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Wichita Daily Times

VOLUME XV. PRICE 5c—PAY NO MORE WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1922

TALK TONIS WITH PRESIDENT

DOUBLE KILLING AND SUICIDE AT CHILDRESS BY DENVER EMPLOYEE

Special to The Times. CHILDRESS, TEXAS, March 15.—Mary Belle Leach, who was killed here Friday by her step-father, B. R. Crow, will be buried here this afternoon at 5:00 o'clock. Joe Scott, also killed by Crow, will be buried at 4:00 Sunday. Time for the funeral of Crow has not been announced, as Mrs. Crow, who was out of the city at the time of the tragedy, has not arrived.

INDICT OIL PROMOTER



Seymour Cox, oil promoter whose enterprises ran into millions of dollars, must face trial at Houston, Texas, on a charge of using the mails illegally. Cox and his family have attracted international attention by their adventures in aviation.

SANTA FE PLANS A DOUBLE TRACK FROM COAST TO CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—Atchafon, Topeka & Santa Fe railway company has embarked on a program to double track its system from California to Chicago, according to W. R. Storey, president of the company, who is here today attending the annual convention of the California Association of Railway Men.

New Jersey Man Robbed of Thirty Cases of Whisky

SARATOGA SPRING, N. Y., March 15.—Samuel Dorfman of Passaic, N. J., was robbed of 30 cases of whisky, early today, according to police here.

ATTORNEYS FOR DODGE MAKE ANOTHER EFFORT TO SECURE HIS RELEASE

DETROIT, March 15.—Attorneys for John Dural Dodge, under sentence of five days imprisonment for violating the speed laws, were prepared today to make a second attempt to free the youthful millionaire from the house of correction.

RAILROAD WANTS A PART OF CEMETERY; STORM IS AROUSED

DENVER, TEXAS, March 15.—A small strip of land a fifth of an acre in the corner of an unused section of a cemetery here has aroused a civic storm. One faction favors the disposal of the land to the M. & A. T. railroad which needs the strip to complete its \$2,500,000 terminal here.

MAN HELD PRISONER IN CONNECTION WITH THE 'MOVIE' MURDER

ADMITS HE SERVED IN CANADIAN COMPANY UNDER BLAIN DIRECTOR

LOS ANGELES, March 15.—The mystery drama of the murder of William Desmond Taylor, film director, here February 1, was re-created today when the district attorney's office exploded a false report of an arrest reported last night from Mexico, Lower California.

LOS ANGELES, March 15.—A man said to have admitted he served as a Canadian soldier in a British company captured overseas during the world war by William Desmond Taylor, was expected to reach Los Angeles today in custody of two detectives, who had caught him in connection with the film director's murder here February 1.

LOS ANGELES, March 15.—A. Cook, a rancher of Santa Ana, Cal., has accompanied the Los Angeles detectives to Mexico and has identified the prisoner as one of two men to whom he had given a ride in his automobile near Tustin, Cal., January 21.

LOS ANGELES, March 15.—Doubts were cast by representatives of the district attorney's office and the state police department here today upon reports of an arrest yesterday in Mexico, or Calexico, of a suspect in the William Desmond Taylor murder case.

PRESIDENT AND PARTY CONCLUDE VACATION ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 15.—Refreshed by heat and relaxation, President Harding and his family concluded their vacation trip to a close today when, with members of his party, he boarded the special train for the return trip to Washington.

GIVES NO OBEEDENCE TO HUSBAND'S STATEMENT

ST. LOUIS, March 15.—Mme. Margaret Matuszauer, prima donna, today told the Associated Press she has no objection to the statement issued last night in Delmonico, Cal., by her chauffeur, Floyd Glotzbach, that he had no part in the recent publicity incident to their marital affairs.

CLARENDON, TEXAS, MARCH 15.—All business was suspended from 2 to 4 o'clock to attend the funeral of Mayor A. W. McLean.

ATHENS, GA., March 15.—D. A. Darrington of Pittsburgh, Pa., was in a local hospital today, probably fatally wounded as a result of a mysterious shooting affray near Hull, Ga., last night, which terminated an automobile trip from Athens. James McAllister of El Paso, Texas, and a negro are said by the authorities to have left Athens with Darrington.

IN STRIFE-TORN INDIA



The Prince of Wales walks with the Nawab Begum of Bhopal to Sadar Manzil palace. The Nawab is one of India's foremost women rulers. At the left the Maharajah of Kapurthala, ruler of 5,000,000 subjects and warm supporter of the British government. At the right, Mrs. Annie Beasant, noted theosophist and leader of the moderates. She sponsors home rule for India, but warns natives against violence.

DENY LLOYD GEORGE INTENDS TO RESIGN A FORTNIGHT HENCE

By Associated Press. LONDON, March 15.—A statement, apparently inspired, was issued today denying that Premier Lloyd George intends to resign a fortnight hence. It adds that he intends to stay at Criccieth, Wales, another 10 days or fortnight and has definitely decided to go to Geneva and attend the League of Nations conference.

Husband of Diva Protests Charges Wife Has Made

DELMONTE, CAL., March 15.—Floyd Glotzbach, chauffeur by choice, today emerged from silence long enough to take exception to some statements attributed to him since Mme. Matuszauer, the prima donna, has given a ride in his car.

FAMILY OF GLOTZBACH SAYS WITH FAMOUS DIVA

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—Mrs. Charles Glotzbach, mother of Floyd Glotzbach, husband of Mme. Matuszauer, last night said she had accepted the prima donna as her daughter. The chauffeur's stepfather, Charles Howland, also sided with Mme. Matuszauer, stating that "there had been a little tilt which could easily have been fixed up."

DEFEAT RESOLUTION OF CENTRE FOR GOVERNMENT

TOKIO, March 15.—A resolution introduced by the opposition expressing lack of confidence in the government was defeated yesterday in parliament. The government received a majority of 100 votes. Six hours of debate preceded the balloting.

Opium Dens Have Better Quarters In Upper West Side

NEW YORK, March 15.—Opium dens and bases for the use and distribution of narcotics are being moved from their old haunts down in the lower East side to more pretentious quarters in the upper West side neighborhoods.

This came to light today when police commissioner in charge of the narcotic division, visited an apartment facing Central Park, where he found the apartments of an opium den. A man who gave his name as Samuel Goldberg, 49, was said by police to have been smoking opium when they entered. He was arrested and held.

DEMAND A PUBLIC RETRACTION OF THE CHARGE BY MILLER

ST. LOUIS, March 15.—Declaring Victor J. Miller, president of the board of police commissioners, had failed to substantiate his charges that vice clubs exist at Soldan high school, a parents' committee which has been investigating the charges has demanded that Mr. Miller make a public retraction of the charges.

Cowboy Weeps As He Parts With His Faithful Pony

FORT WORTH, March 15.—Jack De Grattenier, cowboy, wept this morning when he took his saddle off "Indian Mollie" and turned the faithful cow pony over to G. C. Tobias of Fort Worth for \$1,900.

JURY HAS RESUMED ITS DELIBERATIONS IN OBECHIN CASE

LOS ANGELES, March 15.—The jury considering the guilt or innocence of Mrs. Madeline Oberstein, tried for the murder of her sweet heart, J. Belmont Kennedy, was to resume its deliberations at 9 o'clock this morning.

OBREGON RESTRICTS IMMIGRATION FROM MEXICO TO THE U. S.

EL PASO, March 15.—President Obregon of Mexico has signed a decree restricting immigration of Mexican laborers to the United States, the Mexican consulate here was advised today.

PARRISH CONTINUES TO GAIN STRENGTH, IS MUCH IMPROVED

Continued improvement was reported Saturday morning from the bedside of Congressman Lucian W. Parrish, injured last Wednesday by a motor automobile accident near Anson, Texas.

HOUSE REPUBLICAN LEADERS TO DISCUSS PROCEDURE IN CONGRESS

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Republican house leaders expect to confer with President Harding at the white house tomorrow night regarding procedure in handling the compromise soldiers' bonus bill. They are hopeful that he will approve their plan for passage of the measure under a suspension of the rules.

