

ARMY MEN TO PREVENT MARCH

SMALL BOY DROWNS IN WELL AT ELECTRA BODY IS RECOVERED

DIFFICULT TO FIND A SUITABLE MAN TO SUCCEED RATHENAU
ELECTRA, June 26.—The body of a small boy, four years old, son of Lee Gandy, drilling contractor of Burk Burnett, who fell into an open well on the Morris tract two miles east of Electra Sunday evening while playing, was recovered from the hole with grapping hooks Monday morning between 1 and 2 o'clock.

PARIS, June 26.—Dr. Walter Rathenau, the assassinated German foreign minister, before consenting to enter the Reich cabinet, demanded and received a written declaration from the government that it would fulfill the London reparations agreement of May 10, 1919. Charles P. Sherill told the Associated Press today.

THOUSANDS PAY A LAST TRIBUTE TO LATE SIR WILSON
LONDON, June 26.—Londoners today paid tribute to the late Field Marshal Sir Henry Hughes Wilson, victim of an assassin's bullet, by marching from his home in a drizzling rain to watch the funeral procession.

RAINFALL IS GENERAL OVER KANSAS AND WEST MISSOURI SUNDAY NIGHT
KANSAS CITY, June 26.—Rainfall was general over Kansas and western Missouri Sunday night, according to reports received here today, bringing needed relief to crops which have suffered from an extensive dry spell.

WIFE OF GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS DEAD
ST. LOUIS, June 26.—Following an announcement in New Haven that the wife of Governor Hiram Woodruff of Illinois had died, the Illinois Hardware company has been consolidated.

SINKING SAND
You know the parable of the man who built his house on the sand. There are many people who are doing this today.

PROTEST SHOWING OF CLARA HAMON PICTURE
AMARILLO, June 26.—After receiving protests from a committee representing local churches against the showing of the Clara Hamon picture here, the management of a local theater which had booked the picture announced that it would be cancelled.

STATE AND FEDERAL AGENTS INVESTIGATE ILLINOIS MINE WAR

HERRIN, ILL., June 26.—Investigators seeking to fix the responsibility for the rioting which cost at least 21 lives and the Lester strip mine last week, learned today from Sheriff M. Thaxton that neither he nor his deputies took any steps to prevent the massacre.

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PROTEST REMARKS OF WEEKS IN FAVOR OF WINE AND BEER

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE SENDS TELEGRAM TO PRESIDENT HARDING. ASK SIMILAR PROTEST FROM ALL THE STATES
Regional Conference of Organization Convenes at Oklahoma City.

WILL MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO OPERATE THE MINES
By Associated Press. S. LOUIS, June 26.—Illinois operators will make no attempt to operate the mines, W. K. Kavanaugh, president of the coal operators' association of the fifth and ninth (Illinois) districts, and H. C. Adams, president of the Central Illinois Coal Operators' association, stated today.

WIGHTMAN CHOSEN FOR OLYMPIC CUP GOLF COMPETITION
By Associated Press. KANSAS CITY, June 26.—E. W. Wightman, a professional golfer, was chosen today to represent the United States in the Olympic cup golf competition.

TWO MEN ARE KILLED IN AIRPLANE ACCIDENT
GETTSBURG, PA., June 26.—Capt. George D. Hamilton of Washington and Sergeant G. R. Meritt of Buffalo, N. Y., were killed here this afternoon when the army airplane in which they were circling 3,000 feet above the Gettysburg battlefield crashed to the earth.

TWO ARE DROWNED IN SWIMMING AT HOUSTON
HOUSTON, June 26.—Funeral arrangements were made today for two young men who lost their lives while swimming Sunday. Bedford Duneau, 22 years old, was drowned while swimming in the ship channel near Seabrook. Willie Jordans, 5 years old, was drowned in Buffalo bayou when he ran away from his sister, with whom he was walking and went for a swim.

'MEXPET' SOARS TO NEW HEIGHTS WHEN THE MARKET OPENS
NEW YORK, June 26.—Notwithstanding the investigation now under way by stock exchange authorities, Mexican Petroleum soared to new heights at the opening of today's stock market.

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REPORT AN ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO LIBERATE 91 MINERS HELD IN WEST VIRGINIA JAIL

FAIRMONT, W. VA., June 26.—The entire Fairmont police force and all the Marion county deputy sheriffs were mobilized at 11:30 here this morning to stop a reported march of striking miners and sympathizers from Monongah, a mining town 10 miles to the south. The authorities said they had been informed an attempt was to be made to liberate 91 prisoners from the county jail. The men were arrested last Friday after a march of strikers throughout the city.

CREST OF FLOOD IN THE RIO GRANDE PASSES MERCEDES
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, June 26.—The crest of the rise in the Rio Grande had passed Mercedes today and is traveling slowly as it approaches the mouth of the river, being retarded this morning by the Harlingen-San Benito area. One levee was reported as having broken early today near Laredo, inundating additional farm land.

CITY OF MERCEDES IS FLOODED BY RIO GRANDE
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, June 26.—The city of Mercedes, 50 miles west of Brownsville and thousands of acres of cotton and corn land in Harlingen county, was inundated by about two feet of water early today with the crest of Rio Grande flood still lingering between Westland and Mercedes, according to latest reports here.

TEXAS GIVEN \$45,000 TO FIGHT CATTLE TICK
FORT WORTH, June 26.—Texas is given \$45,000 by the federal government for fighting cattle ticks in July, August, September and October, according to word received at Texas headquarters here today from Washington. However, the Texas bureau is warned against expending more than \$12,000 in any one month.

U. S. JUDGE GRANTS PETITION FOR SALE OF NORTHWESTERN
OKLAHOMA CITY, June 26.—A petition of the Wichita Falls and Northwestern railroad for sale without order was granted here today in United States district court by Judge W. H. Blackburn of St. Louis. Details of the sale are to be arranged at hearing in St. Louis later this week, it was said by attorneys interested in the case.

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NOT A CANDIDATE

JOSEPH W. FORDNEY SAGINAW, MICH., June 26.—Congressman Joseph W. Fordney, chairman of the House Ways and Means committee and author of the Fordney tariff bill, announced this morning in a telegram to the Saginaw News-Courier that he will not be a candidate for reelection.

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MONEY FORWARDED TO SECURE RELEASE OF AMERICAN HELD

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ON ITS WAY INTO MEXICAN HILLS. BANK IN MEXICO CITY CONDUCTS NEGOTIATIONS
Seven Bandits Hold Up Automobile But Release Women in Party.

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FIRST PICTURES OF MINE WAR THAT COST OVER 20 LIVES

MEXICANS TRY TO TRANSFORM JOLLY INTO BORDER TOWN

BOOZE, SIX SHOOTERS AND REAL GREASES MAKE FEARFUL COMBINATION.

RANGER KOONSMAN IS CALLED; 3 ARRESTED

One White Man Suffers 3 Broken Ribs When He Tries to Push Hand Car Out of Way.

A goodly supply of booze, several six shooters and a half dozen Mexicans was the combination that attempted to transform the town of Jolly into a border town in the wee hours Monday morning.

The ticket agent heard the young war and flagged the passenger train and informed the conductor of the trouble. The conductor in turn summoned Ranger Koonsman who made a flying trip to the scene and quieted the trouble.

A white man whose name was not learned chanced to pass by in the vicinity of the trouble and a Mexican pointed his gun in the man's direction. A negro who had not imbibed so freely but who was a member of the party exercised a small amount of prudence and knocked the gun out of the hands of the Mexican.

The white man, however, didn't stop to see what later developments would be but hastened forward. A hand car standing on the side track appeared in his way. Either he did not see it or did not care to take the trouble of going around it for he ran square into it and suffered three broken ribs.

TO DECIDE WINNER WEST TEXAS LEAGUE WITHIN THREE DAYS

AMARILLO, June 27.—The winner of the first half of the West Texas league season will be decided within the next three days. Amarillo, the rookie club of the circuit, is leading Lubbock, last year's runner-up to the champion Abilene Eagles, by two and a half games, and Sweetwater is one full game behind Lubbock.

The Amarillo club lost three straight games to Stamford and opened a three game series at El Paso today, while Lubbock must play three double headers at San Angelo. Lubbock must win four out of six games to tie Amarillo. El Paso and Amarillo lost three straight to Ranger.

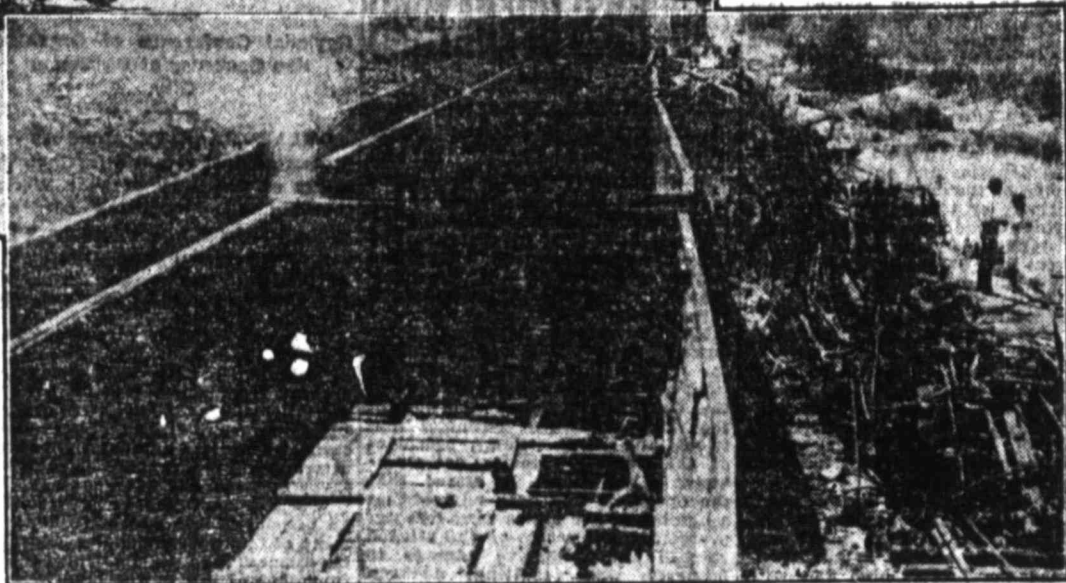
A memorial tower has been built on Thiepval ridge, in France, to commemorate the 5,000 Irish soldiers of the Thirty-sixth division who fell in the battle of the Somme.

