

# The Miami Chief.

1. 22

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, July 7, 1921.

No. 39.

## SCHOOL RECEIVED ADDITIONAL CREDITS OF AFFILIATION

E. Kinney, Secretary of School Board received a Saturday from Supt. C. A. the Miami Public School, in Austin, stating that he had been granted six and one-half credits of affiliation State University. This total credits up to 21 1-2. Sixteen credits are needed for affiliation, the Miami a very big abundance. Indeed quite a nice boast and not many public schools in the State are doing some exceptional work, and is being recognized by our State. No matter what are required from Miami entering city.

## OFFMAN T CLAUDE

P. G. Offman, pastor of First Church at Baird is in the week looking after the of two hundred acres of Claude. The Rev. Mr. Claude, the pastor at Baird, has much improved in reputation. For a number of years he served different churches until ill health compelled him to seek a lower altitude.

## YIELD 36 1-2 BUSHELS

Some of the Green Lake farm threshed out a choice field of wheat last week 36 1-2 bushels per acre. The largest yield we have for a field of that size. The farmers have threshed 36 bushels, and most of them making 20 to 25 on their fields. Very little of the section is falling below per acre.

## MEMBER THIS

Abraham Lincoln was a champion for legislature who was badly swamped. He had business, failed and in years of his life payed a worthless party in love with a beautiful woman who became a widow. Later he became a man who was a con to him. Entering politics for congress, and was defeated. He then an appointment to the land office, but failed. He was a candidate for the United States, and was badly defeated. In 1856 he became a vice-presidency and was defeated. In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas. One of his failures was in the face of all the great men of the time, whose memory is loved throughout the country. You contemplate the failures of setbacks like this make you feel kind of discouraged, just because you are having a life?—Praetorian Guard

Chamsey," the world champion says he will fight the champion if his manager appears to be a dis-American, but we guess he could hardly name a champion to again offer to fight.

## MRS. OLIVE DIXON VISITS THE SCOUT AMOS CHAPMAN

Mrs. Olive Dixon returned last week from a short trip to the Chapman ranch, 52 miles east of Woodward, Oklahoma. Mr. Chapman is the only known survivor of the Buffalo Wallow Indian fight and through the personal efforts of Mrs. Dixon, he promised to come to Canadian soon after the celebration of the fourth of July, and go with a party of Canadian and Miami people to locate the scene of this place.

Mrs. Dixon was quite well pleased with her interview with Mr. Chapman, and learned several things for which she had been searching for some time. Mr. Chapman thinks he can readily locate the exact place of this fight.

The Panhandle Plains Historical Society of Canyon and the Oklahoma Historical Society have signified their willingness to co-operate in permanently marking the spot when it is definitely located.

When Mr. Chapman comes he will bring his Indian wife and an Early Panhandle Scout who lives near him.

## WHEELER CELEBRATES FOURTH

Wheeler, our neighboring city, the Capital of Wheeler county, Corn and Cotton metropolis of the Panhandle celebrated Monday of this week with a very successful picnic and gathering of many old timers.

Quite a number of Miami people attended the picnic, as well as people from Canadian, Shamrock, Pampa and Amarillo and a large number of old timers of Wheeler county gathered together and enjoyed the day. A very successful barbecue dinner was held with an abundance of many good things to eat. Speaking was the main occasion of the morning and several prominent speakers, both local and from Amarillo spoke. Wheeler's ball team won a two to nothing victory over Texola, Oklahoma, which was followed by some good bronco riding.

Among the several attending the picnic from Miami were, Judge and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Burnett, W. and Mrs. M. M. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Morrison, Mrs. N. S. Locke, Dr. and Mrs. Kelley, Miss Beula Lee, Mr. and Mrs. John Webster, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Mathers, and the Chief family.

## GRAIN CAR SHORTAGE AGAIN

If you would have visited the yards of the local Grain elevators Tuesday, they would have decided that Miami was shipping in wheat for display. Every grain elevator in the city was full and running over, even the dump cars were shut at one end, and the other end planked up and wheat five to eight feet deep piled up in them, with fifteen or twenty loaded trucks awaiting to be unloaded, and not a grain car in town. Wheat hauling had to be stopped for the day, and many are piling their wheat upon the ground, in granaries, Coal sheds, etc. We are experiencing some difficulty in securing sufficient cars again this year.

## WHATLEY WILL PREACH SUNDAY

Rev. J. W. Whatley will preach Sunday night at the Baptist Church, filling the regular place of Pastor E. G. Pennington, who is now taking his vacation.

The services Sunday night at the Baptist Church will be a joint service with the Methodist, who voted last Sunday unanimously to attend the Baptist Church Sunday night. Every one is cordially invited to the preaching Sunday night which will be conducted by this veteran worker for the Lord.

## RETIRING MASTER MAKES ADDRESS

From the Lockney Beacon.

The following address delivered by T. Z. Reed, retiring Master of the Lockney Lodge, last Saturday night, has been handed to us for publication. We gladly give it space, recognizing in it some splendid sentiments, and Masonic admonitions that are calculated to make men better, and to lead them onward and upward to that Supreme Lodge above:

"To the worshipful Master Wardens and brethren of the Lockney Lodge 867. There has been since last we met in this hall to participate in the privileges which we enjoy tonight a space of one year down into history. Many events have transpired. Some of them we cherish in our hearts as some of our happiest times and days of fondest remembrance. While others are to us a sore upon our heart and can but wish they could be buried beneath the sinking sands of time and swept over by the stormy winds from across the western seas and carried into the world of forgetfulness.

While speaking from our individual Lodge we have nothing much to cast a pall of gloom over our path, but contrary to many other years and times, we can say as did the apostle of old, "it is good to be here." Peace and harmony have prevailed almost to a unit, prosperity has never ceased to course its stormy throng into our almost solid ranks.

Death has invaded many of our fraternal homes and removed some of its brightest stars, while others have been swept until its walls have been draped in sorrow and the crepe of mourning has spread its wings upon the altar. Then we should, as all true Masons, lift our voices to God in thanks and melt our hearts in deep sympathy.

May every cloud and dark wave that appears on our service sky be dispelled by our fraternal effort put forth in the name of brotherhood assisted by the Supreme Architect of the universe.

Peace lies at our door, prosperity at our command, and happiness in our homes. To the one hundred thousand Master Masons of this Grand State of ours, who tonight are united in brotherhood, we say to you that we lean upon you, and invite you to let us support you in your Masonic work, for in unity there is strength.

By and by we will be called from this Lodge of labor to that home of refreshments so let us drop our pebble into this ocean of time that a life of brotherly love, truth and affection may launch away that will only break when it reaches the shore of Eternity. Masonry tries to impress us, supported by the holy word of God, that man was born to die and now are the days of activity, that when we come to lay down the working tools of life and tread the shores of Eternity, the dark curtain of night may be pinned back by the stars of faith in the merit of the Lion of the tribe of Judas, and the light from yonder golden shore cast their glittering beams upon the sacred scene. In giving up my gavel, which is the emblem of my authority, to my honorable successor I know that I become subordinate to him but will at all times be glad to hold up his hands that he may know he has my fellowship and co-operation. So, thanking you for the honor you saw fit to bestow upon me by setting me as your Master, your full fellowship and co-operation, I beg to remain, Your fraternal brother, T. Z. Reed.

## HEAVY RAIN AGAIN THIS WEEK

Heavy rains have been visiting this section of the Panhandle again this week. Sunday night Wheeler county and parts of Hemphill county received almost a "knockout" blow from the heavy downpour, many roads being washed out and crops damaged. Tuesday Roberts county received a big rain, but in a much milder form, which has stopped harvesting temporarily.

## PRESBYTERIAN AID

The Presbyterian Ladies met with Mrs. Bernice Heare, July 6th, with nine members present. It being Social Day we had no business program, but enjoyed a social visit for an hour after which the Hostess served a delicious, two-course lunch of sandwiches, pickles and coffee, followed by Pie a la Mode.

Next meeting will be with Mrs. J. E. Kinney.

P. R.

## STUDY COURSE FOR CLUBS

Austin, Texas, July—Women's Clubs or any group of people interested in the study of home economics may secure a group study course in this subject from the extension department of the University of Texas. A series of sixteen programs with reference books and study outlines for papers are furnished by Miss Edythe P. Hershey of the home economics department of the University. No degree credit is given for this course, for it is planned primarily for club work.

Arrangements may also be made for a series of lectures by Miss Hershey in connection with the group study work, but this is optional on the part of the club. She is an extension lecturer in home economics, and goes into communities at their request to deliver lectures on budget making. Her first series of lectures in the fall will be delivered in Houston.

The group study work in home economics includes a discussion of the responsibility of the woman as the purchasing agent for the home in connection with efficiency methods and time budgets. Constant social and economic changes in society have so affected the institution of the home that a careful study of the factors involved in these changes is considered appropriate for club work. The courses consider the historical development of the home and its present status with constructive suggestions for the reorganization and readjustment to modern conditions. The household budget is the foundation for a study of home activities, and an intensive study will be made of the important items of food, clothing, shelter and other necessities of the family budget from an economic, hygienic and sociological viewpoint.

## NEW COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

John C. Emery, the new national commander of the American Legion hails from Grand Rapids, Mich. He was born on the Fourth of July forty years ago. His election, which was by acclamation of the National Executive Committee, took place at the National headquarters at Indianapolis. At the same time Thomas J. Bannigan of Hartford Conn., was elected vice commander, succeeding Mr. Emery, who now fills the vacancy caused by the death of F. W. Galbraith, Jr.

Mr. Emery is a real estate operator. He has served as president of the Grand Rapids Real Estate Board and as one of the commissioners of that city. He is president of the First Division Club. His military record dates from his entrance to the Second Officers Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Ill., August 28, 1917. He attended various schools in France and was assigned to the 18th Infantry of the First Division. He commanded F Company of this regiment in the Montdidier-Noyon and Aisne-Marne offensive and became a major September 1, 1918, following the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives. He was severely wounded by shell fire October 9, and was immediately sent to the United States. He was discharged from the hospital and from the army March 31, 1919. He has been active in American Legion affairs ever since.

Mr. Bannigan, the new vice-commander, has served as adjutant of the Connecticut department of the American Legion three years. During the war he served as a captain. He is a member of the Legion's National Committee on War Risk Insurance and Compensation.

## EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM

July 10, 7:30 P. M.  
"The Consecration of Our Bodies a Reasonable Service."  
(Rom. 12: 1-8)

Leader,—Mr. L. B. Baker.  
Songs.  
Scripture Lesson.  
Prayer.  
Sacred and Joy,—Leader.  
The True Vine (Jno. 15: 1-9).—Miss Ereatha Pulaski.  
Rising Sacrifices,—Miss Ellie Carter.  
Song.  
Denying Self,—Miss Mary Blair.  
Giving All—Reasonable, Miss Laura Bess Rasor.  
Thoughts for Development,—Mr. Robert Ewing.  
Announcements.

\$2.48 will buy a pair of real \$3.50 value Elk hide shoes, size No. 9 at Locke Bros.

## DO YOU WANT TO BUY SOME HIGH-CLASS GROCERIES AT THE RIGHT PRICES?

As money seems to be a little hard to get hold of at this time, we have cut our prices on what we have in stock that was bought some time ago.

On what we buy now, we are making some better prices than we could a short while ago, and if the wholesale houses are making us better prices, why should we not give our customers the same?

When you need your next order, come and see what good prices we can make you on first-class goods.

## J. H. DIAL

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

## HOME PROGRESS CLUB

On the fourteenth of July, All the ladies who are spry, And those who are not, come, Out past Mount Mariah, if they want some fun.  
Bring a guest, if you please, And lots of good chicken, So that their hunger you'll appease And not get a "licken."  
Don't forget the date! We'll start about five; Come, don't be late, So that when we arrive, We'll have plenty of time In which we may dine Before the sun sets, Or the clock strikes nine.  
Social Committee.

## MICKIE SAYS—

EVERY TIME YOU SEND TO ANOTHER TOWN FOR A JOB OF PRINTING, YOU'RE BOOSTING THAT TOWN AND KNOCKIN' 'EM OWN!

DOLLARS AIN'T LIKE CATS— THEY NEVER COME BACK!



## AT SPECIAL BARGAIN

One Emerson Grain Drill.  
One Emerson Double Disc Plow.  
One Triple Disc Plow.  
Look these over, the price is right.  
Panhandle Lumber Company.

We have just twenty pair of Elk hide shoes, No. 9, we have been selling for \$3.50, now offered to you at \$2.48.  
Locke Bros.

## At the Pastime Theatre SOON

Ruth Roland in THE AVENGING ARROW



A Gorgeous Majesty of mountain peaks—Wonderous beauty of the Plains—a Western tale that hits the bulls eye of sensational adventure, a drama of warm heats and cold steel—a drama of the fearless and brave American girl. She rides like a demon and fights like a tigress. A tale in which the quick wit of a woman is pitted against the worst criminals the West ever knew. A brand new Ruth Roland Serial in fifteen episodes with a sensation in every episode. Fifteen Chapters of tingling thrills.

STARTING SOON

## SAFE BANKING

Safe banking does not mean merely safety for the banker, but safety for his depositors—Safety for the entire banking system—Safety for the Nation.

This bank is doing its utmost to serve the interest of its depositors and those of the community to the best advantage.

## 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.

## MEASURED SOLELY BY USEFULNESS

There is no other way to compare the value of your bank to that of another than by real definite, tangible use you can make of its services. We can offer you service whose usefulness has been measured and proven, and that awaits a trial to convince you.

