



# THE GIRL IN THE JUNGLE

By Douglas Newton

Deep in the Fastness of a Tropical Forest—the Inflexible Lederer Finds One Force That Bends His Will and Binds Him, a Willing Captive in Chains Made Out of a Girl's Smiles

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THE consul at Portales had spoken of Seward Bryer as an arresting personality. Lederer found him quite that. He arrested Lederer with a rifle or tried to. Lederer's power launch, chugging toward the headwater of the marigold-smelling Rio Pajo, shot from out the heat of the jungle into the radiator brassiness of unmitigated sun just about camping time. The vermilion-tinted banks through which the river clawed just here threw back the heat as from a scorched tin wall, and the country beyond was mean and flat and about as comfortable as a caldron.

On the beach where Lederer meant to land stood a square, stocky man, his rifle in the middle of his arm. He stared at Lederer. He was ready for him. In the tropic quiet he had heard the launch five miles away.

Lederer gave an order; had to give it twice before the half-breed at the tiller obeyed. Bryer was a topic in Portales, and the helmsman had heard things that were disturbing. But when Lederer spoke the second time he obeyed sharply. He may have heard things about Bryer; he knew Lederer.

The launch circled sleekly across the bronze water, and power was shut off. The man on the beach waited and then called in a calm, penetrating voice, and in native dialect:

"What do you want here?"

"I'm landing," said Lederer in English. "Three miles higher up," said the stocky man without emotion. "A mile beyond my station post, you'll see it on the bank. I won't have you here."

Lederer did not give an order. The launch continued toward the beach, the half-breed, with a yellowing face, ducking well down below the counter. The stocky man on the beach stared. He did not move—much. The barrel of his rifle sank into his hands. He did not lift to sight, but all the same a bullet snapped neatly and accurately through the crown of Lederer's sun hat.

And Lederer did not move. He still puffed at his cigarette and the launch swept unflinchingly landward. The man on the beach stared sullenly and at a loss for a moment, and had not recovered when the nose of the launch grounded softly in the mud.

Lederer ignored him. He lifted his long, acridly thin length from the top of the cabin on which he had been sitting, picked up a bowline, stepped from the launch to the shore.

Bryer studied the newcomer under lowered brows and then, quite deliberately, he put down his rifle. He came toward Lederer with hands swinging.

"I don't want you here," he said with an even passion. "Don't you follow that? I won't have you or any other stranger here. Now, vamoose, quit."

LEDERER was already snubbing his rope along the trunk of a snubby his rope gave Bryer not the slightest attention. Bryer clenched his fists and came closer.

"Who the hell are you?"

"My name's Lederer."

"I might have known it," said Bryer with a sudden lightning of manner. "I've heard of you. Pretty cool hand, aren't you?"

Lederer shrugged. He knew he had a reputation. The Indians, and the half-breeds too, called him "the long fierce devil without flesh." But he didn't pay any attention to that sort of talk, just as he did not go out of his way to create it.

If you had asked him about himself he would have told you that he was a man who knew what he wanted, and went out and got it. A simple statement, but not at all simple actually. The things Lederer habitually did were done despite the almost terrifying hostility of primitive, tropical nature re-enforced on many occasions by the committee of tropical man, his guns, throwing knives, spears and poison-tipped arrows. It was because Lederer had formed the habit of accomplishing amazing things with something of the simplicity of his statement that his name was a matter of awe along the whole length of the river.

"Peter Lederer, eh?" said Bryer examining the tall, thin man sullenly and keenly. "Well, even at that I don't want you, nor any one else, here."

"I'm not after your oil," said Lederer calmly. "I don't care a cuss about your oil. You're too scared about it, Bryer. You're making yourself a nuisance."

"Hub, so you've heard of me, too," said Bryer. "Well I've reason to be touchy. You mean to camp here?"

"I'm going to camp here," Lederer, indeed, had already swung his arm to command. His five men were actually getting out his camp gear. Their eyes were rolling anxiously toward Bryer, but their minds and bodies were obeying Lederer slavishly. Bryer, no fool, saw that that meant.

"I suppose," he began, then he gave in, saying harshly, "You'll act straight, Peter Lederer?"

"I thought you said you'd heard of me," said the long, thin man. He turned his back on Bryer and walked toward the launch.

Bryer also knew what that meant. He had cast an aspersions on a man whose "white-ness" was a proverb in a gray to black continent. He stared a long minute, made as though to speak, then turned, and picking up his rifle, slouched off along a track that ran into a screen of palms.



"What do you want here?" "I'm landing," said Lederer in English

NO DOUBT the snub Lederer had handed out ruffled, for in half an hour an Indian boy brought a note, and that note was unprecedented in the known history of Bryer. It invited Lederer to dinner.

When a few minutes later Lederer also followed the trail through the palms he encountered his first surprise. He saw Bryer's house, and it was unexpected. It was not the usual crazy leaf-scrub hut; it was a real barraco (a true house as apart from a mere shack). And it was unusual for that part of the world.

It was, in fact, Connecticut or Long Island planted down in the heart of nowhere. It was nothing less than an American Colonial house, porch and all.

The second, the more profound surprise came from the porch as Lederer strode up. A girl, a white girl in pretty if old-fashioned

muflin, stood up. Bryer said, "My daughter Mavis," as though pretty, college-trained Anglo-Brazon girls were just the sort of friends one expected to make in the thick of the virgin jungle.

She laughed candidly at Lederer's astonishment.

"I know I'm a shock," she said, "but I'm an accomplished fact and dad's authentic daughter."

She was a slim, upstanding girl, taller than her father and of a finer grain. Pale with the bleach of the great heat, she gave the impression of great vitality as well as delicacy. Her hair, amber-gold, was a fact, cascading mass about her grave, fine face, and her eyes were gray, laughing and remarkably steady. A girl of vivaciousness and swiftness. Lederer was amazed at her.

Across the shining and civilized table under the bright light of an unexpected oil lamp she said to him, in answer to his unspoken criticism of Bryer: "Daddy refused to have me here. Sent an ultimatum when I told him my plans on leaving school, but I defied him and came."

Lederer was prepared to say things to her. He was always candid. She went on quickly: "No don't begin the old story about the dangers to white women and so on. I know it. Tell me what news there is instead."

They talked a little about civilization, but Lederer could not keep off the extraordinaryness of the girl herself. It was not long before he said, "How long have you been here?"

"About two years," she told him.

"You like it?"

"Only just enough. It has attractions, but there are so many crawling things, too. I'm ready to leave when—the time comes."

"When will that be?" asked Lederer, noting the ambiguity in her tone. She did not answer, but shrugged her shoulders and looked at her father. Lederer said deliberately:

"I think you ought to leave before the hot spell. Too many tropic summers are bad for the white."

"Oh, she'll leave all right before then," said Bryer, cutting harshly across the talk. "We'll all leave by then."

Lederer saw the pain and despair in the man's face, saw the quick look of tenderness that flashed in the face of the girl. Her eyes were pitiful, but she said bravely:

"And we'll have made our fortune by then, too." The man laughed harshly, and his only answer was to drink deeply. His despair seemed to spur the girl. "You'll see, dad," she said. "It'll all come straight. I feel it."

"We'll see in six weeks, anyhow," said the man. Lederer looked at him quickly.

"You're talking about the Nationalization Bill," he said.

"You told me you weren't after oil," said Bryer suddenly and savagely, his thick hands gripping the table and his eyes glaring hate as he half rose.

"I'm not. I'm after copper. Finds have been reported from the headwater of the Pajojo."

"Why mention the Nationalization Bill then?" snarled Bryer, still suspicious.

"I just remembered things."

"About me?"