Only on one day of the year are women permitted to enter the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, which is the glory of the Cathedral of San Lorenzo in Genoa.

BODIES OF VICTIMS REMOVED HERE



Eighteen bodies of strikebreakers were lying in this temporary morgue in Herron, Ill., when this photo was taken. Crowds visited the building throughout the day. The lower picture shows ruins of the strikebreakers' homes. They lived in cars that had been provided for them at the mine. Burning cars of coal that caught fire from the incendiary blast, are shown at the bottom.



DYNAMITES SAFE AND RUINS



Above is what was left of the demolished offices of the Southern Illinois Coal Company, at the mine. After the fighting ceased the large safe shown in the foreground and said to have contained considerable money, was opened by dynamite and the office building burned to its foundations.

work of onions, and he has in the ground at this time an estimated amount of 300 bushels which he probably will receive three and one-half cents per pound for. He has sold \$500 worth of dewberries off a half acre. He has three acres of the finest peppers I ever saw and five acres of several varieties of tomatoes, but there seems to be a curious thing about tomatoes in this section. The vines will become very thrifty and look as though they would bear an abundance of fruit, and during the blossoming time they seem to fall off, greatly decreasing the yield. He will have his largest yield from his pear tomatoes. The vines are loaded. He is getting five cents a pound for them so far that he has brought in.

In going over different patches of ground, it was very noticeable the yields in new ground and ground that had been thoroughly worked, manured and cropped for several years, but Mr. Downing is working into the soil as fast as he can, those properties that it is lacking, so as to get the largest yields of everything. He has made his work easy of cultivation by planting his truck in wide rows so that a one-horse cultivator can go down the rows, leaving little to be done

FORD RUNS 34 MILES ON GALLON OF GASOLINE
Start Easy in Coldest Weather—Other Cars Show Proportions Saving.

A new carburetor which cuts down gasoline consumption of any motor and reduces gasoline bills from one-third to one-half is the proud achievement of the Air-Friction Carburetor Co., 2533 Madison street, Dayton, Ohio. This remarkable invention not only increases the power of motors from 20 to 50 per cent, but enables every one to run slow on high gear. It also makes it easy to start a Ford or any other car in the coldest weather. You can use the very cheapest grade of gasoline or half gasoline and have horses and still get more power and more mileage than you now get from the highest test gasoline. All Ford owners can get as high as 34 miles to a gallon of gasoline. So sure are the manufacturers of the immense saving their new carburetor will make that they offer to send it on 30 days' trial to every car owner. As it can be put on or taken off in a few minutes by any one all readers of this paper who want to try it should send their name, address and make of car to the manufacturers at once. They also want local agents, to whom they offer exceptionally large profits. Write them today.—adv.

by hand. His rows are as clean as can be. Mr. Downing himself is a thorough student of farming and believes in the best methods possible. He is a student of agriculture, takes the leading farm papers and government bulletins and informs himself along agricultural lines; he is an irrigation enthusiast, having been at it since he was eight years old; he is a valuable man to this community and will be a valuable asset to the men who come upon the future irrigated land under the local project, who know absolutely nothing about irrigation methods.

Mr. Downing told me something interesting about sparrows. He said that they were the best friend he had this year, for they were getting after the bugs in his cabbage, and we customarily think of the sparrow as a great pest, so after all maybe the sparrow will be worth something.

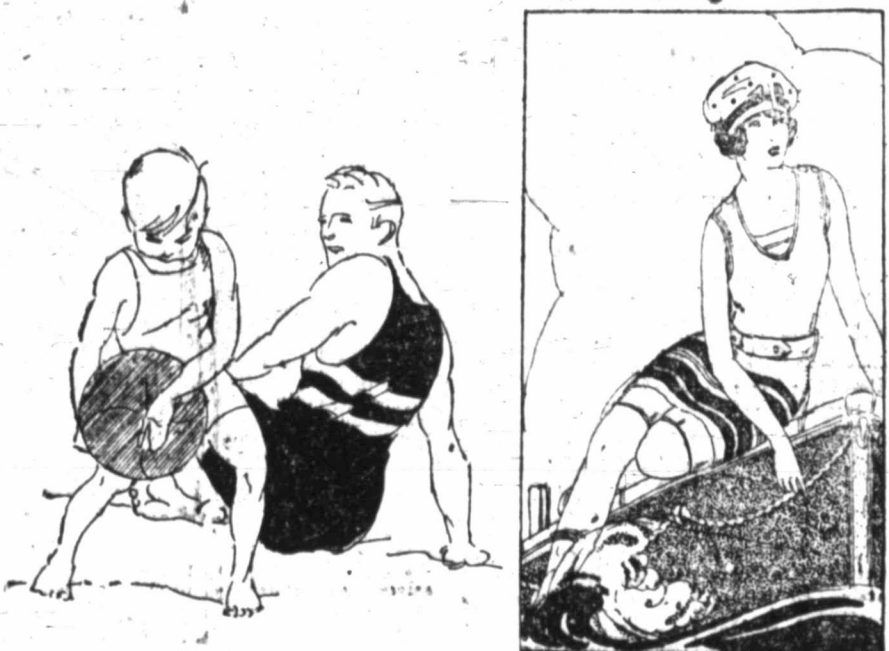
Mr. Downing is intensely interested in marketing facilities; in giving all the information he can to anyone interested in what this section can do, and in giving advice to the benefit of his irrigation experience. It is well worth a visit of anyone to Mr. Downing's place and too much cannot be said for one who has such an intense interest for the future of the irrigation project and what it means to this interesting about sparrows. He said that

Working at great heights is said to be so beneficial to the nervous system that, barring accidents, the span of life of the average steepjack is about 30 years.

RIDGE IS SCENE OF BATTLE



Scenes on one of the dumps at the Southern Illinois Coal Company mine near Herron, where the mine war pitched battle was staged. The attackers were in the thickets at the right and on back towards a big road, while the defenders fired from the top of the ridge shown at the left. It was near the pole where the flag of truce was raised.



Practically—Pretty Bathing Suits for Men, Women and Children for Beach and Water

Ocean waves may call—rippling lakes—swimming pools or even silver sand may furnish the lure—whatever it be, one must be equipped smartly, comfortably and if you wish economically.

Your selection here is almost unlimited. There are colors galore, styles many, all sizes from two years up. All indications point to a great bathing season, so let's all get in the swim and enjoy the hot summer days.

Women's Bathing Suits \$3.95 to \$12.50—There are just so many styles, so many colors and so many combinations that we couldn't begin to describe them.

Children's Bathing Suits \$1.50 to \$3.95—Mothers will not be any ahead of the little tots, for we have well provided for them, a host of colors and combinations.

Bathing Suits for Men—One-piece Wool Suits in many high color combinations, as well as conservative navys and Oxford greys. Two-piece Suits, white Jersey with navy blue trunks. Extra size for men, one-piece styles.

Prices Are \$3.00 to \$6.50

BATHING ACCESSORIES

Rubber Bathing Caps to match Suits, plain or fancy. Rubber Shoes in high colors.

Let us take care of your wants in all Bathing Apparel.



"The Courteous Service Store"

Remember the Shrine Circus, July 1 to 8, Wichita Falls, Texas

LUCKY STRIKE
"It's Toasted"

Cigarette
It's toasted. This one extra process gives a rare and delightful quality—impossible to duplicate.

Manufactured by The American Tobacco Co.

Some Girls are Like That — By Frank H. Williams

Copyright, 1928, by Public Ledger Company

FOLKS said Charlie Montgomery got his automobile in this way: From a dealer in second-hand parts he bought a peck of bolts, from another a bushel of odds and ends, a tire or two from this one and a clutch from another one. Then he assembled the parts one evening with the aid of a hairpin and a vivid imagination. His wheezing, gasping, twitching, groaning automobile was the result.

Charlie simply grinned at this—he had a very pleasing grin—said folks were absolutely right, that this was exactly how he got his car, and went about his business. Charlie's principal business at that time was the courting of pretty Dorothy Smith. But this business wasn't going as well as his secondary business which was that of contractor.

Charlie had a rival, a very dangerous rival. This rival was Henry Moorehouse, good-looking and possessed of a large amount of money left to him by his father. Furthermore, Henry had a high-powered car, an established position in local society, a pleasing personality and plenty of time. No wonder he made such progress in his efforts to win Dorothy's affections.

Of course the rivalry between the two men aroused a lot of interest among the friends of the three. Particularly did it arouse a great amount of sympathy in Mrs. Malone, with whom Charlie boarded, and who had mothered him since the death of his parents, when he was but a tiny youngster.

"Don't let good-looking, lazy Henry Moorehouse get your girl," counseled Mrs. Malone. "I'd never have a smile left in me all my life if you let her get away."

"I'm not going to let her get away," grinned Charlie.

