

# The Miami Chief.

Vol. 22

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, August 12, 1920.

No. 2.

## BOY ATTACKED BY STEER SUFFERS BROKEN BONE

P. K. Bryan, Jr., and little brother were riding horse back Monday north of town when they were attacked by a steer, the animal knocking them from the horse and fracturing the clavicle of P. K. Jr.

The steer fell off the train Sunday evening north of town. J. A. Tate was notified and went out after the animal. He had long horns and was a vicious animal. After the steer was started down the highway to Canyon a car came along and he ran away from Mr. Tate. The boys and the steer met at the foot of the big hill, but Mr. Tate was not in sight when the accident occurred. The driver of the car was picking up the boy when Mr. Tate arrived, and brought him on home. He is recovering nicely.

Mr. Tate then brought the steer toward town. At the Oldham place the animal turned on Mr. Tate, and Buck says he was the meanest animal he has had to deal with for a long while. He finally landed him in the stock yards.

Mr. Tate says that a few years ago ten steers fell off a train while passing through the county.

Handal County News—

## TIMELY SUGGESTIONS

It is an old question, but "Have you put in water glass as many eggs as you will need next winter?"

Those old sheets that can no longer be used, make them into bags with which to cover the winter clothes you have hung up. Keep good corners for patching other sheets and pillow cases and make lamp and dust rags of the rest.

I saw a pretty and easily-ironed dress on a three-year-old child. It was a two seam kimono slip-over, made very flaring at the sides. In fact, it was so flaring that it stuck out in peaks. In length it was about two inches above the knees. On the bottoms of the sleeves and slip-over, which were green, were white bands about three quarters of an inch wide. Over this was black buttonholing in long and short stitches, the stitches being about half an inch apart. Under this, was worn plain green bloomers.

Cook baby's drinking water. Boil a few gallons of water hard for 10 minutes then pour into a well cleaned and scalded jar with a good cover. When cold there will be a sediment and possibly a few suspended flakes of lime. Strain the top water thru a freshly scalded double canton flannel strainer into perfectly clean jars with tight covers. Keep in a cool place. Never permit baby to drink from the family dipper (relic of past ages) or from the jar itself.

When a phonograph record is broken do not throw it away. It is said to be a splendid substitute for beeswax for rubbing irons on to smooth them. It is said the black coloring does not stain, but try it first on an old rag.

Pick small fruits early in the morning for they are less easily bruised when cooled. Wash them before hulls or stems are removed; can with little or no delay.—The Progressive Farmer.

## CARD OF THANKS

We take this method of more generally thanking our many friends for their untiring help and assistance during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father. Every act of kindness and every word of consolation was appreciated and you all hold a place of sweet remembrance in our hearts.

Mrs. O. C. Elliott and Children

## AUTO TIRE PRICES

Car owners who are holding back on the purchase of tire equipment in the hope of a reduction in prices are likely to be disappointed. There is nothing in the tire manufacturing industry to indicate a downward trend of tire costs.

On the contrary, a "break" that will necessarily mean the advancing of prices seems inevitable.

A resume of the tire industry and the conditions under which it has developed in the last decade, caused the casual observer to wonder, in fact, that tire prices have not already begun to climb steadily.

Unless one studies carefully the underlying reasons for the successful checking of tire prices in the face of overwhelming advances in virtually every other commodity, it is rather amazing to note that prices now are much lower than they were ten years ago. It is still more interesting to compare prices of standard manufacture tires today with prices of the same product at the beginning of the war. Good tires now cost no more than in 1914. There has not even been an appreciable advance in the last two years. And yet the quality is higher and the purchaser gets more value for his money than ever before.

When one considers that prices of raw material, labor and transportation have made more tremendous leaps in the last five years than during any period in manufacturing history the natural query concerning the manufacturers is, "How do you hold down the prices?"

And from this question comes the answer to another, "Will the prices go down?"

It does not appear that a decrease is likely.

Manufacturing genius, which has about reached its limit has kept down the cost to the tire user. The standard manufacturer has combated price increases by developing his processes. He has expended millions of dollars in the installation of new machinery, better machinery and new methods. He has brought his output up to maximum and has made his profits on a quantity margin. He has smashed overhead expenses by use of these weapons and by putting his distribution on such a broad basis as to make it economical.

Output has about reached its zenith. So long as demand continues strong there is a possibility that tire prices will remain on their present level. But if a general determination to "hold out" should spread among car-owners it is more than probable that such an attitude would tend to create a reverse effect to the one desired and send tire prices rocketing.

## GARBAGE

Clean up your own premises. KEEP ALL GARBAGE IN COVERED METAL CANS.

KEEP COVERS CLOSED.

This will starve the RAT.

Have garbage removed weekly or more frequently.

Don't allow garbage to be thrown on vacant lots around your premises.

Admit any authorized Health Inspector to your premises.

He is there for YOUR benefit.

Watch and Report for your own protection unsanitary conditions in your neighborhood.

Tell your neighbors to do the same.

For further information address:

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH,

Bureau of Sanitary Engineering,

Austin, Texas.

FOR SALE.—Brick Building and lot, located on Main St. Now occupied by J. H. Dial Grocery. Enquire of owner, J. C. Studer, Canadian, Tex.

## SOUNDS LIKE CLAIMS AGAINST RAILROADS

The following paragraphs are said to be extracted from letters received by the Bureau of War Insurance at Washington:

I ain't got no book learning and I hope I am writing for information. Just a line to let you know I am a widow and four children.

He was indicted into the surface. I have a four months baby and he is my only support.

I am left with a child seven months old and one is a baby and can't work and he is my best supporter.

I am his wife and only air. You have asked for my allotment number, well I have four boys and two girls.

Please correct my name as I could not and would not go under a consumed name.

From a soldier to his mother: "I am writing in YMCA with a piano playing in my uniform."

Please return my marriage certificate. Baby hasn't eaten in three days.

Both sides of my parents are old and poor.

Please send me a wives form.

Dear Mr. Wilson—I have already wrote to one headquarters and received no reply, and if I don't get one I am going to write to Uncle Sam himself.

I ain't received no pay since my husband has gone to nowhere.

Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and child.

You have taken away my man to fight and he is the best fighter I ever had.

My Son is in Co. 158 Inf. Please tell me if he is dead or alive and if so what is his address.—Milwaukee Employees' Magazine.

Obtain a Certificate of Freedom From Tuberculosis for Your Herd

Very few of the purebred animals tested for tuberculosis in the South have been found diseased, and it is almost certain that a still smaller percent of the grades and common stock of this section are affected. Considering this fact and in view of the tremendous benefits which any breeder must obtain from having his herd certified by state and national authorities, not one single purebred herd of cattle in the entire South should be left out of the Accredited Tuberculosis-free List longer than is absolutely necessary to have the work done and the herd put on the "honor roll". This is not only an honor roll but the utility results are also of the very greatest when the small cost is considered.

No state and national work done in recent years is more worthy of support and utilization than this work of establishing accredited tuberculosis-free herds of purebred cattle, for when the number of these is sufficiently enlarged it will afford the purchasers of purebred cattle a list of breeders from whom they may buy with the greatest possible assurance of obtaining animals free from this too prevalent and troublesome disease. Let us make it a point to be ardently striven for and quickly accomplished that not a single purebred herd in the South shall fail to have a place on the list of herds proved and certified free from tuberculosis. The number of diseased animals now in the South is so small that it should be easy to place the purebred cattle of the South in this enviable position.—The Progressive Farmer.

Don't forget the big Millinery Opening Saturday of this week at Mrs. Gunns Millinery store. All the latest and fanciest in women and girls headwear.

## RETURNING SOLDIERS BODY

Mrs. N. E. Pulaski received a message Tuesday of this week from the War Department stating that the remains of her son, Thad would reach New York about the 15th of this month, and would await shipping instructions from her. The remains will be shipped to Miami for burial as soon as it arrives in New York.

## TELEPHONE RATES RAISED

Notices were mailed out this week by the Miami Telephone Exchange that rates would be raised, effective at once. The company contemplates some improvements in the lines and are raising the salaries of all operators. The raise in rates were from \$1.75 to \$2.50 on residence phones and \$2.50 to \$3.50 on business phones where the company owns the box, and where individuals own box, the rate was in the same ratio.

Some dissatisfaction has been expressed by the public regarding the raise, and we understand too, that a petition has been circulated, asking the company not to make the raise so heavy.

## NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE

The U. S. Field Clerk, Victor H. Arnold, will be in Miami the last part of next week, for the purpose of taking applications for the Victory Medals which are to be distributed thru the Local Post to all ex-service men, on Nov. 11.

The applications, however must be soon or the medals cannot be obtained in time. All ex-service men of the Local Post should try to see Mr. Arnold while he is in Miami.

Those who have been reading the American Legion Weekly will know what the Victory Medal is, and will know that it is worth having. It is an honor conferred upon the ex-service men who have been honorably discharged, for work well done.

TRY TO GET IN BOYS

Hdqrs. Pulaski Post.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Aid met at the church Wednesday at 8:30 A. M. with lunch and all quilting equipments, and made two quilts. There were nine members and five visitors present, a general good time was enjoyed by all especially the lunch hour. We wish to thank the visiting ladies for their help. The next meeting will be with Mrs. J. L. Seiber, Wednesday at 3 o'clock.

P. R.

MICKIE SAYS

A TYPE IS A LIL THING, BUT A LOT OF THEM TOGETHER ARE A MIGHTY BIG THING AROUND THIS HERE NEWSPAPER OFFICE! AND IT'S JUST THE SAME WAY WITH A TWO DOLLAR BILL!!