CLEAR SKY SIGHTED FROM SOUTH EARLY SATURDAY MORNING

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Developments in the soldiers' bonus situation indicated that the return to Washington of Speaker Gillett with the announcement that he was "open to argument" in the house by Representative Frazier would be called up in the house next Monday under a suspension of the rules.

TWO SOLDIERS TAKE INVOLUNTARY RIDE AND ONE IS KILLED

PARIS, March 15.—Two soldiers, helping to hold a balloon to the ground during maneuvers yesterday at the Argers flying field, were carried aloft when their bag ropes by the breaking of one of the ropes.

GERMAN INFORMS ALLIES SEVENTH 10-DAY PAYMENT ON REPARATIONS IS MADE

By Associated Press. PARIS, March 15.—The Berlin government has informed the allied reparations commission that the seventh 10-day payment of 21,000,000 gold marks had been made in the form of government securities.

"COLD LIGHT" INVENTOR GIVES DEMONSTRATION

LOS ANGELES, March 15.—"Cold light" was demonstrated here before a group of scientists by M. J. Hittlerich, Los Angeles, inventor, who said that the discovery was the result of four years work.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS HONORARY PALL BEARERS AT FUNERAL EX-SLAVE

WINCHESTER, VA., March 15.—Confederate veterans were the honorary pall bearers at the funeral of "Al" Whiting, a former negro slave, who died at Pinesville, Va., one of the negroes who served in the confederate army, attended every confederate reunion and selected his own pallbearers.

FUME IN STATE OF SIEGE PENDING A NEW ASSEMBLY

By Associated Press. ROME, March 15.—Pending the convocation of a constituent assembly, today for the election of a new government in succession to the deposed Zanella administration, Fiume was kept in a state of siege under military orders. A court-martial has been instituted.

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The RIDER OF GOLDEN BAR

WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE
© 1921 by Little Brown and Company

(Continued from our last issue). He continued to stare unblinkingly into the room and after a time he made out the dim lines of another man's figure sitting on the table beside one of the front windows. The rider of the other man was turned away from Billy. He was watching the draw through the front window. On account of the soft snow Billy did not hear an approaching horse until it had almost reached the ranch house door. When the horse stepped the man inside the ranch house moved quietly to the door and stood at one side of it. His hand moved to his leg and came away. The rider dismounted. Billy heard him rattle the latch of the door.

"Don't shoot!" he heard him say in an agonized whisper. "Don't shoot, for Gawd's sake!" Billy, watching at the window, saw the man in the room fling open the door. For an instant the tall and halcyon form of Judge Driver stood black against the expanse of snow framed in the doorway. Again came the plea for mercy—a wild cry of "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! It's me, Driver!" as the judge, realizing only too well that any such outcry was tantamount to a confession of guilt, pounced into the room. Obviously his purpose was to escape the fire of the avenging rifles that he had every reason to believe were somewhere in the brush along the draw. "Thank Gawd! Thank Gawd!" babbled the judge, sinking back against the door. "I thought you'd shoot me!" "I damn near did," remarked the man, whose voice Billy now recognized as that of a late arrival in town named Silke. "If you hadn't jerked your hat off so I could see your face, I would have. When Will Wingo got here, and didn't get him to come by himself all right. By Gawd, you're wearing his clothes! Where is he?" "He's here!" gurgled the judge. "Then you did lead him here, damn your soul! You white-livered cur, do you think I'm gonna hang on your account? What did you tell him?" To the accompaniment of a string of most ferocious oaths, Silke shook the judge as the terror shrank to the wall. "How many's he got with him?" "One—two." "Well, shoot it out with 'em here, I said. I ain't kicked at no man's blood out of you, have I? Get the gun off that feller I downed. It's on his leg yet. You can gamble you'll fight. It's you or them, remember that!" "Suppose he comes bustin' in the back way?" quavered the judge. "Well, I'll try to get the other way, I guess." But Silke guessed wrong. For Billy Wingo, judging that the psychological moment had arrived, threw his gun hand through a window pane and shouted, "Hands up!" "You dirty judge!" yelled Silke and, firing from the hip, whipped three shots into the judge before he himself fell with four of Billy Wingo's bullets through his shoulder and chest. Shot through and through, Judge Driver dropped in a huddle and died.



He was watching the draw through the south window.

HARDING NEARING SHOW DOWN WITH CONGRESS LEADERS

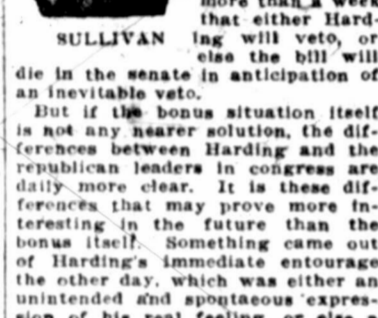
PRESIDENT SAID TO BE WEARY OF BICKERING OVER BONUS

RAISES THE QUESTION OF PARTY LEADERSHIP

Party Men Say If Executive Will Not Lay Himself Out Must Be Led

By MARK SULLIVAN
National Political Correspondent of the New York Evening Post and Wichita Daily Times (Copyright, 1922, by the New York Evening Post.)

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Differences between President Harding and the republican leaders in congress are nearing a conclusion, "whenever" it may turn out to be. This was shown by an incident that occurred in connection with the bonus, although it does not alter the ultimate fate of that bill. The present bonus bill will never reach the statute books. It is now clear, and has been for more than a week that either Harding will veto, or else the bill will die in the senate in anticipation of an inevitable veto.



SULLIVAN

But if the bonus situation itself is not any nearer solution, the differences between Harding and the republican leaders in congress are daily more clear. It is these differences that may prove more interesting in the future than the bonus itself. Something came out of Harding's immediate entourage the other day, which was either an unintended and spontaneous expression of his real feeling, or else a deliberate step on his part towards bringing the situation to a head. In one of the Washington newspapers there was printed a dispatch which read in part as follows: "Members of the president's party seemed convinced that bonus legislation, if it eventually goes through congress on its present basis, will be disastrous at white house. Little doubt on this question."

tion is entertained by those who seem to have the president's confidence.

"On leaving Washington at this time, with the fate of the four-power treaty in the balance, with soldier bonus legislation a matter of tightening deadlock between the white house and the capitol, and a nation-wide coal strike threatening, to omit mention of minor issues, President Harding has chosen to pass straight to the house and senate full responsibility for what is to come.

"This was the real purpose of the executive in temporarily withdrawing from the situation is well understood by every member of his official party in Florida. His friends want it understood that he is not running away from a fight, or hoping to escape from any obligation that may be imposed on him.

Harding, weary of bickering. "But it can be stated that he is weary of the bickering that has proceeded from congress; that he is weary of legislators dashing daily with his advice or to disregard it as the case may be.

"They say that congress knows exactly where he stands, and that it is squarely up to the house and senate to take his advice or to disregard it as the case may be.

"This is especially true of bonus legislation, which at the moment is the most harassing question which the party in charge has to deal. Although he considered this proposition for many months, as did practically everybody else, he has regarded his pro-bonus pledge as binding upon him, and upon his party. President Harding has at last laid down a formula for dealing with the question.

"Totally disregarding this, the president's party associates in the house have ventured upon a policy radically at variance with that to which he has committed himself. He is willing to approve a postponement of soldier compensation legislation if congress will agree, but if not then he will approve the levy of a sales tax as a means of raising the money. He has stated firmly that he will approve nothing else.

"And yet the house has gone ahead with a makeshift bill which fails in all respects to meet his views, the authors apparently proceeding upon the assumption that he will amably recede when the time comes and take whatever may be handed to him. He does not regard this as flattering to his leadership, and every official accompanying him knows that in his heart he is resentful.

Dispatch is significant. This description of President Harding's personal point of view would be unusual under any circumstances; but the facts that give it extraordinary emphasis are that it was printed in a Washington newspaper, which every congressman reads, and most significant of all, every congressman and every person in Washington knew that on the same day this dispatch was sent from Florida, the president was a guest aboard the houseboat of the senator who owns the newspaper. It would be hard to imagine circumstances more adapted to give

authenticity and significance to the dispatch.