"Well, then," went on Mrs. Malone, "drop everything else and court her the way Henry Moorehouse does. You can afford to do it—you can afford to drop everything for a while and spend all your time courting her. You can afford to get a new car, too—that old rattle-trap of yours is a disgrace to the city."

"No I can't," responded Charlie thoughtfully. "And, besides, that wouldn't be the way to win her."

"It wouldn't, huh?" cried Mrs. Malone. "Every girl wants her sweetheart to give her a lot of attention and have a fine car and be well dressed and everything."

"Yes, some girls are like that," said Charlie. "But I'm not going to court her that way. I'm going right ahead the way I'm doing right now."

Mrs. Malone threw her hands up. "Well," she said with great resignation, "you're the one that will suffer—not me. If you can't see what's the right thing to do then no amount of talking can make you see it."

"Yes, that's right," grinned Charlie, and patted Mrs. Malone's shoulder affectionately. He didn't say it, but he knew that if he lost out Mrs. Malone would suffer every bit as much as himself, no matter what she said to the contrary.

So Charlie climbed into his sway-backed excuse for an automobile, torturing it into activity and bounced around to Dorothy's home for the purpose of taking her out for a ride.

Dorothy greeted him with a smile. "I see you still have Athena with you," she commented, pointing to the automobile.

"Yes," said Charlie, "and she seems to be coughing better today."

"That's good," said Dorothy. "She sounded quite bad yesterday and I was afraid her one remaining thing was about gone."

At this they looked at each other and laughed and Charlie's heart began to pound furiously, as it always did whenever he was with Dorothy.

Presently they began coughing and bounc-

"I take it you saw Dorothy today," said Mrs. Malone rather slyly.

"You take it correctly," Charlie replied.

"And did she, perhaps, promise to be Mrs. Montgomery?" queried Mrs. Malone.

"No," said Charlie. "I didn't ask her that important question today."

Mrs. Malone shook her finger at him solemnly and sorrowfully.

"I'm mighty afraid," she said, "you're going to lose her. Just this afternoon I saw her going up the street with that Henry Moorehouse in his big new car and they were all dolled up like a million dollars. He was probably taking her to a tea party



"You—you really like this?" cried Henry

ing down the street, as if going to themselves. And as they continued on their way Charlie smiled a bit to himself.

"I'll have to tell Mrs. Malone all about it," he said to himself. "It's too good to keep, but just for the time I'm going to keep it a secret—a secret with myself."

That evening when Charlie went home he was smiling happily, so happily that Mrs. Malone noticed it and smiled at him in return.

somewhere. That's what you ought to be doing, taking her around to parties and things instead of to the movies and such like. All girls like parties and fine clothes more than anything else in the world."

"Yes," said Charlie, "some girls are like that."

"If you say that again," remarked Mrs. Malone quite savagely, "I'll turn you out of house and home and never let you darken this house again."

But Charlie simply laughed at her.

It was some few days after this that

Charlie gave Mrs. Malone an address while they were eating the evening meal together. "I wish you'd come to this address tomorrow afternoon about 3 o'clock," said

Charlie, "there's something out there I want to show you."

Mrs. Malone gazed at the address with great curiosity and then at Charlie with equal curiosity.

"What is it?" she demanded. "What are you going to show me?"

"That's a secret," laughed Charlie. "You come out to that address tomorrow afternoon and you'll see."

Mrs. Malone tried ineffectually several more times to get Charlie's secret from him, but he was adamant.

the driveway at the side of the car stood Henry Moorehouse's relic of a machine and under the machine some one was sprawled and busily tinkering with it.

At last Charlie gave a little grunt of satisfaction and walked down to the car. Mrs. Malone had just gotten off and was looking around rather hazy for the address.

"Right up here," said Charlie, taking her by the arm and guiding her up toward the house.

Then, suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks. A big, high-powered car had just stopped in front of the house and a very carefully dressed man was getting from it.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said Charlie. "What is it?" demanded Mrs. Malone.

"Nothing much," said Charlie, "but this ought to be good."

It was good!

THE man alighting from the car was Henry Moorehouse. Charlie and Mrs. Malone met Henry right at the entrance to the walk leading up to the house.

"I was told that Dorothy was here. Is she?" demanded Henry, stiffly.

"Yes," said Charlie. "Dorothy," he cried.

An overalled, rather grimy little figure crawled from under Charlie's feet. Henry gasped and ran up to her. Charlie and Mrs. Malone followed rapidly.

"Dorothy," cried Henry, "have you forgotten that afternoon reception at the Browns? You were to go with me!"

An expression of annoyance came to Dorothy's face.

"No, I'm not going!" she exclaimed. "I've hated those things all my life—drawing up all the time and going to parties. Charlie is the only person who's let me work around with his car—and help build a house the way I've always wanted to. And I'm just having a wonderful time!"

"You're helping Charlie build this house?" cried Henry aghast.

"It's all right," said Charlie. "It's OUR house. We were married this morning!"

Dorothy came shyly to Charlie and he put his arm around her.

"You—you really like this?" cried Henry, indicating Charlie's old car and the half-completed house with a wave of his hand.

"I love it!" cried Dorothy.

For a moment a look of intense amazement came to Henry's face. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away.

"You see," Charlie shot after him, "some girls are like that!"

Charlie turned, grinning to Mrs. Malone. "You don't mind my telling him that, do you?" he asked.

"I'd have wrung your neck if you hadn't!" cried Mrs. Malone happily.

In Spite of the Fortune Teller

By H. Louis Reybold

WHEN Betty Peyton consented to play the fortune teller at Mrs. Esmond-Ashley's annual garden fete she did so under the supposition that it would be an easy way of passing the time at an affair where she knew nobody and would, in a way, be a means of doing her hostess a favor in return for the recent great kindness done her.

As she regarded herself in the mirror after an hour's application of all she had learned in the amateur theatricals which had served to pass so many hours of the summers spent in the hills at Simla, she assured herself that her dearest friend would never recognize her. And it would have indeed been difficult to detect beneath the burnt umber complexion, swarthy brows, gaudy turban and oriental draperies of the image which confronted her the Anglo-Saxon fairness and winsome charm of Betty Peyton.

"You're simply perfect, my dear!" Mrs. Esmond-Ashley's voice was all admiration. "Your booth is down by the rhododendrons—and remember, you are supposed to be the real article. After advertising that unreliable Hindu woman as my leading card, I simply dare not go back on it. Incidentally, I honestly think you look more genuine than she does!"

DURING the early part of the evening, custom was very brisk, and Betty had her hands full, literally and figuratively, with palms, both masculine and feminine, demanding to be read. Then, as the liquid notes of the Hawaiian quartet floated on the lantern illuminated air, the guests drifted away to listen, and Betty was left alone, resting a dusky hand and gazing pensively out into the sweet-scented night as one who peers into a future too dim to decipher.

She was wondering why it was that she and Paul Brighton could not have met naturally without being thrown at each other's heads since childhood. Gossip, the length and breadth of India, she told herself bitterly, had coupled their names together until no doubt he felt the same aversion to her that she did to him. And all because their fathers, closely associated for years, had made so evident their wish to see their children wed one another.

It was when she learned that Paul, now Captain Brighton, was to be transferred to the same post as her father, that Betty made up her mind to run away, and writing to her aunt in America, whom she had never seen, opened the opportunity for the invitation to spend the summer at the latter's country home.

Suddenly, breaking in upon her meditations, a tall figure advanced through the shrubbery and, throwing himself down on the cushions before her, silently held out his hand. As he did so, the swaying lantern above her shone on his lifted face. Thus-

destruck, she nearly uttered a cry, then, with great effort, checked herself. It was Paul.

What was he doing here? Would he recognize her? No, that was absurd, and presumably her aunt would not disclose her identity, at least until after the festivities. These thoughts flashed through her mind as she bent above his palm.

Then she had an inspiration. Of all the people she knew, Captain Brighton, after his years in India, might have some faith in the occult.

Slowly she began, in hesitating, broken notes. "The sahib—the sahib from Kurachi? Yes—I see it here. Also, he must beware ver' light lady: must be careful. Light ladies ver' bad for this sahib—bring bad luck, bad fortune, sickness, death, oh, ev' thing. Much better think on dark ladies—ver' dark."

She hoped that in the semi-darkness he did not observe her sudden pause as she recalled the fact that her hostess's daughter Joan was of an exceeding darkness, and Mrs. Esmond-Ashley might naturally not wish to be considered as making a bid for attention to her daughter through the medium of a fortune teller at her own garden party.

But her patron merely gave a grave, "Thank you," and, rising, went his way, leaving Betty wondering how much faith he had in her abilities as a seeress.

That night Mrs. Esmond-Ashley congratulated Betty. "I'm sure a tremendous hit—and everybody believed you real. Why Captain Paul Brighton, just arrived from India on a mission in which my husband is concerned, says he's seen hundreds like you sitting on the road to Delhi. Incidentally, he's coming to tea tomorrow. Between you and me, I believe he's a bit gone on Joan!"

THE following afternoon Betty, in her own character, met quite informally the man between whom and herself she had endeavored to put several continents. They had shaken hands quite casually, while he remarked with calmness that he had known her for many years. Then he had turned to Joan and asked if she played tennis.

The next month, for Betty was much like this game which allowed, in which she was quite out of it all, watching the misadventures of Paul and Joan from the sidelines. And little by little she began to regret; first, her impulsive departure, then her prophetic utterances, which a apparently he had taken so seriously. For, no doubt, he knew she had gone to avoid his presence at the post and was revelling in his chance to demonstrate how little her reports troubled him.

