

# The Miami Chief.

Vol. 21 MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, May 27, 1920. No. 31.

## NEW HIGHWAY WANTED

Mayor F. P. Reid of Pampa was in Monday afternoon a short time business and visiting with Miami. Mr. Reid will make a trip to the next month, and attend the monthly meeting of the State Highway Commission, where he expects to get official designation of a high-ways running from Pampa via Miami, Canadian and Higgins, and also running north from Pampa to Sherman.

The Highway running North from Pampa depends on the attitude of the government in bridging the river in Johnson county. Mr. Reid states Pampa, White Deer and Panhandle have offered financial aid, and that Johnson county is willing to build a bridge if proper government aid is secured, and this Mr. Reid will be forth coming as soon as officials can see benefit of a bridge on the river at this place, which is half way between the Amarillo and Canadian bridges.

Mr. Reid is also working for the designation of a state highway from Pampa to Pampa, and a motor line from Amarillo to Mobeetie, which he states will be in operation in very near future.

## THE SCHOOL TEACHERS

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gilley left Monday by automobile for Austin where they will spend the summer in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Crain left Monday also for Austin for the summer.

Mr. Hudson has gone to Canadian for a short visit and will spend the remainder of the summer in Austin. Mr. Gerlach returned to Canadian and will spend the summer in Colorado.

Miss Bell left first of the week for Pampa City where she expects to spend the summer.

Mr. Haney will visit a short while in Canadian and then go to her home in Wichita Falls.

Mr. Brown will remain in Miami for the summer.

Mr. Baumgardner left for Lockhart home.

Miss Helen Baird went to Cushing, Texas, where she will visit a few days.

Mr. Carter went to her home in Pampa for the vacation period.

Mr. Johnston left for Childress where she will spend the vacation.

The Woman's Study Club met Friday May 20, with Mrs. Ewing as hostess. This being business day no refreshments were prepared. The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Thos. Cook was taken in as a member.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Will Locke. Vice-President, Mrs. Dan Kivlehen. Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Kelley. Treasurer, Mrs. J. A. Meade. Reporter, Mrs. Thos. Cook. Correspondent, Mrs. Gething. Entertainment, Mrs. Ray Morrison.

Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served to seven members and two visitors.

The president will have a call meeting to decide what the work will be for the summer.—P. R.

Some of the Ex-Soldier boys are going to make a trip to Arizona near future to look over the proposition for soldiers spoken by Judge Heare in last week's issue. The proposition sounds good, and if it will develop into a profitable irrigation country, it will be selling for several hundred dollars in less than ten years.

## 200 YARDS GRAVEL PER DAY ON ROAD

Roberts County is seeing some real work going on this week. The two big army trucks, which haul three yards at a time have been busy the last two days graveling from the pit toward town. They have each been making four loads an hour, and some of the trips being made in as little as seven minutes. At the rate of four loads per hour from each truck, it will mean considerably more than 200 yards of gravel per day put on the road. With the regular gravel dump bed, and the loading pit, graveling roads with our big army trucks is not a very big task.

As soon as the road is gravelled to the bridge, the work will be extended on through town towards Coffeewille. Commissioner Meade states that it is his aim to keep the trucks busy most of the time if road funds hold out, and it is to the interest of every traveler of our public roads that he is furnished with sufficient funds to keep the work going. Graveled roads are practically permanent and we cannot spend better money on our roads. This gravel, coming from one of the best gravel beds in the state, located only half mile from town, will make the road almost as hard and smooth as concrete. On with the graveling of the roads.

## PANHANDLE MAN TAKES OWN LIFE

PANHANDLE, May 25.—William Bryson, 60, was found dead in a shed at his home here this afternoon with a strong cord tied around his neck and fastened to a large nail in a rafter of the building.

The coroner's verdict declared death was due to self strangulation but no motive can be assigned for his act, as he was apparently enjoying good health and had shown no signs of despondency members of the family and friends say.

He has been residing here since last August and worked in the harvest fields during the past season. He had recently been employed by an oil company and helped unload a car of machinery today. Shortly after reaching home from work he was missed by members of the family and a search disclosed the body hanging in the outbuilding.

## ADVERTISE AND KEEP ALIVE

Do you load it at the muzzle  
When you want a shot or two?  
Do you wind it with a watch key  
Like your father used to do?  
How'd you like to hop a horse car  
Like you did long years ago?  
Don't an auto beat an ox cart?  
Well, I rather reckon so.  
Do you argue that an hour glass  
Beats a Waltham all to smash?  
Do you use the same old system  
Keepin' books and countin' cash?  
Do you trim a goose quill neatly  
When you want the ink to flow?  
Don't you think there's been improvements.

In the last decade or so?  
Tell us are you advertising  
In the same old foolish way  
That your granddad did before you  
And persist "It doesn't pay?"  
Think the whole world knows your address?  
"Cause it hasn't changed in years?"  
Wouldn't the pathos of such logic  
Drive a billygoat to tears?  
Just a card and all you care for?  
Hidden, lonesome and unread.  
Like the sign upon the tombstone  
Telling folks that you are dead.  
Wake up, and take a tonic,  
Bunch your hits and make a drive!  
Run a page and chance your copy.  
Advertise and keep alive!

—Lifted.

## HOME ECONOMICS GIRLS ENTERTAIN

One of the cleverest parties in the history of Miami was given last Thursday afternoon by the Home Economics girls in their class room at the school house. The ladies of the Home Progress Club were guests of honor for the occasion.

Miss Bell and her band of assistants had most enjoyable plans for the afternoon. The program took the form of "An evening in Chicago." We went to the opera, and afterwards to the Cafe for refreshments; then to the "Five Cent Show," and to see the "Swimming Match" and Largest "Pumpkin" and so on until we returned to our stopping place where really and truly delicious "eats" were served by the hostesses. The cookery of that two-course luncheon certainly did credit to the girls and their instructor. Sandwiches and salad came first, followed by peppermint ice topped off with whipped cream and nuts, and served with small cakes.

The president of the Club expressed the Club's appreciation and pleasure at the courtesy bestowed on them and also expressed appreciation of the fine work in both cooking and sewing that Miss Bell and her girls had been doing throughout the year. Mrs. Claude Locke gave a toast to the girls by quoting the following lines from Owen Meredith.

"We may live without poetry, music and art.  
We may live without conscience;  
We may live without heart.  
We may live without friends; we may live without books,  
But where is the man that can live without cooks."

## HE WAS PROPRIETOR OF THE TOWN

Not long ago, the story runs, a traveling salesman visited a certain small town and sold the proprietor of its general store an order of jewelry. When the jewelry arrived it was not as represented, and the merchant consequently returned it. But the wholesale house, nevertheless, attempted to collect the bill, and drew a sight draft on the merchant through the local bank, which returned the draft unhonored.

The wholesalers then wrote to the postmaster about the financial standing of the merchant and the postmaster replied laconically that it was O. K.

By return mail the wholesalers requested him to collect the amount and they received the following reply:  
"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you attempted to palm off your worthless goods. The undersigned is president and owner of the bank to which you sent your sight draft. The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote, and the undersigned is the lawyer whose services you sought to obtain for your nefarious business. If the undersigned were not also pastor of the church at this place he would tell you to go to hell."—(?)

## BEBEE-SANDERS

Mr. Clyde Bebee and Miss Fannie Sanders, prominent young people of Miami were quietly married at Canadian on Wednesday of last week and returned to our city after the sun had cast its last shadow over the eastern horizon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bebee have rented a residence in Miami from Mrs. Paris and are already at home to many friends. Mrs. Bebee is a sister to the Sanders brothers, and Mr. Bebee a son of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Bebee, formerly of this place.

## POSTMASTER EXAMINATION

At the request of the Postmaster General the United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination to be held at Canadian, Texas on June 16, 1920 for the position of postmaster at Miami, Texas. This office has an annual compensation of \$1600.00.

To be eligible for this examination an applicant must be a citizen of the United States, must actually reside in the delivery of the office and have so resided at the time the present vacancy occurred.

Applicants must have reached their twenty-first but not their sixty-fifth birthday on the date of the examination.

Application form 2241 and full information concerning the requirements of the examination may be secured from the postmaster at the place of vacancy or from the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington, D. C., in time to arrange for the examination of the applicant.

## BAPTIST CHURCH

At the 11 o'clock hour Sunday we will begin our meeting the plans of which were made sometime ago. Bro. J. A. Roper, Lone Oak, Texas will do the preaching, and Bro. B. B. McKinney, Ft. Worth, Texas will have charge of the singing. Bro. McKinney assisted Bro. A. J. Morgan in meeting here in 1917. All church goers, all non-church goers, singers and those who do not sing are cordially invited to attend these services. We need your presence and help. Sunday School at the usual hour Sunday morning.

E. G. Pennington, Pastor

## SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

It is to be expected of every Christian, so please ask yourself the question, "Am I fulfilling my obligations to God and my fellow man?"

The Church of Christ invites you to its services. Preaching each Lord's day at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Bible study at 10 A. M. and Communion services at 11:30 A. M. Ladies Bible Class every Tuesday at 2:30 P. M., and Childrens Bible drill on Thursday at 4 P. M.

I. L. Sanders, Minister

## MICKIE SAYS

"IF TH' HOME TOWN PAPER AINT BIG ENUFF TO SUIT YA, BLAME TH' TOWN AN' NOT TH' PAPER! HOLY SMOKE! THEY AINT HARDLY AN EDITOR BUT WHAT WISHES ONCE IN A WHILE THAT HE WUZ IN A LARGER PLACE SO HE COULD RUN THINGS ON A BIGGER SCALE!"



## GET THE BEST ONLY

PAY NO MORE

The house that gives so-called 'bargains' in groceries also gives inferior goods. Inferior goods are generally expensive at any price they are not conducive to health and strength. We do not make a bluff at offering you "bargains" at the prevailing high prices of everything. There are no bargains any more, in any line. But we DO give you the best groceries to be had, and no one can charge less for the quality we sell. Our prices are low, considering the cost to us because we have reduced the margin of profit.

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR GOOD AND MINE

MIAMI PRODUCE CO.  
J. H. DIAL, PROP.

## 25CTS. WORTH OF STEAK

CLIP THIS AND BRING IT, with 25 cents in coin to our shop and get 25 cents worth of the Finest Steak.

## THE CITY MEAT MARKET

C. P. PURSLEY, Prop.

JUST RECEIVED, a car load of Challenge Wind Mills, pipes and casing. Let us supply your wants. Panhandle Lbr. Co.

WANT OIL LEASE  
Trade for Oil Lease one eight cylinder Oldsmobile, seven passenger, good car. What have you?  
M. R. Coffee, Wheeler, Texas.

Fly time is here, and we can help you keep them out. Big supply of screen doors and screen wire. Panhandle Lbr. Co.

FOR SALE. A second hand Singer Sewing Machine. Good as new, and here is a chance to save some real money. See me at once.  
John Cantrell

## Promptness, Accuracy and Safety

Promptness, accuracy, safety and liberality are marked features of this Bank. With ample Capital, Surplus and Resources for the security of deposits entrusted to our care, we cordially invite the accounts of farmers, ranchers and cattle dealers. In fact all people who receive and pay out money can profitably use our Bank.

IT IS OUR AIM TO GIVE OUR CUSTOMERS EVERY PROTECTION AND SERVICE

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

## INVITATION

You are invited to come to this financial institution in the same matter of fact way—that you enter a store to secure merchandise or service.  
You will find a welcoming human interest in whatever matter invites attention, whether it be depositing money—planning a loan—or any other form of modern banking service.  
We are here to cooperate with you.  
Your banking business will receive courteous attention.  
A friendly call will always be welcome.

