFINING CO. Cleveland, Ohio.

I. W. W. ROBS "THE LOUIE"

Sunday night as Sheriff Roach and Policeman Durkee were nosing around the alley back of The Louie, they found the alley light broken. Scenting the work of a burglar they commenced an investigation and found a gentleman with three grips just preparing to come out of the rear of Louise Kirsch's store. He was taken to the jail with the grips, and when the latter were opened more than a \$1000 worth of silk shirts, silk underwear and other merchandise were found. The gentleman carried plenty of I. W. W. literature and is probably a member in good standing. He was a stranger in these parts but had been seen around town for several days.—Southwestern Plainsman.

AUTOMOBILE FOR TRADE

Will trade good 5 passenger Automobile—Guaranteed to be in good condition, for young mules or young cattle 7 fcs.

J. A. Newman.

W.S.S. Pay Your Pledge

For A Weak Stomach.

The great relief afforded by Chamberlain's Tablets in a multitude of cases has fully proven the great value of this preparation for a weak stomach and impaired indigestion. In many cases their relief has become permanent and the sufferers have been completely restored to health.

DR. M. L. GUNN
Physician and Surgeon

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

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

GENERAL PRACTICE
Office in the Christopher Bldg.
PHONE 73

Singer Sewing Machines for sale
New and Second hand.
Sewing Machines and Type-writers cleaned and repaired.
J. T. Cantrell, Miami, Texas.

A PARK-WAY GIRL

By JACK LAWTON.

Dora sat in Aunt Linda's beautifully kept garden, looking wistfully down the street. She hoped that she was not looking for Booth Arden, yet the old longing to see him was renewed by the familiarity of the place which had known his presence.

Upon her former visit, Booth, being the nephew of her aunt's particular friend, had met Dora, naturally, and also naturally, because of her accepted charm, had paid her much attention.

Dora liked Booth Arden, in fact his companionship had been the joy of her stay. She admitted this freely to herself, though she had laughingly waived the question when he had asked it. Yet Booth had seemed to understand her to read aright the serious light which grew in her eyes as he talked to her.

Dora, herself, was sure of his love. Even now after absence and perplexing change the assurance inexplicably remained. Booth loved her and she had been ready to return his love, when toward the ending of her previous visit, his attitude of adoring devotion had turned suddenly to cold formality. Dora, stunned and pained, yet feigned indifference, and went on her way.

"Do you suppose?" she first timidly asked Aunt Linda, "that I have in some way offended?"

Aunt Linda pursed her lips firmly together.

"Ann Arden is at the back of it all," she shrewdly answered. "Trust her to make trouble for me," said Dora. Aunt Linda smiled wryly. "She doesn't want that nephew of hers to marry," she explained; "and she's cunning enough to know how to prevent it."

"He had not asked me to marry him," Dora blushing confessed.

"And he won't," her aunt responded "as long as Ann Arden is around to see how things are going."

"I thought," Dora reproved, "that Miss Arden was your friend."

Two years had passed since the first visit at Aunt Linda's with no word or sign from the man who had brought the girl joy and sorrow. So now, as she watched the white avenue, she wondered if his car would come rolling along, and if with his sight of her it would stop—or go indifferently upon its way.

Answering her thought the car came, slowed down, hesitatingly with its owner's indecision, then stopped. Booth Arden came toward her.

"Booth is running around a lot with your niece again," Miss Arden told Aunt Linda some time later, "but I hope you won't let her be deceived. Love-pretending is natural with him, and he's dividing his time with a girl up near the Park-way. He admitted his preference for the Park-way girl last night. He is driving with her today out on the Lake shore, I'd hate to see your little Dora going home again grieving over him." So Aunt Linda indignantly went to Dora.

"Don't you ever," she commanded, "go out with that Booth Arden flit again."

No more was Booth Arden's car seen at Aunt Linda's door, no more did a happy faced girl go flying down the path to meet him.

To Booth, his aunt spoke one evening in a tone which rang with "I told you so."

"That Dora Winthrop," she said, "goes riding about with Gall Wesley every day. What Belinda can be thinking of to let her niece go about with a married man, and his wife not with them—is more than I can see. It was hard to make you believe in Dora's boasted flirtatiousness last year, though I had her own aunt's word for it. I must say, however, that I'm surprised at Wesley's lack of prudence."

Booth Arden arose at that moment to see Gall Wesley's pretentious car passing the window. Dora, fair and merry, sat at Gall's side.

Miss Arden grew vaguely troubled. It is easier to frustrate a known than an unknown foe.

Booth laughingly refused to divulge the name of the new charmer.

Aunt Belinda's manner was also troubled as her friend came over to call.

"I don't know what has got into Dora," she complained. "She will go riding with Gall Wesley whenever he honks his auto horn for her. When I tell her it don't look right she just smiles and says that Mrs. Wesley is agreeable. It's really worse, Ann, than having her out with that deceiving nephew of yours; sometimes I think she's doing this to get even."

At this point of the conversation the sitting room door abruptly opened to admit two openly joyous young people. The women sat up and gasped at the sight of Dora enfolded in Booth's eager arms.

"We have just been married," he explained, "and we thought it best to stop in and tell you."

"Married" cried Miss Arden sharply, "why I thought the Park-way girl—"

"I'm the Park-way girl," Dora answered demurely, "I have met Booth in the park every pleasant day. Gall Wesley carried me there in his car. It was Gall's wife who suggested that plan as a solution of our troubles; you really were making trouble for us you know," Dora added sweetly, "but that's all over now, and you are forgiven." And she bent to kiss the astonished aunts.

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

What Shall I Get for Dinner?



How many times have you asked yourself this question? Day after day, week after week, it is a problem that is constantly confronting you.



If you were to stock your shelves with a good assortment of canned goods, you would always have something on hand that your folks would like.

Canned meats—canned vegetables—canned fruits—we have them all in the best known brands and at prices that will please you. Place your order at once.

Telephone Orders Given Prompt Attention
G. M. MOON GROCERY

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

HYDEN'S
Optometrist & Manufacturing Opticians
618 Polk St. Amarillo, Texas. Eyes tested and glasses made in our own shop. Any lens duplicated from the pieces.
(Dr. J. M. Hyden)



Parlor Suites or Parlor Pieces

If you are thinking of getting a new set of parlor furniture or adding a few pieces to what you already have, now is the time to do it.

Newest Designs in Plain or Fancy Patterns

We are quoting some very attractive prices right now on parlor furniture that you will be proud to show. It will pay to investigate.

Style and Stability at Pleasing Prices
LOCKE BROTHERS.

GRANARIES AND WHEAT BARGES

Come in and see our New Plans showing our combination granary and cake house. We have a complete line of wheat barge material on hand. Is your barge ready for service.

PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.

OUR AIM—TO HELP IMPROVE THE PANHANDLE

FRIDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 3.
GLORIA SWANSON IN "THE SCRETT," a dandy Triangi play, also good two reel Comedy. Better not miss this program. Regular prices.

Saturday, Sept 27, Matinee and night,
Harold Lloyd Comedy, Pathe Review,
Educational reel and Hands Up.

LOOK

NEXT WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
OCTOBER 8-9

ANITA STEWART IN "VIRTUOUS WIVES"

This production is of high class, and has been pleasing large audiences all over the United States. We know that it will please you, for it is really a Special production. Not only is the star a great factor, but this story is especially fitted to the star and is a widely read Commercial story.
Admission, 15 and 30 cents.

MONDAY.
A Universal Blue Bird picture, Violet Mercuro in "TOGETHER" Five Reels.
Regular Prices.

THE PASTIME THEATRE



What is in the Bottle

Can be depended upon according to label when buy it from us. You know it is FULL STRENGTH you know you will get what you ask for—we know the prices are as low as consistent with goods of quality. Come to us.

A. M. Jones Drug Company.

K. HICKMAN

DEALER IN
Lath Mills, Pipes, Casings
Hardware, Stoves,
and Tinware.

"CANTON CLIPPER" FARM IMPLEMENTS & MACHINERY.