NEVER LOST A DOLLAR BY DEPOSITING IN A BANK

THE FIRST STATE BANK







# The Wreckers

By FRANCIS LYNDE

## THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

...Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmy... are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae... her small cousin, Maisie Ann. Unseen, they witness a peculiar train hold-up... which a special car is carried off. Norcross recognizes the car as that of John Chadwick, financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Portal City... and Dodds rescues Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of a Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Rockefeller Dunton, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila is stopping at Portal City, accepts. Dodds overhears conversation between Ruffus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, Portal City financiers, in which they admit complicity in Chadwick's kidnaping, their object being to keep Dodds from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short Line, which would jeopardize their interests. To curb the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the Ruffus Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dodds learns that Sheila is married, but living with her husband. Norcross does not know this. The boss disappears; it has it that he has resigned and gone east. Jimmy turns sleuth, suspects he has been kidnaped and effects his rescue. Norcross resumes control of the Pioneer Short Line, refusing to give place to Dismuke, whom Dunton has sent as general manager. Jimmie follows an emissary of the Red Tower people, spying on Norcross, to a coal yard, where he overhears a plot to murder the boss on a murder charge. He frustrates it and thereby drives the boss to more desperate measures.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

then to have a perfect epidemic of wrecks. The boss turned the material trouble over to Mr. Van Britt and devoted himself pretty strictly to the public side of things. Everywhere, and on every occasion—at dinners at the different chambers of commerce, and public banquets given to this, that, or the other visiting big-wig—he was always ready to get on his feet and tell the people that the true prosperity of the country carried with it the prosperity of the railroads; that the two things were one and inseparable; and that, when it came right down to basic facts, the railroads were really a part of the progress machinery of the country at large and should be regarded, not as alien tax-collectors, but as contributors to the general prosperity and welfare.

By this time, also, Red Tower Consolidated was beginning to find out what it meant to have active competition. The C. S. & W. people were hammering their new plants into working shape, and they were getting the patronage, both of the producers and consumers, hand over fist. Track facilities and yard service were granted freely; and while no discrimination was permitted as against the Red Tower people, the friendly attitude of the road counted for something, as it was bound to.

During those few pre-election weeks the New York end of his seemed to have petered out completely. We heard nothing more from President Dunton, worse than an occasional wire complaint about the number of wrecks we were having, though the stock was still going down, point by point, and, so far as a man up a tree could see, we were making no attempt to show net earnings—were turning all our money into betterments as fast as it came in. I knew that couldn't go on. Without a flurry of some sort, the New Yorkers would never be able to break even, to say nothing of a profit, and I looked every day for a howl that would tear things straight up the back.

While all these threads were weaving along, I'm sorry to say that I hadn't yet drummed up the courage to

to this effect... to the future in construction, according to C. Diell of the board, who has... to this effect... of engineers... Mr. Diell... up-to-date high... will never be... of equal... capacity... is an ambitious... designed to... rules, which... through scientific... apply as... to highways... and rolling... roads like the... Their use over... railroads were... a comparative... must come... ways. Over... trucks and... lifted; each tra... conspicuous... to me to move again... to indicate... was permitted... them so that... owners of... under the cars, and I could feel... ed for using... the shock of a bullet... the big gun in the divekeeper's... It would... as I crawled cautiously... to enforce such... far side. Creeping along be... to be no... string of coal cars I came... on permitting... to the great... crane... trucks to run... unloading the fuel. It was a... thousand... traveling machine, straddling the... constructed... and a good part of the yard... road interests... clam-shell grab-bucket... was... resting on its two lips on the... way department... I thought of climbing to the... traffic engineer... of the crane and trying to... construction... the big bridge beam. Then... merely with... at the two halves of the clamp... were slightly open, just... suit... enough to let me squeeze in... suit... were looking for a full-sized... arbell, for instance, who was... as a farm-hand—they'd never... that crack in the bucket; and... her second I had wriggled... the V-shaped opening and was... was... in one of the halves... jam-shell.

was a mighty good guess. Hatch came back with his gun, loaded that coal yard with a... comb, using a lantern that... got from somewhere and... no hole or corner where a... hide, save and excepting... one I had pre-empted.

happened, the search wound... under the crane, with the... tanding so near that I could... sbed out of the crack between... ket halves and touched them... tnyfel has gone mit himself... fence, yes?" puffed Henckel... es: "Vot for iss he shoot off... stols, ennahow?"

han confessed, I suppose be... knew he would have to, sooner... as a hold-up," he growled. "Th... 's gone out av' my pocket."... 's comment on this was fairly... elling in its profanity.

It's up to you to get him some... ay, you blundering son of a... aged. "I don't care what... but if you don't make this... too hot to hold him, it's go... set too hot to hold you!" And... he was going to say, I... at that moment a be...ounding and... and want...ing was

he who... to pay... that in the... for themse... to the com... people and... er today is... for reasons... I and market... Therefore the... the road happe... od Road Bu... recorded... activities... nies. A fe... ly hounded... one some... hin its... however, I... accept... the... level... I if... ada.

nights were beginning to get a bit chilly. I had butted in with a telegram—which might just as well have stood over until the next morning, if you want to know. After I had delivered it, Mrs. Sheila gave me that funny little laugh of hers and told me to go hunt in the pantry and see if I could find a piece of pie, and the boss added that if I'd wait, he'd go back to town with me pretty soon.

I found the pie, and ate it in the dining-room, making noise enough about it so that they could know I was there if they wanted to. But they went right on talking, and paid no attention to me.

"Do you know, Shella,"—they had long since got past the "Mr." and "Mrs."—"you've been the greatest possible help to me in this rough-house, all the way along," the boss was saying. "You have held me up to the rack, time and again, when I have been ready to throw it all up and let go. Why have you done it?"

I heard the little laugh again, and she said: "It is worth something to have a friend. Odd as it may seem, Graham, I have been singularly poverty-stricken in that respect. And I have wanted to see you succeed. Though you are still calling it merely a 'business deal,' it is really a mission, you know, crammed full of good things to a struggling world. If you do succeed—and I am sure you are going to—you will leave this community, and hundreds of others, vastly the better for what you are doing and demonstrating."

"But that is a man's point of view," the boss persisted. "How do you get it? You are all woman, you know; and your mixing and mingling—at least, since I have known you—has all been purely social. How do you get the big overlook?"

"I don't know. I was foolish and frivolous once, like most young girls, I suppose. But we all grow older; and we ought to grow wiser. Besides, the woman has the advantage of the man in one respect; she has time to think and plan and reason things out as a busy man can't have. Your problem has seemed very simple to me, from the very beginning. It asked for a strong man and an honest one. You were to take charge of a piece of property that had been abused and knocked about and used as a means of extortion and oppression, and you were to make it good."

"Again, that is a man's point of view." "Oh, no," she protested quickly. "There is no sex in ethics. Women are the natural house-cleaners, perhaps, but that isn't saying that a man can't be one, too, if he wants to be."

At this, the boss got up and began to tramp up and down the room; I could hear him. I knew she'd been having the biggest kind of a job to keep him shut up in this sort of abstract chatter, when all the time he was loving her fit to kill, but apparently she had been doing it, successfully. There wasn't the faintest breath of sentiment in the air; not the slightest whiff. When she began again, I could somehow feel that she was just in time to prevent his breaking out into all sorts of love-making.

your administration a failure, it won't hesitate to get rid of you in the easiest way that offers." There was silence in the major's den for a minute or so, and then the boss said: "As usual, you know more than you are willing to tell me."

"Perhaps not," was the prompt answer. "Perhaps I am only the on-looker—who can usually see things rather better than the persons actually involved. Hitherto I have urged you to be bold, and then again to be bold. Now I am begging you to be prudent."

"In what way?" "Careful for yourself. For example: you walked out here this evening; don't do that any more. Come in a taxi—and don't come alone."

I couldn't see his frown of disagreement, but I knew well enough it was there. "There spoke the woman in you," he said. "If I should show the white feather that way, they'd have some excuse for potting me."

There was a silence again, and I got up quietly and crossed the dining-room to the big recessed window where I stood looking out into the darkness of the tree-shaded lawn. It was pretty evident that Mrs. Sheila knew a heap more than she was telling the boss, just as he had said, and I couldn't help wondering how she came to know it. What she said about the increased number of wrecks looked like a pointer. Was she in touch with the enemy in some way?

Then my mind went back in a flash to what Maisie Ann had told me. Was the husband who ought to be dead, and

wasn't, mixed up in it in any way? Could it be possible that he was one of those who were in the fight on the other side, and that she was still keeping in touch with him?

Pretty soon I heard the murmur of their voices again, but now I was so far away from the bamboo-screened door that I couldn't hear what they were saying. I wished they would break it off so the boss could go. It was getting late, and there had been enough said to make me wish we were both safely back in the hotel. It's that way sometimes, you know, in spite of all you can do. You hear a talk, and you can't help reading between the lines. I knew, as well as I knew that I was alive, that Mrs. Sheila meant more than she had said; perhaps more than she had dared to say.

It was while I was standing there in the big window that I saw the man on the lawn. At first I thought it was Tarbell, who was never very far out of reach when the boss was running loose. But the next minute I saw I was mistaken. The man under the trees had on a long traveling coat that came nearly to his heels, and his cap was the kind that has two visors, one in front and the other behind.

I knew there was only one window in the major's den room, and that was nearly opposite the screened doorway. So I ducked back into the dining room and took a stand where I could see the one window through the door-curtain net-work of bamboo beads. I was so excited that I caught only snatches of what Mrs. Sheila was saying to the boss, but the bits, that I heard were a good deal to the point.

"No, I mean it, Graham... it is as I told you at first... there is no standing room for either of us on that ground... and you must not come here again when you know that I am alone... No, Jimmie isn't enough!"

I wrenched the half-working ear-aside and jammed it into my eyes, concentrating hard on the window at which I expected every second to see a man's face. If the man was a murderer, I thought I could beat him to it.

The suspense didn't last very long. A hand came up first to push the window vines aside. It was a white hand, long and slender, more like a woman's than a man's. Then against the glass I saw the face, and it gave me such a turn that I thought I must be going batty.

Instead of the ugly mug of one of Clananah's gunmen, the haggard face framed in the window sash was a face that I had seen once—and only once—before; on a certain Sunday night in the Bullard when the loose-lipped mouth belonging to it had been babbling drunken curses at the night clerk. The man at the window was the dissipated young rounder who had been pointed out as the nephew of President Dunton.

What on earth was the president's nephew doing, prowling around Major Kendrick's house after eleven o'clock at night, lugging a pistol and peering into windows? I could see him quite plainly now. He had both hands on the sill and was trying to pull himself up so that he could see into the end of the room where the fireplace was.

Just for the moment, there wasn't any danger of a blow-up. Unless he should break the glass in the window, he couldn't get a line on either the boss or Mrs. Sheila—if that was what he was aiming to do. All the same, I kept him covered with the automatic, steadying it against the door-jamb.

While the strain was at its worst, with the man outside flattening his cheek against the window-pane to get the sidewise slant, I heard the boss get out of his chair and say: "I'm keeping you out of bed, as usual; look at that clock! I'll go and wake Jimmie, and we'll vanish."

Just as he spoke, two things happened: a taxi chugged up to the gate and stopped, and the man's face disappeared from the window. I heard a quick padding of feet as of somebody running, and the next minute came the rattle of a latch-key and voices in the hall to tell me that the major and his folks were getting home. I had barely time to pocket the pistol and to drop into a chair where I could pretend to be asleep, when I felt the boss' hand on my shoulder.



I Saw That He Had a Pistol in His Hand.

## CHAPTER XI

### The Name on the Register

So long as I was holding on to the notion that the man outside was one of Clananah's thugs, hanging around to do the boss a mischief, I thought I knew pretty well what I should do when it came to the pinch. Would I really have hauled off and shot a man, in cold blood? That's a tough question, but I guess maybe I could have screwed myself up to the sticking point, as the fellow says, with a sure-enough gunman on the other side of that window—and the boss' life at stake. But when I saw that it was young Collingwood, that was a horse of another color.

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Just as he spoke, two things happened: a taxi chugged up to the gate and stopped, and the man's face disappeared from the window. I heard a quick padding of feet as of somebody running, and the next minute came the rattle of a latch-key and voices in the hall to tell me that the major and his folks were getting home. I had barely time to pocket the pistol and to drop into a chair where I could pretend to be asleep, when I felt the boss' hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Jimmie," he said. "It's time we were moving along," and in a minute or two, after he had said good-night to the major and Mrs. Kendrick, we got out.

ber the other man's name, but as obligingly looked it up for me in the older register. It was Bullock, Henry, Bullock.

I suppose it was up to me to go to bed. It was late enough, in all conscience, and nobody knew better than I did the early-rising, early-office-opening habits of Mr. Graham Norcross, G. M. Just the same, after I had marked that Mr. Collingwood's room-key was still in its box, I went over to a corner of the lobby and sat down, determined to keep my eyes open, if such a thing were humanly possible, until our rounder should show up.

Finally my patience, or whatever you care to call it, was rewarded. Just after the baggage porter had finished sing-singing his call for the night express westbound, my man came in on the run.

When he rushed over to the counter and began to talk fast to the night clerk, I wasn't very far behind him. He was telling the clerk to get his grips down from the room, adjacently quick. While the boy was gone for the grips, my man made a straight shoot for the bar, and when I next got a sight of him—from behind one of the big onyx-plated pillars of the bar-room colonnade—he was pouring neat liquor down his throat as if it were water and he on fire inside.

That was about all there was to it. By the time Collingwood got back to the clerk's counter, the boy was down with the bags. Collingwood looked up sort of nervously at the big clock, and paid his bill. And while the clerk was getting his change, he grabbed the pen out of the counter inlaid, and made out as if he was shading in a picture, or something, on the open register.

A half-minute later he was gone. When the taxi purred away I turned to the open register to see what our maniac had been drawing in it. What he had done was completely to obliterate his signature. He had scratched it over until the past master of all the hand-writing experts that ever lived couldn't have told what the name was.

It was while we were eating breakfast the next morning in the Bullard cafe—the boss and I—that we got our first news of the Petrolite wreck. The story was red-headlined in the Morning Herald—the Hatch-owned paper—and besides being played up good and strong in the news columns, there was an editorial to back the front-page scream.

At two o'clock in the morning a fast westbound freight had left the track in Petrolite Canyon, and before they could get the flagman out, a delayed eastbound passenger had collided with the ruins. There were no lives lost, but a number of people, including the engineman, the postal clerks and the baggage man on the passenger, were injured.

