

The Miami Chief.

VOLUME 23.

MIAMI, ROBERTS COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1922

NUMBER 40

HEALTH WEEK PROGRAM MUCH APPRECIATED

The interest taken in the health week program, which extended over the most of last week, the community very much appreciated the efforts made, and this was very apparent to those who made the program possible.

Baby Contest, which was to have been held Monday, on account of the rainy weather, was necessarily postponed till Friday afternoon. Two talks were given by Dr. Hicks, on "The Care of the Baby," and the other by Snyder, on "The Eyes and their Care." These two talks drew a fine audience, and were greatly appreciated.

Thursday afternoon was devoted to a demonstration, by Miss Wetlaufer, County Nurse, of Carson, on "How to Care For The Sick Room." This demonstration was very instructive, and extremely interesting.

Thursday afternoon, Miss Wetlaufer gave a very interesting talk on "Community Hygiene," which was full of interesting things for the betterment of the health of the community, that if followed, will result in a wonderful benefit to any community. Miss Wetlaufer was followed by Dr. Rodgers, whose talk on "Communicable Diseases" was very interesting.

Friday at the Court House, the health contest was held, as planned. Contest began at 10 o'clock, with the local physicians and Miss Wetlaufer in charge of the separate contests. Forty-eight babies and small children were ready for examination, owing to a shortage of the program blanks, only forty-six could be examined. Of these forty-six, a few were found to be ineligible on account of their age, and this reduced the number actually examined to thirty-two.

Winners are as follows:
First Division, 6 to 12 months.
Jack E. George, 94 p. c. perfect.
Bettie Locke, 94.
Charles E. McKenzie, 94.
Frank E. Craig, 94.
Bettie M. Lard, 81.
Claude L. Lard, 91.
Oyde M. Coffee, 91.
Dorothy Ludden, 89.
Gordon Hoffer, 89.
Richard C. Hale, 89.5.

Second Division, 13 to 24 months
Goldie Woods, 92.5 p. c. perfect.
Carl Cantrell, 92.
Newton V. Craig, 91.
Genevieve Elkins, 89.5.
Fred C. Cook, 89.
Clinton W. Stribling, 89.5.
Leta Parker, 88.
Vernie Fay Hgare, 86.5.

Third Division, 25 to 36 months.
Lewis Locke, 92.5 p. c. perfect.
Forest B. Crain, 91.
Ralph G. Chisum, 90.
Rufus Sewell, 89.5.
Opha Bingham, 88.5.
Charlie Markley, 88.5.
Franklin Russell, 88.5.
Jack Kelley Seitz, 88.
Flake McCormick, 87.5.

Fourth Division, 37 to 48 months.
Tolbert Crowson, 94 p. c. perfect.
Melvin L. Wood, 92.5.
Ascena Hale, 92.
Margarie Heare, 92.
Fannie B. Tolbert, 92.
Ruth E. Coble, 91.5.
Bonny Parker, 90.
Gwendolyn Fulton, 90.
Dawn Crain, 89.5.
Mary L. Black, 89.5.
Elmer Wiseley, 87.5.

Fifth Division.
Edgar Coble, 93 p. c. perfect.
Ollie V. Hoffer, 92.5.
John T. Locke, 89.5.
Wilbur Lyons, 88.

HOME FROM HOUSTON MONDAY

Misses Ada Coffee and Edna Dixon who represented Miami "Hi" at the State Clothing contest at Houston, last Friday and Saturday returned home Monday. They were accompanied on the trip by Mrs. Olive ... The girls were very enthusiastic over the contest, which is described at length in the school notes, and declare that they had the time of their lives. After the conclusion of the contest, the girls and Mrs. Dixon, went from Houston to Galveston, where they spent Sunday, visiting with Miss Marie Carter, who is finishing her pharmaceutical course there.

EXPECT TO INSTALL RADIO

Quite a few of the business men are planning on going together in buying and installing a radio outfit that will pick up messages sent out from Denver, Kansas City or St. Louis.

George Bennett is pushing the project, and if installed the outfit will be under his supervision. A suitable location, has not as yet been chosen, though several have been suggested.

"SOO SOO" CLUB

The So So Club met Tuesday afternoon at 2:30, with Mrs. Flake George, hostess. The afternoon was spent doing needle work.

Miss Taylor entertained the club with a number of popular selections on the piano.

Dainty refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, coffee, salad and cake were served.

The club had as guests: Miss Bernice Taylor who came for a "purpose," and Mrs. Fred Cook.

GETS PRIZE AUTO

Last Thursday night the members of Kniva Temple, Shriners gave a dance at Amarillo, and each ticket bought entitled the buyer to a chance on an auto, given by an Amarillo dealer. Homer Allen, of west of town was the lucky one, and drew an Essex Coupe. He arrived with the new car, from Amarillo Friday evening.

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First Division.
Tie between Bettie Locke, Jack George, Frank Craig, and Charles McKenzie.
2nd Division.
Lous Locke.
Third Division
Goldie Woods.
Fourth Division
Tolbert Crowson.
5th Division.
Edgar Coble.

The very inclement weather was against the success of the program during the whole week, and doubtless if it were not for that, the auditorium would have been filled every day the talks were given there. Even as it was, the attendance at the different sessions was better than anyone hoped for, and the committee in charge feel that they have been instrumental in making possible something that the community as a whole appreciated the need of, and will derive a world of good from.

Miss Wetlaufer, who had the most difficult work of the whole program to perform, deserves and gets, the thanks of everyone who attended, as well as of the committee, for the intense interest she took in the work that was done, and for the time she so unselfishly gave to help make it the success it was.

The PEEK-A-BOO Players at the Pastime Friday and Saturday.

WELL BROUGHT IN ON DIAL RANCH

Early this morning news was received here that the Amarillo company, drilling on the Dial ranch, northwest of here, had brought in a well, though the production was not known as yet. Several cars left for there this morning, and more will be known by this afternoon. The oil excitement here is waxing strong, following the practical certainty that the McGee well, north of Panhandle, in Hutchinson County, will be a big producer, and now, if the Dial well proves a good one, it begins to look as though the opening of the Panhandle oil field is not a long way off.

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The meetings at the Church of holding its interest to the people, in Christ, running in its second week is fine shape. Although the attendance has not been very good some nights, the rainy weather has been the cause of that, and the good nights the attendance has been excellent. Mr. Bassell, leading the singing is doing a world of good, for he has a voice that is second to none. Elder Lamberth is preaching some sermons that reach right down into ones heart.

Elder Lamberth gives this message to Miami:

"The meeting is just getting started good, and we had so much rain to hinder us, last week and the first of this week. Bro. Alva Johnson will be here Saturday, an especially by Friday, and will run the meeting on for several days yet.

"We are not trying to build up churchanity; but we are trying to build up Christianity. We want people to live the Christ Life. For this, all the children of God should give their influence.

"If you can't dress as fine as you would like to, just come on anyway. I am sure style has spoiled many a Christian.

In Him,
G. A. Lamberth.

MRS S. E. ROBBINS ENTERTAINS

Mrs. S. E. Robbins entertained a number of her friends with a party at the Garden Cafe, on Thursday, April 20th. "42" was indulged in most of the evening, and Mrs. Dan Kivlehen and Mrs. Will Locke won high scores. Five tables were set. Refreshments were served, and the guests voted Mrs. Robbins an ideal entertainer. The Cafe was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers, that made the event all the more to be enjoyed by the guests.

"OLD COONIE AND HIS PALS"

Let me tell you a story, I know to be true
About some boys; Oh! yes, more than too,
With poor old Coonie they all make a start
You can bet each one is ready to do his part.

The same old sports you'll always find,
On the streets of "Miami" right in line,
They talk and laugh, and plan their fun,
Yet you'll find neither one with a cent of mon.

At last you will notice they are all out of line
Now what do you su pose ... on their mind,
Don't you worry, be cause everyone knows,
It's just old Coon hunters that always goes.

How they each come dashing in home,
And tell their wives they are ready to roam
With candy and apples and a smile of delight,
They all come in hoping to get off without a fight.

With all their fleeing and willful might,
The wives then gather and spend the night,
So these wonderful Coon hunters, all leave with delight,
O! So anxious to get out of our sight,

Here they go, running like Indians into creek and
down bluffs they are falling.
Though up they come jumping as the dogs go on bailing
They run, jump, crawl and walk all night
And not a cry or complaint do you hear till broad day
light.

Soon they all come blundering in of a moning so early,
With lots of funny things to tell we girls,
Now people who know them, are onto their game,
So if you'll once follow old Coonie you'll learn each one's
name.

By a wife who know's.

CULLEN F. THOMAS TO SPEAK HERE SATURDAY

Arrangements have been made, whereby Miami folks are to have the opportunity to hear one of the greatest speakers in Texas, next Saturday Cullen F. Thomas, candidate for United States Senator, will arrive here from Wheeler, about noon, Saturday, and will speak at the court house, at one o'clock, if present arrangements with him are carried out. Mr. Thomas comes to Wheeler, from Shamrock, and a Miami delegation will meet his there. He will go from here to Canadian, where he will speak in the late afternoon, and will double back to Pampa, speaking there at night.

THE AUXILIARY ENTERTAINS

The Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion entertained the Legion boys, Tuesday night, with a very enchanting program of music and reading. After the rendition of the program the house was called to order for the purpose of a joint business meeting. After business had attended to more joy ensued, "42" and finally visiting. Then refreshments were served and good nights said, and we all departed for home, harmonious in hearts and minds.

MRS SEIBER HOSTESS TO HOME PROGRESS CLUB

The members of the Home Progress Club met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Seiber, for an interesting lesson on Louisiana or Creole Stories.

Papers, "George W. Coble and his Creole Stories" and "Selection from 'Old Creole Days' by Mesdames H. E. Baird and Newt Locke were a source of valuable information, and were well received by the members. A report was given in detail by the President, Mrs. Clarence Locke, of the unusually successful meeting of the district Federation at Plainview. During the social hour dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. Jimmie Kivlehen and Miss Lucille Ewing were special guests of the club.

