





# THE WRECKERS

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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### CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

you on that point, sub. You took Miteh Ripley's opinion. Maybe the courts will hold with you, but candidly, Graham, I doubt it—doubt it right much.

The boss didn't seem to be much concerned over the doubt. He just smiled and said we'd be likely to find out what was in the wind, and that before very long. Then he spoke of Hatch's afternoon call at our offices, and mentioned the fact that the Red Tower president would probably try again, later in the evening.

The major let the business matter drop, and he was working his way patiently through the said course when he looked up to say:

"Was there anything in your trip to Stratheona to warrant Sheila's little telegraphic dangah signal, Graham?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," said the boss, without turning a hair; doing it, as I made sure, because he didn't want Mrs. Sheila to be mixed up in the plotting business, even by implication.

The major didn't press the inquiry any farther, and when he spoke again it was of an entirely different matter. "Away along in the beginning, somebody—I think it was John Chadwick—spoke of you as a man with a savt of raw-head-and-bloody-bones tempah, Graham; what have you done with that tempah in these heah latteh days?"

"The boss' smile was a good-natured grin.

"Temper is not always a matter of temperament, major. Sometimes it is only a means to an end. Much of my experience has been in the construction camps, where I have had to deal with men in the raw. Just the same, there have been moments within the past six months when I have been sorely tempted to burn the wires with a few choice words of the short and ugly variety and throw up my job."

"Which, as you may say, brings us around to President Dunton," put in the old lawyer shrewdly. "He is still opposing your policies?"

"Up to a few weeks ago he was still hounding me to do something that would boost the stock, regardless of what the something should be, or of its effect upon the permanent value of the property."

"Did I understand you to say that these—ah—suggestions from Dunton had stopped?" the major inquired.

"Temporarily, at least. I haven't heard anything from New York—not lately."

"Then Dunton's nephew hasn't made himself known to you?"

"Collingwood? Hardly. I'm not in Mr. Howie Collingwood's set—which is one of the things I have to be thankful for. But this is news; I didn't know he was out here."

The news-giver bent his head gravely in confirmation of the fact.

"He's heah, I'm sorry to say, Graham. He has been heah quite some little time, vibratin' round with the Grigsbys and the Gannons and a lot mo' of the new-rich people up at the capital."

It was the boss' turn to go silent, and I could guess pretty well what he was thinking. The presence of President Dunton's nephew in the West might mean much or nothing. But I could imagine the boss was thinking that his own single experience with Collingwood was enough to make him wish that the nephew of Big Money would stay where he belonged—among the high-rollers and spenders of his own set in the effete East.

"I can't quite get the proper slant on men of the Collingwood type," he remarked, after the pause. "The only time I ever saw him was on the night before the directors' meeting last spring. He was here with his uncle's party in the special train, and that night at the Bullard he had been drinking too much and made a braying ass of himself. I had to knock him silly before I could get him up to his room."

"You did that, Graham—for a stranger?"

"I did it for the comfort of all concerned. As I say, he was making an ass of himself."

There was another break, and then the major looked up with a little frown.

"That was befo' you had met Sheila?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Why, no; not exactly. It was the same night—the night we all dropped off the 'Flyer' and got left behind at Sand Creek. You may remember that we came in later on Mr. Chadwick's special."

The major made no reply to this, and pretty soon the boss was on his feet and excusing himself once more on the after-dinner smoking stunt, saying that he was obliged to go back to the office. The major got up and shook hands with him as if he were bidding him good-by for a long journey.

"You are going down to keep that appointment with Miteh Rufus Hatch?" he said. "You take an old man's advice, Graham, my boy, and keep your hand—figuratively speaking, of course—on your gun. It runs in my mind, somehow, that you are going to be hit—and hit right hard. No, don't ask me why. Call it a rotten suspicion, and let it go at that. Come up

to the house, afterward, if you have time, and tell me I'm a false prophet, sub; I hope you may."

The boss promised plenty cheerfully as to the calling part, as you'd know he would since he hadn't seen Mrs. Sheila for I don't know how long; and a few minutes later we were on our way, walking briskly, to keep the Fred May engagement with the chief of the grafters.

### CHAPTER XIV

#### The Dead-Line

We found the three disappointed afternoon callers already on hand when we reached the headquarters. The boss said, "Good evening, gentlemen," as pleasant as a basket of chips, and invited the waiting bunch into the private office, snapping on the lights as he opened the door.

