

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 16

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, July, 22 1915.

No. 52

Just A Moment, Please

If the Chief does not appear just on the dot next week, we ask your kind patience for a little while. Next week is the week for the big illustrated harvest edition. We already have much of the material on hand to get it out with, but there is more coming and it will possibly be the last of next week before the edition will be out. However it will be fine when it does appear. We will have plenty of extra copies which will be sold at 5c each.

We started in to get everything that looked good in Roberts county but soon found that we have so many good things that it would take a hundred pages to tell all about them, so we get what we could and will again next year with another special edition.

Wheat Yields Very Bountiful

Roberts county this year has more wheat in it than any one ever dreamed of. Practically every wheat field is turning out more to the acre than it was estimated, even by the most pessimistic. Last week we reported that Mr. McCracken made 82 bushels of wheat to the acre, later the field was measured accurately and the land fell 15 acres, which put the average up to 37 bushels. Mr. McCracken threshed 3196 bushels of wheat off 85 acres of land.

There are many other farmers who are making larger yields than they first thought. There has been several crops threshed and the lowest yield we have learned of yet is 22 bushels per acre, and most of them are running up around 30 bushels per acre.

Mrs. Lee Undergoes Operation

Mrs. Dred Lee of Mobeetie State of Miami underwent an operation for appendicitis Friday of last week. The Lee family recently moved from Miami to that place. Drs. Kelly of Miami and Cole of Mobeetie did the operating and the lady this week is getting along splendidly and from indications will be up in a very short time.

Farmers Short Course

The Chief calls attention of its farmer readers to the fact that the sixth annual Farmers' short course will be held at College Station July 26 to 31 inclusive, under the auspices of the school of Agriculture of A. & M. College. This course will be followed by the Farmers Congress August 2, 3 and 4. Several from county have expressed their determination to attend and we hope a good representation from from this section will attend. A farmer must keep abreast of the times if he would succeed in business, the same as a member of any other profession, and there is no better way to do it than to attend such meetings as the ones here mentioned. If you are interested write the A. & M. College for particulars. Reduced Rail road rates, and also reduction in living expenses here, having been arranged by those in charge.

Hurt In An Engine

Donald McGregor who has been running a gas engine for a threshing outfit near Mobeetie got his hand caught in the machine some way last week and bruised it very bad. Practically all the skin and muscles were torn from the hand and it was badly bruised but no bones were broken.

Base Ball

Last Sunday the Miami ball team added another scalp to their belt when they met and defeated the White Deer team on the Pampa Diamond.

Several auto loads of people from Miami, Canadian and Mobeetie attended the games.

Canadian and Pampa also had a very interesting game on the Pampa diamond, Canadian making the better part of the scores.

Pampa had out one of their largest crowds of base ball fans they have ever had.

Following is the score:

Miami 15	White Deer 3
Canadian 6	Pampa 1



Meets 4th Saturday night of each month.

Ed Humphrie, C. C.
A. R. Trowbridge, Clerk.

Over The Plains

The city of Shamrock has come to an agreement on the plans for a water work system and will have them drawn up at once.

Ira Rippey and Miss Estelle Roden of Wheeler were married at that place last week.

Miss Winnie Morris, father and brother of Quannah shot and killed Garland Radford of that place last week. It is reported that family troubles and a row started the trouble.

It has been rumored that the C. O. & W. will extend their line of railroad from Strong City to Canadian.

A thousand bushels of wheat belonging to a farmer near Pampa was burned last week. The stacks caught on fire.

Newspaper reports are that the big J A Ranch will be cut up and sold to settlers. This ranch is located on the Paladuro canyon.

Mrs. I. N. Dillard, a very prominent lady of Lockney died at Amarillo in a local sanitarium last week.

Plainview is making preparations for their county agricultural fair which will be Sept. 14 to 17.

Canadian Chautauqua

FIRST WEEK IN AUGUST

Canadian will have their chautauqua the first week in August this year. They have secured a very fine program. Their program will last five days, and each program will be very attractive and interesting. The first program on Sunday, Aug. 1st. will be the Royal Hungarian orchestra, second day the Thersa Sheehan Concert Company, third day Detroit Male quartette, fourth day. Josef Konecny Concert Company, fifth day, The New York City Marine Band, sixth day the Cellian Choir. And to these will be added many other attractions. Last year they had a splendid program, and this year they will have one equally as good, and extend a special invitation to the Miami people to take advantage of the programs and attend.

A letter from editor Frank Jamison of the Canadian Record states that a representative bunch from that place will be in Miami tomorrow evening and will take supper at this place, and wish to meet all the Miami people they can and get acquainted and tell us about their big week, which will begin August first.

Special railroad rates of 90c round trip.



Miami Lodge No. 48, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, meet in their own Hall each Tuesday night.

H. A. Talley N. G.
Roy Trowbridge, Secy.

The Livestock Outlook

(A. M. Hove)

The receipts of livestock at the ten principal markets in the U. S. for the first 6 months of 1915 as compared with the same period of 1914 shows a decrease in cattle and sheep and an increase in hogs. This year 4,274,836 cattle were received as against 4,304,764 last year, a large decrease; sheep received this year 5,313,719 against 6,866,750, a decrease of 1,554,031; hogs received this year 12,655,818 as against 10,872,606 head.

Feeder cattle and sheep movement for June at seven markets shows a marked decrease over June last year in cattle, being 15.41 per cent and an increase in sheep over last June of 15.7 per cent. Chicago is not included as no feeders and stockers have gone out of this market in 1915.

For the eleven months ending June 1st 1915, 305,000,000 pounds of bacon was exported, an increase of 122,000,000 pounds over last year. The fresh beef exports were 121,487,000 pounds an increase of nearly 116,000,000 pounds; canned beef 65,359,000 an increase of 61,000,000,000 pounds; pickled beef 28,622,000 pounds, an increase of 7,000,000 pounds; hams and shoulders 162,233,000 pounds, worth \$23,435,000, an increase of \$1,743,000.

These figures indicate that there is still a shortage of cattle and sheep and that the export demand is increasingly great. The Panhandle being especially adapted to growing and feeding livestock, will benefit by this condition. There is plenty of forage and grain now growing on farms to make full feeding this fall and winter a lucrative industry.

Monsons Big Sale

C. F. Monson has a big sale advertised for Thursday of next week, and a list of the stuff may be found on another page of the Chief. He has near \$7,000.00 worth of livestock to sell and he will undoubtedly have a very large crowd out. His livestock are all good animals and he is selling them on easy terms.

Look the list over in this weeks Chief and see if there is not something that you would like to have.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Lodge No. 805
A F & A M, meets
night of First Friday
of each month
G. M. Moon, W. M.
M. M. Craig, Sec.

Royal Arch Chapter, 265,
meet night of Third Friday in each
month.
J. A. Meade H. P.
C. E. Baird, Sec.

The Panhandle Lumber Company

Dealers in

Lumber, Shingles, Windows, Doors, Paints, Oil
Posts, Wire Hog Fence, Lime, Cement
Brick and all Building Material

We make right that which is not right

J. E. MURFEE JR., Local Mgr.

Miami, Texas

HEINZ PRODUCTS

At Studers

We Sell

At Lowest possible prices
Any Cut of Steak
Roasts, Stews
and Lard
Eggs
Chickens
Green & dry hides
All kinds Of produce
At highest market prices

Phone 83

HEINZ PRODUCTS

This is Not a Knocking Proposition

If you haven't a bank account, isn't it about time you were starting one?

No Better Time Than the Present

Our facilities for caring for your accounts are good.
We would be pleased to have you place one with us.

The Bank of Miami

(Unincorporated)
ROBERTS COUNTY DEPOSITORY

ORDINANCE NO. 31

An ordinance prohibiting the leaving of a team unhitched on a public street within the limits of the city of Miami, Texas.

Be it ordained by the city council of Miami, Texas:

Section 1: It shall be unlawful for any person to leave a team or horse unhitched upon a public street, alley or avenue of the city of Miami, Texas. Unless same shall have a block of metal weighing not less than 25 pounds securely attached to the bit of said horse or to the bit of one of said horses of said team.

Section 2: Any person who shall violate any provision of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not to exceed \$25.

This ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage by the city council, approval by the mayor and publication as required by law.

Passed by the city council and approved by the mayor on the 30th day of June A. D. 1915.

(Seal) Roy Trowbridge, Mayor.
Attest J. W. Wells, Secretary

ORDINANCE NO. 30

An ordinance prohibiting a gasoline or steam engine crossing the concrete crossings of MAIN street and CHURCH streets.

Be it ordained by the city council of the city of Miami, Texas.

Section 1: It shall be unlawful for any person to drive or operate a gasoline or steam engine over or across the concrete street crossings on Main or Church streets within the limits of the city of Miami, Texas.

Section 2: Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not to exceed \$50.

This ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage by the city council approval by the mayor and publication as required by law.

Passed by the city council and approved by the mayor on the 30th day of June A. D. 1915.

(Seal) Roy Trowbridge, Mayor.
Attest J. W. Wells Secretary

METHODIST CHURCH—Preaching every 2nd and 4th Sunday at eleven o'clock. Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

RESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Bible School meets promptly at 10 o'clock every Lord's Day; suitable classes for all ages. You are invited to attend.

Miami Council No. 1783 Knights & Ladies SECURITY OF

Meet on Every 4th Monday night.
G. C. FITZGERALD, President
Mrs W. R. EWING, Financier.

The First State Bank of Miami, Texas

OPENED FOR BUSINESS SEPTEMBER, 1907

CAPITAL

STOCK

\$25,000

Surplus

and

profit

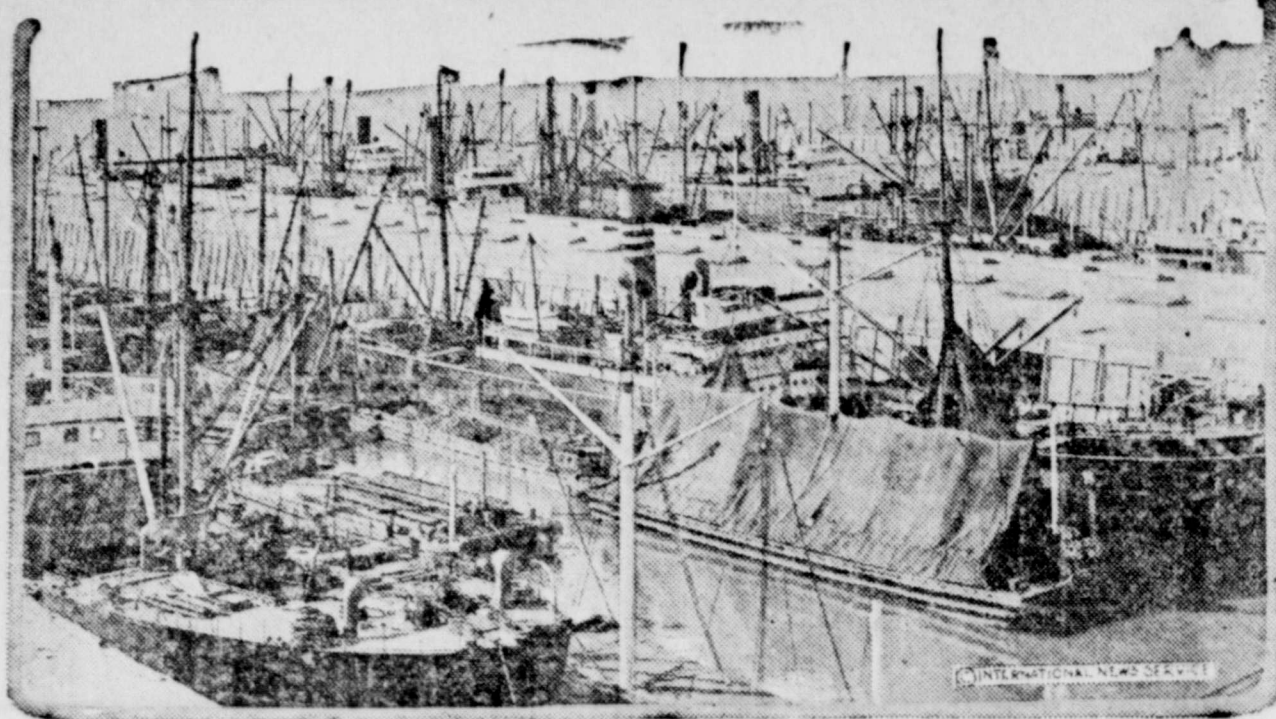
\$25,000

We solicit your business, and offer you the service of a strong and progressive organization. Our endeavor is to make our service such that our customers will recommend it.

