

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 22

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, August 26, 1920.

No. 4.

REMAINS OF THADDEUS PULASKI PLACED IN MIAMI CEMETARY

The remains of Thaddeus Pulaski, son of Mrs. N. E. Pulaski arrived Saturday morning from New York accompanied by a U. S. Soldier and was immediately taken charge of by the local post American Legion.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at the Baptist church, which were conducted by Rev. J. H. Bona. The American Legion boys conducted the funeral and there were a large number present in uniform. The church was not large enough to accommodate the crowd that gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to this brilliant young man of our city.

The funeral procession reached from town to the cemetery, more than a mile, and contained near 100 automobiles. The body was laid in its last resting place with full military honors. The call of the bugle and the three parting volleys over the grave by a squad finished the ceremony. As a token of respect, all business houses were closed in Miami during the funeral.

Thaddeus Pulaski was born at Henrietta, Clay County, Texas, Oct. 10, 1894, and the family moved to Miami seventeen years ago. He was enlisted in the U. S. Army, June 24, 1918, a member of the 141st Field Artillery. Died Sept. 22, 1918 at Camp Coetquidam, France. There remains yet of the family, a mother and three sisters, Mrs. H. A. Talley of Miami, Mrs. M. C. Moore of Carnegie, Okla. and Miss Eneatha. His only brother, Gracie died about ten years ago.

AMERICAN RED CROSS NEWS

Quite an interesting lecture was made last Saturday afternoon at the Court House, to the Red Cross Executive Committee, by Miss Burkholder, Field Representative, Southwestern Division.

In this lecture Miss Burkholder outlined the following peacetime activities of the American Red Cross, allowing each chapter to choose those best suited to the needs of their respective communities.

1. A course in first aid and dietetics to be conducted by some one skilled in the work.

2. Junior Red Cross organization which provides for interesting, useful work to be done by the Juniors, also allowing them to spend a per cent of their funds as they choose, for play-ground or other projects they might enjoy.

3. Establishing Censor boards, to aid in selecting pictures that would be useful and uplifting to the Community as well as entertaining.

4. Community Recreations, planned and established by a representative that understands how to make it successful.

5. Productive work, which consists of making garments for the destitute of Europe.

6. The Home Nurse and Community Health Center.

The Executive Committee unanimously agreed that this peace time activity would be by far the most beneficial to our community since it means we shall have with us every day in the year a skilled nurse, with her office as a health center, where she can be communicated with at all times on questions of health, etc.

A detailed account of her work will be given in next weeks "Chief" and in the mean time expressions from every one pro or con for this feature of Red Cross work will be greatly appreciated by the committee since it is every one's question to decide.

Publicity Chairman.

HICKS-JACKSON NUPTIALS

At the B. F. Jackson home, on Wednesday evening, August 25th, at 5:15 o'clock, in the presence of a few close friends and relatives, Miss Anne Elizabeth Jackson and Dr. Lloyd M. Hicks plighted their troth.

The impressive double ring ceremony was spoken by Rev. B. F. Jackson, father of the bride and Rev. J. L. Hicks, father of the groom.

The living room of the Jackson home, in its decorations of cut flowers and greenery, was a pretty setting for the bridal party as it advanced to the altar guided by the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The wedding procession was led by the officiating clergymen followed by Miss Dyer, bridesmaid and Mr. Thomas Hayden of Moran, best man.

They, in turn, were followed by the ring bearers, Little Miss Elinor Talley and Master Arvis Talley.

Last came the bride and groom. The bride looked charming in her traveling suit and carried a large bouquet of bride's roses. The groom was in conventional attire. The bridesmaid wore pale green organdie and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The best man wore gray.

Just before the appearance of the bridal party, Miss Dyer sang in her sweetest manner, "I Love You Truly" and "Dawning", accompanied by Mrs. Cross at the piano, who also played the Wedding March, and continued to play softly during the ceremony.

Following the ceremony came congratulations and then the bride cut and served the bride's cake to her guests. Miss Jackson presided at the punch bowl. The ring in the cake came to Miss Dyer—What an omen!

The new Mrs. Hicks is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Jackson. She is a perfect product of the Panhandle, having been born and reared in Miami, and took her A. B. degree at S. M. U. last June. She has many friends who feel that Dr. Hicks has indeed found for himself a pearl of great price.

Dr. Hicks is a son of Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Hicks of Stamford, both of whom were present at the wedding. The name is quite familiar in this section of the country. The young man bears an excellent reputation, and through the coming year will be finishing his Senior year in dentistry in Dallas, and he and his new bride will make their home there for the present.

Many useful, beautiful and valuable gifts were given the young people and these were open for inspection by the guests in the dining room of the Jackson home.

Dr. and Mrs. Hicks departed last night on the 6 o'clock train amid a shower of rice and the good wishes of a host of friends.

AEO PASS HIGHWAY CONVENTION TO BE HELD AT ENID SEPTEMBER 20

Clovis, New Mexico, August 25. The route of the Abo Pass Highway through Kansas will be definitely located at a meeting to be held at Enid, Oklahoma on Monday, September 20, 1920. The marking of the route, the latest short-cut to California, is now being made through New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma. This highway connects with the Ocean-to-Old Trails at Socorro and Magdalena. D. L. McDonald of Hereford, Texas, is president of the Association, and D. W. Jones of Clovis, New Mexico, Secretary.

FOR RENT. Rooms furnished for light housekeeping. Apply at the Main Hotel to Mrs. Nall.

ANOTHER SOLDIERS BODY COMING

Relatives received notice this week from the war department that the remains of Henry Worthington was in New York, and would be shipped at once to Miami.

His wife, Mrs. Maxie Worthington and sister, Miss Ruch came in Monday from California, and are now at the J. H. Worthington home near Mobeetie. The remains will be taken to Mobeetie at which place arrangements are being made to give the remains of this patriot its last resting place.

Henry was a splendid young character and left many friends in Mobeetie and Miami when he moved to Wyoming, from which place he joined the army, was transferred to France and there died of sickness.

The Local Post American Legion have been asked to take charge of the funeral services, but have not held a meeting of the Post since the request came.

EVERETT COFFEE DIED SATURDAY

Everett Coffee, a son of Tom Coffee of this county, died Saturday of last week at Amarillo. His death was the result of an automobile accident several weeks ago. While traveling in a car near Kalamazoo, Mich., he and his family were struck by a train, and he hardly gained consciousness since the accident. He was kept in a Sanitarium at Kalamazoo until ten days ago, when he was removed to the Coffee home near White Deer, and last week to the Sanitarium at Amarillo where an operation was had, but of no avail.

The deceased leaves a wife and two children. Mrs. Coffee was formerly Miss Etta Powell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Powell of Mobeetie. He leaves many friends and a large number of relatives in Miami.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at Amarillo and the remains laid away in the Llano Cemetery of that place.

AMARILLO CUBS DEFEATED

The Amarillo Cubs, one of the crack ball teams of the Panhandle metropolis came down Sunday afternoon for a game with the locals, and took back with them a real defeat of 11-0.

The game started off snappy and neither side scored until the third inning, when Wentz for Miami went to the bat with two men on bases and cracked one over left fielder bringing in two scores and repeating the same thing in the sixth which started the game going good for Miami. The "Cubs" played a good game for Cubs, 25 or 30 years of age, and now if Amarillo has any "grown-up" ball team's lets send for 'em.

Miami will play Wheeler today on the local grounds.

Miami goes to Canadian Sunday where they expect to gain another victory.

BUILDING ACTIVITY INCREASING

Among the new buildings now going up in Miami is the Tom Pursley residence in the Heave addition.

O. M. Cox of near Mobeetie recently purchase lots from J. W. Voyles and is erecting a modern five room house near the H. Russell and Thos. Cook property.

W. H. Craig is starting a new home at his location near the school building on the old J. W. Evely property. Ollie Lyons is remodeling and adding some to his residence.

Thus we are growing a little all the time, which will help to relieve the housing shortage of our little city.

POSSIBLY A FLOURING MILL NEXT

Through the efforts of J. R. Durrett, Secretary of the Miami Commercial League, two gentlemen representing a large milling company from central Texas were here Monday looking over the Miami situation with reference to the establishment of a modern flouring mill in Miami.

A call meeting of the Commercial League was held Monday afternoon to meet the gentlemen, who were present, but would give out nothing definite, as they had come here to look at a mill building, with full authority to purchase, but upon investigating, found that the building was entirely too small, and they returned to put the matter of a new building up to the company.

District Manager Fred Welpton of the Co-operative Oil Products Company also attended the meeting and briefly stated the position of the co-operative filling station project.

CO-OPERATIVE OIL COMPANY WILL LOCATE HERE

Fred Welpton, District Manager for the Panhandle territory of the Co-operative Oil Company of Dallas, Texas, and J. L. Anderson of Shattuck, Oklahoma, Assistant is here this week preparatory to putting in a modern gas filling station, with two way drive, ladies rest room, a hedge and flowers. The company proposes to place a small amount of profit sharing certificates with local citizens, and if the proper amount is subscribed, the station will be built, either of brick or tile, and will be strictly fire proof and modern.

This company have several stations already in operation and some under construction. They propose to have over three hundred stations in Texas, and it is likely that Miami will be the first station built north of Amarillo. Perryton will also be among the first towns to get the station.

C. P. Pursley has been appointed local manager for the concern, and is assisting the above two gentlemen in making the drive for \$6,000 in profit sharing coupons.

The company now have fifty stations in operation or under construction, and are chartered under the laws of the state of Texas. They come very highly recommended from many sources, and following is an answer to three telegrams sent this week as to their standing.

Come and see us about your

GROCERIES

We have appreciated the big harvest trade in groceries this store has been receiving, and are still dispensing the best groceries on earth at the lowest margin of profit of anything on the market. We want your threshing bill for groceries, your harvest bill, your ranch bill, and your family grocery order. Fact of the matter is, we are in the grocery business and are equipped and prepared to serve you with anything you want to eat. We acknowledge that we don't handle the lower grades of canned goods because we don't believe in eating that junk. We do handle QUALITY groceries and are willing to live and let live on our profits. Give us a trial.

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR GOOD AND MINE

MIAMI PRODUCE CO.

J. H. DIAL, PROP.

Save Money on Your Lard

We are offering this week, Pure Hog Lard at:

10 lbs. for \$3.20
5 lbs. for \$1.60

THE CITY MARKET

R. D. Duniven, Prop.



First State Bank, Miami, Texas.

Co-operative Oil Product Company have a station here and appear to be doing good business and is well patronized by the people here our dealings with them have been entirely satisfactory and we regard them fully reliable.

First Nat'l Bank, Dallas, Texas, Aug. 21st 1920.

First State Bank, Miami, Texas. Co-operative Oil Products Company have copied with their contracts here and all are satisfactory so far as I know, I think they are reliable and good for their contracts.

First Nat'l Bank, Dallas, Texas, Aug. 21st 1920.

Four telegram, Co-operative Oil Products Company carries satisfactory account with us, officers have good reputation business appears success to best of our knowledge contracts are fully carried out.