PRESBYTERIAN AID

The Presbyterian Ladies met with Mrs. Bernice Heare socially on Wednesday, May 3rd. After an old fashioned social hour the hostess served a delightful luncheon of sandwiches, pickles, croquettes, cake and cocoa, which all present enjoyed very much.

Next meeting will be with Mrs. Patton.

NEW WEST TEXAS FARM PAPER

A new publication in West Texas—"A West Texas Journal for West Texas People,"—as the editor, Curtis Keen, styles the new Plains Agricultural Journal, made its appearance three weeks ago. The new farm paper is published at Lubbock, and is a monthly. The features of the new paper are diversified farming for West Texas, Community interests, current events relating to West Texas, such as legislative action, and the like, as well as stories of fiction, verse, and West Texas pictures. In his announcement, Mr. Keen says:

"East Texas has furnished our politicians, spent our tax moneys, and published our agricultural journals too long already. With each session of the Legislature the Old Guard is finding our Representatives harder to handle. With a lawful representation of our state tax money. And now, with your help, I am going to try to serve West Texas by keeping pace with the Agricultural and community development of West Texas and the Great Plains country.

"Ours is a new country. Our conditions are different. Our methods of production, marketing and spending money, all are different. This being true, how can we expect East Texas folks and the world to know us unless we speak up and 'spress for ourselves? THAT IS MY JOB."

The Plains Journal is published at Lubbock, Texas and the price is \$1.00 a year.

A BIG PARTY

Monday night, May 1st, thirteen couples consisting of XX members and their escorts, with a few guests, met at the home of Lucy Talley and at 8 o'clock was all loaded into a big wagon and was off for a big barn party at C. F. Barnetts. Although the weather looked threatening, we got to the ranch before the rain set in.

There wasn't one in the bunch but who was lively and full of pep from start to finish. Mr. and Mrs. Burnett had the big 30x100 ft barn fixed up very nicely and homelike. Music was furnished throughout the evening by "Mr. Edison," which was enjoyed very much by everyone. But the most interesting part of the barn was the little alcove fixed into a first class kitchen which, of course being full of good eats, was the first thing that caught our eye.

The evening was spent playing games, such as old fashioned snap, three deep, "Wink'em" and the most interesting part of all was the potato race. Two sides were chosen and two from each side raced. First, Snooks and Pinkney ran and from some unfortunate cause a girl from each side raced, and Ellie had such a hard time getting her first potato on her spoon that she was defeated by one round by the Club's Press Reporter. Snooks was very proud of his "jumping jack" but it was nothing compared to the big "fat pig" that I won. Just now Mrs. Burnett emerged from the kitchen with everything good to eat and Oh! what a supper we had. All ate until we were compelled to stop for lack of room and then were disappointed because we couldn't eat more.

It was getting late so we loaded in the wogan again and being unable to tell Mr. and Mrs. Burnett what a good time we had we just told them we would prove it by paying them another call soon. It rained on us all the way to town but we didn't mind it at all after the good time we had had.

P. R.
The PEEK-A-BOO Players at the Pastime Friday and Saturday.

GOVERNOR NEFF SPEAKS TO A FULL HOUSE

The Baptist church was filled last Thursday evening when Governor Pat. Neff spoke here. This is the first official trip a governor has made to the Panhandle, and Governor Neff was enthusiastically received at every place he visited.

Several men from Miami went to Canadian to escort the Governor and his party to Miami, and on account of the rainy weather and muddy roads, the party made the trip on the train arriving here at 7:13. L. C. Heare introduced the members of the party, the first one being Lon A. Smith, State Comptroller of Currency, who gave a short talk, mostly devoted to the school children. He was followed by Governor Neff, who spoke at length on the expenditures of the tax money, collected each year, and how it is apportioned among the different state institutions. Not a single reference to political questions was made by the governor during his talk, all of which was devoted to giving facts concerning the administration of the government of Texas. The later part of his talk was devoted to his work at the state penitentiary, and he told several stories, illustrating the humor, and the paths too, of the everyday life in that institution. Among other things the Governor said, "I take no stock in the idea that is going about, that the penitentiary should be made a kind of seventh heaven. I want the boys of Texas to realize that the penitentiary is the very worst place in the world to go to. Only in this manner of teaching, that the present wave of crime be stopped."

There is not a person who heard Governor Neff, Thursday night, that did not feel a measure of pride when he told of the great things Texas has. Probably never before had they realized that they were citizens of the greatest state in the United States; greatest not only in size, but in innumerable other ways, industrially, intellectually, and as a state that has the greatest possibilities lying before it, of any country of like size in the world. And, as well, not a person there, but has a greater respect and a lot of pride in the chief executive of Texas, than he ever had before.

Governor Neff, made it plain that he was not in the Panhandle on a political tour, or to get votes, in the coming election, but was here to get acquainted with a corner of Texas no Governor before, had taken the trouble to visit.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM
May 7, 6:30 p. m. 1922.
Song 221.
Secretary's Report, Roll Call, etc. Business.
Song—195.
Devotional Meeting, Topic for Study, Charity—Leader, Jack Coffee.
Scripture Lesson—Gertrude White
I "Does the Bible Teach Charity or Love?"—Bernice Duniven.
II "Charity as it is understood today"—Annie Neal.
III "Charity May Easily Merge Into Love"—Evelyn Roach.
IV "True Charity Must Have Love in it"—Frank Cox.
V The necessity and Scope of Charity—Joe Hutchens.
VI "Where Money Counts Least"—Ada Coffee.
VII "Charity not to be Seen of Men"—L. B. Baker.
Five Minutes Talks by Pastor.
Song 206.
Benediction.

The Key-Note of Banking---

SERVICE---continuous and dependable---
is the dominant spirit in the fulfillment of
our recognized obligations to our customers.

On this pledge we invite your business.

THE FIRST STATE BANK
of MIAMI, TEXAS
"The Guaranty Fund Bank"

Keeping Faith

Never faltering in its effort to serve its customers' interests, The Bank of Miami has striven for several years with increasing diligence and increasing success.

Its customers repose implicit confidence in its integrity and ability, for they are impressed with the fact that throughout the bank's existence unremitting vigilance and sound judgment have been exercised to safeguard their interests.

THE BANK OF MIAMI

Roberts County Depository
Individual Responsibility over \$400,000.00
H. Russell, President. Thos. J. Boney, Cashier.
J. F. Johnston, V-Prec. Ja. B. Saul, A-Cashier

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 Now what do you su pose ... on their mind,
 Don't you worry, be cause everyone knows,
 It's just old Coon hunters that always goes.

How they each come dashing in home,
 And tell their wives they are ready to rome
 With candy and apples and a smile of delight,
 They all come in hoping to get off without a fight.

With all their fleeing and wilful might,
 The wives then gether and spend the night,
 So these wonderful Coon hunters all leave with delight,
 O! So anxious to get out of our sight,

Here they go, running like Indians into creek and
 down bluffs they are falling.
 Though up they come jumping as the dogs go on balling
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Soon they all come blundering in of a moning so early,
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 The Plains Journal is published at Lubbock, Texas and the price is \$1.00 a year.

A BIG PARTY

Monday night, May 1st, thirteen couples consisting of XX members and their escorts, with a few guests, met at the home of Lucy Talley and at 8 o'clock was all loaded into a big wagon and was off for a big barn party at C. F. Barnetts. Although the weather looked threatening, we got to the ranch before the rain set in.

There wasn't one in the bunch but who was lively and full of pep from start to finish. Mr. and Mrs. Burnett had the big 30x100 ft barn fixed up very nicely and homelike. Music was furnished throughout the evening by "Mr. Edison," which was enjoyed very much by everyone. But the most interesting part of the barn was the little alcove fixed into a first class kitchen which, of course being full of good eats, was the first thing that caught our eye.

The evening was spent playing games, such as old fashioned snap, three deep, "Wink'em" and the most interesting part of all was the potato race. Two sides were chosen and two from each side raced. First, Snooks and Pinkney ran and from some unfortunate cause a girl from each side raced, and Ellie had such a hard time getting her first potato on her spoon that she was defeated by one round by the Club's Press Reporter. Snooks was very proud of his "jumping jack" but it was nothing compared to the big "fat pig" that I won. Just now Mrs. Burnett emerged from the kitchen with everything good to eat and Oh! what a supper we had. All ate until we were compelled to stop for lack of room and then were disappointed because we couldn't eat more.

It was getting late so we loaded in the wogan again and being unable to tell Mr. and Mrs. Burnett what a good time we had we just told them we would prove it by paying them another call soon. It rained on us all the way to town but we didn't mind it at all after the good time we had had.
 P. R.

GOVERNOR NEFF SPEAKS TO A FULL HOUSE

The Baptist church was filled last Thursday evening, when Governor Pat. Neff spoke here. This is the first official trip a governor has made to the Panhandle, and Governor Neff was enthusiastically received at every place he visited.

Several men from Miami went to Canadian to escort the Governor and his party to Miami, and on account of the rainy weather and muddy roads, the party made the trip on the train arriving here at 7:13. L. C. Heare introduced the members of the party, the first one being Lon A. Smith, State Comptroller of Currency, who gave a short talk, mostly devoted to the school children. He was followed by Governor Neff, who spoke at length on the expenditures of the tax money, collected each year, and how it is apportioned among the different state institutions. Not a single reference to political questions was made by the governor during his talk, all of which was devoted to giving facts concerning the administration of the government of Texas. The later part of his talk was devoted to his work at the state penitentiary, and he told several stories, illustrating the humor, and the pathos too, of the everyday life in that institution. Among other things the Governor said, "I take no stock in the idea that is going about, that the penitentiary should be made a kind of seventh heaven. I want the boys of Texas to realize that the penitentiary is the very worst place in the world to go to. Only in this manner of teaching, that the present wave of crime be stopped."