W. COFFEY, PRESIDENT

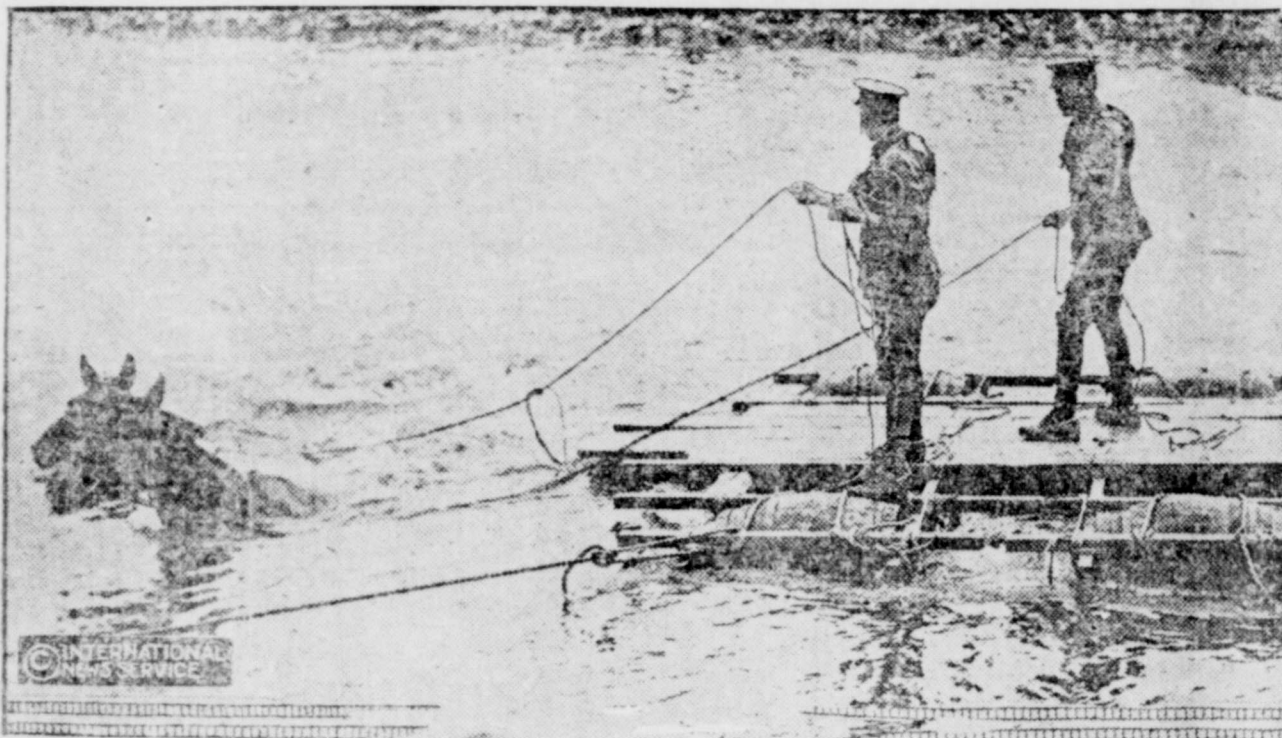
B. F. TALLEY, V-PRES H. E. BAIRD, CASHIER
W. I. WHITSEL, V-PRES H. A. TALLEY, A-CASH.

LOADING WAR MUNITIONS FOR EUROPEAN NATIONS



Immense fleet of ocean-going vessels of all types engaged in taking on cargoes at the Bush Terminal docks in Brooklyn. Practically all the shipments are said to be for the allies.

VARIED TRAINING FOR BRITISH RECRUITS



The many things that are taught the recruits for the British army keep them in training camp for a long time. Two of them are here shown learning how to swim horses across a stream, guiding them from a raft.

GERMAN EMPEROR TAKES TEA



The Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, are seen here at the headquarters of General von Heeringen, who is in command against Reims. The three sat down to tea and discussed the plans of campaign.

BRITISH AIDING THE SERBIANS



Some of the first expeditionary party of British sent to Serbia fighting beside the Serbians in the trenches.

RETURN TO STEEL HELMETS



The French infantry are being equipped with light steel helmets that to a certain extent protect the head against projectiles. The helmets are painted blue to match the uniform.

Rich Man's Fad.

"Speaking of starting things and not finishing them," said a New York business man. "See that old fellow over there?" pointing to a gray-haired, stalwart-looking man. "That's Colonel Blank, whose fortune runs in the seven figures. He has a curious habit of carrying a memorandum book around with him and whenever he spends any money he jots down the figures. One day I got talking to him about it and he pulled the book out of his pocket to show me. What was my amazement on looking at it to discover that not one of the pages was totaled up. I asked him, naturally, whether he never added the columns to find how much he was spending. He told me that he did not and never had; the practice was too discouraging. A sense of duty impelled him to put down the items, but there he stopped. An interesting man, although a trifle eccentric."

She Baked a Million Pies.

Lehigh county lost one of its famous pie bakers when Sally Knuss, aged eighty-four, who had been an inmate of the county home longer than any other person, died after a six months' illness of Bright's disease. Since it took some hundred pies each week for the big county home family, it is estimated that in the 58 years she was there she baked, or supervised the baking of, fully 1,000,000 pies.—Allentown (Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

IN THE ENGINE ROOM

Place of Stress When Battleship Is in Action.

Fighting Strain Becomes of an Intensity Hard to Imagine—Deadly Torpedo the Weapon That Is Most Feared.

Let us, as a matter of interest, imagine that we are in the engine room of a modern dreadnaught in action. On each side of us, unobtrusively stowed away in their mahogany, brass-bound cases, are the great turbines. Their humming—though we cannot see them—fills the vast space with the sound of a million bees let loose. Near each one hovers a grimy stoker, oil can in hand, and his duty it is to see that these monster humming tops do not lack for lubrication.

Right in front, on the foremost bulkhead of the engine room, are the telegraph dials and the telephones, each of which is in connection with the bridge, and under the direct control of the captain. These are the things which tell us how the fight is going, for the keen engineer can read signs and portents in the changes which are rung upon the telegraph dials.

A tremendous thing is the fighting strain. It is bad even up in the great turrets where men play their parts in the grim drama, and hurl death and destruction at the foe, but down here, where one does nothing but wait for orders, it is terrible.

The only man who does not seem to feel the strain is the one who has apparently the least to do, and that is the engineer. He, however, is busily doing mental arithmetic. He knows how many revolutions his screws are doing per minute, and he realizes that as yet she has still a little bit of speed up her sleeve.

By and by that last half knot may be asked for, and he is calculating how much speed he will be able to present the captain with when that final effort is asked for. No one knows but he and he won't tell.

There seems to be a kind of waiting expression on most of the faces, and if they could tell you what they were all waiting for it would surprise you. Shut up as they are in a small steel box of machinery, they are not thinking of the chance of an enemy's projectile coming through and killing them, nor are they waiting for death to come to them in some other manner. What they are dreading is that something should go wrong with their beloved engines—something that would prevent their "doing their bit" in this fight.

They are listening—ever listening—for the hiss of escaping steam which will tell them of a main steam pipe hit and carried away; for the shot that might smash one of the boilers into small pieces; for the rattle of the steering engine as the rudder is blown away, and the ship hangs, without a guide, in the balance.

And then, with a sickening sidelong twist and a rattle of the steering engine, the floor of the engine room takes on a sickening slant. The ship has made a sudden and acute turn. The engineer's face turns from

cheery optimistic red to a fear-stricken

sallow green.

"My God!" he mutters. "Submarines!"

Every man in that engine room and every stoker in the stokeholds knows what that sudden and horrible twist means. It means that the ship has commenced a quadrille with death; that underwater craft are seeking to end her life and the fight at the same time.

The strained look has gone now. Everyone is eager and anxious to do but one thing, and that is to obey the orders which come down from the bridge as fast as they possibly can be obeyed. The bridge is having an anxious time, but the men in the depths trust it and reckon it is up to dealing with the bigger problem of submarines that the engine room owns, any day.

Then, while the ship is running all she knows, the unexpected happens. With a louder and more sudden roar than ever the steering engine rattles over to hard a port. At precisely the same second the telegraph rings "Full astern, starboard engine. Full ahead port." The ship takes a horrible heel as the rudders—two of them—grip her; the port screw slows down perceptibly as it feels the mighty column of water deflected from the rudder, and the starboard one hums along smoothly as it feels the reversed turbine's thrust.

And even as they spin round the men can hear the guns putting in good work and blazing away for all they are worth. Ten minutes later the enemy's fleet—or what is left of them—are steaming for harbor again as fast as they can go.

Imagine yourself shut up in a chattering, humming steel box, with the odds on being killed, either by shell, or torpedo explosion, or drowning, or scalding to death, and with death himself throwing all sorts of missiles at you which you can't even see coming, and you will have a very good idea of what being in a battleship's engine room is like in a real pitched battle.

Tough Luck.

"You remember that chap Jones who made a bet of ten thousand dollars that he would walk from San Francisco to New York without a cent in his pocket?"

"Yes. Did he win the bet?"

"Not quite. He got as far as Philadelphia, and there he was arrested as a vagrant and forced against his will to ride three blocks in a patrol wagon. That disqualified him."

Her Own Business.

A woman mounted the steps of the elevated station carrying an umbrella like a reversed saber. An attendant touched her lightly, saying:

"Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."

"He's my husband!" she snapped calmly.

Safety First.

"How did the accident happen?"

"He got run over when he stopped to read a 'Safety First' sign."

Equitable Division.

"Did you divide the cruller as I told you with your little brother?"

"Yes, ma. I gave him the hole."

Summer Luncheon

in a jiffy

Let Libby's splendid chefs relieve you of hot-weather cooking. Stock the pantry shelf with

Libby's Sliced Dried Beef

and the other good summer meats—including Libby's Vienna Sausage—you'll find fresh and appetizing.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Libby's Sliced Dried Beef

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Lunch Prepared in a Jiffy

Now for a rest while waiting for John.

Post Toasties

are always ready to eat right from the package—sweet, crisp and tempting.

And what a relief from fussing around in a stuffy kitchen on hot days.

The lunch is a good one—and John likes to find the wife cool and comfortable.

Post Toasties are thin bits of white Indian corn toasted to a golden brown. Eat with cream and sugar—and some fresh berries—They are delicious.

MR. BO

Concluded Vessel

Possibly Fac Spent Alm He Was I May

When Cap schooner Ma still able to Beach, Main Owls Head 1 enezzer Bowk supplies. Bu enezzer any. trading with years and ha the last cent, all right had—but he did a few days After tryin who felt like Bowker got hired a Belfa pers and got serve them.

Next morn to the store h sitting on th with the info had dragged and was agro beach, and J Knox county Fosse) "ain't This made it den and get a the legal ar made a soult took the ancil boro, back in other revamp then necessar went over to that some fish Maria adrift, took her to which is in F If Mr. Bowk trouble he wo about h: \$26, out \$29.50 in l "Joshed" by ti his inability t the Maria, h swore that he ter if he had Sintes navy to red tape unw county, necess constable at S papers, after a back that a n skipper, who l quarries, had men who bro and taken pos the name of a (ain Haskell, a before the co to some port.

Upon recepi her gritted ac his expense ac nearly \$40 in lect \$26. Then of a spatterin the account of "Let the dur "I she wants t some new pi frames, tar 'n i riggin', 'n a fe regin', 'sides, only be a bill need no vessel York World.

Beginn She (rapturo must be to wal famous! How He (timidly) How would mit

India contain populations ex There are 2 ladies in Lond

BUILT The Best!

"A monumet Postum," is th describes hims "For years I until at last I ter from dy headaches and "The differen tried did not cu one told me t take up Postu having the Pos cording to dire that from the s "Gradually n The old troubl began to feel w became good a Now I am res health, can slea awake with a fr "I am really Postum, for I distressed in b now a strong, exactly what m leaving off coff Name given Creek, Mich. Re ville," in pgs. Postum come Postum Cere must be well bo

Instant Postu solves quick and with c delicious beve tins.

