

THE WEATHER

West Texas: Tonight and Sunday unsettled; probably local showers in north and west portions; cooler in the Panhandle Sunday.

Wichita Daily Times

HOME EDITION

VOLUME XV.

PRICE 5c—PAY NO MORE

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1921.

NUMBER 78.

RUSSIA ACCEPTS TERMS OF U. S.

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE CONTAINED IN REPORT OF PRISON COMMITTEE

THE COMMITTEE FOUND Nearly every regulation and law of the penitentiary has been violated. That \$25,000 was paid for 260 mules worth only \$15,500. That \$125,000 was paid for the Fort Bend cotton oil mill, far above its worth.

AUSTIN, July 29.—That a law so that prison commissioners can be removed by trial be enacted and then such proceedings be instituted in the event of a conviction of a prison commissioner, from office because of his indifference and willful failure in discharge of his duties.

SIX PLEAD GUILTY TO CHARGE OF STAGING AN UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLY AMARILLO, TEXAS, July 30.—Six men charged with unlawful assembly pleaded guilty to the charge of staging an unlawful assembly.

ROCK CRUSHING PLANT. A rock crushing plant to be operated in conjunction with the highway department is recommended. The committee points out that they have given careful thought to the penitentiary system and are convinced that until a centralized system is adopted, mismanagement, brutalities and mistreatment of prisoners, and financial losses will continue.

PLUCKY WOMAN TELLS OF HER 8-DAY BATTLE FOR LIFE AFTER HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN FALL SPRAY FALLS, ALBERTA, July 30.—Mrs. William E. Stone, resting in an improved camp on Mount Eisenhower, described today how the shrill sound of her voice, caught up by the multitude of peaks and crags and re-echoing, saved her life after her husband, the president of Purdue university of Lafayette, Ind., had been killed and after she had lain eight days on a perilous ledge.

MAN LOSES BOTH LEGS WHEN HE FALL BENEATH KATY TRAIN AT DENISON DENISON, TEXAS, July 30.—Lonnie Harris whose home is in Arkansas, lost both legs when he fell beneath a Katy freight train near Bella this morning.

SPRAY FALLS, ALBERTA, July 30.—Mrs. William E. Stone, resting in an improved camp on Mount Eisenhower, described today how the shrill sound of her voice, caught up by the multitude of peaks and crags and re-echoing, saved her life after her husband, the president of Purdue university of Lafayette, Ind., had been killed and after she had lain eight days on a perilous ledge.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE INTERVIEWED CREATES BRITISH SENSATION

LONDON PRESS GIVES UNUSUAL ATTENTION TO THE CONTROVERSY. LITTLE ELSE IS TALKED IN THE POLITICAL CIRCLES. Northcliffe Papers Comment Only Briefly in the Editorial Columns.

LONDON, July 30.—The sensational and unprecedented incident of a British sovereign repudiating to parliament, through his prime minister statements attributed to him in a newspaper interview is given the greatest prominence in the entire British press this morning.

SAYS WANDERER'S ESCAPE WOULD BE A BLOW TO PUBLIC CONGRESS OF MEXICO IS NOT EXPECTED TO ACT ON ARTICLE 27 THIS TERM

DISCOVER FIRE AT HASKELL IN TIME TO SAVE BUILDING HASKELL, TEXAS, July 30.—Fire was discovered at 2:30 o'clock this morning on the roof of the Whittman building on the east side by A. N. Grinstead, proprietor of the Progressive shoe shop, who was sleeping in his place of business.

CLARENDON MAN TAKES FARMER'S SHORT COURSE CLARENDON, TEXAS, July 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hendrix left Friday evening for College Station, Mr. Hendrix will remain there to take the farmer's short course at A. and M. college, and Mrs. Hendrix will go to her home in Collinsville, Tenn., for a visit.

HOLD FUNERAL OF MAN KILLED IN FALL AT RULE HASKELL, TEXAS, July 30.—The funeral of Cammie B. Wright of Rule, who fell from a windmill tower yesterday morning and was killed, was held by Rev. C. A. Powell at the First Baptist church in that city this morning at 9:30 o'clock, after which he was buried in the Rule cemetery.

AMERICANS DETERIORATING—SAYS EDISON AFTER STUDYING JOB APPLICATIONS His Questionnaires Have Made Startling Revelations Concerning Present Mentality of Nation—For the FIRST TIME in an EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW with EDWARD MARSHALL which will appear in Sunday's Times THIS GREAT AMERICAN EXPLAINS HIS EFFORTS TO CLASSIFY WORKERS This Will Be ONLY ONE of a Number of HIGH CLASS SPECIAL FEATURES in the SUNDAY ISSUE of This Paper

TEXAS LEGISLATURE ENDORSES HARDING DISARMAMENT PLAN

RESOLUTIONS HAVE BEEN ADOPTED IN BOTH HOUSES AT AUSTIN. AUSTIN, July 30.—President Harding's plan calling a conference of nations to discuss the question of disarmament was endorsed in a house concurrent resolution by Representative John Davis of Dallas adopted in the Texas senate today.

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AMERICANS NOW HELD PRISONERS ARE TO BE RELEASED IMMEDIATELY IN COMPLIANCE WITH PROVISIONS THREE ARE ARRESTED IN CONNECTION WITH ALLEGED BOOZE DEAL

THREE CASES OF WHISKEY AND \$200 IN MONEY IS INVOLVED. DEMAND WHISKEY THEN ASK MONEY IS CHARGE. Alleged That Two of the Party Represented Themselves to Be Officers.

WOMAN NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT RELEASED. CLARENDON, TEXAS, July 30.—Dr. John W. Tyndall of Atlanta, Ga., has been having a revival here by the Christian church in a large tabernacle erected for the purpose.

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The Story of a Thief, One Hundred Thousand Dollars and a Girl FROM NOW ON By Frank L. Packard

THE STORY
Dave Henderson, a child of the streets who has grown to manhood in an atmosphere of luxury, confronts the big temptations of his life when Bookie Skarvan sends him to Martin K. Tydemann, his millionaire banker, to get \$100,000 to recoup bookmaking losses. During his long drive to San Francisco Dave ponders, over the wheel of the speeding automobile, the possibilities of stealing the \$100,000 and he determines to do it. He carefully arranges for an alibi at the Toole's rooming house, where he lives, even going so far as selecting a hiding place for the money, a dressed dummy. Then he slips out of the house and starts for Tydemann's.

