

THE WEATHER

Wichita Falls and Vicinity: To-morrow Sunday fair, rising temperature.

Wichita Daily Times

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WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1922

NUMBER 295

COLOQUITTI NOT IN SENATE RACE

REPORT OVERTHROW OF THE PROVISIONAL FIUME GOVERNMENT

WOMAN GETS \$1050 ON FAKE TELEGRAMS, UNDER ARREST HERE

CAPTURED LATE FRIDAY SOON AFTER WORD COMES FROM DALLAS

ACCOMPLICE, DALLAS TELEGRAPHER, CONFESSES

Had Obtained Possession of Money Code in Which Orders Were Bent Here.

U. S. OFFICERS TO INVESTIGATE WORK OF MASKED BANDS

FRESNO, CAL., March 4.—Federal investigation of a series of attacks on the part of groups of masked and hooded men in the central California oil fields, many of which involved violence, has been commenced.

PRESIDENT OF CHICAGO BUILDING TRADES AND THREE OTHERS ACQUITTED

CHICAGO, March 4.—Simon O'Donnell, formerly president of the Chicago building trades council, and three other labor leaders charged with graft, extortion and conspiracy in connection with an alleged building trust here today, were found not guilty by a jury.

CHILDRESS TO VOTE ON \$300,000 BONDS FOR WATER SUPPLY

AD CLUB REPRESENTATIVES TO GO OVER ROCK ISLAND FORT WORTH, March 4.—The committee in charge of the trip of the Texas ad clubs to the international convention in Milwaukee announced today the selection of the Rock Island for the train and Fort Worth for the concentration point of the delegates.

By Associated Press. The committee of national defense proclaimed the final overthrow of the provisional government under President Zanella and the constituent assembly today.

ROME, March 4.—The council of ministers today discussed at length the crisis in Fiume which has complicated the already difficult situation confronting the new cabinet.

Zanella's forces placed machine guns on the roof of the palace which they used to shell the protesters of his assailants.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 4.—A newspaper man is a member of a learned profession under a ruling just made by the United States Immigration officials in Montreal.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The navy will be forced to limit rationing on a fuel supply 50 per cent under that estimated by Secretary Denby as necessary for the balance of the fiscal year if the \$239,000 appropriation contained in the general deficiency bill, as passed by the house yesterday, remains unchanged.

NOT A VOICE IS LIFTED IN SUPPORT OF DEMAND OF NAVY DEPARTMENT

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CHILDRESS, TEXAS, March 4.

At a mass meeting of 300 voters Friday night the report of the committee on the survey of H. K. Canyon for a city water supply was unanimously adopted and the council was requested to order the bond election immediately.



AUTOMOBILE SHOW IS OPENED AT NOON WITH MANY PRESENT

LARGE CROWD VISITS THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBIT ON FIRST DAY.

EFFECTIVE DISPLAY OF MACHINES IS ARRANGED

Right on time, but none too soon to satisfy a small crowd that clamored for admission, the third annual Wichita Falls automobile show opened its doors to the public at noon Saturday.

Practically all local dealers represented with exhibits of late models.

MONTREAL CITY HALL IS DESTROYED BY FIRE AND SIX FIREMEN INJURED

MONTREAL, Mar. 4.—City officials today awaited the cooling of the embers of the fire which last night destroyed the city hall, that they might open the big safes in the service department and ascertain if signed debentures worth \$2,000,000 and other valuable public documents had been damaged in the conflagration.

RECEIVE PART OF STATE SCHOOL APPROPRIATION

DR. WORK TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE AND SUCCEEDS MR. HAYS

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Dr. Hubert Work took the oath of office today, as postmaster general, succeeding Will H. Hays, who has been a member of the cabinet for one year to the day.

Dr. Work, whose home state is Colorado, had been first assistant postmaster general under Mr. Hays.

NO BONUS FUND BUT FOR WAR CONTRACTS, YES, SAYS MAC NIDER

PEORIA, ILL., March 4.—Hansford MacNider, national commander of the American legion, in an address here last night avoided all reference to the new \$50 billion plan.

SIXTEEN SALOON KEEPER ARRESTED AT QUINCY, ILL.

QUINCY, ILL., March 4.—A flying squadron of prohibition enforcement agents headed by Group Chief Mark Potter of Chicago and Albert Albert of Peoria, swooped down on Quincy last night and arrested 16 saloonkeepers.

FUND TO CONTINUE AIR MAIL SERVICE WILL BE PROVIDED

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Funds to continue the transcontinental air mail service and restore the New York City pneumatic post tube system are to be provided in the annual postoffice appropriation bill under agreements reached by senate committees members in charge of the measure.

RECEIVE PART OF STATE SCHOOL APPROPRIATION

MAN BELIEVED TO BE MENTALLY UNBALANCED IS ARRESTED HERE

A peculiar case involving an attempted suicide on two local banks, but which will probably result in no prosecution being made, was brought to a close early Friday night when City Detective Jack Miller, after an all-day search, arrested a man wanted here for having obtained \$100 in cash on the strength of worthless drafts.

RELATIVE PAYS BACK AMOUNTS SECURED

Fraud is Discovered When Telegram is Sent—No Prosecution Likely.

Two-year-old bill—Poll Farm n 12222, owned by George Keith, first; Beau Blanchard VIII 82222, owned by W. T. Hutchinson of Archer, second; Joe Fairfax Jr. 91702, owned by W. C. Graham of Annapolis, third; Daney Stuy 44724, owned by R. J. Johnson of Newcasttle, third.

AWAIT IDENTIFICATION OF DIAMONDS RECOVERED

ST. LOUIS, March 4.—Police here were awaiting today an answer from Louis Kane, New York jewelry salesman, in an effort to identify diamonds valued at \$10,000 believed to be the jewels which Kane reported stolen from his room in a downtown hotel last Saturday.

MEMBERS SENATE AND ASSEMBLY IN PRISON 24 HOURS

BUENOS AIRES, March 4.—The senate and assembly of the province of Tucuman have been held prisoners for more than 24 hours without food by order of the president of the senate in an attempt to force an election of a federal senator by preventing the escape of legislators who refused to vote and whose presence is necessary for a quorum.

LANCASTER, WIS., March 4.—When Helmer Heigesson, a Montfort farmer owning a 200-acre farm, told a jury that he had terminated his engagement to Lena Munson because he could not afford marriage, he was awarded her \$2,000 damages for breach of promise.

