

ARMS CONFERENCE IS ORGANIZED

MILWAUKEE HAS MEDICAL BEER, IS AT PREMIUM

WORLD EXPECTING SUCCESS FROM THE ARMS CONFERENCE

TEXT OF THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS IN CONVENING THE INTERNATIONAL ARMS CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

AMERICA'S CONCRETE PROPOSAL TO LIMIT NAVAL ARMAMENTS IS OUTLINED BY SECRETARY HUGHES

WE ONLY WISH TO DO WITH YOU THAT WHICH YOU WOULD LIKE TO DO WITH US

THE HIGHER HOPES OF THE SPIRIT OF OUR COMING TOGETHER

WE ARE MET FOR A SERVICE TO MANKIND

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MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 12.—The first sale of medicinal beer...

SUCH IS OPINION OF GOMPERS IN MADISON SQUARE ADDRESS.

PHILOSOPHY OF RULE BY FORCE HAS BEEN SWEEPED OUT OF THE WORLD.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The people of the world expect success from the arms conference...

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The text of President Harding's address at the opening of the conference...

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LONDON PAPERS VOICE SOME DISAPPOINTMENT. See No Reason, However, To Regard The Situation As More Serious.

SEWELL FIELDS CASE NOW WITH THE JURY. Evidence Completed Late Friday And Argument Submitted Saturday Morning.

CHICAGO REPORTS TEMPERATURE DROP FIFTEEN DEGREES. CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—A drop of 15 degrees in temperature last night...

CLOSE JOPLIN BANK AFTER ITS PRESIDENT SUICIDES IN MEXICO. JOPLIN, Mo., Nov. 12.—Directors of the First National bank here...

HOPE TO AVERT A STRIKE OF 55,000 GARMENT WORKERS. NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Hope of averting the garment strike...

ROADS AND WALKS BEING CONSTRUCTED AT INSANE ASYLUM. The Northwest Texas Insane Asylum is being steadily made ready...

SOUTHWEST WIND BRINGS CLOUDY SKY AT ABILENE. A complete reversal of wind direction occurred early Friday night...

LOCAL GASOLINE STATIONS SELLING GAS AT 23 CENTS. Local gasoline retailers started charging 23 cents a gallon for gasoline...

BARON TAKAHASI IS NEW MINISTER IN CABINET OF JAPAN. TOKYO, Nov. 12.—Baron Korekio Takahasi, minister of finance...

CARLINE TO NORTH SIDE MAY FOLLOW LAYING OF CUTOFF. Construction of the car line to the North Side may follow completion of the streetcar extension...

GREENVILLE NEGRO IS SPIRITED AWAY LYINGHNG FEARED. GREENVILLE, TEXAS, Nov. 12.—Glenn Collins, negro, charged with fatally stabbing Addison Moore...

GEN. ARMANDO DIAZ IS THE GUEST OF BALTIMORE. BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 12.—General Armand Diaz is the guest of Baltimore today as the guest of the city.

WILL SEYMOUR CHARGED WITH AGGRAVATED ASSAULT. Will Seymour, who was placed under arrest Friday afternoon after he had been the recipient of blows from a woman...

FOOTBALL PLAYERS VICTIM OF SNEAK THIEVES ON FRIDAY. While members of the high school football team were at athletic park...

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WASHINGTON, November 12.—A ten-year naval holiday in naval construction, involving a tremendous scrapping of ships now on the ways or contemplated by the United States, Great Britain and Japan was proposed to the conference on limitation of armaments by Secretary Hughes at the opening session today as America's proposal.

WASHINGTON, November 12.—America's concrete proposal for limitation of naval armaments—the crux of the arms conference—was presented today by Secretary Hughes at the very opening of the first session. Briefly, it is as follows:

1.—That all capital ships building program, either actual or projected, should be abandoned.

2.—That further reduction should be made through the scrapping of certain of the older ships.

3.—That in general regard should be had to the existing naval strength of the powers concerned.

4.—That the capital ship tonnage should be used as the measurement strength for navies and a proportionate allowance of auxiliary combatant craft prescribed.

Continued on Page 4, Column 4.

FROM NOW ON ~ By Frank L. Packard

THE STORY

Dave Henderson steals and hides \$100,000 and serves five years in prison, stubbornly keeping his mouth shut, both to the police and the old gang who are after the loot. Finally he discloses the hiding place to Millman, a prison mate, but is truly surprised when Millman keeps an appointment in New York and returns him the unopened package of bank notes. Then Millman surprises him still more by announcing, as his share of the deal, either the entire amount that he might restore it to the estate from which it was stolen or none of it—saying that he feels himself guilty with Henderson and will pay it back out of his own private fortune if Henderson decides to keep it. He tells Millman to pay it back if he must, but he means to keep the money for which he has schemed so long and craftily. He goes to hunt up one Dago George, to whom he has a letter from Nicolo Capriano, an old San Francisco bomb-pang leader. This letter contains a secret code which is intended to double-cross Henderson when he gets his money in New York, and when old Capriano's daughter, Teresa, finds this out she commences plotting her father to a fit of anger, which causes his sudden death. Teresa follows Henderson to New York and finds him dragged to sleep in Dago George's room. Bookie Skarvan, gangster and former pal, believing Henderson dead, has followed Teresa, guessing that her trail will lead to the \$100,000 which he wants. He also is put up at Dago George's. Henderson makes up at 3 in the morning and finds the bank notes missing from his suitcase. Then he discovers Teresa on the fire-escape outside his window, and she confesses her father's part in the murder and the real reason he was sent to Dago George's. She also informs him that Dago George has taken the money, and announces her intention of informing the police so that money may secure it and turn it back to its rightful owners. In a moment of emotion Henderson realizes her sincerity of purpose, and then about her being responsible for his meekly squealing to the police at this juncture, explaining that he must again secure the money, and with it in his possession, as a free agent make his decision for which or wrong. So Teresa declares she will wait while he stealthily searches for the money in Dago George's possession.

XVII

FOR a few seconds Henderson stood there listening; then he shifted the flashlight, switched off now, to his left hand, and his right hand slipped into his pocket for his revolver. He moved forward then silently, noiselessly, and as he descended the stairway paused at every step to listen intently again. The sound, with short, almost negligible interruptions, persisted; and, with it now, it seemed as though he could distinguish the sound of heavy breathing. And now it seemed, too, as though the blackness were less opaque, as though, while there was still no object discernible, the hallway below was in a sort of murk, and as though, from somewhere, light rays, that were either carefully guarded or had expended, through distance, almost all their energy, were still striving to pierce the darkness.

Tight-lipped now, a few steps further down, Dave Henderson leaned over the banister—and hung there tensely, rigidly. It was like looking upon some weird, uncannily clever effect that had been thrown upon a moving-picture screen. The door of Dago George's room was wide open, and through this he could see a white circle of light, the rays thrown away from and in the opposite direction to the door. They flooded the face of a safe; and, darkly, behind the light itself, two figures were faintly outlined, one kneeling at the safe, the other holding a flashlight and standing over the kneeling man's shoulder. And now the nature of the sounds that he had not been able to define, was obvious—it was the click of a ratchet, the rasp of a bit eating voraciously into steel as the kneeling man worked at the face of the safe.

