

SINCLAIR COMPANY GETS CONTRACT TO DRILL IN WYOMING

NEW YORK, April 15.—The signing of a contract for the development of the Teapot Dome for the U. S. government is the most important event in the history of the Sinclair Consolidated Oil corporation," said H. W. Sinclair today, "and in my opinion no more far reaching step had ever been taken in the oil industry."

"There is a tremendous gap between an isolated and undeveloped naval reserve in Wyoming and the fuel oil bases from which the navy loads its supply. This gap is to be bridged without involving the government in oil operations or in anything smacking of paternalism obviously it could not be undertaken except by a company engaged on a large scale in every branch of the oil business. The testing of the Teapot Dome will be rapid and comprehensive and the Wyoming fields will be connected with the markets of the world."

"Secretary Fall's efforts to protect the government reserves will undoubtedly result in saving for public use very large quantities of petroleum which might otherwise be drained by large wells on nearby properties. This plan in effect is to have these reserves recovered from the ground and moved to places where they can be kept indefinitely and used when needed."

MISS BLANTON TO SPEAK WEDNESDAY, IF HALL AVAILABLE

The 85th district court room will not be available for Miss Anna Webb Blanton, candidate for congress, for next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock as she had requested in a telegram to Superintendent Lee Clark of the city schools.

Miss Blanton is on a campaign tour and had planned to stop over here during the afternoon of April 19 and is scheduled for some other place that night. Unless another hall or room can be secured it is probable that Miss Blanton will be forced to omit this city from her campaign tour.

Mr. Clark stated that he would inform the woman candidate of the fact that the court room was not available as requested.

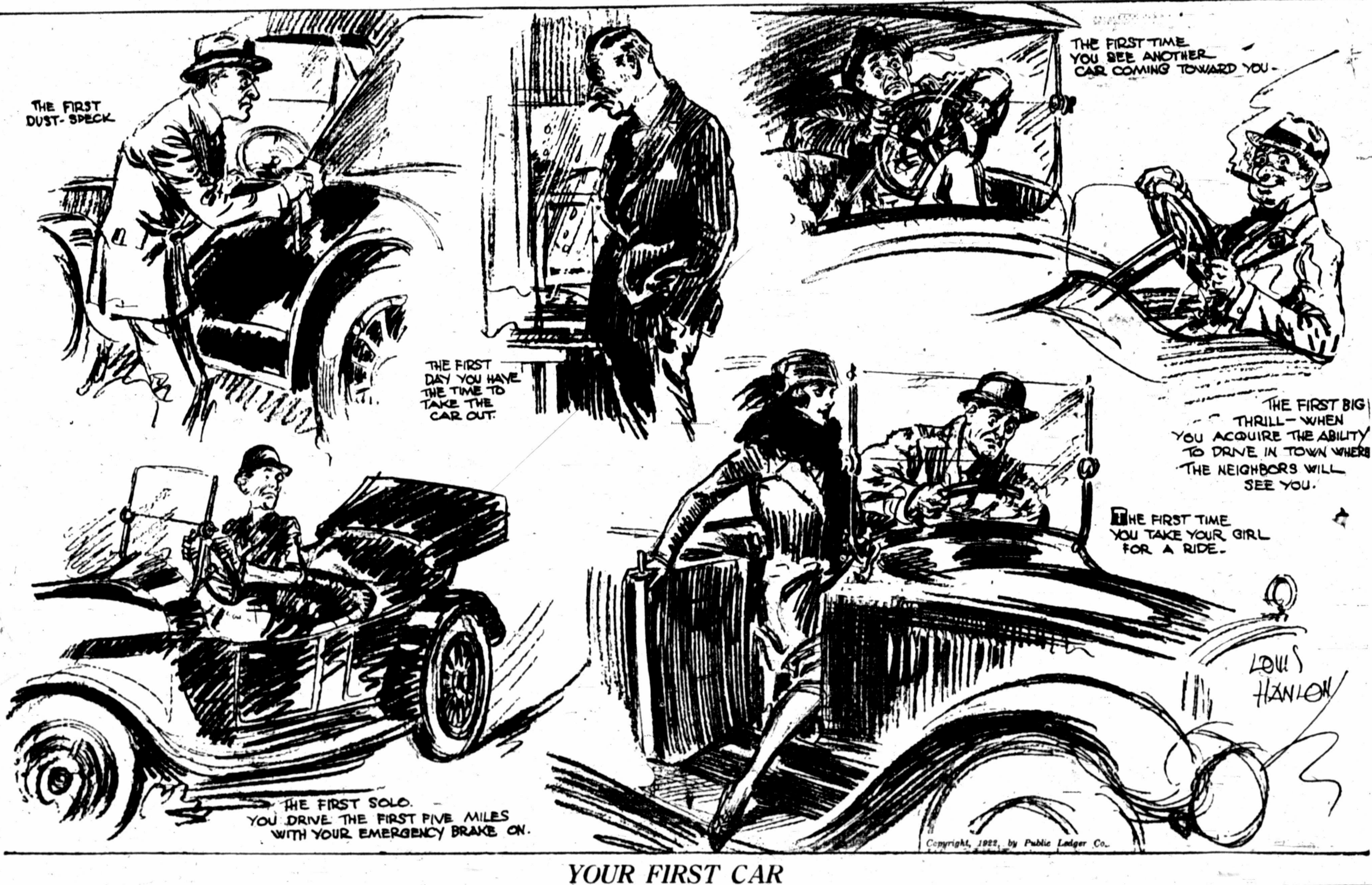
Cracked fresh eggs, 15 cents per dozen. White Produce Co., 122 Pecan street. 325-110