No introductions were needed. One of the pair Hatch had brought with him was a lawyer named Marrow, whose home town was Sedgwick; a sharp-nosed, ferret-eyed man who figured as one of the many "local counsels" for Red Tower. The other, Dedmon, was a political place-hunter who had once been sheriff of Arrowhead county.

"You've kept us cooling our heels in your waiting-room for just about the last time, Mr. Norcross," was the spiteful way in which Hatch opened fire. "We've come to talk straight business with you this trip, and it will be more to your interest than ours if you'll send your clerk away."

While they had been dragging up their chairs and sitting down, I had heard Fred May look up his typewriter and go, and had been listening anxiously for some noise that would tell me Tarbell was on deck. I thought I heard the door of the outer office open again just as Hatch spoke and it comforted me a whole lot.

The boss didn't pay any attention to Hatch's suggestion about sending me away; acted as if he hadn't heard it. Opening his desk he took a box of cigars from a drawer and passed it. With this concession to the small hospitalities the boss swung his chair to face the trio.

"My time is yours, gentlemen," he said; and Hatch jumped in like a man fairly spoiling for a fight.

"For six months, Norcross, you've been mowing a pretty wide swath out here in the tall hills. You've been posing as a little tin god before the people of this state, and all the while you've been knifing and slugging and black-jacking private capital and private business wherever and whenever they have happened to get in your way. Now, at the end of the lane, by Jupiter, we've got you dead to rights—you and your d—d railroad!"

"Cut out as many of the personalities as you can, and come to the point," suggested the boss quietly.

"You think I haven't any point to come to?" barked the grafter, with rising anger. "I'll show you! You thought you were the only original trust-buster when you started your

affidavit to the fact that railroad money was offered him. They don't say whether or not they accepted it, mind you, and that doesn't cut any figure. They have sworn that the money was tendered. That lets them out and lets you in. You don't believe it? I'll show you," and Hatch whipped a list of names from his pocket and slapped it upon the boss' desk. "Go to those men and ask them; if you want to carry it that far. They'll tell you."

I could see that the boss barely glanced at the list. The glib story of the bribery was like the bite of a slipping crane-hitch—slow to take hold. So far as we were concerned, of course, the charge fell flat; and upon any other hypothesis it was blankly incredible, unbelievable, absurd.

"The affidavits themselves would be much more convincing," I heard the boss say, "though even then I should wish to have reasonable proof that they were genuine."

Hatch was sitting down again and his grin showed his teeth unpleasantly.

"Do you think for a minute that I'd bring the papers here and trust them in your hands?" he rapped out insultingly.

"Not much! But we've got them all right, as you'll find out if you balk and force us to use them."

At this point I could see that something in the persistent assurance of the man was getting under the boss' skin and giving him a cold chill. What if it were not the colossal bluff it had looked like in the beginning? What if . . . Like a blaze of lightning out of a clear sky a possible explanation hit me under the fifth rib, and I guess it hit the boss at about the same instant. What if President Dunton and the New York stock-jobbers, believing as they did that nothing but legislative favor would give them their trading capital in the depressed stock, had cut in and done this thing without consulting us?

The boss stirred uneasily in his chair and picked up the paper-knife—a little unconscious trick of his when he wanted time to gather himself.

"Perhaps you would be willing to give me the name of this briber, Mr. Hatch?" he said, after a little pause.

"As if you didn't know it!" was the scolding retort. "There were two of them; one who was hired to do the talking while the real wire-puller stood aside and held the coin bag. We'll skip the hired man." Then he turned to the ex-sheriff: "Write out the name of the bag-holder for him, Dedmon," he commanded, tearing a leaf from his pocket note-book and thrusting it, with a stubby pencil, into Dedmon's hands.

The man from Arrowhead county bent over his knee and wrote a name on the slip of paper, laying the slip on the drawn-out slide of the boss' desk when he had finished the slow penciling. The effect of the thing was all that any plotter could have desired. I saw the boss' face go gray, saw him stare at the slip and heard him say, half to himself, "Howard Collingwood!"

Hatch followed up his advantage promptly. He was afoot and struggling into his overcoat when he said: "You've got what you were after, Norcross, and it has got your goat. We've known all along that you were only bluffing and sparring to gain time. We've nailed you to the cross. You let this deal with Marshall and his people stand as it's made, or we'll show you up for what you are. That's the plain English of it."