"About you. These natives are trying to double-cross you, aren't they? That's the talk in Portales, anyhow." Bryer did not answer, he bent gloomy eyes on the table, wondering, perhaps, whether he should talk of his wrongs to Lederer. He would not do it to any man, but this Lederer had a curious reputation. He was a "white" man, if report did not lie, and his handling of the graft-ridden Government was a matter of joyous legend. While he was thinking of the girl Mavis spoke. She, apparently, had decided about Lederer the moment she set eyes on him. It is more than probable he had decided about her, too.

"Let us ask Mr. Lederer's advice, dad," she cried. She turned to the long, thin, young man, and he thought her face was exquisite in its vivid, eager light. "You've heard something of our troubles, Mr. Lederer, you say? It's the usual story, I suppose, but you can see how ghastly it makes our position."

"I've only heard club gossip; what is the exact position?"

THE story that the girl Mavis told him, her delicate face vivid in its animation, was characteristic of the ideals in administrative government as understood by the Latin-American.

Seward Bryer, an engineer, had given up a position in the great oil fields of the Atlantic seaboard to follow the rumor of oil up the Pajojo beyond Portales, and here he had, after labor, difficulty and tribulations, been rewarded by the sight of his first seepage and heard the unmistakable murmuring chubbe, so thrilling to all oilmen, that told of subterranean oil.

He had bought with half his capital an option on the whole field—then virgin land—and had obtained permits to drill test holes from an ironically skeptical "administrator" whose palm had been crossed with gold. The test holes had been sunk, the oil proved.

"You are sure it's the goods," Lederer interjected here. He was interested, with Mavis' glowing face before him more than interested, but he had heard of wildcat schemes before.

"Look at the lamp," cried Bryer, cutting in and indicating the bright light hanging above the table. "Does that look good? Well, that's lit from seepage—seepage, do you understand? That lamp is lit by oil taken just as it oozes from the ground without any refining process. There's only one other place where that happens."

"I know," nodded Lederer. "It happens in the Tabasco State of Mexico, too, doesn't it? That means you've found real fine oil. But—is there any amount of it?"

"Not less than 50,000 barrels, probably more," said Bryer evenly. "That's the main pool, and there are others."

"That sounds like a big find," agreed Lederer. "Well, you struck it—and then?"

Then the administrator took a hand. He appeared suddenly one day at Bryer's station. Without doubt he had heard something from out of the half-breeds Bryer

then employed. This plump official, whose name was Duarte Soares, was quite friendly. He said that he was merely on a tour of inspection, and he inspected. Bryer would have liked to choke him off but it was impossible. He saw everything. He looked upon the oil that Bryer had already tanked with an indulgent smile, and he was very affable at lunch.

Bryer, not well versed in Latin-American methods, thought no ill until, sure of his find, he went down to the administrator at Portales to buy his land. There he struck a snag.

According to his papers all was clear. He had a straight option on the land and had first claim to purchase over all comers. There was no mistake about that: the land was his when he put his money down. He put his papers on Duarte's desk and his money beside it, and told the administrator to put the business through. It was then he learned with a sense—not of shock, not then did the shock come, but of bewilderment—that the law of the land ordained a certain curious procedure with regard to purchase.

The procedure was this: The signatures of the contracting parties had to be made, not in a notary's office or in any office, but on the land to be purchased. And the signatures had to be witnessed by a Government official, after he had satisfied himself by inspection that the deed actually concerned the land in question.

He did not actually become anxious, that is, he did not actually, until he heard of the Nationalization Bill. Up to that he had put down Duarte's sickness to the irritating "tomorrow" spirit that plays the duce with all Latin-American transactions. Duarte had failed to come up to sign, of course, but his excuses and temporizations had been the usual sort of thing with fellows of his neglectful kind.

When the Nationalization Bill came before the country's comic parliament, Bryer began to think that there was something more sinister behind Duarte's "tomorrow" habit. Briefly, the bill was of the kind passed in Mexico in 1917, that it was a law declaring all petroleum in the subsoil to be the property of the nation. It was, in one respect less drastic than the Mexican bill, mainly because to choke off the foreign investor would be to strangle the finances of the State. It conceded all oil discoveries prior to the passing of the bill. That is all oil fields discovered and possessed by foreigners prior to the passing of the bill would remain in their hands, but no new lands and wells could be bought by foreigners after that date.

When Bryer read the terms of the bill he saw light, and knew range. He recognized Duarte was playing a deep game—no, there would not have been this strange gliding, swaying motion, or that sound of machinery. He was not at home—where was he?

He opened his eyes, booted his short, plump body to a sitting posture. His left hand were curtains; he swung them aside. He looked out of a square, circular window; regarded with amazement a narrow walk of boards, a chain rail, and a sweep of bronze-colored water, and with a way across the distance, the thick pallid of the flowering aninas, the weed that crowds the river edge.

With a shrill Latin oath he jerked upward, hitting his head against the roof of the cabin. He rebounded and tore aside the long curtains to his right. He looked across the saloon of Lederer's launch; across the folded table at which he had dined too well last night.

Then, at the string of oaths that snapped from his too dry lips, the curtains beyond

parted. A seedy and disheveled head emerged. The eyes in the head regarded him in pain and bewilderment—and the voice of Camoens Miranda, his assistant, asked what had happened, and if this was not the end of the world.

It took fifteen minutes of powerful self-determination, and a frequent application to the sparklet siphon, which had been placed handy, to carry Duarte out the door. He found the long "spider man" lounging full length under the awning, and looking, he thought, strangely sentimental.

But Senor Lederer greeted him pleasantly and asked him if he had been comfortable.

"Reasonably, Senor," said Duarte, caressing his head. "I would be more so if I knew why I was here."

"You are on the trip for which you expressed such a desire last night," said Lederer gently.

"Oh, I expressed myself thus so?" said Duarte. "You must have better able to take me at my word than I myself. And the trip is—"

"Up stream," smiled Lederer.

"Oh, up stream," murmured Duarte, and then with a comical attitude of despair, "Not as far as the headwater, Senor?"

"Not as far," agreed Lederer. Duarte abruptly became a little anxious.

"Was there—did I express a desire for any definite goal, Senor?"

"Not exactly," grinned Lederer indolently. "But I thought that the station of the Senor Seward Bryer would be far enough."

The little fat rogue sucked in his lips with an audible sound, and stared down at the lanky gringo.

Duarte suddenly became heated. "No, no," he cried. "Do not let us talk politely like this. It is important. There is something of moment to be done in Portales. I must, with all courtesy and sorrow, insist that you turn back."

Lederer looked at him quietly for a full minute. Then he said, evenly:

"There is something of moment to be done at the station of Senor Seward Bryer, too." Duarte jumped back like a fat crab. "So that is it!" he shouted.

"That is it. It is best that we understand each other."

JUST one of the tales about Lederer flashed into his mind. It concerned an inspector, a government official like himself. This man had traveled down to Lederer's estate in order to give one of the inevitable government permits for going something quite ordinary. He had tried, in quite the usual way, to extract the usual bribe from Lederer, and Lederer, in his usual way, had refused to pay graft. Then the man had held out granting of the permit over Lederer. He had declared he would not give it if the lanky gringo did not pay the customary backshesh. Lederer's retort had been effective and terrible. He had run the man to a swamp creek infested with the horrible, cannibalistic fish, which on the Amazon they call the piranha. First a dead hen had been swung into the creek to make the fish eager and excited—they had torn the hen to pieces, those "murder fish," before the inspector's eyes. When he had witnessed that, Lederer had said without emotion: "If I have not that permit within five minutes, you follow the hen, Senor." He got the permit.

Senor Duarte thought of this infamy as he stared into Lederer's implacable eye. This was a terrible and ruthless fellow. Lederer was a terrible and ruthless fellow. Lederer, one did not know what he would do. But he hesitated. Well, weren't there all those financiers waiting to step in and snatch this Bryer's oil at the moment the Nationalization Bill was passed? Hadn't these men to consider, as well as the very handsome sum that would trickle into his pocket?