Both kinds a about the s There's a Re

MR. BOWKER GAVE UP

Concluded He "Didn't Need No Vessel Prop'ly Anyhow."

Possibly Fact That He Had Already Spent Almost Twice the Amount He Was Endeavoring to Collect May Have Induced Him.

When Capt. John Haskell left the schooner Maria, fifty-six years old, but still able to anchor off Lincolnville Beach, Maine, while he went home to Owls Head for Easter, he owed Ebenezer Bowker, ship chandler, \$26 for supplies. But it didn't worry Ebenezer any. Captain John had been trading with him for more than 30 years and had always paid his bills to the last cent. And it would have been all right had Captain John come back—but he didn't; he died of pneumonia a few days after reaching home.

After trying vainly to find someone who felt like paying the bill for stores, Bowker got out an attachment. He hired a Belfast lawyer to draw the papers and got Constable Seth Pease to serve them.

Next morning when Mr. Bowker got to the store he found Constable Pease sitting on the steps waiting for him with the information that the Maria had dragged her anchor in the night and was aground two miles down the beach, and just over the line into Knox county, where he (Constable Pease) "ain't got no jur-is-dic-tion." This made it necessary to go to Camden and get a new set of papers. While the legal arrangements were being made a southerner came along and took the ancient coaster over to Islesboro, back into Waldo county. Another revamping of the papers was then necessary, and Constable Pease went over to Islesboro, only to find that some fishermen, having found the Maria adrift, made sail on her and took her to Stonington, Deer Isle, which is in Hancock county.

If Mr. Bowker had foreseen all this trouble he would never have bothered about his \$26, but now that he had paid out \$29.50 in legal expenses, and been "joshed" by the entire community for his inability to catch an old tub like the Maria, his dander was up and he swore that he would get the old critter if he had to send for the United States navy to help. He got some red tape unrolled to fit the Hancock county necessities, and employed a constable at Stonington to serve the papers. After a day or two word came back that a nephew of the deceased skipper, who had been working in the quarries, had settled with the fishermen who brought the Maria to port and taken possession of the old tub in the name of the rightful heirs of Captain Haskell, and had sailed two hours before the constable arrived, bound to some port "to the westward."

Upon receipt of this news Mr. Bowker gritted his teeth and looked over his expense account. He had paid out nearly \$40 in a vain attempt to collect \$26. Then, with energetic strokes of a spattering stub pen he crossed the account off his books, saying:

"Let the turned old sled go to China, 'y she wants to. She needs calkin', 'n some new plankin', 'n new deck frames, 'n a pitch, new main standin' riggin', 'n a few sails 'n new runnin' gearin', 'sides, a new foremast. She'd only be a bill of expense, 'n I don't need no vessel prop'ly anyhow!"—New York World.

Beginning of the End.
She (rapturously)—Ah, how nice it must be to wake up and find yourself famous! How I wish I had a name.
He (timidly)—Well, er—that's easy. How would mine suit you?

India contains at least 29 cities with populations exceeding 100,000.

There are 24 clubs exclusively for ladies in London.

BUILT A MONUMENT

The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way an Illinois man describes himself. He says:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion.

"The different kinds of medicine I tried did not cure me, and finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it.

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to feel well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I am restored to strength and health, can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body.

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change; it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 15c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and about the same per cup.

There's a Reason for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

WARSAW CITY IS DOOMED TO FALL

OUTLYING FORTS CRUMBLING BEFORE VICTORIOUS MARCH OF TEUTONIC ALLIES.

ORDER GIVEN TO EVACUATE

Suddenness of Movement Astounds—Germany's Field Marshals Have Practically Effected Chief Purpose of Eastern Campaign—Italy Loses Cruiser by Plunger.

Warsaw Due to Fall.
London, July 20—The morning Post's Budapest correspondent reports that the gradual evacuation of Warsaw has been ordered by the Russians.

Germans Make Progress.
London, July 20—The following German official report has been received here:

"The Germans have occupied the Okum and Windau (province of Courland.)

"Between the Vistula and the Bug the battle continues with unabated violence.

"The Austro-Hungarians have forced a crossing of the Wolica river, in the neighborhood of Grabovets, and advanced across the Bug to the north of Sokal, the Russians having, during the night, retreated along the whole front between the Vistula and the Bug.

"The Germans, from July 16 to July 18, captured 16,000 prisoners and 23 marching guns."

Petrograd Admits Reverses.
Petrograd, July 19—Via London July 20—German columns have occupied the Ukum, 38 miles west of Riga, and Dohlen, 18 miles west of Mitau, according to an official statement issued at the headquarters of the Russian general staff tonight.

After capturing these points they advanced southward against Hofsumberge and Benen.

"Russians Are Paralyzed."
London, July 20—The Morning Post Petrograd correspondent says Emperor William has sent his sister, the Queen of Greece, the following telegram:

"I have paralyzed the Russians for at least six months and am on the eve of delivering a coup on the western front that will make all Europe tremble."

London, July 20—Can Warsaw be held by the Russians?
With the German Field Marshals, von Hindenburg on the north, and von Mackensen on the south whipping forward the two ends of a great arc around the city it is realized in England that Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, has the most severe task imposed on him since the outbreak of the European war and the military writers of some of the London papers seem to think his task well nigh impossible.

There was sustained confidence that Germany's previous attacks along the Bzura-Rawka front would never pierce the Russian line, but the present colossal co-ordinate movement was developed with such suddenness and carried so far without meeting serious Russian resistance that more and more the British press is discounting the fall of the Polish capital and while not giving up all hope of its retention, is pointing out the enormous difficulty the Russian armies have labored under from the start by the existence of such a salient.

ANOTHER NOTE ABOUT READY

Washington, July 20—President Wilson and Secretary Lansing prepared today to draft a note on submarine warfare to be submitted to the cabinet tomorrow and to be sent to Germany probably before the end of the present week.

Beyond the fact that the position already taken by the United States in its previous notes will be reiterated, no information was forthcoming at either the white house or state department concerning the probable contents of the new note.

The president cautioned those with whom he counseled to refrain from discussing the note in advance of its dispatch to Germany. White house officials particularly requested that correspondents avoid speculations in detail at this time because the character of the document had not been finally determined. The note it is understood, will be comparatively brief, expressing the conclusion of this government as a result of Germany's failure to give the assurances asked for in previous notes, namely, that the lives of Americans traveling on the high seas bound on lawful errands aboard unresisting and unarmed merchantmen, be not endangered.

Peace Outlook to Be Topic

Washington, July 20—President Wilson will discuss with Miss Jane Adams, of Chicago, Wednesday, the outlook for peace in Europe. Miss Adams recently returned home after visiting the principal officials of many of the belligerent and neutral nations abroad, as the representative of a woman's peace movement. The president has been informed from other sources that there is little prospect of an early peace in Europe.

IF YOU HAVE

Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach, and Bitching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

Tut's Pills

will remedy these troubles. Price, 25 cents.



DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, and other insects. Lasts all season. Made of natural, non-toxic ingredients. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or sent express paid for \$1.00.

HAROLD ROMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TEST THAT NEVER FAILED

Mine Foreman Had Particular Reason for Patronizing Sawyer's Place on His "Vacation."

Among the old miners of Siskiyou county a man can get worse whisky at Sawyer's bar than in any other place on earth. This is the belief of the gold-diggers of that section, and that faith is accepted as orthodox, says the San Francisco Call.

Regularly every Christmas Billy X, foreman of the Oro Fino mine, takes his layoff down at Sawyer's. Once the superintendent asked him why he always selected that place for his vacation.

"I want to have one yearly drunk," said Billy, "and I want to know just when I am drunk, so that I may enjoy the sensation."

"Well, can't you enjoy the sensation in any other portion of the county or state or continent?" asked the superintendent.

"No. When I'm drinking Sawyer's whisky it and begins to taste good, then I know I'm drunk."

CARE FOR CHILDREN'S

Hair and Skin With Cuticura. Nothing Easier. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify the skin and scalp, the Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itchings, redness, roughness, dandruff, etc. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp and hair.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Twenty Cents Out.

"I made an awful break yesterday," said the fellow who is known as a tightwad.

"That is unusual for you. How did it happen?" asked the man in whom he was about to confide.

"I met Lulu in front of an ice cream parlor and I told her that her lips were like strawberries. She said the only way to prove it was by making the comparison, so I had to blow her to a strawberry sundae."

Raw Material.

"Did you hear about Scribbler?" The police caught him walking out of a hotel writing room with about ten dollars' worth of the hotel stationery under his coat.

"What did he have to say for himself?"

"Said he was gathering material for a novel."

Best for Horses.

Give your horses good care and you will be doubly repaid by the better work they will do. For sores, galls and other external troubles apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Ranchmen, lumbermen and livermen recommend it. Adv.

They Always Look It.

Biggs—There goes Stonyfellows, the multimillionaire. He's a self-made man.

Mrs. Biggs—Well, anyone can see at a glance that he isn't tailor-made.

And So It Is.

"What do you consider the greatest human paradox?"

"A secret session of a woman's club."

Cold Feet.

"Are you cool in time of danger?"

"Perfectly, but at the wrong end."—Houston Post.

The more prominent the man, the more likely the doctors are to diagnose his old age as rheumatism.

About the only good thing some men have is a reputation for being bad.

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue. American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

After a shirt has been to the laundry a few times it is pretty well done up.

Manila has a mean annual temperature of a shade more than 80 degrees.

For poison ivy use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

What we look for in friends is congeniality, not character.

Uncle Sam has one bank to every 9,700 people.

WAS DOUBLING UP ON LIFE

Small Girl's Unfortunate Remembrance of Mother's Remark Caused Embarrassment.

Col. George Harvey said at a banquet in his honor in New York:

"We editors like criticism, especially when it is of the very favorable kind that I've received this evening.

"But not all criticism is favorable. A good many editors, in fact, often find themselves in the position of the rich old broker whose little grand-niece said:

"Uncle, how long do people live?"

"The natural span of man's life," the uncle answered, "is, as the Good Book tells us, three score years and ten."

"Oh, then you'll live to be one hundred and forty, won't you uncle?"

"The old man looked around the room crowded with relatives and laughed heartily.

"Why, no," he said. "Why, no. How do you make that out?"

"Isn't it true, then," said the little girl—"isn't it true what mamma says about you living a double life?"—Washington Star.

What She Expected.

"Look at her," said the ironmonger, indicating a departing customer. "She sent her wringer here to be repaired. I promised it to her for this week. I couldn't get a certain new part in time from the maker's. I couldn't get it. Now she wants me to pay a charwoman, who came unnecessarily, half a crown and twopence for the clothes."

The ironmonger paused to breathe heavily.

"But that's not all. Her husband dines out on washdays, and as he dined out on a washday that wasn't a washday—you understand?—she says I ought to pay for his dinner. No, she doesn't ask anything else. And they call 'em the weaker sex."—London Tit-Bits.

Insulted the Mayor.

A company had opened a new swimming bath in the place, and as a compliment sent a free ticket to the mayor.

That worthy man was very pleased. But he began to wonder when another ticket arrived.

Sitting down, he wrote to the bath proprietors as follows:

"Gentlemen: Your first ticket I received as a compliment. Your second strikes me as being rather suggestive. If you send me a third I will take it as a personal insult."

He Would Not Corrupt Him.

Edmund had just begun to attend the public school, and had found a new friend, a child of whom Edmund's mother had never heard.

"Who is this Walter?" she asked. "Is he a nice little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is!" replied Edmund, enthusiastically.

"Does he say any naughty words?" pursued his mother.

"No," with emphasis, "and I'm not going to teach him any!"—Youth's Companion.

Keeping Up Appearances.

"What's the use of buying a fly swatter?" growled Mr. Cobbles. "A folded newspaper does well enough."

"Do you think I'm going to swat flies with a folded newspaper when there are visitors here, Henry Cobbles?" asked Mrs. Cobbles. "I should say not!"

Hopeless.

Maud—I said to Jack that I wasn't going to return his ring until I got one from another man.

