

FROM NOW ON

By Frank L. Packard

THE STORY

Dave Henderson, a Bookie Skarvan's confidential man is sent to Martin Tye-man to get \$100,000 to recoup racing losses. He steals the money, coming across his sentence of five years without disclosing the place where he has hidden it in an old pigeon-cote, despite the fact that Detective Barjon and Skarvan both visit him in jail, each trying to wring from him his secret with opposite purposes. Millman, a prison mate, however, does get his secret, and when freed, promises to get the loot and meet Henderson at the St. Lucien Hotel in New York at 8 o'clock in the evening of July 23. Out of jail, Henderson finds the police and the old gang on his trail. He succeeds in throwing them off when he enters the home of Nicola Capriano, a former gang leader, now old and bedridden, whom he distrusts, and Capriano has convinced the police that he has been killed in a bomb accident, and now the old Italian is laying subtle plans himself to partake of the \$100,000 stakes.

X

NICOLA CAPRIANO lay back on the pillows, and closed his eyes. He might have been asleep again, for the smile on his lips was as guileless as a child's; and it remained there until an hour later, when, after motioning Teresa, who had opened the door, away, he propped himself up on his elbow to greet a wizened, crafty-faced little rat of the underworld, who stood at the bedside.

"It is like the old days to see you here, Little Peter," murmured Nicola Capriano. "And I always paid well—er? You have not forgotten that? Well, I will pay well again. Listen! I am sure that the man who was killed with the bomb in the park last night was a prison bird by the name of Dave Henderson; and I told the police so. But it is always possible that I have made a mistake. I do not think so—but it is always possible—eh? Well, I must know, Little Peter. The police will investigate further, and so will Baldy Vickers' gang—they had it in for the fellow. You are a clever little devil, Little Peter. Find out if the police have discovered anything that would indicate I am wrong, and do the same with Baldy Vickers' gang. You know them all, don't you?"

The wizened little rat grinned. "Sure!" he said, out of the corner of his mouth. "You can leave it to me, Nicola. I'm wise."

Nicola Capriano patted the other's arm approvingly, and smiled the man away.

"You have the whole day before you, Little Peter," he said. "I am in no hurry."

Once more Nicola Capriano lay back on his pillows, and closed his eyes, and once more the guileless smile hovered over his lips.

At intervals through the day he murmured and communed with himself, and sometimes his cackling laugh brought Teresa to the door; but for the most part he lay there through the hours with the placid, cunning patience that the school of long experience had brought him.

It was dusk when Little Peter stood at the bedside again.

"You called de turn, Nicola," he said. "Dat was de guy, all right. I get next to some of de fly-cops, an' dey ain't got no doubt about it. Dey handed it out to de reporters." He flipped a newspaper that he was carrying onto the bed. "You can read it foy-yerself. An' de gang sizes it up de same way. I pulled de window shut on 'em down at Morrissey's about an hour ago. Dey was all dere—Baldy, an' Rusty Mott, an' all de rest—an' another guy, too. Say, I didn't know dat Bookie Skarvan pulled in wid dat mob. Dey was fightin' like a lot of stray cats, an' dey was none as pups, an' all blamin' de other one for losin' de money. De only guy in de lot dat kept his head was Bookie."

He sat dere chewin' a big fat cigar, an' wigglin' it from one corner of his mouth to de other, an' he handed 'em some talk. He gave 'em hell for mussin' everything up. Say, Nicola, take it from me, youse want to keep yer eye peeled for him. He says to de crowd: 'It's a cinch dat Dave Henderson's dead, thanks to de damned mess youse have made of everything,' he says; 'an' it's a cinch dat Capriano's story in de paper is straight—it's too full of de real dope to be anything else. But if Dave Henderson told old Capriano dat much, he may have told him more—see? (Old Capriano's a wily bird, an' wid a hundred thousand in sight de old Dago wouldn't be asleep. Anyway, it's our last chance—dat Capriano got de hidin' place out of Dave Henderson. But here's where de rest of youse keeps yer mitts off. If it's de last chance, I'll see dat it ain't gummud up. I'll take care of Capriano myself.'"

LITTLE PETER circled his lips with his tongue, as Nicola Capriano extracted a banknote of generous denomination from under his pillow, and handed it to the other.

"Very good, Little Peter!" he said softly. "Yes, yes—very good! Is it not so, Little Peter?"

"Sure!" said Little Peter earnestly. "Sure—you can bet yer life I have!"

"Good-by, then, Little Peter," said Nicola Capriano softly again.

He stared for a long while at the door, as it closed behind the other—stared and smiled curiously, and plucked with his fingers at the coverlet.

"And so they would watch old bed-ridden Nicola, would they—while Nicola watches—eh—somewhere else!" he muttered. "Ha, ha! Well, well, let watch old Nicola—will they! Well, well, let them watch—eh?" He looked around the room, and raised himself up in bed. He began to rock to and fro. A red light crept into his cheeks, a gleam of fire lighted up his coal-black eyes.

"Nicola, Nicola," he whispered to himself, "it is like the old days back again, Nicola—and it is like the time to make the blood run quick in the veins again."

UP AND down the bed, the ill-furnished room Dave Henderson had been back and forth, not a long time ago, he had paced by the hour from the rear wall

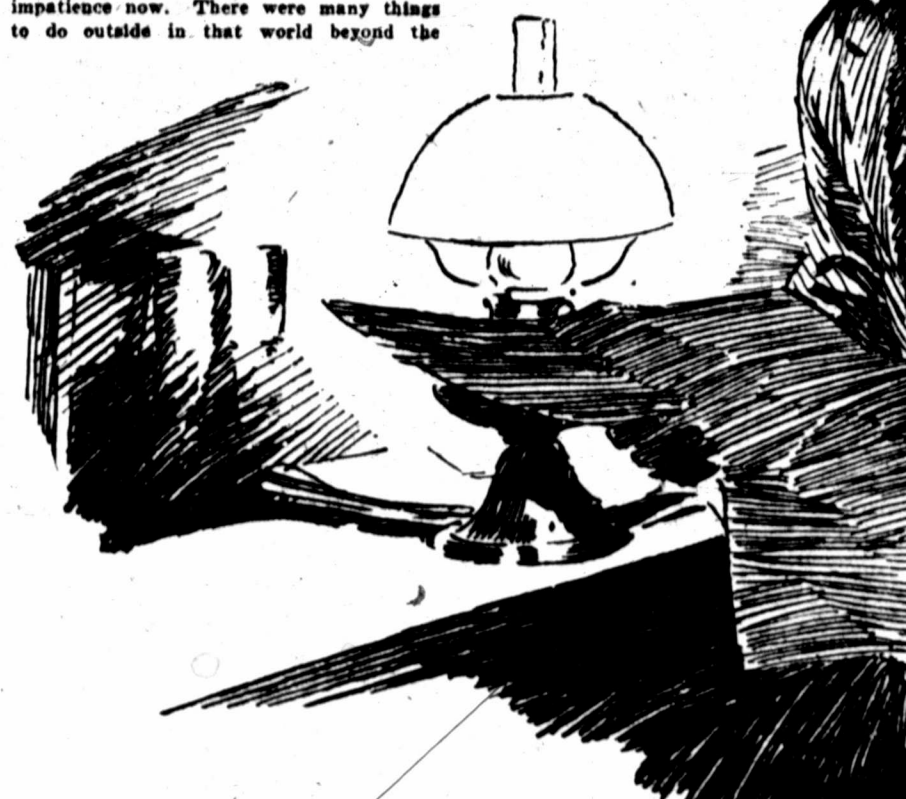
of his cell to the barred door that opened on an iron gallery without. And he paced the distance now with the old nervous, pent-up energy that rebelled and mutilated and would not take passively to restraint, even when that restraint, as now, was self-imposed.

It had just grown dark. The window shade was tightly drawn. On the table, beside the remains of the supper that Emmanuel had brought him some little time before, a small lamp furnished a meager light, and threw the corners of the room into shadow.