Galvanized Tanks, Troughs, Metallic Wall Curbing, etc., Made to Order
TIN SHOP IN CO. SECTION. MIAMI - TEXAS

DUNIVEN BROTHERS

BLACKSMITHING AND AUTO REPAIRING

We do all kinds of work. If you can't get it fixed, bring it here and we will fix it if it can be fixed.

WE SELL AJAX TIRES GUARANTEED 5000 MILES AND SILVERSIDE TUBES. THEY ARE GOOD ONES

Say, Buy a PAIGE car, we are agents. Come in and lets talk about them. Good Gulf Gasoline and Auto Oil is best for your Car, and we sell them both. We are looking for customers.

Give us a trial and you will be Satisfied

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

— WALKER & TALLEY, Props —
JEWELRY, KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

Miami - Texas.

Good for Billiousness
 "Two years ago I suffered from frequent attacks of stomach trouble and billiousness. Seeing Chamberlain's Tablets advertised I concluded to try them. I improved rapidly." Miss Emma Vertryke, Lima, Ohio.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
 This is not only one of the best and most efficient medicines for coughs, colds and croup, but it is also pleasant to take, which is important when the medicine must be given to children. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been in use for many years and has met with much favor wherever its good qualities have become known. Many mothers have given it their unqualified endorsement. Wm. Scruby, Chilotho, Mo., writes, "I have raised three children, have always used

Chamberlain's Cough remedy, and found it to be the best for coughs, colds and croup. It is pleasant to take. Both adults and children like it. My wife and I have always felt safe from croup when it is in the house." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy contains no opium or other narcotics.

"What is Virtue in a Wife?"
 J. A. Holmes
COFFEE & HOLMES
 Lawyers,
GENERAL PRACTICE
 OFFICE IN CHRISTOPHER BUILDING
 Miami - Texas.

C. S. Seiber, W. H. Dial and E. M. Walker spent part of last week in Wichita, Kansas on business and viewing the crowds who came to see President Wilson, but failed to see him on account of sickness.

Mrs. T. R. Saxon and Miss Bessie Roach spent Friday in Amarillo shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Baskin and daughter, Miss Arlie were Miami visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Daughette are here this week visiting Miami friends and preparing to go to Kentucky for the winter.

Cleave Coffee, Jr., left last week for Indiana where he will enter college for an engineering course.

W. S. Martin made a business trip to the Ochiltree country first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cook and son Vern came in last week from Wichita Falls. Mr. Cook will leave in a few days for New York on a thirty days business trip.

W. F. Milford of Red River County has been spending the week here looking for a location.

Ed Fisher, Buick agent for several months in Miami before the war was here this week.

C. W. Longfellow, who was with the Panhandle Lumber Yard at Miami this summer was married recently at St. Louis, and he and his bride passed through Miami this week enroute to Pampa where they will make their future home.

County Superintendent McKenzie informs us that there will be an examination for school teachers at the court house Friday and Saturday of this week. The examination is for all grade certificates.

Mrs. Branch Anderson of Amarillo visited Mrs. D. B. McGregor this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lewis of Gray County were in the city Tuesday trading.

Miss Fannie Pool recently resigned her position with the J. L. Seiber store and returned to Panhandle this week. Mrs. Boze, a niece of Miss Cora McCluney of Ft. Worth has accepted the position and began work Monday.

W. D. Christopher and family are moving this week to his ranch east of Canadian and on the north side of the river in this county. He recently purchased this place and is moving to it.

Norman Coffee left this week for Austin where he will reenter the State University, Law Department.

J. W. Nickle, father of Mrs. W. B. Kitchen who has been real ill with a stroke of paralysis was taken to Ft. Worth yesterday for special treatment.

Mrs. George Seitz of Mobeetie visited Miami relatives this week.

The Chief family have purchased the Herbert C. Hill residence in Miami, and are preparing to move this week. Jack Montgomery has purchased and will immediately move to the residence they are vacating and Hill family have moved to Canadian where Mr. Hill has accepted a position with the Studer Meat Market.

Thos. Thompson is here again this week from Fairview, Oklahoma looking around a little, and we are about to guess that maybe so, Tommie wants to come back to Miami to live, and we would gladly see this family move back among us.

Mrs. W. R. Ewing, N. S. Locke, C. F. and Claude Locke and H. E. Baird attended the funeral of Mrs. Fiddler at Pampa last Friday.

The business meeting of the Missionary Auxiliary was held at the Methodist Church Wednesday afternoon from three to four o'clock. The President, Mrs. Jackson called the Auxiliary to order, and after the song "Jesus is All the World to Me," a prayer by the president followed. After the reading of the minutes and roll call, the reports of officers were called for in order, each officer making a good report, thus encouraging the few members present. The Auxiliary urges that all the dues and pledge fund be paid in by the first of November, so that we may have credit for this in the Centenary. Next Wednesday is regular day for the Bible study from the book of John. Mrs. Durrett, the teacher will be absent at that time and Mrs. Hall will teach the lesson. 26 Psalm was read in concert and the Auxiliary adjourned with prayer by Mrs. Ewing.

FRUIT JAR for sale. All sizes. 9. tf Servant Hotel.

THE PASTIME THEATRE WILL SHOW "VIRTUOUS WIVES" FROM STORY BY OWEN JOHNSON

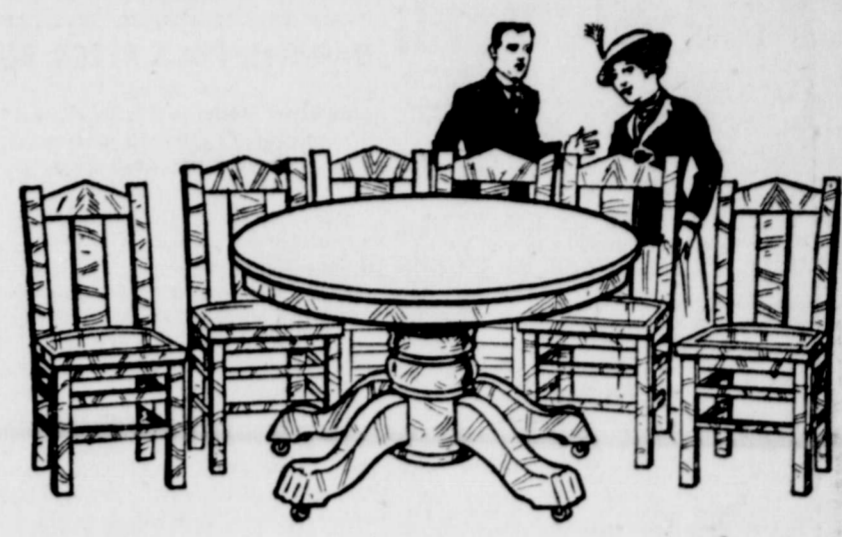
First of Anita Steward Super Pictures a Famous Tale of New York Married Life

The Pastime Theatre has contracted to show next Wed.-Thur. Miss Anita Steward's initial First National production, "Virtuous Wives," adapted from the two million edition book of the same title by Owen Johnson.

"Virtuous Wives" is described as a truthful story of married life in New York society. According to the author, in the introduction to his story, a virtuous wife is becoming an extinct species of femininity under present-day conditions. The reasons for this, as described in his novel, have been included in the screen adaptation. Miss Stewart makes her return to the American screen after an absence of several months in the role of Amy Forrester, the "only member of a social set to whom pleasure is young." As the wife of Andrew Forrester, and obsessed only with the idea of constant and uninterrupted amusement, she appears in the role of the young society matron who finally is brought to a realization that unbridled pleasure is but the ash of happiness.

The Presbyterian Ladies met with Mrs. Arch Morrison Wednesday afternoon. After an hour of entertainment of contests and Music, a dainty refreshments were served. Next Wednesday the Aid meet with Mrs. W. H. Dial. Lesson last half of Isaiah.

FOR SALE
 30-60 Oil-Pull tractor
 One Case Separator
 18 Disc Plow
 Three 10 foot John Deer Disc Harrows.
 One Fordson Tractor
 Three large grain drills
 Address Thos. F. Moody,
 7-4tc. Canadian, Texas.



THE Dining Room should be a cheerful place, for when you eat your meals amid pleasant surroundings you do much to aid digestion. And good digestion means health.