For a moment his eyes narrowed. Half in sudden, angry menace, half in perplexity, he hung there gazing on the scene; and then, with all the caution that he knew, his weight thrown gradually on each separate tread to guard against a protesting creak, he went on down the stairs. It was strange—damnable and most curiously strange! Was one of those figures in there Dago George? If so, it would account for the presence of a second man—the one Teresa had heard coming down stairs. But if so, what was Dago George's game? Was the man going to put the bluff that he had been robbed, and was therefore wrecking his own safe? That was an old gag! But what purpose could it serve Dago George in the present instance? It wasn't as though he, Dave Henderson, had confided the package to Dago George's keeping, and Dago George could take this means of cunningly securing it for himself. Dago George had stolen it—and, logically, the last thing Dago George would do would be to admit any knowledge of it. Let alone flaunt it openly!

At the foot of the stairs, Dave Henderson discarded that theory as untenable. But if, then, neither one of the two in there was Dago George—where was Dago George? It was a little beyond attributing to mere coincidence the fact that a couple of marauding safe-breakers should have happened to select Dago George's safe to-night in the ordinary routine of their nefarious vocation. Coincidence, as an explanation, wasn't good enough! It looked queer—extremely queer! Where he had thought that no one, save Millman and himself, had known anything about the presence of that money in New York tonight, it appeared that a most amazing number were not only aware of it, but were intimately interested in that fact!

He smiled a little in the darkness, not pleasantly, as he crept now, inch by inch, along the hall toward the open door. He, too, was interested in that package of bank notes in the safe! And, Dago George or the devil, it mattered very little which, there would be a showdown, very likely now a grim and very pretty little showdown, before the money left that room in any one's possession save his own!

FROM ahead, inside the room, there came a slight clatter, as though a tool of some sort had been dropped or tossed on the floor. It was followed by a muttered exclamation, and then a sort of breathless but triumphant grunt. And then a voice, in a guttural undertone:

"Dave, you're sport! Help yourself!" Dave Henderson crouched back against the wall. He was well along the hall now and quite close enough to the doorway of Dago George's private domain to enable him, given the necessary light, to see the whole interior quite freely. The door of the safe, in a dismantled condition, was swung open; strewn on the floor lay the bit of tools through whose instrumentality the job had been accomplished; and the man who



His own flashlight stabbed a lane of light through the blackness and struck full on the man's face

the flashlight was bending forward, the white ray flooding the inside of the safe. There came suddenly now a queer twitching to Dave Henderson's lips, and it came coincidentally with a sharp exclamation of delight from the man with the flashlight. In the man's hand was the original package of banknotes, its torn corner identifying it instantly to Dave Henderson, and evidencing with equal certainty to its immediate possessor that it was the object, presumably, which was sought.

AND now the man with the flashlight, without turning, reached out and laid the package on the desk beside the safe. The movement, however, sent the flashlight's ray in a jerky half circle around the room, and mechanically Dave Henderson raised his hand and brushed it across his eyes. Was that fancy—what he had seen? It was gone now, it was dark in there now, for the flashlight was boring into the safe again, and the man with the flashlight seemed intent on the balance of the safe's contents. It had been only a glimpse, a glimpse that had lasted no longer than the time it takes a watch to tick, but it seemed to have mirrored itself upon Dave Henderson's brain so that he could see it even in the darkness: It was a huddled form on the floor, close by the bed, just as though it had pitched itself convulsively out of the bed, and it lay there sprawled grotesquely, and the white face had seemed to grin at him in a horrid and contorted way—and it was the face of Dago George.

The man with the flashlight spoke suddenly over his shoulder to his companion: "You've pulled a good job, Maggot!" he said approvingly. "Better than either Cunny or me was looking for, I guess. And so much so that I guess Cunny had better horn in himself before we close up for the night."

"You beat it over to the joint and bring him back. Tell him there's some queer stuff in this safe besides what we were after, and what we got—some gang stuff that'll make interest hip, 'cause he sakes was' very fond of Dago George. I don't know whether he'll want to take any of it when they wise up to this in the morning. He can look it over for himself. Tell him I want him to see it before I monkey with it myself. You can leave your watchmaker's tools there. You ought to be back in a little better than ten minutes if you hurry. We got a good hour and more yet before daylight, and before any of the crowd that work here gets back on the job, and until then we got the house to ourselves, but that's no reason for wasting any fleeting moments, so get a move on! See?"

"Sure!" granted the other. "Well, then, beat it!" Footsteps sounded from the room, coming in the direction of the doorway, and Dave Henderson slipped instantly across the hall, and edged in behind the door, that, opening back into the hall, afforded him both a convenient and secure retreat. The smile on his lips was more pleasant now. It was very thoughtful of the man with the flashlight—very! He cared nothing about the other man, who was now walking stealthily down the hall toward the front door; the man, who was glad to have had confirmed what he had already surmised—that Dago George slept alone in the Iron Tavern.

The front door opened and closed again softly. Dave Henderson stood silently across the hall again, and crouched against the opposite wall once more, but this time almost at the door jamb itself.

The flashlight, full on, lay on the desk. It played over the package of banknotes, and sent back a reflected gleam from the nickel-work of a telephone instrument that stood a few inches further along on the desk. The man's form, his back to the door, and back of the light, was like a silhouetted shadow. It was quiet, almost now in the house. Perhaps five seconds

passed, and then the man chuckled low and wheezingly.

Dave Henderson grew suddenly rigid. It startled him. Somewhere he had heard that chuckle before—somewhere. It seemed driving to stir and awaken memory. There was something strangely familiar about it, and—

The man, still chuckling, was muttering audibly to himself now. "Sure, that's the dope! The Scorpion—eh? Cunny the Scorpion! Nice name! Well, we'll see who gets stung! I guess ten minutes' start ain't good enough; but if some one's chasing the Scorpion, he won't have so much time to chase me. Yes, I guess this is where I fade away—with the goods. By the time there's been anything straightened out, and even if he squeals if he's caught, I guess I'll be far enough away to worry—not!"

Dave Henderson's face had grown as white and set as chiseled marble; but he did not move. The man leaned abruptly forward over the desk, picked up the telephone, chuckled again, and then snatched the receiver from the hook. And the next instant, his voice full of well-simulated terror, he was calling wildly, frantically, into the transmitter: "Central! * * * Central! * * * For God's sake! * * * Quick! * * * Help! * * * I'm Dago George. * * * The Iron Tavern. * * * They're murdering me. * * * Get the police! * * * For God's sake! * * * Get the police. * * * Tell them Cunny Smeeks is murdering me. * * * Hurry! * * * Quick! * * * For God's—"

The man allowed the telephone and the unhooked receiver to crash abruptly to the floor. The cord, catching the flashlight, carried the flashlight with it, and the light went out.