MARTIN K. TYDEMAN'S house was on the hill. Dave Henderson smiled a little grimly at the airy lightness of the empty black bag in his hand. It would be neither as light nor as empty on the way back—if he had any luck! He pulled the slouch hat he was wearing a little farther down over his eyes. A man carrying a bag wasn't anything out of the ordinary, or anything to attract particular attention—he was much more concerned in avoiding the chance of personal recognition. And, anyway, the bag was a necessity. If the money, for instance, was in customary handed sheaves of banknotes, and loose, how else could he carry it? Not in his pockets—and he couldn't very well make a parcel of them in Tydemann's library! Of course, the bank might have made up a sealed package of the whole, but even then a sealed package would have to be kept out of sight.

The slouch hat was drawn down still a little lower, and by the less frequented streets Dave Henderson made his way along. At the expiration of some twenty minutes he had emerged, a block away, on the street upon which the millionaire's house stood. The hurried pace was gone now, and he dropped into a leisurely and nonchalant saunter. It was a very select neighborhood. There was little or no traffic, and the majority of the houses possessed, to a greater or less extent, their own grounds. Tydemann's house, for example, was approached by a short driveway that was flanked on both sides by a high and thick hedge. Dave Henderson nodded his head complacently. He had pictured that driveway a dozen times on the run up from Stockton, and particularly he had pictured that hedge! It was a most convenient hedge! And it was exceedingly thoughtful of Martin K. Tydemann, Esquire, to have provided it! If one crouched low enough there was nothing, unless some one were especially on the watch, to prevent one reaching the library windows at the side-rear of the house, and of accomplishing this without the slightest chance of being seen.

He was close to the driveway entrance now, and his eyes swept narrowly up and down the street. For the moment there appeared to be no one in sight, and, with a quick side-step, he slipped suddenly in from the street under the shelter of the hedge. He moved swiftly now, running, half bent over. It was a matter of but a few seconds—and now, darting across the driveway where it branched off to circle around to the front entrance, he gained the side wall of the house, and crouched, listening intently, beneath the window of the library.

A minute passed, another—there was no sound. He raised himself guardedly then to an upright position, pressing close against the wall, but keeping well back at one side of the window. The window was shoulder high, and now, digging forward inch by inch, he obtained a diagonal glance through the pane. The room, as far as he could see, for the portieres within were but partially drawn, was unoccupied. It was what he had counted upon. Tydemann, if the millionaire were following his usual custom, was at dinner, and the dining room was on the other side of the house. No one of the household, either family or servants, would ordinarily have any occasion to be in the library at this hour. Ordinarily! A glint came into the dark eyes, and the eyes narrowed as in a dogged, uncompromising challenge—and then the shoulders lifted in a debonair shrug. Well, that was the chance he took! He was gambling anyhow!

His fingers crept to the window sash and tested it quietly. It would not move. Whether it was locked above or not, he did not know—the slight pressure that he was able to exert from the outside was at least not sufficient to lift it—but the improvised steel jimmy would quietly remedy that defect. He worked hurriedly now. The Western summer evenings were long and it was still light, and every minute he stood there, was counting discovery.

The edge of the chisel slipped in between the sill and the window sash, and with the leverage the window was raised an inch or two. His question was answered.

It had not been locked at the top. And now his fingers came into play again—under the window sash. There was not a sound. The window went up easily and silently, and with a lithe, agile spring Dave Henderson swung himself up over the sill, dropped with a soft pad to the floor, and stood motionless, shrouded in one of the portieres.

The room was empty. The door leading from the library, he could see as he peered out, was closed. From the other side of the door, muffled, there came a laugh, the murmur of voices, indeterminate little sounds. The set, straight lips relaxed a little. The way was quite clear. The chances in his favor were mounting steadily. The family was undoubtedly at dinner.

He made no sound as he stepped quickly now across the room. The rich, heavy pile of the velvet rug beneath his feet deadened his footfalls. And now he reached the massive flat-topped desk that stood almost in the center of the room. It was the most likely place, the natural place, for Tydemann to leave the money. If it was not here—again there came that debonair shrug—well then, he would look further—upstairs in Tydemann's bedroom, if necessary—or anywhere else, if necessary. One thing only was certain, and that was that, having started on the job he would get the money, or they would get him—if he couldn't fight his way out. It was quite natural! Of course, he would do that! What else would

he do? He had always done that! He had been brought up to it, hadn't he? Win or lose—he had always played win or lose. Cold feet and hot hedging was piker stuff—and that was in Bookie Skarvan's line, too, not his!

Keen, alert, his ears were sensitive against the slightest external sound. He was gnawing now in a sort of grim impatience at his lower lip, as he pulled open the drawer after drawer. Strange how his mind worked! The slickest crook in the U. S. A. they had said he would make. Well, perhaps he would, but even so, it neither allured nor interested him. This was his first job—and his last. There was enough in this to see him through for the rest of his life. It wouldn't have been worth the risk otherwise, and he wouldn't have tackled it. Once East, and he could pretend to amass money little by little until no one would be surprised that he was worth \$100,000. That was the trouble with the bunch he knew! Some of them had brains, but they worked their brains overtime—on small stuff—and they had to come again—to keep the living expenses going—and soon—

or later they came once too often—and then it was the jug for theirs! He bent down suddenly to a lower drawer that was locked—the only one that he had found locked—and tried it open with the cold chisel.

"Sure!" said Dave Henderson impatiently under his breath. "I guess this looks like it—what? And all done up in a nice little package, too! Even more thoughtful of 'em than I had hoped!" He took out a parcel from the drawer. It was securely tied with stout cord, and heavily sealed with great blobs of red wax that bore a bank's impression. There could indeed be but little doubt concerning the contents; but Dave Henderson, nevertheless, made a slight opening in one end of the wrapping paper—and disclosed to view crisp bills of brand-new, yellowbacks.

He nodded pleasantly to himself, as he consigned the package to the little black handbag. It was what he had come for—and got—\$100,000. He closed the drawer, and knelt for an instant to examine it. Closed, it did not show enough of the chisel's work to attract attention; open, it at once became very apparent that the drawer had been forced. He smiled in satisfaction. That was exactly what he wanted! When, a little later, he drove up in Skarvan's car to the front door and requested the money, it was only then that it was likely to be missed for the first time; and certainly under such circumstances the last man on earth against whom any suspicion could arise would be himself. He had told himself that before. Well, why not repeat it? It was true, wasn't it?

He retreated to the window, lowered himself to the ground, and regained the street. The thing was done. He was in possession of \$100,000. There had not been the slightest difficulty or obstacle. He hummed an air under his breath as he went along. It had been very simple—more so even than he had expected. It had been almost tame!

