

OVERLOOK HOUSE

By WILL PAYNE

ROMANCE, adventure, a sinister mystery, detectives working at cross purposes, a first-class villain or two, love menaced by hidden perils, devoted married lovers—what more can you ask of good fiction? You will find them all in the Blue Ribbon serial, never before published, which begins here. It is a capital yarn by one of the best American story tellers, and will keep you guessing to the end of the final chapter. Start reading it now.

OVERLOOK House stands two hundred feet above the sea—on a giant had carried out his domiciliary ideas in the renaissance style of architecture. Unfamiliar passengers in the little yachts and launches which ply those waters in the summer season sometimes mistake it for a hotel, or at least a country club, for it seems absurd that a mere family should require so much space as those gray stucco walls inclose. A battery of artillery might maneuver handily on the paved terrace in front of the house.

From its hilltop the house looks down to the sea across an unobstructed space, but sixty acres of carefully tended woods screen it from other points of view—running down to the asphalt public road and trolley line which skirt the western boundaries of the grounds. Passengers on that side see only a wall of dressed stone, six feet high, with the woods beyond.

"I want plenty of room," Judge Tillman Crane had said to the architect; and, having made that one stipulation, he left the other details to his wife and the architect. When he finally surveyed the result—contemplating the broad reach of gray wall and the spacious apartments within—he expressed his satisfaction in an amused chuckle. On the opposite rim of the continent there is an arid region—sere, barren, and forbidding, as though nature had spoiled it in the making and set a match to it and gone off and left it—which nevertheless teems with human activity. Gaunt derricks arise over it as though a colossal child had been repeating one pattern with a set of rude building blocks. There are many clusters of huge iron tanks, cylindrical in form, painted red or gray. Big iron pipes run interminably over the dun ground. The summer sun is fierce; sand blows, cutting the face like bits of metal thrown from a gun. And everywhere there is the strong reek of oil. It flows black and pitchy into the pipes, but at a far off other end it comes out in a deluge of shiny gold. Six weeks' income from that oily desert settled the bill for Overlook House. Judge Tillman Crane gave an amused chuckle over that, too.

The servants' quarters on the third floor are as roomy as the master's apartments in most houses—even houses that make very considerable pretensions to opulence. A stairway at either end of the house leads up to them, but the stairway is shut off from the main hall by a blank door. Only one who has some business in the servants' quarters opens that door.

About 11 o'clock of a Thursday morning in the latter part of June Mrs. Lester Hilton glided northward in the main hall of the second story, approaching the door which gave to the stairway leading up to the third story. She moved quickly, her feet falling without a sound on the thick rug, her dark eyes turning nervously from side to side of the hall as though, perhaps, she feared a door might open and somebody step out to witness her movements. The blank door was straight ahead of her, but a cross hall ran to the right there. Mrs. Hilton threw an apprehensive glance behind her, but the big main hall lay empty at her back. As she looked around again a rather formidable figure strode out of the cross hall, confronting her.

It was the figure of Lena, a maid, in a maid's black gown and little white apron—tall and strongly made, but not uncouthly. It was, of course, a perfectly familiar figure to Mrs. Hilton; but just now Mrs. Hilton's nerves were taut and tingling and Lena's blond face was puckered in a scowl of wrath. The light of battle gleamed in her pale blue eyes, her lower lip protruded, her ample breast labored, her capable fists were balled—all as though she might immediately fall upon Mrs. Hilton like an enraged Valkyr.

Very naturally, then, Mrs. Hilton's nerves jumped and she drew back. But Lena herself was no less disconcerted. A look of alarm swiftly succeeded the scowl upon her face. She, too, drew back and began stammering an apology the exact purport of which Mrs. Hilton did not catch. After one disconcerted moment Lena turned on her heels and fled down the cross hall. Evidently it had not been Mrs. Hilton whom she had expected to meet there.

Looking in the direction whence Lena had disappeared, Mrs. Hilton waited a moment to compose her nerves and to consider, mechanically putting a finger up to her lips, which trembled slightly. Then she closed her lips resolutely, opened the blank door, and went upstairs. The door she sought up there was closed. She listened at the crack a moment, turned the knob, and entered the room, shutting the door behind her. It was a servant's bedroom, roomy like all the apartments in that house, with two windows, simply but sufficiently furnished. If Mrs. Hilton's purpose had been housewifely she might have

noted with disapproval that the room was not in order and the bed lay tumbled just as its occupant had climbed out of it that morning. But her purpose was not housewifery. She stepped across to the open closet and at once saw what she wanted—a saffron cloak and a black straw hat, with a military air, adorned with a jaunty red feather.

She took them both, throwing the cloak over her arm and holding the hat in her hand, crossed the room swiftly, and stepped into the hall—and there encountered a sec-

to know what girl he wants to go with! That beeg horse Lena get her clutch on Louis like he's all made of gold and only man in the world. She declare she punch my head, Meeus Heelton. She not punch my head! Katey stamped her trim foot in outrage over the intolerable idea. "I know what I do," she plunged on darkly, palpitating with wrath. "I get me a good gun! I fix that Lena, she come fooling round me any more. Mr. Ted got a good gun. I borrow it of him." Screwing up her pretty face in the darkest

that hat and cloak, Meeus Heelton. You got the figure for 'em and you know how to wear 'your clothes. Maybe you got you a hat and cloak like 'em, so?" A childlike inability to "keep her proper place" as a servant was one reason why Katey would never make an ideal maid.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Hilton with a laugh. "I'll bring them back before long." "O, keep them long as you like—till night—Meeus Heelton," Katey replied handsomely, dimpling.

she stood against the wall, waiting for the trolley car.

Her journey from the house had been accomplished safely; she had met no one; but her nerves hurt cruelly. The tension showed in her restless eyes and a little mechanical moistening of her dry lips. All the while she was wondering, with a kind of despair, whether she had chosen the best way of going; whether, after all, it wouldn't have been better to have asked for a car and chauffeur and gone in her own proper dress

of the village, through which a tidal creek meandered, provided rare claims. In summer time the lobster fishermen found brisk demand for their catches from summer cottagers and from the resort hotels along the coast. These small and partly seasonal industries were Stony Cove's only reasons for being. The main street of the village had a weatherbeaten, bedraggled air. Mrs. Hilton had never viewed it before except from the seat of an automobile.

She remembered the sign, however, indefinitely, and saw it again as the trolley car rolled away. The sign said "Stony Cove Hotel," and was attached to the wooden awning of a narrow, sad looking three story frame structure almost innocent of paint. No one wanted to stay at this village hotel; every one wanted to stay on the shore or back in the country; the hotel had a dejected look of finding favor with nobody. Mrs. Hilton crossed the street, passed under the sagging wooden awning, opened the dingy door, and found herself in a dim, narrow hall, with a closed door on either side and stairs leading steeply up.

"Up here," said a masculine voice from the top of the stairs, and she ascended swiftly—understanding that had been looking out of the window and had seen her alight from the trolley.

The man who awaited her at the top of the dim stairs wore his hat and a light overcoat, for it was chilly in the heatless hotel. He did not bother to remove his hat as she ascended; in fact, he did not bother to wait for her, but moved down the hall and entered a room, leaving the door open for her to follow. A glance showed that this room was the little parlor of the hotel, with a threadbare ingrain carpet and old fashioned walnut chairs and sofa upholstered in black horsehair. It occupied a corner of the building, however, and was quite light. Mrs. Hilton shut the door after her, and in the good light the man and woman silently looked at each other—a tremulous, questioning, fearing look on her face; a frown on his.

He was a handsome man, smartly dressed, but a keen judge might have guessed something unstable and undependable in his good looks. Too many nerves; flighty nerves, another judge might have said. His face was long and thin, with sloping brow and a boldly sculptured profile; his eyes were prominent—thrust forward. Altogether, in fact, his face was thrust forward; overbearing, even avid. If he had removed his hat his dark hair would have showed a neat part through the middle—a vivid sort of man; one might have got the impression that it would have been somehow better if he had been a woman. There was something sullen in the frown with which he greeted her; but he was pale today, with dark circles under his eyes; and she instantly caught, behind the frown, a look of suffering. It did not occur to either of them to say "Good morning" or shake hands. The situation was too exigent for that.

She spoke first, saying: "What is it, Lester?" It was the look of suffering in his face that softened her tone.

He motioned to the sofa, and when she sat down she kept her hands in her lap. It would have been very natural for him to have wished to hold her hand and for her to have wished him to. But she had come up there with some forbidding things in her mind, and she kept her hands in her lap. He understood it well enough. There were some things in his mind, too. So he let her keep her hands to herself, and in addressing her he used her full name, like any friend, instead of the pet nickname which had once been current on his lips.

"I'm in an awful hole, Edith," he said; and then, referring to his talk with her over the telephone when he had summoned her to meet him there, he asked anxiously: "The next mail comes at 3 o'clock?"