Ethel—He told me he never expected to get it back.

The Sphinx on Natation.

The Sphinx pronounced a riddle. "How many girls would swim out beyond the danger line if the life guard was a woman?" she asked.

A great many men with the ability to gather it in are hopelessly inadequate when it comes to turning it loose.

But in after years if a man refuses to let his wife buy his neckties she imagines that he has ceased to love her.

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The man who buys an automobile on the installment plan evidently believes in paying as he goes.

If there were no little men there would be nobody to sing bass in the male quartette.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Warring nations are spending 96 per cent of incomes for war.

King Alfonso of Spain is a general in the British army.

Long Island has 1,376 square miles.

Life in London.

On the day after the visit of the German Zeppelins there occurred in Southwark — so a wireless message from Berlin asserts—the following conversation:

"Betsy," whispered Mr. James, leading his wife into the darkest corner of the cellar, "here is a wallet. You will find in it all our valuable papers, the stocks and bonds, my will, my insurance policies, and the lock of baby's hair cut off on his first birthday.

Good-by, Betsy. If I fail to return, bring up our children to be good English men and women."

"Oh, James, dear, you are not going on a dangerous journey, are you?"

"Yes, dearest. I must go up to the first floor."—New York Evening Post

Time Required.

"How long does it take you to go fishing?"

"Well, if you consider the time I actually fish, it takes only a few hours. But if you count in the time I consume waiting for conditions to be just right and arranging for bait, it takes several weeks."

Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

It is better to remain a Rube and be satisfied than to become a Polished Article and take all that goes with it.

A gossip woman is bad enough, but when a gossip man enters the game it's us for the tall timber.

For any sore—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The up-to-date war correspondent never fails to work in the word "imbroglio."

One trial convinces—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The railways of Egypt exceed 1,500 miles in length.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Ohio boasts of a hustling widow who has brought up seventeen children and three husbands.

Financial circumstances alter legal cases.

Lips are seldom as red as they are painted.

160 Acre Farms in Western Canada FREE

WAITING FOR YOU

Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son — any industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta 160 Acre Homesteads are actually free to settlers and other land at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed — thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre — get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money — that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

G. A. COOK
125 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government Agent.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

NEW FURNITURE STORE

We have just unloaded a full car of furniture, which is now ready for your inspection.

We can furniture your home complete. Come in and give us a look, we can furnish

you and your home.

B. Z. WILLIAMS

Dry Goods And Furniture

Mrs. Jim Johnson and children left Tuesday for Missouri.

Mrs. Grigsby, son Clyde and Daughter Lurlean visited here this week. Clyde now of Chicago is engaged as inspector for the Rock Island.

Joe Daughtee of Dalhart, a nephew of G. R. Daughtee arrived last night to visit his uncle.

The Missionary society met at the church Wednesday with nine present. Ice cream and cake will be served Saturday afternoon at the Fitch Hotel.

No seining, trapping, hunting or fishing in any of pastures of Mrs. R. W. Wright and children. Any one found in same will be prosecuted to extent of the law.

Mrs. Kuehn orders the Chief sent to her brother C. F. Sohns at Groom Texas, for a year.

Dave Lard is going around considerable to the bad from the effect of a collision with the ground. He was riding a horse at full speed down a hill and stepping in a hole and it fell. He came out with a broken arm and his right thumb out of place. He is able to be out, but the fall was painful.

Miss Lucile Carter made the round trip to Pampa this week.

F. S. Barron was called to New York last week on the account of the death of his mother. T. L. Kintz, special agent is filling the local station in his absence.

Nick and D. G. Counts of Hillsboro are here this week visiting their brother, G. M. Counts one of our big farmers.

On last Friday evening at the Mage Lard home about thirty of the young people were very delightfully entertained. From arriving at the home about nine o'clock to midnight they played different games, were entertained with instrumental music. All were out for fun and they really had it. On departing at a late hour they voted the hostesses as high entertainers.

Overlooked last week. Among the many enjoyable features that have been in store for the K K K's was the juvenile party given by Misses Wren and Ewing at the elegant Ewing home, Tuesday evening. The victrola music and kid games were very much enjoyed throughout the evening. Refreshments were served and the guests departed expressing their thanks to the hostesses for the evening spent.

One of the most enjoyable meetings of the Womens Study Club was that held Friday afternoon at the charming country home of Mrs. Ray Morrison. The usual program with many helpful encouraging remarks for the benefit of the Club was enjoyed by those present. Every member knows the unlimited ability of Mrs. Morrison as an entertainer and her very best talent was in evidence in that delicious ices and cake she served.

Great bargains in oxfords at Osbornes Cash store.

Mrs. Johnnie Weckesser visited in Pampa first of the week.

Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Botts, of Tennessee came in last week and are visiting their brother, L. B. Cross on his ranch north of town.

Burl Jackson and family came in last week and will spend a month in this county looking after business and visiting.

Miss Florrie Jackson came in this week and will spend a few days at home resting up over her summers work, the state extension of department of Economics.

W. E. Lutz orders his name added to our mailing list this week and will receive the Chief a year.

Mrs. C. L. Purcell of Lampkin is here this week visiting her brother Walter Cook.

Mrs. M. R. Coffee of Mobettie spent first of the week in Miami visiting relatives and friends.

W. L. Parton and wife and Miss Mattie Paylor were shoppers in the city Monday evening.

J. K. McKenzie is spending the week on the farm looking after his threshing, Miss Severtson is keeping up the duties of the Clerks office.

Dr. Kelly and Miss York, a nurse went to Canadian Tuesday evening to assist in an operation.

Miss Rathjen of Canadian is visiting this week at the Dock Pursley home.

We are very glad to see Joe Bennett able to be out after his operation.

Atty. J. A. Holmes left last week for the Worlds Fair. He will stay about 30 days.

W. R. Ewing and wife visited in Higging last week.

Miss Gunn and Clarice Wren attended the carnival in Canadian last week.

C. M. McAfee and mother of Palm Beach, Florida, who have been visiting at the A. B. McAfee home left this week for San Francisco.

Robert Newton and wife, of Ft. Worth and Misses Gladys and Rena Withers of Amarillo are visiting at the A. B. McAfee home.

Be sure to see the prices on the dress goods at Osbornes.

The Black BOX

The greatest of all Serials will begin Friday July 30th. and run fifteen weeks. Start in on the 1st. Episode and you will not miss a number, read it in the Chief then go and see it at

The Cap Rock Theatre
Every Friday, Matinee and night.
Beginning July 30th 1915
Admission 10 and 15c

Greatest sensation of the season is the srl at Osbornes,

Cash Prices At OSBRONES

60c Corset Covers	45c
35c Corset Covers	18c
\$1.50 Ladies' Waists	\$1.00
\$1.25 Ladies' Waists	89c

Read This

12 Cards Pearl Buttons	25c
3 Papers Good Sewing Needles	5c
3 Thimbles	5c

PIECE GOODS

22 Regular \$2.00 Grade Crepe de Chine 40 in.	\$1.25
Regular \$1.50 Grade Crepe de Chine 40 in.	90c
Regular \$1.25 Grade Crepe de Chine 40 in.	75c
50c Crepe Voile in all colors	30c
35c Crepe and Dotted Swiss	20c
25c Snowflake Voiles and Crepes	17c
20c Lace Cloth and Voiles	12 1-2c
12 1-2c Lawns must go at	6c

Embroidery

\$1.50 Flouncing, 45-inch, per yard	75c
35c Flouncing, per yard	18c
10c to 20c Embroidery	8c
\$1.50 Auto Veils	75c

READY-TO-WEAR

\$1.37 and \$1.50 Ladies' Muslin Gowns	\$1.19
\$1.00 Ladies' Muslin Gowns	65c
60c Ladies' Muslin Gowns	40c
\$1.00 Muslin Petticoats	65c
\$1.50 Crepe Petticoats	98c
65c Crepe Petticoats	45c
\$1.37 Princess Slips	98c
\$1.00 Princess Slips	79c
Children's Muslin Drawers	10c
Children's Unions	18c
1 Lot House Dresses	98c
1 Lot Children's Dresses, worth \$1.25 at	98c
1 Lot Aprons, 25c values at	18c
1 Lot Wash Petticoats, while they last	25c
1 Lot Boys' Blouses	20c

100 Pairs Men's Odd Pants

Go in this Sale at 25 per cent Reduction

These patterns range in price from \$1.00 per pair to \$6.00 per pair and grade all the way from all cotton guaranteed to all wool guaranteed. There are certainly some bargains here.

25 Men's and Boys' Suits at 25 per cent off IN THIS SALE

Now is the time to get you a Summer Suit

HATS! HATS!

100 Felt Hats at 25 per cent discount. Staple and Fancy Shapes, no junk.	
1 Dozen Men's Silk Hats, \$1.25 and \$1.40 value	98c
1 Dozen Men's Silk Hats, 65c values	50c
25 Men's Summer Caps—your price is our price	
1 Dozen Ladies' Silk Hats, \$1.00 value	79c

OXFORDS

All Oxfords, Pumps, Slippers and Summer Shoes must go in this sale if the price will move them.

\$3.50 Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps	\$2.95
\$3.25 Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps	\$2.75
\$3.00 Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps	\$2.50

Cheaper ones reduced in same proportion Men's and Boys' Shoes at a like discount

1 Lot Odds and Ends \$1 per pair. See them on display	
1 Lot Oxfords, Children's, Misses' and Ladies', to clean up, per pair	\$1.00

Jumpers	90c
Overalls	90c
Work Shirts	45c
Underwear	45c and 25c

ATTENTION LADIES

Call at my store and see The Free sewing Machine A Revelation of the 20th Century Walter Cook Jewelry and Music Co.

Chief and Dallas News \$1.50

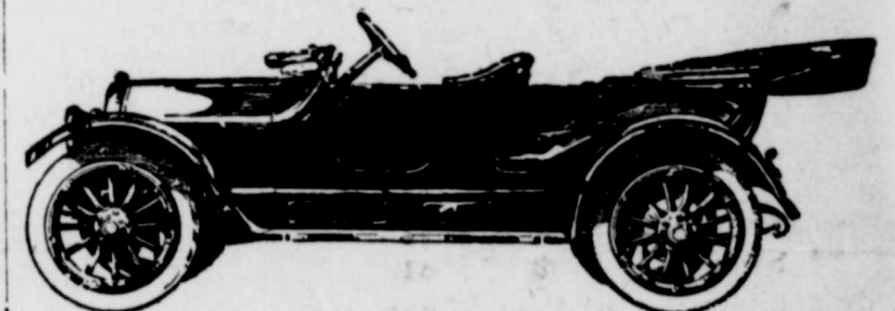
Chief 1 yr. and Daily Ft. Worth Record 3m. \$1.80

\$10.00 Reward \$10.00

Above reward will be paid for evidence leading to conviction of any person found fishing or hunting in what is known as the Dobbs pasture, N. W. of Miami, without our consent, as we have cattle in same and do not want them disturbed. All persons will hereby take notice thereof.

J. C. Dial
C. L. Dial

OVERLAND \$750. f.o.b. Toledo



Five passenger Touring Car—Model 83

35 horse power motor Electric starting and lighting
High-tension magneto ignition Left-hand drive center controls
Tires 33x4, non-skid in rear Demountable rims (one extra rim)
Full streamline body Deep divan upholstery

\$750. F.O.B. Factory At Toledo

Locke Bros.

Everybody Likes Good Eatables.
Bell of Wichita Flour will please and
alton Steel cut Coffee is the best,
with every other article their equal is
what you will find at

G. M. MOON'S

A Complete line of everything good
to eat, all Fresh and the very best.
Particular goods for particular people.

"Swifts Premium Hams and Bacon"

THE FITCH HOTEL

Under New Management
Everything the best that can
be had.

M. M. McCauley, Proprietor.

See or call Harry A. Nelson
if you want to buy a pure bread
Percheron stallion. He has
some good ones and can save
you money on them.

Col. L. S. PALMER

Auctioneer

Terms Reasonable. See L. B.
Robertson or write to Canadian

PASSENGER TRAIN TIME CARD

(Southern Kansas Railway of Texas)
117—West Bound.....8.13 p. m. daily
21—West Bound.....2.37 a. m. daily
22—East Bound.....2.35 a. m. daily
114—East Bound.....10.15 p. m. daily

BIG Public Sale

Thursday July 29th. 1915

Beginning at 10:00 a. m.