Art material at Decorators. 321-710

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW

Registered U. S. Patent Office

—By Hanlon



YOUR FIRST CAR

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

By Special Messenger ~ By F. Rupert Crew

Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company

THE frock is sixty dollars, and the toque twenty, madam," said the overpowered saleswoman in rustling taffeta. "Thank you very much," replied the young girl. "I just wanted to know their prices, that's all. I haven't made up my mind."

True, Dorothy Cannan had not made up her mind.

Three days previously, a shimmering silvery gray crepe de chine frock and a smartly fitting hat of the same shade had caught her attention in the shop window of Eloise's, down Broadway.

Dorothy had saved a hundred dollars during the last two years, and she had decided to spend it on a fortnight's vacation at Atlantic City, with her friend, Stella Dawson. Everything had planned itself beautifully.

Yes, they had built the most delightful castles in the air until last Monday. On that day, Dorothy fatefully happened to glance into Eloise's shop window. And there, in the center of two other creations, she had espied the most wonderful frock and toque imaginable. The hundred dollars which she carried in her purse at the time seemed to cry: "Let us out! Let us out!" And more than once she had opened her shabby little purse, then closed it again. For another strange voice would call her foolish, and she would hesitate.

Times out of number during the next day or so she had asked herself which would afford her the greater pleasure—the frock or the vacation?

"Probably he sold if you leave it, madam," remarked the saleswoman. Shrewdly she read Dorothy's thoughts. "You see, it has only been in the window a very short while. And already we have had many inquiries. The frock is an exact copy of one of the latest Paris models."

"Yes, it's perfectly lovely," said Dorothy, with a sigh. "I'm sure it would suit me beautifully—but, I am afraid I can't afford it!"

"I see," nodded the saleswoman.

THEN Dorothy fell to thinking for a while, and as she thought she watched the woman smoothing out the invisible creases of the frock and rearranging its graceful folds.

Her thoughts wandered to Stella Dawson. And a little shamefully, she imagined how disappointed Stella would be if she learned that she—Dorothy—was not to accompany her to Atlantic City after all; just because she had fallen madly in love with a certain frock and toque in a show window down Broadway, and had purchased them.