## THE FIRST STATE BANK OF MIAMI

"The Guaranty Fund Bank"

B. F. TALLEY, President  
W. L. MATHERS, V-Pres. H. E. BAIRD, Cashier  
W. I. WHITSEL, V-Pres. H. A. TALLEY, A-Cash.

## WE SELL AND RECOMMEND THE GREAT MINNEAPOLIS

Line of Tractors and Threshers  
Fully Guaranteed. Come in and let us Make you a proposition and price on one of these dependable machines.

D. K. HICKMAN

# The Strange Case of Cavendish

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "The Devil's Own," "My Lady of the North," etc.

Copyright by Randall Parrish

## "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND"

Synopsis.—Frederick Cavendish, New York man of wealth, receives a letter from an old friend, Jim Westcott, urging him to come at once to Colorado. Deciding to go, he employs a lawyer, Patrick Enright, to draw up a will leaving most of his estate to charity, with a mere pittance to John Cavendish, his cousin and only relative, a dissolute youth. That night Frederick Cavendish is murdered in his apartments. No will being found, John Cavendish inherits the estate. Two months later Enright informs John Cavendish of the existence of the will.

## CHAPTER II—Continued.

Cavendish leaped to his feet, his hand gripping his cane.

"You damned black—"

"Wait!" and Enright arose also. "Not so loud, please; your voice might be heard in the outer office. I said my services would cost you a hundred thousand dollars. Take the proposition or leave it, Mr. John Cavendish."

"But—but," the other stammered, all courage leaving him, "I haven't the money."

"Of course not," the threat on Enright's face changing to a smile. "But the prospects that you will have are unusually good. I am quite willing to speculate on your fortunes. A memorandum for legal services due one year from date—such as I have already drawn up—and bearing your signature, will be quite satisfactory. Glance over the items, please; yes, sit here at the table. Now, if you will sign that there will be no further cause for you to feel any uneasiness—this line, please."

Cavendish grasped the penholder in his fingers, and signed. It was the act of a man dazed, half stupefied, unable to control his actions. In a way it was a confession of guilt, an acknowledgement of his fear of exposure, yet he felt utterly incapable of resistance. Enright unlocked the door, and projected his head outside, comprehending clearly that the proper time to strike was while the iron was hot.

Calling Miss Healy, one of his stenographers, he made her an official witness to the document and the signature of John Cavendish.

Not until ten minutes later when he was on the street did it occur to John Cavendish that the carbon copy of the will, together with the rough notes in his cousin's handwriting, still remained in Enright's possession. Vainly he tried to force himself to return and demand them, but his nerve failed, and he shuffled away hopelessly in the hurrying crowds.

As Francois Valois trudged along the night streets toward his rooming house he came face to face with a trim young woman in a smart blue serge. "Oh, hello!" she cried pleasantly, bringing up short. Then seeing the puzzled look upon the valet's face, she said: "Don't you remember me? I'm Miss Donovan of the Star. I came up to the apartments the morning of the Cavendish murder with one of the boys."

Valois smiled warmly; men usually did for Miss Donovan. "I remember," he said dolorously.

The girl sensed some underlying sorrow in his voice and with professional skill learned the cause within a minute. Then, because she believed that there might be more to be told, and because she was big-hearted and interested in every one's troubles, she urged him to accompany her to a near-by restaurant and pour out his heart while she supped. Lonely and disheartened, Valois accepted gladly and within half an hour they were seated at a tiny table in an Italian cafe.

"About your discharge?" she queried after a time.

"I was not even asked to accompany Mr. Frederick's body," he burst out, "even though I had been with him a year. So I stayed in the apartment to straighten things, expecting to be retained in John Cavendish's service. I even did the work in his apartments, but when he returned and saw me there he seemed to lose his temper, wanted to know why I was hanging around, and ordered me out of the place. Flung money at me, he did, told me to get out, that he never wanted to see me again. Since then I have tried for three weeks to find work, but it has been useless."

While she gave him a word of sympathy, Miss Donovan was busily thinking. She remembered Willis' remark in the apartments, "Are you sure of the dead man's identity? His face is badly mutilated, you know," and her alert mind sensed a possibility of a newspaper story back of young Cavendish's unwarranted and strange act.

"Mr. Valois," she said kindly, "would you mind if I asked you a question or two more?"

"No," the man returned.

"All right. First, what sort of a man was your master?"

Valois answered almost with reverence:

"A nice, quiet gentleman. A man that liked outdoors and outdoor sports. Best of all, he liked to spend his evenings at home reading."

"Not much like his cousin John," she ventured with narrowing eyes.

"No, ma'am. God be praised! There's a young fool for you, miss, crazy for the women and his drinking."

"I understand that he was dependent upon Frederick Cavendish."

"He was, miss," Valois said disgustedly, "for every cent."

"Did they ever quarrel?"

"I never heard them. But I do know there was no love lost between them, and I know that young John was always broke."

"Girls cost lots on Broadway," Miss Donovan suggested, "and they keep men up late, too."

Valois laughed lightly. "John only came home to sleep occasionally," he said; "and as for the women—one of them called on him the day after Mr. Frederick was killed. One of those tall blondes with a reddish tinge in her hair. He likes that kind."

Miss Donovan started imperceptibly. This was interesting; a woman in John Cavendish's apartment the day after his cousin's murder! But who was she? There were a million carrot-blondes in Manhattan. Still, the woman must have had some distinguishing mark; her hat, perhaps, or her jewels.

"Did the woman wear any diamonds?" she asked.

"No diamonds," Valois returned; "a ruby, though. A ruby set in a big platinum ring. I saw her hand upon the knob."

Miss Donovan's blood raced fast. She knew that woman. It was Celeste La Rue. From what Miss Donovan knew of Miss La Rue, she did not ordinarily seek men; therefore there must have been a grave reason for her presence in John Cavendish's apartments immediately after she learned of Frederick's death. A thousand speculations entered Miss Donovan's mind.

"How long was she in the apartment?" she demanded sharply.

"Fifteen or twenty minutes, miss—until after the hallman came back."

"Have you told any one else what you have told me?"

"Only Josette. She's my fiancée. Miss La Rue is her last name. She questioned me about losing my job, and her questions brought things into my mind that I might never have thought of otherwise. And at last I came to believe that it wasn't Mr. Frederick who was dead at all."

Miss Donovan's eyes dilated with eagerness and amazement.

"Not Frederick Cavendish! Mr. Valois, tell me—why?"

The other's voice fell to a whisper. "Frederick Cavendish, miss," he said hollowly, "had a scar on his chest—from football, he once told me—and the man we laid out, well, his body was a bit burned, but had no scar on his chest."

Miss Donovan sprang suddenly to her feet.

"Mr. Valois," she said breathlessly, "you come and tell that story to my city editor, and he'll see that you get a job—and a real one. You and I have started something, Mr. Valois."

And tossing money to cover the bill on the table, she took Valois' arm, and with him in tow hurried through the restaurant to the city streets on one of which was the Star office, where Farriss, the city editor, daily damned the doings of the world.

Farriss, for once, was enthusiastic. "A great lead! By the Lord, it is! Now to prove it, Stella—Farriss always resorted to first names—"you drop everything else and go to this, learn what you can, spend money if you have to. I'll drag Willis off police, and you work with him. I'll give you a week—when you've got something, come back!"

## CHAPTER III.

### On the Track of a Crime.

In the city room of the Star, Farriss, the city editor, sat back in his swivel chair smoking a farewell pipe preparatory to going home. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a clatter of footsteps, and, slapping his feet to the floor, he turned to confront Willis and Miss Donovan.

Miss Donovan smiled at him. "Great luck! We've got something; and we dug all week to get it."

"Well, for Pete's sake, shoot!" demanded Farriss. "Cavendish, I suppose?"

The two nodded. Their eyes were alight with enthusiasm.

"In the first place," said the girl, with grave emphasis, "Frederick Cavendish did not die intestate as supposed. He left a will."

Farriss blinked. "That's interesting. There was no evidence of that before."

"I got that from the servants of the College club," Willis interposed.

"The will was drawn the night before the murder. And the man that drew it was Patrick Enright, of Enright and

Dougherty. Cavendish took away a copy of it in his pocket. And, Mr. Farriss, I got something else, too—Enright and young John Cavendish are in communication further. I saw him leaving Enright's office all excited. Following my hunch, I cultivated Miss Healy, Enright's stenographer, and learned that the two had an altercation and that it was evidently over some document."

Stella Donovan began speaking now: "Celeste La Rue, the blonde of the Revue, has got some kind of hold on John Cavendish. It isn't love, either; it's something stronger. He jumps when she holds the hoop."

"Enright?" Farriss ventured.

"Exactly—Enright," he concluded, lighting his half-smoked cigarette.

"Well," the city editor tapped his desk; "you two have done pretty well so far. You've got considerable dope. Now, what do you make of it?"

"It may be a dream," Willis said, smiling, "but here is the way I stack it up. The night after he quarreled with John, Frederick Cavendish called in Enright and made a will, presumably cutting John off with practically nothing."

"Immediately after Frederick's departure, Enright calls Carlton's cafe and talks to John Cavendish, who had been dining there with Celeste La Rue. It is reasonable to suppose that he told him of the will. Less than five hours afterward Frederick Cavendish is found dead in his apartments."

"My God! Has he been located?"

"Yes, and is safe for the present. Here, read this telegram. It's not very clear, but Beaton wants money and asks me to bring it."

"You? Why does he need you?"

"Lack of nerve, I guess; he's out of his element in that country. If it was the Bowery he'd do this sort of job better. Anyhow, I'm going, and I want a roll. We can't either of us afford to lie down now."

Cavendish half smothered an oath. "How much do you want?"

"Ten thousand. I'm willing enough to split fifty-fifty. This Colorado job is getting to be expensive, deary. I wouldn't dare draw on you through the banks."

In the back booth Willis muttered: "Gad, things are going great." Then he bent his ear to sedulous attention and again he could hear the voice of Cavendish.

"You've got to tell me what you're going to do with the money," it said.

The La Rue woman's answer could not be heard; evidently it was a whispered one, and therefore of utmost importance. Came a pause, a clink of glasses, and then a few straggling words filtered over the partition.

"But if the man should talk!"

"Forget it! Ned Beaton is an oyster. Besides, I've got the screws on him. Come on, Johnnie boy, don't be a fool. We are in this game and must play it out. It has been safe enough so far, and I know what I am doing now. You've got too much at stake to haggle over a few thousand, when the money has come to you as easily as this has. Do I get the money?"

He must have acceded, for his voice no longer rose to a high pitch. Presently, when the orchestra began playing again, Miss Donovan and Willis judged the pair were giving their attention to the dinner. Finally, after an hour had passed, Cavendish emerged from the booth, and hurriedly left the cafe. Waiting only long enough to satisfy herself that Cavendish was gone, Celeste La Rue herself emerged from the booth and paused for a moment beside its bamboo curtains. Then turning suddenly, she made her way, not toward the exit of the cafe, but to another small booth near the check-room, and into this she disappeared.

But before she had started this short journey, a yellow piece of paper, closely folded, slipped from her belt where it had been tucked.

"It's the telegram! The one of which they were speaking," Miss Donovan's voice whispered dramatically as her eyes swept the tiny clue within their ambit.

At her words Willis was out of the booth. As Miss Donovan watched, she saw him pass by the folded evidence. What was wrong? But, no—suddenly she saw his handkerchief drop, saw him an instant later turn and pick it up, and with it the telegram. Disappearing in the direction of the men's room, he returned a moment later, paid the check, and with Miss Donovan on his arm left the cafe.

Outside, and three blocks away from Steinway's, they paused under an arc light, and with shaking hands Willis showed her the message. There, in the flickering rays, the girl read its torn and yet enlightening message:

"Colorado, May 19, 1915.