Have Us Furnish Your Dining Room

The variety of designs in tables, chairs, sideboards, china closets, serving tables and the like, is ample to satisfy your desires, whatever they may be, in the matter of style, finish and price. Come in and talk it all over with us. We are as eager to give satisfaction as you are to receive it.

Our Word Is a Guaranty of Honest Values
J. L. SEIBER & COMPANY

GREEN LAKE HEREFORD FARM
 J. P. OSBORNE, Prop.
 Now have to offer for immediate delivery, 14 head of registered Hereford Bulls Best line bred Anxiety, 4th breeding. Yearlings and twos.

LADIES COAT SUITS FOR FALL NOW ON DISPLAY.
W.E. STOCKER

THE RED DEER GRAIN CO.
 We carry a full line of feed. Bran, Shorts, Corn Chops, Maize and Kaffir Chops, Cake Hay and Salt.
 We Buy Second hand Sacks

PRINCE ALBERT

TALK about smokes, Prince Albert is geared to a jolly standard that just lavishes smokehappiness on every man game enough to make a tee line for a tidy red tin and a jummy pipe—old or new!

Get it straight that what you've hankered for in pipe or cigarette makin's smokes you'll find aplenty in P. A. That's because P. A. has the quality!

You can't any more make Prince Albert bite your tongue or parch your throat than you can make a horse drink when he's off the water! Bites and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

You just lay back like a regular fellow and puff to beat the cards and wonder why in samhill you didn't nail a section in the P. A. smokes longer than you care to remember!

Easy Pulls & No Smoking Tobacco in the Shell. Tasty red bags, fully red tin, handsome presentation and half pound tin humidizer—and that clever, practical and crystal glass humidifier with springs movement that keeps the tobacco in each perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel CIGARETTES

Cigarettes made to meet your taste!

Camels are offered you as a cigarette entirely out of the ordinary—a flavor and smoothness never before attained. To best realize their quality compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels flavor is so refreshing, so enticing, it will win you at once—it is so new and unusual. That's what Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobacco gives you! You'll prefer this blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

As you smoke Camels, you'll note absence of any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or any unpleasant cigarette odor. And, you'll be delighted to discover that you can smoke Camels liberally without tiring your taste!

Take Camels at any angle—they surely supply cigarette contentment beyond anything you ever experienced. They're a cigarette revelation! You do not miss coupons, premiums or gifts. You'll prefer Camels quality!

18 cents a package

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**Heal Itching Skins
With Cuticura**

All druggists, Soap 25, Ointment 50 & 75. Talcum 25. Handle each free of "CUTICURA, Dept. E. Boston."

**HEADACHE
Often Caused by
Acid-Stomach**

Yes, indeed, more often than you think. Because ACID-STOMACH, starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repeating, bloating and gas, if not checked, will eventually affect every vital organ of the body. Severe, blinding, splitting headaches are, therefore, of frequent occurrence as a result of this upset condition.

Take EATONIC. It quickly banishes acid-stomach with its sour, bitter, pain and gas. It aids digestion—helps the stomach get full strength from every mouthful of food you eat. Millions of people are miserable, weak, sick and ailing because of ACID-STOMACH. Poisons, created by partly digested food charged with acid, are absorbed into the blood and distributed throughout the entire system. This in turn causes rheumatism, biliousness, cirrhosis of the liver, heart trouble, ulcers and even cancer of the stomach. It robs its victims of their health, undermines the strength of the most vigorous.

If you want to get back your physical and mental strength—be full of vim and vigor—enjoy life and be happy, you must get rid of your acid-stomach.

**EATONIC
(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)**

WE BUY AND SELL industrial oil mining stocks of all descriptions. Write for our latest list. Brokers, Boatmen's Bk. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 37-1919.

Right Hen, Wrong Tack.
Lucile was visiting auntie in the country. It was the job of the four-year-old to hunt for eggs in the barn. One day she brought in a very small one, presumably laid by a hantam.

"Auntie," said the little maid, showing it, "the hen that laid this egg didn't have the right recipe."—Terre Haute Tribune.

**Important to all Women
Readers of this Paper**

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or 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. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

Still Looking After Stock.
Church—When he was a boy he lived on a farm and he used to feed the stock.

Gotham—I understand.
"Now he's in business in Wall street."
"And doesn't have to feed the stock any more?"
"No; only water it."

**THE MEN IN
CLASS A1**

A sound, healthy man is never a back number. A man can be as vigorous and able at seventy as at twenty. Condition, not years, puts you in the discard. A system weakened by overwork and careless living brings old age prematurely. The bodily functions are impaired and unpleasant symptoms appear. The weak spot is generally the kidneys. Keep them clean and in proper working condition and you will generally find yourself in Class A. Take GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules periodically and your system will always be in working order. Your spirits will be enlivened, your muscles supple, your mind active, and your body capable of hard work.

Don't wait until you have been rejected. Commence to take a first-class man now. Go to your druggist at once. Get a trial box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are made of the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil—the kind your great-grandfather used. Two capsules each day will keep you toned up and feeling fine. Money refunded if they do not help you. Remember to ask for the imported GOLD MEDAL Brand. In three sizes, sealed packages.—Adv.

Couldn't Follow It.
"Can't you avoid quarreling?" demanded Judge White the other day of a man who appeared for the third time in his court for fighting.

"Yes, sir, I could," answered the culprit. "I have a recipe that was written by Bill Shakespeare or Kipling or someone, but I don't know but what I'd rather get into trouble once in a while, rather than follow it."
"What's the recipe?" demanded White, curiously, and the man answered:
"Say nothing; do nothing; be nothing!"

One of the most important things in life is not where we stand, but in what direction we are moving.

MURINE Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tingle, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

**PUBLIC
HIGHWAYS**

MAINTAIN ROAD AFTER BUILT

Improper Methods Have Placed Economical Types in Disrepute, Says Colorado Expert.

Prof. E. B. House of the Colorado Agricultural College is a firm believer in the importance of maintaining a road after it is built. He supplies the following, taken from The Engineering News-Record, and says of it "it is so true and hits the nail so squarely that I quote it direct":

"The tendency in road improvement is to select types of roads which require very little annual maintenance. The general feeling among laymen seems to be that when a road surface requires some annual maintenance to keep it in good shape, it is an expensive type and should be avoided. Yet, if the interest on investment and the repairs are taken into consideration, the cheaper wearing surface may in many cases prove to be the more satisfactory and economical.

"It is not uncommon to see roads of a good type constructed and then, after they begin to show signs of wear, to see them neglected entirely or some method of repair or maintenance imposed which has been found by long practice to be defective. When we see mud holes in earth roads filled with rippap, crushed stone or cinders, it is not the engineer's fault that an enormous price is paid for the repair material; the road engineer knows that proper drainage, and repairing with earth from the side of the road, are the economical methods of maintenance.

"Old gravel and macadam roads are often repaired by filling ruts and depressions with inferior material that is readily displaced by traffic or ground to dust. Bituminous surfaces are often patched, if patched at all, with loose stone or gravel, and in some



Splendid Type of Road, Well Taken Care Of.

cases with concrete. In a number of streets and roads recently inspected, brick was used to patch concrete surfaces, and concrete used to patch brick surfaces.

"When careless methods of this kind are applied to the maintenance of public highways, the result is that a good type of road is made to appear unsatisfactory and uneconomical, and road improvement is discouraged—particularly the cheaper types of improvement, which in most localities are the best if properly maintained. It is the utter neglect of maintenance and the many improper methods of repair that have molded public sentiment against types of roads requiring annual maintenance, and have led road promoters and officials to disregard many economical types."

IMPROVED ROADS IN QUEBEC

In Five Years Government Spent \$15,774,369 for Development and Improvement.

The development of good roads in Quebec is a subject at present much discussed from one end of the province to the other. In the five years from 1911 to 1916 the Quebec government spent \$15,774,369 for good roads. The following figures show the number of miles of roads systematically maintained by the municipalities of Quebec, with the aid of subsidies from the government of the provinces: In 1907, 1,000 miles; in 1909, 2,000 miles; in 1911, 8,500 miles; in 1913, 15,000 miles; in 1916, 18,000 miles. Since 1911 more than 1,214 miles of macadam and 497 miles of gravel roads have been made in Quebec.