What is now boiling in congress about the bonus bill has less to do with the fate of that measure than with the way of response to this clear expression of the president's state of mind about the republican leaders. So far as can be judged today, it seems to be the disposition to go ahead and pass the bill anyhow. Some though not all of the republican members of the ways and means committee, feel that they have as much cause for resentment against Harding as he apparently feels he has against some of the republican leaders. They claim that he has not acted with the unequivocal decision that a party leader should show. They feel that Harding ought to either lead himself, or else be willing to be led.

Their plea is that somebody has to accept the responsibility of party leadership, and that if Harding hesitates to do that, he ought then to cooperate with those leaders in concert and the leaders of his party in the responsibility of leadership.

PRINCESS FATIMA PASSES FROM VIEW; IS FORSAKEN BY LAWYER AND DENIED ROOM BY LANDLADY



ROME, March 17.—The Princess Fatima, sultana of Kabul, Afghanistan, forsaken by her lawyer, bereft of her 44 karat diamond and denied further shelter by her unpaid landlady, stepped into a taxicab yesterday to drive to the steamer City of Lahore and embark with her three young princelings for a voyage to Bombay in a suite furnished by the British government. "It is not improbable," says the note, "that at the conclusion of the international eucharistic congress the pope will give the benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's or that in the eucharistic procession as did Pope Pius IX., he will carry the monstrance in the procession under the monumental portico of St. Peter's. In this case it must be noted that this portico is recognized as belonging to the sacred apostolic palaces."

Ida M. Wyllie, in whose lodgings the princess has remained since last November, said Fatima could never again lay her head upon her bed or eat a meal at her table. For a while the princess paid her bills at the boarding house and then for many weeks she overlooked that practice, the landlady said. Three weeks ago the British consul general took up the burden and continued it until after breakfast this morning.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Kotch went around to the Waldorf-Astoria where the princess lived in fine style her first thrilling weeks in the metropolis, and persuaded the management that inasmuch as the princess had meant well and was going to get out of the country today it would be a gracious gesture to release her luggage. The heart of the management softened and the luggage was released although the princess still owes the hotel money. The Narragansett hotel, where the princess also owed money, also released what luggage it had retained.

RAILWAY SCHEDULE.

Table with multiple columns listing train routes, destinations, and departure times for various lines including Wichita Valley, Kansas City, and others.

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW



MAKING IMPRESSIVE EXIT FROM LADY'S PRESENCE ONE WALKS INTO CLOSET BY MISTAKE

WHEN CONSULTING YOUR WINTER LINGERIE COYLY BENEATH THE CUFF

WHEN A MALE ENTHUSIAST AWARDS PASSING LADY A BLUE RIBBON ON FORM

WHEN WEARING ONE OF THOSE SKETCHY COATS THE TAILOR DRAPES ON YOU.

THAT AWKWARD MOMENT

"This," said late Tuckleton, "is a belluva note." "It's all your fault," the district attorney reprimanded bitterly. "Well, the first part worked all right," protested late Tuckleton. "Then downed Walton without any trouble. How could I tell Driver would slip on his part? I'm glad Silke downed him. Served him right for being a fool." "How do we know what happened before the fracas at Walton's? We don't. We don't know anything except that Tom Driver is dead, and Silke wounded in the calaboose, and Skinny Shindie has skeddaddled." "Sh-sh," cautioned late Tuckleton. "Yeah, it's me, Tip," said O'Gorman, closing the door carefully. "Look here, late, what did you tell me about downing Tom Walton?" "I ain't downed Tom Walton," denied late Tuckleton. "You had it done," insisted O'Gorman. "How do you know I did it?" dodged late Tuckleton. "You don't even seem to be able to obey orders any more," said Tip O'Gorman. "So sorry, you two!" snapped the district attorney, as a dog in the next room began to bark. "There's somebody comin' up the path." Billy Wingo opened the door and strode without ceremony into the office. He was followed by Riley Tyler. The latter slammed the door behind him and set his back against it. "I hope you boys are feeling generous tonight," remarked Billy. "The fact is, late, I made the calm voice. I'm taking up a collection—a collection for Tom Walton's niece, Hazel." Billy thought that at the mention of the ranchman's name both the district attorney and Tuckleton stiffened their slouching bodies. "Her uncle's 'rattle' downed this way will be a bad blow for her. He was all she had. Understand now—the girl won't ever move that this is any benefit like it's insurance on Tom's life, see? How much will you boys give?" Tip O'Gorman did not hesitate. "You can put us down for a thousand apiece." "Not a thin dime!" contradicted the district attorney. "Whadda you think we are?" "A couple of rascals," was the prompt reply. "And there's a tax on rascals. That 'rill girl has got to be taken care of." Billy's voice was earnest. But a sardonic devil looked out of his eyes. "Why-uh-yes, yes, of course, I'd always intended to contribute. I was just fooling. You." "By the way," said Billy, staring hard at late Tuckleton. "I wonder if it was any part of Dan Silke's plan to kill Miss Walton, too?" Late's face went wooden. "How should I know?" "You know that letter from Miss Walton Judge Driver threw that fire—the one you heard me telling Judge Donelson about?" went on Billy. "Skinny Shindie told me Miss Walton gave him the note about 2:30 p. m. Now on that afternoon I happened to be at the Prescott ranch. Miss Walton was there visiting Miss Prescott. I didn't leave the Prescotts till nearly 3 o'clock, and Miss Walton was still there and intending to spend the night. That's how I knew she couldn't have written that note. Skinny was sure careless. So were several other men. You've got to make things fit." He nodded kindly to the company and abruptly departed with his companion. "I wonder what he meant by 'making things fit,'" mused the district

A Difficult Pardon

By M. W. Kaye

Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company



"Jerry," she cried, "I love you. Say that you love me"

"YOU hear?" flared Ann.
Her husband faced her, breathing hard.
"You do not believe me," he asked.
"When I swear I was not at the Lingia's last night?"
Ann quivered.
"I would not believe you on your oath," she scorned.
It was a drama within an inch of becoming tragedy, for his temper had never been under proper control. If it had been so the marriage would have been ideal. At present it was hell!

This is what it had come to. For there are limits to a man's patience. Ann Grathwaite added that there were limits to love, too.

For these sudden reasonless rages were enough to try the tender affections of a Penelope. And often, in the reaction, these were followed by insensate acts of folly. For Ann could not always bring herself to be swift in forgiveness. She had been a child when they married. She was barely five-and-twenty now. There was more excuse for her than for him. But a woman suffered most because there was the child and her home.

She was driven to desperation at the moment, since wild-winged gossip had brought her a tale—untrue as it chanced—of how her husband had been gambling half the night at a house he had promised never to enter again.

"I would not believe you on your oath," she repeated, recklessly daring fate.
Jerrold Grathwaite's face was colorless; a spasm twitched about his mouth. "You shall never again have the chance to believe—or doubt," he replied, and turned to leave her.

Ann watched him go. Her heart was beating violently. She could not quite analyze her feelings, but there was the instinctive feeling not to show her fears. If he once coaxed her he would be master, and Ann had imbibed enough of the love called woman's rights to resolve not to be mastered. So now she let Jerrold go, even though her heart ached her with that vague foreboding which we call presentiment.

He would return in search of her in an hour's—two hours'—time, bringing a flower, a book, some ridiculous peace-offering (it was not ridiculous at one time) or else she would hear of his having gone on some crazy escapade in which he let his evil mood work itself out in reckless daring at personal risk.

How well she knew him! And in the end—surely before nightfall—there would be the usual scene of reconciliation, vows, promises, tears, oaths that this should be the last quarrel.
"Till next time," Ann had learned to say beneath her breath. The last time she had said it aloud and he had heard her.
"You do not love me any the less?" he had asked in savage remorse. "If I thought you did, I would kill myself."
She had shrugged dainty shoulders.
"It will be your own fault if you kill love," she had retorted, "for it can be destroyed. One gets tired of it all."
She was tired now, feeling a martyr in her woes as she paced to and fro up the long yellow hedge walk.