"Jim safe. Report and collect. Come with roll Monday sure."

"I've seen papers. Remember Haskell."

"NED."

"It's terribly cryptic, Jerry," she said from it.

"One is that La Rue's going to blow the burg some day—soon."

"The other, that 'Ned,' is Ned Beaton, the man mentioned back there in Steinway's. Whatever his connection is, we don't know. I think we had better go to Farriss, don't you?"

As they sat toying with their food, their eyes commanding the entire room, they saw a woman swing into the cafe entrance and enter the booth directly ahead of them.

"La Rue!" whispered Willis to Miss Donovan.

Ten minutes later a young man entered the cafe, swept it quickly with his eyes, then made directly for the enclosure occupied by his inamorata. The man was Cavendish.

In the booth behind, Miss Donovan and Willis were all attention, their ears strained to catch the wisps of conversation that eddied over the low partition.

"Well, I'm here," it was John's voice, an ill-humored voice, too. "But this is the last time, Celeste. These meetings are dangerous."

"Yes—when you talk so loud." Her soft voice scarcely reached the listeners.

"But this time there was a good reason." She laughed. "You didn't think it was love, did you, deary?"

"Oh, cut that out!" disgustedly. "You want more money, I suppose."

"Well, of course," her voice hardening. "Naturally I feel that I should share in your good fortune. But the amount I want now, and must have to-night—tonight, John Cavendish—is not altogether for myself. I've heard from the West."

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"Jim safe. Report and collect. Come with roll Monday sure."

"I've seen papers. Remember Haskell."

"NED."

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As they sat toying with their food, their eyes commanding the entire room, they saw a woman swing into the cafe entrance and enter the booth directly ahead of them.

"La Rue!" whispered Willis to Miss Donovan.

Ten minutes later a young man entered the cafe, swept it quickly with his eyes, then made directly for the enclosure occupied by his inamorata. The man was Cavendish.

In the booth behind, Miss Donovan and Willis were all attention, their ears strained to catch the wisps of conversation that eddied over the low partition.

"Well, I'm here," it was John's voice, an ill-humored voice, too. "But this is the last time, Celeste. These meetings are dangerous."

"Yes—when you talk so loud." Her soft voice scarcely reached the listeners.

"But this time there was a good reason." She laughed. "You didn't think it was love, did you, deary?"

"Oh, cut that out!" disgustedly. "You want more money, I suppose."

"Well, of course," her voice hardening. "Naturally I feel that I should share in your good fortune. But the amount I want now, and must have to-night—tonight, John Cavendish—is not altogether for myself. I've heard from the West."

"My God! Has he been located?"

"Yes, and is safe for the present. Here, read this telegram. It's not very clear, but Beaton wants money and asks me to bring it."

"You? Why does he need you?"

"Lack of nerve, I guess; he's out of his element in that country. If it was the Bowery he'd do this sort of job better. Anyhow, I'm going, and I want a roll. We can't either of us afford to lie down now."

Cavendish half smothered an oath. "How much do you want?"

"Ten thousand. I'm willing enough to split fifty-fifty. This Colorado job is getting to be expensive, deary. I wouldn't dare draw on you through the banks."

In the back booth Willis muttered: "Gad, things are going great." Then he bent his ear to sedulous attention and again he could hear the voice of Cavendish.

"You've got to tell me what you're going to do with the money," it said.

The La Rue woman's answer could not be heard; evidently it was a whispered one, and therefore of utmost importance. Came a pause, a clink of glasses, and then a few straggling words filtered over the partition.

"But if the man should talk!"

"Forget it! Ned Beaton is an oyster. Besides, I've got the screws on him. Come on, Johnnie boy, don't be a fool. We are in this game and must play it out. It has been safe enough so far, and I know what I am doing now. You've got too much at stake to haggle over a few thousand, when the money has come to you as easily as this has. Do I get the money?"

He must have acceded, for his voice no longer rose to a high pitch. Presently, when the orchestra began playing again, Miss Donovan and Willis judged the pair were giving their attention to the dinner. Finally, after an hour had passed, Cavendish emerged from the booth, and hurriedly left the cafe. Waiting only long enough to satisfy herself that Cavendish was gone, Celeste La Rue herself emerged from the booth and paused for a moment beside its bamboo curtains. Then turning suddenly, she made her way, not toward the exit of the cafe, but to another small booth near the check-room, and into this she disappeared.

But before she had started this short journey, a yellow piece of paper, closely folded, slipped from her belt where it had been tucked.

"It's the telegram! The one of which they were speaking," Miss Donovan's voice whispered dramatically as her eyes swept the tiny clue within their ambit.

At her words Willis was out of the booth. As Miss Donovan watched, she saw him pass by the folded evidence. What was wrong? But, no—suddenly she saw his handkerchief drop, saw him an instant later turn and pick it up, and with it the telegram. Disappearing in the direction of the men's room, he returned a moment later, paid the check, and with Miss Donovan on his arm left the cafe.

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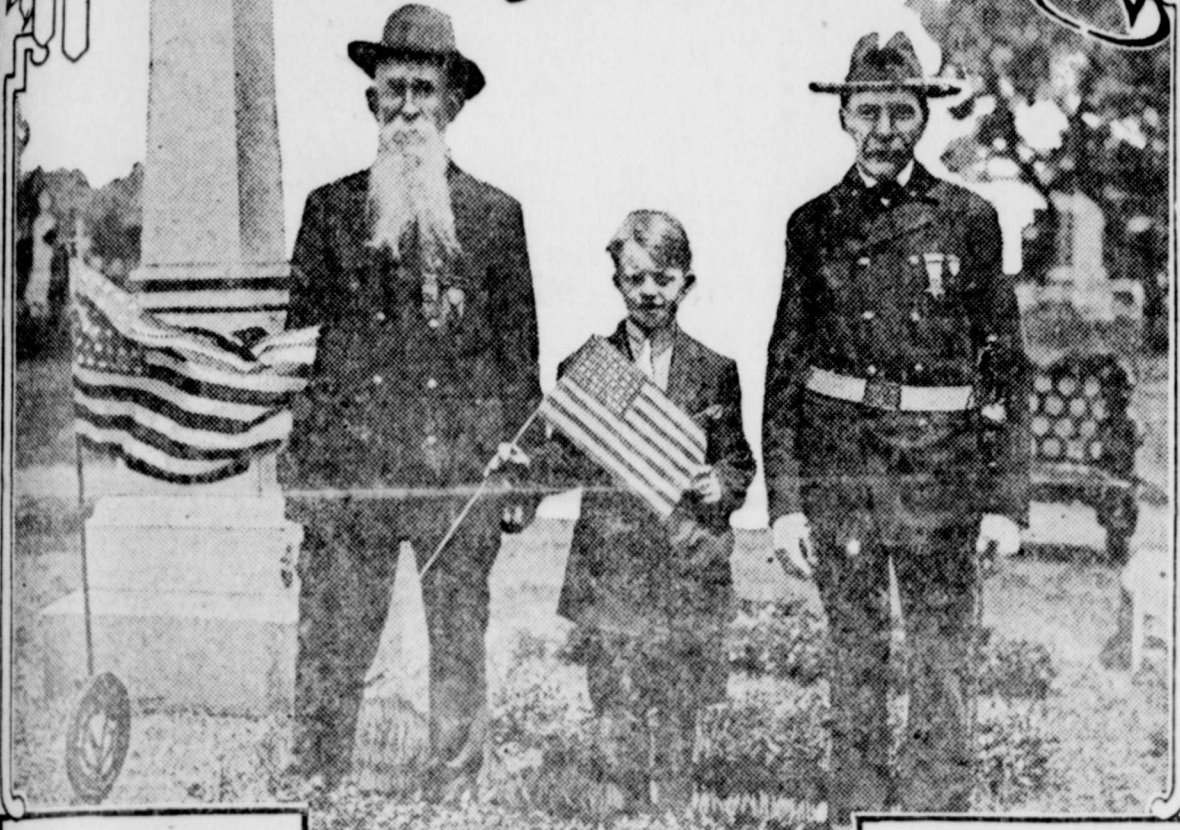
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# Lesson of the Day



"From these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

"We here highly resolve that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by Miss Sara A. Hamlin



Charles John Huffam Dickens was born Feb. 7, 1812, at Portsea, England, where his father was a clerk in the navy pay office. He died at Gadshill Place, in Kent, on June 9, 1870.

His dream of writing came to him early when as a boy he read breathlessly the battered novels in his father's library. He became a reporter on the London newspapers, and wrote (1836) "Sketches by Boz," wherein are, in miniature, all the abounding virtues of his novels. The "Pickwick Papers" (1837) were a great success. Their inimitable rollicking humor captivated the English reading world. His first extended novel was "Oliver Twist" (1838), followed by "Nicholas Nickleby" (1828-29), "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" (1840-41). He produced some sixteen major novels, the last, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870), being unfinished. "David Copperfield" (1829-50), held by many to be his masterpiece, and by not a few to be the greatest story ever written, is supposed to be semi-autobiographical. Many of his novels were published in installments, and never before or since has any literary publication excited such a furore. After his initial successes Dickens' life was a triumphal procession, saddened only by domestic unhappiness. He visited America, where his works were even more popular than in England, in 1842 and 1847-48.

He wrote in his will his own best epitaph: "I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country on my published works." He might well have substituted "the world" for "my country." Perhaps the quality that distinguishes his novels among all others is their abounding humor.

On a cold November night, in the year 1775, the English mail coach, on its way from London to Dover, was carrying among its passengers a Mr. Jarvis Lorry, a London banker of the well-known firm of Telford & Co. As the coach stumbled along in the darkness, there arose before him the vision of an emaciated figure with hair prematurely white. All night between him and the spectre the same words repeated themselves again and again.

"Buried how long?" "Almost eighteen years." "I hope you care to live?" "I can't say."

About eighteen years before the story opens, Dr. Manette, a prominent young physician of Paris, had suddenly disappeared. Everything was done to discover some trace of him, but in vain. The loss of her husband caused his wife such anguish that she resolved to bring up her little daughter in ignorance of her father's fate; and when in two years she died, she left little Lucie under the guardianship of Telford & Co., to whose care Dr. Manette for many years had intrusted his financial affairs.

Strange tidings concerning the Doctor had just come from Paris, and Mr. Lorry was on his way to meet his ward, and explain to her the facts of her early life. This was a duty from which the kind-hearted banker shrunk, and when he saw the slight golden-haired girl who came to meet him, his heart almost faltered; but his task was accomplished at last.

"And now," concluded Mr. Lorry, "your father has been found. He is alive, greatly changed, but alive. He has been taken to the house of a former servant in Paris, and we are going there. I to identify him, you to restore him to life and love."

The servant that sheltered Dr. Manette was a man by the name of Defarge who, with his wife, kept a wine-shop in the obscure district of St. Antoine. The banker and Lucie were taken to an attic where a haggard, white-haired man sat on a low bench, making shoes, a wretch of a man, oblivious of all around him.

Again was the Channel crossed, and again the old inquiry whispered in the ear of Jarvis Lorry: "I hope you care to be recalled to life?" "I can't say."

Five years later, in the court room of the Old Bailey in London, a young Frenchman was on trial for his life. Near him sat an untidy looking individual by the name of Sydney Carton. With his eyes fixed on the ceiling, he was unobtrusively, apparently, of all that passed around him; but it was he, who, first noticing the extraordinary resemblance between the prisoner and himself, rescued Charles Darnay from the web of deceit which had been spun around him.

Between these two young men, the striking resemblance was in outward appearance only. Charles Darnay was of noble birth; but his ancestors had for many years so cruelly oppressed the French peasantry that the name of Evremonde was hated and despised. Wholly unlike them in character, this last descendant of his race had given up his name and estate, and had come to England as a private gentleman, eager to begin life anew.