He had seen no one save Emmanuel since last night, when he had left Nicola Capriano's. He had not heard from Nicola Capriano. It was the sense of personal impotency, the sense of personal activity that filled him with a sort of savage, tigerish impatience now. There were many things to do outside in that world beyond the

extended, crossed over to the lamp, and turned his back on the other as he ripped the envelope open. Nicola Capriano's injunction had been to say nothing to Emmanuel, and—He was staring blankly at the front page of the evening newspaper, all that the envelope contained, and which he had now unfolded before him. And then he caught his breath sharply. He was either crazy, or his eyes were playing him tricks. A thrill that he suppressed by an almost superhuman effort of will, a thrill that tore and fought at the restraint he put upon it, because he was afraid that the mad, insane uplift

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A thrill, that he suppressed by an almost superhuman effort, swept over him. Three written words leaped up at him from the margin of the paper: "You are dead!"

drawn window shade—and he could only wait! There was the pigeon-cote in Tooler's shed, for instance. All during the day the pigeon-cote had been almost an obsession with him. There was a chance—one chance in perhaps a million—that for some reason or other Millman had not been able to get there. It was a gambling chance—no more, no less—with the odds so heavily against Millman permitting anything to keep him from getting his hands on a fortune in ready cash that, from a material standpoint, there was hardly any use in his, Dave Henderson, going there. But that did not remove the ever present, and, as opposed to the material, the intangible sense of uncertainty that possessed him. He expected to find the money gone; he would be a fool a thousand times over to expect anything else. But he had to satisfy himself, and he would—if that keen old brain of Nicola Capriano only succeeded in devising some means of throwing the police definitely off the trail.

But it was not so easy to throw the police definitely off the trail, as Nicola Capriano himself had said. He, Dave Henderson, was ready to agree in that with the crafty old Italian; and, even after those few hours, cooped up in here, he was even more ready to agree with the other that the mere hiding of himself away from the police was utterly abortive so far as the accomplishment of any conclusive end was concerned.

IT WAS far from easy; though, acting somewhat as a panacea to his impatience, the old Italian had inspired him with faith as being more than a match for the police and yet—

He gnawed at his lips. He, too, had not been idle through the day; he, too, had tried to find some way, some loophole that would enable him, once he went out into the open again, to throw Barjon, and all that Barjon stood for, conclusively and forever off his track. And the more he had thought of it, the more insurmountable the difficulty and seeming impossibility of doing so had become. It had even shaken his faith a little in Nicola Capriano's fox-like cunning, proving equal to the occasion. He couldn't, for instance, live all his life in disguise. That did very well perhaps as a piece of fiction, but practically it offered very little attraction.

He frowned—and laughed a little harshly at himself. He was illogical again. He had asked only for three or four days for a fighting chance, just time enough to get on Millman's trail, hadn't he? And now he was greedy for a permanent and enduring safe-conduct from the police, and his brain mullied and toiled with that objective alone in view, and he stood here now employed in gnawing his lips because he could not see the way or see how Nicola Capriano could find it, either. He shrugged his shoulders. As well dimwit that! If he could but reach Millman—and, after Millman, Bookie Skarvan—just to pay the debts he owed, then—

His hand that had curled into a clenched fist, with knuckles showing like white knobs under the tight-stretched skin, relaxed, as, following a low, quick knock at the door, Emmanuel stepped into the room.

"I gotta da message for you from Nicola," Emmanuel announced. "an' I gotta da letter for you from Nicola, too. You get a damn sick staying in here, eh? Well, Nicola say you go to his place to see him tonight. We take a da car by—an'—by, an' go."

"That's the talk, Emmanuel!" said Dave Henderson, with terse heartiness. "You're all right, Emmanuel, and so is your room and your grub, but a little fresh air is what I am looking for, and the sooner the better!" He took the envelope that Emmanuel

now quite freely. It was no longer necessary that he should be hidden in a car. But Nicola Capriano had told Emmanuel to use the car. Emmanuel would not understand, and he, Dave Henderson, had no intention of enlightening the other why a car was no longer necessary. Neither was Emmanuel himself necessary—there was Mrs. Tooler's pigeon-cote. If he went there before going to Nicola Capriano! His brain was racing now. Yes, the car, without Emmanuel, would be a great convenience.

"All right!" he said crisply. "You stay here and look after your restaurant. There's no need for you to come. I'll take the car myself."

"You drive a da car?" asked Emmanuel dubiously.

Dave Henderson laughed quietly. The question awakened a certain and very pertinent memory. There were those who, if they chose to do so, could testify with some eloquence to his efficiency at the wheel of a car!

"Well, I have driven one," he said. "I guess I can handle that old bus of yours."

"But—Emmanuel was still dubious—'Capriano say no take a da risk of being seen—'

"I'm not looking for any risk myself," interposed Dave Henderson coolly. "It's dark now, and there's no chance of anybody recognizing me while I'm driving a car. Forget it, Emmanuel! Come on! I don't want to stick around here for another hour. Here!"—from his pocket he produced a banknote and pushed it across the table to the other.

Emmanuel grinned. His doubts had vanished.

"Sure!" said Emmanuel. He tiptoed to the door, looked out, listened and jerked his head reassuringly in Dave Henderson's direction. "Getta da move on, then! We go down by da back stairs. Come on!"

They gained the back yard, and the small shed that did duty for a garage—and in a few moments more Dave Henderson, at the wheel of the car, was out on the street.

He drove slowly at first. He had paid no attention to the route taken by Emmanuel when he had left Nicola Capriano's the night before, and as a consequence he had little or no idea in what part of the city Emmanuel's restaurant was located; but at the expiration of a few minutes he got his bearings, and the speed of the car quickened instantly.

Ten minutes later, the car left at the curb half a block away, Dave Henderson was cupped in the darkness at the door of old Tooler's shed that opened on the lane. There was a grim set to his lips. There seemed a curious analogy in all this—the tool even with which he worked upon the door to force it open, this chisel that he had taken from the kit under the seat of Emmanuel's car, as once before from under the seat of another car he had taken a chisel—with \$100,000 as his object in view. He had got the money then, and lost it, and had nearly lost his life as well, and now—

He steered himself, as the door opened silently under his hand; steered himself against the hope, which somehow seemed to be growing upon him, that Millman might never have got here after all; steered himself against disappointment where logic told him disappointment had no place at all, since he was but a fool to harbor any hope. And yet—and yet there were a thousand things, a thousand unforeseen contingencies which might have turned the tables upon Millman! The money might still be here. And if it were! He was dead now—and free to use it! Free! His lips thinned into a straight line.

The door closed noiselessly behind him.

HE WAS free! He was dead! He was impatient now to exercise that freedom. He could walk out on the streets with no more disguise than these cast-off clothes he had on, plus the brim of his hat to shade his face—for Dave Henderson was dead. Neither Bookie Skarvan nor Baldy Vickers would be searching for a dead man any more—nor would the police. He swung around and faced Emmanuel.

"I am to go to Nicola Capriano's, eh?" he said. "Well, then, let's go, I'm ready."

"No make-a da rush," smiled Emmanuel. "Capriano say you gotta da time, plenty time. Capriano say come over by—an'—by in da car."

Dave Henderson shook his head impatiently.

"No; we'll go now," he answered. Emmanuel in turn shook his head. "I gotta some peep' downstairs in da restaurant," he said. "I gotta stay maybe an' hour yet."

Dave Henderson considered this for a moment. He could walk out on the streets



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The flashlight in his hand, also borrowed from Emmanuel's bag, played around the shed.

It was the same old place, perhaps a little more down-at-the-heels, perhaps a little dirtier, a little more cluttered up with odds and ends than it had been five years before, but there was no other change. And there was the door of the pigeon-cote above him, that he could just reach from the ground.

He moved toward it now, with a swift, impulsive step, and snarled in sudden anger with excitement, causing the flashlight to throw a jerky, wavering ray on the old pigeon-cote door. What was the use of that! He expected nothing, didn't he? The pigeon-cote would be empty; he knew that well enough. And yet he was playing the fool. He knew quite well it would be empty; he had prepared himself thoroughly to expect nothing else.

He reached up, opened the door, and felt inside. His hand encountered a moldy little of chaff and straw. He reached further in, with quick eagerness, the full length of his arm. He remembered that he had pushed the package into the corner, and had covered it with straw.