"About 3—along in the middle of the afternoon," she replied.

"You've seen the judge since the morning mail came in?" He had asked that, too, over the telephone, but he seemed to need a reassurance.

"Yes; we were walking up and down the terrace together—the judge and Mrs. Crane and Teddy and I—for half an hour or so. We were walking there when I was called to the phone and you spoke to me."

His restless eyes questioned her a moment and he asked plumply: "You noticed nothing? He seemed as usual?"

She repeated what she had said over the wire: "Why, nothing at all. He seemed just as usual."

This was in the main mere repetition—a prologue. He must say, now, why he had summoned her there in that strange, peremptory fashion. She waited the explanation and felt the beats of her heart. He gazed at the worn carpet a moment, hating the plunge, and turned white; but it had to come. Obscurely and irrationally he blamed her for the necessity of having to tell her. They seemed quite safe from intrusion in that musty, dingy little parlor; completely safe from eavesdropping; since there was no place for an eavesdropper; yet he spoke very low, and the words slipping out: "That bodiless way had their sinister effect."

"A letter to the judge from our office went into the mail last night. If he gets it it'll be up with me."

He gave a glance around the empty room and from the breast pocket of his overcoat produced a long, creamy yellow envelope.

(Continued on following page.)



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and figure almost as disconcerting as the first.

Perhaps a male observer would not have been much disconcerted by this figure in any case. It was the figure of a maid, of the maid's badge of black gown and white apron, but round and lissom, with wavy dark hair, full, deep blue eyes, bowed red lips, a straight nose, and a dimple in either cheek when she laughed. She was not laughing now, however. Her blue eyes sparkled with anger, her breast heaved, her plump hands were clinched. Dashing toward the retreat of her bedroom and encountering Mrs. Hilton, astonishment swiftly overlay these signs of wrath.

"O!" she cried, checking her heading rush. Then, as soon as she had caught her breath, she asked with a pretty touch of foreign accent: "You want me, Meeus Heelton?"

With the plunder in her hands, Mrs. Hilton could only carry it through; so she said: "Why, Katey, what's the matter?"

Katey seemed to pay no attention at all to the plunder in Mrs. Hilton's hands. Her wrongs rose upon her afresh, and with the prospect of a sympathetic listener she gave vent to them, her eyes sparkling, her breast heaving, her hands clenched.

"It's that meeserable Lena, Meeus Heelton! She think she do me up because she is beeg like a horse! I go away from here! I leave right off! I'm not goin' to be used like a dog all the while. Can I help it if those foolish fellows come all the while hounding around? She tossed her wavy head in high disdain. "I don't ask 'em come around me. I tell 'em go way and mind their own beesness. Much I care. Not so much like that!" She snapped her thin fingers in scorn. "It's that Louis. I didn't ask him come along. All the while he comes himself. My goodness, I guess that Louis see old enough

scowl of which it was capable and using the most sinister tone she could command, Katey affirmed tragically. "I shoot one great beeg hole in that horse Lena!"

Mrs. Hilton—in spite of her preoccupation—was trying hard not to laugh. She didn't think that anybody ever need stand in much fear of pretty, good natured, careless Katey's wrath—fleeing as a little cloud over the sun. The girl had been employed in Judge Crane's household for several months. Under other conditions her tenure might have been shorter, for she was not a very good maid—being incorrigibly heedless and unamenable to discipline; not because she was impudent or lazy but because of a gay and childlike irresponsibility. In spite of her good nature and although she seemed never to intend it, she was always stirring up trouble—a sort of disorganizing element below stairs, like a sprightly, adventurous bluejay in a cote of sedate, orderly birds. But satisfactory household servants were hard to get, and notwithstanding her fallings as a maid everybody above stairs had a liking for the sparkling, amiable, pretty creature. So Katey remained; and Mrs. Hilton now perceived that she had stumbled upon a downstairs triangle with Louis, one of the gardeners, as one angle and Katey and Lena as the other two.

So she gave Katey some soothing advice and assurances, and concluded—since the plunder was in her hands in plain view—with the statement, "I want to use your hat and cloak a little while. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"O, I not mind at all, Meeus Heelton!" Katey assured her heartily, and—her wrath already forgotten—she showed her dimples as a new idea delighted her. "I be proud for you to take 'em. You look very swell in

So Mrs. Hilton went downstairs carrying the yellow cloak and the black straw hat that had a military air, with its jaunty red feather. And as she left Katey, care again took undisputed possession of her mind. The adventure had not started well. Lena had seen her, and then Katey. She had a despairing sense that she was bungling it, and she mustn't bungler it!

She was about Katey's height and build, but older—35, in fact. Her hair was darker than the maid's—dark fairly to blackness. With dark eyes and a complexion of dusky olive, faintly touched with color, she looked as though her veins might carry a strain of Jewish blood, although her nose was as straight as Katey's. Without posing at the second story she sped down to the ground floor. At that hour the big central hall was empty; spaciouly open doors at right and left showed no glimpse or sound of occupancy. Mrs. Hilton threw the saffron cloak over her shoulders, turning up its collar, paused an instant before a mirror to settle the jaunty hat on her dark head, and fled through the back door.

This was the latter part of June, with trees and shrubs in full leaf under a bright sun; but the wind was in the north, off the cold sea, tingling one's cheeks like an icy bath. Stepping out of the house, Mrs. Hilton saw no one. The garage and stables, where men might be loitering at any hour of the day, were some distance away. She bent her head and fled toward the avenue of slim evergreens that led through the formal garden on that side of the house. At the further side of the garden she took a bridle path which wound down through the beautifully kept woods and so gained a wrought iron gate in the stone wall along the public road. There

instead of masquerading in Katey's clothes and going by trolley, she couldn't tell whether or not that would have been better. At any rate, she was committed to the masquerade, and she stood restlessly against the wall, waiting for the trolley, fearing that at any moment an automobile containing some one who knew her might appear, or a horse-back party or a pedestrian. She kept her face down and toward the wall.

Windham lay two miles down the coast—south—from Overlook House. But the branch railroad which served that coast region ran on five miles to the village of Stony Cove, and a trolley line connected the two towns. It was to Stony Cove, at the end of the branch railroad, that she was going.

She heard, to the south, the welcome grinding of the trolley car wheels against the rails and the thin toot of the whistle for the crossroad and stepped forward to signal the car. It was most unlikely that any one she knew would be traveling by that public conveyance; her acquaintances had pleasanter means of locomotion. The public road and trolley line ran along a little valley there, with bold wooded hills on either side. The scene, therefore, had a pleasant effect of remote, primitive forest; but that effect was preserved, at great expense, by skilled landscape gardeners.

When the trolley stopped Mrs. Hilton took in its occupants at a swift glance without seeing a familiar face, and climbed into a seat in the middle of the vehicle where her upturned cloak collar would protect her in case acquaintances should pass in an automobile. The three-mile trolley ride was a matter of a dozen minutes, and she alighted on the main street of Stony Cove. There was a granite quarry near by. Salty mud flats at the edge

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addressed in typewriting to Tillman Crane, Esq., Overlook House, Windham. On the reverse side the flap of the envelope bore engraved directions for returning it in case of nondelivery. There was no firm name on the return card, but only a street number on Wall street.

"It was exactly like that, Edith," he said, showing her the envelope. "It will come in this afternoon's mail. I want you to get it, when it does come, before Judge Crane sees it, and put this in its place." She saw that with some sort of rubber stamp he had made a blur over the two postage stamps on his dummy envelope so that, at a glance, it looked as though it had been through the postoffice and the postage stamps had been duly canceled. In short, he had been very cunning about it. She knew he was capable of being cunning, and her heart hardened; so she still kept her hands in her lap, and was looking at them as she replied, fairly in a whisper:

"I don't think I shall do it." At the moment he thoroughly hated her and could have struck her with pleasure. "It's jail for me if you don't," he said. She looked up at him then, with a woful sense of his instability, and although she had hardened her heart she felt pity. "Tell me," she said.

He mortally hated telling her, feeling that she couldn't really understand—a perfect blockhead about such affairs as he had to relate. Nobody could really understand. Telling it made him seem altogether in the wrong, and he wasn't so altogether in the wrong—only some accidents had happened to him. If he'd only had a bit of luck everything would have been all right, and she couldn't understand how it all really turned out on nothing but a trick of luck. With that feeling about it, he hated telling her. There had been a time when he would have dealt with the crisis emotionally—and successfully—kissing her hand, pleading his cause. But, unfortunately, he had dealt with quite a number of crises emotionally, pleading his cause—crises nothing like this in importance, either. That role had been worn a bit threadbare; he felt that kissing her hand wouldn't answer this time. With a secret bitterness, and quite irrationally, he charged her with heartlessness on that account.