Security Nat'l Bank, Hamlin, Texas, Aug. 21st 1920.

Bud Smith.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Sunday School 10:00 A. M. No service Sunday morning. Evening Service, 7:30, Subject "The Supreme Court of the Universe." Ladies Aid, Wednesday 3 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30.

E. G. Pennington, Pastor.

Send the CHIEF to your friends and Relatives, they will appreciate it.

CO-OPERATION

We realize that our own growth is primarily dependent upon the success of our customers.

Discuss with us your business requirements and give us the opportunity to assist.

Introduce your friends to us. We will appreciate their business, and co-operate with them.

SAFETY

Liability of stock holders is double the amount of their holdings together with Four or more Annual Examinations under State Supervision, and the protection of the "Guaranty Fund Bank" affords unparalleled safety.

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF MIAMI "The Guaranty Fund Bank"

THE STYLE SHOP OPENING NEXT SATURDAY

Will open Saturday, Aug. 28th. Showing the best and most moderate priced line of Millinery ever shown in Miami. A complete line of Fisk Hats on display, hand-made hats in a wide variety. And the very latest in shades and shapes in 1920 Autumn Creations.

Wait for this opening, I shall be pleased to have your inspection.

THE STYLE SHOP

Ethel Eva Elliott, DESIGNER OF SMART MILLINERY, UPSTAIRS OVER PASTIME THEATRE

STRENGTH

—YES AND SERVICE TOO

This bank combines Strength and Service to a remarkable degree. The strength of this bank lies in its large resources, capital and surplus. Its financial strength is backed by ten years of banking and a record of honorable business dealing. EVERY ASSURANCE OF POSITIVE SAFETY. PERSONAL AND BUSINESS CHECKING ACCOUNTS ARE INVITED

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.

FARMERS DO WELL

Record Prices Paid Wheat Growers of Western Canada.

Will Get Above 30 Cents Over the Fixed State Rate—World Looking to the Dominion for Its Grain.

It will be of interest to many readers to learn that their farmer friends in Canada will do as well out of the wheat they grow as western Canadian growers last year.

There was a fixed price of 22.15 per bushel paid for their wheat last season.

Not knowing the price at which it would be possible to market the crop, the Canadian grain board, which organization handled the whole of the crop last summer, fixed 22.15 as a minimum price for No. 1 wheat, and arranged that each farmer should be given certificates for the quantity of wheat he delivered. The amount received over and above the fixed price which was paid to the farmer when selling their wheat was to be divided pro rata at the end of the season, and the holders of these certificates will, therefore, participate in the extra price received according to the quantity of wheat sold.

The latest advices are that the wheat board will pay at least 30 cents a bushel over the fixed rate of 22.15 a bushel for their wheat of last season. This means that about \$20,000,000 will be distributed among the farmers of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. This sum represents the difference in the price at which the wheat crop was sold and the price that was fixed for last season's crop.

Canadian Wheat in Demand.

A declaration that Canadian wheat would in all probability sell this year at between 25 and 35 per bushel, was made recently before a conference of western exporters of the government by Dr. Robert McGill, who was one of a delegation from the Winnipeg grain exchange. Dr. McGill argued in favor of open trading on the aspect of world conditions. He stated that no wheat could be exported from Russia owing to internal troubles.

Roumania would have absolutely none to export, India was producing a record, while Australia's average would fall from 22,000,000 to 7,000,000. The result would be that Australia would scarcely have enough to feed herself, and there would be absolutely no wheat for Europe, except from the Argentine and South America.

Dr. McGill, according to formal announcement, though it would be impossible to secure as good a price for the producer by control as by the open market. The United States market was now open, and, according to present prospects, there would be mighty little to export from that quarter. The net result would be that Canadian wheat would undoubtedly go to a record figure.—Advertisement.

Uncomplimentary.

A man who possesses a complacent figure takes a Sunday-school class. Recently he gave a lesson upon how sin affected the future life.

"Well, boys," he asked, in conclusion, "what would happen to me when I die if I had led a bad life?"

"The fact would be in the fire," replied one lad, after some reflection.

**After Ten Years—
Eaton's Proves the Best**

"I say, God bless Eaton's," writes Mrs. Della M. Doyan. "I can truthfully say, after suffering with stomach trouble for ten long years, that I have never had anything do me so much good as this one box of Eaton's."

We print these grateful words from this dear lady, so that sufferers everywhere may have hope and a little faith—just enough to give Eaton's a trial. Why, folks, last year over half a million people need Eaton's and found relief.

This is the secret: Eaton's simply takes up the excess acids, poisons and gases, and carries them right out of the body. Of course, when the cause is removed, the sufferer gets well. Stomach troubles cause about seventy non-organic diseases, so, if you are suffering any kind of misery, not feeling well, go right to your druggist today and obtain a big box of Eaton's; cost is a trifle. Use it and find quick, sure relief.

Make this test—you will see, and then, if you are not satisfied, your druggist will hand your money back. He does not want one penny unless Eaton's pleases you. Adv.

Keep Up Fighting Spirit.

Be patient with every one, but above all with yourself. I mean, don't be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall.—Francis de Sales.

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 dressing with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

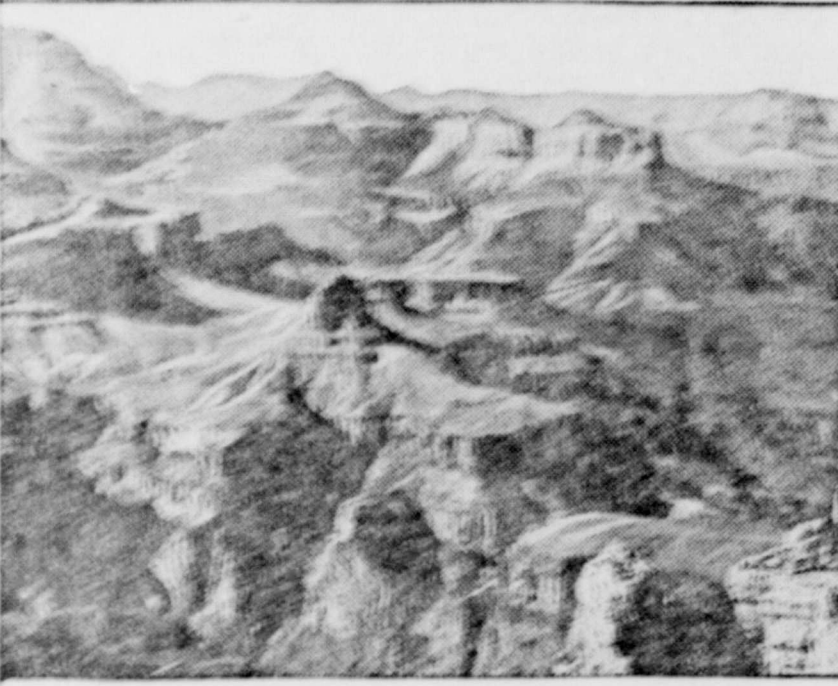
School Lunches.

Scientific tests have shown that the hot lunch served in the schools is a very big factor in developing the child.

Fewer men would protest against drinking soda water if it weren't for the name of the stuff.

Riches formerly had wings, but now they have wheels.

GRAND CANYON DEDICATED



VIEW FROM GRAND VIEW

GRAND Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona is a national park at last, after more than 30 years of endeavor by the nation's lovers of the country. Congress has passed an act changing this natural wonder of the world from a national monument to a national park, and has appropriated money for its development. The national park service has succeeded the forest service in control of it. Court decisions have pronounced worthless the false mining claims with which its rim is plastered. And the other day the Grand Canyon was dedicated as a playground for the people of the United States forever. And an interesting part of the ceremony was the dedication of the memorial to Powell (rhymed) sketch with heads.

The average well-informed American thinks of Jamestown and Plymouth when America's beginnings are mentioned. That is to say, he goes back to 1607-20. But by this time the American Southwest was near a century old. Allen Chamberlin, writing of the Grand Canyon dedicatory exercises in the Boston Transcript, calls attention to this. For it was one of Colorado's lieutenants, Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, who was the first white man to behold that tremendous spectacle about the year 1540.

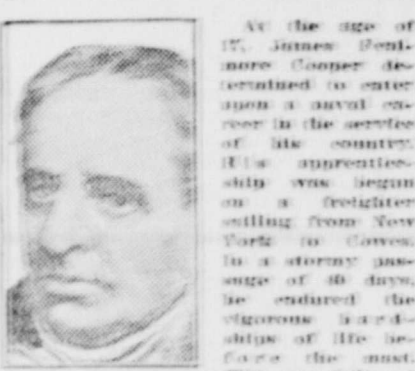
From that time until shortly before the Civil war the canyon seems to have attracted no particular attention, and small wonder, considering its remoteness and the forbidding aspect of the region on every hand. The report of Lieutenant Lee in 1827 to the war department on the navigability of the Colorado river seems to have been the first official recognition of the canyon by the government, but it remained for the Powell expedition of 1869 to put it on the map, so to speak. The tale of that adventurous undertaking is a purely scientific spirit, was more thrilling than a novel, and attracted considerable public notice. Nearly 20 years later President Harrison, then a senator from Indiana, conceived the idea that the canyon was a worthy subject for a national park, and introduced a bill in congress. That was in 1896. Yellowstone park had been created in 1872, the Hot Springs reservation of Arkansas was set up as a national park in 1890, Yosemite valley had been turned over to California as early as 1864 as a state park, and Senator Harrison evidently saw that the Grand Canyon was at least equally worthy of protection from exploitation in the public interest. At that time Arizona was a wild Indian country, and the canyon was miles from anywhere that could be reached by rail.

When Roosevelt stepped in. Finally, after more than 30 years, that Grand Canyon National park was created last year. It did not come easily into being, however, for the obstacles of selfish ambitions which beset the course of the final legislation required a decade of patient and persistent effort to overcome. President Roosevelt, in his characteristically timely fashion, interposed a powerful check upon the bankers of the would-be exploiters when he took matters into his own hands in 1908 and proclaimed the canyon a national monument and a game preserve. By that time the Santa Fe railroad had built a line to the southern rim, and every visitor thenceforward became a publicity agent for the park idea. When the writer first saw the canyon in 1902, shortly after the railroad was built, fewer than 1,000 persons made the trip during the course of a season. Nowadays more than 100 lines that number are counted on, for this is one of the few all-the-year-around parks, and instead of the rude log huts and the adjacent one-story barracks of 20 years ago, there is now a modern hotel, and attractive boarding camps as well, where accommodations can be had to meet varying tastes and requirements.

The interest that was taken in the park dedication ceremony was indicated by the fact that a special train was run from the east to accommodate those who had expressed a desire to

**CONDENSED CLASSICS
THE TWO ADMIRALS**

By JAMES PHIMORE COOPER
Continuation by Carol Townsend Cook



At the age of 15, James Phimore Cooper determined to enter upon a naval career in the service of his country.