Sydney Carton was a young English lawyer, brilliant in intellect, but steadily deteriorating through his life of dissipation, able to advise others but unable to guide himself, "conscious of the blight on him and resigning himself to let it eat him away."

He and Darnay soon became frequent visitors at the small house in Soho square, the home of Dr. Manette and his daughter. Through Lucie's care and devotion, the Doctor had almost wholly recovered from the effects of his long imprisonment, and it was only in times of strong excitement that any trace of his past insanity could be detected. The sweet face of Lucie Manette soon won the hearts of both the young men, but it was Darnay to whom she gave her love.

And so that interview between Lucie and Sydney Carton has a pathos that wrings our hearts. He knew that even if his love could have been returned, it would have added only to his bitterness and sorrow, for he felt it would have been powerless to lift him from the slough of selfishness and sensuality that had engulfed him. But he could not resist this last sad confession of his love; and when she weeps at the sorrow of which she has been the innocent cause, he implores: "Do not weep, dear Miss Manette; the life I lead renders me unworthy of your pure love. My last supplication is this: Think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you."

But dark days were to come. In the year 1789 the downtrodden French peasantry turned upon their oppressors. The streets of Paris were filled with crowds of people whose anger cry was for "blood." Madame Defarge no longer sat behind the counter of her small wine shop, silently knitting into her work the names of her hated enemies, but axe in hand and knife at her belt, headed a frenzied mob of women on to the Bastille. The French Revolution had actually begun.

Madame Defarge was one of the leading spirits of the Revolution. Early in life she had seen her family fall victims to the tyranny and lust of the cruel nobility and from that time her life had been devoted to revenge.

Three years of crime and bloodshed passed, and in 1792 Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Charles Darnay landed in Paris, the former to protect the French branch of Telford & Co., and the latter to befriend an old family servant who had besought his help. Not until they had set foot in Paris did they realize into what a caldron of fury they had plunged. Mr. Lorry, on account of his business relations, was allowed his freedom, but Darnay was hurried at once to the prison of La Force, there to await his trial. The reason given for the outrage was the new law for the arrest of all returning French emigrants, but the true cause was that he had been recognized as Charles Evremonde.

These tidings soon reached London, and Dr. Manette, with his daughter Lucie, hastened to Paris, for he felt sure that his long confinement in the Bastille would win for him the sympathy of the French people, and thus enable him to save his son-in-law. Days and months passed, and although the Doctor succeeded in gaining a promise that Darnay's life should be spared, the latter was not allowed to leave his prison.

At last came the dreadful year of the Reign of Terror. The sympathy which at first had been given to Dr. Manette had become weakened through the influence of the bloodthirsty Madame Defarge. Also, there had been found in the ruins of the Bastille a paper which contained Dr. Manette's account of his own abduction and imprisonment, and pronouncing a solemn curse upon the House of Evremonde and their descendants, who were declared to be the authors of his eighteen years of misery. Charles Darnay's doom was sealed. "Back to the Conciergerie and death within twenty-four hours."

To Sydney Carton, who had followed his friends to Paris, came an inspiration. Had he not promised Lucie that he would die to save a life she loved? By bribery, he gains admittance to the prison; Darnay is removed unconscious from the cell, and Carton sits down to await his fate.

Along the Paris streets six tumblers are carrying the day's wine to la guillotine. In the third car sits a young man with his hands bound. As the cries from the street arise against him they only move him to a quiet smile as he shakes more loosely his hair about his face.

"Crash! A head is held up and the knitting women who are ranged about the scaffold count "One."

The third cart comes up and the supposed Evremonde descends. His lips move, forming the words, "A life you love."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, then all flashes away.

"Twenty-three!" "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

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Relic Goes Like Hot Cakes. "You say this is the only autograph of Charlemagne in existence?" asked the customer suspiciously.

"It is."

"It must be very desirable."

"Yes," said the absent-minded salesman. "We're selling lots of 'em."

## HOME TOWN HELPS

### FAVOR WELL-KEPT GROUNDS

Real-Estate Buyers Will Invariably Give Preference to House With Attractive Surroundings.

It pays to add a few frills when making a home, writes Edward Irving Farrington, in the Philadelphia Ledger. This fact was illustrated when a certain man owning a small suburban property found it necessary to make a quick sale. Having a keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature, this man had surrounded his modest house with ornamental trees and flowering shrubs. They had been growing for only a few years, to be sure, but they had become so well established that all appearance of newness had disappeared. Now, this man was able to obtain for his property 25 per cent more than a neighbor who had a costlier house, but who had neglected its external embellishment. Moreover, he sold his property several months before his neighbor could find a purchaser.

Now, of course, the average man will not plant grounds for the prime purpose of making his place salable. It must be admitted, in passing, though, that real-estate men the country over are beginning to learn that they can get a much larger price for their new houses if they plant the grounds before offering them for sale. From this point of view of the house owner, however, the free use of trees and shrubs is desirable in two ways. It adds greatly to his enjoyment and comfort and to that of his agreeable knowledge that these same trees and shrubs are rapidly growing into money. If he has any doubt upon the latter point he has only to put up a "For Sale" sign on his front gate. It is always the house which has been given an inviting, homelike appearance that catches the eyes of a prospective buyer.

### FINE EFFECT AT SMALL COST

Concrete Front and Entrance Add Much to Attractiveness of Otherwise Unpretentious Home.

Viewed from the street, a residence in a middle-western city appears to be an expensive concrete building, though in reality the structure is made almost entirely of wood, and was erected at a very moderate cost. This effect is obtained by means of an artistic



Side View of the Dwelling: In This Picture Can Be Seen the Frame Portion of the Structure, Which is Scarcely Visible From the Street.

concrete front and entrance, which add to the beauty of the dwelling, but represent only a small outlay of cash. The entrance resembles a pergola, and includes two massive square columns, while the front is designed to harmonize. A small window is located on each side of the doorway.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

### A Well-Laid Garden.

A garden has this advantage, that it makes it indifferent where you live. A well-laid garden makes the face of the country of no account; let that be low or high, grand or mean, you have made a beautiful abode worthy of man. If the landscape is pleasing, the garden shows it—if tame, it excludes it. A little grove, which any farmer can find or cause to grow near his house, will in a few years make curtains and chains of mountains quite unnecessary to his scenery; and he is so contented with his valleys, woodlands, orchards, and river, that Niagara, and the Notch of the White mountains, and Nantasket beach, are superfluous.—Emerson.

### Cut Cost of City Lighting.

City administrations anxious to cut down running expenses will find much of interest in the proposal recently advanced by two illuminating engineers. A duplex electric street light is their suggestion, the globe to contain two lamps instead of one as at present. These lamps are to be placed tip to tip; one is to be of 600 to 1,000 cp.; the other of 100 to 250 cp. From sundown until midnight, according to this scheme, the stronger lamp would burn. At midnight the city current would be momentarily reduced, causing a small mercury cut-out in each globe to extinguish the big lamp and turn on the smaller.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

### British Courts Bar Veils.

According to English law, a woman witness must raise her veil and expose her face, so that the jury may judge by her features as to her truthfulness.

## MEMORIAL HONORS ALL HER HEROES

Memories of Veterans of Three Wars Are Enshrined in Country's Heart.

Memorial day is the day of the dead, the day of the veterans of three wars; but, though hallowed and consecrated by the fresh and poignant sacrifices of those who passed away in the great war of liberation, "over there" there cannot be any more than in the past, any associations but those of true joy and honorable pride, far removed from the repair of causes lost, or from griefs for those whose death is without meaning and end without result. For the holy joy of those who know that the sacrifices were not in vain at distinguished this day of days is year, coupled with the realization that both those who went and those who remained joined freely in the nation on the altar of the country with an unflinching belief in the fine ability of the obligation and the deep realization of what it meant for the nation good.

While the ceremonies on this side of the usual lines, heightened by opportunity to pay fresh homage to the heroes whose home is due, the tribute that is paid "over there," beginning with solemnity at Suresnes, near which was developed the American cemetery nearest to Paris, at which President Wilson officiated last year, the very presence of the dead themselves, takes on an especially moving character. For in nothing did the American expeditionary force and all helpful accessory agencies, such as the Red Cross, so distinguish themselves as in their concern that the last resting place of those who fell abroad should be neither unknown, unmarked nor unhonored. As a result of this determined and consecrated effort of services, the new graves of the dead, be they located where they are, or removed to the permanent places of burial that have been secured at appropriate places as the national American cemeteries, will receive every attention that is their just due from their brothers in arms "over there" and a grateful country. The graves, all separately and singly marked with the cross, or the star, in name and title, no distinction rank being allowed in the identification, will be decorated, one and all, and while much that has been done as to the handling of these national cemeteries has followed the lead of the British, who have been at the forefront of the problem longer, yet this annual commemoration of the memorial day, so familiar to us all, new to our allies, and to the French, though they have gladly co-operated with the American forces in order to make the day a truly notable one and one of general and significant commemoration, so far as the general cemeteries go, have followed the British in the

## THE NATION'S DEAD. 1861—1865.

Four hundred thousand men, The bravest—the good—the true, In tangled wood, in mountain glen, On battle plain, in prison pen, Lie dead for me and you! Four hundred thousand of the brave Have made our ransomed soil their grave. For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp, By many a black bayou, In many a cold and frozen camp The weary sentinel ceased his tramp. And died for me and you! From western plain to ocean tide Are stretched the graves of those who died. For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain Their ready swords they drew, And poured their lifeblood like the rain, A home—a heritage to gain, To gain for me and you! Our brothers mustered by our side; They marched and fought and bravely died. For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall They charged—those boys in blue— Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball. The bravest were the first to fall: To fall for me and you! These noble men—the nation's pride— Four hundred thousand men have died. For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold Their martyr spirits grew To stature like the saints of old; While, amid agonies untold, They starved for me and you! The good, the patient and the tried, Four hundred thousand men have died. For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay To them is justly due; And to the nation's latest day Our children's children still shall say: "They died for me and you!" Four hundred thousand of the brave Made this our ransomed soil their grave. For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

plan for the separate graves, but they have gone a little further in that each large burying place will be dominated by a tall cross and plain altar stone, described by Kipling as "the Cross of Sacrifice and the Stone of Remembrance," the stone bearing the inscription, also suggested by Kipling, "Their name liveth forevermore." Save for this, the great concentration cemeteries of the American forces, such as Romagne-sur-Montfaucon, the largest, containing 36,000 graves of those who fell in the Meuse-Argonne battles, will represent little more than the simplicity of Quaker burying grounds, since the permanent memorial monuments that may be erected are yet to be determined. But there is no question of the monumental effect of the commemoration, nor will those who lie in the smaller cemeteries or in the little French churchyards be over-

looked today or in the years to come.

This is all as it should be. And quite as those at home would wish it. And, as has happened in the case of the older celebrations, even though the day brings its fresh and deeper sorrows, at the same time there must be felt everywhere the comforting sense that the country and those who have passed away were equal to their task in the world crisis. It is but meet and proper, therefore, that all should insist that wherever they may lie each and all who paid the final debt shall be marked from among their fellows, dead and living, by such solemn and ceremonial observances as we have set up here for generations and are now repeating abroad. Respect and recognition for what they did and proper honors for the hero dead lend dignity to the living, glorify all sense of duty and discipline and lift all life into the nobler channels of a humanity that is not, as is writ of the beasts of the fields, "without aim or hope," but serves understandingly and not in vain.

## PASSING OF THE GRAND ARMY

Significant That in Omaha Three Posts of Veterans Have Had to Be Consolidated.