For a minute, for two full minutes, his fingers, by the sense of touch, sifted through the chaff, first slowly, methodically, then with a sort of frantic abandon; and then, in another moment, he had stooped to the floor, seized an old box, and, standing upon it, had thrust head and shoulders into the old pigeon-cote, while the flashlight's ray swept every crevice of the interior, and he jerked and turned up the chaff and straw where ever it lay but a bare inch deep and only one benefit of his senses could expect it to conceal anything.

He withdrew himself from the opening, and closed the pigeon-cote door again, and stood down on the floor. He laughed at himself in a low, bitter, merciless way. He had expected nothing, of course; he had expected only to find what he had found—nothing.

He put the box upon which he had stood back in its place, went out of the shed, closed the door behind him, and made his way back to the car. He drove quickly now, himself driven by the feverish, intolerant passion that had him in its grip. He was satisfied now. There were not any more doubts. He knew! Well, he would go to Nicola Capriano's, and then—his hands gripped fiercely on the steering wheel. He was dead! Ha, ha! Dave Henderson was dead—but Millman was still alive!

It was not far to Capriano's. He left the car where Emmanuel had swailed him the night before, and gained the back porch of Nicola Capriano's house.

Teresa's voice from the other side of the closed door answered his knock.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"The dead man," he answered.

There was no light in the porch tonight. She opened the door, and, as he stepped inside, closed it behind him again. He could not see her in the darkness—and somehow, suddenly, quite unreasonably, he found the situation awkward, and his tongue, as it had been the night before, awkward, too.

"Say," he blurted out, "your father's got some clever head, all right!"

"Has he?" Her voice seemed strangely quiet and subdued, a hint of listlessness and weariness in it.

"But you know about it, don't you?" he exclaimed. "You know what he did, don't you?"

"Yes; I know," she answered. "But he has been waiting for you, and he is impatient, and we had better go at once."

It was Tony Lomazzi! He remembered her grief when he had told her last night that Tony was dead. That was what was

the matter with her, he decided, as he followed her along the passageway. She must have thought a good deal of Tony Lomazzi—more even than her father did. He wished again that he had not broken the news to her in the blunt, brutal way he had—only he had not known then, of course, that Tony had meant so much to her. She found him self wondering why now. She could not have had anything to do with Tony Lomazzi for fifteen years, and fifteen years ago she could have been little more than a child. True, she might perhaps have visited the prison, but—

"Well, my young friend—eh?" Nicola Capriano's voice greeted him, as he followed Teresa into the old Italian's room. "So Ignace Ferroni has done you a good turn—eh? And old Nicola! Eh—what have you to say about old Nicola? Did I not tell you that you could leave it to old Nicola to find a way?"

Dave Henderson caught the other's outstretched hand, and wrung it hard.

"I'll never forget this," he said. "You've pulled the slickest trick I ever heard of, and I—"

"Bah!" Nicola Capriano was chuckling delightedly. "Never mind the thanks, my young friend. You owe me none. The old fingers had the itch in them to play the cards against the police once more. And the police—eh?—I do not like the police. Well, perhaps we are quits now! Ha, ha! Do you know Barjon? Barjon is a very clever little man, too—ha, ha!—Barjon and old Nicola have known each other many years. And that is what Barjon, said—just what you said—that he would not forget. Well, we are all pleased—eh? But we do not stop at that. Old Nicola does not do things by halves. You will still need help, my young friend. You will go at once to New York—eh? That is what you intend to do?"

"Yes," said Dave Henderson.

"And you will find your man—and the money?"

"Yes!" Dave Henderson's lips thinned suddenly. "If he is in New York, as I believe he is, I will find him; if not—then I will find him just the same."

NICOLA CAPRIANO motioned his daughter abruptly to a small table on the opposite side of the bed.

"Teresa will write the letter and put it in Italian," he said, as she seated herself at the table. "I do not write as easily as I used to. They say old Nicola is a sick man. Well, maybe that is so, but old Nicola's brain is not sick, and old Nicola's fingers can at least still sign his name—and that is enough. Ha, ha, it is good to be alive again! Well"—he waved his hand again toward his daughter—"are you ready, my little one?"

"Yes, father," she answered.

"To Dago George, then," he said. "First—my affectionate salutations."

Her pen scratched rapidly over the paper. She looked up.

"Yes, father?"

Nicola Capriano's fingers plucked at the cornerlet.

"You will say that the bearer of this letter—ah! Yes!" He turned with a whimsical smile to Dave Henderson. "You must have a name, eh, my young friend—since Dave Henderson is dead! We shall not tell Dago George everything. Fools alone tell all they know! What shall it be?"

Dave Henderson shrugged his shoulders. "Anything," he said. "It doesn't matter. One is as good as another. Make it Barty Lynch."

"Yes, that will do. Good!" Nicola Capriano gestured with his hand in his daughter's direction again. "You will say that the bearer of this letter is Barty Lynch, and that he is to be treated as though he were Nicola Capriano himself. You understand, my little one? Anything that he asks is his—and I, Nicola Capriano, will be responsible. Tell him, my little one, that it is Nicola Capriano's order—and that Nicola Capriano has yet to be discovered. And particularly you will say that if our young friend here requires any help by those who know how to do what they are told and ask no questions, the men are to be supplied. You understand, Teresa?"

She did not look up this time.

"Yes, father."

"Write it, then," he said. "And see that Dago George is left with no doubt in his mind that he is at the command of our young friend here."

Teresa's pen scratched rapidly again across the paper.

Nicola Capriano was at his interminable occupation of plucking at the counterpane.

To Be Continued Next Week

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JOHN CR

NEW YORK

Pete Herma champion, in night John Cr...

Round One of the ring...

Round Two opening and body...

Round Three opening and body...

Round Four opening and body...

Round Five opening and body...

Round Six opening and body...

Round Seven opening and body...

Round Eight opening and body...

Round Nine opening and body...

Round Ten opening and body...

Round Eleven opening and body...

Round Twelve opening and body...

Round Thirteen opening and body...

Round Fourteen opening and body...

Round Fifteen opening and body...

Round Sixteen opening and body...

Round Seventeen opening and body...

Round Eighteen opening and body...

Round Nineteen opening and body...

Round Twenty opening and body...

Round Twenty-one opening and body...

Round Twenty-two opening and body...

Round Twenty-three opening and body...

Round Twenty-four opening and body...

Round Twenty-five opening and body...

Round Twenty-six opening and body...

Round Twenty-seven opening and body...

Round Twenty-eight opening and body...

Round Twenty-nine opening and body...

Round Thirty opening and body...

Round Thirty-one opening and body...

Round Thirty-two opening and body...

Round Thirty-three opening and body...

Round Thirty-four opening and body...

Round Thirty-five opening and body...

STANDING

AMER.

Team Standing New York ... Cleveland ... St. Louis ... Washington ... Boston ... Detroit ... Chicago ... Philadelphia ...

Field

New York 4 ... St. Louis 10 ... Washington 10 ...

Stand

St. Louis at ... Cleveland at ... Detroit at ...

NATIO

Standings Teams—New York ... Pittsburgh ... St. Louis ... Boston ... Brooklyn ... Cincinnati ... Chicago ... Philadelphia ...

Field

Pittsburgh 2 ... New York-St. Chicago 12 ... Only games ...

Stand

ALL THE NEWS OF ALL THE SPORTS ALL THE TIME

JOHNNY BUFF TAKES BANTAM CROWN AWAY FROM HERMAN IN FAST 15-ROUND BOUT

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Victor over Pete Herman, world's bantamweight champion, in a 15-round bout here last night, Johnny Buff, the veteran Jersey City boxer, today enjoyed the distinction of being the only boxer in the country who holds two titles. In addition to the bantamweight crown, Buff holds the American flyweight championship.

Round One—They met in the center of the ring and exchanged light body blows. Herman landed two light rights to the body. Buff missed a right for the head, but connected with a light left. Buff landed a right in Herman's stomach at the bell.

Round Two—They sparred for an opening and Buff sent a left to the body. They fought lightly in a clinch. Buff caught Herman on the jaw with a left and came back with a right to the head. Buff missed a left to the body. Herman's left eye was bleeding. Herman missed an uppercut and they were sparring at the bell.

Round Three—Herman was short with a right hook. Buff sent hard right to the stomach. Herman landed several rights to the stomach. Buff landed left and right to head, and Herman countered with right to jaw. Buff had the better of the infighting at the bell.

