

# OPPOSITION WITHOUT REMEDY IS BOISHEVISM

## SENATOR JOHNSON MOUTHPIECE OF THE OPPONENTS OF TREATY AND WILL TRAIL THE PRESIDENT

### LA FAYETTE DAY IS CELEBRATED IN NEW YORK

Ambassador Jusserand of France is Principal Speaker for the Occasion.

### FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS ARE FREELY REPRESENTED

Receive Messages of Felicitation and Congratulation on Allied Victory.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Ambassador Jusserand of France was the principal speaker at Franco-American exercises held here today in New York's historic city hall in commemoration of the 122nd anniversary of the birth of La Fayette and the fifth anniversary of the first battle of the Marne. Amid the impressive services, messages of felicitation and congratulation upon the victory of Allied arms, which had been brought to pass since the last celebration by the La Fayette Day National Committee were read from President Poincaré of France, General Pershing, Major General Wood and Secretary of State Lansing. Representatives of a number of foreign governments were present at the ceremonies which were held in the aldermanic chamber. Other speakers were Myron T. Herrick, for France, and ex-United States ambassador to France, and Dr. John T. Finley, state commissioner of education. The governments represented include the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Russia, Poland and Greece. In the afternoon services were held at the La Fayette monument in Union Square which were participated in by the Society of the Cincinnati, Sons of the Revolution, G. A. R. Society of the Colonies and the Society of Founders and Patriots of America.

### PRESIDENT REPLIES TO REQUEST FOR A STEEL CONFERENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor today received a reply from President Wilson to the telegram asking that the President use his influence to arrange an immediate conference between steel workers and the United States Steel Corporation. Gompers declined to make known the contents, saying he felt it would be discourteous for him to do so. However, it is understood the telegram made known the course President Wilson will pursue in counseling against precipitous action. Presidents of the 24 national unions of steel workers are to meet here Tuesday to hear what the President will do. They are threatening a strike unless Gary consents to negotiate with them.

### REVEAL A SYSTEM WHEREBY JUNK MEN LOOT A RAILROAD

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 6.—A representative of the largest junk dealers in the country and a railroad foreman were under arrest here today following an investigation extending over a year, which the department of justice believes reveals a system whereby the New Haven Railroad has been looted of millions of dollars worth of steel rails. The men under arrest are Wm. Nait, representing a junk dealer with offices in New York and Cincinnati and John D. Birmingham, general foreman of the New Haven railroad reclamation yards at South Braintree, Mass. It is alleged that the highest grade steel was shipped to plants all over the country in the guise of junk. The alleged thefts have been going on for several years, it was reported. The arrest of the two men followed action of the federal grand jury when indictments were returned against them.

By L. C. MARTIN (United Press Staff Correspondent.) WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—With senatorial opponents of the treaty and League of Nations planning a tour over the ground now being covered by the President, leaders of the various Senate factions today were "counting noses" in an effort to determine their voting strength. A leading Democratic senator today declared that twenty Democrats will vote for reservations to the treaty, while twenty-seven will vote for unqualified ratification. This prediction, it was made plain, is based on the assumption that there will be no amendments of position. Attempted Compromise. Meanwhile "the wild reservationists" and the Lodge group were trying to get into such a position that the wording of the reservation on Article X of the League covenant, which is now the real issue among those favoring reservations, would be changed. Senator Lodge's proposal, adopted by the foreign relations committee, is for a reservation which assumes that the United States will stay out of foreign wars over territorial invasions and the like, except upon the most extreme provocations. Senator McCumber's plan of presenting the views of "wild reservationists" assumes that the United States will not be drawn into such wars as a plain case of unlawful aggression can be made out. Both proposals leave the United States free to decide through congress when it will go in and to what extent. On the other reservations—withdrawal of domestic questions and the Monroe doctrine, there was today no essential disagreement between the Lodge and "mild" group. Senators McCumber, Colt and others said they find these three acceptable in the main. The "battalion of death" as the treaty irreconcilables are known, plans to use the time which the two reservation groups will consume in composing their differences, in trailing the President and his cabinet.

### TWO HUNDRED WELLS DRILLING OR LOCATED IN THE DUKE FIELD

JAKEHAMON, TEX., Sept. 6.—Drilling, location and rigs in the Duke pool that lies about 200 miles in number of wells under way are at J. H. Magnolia Petroleum Company, 29; Mid-Kansas Oil and Gas Company, 29; Humble Oil and Refining Company, 20; Plains Oil and Gas Company, 15; Sun Company, 11; Tex-Penn Oil Company, 11; Texas Company, 9; Gulf Production Company, 6; Tennessee Oil Company, 6. In present production the Humble and Magnolia lead with 7,000 and 6,000 barrels a day respectively.

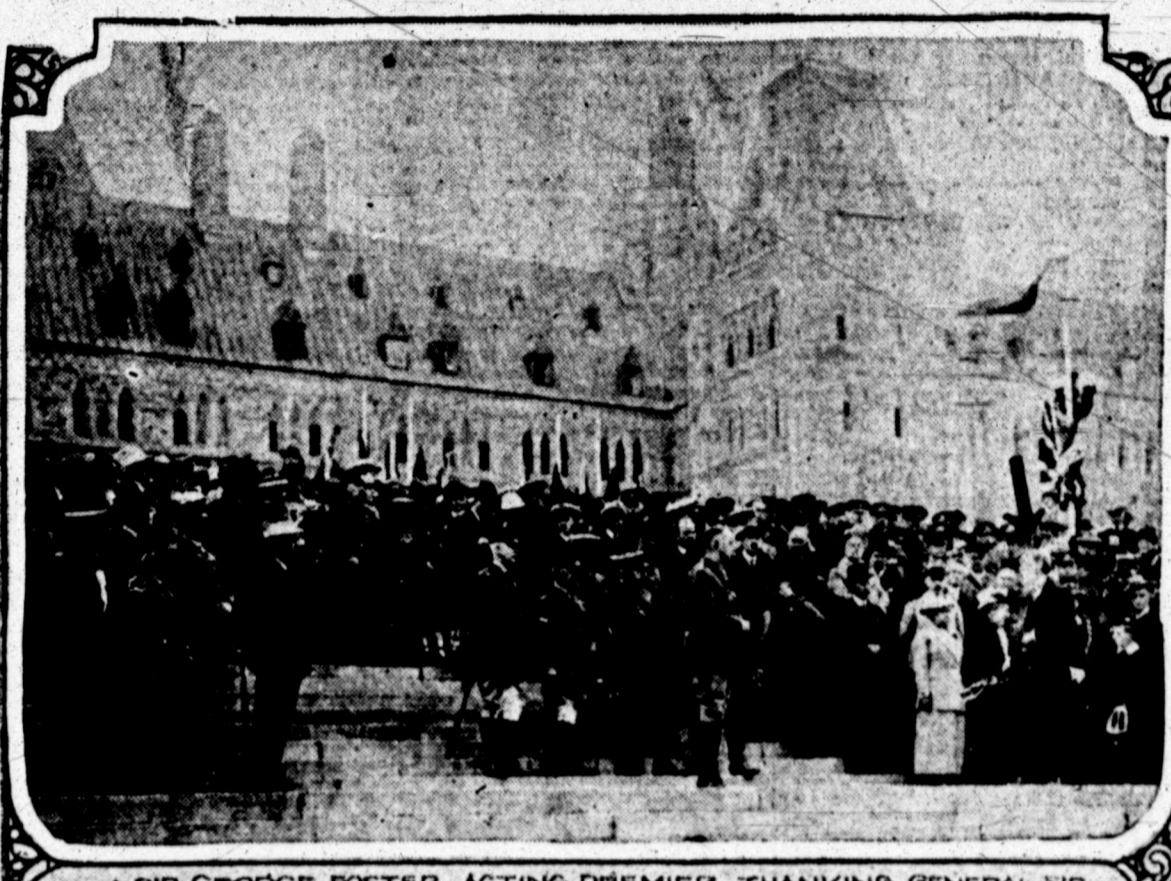
### CAPITAL AND LABOR MEETING TODAY AT THE DAVISON HOME

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Capital and labor represented by some of their foremost leaders, were to meet this afternoon to discuss community industrial relations at the home of Henry P. Davison, Locust Valley, Long Island. The conference was called under the auspices of the Council of National Unions and delegates from 52 community councils were to attend. Approximately 200 persons, representing several major classes of society, were expected.

### Predicted Slump Does Not Follow Prohibition Law

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The slump in realty values forecast as an aftermath of prohibition, materialized here, according to leading real estate operators here today. In districts where a number of saloons were closed, they have found they said, that in nearly every instance the saloons have been replaced by either a restaurant, mens furnishing store, drug store or cigar shop. New fronts have taken the place of the weatherbeaten, familiar "show windows" and entrances of the former saloons as a result of the appearance of the locally had been improved. Neighboring stores have felt the influence of the new establishments and also have "spruced up." In many cases, according to the realty men, the rentals from the new establishments are higher than those paid by the saloons.

### SOLDIER CHIEF WELCOMED BY CANADA



SIR GEORGE FOSTER, ACTING PREMIER, THANKING GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE ON BEHALF OF THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT FOR HIS SERVICES DURING THE WAR.

Canada's chief citizen-soldier, General Sir Arthur Currie, commander of the Canadian Corps in France, was returned to the Dominion and was officially welcomed at Ottawa last week by Sir George E. Foster, Acting Prime Minister. In the name of the government and the people of Canada. As an expression of appreciation of General Currie's services to his country he has been elevated to the rank of full general, appointed Inspector General for the whole of Canada and made chief adviser to the Minister of Militia. Canada has watched the achievements of General Currie and his men with pride and gratitude. In the dark days of early 1918 the people were cheered by the inspiring message, characteristic of the Canadian commander's steadfastness and courage—"I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are there can be no giving way." General Currie is a native of British Columbia.

### More Than 3000 Armed Miners Threaten Trouble in W. Virginia

#### EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF RAILWAY SHOPMEN TO MEET SEPT. 15

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—The executive council of the Federated Railway Shopmen of the Chicago district, has called a national convention to be held here on September 15. It was announced here today, to act on the new wage scale granted by President Wilson. Steps will be taken at the convention to oust the grand lodge officials in Washington in conference over wages and conditions. The convention will be held at the Hotel Hamilton, according to John D. Sanders, and M. L. Hawver, who issued the call. Sanders said the convention will be held at the Hotel Hamilton, according to John D. Sanders, and M. L. Hawver, who issued the call. Sanders said the convention will be held at the Hotel Hamilton, according to John D. Sanders, and M. L. Hawver, who issued the call.

#### EARLY MARKETS

KANSAS CITY LIVESTOCK. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 6.—Hogs 450; cattle 1,000; sheep 1,000. Cattle receipts 450; for week steady to lower. Sheep receipts 1,000; for week steady. NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 6.—Week-end realizing by shorts covered advances of 10 to 15 points on the first call in cotton today, but immediately after the call the market ran into a selling flurry and promptly broke. At the end of the first 100 bales of trading prices were 20 to 25 points under the close of yesterday. Offerings were promptly mainly by continued favorable weather over the belt.

