

THE WEATHER
Wichita Falls and vicinity: To-
night generally fair, warmer; Sun-
day partly cloudy, warmer.

Wichita Daily Times

HOME EDITION

VOLUME XV. PRICE 5c—PAY NO MORE WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1922 NUMBER 302

FINANCE PRESENTS U. S. DEMANDS

SOUTH AFRICA STRIKE HAS DEVELOPED INTO REVOLUTIONARY MOVE

UNDERWOOD URGES SENATE TO RATIFY FOUR-POWER PACT

WASHINGTON, March 11.—Describing the four power Pacific treaty as the "real treaty of peace" of the arms conference, Senator Underwood of Alabama, democratic senate leader and a member of the American delegation to the conference, told the senate today that he would vote for the pact's ratification in the same spirit which actuated him to support the treaty of Versailles and the league of nations.

DOES NOT REGARD THE TREATY AS ALLIANCE

Represents Political Settlement Thought to be Necessary.
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FORMER SECRETARY OF MISS MABEL NORMAN QUIZZED BY OFFICERS

LOS ANGELES, CAL., March 11.—Miss Julia Jones, former secretary of Mabel Norman, was questioned today by officials investigating the murder of the woman here February 25. Desmond Taylor, motion picture director.

HEAVY PROPERTY DAMAGE CAUSED BY A TORNADO

PICAYUNE, MISS., March 11.—Two lives were lost and property damage estimated at \$20,000 was caused by a tornado which struck here yesterday. The twister left the principal business streets a mass of debris. One person was slightly injured.

REPORT OIL SAND IN VERNON TRIANGLE TEST

VERNON, TEXAS, March 11.—Drillers on the Triangle well south of town Wednesday struck a sand which yielded fair oil and gas showings at a depth of 1,500 feet. It was not tested, however. Developments on the Triangle are expected next week when the neighborhood of 1,500 feet is reached.

TWO BATTALIONS OF U. S. TROOPS LEAVE COBLENZ FOR HOME

By Associated Press.
COBLENZ, March 10.—Two battalions of the fifth United States infantry consisting of 45 officers and 1,100 men left tonight for Antwerp where they will embark on the United States transport Cantigny bound for Portland, Maine. Their departure leaves the region between Mayence and Antwerp without a single American soldier.

SIC 'EM, FIDO!



GREEK CABINET TO RESIGN AS RESULT OF CHAMBER VOTE

ATHENS, March 11.—The government suffered a defeat in the chamber of deputies yesterday, when Premier Giannoulis was voted against. The vote was 181 to 158.

CONDITIONS CHANGE BUT ARE NO WORSE, SAYS KANSAS JUDGE

OTTAWA, KAN., March 11.—Friends of Justice Johnson E. West of Topeka, were today discussing an address the justice made yesterday before the Kiwanis club in which he discussed the morals of the country.

NO OCCASION FOR GENOA CONFERENCE SAYS LONDON PAPER

LONDON, March 11.—The Daily Mail today says that the refusal of the United States to participate in the Genoa conference is a grave mistake.

PALACE THEATER AT FORT WORTH ROBBED

FORT WORTH, March 11.—Two bandits entering the Palace theater in the heart of the business district at 6:00 o'clock today, stole \$10,000 and escaped with \$10,000 in cash.

LIMERICK TROUBLE HAS BEEN SETTLED BOTH TO EVACUATE

BELFANT, March 11.—A settlement of the trouble between the rival forces of the Irish Republican army in Limerick has been reached. Under the agreement both parties will evacuate the city.

MAN FLOGGED AT DALLAS RETURNS FOR GRAND JURY

DALLAS, March 11.—Phillip Rothblum, kidnaped from his home here Monday night, returned to Dallas this morning from Little Rock, Ark., with Captain of Detectives W. R. Moffitt, who was sent to Arkansas to serve a grand jury summons on him.

MISS ISABELL GLASGOW OF HENRIETTA IS DEAD

HENRIETTA, TEXAS, March 11.—Miss Isabella Glasgow, age 30, died at the home of her mother in this city Thursday morning at 4 o'clock after a brief lingering illness.

TWO DEEP TESTS WILL BE DRILLED NEAR IOWA PARK

IOWA PARK, TEXAS, March 10.—A 2,000-foot test well is to be drilled three and a half miles southwest of here in the near future by Oklahoma interests.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SEYMOUR C. OF C. HELD FRIDAY NIGHT

OFFICERS FOR ENSUING YEAR CHOSEN, O. P. CARDWELL ELECTED PRESIDENT.
BANQUET PRECEDED BY SUCCESSFUL CLEAN-UP

Staff Special to The Times.
SEYMOUR, TEXAS, March 11.—With nearly 300 in attendance, the annual meeting of the Seymour chapter of commerce was held Friday night, officers were elected and pledges of support for the year were received.

Officers were elected as follows: O. P. Cardwell, president; F. F. Fisher, vice-president; J. T. Lively, second vice-president; R. E. Baskin, secretary; T. R. Craddock, treasurer. These five, with J. A. Wheat, S. A. L. Morgan of Wichita Falls, I. O. Newton, O. P. Caldwell and R. E. Baskin, a very pleasing musical program was given.

PRESIDENT ENCOUNTERS THE FIRST BAD WEATHER OF HIS VACATION TRIP

By Associated Press.
DAYTONA, FLA., March 11.—President Harding today encountered the first bad weather of his vacation trip.

TWO MEN ARE ROBBED OF \$30,000 PAYROLL

BROWNSVILLE, PA., March 11.—Albert Fleming, manager of the W. J. Rainey and company store at Altoona, Pa., and C. G. Evans, chief clerk, were robbed of approximately \$30,000, the company's mine payroll, by six bandits who held up a payroll car three miles from here today.

SECRETARY HUGHES WRITES UNDERWOOD ABOUT THE TREATY

WASHINGTON, March 11.—Secretary Hughes has written a letter to Senator Underwood of Alabama, democratic senate leader and member of the American arms conference delegation, relative to the four-power pact, it was announced today at the state department.

FAT STOCK SHOW AT FORT WORTH OPENS

Cattlemen's Association Will Convene in That City on Tuesday.
FORT WORTH, March 11.—Fort Worth's annual stock show, which this year has been enlarged to take in agricultural and other exhibits, opened here today.

CHARGE ULTIMATUM TENDS TO DESTROY WHOLE SYSTEM OF HANDLING REPARATION ISSUE

By Associated Press.
PARIS, March 11.—The demand by the United States for reimbursement to the extent of \$241,000,000 for the expenses of its forces in the Rhineland before any reparations are paid, has provoked surprise and perplexity in French official circles.

The allied finance ministers met today to consider the situation created by the memorandum handed to the reparations commission yesterday by Roland W. Boyden, representative of the United States with interest before any part of the occupation of May 1, 1921, was about \$241,000,000.

The memorandum, the text of which was made public, states that with interest before any part of the occupation of May 1, 1921, was about \$241,000,000.

MRS. OBENCHAIN IS RESTING AFTER TWO DAYS ON THE STAND

LOS ANGELES, CAL., March 11.—Madalynne Obenchain, in her cell in the county jail, rested today from the ordeal of the two successive days on the witness stand in her trial for the murder of J. Belton Kennedy, her ex-husband.

AMARILLO SALESMAN IS FROZEN TO DEATH DURING BLIZZARD IN PANHANDLE

AMARILLO, TEXAS, March 11.—Joe Mitchell was frozen to death 60 miles southeast of here Thursday night.

PROTEST A REVIVAL OF THE JOINT CONFERENCE

ALTOONA, PA., March 11.—A protest against revival of the joint conference between miners and operators in the central competitive field was sent today to Secretary of Labor Irving T. Webb.

FOUR DROWNED WHEN AUTO DASHES THROUGH AN OPEN DRAW BRIDGE

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 11.—The young women and two youths were drowned here today when a small closed car ran through the open draw of the steel concert bridge at Little Rock.

MRS. OBENCHAIN IS RESTING AFTER TWO DAYS ON THE STAND

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Already she had been quizzed rigidly concerning her relations with the three men who have occupied the most prominent places in her life—Raymond H. O'Connell, Chicago attorney, her former husband, and her present auto and a member of her counsel; Arthur C. Burch of Evanston, Ill., jointly indicted with her for the murder of Kennedy, and the young broker himself.

It is expected the state will devote considerable time Monday to cross-questioning the defendant on events leading to the slaying. The young broker in her presence on the steps of his cottage in Beverly Glen, a suburb, August 5 last.