One of the items of local news carries with it a tinge of sadness, observes the Omaha Bee. It recounts the fact that the three Omaha posts of the Grand Army of the Republic are to be consolidated because they no longer have numerical strength for more than one. This is simple notice that the great organization of men who wore the blue and marched with Grant and Sherman, is passing on more rapidly than we realize. They were boys in '65, when the conflict closed, but that was more than half a century ago, and the youngest head that sheltered under a soldier's cap then is now snow-white from age. It was inevitable that this association of men who shared together the hardships and privations, the dangers and the triumphs of war, should pass in its time, for its members are immortal only in the deeds they wrought and the glory they brought to America. Soon "the muffled drum's sad roll" will have beaten the last tattoo for the Grand Army; the last veteran will have been laid away to await the bugle-sounding reveille in eternity, the last bronze button will be placed alongside the tattered old battle flags and the stained uniform, and the Grand Army of the Republic will live only in the memory of a people who will more and more enjoy the fruitage of its history.

On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, While glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead.

## Day of Solemn Ceremony.

This Memorial day is a time when the people of this country unite in paying tribute to the thousands who made the supreme sacrifice in the greatest of all fratricidal wars. It is a solemn occasion, and nothing should be permitted to mar its sanctity. Certain it is that the day should not be given over to sport.

THINK of the young men—the boys in blue and in gray—who went down in the cruel slaughter of Cold Harbor and in the gloom of the Wilderness, and who were, or themselves out in hospital and in prison! You can take up no college history, or town history or family history, without coming across evidences of the unspcakable sadness of this young life. The boys who there surrendered it, in the full-flood of patriotism, would otherwise have seen the telephone and the automobile and the flying machine, and the countless wonders of our great era, and would have been able to witness the solemn drama of the nations as it has been enacting. All this is life. Some of them would have fallen away from natural causes, to be sure, but many would now be looking complacently out toward the setting sun. Children and grandchildren—who have now never crossed the threshold of existence—would have been gathering about them in affectionate reverence. What infinite pathos in the toll of war!

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Bran, Shorts, Corn Chops, Maize  
and Kaffir Chops, Cake Hay and Salt.

We Buy Second hand Sacks

**GOOD THINGS  
TO EAT**

ARE SPECIALTIES WITH US.  
Every Food Product we offer you is of  
REAL QUALITY. For your baking, we  
offer you Belle of Wichita Flour, the very  
highest grade of flour on the market.  
Let us fill your next grocery order with  
the best groceries you have ever been  
able to secure at any price.

**G. M. MOON**

**EVERY ONE  
FEELS BETTER TO-DAY**

SURE, EVERYBODY FEELS GOOD SINCE THE  
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TO SPEAK NOW FOR YOUR HARVEST BUSINESS. WE  
ARE BY FAR THE LARGEST PURCHASERS IN THE COUN-  
TY OF EVERYTHING FOR THE FARM AND HOME. ANY-  
THING IN THE FURNITURE, HARDWARE, GROCERIES  
AND DRY GOODS LINE. LET US SUPPLY YOU.

**LOCKE BROS.  
THE HOUSE OF QUALITY**

**Better Service**

Slip right over some of these days  
and see our beautiful line of new Spring  
Samples, they are delightful and we will  
guarantee you a perfect fit.  
Our new machinery for dry-cleaning  
is being installed, and we can give you  
unequaled service in cleaning and press-  
ing. Give us a trial.

At Our Old Stand  
**The Toggery**  
LEE NEWMAN, Prop.

**The Miami Chief.**

PUBLISHED EVERY THIR DAY

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

L. G. Waggoner, Editor and Owner.

Miami Texas.

Thursday, May 27, 1920.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

One year ..... \$1.50  
Six months ..... .85  
Three months ..... .50  
Single copies ..... .05

IN ADVANCE, ALWAYS

Another sign that summer is here  
is that sweet echo to the young boys  
ear. "Let's go swimmin'."

We may not have the biggest gar-  
den in the state, but we have one of  
the best, and eating garden "sass" is  
a lot more healthy than drinking "al-  
faifa tea."

Oh say have you been fighting the  
flies this spring. Remember that  
they are among the most deadly en-  
emies to health. Get the flies in the  
early spring.

The base ball epidemic is taking  
hold in Miami and a team is being or-  
ganized. Some of the boys have al-  
ready cleaned off the ground and are  
preparing for some match games in  
the near future.

Old Jupiter Pluvius was real mad  
Saturday afternoon. He left us an  
inch of water in about twenty min-  
utes, and there was water, water, ev-  
erywhere, and not a drop to drink.  
It was muddy.

The Laboring people of the United  
States are living better now than ever  
was chosen by the Democratic State  
Convention held at Dallas this week  
one of the Representatives to the  
National Convention. Other dele-  
gates from the Panhandle were Atty.  
H. B. Hill of Shamrock, R. A. Under-  
wood of Hale, and Mrs. R. S. Thomp-  
son of Amarillo.

It is said that there will not only be  
plenty of binder twine this year, but  
that is coming cheaper than it did  
last year. This is indeed sweet me-  
dicine to the ear of the farmer who ex-  
pects to bind his wheat, but from the  
great number in this section who have  
purchased Harvester-Thresher machi-  
nes, it looks as though binder twine  
will have a very small demand.

Hemphill County last week voted  
a bond issue for their county of 70,  
000 for the erection of a county Hos-  
pital.

The City Council of Canadian have  
recently passed a resolution to adopt  
Central Time instead of Mountain  
time, which the Panhandle is now us-  
ing. This brings back to memory our  
efforts, to get the zone line moved  
back to where it was. If this has yet  
been passed on, we have failed to no-  
tice it, but we trust that it has not  
and will be acted upon favorable.

The Chief extends the very deep-  
est sympathy to Editor Lee Satter-  
white, in the loss of his wife on Fri-  
day of last week. Mrs. Satterwhite  
has been in failing health for the past  
many months, and underwent several  
operations. Mrs. Satterwhite was  
well known among the Panhandle  
Press, and Mr. Satterwhite is a past  
president of the Association, also at  
present State Representative from the  
Amarillo district. The good lady  
leaves three daughters and a son, be-  
sides the husband.

A few days after the big shipment  
of port wine left Canadian one fel-  
low went crazy and they sent him to  
Terrell. Another fellow has been  
trying to signal Mars with a cigarette,  
and now Editor Loomis comes out  
with the statement in the Record that  
they are teaching Bull Frogs how to  
drive an aeroplane. If they had mix-  
ed a little Alfalfa Tea with the wine,  
chances are by now they would have  
been asking the government to make  
the Canadian river navigable and Ca-  
nadian a seaport.

The Laboring people of the United  
States are living better now than ever  
was chosen by the Democratic State  
Convention held at Dallas this week  
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National Convention. Other dele-  
gates from the Panhandle were Atty.  
H. B. Hill of Shamrock, R. A. Under-  
wood of Hale, and Mrs. R. S. Thomp-  
son of Amarillo.

**From Experience**

We know that people as a rule want High Grade Groceries  
and for that reason we have always on hand a complete stock  
of the high grade brands. The kind that we are not afraid to  
stand behind with an absolute guarantee of PURITY AND  
QUALITY. When you buy Groceries at our store, you must  
be satisfied with every order. We sell guaranteed Groceries  
and all other article that you are apt to find at a grocery store.

**Webster Grocery Co.**

**SAVE THE SURFACE**

Save The Surface - and you save all.  
That's a mighty fine slogan and now  
is the time to paint that barn or resi-  
dence.

But you cant save the surface with a  
cheap grade paint, so again we say- dont  
buy paint that is "Cheap by the job."

We are exclusive agents for  
Sherwin-Williams paints and varnishes  
NUF SED

Phone 23 Phone 23

SEE US

**WHITE HOUSE  
LUMBER CO.**

J. W. VOYLES, Local Manager

**PASTIME PROGRAMS**

Friday, Tomorrow A Robertson-Cole feature.

Saturday, this week, WHEN ARIZONA WON. A thrilling  
western photodrama that you will enjoy.

Monday, next week, begins a new FOX service, and the title  
of the picture will be, THE GIRL IN BOHEMIA. If you have  
ever saw Fox pictures, you know they are all good, and so is  
this one. Adm. 15-30.

Tuesday, next week, CLARA KIMBAL YOUNG in CHEAT-  
ING CHEATERS. Here is a comedy drama that will tickle and  
amuse you throughout. Talk about crook stories, this is the  
limit. It is now being played on the Redpath Lyceum bureau  
and was at Amarillo this spring. You will enjoy it. Adm 15-30

**Love Without Question**

Thursday, next week, June 3.  
One of the biggest and timely pictures produced this year.  
A picture that with interest from the first yard to the last and  
one that will keep you guessing and entertained. There was a  
twenty-five page ad on this picture in the Motion Picture News  
last week, and they don't advertise them this way unless they  
are exceptional. Don't ever miss this really big special. Spe-  
cial bargain admission prices.

**Watch For  
"THE LOST CITY"**

THE PASTIME THEATRE



BUY AT HOME!

We Sell Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet  
articles, Sundries, Etc. Ice Cream,  
Cold Drinks, Candies, Cigars, Ciga-  
rettes, Etc.

We invite you to give us your  
prescription work. Every Prescrip-  
tion will receive careful and person-  
al attention.

COME TO SEE US.  
**A. M. Jones Drug  
Company.**

Agents for  
SINGER SEWING MACHINES

**K. HICKMAN**

DEALER IN  
L. Mills, Pipes, Casing  
**Hardware, Stoves,  
and Tinware.**

"CANTON CLIPPER" FARM  
IMPLEMENTS & MACHINERY.



Galvanized Tanks, Troughs, Metallic Well Curbing, etc., Made to Order  
TIN SHOP IN CONNECTION. MIAMI - TEXAS

**DUNIVEN BROTHERS**

The farmers, merchants, railroads, and in fact all come here  
for excellent repair work. We do it on time and to please.

We have a new man for horseshoeing and if you need any  
shoeing done, bring your horses and you will get quick service.

We have in stock a few pair of Non Skid auto chains that  
we are selling at a bargain. Come in and save money on re-  
pairs and automobile chains.

**LISTER SHARES**

We have a large and complete stock  
of Lister Shares to fit any make of plow.  
Ready sharpened and ready for use.

**THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE,**

DRUGS and MEDICINES, Toilet articles, Etc

— WALKER & TALLEY, Props—  
JEWELRY, KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

Miami, Texas.

O. E. Grimes has moved back from Oklahoma City to the Miami country and will begin farming again.

Atty. N. P. Willis of Canadian was down Saturday looking after legal matters for a client.

County Clerk and Mrs. M. M. Craig have been rejoicing since Saturday over the arrival of a new son at their place. The youngster weighed eleven pounds and promises to be a real man when he gets grown.

Black Bros. have sold their dray and transfer line to T. I. Fulfer and Jim Hale, who took possession last week. Bill and George Black expect to farm this summer, and Earnest will continue the ice business.

Mrs. Clarence Powell visited in Canadian Friday of last week.

Will Sims of Mobeetie has recently moved to Springtown Arkansas where he purchased some land.

Mrs. Ada Rodgers checked over the post office Friday of last week to O. Webster, and left with her sister, for Tekoa, Washington where she expects to spend the summer. Mrs. Rodgers made a most efficient postmistress and patrons of the office regret her recent break down in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Coble of Wichita Falls, Texas visited the parental Woods Coffee home last week.

Frank Pursley and Roy Lard left last week for Colorado Springs by automobile, where they will visit Erv Black.

Mrs. Bob Byrd of Panhandle visited her sisters, Mrs. McKenzie and Mrs. Williams in Miami Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. N. S. Locke went to Wellington Monday after her mother who has been visiting relatives at that place. They returned Wednesday.

