

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 23

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1921.

No. 14-15.

MODERN HEALTH CRUSADE LISTING SCHOOL CHILDREN

Austin, Texas, Nov. 9.—Miss Pearl Hyer, Children's Secretary of the Public Health Association, announces that several thousand Texas school children have enlisted in the Modern Health Crusade against disease this year.

The purpose of the Modern Health Crusade is to cause the children to adopt health habits. These are summarized in the eleven chores which the Crusader is required to perform, in order to win advancement. The chores include such wide and varied habits as bathing, washing the face before meals, brushing the teeth, breathing deeply, sleeping with windows open, playing out-of-doors, eating slowly of wholesome food and drinking plenty of water and milk. This movement is starting in its fourth year now, and has more than a million children enrolled.

The movement contains children from every State in the Union, Canada, France, Czechoslovakia, China, and Virgin Islands.

The Modern Health Crusade is a part of the State-wide campaign conducted by the Texas Public Health Association and its affiliated organizations to raise the standard of health among children. Funds for carrying on this work are secured from the sale of Tuberculosis Christmas Seals. The fourteenth annual sale will be held Thanksgiving week in Texas, and every dollar worth of seals purchased is now directly at tuberculosis.

WAGGONER, EDITOR OF THE CHIEF, IS SICK

The Chief was not published last week on account of the illness of the editor. Mr. Waggoner had been confined for several days with toothache and a week ago last Monday the tooth extracted and still failed to relieve him, and he had been confined to his bed and suffering much pain since that time. We are glad to announce that at last he is improving, and hope much that he will be able to assist in getting out The Chief next week.

The editorial force for this issue of The Chief is composed of Emmett Clark, Claude, Texas, Cecil Fitzgibbon and John Webster.

EPWORTH LEAGUE

Program for Nov. 13, 6:30 p. m. subject: Bible Examples of Personal Evangelism.

Reader—Miss Virginia Hale.

Scripture Lesson—Matt. 4:18-22; Acts 18:24-26.

Prayer.

Solo—Miss Lorena McCauley.

Reader's Talk.

First Assistant Leader's Talk—Ada Coffee.

Second Assistant Leader's Talk—Lois Rodgers.

Andrew's Methods—Miss Mary Rasor.

Matthew's Methods—Mrs. E. F. Ewing.

Method of Priscilla and Aquila—Robert Ewing.

Announcements.

November 3, Mmes. Kelley and Gattlin and the other XX Club members with ashower and announcement party. Mattie received many beautiful gifts and enjoyed a delightful evening. Delightful refreshments were served and if all the girls wish for Mattie come she will indeed have a happy

MIAMI 0, PAMPA 13

"Defeated, yes. Conquered, NO! Miami still is ready to go." The rosters who followed their team to Pampa saw a team fight against odds in weight that no other Miami team has ever had to fight against during the years that Miami has played football. The teams as they stepped on the gridiron represented weights averaging nearly 165 pounds for Pampa, and less than 140 for Miami. In spite of this handicap, the scrappers from Miami High held the Pampa team to a 0-0 tie in the first half, and at the very last, with only one minute to play and the ball on their own ten yard line, the light "purple and gold" team staged a come-back fight which carried the ball the whole length of the field and when the whistle sounded the oval was resting securely in Pampa's possession inside their own ten yard line. For five minutes before the close of the third quarter and for five minutes thereafter the opening of the fourth quarter the Miami defense crumpled and Pampa made two touchdowns thru sheer superiority in avordupois. The playing of Smith and Nelson, and Dear and Russell on defense prevented the wanted end runs of the Pampa team from materializing. Alexander and Humphries broke up their line backs repeatedly and "Bill" at quarter won the admiration of every man on his own team and of every true sportman on the opposing team. His kicking averaged well above Pampa, and he nearly always returned Pampa's punts to the line of scrimmage. His return of an intercepted forward pass for fifty yards was one of the features of the game. Both Dear and "Bill" played thru the game with broken noses.

A team can not accomplish the impossible, and the Miami line could not stop the heavy "blue and white" forwards. The teams which are to represent Miami in the years to come will have traditions to live up to and tasks too accomplish which this year's team has made and lived up to. The game played yesterday was a "precedent set." It is no disgrace to be beaten by a good team. The whole world loves the type of player who just won't give up. More than one Pampa man said yesterday that Miami surpassed Pampa in every department of the game, and had they been evenly matched in weight that the little team would have eaten the Pampa boys alive. When one considers that many colleges in the State, including A. & M. college, have teams which average only a little over 170 pounds in weight, then only can one appreciate the proposition our boys faced yesterday.

The game was well refereed and Miami from the sectional championship of the Panhandle. Henderson had notified Pampa, thru Douglas, the coach of Childress, that the winner of Friday's game would have to play Childress for the championship of the Panhandle. Up to yesterday only three teams were recognized as undefeated in the Panhandle. They were Pampa, Childress and Miami. It is now up to Pampa. We hope she wins.

The game was well refereed and satisfactory from most standpoints. Feeling ran high over some decisions but the officials were doing the best they could, and probably a great deal better than many who were criticizing them. The Pampa team had to put up the game of their lives to score and they enjoyed the sweets of victory. Well, you can not blame them, it is the first time her eleven has ever beaten the "purple and gold."

Phone news items to the Chief.

DISTRICT MEETINGS TO PLAN EXTERMINATION OF RODENTS

Austin, Nov. 8.—Mr. E. G. Eggert of the State Rodent Control Association, today stated that to avoid a repetition of last year's rat migration and wholesale destruction of food products, it would indeed be essential that systematic plans of local extermination be started at an early date.

To this end the State Rodent Control Association has called four district meetings over the State as follows: Houston, Nov. 14th; San Antonio, Nov. 15th; Dallas, Nov. 16th; Amarillo, Nov. 17th. An inventory will be taken at these meetings to ascertain the extent of extermination work that can be undertaken and outline methods of procedure and extend co-operative assistance to all sources interested.

For presentation at these meetings, an interesting program has been prepared and exhibits on the various phases of rodent control and their value to the merchants, farmers, manufacturers and householders will be shown. The general interested public is invited and representatives from the city and county governments and commercial organizations are especially urged to attend any and all of these meetings to hear authorities from the U. S. and State Departments of Agriculture, U. S. Public Health Service and State Board of Health. All meetings will be called to order at 10 a. m. in Chamber of Commerce rooms according to place and date indicated.

JUNIOR RED CROSS ENROLLMENT IS NOW UNDER WAY

The annual membership enrollment of the Junior Red Cross is being held throughout the United States now but will be speeded up during the annual Roll Call of adult members November 11th to 24th, according to information given out at headquarters of the Southwestern Division, American Red Cross in St. Louis, by James L. Fieser, manager of the Division. The plan is, Fieser said, to conduct the two memberships drives simultaneously so as not to confuse them in the minds of the public and to enable Roll Call Directors to enroll children as well as grownups during the Roll Call period. Junior Roll Call, acting co-operatively with the chairmen of the grownups Roll Call, and results, though separate, will be announced together. The Junior Red Cross membership in America is 14,000,000. An effort is being made in the present membership drive to greatly increase this roster.

HALLOWEEN PARTY

Friday night, October 28, a Halloween Party was given by the Christian Endeavor at the Presbyterian manse. There were about sixty spooky individuals present, masked more or less beyond the power of mortal man to name 'em. Costumes from the sublime to the ridiculous and then some. Who can describe such an outfit? Black cats galore. One tall wizard of mystery defied the penetrating gaze of every one to name him, her or it.

A lovely solo sung by O. M. H. started the revelry. Upstairs the clanking of chains, the groans of departed spirits, the shrieks of unhappy victims, hobgoblins, and black cats, the oath of secrecy, all beyond description, under the shaded lights, and such spooky decorations.

Then guess who's who. Fortune telling by O. L. H., whose penetration of the future pointed the eager listeners to the long lives, wealth, distinction and happy connubial felicity awaiting them. They unmask and refreshments. Nuff said! It was jolly! O. M. H.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Topic for Nov. 13, 6 p. m.: Bible examples of personal evangelism.

1. Opening Song.
2. Scripture Reading—Matt. 4:18-22; 9:9-10.—Leader.
3. Leader's Talk.
4. A Case of Personal Evangelism—Clara Mae McKinney.
5. Christ Was An Evangelist—Kizzie Ross.
6. Why Should We Be Evangelists?—Sam Nelson.
7. Open Discussion.
8. Benediction.

up from his Men-
business.

GATLIN-ELLIOTT NUPTIALS

Last Sunday morning at 8:30, Miss Mattie Elliott and Mr. Emmett Gatlin were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. O. C. Elliott, in an exclusive home wedding, only members of the bride's family being present. Rev. E. G. Pennington, pastor of the Baptist church performed the ceremony.

In the evening a wedding supper was served at the bride's home at 5 o'clock, when only relatives and a few close friends of the contracting parties gathered to enjoy the feast and wish the happy couple success and prosperity as they embarked on the matrimonial ship.

The bride is a talented young woman, being raised to womanhood here and at Mobeetie, and spent the past two years in the employ of the W. E. Stocker dry goods store.

The groom also is a product of the Panhandle and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gatlin, who live fifteen miles south of Miami, in Gray county. Mr. Gatlin spent three years in the New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell and starts life for himself equipped with all the essentials for making a success.

The many friends of both parties join the Chief in wishing them all the goods things of life.

Mr. and Mrs. Gatlin will make their home temporarily with the bride's mother in Miami.

STUDY CLUB NOTES

Mrs. N. S. Locke was hostess to the Study Club Friday afternoon. The program was a continuation of the previous lessons on the Women's Movement. Mrs. Lard and Mrs. Will Locke gave very interesting papers on this subject.

After the program closed the Club was favored with music and singing by Mrs. Claude Locke and Dulaney Suttle.

A social hour was followed and later all were invited to the dining room and a buffet luncheon was served to eleven members and Club guests, as follows: Mmes. J. W. Burks, Paul I. Odor, Thos. Cook, of Amarillo, Miss Nellie Wilcox of Lubbock, Mrs. Marrs, of Fort Worth, Mrs. Ray Monseur of Canadian, Mmes. Reed, McKenzie, Martin, Clarence Locke, Broadus, Robins, Lee Newman, Sanxon and Suttle. The next meeting will be Nov. 18th. Press Reporter.

PRINTER GOT BACK AT DOCTOR

Charles Harris, a printer of Fort Worth, Texas, got slightly peeved at a letter from a doctor who wanted bids on several thousand letter heads, different sizes, different colors and wanted the printing form held standing. So Charley took his typewriter in hand and wrote as follows:

"Am in the market for bids on one operation for appendicitis. One, two or five inch incision—with or without ether—also with or without a nurse. If appendix is found to be sound, want quotations to include putting same back and cancelling order. If removed, successful bidder is expected to hold incision open 60 days, as I expect to be in the market for an operation for gall stones at that time and want to save the extra cost of cutting."—Pampa News.

MICKIE SAYS—

A BUSINESS MAN WHO DOESN'T
ADVERTISE ATTRACTS ABOUT AS
MUCH ATTENTION AROUND TOWN
AS A CHURCH BELL WOULD
WITHOUT A CLAPPER!!