SECRETARY HUGHES WRITES UNDERWOOD ABOUT THE TREATY

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COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI THREATENED BY FLOOD

COLUMBUS, MISS., March 11.—Columbus today was threatened with a flood of a large proportion. For the 24 hours ending this morning 5.4 inches of rain fell during a 24-hour period.

WEATHER MILD AND SNOW RAPIDLY VANISHES IN AREA

Moderating weather was reported from all points in this section Saturday morning and the snow that delayed traffic from the west and north Friday was rapidly vanishing.

REFUSE TO INDICT MAN WHO KILLED SLAUGHTER

BENTON, ARK., March 11.—The state grand jury today refused to indict James (Jack) Howard, the prisoner who slew Tom Slaughter, noted desperado, following the escape from the prison at Little Rock with a number of negroes.

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The WRONG FACE

By ISABEL OSTRANDER

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER XVII
At 10 o'clock the following morning Sandy Cove awoke peacefully in the eastern sunshine.

Within the decorously shade-drawn library of the Tudor house six persons were gathered: Mrs. Tudor herself, her niece Fay, Captain Warren, Kenneth Clayton, Sheriff Hulme and Sergeant John Barry. The latter was seated at the long magazine table in the center of the room with a sheet of notes spread out before him, and it was toward him that all eyes were directed. None appeared to notice the pasteboard boxes of various sizes which flanked the notes upon the table, and certain it was that none save the sheriff and Barry himself knew that outside the door two husky constables waited with a big-framed bottle-browed woman for the signal to add themselves to the gathering.

"The sheriff and I have asked you to meet us all together," began Barry, pleasantly enough. "In order that we may tell you the result of our investigations of yesterday into the death of Miss Laurel Tudor. It was murder, of course, but her death was never intended. You all know the method by which the crime was committed, but what I think that some of you know is that the carbon monoxide was meant not for her but for her cousin, and the fact that the two young ladies changed beds during the night was all that saved Miss Fay. Tudor from the fate meted out to her, although it rebounded upon an innocent victim—innocent in that she had aroused no enmity in the breast of the murderer. When I said that 'none of you knew this, I meant none except one, for the guilty person is in this room at the present moment!'"

Fay sat, clutching the arms of her chair tightly, but she made no outward move and her eyes never left the face of the detective. Clayton growled a sudden exclamation, but Captain Warren sat immovable, although a slight flush crept upon his cheek. Mrs. Tudor started to her feet with a soft cry. "Please sit down, Mrs. Tudor," Barry's tones were sympathetic but firm. "I know how you must be feeling at this moment, but I shall not keep you long in suspense. It was some time between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning the murderer started to enter the room where the two young ladies were asleep, carrying in one hand the receptacle containing the carbon monoxide, and in the other an electric torch. This person dared not turn on the lights in the room for fear of waking one of the other of its occupants, in spite of the fact that they had both been heavily drugged. On the threshold, by a miracle of fate, perhaps, the electric torch went out! "The low light at the farther end of the hall did not penetrate the room, but the murderer had gone too far to retreat now, for already the fumes of the poison gas were escaping from the faulty, hastily constructed container. Putting it down upon the floor just outside the door—the mark there once held oil, and the mark of it is still visible on the rug upstairs

determination was crystallized by a conversation you overheard upon the little porch, which opens off the breakfast room. You planned it down to the most minute detail, even to the use of the gas mask to save your daughter from harm. After your guests had gone you slipped down here to the hall closet to obtain the keys to the garage from the pocket of your motor coat which hung there. You found there, quite by accident, a pair of Miss Fay's cast-off slippers, which Louise hoped to have stretched for her own use, and you managed to put them on, with a tardy thought for possible footprints which might be left on the ground.

"You committed the crime, making the fatal mistake which I have already described and which you learned of in the morning when you heard the voice of the very girl you thought you had slain. I could find it in my heart to pity you at the moment were

"There this person went straight to the bed ordinarily occupied by Miss Laurel, touched the hair—which in the dark could not have been detected from that of Miss Fay, for both are of the same texture—and fitted the mask carefully over the face.

"You can figure the rest out for yourselves—the murderer's advance to the other bed; the insertion of the tube between the lips of the unconscious girl; the application of a bandage over her nostrils so that, perforce, she must breathe in the deadly gas; the departure from the room for a certain, well-calculated period; the return; removal of the mask from one face and bandage from the other; and hurried exit with the container.

"But the murderer had made the fatal mistake of trusting to the sense of touch alone. It was upon the wrong face that the mask was adjusted, and the wrong face that the wrong lips that the tubing was inserted!"

"By not?" Barry asked coolly. "Does the recital of your own crime bring it back too vividly before your mind? Woman, you are the murderer of your own daughter!"

A swift change had come over the countenance of Mrs. Tudor, a hideous, malevolent change which wiped from it the last semblance of youth and prettiness. She sat rigid, her blue eyes fixed with a sort of mocking mirth upon those of Barry.

"There was no thought of murder in your mind when your niece returned from Europe," Barry continued. "You felt secure in your coming happiness, but the mind of a woman in love is more keenly intuitive than at normal times, and within a few days you realized something which your niece did not dream of—that the man you loved and hoped to marry had turned from you. It was not Fay Tudor alone whom you hated then; to the point of murder; it was the common enemy of all women of middle life, youth! youth!"

"You planned to kill her on the night of the dance, planned to stab her, I think, with the dagger from the hall arrangement of weapons which I found concealed in your room an hour ago, and to that end you slipped into the pantry when Louise's attention was engaged elsewhere and put into the hot milk, which the young ladies were to drink, six powders of the drug which Miss Fay had brought from Paris for insomnia, a triple dose for each, so that neither would awaken if you entered the room."

"You meant the affair to look like suicide, but during the dance you learned from the lips of Professor Semynov of an easier method, and you practically safe from discovery, as you thought. You determined immediately upon its adoption, and that

her away, Joe; you and Yarrell and the matron."

Late that Autumn Sheriff Hulme paid his customary visit to Barry in town and much to the honor of country official's embarrassment he was taken one evening to call upon the great Professor Semynov.

"If you hear, professor, that the Tudor house back in Sandy Cove burned down a month ago," he asked. "Miss Fay—that is, Mrs. Warren—and the captain were away in California on their honeymoon and Mr. William Tudor is still in the hospital, where they're curing him of that shell shock or whatever it was happened to him. Funny how he came to be lost and reported dead, wasn't it?"

"Captain Warren saw him fall," replied the professor, "and after the attack went out to what he supposed to be the body of his friend. It must have been the body of some other young American officer."

Sergeant Barry nodded.

"I heard a little about it when I called at the hospital to see young Tudor," he remarked. "He remembers that the Germans got him but he managed to escape. They must have stripped him of his credentials, but left the marks of his rank on him, for he was treated as an officer all the way through."

"There was a pause and then the sheriff observed:

"The Tudor woman never recovered her mind before her death."

"It doesn't matter," Barry's tone was grave. "She escaped trial here, but she has gone to a higher court before an infallible judge, and we know that her sentence will be a just one."

(THE END)



With a sudden spring she was upon the girl, her fingers tightened with maniacal strength about her throat.

PRIEST IS GRANTED LEAVE OF ABSENCE

Reward of \$2500 Offered For Arrest and Conviction in Slaton Case.

DALLAS, March 11.—The Rev. Mr. J. M. Keller, of the missionary parish of Slaton, Lubbock county, has been granted a leave of absence and period of rest. He has practically recovered in a physical way from the rough treatment given him by masked men at Slaton March 8. When in Dallas Thursday and Friday he made a written report to Bishop J. P. Lynch of the Dallas diocese.

Bishop Lynch said that Keller was a man of high character and unquestioned loyalty. Instances of his work were quoted by the bishop, who declared inviolable confidence that the party attacking the priest did not contain any Catholic members of the parish at Slaton. Father Keller will not be returned to Slaton, in view of the expressed ill feeling there, Bishop Lynch said.

According to information today received by return to Slaton to testify in the case of the attack on him, if called upon. A reward of \$2,500 was offered late yesterday by the committee for the welfare council of the Catholic diocese of Dallas for those attacking Father Keller.

Feature of most Japanese weddings is a bonfire of the bride's toys.



SIS'S BEAU NIGHT

TRIPOLI IS SCENE OF A REVOLUTION

Rebels Have Cut Railways And Are Attacking the Italian Garrisons.

By Associated Press.