GEE! I WISH I HAD AS MANY TWO DOLLAR BILLS AS WE HAVE LIL TYPES! OH, BABY!!

CHARLES SCHUBERT

## Come and see us about your GROCERIES

We have appreciated the big harvest trade in groceries this store has been receiving, and are still dispensing the best groceries on earth at the lowest margin of profit of anything on the market. We want your threshing bill for groceries, your harvest bill, your ranch bill, and your family grocery order. Fact of the matter is, we are in the grocery business and are equipped and prepared to serve you with anything you want to eat. We acknowledge that we don't handle the lower grades of canned goods because we don't believe in eating that junk. We do handle QUALITY groceries and are willing to live and let live on our profits. Give us a trial.

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR GOOD AND MINE

## MIAMI PRODUCE CO.

J. H. DIAL, PROP.

## AUTHORIZING ONE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT AD VALOREM TAX BY CITIES AND TOWNS OF FIVE THOUSAND OR LESS POPULATION.

Senate Joint Resolution No. 12. Proposing an amendment to Section 4 of Article 11 of the Constitution of the State of Texas, by increasing the total tax rate that may be levied by cities and towns having a population of five thousand or less than one-fourth of one per cent to not exceeding one and one-half per cent, and making appropriation therefor. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas:

Section 1. That Section 4, Article 11 of the Constitution be so amended as hereafter to read as follows:

Section 4. Cities and towns having a population of five thousand or less may be chartered alone by general law. They may levy, assess and collect such taxes as may be authorized by law, but no tax for any purpose shall be lawful for any one year which shall exceed one and one-half per cent of the taxable property of such city; and all taxes shall be collectible only in current money, and all licenses and occupation taxes levied, and all fines, forfeitures and penalties accruing or have printed on their ballots the words, "Against the amendment of Section 4, Article 11 of the Constitution increasing the total tax rate that may be levied by towns and cities having a population of five thousand or less from one-fourth of one per cent to not exceeding one and one-half per cent of any one year."

Section 2. The foregoing constitutional amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of the State at an election to be held throughout the state on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1920, at which election all voters favoring said proposed amendment shall have printed or write on their ballots the words, "For the amendment of Section 4, Article 11 of the Constitution increasing the total tax rate that may be levied by towns and cities having a population of five thousand or less from one-fourth of one per cent to not exceeding one and one-half per cent of any one year."

Section 3. The Governor of the State is hereby directed to issue the necessary

any proclamation for said election, and to have the same published as required by the Constitution and existing laws of the State.

Sec. 4. That the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, or so much thereof is hereby appropriated out of any funds in the Treasury of the State of Texas not otherwise appropriated to pay the expenses of such publication and election.

C. D. MIMS  
Secretary of State.  
(Attest—A True Copy.)

Large Friers for Sale, at 75 cents each; hens at \$1. Phone 143.

## A Traveling Man's Experience

You may learn something from the following by W. H. Ireland, a traveling salesman of Louisville, Ky. "In the summer of 1888 I had a severe attack of cholera morbus. I gave the hotel porter fifty cents and told him to buy me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy and to take no substitute. I took a double dose of it according to the directions and went to sleep. At five o'clock the next morning I was called by my order and took a train for my next stopping place, a well man."

## FRANK ELLIOTT

Doctor of Optometry  
Graduate of Northern Illinois College of  
Otolary and Ophthalmology  
Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted  
Office, Jones Drug Store,  
Miami, Texas.

## COME TO THE WAGON YARD

for your Bran and other feed.  
S. M. Drum, Prop.  
Miami, Texas.

## CO-OPERATION

We realize that our own growth is primarily dependent upon the success of our customers.

Discuss with us your business requirements and give us the opportunity to assist.

Introduce your friends to us. We will appreciate their business, and co-operate with them.

## SAFETY

Liability of stock holders is double the amount of their holdings together with Four or more Annual Examinations under State Supervision, and the protection of the "Guaranty Fund Bank" affords unparalleled safety.

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF MIAMI  
"The Guaranty Fund Bank"

## THE CITY MARKET

Solicits your liberal patronage for anything in the eating line which is carried in our nice and complete line of market goods. Fresh beef and pork all the time of the very nicest and best grades of cuts in any quantity. Also salt and cured meats, breakfast bacon, etc., and a most complete line of lunch and canned goods, bread, etc. Let us serve you, and we guarantee quality and service.

R. D. Duniven, Prop.

## STRENGTH

### —YES AND SERVICE TOO

This bank combines Strength and Service to a remarkable degree. The strength of this bank lies in its large resources, capital and surplus. Its financial strength is backed by ten years of banking and a record of honorable business dealing. EVERY ASSURANCE OF POSITIVE SAFETY. PERSONAL AND BUSINESS CHECKING ACCOUNTS ARE INVITED

## THE BANK OF MIAMI

Roberts County Depository  
Individual Responsibility over \$400,000.00  
H. Russell, President. Thos. J. Boney, Cashier.  
J. F. Johnston, V-Pres. Jas. B. Saul, A-Cashier.

# 500,000 "Lost" War Prisoners

Dr. Nansen Reports Many Have Been Away From Home for Six Years.

## TRANSPORTATION IS PROBLEM

Technically Free, Chief Concern of Captives is How to Get Out of Siberia—Bolsheviks Aiding in Their Return.

London.—The lost tribe of Israel may have its counterpart in the 250,000 or more Germans, Polish, Czech-Slovak, Roumanian and Jugoslav prisoners in Siberia, together with a like number of Russians in Germany. Eighteen months after the signing of peace they are still "lost." Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer and one-time minister to the court of St. James, is in London, after having undertaken an investigation of the condition of lost prisoners at the request of the League of Nations. Some of the prisoners, Doctor Nansen found, have been away from their homes for six years.

Krassin, the representative of the soviet government, now in London, will be asked to obtain assurance from that government relative to the repatriation of the exiles.

"How many prisoners there are still to be returned," said Doctor Nansen, "no one can tell, for they undoubtedly include many who have been written off as missing or dead. Probably there are 100,000 to 180,000 in Russia and Siberia—including Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Poles, Czech-Slovaks, Roumanians and Jugoslavs—and, roughly, the same number of Russians in Germany. Of the former there are some thousands in Turkey, and to extricate them is the hardest problem of all.

Transportation Chief Difficulty. "Many of the prisoners in Siberia are trying to get home on their own account—for they are technically free; the transport difficulty is the only impediment—walking, working now and then to earn a little money, getting on a few miles by train where they can.

"The trouble with the men in Siberia was that they did not know which direction to take. They saw the Czech-Slovaks going toward Vladivostok, and heard that some of them had got home that way, so others tried to follow their example. Some of those furthest east are concentrating around Vladivostok—the Germans have got a number of their own men out that way in Japanese ships—but conditions there are much disturbed and instructions have been sent by the soviet government to all prisoners already west of Irkutsk to make their way westward to Moscow as best they can."

The Vladivostok prisoners, Doctor Nansen explained, it is hoped to repatriate in French and American ships, but it is imperative that this should be done at once, so as to get them through the Red sea before the hot season.

"What is the attitude of the soviet government in the matter?" Doctor Nansen was asked.

Bolsheviks Aiding Return. "They are really behaving extremely well," he answered. "They are extremely anxious to send home the prisoners they still hold, and despite their difficulties of transport they are sending trains of prisoners regularly from Moscow, through Petrograd to Narva, on the Estonian frontier where an exchange of prisoners from Germany and Germans and others from Russia takes place.

"There is an old fortress there, used as a depot and disinfecting station,

but it is found that at present a train-load a day means more than the shipping available can clear, so one train every two days is the rule at present. The bolsheviks are prepared to double this service when required."

"And how have the men been treated?" he was asked. "Very much better than I expected," was the reply. "They have, of course, had a hard time, but most of them say they have no reason to complain, as they get as much food as the ordinary population of the district they were in. I met several batches who came through to Berlin, and was favorably struck with their appearance.

"The essential need now is shipping and money."

Doctor Nansen's report has been submitted to the League of Nations. It follows the line of the interview.

## MACHINE TO DETECT LYING

Scientists Find Breathing and Blood Pressure More Rapid During Prevarication.

Columbus, O.—Science is working on a machine which will tell whether you are lying or not. Prof. H. E. Burt, instructor in psychology department of the Ohio State university, is perfecting the apparatus and registering his data to establish this possibility.

The subject under observation has

## Motorist Fined \$25 for Racing Against Bird

New York.—Automobile racing with a bird cost George Sloan of Glen Ridge, N. J., \$25. He was fined that amount by Magistrate Grook in Stapleton, Staten Island, for speeding at 37 miles an hour while "trying to test out the machine against a bird flying above me."

# 400 ARE NEEDED AT ANNAPOLIS

Examination to Be Held in August to Fill Classes Normally Full in June.

## SOME CAUSES OF VAGANCIES

Reaction Against Militarism and Higher Salaries of Civil Life Among Those Cited—Some Congressmen Are Lax.

Washington.—Have the seven seas lost their lure? Do the ghosts of John Paul Jones, Farragut and Perry, and others of like fame, no longer beckon adventuresome and ambitious American youths to clear the decks of the nation's ships for action?

There are approximately 400 vacancies on the rolls of the United States Naval academy at Annapolis. Another examination must be held in August to fill up the classes that should have been filled by June. Apparently young men no longer scramble for the privilege of becoming the admirals of tomorrow.