"You wouldn't understand it, Edith," he muttered doggedly. "There's a big deal going on in Hidalgo Petroleum—a great lot of oil property in Mexico and Central America. The Judge and Danforth Crane are buying it. I know, because they're buying it through us. The English are buying it, too. I know that. There's going to be a big contest for control of it. I know all about it, Edith," he iterated, with a smother of anger, as though she had been denying it. "It's the chance of a lifetime to make a big killing. Of course, I bought the stock for myself. Who wouldn't?"

He looked up at her as though challenging her to deny that; but merely buying Hidalgo Petroleum told nothing to the point. He struggled with his loathsomeness for a moment, and went on doggedly:

"We—Pennell, Hilton & Co.—handle a lot of business for the Judge. He's up here playing with his horses, or cruising around on his yacht, or out at the ranch in California, or anywhere else. He telegraphs or telephones his instructions to us. But often he leaves a great lot of stuff in our hands—so we can take it at it, you see, when he's out of town and wants something done about it—wants to sell it or turn it in for a consolidation and so on. For one thing, we've been holding \$5,000,000 of Alpha Oil debentures more than a year. There may be a consolidation or a reorganization, but there's no particular sign of anything happening yet. Those five mil-

lions of debentures have just lain there in our hands for more than a year.

She thought she knew what was coming; but he hesitated over it a moment, looking white and sick and miserable.

"I've used some of those debentures—about two million and a half. That Hidalgo Petroleum is going to come out right, Edith. It's bound to. It simply can't help it! It ought to have come out right before this, and I'm sure it would if it hadn't been for this last little ruction down in Mexico. That's holding it up; but, you see, it's all straightening out now. The buying will start up again any day. I've bought a lot of it, Edith. It's stuff the banks won't lend much on. I had to have a lot of money to carry it. I'd never have got it so deep.

But that was a long, technical story, involving many convolutions of the stock market which she could not understand. Looking back, he was fairly at a loss to understand himself how he had got in so deep.

"It's bound to come right, Edith!" he urged, his low voice growing more passionate. "I'm as sure of it as that I am alive. I simply got caught in a place where I had to have money. It's sure to come out right. You know I want the money for you as much as for myself. You have your share." In spite of himself, he was taking the sentimental tack again. "I want you to have money; lots of it. I've always wanted that. You like money, and you ought to have it."

She did like money, much money—or the conditions of living that required much money; and she had taken her share of such money as there had been. To herself she didn't deny her guilt on that count, and she kept her eyes to her lap as she asked: "What does it come to, Lester?" "It comes to this," he answered. "The last day of every month we send our customers a statement of their account as our books show it—how much they owe us, or how much we owe them, and a list of any securities or theirs that we are holding. That statement goes out to every customer the end of every month. . . . For three months now Judge Crane's statement has been handed to me before it was mailed. I've changed it—doctored it—so that it showed all the debentures on hand that he left with us."

For a moment he looked at her very miserably, and a kind of limpsness overcame him, as though he had subtly willed. "Of course, we have to keep a record, with receipts for the securities that are passed out, and all that. I've forged the Judge's name. That's what it amounts to."

Her eyes fell and moistened with pain; she put a finger up to her lips.

But, having made that bald confession, he immediately reacted, in characteristic fashion, and exclaimed bitterly: "It would have been all right except for that ass Pennell!"

"Pennell! He doesn't do two hours' real work in the office in a week. He can't! He doesn't know enough! He just stands around with his air of a fine gentleman and a leading citizen and a connoisseur and all the rest of his rotten bunk! By way of summing up his wrath and contempt he blurted: "If Ed Pennell's sister hadn't married Judge Crane, Ed Pennell would be playing second fiddle in a suburban theater to-day—and getting fired because he couldn't play in tune!"

That was, more or less, an old story to her, although he had never before expressed it with such heat. She might have reminded him that if Edward Pennell's sister had not married Judge Crane, and if she herself had not been a friend of the Crane family, there would have been no stock exchange firm of Pennell, Hilton & Co. doing a very flourishing business because it enjoyed the patronage and influence of Judge Crane and his son, Danforth Crane; and, in that case, Lester Hilton would probably still have been the rather hand to mouth curb broker and obscure promoter that he was when she married him. But she didn't wish to remind him

of that; her mind was occupied by things of far greater importance than his childish jealousy of Edward Pennell.

"I do the work," he affirmed bitterly, "and Pennell pockets 60 per cent of the income! He never does anything at the office except to ball something up. There would be no trouble now if he hadn't butted in." Finally, he had to blame somebody else, and Pennell was the most convenient person to blame.

With a little touch of weariness she asked: "What did he do?"

He saw that she wasn't sympathizing with him in his blaming of Pennell, so he replied somewhat sulkily: "I've told you that we send out statements to our customers at the end of the month. It's always been done that way. But this affair of Tillson, Crompton & Co. came up. They're brokers, same as we are. They made a rotten failure, and it turned out that they'd been taking securities of their customers that lay in their hands—practically embesling 'em. That gave Pennell a great little idea. Without saying a word to me about it, he got in an auditor to go over our books and check up the securities on hand and send out statements to our customers, with a circular letter asking the customer to check up the statement and report whether or not it was correct. He thought that would be a fine stroke of business—doing it unexpectedly, you know, on the eighteenth of the month, without notice to anybody in the office; and then if there was anything wrong we'd find it out."

Of course, something was wrong; very wrong indeed; two and a half million dollars of Judge Crane's debentures were missing. His silence, as he glowered pallidly at the floor, took that wrongness into account. "And then—to show you what an ass he is—he up and told me all about it," he added. "It was just by accident. I ran across him in the Metropolitan club about half past 8 last night, and he up and told me all about it—just what he'd been doing. He said that in order to prevent any possible leak in the office he had decided to keep it strictly to himself, but now that it was done he wanted me to know about it—expecting me to admire and approve his wonderful sagacity. The statements had been put in the mail that afternoon."

His breath seemed to fall him on the last words. He swallowed and rubbed his clammy hands together as in imagination he lived over again that awful fifteen minutes at the club when he had been compelled to sit still and look unruined while the unsuspecting senior partner blandly explained that those statements had been made out and put in the mail. He mechanically wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and when he looked up at her again she knew that he was suffering like a man on the rack.

"There I was, you see," he went on. "The statements were already in the mail. I couldn't stop 'em. I knew the only chance on earth was to catch that statement up here before it fell into Judge Crane's hands. Of course, I didn't dare wire you and I didn't dare trust the long distance telephone with an explanation that you would understand. It was after 6 o'clock then—near 7 when he got through talking. But I remembered from last summer that the night mail from New York often got up here after luncheon. I had to bank on that. I went down to the office and fixed up this other statement of Judge Crane's account." He tapped the long, creamy-yellow envelope in his lap. "Then I caught the night train to Boston and the first morning train up here. I thought that ought to give me time to beat the mail. I remembered this place at the end of the railroad and that there was a little hotel there."

That was, pretty nearly, the end of the story, and the climax. The defenses and alibis which his weakness and vanity were always building up around him sort of caved in. He looked humbly at the charming woman beside him—in a maid's borrowed hat and cloak. In spite of himself his low voice

shook: "So I telephoned you from here, Dodo—that you must come at once, life or death, and let nobody know about it. I knew you'd help me out; it's life or death to me. If Judge Crane gets that other statement, showing half his debentures gone out of our hands, it's all up with me."

She kept her eyes to her lap, but he felt that she yielded.

"Of course, I don't want to hang around here," he explained. "Somebody might see me and start up some talk. I want to catch that twelve-fifty train back to Boston. . . . It's perfectly easy. Do. Just watch for the mail and slip this letter in the place of the other one. You have the run of the house down there. You can do it easily—and that will be the end of it. I know it's going to come out straight in two or three weeks. I know it!" he repeated with energy. "We'll be fixed for life. . . . You can do it easily. I trust it to you, and take the train back to Boston at twelve-fifty."

Her eyes were still stubbornly downcast; her mind was full and a-throb, and her heart also. There was a good deal to be said—and of the highest importance—but she felt that this was not the time or place. Just now she must decide whether she would save him or ruin him; and as to that there could really be no debate. She looked up at him, reached over, and took the letter and arose swiftly.

He had been sure all along that she would yield; but her manner of doing it rather daunted him. For a moment husband and wife looked at each other, she standing, he on the sofa. She saw his pallor, the stamp of suffering on his face; and she saw clearly his naked weakness and instability.

"Come up Saturday for the week-end. Lester; we will talk then," she said low.

"I will," he promised with a touch of eagerness, as though he were being let off lightly.

She had discovered a pocket on the inside of her borrowed cloak and she slipped the letter into it. And then, unexpectedly to herself—illogically—she stooped quickly and kissed his brow before going swiftly from the room. There was a suggestion of farewell about that; and two minutes later he was indulging a resentful feeling of being misunderstood and unappreciated.

Mrs. Hilton went down the dim stairs and out into the bedraggled village street, her mind in a tumult. There was no trolley car in sight and she walked briskly on up the road, where, in time, a car would overtake her. She was aware of her disguise, and that was an item in the humiliation that searched her heart. She hated shabbiness, and this was shabby enough! There had been some shabbiness all through.