"You will sign, Senor Duarte," said Lederer quietly, and as though he read the administrator's thoughts. "Understand, I have resolved that you shall sign and I shall see that you do. That matter is settled, you cannot help yourself."

Duarte shuddered. He knew that he was not a strong man and that Lederer was ruthless; yes, he supposed it could not be helped. Lederer went on.

"Also, dear Senor, consider the significance of your assistant, Camoens Miranda. He will, for the first thing, want to know why you have come on this journey. How, for your dignity's sake, are you to explain to him if it is not that you are fulfilling your long-promised visit to Senor Bryer? Will you tell him that you, the Administrator of Portales, have been carried off in a drunken sleep? Surely that will be a grave blow to your status."

"Then, apart from that, Camoens has his ambitions. How eager he is to usurp your office, and what means he will use, you yourself know best. What will be his attitude if he finds that you are tricking Senor Bryer? Would he not find this a useful weapon for getting the favor of the gringo capitalists—oh, cleverly and secretly, of course—and of giving them a means of causing trouble with your government, which would mean the sacrifice of you? You know the ways of wire-pulling—is this not a way by which an ambitious subordinate might jerk you out of your place and himself get into it?"

Duarte knew only too well. He swallowed hard, glared at the calm Lederer, gasped: "Yes, they are right when they call you the devil."

"I have to be," grinned Lederer. "When I have to deal with saints like you."

THE launch pushed on steadily, now it was going through the jungle heat toward the head of the butts. A vague, towelled head appeared out of the cabin. The voice of Camoens Miranda said weakly:

"We are on Senor Lederer's launch, by all the saints. Senor Duarte, why is it? What do we hear, traveling up the river?"

"Fool," snarled Senor Duarte swinging on him. "Is that the attention you pay to affairs of the State? Do you not remember only last night, over the superb dinner, we decided to come up-stream with the amiable Senor in order that we might sign and witness the sale papers, as law ordains, for the Senor Bryer's land? You remember not? You are unworthy of your great office."

A week later, with the papers legally signed and the oil wells secured despite the Nationalization Bill, Bryer and his daughter Mavis went downstream on Lederer's vessel. Bryer was going "home" to raise his company and lay the foundation of his fortune. Mavis was going "home" to lay in supplies of dresses and a good time, and, as she sat with Lederer on the cabin roof, looking out across the floor of the river shining like silver under the great tropic moon, she sighed and said that it was very beautiful.

"I've never known it so beautiful," said Lederer softly. Then he, too, sighed. "I don't want you to go, Mavis—but, well, the River is no place for a woman."

"I've heard," said Mavis as softly, "that some places are healthy. Lower down the river, at such a place as Quijao, it's a healthy as home; white women can live there, do live there."

"They do," he said. "Why, Quijao? Why, Quijao is where my place is. Did you—did you know that, Mavis?"

"Of course," she whispered softly, and allowed her eyes to be held by him.

# SCIENCE TELLS US

by René Bache



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## Balloons That Drift

QUITE obvious is the fact that balloons have not been driven out of fashion by flying machines. They have their own field of usefulness, and within recent years have undergone a wonderful development, reaching a climax in the monster "dirigible" which, equipped with powerful engines, can travel seventy-five miles an hour.

In the meantime balloons of the old spherical pattern are still in service. They have their own duty to perform for our army and navy, and dozens of them—much more efficient by reason of improvements in methods of manufacture—have been bought by the Government since the end of the war.

They are used for training airship pilots, for the management of dirigibles. A man new to the work is required to make three trips in one of these "free" balloons, as an aide. Then he makes a trip in company with four other officers who are undergoing training. Officer No. 1 navigates the balloon for a distance of fifty miles. It descends to the ground, drops him overboard, and No. 2 takes command for another voyage of the same length. Again the balloon descends; No. 3 takes charge and Nos. 4 and 5 take their turns in the same way.

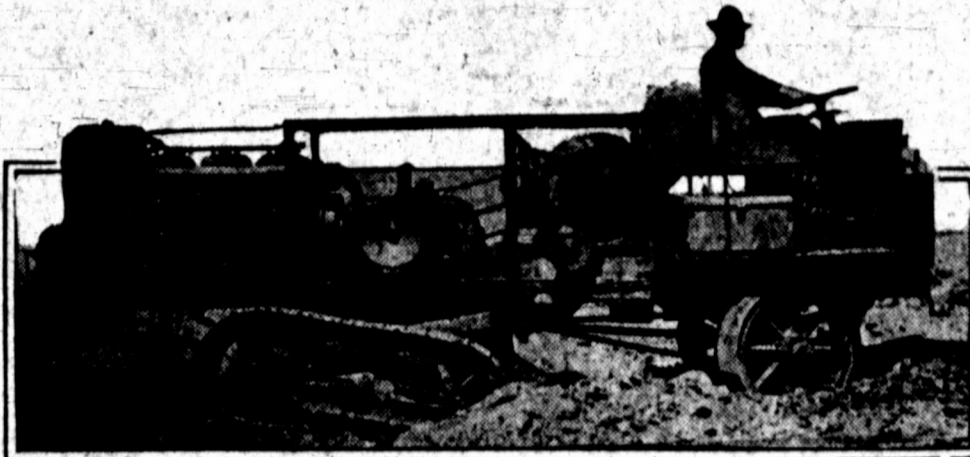
This completes the preliminary work of the novice in the art of ballooning. He is then sent to the Airship School at Langley Field, near Norfolk, Va., where he completes his course in aerostation. In the technical language of our air service, aerostation refers to airplanes, aerostation is a word applying exclusively to balloons.

It sometimes happens that an airship—the term applying to dirigibles only, and never to airplanes—becomes disabled while on a voyage, owing to a breakdown of her engines or some other accident. She is then at the mercy of the winds, like a "free" balloon.

Under such circumstances the officer in command must know what to do, and he does know because of the training he has had as pilot of a free balloon.

He finds himself at the mercy of the winds, yes. But the winds at different levels in the atmosphere are blowing in different directions. Hence his problem is to find a level where the wind is blowing the way he wants it. The situation may be emergent; the balloon may be drifting out to sea. But by throwing out ballast to rise higher, or letting out some of his gas to go lower, he will probably be able to find a wind blowing in the opposite direction. The skill exhibited by experts in this kind of work is really wonderful.

The Government Air Board has assigned the airship-of-"rigid" type to the navy; the semi-rigid and non-rigid types belong to the army. For observation work officers are trained in the "kite" or "maquis" balloons, which, by reason of their stability, serve that purpose best. These balloons,



A caterpillar balloon truck making a rough road.

however, are always captives, being operated from motortrucks by winches for ascent or descent.

Another use to which spherical "free" balloons are put is that of watching target practice, to record hits and misses and to correct the aim of the guns.

## An Eel Nursery

THE market supply of fish in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia is furnished to a large extent from ponds in which the fishes are bred, no artificial hatching being necessary. Such ponds yield crops as regular and satisfactory as equal areas of the best agricultural land.

In many ponds eels are grown. Fishes of that kind breed in the ocean, and so it is necessary to buy the young ones in quantity, "planting" them in the ponds and feeding them with refuse until they are big enough to be marketable.

The little eels used for planting are mostly imported from France and Italy. In our own country the streams in early spring swarm with little eels running up from the sea, and, if we were to adopt the practice of planting them in ponds, allowing them to grow, they would afford an important and valuable contribution to our food supply.

## The Source of Our Linen

LINEN is scarce and high in price these days, mainly because Russia, the great flax-growing country, is no longer furnishing the raw material.