Yet navy officials believe this is only a temporary condition. The sea and Uncle Sam's "navy," they are confident, have not lost permanently

## Last Town Crier in U. S. Quits His Job

Provincetown, Mass.—Provincetown's town crier, said to be the last of the profession in America, has hung up his bell and announced that he has cried his last message. For twenty-two years Walter Smith has plodded the two miles of the town's only street, announcing the time and place of events of interest, from sales of fish to the election of a president. Now, in his seventieth year, he says he is through, and there is no one in sight to succeed him. The old crier's last cry was for the reopening of the Church of the Pilgrims, founded in 1714, and which had been closed for a year.

his blood pressure and his inhaling and exhaling registered. Burt is trying to determine the exact ratio between inhaling and exhaling when the subject is lying.

The breathing and blood pressure of the person is more rapid when he is prevaricating, Professor Burt says.

## GOT LIQUOR FOR SICK BABY

Theatrical Couple in Ohio Town Receive Donations From Churchgoers.

Lancaster, O.—The following advertisement appeared in a local news paper:

"Wanted—A little whisky for medicinal use for five-year-old child who is desperately ill."

The ad was inserted by Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Birney, theatrical people, who were forced to leave their show here on account of the child's illness. He had a prescription for the whisky but Lancaster druggists had failed to take out licenses to sell intoxicants.

A number of people on their way to church stopped at the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Birney and child were staying and left whisky. Dry detectives are now in the field threatening arrests, while public sentiment in many quarters has lined up behind the couple.

# HOME TOWN HELPS

## FINLAND BOASTS MODEL CITY

Helsingfors Could Give Lessons in Cleanliness to the Majority of Towns in America.

Helsingfors, Finland, might give lessons in the municipal amenities to almost any American city, although it is tucked away in the North, in a bare little land of rock and lakes and birch trees, in the latitude of the southern end of Greenland, writes Arthur Ruhl in the Outlook.

I do not happen to know of any American city so consistently clean and well built. They post no bills in Helsingfors. They tie them around posts with strings, and when they have served their purpose they disappear, strings and all. Every morning there is a market on the broad quay at the end of the esplanade; fish, flowers, meat and vegetables—even Oregon apples, which contrive, in spite of distance and almost prohibitive rates of exchange, to cross the sixtieth parallel. A few minutes after noon you would never know a market had been there. Stalls fold up, rubbish disappears, street cleaners turn on the hose, and presently the quay is as clean as a tennis court.

The Helsingfors gas tanks are not the dismal contraptions that disgrace most of our water fronts. The tank itself may be the same, but they build a neat brick house for it—a sort of monumental roundhouse, with stone wreaths around the top by way of frieze, quite in place among buildings intended for politer uses, and not without some suggestion of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome.

## IMPROVING THE HOME YARD

Low-Growing Shrubs at Walk Intersections and Corners of the Lot Should Be Provided.

A well-planted home yard with shade trees, flowering shrubs and perennial flowers surely is more valuable and more enjoyable than a barren, unsightly yard of weeds, ashes, tin cans and rubbish. Perhaps the principal reason why we find so many poorly improved home yards is because a lack of knowledge along these lines is everywhere apparent.

A well-planted home yard should provide for the following ornamental features: The yard should be joined to the street by the planting of low-growing shrubs at the walk intersections and at the corners of the lot along the sidewalk.

These should all be low-growing shrubs such as Thunberg berries, snow-berries, Japan quince, rosa rugosa and golden bell. These when planted in groups, from three to five feet apart, will give an informal treatment, and where every home along the street is planted in this way, the entire street is given a boulevard appearance. If a formal effect is desired along the sidewalk, the treatment calls for the planting of a hedge. For this purpose the holly, privet, white mulberry, Thunberg berry or honeysuckle marshallii should be used.

Productive Ornamentation. Any back yard at all can be made both attractive and productive. Grapevines make a good porch trellis when space is not available for an arbor. A high fence or back porch may be used as trellis for blackberry plants. In a decorative border a few clumps of the brilliant red giant rhubarb will not look out of place. As for hedges which will be both decorative and highly productive, no plants of a useful variety will be more satisfactory than raspberries, gooseberries and currants. They are hardy, will take little care and will supply fruit for each season.

## Plant Memorial Trees.

Planting of memorial trees is becoming a popular custom throughout the country, many cities and communities setting them out along streets and roads. A notable example of this is to be found at Tampa, Fla., where the Rotary club is spending \$7,000 in planting trees along a "Road of Remembrance," while at Chattanooga, Tenn., the National League for Women's service is lining the Dixie highway out of that city with memorial trees. The South is setting a fine example before the rest of the country in this work.

## Sickly Community Handicapped.

You frequently hear a man say: "I am not in business for my health." Well, he should be, for if he loses his health on account of his business, the money generally goes with it. Good health, that is, bodily health and vigor, lies at the bottom of economic prosperity. A sickly community cannot carry forward commercial enterprises and make them big financial successes.

## Unique Reason for Theft.

A. S. Barron, a rancher near San Mateo, Cal., recently lost three bales of hay, and a neighbor of his, Henry Bissig, lost a 300-pound calf. Barron found this notice nailed on his barn door: "We stole three bales of hay from your ranch and, finding we had no use for it, we stole a calf from Bissig to eat it."

# DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

GARDEN TOOLS.

"It's great fun to be a rake," said the rake, "and to make everything look nice and tidy.

And in the autumn it is such fun raking up all the leaves and in getting ready for the big bonfires.

"It is fun, too, to rake the freshly mown grass and to make everything smooth and nice."

Ah, but it is such fun to be a trowel," said the trowel, "and to dig around the garden flowers and to make them grow. They like

to be made all nice and comfy, to have the dirt loosened about them to give them a little breathing space.

"They don't like too much! They want to be held in the earth firmly but with soft, nicely pressed earth about them. And our family attends to that."

"Ah, but it is nice to be a hoe," said the hoe, "for I can do such a great deal of work. Just take the work I do with string beans alone.

"I don't suppose there could be any string beans if it weren't for me. I do such a great deal with the string beans. I keep them cheerful. I pay them some attention. I make them feel like growing up into nice vegetables. I hoe all about them."

"But think of all the help I am when anyone wants to transplant anything," said the trowel. "I can dig up the root so that plenty of its dirt comes up with it. Plants don't like to leave all their soil behind, they like to take a little of it along with them, just as people do when they're going away for the summer—they like to take along with them some of their photographs and little odds and ends, some of the things near and dear to them."

"That is the same way with the plants and I help to make that possible."

"Well," said the lawn mower, "I like to make the lawn and the terraces look nice and I do make them look so neat. I'm the lawn's barber, I am!"

All the other garden tools moved about and laughed in their funny tool way at the joke the lawn mower had tried to crack.

"Pretty good, pretty good," they said.

"And a garden fork like I am," said the garden fork, "can do a good deal of work too. I like to do my share."

"We can do a good deal," said several balls of string. "We keep things from falling down and we give them a little help and encouragement."

"So do we," said some little sticks up which some plants were climbing. "We try to do our part," said a little two-pronged fork and a shovel together.

A two-pronged fork is a fork with two prongs instead of three or four as a fork usually has you will notice.

"But I feel as though I were of a great deal of help these days," said the hoe, "just when those string beans need so much attention."

"And I must thin out some of the flowers," said the trowel. "Some of them are growing so closely together that they won't live that way and so I am going to separate them and put them in other beds."

"And you will need my help, too," said the watering pot. "Not to mention the water!"

"That is so," said the trowel. "But I have a great deal of important weeding to do."

"And I will have to rake up the weeds that you have dug up in the garden path," said the rake, "or things won't look tidy and neat."

"And I must water all the flowers for there hasn't been any rain in some time and it's up to me to do a great deal of work," said the watering pot.

"I really think," said the rake, "that we are all useful. We all help the one who owns the garden. Yes, everyone of us helps."

"We must all work, each do our part, for each one is needed for something or other."

"You're right," said the hoe, "none of us should boast alone. We should all work together for the good of the garden and for the good of the flowers. Then we will each be doing more, for when creatures and things work together and don't waste time boasting and arguing then a lot gets finished."

## Of Course.

First Class Scout—What kind of ears has an engine?  
Tenderfoot—I don't know.  
First Class Scout—Why, engineers.—Boys' Life.

# FARM ANIMALS

SOUND QUALITIES OF HORSES

First Consideration of Buyer of Breeder Should Be Soundness—Examine Thoroughly.

The soundness of a horse is one of the first considerations of the buyer and should be of the breeder, among things to the United States department of agriculture. If the animal is not soundly sound to withstand the use which he is intended, the logical way to learn of this is before the purchase. Selection must be based primarily on a thorough, systematic examination; the examination should be based on a clear knowledge of desirable and undesirable qualities.

Not only the presence of unsoundness, but also the condition or seriousness of the unsoundness should be noted.

Temporary unfitness should be distinguished from permanent unsoundness.

A hurried examination is likely to prove a disappointment.

Observe blemishes, vice, faulty conformation, unsoundness and general characteristics.

Common blemishes are scars, old wounds, poll evil, scratches, boils, and small ruptures.

Common vices are halter pulling, cribbing, kicking, stall walking, weaving, and biting.

Common faults of conformation are straight shoulders, crooked, weak, improperly set legs, ewe neck, weak back, and drooping croup.

Common unsoundnesses are splints, thoroughpin, shavin, curb, extreme



Carnegie, a Well-Conformed Type. tula, ringbone, side bones, extreme atrophy of muscles, contracted tendons, and broken wind.

General characteristics include balance, temperament, quality, color, and age.