Round Four—They exchanged hard rights and lefts to the body. Herman landed two hard rights to the body. Buff peppered Buff's body with rights and lefts. He floored Buff with a right to the jaw, but the New Jersey boy was down on his feet. Buff crashed two lefts to Herman's jaw.

Round Five—They exchanged light body blows and clinched. Herman slammed right to the jaw and followed with rights and lefts to stomach. Herman's right then found Johnny's jaw twice and they exchanged left hooks. Herman sent a right to the body.

Round Six—Herman started with a right to the body and Buff sent a right to the jaw in return. Buff landed right to chin and followed with hard right to body. At close quarters they exchanged rights and lefts to jaw.

Round Seven—Herman used a left jab effectively. Buff sent a straight right to Herman's jaw and they clinched. Both missed rights for the head. Herman staggered Buff with a right hook at close quarters. Buff fought at close quarters at the bell.

Round Eight—Herman crashed a right to Buff's jaw and Johnny returned the compliment. Buff missed Herman's jaw with a short right. Herman caught Buff with right hook and Buff was short with left uppercut. They fought at close quarters. Herman landing hard rights.

Round Nine—They exchanged rights to the stomach. Buff sent a left to the jaw followed by hard right to the body. Herman landed a right to the jaw and Buff countered with a right to the head. Both landed hard lefts to the jaw at the bell.

Round Ten—They staggered each other with rights and lefts to the head. Herman missed right to jaw and Buff landed left to the body. Buff missed two rights and Herman a left for the head.

Round Eleven—Buff staggered the champion with right to the jaw followed with uppercuts. Herman landed right to body. Buff missed right for the head. Herman hooked Buff with right and followed with hard right to jaw and staggered Buff with rights and lefts at the bell.

Round Twelve—Herman took the offensive and caught Buff with left to jaw. Herman missed right to jaw. They exchanged lefts to jaw. Buff landed hard left to the jaw and took one in return.

Round Thirteen—Buff sent hard left to chin and received one in return. Buff's left found Herman's jaw and Herman landed two rights to body. Buff shot a left to the jaw and Herman countered with a right to body. Buff staggered Herman with left hooks to jaw at the bell.

Round Fourteen—Herman could not evade Buff's left hooks. Herman sent light lefts to chin and both landed rights to the jaw. Herman landed right to jaw and caught left hook on the chin.

Round Fifteen—Herman sent left to Buff's jaw and took a right to the head. They exchanged rights and lefts to the body. Buff hooked Herman with right. Buff sent rights and lefts to head. Herman fought like a tiger at the bell.

GARDNER WILL MEET GUILFORD IN FINALS

English and American Champions Are Eliminated By Longest Drivers In Country

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 24.—Robert Gardner of Chicago, twice holder of the title and runner-up in the British championship, and Jesse Guilford, a Boston golfer, who has been trying for the premier golf honors for 15 years or more, today played the final round of 36 holes for the national amateur golf championship at the St. Louis Country club, having yesterday won their semi-final matches in a driving rain that made the play difficult.

Gardner defeated Willie Hunter, 5 and 4, keeping the Briton down all the way after the fifth hole. He outplayed Hunter from the tee and through the green all the time and after the first few holes putted as well or better.

Guilford won his place in the finals for the second time in his career by defeating the present champion, Chick Evans, 7 and 6. Finding Evans sadly off his game, especially on the greens, the Bostonian played fine enough golf to win over a better variety than Evans displayed yesterday. Guilford made only two errors, topping his brassie to a creek on the ninth and heaving his mashie approach out of bounds on the 29th hole.

On the other hand, Evans repeatedly missed putts that seemed dead to the hole, and after he finished the morning round four down, he became erratic with both wood and iron on shots for which he has been noted as a master.

Today's contestants have the reputation of being the longest drivers in the United States if not the longest in the world.

A TARGET FOR HOME RUN KINGS



By ROY GROVE

The home-run smackers, who have been giving the old H. B. fan such a run for his money this season, are now oiling up their bats for the world series.

Some of them are going to participate in the big mix. What'll happen? Will the fence-busting continue when the teams tighten up for the money playing? Will new clout records be marked up?

Doffing our chapeau to the abilities of the present day heavy hitters, we'd like to remark that they'll have to travel to beat the home-run records for the big series set by stars of yesterday.

Who'll repeat the Frank Baker strong man stunt of making two home-

runs in two days during the Athletics' giant series of 1911?

Who'll eclipse the record of two circuit clouts in a series made by Clark of the Pirates in 1909. Harry Hooper of the Red Sox in 1915 and repeated

of 1920 by polling the ball over the fence with the bases loaded with Indians; George Kelly, leading home-run manufacturer of the National League, at any rate, will participate.

Frank Baker, back with the Yanks, may get another season of money-making for the Indians, may get in.

These two are tied for the honor of leading world series players in the number of home runs hit. Each man has three to his credit.

Will that record fall at the hands of one of them this season? Or will Babe Ruth come along in a single year to put Larry and the Maryland farmer into the discard?

There are some of the things that are going to make the 1921 series interesting.

Webbe it will be done. The Big Bambino and all the little Bambinos are plugging along at a home-run rate that would have topped fans over with heart trouble a decade ago. Present indications are that some of the heaviest sluggers in the leagues will get into the series.

Babe Ruth, the Meusel brothers, Bob and Emil, with the Yanks and Giants respectively; Elmer Smith, who made himself immortal in the world series

of 1920 by polling the ball over the fence with the bases loaded with Indians; George Kelly, leading home-run manufacturer of the National League, at any rate, will participate.

Frank Baker, back with the Yanks, may get another season of money-making for the Indians, may get in.

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There are some of the things that are going to make the 1921 series interesting.

INDIANS UP AGAINST IT WITHOUT SPEAKER

Yankees Now Have Inside Track in Mad Scramble For American League Flag

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Defeated in the opening game of the "little world's series," the Cleveland Americans now face the task of taking three straight from New York in order to wrest first place from the Yankees.

Today's battle is an important one. A victory for the Yankees would mean that even if they took four of their final eight games the Indians would have to win all their six in order to finish first. A victory today for the Indians would bring about a virtual tie with New York leading by less than two points.

Manager Speaker is still in trouble with the leg, recently injured. He batted for Coveleskie in the ninth inning yesterday and raised a "pop" fly to Peckinpaugh. Speaker limped in running to first.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

It's Toasted

Notice this delicious flavor when you smoke Lucky Strike—it's sealed in by the toasting process

The American News

On the Other Hand—

The schooner Mayflower is barred from the international race for fishing schooners between the United States and Canada. The Boston boat, built especially to defend the cup, made only enough fishing trips to be eligible to qualify.

The race is for ordinary boats from the fishing fleets. Building a racing contender isn't in keeping with the spirit of the sport.

Landis is planning to call in some of the meat packers' canning experts. One hundred and seventeen million, eight hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and nine people in the United States. One ball park. Figure it out for yourself.

Cubs and White Sox city series begins October 5. First since 1916.

Ruth, says the dictionary man, means mercy or pity. Humpf! Ask the pitcher.

'Nother paper shortage: Ask the four clubs preparing to print world series tickets.

Famous Diamonds.
The Braganza.
The Dudley.
The Florentine.
The Great Mogul.
The Hope.
The Koh-i-nur.
The Baseball.

They're still fighting for crowns in this country, but the popularity of the sport somehow seems to be on the wane overseas.

"Headquarters."
France has asked American A. U. officials to send over American coaches to train French athletes for the 1924 Olympic games, and the request has been granted.

Mexico has contracted with the Dallas and San Antonio baseball teams to play a post-season series of six games at Mexico City, to give Mexicans an insight into American sport.

The prestige that America enjoys as an international "sporting headquarters" influences more than is suspected America's international political position.

The Hippo's brand new little Hipp A thousand pounds the scale did tip—**SOME BABY!**

New York's police force consists of 24 inspectors, 26 sergeants, 103 captains, 224 lieutenants, 763 sergeants, 924 patrolmen and 76 policemen. And that won't be half enough if the world series is played there.

There are 11,788,747 Bell telephone connections in the United States. And early in October 11,788,742 of them will be busy asking the score.