The editorial, commenting on the wire stuff, was sharply critical of the Short Line management. It hinted broadly that there had been no such thing as discipline on the road since Mr. Shaffer had left it; that the rank and file was running things pretty much as it pleased; and with this there was a dig at general managers who let old and time-tried department heads go to make room for their rich and incompetent college friends—which was meant to be a slap at Mr. Van Britt, our own and only millionaire.

Unhappily, this fault-finding had a good bit to build on, in one way. As I have said, we were having operating troubles to beat the band. With the rank and file apparently doing its level best to help out in the new "public-be-pleased" program, it seemed as if we couldn't worry through a single week without smashing something.

Latterly, even the newspapers that were friendly to the Norcross management were beginning to comment on the epidemic of disasters, and nothing in the world but the boss' policy of taking all the editors into his confidence when they wanted to investigate kept the rising storm of criticism somewhere within bounds.

Mr. Norcross had read the paper before he handed it over to me, and afterward he hurried his breakfast a little. When he reached the office, Mr. Van Britt was waiting for the chief.

"We've got it in the neck once more," he gritted, flashing up his own copy of the Herald. "Did you read that editorial?"

"Never mind the newspaper talk. How bad is the trouble this time?"

"Pretty bad. The freight is practically a total loss; a good half of it is in the river. Kirgan says he can pick the freight engine up and rebuild it; but the passenger machine is a wreck."

"How did it happen?"

"It's like a good many of the others. Nobody seems to know. Brochman put the freight engine crew on the rack, and they say there was a small boulder on the track—that it rolled down the canyon slope just ahead of them as they were turning a curve. They struck it, and both men say that the engine knocked it off into the river apparently without hurting anything. But two seconds later the entire train left the track and piled up all over the right-of-way."

The boss was sitting back in his chair and making little rings on the desk blotter with the point of his letter-opener.

"Upton, these knock-outs have got to be stopped."

"Howard Collingwood, New York."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



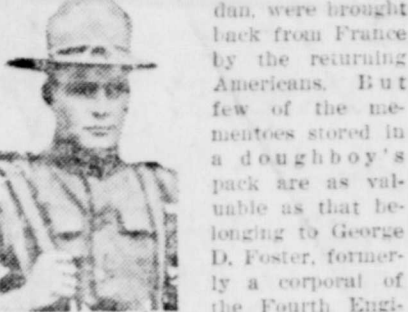
# The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for this department supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

## FOUND VALUABLE WAR RELIC

Oregon Legion Man's Best Trophy of Big Conflict, Is Worth Large Sum.

Souvenirs varying from a chip off Eiffel tower to a German beer stein captured in Sedan, were brought back from France by the returning Americans. But few of the mementoes stored in a doughboy's pack are as valuable as that belonging to George D. Foster, formerly a corporal of the Fourth Engineers, Fourth Division, who found a rare Roman coin that is perhaps worth several hundred dollars.

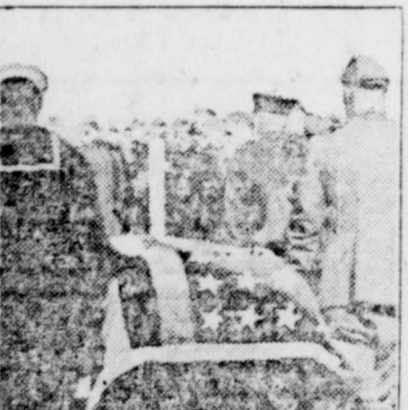


While looking for a safe and soft spot in the ruins of an old house near Serzy, France, Corporal Foster, now a peace-loving member of the American Legion in Cottage Grove, Ore., found an old gilt case containing a coin. He turned it over to a college professor who pronounced it worth more than its weight in gold. Its date is 306 A. D. On one side it bears the inscription "Magnus," the title given the Emperor Constantine. On the other side are the inscriptions "Votus XX," "Beatus Tranquillus," and "Percussa Treveris." The latter words, the professor declares, indicate that the coin was minted in Trier, Germany, formerly a seat of the Roman empire.

## LEGION MEN BURY COMRADES

Organization Officials at Almost Every Reinterment of Men Who Fell on Battlefields.

With the thousands of bodies being returned to the homeland from the battlefields of France, the American Legion has justified its existence if for no other reason than the display of proper respect for the remains of the country's heroes. In almost every instance in which the body of a soldier who died overseas has been reinterred in American soil, Legion members have taken part.



Funeral for Indian Comrade.

The photograph shows the ceremonies of the military funeral held by Carl Anderson Post of the Legion at Cloquet, Minnesota, for John DeFoe, the first American Indian from the state to be killed in action. The rifle to which the dead soldier belonged was glad to allow his white comrades to bury him in a manner befitting his brave career in the service of his country.

## EX-SERVICE BOYS GET JOBS

President of Chicago Grain Concern, Trench Experienced, Does Not Forget His Buddies.

When Private Paul J. Healy, 33rd Division, A. E. F., was waiting in the trenches of France for the shell with his initials on it he vowed that if he got out alive he would never forget the bravest and sacrifice of his comrades. Now President Paul J. Healy of the Chicago Grain Products company, Rockford, Ill., is living up to the pledge he took on the field of battle.

The company which Mr. Healy heads recently began the construction of a new distillery. Mr. Healy ordered that none but ex-service men be employed in the construction work, and informed all concerned that when the plant is constructed, veterans of the World war will be shown all the preference on the company's pay roll. "My hope is to build an organization of former soldiers," Mr. Healy announced.

Mr. Healy enlisted as a private in the infantry and was discharged a sergeant. He was gassed at Albert, on the British front. He is one of the most active workers of Brophy post of the American Legion in Chicago.

## American Legion Notes

"There is not the least doubt in my mind that if it had not been for the determined stand of the American Legion, Zimmer and I would still be in prison," writes Sergeant Neff, who with Sergeant Zimmer was arrested by the Germans following an attempt to capture Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, notorious slacker. "The American Legion came to my aid during one of my darkest hours, and it demonstrated by its unwavering loyalty toward a comrade that its sublime aspirations and lofty ideals concerning comradeship are a living truth."

Men entitled to navy retainer pay and not receiving it should communicate with the navy allotment officer, navy retainer pay section, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., according to the American Legion Weekly. Applicants should give the following data: Full name, date of enrollment, rating and class in which enrolled, present address, present rating, number of retainer pay checks received (if any) and amount of each, date of release from active duty, date of discharge from reserves.

One of the largest single cash contributions for the benefit of disabled ex-service men has been received by the St. Louis city central executive committee of the American Legion. The amount was \$5,000, "without a string to it," given by Mrs. Newton L. G. Wilson, wealthy philanthropist of the city. The fund will be used exclusively to assist disabled men in obtaining just compensation and for the relief of their dependents.

American Legion posts in Minnesota are having a lively controversy as to which one has the oldest Legionnaire on its rolls. Rodwood Falls presented Dr. Gibson, seventy-two years old, who served with the medical corps at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., and held the record until Kimball post introduced Adam Brower, seventy-six years old, and Joe Mason, who admits eighty-six years and a highly prized membership in the Legion.

As a result of a fight waged on the floor of congress by Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, a prominent American Legion worker, relatives of aliens who served in the American army, navy and marine corps during the World war are entitled to preferred right of entry into the United States in the three-percent immigration to be allowed during the next year under the immigration bill.

Members of the American Legion in St. Paul, Minn., cast their bread upon the waters and it was returned—a hundredfold. Last spring they gave assistance to a needy man. When the Legion men were selling theater tickets for a benefit performance for unemployed veterans the ex-service man sold 500 tickets in two days. As a result, 150 men were sent out on jobs the following day.

A vigorous campaign waged by the American Legion against disloyal activities of the Industrial Workers of the World is responsible for the stabbing of a Legion worker by an I. W. W. fanatic, according to reports received at Legion national headquarters from Pocatello, Idaho. True to form, the I. W. W. member attacked the Legion man in a dark alley, stabbing him in the back.

For the prompt relief of disabled and unemployed ex-service men of Chicago, Theodore Roosevelt post of the American Legion staged a stag party, at which Judge K. M. Landis was a guest. Battling Nelson was in charge of the athletic program, the band of the Great Lakes naval training station provided music and stage stars contributed their services to a midnight frolic.

Commuters and street car fans of New Orleans may have to walk when the American Legion meets. Employees of the New Orleans Railway and Light company have formed a post of the Legion. The street railway men are enthusiastic members of their post and have promised to attend meetings even if they have to bring along their private cars.

An American Legion speaker has been asked to explain the aims and purposes of the organization at the annual labor picnic to be held June 18 in Kansas City, Kan. The action, which followed a conference with the mayor of the city, is intended to clear up any misunderstandings, which radical elements may have fostered in the ranks of labor organizations.

Only men who were in the service during the World war will be admitted to a hotel being erected by the Portland, Ore., post of the American Legion. The post is enlarging and remodeling upper floors of its large clubhouse to accommodate 70 men.

Idaho American Legion members opened their state service and membership campaign with prayers in almost every church in the state.

Store window posters and street car signs aided Summit post of the American Legion at Akron, O., during a membership campaign.

## America "Says It With Flour" for the Near East



An impressive ceremony at pier 2, army base New York, attended the loading of the Mopang with flour and 2,000 tons of general foodstuffs for the starving of the Near East. Dr. Herbert Shipton, bishop of New York, at the special request of Bishop Manning, blessed the ship and its cargo. The work purchased with the funds raised by the Near East relief through their novel posters, "Say it with Flour."

## Tells Tale of War's Changes

Map Published by National Geographic Society Reveals Made-Over Continent of Europe.

### LOOKS LIKE A NEW WORLD

Changes Effected by All the Treaties, Agreements and Plebiscites Are Recorded to Date—Show Remnants of Bygone Splendor.

Washington.—"Mayflower" colonists encountered a new continent in 1620; Americans of 1921 can almost imagine their sensations as we gaze at a map of the New Europe," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"To a man who has been on Mars since 1914, the continental Europe of 1921, save for its peninsulas and islands, virtually would be a new world," continues the bulletin, issued in connection with a map recently published by the society to record changes effected by all treaties, agreements and plebiscites to date.

"Even a bird's-eye view of the made-over continent would disclose: Cleaver-shaped Czechoslovakia, unwittingly symbolical in contour, lamming its western wedge far into Germany, lightly tipping with its eastern peninsula a much magnified Roumania.

"Shrunken Austria and pared down Hungary nestling below, remnants of bygone splendor and objects of present economic charity, seem not much larger than Maine. And they are not.

"Resurrected Poland to the north bespeaks a reincarnation rather than a relic. Two free cities, Flume and Danzig, give added flavor to the medieval.

"Even the shapes of the nations of central Europe tell a significant story. Compare their curving contours, as if they had been ground and rounded by ceaseless war storms, with the angular mosaic patterns of the Western states of the United States.

"Three tiny republics—Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania—rear their Aphrodite heads from the Baltic waters. Above them is suspended Finland, born without the terrible birth pangs of the new lands farther south.

"The patchwork that formerly de-

### FROM FRANCE TO K. OF C.



Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty with the magnificent Serres vase presented to the Knights of Columbus by Dr. Marcel Knecht, French high commissioner, on behalf of President Millerand and the French government. The vase, which is valued at \$5,000, will be exhibited throughout the United States before being placed in the K. of C. home office building in New Haven, Conn.

noted the Balkan states seems to have squirmed its queer way northward toward the Baltic. As new countries are scattered freely about, Montenegro, of romantic memory, has disappeared. And familiar Turkey has all but gone.

"Ukraine tentatively slices off a corner of Russia an area comparable to that of France. Jugo-Slavia is the architrave for a pediment of states that bear down upon the tripartite Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes until it fairly bulges into the Adriatic.

"A map of the new Europe visualizes some phases of geography more clearly than many pages of explanation. Obviously, a peninsular people have a preferred safety insurance in modern warfare. The 'freedom of the seas' seems to have a double entendre respecting the shores that reach out for its kindly protection.

"All Europe is a peninsula of Asia. Then again western Europe is a secondary peninsula, pendant from Russia. Its broad isthmus spanning the eastern boundaries of Poland and Roumania from the Black to the Baltic seas.

Were Aloof From War." "Scandinavia, Denmark, Spain, Italy and Greece therefore may be described as third-degree peninsulas. The first three were aloof from the war; actual fighting did not penetrate far into the latter two.

"I'm naturally right-hand on Hal. "But there's nothing in it. I played around pastels and copied a man. There it is." He pointed to the wall.

"When I found I could mitt I got an old Bohemian show me how to handle something of his own. I copied it. He 'em apart."

The living room of the is bright with evidences of paved artistry. And there are two of them for each of his canvases are six feet long and another in 1912 in the bowl at Riverside park. Each time his left hip was badly injured, but each time he recovered with apparently no permanent disability.

Hal Ehrig, 646 West 61st street, survived two serious motorcycle accidents, one in 1911 in an endurance race to Michigan City and another in 1912 in the bowl at Riverside park. Each time his left hip was badly injured, but each time he recovered with apparently no permanent disability.

But with Hal, the third time was the charm. While driving an automobile at dusk he encountered a drainage ditch in the road. The car overturned on his body, lacerating the same hip.

In "Bed Seven Years." To-day he lies in a half reclining position in a bed by the window. He has lain that way for seven years. But he has a smile on his face and unshaken belief that a few years will see him on his feet again, playing with his Russian wolf hounds.

"My injury is rather a mystery to the medical profession," said he. "I've got a wonderful appetite and eat my three square meals every day. But I can't move except this one arm." And he gripped the wooden bar that runs parallel to his bed and raised himself. "The doctors explain my condition as being nervous shock—when the left hip tightened up it pulled the other side of me for support.

"I could feel myself stiffening all over. I didn't know how long I was going to be laid up, but decided to be as comfortable as I could. So I had 'em prop me up with pillows now.

"I intended going into business at the time I was laid up with it. And so for a while I just sat there. One day a girl friend in to see Hal brought a box of pastels that she didn't want. He had been clever with one time and thought he might as well use them.

"I'm naturally right-hand on Hal. "But there's nothing in it. I played around pastels and copied a man. There it is." He pointed to the wall.