"I'll come again tomorrow and let you know," said Dorothy at length. "I shall just have to risk losing them, I'm afraid."

"Very well, madam," replied the saleswoman disappointedly. Now she could see that the girl was not quite such a fool as she had first supposed.

"STELLA!" exclaimed Dorothy delightedly. For in her arrival home, after her interview with the saleswoman, she found her friend awaiting her.

Stella Dawson rose from her chair and threw a half-smoked cigarette into the grate.

"What an age you've been, Dor. I thought you would have been home much sooner. Haldane gave me this note for you."

"For me?" exclaimed Dorothy with surprise. "What's the idea, I wonder? Excuse me a sec, dear."

Stella walked to the window and peered out absently. She too, wondered what the letter contained. But she did not have to wait long, however, for an exclamation of pleasure came almost at once from Dorothy. "Oh, Stella," she cried with delight, "read that!"

So Stella read:

Tivollia Theatre,
New York City.
Dear Madam:—It is our intention to give you a better part in the autumn production of "Sleigh Bells." Will you therefore call at my office about 7 P. M. this evening?

Yours faithfully,
Claude Haldane, Stage Manager.

"What a stroke of luck, kid! I am glad," said Stella, handing back the letter to Dorothy.

"Isn't it just ripping," said Dorothy, beaming with delight and clapping her hands with ecstasy. "I wonder how many of the girls are coming in for this. I do hope you're one of them, Stella!"

"So do I!" said the other thoughtfully. "But this is the first I've heard of it, kid—and somehow the girls generally get to hear of these sort of things."

"Hm," mused Dorothy absently. Somehow she felt puzzled; she could not quite understand why she had been chosen for a better part. Stella's voice, for instance, had always been better than hers. Could there be any mistake?

"Haldane is a 'great big dear!'" remarked Stella impressively, after a while. "I have never come across a better or kinder man in my life!"

"A wonderful stage manager!" added Dorothy with conviction. "Half the girls in the company are in love with him."

"And it seems so strange he isn't married or engaged," went on Stella musingly. "He'd make such a splendid husband!"

"Yes, wouldn't he?" agreed the other. "And now, Stella darling, I've something to tell you. What would you say if I told you that I couldn't go with you to Atlantic City after all?"

Stella's face clouded immediately. "I think I should say, 'darn you,'" she replied. "But please don't joke, kid—what's the idea?"

THEN Dorothy told the other her story. Stella listened attentively to her friend without interrupting. An expression of mingled pain, disappointment and sympathy gradually overspread her face. Then, when Dorothy had finished, she lit a fresh cigarette, leaned back in the old armchair, and commenced:

"Fraid it's a case for you to decide, kid," she said kindly. "But, as you ask my advice, I'll give it to you. And you must forgive me if I hurt."

"In the first place, you're far too romantic for a chorus girl," she smiled sympathetically. "I know you love the best parts of Broadway. You feel you belong



to them—and not to this life actually. But you've got to remain where you are, for the present, at any rate. You know well enough what an existence it is in these days—an ever growing struggle! So, don't try and kid yourself that you are a star by wearing the most expensive tops that can be purchased down Broadway. If you had the frock and toque, you wouldn't be content without an electric brougham to drive about in. And you'd feel dreadfully unhappy sitting down to a meal at a marble-top table in a cheap restaurant twice a day. Of course, as I've already said, you know best. And if you feel you simply must satisfy your heart, well then, you'd better—"

"But—" interposed Dorothy. Then she was interrupted. Some one knocked on the door outside.

"Two parcels 'ere for yer, miss," came the breathless voice of Mrs. Hawkins, the landlady.

"Parcels? For me?" queried Dorothy with surprise. "I don't think so. There must be some mistake!"

"Guess they b'aint be for none but yer, miss," corrected Mrs. Hawkins, entering the room, and letting the parcels fall with a heavy thud upon the table. "Ere's yer name on 'em, see? Come from some lordy-dorcy dressmaker down Broadway—Madame Ello-e-ee!"