Then an odd thing occurred. In Joan's presence Paul invited her to go with him on a yachting party, and although surprised at herself, Betty heard herself accepting. On the evening of the trip she found Paul had drawn two chairs close together in a

secluded corner of the stern deck. For a while they sat watching the play of the moonlight on the scudding foam of the wake. Then, out of a clear sky, Paul turned to her and said: "You see, Betty, I took your advice about dark ladies!"

So he had known, after all—probably through her aunt!

"Well, I'm sure you found it good!" she managed to answer lightly. "But how did you know it was?"

"Very easily," returned the man. "Once having seen you in a similar character at an amateur performance in Simla, I could not very well forget your skillful portrayal. Besides, having come several thousand miles in search of you, I was looking for you everywhere, although, feeling myself, as I know you did, that there had been enough outside management in our affairs, I was determined to tell no one my errand."

"But Joan—and your mission!" stammered Betty.

"Joan understands the whole thing and was helping me out—besides, she's engaged, herself!" retorted Paul. "As for the mission, that was a lucky coincidence. I'll admit, but, knowing it was to be sent here, I pulled the wires and got myself appointed!"

There was a moment's silence. Then Paul leaned over and helped himself to the slim hand lying so temptingly near his own.

"Aren't you afraid of the fate I foretold?" asked Betty whimsically, but not withdrawing her hand.

"If I am," declared Paul, "I'd rather endure it with you, my darling, than have all the luck in the world without you!" and won for his brave reply the reward it merited.

By Raymond A. Hill

OUTSIDE the warm rain pattered on the metal gutters. The atmosphere in the huge local room was humid, and few things can make a newspaper office more dull and thoroughly monotonous than a rain Saturday night after the editions are running on the presses. The Transcript's local staff lolled about, immensely bored, waiting for the welcome "good-night" that inevitably winds up the grind.

Suddenly Charlie Steese, one of the deskmen, took a keen interest in the sheet he had been casually reading. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, turning to Bill Johnson, "old Mike McCarthy is dead."

"What?" asked Bill, astonished. "You aren't kidding me, are you?"

"No," was Charlie's answer. "Poor old Mike! He was the best city editor I ever knew. It was a rare occasion when he fell down on a story."

"Yes," agreed Bill, "he rarely fell down on a story. He could get 100 per cent work out of every one in his department. When he sent after a story he got it. Or, if he didn't, the reporter got the air and another man was put on the job."

"He always held the story first and the reporter second," Charlie remarked.

"But I know when the exact opposite was the case," Bill said slowly. "Yes, I remember when thirteen words, said in a hurry and without thought of the man to whom he was speaking, made old McCarthy worry himself sick for an hour."

"When?" Charlie inquired.

"The time young Mike McCarthy got the story of the marriage of the daughter of John Courtney, the coal king, to her chauffeur. I think it was about five or six years ago," was Bill's reply.

"I never heard the yarn," Charlie answered.

Johnson knocked the ashes from his dead pipe.

"Of course, you know, young Mike McCarthy," he began, "and you know he was

So the next afternoon found Charlie at 3 o'clock, arrayed in soiled overalls, standing on the veranda of an incomplete little house looking at the car line expectantly. In

The Law of the Game

By Raymond A. Hill

his father's pride. Old Mike wanted his son to be a newspaperman. So when the kid finished school he was placed on the Independent—his father's paper—as a district man.

"Now old McCarthy had one fear: he was afraid the kid would get into trouble while on a district. So he gave him only easy assignments; the kind that carried no danger. But the youngster couldn't be held down. He was soon one of the best reporters in the city. And in seven months he was the second-best man on the Independent.

"About this time John Courtney's daughter ran away with her chauffeur. But although everybody knew of the elopement, old Courtney denied it vigorously. And his denials only served to make the story better for a page a blaze.

"As soon as the story broke—11:30 P. M.—a young army of reporters besieged Courtney's mansion. All were from morning papers. They tried every method known to get the yarn, but failed. Then they kidded him, trying to get a statement while he was riled; but in that, too, they flopped. Finally they gave up the job.

"When the evening sheets got a chance, old Mike sent his star Cleary after the yarn. Then a bigger story broke, and Cleary had to be yanked and sent on the other job. So, as young McCarthy was the next in line, he was taken from City Hall and chased after Courtney.

"The kid went after the story in his usual way—with the idea of getting it, regardless of costs. But Courtney, by this time, was tired of having reporters hanging around his place. And he decided to put an end to the intrusions.

"When the kid reached the door of the coal king's mansion he was greeted by Courtney himself. The king had a shotgun hanging neatly over his right arm. And he had a deadly look in his eye.

"Well," he said, after what seemed to be an eternity of silence, "what can I do for you?"

"His appearance and manner failed to throw a scare into the kid. 'I'm from the Independent,' young Mike explained, 'and I came to get a statement in regard to your daughter's marriage.'

"So you're another reporter," Courtney exploded. "Haven't I said more than a thousand times that June isn't married? Isn't my word sufficient?"

"Certainly," the kid answered. "But, Mr. Courtney, how do you explain your daughter's presence in Boston with Jack Palmerson, her—chauffeur?"

"She isn't there," Courtney screamed. "Besides, I don't have to do any explaining."

"Young Mike paid no attention to the excited man, but continued: "And why do the press associations say she is happily married and—"

"This was too much for Courtney. "She isn't married," he cried, "and the next reporter that comes around here is going to get a warm reception. I'll give you five minutes to get off these grounds, and if I see you around here again I'll shoot to kill."

"There was nothing left for the kid to do but beat it. Courtney had a reputation for keeping his word, and the boy

wasn't going to take any chances. So he went straight to a phone booth and called the Independent office. He wanted his dad's advice on the matter.

"But while young Mike was trying to get his father that individual was extremely busy. Cleary had landed his story, and it was a clean beat. Old Mike was handling it himself. He was working hard for the next edition when the phone buzzed.

"Hello!" the old man bawled through the transmitter.

"This you, dad?" came over the wire. Then, without waiting for a reply, young Mike continued: "Say, dad, Courtney won't give me that statement. And he says if I come back again he'll shoot me."

"Old Mike, thinking only of the edition and forgetting his vow never to send his son into danger, was furious. "Go back and tell him he can't scare me," he yelled, "and get that story!" He then slammed down the receiver.

"After the edition was sent to press old Mike remembered his son's phone call. Suddenly he grew white; he remembered the kid had said Courtney would shoot him if he returned; he remembered Courtney's reputation for keeping his word; he remembered the order he had unconsciously given his son and the consequences that probably would follow. And then he slipped far down into his chair to worry for sixty minutes."

AT THIS point Charlie interrupted Johnson. "Did the kid get the story?" he asked.

"Don't be in a hurry," Bill replied; "I'm coming to that. At the end of an hour old McCarthy was somewhat relieved when he saw his son come swinging through the door of the local room. He looked the kid over, carefully and decided nothing was wrong. Then he reverted to his old manner and bawled 'Did you get that story?' Receiving an affirmative reply, he went on: 'Well, how in hell did you get it?'

"Young McCarthy sat down at his desk and glanced over his notes. Then, just before he began to write, he replied in a drawl: "I bought a gun and when Courtney came to the door I stuck him up before he could get me."

Confused

THERE is a certain young matron of Philadelphia who is a bit absent-minded and, consequently, apt to confuse matters at times. On one occasion she was fearful lest she would forget to order the chickens in time for dinner. Throughout the forenoon she kept repeating to herself "Chickens—groceries—chickens—groceries."

Finally, when the hour approached at which she was accustomed to call the grocer, she took up the phone and asked:

"Have you any nice young grocers?"

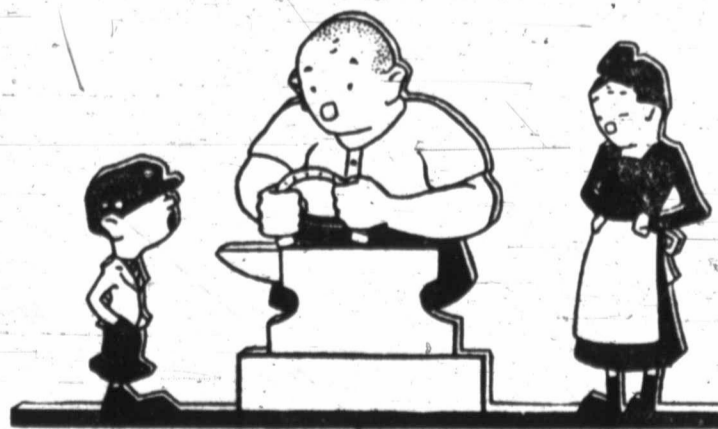
"Why, yes, madam," came in a surprised tone from the other end.

"This is Mrs. Smith talking," she went on, "and I want you to send me a couple dressed."

"Send you a couple dressed?"

"Well—no; you had better send them undressed, and then when my husband comes home he'll wring their necks and the cook can dream them."

Ain't That Right?—By John Bach



A big hefty man was the smith,
The idol of all round his shop;
But his wife was a life of unbearable strife
For his wife made him hustle and hop.