ARCHER COUNTY'S HEREFORD SHOW IS COMPLETE SUCCESS

LARGE NUMBER OF ENTRIES AND BIG CROWD ATTENDS JUDGING.

George Keith captures most of blue ribbons.

Polled Herefords From Wichita Falls Take Many Prizes—Sale Starts Saturday.

Staff Special to The Times. ARCHER COUNTY, TEXAS, March 4.—The sale of pure bred Herefords was the feature of the second day of the annual show of the Archer County Hereford association, and indications were Saturday morning that a good demand for the cattle exhibited Friday would be evidenced.

George Keith of Wichita Falls, with his pol Hereford, got away with the big end of Friday's awards, capturing five firsts, one second and one third.

Shacknell Carlos 66826, owned by Sorrell & Busby of Megargel, was declared grand champion bull.

Two-year-old heifers—Vega Fairfax 84478, owned by S. M. Cowan Jr. of Archer, first; Beva's Lass 82127, owned by W. T. Hutchinson, second; Mand Grove 95607, owned by George Keith, third.

DEATH TOLL IS 14 IN COLLISION BETWEEN TRAIN AND AUTO BUS

CLEVELAND, March 4.—The death of George E. McChesney today brought the toll from the collision between a New York Central express train and an automobile bus at Painesville last night up to 14.

LANCASTER, WIS., March 4.—When Helmer Heigesson, a Montfort farmer owning a 200-acre farm, told a jury that he had terminated his engagement to Lena Munson because he could not afford marriage, he was awarded her \$2,000 damages for breach of promise.

FORMER GOVERNOR ANNOUNCES HE WILL NOT CONTEST FOR THE SEAT HELD BY C. A. CULBERSON

DALLAS, March 4.—Oscar B. Colquitt, former governor of Texas, announced today he is not a candidate for the United States senate seat which has generally been considered as a candidate for several months as some time ago he said he expected to enter the race unless he changed his mind.

THREE ARE BURNED TO DEATH AND TWO MORE ARE INJURED

NORFOLK, VA., March 4.—Three persons were burned to death and two others suffered burns in a fire that badly damaged a three-story boarding house early today.

ANOTHER ADDED TO NUMEROUS FAILURES OF NEW YORK FIRMS

NEW YORK, March 4.—Failure of R. H. Clarke and company, one of the largest brokerage firms with membership in the New York curb market, was announced today.

POLICE ARE REQUESTED TO SEARCH FOR HUSBAND AND THE TWO CHILDREN

DETROIT, March 4.—At the request of Mrs. Barbara Besse, police early today began a search for her husband, Ray Besse, and his two children, Taiburn and Leudonia, who disappeared last night after Besse is alleged to have threatened to "do away with the boys."

WRAPPED IN FOLDS OF THE "UNION JACK" NEGRO POSES BEFORE CAMERA

HAMILTON, ONT., Mar. 4.—Wrapped in the folds of the Union Jack, Matthew Hullook, American negro, last night was photographed by feminine admirers of his own race before he was enticed for parts unknown.

AWAIT IDENTIFICATION OF DIAMONDS RECOVERED

ST. LOUIS, March 4.—Police here were awaiting today an answer from Louis Kane, New York jewelry salesman, in an effort to identify diamonds valued at \$10,000 believed to be the jewels which Kane reported stolen from his room in a downtown hotel last Saturday.

AMERICAN LEGION INVESTIGATING THE STORY OF VETERAN

HOUSTON, March 4.—Investigation was being made today by Thomas Dismuke, post commander of the American Legion, in connection with the story of a veteran who was reported to have been shot in the back of the head in a military camp in China in January.

THE STORY OF A BARREL

By Edgar Mayhew Bacon

When An Inanimate Thing of Hoops and Staves, Impelled by a Woman, Starts Pursuing a Man, Escape Is Impossible, Especially When His Conscience Seems to Lure the Rotund Nemesis on

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A BARREL fell from a truck that was plowing its way up Nassau Street, but no one raised his voice to warn the driver and never a soul cared if a ruck whether or not a dozen barrels lay in the street till the crack of doom.

People were hurrying, as we have a fashion of doing at the end of a day, each one intent upon his own affairs. A fine drizzle filled the air and a rich chocolate slush covered the ground.

At 5 o'clock Perry Wing came driving across the street, whistling, as usual, Perry's vitality at the close of a day's hard work was an exhibition of energy such as most people might covet for its commencement. When he saw the barrel he kicked it, sending it reeling and staggering across the street like a ridiculously puny inebriate. By some good luck it kept an approximately vertical position till it reached the southeast curb, when it finally lost its equilibrium and toppled into the gutter.

In that position it lay for nearly ten minutes, when two boys saw it and stopped to investigate. To their invitation to move on it reluctantly responded, finally rolling half way down the block and foraging with a company of other barrels that were obstructing the sidewalk in front of an art dealer's store. The temporary guardian of these latter, turning suddenly and seeing the boys endeavoring, as he supposed, to "pick" one of his wooden wards, drove them away with loud objurgations.

"Gee whizz! The little devils, if I get a belt or I'll break 'em necks, tryin' to steal me barrels. Love that 'r I'll have 'em arrested."

Stepping to herd the newcomers more closely with the rest of his flock, he noticed a combination of marks that to him were quite unintelligible.

"That damned shipper's clerk'll be dea' stunts wid his markin' book till he gits it in th' sack from th' old man." Thus he grumbled while he carefully tried to obliterate the offending characters and substituted others corresponding with the rest at his commandment. Having done this, he rapidly loaded the lot on his wagon and started off with them.

The other barrels upon the drey from which the particular barrel of this narrative had fallen were not light. They sat solid, stout, each upon its own substantial bottom, hardly deigning to bounce or to edge its neighbor, even when the truck wheels cut a corner too closely or cantered against other wheels. All were marked alike and the bill of lading that had announced their coming into the country, and the custom house receipt that vouched their regular admission, showed no discrimination. The barrel that went missing was properly addressed, designated and checked with one that had some series of hieroglyphics that all the others bore. It carried the name and mark of the same eminent shippers in Bordeaux and was directed to the same reputable firm of importers, Messrs. Vinall & Vinall, on Warren Street, New York.

The truck went on its way unmolested by its less till it was backed up at the door of Vinall & Vinall's establishment, where Varick Vinall, the junior partner, was waiting personally to receive and check its contents.

