

The Wreckers

By FRANCIS LYNDE

"YOU'D BETTER NOTIFY THE UNDERTAKERS."

St. Louis—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmy, are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, a small cousin, Maisee Ann. Unseen, they witness a peculiar train hold-up which a special car is carried off. Norcross recognizes the car as that of Chadwick, financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Portal City. Dods rescue Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of the Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dods 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 that he has been kidnapped and effects his rescue. Norcross resumes control of the Short Line, refusing to give place to Dismuke, whom Dunton has sent in charge as general manager. Jimmie follows an emissary of the Red Tower to a murder charge. He frustrates it and thereby drives Dismuke to more desperate measures. At the home of Sheila Macrae Dods witnesses strange actions of a man whom he later recognizes as Howard Wood, nephew of President Dunton. A series of wrecks, impossible to explain, cause alarm to the Boss.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Lord!" exclaimed the little man, "you don't have to tell me. If we can't stop 'em, Uncle will have plenty of good reasons for cleaning us all out, lock, stock, and barrel! I was talking with the claim office, this morning, and the loss and damage account for the past month is something like this:—"

"The boss graverly. And Upton, we're not altogether as sure as we might be. Has it never occurred to you that we are having a bad luck to warrant us in taking sick leave? It all up to the chapter of certain things."

"An Britt blew his cheeks out like stubby, cropped mustache like porcupine quills. 'You've been getting your point-havers you?' he threw in. 'Norcross didn't answer the question, but he said, 'You're on the job, and if he let him pick his own men,' he said. 'We want to know why Upton tumbled down ahead of Seventeen, and I want to see a report on it. Keep at it all day, Upton. The infection got into the rank and file and is spreading like a sickness. If it's psychological, we shall have trouble we need.'"

"Upton," he said, "We want to fall into that ditch. It's quite bad enough, as they

to nag him into resigning. Then there was Mrs. Sheila. I sort of suspected she was holding him up to the rack, every day and every minute of the day.

It was one evening after he had been out to the major's for just a little while, and had come back to the office, that he sent for Mr. Van Britt, who was also working late. There was blood on the moon, and I saw it in the way the boss' jaw was working.

"Upton," he began, as short as piecrust, "have you thought of any way to break this wreck hoodoo yet?"

Mr. Van Britt sat down and crossed his solid little legs.

"If I had, I shouldn't be losing sleep at the rate of five or six hours a night," he rasped.

"There's one thing that we haven't tried," the boss shot back. "We've been advertising it as bad luck, keeping our own suspicions to ourselves and letting the men believe what they pleased. We'll change all that. I want you to call your trainmen in as fast as you can get at them. Tell them—from me, if you want to—that there isn't any bad luck about it; that the enemies of this management are making an organized raid on the property itself for the purpose of putting us out of the fight. Tell them the whole story, if you want to; how we're trying our best to make a spoon out of a spoiled horn, and how there is an army of grafters and wreckers in this state which is doing its worst to knock us out of the box.

"If you give the force something tangible to lay hold of, it will work the needed miracle. It is only the mysterious that terrifies. Railroad employees, as a whole, are perfectly intelligent human beings, open to conviction. The management which doesn't profit by that fact is lame. If you do this and appeal to the loyalty of the men, you will make a private detective out of every man in the train service, and every one of them keen to be the first to catch the wreckers. You can add a bit of a reward for that, if you like, and I'll pay it out of my own bank account."

For a full minute our captive millionaire didn't say a word. Then he grinned like a good-natured little Chinese god.

"Who gave you this idea of taking the pay-roll into your confidence, Graham?" he asked softly.

For the first time in all the weeks and months I'd been knowing him, the boss dodged; dodged just like any of us might.

"I've been talking to Major Kendrick," he said. "He is a wise old man, Upton, and he hears a good many things that don't get printed in the newspapers."

I could see that this excuse didn't fool Mr. Van Britt for a single instant, and there was a look in his eye that I couldn't quite understand. Neither could I make much out of what he said.

"We'll go into that a little deeper some day, Graham—after this epileptic attack has been fought off. This idea—which you confess isn't your own—is a pretty shrewd one, and I shouldn't wonder if it would work, if we can get it in motion before the hoodoo breaks us wide open. And, as you say, the accusation is justifiable, even if we can't prove up against the Hatch outfit. That turned-over rail in Petrolite Canyon, for example, might have been helped along by—"

It was Kelso, Mr. Van Britt's stenographer, smashed in with the interruption. He was in his shirt-sleeves, as if he'd just got up from his typewriter, and he rushed in with his mouth open and his eyes like saucers.

"They—they want you in the dispatcher's office!" he panted, jerking the words out at Mr. Van Britt. "Durgin has let Number Five get by for a head-ender with the 'Flyer,' and he's gone crazy!"

CHAPTER XII

The Helpless Wires

When Bobby Kelso shot his news at us we all made a quick break for the dispatcher's office, the boss in the lead. Durgin, the night dispatcher, had been alone on the train desk, and the only other operators on duty were

the car-record man and the young fellow who acted as a relief on the commercial wire. When we got there, we found that Tarbell had happened to be in the office when Durgin blew up. He was sitting in at the train key, trying to get Crow Gulch, the one intermediate wire station between the two trains that had failed to get their "meet" orders, and this was the first I knew that he really was the expert telegraph operator that his pay-roll description said he was.

Durgin looked like a tortured ghost. He was a thin, dark man with a sort of scattering beard and limp black hair; one of the clearest-headed dispatchers in the bunch, and the very last man, you'd say, to get rattled in a tangle-up. Yet here he was, hunched in a chair at the car-record table in the corner, a staring-eyed, pallid-faced wreck, with the sweat standing in big drops on his forehead and his hands shaking as if he had the palsy.