Benefits of Good Roads.
Good roads bring automobilists. They spend money. Good roads bring trade and increase property values. They attract homeseekers and industries.

Do Not Build Roads.
Large appropriations and paper plans for highway development do not build roads.

Slogan of "Good Roads."
From all sides echoes and re-echoes the slogan of "Good Roads."

**Economy
Corner**



Cleaning Suits at Home.

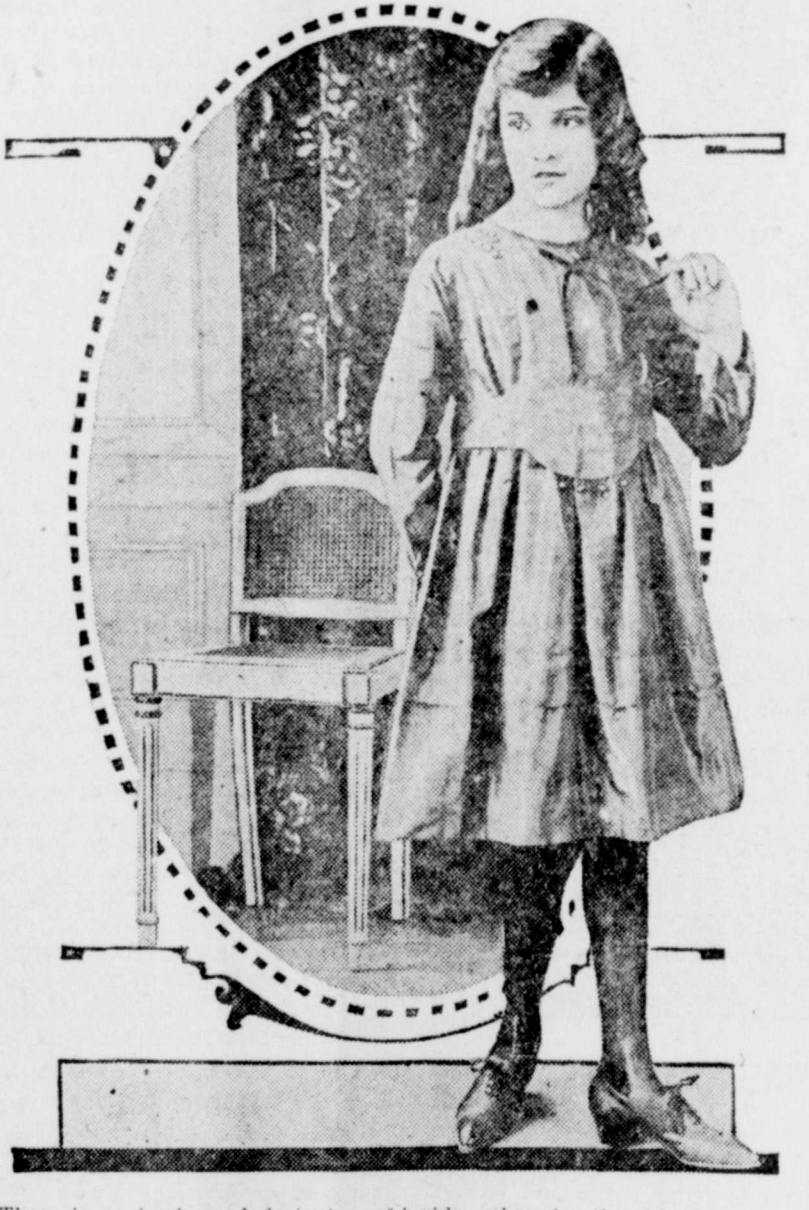
Summer suits made of Palm Beach cloth—that is, of strong, plain weaves in cotton that go by that name—are cool and serviceable and they are very popular. But they require frequent cleaning, and cleaning done by professionals has become expensive. The Palm Beach suit is apt to prove a costly luxury unless it can be cleaned at home. The process which follows is about the same as that used by professionals, except that they have special facilities for pressing. But if one has a steve board the pressing ought not to present any very great difficulty.

Before washing, garments should be run in gasoline to remove grease or oily matter of any kind, allowing them to remain for five minutes. For washing, make a suds of lukewarm water and a good neutral soap. Wash in this suds for about fifteen minutes and rinse three times thoroughly.

After washing, the suits should be carefully examined for remaining stains, such as grease, paint, varnish and stains from automobile seats. Stains of this nature should be scrubbed with a brush and a good quality of soap. A few drops of carbon tetrachloride should be dropped on the stain and worked into the soap.

Fruit stains should be treated with a warm perborate of sodium solution, using one ounce of perborate to a pint of warm water. The spot is immersed in this solution from five to fifteen minutes. Ink stains should be treated with a weak solution of muriatic acid first (ten drops to a pint of cold water), then placed in a warm

SILK FROCK FOR A JUNIOR MISS



There is no haphazard designing of clothes for girls and misses these days. Styles for the several stages of girlhood, from six to twenty years, are definitive. These are the school years, and designers that give all their care and attention to the needs of the schoolgirl have thought out apparel that is correct for all her activities and occasions. The average busy mother cannot do better than to rely upon these specialists in choosing clothes for her young daughters. They will not suffer by comparisons in school, academy or college (where they must be outfitted for study and for athletics and social activities) with any of their classmates.

The frock of taffeta silk shown in the picture is intended for a girl from eleven or twelve to fifteen years. Taffeta has a crisp quality that makes it especially suited to sprightly dresses for junior misses, and this particular frock is very cleverly put together. It has little niceties of finish that make it engaging, while they also play a part in educating their young wearers in the value of details. It is a pretty frock for dress-up occasions.

For a girl of eleven or twelve this model shows the skirt cut knee-length, but a few additional inches are to be added for girls who have entered their teens, the lengthening to be governed by the discretion of the mother. Six inches above the narrow hem there is a deep tuck, two and a half inches

wide, otherwise the skirt is plain and gathered to the bodice. The bodice has a front panel cut in one piece with a shaped girdle that curves into a scallop, making an opportunity for pendant cords ending in little silk balls that match the frock in color. The long sleeves are finished with cuffs shaped to correspond with the girdle. Vertical buttonholes, worked in the panel on the bodice, have narrow velvet ribbon brought through them to make a trim little tie, and there are neat and dainty over-cuffs of white organdie to protect the sleeves at the wrist. There are not many social dressings, connected with school or otherwise, that call for anything more pretentious than this pretty frock.

Julia Bonnelly
Bead Frogs.
Bead frogs are a novelty that form an interesting trimming for chifons and other sheer fabrics. They are frogs of the regulation shape, formed of beads strung and sewed into place.

Pretty Combination.
Hair braid in dark brown combined with malines formed a smart little Hindu turban that was both light and comfortable for city wear.

**The Nationally
Accepted Wall Tint**



No Package Genuine Without Cross and Circle Printed in Red

Beautiful—Sanitary—Durable—Economy

for Homes, Schools, Churches and all Interior Wall Surfaces.
Alabastine can be applied to plastered walls, wallboard, painted walls that have become soiled, or even over soiled walls. It is sold in white and in various colors.

Alabastine is a dry powder, ready to mix with pure, cold water, full strength on each package. Alabastine is packed in white and beautiful tints, combining and intermixing, enable you to carry out individual color matching rugs and draperies. Alabastine is used in the finest residential public buildings, but priced within the reach of all.

You will readily appreciate the economy of Alabastine over paper, and its results will be most gratifying.
New walls demand Alabastine, old walls appreciate Alabastine.

If your local dealer cannot or will not supply you, take no substitute but write for Alabastine designs and we will give you name of nearby dealer.

Alabastine Company
1645 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A SUMMER COLD

A cold in the summer time, as everybody knows, is the hardest kind of a cold to get rid of. The best and quickest way is to go to bed and stay there if you can, with a bottle of "Boschee's Syrup" handy to insure a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning.

But if you can't stay in bed you must keep out of draughts, avoid sudden changes, eat sparingly of simple food and take occasional doses of Boschee's Syrup, which you can buy at any store where medicine is sold, a safe and efficient remedy, made in America for more than fifty years. Keep it handy.—Adv.