DAVE HENDERSON lost no time on his return journey. Within some fifteen or twenty minutes after leaving the residence of Mr. Martin K. Tydemann, he slipped into the lane at the rear of the shabby house on the shabby street that he called his home, and entering the shed, closed the door softly behind him. Here, it was but the work of an instant to take the sealed package of banknotes from the black handbag, reach up, slide the package in through the little door of the old pigeon-cote, push the package over into one corner, cover it with the chaff and old straw with which relics of bygone days of occupancy the bottom of the pigeon-cote was littered, and to close the little door again.

He stooped then, and unlacing his shoes quietly, removed them. He had only one thing to guard against now, and his alibi was perfect. His possession of \$100,000 secure. Toole must not hear him entering the house. Toole must be morally convinced that he, Dave Henderson, had never left the house. As soon as he got back to his room again he would put on his shoes, call up Toole that he was going, and with the empty black handbag, get into his car and drive up to Martin K. Tydemann's!

"Some uproar!" confided Dave Henderson to himself. "When I ask old Martin K. to fill the lil' old bag, and he goes for the cash, there'll be—"



The car, like a mad thing, sprung into action, shot forward from the curb. A hand grasped at the car's side and was torn loose, its owner spinning like a top and pitching to the sidewalk.

it seemed as though it had come from his own room there along the hall.

And then he smiled sarcastically at himself, and began to creep forward again. He had complained of the whole thing being tame, and now he was getting an attack of nerves when he was all over! How could he have heard a lowered voice through the closed door of his room? It was a physical impossibility. And Toole, in any case, was not in the habit of talking to himself! Toole never talked to any one if he could help it. The man always seemed to be nursing a perennial grudge that he hadn't been born a mute!

Dave Henderson's smile broadened at his little conceit—and the next instant vanished entirely, as his lips compressed suddenly into a hard, straight line. He had halted for the second time, hugged now close against the wall. The door of his room was not closed, and it was not Toole—and it was not nerves. The door was slightly ajar, and the words came quite audibly; and the guard's voice had a haunting familiarity about it.

"Sure, I grabbed the train, an' Bookie, stalled on being able to get old Tydemann on the long-distance until after the train—an' me on it—was on our way. Tumble!"

Dave Henderson did not move. Into his face there had come, set in a grayish-whiteness, a look that mingled stunned amazement and a gathering fury. He had recognized that voice now—and in a flash, what that voice meant. It was Runty Mott, a miserable little red-haired rat of a rascouche tout and hanger-on. Runty Mott—Bookie Skarvan! He remembered very well indeed that Bookie Skarvan could not get Tydemann on the long distance until after the train was gone!

Another voice, chuckling in malicious ascent.

"Take it from me"—it was Runty Mott again—"Bookie Skarvan's got some head! Some head! He was wiped out all right, but I guess this puts him on 'Easy street' again. Fifty thousand for him, an' we split the rest. Bookie says to me, he says, 'If Dave goes an' gets that money, an' disappears afterward,' he says, 'it's a cinch, with the ragged reputation he's got, that he stole it, an' beat it for parts unknown, if he parts unknown,' he says, 'is a nice little mound of earth somewhere in the woods about six feet long an' four feet deep, due to Dave having collided with a blackjack, I guess the police'll be concluding after a while that Dave was smart enough to give 'em the slip an' get away with the coin for keeps. You grab the train for Frisco, Runty,' he says, 'an' wise up Baldy Vickers to what I say. You got a good two hours,' he says, 'to set the stage up there before Dave blows in.'"

Came that malicious chuckle again. "An' the poor boob went an' cracked the

crib himself!" ejaculated Runty Mott's companion—and chuckled once more.

"Sure!" said Runty Mott. "Bookie called the turn all right on the guy's reputation—he was born a crook. Well, it makes it all the easier, don't it? It might have been harder to get him when we wanted him if he'd just gone up there an' got the money on the level."

"As it is now, he's ducking his nut, trying to play innocent, an' he comes back here to make a nice fresh start up to old Tydemann's again. Only he didn't reckon on any one trailing him from the minute he got out of his car! I guess we got him—good Spike telephoned ten minutes ago that Dave was on his way back. If he comes in by the shed, the boys'll see he don't get out that way again; an' if he comes in by the front he'll get a peach of a welcome home! Tumble! This is where he croaks—an' no noise about it—an' you look out that you swing the lead so's you won't have to swing it twice. We can carry him out through the shed, an' get the mortal remains away in a car with no one the wiser." Runty Mott was checking now quite as maliciously as his companion. "Can't you get the headlines in the papers! 'Promising Young Man Succumbs to Temptation.' Say, it's the safest thing that was ever pulled, an'—"

He stopped suddenly. A low whistle sounded from the street in front. "Keep quiet!" cautioned Runty Mott. "He's coming in by the lane."

IT WAS silent in the house—only the silence began to pound and throb, and become a world of riot and dismay, and make confused noises of its own. Crouched against the wall, Dave Henderson raised his hand to his forehead—and drew his hand away damp with beads of moisture. There was an overwhelming rage, a tigerish ferocity upon him; but his brain, most curiously, was deadly cold in its composure, and was working now swift as lightning flashes, keen, alert, abroad, active. The words he had just heard meant—murder. His murder! The very consciousness of them. Also he knew Baldy Vickers—if any further proof was needed. Baldy Vickers was a gangster to whom murder was a trade; and when he would have committed any crime in the dealhouse with greedy haste for a \$100 bill, meant—murder.

He was stooping now, silently, with the utmost caution, slipping on his shoes. And now from the rear there came a faint sound, a low creaking, like the stealthy rending of wood. He knew what it meant: They were forcing the shed door—to follow him in here—to cut off his escape, and to assist if necessary in the work those two were waiting to perform in his room, which he was expected to enter.

His face was set, drawn in lines as hard as chiseled marble. And yet he could have laughed—laughed out in the bitterest mockery. The same was up—even if he saved his life. He would be "wanted" for the theft of \$100,000. He could not cover that up now. If he escaped Baldy Vickers and his pack, he would still be a fugitive from the law. And, worse still, he would be a fugitive empty-handed, chased like a mangy dog who had risked his all for a bone—and had dropped the bone in his flight! God, if he could only get back there and get that money! But there were footsteps coming now—his straining ears could hear them—they were coming nearer and nearer to the door that opened from the shed into the rear of the house. Fury surged upon him again. Skarvan! Bookie Skarvan! That miserable, red-headed rat of a tout in there, that he would have sold his soul at that instant to settle with. It was Skarvan, the little red-headed tout in the front seat beside the man who was driving, a short, thick-set man, whose cap was pulled down over his eyes—Baldy Vickers. He nodded his head. His glance had measured something else. By leaning forward in his seat and crouching low over the wheel, the back of his car seemed high enough, not to afford him absolute immunity, but to afford him at least a fair chance of protection once he elected to invite the shots that would be fired from the car behind.