CHARLES
CUSHING

Children Like to Lick the Skillet

—because the groceries we sell are fresh when they are supposed to be fresh, and the flavor is there with so much insistence that it takes threats to keep the faces of the children out of the skillet.

Anything in our line can be depended upon to be right up to the minute, if it comes over our counters.

Our Cured Meats can't be better 'til the packers figure out a better way curing.

And say, Sweet Daddy, if you don't think our prices are right, bring your bill along with real Cash, and ask for prices. We can buy more groceries with ten dollars in HARD CASH than we can on a hundred good accounts.

J. H. DIAL

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

MILK COW FOR SALE—Apply at SURVANT HOTEL.

Mrs. Thomas Cook and son, Verne, motored to Miami Friday to spend the week-end.

Miss Cecil Lewis of Amarillo spent Sunday at the N. S. Locke home with Mrs. Dulaney Suttle.

Mrs. J. W. Burks and daughter, Mrs. Paul I. Odor, of Amarillo, visited friends in Miami the last of the week.

Miss Nellie Wilcox, head nurse of the West Texas hospital at Lubbock, has been visiting Mrs. N. S. Locke the past week.

Frank R. Jamison, Secretary-Manager of the Panhandle-Plains Chamber of Commerce, was in Miami on Friday morning en route home from Canadian, where he had been on business connected with his position. Mr. Jamison called on friends while here.

Our Halloween stunts are nearly forgotten now, but still memories of the good time the Double XX members and their guests had on that night at the home of Mrs. E. E. Gething will never be forgotten. Each and every one present had a delightful time and at a very late hour departed, declaring Mrs. Gething and Burnett the very best of leaders and pals.

News was received last week to the effect that Bill George, who is attending Kemper Military Academy at Booneville, Mo., is suffering from injuries to the arm and shoulder received in a football game with Culver Military Academy on Oct. 31. Paul Mathers, who is also attending the same school, is out of the games for the season suffering from an injured knee.

GOLD MONOGRAMS for your automobile, victrola or toilet set, properly put on at a very low price if you see Geo. Bennett.

Ray Stallings of Pampa is a Miami visitor today.

Paul Maunde of Dallas was a visitor at the home of W. H. Dial last week.

Miss Lona Conn of Iowa Park is visiting Miss Ruth Chisum this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Lard are the proud parents of a baby girl this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Pursley and W. H. Dial spent Armistice Day in Amarillo.

Miss Jessie Morrison of Clarendon is a visitor at the A. J. Montgomery home this week.

FOR SALE. A windmill, with tower, storage tank and pump. A bargain, see L. A. Coffee.

G. M. Matthews of Mobeetie was in Miami today having some dodgers printed announcing his sale.

The revival at the Baptist church, which had been doing much good in Miami, closed last Sunday.

Dr. Kelley reports the arrival of a boy, Monday of this week, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Hicks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Edge returned this week from Mineral Wells, where they have spent the last few months.

W. H. Dial returned Thursday night from Kansas where he took his cattle to pasture them through the winter.

Miss Marie Burum, who is attending school in Miami this year, is spending the week-end with her folks at Panhandle.

Miss Edith Simmons, a student of the Miami High School, is spending the remainder of the week in White Deer with her parents.

Judge W. R. Ewing returned Thursday night of this week from Perryton, where he has been holding court. He goes to Hansford Monday where he will open the fall term of court for that county.

You "Ain't" Whipped 'til You Quit Fightin'

Whether you are trying to save money to build or pay for a home, or just fightin' to get a start in life, you are still in the running—if you don't quit. Our facilities for assisting you are very adequate, and our inclinations are in harmony with our facilities. We will help you.

Two kinds of interest: "Yours and Ours."

THE BANK OF MIAMI

Roberts County Depository
Individual Responsibility of \$100,000.00
W. L. Mathers, President.
Thos. J. Boney, Cashier.
Jas. B. Saul, A-Cashier.
Winston, V-Pres.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

It is an old saw; but it still cuts with razor edge. Success is not achieved without effort; bank accounts are the results of steady plugging, determination, regular saving.

Success breeds success. Each saved dollar fathers another. Dollars beget dollars. Interest adds to them.

In building for your success, you are your own architect, your own carpenter. No one else will or can take the contract. Nothing succeeds like success. Each achievement makes an additional achievement possible.

Deposited in this bank, your savings grow with clock-tick regularity. We are desirous of helping you accumulate that reserve fund or opportunity "stake" that will come in mighty handy for you this year—next year—some time.

THE FIRST STATE BANK "The Guaranty Fund Bank"

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

NO DEFENSE

By GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way"

Copyright by Sir Gilbert Parker

"MY GOD!"

Synopsis—Dyck Calhoun, gifted young Irish gentleman at the time of the French and American revolutions, meets Sheila Lynn, seventeen-year-old girl visiting in the neighborhood. They are mutually attracted. Sheila never knew her dissipated father, Errie Boyne, her mother having divorced him. In Dublin Leonard Mallow and Dyck fight with swords and Dyck is victorious. Errie Boyne, secretly in French employ, gets Dyck drunk and tries to persuade him to join in revolt against England. They quarrel. While Dyck is overcome with drunken wine, Boyne's second wife enters the room and stabs her faithless husband to the heart. Dyck is arrested on a charge of murder. He does not know if he killed Boyne or not. Sheila begs her mother to go to Dublin with her to help Dyck. Mrs. Lynn opposes the idea. A letter from Mrs. Lynn's wealthy brother in America decides them to go and live with him. Dyck refuses to enter any plea except "No Defense." He might have escaped by revealing Boyne's treachery but refuses to do so. He is sent to prison for eight years. Sheila writes Dyck, assuring him of her belief in his innocence. Released after serving four years, Dyck finds himself destitute, his father dead. In London Dyck receives a letter from Sheila inviting him to come to America and sending money for the voyage. He feels he cannot in honor go to her. Dyck joins the British navy as an enlisted man. Bad conditions in the fleet result in mutiny. Dyck, joining the mutineers, is chosen by them to command the ship, the *Ariadne*. Dissatisfied with the conduct of the other ships' crews, Dyck breaks with them and sails the *Ariadne* to the West Indies. He arrives in time to turn the tide of victory in a battle between the French and English fleets. Calhoun is arrested for his part in the mutiny but is thanked by the admiral for his work in the battle. The British government gives Dyck the freedom of the island of Jamaica, of which his old enemy, Lord Mallow, is governor. With a companion, Dyck secures treasure worth \$40,000 from a sunken Spanish ship, and becomes a wealthy and respected planter. Sheila comes to Jamaica. Dyck and Sheila's mother decide that the girl must be told all the truth about her father's death. Dyck tells Sheila that the man for whose murder he was convicted was her father.

(CHAPTER XV—Continued.)

Mrs. Lynn was playing a bold, indeed, a reckless game. She wanted to show Dyck there were others who would interest themselves in Sheila even if he, Dyck, were blotted from the equation; that the girl could look high, if her mind turned toward marriage. Also she felt that Dyck should know the facts before any one else, so that he would not be shocked in the future, if anything happened. Yet in her deepest heart she wished him well. She liked him as she had never liked any of Sheila's admirers, and if the problem of Errie Boyne had been solved, she would gladly have seen him wedded to Sheila.

"What has the governor to do with it?" he declared. "It is your daughter's own property, and she is free to hold or to part with it. There is no crown consent to ask, no vice-regal approval needed."

Suddenly he became angry, almost excited. His blood pounded in his veins. "Was this man, Mallow, to come between his and her fate always, come into his problem at the most critical moment? 'God in heaven!' he said in a burst of passion, 'is this not of the British empire or is it not? Why should that man break in on every crisis? Why should he do this or that—say yea or nay, give or take away? He is the king's representative, but he is bound by laws as rigid as any that bind you or me. What has he to do with your daughter or what concerns her? Is there not enough trouble in the world without bringing in Lord Mallow? If he—'

He stopped short, for he saw coming from the summer-house, Sheila with his paper in her hand. She walked slowly and with dignity. But in her face there was no summer, there was only autumn and winter, only the bright frost of purpose. As she came, her mother turned as though to leave Dyck Calhoun. She called to her to wait, and Mrs. Lynn stood still, anxious. As Sheila came near she kept her eyes fixed on Dyck. When she reached them she held out the paper to him.

"It is wonderful," she said quietly, "that which you have written, but it does not tell all; it does not say that you did not kill my father. You are punished for the crime, and we must abide by it, even though you did not kill Errie Boyne. It is the law that has done it, and we cannot abash the law."

"We shall meet no more, then?" said Dyck with decision.

Her lips tightened, her face paled. "There are some things one may not do, and one of them is to be openly your friend—at present."

He put the letter carefully away in his pocket, his hand snaking, then flicking an insect from the collar of his coat, he said gently, yet with an

air of warning: "I have been telling Mrs. Lynn about the Maroons up there"—he pointed toward Trelawney—"and I have advised your going back to Virginia. The Maroons may rise at any moment, and no care is being taken by Lord Mallow to meet the danger. If they rise, you, here, would be in their way, and I could not guarantee your safety. Besides, Virginia is a better place—a safer place than this," he added with meaning.

"You wish to frighten me out of Jamaica," she replied with pain in her voice. "Well, I will not go till I have put this place in order and brought discipline and good living here. I shall stay here in Jamaica till I have done my task. As for the Maroons, when the trouble comes, I shall not be unprepared," she smiled sadly. "The governor may not take your advice, but I shall. And remember that I come from a land not without its dangers. We had red Indians and black men there, and I can shoot."

He waved a hand abruptly and then made a gesture—such as an ascetic might make—of reflection, of submission. "I shall remember every word you have said, and every note of your voice will be with me in all the lonely years to come. Good-by—but no, let me say this before I go: I did not know that Errie Boyne was your father until after he was dead. So, if I killed him, it was in complete ignorance. I did not know. But we have outlived our friendship, and we must put strangeness in its place. Good-by—God protect you!" he added, looking into Sheila's eyes.

She looked at him with sorrow. Her lips opened, but no words came forth. He passed on out of the garden, and presently they heard his horse's hoofs on the sand.

"He is a great gentleman," said Mrs. Lynn.

Her daughter's eyes were dry and fevered. Her lips were drawn. "We must begin the world again," she said brokenly. Then suddenly she collapsed and sank upon the ground. "My God—oh, my God!" she said.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Mallow Intervenes.

Two months went by. In that time Sheila and Dyck did not meet, though Dyck saw her more than once in the distance at Kingston. Yet they had never met since that wonderful day at Salem, when they had parted, as it might seem, forever. Dyck had had news of her, however, for Darius Boland had come and gone between the two plantations, and had won Michael Clones' confidence. He knew more, perhaps, than he ever conveyed to Dyck, who saw him and talked with him, gave him advice as to the customs of Jamaica, and let him see the details in the management of Ennskillen.

One day Boland brought word that the governor had, more than once, visited Salem with his suite; that he had sat in judgment on a case in Kingston concerning the estate of Salem, and had given decision in its favor; and that Mrs. Lynn and Sheila visited him at Spanish Town and were entertained at King's house at second breakfast and dinner. In short, that Lord Mallow was making hay in Salem plantation. This was no surprise to Dyck. He had full intuition of the foray the governor would make on Sheila, her estate and wealth.