"You mean that you will go to the newspapers with this?" said the boss, and it was no wonder that his voice was a bit husky.

"Just that. We'll give you plenty of time to think it over. The joint deal with C. S. & W. goes into effect tomorrow, and it's up to you to sit tight in the boat and let us alone. If

you don't—if you butt in with the ground-leases, or in any other way—the story will go to the newspapers and every sucker on the line of the P. S. L. will know how you've been pulling the wool over his eyes with all this guff about 'justice first,' and 'the public be pleased.' You're no fool, Norcross. You know they won't lay it to Dunton and the New Yorkers. You've taken pains to advertise it far and wide that you are running this railroad on your own responsibility, and the people are going to take you at your word."

Dedmon, and the lawyer—who hadn't spoken a single word in all the talk—were edging toward the door. The boss didn't make any answer to Hatch's wind-up except to say, "Is that all?"

The other two were out, now, and Hatch turned to stick his ugly jaw out at the boss, and to say, just as if I hadn't been there to look on and hear him:

"No, by Jupiter—it isn't all! In the past six months you've made Gus Henckel and me lose a cold half-million, Norcross. For a less provocation than that, many a man in this neck of woods has been sent back east in the baggage-car, wearing a wooden overcoat. You climb down, and do it while you can stay alive!"

For some time after the three men went away the boss sat staring at the slip of paper on the desk slide. At last he got up, sort of tiredlike, I thought, and said to me: "Jimmie, you go down and see if you can find a taxi, and we'll drive out to Major Kendrick's. I promised him I'd go out to the house, you remember."

When our taxi stopped at the major's gate, somebody was coming out just as we were getting ready to go in. The man had the visor of his big flat golf cap pulled down well over his eyes, but I knew him just the same. It was Collingwood!

This looked like more trouble. What was the president's nephew doing here? I wondered about that, and also, if the boss had recognized Collingwood. If he had, he made no sign, and a moment later I had pushed the bell-push and Maisie Ann was opening the door for us.

"Both of you? oh, how nice!" she said, with a smile for the boss and a queer little grimace for me. "Come in. This is our evening for callers. Cousin Basil is out, but he'll be back pretty soon, and he left word for you to wait if you got here before he did."

That message was for the boss, and I lagged behind in the dimly lighted hall while she was showing him into the back parlor. I had dropped down on the hall settee, in the end of it next to the coat-rack, and when Mrs. Sheila came down-stairs and went through the hall, she didn't see me. A second later I heard the boss jump up and say, "At last! It seems as if you had been gone a year rather than a fortnight," and then Maisie Ann came dodging out and plunked herself down on the settee beside me.

You needn't tell me that we had no right to sit there listening; I know it well enough. On the other hand, I was just shirky enough to shift the responsibility to Maisie Ann. She didn't make any move to duck, so I didn't.

"You came out to see Cousin Basil?" Mrs. Sheila was saying to the boss. And then: "He had a telephone call from the Bullard, and he asked me to tell you to wait." After that, I guess she sat down to help him wait, for pretty soon we heard her say: "Cousin Basil has told me a little about the new trouble: have you been having another bad quarter of an hour?"

"The worst of the lot," the boss said gravely, and from that he went on to tell her about the Hatch visit and what had come of it; how the grafters had a new claw hold on him, now, made possible by an unwarranted piece of meddling on the part of the New York people in the political game.

It was while he was talking about this that Maisie Ann grabbed me by the wrist and dragged me bodily into the darkened front parlor, the door to which was just on the other side of the coat rack. I thought she had come to her right senses, at last, and was making the shift to break off the eavesdropping. That being the case, I was simply horrified when I found that she was merely fixing it so that we could both see and hear. The sliding doors between the two parlors were cracked open about an inch, and before I realized what she was doing she had pulled me down on the floor beside her, right in front of that crack.

"If you move or make a noise, I'll scream and they'll come in here and find us both!" she hissed in my ear; and because I didn't know what else to do with such a kiddish little terrapant, I sat still. It was dastardly, I know; but what was I to do?

When the boss finished telling her about the Hatch talk, Mrs. Sheila said: "You mean that Mr. Dunton and his associates sent somebody out here to influence the election?"

"Yes; that is it, precisely. But how did you know?"



The Boss Sat Staring at the Slip of Paper.