At the age of 15, James Phimore Cooper determined to enter upon a naval career in the service of his country. His apprenticeship was begun on a freighter sailing from New York to Cuba. In a stormy passage of 40 days, he endured the supreme hardships of the sea. This was followed by an even rougher period of 72 days. These adventures furnished vivid material for thrilling episodes in his sea novels. After this he served in the navy in various capacities, starting up inevitable experience in the subject by chapters in the pages of his books. At the age of 21 he deserted. This fiery, irascible and strong-willed man was easily influenced throughout his life by his wife, to whom he was deeply devoted. Through her he abandoned his ambition for a naval career. Nor until he was 30, however, did he begin to write. His first novel was full of naval detail. Nevertheless his intense aversion to the sea again, this time he had the scene in his own mind and wrote of the adventures of the great sea hero, the greatest of his sea novels. "The Two Admirals" appeared in 1821 and was soon as popular as to make the largest sales yet won by an American writer. Cooper had written his first novel to prove that he could invest a more interesting tale than one he had just read. He likewise wrote his first sea story to deal with the "The Pilot," and to prove that the author of a sea novel should have read an shipboard log in order to know not only the sea, but the nature of the waves and workings of ships. "The Pilot" was a masterpiece. It met with instantaneous and brilliant success in Europe and America.

SOME time since an American publisher invited a group of men, including among others Roosevelt, Barnes, Spears, Cannell and the writer, to select the six greatest romances of the sea. "The Two Admirals" was the one of Cooper's sea tales included by a unanimous vote. Well does the book deserve its selection for it is without question the greatest of all the novels of the sea. All of which I have read and not a few of which I have written.

It has more of the best of Cooper, and less of the worst, than any of his naval or other romances. No writer was ever more at home on a ship's deck than Cooper—not even Marryat. And all his knowledge of the great deep, the way of ships therein, the habits and customs of sailors, has been utilized in full measure in this immortal story. It rings true alike to seamen and landmen.

There is a subsidiary story concerning the love affairs of a gallant young sea officer, Sir Wycheby Wychecombe, and Mildred Dutton-Bluewater, a damsel as lovely, as delicate and as inane as Cooper at his worst could describe. Whenever she appeared she was either suffused with blushes or bursting into tears. On one occasion she wept steadily for above one half hour!

The supposed daughter of a drunken, retired officer and a woman of the middle class, Mildred turns out to be the lawful niece of one of the two admirals, just in time to soothe his dying hours; while her husband, a Virginian, turns up in the nick of time with the papers in his hands to prove his succession to the ancient title and lands of Wychecombe. All of which is excessively tiresome.

Fortunately the greater part of the book is taken up with the doings of the two Admirals. The puerile, pre-military romance will easily be forgotten but the remainder will richly repay the reader. In 1745 when George II reigned in England the young pretender, Charles Edward, made that daring and unsuccessful dash for a crown which came to a bloody end at Culloden in the following year. It is that abortive but gallant effort which furnishes the motive for the action of the novel.

Vice Admiral of the Red Sir Gervaise Oakes commanded a well fitted, well officered, well manned, homogeneous fleet of ships-of-the-line which has been cruising in the Bay of Biscay. Associated with him was Richard Bluewater, rear admiral of the White, second in command. These two men, both wedded to the service alone, had been shipmates and friends, during a naval career of nearly forty years. Oakes was a typical English admiral, a superb sailor, a downright fighter; Bluewater his complement and opposite, a subtle thinker and a brilliant tactician. The combination was ideal, as was the completeness of a friendship, not to say an affection, as sincere as it was lasting. Nothing had ever broken it; nothing, it was believed, ever would break it.

In but one point did the true friends differ. Oakes was a Whig, Bluewater a Tory. It did not seem possible, however, for political consideration to interrupt their warm relations. The bold adventure of Charles Edward bade fair to do that very thing, however. For Bluewater, frank, unwor-

ldy sailor that he was, cleverly played upon by politicians, began to waver between the House of Hanover, whose commission he held, and the House of Stewart, to which his heart inclined.

To bring matters to a head M. le Vies Admiral Le Comte de Verillin, sailed from Cherbourg with a fleet of such ships as fairly entitled him to challenge the English fleet of Vice Admiral Oakes for the mastery of the narrow seas.

The latter, more than willing to try out the matter, at once put to sea in a heavy gale of wind, his capital ships awaiting anchor in succession with long intervals between them so as to spread a broad line to intercept the French. Bluewater with his division brought up the rear. The rear admiral was obsessed with the idea that De Verillin's course had something to do with the pretender's effort and his conscientious scruples threw him into a piteous state of indecision. The vice admiral was not troubled by any such subtle casuistry. He only saw the enemy when it was his duty to meet them, where and how he could.

After a series of the most brilliant tactical maneuvers and a successful minor engagement with the whole French fleet by his division alone—the two divisions met and separated in the mad gale and Bluewater had called his own ships around him—the vice admiral found himself with five ships in the vicinity of the French who were just double in number. Far away to the westward the morning disclosed the five ships of the rear admiral's division slowly standing down toward his superior under easy sail.

Bluewater was still in his state of painful indecision. As soon as within signal distance, by using a private and personal code, he sent the following pleading despatch to his considerate superior:

"God make—make us signal—engage!"

This signal plunged Oakes, fully aware of the state of his beloved lieutenant's mind, into the most terrific dilemma. Without the assistance of Bluewater's division he could not hope to engage the enemy with the best chance of success. On the other hand should he now withdraw without fighting he would have failed in his duty and would have been professionally ruined—and rightly. The mind was at once made up. Attack he would and must.

Would the friendship between the two admirals stand the test he imposed upon it? Did the younger care more for Oakes and England than for the young prince and France? A short time would determine. Magnanimously refraining from making any embarrassing signal to his friend, Oakes boldly led down upon the waiting French line and with his five ships brought them to close action. The French were quick to take advantage of the opportunity given them by the hesitations of the English rear admiral. Holding Oakes with five of his ships to leeward De Verillin thrust the other five under Des Pres, his centre admiral on the windward side of the English doubling on them, placing them between two fires.

Although Oakes' division fought with the fury of despair the end was at hand when the opportune arrival of Bluewater, who could not stand seeing his friend pounded to pieces and who threw political considerations to the wind and bore down on the triumphant French under a press of sail, completely changed the issue and wrested victory from defeat. All of which is set forth in a succession of epic pictures of surpassing grandeur.

Bluewater, remorseful over his uncertainty actually carried the French rear admiral's ship by boarding at the head of his men, receiving a mortal wound in the attack by way of explanation. Space allows me only to mention the masterly descriptions of ship maneuvering and thrilling sea fighting. I can only refer to some of the well-drawn characters in the story; the two splendid admirals, their captains, the officers and seamen, especially old Galleye, the admiral's steward, delineated out of a large experience with a sure hand. And the great ships themselves are imbued with personality so dear to a seaman's heart.

The touching scene at the close of the book, in which Oakes, old, infirm, forgetful, praying before the tomb of Bluewater in the great abbey of Westminster, recalls the last battle the two had fought and with all of his former fire and fervor describes again those moments of suspense preceding the glorious victory, fits rounds out the tale. And then death unites him with the friend he had loved and lost.

I have read the book a score or more of times with ever increasing joy. I envy anyone who takes ship for the first time to sail and fight with these two great masters of the sea. (Copyright, 1919 by Post Publishing Co.—The Boston Post.)

Exercise in Open Air.

"The child who is brought up in such a way that he is sensitive to slight changes in temperature," said Dr. Llewellyn Barker of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, "is bound to suffer from it sooner or later. If children be suitably dressed and are early accustomed to taking a cool bath in the morning and to walks out of doors each day, rain or shine, cold or warm, the skin and nervous system acquire a tolerance for variations in temperature desirable for health. An out-of-door life for children also leads unconsciously to exercise their muscles more than is possible for the child who stays indoors."

END OF EIGHT YEARS MISERY

Used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Recovered.

Newark, N. J.—"The doctor said I had an organic trouble and treated me for several weeks. At times I could walk at all and suffered with a back and limbs aching and had to stay bed. I suffered a good deal on the way to the doctor. I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was a good medicine and tried it with one did effect. I can now do my own work and my washing. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound to my friends and they are taking them to themselves. You can use my name for a testimonial. —Mrs. THURSDAY COMPTON, 76 Newark St., Newark, N. J.



You are invited to write for free advice. No other medicine has been so successful in relieving women's sufferings as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive kind and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

The Main Question. "Should I go on or should I quit the fight?" "Let's look at the facts of the argument." "I am not interested in who has the best of the argument. How do I feel about the fight?"

SAY "DIAMOND DYES" Don't streak or ruin your material by poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes." Easy directions in package.

"CORNS" Lift Right Off Without Pain. Doesn't hurt a bit. Drop a little "Frozone" on an itching corn, instant that corn stops hurting, then stop you lift it right off with fingers. Try your druggist sells a may bottle "Frozone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and calluses without soreness or irritation.



Splendid Achievement. To free oneself from the restraint of outer authority may not be difficult, but to make one's new freedom as just to the shaping and guiding power of inner law is the supreme achievement of the human will.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Meaning. "Why does a bride carry a short bouquet?" "That's easy; to show she intends to reign."

Hope for the best and prepare against the worst.

Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION

Cuticura Soap Is Ideal for The Complexion
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 50c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
HINDER CORNS Restores Corns, Calluses, Blisters, and other foot troubles. Keeps feet soft and healthy. Dries out itching and burning. Relieves itching and burning. Relieves itching and burning. Relieves itching and burning.

Kill All Flies! IREY FLY KILLER
Facial Anodyne. DAILY FACIAL FLY KILLER. Kills all flies. Kills all flies. Kills all flies. Kills all flies. Kills all flies.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. J. H. ...
W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 32-1928

The Strange Case of

CAVENDISH

By Randall Parrish

Author of "The Devil's Own" "My Lady of the North," Etc. Copyright by Randall Parrish

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Well, what's it like? For God's sake speak up—there's goin' ter be pay in a minute."

"Thar's two rooms; ther outside door winder are in the front one, which is the biggest. The other is whar Mendez sleeps, an' thar's a door between 'em."

"No windows in the rear room?"

"None I ever see."

"And just the one door; what sort of partition?"

"Just plain log, I reckon."

"That's all right, Jim," and Westcott felt the marshal's fingers grasp his arm. "I got it sized up proper. Whoever them folks are, they've barricaded inter that back room. Likely they've got a dead range on the front door, an' them Mexes have had all they wantin' to get to 'em in that way. So now they're crawlin' in through the window. Ther'll be some hullabaloo in there presently to my notion, an' I want ter be thar ter see the curtain go up. Wharabouts are we, Matt?"

"Back of the bunk house. Whar do yer want ter go? I kin travs' round yer with my eyes shut."

"The front of Mendez' cabin," said the marshal shortly. "Better take the other side; if that door is down we'll take those fellows in the rear afore they know what's happenin'." He chuckled grimly. "We've sure played in luck so far, boys; go easy now, and draw yer guns."

They were half-way along the side wall when the firing began again—but it was not the Mexicans this time who began it. The shotgun barked; there was the sound of a falling body; two revolver shots and then the sharp ping of a Winchester. Brennan leaped past the boy ahead, and rounded the corner. A Mexican stood directly in front of the shattered door peering in, a rifle yet smoking in his hands. With one swift blow of a revolver butt the marshal dropped him in his tracks, the fellow rolling off the steps onto the ground. With outstretched hands he stopped the others, holding them back out of any possible view from within.

