

# Pampa Daily News

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(AP)—Associated Press PAMPA, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, 1927.

(NEA Service)

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## CAMEL TEST MAKES 720 BARRELS

### Hobart Elected Mayor; Osborne, Boyd Commissioners

#### NEW BODY TO TAKE OFFICE NEXT MONDAY

Audit of City Books Will Begin on Friday

ALL BILLS ARE REQUESTED NOW

Retiring Administration Leaves Record of Achievement

Unopposed for the place, T. D. Hobart, credited with being one of the prominent, pioneer builders of Pampa, was elected mayor yesterday. He received 310 votes.

Lynn Boyd and D. W. Osborne were the other commissioners elected to serve until next April under the new commission-manager form of government.

The vote: For commissioner No. 1—Osborne 165, Campbell 146. For commissioner No. 2—Boyd 162, Mason 148. There were eleven mutilated ballots.

The new administration will go into office next Monday. In preparation for their retirement, the present commission have ordered a cleanup of the city records, which will be started by the E. V. Robertson company of Amarillo Friday.

The city urgently requested today that all bills against it be presented not later than Saturday, in order that the records may be closed as far as possible while the present administration retires.

Mayor F. F. Reid and his councilmen will retire at the end of a period in which many public improvements and other progress have been made. The new body will come into office as the big sewer extensions are just getting under way. Concrete pipe has been selected, and William Hale, in charge of arrangements for the Jordan Construction company, is moving in machinery preparatory to starting work.

Mayor-elect Hobart today asked the News to express my sincere appreciation of the sentiment of the citizens of Pampa, as expressed in yesterday's election."

#### Moody Declares He Is No Running Mate for Smith

(By Associated Press) AUSTIN, Nov. 23.—Governor Moody says the public can discount just exactly 100 per cent the report Tuesday that he has made himself available as a dry running mate to Governor Smith for the Democratic presidential nomination.

He reiterated his stand for a dry plank in the Democratic platform, and held that the party should oppose any attempt at prohibition modification.

#### Chicago Veteran Appointed to Cuban Ambassadorship

(By Associated Press) WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Nobel Judah of Chicago was appointed by President Coolidge today to be ambassador to Cuba.

Judah has a distinguished war record, and has been prominent in law and banking circles of Chicago, but has had no diplomatic experience. The appointment fits a vacancy created by the resignation of Major-General Crowder.

#### His Ship Fails



Captain Frederick A. Giles, British flyer, failed in his first take-off from San Francisco for Honolulu, en route to Australia. But he hopped off again yesterday.

#### Mrs. Snyder and Paramour to Die Early in January

(By the Associated Press.) ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The week beginning January 9 was fixed by the Court of Appeals today for the execution in the electric chair at Sing Sing of Mrs. Ruth Snyder of Queens Village, the housewife and mother, and her paramour, Henry Judd Gray, for the murder of Mrs. Snyder's husband, Albert Snyder.

#### American Serving in French Legion To Be Released

(By the Associated Press.) PARIS, Nov. 23.—Bennett Doty, American who enlisted in the French foreign legion and was court-martialed for desertion during the Druse rebellion, will be released from serving the remainder of his enlistment shortly in response to "American public opinion."

#### Football Players Honored Today at Rotary Luncheon

J. E. Murfee, chairman of the vocational service committee of the local Rotary club, turned the meeting today over to the Pampa Harvesters football team, while the guest of the club at the luncheon at the Schneider hotel. Supt. E. C. Campbell, Principal R. B. Fisher, Coach Oscar Dickey and Assistant Coach Oskar Dial, accompanied by 24 members of the football team, attended the luncheon.

Chairman Lynn Boyd gave an interesting talk on "what Rotary is," which gave the boys an insight into the services and activities of the Rotary club.

Glowing talks were made by J. E. Murfee, C. F. Buckler, C. T. Huskaptlar and T. E. Ross, congratulating the football team and their coaches. They were loud in their

(See FOOTBALL, page 3.)

#### British Captain, Forced Back, to Try Second Time

(By Associated Press) LOS ANGELES, Nov. 23.—Captain Frederick Giles, British flyer who yesterday was forced to turn back on his flight to Honolulu, announced today that he would attempt the flight again.

Captain Giles landed at a ranch near here, and said air conditions had forced him to return.

#### Foster Mother Is Sentenced to Year in County Jail

(By the Associated Press.) CORPUS CHRISTI, Nov. 23.—Maria Andrada, on trial here for murder in connection with the death of her small foster daughter, today was acquitted of the murder charge, but was convicted of negligent homicide and was sentenced to a year in the county jail.

The girl was alleged by the state to have died as the result of a whipping given it by the foster mother, while the mother said the bruises found on the girl's body resulted from falls.

#### Sewer Work To Begin December 5

The Jordan Construction company plans to commence work on the Pampa sewer contract about December 5, according to W. M. Hale of Childress, foreman of the company. At the present time the company is digging ditch for the Empire Fuel and Gas company, from its disposal plant near the booster station to the creek.

Yesterday the large machine excavated more than 600 feet of ditch 17 feet deep. The large machine has a digging depth of 28 feet and it is expected that some of the Pampa excavation work will be 27 feet deep.

#### CHARITY DRIVE GIVEN IMPETUS BY DISCUSSION

Clearing House for All Help Is Declared Necessary

COMMITTEES ARE NAMED

Work of Associated Charities Is Outlined

With about \$800 in hand from the drive of the week, directors of the Associated Charities campaign will resume the work Friday at 9 a. m., with renewed vigor and the determination to inaugurate the work here as a clearing house for all charity.

A group of business men met at 10 a. m. today and planned the remainder of the drive. Team captains were appointed to solicit funds in the four districts into which the city was divided, using the intersection of Foster and Cuyler as the basis. They are:

Southwest portion: Martin McGarrity, captain; J. M. McDonald, the Rev. W. L. Evans.

Southwest portion: D. W. Ferguson, captain; Roy Harris, the Rev. Tom W. Brabham.

Northeast portion: C. W. McMillan, captain; B. W. Ross.

Northwest portion: Ivey Duncan, captain; F. M. Calhoun.

A minimum of \$2,500 is desired in order that a nurse may be employed to take charge of the Associated Charities office. Aside from rendering valuable personal service to destitutes who may be ill, and in assisting in health programs for the schools and community, she would, under the direction of a large board of directors, investigate all applicants for charity and keep a permanent record of every case.

The city would be asked to prohibit begging on the streets, and all charity cases would be referred to the Associated Charities office. At this headquarters, clothing and food would be received for general distribution as needed. Probably a campaign for clothing would be held by the churches, and the garments would be sorted and kept at the office for families in distress.

Permanent records would make abuse of the system almost impossible as far as local conditions are concerned, and persons actually needing work and food would be helped from day to day. The Associated Charities office also could lead aid to the Business Men's association, and in turn be assisted by the latter. The peace officers would find the office of much value, and, Associated Charities being a social center for those in need, the director might be something of a police matron.

This system has been seen in action by a number of local business men, who endorse it unreservedly. They express the idea that the city, the school board, the county, and the big oil companies will get such service from Associated Charities that they will be glad to contribute.

Local citizens are asked to make a single contribution now, or a pledge, and then be free of solicitation for charity for a whole year. And not only, it is stressed, will begging be stopped, but many unfortunate helped who are suffering in silence and need assistance.

Mrs. L. A. Donelson returned this week from a visit in Lubbock.

Her husband was taken to Pampa hospital yesterday and may have to undergo an operation.

#### Oh, So Busy!



Miss Ruth Robinson of Dallas, Texas, is the only student in Baylor College, Belton, Texas, to make three national and one southern honorary societies. She is a member of Phi Kappa Delta, Theta Sigma Phi, Sigma Tau Delta and Scholarship Societies of the South. Besides being president of the senior class, editor of the college paper, assine, member of the legislative and judicial councils of the Student Government Association, she is also associate editor of the literary magazine. She hasn't much to do except study.

#### Pampans Urged to Attend Service on Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving in the religious and national meaning it holds for America will be observed tomorrow in services to be held at 11 o'clock at the First Baptist church.

It is hoped that those arranging the program that the church people of Pampa will gather for this program, and join in the spirit of the day.

The program follows:

Songs, "Come Thou Almighty King."

Opening address, the Rev. James Todd, Jr. Christian church.

Songs, "All Hail Immanuel," Scripture Reading, the Rev. D. H. Truhitte, Baptist church.

Prayer, the Rev. Tom W. Brabham, Methodist church.

Thanksgiving prayer, reading Mrs. Wilbert G. Caldwell.

Duet, Dr. and Mrs. Mann.

Sermon, the Rev. W. L. Evans, Presbyterian church.

#### Progress Reported on Efforts Toward Big Road Merger

(By the Associated Press.) NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Progress is reported in plans for the Southwest rail merger sponsored by Lenora Loree.

Operating and accounting officials of the Kansas City Southern and St. Louis Southwestern, and Missouri, Kansas and Texas lines are expected to resume their conferences next week to get together on a report prepared by engineers who made an exhaustive survey of the properties, in an effort to reach an agreement on terms for consolidation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Exemption of federal securities from the surtax will be recommended to Congress by Secretary Mellon.

#### OIL FOLLOWS SHOT, HOLDING TO 30 HOURLY

420 Quarts of Nitro Is Placed in No. 1 Harrah

BRIDGE BLOWN OUT TODAY

Production Nearer To Pampa Proved by Well

Responding to a shot of 420 quarts of nitro placed from 3,125 to 3,285 feet, the Camel Oil company's No. 1 Harrah in section 163, block 3, started a natural flow of 37 1-2 barrels an hour at 5 o'clock yesterday.

This flow continued until midnight, which a slight bridge was reported. This bridge blew out early this morning, and at noon the well was making more than 30 barrels an hour.

Drillers are preparing to clean the well out today and a heavier flow is expected after cleaning out and setting pipe.

This well has been watched with interest as it brings production nearer to Pampa on the north side and was drilled by local men who are also drilling the Guernsey well in the same section. The local men interested are B. E. Finley, W. R. Campbell and H. G. Twitford.

The Edwards at a's No. 1 E. J. Case in section 182, block B-2, is reported to be standing with 160 feet of oil in the hole which is seeping from around a dropped bit. The well is standing at 3,059 feet.

Gas of about 70,000,000 feet was shut off. This well is situated about nine miles south of Pampa and is more than four miles from nearest production, and if brought in will prove up several miles of territory southwest of the Wilcox and Bowers pools.