The aged roster rose at two—**AND WHEEZED A DISCORD COCK-A-DO—
OLD CROW!**

CONSTANTIN CLUB TO MEET WICHITA ALL STARS SUNDAY
DEVOL OKLA., Sept. 24.—The Constantin baseball club of Devol will meet the Wichita Fall All-Stars tomorrow in what is expected to be the best game of the season. The Wichita team will be made up of several of the best players of the city league and two or three of the Snodder outfit, while the local club will use its regular lineup with Renfro and Dillow as the battery. The Constantin team has won eighteen and lost only five games this season.

Left Earful.
When on the greens, the golfing guy was surely in a rut.
Because, just like an auto.
He would always putt, putt, putt.

Right Earful.
When batting for a bonus, he could hit to beat the band.
Cause every time he crossed the plate
Some mercy crossed his hand.

NO IMPORTANT GAMES SCHEDULED FOR TODAY

Three Gridiron Teams To Test New Material For Coming Contests

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—Football edged its way into the outer-rim of the athletic limelight in the middle west today. Games of importance were not scheduled for this date, but three of the teams with hard early season battles just ahead of them took this opportunity to try out material and many of the colleges played their initial contests.

A large majority, especially of the larger schools, will not appear in a game until next Saturday.

Chicago next Saturday Indiana university meeting Harvard in two weeks, and Notre Dame university meeting the University of Iowa in two weeks made their initial appearance in games.

Northwestern had as its opponent Beloit, a former antagonist of the Purple, but one that has not appeared on the local gridiron for many years. Indiana had its trials against Franklin, while Notre Dame met the supposedly most formidable opponent of the Purple in Kalamazoo.

Indiana's game was an attempt to pick the 11 men who will do battle with Harvard. The many veterans at Indiana and a number of newcomers had made this selection difficult and the attempt to have this game decide the men to make the trip urged an interesting afternoon for the collegian spectators.

University teams of the Missouri valley with important games not scheduled until October and most of them awaiting until one week later to meet an equal opponent went into action against the weakest opponents only or more contests consume the day in intensive practice. The colleges of both sections, however, in large numbers went into action.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pirates 2, Phillies 0.
PITTSBURGH, Sept. 24.—The Pittsburgh Pirates defeated the Phillies by a score of 2 to 0 Friday, due to the effective pitching of Earl Hamilton, who held the opposition to four hits and no walks. The Pirates scored in the first on a pass and Robertson's double. The second run was scored in the third on Maraville's single, his steal of second and Tierney's hit.

Score by innings: R H E
Philadelphia.....000 000 0-0 4 1
Pittsburgh.....101 000 003-3 8 0
Batteries: Meadows and Henline; Hamilton and Gowdy.

Cubs 13, Braves 5.
CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—The Chicago Cubs won from the Boston Braves Friday by a score of 13 to 5. Thomas got a home run. The Cubs took the lead in the first inning and Boston had a chance to catch up.

Score by innings: R H E
Boston.....100 004 000-5 10 2
Chicago.....204 002 013-13 16 0
Batteries: McQuillan, Cooney and O'Neill; Kaufman and Daly.

MOVEMENT TO PROVIDE BREAKFAST FOR SOLDIERS WITHOUT EMPLOYMENT

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—A movement to provide "breakfast for every soldier every morning" was started yesterday when representatives of business, professional, educational, social and civic interests met at the Bankers' club to consider the question of relief for former service men who are out of work.

Commissioner of Immigration Frederick A. Willis declared that in New York City there are said to be 100,000 former service men out of work. A committee on organization comprised Mr. Willis as chairman; Rodman Wanamaker, treasurer; and William G. Meadon, as a member.

Personal attention given each and every guest that eats at the Palace, 182 Scott. Louis: Ylets, proprietress. 122-21p

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Yankees 4, Indians 2.
NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Babe Ruth was the hero of the Yankee victory over the Indians at the Polo grounds Friday by a score of 4 to 2. The Yankees are now leading the league by one game and less than two points.

The big Bambino did not make a home run, but he started every rally that netted the Yankees runs, scoring three himself and lashing out three blazing doubles out of four trips to the plate.

He walked the first time he faced Coveleskie, who was selected by Tris Speaker to win the first game of the crucial series for Cleveland in the race for the American league pennant.

A total of 26,000 persons were on hand to cheer the Yanks to victory. Young Waite Hoyt, the Brooklyn school boy, was in a hot battle with the star of the Cleveland pitching staff. Cleveland drew first blood, thanks to a single by Gardner, Sewell's triple and O'Neill's double in the fourth, which netted two runs. That was all Cleveland could get off Hoyt.

Score by innings: R H E
Cleveland.....000 200 000-2 6 0
New York.....002 012 014-4 6 2
Batteries: Wilkinson and Schalk; Hoyt and Schang.

Athletics 4-5, White Sox 0-1.
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24.—The Athletics defeated the White Sox by both ends of a double header here Friday, scores 4 to 1 and 1 to 0. Fred Heagan, a recruit from the Three Eye league, pitching his first major league game, blanked the Sox in the opener, while Bill Harris was a complete man in the second.

First game: R H E
Chicago.....000 000 000-0 7 4
Philadelphia.....002 010 014-4 6 2
Batteries: Wilkinson and Schalk; Heimach and Myatt.

Second game: R H E
Chicago.....001 000 000-1 4 1
Philadelphia.....049 001 041-9 14 0
Batteries: Thompson, Conaly and Schalk; Harris and Perkins.

Browns 10-5, Red Sox 2-10.
BOSTON, Sept. 24.—The Browns and Red Sox divided their double header here Friday, the visitors winning the first game by a count of 10 to 2, and breaking Joe Bush's winning streak of nine straight, but the Red Sox came back and took the second by a count of 10 to 5.

First game: R H E
St. Louis.....002 122 120-10 7 0
Boston.....020 000 000-2 9 1
Batteries: Shocker and Severed; Bush, Russell and Walters.

Second game: R H E
St. Louis.....300 002 000-5 11 0
Boston.....000 110 125-10 15 0
Batteries: Langlander, Kolp and Severed; Karr and Walters.

Senators 2, Tigers 1.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—Washington took the first game of the series from Detroit Friday by a score of 2 to 1. Mogridge and Leonard engaged in a pitchers' battle, but the Tiger south-paw weakened in the ninth, two walks and two hits bringing in the winning run.

Score by innings: R H E
Detroit.....100 000 000-1 5 0
Washington.....100 000 001-2 5 0
Batteries: Leonard and Bassler; Mogridge and Garrity.

"SUT SAYS"
"Why profiteer, the war and boom days are over."
Soft drinks scientifically compounded and courteously dispensed.
The price is less at
SUT'S SMOKE SHOP,
618 3th St., next to Wright's Clothes Shop.

Danny Clark Says
"Why not give us your cleaning and pressing?"

Bell Tailoring Co.
610 Seventh Street
Phone 2825

SPORT BRIEFS

Eastern Football Opens
NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Eastern college football makes its annual debut today with almost a score of games in which some of the larger institutions eleven meet rivals of minor strength.

While Yale is limbering up at New Haven against Bates, Harvard will uncover something of a gridiron novelty—a double header in which the teams of Middlebury college and Boston university will be played.

Miss Leitch in Finals
OTTAWA, Sept. 24.—Miss Cecile Leitch, British woman golf champion, meets Miss Molly McIlreid of Beaconsfield today in the final 36 hole struggle for the woman's Canadian golf championship.

East vs. West
NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—An east vs. west team match between the leading golfers of the two sections of the United States will precede the woman's national golf championship tournament which begins at the Hollywood club, deal, N. J., on October 2.

West Leading
CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—With tennis players representing the west having a 2 to 1 winning start over the east in matches yesterday in the annual inter-sectional championship tournament—two singles and one double match were to be played today on the South-side Tennis club turf courts.

Hemstitching 15 cent per yard. Work done promptly. Mail or new a specialty. Singer Sewing Machine company. Wichita Falls, Texas, phone 3451. 127-21p

Memorial craftsmanship is our hobby. Fourteen years in Wichita Falls, A. G. Deatherage, 49 Seventh street. Phone 2440. 124-71c

BRING OUT THE LIFE AND BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

Do not be content with just ordinary hair when at a very small cost you can have beautiful hair.



