

Wichita Falls and vicinity: Tonight partly cloudy to cloudy; warmer; Sunday unsettled.

# PHYSICIANS REPORT IN LA. CASE

## ELEVEN ARE INJURED IN A GAS EXPLOSION NEAR BRECKENRIDGE

### FRANCE PROCEEDING WITH HER PROPOSED PROGRAM OF ACTION

HOPE TO PERSUADE OTHER NATIONS THEY ARE RIGHT IN MATTER.

**BELIEVE GREAT BRITAIN WILL YET COOPERATE**

Premier Will Make a Full Statement Of His Plans On Next Friday.

By Associated Press.

BERLIN, Jan. 6.—Great activity on the part of French aviators is reported from Mannheim. The airmen are said to be crossing over the neutral zone. Their planes are reported to have been up in the sky for considerable time last night.

PARIS, Jan. 6.—France is proceeding quietly but firmly on a program of action which she herself is convinced and which she believes will bring about a general understanding among the neutral powers if the representations question is to be settled once and for all.

"A person in government circles particularly well placed has spoken authoritatively," it is quoted by the Echo of Paris, as believing that the neutrality of Great Britain will be transformed to cooperation if the French plan proves successful.

"There is no reason why the Americans, this person said, give them an impression of force and energy, and above all, show them that we are not engaged in a militarist maneuver but in a reasonable and well thought out understanding, will not change their opinion.

Premier Thiers' program is going ahead with his plans for a level headed deliberateness befitting an experienced lawyer.

The premier planned to see Premier Theuys of Belgium again today before going to the cabinet meeting.

Mr. Briand has already discussed with President Barthou of the reparations commission the course to be taken by that body which, it is understood, will not be hurried in its action. It is expected that the commission had decided to hear representatives of Germany before declaring a default on coal deliveries. This question will be disposed of before the commission takes action on the German demand for a moratorium.

It is understood that the French premier favors a semi-military plan which is divided into two parts, the first comprising the occupation of Essen, where the Krupp works are located; the second the occupation of Münster, where there is a customs cordon around the Ruhr, together with the posting of receivers for the mines and the transportation companies.

However, nothing will be decided without the approval of parliament with a full knowledge of the facts.

Premier Poincaré will make a full statement of his plan to the chamber of deputies probably on Friday next.

**COMMISSION TO GIVE GERMANY A HEARING**

PARIS, Jan. 6.—Germany will be given a hearing by the reparations commission before any action is taken on the French proposal to have her declared in default on coal deliveries, the commission decided today.

When the question came before the commission it approved the German request for a hearing. Berlin was immediately notified and asked to send experts so they could be heard by the commission next Monday.

Sir John Bradbury, the British member, attended the session. There was no discussion of the merits of the case. The members were silent under the treaty of Versailles to present their arguments, and Louis Barthou of France, proponent of the default measure, offered no objection to granting the hearing.

The German contention is that Germany's declared inability to deliver more than eighty per cent of the amount of coal provided for in the commission's program for 1922, as she had to import coal heavily in order to supply her own needs.

On Saturday, the occasion during the session to say that England's deep friendship for France continued unaffected by the differences in judgment over the treaty of Germany. M. Barthou replied cordially to such intense criticism in the French press, which attributes to him an important part in the preparation of the British plan for a reparations settlement to which the French took such strong objection.

**REGIONAL AGENT FOR VOCATIONAL TRAINING**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Miss Edith Thomas, a principal regional agent of the federal board of vocational education for the southern and central states for home economics education, it was announced today. She has been state supervisor of home economics for the states of South Carolina and Florida and succeeds Miss Adelie E. Baylor, recently promoted to be chief of the service. Miss Thomas was former head of the department of home economics education at the state college for women at Tallahassee, Fla.

### TELEGRAPH BULLETINS

PARIS, Jan. 6.—The expression "not even if not proceeded-by the time was 'dirty,' constitutes a grave insult when applied to a French Alsatian. A court entered a sentence to a Frenchman to pay a fine of fifty francs and damages for applying the objectionable term.

ST. LOUIS.—Members of the Motion Picture Exhibitors League have adopted a resolution against the reinstatement of "Fatty" Arbuckle, movie comedian, and suggesting that Arbuckle ought in other work in the motion picture industry.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Twelve persons were killed and forty injured today in an explosion of gun shells at the establishment of a junk dealer. Many persons are missing.

CHICAGO.—French invasion of the Ruhr district in Germany would be the result of war if the United States could not evade Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois, said in an address here last night. The United States, he said, should "use moral influence" to hault the threatened invasion.

CHICAGO.—Soft coal operators and union miners who conferred here three days in their third unsuccessful attempt to agree on a method of fixing a new wage scale for miners in the coal region here today expecting the undecided issue to be taken up in a meeting at New York January 17 to 22.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The United States exported 45,000 pairs of leather boots and shoes during November, 1922, which was an increase of 47.2 per cent over the number exported in November, 1921, according to the department of commerce.

CINCINNATI.—Once publisher and owner of daily newspapers in Toledo, Ohio, and now unable to obtain employment of the handicap of his age, he is reported to be earning \$100 a month as a reporter for Richard Stearns yesterday applied for a charity permit to sell pencils on the streets of Cincinnati.

NEW YORK.—Vijayalalur S. Achuthan, a youth of 17, through exploring and intends to devote his time to teaching the world that the polar regions are habitable and have great commercial possibilities. He made this announcement last night at a dinner.

**BRITISH KEEPING AN EAR TO GROUND FOR U. S. WHISPER**

LONDON, Jan. 6.—The eagerness with which the British public is keeping an ear to the ground to catch the first whisper of possible action by America that may help to reverse the European situation was evident today in the morning newspapers, all of which prominently display dispatches from Washington and New York dealing with the attitude of the Harding administration. Most of the papers also commented favorably on the American attitude of the situation.