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"The eye notes obstacle Berlin's one-time path to Baghdad. One may trace which island Britain's grand mate means to her Asia. "Karlsbad may be as its new name of Karlo is harder to find. Our old and new names to about. Patriotism has stored cities unrecognizable such aid.

"Formerly the average road time table. It was on rare occasions. I informed must employ stand the great educator his daily newspaper.

"To him who reads care that he scans the 'map will impart its of historic peoples, its struggles, the constant the human being and environment."

Caught Pocketbook in Bellefonte, Pa.—W. trout near here Will fled something from stream. As it came sized it as a pocket ashore. It contained with no clew to the owner.

"Dry" Officers Get Clarksburg, W. Va. corals are held in Jan. fit half pint whiskey. The police are trying to bottles and also trying to which the corker prohibition officers.

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## ROAD BUILDING

DURABILITY OF ROADS

Classification of Passenger and Highways Is Predicted Chairman Diehl.

Freight roads and passenger are probabilities of the country, according to George C. Diehl, of the A. A. roads board, who has sent a caution to this effect to the chief of engineers of the department. Mr. Diehl thus on the up-to-date highways

"There will never be a take charge all roads are of equal capacity. Breckenridges are analogous. In general rules which have been oped through scientific handling by Halcott's Storax, a variety of highways. The locomotives and rolling stock are varied to suit the traffic. Their use over restricted railroads would be a comparative breeze to the highways. Over class I, best motortrucks and trailers are permitted; each truck size large figures conspicuously on the sides to indicate the total weight that was permitted to carry them under the e participation, the big gun traffic. It would be simple to enforce such proposition permitting only the heavy trucks to run on a traveling many thousand dollars and a go- the clam-sh resting on d.

At the road intersection way capacity could be the highway department believe, have a traffic department chief traffic engineer, not with construction and nance but merely with the traffic. It is extremely likely would result ultimately in of freight roads and passenger and that wider and par-

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# The Wreckers

By FRANCIS LYNDE

## THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Synopsis—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmy Dods, are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, and her small cousin, Maisie Ann. Unseen, they witness a peculiar train hold-up, in which a special car is carried off. Norcross recognizes the car as that of John Chadwick, financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Portal City. He and Dods rescue Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of the Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Breckenridge Dunton, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Portal City, accepts. Dods overhears conversation between Norcross, Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, Portal City financiers, in which they admit complicity in Chadwick's kidnaping, their object being to keep Chadwick from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short Line, which would jeopardize their interests. To curb the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the as well as the Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dods learns that Sheila is married, but living apart from her husband. Norcross does not know this. The Boss disappears; Dods reports that he has resigned and gone east. Jimmy turns sleuth, suspects the New York has been kidnaped and effects his rescue. Norcross resumes control of the Pioneer Short Line, refusing to give place to Dismuke, whom Dunton has sent to take charge as general manager. Jimmie follows an emissary of the Red Tower people, spying on Norcross, to a coal yard, where he overhears a plot to arrest the Boss on a murder charge. He frustrates it and thereby drives his enemies to more desperate measures.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

then to have a perfect epidemic of wrecks. The boss turned the material trouble over to Mr. Van Britt and devoted himself pretty strictly to the public side of things. Everywhere, and on every occasion—at dinners at the different chambers of commerce, and public banquets given to this, that, or the other visiting big-wig—he was always ready to get on his feet and fell the people that the true prosperity of the country carried with it the prosperity of the railroads; that the two things were one and inseparable; and that, when it came right down to basic facts, the railroads were really a part of the progress machinery of the country at large and should be regarded, not as alien tax-collectors, but as contributors to the general prosperity and welfare.

By this time, also, Red Tower Consolidated was beginning to find out what it meant to have active competition. The C. S. & W. people were hammering their new plants into working shape, and they were getting the patronage, both of the producers and consumers, hand over fist. Track facilities and yard service were granted freely; and while no discrimination was permitted as against the Red Tower people, the friendly attitude of the road counted for something, as it was bound to.

During those few pre-election weeks the New York end of us seemed to have petered out completely. We heard nothing more from President Dunton, worse than an occasional wire complaint about the number of wrecks we were having, though the stock was still going down, point by point, and so far as a man up a tree could see, we were making no attempt to show net earnings—were turning all our money into betterments as fast as it came in. I knew that couldn't go on. Without a flurry of some sort, the New Yorkers would never be able to break even, to say nothing of a profit, and I looked every day for a howl that would tear things straight up the back.

While all these threads were weaving along, I'm sorry to say that I hadn't yet drummed up the courage to tell the boss the truth about Mrs. Sheila. He kept on going to the major's every chance he had, and Maisie Ann was making life miserable for me because I hadn't told him—calling me a coward and everything under the sun. I told her to tell him herself, and she retorted that I knew she couldn't; that it was my job and nobody else's. We fussed over it a lot; and because I most always contrived some excuse to chase out to the Kendrick house at the boss's heels—merely to help Tarbell keep cases on him—there were plenty of chances for the fussing.

It was on one of these chasing trips to "Kenwood" that the roof fell in. The major had gone out somewhere—to the theater, I guess—taking his wife and Maisie Ann, and the boss and Mrs. Sheila were sitting together in the major's den, with a little coal blaze in the basket grate because the

nights were beginning to get a bit chilly. I had butted in with a telegram—which might just as well have stood over until the next morning, if you want to know. After I had delivered it, Mrs. Sheila gave me that funny little laugh of hers and told me to go hunt in the pantry and see if I could find a piece of pie, and the boss added that if I'd wait, he'd go back to town with me pretty soon.

I found the pie, and ate it in the dining-room, making noise enough about it so that they could know I was there if they wanted to. But they went right on talking, and paid no attention to me.

"Do you know, Sheila,"—they had long since got past the "Mr." and "Mrs."—"you've been the greatest possible help to me in this rough-house, all the way along," the boss was saying. "You have held me up to the rack, time and again, when I have been ready to throw it all up and let go. Why have you done it?"

I heard the little laugh again, and she said: "It is worth something to have a friend. Odd as it may seem, Graham, I have been singularly poverty-stricken in that respect. And I have wanted to see you succeed. Though you are still calling it merely a 'business deal,' it is really a mission, you know, crammed full of good things to a struggling world. If you do succeed—and I am sure you are going to—you will leave this community, and hundreds of others, vastly the better for what you are doing and demonstrating."

"But that is a man's point of view," the boss persisted. "How do you get it? You are all woman, you know; and your mixing and mingling—at least, since I have known you—has all been purely social. How do you get the big overlook?"

"I don't know. I was foolish and frivolous once, like most young girls, I suppose. But we all grow older; and we ought to grow wiser. Besides, the woman has the advantage of the man in one respect; she has time to think and plan and reason things out as a busy man can't have. Your problem has seemed very simple to me, from the very beginning. It asked for a strong man and an honest one. You were to take charge of a piece of property that had been abused and knocked about and used as a means of extortion and oppression, and you were to make it good."

"Again, that is a man's point of view," she protested quickly. "There is no sex in ethics. Women are the natural house-cleaners, perhaps, but that isn't saying that a man can't be one, too, if he wants to be."

At this, the boss got up and began to tramp up and down the room; I could hear him. I knew she'd been having the biggest kind of a job to keep him shut up in this sort of abstract corral, when all the time he was loving her fit to kill, but apparently she had been doing it, successfully. There wasn't the faintest breath of sentiment in the air; not the slightest whiff. When she began again, I could somehow feel that she was just in time to prevent his breaking out into all sorts of love-making.

"The time has come, now, when you must take another leaf out of my book," she said, with just the proper little cooling tang in her voice. "Up to the present, you have been hammering your way to the end like a strong man, and that was right. But you have been more or less reckless—and that isn't right or fair or just to a lot of other people."

The tramping stopped and I heard him say: "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that matters have come to such a pass now that you can't afford to take any risks—personal risks. If the plan the enemy is trying doesn't work, it will try another and a more desperate one."

"You've been talking to Ripley," he laughed. "Ripley wants me to become a gun-toter and provide myself with a body-guard. I'd look well, wouldn't I? But what do you mean by 'the plan the enemy is now trying?'"

She hesitated a little, and then said: "I shall make no charges, because I have no proof. But I read the newspapers, and Mr. Van Britt tells me something, now and then. You are having a terrible lot of wrecks."

"That is merely bad luck," he rejoined easily. "Rashness is no part of true courage," she interpolated, calmly. "As a private individual you might say that your life is your own, and that you have a perfect right to risk it as you please. But as the general manager of the railroad, with a lot of your friends holding office under you, you can't say that. Besides, you are fighting for a cause, and that cause will stand or fall with you."

"You ought to be a member of this new reform legislature that some of our good friends think is coming up the pike," he chuckled; but she ignored the good-natured gibe and made him listen.

your administration a failure, it won't hesitate to get rid of you in the easiest way that offers."

There was silence in the major's den for a minute or so, and then the boss said:

"As usual, you know more than you are willing to tell me."

"Perhaps not," was the prompt answer. "Perhaps I am only the on-looker—who can usually see things rather better than the persons actually involved. Hitherto I have urged you to be bold, and then again to be prudent."

"In what way?" "Careful for yourself. For example; you walked out here this evening; don't do that any more. Come in a taxi—and don't come alone."

I couldn't see his frown of disagreement, but I knew well enough it was there.

"There spoke the woman in you," he said. "If I should show the white feather that way, they'd have some excuse for potting me."

There was a silence again, and I got up quietly and crossed the dining-room to the big recessed window where I stood looking out into the darkness of the tree-shaded lawn. It was pretty evident that Mrs. Sheila knew a heap more than she was telling the boss, just as he had said, and I couldn't help wondering how she came to know it. What she said about the increased number of wrecks looked like a pointer. Was she in touch with the enemy in some way?

Then my mind went back in a flash to what Maisie Ann had told me. Was the husband who ought to be dead, and



I Saw That He Had a Pistol in His Hand.

wasn't, mixed up in it in any way? Could it be possible that he was one of those who were in the fight on the other side, and that she was still keeping in touch with him?

Pretty soon I heard the murmur of their voices again, but now I was so far away from the bamboo-screened door that I couldn't hear what they were saying. I wished they would break it off so the boss could go. It was getting late, and there had been enough said to make me wish we were both safely back in the hotel. It's that way sometimes, you know, in a talk of all you can do. You hear a spile, and you can't help reading between the lines. I knew, as well as I knew that I was alive, that Mrs. Sheila meant more than she had said; perhaps more than she had dared to say.

It was while I was standing there in the big window that I saw the man on the lawn. At first I thought it was Tarbell, who was never very far out of reach when the boss was running loose. But the next minute I saw I was mistaken. The man under the trees had on a long traveling coat that came nearly to his heels, and his cap was the kind that has two visors, one in front and the other behind.

Realizing that it wasn't Tarbell, I stood perfectly still. The house was lighted with gas, and the dining-room chandelier had been turned down, so there was a chance that the skulker under the trees wouldn't see me standing in the corner of the box window. To make it surer, I edged away until the curtain hid me. I was just in time. The man had crept out of his hiding-place and was coming up to the window on the outside. As he passed through the dim beam of light thrown by the turned-down chandelier, I saw that he had a pistol in his hand, or a weapon of some kind; anyway, I caught the glint of the gas-light on dull steel.

That stirred me up good and plenty. I still had the gun I had taken out of Fred May's drawer; I had carried it ever since the night when it had nearly nearly got me killed off in the Red Tower coal yard. I fished it out and made ready, thinking, of course, that the skulker must certainly be one of Clananah's gunmen. I still had that idea when I felt, rather than saw, that the man was pulling himself up to the window so that he could take a look into the dining room.

The look satisfied him, apparently, for the next second I heard him drop among the bushes; and when I stood up and looked out again I could just make him out going around toward the back of the house. I knew the house like a book, and without making any noise about it I slipped through the butler's pantry and got a look out of a rear window. My man was there, and he was working his way sort of blindly around to the den side of the place.

I knew there was only one window in the major's den room, and that was nearly opposite the screened doorway. So I ducked back into the dining room and took a stand where I could see the one window through the door-curtain net-work of bamboo beads. I was so excited that I caught only snatches of what Mrs. Sheila was saying to the boss, but the bits, that I heard were a good deal to the point.

"No, I mean it, Graham . . . it is as I told you at first . . . there is no standing room for either of us on that ground . . . and you must not come here again when you know that I am alone . . . No, Jimmie isn't enough!"

I wrenched the half-working ear-earrings aside and jammed it into my eyes, concentrating hard on the window at which I expected every second to see a man's face. If the man was a murderer, I thought I could beat him to it.

The suspense didn't last very long. A hand came up first to push the window vines aside. It was a white hand, long and slender, more like a woman's than a man's. Then against the glass I saw the face, and it gave me such a turn that I thought I must be going batty.

Instead of the ugly mug of one of Clananah's gunmen, the haggard face framed in the window sash was a face that I had seen once—and only once—before; on a certain Sunday night in the Bullard when the loose-lipped mouth belonging to it had been babbling drunken curses at the night clerk. The man at the window was the dissipated young rouser who had been pointed out as the nephew of President Dunton.

CHAPTER XI  
The Name on the Register  
So long as I was holding on to the notion that the man outside was one of Clananah's thugs, hanging around to do the boss a mischief, I thought I knew pretty well what I should do when it came to the pinch. Would I really have hauled off and shot a man, in cold blood? That's a tough question, but I guess maybe I could have screwed myself up to the sticking point, as the fellow says, with a sure-enough gunman on the other side of that window—and the boss' life at stake. But when I saw that it was young Collingwood, that was a horse of another color.

What on earth was the president's nephew doing, prowling around Major Kendrick's house after eleven o'clock at night, lugging a pistol and peering into windows? I could see him quite plainly now. He had both hands on the sill and was trying to pull himself up so that he could see into the end of the room where the fireplace was.

Just for the moment, there wasn't any danger of a blow-up. Unless he should break the glass in the window, he couldn't get a line on either the boss or Mrs. Sheila—if that was what he was aiming to do. All the same, I kept him covered with the automatic, steadying it against the door-jamb.