#### ACTOR'S STRIKE IS ENDED WITH OPEN SHOP AGREEMENT

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The actors' strike is ended. After representatives of the managers and the Equity Association had concluded a seven-hour session, which lasted until 3 o'clock this morning, it was announced that an agreement would be reached by the actors and the managers. The agreement followed the action of the international Union of Stage Hands and motion picture operators and the musicians unions in advising their various locals throughout the country that the Shubert theatres were "unfair." Lee Shubert announced as a result that he had received messages indicating the stage hands had walked out in 100 of his theatres. Union leaders had also issued a circular to the 500 houses looking Shubert attractions—branding the Shuberts as "unfair."

#### GRADING BEGINS ON RANGER YARDS OF OIL BELT RAILWAY

RANGER, TEX., Sept. 6.—Grading began in this city Friday on the yards and station grounds of the Hamon & Kell Railroad. Connection with the Texas & Pacific Railroad is made at the point of crossing that line about half a mile north of the Texas & Pacific depot in Ranger. The Hamon & Kell depot will be about three blocks east of the Texas & Pacific depot in this city. The yards of the Hamon & Kell railroad will be built at once and will be used for storage and handling of the steel and ties and other material that is now arriving in quantities. Local committees of business men have about closed up their task of securing the right of way for the Hamon & Kell railroad through Ranger, but a few tracts remain to be secured between here and Jakehamon along the portion of the road that is being pushed to completion. Bids were opened Friday for construction of five depot buildings on the Hamon & Kell line to cost about \$18,000 each. The station buildings at Ranger and Jakehamon will be built as fast as possible as their need is now felt. The station grounds for the new railroad in Ranger lie well and their location with reference to the business district and the Texas & Pacific station makes for convenience of the public and for the orderly development of this city's transportation and commercial district.

#### WASTE OF OIL AND GAS AT MINIMUM IN THE DUKE FIELD

JAKEHAMON, TEX., Sept. 6.—Waste of oil and gas in the Duke field is now at a minimum. An inspection of the field was made this week by J. L. Mildred, chief conservation officer for the railroad commission, and he was satisfied that there is no immediate danger of local overproduction such as might result in waste. He came to Jakehamon from the Ranger field where he looked into the situation that has developed in several wells where salt water is coming in. While the cause of the salt water has not been determined it is thought it comes from the oil sand in wells that are pretty well depleted. Mr. Mildred is devoting most of his time to the Wichita county situation where the potential production is more than double the amount of oil that is now being produced. It will be late in November, in the opinion of Mr. Mildred, before the pipe line facilities at Burkburnett and the new Waggoner pool are capable of handling all the oil that may be produced there and in the meantime there is constant need of vigilance.

#### ST. LOUIS RELEASES VETERAN PITCHER

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 6.—Leon Ames, veteran pitcher has been released by the St. Louis Nationals via the waiver route. It was announced here today Ames is expected to join the Quakers Monday. He has been pitching major league ball for sixteen years.

### SUCH IS DECLARATION OF THE PRESIDENT AT KANSAS CITY IN DISCUSSING LEAGUE OF NATIONS

CONVENTION HALL, KANSAS CITY, MO., Sept. 6.—Treaty opponents who view the document with "jaundiced eyes," who are against it because they have some "private political purpose," will "at last be gibbeted and they will regret that the gibbet is so high," President Wilson told a big crowd here today. He reiterated that it was a case of "put up or shut up," that the opposition would have to produce something better than the League of Nations, or step aside. Mere negation, without offering anything constructive to replace the treaty, is bolshevism, he asserted. He said he respected the man who honestly, although ignorantly, opposed the treaty, but denounced those who are against it for political reason.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 6.—President Wilson appealed to a Kansas City crowd today to support the new treaty as a charter for a new order of world affairs. When the President, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, appeared to take the form of the vast auditorium, the crowd, each of whom had a small American flag, arose and cheered for more than two minutes. President Wilson had been cheered as the Presidential party paraded through four miles of the city's streets to Convention Hall.

Mr. Wilson was introduced by B. A. Parsons, president of the Kansas City chamber of commerce. In his address the President covered many of the same points of the treaty he had discussed in previous addresses. He said the President was that report to the people direct about one of the greatest documents in human history. The treaty, he declared, was not through "American principles, put there by the common consent of the world. One of the things America had had in her heart throughout her whole existence, said the President, was that arbitration and consultation should be substituted for force. This was accomplished, he declared, by the League of Nations covenant. Not months of discussion of any international controversy would be assured under the covenant, he asserted, adding that this principle previously had been used in thirty arbitration treaties, "all of which were confirmed by the United States." The principle and the League he declared, "great had been adopted by the United States.

Boycott is Emphasized. The boycott imposed on covenant-breaking nations will be emphasized by the President as constituting a measure more effective than military force. "The most conclusive thing that could happen to covenant-breakers," he said, "is to be read out of decent society." Effective disarmament would be accomplished under the covenant, Mr. Wilson predicted, declaring that it was ridiculous to talk of the League as tending to war when "its whole sense is arbitration and peace." "The League," he declared, "will be the end of the 'military class' throughout the world forever.

There is no other way to dispense with great arguments without an agreement by the great nations of the world," said Mr. Wilson, "and here is the agreement. Autocracy would perish with militarism, added the President, and the intrigue which had terrorized Europe for generations would be ended. He declared that "democracies will sooner or later have to destroy the kind of government and if we don't do it now, they will do it for us." Augustus Thomas, the playwright whose efforts were largely responsible for the settlement, said the open shop had been agreed upon, Francis Wilson, President of the Actor's Equity Association said the settlement was satisfactory to both sides. The agreement followed the action of the international Union of Stage Hands and motion picture operators and the musicians unions in advising their various locals throughout the country that the Shubert theatres were "unfair."

Groups of Selfish Men. "And if we don't want little groups of selfish men to plot the future of the world, then we must have a little group of selfish men do not plot the future of the United States." "Citing conditions in Armenia, Mr. Wilson said that the selfish men do not wake up to the moral responsibility of what they are doing" when they were "debating and debating" with tragic situations as they are dealt with as soon as the debating was over. Hope for "every people in the world that haven't got woe on their minds ought to have" was seen by the President in the League provision which empowers one nation to call friendly attention to what it thinks is an injustice inside another nation. Every such people, he said, would have a "world forum" in which to prevent its case.

People Are Misled. The people, said the President, have been misled regarding the treaty by "eyes of those who have some private interests of their own." When these men were "gibbeted" by public opinion, he said, "they will regret that the gibbet is so high." "If anybody dares to defeat this great instrument," he continued, "then they will have to gather together their counsellors for the world and do something better. I say it is a case of put up or shut up. A negotiation will not save the world."

The President said some men opposed the treaty conscientiously and he would take off his hat in the presence of any man's conscience. But these men, he added, based their opposition on ignorance of what was in the treaty. Germany, said the President, would be the only great nation left out of the league "unless we decide to stay and come in later with Germany." Philippines Islands. Alluding to the American promise to set the Philippine Islands free, Mr. Wilson said the league would solve "every perplexing" problem of the world. Independence had been granted, Mr. Wilson said he could imagine the "shades of the fathers looking on with astonishment that the American spirit has made a conquest of the world. "I tell you," he added, "the war was won by the American spirit, and America in this treaty has realized

what those gallant boys fought for. The men who make the impossible or difficult will have a life long reckoning with the men who won the war. The President asked the audience not to think he had come out to "fight or antagonize" anybody. "I have the greatest respect," he said, "for the Senate of the United States. But I have come out to you because I think it is greater than the Senate and I intend to fight that cause, in office or out, as long as I live."

PRESIDENT INVADERS THE HOME OF REED. By HUGH BAILLIE (United Press Staff Correspondent.) ON BOARD PRESIDENT'S TRAIN Approaching Kansas City, Sept. 6.—Constituents of Senator Reed, most of the principal opponents of the League of Nations, today were to hear President Wilson's arguments for ratification. Kansas City is Reed's home town. Wilson apparently is making an effort to humanize and visualize the treaty and to convince the people that the nation is facing one of the most momentous alternatives of its history; that if the verdict is against the treaty as it stands the effects will be felt in the home and backbones of American citizens. Rejection, he says, will make America a militaristic power facing disappointed unfriendly nations in an armed world with consequent higher living costs and eventual war. This was emphasized in St. Louis speeches. Wants to Get Acquainted. The President says he wants to get acquainted with the people to get the nation's viewpoint and he seems to seek opportunities to get close to folk. Before the train left St. Louis he said for some time on the rear platform, railing swinging his leg while hundreds mashed against the iron pickets of the train shed fence, a few feet distant, stated, occasionally bursting into loud applause. Many claimed "speech," but Wilson smilingly answered, "Oh, no." Others tried to engage him in conversation shouting "They won't let you on," and waved his hand but refused to talk. Long after Wilson disappeared inside a crowd remained staring at the train.

Receives Many Flowers. Mrs. Wilson received so many flowers in St. Louis the private car Mayflower looked like a conservatory. A big bouquet of flowers was sent from the train to the city hospital. The crowds appear to like Wilson's use of phrases such as "contemptible gutters." In his criticism of those who do not approve of the League, Mrs. Wilson said "swat em" and similar cries follows his employment of that kind of language. So far there has been practically no harking back to what was expected some questions might be shouted at Wilson in Kansas City, Reed's stronghold.

Wilson's reply to Gompers telegraphed from St. Louis was the first bit of administrative business transacted on the train. There probably will be more. The President's special stopped for half an hour at Independence, Mo., near Kansas City, while Wilson breakfasted. Word quickly spread through the town, and people came running from all directions. Most of them were women, in their "bungalew aprons" or "mother Hubbard" or whatever they may be termed, sun bonnets, some of them wearing slippers, many lugging children in their arms. Dozens of overalled, freckled youngsters, lars of foot and tousled of head, sprinted up, yelling to their parents "come on," "here he is." Few men appeared.

Busy Shaking Hands. When Wilson came out on the platform, attired in a very correct morning coat, there was no applause, but a chorus of "good morning, Mr. Wilson," "how do you do, sir," and "glad to see you Mr. Wilson." The President was kept busy shaking hands for about five minutes, leaning far over the railing to grasp the fingers of the little boys. He had a word for everybody, at least a "good morning" or "very glad to see you." When one woman wished him luck he paused in his handshaking long enough to reply, gravely, "thank you, madam. I sincerely appreciate that." When he finally turned away, remarking that he had to get breakfast, there were many cries of "goodbye" and "good luck."

This part of Missouri is where Jesse James started out on his career of robbery. Scenes of several of the bandit crimes were depicted out to the President and his party by the conductor as the train moved slowly toward Kansas City.