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PESSIMISM

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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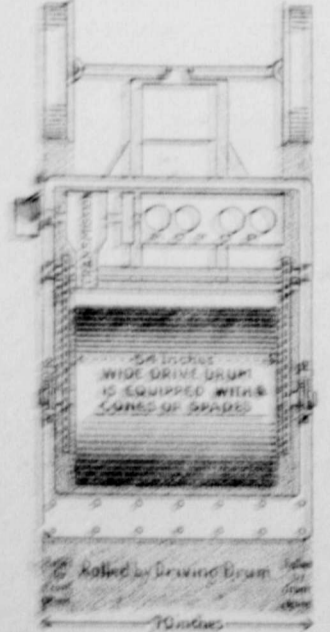
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### The Miami Chief

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CASH IN ADVANCE ALWAYS.

The K. K. K. is the center of public attention in Texas just now, and Texas Legislators are considering measures that will be a direct shot at such actions. Since the K. K. K. has never punished an innocent man, but if they have ever gone to any man's home and punished him in any manner without trial, they have violated the laws of our land. Any man or set of men who violate the rights for their own with a mask over their face, and take men or women from their homes, doing them bodily injury, are acting at the very heart of democracy; at the foundation of free government; and will kill the fundamental principles of a free nation that is founded upon a government by and for the people.

The K. K. K. may be an organization that have right principles. They may not be doing the things that are wrong in them at this and other places, we may only be newspaper reports the things that they are charged with, but if they, or any other secret organization, clan or set of men, are allowed to help enforce our laws, or punish people for crime, then our government is a failure. There may have been a time immediately following the Civil War when the K. K. K. did a great work for society among the negro settlements, but our government is not now divided against itself, and our people will no longer assist their neighboring states, therefore our laws are to be enforced, equally against officers of the law who charge of it.

Since the beginning of Christian living, it has not been right to convict men without trial. The great book upon which all laws are founded demands that men be given fair and impartial trial, and no nation, society or people can live and prosper if their laws are founded upon anything but right. Our people do allow any secret organization to operate at night in dealing out justice, under masks and without identification, in giving a shield and protection to the lawless element who might wish to settle personal differences.

We believe that there is a cause for the organization of secret clans for the punishment of people, and we further believe that that cause can be traced directly back to the failure of judges and courts to properly enforce our laws. Some of our land get too tender hearted sometimes to convict, and through technicalities justice is often defeated. Appeals to higher courts, reverses of judgments or technicalities, delays of trials and such, with finally the guilty going unpunished as the incentive under which a clan might be organized. However this is the wrong way to correct the evil. The people, the juries and our courts should and must demand that justice reign, regardless of what some lawyer who is defending an offender says and does.

Lawyers are often paid to defend the law and defeat justice. This they do because it is a legitimate occupation, but our juries and courts should not see justice defeated. Fair trials and convictions should not be covered on technicalities, and the people must demand speedy trials by our law enforcement bodies else some are likely to want to take the law out of the law's hands. Money also comes in for its share of the blame in so much as it will hire expert lawyers to look for technicalities, and it will hire a dozen good lawyers to defend some guilty party, when there is possibly one lawyer and an assistant to prosecute for the state.

Our laws are founded upon the right principle. They are right and should be defended and protected, but the people must help enforce them. Officials cannot do it alone. When the people help protect and defend lawlessness, there is little hope for the law. What we need just now is for officials and juries to get "hard hotted" and meet our justice accordingly.

One thing Northside people could comfortably escape this summer is a big hot bill.

All the amendments to the State Constitution, carried in this county by a large majority, but most of them apply here. I had a talk with General T. S. ...

Being accused for making a mistake today does not legalize your making the same mistake tomorrow.

Business just naturally has to get better when people are paying their old debts and paying cash in advance for their present needs. Such is the condition in the Panhandle just now. We have plenty of wheat to spare our neighbors want, and it is going to them from the Panhandle at the rate of about 100 car load per day.

Let's get right behind our Chattanooga next week and make it a good one. Good people here as much to do with making a Chattanooga as does that. Make no difference whether or not we ever expect to have another Chattanooga, or whether we ever had one before, we have contracted for this one, and let's make it so.

Death, death, death, has befallen many in Miami this week. Yet there are some left. We are talking about beds. People responded most liberally to the appeal of the City Health last week to cut their weeds and scores of them have fell behind the blade of the scythe. Two or three men who came to the Panhandle to harvest have found better pay in cutting weeds in the city and have been kept pretty busy.