She had not been married very long before discovering that captivating, vivid, dashing Lester Hilton—with his subtle, appealing air of ill luck, gallantly borne—was somewhat shabby inside. Automatically she had sought to hide it, as a woman with proper pride seeks to hide the patched place in the rug by putting something over it. Her married life with him—six years of it now—had been more or less a progressive discovery of patched places. The great windfall of the Pennell, Hilton & Company partnership had promised to set everything right; but she felt now that he was a man who could stand prosperity even less than adversity. When he telephoned her from the Stony Cove hotel that forenoon her prophetic heart had prepared her for something shameful—but hardly as shameful as this.

Her standing in the Crane family was almost her dearest possession. No doubt, as her husband had said, this would be easy enough—as easy, for example, as stealing one of Mrs. Crane's brooches. But there was fairly the bitterness of death itself in the thought that she was going back to Overlook house to betray and outrage her friends' affection for her. It tasted like alcohol in her mouth.

Two minutes' brisk walking had taken her out of the village, on a fine asphalt country road, with the trolley track running along its side. There was a foot path on the other side and she kept to that. In her absorption she had fairly forgotten that her immediate purpose was to let a trolley car overtake her, and it was only in the most mechanical sort of way that she was aware of a purring rumble behind her and a yellow shape sliding past. The shape stopped just ahead and she looked up automatically as a cheery voice called:

"Hello, Katey! stop in. I'll take you home."

She was looking at a muscular young man in a tan colored sweater, bareheaded, his thick yellow hair tumbled by the wind. Having brought his low, rangy, big-headed car to a stop by the roadside, he had half turned in his driver's seat, one strong hand resting on the wheel, the other reaching over to open the door so that she could step in beside him. The natural pink of his smooth cheeks was turned bright red by the keen wind and he was showing a beautiful set of teeth in the friendliest of grins.

She had raised her eyes mechanically, and as he got a full look at her face, his grin vanished with the swiftness of a well-managed transformation scene on the stage—as where a flower garden is almost instantly succeeded by a blasted battlefield. He looked amazed and stammered:

"O—that you, Edith? I thought it was Katey." And his astonished eyes were saying, "That's certainly Katey's hat and cloak!"

She was caught; but her mental processes were quicker than his, and she had had a much longer, harder discipline. So, without the least hesitation she smiled back at him and said, "Well, take me home, Teddy," and she stepped in beside him.

As his astonished eyes were still saying, "That's certainly Katey's hat and cloak," she gave a little laugh as the car started, saying, "Yes; these are Katey's things. You seem to know them?"

He frowned a bit at that, as though it struck home, and stepped on the gas.

"It's just between us, Ted," she went on, in confidence; "a little masquerade. You're not to tell anybody that you saw me."

"Sure not!" he replied promptly, and with a certain fellow feeling, as of two people both of whom could appreciate the advantage of not being told on.

"I mean it, you know," she said, very soberly. "Not a word to anybody that you saw me. Promise?"

"O, honor bright!" he assured her, and smiled again.

She knew that was final, and in the little pause she thought he was rather waiting for some explanation, so in order to distract his mind, she teased him with: "But you did recognize Katey's hat and cloak?" He let the car slacken somewhat; his face set itself grimly; he brushed a hand over his tumbled yellow hair and looked around at her in afflicted candor. He was very fond of Edith Hilton—with that touch of filial affection which many young men have felt for attractive women of greater age. He was, in fact, 24, so that her 32 seemed far along in life to him; but in some respects he was not even 24, having been too healthy and happy and too busy with innumerable other things to grow up to his proper age. In utter and afflicted candor he unboomed himself to her, quite as though she knew what he was talking about:

"Why, Edith, that's all rot! It makes me sick! Of course, I know Katey. Why shouldn't I? She's human, ain't she?" With intense earnestness, as though it were a vital point which some one had disputed, he declared, "She's a good little blockhead, Edith! I'd bet my neck there's no harm in her at all. She likes to flirt, and I guess the fellows she takes up with like to flirt, too!"

But what harm is there in that? I had no more idea that she was at that dance than anything in the world. Billy Harlow and Chet Beals and I just happened to stop there—just looked in, for greens, you know, to see what was going on. Why shouldn't I have danced with Katey? There was no harm in it in the world." He looked gloomily down the road and added, in high affliction, "Peggy's using me like a dog!"

She had known nothing whatever of the subject matter of his conversation before that; but his brief statement told her the whole book, and she wanted to laugh, but knew that she must not.

"And is that why you were so tickled at the prospect of taking Katey in the car with you?" she asked—understanding that his proper masculine pride of independence had been wounded, so that he must show himself independent when a chance came.

"Why, if Katey was walking to the house and I was going there in my car, why shouldn't I ask her to ride?" he demanded. "That's only human and decent, isn't it? And then," he added darkly, "I suppose somebody would be saying I had a date with her." But he had to look around at her—hurt and appalling—and add, "Peg's using me like a dog."

A little contraction came in the woman's throat and her heart was constricted. She loved the boy and would have trusted him anywhere in any real test of manly character. But the man she had just left—also hurt and appalling—came up in her mind, and she was thinking, "They're all so much alike—crying to be petted and to have the blame thrown on somebody else." There seemed to be no reason why it should be so, but a feeling of that masculine silliness made her heart ache. She slipped a mothering hand under Ted's thick arm, giving it a little hug, and said, "I'm sure there was no harm, Teddy; it will come out all right."

He took that bit of comfort from her gratefully and looked more composed. "It ought to come out all right, because it is all right," he said more cheerfully, adding, with another touch of gloom: "But it's foolish of Peggy to make a fuss about it."

This powerful car was covering the distance to Overlook House in less than time than the trolley had taken. Soon they were sliding into the little valley which divided Judge Crane's wooded hills on the right from another opulent summer resident's wooded hills on the left. And Mrs. Hilton's nerves were tightening up again, for the next step in her adventure was now to be taken.

"Drive on to the further gate, Ted," she said. "I'll get out there—and, mind, this is a little secret between us."

"Sure!" he repeated, and followed her directions. She sprang out of the car, turned to give him a smile, and passed through the tall wrought iron gate. A roadway led up to the house, but, as before, she chose the bridge path, on which she was less likely to meet any one. As Ted turned his car around he had a glimpse, through the gate, of her yellow-cloaked figure, topped by the jaunty red feather, going upward through the trees. Then the stone wall blotted her from his view.

Her task was to get into the house unobserved, if possible, replace Katey's borrowed garments, and then to keep Katey under her eye as 3 o'clock drew near, for Katey took the mail from the postman and distributed it to the various members of the household. Mrs. Hilton, therefore, must keep watch of Katey, get Judge Crane's letters from her, and put the creamy yellow envelope then in her cloak pocket in place of the one that had been mailed at New York the night before. All that was on her anxious mind as she followed the bridge path toward the house—especially keeping Katey under her eye.

But she was not to see pretty, headless Katey again.

TO BE CONTINUED

Copyright, 1920, by Will Payne

—BY J. E. MURPHY

CHARGE OF MURDER IS FILED AGAINST A FORT WORTH MAN

FORT WORTH, Dec. 4.—A charge of murder was filed here this morning against E. S. Kippis, who was with Jack Chenoweth, his brother-in-law, last Wednesday when the latter was fatally wounded. They were in a hunting ledge on Lake Worth. At the time of the shooting, it was announced Chenoweth was examining a pistol with Kippis and the pistol was accidentally discharged. Chenoweth's body was taken to Waco for burial.

DALLAS WOMAN SPONSOR FOR BELGIUM STEAMER

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4.—Mrs. Martha L. Pew of Dallas, Texas, was today sponsor for the 14,600-ton steamer Sunoco, built for a Belgian organization, which was launched at the plant of the Sun Shipbuilding Company at Chester. Mrs. Pew is sister-in-law of John G. Pew, president of the shipbuilding company.

