

WICHITA DAILY TIMES

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THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY (Printers and Publishers) Times Building, Corner Seventh Street and Scott Avenue

Wichita Falls, Texas, May 19, 1913

It is one thing to make soda crackers that are occasionally good.

It is quite another thing to make them so that they are always better than all other soda crackers, always of unvarying goodness.

The name "Uneda"—stamped on every biscuit—means that if a million packages of Uneda Biscuit were placed before you, you could choose any one of them, confident that every soda cracker in that package would be as good as the best Uneda Biscuit ever baked. Five cents.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

or city that boasts of its having a citizenship that will not obey a state law is deserving of but little consideration of any respected organization, such as that of the Shriners. Of course, they are not all pros or total abstainers. Perhaps a great majority of them are drinkers, but they are law-abiding. If Memphis should again ask for the honor of entertaining the Shriners, she will, in all probability profit by her experience at Dallas, and not advertise as a city where no attempt is ever made to enforce a state law.

Local News Brevities

Attention, Ladies. Until recently we sold O. Cedar soap, but now we have a full line of the O. Cedar goods, consisting of O. Cedar Soap, O. Cedar Duster, O. Cedar Wiping Cloth, O. Cedar Polish, and the prices are right. WICHITA HDW CO. 14-tc

Big social dance, Lake Wichita, Tuesday night. Everybody invited. Admission 50 cents. 43tc My motto: Miller sells it for less.

The Art Literature Club will hold a business session Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. G. W. Filgo at four o'clock.

Jack Hanna, painter and paper hanger, has been quite sick at home, last week. He is a little better at this time.

Several hundred Wichita Falls fans took advantage of the excursion to Denison yesterday, returning late last night.

Everybody goes to the social dances at Lake Wichita every Tuesday night. Katz orchestra will furnish the music. 43tc

The game scheduled for yesterday afternoon at the City Park, between the Clerks and Devo, was called off yesterday morning and the Devo team told not to come.

PEACE PROGRAM AT HIGH SCHOOL

PRIZES ARE AWARDED FOR BEST PAPERS ON SUBJECT

MANY VISITORS PRESENT

Medals are Presented by Dr. Wesley Peacock of San Antonio, to Winners

A special program in observance of National Peace Day was given at the high school auditorium this morning at which medals were awarded for the best papers on peace to a boy and a girl.

The judges awarded the medal for the girl to Miss Daisy Stewart whose subject was "Universal Peace."

The medals were given by Mrs. M. L. Christensen who is chairman of the peace committee of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs and vice president of the National Peace Forum.

The speech of presentation was made by Dr. Wesley Peacock of San Antonio, head of the Peacock Military Academy there who is a visitor in the city.

A number of visitors were present to enjoy the program. Yesterday was National Peace Day but it is being observed with special programs today in many schools of the State.

The program this morning was opened with the singing of "America" by the school. Rev. J. E. Coe gave an appropriate scripture reading and delivered the invocation.

The following program was then carried out: Paper—"The Peace Movement"—Miss Della Stayton, Paper—"Universal" Peace—Miss Daisy Stewart.

Paper—"Reasonableness of the Demand for Universal Peace"—Miss Marie Shelton.

Vocal Solo "Wonderful Peace"—Mrs. Carpenter.

Paper—"Peace"—J. L. Jackson, Jr.

Paper—"Onward March of Peace"—Claude Ruffner.

The decision of the judges, and the presentation of the medals then followed.

Dr. Peacock's speech. Dr. Peacock said that while head of a military academy he was an ardent advocate of peace, and that he had already decided to hold such a contest in his school next year.

He said that along with the military drill in his college he always tried to inculcate the idea of maintaining an honorable peace, and that he gives his boys special lectures on this subject. He said that he had prolonged his stay in Wichita Falls for the special purpose of attending the peace day exercises in the schools.

Superintendent Carpenter, on behalf of the school thanked Mrs. Christensen for gift of the medals and for her interest in the movement in the schools.

LYDIA MARGARET PROGRAM HAS THREE CLEVER ACTS.