Lord Mallow had acted with discretion, and yet with sufficient passion to warrant some success. He was trying to make for himself a future which might mean the control of a greater colony even. If he had wealth, that would be almost a guarantee of power. So, steadily and happily, he pressed his suit. At his dinner-parties he gave her first place nearly always, and even broke the code controlling precedence when his secretary could be overruled. Thus Sheila was given honor when she did not covet it, and so it was that one day at Salem when the governor came to court her she was able to help Dyck Calhoun.

"Then you go to Ennskillen?" Lord Mallow said to Darius Boland, as he entered the plantation, being met by the estate American.

"Sometimes, your honor," was the careful reply.

"I suppose you know what Mr. Calhoun's career has been, eh?"

"Is it true you believed he'd strike a man that wasn't armed, sir?"

The governor winced, but showed nothing. "He'd been drinking—he is a heavy drinker. Do you never drink with him?"

Darius Boland's face took on a strange look. Here was an intended insult to Dyck Calhoun. Right well the governor knew their relative social positions.

Darius pulled at the hair on his chin reflectively. "Yes, I've drunk his liquor, but not as you mean, your honor. He'd drink with any man at all; he has no nasty pride. But he doesn't drink with me."

"Modest enough he is to be a good republican, eh, Boland?"

"Since your honor puts it so, it must stand. I'll not dispute it, me be-

ing what I am and employed by whom I am."

Darius Boland had a gift of saying the right thing in the right way, and he had said it now. The governor was not so dense as to put this man against him, for women were curious folk. They often attach importance to the opinion of a faithful servant and let it weigh against great men. He had once lost a possible fortune by spurning a little terror of the daughter of the earl of Shallow, and the lesson had sunk deep into his mind.

"Ah, well, he has drunk with worse men than republicans, Boland. He was a common sailor. He drank what was given him with whom it chanced in the fo'castle."

Darius sniffed a little, and kept his head. "But he changed all that, your honor, and gave sailormen better drink than they ever had, I hear. In Jamaica he treats his slaves as though they were men and not Mohicans."

"Well, he'll have less freedom in future, Boland, for word has come from London that he's to keep to his estate and never leave it."

Darius looked concerned, and his dry face wrinkled still more. "Ah, and when was this word come, your honor?"

"But yesterday, Boland, and he'll do well to obey, for I have no choice but to take him in hand if he goes gallivanting."

"Gallivanting—here, in Jamaica! Does your honor remember where we are? Gallivanting—where should he gallivant?"

The governor waved a contemptuous hand. "It doesn't need ingenuity to find a place, for some do it on their own estate. I have seen it."

Darius spoke sharply. "Your honor, there's naught on Mr. Calhoun's estate that's got the taint, and he's not the man to go hunting for it. Drink—well, suppose a gentleman does take his quinquina, is it a crime? I ask your honor, is that a crime in Jamaica?"

"It's no crime, Boland; nevertheless, your Mr. Calhoun will have to take his fill on his own land from the day I send him the command of the London government."

"And what day will that be, your honor?"

To be questioned by one who had been a revolutionary was worse than distasteful to the governor. "That day will be when I find the occasion opportune, my brave Boland," he said sourly.

"Why 'brave,' your honor?" There was an ominous light in Darius' eye.

"Did you not fight with George Washington against the king of England—against King George? And if you did, was that not brave?"

"It was true, your honor," came the firm reply. "It was the one right good



One Day Boland Brought Word.

thing to do, as we proved it by the victory we had. We did what we set out to do. But see, if you will let a poor man speak his mind, if I were you I'd not impose the command on Mr. Calhoun."

"Why, Boland?"

Darius spoke courageously. "Your honor, he has many friends in Jamaica, and they won't stand it. Besides, he won't stand it. And if he contests your honor, the island will be with him."

The governor winced, but he said: "It's what I am ordered to do, my man. I'm a servant of the crown, and the crown has ordained it."

Darius grew stronger in speech. "But why do you have pleasure in it? Is nothing left to your judgment? Do you say to me that if he keeps the freedom such as he has enjoyed you'd punish him? Must the governor be as ruthless as his master? Look, your man can give—must I impose that command—no till I'd taken his advice about the Maroons, anyway. There's trouble brewing, and Mr. Calhoun knows it. He has warned you through the provost-marshal. I'd heed his warning, your honor, or I'd may injure

your reputation as a ruler. No, I'd see myself in nethermost hell before I'd meddle with Mr. Calhoun. He's a dangerous man when he's moved."

"Boland, you'll succeed as a schoolmaster, when all else fails. You teach persistently."

"Your honor is clever enough to know what's what, but I'd like to see the Maroons dealt with. This is not my country, but I've got interests here, or my mistress has, and that's the same to me. . . . Does your honor travel often without a suite?"

The governor waved a hand behind him. "I left them at the last plantation and rode on alone. I felt safe enough till I saw you, Boland."

He smiled grimly, and a grimace stole to the lean lips of the manager of Salem. "Fear is a good thing for forward minds, your honor," he said with respect in the tone of his voice and challenge in the words.

"I'll say this, Boland, your mistress has been fortunate in her staff. You have a ready tongue."

Darius' looks quickened, and he jerked his chin up. "So, your honor, so. But might I ask that you weigh carefully the warning of Mr. Calhoun? There's trouble at Trelawney. I have it from good sources, and Mr. Calhoun has made preparations against the sure risings. I'd take heed of what he says. He knows."

The governor touched up his horse. "Boland, I'll think over what you've said about the Maroons and Mr. Calhoun. He's doing no harm as he is, that's sure. So why shouldn't he go on as he is? That's your argument, isn't it?"

Boland nodded. "It's part of my argument, not all of it. Of course, he's doing no harm; he's doing good every day. He's got a stiff hand for the shirker and the wanton, but he's a man that knows his mind and that's a good thing for Jamaica."

"Does he come here—ever?"

"He has been here only once since our arrival. There are reasons why he does not come, as your honor knows, knowing the history of Errie Boyne."

A quarter of an hour later Darius Boland said to Sheila: "He's got an order from England to keep Mr. Calhoun to his estate and to punish him, if he infringes the order."

Sheila started. "He will infringe the order if it's made, Boland. The governor will be unwise to try to impose it. I will tell him so."

Sheila had changed since she saw Dyck Calhoun last. Her face was thinner, but her form was even fuller than it was when she bade him good-by, as it seemed to him, forever, and as it at first seemed to her. Through anxious days and nights she had fought with the old passion; and at last it seemed the only way to escape from the torture was by making all thought of him impossible. How could this be done? Well, Lord Mallow would offer a way. Lord Mallow was a man of ancient Irish family, was a governor, had ability, was distinguished looking in a curious, lean way; and he had a real gift with his tongue. He stood high in the opinion of the big folk at Westminster, and had a future. He had a winning way with women—a subtle, perilously attractive way with her sex, and to herself he had been delicately persuasive. He had the ancient gift of picturesqueness without ornamentation. He had a strong will and a healthy imagination. He was a man of mettle and decision.

Of all who had entered her field outside of Dyck Calhoun he was the most attractive; he was the nearest to the possible husband which she must one day take. And if at any day at all, why not now when she needed a man as she had never done—when she needed to forget?

She was deluding herself to believe that what she was doing was all for the best; that the clouds were rising; that her fate had fairer aspects than had seemed possible when Dyck Calhoun told her the terrible tale of the death of her father, Errie Boyne. Yet memory gave a touch of misery and bitterness to all she thought and did. For twenty-five years she had lived in ignorance as to her paternity. It surely was futile that her mother should have suffered all those years, with little to cheer her, while her daughter should be radiant in health and with a mind free from care of sadness. Yet the bitterest thing of all was the thought that her father was a traitor and had died sacrificing another man. When Dyck had told her first, she had shivered with anger and shame—but anger and shame had gone. Only one thing gave her any comfort—the man who knew Errie Boyne was a traitor, and could profit by telling it, held his own for her own sake, kept his own tongue for her own sake, went to prison for four years as the price of his own silence.

She was now her neighbor and he loved her, and if the shadow of a grave was not between them, would offer himself in marriage to her. This she knew beyond all doubt. He had given all a hand—no till I'd taken his advice about the Maroons, anyway. There's trouble brewing, and Mr. Calhoun knows it. He has warned you through the provost-marshal. I'd heed his warning, your honor, or I'd may injure

her mother had left the room, the governor said: "Why do you think I have come here today?" He added to the words a note of sympathy, even of passion in his voice.

"It was to visit my mother and myself, and to see how Salem looked after our stay on it, was it not?"

"Yes, to see your mother and yourself, but chiefly the latter. As for Salem, it looks as though a master-mind had been at work; I see it in everything. The slaves are singing. If you look out on those who are singing, you'll see they are resting from their labors; that they are fighting the ennui which most of us feel when we rest from our labors. Let us look at them."

The governor stood up and came to the open French windows that faced the fields of sugar-cane. In the near distance were clumps of fruit trees, of hedges of lime and flowering shrubs, rows of orange trees, mangoes, red and purple, forbidden-fruit and grapefruit, the large scarlet fruit of the acqui, the avocado-pear, the feathering bamboo, and the Jack-fruit tree, with its enormous fruit-like pumpkins. Around the negro huts were small, individual

plantations kept by the slaves, for which they had one day a fortnight, besides Sundays, free to work on their own account. Here and there also were patches of "ground-fruit," as the underground vegetables were called, while there passed by on their way to the open road leading to Kingston wains loaded with sugar-casks, drawn by oxen, and in two cases by sumpter mules.

"Is there anything finer than that in Virginia?" asked the governor. "I have never been in Virginia, but I take this to be in some ways like that state. Is it?"

"In some ways only. We have not the same profusion of wild fruits and trees, but we have our share—and it is not so hot as here. It is a better country, though."

"In what way is it better?" the governor asked almost acidly.

"It is better governed."

"What do you mean by that? Isn't Jamaica well governed?"

"Not so well that it couldn't be improved," was Sheila's reply.

"What improvements would you suggest?" Lord Mallow asked urbanely, for he was set to play his cards carefully today.

"More wisdom in the governor," was the cheerful and bright reply. "He is indifferent to good advice. He has been told of trouble among the Maroons, that they mean to rise; he has been advised to make preparations, and he makes none, and he is deceived by a show of loyalty on the part of the slaves. Lord Mallow, if the free Maroons rise, why should not the black slaves rise at the same time? Why do you not act?"

"Is everybody whose good opinion is worth having mad?" answered the governor. "I have sent my inspectors to Trelawney. I have had reports from them. I have used every care—what would you have me do?"

"Used every care? Why don't you insure the Maroons' peaceableness by advancing on them? Why don't you take them prisoners? They are enraged that two of their herdsmen should be whipped by a negro slave under the order of one of your captains. They are angry and disturbed and have ambushed the roads to Trelawney, so I'm told."

"Did Mr. Calhoun tell you that when he was here?"