"Quick now, before that bunch inside gets wise to what's up. We've got 'em cornered. You, Matt, strip the jacket off that Mex, an' get his hat; bunch 'em up together, and set a match to 'em. That's the stuff! Now, the calante they blaze throw 'em in through that doorway. Come on, Westcott, be ready to jump."

The hat was straw, and the bundle of blazing material landed almost in the center of the floor, lighting up the whole interior. Almost before it struck, the three men, revolvers gleaming in their hands, had leaped across the shattered door, and confronted the startled band huddled in one corner. Brennan wasted no time, his eyes sweeping over the array of faces, revealed by the blaze of fire on the floor.

"Hands up, my beauties—every mother's son of yer. Yes, I mean you, yer human catpiller. Don't waste any time about it; I'm the caller for this dance. Put 'em up higher, less yer want ter commit suicide. Now drop them rifles on the floor—gently,



"I Was So Sure You Would Come."

gently. Matt, frisk 'em and see what other weapons they carry. I see nicer bunch o' lumps, Jim?" His lips smiling, but with an ugly look in his gleaming teeth, and steady eyes. "Why, they'd eat outer yer hand. Which one of yer is Mendez?"

"He dead, soner," one fellow managed to answer in broken English. "Dat heem lie dar."

"Well, that's some comfort," but without glancing about. "Now kick the guns over this way, Matt, and set a match to the lamp on that yonder; and, Jim, perhaps you'll stamp out the fire; we'll not let it any more. Great Scott! What's that?"

It was Miss Donovan, her dress torn,

her hair disheveled, a revolver still clasped in her hand, half leveled as though she yet doubted her realization of what had occurred. She emerged from the blackness of the rear room, advanced a step and stood there hesitating, her wide-open eyes gazing about in bewilderment on the strange scene revealed by the glow of the lamp. That searching, pathetic glance swept from face to face about the motionless circle—the cowed Mexican prisoners with uplifted hands backed against the wall; the three dead bodies huddled on the floor; Moore, with the slowly expiring match yet smoking in his fingers; the little marshal, erect, a revolver poised in either hand, his face set and stern. Then she saw Westcott, and her whole expression changed. An instant their eyes met; then the revolver fell to the floor unnoticed, and the girl sprang toward him, both hands outstretched.

"You!" she cried, utterly giving way, forgetful of all else except the sense of relief the recognition brought her. "You! On! Now I know it is all right! I was so sure you would come."

He caught the extended hands eagerly, drawing her close, and looking straight down into the depths of her uplifted eyes. To him, at that moment, there was no one else in the room, no one else in the wide, wide world.

"You knew I would come?" he echoed. "You believed that much in me?"

"Yes; I have never had a doubt. But," her lips quivered, and there were tears glistening in the uplifted eyes. "You came too late for him."

"For him! The man who was with you, you mean? Has he been shot?"

She bent her head, the lips refusing to answer.

"Who was he?"

"Mr. Cavendish—oh!"

It was a cry of complete reaction; the room reeled about her and she would have fallen headlong had not Westcott clasped the slender form closely in his arms. An instant he stood there gazing down into her face. Then he turned toward Brennan.

"Leave us alone, Dan," he said simply. "Get that gang of blacklegs out of here."

CHAPTER XIV.

In the Two Cabins.

The marshal's lips smiled. "Sure, Jim," he drawled, "anything to oblige, although this is a new one on me. Come on, Matt; it seems the gentleman does not wish to be disturbed— Well, neither would I under such circumstances. Here you! line up there in single file, and get a move on you—pronto! Show 'em what I mean, Matt; put that guy that talks English at the head— Yes, he's the one. Now look here, amigo, you march straight out through that door, and head for the bunk-house—do you get that?"

"SI, senor; I savvy!"

Westcott watched the procession file out, still clasping the partially unconscious girl in his arms. Moore, bringing up the rear, disappeared through the entrance, and vanished into the night without. Except for the three motionless bodies, they were alone. From a distance Brennan's voice growled out a gruff order to his line of prisoners. Then all was still. The eyes of the girl opened slowly, her lids trembling, but as they rested on Westcott's face, she smiled.

"You are glad I came?"

"Glad! Why I never really knew what gladness meant before."

He bent lower, his heart pounding fiercely, strange words struggling for utterance.

"You love me?"

She looked at him, all the fervent Irish soul of her in her eyes. Then one arm stole upward to his shoulder.

"As you love me," she whispered softly, "as you love me!"

"I can ask no more, sweetheart," he breathed soberly, and kissed her. At last she drew back, still restrained by his arms, but with her eyes suddenly grave and thoughtful.

"We forget," she chided, "where we are. You must let me go now, and see if he is alive. I will wait on the bench here."

"Poor old Fred. I'll do what I can for him—I'll not be away a minute, dear."

He could see little from the doorway, only the dark shadow of a man's form lying full length on the floor. Then he took the lamp down from the shelf, and held it so the feeble light fell upon the upturned face. He stared down at the features thus revealed, unable for the moment to find expression for his bewilderment.

"Can you come here, dear?" he called.

She stood beside him, gazing from his face into those features on which the rays of the lamp fell.

"What is it?" she questioned breathlessly. "Is he dead?"

"I do not know; but that man is not Cavendish. Will you hold the lamp until I learn if he is alive?"

She took it in trembling hands, supporting herself against the wall, while he crossed the room, and knelt beside the motionless figure. A careful examination revealed the man's wound to be painful though not particularly

serious. Westcott lifted the man's head and the motion caused the eyelids to flutter. Slowly the eyes opened, and stared up into the face bending over him. The wounded man breathed heavily, the dull stare in his eyes changing to a look of bewildered intelligence.

"Where am I?" he asked thickly. "Oh, yes, I remember; I was shot. Who are you?"

"I am Jim Westcott; do you remember me?"

The searching eyes evidenced no sense of recollection.

"No," he said, struggling to make the words clear. "I never heard that name before."

Miss Donovan came forward, the lamp in her hand, the light shining full in her face.

"But you told me you were Mr. Cavendish," she exclaimed, "and Mr. Westcott was an old friend of his—surely you must remember?"

He looked up at her, and endeavored to smile, yet for the moment did not answer. He seemed fascinated by the picture she made, as though some vision had suddenly appeared before him.

"I—I remember you," he said at last. "You—you are Miss Donovan; I'll never forget you; but I never saw this man before—I'm sure of that."

"And I am equally convinced as to the truth of that remark," returned Westcott, "but why did you call yourself Cavendish?"

"Because that is my name—why shouldn't I?"

"Why, see here, man," and Westcott's voice no longer concealed his indignation, "you no more resemble Fred Cavendish than I do; there is not a feature in common between you."

"Fred Cavendish?"

"Certainly; of New York; who do you think we were talking about?"

"I've had no chance to think. I claim my name is Cavendish, and it is; but I've never once said I was Fred Cavendish of New York. If you must know, I am Ferdinand Cavendish of Los Angeles."

Westcott permitted the man's head to rest back on the floor, and he arose to his feet. He felt dazed, stunned, as though stricken a sudden blow.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "What can all this mean? You came from New York city?"

"Yes; I had been there a month attending to some business."

"And when you left for the coast, you took the midnight train on the New York Central?"

"Yes, I had intended taking an earlier one, but was delayed."

"You bought return tickets at the station?"

"No; I had return tickets; they had to be validated."

"Then your name was signed to them; what is your usual signature?"

"F. Cavendish."

"I thought so. Stella, this has all been a strange blunder, but it is perfectly clear how it happened. That man Beaton evidently had never seen Frederick Cavendish. He was simply informed that he would leave New York on that train. He met this Cavendish on board, perhaps even saw his signature on the ticket, and cultivated his acquaintance. The fellow never doubted but what he had the right man."

The marshal of Haskell came out of the bunk-house, and closed the door carefully behind him. He was rather proud of his night's work, and felt quite confident that the disarmed Mexicans locked within those strong log walls, and guarded by Moore, with a loaded rifle across his knee, would remain quiet until daylight. Naturally, and ordinarily, Mr. Brennan was considerable of a cynic, but just now he felt in a far more genial and sympathetic mood.

"Jim's some man," he confided to himself, unconsciously speaking aloud. "An' the girl's a nifty little thing—alright good lookin', too. I reckon it'll cost me a month's salary for a weddin' present, so maybe the joke's on me." His mind reverted to Mendez. "Five thousand on the old cuss," he muttered gloomily, "an' somebody else got the chance to pot him. Well, by hooky, whoever it was sure did a good job—it was that shotgun cooked his goose, judgin' from the way his face was peppered. Five thousand dollars—oh, h—!"

His eyes followed the outline of the valley, able to distinguish the darker silhouette of the cliffs outstanding against the sky sprinkled with stars. Far away toward the northern extremity a dull red glow indicated the presence of a small fire.

"Herders," Brennan soliloquized, his thought instantly shifting. "Likely to be two, maybe three or 'em out there; an' then there's them two on guard at the head o' the trail. I reckon they're wonderin' what all this yere shootin' means; but 'tain't probable they'll kick up any fuss yet awhile. We can handle them all right, if they do. Hulio, there! What's comin' now?"

It was the thud of a horse's hoofs being ridden rapidly. Brennan dropped to the ground, and skurried out of the

light. He could perceive nothing of the approaching rider, but whoever the fellow was he made no effort at secrecy. He drove his horse down the bank and into the stream at a gallop, splashed noisily through the water, and came loping up the nearer incline. Almost in front of the bunk-house he seemed suddenly struck by the silence and gleam of lights, for he pulled his pony up with a jerk, and sat there, staring about. To the marshal, crouching against the earth, his revolver drawn, horse and man appeared a grotesque shadow.

"Hullo!" the fellow shouted. "What's up? Did you think this was Christ-mas eve? Hey, there—Mendez; Cate-ras."

The little marshal straightened up, and took a step forward; the light

their faces doubtfully. "What the Sam Hill does this mean?"

"Only that we've got back, Timmons. Why this frigid reception?"

"Well, this yere is a respectable hotel an' I ain't goin' ter have it all mussed up by no lynchin' party," the landlord's voice full of regret. "Then this yere gal; she wrote me she'd gone back East."

Westcott laughed.

"Stow your grouch, old man, and give us a hand. There will be no lynching, because Lacy is in the hands of the marshal. As to this lady, she never sent you that note. She was abducted by force and has just escaped. Don't stand there like a fool. I'll tell you the story later. There's a wounded man under the canvas there. Come on and help me carry him inside."

Timmons, sputtering but impotent to resist, took hold reluctantly, and the two together bore the helpless Cavendish through the deserted office and up the stairs to the second floor, where he was comfortably settled and a doctor sent for. The task was sufficiently strenuous to require all the breath Timmons possessed, and he managed to repress his eager curiosity until the wounded man had been attended to. Once in the hall, however, and the door closed, he could no longer control himself.