ROME, March 11.—A revolution on a large scale has broken out in Tripoli, says a dispatch to the newspaper Il Mondo from its correspondent in the capital. The rebels have cut the railways in many places and attacked the Italian garrison.

At Asinia two companies of Italian soldiers surrounded by rebels are receiving food dropped from airplanes.

The Italians have evacuated Catter and Savia. The latter is on the coast about 125 miles east of the city of Tripoli.

NEW WORLD'S RECORD RECEIVING WIRELESS

NEW YORK, March 11.—Jose M. Seron of the Radio Corporation of America last night made a new world's record of 493 words a minute for receiving continental code by wireless and won the world's championship at the second annual radio show.

Seron is a Chilean, 25 years old, with little knowledge of the English language and radio but with some familiarity with the continental code because of his work on the South American cables. He will receive the winner's cup.

The world's championship had been held through two contests by R. G. Zutter of the Wireless station of the New York Times. His record was 413-8 words a minute.

LEGAL SUPPLES

CITATION BY PUBLICATION. The state of Texas, to the sheriff or any constable of Wichita county, greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon John G. 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 your county, to appear at the next regular term of the 59th district court of Wichita county, to be held at the court house thereof in Wichita Falls, on

LEGAL NOTICES

The state of Texas, county of Wichita, by virtue of the order of sale issued out of the honorable sixty eighth (68th) court of Dallas county, on the 24th day of February, 1921, by John H. Cullom, clerk, district court of said county, against R. E. Fleming, for the sum of eighteen thousand seven and no 100 (\$18,907.00) dollars and costs of suit in cause No. 4932 of said court, styled Frederick Oll & Producing company versus R. E. Fleming et al, and placed in my hands for service, I, Fred K. Smith, as sheriff of Wichita county, Texas, did on the 2nd day of March, 1922, levy on certain real estate situated in Wichita county, described as follows, to-wit: Three certain rotary drilling rigs, consisting of one Johnson rig and one Lucy rig No. 1 and one Lucy rig No. 2, located about nine miles northwest of Wichita Falls, Texas, being now in the possession of Tom McDonald and Pat Pope, being said rig bought from the First National bank of Wichita Falls, Texas, and levied upon as the property of said R. E. Fleming. And on Tuesday the 4th day of April 1922, at the court house door of Wichita county, in the city of Wichita Falls, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. I will sell said property at public vendue for cash to the highest bidder as the property of said R. E. Fleming by virtue of said levy, and said order of sale. And in compliance with law I give this notice by publication in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Wichita Daily Times, a newspaper published in Wichita county, Texas, my hand this 3rd day of March, 1922. Fred K. Smith, sheriff Wichita county, Texas; by F. E. Johnson, deputy. March 4-11-18.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION. The state of Texas, to the sheriff or any constable of Wichita county, greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon Thomas H. Owens by making publication of this citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, to appear at the next regular term of the 59th district court of Wichita county, to be held at the court house thereof in Wichita Falls, on

LEGAL NOTICES. No newspaper published in said judicial district, then in the newspaper published in the nearest district to said said judicial district, to appear at the next regular term of the 59th district court of Wichita county, to be held at the court house thereof in Wichita Falls, on the 1st Monday in April, A. D. 1922, the same being the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1922, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 1235 wherein Emma Owens is plaintiff, and Thomas Owens is defendant, and said petition alleging: That plaintiff and defendant were married on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1912, when they separated and have not lived together since. That there were born to plaintiff and defendant two children, to-wit: Mattie Margaret Owens and Doris Rosetta Owens, whose ages are six and seven years respectively; that plaintiff has supported said children since said 15th day of July, 1912, and is able to care for and support them with the help of her father and mother; that plaintiff is a proper person to have the care and custody of said minors. That defendant was guilty of excessive cruelty, threatened and outrages toward plaintiff of such a nature as to render their living together insupportable, and defendant often struck plaintiff, causing her great pain and mental suffering; that on the 15th day of July, 1918, defendant struck plaintiff and choked her, causing her great pain and suffering, and she has since taken her life. Plaintiff prays for judgment against defendant granting her a divorce by separating from the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff be granted the care and custody of said minor children, and that defendant, and for general relief. Herein fail not but have before said court, at its proper term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same, by F. E. Johnson, deputy. A. F. Kerr, clerk, district court, Wichita county; by Winnifred Pickens, deputy. March 4, 1922.

BOY SCOUTS, ATTENTION!

You are ordered to report to the STRAND THEATRE tonight at 8 o'clock—

MISS ANNE MORGAN OF NEW YORK

Will talk to you about the DEVASTATED REGIONS of FRANCE. Several reels of good "Movies" will be shown.

ADMISSION FREE— BRING DAD ALONG

Miss Morgan will give an address at the OLYMPIC THEATRE Sunday at 3 p. m. Motion pictures will be shown.

No admission charges. Everybody welcome.

This space contributed by the BOY SCOUTS of WICHITA FALLS

Bullion & Spain

By Morgan Johnson

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THE morning was hot, with the ghost of a catspaw fanning the air. Heat waves were curling off the surface of Fifuti lagoon in long, shimmering tentacles. Outside, the Pacific rollers, lazy and good-humored, were crooning their dawn song to the barrier of coral reef.

McCrosman, owner of the Asbestos Cat, free-booter and general vagabond, came up from the little weather-beaten cabin of the schooner, and crossing the deck to the low rail, stood surveying the scene. A lean man of the greyhound type, small head and thin-framed, his face, wrinkled and creased, footed by hot suns and the driving lash of fine sea spume, made his age difficult to guess at. He was neatly arrayed in clean white ducks, which made his bare, sun-burned feet seem incongruous.

He stood, bending his body to the slight heave of the hot-seamed deck, and a slow, satisfied smile curved his lips. Today was to see the first stripping of the virgin pearl beds of Fifuti.

He twisted his head to where Haro, the Japanese diver, his dissipated face even yellower than usual, squatted upon the deck, sucking in great gulps of fresh air with noisy pantomime. Near by, the two Malay tenders, bare backs above their gaudy sarongs already beaded with sweat, sorted out the pumping gear, chattering as they worked.

"Pitch lakas!" (Get a move on) called McCrosman.

Haro signaled for the helmet. Giggling self-consciously, Karam adjusted the bolts and began to screw down; while the other, the muscles of his slim back rippling slyly, commenced to pump.

Lifting his leaden boots clear of the rail, Haro balanced clumsily for a moment, and Karam, snatching up the manila lifeline steadied him. Then, pushing away from the ladder with a sucking gurgle of water, the grotesque and semi-inflated figure slid from sight, dropping like a plummet through fifteen odd fathoms to the shimmering sand below. The despoiling of Fifuti had begun in real earnest.

Rolling a cigarette between sun-scoured, blistered fingers, McCrosman turned away to the cool of the canvas awning at the stern; and as he did so, offered up a silent prayer to all the gods of pearl-folk that no inquisitive Japanese gunboat would come nosing in until he had successfully brought to a close this little futter in high-sea poaching.

FOR years Fifuti lagoon had laid under a strict government taboo; and this fact had drawn McCrosman from his erstwhile humdrum occupation of crew and opium running in Timor seas, as a hovering buzzard is drawn by dead flesh. It was characteristic of the man that the Asbestos Cat did not run to a mate; dire experience had taught him that the first sniff of a trade gin bottle was sufficient to set a white mate's tongue babbling secrets which would lead ultimately to the white-washed hell of a Japanese prison.

McCrosman's gaze grew suddenly narrow and intent. From the tangled depths of palm and vine, a native girl had emerged, walking rapidly toward the lagoon edge. Even at that distance, he could see the supple grace of her lithely swung body and the glint of red hibiscus entwined in her hair.

Finishing away his cigarette, McCrosman went to the stern and pulled up the white dinghy. Clambering in, he began to pull steadily beachward. Half way across the lagoon he heard a low throbb of laughter, and craning over one shoulder, saw her speeding for the shelter of the trees.

"Oh, Lolana," he called in scornful amusement, "little coward!"

She pulled up, shy and irresolute, realizing that she had left spear and basket at his mercy. As she hesitated the dinghy grated upon the beach, and springing out, McCrosman captured her in triumph. Then, turning his back, he sat studying the lagoon with assumed indifference.

"They are for sale—at a price!" he parlayed.

Silence fell, and for the moment, he half thought she had gone. Then, two soft, warm arms stole gently around his neck, and the scent of hibiscus was strong in his nostrils.