The Upstairs Silk and Novelty Shop is on the fourth floor of the American National Bank building. 294-71c

Home made cakes and other home-made cooking at the Episcopal Ladies Bazaar, Mungler saleroom Saturday. 281-41c

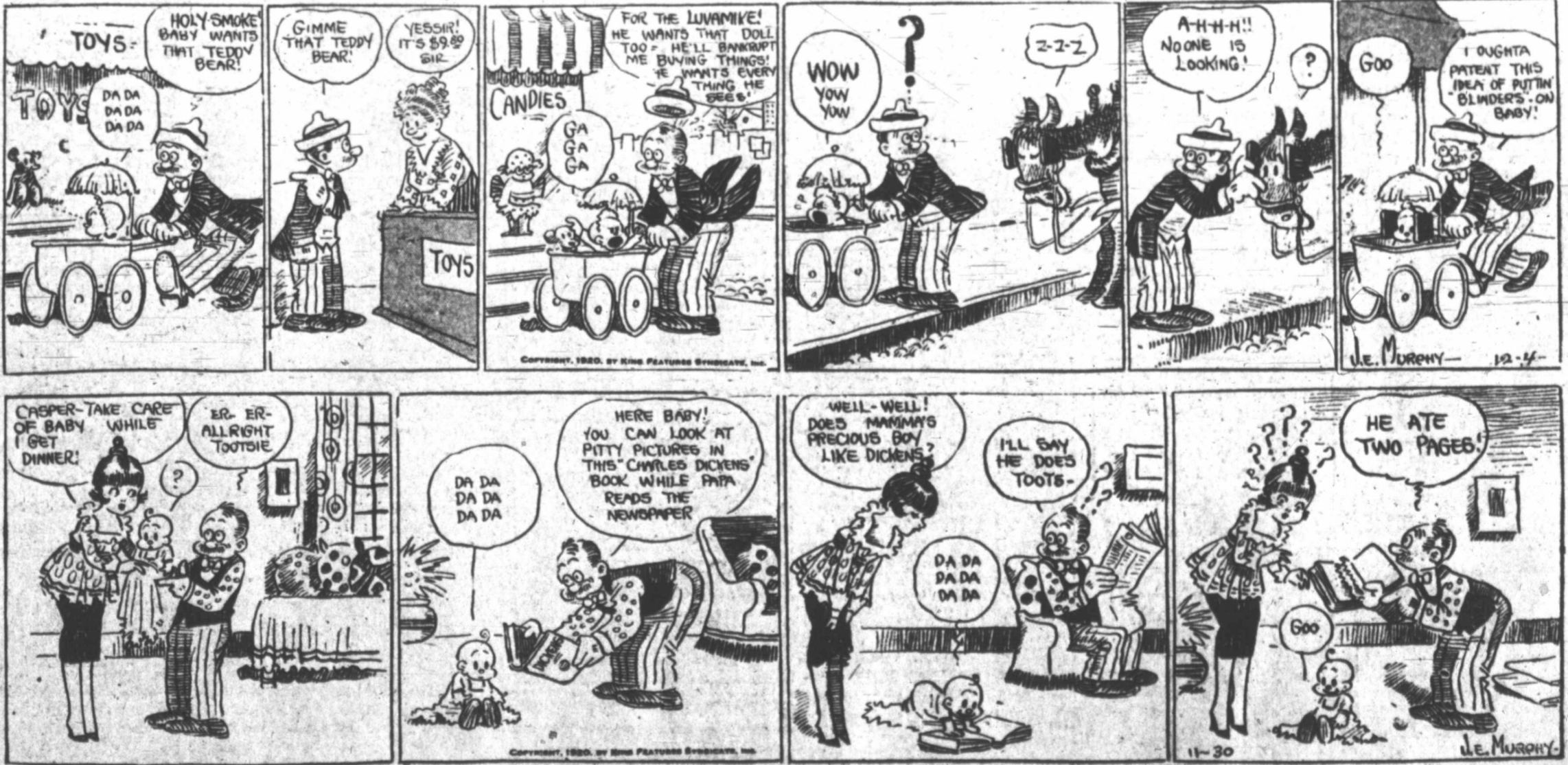
"As one speaks of an old friend," describes the real warmth of feeling with which the Hupmobile is spoken of. 285-151c

Dr. DuVal, eye, ear, nose, throat. Testing eyes for glasses a specialty. 222 American Nat'l Bank Bldg. 176-307c

Artistic picture framing. The Decorators Co., 715 Ninth street. 187-287c

We can make your old hat look new. Upstairs Silk and Novelty Shop, 428 American National Bank Bldg. 294-71c

TOOTS AND CASPER



THE WICHITA DAILY TIMES

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MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS MEMBER AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1920.

RECOGNITION SEEMS NEAR.

Formal recognition of the new government in Mexico by the United States seems virtually at hand and the prospects are, to judge from the recent developments, that it will be accorded by the Wilson administration before it gives up the reins to President-elect Harding.

WICHITA HIGH WINDS UP GRIDIRON SEASON WITH 20 TO 0 WIN

Wichita High wound up its 1920 gridiron season yesterday with a 20 to 0 victory over the Post Office squad. The showing made by the Post Office team was exceptionally good and they gave the high school a much better battle than did the collegians last week.

Coach Cantwell's charges used the forward pass to good advantage and two of the touchdowns resulted directly from the aerial game.

Our sympathies are with Mr. Bolling and we take at face value his denial of the bribery charges that were made against him before the shipping board investigating committee.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AM'S PLUM 'STONISHED AT A GENTMAN WHUT AN HEAR TELL DONE STAVHE HE-SEF T' DEATH, BUT KUNL FOX LOW DAT BIN MAH FIB LONG GO, CEPN HE BIN A FRIEN' O' MINE!!!

With Other Editors Money and Amusement. (Milwaukee Sentinel). The American people may protest loudly at the cost of living; they may give vent to strong emotions when the meat bill rises to an exorbitant figure; the mounting expense of rent, clothing and other necessities may inspire thoughts of the most peaceful and law-abiding citizen, but when it comes to amusements, there are among them

BISHOP DESCRIBES TRAVELS IN MEXICO

Never At Any Time in Ten Years Have Conditions Been So Stable He Says.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield, first resident bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church in Mexico, who recently returned from that country, declared that "Mexico, first in neighborhood, must be made first in brotherhood" to the people of the United States.

"Never at any time during the past 10 years," he said, "have conditions been so stable or the outlook for peace and progress been so hopeful. The country is wholeheartedly behind the new president, General Obregon, to be inaugurated in December, and the presidential president, De la Huerta, has a strong hold on all classes.

"The aspect of peace in Mexico today is in striking contrast with the brilliant gains and disturbances evinced in my visit two years ago. Then, every train was guarded by soldiers. During the last two months I have traveled extensively through six states of Mexico and did not find a soldier on guard on any train.

"There is no organized opposition to the present government and no man is in sight around whom any opposition can center. Just as noticeable a friendly feeling is evinced toward the United States.

"This feeling prevails on both sides of the border, and was manifested in striking manner in the recent visit of President-elect Obregon to El Paso. The border states have changed entirely their attitude toward intervention. The governors and the press are solid for peaceful co-operation with Mexico. For the first time in ten years a train has crossed the international bridge. Also for the first time in ten years officers of the Mexican and United States army are exchanging courtesies across the border.

"The election held during the summer at which General Obregon was elected president was extremely quiet. I could not help noticing its contrast to the primary election held in Chicago at about the same time, at which one man was killed and many were severely injured and attacked. Had such violence taken place in Mexico there is little question but that it would have been widely heralded as an evidence of anarchy.

"Failed to make impression. Much was of the bolshevik manifestoes which was read from the front porch of the palace by revolutionists, who got into the building through a rear entrance and carried out incendiary speeches, particularly attacking the newspapers. The whole manifesto failed to make any impression. There had such an outrage as the recent bomb explosion in Wall street occurred in Mexico, there is no doubt that it would have been followed by an outcry for relief from the federal government and the inefficiency of the government.

"I had an interview for an hour with President-elect Obregon, he said and found him to be a man of cordial sympathy with the program for the world which I discussed with him. General Obregon is modest, mild mannered and entirely frank. He wears no uniform, as if to emphasize the civil character of the government for which he stands.

"Under the present government the pulpit and the press are now open to all Protestant ministers and many of the priests exiled under Carranza are returning. Education is the great need of Mexico today, and it is very sympathetic with the program for the world which the government realizes it."

Alleged to Be Working As Representatives of Texas, in Sale of Lands.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Nov. 29.—Reports that impostors are operating in the north, especially in Ohio, Indiana and Minnesota, claiming to represent Texas in the disposal of public lands, have been received here by J. T. Robinson, Texas land commissioner, who said that "anyone purporting to represent Texas or my office in this matter is a fraud."

All that is necessary to acquire these lands, which will go on the market under competitive bidding January 3, 1921, is to file the land office for the list and an application blank which will be sent free, according to the commissioner, and to send in a bid with the first payment as provided in instructions. If the price offered is higher than any other offer for the particular piece of land chosen by the bidder, he gets it.

A number of letters and telegrams received at the land office, the commissioner asserted, indicate that "impostors are attempting to deceive people and that these self-styled agents are charging as high as \$200 per section for the privilege of representing would-be applicants for Texas sections."

Commissioner Robinson was unable to estimate the amount of land that would be offered in the next sale, as this land is being sold in small parcels. He said that the land commissioner has been instructed to "forfeit because of failure of the original purchaser to meet subsequent obligations. However, the commissioner has ruled that the original purchaser has the privilege of redeeming this land by making all payments due before January 3, 1921. More than 600,000 acres subject to forfeiture was listed for sale, but this amount has been reduced considerably by redemptions, and the commissioner said that money to redeem land listed as subject to forfeiture is coming in now at the rate of from \$2,000 to \$20,000 per day, and it is estimated that approximately a small amount of this land will be left for sale.