There is no question but that American cooperation in some shape is earnestly desired here. There is, however, great restraint in the press comment and little inclination to speculate on a course for the United States to take.

**AGREEMENTS FOR OPEN SHOP POLICY VIOLATE THE LAW**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Agreements and contracts having for their purpose the maintenance of an "open shop" labor policy are held to contravene the compact clauses of the Clayton act under a ruling of Attorney General Daugherty.

While occasioned by a specific situation relating to the builders exchange of San Francisco, the opinion is decided in a way that applies to all contractors.

Under the Clayton act, all phases of combinations effected either by labor against employers or vice versa.

The report said that at this time of special interest at this time in view of the repeated reports that several projects of more than ordinary size might be undertaken with clauses in the contract setting forth a definite policy toward employment.

YOU MAY LEAD THE HORSE TO WATER, BUT—



### LARGE POSSE ON TRAIL OF NEGRO RESULT OF RIOT

## Husband Is Slain As The Result of An Illicit Romance

### TURK DELEGATION QUILTS CONFERENCE PROTEST DEMANDS

By Associated Press.

ROSEWOOD, FLA., Jan. 6.—With a large posse pressing on what is believed to be the trial of Jesse Hunter, negro, wanted for an attack on a young white woman, the racial situation here and in the vicinity was reported quiet early today.

Sheriff Eli Walker of this (Levy) county in reporting to Governor Hardee at Tallahassee last night said he feared no further disorder at least for the time being.

Preparations were being made to day at Sumner, the home of the alleged assailant, to bury the bodies of the two white men.

M. P. Wilkerson, a merchant, and Henry Adams, mill superintendent, both of whom were killed in the fight, were buried in the cemetery of the Armenian church here.

Four white men were wounded during the fighting, according to a check by Associated Press.

Sheriff Walker and his deputies were planning today to recheck the list of negro dead. Four are known to be dead and several others are reported to have been shot.

**DEBT DISCUSSION AT WASHINGTON TO BEGIN ON MONDAY**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—A call on Secretary Hughes at the state department and a visit to the capitol to meet Vice President Harding were the formal engagements today for Chancellor Baldwin, of the British exchequer, and Montague C. Norman, governor of the Bank of England, heads of the British delegation.

On Monday, they will go to the White House to discuss the financial situation of Turkey.

On Tuesday, they will go to the Treasury department.

On Wednesday, they will go to the State department.

On Thursday, they will go to the War department.

On Friday, they will go to the Department of Justice.

On Saturday, they will go to the Department of Agriculture.

On Sunday, they will go to the Department of Commerce.

On Monday, they will go to the Department of Labor.

On Tuesday, they will go to the Department of Justice.

On Wednesday, they will go to the Department of State.

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# SCIENCE TELLS US —

by René Bache



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## Science Gives Real Credence to the Ghost Superstition

**T**HERE has been as much speculation of late in regard to ghosts that it is comforting to have certain questions definitely settled—in particular, questions which relate to their place of residence and the conditions under which they exist.

On this subject there is no higher authority than Dr. William Danmar, who, in a highly scientific treatise newly published, informs us that the ghost world is in the shadow of the earth, opposite the sun. This shadow, of course, takes no part in the rotation of the earth, but, relatively to the latter, is stationary; keeping alongside of it, so to speak, in its journey around the solar luminary.

The shadow in question is a sort of spectral "tail" of the earth, and, inasmuch as it is the proper home of specters of the dead, one easily understands why it is in the night time that ghosts are most commonly seen. Dr. Danmar is personally acquainted with a ghost whose residence is in a place where it is always exactly 1 o'clock A. M.

In the ghost world there is a series of zones of vegetable, animal and human ghosts, which float in layers according to their weight, those which are young and "unripe" (to quote Dr. Danmar's phrase) having a greater specific gravity than the older ones. The ghosts are dead in different degrees—as who should say, dead, deader, deepest; the last being in the highest and most distant zone.

The ghosts of children and young people are still earthbound. They linger about our dwellings, schools, movie theatres, etc., and pursue an existence parallel to our own. Being unripe, they are more material, and are more strongly attracted by the earth.