"Cross—you wicked!" came a low, accusing whisper.

"At a price!" repeated McCrosman firmly.

A faint sigh, and then her lips, light as the down of an eider-gull, brushed his sun-burned neck. She was gone in a flash, slipping through his fierce clasp; and, from a safe distance, her brown eyes mocked him.

"Red white man!" she scolded.

McCrosman laughed.

"Come," he coaxed. "Am I so ugly then?"

THE shock defiant head, but for all that, took two steps nearer. She stood, girlish and eager, pulsating with life, the flush upon her olive-brown cheeks belaying the reluctance of her shapely bare feet. McCrosman's devouring gaze caught a sudden glint of gold upon her heaving bosom. Curiosity stirred him.

"What is that, Lolana?" he asked, pointing.

"White man devil. No good!" she laughed, curving red lips showing a gleam of white teeth.

"Show," he demanded with a black frown.

She laughed his quick jealousy to scorn, but came, dropping gracefully upon her knees for his inspection.

Fingering the coin, he began to trace its worn and half-obiterated inscription.

"H-I-S-P-A-N-I-S-H."

He struggled excitedly to his feet.

"Why, good Lord, that's a Spanish doubloon! Where did you get it, girl?"

She pointed a slim, brown finger lagoon-wards.

McCrosman's brow contracted. Was there a legend about Fifuti? Dimly, far back in the recesses of his memory, he recalled an old beach-combing yarn.

A crunching of sand behind interrupted. Lolana, with a swift glance, gathered basket and spear and fled like a frightened bird into the trees.

McCrosman swung about.

"Hallo, Godwin!" he greeted, a trifle sourly.



And then terror gripped him. It was dead man's gold, cargo of some stately galleon of Spain, whose crew had long ago been picked clean by crab and dogfish

The Rev. Arthur Godwin looked exactly what he was, a tired, hard-working island missionary. Five years of Fifuti had not altogether damped his enthusiasm, although the pink of an English countryside had long since faded from his mahogany cheeks. The only color he ever possessed nowadays came from the fitful flush of malaria. His eyes were gray and steady; but the whites were bloodshot from overmuch quinine.

He fanned his thinning head with a dirty-white topee, his gaze fixed reflectively upon the busy schooner.

"McCrosman," he jerked abruptly, "this won't do; you're playing a dangerous game!"

McCrosman's eyebrows went up. Leisurely, he abstracted a cigarette from his pigskin case and then extended it invitingly. The missionary selected one with slightly trembling fingers, tapping it square upon his thumbnail.

"It won't do," he repeated, but his voice was less aggressive.

"Of course," said McCrosman with a sardonic gleam, "for days now I've been expecting to hear those identical words from you. Thank you for not disappointing me. But when it comes to the point, my friend, what exactly are you going to do to stop it?"

"Nothing," admitted Godwin with a helpless gesture. "The law in Fifuti, like everything else, lacks backbone. But I warn you that if the Nippon passes I'll signal her!"

McCrosman grinned at the threat.

"All right, you pillar of the Empire!" he gibed. "I take the risk; but I hope to have vanished into the Pacific long before the turn up!"

Out in the lagoon, just under the sun-cracked lee of the schooner Haro, the diver, grotesquely inflated, bobbed suddenly up, breaking the serene blue of the water, like some marine monster. McCrosman at the lifeline, began carefully to steer him toward the diving ladder.

Godwin watched the operation with abstracted eye.

"There is one other thing—" he began with a tentative blinking. McCrosman sighed; he guessed full well what was coming.

"I suppose you're going to preach about the girl now."

Perturbed yet doggedly persistent, the missionary nodded.

"That's one thing in which I must interfere," he said slowly. "Anything touching the welfare of the natives concerns me. Don't misunderstand me, McCrosman. I've lost all the illusions I ever cherished regard-

ing their religious beliefs. I know them for pure savages, and it puzzles me mightily why they haven't dropped me long ago. But, all the same, it's my duty to see they come to no injury which it is in my power to ward off. In a word, McCrosman, you're got to leave Lolana alone!"

An ugly spark came into McCrosman's eyes.

"Indeed?" he sneered blackly. "And, once again, may I ask the alternative?"

The missionary smiled a little wily. "I mean it for your own good. The girl is promised to Tikati, son of the chief, a very unscrupulous, determined fellow. I warn you he is a dangerous customer and very much in love with her."

McCrosman gave an ugly laugh.

"Thanks, but niggers never frighten me!" His hand caressed his hip pocket significantly.

Godwin sighed wearily. He was disappointed, and blamed his cunningness for arousing McCrosman's antagonism.

The peevish nodded brusquely, and began to scrouch his way over the hot sand to the dinghy. Half way there, however, he paused and turned, his blue eyes vague with thought.

"By the way," he called, "did you ever hear of a Spanish ship being wrecked in Fifuti?"

The missionary flashed him a curious look, which shifted and fluttered indefinitely away.

"Yes," he conceded, hesitatingly, "there is an island legend, and I fancy some of them have a dash of Spanish blood. Why do you ask?"

McCrosman swung away.

"Oh, nothing," he flung back, carelessly. "I've heard the story, too."

The missionary stood as if undecided. Once he opened his mouth as if to call, and then changed his mind.

Pulling back to the schooner, McCrosman followed Godwin's disappearing back with a thoughtful frown.

Suddenly he chuckled, pointing the dripping oars in the middle of a swooping grin. "And," by the Lord Harry, I'm going to find her!"

descending in the dress. The Malays giggled nervously, while Haro, startled out of usual stolid calm, blazed in sheer amazement.

McCrosman was not an expert diver—no white man ever is—and as he dropped down through the emerald-green depths to the ghostly twilight of the lagoon bed he landed clumsily, muddying the translucent water as he regained footing.

The sudden change from the heat and glare above was ineffably soothing. Here and there, looming through the gloom, he caught glimpses of coral tracery, twisted into countless designs and patterns—strange, fantastic towns and cities of the undersea.

Wetland marine plants waved their arms gracefully, bobbing and curving like things alive. Shoals of rainbow fish, exotic and vivid, threaded the dim aisles, leisurely and unafraid. One swam up boldly, goggling inquisitively through the helmet glass, and as McCrosman put up a hand to seize him, flitted skilfully away.

But McCrosman had no eyes for the exquisite beauty of the scene. Keeping a wary lookout for jawning clams, one step into whose open jaws would mean a leg snapped like a carrot, he began his search. A giant turtle, slippers working rhythmically, and hawk head probing, brushed past like some huge, green phantom.

Now that he was down, his chances of finding the treasure seemed infinitesimal. For two days he had weighed and debated the prospects, haunted in his sleep by visions of golden doubloons, and depressed in sane, waking moments by the fact that two or three centuries of ever-shifting sand would suffice to bury an ocean liner without leaving the slightest trace.

He calculated now that he had been down twenty minutes, and already his untrained lungs were hurting, while the thud, thud of the pump overhead seemed to beat against his very eardrums. At the outside, he gave himself ten minutes more.

He judged that he was wearing the center of the lagoon. In places the sand was silvery white, incapable of hiding an oyster from view. At every step tiny coral crabs, blood-red in color, scuttled anxiously from his path. He waded through minuscule forests, where long weeds groped at him with shadowy tentacles.

It was in one of these marine jungles that he turned, with hope exhausted, to give the two tugs upon the lifeline, when he

stumbled heavily against a hard object buried among the tangled weeds.

With his heart pumping in great, excited beats, he bent down to discover, projecting from the sand, the skeleton rib of what might once have been a ship. But that was not all. Near by, he glimpsed something which made him catch his laboring breath and try vainly to wipe away the mist upon the helmet glass. It was the dull, yellow glitter of gold!

He dropped clumsily to his knees, and with shaking hands began to tear at the concealing weeds. He cut his fingers to the bone upon razor-like edges, but was wholly oblivious. All his being was riveted upon his wonderful discovery.

There were doubtless, shimmering piles of them, and at his eager touch strange, hopping sea insects escaped from them in big, grotesque jumps. Close by he could discern worm-eaten remnants of an oaken chest, and amid them the gleam of golden bars—bullion.

He crouched inside the helmet with insane delight, and picking up a handful of coins, dropped them through his hands in a yellow shower.

And then terror gripped him. This was dead man's gold, cargo of some stately galleon of Spain, whose crew had long ago been picked clean by crab and dogfish. He started to his feet, thinking he could detect white bones lying amid the awaying, barnacle-encrusted weeds.