By Associated Press. Gilbert and Hughes in a "black and tan oddity" Robert Moore, the boy violinist and the Ellitots, a song and dance team, are booked for tonight, tomorrow and Wednesday at the Lydia Margaret. The following girls plays are from papers in towns where these teams have been:

The Ellitots, a song and dance team, were accorded so enthusiastic a greeting yesterday at the Orpheum theatre in the first half of the opening week of continuous vaudeville that they are to be retained for the balance of the week as an addition to the usual bill of three acts and three reels of films.

The crossing work of the team brings out some really clever jokes, far away from the usual patter which characterizes almost all of these acts.

Robert Moore, the boy violinist, was worth it alone to any one who appreciated a clever musical turn. In addition to being a violinist he can control his audience and when he is making his fiddle "speak" he does a bit of acting which carries the front of the house with him, and they do it unconsciously. In his selection of music he uses real judgment and there is something for everybody. A smile and a bow with a return to a limited number of encores is all the audience gets for the applause, aside from the real music furnished.

There is no "patter" or announcements by the performer and his comedy is carried out in pantomime. But it loses nothing in effectiveness.

"A Black and Tan Oddity" is the contribution that Gilbert and Hughes make to the bill, in which some very excellent singing gives it popularity. Sandwiched in between the songs are a lot of funny stories and sparkling dialogue, making the set one of unflagging interest.

Decatur.—A permanent county fair association was organized here at a mass meeting of citizens and steps taken to build substantial buildings, barns, stalls, etc., as soon as suitable grounds are located.

There Would Be No Bad Bread if Every One Used Belle of Wichita Absolutely pure flour, made of select soft winter wheat Try a sack from your grocer; if not perfectly satisfactory take it back and get your money.....

BUGGIES--BUGGIES Moon Bros. Buggies Are the Best Some dealers will tell you that their buggies are as good as Moon Bros. Buggies, admitting that they would be satisfied if they were only as good. Why not buy the Moon Bros. Buggy and take no chance of getting one not as good. We also carry other makes and grades of buggies, and would be pleased to show you same. BINDER TWINE Plymouth Twine binds more sheaves with less twine and costs less. Besides it ties well, works smoothly and feeds freely to the end. Don't experiment with other brands of twine when PLYMOUTH can always be depended upon. We have by far the largest retail store in Wichita Falls, and will make it to your interest to trade with us. Farmers Supply Company Mississippi Street, Block 10 Phone 449 Wichita Falls, Texas

WILL RAISE \$1000 FUND TO FINANCE BALL TEAM Stockholders Decide Not to Move Park—Traccon Company Will Also Give \$1000 Plans for moving the baseball park back to the old stand across the railroad track were abandoned this morning at a meeting of the stockholders of the Baseball Association, and it was decided instead to raise \$1000 to finance the team for the remainder of the season.

The Gem Theatre Program Today And His Wife Came Back—John Bunny and Miss Kate Price, Vitagraph Comedy. On the Threshold—Lubin. Saved by His Horse—Western Story. A Revolutionary Romance—War. Story. Prices..... 5c and 10c E. H. BAWDEN & CO. CEMENT CONTRACTORS Cement Walks, Steps, Curbing, Cellar floors and all kinds of Cement Work Wichita Falls, Texas

LINES ARE TIGHTENED TO PUT NOMINATIONS THROUGH. By Associated Press. Washington, May 19.—Tightening of the lines to put through Wilson's nominations began today, when democratic senators in caucus decided that the old custom of pairing should be abandoned in executive session. Democrats have had great difficulty in retaining a quorum in executive session but without pairs expect to keep enough senators present to conduct the fight for confirmation of hundreds of nominations now pending.



Gilbert and Hughes, the White pair in dark colors, opening today at the Lydia Margaret Theatre for the first half of this week.