Solomon says: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Prov. 15:1.

This is the most successful way to deal with others, but when you come to deal with your own secret longings and meditations, be as blunt as you like, use up all your sarcasm, and every time you think of it, comb your brain to find all the fault you can, stick up your back to the window at yourself, get behind the door and revolve upon yourself. Then look in the mirror and go all over yourself again.—War Cry.

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### PASTIME PROGRAM

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Saturday of this week, A William Fox Program, beginning with WHILE THE DEVIL LAUGHS, a wonderful feature, also a Two reel Sunshine Comedy, HIS WIFE CALLED PLINY, and plenty of entertainment in this feature.

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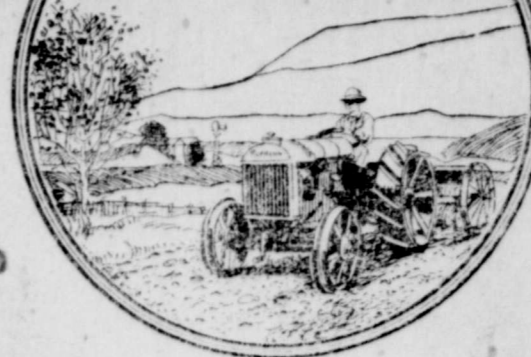
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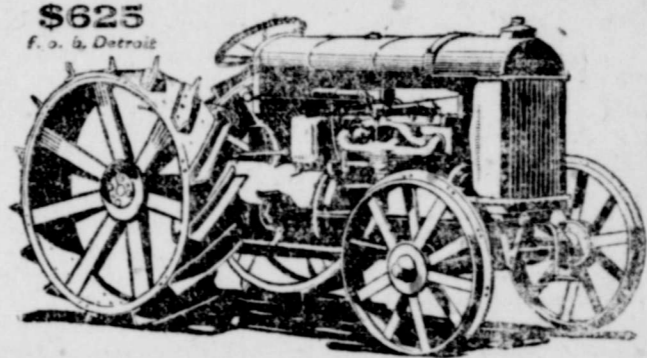
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### STUDY CLUB NOTES

The beautiful home of Mrs. Kelleys was the scene of much merriment last Friday afternoon when the Study Club met for the second Summer Social and this was a real social, too. The large airy rooms were beautifully decorated with the National Colors and many flags.

Large bowls of the seasons prettiest flowers here and there, table, buffet and everywhere. The dining table was the chosen place for the Club flower. A vase of pink Carnations made a lovely center of a large battenburg luncheon. At the appointed hour, the ladies began to arrive and after being greeted at the door by the hostess, they were conducted to the dining room and served to iced punch by Miss Ruth Martin. This corner headed by a blue light proved during the evening to be of much attraction. We will call the program Fourth of July program, although it was given on the 22. The President, Mrs. Newman had prepared the entertainment and opened the program by playing a medley of National Airs on the Victrola. Dona Locke gave a reading in the negro dialect "Ebo" which was much enjoyed by all. She responded to an enthusiastic encore with "The Young School Reformer." This was a comical little story of school life and very much enjoyed. The leader then passed papers to all present, and a tag contest followed showing us how

very little we know about Old Glory. Mrs. Clarence Locke won the prize for answering the most questions. Mrs. Milo O'Loughlin won the "booby" prize. Mrs. Newman played the Star Spangled Banner at this point, and as is always the case felt thoughtful and sober, glad and sad by turns as our National song was sung by a Victrola Artist. Then came a lesson in Botany. Different objects were placed over the room and numbered, and each guest was provided with a paper and asked to write down the answer with the name of the flower. This was very catchy and provoked much laughter. Mrs. Clarence Locke favored us with a sweet little song full of meaning for all those who live with their face toward the west, titled, "Out Where the West Begins." She first heard this sung by Madam Schuman-Heink, and although it was not sung like this great artists it was sang very sweetly and much appreciated.

