

The Egoist

By Douglas Lyon

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I ALWAYS was a very quiet fellow, never self-assertive or vain. In the presence of the fair sex I am, as a rule, painfully shy. Such love-making as I have attempted has always been extremely awkward and invariably unsuccessful. How I came to be co-respondent in a divorce case, therefore, heaven only knows. Anyway, I did. And this, so far as I can understand, is how it happened.

I was in the smoking room of my club one day chatting to some other journalists when one of them who was facing the doorway gave an exclamation.

"Hullo!" he said, "here's George Charles. Wonder what he wants here?"

We had all heard of him, of course. He wrote brilliant novels full of inimitable wit and subtle sarcasm. His books were bizarre; they stripped society of its beautiful covering and showed it up for what it really was. No sentiment, no convention, no religion, no nobility was free from the biting cynicism of his pen. I had known him long ago at college. As a matter of fact, I had been editor of the college magazine to which he had occasionally contributed. He wrote extraordinary stuff even then. As a student, I remember, he was not popular; his tongue was too quick and his knowledge of human nature too deep for that. As a result he had very few friends. I liked him, however, and I think he liked me—as much as a man of his temperament could like anybody and anything! We used to have long talks together, and I found him even more amusing to talk to than to read—that is, when the mood seized him to be communicative.

We were graduated about the same time and drifted apart. Several years passed and then novels began to appear under his name. I read them with avidity. So did the public. Very soon, and seemingly without much effort, George Charles became famous. And now, for the first time since our college days, we met again. He came toward our little group, walking slowly, his eyes fixed on me. He was a tall man, somewhat thin, with an aquiline nose and high narrow forehead. His eyes were a hard blue, his mouth drooped at the corners so that an expression of profound discontent was forever on his face, marring its otherwise attractive ugliness.

"Good day, Lawrence," he said to me, ignoring the others. "I thought I'd find you here at this time."

I took his hand.

"Pleased to see you again," I said, somewhat coldly.

CONSIDERING that it was at least five years since we last spoke to each other, his casual greeting struck me as extraordinary. I felt piqued. However, Charles was always like that. He never wasted time on words, except in his books, on mere conventions.

"If you could spare me a few minutes," he went on, "I want to ask you a favor."

I swallowed my annoyance with an effort and, excusing myself to my companions, crossed to a corner of the room and sat down facing Charles.

"Look here," I said, "this is a bit thick, you know. I haven't seen you or spoken to you for more than five years, and yet you walk up to me as if we'd only parted yesterday. Then, to crown it all, you want to ask me a favor?"

Charles smiled one of his rare smiles, extraordinarily fascinating.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said softly, putting his hand on my arm. "I'm an inconsiderate bore, but I can't help it. You know me. You can forgive me. Honestly, I have been going to look you up scores of times and always put it off; you know the way one does! But I hope you won't let that prejudice you against granting my request?"

Well, I must admit it; in spite of myself I could not help liking the man at college and I could not help liking him now. I knew him for a pure egoist, selfish and unscrupulous to the last degree, and yet he attracted me somehow so that it was difficult to refuse him anything he asked. It transpired that he wanted me to write up an article on his early career at college for a big magazine. His publisher wanted it as soon as possible. He had come to me because he remembered my editing the school magazine. After some slight hesitation I agreed to write the story for him. It would be a good advertisement for me and—well, as I have said, he fascinated me.

"Well, look here," he said as he rose to go. "Come up to my place for dinner to-morrow night. We'll go over the old times together and I'll show you some of the things I used to contribute to the college magazine. photos, souvenirs and the like, to refresh your memory. And, by the by, you'll meet my wife. You'll like her."

"Ah!" I said, surprised, for he was the last man on earth I should have thought would have married. "I didn't know you had fallen!"

He smiled, cynically I thought; but then his smile was always cynical.

"Yes," he returned. "It happened a year ago."

I ARRIVED at Charles' flat about 7 the next evening. A maid ushered me into the study, an incredible apartment filled with cushions and armchairs and wonderful paintings. Books and periodicals lay scattered about the floor in absolute confusion—Charles would have no truck with bookcases, believing that half the joy of life had its origin in disorder.

The only objects in the room which hinted at the profession of its owner and the fact that actual work was ever done there was a straight-backed chair set in front of a small table upon which was a typewriter. Charles was seated in one of the armchairs, reading a newspaper. As I entered he threw the paper upon the floor and rose to meet me.

"Come in, old man," he said jovially. "Come right in and take a chair."

He shook me warmly by the hand. I sat down on a chair facing him and took a cigar from the case he offered me.

"There's a match box lying on the floor by your chair," he remarked, "and the same makes an excellent ash tray."



I took further stock of the room as I smoked.

"Pretty cozy here," I said, "but I must say the floor's in a bit of a mess."

"Yes, it is; but I prefer having my books and things handy. All I've got to do if I wish anything is to drop my arm over the side of the chair here and pick it up. No getting up or searching about!"

Several push-bell objects lying on the floor attracted my attention. I picked one up and found that it was attached to a wire leading to the wall of the room.

"What's this?" I inquired. Charles grinned.

"Press and see," he returned.

I did so, and immediately an orchestra struck up and I made out the opening strains of "The Storm" from "William Tell."

"Each of these bulbs is connected with a talking machine electrically operated," my host explained. "When I weary of dictating to my typist I press one of them at random and refresh my mind with a little music."

We talked of various things after that of our early struggles in literature and so on. I found Charles little changed from his college days, a little harder, a little more self-confident, a little more of an egoist, but otherwise the same.

By the time the gong sounded for dinner I had almost forgotten that Charles was married and that I was to meet his wife. He rose before the last echoes had gone.

"Let us go," he said. "Hilda will be waiting."

She was standing before a bright fire in the dining room when we entered. She was young, not more than twenty-two. I should have said, with a slim, seductive figure and thick Auburn hair. Her evening dress was of white and seemed quite to drape her figure. When she turned to greet me, I saw a sweet, rounded face with a little nose and a deliciously puckered forehead. Her eyes, as I afterward discovered, were the color of violets.

"My wife, Hilda—Mr. Lawrence," said Charles.

We shook hands and I murmured my pleasure.

"My husband often speaks of you," said Mrs. Charles, smiling. "You were great friends at college, were you not?"

"I replied in the affirmative; evidently Charles had not told her that it was more than five years since we had met.

The dinner was excellent, the wines mellow and the hostess charming.

You know, as I said at first, I am not a man who shines in the company of women. I am shy. I am certainly not of the type of fellow who goes about looking for affairs of the heart. But I couldn't help thinking that Mrs. Charles caught my eyes often than there was any need for and that her own held more intimacy than was good for my peace of mind. I felt growing up between us as the dinner went on a sympathy which somehow thrilled me. I cannot very well explain it, but you must know what I mean—anywhere, riding in a bus, or walking along a street, you may get that feeling by the chance meeting of a woman's eyes.

I felt, however, that all was not well between Charles and his wife—the little things they said or left unsaid, the tone of their voices when they addressed each other, little discourtesies on his part, omissions from her and so on! Indeed, the dinner table to me seemed charged with the subtle atmosphere created always by strained conjugal relationships.

Almost immediately after dinner Mrs. Charles excused herself and retired. I fancied that her eyes sought mine a trifle wistfully as she said good-night.

Over our liqueurs and cigars Charles and I discussed the article I was to write. He showed me some of the sketches he had written years ago for the college magazine and I marvelled again at their merit and how little they were appreciated then. Before parting he pressed me to come around another evening and let him know how I was getting on with the biography. I accepted his invitation gladly.

I must admit that Mrs. Charles interested me very much indeed.

SO I resumed my early friendship with Charles; and, although the article I had written for him had long since been completed and duly published, I continued to visit his house fairly frequently. His wife proved a great attraction to me and I could not help seeing that she liked me. Often when I called, Charles was out upon some business, and Hilda—I had begun to call her that—would entertain me until his return. She played the piano very prettily and sang in a voice as sweet as her nature. My knowledge of women is, of course, practically small, but I do think that she led me on somewhat. I usually felt perfectly at ease with her; she seemed to make me forget myself.