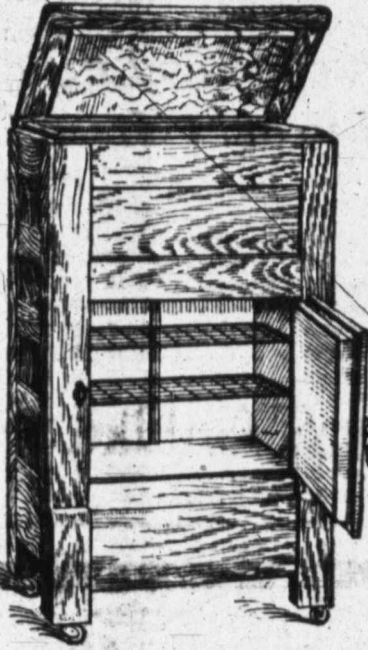
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They needed a scapegoat and they pitched on us.

In the camp of the Molliecoddles, at the rear with the baggage-wagons, men sat silent about the fires, and avoided one another's eyes. Now and then one cursed bitterly and the others would turn his way for an instant and then come back to their vacant staring. Bewilderment seemed to be their attitude, utter blind bewilderment.

"We never had a chance," muttered one. "We never had a chance."

"Another suddenly flung down a paper he had been reading in the red light, cursed like a drover for a moment, and fell silent again.

In his tent the colonel spoke bitterly to his adjutant.

"They needed a scapegoat, and they've pitched on us," he said.

A common sentiment ran from the head of the regiment to the meekest private in the ranks. It was, moreover, a perfectly legitimate, well-founded sentiment, and the fact upon which it was based were these: The Molliecoddles were a brand of

There being no natural defenses to protect this wing, it should in common prudence have been flung back to rest upon the river and thus present a line of fire in the event of a flanking movement by the enemy.

This was not done, and the Molliecoddles were left strung out in air. Not even the colonel, who had been a successful merchant, understood the perilous insecurity of their position, and the regiment calmly laid itself down to sleep that night, expecting battle on the morrow and confident of acquitting itself well, but feeling itself secure for the immediate future.

Anon came a heavy column of the enemy, driving in the pickets, and itself arriving on their heels. The line of battle faced south. The attack fell from the west.

Two companies succeeded in forming, facing about on the new line, and firing a round or two before they were overwhelmed. Then the regiment, and after it the brigade, was rolled up, telescoped, crushed, with hardly a chance to fire a shot.

It was not their fault. The best and most seasoned regiment in the army could have done no better under the circumstances.

But when the major-general had collected the shattered remnant of his forces on the safe side of the river, he felt the need of a scapegoat, as the colonel had divided, and recognized the Molliecoddles as the logical and helpless candidates for the position.

He nominated them accordingly in his report, and the army, bitter over defeat and not at all understanding, instantly elected them unanimously. In two days the whole country knew, beyond hope of refutation, that the Molliecoddles had brought disaster on the division by conspicuous cowardice in the face of the enemy.

The Molliecoddles, battered and still dazed, reviewed the situation with a sort of savage bewilderment. Individually, they knew they were not cowards, and they trusted confidently in the future to justify their presence in arms.

Consequently they suffered many things, though by no means with meekness. There were black eyes and unlimbered in the road. That would help. The staff officer had gone to bury up the support. The colonel stalked along his line.

Across the open ground in front of the enemy neared rapidly. They came almost recklessly, expecting little opposition. The only task they saw before them was to drive their feet into the touch of a feather, and act them a golden opportunity.

Having hurried his opponent back

THE MOLLIECODDLES

By FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN

across the river, the enemy proceeded to take the offensive. By a rapid march in the night a long column crossed the river some miles above, aiming by a wide detour to fall suddenly and unexpectedly upon the rear of the demoralized force.

So silently and swiftly was this maneuver accomplished that no word of it reached the rival general till his communications had been cut and a frightened crowd of teamsters and camp-followers came streaming up the road.

Close on their heels appeared the yan of the eager enemy. In their way stood only the despised and rejected Molliecoddles.

At the first sign of trouble the colonel of the regiment deployed his men across the road and prepared to hold that line "till the cows came home."

A stone fence afforded excellent protection and the Molliecoddles spread themselves along this breastwork with the hot blood humming in their veins. Cowards, eh?

They would show what sort of cowards they were. They ceased that moment to be a collection of units, and were in a way to become a regiment.