While the strain was at its worst, with the man outside flattening his cheek against the window-pane to get the sidewise slant, I heard the boss get out of his chair and say: "I'm keeping you out of bed, as usual; look at that clock! I'll go and wake Jimmie, and we'll vanish."

Just as he spoke, two things happened: a taxi chugged up to the gate and stopped, and the man's face disappeared from the window. I heard a quick padding of feet as of somebody running, and the next minute came the rattle of a latch-key and voices in the hall to tell me that the major and his folks were getting home. I had barely time to pocket the pistol and to drop into a chair where I could pretend to be asleep, when I felt the boss' hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Jimmie," he said. "It's time we were moving along," and in a minute or two, after he had said good-night to the major and Mrs. Kendrick, we got out.

At the gate we found the taxi driver doing something to his motor. With the scare from which I was still shaking to make my legs wobble, I grabbed at the chance which our good angel was apparently holding for us.

"Let's ride," I suggested; and when we got into the cab, I saw a man stroll up from the shadow of the sidewalk cottonwoods and say something to the driver; something that got him an invitation to ride to town on the front seat with the cabby when the car was finally cranked and started. I had a sight of our extra fare's face when he climbed up and put his back to us, and I knew it was Tarbell. But Mr. Norcross didn't.

When we reached the Bullard the boss went right up to his rooms, but I had a little investigation to make, and I stayed in the lobby to put it over. On the open page of the hotel register, in the group of names written just after the arrival of our train from the West at 7:30, I found the signature that I was looking for, "Howard Collingwood, N. Y." Putting this and that together, I concluded that our young rouser had come in from the West—which was a bit puzzling, since it left the inference that he wasn't direct from New York.

Waiting for a good chance at the night clerk, I ventured a few questions. They were answered promptly enough. Young Mr. Collingwood had come in on the 7:30. But he had been in Portal City a week earlier, too, stopping over for a single day. Yes, he was alone, now, but he hadn't been on the other occasion. There was a man with him on the earlier stop-over, and he, also, registered from New York. The clerk didn't remem-

ber the other man's name, but as obligingly looked it up for me in the older register. It was Bullock, Henry Bullock.

I suppose it was up to me to go to bed. It was late enough, in all conscience, and nobody knew better than I did the early-rising, early-office-opening habits of Mr. Graham Norcross, G. M. Just the same, after I had marked that Mr. Collingwood's room-key was still in its box, I went over to a corner of the lobby and sat down, determined to keep my eyes open, if such a thing were humanly possible, until our rouser should show up.

Finally my patience, or whatever you care to call it, was rewarded. Just after the baggage porter had finished sing-songing his call for the night express westbound, my man came in on the run.

When he rushed over to the counter and began to talk fast to the night clerk, I wasn't very far behind him. He was telling the clerk to get his grips down from the room, adjectively quick. While the boy was gone for the grips, my man made a straight shot for the bar, and when I next got a sight of him—from behind one of the big onyx-plated pillars of the bar-room colonnade—he was pouring neat liquor down his throat as if it were water and he on fire inside.

That was about all there was to it. By the time Collingwood got back to the clerk's counter, the boy was down with the bags. Collingwood looked up sort of nervously at the big clock, and paid his bill. And while the clerk was getting his change, he grabbed the pen out of the counter inkstand, and made out as if he was shading in a picture, or something, on the open register.

A half-minute later he was gone. When the taxi purred away I turned to the open register to see what our maniac had been drawing in it. What he had done was completely to obliterate his signature. He had scratched it over until the past master of all the hand-writing experts that ever lived couldn't have told what the name was.

It was while we were eating breakfast the next morning in the Bullard cafe—the boss and I—that we got our first news of the Petrolite wreck. The story was red-headlined in the Morning Herald—the Hatch-owned paper—and besides being played up good and strong in the news columns, there was an editorial to back the front-page scream.

At two o'clock in the morning a fast westbound freight had left the track in Petrolite Canyon, and before they could get the flagman out, a delayed eastbound passenger had collided with the ruins. There were no lives lost, but a number of people, including the engineer, the postal clerks and the baggage man on the passenger, were injured.

The editorial, commenting on the wire stuff, was sharply critical of the Short Line management. It hinted broadly that there had been no such thing as discipline on the road since Mr. Shaffer had left it; that the rank and file was running things pretty much as it pleased; and with this there was a dig at general managers who let old and time-tried department heads go to make room for their rich and incompetent college friends—which was meant to be a slap at Mr. Van Britt, our own and only millionaire.

Unhappily, this fault-finding had a good bit to build on, in one way. As I have said, we were having operating troubles to beat the band. With the rank and file apparently doing its level best to help out in the new "public-be-pleased" program, it seemed as if we couldn't worry through a single week without smashing something.

Latterly, even the newspapers that were friendly to the Norcross management were beginning to comment on the epidemic of disasters, and nothing in the world but the boss' policy of taking all the editors into his confidence when they wanted to investigate kept the rising storm of criticism somewhere within bounds.

Mr. Norcross had read the paper before he handed it over to me, and afterward he hurried his breakfast a little. When he reached the office, Mr. Van Britt was waiting for the chief.

"We've got it in the neck once more," he grunted, flashing up his own copy of the Herald. "Did you read that editorial?"

"Never mind the newspaper talk. How bad is the trouble this time?"

"Pretty bad. The freight is practically a total loss; a good half of it is in the river. Kirgan says he can pick the freight engine up and rebuild it; but the passenger machine is a wreck."

"How did it happen?"

"It's like a good many of the others. Nobody seems to know. Brockman put the freight engine crew on the rack, and they say there was a small boulder on the track—that it rolled down the canyon slope just ahead of them as they were turning a curve. They struck it, and both men say that the engine knocked it off into the river apparently without hurting anything. But two seconds later the entire train left the track and piled up all over the right-of-way."

The boss was sitting back in his chair and making little rings on the desk blotter with the point of his letter-opener.

"Upton, these knock-outs have got to be stopped."

"Howard Collingwood, New York."

(TO BE CONTINUED)







# HARVEST SPECIALS

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Corey & Lee Unionalls  
Osborne Horsehide Gloves  
Big Supply for Harvest Needs

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Dry Goods.

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## THE CITY MARKET

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Everything That's Good to Eat.

QUICK SERVICE

Guaranteed Satisfaction, Our Motto.

PHONE 18. R. D. DUNIVEN, Prop.

G. A. Halstead of Ontario, Oregon came in last week to look after his wheat interests here.

Eld. Sanders left last week for Erick, Oklahoma where he will spend a short time, and go from there to South Texas and hold some revival meetings, returning to Miami about the last of next month.

Sheriff Stickle and District Attorney Pickens of Canadian were in our city Friday of last week looking after some official matters and meeting Miami friends. They drove down in E. J.'s new Dodge roadster.

F. S. Gunn of Alva, Oklahoma visited his brother, Dr. M. L. Gunn of Miami last of last week. F. S. lived at Miami several years and visited several old time friends.

Mesdames J. K. McKenzie and Thos. Cook spent Friday and Saturday of last week in Amarillo.

Theon Cook, son of Rev. and Mrs. Walter Cook formerly of Miami came in this week to spend the summer in the harvest fields. Theon states that his father and mother are getting along nicely at Mineral Wells.

Mrs. Dan Kivlehen and Miss Bess Johnston went to Mooreland, Oklahoma Tuesday where they will spend a few days on the Cunningham ranch with Jimmie Kivlehen.

J. W. Voyles made a short business trip to Canadian Tuesday.

Judge and Mrs. W. R. Ewing took their son Robert to Shamrock last week where he boarded the train for Oklahoma City where he will spend a few weeks vacation with his cousin, J. Frank Cox.

J. C. Fisher came in last week from Kansas and is again dispensing soda water at the Central Drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Durham of Amarillo visited at the W. L. Mathers home first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol Gray of Rotan came in first of the week and are spending a visit with the B. F. Gray family.

Mrs. C. M. Walker went to Elk City, Oklahoma recently and her small daughter, Irene underwent an operation for appendicitis last week. She is reported getting along nicely this week.

Miss Mamie Adams of Canadian visited Miami friends first of the week.

Mrs. C. W. Danley and Miss Alpha Story from Belton are here this week visiting at the S. W. Danley home. They are Mr. Danley's mother and niece.

Clarence Williamson spent yesterday in Canadian visiting friends.

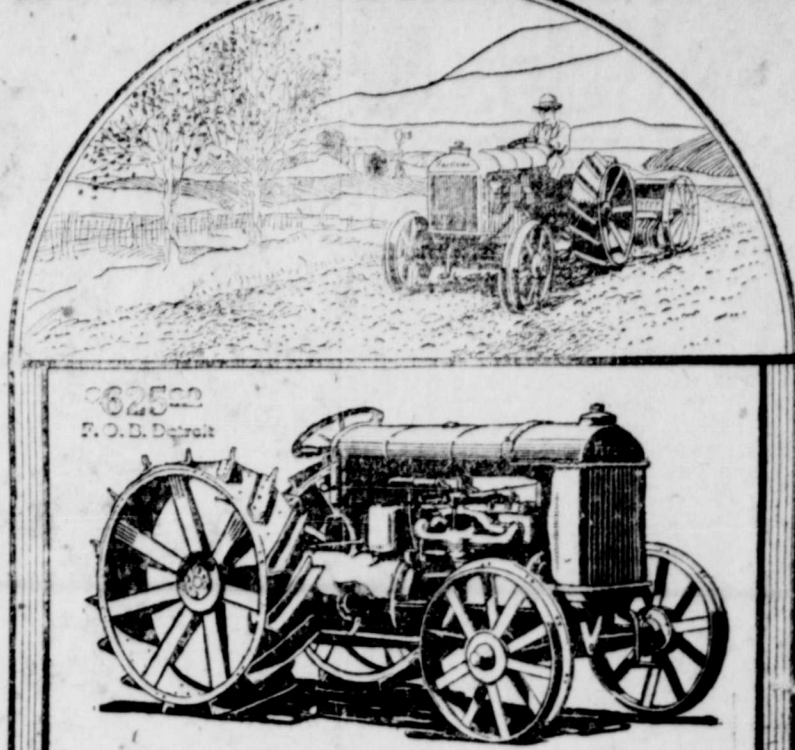
Mrs. W. E. Stocker returned Tuesday from a short visit with relatives in Kansas.

If you want a good \$3.50 Elk hide shoe, No. 9, Locke Bros. will sell you a pair of them at \$2.48.

### Biliousness and Constipation

"For years I was troubled with biliousness and constipation, which made life miserable for me. My appetite failed me. I lost my usual force and vitality. Pepsin preparations and cathartics only made matters worse. I do not know where I should have been today had I not

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170,000 Now in Use

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No matter what the farm task—whether plowing, disking, harrowing, threshing, baling hay, grinding feed, pumping water, sawing wood, pulling stumps, filling silos, or any of the many other jobs around the farm, the Fordson will not only do and do well, but quicker, easier and at less expense.

There are so many different time and money saving ways in which the Fordson can be used that you owe it to yourself to get the facts. Come in and see the Fordson, or write or phone for the information.

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# ALWAYS

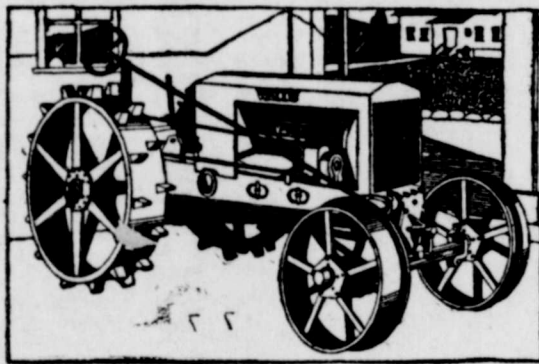
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Bob Townes, Charlie Wells  
Claude Hale

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### President Harding says:

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Matson Navigation Co., 120 Market St., San Francisco, Baltimore to Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Hawaii.

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New York and Porto Rico S. S. Co., 11 Broadway, New York, N. Y. New York to Porto Rico.

Pacific Mail S. S. Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Seattle to Yokohama, Kobe, Hongkong, Shanghai, Singapore, Tientsin, and occasionally to Manila and Hawaii.

S. S. Mail S. S. Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y. New York to Boulogne and London. New York to Bremen and Danzig. Emigrant Service to Genoa and Naples.

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**U. S. Shipping Board**  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

# "Oh Boy! Ain't this the life!!"



I LIKE my job.  
BUT DAYS do come.  
WHEN SKIES are blue.  
ABOVE THE city smoke.  
AND BREEZES stir.  
THE PAPERS on my desk.  
AND THEN I think.  
WHAT I would do.  
IF I were boss.  
I'D OPEN shop.  
AT TWELVE o'clock.  
AND CLOSE at one.  
WITH ONE hour off.  
FOR LUNCH, and I.  
WOULD GET old Sam.  
TO RUN me out.  
IN HIS big six.  
AND DROP me off.  
UNDER A greenwood tree.  
BESIDE A babbling brook.  
AND THERE I'd lie.

AND EVERY once.  
IN A while.  
ROLL OVER.  
OR MAYBE sit and think.  
BUT MOST likely.  
JUST SIT.  
AND EVERY once.  
IN A while I'd light.  
ONE OF my Chesterfields.  
AND OH Boy.  
I GUESS that wouldn't.  
SATISFY!

COMPANIONSHIP? Say, there never was such a cigarette as Chesterfield for steady company! Just as mild and smooth as tobacco can be—but with a mellow "body" that satisfies even cigar smokers. On lazy days or busy ones—all the time—you want this "satisfy-smoke."

Have you seen the new AIR-TIGHT tins of 50?

# They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



# Home Town Helps

NEVER FORGET "HOME TOWN"

However Humble, Sentiment Enshrines Spots in the Hearts of Its Sons and Daughters.

It isn't the fine buildings and the broad streets, the gorgeous homes and spacious gardens that count—it's the sentiment hovering around the spot that marks the "home town" as the best place on earth, writes Florence Webster Long in the Indianapolis Star. If this were not the case, only the big cities would count in the summing up of the earth's worthwhile places. And where is the cross-roads town that hasn't as many boosters as it has residents? Even the secluded homestead way off in a lonely corner of the backwoods looms up largely as the center of the universe. It's a sort of patriotism, it's a brand of native pride, and it's all mixed largely with sentiment without which life wouldn't be worth living anyway.