Hair that receives regular applications of *Herpicide's* hair life and soap radiates health— is soft, fluffy and abundant. You will be surprised and delighted with the results obtained from *Herpicide*.

Herpicide is sold on a money back guarantee by all Drug and Department Stores. Barbers apply it.

Ten cents in stamps or coin sent to The Herpicide Company, Dept. 21, Detroit, Mich., will bring you a generous sample and a booklet on "The Care of the Hair."

FIVE CENTS PER POUND ADVANCE IN LEAD PRICE

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—American Smelting and Refining company advanced price of lead from 44 1/2 to 47 cents per pound today.

"Millions Now Living Will Never Die!"

You may be one of them. Go! Hear the proof of these most marvelous tidings. Testimony upon testimony, evidence upon evidence, Biblical, historical, scientific—appealing to your reason as well as to your heart—will be presented without cost in the lecture by

B. RAY KENT
at the
LABOR TEMPLE AUDITORIUM
703 Travis Street
Sunday Afternoon, Sept. 25, 3-P. M.
NO COLLECTION—SEATS FREE

This lecture has comforted multitudes bereaved by the world war, epidemics and attending sorrows. So great has been the demand that it has been amplified and published in book form, including 500 Scriptural proof texts. Those unable to hear the lecture may have a copy by sending 25 cents to I. B. S. A., 503 Lee St., Wichita Falls, Texas.

READERS OF THE Wichita Daily Times

When on business or vacation trips will find THE TIMES on sale at the following places:

AMARILLO, TEXAS—Knapps News Stand, S. H. Taylor News Stand, Amarillo Hotel.

CLOVIS, N. M.—Bishop & Price Postoffice News Stand.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—H. H. Bell News Agency.

DENVER, COLO.—Witkens News Co., Schneider News Company.

MANITOU, COLO.—John A. Broadbent, 221 Manitou Avenue.

MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS—Crazy Well Hotel News Stand.

GALVESTON, TEXAS—Hub Cigar and News Stand, Twenty-Third and Postoffice Sts.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Wm. Krell, Eighth and Olive Sts.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Seigel News Co.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Schultz News Agency, 102 West Forty-Second St.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Quaker News Co.

DALLAS, TEXAS—X-10-U-8 News Co., 1612 1/2 Commerce St.; Lasseter Bros., 104 S. Akard; G. W. Griffis, 101 1/2 S. Akard St.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS—Henderson Bros., Tenth and Houston Sts.

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Cohens News Agency.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Billitz News Agency, 412 Central Ave.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Stevenson Daily News Co.



Floral Heights Methodist Church.
Tenth and Polk Streets

W. L. TITTLE, Pastor
Morning Service at 10:50; Evening Service, 8:00 o'clock

A Rare Treat Sunday

at
First Methodist Church
SUNDAY

DR. H. M. WHALING, vice president of Southern Methodist University will fill the pulpit morning and night.

"Dr. Whaling is versatile, witty, epigrammatic, eloquent and inspirational. He will give you thirty minutes packed full of gold and gems."
(Signed) H. D. KNICKERBOCKER.

Great Music, great Sunday School, great crowds.
NOTE: The night service will be held in the church at 7:45 o'clock instead of at the tabernacle.



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.)

GO AHEAD

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

THE bud unfolds into the flower. The seed, laid in the clod, finds its way to the light. The short green wheat blade of spring becomes the tall golden stem of summer, crowned by many grains. Truth is never idle. Truth is growth; it is progress.

You cannot serve truth and repose. You must contribute something to the world or you are as the dead seed laid away. That which is yours to do cannot be done for you. Each man is his own maker. The only nobility that the world permanently recognizes is that which grows out of usefulness.

The public pride of the Caesars lurks in the veins of fruit venders today. Do not trust either your happiness or your peace in history to the deeds of your fathers. That sturdy band of Pilgrims who would not relinquish their convictions would find but little content in your pride in the Mayflower if they realized that you, who boast of their heritage, made no denials and were unwilling to endure hardships for the cause of truth and right.

As sons and daughters of the American Revolution we too often boast of our forefathers' frank and fearless love of liberty while we cunningly evade the emancipations we might proclaim were we not ourselves slaves of greed.

We who boast of fathers who fought to make men free should recount what we ourselves have given or are willing to give in time, labor or

money for the freedom of those who are hopelessly chained down. Do we seek truth, do we love freedom so long as we allow men, under our laws, to coin money out of the labor of little children or abuse women for profit? Greed is a poor gun with which to hunt happiness.

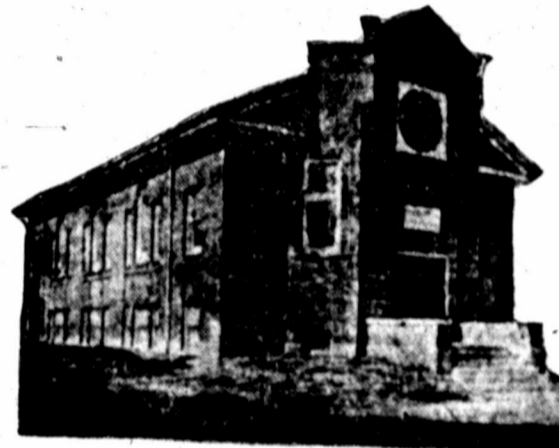
Be no parasite. Profess no patriotism that you have not earned. When chided that he had no ancestors Napoleon replied, "I am an ancestor." It is the first edition of a great book and not the last that brings the big price. Be the pattern not the emulation.

"Through the corridors of time," said Victor Hugo, "there ever echoes the sound of the patent boot descending and the wooden shoe ascending." Neither disdain the plowman from whom you come, nor rest upon the triumphs your ancestors won. Be yourself, in and by your own right, a MAN.

The thriving family tree never grows upon dead roots. The more you talk about the family from which you came the more will people talk about you; the more will they suspect you need the prop.

Don't look back; look ahead.

Don't let them find you coming down the steps—let them find you going up. Be not content with either reflection or repose. Seek the truth—and the truth is only found by GOING AHEAD.



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.