The Last Chance Gas company's No. 1 (formerly Tipton and McCornell) in section 201, block 4, Carson county, is averaging 30 barrels an hour from 3,285 feet. The well has been abandoned for more than four years.

With the output showing an increase on the swab a good well is looked for. During the past 24 hours the well has filled three 250-barrel tanks.

#### Twelve Persons Pay Fines Here

Officers of the sheriff's department had a busy evening last night when twelve persons were arrested. These appeared before acting Justice of the Peace W. A. Taylor this morning, and paid fines for drunkenness, gaming and disturbing the peace.

In the absence of Justice of the Peace I. S. Jameson, who will be out of the city for a week, W. A. Taylor is acting in the office.

#### COUNTY COURT RECESSES

County court convened in LeFors Monday morning with Judge T. H. Wolfe presiding. Only two cases have been tried this week, and court adjourned yesterday to convene again Friday.

A case of theft was tried Monday and a conviction of \$25 and costs and one day in jail was the sentence. Tuesday a case of wife desertion was tried and a fine imposed.





# The Blazing Horizon

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### CHAPTER I

In 1871 a few buffalo hunters, among them a certain Captain Stone, pitched their camp on a little knoll in Kansas just north of the Indian Territory line. South and west of the rise flowed Fall creek; on the east the waters of Big Casino creek ran their endless course and invited the roaming herds of buffalo and other wild game in which the region abounded.

The captain was a far-seeing man. He noted the abundance of spring water, the succulence of the prairie grass and the not unimportant factor of the place's nearness to the border of a land from which the government in accordance with its treaties with the Indians had excluded the white man from settling. When other buffalo hunters joined them, Stone thought he saw the possibility of a new "Princess of the Prairie," as Wichita then called itself; so he took the first step in colonization and established a small store, carrying such supplies as the hunters required, including, the records state, one barrel of whiskey.

As the population increased, Cox and Emerson put in a real outfitting store and a man named Dickie installed a genuine saloon, with bar, foot-rail and all accessories. The prairies, with their luxuriant growth of blue stem and buffalo grass, became dotted with small cattle and horse ranches; the big cattle on their way to Ogallala, Neb., then a big shipping point on the Union Pacific, stopped in the little town for their supplies.

And the news traveled fast. Soon hundreds were drifting into Caldwell, farthest southwest of the plain settlements; whereupon Stone and two other men, Dagner and Smith, laid out a townsite.

In a few years Caldwell had attained a population of 2,000. In 1879 the Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe ran its tracks down from Washington, forging an iron link between Caldwell and Wichita and making its

bid for the big herds that thundered up the Chisholm Trail. The buffalo camp had flowered into a cow town—and one of the wickedest cow towns in history.

The big boom that started with

the coming of the railroad found Gordon W. Lillie waiting on table in one of Caldwell's busy restaurants and longing for something that would more nearly satisfy a normal youth's desire for adventure and the opportu-

nity to make a fortune. As he saw it, the main requirement for the latter was a working capital; whereas Gordon Lillie and capital were not yet acquainted. As far back as he could remember, Newton

Lillie, his father, had had about all he could do to make ends meet. Gordon was 19, and the oldest of the children. Then came Albert, Effie, May, Lena and Gordon's foster sister, Lucy Conant.



At the sound of the boy's "Daddy!" Harrison's eyes wavered. In that instant Benton fired.

Newton Lillie had been a flour miller in Bloomington, Ill. Two years before, calamity had descended on the family when fire had destroyed the mill, and the Lillies now lived near Wellington, Kas., about 25 miles from Caldwell, where the father still patiently tried to eke out a living from another flour mill, but counted more hopefully on the productivity of the farm that he had pre-empted.

Gordon Lillie stood in the doorway of the restaurant, his gaze roving idly over one of the strangest medleys of humanity a man had ever looked upon. It was Saturday afternoon in Caldwell. Bronzed, chap-clad cowboys from nearby ranges, or stopping en route from their fatiguing herd riding, rubbed elbows with roughly dressed railroad laborers, for the Santa Fe extension was not yet finished and Caldwell was the haven of thirsty souls who worked along the right of way. Here were cattle thieves, horse thieves, Indians, desperadoes; women, some with children and others with hard eyes and painted cheeks and a ready smile for each passing male; men making sidewalk speeches on the coming greatness of Caldwell, urging their listeners to buy while the boom was yet young.

A clatter of hoofs and an enveloping cloud of dust moved down the street. Three men dismounted in front of the restaurant. The tallest of the three, a man with a shaggy black beard, eyed the youth with cold appraisal and waited. Lillie did not appear to notice him. He tugged at his lip and was lost in contemplation of the panorama of wild border life before him.

A harsh voice broke in on his thoughts. "We're hungry. Are you gonna stand there and go to sleep or invite us inside?"

Lillie straightened up with a start. He murmured something in apology, then led the way into the

(See BLAZING HORIZON PG 3)

## FOR INSTANCE---

Suppose that you sold your watch and received a check as payment. Then you went to the bank and there found that the check was worthless. What would you do?

The merchants of Pampa have been troubled with similar instances. Be sure that you do not give them worthless checks.

Always be sure of your bank balance—never overdraw! The merchants of Pampa have banded together in an effort to stop this evil. The following merchants are turning over the hot checks to the county attorney for collection. No mercy is being given to the "hot check artist." If you are "careless" you will be classed with the "willful."

Stephenson Furniture Company  
Southwestern Public Service Co.  
Wades Variety Store  
Biggs-Horn Nash Co.  
Hameed Dry Goods

Oil Belt Grocery  
Gordon Stores Co.  
W. H. Thomas Grocery  
Fatheree Drug Co.  
Thompson Hardware Co.

G. C. Malone Furniture Co.  
J. E. Murfee & Co.  
Woodward-Lane Grocery  
Pampa Drug Co.  
M-System Store  
Cross Dry Goods Co.



# The Blazing Horizon

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BY ERNEST LYNN

(Continued from page 2)

dining room and indicated a table for the trio. Glibly he recited the bill of fare.

The bearded man listened impatiently and then gave his order. "And get a move on," he added surlily.

The youth glanced at him sharply, noted the heavy, brutal features, the deep-set, slitted gray eyes, and said nothing. He went about the business of setting food before them and retired to the kitchen. Another waiter was out there, eating his own supper ahead of the evening rush. "I've got a crab out there," Gordon Lillie told him.

The waiter squinted out into the dining room. "Him? That's Tom Benton. He's ornery."

Presently a loud command in Benton's surly tones called Lillie forth. The man was pounding on the table with his fist. "What kind of beef do you call this? This steak's so damned tough you could sole boots with it."

The color deepened in Gordon Lillie's ruddy cheeks and resentment flamed within him. He made no answer but started to remove the offending meat. Benton's heavy stare never left the youth's face. "I said the steak was tough," he repeated. "I'm waitin' to hear you admit it."

A calm voice drifted in from the doorway. "I didn't know anything or anybody came too tough for you, Benton." Benton swung around and met the smiling blue eyes of a broad-shouldered, fair-haired cow puncher who had entered at that moment with half a dozen companions.

The bearded one glared. "I don't remember issuing any invitation for you to horn in on the conversation, Joe Craig."

Joe Craig grinned. "I declare to goodness I clean forgot my manners, Tom. I always was disappointing to my folks that way. They never could count on me to uphold the family reputation for politeness and so I come to Kansas and got a job riding for Titus Moore, not wanting to embarrass the family for the rest of their lives."

"That was being right considerable of the family's feelings," Benton snapped.

"Ain't it the truth? Although my interruption in this particular case might be excused on the grounds that I had a personal interest in the discussion. Didn't I just hear you say that the steak was too tough to suit you?"

"If there ain't anything the matter with your ears you did."

"Well, now, that's downright strange. You see, all the beef that's served in this place happens to be Bar K beef. Besides, I don't hear your two friends complainin'."

"Maybe I'm a little more finicky than my friends," Benton said sarcastically. "I always was hard to please. As for it being Bar K beef, maybe that's the reason it didn't suit me. There's a lot of things about the Bar K I can't get wild about."

"Including me," Craig supplied cheerfully. "Still, you're the last man in the world I'd expect to find prejudiced against Bar K steers. Matter of fact, I sort of thought you entertained a pretty high regard for them." The smile had left Craig's face and the humorous twinkle in his eyes had been replaced by a cold stare.

Benton glared back for an instant, then, with fists swinging, he ran at Craig. The latter deftly sidestepped the bigger man's rush and rocked him with a solid smash to the head. As Benton reeled back, cursing, his right hand made a quick, stealthy move toward his left breast, but Craig's own gun was whipped out in a flash and leveled from the hip. Benton's arms fell to his sides.

"Some day," Craig said slowly, "you're going to make me real mad and I'm likely to forget myself. You can leave now. Me and the boys are aiming to eat and we don't want our appetites spoiled none by the presence of complaining dyspeptics. And don't forget to pay your reckoning," he added.

Benton's cheeks glowed an angry red beneath their fringe of beard. "Anybody," he muttered, "can act like a real bad man when he has six more behind him to back him up."

"You know enough about my daily routine to know when to catch me alone. I'd be real glad accommodate you any time. Matter of fact, there's nothing to prevent you and me from going up the street right now and pursuing the debate to a satisfactory conclusion."

He waited for an answer to his invitation. None was forthcoming.

"Another thing" he flung at Benton as the latter, with his two fol-

lows, strode toward the door, "when I told you the Bar K was getting tired of seeing you around I was kind of careless in my wording. Paying party colls at night when no one's looking was barred, too." He turned his back deliberately and sat down.

"Me; now," he was saying fifteen minutes later as he busily plied knife and fork. "I'd say this was real good beef. Still, I'm not so hard to please as Tom Benton. Bill," he addressed Lillie, "you take my advice and keep a supply of poison handy to season Benton's food with."

Lillie smiled. "I'll take it under advisement. It was real nice of you to get him off my back."

"You don't know what a pleasure it was. I fired Benton from the Bar K for two reasons. He was a bully, and I was satisfied he was withholding valuable information as to the whereabouts of some Bar K cows that was lost, strayed or stolen. Some more of our stock was run off the range about a month ago and I guess I kind of hinted to him that he was more or less suspected."

One of Craig's companions snorted. "Hinted! I'd like to hear you when you're real plain spoken."

Craig turned once more to his supper. A frown had gathered between his sandy eyebrows. Somewhere down the street a gun barked. It was followed by the sound of running feet and a few of the diners rushed to the door to look.