At the McCuiston Place where the four counties join. 12 miles S. E. of Miami on the Mobeetie road.

Horses

One roan Belgian Stallion 4 yrs. old wt. 1480
1 bay mare with 2 suckling colts eleven years old, weight 1500.
1 bay mare, suckling colt. 10 Yrs old wt. 1350
1 bay mare, suckling colt. 5 yrs old wt. 1200
One bay mare wt. 1300, age 7
1 " " suckling colt, age 5 wt. 1150
One sorrel mare wt. 1500 4 yrs old
1 sorrel mare suckling colt, wt 1250 4 yr old
One sorrel mare wt. 1200 4 yrs old.
1 roan gelding 1100 lb 6 yrs. old.
1 bay " 1200 " 3 " "
One sorrel saddle horse 1000 lb. 4 yrs old.
" bay " " 975 lb. 10 " "
" " mare 4 yrs old
" " 3 " " with colt
" gray filley 3 yrs old
" black " 2 " old
One sorrell gelding 2 yrs old
" gray " 2 " "
2 bay filleys 2 years old
2 roan " 1 " "
1 yearling mule.

Household Goods

Consisting of stoves, dressers, beds ward-
robes, stands, book case, writingdesk, chairs
dishes, lamps, iron kettle, quilting frames,
minute washing machine, kitchen cabinet,
cupboard, dining table and numerous other
things. Also a bunch of chickens, and canary
birds in pairs,

Harness

3 sets breeching harness, one set new
3 sets work harness
1 set buggy harness
1 set single buggy harness
2 new saddles, blankets and bridles
1 second hand saddle, blanket and bridle.

Cattle

7 good milch cows with calves
One half Jersey milch cow three years old
One pure bred jersey yearling bull.
Three white face yearling heifers
One grade yearling white face bull
39 head of good yearling steers
These cattle are all good high grade stuff
and good color. All dehorned.

Hogs

39 head of good pigs and choats.

Machinery

2 farm wagons half truck with wide tire
One iron wheel feed wagon
One Spaulding hack
One 12 foot McCormick header
Three header barges
One McCormick row binder
One ten foot superior grain drill,
One 20 foot drag harrow with cart
One Moline 3 disc plow
One lister
One sulky stubble plow 14 inch
One Wright lap
One ten foot John Deere disc harrow
One John Deere two row cultivator
One 1 row riding cultivator
One wheel barrow
One hog chute
4 individual hog houses
One hog rack, 4 feed troughs
All this machinery is in good condition.

BIG FREE LUNCH At Noon

TERMS: All sums under \$10.00 cash in hand. Sums over \$10.00 approved notes due Oct. 1st. without interest, except on cattle which will be cash or bankable notes drawing 10 per Cent interest from date. All notes not paid when due will draw interest from date

C. F. MONSON, Owner
H. E. Baird Clerk I. S. Jameson Auctioneer

BALED HAY for sale, also two
gang moleboard plows, one single
lister and one McCormie mower.
W. C. Christopher.

HOGS WANTED

We want your marketable hogs,
no matter how many or few any
number from one to one hun-
dred. Will buy any day you
bring them to town. Want hogs
from 100 to 225 pounds that are
in marketable condition. Bring
them in and get the cash for
them.

Central Meat Market.
C. S. Seiber, Prop.
I am paying this week \$6.50

MONEY

To loan on land, or I will buy
Vendors Lien notes.
S. D. Park, Mobeetie Texas

Plenty of Mason fruit jars in
pint, quart and half gallons at the
Racket Store. We also have some
nice small jelly glasses. Prices are
right.

We have Henneberys Ark bacon
and boiled ham at Studers.

WANTED

to rent a farm of 3 or 4 hun-
dred acres. Will furnish self if
Land Lord will help me to set up
in shape. Six years experience
in Panhandle, good references
furnished on request. Write me.
H. Becker
Pampa, Texas.

NOTICE

All parties holding Buyers or-
der and agreements on Ford cars
bought between Aug 1 1914 and
Aug 1 1915 please endorse and
turn over to us before Aug 1
1915. In order that we can turn
in and get the \$50. rebate on
each sale.

Locke Bros.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

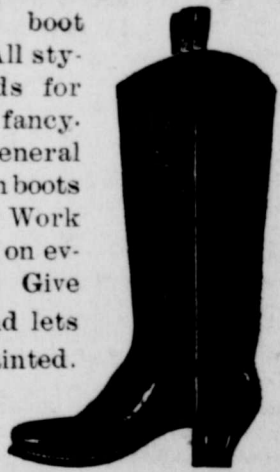
CHURCH OF GOD—Meets to practice
singing every Friday evening at
7 p. m. Bible lesson every first
day of the week at 10 a. m. Preach-
ing on 1st and 3rd Sundays of each
month.

FARM Loans at 8 percent. See
W. A. Palmer Canadian, Texas.

Boot & Shoe Maker.

I am now prepared to give you
the very best in a genuine good
Shopmade boot
or shoe. All sty-
les and kinds for
your own fancy.
Also do general
repairing on boots
and shoes. Work
guaranteed on ev-
erything. Give
me a call and lets
get acquainted.

MAIL
ORDERS



Given prompt and careful atten-
tion. Shop across street from
Wagon yard. Come In.

ALBERT WILDE
Miami, Texas

City Barber Shop

First Class Service
Hot and Cold Bath

Agent for Panhandle
STEAM LAUNDRY
Your Patronage Solicited
Pulaski & Finch
WORKMEN

F. P. Reid has a nice stock of the
big bone Poland China Hogs, reg-
istered, now for sale at his farm
near Mobeetie. Write or phone
for prices.

F. P. Reid
Mobeetie Texas

White Swan coffee has the best
flavor for morning, noon and night
Try it once from Miami Merc. Co.

We have a few boxes of choice
cigars at \$1.65.
Studers Market

Persons pasturing livestock in
the Nickels pasture pay to Mrs. R.
W. Wright. Will lease to reliable
party.

Pure open kettle rendered lard
at Studers. Get prices.

WANTED

To buy a car of good stock hogs.
W. C. Christopher.

If you do not have a good appe-
tite or your food does not agree
with you, get groceries from the
Miami Merc. Co. Their groceries
will make you healthy, wealthy and
wise.

Swift's Premium and Winchester
bacon.
At Studers.

NOTICE

I wish to notify the Public
that I will not pay bills or ac-
counts charged to me unless
they have an order from me.
N. W. McCuiston

NOTICE

The public please take notice
that my pasture west of town is
posted. No trespassing allow-
ed.
B. F. Talley.

Nothing better for shortening
than Crusto Guaranteed to be ex-
celled by none, Miami Merc. Co.

White Swan oats are always good
and we have a full line at all times.
Miami Merc. Co.

reshermen, Attention
have a big supply of coal on
hand. The very best coal at the
lowest price. Figure with us.
Panhandle Lbr. Co.

The BLACK BOX

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdonald, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden hut in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropoid ape skeleton and a living inhuman creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms have appeared from nowhere black boxes, one containing diamonds torn from a lovely throat by a pair of armless, threatening hands, both with sarcastic, threatening noises, signed by the inscrutable hands. His valet, Ross Brown, and a caller, Miss Quigg, are murdered in his rooms. Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig, the professor's valet. Lenora, abducted by the threatening hands, is rescued. Quest traps Craig, loses him, traps him again in the house where Lenora was imprisoned, and loses him yet again after a thrilling chase. The black boxes continue to appear in uncanny fashion with their notes of sarcasm, warning and suggestions of clues, all signed by the inhuman, armless hands.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INHERITED SIN.

"Getting kind of used to these court-house shows, aren't you, Lenora?" Quest remarked, as they stepped from the automobile and entered the house in Georgia square.

"Could anyone feel much sympathy," she asked, "with those men? Red Gallagher, as they all called him, is more like a great brutal animal than a human being. I think that even if they had sentenced him to death I should have felt that it was quite the proper thing to have done."

"Too much sentiment about those things," Quest agreed, clipping the end off a cigar. "Men like that are better off the face of the earth. They did their best to send me there."

"Here's a cablegram for you," Lenora exclaimed, bringing it over to him. "Mr. Quest, I wonder if it's from Scotland Yard?"

Quest tore it open. They read it together, Lenora standing on tiptoe to peer over his shoulder:

"Stowaway answering in every respect your description of Craig found on Durham. Has been arrested, as desired, and will be taken to Hamblin house for identification by Lord Ashleigh. Reply whether you are coming over, and full details as to charge."

"Good for Scotland Yard!" Quest declared. "So they've got him, eh? All the same, that fellow's as slippery as an eel. Lenora, how should you like a trip across the ocean, eh?"

"I should love it," Lenora replied. "Do you mean it, really?"

Quest nodded.

"That fellow fooled me pretty well," he continued, "but somehow I feel that if I get my hands on him this time, they'll stay there till he stands where Red Gallagher did today. I don't feel content to let anyone else finish off the job. Got any relatives over there?"

"I have an aunt in London," Lenora told him. "The dearest old lady you ever saw. She'd give anything to have me make her a visit."

Quest moved across to his desk and took up a sailing list. He studied it for a few moments and turned back to Lenora.

"Send a cable off at once to Scotland Yard," he directed. "Say—Am sailing on Lusitania tomorrow. Hold prisoner. Charge very serious. Have full warrants."

Lenora wrote down the message and went to the telephone to send it off. As soon as she had finished Quest took up his hat again.

"Come on," he invited. "The machine's outside. We'll just go and look in on the professor and tell him the news. Poor old chap, I'm afraid he'll never be the same man again."

They found the professor on his hands and knees upon a dusty floor. Carefully arranged before him were the bones of a skeleton, each laid in some appointed place.

"What about that unhappy man, Craig?" the professor asked, gloomily. "Isn't the Durham almost due now?"

Quest took out the cablegram from his pocket and passed it over. The professor's fingers trembled a little as he read it. He passed it back, however, without immediate comment.

"You see, they have been cleverer over there than we were," Quest remarked.

"Perhaps," the professor assented. "They seem, at least, to have arrested the man. Even now I can scarcely believe that it is Craig—my servant Craig—who is lying in an English prison. Do you know that his people have been servants in the Ashleigh family for some hundreds of years?"

Quest was clearly interested. "Say, I'd like to hear about that!" he exclaimed. "You know I'm rather great on heredity, professor. What class did he come from then? Were his people just domestic servants always?"

The professor's face was for a moment troubled. He moved to his desk, rummaged about for a time, and finally produced an ancient volume.

"This really belongs to my brother, Lord Ashleigh," he explained. "He brought it over with him to show me

some entries concerning which I was interested. It contains a history of the Hamblin estate since the days of Cromwell, and here in the back, you see, is a list of our farmers, bailiffs and domestic servants. There was a Craig who was a tenant of the first Lord Ashleigh and fought with him in the Cromwellian wars as a trooper and since those days, so far as I can see, there has never been a time when there hasn't been a Craig in the service of our family. A fine race they seem to have been, until—"

"Until when?" Quest demanded.

The look of trouble had once more clouded the professor's face. He shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Until Craig's father," he admitted. "My brother, Sir Silas, entered the service of my father in 1858, as under

housekeeper. Here we come upon the first black mark against the name. He appears to have lived reputably for some years, and then, after a quarrel with a neighbor about some trivial matter, he deliberately murdered him, a crime for which he was tried and executed in 1867. John Craig, his only son, entered our service in 1880, and when I left England, accompanied me as my valet."

There was a moment's silence.

"Lenora and I are sailing tomorrow," Quest said. "We are taking over the necessary warrants and shall bring Craig back here for trial."

The professor smoked thoughtfully for some moments. Then he rose deliberately to his feet. He had come to a decision. He announced it calmly, but irrevocably.

"I shall come with you," he announced. "I shall be glad to visit England, but apart from that I feel it to be my duty. I owe it to Craig to see that he has a fair chance, and I owe it to the law to see that he pays the penalty, if, indeed, he is guilty of these crimes. Is Miss Laura accompanying you, too?"

Quest shook his head.