There is not a person who heard Governor Neff, Thursday night, that did not feel a measure of pride when he told of the great things Texas has. Probably never before had they realized that they were citizens of the greatest state in the United States; greatest not only in size, but in innumerable other ways, industrially, intellectually, and as a state that has the greatest possibilities lying before it, of any country of like size in the world. And, as well, not a person there, but has a greater respect and a lot of pride in the chief executive of Texas, than he ever had before.

Governor Neff, made it plain that he was not in the Panhandle on a political tour, or to get votes, in the coming election, but was here to get acquainted with a corner of Texas no Governor before, had taken the trouble to visit.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM

May 7, 6:30 p. m. 1922.
 Song 221.
 Secretary's Report, Roll Call, etc. Business.
 Song—195.
 Devotional Meeting, Topic for Study, Charity—Leader, Jack Coffee.
 Scripture Lesson—Gertrude White
 I "Does the Bible Teach Charity or Love?"—Bernice Duniven.
 II "Charity as it is understood today"—Annie Neal.
 III "Charity May Easily Merge Into Love."—Evelyn Roach.
 IV "True Charity Must Have Love in it."—Frank Cox.
 V The necessity and Scope of Charity—Joe Hutchens.
 VI "Where Money Counts Least"—Ada Coffee.
 VII "Charity not to be Seen of Men"—L. E. Baker.
 Five Minutes Talks by Pastor.
 Song 206.
 Benediction.

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Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White
Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

Copyright by Little, Brown and Company

"JUST POLLYOP—POLLY HOPKINS!"

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Just Pollyop," was the answer. "Polly Hopkins. My daddy is Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of this settlement."

"Can I do something for you, Polly Hopkins?" queried Robert, as she finished telling about life in the squatters' city.

She flung out both hands in a comprehensive gesture as much as to say he could see for himself how much she needed.

"Sure, sure you can," she said with fierce emphasis. "You can make Old Marc leave us squatters be. You're bigger'n he is! The squatters need you awful bad."

Her voice broke. Robert took a long breath. Of course he could help this girl and her people. He would, too! As far as money gave power, he could equal and surpass Marcus MacKenzie. "I did try to talk sense into Mr. MacKenzie's head," he returned presently, "but now I will make him leave you alone."

In spite of the curved lips about which a smile lurked, there was apprehension in her voice when she asked:

"Can you lick 'im to a finish, mister?"

"Yes, I think I could," laughed Robert; "but it won't be necessary."

"Then I see I silent City folks bein' happy again," sighed Polly. "We got a awful lot of things an' folks to take care of here."

There you have them—Storm Country Polly and Robert Percival, heroine and hero of another of those fascinating stories by Grace Miller White. "Tess of the Storm Country" was her first story. It was printed as a serial in a magazine for women—and practically established the magazine. It was put on the movie screen—and made the fortune of a woman film star of world-wide fame. Of course Grace Miller White (Mrs. Friend H. Miller) kept right on writing of the "Storm Country." Half a dozen other stories have been successes. More than a million copies of her books have been sold. The "Storm Country," by the way, is Cayuga Lake and vicinity in New York, one of the garden spots of the world.

Given a beautiful and persecuted squatter girl and a nice young man with brains, sympathy and money—what more do you want for romance!

CHAPTER I.

Four miles from Ithaca, N. Y. Oscar Bennett's farm spread its acres along the face of West Hill between the Lehigh Valley tracks and the highway leading to Trumansburg. Oscar Bennett was what the country people and even the Ithaca folks called a fine farmer. His farmhouse faced a lane that led to the west shore of Lake Cayuga, and from the front porch he could see, much to his dislike, the few straggling squatter shacks that brought to an end northward the Silent City. Like all other substantial citizens, Oscar detected the squatters. In his estimation they were a set of sly loafers and sneaks, and many times he had wished that he owned the ground they squatted on instead of Marcus MacKenzie.

Of course it was no secret that MacKenzie never let an opportunity slip to pop a fisherman into jail, but in Bennett's opinion that treatment was not severe enough, and besides, it did not accomplish anything. MacKenzie's idea was to jail the men whenever the chance came and for a period as long as the law would allow. But what good did that do? Fierce hatred flamed in the haggard faces of the women, and they held to their squatter rights with the tenacity of leeches until their husbands were fished back to them. Bennett would have done away with the wives and mothers if the job of breaking up the Silent City had been his. No man would hang to a hut long without a woman in it.

One morning in the early spring Oscar was finishing his breakfast when the door opened slowly. A girl with a small tin pail in her hand stepped into the room. She smiled at him almost humbly.

"Shut the door!" he shouted at her. "Where's your manners, Polly Hopkins? Can't you see the rain's coming in after you?"

The smile faded from the girl's face. Mechanically she turned, closed the door and, uninvited, seated herself in a chair and placed the pail at her side.

"So you've come begging, Pollyop," went on the farmer, wiping his lips on the sleeve of his gingham shirt. "Well, you might as well turn tail and run home again, for you're not going to get anything more from me. I don't want a poacher's brat around here."

The girl's bare wet feet drew tensely backward under the chair; but she remained discreetly silent. Oscar always abused her and called her names, but that was because she was a squatter. After a while, he'd change his mind, and then she would take home what she came for. She noted with a quick breath that Oscar's eyes softened during the time he was silent. That boded well for her errand; but Bennett's mind was not on milk or any of those suffering for the want of it.

He had just discovered that Polly Hopkins was beautiful even if she were barefooted and ragged. Her straight young shoulders were covered with wet curls that seemed to have

given to the wide eyes their shade of ripe chestnuts.

Polly expected every moment that Oscar would reach out for the pail, and, though with bad grace, he'd give her the milk just the same. She sidged in her chair and drew a long sigh—he was staring at her in such a peculiar manner from under his heavy brows.

Why had he not noticed before that Polly Hopkins was so pretty, Oscar wondered, and a slow smile parted his lips. Polly's eyes lowered, and the long dark lashes only added to Bennett's sudden admiration. A quick-drawn breath slipped audibly past the man's teeth. Pollyop sensed in his attitude toward her a new quality that she recognized intuitively as dangerous. To bring his attention back to the purpose of her visit, she ventured to say:

"I thought it wouldn't hurt you none, Oscar, to gimme a little milk for Granny Hope an' Jerry. I'm always runnin' errands for you an' your woman."

Bennett's heavy farm boots made a scraping sound under the table.

"What good does that do me?" he returned. "Upon my soul, I might as well be without a wife as to have one who won't live with me or let anyone know I'm her husband. I'm gettin' sick, good and plenty sick, I can tell you, Miss Polly Hopkins."

This speech did not disturb Polly over much, for he'd made it a dozen times before. It was only the expression in his gaze, she did not quite like. Her mind went to Evelyn Robertson, the girl that Oscar had married. As if it were but yesterday, she remembered how two years ago she had gone with them under protest to a minister far back in the hills. Evelyn had explained that for some time to come no one but the three must know of the marriage.

Pollyop had learned a great many things in two years! What girl does not after she's passed her fifteenth birthday? One of the things she had found out was that Oscar was a dreadful person, more dreadful than most of the squatter men. Of course the men folks of her people did beat their women, now and then. That was their right without any question. The blood colored even her ears as she remembered how Oscar hectorated his wife for the money it was so hard for Evelyn to get. Another thing she had come to understand was that, if Oscar had not been afraid of the powerful Robertson family, he would have forced Evelyn into his home long before this. It had been a hard two years' task to keep him quiet.

"Mebbe you are gettin' sick, Oscar," she interposed. "I don't know—mebbe; but you know what that old Miss Robertson would do to you an' her girl if you told. You'd get Eve, mebbe, but you sure wouldn't get any more money."

The man's face darkened.

"That's just the rub," he conceded, "but at that Eve ain't playing square with me. The Robertsons have money to burn, and she deals it out to me in small little dollars. I tell you I'm sick of the whole thing."



"I Didn't Ask You for Money."

the first time I get sight of her." She glared up at him like a cornered animal. "I said I'd tell Eve. I'll do more than that! I'll put old woman Robertson next to your coppin' her kid an' marryin' 'er."

Oscar's fingers relaxed, and his hand dropped away from her arm as a rough laugh left his lips. She looked so lovely, her eyes blazing, her curls tumbling in confusion on her shoulders, that he would have taken his pay for the milk without her permission if she had not thrown at him a threat he feared she would carry out.

"Men's kisses are what you'll get, my pretty lass," he predicted grimly, "and if I was finished with Eve, by God, I'd set about getting my share. I won't always be married to my lady Robertson, mind you, Pollyop."

The blood had left his face. He was quite white and stern, and by this time Polly was on the porch.

"Tain't so easy to get unmarried as 'tis to get married," she told him. "An' me! I'm just Daddy Hopkins' brat, an' I don't want any kisses but his'n. I'd let Jerry's tongue go twist for milk before I'd pay for it with—"

Oscar sprang at her. She was so tantalizingly beautiful, so alluring even in her grotesque attire that for the moment he forgot he had reason to fear her.

"I'll kiss you, anyway," he snarled, but Polly, fleet-footed and afraid, shot from the porch and reached the lane, the milk dashing against the cover of the pail.

The man halted, looking after her. With a shrug of his shoulders he

turned back into the house. For the moment he paused in the kitchen; he could hear his old mother pottering about overhead in his bedroom. She was doing the work his wife ought to do! What a fool he had been to marry Evelyn Robertson! Instead of the fortune he had expected, he was tied hand and foot without money or woman. He thought of the radiant squatter girl who had just left him. Two years ago womanhood had not dawned upon Polly Hopkins, but today—He underdressed an oath and went out to the barn.

Polly Hopkins ran down the lane as fast as her legs could carry her. The milk was safe in the bucket, and she had scarcely reached the railroad tracks before she had decided not to mention Oscar's vicious demand upon her. If she told Daddy Hopkins, he would do some harm to Bennett, and there would be no more eggs and milk for Granny and Jerry. If she spoke of it to Evelyn, there was no telling what the girl would do.

The tangle-haired squatter girl was the daughter of Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of the Silent City, the leader of all those who lived in the rows of huts that ran along the Lehigh Valley tracks and on down the lakeside.