AMERICAN MISSION TO STUDY SITUATION IN THE NEAR EAST IS ON DUTY. CONSTANTINOPLE, Monday, Sept. 1.—The American mission under Major General Harbord to study the situation in the Near East has arrived here and interest has increased respecting the possible acceptance by the United States of a mandate in Armenia or of the Ottoman Empire. "I tell you," he added, "the war was won by the American spirit, and America in this treaty has realized

# THE SWATTY STORIES and OTHERS

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER  
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## The Cardinal's Signet Ring

WELL, for about a week I guess Bony thought he was about the smartest kid that ever lived. Anyhow, he acted that way—and the reason was that his house had been burglarized and mine and Swatty's houses hadn't been. But that wasn't our fault.

So, for a couple of days, Swatty didn't say much, because he thought maybe the burglar would come around and burglar his house and then he would be as good as Bony. But the burglar didn't go to any more houses, and me and Swatty got pretty sick and tired of hearing Bony bragging about the burglar climbing right in at his window and almost falling over his bed, and about how—if he had wakened up he would have got his father's shotgun and shot the burglar.

We got pretty sick of hearing about the reward Bony's father had offered. The policemen came to the house and looked at Bony's bedroom window and everything and wrote it all down.

"Garah!" Swatty said. "It ain't nothing to brag about to be burglarized! The way you talk you'd think nobody in the world could be burglarized but you. If I wanted to I could write my uncle Dellinger and have some other burglar to burglar my house in a minute. And he'd burglar George's house, too. And my uncle would send down a real burglar, too."

That was a good one on Bony, because the newspaper said the policeman said the burglar that burglarized Bony's house wasn't a real burglar but only "local talent."

"Well—well—" Bony said, "well, if your uncle can send down so many real burglars, why don't he do it and not leave you sitting there talking about what he would do if he had a gun?"

"Aw, if you say much more about your old burglar I will write to my uncle to send some down," Swatty said.

"Aw! and if you did he wouldn't get nothing! What'd he get at your house? I bet he wouldn't get any cardinal's signet ring."

Well, I guess that made Swatty pretty mad. I guess he had heard about all we wanted to hear about that old signet ring, so Swatty started to go away, and he said to me:

"Come on, he thinks there ain't nothing in the world but that old signet ring. I bet it's worth a fortune."

But the cardinal's signet ring wasn't brass, because it said in the newspaper it was gold.

I guess I knew plenty about that signet ring before the burglar ever got it, because once Bony said about it he would show it to us, only he wouldn't have showed it to us, only his mother would not let him. It had been in the family from generation to generation. So when Bony's mother would not let us see it because her hands were in the dough and boys are too contrary, Bony said he would like and said he guessed it was worth a million dollars, or maybe a hundred, anyway, because it was solid gold and had a red, carved stone in it, and the cardinal had given it to his son, and he had given it to his son, and it had always been in the family. So I said:

"Aw! ain't so! Because cardinal's couldn't give anything to their sons; they don't have any sons to give anything to."

"Well, this cardinal gave this ring to his son, so he can't give it to his son," Bony said. "This cardinal had a son."

"No, he didn't!" I said. "I guess I know about cardinal's. They don't have any sons. They can't have sons. That's the law."

Well, Bony didn't know what to say, because he was right, because I read a lot of books about it. So if it hadn't been for Swatty I don't know what we would have done about it. I guess me and Bony would have been mad at each other forever, or had a fight or something, but Swatty had just been letting and spoke up.

"Aw!" he said, "I bet it's worth a fortune. The cardinal's signet ring could be an heirloom from generation to generation and the cardinal needn't have any son either. He could give it to his grandson, couldn't he?"

"Of course he could!" Bony said.

"Sure he did!" said Swatty. "That's how all cardinal's do. When they want to start an heirloom going they look around for a son to give it to, and when they haven't any sons they give the heirloom to their grandsons."

The burglar got plenty of other things from Bony's house, too, but the signet ring is the thing I'm telling about because it was the signet ring that helped Swatty to catch the burglar. That and Mamie Little, only Mamie Little didn't know she helped until I told her, and then she didn't understand a thing about it. She did about the sulphur bag, I guess nobody will know unless I tell it. So I'll tell it.

Well, Mamie Little was my girl, only if anybody said she was I'd fight him, like any boy would if anybody said anybody was his girl. She sat almost clear across the room from me at school and she knew I was her beau.

So none of the policemen caught Bony's burglar. Bony's father printed a reward of fifty dollars in the newspaper, but my father said that whoever caught the burglar wouldn't be half as lucky if he caught him as he would if he ever got fifty dollars out of Bony's father, because my father would be blessed if he believed Bony's father had ever seen fifty dollars at one time. So maybe the policemen knew that. Anyway they did not catch the burglar. I guess folks thought he would never be caught and he would have been caught if it hadn't been for me and Swatty and Mamie Little. I guess he would have been caught if Mamie Little had known how to spell "sulphur."

Well, me and Swatty were mad at Bony because he was so smart about being burglarized, and we wouldn't talk

hunted up another tin can, because when we get through fishing we always throw the old one into the Slough, because by that time the worms that are left are pretty bad. Sometimes, if the can has been in the sun, they are even worse than that. So I got a new can and went around to the other side of the barn and the spade was there yet, from the last time I had dug worms, so I dug some more.

Just then Swatty came into the yard and he was ready to start. So my mother came to the back door with some sandwiches and things in a box, and I said:

"Aw! I don't want to carry a big box like that! Aw! I just want a couple of sandwiches in my pocket!"

"George!" she said. "You take this box! You'll be glad enough of everything that's in it!"

Me and Swatty went up over the hill and down past the Catholic church to South Riverbank and we stopped at the pump on the corner and had a good drink and cooled off our feet in the mud under the pump spot, because the sidewalks were hot.

The water in the Slough wasn't high and it wasn't low. Once the Slough ran through to the river at this end but now it was all filled in with sawdust from the sawmill, and a big conveyor blowpipe kept blowing more sawdust into the Slough from the mill, and the bank was covered with pretty good grass, and all along the Slough there was a path worn, because kids and fellows had fished in the Slough ever since there was a Riverbank, and before that the Indians had fished in it, I guess. Everywhere, close to the edge of the bank in the shade of the trees there were places worn smooth—like an old chair seat—where fellows had sat and fished for years and years until

The first thing I did was give my pole a yank and out came a jim-dandy goggie-eye sunfish, just about as good as I ever caught. I held him on the stickers wouldn't sting me and got the hook out of him and strung him on a piece of twine and I was tying the string to a root so the goggie-eye would be in the water when somebody down the Slough a ways hawked, clearing the tobacco out of his throat, and I looked around and saw Swatty coming back to the point, not making any noise. He held up a finger for me to be quiet and then he climbed out onto the rocks of the maple and sat down.

"I caught a dandy goggie-eye, Swatty," I whispered.

He leaned over toward me.

"Don't make any noise!" he whispered. "Bony is over on that point."

I looked and I saw him. It was pretty far across the Slough and Bony couldn't hear us if we whispered.

"Well, he can't hear us, can he?" I whispered back.

"No," Swatty said and then he climbed over beside me and sat on a root.

"There's a man down there," he said and he pointed.

"I heard him spit," I whispered. I began to feel scary because there wasn't any use for Swatty to be so whispery unless there was something to be afraid of, was there?

"He's got Bony's father's signet ring," Swatty whispered. "Anyway, I guess he's got it. He's got a ring like what Bony says his father's ring is like. He's fishing and he's got the ring on his thumb."

Well, then I knew what Swatty had done. While I was asleep he had sneaked down to see what luck the

man was having and he had seen the ring.

"Geel!" I said.

Swatty sat awhile with his forehead wrinkled and looked at the Slough and he was thinking.

"Garah!" he said. "I'd like to be the one to get that fifty dollars. I wish I knew for certain it is Bony's father's ring. Fifty dollars is a lot of money. If I had it I'd put it in the bank."

"What bank?" I asked him. "The Savings Bank or the Riverbank National?"

"I guess maybe I'd put half in one and half in the other," Swatty said. "Then if one bank busted I'd have half left, anyway."

"Well, if one did bust maybe you'd get some of your money back," I said. "My father had money in a bank once and it busted and he got part of it back."

"That's so," Swatty said. "If I put in twenty five and the bank busted maybe I'd get back fifteen of it. That would be forty dollars I'd have, even if the bank did bust. I'd like to have it." So we sat there awhile and the crows

Swatty had to stay away up in one end to keep the busted end out of water and he paddled the boat with a piece of fence board. He paddled out to the middle of the Slough and stopped there and pretended to fish awhile and then he paddled a little more. Bony pretended to fish awhile longer, and then he paddled to shore near where Bony was and got out of the flatboat and went up to Bony. For awhile they sat together and I guessed Swatty was talking to Bony about the ring and the fifty dollars and the man, and coaxing Bony to come to our side of the Slough and see if it was his father's ring the man had on his thumb.

So all the time I kept looking three ways—at Bony and Swatty, and at my cork, and at the end of the man's fishpole—and all at once when I looked the man's fishpole wasn't there. It was gone. So I looked harder, but it was gone, no matter how hard I looked. So then I knew Swatty would give me a whale of a licking if he came back and found out I had let the man get away with the ring. I was so mad I climbed off the root and up the bank and I was just starting to run, to go where the man had been, when I saw him. He was right in the middle of the path near where he had been fishing and he was bent down with his back to me, picking up worms. He had the string on his back broken. He was stringing them again and he was picking them up I could see the ring on his thumb.

Pretty soon he had all his fish strung again and then he straightened up and took a piece of tobacco and looked up into the trees. He was thinking about the ring and he was looking up and saw he had put his fishpole up the tree, so I guessed maybe he fished there pretty often, or was coming back sometime. So then I slouched off. I watched him.

He was big but he wasn't very old. Maybe he was twenty or thirty. His clothes were pretty good and faded and he looked lazy in the arms and legs and when he walked he walked tired. He went down the path a ways and then he climbed over the fence there was along there and I went across the path and watched him from behind. He climbed the fence with his feet and there he walked in a furrow clear across the field to the road that was on the other side and climbed over another fence. So I climbed up on my fence and watched to see where he would go. There were three little houses in the woods on the other side into the one on the end toward town. So then I guessed that was where he lived and I got down off my fence and went back to the point.

Swatty and Bony were in the boat and Swatty was paddling it as well as he could. It was only a half way across. Then all at once Swatty began to paddle harder. He paddled as hard as he could and then, I guess, he said something to Bony and Bony began to bail out the boat as fast as he could. Then Bony began to cry. I could hear where he was and Swatty swore at him and looked over his shoulder to see how far he had to paddle. Then Swatty dropped his paddle stick and began to ball with his hat like he was crazy. And before I could see it, almost, the old, rotten flatboat took a dive and Swatty and Bony were in the water. Bony swam and Swatty swam but Swatty came right up, spitting water and kicking out with his hands. It was a good thing he was barefoot.

Well, Swatty looked all around as soon as he got the water out of his eyes but he couldn't see Bony. So he dived for him.