Land subject to sale under forfeiture is scattered all over the state, and according to the commissioner, who added that some of it is quite valuable and has been valued by the land office as high as \$40 per acre. In some instances the land is improved with buildings upon it is subject to forfeiture, and the commissioner has adopted the policy of allowing the original purchaser every opportunity to redeem these lands.

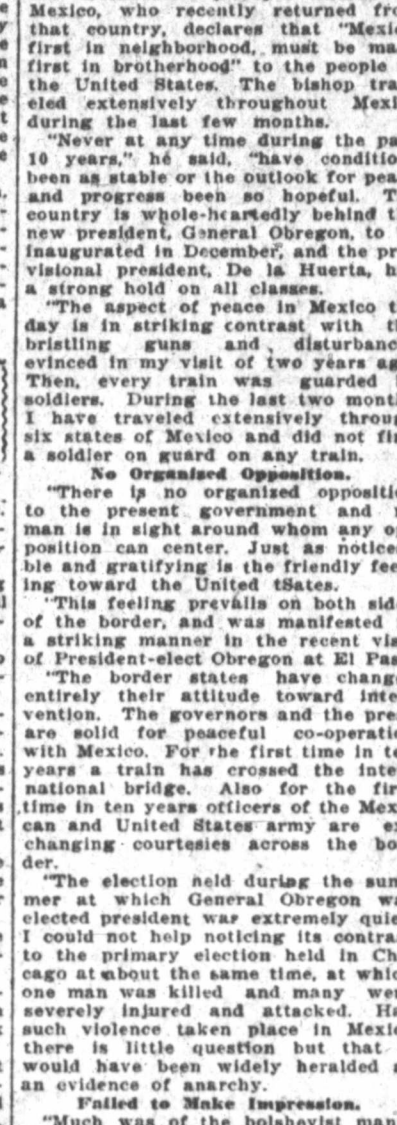
There is approximately 25,000 acres of land up for first sale. The last land sale in Texas took place last May, and all the big blocks of public land were disposed of. More than 750,000 acres of land were sold at the last three quarterly sales, said the commissioner, and the land now available is in the nature of remnants from the big land bargain counter Texas has maintained

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT

WHEE-E-E! LOOKY! HE'S GOT ON HIS SISTER'S SHOES!

WOMAN'S SHOES! WOMAN'S SHOES!

BUTT'N UP T' TH' TOP!



MRS. MACSWINEY IN NEW YORK TO TESTIFY

Received in Impressive Silence As She Lands From White Star Liner Celtic.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Received in impressive silence by a crowd of Sinn Fein sympathizers, Mrs. Muriel MacSwiney, widow of the late lord mayor of Cork, landed today from the White Star liner Celtic and went in the automobile to the St. Regis hotel.

Mrs. MacSwiney was accompanied by Mary MacSwiney, her sister-in-law. She came to this country to testify before the commission formed by the New York Nation, a weekly magazine, to investigate the Irish situation.

THIRD CASE INVOLVING INCREASED PHONE RATES

FORT WORTH, Dec. 4.—The third case wherein higher telephone rates are sought, was presented in federal court this morning. It was the citation of the owners of the exchange at Alford, Dallas and Dalhart are the other cities which have asked this raise at this time.

THE ALVORD TELEPHONE COMPANY, which is the present charge, that the city government threatens to enjoin him if he raises and seeks relief from the federal court. The case will be heard later.

HAVE NOT YET SETTLED RAILWAY CLERK'S DISPUTE

FORT WORTH, Dec. 4.—Joseph Saxe, international vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, who has been handling the threatened strike on the Cotton Belt, returned today from Pine Bluff, Ark., where he was accompanied by Joseph Myers, federal conciliator. The matter is in dispute, according to Saxe, have not been settled yet. In the event of a strike by the clerks, all other union men on the Cotton Belt will be asked to go out, it was said at the vice-president's office.

BODY OF A. E. ANDERSON ARRIVES FROM FORT WORTH

The body of A. E. Anderson, veteran railroad conductor of the Fort Worth and Denver who died in Fort Worth Thursday arrived in this city Saturday morning and was taken to the home of G. E. Frieberg, 1511 Tenth street. No definite funeral arrangements have been made as yet.

When you need a Plumber call 3525, Geo. W. Winburne, Jr., 2400 Eighth St., 204-37p

Dark-Tex Refining and Pipe Line Company Plant Will start operating in few days. Write for 24 good reasons why this stock at \$20 per share is the one best investment. C. W. Wilson, Agent, 715 Seventh St., Wichita Falls, Tex.

CHIROPRACTORS Black & Black PALMER GRADUATES X-Ray Examinations 48-54 National Bank Commerce Bldg. YOUNG 559

"EARTHBOUND" STARTING OLYMPIC MONDAY.

DATES FOR THE REMAINDER OF REGIONAL CONFERENCES

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—Dates for the remainder of the twelve regional conferences on education arranged by the bureau of education, the first of which was held in Chicago November 25, were announced today by the bureau. In addition to a conference scheduled to open in Portland, Ore. today, others were announced for this month as follows: Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 6; Denver, Colo., December 10; Kansas City, Mo., December 10; and Memphis, Dec. 11.

STRIKE OIL IN WELL NEAR EAGLE PASS, TEX.

EAGLE PASS, TEXAS, Dec. 4.—Oil was struck this morning at the international well near here at a depth of 2,000 feet. The oil is reported to be of high grade quality. No estimate has been made of the flow.

When Coffee Disturbs

change to that healthful, more economical beverage

INSTANT POSTUM

A great army of former coffee drinkers now drink POSTUM

"There's a Reason" Sold by all grocers

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

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(Formerly Western Glass and Paint Co. Successors to F. B. Tullis) Wholesale and Retail All Kinds Glass, Paint, Wall Paper and Picture Frames. WE INSTALL GLASS 715 Ninth Street Phone 5178

CARS WASHED WE KNOW HOW CARS GREASED

King & Weaver Automobile Co. 1012-14 Scott Ave. Phone 6808. STORAGE General Repair Work in Connection. All Work Guaranteed. At Your Service Day Or Night. We Never Close. COURTESY SERVICE

H. & N. PLUMBING

Phone 2211 No job too large or small. Expert workmen and a large stock of material bought on the low market to supply your demands, at the very lowest prices consistent with good workmanship. Try us. Plumbing—Gas—Steam Efficient Work. Prompt Service.

Why Go Hungry?

If your stomach is weak and you suffer with indigestion, don't sacrifice your health and comfort. You may eat anything you like, and still be healthy, if you take one or two Dr. Tutts' Liver Pills when required. You will digest your food; nourish and build up your system eliminating all poisonous waste matter and strengthening the stomach.

Dr. Tutts' Liver Pills

LOOSEN UP THAT HEAVY COLD Go after it right away with Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

The person who once gives this nationally popular cough and cold relieving medicine a fair opportunity of proving itself, becomes a convert. He learns how really beneficial its healing and balsamic antiseptics are in helping relieve a cold, cough, grippe, bronchitis, hoarseness. He finds out how promptly it assists Nature in effecting a complete eradication of phlegm and inflammation and congestion.

Today—right now—get an economical bottle at your druggist's. It will be a well-paying investment. Keep it on hand as a safeguard against colds. 30c., 60c., \$1.20.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey for Coughs and Colds

Head, Eczema, disfigured skin. Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, used freely relieves the torturing itching and burning. Good for pimply faces, acne and other skin troubles.

Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment

EMPRESS—MONDAY "The Stealers" A Picture With a Heart And Soul.

"EARTHBOUND" STARTING OLYMPIC MONDAY.

FOR SALE

My stock of goods, fixtures, show cases, etc., also the buildings, all for sale at a bargain. Also 2-ton Republic truck for sale or trade for car. See me at my place of business. Shallow Field. H. G. LUTTRELL

Miss Ingham's Art Needlework Shop

Infant and Children's Cloaks, Caps, Hats, Dresses, Sweaters and Sacques, made out of beautiful material, daintily and artistically made. Ladies' Sweaters, Caps, Hats made out of beautiful yarn. Instruction in Knitting, Crocheting and Embroidering cheerfully given. A beautiful assortment of Home-stitching, buttons made to order and according to pattern. Phone 2777 1007 Thirteenth St

OPERA HOUSE

Interstate Orpheum-Kelth Big Time Vaudeville Every Wednesday to Saturday Nights, 7:30 to 9:30 Matinee Wednesday and Saturday 2:30

M. Golden Presents Vlasta Maslova-Edmund Makalif & Co. "The Shepherd's Dream"

Roth & Garren in Comedy Sketch-Past, Present and Future

Henry & Adelaide Introducing a Change in Dancing

Kelmar & Kolb Present "One Summers Day" A Novelty Fantomine

Edith Clifford The Charming Miss—"Pleasing to the Eye and Ear" Reserved Seats Daily Order by Post

Death of Don't becomes painful

The world's most famous National Insurance

With Other Editors Money and Amusement. (Milwaukee Sentinel). The American people may protest loudly at the cost of living; they may give vent to strong emotions when the meat bill rises to an exorbitant figure; the mounting expense of rent, clothing and other necessities may inspire thoughts of the most peaceful and law-abiding citizen, but when it comes to amusements, there are among them

Baseball and Trapshooting

Items of Interest to Sport Fans

Boxing and Wrestling

LAST WEEK'S PLAY

WARRIORS HIGH SCHOOL GRID CHAMPIONSHIP

Electra Is Contender For Honors In First District According To Late Report. AUSTIN, TEXAS, Dec. 4.—Play of the past week has narrowed high school football standings to where one or two games will decide the championship in three of the four sections into which the state has been divided by the University of Texas Intercollegiate Football Bureau.