Morris, the relief man, gave us the particulars, such as they were, speaking in a hushed voice as if he was afraid of breaking in on Tarbell's steady rattling of the key in the Crow Gulch station call.

"Number Four"—Four was the east-bound "Flyer"—is five hours off her time," he explained. "As near as I can get it, Durgin was going to make her 'meet' with Number Five at the siding at Sand Creek tank. She ought to have had her orders somewhere west of Bauxite Junction, and Five ought to have got hers at Banta. Durgin says he simply forgot that the 'Flyer' was running late; that she was still out and had a 'meet' to make somewhere with Five."

Brief as Morris' explanation was, it was clear enough for anybody who knew the road and the schedules. The regular meeting-point for the two passenger trains was at a point well east of Portal City, instead of west, and so, of course, would not concern the Desert Division crew of either train, since all crews were changed at Portal City. From Banta to Bauxite Junction, some thirty-odd miles, there was only one telegraph station, namely, that at the Crow Gulch lumber camp, seven miles beyond the Timber Mountain "Y" and the gravel pit where the stolen 1016 had been abandoned.

Unluckily, Crow Gulch was only a day station, the day wires being handled by a young man who was half in that of the saw-mill company. This young man slept at the mill camp, which was a mile back in the gulch. There was only one chance in a thousand that he would be down at the railroad station at ten o'clock at night, and it was on that thousandth chance that Tarbell was rattling the Crow Gulch call. If Five were making her card time, she was now about half-way between Timber Mountain "Y" and Crow Gulch. And Four, the "Flyer," had just left Bauxite—with no orders whatever. Which meant that the two trains would come together somewhere near Sand Creek.

Mr. Van Britt was as good a wire man as anybody on the line, but it was the boss who took things in hand.

"There is a long-distance telephone to the Crow Gulch saw-mill; have you tried that?" he barked at Tarbell.

The big young fellow who looked like a cow-boy—and had really been

to look, the mischief was done. Durgin had crumpled down into a misshapen heap on the floor and the sight we saw was enough to make your blood run cold.

You see, he had put the muzzle of the pistol into his mouth, and—but it's no use; I can't tell about it, and the very thought of that thing that had just a minute before been a man, lying there on the floor makes me see black and want to keel over. What he had said about sending for an extra undertaker was right as right. With the top of his head blown off, the poor devil didn't need anything more in this world except the burying.

Sombody has said, mighty truthfully, that even a death in the family doesn't stop the common routine; that the things that have to be done will go grinding on, just the same, whether all of us live, or some of us die. Disbrow had jumped from the telephone at the crash of Durgin's shot, and for just a second or so we all stood around the dead dispatcher, nobody making a move.

Then Mr. Norcross came alive with a jerk, telling Disbrow to get back on his job of calling out the wreck wagons and the relief train, and directing Bobby Kelso to go to another 'phone and call an undertaker to come and get Durgin's body. Tarbell turned back to the train desk to keep things from getting into a worse tangle than they already were in, and to wait for the dreadful news, and the boss stood by him.

This second wait promised to be the worst of all. The collision was due to happen miles from the nearest wire station; the news, when we should get it, would probably be carried back

to Bauxite Junction by the pusher engine which had gone out to try to overtake the "Flyer." But even in that case it might be an agonizing hour or more before we could hear anything.

In a little while Disbrow had clicked in his call to Kirgan, and when the undertaker's wagon came to gather up what was left of the dead dispatcher, the car-record man was hurriedly writing off his list of doctors, and Mr. Van Britt had gone down to superintendent the making up of the relief train. True to his theory, which, among other things, laid down the broad principle that the public had a right to be given all the facts in a railroad disaster, Mr. Norcross was just telling me to call up the Mountaineer office, when Tarbell, calmly linking time reports upon the train sheet, flung down his pen and snatched at his key to "break" the chattering sounder.

Mr. Van Britt had come up-stairs again, and he and the boss were both standing over Tarbell when the "G-S" break cleared the wire. Instantly there came a quick call, "G-S" "G-S" followed by the signature, "B-" for Bauxite Junction. Tarbell answered, and then we all heard what Bauxite had to say:

"Pusher overtook Number Four three miles west of Sand Creek and has brought her back here. What orders for her?"

Sombody groaned, "Oh, thank God!" and Mr. Van Britt dropped into a chair as if he had been hit by a cannon ball. Only the boss kept his head, calling out sharply to Disbrow to break off on the doctors' list and to hurry and stop Kirgan from getting away with the wrecking train.

When it was all over, and Tarbell had been given charge of the dispatching while a hurry call was sent out for the night relief man, Donohue, to come down and take the train desk, there was a little committee meeting in the general manager's office, with the boss in the chair, and Mr. Van Britt sitting in for the other member.

"Of course, you've drawn your own conclusions, Upton," the boss began, when he had asked me to shut the door.

"I guess so," was the grave rejoinder. "I'm afraid it is only too plain that Durgin was hired to do it. What became of the money?"

"I have it here," said the boss, and he took the blood-money bank-roll from his pocket and removed the rubber band. "Count it, Jimmie," he ordered, passing it to me.

I ran through the bunch. It was in twenties and fifties, and there was an even thousand dollars.

"That is the price of a man's life," said Mr. Van Britt, soberly, and then Mr. Norcross said, "Who knows any-

thing about Durgin? Was he a married man?"

Mr. Van Britt shook his head.