Then the thought came that by one of a dozen ways, by leaping from his car as he turned a corner, for instance, and darting into a building, he might give his pursuers the slip here in the city. But it was no good! The game was up! He was not a fugitive from Baldy Vickers and his wolves. He was a fugitive now from the police. And if by some such means as that he managed to give Baldy Vickers the slip, there was still the police—and with a police drag-net out he cut his chances of escape by better than half if he remained in the city.

It would not be long now before Tydemann, in view of his, Dave Henderson's, non-appearance, would become aware of the theft; and, granting that he eluded Baldy Vickers, the gangster, eager for revenge, would be the first to curry favor with the police—Baldy Vickers had only to state that one of his pals was him, Dave Henderson, crawling out through Tydemann's library window. There was nothing to it! The game was up—even if he saved his life. Thanks to Bookie Skarvan! His jaws clamped again, and the knuckles of his hands stood out in white knobs as they clenched in sudden passion on the wheel. Thanks to Bookie Skarvan! By God, that alone was worth living for—to settle with Bookie Skarvan!

Like some sinister, ominous thing, silently, attracting no attention from the passers-by, the big gray car maintained its distance fifty yards behind. That grim humor, deadly in its cold composure, was upon Dave Henderson again. He meant to be taken by neither Baldy Vickers, nor by the police; nor did he intend that a certain package containing \$100,000 in cash should fall into the hands of either Baldy Vickers or the police! Some day, even yet, he might find use for that particular package himself!

Block after block was traversed, corner after corner was turned, as Dave Henderson threaded his way through the streets, heading steadily for the outskirts of the city, and the road on which he had already traveled ninety miles that day. And fifty yards behind came on that big gray car. They were well content, no doubt—the occupants of that car! He was playing their game for them! He was playing the fool! In the city their hands were tied! Out in the country they were free to do something more than merely follow silently behind him! Well, that was all quite true—perhaps! But out in the country, if he got away from them, he would not at least jump from the pot into the fire and have the police at his heels the very next instant; and, besides, there was that \$100,000! The further away he got from Frisco the more invaluable became Mrs. Toole's old pigeon-cote!

Fifty yards! He glanced behind him again. It was still fifty yards—start, he might as well take it now. He was well in the outskirts, the houses were becoming scattered, an open road was ahead, and—

He bent suddenly low over the wheel, and swung the throttle wide. The car leaped forward like a thoroughbred.

A mile, two miles—the speed was terrific. There was no sound from behind—just the roar of his own car in his ears. The houses were fewer now—it was the open country. Another mile! He was at his absolute maximum speed now. He straightened up slightly, and shot a quick glance over his shoulder. The big gray car was fifty yards behind.

A shot rang out—and then a fusillade of them. He was low over the wheel again, his jaws set rigidly. Was it fifty yards? He was not sure, he was not sure but that it was less—he was only sure that it was not more.

The shots ceased for a moment. A car, coming in the opposite direction, had taken to the extreme edge of the road, half into the ditch.

He had a flash of a woman's face as she swept by—great dark eyes that stared out of a death-white face—a beautiful face even in its terror—it haunted him, that face.

A furious, sustained racketing, like a thousand echoes reverberating through a rocky, high-walled canyon, assailed the roaring sweep of the wind, and the roaring of his car. He shot through the main street of a town like a meteor, and laughed out like a madman.

Dave Henderson's face was drawn, tense, its lines hard, sharp, strained; but in the dark eyes was still that smoldering light of grim, debonair humor. The race was now at an end—he knew that now. He knew now that he could not shake off that gray streaking thing behind.

could; and they would get him, if they could, at any cost. Again he laughed, and now with the laugh came that debonair lift to his shoulders. His brain was working in swift, lightning flashes. The only hope of shaking them off was in the open—if his car were the faster. And if it were not the faster? Well then, yes—there was still a chance—on a certain road he knew, the road he had traveled that afternoon—if he could make that road. It was a chance—a gambling chance, but the best chance—to win all—or lose all. There would be no hedging—it was all or nothing—win or lose. They would not dare use their revolvers here in the city streets, they could only cling close to his trail; and neither of them here in the city could put the respective speed of their car to the test—but in the open, in the country—

He looked over his shoulder again. The big gray car, some fifty yards in the rear, held five passengers. He could distinguish the little red-headed tout in the front seat beside the man who was driving, a short, thick-set man, whose cap was pulled down over his eyes—Baldy Vickers. He nodded his head. His glance had measured something else. By leaning forward in his seat and crouching low over the wheel, the back of his car seemed high enough, not to afford him absolute immunity, but to afford him at least a fair chance of protection once he elected to invite the shots that would be fired from the car behind.

Then the thought came that by one of a dozen ways, by leaping from his car as he turned a corner, for instance, and darting into a building, he might give his pursuers the slip here in the city. But it was no good! The game was up! He was not a fugitive from Baldy Vickers and his wolves. He was a fugitive now from the police. And if by some such means as that he managed to give Baldy Vickers the slip, there was still the police—and with a police drag-net out he cut his chances of escape by better than half if he remained in the city.

It would not be long now before Tydemann, in view of his, Dave Henderson's, non-appearance, would become aware of the theft; and, granting that he eluded Baldy Vickers, the gangster, eager for revenge, would be the first to curry favor with the police—Baldy Vickers had only to state that one of his pals was him, Dave Henderson, crawling out through Tydemann's library window. There was nothing to it! The game was up—even if he saved his life. Thanks to Bookie Skarvan! His jaws clamped again, and the knuckles of his hands stood out in white knobs as they clenched in sudden passion on the wheel. Thanks to Bookie Skarvan! By God, that alone was worth living for—to settle with Bookie Skarvan!

Like some sinister, ominous thing, silently, attracting no attention from the passers-by, the big gray car maintained its distance fifty yards behind. That grim humor, deadly in its cold composure, was upon Dave Henderson again. He meant to be taken by neither Baldy Vickers, nor by the police; nor did he intend that a certain package containing \$100,000 in cash should fall into the hands of either Baldy Vickers or the police! Some day, even yet, he might find use for that particular package himself!