It may be that Charles resented finding me so often alone with his wife, but he never said anything, and never failed to ask me back again. And anyway, if he did not approve of my growing friendship with his wife, he had only to cease begging me to drop in and see him "any time, old man!"

I may mention that the feeling of marital disaffection grew as husband and wife became accustomed to my presence, and accordingly less careful in their demeanor toward each other. Often Charles would say things to his wife—nasty, cutting things—which made me long to hit him. And yet she smiled bravely through it all.

Of course Charles must have been a terrible man to live with continually. He was such an incurable egoist; an hour of his company put me all on edge; his wife must have suffered the tortures of the damned.

However, I must get on with my story and come to the events which led up to my appearance in the divorce court as a co-respondent.

I live in a flat down Kensington way. It is a nice, comfortable little flat, very suitable for a bachelor, and I have a nice, comfortable little housekeeper also very suitable for a bachelor. In the evening I almost invariably retire to my study after dinner and write till far into the night.

The evening I am to speak of was no exception to the rule. It must have been about 11 o'clock and I was seated at my desk endeavoring to write up an article for a Sunday paper, when the pussy-footsteps of my housekeeper approached the study door and a knock sounded. I cried "come in" and she came. She was rather perturbed, I thought, and she spoke nervously.

"There's a lady at the door, sir," she announced, "and she says she wants to see you at once."

The fact that it was very unusual for ladies to come and see me at any time, and particularly in the evening, accounted, I had no doubt, to a certain extent for her perturbation; but there seemed to be something more in it than that.

"Well, Mrs. Stevens," I said, smiling, "if that is all show the lady in."

My housekeeper hesitated. I think, with a woman's intuition that she seemed to scent complications as a deer scents hunters—a far.

"But the lady, sir," she went on. "She does not appear to be what one might call herself! She's very excited and she's been crying. I only thought I'd warn you in case—"

"In case I considered it more discreet to be not at home," I prompted.

"Well, sir—"

To her mother, on her return from the park, she confided the emotions she had experienced as she swung round the curves of the "figure eight" with her elder brothers.

"Mother," she said, "when I went round those awful turns so fast I felt just as if I had freckles on my stomach!"

Matrimonial Shrinkage

I was a well-known writer of verse, to whom a lady said:

"I have just seen your wife for the first time since your marriage; but I had supposed she was a taller woman. She seems shorter than when I saw her last."

"Certainly," said the writer, solemnly. "She has married and settled down."

"I determined to go on with the program as arranged by you up to a certain point! That point has been reached"

"Have no fear, Mrs. Stevens," I said cheerily. "My conscience is clear. Show the lady in."

My housekeeper went out, forgetting to close the door in her confusion, and after a slight altercation without, Mrs. Charles walked in. She closed the door behind her and came toward me. I rose to my feet literally speechless with amazement.

"I'm so sorry to disturb you like this, Mr. Lawrence," she stammered, and I knew by the pitch of her voice that she was very near the breaking point, "but I had to come to you. My people—"

Thereupon she flopped into a chair and covering her head with her arm began to sob bitterly, like a thwarted child.

A nice thing this, you will say, for a man like me, absolutely unversed in the ways of women. I tried to take a firm hand.

"Come, come, Mrs. Charles!" I said as sternly as I could. "You mustn't give way like this. What has happened? What can I do for you?"

She looked up at me then and although her face was streaked with tears and her little nose red, I longed to take her in my arms and kiss her.

"It's my husband," she began brokenly. "He's a brute! I've stood his studied insults as long as I could, but tonight things have reached a climax. Tonight," she breathed hard, and her dear eyes were lit by a flame which could only have been hate. "He struck me. I struggled with him, but he held my wrists easily and only laughed at me. Afterward I pretended to forgive him and as soon as I could leave him, went to my room. It was then that I determined to come and see you. My people live in Scotland and I know very few people in London. Besides, you are an old friend of my husband. You can advise me what to do. Oh, Mr. Lawrence, please do try and help me!"

I thought she was going to dissolve in tears once more, but she bore up wonderfully.

I sat down facing her and thought the matter over. It was all terribly embarrassing, of course, not to mention irregular, and horribly compromising for me. She was in a condition bordering on hysteria just at present, but I knew that in the cold light of tomorrow morning things would look quite different and she would repent her actions.

I commenced to talk to her quietly, like a father. I told her she'd laugh at that little quarrel tomorrow; I told her to go back home at once and get to bed; I explained to her—

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Past Help

T man with an ancient clock under his arm. This he laid on the counter with the request, "I wish you'd see what's the matter with this."

The jeweler removed the dial, screwed his eyes into place, and inspected the works of the old timepiece.

"Nothing is the matter with it—now; its sufferings are over."

"Well, how much do I owe you?" asked the old man.

"Nothing," answered the jeweler. "This is not professional treatment—this is a coroner's inquest."

horted her not to mention that she had come to see me; I asked her for her own sake, and for the sake of every one concerned, to pull herself together and be reasonable.

In the end she came round and promised to do as I had indicated. She seemed very upset at the thought of having placed me in such an awkward position and swore to keep silent regarding her visit to my room.

It must have been 1 o'clock when she finally started for home in a taxi which I somehow managed to procure.

THE next I knew of the matter was a letter from Charles' solicitors, informing me that I was co-respondent in an action for divorce which he (Charles) was taking against his wife.

And there we are! I told you I was not the sort of man to be mixed up in a thing like that—but what could I do?

I tried to see Charles, but he was not to be seen. I tried to see his wife, but she, also, was not to be seen. I went to see my solicitors; they, at least, welcomed me with open arms.

The case came on. I do not wish to worry you, dear reader, with the harrowing details of the proceedings. Suffice to say that the servants of Charles all appeared and gave evidence against me. It seemed in an entirely new light to me—that I was very often, and for long periods, alone with Mrs. Charles in their house, and that I made a point of calling there at times when Charles was away on business. My housekeeper gave evidence as to how Mrs. Charles came to my flat at 11 o'clock one night and departed at 1 o'clock in a taxi. The driver of the taxi also gave evidence. And so it went on.

Charles got his divorce all right, and I was the villain of the piece.

And now I come to the anti-climax. Mrs. Charles, now reduced to the rank of Miss Alton for her sins, drove in a taxi with me to my rooms, after the case.

I had been in love with her from the very beginning of our acquaintance, of course. She was such a brave little woman, and besides, her figure was so delightful, her age so inconsiderate and her eyes so adorable, that I could not help knowing that she was a jewel of priceless worth.

We had tea in my study. Mrs. Stevens acting the part of the chaperone and being wonderfully cheerful in spite of the ordeal of the witness box.

After tea my housekeeper withdrew and I proposed to Hilda. I said:

"I am a bit of an ass, but I love you, Hilda. From the first moment I saw you I loved you, although I never dared to mention the fact before. Now that you are free to marry again I offer you myself, my little income and my home. I long to marry you and to keep you henceforth from all harm and persecution. Will you be my wife?"

She replied:

"Dear Harold!—my name please—you are the sort of man a woman is lucky beyond measure to meet; you are so kind, so unassuming, so honest; if you will allow me I shall love you with the greatest love in the world. I am proud to accept your offer."

At this point came a knock at the door and without waiting for permission the knock entered. It was Charles.

I was extremely surprised to see him, of course, and so was Hilda. He gave me a curt good day and then turned upon the lady he had just divorced.

"Why on earth didn't you wait for me?" he demanded angrily. "I waited ages outside the law courts for you to appear and then was informed that you had driven off some time ago in a taxi with my friend here. What is the meaning of it? You know perfectly well that you arranged to come back home with me the minute the proceedings were over."

I stepped forward.

"Charles," I said firmly, "I cannot permit you to talk like this to Hilda. I would have you know that she has just consented to become my wife."

Charles turned on me, his face crimson.

"Your wife," he shouted furiously, "Don't you understand, you fool, that this divorce was all a put-up job! I merely wished to know at first hand how a divorce suit went, how a wronged husband felt, how an insane co-respondent looked, how every one behaved, so that I could depict it all exactly as it should be in the novel I am writing! Hilda is coming home with me now. The play is over." He turned to Hilda.

"Come," he said somewhat dramatically. "Let us go."