A fair, rather handsome fellow, of medium height, the young man stood before the doorway, with a bill of lading in his hand, and waited impatiently while the truck was backed up and the doors run out.

His quick eye noticed almost immediately the discrepancy between the number of barrels that the paper called for and the actual count of those delivered. Twice he numbered them over, even touching each one in turn, to be sure that he had made no mistake. A look between relief and anxiety crossed his face.

"You made a mistake," he told the driver. "You should have eleven barrels and here are only ten." The driver counted and was puzzled.

"I mind there were eleven when I loaded," he said

When the awakening came he had not time to control his horror at the revealing theories and meretricious plans of the people, who, for the prince's sake, had admitted him as a member of their circle. He remembered that this writer, this titled woman, this object of his almost hopeless belated admiration, had saved him from his perilous position by taking her own life upon his discretion, letting that little world of fantasy suppose him her accepted lover.

Never had he quite understood. Did she really love him, in her imperious way? What he escaped from Russia, fleeing through terrible nights and days, and never bringing freely till he found himself in the midst of London, had taken with him the heart of this untamed, beautiful, tiger-like princess? Devoutly he hoped not, for here would be a love at which a man might tremble. "Do you remember," asked the letter, "and can you suppose that I have forgotten?" Then it continued:

and as he told himself, his gratitude, that he had done violence to when he escaped from the Russian capital.

Since then another light had come into his life, and in a maturer fashion he knew what love meant. To him it meant Jesse-

me Wing, and life had become one never-ending, joyous song, till this fateful breath from the past had come with its whisper of passion, bitterness, disruption, anarchy, death. This is the worst of having a past in which are mixed nihilistic associates.

At last the junior partner remembered that he must hasten home to dress for dinner, a dinner in family style, with Jesse and her people. He had enjoyed playing the part of prospective bridegroom, but this night, as he closed his desk and turned the key in the office door, he wondered whether he could manage to forget, or at least to conceal for a few hours, the spectral care that had fastened upon him.

Somewhere in the city, he was sure, a dreadful barrel, containing an infernal machine that might at any moment wreck a building or cause the instant death of uncounted people, was straying in New York. Somehow he had fixed upon an infernal machine as the probable expression of the Princess Maria's vengeance.

He thought of applying to the police, but such a step would get both his own firm and their Bordeaux correspondents into untold difficulties, without gaining any advantage, for he checked a deep conviction that the police would be about the last people in the city to discover the missing barrel. A private detective agency would be better. As soon as he could get away from the wings he would hunt up such a one. With that resolution, he put on as cheerful a face as possible and started up town.



managed to pull himself together and join in her laugh at his expense; but when the lady had left the table and Mr. Wing, snigger, who was not a smoker, made an excuse to leave the young men alone, our hero turned to Perry.

"I wish you'd tell me something about that barrel," he said sagely. "Did you see how it was marked? Do you know what became of it?"

Perry looked at him curiously. "Gee whizz, old man—you don't mean to say that I got a ruck out of you with my barrel story? No, 'you my word I didn't even look to see whether it was marked at all; and as to what became of it I haven't any idea. Does it belong to you?"

"Look here, Perry," said his vis-a-vis, "I have a mind to tell you something, but you must check your natural effervescence for a while and act like a rational being. Do you feel willing to try the experiment?"

"Fire away," said the youth. "It must be pretty bad, after such a preface, but I am hard to shock. What did you have about up in the barrel? Did it have its arms and legs pedaled with it, and do you think they'll ever be able to prove it on you?"

"Well, if that's the way—"

"Oh, hold on Varick; I'll believe, give me my word. I will hold my tongue as long as you like and give you the benefit of my advice without drawing on you for more than one box of cigars a month. Here, I'll hold up my right hand to it."

After a moment's hesitation Varick began an account, an expurgated account, it is true, but nevertheless an exciting one, of what he knew about the barrel and its contents. He said nothing, why should he, about the Princess Marie, and his former infatuation for that temptress. An enemy he told Perry, an enemy in Russia, had sent a deadly machine concealed in a barrel and further covered by a regular bill of lading from Bordeaux, and having been informed of its arrival in New York he was waiting to receive and put it out of the way of doing any harm, when it suddenly disappeared.

The boy, sobered by the importance of this news, was saying softly to himself: "And I kicked it. Gee whizz! I kicked it."

"Of course," Varick admitted, "there is no evidence that your barrel and mine were the same; but when you take the time, place and other conditions into account, it seems scarcely probable that two accidents of that kind have taken place so near together."

"I'll bet a hat it is your barrel all right," insisted Perry. "The only thing to do is to find it."

"Of course it isn't there now, though it might be almost anywhere along Nassau street all night without anybody moving it. Tell you what I'll do," he suddenly exclaimed; "I believe I'll just take a run down there this evening and make sure that it isn't there."

"And I," added Varick, throwing a third of his cigar into the ash tray, "I will wait for you at my rooms and if you don't find any trace of it we'll go to Ketchum, the detective fellow, and let him hunt it out."

When Varick was alone with Jesse, she called him on his sober looks.

"What have you and Perry been talking about all this while? Did you finally settle about that old barrel?"

"Barrel?" asked Varick, with a fine assumption of ignorance. "What barrel?"

"What barrel—why, the one he told us about, of course. You seemed tremendously interested."

"Oh, that," said Varick slowly. "Yes, I remember now that Perry told a story about a barrel. I wonder whose it was and what became of it."

Two hours later Vinall was in his rooms

on Gramercy Park, waiting for the return of Perry from his Nassau street mission. Suddenly the bell rang violently and a young man appeared, hatless, dripping, breathless, but evidently in high good humor.

"Gee whizz! I was in luck to get her," he announced as soon as he could find his voice. He had flung himself into the open arms of a Morris chair and peated audibly.

"Had a run for it, but I got here," ran the brief instalment of his narrative. "Lucky I didn't get run in for larceny. Oh, Varick! you ought to have been there."

"What in Heaven's name are you talking about?" asked Varick. "Did you see anything of the barrel?"

"See it? Well, say. See it? Why, man alive, I've got it."

Varick jumped to his feet and stood over the boy as though he purposed to congee him to a degree of coherency.

"What are you talking about?"