In final selection, look for the qualities and weigh them against defects.

## "BULSHEVIKS" OF LIVE STOCK

New Title Applied by Wisconsin Farmer to the Reactionaries of the Bovine Society.

From a farmer in Wisconsin comes a new word for use in the "Better Stock—Better Stock" campaign being carried on by the United States department of agriculture in cooperation with state and local agencies. It applies a new title to the reactionaries of bovine society, and cites the undoubted fact that scrub bulls are enemies of good production; that they levy on the milk, cream and beef checks and compel the farmer to keep cows, where the cows should keep farmers.

With these charges in mind and with his eyes on the international situation, this farmer suggests that the scrub bulls be known hereafter as the bulsheviks.

## SHY AT REGISTERED CATTLE

Poor Appearance of Some of Get Pure-Bred Bulls Tend to Discourage Small Breeders.

One of the biggest reasons today why more farmers are not raising registered cattle is because many of the have seen the get of some registered bulls which they have observed are not much better, if any better, than some calves sired by a good grade bull. If more breeders of registered stock would use the knife as needed, instead of sending out scrub pedigreed bulls, just because they can put the price on them, there would be more satisfied little breeders and eventually more satisfied big breeders.

## LIVE STOCK NOTES

One of the biggest drawbacks to the sheep industry is the stomach worms.

Pigs that have not been vaccinated should not be placed on infected premises.

Prolonged confinement upon a concrete or dry board floor often induces foot-sore lameness in heavy hogs.

The best results come in keeping the young calf in a clean place in the barn until about three months old.

Sheep ticks cause great annoyance to sheep of all ages, but more especially to the lambs after the sheep have been shorn. In extreme cases they cause loss in body weight.

## Sorting Seized Narcotic Drugs



Committee appointed by the commissioner of internal revenue segregating narcotic drugs sent in from the various offices throughout the country. The unopened and original packages are turned over to the United States public health service for use in government hospitals. The broken packages and the adulterated drugs are destroyed.



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able to secure at any price.

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YOU THEY ARE THE GREATEST THING HE EVER SAW.  
PEOPLE ARE GATHERING THEIR WHEAT CROP THIS  
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GET ONE.

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LEE NEWMAN, Prop.

**The Miami Chief.**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered at the postoffice at Miami,  
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L. G. Waggoner, Editor and Owner.

Miami Texas.  
Thursday, August 12, 1920.

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TOM PURSLEY  
For County Treasurer  
MISS CORA McCLUNEY  
For State Representative  
H. B. HILL

**NEW PASSENGER SCHEDULE WEST BOUND**

Train No.	Due
113—Amarillo	2:12 a. m.
117—(Clovis)	6:12 p. m.
21—(Los Angeles)	2:47 a. m.

**EAST BOUND**

Train No.	Due
113—Amarillo	9:10 a. m.
22—(From Los Angeles)	2:09 p. m.
114—(From Clovis)	9:02 p. m.

The Panhandle is going to need  
fall help to gather the roe crop.

One of the nice things about writ-  
ing your arguments and having them  
published is that no one can inter-  
rupt you until you get through.

One commendable action of the  
farmer is keeping his wheat off the  
market in the recent drop. Looks  
like the speculator saw that cars  
were available and that the farmer  
would sell, regardless of price, but  
the farmer fooled him that time.

Railroad rates, passenger and ex-  
press rates will be raised this month.  
If the employees will give service,  
there won't be such a big howl. We  
will be entitled to better service af-  
ter the raise.

Mrs. B. F. Smith of Temple, Bell  
County was recently nominated as  
state representative which is equiva-  
lent to election. This will be the  
first woman lawmaker for Texas.

Never did this section of the Pan-  
handle have a bigger or better roe  
crop. Every piece of roe crop on  
the plains and all the Mobeetie coun-  
tries corn, cotton and feed is as fine  
as it is possible to make a crop. The  
ground is in good condition for plow-  
ing and planting wheat again. Gee,  
but its great to live in a country like  
this.

On last Tuesday afternoon at 5  
o'clock under the chaperonage of Mrs.  
Ewing, Misses Dyer, Jackson, Seiber  
and Brooks, a large crowd of young-  
sters loaded themselves into a truck  
and three automobiles and hied to  
the popular picnic ground in the Mor-  
rison pasture. After a couple of  
hours of play. Supper was served,  
followed by a marshmallow roast a-  
round a big camp fire. If one could  
judge by the laughter, noise and a-  
mount of food consumed the young  
folks surely had a good time.

The picnic was given in honor of J.  
Frank Cox, Jr. who is visiting here  
from Oklahoma City.

Cities over the country are form-  
ing Home Builders Associations, and  
building homes and selling them on  
easy payments to people wanting  
homes. This is indeed a good move  
and is needed in every Panhandle  
town. Renting a house in Miami is  
now almost a thing of the past.  
People would think a circus had come  
to town if they saw a "For Rent"  
sign on a residence. People of Miami  
have learned that they cannot rent,  
and we believe that ninety five per  
cent of the people living here own  
their homes. We do not know of a  
half dozen reasonably good houses in  
town that are being rented at all. We  
really do need some rent houses in  
Miami.

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All makes of Batteries repaired.  
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(The State College for Women)  
Denton, Texas.

The College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas, enrolled  
during the past session 1402 students and during the summer  
session 696, or a total of 2128 Texas girls, making it the largest  
College for girls in the United States with the exception of  
two, both of which are located in Massachusetts. It is a col-  
lege of the first-class; and gives literary, technical, industrial,  
and vocational education and training of the best quality, de-  
signed solely to develop mental discipline, social culture, indus-  
trial efficiency, and spiritual vision and outlook.

Its courses of study are composed of correlated subjects,  
including every necessary phase of woman's education, and are  
grouped as follows:

(1) literary, (2) household arts, (3) fine and applied arts,  
(4) manual arts, (5) rural arts and science, (6) music, includ-  
ing piano, voice, violin, and public school music, (7) reading or  
expression, (8) secretarial studies, (9) kindergarten training,  
(10) homemaking, rural and urban, (11) teacher-training for  
public school music, public school art, household arts, voca-  
tional home economics, primary grades, and high school sub-  
jects; practice teaching under expert supervision, (12) voca-  
tional training of both college and non-college rank for many  
of the most remunerative and attractive vocations, rural and  
urban, for women. It confers the degrees of Bachelor of Arts,  
Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Literary  
Interpretation, and Bachelor of Business Administration; a-  
wards vocational diplomas and certificates of proficiency; and  
issues teachers' State certificates.

The College plant is valued at \$1,500,000; the management  
is modern, safe, and wholesome; the faculty is one of the best  
in the Southwest; it is a Texas College for Texas girls. The  
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F. M. Bralley, LL. D., President,  
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**SACRED FLAME TO-NIGHT**

This is a big production for to-night, and it is already in the  
house. A sure fire-good big production. A specialty picture  
that is really a Special Production and we'll guarantee you a  
first-class show. Admission, 15-30.

To-morrow, Tenth episode of THE LOST CITY, and a bal-  
anced program of five reels.

**TALE OF TWO CITIES SATURDAY**

Here is an opportunity to see one of the few really big pro-  
ductions on the market. Not a new picture, but a classic from  
every angle and one that has played the best Theatres of the  
land and is still playing them. A Fox Super Special. Ad-  
mission, 20-40.

Monday, Next week, Another good Fox program picture,  
titled, THE SHARK, and a good average program. Adm. 15-30

Tuesday, next week, another of those good Paramount-Art-  
craft pictures, titled, DAUGHTERS OF THE OLD SOUTH.  
A good program. Adm. 15-30.

**DORIS KEANE WEDNESDAY**

Doris Keane in his latest success next Wednesday  
ROMANCE, a new picture full of pep and action, produced by  
the United Artists. Always make you glad you came and  
a sure fire picture to please you.

GOOD PROGRAM EVERY NIGHT NEXT WEEK.

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tion will receive careful and personal  
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DRUGS and MEDICINES, Toilet articles, Etc

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See us for electric sweepers. As good as the best. Price \$40.00.  
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We'll tell you why this, plus the fact that all gears are of cut hardened steel and enclosed in dustproof housings, add wonderfully to the efficiency of the Wallis Tractor.

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These are some of the features which account for the Wallis 12-year record of successful operation.

May we not have the pleasure of explaining these and other Wallis features to you? Come to our display rooms and get ALL these important facts.

**WALLIS**

America's Foremost Tractor

J. L. Seiber was up to Hoover Tuesday looking after wheat shipments.

Dr. Kelly reports the arrival of a new girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Keene.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith, who have been visiting the parental J. M. Smith home, left yesterday afternoon on their return trip to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. W. Burks and daughter, Miss Modena came in yesterday and are visiting Miami friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burchard of Kansas visited the W. L. Mathers home last week.

Randal Patton has been visiting home folks the past few days.

A. B. Wilson and family of the Washita country left this week for an automobile trip to Joshua, Texas.

Mrs. Dan Kivleben and Miss Bess Johnson of Childress came in Friday from Colorado Springs, Colo., where they spent a few weeks.

Miss Virgie Seitz of White Deer is visiting Miami relatives this week.

Miss Lela Gill of Canyon has been visiting Miami friends this week.

Mrs. T. A. Cunningham and Mrs. W. S. Carter and daughter Miss Willie are visiting relatives at Strong City, Oklahoma this week.

W. S. Carter left last week for an extended trip over Wyoming and other Western States.

Miss Mattie Elliott has resumed her position with the Stocker Dry Goods store.