HOW foolish, foolish, foolish it was of friends to envy her. Yet they still did it. They said she had everything a woman can desire. She counted the hat over now as she walked with beaming bloom and blithe smile.

A handsome husband. Yes, Jerrold was that. Handsome as an Italian her of romance or organ-grinder. Dark-eyed, finely featured, with the russet glow of the South on his oval face. Wilnot, their three-year-old son, was his father's image, a beautiful child. Riches had come to Ann through her marriage. She had a lovely old home, a splendid allowance—car, jewels, furs—all the luxuries which would have entirely satisfied some women. By freak of fate Ann was no lover of luxury. Her tastes were simple, she did not covet jewels or fine clothes. She often passionately declared she would rather be housed in a cottage and dressed in cotton and homespun with peace than live this volcanic existence with a man whose temper was in a constant flame. Ann told herself all this for the hundredth time and then went indoors. She could not quite silence a faint conscience prick. For...
Was all the fault on Jerry's side? Could she—not be aggravating, too? It is only fair to look on both sides of the picture. Ann only looked on one. She had never known she had a temper till she was married. Yet she did know how to tease and even to exasperate.

Well! It was time for the penitence, the tears, the apology. She would have to talk very seriously to Jerrold, and then, why, they must begin over again. She would take a new line this time, threaten to claim a separation, with care of the child. It would not be right to let Wilnot grow up in such an atmosphere. There would be murder done.

The library door was wide open. Then Jerrold had gone off on some crazy foolery! He was probably riding Queen Bees, simply because he knew the chestnut was unsafe. Ann stilled the dread at her heart and went up to the nursery. She was going to take Wilnot down to tea with her; then, even if Jerry came in, there would be no scene. She stood calling, "Bunny! Bunny! Bunny Bounce, mother is waiting! Bunny!"
A door opened and the child's nurse appeared. She looked surprised.

"Master Wilnot is not back yet, ma'am," she said. "The master said he wanted him particularly. I was to dress him quickly."
Ann stifled a little cry.
"I don't understand," she said. "I did not know your master had been to the nursery. Tell me when he came and what he said!"
Old Nurse Banford grew agitated. She had had her misgivings for some time.
"It must have been some time ago, ma'am," she replied. "Soon after Master Bunny's dinner. The master came running up very quick. He looked—well, ma'am, he might almost have heard of some trouble, and he says in his sharp way, but quite kind, 'Get Master Wilnot ready, nurse; his Sunday kit, whatever it is. I am taking

him with me.' I made as much haste as I could and the little lad, bless him, so pleased all the time, crying out he was going to his dad's. The master says, 'That's a word, but stands with his back to me looking out of the window till I say the child is ready. Then round he turns, catching him up, and away he goes. Of course, ma'am, I thought—'
"But Ann did not wait to hear what Nurse Banford thought; she went out from the nursery like a woman stunned, too dazed as yet to grasp the full meaning of her deed. Yet her husband's words already held a new significance as they rang in her ears.

"You shall never again have the chance to believe—or doubt."
Was it possible Jerrold had gone away out of her life forever, taking her darling with him?
The grief-stricken mother flung herself down on the sofa in her boudoir sobbing in a hopeless despair.
This—this was different from all former quarrels. In the taking of the child Ann saw the spirit of revenge which somehow spoke of the death of love. Surely—surely it had not been she to kill love after all!
And it was all Jerrold's fault—all. At that moment she hated her husband.

WOMAN'S moods have the trick of veering like the proverbial weathercock. Ann passed through many transitions of feeling during the following twenty-four hours. All through the summer night she had kept vigil, waiting, watching, listening for the return of the wanderer. At dawn she was telling herself she could forgive her husband if only he brought back the child. But though the hours crept forward till mid-day, afternoon, no familiar form came into sight, no sweet baby voice cried the dearest of all names.
During those hours Ann suffered double her desert for her shortcomings as a wife. She agonized for a lost Eden; yes, it had been Eden or it might have been. If only she had the chance again it should be so. She would take all the blame if only she might clasp her Bunny Boy her previous Bunny Bounce, her velvet-eyed darling, in her arms again. It was the child, the child she craved for.

And then, sweeping through the sorrowing of her heart, came the paroxysms of anger against a man who, blinded by rage, had taken so unmanly a revenge. Jerrold had known how to wound her in her tenderest part. She hated him for it.
The servants, of course, were talking. Ann knew that, and heeded it not. She dared not go near the nursery, dreading to see old nurse's tears, to hear her many questions. As to the rest they might talk as they like. She knew that in spite of his ill-temper they loved a generous master. They said they understood his raging. It meant nothing.
But it meant something to Ann.

About tea time the front door bell rang. Ann felt her cheeks blanching. Her limbs were too paralyzed to rise. Would she hear Bunny's gay treble? Oh, what would she not give to listen to that music!
But she heard no blithe baby voice, only the tread of a man's footsteps following the butler. It was not her husband who entered, but a stranger; a grave, middle-aged gentleman who gave his name as Dr. Foylet.
Ann hardly possessed presence of mind enough to shake hands. In desperate anxiety she scanned the stranger's face.
"You bring me bad news?" she faltered.
"Yes," he said. "Your husband has been very seriously injured."
"Injured?"
"Yes, he was very kind and courteous; wise, too, in not beating about the bush. There has been a railway accident," he said, "between London and Bathurst. Your husband has been very seriously injured."

Ann felt so cold, so cold that she could not imagine ever becoming warm again.
"And the child," she said, "Bunny. My darling."
She hardly recognized her own voice. The visitor's face grew graver still.
"The compartment," he said, "was

evidently crowded. Your husband was the only one to be rescued alive."
He put out his hand, thinking his listener was about to faint. Ann went white to the lips. But there was more to hear first. She must learn all. Till the tale was told in detail she would still believe that Bunny was safe.
"Where is my child?" she asked. "He is my only one, my beautiful darling. Oh, there can be no mistaking him. He is like a Murillo's cherub. Three years old. He wore a dark green coat and silk hat to match. Tell me? You saw him?"
Infinite pity shone in the doctor's kindly eyes.
"My poor madam," he said, "poor mother, I dare not let you hope. I did not see your little son. I only saw your husband lifted unconscious from the debris. Before any further help could be given fire broke out. It was impossible to approach the broken wreckage again. We hope—we believe all the other occupants of the compartment were dead. We know they were unconscious."

Ann sat as though turned to stone.
Her darling was dead. And what agony in the thought, the uncertainty as to whether that death had been one of tortured suffering.
Again the doctor marveled that she did not faint.
"Your husband," he said, "is unconscious still. We have grave fears for him. He is in a precarious state. I thought the quickest and kindest way was to come in person. You will wish, of course, to come to him."
"No," said Ann, in hard, loud tones. "No. I do not wish to come to him. I pray that I may never see him again. He is my child's murderer."
Then a great cry escaped her.
"Bunny! Bunny, my treasure!"
She had come to the end of her strength and the swoon, till now fought against, overwhelmed her.

WHEN Ann recovered from the prostration, which lasted for three days, she seemed to have passed into another existence. Something which had been warm, womanly and tender had frozen at its springs. She had wept her tears, but they had burned, seared, branded her cheeks and dimmed her eyes; there has been no healing value in them. She had not prayed; she refused to see the vicar; she tore up letters of condolence unread. She did not tear up the letters with the Barsthorpe postmark. She wished to know how her husband progressed. She longed to hear he was dead. She had no shame, no self-reproach. She hated the man whose evil temper had been directly responsible for the death of her child.

Opening the Chestnut Bur

What Made 'Em Angry?
DURING the course of the lesson the teacher invited attention to the expression in the story "the angry waves of the ocean," and asked whether any little boy could explain it.

One said, "It's because," said he, "the ocean has been crossed so often."

Which?