"The barrel. I saw it. I plucked it. I got away with it. Vent, vidli, vic!—but I had to run for it and I nearly got gobbled."

Varick bent over so that he could take the youngster by the shoulders. "Talk some!"

"Ouch! I am talking sense. I tell you I saw your old barrel before I had got half way down to Maiden Lane. It was up against a store door where somebody had put it. I knew it because it was the only barrel anywhere around. Then I got a cab and paid the man \$10 to help me get the barrel aboard. I had to load him with a cock-and-half yarn to make him do it. No sooner did we get it safely up than somebody appeared from somewhere with a cop and he shouted to us to stop. You bet we weren't stopping. We're pretty near killed the old skates driving around the city to get rid of the Sasst; way up to Central Park and back. It's outside."

"What's outside?"

"Why, the barrel, of course."

Varick's room really seemed the safest place to put it. The caddy wouldn't have anything more to do with it, and they did not dare to leave it in the street. He up the stairs they struggled and finally deposited their burden in the room that the junior member of the firm of Vinall & Vinall called his library.

After the caddy had gone, his disturbed temper soothed by another liberal fee, Varick turned to an inspection of the barrel. In a moment he staggered back and leaned, dizzy and bewildered, against the door.

"Hello!" cried Perry. "What's the matter?"

"Can't you see?" gasped Varick. "You've gone and stolen somebody else's barrel!"

Next morning, of course, the papers were full of accounts, variously colored, of the operations of a bold band of thieves who had committed depredations along Nassau street and concerning whom the police would seem, had any number of clues. One ray of hope Vinall entertained when he recognized in the chief complainant in the affair the name of a fellow club member. To arrange the matter satisfactorily cost him an elaborate luncheon and sundry long, cold bottles, besides much valuable time, but in the end the police club were abandoned and the purloined barrel found itself back in Nassau street again.

Meantime an eminent firm of detectives had undertaken to unravel the mystery that was turning Varick Vinall's happy anticipations to gall and wormwood. As the days passed they made his life a burden, dogging his steps and prying into his private affairs, seeking interviews at inopportune times, sending him mysterious messages and even watching him from his unwholesome slumbers at night to ask for instructions or report new clues. Gradually he began to feel that the ground beneath his feet was undermined, one vast subway, so to speak, from which at any moment he might expect the explosion of unnumbered and multiplied barrels.

As his wedding day approached, Varick's mental condition became noticeably to his closest friends, though none but Perry suspected the cause, as he now gave the subject of barrels a respectful avoidance. Jesse, who was not blind to the fact that her lover was gloomy and preoccupied, but she was loyally hopeful that she could charm

away any evil spirit when once her influence should be constant.

They had arranged to be married on her birthday anniversary, which was the 17th of December; and then, instead of going away upon a wedding journey, they proposed to make the curiosity of their friends and halt the expectations of their social world by retiring quietly to their new house on Fifty-seventh street, where they would spend a fortnight in delightful seclusion. The house was the gift of Mr. Wing, and for weeks before the happy event carpets, furniture, pictures and even bric-a-brac had been in place, awaiting the homecoming of the bride and groom.

Varick hoped upon that day to escape the disastrous attendance of his detective assailant. He cursed the hour when he had condescended to them his difficulties and began to wonder whether after all the barrel with its deadly contents could be half so troublesome as the sleuths whose protection he had invoked. His hopes of reprieve were vain. The chief detective met him on the church steps and transfixed him with mysterious glances. The second human bloodhound stood just inside the church door and on sensationally restrained from claiming recognition. The bridegroom felt, with a sinking of the heart, that they were destined to become to him what the old man of the sea was to Sindbad, and that he was addled with them forever.

How he got through the ceremony he knew as little as any bridegroom. As in a dream he heard the minister pronounce the time-honored formula that proclaimed his lifelong union with the one woman in all the world. Then he turned with her to receive the congratulations of their friends, and immediately his eyes fell upon a detective.

"That evening, after an elaborate pretense of departure for Washington, the new-made bride and her bride were sitting in the library of their new house and congratulating themselves that they had successfully eluded even the society reporters. As the dusk gathered they had not thought it necessary to light the room and the only illumination filtered from the street lamps through the curtained windows. Varick felt like a free man, relieved from the incubus of his stealthy attendants, and Jesse, in her heart rejoiced that already her hopes of dispelling his gloom were being realized.

After a while their tender confidences were rudely interrupted by a sound as though some one were moving in the hall.

"I am sure I heard a footstep," said Jesse.

"Hush. Stay where you are, I will go and see," answered Varick, but she would not be left behind.

"Together they stole through the hall. Some one had a light in the little room at the rear of the house, and either Varick went without hesitation and flung the door wide open.

"What do you mean?" He got no further, for there facing him stood the sleuth. Between them, upon the floor, sat a large tub and resting in it a smoking barrel, over which a stream of water was playing from a hose. Numerous gimlet-holes perforated the barrel and into these the water ran, so that whatever perishable good it contained must have been reduced to pulp and any explosive substance made paste.

"We have got your barrel," said the head detective.

"We have soaked it so that it may be opened with safety," added his companion. Jesse was clinging to Varick's arm in terrified amazement. The last words were uttered, but they seemed to restore her senses and she cried:

"Varick, what does it mean? What are these men doing and how did they get in here?"

"Why," stammered Varick, aroused by this appeal from his wife and suddenly conscious that she had stumbled upon a matter of which he had tried so long to keep her in ignorance. "Why, dear—these men are—some friends of mine; some, at least, that were to try an experiment."

But the head detective was stopped.

"We're not going to leave this till we get at the inside of it," he said.

"Oh, let them open it. I want to stay and see them," implored Jesse.

"All right," growled the distracted Varick. Cautiously the men removed the head of the barrel. To their surprise there was no cunningly contrived mechanism attached to it. With glacial caution they thrust their hands into the packing, pulling out bushels of waterlogged paper and littering the wet floor with it.

AT LAST, from the very center of the mass they extracted a package, to which was attached a card upon which, in scrawly decipherable characters, was written:

FOR VARICK VINALL'S BEIDE

To be given her upon the day of the wedding, with the good wishes of her husband's friends.

MARIE IVANIEFF.

The little party looked at one another and then Varick, with trembling fingers, untied the package. Fished tight within it, wet and dripping with oozing oil, lay what might have been a wad of fine-spun cotton. In a moment it was in Jesse's hands, and being unfolded—yards and yards of precious lace, fine as mist, beautiful to a woman's eyes as any masterpiece of art that the world cherishes.