Jessie Cox of Montague county has accepted a position as one of the engineers at the light plant this week.

Prof. and Mrs. J. D. Clay visited the W. A. Dyer family Monday. Prof. Clay has been employed as Superintendent at Gotebo, Oklahoma for the coming term.

Mrs. J. E. George came in Monday from Dallas where she has been in the Sanitarium for several months. Mrs. George's health has improved and her many friends are glad to see her return.

Judge W. R. Ewing went to Canadian Monday and opened district court for that county, starting the fall term over the district. Canadian court will last four weeks, and court will then open in Roberts county in September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Everly and daughter, Miss Claudia visited Miami friends a short while Monday, and Miss Claudia will spend a few days at the McKenzie home.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Covey have rented rooms at the Mrs. O. C. Elliott home and moved to them this week.

"Pete" Long passed through Miami Monday enroute to Berkeley, California, where he will enter school for the winter.

Doyle Smith of Petrolia visited his homefolks in Miami first of the week.

Misses Grace and Marguerite Christopher of Hazelton, Kansas are visiting Miami relatives and friends this week.

J. A. Covey & Son unloaded two car load of Ford Coupelettes and Sedans first of the week.

J. A. Newman left yesterday afternoon for Chicago and Pittsburg on a business trip.

Frank Boswell and family of Oklahoma City are visitors this week with the Charlie Christopher family.

Miss Laura Talley and little brother James, left yesterday for White Deer where they will visit a short while.

Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Pennington returned last evening from a three weeks trip to Kentucky and Tennessee. They report a very delightful trip.

Sam Hilburn, business manager for "The Campus", the official organ of the Southern Methodist University at Dallas was a business visitor in our city yesterday. He has been spending the summer with his father at Mobeetie. Mr. Hilburn ordered some fancy stationery for "The Campus", printed by the city printer.

M. W. Sullivan purchased a new Nash automobile this week, and now we are looking for the retail price of whiskers to go down.

**HOT ROAST BEEF**  
 For Your Dinner Saturday at  
**THE CITY MARKET**

**NOTICE**

We understand that there is considerable dissatisfaction regarding the raise in phone rates. For the benefit of those who think the rate is too high, we will state that the phone system in Miami has been run at an actual loss for the past six months, and this you know cannot continue unless the stockholders put in more money. We will state further that the entire system is for sale at a very reasonable price if anyone wishes to purchase, or thinks it can be run better or cheaper than we have been running same.

Very truly,  
 W. C. Christopher.

**FOR SALE.** A five passenger Case touring Car. In first-class condition. Will sell on time or trade for notes.  
 C. S. Seiber.

**SURVANT HOTEL**  
 Remodeled and Enlarged  
 Plenty of nice clean rooms.  
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 The best is always the cheapest.  
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A big bargain in a triple disc Emerson plow. We don't want to carry this over another year and you can save some money by investigating.

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He has a thoroughly equipped up-to-the-minute garage with tools that enable his Ford Mechanics to efficiently and properly make any repair—from a minor adjustment to a complete overhaul. And when the work is finished, his bill represents the reasonable, standard Ford prices.

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A barn needs protection just as much as a house, in fact more protection, because it is not built as substantially. You can point to your barn with as much pride as you do to your home if it is painted with

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W. C. Christopher.

# The Strange Case of Cavendish

By Randall Parrish  
Author of  
"The Devil's Own"  
"My Lady of the North," Etc.  
Copyright by Randall Parrish

## CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"He's over there, and I am afraid I didn't touch him either; it was all so sudden I got no aim. Do you hear those voices? There must be a bunch of the band outside already."

He looked up at her, his glance almost vacant, and she could but perceive how his chin shook.

"What shall we do?"

"Do?" She gripped his shoulder. "Are you a man and not that? We will fight! Did you imagine I would ever surrender myself into the hands of that devil after what has happened? I would rather die, see, I will die before I ever give him a chance. And what about you, Mr. Cavendish? Are you going to be there morning? Answer me—I thought you were a gentleman."

"The words were like a blow in his face, and under their sting he staggered in his feet, smarted stung in both his cheeks.

"You have no right to say that to me," he said angrily. "Is not that kind?"

"I know it," she admitted, "but you lose your nerve; this isn't your game. Well, it isn't mine either, for the matter of that. Nevertheless it has got to be played, and we're going to play it together. Those fellows will be at that door presently—just as soon as Mendez tells them who are inside here. They'll try to force the door, if we can't beat them back, that will give us a breathing spell. Two of us ought to hold them for some time."

There was a shouting of commands without in Spanish punctuated by oaths, the meaning of which she did not understand. She leaned forward, her eyes on the door, the cocked revolver held ready. She had meant what she said to Cavendish; to her mind death was far preferable to any surrender to that infuriated Mexican; she expected death, but one hope yet buoyed her up—Westcott. He would come; she had faith in that—and he would find she had fought to the end, even if he came too late. She buried her face in her hands, stifling a sob that shook her body, yet when she lifted her head again there was no glimmer of tears in her eyes and her cheeks were crimson. She waited motionless, scarcely seeming to breathe—the statue of a woman at bay.

All this was but for a moment, a moment of swift thought, of equally swift decision. The next Cavendish stood beside her, grasping the shotgun, no longer a victim of weakness, his eyes meeting hers eagerly.

"I could only find twelve cartridges," he exclaimed, "but I know how to use those."

He took a step forward and held out his hand.

"Forgive me, Miss Donovan," he pleaded. "Really I do not know what makes me like that, but you would make a man out of anybody."

Her firm, slim fingers met his eagerly, her eyes instantly glowing in appreciation.

"Of course I forgive you," she exclaimed. "Your fear is no greater than my own. I am a woman and dread this sort of thing. All that gives me courage is the knowledge that death is preferable to dishonor," her voice lost its firmness, "and—and my faith in a man."

"You mean in possible rescue?"

Her eyes lifted to his face.

"Yes, Mr. Cavendish. It may prove all imagination, yet there is one—a real man, I am sure—who must know of my plight before this. If he does, and lives, he will come to me. If we can only defend ourselves long enough there will be rescue."

A blow struck the outer door, and was repeated, evidently denit by the butt of a gun; then the two, standing silent and almost breathless within, heard Mendez' voice.

"Senorita, and you also, Senor Cavendish," he called, his words intended to be conciliatory. "It is of no use that you resist. We are many and armed. If you surrender and not fight I pledge you protection."

The girl glanced at Cavendish.

"You answer him?"

"What shall I say?" he whispered.

"The man lies; he will keep no promise once we are in his power. Besides they have not yet found Caterns. When they do there will be no thought of mercy."

"Then we will fight it out?"

"I shall; I will never give myself into the hands of that creature."

"Senor," and Cavendish stepped aside to the protection of the logs, "we will not surrender. That is our answer."

"Fools!" he called back, his voice rising harsh above the growling of others. "We will show you, Silva, Felipe, quick now; do what I told you. We will teach these American dogs a lesson. No, stand back! Wait until I speak the word."

A faint glimmer of light through one of the log crevices caught Cavendish's attention and he bent down, his eye to the crack, one hand grasping the barrel of his gun. Stella watched him motionless and silent, her face again pale from strain.

"I can count about a dozen out there," he said finally, his words barely audible, and his eye still at the slight opening. "All Mexican except two—they look American. Most of them are armed. Ah! Wait! The fellows have searched the cells and discovered Caterns. Do you hear that yet? It will be a fight to a finish now. Here come two men with a log—cat's their game, then; they mean to smash in the door."

He straightened up, casting a swift glance about the apartment. All hesitating doubt, had left him now that the supreme test had come. He was again capable of thinking clearly and acting.

"How Donovan?" he burst out, "we can never hope to hold back those men here—in this room. We shall be in danger right as soon as the door is smashed down and then, if they crush in the window also, we shall surely be smothered from two sides."

"What will be better?" she asked.

"The back room; it is dark, with no windows, and there are strips nailed between the logs. We can force that heavy wooden bed across the door and hide behind it. We ought to hold them there as long as our cartridges last, unless they set the cabin afire. Good God! They have begun already. Three more blows like that and the door goes down. Come; it's our only chance."

It was the work of a moment; it had to be. The inner room was so dark they had to feel their way about blindly, yet those splintering crashes on the outer door, interspersed by the shouts of the men, spurred both to hurried effort. Nor was there much to be done. The heavy bed was thrown upon its side and heaved and pushed forward until it rested against the door jamb, the mattress and blankets caught and held as to form protection against bullets. Breathless the two sank to their knees in the darkness behind, their eyes on the brightening daylight of the room beyond. Already a hole had been stove through the upper panel of the door, the surrounding wood splintered. Some one fired once through the jagged opening and an exultant yell followed from within.

"No firing!" the voice was Mendez', rising sharply above the other sounds. "I don't want the girl shot, you fools. Take that other log around to the window. They'll surrender fast enough once we're inside. Now, another one. Here, five of you swing her!"

With a crash the remaining wood gave way, the end of the log, used as a battering ram, projecting into the room. Over the shattered door, now held only by one bent hinge, a half-dozen forms swarmed inward, the quick rush blocking their passage.

Cavendish pulled trigger, the deep boom of his shotgun echoed instantly by the sharper report of the girl's revolver. She fired twice before the swirling smoke obstructed the view, conscious only that one man had leaped straight into the air and another had sprawled forward on hands and knees. Cavendish pushed home a fresh cartridge and the smoke cloud lifted just enough to permit them to perceive the farther doorway. A Mexican lay curled up in the center of the floor, his gun a dozen feet away; another hung dangling across an overturned stool, but the opening was vacant. Just outside a fellow, wounded, was dragging himself out of range.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Cavendish, excitedly. "Every shot counted. Here, load up quick. They'll try the window next. Get down!"