"Hands Up, Bill!" He Said Quietly.

from the cabin window glistened wickedly on the blue steel of his gun barrel.

"Hands up, Bill!" he said quietly, in a voice carrying conviction. "None of that—don't play with me. Take your left hand an' unbuckle your belt—I said the left. Now drop it into the dirt."

"Who the h—l are you?"

"That doesn't make much difference, does it, as long as I've got the drop?" asked the other genially. "But, if you must know to be happy—I'm the marshal of Haskell. Go easy, boy; you've seen me shoot afore this, an' I've been born back in Texas with a weapon in each hand. Climb down off'n that hoss."

Lacy did so, his hands above his head, cursing angrily.

"What kind of a low-down trick is this, Brennan?" he snapped, glaring through the darkness at the face of his captor. "What's become of Pascual Mendez? Ain't his outfit yere?"

"His outfit's here all right, dead an' alive," and Brennan chuckled cheerfully, "but not being no gospel sharp I can't just say whar ol' Mendez is. What's left of his body is in that cabin yonder, so full o' buckshot it ought ter weigh a ton."

"Dead?"

"As a door nail, if yer ask me. It was some nice or yer ter come ridin' long here tonight, Lacy. It sorter helps me ter make a good, decent clean-up or this whole measly outfit. I reckon I'll stow yer away, along with them others. Mosey up them steps there, an' don't take no chances lookin' back."

It was a hard, slow journey back across the desert. Moore's team and wagon were requisitioned for the purpose, but Matt himself remained behind to help Brennan with the prisoners and cattle, until the party returning to Haskell could send them help.

Westcott drove, with Miss Donovan perched beside him on the spring-seat, and Cavendish lying on a pile of blankets beneath the shadow of the canvas top. They stopped to lunch at Baxter springs, and to water the team, and it was considerably after dark when they finally drove creaking up the main street of Haskell and stopped in front of the Timmons house to unload. The street was devoid of excitement, although the Red Dog was wide open for business, and Westcott caught a glimpse of Mike busily engaged behind the bar. A man or two passing glanced at them curiously, but possibly because of failure to recognize him in the darkness, no alarm was raised or any effort made to block their progress. Without Lacy to urge them on, the disciples of Judge Lynch had likely enough forgotten the whole affair.

As Westcott clambered over the wheel and then assisted the lady to alight the face of the landlord was sufficiently expressive of surprise.

"You!" he exclaimed, staring into

the appearance of this retaining wall is improved rather than marred by the semicircular curves in raised to save the large trees which border the property. Weathering of the top is prevented by the neat concrete coping.—From Popular Mechanics Magazine.



UNSAFE AS WELL AS UGLY

Anti-Signboard Argument Made by Chicagoans Effective in Curtailing General Nuisance.

Of course, a signboard is designed to attract attention. In some cities they appear to be attracting attention which threatens their existence in certain districts. This is a good thing, for at their best they have not been much of a scenic attraction and at their worst they have been pretty bad.

In Chicago, where a good deal of thought has been given to city planning, an ordinance was passed prohibiting signboards on roofs of buildings and requiring majority consent for permission to erect signboards in residence districts. The signboard people fought this ordinance to the United States Supreme court and were worsted. And the decision gave the people the right to have no signboards in the neighborhood of their homes if the majority agreed.

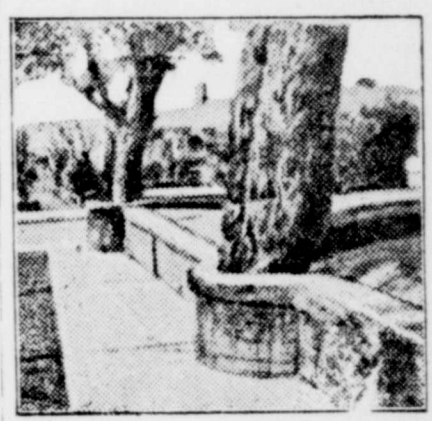
It is interesting to note that the arguments on which this case was defended by the people had to do rather with public safety and health than esthetic considerations. The boards were to be kept from the roofs for fear of their falling into the street, and the charge was made that they were a fire menace and a convenient ambush for robbers in residence districts.

Perhaps these practical phases afford the most convenient point of attack for the present, but from an esthetic point of view the signboard is forever and everywhere an offense.—Detroit News.

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CURVE PROPERLY HANDLED



The appearance of this retaining wall is improved rather than marred by the semicircular curves in raised to save the large trees which border the property. Weathering of the top is prevented by the neat concrete coping.—From Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Prophetic Fire.

The death of Levi P. Morton reminds me of a strange occurrence at Canajoharie years and years ago, before Mr. Morton became vice president. He was the guest of the late Senator James Arrell, they having long been intimate friends. During Mr. Morton's stay at the Arrell home a fire occurred in which the guest's suitcase, marked "Levi P. Morton," was burned on one end in such a manner that all the letters of the name were destroyed but the "v" and "P." Just at that time Mr. Morton was being mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for either president or vice-president, and the versatile Senator Arrell ventured the opinion that the strange work of the fire pointed toward success in that "v" and "P" meant vice president. A few months after the fire Levi P. Morton was nominated for and later elected to the vice presidency.—Fort Plain Standard.

Old Saloon Made Over.

An old saloon in the Italian section of New York has recently been taken over by the Y. M. C. A. and turned into a community center for Italian women and girls. The brown wood-work has been painted blue and lively chintz has been hung at the windows. The old place is hardly recognizable. This center is being used during the day as a nursery for children whose mothers are working, for a babies' clinic, and for mothers' club meetings; in the evenings for social times for girls who work during the day.

Why the Buffalo Wallow.

The water buffalo of China writes C. O. Levine, associate professor of animal husbandry, Canton Christian college, in the Journal of Heredity (Washington), has few sweat glands in its skin, and for this reason cannot endure hard work in the sun for a long period, unless its body is wet with water. This accounts for the desire of the buffalo to wallow in mud or water. The animals are easily overcome by heat if worked hard in the sun and sometimes they go crazy and become very dangerous.

Costly Production.

In producing Sir Rider Haggard's famous story of "King Solomon's Mines" for the movies, \$50,000 worth of ostrich plumes were used as part of the headresses of the opposing armies. The film was produced in South Africa, where fortunately ostrich feathers are plentiful.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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WORKING PARTS RUN IN OIL BATH

Let us show you how in the Wallis all working parts run constantly in a bath of clean oil.

We'll tell you why this, plus the fact that all gears are of cut hardened steel and enclosed in dustproof housings, add wonderfully to the efficiency of the Wallis Tractor.

We'll also show you why the Wallis powerful Valve-in-head motor, and famous patented "U" frame give the Wallis a combination of power, light weight and economy not found in any other tractor.

These are some of the features which account for the Wallis 12-year record of successful operation.

May we not have the pleasure of explaining these and other Wallis features to you?

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FIRE, TORNADO, LIVESTOCK, FARM CYCLONE, AUTOMOBILE

LIABILITY AND CASUALTY
WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

W. A. Scales of the south plains was in Saturday and had his name added to the Chief honor roll.

B. C. Frye and family came in last week to become citizens of our county again. They have shipped their household goods back and will live in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ball of Mineral Wells are enjoying a weeks visit with Miami relatives and friends.

O. M. Cox is having a sale next week at his place north of Mobeetie, a list of livestock, etc., can be found in his ad.

Rev. J. S. Bone of Mt. Pleasant, Arkansas was here Saturday and Sunday, visiting his brother, Rev. J. H. Bone of the local Presbyterian church.

The local Presbyterian church sent off their box to the orphans home at Albany last week. Part of this home was recently burned and various churches and people over the state were asked to help re-establish it. J. Gilmore Smith, Superintendent of the home was at one time pastor of the Miami church.

Mrs. R. L. McKinney, who has been visiting her father J. H. Dial, left Sunday for Waco, where she will visit a short while and return to her home in Dallas.

Mrs. Roy Mathers and Miss Beulah Lee were Amarillo shoppers first of the week.

Uncle Bob Talley returned this week from Hot Springs, N. Mex., where he spent a short while recuperating his health. He comes back much improved.

Miss Anna Wells has accepted a position in the Seiber dry goods store and began work Monday.

Mrs. I. W. Huber and daughter, Miss Lena were down from Canyon this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wells of White-Beer visited Miami relatives Monday.

W. C. Christopher made a business trip to Amarillo first of the week.

Mrs. Katie Joiner and son, Gussie are spending this week at Oklahoma City and Edmond, Oklahoma with relatives.

Barber John Wilbourn of the City Barber Shop has purchased a half interest in a shop at Woodward, Oklahoma and is preparing to leave this week for that place.

Judge F. P. Works of Amarillo spoke on the streets Saturday afternoon to a good sized crowd in behalf of the candidacy of Patt M. Jeff.

C. C. Shields of the First State Bank spent Sunday with friends in Panhandle.

Mrs. J. R. Cox of Clarendon and Mrs. George Lambert of Lark are spending the week with their sisters Mrs. J. W. Schaffer and Miss Clara Black.

Mrs. J. L. Seiber and daughter, Miss Eva went to Amarillo Monday to have some dental work done.

E. C. Schaffer of Jericho spent the latter part of last week with his son, J. W. Schaffer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Morrison left yesterday for Canadian, where they will make their home on their newly acquired ranch.

The J. D. Lard family who have spent the summer at Hot Springs, N. W. Mexico have returned home today.

Mrs. N. S. Locke and son Ellis returned Tuesday from Spur, where they have been visiting the W. W. Ellis family for the past three weeks.

Dr. J. H. Kelley purchased a new Dodge Coupelette this week in which he is riding to his professional calls.

Dr. Kelley reports the arrival of a new daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Arch Chase this week, who live on the Jack-son ranch.

W. M. Peacock, representing the Burroughs Adding Machine company is here this week, installing a Burroughs Posting machine at the Bank of Miami. This machine is a great labor saving device for banks. It takes the balance of any account, subtracts the checks and adds the deposits, bringing down a balance, all at one operation.

Mrs. Agnes Thompson McKaig of Fairview, Oklahoma came in Tuesday and is visiting Miami friends and relatives.

Judge and Mrs. J. E. Kinney and children came in yesterday from Colorado Springs, where they spent the summer. They report a very delightful summer.



To Our Many Customers Effective September 1st.

We will sell strictly for cash. In order that your cash may go as far as possible, we will allow five per cent discount on all accessories, casings and tubes. Gasoline and Kerosene will remain for the present at the old prices, notwithstanding the advance in freight of twenty-five per cent, which is more than 1 cent per gallon advance. We will appreciate prompt settlement of all past due accounts.

J. A. COVEY & SON

INCORPORATED

MIAMI,

TEXAS

Miss Lulu Byrd of Panhandle is spending the week with Mrs. J. K. McKenzie and Mrs. Dallas George.

C. S. Craig of Oklahoma City came in yesterday and is visiting his brothers, M. M. and W. H.

J. W. Elliott and wife of Chicago came in yesterday to make their home in Miami. He has accepted a position at the G. M. Moon grocery. J. W. is a brother to Jeweler, Frank Elliott.