The sleuths looked puzzled. They turned to Varick with an inquiry, but he forestalled them.

"You see," he said, "you have been on the wrong scent. This is unheard-of stupidity, to enter my house and almost ruin a wedding gift designed for my wife. Really, I never heard of a more outrageous piece of work in my life. You will be good enough to call at my office in the next—no, I mean in a fortnight from now, and try to explain your blunder, if you can. For the present I wish to be left alone."

When the detectives were gone Jesse spent an hour in handling the gift of the princess, shaking out each fold with utmost tenderness and tenderly spreading the wonderful fabric where it might dry unharmed.

"Oh, Varick," she breathed at last, "what a dear woman—she must be, and what a friend of yours. Only a friend, I know, because if she had loved you she would never have sent you such a gift."

Did you think when you returned to America that you could look back upon your friends in Russia as part of a troublesome dream from which you have awakened? You did not believe that I, to whom you did more far-reaching than the arts of statecraft or the force of armies! Suppose that I might wish to destroy your men, am I—What a small trifling of poison, of mechanism, of steel would serve the purpose! But I fear I am addressing deaf ears. You have forgotten the Princess Marie, to whom in your ingenuous youth you made extravagant vows, which she believed would be at least as enduring as the bunch of roses ever which they were breathed.

All this is beside the point. I am writing to tell you that news travels very far and very fast in these days; and to illustrate a statement so trite I would tell you that the announcement of your approaching marriage to Miss Wing, of New York, came to the ears of the Princess Marie, who, staying till my own country affords a safer retreat outside of the Siberian camps. Receive the congratulations of one who feared that you might have taken too seriously the fiction of your Russian adventures.

I am sending a little gift for your bride. It is in the gift of mine that it shall be valued by your customs may be advertised to your friends in New York, so I have chosen my wedding friends in Bordeaux my accomplices and my remembrance is under way with your latest consignment of wigs.

I will not betray us—no, I am not asking a concession, but stating a fact—you will not betray us because you will not draw danger upon others while you yourself will be safe. I will cheerfully now well I knew your American nature.

When you give my congratulations to your bride, I would like to know whether to tell her all that befell you in the city of the White Czar? With a full recollection, on my part, of every incident, I say, once more,

YOURS,

MARIE.

AT HIS desk in the dark back office, at the end of the long avenue of barrels, Varick Vinall sat under a single gleam of electric light and stared at the Princess Ivanieff's letter as though he would decipher her meaning by some occult or clairvoyant means. After a while the porter came to inquire if he should wait. "No," said Vinall. "Lock up and go home, I will let myself out."

Of one thing he was certain. If the princess had ever loved him, as in his heart he cherished a vain fear that she did, then she would show him no mercy, but would play with him as a cat plays with its prey, only in the end to strike fatally. He had heard her discuss the destruction of the White Palace and the violent death reserved for the Czar, as another woman might discuss the texture of a piece of silk or the price of a bunch of violets. Had she forgiven him for leaving Russia and herself? The natural answer to the question he found in his own disinclination to remember his youthful adventure in St. Petersburg. He had never forgiven himself. Not that he still loved Marie, the Princess Ivanieff, if indeed his airy infatuation had ever been love in reality, it was his pride,

and as he told himself, his gratitude, that he had done violence to when he escaped from the Russian capital.

Since then another light had come into his life, and in a maturer fashion he knew what love meant. To him it meant Jesse-

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The WRONG FACE

ISABEL OSTRANDER

(Continued from Our Last Issue)

In the meantime Sergeant Barry engaged Martha, the cook, in conversation.

"Had she any enemies here, especially that whipper-snapper lieutenant, as she was, would be apt to arouse jealousy?"

"Well, you see, our engagement was not a formal one. She took herself off to France, and then her cousin and I found that we cared for each other, but Miss Laurel wouldn't give me her promise until Fay had returned and we knew how she felt about it."

"Did you know that Miss Laurel intended to confide in her cousin last night?"

"I didn't know, of course," the lieutenant disclaimed hurriedly. "But it couldn't have made any difference. Fay hasn't given a thought to me in ages; that old affair is as dead as door nails. I—I'm afraid I can't tell you any more, sergeant. I can't think of a possible reason why any one should have taken Laurel's life."

"As they approached the house once more they saw Fay Tudor's slender, black-gowned figure outlined in bold relief against a flowering shrub on the lawn. She was in evidently earnest conversation with a tall, rugged-faced man on crutches. A portion of her sentence reached their ears."

"I cannot have you postpone this experiment which means so much to you."

"The experiment can wait. Whether you wish it or not, Miss Tudor, I shall be near in case of need."

"As they rounded the corner of the house Barry turned inquiring eyes on Lieutenant Cadmus."

"Never saw the chap before."

"That stout little man with him," continued Barry, "with the bushy white hair and side whiskers is Professor Semyonov, the greatest living authority on chemistry. We've called him in more than once on dear cases in town, and his analysis is always infallible."

"They reached the front entrance just as Mrs. Tudor, supported by Kenneth Clayton, confronted the coroner and his companion."

"What is it, sergeant?"

"That Miss Laurel Tudor came to her death by means of carbon monoxide poisoning. Asphyxiation is plainly indicated. Mrs. Tudor, it is murder."

"CHAPTER VII
As the dread word fell from the coroner's lips in grave accents Mrs. Tudor uttered a low moaning cry."

"Oh, take me away!" moaned Mrs. Tudor. "I cannot believe that any one would have done so frightful a thing to my poor little daughter."

She tottered within, leaning heavily on Clayton's arm, and the others turned and looked at one another. Lieutenant Cadmus was the first and her cousin, Fay Tudor, but it was to speak.

all off two years ago, before she went to France. The words had come haltingly, as though he were aware of their sudden significance. Barry seized his opportunity.

"Then why did you consider it necessary to wait? If you were quite sure that the affair was over what possible objection could you expect from Miss Fay to your engagement to her cousin?"

"Well, you see, our engagement was not a formal one. She took herself off to France, and then her cousin and I found that we cared for each other, but Miss Laurel wouldn't give me her promise until Fay had returned and we knew how she felt about it."

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She tottered within, leaning heavily on Clayton's arm, and the others turned and looked at one another. Lieutenant Cadmus was the first and her cousin, Fay Tudor, but it was to speak.