I looked at my darling and was amazed to find her convulsed with laughter.

IN A little while she recovered. She stood up. She faced us.

"George," she said quietly, but with a world of feeling in her voice, "I've been fooling you all the time. You arranged this farce so that you would be able to get the data for your latest novel. At first I concurred with your scheme in spite of my natural repugnance at involving an innocent man in a divorce suit. When I saw Mr. Lawrence, however, I determined to go on with the program as arranged by you, up to a certain point! That point has been reached."

"All I wished for was my freedom. You are such a selfish cad, such an intolerable egoist, that I cannot imagine how I have managed to live with you as long as I have. Mr. Lawrence opened my eyes to what a man could be. From the beginning I liked him very much, and then, later," she dropped her eyes, "I grew to love him."

"To love Lawrence," cried Charles.

"To love Lawrence," cried Hilda.

"Why he's a mere nonentity with no more brains than my little finger!"

Hilda looked up, her eyes flashing.

"He's a man," she replied, tensely, "which you are not. He is chivalrous, gentle and thoughtful. He has asked me to become his wife and I have consented gladly. Charles gulped and then forced a laugh.

"Good lord," he said bitterly, "I thought I understood women, but—well, I give it up."

He turned abruptly and went out. On the threshold he tripped over the door mat.

"Damn!" he cried.

And so it ended.

Opening the Chestnut Bur in a Chuckle Hunt

A Double Loss

MRS. JELLYBY endeared herself to Bridget, the stout and sentimental cook, by interested inquiries after Bridget's numerous relatives, and the answers she received often compensated her amply for the time she thus spent.

"Was your cousin Mary married the last of May, as she expected to be?" asked Mrs. Jellyby, on her return to town one autumn; and Bridget's face changed from cheerfulness to gloom in a moment.

"She was not, poor Mary!" she said, mournfully. "She was took off sudden with a fever. It was to her a double loss. There was the loss of the man, and there was the loss of the marriage."

At Last

A CLERGYMAN, called to other duties, preached his last sermon before the installation of his successor, and the local weekly, in announcing the order of services, gave it as follows:

"Sermon by the Reverend Doctor Blank; solo and quartet, 'Hushed at Length.'"

Two Kinds of a Wig

A Nebraska court an attorney was arguing with great earnestness and eloquence. In the midst of his argument he paused a moment.

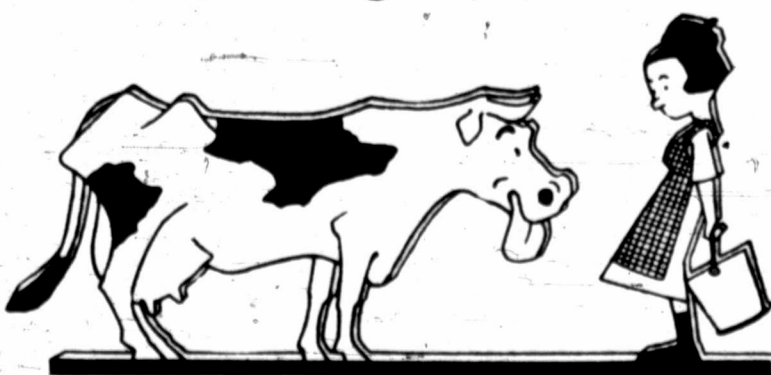
"I observe that Your Honor shakes his

A New Sensation

LITTLE Alice had visited one of the larger summer amusement parks for the first time, and with the courage possessed only by those girls whose playmates are boys older than themselves, she had not hesitated, when invited, to take a ride on one of the "thrillers" that abound in such parks.

To her mother, on her return from the

Ain't That Right?—By John Bach



A zofft young beast is the cow,
From whence comes our good table butter.
It cannot set sail as does the young whale,
Though it uses its tail for a rudder.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1922

DANCING, HARD WORK.

Can you walk 25 miles without getting fagged out? Probably not. Yet you cover that much distance in an ordinary evening of dancing.

A German scientist recently figured it out. Madalyn Lee, young Boston girl, checked the figure. She wore a pedometer, danced five hours, found she had traveled 25 miles. Not only that, she "finished fresh."

A Marathon runner, doing 25 miles at about the same speed as a modern fast dance, staggers down the home stretch and falls into his trainers' arms.

How do you explain it? On a 25-mile Marathon the runner moves steadily, without stopping.

The 25-mile dancer steps the light fantastic for a few minutes, then pauses to recuperate. It's like the intermission between rounds of a prizefight.

The human body is a machine. It runs steadily just so long, then gets overheated. A pause, to halt combustion of energy by the thyroid gland, also cools the brain, steadies the nerves and recharges the batteries.

Rested, if only for a few minutes, the body is ready to go ahead again at top speed.

That's why, returning from a short vacation sensibly spent in rest, we find our energy doubled as we settle down again to work.

Brain workers, in particular, can increase their productive capacity by relaxing into absolute rest five minutes an hour. Some shrewd factory man-

agers give their employees similar periods of rest as a matter of increasing efficiency.

Like all things, this 25-mile proposition has a psychic or mental-science side.

Getting it down to psychological fundamentals, it's like a Boy Scout who grows at chopping kindling at home, but whistles happily and gladly chops wood for hours in camp.

Whether a task is hard or easy, all depends on the mental attitude.

To enjoy life and make all tasks pleasant, select the line of work you want most. That is your real find. To get into it, fight and overcome all obstacles—"mountains, walls and towers."

If you have people working for you, you can "put their hearts in their work" by making the work pleasant and introducing into it the element of competition—sport, play.

Behind this is the explanation of why so many potentially successful boys have their life careers ruined by parents showing them away from what they want to be, into occupations that they find stupid or only mildly interesting.

SMILE A WHILE

By TOM SIMS

The Muscle Shoals proposition seems to have landed on the rocks.

The bottom is a better place to begin than to end.

Chicago robber shot in New York should have had sense enough to stay at home where the folks knew him.

When business is slow it is a good idea to get after it.

European merchants can take Russia's orders if Russia will take their orders at Genoa.

Men who think they know all don't know all they think.

You can save daylight by using it.

With so many autos and porch swings it is a wonder anybody is single.

Landlords should remember they don't have as hard a time collecting the rent as tenants do.

The man who stays on his toes keeps others off of them.

Bride is a great convenience to pass an open night.

Being down in the mouth is a fine way to get up in the air.

A salesman has to strike a man right to make a hit.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

WEN A RICH MAN BIN BRUNG UP PO' HE TALK BOUT WHUT HE BIN THU, BUT HE AIN' BIN THU, NOTHIN'—DEYS A HEAP O' PO' MEN WHUT BIN BRUNG UP RICH!!



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FEW SUBJECT TESTS PLAN FOR COLLEGES

Suggested As Means of Overcoming Crowded Conditions in Schools.

CHICAGO, April 22.—Entrance examinations in a few test subjects may some day be required for prospective college students, suggested Dean Eugene Davenport of the University of Illinois college of agriculture in an address here today before the Cornell alumni association.

The "difficult entrance" means the question, "Shall Colleges Limit Registration?"

The sudden rise of college enrollment following the war means crowding to capacity, gave rise to a kind of panicky consideration of the question of limiting attendance.

"It is one question for an endowed institution, a very different question for one that is supported by taxation. We must consider the question of limitation, either by arbitrary methods or by raising the standards of admission."

The limitation for any institution are well high prohibitive. The limitation may be made geographical but this leads to provincialism.

It is feasible to reduce numbers by requiring strict attention to business after entrance, and to show the students what college work is like and what colleges expect."

First Christian Church, Tenth and Travis streets, last Sunday—Easter Sunday—was a great day in all the services at the Christian Bible school and church. More than 400 present.

W. A. Sprinkall, traveling freight and passenger agent, accompanied by his wife and two children, left for Cleburne, where he will also take a similar step. It is not known but it is believed Mr. Sprinkall will also return to this city to make his home.

At the night services Rev. Keevil will speak on the subject "A Strange Rejection" or "An Anxious Seeker, Sought, Yet Lost." All visitors to the city are welcome. Every church member invited and urged to be present at all services. Come and bring your friends.