"He had been married, but he and his wife didn't live together. He had no relatives here. I knew him in the southwest two years ago. He'd had domestic trouble of some kind, and didn't mix or mingle much with the other men. But he was a good dispatcher, and two months ago, when we had an opening here, I sent for him."

"You think there is no doubt but that he was bribed to put those trains together tonight?"

"None in the least—only I wish we had a little better proof of it."

"Where did he live?"

"He boarded at Mrs. Chandler's, out on Cross street. Morris boards there, too, I believe."

The boss turned to me.

"Jimmie, go and get Morris."

I carried the call and brought Morris back with me. He was a cheerful, red-headed fellow, and everybody liked him.

"It isn't a 'sweat-box' session, Morris," said the boss, quietly, when we came in and the relief operator sat down, sort of half scared, on the edge of a chair. "We want to know something more about Durgin. He roomed at your place, didn't he?"

Morris admitted it, but said he'd never been very chummy with the dispatcher; that Durgin wasn't chummy with anybody. Then the boss went straight to the point, as he usually did.

"You were present and saw all that happened in the other room. Can you tell us anything about that money?" pointing to the pile of bills on my desk.

Billy Morris wriggled himself into a little better chair-hold. "Nothing that would be worth telling, if things hadn't turned out just as they have," he returned. "But now I guess I know, I left Mrs. Chandler's this evening about eleven o'clock to come on duty, and Durgin was just ahead of me. Some fellow—a man in a snuff-colored overcoat and with a soft hat pulled down so that I couldn't see his face—stopped Durgin on the sidewalk, and they talked together."

"I didn't hear what was said, but I saw the overcoated man pass something to Durgin and saw Durgin put whatever it was into his pocket. Then the other man dodged and went away, and did it so quick that I didn't see which way he went or what became of him. Durgin must have run after he left the corner, for I didn't see anything more of him until I got to the office."

"He was there when you came in?"

It was Mr. Norcross who wanted to know.

"Yes. He had his coat off and was at work on the train sheet. I don't think Durgin left his chair, or said anything to anybody until he jumped up and began to walk the floor, taking on and saying that he'd put Four and Five together on the single track."

There was silence for a little time, and when the boss said, "Do you think you would recognize the man in the snuff-colored overcoat, if you should see him again?"

"Yes, I might; if he had on the same coat and hat."

"That will do, then. Keep this thing to yourself, and if the newspaper people come after you, send them to Mr. Van Britt or to me."

After Morris had gone, Mr. Van Britt shook his head sort of savagely.

"It's h—l, Graham!" he ripped out, bouncing to his feet and beginning to tramp up and down the room. "To think that these devils would take the chance of murdering a lot of totally innocent people to gain their end! What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know yet, Upton; but I am going to do something. This state of affairs can't go on. The simplest thing is for me to throw up the job and let the Short Line drop back into the old rut. I'm not sure that it wouldn't save a good many lives in the end if I should do it. And yet it seems such a cowardly thing to do—to resign under fire."

Mr. Van Britt had his hand on the door-knob, and what he said made me warm to my finger-tips.

"We're all standing by you, Graham; all, you understand—to the last man and the last ditch. And you're not going to pitch it up; you're going to stay until you have thrown the harpoon into these high-binders, clear up to the hitches. That's my prophecy. The trouble's over for tonight, and you'd better go up to the hotel and turn in. There is another day coming, or if there isn't, it won't make any difference to any of us. Good night."



There Was an Even Thousand Dollars.



"I Couldn't Get Rid of the Idea That He Was Listening."

one, they said—glanced up and nodded: "The call's in," he responded: "Central says she can't raise anybody."

For the next three or four minutes the tension was something fierce. The boss and Mr. Van Britt hung over the train desk, and Tarbell kept up his insistent clatter at the key. I had an eye on Durgin. He was still hunched up in the record-man's chair, and to all appearances had gone stone-blind crazy. Yet I couldn't get rid of the idea that he was listening—listening as if all of his sealed-up senses had turned in to intensify the one of hearing.

"Mrs. McCrae isn't a widow at all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had About Given Up Hope.

A certain Dormont mother had occasion to scold her five-year-old son, the lad taking the call-down very much to heart. After the operation was completed, son disappeared. His failure to reappear caused the mother to worry and she began looking about to locate the culprit. In the bathroom she found him. There he was, with the door closed, talking to himself.

"Johnny," the mother heard him say, "you are a bad boy. You are a very, very bad boy. You are too bad for this family and ought to be taken away. You are a disgrace; you are a son-of-a-gun."

That was enough for the mother. Soon there was a hugging match, and sonnie was assured that he was none of the things he had been calling himself. Still, it took some time to convince him.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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

L. G. Waggoner, Editor and Owner.

Miami Texas.

Thursday, July 14, 1921.

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The Presbyterian Ladies met with Mrs. J. E. Kinney with 9 members present. After the usual opening we got at our fancy work and made quite a showing on our Bazaar material. Next meeting will be with Mrs. J. D. Lard. All members requested to be present and get material to work on during the annual vacation, as next Wednesday will be the last meeting for the summer.

P. R.

THEY ALL HELP

Smile.
Be square.
Keep Busy.
Be Cheerful.
Grin and bear.
Don't grumble.
Pay your debts.
Hold your temper.
Learn to take a joke.
Patronize home industries.
Read something every day.
Don't parade your troubles.
Give the other fellow a fair show.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. Sawyer, Dentist of Pampa, will be here on Monday, July 25th to spend the week in Miami.

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INDIANS NEAR TO EXTINCTION

Descendant of Osages Says Intermarriage Has Weakened Them So Much That End Is Apparent.