Block after block was traversed, corner after corner was turned, as Dave Henderson threaded his way through the streets, heading steadily for the outskirts of the city, and the road on which he had already traveled ninety miles that day. And fifty yards behind came on that big gray car. They were well content, no doubt—the occupants of that car! He was playing their game for them! He was playing the fool! In the city their hands were tied! Out in the country they were free to do something more than merely follow silently behind him! Well, that was all quite true—perhaps! But out in the country, if he got away from them, he would not at least jump from the pot into the fire and have the police at his heels the very next instant; and, besides, there was that \$100,000! The further away he got from Frisco the more invaluable became Mrs. Toole's old pigeon-cote!

Fifty yards! He glanced behind him again. It was still fifty yards—start, he might as well take it now. He was well in the outskirts, the houses were becoming scattered, an open road was ahead, and—

He bent suddenly low over the wheel, and swung the throttle wide. The car leaped forward like a thoroughbred.

A mile, two miles—the speed was terrific. There was no sound from behind—just the roar of his own car in his ears. The houses were fewer now—it was the open country. Another mile! He was at his absolute maximum speed now. He straightened up slightly, and shot a quick glance over his shoulder. The big gray car was fifty yards behind.

A shot rang out—and then a fusillade of them. He was low over the wheel again, his jaws set rigidly. Was it fifty yards? He was not sure, he was not sure but that it was less—he was only sure that it was not more.

The shots ceased for a moment. A car, coming in the opposite direction, had taken to the extreme edge of the road, half into the ditch.

He had a flash of a woman's face as she swept by—great dark eyes that stared out of a death-white face—a beautiful face even in its terror—it haunted him, that face.

A furious, sustained racketing, like a thousand echoes reverberating through a rocky, high-walled canyon, assailed the roaring sweep of the wind, and the roaring of his car. He shot through the main street of a town like a meteor, and laughed out like a madman.

Dave Henderson's face was drawn, tense, its lines hard, sharp, strained; but in the dark eyes was still that smoldering light of grim, debonair humor. The race was now at an end—he knew that now. He knew now that he could not shake off that gray streaking thing behind.

To Be Continued Next Week
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An O. HENRY Story

Mammon and the Archer

By O. HENRY

OLD Anthony Rockwall, retired manufacturer and proprietor of Rockwall's Eureka Soap, who never cared for bells, went to the door of his library and shouted "Mike!" in the same voice that had once chipped off pieces of the welkin on the Kansas prairie.

"Tell my son," said Anthony to the answering man, "to come in here before he leaves the house."

When young Rockwall entered the library the old man laid aside his newspaper, looked at him with a kindly gaze on his big, smooth, ruddy countenance, rumped his mop of white hair with one hand and rattled the keys in his pocket with the other.

"Richard," said Anthony Rockwall, "what do you pay for the soap that you use?"

Richard, only six months home from college, was startled a little. "Six dollars a dozen, I think, dad."

"I suppose about sixty dollars, as a rule."

"You're a gentleman," said Anthony, decidedly. "I've heard of these young bloods spending \$24 a dozen for soap, going over the hundred mark for clothes. You've got as much money to waste as any of 'em, and yet you stick to what's decent and moderate. They say it takes three generations to make one. They're off. Money'll do it as quick as soap grease. It's made you one. By hokey! It almost made one of me."

"There are some things that money can't accomplish," remarked young Rockwall, rather gloomily. For one thing it won't buy one into the exclusive circles of society.

press wagon cut him off. He tried the right, and had to back away from a furniture van that had no business to be there. He tried to back out, but dropped his reins and swore dutifully. He was blockaded in a tangled mess of vehicles and horses, wagons, trucks, cabs, vans and street cars, filling the vast space where Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street cross one another. And still from all the cross streets they were hurrying and rattling toward the converging point at full speed, and hurling themselves into the struggling mass, locking wheels and adding their drivers' imprecations to the clamor.

"I'm very sorry," said Richard, as he resumed his seat, "but it looks as if we are stuck. They won't get this jumble loosened up in an hour. It was my fault. If I hadn't dropped the ring we—"

"Let me see the ring," said Miss Lantry. "Now that it can't be helped, I don't care. I think theatres are stupid, anyway."

At 11 o'clock somebody tapped lightly on Anthony Rockwall's door. "Come in," shouted Anthony, who was reading a book of practical adventures.

Somebody was Aunt Ellen. "They're engaged, Anthony," she said, softly. "She has promised to marry our Richard. On their way to the theatre there was a street blockade, and it was two hours before their cab could get out of it."

"And, oh, Brother Anthony, don't ever boast of the power of money again. A little emblem of true love—a little ring that symbolized unending and unmercenary affection—was the cause of our Richard finding his happiness. He dropped it in the street, and got out to recover it. And before they could continue the blockade occurred."

"All right," said old Anthony. "I'm glad the boy has got what he wanted. I told him I wouldn't spare any expense in the matter if—"

"But, Brother Anthony, what good could your money have done?" "Sister," said Anthony Rockwall, "I've got my pirate in a devil of a scrape. I wish you would let me go on with this chapter."



President Harding and George Christian, secretary to the president, about to enter their wigwam. The president enjoyed his two-day camping-out vacation immensely in the Blue Ridge mountains at the Edson-Ford Firestone camp. The president made his last day in camp a lively one. He rode horseback and tramped over the hills, in addition to attending religious services.

Arrest Fort Worth Member Legislature On a Liquor Charge

AUSTIN, July 30.—Wallace Malone, member of the lower house of the 37th legislature from Fort Worth, was arrested last night by federal prohibition officers charged with having in his possession intoxicants in violation of the Volstead act. Representative Malone was released on giving a \$500 bond.

PROPAGANDA CAUSES RUN ON BOSTON SAVINGS BANK; PLENTY OF MONEY TO PAY

BOSTON, July 30.—Several hundred persons influenced, the police say, by malicious propaganda, were in line to withdraw their deposits from the Boston Five Cents Savings bank when the doors of that institution opened today. Five women fainted and others became hysterical when mounted policemen turned back a score of persons who broke through the police guard at the door. No one was seriously hurt.

Officials of the bank said there was \$2,000,000 in cash in the vaults and \$22,000,000 in other securities which could be converted into cash within 24 hours.