Wichita Methodist Mission At factory church the Rev. Mr. Estes will preach at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., closing the revival services. An offering will be asked at the evening service for the visiting minister and his wife. At 10:00 a. m. immediately after the Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. There will be preaching at night also.—W. A. BETTS, Pastor.

CUPID SENDS TWO OF KATY OFFICES TO LOVER'S LEAP

The usual and unvaried week-end trips to distant points of two employees of the Wichita Falls and Northwestern railroad company offices have drawn to a close. Two employees left Friday night to their accustomed destination where before the beginning of a new week will have approached the altar and will have taken upon themselves a lifelong vow and promise.

E. W. Ward, timekeeper in the superintendent's office, departed for Denison, where on Sunday the wedding ceremony will be performed. He will bring his bride to Wichita Falls, where they will be at home at 1409 Monroe street. Mr. Ward has the house in readiness for occupancy. The part of the second part of this contract is Miss Nell E. Ferguson.

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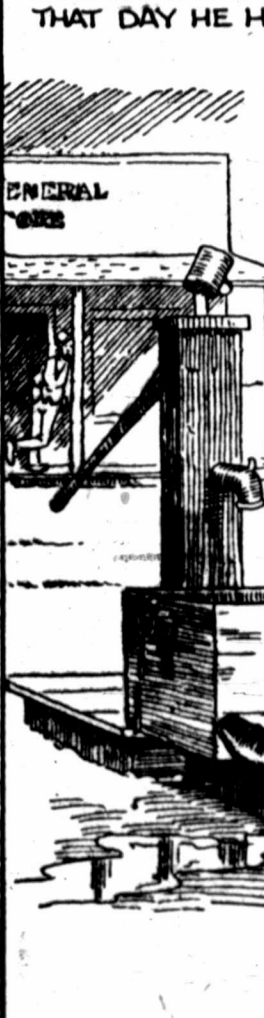
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OUT OUR WAY

IT TOOK A HALF HOUR TO CONVINCING OLD ABSENT MINDED DOC TEETERS THAT HE WASN'T IN THE BATH TUB THAT DAY HE HAD A WRECK.



BY WILLIAMS



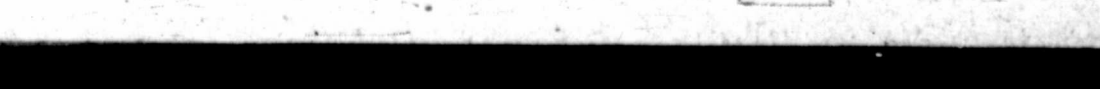
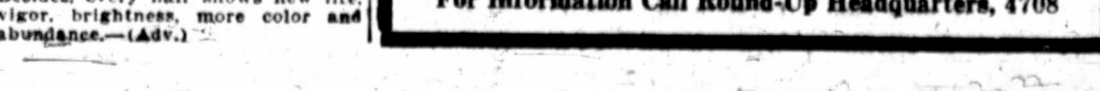
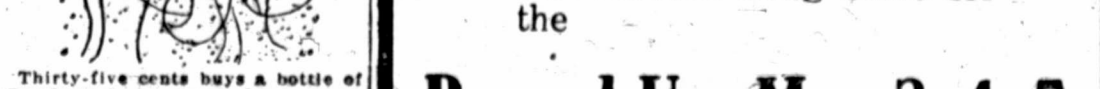
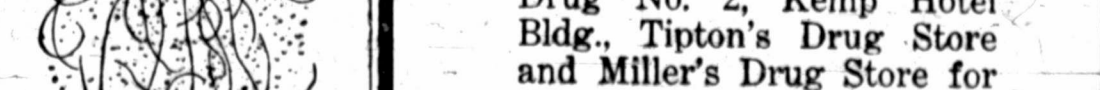
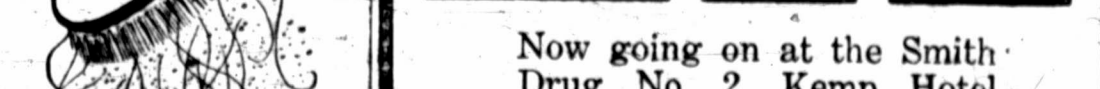
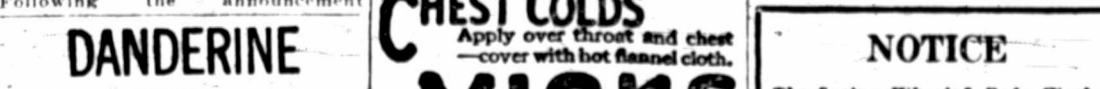
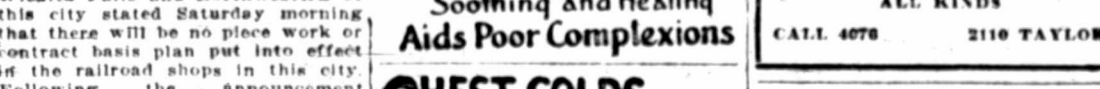
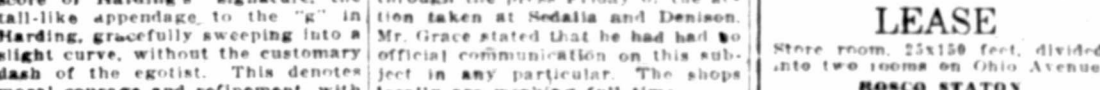
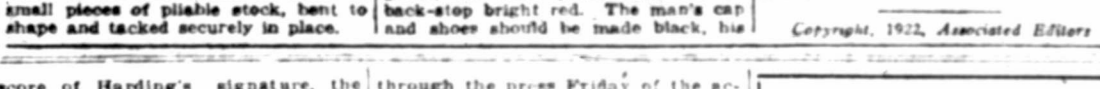
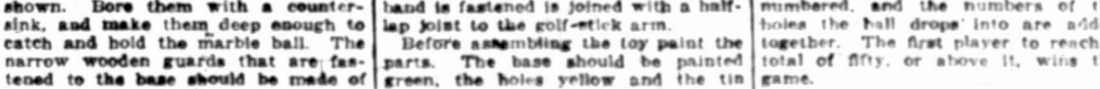
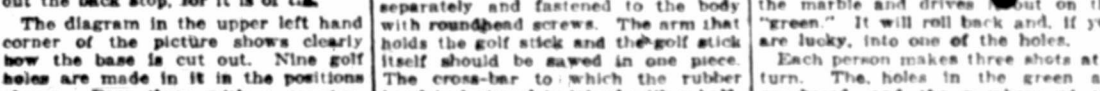
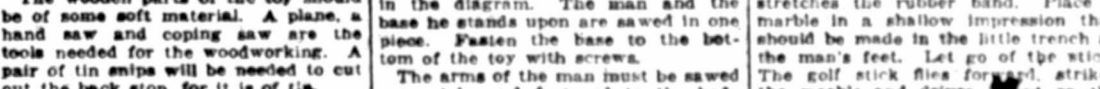
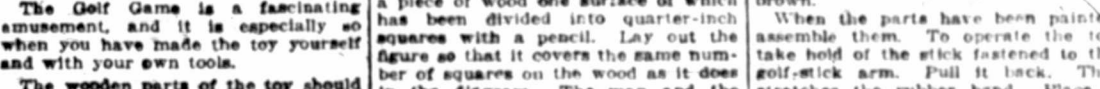
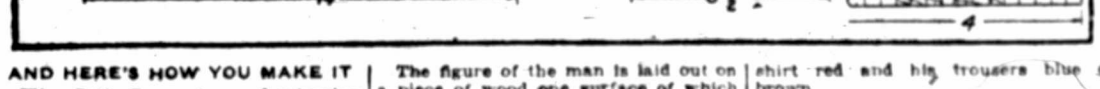
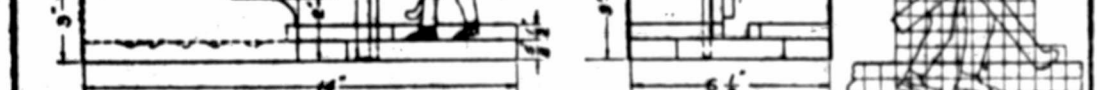
TOOL - CRAFT

FRANK I. SOLAR

HOUSEHOLD MECHANICS

GOLF GAME

USE 1/4 MARBLE FOR GOLF BALL



TO TRY MINGO "ARMY" LEADERS

By NEA Service. CHARLES TOWN, W. VA., April 20.—In the same court house where John Brown, the abolitionist, was tried more than 100 years ago was sentenced to death for treason, several hundred miners will go to trial starting April 23 on charges ranging from misdemeanors to murder and treason.