Someone came in presently to announce that the town marshal had been shot. Craig looked up with an expression of mild interest. "That so? Who is the town marshal now? I can't keep track of them."

"Not is--was," corrected his informant. "Name was Sam Fortune."

"Now, ain't that too bad?" sympathized Craig. "With a name like that you'd sort of expect things was in store for him. Who shot him?"

"Brad Becker, Brad and him got in an argument over the name of an author. They were both Ed. Becker claimed the book was wrote by Shakespeare and Fortune said it was wrote by a man named Bunyan. They were too heavy for me."

"Ain't it the truth?" Joe Craig asked his head sorrowfully. "Did you see what book it was they was arguing about?"

"Yes, they did. It was Paradise Lost or something like that."

What in hell are you laughing at?"

For the moment Craig was speechless with mirth. A few of his companions smiled but the others exchanged bewildered looks. "That," said Craig finally, "is what comes of pursuing the higher learning too far. Where's Becker now?"

"He headed for the border. But he'll be back. Fortune wasn't killed in the line of duty and Becker wasn't resistin' arrest or anything. They got in an argument, called each other a liar and got mad. Fortune drew and Brad was quicker. You can't convict a man for that."

"Not in Caldwell, anyway." Craig turned to address the other Bar K men. "You boys going up to Mag's place?"

"W'd sort of counted on it," one of the msaid.

"Go ahead then. I'm staying here to talk a bit to my friend Bill Lillie. Don't go getting in any literary arguments and don't shoot up the musicians' gallery. I like enthusiasm but it has its limits."

He lingered at his table, smoking a cigar, until the last of the supper crowd had left. Then, followed by Lillie, he walked to the door, where he stood looking out on Caldwell. It was nearly dark now. To the west the sunset traced an orange glow against the horizon. A bird called. Off to the south there sounded the mournful cry of a coyote.

"Tom Evans," Craig said to Lillie, "was telling me you was hoping for the day when Oklahoma would be opened for settlement. Bill, you've been listening to bad advice. Le people want to settle somewhere, why don't they fill up western Kansas first? That's Indian country down below the line. Also it's cow country, and if the noble red men are willing to permit the use of their lands for grazing, why let 'em graze. Me, now, I'm a cowman. Why don't you come to work for Titus Moore? The Bar K will be glad to have you."

"I'm obliged," said Lillie, "for the offer. Right now I've got other ideas. I'm trying to land a teacher's job in the Indian school at Pawnee. I taught country schools for a while back in Illinois."

Craig was watching two figures loitering toward them through the twilight. The taller figure was that of a man about 35, slender and tall. There was about him, in the cut of his

cloak clothing, in his calm, deliberate movement, an air of elegance. He wore a frock coat, a round-crowned soft hat, lower and smaller of brim than Craig's. He was smooth-shaven, except for thin black sideburns that descended nearly to his jaw.

The boy with him must have been 12 or thereabouts. He was dark like the other and had the same black eyes. His hat, which he carried in his hand, permitting the cool breeze to ruffle his wavy hair, was a small replica of the man's, and his slight figure was set off with a dark blue velvet jacket, fastened in front by means of braid loops.

A pitying smile played about Gordon Lillie's lips. "Poor kid," he said softly. The sight of Anthony Harrison never failed to evoke his sympathy, possibly because of the impression of loneliness the boy always gave him.

The Harrisons were talking, the man smiling and shaking his head at something, the boy serious-faced. When they drew within earshot the man stopped his laughter and fell silent. Gordon Lillie spoke to him. "Evening," he said courteously, and Harrison, staring straight ahead, made no reply but nodded shortly and went on.

Lillie plucked at his lip. He was not surprised or hurt at the rebuff. He had learned enough about Jeff Harrison in the short time they both had been in Caldwell to know something of the man's strange ways. A taciturn man, curt, grave, unending only when he was with his boy. Father and son had come to Caldwell a while back and were living alone in a little cabin on the town's edge. Jeff Harrison spent every evening of the week, save two, gambling. It was rumored that he gave those evenings to his boy, and sometimes the two were to be seen strolling along the broad main street but more often a light burned in their cabin and their silhouettes could be seen bending over a ruddy table against the lamplight.

Joe Craig threw away his cigar and gazed at the backs of the departing Harrisons. "Bill," he said after a minute, "that's a mighty handsome little boy."

"Takes after his father. I can't help feeling sorry, somehow, for Tony Harrison. No mother, and a gambler for a father. Leastwise, I

don't know anything else Jeff Harrison does for a living."

"Any little boy without a mother," remarked Craig, "sort of takes hold of my sympathies."

"The boy," Gordon Lillie continued and wait for his daddy to come home. Some evenings he goes with him and waits outside."

"Don't he ever go inside?"

"His daddy don't permit it. Jeff Harrison's a gambler, but he ain't a common one. Another thing, I've never seen him speak to a woman since he's been in Caldwell. The boy don't, either. There's a rumor going around that Jeff Harrison has brought him up to have nothing to do with them."

"Now that's kind of queer," pronounced Joe Craig.

He departed a few minutes later. "Think I'll be travelling up to Mag Woods' place. Have to keep an eye on the boys. They can stand just so much liquor and then they feel an irresistible desire to shoot things up. It's just plain animal spirits with them, but I don't approve of it myself—not when I'm responsible for them to the colonel."

Mag Woods' place was one of the most pretentious buildings in Caldwell and Mag herself was a remarkable woman. She had reputedly made a fortune with her big dance hall, just across the Arkansas river from Wichita, and when the boom hit Caldwell she moved down to the new town to lure the freely squandered dollars of the free and easy souls who came there for their periodical flings.

For Caldwell was raw and wide open. Its trigger finger perpetually trembled. There was little law enforcement in the town, men quarreled and killed in Caldwell and walked on about their business, or rode south four miles and crossed the border of No Man's Land. Over night, almost, it had become a haven for the worst element along the frontier, and Mag Woods' dance hall, nicknamed the Red Light, because of the bright red lamp that hung over the door, became the hangout of some of the toughest.

Mag herself was not without a sense of humor. Evidence of it was found in the sheet iron and boiler plate fortification she had reared around her musicians. The mortality among dance hall music makers, especially in the Red Light, was high, and only the hardest spirits dared risk the flying bullets that were a nightly accompaniment to the festivities.

Jeff Harrison was standing at the bar, drinking quietly, when Joe Craig entered. The handsome gambler's gaze swept over him as he came in, then turned back to the bar.

Craig managed to range alongside. Every time the door opened, he noticed, Harrison turned to scrutinize the new-comer.

"Apparently lookin' for someone," Craig said to himself. Acting on a sudden impulse, he spoke quietly in the gambler's ear. "I'd consider it an honor if you'd have a little drink with me."

Jeff Harrison turned his searching brown eyes on the blond cowboy and hesitated half a minute before answering. Then, with a slight smile that seemed to lighten rather than lessen his gravity, he accepted. "I'd be glad to," he said quietly.

To his great annoyance, Craig was called away by two of the Bar K men before he could follow up the opening. When he started back, he saw Harrison do a surprising thing; one of the dance hall girls who had been casting ardent glances at the slender, elegant figure, sidled up to the gambler and seized his arm.

"Probably asking him to buy a drink," Craig was thinking.

But Harrison, after a casual glance at her, deliberately turned his back and went out, his face an expressionless mask. The girl stared after him in astonishment and anger, then shrugged and walked away. When Craig noticed her next she was making love to a little bow-legged bantam rooster of a cowboy.

Gordon Lillie came in. "I just passed Jeff Harrison," he told Craig. "He was headed for the Big Buffalo saloon. I expect he will be playing poker the rest of

(See BLAZING HORIZON, pg. 7)

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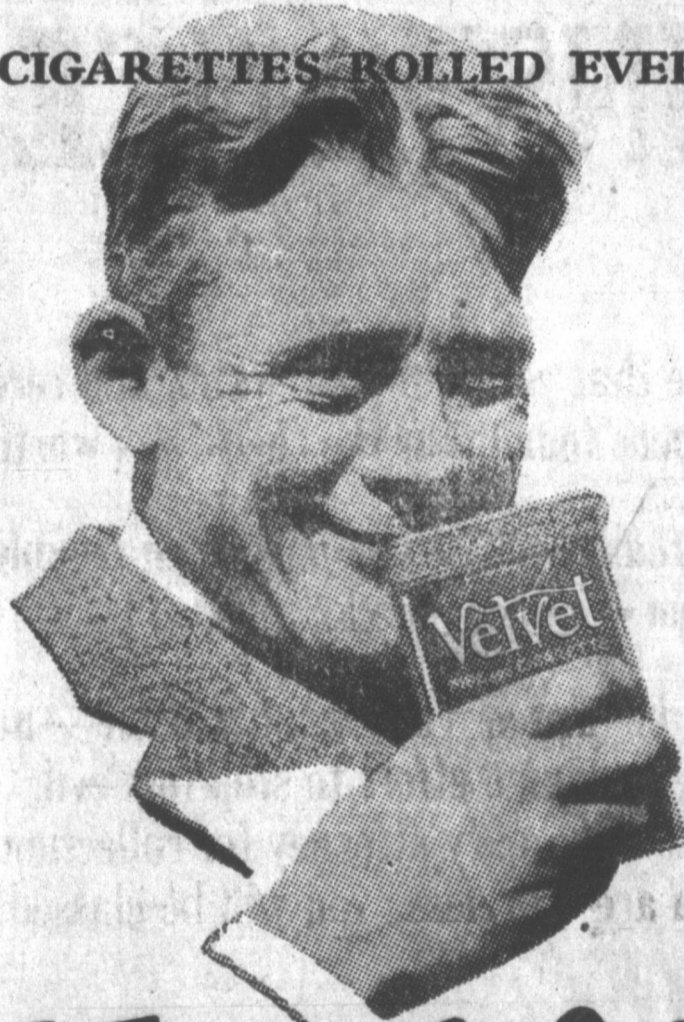
25 ounces for 25¢

MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY THE GOVERNMENT

Guaranteed Pure

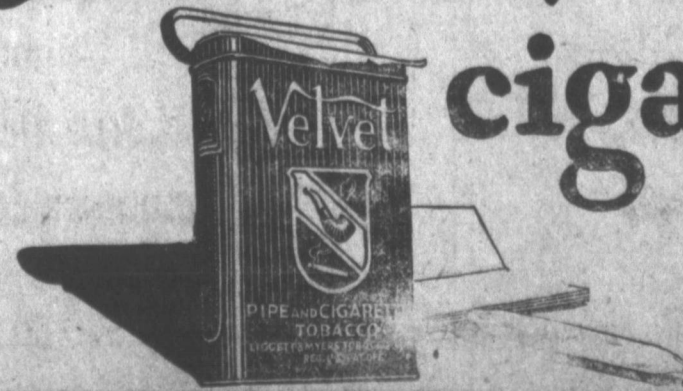
242 million VELVET CIGARETTES ROLLED EVERY MONTH ...