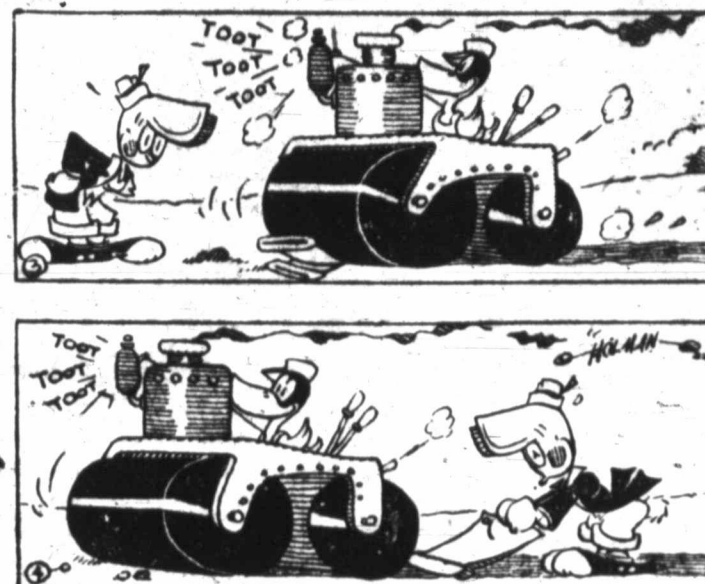
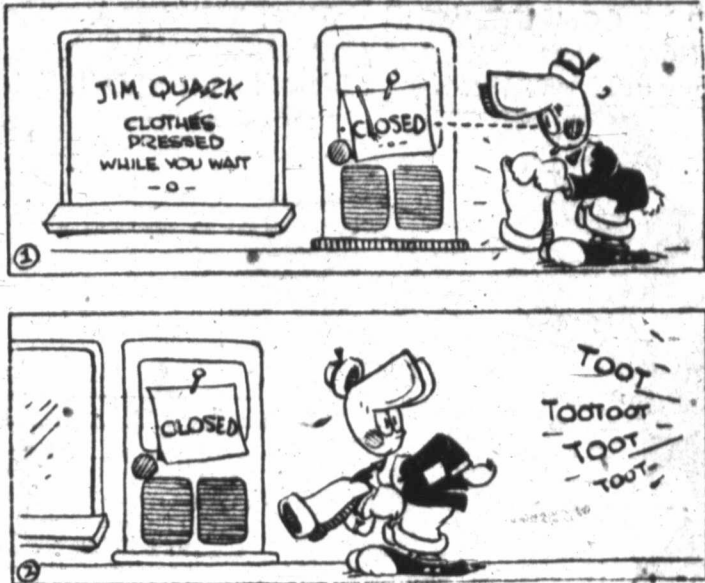
THE TIMES' DAILY PAGE OF LEADING COMIC FEATURES

J RABBIT

BY HOLMAN CICERO SAPP

How Could Cicero Know

—BY FRED LOCHER



THE BICKER FAMILY

Sally Has Milt Guessing

BY SATTERFIELD

THE OLD HOME TOWN

BY STANLEY



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Tom and Helen Were Guests at the Yacht Club

BY ALLMAN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Freckles Doesn't Lead a Dog's Life

BY BLOSSER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN



SALESMAN SAM

Sam Sends the Gang a Reply

BY SWAN



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MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1922.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Uphold me according to Thy word that I may live; and let me not be ashamed of my hope.—Psalm 119:116

Hope is itself a species of happiness, and perhaps the chief happiness which this world affords; but like all other pleasures its excesses must be expiated by pain; and expectations improperly indulged must end in disappointment.—Samuel Johnson.

SENATOR CULBERSON AND THE EMERGENCY TARIFF.

Up until last week no one had attacked the record of Senator Culbertson. Other candidates and their friends had spoken well of the record of the senator Texas senator and had given as their reason for opposing him that he was feeble and unable to give the physical effort required of a Texas senator.

It is charged that Senator Culbertson failed to protect the interest of his constituents in failing to support the emergency tariff which levied high tariffs upon a number of agricultural products. While there are many Texans who can forgive members of congress from Texas and from the South who voted for this emergency it is likely to cause resentment to hear it argued as a reason for supporting such members or opposing those who failed to vote for it.

The majority of Texans, we believe, will approve Senator Culbertson's discernment and judgment in voting against a measure in which his constituents are given the pretense of protection on commodities they produce for a very real protection that is certain to add to the cost on the commodities they consume.

The interest of Texas must be in tariffs as low as they can be made to produce the proper amount of revenue. Texas representatives ought always to fight for that kind of a tariff bill. It seems poor policy to trade something actual and very real for something that is mostly pretense.

LITTLE NEW UNDER THE SUN.

While it may be going too far to say that there is little new under the sun we are finding that much that we thought was new is so old that it has been forgotten.

Take the use of anaesthetic agents in surgical operations. This has been believed to be a discovery and practice of recent times, but now we learn that the ancient Egyptian surgeons practiced anaesthesia quite generally. Anaesthesia was produced by the Egyptian physicians by striking the patient a blow on the head with a mallet, producing unconsciousness. While their patient was in this state the Egyptian sawbones got in their work we are told. The Egyptians did not strike the patient directly upon the head with the mallet, but used a block of wood to scatter the force of the blow. We can imagine that they developed great skill in this practice.

In the old days when Wichita Falls was the western town in Northwest Texas and was known, rather fondly perhaps, by Oklahomans as "Whiskeytown," it is said there was a saloonkeeper who rediscovered and practiced the old Egyptian method of producing anaesthesia. This saloonkeeper had a "bull pen" at the rear of his premises into which those who became too unstable were led or thrown. From time to time some of these patrons would recover from their stupor and start a disturbance; whereupon, so it is told, the keeper of the place would go back with his bear mallet and tap the disturber on the head, putting him into a state of oblivion, and in which he gave no further trouble for some hours, at least. The saloonkeeper is said to have developed a skill and feintness in this art that would certainly have given him a high rank in ancient Egypt. As it happened his practice eventually attracted the attention of the authorities and got him into trouble. It shows a man can be born behind the times as well as ahead.

If Marconi gets his Mars message it will say "Having a fine time. Wish you were here."

Boston woman hypnotized a monkey. A real monkey, not a husband.

Philadelphia has built a fine memorial horse trough. Now all she needs is a horse.

FOUR-LEGGED WEALTH.

Mrs. William C. Mudd, of Yorkshire, England, celebrates her golden wedding by winning another buttermaking prize. In the last 40 years her butter has entered 1888 competitions and "copped off" 477 blue ribbons, gold medals and other prizes.

Mrs. Mudd is one of the world's greatest butter makers—so expert and skilled that she was once summoned to display her art before Queen Victoria.

Your mind runs from butter to milk, and it occurs to you that childhood and even the whole of civilization would have a mighty tough time of it, without the faithful old cow.

Bessie is one of our forms of original wealth that we take for granted, without pausing to think and analyze.

But our ancient ancestors were under no delusion about the value of the cow. If you ever study the origin of languages, you will find that "cattle," "chattel" and "capital" all came from the same word, back in the days before money, when a man's wealth was measured in the number of cattle he possessed.

The accumulation of great fortunes originally began with the domestication of cattle. Primitive man was a rover. He could not take his crudely tilled land with him, but he could drive off his cattle. Being movable and internationally valuable, it was the real wealth, from the days when the cave man stopped milking the Giant Sloth, so big that his hide-bone was 15 inches long, and began taming the wild cattle that roamed the earth.

Milk cows in our country total about 24,000,000—or, roughly, one for each 4 1/4 Americans. They are worth about \$50 a head.

The faithful old American cow last year produced nearly \$9,000,000,000 pounds of milk.

It will amaze even many farmers, that the dairy cow gives the nation more wealth than wheat, corn or cotton.

Over near Vaudreuil, Quebec, a Holstein cow named Dekal Plus Segis Dixie, recently smashed records by giving, in one year, 32,668 pounds of milk, which yielded 1439 pounds of butter fat. That is nearly eight times as big as the average.

The city man forgets Bessie, but the farmer doesn't. Constantly he is striving to improve the breed of cattle—better cows, also better milk and butter and more of it.

President Harding has called a conference of dairy experts from all over the world. Bessie deserves such attention, and is entitled to an extra-loud "moo" of pride.

Father Time is an old gent who speeds when he should loaf and loafs when he should speed.

Mosquitoes route another modern "Adam and Eve." They like to see your back to nature.

TODAY'S TALK

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

THE PRAYER OF A TIRED WORKER.

I am tired tonight, God. Not discouraged, not overwhelmed with heavy weight of work or worry, nothing like that, God, but just tired—tired, tired. Sometimes I think that you were made for tired people, God, because tired people are always yearning for love and the kind comfort of a great Mother-Father, such as you always seem to be to everyone, God.

I worked hard today, God. I tried to do my work faithfully and well. I know that I did not do it perfectly, but because I am tired tonight, I am very sure that I gave of what I had, with a sincere desire back of my efforts to make all that I did do worth while. So you will overlook when I failed, won't you, God? I am tired. But since I tried to do my best, I feel happily tired. Grant unto me, then, God, that I be given sleep and rest—and that the dreams I have, if they come, may be beautiful and full of pleasant pictures.

Lift me into the tomorrow, as I sleep, and lay your plans for my usefulness so that when I awake I may go forth in newness and strength, glad of life and living.

Help me to weave and interweave every thought and effort and desire of my own heart into that happy scheme of work and service which, as it is upreared, knits all human effort into one grand and noble plan.

I am very tired, God. But there are others who are much more tired than I. Remember them, God. Rest them, too. Lift them from their discouraged and frightened states and grant unto them the ease and help of your strong arms.

Thank you, God.

Owing to illness Mr. Adams is unable to write his Daily Talks this week. He is taking this opportunity to reprint for his readers six Talks for which he has received many inquiries since their first publication, in the hope that all of his readers as well as those who have written him, will enjoy seeing them again.—The Editor.

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Geest

THE ANGLO-SAXON TRAIT.

The good old Anglo-Saxon race was builded out of honest toil. In early days our fathers worked year after year upon the soil, with sturdy arms they felled the trees, and reaped their grain from stubborn fields. And in their children's breasts they sought to plant the grit which never yields.