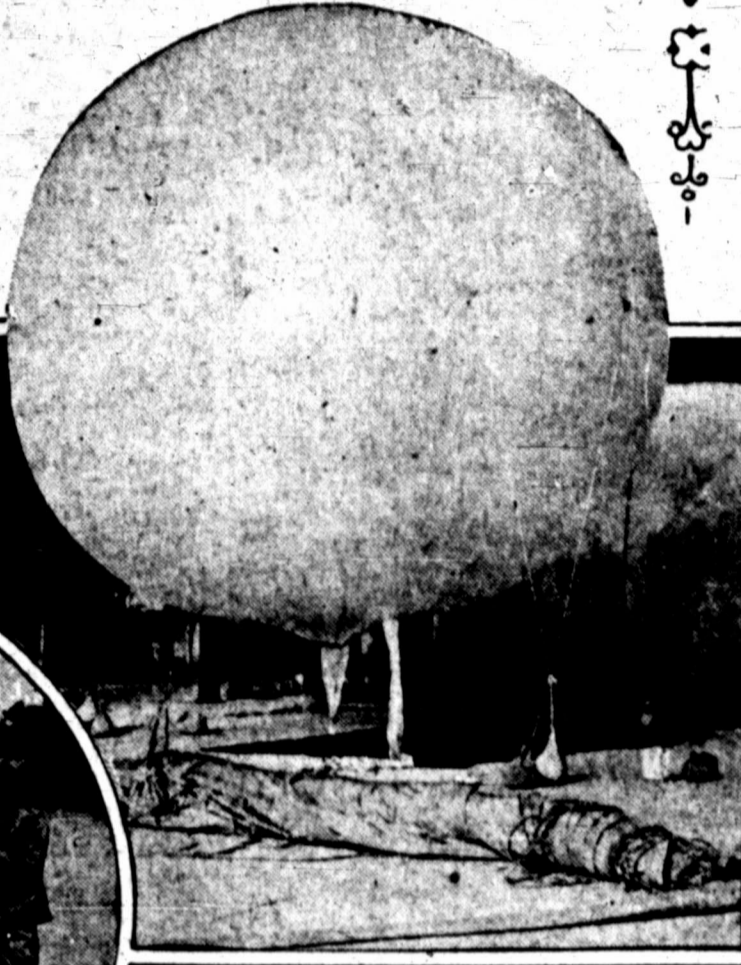
The American housewife wonders why it is necessary to send abroad to get good linen. Our grandmothers were expert with spinning-wheel and cottage loom, yet in this generation we have no such linen as is made by the Scotch, Irish, Belgians and French.

Cotton is the chief reason why. Prolific production of that vegetable fiber made cotton king, and flax "lost out" in the

competition. Another reason is that in our country labor costs too much to make flax-growing profitable.

For a very long time Scotland and Ireland have produced most of the linen used by the English-speaking world. The moist climate of those regions is favorable for bleaching. In former days the Irish and Scotch raised their own flax, but in recent years they have imported it in enormous quantities from Russia (until that source of supply was cut off) and from Belgium. Some German linens wear like iron, but in finish and pattern the Irish and Scotch are far superior. To be a linen designer demands an artistic skill not inferior to that required of a designer of laces. One thousand dollars was the price paid not long ago for a tablecloth and twenty-four napkins in the pattern of which the Haps of Proserpine was depicted.

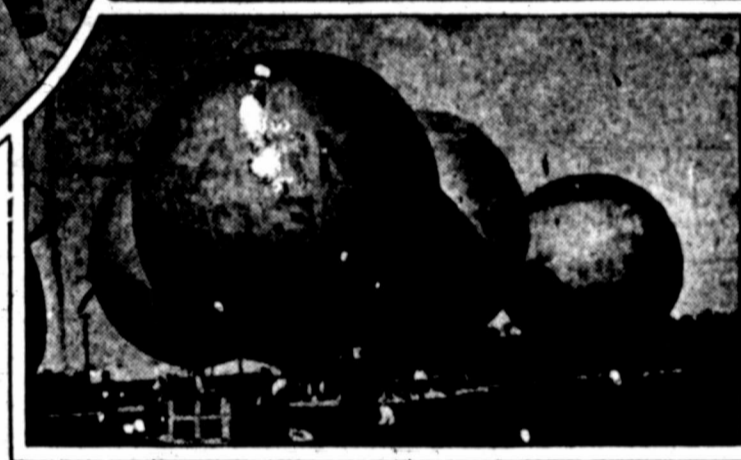
The French and Belgians are famous for their fine damask linens, which when finished in silk are called "silk damask." That kind of weave gets its name from an ancient cloth of Damascus. The designs are exquisite; and in convents and schools children study art-letting for napkins, tablecloths, etc.



A propaganda balloon, light and unmanned, hanging from a structure.



Filling the bag with hydrogen gas through a pipe shown in the foreground connected with the steel cylinders.



A rock of army balloons ready to take to the air for motive power amid the clouds with the wind.

## Farewell to the Old Flour Sack

BEFORE long the housewife will be able to buy flour at the grocer's in five-pound cartons. The big millers have taken up the idea, thinking it a good one.

Nearly everything else in the way of dry foodstuffs is sold in cartons nowadays; so why not flour? An objection offered is that the housewife usually wants more than five pounds for current supply. True. So like-wise does she want more than one cake of soap; and therefore she buys several cakes at a time. On the same principle, she could buy several cartons of flour.

Flour in cartons would be more convenient to handle. The paper boxes would be vermin-proof. Flat-dwellers would welcome such packages, if only for the reason that their flour supply would occupy a minimum of storage space.

## Rosaries From Bethlehem

TEN to twenty tons of the pearl-shell waste of American button factories—broken pieces and butt-ends of shells—are shipped monthly to the Holy Land, where, in the village where Christ was born, the material is converted into beads and ornamental objects. For many centuries the manufacture of such products has been the only important industry of Bethlehem.

They find a market largely in the United States. In 1920 there was shipped from Bethlehem to this country at least \$60,000 worth of rosaries, made of mother-of-pearl beads, with silver chains and strung on wire of the same metal, or "white metal" for a substitute. For making larger carven or

other ornamental objects Bethlehem obtains supplies of pearl-oyster shells from the Persian Gulf, from India and from Australia. The chains of silver and white metal are imported from France. Hand labor is employed exclusively in the industry, and, inasmuch as it is very cheap, the idea of using machinery is regarded with disfavour.

Many necklaces of mother-of-pearl are sold to tourists who visit Bethlehem. The artisans of that quaint old town also make great quantities of tiny beads which are sold in strings or bunches for trimming women's dresses. These little beads are in special demand by the Moslem women of Algeria and other parts of Northern Africa.

## Gigantic Armored Mammal

SURELY the strangest mammal that ever lived was the "glyptodon," which carried its house with it, being encased in a mighty shell somewhat resembling that of a turtle but far more massive. The carapace, furthermore, was almost dome-shaped, and all parts of the creature's body, including even the tail, were heavily armored.

This remarkable animal seems to have been exclusively American, and until recently none of its fossil remains has been discovered north of the Rio Grande, barring a few fragments of bones. A big one was dug up recently, however, not far from Tucson, Ariz., by Dr. Gidley, a paleontologist of the United States National Museum. It is a complete skeleton, representing a specimen which in life must have weighed about half a ton.

The glyptodon was so sluggish that a mile a month must have been just about its best racing speed. It fed on herbage, presumably, and, possessing no weapon of defense, would have been easy prey for carnivorous enemies if its armor had not afforded adequate protection. When attacked, it had only to withdraw its head, which was covered by a heavy bony sheath, and to retract its legs beneath the shell, in order to become invulnerable. The assailant might as well tackle a boulder.

The specimen found in Arizona probably

lived not less than 1,000,000 years ago. Its tribe (contemporary with the megatherium or giant sloth) has no descendants today, but is represented in a way by the modern armadillo, which is likewise an armored mammal and one of the curiosities of nature.