There's one place nobody ever swims and that is the Slough. All you have to do is to look down into it anywhere and you know why. All you see when you look down is seaweed—tons and oceans of it—all tangled and twisted, and old trees and branches sticking around in it to get caught on. When the Slough is low you can't row on it because the seaweed grabs your oars and holds on like it was some mean man trying to drown your boat. It scares you. And all in among the seaweed are tough weeds and waterily stems and water vines. There have been plenty of boys drowned in the Slough, I guess. So Bony had got caught in the weeds and vines and things.

Pretty soon Swatty came to the top, but he didn't have Bony but his arms were covered with seaweed. He spit out water and scraped the seaweed off his arms and then he took his nose in his hand and dived again. That time he got him. He got him by one leg and he swam for shore dragging Bony behind him and the seaweed strung out behind Bony. His head was all covered with it.

I was crying pretty hard, I guess. So Swatty told me to shut up and he turned Bony over on his back and began to row him to the shore. Bony's face was scratched and so good from the rough weeds and maybe from where I had dragged him up the bank on his face. I thought he was dead but Swatty didn't. He leaned down and listened to Bony's heart and said all he needed was to be pumped out. So he started to pump him out.

Swatty got down on his knees astraddle of Bony and took Bony's hands in his and pumped him the way he had heard you ought to pump a drowned person. He pushed Bony's arms clear back until they touched the ground over his head and then he drew them forward until they touched the ground again, and he kept right at it. Every once in awhile Swatty would shake his head to shake the water out of his ears but he went right on pumping. So I stood and blubbered.

Well, no water pumped out of Bony. Swatty pumped and pumped but no water came out of Bony's mouth and pretty soon Swatty stopped and took a couple of deep breaths.

"Garah!" he said. "I thought he would pump easier than that!"

So he pumped him again a few times and then stopped again. It looked as if it wasn't any use.



That are you trying to do to that boy, I looked around. It was the man with the ring on his thumb.

BOSTON, MASS., Ruth, the slugging fielder, equalled Run when he poked. He Three about two fe of the game. Sox beat the Athl his next trip he h fence about two fe Three his gay. He ing the game that star in a baseball n

MATT HINKLE M NEXT HEAVY

CLEVELAND, O. Hinkle, local fight stage the next big on positive statement reacle and Jack Keat Dempsey, here last r. While neither on chout, it came ston known that Hinkle London and Paris a the year with Dema pocket. "The prota able to offer a fight in this coun Dempsey or Beckel Europe.

Telegraph

Served H. ST. PAUL, M. Breathless fair p want two police Coliceman. "Wha "Facts this; it w could tea. "Old stuff, serves Officially C CHICAGO, Se send on that pos I can use it, eve In officially, w Henkkomen to- Ballou, recruiting

Stage Impro NEW YORK, S. STARS ON BROA prompt horse r mounts bolted. A one horse by the race.

"Striking" NEW YORK, Sep to Nelson, sev in Brooklyn fall elictors "struck" "Non-union evic by the city mar

Money Enou NEW YORK, S. than Nelson, sev poor Danie's rail in America, sale penhagen with \$ Alaska. He is t upon his "met" phor ad.

Small Chan SPRINGFIELD Two hours afte new car. Thiev Leebj reported

Preparednes CHICAGO, S. Postmaster G. keep his "tooth winter. He has a order for 70 tons

Vacation KANSAS CITY Returning vaca Uphold germs to last week, accord disease statu camps and tad ted as cause.

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# SPORTS

LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS OF INTEREST TO SPORT FANS

## BABE RUTH POLED HIS TWENTY-FIFTH HOME RUN IN GAME ON FRIDAY

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 6.—Babe Ruth, the slugging Boston pitcher, equalled Buck Freeman's record yesterday when he poled his 25th full circuit clout. It came in the second inning of the game in which the Red Sox beat the Athletics, 15 to 7. In his next trip he hit the right field fence about two feet from the top. Three hits gave him five out of six for the day. He announced following the game that he had signed to star in a baseball movie this winter.

## MATT HINKLE MAY STAGE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT BOUT

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 6.—Matt Hinkle, local fight promoter, may stage the next big heavyweight battle, according to a reported tentative agreement reached between Hinkle and Jack Kearns, manager of Dempsey, here last night. While neither one would make a positive statement, they let it be known that Hinkle expects to go to London and Paris around the first of the year with Dempsey's terms in his pocket. The promoter also said he was able to offer more money for a fight in this country than either Dempsey or Beckett could get in Europe.

## Telegraph Brevets

Served Her Right. ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 6.—Breathless fair patron: "Hey, I want two policemen." Policeman: "What for?" "Taste this; it cost me \$3, and it's cold tea." "Old stuff, serves you right." Officially "Cashed In." CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—Please send on that post mortem medal. I can use it, even if I have "cashed in" officially, wrote Private John Heikkonen to Col. Charles C. Ballou, recruiting officer.

Stage Impromptu Race. NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Movie stars on Broadway staged an impromptu horse race when their mounts bolted. A policeman seized one horse by the tail, ending the race.

"Striking" Renters. NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—An attempt to evict 400 "striking" renters in Brooklyn failed because the evictors "struck" in sympathy. "Non-union evictors" are wanted by the city marshal.

Money Enough to Marry. NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Christian Nelson, seven years ago a poor Danish sailor, just arrived in America, sailed today for Copenhagen with \$750,000 made in Alaska. He is to wed Julia Lober, whom he "met" through a newspaper ad.

Cemetery Profitteering. JACKSONVILLE, ILLS., Sept. 6.—The high cost of dying took a jump here when announcement was made that cemetery charges will be doubled.

Small Chance to Joyride. SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Sept. 6.—Two hours after he purchased a new car, thieves stole it. H. F. Leebeck reported to the police.

Preparedness Postmaster. CHICKASHA, OKLA., Sept. 6.—Postmaster C. W. Backof will keep his "toesies" warm this winter. He has already placed his order for 79 tons of coal.

Vacation Germs. KANSAS CITY, MO., Sept. 6.—Returning vacationists brought typhoid germs to Kansas City the last week, according to contagious disease statistics. Unsanitary camps and bad water are attributed as cause.

Mrs. H. F. Robertson will open her class in China painting, pastels, oil, water colors, etc., Monday, September 8, 10 to 12. Phone 902, 1319 Thirteenth street.

Star Rigs. Three 28 Star rigs, first class condition. Immediate delivery. T. C. WITEN Sunshine Hotel, Iowa Park

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## STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

### TEXAS LEAGUE.

| Team        | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|-------------|-----|------|------|
| Fl. Worth   | 44  | 25   | .638 |
| Houston     | 43  | 30   | .589 |
| Dallas      | 40  | 31   | .564 |
| Beaumont    | 33  | 33   | .500 |
| Shreveport  | 32  | 33   | .492 |
| San Antonio | 32  | 40   | .444 |
| Waco        | 27  | 40   | .402 |
| Galveston   | 28  | 46   | .378 |

### Yesterday's Results.

Fort Worth 8, Waco 0.  
Dallas 8-4, Shreveport 4-4. (Second game 7 innings, rain.)  
San Antonio 2, Galveston 0.  
Houston 10, Beaumont 9.

### Where They Play Today.

Waco at Fort Worth.  
San Antonio at Galveston.  
Houston at Beaumont.  
Dallas at Shreveport.

### AMERICAN LEAGUE.

| Team         | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|--------------|-----|------|------|
| Chicago      | 27  | 45   | .371 |
| Detroit      | 28  | 47   | .369 |
| Cleveland    | 40  | 59   | .403 |
| New York     | 65  | 51   | .560 |
| Boston       | 57  | 58   | .496 |
| St. Louis    | 48  | 67   | .415 |
| Washington   | 45  | 76   | .372 |
| Philadelphia | 22  | 88   | .250 |

### Yesterday's Results.

Boston 12, Philadelphia 7.  
Chicago 9, Cleveland 1.  
Detroit 12, St. Louis 2.  
Only games scheduled.

### Where They Play Today.

Cleveland at Chicago.  
St. Louis at Detroit.  
Boston at Philadelphia.  
Only games scheduled.

### NATIONAL LEAGUE.

| Team         | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|--------------|-----|------|------|
| Cincinnati   | 85  | 37   | .697 |
| New York     | 74  | 42   | .638 |
| Chicago      | 64  | 64   | .500 |
| Brooklyn     | 58  | 61   | .488 |
| Pittsburg    | 57  | 61   | .483 |
| Boston       | 48  | 67   | .415 |
| Philadelphia | 47  | 75   | .385 |
| St. Louis    | 43  | 73   | .371 |

### Yesterday's Results.

Chicago 2, Pittsburg 0.  
Boston 6, Philadelphia 2.  
Brooklyn 3, New York 2.  
St. Louis 1, Cincinnati 0.  
Only games scheduled.

### Where They Play Today.

Cincinnati at St. Louis.  
Pittsburg at Chicago.  
St. Louis at Detroit.  
Only games scheduled.

### SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION.

Atlanta 2, Birmingham 2.  
Mobile 2-2, New Orleans 2-1.  
Memphis 0, Little Rock 0.  
Nashville-Chattanooga, off day.

### WESTERN LEAGUE.

Stour City 12, Joplin 12.  
Des Moines 3, Wichita 0.  
Omaha 2, Tulsa 1.

### AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Kansas City 4, Indianapolis 0.  
Minneapolis 2, Louisville 2.  
St. Paul 3, Columbus 0.  
Milwaukee 4, Toledo 0.

## SQUINT AT THE SCORE.

Friday's Hero—Eddie Cicotte. He gave the White Sox a seven game lead and shoved Cleveland into the third hole with a 9 to 1 victory. Bill Doak beat Jimmie Ring and the Reds 1 to 0 in a pitchers' battle, but the loss didn't hurt as the Dodgers beat the Giants 3 to 2. Hippo Vaughn pitched the 'Cubs to a 2 to 0 win over the Pirates. Hank Gowdy was benched by a pitched ball and forced to retire in the game in which the Braves beat the Phillies, 6 to 2. The Tigers, heavy artillery worked for 14 hits and the Browns were trimmed 13 to 2.

## BENNY LEONARD SIGNS TO MEET JOHN DUNDEE

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Benny Leonard, world's lightweight champion, has signed to meet Johnny Dundee in an eight round championship bout the night of September 17. In Newark Leonard must either make 133 pounds or not exceed Dundee's weight by more than one pound.

## C. SCHULTZ, M. D.

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## DR. HARTZELL

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## Notice

Notice is hereby given that I have sold my business known as the Waffle and Oyster House, located 622 1/2 Seventh street; that I will not be responsible for debts contracted after Sept. 7 and ask that all bills contracted for before this date be presented to me at 1601 Austin street. W. I. CAMERON

## Announcement to the Public

On account of limited office space for time being, our office hours will be as follows until further notice— Dr. E. B. Bailey: 9 to 12 a. m.; 3 to 6 p. m. Dr. T. J. Strong: 12 to 3 p. m.; 6 to 9 p. m. DRs. BAILEY & STRONG, Suite 4, Ward Bldg.