DICKIE, the six-year-old in a certain Washington family, had become somewhat perplexed through hearing discussions of current events and of school topics.
"Dad," he asked one evening, "which is longer, the alimentary canal or the Panama Canal?"

Insufficient Rehearsal

A WIDOWER in a Pennsylvania town no wider than a young man gave the clergyman a good deal of trouble by his stupidity on the occasion of his second marriage. He seemed to be possessed by some spirit of contrariety.
When told to give his right hand he gave

But Heaven did not permit her to be a murderess in thought. The news was other to that which she wished. Jerrold lived, he was slowly recovering from his bodily wounds; but the shock, combined with some previous mental strain, had resulted in complete loss of memory. The doctors were agreed. Unless within the next few weeks or months memory was not brought back by the sight of some familiar face or object he might become one of those unfortunate whose past is permanently blank. Dr. Foylet was urging Ann to come.

Ann refused.
SHE had no relatives in England to coerce her to do as she wished. Neither had Jerrold. They were alone, he and she. That was as well. Jerrold, for one, might remain alone to the end of the chapter.

He had planned that she should never see her darling again. She planned never to see him.
He might remain till the blank became a fixed shadow upon which he might fasten questioning eyes in vain. If he should suffer, his sufferings were nothing in comparison to hers.
So the days drifted on; terrible days of darkness, agony, despair. Always, always a little ghost came pattering along the corridors and down the stairs, flitting out to the sunshine, stealing behind her down the yard walk. Always, always sobbing baby lips cried her name. He had been alone in that awful moment of pain and fire and death. Her beautiful darling, for whom her mother arms ached.

It was that little piteous ghost which shut fast the door of her heart when at times a softer mood whispered to her of forgiveness.
She would never forgive Jerrold, never. And the days drifted into weeks.
She received another letter from Barsthorpe.

Dr. Foylet wrote strongly, with solemn warning.
His patient was still regaining strength, bodily strength, but his mind remained an utter blank. He knew nothing, recalled nothing. Names were nothing to him. It needed the "magic touch." If that were withheld now it might later be stretched out in vain. It would be, the writer added, a terrible responsibility for any one to withhold what was the only chance for the restoration of her husband's memory.
"It is a life condemnation," he added, "to which no pitying soul could sentence her worst enemy."

Ann read the letter, and, as though fate were busy with the web of destiny, heard the shrill song of Bunny Bounce's canary. The pity, the tenderness vanished. Once again she became the inexorable judge.
Had not Jerrold sentenced her to a life

left. When the minister said, "Say this after me," he immediately replied, "Say this after me." Then, when the words he was to repeat were given to him, he was stolidly silent.

At last he seemed to be aware that the minister was somewhat disturbed, and in the middle of the service he upset the reverend gentleman's gravity by volunteering this apology:
"You see, sir, it's so long since I was married before that you must excuse my getting these things mixed."

Careless Nurse

A FASHIONABLE mother insisted that the maids in her employ should afford as much consideration to her children as to any one else in the household.
On one occasion a youngster approached his mother with this announcement: "My piece of bread and butter has dropped on the buttered side."
Whereupon the mother summoned the nurse in charge and admonished her thus: "Clarice, you will please to remember that you are to butter Clara's bread on the right side."

How had she dared withhold her own?
How hard she had been!
And how she had suffered!
That kiss of shame still burned her cheek. To what might she not have drifted? Having shut God out of her life, how nearly had she become the devil's prey. And she was still so young. Jerrold was still young.
She must go to him.
Falling on her knees she bowed her fair head low. She had sinned. Was it too late to repent?

A MAN sat under an acacia tree on a lawn. The garden was not large, but the spot was pleasant. The milk-white blooms overhead hung in great clusters around which bees droned their lazy psalms. The man sighed. His name was Jerrold Grathwaite, but that meant nothing to him. He was a soul in prison, groping, groping among black shadows.
Would no one open the door of hope? Again he sighed, passing a thin hand over his forehead. He looked ill, hollow-eyed, his expression held the pathos of dumb pleading.

Some one who had been watching from that clump of bushes near saw and noted all this, and a sob choked in her throat. "Go to him," said Dr. Foylet. "Tell him his name. I cannot promise—now—that he will know you."
The man of medicine could not withhold the reproach. But then he had had that pathetic figure before his sight for three months.

Ann recalled her fainting strength. The sight of her husband had completed her repentance. Could she ever forgive—herself?

At one time the question had been different. Swiftly she glided forward and stood in a familiar dress before him.
"Jerry," she said, "oh, Jerry, I have come."

Then she ran and knelt by his side.
"Jerry," she cried, "I love you. Say that you love me, too."

He stared, all the color drained from his cheeks, his poor lips twitching.
The mental struggle, the breaking dawn of memory was tragic to witness, but at last the light came.
"Ann!" he cried. "Ann!"
His arms went round her.
From a distant window of observation the doctor turned away—satisfied.
He felt the woman had more than her deserts.

IN a sunset glow husband and wife stood together. Never had their love shone more clearly bright in eyes and heart. Yet a shadow lay there still.
Jerrold was looking toward the western glory.
"Ann," he said, "where is Wilnot? You did not bring him."

She trembled. This was a touch on a raw wound.

"Do you not remember?" she asked, "the accident? Dear Jerry, you were the only one rescued from that compartment."
He looked at her, wondering. His head ached with the rush of crowding thought, but he was not too tired to remember that one thing.

"He was not with me then," he said. "I left him with old Mrs. Rayle, who had been my nurse. I told her to keep him till she heard from one of us. Ah, I was cruel, Ann, so cruel that I cannot think how you forgive. But Wilnot is at Brookleigh Farm. I had Gertrude Rayle's promise, and she is old... she will have known nothing of my accident... or... all...
Ann stood rigid.

Bunny—her Bunny Boy alive? Her Bunny Boy alive? And she might have known it three months ago had she brought healing and forgiveness to her husband.
Ann tottered and sank into the seat. She was overwhelmed with joy and shame—shame and joy.

It was more than she could bear.
Bunny was alive. Oh, wondrous joy—opening the golden gates of life's happiness once more.

But for three long months her darling had cried in vain for mother arms, had waited and looked in vain for the beloved mother face, because—because she had refused forgiveness to a penitent sinner.
It was punishment.

Yes, she understood.
A just punishment of her own making.
Ann's golden head sank low on her breast.
"Could she forgive herself? Could she bear to think that a little longer—and she would never have known the truth?"
Jerrold Grathwaite knelt and circled the slender figure with his arms.
"We will go together," said he.

A SHRIEL piping treble singing under the apple trees, a little blue-smocked figure dancing up a buttercup way. A lithe head of dark curls, crowned only by sunshine.
A mother will know what all these meant. With a cry, Ann stooped and lifted her child in her arms. He was no ghost, but her darling, her Bunny Bounce, whose arms were round her neck, his rose-leaf cheek pressing her own.

"It was a long time 'e'er and e'er you was coming," he lisped, "an' my daisy chain is dead. Will us go home now to pusey an' Rover an' Nannie?"
She held him fast. Oh! how fast! After all—he had been happy without her. His first thought had been for dead daisies—and his kitten.

But, oh! the clinging of those arms.
Her darling, her darling!
Then she looked away to where her husband stood with a mist before his vision. Impulsively she moved forward and offered him the child.

"You will carry our darling home," said she. "And oh, Jerry, what a homecoming!"
It was to him she clung, smiling her woman's smile into his quivering face.
"To a new life," he answered. "Pleasant, God, we have learned our lesson."
They had indeed.

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12:45 a. m.

TEXAS
Departs
8:15 p. m.
11:40 a. m.
1:00 p. m.
1:45 p. m.

SEVEN
Departs
1:35 p. m.
1:10 a. m.
1:10 a. m.

NORTH
Departs
1:30 p. m.
1:30 p. m.
1:30 p. m.

SOUTHERN
Departs
1:30 p. m.

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON SUDDENLY AT THE MOVIES

Illustration of a person's face looking upwards.