Uncouth and ignorant were Jeremiah and his kind, and visitors who came to the little city of Ithaca agreed with the town's inhabitants that it was a shame the law allowed such a blot as the Silent City upon the natural beauty of Cayuga and its majestic surroundings.

Pollyop stood shivering, her troubled gaze searching the lake for a boat. Daddy Hopkins had gone away early with Wee Jerry, and she always worried a little when they were out. Yet she knew that the only way to get the bread, beans and bacon for the family was for Daddy Hopkins to defy the law and drag his nets whenever the game wardens were not about. Without the lake and its hidden food, it would be a desolate world indeed.

Wee Jerry was Polly's five-year-old brother, and long before he could walk, he had chosen his father's big shoulders upon which to beat his way through an unfriendly and often hungry world. But this same world which had wizened Jerry had given to Polly a wild beauty, a body strong and as pliant as a marsh reed.

With a sigh Pollyop turned to the house. The door was shut against the storm, and a thin curl of smoke twisted upward from the topling chimney, losing itself in the baby leaves of the willows. The little lines that had traced the troubled brow vanished at the sight of a slab of wood over the door. On it was painted in crude letters: "If your heart is loving and kind come right in. If it ain't, scoot off." Pollyop and Granny Hope had worked a long time to make this sign, and even longer to nail it up.

"It'll help the Silent City folks, Granny," she had said. "Specially, if I smile a lot at 'em."

She flung open the door and went in, closing it behind her. In one corner of the kitchen, an old woman, so old that no squatter could remember her other than aged, sat near the stove. About her shoulders was a shawl, and its edges were held together with clawlike fingers.

Munching on a bit of hay at the wood-box was a lean goat, an old friend of Polly Hopkins. Long ago she had found him, lost in the wilderness of the Storm country, and had brought him to the Silent City.

The shanty consisted of three rooms. Back of the kitchen Daddy Hopkins slept, and in the miserable coop-hole where Polly had once stored rubbish Granny Hope stretched out her weary bones at night. Polly's bed ranged the kitchen wall, and the room had but a bench, two old chairs and a three-legged table to offer in rude hospitality.

"I wheedled a little milk from Oscar, Granny," said the girl. "Giddy, but he's gettin' stingy!"

She put down the pail, went to the stove and thrust a piece of wood into it.

"Wood's as wet as hell," she complained, almost as if she had spoken to herself.

The old woman stirred and lifted her withered lids.

"Hell ain't wet," she muttered. "It's dry an' warm—hot, I mean," and she shivered, drawing nearer the fire.

"Tain't like this lakeside."

Granny Hope had been in the Hopkins' shack since the first winter snow. Her own hut stood on a little point about a quarter of a mile away. In it she had lived alone ever since her husband had gone down in the Big Blow, a storm that was a tradition in the settlement, and which only the oldest inhabitants of the Silent City could remember.

"Old Marc had a beautiful angel with him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Fourth Estate.

The expression "the fourth estate," referring to newspaper workers, is credited to Edmund Burke, who is quoted in Thomas Carlyle's fifth lecture on "Heroes and Hero Worship" as saying: "There are three estates in parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sits a fourth estate, more important far than they all." This was in 1839. In this country where class distinctions are not made politically little ever is heard of the three estates—the nobility, the clergy and the people—but the term "fourth estate" is comparatively common.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER



DECIDED FATHER TIME.

"A little girl named Janet," said Daddy, "was behind in everything. This was not altogether her fault. She had had a great many interruptions when she had been doing things which she had wanted to finish.

"People had come and had begged her to do this and then to do that. She had told them she was very busy and could not come. Then they had urged her to change her mind.

"She hadn't changed her mind, but still the people who had come to see her and who had urged her to change her mind had taken up a great deal of her time.

"And altogether, she was behind in all the things she wanted to have finished.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I would like to make Father Time a prisoner. Yes, I most certainly would like to do that. I would like to make him stay quite still until I had caught up with everything I wanted to have finished and then I would let him go on his way again."

"That night, after Janet had gone to bed, a jolly-faced old man with a long white beard came and stood over the end of her bed.

"Hello, Janet," said the old man.

"Hello," said Janet, very politely.

"May I ask what is your name?"

"Certainly," said the old man.

"And will you tell me?" asked Janet.

"Certainly," said the old man again.

"My name," he continued, "is Father Time."

"Oh, dear," said Janet, "I am so glad to see you for I had something I wanted to ask you."

"Another question?" asked Father Time.

"A request," said Janet. "I want to ask you to do something for me."

"Well," said Father Time, "I will gladly oblige you if I can. But you know Father Time has certain rules to follow. For example he must go on to the next day even if people complain that Time flies and even though they may wish he wouldn't hurry along so.

"Father Time has wings that you can't see. Yes, Father Time most certainly can fly. But he doesn't fly any faster one day than another.

"Sometimes it seems as though he did. For instance, at a party, it does seem as though Father Time was hurrying faster than on other occasions. But he is really going just the same as usual. He always does the same way. What is your request, Janet?"

"I'd like it so much," said Janet, "if for just a little, little while I could make a prisoner of you."

"What?" exclaimed Father Time.

"You'd like to make a prisoner of me?"

"I'd would," Janet admitted.

"I'm sorry," said Father Time, "but that would be quite impossible."

"Oh, dear," said Janet, "I do wish you'd let me catch you and keep you from moving at all—just for a little while. Until I get caught up with all the things I want to do?" she begged.

"I'd gladly do as you wished," said Father Time, "if I could, and if it didn't mean that others would be upset. But you see if I allowed you to keep me as a prisoner what would folks do who were planning something for tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow wouldn't be coming along if Father Time stayed as today for a longer time than he should.

"It would mix everything up. I'm so sorry you are behind me. I don't like to have creatures behind me. I like to have them keep right up with me.

"Just do your very best to catch up with me. You'll be able to do it! I know you will. I am sorry I cannot oblige you, very sorry indeed. But you see it would really be quite impossible. Begin tomorrow to try your hardest to catch up with me. I won't go any faster than usual, you know, and you'll catch up with me. But Father Time cannot be a prisoner.

"He can never be that!"

Johnny Learned Something.

"This pie is excellent, Sister Smith," said little Johnny to his mother at the supper table, and after a pause he repeated with unctuous solemnity, "This pie is excellent, Sister Smith."

"Why, Johnny, what trick are you up to now?" asked his mother, surprised.

"No trick at all," said Johnny.

"That's what the minister always says, and then you give him another piece."

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Cucumber's History.

A strange recipe was once given for the use of cucumbers. It stated, peel off the cucumber, slice it, pepper it, put vinegar to it, and then throw it out of the window. It is, of course, difficult to account for tastes; but this rather suggests advice prompted by an enfeebled digestion. The cucumber has for centuries had a place in the world's dietary table. We have biblical authority for the statement that when the Israelites complained to Moses, they said: "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt; the cucumber and the melons." There may be imaginative minds who will see here a link with that popular English dish of today, salmon and cucumber.—Chicago Journal.

Not a Debatable Point.

The woman was calling on her next-door neighbor, and while seated in the living room the front doorbell gave a sharp ring. As it happened to be the maid's day out, the small daughter of the house answered the ring.

A penetrating voice reached up from the open door: "Is your mother engaged?"

Mary Ellen's shrill treble was a mingling of astonishment and indignation. "My mother engaged! No, ma'am; she's been married for years."

Man's Troubles.

Audley—"Every man has his troubles." Bass—"Yes; and most of them wear skirts."

One Man Not Henpecked.

"Does your husband ever take your advice?" "Only as a joke."

Thoughts of what might have been are an injustice to today.

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Lettie Changes Her Mind

By MURIEL BLAIR

(Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

Lettie's voice rose high and clear above the accompaniment that she played upon the cracked old piano. When Lettie sang she lost herself in the ecstasy of the melody. It was a song from "Rigoletto," but she did not know that; she had found the music among a miscellany left by the last summer boarder.

"Drat that girl!" exclaimed Mrs. French, setting down her pans. She emerged from the kitchen into the parlor where Lettie sat.

"I wish you'd have a little consideration for the boarders, Lettie," she said querulously. "Didn't you know Miss Latham's gone to her room with a sick headache? And you must choose this time to screech like a sick owl in the woods."

Lettie came back to earth with a sigh. "I'm sorry, mother," she said and turned from the piano. Mrs. French went back into her kitchen again.

Just then the parlor door opened and Miss Latham entered. Nobody would have guessed that this was the famous singer of the opera house, who was proudly displayed upon the billboards nightly during the season.

"Don't stop for me, Lettie," she said. "Won't you sing that again? Who taught you to sing?"

"Oh, it just comes natural, I reckon," said Lettie, with an embarrassed laugh.

"But, my dear, that was wonderful. Don't you know that you have a remarkable voice?" Miss Latham asked. "If it were trained you might have a great future before you."

Lettie left the piano stool. "You mean that I might get to sing at concerts?" she asked breathlessly. "Do you really think I ever could?"

"Oh, Lettie, anybody can sing at concerts. I mean something really big. Wouldn't you like to?"

"Would you like me to speak to a friend of mine in the city?" Miss Latham asked. "When I go back, I mean. Something might come of it, you know. Of course you would have to mention the matter to your mother."

Lettie sighed. Yes, there would be the trouble. Her mother and William. What would he say?

The two impulses drew her in different ways. One way lay fame and joy and beauty; the other duty, but duty consecrated by love and wifehood.

She looked at William more critically than usual that evening.

"William, how would you like to go to town?" asked Lettie. "I mean, for a couple of years, maybe, before we get married."

William's brow clouded. He looked suddenly at her. "You mean that you want to put off our marriage?" he asked.

"Don't you want me to have a little happiness before we are married?" asked Lettie.

She spoke sharply, conscious of the intolerable struggle. William answered her thoughts.

"I know if you leave Stapleton you won't never come back," he said.

"I reckon you're too mean to live!" cried Lettie angrily, and stood before him with flaming cheeks. "Take your ring back if you want to talk that way."