They Should Have.

A Terre Haute (Ind.) librarian had a new book which two boys were very anxious to take out for the next week. They argued and argued, and then came to the point where blows were imminent. A little girl, who had been listening to the discussion, turned to the librarian and saw the anxiety on her face. Then she became angry. She spoke to the boys: "Ain't you two got any suspect for Miss H——to keep you all from fightin' in her library?" she demanded.

Not in School.
"I hope they don't teach you to flirt in school, Ethel?"
"No, they don't mother."
"Well, it seems you know something about it, dear."
"Yes, mother. But we don't learn that in school. We learn it during recess."

A Reminder.
Hewitt—What a forgetful fellow Cruet is.
Jewett—That's so; I don't believe he would remember which his left side was if he didn't have heart trouble.

A little giving judiciously administered often makes a weak man strong.

The experience a man buys is always delivered a little too late.

Community singing is not by good English in the song.

BRIGHT SCHEME DIDN'T

Overly Frank Criticism Cast to Drop Her Deaf-and-Deaf Pose Suddenly.

A newly married couple the idea of pretending to be dumb whilst on their honeymoon. At the station they started on their fingers and over the following remarks:

"It's a newly married couple, a lady. 'The poor things are dumb. Isn't it awful?'"
"What do you suppose is her?" asked the other. "Slightly ugly."

"And I believe her hair," said the first woman.
"And her hat is out of the next starter."

"Looks like an old one," replied.
"Her dress wrinkles in the said the first."
"She's thirty-five if she's a she looks as if she had a temper."

At this point the bride bit her tongue, and her remarks to the women left no doubt about the important article that was supposed to exercise so freely.

Get Right, and Stick to It. Nature gives abundant lessons to be as hard to discourage a delinquent blossom.

Off-Color Days

are usually the reflexion of some upset to bodily health.

Coffee drinking usually exaggerates such conditions and frequently produces them.

That's why so many former coffee drinkers now favor

**The Original
POSTUM CEREAL**

Boil fully fifteen minutes and a delightful beverage results. Fine for children as well as grown-ups.

Everywhere at Grocers.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.

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CASTORIA, that famous ev
for infants and children, and
Bears the
Signature of
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's

BRIGHT SCHEME DIDN'T

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A newly married couple the idea of pretending to be dumb whilst on their honeymoon. At the station they started on their fingers and over the following remarks:

"It's a newly married couple, a lady. 'The poor things are dumb. Isn't it awful?'"

"What do you suppose is her?" asked the other. "Slightly ugly."

"And I believe her hair," said the first woman.

"And her hat is out of the next starter."

"Looks like an old one," replied.

"Her dress wrinkles in the said the first."

"She's thirty-five if she's a she looks as if she had a temper."

At this point the bride bit her tongue, and her remarks to the women left no doubt about the important article that was supposed to exercise so freely.

Get Right, and Stick to It. Nature gives abundant lessons to be as hard to discourage a delinquent blossom.

Off-Color Days

are usually the reflexion of some upset to bodily health.

Coffee drinking usually exaggerates such conditions and frequently produces them.

That's why so many former coffee drinkers now favor

**The Original
POSTUM CEREAL**

Boil fully fifteen minutes and a delightful beverage results. Fine for children as well as grown-ups.

Everywhere at Grocers.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.

New Culture Is Dream of Reds

Sums are Expended by Bolsheviks to Promote Their Propaganda.

WEIRD EFFECTS IN ART

Decorated Paintings are Splashes of Color That Outdo the Work of Cubists—Newspapers and Books are Scarce.

London.—"Proletarianizing Russian culture," is one of the tasks attended by the bolshevik government of Lenin and Trotsky. What this process consists of is told by the Copenhagen correspondent of the London Morning Independent. He says:

"The bolshevik system, as seems to be, disappears altogether from Russia during the present summer, a curious experiment in 'culture' thereby being brought to an end. Beyond nine-tenths of bolshevism is a custom murder and plunder—the bolshevik dictator, Zinovieff, in a speech May 16, admitted that 'three-quarters of the 140,000 soviet officials care for their own pockets,' but the tenth is honest fanaticism with a customary foundation of delusions. One delusion is that there can be a 'proletarian culture.' Last month the Moscow provincial soviet at the intervals of shooting old men makes boys whose kinsmen of service are used to fight) set about organizing graph and graphophone entertainments in the villages, 'at which,' says Krasnaya Gazetta, 'in addition to wing pictorially and screaming idently the infamies of our former tsarism, we are providing real proletarian education, art, science, philosophy, history and literature.' It is culture stamped with the children, and a 'proletkult' mark. This 'proletkult,' a word concocted by Zinovieff, is the official name of a department with headquarters in the Shermine street, Petrograd, and in the Moscow, Morosoff palace. The concocted word goes with Sovnarkom (for Council of People's Commissaries), Tsakhar (for chief sugar monopolist), Sovdep, and other barbarous neologisms which, with bolshevism, have enriched the language of Turkestan and Tolstoy.

Millions Expended on Cult. The commissariat of education, which Lunatcharsky presides, spent in 1918 2,900,000,000 roubles (approximately \$1,450,000,000), and the estimate of its expenditure for the first half of 1919 alone amount to 4,697,000,000 roubles, nominally about 50 per cent more than the whole annual budget before the war. Of the first mentioned sum over 250,000,000 roubles, Krasnaya Gazetta says, was the encouragement of literature and art. That is, of the specific artistic and literary forms which are gloriously known as 'proletkult.' Thus art and literature are violently democratized.

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Fortune Teller Takes Long Trip She Predicted

Kansas City, Mo.—"Mister, you are going on a long, long journey," said Allie Rico, a fortune teller, to Detective Harry Arthur.

"I want company; come with me to police headquarters," Arthur told Allie.

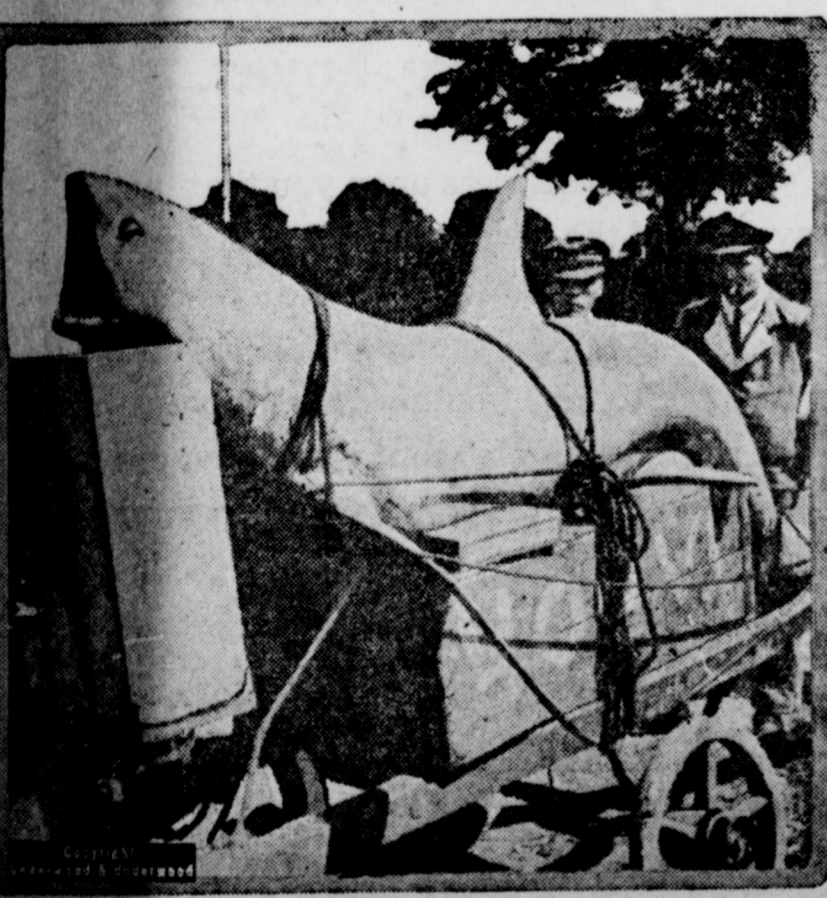
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WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF FISH THIS IS?