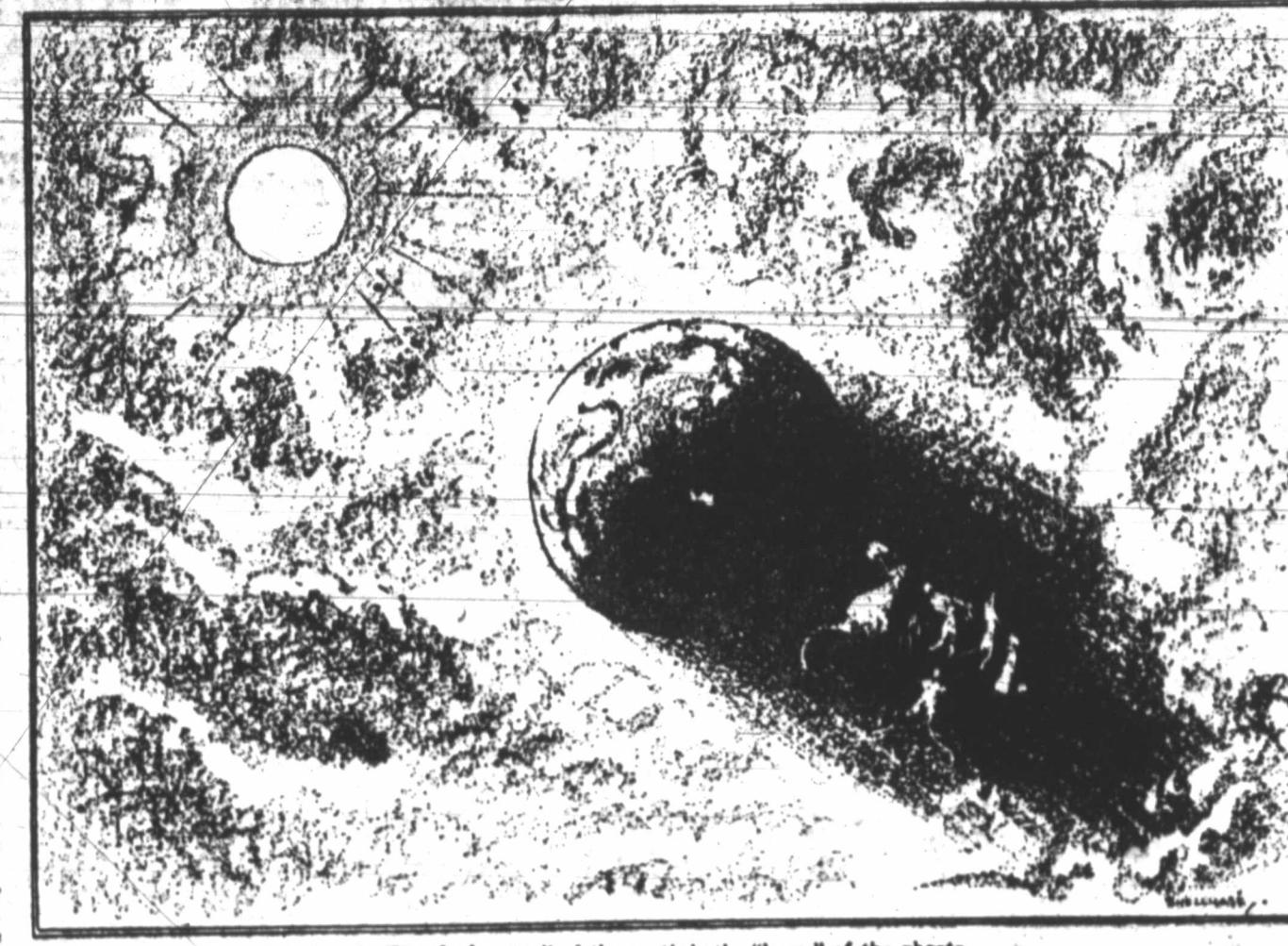
The older and riper a ghost is, the lighter it is, and the further away it dwells. At about 100 years of age it arrives in the highest zone, where the great mass of old ghosts are enjoying a calm, actionless, timeless happiness. They have reached a condition corresponding to the Oriental idea of Nirvana.

IT IS the unripe ghosts that show up at "seances." Ripe or fully matured ghosts seldom find strength for that sort of thing. They are too far away in the shadow-tail, and too light and weak for mundane activities. The younger, stronger and heavier ghosts "play the apparitions."

Dr. Danmar has measured the time it takes ghosts to get from New York to their shadowy homes and back. For this purpose he employed mediums who did not know the object he had in view, but who noted the start and finish of each trip. It was found that the up and down trips (so to call them) of young ghosts were quicker, doubtless because they do not dwell so far away. Old, ripe ghosts made the round trips in forty to fifty minutes. But one thing particularly noted was that the rate of travel became faster as the hour of midnight approached. At midnight a ghost travels twice as fast as at 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

This refers to the time we keep. In the middle part of the shadowy ghost land it is, of course, always midnight. The earth rotates, but its shadow remains stationary. The shadow is a happy place, especially in the upper regions. The ghosts have a good time. They dwell in houses built of spectral materials resembling wood and brick, and are accompanied by ghosts of dogs, horses, cows and other domestic animals.

In our dreams we never feel at all surprised at meeting and talking with persons whom we know to be long dead. It seems a matter of course, because in dreams our own ghosts, temporarily departed from our bodies, are meeting other ghosts—those of living as well as dead persons—on what might be called an equal footing.



The shadow trail of the earth is the "home" of the ghosts

These remarks may be said fairly to express the ideas of up-to-date spiritualists. The theosophists, who are a conspicuous cult today, hold a somewhat different belief.

According to their account, ghosts are the "astral shells" of the dead.

When a person dies, his astral shell floats about near the earth for a long time, and eventually disintegrates. For crude compassions, one might liken it to the discarded shell of a crab which one picks up on the beach. It looks like a crab, claws and all complete, but it is empty—mere shell-crab, so to speak.

Ordinarily such astral shells are invisible and excite no attention; but sometimes they are galvanized into a seeming vitality by coming near to persons who possess what are termed "mediumistic" powers.

The mediums are able to use them like automata, so as to make them do what they wish, exhibiting them as "spirits."

When, as occasionally happens, the astral shell of a dead human being makes itself visible to living eyes, it is termed a "ghost."

The astral shell of persons who have died sudden deaths by violence go to pieces much more slowly than is the case in ordinary instances. Thus the ghosts of suicides and murdered individuals are apt to linger a long time about the places where the tragedies occurred.

Hence the many stories of haunted houses, some of which are supported by authentic and irrefragable evidence, the value of the latter being not lessened by the purely imaginary character of the phenomena in a great majority of such cases.

Nevertheless, it would seem that the astral shell or ghost may at the moment of its owner's death be projected to great distances and made visible to the living. And it is particularly in cases of death by violence or tragic accident that this phenomenon, called the "death watch," occurs.