William took the ring clumsily. "If you change your mind, Lettie," he began heavily. But Lettie had left him. She was in Miss Latham's room upon her knees, sobbing.

"You must take me with you," she wept. "I can't stay here—I can't. I want to live in the town, to see the faces of people, to cultivate myself—"

Miss Latham laid her hand on the girl's head.

"There is another side to the picture, my dear," she said. "Do you realize what you will have to go through—the days of labor, the nights of suffering, the loss of every ideal, the bruising of your heart, the shattered hopes of life and the promise of what might have been, vanishing with the passing years? Lettie," she said, earnestly, "if I could have the past ten years over again they would be much different. But I'll speak to the friend I told you of when I return—if you ask me again tomorrow."

Lettie went slowly down the stairs. Her mental poise had come back to her. A sudden revision of feeling came over her. The tears ran down her cheeks.

A man stepped lightly out of the darkness.

"Lettie," he said, "I want to say—I don't want to stand in your light. I want you to go—I want you to be happy. Perhaps you'll think of me sometimes—"

Lettie stretched out her arms and drew his head down to her own. "I'm going to stay, William," she said.

And Miss Latham, at her window above, heard and was glad.

MORE ABOUT THE TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

With so many important things occupying our minds lately we had almost forgotten about the trip around the world with the "Never Sweat Club" until in a recent issue of the Chief we noticed an article by the president of that progressive organization in which he promises to take us to Ireland.

That one word aroused all our old enthusiasm and we are anxious to get off. With quite a lot of Irish blood coursing through our veins the dream of our life has been to visit that dear old historic land.

Possibly we may run across some of the ghosts of our ancestors prowling among the Shamrock or hiding—ghosts are supposed to hide arn't they?—in some of those old moss grown castles along the Irish sea.

We will all want to kiss the Blarney stone and if we carry the proper credentials may be received by Princess Mary and at least be able to show her that very few American women wear a number seven shoe.

It has been so long since we studied geography that we don't feel at all competent to map out a trip around the world.

We don't remember whether the Hawaiian Islands are in the Atlantic or Pacific ocean and are not at all sure whether you would sail north or south to reach Australia. We might get our directions all wrong and turn around and come back home before we got started.

Surely the committees on "Pleasure," "Public Safety" and "Gardening" can settle this important question to the satisfaction of all concerned.

If we get started in time we might take in the "Passion Play" which takes place this year in the village of Oberammergau. That alone would be worth the trip.

Speaking individually we will be content to spend most of our time in Europe and the British Isles. The dark continent does not appeal to us at all, negroes, crocodiles, and boa constrictors are not in our line.

At a special request we want to ask O. M. H. not to mention castor oil again. The children of Miami read

A long time ago we mentioned something in this column in regard to getting up a Good Roads Day, and that several of the business men were anxious that a day be set for them to go out on the roads leading into town and doing what they could to put them into better shape. This has been mentioned again, and we think it would be a mighty good idea, that should be taken up right now. Let's get busy while the roads are so rough and need work so badly.

How many of us realize that just a week from this coming Sunday is the day that is to be set aside for the loving remembrance of the best friend any man or woman ever had—Mother. Have you thought of how you are going to observe that day? If she is living—wouldn't it be the thing to make this Mother's Day, the One Day, that she will remember as the happiest day she ever spent? If she has passed to the Land Beyond—from up there she will look down on us, left here, and don't you feel that she will appreciate a tribute to her, just as much as if she were with us here.

Every town in the Panhandle to which Gov. Neff came, cannot but feel itself highly honored. And it is worth a lot to know that this Panhandle, which we who live here have long known to be the very best part of this big state, has at last begun to be recognized for what it is, by the people of southeast Texas.

The sunshine this week, makes a fellow feel that it is good just to live. We've had a lot of rain, and of course it did a lot of good, but oh, boy! now the sun is out, just watch things grow.

Putting one lie into circulation is an ill day's work, a dirty days work. And yet there are people on earth who will willfully and maliciously do so on every possible occasion.—Higgins News.

There is a big need for someone in Miami, who has the ability and can, or rather will take the time to organize another Boy Scout Troop. There are a lot of boys who are kept out of this splendid organization, who cannot get in, on account of the troop already here being filled.

One thing we noticed during the long wet spell—that the crossings on Main Street are in mighty bad shape. In fact there are none. Looks like some way could be found to get crossings. Goodness knows we need 'em.

MICKIE SAYS

STOP! THINK! LISSEN!
MANY'S TH' MAN WHO'LL FIGHT
AT TH' DROP O' TH' HAT FER HIS
OLE HOME TOWN—AN' YET
WONT TAKE HIS HOME TOWN
NEWSPAPER! ARE YOU THAT
KIND OF A GUY?



HE PICKS UP
FER THEM AS
STINKS UP
PER UP!
Mickie

CHARLES
BUSHNIRE

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Chief is authorized by the following persons, to announce their candidacy for the offices indicated, subject to the Democratic Primaries in July.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR

L. A. COFFEE, Re-elect.
O. B. HARDIN.
J. R. TALLEY.
J. C. WILLIAMSON.
J. G. RAMSAY.

FOR TAX ASSESSOR

T. R. SAXON
DAN KIVLEHEN
R. L. SIMMONS.
W. M. BYERS.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

CLYDE MEAD
MISS CORA McCLUNEY
Re-elect.

FOR COUNTY AND DIST. CLERK

M. M. CRAIG, JR., Re-elect.

THE CHIEF CAN SELL IT FOR YOU.

TO MIAMI PEOPLE

We want you to come in and get acquainted, and to inspect our up-to-date line of groceries of which we sell at the lowest consistent prices.

We have another shipment of that excellent

PARAMOUNT ALUMINUM WARE

on the way, and with each \$5.00 worth of groceries, we will sell you a peice of this ware for only \$1.56.

CERTAIN'S GROCERY

"The Store That Sells Groceries at the Right Price."

111 one-eleven cigarettes

THRU FRIENDLY GENTLEMEN

TURKISH VIRGINIA BURLEY

10¢ for FIFTEEN

In a new package that fits the pocket—
At a price that fits the pocket-book—
The same unmatched blend of
TURKISH, VIRGINIA and BURLEY Tobaccos

The American Tobacco Co. **111 FIFTH AVE.**
NEW YORK CITY

ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE

Dewey Portland Cement Cornell Wood Board

Long-Bell Creosoted Posts Colorado Field Fence

Ash Grove White Lime Clay Steel Farm Gates

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS
AND VARNISHES**

PHONE 23 WHITE HOUSE LUMBER CO. PHONE 23

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To The Sheriff or any Constable of Roberts County—Greetings:

You are hereby commanded to cause to be published, once a week for ten days, exclusive of the first day of Publication, before the return day hereof, in some newspaper of general circulation published in said county for a period of not less than one year, the following notice:

TO ALL PERSONS INTERESTED IN THE WELFARE OF AUBURN R. CURTIS AND ANDY J. CURTIS, MINORS:

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of February A. D. 1922, Verlana K. Curtis, a resident citizen of said County and State aforesaid was duly appointed by the Honorable J. K. McKenzie, Judge of the County Court of Roberts County Texas, the temporary guardian of the persons and estates of Auburn R. Curtis and Andy J. Curtis, minors, and all persons interested in the welfare of said minors may, if they see proper to do so, appear at the next regular term of the probate court to be held on the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1922, and contest said appointment, and if said appointment is not contested the same be made permanent.

Attest: M. M. Craig, Jr., Clerk of the County Court of Roberts County.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, at office, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1922.

M. M. Craig, Jr.
Clerk, County Court, Roberts County, Texas.
(The Seal)

NOTICE BY PUBLICATION OF FINAL ACCOUNT

The State of Texas, to the Sheriff or any Constable of Roberts County—Greetings:

You are hereby commanded that by publication of this writ for twenty days in a newspaper regularly published in the County of Roberts, you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for final settlement of said estate to file their objections thereto, of said County Court commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said county, on the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1922, when said account and application will be considered by said Court.

Witness, M. M. Craig, Jr., Clerk of the County Court of Roberts County.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at my office in the City of Miami, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1922.

M. M. Craig, Jr.
Clerk, County Court, Roberts County, Texas.
(The Seal)

3-39c.

We always have a complete line of
DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
and also everything in
Kodaks, Kodak Supplies, Films

Bring us your Films for developing

Central Drug Store
CRAIG & TALLEY, Proprietors

We Have
**A Large Variety of
NEW GOODS**
for
**SPRING AND
EARLY SUMMER**
Come in and see them

W. E. Stocker

The Chief \$1.50 Per Year.

**NOTICE TO FRIENDS AND
CUSTOMERS**

I have heard of some wild rumors lately about me robbing the people here on their Blacksmith work. Now I wish to say if that is a fact what has went with the money for I haven't got any. Now in that case the inferior labor I have been compelled to employ has got the money, for I don't have any of it now and you don't see me driving a Cadillac automobile are living in a twenty thousand dollar resident do you?

Also, hear the work has not always been satisfactory and if that so, the same labor has turned out the work for we defie any one to prove where I did a peice of work myself that didn't prove satisfactory.

Now friends we have done our best the six years we have been here with you, to give you the best service possible with the kind of help we could get and paid them the highest prices of any shop in the country and if you will take the time to inquire around at other places you will find we have done our work cheaper than any shop in this, or any other country.

Now friends, we are here to stay and you can't tell about someone who is here today and gone tomorrow. We have the best equipped Blacksmith and Machine shop in the Panhandle and our twenty-four years in the business I think is worth your approval.

Have any of you ever paid us interest on accounts that has run one and some times two years? No you haven't.

Thanking you for past favors and hoping to continue to serve you we are,
Yours truly,

DUNIVEN BROTHERS

W. G. DUNIVEN, Prop.

Blacksmithing, Wood Work, Lathe Work, and Torch Welding.

YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAINT

We carry only the **BEST**, and back every can with our guarantee.
Consult us and learn how little your painting will cost.
No War Prices Here.

B. F. GRAY, Local Manager.

PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.