PHILADELPHIA COMPANY WITHDRAWS COMPANY WITHDRAWS COMPANY WITHDRAWS

PHILADELPHIA, July 30.—The Northwestern Trust company, an unlisted institution with \$8,000,000 deposits, today weathered a run that began yesterday. A false rumor of the trust company's condition started a line of

PRESIDENT HARDING IS TAKING EXTENDED VOYAGE

WASHINGTON, July 30.—President Harding was aboard the presidential yacht Mayflower today, enroute to Plymouth, Mass., where on Monday he will attend and speak at exercises commemorating the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims.

ALL WELL, WEATHER FINE; MESSAGE FROM MAYFLOWER

WASHINGTON, July 30.—A radiogram from Secretary Christian aboard the presidential yacht Mayflower, with President and Mrs. Harding, enroute to Plymouth, Mass., said "All well, weather fine," at 10:10 o'clock today when the vessel was at sea north of the Virginia capes. A previous navy department message said the Mayflower and the secret destroyer Pillsbury cleared Cape Henry and headed north at 9 o'clock.

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SINCE PROHIBITION PORTERS ARE BEING TREATED WITH GREAT CONSIDERATION

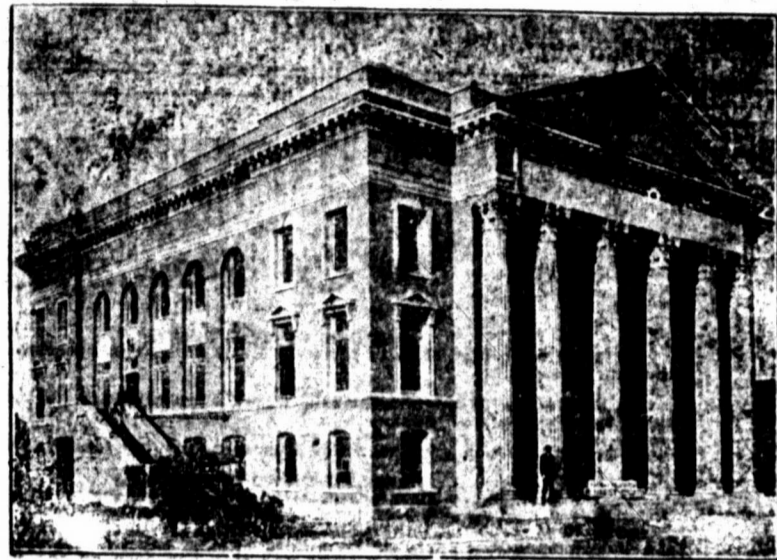


First Side Presbyterian Church. The hour for Sunday school will be 2 p. m. No preaching in the afternoon but at 8 p. m. Rev. C. C. Dudley of First church will preach. The published program for the day of greater things. We will push the work vigorously and want all to be in the Sunday school and preaching services. Those who would like to become charter members of the new church will have that opportunity until President's month here in October. Let us now look forward to the day of greater things. C. C. DUDLEY. Floral Heights Presbyterian. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Mr. Ralph Dick in charge. Good school, teachers, earnest workers and a convenient place at 1700 Kemp boulevard. Come. The first mention of fountain pens is found in a book published in 1490. Chinese astronomical records go back to 2336 B. C.

Edison Says— "America Is Losing Intelligence" And for the first time explains His Efforts to Classify Workers in an interview given Edward Marshall that will appear in next SUNDAY'S TIMES This will be only one of a number of special features for this edition. Among them will be page articles including— The Present State of the Nation as Coolidge Sees It. The Skeleton in America's Closet—The County Jail. Collared But Justice's Fingers Slipped—A short story by John D. Swain. Science Tells Us—Many Interesting Facts. The Bogie of Fear—Another installment of this engrossing serial. Follies of the Passing Show—Drawings by Sykes. Four pages of popular comics and other features.

LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette It's Toasted

Central Presbyterian Church. Corner Eleventh and Bluff—Sunday school 9:45 a. m. E. S. Goodner, superintendent. A live, singing Sunday school, 11 a. m., congregational meeting—very important for purpose of calling a pastor. Every member urged to be present. Christian Endeavor 7:15. Unique program; music by orchestra.



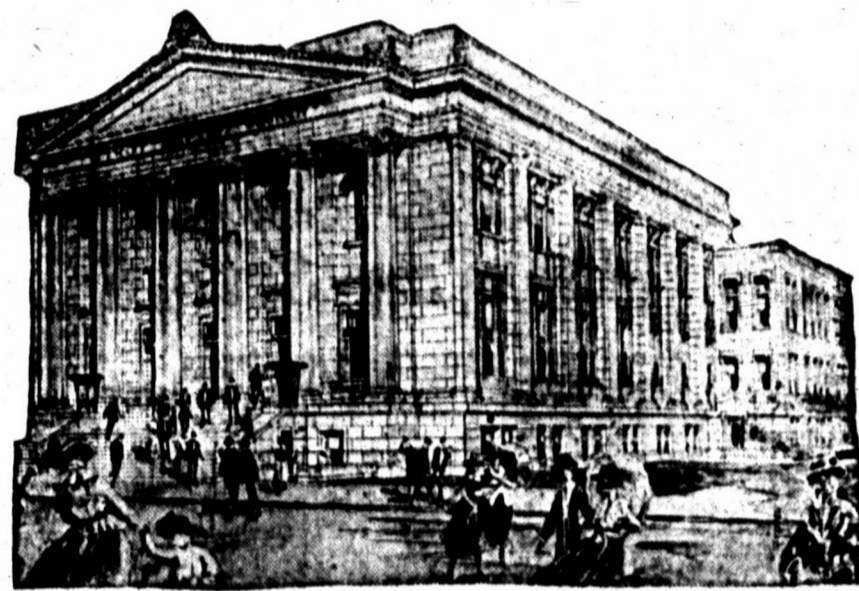
Floral Heights Methodist Church
Tenth and Polk Streets
W. L. TITTLE, Pastor
Morning Service at 10:50; Evening Service, 8:00 o'clock

"The Sacrament of A Beef Steak Pie"
REV. H. D. KNICKERBOCKER'S SUBJECT
Sunday Night at the
Star-Lit Tabernacle
Corner Scott and Eleventh

It's a powerful war story that illustrates the very heart of the Gospel.

At 11:00 a. m. at the church the subject of the sermon will be, "A Wolf for a Shepherd."

At 9:30 a.m. at the Olympic theater, a special surprise and treat for the big men's Bible class!



First Baptist Church
Ninth and Burnett Streets
O. L. POWERS, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



St. Paul's Lutheran Church
Eleventh and Holliday
C. M. BEYER, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

Saturday Sermonette

(Copyright, 1920, by Richard Lloyd Jones.)