I can remember long ago visiting a school friend whose glowing accounts of her home had held out the glamor of a glorious prospect. I can see in memory that simple little home circle set amid the humdrum monotony of small village life, and my surprise as I contrasted it with my friend's tales. But now I know that the girl was simply describing things as they seemed to her, softened by distance, hallowed by sentiment, and tinged by the softening influence of a homesickness for the magic spot "home."

## LAYING OUT FLOWER GARDEN

Even With Small Space, Much Can Be Accomplished in Making Effective Home Surroundings.

With a long narrow lot there is not much choice in the arrangement of borders and beds, but the effect will be more pleasing if the center is left in the grass, and have flower borders along the sides, while at the far end there might be a border of flowering shrubs, the shrubs starting in the corners of the side borders and running across the end of the lot, the shrub border being widest in the middle. By having a nice curve to this border which narrows down very much near the corners an effect will be obtained of recesses or alcoves, which will be more pleasing than if it were a straight line.

It is sometimes a good plan if it works in with the back of the house to have a strip of grass close to the house where the ground is raised above the main part of the lot, so one can sit there and look down on the garden, but if there is a back veranda it will answer. Instead of breaking the center of the garden up with paths, it would be better to have one leading from the house to each side border, and if a nice curve is given these will look pleasing.—Housewife.

## Town-Planning Pays.

Town planning is the study and analysis of all the different activities which go to make up the complex organism of a city, the analysis of the city's establishment, its growth and its future demands, with the resultant laying out of plans, laws, regulations, etc., which will insofar as practicable, correct bad conditions, remove obstacles and will allow the future growth of all activities, along well thought out and carefully studied lines, in such a way that each will bear proper relation to the other, function properly within itself and as a whole. Tersely, city planning is the means of bringing order out of chaos, and safeguarding the future from a recurrence of improper conditions.

## Health of Trees.

Just as with folks, health is of the utmost importance in shade trees, and no agency is more potent in marring the appearance of these trees than insects, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. A defoliated or otherwise bedraggled shade tree is not only worse than none at all, but, as a result of insect injury, it is a menace to the health or life of similar trees in the neighborhood.

Ways of controlling most of the injurious shade-tree insects are told in Farmers' Bulletin 1169. Send for it.

## City Planning in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles has a city planning commission of 51 members, appointed by the city council, who serve three years each, without compensation, 17 retiring each year. From this membership an executive committee of nine is appointed, one for the head of each of the eight divisions and one who acts as president of the commission and presiding officer of the executive committee.

## Good Flowers to Plant.

The nine best annuals for planting may be listed as the snapdragon, cosmos, calendula, cornflower, mignonette, aster, clarkia and petunia; while for the perennials Japanese iris, phlox, chrysanthemum, oriental poppies, larkspur, Canterbury bell, hollyhocks, peony and columbine are very satisfactory.

# FINE, PLAIN HATS FOR THE CHILDREN

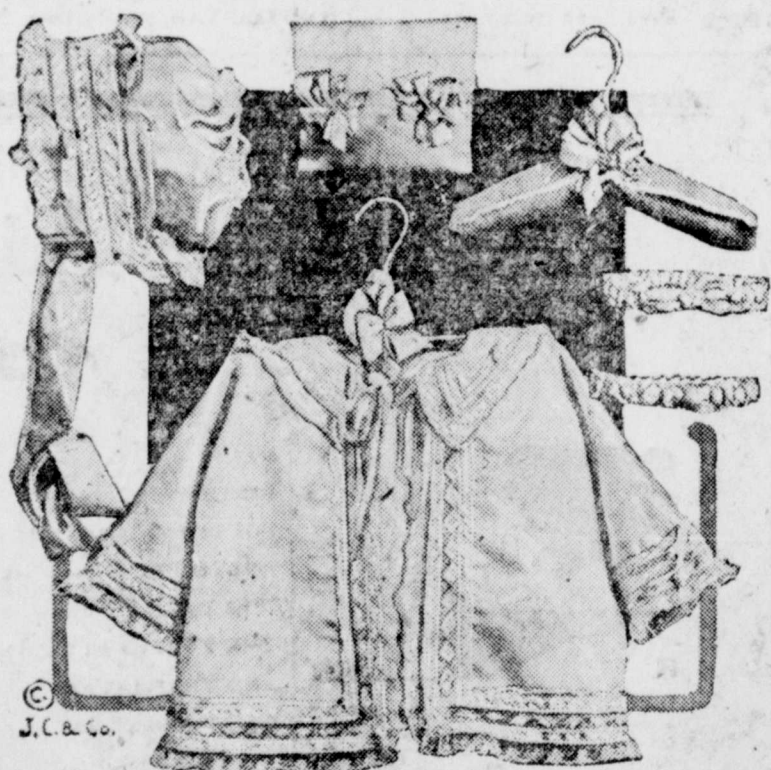


AFTER she has passed her third birthday the little maid arrives at the threshold of her millinery experiences and begins to wear blocked hats. If it be summer time she comes into possession of a fine soft millan or other straw and for winter she finds herself in possession of beaver or felt headwear. In either case the hat will be simple in design and in trimming and of the same character as those made for her each season, until she is counting her years in "teens."

A few of the favorite models in millinery appear in the group above. At

the upper right a little miss of four or more wears a bonnetlike shape with a round crown having about it a band of faille ribbon with short ends at the back. Only good qualities in ribbon are used on these hats because they must see much service. At the top of the group a shape that is very successful for girls from seven to sixteen is shown. It is the wide-brimmed French sailor shape in millan with its brim edged with a flange of the braid in a darker color or shade than that in the body of the hat. It has a wide collar and sash ends of heavy ribbon. At the right of it another little bonnet-shape for younger girls appears with square crown above its drooping brim and sash of ribbon. Below is another variation of the French sailor revealing a sharper up-turn in the brim and larger crown than the first sailor. For a very little miss one may select a bonnet with millan brim and satin crown, or the very elegant model which finishes the group—a square-crowned poke with handsome wide ribbon furnishing a sash with long ends.

# Ribbon and the Layette



NEARLY every necessity and all of the luxuries of the layette prove fascinating work when the time comes to make them. Women delight in fashioning pretty, diminutive belongings for the baby, especially if they may be made of fine or luxurious materials, and it seems they are turning more and more to ribbons. There is such a long list of things for the layette that are made of ribbons these days that it seems as if ingenious and prolific minds somewhere must be busy all the time thinking only of two things—layettes and ribbons.

Just a few of the new articles designed in ribbons are shown here, but they include such gifts as friends like to make. In addition there are many small bags, ribbon-lined baskets, cushions, booties, sleeves and sock garters, bows for the carriage robe and small bows and rosettes to deck out little dresses. Each of these, as well as the articles pictured, are made in many different ways.

Little booties of ribbon bid fair to usurp the place of the knitted or crocheted boot and they are provided with bootie cases, also made of ribbon. One of these is shown at the top of the picture. It is simply an envelope of satin ribbon having the flap

fastened down with two snap fasteners adorned with two rosettes of baby ribbon placed over the fasteners. These cases are made in several shapes, as circular pieces with pockets attached to one side for holding the booties and shirings of baby ribbon for decorations.

A coat hanger, as pictured, is made of a thin mull joined together in strips, having the seams bound with narrow ribbon. It is stuffed with lavender and finished off with a rosette of narrow ribbon. In this hanger the book is wound with ribbon. Wide, soft satin ribbon is used for the cap and jacket pictured, with narrow Val lace and narrow figured ribbon making the pretty decorations. The cap has ties of satin ribbon. The pretty sleeve garters employ satin ribbon shirred over narrow flat elastic with little ribbon roses and loops distinguishing themselves as a finishing touch. There are numberless sachet bags made of bits of ribbon and the devices for holding safety pins are endlessly varied.

Julia Bottomley  
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# Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

## THE GOLDEN MOON.

"How do you like me this evening?" asked Mr. Moon of a little Star that twinkled near by.

"You seem to me to be very gorgeous and glorious," said the little Star.

"I am glad you think so," said Mr. Moon, "for I want to look very lovely. You see today has been the first very hot day of the season. Oh my, but the people have been hot. They've been talking about it this evening."

"The first hot day of the season is always the hottest. The people haven't grown used to the heat and they feel it most exceedingly, which in other words, means that they feel it a great deal."

"Yes, the people have felt very, very hot today. They have gone about mopping their brows and have looked so tired and so exhausted."

"So I thought I would look my very best so as to cheer them up a bit. I've worn my best suit, my fine golden suit and I do look almost orange in color. I'm so golden you see that I almost look more than golden. That's a joke."

"I am looking at everything too. I am very bright as you can notice and I'm seeing all that is going on down in the world."

"It was very funny to hear what some people said a few minutes ago."

"One said that she had been taking a ride and had seen me when she had been riding down town and that when she got up town I was up town too!"

"She almost thought I had been riding along too, but I'm shining so that the whole city can see me. Yes, old Mr. Moon is shining his very best, and is looking as bright as ever he can look."

"Which is very bright, Mr. Moon," said the Star.

"Mr. Moon does his best," grinned Mr. Moon.

"Any one can see your face so clearly this evening," said the Star.

"To be sure, to be sure," said Mr. Moon. "I'm not ashamed of my face and so I am quite ready to show it. Sometimes I don't wear this suit and my shape is different. But that doesn't mean that I am ashamed of my face."

"Godness, gracious no, it doesn't mean that. Such are my ways, that's all."

"But when I can show my face as I can this evening, I like to show it very clearly so people can look up at me and can say:

"Look at the face of the moon. How clearly we can see it!"

"I think too it cheers people up to see something look bright and round and happy on an evening following such a day as this has been."

"If I looked drooping and sad and so hot that I couldn't seem to be able to stand if I wouldn't be able to cheer people up at all."

"I wouldn't want to look as though my collar had wilted in the heat."

"What does wilted mean?" asked the little Star.

"I suppose you're too far away to see what a wilted collar looks like," said Mr. Moon, "but it is a very warm looking thing—a wilted collar."

"It is like a wilted leaf which has faded and shriveled up and which looks quite wretched."

"But you never wear a collar, Mr. Moon," said the Star.

"That is true," said Mr. Moon, "but I don't want to look wilted and faded even without a collar. I don't want to look as a wilted collar can look after a hot day."

"I want to look handsome and fine and I want to be able to let the people know that I am sorry it has been so hot but that I'm trying my best to cheer them up by wearing my best golden suit."

"And I'm shining so brightly and trying to look as beautiful as I can so they will think a little of the old moon and that will keep them from thinking so much of how hot they are."

"Yes, in his way, Mr. Moon is trying to do his best."

"I know you are," said the little Star, "and I'm sure everyone feels cheered up to see you looking so fine and so gorgeous. I know it makes me feel like twinkling more brightly than ever. I know that, Mr. Moon!"

## Undressing Chickens.

One evening Douglas was watching Aunt Mary plucking two chickens. He stared in surprise at the unusual sight and finally exclaimed: "Oh, Aunt Mary, do you undress them—do you take off their clothes every night?"

# The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

I find the earth not gray but rosy; Heaven not grim but fair of hue. Do I stop? I pluck a posy; Do I stare? All's blue. —Robert Browning.

## FRESH MUSHROOMS UP TO DATE.

We may now begin to look in the fields and pastures for the delicious mushrooms. The following are a few of the delectable dishes which may be prepared with them:

Stuffed Mushrooms—Take the even sized mushrooms, remove the stems, peel the caps and fill a mushroom cap with chopped chicken, beef tongue, truffles and cream, either of the meats or both. Butter a pan and set the stuffed mushrooms therein; cover with a mushroom of the same size, add a little lemon juice, a dash of orange juice and cover, then cook in a slow oven for 12 minutes. Serve on toast. To the juice in the pan add a little meat glace, a pinch of minced parsley, and pour over the mushrooms.

Mushrooms Eugene.—Chop one-half pound of fresh peeled mushrooms; put into a saucepan with two tablespoonsful of butter and let them stew over a slow fire; the stems from half a pound of mushrooms may be used economically, using the caps by sauteing them in butter, and dish them up on squares of bread fried in butter.

To the chopped mushrooms now add one-fourth cupful of white sauce and one-half cupful cream; season with salt, paprika, and pour around the mushrooms.

Mushrooms Manhattan.—Cut six or eight good-sized mushrooms in squares and cook them in butter; add three ounces of well cleaned oyster crabs; when nearly cooked add a quarter of a cup of white sauce, a dash of fruit juice and the yolks of two eggs; season highly and put a tablespoonful of mixture into china ramekins and fill with the following: To a pint of puree of mushrooms add the whites of three eggs whipped to a stiff froth. Cook six to eight minutes in a moderate oven. To prepare the mushrooms chop them, cook in butter, add cream, add egg to bind, season to taste.

Jellied.—Dissolve two glasses of jelly in three pints of boiling water; when cold add the juice of a lemon and sugar, if needed.

If only myself could talk to myself As I knew him a year ago, I could tell him a lot That would save him a lot. Of things he ought to know. —Kipling.

## THE ODORIFEROUS BULB.

The essential oil which is so pronounced in the onion makes it invaluable as a flavor vegetable.

Scrambled Onions.—Wash, cut up and cook in boiling water two or three bunches of young green onions. Allow the water to cook away, leaving just enough to prevent burning. In a frying pan place a tablespoonful of bacon fat; add to this as many eggs as needed to serve, let cook until the whites are set, then gently scramble with the onions, season and serve. Cold boiled onions may be used, adding a tablespoonful of milk for each egg used.

Young Onions With Egg Sauce.—Chop young onions and cook until tender in milk. Drain and thicken the milk with one tablespoonful of flour smoothed in a well-beaten egg. Add butter and two hard-cooked eggs, chopped.