There is hardly a family in which at least one instance of the kind has not been

recorded. The Society for Psychical Research has collected thousands of them, the total mass of authentic testimony being so great that a twentieth part of it would be deemed in any court of law amply sufficient to establish the fact, if it had relation to any matter not concerning what is called the supernatural.

A typical case of this sort might be that of a soldier killed in battle, his apparition, to his mother, giving notice of his fate weeks before news of the event could be obtained through ordinary channels—the very hour, furthermore, being that in which, as afterward ascertained, he died.

The doctor was manifestly dubious. He filled his pipe, struck a match and lighted it—this talk was in his "den"—in his house on N street in Washington—and, after a few moments of reflection, replied:

"You must remember that mine is not the popular viewpoint. It is as a scientific observer that I am interested in ghosts. I do not regard them as supernatural at all, but as natural phenomena which are yet not understood."

"Science demands proof before accepting a fact. I myself would be entirely skeptical about ghosts if I had not seen them under conditions which convinced me that they were not mere illusions."

"On one occasion, some years ago, I had just gone to bed. I had turned out the light, but was not asleep. Suddenly I became aware of a presence in the room, and, my attention becoming acutely alert, I saw rising slowly from the floor a nebulous mass of what looked like shining white vapor, which began to take shape, gradually assuming an outline more distinct until it presented a radiant image of a friend who had recently died. After a few moments it dissipated and finally disappeared."

"Tell me another," I demanded, after the manner of a small boy who is hungry for stories.

The doctor filled his pipe again, and took a few puffs before responding.

"Another time," he said, "I was lying on the lounge in my library while the dusk of evening was beginning to fall. I was broad awake. All at once I felt a peculiar sensation, and presently I perceived shadowy figures of human beings passing to and fro in a light mist. They soon became more distinct, and I was able to recognize some of them as dead persons whom I had known in life. It was as if I had been on the street, in a busy throng; but the crowd was of ghosts, and not of living people."

Were these ghosts of Dr. Coues' "astral shells"? If so, according to the theosophists, they were not the souls of spirits of the dead persons they represented. The psychic experts of the theosophical cult declare that at death the spirit, which is the true individuality of a human being, departs into a sort of dreamland where he enjoys the most exquisite happiness, partaking of all the delights that were most gratifying on earth.

THESE pleasures, however, are purely illusory and exist only in the imagination of the spirit, who floats about in the interstellar ether for perhaps thousands of years, disporting himself in fancy with the friends whom he loved most, and indulging in every enjoyment conceivable.

At length the spirit is drawn back to earth again, and is reincarnated in a form that is determined by its actions, good or bad, in its previous state of worldly existence. This is the doctrine of "karma," which is work done in the former life, bringing about reward or punishment in the next incarnation. If you suffer from any affliction now, you may know that it is because you did something wrong in the body you occupied before your present one. On the other hand, if you are well-to-do and happy, it is because you have merited bliss by virtuous performance.

Everything that is done or said, or even thought, is photographed, as it were, and recorded permanently in the thin, elastic medium which we call the ether of space. The ether is everywhere crowded with phantoms of ideas. It is these that are seen in dreams, when the normal threshold of consciousness is shifted during sleep, and what is ordinarily invisible becomes visible.

There are, say the theosophists, a few very remarkably wicked people in the world who are "black sorcerers," and who use occult power for evil purposes. Their facil-

ties for working evil are so enormous that they may be regarded as the very aristocrats of crime. Much of their diabolical work is accomplished by the instrumentality of "astral light," which is another name for the ether.

These sorcerers are able to view from any distance the idea-pictures filmed in the ether, so as to perceive what is happening anywhere in the world. They can so control them as to convey into people's minds wicked suggestions.

For their own protection, they have power to concentrate the astral light around themselves as to be enveloped with an armor impenetrable to any weapon.

It is this fluid to which Bulwer-Lytton (himself an occultist of no mean rank) referred in his novel, "The Coming Race." He called it "vril." It will be remembered how the people of the strange region therein described could launch a charge of vril with frightfully destructive effect, to kill, or even to burst asunder the mountains.

By means of this vril, or astral light, adepts are able to accomplish things which to the uninformed seem miraculous. With its aid they can hold conversations, one with another, across any interval of space, and without mechanical apparatus. They find no difficulty in projecting their own ghosts to any distance desired, so as to present their incorporeal likenesses to persons on the other side of the world.

But, most happily, these remarkable adepts

accomplishments are ordinarily possessed by individuals who might be called good magicians, and whose powers are utilized for benevolent purposes. They are called the "illuminated," and the height of knowledge which they have reached has been attained by a lifetime of study and sacrifice of self.

The black sorcerers are persons who, after starting to gain the same acquaintance with occult mysteries, have gone wrong and turned to wickedness.

These sorcerers, instead of enjoying a happy dream after they die, are conveyed to a region of extreme suffering and misery. It is true that this hell is purely imaginary one, but their wretchedness is not less on that account.

It may be asked how the adept, while himself alive, can manage to project his ghost to a distance. The answer is that each one of us carries his own ghost within him, and that under certain circumstances it may get out of the body for a time and make itself visible elsewhere and in the same manner as does the specter of a dead person.