And then Dave Henderson moved. With a spring he was half way across the room—and his own flashlight stabbed a lane of light through the blackness, and struck, as the other whirled with a startled cry, full on the man's face.

It was Bookie Skarvan. THE little red-rimmed eyes blinked into the glare—the only color left in the white Baby face—the red rims of the further little eyes. Bookie Skarvan's fat hand lifted and tugged at his collar, as though the collar choked him. He fell back a step and his head crunched upon the telephone transmitter, and smashed it. And then Bookie Skarvan licked his lips—and attempted a smile.

"I mumbled Bookie Skarvan, 'I—I can't see your face. Who—who are you?' The sound of his own voice, husky and shaken as it was, seemed to bring him a certain reassurance. 'What do you want? Eh—what do you want?' he demanded.

Dave Henderson made no reply. It seemed as though his mind and soul and body were engulfed in some primal, savage ecstasy. Years swept their lightning sequence through his brain; hours, with the prison walls and iron bars around him, in which he had promised himself this moment, seemed to live their life and existence over again. He said no word; he made no sound—but, with the flashlight still playing without a flicker of movement upon the other, he felt, with the back of his revolver hand, over Bookie Skarvan's clothing, locating in one of the pockets Bookie Skarvan's revolver, and, with utter contempt for any move the man might make through the opening thus given him, hooked the guard of his own revolver on the little finger of the hand that held the flashlight, and unceremoniously jerked the other's weapon out from the pocket and tossed it to far end of the desk.

The flashlight lifted then, and circled the walls of the room. Bookie Skarvan's complexion had not gone unheeded. Bookie Skarvan would have ample opportunity to see whose face it was! The flashlight found and

held on the electric-light switch. It was on the opposite wall behind Bookie Skarvan. Dave Henderson shoved the man roughly out of the way, stopped quickly forward to the wall, switched on the light—and swung around to face Bookie Skarvan.

For an instant Bookie Skarvan stood there without movement, the little eyes dilating, the white face turning ashen and gray, and then great beads of sweat sprang out upon the forehead—and a scream of abject terror pealed through the room. "Go away!" wailed Bookie Skarvan. "You're dead! Go away! Go back to hell where you belong!" His hands clawed out in front of him. "Do you hear? You're dead—dead! Go away! Curse you, damn you—go away!"

Dave Henderson spoke through closed teeth: "You ought to be satisfied then—Bookie. You've wanted me dead for quite a while—for five years, haven't you?"

There was no answer. Dave Henderson's eyes automatically swept around the now lighted room. Yes, that was Dago George there on the floor near the bed, lying on the side of his face, with a hideous gash across his head. The man was dead, of course; he couldn't be anything else. But anyway, Dago George was as something apart, an extraneous thing. There was only one thing in the world, one thing that held mind and soul and body in a thrall of wild, seething, remorseless passion—that maudlin, groveling thing there, whose clawing hands had found the end of the desk, and who hung there with curious limpness, as though, because the knees sagged, the weight of his body was supported by his arms alone—that thing whose lips, evidently trying to form words, jerked up and down like flags of flesh from which all nerve control had gone.

"Maybe you didn't know that I knew it was you who were back of that attempt to murder me that night—five years ago." Dave Henderson thrust the flashlight into his pocket, and took a step forward. "Well, you know it now!"

A sweat bead trickled down the fat, working face—and lost itself in a fold of fatty flesh. "No!" Bookie Skarvan found his tongue. "No! Honest to God, Dave!" he whined. "It was Baldy."

"Don't lie! I know!" There was a cold deadliness in Dave Henderson's tones. "Stand away from the desk a little, so that I can get a look at that telephone on the floor! I don't want any witness to what's going to happen here, and a telephone with the receiver off—"

"My God!" Bookie Skarvan cried out wildly. "What are you going to do?" "Yes, I guess it's out of commission," Dave Henderson's voice seemed utterly detached; he seemed utterly to ignore the other for a moment, as he looked at the broken instrument.

Bookie Skarvan, in an excess of fear, mopped at his wet face, and his little red-rimmed eyes, like the eyes of a cornered rat, darted swift, frantic glances in all directions around the room.

"Dave, do you hear?" Bookie Skarvan's voice rose thin and squeaky. "Why don't you answer? Do you hear! What—What are you going to do?"

"It's queer, kind of queer, to find you here, Bookie," said Dave Henderson evenly. "I guess there's a God—Bookie. How did you get here—from San Francisco?"

Bookie Skarvan licked at his dry lips, and covered back from the revolver that was suddenly outflung in Dave Henderson's hand.

"I—I followed the girl. I thought you'd opened up to the old man, and he'd bumped you off with that bomb to get the stuff for himself. I was sure of it when he died, and she beat it for here."

"I got the room opposite here," Bookie Skarvan gulped heavily; his eyes were fixed, staring now, as though fascinated by the revolver muzzle. "She came downstairs. I followed her, but I don't know where she went to. I saw the package go into the safe. I could see through the flashlight over the door. I saw him"—Bookie Skarvan's hand jerked out toward the huddled form on the floor—"I saw him put it there."

MECHANICALLY, Dave Henderson's eyes followed the gesture—and narrowed for an instant in a puzzled, startled way. Had that dead man there moved? The body seemed slightly nearer to the head of the bed! Fancy! Imagination! He hadn't marked the exact position of the body to begin with, and it was still huddled, still inert, still in the same sprawled, contorted position. His eyes reverted to Bookie Skarvan.

"You had a man in here with you at work on that safe, a man you called Maggot, and you sent him, with that dirty brand of trickery of yours, to bring back some one you called Cunny the Scorpion, with the idea that instead of finding you and the money here—they would find the police."

There was a twisted, merciless smile on Dave Henderson's lips. "Where did you get into touch with your friends?" Bookie Skarvan's eyes were roving again, seeking some avenue of escape, it seemed. Dave Henderson laughed shortly, unpleasantly, as he watched the other. There was only the door and the window. But he, Dave Henderson, blocked the way to the door; and the window, as he knew through the 'nat-too-oratory examination he had made of it when he had come down the fire escape with the valves, was equally impassable. It had been in his mind then, that perhaps he, himself, might gain entrance to Dago George's room through the window—the old-fashioned iron shutters, carefully closed and fastened, had barred the way.

"Well!" He flung the word sharply at Bookie Skarvan. "I—Baldy knew the Scorpion." Bookie Skarvan's fingers wriggled between his collar and his fat neck. "Baldy gave me a letter to him, and the Scorpion put one over on—on that fellow on the floor, and got me a room here upstairs. And when I saw the money going into the safe I went it for—the Scorpion, and got him to give me a box-walker, so he got Maggot for me and—"

"You hadn't the nerve, of course, when you saw Dago George putting the money in the safe to tackle the job alone before the safe was locked!" There was grim, contemptuous irony in Dave Henderson's voice. "You're the same old Bookie, aren't you—yellow as the sulphur pit of hell!" His face hardened. "Ten minutes, you said it would take them to get back. It's not very long, Bookie. Or says two or three minutes longer, or perhaps a little more, for the police, allowing for the time it would take Central to get her breath after that nerve-racking cry for help you sent her."