"What can it mean?" he demanded hoarsely. The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not a criminologist," he observed. Then, with a continental bow, he turned toward Sergeant Barry.

"I have, however, had the honor of assisting our young friend here on more than one noted case in New York, and I have no doubt that he will be successful in overcoming the difficulties connected with this affair. The part of it which seems most inexplicable to me is that the other young lady who shared the room with the victim was not killed also; that she suffered not even the slightest ill effect."

"Is it possible, professor, that the carbon monoxide gas might not have been injected into the atmosphere of the room itself but administered to Miss Tudor directly by means of some such thing as an ether cone pressed down tightly over her face?"

It was Barry who spoke. The other nodded.

"Quite possible; in fact, the only way. If the windows had been left open all night, as they were found in the morning. There was, I understand, no trace of gas discernible in the room when the maid discovered the body."

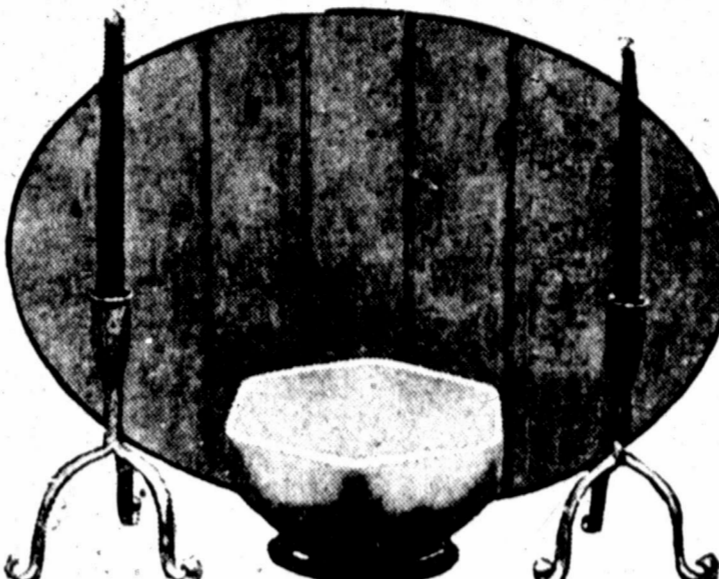
"Not a bit," the sheriff inter-

vened. "But suppose somebody went in and closed all those windows in the night and stuffed the room around so as to make the room airtight, and then opened the windows wide again as soon as they'd done their work? It was blowing a gale all night long; would there be any odor of gas after the room had been aired for several hours?"

"No," Professor Semyonov admitted. "But you forget, my dear sir, that the other young lady slept undisturbed and unharmed through it all."

"There was a sly significance in the sheriff's ejaculation which made Barry glance sharply at him before he turned around once more to the professor."

METAL FRUIT BOWLS AND CANDLE HOLDERS THE LATEST



By NEA Service.
NEW YORK, March 2.—Candle holders of wrought iron, aged looking things, are replacing those of crystal to a very great extent. Usually they are so designed that they hold a single candle instead of the three or five we have been accustomed to.

Heavy luster bowls, angular as to top, and with broad, substantial looking bases, are the popular thing for fruit. And some clever women, whose families are too small to eat a quantity of fruit before it spoils, keep the bowls partially filled with very natural looking artificial fruit and only two or three pieces of real fruit.

"Just what is carbon monoxide?" he asked. "How is it made or generated, and how obtainable by any one who is not a chemist?"

"Carbon monoxide, roughly speaking, is a gas composed of carbon and oxygen," Professor Semyonov explained. "You may observe it occasionally burning with a pale blue flame in fireplaces or stoves."

"Carbon monoxide is also known as carbonic oxide," the coroner put in, jealous of the professor's display of knowledge.

"Precisely, my friend," the latter responded dryly. "It generates itself in stoves or furnaces or in illuminating gas. Every automobile generates it in greater or less quantity, ac-

ording to the amount of gas it receives."

"Every automobile," Barry repeated swiftly.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Safe, But Cold



L. V. Kevicksky demonstrates to navy officials in the Potomac river his "safety suit" for aviators and ocean travelers. He can't sink.

Don't Know His Own Name.
BEACONSFIELD, ENGLAND.—Residents of this town do not know the correct way to spell or pronounce its own name. The urban district council is searching historical records for a solution of the dilemma.

One well known club estimates 1,000 golf balls were lost in one month.

FILM "LEAGUE OF NATIONS" PLAN IN SCREEN CIRCLES OF EUROPE

By JAMES W. DEAN
NEW YORK, March 4.—An international organization to control interchange films is now being planned in Europe. So writes Milton Bronner, who keeps me informed on movie affairs over there.

Such a movement, if consummated, would be tantamount to international censorship.

The agitation for a "film league of nations" started when General Booth of the Salvation Army was interviewed in London after returning from a tour of the Scandinavian countries.

"He found a profound change going on in the moral outlook of the people of those countries," Bronner writes. "He attributed a great deal of this to the movies. They were spreading a moral poison, he said, and suggested an international understanding on the film."

British producers and critics endorsed General Booth's idea. They pointed out that films that might be all right in the United States might be all wrong in India and that German films might cause damage in other parts of Europe.

"Americans have no idea of the persistent and consistent campaign that is kept up over here in the film business," Bronner writes.

"The Briton sees that the greatest number and the greatest films are made in the United States. Germany probably comes second. It's easy to bar German films. The war is still too close. The public won't stand for German films. Germany is a different world with American films. They are in the majority and the public likes them, but the press, in the main, makes a regular campaign against them."

"Few are praised critics ridicule the American language employed in subtitles and the settings and costumes when the scenes are laid in England. They especially scorn the morals of some of the American movies."

Bronner points out that an international organization to control exhibition of films would doubtless have a majority of Europeans anxious to build up the industry in England, Italy, France and Sweden. He says hundreds of our films are

shown in Europe to each European picture shown in America.

That seems to draw the fangs from the wolf. If American producers were to refuse to send any films to Europe many movie theaters throughout England and other European countries would go bankrupt. They couldn't obtain enough good films to keep going.

Proof of that lies in the fact that no other country has yet produced a Chaplin, a Fairbanks, a Keaton, a Lloyd, a John Bunny, a Fatty Arbuckle, a Charles Ray, a Wallace Reid. In short, no other country has produced a film player who stands out as an artist of comedy. And comedy is the backbone of screen entertainment.