McDEVITT TO BE RETAINED AS NORTHWESTERN COACH

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—Dana Evans, director of athletics at Northwestern university favors the retention of Walter McDevitt as football coach for 1921. With the student body, faculty and alumni praising Coach McDevitt for his work in building the 1920 football team, Director Evans suggested to the faculty athletic committee that McDevitt be tendered another contract.

LONGHORNS LIVING HIGH SINCE SEASON CLOSED

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Dec. 4.—McCallum of the Longhorn football squad received the award of the gold ring offered by the University Co-operative store to the member of the team receiving the most fumbles during the season. Hill and Dennis tied in the record for blocking kicks, and both received pens, as a result of the other offer of the Co-op. In addition, the Co-op presented similar gold pens to Berry, M. Wiltaker, coach of the undefeated team, and to Chas. E. Seddon, assistant coach.

LONGHORN BASKETBALL SQUAD WORKING HARD

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Dec. 4.—The basketball squad at the University of Texas now is being put through stiff workouts with an occasional scrimmage. Selection of the team, however, is not expected to be made until after Christmas, as several members of the football squad become available for basketball with the closing of the football season and they will be given an opportunity to demonstrate their ability.

RED SOX TRAINING TRIP WILL BE CUT TO 3 WEEKS

BOSTON, Dec. 4.—The training season for the Sox in 1921 will be cut to three weeks instead of the customary month or six weeks, according to manager Duffy. He expects the squad to be mobilized at Hot Springs, Ark., about March 9. Last year the team made a 3,500-mile trip after the regular season was over and returned to the Hub a tired lot of players.

TOO LATE

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking Sloan's Liniment.

GOLD MEDAL HARBLEN OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and acid troubles. Guaranteed. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and avoid cheap imitations.

The SPORTLIGHT by Grantland Rice

If one has a burning desire to start an argument in the conversational aftermath that follows a football season, it is no difficult matter to provide a simple recipe. One of the simplest is to name three backfields from three different sections and then compare the three. Here are three all-star backfields for a starter:

THE EAST. Lourie—Princeton, quarterback. Davison—Pittsburgh, halfback. Garity—Princeton, halfback. Robertson—Dartmouth, fullback. THE WEST. Fletcher—Illinois, quarterback. Stinchcomb—Ohio State, halfback. Workman—Ohio State, halfback. Gipp—Notre Dame, fullback. THE SOUTH. McMillin—Centre College, quarterback. Flowers—Georgia Tech, halfback. Barron—Georgia Tech, halfback. Leach—V. M. I., fullback.

A FEW COMPARISONS. If one were to select an all-star array from this combination he should undoubtedly begin with George Gipp, of Notre Dame, the best back in the country, a back who can punt, drop kick, pass, break a line or run an end.

THE TRIPLE THREATERS. There has been a big scarcity this season of triple-threat backs of the Mahan type, for they are always scarce, but more Mahan types. Gipp was far and away the best, not very far away from being another Mahan.

FROM THE BIG LOGS

Princeton, with Lourie and Garity, has a big margin over Harza: I and Yale in 1921. Harza, for they are always scarce, but more Mahan types. Gipp was far and away the best, not very far away from being another Mahan.

Ty Cobb Tells of In Stealing Bases. "Percentage" Angle

Ty Cobb still furnishes California sporting writers with readable dope during this period when news of baseball is at a low ebb. One of his recent stories deals with the "percentage" angle of taking chances on the bases and he brought out a few interesting points. Read them:

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AUSTIN, TEXAS, Dec. 4.—The basketball squad at the University of Texas now is being put through stiff workouts with an occasional scrimmage. Selection of the team, however, is not expected to be made until after Christmas, as several members of the football squad become available for basketball with the closing of the football season and they will be given an opportunity to demonstrate their ability.

RED SOX TRAINING TRIP WILL BE CUT TO 3 WEEKS

BOSTON, Dec. 4.—The training season for the Sox in 1921 will be cut to three weeks instead of the customary month or six weeks, according to manager Duffy. He expects the squad to be mobilized at Hot Springs, Ark., about March 9. Last year the team made a 3,500-mile trip after the regular season was over and returned to the Hub a tired lot of players.

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ILLINOIS LOSSES BY GRADUATION WILL BE COMPARATIVELY LIGHT

One Of West's Greatest Pivot Men, However, Will Receive Diploma Next June.

URBANA, ILL., Dec. 4.—Relegated to fourth place in the 1920 western conference football standing by the disastrous defeat at the hands of Ohio State, Illinois has turned attention to next year's title chances for the Orange and Blue eleven. Captain John Depler, the Illini mainstay, at center, shed the molts with the ending of the 1920 season. He will go down in football history as one of the west's great pivot men and many Illinois fans declare there would be a different story to tell if Depler had been in the Ohio game. Shoulder injuries sustained in practice kept him on the bench.

BUCKEYE GAME. The ligaments in his left leg were torn so that he will not have the full use of his leg for some time.

TINKER WILL MANAGE TEAM IN FLORIDA LEAGUE

ORLANDO, FLA., Dec. 4.—Joe Tinker, former shortstop of the Chicago Cubs, has signed a contract to manage the Orlando club of the Florida State League for the 1921 season.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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GALVESTON TEAM TO BE KNOWN AS "SANDCRABS"

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Dec. 4.—The Galveston Sandcrabs, erstwhile Pirates, are planning a strong fight for the 1921 championship of the Texas league, according to Nelson S. Leopold, president of the club. Mr. Leopold's first official act recently when he purchased a controlling interest in the locals, was to change the club's nickname from Pirates to Sandcrabs. The name Pirates has been a jinx to the Galveston club ever since it was adopted the new President declared. Bob Tarleton, displaced as manager of the locals early last season by Hunter Hill, is business manager of the club. A playing manager will be signed later, according to President Leopold.

BUCKEYE GAME. The ligaments in his left leg were torn so that he will not have the full use of his leg for some time.

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HOOPER TO LEAD RED SOX ON FIELD IF HE RETURNS

BOSTON, Dec. 4.—Harry Hooper on the field again next season if he returns to the game. It was announced from club headquarters here. The statement that the field captaincy was at his call was made in reply to a report that the veteran outfielder was to be traded to the Chicago White Sox or New York Yankees.

NATIONAL LEAGUE MEETING CALLED FOR DECEMBER 14

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—Call for the annual National League meeting has been sent out by President Heydler for December 14. The joint committee of the two major leagues and of the minors are to meet here December 11, with Judge Landis to talk over the new agreement.

BUCKEYE GAME. The ligaments in his left leg were torn so that he will not have the full use of his leg for some time.

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PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL INTRODUCED IN GOTHAM

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—New York and its neighborhood will be introduced to professional football today when Jim Thorpe's Canton Building team meets the Buffalo all-stars at the polo grounds. From the advance sale of tickets it is understood that 5,000 and 10,000 spectators will see the game.

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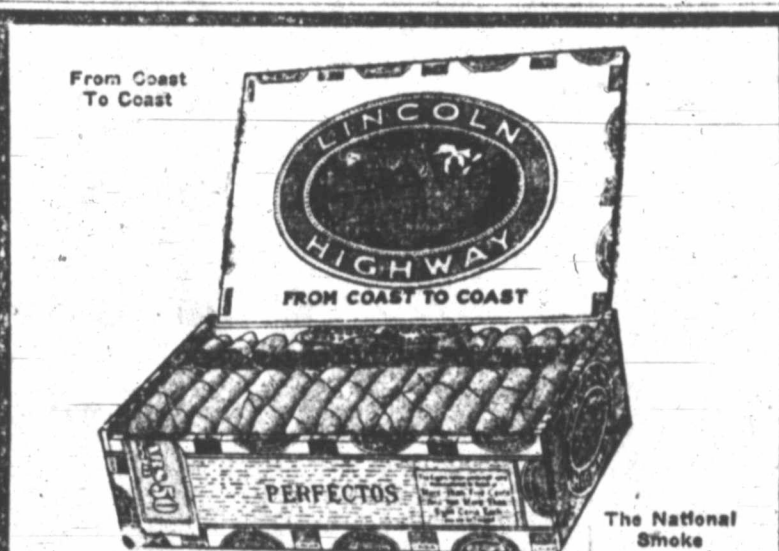
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LEGAL NOTICES

Oil company, has long since failed and refused to comply with the agreement...