Onion Soup, French.—Brown six large sliced onions in two tablespoonfuls of butter, then sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring until the flour is browned. Thin with a quart of meat stock or liquor left from cooked peas; stir until creamy. Season with pepper and salt, simmer 15 minutes, put through a sieve, and serve with croutons. Add a sprinkling of cheese, if desired.

Onion Chowder.—Wash, peel and chop enough onions to make one pint. Prepare enough potatoes to fill a quart measure. Place the onions in a kettle holding three quarts of boiling water, cook thirty minutes, add the potatoes, season with salt and pepper and cook one hour longer. While cooking, season with a teaspoonful each of parsley, chervil and sweet peppers; add two tablespoonfuls of butter. To increase the food value, add all or part milk instead of the water.

Prune Roll.—Take one tablespoonful of lemon or grapefruit juice, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of washed prunes, and one-third of a cupful of seeded raisins. Cover the raisins with half a cupful of water and simmer half an hour. To the prunes add the sugar, fruit juice and flour; now add the raisins and cook three minutes. Spread the mixture over biscuit dough rolled out very thin. Bake and serve with cream or hot milk and butter with nutmeg and sugar to taste.

# SUFFERED ALL A WOMAN COULD TAKE

Mrs. Meyer Finally Found Relief and Health in Lyell's Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Orange, Cal.—"I always feel grateful to you, as some three years ago I had a very serious operation, had a tumor removed, and had displaced my uterus so badly that I hardly sit at times, and as I suffered so much, that I could suffer some one else to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it until cured and saved from the operation. I have told women of your medicine times without number, am willing that you should say facts and my name if you like, used your Compound during the operation and I can do all my own work, heavy part, and can walk many days as I help my husband in the house. —Mrs. J. H. Meyer, 412 South St., Orange, California.

It is quite true that such true operation is the only reason the other hand, a great many have been restored to health by Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

He Did. Jack (graciously)—Marie, do nothing you say goes. Marie (quickly)—Jack.

## WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have with much interest the remarks maintained by Dr. Kilmner's Swamp-Root, liver and bladder.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening. It helps the kidneys, liver, and do the work nature intended should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test. It is sold by all druggists and it should help you. No other medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root at treatment at once. However, if you wish first to great preparation send ten cent Kilmner & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., sample bottle. When writing be mention this paper.—Adv.

Polite. "He means well." "I understand. That's a polite way of calling him a 'boob'."

## Sure Relief

6 BELL'S HOT WATER SURE RELIEF FOR INDIGESTION

Have you tried the new 10c package? Dealers now carry both; 10 for 10c, 20 for 20c. It's toasted.

## LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

FOR INDIGESTION

Have you tried the new 10c package? Dealers now carry both; 10 for 10c, 20 for 20c. It's toasted.

## In Conditions of Nervous Exhaustion

The person whose nervous system has been overburdened by work, worry or care, or who is suffering from general debility and feebleness, or who is suffering from any of the acute or chronic diseases, will find in this beneficial aid to normal state and health.

FORCE is sold by reliable druggists everywhere, and is of equal benefit to men, women, and children.

"It Makes for Strength"

There's a Soler Postum Bar

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## Bad Blood Disfigures Young Faces With Unsightly Eruptions

It mortifying and unsightly skin and facial disfigurements on young people from 14 to 20 years old are seldom due to anything worse than impure blood. The young bodies are undergoing important changes, and the blood stream is temporarily disordered—often filled with poisonous waste matter.

In such cases only internal blood remedies can relieve. The impurities must be cast out and the vital fluid enriched before the disfigurements are cleared up. For this you naturally want an efficient, tested blood remedy—like S.S.S., the famous old herb medicine.

Start the young folks with S.S.S. today (your druggist has it), and write us about their condition, addressing Chief Medical Advisor, 841 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.



### New Shoes—Old Shoes—Tight Shoes

all feel the same if you shake into them some

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

## What to Take for SICK HEADACHE

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. A few doses restore your organs to their proper functions and the Headache and the causes of it pass away. In the same manner they regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation.

GENUINE BEAR SIGNATURE Small Pill; Small Dose; Small Price

## SAVE ALL YOUR BABY CHICKS

### OTTO WEISS CHICK FEED

A balanced, scientifically prepared feed. Thousands have been feeding it many years with best results. Order from your dealer or direct from OTTO WEISS MILLING COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS.

## Cuticura Soap Complexions Are Healthy

25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

### TRACING WHIMS OF FASHION

Each Century Seems to Have Seen Some Change for Which a Reason May Be Adduced.

In the Fifteenth century the waistline was discovered, and the pointed idea carried to extreme, says the New York Herald. The women wore tall pointed hats, pointed shoes, and points were introduced in every possible way. At this time the church was strongly in the ascendant and the models of the Madonna served as the inspiration for their costumes. As these little models were carved from ivory tusks, the women followed the sacred model, and the curve of the tusk was also copied in their carriage, giving a similar tilt to the figure, recently called the debutante slouch.

The Sixteenth century brought in corsets, the lengthened waistline and the introduction of the full skirt. It was in this period that Catherine de Medici brought in collars, and lace was used in women's costumes for the first time. In the Seventeenth century, the styles became very frivolous.

Times Have Changed.

Thirty years ago it took 3,000 worms to spin silk enough to make a lady's evening dress. Nowadays, of course, one small worm, working short time, can easily manage the job.—London Passing Show.

Doesn't Sound Right.

"She's clever, isn't she?"

"Wonderful. I sat with her an hour and she never said a word."

## FARM LIVE STOCK

### MUCH LOSS IN BEEF CATTLE

Average Price Per Head Dropped From \$44.22 in 1919 to \$31.41 in 1921—Hogs Also Drop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Beef cattle on farms lost in average value per head from January 1, 1919, to January 1, 1921, all that they gained during the participation of the United States in the World war and more than half as much again, according to the bureau of crop estimates, United States Department of Agriculture. The loss occurred mostly in 1920. This has been established beyond doubt by the recent annual investigation of prices of farm animals per head made by the bureau. The average price per head, all ages, of cattle other than milk cows was \$35.92 in 1917, \$44.22 in 1919, and \$31.41 in 1921. On January 1, last year, the farm price was \$4.51 below that of 1917, some months before this country declared war.

In the case of swine on farms, the average price per head, all ages, declined in the two years 1919 and 1920, 88 per cent of the gain in 1917 and 1918, and two-thirds of the decline was in 1920.

From 1916 to 1919, the average farm value of the product of corn per acre increased from \$21.67 to \$38.54. The corn crop of 1920, taking the average value of the product of one acre, fell to \$20.93, and this drop not only wiped out the gain of the preceding three years but perceptibly exceeded it. The

The new plant occupies 60,000 square feet of floor space and has a daily capacity of 50,000 bottles. Uniform quality is guaranteed by a series of careful inspections by expert chemists from the time the roots, herbs, barks and flowers are received in their rough state from all parts of the globe, until their medicinal properties have been extracted by the most approved processes. The finished medicine is then bottled, labeled and shipped out to tens of thousands of druggists throughout the United States and Canada, to supply a demand never before equalled by this or any other medicine.

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Most fishes contain some poison.



Cattle on a Southern Range.

commonly used percentage of decline since the break in price began, fails to discover this fact, because a percentage of decline from a higher number is not comparable with a percentage of gain during the preceding years, which is based on a comparatively low number.

### FARM DOG IS ALSO PUREBRED

Ohio Farmer Keeps Registered Cattle and Hogs—Poultry Entirely of Pure Breeding.

Of 95 head of live stock on an Ohio farm, 90 are purebred, according to the owner, who is co-operating with the United States Department of Agriculture in the better-sires movement. His statement of the pure breeding is verified by two other live stock owners.

A registered Aberdeen-Angus bull and a registered Duroc-Jersey boar are kept. One grade Angus cow and four crossbred mares are the only stock not purebred. The poultry are entirely Barred Plymouth Rocks of pure breeding. The farm dog, a beagle, is also purebred.

### TREES THRIVE IN ODD LAND

Hillsides, Corners and Waste Strips Can Be Made Quite Useful in Growing Timber.

By planting hillsides, odd corners on the farm where a road or railroad has cut it off and places where erosion has been had, a good return on such an investment can be gotten. If land is subject to overflow cottonwood will grow and it will in a short time furnish desirable rough lumber. Soft woods make excellent fence posts when treated with creosote and have been found to last over ten years which makes them desirable from the standpoint of cost.

### SUMMER ATTENTION TO HOGS

Foundation Laid at This Time to Begin Things Necessary for Cheap Production of Pork.

You may think that your hog crop needs the least of your thought and attention during the summer months, but it would pay many pork producers immensely to give deeper thought to this summer handling of the herd than they do, for at this time can easily be laid the foundation of successful avoidance of many troubles as well as to begin some things necessary for cheap pork production.

### SUPERIORITY OF SUGAR BEET

Authoritative Reports and Opinions on Feeding Value of By-Products for Live Stock.

There is now available a considerable library of authoritative reports and opinions on live stock feeding with sugar beet by-products. Experiments extending over a term of years have been conducted, showing the comparative superiority of these feeds.

## FROM REMOTEST PARTS OF GLOBE

### Tanlac Elements Come From Many Lands Far Away From Here.

The ingredients from which the celebrated medicine Tanlac is made, come from remote sections of the earth, and are transported thousands of miles over land and sea to the great Tanlac Laboratories at Dayton, Ohio, and Walkersville, Canada.

The Alps, Appennines, Pyrenees, Russian Asia, Brazil, West Indies, Rocky Mountains, Asia Minor, Persia, India, Mexico, Columbia and Peru are among the far away points from which the principal properties of this remarkable preparation are obtained.

What is said to be the largest pharmaceutical laboratory in the United States has been completed at Dayton, Ohio, for the manufacture of Tanlac, which, according to recent reports, is now having the largest sale of any medicine of its kind in the world, over 20,000,000 bottles having been sold in six years.

The new plant occupies 60,000 square feet of floor space and has a daily capacity of 50,000 bottles. Uniform quality is guaranteed by a series of careful inspections by expert chemists from the time the roots, herbs, barks and flowers are received in their rough state from all parts of the globe, until their medicinal properties have been extracted by the most approved processes. The finished medicine is then bottled, labeled and shipped out to tens of thousands of druggists throughout the United States and Canada, to supply a demand never before equalled by this or any other medicine.

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Most fishes contain some poison.

## ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Lotteries originated in ancient Rome.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

The man who lives not wisely but too well has indigestion.

## Back Giving Out?

Is a constant backache spoiling your summer? Do sharp pains stab you at every sudden move? Are you too tired and downhearted you can hardly keep going? Likely your kidneys have slowed up, causing an accumulation of poisons that well kidneys would have filtered off. Is it any wonder you feel so tired and depressed and have headaches, dizzy spells and annoying bladder irregularities? Use **Doan's Kidney Pills**. Doan's have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!

### A Kansas Case

Mrs. J. T. Buckles, 222 S. Walnut St., Olathe, Kans., says: "My kidneys were weak and acted much too frequently. There was a steady, dull ache over my kidneys and sharp, cutting pains darted through my back. I had severe headaches and spells of dizziness and black spots appeared before my eyes. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they entirely rid me of all the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Every Woman Knows that clean, snow-white clothes are a constant source of pleasure.

## Red Cross Ball Blue

if used each week preserves the clothes and makes them look like new. Try it and see for yourself.

All good grocers sell it; 5 cents a package.

## VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

## GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

## FOR SALE

IMPROVED CALIFORNIA LAND 50 acres, located in Glenn Co., Calif., two miles to town and school on land. All of tract in cultivation. Soil is silt loam with alfalfa, barley and wheat main crops. Family orchard. Irrigation, well, 3,000 gal. per minute. Improvements consist of 12 room house, bath, tenant house, two large barns, bunk house, tank houses, granaries and all buildings necessary. State highway runs through place. Fenced with wire and wood. Price is \$250 per acre with possession Oct. 1st. For further information write or see JOHN N. WESTBERG, Butte City, Calif.

## FRECKLES

POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment. 25c. Sold by Dr. C. H. Barry Co., 217 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

## FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA LAND 16 acres, located in Glenn Co., Calif., mile to school and two miles to town. All of tract in cultivation. Soil is silt loam with alfalfa main crop. Orchard of 30 almond trees. Can be irrigated by well if needed. No improvements. This almond orchard lies on the Oroville-Willows lateral of the state highway and will soon be paved, making this an exceptional buy. Price is \$500 per acre with possession to be arranged. For further information write or see JOHN N. WESTBERG, Butte City, Calif.

## Western Canada Land of Prosperity

offers to home seekers opportunities that cannot be secured elsewhere. The thousands of farmers from the United States who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on FREE homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops. There is still available on easy terms Fertile Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. With such success comes prosperity, independence, good homes and all the comforts and conveniences which make life worth living.

**Farm Gardens, Poultry, Dairy** are sources of income secondary only to grain growing and stock raising. Attractive climate, good neighbors, churches and schools, good markets, railroad facilities, rural telephone, etc.

For certificate entitling you to reduced railway rates, illustrated literature, maps, descriptions of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, etc., write

201 F. H. HEWITT  
1st Street  
Kansas City, Mo.

Authorized Agent, Dept. of Immigration and Colonization, Dominion of Canada

## Freed From Torture

### Eaton's Cleared His Up-Set Stomach

"The people who have seen one suffer tortures from neuralgia brought on by an up-set stomach now see me perfectly sound and well—absolutely due to Eaton's," writes R. Long.

Profit by Mr. Long's experience keep your stomach in healthy condition, fresh and cool, and avoid the ailments that come from an acid condition. Eaton's brings relief by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases—does it quickly. Take an Eaton's after eating and see how wonderfully it helps you. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

## Wichita Directory

TIRES—ACCESSORIES Standard Brands. Lowest Prices. 32 x 3 1/2 Tires from \$9.00 to \$24.00. 30 x 3 1/2 Tires from \$12.00 to \$24.00. Other sizes proportionally reasonable. Inner Tubes \$2.50 in Ford and up. Above are all FULLY GUARANTEED. Mail Orders given prompt attention.

WICHITA TIRE AND SUPPLY CO.  
303 W. Douglas  
Phone 214, 1840  
Wichita, Kans.