And more—besides Lubitch, no other country has produced a Griffith, a DeMille, a Nellan, an Ingram or a Fitzmaurice. Americans are veteran masters of screen technique.

But such critics may or may not be prejudiced against American films, but I am disposed to agree with those who ridicule American subtleties and the American conception of English nobility.

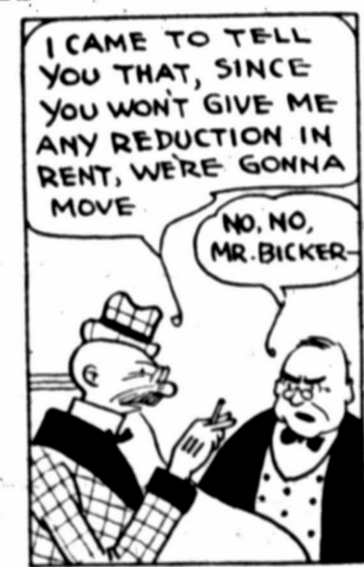
Except for those titles written by such experts as Rupert Hughes, Katherine Hitlerer and Anita Loos, most of our photoplay captions appear to be the work of high school sophomores.

I have met recently three members of the British nobility. Not one of them was foppish, wore a monocle or talked with a top-sided accent. And that is the way they usually are presented on the screen.

On the other hand, I disagree violently with British critics who say that the morals of American films are immoral. The "Shrek" for instance, there wasn't a single blush in the film while the book was just as naughty as "Three Weeks," says Mrs. Hill, author of the former, and Mrs. Glyn, author of the latter, at both English, you know.

Morals of the films might be far more interesting if the English were to film their own written works—even Shakespeare.

THE BICKER FAMILY



QUEER THINGS MIGHT HAPPEN in THAT DISTANT WORLD of CLOAK and DAGGER

Secret service men, representatives of Salamanca, the bubbling little Central American republic, a beautiful girl an old negro servitor, and a jealous husband are all looking for **The Wanted Man**—and most of them want him for widely differing reasons.

Romance and adventure do not come to every man in the proportion experienced by the hero of Harris Dickson's great new serial, **The Wanted Man**. But the thrill is almost as keen when told in the way this story is told. Barbara Stark is half in love with him when she learns he is—or is supposed to be—Stuart Clayton, the son of her father's old neighbor and enemy, with whom he once fought a duel. In spite of feud and duel—or possibly because of them—it fascinated Barbara to sit in the woods beside wild Lake Marmion with a Clayton, playing at the world old game of fence and parry.

Yet when they talked together, she sensed a sinister undercurrent of something wrong. Even while sitting beside her on their log, concealed from both the lake and the road, she had noticed how fearful he seemed lest someone might discover him. He always came riding through the woods, avoiding the public highway. Plainly he was hiding. Those were the facts that had made a mystery of their meeting.

And now constables, with handcuffs, had come. And there was a charge of a false name. It might be romantic for a fairy book princess to hold her stolen trystings, incognito, with a prince, the son of her father's royal enemy. Their love would unite two warring kingdoms and all live happy ever after. But to meet some strolling varlet in the woods, some smooth talking fugitive from justice who sailed under the alias of another man? Barbara shuddered at such low intrigue.

This is indeed an absorbing story! The handsome, gallant stranger, who gave no name, riding like a modern knight out of the woods. Barbara Stark, who met him secretly, and who, in a playful mood, led him to think she was Adelaide Razilly, her friend, married to a jealous husband. Uncle Nat, a faithful dandy who tried to keep out of trouble, but failed. Mr. Foxyjaw and Mr. Fatface—as Uncle Nat called them—thought to be secret service men, looking for the man from Salamanca. Florian Razilly, a guest at the Stark plantation, who has secret communication with the detectives.

The story starts next Sunday in *The Times*. You'll be impatient for each new installment of this serial, for there isn't a dull paragraph. It is seldom that you get adventure and humor so admirably blended. You get both thrills and laughter from this fascinating, quick-moving romance.

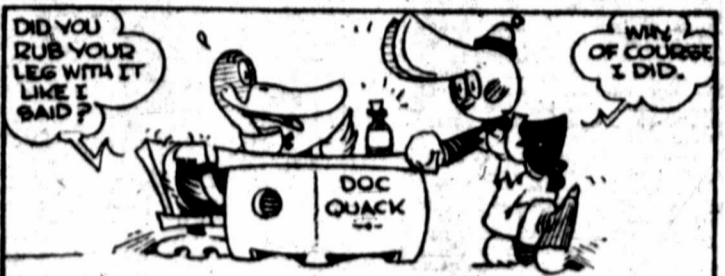
The WANTED MAN

by HARRIS DICKSON

First Installment SUNDAY, March 5th in the WICHITA DAILY TIMES

THE TIMES' DAILY PAGE OF LEADING COMIC FEATURES

J RABBIT BY **HOLMAN**



CICERO SAPP Didn't Cry About It, But—



TOOTS AND CASPER— Every Bump Is a Swelling, But Not From Knowledge —BY **J. E. MURPHY**



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Having a Girl Has Its Drawbacks BY **BLOSSER**



THE OLD HOME TOWN BY **STANLEY**



THE AFFAIRS OF JANE Entirely Unnecessary BY **YOUNG**



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS Check the Hat? BY **ALLMAN**



OUR BOARDING HOUSE BY **AHERN**



SALESMAN \$AM Where It'll Do the Most Good BY **SWAN**



ALL THE NEWS OF ALL THE WORLD IN ONE SHEET

RUTH'S BAT PLAYS ONLY MINOR ROLE

Weight of Stick Does Not Affect Great Advantage Over Other Players.

By BILLY EVANS

Does the weight of Babe Ruth's bat have anything to do with his remarkable ability to smash out home runs?

Ruth uses a bat that weighs 55 ounces. Cobb, Speaker, Slater, Hornsby and many of the other heavy hitters use a stick that weighs between 35 and 40 ounces.

Does the 18 to 20 ounces more weight that Ruth carries in his bat mean that it is so much easier for him to make home runs?

Recently I received an inquiry from a Detroit fan on this point. He asks that the weight of Ruth's bat tells the story of his slugging ability. The fan believes there should be certain restrictions imposed. Here is his letter:

"In an article written by you relative to Ruth's slugging ability I noticed that he uses a bat much heavier than the other great hitters of the modern game.