Cecil Fitzgerald has accepted a position with the Chief force during school vacation.

The J. D. Lard family left first of the week for Hot Springs, New Mexico, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. S. E. Robbin's mother of Euwaka, Kansas is here this week visiting her.

Roy Coffee of Wichita Falls, Texas visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Coffee, Sr. the latter part of last week.

Druggist A. M. Jones is able to be out this week after a long siege of Small Pox.

Claude Locke is attending business again this week after a three weeks siege in bed from Rheumatism.

We are in receipt of an invitation to attend the Graduation Exercises of the medical department of the State University at Galveston this week, in which L. C. Heare, Jr., of this place and graduates and will put the "M. D." handle on his name. We can't be present for the occasion, but our best wishes for the success of this young brilliant Roberts county product is there. Congratulations, Charlie.

L. H. Kelley of Cleburne visited his brother, Dr. J. H. Kelley of Miami last and this week.

Eld. I. L. Sanders will begin a meeting Monday night of next week at the Totty School house near Mobeetie.

Horace Smith was down from Amarillo Sunday visiting parents and Miami friends. He is at present employed at the Chocolate Shop.

Rev. J. M. Hale of Goodnight is assisting Pastor E. J. Pennington in a meeting at the Seiber School house this week.

Eld. M. E. Wells will begin a protracted meeting at the Mt. Zion school house this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Craig Sr., of Wheeler were visiting with their Grandson at the Junior M. M.'s home in Miami last week.

Jno. A. Newman came in Sunday morning from Wichita Falls, and received a message upon his arrival that his father was very sick at Celina.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman and daughter Willie Fay and Grandma Davis left Sunday night for Celina. Grandma Davis expects to spend the most of the summer in that part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Martin visited Miami friends Sunday and returned to Amarillo Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Anderson and children of Pampa visited Miami relatives Sunday.

Mrs. W. F. Locke visited relatives at White Deer Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Misses Ollie and Zelma Cole of Pampa visited at the Elliott and Sohns home in Miami Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Andy Crocker of Pampa visited at the parental J. R. Crocker home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Mathers went to Amarillo Sunday night on business.

Among the Miami Shriners attending the big initiation at Woodward last Friday were, Messrs. J. A. Meade, W. R. Ewing, D. B. Stribling, Edgar Coble, L. A. Coffee, Earl Meade, Sam Sanders, Dan Kivlehen, W. L. Mathers and Thos. J. Boney.

Mrs. John Cunningham and daughter, Miss Elsie were shopping in Canadian Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sanders were here this week enroute from Snyder to Nebraska, where Sander Brothers have some large contracts on public roads. They expect to complete the work in the Snyder country in the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Tucker of Mendota spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fulton.

Joe Williams was over Tuesday from the Elliott ranch near Mobeetie. Joe says things look fine in that section of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Davenport of Sulphur, Oklahoma visited this week at the W. A. Dyer home. They are enroute to Clayton, New Mexico.

Mrs. W. T. Rowland of Nocona, Texas visited this week with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dyer.

Mrs. G. W. Orr of Mobeetie visited her daughter Miss Cora, Monday, enroute home from Claude.

Mrs. Karl Certain returned home this week after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Philpott.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stocker and daughter, Miss Melba are spending a week with relatives in Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Picken and children visited in Amarillo Monday which L. C. Heare, Jr., of this place and returned with some new Overland cars.

Ray Howard came in this week from Loving, New Mexico, where his mother, Mrs. W. W. Howard and sister expect to spend the summer and return to Miami for school. Ray likes the Panhandle better.

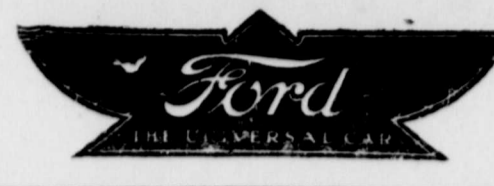
J. E. Williams and family moved to their Gray county ranch this week, but will return to Miami for school again in September.

Mrs. P. K. Burum of Panhandle is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bernice Heare this week.

Sam Sanders has rented the J. A. Holmes residence and will move to same this week. Sanders Bros. will retain their general offices at Miami this summer.

Mrs. Bob Byrd and daughter, Miss Lula of Panhandle visited first of the week at the J. K. McKenzie home.

The City Water mains are being extended this week to accommodate the Philpott, Talley and Durrett residences.



## Weak Links in a Strong chain

That's just what imitation parts are when they become part of your Ford car. They look strong enough, but the metal isn't there—the strong, durable Vandium steel goes into the Ford Chassis and every Ford part. Ford parts specially cast and heat-treated each according to its use. Some require a hard, flint like wearing surface, others need resistance, and some need just "toughness."

Ford metallurgists have been studying these problems for sixteen years and know just how each unit should be made to endure a maximum wear and tear. They know that honest Ford parts wear from thirty-five to one hundred percent longer than counterfeits.

We carry a complete assortment of genuine Ford parts for both passenger cars and trucks. And our garage is equipped to give careful, prompt Ford service—from minor adjustments to complete overhauls. Drive in, it's better to be safe than sorry. Come to the Authorized Ford Dealer for service.

---

# J. A. COVEY & SON

INCORPORATED

MIAMI, - - TEXAS

**FOR SALE**  
500 acres of Plains land in Ochiltree County, 200 acres in cultivation, well improved. Possession at once, price \$32.50 per acre. Extra good terms.  
W. C. Christopher.

**WINDMILL FOR SALE.** Have a good windmill and Iron water tank, also 56 feet of piping for sale. All in good condition.  
Mrs. Katie Joiner.

**About Rheumatism**  
People are learning that it is only a waste of time and money to take medicine internally for chronic and muscular rheumatism, and about 99 out of every hundred cases are one or the other varieties. All that is really necessary to afford relief is to apply Chamberlains liniment freely. Try it. It cost but 35 cents per bottle. Large size 60 cents.

## KINNEY & CRAIG

AGENTS

# Hail Insurance

ALSO

FIRE, FARM  
TORNADO, CYCLONE  
LIVESTOCK, AUTOMOBILE

**LIABILITY AND CASUALTY**

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

### FULRER & HALE

TRANSFER LINE

YOUR WORK SOLICITED

All work Promptly Done and

SATISFACTION

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

GUARANTEED

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Miami - - - - Texas

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

C. Coffee J. A. Holmes

COFFEE AND HOLMES

Lawyers,

GENERAL PRACTICE

Office in Christopher building

Miami - Texas.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

## STRIBLING & COFFEE

CONFECTIONARY

The nicest place in town to keep cool and get cream, drinks and cigars. We invite you or your party of friends to visit us.

OPEN UNTIL 10 P. M.

## HAIL INSURANCE AT 10 Per Cent

The Big Waseca Company will insure you small grain for 10 per cent on September note.

See J. R. DURRETT.

## Printing

Are You in Need of

- Tags
- Cards
- Blanks
- Folders
- Dodgers
- Receipts
- Envelopes
- Statements
- Bill Heads
- Invitations
- Packet Heads
- Letter Heads

Call at this office

---

**Good Work Is Our Specialty**

**BULLS FOR SALE.** I have for sale some good young Hereford Bulls, all registered and are really top notchers. Better see them before you buy.  
37tf. B. F. Talley.

---

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

### THE TELEPHONE

Speaks for Itself

- ♦ Time-saver
- ♦ Errand-runner
- ♦ Letter-writer
- ♦ Efficient helper
- ♦ Protection of Home and business
- ♦ Order-bringer
- ♦ Night and day worker
- ♦ Easy way to travel

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**MIAMI COMPANY**

**Kate Lard**

**Chief Operator**

---

NEW PASSENGER SCHEDULE

WEST BOUND

Train No.	Due
113—Amarillo	2:12 a. m.
117—(Clovis)	6:12 p. m.
21—(Los Angeles)	2:47 a. m.
EAST BOUND	
118—Amarillo	9:10 a. m.
22—(From Los Angeles)	2:00 p. m.
114—(From Clovis)	9:02 p. m.

## We Invite You to See

OUR

**SUMMER SILKS, new fancy voiles and silks, NEW SILK SHIRTING, ALSO THE LATEST IN LADIES LOW CUT AND ONE EYELET TIES.**

LET US SHOW THEM TO YOU

---

# W. E. STOCKER

## Advertising a Sale!

YOU don't leave your rig in the middle of the road and go to a fence-post to read a sale bill do you? Then don't expect the other fellow to do it.

Put an ad in this paper, then, regardless of the weather, the fellow you want to reach reads your announcements while seated at his fireside.

If he is a prospective buyer you'll have him at your sale. One extra buyer often pays the entire expense of the ad, and it's a poor ad that won't pull that buyer.

An ad in this paper reaches the people you are after.

Bills may be a necessity, but the ad is the thing that does the business.

Don't think of having a special sale without using advertising space in this paper.

---

**One Extra Buyer**

at a sale often pays the entire expense of the ad.

**Get That Buyer**



**The First Bottle of PE-RU-NA**

**Gave Relief so Writes**

**Entirely Free from Catarrh of the Stomach**

"Peruna has positively done for me what many doctors failed to do. I have been time and again compelled to take to my bed for days. The first bottle of Peruna gave relief and while I always keep it in the house for emergencies, I consider myself entirely free from catarrh of the stomach, the trouble from which I suffered for so long before taking this remedy."

**Liquid or Tablet Form Sold Everywhere Ask Your Dealer**

Mr. M. VanBuren, Engineer, G. R. & L. Ry. 17 Highland St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Georgette and Tricotine.**  
"Tricotine, I hear some silly girl is going to marry Algy."  
"Yes."  
"Isn't it ridiculous?"  
"Well, I don't know what to say, Georgette. I'm the girl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**A Lady of Distinction.**  
Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores, followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum Powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

**Her Aim.**  
"What is that flirting grass widow trying to do?"  
"I guess she is trying to make hay while the sun shines."

**Playing the Game.**  
Grace—She saves all letters she receives from her male friends.  
Edythe—For mere sentiment?  
Grace—No; she thinks she might work a breach of promise suit out of them.

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT.**  
When your shoes pinch or your corns and bunions ache get Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. It will take the sting out of corns and bunions and give instant relief to Tired, Aching, Swollen, Tender feet. Sold everywhere. Don't accept any substitute.—Adv.

**The Worrisome Ones.**  
"Well, granddad, you don't worry over your seventy-five years."  
"No, Only over the last five."—Meg, gendurfer Blatter (Munich).

Too many mistake their faults for misfortune.

**FARM ANIMALS**

**POINTERS FOR BEEF GROWERS**

One Method of Bringing Down Prices of Meat Is Improvement in Type of Animals.

General Improvement in the type and quality of beef animals the country over is one of the means urged by the United States Department of Agriculture for bringing down the high cost of meat to the consumer and, at the same time, increasing the profit of the producer. Some of the most es-



The Demand for Purebred Stock is Steadily Increasing.

sential items in growing beef on the farm, specialists of the department say, are:

Plenty of pasture and feed. The right kind of cows—those that will produce good calves regularly. A good, pure bred registered bull—one that will sire good calves persistently.

A large calf crop. This means that all cows shall drop calves, and that the calves shall be properly cared for at birth.

Proper care of the breeding herd and the calves.

Selection of good heifer calves to replace old or inferior cows.

Prevention of disease among the breeding herd and the younger stock.

Shelter sufficient to protect the cattle from both severe cold and extremely hot weather.

A practical knowledge of fattening cattle for market.

Marketing to advantage.

There is a farmers' bulletin, No. 1073, on growing beef on the farm that may be had free on application to the Division of Publication, United States Department of Agriculture.