Shivering, in spite of the stifling dress, he peered fearfully over his shoulder, expecting to see weird, dancing figures, with hair streaming wildly upward, emerge from the green gloom, and feel the grip of bony fingers clutching horribly.

Instead, with an intense flooding of relief, he only saw the inevitable shoal of rainbow fish, their serried, kaleidoscopic rows moving leisurely, and a striped water snake, which twisted spasmodically surface-ward.

Guffawing noisily at his absurd fear, he shut off his air valve and tugged upon the lifeline.

"I perceive you have been successful, McCrosman," he said in a dreary, colorless voice.

The peevish, bathing his torn hands in a bucket of warm sea water, shot an angry, suspicious look.

"What the hell are you doing on my schooner, Godwin?" he demanded.

His nerves were tingling with suppressed excitement; he wanted to be alone, to think and plan about his stupendous discovery. Godwin smiled his wan, weary smile.

"It's no good beating about the bush, McCrosman; I can see my answer in your eyes. The matter has been worrying me ever since our conversation upon the beach. I'm afraid I shirked my duty in not telling you then."

McCrosman's irritation flamed up.

"Telling me what? What the devil do you mean?"

"Well," Goodwin said, slowly, "it's only this—you make the third, now."

McCrosman was in the act of draining his glass when the full significance of the remark dawned. He stopped to stare.

The missionary held up a finger, and tapped it in enumeration.

"First, there was Sheldon—"

"Sheldon, of the Fire-Flay!" broke in McCrosman, "Why he—"

"Exactly," nodded Godwin, "He committed suicide upon this very beach. I found him myself, with his throat cut. He also had discovered the gold, and some of it was already under the hatch. His mate got away with the lugger, which went to the bottom with all hands off Beagle Bay, in a dead calm."

Silence reigned in the stifling cabin, and for a few tense seconds, the two men looked into each other's eyes. McCrosman's face had gone a shade whiter under its tan. Then, he laughed, as a scared man does, with narrowing, introspective eyes.

"Well, what of it? These seas hold a high average for suicides. I'm afraid it won't wash, Godwin; you can't shoo me off like this!"

The other shrugged his thin shoulders.

"There's a curse upon that gold, McCrosman," he declared. "Even the natives talk of it as the white man's devil."

A phrase of Lolana's leaped to McCrosman's memory.

"White man's devil!" he repeated slowly. Then his lean jaw set.

"I'm not scared!"

The missionary sighed gently.

"Yes, that's what Renshaw said." "He got into trouble six months ago. There was a rumor he had cleared for Singapore."

Godwin shook his head.

"Renshaw went to Melokal."

McCrosman made a startled movement.

"Melokal!" he repeated dully. "My God!" He blanched at the most dreaded name in the South Seas.

"Leproy," said the missionary with almost grim satisfaction. "Two days after he found the gold the lion's mark was on his forehead."

McCrosman was gazing, fascinated, at the missionary's lips. At last he leaned forward and crashed his fist upon the table.

"Damn you!" he snarled, "you think to frighten me with your psalm-singing, old women's tales—"

His voice rose, shrill and quavering. "If all the devils in hell are in that gold I'm going to have it—"

Abruptly the missionary rose, his face gaunt and stern.

"Then there's no more to say. You'll dress your own weird, McCrosman. I've peace!"

McCrosman followed him to the scorching deck. He had begun to hate this solemn-jawed missionary with a bitter intensity.

"Humb!" he muttered savagely, as Godwin stepped into the waiting canoe. The two mission boys pushed off and paddled rapidly beachward. Godwin, sitting in the stern, his shoulders hunched, never turned his head for a backward glance.

Still raging, McCrosman swung about and sent an impatient hail to the fo'castle.

"Haro! Karam! Aft, you swine, and trim the boat for diving!"

The night was warm, with a subtle perfume of vanilla and hibiscus wafting off shore.

Under the dew-drenched waiting McCrosman lay full length in a canvas chair, his cigar end glowing red through the dusk.

For two days Haro had dived unremittingly, bringing up netful after netful of the gleaming gold, which, under McCrosman's supervision, the astounded crew stored away in the lockers of the little cabin.

McCrosman contemplated a civilized, leisurely existence, free from yawns and fevers. Beautiful women, choice wines, expensive motorcars—his gold would buy them all!

A running patter of bare feet and a touch upon his knee roused him with a violent jerk.

"Lolana!" he exclaimed incredulously. Bending forward, he could see the dusky curves of her against the starlight. She was crouching upon the deck, uttowing little sob-like sounds.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he asked, harshly. He touched her hair, and felt the wet strands cling against his hand.

"Good Lord, girl, you're wet! How did you get to the schooner?"

"I swim, Cross," she choked, meekly.

McCrosman sat aghast.

"Across the lagoon?" he cried. "Why, the sharks might have got you!"

"No, no, no, no," she whimpered. "I frighten Tikati. He had man, very angry, throw spear at Lolana today. He say, 'I come you, Cross!'"

McCrosman was silenced; he was half groggy, half touched at her simple faith in him. But words, fitting the occasion, failed to come.

Her slim little fingers entwined themselves around his, coaxingly, like a scared child begging sympathy.

He pressed them gently.

"Tikati shan't touch you. I'll see to that," he reassured her. "But what I'm going to do with you now beats me—"

Musing, he found a solution. "Look here, you'd better go to Godwin, the missionary man. Mr. Tikati won't dare to touch you then. I'll get Karam to take you across in the dinghy."

He was upon the point of rising to shoot an order, when, with a deft movement, she twisted her slim body into his arms.

"No, no, Cross," she panted, "you take me with you. Tikati jealous, he chop me if you leave me, Fifuti!"

The strong, poignant odor of the damp hibiscus in her hair fooded McCrosman's senses.

"Lolana," he objected weakly, and then, as quick as light, her lips were on his, kissing hotly, passionately.

With pulses drumming and throbbing, he endured it for a space, but at last yielded to her abandon. Content and passive, she lay in his arms, smoothing his cheek with rivet, caressing touch.

"You sail tonight, Cross," she urged in a low murmur. "Yes, tonight."

"Ho! ho! ho!" Ghostly, derisive laughter seemed to mock his fluttering will.

"Impossible, child!" he said angrily; and feeling her cower under the whip of his tone, repented. "In two days' time we shall go," he soothed, mentally resolving that upon the morrow Haro would work as he had never worked before. Once let him get the gold on board, and he would take Lolana to Sidney, give her a good time and then—

And then? Ah, well, as they say in the South Seas, "there is always a day after tomorrow!"

He crossed himself again.

"Now, Cross, tonight—tonight!" Lolana was insisting with feverish earnestness.

"Silly little one," breathed McCrosman, and stooped to kiss her. "The lagoon is narrow and the reef sharp. We cannot see in the dark."

This seemed to clinch matters. She sighed once, a heavy, tired sigh, and fell silent. A shiver passed through her, reminding him that she was wet.

He disengaged himself from her clinging arm, reluctant to release him.

"It's all right; I'm going to get you a blanket. Wait."

He went below, and lighting the spluttering hurricane lamp, took a blanket from his bunk.

At the top of the steps again, he saw her waiting, lissom and shadowy in the dusk, her form outlined against the twinkling stars.

A WAVE of pity stirred over him.

"Poor little Lolana!" he whispered; and, on a sudden, saw the stars behind, blotted out. A frightened little scream came to him.

Puzzled and vaguely alarmed, he sprang forward, catching her as she tottered against his breast.

"Cross, I—I," she gasped, and dropped at his feet, leaving his hands warm and wet.

As in a dream, he saw a shape loom against the billiards. The ghost of a chuckle reached him.

Instinctively, he felt for his absent revolver; and then, with a snarl of rage, sprang forward to touch a gray, naked body. A hot breath fanned his face, and he caught a glimpse of white teeth flashing in a grin. The dull, shooting ache of a knife stab darted through his shoulder.

Truth flashed upon him.

"Tikati, you lound!" he cried, and buried himself at the shadow.

Dimly, as from a remote distance, he heard a pattering of feet along the deck, and Haro's guttural shout.

"Ho! ho! ho!" Derisive, mocking laughter seemed to beat into McCrosman's reeling brain. He heard a giant, departing effort—

A great splash rebounded over the lagoon, followed by a tangle of swirling waters—

All Haro saw, when he arrived, was a white glimmer of phosphorescence, deep down in the purple depths!