Large and unknown fish caught by mackerel fishers in a net at Torbay, England. It was 18 feet long and was of a species unknown to the fishermen, being a sort of cross between the man-eating shark and the gentle dolphin.

MISS EMILY FARRUM



Miss Emily Farrum of New York City, for many years connected with the department of commerce, has been named chief of the appointment division for the 1920 census.

WEDDED IN SMOCK

Reason for Scanty Garb of Some Old-Time Brides.

In England It Was Held That Act Relieved Husbands of Debts Contracted by His Bride Before Their Marriage.

"A Bangor lawyer attending court in the ancient town of Wisecasset, Lincoln county, recently went rummaging in the Colonial court records of the place, and in the course of his reading came across the official registration of a 'smock marriage,'" writes L. T. Smyth from Bangor, Me., to the Boston Transcript. "Not knowing what a smock marriage was, the lawyer looked further, and got considerable light upon a custom that prevailed in England a century or more ago and also to some extent in the American colonies.

"Smock marriages were weddings where the bride appeared dressed in a white sheet or chemise. The reason for such a garb was the belief that if a man married a woman who was in debt he could be held liable for her indebtedness if he received with her any of her property; and also, that if a woman married a man who was in debt, his creditors could not take her property to satisfy their claims if he had received nothing from her at marriage. In England, says an antiquarian, there was at least one case where a bride was clothed in puris naturalibus while the ceremony was being performed in the great church at Birmingham. The minister at first refused to perform the ceremony, but, finding nothing in the rubric that would excuse him, he finally married the pair.

"To carry out the law fully as the people understood it, the ceremony should always have been performed as it was in the church at Birmingham. In the case noted; but, modestly forbidding, various expedients were used to accomplish the end without the unpleasant features. Sometimes the bride stood in a closet and put her hand through a hole in the door; sometimes she stood behind a cloth screen and put her hand out at one side; again, she would about her a white sheet furnished by the bridegroom, and sometimes she stood in her chemise or smock. Eventually, in Essex county, at least, all immodesty was avoided by the groom furnishing all the clothes worn by the bride, retaining the title to the same in himself. This he did in the presence of witnesses, that he might be able to prove the fact in case he was sued for any debts she might have contracted. A marriage of this kind occurred at Bradford in 1773, and the following is true copy of the record of the same:

"Bradford, Dec. ye 24, 1773—This may certify whomever it may concern that James Bailey of Bradford, who was married to the widow Mary Bacon November 22 last past by me ye subscriber then declared that he took said person without anything of estate and that Lydia the wife of Thomas Stickey and Margaret the wife of Caleb Burbank all of Bradford were witnesses that the clothes she then had on were his providing and bestowed upon her.

"WILLIAM BLACH,
"Minister of ye Gospel."

"It is noted by the same writer that in all cases of smock marriages that have come to his notice the brides have been widows.

"It is thought that during the reign of George III there were many smock marriages in Maine, then a part of the province of Massachusetts Bay, chiefly in the counties of Lincoln and York, or in the territory which is now so known. There is nothing to show that the practice outlived the Revolution. In Maine, up to 1852, a husband was liable for debts of his wife contracted before marriage, and no such subterfuge as the smock marriage could relieve him."

ELDERS TAKE SECOND PLACE

Writer Asserts That Spanish Children Are the Worst Spoiled Youngsters on the Earth.

W. B. Trites, a writer, who recently returned from Spain, was talking in Philadelphia about Spanish children. "Spanish children," said he, "are the worst spoiled, and Spanish parents the most indulgent, in the world. The dining and reception rooms of Spanish hotels swarm with screaming, frolicking, fighting children, but the Spanish guests smile indulgently. A child of six eats as much as it likes of everything on the table, and accompanies its parents everywhere. At three or four o'clock in the morning, the usual hour for Spanish entertainments to come to an end, innumerable tiny tots, exhausted, are bundled into waiting carriages by loving parents. If you ask them why they didn't leave the poor babies at home, they shrug their shoulders and answer, helplessly: 'They wanted to come.'

"I suppose the only reason one doesn't see Spanish babies seated at the cafes behind glasses of beer or whisky is because they prefer their sugary sirups."

Mr. Trites smiled.

"An English newspaper correspondent," he continued, "strolled through the reception room at the Madrid hotel at which I stayed, when a Spanish mother said to a friend beside her: 'That Englishman doesn't like children.'

"How do you know?" said her friend.

"Because," was the reply, "my little Carlos went into his room yesterday, while he was out, to have a little fun with his typewriter. The child only played with the machine and sharpened the pencils on his desk with a razor that was there. And yet I notice that whenever the Englishman sees Carlos now he looks cross."

Wild Animals in Banff

Although Banff, Alberta, is a bustling village during the summer and is thronged with tourists, wild deer from the mountains are to be seen dally on the streets and at night stately elk leap from the roads in the bushes to escape approaching automobiles. If a Banff cottager expects to eat his own "garden truck" he builds a deer-proof fence around his patch. The grounds of Brett hospital are open from the street and the other night a half-dozen mule deer made a raid upon the flower garden. Banff is the capital of Rocky Mountain park, and shooting game within the park limits is forbidden by law. The deer, being unmolesed, have become very tame, and even a bear now and then pays a friendly visit to the village. Not long ago a bicyclist, speeding down one of the side streets at night, hit a dark object and turned a somersault or two before he hit the macadam. Sitting up, he looked around and discovered a bear hitting the trail for home as fast as four legs could carry him. Although tame and somewhat obtrusive, the deer, elk and bear do not relish too close an acquaintance with man, and have proved themselves to be not only picturesque but perfectly safe neighbors.

Was Out of Small Change.

Chen Chi Fat, wealthy Chinese importer and exporter of Panama and Hongkong, was short of small change when he proceeded to settle for the transportation of himself, wife and three children, who had been booked to leave San Francisco for the Orient on the liner China. He tendered a certified check for \$300,000. When General Passenger Agent H. N. Thomas asked if that was the only sort of change he had, Chen exhibited another check. It was for an even \$500,000.

Thomas never smiled as he asked if the patron wished gold in change. Chen said this would suit him, but when four men started to pull a big truck from the Bank of Canton, Chen decided that a certificate of deposit would be better. He has made a fortune in Panama hats and is going to Hongkong to establish a new agency.

Find River Jordan Unclean.

Bathing in the River Jordan, famous in sacred history, has lost its popularity as the result of the discovery by American physicians that it is a dangerous disease germ carrier.

One of the first steps taken by the American Red Cross unit reaching that region was an analysis of the river water. Red Cross headquarters here has been informed. It was found laden with the germs of skin diseases and other maladies. There has never before been restrictions on bathing in the stream, regardless of the physical conditions of the bathers, but the revelations of danger lurking in the Jordan's waters caused the local authorities to place a ban on the unrestricted bathing.

Coffins Rented in Moscow.

Unofficial advices to the state department state that practically all stores in Moscow have been municipalized as a rule without compensation to owners. Eggs are quoted at 11 rubles and matches at four rubles a box. Individual coffins are reported to be no longer used, but are being rented out. The mortality rate is very high, with typhus, grip and erysipelas being especially prevalent and overcrowding the hospitals.

Need American Machinery.

There is a large demand in Greece for marine engines of from 50 to 200 horsepower. In the past much of the inter-island trade was carried on by small sailing vessels, which were not equipped with auxiliary motors.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MR. AND MRS. SKUNK.

"Of course," said Mrs. Skunk, "it does seem a pity we have such a bad reputation."

"What is a reputation?" asked Mr. Skunk.

"Oh, it's what folks think of us; what our characters are supposed to be."

"And we have a bad one?" asked Mr. Skunk.

"Yes," said Mrs. Skunk, "we have."

"What do they say about us?" asked Mr. Skunk.

"They dislike us because of the dreadful odor we have."

"But do they add that it is our protection, and that we're very gentle and nice otherwise?"

"Some of them add that," said Mrs. Skunk, "but not all."

"That seems unfair," said Mr. Skunk.

"We can't expect everything in life to be fair, I suppose," said Mrs. Skunk.