## SAN ANTONIO RESIDENTS ARE TERRORIZED BY AN OFT APPEARING "SPECTRE"

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Sept. 6.—Residents near the Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger station here have been terrorized for several nights by a strange "spectre." Reports of a strange, floating, hopping shadow or white-robed spook have been pouring into police headquarters and an officer claims to have fired four shots point blank at the apparition without results. Another policeman sent to quiet the fears of dwellers between South Flores street and the railroad tracks pursued the phantom until it "just vanished" into nothingness, so he says. Many sleepless hours have been spent by timid women and children in the section of the city "inhabited" by the ethereal visitor, while strong men lay awake from sundown to dawn hoping to get a shot at "it."

## DETAILS OF OPENING SWIMMING POOL ARE IN HANDS OF DR. REED

Dr. J. F. Reed, park commissioner, is to have charge of the details of opening the municipal swimming pool in the Huff McGregor park to the public on completion of these affairs being put in his hands by the city council at the regular weekly session he Thursday night. The date of the opening has not been decided upon, but will be ready to announce in a short time, it is stated. Bath houses and the necessary attendants will be provided by the time the pool is ready for use.

## Katz Piano Studio.

All pupils who have already spoken for their lessons for this fall and winter are herewith requested to call at the studio, 710 1-2 Indiana avenue, Monday, September 8th, from 9 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 5 p. m. for enrollment. Ernest Katz, 97-41p

heaves into sight with majestic stride, cuts a few capers and vanishes. A flagman on the C-valios-st. crossing of the Katy upon seeing the wonder called a policeman, who fired twice at what appeared to be an ordinary human clad in snow-white folds of cloth but was amazed to see it "fade away into space." One woman who saw the spook in her backyard attempted conversation but upon approaching the wonder drifted through the fence and aviate into space directly before her eyes, to the order of a mirage. "Whatever or whoever the thing is the people along West Cavalios-st. are not a little alarmed," declared Policeman Galan, who has not yet witnessed the visitor's antics, but says "without a doubt something has scared the until almost every home has been transformed into a watch party night, with a pistol or shotgun in handy place." It is noted in this connection that San Antonio is common with the rest of the country, has been "dry" since July 1.

## No Damage Done.

Seemingly content with frightening his spectators, the spectre attempts no thievery, and according to reports nothing has been damaged, except nerves of those who have gazed upon his ghostship. The police say that they have no idea what the strange thing can be, but are of the opinion that it is a practical joker who is in a mighty dangerous line of some day, for hundreds of loaded shotguns and automatics await him.

## First reports of the apparition reached officials last week and it has appeared almost every night since.

First reports of the apparition reached officials last week and it has appeared almost every night since. It never varies more than a few blocks from its favorite haunt. It suddenly

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Quality—Style—Price — Everything you want in a hat you'll find in the new Mallory Fall Models. They're ready—now—Go to the Mallory Dealer's and try them on



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## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Beginning Saturday, Sept. 6th The Wichita Daily Times will be delivered to subscribers in the city each week-day afternoon and Sunday morning. A slight advance in subscription rates has been found necessary and effective September 1 the subscription rates are as follows:

| Subscription                             | Rate   |
|--|--------|
| One Month                                | \$.60  |
| Six Months                               | 3.50   |
| One Year                                 | 7.00   |
| (Outside of Texas and Oklahoma.)         |        |
| One Month                                | \$.75  |
| Six Months                               | 4.50   |
| One Year                                 | 9.00   |
| (Wichita County, Outside Wichita Falls.) |        |
| Six Months                               | \$.30  |
| One Year                                 | 5.00   |
| Sunday Only; By Mail.                    |        |
| Six Months                               | \$1.50 |
| One Year                                 | 2.50   |

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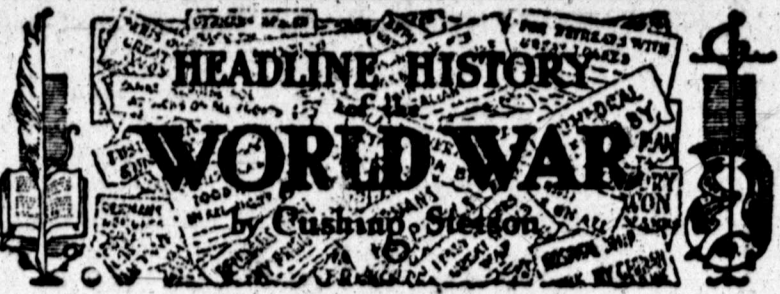
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HEADLINE HISTORY WORLD WAR

1914 Kaiser directs attack on Nancy, joins Crown Prince's army in critical battle—German right wing definitely checked before Paris—British cruiser Pathfinder blown up in the North Sea—Passenger steamer Runo sunk by mine in North Sea; 24 of 233 passengers lost.

crop has been retarded. The outlook for corn continues very favorable, and "an unusually large crop" that is practically already made is forecast.

HARBONE'S MEDITATIONS

BOSS 'LOW DE TROUBLE ABOUT BUYIN' STUFF ON DE CREDIT YOU BUYS TOO MUCH, BUT TAIN' DAT WAY WID ME -- AH DON' GIT MUCH 'FO DEY SHETS DOWN ON ME'



B. B. Woodall has returned from Colorado Springs, bringing with him Mrs. Woodall and their children.

WARD REALTY COMPANY ROOM 14, WARD BUILDING City Property—Farm Land—Oil Leases PERKINS & MANNING INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

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CRANE-WILLIS COMPANY Room 12 Bean-Anderson Bldg. REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE We write every known form of Insurance. Our Companies are the biggest and the best. PHONE 2152

Petitions are on file with the city council, it is said, for more than four miles of street paving. It will probably require six months to get the materials necessary for this amount of paving delivered.

President Wilson is out on a tour of the country to expound the peace treaty. While the President is out on the trip opposition senators at Washington will "pound" both the treaty and the President.

RESERVE BANK REPORTS TRADE IS SATISFACTORY

DALLAS, Sept. 2.—General business conditions in the Eleventh Federal Reserve Bank district, "apparently have not been affected" by the recent economic unrest and continued increase in the cost of living, according to the September statement of the reserve bank, issued today.

SANITARY DAIRY PURE MILK AND CREAM Now Owned and Operated by A. J. VIETS H. W. SKIDMORE Phone 2068 or 1805

RANKIN AUDIT COMPANY HOUSTON, TEXAS W. H. Rankin, Certified Public Accountant, President ANNOUNCES the opening of offices under the resident management of Mr. R. J. Williams, assisted by a staff of expert accountants and auditors.

Walter L. Prewett 822 Scott Avenue REPRESENTING SAWYER SHIRT CO., Aurora, Ill.—Makers of Custom Shirts only since 1884. \$3.00 to \$15.00. J. L. TAYLOR & CO., Chicago—Suits and Overcoats of the better sort. All-wool fabrics. \$34.00 to \$80.00. DELIVERIES IN FOUR WEEKS

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The September Victor Records are Here 18568—MY SWANEE HOME Vivian Holt-Lillian Rosedale—ALABAMA LULLABY Charles Hart-Elliott Shaw—10-inch 85c 18569—A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY John Steel—TULIP TIME John Steel—10-inch 85c 18570—ANYTHING IS NICE THAT COMES FROM DIXIELAND American Quartet—EYES THAT SAY "I LOVE YOU" Irving and Jack Kaufman—10-inch 85c 18571—YOU'RE STILL AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE Spencer Burr—THE GATES OF GLADNESS Lewis James and Shannon Four—10-inch 85c 18572—IN THE HEART OF A FOOL Henry Burr—I FOUND YOU Henry Burr—10-inch 85c 18573—TAKE YOUR GIRLIE TO THE MOVIES Billy Murray—BABY Arthur Fields—10-inch 85c 18574—I AIN'TEN GOT'EN NO TIME TO HAVE THE BLUES Murray-Ed Smalles—TAKE ME TO THE LAND OF JAZZ Marion Harris—10-inch 85c 18575—PETER GINK—One Step Six Brown Brothers—EGYPTLAND—Fox Trot Six Brown Brothers—10-inch 85c 18576—RUSPANA—One Step Pietro—HAVE A SMILE—Medley Fox Trot Pietro—10-inch 85c 18577—FIDGETY FEET—One Step Original Dixieland Jazz Band—LAZY DADDY—Fox Trot Original Dixieland Jazz Band—10-inch 85c 18578—TELL ME—Fox Trot Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra—THE VAMP—Fox Trot Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra—10-inch 85c 45166—SMILIN' THROUGH Reinald Warrenrath—THINK LOVE OF ME Reinald Warrenrath—10-inch \$1.00 45167—CHINESE LULLABY Olive Kline—BABY JIM Elsie Baker—10-inch \$1.00 18587—MRS. RASTUS JOHNSON'S JOY RIDE Ralph Bingham—BROTHER JONES' SERMON Ralph Bingham—10-inch 85c 74595—VOHRZEIT (Kadiah) Sophie Braslow—12-inch \$1.00 88612—LA CAMPANA DI SAN GIUSTO Enrico Ceruso—12-inch \$1.00 64816—FOR YOU A ROSE Emilia De Gogorza—10-inch \$1.00 74594—LA TRAVIATA Amelia Galli-Gurel—12-inch \$1.00 64770—TURKISH MARCH Jascha Helfetz—10-inch \$1.00 87303—HARD TIMES, COME AGAIN NO MORE Louise Homer—10-inch \$1.00 64817—BEAUTIFUL OHIO Fritz Kreisler—10-inch \$1.00 64818—THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER John McCormack—10-inch \$1.00 74593—SCHEHERAZADE—Festival of Bagdad Philadelphia Orchestra—12-inch \$1.00 87302—SUN OF MY SOUL Ernestine Schumann-Heink—10-inch \$1.00 We will be glad to play any or all of these and others for you! Nunn Electric Co. 816 Indiana Avenue Phone 837

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O. BEN GRAN... which s... postmaster of the breezes from blow. Ben helped hold in the G across half the usher up and the open-air schooled. Now cheese-slicer, cronies in the instead of in Always have deeds rather th tion and digest as this story, v "What is it, as we sat m generally mak fire, and trou and such ruce for? Why d humans, and b daring and sh are? What's to get out of fresh air and now, Bill, th erally speaki ambition and ket-places, fo battle-fields, li the civilized a world?" "Well, Ben ness, "I think of motives of to ambition, v pause; to av side of succer whom he eithe Ben ponder ing-bird on th trilled a dozen "I reckon, " about covers laid down in t ers. But wh of Willie Rob tell you abou if you don't n "Willie wa Augustine. I & Murchison, supplies. Wi german club tary company serenading a the welkin th town. "Willie jib weighed abou veal in his "Where-is-Ma plain that yo ing on him. "And yet the girls wit kind of youn fools and an at the same when they g hand when / morning pap full, an table as a ra Ellen's mar had a vocal fifty words t mans a wee through two night call. mixture of M member o pany. "I'll give and pictoria into the sid "Willie in ing and ma cent and h eyes were dog's on th Ellen's mar come, and I let him liv "But wh heart out c son, the li and prettie she had the the most wasn't a vi better. I the start. of leagues mound. B full-mering on a four- "One g at Mrs. G fellows ha us to put our hair a alone ins

# O. HENRY'S MASTERPIECES NO. 10. The Moment of Victory

**BEN GRANGER** is a war veteran aged 29— which should enable you to guess the war. He is also principal merchant and postmaster of Cadiz, a little town over which the breezes from the Gulf of Mexico perpetually blow.