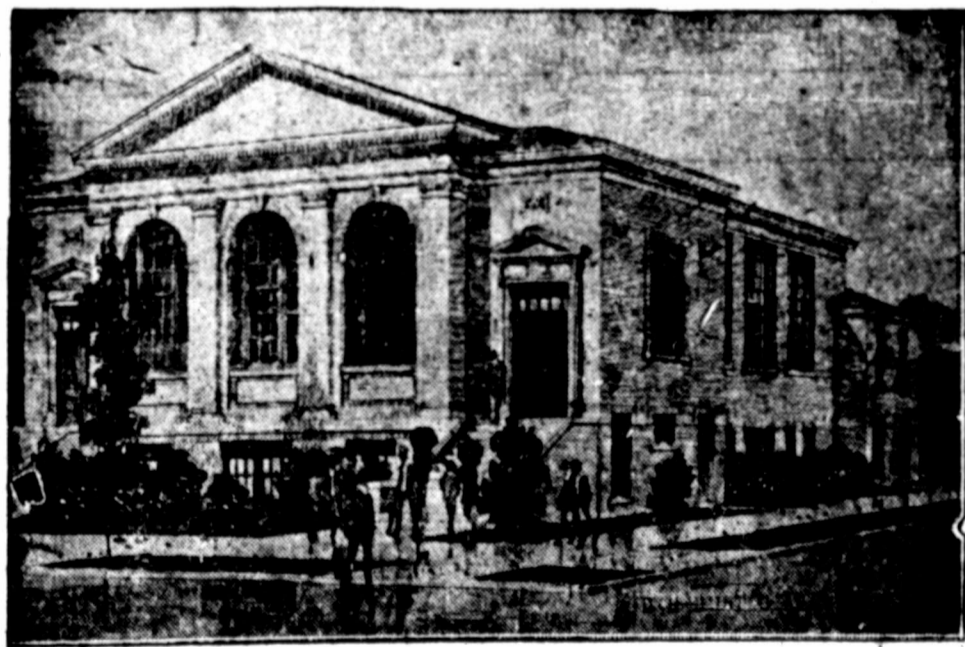
Central Presbyterian Church

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



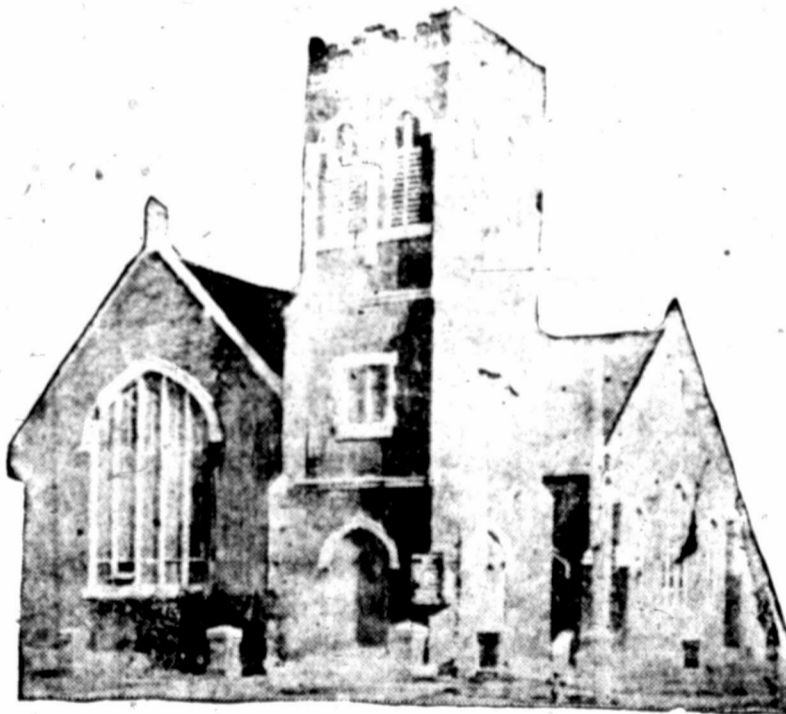
First M. E. Church

T. S. PITTENGER, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



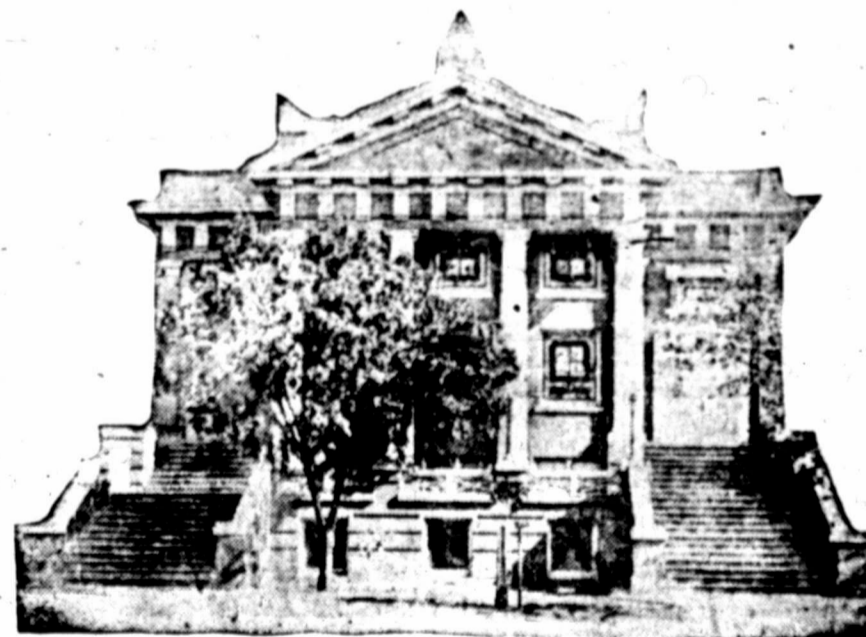
Lamar Avenue Baptist Church

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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Phone Your Ad to 4392

and our collector will present the bill the following day.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS Meet Tuesday nights at 7:30 o'clock, 603 Scott Ave. Visitors welcome.

A. L. FITTS, C. C. O. T. GORSLINE, K. R. S. Wichita Falls Lodge No. 636. A. F. M. M. Stated meetings first and third Friday nights in each month.

ED. BUNNENBERG, W. M. W. J. WEBB, Secretary. Work in the Masters Degree Friday, Sept. 25, at 6:00 p. m.

Wichita Falls Chapter No. 292. A. F. M. M. Stated meetings first and third Friday nights in each month.

Wichita Falls Chapter No. 65. Stated meetings first and third Thursdays of each month.

Wichita Falls Chapter No. 237. Meetings first and third Thursdays of each month.

Wichita Falls Lodge, B. P. O. Elks. Meetings first and third Monday nights of each month at Elks Hall.

Panhandle Lodge No. 341. I. O. O. F. Meetings every Monday night at Odd Fellows Hall.

Wichita Encampment No. 1. I. O. O. F. Meetings every Monday night at 8:00 o'clock.

Rebekah Lodge No. 236. Meetings second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 8:00 o'clock.

Market Temple, U. D. G. Meetings every Monday night at 8:00 o'clock.

Market patrol will meet every Monday night at 8 o'clock.

The Brotherhood of American Yeomen. Meetings every Monday night at 8:00 o'clock.

Knights of Columbus, Wichita Falls Chapter No. 1001. Meetings every Monday evening.

MATTRESSES renovated. Have us bring samples of tick and to your home.

WHILE PAVING Ohio-ave. we will have to use rear entrance to our shop.

MATTRESSES renovated. Get your mattress renovated. We make them like new.

FOR plumbing work 244. David Black.

PAINTING and paperhanging. First class work done.

FOR BOARDING AND BOARDING. Room and board for two gentlemen.

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FOR BOARDING AND BOARDING. Room and board for two gentlemen.

FOR BOARDING AND BOARDING. Room and board for two gentlemen.

FOR BOARDING AND BOARDING. Room and board for two gentlemen.

SALESMEN WANTED

AGENTS wanted to sell our new handy folding egg boiler.

WANTED—Live real estate salesman, familiar with the city.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE TO LET—Servants' room for washing and ironing.

WANTED—Lady between 35 and 40 years of age.

HUNDREDS U. S. government positions now open.

FOR RENT—Downstairs front bedroom, private entrance.

FOR RENT—Real nice bedroom, bath and telephone.

FOR RENT—Large front bedroom in private home.

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BEDROOMS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Large cool bedroom in front room.

THE AVONDALE has good, modern rooms for rent.

FOR RENT—Furnished cool upstairs bedroom.

FOR RENT—Bedroom with large closets, adjoining bath.

NICELY furnished southeast bedroom, private entrance.

FOR RENT—Large front bedroom in private home.

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FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS

FOR RENT—Two light housekeeping rooms in modern home.

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FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

THREE used photographs in good condition.

DRESSMAKING SEWING, reasonable price.

FINANCIAL MONEY to lend on Texas farm lands.

FOR SALE—Trade—My grocery, meat and feed business.

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OIL LEASES AND STOCK

CENTRAL Stock Exchange—Oil stocks and bonds.

STRAVED or stolen—One pair of black and white spotted.

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MARKETS

COTTON MARKET.

New York Cotton Market Sept. 23. The cotton market showed continued nervousness.

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THE OUTTA-LUCK CLUB



**"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?"
IS EVANGELIST IRELAND'S
THEME FRIDAY EVENING**

Rev. Ireland Friday night took his text from Hebrews 2:3 and preached upon "The Urgent Need of Salvation," taking as his main theme the verse from Hebrews which reads: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

The evangelist stated that Christ came to be the great, central sacrifice for the whole race, but, as the Jews did not consider that any good thing could come out of Nazareth, they did not accept Him as the Savior that had been prophesied about for generations.

"We may be able to neglect our health, our education, our homes and our business for some things but we cannot afford to neglect salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, and each individual should apply the pertinent question to himself as to whether he is now neglecting this. We may be as good as some church members and yet be lost. How can we stand the test of the judgment day, in the light of conscience and memory, if we neglect salvation? Many people drift here and drift there, drifting through life and into eternity, without a thought for their souls.