## Bean That Is a Cow

CULTIVATION of the soy bean has developed in China to such an extent that it now represents the principal agricultural industry of that country. Immense areas of the great plains of Southern Manchuria are devoted to this crop. The world's demand for soy beans is steadily increasing, and China's export of them bids fair soon to surpass in value that of its silk output. There are more than 1000 varieties of soy beans, from which an experiment station at Kung-chu-ling, in Southern Manchuria, has chosen one as the best of all. It is nearly spherical, yellow in color and of the bignonia of a small pea. A yield of 22 percent of oil is obtained from it. The soy bean yields milk and butter (or products equivalent for table use), as well as a great variety of other edibles, including a famous sauce. Taken all in all, the five-ounce bean is one of our most versatile vegetables.

## Swimming In the Air

AN OLD-FASHIONED method of teaching a youngster to swim is to balance him on his stomach upon a piano stool and show him the proper froglike motions. For a grown person this is hardly dignified. Besides, it must be owned that a "dry-swim apparatus" newly invented by Gustav A. Fischer, of Cleveland, O., offers advantages altogether superior.

The contrivance employs a pair of ropes which are doubled and hung over a couple of strong hooks in the ceiling of a room. The ropes are passed through an oblong ring and thence extended in such wise as to support a long, narrow board. Near the ends of the board are slots, into which the ropes fit, to be thereupon tied so that they may not slip. The long ends of the ropes thus hang from the board, a pair of them from each extremity thereof. One pair terminates in two pockets shaped like half-shoes. The other pair carries a couple of rings, which are held a little distance apart by a spacer-ring above, being secured thereto by knots.

The dry swimmer inserts his toes into the half-shoes, and grips with his hands the two rings. Thus suspended, he can go through all the motions of swimming. At intervals a camp stool placed beneath his stomach will afford rest.

## Electrifying Finland

IN THE interior of Finland is an enormous area of crooked lakes, occupying tortuous valleys, from which many rivers run to the Gulf of Bothnia, the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea. It is a region rich in available waterpower, from which in the course of time it will derive industrial importance.

Most important of these sources of power is the Upper Vioksen River, which has a series of considerable falls. By suitable damming and joining of falls it could be made to yield 280,000 horsepower. Comparatively simple engineering operations will enable the stream to develop 120,000 horsepower, and on that basis a power plant is to be established at Imatra which will suffice to electrify the whole of Finland. The annual output of power expected is 800,000,000 kilowatts—equivalent to what could be obtained by burning 8,600,000 cubic yards of wood or 2,000,000 tons of coal in a steam plant. The Finnish railways use wood for fuel, consuming about 2,300,000 cubic yards annually.

## Baseball Played on Table

EXCEEDINGLY clever is the idea of E. J. Nicholas L. Sherman, of Lakewood, O., who has newly patented a game of baseball that can be played in the house on a table.

A board, specially constructed for the game, represents a playing field, with a baseball diamond marked out on it. The ball is thrown by a little wooden gun, energized by a spring plunger, which takes the place of the pitcher. It is a game for two players. One of them operates the gun; the other (representing the opposing team) stands or sits at the opposite end of the board.

Across this latter end is erected a scoreboard, which incidentally serves to conceal (as will presently be explained) certain doings of the opposing player which have relation to the batting.

The gun is positioned in a trough below the level of the playing field. This trough, in fact, runs the entire length of the board, so that the marble (representing the ball), when discharged from the gun by the pitcher, passes not over but beneath the field.

The trough is divided into three lengthwise slots, and the gun is so pivoted that the pitcher can at will direct the ball through the left-hand slot, the middle slot or the right-hand slot.

Fastened to the rear of the scoreboard is a small horizontal rod, on which a flat stick, pivoted in the middle, is so adjusted that, by pushing it along the rod it can be made to assume any one of three positions.

Suppose that the batsman (player No. 2, behind the scoreboard) places the stick in the middle position. If thereupon the pitcher fires the ball through the middle slot, it will

strike the lower end of the stick, causing the upper end to fly forward and hit a pin which knocks a small cube off a shelf in front of the scoreboard—the cube falling upon the playing field. There are three cubes and three pins.

It is the business of the batsman to guess the slot through which the ball will come. He wants the ball to hit his bat (the stick), and, if it fails to do so three times in succession, record is made of an "out." Three strikes.

Suppose, however, that he makes a "hit" and the cube falls off the shelf. Each of the six sides of the cube bears a lettered word—"four," "first base," "ball," "second base," "third base," "out." It is the upper face of the cube, as it lies, that determines the result of the hit.

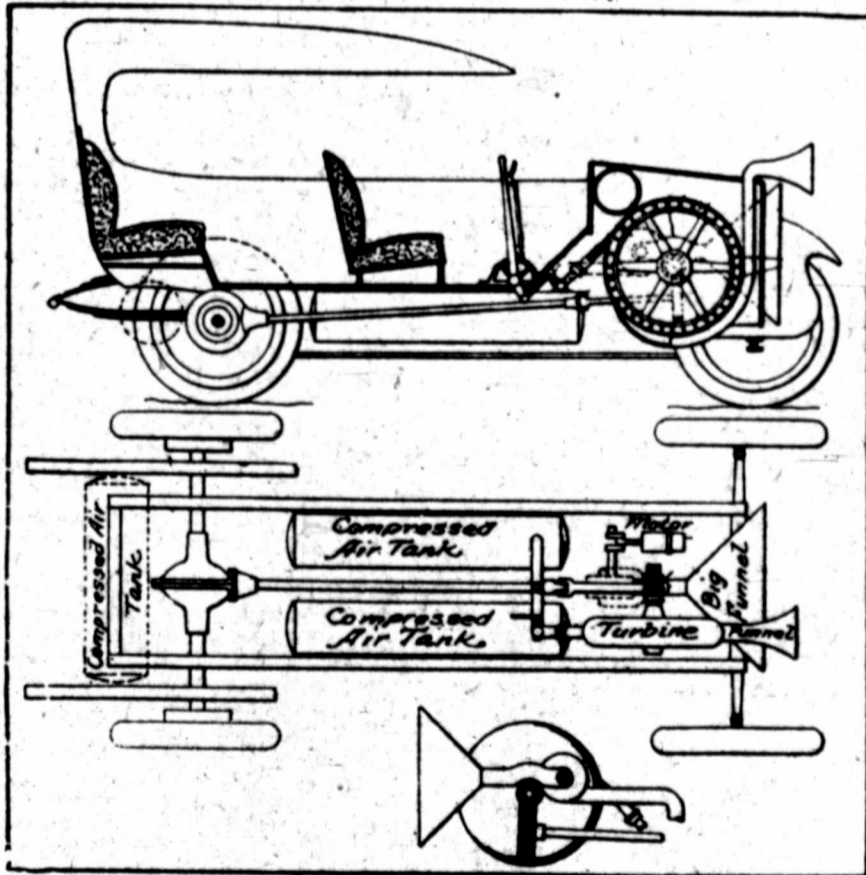
Each base of the diamond has, in place of a bag, a clip to hold a little wooden man. Thus the progress of the runners is shown. If a man is on base and a hit is made, he will be advanced, or a run scored, exactly as in a regular baseball game.

The playing board is so constructed that, when resting on a table, the scoreboard (batsman's end is slightly elevated). Thus the ball after each shot is returned by gravity to the gun.

The scoreboard is marked off for innings and provided with little hooks on which may be hung score-tape to indicate the runs made by the two players who represent the rival teams.

Three out, all out. The pitcher then takes the batsman's place, and it is his turn to adjust the pivoted "bat," and to guess the slot through which the ball will come.

## Run Your Car With Air



WHY use expensive gasoline? Air is cheap and not likely to rise in price. Put in an air turbine and be independent of the gas trust.

A Brooklyn man, Edward L. Fitz Gibbon, believes that he has solved the problem with an air engine for automobiles that saves fuel costs, does away with much intricate machinery and abolishes danger of fire or explosion.