Ben helped to hurl the Don from his stronghold in the Greater Antilles; and then, hiking across half the world, he marched as a corporal-usher up and down the blazing tropic aisles of the open-air college in which the Filipino was schooled. Now, with his bayonet beaten into a cheese-slicer, he rallies his corporal's guard of cronies in the shade of his well-whittled porch, instead of in the matted jungles of Mindanao. Always have his interest and choice been for deeds rather than for words; but the consideration and digestion of motives is not beyond him, as this story, which is his, will attest.

"What is it," he asked me one moonlit eve, as we sat among his boxes and barrels, "that generally makes men go through dangers, and fire, and trouble, and starvation, and battle, and such rucousos? What does a man do it for? Why does he try to outdo his fellow-humans, and be braver and stronger and more daring and showy than even his best friends are? What's his game? What does he expect to get out of it? He don't do it just for the fresh air and exercise. What would you say, now, Bill, that an ordinary man expects, generally speaking, for his efforts along the line of ambition and extraordinary hustling in the market-places, forums, shooting-galleries, lyciums, battle-fields, links, cinder-paths, and arenas of the civilized and vice versa places of the world?"

"Well, Ben," said I, with judicial seriousness, "I think we might safely limit the number of motives of a man who seeks fame to three— to ambition, which is a desire for popular applause; to avarice, which looks to the material side of success; and to love of some woman whom he either possesses or desires to possess."

Ben pondered over my words while a mocking-bird on the top of a mesquite by the porch trilled a dozen bars.

"I reckon," said he, "that your diagnosis about covers the case according to the rules laid down in the copy-books and historical readers. But what I had in my mind was the case of Willie Robbins, a person I used to know. I'll tell you about him before I close up the store, if you don't mind listening."

"Willie was one of our social set up in San Augustine. I was clerking there then for Brady & Murchison, wholesale dry goods and ranch supplies. Willie and I belonged to the same german club and athletic association and military company. He played the triangle in our serenading and quartet crowd that used to ring the welkin three nights a week somewhere in town."

"Willie jibed with his name considerable. He weighed about as much as a hundred pounds of veal in his summer suitings, and he had a 'Where-is-Mary?' expression on his features so plain that you could almost see the wool growing on him."

"And yet you couldn't fence him away from the girls with barbed wire. You know that kind of young fellows—a kind of a mixture of fools and angels—they rush in and fear to tread at the same time; but they never fail to tread when they get the chance. He was always on hand when a joyful occasion was had, as the morning paper would say, looking as happy as a king full, and at the same time as uncomfortable as a raw oyster served with sweet pickles. He danced like he had hind hobbles on; and he had a vocabulary of about three hundred and fifty words that he made stretch over four Germans a week, and plagiarized from to get him through two ice-cream suppers and a Sunday-night call. He seemed to me to be a sort of a mixture of Maltese kitten, sensitive plant, and a member of a stranded 'Two Orphans' company."

"I'll give you an estimate of his physiological and pictorial make-up, and then I'll stick spurs into the sides of my narrative."

"Willie inclined to the Caucasian in his coloring and manner of style. His hair was opalescent and his conversation fragmentary. His eyes were the same blue shade as the china dog's on the right-hand corner of your Aunt Ellen's mantelpiece. He took things as they come, and I never felt any hostility against him. I let him live, and so did others."

"But what does this Willie do but coax his heart out of his boots and lose it to Myra Allison, the liveliest, brightest, keenest, smartest, and prettiest girl in San Augustine. I tell you, she had the blackest eyes, the shiniest curls, and the most tantalizing— Oh, no, you're off—I wasn't a victim. I might have been, but I knew better. I kept out. Joe Granberry was it from the start. He had everybody else beat a couple of leagues and thence east to a stake and mound. But, anyhow, Myra was a nine-pound, full-merino, fall-clip fleece, sacked and loaded on a four-horse team for San Antonio."

"One night there was an ice-cream sociable at Mrs. Gof. Spraggins' in San Augustine. We fellows had a big room upstairs opened up for us to put our hats and things in, add to comb our hair and put on the clean collars we brought along inside the sweat-bands of our hats—in

short, a room to fix up in just like they have everywhere at high-toned doings. A little farther down the hall was the girls' room, which they used to powder up in, and so forth. Downstairs we—that is, the San Augustine Social Cotillion and Merry-makers' Club—had a stretcher put down in the parlor where our dance was going on."

"Willie Robbins and me happened to be up in our—cloak-room, I believe we called it—when Myra Allison skipped through the hall on her way downstairs from the girls' room. Willie was standing before the mirror, deeply interested in smoothing down the blond grass-plot on his head, which seemed to give him lots of trouble. Myra was always full of life and devilment. She stopped and stuck her head in our door. She certainly was good looking. But I knew how Joe Granberry stood with her. So did Willie; but he kept on ba-a-a-ing after her and following her around. He had a system of persistence that didn't coincide with pale hair and light eyes."

"Hello, Willie!" says Myra. "What are you doing to yourself in the glass?"

"I'm trying to look fly," says Willie.

"Well, you never could be fly," says Myra, with her special laugh, which was the provokingest sound I ever heard except the rattle of an empty canteen against my saddle-horn.

"I looked around at Willie after Myra had gone. He had a kind of a lily-white look on him which seemed to show that her remark had, as you might say, disrupted his soul. I never noticed anything in what she said that sounded particularly destructive to a man's ideas of self-consciousness; but he was set back to an extent you could scarcely imagine."

"After we went downstairs with our clean collars on, Willie never went near Myra again that night. After all, he seemed to be a diluted kind of a skim-milk sort of a chap, and I never wondered that Joe Granberry beat him out."

"The next day the battleship Maine was blown up, and then pretty soon somebody—I reckon it was Joe Bailey, or Ben Tillman, or maybe the Government—declared war against Spain."

"Well, everybody south of Mason & Hamlin's line knew that the North by itself couldn't whip a whole country the size of Spain. So the Yankees commenced to holler for help, and the Johnny Rebs answered the call. 'We're coming, Father William, a hundred thousand strong—and then some,' was the way they sang it. And the old party lines drawn by Sherman's march and the Kuklux and nine-cent cotton and the Jim Crow street-car ordinances faded away. We became one undivided country, with no North, very little East, a good-sized chunk of West, and a South that loomed up as big as the first foreign label on a new eight-dollar suit-case."

"Of course the dogs of war weren't a complete pack without a yelp from the San Augustine Rifles, Company D, of the Fourteenth Texas Regiment. Our company was among the first to land in Cuba and strike terror into the hearts of the foe. I'm not going to give you a history of the war; I'm just dragging it in to fill out my story about Willie Robbins, just as the Republican party dragged it in to help out the election in 1898."

"If anybody ever had heroitis, it was that Willie Robbins. From the minute he set foot on the soil of the tyrants of Castile he seemed to engulf danger as a cat laps up cream. He certainly astonished every man in our company, from the captain up. You'd have expected him to gravitate naturally to the job of an orderly to the colonel, or typewriter in the commissary—but not any. He created the part of the flaxen-haired boy hero who lives and gets back home with the goods, instead of dying with an important despatch in his hands at his colonel's feet."

"Our company got into a section of Cuban scenery where one of the messiest and most unsung portions of the campaign occurred. We were out every day capering around in the bushes, and having little skirmishes with the Spanish troops that looked more like kind of tired-out feuds than anything else. The war was a joke to us, and of no interest to them. We never could see it any other way than as a howling farce-comedy that the San Augustine Rifles were actually fighting to uphold the Stars and Stripes. And the blamed little seniors didn't get enough pay to make them care whether they were patriots or traitors. Now and then somebody would get killed. It seemed like a waste of life to me. I was at Coney Island when I went to New York once, and one of them down-hill skidding apparatuses they call 'roller-coasters' flew the track and killed a man in a brown sack-suit. Whenever the Spaniards shot one of our men, it struck me as just about as unnecessary and regrettable as that was."

"But I'm dropping Willie Robbins out of the conversation."

"He was out for bloodshed, laurels, ambition, medals, recommendations, and all other forms of military glory. And he didn't seem to be afraid of any of the recognized forms of military danger, such as Spaniards, cannon-balls, canned beef, gunpowder, or nepotism. He went forth with his rolled hair and china-blue eyes

and ate up Spaniards like you would sardines in a can. Wars and rumbles of wars never flustered him. He would stand guard duty, mosquitoes, hardtack, treat, and fire with equal perfect unanimity. No blondes in history ever come in comparison distance of him except the Jack of Diamonds and Queen Catherine of Russia."

"I remember, one time, a little caballard of Spanish men sauntered out from behind a patch of sugar-cane and shot Bob Turner, the first sergeant of our company, while we were eating dinner. As required by the army regulations, we fellows went through the usual tactics of falling into line, saluting the enemy, and loading and firing, kneeling."

"That wasn't the Texas way of scrapping; but, being a very important addendum and annex to the regular army, the San Augustine Rifles had to conform to the red-tape system of getting even."

"By the time we had got out our 'Upton's Tactics,' turned to page fifty-seven, said 'one—two—three—one—two—three' a couple of times, and got blank cartridges into our Springfield, the Spanish outfit had smiled repeatedly, rolled and lit cigarettes by squads, and walked away contemptuously."

"I went straight to Captain Floyd, and says to him: 'Sam, I don't think this war is a straight game. You know as well as I do that Bob Turner was one of the whitest fellows that ever threw a leg over a saddle, and now these wire-pullers in Washington have fixed his clock. He's politically and ostensibly dead. It ain't fair. Why should they keep this thing up? If they wa't Spain licked, why don't they turn the San Augustine Rifles and Joe Seely's ranger company and a car-load of West Texas deputy sheriffs on these Spaniards, and let us exonerate them from the face of the earth? I never did, as a I, 'case much about fighting by the Lord Chesterfield ring rules. I'm going to hand in my resignation and go home if anybody else I am personally acquainted with gets hurt in this war. If you can get somebody in my place, Sam,' says I. 'I'll quit the first of next week. I don't want to work in an army that don't give its help a chance. Never mind my wages,' says I; 'let the Secretary of the Treasury keep 'em.'"