## Velvet's the makings of the best of cigarettes because it's made for cigarettes!



"Whoever named this 'Velvet' was sure a good describer!"

# Roll a Velvet cigarette!



LEGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



Pampa Daily News

Published every evening except Saturday, and on Sunday morning by the Nunn-Warren Publishing Company, Inc., at 155 West Foster Avenue.

The only newspaper adequately covering Pampa and Gray county events and the Pampa oil field.

PHILIP R. POND
Manager
OLIN E. HINKLE
Editor

Entered as second-class matter March 25, 1927 at the post office at Pampa, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: Rate Type (One Year, Six Months, Three Months, One Month) and Rate (By Carrier in Pampa, By Mail).

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing, or reputation of any individual, firm, concern, or corporation that may appear in the columns of the Pampa Daily News will be gladly corrected when called to the attention of the editor.

Telephone 100, all departments.

DAILY NEWS' 1928 PROGRAM FOR PAMPA

- One or more new railroads.
New city hall-auditorium.
County agricultural agent.
Additional street paving.
Oil Exchange building.
Expedite road paving work.
Encourage existing industries.
Invite new industries.
Complete water, sewer systems.
More and better homes.
Extend Pampa trade territory.
Develop dairying industry.
Municipal band.
Municipal airport.
Pampa Fair.
Associated Charities.
County home demonstration agent.
High school gymnasium.

GOOD PLAN—In the Associated Charities campaign to be carried to an immediate conclusion citizens of Pampa have an opportunity to accomplish a big thing—to establish a clearing house of local charity and combine with it caring for the health of those served.

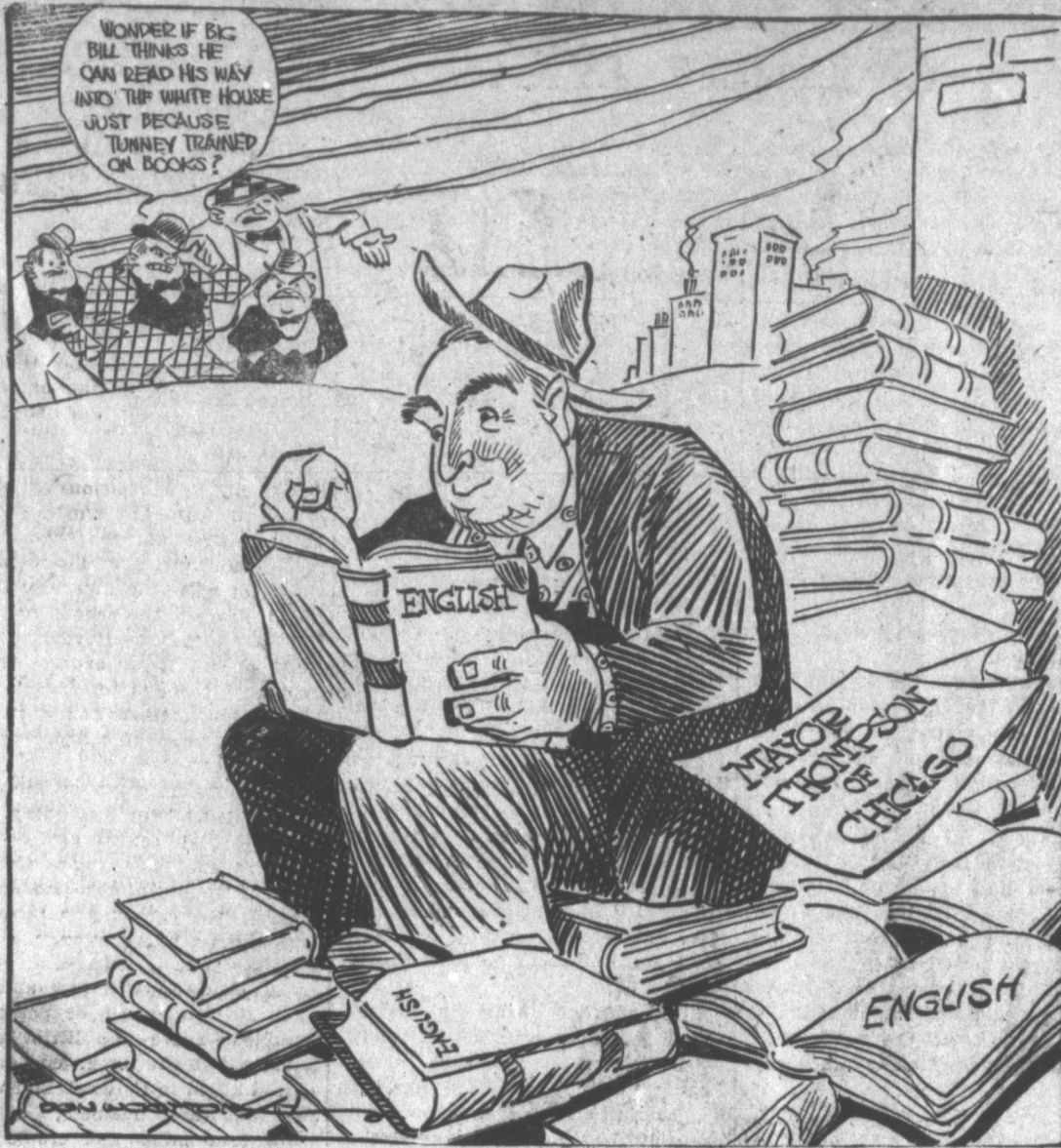
Assuming that the drive should be successful, and a board of directors should be named, a nurse would be employed to take charge of the Associated Charities office.

The charity director could serve as police matron perhaps, in working with women or girls arrested, and the city would find it convenient to lend financial support in return.

Business men could contribute food fit for consumption but which is replaced with newer perishable stocks, and an annual old clothes drive would enable the outfitting of destitute families from time to time.

Permanent records would be kept of each case helped, and monthly reports would be made to the records. This Associated Charities plan is working admirably in many

The Bookworm



cities, and Pampa would be doing a distinctive thing to adopt it.

HIGHWAY 66—Connected, paved highways are being furthered by associations throughout the country, and too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the value of this work.

Highway 66, also known as State Highway 75, is getting a lot of attention. That association hopes to have it paved soon all the way from Chicago to Los Angeles.

The road is approximately 2,000 miles long, and has a tributary population of more than 6,000,000. It traverses Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Arizona and California.

Particularly important is the policy to make highway 66 unusually wide throughout. The importance of this is especially great because of the enormous trans-continental traffic which will be joined by increasing use as the territory traversed is developed.

Road building has become one of the big public achievements of the modern community, just as in ancient times the powerful peoples did the same.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By RODNEY DUTCHER
NBA Service Writer

WASHINGTON — Buried deep down among the dispatches detailing the results of the recent off-year elections was the news that the Hon. James Montgomery Beck had been elected a representative from one of Boss Bill Vare's Philadelphia congressional districts.

Mr. Beck's election to Congress was one of the most interesting, if not one of the most important, political developments of 1927. With one full swoop, Boss Vare has rewarded a faithful servitor, added another coat of respectability to his Philadelphia machine and placed one of his ablest lieutenants in a position where he can easily be boosted into the Senate after Boss Vare is denied his seat.

Mr. Beck, best known as former solicitor general of the United States under Harry Daugherty, merely accepted a gift when the Vare machine nominated him for the congressional seat heretofore held by Vare himself. One of the Vare congressmen had obligingly resigned without serving even a day in the House and there was no question that Mr. Beck would be elected.

The fact that Mr. Beck is now definitely a part of the Vare political machine is unquestionably a source of satisfaction to the Philadelphia boss, who has often smarted at unfavorable comparisons of

his organization with the Mellon machine of Pittsburgh. The Mellon machine has presented gentlemen as Andy and Dick Mellon, Senator Dave Reed and G. Wharton Pepper.

It was these very gentlemen who cast asparagus at the fed necks and uncultured minds of the uncouth Boss Vare and his pals during their vain but extremely expensive attempt to keep him from getting Pepper's seat in the 1926 primary and election. Reed and the Mellons have since been almost willing to erect a heroic statue of Boss Bill atop the capitol dome in their frenzied efforts to keep him from further reducing their important political power. But Boss Vare

cannot forget those unkind words.

And now, Mr. Beck, who is as respectable as any of the refined Pittsburghers and as wealthy as some of them, has come here to add considerable perfume to the Vare crowd both in Washington and at home.

Boss Vare has every reason to believe that the Senate won't let him in when it comes into session in December, despite all the Mellons, Reeds and Becks may do to show that his campaign expenses of million dollars or less should not bar him.

In the meantime, Pennsylvania should have a second senator who will be appointed by the governor. Vare unquestionably can dictate the appointment and it seems more than likely that he will reach over into his old seat in the House and select his pal, counsel and defender, Mr. Beck.

Assuming that Hon. Beck will be named the other Pennsylvania senator, it may even be in the cards for him to serve through the next session and then resign, later to seek nomination in the primary and election in 1928.

BARBS

(By N.E.A. Service Inc.)
Pretty soon they'll be changing those pretty posters to read: "Join the Navy and write a book."

Oh, Dear, Oh, Dear!
When Ruthie, the flying Florida flapper, gets back to her home state, what will they give her, we ask you? What will they present? Come, now, come, come! Why, of course—the keys!

After Alvaro Obregon's car was bombed by a would-be assassin, Alvaro complained it cost him \$5 for new specs, not to mention \$2495 for answering telegrams of congratula-

tion. A bum job, politically and economically, but socially a success.

Americans need more variety in their music. It's gotten to the point where we won't stand for anything but the Star-Spangled Banner.

Coal dealers say the warm autumn nearly ruined their business. Well, they can't expect to fuel all the people all of the time.

Yes, kiddies, a bigamist is a man who believes that divorce is wrong.

A woman candidate for mayor in a New Hampshire city was beaten by 2264 votes and demanded a recount. That's just one of the quaint and interesting little ways the ladies are bringing into politics.