Beneath the car (according to his novel design) are two large cylindrical tanks to hold compressed air, which may be forced into them through a hose. They are connected together by a pipe, from which another pipe extends upward and forward, its nozzle delivering a jet of air under pressure upon the blades of a turbine wheel.

The turbine is at the front of the car, under the hood, and, carrying on its periphery a number of blades, it rotates inside of an air-tight casing. Its shaft is geared to a driving shaft, which makes the rear wheels of the automobile go round. You see, of course, how it works. The jet of compressed air from the tanks is thrown forcibly against the blades of the turbine, causing the latter to rotate, and the power thus developed is transmitted to the rear wheels of the car for the purpose of propulsion.

A throttle valve, operated by a lever close to the driver's seat, enables him to control the force of the air jet delivered to the blades of the turbine wheel, and thus to regulate speed as he wishes.

The air encountered by a rapidly moving automobile exerts a strong pressure against the front of the vehicle. This pressure represents power, and some of it (the inventor believes) can be profitably utilized. Hence he proposes to erect at the front of the machine a funnel, facing forward, to swallow a portion of the opposing air and deliver it through a pipe to the rear of the turbine, where it will impinge upon the blades, help to drive the turbine wheel and give additional speed to the car.

This, however, is not all. The inventor proposes to gather in nearly all the heat of the opposing air through a funnel three feet in diameter, opening out of the front of the car and inviting a rush of atmosphere to make its way to a condenser, from which it will be pumped to the tanks. The pumping will be done by a small gas or other motor, which will also operate a dynamo for lighting the vehicle.

It is suggested that a third tank for the storage of compressed air may conveniently occupy the space behind the axle of the rear wheels under the car.

WICHITA DAILY TIMES
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS
PUBLISHED EVERY WEEKDAY AFTERNOON AND ON SUNDAY MORNING
Entered at the Postoffice at Wichita Falls as Second Class Matter
PHONE BRANCH: 4825
PRIVATE BRANCH: 4825
NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES
E. Katz, Special Agent, New York
Chicago, Kansas City, Atlanta, San Francisco

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UNIVERSITY SCHOOL
Texhomas and to Row in
The High school quints let way in their North-Methodist last night and...
Colds can't make me quit work
Dr. Bell's Fine-Tar-Honey
BOWER & DIXON Auto Painting Co.
DR. SCHULTZ
CLUB P TOPI
DALLAS
HOUSTON

UNIVERSITY AND HIGH SCHOOL TEAMS WIN

Texhomas and Methodists Forced to Bow in Second League Games.

The High school and University club quieted had things their own way in their contests with the North Methodist and Texhomas last night and romped home as winners by scores of 23 to 2 and 18 to 2, respectively.

Coach Tate's Red and Black charges showed the results of faithful training and practice and their team work was superior to that of any displayed in the league thus far. Tate allowed his first string men to remain in the game the greater part of the first half and then began yanking them to get a line on the fast of his squad in competition.

There was hardly any comparison between the University aggregation and the Texhomas. The floor work and shooting of the Viner brothers and Ralph and George, who were not at all displayed in the game, but was particularly noteworthy while Captain Johnson and Palmer Herrold also played brilliantly.

Stiles and Stelm of the Texhomas played well and would undoubtedly have scored more baskets had they been able to keep the ball away from the University long enough. The scores:

Table with columns for team names (High School, Deems, Herrod, Shaw, Mackechny, Johnson, Howell, West, Hembry, Anderson, Tyson, Cohen) and statistics (FG, FT, FTM, TP, Rebounds, etc.).

CLUB PRESIDENTS TO APPEAR IN COURT

DALLAS, Jan. 14.—Injunction proceedings filed here last night brought a new issue into the ownership of the Dallas club, which threatens to affect today's conference of the Texas league at Houston.

In addition to last night's action three suits now are pending in district courts here as a result of the baseball situation. These suits are: one to enforce an injunction to force Hasell and Hamilton Patterson to sell the Dallas club to Morris and Morris; one to enforce an injunction to force Hasell and Hamilton Patterson to sell the Dallas club to Morris and Morris; one to enforce an injunction to force Hasell and Hamilton Patterson to sell the Dallas club to Morris and Morris.

YANK OWNER DECLARES SHAWKEY WILL STICK

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Bob Shawkey, the veteran major league hurler, whose red underclothes have in past years set the sartorial pace in baseball yards, today declared he would not leave the Yankee club regardless of any trades or deal the American league champions negotiate.

LONG ILLNESS FATAL TO PRESIDENT OF PHILADELPHIA CLUB

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 14.—Benjamin F. Shibe, president of the Philadelphia American league baseball club, died today.

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon



NO REST FOR THE GASTRIC SYSTEM. AFTER THE HOLIDAY DINNER—WAITING FOR A VOLUNTEER TO PHOTOGRAPH.

DEMPESEY MAY MEET CARPENTIER ABROAD

Ring Followers Believe Return Match in Europe Would Prove Successful.

NEW CHAMPION GOT START IN THE ARMY

Tunney Had All the Fun in A. E. Boxing Circle.

TIMES DAILY MARKETS

Market data section including Grain and Produce, Cotton Market, and Local Market prices.

NEW YORK STOCKS

Table of New York Stock market prices for various securities.

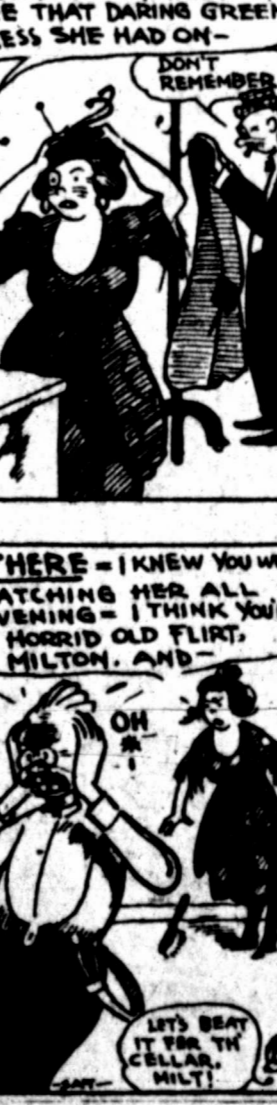
THE BICKER FAMILY



BY SATTERFIELD



"SUT SAYS"



OLYMPIC

Advertisement for OLYMPIC pens, featuring a drawing of a pen and promotional text.

REAL BARGAINS

Advertisement for STAR FURNITURE CO. featuring a drawing of a chair and promotional text.

# THE TIMES' DAILY PAGE OF LEADING COMIC FEATURES

J. RABBIT, ESQUIRE

BY HOLMAN

CICERO SAPP

BY FRED LOCHER

**ANSWER DEPT**  
 QUES: I WOULD GET MARRIED BUT I HATE HOUSEWORK. WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE?  
 T.A.M.  
 ANS: MARRY A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

WHAT YOU GOT IN TH' BOX, J?

THAT'S A JOKE ON TH' WIFE

WHAT'S TH' JOKE

SAY LISTEN, CICERO! WE'RE GOING TO BE HOME TONIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU AND SOPHIE RUN UP AND SEE US? WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR A LONG TIME!

WELL, SAY! CAN YOU BEAT THAT FOR A CONVICIENCE? WE WERE JUST GIVING THIS MORNING THAT IT'S ABOUT TIME WE WERE GOING UP TO THE SHIRTS FOR A GAME OF THE HUNDRED!!

ALL RIGHT - I'LL MAKE IT FOR TONIGHT. MY WIFE HAS A LOT OF JIBB DUDS SOPHIE'LL BE INTERESTED IN SEEING - A REALSKIN COAT, COUPLE OF NEW HATS AND A LOT OF OTHER STUFF!!!