They were madmen, most of them, ready to go red-eyed and homicidal at a pin-prick. They had been goaded and buffeted with no chance to reply. They had read ironical newspaper comments by men who had never smelled powder till their nerves were strung like hair-triggers.

Almost to a man, they yearned for slaughter with the primitive thirst of savagery. They wanted to get square. They wanted to clear themselves. They wanted to show up their critics for the blatant liars they were.

Across a field in front of them came a line of hurrying men, followed by another and another. They were overlapped on either flank. What he gave the command to fire, and again when the order came to load.

"Hold them for twenty minutes!" was his cry, almost despairing. "Hold them if you lose every man."

"I'll hold 'em," said the colonel grimly.

He knew the temper of his men. It was identical with his own.

Directly a battery whirled up and unlimbered in the road. That would help. The staff officer had gone to bury up the support. The colonel stalked along his line.

Across the open ground in front of the enemy neared rapidly. They came almost recklessly, expecting little opposition. The only task they saw before them was to drive their feet into the touch of a feather, and act them a golden opportunity.

They made for the stone wall with a yell. At sight of the guns in the

shout of triumph broke out. These should be the first fruits of their victory. The colonel, crouching now behind the wall, surveyed them coming, only his head projecting above the coping.

The impatient privates fingered their weapons and cursed beneath their breath. Would they never get the word to fire? Were they to be run over again and trampled on without a chance?

A hundred yards away a compact line of men was toiling up the slope. In the road a column swung forward full in the face of the silent guns. Then when men's nerves were fairly snapping with the tension, the colonel gave the word.

The front of the stone wall burst into flame, and above the rattle of musketry came the bursting roar of the guns in the road, as the gunners leaped from concealment. Out on the grassy slope the first line of hurrying, eager men melted into shapeless masses on the ground.

In the road the grape and canister tore great holes in the compact column. The surprisers were surprised. The front ranks recoiled, shattered out of all semblance to formation.

But the attack was delayed for only a moment. Behind that foremost rank was another which came steadily on, leaving a man now and then sprawling out or writhing in the grass, but driving straight forward notwithstanding. Down the line behind the stone wall went the command, "Cease firing."

It almost caused a mutiny, but the officers persuaded the madmen to obey. The enemy came on with a yell then. Evidently it was but an insignificant force in their front. They were minded to run over them.

"Yelling like devils," they rushed repeated. Again the colonel let them come within a hundred yards before he gave the command to fire, and again when the order came to load.

The shot of flame burst forth the advance line withered as before the breath from a blazing blast-furnace.

Flesh and blood could not face it. They were men who would go unflinchingly where there was one chance of coming through.

Here there was none. It was death, and certain. Those who could recollect down the slope. Many stayed silent in the grass.

Meanwhile the carnage in the road was fearful. The steady plying of the guns loaded with grape and canister had piled the advancing column in a mass of dead and dying till the order came to halt and deploy across the adjoining field.

This added to the labors of the devoted Molliecoddles. The next ad-

vance was in skirmish formation and far more difficult to stop.

Men began to fall behind the breast-work. Bullets sang over their heads and spat viciously into the wall in front of them.

But fifteen of the needed twenty minutes had elapsed. If they could hang on for five more!

They were firing at will now. The volleys had ceased, but there was a steady, continuous rattle of musketry. The colonel walked back and forth behind his line, fiercely chewing his mustache, pausing to glance at the cloud of skirmishers coming steadily on, or noting with a groan that his left was overlapped by a quarter of a mile and must speedily be turned.

It could not be helped. He was holding what he could, but his line was woefully thin and every moment becoming thinner. The singing bullets took a steady toll.

Down the slope before the stone wall a mass of men pressed forward yelling. The thin line behind the wall concentrated all its fire upon them, but it no longer availed. On they came, dogged, determined.

Men dropped steadily, but still they came on. The twenty minutes were up. Where were the reinforcements?

The colonel glanced about. Woods behind him shut out all view of the regiments and brigades hurrying breakneck to the rear that had become the front.

All he knew was that he was alone, protecting the army from overwhelming defeat. "Cowards, were they?"