TWINKLES

Our idea of consuming ambition is that which would spur anyone to desire to be secretary of agriculture at this moment.

Floods make heroes, but we of the Plains are content without displays of such courage.

Austin Palmer is dead. If you don't know, we'll tell you that he is the man who invented a kind of penmanship and made it necessary for school kids to wash the right arm all the way to the elbow.

If advance reports on this new Ford creation are to be believed, the thing must be that "Better Buick" we have heard so much about.

Missouri is still having mule exhibits, but the dispatches neglect to state whether they are in connection with the antiques.

F. E. Murrell of Amarillo, district agent for the Texas company, was a business visitor here Wednesday.

FRASER & UPTON
THE INSURANCE MEN
Bonds, City and Farm Loans
Phone 272

Pampa's Business, Professional and Commercial Directory

Directory listing for LAWYERS, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, CHIROPRACTORS, DENTISTS, CONTRACTORS, INSURANCE, and EYE SPECIALIST.

WRECKLES And His FRIENDS
A Mystery to Pop
By Blosser
Comic strip panels with dialogue: 'DON'T STOP TO ARGUE WITH US! GET OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!', 'WELL! NOW THAT TURKEY OF FRECKLES HAS DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!', 'I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY FRECKLES WAS SO GOOD TO GIMME THIS TURKEY!!'



# WOMEN'S PAGE

## SOCIAL NEWS

BY MISS LEORA MAY

PHONE 100

### Chapel Program Is Of Unusual Interest Wednesday Morning

A chapel program of unusual interest was given this morning in the auditorium of the Central high school building.

The Harvester Peppers were in charge of the opening numbers, in which Miss Lucile Mooney, pep leader, presented a bouquet of white carnations tied in the school colors, green and gold, to Captain Edward Herlacher with a few words expressing appreciation of the accomplishments of the football team this year.

A group of six of the Peppers, Lucille Mooney, Golda Jameson, Edna Baird, Avis Haskell, Hazel Fletcher, and Adell Stone, sang several snappy songs showing their enthusiasm.

The Rev. D. H. Truhitte was the principal speaker of the morning, and he used as the subject of a very entertaining talk "The Benefits of Education."

Principal R. B. Fisher, accompan-

ied by Joe Strother at the piano and Prof. Schick playing the violin and two of Prof. Schick's compositions, "Morning Glories Bloom for You," and "Sweetheart of Mine." The songs were much applauded.

Captain Edward Herlacher thanked the Peppers for their support in the past games, and promised to win the Canyon game Saturday.

Miss Gene Campbell will leave today to spend the holidays in Lubbock.

Oscar Dial left today for Slaton, Lubbock and other points to spend the holidays.

Miss Euritha Henry and Miss Donnie Lee Stroop of Canyon are visiting in the homes of their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Isbell are visiting relatives in Oklahoma during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Ferguson are visiting relatives in Elk City, Oklahoma.

Mrs. M. L. Strange has returned from a three-week visit in Oklahoma City.

Miss Margaret Schmidt spent today in Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hobart returned today to their home in Canadian.

The Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Truhitte are the proud parents of a baby girl born November 21. They are receiving the congratulations of their many friends, and the young lady has been named Mary Ann Truhitte.

### Menus for the Family

BY SISTER MARY

**BREAKFAST**—Orange juice, cereal, cream, creamed dried beef on toast, graham and raisin muffins, milk, coffee.

**LUNCHEON**—Macaroni and chicken ramikins, lettuce sandwiches, prune whip with custard sauce, milk tea.

**DINNER**—Lamb stew, baked squash, endive salad, apple tapioca pudding, milk, coffee.

The ramikins suggested in the luncheon menu use up any chicken that may have been left from the roast chicken served two dinners before. This time of year a left-over can often be kept until the third day, making it seem much less like a left-over.

#### Macaroni and Chicken Ramikins

One-half cup broken macaroni, 1-2 to 1 cup minced chicken, 1 egg, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon paprika, 2-3 cup milk, 1-4 teaspoon parsley salt.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Chop with the chicken in chopping bowl. Beat egg until very light with salt, paprika and milk. Add macaroni and chicken and parsley salt and mix thoroughly. Turn into buttered ramikins. Place the molds on several thicknesses of paper in a dripping pan. Surround with boiling water, cover with buttered paper and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. The timbales should be firm to the touch in the center when done. Unmold on a large hot platter and pour a rich tomato sauce or cheese sauce. Use a stock made from the bones of the chicken for the liquid in either sauce.

### Keep Out!



Timbales of the zoo, in wool, adorn pockets, shoulders and hats these days. Here's a colorful tiger guarding a pocket!

## Modes of the Moment



A crepe georgette dress by Cyber in three tones of rose has overlapping and diamond-shaped tabs of the material arranged in vertical bands on the wrist. The skirt is slightly flaring and the fore-sleeves are full and gathered into a tight cuff. On the skirt the tabs are placed in pyramid effect.

### Dress for High School Girls Is Difficult Matter

HOUSTON, Nov. 23—High school girls should wear simple, becoming clothing which will emphasize their personal charm, rather than attempt to make it by frilly ruffles and laces, according to Miss Mamie Lee Hayden, clothing specialist of the extension service, Agricultural and Mechanical college of Texas.

The carrying mark of the lipstick should be conspicuous by its absence and elaborate and expensive habiliments should be taboo, Miss Hayden said during a classroom discussion of what the high school girl should wear in the school rooms.

"Now," said Miss Hayden, "is the girl's opportunity to express her individuality through intelligent selection of her clothes and thus enhance her personal charm and attractiveness."

It's a problem, however, Miss Hayden admitted. For one thing, she said, the high school girl is at an awkward age, made more awkward by the difficulty of selecting suitable apparel. Her growing interest in clothes must be satisfied in a sensible way, Miss Hayden said, yet her awkwardness must be taken care of. Five principal fundamentals should govern the planning of a wardrobe or the purchase of a dress, Miss Hayden pointed out. The age and coloring of the wearer, the occasion, her personality, and the matter of accepted standards for health, modesty, and economy were laid down as a guide.

The over dressed girl today does not come from a wealthy and cultured family, but rather she is one who wishes to create that impression, Miss Hayden said. Real charm and beauty are expressed by simplicity, she added.

"It is ridiculous to think a girl wearing a dainty organdy or silk dress to school," she said. Ruffles, laces, frills and delicate materials do not belong in the classroom. The school dress gets hard wear and this demands that it be simple, conservative and durable. A serviceable garment may be just as attractive as any other.

School girls should be dressed suitable to their ages. Otherwise

### Social Calendar

El Progresso club will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. G. C. Walstad with Mrs. W. L. Woodward continuing as leader.

The Baptist circles of the W. M. U. will meet as follows Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock: Circle one with Mrs. T. B. Solomon, Circle two with Mrs. J. C. Barnard, Circle three with Mrs. R. W. Wild, and Circle four with Mrs. Curtis Clem.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a food sale Wednesday at 10 o'clock in Woodward and Lane's grocery.

The ladies of the Methodist church will serve a Thanksgiving dinner Thursday at the church.

The Friday 13 Bridge club will meet Friday afternoon at 2:30 in the home of Mrs. Clyde Fathenes.

they are apt to suggest caricatures. A young girl who dresses beyond her years looks equally foolish.

"The clear, dark skinned girl can wear most any color while the sallow, light haired girl should avoid blue and purple.

"The short girl should avoid horizontal bands of any kind as this tends apparently to shorten her height. The extremely thin girl will find her dress more pleasing with some horizontal effects. Girls with round shoulders should avoid large collars as they will further accentuate this defect. Clothes that follow closely the lines of the body are not good for the girl with a curve in her back. Avoid fads in shoes of any kind and forget the high-heeled type. Chiffon hose is inappropriate for an occasion except afternoon or evening wear.

"Powder and very little rouge may be used by the school girl, but never use a lipstick.

"A girl's character is reflected in the neatness of her clothing, the cleanliness of her person and the tidiness of her hair."

Charles C. Cook was a Panhandle visitor today.

Scott Barcus left for Dallas this afternoon for the holiday and will attend the S. M. U. and T. C. U. football game Thursday.

Mrs. D. G. Dillard of Shreveport has returned to her home after a visit here at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. A. Dennison.

### OFFICER KILLED WHILE CHASING CHICAGO GANG

(By Associated Press) CHICAGO, Nov. 23—Detective Sergeant Thomas Lynch today was seriously wounded when the car in which he and other officers were chasing a car occupied by gangsters collided, causing a pistol one of the officers to discharge. The gangsters escaped.

### FORD DEALERS CALLED TO OKLAHOMA CITY BRANCH

Tom Rose, local Ford dealer, has been called to a meeting of dealers to be held in Oklahoma City Friday.

A dinner will be held at 6 o'clock, and the marketing of the new Ford car will be discussed. A definite announcement on the new automobile is expected to be made at the meeting.

The meeting of the El Progresso club was postponed until Tuesday of next week. The meeting will be held with Mrs. G. C. Walstad, with Mrs. W. L. Woodward continuing as leader.

H. G. Twiford returned last night from a business trip to Fort Worth.

## B & C COFFEE SHOP

T. W. Copeland

J. E. Taylor

### THANKSGIVING DINNER

\$1.25

\$1.25

Served from 11:45 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

- Soup, Cream of Chicken
- Baked Young Turkey Hen, Oyster Stuffing
- Snow Flake Potatoes
- Cranberry Sauce
- Asparagus Tips
- Apple and Celery Salad
- Pumpkin Pie
- Fruit Pudding, Hard Sauce
- Salted Almonds
- Choice of Drinks
- Relish, Celery Hearts
- Candied Sweet Potatoes
- Spiced Beets
- Hot Mince Pie

### OUR THANKS—

We have many things to be thankful for in the past.

We want to especially thank the people of Pampa for their liberal patronage.

### NO-D-LAY CLEANERS

(First Door West of Post Office)

C. L. NANCE, Mgr.

### MOM'N POP

Their Idea of It

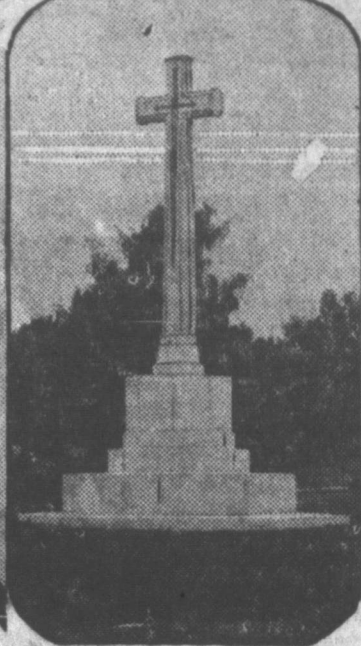
By TAYLOR



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1927 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.