This ended the program and a social hour was enjoyed, during which the hostess assisted by Mrs. Newman and Mrs. Clarence Locke served cake and Ice Cream in the color scheme of the day to fifteen members and the following guests: Mesdames L. B. Broadus, C. C. Geuther, J. E. Martin, Milo O'Loughlin, Clarence Locke, Jim Saul, McKenzie and Killehen; Mrs. Ruth Martin and Miss Lula Clingman of Fletcher, Oklahoma. The Club extends a hearty welcome to Mrs. Will Davis as a new member. The next meeting will be at the resi-

### TRIP TO GETHING RANCH

dence of Mrs. Newman on August 19th. Mrs. Will Davis and Mrs. Barnett will assist her as hostess. The hour is 3:30. This will be the last of the summer socials so lets make it the best. Those who were at Mrs. Kelleys, know that this will be hard to do, so lets get busy.

Press Reporter.

Dr. M. L. Gunn took sick first of the week and was taken to Amarillo where he underwent a minor operation. He was reported resting well yesterday.

L. B. Cross, Byron Williams and Robert Robbins left early this morning by automobile for Eureka, Kansas where they went on a short business trip and visit.

Miss Zelma Cole of Pampa is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Elliott on their Gray county ranch.

"Pete" Long and Mrs. Mansel Coffee of Wheeler spent yesterday afternoon in Miami.

Mrs. H. E. Wisley and children of Canadian visited Mrs. Jim Johnston this week.

E. W. Hogan from Hoover and R. C. Vestel of Whitewright were in Miami yesterday shaking hands with friends.

J. A. Boren was in from his Gageby farm yesterday after supplies.

Grandma Davis returned home Sunday from a few weeks visit in Central Texas. Upon arising early Tuesday morning, Mrs. Davis fell and very severely hurt her hip. However physicians state that it is not broken. A nurse, Mrs. Walling from Amarillo came down yesterday to wait on Grandma.

Mrs. Dupurs of Kansas City and Mrs. Hugh Humphries of Amarillo are visiting their sister, Mrs. Milo O'Loughlin this week.

George Watson and Marvin Wasson are visiting relatives at Memphis this week.

Uncle Thomas O'Loughlin has had a very severe attack this week and was very low the first few days of this week. He is however resting better today and relatives state that he has a good chance of again partially regaining his health.

J. R. Durrett returned last week from Dallas where he was called to the deathbed of his brother, N. N. Durrett of Dallas who died Wednesday of last week following an operation, and was buried at Wichita Falls on Friday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Whatley left yesterday morning for Vaughn, New Mexico on a two weeks visit.

J. E. Hill, General Manager for the Panhandle Lumber Company, spent first of the week in Miami assisting the local yard in promoting their interests at this place. Mr. Hill stated to the Chief writer that he has sold two nice dwellings while here that would be started in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smyers and children returned Tuesday from Dallas and Mineral Wells where they have been for several weeks.

John Cunningham and J. E. Dawson have opened a new blacksmith shop at the old Cal Hockett Stand and began work first of the week.

Thos. Cook was home this week for a few days from the Wichita Falls and Oklahoma oil fields.

Ray Morrison of Canadian was looking after his ranch west of town Monday and Tuesday.

W. G. Carter of Amarillo was a visit with Miami relatives first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Huselby and daughter, Miss Isabel were over from their Wheeler county ranch Monday.

Miss Cecil Lewis of Amarillo and Mrs. Dulaney Suttels of Pampa visited the N. S. Locke home Sunday.

**A PRETTY HOME FOR SALE**  
Must be sold the next 60 days, so if you want a nice home near school, now is your time to buy—and the price will be right.

O. M. COX

## "Ouija! What's the good word?"



MY YOUNG sister,  
HAS A Ouija board,  
AND SHE believes it,  
AND TALKS to Noah,  
AND I think she talks,  
TO HER best fellow,  
WHO'S DEAD but doesn't know it,  
AND I used to give her,  
THE LOUD, rude laugh,  
BUT I'M sorry now,  
BECAUSE LAST night,  
I WAS home alone,  
SO I got the board,  
AND PUT in a call,  
FOR JOHN Barleycorn,  
AND OTHER departed spirits,  
BUT THE line was busy,  
FOR NOTHING happens,  
THEN I cheated a little,  
AND IT spelled this,  
"GRAMMASHOTTA SEVEN."

SO I shut off quick,  
TO HEAD off any,  
FURTHER FAMILY scandal,  
THEN I stopped to smoke,  
A CIGARETTE,  
AND AFTER a while,  
I CRANKED up weejee,  
AND ALL of a sudden,  
IT STARTED off,  
AND QUICK as a flash,  
IT SAID something,  
"THEY SATISFY."