These defendants are alleged to be members of the miners' army which marched on Mingo and Logan counties last August and engaged in pitched battles with state troops.

Heading the long list are C. F. Keeney, president of district 17 of the United Mine Workers of America; Fred Mooney, A. C. Porter, William Blizard, Isaac Scott, Lawrence Dwyer and Frank V. Snyder, editor of a labor paper.

Against Conditions. The miners' "insurrection" was the outgrowth of a protest meeting against alleged conditions in the mine fields. Mob psychics got into action and miners began assembling at Marmet, W. Va. Leaders announced they would move on the Logan county coal field or carrying the banner of unionism.

This move was abandoned when a war department official held a conference with Keeney, Ketchum, official of the United Mine Workers of America, and Keeney ordered the men to disband.

Web Organized. Later, however, miners heard that Captain J. R. Brockus of the state constabulary had made a raid and disarmed some of the miners. A march shortly began and Logan county mobilized forces of deputy sheriffs to give battle.

Logan defenders repelled the invaders time and again. Army trucks and airplanes were put to use and aerial warfare was waged for a time.

Then federal troops were dispatched and the miners' army was hemmed in. It disbanded.

The actual casualties were never known. Logan miners shot and killed four men and the miners were believed to have sacrificed many more.

Sheriff John Core was slain at Blair Mountain and a number of men of conspiracy to commit murder are based on this.

Grand juries immediately started an investigation and hundreds of indictments were returned. Arraigned in Logan county, the defendants were granted a change of venue to Jefferson county, where their trial, April 24, will start in the historic court house.

Judge John Mitchell Woods of Martinsburg, W. Va., will preside at the trials. He is serving his second eight-year term as jurist on the twenty-third West Virginia circuit. He sits in three counties, Morgan, Berkeley and Jefferson.

MAN FIFTY YEARS OLD CHARGED WITH ATTEMPT TO ATTACK SMALL GIRL

PINE BLUFF, ARK., April 22.—Chl Collins, 50 years old, has been taken to the penitentiary at Little Rock for safe keeping after an eight-year-old girl, according to county authorities, identified him as a man she alleged attempted to attack her yesterday.

BOUGHTON PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS AT BERLIN

By Associated Press. BERLIN, April 22.—Alanson B. Boughton, the new American ambassador to Germany, presented his credentials today to President Ebert, who received the ambassador in the presence of Dr. Daniel T. Hinshelwood, under-secretary for the foreign office, in the absence of Foreign Secretary Rathenau at Genoa.

Credits Escape to Value of Sausage As Shock Absorber

LOS ANGELES, April 22.—Sausage as a shock absorber saved the life of E. R. Craddock, truck driver, here yesterday, according to his opinion expressed in his report to police. Craddock was driving a truck filled with meat products when a locomotive hit it. bystanders had Craddock sailed 25 feet but lighted on a shipment of sausage that had acted a little quicker than he did. He was unhurt but badly tangled in sausage.

NEFF LEAVES AUSTIN ON SPEAKING CAMPAIGN

AUSTIN, April 22.—Governor Neff leaves tonight for Wichita Falls where he will tomorrow afternoon open his speaking campaign on "Texas, Its Perils and Possibilities." He will be gone about 10 days on this trip and will confine his speaking engagements to the panhandle and northwest Texas. Later he will speak in other parts of the state.

STORY HANDWRITING TELLS

Expert Reads Secrets Between the Lines

By ALBERT J. SMITH

The style of handwriting affected by President Warren G. Harding is the typical journalistic hand.

It denotes the cool, deliberate scrawl of the trained executive with well-reasoned powers of deduction.

It is a strong hand. This conclusion is obtained from the semi-angularity of the script, the consistent joining of the letters without a break and the degrading or wedge shape of the writing.

Harding has a strong intellect. The powers of deep concentration are well developed and the faculty of diplomacy is well marked.

We discover these qualifications in the tendency to small writing, the continuity of the pen tracks and the wedge-shaped words "Warren" and "Harding."

The president has more or less of an imperious nature. It is difficult to get behind his motives. He is the deep thinker, the student of facts. He cannot be hurried; he must "be shown."

To the casual observer, Harding would convey the impression that he is slow to move and lacking in aggressiveness. This is due to his impenetrability, for he has the faculty of arriving at his conclusions without attracting undue attention.

There is nothing "dramatic" in his methods; there is no ostentation, or bombast.

We know that Harding has a keen mind. This is determined by the sharp top of his writing which he unconsciously tries to incorporate into his usually rounded 'a's and 'o's. Observe the unpretentious under-

neath of Harding's signature, the tall-like appearance of the 'i' in Harding, gracefully slipping into a slight curve, without the customary dash of the expletive. This denotes moral courage and refinement, with prudence and that sense of reputation and character upheld at all costs.

NO PIECE WORK BASIS TO BE IN EFFECT HERE

Superintendent W. Grace of the Wichita Falls and Northwestern of this city stated Saturday morning that there will be no piece work or contract basis plan put into effect at the railroad shops in this city. Following the announcement

through the press Friday of the action taken at Stettin and Denison, Mr. Grace stated that he had had no official communication on this subject in any particular. The shops locally are working full time.

THE TIMES' DAILY PAGE OF LEADING COMIC FEATURES

J RABBITT

BY HOLMAN

Flippit Beat Him to It

—BY FRED LOCHER

ANSWER DEPT

QUEST: I HAVE A SIX INCH COMB WITH A HUNDRED TEETH IN IT. IS IT ANY GOOD?

ANS: YES, IT'S A FINE COMB.

G.A.R. Rabbit

THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME WAY I CAN GET OUT OF TOWN FOR A WEEK, AND MISS SOPHIE'S SPRING HOUSECLEANING!! LET ME SEE!! - WHO COULD I GO AND VISIT FOR A WEEK?

ED FLIPPIT, SOPHIE'S COUSIN UP-STATE, IS MY BEST CHANCE. - I'LL TELL SOPHIE I'VE GOT TO HAVE 'A REST' AND I'M GOING TO RUN UP THERE AND SEE HIM FOR A WEEK!!

IT REMEBER ME TO THINK UP THE CLEVER STUFF! - IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT A LITTLE BRAIN WORK WILL DO!! - NO ONE ELSE WOULD THINK OF A STUNT LIKE THAT

GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, MR. SAPP. - SHALL I SHOW HIM IN?

WELL, ED FLIPPIT!! WHATTA YOU DOING HERE? - I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU!!

WE GOT A 'PUP' OF AN IDEA CIBERO!! - I DROPPED DOWN TO SEE YOU FOR A WEEK - AND MISS MY WIFE'S SPRING-HOUSECLEANING - SOME SCHEME, EN?

TOOTS AND CASPER

WHY CASPER "DISAPPEARED"

NO SYSTEM TO TOOTS - THERE'S BOTTLES OF MEDICINE, BENZINE, WINEGAR AND GOSH KNOWS WHAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE! I'M GONNA ASSORT 'EM! ALL MEDICINE GO IN THE BATH-ROOM - AND EVERYTHING ELSE STAYS IN THE BASEMENT!

WHY'D IN THIS BOTTLE? IT AINT LABELLED!

BEFORE I SEARCH THE PARTICULARS OF YOUR HUSBAND'S STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE!

TWO DAYS AGO HE COMPLAINED ABOUT THE WHY I KEEP HOUSE, AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!

YO-HUM!! HEY, TOOTS!! WHERE THE GAWD HILL DID THIS BOTTLE OF 'ETHER' COME FROM?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN

THAT PITCHER IS ALL UNWOUND NOW - HE'S THROWN EVERYTHING BUT A FIT SO FAR - WHY HE COULDN'T GET A BALL OVER TH' PLATE IF HE HAD TH' CATCHER COME UP AN' CARRY IT BACK!

WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO FOR US TO GET A MAN ON BASE? - HE COULDN'T GET DOWN TO SECOND IN A PARADE! WHY SAY, OUR FIELDSERS COULDN'T EVEN HOLD TH' WIRE ON A PHONE CALL!

SAY, IF SOME APE IN BACK DOESN'T LAY OFF TOSSING PEANUT SHELLS ON ME I'LL GO UP AN' TAKE HIM APART TO SEE WHAT MAKES HIM RUN SO FUNNY!

TALK ABOUT ERRORS - OUR TEAM HAS LET EVERYTHING BUT A PICKPOCKET GO THROUGH 'EM - 'AT WAS BALL PLAYING WHEN ONE OF OUR MEN GOT A BASE ON BALLS AN' SLID INTO FIRST!

THE HOME TEAM IS LOSING 9 TO 3

THE BICKER FAMILY

Old Stuff to Jim

BY SATTERFIELD

WELL, JIM, YOU'VE SCOFFER, GUESS YOU WON'T BE SO QUICK WITH TH' WET BLANKET NEXT TIME

I MEAN YOU'VE BEEN KIDDING ME ABOUT TH' GETTIT FORTUNE COMPANY - BUT I GOT A LETTER FROM 'EM YESTERDAY TELLING ME I WAS HEIR TO A DUKEDOM.

WHATCHA MEAN?

WELL! WELL!

SAY BICK, HOW MUCH MORE MONEY DID THEY ASK YOU FOR?

I WONDER HOW HE KNEW THEY ASKED ME FOR MORE MONEY

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Leading Up to a Climax

BY ALLMAN

SAY, TOM I IRONED YOUR SOFT COLLARS FOR YOU YESTERDAY AND THEY'RE IN YOUR TOP DRAWER - WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR YOUR BREAKFAST THIS MORNING?

OH HAM AND EGGS, I GUESS!

YOU DID A FINE JOB, ON THESE COLLARS, HELEN!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKED THEM - HERE IS THE MORNING PAPER

WHAT'S THAT?

I BAKED YOU SOME HOT BISCUITS THIS MORNING - I KNOW HOW FOND YOU ARE OF THEM -

GUESS I'M GETTING OUT PRETTY EARLY THIS MORNING!

YES, BUT YOU'RE NOT OUT YET - I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME HOUSE MONEY BEFORE YOU GET OUT!

THE OLD HOME TOWN

BY STANLEY

FOR SALE - 6 DUCKS WITH POND - 2 SETS OF HARNESS HORSES INCLUDED

SCHOOL BOOKS - SMOKING TOBAC - MICHIGAN & TABLETS

GET FEP HOME BRUNG!

NO-NO- AUNT SARAH PEABODY SAYS IT'S A VICIOUS PASTIME

YOU SAY HE'S DOING FINE?

HAL RITCHIE, AFTER LONG PRACTICE, IS NOW ABLE TO BLOW FOUR PERFECT SMOKE RINGS WITHOUT A BREAK

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Freckles Ought to Know

BY BLOSSER

POP WANTS T' SEE YOU, FRECKLES.

AN' GEE WE'RE WORKIN' ON MY RADIO.

TAKE THIS NEW SAW BACK TO THE STORE AND TELL THE MAN TO REFUND THE MONEY - THE SAW IS ABSOLUTELY BLUNT.

BUT POP, THERE ISN'T ANYTHING WRONG WITH TH' SAW.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?

WHY I SAWED A BRICK IN TWO WITH IT THIS MORNING AN' IT WORKED FINE!

SALESMAN SAM

Getting Info From Headquarters

BY SWAN

SURE, SURE, I GET YOU, GUZZ - I GET YOU

HOWDY, MR. RIFFE - CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TODAY - WE'LL DELIVER YOU A THOUSAND OF THESE STRAW HATS FOR \$5 APRIL - FACT IS, MR. RIFFE, WE LOSE MONEY ON EVERY ONE OF THESE, HATS WE SELL AND -

JUST A MINUTE - WHOA! STOP! ANSWER ME THIS - IF YOU LOSE MONEY ON 'EM WHY ARE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO SELL?

WHY I'M - EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, MR. RIFFE.

HELLO GUZZ, SAY WHAT I SUPPOSED TO SAY WHEN HE ASKS ME WHY I WANT TO SELL 'EM IF WE LOSE MONEY ON 'EM?

THE BICKER FAMILY

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I MEAN YOU'VE BEEN KIDDING ME ABOUT TH' GETTIT FORTUNE COMPANY - BUT I GOT A LETTER FROM 'EM YESTERDAY TELLING ME I WAS HEIR TO A DUKEDOM.

WHATCHA MEAN?

WELL! WELL!

SAY BICK, HOW MUCH MORE MONEY DID THEY ASK YOU FOR?

I WONDER HOW HE KNEW THEY ASKED ME FOR MORE MONEY

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Leading Up to a Climax

BY ALLMAN

SAY, TOM I IRONED YOUR SOFT COLLARS FOR YOU YESTERDAY AND THEY'RE IN YOUR TOP DRAWER - WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR YOUR BREAKFAST THIS MORNING?

OH HAM AND EGGS, I GUESS!

YOU DID A FINE JOB, ON THESE COLLARS, HELEN!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKED THEM - HERE IS THE MORNING PAPER

WHAT'S THAT?

I BAKED YOU SOME HOT BISCUITS THIS MORNING - I KNOW HOW FOND YOU ARE OF THEM -

GUESS I'M GETTING OUT PRETTY EARLY THIS MORNING!

YES, BUT YOU'RE NOT OUT YET - I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME HOUSE MONEY BEFORE YOU GET OUT!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Freckles Ought to Know

BY BLOSSER

POP WANTS T' SEE YOU, FRECKLES.

AN' GEE WE'RE WORKIN' ON MY RADIO.

TAKE THIS NEW SAW BACK TO THE STORE AND TELL THE MAN TO REFUND THE MONEY - THE SAW IS ABSOLUTELY BLUNT.

BUT POP, THERE ISN'T ANYTHING WRONG WITH TH' SAW.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?

WHY I SAWED A BRICK IN TWO WITH IT THIS MORNING AN' IT WORKED FINE!

SALESMAN SAM

Getting Info From Headquarters

BY SWAN

SURE, SURE, I GET YOU, GUZZ - I GET YOU

HOWDY, MR. RIFFE - CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TODAY - WE'LL DELIVER YOU A THOUSAND OF THESE STRAW HATS FOR \$5 APRIL - FACT IS, MR. RIFFE, WE LOSE MONEY ON EVERY ONE OF THESE, HATS WE SELL AND -

JUST A MINUTE - WHOA! STOP! ANSWER ME THIS - IF YOU LOSE MONEY ON 'EM WHY ARE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO SELL?

WHY I'M - EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, MR. RIFFE.

HELLO GUZZ, SAY WHAT I SUPPOSED TO SAY WHEN HE ASKS ME WHY I WANT TO SELL 'EM IF WE LOSE MONEY ON 'EM?

LIAMS

ROWED INTO TH' ROUGH

CLUBS

CHANCES

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WATCH FOR IT NEXT MONDAY in the **Wichita Daily Times**



The WHITE DESERT

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Author of "The Cross Cut"



Fate had given Barry Houston a harsh deal. Falsely accused of murder, a sacrifice to the political ambitions of a district attorney, snubbed by his friends, distrusted by his father and then— He came to the White Desert to work out his salvation. In the snow and ice of the Continental Divide, on the backbone of the North American continent in Colorado, he began a lone battle against the unknown forces which were wrecking his lumber business.

Allied against him were the frost-warped men of the timber lands and "the feminine Judas"—the woman he had promised to marry. The mounting climaxes of the battle against harsh men and even crueler winter are wedded into a brilliant and gripping work of fiction. The charming and eccentric Ba'tiste Renaud and Medaine Robinette, the girl of the mountains, are characters which will remain in your memory.

It Begins in WICHITA DAILY TIMES Monday, April 24th

FOR CONVENIENCE
Class A PATENT
 An accommodation is carried for those who desire to place their ads in the following columns: For city office councilmen, for...
 PHONE YOU 43
 and our collectors will follow...
 Rates—One cent each insertion, if 25 cents will be less than 2 first insertion.