"Well, Ben," says the captain to me, 'your allegations and estimations of the tactics of war, government, patriotism, guard-mounting, and democracy are all right. But I've looked into the system of international arbitration and the ethics of justifiable slaughter a little closer, maybe, than you have. Now, you can hand in your resignation the first of next week if you are so minded. But if you do,' says Sam, 'I'll order a corporal's guard to take you over by that limestone bluff on the creek and shoot enough lead into you to ballast a submarine airship. I'm captain of this company, and I've sworn allegiance to the Amalgamated States regardless of sectional, secessionist, and Congressional differences. Have you got any smoking tobacco?' winds up Sam. 'Mine got wet when I swum the creek this morning.'"

"The reason I drag all this non ex parte evidence in is because Willie Robbins was standing there listening to us. I was a second sergeant and he was a private then, but among us Texans and Westerners there never was as much tactics and subordination as there was in the regular army. We never called our captain anything but 'Sam' except when there was a lot of major generals and admirals around, so as to preserve the discipline."

"And says Willie Robbins to me, in a sharp construction of voice much unbecoming to his light hair and previous record:

"You ought to be shot, Ben, for emitting any such sentiments. A man that won't fight for his country is worse than a horse thief. If I was the cap, I'd put you in the guardhouse for thirty days on round steak and tamales. War,' says Willie, 'is great and glorious. I didn't know you were a coward.'"

"I'm not," says I. "If I was, I'd knock some of the pallidness off your marble brow. I'm lenient with you. I says, 'just as I am with the Spaniards, because you have always reminded me of something with mushrooms on the side. Why, you little Lady of Shalott,' says I, 'you underdone leader of cotillions, your glassy fashion and moulded form, you white-pie soldier made in the Cisalpine Alps in Germany for the late New Year trade, do you know of whom you are talking to? We've been in the same social circle,' says I, 'and I've put up with you because you seemed so meek and self-satisfying. I don't understand why you have so sudden taken a personal interest in chivalrousness and murder. Your nature's undergone a complete revelation. Now, how is it?'"

"Well, you wouldn't understand, Ben," says Willie, giving one of his refined smiles and turning away."

"Come back here!" says I, catching him by the tail of his khaki coat. "You've made me kind of mad, in the spite of the aloofness in which I have heretofore held you. You are out for making a success in this hero business, and I believe I know what for. You are doing it either because you are crazy or because you expect to catch some girl by it. Now, if it's a girl, I've got something here to show you."

"I wouldn't have done it, but I was plum mad. I pulled a San Augustine paper out of my hip-pocket, and showed him an item. It was a half a column about the marriage of Myra Allison and Joe Granberry."

"Willie laughed, and I saw I hadn't touched him."

"Oh," says he, 'everybody knew that was going to happen. I heard about that a week ago. And then he gave me the laugh again.'"

"All right," says I. "Then why do you so recklessly chase the bright rainbow of fame? Do you expect to be elected President, or do you belong to a suicide club?"

"And then Captain Sam interferences."

"You gentlemen quit jawing and go back to your quarters," says he, 'or I'll have you escorted to the guardhouse. Now, scat, both of you! Before you go, which one of you has got any chewing tobacco?'"

"We're off, Sam," says I. 'It's supper time, anyhow. But what do you think of what we was talking about? I've noticed you throwing out a good many grappling hooks for this here balloon called fame—What's his ambition, anyhow? What does a man risk his life day after day for? Do you know of anything he gets in the end that can pay him for the trouble? I want to go back home,' says I. 'I don't care whether Cuba sinks or swims, and I don't give a pipeful of rabbit tobacco whether Queen Sophia Christina or Charlie Culberson rules these fairy isles; and I don't want my name on any list except the list of survivors. But I've noticed you, Sam,' says I, 'seeking the bubble notoriety in the cannon's larynx a number of times. Now, what do you do it for? Is it ambition, business, or some freckle-faced Phoebe at home that you are heroing for?'"

"Well, Ben," says Sam, kind of hefting his sword out from between his knees, 'as your superior officer I could court-martial you for attempted cowardice and desertion. But I won't. And I'll tell you why I'm trying for promotion and the usual honors of war and conquest. A major gets more pay than a captain, and I need the money.'"

"Correct for you!" says I. 'I can understand that. Your system of fame-seeking is rooted in the deepest soil of patriotism. But I can't comprehend,' says I, 'why Willie Robbins, whose folks at home are well off, and who used to be as meek and undesirous of notice as a cat with cream on his whiskers, should all at once develop into a warrior bold with the most freighting kind of proclivities. And the girl in his case seems to have been eliminated by marriage to another fellow. I reckon,' says I, 'it's a plain case of just common ambition. He wants his name, maybe, to go thundering down the coroners of time. It must be that.'"

"Well, without itemizing his deeds, Willie sure made good as a hero. He simply spent most of his time on his knees begging our captain to send him on forlorn hopes and dangerous scouting expeditions. In every fight he was the first man to mix it at close quarters with the Don Alfonsos. He got three or four bullets planted in various parts of his anatomy. Once he went off with a detail of eight men and captured a whole company of Spanish. He kept Captain Floyd busy writing out recommendations of his bravery to send in to headquarters; and he began to accumulate medals for all kinds of things—heroism and target-shooting and valor and tactics and unobsequiousness, and all the little accomplishments that look good to the third assistant secretaries of the War Department."

"Finally, Cap Floyd got promoted to be a major general, or a knight commander of the main herd, or something like that. He pounded around on a white horse, all desecrated up with gold-leaf and hen-feathers and a Good Templar's hat, and wasn't allowed by the regulations to speak to us. And Willie Robbins was made captain of our company."

"And maybe he didn't go after the wreath of fame then! As far as I could see it was him that ended the war. He got eighteen of us boys—friends of his, too—killed in battles that he stirred up himself, and that didn't seem to me necessary at all. One night he took twelve of us and waded through a little rill about a hundred and ninety yards wide, and climbed a couple of mountains, and sneaked through a mile of neglected shrubbery and a couple of rock-quarries and into a rye-straw village, and captured a Spanish general named, as they said, Benny Vedus. Benny seemed to me hardly worth the trouble, being a blackish man without shoes or cuffs, and anxious to surrender and throw himself on the commissary of his foe."

"But that job gave Willie the big boost he wanted. The San Augustine News and the Galveston, St. Louis, New York, and Kansas City papers printed his picture and columns of stuff about him. Old San Augustine simply went crazy over its 'gallant son.' The News had an editorial tearfully begging the Government to call off the regular army and the national guard, and let Willie carry on the rest of the war single-handed. It said that a refusal to do so would be regarded as a proof that the Northern jealousy of the South was still as rampant as ever."

"If the war hadn't ended pretty soon, I don't

know to what heights of gold braid and encomiums Willie would have climbed; but it did. There was a succession of hostilities just three days after he was appointed a colonel, and got in three more medals by registered mail, and shot two Spaniards while they were drinking lemonade in an ambuscade."

"Our company went back to San Augustine when the war was over. There wasn't anywhere else for it to go. And what do you think? The old town notified us in print, by wire cable, special delivery, and a nigger named Saul sent on a gray mule to San Antonio, that they was going to give us the biggest blow-out, complimentary, alimentary, and elementary, that ever disturbed the kildees on the sand-flats outside of the immediate contiguity of the city."

"I say 'we,' but it was all meant for ex-Private Robbins. The town was crazy about him. They notified us that the reception they were going to put up would make the Mardi Gras in New Orleans look like an afternoon tea in Bury St. Edmunds with a curate's aunt."

"Well, the San Augustine Rifles got back home on schedule time. Everybody was at the depot giving forth Roosevelt-Democrat—they used to be called Rebel—yells. There was two brass bands, and the mayor, and schoolgirls in white frightening the street car horses by throwing Cherokee roses in the streets, and—well, maybe you've seen a celebration by a town that was inland and out of water."

"They wanted Brevet Colonel Willie to get into a carriage and be drawn by prominent citizens and some of the city aldermen to the armory, but he stuck to his company and marched at the head of it up Sam Houston avenue. The buildings on both sides was covered with flags and audiences, and everybody hollered 'Robbins!' or 'Hello, Willie!' as we marched up in files of fours. I never saw a illustriousser-looking human in my life than Willie was. He had at least seven or eight medals and diplomas and decorations on the breast of his khaki coat; he was sunburnt the color of a saddle, and he certainly done himself proud."

"They told us at the depot that the courthouse was to be illuminated at half-past seven, and there would be speeches and chili-con-came at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Delphine Thompson was to read an original poem by James Whitcomb Ryan, and Constable Hooker had promised us a galute of nine guns from Chicago that he had arrested that day."

"After we had disbanded in the armory, Willie says to me:

"Want to walk out a piece with me?"

"Why, yes," says I, 'if it ain't so far that we can't hear the tumult and the shouting die away. I'm hungry myself,' says I, 'and I'm pining for some home grub, but I'll go with you.'"

"Willie steered me down some side streets till we came to a little white cottage in a new lot with a twenty-by-thirty-foot lawn decorated with brickbats and old barrel staves."

"Halt and give the countersign," says I to Willie. "Don't you know this dugout? It's the bird's-nest that Joe Granberry built before he married Myra Allison. What you going there for?"

"But Willie already had the gate open. He walked up the brick walk to the steps, and I went with him. Myra was sitting in a rocking chair on the porch, sewing. Her hair was smoothed back kind of hasty and tied in a knot. I never noticed till then that she had freckles. Joe was at one side of the porch, in his shirt-sleeves, with no collar on, and no signs of a shave, trying to scrape out a hole among the brickbats and tin cans to plant a little fruit tree in. He looked up but never said a word, and neither did Myra."

"Willie was sure dandy-looking in his uniform, with medals stung on his breast and his new gold-handled sword. You'd never have taken him for the little white-headed snipe that the girls used to order about and make fun of. He just stood there for a minute, looking at Myra with a peculiar little smile on his face; and then he says to her, slow and kind of holding on to his words with his teeth:

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe I could if I tried."

"That was all that was said. Willie raised his hat, and we walked away."

"And, somehow, when he said that, I remembered, all of a sudden, the night of that dance and Willie brushing his hair before the looking-glass, and Myra sticking her head in the door to gey him."

"Then we got back to Sam Houston avenue, Willie says:

"Well, so long, Ben. I'm going down home and get off my shoes and take a rest."

"You?" says I. "What's the matter with you? Ain't the court-house jammed with everybody in town waiting to honor the hero? And two brass bands; and recitations and flags and jags and grub to follow waiting for you?"

"Willie sighs."

"All right, Ben," says he. "Darned if I didn't forget all about that."

"And that's why I say," concluded Ben Granger, "that you can't tell where ambition begins any more than you can where it is going to wind up."



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TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY... ENFORCEMENT BILL COMPLETED IN HOUSE AND GOES TO SENATE... WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The prohibition enforcement bill passed by the Senate last night...

LEGAL NOTICES. NOTICE TO LEASE—Estate of John J. Wolf... CITIZENS ELECTRIC CO. House Wiring and Repairing... RELIABLE ABSTRACTS BONDED ABSTRACT COMPANY... A REAL BARGAIN... Casing and Line Pipe for Sale... EAST TEXAS LAND... GREGG, SMITH AND UPSTUR COUNTY LANDS...