John R. Spurrier of Oklahoma says that the Indian will be extinct in a generation or two. Mr. Spurrier, who is a descendant of the Osage Indians and whose wife is also of Indian blood, says that constant intermarriage is so weakening the tribes that the nation which numbered over a million at the time this country was discovered will soon be only a name.

"The extinction of the Indian is only a matter of a short time," said Mr. Spurrier. "Intermarriage is proving fatal to the tribes, and they cannot long survive it. With intermarriage comes the Americanization and the Indians who have adopted modern methods live in extremely comfortable style.

"The richest small group of people in the world are the Osage Indians, whose reservation is in Osage county. There are 2,200 Indians in this tribe, 900 of them being of full blood who still wear their blankets, but the remainder have forsaken the ways of their ancestors and have become extremely American. The reason for the great wealth of this tribe is that their lands happen to be situated in the midst of the largest oil fields of Oklahoma, and the yearly annual income per capita averages approximately \$2,500.

"The Osage Indians are the best educated tribe in the country, and also the best physical specimens. It was from this tribe that Buffalo Bill chose a number of his famous chiefs. The reservation of the Pawnee Indians adjoins that of the Osages and this tribe numbers 3,000, many of them prosperous and well educated."

TOOK OATH 'BY THE PEACOCK'

When Philip of Burgundy and His Knights Vowed to Engage to War for Holy Land.

In 1453 Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, vowed "by the peacock" to go to the deliverance of Constantinople, which had recently fallen into the hands of the Turks. At the conclusion of the tournament and banquet held by the duke at Lille, Holy Mother Church, in the guise of a lady in mourning seated on an elephant and escorted by a giant, approached the duke and delivered a long verified complaint, claiming the aid and succor of the Knights of the Golden Fleece.

The herald advanced, bearing on his fist a live peacock or pheasant, which, according to the rites of chivalry, he presented to the duke. At this extraordinary summons Philip, a wise and aged prince, engaged his person and powers in the holy war against the Turks. His example was imitated by the barons and knights of the assembly; they swore to God, the Virgin, the ladies, and the peacock.

In this connection will be recalled Fraed's brilliant charade, "The Peacock and the Ladies."

As the Lawmakers Slang It.

"A woman on the industrial board" was killed," announced Mrs. Stella S. King, acting secretary, at a recent meeting of the Legislative Council of Indiana Women. As she read the last word, she realized what she had said and started to laugh. It was in the text of the minutes of the preceding meeting, at which Mrs. King had not acted as secretary, and came in the account of legislative council bills which had been passed, advanced, or "killed."

As it happened, it was a mistake after all, for it was another bill pertaining to the industrial board which had been killed, not that creating a woman member of the board. But for a moment the legislative council forgot its dignity and giggled.—Indianapolis News.

France's Oak Trees Threatened.

While endeavoring to recover from the ravages of war the forests of France are also struggling from the ravages of parasitic growths which seem to be especially disastrous to the oaks. These are the country's most valuable tree, constituting nearly 30 per cent of the forest area. This tree seems to suffer especially from the fungus Oidium, which appeared in the province of Champagne about 1907, and is doing such damage that the extermination of the oak in France is foreseen. Young trees—particularly coppice shoots of the current year—are most susceptible to attack, though seedlings up to ten years of age have been destroyed. No remedy has yet been discovered.

Carrots for Lunch.

As I lived far from school, I had to carry my lunch. One morning my step-mother asked me to go to the grocery store for some carrots, as we had some pet rabbits. When I returned I set the sack on the table and hurried to finish getting myself ready for school. When I had finished she had my lunch ready and told me it was on the table. That day at noon I opened my sack and to my amazement I had the sack of carrots. Of course the girls all laughed and had a good time over it, but I am sure it was the most embarrassing moment of my life.—Chicago Tribune.

Compensation.

"Are you going to take any summer boarders?"
"Fixin' up the rates now," replied Farmer Courtosel.
"Remembering, of course, that food cost has been going down."
"Yes. But rememberin' also that rents have been going up."

PASTIME PROGRAMS

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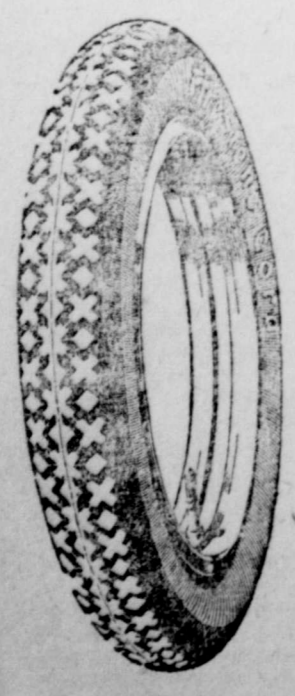
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LOCKE BROS.
Dry Goods.

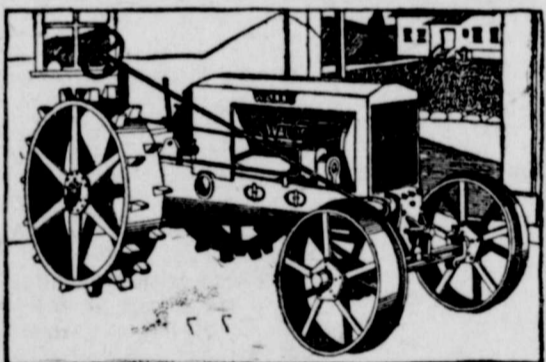
ALWAYS

Dependable merchandise at dependable prices. It makes no difference what you want in the dry goods and clothing line, we can furnish you with it at attractive prices, which are now much lower than in the past, and you know that it is always dependable. Nothing but dependable merchandise is carried in stock.