"It was not that which Mr. Calhoun told me the only time he came here. But who Errie Boyne was, I never knew who my father was till he told me. My mother had kept it from me all my life."

Sheila spoke without agitation of any kind; her face was firm and calm, her manner composed, her voice even. As she talked, she seemed to be probing the center of a flower which she had caught from a basket at the window, and her whole personality was alight and vivifying, her good temper and spirit complete. As Mallow looked at her, he had an overmastering desire to make her his own—his wife.

She was worth hundreds of thousands of pounds; she had beauty, grace of charm and good bearing. With her he could climb high on the ladder of life. He might be a really great figure in the British world—if she gave her will to help him, to hold up his hands. It had never occurred to him that Dyck Calhoun could be a rival, till he had heard of Dyck's visit to Sheila and her mother, till he had

heard Sheila praise him at the dinner he had given to the two ladies on Christmas day.

On that day it was clear Sheila did not know who her father was; that stranger things had happened than that she should be taking up with an even marry, a man imprisoned for killing another, even one who had been condemned as a mutineer, and had freedom by saving the king's captives. But now that Sheila knew the truth there could be no danger! Dyck Calhoun would be relegated to his place in the scheme of things. Who was there to stand between him and his desire? What was there to prevent the great event?

He got to his feet and came near to her. His eyes were inflamed with passion, his manner was impressive. He had a distinguished face, become more distinguished since his assumption of governorship, and authority had increased his personality.

"Let me tell you I have an order from the British government to compel Calhoun to his estate; not to permit him to leave it; and, if he does, to arrest him. That is my command. Do you approve, do you not? Or are you like most women soft at heart to be criminals?"

Sheila did not reply at once. The news was no news to her, for Darius Boland had told her; but she thought it well to let the governor think she had made a new, sensational statement.

"No," she said at last, looking calmly in the eyes. "I have no special feelings for criminals as criminals, none at all. And there is every reason why I should be adamant to the man, Dyck Calhoun. But, Lord Mallow, I would go carefully about that if I were you. Suppose he resists, what will you do?"

"If he resists I will attack him with due force."

"You mean you will send your military and police to attack him? The gibe was covered, but it found the governor's breast. He knew what was meaning.

"You would not expect me to do police work, would you? Is that what your President does? What about George Washington does? Does he make the state arrests with his own hand?"

"I have no doubt he would if the circumstances were such as to warrant it. He has no small views on no false feelings. He has proved himself," she answered boldly.

"Well, in that case," responded Lord Mallow irritably, "the event of the 23rd is done. The man is executed by my masters, and he must submit to my authority. He is twice a criminal, and—"

"And yet a hero and a good soldier, and as honest as men are rare in a dishonest world. Your admiral and your government first freed the man, and then gave him freedom on the island—which you tried to prevent; and now they turn round and confine him to his acres. Is that your done in a real sense? Did you send to the government and say he should not be free to roam, lest he should discover more treasure-chests and be another estate? Was it you?"

The governor shook his head. "I told the government in careful and unreticent language the incident of his coming here, and what I did, and my reason for doing it—was all."

"And you being governor they will do as you say, my lord. If this is done to him it will be to your own discomfort. It will hurt you in the public service."

"Why, to hear you speak, mistress, it would almost seem you had a fondness for the man who killed your father, who went to jail for it, and—"

"And became a mutineer," interrupted the girl, flushing. "Why say all? Why not catalogue his defenses? Fondness for the man who killed my father, you say! Yes, I had a deep and sincere fondness for ever since I met him at Playmore over seven years ago. Yes, a fondness which only his crime makes impossible. But in all that really matters, am still his friend. He did not know he was killing my father, who had claims upon me, none at all, except that through him I have life and love; but it is enough to separate me forever in the eyes of the world, and in my eyes. Not morally, of course, but legally and actually. He and I are as far apart as winter and summer; we are parted forever and ever."

Lord Mallow saw his opportunity and did not hesitate. "No, you are wrong, wholly wrong," he said. "I do not blas what I said in my report—report I was bound to make—by covert prejudice against Mr. Calhoun. I guarded myself especially—when he lied, but he was an incomparable liar—lest it should be used against him. It would appear, however, that the new admiral's report with mine were laid together, and the government came to its conclusion accordingly. So I am bound to do my duty."

"If you—oh, if you did your duty, you would not obey the command of the government. Are there not times when to obey is a crime, and is this one of them? Lord Mallow, you would be doing as great a crime as Mr. Dyck Calhoun ever committed, could commit, if you put this order into actual fact. You are governor here, and your judgment would be accepted—remember it is an eight weeks' journey to London at the least, and what might not happen in that time? Are you not given discretion?"

"I want you—beloved, I want you for my wife."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



He Will Infringe the Order if It's Made, Boland.

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We have been forced to place our coal business on a strictly cash basis. No exception to this rule will be made except for public buildings; such as schools, churches etc. There is only a reasonable margin of profit in coal.

The mines want cash for their product, the carriers demand the cash for hauling—you will readily see why it is necessary to have the CASH.

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 YOUR BUSINESS WILL BE APPRECIATED
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 INVITES YOU AND YOUR PARTY OF FRIENDS TO VISIT US. ICE CREAM, COLD DRINKS, CANDIES, CIGARS, ETC.
 A NICE PLACE TO HAVE REFRESHMENTS
 PLENTY OF TABLE ROOM
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Snow, Ice! Frost!

Is going to reach us pretty soon. Get ready for it before the last minute. We're prepared to fix you up right. Fine line of Mens leather vests, Mole Skin and Corduroy pants, heavy underclothing, etc.

Also a new and splendid line of Sweaters for everybody, blankets and quilts. Just a good and complete line of everything for winter, now on display at our store.

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And if you want good time, take one of our watches along with you.
SAVE TIME, MONEY, TROUBLE, by bringing your watch or clock to us when it needs repairing. Don't tinker with it yourself, you're likely to do more harm than good; you have not the facilities or the experience; we have both.

O. G. McCORMACK
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For every day in the week.
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 Solid Cake
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Locke Bros. have a nice line of Dr. Dentons sleeping garments for children that will keep them warm this winter and avoid bad colds.

Dr. Dentons sleeping garments in size 6 to 14 at Locke Bros. store. Just right to keep the kiddies warm this winter.

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The Miami Chief.

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 CASH IN ADVANCE ALWAYS.

TRICKS OF CRIMINAL LAWYERS

Apparently the Matter of Affecting Juries Has Been Reduced to a Fine Art.

A former district attorney of Delaware county, who has tried scores of murder cases, says it is the defendant or defendant's attorney who prepares the case most carefully in advance, who wins, a Philadelphia correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star writes. Some of the stage tricks of murder trial stagecraft he reveals as follows:

"Garb the woman in the case as an innocent schoolgirl.
 "Find if the alleged murderer has a twenty-second cousin or any distant relative with a baby, and bring them into court. See that the prisoner has an opportunity to kiss the baby, even if he never saw it before, just as the jury is filing from the room.
 "Fumble with bloody clothes or click the murderous pistol when an opposing attorney makes a telling point. The noise distracts the jury's attention.
 "Have silk hosiery prominently displayed before the jury box by a defendant.
 "Find the alleged murderer's grandmother or someone that will look like a grandmother and will cry copiously. Have her sit where the jury can see her at all times.
 "Find the defendant's husband or someone who will sit as a husband. Have pledges of loyalty made so jury can see vamp eyes."

"We have an offer for the assets in bulk," explained the attorney. "It will square the secured indebtedness entirely. It will also take care of all the other liabilities, except about two thousand dollars."

"If I could only reach that!" exclaimed Wilfred. "It is those creditors, small, struggling firms, that need their money. Is there no way I can reach this deficit?"

"A way has been opened," announced the lawyer, "a remarkable one. There is the list of the unsecured creditors," and he pushed over a written page, "and here is two thousand, handed to me by a brother attorney, representing a mysterious client who does not wish to be known."

"You amaze me," cried Wilfred, his face shining, his eyes filling with grateful tears. "Who could have done me this kind act?"

Wilfred signed the I. O. U. extended to him by the lawyer. His heart seemed singing within him.

He was treading air as he left the lawyer's office.

His face brightened when he was home again, with thoughts of the true, loyal persons who had been not only his employees, but his friends, Miss Bonney! His heart gladdened as he recalled the occasion, three years before, when he had given this poor, friendless girl, a position in his office. Her gratitude, urging the most devoted service, had made him respect and value her. She had been "his right-hand man."

Wilfred found her in a neat, modest cottage, her aged mother's housekeeper. She blushed and paled, and looked wistful and then troubled, as he handed her the money. Her eyes glowed sympathetically with his own when he told of his unknown benefactor.

"I shall not forget the most helpful assistant I ever had, when I get on my feet again," said Wilfred brightly. "I am very sorry to see you out of employment."

"Oh, I shall soon find a new position," declared Amy.

"It seems to me that I am receiving nothing but blessing in my own darkest hour," replied Wilfred, movingly.

"There is another thing," said Amy. "You remember Mr. Judson, the old inventor who was hurt at your plant? You pensioned him off, you know. Ever since then he has been trying to invent a new counting machine. I—that is, I have encouraged him. He was here yesterday, and he is sure, oh, so very sure, that he is near to perfecting his invention."

Two evenings later a messenger brought Wilfred a note, asking him to call at the home of Miss Bonney. When he arrived he found old Abel Judson there.

"I've made it!" cried the inventor enthusiastically. "My invention is perfected—a counting machine that will drive Wardells out of the field."

Only one thing would the inventor agree to—that Wilfred was to become his partner. In three months capital was found, in six the old plant was running again. At the end of the year Wilfred and Amy were man and wife.

"I am making money so fast," he said to his happy helpmate one evening, "that I will be able to pay up the two thousand dollars so generously given me when I failed."

Amy reached within her pocket. She drew out a scrap of paper. In amazement Wilfred regarded the I. O. U.

"Don't you understand?" she cried in delight, and tore the document to scraps—"paid!"

"You—you furnished that money?" exclaimed the dumfounded Wilfred.

"Yes, my all for you, the bravest, truest friend I ever knew," replied Amy raptly, "and now the dearest, best husband in all the world!"

A New Angle.
 "So you always turn over your pay to your wife?"
 "Yes, always."
 "And does she appreciate it?"
 "No, she usually depreciates it."
 Pennsylvania State Froth.

Story Needed Confirmation.
 "Johnny, did you know that I was going to marry your sister?"
 "Well, I heard her say so, but she had that idea about so many other fellows that I didn't feel sure about it till you told me."
 Boston Transcript

Women in Scotland Yard.
 Conservative Scotland Yard is finding women of decided value on its detective force, especially in ferreting out the intricacies of certain sorts of crime, writes a London correspondent. The talent of these feminine sleuths, it is said, is due largely because of their greater success at practicing deception. And it has been found that they can keep a secret.

Many of the women detectives cover assignments at social events where it is necessary for them to wear evening gowns and jewels and to display the social graces. Women detectives were employed first in London, but now their activities have extended to the provinces.

You won't be disappointed if you buy a NASH.

I am now prepared to give you your finished work the next day after you bring me your fins.

Kinky.