"Or maybe the police would even get here first—depend on how far away the station is. I'm a stranger here, and I don't know. In that case, there wouldn't be ten minutes—and part of that is gone now. There isn't much time, Bookie. But there's time enough for you and me to settle our little account. I used to think of what I'd do to you when I got out on the other side of those iron bars. I used to think of it when I couldn't sleep at night in my cell. I kept thinking of it for five years, Bookie—and here we are tonight at last the two of us, you and me, Bookie. I overheard Runtzy Mott explain the whole plant you had put up to murder me, so there's no use of you lying, there's no use of your stating that—that's one thing you haven't got time to do. You'd better clean house, Bookie, for there isn't room enough

in this world for the two of us—one of us has got to go."

Bookie Skarvan has crouched against the end of the desk again. He crouched now, one arm upraised as though to ward off a blow. "What—what are you going to do?" the words came thick and miserably. Their repetition seemed all that his tongue was capable of. "What—what are you going to do?"

"I can't murder you!" Dave Henderson's face had grown set and colorless—as colorless as his tone. "I wish to God I could! It's coming to you! But I can't! There's your revolver on the end of the desk. Take it!"

Again and again, Bookie Skarvan's tongue licked at his lips. "What do you mean?" he whispered. "You know what I mean?" Dave Henderson answered levelly. "Take it!" "My God!" screamed Bookie Skarvan. "No! My God—no! Not that!" "Yes—that! You're getting what I swore I'd never give you—a chance. Either you or I are going out. Take that revolver, and for the first time in your life try and be a man; or else I'll fix you, and I'll fix it so that you won't move from here until your friend the Scorpion gets his chance at you for the pleasant little surprise you had arranged for him with your telephone trick, or until the police carry you out with a through ticket to the electric chair for what looks like murder over there on the floor. You understand—Bookie? It's make you fight, you see. It's the only chance you've got for your life. Now—take it."

BOOKIE SKARVAN wrung his hands together. A queer creaking sound came from his lips. He was trembling violently. "There aren't very many of those ten minutes left, Bookie," said Dave Henderson coldly. "But if you get in a lucky shot—Bookie—you'd still have time to get away from here. And there's the money there, too—you could take that with you."

The man seemed near collapse. Great beads from his forehead ran down and over the sagging jaws. He moaned a little, and stared at the revolver that lay upon the desk, and reached out his hand toward the weapon, and drew his hand back again. He looked at Dave Henderson, and at the muzzle of the revolver that covered him. He seemed to read something irrevocable and remorseless in both. Slowly, his mouth working, his face muscles twitching, he reached again to the desk, and pulled the revolver to him; and then, his arm falling nervously, he held the weapon dangling at his side.

Dave Henderson's revolver was lowered until it pointed to the floor.

"When you lift your hand, Bookie, it's the signal," he said in a monotone.

Bookie Skarvan's knees seemed to bend and sag a little more—there was no other movement.

"I'm waiting," said Dave Henderson—and pulled the trigger of his revolver to put a shot into the floor.

There was the click of the falling hammer—no more. A grim smile played across Dago Henderson's lips. It was as well, perhaps, that he had tried in that way to startle, to frighten, this terrified, spineless cur who stood there into action!

For the fraction of a second the room seemed blurred to Dave Henderson. The chambers of his revolver were empty! His brain seemed to sick; and then to recover itself and leap into fierce, virile activity. He was at the mercy of that creaking sound there—if the other but knew it. It seemed as though all the devil of hell shrieked at him in unholy mirth. If he moved a step forward to rush, to close with the other, the very paroxysm of fear that possessed Bookie Skarvan would instinctively incite the man to fire. There was one way, only one way—the electric light switch behind him. If he could reach that without Bookie Skarvan realizing the truth there would be the darkness—and his bare hands.

He moved back a single step, as though shifting his position, his face impassive, watching the dangling weapon in the other's shaky hand, watching the other's working lips. The chamber of his revolver was empty! How? When? It had been fully loaded when he lay down on the bed. Yes! He remembered! It was queer that it had twisted like that in his sleep. Dago George! It came in a lightning flash of intuition. Dago George, cautious to excite no suspicion, had been equally cautious to draw his, Dave Henderson's, teeth!

He edged back another step—and stopped as though rooted to the spot. Bookie Skarvan, that dangling revolver in the other's hand, his own feet all, everything that, but an instant before had obsessed his mind, was blotted out from his consciousness as though it had never existed. That huddled form, that murdered man on the floor behind Bookie Skarvan, that he could see over Bookie Skarvan's shoulder, had raised his hand in a swift, sudden movement, and had thrust it under the mattress at the head of the bed and had snatched out a revolver.

It was quick, quick as thought, quick as the winking of an eye. A shout of warning rose to Dave Henderson's lips—and was drowned in the report of the revolver shot, deafening, racketing, in the confined space. And, as though thrown into relief by the flash and the tongue flame of the revolver, a picture seemed to sear itself into Dave Henderson's brain: The upflung arms of Bookie Skarvan, the ghastly surprise on the sweat-soaked face, the fat body spinning grotesquely like a run-down top—and pitching forward to the floor. And through the lifting smoke, another face—Dago George's face, working, livid, blood-mirched, full of demoralizing triumph. And then a gulfing peal of laughter.

"Yes, and you, too! Con Amore!" gurgled Dago George. "You, too!"

The man was on his knees now, lurching there, the revolver waving weakly, trying to draw its bead now on him, Dave Henderson. He moved with a spring to one side toward the door. The revolver, as though jerked desperately in the weak hand, followed him. He flung himself to the floor. A shot rang out. And then, as though through the flash again, another picture lived: The revolver dropping from a hand that could no longer hold it; a graying face that swayed on shoulders which in turn rocked to and fro—and then a lurch—a thud—and the face was hidden between outsprawled arms—and Dago George did not move any more.

To Be Continued Next Week
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Floral Heights Methodist Church
Tenth and Polk Streets
W. L. TITTLE, Pastor
Morning Service at 10:50; Evening Service, 8:00 o'clock

Dr. H. D. Knickerbocker Returns

The new pastor of the First Methodist Church, South, corner Tenth and Lamar, Dr. H. D. Knickerbocker, will preach morning and night. The 7:30 p. m. service will be a great combination patriotic and religious hour. Dr. Knickerbocker will read an original poem, subject, "A Brother of the Stars." The subject of the sermon will be "The Immortal Fame of the Unknown." There will be great special musical features. At 11 a. m. the fourth in the great series on "Business in Religion" will be given.



First Baptist Church
Ninth and Burnett Streets
O. L. POWERS, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



St. Paul's Lutheran Church
Eleventh and Holliday
C. M. BEYER, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

Saturday Sermonette

(Copyright, 1921, by Richard Lloyd Jones.)