W.E. STOCKER
MIAMI, DRY GOODS TEXAS.

WALLIS

America's Foremost Tractor



IMPORTANT TRACTOR ANNOUNCEMENT

We are able to announce new and Liberal terms on the Wallis Tractor, which will enable any man to buy who needs one. Farmers of this section should investigate before buying any tractor.

The Wallis pulls a Combine and Grain Wagons with ease, and will list thirty acres of land per day with the new three row power lift J. I. Case Lister. See me for any horse drawn, or tractor implements.

CLYDE MEAD, DEALER

We Have

Every piece of Modern Machinery for the proper repair and adjustment of your Ford car or Fordson Tractor. We can do your work better, quicker and more satisfactory than it can be done elsewhere. Bring us your Fords and Fordsons.

Will also receive our very careful attention with proper adjustments and repairs, and our machinery facilities are unequalled for work on any make car. We'll treat you right, no matter what kind of car you have or what it needs. Anything from slight adjustments to complete overhauling.

Bob Townes,

AT J. A. COVEYS WORKSHOP

IF IT IS ELECTRICAL
Goods you need, we want to see you. Anything from a Sewing machine down. Visit our Store.

D. & D. ELECTRICAL COMPANY
John Webster W. A. Dyer

THE CITY MARKET

FRESH AND CURED MEATS.
Everything That's Good to Eat.
QUICK SERVICE
Guaranteed Satisfaction, Our Motto.

PHONE 18. R. D. DUNIVEN, Prop.

Mrs. J. W. Voyles and son Virgil and Mrs. Carrol left last week for Rochester, Minn., where they will visit the Mayo Institute. Mrs. Carrol has resigned her position with the J. L. Seiber Dry Goods store and will return to her home in California.

Druggist E. M. Walker made the round trip to Amarillo Friday visiting relatives.

Misses Gwendolyn Fulton and Wilmyrth Dial spent Friday night at the George ranch east of town.

Mrs. I. W. Huber was here from Canyon last week preparing to move her household goods to that place. Mrs. Huber has purchased a home at Canyon and will make that her permanent home.

J. Randal Patton of Clovis, New Mexico visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Patton last week.

Paul Mathers returned last week from Hot Springs, N. M., where he went a few weeks ago for rheumatism treatment.

H. T. Gill and daughter, Miss Lucile visited Miami friends last week.

Mrs. N. S. Locke and daughter, Dona left Tuesday for Lubbock to visit Mrs. Lockes mother, who is now at that place for medical treatment. Mrs. Ellis has had quite a lot of trouble with her arm, and it is feared that amputation will be necessary.

Miss Evelyn Sohns of Amarillo passed thru Miami Tuesday enroute to St. Louis for a month's vacation.

Mrs. W. D. Lee of Mobeetie visited Miami relatives and friends yesterday, and little "Bill" Kelley returned home with her for a few days visit.

Clarence Lee and family, who went to Glendale, Arizona last fall for Mrs. Lees health returned to their home at Mobeetie yesterday. Mrs. Lee's health has improved and the family are very glad to return to Texas.

Monroe Seitz, son of Jeff Seitz of near Mobeetie was hit on the head with a rock while scuffling with another boy Monday, which came near proving fatal. His skull was cracked and he lost consciousness for some time, but we learn that he is much improved today.

Misses Mattie Elliott and Beula Lee and Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Elliott visited Pampa relatives and friends Sunday.

Grandpa Maddux, father of the Maddux boys of near Codman fell from a wheat stack this week and received a sprained back and other injuries, which are proving painful and he is unable to get up.

Judge Ewing and Dan Kivlehen went over in the west part of the county yesterday afternoon on a short fishing trip.

Miss Anna Pearl Morrison of Clarendon is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. J. Montgomery, this week.

A. L. Muncy is having a nice large granary erected on his ranch east of town.

The Womans Study Club will not have their regular meeting Friday, but will meet July 22 with Mrs. Kelley as hostess. Mrs. Newman will have charge of the program. All members are requested to be present.

EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM

July 17, 7:30 P. M.
"Christian Stewardship"
(Luke 21:1-4; 2 Cor 9, 6-8)
Leader,—Miss Laura Talley.

Songs.
Eighth Psalm Responsively.
Prayer.

Scripture Lesson.
Final Test of Stewardship, Leader.
Solo,—Miss Jennie Severson.

Testing Our Stewardship,—Miss Winifred Carr.

Perhaps Some Things on Our List look Doubtful,—Miss Zona Cox.

The Bible Does not Forbid the Enjoyment of God's Gifts,—Mr. Duren Bell.

"The Power of Money is Something Awful,"—Miss Neva Praesang.

An Infinite Opportunity,—Miss Carrie Lee Mathers.

Announcements.

LOST — Thursday night between my home and Legion Hall, Roman gold brooch, cross and crown design set in pearls. Finder return to Covey's garage and receive reward.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

State of Texas
County of Roberts

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Honorable County Court of Roberts County, Texas, on the 21st day of June, 1921 by the clerk of said court in the case of Panhandle Lumber Company Vs. Arthur Lyons No. 197 and to me as Sheriff directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell within the hours prescribed by law for sheriff's sales on Monday, the 25th day of July, 1921, at the W. G. Lyons farm in Roberts County, Texas, the same being the N. E. 1-4 of Section No. 63, Block No. 2, the following described property to wit: two-thirds interest in 150 acres of wheat now located on the N. E. 1-4 of Section No. 63, Block No. 2, levied on as the property of Arthur Lyons to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$143.28 with 10 per cent interest on same from the 12th day of August, 1920 and costs of suit.