The warning was not an instant too soon, the hasty volley largely thudding harmlessly into the thick mattress, although a bullet or two sang past and found billets in the logs behind. Cavendish returned the fire, shooting blindly into the smoke, but the girl only lifted her head, staring intently into the smother, until the cloud floated away through the door. The attackers had again vanished, all semblance of them, except those two motionless bodies.

"Looks as though they had enough of it," he said grimly, "and have decided to starve us out."

"Oh, do you think so? I heard a noise then."

He heard it also, his glance returning instantly to the front, his form stiffening into preparation. For a moment neither could determine the meaning of the sounds. Then he cocked his gun, the sharp click echoing almost loudly in the stillness.

"Trying the window this time," he murmured. "Do you hear that? Be ready."

The two knelt motionless, peering over the edge of the bed into the dim twilight, seeing nothing, each with finger on trigger—tense, expectant. Then, without warning, the flying figure of a man leaped across the doorway into the security of the opposite wall. It was done so quickly neither fired, but Cavendish licked his parched lips with a dry tongue.

"I'll get the next one who tries that trick," he muttered. "It will be easier than partridge shooting."

A minute—two passed, every nerve on edge; then a second flying form,

almost a blur in the gathering gloom, shot across the narrow opening. The shotgun spoke, and the wildly leaping figure seemed to crumble to the floor—its lower half had reached shelter, but head and shoulders lay exposed, revealing gray hair and a white mustache. Cavendish sprang erect, all caution forgotten.

"It's Mendez," he cried. "I got the arch-demon of them—"

A rifle cracked and he went plunging back, his body striking the girl, and crushing her to the floor beside him. There was no cry, no groan of agony, yet he lay there motionless. She crept across and bent over him, almost dumb with fear.

"You—you are shot?" she made herself speak.

"Yes; they've got me," the utterance of the words a struggle. "It's here in the chest; I—I don't know how bad; perhaps if you tear open my shirt, you—you might stop the blood."

She could see nothing, not even the man's face, yet her fingers rent the shirt asunder and searched for the wound. It was not bleeding greatly, and she had no water, but not knowing what else to do, she tore a strip from her skirt and bound it hastily. He never moved, or spoke, and she bent her head closer. The wounded man had lost consciousness.

Alone, in the dark, she crept on her knees to her place behind the barricade. Her hand touched the empty gun he had dropped, and she reloaded it slowly, only half comprehending its mechanism. The revolver, every chamber filled, rested on the upturned edge of the bed; her lips were firmly pressed together. Quietly she pushed forward the barrel of the shotgun, and waited.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A Needle in a Haystack.

The little marshal of Haskell had the reputation of being as quick of wit as of trigger finger. Startled as he was by that sudden apparition appearing before them in the dark road, and at being addressed by a woman's voice, the mention of the name Cassidy gave him an instant clue. There was but one Cassidy in camp, and that individual's reputation was scarcely of a kind to recommend him in the eyes of the law. If any woman sought that fellow in this out-of-the-way spot, it was surely for no good purpose. Brennan leaned forward over his saddle horn, lowering his voice confidentially, and managing to achieve a highly meritorious brogue.

"Sure, O'm Cassidy, he admitted grudgingly. "How iver come yer ter guess that?"

"You were expecting to meet Mr. Enright, weren't you? That was what Bill Lacy told you. He was to explain to you just what you were to do."

Brennan mumbled something indistinctly, now thoroughly aroused to the situation.

"Well, Mr. Enright couldn't come, and Lacy is over across the creek yet, hunting down Ned Beaton's murderer. I am Miss La Rue," she hurried on.



almost breathlessly, "and I've brought you Lacy's note, which you are to give to that Mexican—Pascual Mendez. You understand? You are to give it to him, and no one else. Lacy said you could kill your horse, if necessary, but the note must be there by daylight tomorrow. Here—take it."

Brennan thrust it into an inner pocket, and cleared his throat. There was no small risk in asking questions, yet, unless he learned more, this information might prove utterly useless. The note to Mendez meant little until he discovered where that bandit was to be found.

"Shure now, miss," he said insinuatingly. "Mr. Lacy must hev' slit more

instructions long with ye then them. All ther word ther iver come ter me was ter saddle oop, ride down here an' mate this man Enright. I don't even know fer shure whar of Mendez is—likely 'ough he be in Mexico."

"In Mexico?" indignantly. "Of course not. Lacy said you knew the trail. It's a place they call 'Sunken valley'—out there somewhere," and Brennan could barely distinguish the movement of her arm desertward. "It's across that sand flat."

"Shoshone?"

"Yes; I couldn't remember the name. That's all I know about it, only Lacy said you'd been there before."

"Shure, miss," assured the marshal softly, clearly realizing that he had already gone the limit, and that any further questioning must lead inevitably to trouble. "If it is Sunken valley I'm ter ride ter, ther's aisy."

"Then it's good night."

She vanished up the side trail, as though the wind had blown away a shadow. Brennan gathered up his reins, straightening his body in the saddle. He glanced back toward the dim shade of his companion, chuckling.

"Some hit of luck that, Jim."

"Doesn't seem to me we know much more than we did before," Westcott answered gloomily. "Only that that chap Mendez is at a place called Sunken valley. I never heard of it; did you?"

"No; I reckon it's no spot the law has ever had any use for. I've supposed all along them Mexican cattle thieves had a hidden corral somewhere in this country; but nobody has ever found it yet. Right now, thanks to this Miss La Rue, I've got a hunch that we're goin' to make the discovery, and put Bill Lacy and ol' Mendez out of business. But ther's no sense of our gassin' here. We got a right smart bit o' ridin' to do afore daylight."

"How about the note she gave you?"

"Well, wait a while to read that. I don't want to strike no light just yet. Maybe it had best be kept till daylight."

The men rode steadily, and mostly in silence, a large part of the way side by side. The animals they bestrode were fairly mated, quite capable of maintaining their gait for several hours, and needing little urging. The night gloom enveloped them completely; their strained eyes were scarcely able to trace the dim outlines of the ridge road, but the horses were desert broke, and held closely to the beaten track. Then Westcott's pony, which carried by far the heavier load, began to show signs of fatigue. They drew up, and the marshal dismounted, searching about blindly in the darkness.

"Too d—n dark," he said, coming back, and catching up his rein. "A cat couldn't find anything there; but ther's firm sand. Wait a minute; I've got a pocket compass."

He struck a match, sheltering the sputtering blaze with one hand. The light illumined his face for an instant, and then went out, leaving the night blacker than before.

"That's south," he announced, snapping the compass case shut, "and this blame wind is southeast; that ought to keep us fairly straight."

"The ponies will do that; they'll keep where the traveling is good. Shift this bag back of your saddle, Dan, you ride lighter, and my horse is beginning to pant already; that will ease him a few pounds."

The transfer was made, and the two men rode out into the rear desert, urging their animals forward, trusting largely to their natural instinct for guidance. They would follow the hard sand, and before long the scent of water would as certainly lead them directly toward the spring.

Yet it was not long until dawn began to turn the desert gray, gradually revealing its forlorn desolation. Westcott lifted his head, and gazed about with wearied eyes, smarting still from the whipping of the sand-grit. On every side stretched away a scene of utter desolation, unrelieved by either shrub or tree—an apparently endless ocean of sand, in places leveled by the wind, and elsewhere piled into fantastic heaps. The breeze slackened somewhat as the sun reddened the east, and the ponies threw up their heads and whinnied slightly, increasing their speed. Westcott saw the marshal arouse himself, straighten in the saddle, and stare about, his eyes still dull and heavy.

"One h—l of a view, Jim," he said disgustedly, "but I reckon we can't be a great ways from that spring. We've been ridin' right smart."

"It's not far ahead; the ponies sniff water. Ah! ther's a bunch o' green ahead; that'll likely be Badger springs."

Assured they were beyond pursuit, the two unsaddled and turned the ponies out to crop the few handfuls of wire grass which the sweet water bubbling up from a slight depression had coaxed into stunted growth. There was no wood to be had, although they found evidence of several camp-fires, and consequently they were obliged to content themselves with what they could find entable in their bag. Except for a few sentences neither spoke, until Brennan, having partially satisfied his appetite, produced the note given him by Miss La Rue, and deliberately slashed open the sealed envelope.

"In the name of the law," he said grimly, hauling out the inclosure. "Now we'll see what's the row. Holy smoke! It's in Spanish! Here, Jim, do you read that lingo?"

"I know words here and there," and Westcott bent over the paper, his brows wrinkling. "Let's see; it's not quite clear; but the sense is that Men-

dez will be paid a thousand dollars for something—I can't make out what, only it has to do with prisoners. Lacy says he'll be there to confer with him some time tonight."

"Lacy write it?"

"Yes; at least he signed it."

"Well, if Lacy aims to meet Mendez tonight, he ought to be along here soon after nightfall. How'd it do to hide in these sand hills and wait?"

"We can do that, Dan, if we don't hit any trail," said Westcott, leaning over, his hand on the other's knee. "But if we can get there earlier, I'd rather not waste time. Ther's no knowing what a devil like Mendez may do. Let's take a scout around, anyhow."