THE TIMES' DAILY PAGE OF LEADING COMIC FEATURES

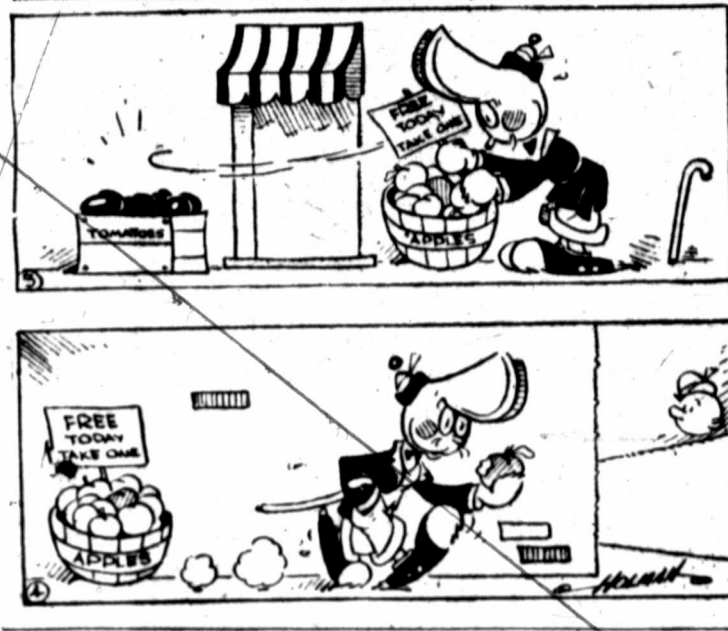
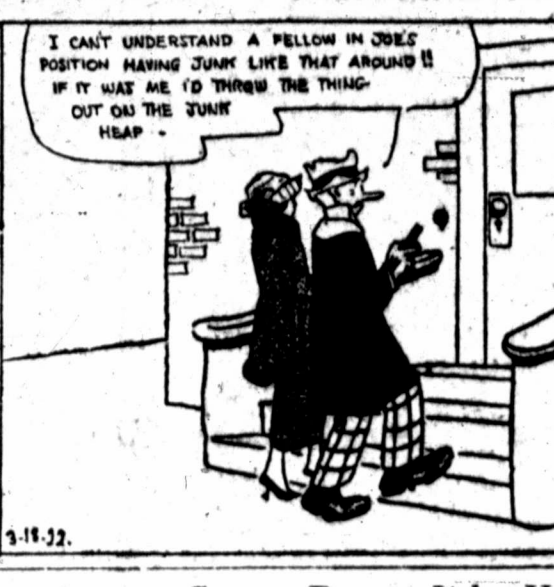
J RABBITT

BY HOLMAN

CICERO SAPP

Cicero's Particular—He Is!

—BY FRED LOCHER

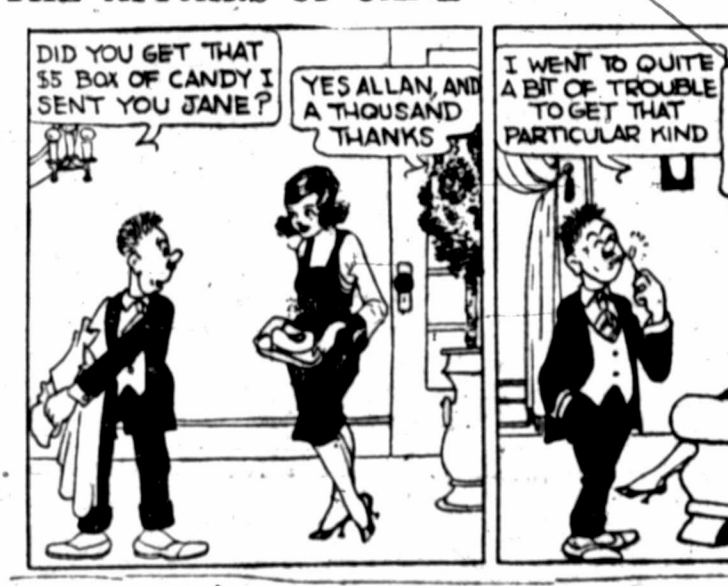


THE AFFAIRS OF JANE

Pretty Sweet for Art

BY YOUNG

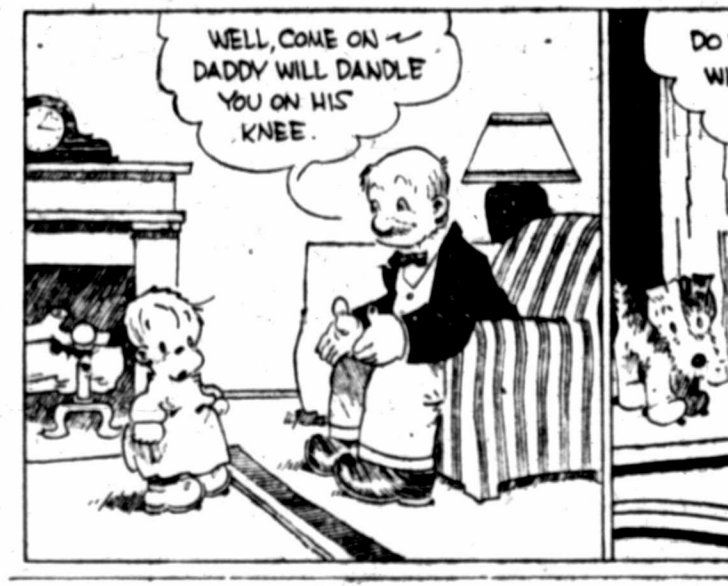
THE OLD HOME TOWN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Tag Is Hard to Please

BY BLOSSER



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Danny Forms His Own Opinion

BY ALLMAN



SALESMAN SAM

Sam Is Some Mathematician

BY SWAN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN



ALL THE NEWS OF ALL THE SPORTS

ROTARY KNOT HOLE GANG UNDER WAY

Application Blanks Distributed to More Than Three Hundred Youngsters.

With more than 300 boys on hand, organization of the Rotary Knot Hole Gang was started Friday night at Scout headquarters.

In signing his application blank, each boy pledges himself to keep himself clean morally and physically.

MARLIN DELEGATION REPORTS TO SALM

Light Practice Friday, Owing to Oklahoma City Series Today and Sunday.

Frank Kitchens, Abe Bowman, Jumbo Ramsey and Babe Ruth reported at baseball headquarters this morning.

Very often some slight mannerism on the part of some player proves a most valuable tip to the opposition.

I have always regarded Bill Carrigan as one of the greatest managers in the game.

I happened to be one of the umpires in the 1915 world's series between Boston and Philadelphia.

Carrigan simply smiled and said a little inside dope had added them considerably in the victory.

According to the Boston players Carrigan always had a couple of the bench warmers to do nothing but look for the signals.

It will be remembered that an injury kept "Red" Doolin out of the 1915 series.

Carrigan had a couple of players watch Burns in the first game to see if he used the methods peculiar to Doolin.

According to the dope I gather George Burns, recently traded to the Boston Red Sox, was the Sherlock Holmes.

He called the Cleveland players' attention to the fact, it seems that the tip-off to the rest of the infield and outfield as to what was going to be pitched.

NEW YORK GIANTS EXERCISE AT LEAP-FROG



Leap-frog is one of the favorite exercises in the southern training camps.

DUNDEE IS AWARDED VERDICT OVER WHITE

Windy City Scrapper Unable to Stand Off Scotch Wop Effectively.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Johnny Dundee of New York, who won the judge's decision over Charlie White of Chicago at the end of their 15-round bout in Madison Square Garden last night.

White began to step in in the tenth and Dundee had difficulty in keeping away from his left hook and jab.

Dundee also was the aggressor in the twelfth round, which was marked by frequent clinches.

The Chicagoan landed cleanly with his left on numerous occasions, but seldom did it appear to sting Dundee's rushes.

LONGHORN FANS CHEERED BY RETURN OF SANFORD

AUSTIN, March 18.—Baseball fans of the University of Texas are rejoicing over the return of Allan Sanford of Waco, crack keystone guard, who injured his shoulder so seriously during the past football season that he withdrew from school.