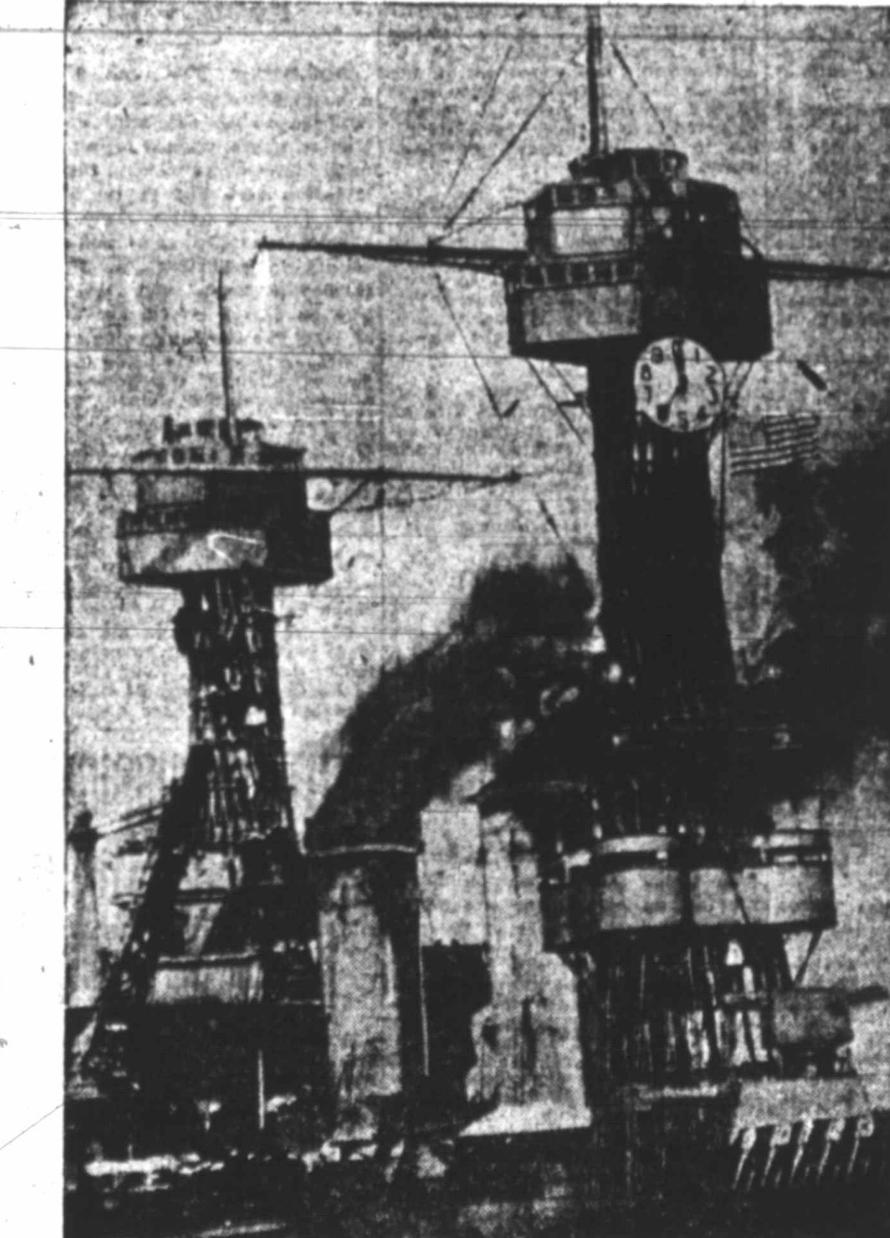
A very great deal of seemingly reliable testimony has been adduced to prove that phantoms of living human beings—i. e., simulacra resembling them in form and feature—do actually appear sometimes in places far away from the persons to whom they belong. Usually, when such a thing happens, it is without any consciousness of the master on the part of the owner of the specter.

## Mast Houses on Ships

AN AMERICAN super dreadnaught of the California type, which represents all that is newest in the architecture of a seafighter, carries a clock-face high up in the front of her forecastle. It is an idea we adopted from the British during the great war.

The clock has two hands, but a second look at it convinces the observer that time could not be read by it, inasmuch as the numbers on its face run from 0 to 0. That seems odd; but the explanation is that the clock is used for signaling, especially with relation to gunfire.

The small hand indicates thousands, the big hand hundreds. The two together give the range for the guns of a fleet in battle, as directed by the admiral in command.



Masts and mast houses of the battleship California

If, for instance, the small hand points to eight and the big hand to four, it means that the ascertained distance of the enemy vessel is 8400 yards. The gun-pointers adjust their sights accordingly.

On top of each of the two masts is a three-story house—itself a novelty in naval architecture. The lower story is twenty-three feet in diameter and eight feet high; the second story is smaller and the third story is hardly more than a cupola. There are glass windows all around in all three stories. Inside the house are range-finding instruments, by the help of which distances are determined. There have to be two houses, one on each mast, in order to provide an angle for the mathematical reckoning of the ranges.

In a battle, the more important individuals on board of a fighting ship are the "spotters," who stand in the cupolas at the mastheads, watch to see where the shells strike and correct the range accordingly.

They are in direct communication by telephones and voice-tubes with the batteries. To be a good spotter requires a long and highly specialized training; for in that

sight it is hardly possible for big ships to get so near as that.

The masthead houses have taken the place of the old-fashioned "fighting tops," which were a feature of our warships as late as the Spanish War. At the period of that conflict the masts were cylindrical, built of steel plates, with a spiral staircase running up inside. Machine guns were mounted in the tops. But those weapons were of no use whatever, because there was no longer any possibility of coming to close quarters in a battle at sea; and there was always danger that the mast might be knocked over by a single armor-piercing shell. Hence the adoption of the new-fangled "wire" mast, which, constructed of steel rods, will continue to stand though a dozen projectiles pass through it.

The "fighting top" in naval warfare dates back at least as far as 1805 B. C. In the sixteenth century warships sometimes carried three such tops on each mast, with men in them to fling spears or throw down big stones at close quarters. Only within the last few years has the idea gone out of fashion, presumably forever.