His "Right Hand Man"

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

(Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)
 After five years of hard work Wilfred Ashton walked down the steps of the neat little factory he had dominated, a ruined man. The plant was in the hands of a receiver, and he was a bankrupt.

Wardells had done this—Wardells, the upstart, the business pirate. The elder of that firm had been taken in off the street penniless by Ashton, had been given work, had learned the secrets of the business, and had gone out to exploit them on his own account. The rival house manufactured a counting machine. In some way Wardell had secured the sole right to manufacture a machine the sale of which was Ashton's chief source of revenue. Trade fell off. Wardells spread and flourished like a green bayon tree. Ashton & Co. went down hill, fast.

And now—ruin! Reckoning up anxiously, Wilfred had found that the plant and his other resources would pay off about seventy-five per cent of the debts. He reached the office of his lawyer, dejected and hopeless.

"We have an offer for the assets in bulk," explained the attorney. "It will square the secured indebtedness entirely. It will also take care of all the other liabilities, except about two thousand dollars."

"If I could only reach that!" exclaimed Wilfred. "It is those creditors, small, struggling firms, that need their money. Is there no way I can reach this deficit?"

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 Boston Transcript

PASTIME PROGRAMS

ALL SHOWS START AT 7:15.

Tonight—Buck Jones
 in

'STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER'

This is a real Western Picture, played by a real Western Actor, for where Buck Jones plays there is some excitement and kick.

Don't miss this picture tonight!

We also have a two-reel Sunshine Comedy tonight.

Next week the show will run on regular nights—

MONDAY, TUESDAY, FRIDAY
 and SATURDAY

A good program each night. Come out and spend an hour at the movies.

Watch this space for new announcement next week.

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We keep in stock a full line of the latest official drugs and pharmaceuticals. Your prescriptions are compounded with pure drugs. We give our personal attention to all prescriptions.
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Help prosperity your way by having us repair your farm implements and machinery before you are in the midst of the needed work

No job is too large for us to undertake, and none too small to receive our careful attention.

We repair anything that is repairable outside of the factory.

Have it done NOW and it will be READY when you NEED it in a hurry.

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Miami, Texas.

REED-ANDERSON NUPTIALS

Last Thursday evening at the hour of seven-thirty, at the Methodist parsonage, Mr. A. C. Anderson and Mrs. Tillie Reed were united in marriage by Rev. Bowen of the Methodist church.

The bride for the last few months has been in the millinery business in Miami. Previous to this she had resided in Miami. The groom is in the oil business in Wichita, Kansas. He has only been in Miami a few days and has formed many friends here.

The Chief joins the many friends of this couple in wishing them a long and happy life.

FRESH PECANS

Excellent quality, in lots up to 100 pounds, 20 cents, f. o. b. Mineral Wells. 500 pounds or more 17 1-2 cents. Send money with order to WALTER COOK, Box 470, Mineral Wells, Texas.

B. F. Talley, who went to Amarillo for an operation, is reported to be doing nicely.

J. H. Wagoner of Carter, Okla., is visiting here this week due to the illness of his son, L. G.

J. W. Philpott returned this morning from Kansas City where he spent the last few days attending to business.

W. F. Patton went to Amarillo last week where he underwent an operation, and it is reported that he is getting along fine.

Frank Gunn and family of Paris, Texas, came in this week and will again make Miami their home. Frank is a brother of Dr. M. L. Gunn of this place.

ARMISTICE DAY VERY QUIET

The American Legion post of Miami called off their celebration they had planned for the 11th and joined forces with the Miami High School boys in their football game which was played with Pampa at Pampa, so the day was very quiet here.

Chamberlain's Tablets Have Done Her a World of Good.

"Chamberlain's Tablets have done me a world of good," writes Mrs. Ella L. Button, Kirksville, N. Y. "I have recommended them to a number of my friends and all who have used them praise them highly." When troubled with indigestion or constipation, give them a trial and realize for yourself what an excellent medicine it is.

KITCHENS DUROCS

I have for sale two good herd Boar prospects out of Defender dams and sired by Red Master, a half brother to L's Pathfinder the great boar sold by George P. Lillard of Arlington in 1920 for \$13,500. He is a grandson of Pathfinder, one of the greatest hogs of the breed.

I sold my entire offering except these two six months olds to Kindal and Lyle of Canadian, you should see these before you buy. Our price is right.

L. M. Kitchens.

SPECIAL NOTICE

All accounts not paid by the 10th of each month will positively be discontinued.

Very respectfully,
J. H. Dial.

The Treasure Under the Oak

By KATE EDMONDS

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Billy North wondered if all children had, at one time in their play days, buried a tin box containing the heart's most treasured possessions.

Billy had been about the world a good deal since those days in his own life and now he had returned to the old homestead. The brownstone dwelling where, as a little boy, he had spent his childhood was the place where his travels ended.

He hoped now to stay forever in that place called home. Billy had roamed so long and so excitedly that nothing in the world seemed any better than an anchor in the way of the old house with its many fond memories. He loved the large, old rooms, with great yawning fireplaces in each. He loved the bit of flagged garden in the rear and he intended turning it into a veritable fairy garden. The ideas he had picked up in various parts of the globe were etched in his brain and ready to reproduce themselves in that square of garden with its high stone walls and its single spreading oak tree.

It was while he was spading up around the roots of that same oak preparatory to carrying out a circular seat he had seen in a garden in London that Billy found his buried treasure.

That old tin box flung Billy straight back through the years until he was a lanky boy of twelve summers. The box was rusty and earthy and the contents musty, but Billy was as excited as if the old broken knife were a famous diamond and the milled note a queen's love infusive. Also there were a broken doll and five marbles. The note however, brought a swift laugh to Billy's lips. Scratched on a bit of slate, as if with heart's blood, were the words "I love Daisy. I will always love Daisy."

Billy sat long and amusedly gazing at the treasure.

"Daisy! Daisy! Oh, Daisy Rogers a freckle-faced little imp who lived next door," laughed Billy.

He remembered now having noticed that the great house occupied



"Hello, Billy!" She called.

twenty years ago by his first love was now an interior decorator's studio and was called the Dragon. From the number of cars parked against the curb Billy imagined the Dragon to be most successful, but he couldn't help wondering to what part of the globe his little dove had flown.

And because Billy was a bit romantic and partly just to see if there would be an answer, he decided to put an advertisement in the papers.

He inserted it in all the dailies: "Whereabouts of Daisy Rogers, wanted, once living at 9 West Forty-ninth street."

After that Billy went on with his landscape gardening both in his own property and that of others. Billy was rather well known in that chosen profession.

Sundays he saved for his own garden, and on that day Billy, in old trousers and flannel-shirt, enjoyed working out his schemes in that small back patch of property. The tin box was lying on his library table—he kept it there to amuse special friends with. Many a yarn of boyhood days had been unearthed from other heads by that buried treasure.

Billy was working a great lion's head in plaster against his stone wall when he felt a bang on the side of his head. He glanced about for the attacking party, suspecting a small boy, such as himself had been, but was unsuccessful.

Good-naturedly he again bent over the plaster. This time an apple hit him squarely on the top of the head.

His movement was too swift for the miscreant, for she was caught red-handed, or perhaps red-headed, for undoubtedly the head in the upper window next door was red—a fiery, toasted red.

Billy gazed upward and the pert little face in the window smiled down at him.

"Hello, Billy!" she called. "Daisy! By all that's holy! Do you still live there? Come down, this minute! I have something to show you." He still gazed unbelievably at that head with its mop of red hair. For Billy had called it a mop twenty years ago and shamelessly he still called it a mop, albeit a burnished, coppery wonderful mop.

"You used to be a red-headed, little freckle-faced imp!" shouted Billy.

"And you still are a long-legged, tow-haired—youth!" flung Daisy. "And don't disgrace the neighborhood—remember, I am a dignified interior decorator—so stop shouting your flattering remarks. I am coming down to see what you are doing."

"Spittire—same as ever!" grunted Billy, and dashed through to the front door, hardly realizing that twenty years had gone since he and Daisy had played together in those old gardens.

Daisy rushed through the front gates and into Billy's studio in much the same state of mind as Billy. Her button smock was of coppery silk that matched her wonderful hair.

When they drew near one another there was a breathless moment in which each hesitated before the hand clasp, a moment in which each devoured the other with hungry eyes that took in each detail of the other's growth.

"You still have a few freckles across the bridge of your nose," Billy found himself able to say, though his voice shook a trifle. Her eyes were wide and gray and intelligent.

"And you still have a growl in your voice," laughed Daisy, but that her childhood pal had developed into a splendid fair-haired, clear-eyed giant, was printing itself into the recess of her heart.

"Come here," Billy said swiftly and dragged her, in much the same way as twenty years ago he had dragged her, into the library to see his latest treasure. "I found this in the garden under the oak tree," he said and watched her closely.

"My doll—that you stole from me," she cried and touched the broken toys with fingers that shook. Next she saw the knife and then the slate. This she carried to the light that streamed in from the French windows leading into the back garden and Billy came and stood close beside her.

"I love Daisy," she read, "I will always love Daisy," she half turned to Billy then quickly away. "I—I—what silly things children think to do," she said and her voice trembled.

Billy was silent a long, long moment while he contemplated the fluff of that glorious coppery mop and the white curve of neck, for Daisy's back was toward him.

"You know, Daisy," he said slowly, "I am not so sure it's—silly. I have never been in love—perhaps—"

Daisy flashed about, her eyes glowing. "Billy North—don't you dare tell me you love me—the very first time we meet!" The light in her eyes was not anger. "I am not given to falling in love, either," she added.

"I have known you exactly twenty-two years, Miss Red-Head," laughed Billy, "since you were a freckle-faced imp of five summers. I have that slate as witness—pretty good test of faithfulness, isn't it?" He deliberately turned Daisy so that she had to look at him. "I will dare tell you I love you whenever I want to. In fact I will probably shout it over the back fence."

There was a trailing sweetness about Daisy's laughter.

"I think I will rush right home and—listen," she said.

FOUNTAIN PEN NOT MODERN

Abundant Proof That Contrivance Was Known as Far Back as the Year 1600.

In a review of Professor Weekley's Etymological Dictionary of Modern English surprise is expressed that the professor should be able to quote a reference to fountain pens in an advertisement published so far back as 1788. As a matter of fact, this form of writing implement must have been known nearly two centuries before this date, for E. S. Bate, in his "Touring in 1600," shows that travelers wrote with them at that time. By the middle of the Eighteenth century they had come to be called by their present name. A Dictionary of Arts and Sciences published in 1754 defines "fountain pen" as "a pen made of silver, brass, etc., contrived to contain a considerable quantity of ink and let it flow out by gentle degrees. . . . To use the pen, the cover must be taken off, and the pen a little shaken, to make the ink run more freely." British patents were obtained for fountain pens in 1809. Apparently it was not until the seventies of last century that fountain pens came into anything approaching general use.

A Diplomat.

"It was a very shrewd and diplomatic culprit," says a Denver lawyer, "who was brought before a judge in our town not so long ago. The judge fixed him with a stern eye and said: 'You are charged with having registered illegally.' 'Your honor,' said the man, 'maybe I did, but they were trying so hard to beat your honor that I became desperate.'—Harper's Magazine.