Given under my hand this the 12th day of July, 1921.

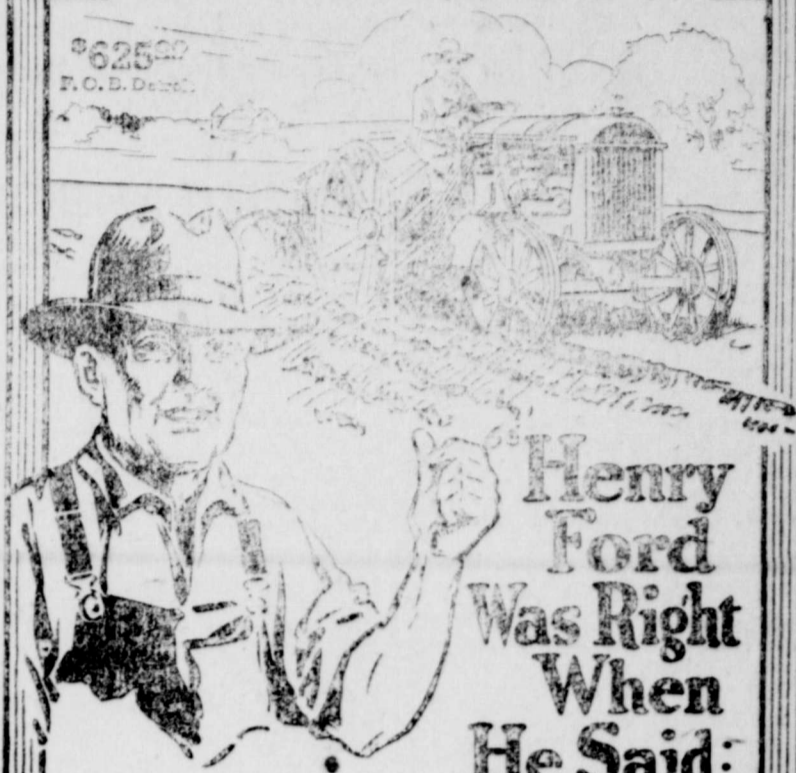
L. A. Coffey, Sheriff
Roberts County, Texas,
By J. R. Webster, Deputy.

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 mat-

Fordson TRACTOR



Henry Ford Was Right When He Said:

"The Tractor will enable the farmer to work fewer hours in the day, giving him more time to enjoy life. I believe the tractor will make farming what it ought to be — the most pleasant, the most healthful, the most profitable business on earth."

This tractor has done much—very much—in bringing true Mr. Ford's prophecy; for in it is a machine which has harnessed one of the most dependable, efficient, adaptable, economical sources of power in the world—a machine that saves from thirty to fifty per cent of the farmer's time — a machine which many farmers claim plows, harrows or drills as much ground in the same time as four, six or even eight horses. And more — a machine that takes care of every power job on the farm.

Call and let's talk it over, or telephone or drop us a card and we will bring the facts to you.

J. A. COVEY & SON

Authorized Agents for
FORDS AND FORDSONS
MIAMI, TEXAS.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. Sawyer, Dentist of Pampa, will be here on Monday, July 25th to spend the week in Miami.

A bird like this makes a model husband



HER NICE new husband.
STEPS OUT of the house.
WHISTLING LIKE a bird.
WHICH ALARMS young wife.
ESPECIALLY WHEN.
SHE FOUND she'd picked
THE WRONG package.
AND INSTEAD of oatmeal.
HAD GIVEN him birdseed.
BUT DON'T think from this.
THAT EVERY guy.
YOU HEAR whistling.
HAS NECESSARILY.
BEEN ROBBING the canary.
OTHER THINGS inspire.
THE ALMOST human male.
TO BLOW through his Nps.
AND MAKE shrill noises.
A RAISE, for example.
OR A day off when.
A DOUBLE header is on.

OR AN everyday thing.
LIKE A good drag.
ON ONE of those smokes,
THAT SATISFY.
WHICH CERTAINLY are,
THE REAL birdseed.
FOR MAKING men.
TRILL THEIR pipes for joy.
SO LADIES, if hubby.
GOES AWAY whistling.
YOU NEEDN'T worry.
ALL'S SWELL.

WHEN you say that Chesterfields "satisfy," you're whistling. You know—the instant you light one—that the tobaccos in it are of prime selection, both Turkish and Domestic. And the blend—well, you never tasted such smoothness and full-flavored body! No wonder the "satisfy-blend" is kept secret. It can't be copied.

Did you know about the Chesterfield package of 10?

They Satisfy **Chesterfield**
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

DUMPING NOTICE
Dumping trash, rubbish, or hauling dirt from the property owned by the Miami Town Company near the ball ground is positively forbidden, and will not be tolerated longer. Anyone found guilty of this practice in the future will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
27 3m p. Samuel Edge.

J. K. MCKENZIE
Complete Abstract of land in Robert's county.
Protect your property against fire and Tornado.
AGENT FOR
Leading fire insurance Companies.
Phone 36

C. Coffee J. A. Holmes
COFFEE AND HOLMES
Lawyers,
GENERAL PRACTICE
Office in Christopher building
Miami - Texas.

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

MIAMI COMPANY
HAZEL HUMPHREY,
Chief Operator

J. I. MALOY
Dray and Hauling done
Prompt and Efficient Service

BRING ME, your picture, or size, and I will cut your frame from any pick of large assortment of molding now in stock. Prompt service and guaranteed work.
29 tf. John Cantrell.