Defeat has swept them from their homes, but they returned to fight again; Pillage and fire and flood have made their earlier labors all seem vain, but still tenaciously they clung unto their dream and to their lands, For no true Anglo-Saxon yields while he can labor with his hands.

This is the heritage we own, this is the glory of our race, That we can stand and keep the faith whatever hardships we must face; Sweep all we own on earth away, burn down our buildings if you will, Tomorrow we shall go to work, undaunted, undefeated still.

On, teach it to that boy of yours—teach him the glorious strength of toil, Teach him to work for his desires, teach him the riches of the soil.

Let us not grow soft-mannered now, still let our race go proudly on, Hard work had made us what we are—if pleasure grips us, we are gone!

YOU AND I

By ALBERT APFEL

SURGERY.

Vornoff, "monkey gland doctor of Paris," predicts that it soon will be possible to replace any worn-out human internal organ with a fresh, healthy one taken from a chimpanzee.

For instance, "an old oak" might have surgeons cut out his hardened liver and install a chimpanzee liver. It is a fascinating prospect. A story is afloat, that a famous theatrical magnet and railroad man who died a few years ago spent the latter part of his life with a healthy stomach transplanted from a pig.

This story is believed by thousands. But medical men, queried, say, "Nothing to it." The story probably was started by some jester who had observed the theatrical magnet's stupendous appetite.

Some one is always predicting that the country is going to be eventually, with the name of Osborn, former governor of Michigan. Osborn makes the interesting statement that "the white race has seized three-fourths of the area of the earth and placed two-thirds of its population in tributary slavery."

Unless we mend our ways, he fears, the United States will decline and fall like Babylon, Greece and Rome. That fall is bound to come eventually. No empire lasts forever, for everything on earth dies sooner or later—even mountains. But nothing dies until it has served its purpose in destiny, nor will it for some thousands of years. Providence will provide whatever brakes and cleansings we need.

IMPROBABLE. Frequently we hear something that sounds improbable, and wonder if it is true. A case in point is the party reported to have written the latest "Fakery" in the "Fakery" column. This particular incident is confirmed from Chicago, where James Stroud, Des Moines electrician, is found in a yard. He had swallowed his false teeth and choked to death.

Newspapers print many true improbabilities. If you were behind the scenes you would be amazed at the true but incredible events that never reach print.

FRANK M. DAVIS, Chicago post-office inspector, ran across a letter that offered: "Genuine Canadian rye, \$4 a quart. Only a limited supply. Sent by registered mail."

Davis sent \$4—and got a quart of rye grain. The two ambitious gentlemen who sent the letter were taken in custody, charged with using the mails to defraud. They must be praying that the jury will have a sense of humor.

This is the best part of the fakery who advertised a genuine steel engraving of George Washington for \$4—paid filled orders with "Clever brains like these could get rich quickly in legitimate pursuits. Unfortunately, they are too impatient."

France is alarmed at her decline of births so far in 1922. Mortality experts compare the birth trend with death, and predict that in another generation the French population will be diminishing 250,000 a year.

When France and Germany went to war in 1917, they had about equal populations—45,000,000 apiece. In 1914 France had the same, but Germany had moved up to 70,000,000.

Modern war has wonderful weapons, but none of them is equal to the old standby, cannon-fodder. It may have occurred to you, that the war has been over nearly four years and that the process of boys growing into manhood has almost replaced the cannon-fodder lost by Germany during the war.

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY. Today's word is reprisal. It's pronounced—re-prize-al, with accent on the second syllable. It means—an act of retaliation, public or private; in international law it signifies a resort to force, short of war, to procure redress of grievances—especially a resort to retaliatory acts of the nature of those complained of.

It comes from French "repandre," to take back, the French having borrowed originally from the Latin, reprehendere. It's used like this—"In some quarters it is urged that foreign ships be forbidden to bring intoxicants into American waters, even under seal, but fears are entertained that this would provoke reprisals against American shipping abroad."

BUSINESS DAY BY DAY as the Government sees it

PREPARED BY RALPH F. COUCH

Table with columns for 1922 WHEAT CROP FORECAST AT 85,500,000 BUSHELS, Harvest to be 7% Greater than Average Yield 1916-20, Government Finds, \$500,000,000 Bu., OATS, HARVEST 1922, AVERAGE 1916-20, ALL WHEAT, WINTER WHEAT, SPRING WHEAT, FORECASTS BY AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT, Crop BARLEY, RYE, HAY.

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



CARAMOUCHE

By Rafael Sabatini

(Continued from our last issue.)

"My dear Alime! That I should have been the cause of so much concern and trouble!" exclaimed Andre with moaning nonchalance.

"Do you realize that they have come to arrest you?" he asked him, with increasing impatience. "You are wanted for sedition, and upon a warrant from M. de Lesdigueres."

"Sedition?" he asked, and his thoughts flew to that business at Nantes. It was impossible they could have had news of it in Rennes and acted upon it in so short a time.

"Yes, sedition. The sedition of that wicked speech of yours at Rennes on Wednesday."

"You must not go into Gavrilles," she told him, "and you must get down from your horse, and let me take it. I shall return it to the Breton Arms."

"You haven't considered what will happen to you if you do such a thing?" "What do I care for law? Do you imagine that the law will presume to touch me?"

"Of course there is that. You are sheltered by one of the abuses I complained of at Rennes. I was forgetting."

"Complain of it as much as you please, but meanwhile profit by it. Come, Andre, do as I tell you. Get down from your horse." And then, as he still hesitated, she stretched out and caught him by the arm. Her voice was vibrant with earnestness.

"Andre, you don't realize how serious is your position. You must go away at once, and let me bring influence to bear to obtain your pardon."

"That will be a long time, then," Andre-Louis said. "M. de Lesdigueres has never cultivated friends at court."

"There is M. de La Tour d'Azyr," she reminded him, to his astonishment.

"That man!" he cried, and then he laughed. "Why, yes, you see, I have not yet said that I will be M. de La Tour d'Azyr. It is a position that has its advantages. One of them is that it ensures a suitor's complete obedience."

"So, so, I see the crooked logic of your mind. You might go so far as to say to him: 'Refuse me this, and I will refuse to be your marquise.' You would go so far as that?"

"At used, I might."

"And do you not see the converse of this? Do you not see that your hands would then be tied, that you would be wanting in honor if afterwards you refused him? And do you refuse to be your marquise?"

"Andre, you must not! It is death to you!" In her alarm she backed her horse, and pulled it across the road to her way.

"Obediently he swung down from his horse, and surrendered the reins to her.

"That you swear to me you will never seek the aid of M. de La Tour d'Azyr on my behalf."

"Since you insist, and as time presses, I consent."

Obediently he swung down from his horse, and surrendered the reins to her.

She was gone, and he stood listening to the receding clatter of hoofs until it grew faint in the distance.

BOOK II: THE BUSKIN

Coming presently upon the Redon road, Andre-Louis, obeying instinct rather than reason turned his face to the south, and plodded steadily and mechanically forward. He had no clear idea of whither he was going, or of whether he should go. All that imported at the moment was to put as great a distance as possible between Gavrilles and himself.

Madway across the vast common to the north of Galignen he came to a halt. Beyond loomed a tall building which he knew to be an open barn, standing on the edge of a long stretch of meadowland. It was as big as a house, yet consisted of no more than a roof carried upon half a dozen tall brick pillars. But densely packed under the roof was a great stack of hay that promised a warm couch on so cold a night. He cleared a trough for his body, and lying down in it, covered himself to the neck with the hay he had removed. Within five minutes he was soundly asleep.

When next he awoke, the sun

assembled in one person. He could not have told you why, but he was conscious that it agitated him to find her so intimate with this pretty young fellow, who was partly clad, as it appeared, in the cast-offs of a nobleman. He could not guess her station, but the speech that reached him was cultured in tone and word. He strained to listen.

"That is what my heart desired. Leandre, but I am beset by fears lest your stratagem should be too late. I am to marry this horrible Marquis of Strudafell this very day. He arrives by noon. He comes to sign the contract—to make me the Marchioness of Strudafell. Oh! It was a cry of pain from that tender young heart. 'Save me, Leandre. Save me! You are my only hope.'"

So her father was marrying her to a marquis! That implied birth on her side. And yet she was content to pair off with this dull young adventurer in the tarnished laced.

"It shall never be!" M. Leandre was storming passionately. "Never! I swear it!" And he shook his jaw flat at the blue vault of heaven—Ajax deriding Jupiter. "Ah, but here comes our subtle friend. He will bring us news, I know."

Andre-Louis looked also in the direction of the gap. Through it

emerged a lean, slight man in a rusty cloak and a three-cornered hat well worn over his nose so as to shade his face.

"Monseur," said he, with the air of a conspirator, "the time for action has arrived, and so has the Marquis."

"Tell me, tell me!" exclaimed Andre-Louis, implored him, holding out her hands in a supplication no man of sensibility could have resisted. And then on the instant she caught her breath on a faint scream. "My father!" she exclaimed, turning distractly from one to the other of those two. "He is coming! We are lost!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Bughouse Fables



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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names and dates, possibly a list of events or a sidebar.

ALL THE NEWS OF ALL THE SPORTS ALL THE TIME

FOUR SPUDDER FLINGERS UNABLE TO HALT BEARS WHO TAKE ODD CONTEST

SAN ANTONIO, June 26.—The bruised and battered Spudders... their fifth defeat of the out-

CRABS 8, GASSERS 6

GALVESTON, TEXAS, June 26.—Extra base hits off "Slim" Mowbray... two innings gave the Merced Crabs...