OUR AIM - TO HELP IMPROVE THE PANHANDLE

JUNIORS ELECT OFFICERS

The Junior Missionary Society met and organized on Tuesday. Although only a few were present, a good program was given.

The following officers were elected:

President, Gertrude Bowen.
Vice-President, Lora Seiber.
Second-Vice President, Mattie Russell.
Treasurer, Ester Gill.
Secretary and Press Reporter, Virginia Hale.

After our program, we adjourned to meet again on Tuesday, May 9th, at 4:15. We hope to have a much better attendance at our next meeting.
Press Reporter.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Missionary Society held their regular meeting yesterday afternoon. Next Wednesday's meeting will be devoted to Bible Study and the hour for meeting is set at 3 o'clock. It was decided yesterday afternoon, that on the fourth Saturday of this month, May 27th, the Society would hold a coked food sale. P. R.

**FACTS ABOUT THE STATE
COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE**

Given by Lon. A. Small, State Comptroller.

The Comptroller's Department of the State of Texas has charge of the bookkeeping division of the state government.

About 17,000 pension warrants are paid Confederate pensioners, and their widows each quarter.

Every Sheriff has an account. Every district Judge has an account.

Every District Attorney has an account.

Every District Clerk, Tax Assessor, State Witness, Tax Collector, Every Educational Institution, every Elementary Institution, Oil Company, Telephone Company, have accounts in the Comptroller's office, as well as do, the Pullman Company, All water works, and electric light companies, All Cigar and cigarette dealers, and in fact all institutions that in any way can be construed as public institutions.

When I took charge of the Comptroller's office there were 65 people employed there, and now 51 people are serving the same purpose and doing the same work, thus cutting down the salaries in this one department alone, \$18,000.00, each year.

The State Comptroller is also a member of the State Board of Education, member of the Tax Board, Member of the State Banking Board, and Auditor for the penitentiary system. And all State accounts, of whatever character are registered in the Comptroller's office.

If you are in need of any thing in the repair line bring it to Locke Bros. as soon as possible.

The Chief received a card Tuesday from J. S. Martin, who with his son is touring the west coast states by auto. The card was sent from Portland Oregon, and Mr. Martin stated that they intend going through Washington and into British Columbia, before starting for home. They report a fine time, and seem to be enjoying the trip immensely. They send regard to all home folks.

L. G. Ransom, service man for the Mergenthaler Linotype Co., was here Friday getting our linotype back into running order. The machine had been cutting up didos for a month past, and needed Mr. Ransom's attention pretty bad. Mr. Ransom is new to this territory, having been sent here from the New Orleans Agency, to help out Ira Bacon, who has had more work than he could do.

The PEEK-A-BOO Players at the Pastime Friday and Saturday.

**NEXT WEDNESDAY NIGHT
Is the next regular meeting of the**

THE MIAMI COMMERCIAL LEAGUE

at the Pastime Theater, at 8 o'clock. We want YOU there. We need your help.

Are YOU With Us?

Dues are only 50 cents per month, and the membership fee is only one dollar. WE WANT YOU.

C. C. Mead, Secretary
Miami, Texas

ATTENTION

I am still doing Cleaning and Pressing as well as alternating.
4-40c MRS A. WILDE

We will put on a delivery wagon Monday, May 8th, and will deliver, free, any order over 50 cents.
B. & O. MARKET

J. A. Holmes was down from Panhandle over Sunday. He has been there for the past two weeks, looking after his practice there.

Mrs. Allison Hise, of Pampa was visiting home folks here Sunday.

Vaudeville at the Pastime Friday and Saturday nights. Pictures too. Better make it a point to come. You'll enjoy it.

Bring your repair list in early for any thing in the International harvesting lines. Locke Bros.

The Legion Auxiliary will hold a cooked food sale at the Sanders Grocery, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Elliott, were in Tuesday, from the Gething ranch, shopping and visiting relatives.

Miss Edna Cole has been visiting at the W. L. Mathers home for the past ten days. She is on her way to the home of her brothers at Springfield, Colorado, who it will be remembered was at one time teaching school here.

E. H. Norton and family, of Hereford (were visiting the last of the week with Mr. Norton's cousin, Mrs. Payne.

Look over that header and binder and find the needed repairs and give us a list of them so we will be sure to have them when needed.
Locke Bros.

The PEEK-A-BOO PLAYERS—at the Pastime Friday and Saturday nights. Vaudeville aside from the regular pictures. Makes a big double show both nights.

Look over that header and binder and find the needed repairs and give us a list of them so we will be sure to have them when needed.
Locke Bros.

A new street light was installed this week at the corner of Main and Commercial streets, the flag pole at the intersection, being cut off and utilized for the light.

A jolly bunch of girls took a trip to the Cleve Coffee ranch Saturday evening and spent a few happy hours roping goats, horseback riding, and other sports of like manner.

Dr. Steen has moved into his office over the Pastime Theater, taking the room formerly occupied by John B. Webster. Mr. Webster has moved into the office that was formerly occupied by Dr. Rodgers.

Bring your repair list in early for any thing in the International Harvesting lines. Locke Bros.

Mrs. Jimmie Kivlehen, of Mutual, Oklahoma, was visiting relatives here the last of the week.

The friends of Rev. J. H. Bone who is now at White Deer, will be pained to learn that he fell last Saturday, on a slippery sidewalk and is suffering from torn ligaments in his leg. Dr. Rodgers was called from Amarillo to attend him, and reports that Rev. Bone is getting along as well as can be expected.

The big windmill on the court house lawn has been taken down and this week, the tower is being made ten feet higher, and a new windmill is being put up.

C. F. Sohns, from Groom, was visiting here the first of the week with his mother and sister.

The PEEK-A-BOO Players at the Pastime Friday and Saturday.

J. L. Seiber was very busy setting some posts out in front of his store yesterday morning, when the reporter came along. Naturally an inquiry was made as to the purpose of said posts, and Mr. Seiber it appears, is building a couple of benches at the edge of the sidewalk, where the "Never Sweat Club" can hold its official meetings, in the cool shade, the hot afternoons, of the coming summer—or so the reporter was informed. If this is so, Mr. Seiber should receive a rising vote of thanks from the members of that August body, for his thoughtfulness.

If you are in need of any thing in the repair line bring it to Locke Bros. as soon as possible.

Mrs. Lee McConnelly, of Pampa was visiting relatives here Tuesday.

J. B. McCarley and his son, Jerome of Clarendon were here on business Tuesday and Wednesday, of this week.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dave Keehn, on Saturday, April 29th.

Dr. Rodgers was in Amarillo from Saturday till Monday, attending a meeting of the Amarillo Prebytery.

Elastic Gate Hits Back.
A new safety gate for railroad crossings is designed which stretches across the road like the old style gate, but is flexible and elastic, so that it gives instead of breaking when run into. The gates will force the vehicle backwards, away from danger.

Name Chattanooga.
That city was originally known as Ross' Landing, the name being changed to Chattanooga in 1851. The name is Tsatanugi in the Cherokee Indian language and its meaning is unknown, according to the Bureau of American Ethnology in their "Handbook of American Indians."

Beginning and Commencement.
The Latin commencement is more formal than the Saxon beginning, as the verb commencement is more formal than begin. Commencement is for the most part restricted to some form of action, while beginning has no restriction, but may be applied to action, state, material, extent, enumeration, or to whatever else may be conceived of as having first a part, point, degree, etc. The letter A is at the beginning (not the commencement) of every alphabet.

Evils of Constipation.
Perhaps the most serious of the diseases caused by constipation is appendicitis. If you would avoid this dangerous disease, keep your bowels regular. For this purpose Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent, easy to take and mild and gentle in effect.

WANT-ADS

HEMSTITCHING and PICOTING promptly and neatly done. See or phone me for prices. I can give you good work.
Emma Sohns.

STOP THAT ITCHING
Use the reliable Blue Star Remedy for all skin diseases such as: Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Cracked Hands, Poison Oak, Old Sores, or Sores on Children. Sold and guaranteed by 30toMa18.c. —Central Drug Store.

CUT GLASS—Prices and photographs of beautiful cut glass articles sent on request. Send name and address.
4-37c.
Hamilton's Cut Glass Factory
Flemington, New Jersey.



**OLD MAN GIMP
SAYS.**
THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PROFITEER AND JESSE JAMES IS THAT JESSE RODE A HORSE

Profit airing has not stopped all the profiteering.

SOLID GOLD
RINGS

at the prices some jewelers ask for gold filled rings.

**O. G. McCORMACK
Jeweler**

C. C. MARKET

**ICE MEATS
GROCERIES**

We Buy Produce

"...and we are a healthy, happy family now"

—Louis Gingras



TINGLING with abundant energy, appetites hearty, nerves strong and steady and their faces radiant with the glow of perfect health, the entire family of Louis Gingras, 9 Harrison Ave., Providence, R. I., are an eloquent tribute to the powers of Tanlac, the greatest family medicine the world has ever known.

"I've put Tanlac to the test four times right in my own family and it failed me once," declared Mr. Gingras. "My wife, my son and my daughter, as well as myself, have all been built up from a half-sick, run-down, worn-out set of people into a healthy, happy family brimful of new life and energy."

And the experience of this family is not typical of thousands of others whose statements are on file in the Tanlac offices. Hardly a day passes that does not bring scores of such messages of praise from every part of the United States and Canada from families where mother, father, son and daughter have all found health, contentment and the joys of living through simply taking a course of Tanlac.

Take, for instance, the case of John Miller, 1571 Roosevelt Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., who says: "My wife, myself and little boy are now as healthy, happy family as you will ever see—and it's all due to Tanlac."

Or that of Mrs. John Marquis and her family of sixteen living in Manchester, N. H., at 292 Belmont St., who says: "Tanlac has been the only medicine used in our house for two years and it has kept every one of the seven here in the best of health."

In Chicago, Frank R. Richards, of 14 South Wood St., writes: "We will never be without Tanlac in our house for the remarkable way it has built up my wife, my son and myself to where we are the very picture of health."