**HOGGING DOWN RYE UNWISE**

Practice Is Unprofitable, According to Pork Production Tests at the Ohio Station.

Hogging down rye is an unprofitable practice, according to tests made in pork production at the Ohio experiment station. The tests show that it is generally more profitable to harvest the grain and sell it as a cash crop or to feed the grain to hogs after thrashing rather than to allow the hogs to harvest the grain themselves.

Specialists point out that the daily increase per pig when hogging down rye is generally less than half a pound and that the amount of grain required to produce 100 pounds of gain is much higher than where the grain is fed directly to the hogs. As a rule, about 611 pounds of rye, hogged down, were required to produce 100 pounds of gain, whereas hogs fed on corn with tankage and clover pasture required but 331 pounds of concentrates to produce the same amount of gain.

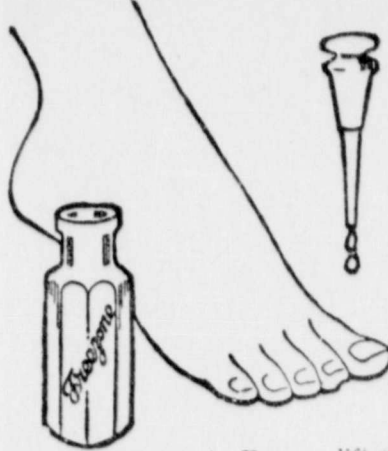
The unprofitableness of hogging down rye is attributed to the fact that hogs are either unable to secure rye in sufficient quantities or are inclined to eat only slightly more than is required for maintenance.

**LIVE STOCK NOTES**

- Hogging down corn pays.
- Mud wallows are unsanitary and breed disease.
- There is a tendency to feed too much roughage to horses.
- Oats, especially for little pigs, should be ground and hulls sifted out.
- The early lamb gets a larger supply of milk from the ewe than the late lamb does.
- Water should be kept in the lots all the time. Never force hogs to drink from a stagnant pool.
- Judge a sow by the size and vitality of her litter, as well as by her conformity to the breed type.
- Young pigs cannot learn to eat too soon. They should be encouraged to eat when as young as three weeks of age.
- A variety of crops are available for hog pasture, including the alfalfa, red clover, rape, Canada field peas mixed with oats and barley. Winter or hairy vetch is a valuable crop.

**Lift off Corns!**

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

**A Dismaying Order.**

The atmosphere of the smoking car lent itself to reminiscence.

"Captain," asked the hardware salesman, "would you mind telling me how you lost your arm?"

"Not at all, not at all," replied the bronzed officer with the empty sleeve. "It happened this way: We were due for another turn in the trenches the next day, so they were giving a dance for us that night back in the rest camp. A few welfare workers were there, and among them was the cutest little girl I ever met. I managed to dance with her most of the evening, and toward the end we wandered out in the moonlight. . . . 'Captain,' she said, after a while, 'please remove your arm.'"

"And you know, she was such a little queen I just couldn't refuse her."—The Home Sector.

**ALL SHE WANTED TO HEAR**

Possibly Clerk Had More Information to Give Out, but Elizabeth Wouldn't Wait.

Elizabeth tripped blithely into the country post office.

"I want to know," she demanded with a tell-tale blush as she handed the clerk a pink communication addressed to her lover, "how long it will be before I get an answer to this letter."

"That depends," he answered; "if he's in jail they will let him write once a month only; if he's dead broke he'll have to wait till he can earn the price of a stamp, and I have no data upon which to base an opinion of his earning capacities. If he's ill in bed he may not care to dictate to a disinterested third party, and if it's smallpox they won't let him write at all; ditto, if he's dead. Then, again, if he's got a new girl—"

At which moment he realized that the fair Elizabeth had frown.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

**WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT**

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

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

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

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

**Keeping Pace.**  
"How apartments are going up!"  
"Not so fast as their rentals."

The wise man and the fool's money are soon united.

**BETTER DEAD**

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

**GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES**

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

**RHEUMATISM**

The powerful, healing, warmth of Hunt's Lightning Oil instantly and positively relieves from the most excruciating, nerve-racking pains of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout and the like.

**HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL**

After you eat—always use **EATONIC** (FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE) —one or two tablets—eat like candy. Instantly relieves Heartburn, Bloating, Gassy Feeling. Stops indigestion, food souring, repeating, headache and the many miseries caused by

**Acid-Stomach**

EATONIC is the best remedy, it takes the harmful acids and gases right out of the body and, of course, you get well. Tens of thousands wonderfully benefited. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded by your own druggist. Cost a trifle. Please try it!

**KODAK FINISHING**

TRIAL ORDER—Send 25c and roll for 1 print, or 5 negatives for reprints. Fast service. Day Night Studio, Sedalia, Mo.

W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 19-1920.

**WOMEN! DYE RIGHT! SAY "DIAMOND DYES"**

Don't Spoil or Streak Material in a Poor Dye

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has color card.

**BELOVED GOLF GAME FIRST LOOKED SUSPICIOUS TO HER**

Little Things Like Marital Ties and the Demands of Business Didn't Worry These Devotees.

A golfer's wife had just told her husband that she intended to leave him forever, not because he was a golfer, but for some other reason.

"Will nothing alter your decision? Will nothing induce you to stay?" he asked.

The wife was obdurate.

"Well, he said, 'it is a terrible shock, but while you are packing, I think I will go out on the lawn and do a little putting!'"

This is reminiscent of a story of one of the heroes of golf, an Edinburgh innkeeper who lived a hundred years ago or thereabouts. He was so devoted to the game that he started playing at dawn and was seen at night putting on the greens by the light of a candle. At last his wife applied for a separation on the ground that her husband was not attending to his business.

He went to the court, admitted the impeachment, and said: "She can have all I got if she will give me so much a week to buy golf balls. She can look after the business!"

**Paradoxical Evidence.**  
"You could see she was put out."  
"How so?"  
"By the fire in her eyes."

The noblest pursuit of woman is an honest man.

**Mrs. Toddles Sawly Misunderstood the Note Sent to Her Hubby From the Library.**

When a member desires a book that is not in a certain library, he files his application for the volume, which the librarian reserves for him on its return, notifying him that the book awaits his pleasure.

Now, it happened that one of the members applied for, but could not get at the time, a copy of a novel entitled "The Girl He Left Behind Him." In course of time a postcard arrived from the library, and as the member's wife is of a suspicious nature that postcard caused trouble, for it read:

"Mr. Toddles is informed that the girl he left behind him is now in the library, and will be kept for him till next Tuesday morning."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Modern Poetry of Motion.**

The orchestra softly played "Kiss Me Again." She gazed into his eyes And breathed a sigh. "Your dancing is like a poem," She said. "Yes, yes, go on," he murmured. "An Amy Lowell poem; The feet Are all mixed up," She answered. —Record.

A bird in the hand is vulgar. Use a knife and fork.

**Instant Postum**

still sells at the same low price as before the general rise in costs

—and great is the number of families who now use this table beverage in place of coffee.

Attracted to its use by continued low cost, they found its agreeable coffee-like flavor much to their liking.

With no health intent behind their action they discovered better nerves followed the change.

**All Grocers sell Postum and your trial is invited "There's a Reason"**

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN



Guaranteed by **The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED**

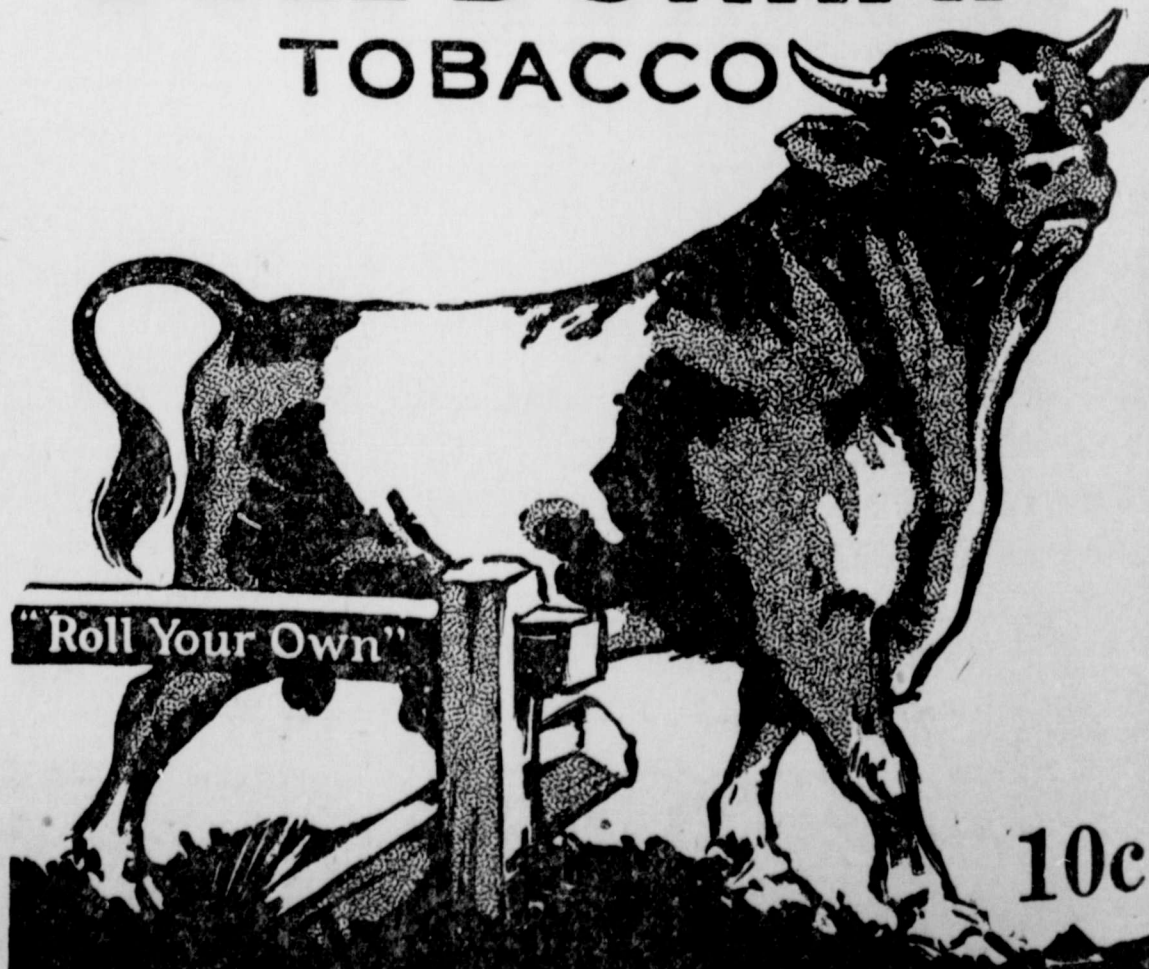
"BULL" Durham cigarettes; you roll them yourself from genuine "Bull" Durham tobacco; fifty from one bag.

No machine can even duplicate your "own" rolled from genuine "Bull" Durham tobacco.

Good old reliable "Bull". Always genuine; since 1865 he's been everyone's friend.

**GENUINE**

**"BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO**



10c





**The OilPull Never Overheats**

INVESTIGATION has proved that one of the big troubles developed by the average tractor is the overheating of the engine due to the heavy work which the tractor is called upon to perform.

This is because the average tractor is cooled with water.

The reason the OilPull never overheats, and is entirely free from all the ordinary cooling troubles, is because it is cooled with oil. This is an exclusive OilPull feature.

Unlike water—oil does not evaporate—there is no boiling in the hottest weather.

The temperature of the OilPull engine is held within correct limits at all times under all loads and climatic conditions. When the OilPull is working at top speed the oil is automatically kept cooler than when it is working at light load or running idle. There is absolutely no possibility of the OilPull overheating. And not only that, but the proper temperature for perfect kerosene combustion is maintained at all times.