WELL - ARE WE GOING TO THE SMITHS' TONIGHT?

OH - I DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING UP THERE! - I'M ALL IN - HAD A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE! I'D RATHER JUST STAY HOME AND READ!!!

WELL, SHE BUSTED ALL OUR PLATES ON MY HEAD SO I'M TAKING HER SOME MORE.

WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

OH, THESE ARE SO HEAVY SHE CAN'T BUST 'EM

**TOOTS AND CASPER—**  
 Evidently Casper Is a Strong Believer in Signs  
 —BY J. E. MURPHY

EVERY TIME I LOOK FOR BABY HE'S UNDER A SOFA OR A BED!

YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF

WELL WHAT OF IT?

QUIT YOUR FISSING, CASPER WHAT IF HE DOES CRAWL - WHAT OF IT?

IT SHOWS WHAT HE MIGHT BE WHEN HE GROWS UP -

AND YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF MEN CRAWL UNDER BEDS - BURGLARS!

**DOINGS OF THE DUFFS**  
 Foxy Like a Goose  
 BY ALLMAN

TOM, HOW DID YOU FRAME IT UP, OR DID YOU TELL YOUR WIFE YOU WERE GOING TO PLAY POKER TONIGHT?

I DIDN'T SAY WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO - I JUST SAID I HAD TO GO OUT - HANA

YOU'RE A LUCKY DOG! WASN'T SHE A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS?

NO, I PUT IT OVER ALL RIGHT - I HINTED THAT I HAD TO GO TO A BUSINESS MEETING

WAIT UNTIL I SAY GOODBYE

GOODBYE, HELEN! I'LL BE HOME EARLY - GOODBY!

GOODBY - PLAY 'EM TIGHT AND REMEMBER I GET HALF OF ALL YOU WIN!

**THE OLD HOME TOWN**  
 BY STANLEY

YES - THE FIRST HOUR!!

GIT FER HOME BRUND!

THEM CITY DUDES ARE PURTY FRISKY -

YOU SAY HE'S MIGHTY STOUT?

NO-NO-ISAY HE'S ABOUT TUCKERED OUT!

WHY SONNY I WON'T GET STARTED TILL ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK!!

I'M NOT FEELING SO WELL - I THINK I'LL REST!

BY 10 A.M. 'POP'AINSLY HAD JUST ABOUT RUINED THAT YOUNG FELLER FROM THE CITY WHO WANTED TO HELP HIM SAW WOOD

**THE AFFAIRS OF JANE**  
 His Professional Pride  
 BY YOUNG

OH ART, COME ON OUT ANY SEE THE SPLENDID WRITE-UP THEY GAVE ME IN THE REVIEW OF OUR NEW PICTURE

JUST A SECOND

GOLLY THEY SURE SPILLED SOME NICE CHATTER ABOUT US, DIDN'T THEY?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'US'? - THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT YOU

SURE THEY DID - IT SAYS HERE - "SUPPORTED BY AN EXCELLENT CAST OF FIVE HUNDRED, DOESN'T IT?"

YEAH

WELL, WASN'T I IN THE CAST?

**FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS**  
 Tag's Eyes Are Bigger Than His Somatch  
 BY BLOSSER

PLEASE EXCUSE ME, MOM.

YOU'RE EXCUSED, TAG.

WHY, TAG, WHAT IS THE MATTER? YOU LOOK SO MOURNFUL.

THAT'S JUST IT, GRANPA - I AM MORE'N FULL!

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**  
 BY AHERN

YOU SHOULD LET YOUR MUM KNOW WHERE YOU WERE GOING ALVIN! - WE LOOKED ALL OVER FOR YOU, AN' WE WERE 'YES' GOIN' TO TH' POLICE STATION.

GOSH, TH' COOD WAS CUCKOO WHEN I BLEW IN - TH' WOMEN WERE ALL DOING TH' 'SEXTETTE' FROM LUCY IN SOBS OVER THAT KID BEING LOST - HE'S A RIOT!

'MON BUS! TROT 'EM ALONG - I'VE GOT A STY IN MY EYE NOW FROM LOOKING FOR THIS KID! SHAKE 'EM UP!

I WAS OVER TO LESTER'S HOUSE AN' I CALLED UP MY UNTY ON LESTER'S TOY TELEPHONE TO TELL HER WHERE I WAS BUT SHE DIDN'T ANSWER!

ALVIN HELD UP CHOW AN HOUR BY BEING LOST

**SALESMAN SAM**  
 Seeing Is Believing  
 BY SWAN

MADAM, I AM SELLING GUZZLEM'S SYRUP, GUARANTEED TO CURE ANYTHING.

ANYTHING? - I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WELL, I CAN PROVE IT

YOU'LL HAVE TO IF YOU WANNA SELL ANY OF IT TO ME

ALL RIGHT, JUST READ THAT - RIGHT ON THE BOTTLE ITSELF - "GUZZLEM'S SYRUP WILL CURE ANYTHING"

WELL, LAN, SAKES!

I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS POSSIBLE

FOR 1 CONVENI Class A PAT

An accompa... carried for... the cash... to be paid when... the following... or The Times p...

PHONE NO 43

and our collecto... all the followi...

Rate—One ce... such insertion... of 10 cents... will be less than 2... first insertion.

Political An...

Under this hea... public office... announcement will... For judicial dis... For county offi... For precinct... For city offic... councilmen, for... be \$100

For county offi... decision of the... You County Cl... MISS ELIZAB... For County Att... E. L. FULTON

LODGE

Wichita Falls... 2nd, A. I... meeting... Friday m... 8 P. M. BUN... W. J. W... Work in Estab... Friday, January

Wichita Falls... No. 202... day... W. J.

The Faith... third Tuesday... W. J. ALBER... W. J. W...

Wichita Falls... Thursday of... W. J. W...

Wichita Falls... Meets first... night of each... H.

Panhandle... Meets every... Wednesdays... 7:30 p.m. Visi... invited to me... HA... C. O. B.

Wichita Falls... Meets th... Thursday night... 8 P. M. BUN... W. J. W...

Wichita Falls... Meets th... second and... 2:30 and first... nights at Swa... Scott avenue... M.

Nobles invited... C.

The Brothe... Meets at... at the Swartz... Scott—Mrs. J... Correspondent.

CLEM, GA... Hillway street

MOORE Plum... 919 Sixth.

DIXON sign... L. A. GATE... Plumbing an... Scott; phone 8...

WE CAN save... and long dist... lous. Transfe...

SA THERESSE... bring samples... home to selec... for and deliv... treat Co. pho... BOLTON'S T... you for \$4... track. Phon... PLUMBING—... Black.

PLUMBING—... line of... with them. Y... for that trip... Castleden, 19...

J. M. STEE... bulid; old r... ern; residence... McCULLOCH... 508; office...

SEE OUR pr... ing, storing... crator. Whit... phone 435... MORRIS

Want your... office and... ave.; phone... WE repair a... graphs in... phone 2475... Seventh and... CARPENTER... day or cont... for carpenter... BRING your... er of pho... where in city... wheel. E. P.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF Classified Ad. PATRONS An accommodation account will be carried for those who telephone their orders...

Political Announcements Under this heading will be published the names of candidates for public office...

LODGE DIRECTORY Knights of Pythias Meet Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock...

Wichita Falls Lodge No. 358, A. O. U. W. Meet Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock...

Wichita Falls Chapter No. 328, I. O. O. F. Meet Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock...

Wichita Falls Lodge No. 358, A. O. U. W. Meet Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock...

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WE BUY NEW PARTS. We make the best quality goods as new: cylinder blocks, crank cases, auto frames and fenders...

WANTED—Let us do your carpenter work. We build garages, houses, fences, paint and paper houses...

PHRENOLOGY—Consult Madame Keys, the world's most famous work...