"No, I suppose we can't," agreed Mr. Skunk.

"But do they ever speak of our fur and how beautiful we are?" he added after a few moments.

"Yes, they like to have our fur to make it up into muffs and capes and fur pieces and hats."

"For themselves?" asked Mr. Skunk.

"Yes, for themselves," said Mrs. Skunk.

"Don't they admire it on us and say they hope we'll always keep it and that they like to see us looking so handsome?"

"No, they don't often say that," Mrs. Skunk answered.

"I'm sure if I saw a beautiful little girl in a beautiful little dress I would not say:

"Hey, there; give me that dress!"

"No, but you would doubtless be frightened at seeing her and then you would fill her dress with the odor you have for a protection and she would have to throw away the dress."

"But I wouldn't be taking it from her," said Mr. Skunk.

"In a way you would," said Mrs. Skunk.

"Quite different, quite different," said Mr. Skunk. "Not the same thing at all."

"I really would like to tell the people other things about us, too," said Mrs. Skunk.

"What would you like to tell them?" Mr. Skunk asked.

"I would like to talk to them about ourselves; tell them our histories."

"Do you think they would be interested?" asked Mr. Skunk.

"I don't see how they could help but be," said Mrs. Skunk. "I would say to 'People, this is chapter one. In chapter one we will treat the interesting subject of how a skunk will never kill a big animal. Oh, no; never!



"They Like to Have Our Fur."

We are too gentle! We will never touch big animal meat that we have killed, for we will never kill creatures like that.

"We eat grasshoppers and bugs. That should interest you, people, when you're at a loss to know what to give your families for dinner."

"Then," continued Mrs. Skunk, "I would write a second chapter and in it I would say:

"The daddy skunks will not eat their young. They are too kindly, too kindly."

"In my third and last chapter I would say:

"And we don't bother about other animals. We're a nice, gentle lot. Ah, yes, think well of the skunks. We're not bad at all."

"I suppose," said Mr. Skunk, "when they are having us for furs they do pay us a certain sort of a compliment."

"Of course they do," said Mrs. Skunk, "of course they do."

"That's one thing you should add to your book," said Mr. Skunk.

"Ah, I will put it in a preface, or a very first introduction, and I will say, 'Book by Mrs. Skunk, Introduction by Mr. Skunk.'"

"Glorious, glorious," said Mr. Skunk.

"Ah, now let us start getting folks acquainted with our book and the story of the Skunk family!"

Sparing the Rod.

"Now that you are getting along in life, I dare say you are willing to admit father in the woodshed did you a lot of good."

"No," answered the elderly citizen.

"You see, my father didn't really believe in corporal punishment and many times when I deserved a licking he let me argue him out of doing his duty."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Returned Yank Given \$125,000

Aunt Reimburses Gotham Lieutenant for Money His Uncle Squandered.

VICTIM OF CONFIDENCE

Share in Estate of Grandmother is Misappropriated by Former Congressman—Nephew Accepts Settlement After Court Action.

New York.—As the result of a settlement announced, James F. Dechert, who served as a lieutenant in France, will receive \$125,000 as his share of the estate of his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah J. Flanagan, who died in 1906, although his uncle, De Witt C. Flanagan, formerly a congressman from New Jersey and original promoter of the Cape Cod canal, misappropriated his share of \$113,000 in his grandmother's estate.

The settlement under which the payment is to be made by his aunt, Mrs. Gertrude E. Shannon of 121 Madison avenue, follows the report of John Quinn, named in 1916 as referee to hear objections by Lieutenant Dechert in the accounting by Mrs. Shannon, and Mr. Flanagan, his uncle, as executors under his grandmother's will.

Takes Testimony Two Years.

Mr. Quinn took testimony in the case for two years in order to determine the accountability of Mrs. Shannon for the acts of her brother, and finally decided that the decisions in similar cases compelled him to hold that both Mrs. Shannon and Mr. Flanagan should account for Lieutenant Dechert's \$113,000, with interest since 1906.

Counsel for Mrs. Shannon objected to the liability ruling against her on the ground that she had acted innocently and had been guilty only of blind trust in her brother, but before the attorneys for Lieutenant Dechert had presented a decree to the surrogate directing the payment of the \$113,000 with 13 years' interest, overtures for a settlement were made, and as a result of the acceptance by her nephew

GAMBLERS SET UP 'REPUBLIC'

Halted on Way to Present Demands for Recognition to the King of Italy.

Geneva.—An interesting situation has arisen at Campione, the Italian Monte Carlo, near Lugano.

At the instance of the Swiss authorities the Italian government closed the gambling place recently, whereupon the residents, consisting of several hundred male voters, declared Campione an independent republic, with the object of reopening the Casino, which, during the few months of its existence, made a profit reported to be more than a million dollars. The chief shareholders were Austrians.

A delegation, headed by the mayor, with a petition and proclamation, was on the way to Rome to interview the king when stopped at the Italian frontier. The delegation was sent home; the papers were seized and the delegates were threatened with arrest.

WIRELESS THROUGH EARTH

Naval Officer Makes Discoveries Which Will Revolutionize Radiography.

San Diego, Cal.—Radiography will be revolutionized by transmission through the earth and water, instead of the air as the result of discoveries made at a little experiment station located on a barge in San Diego bay, it is predicted by Lieut. A. A. Morton of the navy radio laboratory at Mare Island, who conducted the experiments.

First proof of the success of the new method of radio transmission through the earth, it was revealed, was made when the United States navy department sent a message from the Annapolis station to the British admiralty that the dirigible R-34 had been sighted off the American coast.

Lieutenant Morton was at his instruments, heard the message and copied it in its entirety, he said.

LIVE HIGH ON STRIKE BONUS

Genoa Longshoremen Get \$6.50 Day—Hire Underlings at \$2 to Do Work.

Genoa.—Genoa longshoremen recently converted themselves in twenty-four hours from striking workmen to employers of labor.

They obtained through the strike a day wage rate of \$6.50 and the following day hired other men for their jobs at \$2 a day, thereafter living easy lives on the remaining \$4.50 for eight hours management of the \$2-a-day underling.

Instances of strike winning with subsequent subletting of jobs according to the Genoa idea have been prevalent during the intermittent labor troubles throughout Italy.

Had Never Qualified.

Mr. Quinn's report states that Lieutenant Dechert's mother, Lillian F. Dechert, died in Connecticut in 1893, and named Flanagan, her brother, as executor under her will and guardian of her son. The referee states that he never qualified as the guardian of his nephew in New York and had no authority to receive property here as his guardian.

The accounting of the executors to which Lieutenant Dechert objected was filed in 1916, and stated that the entire residuary estate of Mrs. Flanagan had been distributed in 1908 among four beneficiaries, each of whom was entitled to \$113,000. The share allotted to Lieutenant Dechert consisted of mortgages for \$54,000, \$40,000 and \$19,000 respectively. Mrs. Shannon joined in this accounting.

How Pipe Reveals Character.

A new method of telling a man's character is now advanced by William E. Critchlow, ninety, of Macon, Mo. He said:

"You can tell more about a man by the way he lights his pipe than you can by the shape of his head. There's the fellow who strikes a match on the south end of his trousers, holds his hands over the bowl until he gets it going, throws down the match any old place, and tilts his pipe up toward the North Star. That man may burn down his home and barn, but he'll never lick his wife or children, because his heart's right.

"Crooks and bad men don't often smoke pipes. They wouldn't be crooks if they did, because there's something about an old hickory pipe that inspires a man to play fair with his neighbors."

In Memory of James Watt.

The centenary of James Watt, the inventor of the modern condensing steam engine, who died on August 19, 1819, was celebrated in Scotland by the raising of a fund of \$250,000 to further endow the engineering department of Glasgow university, to provide additional facilities for the training of engineers.

Doctor Was a Comfort.

Patient (after operation)—Doctor, they say you are getting better and better on these appendix operations every day."

Doctor—That's a fact. The man I operated on yesterday lived twelve hours, and I'm in hopes you'll live twice as long, if you don't worry—Life.

Need American Machinery.

There is a large demand in Greece for marine engines of from 50 to 200 horsepower. In the past much of the inter-island trade was carried on by small sailing vessels, which were not equipped with auxiliary motors.