WICHITA DAILY TIMES

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MEMBER ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

TO ADVERTISERS

OUR DEVELOPMENT NOT ONE SIDED.

The announcement in Wednesday's Times that the Wichita Falls Golf and Country club had ordered work to start on a club house to cost in the neighborhood of \$85,000 was one of more than passing interest.

Current Comment

THE PRICE-FIXING PROPAGANDA. (Amarillo Tribune.) One of the pernicious doctrines that the country fell heir to as part of the war salvage was the theory of price-fixing by the government.

FAIR POSTPONED UNTIL NEXT FALL TO CONTINUE WORK

MEETING SATURDAY DECIDES NOT TO ATTEMPT EXPOSITION IN MAY.

WANT ORGANIZATION ON SUBSTANTIAL BASIS

Will Continue Campaign For Stock Subscriptions—May Mean Calling Off Of Rodeo.

A decision not to attempt to hold the first annual fair in May, but to continue with organization of the company with a view to having the fair in the fall, was reached Saturday morning at a meeting of those interested in the proposition.

FIRST FIELD DAY OF YEAR HELD BY SCOUTS SATURDAY

Wichita Falls boy scouts were busy Saturday with the first of this year's periodic field days. Athletic events and contests in various scout activities were being held throughout the day on the vacant lot at Ninth and Indiana, and indications as soon as that the entire scheduled card could not be completed before noon.

STOLEN FORD IS FOUND STRIPPED OF NOBLE EQUIPMENT AND LOOTED

Stripped of tires, lights, windshield, motor hood and various other appliances, a Ford touring car stolen Friday night from Mrs. L. W. Wenderfer, 401 1/2 Austin street, was found early Saturday morning on a street near the machine was taken from its parking place in a case of a local theater.

products. Evidently, he has forgotten the unfortunate result of the somewhat feeble attempt to fix prices of certain farm products during the war, although the step was taken under the necessities of war.

It is absurd to advocate the fixing of the price of farm products, unless the prices of all other commodities, including labor, are fixed. The whole thing to be considered in the matter of wheat prices is that wheat is a world commodity and the price cannot be fixed arbitrarily by the United States government.

Almost every venture of the kind made by the government in the past has been a diametrically opposite one to the one that is being attempted now.

One of the pernicious doctrines that the country fell heir to as part of the war salvage was the theory of price-fixing by the government.

UNDERWOOD URGES MEDICAL SOCIETIES RATIFICATION PACT HAVE JOINT SESSION

(Continued from Page One.)

intended to aid in securing the peace of the world would not be offensive to me. The first step in any effort to keep the peace among nations is to respect the rights of others.

As doing as conditions were all as they have existed for the past two decades danger lurked behind every dispute and the war clouds gathered when every national issue was raised. These conditions threatened our national security, for as long as our flag floats over the distant islands of that Pacific, the national honor requires that we shall defend the people of those islands from attack by other nations.

TOM MARTIN HELD AFTER HEARING ON CHARGE OF ASSAULT

Tom Martin, a young man, twenty years of age was bound over to await the action of the grand jury by Justice of the Peace R. V. Gwin, Saturday morning and his bond set at \$1,500. Martin stands charged with assault on a young girl.

AMUSEMENT PROMOTER KILLED AT HIS HOME

RIVERSIDE, N. J., March 11.—John Theodore Brunson, an amusement promoter and owner of the Doris and Ferris wheels, was shot and killed last night while seated near a first floor window of his home, reading. A full charge from a shotgun struck him behind the left ear. His wife was on the second floor when the shooting occurred and found the body of her husband on the floor when she rushed into the room. There is no sign as to who fired the shot.

MINORITY SHARPEN KNIVES FOR BOUT ON FOUR POWER TREATY

REVENUE WILL BE TAKEN ON LODGE FOR ATTACK ON WOODROW WILSON.

ALSO REMEMBER FATE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Feeling of Opposition is Stronger Against Republican Leader Than Against Pact.

By MARK SULLIVAN National Political Correspondent of the New York Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The report of a good deal of activity about the four power treaty is to be found between the lines of the following colloquy between Senator Robinson and Senator Lodge.

Mr. Robinson: Did the senator from Massachusetts indicate whether the four power treaty is to be discussed in the Senate?

Mr. Lodge: I think I shall. If about what I am going to do, expect to see in the next few days the treaty in the Senate. I expect to speak in support of it.

Mr. Robinson: I do not, at present. Now to those distant from Washington all this might appear to be a polite request for information and an offer of help. Indeed it would be possible for a guileless and unsuspecting reader to think in this exchange not only of the senator's own risk of being rebuffed, but also of the risk of being rebuffed by the senator.

DR. BOAZ TO PREACH AT THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH

Dr. H. A. Boaz, president of the Southern Methodist church, will fill the pulpit at the First M. E. church, south, corner Tenth and Lamar, Sunday at both the morning and evening services.

BALLINGER TO HAVE AN OVERALL FACTORY

BALLINGER, TEXAS, March 11.—Announcement is made through the Young Men's Business League of this city, of the organization of an overall factory in this city by T. B. Lanford, manager of Lanford mattress factory, which has operated successfully in this city for many years.

Kid's colds mean wakeful nights—Children romp around and play, and become overworked. Cold can be prevented. Have Dr. Bell's Fine-Tar-Honey & Coughs and Colds.

Dr. Bell's Fine-Tar-Honey & Coughs and Colds

REAL BARGAINS IN SLIGHTLY USED FURNITURE STAR FURNITURE CO.

CARE OF PRODUCTS CONFRONTS FARMER AS BASIC PROBLEM

QUESTION IS DISCUSSED BY STATE WAREHOUSE COMMISSION

ADVOCATES UNIFORM WAREHOUSE RECEIPTS

Would Have One or More Warehouses in Every Community in State.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 11.—The two basic problems confronting the Texas farmer at the present time are how to shelter and conserve the products he takes from his farm, pending the marketing of these products at the very best advantage, and the marketing of these products to the very best advantage.

As a solution of the first problem Mr. Ramsey advocates the bonded warehouse system, with one or more of these warehouses to every community.

Bonded warehouses, under close state supervision, provide a channel through which the producer may reach the manufacturer or the ultimate consumer without the assistance of the middleman. The warehouse gives the farmer of a commodity a status similar to that of the bonded warehouse receipt shall show the grade and class of all the products stored. The producer will know at all times the value of his surplus stock in storage.

Commissioner Ramsey advanced the opinion in favor of the bonded warehouse system. It encourages the installation of a system in financing the entire crop. The system of selling and fixing a definite system of buying for the farmer and for the family.

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The Only Exclusive Shop in Town

MISS M'CLURKEY, Designer and Dressmaker

DANCING TONIGHT At Labor Temple

Free prizes for ladies and gentlemen. Special invitations to visitors in the city. Best hall and floor in the city. Best of order. Zerkus Jazz Colored Orchestra with singing. Ladies free. Men, \$1.00. Dancing, 8:15.

REAL BARGAINS IN SLIGHTLY USED FURNITURE STAR FURNITURE CO.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

Like all persons with even a trace of the brother-spirit, Christians know that these are days of heavy trial for millions of our own countrymen; and for other hundreds of millions throughout the world.

Financial reverses, unemployment and actual lack of the ordinary necessities of existence, are at the present time ploughing deep into the souls of men and women.

Myriads are thinking of religion who in hours of prosperity forgot the Lord.

Instinctively, and not profanely, the commonest ejaculation in an instant of deepest feeling, is "My God!" This is only one of many evidences that "Man is an incurably religious animal."

When the dread hour or sorrow strikes, then we would have the reader remember that the Church stands ready to fulfill her ministry of comfort and instruction. While this use of the Church is belated, it is still proper.

OUR INVITATION!

To all who mourn and need comfort—to all who are weary and need rest—to all who are friendless and want friendship—to all who pray and to all who do not, but ought—to all who sin and need a Saviour, and to whosoever will—this church opens wide the door and makes free a place, and in the name of Jesus, the Lord says:

"Welcome!" (From a Dallas Church Calendar)

When need arises, the Church and her ministers will be found eager to be of service.

In sickness or death, in the calamities of character that are worse than either, and in every other extremity of the human soul, the servants of the Gospel await the call of the needy.

There is a minister of Christ near at hand who would count it a privilege to counsel with you, to comfort you, to pray with you, to talk with you about the eternal realities.

The church yearns to assure men that she wants to be helpful in every possible way. Like her Master, she is in our midst, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Her ministers would kneel at every death bed and stand by every grave, speaking the Gospel of Life.