## Sacrifice of the Salmon



Photo by U. S. Forest Service

that purpose they seek streams that flow up the rivers of Alaska and the northwest coast, not one ever goes back to the sea. Their business is to reproduce their species and die.

Andrew Carnegie said that he believed in the policy of putting all of one's eggs in one basket, and then "everlastingly watching that basket." It is, in effect, what the salmon do, guarding the eggs and the young hatched from them until the latter are big enough to take care of themselves. There are many predatory enemies to be feared.

After a while the young salmon go out into the lake, seeking food. And, later on, they travel down the river to the sea—not to return again to fresh water until they are mature and ready to spawn. The parent fishes, having fulfilled their function, perish.

It is a wholesale tragedy.

THE

JACK

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"Oh, you are

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sleep?" (Continued)

TAKEN F

## THE DAILY TIMES' PAGE OF LEADING COMIC FEATURES

## JACK DAW IN MIDGETVILLE

By ELTON



When the party reached the Midgetville well, Jack started to pump. "I'm afraid the water will be cold," he said. "It's the middle of winter now." "Well, this is funny," said one of the midgets. "Don't you think any of these midgets would be good for a swim?"

## TOOTS AND CASPER



## And Now Toots Isn't Likely to Forget for Some Time



By J. E. MURPHY



JIMMY MURPHY

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



"Well," replied Jack, "I think I need a good swim." And he picked up a little dipper or a dipper-like vessel and started to climb up the side of the well. "If you take one step, it will be the last time you will see Midgetville," one of them shouted, as Jack drew the dipper to his lips.



## Finders Keepers

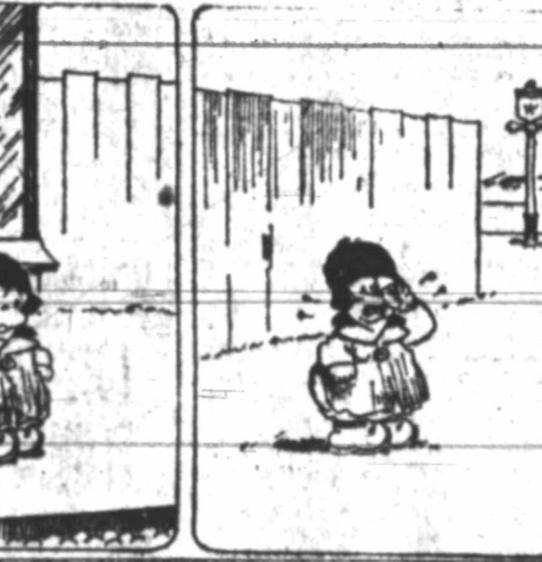


By ALLMAN

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## Ought to Be Easy



By BLOSSER

## BUGHOUSE FABLES



By SWAN

## TAKEN FROM LIFE

First Aid



—By Martin

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



AFTER AUNT SARAH PEABODY HAD SMASHED HER THUMB, MARSHAL OTHEY WALKER VOLUNTEERED TO OPEN UP THE MYSTERIOUS BOX OF FREIGHT THAT HAS KEPT THE TOWN GUESsing FOR DAYS

## WICHITA DAILY TIMES

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS  
THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY, PUBLISHERS  
PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING—Afternoon and on Sunday

Entered at the Postoffice at Wichita Falls as Second  
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PHONE ..... 4292  
Private Branch all Business and Editorial Departments

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1923

## JUST FOLKS

By George Matthew Adams

THE PHRASES OF EARLY DAYS.  
In earlier days when dame and sire  
Sat down to pen and ink and quire,  
Time, the taskmaster of today,  
Dictated not what they should say.  
There was no haste to scroll the line,  
Each sentence by gentlest design  
Must wear its flourishes polite,  
It was a gracious art to write,  
Thus they began, throughout the land:  
"I now take up my pen in hand."

"Excuse, I pray, the pen I use,  
I have none other I may choose;  
The point is bad, but it will do  
To send a word of love to you."  
Today good health is mine to claim,  
I trust this finds you all the same!"  
So down the page the phrases rolled,  
Formal and quaint but never cold,  
To reach at last that badge of taste:  
"Pardon the errors due to haste!"

Some time the heart had more to tell  
Than one small page could carry well,  
Had filled the space, and couldn't stop,  
So it wrote from base to top,  
Hoping the letter wouldn't fall  
To travel by the coastless mail.  
Never the writer then forgot  
His pen for pardon for a blot,  
And at the last this sentence plain:  
"Your humble servant, I remain."

Letters are brief and terse today,  
The courtesies have passed away;  
Seeking the goddess of success,  
We've swept aside much loveliness.  
Time is too dear to waste in phrase,  
Letters have lost their gentle ways,  
And yet I never read a page,  
Yellowed and worn and dimmed by age,  
But I can see some kindly face  
Giving his thoughts a touch of grace.

## LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Fape

We were eating breakfast this morning and pop hit the top of his egg with the bottom of his spoon, saying, O yes, by the way, I merely forgot this great Frenchman Clemens said eggs for breakfast and he's 75 years old as strong as a horse.

Now William I hope yours did not get one of your crazy eggs, me said.

Certain not, but if a crate man like Clemmons eats 8 eggs there must be some reason for it. Don't you know the French are supposed to be the most intelligent people in the world? pop said.

Well I don't know either, they all eat 8 eggs for breakfast, me said and pop said, I don't mean we're foolish enough to start right in on 8 eggs, but I could work up to it. I could start with about 4. Suppose you tell Nemo to put 2 more eggs on to each plate, he said.

Now William this has gone far enough, you know very well eggs are the very first things that disagree with you, me said. How about the pincushion was you still meant having both eggs for breakfast again asking the doctor to let you eat them, he said.