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# GRAHAM WELL IS PREPARED FOR SHOT; FLOWS BY HEADS

ARNOLD WELL MAINTAINS DAILY PROGRAM OF FLOWING IN SPURTS.

UNDERREAM BLAIR - HUGHES

Good Progress Made on Well of Humble Oil Company Now Drilling Around 1,000.

NEWCASTLE, Sept. 6.—The Texas Company's well on the M. K. Graham lease has been prepared for shooting, the tubing set and the hole swabbed as a test. When the bore is cleaned the oil speedily runs to 1,500 feet, and continues to flow by heads as it has every day for weeks.

The Arnold well maintains its daily program of flowing in spurts. The tools have not been in the hole for two weeks so that caving has been practically eliminated.

The fishing job by the Blair-Hughes well of The Texas Company was successful and underreaming is in progress. Work at the Norris well continues without interruption. Still fishing at the Manhattan Company's well on the Johnson lease.

Good progress is being made at the Humble Oil & Refining Company's well near the Graham around the 1,000-foot mark.

The stream of golden grain and golden dollars that has been steadily flowing into Newcastle for a month has been retarded by the embargo, which halted shipments. The elevators are full and the thrashers still have a considerable job ahead of them, hundreds of acres still being in the shock.

Feed crops are nearly all cut and shocked, the work being cleared up just as the cotton bolls begin to open generally. The pickers are busy from Archer City to Newcastle and all the grain running full time. The weather is ideal for harvesting and picking, more like October days than the September brand usually served out in this section. Warm, clear, sunny days and cool nights. Fall plowing is in full swing. If Wichita Falls people knew what delightful cool nights the people have been enjoying for two weeks past they would wish to annex Newcastle for a sleeping porch.

Roadmaster Melvin, who has just been appointed to supervise this division of the track this week and announced that two large repair gangs could start about midday. The first would be put to work at once, one from Lake Wichita southward and the second between Archer City and Olney, to put the roadbed in condition for fall and winter business.

Newcastle has a milk attack of skating rinkitis, since the floor in the new Majestic Theatre building was completed and anybody who is coming from his or her usual haunts is reported, "at the rink." The young folks are not allowed to monopolize all the pleasure and bumping.

The new theatre is a credit to Newcastle and R. B. Harris, the manager is being congratulated by means of a record-breaking patronage.

The most prosperous season in its history is assured to Newcastle and Young county, a condition in which Southern Archer and Throckmorton counties will share in a marked degree.

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Is a preparation that is safe and pleasant to use. It makes the hair soft and lustrous. It prevents dandruff and stimulates the growth of hair by keeping the scalp healthy. Price 35 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. We also have a complete line of other aids which are required in caring for the hair.

BRUSHES, COMBS, MASSAGE PREPARATIONS, CURLERS, DYES, ETC.

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**Palace Drug Store**  
PHONE 341-340 ONLY THE BEST FREE DELIVERY

First Attention to All Orders For the Sick

### JUDGE SCURRY PREPARED TO ISSUE CERTIFICATES FOR REUNION VISITORS

Judge Edgar Scurry announces that he is ready to issue certificates to Confederate Veterans and members of their families and others who are entitled to them. These certificates are necessary to obtain the cent a mile rate to the reunion at Atlanta, October 10. Those who expect to attend the reunion are requested not to delay securing their certificates until the last moment.

### ANOTHER TEST WEST OF THE TOWN OF FREDERICK

FREDERICK, OKLA., Sept. 6.—O. H. James and J. H. Childers, who have the contract for drilling a 2,500-foot hole for the Toman Oil Company, of Fort Worth, Texas, had the first timbers hauled to their location, seven miles northwest of Frederick, Thursday afternoon. The new well will be located on the farm of R. F. Hayes, the southeast quarter of section 15, township 1 south, range 18 west, where indications are said to be excellent. This company is said to have exceedingly strong backing. While the test provides for but a 2,500-foot hole, the drillers said last evening that the well would be drilled even deeper if the indications were good and it was found at the 2,500 depth that this was advisable. "There is oil in Tillman county, or else some of the biggest oil companies and most expert geologists are badly fooled," said Mr. Childers.

### TWO ICE CREAM CONES FOR \$1000 PEARL NECKLACE

Associated Press Mail Correspondent. PARIS, Aug. 29.—Two ice cream cones is the price which two Parisian bell boys received the other day for a \$1,000 pearl necklace one of them had stolen from an American Red Cross worker here. The Red Cross girl whose name is not made public, was a guest at the hotel where the two boys, Albert Marant and Jean Arnel were employed. Fearing that detectives were watching him Marant took the necklace to the ice cream vendor who has a portable stand in the Tuilleries garden and demanded 10 francs but the vendor induced him to accept instead two ice cream cones as it was a holiday. Both bell boys and the ice cream man are in La Sante prison.

Mrs. F. J. D. one of the foremost expression teachers of the south is to open a studio here. Every branch of the work taught. Attain the poise and grace of the best society. Only a limited number of pupils. All lessons private. Enroll now for Fall term. Phone 362.

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After the MOVIES  
Wholesome-Cleansing-Refreshing  
When Your Eyes Need Care

TOILET GOODS  
The best customers we have are those who have tried other kinds of toilet goods and found them wanting in the many things that make with us for superior quality.  
**THE MILLER DRUG STORE**  
Phone 193 Eighth and Ohio Free Delivery

### DEPOSITIONS CONCERNING GAY WINE DINNERS AND AUTOMOBILE JOURNEYS

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—Whether depositions concerning gay wine dinners and nocturnal automobile tours in the Catskill mountains, sworn to by Melissa Brown and her cousin, Mary Kinnaid, are to be admitted into the courts records of Mme Amexia Galli-Curci's suit for divorce from Luigi Curci, was to be decided here today by Judge Sabatini.

Counsel for the defendant have endeavored to have the depositions suppressed as incompetent, claiming they were improperly attested and are worthless. The evidence was defended by counsel for Mme Curci. He requested that the depositions be returned to the commissioner in New York where the legal action was commenced.

### SAMMIES CORPORATION TO DRILL IN TILLMAN

FREDERICK, OKLA., Sept. 6.—Another of the big companies will begin an active demonstration of its faith in the Frederick oil field, this week, when the Sammies Oil Company begins drilling on its location on the southeast quarter of section 25, township 1 south, range 17 west. Jack Jones, who with Jaul Poe, is associated with the Sammies company and has lined up the leases for this well, said last night that all the machinery for the drilling was now on the railroad track here, and that work would begin as soon as it could be put in position. Mr. Jones has stayed on the job in getting together the necessary block of leases for this well, and it should be discovered there, will be entitled to a large share of the credit.

The Sammie company is not only a big producer but is engaged extensively in the refining and oil station business in Oklahoma City. It has the necessary funds to prosecute a thorough test and this is what will be done, said Mr. Jones.

### NO MURDER MYSTERY INVOLVED IN FINDING HUMAN LEG ON FRIDAY

The toes of a man's foot protruding from the ground about 100 yards below the Club Lake led to the discovery of a human leg, amputated midway between the knee and the thigh, about 5:00 o'clock Friday afternoon. Justice of the Peace Gwin was summoned to hold an inquest, the supposition being that the entire body was buried there. One job with a shovel, however, unearthed the leg, which was wrapped in newspapers, dated four days ago. A passing teamster, getting a whiff of the odor from the decomposed flesh, investigated and saw the five toes protruding from the ground.

He notified the authorities that a murder surely had been committed and the body made away with out on the deserted flats. Officers hastened to the scene. A Times reporter, getting wind of the "murder mystery," made a human streak for the courthouse. Judge Gwin laughed. "No, there were no girl's arms," he replied to the reporter's fusillade of questions. "Just a man's leg. Some of the doctors have been amputating legs recently, and I guess this was one of them. Anyway, there was no murder mystery."

### ALIMONY IS PAID AND NO FINE IS IMPOSED

Nick Pappas, a Greek, appeared in the 78th district court this morning on a charge of contempt of court through his failure to pay alimony to his divorced wife. Judge Scurry imposed no fine, but accepted the \$25 weekly alimony in lieu thereof and dismissed the defendant. In the same court Friday afternoon a jury granted a decree of divorce in the case of Douglas vs. Douglas, Mrs. Sallie Douglas being the plaintiff.

### SPLENDID PROGRESS MADE ON NEW LABOR TEMPLE

Splendid progress is being made on the new Labor Temple on Travis between Seventh and Eighth. The foundation and basement has been

completed and the walls are now going up on the first story of the main structure. Quite a large crew of men are engaged in the work and it will not be long at the present rate of construction before the building will be ready to accommodate the large union membership in the city.

Such completion will be a welcome one to the many locals here, as the majority now have to meet in small and inconvenient places, without sufficient accommodations for the membership.

Pupils desiring to enroll Mrs. Foster for piano lessons will please phone Kemp Kort, 473.

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Entrance Through Jewelry Store, 114 Eighth St., Phone 473

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That the Pure Milk Products Company has BULGARIAN BUTTERMILK  
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Do your eyes feel tired and worn? Do you suffer that dull headache? You probably require glasses—a few minutes with our graduate Optometrist will tell, and this service is without cost to you.  
We will be pleased to have you call. You owe it to your eyes.  
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Of well-dressed people by having your clothes properly cleaned and pressed at the  
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We are building a business on Quality, Efficiency and Service. May we add your name to our fastly growing list of patrons?  
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The fourth payment on the Victory Liberty Bonds amounting to 20% will be due Sept 9th. Please call at the bank you subscribed through and make your payment on that date.  
**First National Bank**  
Wichita Falls, Texas  
For City Loans, Farm or Ranch Loans—For Fire and Tornado Insurance, See  
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The only established exclusive insurance agency. Special facilities for handling Auto and Compensation lines. 606 Eighth Street next door to Western Union. Phone 694. Kemp & Kell Bldg.

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HEAVY HAULING OUR SPECIALTY  
**Wichita Transfer & Storage COMPANY**  
Successors to  
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Phone 14 613 Seventh

AN ADJUSTMENT OF VALUES  
We are asked a good many times, "Why the high price of coffee?" There are, of course, many contributory reasons. Among them: The frost damage in Brazil last August. The fact that Europe has had practically no coffee for four years, and the surplus in the United States is practically nil. Prohibition is also a factor. But the REAL REASON is an adjustment of values among commodities. A few years ago Rio sevens sold for 5 1/2 cents per pound, so did cotton. Now cotton sells for above 80 cents and Rio sevens for twenty-two. Wheat used to fluctuate between sixty-five cents and a dollar, and is now twenty-two. So it stands to reason the Brazilian can't take the old prices for his coffee and get by. Coffee is still the cheapest commodity of consumption—and the last to advance.  
WHO CAN BEAT IT!  
**BERT BEAN COFFEE HOUSE**  
Telephone 35 824 Indiana Ave.

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