Even more eagerly do they desire to serve the people through the years of youth and health, so that the comfort of Christ would be no strange work when recalled in the hour of extreme need.

Why wait for the hour of trial to bring the-blessed ministry and fellowship of the Church?

We respectfully invite the reader to

Go to Church Tomorrow

not pridefully, or critically, or seeking slights and defects, but as a sincere worshipper of God in His house.

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ALL THE NEWS OF ALL THE SPORTS

BECK POLES ONE IN INITIAL WORKOUT

Wright Bobs Up Unexpectedly And Is Ready to Go—McDonald Out Again.

The one and only feature of the Spudder workout at athletic park yesterday afternoon was a terrific drive by Fred Beck, erstwhile Western league circuit smasher, which cleared the right field barrier with several feet to spare and which satisfied all those present that Beck's home run reputation is not merely a paper talk. The big first asker caught one on the back the first time he stropped up to the plate to take his out and the last seen of the apple it was traveling in the general direction of the Wichita General club house.

TRIO OF VETERAN CUB STARS



Left to Right, Alex, Killifer and Martin. Pitching is a ball team's greatest relief. He feels that he is due to put on a real comeback in 1932. For that reason much of the sue-for that reason he is grooming himself as the Chicago Cub this year will depend on the showing made.

LIGHT WORKOUT FOR SPUDDERS SATURDAY

Wright's Appearance Brings Joy to Fans and Glimpse to Others.

Though the Spudders had a game scheduled with the Cleveland Indians this afternoon it did not interfere with the regular morning's workout at the club. The session was light one, however, and after throwing the ball around for a while and taking a few cuts at it, Sam Wright, the big right-hander, was the first to appear on the field. The appearance of Wright caused Walter Salm to smile joyously, but some of the rest of the squad were not quite so happy over his arrival. The "bomber" referred to are the other infielders. With two veterans of the 1931 aggregation already on hand and Clark expected back, one would think that Salm was sitting pretty as regards his infield. But the arrival of Wright, the presence of Salm and Evans, and the momentary appearance of White promised to make the competition for infield berths the hottest in the league. Incidentally, it is pointed out that the signing of all these experienced infielders indicates that Skipper Salm was not wholly satisfied with the manner in which his inner defense worked last year.

MARKETS

COTTON MARKET.

New York Cotton. NEW YORK, March 11.—The cotton market opened steady at an advance of one point today owing to further rains in the eastern belt. Liverpool buying and scattered orders on the spot market were realizing for over the week-end, however, and probably a little selling on apprehensions that the lock-out of British engineers would be reflected by lower Liverpool cables on Monday. The market was quiet on domestic goods trade made rather a bearish showing. Also and prices seemed to shade below last night's closing shortly after the opening. May contracts declined from 18.15 to 18.00, or two points net lower.

Month	High	Low	Close
March	18.15	18.00	18.00
April	18.15	18.00	18.00
May	18.15	18.00	18.00
June	18.15	18.00	18.00
July	18.15	18.00	18.00
August	18.15	18.00	18.00
September	18.15	18.00	18.00
October	18.15	18.00	18.00
November	18.15	18.00	18.00
December	18.15	18.00	18.00

New Orleans Cotton. NEW ORLEANS, March 11.—Dry weather here today has helped to belt and reports to local brokers from mill sections of the Carolinas and Virginia are showing a drop of six to seven points around the opening of the cotton market today. At the same time, prices were 1 to 2 points higher than the close of yesterday. Cotton today steady at net declines of 5 to 8 points.

Grain and Produce. CHICAGO, March 11.—Strength in corn market opened in the morning in wheat on the Chicago board of trade. First prices were 1.15 1/2 to 1.17 1/2. Weakness abroad in the face of yesterday's rally here, but not covering and commission house buying checked.

INTERNATIONAL SPY BECOMES A PERSON WITHOUT A COUNTRY



A CURATE IN KENT. ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT. IN AN ENGLISH PRISON. WENT TO AMERSON TO SEE THE KAISER.

By ALEXANDER HERMAN. NEW YORK, March 11.—Alexander T. Lincoln, international spy, is now a man without a country. First German spy, English clergyman, member of parliament, British censor, the arch conspirator, in his own country awaiting the action of the immigration authorities. He is charged with entering this country surreptitiously. If found guilty he will be deported.

MISS MORGAN TELLS OF RELIEF WORK IN DEVASTATED AREAS

UP TO AMERICA, SHE SAYS, TO DECIDE IF COMMITTEE SHALL CONTINUE.

SPEAKS AT LUNCHEON AT KEMP HOTEL SATURDAY

Wichitans Respond to Appeal For Funds to Carry on Important Measures.

Miss Anne Morgan of the American Committee for Devastated France told six-score Wichitans at noon today what her organization is doing in the war stricken area of that country, and then said: "It is up to you to say whether we shall live or not."

Judge Landis Still Hands Out Bonus To the Ball Player

While the national board has issued a ruling that no minor league club shall under any excuse or circumstance pay a player a bonus for signing a contract, even if he is a free agent, Judge Landis continues to hand out bonuses to players, rewarding the athletes for transgressions of the club owner. In a decision handed down last week the New York Nationals are ordered to pay Howard Burdett \$1,000, less a few dollars for expense investigating or something of the sort representing the draft price that Birmingham would have had to pay Norfolk for draft of the player.

EUROPEAN CHAMP ON WAY TO U. S.

Belgian Scrapper Comes to U. S. With Great Record in Squared Circle.

By BOB DORMAN. NEW YORK, March 9.—From across the water comes another European flistic champion seeking new fields to conquer.

Pete Hobbs is the latest arrival. He lays claim to the welterweight title of Europe.

Hobbs is a Belgian. His home weighs 146 pounds, when not in training and is only 5 feet 2 inches tall.

The European title holder is unquestionably the shortest welterweight in the world.

However, what he lacks in height he makes up in breadth. He is on the type of Bob Moha, who in the old days was known as the "cave man" of the middleweight division.

Like Georges Carpentier, Hobbs was an aviator in the late unpleasantness with Germany. He wore the colors of his native land, Belgium.

Hobbs comes to this country unheralded. Georges Carpentier was wildly received, made the hero of the hour, and carried with him the well wishes of many an American in his fight with Dempsey.

Unlike Carpentier, Hobbs has slipped into our fair country almost unknown. However, he may meet with much better success than the much touted Georges.

Hobbs has taken part in 25 bouts during his ring career. He has never been knocked out. On five occasions he has lost the decision. In turn, he has kayoed 17 of his opponents.

Hobbs comes to this country to seek a bout with Jack Britton. He is modest in his claims and feels that before camping on the trail of Britton he should prove to the American public that he is a worthwhile contender.

If Hobbs makes good it is his intention to remain in this country and become an American citizen.

Hobbs has one thought on boxing that is sure to make a hit in this country.

He never lets his opponent stay if he can put him away. That accounts for half of his bouts ending in knockouts.

VERNON EXHIBIT AT FAT STOCK SHOW

Fourteen Red Poll Bulls Are Being Shown By B. W. McLarty.

VERNON, TEXAS, March 11.—A fine herd of 14 young Red Poll bulls was taken this week by their owner, B. W. McLarty of Vernon, to Fort Worth to exhibit at the Fat Stock Show being conducted in the city.

Heading the number is a splendid 3-year-old bull, Cleveland, weighing 1,225 lbs. It has twice before taken premiums at the Fat Stock Show, once as a junior calf and a second time as a junior yearling.

The animal is of magnificent proportions and possesses an excellent pedigree.

All of Mr. McLarty's stock is registered in the grand old book of the American Red Poll breed, and his two-year-old bull, show the results of careful breeding and fine blood lines. There are five other yearlings in the number, and the remaining are calves.

SAYS RADIO WAVES TRAVEL THROUGH THE GROUND OR WATERS

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., March 11.—Under certain conditions radio waves might travel more easily through the ground or water than through the air, it was said today by Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, chief consulting engineer for the Western Electric company.

He said he considered well founded the supposition that recent performances of low power radio sending apparatus in the ground or water are surprising in view of the fact that the radiations peculiar to wireless transmission travel with equal ease through the earth as through the air.

In like manner he pointed out water might serve as a medium for radio conversations between ships or between a ship and a shore.

Wireless telephony, it was said by associates of Dr. Steinmetz today, has been revolutionized by the successful performance of the duplex transmitters completed early this week when conversations were held between New York and passenger liner about the distance of America at the time a distance of 240 miles at sea.