Political Announcements
 Under this heading the names of public officers, public office, announcement will be made. For judicial office, for county office, for precinct office, for city office councilmen, for...
 For county office decision of the...
 District Clerk—A. F. KERR
 County Judge—J. F. JONES
 W. T. HARRIS
 B. D. SARTI
 County Tax Collector—M. L. TITTEL
 GUY C. RA...
 For County Treasurer—T. W. TOM
 County Tax Collector—IRVAN DEAN
 For County Clerk—MISS ELLEN...
 JOHN THOMAS
 For County Attorney—E. L. FULTON
 Judge County—GUY BOGUE
 For Sheriff—JAMES H. H...
 FRED H. S...
 EUGENE H...
 J. E. GLEN
 W. W. MUR...
 County Commissioner—J. P. JACKSON
 County Supervisor—BURL BRY...
 Justice of Peace—R. V. GWID
 Justice of the Peace—J. E. MAXWELL
 C. J. IDAD
 OLUF D...
 For Constable—FRANK M...
 For Representative—E. G. SWAN

LODGE
 WICHITA LODGE NO. 1
 Will meet Friday, April 24, at 8:30 p. m.
 Work in Executive Session Monday, April 25, at 8:30 p. m.
 Work in the Lodge Tuesday, April 26, at 8:30 p. m.
 No. 1 will meet Wednesday, April 27, at 8:30 p. m.
 Work in the Lodge Wednesday, April 27, at 8:30 p. m.
 Work in the Lodge Thursday, April 28, at 8:30 p. m.
 Work in the Lodge Friday, April 29, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Saturday, April 30, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Sunday, May 1, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Monday, May 2, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Tuesday, May 3, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Wednesday, May 4, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Thursday, May 5, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Friday, May 6, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Saturday, May 7, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Sunday, May 8, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Monday, May 9, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Tuesday, May 10, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Wednesday, May 11, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Thursday, May 12, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Friday, May 13, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Saturday, May 14, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Sunday, May 15, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Monday, May 16, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Tuesday, May 17, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Wednesday, May 18, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Thursday, May 19, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Friday, May 20, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Saturday, May 21, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Sunday, May 22, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Monday, May 23, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Tuesday, May 24, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Wednesday, May 25, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Thursday, May 26, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Friday, May 27, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Saturday, May 28, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Sunday, May 29, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Monday, May 30, at 8:30 p. m.
 Wichita Lodge No. 1 will meet Tuesday, May 31, at 8:30 p. m.

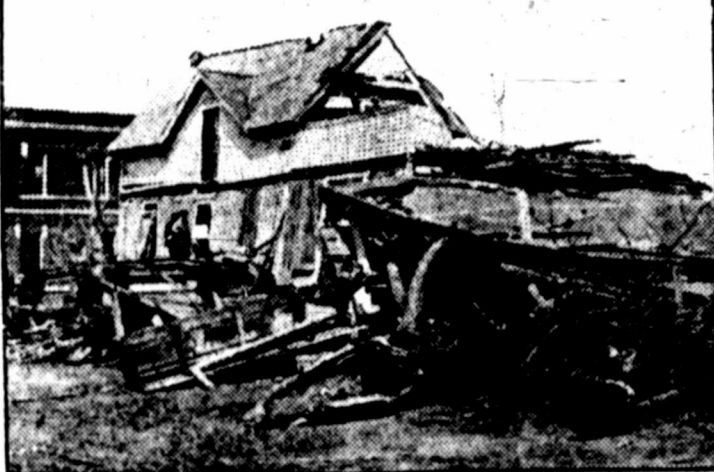
CANDIDATES HOLD JOINT DISCUSSION AT ARCHER CITY

Staff Special to The Times. ARCHER CITY, TEXAS, April 22. Before an assemblage of 350 people Friday night, Attorney S. A. L. Morgan and G. W. Williams, aspirants for the unexpired term of Hon. Lucian Parrish as representative from the Thirteenth congressional district, held a joint discussion in the county court-rooms here and placed before the voters of this county their respective principles and platforms.

IN WAKE OF ILLINOIS TORNADO



The Illinois tornado tore the Irvington school from its foundations and literally scattered it all over town. Not even a whole desk could be found. Had the tornado occurred in the daytime, many of the students undoubtedly would have been killed.



This is all that was left of the Miller hotel at Irvington, Ill., after it was struck by the tornado that swept through the town a few days ago. Eighteen persons were in the hotel at the time. Only six escaped injury. No one was killed.

At the Churches

Evangelical Church. Corner Fifteenth and Broad.—Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. You should attend our S. S. next Sunday morning. Classes for all ages, and good Christian teachers for all classes. Preaching services at 11:00 a. m. Junior Y. P. A. at 2:30 p. m. Senior Y. P. A. at 7:00 p. m., followed by preaching. Bible study class meets on Tuesday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30. Choir practice Thursday 7:30. There is a cordial invitation extended to all—GEO. L. TRABANT, pastor.

Lutheran St. Paul's Church. (No. 822nd). Eleventh and Holiday streets.—Sunday school at the usual hour, 9:30 a. m. Morning services in the English language at 10:30 a. m. The pastor attending conference at Cisco, our vicar, Mr. Walter Schwab, will fill the pulpit. There will be no Bible class Sunday night, neither will the Lutheran study circle meet on Thursday night. The monthly business meeting of the Heros Bible class will take place on Wednesday night at 7:30. Everybody is cordially invited to worship with us. Bring your friends with you.—C. M. BEYER, Pastor.

Lamar Avenue Baptist Church. (No. 822nd). Lamar and Fourth.—Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Need a Supt. Preaching at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by the pastor. Subject in the morning, "Hindrances." At the evening service, we will enjoy some pictures. One will be of the death and resurrection of Christ. Those who have not seen this picture should not miss the opportunity. Announcements will be made Sunday concerning our projected new building. The Sunbeams meet at 3:00 p. m. B. Y. P. U. 8:30.—A. J. HOLT, Pastor.

Floral Heights Methodist. The Junior High School Glee club will sing at the Floral Heights Methodist church next Sunday at 11 a. m. This club is under the direction of Miss Roper. They have developed some very unusual talent and their friends will be glad to hear them next Sunday. This Glee club is composed of 25 voices.

Floral Heights Methodist. The Sunday school reached high water mark last Sunday. Six hundred and thirty-five were present, not counting any that were tardy. At the 11:00 o'clock hour, I am going to preach a short sermon on "The Greatest Methodist in the World." We expect to receive about 50 more members at this service. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered to the largest number that ever partook of it in this church.

Church of Christ. (Corner Tenth and Austin streets.) Church begins series of preaching Sunday, April 23. The preaching will be in charge of the local minister, R. D. Smith, who has lately been called to serve the church. The regular Bible class will meet at 9:45 a. m. and we earnestly request that the parents come and bring their children to this part of the service and that parents and children remain over till the close of the entire services. Hours: 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. The subject for the morning hour is "The Saving of a Soul," and is taken from James 5:20 as follows: "Let him that is backward in the work that he shall save a soul from death."

as follows: Junior at 4 p. m., Intermediate at 6:45 p. m., Senior at 8:45 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 7:30 p. m. The "Community Social" which Dr. Groselove announced as an antidote to the common show, will be given Friday evening at 8 p. m. with Miss Ada Emily Sandel, dean of Texas Guild of American pipe organists and Miss Hurt of Dallas as reader.

Church of the Good Shepherd. (Episcopal.) Holy communion 8 a. m. Church school 9:45. Morning prayer 11. Special music for this service—"Te Deum Laudamus" in B flat by Maunder. "Hallelujah, Christ is Risen," by Semper. The pastor's sermon subject will be "Alive unto Christ." If you believe in reverent worship and good order in God's house, then we cordially invite you to join with us in the praise and devotion to Almighty God. Evening, Olympic temple, 7:30. Community service. Great song festival of well known hymns. Inspiring messages and good pictures making in all an evening well spent. Everybody welcome.—FRED. T. DATSON, Rector.