It is recalled that an injury kept "Red" Doolin out of the 1915 series.

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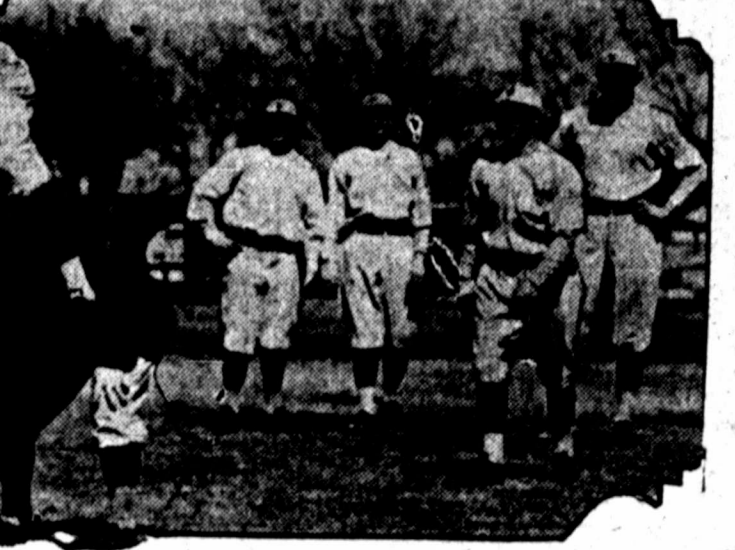
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THE PLAYERS LINE UP AND PLAY LEAP-FROG UNTIL THE ENTIRE SQUAD IS EXHAUSTED.



The players line up and play leap-frog until the entire squad is exhausted.

SPRING TRAINING GOSSIP

Since pitching is conceded to be the best asset of a winning ball club, twirling recruits are greatly in the majority.

The pitching staffs of the major league teams now working out in the south vary from 12 to 20 men.

A majority of the pitching recruits are six-footers. Some are taller by several inches, while others fall just shy of the six-foot mark.

The undersized pitcher is very much in the minority among the recruits.

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THE MARKETS

COTTON MARKET. NEW YORK, March 18.—The week-end call from Liverpool emphasized improving Manchester trade while the early weather news discouraged the apprehensions of showers or rains over Sunday and five opening three points lower to 18.75.

NEW ORLEANS, March 18.—A very steady market developed in cotton today and in the first half hour of the session prices rose 15 to 19 points.

NEW YORK STOCKS. NEW YORK, March 18.—Price changes in the stock market today were confusing, although higher prices prevailed among popular issues.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Wheat trade was light and prices fluctuated readily on the Chicago board of trade today.

COTTON CLOSED BARELY STEADY. NEW YORK, March 18.—Cotton closed barely steady at a net advance of 1/4 to 3/4 points.

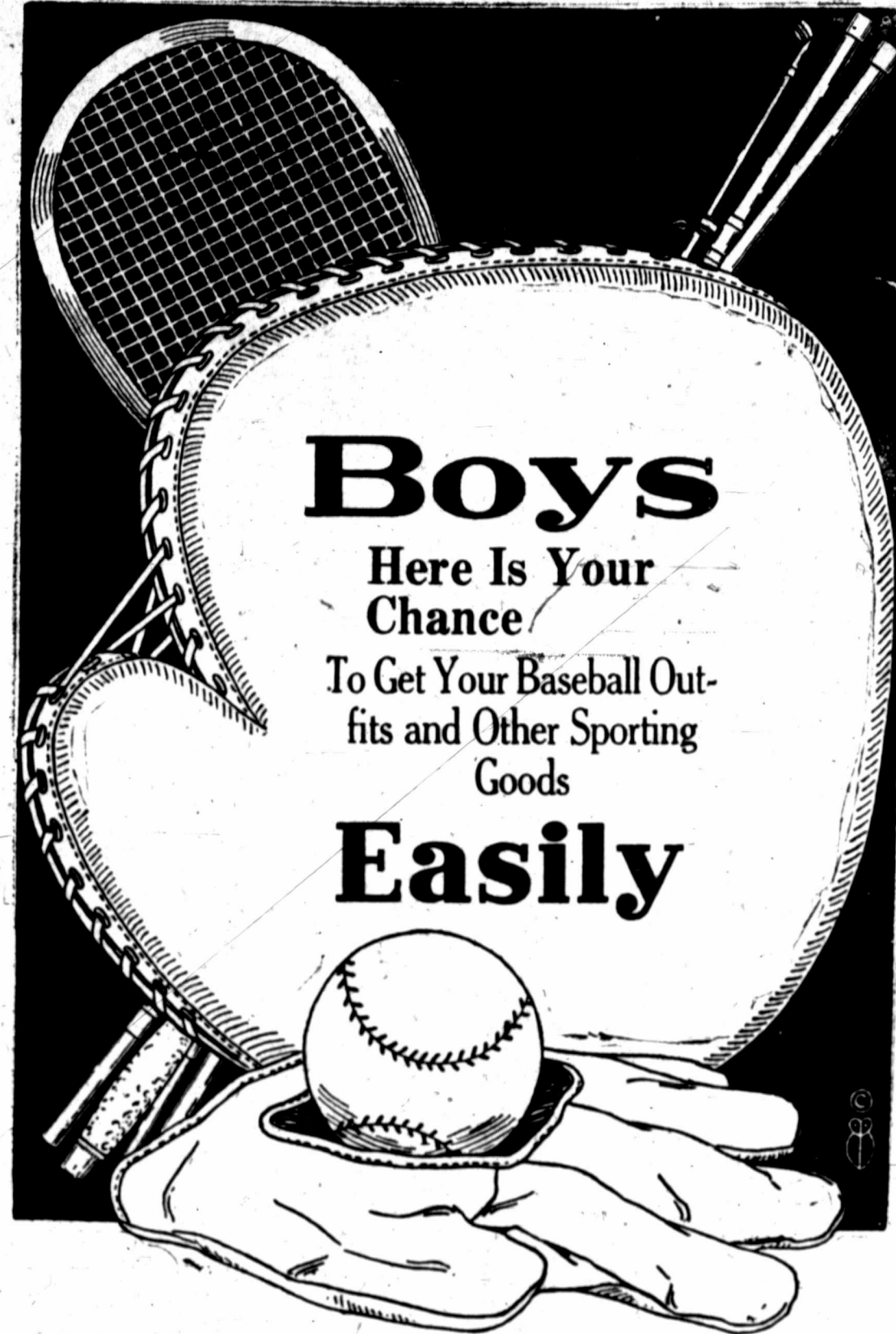
NEW ORLEANS SPOT COTTON. NEW ORLEANS, March 18.—Spot cotton firm, unchanged; sales on the spot 863 bales; to arrive 1,527.

TEXAS SPOT COTTON. DALLAS, March 18.—Cotton middling 17.90; steady. Houston, 17.80; steady. Galveston, 17.60; steady.

SUT SAYS. Clear Havana Cigars Will bring you back to— SUTS SMOKE SHOP 618 EIGHTH ST. Phone 4254

BASEBALL Saturday and Sunday, March 18 and 19 Spudders vs. Oklahoma City (Western League) Saturday Game Called 3:30 P. M. Sunday Game Called 3:00 P. M. TICKETS ON SALE STORCKEN'S AND TIPTON'S

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



Boys Here Is Your Chance To Get Your Baseball Outfits and Other Sporting Goods Easily

HERE IS THE PLAN

For new three months' subscriptions secured between now and April 1st we will give you an order on Collier & Landon for the following amounts in sporting goods.

- For five new verified three months' subscriptions an order for \$1.00
For seven new verified three months' subscriptions an order for \$1.50
For ten new verified three months' subscriptions an order for \$2.50
For twelve new verified three months' subscriptions an order for \$3.00
For fifteen new verified three months' subscriptions an order for \$5.00
For twenty new verified three months' subscriptions an order for \$10.00

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: Subscription Type and Rate. THE DAILY AND SUNDAY TIMES By Carrier in Wichita Falls and all Towns in Texas and Oklahoma. One month 65c, Three months \$1.85, Six months \$3.60, Twelve months \$7.00.