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"What is Virtue in a Wife?"

HIS RETURN

By EDITH T. THERRIEN.

All the buildings of the town were gaily decorated with bunting and flags. Open house was to be kept at the armory, where the soldiers could find food, reading matter, tobacco and, best of all, the society of their old friends, so long denied them. The girls of the town had arranged a series of dances, card parties and entertainments.

A band stand had been erected in the public square and the people felt they were prepared to welcome fittingly their returning heroes. A few had already arrived, the remainder were expected in three days, and their welcome was to be most hearty, with speeches, music, parades and banquets.

As Marcia Meade helped in these preparations, her heart was heavy. Must she give up her position as private secretary to Mr. Merton? It had belonged to Don Redell, now Lieut. Redell, and Mr. Merton had told her when she was promoted to the place that when Don returned he was to have his old position. But she had made good, and she did so enjoy the work. Couldn't Don find another equally good position?

She could not get up courage to ask Mr. Merton to keep her. He was intensely patriotic and had told each of his employees that his place would be given him when he returned, with no loss of wages. Now Don had been gassed and wounded, and although he wrote home that he had recovered, he would seem more of a hero than ever to Mr. Merton. He had been the first man in town to enlist, and Mr. Merton had been very proud of his youthful secretary, who was now returning with decorations for bravery.

How could she broach the subject to Mr. Merton? She must be looking for another situation, she supposed, for her former one had been filled, of course. She wondered if Don would be eager to get back to his old work, or would prefer to rest at home for a while. Was Mr. Merton waiting for her to resign gracefully rather than tell her that she had only three more days? These troubled thoughts kept pace with her hands as she worked, and she hated herself that she could not feel more joy in the home-coming of the soldiers.

When the day came, she went with the rest of the town to view the parade, cheering with the crowd, that was simply wild with pride and enthusiasm. She was quick to see how fine Lieutenant Redell looked, with his erect military carriage, his brown face and steady eyes. Why, what had the war done to Don? He had gone away a brilliant, lovable, fun-loving boy; he had come back a stern-faced man.

Marcia's heart glowed with a warmth it had never felt before. She and Don had been good friends in their school days but they had drifted apart. She had written to him often, because he had begged her to when he enlisted. But her letters had been almost like reporters' items—news of the office force and town happenings. She wished now she had put more of her personality, more friendly spirit, into them.

She went to the armory, where she was to be one of the hostesses for the afternoon. She hoped that Don would come there so that she could tell him that his old place in the office was waiting for him. She had decided that as soon as she saw him step from the train.

She had wearied of the crowd and stolen quietly away to a corner to rest. As he came to her the old boyish smile brightened the grave face. He held her hand so long, with such a friendly grasp, that a blush spread over her usually pale cheeks.

"Marcia, you were a trick to write to me so often. You haven't the slightest idea of what letters meant to us fellows. Yours were such fine, newsy ones; always full of encouragement, too; just the kind to cheer a man up."

"I am glad to have done even that little for you, Don. I have been keeping your place for you with Mr. Merton, so that no other man would have it when you returned," she told him in most friendly fashion, without a quiver now at the loss of her fine salary and congenial work.

"Oh, you can keep that a while longer. I am planning to run Uncle William's farm this summer. I'm so accustomed to outdoor life now that an office in warm weather has no allurements for me."

Marcia stifled a tiny sigh of relief. She would have sacrificed anything for this fine soldier, but she could not rejoice that her sacrifice was not necessary.

"Marcia," the soldier's voice went on, though in lower tones, "you keep the office for me through the summer, and after Uncle William's crops are all harvested I should like to take up Mr. Merton's work again, and a roughish twinkle shone in his eyes as he saw her face fall.

"All right, Don," she agreed, submissively.

"By that time, dear, won't you be ready to give up office work and make a home for me—the home I dreamed of over there? I didn't intend to ask you until I had become strong and husky again, but I find I can't wait another minute."

"That will suit me perfectly, my lieutenant," she told him, with a glad lilt in her voice; for as dearly as she loved her work, she had discovered to her intense astonishment that she loved this soldier more.

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JULIA'S GOWN

By CHARLOTTE T. SMITH.

It was in her junior year at high school that the question of her commencement gown first began to trouble Julia King.

Fine gowns were not plentiful in the King family. Possibly the fact that Julia was the oldest of eight children may explain why her clothing had always been of inferior quality. Often Mrs. King sat up late at night finishing off some garment; while the best clothes were usually adorned with a touch of embroidery done wonderfully well by Julia herself.

On the Juniors devolved the task of decorating the town hall for the great occasion.

Then, too, who but the Juniors were to be escort for the graduates? And this meant much talk of gowns, shoes, ribbons and gloves.

Julia knew very well there could be no costly finery for her and sometimes she went to sleep with a wet handkerchief under her pillow, after spending the evening helping her mother make the little pink gown of 15-cent muslin.

It was during one of these evenings when Julia had been telling her mother of the wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked wistfully:

"Do you suppose I can have a silk dress when I graduate, mother?"

"Dearie," said Mrs. King sharply, as though something had hurt her—in fact, Julia thought she must have pricked her finger—"I only wish I might promise it to you, but I can't."

Julia was silent. Her mother sewed steadily for a little while, then threw her work aside and impulsively drew the girl's dark head to her shoulder.

"Do you think I don't realize how much you want it? Why, girlie! the dream of my foolish old head for years has been to possess a lustrous dark blue taffeta. You didn't know your mother was such a goose, did you? There, run along to bed."

A few days later she went into the kitchen where Mrs. King, her tired face flushed with heat, was busily canning rhubarb. A sudden thought peeped into Julia's mind.

"Mother!" she exclaimed. "You know Aunt Bee said yesterday we might have all the wild berries we were willing to pick. There are strawberries, blueberries and blackberries in those old pastures. Oh, mother! do you suppose you could spare me part of the time to go out there to pick some to sell? Seems to me I might get enough to buy—that is, to have—oh, I do want to have a nice dress when I graduate!"

Mrs. King snatched a cover over another can. "Spare you? Yes, ma'am," she said briefly. "And Julia, I heard Doctor Dustin's wife say yesterday she would pay a girl well to stay with the children evenings, for she likes to ride with the doctor."

That very afternoon Julia saw Mrs. Dustin and made arrangements to be her helper four evenings a week through July and August.

Then began a busy time for the girl.

So the months sped by until it was really time to purchase the material for the dreamed-of gown.

"I wish you were going to have a new dress, marmec," said Julia impulsively one day, as Mrs. King was mending a little rent in the well-worn but spotless gray dress.

"Oh, well, dear," responded her mother brightly, "this old gown with a fresh collar will do very nicely."

But to Julia's horror as she passed her mother's door quietly a half-hour later, she saw Mrs. King hold the old gray dress at arm's length for a second, then fling it on the bed and wipe the running tears from her face.

Two hours later Julia bounced into the house laden with several mysterious bundles and ran lightly up to her room.

"Mother," she called in a queer voice. "I wish you would come up a minute. I've just bought my dress and I never was so happy over anything in my life!"

A rather displeased lady walked upstairs at this bidding.

"Julia," she remonstrated, "you ought to have had an older person with you," but stopped suddenly when she saw the material Julia was unrolling.

Just a white voile, sheer and dainty, to be sure, but plain white voile.

"Isn't it pretty?" cooed Julia, her dark eyes beaming with mischief.

"I don't understand," began Mrs. King in a dazed way.

"Do you understand this?" yelled her daughter suddenly as she threw a perfect swirl of lustrous dark blue taffeta round the slender figure before her.

"Do you know, you marmec, that you are going to have a commencement gown for your own sweet self, and that you are going to graduate from sacrificing everything to a selfish daughter? And here is lace to trim it with," she raved on recklessly, "and sewing silk and hooks and eyes, and white kid gloves. And my dress is to be a dress, for I am going to embroider it until it will stand alone for very pride. And oh, you blessed woman," to the dazed mother, who had sunk weakly onto the bed, "stay here and gloat while I go down and get supper for this starving family. But don't you dare let me find a single drop on that 'lustrous dark blue taffeta' commencement gown."

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