They started, the one going east, the other west, and made a semicircle until they met, a hundred yards or so, south of the spring, having found nothing. Again they circled out, plowing their way through the sand, and all at once Brennan lifted his hand into the air and called. Westcott hurried over to where he stood motionless, starting down at the track of a wagon wheel. It had slid along a slight declivity, and left a mark so deep as not yet to be obliterated. They traced it for thirty feet before it entirely disappeared.

"Still goin' south," affirmed the marshal, gazing in that direction. "Don't look like ther's nothin' out there, but we might try. Let's saddle up."

It was a blind trail, and progress was slow. The men separated, riding back and forth, leaning forward in the saddles, scanning the sand for the slightest sign. Twice they encountered an undoubted wheel mark, and

once traces of the whole four wheels were plainly visible. These could be followed easily for nearly a quarter of a mile, but then, as quickly vanished as the wagon came again to an outcropping of rock. Yet this was assured—the outfit had headed steadily southward.

This was desperately slow work, and beyond that ridge of rock they discovered no other evidence. An hour passed, and not the slightest sign gave encouragement. Could the wagon have turned in some other direction? In the shadow of a sand dune they halted finally to discuss the situation. Should they go on? Or explore further to the west? Might it not even be better to retrace their way to the springs, and wait the coming of Lacy?

Brennan was for turning back, arguing the uselessness of going further, and the necessity of water for the ponies.

"Come on, Jim," he urged. "Be sensible; we've lost the trail, and that's no fault o' ours. An Apache Indian couldn't trace a herd o' steers through this sand. And look ahead that! It's worse, an' more of it. I'm for stalking Lacy at the springs." He stopped suddenly, staring southward as though he had seen a vision. "Holy smoke! What's that? By God! It's a wagon, Jim; an' it come right up out of the earth. Ther wasn't no wagon there a second ago."

For a moment both men suspected that what they looked upon was a mirage—its actual existence there in that place seemed impossible. Yet there was no disputing the fact that yonder in the very midst of that desolation of sand a wagon drawn by straining horses was slowly moving directly toward them. Westcott was first to grasp the truth, hastily jerking the marshal back to where the tired ponies stood with drooping heads behind the protection of the dune.

Westcott lay outstretched on the far side of the dune, his hat beside him, and his eyes barely able to peer over the summit, ready to report observations to the marshal crouched below.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Safety First.

After a dreadful experience in which a small boy was locked in the bath room accidentally, the family had an emergency bell installed and also had the door equipped with a night lock like that on the front door. Then they hung the extra key on the wall outside the room where any would-be rescuer would be sure to see it. The emergency bell was placed convenient to the bath tub, as many semi-invalids or the aged have been known to faint from the contact of hot water.

## NOW FREE FROM PAIN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Frees Another Woman From Suffering.

Bayonne, N. J.—"Before I was married I suffered a great deal with neuralgia and rheumatism. I had a great deal of pain in my side and back and also in my head, and got so weak I could not do anything. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon I was better. Now I am married and have two little boys. Before the first came I was so nervous and dizzy. After I took the Vegetable Compound I could work and eat. Now I am strong and recommend your medicine to my friends."—Mrs. ANNA STUBBS, 25 East 17th Street, Bayonne, N. J.



Women who recover their health usually tell others what helped them. Some write and allow their names and photographs to be published with testimonials. Many more tell their friends.

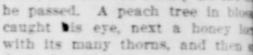
If you need a medicine for women's ailments, try that well known and successful remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) for anything you need to know about these troubles.

Natural Science Note.

Percival was enjoying a Sunday ride and as he had only recently learned the names and characteristics of the trees, he observed closely all the trees he passed. A peach tree in bloom caught his eye, next a honey locust with its many thorns, and then suddenly he straightened up and stared with astonished eyes at a gigantic trunk whose entire top was missing. "Oh, mother, see," he cried excitedly, "there's a tree with no head on a neck."

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is the name of the Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains precise directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of tablets cost few cents. Drugists will sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacturing Co. Aceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Things Apart.

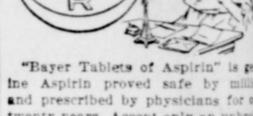
My little niece was studying geography and asked me to bound a state of Nevada. Her grandmother looked up and said: "I am surprised that a little girl that has traveled much as you have must ask any one to help them with their lessons. Caroline said: 'Grandma, when I travel, I travel for joy and not for study.'"—Exchange.

Cuticura Gently Itching Scalp.

On retiring soothe rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your every-day toilet preparation and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Adv.

A laugh costs too much if it is bought at the expense of propriety. Quintillian.

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

MAN'S BEST AGE

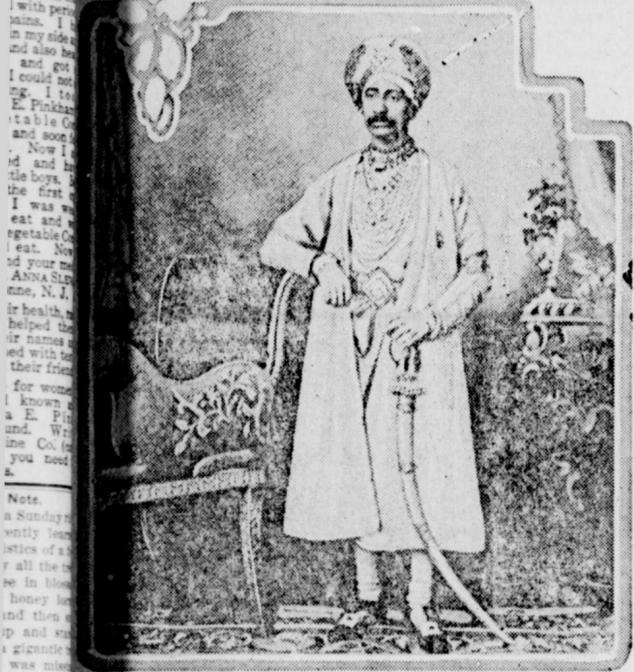
A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy as a boy as 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every bottle and accept no imitation.

W. N. U., WICHITA, MO. 30-1920

# Maharajas and Their Jewels



Maharaja of Indore in the Peacock Turban.

SHOULD you ever feel inclined to verify tales of "The Thousand and One Persian Days," which usually begin with something like "Once upon a time there was a rajah who sat upon a golden throne, and slept upon a pearl carpet, and built a golden-roofed pavilion for a beautiful queen," you may journey comfortably to India, then on to Delhi and Agra, and see the empty palaces of the Mogul kings, which are very little changed save that they now reverberate mournfully to the footfall of western shoe feet, and their marble walls have been mellowed to the tint of old ivory by 250 years of Indian sun. So writes Eleanor Macdock in Asia.

You may walk among the colonnades of the great Hall of Audience with flowers of lapis lazuli, jade, topaz and carnelian that seem to grow upon the walls, and burst into bloom on the very spot where rested Shah Jahan's "Peacock Throne," a gilded four poster bedstead of solid gold with a pearl-fringed canopy upon which the emperor sat daily to disfigure justice, his turban ablaze with diamonds and his flowered tunic almost hidden by ropes of pearls. Behind him sapphires, rubies and emeralds glowed from the outspread tails of two peacocks and over his head hung a parrot wrought from a single emerald, holding in its beak the Koh-i-noor diamond.

You may enter the great silent hall without hindrance and pause before the lace-like marble screen which overlooks the cool scented garden, heavy with the perfume of orange and mango blossoms. A staircase leads from the garden to Queen Arjund's golden-roofed pavilion and rose water fountains—and in the thickness of the marble walls are cunningly contrived apartments just large enough to admit a woman's hand, where the queen kept her jewels at night.

It is a long time since Shah Jahan's progress was laid under the swiftness of the Taj Mahal across the River Jumna, yet her personality lingers in her boudoir of fretwork arches, where she bedecked herself with jewels more dazzling and splendid than any woman has ever worn before or since.

**Pearl Carpet Really Exists.**

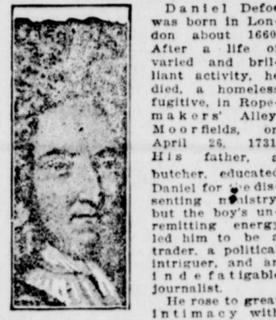
But that such a thing as a pearl carpet could exist outside fiction would be a tax on credulity, did it not actually hang on the wall of the Nuzerbagh palace at Baroda. This relic of a past era of bizarre extravagance is described as 8x6 feet. Three large diamond flower patterns form the center; smaller diamond patterns, and 1,269 rubies, 569 emeralds in tower designs form the border; the remaining portion of the carpet is composed of seed pearls, although in places along the outer edge they have been removed and replaced by glass beads. A more absurd and useless object, apart from its monetary value, would be hard to find even in India. But, if we hark back to the time before the rich gem fishers, the extensive pearl fisheries on the west coast and on the island of Ceylon had been exhausted, when they were yielding their treasure by the ton, it takes little effort of the imagination to picture an eastern potentate, laden with jewels until he scarcely sustain their weight, resting on the Peacock throne before a pearl carpet.