Miss Jewel Porter of Higgins is visiting Miami friends this week.

L. B. ROBERTSON WRITES
Camden, Ark., 2-17-1920.

Miami Chief,
Miami, Texas.

Dear Waggoner:-

Please find inclosed my check on Subscription. I have failed to remit for past dues for the Chief - not intentionally, but just like we are apt to do Editors, as they live principally on air, and require little substantial food.

Well, I still long for the "flesh pots" of dear old Panhandle, as there is no other spot in my memory that is dearer than there. I like here, but the people are not Texans, and never will be, I predict.

Financially, I have done well, but you know that this is only a secondary consideration to one who loves folks and country better than "filthy lucre."

The climate - r winter and summer together is hard to excel here. The days are very pleasant here now, and the nights are cool. The hot months are May, June and July.

The scenery of the Ouachita River cannot be excelled. Timber abounds every where. From the amount of saw mills one would suppose that timber would soon be exhausted, but it grows back very quickly.

With a dozen or more Miami folks were over here, and I would then feel satisfied. Fishing here is abundant. All kinds of fish the year around.

We have one oil well in the Co. that is making 200 Bbls per day, and many others going down in earnest, as they are doing every thing that money can do to find the pool, which there is no doubt of being here.

Write me at least a few lines, and say to all whom you meet, "God bless them for me." Be sure and shake John Webster's hand heartily for me, and all of his family.

With kindest regards to you, your family and the town as a whole, I am,
L. B. Robertson.



A Barn Worth Keeping Is A Barn Worth Painting

A barn needs protection just as much as a house, in fact more protection, because it is not built as substantially. You can point to your barn with as much pride as you do to your home if it is painted with

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

COMMONWEALTH BARN RED

It is made expressly for barns, corn cribs, silos, fences, etc. It is a durable, weather-resisting paint for rough or smooth lumber. It sinks in sticks tight and saves repairs.

WHITE HOUSE LUMBER CO.

WHEAT INSURANCE

If you want to protect your wheat against fire and lightning while standing in the field, or while in shock or stack or threshed and in granary at a very small cost to you, see—

J. K. McKenzie, Miami.

FOR SALE

Deep well pump jack; four mules, 15 and 16 hands, high, five and six years old, no blemishes. 640 acres of well improved plains land at \$39 p. r acre.
50-4tc

W. C. Christopher.

THE BEST PHYSIC

When you want a pleasant physic try Chamberlain's Tablets. They are easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. They are highly prized by people who have become acquainted with their good qualities. They only cost a quarter.

Miami in a Big Tent All Next Week

THE MARTIN SISTERS COMPANY

With a Snappy Jazz Orchestra

Don't miss "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE", a four act Comedy play with lots of pep.

MONDAY NITE, AUGUST 30.

KIEV EVACUATED WHILE BURNING

Americans With Polish Army Tell Thrilling Story of Flight From Bolsheviks.

MANY ATROCITIES BY REDS

Evacuation Is Wild and Picturesque Happening—Masked and Mutilated Bodies of Polish Soldiers At Feet of Civilians.

Washington.—A vivid description of the evacuation of Kiev by the Polish army was received in Washington, in the shape of mail dispatches from Warsaw, the Polish capital. Colonel Gaskill, formerly of the American army, but now of the Polish railway mission, and Jay P. Moffat, secretary of the American Legation at Warsaw, furnished two of the clearest stories of the actual abandonment of the Ukrainian city.

The account, which, although not official, is regarded as reliable information, follows:

Picturesque and Thrilling Event.

The evacuation of Kiev by the Polish army was a picturesque as well as a thrilling event. Credit for saving not only his men but also for the rescue of the immense swarms of refugees which accompanied the army must be given to General Rypka Rypka, the Polish commander of the Kiev campaign. Since the evacuation these refugees have been making their way into Warsaw clad in nothing but recently resembling clothes and have been giving truthful but some the less extraordinary accounts of the experiences which they have undergone.

Colonel Gaskill, who came out of Kiev with the Polish troops, was with the Polish staff there throughout the entire experience and witnessed the planning as well as the operation of the evacuation movement. Mr. Moffat took part in the evacuation of Jitomierz and experienced, after the Red Army cavalry raid, a thrilling night ride through the forests of Kovel, while the passengers along the way were apparently taking pot shots at any soldiers they saw, with little regard to the color of their uniforms.

The stories told by both Colonel Gaskill and Mr. Moffat confirm what has so often been said of the cruelties of the red troops. Colonel Gaskill told with considerable vividness of the descent of the reds upon the city even before the troops and refugees had gotten away, and of a night spent amid turbulence and constant indiscriminate firing by the reds on refugees and troop trains. Fortunately they also for the most part was poor. Mr. Moffat in his region saw the hacking and mutilated bodies of Polish soldiers along the roadway at Jitomierz, and the bodies of four mutilated soldiers hanging in a freight car, their wounds attesting that their deaths had been made as horrible as humanity possible.

The condition of the refugees was described by both men as pathetic. Men, women and babies being huddled into box cars, and all arrayed in most extraordinary makeshift clothing. They had been summoned to flee the city with hardly more than an hour of warning and all had fled almost as they stood. They had abandoned their homes with no preparation. They had no food and no clothing other than what they wore. Even more terrible than the refugees, however, was

the condition of the people whom the Poles were obliged to leave behind since the trains could not accommodate them. There were incidents in which fathers and mothers gave up their places in order that their children, particularly their daughters, might escape from the doomed region. Ordered to Leave City.

Up to the last, according to Colonel Gaskill's account, the Poles were determined to hold the city. The staff had not only planned but had put into operation a scheme for defense, and General Rypka Rypka was satisfied that while the war might be long, they could hold their ground. All the time that the decision was being made, Colonel Gaskill stated, the staff headquarters was fairly besieged by Russians and Poles begging the general not to abandon them and promising their fate with the return of the reds.

The knowledge that the reds had crossed the river and were advancing from the north was confirmed by the appearance of red airplanes which began dropping incendiary bombs on the city so that in a relatively short time half a dozen fires were burning.

"While the Polish staff was endeavoring to reach a decision the post-office order came from the chief of staff, Pleskoff, to abandon the place, and a wild rush of preparation began. A Polish Red Cross and other agencies began to gather together the refugees and the army officials to marshal their men. These preparations were, of course, noted by the enemy, and the number of red planes increased. By the time the movement

was actually under way the enemy were suffering from gunfire as well as from the bombs of the aviators, and in the city which they had left behind the fleeing troops and refugees could see the flames mounting steadily from burning buildings. The side car was an exciting one. The trains could only be moved at a slow speed, and Polish soldiers were required on the footboards of all the engines to maintain order and prevent panic."

FRENCH GALLANTRY IS DEAD

Girls Now Have to Fight for Seats in Paris Subway Trains.

Paris.—So had have the traveling conditions become on the tubes here that the woman workers, including the millineries and modistes of the fashionable shops, have demanded that a special carriage on each train be reserved for women.

"The traditional gallantry of France must be dead," remarked a tired business girl. "Traveling on the metro at certain hours of the day has become nothing more or less than a battle in which the weak have no chance against the strong."

Wireless Guidance for Swedish Fishers

Stockholm.—Wireless telephone receivers are being placed by the Swedish government on fishing craft, so the fishers may be warned of bad weather and informed where good catches of herring may be expected. As no transmitters will be placed on the boats the fishers will not be able to communicate with other vessels nor with wireless stations ashore.

VENTILATION IN METAL MINES

An Economic Fault That Should Be Remedied, Says Federal Engineer.

LIVES AND EFFICIENCY LOST

One Thousand Die Annually From Miner's Consumption, Chiefly Caused by Dust—Time Lost Aggregates Millions of Dollars.

Washington.—The desirability of efficient control of air currents and the necessity of supplying metal mine workers with better and safer working conditions has created an active interest in metal mine ventilation, especially in recent years. In a paper just issued by the United States bureau of mines the writer, D. Harrington, mining engineer of the bureau, discusses the subject both with regard to efficiency and economy as well as safety and health. It is based on personal observations of Mr. Harrington during more than four years' study of metal mines in six states, in which more than fifty mines were visited.

In coal mines ventilation is generally regarded as essential, but in many metal mines, especially shallow ones, the operators pay little attention to ventilation, or ignore it altogether, says the writer. Mr. Harrington says: "Ventilation Necessary."

"There is greater necessity for ade-

quate ventilation of metal mines than of coal mines. The latter require air currents to remove explosive gases and the fumes of explosives, but metal mines, in addition to the need of removing fumes of explosives and occasionally explosive gases, frequently have need of removing dusts dangerous to health, reduction of high temperatures and high humidity, and removal of inert, but unhealthy gases."

The main features affecting metal mine ventilation as outlined in part by Mr. Harrington, are:

Movement of Air.—This involves effects of air movement at various temperatures, humidities, and with certain gases present, and the advisable velocity of current to use.

Temperature.—The temperature of the air in a metal mine is influenced by the outside air temperature, underground rock and water temperature, oxidation of ores and timbers, mine fires, friction of air due to velocity of flow, movement of ground, firing of shot, quantity of air circulating, heat from breathing of men and animals, heated air from other mines, heat from electric motors and other machinery.

Humidity.—The humidity of mine air depends on the relative humidity of surface air, wetness of shafts and workings, the velocities, quantities, and temperatures of the air circulated. Where small fan units are employed to force air through galvanized iron or canvas tubing, these also affect the humidity through absorption or deposition of moisture.

Mine gases and dusts.—The intake air is usually pure, except in rare instances where smoke or dust from surface works may be present. The air in the mine changes through breathing of men and animals, burning of lights, oxidation of ore or timber, gases issuing from strata, gases from mine fires, fumes from explosives, gases from compressed air, gases from operation of machinery, dusts from drilling, blasting, shoveling and other work.

Studied by Experts.