Where He Got It.

Hea—Whence the black eye, old thing? Lea—Oh, I went to a dance last night and was struck by the beauty of the place.—COURT WIDOW.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

A Regular "Get-about"

Runabout
\$325 F. O. B. Detroit

THE Ford runabout is just what its name implies—it's a regular "get-about." There is no other car that will take you there and back again, quicker, safer and more economically. It's the car for the man of action—the farmer, the merchant, the doctor, the contractor, the collector—the car that is useful every day of the year. Low in the cost of maintenance, with all of the sturdy strength, dependability and reliability for which Ford cars are noted. On account of the unusual demand we urge that your orders be placed as early as possible.

J. A. COVEY & SON, Inc.
Authorized Agents

Snappy New Fall Styles

WE HAVE ON DISPLAY OUR NEW FALL GOODS.

COAT SUITS, LADIES BLOUSES COATS, SWEATERS, AND MANY OTHER NEW THINGS FOR FALL

COME AND SEE THEM.

W. E. STOCKER

MIAMI, DRY GOODS TEXAS.

FEED, FEED, FEED

I have opened up a Feed business at the Old Mill and am at your service for

Bran, Shorts, Shelled Corn, Feffir in head, Oats, also Maize and Kaffir.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR POULTRY
Everything strictly Cash.

HARDIN & BORTHICK

Phone No. 188 Free Delivery

Don't let the Kiddies sleep cold, Locke Bros. have a big supply of Dr. Dentons sleeping garments that are just the thing for their comfort on cold nights.

Why do NASH owners like the NASH? Because they give unequalled service.

POULTRY MARKET

If you want to sell or buy chickens come to Drum's Produce and Wagon Yard.

Phone 95.

NOTICE. I have promised many of my friends that I would let them know when I was able to take up my work. I am now ready, will clean your silks, suits and do all kind of tailor altering and repairing.

Phone No. 29. Mrs. A. Wilde,

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

We have just received a nice line of groceries and produce that will satisfy.

We are in the business to stay and solicit a liberal amount of your patronage.

CERTAIN & PHILPOTT

Phone 181 Phone 181

We Have

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

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

Bob Townes,

AT J. A. COVEYS WORKSHOP

THECITY MARKET

FRESH AND CURED MEATS.

Everything Thats Good to Eat.

QUICK SERVICE

Guaranteed Satisfaction, Our Motto.

PHONE 18. R. D. DUNIVEN, Prop.

PHOTOGRAPHY NOTICE

I have just opened the Addison & Rowe photo gallery in Miami, and am permanently located here.

Only the very best grades of photoes made, and all work positively guaranteed to be satisfactory.

KODAK WORK

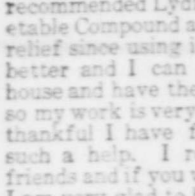
I am especially prepared to finish your kodak films on short notice and guarantee you first class work. We also do picture enlarging at very reasonable rates.

G. C. KIRBY

TAKES CARE OF 5 CHILDREN

Mrs. Taylor's Sickness Ended by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Roxbury, Mass.—"I suffered continually with backache and was often dependent, had dizzy spells and at my monthly periods it was almost impossible to keep around at my work. Since my last baby came two years ago my back has been worse and no position I could get in would relieve it, and doctor's medicine did not help me. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have found great relief since using it. My back is much better and I can sleep well. I keep house and have the care of five children so my work is very trying and I am very thankful I have found the Compound such a help. I recommend it to my friends and if you wish to use this letter I am very glad to help any woman suffering as I was until I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



Mrs. MAUDE E. TAYLOR, 5 St. James Place, Roxbury, Mass.

Backache is one of the most common symptoms of a displacement or derangement of the female system. No woman should make the mistake of trying to overcome it by heroic endurance, but profit by Mrs. Taylor's experience and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Scenery Has a Cash Value. "American motorists are becoming more nomadic than gypsies," Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall declared. He was discussing the future of the national parks.

The parks are the best friends that the motorists have. "The nation is rapidly learning that scenery is one of its most valuable resources. Italy, France and Switzerland had capitalized their scenery before the war and the tourist income was a big business factor for them."

Opposing Minds. "Darling, I've made up my mind to stay at home." "Too late, George—I've made up my mind to go out."—The Bulletin (Sydney).

Darwinian. The war on bathing suits is welcome if it means a survival of the best fitting.—Life.

MOTHER! CLEAN CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, give a teaspoonful to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

The Necessary Doctor. Mr. Timsted—I see by the papers our congressman's been made a doctor of laws.

His Wife—I reckon that's so he can write doctor's prescriptions under the Volstead law.

She always believes that her shoes look larger than they really are if they feel comfortable.

Used in One Family For Twenty-Eight Years

JANE, MO.—"Twenty-eight years ago I was in very poor health, having taken the measles when my oldest child was one month old. My blood was out of order and I also had inflammation of the womanly organs and bladder. I doctored with the best doctor I knew of, but gradually grew worse until I wasn't able to do anything. I heard of Doctor Pierce's medicines so got a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I immediately commenced to improve. After taking three bottles of each I was able to do light housework and felt like a different person—a very small expense compared with what I had been paying the doctor. Since then I have always used these medicines in my family."—MRS. CHARLES SHANKS.

Send 50c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package of any of his remedies. No alcohol.

Red Cross BALL-BLUE
used for baby's clothes, will keep them sweet and snowy-white until worn out. Try and see for yourself. At 50c per 5c.

LIVE STOCK

CHOLERA TAKES LARGE TOLL

Losses Have Been Greatly Reduced and May Be Wiped Out Entirely By Right Treatment.

August and September take the heaviest toll through hog cholera, the bane of swine keepers, which in years past has wiped out entire herds after an expensive season's feeding. In certain years the hog-cholera toll has run as high as 144 per 1,000 through the United States. Preventive measures developed by the United States Department of Agriculture have reduced the toll to 38. The experts, whose work has effected this annual multi-million-dollar saving, assert confidently that the means of absolute immunity from hog cholera losses is within the reach of any farmer who cares to take the precautionary trouble and expense.

The serum treatment, developed about 15 years ago and first put into general use within the last six or seven years, gives immunity if injected in time. This serum treatment is described fully in Farmers' Bulletin 834, which should be kept at hand for ready reference by every hog raiser.

Hog cholera is an epidemic disease; that means that it spreads from one or a few initial cases. It is carried in bedding, sty refuse, feeding troughs, loading chutes, railroad cars, farm im-



Cholera-Free Pigs May Be Assured if Serum Is Used in Time.

plements, clothing of laborers, and even in running water. Sanitation will cut down the danger, but it is not an absolute preventive. Unless the farmer has taken the precaution to have all of his herd immunized with serum and virus, an operation which should be done by a veterinarian or a specially trained layman, there is always possibility of the disease breaking out unexpectedly.

The farmer's protection lies in the fact that usually only one or two members of the herd are affected at first, and he should be on the watch. One or two hogs will refuse to come up to feed with the herd. They will remain hidden in the nest, and when driven from the bed their backs may be arched and they may appear cold, and shiver. The rest of the herd may remain apparently well for several days, when others are likely to be found affected in about the same way as those first attacked. As the disease progresses the sick hogs become gaunt or tucked up in the flanks, and have a weak, staggering gait, the weakness being most marked in the hind legs.

If the lungs are affected there may be a cough, which is particularly noticeable when the hogs are disturbed. The eyes usually are inflamed and show a whitish discharge, which may cause the lids to stick together. Constipation, which is commonly present in the early days of the disease, is generally followed by a diarrhoea. As the disease reaches its height red or purplish blotches are likely to appear upon the skin of the ears, of the belly, and the inner surfaces of the legs.

Some of the symptoms mentioned may be present in other diseases, but the owner should remember that cholera spreads rapidly through a herd and no time should be lost in calling a veterinarian to diagnose the disease and administer the proper treatment. If the disease is cholera heavy losses can be averted only by prompt administration of hog-cholera serum.

Autopsy should be performed upon hogs which die of any disease. Indications of cholera are described in the bulletin referred to. The most important thing is to be prepared and to act promptly.

Locate hog lots and pastures away from streams and public highways, and do not allow hogs to run on free range or highways, nor to have access to canals or irrigated ditches.

Do not drive into hog lots after driving on public highways.

Do not use hog lots for yarding wagons and farm implements.

GIVE PURE DRINKING WATER

Necessary for Best Health of Fowls as All Poultrymen Know—Epsom Salts Help.

Pure drinking water is necessary, as all our good poultrymen and poultrywomen know. An occasional dose of Epsom salts, twenty grains to the quart, followed by thirty grains of bicarbonate of soda to each quart of drinking water is a cleanser reported by some of our breeders as being beneficial.

STYLES IN WINTER COATS AND HATS FOR AUTUMN

THE ever-varying panorama of the modes brings to us our winter coats in several well-defined styles, and these range all the way from severely plain, finely tailored, mannish affairs, to ornate garments lavishly decorated. All of them are quite equal to discharging their mission of keeping us warm; they are ample, soft, and often luxurious with fur trimmings and accessories. Besides this bodily comfort their becomingness warms the heart; for there is a coat for every type of woman and for any sort of occasion.

In answer to a demand for serviceable coats, in chic models with a dis-

Furthermore purchasers are getting more for their money than for many seasons, prices having declined since last year. In fact seem somewhat lower than they should be, considering the amount of hand work that is lavished on this year's millinery.

Hats for street wear are medium in size, those for afternoon and evening larger, and still growing. The all-day frock or suit calls for an all-day hat, and four out of five of the models shown here will come under this class, the exception being the wide-brimmed pattern of hatter's plush with veil of lace falling from its under brim. This mid-winter night's dream is all in



LATEST IN WINTER COATS.

inct style of their own, great men's tailoring houses have gone into the manufacture of coats for women, using the same fabrics as are used in men's coats, sticking to mannish lines and ignoring ornament. These coats have made a success, especially with people who like simple designs and are appreciative of fine lines and workmanship or the intangible element of good style.

Fabric fur, which is the name given to those plushes that imitate natural fur, has come in for much attention on the part of famous designers, and they have used it in very handsome coats and in suits also. Natural or felt fur furnishes the collar or collar and cuffs on many of these rich wraps. The majority of coats are those made of fashionable coatings like those shown in the picture above, and designers use both natural and fabric furs in accessories and finishing as may be gathered from the illustra-

tion. In the coat of brown bolivia cloth at the left a fur fabric that looks just like lambskin furnishes the long shawl collar extended in a facing to the hem, and the wide straight cuffs.

The dressy coat at the right in dark blue normandie cloth is cut in gores, and each gore ornamented with a design cut from beige silk and embroidered. The scarf-collar and deep cuffs are of natural squirrel.

This season is outdoing all its forerunners in the inexhaustible variety of hats with which attempts are made to suit every face and every pocketbook. Hats represent the best effort of everybody concerned in their making, from the frame manufacturer to the most talented of designers and trimmers, and they are adroitly becoming and interesting.



HATS FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

hats, like fur pieces, may be worn anywhere, at any time if good qualities are chosen in them and there is considerable variety in styles and plumage.