PERSEVERANCE

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

Wealth inherited is never valued like wealth earned. Victory is great as the battle is hard. There is no short road to real triumph. That which is gained easily is lost easily. "Easy comes, easy goes."

The plant that grows fast withers rapidly. The tree that grows slowly endures.

Steadfast application will do more than the quick, hard blow of impatience. Dropping water will cut its way through granite.

Mountains were not made in moments; they are the work of ages.

Great deeds are done not by strength but by persistence.

Want a thing hard enough, work for it long enough and you are pretty sure to get it.

A single purpose is the first essential to success. Stick to it. Tenacity is the primary element of greatness.

It is wisdom to build castles in the air; but it is folly to stop there. Go at your foundation; pile stone upon stone until you reach your castle. Then it is yours.

"Stay with it" is the slogan that makes the cowboy master of the bucking broncho.

"Don't give up the ship," was the command to his men that brought Perry victory.

Perpetual pushing puts difficulties out of countenance and makes seeming impossibilities give way.

The weak wait for the opportunity to strike while the iron is hot. The strong make opportunity by striking until it is hot.

Perseverance rather than brilliancy is the best in a long race.

The tortoise knows he has to do his utmost all the time to even hope to cope with the hare. The hare knowing his better speed often relies upon sprints and delays too long.

Over-confidence foreshadows neglect. Don't go to sleep at the switch. It isn't worth the risk.

The pick and spade persistently applied at a fixed place may penetrate a mountain.

The oceans have been wedded through the Suez and Panama canals by just plain digging.

He who attains eminence spends his energies in one pursuit.

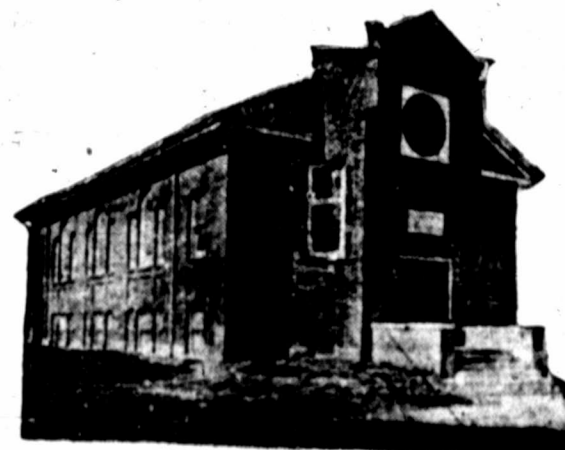
There is no creature so humble but who armed with determination may not gain his point.

By gnawing through a dyke even a rat may drown a nation.

No soldier was ever decorated with shoulder straps for marking time.

Brand the word "forward" on your brain. Always obey it. Go ahead and keep going.

Don't worry about what the other fellow can do. He may be better than you but you stick to your job. You may be the tortoise that wins the race. For, "He that shall endure unto the end the same shall be saved."



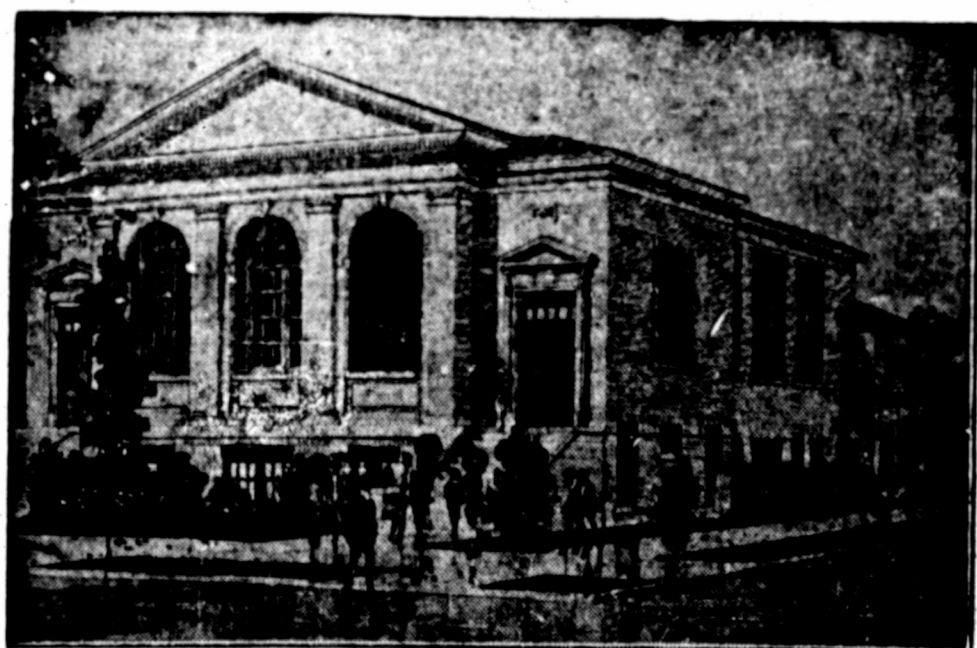
Temple Israel
DAVID GOLDBERG, Rabbi
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



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



First M. E. Church
T. S. PITTINGER, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



Lamar Avenue Baptist Church
Fourth and Lamar Streets
A. J. HOLT, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH
(Tenth and Burnett)
Holy Communion, 8 a. m. Morning Service, 11:00.
Church School, 9:45. Evening Service, 7:30.
FRED T. DATSON, Rector



First Presbyterian Church
Tenth and Bluff Streets
N. F. GRAFTON, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

CONTRIBUTED BY

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WICHITA DAILY TIMES
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS
PUBLISHED EVERY WEEKDAY AFTERNOON AND ON SUNDAY MORNING

Coal in that day will be burned at the mines scientifically, producing electricity that will be sent forth over high-tension wires. No freight hauls! No smoke! No boiler! No waste!

ARMS CONFERENCE IS NOW ORGANIZED

(Continued from Page 1.)
The French on the right and the British on the left. To the right the French army, the British the Japanese, while the Italians had a corresponding position directly across.

AMERICA'S ARMS PROPOSAL OUTLINED

(Continued from Page 1.)
building, but a total tonnage of 1-474,000 tons.
It is proposed that it should be agreed by the United States, Great Britain and Japan that their navies with respect to capital ships, within three months after the making of the agreement, shall consist of certain ships designated in the proposal and number for the United States 18, for Great Britain 22, for Japan 10.

ALL DAY TOURNAMENT AT VERNON COUNTRY CLUB

VERNON, TEXAS, Nov. 12.—An all day golfing tournament was conducted at Hill Crest Country club here Armistice day. From the first round to the final the entire event was consummated in one day. After the qualifying round, the golfers were divided into flights according to their abilities. This was indicated by the first score turned in.