Representative of New York is the case of Chas. E. Van Colt's family, residing at 123 Fourth Ave., Albany. He says: "Every member of our family is enthusiastic over Tanlac. It's certainly a medicine for all the family."

From far-away Canada comes this message: "My little girl, my son and myself are all enjoying splendid health now and Tanlac brought it all about." Mrs. Bert Hewer, 193 East Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

"We call Tanlac 'The Family Medicine' here in our Virginia home, because it restored my mother and sister to perfect health, just the same as it has done me," is the enthusiastic statement of Mrs. J. F. Robertson, Danville, Va.

And on through the list, men, women and children from every state in the Union and every province of Canada unhesitatingly come forward and tell in words ringing with sincerity of the wonderful benefits of health and happiness that Tanlac has brought into their homes that were formerly darkened by the gloom of sickness, suffering and despair.

And should yours be one of those homes where any member of the family is thin, run down and weakened from loss of appetite, caused by indigestion and stomach troubles, you have at your very door the means that will no doubt bring the sunshine of vigorous health back into their lives and yours, just as it has done in so many thousands of other cases. Do not delay. Get a bottle of Tanlac from your druggist today.

Speaking of Furniture. Bride—"I want to buy an easy chair for my husband." Salesman—"Morning, Mrs. Jones." "Bride—"No, Clarence."

Something in It. Juliet—"What's in a name?" Romeo—"Well, if you take mine you might get a good home out of it."

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|
| Headache | Colds | Rheumatism |
| Toothache | Neuralgia | Neuritis |
| Earache | Lumbago | Pain, Pain |

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetacidester of Salicylicacid

ASK your local dealer to recommend a practical decorator. If you are unable to secure one you can do the work yourself, tinting and stenciling your walls to give beautiful results.

IMPROVED ROADS

MONEY FOR BUILDING ROADS

According to Bureau of Public Roads \$339,875,000 Must Be Expended in Three Years.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) The total of federal-aid funds for road building apportioned among the various states up to the present time by the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture, aggregates \$339,875,000, according to a tabulation prepared by the department. Of this sum \$78,125,000 is apportioned under the federal highway act, approved by President Harding November 9, last, and \$261,750,000 represents the total apportionment under the old acts.

Under the terms of the new act the federal aid money will be available to the states for two years after the close of the fiscal year for which the money is appropriated. This provision is made to apply to the money appropriated under the previous act and its amendment as well as to the new appropriation. Accordingly, the new appropriation must be expended by June 30, 1924, and the time allowed for the expenditure of the balance of the previous appropriation which remains in some states is extended to June 30, 1923. The forest road appropriation is available until expended.

The new appropriation is to be expended upon a definite, connected system of highways in each state, or to exceed 7 per cent of the total mileage of highways already existing in the state. This system is to be divided into two parts; the first to include the more important roads, which are to be known as the primary or interstate highways; the second to



A Model Stretch of Improved Roadway. include the secondary or intercounty highways. The primary roads, it is provided, shall not be more than three-sevenths of the mileage in the system. The second part will make up the balance of the system.

MONEY IN QUEBEC HIGHWAYS

Amount Now Reaches Sum of \$86,000,000—Foreign Motorcars Leave \$35,000,000.

Forty thousand miles of roads in the province of Quebec occupy an area of 320,000 acres, which at \$50 an acre, makes a value of \$16,000,000, according to S. L. Squires, chairman of the executive committee of the Canadian Good Roads association. The cost of the work done on the highways prior to 1912 aggregated \$40,000,000, while the amount spent by the province since that date amounted to \$30,000,000. This constituted a total investment in Quebec roads of \$80,000,000.

FEW RURAL ROADS SURFACED

Of an Estimated Total of 2,478,552 Miles of Highways Only 299,135 Are Improved.

Despite the fact that the United States has 7,000,000 motor-driven vehicles in operation—leading the world in this respect—motorists will be surprised to learn that but 12 per cent of the roads of this country are surfaced. Out of an estimated total of 2,478,552 miles of public rural roads, only about 299,135 are surfaced or improved.

Much Road Building.

A total of 28,135 miles of roads were built, under construction or under agreement for construction throughout the United States since July 1, 1916. The cost of the roadways is \$496,151,683.43, or an average cost of \$17,630 per mile.

Drainage and Dragging.

With good drainage and constant dragging after it becomes sufficiently dry after each rain, a road bed will be built up and packed that will be passable in ordinary bad weather.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

Everybody sentimentalizes over the dear old farm especially those who have to work on it.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CANTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

YOU CAN WALK IN COMFORT

If you shake into your shoes some ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic, Healing powder for shoes that pinch or feet that ache. It takes the friction from the shoe and gives relief to corns and bunions, hot, tired, sweating, swollen feet. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease in each shoe.—Advertisement.

Red Cross Ball Blue is the finest product of its kind in the world. Every woman who has used it knows this statement to be true.—Advertisement.

HAIR NETS AND ARMENIANS

Interesting Comparison Between Cost of the Former and the Clothing of the Latter.

The hair net milady wears would clothe several orphan children in Armenia for more than six months. That is, the cost of them would. Even Armenian orphans are sometimes more modest than milady.

Experts have figured that \$1.50 will completely attire in unbleached muslin garments a child of the Far East relief orphanages of the Transcaucasian famine zones for six months. And experts also figure that milady's bill for hair nets during a like period would be in considerable excess of that amount, depending upon—well, upon several things. Hair nets are of uncertain durability under any circumstances. And milady is not always over cautious. Even an expert hesitates to hazard some guesses.

The Near East relief has just purchased 300,000 yards of unbleached muslin for summer garments for its wards in Transcaucasia. Where is there a bill-maddened household head ungalant enough to remark that a country full of orphans is not the greatest liability in the world?—Chicago Evening Post.

Though the ostrich is no gambler, he has tips on many races.

USE THE BEST FAULTLESS STARCH FOR LAUNDRY WORK

FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

Different Interpretations.

That all people do not have the same slant of humor is illustrated in the following story: One of the wealthiest men in Youngstown recently said to a friend: "I had a funny dream last night. 'What was it all about?' the friend encouraged. 'I dreamed I got into a little flivver that climbed up a telephone pole, turned a somersault on the wires, and then slid down another pole.' 'Well, that certainly was some dream.' 'Yes,' the rich man exclaimed. 'Imagine me in a flivver.'"

George's Future Home.

She was one of the richest widows in Washington and owned a magnificent home. Therefore the marine considered himself very fortunate when he won her heart. They sat side by side in the Hostess house at Quantico, while the leathernecks and lassies swayed to the music of the latest waltz. Finally she murmured: "George, dear, will I always have as fine a home as I've got now?" George looked worried. "Why, you ain't thinkin' of movin', are you?" he asked.—The Leatherneck.

Keep Your Skin-Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap

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

MADE POOR RENT COLLECTOR

Indianapolis Man Evidently Too Good-Natured to Succeed in That Line of Business.

Bachelor Joe Stokes, the druggist, never gets peace from his story-telling friends. Joe owns some rental property in one of the industrial districts. Things have been a bit slow in industry lately and Joe has had trouble collecting his rents. His real estate broker constantly was returning word that he could not collect. "I'll go out and collect it myself," Mr. Stokes said, a bit peevishly—that is, if Joe ever gets that way. Anyhow, a day or two later Joe started out on a rental collection tour. Late that afternoon he returned to his drug store. An unusual little smile was working at the corners of Joe's mouth. "Any luck?" one of the clerks inquired. "Any luck? Boy, you're crazy! Instead of paying me, they borrowed money from me everywhere I went."—Indianapolis News.

Somehow, the average man doesn't feel called upon to worry over the loss of his neighbor's money.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD—USE

CASCARA QUININE

Mothers of the World

Mothers!! Write for 32-Page Booklet, "Mothers of the World"

Lloyd Loom Products

Baby Carriages, Furniture

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes Dandruff, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

HINDERCORNS

Remove Corns, Calluses, etc.

Query Stumps Smoker.

When James Murphy of Long Island City was arraigned in the Long Island City police court on a charge of smoking in a subway station, he was asked by the magistrate to give an explanation. Murphy said: "Judge, I paid my fare, and had just filled my pipe and went down into the subway, and I had my pipe in my hand, and having no place to put it, I put it in my mouth. It's the first time it has ever happened, judge."

There's a Reason.

"Is your new maid prompt in answering the doorbell?" "Yes, indeed. She has a sweetheart somewhere who sends her a special delivery letter every day."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Really New.

Agent—"I've got a device here for getting energy out of the sun." Mr. Jones—"Here! Give me one for mine."

Lots of men go short on fiction because it is stranger than truth.

Don't kiss your sister before another girl. Kiss the other girl first.

When Will There Be A Disarmament of Dining Tables?

Suppose everybody would recognize the fact that there's no gain but much loss in keeping up hostilities with the stomach!

Suppose the ancient aggravation of improper food on indignant digestive organs should be settled with guarantees of sensible diet and tranquil digestion!

The saving would be beyond all possibility of counting.

Yet millions go on declaring war on the stomach and accepting war in return—loading up on starchy, heavy, unbalanced and highly-seasoned food at breakfast or lunch—and wondering why comfort, happiness and efficiency are out of reach.

Grape-Nuts makes a friend of the taste and an ally of the stomach.

There's a charm and satisfaction to this delicious food which prompts appetite to say, "There's a meal!" and digestion to answer, "Thank goodness, here's peace at last!"

Grape-Nuts is the perfected nutriment of wheat and malted barley—sweet, crisp, and wonderfully nourishing. It digests quickly, and provides the necessary elements, including the vital mineral salts, for body, nerve and brain.

Order Grape-Nuts from your grocer today, and let a delighted taste pass a treaty of peace along to an enthusiastic digestion and assimilation.

Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder

"There's a Reason"

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

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Office in Christopher building
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SCRATCH PADS 5 cents each at the Chief office.