"From what the surgeons tell us," he said, "it will be some weeks before she is able to travel. At the same time, I must tell you that I am glad of your decision, professor."

"It is my duty," the latter declared. "I cannot rest in this state of uncertainty. If Craig is lost to me, the sooner I face the fact the better. At the same time I will be frank with you. Notwithstanding all the accumulated pile of evidence I feel in my heart the urgent necessity of seeing him face to face, of holding him by the shoulders and asking him whether these things are true. We have faced death together, Craig and I. We have done more than that—we have courted it. There is nothing about him I can accept from hearsay. I shall go with you to England, Mr. Quest."

CHAPTER XIX.

The professor rose from his seat in some excitement as the carriage passed through the great gates of Hamblin park. He acknowledged with a smile the respectful curtsy of the woman who held it open.

"You have now an opportunity, my dear Mr. Quest," he said, "of appreciating one feature of English life not entirely reproducible in your own wonderful country. I mean the home life and surroundings of our aristocracy. You see these oak trees?"

He went on, with a little wave of his hand. "They were planted by my ancestors in the days of Henry VIII. I have been a student of tree life in South America and in the dense forests of central Africa, but for real character, for splendor of growth and hardness, there is nothing in the world to touch the Ashleigh oaks."

"They're some trees," the criminologist admitted.

"You notice, perhaps, the small ones, which seem dwarfed. Their tops were cut off by the lord of Ashleigh on the day that Lady Jane Grey was beheaded. Queen Elizabeth heard of it and threatened to confiscate the estate. Look at the turf, my friend. Ages have gone to the making of that mossy, velvet carpet."

"Where's the house?" Quest inquired.

"A mile farther on yet. The woods part and make a natural avenue past the bend of the river there," the professor pointed out. "Full of trout, that river, Quest. How I used to whip that stream when I was a boy!"

They swept presently round a bend in the avenue. Before them on the hillside surrounded by trees and with a great walled garden behind, was Hamblin house. Quest gave vent to a little exclamation of wonder as he looked at it.

"This is where you've got us beat, sure," he admitted. "Our country places are like gewgaw palaces compared to this. Makes me kind of sorry," he went on regretfully, "that I didn't bring Lenora along."

The professor shook his head.

"You were very wise," he said, "My

brother and Lady Ashleigh have recovered from the shock of poor Lenora's death in a marvelous manner, I believe, but the sight of the girl might have brought it back to them. You have left her with friends, I hope, Mr. Quest?"

"She has an aunt in Hampstead," the latter explained. "I should have liked to see her safely there myself, but we should have been an hour or two later down here, and I tell you," he went on, his voice gathering a note almost of ferocity, "I'm wanting to get my hands on that fellow Craig! I wonder where they're holding him."

"At the local police station, I expect," the professor replied. "My brother is a magistrate, of course, and he would see that proper arrangements were made. There he is at the hall door."

The carriage drew up before the great front a moment or two later. Lord Ashleigh came forward with outstretched hands, the genial smile of the welcoming host upon his lips. In his manner, however, there was a distinct note of anxiety.

"Edgar, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I am delighted! Welcome back to your home! Mr. Quest, I am very happy to see you here. You have heard the news, of course?"

"We have heard nothing!" the professor replied.

"You didn't go to Scotland Yard?" Lord Ashleigh asked.

"We haven't been to London at all," Quest explained. "We got on the boat train at Plymouth, and your brother managed to induce one of the directors whom he saw on the platform to stop the train for us at Hamblin house. We only left the boat two hours ago. There's nothing wrong with Craig, is there?"

Lord Ashleigh motioned them to follow him.

"Please come this way," he invited. He led them across the hall—which, dimly lit and with its stained-glass windows, was almost like the nave of a cathedral—into the library beyond. He closed the door and turned around.

"I have bad news for you both," he announced. "Craig has escaped."

Neither the professor nor Quest betrayed any unusual surprise. So far as the latter was concerned, his first glimpse at Lord Ashleigh's face had warned him of what was coming.

"Dear me!" the professor murmured, sinking into an easy chair. "This is most unexpected!"

"We'll get him again," Quest declared quickly. "Can you let us have

ing. The horse shied, the wheel caught a great stone by the side of the road, and all four men were thrown out. The man to whom Craig himself appears to have been unhurt. He stumbled up, took the key of the handcuffs from the pocket of the officer, undid them and slipped off into the undergrowth before either the groom or the other Scotland Yard man had recovered their senses. To cut a long story short, this was last Thursday, and up till now not a single trace of the fellow has been discovered."

Quest rose abruptly to his feet.

"Say, I'd like to take this matter up right on the spot where Craig disappeared," he suggested. "Couldn't we do that?"

"By all means," Lord Ashleigh agreed, touching a bell. "We have several hours before we change for dinner. I will have a car round and take you to the spot."

The professor acquiesced readily, and very soon they stepped out of the automobile on to the side of a narrow road, looking very much as it had been described. Farther on, beyond a stretch of open common, they could see the smoke from the gypsy encampment. On their left-hand side was a stretch of absolutely wild country, bounded in the far distance by the gray stone wall of the park. Lord Ashleigh led the way through the thicket, talking as he went.

"Craig came along through here," he explained. "The groom and the Scotland Yard man who had been sitting by his side, followed him. They searched for an hour, but found no trace of him at all. Then they returned to the house to make a report and get help. I will now show you how Craig first eluded them."

He led the way along a tangled path, doubled back, plunged into a little spinney and came suddenly to a small shed.

"This is an ancient gamekeeper's shelter," he explained; "built a long time ago and almost forgotten now. What Craig did, without doubt, was to hide in this. The Scotland Yard man who took the affair in hand found distinct traces here of recent occupation. That is how he made his first escape."

Quest nodded.

"Sure!" he murmured. "Well, now, what about your more extended search?"

"I am coming to that," Lord Ashleigh replied. "As Edgar will remember, no doubt, I have always kept a few bloodhounds in my kennels, and



"Craig Disappeared About Here, Sir."

the particulars of his escape, Lord Ashleigh? The sooner we get the hang of things the better."

"You know, of course," he began, "that Craig was arrested at Liverpool in consequence of communications from the New York police. I understand that it was with great difficulty he was discovered, and it is quite clear that someone on the ship had been heavily bribed. However, he was arrested, brought to London, and then down here for purposes of identification. I would have gone to London myself, and, in fact, offered to do so, but on the other hand, as there are many others on the estate to whom he was well known, I thought that it would be better to have more evidence than mine alone. Accordingly, they left London one afternoon, and I sent a dogcart to the station to meet them. They arrived quite safely and started for here, Craig handcuffed to one of the Scotland Yard men on the back seat, and the other in front with the driver. About half a mile from the south entrance to the park the road runs across a rather desolate strip of country with a lot of low undergrowth on one side. We have had a little trouble with poachers there, as there is a sort of gypsy camp on some common land a little way away. My head keeper, to whom the very idea of a poacher is intolerable, was patrolling this ground himself that afternoon and caught sight of one of these gypsy fellows setting a trap. He chased him, and more, I am sure, to frighten him than anything else, when he saw that the fellow was getting away, he fired his gun, just as the dogcart was pass-

ing. As soon as we could get together one or two of the keepers and a few of the local constabulary, we started off again from here. The dogs brought us without a check to this shed, and started off again this way."

They walked another half mile across a reedy swamp. Every now and then they had to jump across a small dyke, and once they had to make a detour to avoid an osier bed. They came at last to the river.

"Now, I can show you exactly how that fellow put us off the scent here," their guide proceeded. "He seems to have picked up something, Edgar, in those South American trips of yours, for a clever thing I never saw. You see all these bulrushes everywhere—clouds of them all along the river?"

"We call them tules," Quest muttered. "Well?"

"When Craig arrived here," Lord Ashleigh continued, "he must have heard the baying of the dogs in the distance and he knew that the game was up unless he could put them off the scent. He cut a quantity of these bulrushes from a place a little farther behind those trees, then stepped boldly into the middle of the water, waded down to that spot where, as you see, the trees hang over, stood stock still and leaned them all around him. It was dusk when the chase reached the river bank, and I have no doubt the bulrushes presented quite a natural appearance. At any rate, although the dogs came without a check to the edge of the river, where he stepped off, they never picked the scent up again either on this side or the other."

We tried them for four or five hours before we took them home. The next morning, while the place was being thoroughly searched, we came upon the spot where these bulrushes had been cut down, and we found them caught in the low boughs of a tree, drifting down the river."

Quest had lit a fresh cigar and was smoking vigorously.

"What astonishes me more than anything," he pronounced, as he stood looking over the desolate expanse of country, "is that when one comes face to face with the fellow he presents all the appearance of a nervous and broken-down coward. Then all of a sudden there spring up these evidences of the most amazing, the most diabolical resource. . . . Who's this, Lord Ashleigh?"

The latter turned his head. An elderly man in a brown velvet suit, with gaiters and thick boots, raised his hat respectfully.

"This is my head keeper, Middleton," his master explained. "He was with us on the chase."

The professor shook hands heartily with the newcomer.

"Not a day older, Middleton!" he exclaimed. "So you are the man who has given us all this trouble, eh? This gentleman and I have come over from New York on purpose to lay hands on Craig."

"I am very sorry, sir," the man replied. "I wouldn't have fired my gun if I had known what the consequences were going to be, but then poaching devils that come round here rabbiting fairly send me furious, and that's a fact. It ain't that one grudge them a few rabbits, but my tame pheasants all run out here from the home wood, and I've seen feathers at the side of the road there that no fox nor stoat had nothing to do with. All the same, sir, I'm very sorry," he added, "to have been the cause of any inconvenience."

"It is rather worse than inconvenience, Middleton," the professor said, gravely. "The man who has escaped is one of the worst criminals of these days."

"He won't get far, sir," the gamekeeper remarked, with a little smile. "It's a wild bit of country, this, and I admit that men might search it for weeks without finding anything, but those gentlemen from Scotland Yard, sir, if you'll excuse my making the remark, and hoping that this gentleman," he added, looking at Quest, "is in no way connected with them—well, they don't know everything, and that's a fact."

"This gentleman is from the United States," Lord Ashleigh reminded him. "So your criticism doesn't affect him. By the bye, Middleton, I heard this morning that you'd been airing your opinion down in the village. You seem to rather fancy yourself as a thief-catcher."

"I wouldn't go so far as that, my lord," the man replied, respectfully. "But still, I hope I may say that I've as much common sense as most people. You see, sir, he went on, turning to Quest, "the spots where he could emerge from the tract of country are pretty well guarded, and he'll be in a fine mess, when he does put in an appearance, to show himself upon a public road. Yet by this time I should say he must be nigh starved. Sooner or later he'll have to come out for food. I've a little scheme of my own, sir, I don't mind admitting," the man concluded, with a twinkle in his keen brown eyes. "I'm not giving it away. If I catch him for you, that's all that's wanted, I imagine, and we shan't be any the nearer to it for letting anyone into my little secret."

His master nodded.

"You shall have your rise out of the police, if you can, Middleton," he observed. "It seems queer, though, to believe that the fellow's still in hiding round here."

They made their way, single file, to the road and up to the house. Lord Ashleigh did his best to dispel a queer little sensation of uneasiness which seemed to have arisen in the minds of all of them.

"Come," he said, "we must put aside our disappointment for the present, and remember that after all the chances are that Craig will never make his escape alive. Let us forget him for a little while. . . . Mr. Quest," he added, a few minutes later, as they reached the hall, "Moreton here will show you your room and look after you. Please let me know if you will take an aperitif. I can recommend my sherry. We dine at eight o'clock. Edgar, you know your way. The blue room, of course. I am coming up with you myself. Her ladyship back yet, Moreton?"

"Not yet, my lord."

"Lady Ashleigh," her husband explained, "has gone to the other side of the county to open a bazaar. She is looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming you at dinner time."

Dinner, served out of compliment to their transatlantic visitor, in the great banquet hall, was to Quest, especially, a most impressive meal. They sat at a small round table lit by shaded lights, in the center of an apartment which was large in reality, and which seemed vast by reason of the shadows which hovered around the unlit spaces. From the walls frowned down a long succession of family portraits—Ashleighs in the queer Tudor costume of Henry VII; Ashleighs in chain armor, sword in hand, a charger waiting, regardless of perspective, in the near distance; Ashleighs befrilled and bewigged; Ashleighs in the court dress of the Georges—Judges, sailors, statesmen and soldiers. A collection of armor which would have gladdened the eye of many an antiquarian, was ranged along the black-paneled walls.