Such treasure, being in itself indestructible, has descended through the centuries of the Hindu kings, and the Mogul emperors, when they were caravans from Persia were contently adding to their wealth. So the jewels owned today by the rajas and ruling princes of India, estimated not by numbers, but by meas-

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### ROBINSON CRUSOE

By DANIEL DEFOE  
Condensed by James F. Connolly



Daniel Defoe was born in London about 1660. After a life of varied and brilliant activity, he died, a homeless fugitive, in Roper-makers' Alley, Moorfields, on April 25, 1731. His father, a butcher, educated Daniel for the dissenting ministry, but the boy's unremitting energy led him to be a trader, a political intriguer, and an indefatigable journalist. He rose to great intimacy with King William III., and abruptly fell to pillory and prison for his too perfect satire, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters." From Newgate he launched his remarkable Review, a journal written entirely by himself. He advocated an income tax and higher education for women. He wrote 250 distinct pamphlets and books, but his masterpiece, "Robinson Crusoe," was not published until 1719, when the author was nearly 60 years old. This, the first great English novel, has in some respects never been surpassed. Its immediate popularity incited Defoe to write a sequel and many thrilling tales of pirates and adventurers, of courtiers and adventures. His vivid story of the plague appeared three years after "Robinson Crusoe."

Defoe was perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived. Yet if we go deep into his rich and strangely mixed nature, we come upon stubborn foundations of conscience. Whatever the ultimate judgment of his honesty, "Robinson Crusoe" lives immortally to attest his genius in invention.

My father designed me for the law, but I would be satisfied only with going to sea, and being one day at Hull and one of my companions about to go by sea to London in his father's ship, nothing would serve me but I must go with him—this on September 8, 1651, and I being then nineteen years of age.

The ship was no sooner out of port than the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in the most frightful manner, which made me most terribly sick in body and frightened in mind. In my agony I vowed that if God would spare me through this one voyage I would go, immediately I set foot on land, directly home to my good parents and be ever after guided in my conduct by their advice.

But next day the wind was abated and the sea calmer, and the sun went down to a perfectly fine evening, and when to that was added a bowl of punch made by a shipmate, I forgot my resolution to return home after the voyage; and such has been my habit, to my great misfortune, all my life; to disavow in the hour of peril the headstrong actions which have brought me to peril, and when the danger is past to forget all vows and plunge headlong, once more on my heedless courses.

Various were my adventures after that first tempestuous voyage. Trading to Guinea in Africa I was captured by a Turkish rover and sold into slavery, from whence after many perils I escaped to the Brazils, where I set myself up for a sugar planter and was enjoying a fine prosperity there, when I fell a victim to temptation. Help being scarce in the Brazils and some planters there knowing that I had traded with the slave coats of Africa, they beguiled me into a voyage to those parts with the intent to secure slave labor for our plantations.

ful for the good Providence which held the ship to the shore until I had taken off all that was of use to me.

There was much to be done if I were to secure my existence on this strange island. The needful things I did as best I could in turn, but not always with good fortune attending my efforts. In my first planting of barley and corn seed, the half of all my precious stock was wasted by reason of being planted in the very wrong time. I spent weary months in making earth-ware pots for holding fresh water; and forty-two days it took me to hew my first plank from a tree trunk. I strove for weeks to fashion a stone mortar to stamp grain in, only to come at last to a block of hollowed-out wood. Five months I labored in felling a great cedar tree, hewing and shaping it to the hull of a splendid boat with which I was to escape from the island, only to be forced to abandon it for want of a means whereby to launch it into the sea. However, every failure taught me something I had not known before.

For the elements, there were great winds and rains and earthquakes. But I became used in time to all things. I planted and harvested my crops of barley and corn; I plucked my wild grapes and dried them into nourishing raisins; I raised and killed and smoked and salted my tame goats, being thus for variety of food not so badly served. And so through the twelve years during which I saw no sign of human existence on the island other than my own, until that eventful day on which I met with the print of a man's naked foot on the sand.

I was then like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked, but I could hear nothing, see nothing. I went up the shore, down the shore; but there was only that single foot-print! Terrified to the last degree, I ran to my habitation like one pursued; and for three days and nights thereafter I did not stir out.

After observation I learned that it was the habit of cannibals from the main-land to come to a part of the island which I seldom visited to feast upon the bodies of their captured enemies. One morning from my lookout I perceived thirty savages dancing around a fire. They had cooked one victim; I had two more ready for the fire, when I descended upon them with two loaded muskets and my great sword, and was in time to save one which they had not yet eaten. The saved man I called Friday, in honor of the day of his rescue, and his was the first voice I heard in all my 25 years on the island. He was young, intelligent, of a superior race of savages and became my trusted companion for all the time I remained on the island.

What Friday told me of the main-land, after I had taught him some English, decided me to leave my island. We built a boat, this time not too far from the sea for launching, and were almost ready to set sail when 21 savages in three canoes landed on the island with three prisoners for a feast. One of the prisoners was a white man, which enraged me. I double-charged two fowling pieces, four muskets, two pistols, and giving Friday a hatchet and also a great dram of rum and myself my great sword, we descended and killed all but four of the savages.

One of the prisoners was Friday's father. The white man was a Spaniard, a survivor from a ship of which I had seen the wrecked hull on my island some years before this, and from which I had taken some 1,200 pieces of gold, but of which I made small account because of its being of less value to me than so much sand of the beach.

The Spaniard and Friday's father I sent with fire-arms and food in my new boat to bring back the wrecked crew of the Spanish ship. While waiting for their return an English ship with a mutinous crew put into my island. I helped the captain recover his ship and took passage with him for England, leaving on the island the most mutinous members with two honest ones who wished also to remain. Later, my Spaniards returned and all settled together on the island, having their dissensions at first, but settling down finally into a flourishing colony, which some years later it was my happiness to visit.

After twenty-eight years, two months and nineteen days I left my island. I anticipated much joy of my arrival in England, but I was like a stranger there. My mother and father were both dead, which was unfortunate, as I could have been of great service to them; for besides the 1,200 pieces of gold from the Spanish ship, there was 10,000 pounds sterling awaiting me from an honest friend, a Portuguese captain to whom I had entrusted my estate in the Brazils before setting forth on the ill-fated errand which threw me for twenty-eight years on my island. So pleased was I with his honesty that I settled 100 mouldures a year on him and fifty mouldures a year on his son, both for life.

I married and begot three children, and except for the one voyage to the old island, of which I have spoken, I roamed no more. So here I am, having lived a life of infinite variety for 28 years, blessed with more than I deserve and resolved to prepare now for the longest journey of all. If I have learned anything, it is a knowledge of the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace.

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Childhood.

"How long did it take you to win her?"

"Twenty years."

"That's a long time to go a-courting."

"We started early. She made the first mud pie I ever ate."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## CRISP, COOL THINGS FOR AUGUST WEAR



EVEN the sheerest things we wear contrive to be a little burdensome in the dog days. They prove themselves possessed of an unsuspected and unwelcome warmth, especially if they are of the clinging sorts of materials, and clinginess is the very last thing one will long for in hot weather. All our concern is to keep as cool as possible and look considerably cooler than we feel—and now is the day of crisp fabrics—organdy, dimity, swiss and taffeta. The first of these accounts for many a delightful midsummer frock and figures as a trimming in frills, or accessories, on dresses of all these other materials.

An old favorite appears among the crisp, cool frocks and skirts that look comfortable in sweltering weather. Dark blue swiss with scattered dots of white, brightened with collar and cuffs of organdy, makes many a refreshing looking dress and is a joy to behold in the country or on the streets. It is usually meant to be practical and

is less frilly than dotted swiss dresses in lighter colors. These are frivolous and go to any length they choose in the matter of organdy dissipations. Striped dimity, having a white ground and stripes in gay colors, keeps up with them in this matter of organdy frills.

Besides these irresponsible but charming cotton frocks, there are those of chiffon taffeta, actually even cooler than sheer cottons. Collars and cuffs of organdy contribute to their daintiness also. Taffeta proves the best of all choices for making the coolest separate skirts with everything to recommend it. An example of the taffeta skirt worn with a volle blouse is pictured above. And this skirt may have a pretty bodice to match it, with a frilly vestee of lace, a fichu of organdy or other fanciful aids that convert it into an afternoon dress. In this way the skirt does double duty.

## The Hats of Late Summer



IN MIDSUMMER'S dazzling light, eyes retreat into the shadow of wide-brimmed hats; those glowing and protecting shadows that millinery offers in so great a variety of color and degree of shade. Leghorns, crepe, hair-braid, taffeta, organdy and many other airy stuffs go to make up the gay or picturesque dress hats that are the climax of the year's story in millinery and along with these bright crowns for beauty's head there are always those stately hats of fine black lace or malines. These seem fewer this colorful year than in past summers, but they are among those distinguished and perhaps a little more distinguished than ever. But the wide-brimmed hat is not for every face or every occasion; it has competitors that are oftener worn and narrower-brimmed, like those examples for midsummer wear that make up the group of hats shown above.

A very simple but becoming hat at the right is made of wide satin ribbon, having double tucks across it at intervals. This shape has proved so great a favorite that it will reappear in fall hats. This model being of ribbon, in a strong blue, may be worn at any season. The last hat has a brim of raffia and soft crown of taffeta and contents itself with a sash and ends of narrow satin ribbon finished with fringe.

For Dancing Frocks. Gold and silver cloth are favored for dancing frocks.

Julia Bottomley

# The Strongest Cause Cavalierist

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The Cavalierist is a weekly publication devoted to the interests of the Cavalierist cause. It contains articles, news, and information of interest to its readers.

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She was in a bad way.

The woman in the illustration was in a bad way. She had been suffering from a severe headache for several days. Her eyes were closed, and her face was pale. She was sitting on the edge of a bed, looking exhausted.

She had tried everything she could think of to relieve her pain. She had taken aspirin, but it didn't seem to help. She had tried to get some rest, but she just couldn't sleep. She was feeling worse and worse.

Then she remembered that she had some Aspirin in her medicine cabinet. She took a few tablets, and to her surprise, the pain went away. She felt better than she had in days.

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