A jumper dress of navy blue serge is worn over a gulme and sleeves of a dull red crepe de chine; and there is a sash of the same crepe de chine.

Nosegays the Vogue. Nosegays of carnations or roses worn at the waist, are once more the vogue.

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WRIGLEY'S P-K'S

"AFTER EVERY MEAL"

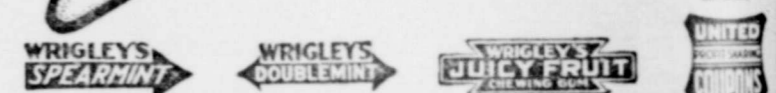
WRIGLEY'S Newest Creation

10 for 5c



A delicious peppermint flavored sugar jacket around peppermint flavored chewing gum.

Will aid your appetite and digestion, polish your teeth and moisten your throat.



The Flavor Lasts

It Worked "Anyhow!" Bobby will be six next month and is very proud of the fact, but he isn't much larger than a child of four. The other day mother and daddy went to buy tickets to Detroit and found that youngsters more than five years of age had to have \$5 fare. So they went home and instructed Bobby to say: "I'll be five years old next month."

Bobby is wise and obedient. A few moments later mother heard him shouting in his high, sweet treble to his pal:

"Billy, do you know what you must say on the train when you go to Detroit? You must say when the man asks you: 'No, I'm not even going to be five until next month. I won't be six at all.'"—Indianapolis News.

Reverse English. "Rather thoughtful of the people who sell ingredients for making beer in the home."

"How's that?" "They tell you what not to do to make it intoxicating."

"Sly fellows. But for fear somebody might mistake their meaning they ought to put the 'not' in parentheses."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Essentials. North—What are the three necessities of human life? West—Coin, cash and money.

Lifeboat Made of Basket-Work. A basket-work lifeboat seems so frail and delicate for the hard work of getting through rough seas to ship in distress, yet a boat of this kind has just been invented, and it is claimed that it gives greater safety than the usual kind.

The wooden framework of the lifeboat is covered with a cork lining, over that is laid an outer covering of canvas. It is said that the lifeboat floats better than the boats in use, and that it is impossible for it to sink.

The basket lifeboat is so light and springy that it is less likely to be crushed by swinging against the side of a ship or by the buffeting of waves.

Cattle-Raising Countries. The United States ranks first in cattle-raising country, with 56,000,000 head; Australia, fourth, with 11,000,000 head, Texas is the leading raising state in the United States. Production is about the same as that of Australia, possibly a little greater.

And it is. "Say, buddy, do you remember when we were over there, they used to tell us that when we got back nothing would be too good for us."

"Sure, what about it?" "Well, they told the truth."—American Legion Weekly.

Do You Look Forward To a Good Night's Rest?

Do you regularly anticipate a refreshing sleep? Or do you dread going to bed, only to stare, sleepless, at the walls? The difference between sleeping and staring is simply a matter of nerves.

When your nervous system is in a sound condition, you are certain to sleep well. But when your nerves are worn out and beyond your control, your rest is broken and your awakening leaves you languid and irritable.

Doctors know that much of the nerve disorders result from tea and coffee drinking. The drugs in these drinks over-stimulate, often causing the serious ills which result from disturbing the regular bodily functions. It is for your health's sake that many doctors now say you should quit tea

and coffee. Drink Postum, the delicious meal-time beverage instead! In flavor it is much like coffee.

Postum is fundamentally a nerve strengthener because it lets you get sound, restful sleep. Postum is a skillfully-made cereal beverage, and the secret of its popularity is its protection to health and its delicious flavor.

Ask your grocer for Postum. Drink this hot, refreshing beverage in place of tea or coffee for 10 days and see what a wonderful difference it will make in the way you feel.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health "There's a Reason"

Buy It Either Way **Tablets or Liquid**

PE-RU-NA

For Coughs, Colds and Catarrh


Mr. R. W. Marshall, Brampton, Michigan, suffering from Systemic Catarrh involving Head, Nose, Throat and Stomach, claims a complete cure. His letter is convincing.

"For the past two years I have been troubled with systemic catarrh. I used several bottles of Peruna Tablets and they have effected a complete cure. I do not hesitate to recommend Peruna for all similar conditions."

Mr. Marshall is just one of many thousands who have been benefited by Dr. Hartman's famous medicine in the past fifty years.

It is by stimulating the digestion, enriching the blood and toning up the nerves that Peruna is able to exert such a soothing, healing influence upon the mucous membranes which line the body. It is a wonderfully effective remedy to restore strength after a protracted sickness, the grip or Spanish influenza.

Keep in the House Sold Everywhere



Fall and winter bring with them INFLUENZA, DISTEMPER, COUGHS and COLDS. Give your horse


Spohn's Distemper Compound

at the first sign of sickness. Better still, give it as a preventive before he shows signs of sickness. "SPOHN'S" acts equally well as a preventive or cure. By reason of its germicidal qualities, it hastens recovery by expelling the disease germs, abating fever and restoring the appetite. 50 cents and \$1.25 per bottle.

SPohn MEDICAL COMPANY GOSHEN, INDIANA

What to Take for CONSTIPATION

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and Regulate Your Bowels. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. Genuine bear signature—Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



AROUSING HER SUSPICION.
Old Lady—And what are we stopping her for, my dear man?
Conductor—For water, madam.
Old Lady—Are you sure it is not for something stronger than that?

DYED HER BABY'S COAT, A SKIRT AND CURTAINS
Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a new, rich color into shabby shirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run—advertisement.

CARRIED SECRET TO GRAVE
Canadian Prospector Refused to Divulge Location Where Gold Cropped Out.

A man who kept his secret to the grave and the Canadian hunter Gilbertson. Sixty years ago, when he was making a canoe trip up the Wapshere river, the New York Evening Post states, he struck camp for the night near what later discoveries indicate must have been a large body of gold-bearing ore. Without knowing what this ornamental stone was, he took home a big piece to use for a door weight. A while after this a geologist who was visiting Gilbertson identified the ore, and a rush to stake claims along the Wapshere ensued. But the unwitting prospector would never tell where he made his great find. In later years he became insane and died, still refusing to reveal the location. This season a systematic search of that country is being made in hope of rediscovering "the Gilbertson lode."

GREW WHISKERS TO GET JOB
And Secretary of State Hughes Has Worn the Required Facial Adornments Ever Since.

Charles E. Hughes, secretary of state, gave little indication to his teachers and classmates at Brown university that he was to become a leader in the nation, though it is true that he had his bachelor degree before he was twenty-one. He planned to make teaching his life work, and he did devote some years to that occupation. His first application for a job was as a teacher of Greek in a small Eastern college. The head of the department received him kindly, but evidently regarded his youthful appearance as making him an impossibility in that line.

THINK HE WILL BE GOVERNOR
People of Washington State See Bright Future for Their Soldier Lieutenant-Governor.

"He's just naturally lucky," the people of Washington say of William Jennings Coyle, their lieutenant-governor, who they claim, is the youngest man in the world holding that office.

Coyle has been a "natural athlete" since kindergarten days. For four years he was Gil Doble's quarterback on the famous university of Washington team. He pitched and fielded for the varsity baseball team and he was a star hurdler. Following graduation he was a reading clerk in three sessions of the Washington legislature.

PROBLEMS OF THE NAVY MEN
Conference of Legion Committee to Devise Ways for Benefit of Members of Branch.

Problems of the navy men who are members of the American Legion and policies affecting naval ex-service men generally will be discussed at a conference of the naval affairs committee of the Legion in Chicago this fall. The meeting has been called by Edward E. Spafford, New York, chairman of the committee, who will announce the date of the conference later.

"The fact that there were eight times as many men in the army as there were in the navy during the World war has tended to minimize the needs of the navy ex-service men," Mr. Spafford declared in announcing the conference. "Few persons know of the high percentage of tubercular cases developed by men in the sub-chaser and submarine service, for instance."

The members of the committee, besides Mr. Spafford, are: Benjamin Briscoe, Michigan; Philander Briscoe, Maryland; Claudius G. Pendill, Wisconsin; Fred A. Tillman, California, and C. W. Neville, Jr., Louisiana. The members ranged in rank from lieutenant commander to petty officer.

LEGION IN LOAN BUSINESS
 Fargo, N. D. Post Adjutant Works Out Plan for the Benefit of His Buddies.

The first instance in which the American Legion has gone into the trust, savings and loan business is reported from Fargo, N. D.

To encourage thrift and to help the needy, the post, on January 1, 1921, instituted an American Legion Bonus Loan association from plans worked out by Arthur F. Collier, post adjutant. Four hundred of the post's 700 members already have deposited sums from \$5 to \$25 on which five per cent interest is paid. A Legion man wishing to borrow assigns his state compensation claim to the Legion—it will require eight years for North Dakota to pay all service men the bonus awarded them. The borrower may obtain up to 50 per cent of the amount to be awarded him by the state. He pays interest at 8 per cent.

Business is transacted through a Fargo bank. To date more than fifty loans have been made and more than \$20,000 has been paid into the savings fund. A dividend is paid semi-annually to depositors. Immediately upon being granted a loan, the person to whom it is made must open a savings account to insure proper expenditure of the money. Legion posts in many states have written the Fargo post for information upon which to base a similar system.

SEVERAL JOBS AS CHAPLAIN
 Toledo (O.) Divine Is Much in Demand With Veterans' and Other Organizations.

Chaplain for six different organizations, Rev. H. F. MacLane, Toledo, O., is a dangerous contender for the champion "sky pilot" belt.

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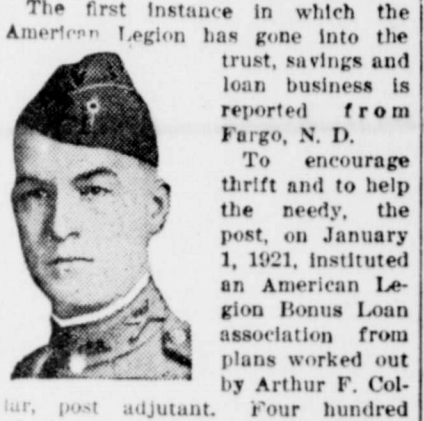
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The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

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THE MAN WHO SAID:
 "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"—
 was only half through

He started a good pudding-proof, but he didn't finish it.

There's a lot of trouble in the world from puddings that taste good but don't do good.

They "eat" well, but that ends the recommendation.

Sanitariums are full of pudding-eaters who stopped the test at taste and forgot to inquire whether their food gave the body what it needed—until the body rebelled.

Grape-Nuts is a food that tastes good and does good. The proof of Grape-Nuts begins in the eating and goes on through the splendid service which Grape-Nuts renders as a real food. Grape-Nuts is the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley—delicious to taste, easy to digest, and exceptionally rich in nourishment for body and brain.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

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Important to all Women
 Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

A politician without patronage is like a cat without claws.

DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Three sizes, all druggists.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation



FORCE

The person whose nervous system has been overworked by work, worry or care; or who is experiencing a faulty and slow convalescence; or who is suffering from the general debility and feebleness that result from an acute or infectious disease, will find in FORCE a beneficial aid to normal strength and health.