### Canada Honors U. S. Volunteers



A new monument (right) at Arlington cemetery, presented by Canada, commemorates Americans who died in the Canadian army in the world war. Vincent Massey (left), Canadian minister to the United States, unveiled the shaft on Armistice Day.

WASHINGTON—A monolithic cross of granite, six times the height of a tall man and fabled with a superimposed crusader's sword, was unveiled Armistice day near the tomb of the unknown soldier in Arlington national cemetery as a memorial to United States citizens who enlisted in the Canadian expeditionary force early in the world war. Vincent Massey, the Canadian minister here, unveiled the monument; Col. the Hon. J. L. Ralston made the address of presentation, and Secretary Davis of the war department accepted it on behalf of the United States.

### Florida Gets Farrell for Winter



Johnny Farrell, who won six open tournaments in less than a month this year, is going to spend the winter in Florida. He has accepted "pro" position in St. Augustine, Fla. Farrell probably will represent his club in the winter tournaments in Dixie.

### Women Jockeys Thrice Win Race

NEWMARKET, England—Women jockeys are making the most of the only English race open to them. For the third time in its 262 years, a woman rider has won the Newmarket Town Plate, a race established by King Charles II. All three starters were ridden by women, another record.

Miss D. Saunders of Epsom, on Fair Toy, a seven-year-old horse trained by herself and owned by her father, was the victor. It was her race, although she has competed in gymkhanas and rides to hounds regularly.

Miss Iris Rickaby, an actress and winner last year, was second, riding Major R. Ratcliffe's Happy Greeting. The other rider, Miss Eileen Joel, daughter of Solly Joel, wealthy South African racehorse owner, rode W. Earl's Hogles on which she won the Town Plate in 1925, the first time a woman took the event.

The Newmarket Town Plate is the oldest event on the turf and is the only event in which women may ride. The course is four miles and the race is run annually to preserve certain heath rights.

### SECOND CARLOAD OF MAYTAG MACHINES HERE

The Pampa Maytag Shop is unloading today the second carload of Maytag washing machines which have been shipped to Pampa within 30 days. The car contains 75 machines, making a total of more than 300 which have come to Pampa since the Maytag Shop opened here in June.

The local Maytag sales force has just closed the greatest campaign in Maytag history. Geo. P. Woodbury, manager, with three of his salesmen, were recently given a banquet and considerable praise at a meeting in Dallas.

G. C. MALONE Ambulance Service. Phone 181.

### Motorist on 16,000-Mile Trip From England to Australia

FOLKESTONE, England—A 16,000 mile journey by automobile from England to Australia has been started for the first time by an Australian.

Francis Birtyes, who is well-known in Australia as a motorist, explorer and the "king" of a native tribe, has covered 300,000 miles by various means of locomotion and holds the record for the "round-Australia" journey.

Driving a 14 horsepower car, he is following the route from Folkestone through Boulogne, Paris, Strassburg, Vienna, Belgrade, Sofia, Greece, Syria, Iraq, the Persian and Baluchistan deserts to India, Calcutta, Burma, Siam and Malay Peninsula, shipping from Sourabaya to Port Darwin and thence to Melbourne.

Birtyes was wearing a leather coat, goggles and a leather helmet, but when he gets into warmer parts he will drive in a canvas coat and then gradually shed his clothes as it gets hotter.

LET'S GO

## BIG THANKSGIVING DANCE

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 24

Roxana, Texas

Dancing From 9 p. m. to 1 a. m.

Everyone Invited

Sponsored By

### CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

# BILLY EVANS Says

Star is Often Overlooked  
Many an All-American football candidate is often overlooked simply because the college he attends lacks national prestige.

Recently in discussing this phase of football, I stressed the fact that geographical location had much to do with putting a star over in a big way.

Athletes attending a college located close to the bigger cities of the United States, unquestionably have a much better chance to become famous.

I offered Spears of Vanderbilt as an example of a truly great player who was being lost in the shuffle, simply because he was playing in a southern city, far removed from the big news centers.

With the standard of excellence generally existing, it is still an easy matter to pass up some star, simply because he is playing on a college team but little known nationally.

No football writer can see over 10 games during the season, therefore in passing judgement on all sections of the country, he must be guided by expert advice.

### Lavish Praise for Hunt

Recently I received a mighty interesting letter from one of the leading football authorities of Texas, giving me some mighty interesting and valuable data on the grid game in that section.

While they have played mighty good football in Texas for years, several of the leading elevens are for the first time receiving the consideration due them.

My Texas operatives for whom I have the greatest respect relative to the ability of players and teams, writes me thusly:

"If there was ever an All-American football player, Joel Hunt of the Texas Aggies is that person. He is the greatest player the Lone Star state has ever turned out and don't forget Bo McMillan and Bennie Boynton, two All-America selections of other years, hailed from this state."

If Joel Hunt is a better player than Bo McMillan I am willing to go on record as saying that no All-America would be complete without him.

### Boasts Remarkable Record

"Stop Joel Hunt was the slogan of Southern Methodist University, that

had previously defeated the great Missouri team 32-9 and had also trimmed Texas 14-0, which team had previously defeated Vanderbilt," continues my Texas grid sleuth.

"Despite the various defenses for Hunt, all he did was gain a trifle over 400 yards. His punts averaged close to 50 yards and were so placed not one of them was run back. He featured in an easy victory scored over S. M. U. in one of the biggest upsets of the year.

"I believe he is the best passer in the game today. He is equally brilliant as a running back and unlike most stars in that respect he is a great blocker when some one else is handling the ball.

"In his first six games this year, Hunt gained better than 1200 yards against the most formidable opposition in the southwest."

All of which leads one to believe that Joel Hunt is the ideal football player without a single weakness in his game.



The latest European contender for Gene Tunney's title to arrive in the United States is John "Cyclone" Van Humbeck, a 203-pound heavyweight from Belgium. Tommy Burns, former champion, is his manager.

A Merry Christmas

EXPRESS IT WITH APPROPRIATE GREETING CARDS

We have in stock a large supply of Christmas and New Year greeting cards for your selection. We have the card for your personal use, for your business and for your company.

You will like the wide variety of sizes, prices and messages. See them soon and get your choice.

PAMPA DAILY NEWS

Deferred Payments You'll Never Miss

For homes without electricity, the Maytag is available with in-built gasoline motor

## We are unloading the second carload of Maytags in 30 days!

DUE TO THE OVERWHELMING DEMAND FOR THE FAMOUS MAYTAG IN THE PAMPA TERRITORY WE HAVE BEEN FORCED TO ORDER THIS SECOND CARLOAD. ANOTHER CAR FOLLOWING.

Let Us Demonstrate a Machine in Your Home—It's Free and You'll Cherish the Day This New Maytag Was Delivered

See, right in your own home, how much faster, easier and cleaner the Maytag will wash your clothes.

See it wash even collars, cuffs and neckbands spotlessly clean without hand-rubbing. Remember, if the Maytag doesn't sell itself, don't keep it.

# The Maytag Shop

Phone 99 West Foster Ave.

When in Amarillo Park Your Car at Corner 7th and Tyler St. Heart of shopping District. T. & W. FILLING & PARKING STATION. M. N. Twaddell F. A. Dimick J. Roger Wilkinson

FOR SALE Anyone buying a New Hudson car can save \$100 by calling PHONE 273



# The Blazing Horizon

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BY ERNEST LYNN

the evening." Craig pushed back his big hat and scratched his head. "Now that man Harrison sort of captures my interest. He's a gentleman, whatever he is. I'll be darned if I don't like him."

The bantam rooster of a cowboy was balancing his newfound lady friend on one knee while on the other he rested the hand holding his six-shooter and pumped bullets in the floor. Mag Woods herself bore down on him, but before she could round up the celebrant he had flung his arm up with a loud "Whoopee!" and fired in the air. The bullet rang against the iron plate protecting the musicians. The music stopped suddenly and the fiddler stuck his head out and looked wrathfully down.

"If you-all don't quit that damn foolishness down there," he threatened, "you ain't gonna have no orchestra, I'm havin' trouble enough gettin' hold of good guitar players and you've plumb ruined two of them in the last month."

He was greeted with loud jeers. The bantam rooster mounted a table and started a speech. "I'm leaving," Gordon Lillie announced after a while.

Down the street he encountered the pathetic figure of Jeff Harrison's son, Anthony. He was waiting outside the Big Buffalo. Despite the timidity he always felt at approaching the proud little fellow, Gordon spoke to him. "Waiting for your daddy, Tony?"

The boy nodded and turned away. Lillie smiled at this evidence of an independent spirit and entered the saloon.

The place was blue with tobacco smoke. The professional drone of lookout and croupier rose above the voices of those packed around the roulette layout; nearby was a faro bank and close to the door five men sat at a table playing poker. Lillie caught himself with a start as he recognized one of the players as Tom Benton and another as Jeff Harrison. Benton was in his usual bad temper. The pile of chips in front of him was small and as Lillie watched he flung down his hand and glared at Harrison.

"Wish I was as lucky as some people," he cried.

Something in the man's tone, ugly, imputative, struck harshly on Harrison's ear. Without changing expression, he said, "If it's not your night you can quit, you know." He stacked the chips in front of him, adding them to his already numerous neat piles.

"I'm not quittin'," Benton declared surlily.

"Luek's bound to change, Tom," a man behind him said. It was one of his companions of the restaurant.

Lillie walked away from the table, glad somehow that Jeff Harrison was winning. He watched the faro game for a while, but his interest lagged and the restless feeling with him would not subside. His eyes roved about the saloon. It was doing a thriving business. Men lined the bar two deep. The place rang with laughter and loud talk.

"Say, when's Caldwell gonna get another marshal?"

"Don't know," said the bartender. "They seem to have some difficulty stayin' alive. Yu want the job?"

Gordon Lillie turned away with a smile. A lawless place, this Caldwell, yet something stirred in him as he contemplated the scene about him. Adventure was in his blood and here it was in the raw.

He stopped again at Harrison's table, taking his place behind Benton. Jeff Harrison was dealing and as Benton picked up his cards, one by one, Lillie felt something akin to a shiver creep up his spine. Benton had picked up four jacks. He saw the man's wrists stiffen; then Benton leaned back in his chair, assuming nonchalance, but with a wary eye on Harrison, almost directly opposite.