RESINOL Soothing and Healing for Baby's Tender Skin

MURINE EYES
Sun Wind Dust & Cinders
PAINLESS EXTRACTING WITH AUSTRALIAN METHOD

Hotel Argonne INDIANA AND TENTH

Per Week
Court Rooms \$15.00
Outside Rooms \$7.00
With Bath \$9.00
All rooms have hot and cold water and telephone, porter and cafe service.

GOING TO WASTE.

If you want something to take the joy out of life, start a coal fire in your furnace, then climb up on the roof and sit on the chimney. You'll observe the heat going to waste.

SMILE A WHITE

By TOM HIMS.
Days are getting so short we should have eight a week.
Old debts would be easy to pay if it wasn't for the new ones.

TWO FIRES FRIDAY NIGHT RESULT IN \$1,000 DAMAGE

Two fires, which together caused property damage of about \$1,000 were reported Friday night. The first came in from the rear of the R. E. Hadwick home, 1605 Tilden, where a small blaze had started in a negro servant's room. An electric iron left standing on a board caused this blaze, firemen reported, which occurred at 7:25.

OLD-TIME COWPUNCHER TAKES AIRPLANE RIDE

W. T. Mower of Antelope, Jack county, Texas, an old-time cowpuncher, took his first ride in an airplane with a lady friend here on November 10. Chas. B. Tibbs was the aviator who took Mr. Mower up. Mr. Mower says that the ride was one of the most interesting experiences of his life and that he will not be satisfied until he has an airplane of his own.

MOTION FOR NEW TRIAL IS ARGUED IN HAMPTON CASE

Judge Guy Rogers of the county court at law heard the evidence and argument of counsel in the motion for new trial in the J. C. Hampton case. The present term of court does not expire until December 3 and the court need not express his decision until that date. Contending that the court erred in permitting the testimony of Mrs. May Fields in which she answered questions as to the witness in which she stated that she was the wife of Sewell Fields.

WHEN THE KIDDIES SUFFER FROM COLDS

CHILDREN'S colds should not be neglected one instant. Have Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey on hand, and give them some as directed. It helps in relieving irritation and loosens that hard packed phlegm. Clears the air passages.

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

Take Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey yourself for that heavy cold. Get a bottle from your druggist today, 30c.

MARKETS COTTON MARKET.

Table with columns for High, Low, Close and various cotton market data for New York, New Orleans, and Chicago.

ATTRACTIVE PREMIUM LIST FOR VERNON POULTRY SHOW

VERNON, TEXAS, Nov. 12.—An attractive premium list will be circulated in the near future by the Wilbarger County Poultry association. The list, which is being distributed to prospective exhibitors at the poultry show here in January, according to an announcement of the secretary, will contain practical information to poultry raisers, and will also embody the name of every standard breeder in the county, his address, and the variety of chickens he raises. More than 500 copies of the premium list will be judiciously distributed.

LARGE CROWD ATTENDS ARMISTICE DAY DANCE

About three hundred persons attended the big Armistice day dance at the Arcadia Friday evening. When music for the dancers was furnished by the Phil Saxter orchestra.

BOMBARTON, TEXAS, Nov. 11—Uncle Joe Warren, eight miles south of Bomarton, fell dead Thursday about 1:00 o'clock, while cleaning a hog. He is an old resident of this section.

GREAT AMOUNT OF SPACE GIVEN BY LONDON PAPERS

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Interest in the opening of the Washington conference on limitation of armaments and far eastern questions is attested by the amount of space devoted to it in the morning newspapers which makes it a feature in their news columns. Most of them give first place to the editorial pages under such headlines as "The Dawn of Hope," "The World's Hope Fixed on Washington," and "All Nations Are Anxious for Success at Washington."

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NOSSETT Photographs
1010 Tenth Street Phone 6970

GRAIN AND PRODUCE

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—General commission house buying together with lightness of offerings gave strength to the wheat market today in the early dealing. Prospects of a decrease in the United States visible supply total for Monday together with the heavy closing, 34 to 40c net higher, with December \$1.09 to \$1.09 1/2 and May \$1.12 to \$1.12 1/2. Corn advanced 1/4c to 40c net higher, with December \$1.09 to \$1.09 1/2 and May \$1.12 to \$1.12 1/2.

WEDDING AT THE ARCADEIA

Among the special guests was Miss Olga Worth of the Gene Lowrey-Pine stock company, and members of her company. Miss Worth accepted an invitation to attend the Saturday night dance with members of her company, after the performance at the theater, and expressed a desire to meet the young people of the town at that time.

WEDDING AT THE ARCADEIA

House Paint at reduced price at Decorators Co. 715 Ninth-st. 181-71c
Alcohol for your radiator—\$1 per gallon. Apperson Motor Sales Co. 607 Tenth-st.; phone 2429. 180-71c

WEDDING AT THE ARCADEIA

Bruswick tires—25 per cent off—Brunswick tires. Apperson Motor Sales Co. 607 Tenth-st.; phone 2429. 180-71c
Ford wheels—\$5 for front and rear. Apperson Motor Sales Co. 607 Tenth-st.; phone 2429. 180-71c

WHAT WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE ARCADIA DANCING ACADEMY 910 1/2 NINTH STREET—TONIGHT—SATURDAY

Miss Olga Worth—who is today the talk of Wichita—was presented at the Wichita Theatre by Gene Lewis. Mr. Lewis said it gave him great pleasure to be able to do so. The people of Wichita have enjoyed seeing real acting by real actors and they feel grateful to Mr. Lewis and company for the way they have delighted them in comedy as well as drama.



THE ARCADIA DANCING ACADEMY 910 1/2 NINTH STREET—TONIGHT—SATURDAY
They want to meet you all and shake hands, especially the ladies that played in Spring time and O Joy, the gentlemen included. Miss Olga Worth especially invites you—her whole company will be with her!

Bughouse Fables



NEW YORK STOCKS
NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Oils and equipments were the most prominent features of today's brief but fairly broad stock market. Prices were irregular in the initial dealing but hardened later on the market strongly showing high grade oil, notably Standard Oil of New Jersey, which rose 1/2 point. The closing was strong. Sales approximated \$50,000 shares.