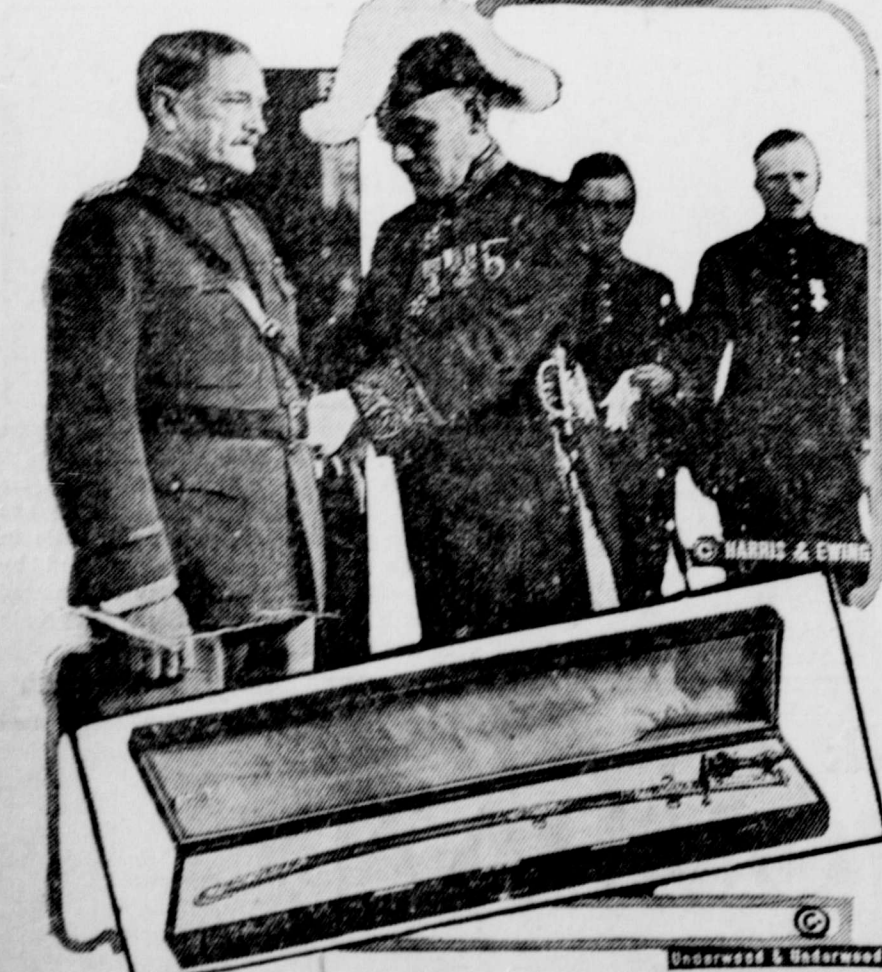
The writer says that the bureau of mines and the United States public health service, in conjunction with the investigation of mine dusts and gases, are studying effects of temperature and humidity on workmen's health and efficiency.

"Few mines having humid hot working places with no circulation have escaped without one or more fatalities from 'heart failure,' which is really heat prostration," says the writer, "yet proper air circulation would make these mines endurable."

"In some mines where gases such as nitrogen or carbon dioxide issue from the strata, fatalities and many cases of gassing have occurred from inadequate ventilation; the remedy is force or pressure ventilation with constant vigilance. Many lives have been lost as well as much property, from fires in metal mines because no ventilating equipment arranged to control the air currents in such an emergency had been provided."

"Miners' consumption probably kills at least 1,000 metal miners annually in the United States, and causes a loss of time aggregating millions of dollars; the misery and suffering to miners and their families cannot be estimated. Yet the causes of this disease could be reduced 75 per cent, if not wholly eliminated by proper preventive measures on the part of operator and miner, one of the most potent measures, as previously mentioned, is adequate ventilation."

General Pershing Gets Jeweled Sword



The British ambassador to the United States, Sir Auckland Geddes, presenting to Gen. John J. Pershing a magnificent sword, jeweled, chased and engraved in commemoration of the splendid services rendered during the war by General Pershing and the men who fought under him. The sword was a gift from the corporation and city of London, delayed until London's jewelers could be released from their military tasks long enough to fashion the gift with all possible care.

FAIR FARM STOCK

RAISE FEED FOR LIVE STOCK

Second in Importance Only to That of Producing Food Necessary for Use by Family.

The production of enough feed for the family live stock, work stock, and commercial live stock is second in importance only to producing food for the family, in the opinion of the United States department of agriculture. Farm management studies in the southern states indicate that the most profitable farms not only produce the necessary farm feeds but have a surplus of them to sell, and that the live stock is usually of better quality and better grade on the farms producing a surplus than on farms where staple feeds are bought. These facts are brought out in a series of 16 facts formulated by the department of agriculture to show whether or not a farm is being efficiently managed.

The average farm family, made up of five adult persons or their equivalent, requires for its proper maintenance 2 cows, 40 sows for furnishing eggs and poultry meat, and 1 pig for each adult person or his equivalent. Enough calves should be raised to replace each cow reaching the age of 8 years. This family live stock, it is calculated, will require 1 ton of corn and 200 lbs. of 12-14 pounds of cottonseed meal, 55 bushels of corn, 40 bushels of oats, 4,200 pounds of cowpeas hay, 2,100 pounds of oat hay, 4,200 pounds of corn roughage, green forage from 2 acres, and 5 acres of pasture or their equivalent. A fair provision to a head for work stock is 60 bushels of corn, 40 bushels of oats, and 3 tons of

THOSE PRETTY COTTON FROCKS



THERE are some very good stories that never grow old. We listen to them, with variations, from year to year and from generation to generation. And so it is with the story of cotton frocks. Sometimes they are simple, oftentimes they are not, especially in this season of mod-trimmed dresses. Take organdy for example. Some of them are stitched in colors that make a color contrast, some of them are covered with lace frills dyed to match, numbers are befrilled with little flourishes of the same material, others are decorated with satin cut into geometrical figures and if yarn embroidery and stitching hasn't attacked them as yet, it is sure to do so, for nothing is immune. But, of all the lovely trimmings that have been inspired by organdy nothing quite equals the blossoms that are made of it.

Writing of such an airy and irresponsible fabric is likely to make one a bit flighty but there are other cotton frocks, the ginghams and dimities and chambrays, whose role is not frivolous but always interesting. They are the bread and butter dresses that never tire of. Two out of many and attractive models are pictured here.

Ginghams in the smaller plaids and in checks suited the mood of the season better than any others, perhaps because they look so well with organdy in accessories and decorations. One of these is shown with square neck finished with white organdy frills having picot edges in a circle. The skirt is shirred in four rows where it joins the bodice a little ornamental stitching makes a girlish necessary.

The other dress might be the effort of an expert designer trying to demonstrate just how plain a cotton frock can be, and still be unusual and interesting. This one might be made of unbleached domestic or of chambray. Occasional splashes of color appear in a scattered leaf motif cut from heavy cotton and outlined with stitches in black. A girlish narrow black ribbon makes just the right finish.

Veils Do Their Kindly Part



THE light that lies in woman's eyes is airily veiled these summer days, glancing with heightened charm through nearly invisible screens of silk. Of a spider web fineness, and, considering it, unbelievable strength, embroidery or dots that center attention on them and give them distinction. Behind such interesting barriers faces are more interesting. Veils have much to give to their wearers, but they have to be selected with discretion, for they can be either kind or unkind, both revealing and concealing; that's why they are made in so many and so varied patterns.

Four chic veils, as shown above, give one only an inkling of the endless variety in the ornamentation of the meshes that are at the service of veil devotees for this summer.

Paris sponsors headwear in which the veil is more important than the hat over which it falls. An example appears in the square mesh net with braided pattern in the border, that drapes a narrow brimmed hat of malines without trimming, except for a band and bow of ribbon. The veil's the thing in this millinery, lending graceful flowing lines to it.

Another creation on the same order appears in the fascinating curtain veil. It has a fine hexagonal mesh veil, braided design in a flower motif, forming a deep border around it, finished by a fancy edge. It veils the face to the tip of the nose at the



Hogs on Pasture Being Made Ready for Market.

roughage. The arrangement of crops and pastures to meet these requirements are suggested in United States department of agriculture circular No. 83, "Testing Farms in the South for Efficiency in Management."

VALUE OF HORSES ON FARM

Total Estimated at \$1,993,000,000, or Just a Little Below Figures on Cows.

Even though it may be true that the motor-driven vehicle has begun to put the farm horse "on the run," there is no evidence that he has developed much speed, and his total value still compares favorably with other classes of farm animals. On January 1, 1920, the bureau of crop estimates of the United States department of agriculture estimated the total value of horses on farms in this country at \$1,993,000,000, or just a little below the value of milk cows, which was \$2,022,000,000.

SWINE DURING HOT WEATHER

Fattening Pigs Will Not Suffer From Heat if Given Plenty of Water and Ample Shade.

Fattening pigs require some attention in hot weather, but usually pigs weighing 100 to 150 pounds or more will not suffer from the heat or die if given plenty of cool water and protection from the sun. A concrete hog wallow is quite sanitary and if built in the overflow from a spring it keeps clear with the inflow of clean water. On hot days pigs will lie on the concrete feeding floor in the hog barn during the heat of the day and forage in the rape during the cool of the morning and evening.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Every good dairyman knows the value of a purebred sire of good record.

If you have surplus stock to sell it will pay you to use a good purebred dairy bull.

Give the sheep some attention during the summer and increase the profits from the flock.

When sheep are on pasture they will not require much attention, but one must see that the pasture is not overstocked and that they have plenty of fresh water and salt.

Julia Bottomley

A Bead Bag Craze.

The bead bag is on the very crest of the wave of summer fashion. Their design is elegant and their workmanship fine and they form the latest thing in exclusive dress accessories. The prices range from \$15 to \$25 and even a little higher. Such a bag that one young society girl had 27 different styles of bags, and ten of the were bead bags.

Will Not be One Day Without PE-RU-NA

This Lady TELLS Her FRIENDS

Mrs. Mary Fricke, 507 Bornman St., Belleville, Ill., is just one of the many thousands of ladies throughout the country who, after an agony of years, have at last found health, strength and vigor in PE-RU-NA.

Her own words tell of her suffering and recovery better than we can do it: "I suffered with my stomach, had awful cramps and headaches so I often could not lay on a pillow. Saw your book, tried PE-RU-NA and got good results from the first bottle. To be sure of a cure I took twelve bottles. I have recommended PE-RU-NA to my friends and all are well pleased with results. I will not be one day without PE-RU-NA. Have not had a doctor since I started with PE-RU-NA, which was about fifteen years ago. I am now sixty-three years old, hale, hearty and well. Can do as much work as my daughters. I feel strong and healthy and weigh near two hundred pounds. Before, I weighed as little as one hundred. I hope lots of people use PE-RU-NA and get the results I did." An experience like that of Mrs. Fricke is an inspiration to every sick and suffering woman.



MRS. MARY FRICKE

If you have catarrh, whether it be of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or other organs, PE-RU-NA is the remedy. It is not new; it is not an experiment. PE-RU-NA has been tried. PE-RU-NA has been used by thousands who once were sick and are now well. To prevent coughs, colds, grip and influenza and to hasten recovery there is nothing better.

PE-RU-NA will improve the appetite and digestion, purify the blood, soothe the irritated mucous linings, eradicate the waste material and corruption from the system. It will tone up the nerves, give you health, strength, vigor and the joy of living. Do what Mrs. Mary Fricke and thousands more have done—try PE-RU-NA. You will be glad, happy, thankful.

Tablet or Liquid. Sold Everywhere.

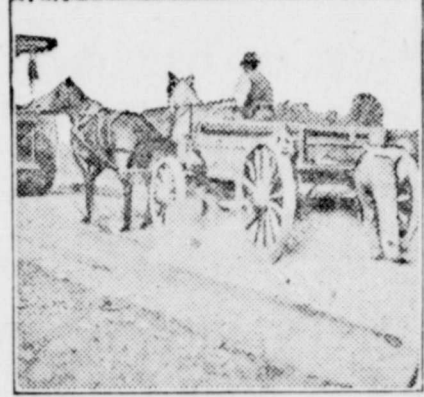
IMPROVED ROADS

ARMY MATERIAL FOR ROADS

Millions of Dollars' Worth of Machinery Available for Construction of Highways.