He said, You won't stop suffering, she said.

O I'd forgotten that, O well, hard boiled eggs are different. If nature had intended eggs to be hard boiled she would have had them soft.

She didn't make any difference about the hardness of them or the shape either. Well could be more opposite to a hard boiled egg than a scrambled egg, and I remember how you came in over the door and said, Come or scrambled eggs at your cousin Boris' wedding breakfast. You were taking medicine for a week, she said.

By gosh I bleuve your rite, You gods I can't think of an egg now, and I am frantic, feeling sick and sore. Not even this one, he said. And he pushed his egg away and me said, Now William you might as well eat your perfectly good egg, if it's not one extreme its the other.

I was so bad I was being pretty good, said Boris himself begged me to eat it for the honor of Franta, pop said. So I ate it, being pretty good of a egg but not making me feel like 7 more.

LOMISON—Great Britain's transference to America of gold deposits entrusted to the Bank of England by France and Italy creates a painful impression," says former Premier Lomison of Italy in a public statement according to a dispatch to the Times from Milan.

Preserve your car with our auto paint. Decorators—Adv.

From Lee Fape, Faith Optical Co., Adv.

"Created for Wichita Falls," Faith Optical Co., 115 West Ave.—Adv.

Floor wax by Devorex—Adv.

## TODAY'S TALK

By George Matthew Adams

A STRETCH OF GOD'S PARK

I would that you might see them as I saw them, and only in October is able to show them in all their flowering gold.

The Canadian Rockies!

Long before I had even reached Banff, I knew that I had come into a new world. Peak after peak of white crowned creatures of lost ages silently stared into my face, melting me into littleness, but presently rebuilding me and giving to my mind such a giant spectacle of wonder and mystery as I had never seen before.

There they sat, thousands of feet in height, these mountains, clad in coats of pale gray, brown, purple, blue—with skirts of green, formed by the never dying pines at their feet.

Mile after mile of huge formations, perhaps millions of years old. Slanting layers of rock, craggy tops, endlessly white with their dippings from the snow, great gorges and canyons into which empty the waters of scores of melting glaciers, and the run and fall of these waters against millions of polished stones—each and all stirred me to the depths of my being.

Here was a vast studio in which the artists of Heaven alone might worthily paint!

Now the train stops. I look into a valley, perhaps a thousand feet below. A winding river picks its way through a gorgeous path of autumn color. The poplars are all in their purest gold. And locking arms with them are the great pines, perfect in symmetry, and how green—how very green. I look up. The sun streaks paths across the pointing peaks, like the reaching fingers of a huge hand, casting dull shadows that creep down the sides of the entire range. Such vivid contrasts of color—such beauty! I ask myself if this is not the "Garden of Eden," and I hear women saying out loud: "Oh, Oh, Oh!"

I notice that the waters of the snake-like rivers are all as clear as crystal and cast in a greenish blue. Now and then I note a stream far up the sides of some mountain, gushing forth and dashing its life to the endless flow of waters below. On either side what appears to be deep veins are nothing more than paths cut by the melting snows and falling rains.

Here and there a fertile plain is seen. What look like tiny dog houses from the distance, are really homes where hardy folk are living—happy in their valley of dreams.

The bite of the air is cold, though wondrously refreshing. Every view stimulates. And never did cloud formations have a nobler setting, as they wrap these proud, dignified masters of nature with their blankets—now like filmy lace, now like thick coats of pearl.

But no words are adequate, for this is a stretch of God's park—a sample of Heaven here and now!

(Copyright, 1923, George Matthew Adams.)

## SMILE A WHILE

WITH TOM SIMS

A race between two fat men is funny, but the funniest race we have ever seen is the human race

French dressing for salads is expensive, but French dressing for girls is worse than expensive.

Last year was not as great as this year can be.

"Germany Wants Peace"—headline. If we knew where it was we certainly would tell her.

Near Pittsburgh, Pa., bandits got \$20,000 from a coal dealer. Bandits know where the money is.

They had a \$50,000 fire in the Los Angeles movie section, which was already a pretty warm place.

Lamar Avenue Baptist Church

Lamar and Fourth streets—Sunday school begins at 10:30 a.m. Classes closed until 11:15 a.m. Church services at 11:15 a.m. Dr. Powers taking for his subject "The Ideal Woman." At the evening hour "The Ideal Woman" will speak on "Habit." Epworth League meet at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday evening.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Cornel Seventh and Lamar—Sunday school 9:45 a.m. Sunday school 11 a.m. sermon and communion services; 4 p.m. Junior League; 6:30 p.m. Dr. Powers taking for his subject "What Time Is It?" 6:30 p.m. Wednesday evening. "Mid-Week Church Night"; 7:30 a.m. devotion; 7:30 p.m. All the officers of the church and their wives—W. L. CRABTREE, Pastor.

Lutheran Trinity Church

Cornel Fourteenth and Buffalo—Sunday school 9:45 a.m. Services begin at 10:30 a.m. Dr. Powers taking for his subject "The Ideal Woman." At the evening hour "The Ideal Woman" will speak on "Habit." Epworth League meet at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday evening.

First Protestant Episcopal Church

Cornel and Lamar—Sunday school 9:45 a.m. Services begin at 10:30 a.m. Dr. Powers taking for his subject "The Ideal Woman." At the evening hour "The Ideal Woman" will speak on "Habit." Epworth League meet at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday evening.