Even in that red, fiery moment he had time for an instant of bitter pride and exultation as he viewed his dead behind the stone wall.

The rushing mass in front was close up now. He knew he could not stop them. He lacked the men. He had held them back for more than the time demanded of him.

Should he order his men to fall back? The regiment had done its work. More could not reasonably be asked of them.

They were outfanked on either hand, and about to be overwhelmed. Should he order them back?

There came to him another thought. "They called us cowards," and with that he hurried along the line with the command, "Fix bayonets."

He would stay there and meet them, if it cost him every man. "They called us cowards, boys," he shouted. "This is our chance."

On came that yelling wave in front. Loading and firing as fast as they could, the remnant of the regiment could not stop it. But not a man behind the stone wall flinched before it.

The inevitable weaklings that are in every regiment had long since sought the rear. Those who stayed would stay to the end.

They were lamentably few, but those few were bad men to face. At their colonel's call they rose, gripping their weapons, whole men, men with bleeding heads, men with limp arms, men who rose only to fall again and again struggle to rise.

With a yell the wave broke over the stone wall, and in an instant the Molliecoddles were overwhelmed. Fighting like demons, madmen, or heroes, they went down before superior numbers, but not before they had taken full toll for their defeat.

Through his glasses the general in command saw their heroic stand. The regiments breaking from the woods behind saw it and burst into cheers. A sudden wave of firing broke out on either flank, and then the conquering enemy recoiled before the charge of the advancing regiments.

A moment of fighting had to hand, bayonet to bayonet, and then the fresh troops dropped behind the stone wall and poured a galling fire into the retreating foe. The day was won, the army was saved, and it was the Molliecoddles who had done it.

In the camp of the Molliecoddles that evening men sat weary and dejected about the fires. Their attitude seemed much the same as on that other evening. There were gaps in every group, and men's voices were low and awestricken.

They discussed their casualties with an appearance of wretchedness. "Tucker's gone, eh?" "Billy Aken got it in the head." "They've took of Morton's leg," and so forth.

"How's the Old Man to-night?" asked one. "Heard anything?"

"They say he's doin' well. If he pulls through, I reckon they'll make him a brigadier."

"Too bad they got him. He hadn't ought to have stood up."

"Well, anyway, we held 'em."

"That was the Dixie always. No matter what had come to pass, no matter who had died, or who was wounded, or who was missing: 'Well, we held 'em.'"

A battery came past, the trace-chains rattling, the wheels clanking in the ruts.

"What regiment is that?" called an officer.

"The Molliecoddles," came the de-flant answer.

"Oh!" said the officer, and the battery moved on.

But every gunner's eyes turned suddenly toward the camp-fires, and the Molliecoddles returned the gaze with erect heads. It was as though they asked: "If it wasn't for us, where would you be?"

And from the faces of the gunners one understood that they had no adequate answer.

PERSONAL MENTION

morning on the International and, Gr. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Gupton returned last night from a visit with relatives at Van Alstyne and Dallas.

Dan Thompson of Myra, Oklahoma, has come to Wichita Falls to make his home.

J. S. Bridwell returned this morning from a trip to New Mexico points.

Dr. Ross, Brad Stages, Miss E. Boddy and Misses Jaminé and Blanche Farris of Henrietta were here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Wilcoxson, Mrs. W. P. Parker, Miss Annie Johnson and Dewey Shelton went on the excursion to Denison yesterday and report a very enjoyable time, despite the result of the game.

Misses Kathrine Burns and Eunice Board of Seymour are visiting Miss Nina Barwise.

Phil Kleinman returned this morning from a visit with friends at Fort Worth.

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Dr. Brown, Dentist, Room 306, Kemp & Kell Building, Phone 879. 42 tlc. NO CHANGE IN STRIKE SITUATION AT HOUSTON. By Associated Press. Houston, Texas, May 19.—The third week of the carpenter's strike opened with no change in the situation, both sides standing firm. Master builders have made no appeal for an injunction, as they announced they would work on many of the largest jobs in the city. Work continues at a standstill.

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