Table with columns: Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Lists players like Egan, Spiller, etc.

Table with columns: Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Lists players like Shreveport, etc.

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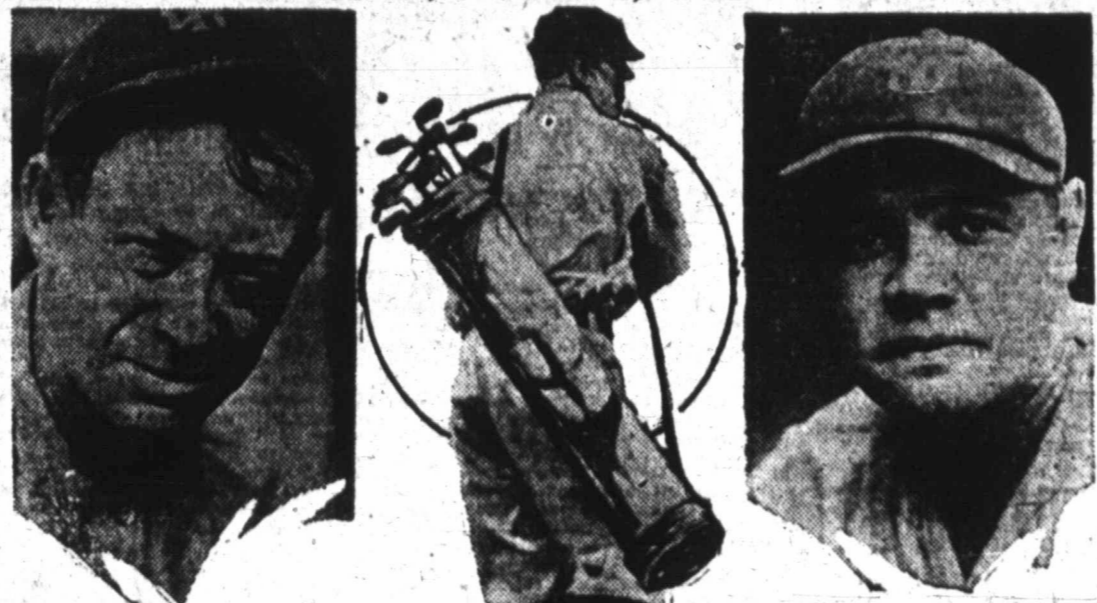
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RUTH, HUGGINS, GOLF?



MILLER HUGGINS. BABE RUTH.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

TEXAS LEAGUE

Table showing standings for Texas League clubs: Fort Worth, Beaumont, etc.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Table showing standings for American League clubs: New York, St. Louis, etc.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Table showing standings for National League clubs: St. Louis, Cincinnati, etc.

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SPORTS SHOTS by Paul W. Barkin

When the second half opens the Spudders should be well fixed with hurlers. President Harvey's latest announcement is to the effect that...

WELTER TITLE AT STAKE TONIGHT IN 15 ROUND CONTEST

NEW YORK, June 26.—Jack Britton, veteran welterweight boxing champion...

Second Place at Stake. The light-weighting fight is ten years younger than Britton and the latter has two inches advantage in height...

House paint at Decorators. 43-Ct. Picture frames at Decorators. 43-Ct. Wind shields at Decorators. 43-Ct.

Where there's a will there's a way to STROLLERS

They've got the 10¢ fifteen cigarettes

A Movie Star in Every Package

Joe Munson of the Crabs seems to have developed the habit of breaking up games with pinch hits.

Internal Discussion. Looks as if the Tigers will be the next to pass the Yankees. The Yanks today are a demoralized team.

Shriners Hand Electra Team First Beating

Len Smith was in great form Sunday and led Meador temple to a 7 to 3 victory over the fast Electra.

IOWA PARK NINE BEATS GULF PRODUCTION 3-1

The newly organized Iowa Park baseball team defeated the Gulf Production Sunday in a hard fought game 3 to 1.

Like Tennyson's brook, the gas business "runs on forever."

The churches may be closed six days a week, the schools two days, the postoffice, banks and stores one day...

Interruption of service is practically unknown, has come to be considered almost a disgrace...

Service such as this deserves your good will.

North Texas Gas Company

THREE CLUBS HAVE GOOD CHANCE FOR AMERICAN PENNANT

NEW YORK, June 26.—While the New York Giants are making pretty much of a runaway race of it in the National league...

Mr. Preston B. Cox in the practice of law at 104-4 Bob Waggoner building, Wichita Falls, Texas...

"SUT SAYS" Hav-A-Tampa

Clear Havana Cigars. Pro-War Prices at 1075 S. BROS. SMOKE SHOP

OLD FIELD TIRES. We have a special discount proposition to offer you...

The E. A. Martin Tire Company. 618 Ohio Ave., Wichita Falls, Tex.

Cigarette Prices Reduced

Camels, Chesterfield, Lucky Strike, etc.

Patime, etc. 20¢ per package

NOBLE GRAY'S NEWS STAND. First National Bank Bldg.

WHISKAWAY KING OF THREE-YEAR-OLDS

Turf Followers State, However, He Must Defeat Others For Definite Claim.

NEW YORK, June 26.—Whiskaway, Harry Payne Whitney's sensational colt, stands today as the acknowledged king of three-year-olds on the American turf.

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Advertisement for Van Real collar by Van Heusen. Features: No Starching, No Rough Edges, Will Not Wrinkle, Saves Your Shirts, Saves Your Dues.

THANKS TO BUCK CHAPPEL

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PREMIUM LIST OF TEXAS STATE FAIR HAS BEEN RECEIVED

Carrying a handsome insert containing the photographs of the president, secretary and directors, and of the major commissions and park board of the city of Dallas, the premium list of the thirty-sixth annual state fair of Texas has been received.

The premium list also contains all the rules and regulations governing exhibits and the like and much matter of interest to those who make the various fair circuits, particularly the middle west circuit, which includes the Texas exposition. There is a full list of all the fairs held in this circuit, together with their dates, and a list of all the fairs in the country, with their dates.

Dates for the state fair of Texas this year are October 8 to October 14, inclusive. The other fairs on the middle west circuit, as shown in the premium list of the Texas exposition include: Missouri state fair, Sedalia, August 19-25; Iowa state fair, Des Moines, August 21-September 1; Nebraska state fair, Lincoln, September 4-9; Kansas state fair, Topeka, September 1-16; Kansas state fair, Hutchinson, September 14-21; Oklahoma state fair, Oklahoma City, September 23-30; Oklahoma free state fair, Muskogee, October 3-7; state fair of Louisiana, Shreveport, October 18-23, and Waco Cotton Palace, Waco, October 21-November 5.

The premium list is unusually complete for the 1922 state fair, carrying a total of more than \$75,000 in premiums and prizes. There are thirty county premiums alone, offered for the best county exhibits and ranging from first to thirtieth. From all early indications, according to fair officials, county exhibits this year will be more than ordinarily complete, with much rivalry already in evidence.

All exhibits must be in position by 3 a. m. October 6, and as exhibitors have heretofore been very prompt, there is small apprehension that any will be delinquent with respect to comply with this requirement. The usual three scholarships at A. M. college of the two junior colleges—John Tarleton at Stephenville and Grubb Vocational School, Arlington—are offered in the boys' agricultural clubs department, as well as the four home demonstration scholarships for girls. Winners of these scholarships will be eligible for entry in the schools chosen for the terms beginning in September, 1922.

Previous Scholarship Winners. It may be interesting to know the previous scholarship winners, which the premium list gives as follows: In 1919—Miss Dow Murray, Stephenville; Miss Lois DeFried, Mt. Pleasant; Miss Gladys Bailey, Chillicothe; Roy Hickman, Rising Star. In 1920—Miss Dow Murray, Stephenville; Miss Mildred Fuller, Dallas county; Miss Dell Scott, Waco; Joe Clark, Mertzon; Frank Haynes, Brownwood; Robert January, Tolbert; Leon Crane, Tarrant county. In 1921—Miss Edith Brody, Parkette county; Miss Frances Blair, Dallas county; Miss Bessie Stephenson, Tarrant county; Henry Wall, Central; Palmer Frivis, Donohoe; Dennis Crane, Smithfield; Guy Clark, Wheeler.

Who will be the winners in 1922? The program asks, and the question is a leading one, because greatest interest, it is declared, has already been shown by girls and boys all over Texas in the contest this year.

New Entertainment Features. Although all the amusement features for the 1922 state fair of Texas have not yet been booked,

several have been arranged for and are announced in the program. These include the famous Mexican artillery band, which will make its first visit to the United States, under official sanction of the Oregon government; Thaviu and his famous Russian band; Al Sweet and his famous singing band; Lillian Boyer and her "Flying Circus" with its twenty great acts and "Mystic China," the Chinese festival of fire. Other big features, according to the program, will be announced from time to time, prior to the opening of the state fair, through the daily press.

107 DEGREES IS POINT REACHED BY MERCURY SUNDAY

Sunday afternoon dethroned Saturday from being the hottest day of the season. The thermometer rose to the 107 degree point, surpassing Saturday's record by two degrees. The mercury hit this mark at 2:15 o'clock and remained there until near 3 p. m. Sunday it had climbed to 101 degrees and after 3 o'clock receded slowly, having dropped only to 99 degrees by midnight. The lowest point reached throughout the night was 83 degrees, which also is a record for the highest minimum temperature for the season.