Central (Southern) Presbyterian Church. Sabbath school 9:45 a. m. Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be observed at this service. Evening worship at 7:45 o'clock. Preaching by the pastor, Christian Endeavor will meet at 8:45 p. m. The Dalziel Presbyterian will convene in this church on Monday evening at 8 o'clock and be in session throughout Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. A cordial welcome to all services of this church.—JAS. E. GREEN, Pastor.

First Presbyterian Church. The choir, under the direction of Mrs. Gipson, will have special music for Sunday. Misses Macer and Adickes will play a violin duet and the choir will sing an anthem. The subject of the pastor's morning sermon will be "Life's Bonds." At night Miss Lucy Goodwine will sing a solo. The subject of the pastor's sermon will be "Love-Brethren." If you do not want to sit in the prayer meeting room or balcony you had best come early. Services start promptly at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Strangers get a cordial reception.—N. F. GRAFTON, Pastor.

Floral Heights Presbyterian. (1701 Kemp Boulevard and Avenue G.) Regular Sunday school and preaching services at 10 and 11 a. m. The attendance and interest of the public is earnestly solicited.—C. C. DOOLEY, Pastor.

East Side Presbyterian. Sunday school 9 p. m. Preaching 4 p. m. We want the support and heartfelt sympathy and co-operation of all who will give some to the work that has been established here.—C. C. DOOLEY, Pastor.

BOWIE TEST WELL SPUDED IN WITH SPECIAL PROGRAM

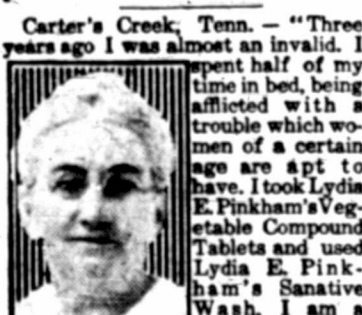
BOWIE, TEXAS, April 22.—On Thursday, according to schedule, the Bowie Chief Oil company spudded in their Hooecker No. 1 well with an impressive ceremony before a crowd of spectators numbering about 3,000 people from different parts of north Texas and Oklahoma. Three barrels were barbecued, but as the crowd was much greater than expected, all the people did not get as much barbecue as they wanted.

"BABE RUTH OF THE BIBLE" TO BE SUBJECT OF DR. KNICKERBOCKER

"The Bible is the mirror of life," said Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker, pastor of the First Methodist church, south, corner Tenth and

SPENT HALF HER TIME IN BED

Farmer's Wife Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Well Woman



Carters Creek, Tenn.—"Three years ago I was almost an invalid. I spent half of my time in bed, being afflicted with a trouble which women of a certain age are apt to have. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used it for a number of years. I am now a well woman and have been for two years. I can work as well as any one who is younger and as I am a farmer's wife I have plenty to do for I cultivate my own garden, raise many chickens and do my own housework. You may read this letter as I am ready to do anything to help women as I have been so well and happy since my troubles are past."—Mrs. E. T. GALLOWAY, Carters Creek, Tenn.

RHEUMATIC ACHES QUICKLY RELIEVED

THE racking, agonizing rheumatic ache is quickly relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment. For forty years, folks all over the world have found Sloan's to be the natural enemy of pains and aches. It penetrates without rubbing. You can just tell by its healthy, stimulating odor that it is going to do you good.

Sloan's Liniment

Makes Sick Skins Well. One of Dr. Hobson's Family Remedies. For a clear, healthy complexion use Dr. Hobson's Boreana Ointment.

REVIVAL AT THE Church of Christ. Corner of Tenth and Austin. CONDUCTED BY R. D. SMITH. The Gospel of Christ Is the Power of God Unto Salvation. SERVICES BEGINNING SUNDAY, APRIL 23. Continuing Indefinitely—Every Night 7:45. Everybody Welcome.

Big 5c Sale Begins Today. DR. PRICE'S PHOSPHATE BAKING POWDER. THINK of getting an extra 12-oz. can of the famous Dr. Price's Phosphate Baking Powder for only 5 cents! Yet that is exactly what you can do as long as this limited supply lasts! To give every housekeeper an opportunity to try this popular baking powder, the large 12-oz. cans go on sale today, bearing this special sale sticker on the label:

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SALE. One 12 oz. can at regular price . . . 25 cents. One 12 oz. can at special price . . . 05 cents. Two 12 oz. cans for . . . 30 cents. Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

Without exception, this is the greatest baking powder value ever offered. Every grocer has had an opportunity to get an ample supply, so visit your grocer today. If he can't supply you, go to the store nearest you. Every Can Guaranteed to Satisfy. Every can is new stock, just from the Price Factory, and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Act quickly as the supply is limited!

Information From Many Sources

No two businesses, anywhere, are exactly alike; each has its own peculiarities, its own special problems. It is because your banker gleams; from the varied business interests that he must serve, the information and understanding of business conditions as a whole, that his advice is a helpful and wholesome factor for those who ask it.

The First National Bank. Indiana at Eighth Et. Established 1884. THE CONVENIENT BANK.

BRUNSWICK TIRES. 20 Per Cent Discount. MOTOR PARTS COMPANY. 907 TENTH STREET. PHONE 5439.

Pumping Plants Without Gas. SEE CRUDE OIL CARBURETOR COMPANY. 902 American Natl. Bank Bldg.

Ruth Robertson King. PARLOR MILLINERY. 1210 Filmore St. Phone 2432. REMODELING A SPECIALTY.

Parfet & Martlew. FEDERAL TAX SERVICE. LEGAL AND ACCOUNTING. 411-13 Morgan Building. Wichita Falls, Texas.

DR. J. W. DU VAL. Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat. Testing Eyes for Glasses. American National Bank Bldg.

"Baseball Game of Life". Knickerbocker's Subject Sunday Night, First Methodist Church, South, Corner Tenth and Lamar. It is the big annual baseball service. Walter Salm and all the Spudders will be there in reserved seats, visiting team also. Preacher pitcher will use curves, spit balls and fade-aways. Every point is guaranteed to go straight over the plate and nobody will want to leave and MAKE A HOME RUN. Special baseball song composed by the preacher and sung by E. C. Huckabee. At 9:30 A. M. 1,300 in the liveliest, biggest Sunday School in this section. At 11 a. m., subject "The Greatest Methodist in the World." Great Communion Service and reception of fifty more members at the morning service.

The Security National Bank. Wichita Falls, Texas. Commercial and Savings Accounts Solicited. "The Bank of Dependable Service" Eighth and Ohio.

WM. E. HUFF, Insurance. Insurance-Bonds-Investments. Responsible insurance service. We will appreciate your business. Phone 2931. Office With State Trust Company.

MONEY TO LEND. We will consider loan application on good business property and on attractive residence property. STATE TRUST CO. R. E. Huff, President. 708 EIGHTH STREET. W. F. Weska, V.-Pres.

VOLUME: OIL CRISIS ARGUMENT TEST COUNTY HITS MRS. POW DAVE SODERMAN LIES ABOUT WIDOW OF MAN THE ACCUSE SODERMAN TO SEE District Attorney The Two On By United Press. DALLAS, April 22.—Mrs. Soderman was indicted for the legal battle man's life told court Maury Hui Lena Budd Pow Jay Clay Powers help the state in the alleged "Soderman" wife turned from Soderman to the wife of her tomorrow. He tonight. Mrs. Powers, dramatic student to see Soderman band's body. "You know I never met man. Da Power flung at and in his cell. Powers wrong know you lied." "See my I gasped, accord- ants. He had just I rested. him I "I asked him b- What Soderman newspaperman purporting to Mrs. Soderman. Hughes claim compose. write the letter asked Mrs. Pow that no woman letter." "Mrs. Soderman letter," said M cause from a woman, she necessary to I because the I logical acquies of passion the natural in a "er who felt abash- will break down the bet deny writing I swear to it m. This would state's case. A element in a would disappear would then hi sanity plea, w assistants are today. "I must mal the alleged d think it in the Since this a pended, I think there is some my body. I I perfect right; that came be you will be a rible about a "I know no you were spe in fixing up I viling me out he had me t instead of yo erman were business at I "Then one me and sayl and that hi him, and the her about hi seemed to I him and gi to carry on been to dress ed, and he wanted to k liquor would and you kn thing.