SILENCE

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

Bismarck's enemies said of him in their despair, "He knows how to keep silence in seven different languages." It was his baffling taciturnity that blunted the weapons they had forged against him.

Silence is perhaps the greatest art of conversation.

Joseph Jefferson is credited with having discovered Weber and Fields, the comedians. After seeing them play in an obscure Bowery theatre, he hurried to a theatrical manager friend saying "They know how to listen."

A person often gains credit for sense, eloquence and wit, who merely says nothing and does it well.

Silence indicates both courtesy and consideration. It gives the other fellow his turn. It pays him the compliment that his brain may also harbor some worth-while idea. Every ideal relation savors of reciprocity. Every soul must have a medium and opportunity for self-expression. The one-sided conversation is always arrogant. Grant the other fellow a chance to say his say.

Silence indicates control. We often read: "He mastered himself and was silent." "The trivial gabble! When the mind is in control the

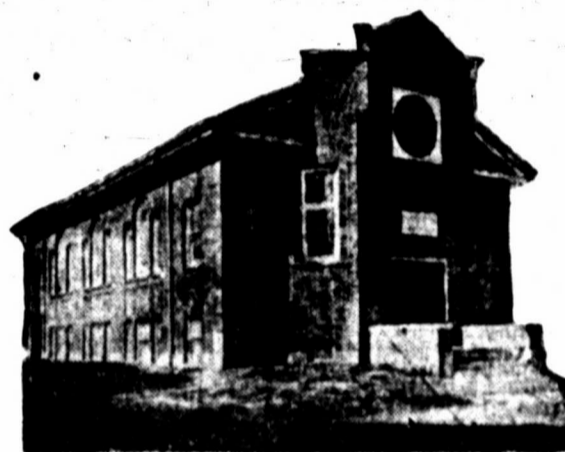
machine is geared up tight. The wagging tongue always means loose tension. It is the loose gear that rattles. All nature pays homage to self-control. A wretch must sink low before he can be made to own that he has lost it. Life is one struggle to acquire it. It has no better indication than the ability to keep quit.

Silence is the great healing power of solitude. In the face of a great crisis we are silent. In a great emotion we are still. Silence can be eloquent. It is always majestic.

"Silence is the lesson of kings," said Jean du Beauvais at the funeral of Louis XV. And Carlyle has called silence the element of great things that fashion themselves together to rule.

Silence is more unimpeachable than speech because it cannot be attacked. Great thoughts are born in silence. It is the mother of truth. It is the servant of reason. It is the best help to him who mistrusts himself. "Let us be silent," says Emerson, "that we may hear the whisper of the gods."

Wars are waged by speech. Noise and tumult are the signs of war. Silence is the insignia of peace. It is quite as much a mark of strength to know how to hold your tongue as to know how to wisely use it.



Temple Israel
DAVID GOLDBERG, Rabbi
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



Sacred Heart Church
P. BONIFACE, Pastor
Services at 8:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.



Central Presbyterian Church
GUY DAVIS, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



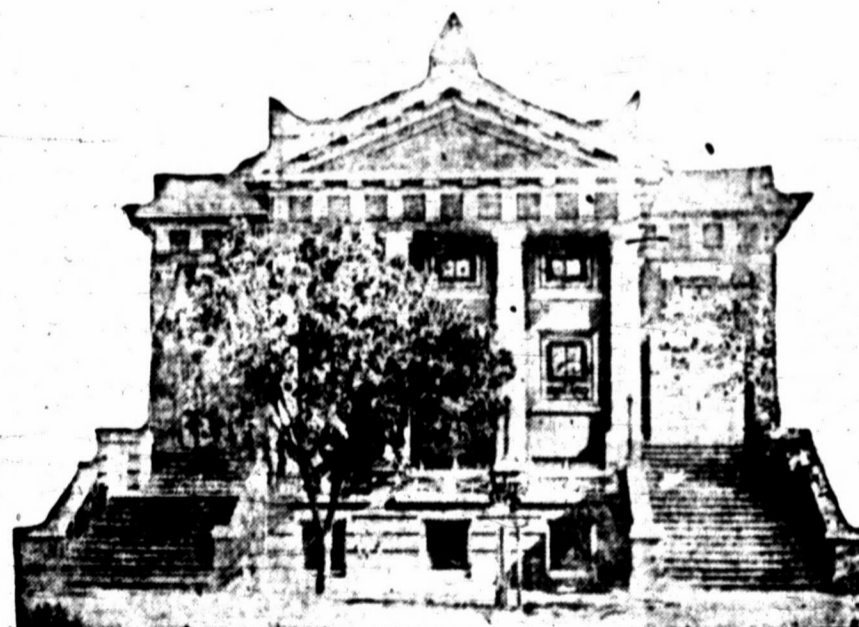
First M. E. Church
T. S. PITTINGER, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



Lamar Avenue Baptist Church
Fourth and Lamar Streets
A. J. HOLT, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH
(Tenth and Burnett)
Morning Services 8:00, 9:45, 11:00
No Evening Services.



First Presbyterian Church
Tenth and Bluff Streets
N. F. GRAFTON, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

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HARDING IN SADDLE WITHOUT AN EFFORT; IS FAULT OF SENATE

UPPER HOUSE OF CONGRESS HAS FAILED TO DEVELOP A LEADER

SENATOR LODGE IS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR SITUATION

Was Efficient on the Defensive But Does Not Take to Offensive Leadership

By MARK SULLIVAN
National Political Correspondent of the New York Evening Post and Wichita Daily Times.
(Copyright 1921 by the New York Evening Post)

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The great single cause for President Harding's present dominance of congress lies in the fact that congress, and especially the senate, failed to develop their own leadership from within their own number. Harding didn't want the responsibility of leadership of congress. Temporarily and as a matter of policy, it was the last thing he sought. But the lack of any other leadership in the senate compelled him to consider the legislative program of taxation and tariff, the interest of the country generally, and the interest of the republican party. If he failed to do anything, nothing would be done. When you consider why the senate failed to develop any leadership of its own, you come close to Lodge of Massachusetts. Officially, Lodge is everything there is in the way of republican senate leadership. He is the official republican floor leader. He is the chairman of the republican steering committee, and he is the chairman of the republican caucus.