Oil does not deposit scale or sediment—the OilPull circulating system is always open. Oil does not rust the system parts—the OilPull radiator will last the life of the tractor.

There are four sizes—12-20, 16-30, 20-40 and 30-60 H. P. Which do you need?

**W. G. Lyons & Son**  
Agents

**HIS WANTS EASILY SUPPLIED**

**Eskimos Have No Hankering After Things Which Other Peoples Look Upon as Necessaries.**

Without tea, coffee, sugar or tobacco, and with but few vegetables, the Eskimo of Greenland finds life pleasant and thinks his homeland one of the most desirable in the world. The few who have visited Denmark think the Danes are to be pitied, says Roger Pocock, in the Wide World Magazine. The Eskimo's needs are few, and these his arctic home supply in abundance. In filling these the Greenland seal is the most important factor. Its internal organs are almost identical with those of a sheep, and its meat is a fat, streaky mutton. The skin makes hairy breeches for men, women and children, and with the hair removed and properly oiled, makes soft-soled, waterproof footwear. From it also is made the hunter's shirt, the summer tent, the woman's boat, the hunter's canoe and the harness for the dog team.

Winter clothes are made from the fur of the fox, dog and bear. Driftwood, always plentiful on these rocky shores, furnishes roof beams, tent poles, canoe frames, harpoons for sealing, and lance shafts for hunting walrus, bear and reindeer. Lamps are made from hollowed rocks and knives from sharp stones. Other things are considered luxuries.

**GERMS ON POSTAGE STAMPS**

**Physicians Have Found Microbes of Disease on Almost Every Specimen They Examined.**

Drs. J. Diner and G. Horstman bought postage stamps at 50 different places and tested them for the microbes of disease. They report to the Medical Times that every stamp was infected, and it appeared to make no difference whether they were from a drawer or cash register or exposed on a desk. Among the germs they found were such deadly ones as colon bacilli, staphylococci, streptococci, pneumococci and diphtheria bacilli. The editor of American Medicine comments that if postage stamps were as grave a source of infection as these facts might seem to indicate, a very large part of the population would be suffering from infection, as almost everybody is in the habit of licking stamps. The fact is that an examination of the mouths, noses and throats of almost all of us will reveal the presence of some or all of these germs at any time.

However, licking postage stamps is a dirty habit and one that is quite easy to acquire.

**Coasting in Wake of Boat.**

Passengers on one of the Hudson river ferries in New York were treated in the summer of 1919 to the odd spectacle of a canoe sailing in their wake, all the way across the river, without any means of propulsion. What made the canoe go was a question that puzzled many. The more observant noticed that the canoe did not keep to the smooth water directly aft the ferryboat, but rode off to one side, in the rough waves that the paddle wheels kicked up. They also noticed that the canoe did not hug the ferryboat close, and that often it pursued its mysterious course at a considerable distance, though it traveled just as fast as the ferryboat. According to a writer in the Scientific American who explains the mystery, the canoe always took a position on the forward side of a wave and kept it all the way across. The wave carried the canoe along as the surf carries the Hawaiian on his surf board.

**They'd Met Before.**

My first attempt proving a failure. I embarked a second time upon the matrimonial seas. We returned from our honeymoon by way of a little town where my new husband had business interests. That afternoon, much to my surprise, I met an old schoolmate of mine on the street. She made the promise that we would dine with her the next evening.

"I'm a newly wed, too," she explained, "and I want you to meet Harry."

For me a most delicious dinner was spoiled. Harry proved to be my first husband! I experienced the most embarrassing moment of my life when my friend exclaimed, "O, you're acquainted!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Italy Trains Blind Soldiers.**

Italy has about 1,500 blind soldiers. All of these are being trained for useful employment. In addition to having lost their sight, a number of these unfortunate soldiers are without arms or legs. Several ingenious devices have been invented to assist the armless blind soldiers to read. One of these consists of a little pocket battery and a belt encircling the chest and containing small needles. The device plays a record that causes a different needle to prick for each letter and so the blind man reads.

**Oranges for Marmalade.**

Women who are in the habit of making orange marmalade—this is just time of year for doing it—will be interested to know that the crop of bitter oranges in the Seville consular district is very full and of magnificent quality, though only about 75 per cent as plentiful as that of last year. Most of it goes to the marmalade manufacturers in Dundee, but about 10,000 half chests are available for other markets.

**LOOK, READ AND Come and See.**

We are going to offer you some big bargains for next week. Come in and see them. A big Saving.

Dress Skirts in Voiles, Wool Serge Black and Mixed colors at \$5.00 to \$10.00

Georgette and Crepe de chine Blouses, fine quality, good patterns \$6.50 to \$12.50

Ribbons and Remants, Nice line to pick from, all shades HALF PRICE

Remnants of Wash Goods, many different varieties. Priced Right

Watch this space next week for big Special Prices.

**J.L. SEIBER & COMPANY**  
ALWAYS LEADING IN QUALITY

**LAKETON ITEMS**

Laketon is still on the map. We are enjoying some real hot weather, false prophets have begun to talk about summer in the near future.

We had a Courting here last Saturday, Judge Counts was Chief Justice. The case was W. C. Christopher against Jacob Forman for money due on threshing on Mr. Forman's place, that leased by J. I. Maloy. The decision was in favor of the plaintiff. We laughed more at the Law suit than we would if one of our best horses had died.

Ray Jones went down and stayed all night with Jean Lindly, we presume that he might have had other reasons for going down, perhaps in the matrimonial line.

A singing was given last Sunday night by Mr. and Mrs. Welsh. Every one reports a splendid time and lots of singing.

W. A. Paris has gone to work on a light order, keep an eye peeled for notices and great earthly disorders.

Sheriff Copeland and Misses Copeland and Short spent Friday and Saturday in the Laketon Community.

Eld. Sanders will preach next Sunday evening at Laketon. Every one is invited to come out.

D. C. Christopher and wife, Miss Lillie Hyatt and sister Rose took dinner with Everett Clement and wife Sunday.

The Bachelor Club is growing in number as well as in wisdom. Lawton Hoffer and Clyde Gray have made application to join. Their past records and characteristics will be examined under a microscope and if too many blemishes do not show up they will be admitted to the home of joy and peace. To whom it may concern we will hold an election at our next meeting which will be the fifth Friday night in this month. The said election will be held to elect new officers.

L. D. Pittman, President. Frederick Shumake, Sec'y-Treas.

Bert Welch, Janitor. Ray Jones, Toastmaster.

**J. H. KELLEY, Phg. M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
GENERAL PRACTICE

Office in the Christopher Bldg.  
PHONE 73

**J. K. MCKENZIE**  
Complete Abstract of land in Roberts county.  
Protect your property against fire and tornado.  
AGENT FOR Leading fire insurance Companies.  
Phone 36

**SERVICE CAR**  
Day or Night, All hours.  
Phone A. B. CRUMP  
At Coveys Garage.

See the Panhandle Lumber company about that new Challenge Windmill you need. A car load just received. Also plenty of pipe and casing.

**Do Your Best.**

Everyone should do all he can to provide for his family, and in order to do this he must keep his physical system in the best condition possible. No one can reasonably hope to do much when when he is half sick most of the time. If you are constipated, bilious or troubled with indigestion get a package of Chamberlain Tablets and follow the plain printed directions, and you will soon be feeling alright and able to do a day's work.

**For a Weak Stomach**

As a general rule all you need to do is to adopt a diet suited to your age and occupation and to keep your bowels regular. When you feel that you have eaten too much and when constipated, take one of Chamberlain Tablets.

LEAVE YOUR BROKEN WATCHES and Jewelry at the Central Drug Store, and will fix them.  
26, 1/2c. C. S. Seiber.

**SERVICE CAR**  
County drives to any section of the country or nearby towns, any time, day or night. See or phone No. 27.  
30tp. Fayette McDonald

Take your Hail Insurance in the Pampa Mutual. J. R. Durrett.

**FOR GOOD MONUMENTS**  
See the Osgood line, from Amarillo, Texas. Everything reasonable, and work done correctly.  
31-4tp. J. W. HARRAH, Local Salesman.

**Suggestions for a Camping trip.**

Buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy before leaving home. As a rule it cannot be obtained when one on a hunting, fishing or prospecting trip. Neither can it be obtained while on board the cars or steamships at such times and places it is most likely to be needed. The safe way is to have it with you.



Clifton Crawford  
Star in  
**MY LADY FRIENDS**  
Wearing a  
**VANITY HAT.**  
Seen in the Best of Company

GOOD AS ANY OLD STETSON  
For Sale by  
**J. L. SEIBER & CO.**

**SERVICE CAR NOTICE**  
This is to advise the public that I am again at home, hold both State and Federal Licenses and prepared to take you at any time or place, reasonable rates.  
30p4t  
L. G. CHRISTOPHER  
Phone No. 7.

Take your Hail Insurance in the Pampa Mutual. J. R. Durrett.

The old reliable BPS Paint at the Panhandle Lumber Company. There is no paint better. It will look good as long as it lasts, and lasts as long as any.

**AUTO FOR SALE.** A practically brand new car for sale, and will take a span of horses or mules as part payment. See me at once, Fayette McDonald.

The Panhandle Lumber Company sells guaranteed paints and varnishes, any color or shade, for house, barn or furniture. If you need paints or varnishes, they can supply you in any quantities.

**DO YOU NEED ANYTHING ELECTRICAL**

If so, we can supply you, in any size light bulb, lamp sockets, washing machines, Chandilcers, Toaster, and many other electrical appliances.

If your house needs wiring, or a little change made in some you have, phone us, 160.

**D. & D. ELECTRICAL COMPANY**  
J. O. Duniven W. A. Dyer

**OUR GOOD HONEY BEE FLOUR**

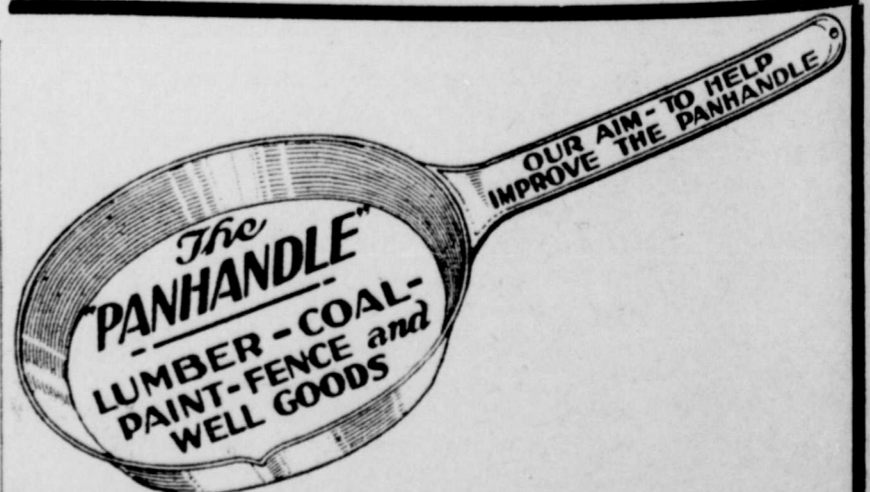
MAKES THE BEST BREAD

Try a sack of our Exceptionally good Honey Bee Flour and be convinced that it is the best flour on the market. Every sack guaranteed.

FOR SALE BY

**NORTH TEXAS GRAIN CO.**

W. D. LEE, Local Mgr.



Building material of all kinds  
Can furnish material to build your farm from fence to House complete.  
Also carry a full line of Paints.  
Coal and Well Material of all kinds  
Service our motto  
Call and see us.