YOU PAY NO MONEY YOU COLLECT NO MONEY Orders on Collier & Landon Will Be Given You Just as Soon as Your Subscriptions Are Verified

TIMES PUBLISHING CO.

Circulation Department Telephone 4392 Seventh Street and Scott Avenue

See the Display You Have to Select From at COLLIER & LANDON "SPORTING AND ATHLETIC GOODS" Phone 5213

FOR CONVENIENCE Classified Advertisements... PHONE 4254

Political Advertising Under this heading the names of public officers... District Clerk A. F. KERR, County Judge J. W. HARRIS, etc.

Logos and notices for various organizations: Lodge, Club, etc. with circular emblems and text.

Threats Sometimes Turn Out as Congratulations

-By Dok Willard

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF Classified Ad. PATRONS

PHONE YOUR AD TO 4392

Political Announcements

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

FOR COUNTY OFFICES, SUBJECT TO THE DECISION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY...

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

SPECIAL NOTICES

GEORGE Plumbing Co. Phone 6895. A. CHILDS - The Gas Man. Plumbing and gas fitting.

WE REPAIR all makes of phonographs in our repair department.

FLUORING - Phone 3444. Black.

HOOPER & NUNN, plumbers. Good work and prompt. Phone 294-3174.

PLUMBING - Phone 6439. Repair work a specialty.

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THE OUTTA-LOCK CLUB



SALESMEN WANTED.

IF IN need of a nurse call at 1144 Avenue P. or phone 5227.

WANTED TO BUY.

NOTICE TO CLASSIFIED AD USERS.

WICHITA DAILY TIMES.

WE WILL pay you the highest cash price for your second-hand furniture.

WANTED TO RENT.

ROOMS WITH BOARD.

FOR RENT - MISCELLANEOUS.

Threats Sometimes Turn Out as Congratulations



LEGAL NOTICE.

BUSINESS OFFICES FOR RENT.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETINGS.

WICHITA FALLS RAILWAY COMPANY.

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WICHITA FALLS RAILWAY COMPANY.

LODGE DIRECTORY. Knights of Pythias, Meet Tuesday nights...

LOST AND FOUND. PAINTING, etc. Cross Aveling Co., 603 Scott Ave. Phone 5193.

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Phone 3333 3. 3333 3. 3333 3. 3333 3. 3333 3. Ben Neal, Real Estate. 416 BOB WAGGON BUILDING

JUDGE OGLE DENIES SIGNING OF BOND, ASKS INVESTIGATION

Judge J. C. Ogle, city recorder, stated Saturday that he had no recollection of having signed an appeal bond in a city court case...

"MAN OF A THOUSAND MURDERS" IS DR. KNICKERBOCKER'S SUNDAY NIGHT SUBJECT

"That caption, 'The Man of a Thousand Murders,' looks like it couldn't be true," said Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker to a Times reporter...

At 9:30 a. m. the great Sunday school will meet. There were 52 in attendance last Sunday. We are expecting 1,000 plus this coming Sunday...

COL. CULBERSON INSPECTS THE GUARD AT CLARENDON

CLARENDON, TEXAS, March 18.—Col. W. C. Culberson, assisted by Captain Hankins and Major Adams, inspected H. Company, Texas National Guard, at Clarendon...

To the Public. The Hillside Filling Station, located at Eighth and Burnett streets, Wichita, Kas., is now being operated by Mr. Hlund has been purchased by the undersigned...

Girls! Girls!! Save Your Hair With Cuticura. TORMENTING, agonizing rheumatic aches are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment...

SLOAN'S EASES PAIN RELIEVES THE ACHE. TORMENTING, agonizing rheumatic aches are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment...

Dr. R. G. Anderson DENTIST Phone 4409 316 Bob Waggoner Bldg.

At the Churches

Church of Christ. (Corner Tenth and Austin.) The hours for services at the Church of Christ are as follows: The Sunday school classes meet at 9:45...

New's Class at Olympic. Probably the biggest program yet in the history of the Olympic club...

Christian Science Society. Church edifice, corner Tenth and Van Buren streets. Sunday school, 9:20 a. m. Lesson sermon at 11 a. m. subject, "Matter." Testimonial meeting, 7 o'clock Wednesday...

First Baptist Church. Sunday school at 9:45. Mr. J. T. Russell, superintendent. Be sure to come and join one of our classes and watch the Sunday school grow in numbers, enthusiasm and knowledge...

First Presbyterian Church. An opportunity for church membership will be given Sunday morning, March 19, at 10 o'clock...

Wilson Hydraulic Casing Pulling Machine Company. Tel. 333 815 Avenue B Box 877 Burk Burnett, Texas

OPEN FOR BUSINESS SATURDAY Arthur's Quick Lunch Room at 705 Seventh Street EVERYTHING REMODELED You Know Our Style

"Devil Street in a HELL CITY"

H. D. KNICKERBOCKER'S Subject Sunday Night at FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, South Tenth and Lamar

Lutheran Trinity Church

Lutheran Trinity Church. (Fourteenth and Bluff streets.) Sunday school at 9:20 a. m. Morning services at 10:30 a. m. Conducted in the German language...

Christian Endeavor. Program of the Christian Endeavor society at the First Methodist church, Sunday evening, March 19, 8:30 p. m. Topic, "What Does Following Christ Entail?"...

Holy communion. Holy communion, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45; morning prayer and litany, 11:00. Rev. J. M. Beecher, pastor...

Lutheran St. Paul's Church. (Miscellaneous. Eleventh and Holliday streets. Third Sunday in Lent; Sunday school at the usual hour, 9:30 a. m. Services in the German language...

RESINOL Soothing and Healing For Skin Disorders

TO DRILL TEST EIGHTEEN MILES WEST OF VERNON, MATERIAL IS ON GROUND

VERNON, TEXAS, March 18.—Material is on the ground and work is expected to be started within 10 days on a hole to be drilled by the Pease River Oil company in Farmers Valley, 18 miles west of here...

TWO AND A HALF INCHES RAIN IN DONLEY COUNTY CLARENDON, TEXAS, March 18.—More than two and one-half inches of rain have fallen here and over most of Donley county this morning...

SEYMOUR DELEGATION GOES TO FORT WORTH SEYMOUR, TEXAS, March 18.—A delegation of seven from Fort Worth, including H. A. Fancher, J. O. Newton, T. C. Irby Jr., C. P. Caldwell, president of the chamber of commerce, and J. A. Brock, mayor of Seymour, are attending a meeting at Fort Worth...

Loosen up that heavy cold Dr. Bell's Fine-Tar-Honey For Coughs and Colds

- ATTORNEYS. RALPH P. MATHIS, W. H. CALDWELL, MATIAS J. CALDWELL, LAWYERS 416 First National Bank Bldg. DAVENPORT & THORNTON... ARCHITECTS-CIVIL ENGINEERS. ISABELL & MORGAN... PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

ALWAYS TIRED NO AMBITION Nervous and Dizzy, Everything Seemed to Worry Me. How I Got Well

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised so much and it did so many people good that I began to take it myself...

MISS INGHAM'S SHOP - MOVED - From 1102 Lamar to 1409 Tenth

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DR. SCHULTZ The Only Exclusive Specialist in Chronic, Nervous and Special Complications and Diseases of Women, Scientifically Treated.

Baker's Cocoa AND Baker's Chocolate

Baker's Cocoa AND Baker's Chocolate Appeal strongly to the healthy appetites created by vigorous exercise in the open air.

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THE VALUE OF INFORMATION

Your banker knows about business conditions locally and at large because the very life of his business depends on such knowledge. It is a wise business man who realizes the importance of accurate information and who, through his bank, obtains and uses it.

The First National Bank Indiana at Eighth St. Established 1884 Where Service Is Paramount

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"Clover Leaf Dairy Chow" 24% PROTEIN \$2.50 per 100 lbs. Morgan Feed Stores

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