Everything was in harmony, even the grave precision of the solemn-faced butler and the powdered hair of the two footmen. Quest, perhaps for the first time in his life, felt almost lost, hopelessly out of touch with his surroundings, and a struggling figure. Nevertheless, he entertained the little party with many stories. He struggled all the time against that queer sense of anachronism which now and then became almost oppressive.

The professor's pleasure at finding himself once more amongst these familiar surroundings was obvious and intense. The conversation between him and his brother never flagged. There were tenants and neighbors to be asked after, matters concerning the estate on which he demanded information. Even the very servants' names he remembered.

"It was a queer turn of fate, George," he declared, as he held out before him a wonderfully chased glass filled with amber wine, "which sent you into the world a few seconds before me and made you lord of Ashleigh and me a struggling scientific man."

"The world has benefited by it," Lord Ashleigh remarked, with more than fraternal courtesy. "We hear



Showing the Guest Through Hamblin House.

great things of you over here, Edgar. We hear that you have been on the point of proving most unpleasant things with regard to our origin."

"Oh! there is no doubt about that," the professor observed. "Where we came from and where we are going to are questions which no longer afford room for the slightest doubt to the really scientific mind. What sometimes does elude us is the nature of our tendencies while we are here on earth."

There was a brief silence. The port had been placed upon the table and coffee served. The servants, according to the custom of the house, had departed. The great apartment was empty. Even Quest was impressed by some peculiar significance in the long-drawn-out silence. He looked around him uneasily. The growing regard of that long line of painted warriors seemed somehow to be full of menace. There was something grim, too, in the sight of those empty suits of armor.

"I may be superstitious," Lord Ashleigh said, "but there are times, especially just lately, when I seem to find a new and hateful quality in silence. What is it, I wonder? I ask you, but I think I know. It is the conviction that there is some alien presence, something disturbing, lurking close at hand."

He suddenly rose to his feet, pushed his chair back and walked to the window, which opened level with the ground. He threw it up and listened. The others came over and joined him. There was nothing to be heard but the distant hooting of an owl, and farther away the barking of some farmhouse dog. Lord Ashleigh stood there with straining eyes, gazing out across the park.

"There was something here," he muttered; "something which has gone. What's that? Quest, your eyes are younger than mine. Can you see anything underneath that tree?"

Quest peered out into the gray darkness.

"I fancied I saw something moving in the shadow of that oak," he muttered. "Wait."

He crossed the terrace, swung down on to the path, across the lawn, over a wire fence and into the park itself. All the time he kept his eyes fixed on a certain spot. When at last he reached the tree there was nothing there. He looked all around him. He stood and listened for several moments. A more utterly peaceful night or more utter peace it would be hard to imagine. Slowly he made his way back to the house.

"I imagine we are all a little nervous tonight," he remarked. "There's nothing doing out there."

They strolled about for a hour or more, looking into different rooms, showing their guest the finest pictures even taking him down into the wonderful cellars. They parted early, but Quest stood for a few moments before retiring, gazing about him with an almost of awe. His great room, as large as an Italian palace, was lit by dozen wax candles in silver candlesticks. His four-poster was supported by pillars of black oak, carved in strange forms, and surmounted by the Ashleigh coronet and coat-of-arms. He threw his windows open wide and stood for a moment looking out across the park, more clearly visible now in the light of the slowly rising moon.

There was scarcely a breeze stirring, scarcely a sound even from the animals world. Nevertheless, Quest, too, as he reluctantly made his preparations for retiring for the night, was conscious of that queer sensation of unimaginable and impalpable danger.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BUNGALOW HAS COME TO STAY

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Neat, attractive, five-room bungalows are in great demand in towns, villages, and in the outskirts of large cities.

American ingenuity has met all difficulties and adjusted this type of building to the satisfaction of builders and owners and the public in general, with the exception only of covetous neighbors who are not fortunate enough to own bungalows.

The perspective and floor plan herewith illustrated shows a bungalow type of residence intended for a comparatively narrow lot that has considerable depth.

The general arrangement is to place the house about twenty feet back from the street to look well on the lot. The depth of the house is 41 feet 6 inches, which brings the rear of the building about sixty feet from the street line.

A bungalow setting requires considerable garden at the back and a neatly-kept grass plot in front to carry out the idea of cozy home comfort. A pretty house needs beautiful flowers and handsome shrubbery to complete the picture.

The construction of this bungalow is concrete up to a few inches above

to give more character to the structure.

The front of this bungalow is rather more ornamental than usual on account of the pergola extension and general character of the porch design. Over the front door is a wide entrance way of rather heavy construction.

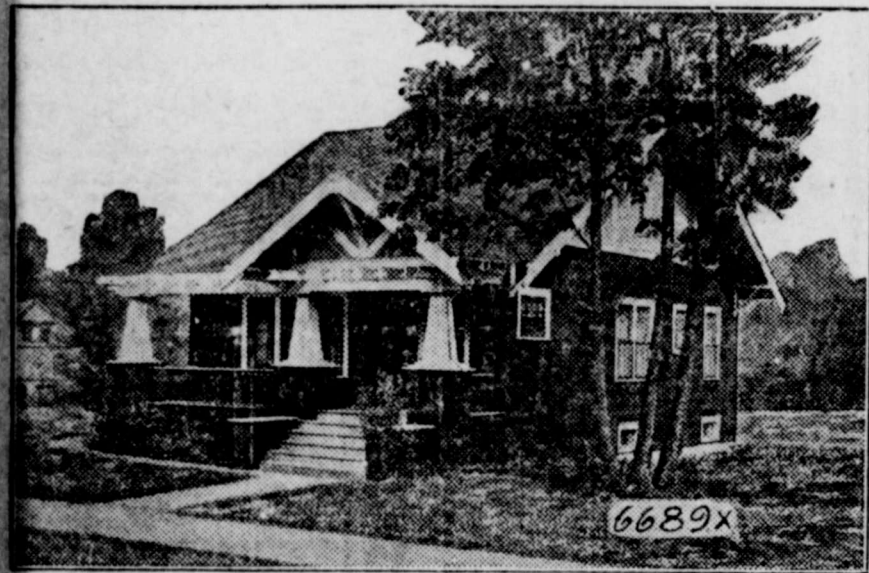
The floor of the porch, including the pergola end, is of concrete with a waterproof finish. It is made level across the front of the house, but is given a slope outward for drainage. This is especially necessary because of the unprotecting character of the pergola.

It will be noticed that the approach to this little bungalow is made extra wide. The fashion of building wide front steps and a correspondingly wide concrete walk reaching to the street has been noticeable during recent years. One man after surveying his new bungalow porch remarked that the steps must have been stolen from some schoolhouse. At the same time, after thinking the matter over, he decided that schoolhouse steps are necessary to carry out the bungalow-expansive idea. Wide front steps seem to require rampart step borders, which are useful as seats, besides giving the necessary finish to the house porch.

In using this bungalow plan the contour of the lot was taken into consideration. The most attractive bungalows have rather a low appearance in front. A winter bungalow requires a cellar to be deep and well lighted. It is better to have a lot slope away to the back, because it permits the owner to bury his house in front and to have considerable exposure at the back.

Bungalow cellars are used a good deal for storage purposes. Accessories must be taken care of. For this reason a cellar basement becomes more important than the cellar under a two-story house. When the lot slopes away to the back it is easy to make an excellent storeroom under the front part of the house and to finish the rear of the basement in such a way as to partition off a splendid laundry and furnace room that is entirely separate from the storeroom department.

Every house built in the North should have a heating apparatus in the basement. Furnaces spoil a cellar for cold storage unless it is partitioned into rooms. It is customary to put larger and deeper windows in the back wall, for these reasons. A laundry room at the back makes a comfortable work room both in winter and in summer. It is never hot and it is never cold. It is easy of access by



way of the stairway that goes down from the back hall.

The plan of this bungalow shows that the living room and dining room are so closely connected that the two rooms really make one large room, 13 feet in width by 21 feet in depth. It is a grand room with plenty of light from the front as well as the side.

Such a combination living room and dining room requires a uniform design in woodwork in both rooms. The floor is of hardwood and the woodwork from the baseboard to the crown molding at the ceiling is rather heavy, but severely plain; the only difference in the general woodwork design of the two rooms is in the plate rail and built-in buffet.

Where the living room and dining room are used as one room the plate rail sometimes is left out. The dining table is placed in one end of the room next to the kitchen. All the furniture as well as the woodwork corresponds, so that an elegant room, comfortably furnished, results. It is much easier to furnish a large room than a small one, a fact that must be appreciated because there are so many large living rooms in the newer houses.

Especially attention is given to the woodwork and general finish of the kitchen. The work of lathing and plastering is carefully done, and the woodwork is hard and smooth, and the whole surface of the walls and ceilings is given a smooth, glossy finish of pure white enameled paint. The kitchen is made light by two large windows and a glass door that opens on the back porch.

On the opposite side of the house, which usually is the north or east side, we have two comfortable bedrooms, with the necessary clothes closets, linen closet and bathroom.

All the rooms in the house are connected by a short hall that takes up very little space; an arrangement that is well liked in a house of this design.

In addition to the splendid basement, considerable storage is provided in the attic. A stairway is built leading up from the pantry, so that odd things may be put out of the way until needed. The attic has considerable size and is lighted from two large gables.

TEXAS NEWS CONDENSED

A hen at Dallas recently laid an egg which weighed three ounces, and measured 7-1/2x3-1/8 inches.

The foreign mission features of the Westminster encampment program from July 22 to 27 will be held at Kerrville.

Two stores and a blacksmith shop at Peak Springs, Montague county, were destroyed by fire. The damage is estimated at \$15,000.

Five road bond elections were held in Red river county and four out of five carried. The total amount voted on was \$417,500 and \$495,000 carried.

Fire which started in the rear of the furnishing store of Wilson & Thompson on the east side of the square at Sherman, did \$25,000 damage.

By a vote of 122 to 19, property taxpayers authorized the issuance of bonds in the sum of \$15,000 for the extension of Beeville's sewer system. The extension will be over 26,000 feet.

A new high price record for cattle was reached in the quarantine department of the Kansas City stock yards when F. H. McFarland, vice-president of the Western National bank of Fort Worth, Texas, received \$9.30 a hundred pounds for cattle.

The members of the San Angelo city council and the school board have officially announced the site of the new high school. The site for the \$80,000 building will be nearly a full block. The trustees expect eventually to have agriculture a part of the curriculum.

While drilling for oil 12 miles southeast of Vernon, a crew of the Producers' Oil company struck a strong flow of gas, which became ignited and destroyed the derrick and other equipment. Oil men estimate the flow, which is still uncontrolled, at 2,000,000 cubic feet daily.

During the four years 1911-1914, the Texas industrial congress, has awarded 429 cash prizes aggregating \$40,000 for agricultural products, including corn, cotton, cow peas, peanuts, kafir, milo, feterita, hogs and baby-beef. It is a singular fact that 82 of these prizes have been won by farmers with Bohemian names.

Joplin zinc mine owners are turning to west Texas and lower El Paso county for their surplus zinc to supply the unprecedented demand for the ore as a result of the European war. A party of Missouri zinc mining men have been there making an investigation of the zinc ore properties in west Texas, and especially in the lower part of El Paso county.

That the rate of interest to the farmer should not be more than 5 per cent and that the cotton crop should be financed through the season, was the declaration made by Colonel John N. Simpson, vice president of the American Exchange National bank, Dallas, in discussing the prospects and plans of financing the cotton crop of Texas during the ensuing season.

Gen. Huerta may rest assured that the federal government will not permit his extradition to either Villa or Carranza factions, according to information given out by the state department. It was also made certain that the government intends to prevent the inauguration of a new revolutionary movement in Mexico, and to detain the ex-dictator on this side of the international line.

On the floor of the Houston cotton exchange Friday was sold the first bale of cotton produced this year. The bale weighed 506 pounds and was classed middling fair staple. It was raised at Lyford and sold for \$675.