I WANT TO TRADE, a nice bunch of steers for good Plains land, or will sell the steers on reasonable time. They are in good condition. See or phone, W. C. Christopher.

J. H. KELLEY, Phg. M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
GENERAL PRACTICE
Office in the Christopher Bldg.

PHONE 73
J. E. Kinney W. H. Barnes
KINNEY & BARNES
Attorneys-at-Law
GENERAL PRACTICE
Office in Miami
Cunningham Bldg. Texas.

ODD DEVICES FOR PATENTS

Curiosities That Have Been Accorded Place in the Archives of Great London Office.

Some recent curiosities patented in England are described by the illustrated London News. There are two head-washing caps, one of which is an inverted metal bowl with a rubber ring that fits it tightly to the head and a spigot by which it may be attached to a rubber tube; the other is a helmet-like device with an inlet for water at the top and an outlet back on the neck.

Others are an automobile for use on land or water. It has a propeller and a detachable hull, while the forewheels are encased and act as a rudder.

Then there is a railway train fitted with a conduit passing from the smokestack over the roofs of the cars to the rear of the train, through which smoke, vapor and cinders are conveyed.

For bathing the face there is a basin with a recessed end for supporting the neck, and a detachable tube through which the bather may breathe while soaking her complexion in the water.

A protective garment for motorists and others is made of a double fabric containing shock absorbers, in the form of hollow rubber balls.

Another ingenious person patents a buffer to be placed on the bows of ships so as to lessen the shock of collisions. Bent plates fitting the converging sides of the ship support heavy spiral springs projecting forward to a steel plate that extends across the bows.

GUARD DIGNITY OF PRESIDENT

Washington Theatrical Managers Are Not Allowed to Advertise His Attendance in Their Playhouses.

There is a code of etiquette governing relations between the executive mansion at Washington and the playhouse. Point No. 1 in the code provides that no manager, either of the theater or of the visiting attraction, shall angle for Presidential patronage. When a company arrives at the theater its manager is handed a card which impresses this upon him, and crushes all hopes of using his pet projects for luring the President to confer endorsement upon his offering.

Another point is that a box is reserved in every theater in Washington every day until noon for the President. By that hour the White House is supposed to have notified the theater that the President will attend that evening. Reservations may be made earlier, of course, but in no event may the house or company manager make use of a paragraph in the newspapers announcing that the President will attend on such and such an evening.

The audience is always on the alert to rise when the Presidential party enters, and remains standing at the conclusion of the performance until the White House contingent makes its exit. No Presidential party was ever known to keep a curtain down for a minute through a tardy appearance.

Great Pianist Particular.

Paderewski will not permit anybody to sit behind him, says a writer in Hearst's. At some of his concerts hundreds of seats could have been added on the stage. Moreover, in every Paderewski recital no seats are sold in that part of the orchestra proper which is directly behind him. The piano is set at a 45-degree angle, which means that in the extreme left corner of the orchestra, looking toward the stage, a number of seats are directly facing Paderewski's back. Those seats are empty for Paderewski. "If they are behind me, I think they are pushing my elbows," he says.

THE Merchants who advertise in this paper will give you best values for your money.

LOST OUT BY SMALL MARGIN

Daring Adventurer Played for Millions and Almost Succeeded in Dishonest Venture.

A remarkable rogue, at a time when the competition for that distinction is keen, was arrested recently. By name Surran, before the war he kept a small shop, eking out his legitimate profits by receiving stolen goods. This stage of his life ended in a blaze and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for burning down his place of business to get the insurance money.

Since the war he has become the most expert of all the bandits who prey on the immense dumps left behind by the American and British, and by perseverance he got together a large sum. Last August he tried a higher flight. Well dressed and suave, he presented himself at a certain dump in France and bought the whole place, the sum demanded being £1,000,000 at the present rate of exchange. To arrive at this end without actually paying a penny to the government he had to distribute £10,000 in bribes and tips.

He immediately started to cart off his "purchase," but lack of capital was his downfall. He had hardly a cent left over from his gigantic campaign of bluff and bribery, and could not pay the wagon drivers, who complained to the police.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

ADRIAN ONLY ENGLISH POPE

is Said to Have Been Elevated to High Office Contrary to His Own Inclinations.

Pope Adrian IV was by birth an Englishman, and the only one of that nation who ever occupied the papal throne. He was a native of Langley, in Hertfordshire. He was born before A. D. 1100. His real name was Nicholas Breakspear. He is said to have left England as a beggar, and to have become a servant as lay brother in a monastery near Avignon, in France, where he studied with such diligence that in 1137 he was elected abbot. His merits soon became known to Pope III, who made him cardinal-bishop of Albani in 1146, and sent him two years later as his legate to Denmark and Norway, where he converted many inhabitants to Christianity. Soon after his return to Rome, Nicholas was unanimously chosen pope against his own inclination, in November, 1154. Henry II of England, on hearing of his election, sent the abbot of St. Albans and three bishops to Rome with his congratulations.

Must Keep on "Making Good."

Life is an everlasting struggle. Nothing but the keenest attention to its great problems will bring lasting success. There are many that gain temporary attention and they think they have made a name for themselves. The fact is there are thousands of others with just as much head striving for a place in the sun. They are watching every loophole for an opportunity. Often the fellow who starts right with a small lead can achieve almost anything he sets out to. So folks have learned to take advantage of everything that turns up or that they can turn up. That means you are never safe in resting on past laurels. It's a case of making good eternally or falling down before you have finished your course.