A Farmer Cured of Rheumatism

"A man living on a farm near here, came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and told him to use it freely" says C. P. Rayder, Patten Mills, N. Y. "A few days later he walked into the store as straight as a string and handed me a dollar saying, give me another bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment; I want it in the house all the time for it cured me."

ECHOES from M. I. S.
By Students of
MIAMI INDEPENDENT SCHOOL

Miami "Hi" feels very proud of the blue ribbon won by Laura Christopher on a theme written on Clothing, at the State Clothing Contest held at Houston, April 28 and 29.

Our representatives, Ada Coffee and Edna Dixon, came back very enthusiastic over the contest.

Friday morning at 8 o'clock two hundred and fifty girls from over the State of Texas assembled at South End Junior High School for the beginning of the contest. Each girl wore a neat, attractive dress made by self. When the girls were all together it made you think of a ready to wear shop on a busy day.

The garments were judged according to workmanship, material, style, suitability, color combinations and accessories. The judges admitted that they found it very difficult to determine the best garments. After the judging was completed the contestants were taken for a ride over the city.

Saturday morning a very interesting program was rendered at the school auditorium, with the awarding of the honors. Houston Central "Hi" and Granger "Hi" were the two lucky schools to get the loving cups, awarded by the women's Federated Clubs of Texas.

After a delicious luncheon served by the Parent Teachers Association, the delegates were taken by boat on a picnic to San Jacinto Battle grounds. The picnic, closed the program of the contest, and the delegates left declaring the people of Houston to represent that old "Southern Hospitality."

The reports given by the delegates to Houston aroused interest in the other girls of the Home Economics department and next year we hope to see a number of girls attend the contest.

The Operetta "Polished Pebbles" will be given by the High School pupils on Friday night May 12. Benefit of the Annual fund.

AN EIGHT GRADE THEME
First Program of Health Week.

Last Tuesday, April 25, the first program of the Health Week which was given in the High School Auditorium was attended by a large number of patrons and the school children.

The first and second grades sang health songs, after which Dr. Hicks gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the teeth and the care of them. This was followed by a play given by the fourth grade. Dr. Snyder from Canadian, gave a very interesting talk on the "Eyes and their Care." The last was a little health song by some of the third grade girls.

This is the first time Miami as ever observed health week and everyone seem to enjoy it. It is to be hoped that we will have these health weeks every year.

PROGRESSIVE "42"

Friday evening, April 28, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Montgomery and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Newman were "at home" at the Montgomery residence to a number of their friends, young and otherwise.

Progressive "42" constituted the fun getter for the evening, and "Ain't We Got Fun"—them was our sentiments. The only non-progressives were Miss Bratton and Mr. Gilley, who began at head table and did not budge an inch. The prizes won by them for such remarkable headwork were a lovely corsage bouquet and a boutonniere, each of sweet peas and fern.

Delightful refreshments of orange ice cream and cake were served to the following guests: Mesdames Gilley, Crain and Willis, Misses Jessie and Annie Pearl Morrison (visiting sisters of Mrs. Montgomery,) Roach, Keevil, Moore, Worley, Carter, Rowe, Bratton, Ross, and Taylor, and Messrs Gilley, Crain, Willis Holland, Earl Chisum, Hardin, Joe Coffee, Cleve Coffee, Dixon, Mad, Henry Chisum, and Nelson.

One what 'uz at it

Gov. Neff's address in chapel Friday morning was very highly appreciated, and judging from the memories and themes written on it, the pupils profited greatly from it.

Senior grades have been avenged. Elvira Kinney received highest honors Bettie Brooks second, and Sam Nelson third. Heartiest congratulations to these hard workers.

Flora Philpott has one to Austin to the State Meet of the Interscholastic League. She will compete for the State championship in Girls' Tennis Single.

Ada Coffee returned Monday night from Houston where she went to attend the State Clothing Contest.

The net proceeds of the Food Sale given Saturday by the Juniors for the benefit of the Annual were about \$10.00.

HIGH SCHOOL AND SEVENTH GRADE HONOR ROLL

Elvira Kinney
Virginia Hale.
Ruby Pennington.
Allene Coffee.
Mae McLaughlin.
Floyd Gilley.
Lahra Christopher.
Marie Burum.
Polk Wells.
Irene Walker.
Frank Kelley.

Do we have more boys or girls on the Honor Roll? Why?

SENIORS' NOTES

Mrs. Baker is rapidly progressing with her Operetta. It will be given for the benefit of the public in the near future.

The representatives that went from here to Houston, in the Home Economics Department, have returned, bringing one blue ribbon with them. Laura Christopher won in the best Essay in class B. Schools in the State. Hurray! for our essay writers.

The Seniors are planning to entertain the Juniors Saturday night May 6, 1922.

There are not twenty Annuals left, if you want one see Willie Fae Newman at once.

Mr. Willis disturbed Raymond the other morning, while he was studying dressmaking. Better take Home Economics, Raymond, if you wish to rest in peace.

JOKES

Boys, Don't fall in love. If you have to fall in anything, fell in the well—it's safer.—advice from Mr. Willis.

Mr. Gilley: "Ruby give the principal parts of pigs."
Ruby: "Pigs, piggere, squeale, gruntus."

Miss Keevil: (after waiting for a reply to a question)—"Cecil, you tell Willie Fae. She told you the last one."

SOPH., NOTES

The Sophomore class is very proud of Laura because her essay on clothing won first place at Houston.

Pinkney, (just meeting Claude on the street.)—"My, but I'm tired."
Claude: "huh, what have you been doing to get tired?"
Pinkney: "Well, I have been over visiting one of my neighbors. He was trying to measure the floor for some new carpets and he didn't have a yard stick. I'm just six feet tall and to oblige my neighbor I have been lying down and getting up over his house."

The Juniors had a sign upon the study hall black board the other day which read thus: "A bug sale given by the Juniors Saturday afternoon at Jones Drug Store."
Come and buy.
We knew all the time that they were "buggy" but we did not know that they would own it.

Lumbago.

This is a rheumatism of the muscles of the back. It comes on suddenly and is quite painful. Every movement aggravates the disease. Go to bed, keep quiet and have Chamberlain's Liniment applied and a quick recovery may be expected. Mrs. F. J. Dann, that Chamberlain's Liniment cured me of lumbago a year ago last summer. When I began using it, I was flat of my back in bed and could not turn to the left or right. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment in the house and this applied to my back. It promptly drove away the pains and aches."

REPORTS OF COMMITTEE TO THE N. S. CLUB

O. M. H. on Matrimony has confessed that one case slipped by, and was consummated in April, when he supposed that all contracting parties were arranging for June weddings.

One Prof. Willis slipped off here in our midst and carried off a sweet, good girl, the last one that Judge and Mrs. Coffee had. Dog gone it!

These educated A. & M. Agriculturists know how to plow their way into a young woman's heart.

If a Regiment of them should swoop down on Miami, we wouldn't have enough girls left to flag a bread wagon.

We all can see plainly now, that this new fangled branch of teaching Agriculture is a short cut to matrimony.

What are we going to do about it! I guess we'll have to just wish 'em joy!

Dave Lard on Gardens, says: his wife's garden and many others are standing the freezes better than usual, and that most all of the fruit trees are loaded with sweet scented blossoms. Lawns are beginning to green up and he predicts fruits and flowers and happy homes in Miami.

W. H. Patton on Ladies Attire, says: No loud, or boisterous garments have as yet made their appearance on the streets of Miami.

He is pleased to report the neat, modest garments seen here are very becoming and that there are no fly specks on any of them so far as he can see.

On Agriculture, Mr. Severtson reports that some wheat fields are making a wonderful showing, while other fields appear to lack energy enough to indicate what kind of weeds are best adapted to the peculiar soils within their boundaries.

All in all, however, there will probably be two to three hundred thousand bushels of wheat marketed at Miami from the crop of 1922.

This is a prediction—not a threat! Joe Smyers on Public Morals, says: His duties only call for outside appearances, or such things as leak out, Hence, he has very little chance to create a sensation. Nothing has leaked out worth mentioning.

Old Man Heare.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are sold on a positive guarantee to give perfect satisfaction. Try them tonight and you will be delighted to find the results you have obtained.

Central Drug Store.

Romans Originated Name "Greek"
The inhabitants of ancient Greece were called Greeks by the Romans, but their name for themselves has always been Hellenes, a certain mysterious Hellen having been their ancestor, according to the popular legend.

Another View of Selfishness.
Selfishness does not always apply to the man who is unwilling to share his belongings with others, but it also applies to the man who may have some practical ideas and will not pass them on to his neighbor.

The "Isle of Man."
The Isle of Man does not derive its name from the sex of its population, but from its position. In Manx "mannin" or "mannin" means middle, and this name was applied to the island because of its location.

Easy Housekeeping.
Some women think that as soon as they have acquired a husband and a can opener they are equipped for life.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Ever at It.
A woman is never satisfied. If she isn't trying to get a new man she's trying to make a new man out of the one she's got.

Here? Yes, and we are ready to work

Our shop is completely equipped with everything necessary to turn out first-class work—and that's all we'll do.

RHOTEN & GARRETT
Blacksmiths
JUST NORTH OF THE WAGON YARD



"Ain't Missus Johnson, you be sure to get Kellogg's Corn Flakes, because the children won't eat any other kind. Kellogg's have the goodly flavor and they are never tough and hard to eat!"

Children are quick to know Kellogg's superior goodness

Little folks instantly recognize Kellogg's Corn Flakes from imitations! They know the delicious Kellogg flavor and they know that Kellogg's are never tough or leathery or hard to eat!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are so superior in flavor and in wonder crisp crunchiness that once you know Kellogg's you will always serve Kellogg's.

And, Kellogg's should be best because they are the original Corn Flakes—the most delightful cereal ever made! Insist upon Kellogg's—the kind in the RED and GREEN package, because none are genuine without the signature of W. K. Kellogg, originator of Corn Flakes!



Don't forget, KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes are made by the folks who gave you the JUNGLE-LAND Moving Pictures. Coupon inside every package of KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes explains how you can obtain another copy of JUNGLE-LAND.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLER and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled

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