The player on Benton's right tossed a solitary chip in the center. Benton raised, not for the limit of five dollars as Lillie had expected, but for two. They all stayed. Benton lay back again and watched the draw with slitted eyes, his gaze never once leaving Harrison's hands as the handsome, dark-eyed gambler dealt.

The man on Harrison's left took one card, the opener three. Benton said, "Deal to the next man," when Harrison paused in front of him. The next player whistled. "Pat!" he exclaimed. "Give me three cards."

"Dealer takes three," announced

Harrison in an even voice. "I'll let the pat hand do the betting," remarked the opener. Benton shoved some chips in the center. "Five dollars."

The man on his left threw in his hand. Harrison, however, to Lillie's surprise, tossed in ten dollars' worth of chips.

A pleased light crept into Benton's narrowed eyes, as he watched the other players drop. His hand trembled as it fondled his chips. "Your five and five better."

Harrison's eyes were dark, expressionless pools. Once more he raised. Benton's stack was almost depleted. He fumbled at his belt and brought forth a little sack, from which he poured some gold pieces. "I'd like," he said, "to buy some more chips, and if you," indicating Harrison, "ain't got any objections, I'd like to raise the limit."

Harrison inclined his dark head. "You can remove it completely if you like."

At the sight of the little sack, Benton's companions, both of whom stood near Lillie's, exchanged a quick warning look. Benton smiled. "Ain't no use buyin' chips. Here," counting out the gold pieces, "is my pile. There's five hundred there. If you want to call it you kin. If it's too much for you, you might want to call part of it." Contempt edged his voice.

"I'm calling all of it," Harrison said quietly, and for just one fleeting second a look of alarm crept into the slitted gray eyes of Tom Benton. Then, slowly, he spread his hand on the table. "Four jacks," he said.

Harrison, exposing his own hand, said quietly, "Mine's higher." He held four kings.

The tableau held for a moment; then occurred the drama that Gordon Lillie was not to forget as long as he lived. Benton looked at Harrison's cards, amazement and incredulity written in his face. Then he transferred his gaze to his successful opponent, who was raking in the money and chips. His face clouded; with a loud bang he crashed his huge fist on the table. Harrison looked up inquiringly, a slight smile playing on his lips, and the smile goaded Benton to fury.

"I said a little while back," he uttered, trying to keep his voice level, "that I wished I had some people's luck. I'm not so sure it's luck." He flexed his arms and glared at the other.

Harrison paused in the act of gathering in the stacks. "I'm not so sure I know what you mean," he said, calmly.

Benton laughed mockingly, at the same time rising and backing away from the table. "You dealt and drew three cards. Ask anyone in here what chance a man has of making fours by drawing to a pair."

A red flush stained the gambler's handsome face. Other than that there was no sign of emotion. Quietly he looked into Benton's eyes, and Gordon Lillie's heart sank. He knew instinctively that Benton's hand had closed about the butt of a six-shooter the moment he had folded his arms. If Harrison made a threatening move it meant his death. Didn't Harrison know it?

He started to cry out as he saw Harrison's hand go toward his left breast, but in the same moment he heard a boyish voice behind him and was sure that Tony Harrison had come in. At the sound of the boy's "Daddy!" Harrison's eyes wavered. In that instant Benton fired.

(To Be Continued.)

Men quarrel and kill in Caldwell and ride south to No Man's Land. Read the next chapter.

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## Trouble Makes Whole World Kin; Red Cross Knows No Boundaries



**N**OW Tell Mother." is precisely what the world does to the Red Cross when trouble comes. An earthquake in Japan, a flood in the United States, a typhoon in the West Indies—the Red Cross is first to learn about it and to soothe the ravages of disaster with relief. Miss Catherine Lewis, formerly on the National staff of the Red Cross, has deftly symbolized the role of the Red Cross in the above sketch.

Most of the world's disasters the past year were centered in the United States. The great floods in the Mississippi valley headed the list of 77 major catastrophes. More than 600,000 refugees were dependent upon the Red Cross for food, shelter and clothing, 149 refugee camps were established, and scores of volunteer nurses and doctors waged war on disease. Fourteen other disasters called for re-

lief during the Mississippi flood. Ordinarily the others would have commanded the attention of the Nation, but they were dwarfed by the havoc done by the Father of Waters. In the meantime twenty foreign lands found themselves in distress through no fault of theirs. They appealed to the Red Cross and help was forthcoming.

Disaster relief has overshadowed the every day activities of the Red Cross owing to the publicity it has produced. Notwithstanding the burden of providing relief on an unprecedented scale, the Red Cross, through its 3500 Chapters throughout the country, has vigorously pushed its regular program.

The eleventh annual membership roll call will be held as usual from Armistice day to Thanksgiving. Five million members is the goal and the Red Cross confidently expects that many.

### Cattle and Lambs Higher; Hogs Are Lower in Market

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 23—A sharp drop in receipts and the fact that the rains later this week will be curtailed by the general holiday, Thanksgiving, gave the market a

strong turn and prices ruled strong to 25 cents higher. Nothing with outstanding finish was offered. Some choice heavy steers sold up to \$16.75. Trade in stockers and feeders was active at strong prices. Lamb prices were 15 to 25 cents above last week's close, best lambs selling up to \$13.85. Hog prices were off another dime and in a new low position

for the season.

Receipts Monday were 15,000 cattle, 6,500 hogs and 5,000 sheep, compared with 25,000 cattle, 7,000 hogs and 7,000 sheep a week ago, and 19,650 cattle, 9,200 hogs and 6,150 sheep a year ago.

With 10,000 fewer cattle here than a week ago and the smallest supply on any Monday since June the market ruled strong to 25 cents higher. The supply was short of demand and on that account buyers tried to hold the advance down by reducing their orders. There was a good Eastern demand. Unless receipts increase the supply of fat cattle will not meet requirements. The few good to choice steers here sold at \$13.50 to \$16.75 and fair to good kinds \$11.50 to \$13.50. Grass fat steers, plain to fair quality of southern origin brought \$9 to \$11. Cows and heifers were stronger with trade active. Colorado grass fat heifers sold up to \$10 and grass cows up to \$10. Canners and cutter cows brought \$5 to \$6 and fed cows sold up to \$9.50 with fed heifers \$12.50. Veal calves were stronger; bulls were 15 cents higher.

In proportion to total receipts of cattle the supply of stockers and

feeders was fairly large. Trade was active and prices ruled strong. Choice Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas yearling stockers brought \$11 to \$11.50. Fleshy feeders sold up to \$12.50.

Hog prices broke 10 cents below last week's close and into a new low position for the season. Eastern markets are having heavy runs while receipts at Missouri river points have been relatively small, consequently Eastern prices are relatively low. Today the 190 to 325 pound hogs sold at \$8.75 to \$9.10; 140 to 185 pounds \$8.25 to \$8.75; packing sows \$7 to \$8; stock hogs and pigs \$8 to \$9. Receipts here the rest of the week will be small.

Lambs were quoted 15 to 25 cents higher and sheep up 10 to 15 cents. Runs have been unusually small due to the fact that the range movement is over, and fed sheep have not started to come. Today fed lambs sold at \$13.25 to \$13.85; ewes \$6 to \$6.25. Yearlings are quoted at \$9.50 to \$11 and wethers \$7.25 to \$8.25.

Trade in horses and mules shows no material change. Prices are holding firm.

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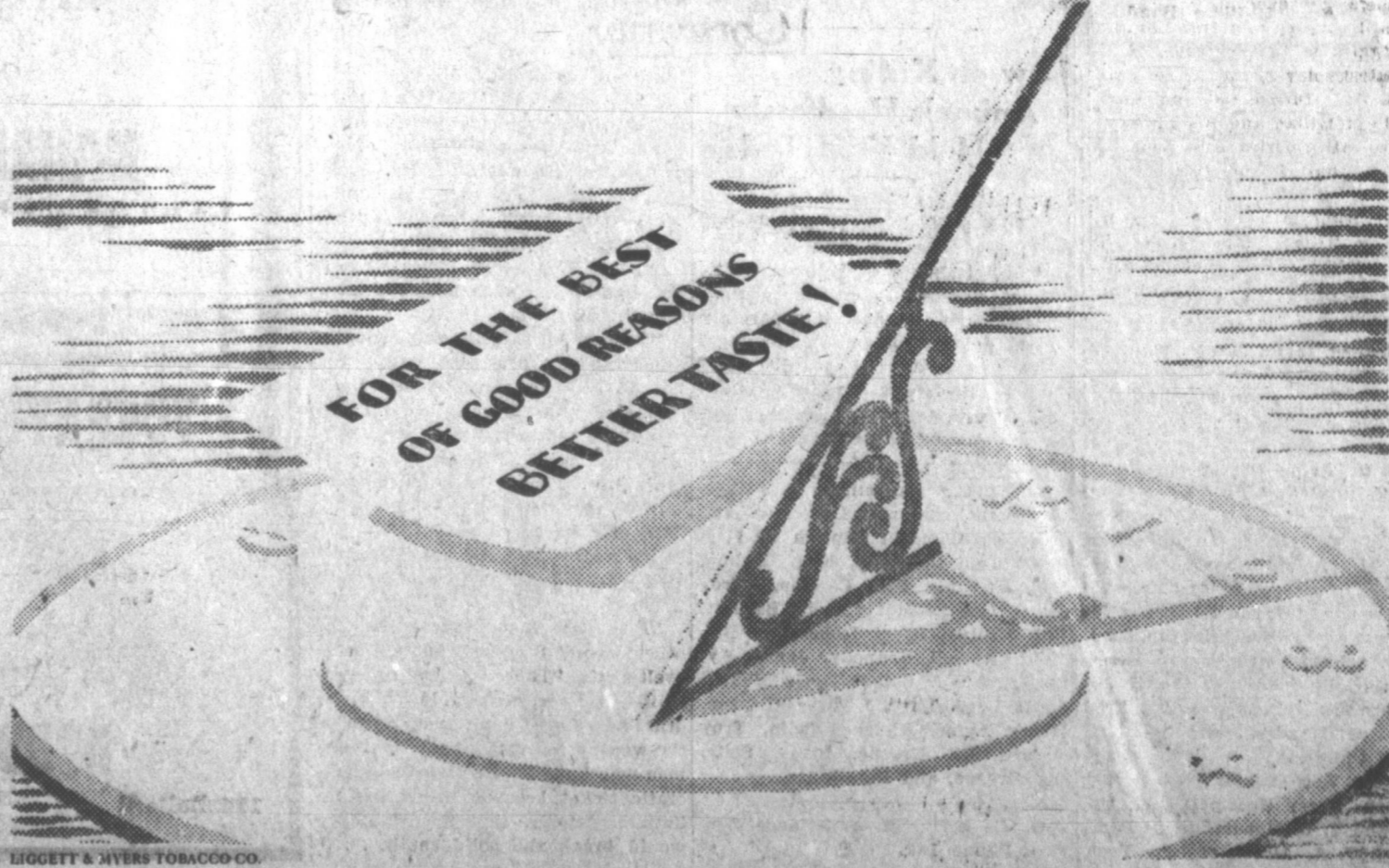
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**Seek Fame in the Films**



Three wee, fair seekers after fame in the films are pictured here. Left to right they are Claudette, Claudine and Angela Mawby, whose parents brought them from England with a view to Hollywood contracts. They were photographed in New York.