FORCE is sold by reliable druggists everywhere, and is of equal benefit to men, women and children.

"It Makes for Strength"



Keep Your Skin-Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Probably.

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"I believe it was to gratify her husband's dyeing request."—London Tit-Bits.

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Scrapp—Well, why not shut up for repairs?—Boston Transcript.

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YOUR HUNTING TRIP

Will be very materially safeguarded against disappointment if the loops of your shooting vest contain

Western "Field" Shells

Patented Steel-Locked

This famous brand of Shotgun Ammunition can now be had at a majority of stores where Sportsmen's supplies of the better grade are sold. But, if your dealer doesn't handle it, write us and we will see what can be done.




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Genuine



Aspirin

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Rheumatism
Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis
Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 18 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. English is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturers of Mannesmannstrasse of Salsbrunn



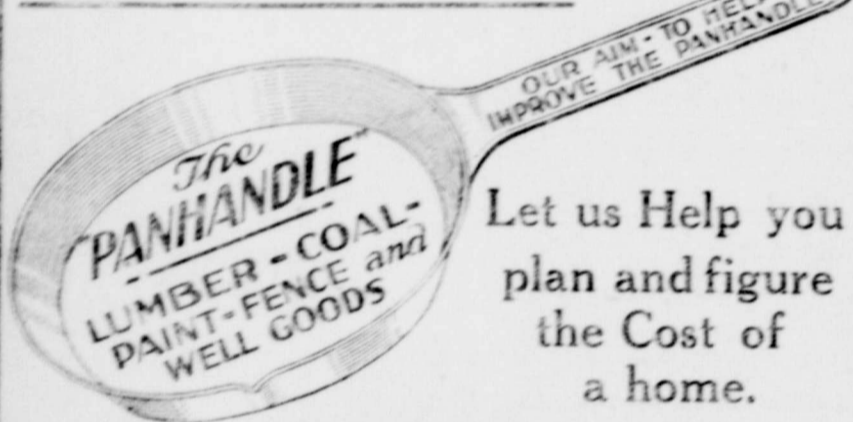
Your Foot On A Buick Brake Gets Results

Buick brakes, like Buick cars, don't fail Easy to operate, easy to adjust positive in their action—Buick brakes provide that factor of safety so necessary today. Buick invites comparison.

Buick Sixes	Buick Fours
22-Six-54 - \$1495	22-Four-34 - \$ 935
22-Six-45 - 1525	22-Four-35 - 975
22-Six-46 - 2135	22-Four-36 - 1475
22-Six-47 - 2435	22-Four-37 - 1650
22-Six-48 - 2335	
22-Six-49 - 1735	
22-Six-50 - 2635	

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There's no Place Like Home



Let us Help you plan and figure the Cost of a home.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FARM IMPLEMENTS. You can make them last three times as long, if you will put them under shelter We are always glad to help you with your plans for a new shed or house.



SAPOLIO

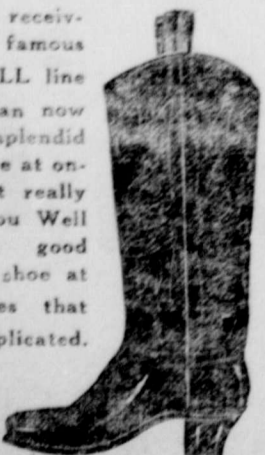
Finds countless uses in the kitchen. It cleans cutlery, kettles, tins, porcelain, china, earthenware, linoleum, oil-cloth, refrigerators, tile, marble, shelves and floors. See that the name SAPOLIO is on every package.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO. Sole Manufacturers New York U. S. A.

MAKES POTS AND PANS LOOK LIKE NEW

New Line of Shoes

ANOTHER BIG REDUCTION Has just been received in the famous WEAR-U-WELL line of shoes. I can now offer you a splendid new dress shoe at only \$4.98 that really will Wear You Well and also a good heavy work shoe at \$2.98. Prices that cannot be duplicated. Come in and let me show you the full line for men, women and children, in both work and dress shoes. I also carry a splendid line of cowboy boots, the best on the American market, at prices you can afford to pay. A perfect fit guaranteed, and you will be pleased after you wear the boots. All kinds of boot and shoe repairs accurately and neatly done.



DR. L. M. HICKS DENTIST Office Hours: 8 to 12 and 1 to 6 Office over Picture Show Telephone No. 25 Doctors ERICKSON & ERICKSON Chiropactors. Now located in office near Dr. Gunn residence. We specialize in women and children. All diseases treated. Calls made to any part of city or country, day or night. We can handle all kinds of fever, and stop it in a few hours. Can get you up in 3 or four days. We handle also any chronic diseases. Consultation and Examination Free with a course of adjustments. Miami, Phone No. 131 Texas.

CUT UP FAMOUS SAPPHIRE

Only Fragments Remain of Magnificent Stone That Was Worth Several Millions Francs.

It is a strange story, that of the Brazilian sapphire, which M. Lacombe, examining magistrate, is at present investigating. This precious stone, known as "The King of Sapphires," belonged to the Brantford family; it was bought at Frankfurt in 1840, weighed 200 carats, and had been worth several million francs, and was taken from the hip pocket of Count Karler Brantford at Warsaw in July, 1918, during the German occupation. The count found himself in Paris recently, and knowing that there is an important market for precious stones in the city he thought he would ask the police to make inquiries about his sapphire. The police inspectors found in possession of a dealer in precious stones not the sapphire but portions of it. The dealer told how a few months ago he bought the sapphire for 185,000 francs from a Lithuanian dealer established near Kovno, whom he knew to be an honest man. He was aware that the stone had figured in the exhibition in Vienna in 1907 and in the Paris exhibition in 1925, and realizing that it would be difficult to get rid of it he had it cut into fragments, some of which were utilized in rings and necklaces. Of the 200 carats only 136 carats remain. —Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

SPOILED HIS "GOOD THING"

Youthful Financier Was Doing Splendidly Until His Mother Butted Into the Game.

"It's sure tough when a feller has business ability and is cleaning up money right and left and then his mother goes and spoils it all," said Tommy mournfully. "Why, I was making more money than any kid on the block." "Well, how did you make your money and why did your mother make you quit?" the boy was asked. "The fellers around here never used to have any place to play marbles until I thought of my back yard. Tommy replied, "I used to charge them three cents to come into my yard and play. It really was worth the money, because in my place they had all the room they wanted and, besides, they would never get chased by the cop. At last I got about 20 to 25 customers a day and my mother said she wouldn't let me run my business any more because the kids made too much noise."

The Perils in a Kiss. "As for Elodie—what did a kiss or two matter? If one paid all that attention to a kiss one's life would be a complicated drama of a hundred threads. A kiss is nothing—no real one of her shifter diets—'unless you feel it in your toes. Then look out.' "A kiss must mean either very much or very little. There are maidens to whom it signifies a life's consecration. There are men whose blood it fires with burning passion. There are couples of different sex who jointly consider their first kiss a matter of supreme importance, and, the temporary rapture over, at once begin to discuss the possibilities of parental approbation and the ways and means of matrimony. A kiss may be the very devil of a thing, leading to two or three dozen honorably born grandchildren, or to suicide, or to the fate of Abelard, or to the Fall of Troy. * * * * * Volumes could be written on it."—From "The Mountebank" by W. J. Locke. J. K. McKENZIE Complete Abstract of land in Roberts county. Protect your property against fire and Tornado. AGENT FOR Leading fire insurance Companies. Phone 36

Lottie Turns Down a Millionaire

By HAZEL SMITH

When Lottie showed her teeth and as busy as her toes. Her famous smile never had been the very thing in London and New York during the season. In three months Lottie had made more money than she had ever earned during the whole eight years of her working life. Lottie had always known that she could dance. But that money was to be made in dancing had seemed an absurd idea—would have seemed so if anybody had suggested it to her. The young fellow in the second row of the stalls, with the foolish, disheveled face, was watching her again. She knew him, though he did not know her; in fact, she knew him intimately, and she reflected on this with a little smile of amusement which the audience mistook for a stage piquancy. She had been pestered by him for a week now.

Seven years before she had been a saleswoman in Bryant & Jones' department store. It was a big store and treated its employees fairly well. Still, Lottie had not been happy there. She had been domestic in her tastes—still was, in fact—and she and Joe were both looking forward to the time when they were to be married and live in their little home, when Lottie would get on to work any more. Then young Mr. Jones—the one with the foolish face, in the second row—had seen her and asked who she was. And he had taken her out to supper. Mr. Jones had asked her to marry him.

Can a girl love two men at the same time? Perhaps Lottie really loved neither. She was very fond of short, easy-going Joe, but this was different. Joe soon discovered where she spent these evenings. Once he waited for her outside the restaurant and would have made a scene had not Lottie managed to calm him. That night young Mr. Jones asked Lottie to marry immediately.

"Not unless your mother and father are willing," said Lottie. Lottie did not know Joe had shot himself and injured his spine, when she accompanied young Mr. Jones to his parents' home on 42nd avenue. Old Mr. Jones shook her hand warmly and said:

"My dear, you are far too capable a young woman to throw yourself away on a foolish boy like Alfred." Old Mrs. Jones said: "The store you be will get nothing. And Alfred could never earn an honest dollar in his life."

"I'll leave it to Alfred," said Lottie, and walked out. Lottie had stopped dancing now and was bowing to an applauding house. The foolish young man in the second row was clapping his gloved hands furiously. Lottie looked at him derisively, and then swept off the stage and put on her clothes.

At the stage door she saw young Mr. Jones with a bouquet in his hand. Young Mr. Jones planted himself squarely across her path, and Lottie gave him a box on the ears that sent him tumbling to the ground. When he had picked himself up she said:

"You had your chance years ago and lost it. I'm Lottie!" Young Mr. Jones looked as though he was going to cry again. But Lottie had already forgotten him. She was eager to hurry home; there might be news for her.

She got into the taxicab that always waited for her and was driven rapidly to the modest little flat that she rented in Harlem. She went into the living room and bent over a man who sat reading in an arm chair, and kissed him. She had come in so softly that he had not heard her.

"I've got good news, Lottie," he said. "The doctor thinks I'm getting better. He says I'll be as strong and well as ever in six months more." "You dear old Joe," said Lottie, brushing away her tears and kissing him again.

Snow on Subway Tracks. It is possible many of our readers have wondered at the appearance of the tracks at the subway stations in New York city, says the Scientific American. There is usually a realistic Christmas snow on the tracks, but the Interborough company has a method in this artificial snow system. The roadbed around each station is spread with calcium chloride, which has a peculiar property of drawing moisture out of the air and turning gradually from a white powder into drops of liquid, which remain in this condition for months. This serves to hold the dust and bacteria like the sprinkling of a dusty street. The hurrying of trains through the stations has little or no effect on this deposit.

Rather! The young man had just been accepted. In his rapture he exclaimed: "But do you think, my love, I am good enough for you?" His wife-to-be looked sternly at him for a moment, and replied: "Good enough for me. You've got to be."

Suggestive Pet Name. "Guess I'll have to stop calling my wife 'Toots.'" "Why so?" "It always reminds her that she wants an automobile."

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