Church of the Good Shepherd

E. M. Sunday school 9:45 a.m. Kindergarten and primary departments meet in the parish house on Burnett Street. We cordially invite all men to attend Judge Bass' Bible class lectures. This class will inspire you for the rest of the week. Don't miss Sunday's lecture. Splendid classes for women able to teach by competent teachers. Holy communion 11 o'clock. The rector's sermon subject will be "The Quest for the Best." Adam's Office for the holy communion will be sung by the choir and for the vestry. "A Joyous Occasion" will be the evening prayer 7:15. The rector will speak for his subject "Forgetfulness Forgetting the Things Behind." Everybody always cordially welcomed to any or all of the services. FRED T. DAYSON, Rector.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

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First United Methodist Church

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First Lutheran Church

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First Baptist Church

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By DOK WILLARD

NOTICE TO  
CLASSIFIED AD.  
PATRONS

Copy for Times classified pages must be in office before the following closing hours for the classified page to insure insertion on date of publication.

## CLOSING HOURS

For week days (excepting Saturday's issue), copy must be in office later than 2:00 p.m.

For Saturday's issue, not later than 11:00 a.m.

For Sunday's issue, not later than 8:00 o'clock Saturday night.

## PERSONAL HELP WANTED

WANTED—Experienced housekeeper wanted for large home. Good pay for the right kind. German or Bohemian preferred. Apply Buoy Bee Fruit Co.

COOK wanted. Servant's house.

WANTED—White girl for general house work. Phone 5885.

## SALES &amp; FEMALE HELP WANTED

An accommodation account will be carried for those who telephone their debts to us. The amount due and the account is to be paid when our collector calls the following day. Telephone was the first accommodation for THE TIMES PATRONS.

PHONE YOUR AD TO

4902

and our collector will present the bill the following day.

Hates one cent per word for each insertion. A minimum sum of \$2.00 will be charged for ads less than 25 words for the first insertion.

## LODGE DIRECTORY

Wichita Falls Lodge No. 208 A. M. Stated

convention second Friday nights in each month.

W. O. ELDER, W. M. W. J. WEBB Secretary

Instruction in the Entered Apr-

prentice degree, Tuesday afternoons at 7 p.m.

Work in the Fellowcraft degree

Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 6 p.m.

Work in the Chapter degree Wed-

nesday, Jan. 10, at 6 p.m.

Wichita Falls Chapter No. 208 A. M. Stated

convention second Friday nights in each month.

CHARLIE E. SHOOT, H. P. W. J. WEBB Secretary

Work in the Chapter degree Mon-

day, Jan. 10, at 6 p.m.

Wichita Falls Chapter No. 1258 A. M. Stated

convention first and third Thursdays of each month.

ALBERT E. LILLIS Secy.

Work in the Fellowcraft degree

Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 6 p.m.

Wichita Falls Chapter No. 1258 A. M. Stated

convention first and third Thursdays of each month.

CHARLIE E. SHOOT, H. P. W. J. WEBB Secretary

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CAPTAIN BLOOD  
by Rafael Sabatini

(Continued from our last issue)  
The colonel looked more closely.  
"God's life!" he crowed on a note of foolish jubilation. "And it was with those fellows that you took Spaniard? You turned the tables on them dogs! It was heroic!"

"Colonel Bishop considered them.  
"His excellency shall write home an account of your exploit, and may be some portion of your sentence will be remitted."

"The generosity of King James is well known," sneered Nathaniel Marthorpe, who was standing by, and amongst the ranged rebels-com-vict some one ventured to laugh.

Colonel Bishop straightened up. He was good for the first part of unsuccess. It occurred to him that all here might not be as friendly as appeared.

And now another intervened—the Brownie, who had been overstone, had mercifully dispensed than his gentle masterly fellow.

"Bring him up from the yard-arm," he cried, his deep voice harsh and angry, and more than the several standing to their arms quailed.

Colonel Bishop trembled. Mr. Blood turned. He was quite calm.

"Tell me to understand that aboard a ship there is one captain."

"So," he swung again to the startled colonel. "Then I promise you, sir, I must—as you have heard—keep you aboard as a hostage for the good behavior of Governor Steed and what's left of the fort until we put to sea."

"Under your command," Horner prevented Colonel Bishop from scolding the remainder of that incredible speech.

"Just so," said Peter Blood, and he turned to the officers who had accompanied the colonel. "The—"

"At waiting, gentlemen. You'll have heard what I said. Convey it with my compliments to his excellency."

"But, sir, one of them began.

"There is no more to be said, gentlemen. My name is Blood—Captain Blood, if you please, of this ship the Cinco Llana, taken as a prize of war from Don Diego de Espinoza y Valdes, who is my prisoner aboard."

Don Diego struggled up into a sit-

ting position on the red velvet couch.

"Who is the devil are you?" he said. "And what the devil are you doing in my clothes and aboard my ship?"

Mr. Blood's black eyebrows went up, a faint smile curled the lips of the long mouth.

"You are still delirious, I fear. This is not you, sir. This is my ship, and these are my clothes."

"Your ship?" quoth the other, aghast, and still more aghast he added: "Your clothes? But—"

There was a "—" Widely his eyes looked about him. They scanned the cabin again, and then the deck, the hull, the object. "Am I mad?" he asked at last. "Surely this ship is the Cinco Llana."

Suddenly now Captain Blood dissolved the mystery by a relation of the facts.

"And my son? What of my son?"

"Your son is safe, and the two of you are together with your gunner and his men are snug in iron under hatches."

It was the thought of Arabella Bishop that had urged him to mercy, and had led him to oppose the natural vindictiveness of his fellow-slaves until he had been in danger of precipitating a mutiny.

"To earn a swim, colonel?"

Colonel Bishop leaped up. His great face was yellow and pained in that moment of a preternatural fitlessness; his beady eyes were blearier than ever.

"As your doctor, now, I prescribe a swim to cool the excessive heat of your humors." Blood delivered the explanation pleasantly.

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