**Chain Letter Is Halted by Banker**

(By Associated Press)  
NEW YORK, Nov. 23—Phillip Tucker, Boston banker who started a chain letter petition to draft President Coolidge in the presidency in 1928 today issued a statement requesting that all work on his plan cease immediately.  
Tucker denied printed reports that Frank Sterns, the president's close friend, had endorsed the chain letter plan.

**Britain Hopes for Naval Limitation**

(By Associated Press)  
LONDON, Nov. 23—The British government is reluctant to lay down any more 10,000-ton cruisers at the present, in the hope that naval limitation may yet be reached. W. G. Bridgeman, first lord of the admiralty, told the House of Commons today.

**Hundreds Attend Carter Funeral**

Jacob Stowers Carter was buried at Fair View cemetery yesterday following services at the Baptist church conducted by the Rev. D. H. Truhitte and the Rev. James Todd, Jr.  
The funeral services were in charge of the Pampa Masonic lodge of which Mr. Carter was a member. Hundreds of friends packed the church for the service.  
The pallbearers were E. S. Graves, Tom Rose, C. S. Barrett, Jim King, Neil McCullough and W. C. de Cordova.

**Jud H. Wilson Dies Here After a Brief Illness**

Judge H. Wilson died at his home here Tuesday morning at 1:30 o'clock after a brief illness. He was 57 years old.  
Mr. Wilson has been a prominent farmer for the past 17 years since moving to Pampa from Elida, Kan. He was well known and held in high regard by his friends and associates in Pampa and the surrounding country.  
Judge Wilson is survived by three daughters, Mrs. E. G. Belringer and Mrs. A. C. Long of Pampa; Mrs. George Inman of Sherman, and Ethel; Pearl and LaVera Wilson, at home; and three sons Harry, Harold and Roy, all of Pampa.  
Funeral arrangements are awaiting the arrival of brother and sister.

**Body Sent to Oklahoma**

The body of R. D. Nuttle of Skellytown, who was killed by a Santa Fe engine near Skellytown Monday morning, was sent to Jennings, Okla., for burial yesterday. Funeral services will be held this afternoon.

**Roosevelt Fought Temper, Editor Says**

NEW YORK—Theodore Roosevelt was keenly aware of his explosive temperament and sought often to master it, but he did not conquer it until he had left the White House and had gone to the African desert to hunt big game, Henry L. Stoddard, former editor and publisher of the New York Mail, writes.  
He tells the story, as Roosevelt told it to him, in his volume, "As I Knew Them, From Grant to Coolidge," to appear Nov. 15.

**Law on Killing Animals Needlessly Held Void Today**

(By Associated Press)  
AUSTIN, Nov. 23—The state law making needless killing of an animal a misdemeanor was held unconstitutional by the Court of Criminal Appeals today because it apparently is not definite enough in language.  
The court reversed and dismissed the case of Frank Ghadr, who appealed from a \$10 fine assessed under the law in Lavaca county.

City: R. C. Campbell, R. B. Fisher, Verde Dickey, Oscar Dial, and the team, composed of Captain Ed Herlacher, Tom Robinson, Ken Bishop, Bill Williams, Sam Carlton, Troy Stalls, Don Saulsbury, Allie Barnett, Bob Mullen, Skeet Roberts, Bob Kahl, Russell Kennedy, James Ayres, Archie Walstad, Merle McFarland, Loyd Mason, Tom Clayton, Henry Ayres, Elmer Hardin, Troy Maness, Bill Greene, Jones Seitz, Doc Greene, and Don Jones.  
G. C. MALONE Ambulance Service. Phone 181.

**OUT OUR WAY**

—By Williams



felt that if I could do that I would be doing a great service for the country. Smash the south's solidarity once and it will be over forever. . . . It was one real temptation to run again.  
"I have been a crusader here. I have been a destructive force. . . . The conscience of business had to be aroused, the authority of government over big as well as small had to be asserted, I think I've done it. I didn't use a feather duster. I knew I had to hit hard—and be hit hard in return."

is retarding her career as a poet in her own right.  
Now her friends accuse her of copying her illustrious grand uncle's style. Margaret says this is not true because it was only a year ago that she began reading the poet's works.

**Girl Poet Retarded by Tennyson's Name**  
CARDIFF, Wales, Nov. 23—Audrey Margaret, Tennyson, grand niece of England's great poet laureate, finds that her famous name

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**FOOTBALL**  
praise of the sportsmanship and fight of the Pampa team, and predicted a championship for Pampa.  
Supt. R. C. Campbell told of the good work of the team in its studies and how proud the faculty is of the men.  
Prof. Fisher thanked the Rotary club for its support of the team and extended in invitation to members to visit the school and chapel.  
Coaches Dickey and Dial said they are proud of the team, and stated that the Rotary club was instrumental in giving the boys a good start this fall by supporting the training camp on the Canadian river.  
Captain Ed Herlacher thanked the Rotary club for its support and backing early in the season and the support given the team in all games. He predicted a win over Canyon, but expects a hard battle.  
Visiting Rotarians at the luncheon were Jim Oakes Amarillo, Fred Hobart of Canadian, and W. M. Hale of Childress.  
Visitors were L. M. West, Roy McMillan, Harry Hoare, D. W. Osborne and T. D. Hobart, all of Pampa, and W. A. Alcock of New York

**Groups Named to Organize Country Club in Pampa**  
More than 25 enthusiastic members of the Pampa Golf Club and their friends met at the Chamber of Commerce rooms last night and discussed the formation of a Country club for Pampa. All were enthusiastic and were of the opinion that a club can be formed here.  
A committee was appointed to approve locations for the proposed club and another committee was appointed to plan the construction of a golf course.

**Doctors Help Nurse in Clinic**  
Miss Jewell Lovelace, Pampa independent school nurse, and Drs. Martin, Hunter, McKean, Wild and Purviance conducted a free clinic for 40 students of the B. M. Baker school at the Pampa hospital this morning.  
The school nurse has made an examination of the pupils of the Baker school, and has made a report to the parents.  
This morning pupils who need medical treatment were examined by local doctors and a report of the examinations will be sent to the parents. Special care has been taken with regard to tonsils, adenoids, eyes, and contagious diseases.

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**FOR RENT**  
BOARD AND ROOM, \$12 per week. Mrs. Fitzgerald, 609 East Kingsmill, also two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 145 19-3p  
FOR RENT—Sleeping rooms. One block north of school on Frost St. in former De Graffenreid house. 19-4p  
FOR RENT—One light housekeeping apartment; two rooms, everything modern, couple without children. Inquire Dept. Drug Store. 19-5p  
FOR RENT—New two-room furnished cottages. \$8 per week \$30 per month FARMER, ION PARK, Miami Highway. 19-3p  
FOR RENT—Furnished room over private garage. Couple without children. Sleeping room for men in modern home southwest corner Francis and Gillispie. 19-4p  
FOR LEASE—Filling station at reasonable price, corner Tyne and Houston streets. Stock can be bought cheap. Will take Pampa Real estate instalment. Call 96 or 189-J 19-4f  
HOTEL MARIE—Best rooms in the city. A few rooms available for regulars at moderate rentals. Now is the time to secure comfortable winter quarters. Phone 329, Geo. W. Jeffords, Mgr. 18-5c  
FOR RENT—Two-room cottages with garage. Cross railroad at Schneider Hotel, lot to first street east go south to end of Sauer-ville. Latham Cottages. 11-90p

**WANTED**  
WANTED—Mothers helper part or all of each day. Apply small white house 1 and 1-2 blocks south of football field. 20-3p  
WANTED—Beauty operator, only skilled operator need apply Address Box 446, Pampa. 20-3p  
WANTED—Woman to work in mess hall. Apply Humble Oil camp. 19-3p

**FOR SALE**  
FOR SALE—Dressed Hogs two miles east on highway 33. No checks accepted. R. E. Mitchell 21-4p  
FOR SALE—Kitchen cabinet, almost new 15th house south of Jones-Everett Machine Shop. Mrs. Smith 21-5p  
FOR SALE—Young bulls. H. B. Lovett, Pampa, Texas, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. 19-50p  
FOR SALE—German Police pup. A. K. C papers. Two blocks east, one north Pennant filling Station. Phone 576-J. Bishop. 17-3p  
FOR SALE—Business property. Now leased for year. Reasonable terms on this profitable investment. Box 998, Pampa. 19-3p  
FOR SALE—Modern five-room house with garage and servant room. Located at 806 Somerville. Can be bought at a bargain with reasonable payment down. Phone 243. 7-4f  
FOR SALE—About 200 June-hatched white Leghorn pullets, Tansred strain. John Love, Mohavette. 20-3p  
FOR SALE—South Main Street business lot, clear, will trade for small house. Box 521. 20-3p  
FOR SALE—Good three room house and lot. 28x104. Best buy in town, \$650; terms. Inquire at White's Filling Station. South side. James S. Neely 20-3p

**MISCELLANEOUS**  
AURORA CONE and Paintex painting demonstrated and taught free every day in the week at Art and Gift Shop 18-3c

**LOST AND FOUND**  
LOST—On Pampa Street Clarinet name Ruth Noel in box. Reward for return to J. G. Noel Phone 8097F21 21-3p  
LOST—Boston screw tail bull dog, white front legs, white breast and half ring around neck, answers to name of "Lucky." D. C. Wilson, Texan hotel. 18-3p  
FOUND—Watch at Pampa Athletic club, Monday. Owner see J. A. Bolan, Box 96 and pay for this ad. 20-3p