WANTED—Plumber. Must know all plumbing work. Good salary...

WANTED—Man to dig water well. Good salary. Call 245-212...

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WANTED—Plumber. Must know all plumbing work. Good salary...



FOR RENT—Three room modern house. Call next door, McLean's grocery store...

FOR RENT—Five room house and garage close to Alamo school. Phone 2612...

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Woman Going to Washington Afoot To Plead for Son

DATON, OHIO, Jan. 14.—Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 46, Sioux City, Iowa, is on her way to Washington to plead for her son...

Attention! I will sell you a five-room home, located on Austin street between Twelfth and Thirteenth...

ANNOUNCEMENT We take pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Gertrude Green is now connected with our Automobile Department...

ROBBINS COMPANY Insurance Agency

WARMER WEATHER FOLLOWS ON HEELS OF A SOUTH WIND

Warmer weather followed on the heels of a wind from the south Saturday morning and indications were that Sunday would be a partly cloudy day with rising temperatures.

The minimum temperature of the entire district Saturday morning was reported from Woodward, with the lowest of 21 degrees.

SEVEN GALLONS OF LIQUOR CONFISCATED BY POLICE

Confiscation of seven gallons of bootleg, all of doubtful brand and quality, the arrest of one man...

THEATERS TODAY

Wichita: Theodore Lerch stock company in "Adam and Eva"...

THE BEST RESULTS ARE OBTAINED BY USING Baker's Chocolate

In Making Cakes, Pies, Puddings, Frosting, Ice Cream, Sauces, Fudges, Hot and Cold Drinks.

For more than 140 years this chocolate has been the standard for purity, delicacy of flavor and uniform quality.

DR. J. W. DU VAL Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat

Circular Letters Multigraphing, Addressing, Mailing, Enveloping, Map Reproduction, Typewriting

Dr. R. G. Anderson DENTIST

Notice—original mexican dishes

Arthur's Quick Lunch

UP-TO-DATE CLEANERS & DYERS

At the Churches

First Presbyterian Church. The music at the First Presbyterian church Sunday is going to be exceptionally good.

First Methodist Church. The music at the First Methodist church Sunday is going to be exceptionally good.

First Baptist Church. The music at the First Baptist church Sunday is going to be exceptionally good.

First Christian Church. The music at the First Christian church Sunday is going to be exceptionally good.

Epworth League Program. The Epworth League of the First Presbyterian church...

Christian Science Society. Church edifice, corner Tenth and Van Buren streets.

New Thought Truth Center. Announces that E. V. Ingraham of the Unity School of Christianity...

Lutheran Trinity Church. Fourteenth and Hiatt streets. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Yale Avenue Evangelical Church. Services begin Sunday morning. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Dr. R. G. Anderson DENTIST

Malleable or Wrought Iron, Steel, Cast Iron, Cast Steel

WELDED WITH ELECTRIC ARC

MARTIN & LORE WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Notice—original mexican dishes

UP-TO-DATE CLEANERS & DYERS

Art Jewelry Co. OPTICAL PARLORS

is a great preacher. You should hear him. The evening anthem will be "A Closer Walk With God."

Floral Heights Baptist Church. Worshiping at Tenth and Kemp Sunday school 9:45 a. m.

Interdenominational League Program. Floral Heights Methodist church. Miss Mary Beth Martin, leader.

First M. E. Church. The Sunday school is keeping up a fine record, but it should be made better and could be if all the members...

State Ranger and Officers Arrest Two With Whiskey

State Ranger J. W. McCormick and city officers Friday night made two arrests and confiscated a large amount of corn whiskey.

MAKE 24 ARRESTS FOR VIOLATIONS OF CITY TRAFFIC LAW

Twenty-four arrests in eight hours' time was the record set by city police Friday afternoon in their campaign against traffic violations.

SLOAN'S EASES PAIN RELIEVES THE ACHE

TORMENTING, agonizing rheumatic aches are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment.

RESINOL Soothing and Healing For Rashes and Chafing

New Thought Truth Center

Mr. E. V. Ingraham Of the Unity School of Christianity

JEWISH TEMPLE Eleventh and Burnett

CHICKEN FEED

Drs. Hampshire & Hoover Skin and Venereal

Correct His Vision

GOODRICH WATER BOTTLE The Handiest First Aid You can have in the house

HEAT applied locally, is the quickest, safest and surest pain reliever. The Hot Water Bottle

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NO NOTICE RECEIVED THAT RESIGNATION IS ACCEPTED DENISON, TEXAS, Jan. 14—Capt. E. J. Smith of Denison, who offered his resignation as United States attorney for the eastern district of Texas because he believed that it was the desire of the administration that "some worthy Republican" fill the office, has not yet received official notice that the resignation has been accepted, he said today.

A FRIEND IN NEED A FRIEND INDEED

Writes Mrs. Hardee Regarding Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound

Los Angeles, Calif.—"I must tell you that I am a true friend to Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound."

SLOAN'S EASES PAIN RELIEVES THE ACHE

TORMENTING, agonizing rheumatic aches are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment.

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Correct His Vision

Washington dispatches had stated that the department of justice had accepted Captain Smith's resignation, which was characterized as unusual and the first of its kind to reach the Harding administration.

Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug

BANANAS Per Dozen 25c

Guaranteed Satisfactory Private Instruction

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Testing the Value of Promises Like most concerns that ask for your patronage by advertising, this bank makes promises. The difference is that its promises are based on past performance and definite achievements that enable you to measure the value of its promises.

The First National Bank Indiana at 8th St. Established 1884 Capital and Surplus \$1,800,000

Automobile Accessories PISTON RINGS 10c APPERSON MOTOR SALES

Genuine FORD PARTS AND ACCESSORIES "DON'T CUSS CALL US"

STORING CRATING MARTIN SHIPPING REPAIRING SERVICE

PLUMBING Contract and repair work done by licensed plumbers. All work guaranteed.

Wichita Falls Foundry & Machine Co. is prepared to do all kinds of machinery repair work and making any kind of Brass and Grey Iron Castings.

The Security National Bank Wichita Falls, Texas CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$500,000.00

Start the New Year With a Savings Account That's the best advice we can give you. Start a Savings Account immediately.

State Trust Co. 706 EIGHTH STREET R. E. Huff, President W. F. WEEKS, V. Pres.

Professional Directory

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VOLUME XV

REA MEX GOVI

NEGOTIATION WAGGONER ABOUT COM

ONLY SIGNATURE NER NECESSAR FECT DE

ACCEPTANCE IN BY OWNER OI

Mr. Waggoner is in The Transfer E Week

Negotiations betw district directors ar goner for use of t fer the sites for c dnuv reached a sta where it seemed ve "elite trade wa spiri" this week.

Nothing was gl as to the terms or as apparently etl

FARMER C BRUTAL M A FORMER

By United Press MADISON, W complete confes tonight by auth with Farwell, we murdered Philmer employe and sister. Officials in a strange brut Farwell told. "I clared he was ins the "s". Troubl before the enor as Farwell object suitor of his sis They also qua mattered to her Farwell said h with a revolver now has been int into a woods, w two hours and t my barn". The next day to a tobacco ag for another day suit the body in automobile and to a farm wher stack. I hid th to the "t. The charred l the stack by far GRI. SWALLOW AFTER STA

CHICAGO, Jan Kurthman, 18, 5 poisoned shortly take a train for while on prepl. The girl lifted home with Her mother four to Chicago to t Louis.

FOUR ME AND FOU IN AN

MT. PLEARA others injured boiler in the f flooded. The f was a train gra was blown fr building and p The dead ar owner of the Louis Hays, H is believed th lowered the bl

WEATHER FO

Weather p week begin Her most Gu ally fair, b of ral day; temp

Times Want Ads Bring Results. Times Want Ads Bring Results. Times Want Ads Bring Results. Times Want Ads Bring Results.

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