The signing by the president of a bill directing the secretary of war to transfer certain surplus army equipment to the United States department of agriculture, as well as allotting certain material to other branches of the government, makes available for distribution to the states millions of dollars' worth of machinery for use in highway construction.

Since there is now available from all sources—federal, state, county, etc.—more than \$1,000,000,000 for road building, the states are anxious to secure



Carrying Forward Nation's Great Road Building Program, Support of Which Is Urged by Secretary Meredith.

their allotments of these army supplies because of the great assistance they will be in expediting road building. This material is in addition to approximately 22,000 army motor vehicles which already have been allotted to the states through the federal department of agriculture in accord with previous legislation.

As yet no definite estimate can be made as to the number of machines of different kinds which the secretary of war will designate to be "surplus and not required for military purposes," as provided in the act. Among the scores of items listed in the law are: Road rollers, sprinkling wagons, concrete mixers, derricks, complete pile-driver outfits, clam-shell buckets, caterpillar and drag-line excavators, plows, cranes, dump wagons, hoisting engines, stump pullers, wheelbarrows, blasting machines, corrugated metal culverts, surveying instruments, drafting machines, fabricated bridge materials, gravity and power conveyors, and wagons.

The distribution of this material will be made by the United States department of agriculture, the work being in the immediate charge of the bureau of public roads. It will be allotted in the same ratio as funds granted to the states for federal aid roads.

The bill also empowers the secretary of war in his discretion to transfer to the United States department of agriculture for use by the forestry service in the work of supervising the national forests, any telephone supplies no longer required for military purposes.

The federal government is to be reimbursed by the states, a sum equal to 20 per cent of the value of the material less all freight charges incurred in delivering the property to them. The title to all vehicles and other equipment remains vested in the state for use in improving highways. No vehicles and equipment, in serviceable condition, can be sold or the title transferred to any one else. A provision inserted in the bill shortly before its final passage provided that any state highway department may arrange for the use of this material by any state agency or municipal corporation at a fair rental, if it is to be used in constructing and maintaining public highways. The rental must not be less than the cost of maintenance and repair of the vehicles and equipment

DRIVERS CAN PREVENT WEAR

One Thing That Is Most Destructive Is Driving in Tracks—Distribute Traffic Evenly.

Drivers can prevent wear to the surfaces of the roads and even improve their conditions, if instead of driving in one track or on the edge of the road, they will drive over the middle and other less-used parts of the road when traffic permits. The one thing that is fatal above all things to road surfaces, whether dirt or paved, is driving in tracks, which subjects one small part of the road surface to all the traffic and damage that the whole road accommodates. Traffic should be evenly distributed over the entire surface of the road, and a little thoughtfulness and care in this respect on the part of drivers will do much to add to the permanence and excellence of our roadways.

Benefits of Good Roads. Good roads will enable the producers to hold their yield for a longer time, thus insuring higher prices for them and lower and more uniform prices for the consumer, and will serve to distribute railway traffic more evenly over the entire year.

Useful as a Weapon. A system of good roads, built on a uniform plan of excellence by the states and the nation, could be utilized as a powerful weapon in the consumers' struggle with high prices.

Some More Truths.

WOULD you use a steam shovel to move a pebble? Certainly not. Implements are built according to the work they have to do.

Would you use a grown-up's remedy for your baby's ills? Certainly not. Remedies are prepared according to the work THEY have to do.

All this is preliminary to reminding you that Fletcher's Castoria was sought out, found and is prepared solely as a remedy for Infants and Children. And let this be a warning against Substitutes, Counterfeits and the Just-as-good stuff that may be all right for you in all your strength, but dangerous for the little babe.

All the mother-love that lies within your heart cries out to you: Be true to Baby. And being true to Baby you will keep in the house remedies specially prepared for babies as you would a baby's food, hairbrush, toothbrush or sponge.

Children Cry For



Are You Prepared?

A doctor in the house all the time would be a good idea. Yet you can't afford to keep a doctor in the family to keep baby well or prevent sickness. But you can do almost the same thing by having at hand a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, because it is a wonderful remedy for indigestion, colic, feverishness, fretfulness and all the other disorders that result from common ailments that babies have.

Fletcher's Castoria is perfectly safe to use. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. Children cry for Fletcher's Castoria, and mothers recommend it because they have found it a comfort to children and a mother's friend.

If you love your baby, you know how sweet it is to be able to help baby when trouble comes. You cannot always call upon a doctor. But doctors have nothing but good to say of Fletcher's Castoria, because they know that it can only do good—that it can't do any harm—and they wouldn't want you to use for baby a remedy that you would use for yourself.

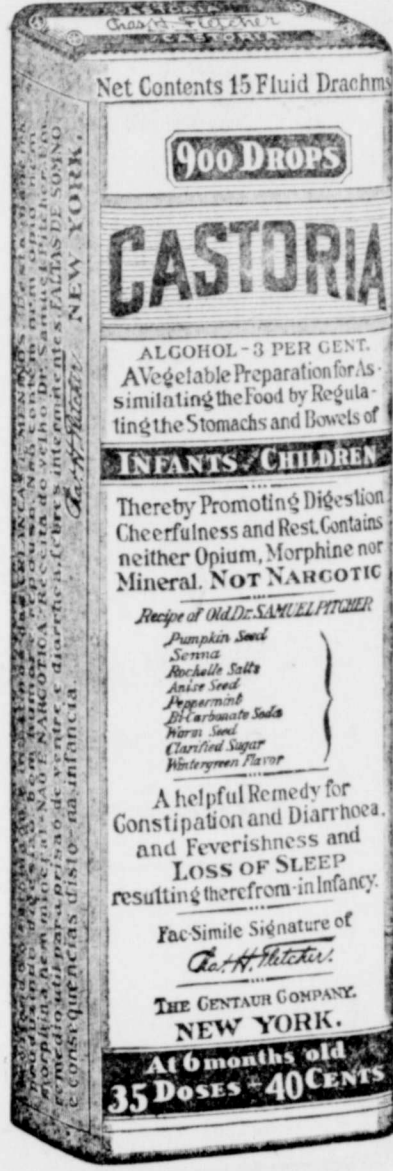
MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1896. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

HE HAD MISSED SOMETHING

Mr. Gap Johnson Brought to a Realization of His Ignorance of His Surroundings.

"It must be wonderful to live all your life long in the midst of the 'Land of a Million Smiles,' where the alluring waters purr and splash and the nymphs frolic all the day!" prattled one member of a party of city motorists who had invaded the Ozarks.

"To live in the—p'tu!—which?" surprisingly returned Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"Here among the hills and dells of 'The Playground of America.' Look at the advertisement in the newspaper and—"

"Well, I'll be—p'tu!—dogged! I never would 'a' b'lieved it in the living world if I hadn't seed it in the paper! I've lived yur since Heck was a pup, and I never knowed nuthin' like these yur ladies—nymphs, I b'lieve you called 'em—to be setting on rocks this-a-way and skylarking around with nuthin' in pertickler on but undershirts and smiles. Say, how long has this yur—p'tu!—business been going on, anyhow?"—Kansas City Star.

Naming No Names. Reading some of the present day effusions, one reflects that it is possible for a poet to make dollars out of lines that others can't even make sense out of.—Boston Transcript.

SOMETHING NEW TO MOTHER

Dear Old Lady Had a Good Deal to Learn About the Latest Idea in Silk Stockings.

Styles may come and styles may go, but an old-fashioned mother like Bab's can't be expected to keep abreast with the latest creations. She is always looking after the welfare of the family, whether it is preparing father's choice dish or skipping her own needs so that Johnny or Bab may keep up appearances with the twentieth century younger set.

Mother recently was going over the week's washing, putting a patch here, catching a button there and seeing to it that the stockings were carefully mended. She came across a pair of stockings that Bab had purchased the week before. They were the latest thing dictated by fashion, the lisle stocking with lace designs on the sides, which very much resembles the lowly "run."

"And bless you, mother sewed up every one of them," giggled Bab to a friend, a few days later, "and they cost me \$8 a pair, too."

Boys and Dog Dig Up \$2,000.

Four schoolboys, while spending the Whitsuntide holidays in Mulhuddert, a village outside Dublin, raving with a terrier, discovered a hoard of more than £400 in sovereigns (normally \$2,000) in a rat hole. The news quickly spread, and a local postman claimed the money as his. He says about £400 was left to him by his father, a blacksmith, who had inherited it from his father, and to keep it safely in these troublous times the postman buried it in a field where it would still have remained but for the inquisitive terrier.

The postman's claim was admitted unanimously, and the parents of the boys returned him sums amounting to about £150. Local volunteers are making inquiries with a view to having the balance of the money restored.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Waiter, One Dish "Milhi!"

The Chinese are very fond of an extraordinary dish called "milhi," which is made of live new-born mice dipped in honey.

To be always sensible is a great strain. One isn't sure that nature intended that. Nature herself isn't.

When Something Is Wrong With Your Comfort

—when nervousness, indigestion, biliousness or some other upset makes you think you are not eating or drinking the right thing

—if you're a coffee drinker, cut out coffee ten days and use

Postum Cereal

This delicious drink with its coffee-like flavor, suits coffee drinkers. Its value to health soon shows, and its economy is so apparent under use that one quickly realizes.

"There's a Reason"

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

The Handy Airplane. Just as we have reached the era of national prohibition, a way has been found for reaching Europe in a great hurry. Under the newest development of inventive genius, a thirsty man can hop to the other side, discuss matters of importance with a friend till his words begin to run together and his hat settles permanently over one eye, and then he can get back in ample time to have the headache right in his own home. This is indeed a remarkable age.—Thrift Magazine.

So Says Tradition. "I want to say it with flowers." "Here are some daisies." "But daisies won't tell."

Let us fight evil thoughts with good actions.

Don't Let Catarrh Drag You into Consumption

Avoid Its Dangerous Stage.

There is a more serious stage of Catarrh than the annoyance caused by the stopped-up air passages, and the hawking and spitting and other distasteful features. The real danger comes from the tendency of the disease to continue its course downward until the lungs become affected, and then dreads consumption is on your path. Your own experience has taught you that the disease cannot

be cured by sprays, inhalers, jellies and other local applications.

S. S. S. has proven a most satisfactory remedy for Catarrh because it goes direct to its source, and tends to remove the germs of the disease from the blood. Get a bottle from your druggist today, and begin the only logical treatment that gives real results. For free medical advice write to Medical Director, 104 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

Nothing happens to the city man with the same rigid persistence that nothing happens to the village man.

Adversity pills are seldom sugar-coated.

10 Billion Potatoes From One. If there were but one potato left in the world a careful cultivator might produce 10,000,000,000 from it in ten years and thus supply the world with seed again.

WARNING!

The "Bayer Cross" on tablets is the thumb-print which positively identifies genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 20 years, and proved safe by millions.



Safety first! Insist upon an unbroken "Bayer package" containing proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago and for Pain generally. Made and owned strictly by Americans.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonic Acidester of Salicylic Acid