The duplex telephony, enabled land lines linked in with the radio so that one can talk over his own home telephone to persons far at sea.

CONFIDENT CHURCHES WILL URGE IN TIME

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 11.—Following an executive conference of leaders in the joint commission of unification of the Methodist Episcopal church and the Methodist Episcopal church, south, here this week, Bishop E. D. Merson, of Tulsa, Okla., one of the representatives of the southern church, expressed the opinion yesterday that the two churches are being merged for several years, but added:

"I am confident that ultimately it is certain to come."

TO STUDY METHODS OF ENFORCING DRY LAW

CHICAGO, March 11.—Methods of enforcing the Volstead law will be studied by the 75,000 members of the Epworth League, the young peoples organization of the Episcopal church, as a result of the regional meeting of the Epworth League, which was held here last night.

CHURCHES TO STUDY METHODS OF ENFORCING DRY LAW

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TWO KANSAS CITY TEAMS IN BASKETBALL FINALS

KANSAS CITY, March 11.—This year's national basketball champions of the amateur athletic union will be one of the two Kansas City teams which survived the quarter-finals of last night—either the Kansas City Athletic club, 1921 champions, or Lowe and Campbell's local five.

Indianapolis, Ind., "I" fell before the K. C. A. C. team last night, 55 to 27, and Southwestern college, Winfield, Kan., was eliminated from further contention when Lowe and Campbell defeated them, 29 to 13.

Tonight K. C. A. C. and Lowe and Campbell battled for the national title, the winner taking the title and the loser resting with the runner-up honor.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP RECORD IS SHATTERED

CHICAGO, March 11.—The world's record for the hop, step and jump was broken last night at the track meet of the 113th amateur athletic association when T. T. Hopkins of the Chicago Athletic association made a distance of 11-10 feet.

John Ray of the Illinois Athletic club lapped the field in the two-mile open handicap race in 9:27.

Four Teams Quit

NEW YORK, March 11.—Four teams dropped out of the six day bicycle race at Madison square garden today, leaving nine survivors for the final day. At 8 a. m. the Broccard-Deruyter and Grenda-McNamara combinations were maintaining the one lap lead they held for most of the week.

Wichita Falls & Southern Railroad Company Notice

Wichita Falls, Texas, Feb. 27, 1932.—Public notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of stockholders of the Wichita Falls & Southern Railroad Company shall be held at the general office of said company in the city of Wichita Falls, Wichita County, Texas, on Saturday, the first day of April, 1932, at 10 o'clock p. m. for the election of a board of nine directors and for the transaction of such other business as may come before said meeting.

Dumb Bells Are Suggestion For Painting Roses

CHICAGO, March 11.—Painting roses in the cheeks of young girls with dumb bells was advocated here yesterday by Dr. Martha Tracy, dean of the women's medical college in Philadelphia.

"There is nothing better than five minutes with a pair of dumb bells if a girl wants red roses in her cheeks," said Dr. Tracy. "It has the lipstick and the rouge pot backed off the boards."

NEW YORK NAVY YARD WILL NOT BE CLOSED

NEW YORK, March 11.—Positive assurance that the New York navy yard will not be closed down has been given him by Secretary of the Navy Denby, United States Senator William M. Calder declared in a letter today.

ANOTHER ARTIST IS ADDED TO PROGRAM FOR KIWANIS CLUB CONCERT

Another feature, heretofore unannounced, will be included in the musical festival to be given Monday night by Carl Svath and faculty members of the Texas Woman's college, according to information received in this city Saturday morning.

Alma Cowan, regarded as one of Fort Worth's most talented readers, has been added to the company of artists scheduled to appear here and will give several numbers throughout the evening.

W. C. Cowan is a member of the Kiwanis club and has established an enviable reputation for herself recently by her brilliant work as a dramatic reader. She will appear on the Monday noon Kiwanis luncheon as well as at the main concert at night.

Reports of heavy ticket sales continue to reach Kiwanis club officials, who are sponsoring the musical. Salesmen Saturday indicated that they were about "sold out" and that the Monday noon Kiwanis luncheon would be a very successful affair.

Directors of the sales campaign planned a final drive Saturday afternoon and Monday, by which time it is hoped to assure beyond any doubt a capacity crowd for the Wichita theatre.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I must have been shadowed. My visit is reported to the British legation and I had to skip to America."

Here he wrote a series of revelations which led to his arrest. "Of course, I had worked for the Germans," said Lincoln, "and I didn't want to be sent back to England."

He escaped from the custody of the United States marshal. After a month he was found and sent to England where he was confined in prison until the end of the war.

"I asked the government to revoke my 'British citizenship,' Lincoln said. "As I had formerly given up my allegiance to Austria-Hungary, I became a citizen of no country."

He was then deported. He went to Amerongen to see the Kaiser. A few weeks later, he had a new cause.

"I marched into Berlin at the head of the 'Kapp army,' he added with gusto. "I was out there in front of the procession of soldiers, generals and counter-revolutionists. But the revolt failed and I went to Budapest."

He became involved in the sale of some secret documents to the Czechoslovakian government and was arrested for fraud.

"It took me three and a half months," Lincoln said smiling, "before I got out of the mess. I was expelled. I went to Italy. There I did nothing. I wanted a chance to get into some quiet business. So, I came on here. Add now—'I'm in trouble again!'"

Ignatius T. T. Lincoln, the international spy.

WANTED

Secretary for the City Baseball League. Make application in writing to the President, P. O. Box 1020.

"Sut Says" Hav-A-Tampa

Clear Havana Cigars Will bring you back to Cuba. SUT SAYS SUT SAYS SUT SAYS.

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Farewell Dance Tonight! Wichita Dancing Academy

DOC ROSS AND HIS JAZZ BAND'S LEAVE SOON. Come tonight to hear that tantalizing, symphonizing, harmonizing jazz music, and show these boys' appreciation. Music specialties. Everybody come. Accommodations. 28 couples. Tonight.

BASEBALL

Saturday and Sunday, March 11 and 12

Spudders vs. Cleveland

Saturday Game Called 3:30 P. M. Sunday Game Called 3:00 P. M. Tickets on Sale: Stockton, Tipton's, Dots Smoke Shop

CIGARETTE PRICES REDUCED

Camels, Chesterfields and Lucky Strike Cigarettes

—15c Per Package —\$1.50 Per Carton

NOBLE GRAY'S NEWS STAND

First National Bank Building

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

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

FOR CITY OFFICES. For Mayor, F. A. M. Stated. For County Treasurer, T. W. (Tom) McHam. For County Assessor, IRVAN DEAN.

Wichita Falls Lodge No. 1028. Meetings first and third Monday nights in each month. Knights of Pythias Meet Tuesday nights at 7:30 o'clock...

SPECIAL NOTICES. MOORE Plumbing Co. Phone 6887. 919 Sixth. A. CHILDS—The Gas Man. Plumbing, gas fitting...

WANTED TO RENT. WANTED—By nice young man, room and board, no other roomers. Box 17, care Times.

WANTED TO BUY. WANTED—About 250 feet of used red picket fencing, must be 1 1/2 inch condition and a bargain. Address 171 O. box 1248.

WANTED TO RENT. WANTED—By nice young man, room and board, no other roomers. Box 17, care Times.

THE OUTTA-LUCK CLUB. COME JUST ONE MORE GAME, BLINK. MR. IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK NOW AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE BACK AT THE OFFICE AT ONE. THE BOSS IS OUT PLAYING GOLF AND HE'LL BE BACK NOW ANY MINUTE.

WANTED TO RENT. WANTED—By nice young man, room and board, no other roomers. Box 17, care Times.

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Blink Makes a Useless Explanation. WELL, BLINK, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING THIS AFTERNOON? ME? OH-AH-ER—WORKING HERE AT THE OLD DESK. FUNNY I DIDN'T NOTICE YOU—I CALLED OFF MY GAME AND I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE ALL THE TIME. WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE?

LEGAL NOTICE. L. H. Martin is plaintiff and H. W. Marlin is defendant and said petition alleging the plaintiff and defendant were married to each other...

LEGAL NOTICE. The state of Texas, the sheriff of any constable of Wichita county, greeting. You are hereby commanded to summon B. J. Hayes...

Phone 3333. Call 3333. Ben Neal, Real Estate. FEDERAL TAX SERVICE LEGAL AND ACCOUNTING 411-13 Morgan Building Wichita Falls, Texas

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