## COLVIN CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE

Day and Night Classes Summer Term Enter at Any Time  
102 S. Topeka, Wichita, Kans.

## JOHNSON Player-Piano

New, Warranted \$395.00  
\$45.00 Cash—\$15.00 Month  
Eberhardt-Hart  
Wichita Kansas

## Bosch Magneto

Sales and Service Station We Repair All Makes of Magnetos  
WICHITA MAGNETO COMPANY  
301 S. Market  
Wichita, Kans.

## TYPEWRITERS

New Machines on Easy Payments. Rebuilt Typewriters \$25 and up. Repairing and Rebuilding All Makes. Supplies. Wichita Typewriter Exchange 220 S. Douglas WICHITA, KANS.

W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 25-1921.

## Tastes Fine, and Better for Health POSTUM CEREAL

is a pure, wholesome cereal beverage, containing nothing harmful to nerves or digestion.

It should be boiled at least twenty minutes. Then Postum Cereal will reveal a true coffee-like richness of color and flavor.

### There's a Reason Sold by grocers everywhere.

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc. Battle Creek, Michigan.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms

## 900 DROPS CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC

Prepared by Dr. J. C. FLETCHER, Proprietor

Helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy

The Sincere Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK

At 6 months old 35 Doses—40 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

### Special Care of Baby.

That Baby should have a bed of its own all are agreed. Yet it is more reasonable for an infant to sleep with grown-ups than to use a man's medicine in an attempt to regulate the delicate organism of that same infant. Either practice is to be shunned. Neither would be tolerated by specialists in children's diseases.

Your Physician will tell you that Baby's medicine must be prepared with even greater care than Baby's food.

A Baby's stomach when in good health is too often disarranged by improper food. Could you for a moment, then, think of giving to your ailing child anything but a medicine especially prepared for Infants and Children? Don't be deceived.

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**MAY MORNING**

By MOLLIE MATHER.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
John Towne drove through the village on his quickest route to the city beyond. The ride was longer than he had anticipated, in his wish to avoid close trains, and the spring time vista of field and meadow, brought from him no conscious admiration. Above all things, was John practical, and this journey but a necessary factor in a necessary arrangement of his life's future plan. Jeremy Dawn, the successful president of the great company in which John Towne himself had made his way, was dead. Jeremy Dawn had died several months ago; but John, installed as succeeding president, had been too busy to seek the carrying out of the plan which his superior unfolded to him on his sick bed.  
The capable junior member of the business concern was well aware of the need of an efficient mistress in his home. The pretentious building that John had fitted for a dwelling, was to him merely a well ordered institution. Upon several past occasions where he had been a guest at Mr. Dawn's summer home, John had recognized the value of a woman's hospitality and home management. The polite and intelligence of Mrs. Jeremy Dawn charmed him. John Towne pictured his future wife as just such a woman, and despaired of finding this paragon of choice. Now, the wife that Jeremy Dawn had named for him was no other than his own daughter, the daughter of this perfect woman. The girl had been at college, John remembered, during his visits to the Dawn's home, but he had absolute confidence in his shrewd old friend's judgment.  
As John Towne reached the last hill he decided, wearied of rough roads, to leave his car in town and continue the journey by rail. He drove up to a girl seated on a stile and asked the way to the village station.  
"I have," John told her crossly, "just ten minutes to make my train."  
"That," pleasantly remarked the girl in the red sweater, "is nothing in my young life."  
John stared, then he glared; which appeared to the pretty creature interesting but not disturbing. She continued the hum of her song as she started down hill. All at once, John realized amazingly the beauty of the morning, that pink flowers peeped between green leaves—that the girl's cheeks were rose pink too, that violets bordered the country road, that the girl's eyes were as deeply blue. She glanced back over her shoulder presently, and smiled. John found himself giving an answering grin. It was very, very strange—it was undignified—but he wanted more than anything to hear her saucy speech again.  
"As I am going your way," he confessed, "I might as well take you with me."  
The girl tilted her chin. "Nobody asked you too, sir," she quoted.  
With an impulse inexplicable, he sought to detain her.  
"You are on your way to the village?" he persisted.  
The girl looked demurely down at her pail.  
"I was about to carry the milk into the farm house," she said.  
As he lingered a shrill whistle sounded, the girl turned to him.  
"Your train has gone," she announced.  
John Towne's impatience had vanished.  
"There will be no other going out until tonight," he stated calmly.  
"I wonder if I could persuade them to give me luncheon at your farm house? I am beastly hungry."  
The girl nodded in friendly fashion.  
"It's a country appetite," she explained, "I will fetch you sandwiches."  
She sat beside him as he ate.  
"I would like," said John Towne, "to know your name." The girl laughed, turning her eyes upon him.  
"I," she replied, "am just May Morning."  
"I thought you were," John agreed, "when I first looked at you, all rose, and violet, and laughing sunshine."  
She frowned.  
"When I saw you," she retorted, "I thought first of your distressing humor."  
"I was starting on a serious errand," excused John Towne.  
"I know," the girl said unexpectedly, "you were going to see Mary Dawn, to ask her to be your wife. I will tell you something; you may save the trouble. Mary Dawn is not in the city, for she ran away to avoid refusing. She did not care to be handed over like a package, you see, and neither would you care for her. She is most unlike her mother, whom you admire, and she has old-fashioned ideas about love. So you'd better turn your automobile around, John Towne, and be on your way home."  
"You know my name?" the man asked, wondering, "you know all this—how?"  
The girl smiled saucily.  
"Your photos are all over my father's house," she explained. "While I myself, am Mary Dawn. My friends changed that name to 'May Morning'." Suddenly, serious, she leaned closer.  
"I came to the farmhouse to purposely waylay you," she confessed, "to show you in time, your mistake."  
"And I," John Towne answered gravely, "admit no mistake. In fact, my purpose—grows. For I find, May Morning, that I, too, have a certain old-fashioned idea—about love."

**DOWN IN THE HEEL**

By MARIETTA A. BONNER.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
I do wish someone would be inspired to invent some sort of receptacle capable of containing an eleventh portion of Satan's kingdom. I do wish that someone else would herd together all these creatures who have found it their "bounden duty to tell somebody something for their good." Then, last of all, what a blessing—what unbounded joy—would there be if those who were "old" could crowd aforesaid vessel with "tellets."  
Only yesterday I was perched on the lower rail of a fence in deep thought. You know, I am one of those people who just have to sit down when they think—and besides, ma had sent me two rifles for milk, and I needed a rest. Before I had been there half a wink, along came one of the "in duty bound" talkers.  
"Why, child alive," she cackled, "aint your nose, full of enough freckles now 'thout settin' on fence rails in August heat? Besides, it 'pears to me as if women twenty years old might find something else to do 'stead of spending the afternoon by the road!" She stalked on, kicking up clouds of dust in a satisfied manner.  
I made no answer. She had spoken the truth. Here I was—dumpy, a double chin—not enough hair, and that bit straw colored—too many freckles, and each one flaming red—twenty years old, and still known as "Miss Katie."  
"Everything is lovely—lovely—lovely," I told myself—"except me."  
Gathering up my pails, I gloomily began to trudge home.  
When I sat down at the table I almost forgot my troubles.  
"The whole world beautiful. I'm the ugliest thing in it," flashed through my mind.  
Before my eyes came floating myriad faces—plump, thin, oval round—all beautifully molded. There were round blue eyes, almost round black eyes, and brown eyes that sloped in slits. Girls, girls, and more girls. One dazzling creature bobbed up and down mockingly before me.  
"She's the advertisement for that 'Get Pretty Chemical company,'" I cried aloud.  
"What'd you say?" called ma from her room.  
"Ma! Ma!" I shouted in reply, "where's those magazines Aunt Hester bought at the county fair last summer?"  
"What in the name of sense 'dye want of them this hot day? They're up in the trunk room."  
At first thought I drew back. Attics are no easy places to search when the heat is 96 under the trees. Then it came to my mind all at once that I had heard of one famous European beauty whose complexion had excited universal comment.  
On the inside cover of the magazine, glowing in softest rose shades and sparkling at me, was the plump face I'd been searching for.  
"Praises be—'Get-Pretty' Chemical company, 666 Sixth avenue, Tintown, N. Y. Treatment only \$3, but will give you a complexion worth \$300—"  
"Is a mouse after you?" called ma as I passed her door. But I was too breathless to answer—my one aim was to reach the mail box by the gate.  
Shivering with delight all night—but two weeks passed before a package came for me.  
When I had torn off the paper, I found three boxes inside—one containing a green paste and marked "Hair"—of the remaining two, one had a pink salve for the "Skin" and the other a black lotion for "Eyelashes."  
I stood up on a chair, took down my mirror, stuck it up against the lamp and began to set out the boxes. Somehow or other one of them rolled and in snatching at it I struck the lamp. The shade tipped off and crashed to the ground. In a panic I blew out the lamp, and then my heart sank.  
I had no other shade, and if I went down for another ma would have to come up and see how it all had happened. Feeling cautiously among the pieces of glass on the table, I picked up one box and sniffed at it.  
"I'd better carry it to the window, thought I, but when I tried this, I found it too dark to distinguish the lettering.  
"Must be for the hair," I decided, and sitting down began to massage it into my scalp.  
The other two treatments I applied to my cheeks and eyes, then I invoked my guardian angel and lay me down to excited sleep. As soon as I had opened my eyes next morning I sat up.  
"Let me get the mirror," was my first thought—thus slighting my guardian angel.  
I reached one foot out and felt for my slippers. Then some one tapped at the door.  
"Come," I called, and waited. The door opened a crack and Sarah Angin thrust in her head.  
"S' only me, Katie! Your ma sent me—Kate Sarah Chispeck! What on earth has happened to you? Your face is green and black! Mis' Chispeck!" she screamed down the stairs.  
With sinking heart I reached for the mirror—and one look showed my face, puffed and pale green! I did not look at my hair. I just laid my head down on the bed and howled.

**SUPERVISED**

By ETHEL M. FARMER.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
"Doris!" called a shrill voice from the recess of the house. "What are you doing out there on the piazza? It is getting dark and growing rather chilly; you had better be coming in."  
"We are only talking," came back the quiet answer, "and it is not a bit cold."  
"Very well," the shrill voice went on, "but you must come in very shortly."  
"All right, Aunt Milinda," and Doris sighed, as she looked at the manly form dimly outlined in the twilight before her. "We have a good supervisor, Jim," she spoke slowly.  
"We have, at that," he said, teasingly; "but I do not blame her, when she is your guardian."  
"Doris! D-o-r-i-s!" Came the call again.  
"Yes, Aunt Milinda, we are coming." And with a final, wistful glance at the harvest moon they entered the house.  
Aunt Milinda sat beside the kitchen table knitting, and did not seem to notice their approach.  
"Would you like some music, Jim?" Doris asked.  
Jim opened his mouth to agree heartily with this proposal, but shut it with a snap, for Aunt Milinda was ready before him.  
"No, Doris, it is too chilly in the parlor this fall evening, and anyway, the lamp needs fixing."  
Doris sighed, and Jim unconsciously joined in. It was hard being in love with a girl for four years, who had an aunt like Aunt Milinda.  
The old-fashioned clock ticked away heartlessly, but somehow the conversational powers of the trio were limited.  
Finally Aunt Milinda looked at the clock suggestively and peered over her gold-rimmed spectacles at the caller.  
"It seems to me the men folks make rather late calls on the girls nowadays. When I was a girl the boys always went home sharp at nine o'clock."  
"Perhaps I had better be going," Jim said, rising to his feet, apologetically.  
"Please don't," Doris begged, "you have just barely got here."  
Then the rapid clicking of the steel needles grew slower and finally stopped entirely. Aunt Milinda's head fell back against the chair and she was asleep!  
"Shall we see if that harvest moon is still there?" a deep voice asked joyfully.  
"Of course!" a softer voice replied, and two dim forms crept stealthily from the house.  
"Has your aunt ever been in love?" Jim asked abruptly, as they wandered along the river bank.  
"Yes, once, but she lost faith in her lover and is now a sworn man hater," she answered. "His name was Paul and they were going to be married, but a little trouble arose just before the wedding and the wedding was cancelled. But Paul wrote to her and asked to be allowed to come to her home to explain. Aunt Milinda was very proud, but decided to let him come. She wrote to him, telling him so, but he never came and died very suddenly a short time afterward."  
"That was unfortunate," Jim spoke seriously, "and I can understand now why she is so opposed to me."  
They walked along thoughtfully and contentedly, forgetting how rapidly the time was slipping by.  
Aunt Milinda opened her eyes in fright and jumped to her feet. Where was she, and why was she alone? She rubbed her eyes in bewilderment and reached anxiously for the lamp.  
"Doris! Doris!" she called, but there was no answer. The clock struck ten.  
It did not take long to light the lamp and begin a hurried search for her beloved niece.  
Suddenly she heard a little scratching and a weird scuffling in the wall.  
"Mice!" shrieked Aunt Milinda, and with a frantic bound landed on top of the table. There was a crash and a crumbling sound, and the next thing she knew she was sitting on the floor, surrounded by pieces of an old kitchen table.  
As she sat there, trying to discover what had happened, she saw an old, yellow letter in the ruins, addressed in her own handwriting.  
"Well, I declare," she spoke excitedly, reaching nervously for it. "I never mailed that letter to Paul, after all. It must have slipped in a crack of the table when the other letters were mailed. No wonder he never answered!"  
Doris and Jim heard the crash in the house and came rushing in to see what had happened. There sat dignified Aunt Milinda on the floor with a broken table around her and a letter in her hand.  
"Oh, Aunt Milinda," Doris cried, "are you hurt?"  
"Only my pride," she answered brightly, as they helped her carefully folks go out on the piazza and visit the moon. I am going to bed." And she started up the stairs.  
"But Aunt Milinda—" Doris began.  
"No 'buts,' only wrap up warm; it may be chilly," and she disappeared with the letter clasped tightly in her hand.  
Jim looked at Doris and Doris looked at Jim—and then two happy, people hurried out to the piazza to "visit with the moon."

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