"Is it true that he uses the longest and heaviest of any player in the major leagues?"

"Is there any limitation as to the size and weight of bat that can be used?"

"I am of the opinion that Ruth's heavy bat is what makes possible his home-run hitting. Don't you think there should be a limit to the weight of the bat if there is no such provision in the rules?"

Ruth's bat is the limit. It is the heaviest and longest bat. The rules provide the bat cannot be longer than 42 inches. Ruth's bat is the limit.

At the thickest part, the rules say, the bat cannot be over 3 1/2 inches in diameter. Ruth also goes the limit there.

Unlike a great many players, Ruth likes a rather small handle. In that respect alone his bat is small. The rules limit the length of the handle to 23 inches.

He grasps the bat firmly and finds the smaller handle enables him to get a tighter grip.

The rules say nothing as to the weight of the bat. Ordinarily 40 ounces is far too heavy for most players.

Ruth, however, is one of the exceptions that bob up in any sport every now and then. He has a wonderful pair of arms and tremendous driving power.

Ruth is Superman. His 55-ounce bat is like a ton of lead to most players, yet he swings his big stick as if it were a toothpick.

It would almost be unfair to limit the weight of a natural wood bat. A player should have the right to use a bat that will conform with his physique and arm power.

With a bat lighter than he uses, Ruth would be several hands behind the other players. The rules are made to fit the player, not the player to fit the rules.

That seems to be sufficient to meet ordinary conditions.

Because Ruth is a superman is no reason why he should suffer. Unquestionably his heavy bat, coupled with his strength and driving power, has made it possible for him to hang up the remarkable record of 59 home runs. The weight of his bat plays its part, but it is only a minor part.

STRANGLER LEWIS REGAINS HIS TITLE

Outwrestled in First Fall But Shows Up Big Foe in Next Two.

By BILLY EVANS

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"WEE WILLIE" KEELER, MASTER BATSMAN



CLARA DEFEATED IN OPENING ROUND BY WACO HIGH QUINTET

AUSTIN, March 4.—The Clara basketball team was eliminated by Waco here yesterday 24 to 11 in the first round of the interscholastic basketball championship finals. The Clara team was composed of Clara, Frisco, and Waco. The Waco team was composed of Waco, El Paso, and Austin.

EL PASO DEFEATS WACO FIRST GAME IN CAGE TOURNEY

AUSTIN, March 4.—El Paso defeated Waco in the first game of the interscholastic basketball championship finals here yesterday 18 to 12. The El Paso team was composed of El Paso, Waco, and Austin. The Waco team was composed of Waco, El Paso, and Austin.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON MARKET

NEW ORLEANS, March 4.—The cotton market was barely steady at the opening of the day. Prices were 16 points lower under Wall Street and wire news selling. This was promoted by smaller business reported in cotton goods and talk of an irregular tone in the stock market.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE

CHICAGO, March 4.—Wheat slumped in the early trading on the market today. The opening was 1/4¢ lower in sympathy with Liverpool prices. May 1922 was 1/4¢ lower, 1/2¢ higher, and 1/4¢ lower.

WICHITA VALLEY RAILWAY SCHEDULE

Table with columns for Train No., Direction, and Arrival/Departure times. Includes routes to Stamford, Abilene, and other local destinations.

GENE TUNNEY AWARDED DECISION OVER KEISER

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., March 4.—Gene Tunney of New York, light heavyweight champion, has been awarded the decision over Max Baer of Baltimore in a 10-round bout.

DR. GROSCLOPE TO REPLY TO CRITICS SUNDAY NIGHT

Dr. Grosclope will deliver the third sermon in the series he has been delivering preparatory to the coming revival to begin March 12, at Bishop Edwin D. Mouson as preacher. He will use as his theme Sunday night, "Repentance: Are the Romish Doctrines of Penance, Indulgences, and the Confessional, Spiritual?" in speaking of the night.

DR. YUELL TO SPEAK ON "ONE NIGHT IN BABYLON"

Dr. Herbert Yuell will speak on "One Night in Babylon" at the First Christian church Sunday night at 7:30. It is based on a personal visit to and investigation of the ruins of ancient Babylon. Dr. Yuell will retrace the city of Nebuchadnezzar's feat and portray the infamous feast of Belshazzar according to the discoveries of archaeologists and the account given in the book of Daniel.

400 ATHLETES GATHER FOR RELAY CARNIVAL

CHICAGO, March 4.—The Chicago National Athletic Association has "discovered" a double for Tris Speaker, the sensational fielding manager of the Cleveland Indians. The new discovery is going to make things interesting. The rest of the club will deliver if it gets pitching.

FARMERS WIN CONFERENCE BASKETBALL TITLE AGAIN

COLLEGE STATION, March 4.—The Texas Agricultural Experiment Station won the basketball title of the Farmers' Basketball Association of the state by defeating the University by a score of 29 to 8 in the last game of the conference schedule.

AWARDED PERMIT AFTER EXHIBITION

CHICAGO, March 4.—Johnny Coulton, 193 pound former bantamweight-fight champion and now self-styled "national champion" in the ring, yesterday was the hero of an engaging came-saw-conquered drama before the city athletic commission. Coulton was requested to appear before the committee to demonstrate the technique of his "jittering stunt" prior to the issuance of a permit for public exhibition.

THE MARKETS

COTTON MARKET. LOCAL MARKET.

NEW YORK Cotton. NEW YORK, March 4.—The cotton market was barely steady at the opening of the day. Prices were 16 points lower under Wall Street and wire news selling. This was promoted by smaller business reported in cotton goods and talk of an irregular tone in the stock market.

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LEGAL NOTICE

of the southwest quarter of section No. 12, H. T. & B. Ry. Co. survey in Wichita county, Texas. Said survey is hereby given to the county judge of Wichita county at the court house in the city of Wichita, Kas., on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1922. Witness my hand this 4th day of March, A. D. 1922. The same being the 3rd day of the term of the court of said county.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The state of Texas. To the sheriff or any constable of Wichita county, greeting. You are hereby commanded to summon John H. Hightower by making publication of this citation once each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in said county, to appear at the next regular term of the 39th district court of Wichita county, to hold on the 11th day of the 1st Monday in April, A. D. 1922, the same being the 3rd day of the term of the court of said county.

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