PLEADS GUILTY TO DRUNK RELEASED ON ACCOUNT OF FOUR CHILDREN AT HOME

Police court fines brought a total of \$75 Monday morning. The chief offenses that were tried before Judge Chauncey were cases of speeding and intoxication. Two violations of traffic regulations were on the docket and each defendant was found guilty and assessed a \$5 fine. Judge Chauncey let one man off with a \$5 fine after he pleaded guilty to being drunk and told the court that he had four little children at home.

A suggestion has been made in England to color the highways with some colored chemical so that they will be more easily followed and the glare on the eyes will be less.

'A TIME LIMIT' IS REV. N. F. GRAFTON'S SERMON SUBJECT

By FRANK S. REID. Rev. N. F. Grafton chose for his morning's topic at the First Presbyterian church "A Time Limit," selecting his text from II Kings, 20th chapter, first verse: "Set thine house in order for thou shalt die." He said: "The history of Heseekiah, the good king, furnishes us with some refreshing reading, for he was set in the midst of a long list of wicked kings, and he lived a good, conscientious life. His achievements came about by divine right. It remained for this king to drive out the Philistines and to bring peace to Israel and Judah. For the first time he straightened out the allotment of land titles of the people. Some of the people had received their land that they should receive, and it remained for this king to adjust the land titles so that every man should receive justice. Heseekiah built the first conduit system to bring Jerusalem an abundance of pure water; it was his knowledge that brought about the time of his influence among the nations and he had mapped out a large program and was looking into future years with large expectations of increasing return to himself and his people and the carrying on of this great program he had projected.

"The king is ill; he desires to see the people and he is in consternation; many of them in tears; bulletins are being sent out from the king's palace telling about the king's condition. Suddenly a messenger of God, a preacher, a prophet, appears in the king's chamber and stands at his bedside and that messenger of God says 'Heseekiah, set your house in order, for thou shalt die.' That was a terrible message; it was a message that would paralyze a man's mind for the time almost shut off his breathing and make his heart cease beating. Set your house in order for tomorrow; you are going to die; make the necessary preparation over against a certain hour that is going to be the last hour of your life, and so we have here the time limit.

"General Grant received just such a message; when one day while confined to his sickroom and his doctor was sitting by his bedside and he said to General Grant, 'I must break frank with you, you are going to die within the year; before 12 months' time you are going to be at the judgment seat of Almighty God.' What did General Grant do when the time limit was put over against his life? He grabbed a pen, his ink and paper and finished his memoirs that were read the world over that provided a living for his family after

he had passed into the beyond. There may come into your life just such a message as the message that came into the life of Heseekiah and Grant; the message that before a certain time you may die.

"There are just three things you can do under those circumstances. You may rebel; you may say 'I'll not consent and you may engage in a fight against the grim moment and you may waste valuable time in looking here, there and yonder in searching out this doctor and that and the other and going to these springs and that meeting this and that or the other thing that you may rebel against the time limit or you may do like Heseekiah, you may go to God in prayer and ask him to prolong your years. Fifteen years he added to Heseekiah's life because he believed in God and faith and he called upon the Almighty with a loud and a broken heart over the thought that his years were going to cease and his program of life was limited to your years. The time limit was written across his life; or on the other hand you may accept the verdict; you may with a clear mind and a consciousness that you have just a little while in which to live, set your house in order and pack those remaining months of your life full of service and make every moment count until when the messenger comes, you have realized that limited time you count for many things that are worth while.

"I really think that time limit is a good thing. Time limit calls for the mind to quick thinking, nothing spurs the will to quick action like working against time. The average mind is indolent; the average body is also and the average mind and body must be stimulated; must be quickened; must be driven to accomplish certain tasks. 'Not only does life spur the will, but it gives it a serious note; it saves the life from frivolity, and frivolity plays a large part in most of our lives. By frivolity I do not mean silliness or carelessness, but trivials play a large part in our lives and when the time limit is placed upon our lives there enters that serious note that deals to accomplish something.

BON-OPTO Is Prescribed and Recommended by Physicians for the eyes of motorists, to restore the normal moisture to the eyes and make them feel fresh and fine. BON-OPTO Strengthens Eyesight.

VOTE FOR GUY C. RALEY FOR TAX COLLECTOR By Opposing in Running For His Third Term (Political Ad.)

MAXWELL HOUSE TEA Randle Auto Supply 908 SCOTT PHONE 6880 TELL US YOUR TROUBLES

ious note; that deals to accomplish something. Time limit makes one selective; teaches one values; it puts first things first; it helps us to come to know the things that are really worth while; the things that are worth doing, and how nice it is to know when the time limit comes you will be found working. The mother in the home doing so great a work than caring for the little ones, and I believe the Eternal God has just as great a reverence for that mother one, training and developing them, as He has for the man who stands in a prominent place in life. The business man should be found working honestly and conscientiously and unafraid of any question marks over against his life, performing the task that he has performed when the messenger comes."

Tree spraying a specialty. We kill bag worms; all work guaranteed. Call John T. Ballinger at 1911 Buchanan street or dial 6956. 41-37p

Auto Paint, the best, at Decorators Co., 715 Ninth street. 43-71c

RYZON BAKING POWDER RYZON raised cakes keep fresh longer. The special process of manufacture is the reason. RYZON, a slow, steady raiser, has greater raising power. Provides home baking insurance—no bad luck. You may mix batter today. Set in cool place, bake tomorrow.

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CITY AND DISTRICT OFFICIALS CONFERENCE MONDAY MORNING

City officials, including Police Judge W. B. Chauncey, Prosecuting Attorney Gipson, J. B. Fitta, police commissioners, and Chief of Police J. W. McCormick met with District Attorney Schenk and Judge Wilson of the 30th district court Monday morning. It is thought that the purpose of the conference was to work out plans whereby the city and the district court might cooperate more fully with each other. Mrs. Eichelberger's angel food cake. Phone 6280. 40-47c Wall canvas at Decorators. 43-71c

BANKING with COMFORT

On these hot days when economy of effort is a comfortable rule to follow, the convenient, accessible location of this bank, the prompt and ready attention to your needs make it a mighty easy bank to do business with. These are factors that you will appreciate.

The First National Bank Indiana at Eighth St. Established 1884 Shrine Circus—July 1 to 8

Don't Worry About Employment in Future

The Publishers' Typesetting School at Macon, Ga., can solve the problem for you. Write for information. To be sure of a chance to earn a living should be your chief consideration. Without it, your life will be a failure. To have a trade or profession is absolutely essential unless you are to live from hand-to-mouth—unless you are to be uncertain at times whether you can get the necessities for existence.

GEORGIA-ALABAMA BUSINESS COLLEGE Macon, Ga. The course of study in the typesetting school at Macon, Ga., is getting remarkable results. The diploma is accepted in the trade as the equivalent of an apprenticeship. The publishers of this paper will gladly advise with you if you want to go into the work. TYPESETTING DEPARTMENT

Removal Notice Law Office of Oran O. Ross and Ewing Chaggett moved to 218-20 Bob Waggoner Bldg. DR. SCHULTZ The Only Exclusive Specialist in Chronic, Nervous and Special Complications and Diseases of Women, Scientifically Treated. Room Over Kruger's New Jewelry Store 605 1/2 Eighth St. Phone 6990

Radio W. S. Radio Supply Co. 711 TENTH ST. Phone 3088 Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Parfet & Martlew FEDERAL TAX SERVICE LEGAL AND ACCOUNTING 411-12 Morgan Building Wichita Falls, Texas. Drs. Hampshire & Hoover Skin and Venereal 218 Bob Waggoner Bldg. PHONE 2619

Decorate FOR THE Shrine Circus JULY 1 TO 8 STORE FRONTS AUTOS OFFICES RESIDENCES INTERIORS We have for sale all new, clean stock of—Flags, Emblems, Pennants and Banners. Texas Decorating Co. CHENNAULT BLDG. 218 SCOTT ST.

The Security National Bank Wichita Falls, Texas Commercial and Savings Accounts Solicited "The Bank of Dependable Service" Eighth and Ohio Remember the Shrine Circus, July 1 to 8, Wichita Falls, Texas

Health Gone and Travel Necessary? Place the charge of your affairs in the hands of this company. It will look after your investments, collect rents and dividend, pay taxes and other expense—in a word relieve you from all business details. The cost is very little; see us about it today. STATE TRUST CO. 706 EIGHTH STREET W. F. Weeks, V. Pres. Wm. B. Huff, V. Pres and Treas.

Two Sides of Turnover

The alert business man dealing with present day conditions knows that the big word today is "Turnover." Whether he be a merchant, manufacturer, jobber, or banker, he sees that one thing with a clear vision unbiased by the limits of his own business. It is in the air, and on the tip of every tongue.

And yet many of them—entirely too many—are thinking on only one side of Turnover. They think of it as meaning rapid selling—putting money in and getting it out quickly and at a profit. They realize that they must put greatly increased efforts back of all their plans for selling and distribution.

The other half of Turnover is the consumer. All selling plans and efforts fail if the consumer doesn't want to buy. His desire for the product must be created. He must meet the seller half way. He must be in a mood to buy before the salesman meets him across the counter.

That is the function of Advertising

—to create consumer demand and consumer preference. With this demand as a fact all selling plans have a chance to succeed. Without it they fail. The only chance for salesmanship to succeed without an existing demand is for salesmanship to assume the task that belongs to advertising—the task of creating demand.

If the present efforts that are being put into selling were amply supported by a corresponding effort to create consumer demand through Advertising, the business conditions of this country would be rapidly changed into an era of great prosperity in spite of Old World conditions and everything else.

The proof of this is in the fact that right now, under these very conditions, the manufacturers who are putting proper emphasis on creating a demand for their product, as well as selling it, are doing a big business and are actually getting the high turnover that others are trying so strenuously to get through intensive selling.