"SATISFY"—that's the good word. Just light up a Chesterfield and see what experts can do with fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos when they blend them in that can't-be-copied Chesterfield way. You'll say "they satisfy."

Did you know about the Chesterfield package of 10?

## 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

# They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LEGG & 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 Roberts 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

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

**The Chief \$1.50 Per Year.**

**EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM**  
July 31, 7:30 P. M.  
"Construction Our Standards of Judgment."  
(Matt. 7, 1-5)  
Leader,—Miss Elvira Kinney.  
Songs.  
Psalm 26. (read responsively)  
Song.  
Scripture reading. (Rom. 14, 1-13)  
Miss Ona Blair.  
Prayer.  
Talk One.—By Leader.  
Talk Two.—Miss Ruby Russell.  
Talk Three and Four.—Miss Eva Seiber.  
Song.—"Onward Epworth Leaguers."  
Talk Five.—Miss Edna Dixon.  
Talk Six and Seven.—Miss Zona Cox.  
Announcements.

**The Same Everywhere**  
The editor of Paisa 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."

**CHIROPRACTIC NOTICE**  
Dr. Erikson, Chiropractic, is now located with office in the residence of Mrs. J. E. George. All equipment has arrived, and he is here to help your health. Examination and advice free. Appointments made by phone or personal calls at the residence.

**HIGHLAND FLING DANCED.**  
Bonnie Maid Does It.



MISS IRENE SHROYER.

Miss Irene Shroyer who is one of the Maids O' Dundee will dance the Highland Fling on week nights. Miss Shroyer is a graceful girl and has words of "pep." She does the "Fling" in beautiful and charming style. It will not be given on Saturdays.  
All Scotsmen know and love this interesting national dance which is danced alone and, of course, is in no way connected with modern dancing. It will be one of the really interesting and beautiful numbers of the entire week.

**"What I Think Of Your Town"**  
Famous Community Expert Coming.



W. H. NATION.

No other benefit derived from Chautauqua is of more importance or more lasting in its effect than the arousing of home town patriotism—a sense of community interest. No Chautauqua program is complete without a forceful, fearless, business man's lecture on the community as it appears to an impartial outsider. No community speaker on the platform at the present time is more forceful, more fearless, more successful or more inspiring than W. H. Nation. He will hold the mirror up to your community and show you yourselves "as others see you."

**VERNON GRIMES DUO.**  
Redhead Program Opens Chautauqua.



VERNON GRIMES.

The Vernon Grimes Dramatic Duo which starts the big Chautauqua program this year is led by a real redhead, and she's proud of it. Like all redheaded people, Vernon Grimes is full of fun and brimming over with personality. She is naturally an entertainer and then she has spent years before audiences so she is doubly good. She and her assistant give sketches, readings, pantomime and songs and piano numbers. They have some laughable dramatic acts and they keep the program moving at a rapid rate. The redhead program is one of the Chautauqua features; after it's over you'll vote it one of your favorites.

**OPERATIC STAR COMING.**  
Miss Haseltine Student of Calve.



Miss Edna Haseltine the leader of the Haseltine Opera Company, has had wide success in her operatic and musical work. Several years ago Madame Calve—the great Carmen—heard her sing and was perfectly amazed at her wonderful voice. She promptly induced Miss Haseltine to accompany her to her villa in France where for over a year she taught her in her own home. Since then she has sung widely in this country where she returned at the beginning of the war. The other members of the company are accomplished artists and ably hold up their part of the concert.

**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 cigarettey aftertaste,

It's Camels for you.

# Camel

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

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WANTED Young men at our store  
Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 3 and 4th.  
Locke Bros.

**Dollars Earned**  
**One Dollar Saved Represents Ten**  
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.

**A Splendid Medicine for the Stomach and Liver.**  
"Chamberlain's Tablets for the stomach and liver are splendid. I never tire of telling my friends and neighbors of their qualities," writes Mrs. William Vollmer, Eastwood, N. Y. When bilious, constipated or troubled with indigestion, give them a trial. They will do you good.

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

**Special Prices on Wear You Well**

Boot; 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

**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

**WANTED--- FAT HOGS**

We have made arrangements to have Mr. G. B. Alexander to buy hogs for us at Miami. He will be here at all times and will pay top prices for hogs. It will pay you to see him before you sell.

**Strader & Whatley**

**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.**  
E. F. GRAY, Manager.

**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**