With all this official standing, if Lodge had the aggressive temperament that reaches out for leadership, he most assuredly would have secured it in this session. And if he had secured it he might have carried the senate back to its old prestige and power and might almost have eclipsed the executive in the public eye. But Senator Lodge did not have the aggressiveness to seize the opening. He did not care for it. He was indifferent to the power. He preferred to go his own way. Quite possibly he was unwilling or unable to pay the price of leadership, in the shape of ruthlessness that usually goes with successful leadership of the kind that Aldrich had in the senate. It would be incorrect to say that Lodge lacks all the qualities of leadership. Lodge was the leader of the republicans in the senate when they were in the minority during the eighteen months' fight over the league of nations. That this fight was successful

fully conducted, from the point of view of the republican opposition to the league, history permits no doubt. From one point of view, that leadership is Lodge's great monument and is equal to anything of the kind in the history of the senate. Of course it involved a good deal of compromise on Lodge's part. It involved compromises made one week which were inconsistent with the compromises made the preceding week. It involved, on Lodge's part, complete abdication of any pretense to personal and permanent convictions of his own on the league. It was a leadership whose success lay merely in not letting the republican party drift into an irreconcilable split, which would have left the democrats dominant for many years to come. That kind of leadership Lodge accomplished.

But the leadership of the opposition is a very different from the affirmative leadership of a party when it is in the majority and responsible for putting through a program. In this latter kind of leadership, which has been called for since the beginning of the present session, Lodge has acted with a kind of bored indifference. The result has been no leadership whatever.

SAYS CITY NOT LETTING GARBAGE HAULING CONTRACTS; ISSUING PERMITS

"The city health department lets no contracts for the collection of garbage," Dr. A. H. Douglas, head of the department, stated Saturday morning in correcting reports that contracts had been let to private individuals for the collection of garbage and refuse in the city.

Permits for making such collections will be issued to anyone who can offer bond and pay the permit fee. Douglas then said, these permits giving the privilege of making any kind of contract with the ones from whom the garbage is to be collected.

The kind and amount of bonds to be made is still in doubt and the matter has been referred to Dallas bonding houses for settlement. As soon as this report is received the bonds will be perfected in this city and garbage collection started.

FUNERAL SERVICES TO BE HELD SUNDAY FOR YOUTH KILLED NEAR WOODWARD

Funeral services for Herbert Diggs, 15-year-old Wichita Falls youth who was killed in an accident near Woodward, Okla., last Friday, will be held some time Sunday, the exact hour not yet having been decided upon. The body will arrive in the city late Saturday evening and will be taken to the home of Mrs. Ella Shultz, grand-

SAYS CAPTAIN KIDD WAS NOT A PIRATE

Fabled Treasure Does Not Exist

BOSTON, July 29.—Song and story are wrong. Captain Kidd was not a pirate and his fabled treasure does not exist. Privateer he was, but of good repute. His hanging as a pirate and murderer on Execution dock at London in 1701, was to satisfy the political exigencies of the time.

These are the findings of John H. Edmonds, state archivist for Massachusetts, as announced in a lecture at the Old South meeting house. Archivist Edmonds was discussing "Lord Bellomont and the Pirates." Bellomont, he said, was appointed governor of New England in 1695 with a special mission to suppress piracy. "Before leaving England," Mr. Edmonds continued, "he agreed with Capt. William Kidd, a privateer of good repute from New York, to proceed against pirates in a ship called the Adventure Galley on a 'no-capture, no-pay' basis. The adventurers included Captain Kidd, Robert Livingston, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Earl of Orford (first lord of the admiralty), the Earl of Romney and the Duke of Shrewsbury (secretaries of state). Bellomont and the straw men, to whom the king's great treasure was later made, did not contribute a cent."

"On Sept. 6, 1696, with a 'crazy vessel and a crazier crew, Captain Kidd proceeded on his mission," the archivist said. He picked up several pirates, including "a Moorish ship of 200 tons and a Bengali merchant man of 100 tons, both having French passes and being lawful prizes."

He came to New York and then to Boston "through the trickery of Bellomont, who promised him safe conduct. With the remnant of his crew he was arrested, sent to England, tried for murder and piracy, convicted and hung on Execution dock, Friday, May 23, 1701, to satisfy the political exigencies of the times. It was either Lord Bellomont, the lord chancellor,

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mother of young Diggs, with whom he had been living at 2109 Tenth street. Services will be in charge of Rev. C. M. Beyer, pastor of the local Lutheran church, Sunday at the residence at 1:30 o'clock, burial being in the Clara cemetery.

Later reports reaching this city concerning the accident stated that Diggs was killed when a tractor which he was driving overturned on the Hampton farm, midway between Woodward and Sharron, Okla.

Diggs leaves, besides his grandmother, two brothers, Robert and Harold Diggs, and one sister, Mrs. C. A. Carpenter, all of this city, as survivors.

More than 7,000 diamond workers in Amsterdam are without work, owing to depression in the trade.

Philippine goods find a ready market in London.

the first lord of the admiralty, the secretaries of state or Captain Kidd, and under this circumstance he had no chance. Collusion and perjury are plainly evident in his trial; the French passes which would have cleared him the better. He fooled Kidd, he fooled the council and, worst of it is, he allowed it in his letters to the lords of trade.

"The Captain Kidd of today is a composite pirate made up of all who frequently are named up as pirates in 1837. Propaganda of the worst kind blackened the reputation of a man of whom a recognized French authority says: 'It may be well doubted whether any man in equally trying circumstances has ever been truer to his trust.'"

"And yet the great American public persists in calling Captain Kidd a pirate and in searching for his treasure, which does not exist."

The "last word" in "aerial dreadnaughts" is the British-built R-23, recently bought by the United States.

The gold rush of 1921 is to Northern Mexico.

PAGEANT OF PROGRESS IS OPENED AT CHICAGO

CHICAGO, July 30.—Chicago's pageant of progress, hailed as the city's greatest industrial exhibit since the Columbian exposition, opened this morning at the municipal pier, Vice-President Coolidge pressing a button in Boston which set the exposition in motion.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, representing President Harding, delivered the principal address today and a radio greeting from President Harding aboard the Mayflower enroute to the Pilgrim celebration was to be a feature. Three miles of exhibits, showing the strides that have been made in various branches of industry and business within the past few years, feature the exhibition which will last for two weeks.

The gold rush of 1921 is to Northern Mexico.

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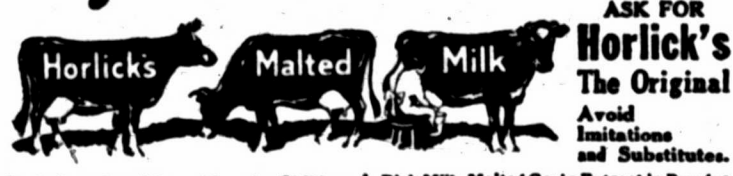
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