Air Mail Stamps.

Over forty varieties of specially designed postage stamps for air mails have already been published, much to the joy of the philatelists. Italy has the credit for the first air stamp which was issued by the Italian postal authorities as long ago as 1917. The United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Estonia, Colombia and the Belgian Congo have all considered it desirable to issue special stamps to their peoples. Tunis has even produced a second contribution. Needless to mention, Germany and Hungary were early in the field, rightly considering it an excellent means of educating the public in the practical side of aviation.

Aids Electrical Welder.

Ordinarily an electric welder must remove his helmet that he may better see the finer details of his work. The main improvement which a new helmet has over the old masis is the mounting of the window, so that the protective screen can be raised with the left hand of the worker and he can obtain a better view of the work, yet the screen falls back into place when he is ready to go ahead with the welding. This screen or window is made of chemically prepared glass to protect the eyes from ultra-violet rays.

Better Than Alarm Clock.

Instead of leaving word at a hotel desk for an early morning call, there is now a new call system which enables guests to call themselves at any desired hour. A system of electric clocks is the newest hotel installation. The guest simply sets an indicator at night, somewhat similar to an alarm clock and a low musical chime rings at the desired time. The clocks have luminous dials and hands so that the time can be read in the dark.

The Curse of Poverty.

"Well, my dear, what did you see in town you wanted to buy?"
"Oh, thousands of beautiful things."
"You didn't buy them I hope?"
"No, I came home with a package of hairpins and a grouch."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

One Dollar Saved Represents Ten Dollars Earned

The average man does not save to exceed ten per cent of his earnings. He must spend nine dollars in living expenses for every dollar saved. That being the case he can not be too careful about unnecessary expenses. Very often a few cents properly invested, like buying seeds for his garden, will save several dollars outlay later on. It is the same in buying Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. It costs but a few cents, and a bottle of it in the house often saves a doctor's bill of several dollars.

TRESPASSING NOTICE

Hunting or trespassing on my property is strictly forbidden and no permission given. This is the second notice, and trespasser must remember. 40-4tp. Joe Cunningham.

The Same Everywhere

The editor of Paissa Akhbar, a native newspaper of Lahore, India says, "I have used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy many times among my children and servants, for colic and diarrhoea and always found it effective."

Locke Bros. have twenty pair of No. 9 Elk hide shoes, worth \$3.50 per pair they are selling out at \$2.48.

Large size sheets Carbon paper for sale at the Chief Office.

Special Prices on Wear You Well

Boots and shoes that will interest you. I have a nice line to pick from and can properly fit your feet. Come in and see the line that will always save you money and always give you good service. I am also prepared to repair your boots and shoes at a very reasonable price. Don't throw the old shoes or boots away so long before they are worn out. Shop Made boots, wear well and I am prepared to fit you right at home. Customers always welcome and I am glad to figure with you.
ALBERT WILDE

The Chief \$1.50 Per Year.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT



Are very essential to good health. Watching your eating and save the doctors bill. We can not only save you money in this way, but our prices are also always very reasonable. We are watching the daily market and can save you money. We always know you want quality groceries, so that is the only kind we handle. High patent soft and hard wheat flour, that will always please you. Everything in stock that is carried in a modern grocery.

G. M. MOON

Harvest Time Is Here

We now have a complete line of harvest goods and are prepared to sell them right. Let us figure your bill.

Sanders Grocery Company

See Snub Pollard and Ruth Roland
The Pastime Theatre to-morrow night

Here's why CAMELS are the quality cigarette



BECAUSE we put the utmost quality into this one brand. Camels are as good as it's possible for skill, money and lifelong knowledge of fine tobaccos to make a cigarette.

Nothing is too good for Camels. And bear this in mind! Everything is done to make Camels the best cigarette it's possible to buy. Nothing is done simply for show.

Take the Camel package for instance. It's the most perfect packing science can devise to protect cigarettes and keep them fresh. Heavy paper—secure foil wrapping—revenue stamp to seal the fold and make the package air-tight. But there's nothing flashy about it. You'll find no extra wrappers. No frills or furbelows.

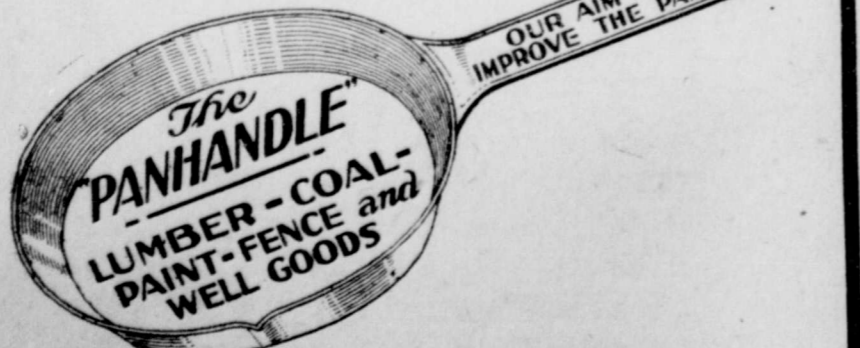
Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And remember—you must pay their extra cost or get lowered quality.

If you want the smoothest, mellowest, mildest cigarette you can imagine—and one entirely free from cigarette aftertaste,

It's Camels for you.

Camel

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



How About That GRANARY?
We have been telling you all along to build one and get ready for this harvest. It is not too late yet. Let us help you plan it. Also we can assist you with your other improvements. It is our business to serve you, don't hang back.
PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.
B. F. GRAY, Manager.