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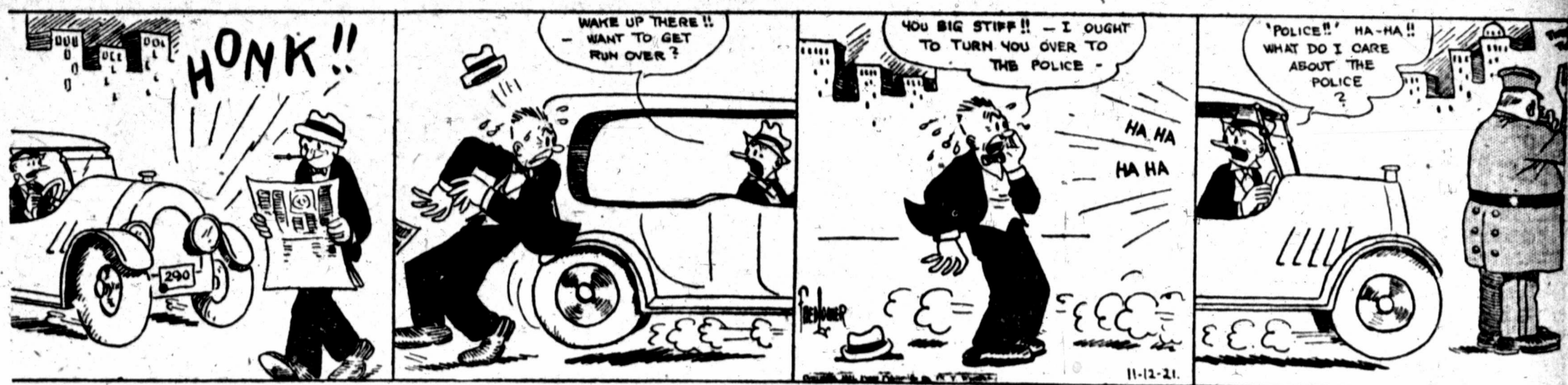
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THE TIMES' DAILY PAGE OF LEADING COMIC FEATURES

THE AFFAIRS OF JANE BY YOUNG CICERO SAPP

BY FRED LOCHER



TOOTS AND CASPER— Aunty Needs an Ear Trumpet and Casper a Megaphone —BY J. E. MURPHY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Dangerous Companion BY BLOSSER



SALESMAN SAM How the Landlord Figured It BY SWAN



FABLES OF 1921 BY MARTIN

ONCE THERE WAS A GIRL WHO WOULDN'T EAT - WHEN HENRY TOOK HER OUT, A SANDWICH AND A RIPE OLIVE WAS HER LIMIT - ALL SHE EVER ATE, Y'KNOW.



WHAT! - ANOTHER HELPING OF POTATOES? WOMAN, DO YOU REALIZE THAT OUR LAST MONTH'S GROCERY BILL WAS LONGER'A TRIP TO TH' THREE MILE LIMIT?



OUR BOARDING HOUSE BY AHERN THE OLD HOME TOWN BY STANLEY



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WEATHER REPORT DID NOT COME IN ON TRAIN NUMBER THREE LAST NIGHT

ALL THE NEWS OF ALL THE SPORTS ALL THE TIME

Wichitans Have Little Difficulty in Beating Devol High 27 To 0

By PAUL W. LARKIN.

Coach Harry Viner's high school charges did the expected at Athletic Park yesterday afternoon and rode roughshod over the Devol eleven, taking the Oklahoma team into camp by a score of 27 to 0. The visitors never had a chance. Their defenses were scattered and swept aside by the slashing Red and Black attack whether it be through the line or via the overhead route.

The invaders were completely outplayed in every department of the game. It had no attack worth while or, perhaps, the Wichita defense was above the ordinary. The result would be the same on either premise. Once during the hour of play was Devol able to register a first down by rushing the ball and the required distance was made on only three other occasions through the medium of successful forward passes. Otherwise, the Devol attack was lamentably weak.

The Wichitans, on the other hand, made first downs so frequently that it was beginning to get monotonous. Stringer, the bright back, made star of the game, skirting Devol ends or dashed off tackle almost at will. Though he spent part of the time on the sidelines he gained more ground than any other one on the team. The rest of the backs also found the Oklahoma line brittle. The locals did not have to try any trick football, but they did stick to the straight old-fashioned game and ripped off yards with ease. A forward pass was called for in the play, but the play was not successful, two resulting directly in touchdowns.

Devol's Fumbling Sued.
While the home athletes were sticking to the old-fashioned game, the visitors relied wholly on the open game. It did not take them long to learn that their attempts to hit the line would be futile. Numerous end runs were tried, but the big majority were in vain. Hembrie and Shaw broke through time and again and threw the ball with great accuracy. He headed the ball for a loss. Had quarterback Crane looked when he heaved an aerial pass, the Oklahoma's might have been a different story. With 26 overhead passes were attempted and only four materialized, due principally to poor tosses by Crane. He headed the ball with reckless abandon and invariably threw the pigskin out of reach of the members of both team.

Stringer has been mentioned as the bright star of the game, but there were others who stood out prominently. "Shorty" Chewning showed his play in the field and was absolutely no fault could be found with his selection of play. He soon discovered the weak spots in the visitors' defense and plugged away at them all afternoon. When a forward pass was needed, he called for it and with the exception of two poor passes, his throws were accurate. But his kicking punts were wretched. There might be some excuse for his failure to hold two in the third period, but the rest of the day he showed more than a little bit, but stuck until he was finally forced to take a short rest in the final period.

Another player who will be a hard-line in the future is "Rowdy" Curtis. This youngster had the strangle hold on the final period and started in to show his worth with a vengeance. He tore the Devol line to pieces and pulled a runner down behind the line. He had nothing long forward pass and had nothing in front of him but a few chalk marks for the touchdown. Kenley Stringer then carried the ball through the center of the line while Hembrie scooted around the ends for several long gains. Moore also showed the brand of play which Stringer was resting up in admirable fashion.

Shaw, starting his first game at for the Rays and Hembrie covered himself with glory. The little fellow had an extremely busy day as the majority of Devol plays were blocked either at his end or Hembrie's. But the fact that the visitors made only one first down through the line or around it, is ample proof of the way he smeared the center. He was very busy. Incidentally, he speared one forward pass from Hembrie at the close of the third period and went over the line at his end. He was finally worn to frazzle in the last period and gave way in favor of Anderson, but he was not called out by Viner until he had assured himself of a place on the first squad.

Handy as usual was a tower of strength on the defense. He broke up play after play and stopped more Devol plunges than any other on the team. He was on the bottom of practically every line. Walker opened countless holes for the backs to plough through while Murray an off tackle play would have been tried if he were not for Carroll Johnson. Coffey and Bell also gave good accounts of themselves both on the offense and defense and clearly outplayed their opponents.

Hembrie, like Shaw, had a busy day on the other wing of the line, but he was not called out by Viner until he had assured himself of a place on the first squad.

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BIG UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CAPTAINS

—By Wood Cowan



RED BARRON OF GEORGIA TECH. ONE OF THE BEST BACKS EVER DEVELOPED BY THE SOUTH. A REALLY GREAT FOOTBALL PLAYER.

When we think of football we at once associate it with cold, snappy weather, and even snow. So when someone ventures to state that there is All-American timber down among the cotton and peach orchards, it doesn't seem quite right—if possible.

But with "Red" Barron, the Auburn-thatched youngster who is helping to build a great reputation for Georgia Tech, Atlanta has a chance to show up in something else besides golf.

This boy is fast, shifty, sturdy built youth who is credited with the ability to throw off his feet. His forte is running from regular formation, with added opportunities here and there in the way of working on the receiving end of Tech's passing game. He has not one general assignment on offensive play—just that ball down the field, other through the line or around the ends.