LEGAL NOTICES

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Report of Condition of the EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Capital stock paid in, and Undivided profits.

Report of Condition of the CITY NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Capital stock paid in, and Undivided profits.

Report of Condition of the SECURITY NATIONAL BANK

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Capital stock paid in, and Undivided profits.

MARKETS

COTTON MARKET. NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—The cotton market opened at a decline of 4 to 20 points under heavy selling...

STOCK MARKET HAS DISPLAYED STEADY TONE DURING WEEK

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—The market for securities displayed a steady tone this week, with additional elimination of speculative accounts...

NEW YORK SPOT COTTON

Table showing cotton prices for various grades and types, including New York Spot Cotton and New Orleans Cotton.

FARMERS HAVE AN EARLY START THIS WEEK

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—Farmers had their earliest start this week in the grain market...

GRAIN AND PRODUCE

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—Opening weak because of lack of support, wheat futures scored an early rally...

CLAIMS CANCER CURE BY BLOOD INFUSION

BERLIN, (By Mail).—What he believes to be a cure for cancer of the stomach has been discovered by Dr. Rollin, a famous Hamburg specialist...

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Report of Condition of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Capital stock paid in, and Undivided profits.

NEW YORK STOCKS

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Opening prices in the stock market today were mainly higher, but the market was not without some standing features...

Report of Condition of the AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Capital stock paid in, and Undivided profits.

Report of Condition of the STATE TRUST CO.

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WICHITA STATE BANK & TRUST CO.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Capital stock paid in, and Undivided profits.

Mercantile and Oil Accounting, Income Tax

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WICHITA STATE BANK & TRUST CO.

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At the Churches

Central Presbyterian Church. Eleventh and Bluff.—Sunday school will meet at 9:45. Young Men's Bible class will meet with Mr. E. S. Goodner as teacher. Every department of the school is well graded and thoroughly organized. A class to suit any age. The pastor will preach at both services. At the morning service, special attention will be given to the reception of new members. Junior Endeavor will meet at 2:00 p. m. and Senior Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. The evening worship at 7:30. Be our guest at any of these services.

Lamar Avenue Baptist Church. We are glad to announce that we are moving into our new building on the corner of Lamar and Fourth. All services will be held there Sunday. Although the building is yet incomplete, it will be comfortable. The work will be continued during the week. Many have made sacrifices on this building, people both within and outside the church, for which everyone should have due praise. May such sacrifices continue for a while longer, until the building is finished. We especially hope for a large attendance at our first service. Misses Jones and Bartlett will render a special number of music at the morning service. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. P. C. Cone, Superintendent. Preaching by pastor at 11:00 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Subject for the morning sermon, "The Way of Greatness." Announcements for the other services will be made from the pulpit.

Floral Heights Baptist Church. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Chas. H. Smoot, supt.; preaching by pastor at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunbeams at 4 p. m.; Junior B. Y. P. U. 5:30 p. m.; Senior B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.; Bible study class Tuesday evening; prayer meeting Wednesday evening; choir practice Thursday evening and Boy Scouts Friday evening. There will be the ordination of deacons at the morning service Sunday followed by the Lord's Supper. At the evening service the pastor will begin a series of talks on the text, "What think ye of the Christ?" This talk will begin a roll call of some of the world's workers. In this talk the artist will answer, "He is the one altogether lovely." Everyone is invited to our services.

Seventh Day Adventist Church. (Floral Heights Presbyterian Church—Kemp Boulevard and Avenue G.) Bible study, Saturday, at 2 p. m.; topic, "Scientific Facts Anticipated in the Bible." Preaching at 3 p. m.; subject, "A Review of World Conditions." Sermon Sunday night at 7:30; subject, "The Prefiguring of Christ."

Church of the Good Shepherd. Holy communion 3 a. m. Church school 9:45. The school is growing.

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every week. Splendid classes for young and old. Come and see. Confirmation class 9:45. Meets in the rector's study. An opportunity for you to know something about the church and its way of doing things. Holy communion 11:00. The rector will preach on "Old Wine in New Bottles." Splendid music by the choir. A service of reverent worship, communion and fellowship. Evening at the Olympic theatre. A community service starting promptly at 7:30. Vested choir, sermon and the motion picture, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Great crowds attended the initial service last week. They all thought that it was really worth while. You will think so, too. FRED T. DATSON, Rector.

First Presbyterian Church. The choir of the First Presbyterian church is ambitious to give the very best musical program to their standard. You will not be disappointed. The choir will give a special number and Miss Veale will sing. The subject of the pastor's morning sermon will be: "A Standard Christian." An opportunity for church membership will be given following the benediction. The pastor will be out of the city Sunday night. Rev. W. C. Ashford, assistant pastor of the First Baptist church, has kindly consented to preach. He is a splendid preacher. N. P. GRANTON, Pastor.

Floral Heights Methodist Church. Come to Sunday school and be with us for the services of the day. Ours is the church with much to do. It is a happy church. Happy because it is doing a work which God approves.

GLASSES and GLOVES Are so different in their nature that there is no comparison, yet some people imagine that because glasses are offered over the counter as are gloves, that one is as perfectly justified in purchasing the one as the other. We esteem the eyesight too valuable and the eyes too delicate for such procedure, and so maintain a most modern optical office for the benefit of those who demand the very best in skill and workmanship. Kruger Jewelry Co. FRED GOSK Neuro-Ophthalmologist and Optician in charge, 663 Eighth St. Wichita Falls, Texas.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church (Mo. Synod). Eleventh and Holiday streets.—Sunday school at the usual hour, 9:30 a. m. Morning services at 10:30 a. m. The Tabernacle society will meet at 2:30 p. m. Berea Bible class at 7:30 p. m. On Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 6:00 o'clock the children will meet at the church for Christmas practice. The monthly social meeting of the Bible class will be held Tuesday night at 8:00 p. m. at the home of H. C. Luecker, 500 Brook avenue. Everybody is cordially invited to worship with us. Come you are always welcome in our church. C. M. BEYER, Pastor.

Trinity Lutheran Church. Corner Fourteenth and Bluff streets.—Sunday, Dec. 6: Regular Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Morning service begins at 10:30. Subject of sermon, "Special Work for a Christian." Our trustees will meet after morning service. Choir practice at 2:30 p. m. English night service at 7:30. Subject of sermon, "The Second Coming of Christ." Everybody is welcome to worship with us. W. UTESCH, Pastor.

The Church of Christ. Corner Tenth and Austin.—Bible school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday evening the subject will be, "Fulfilled Prophecies of the Old Testament." Preaching by the minister, J. Early Arceaneux.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTERS R. F. Leggett St. James Hotel, Wichita Falls, Tex.

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First Christian Church. Bible school 9:30 a. m.; morning services 10:30 a. m.; business meeting board of officers 2:30 p. m.; Young Peoples Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m.; evening worship with sermon 7:30 p. m. Rev. A. E. Dubber of Electra will be here to speak at the morning services. All visitors to the city and members elsewhere are cordially invited to attend. The annual meeting of the board of officers will be held in the church at 2:30 p. m. Nominating committees will be appointed for officers for the new year. We urge that every member of the board be present. J. LEM KEENE, Pastor.

First Baptist Church. Sunday school 10:00 o'clock. W. C. Ashford, Supt. We want you to become a member of one of our classes in this school. 11:00 a. m. preaching by the pastor. His subject will be: "Life in Little Things." Solo by Mrs. Young. "My Faith in Three" by Dudley. 7:30 p. m. preaching service. Subject will be: "Religion in the Present Tense." Solo by J. C. Martin. "The Homeland." You are cordially invited to attend all of these services. O. L. POWERS, Pastor.

International Bible Students. International Bible students meet at room 10, Labor Temple building, 105 Texas street, Sunday at 9:30 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. R. H. Touljian of Los Angeles, Calif., will speak to the public Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. in room 7, Labor Temple. All are cordially invited. No collection.

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First M. E. Church. Come and bring your friends to all the services. Sunday school 9:45. Sermon 11:00 a. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. preaching 7:30 p. m. Seventh and Lamar. T. E. PITTENGER, Pastor.

Floral Heights Epworth League. A splendid program under the supervision of the fourth department will be rendered Sunday evening at 6:30 by the Epworth League of the Floral Heights Methodist church. You are welcome and you will enjoy this program. The cabinet members of the League will meet in a short business session at 6:00 o'clock Sunday evening. Both services in the tabernacle at Tenth and Denver.

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