E. Tarkington died at his home near Halle'sville after an illness of several weeks. He was an ex-confederate soldier and represented that county in the legislature two terms. At the time of his death he was 76 years of age.

More than 20,000 people crowded the grand stand and covered the ground for 100 yards to the north, south and east Friday night to witness and participate in the Sunday school pageant given at Fair park by the Dallas City Sunday School association. Five hundred or more Sunday school workers staged 23 scenes showing the development of religious education from the earliest times to the present, while a chorus of a like number and a band furnished appropriate songs and musical accompaniment.

Texas produced in 1914 4,592,112 bales of cotton, or more than one fourth of the entire yield of the United States, according to figures compiled by the department of commerce.

An increase that is expected to give Dallas county the lead in scholastic population for the state is shown by the census completed by County School Superintendent T. E. Henry. The total is 39,100, against 35,168 last year.

HER FIRST PATIENT

American Girl Tells of Experience at the "Front."

Compelled to Hold Stretcher-Bearers to Work, Nurse Has Strenuous Time Getting Wounded Man to Surgeons.

An American girl who recently volunteered for service with a Red Cross ambulance in Belgium sends the following account of her first case:

"The commandant doctor with whom I was assigned to work had taken me far up toward the front, where a Belgian battery was stationed. While he attended to some trifling injuries, there came the sound of cannonading, and news that the Germans were attacking the very section where we were working.

"Suddenly, at what seemed the last minute of safety, two Belgian stretcher-bearers, without a stretcher, rushed up to me. They said there was a man badly wounded somewhere up the road. I found a stretcher and went off with them to look for him. "We went on and on. It probably wasn't more than 500 yards, but it seemed like a very long way; it seemed impossible to find the house. Then some women came running and pointed out the place. The stretcher-bearers hurried off with their stretchers. I followed.

"The man, horribly hurt, with a wound like a red pit below his shoulder blades, was brought and laid on the stretcher. He lay there quietly on his side, in a posture of utter resignation to anguish.

"He was a Belgian peasant, slumbrily built; he had a broad, rather ugly face, narrowing suddenly as the fringe of his whiskers became a little straggling beard. But to me he was the most beautiful man I had ever seen. I loved him. He was my first wounded man!

"I tried—I still try—to persuade myself that if I hadn't bullied my two bearers and repulsed an attempt to get my stretcher away for some other patient, he would have been left behind in that little house. We got him out of the yard all right, and on the paved road. Then, to my horror, the bearers dumped him down on the paving stones. They said he was much too heavy. They couldn't possibly carry him unless they rested.

"I didn't think it was exactly the moment for resting, and told them so in several languages. The Germans were likely to come around the turn in the road at any time. You never know!

"But the bearers stood stolidly in the middle of the road and mopped their faces and puffed. The situation began to be as absurd and terrible as a nightmare. So I grabbed on one end of the stretcher and said I would carry it myself. I said I wasn't very strong, and perhaps couldn't do it, but anyhow, I would try.

"They picked it up at once then, and started off at a good swinging trot over the rough paving stones, jolting my poor patient horribly. I suggested that they walk on the

smooth path at the side. They halted this suggestion as a most brilliant and original idea.

"As my patient was brought into the village where the battery was stationed the ambulance had got its wounded and was ready to go. But he had to have his wound dressed. He lay there in the middle of the street and I had to watch while the surgeon stuffed his wound with antiseptic gauze. I had always supposed that the dressing of a wound was a cautious and delicate process. But it wasn't. There was a careless audacity about it. The surgeon worked rapidly, unmoved, as if he were stuffing an old crate with straw. And it was all over in a moment or two. There seemed something indecent in the haste with which my Belgian was disposed of.

"Then the surgeon remarked casually that my patient's wound didn't amount to much. 'It looks much worse than it really is,' he said. I felt hurt, as if this beloved person had been slighted, also as if there had been some subtle disparagement of my 'find.'"

Interesting to Physicians.

One of the interesting places for visitors, especially medical men, is the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research at Sixty-sixth street and Avenue A, New York. The Rockefeller Institute is similar in the scope of its work to the Pasteur Institute in Paris. It is under the direction of Dr. Simon Flexner, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania. He is an authority in pathology and bacteriology, and has published the results of his extensive researches into snake venom, bubonic plague, cerebro-spinal meningitis, bacillary dysentery, infantile paralysis and other diseases. The establishment aims to be more effective than general hospitals for the successful demonstration of new forms of treatment. Here the staff may apply and treat under careful supervision such new methods or discoveries as have proved worthy of a thought trial on human beings afflicted with diseases not yielding to present modes of treatment.

Says Young Men Only Talk.

Prof. J. L. Henderson of Harvard university recently declared that the college should free young men from the tyranny of styles in clothing, that all should beware of modern fiction and "stuff called literature" nowadays and that "the trouble with our American young is that they cannot converse; they can only talk."

Sure Thing.

Hostess—Sh! that's my neighbor's dog. Be careful what you say about that woman.

Fair Guest—Why that's silly. Dog's can't understand.

Hostess—No, but they carry tails.—Philadelphia Record.

Revised.

"Is that futurist music you're playing?" inquired hubby as his wife pumped the pianola.

"No, dear; it's 'Home, Sweet Home,' but I think Bobby has been using it as a target for his air rifle."

The Reason.

"I say, why did you name that dog of yours Gossip?"

"Because he's such a backbiter."

BE KINDER TO YOURSELF

Women Are Often Victims of Nervousness Because They Don't Know How to Relax.

One of the important things to know in life, especially if you are a woman, is how to let yourself alone, writes Mary Carolyn Davies in the Mother's Magazine. The ability to relax, the art of being judiciously lazy, the fact to let herself alone has saved many a woman from a nervous breakdown. We all know the housewife who nags herself into such a state of conscientiousness that she cannot rest. If she lies down she is continually worrying herself with thoughts of the work that she is neglecting.

Much of the blame for this state of affairs lies at the doors of the mothers. The mistake is in their training of their children, especially their daughters. They are taught from earliest infancy to be kind to others, to bear with them, to forgive them, to help them; but from birth to death no one ever tells them to be kind, also, to themselves.

The woman who nags herself can make herself more miserable than anyone else possibly could. She can make her life more of a nightmare than any misfortune could possibly make it. If such women could learn to be kinder to themselves there is no doubt that their own lives would be lengthened; and not only that, but the lives of those with whom they come in close contact would be made far more pleasant.

Medals Wrongly Distributed.

It was a clear, warm Sunday, and Garge went off for a walk to think things over. He met his old friend Bill Jorkins, whom he had not seen for months, and they proceeded to a place where a cool, foaming mug was to be had. And they had quite a satisfactory number and became confidential. "Owre 'e gettin' on, hannyway, Garge?" finally asked Bill Jorkins. "Gettin' on?" Never! ad such a time. Workin' 'till 'alf-past nine every night on war work, an' we've I gets 'ome mother goes cryin' 'over the supper because of the awful 'ardships me two young brothers is sufferin' walkin' up and down the prom' at Morecambe. I tell ye, Bill, the wrong chap'll get the bloomin' medals in this war."—London Tit-Bits.

A Jonah.

"There's a storm coming up," said the captain of the yacht, "and the boat is too heavily loaded. We'll have to lighten the ship somehow."

"That will be all right, captain," replied one of the gay party on board. "You have our permission to throw the chaplain overboard."

The Test.

"Do you think Mr. Spooner's intentions are serious?" asked the girl's mother.

"I don't know yet, mamma," replied the girl. "I'm going down to the jeweler's this afternoon to have his ring appraised."

Broke.

"Come on, Bill. Join us in a little game of poker."

"Sorry, boys, but I can't."

"Why not? Your wife is in the country."

"Yes, and so is my salary."

There's Energy and Summer Comfort

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Grape-Nuts

and cream;

One or two soft-boiled Eggs;
Some crisp, buttered Toast;
And a cup of Instant Postum.

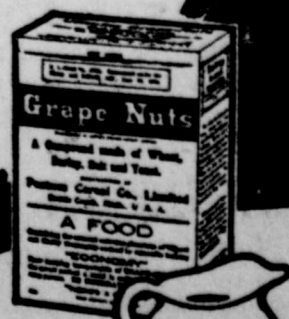
If digestion rebels at the customary meal, try the "Grape-Nuts Breakfast."

The result can be observed, and shows plainly

"There's a Reason"

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L. G. WAGGONER, Editor & Owner.
MIAMI, TEX., July 22 1915

Wheat bins are as thick in Roberts County as corn cribs in Illinois. And we are filling them with wheat too.

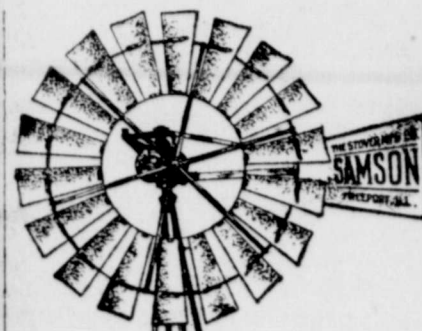
From the reports and opinions of newspaper expressions over this district we gather that Stephens will receive the support of very few of them.

A shade tree responds to cultivation and frequent watering as rapidly as plants do. Try it and notice the growth your young trees will make.

Harry K. Thaw has been adjudged sane by both jury and Judge. Harry has always been sane we believe. He was either guilty or not guilty when he killed Stanford White, and we believe he should have either been sent to the pen or turned loose. However it seems that he has had about enough punishment as he deserves and we are glad to hear that he will now get a little freedom.

Let us not forget to begin to select our wheat, barley and oats for the Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo next fall. Surely we can have a fine exhibit there this year, and let's have it. We had the stuff last year to exhibit, but was just too lazy to get it together. It takes more than one man to do this, unless he devotes a great deal of time and so let's all do a little work this time. Begin now to get your exhibit ready for the fair.

If you think it is an easy matter to get out a big illustrated edition of a newspaper like we are going to get out next week, then you have another think coming. We have worked, worried, stayed awake at nights and made a thousand trips to get together the things we want in next weeks paper, but we believe it will be worth while for the advertisement of the country and are therefore proud to be able to get something together that is good about the country.



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The citizens of Dallas have raised \$100,000. and are making a determined effort to have the Democratic National Convention held in that city next year. Dallas is a great city has handled many large conventions, and has proven that she possesses the facilities and ability to take care of large crowds as will gather for this convention. When the people of Dallas decide that they want anything, they go after it in a whole hearted manner, and what is more they generally get it. The willingness to work hard and co-operate on the part of her business and professional men, are what has made the phrase, "Dallas spirit" mean so much throughout the entire country.

Every loyal Texan, regardless of political affiliation should do all within their power to bring the next Democratic convention to Texas.

A country town which has no pastimes, no athletic sports or no places of amusement that are clean, is not likely to be attractive to the farmer and his help. Remember that the idle brain creates idleness, the plague before which empires fall.—Kirkland American.

And the same is very true. Farm children and all other children need recreation, and the grown ups too, for that matter. The News has never been able to see why parents and the public did not see after securing such. As the custom now is, boys and girls leave the farm and small towns where they could do well, and flock to the cities where they are out of mere existence, for the simple reason that there is no attraction in the small cities to break the monotony of daily toil, and furnish recreation for overworked brain and muscle. There's no getting around it the leaders in church, school and community affairs are to blame for the unrest of the rising generation. Folks are going to find recreation and amusement of some sort: why not furnish them the best.
—Clarendon News—

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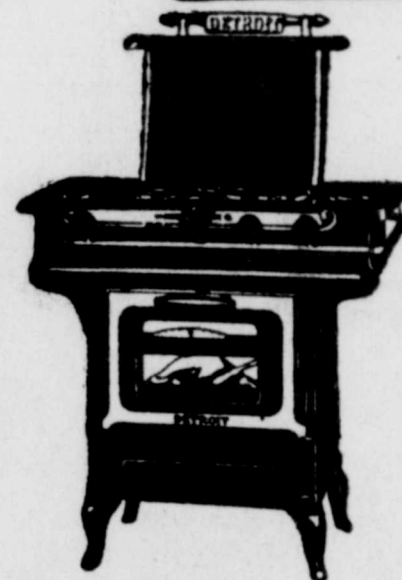
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