"If we can be saved without preaching, or accepting Christ, all the preaching of time has been in vain, and Christ died on the cross for nothing. The United States had high standards for her soldiers in the war, many failed to meet it, because of their moral standards, but God has just one standard for us to meet, to gain salvation, and that is, what did we do with Christ in our lives. God gives

every man life and the choice of his will as to what kind of a life he lives. God is not responsible if we are lost, since He sent His Son into the world to save us, and we have the choice of accepting or rejecting him as our Savior. Unless we eat of the bread of life, we perish.

"The wages of sin is death, and Christ is the only 'door' by which we can enter into eternal life. God has sent preachers, the Holy Spirit and His Son into the world to save us. We do not have to abuse the church of Christ to be lost; all we have to do is to neglect salvation. Great tragedies and calamities set us upon every hand throughout life, but the greatest tragedy about is the neglect of salvation and the loss of our souls. Men are lost for eternity because they put off accepting Christ just once too many times. Christ has salvation for all that will accept it. He came to the world to give His life that whosoever should believe on Him might not perish but have everlasting life. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

There will be no services at the church Saturday evening, but the regular services Sunday. Evangelist Ireland will preach on "Heaven and Home" Sunday morning, and will sing "The City Four Square." There will also be special in-school Sunday evening and the closing services of this meeting. Everyone is invited to both services.

**REV. H. M. WHALING, JR. TO
SPEAK NEXT SUNDAY AT
FIRST M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH**

"Our church," said Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker, pastor of the First Methodist church, "south, corner of Tenth and Lamar, to a 'Times' reporter, 'is certainly humming and buzzing like a bee hive. Thursday night, for instance, there were three different activities going on in three different sections of the church building at once. The Escalator Sunday school class was having a supper in the supper room. They have grown from nothing to more than a hundred in about a year. They are out after two hundred now. The choir was meeting and practicing in another room. They have a chorus of forty which they expect to increase to at least sixty. The Epworth Leaguers were in another department busy practicing the coming play which they will put on in connection with their yecuum course. Nor was this an exceptional night. Sometimes it has gone beyond this, another night recently having on five different melodious activities at the same time in the church."

"I have had the honor to be invited to deliver the opening sermon of the Southern Methodist university and will do so next Sunday morning. I would not have accepted it, however, except that Dr. H. M. Whaling Jr., vice-president of the university, one of the strongest and best preachers in the church, agreed to come and fill my pulpit for me on that occasion. Whaling is the son-in-law of a bishop and is the equal of many of the bishops in his preaching ability. He will give the people a discourse full of philosophy, epigrams, eloquence and inspiration.

Free—For Particular Folks—Free
Our Special JONTEEL Offer Lasts Just a Few Days Longer.

A 50c jar of Combination Cream Jonteel given FREE with each purchase of a 50c box of Face Powder Jonteel and 50c compact of Rouge Jonteel. Three necessary preparations for the price of two. If your face hasn't met Jonteel yet, you couldn't ask for a better opportunity.

Connect your home with a reliable Drug Store
Palace Drug Store
Phone 3126-3127 ONLY THE BEST Free Delivery

He will preach both morning and night. The night service will be held in the church for the first time in several months. It now begins at 7:45.

"The week beginning Sunday, October 2, will be filled with most intense, energetic work in every department of the church getting ready for the close of the ecclesiastical year which will be October 24, the date of the meeting of the north Texas annual conference in which Wichita Falls is situated. This great church will have a report which will challenge that of any in the whole southern Methodist connection."

NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSEMEN VOTE TO RETURN TO WORK

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 24.—The strike of cotton handlers which for three weeks has paralyzed movement of the staple here virtually ended when the union warehousemen voted to return to work today. The men had refused to abide by a decision of their leaders to submit the question to arbitration.

SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO WARRANT TRUE BILLS FOR DISAPPEARANCE OF PAPERS

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 24.—After a number of witnesses had appeared before the Fulton county grand jury here yesterday, Solicitor General Boykin announced sufficient evidence had not been presented to warrant true bills in connection with the alleged disappearance of police records of disorderly conduct charges against E. Y. Clarke and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, who are connected with the Ku Klux Klan.

Safe Milk for INFANTS & INVALIDS

ASK FOR **Horlick's** The Original Avoid Imitations and Substitutes.

For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children The Original Food-Drink For All Ages Rich Milk, Malted Grains Extract in Powder No Cooking—Nourishing—Digestible

One Opportunity

Notice our front window and you will see some beautiful Oriental Lamps, which we are offering for

\$50.00

These lamps are values up to \$175.00.

The Gifte Shoppe
Kemp Hotel.

RESINOL
Soothing and Healing Stops Itching

How Old Are You?

Years don't make age, but looks do. You are just as old as your vitality. Blood makes vitality, so that if your blood is rich, red, pure and plentiful, a long life is assured. The best blood medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is no better way to keep looking young than by taking this old-fashioned medicine that has been sold for over half a century in all the drug stores of the land. It is now put up in tablet forms as well as liquid. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., if you want a large trial package.

DR. A. W. WEST
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to diseases of infancy and childhood, 1018 American National Bank Bldg.
Phone: Office 3089—Residence 2381

R. C. McIVER
Contractor of
Painting and Paper Hanging
Phone 5178 Res. 3010 Taylor St.

COMPLETE LINE of SCHOOL SUPPLIES

- Writing Tablets
- Composition Books
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- Crayolas, etc.

SPECIAL
—School self-filler fountain pen **\$1.50** and up.

Winston's
DRUG STORE

704 Indiana Phone 3083

Let the Difference Be in Your Favor

The difference between the business that goes ahead and the business that either just gets by or fails to do even that, is usually determined by the kind of bank with which each is lined up. It is sure to make some difference; it may make all the difference.

The First National Bank
Indiana at Eighth St., Established 1884
The Friendly Bank

Are You Saving 10%?

With the best of intentions for the welfare of their families many men neglect to consider the future. They forget that women and children, left without the protection of husband and father, are often obliged to endure unnecessary hardships.

10% of the income should be saved before any expenditures are made.

The SECURITY NATIONAL BANK
"The Bank of Dependable Service"
Eighth and Ohio

SAVE!

Start a savings account this week, making up your mind that you'll add to it with regularity.

Start with \$1.00 or more.
4% Interest paid on Savings Account.

State Trust Company
706 EIGHTH ST.
R. E. Huff, President W. F. WEEKS, V.-Pres.
WM. E. HUFF, V-Pres and Treas

Cuticura



Talcum

Is so soothing and cooling for baby's tender skin after a bath with Cuticura Soap.

Free Delivery WE DELIVER
—Any Amount—Anywhere

No Order Too Small For Us to Deliver

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Wilford Harrison Drug
THE STORE AHEAD

American National Bank Bldg.
Phones 5009-5742 709-711 Eighth St.

ORIGINAL MEXICAN DISHES
Put Up To Take Home
Short Orders and Sandwiches.
Our Specialty

ARTHUR'S QUICK LUNCH
705 Seventh Street

If you are Suffering from Rheumatism or any Form of Nervous Disorders

Take the Swedish Massage Treatment
This Treatment will also Reduce or Increase Your Weight

Miss Anna Frendesen
SWEDISH MASSAGE EXPERT
Graduate of Central University, Stockholm, Sweden
1308 BUCHANAN STREET
Phone 3213 Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Painless Extracting with Laughing Gas
Ward Bldg. 504 8th St. Hours 9-10 Over Kruger Jewelry store.

DENTIST DR. GREEN
Easy Workman
GOLD CROWNS BRIDGE WORK \$6 and up
FILLINGS \$1.00 UP
WORK GUARANTEED

NOTICE!

Peoples Furniture Store has moved from 617 Indiana to 607 Indiana, where we will have more room.

We will carry one of the most complete lines of new and second hand furniture and stoves in the city.

We guarantee our goods as represented to you. Come in and we will show you.

Peoples Furniture Store
607 Indiana Phone 3223

Drs. Hampshire & Hoover
Practice Limited to
Skin and Venereal
316 Bob Waggoner Bldg.
PHONE 2619

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The Only Exclusive Specialist in Chronic, Nervous and Special Complications and Diseases of Women, Scientifically Treated.

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PARLOR MILLINERY
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Remodeling a Specialty

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IN SLIGHTLY USED FURNITURE
910 Indiana **STAR FURNITURE CO.** Phone 6811

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