Atlanta fans claim him to be a peer of any backfield man that has ever played in the entire south, and when you take into consideration that Joe Guyton, the old Car-

olina star, wound up his collegiate football career at Georgia Tech, it is readily realized that Barron's admirers are blanketing him with some praise.

"Red" Barron is one of these hard running backs who can keep on hard fifteen or twenty yards after a couple of tackles have attached themselves to his anatomy. He is a really great football player.

ELECTRA VICTORIOUS IN DOUBLE-HEADER

First Team Vanquishes Quannah 17 To 0 And Seconds Beat Harold 14 to 7.

By A. H. STROUD.

ELECTRA, TEXAS, Nov. 12.—Electra football fans had their fill of thrills in the double bill yesterday when Electra High defeated Quannah 17 to 0 and the second squad defeated Harold 14 to 7. The first game started at 5 o'clock and was a hotly contested affair, the locals winning only by their superior training. The visiting lads have had a little coaching in the way of their deficiency with a fighting spirit that almost won them a victory.

Quannah put up one of the prettiest exhibitions witnessed on the local gridiron this season and kept the "Tigers" in hot water throughout the contest with their very determined line plunging attacks. Electra returned the favor by hitting the line frequently and hard and the locals attempted no forward passes or trick plays.

Johnson, as usual, played his flashy game, getting numerous touchdowns. He was the star of the game, leading the team in rushing and passing. He was the star of the game, leading the team in rushing and passing.

Johnson kicked off for Electra and the ball was returned 10 yards. Quannah made first down on three efforts through the line. Another pair of plungers gained another first down on the next play, and with a beautiful pass for 20 yards, a Quannah back fumbled on the next play and the ball went over to Electra. Johnson kicked a kick for a first down for Electra. After gaining a yard, Electra was penalized five for offside but Stearns returned the ball on the next play. Johnson kicked a kick for a first down for Electra. After gaining a yard, Electra was penalized five for offside but Stearns returned the ball on the next play.

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Billy Evans Bares The 'Inside Stuff' On Field

By BILLY EVANS.

Whenever I hear the expression "inside stuff," I recall an incident of several years ago at Washington. I was umpiring a series there with Jack Egan. We were having a slow, tedious game. Every inning there was a conference.

"Why the hurry? Have you a conference?" That is probably the extent of the wisdom that the catcher slips to the faltering pitcher.

Evans hope that a delay will give him a chance to regain his poise. "Nothing much, these ball players have been making themselves look wise by their conferences, so I decided they wouldn't have a thing on us. Where will we eat this evening?"

I suggested a place and we decided on the menu. The game was held up two or three minutes. That is about the extent of a lot of the so-called inside stuff. There are, however, two reasons for the delay. First, the hope that the delay will give the pitcher a chance to steady himself; second, the hope that the sarcastic comment will make the pitcher fight back.

They feel that some strategy is being concocted, and they would like to be in on the know. "Looks to me as if you are quitting. You can't do this game any more."

"That is about the extent of a lot of the so-called inside stuff. There are, however, two reasons for the delay. First, the hope that the delay will give the pitcher a chance to steady himself; second, the hope that the sarcastic comment will make the pitcher fight back."

CONFERENCE GAMES ATTRACT THOUSANDS

Chicago's Showing Against Michigan Anxiously Watched By "Big Ten" Fans.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—Michigan and Wisconsin, the latter undefeated this season, clashed today at Madison. The first time since 1915, both teams have been preparing for this game for two weeks and although Wisconsin, with eleven season veterans to go into the game, appears to have the advantage, Michigan was expected to show up stronger than at any time this season.

Iowa expected to add another step to its championship march by defeating Indiana in the game at Ames Saturday afternoon. It predicted an easy victory for Ohio State over Purdue at Columbus. Ohio State has beaten both Chicago and Michigan.

Chicago and Illinois were scheduled for a game of great interest to Illinois and thousands of fans from Chicago. Michigan games were both sold out and extra large crowds were reported for the other two matches.

Yale battles Princeton, Harvard meets Brown and Navy opposes Penn State.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The bulldog of Yale unleashed, met the roving tiger from Princeton at New Haven today in the second of football's big three clashes of the season. The battle blunder that began with a gathering of the crowds soon after dawn, muffled to an extent a number of lively partisan engagements in other parts of the east.

The Princeton eleven was rated highly because of its victory over Harvard, but Yale, undefeated during the season, was ready with its most formidable array and seemed an equal choice.

Other games included: Dartmouth vs Pennsylvania at New York; Washington and Jefferson vs. University of Pittsburgh on the latter's gridiron; Rutgers vs. the New York university here.

Missouri-Oklahoma Game Features Celebration. COLUMBIA, MO., Nov. 12.—The Missouri-Oklahoma football game this afternoon will be the feature of today's homecoming program at the university. Missouri entered the game with Kershaw, Lewis and Hill, all regular linemen, on the casualty list, while Oklahoma, picked as a favorite from a comparatively fresh eleven composed mostly of veterans.

TODAY'S SPORT ANGLE

HE east is no longer supreme in football. The reign of the "Big Three" is a thing of the past. It has been definitively proved that just as good teams can be developed in the woolly west and sunny south as in the effete east.

of the season by defeating Harvard 6 to 6. To further emphasize the fall of the east in football, Nebraska defeated Pittsburgh, and Notre Dame trimmed the Army. In order to retain a bit of prestige for the east, Penn State overwhelmed the game with Kershaw, Lewis and Hill, all regular linemen, on the casualty list, while Oklahoma, picked as a favorite from a comparatively fresh eleven composed mostly of veterans.

COBB LEADS BATTERS IN COAST WINTER LEAGUE. SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 12.—Ty Cobb, with a batting average of .441, leads the hitters of the California winter league to date, according to unofficial records. Harry Hollman is second with .384; Roger Hornsby third with .367, and George Sisler fourth with .361. All are major league stars.

Wall Paper at reduced price at Decorators Co. 115 Ninth-1st. 151-710

HOW TO PLAY GOLF

By JESSE F. GULFORD
Amateur Golf Champion of the United States.

CONVERTED CLASS

An account of each...
An account of each...
An account of each...

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An accommodation account will be carried for those who telephone their bill to the office...

PHONE YOUR AD TO 4392

and our collector will present the bill the following day.

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Knights of Pythias Meet Tuesday nights 8:30 o'clock, 602 Scott Avenue, Wichita, Kansas. W. J. WEBB, Secretary.

Wichita Falls Lodge, No. 535. A. F. & A. M. Sited in the city. Meetings every Friday night at 8 o'clock.

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THE OUTTA-LUCK CLUB—



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It Was Blink's Turn to Get Soaked



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CHOICE PORK LOINS WHOLESALE AT HALF THE PRICE IN 1920

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—Choice pork loins are wholesaling at just half as much as they sold for at this time last year...

Retail prices of these products have not fallen so low. Pork chops are retailing for as high as 4 cents...

Any butcher who is charging more than 20 cents a pound for pork chops is profiteering...

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