"From Eloise's?" echoed Dorothy. "Then you've bought them after all!" questioned Stella very quietly, very disappointedly. "Why didn't you tell me so, Dor?"

"But—but—I haven't!" stammered Dorothy. "You haven't!" repeated Stella in amazement. "Or got them on appro?"

Dorothy shook her head. "Gee, this is exciting," pronounced Stella, with a relieved laugh. "I guess we'd better have a look at them. Perhaps we may find a card or something."

So the parcels were unwrapped. And in a very short while the whole floor seemed covered in a sea of tissue paper. Every sheet of the wrappings was shaken. But all

to them—and not to this life actually. But you've got to remain where you are, for the present, at any rate. You know well enough what an existence it is in these days—an ever growing struggle! So, don't try and kid yourself that you are a star by wearing the most expensive tops that can be purchased down Broadway. If you had the frock and toque, you wouldn't be content without an electric brougham to drive about in. And you'd feel dreadfully unhappy sitting down to a meal at a marble-top table in a cheap restaurant twice a day. Of course, as I've already said, you know best. And if you feel you simply must satisfy your heart, well then, you'd better—"

"But—" interposed Dorothy. Then she was interrupted. Some one knocked on the door outside.

"Two parcels 'ere for yer, miss," came the breathless voice of Mrs. Hawkins, the landlady.

"Parcels? For me?" queried Dorothy with surprise. "I don't think so. There must be some mistake!"

"Guess they b'aint be for none but yer, miss," corrected Mrs. Hawkins, entering the room, and letting the parcels fall with a heavy thud upon the table. "Ere's yer name on 'em, see? Come from some lordy-dorcy dressmaker down Broadway—Madame Ello-e-ee!"

"From Eloise's?" echoed Dorothy. "Then you've bought them after all!" questioned Stella very quietly, very disappointedly. "Why didn't you tell me so, Dor?"

"But—but—I haven't!" stammered Dorothy. "You haven't!" repeated Stella in amazement. "Or got them on appro?"

Dorothy shook her head. "Gee, this is exciting," pronounced Stella, with a relieved laugh. "I guess we'd better have a look at them. Perhaps we may find a card or something."

So the parcels were unwrapped. And in a very short while the whole floor seemed covered in a sea of tissue paper. Every sheet of the wrappings was shaken. But all

to them—and not to this life actually. But you've got to remain where you are, for the present, at any rate. You know well enough what an existence it is in these days—an ever growing struggle! So, don't try and kid yourself that you are a star by wearing the most expensive tops that can be purchased down Broadway. If you had the frock and toque, you wouldn't be content without an electric brougham to drive about in. And you'd feel dreadfully unhappy sitting down to a meal at a marble-top table in a cheap restaurant twice a day. Of course, as I've already said, you know best. And if you feel you simply must satisfy your heart, well then, you'd better—"

"But—" interposed Dorothy. Then she was interrupted. Some one knocked on the door outside.

"Two parcels 'ere for yer, miss," came the breathless voice of Mrs. Hawkins, the landlady.

"Parcels? For me?" queried Dorothy with surprise. "I don't think so. There must be some mistake!"

"Guess they b'aint be for none but yer, miss," corrected Mrs. Hawkins, entering the room, and letting the parcels fall with a heavy thud upon the table. "Ere's yer name on 'em, see? Come from some lordy-dorcy dressmaker down Broadway—Madame Ello-e-ee!"

"From Eloise's?" echoed Dorothy. "Then you've bought them after all!" questioned Stella very quietly, very disappointedly. "Why didn't you tell me so, Dor?"

"But—but—I haven't!" stammered Dorothy. "You haven't!" repeated Stella in amazement. "Or got them on appro?"

Dorothy shook her head. "Gee, this is exciting," pronounced Stella, with a relieved laugh. "I guess we'd better have a look at them. Perhaps we may find a card or something."

So the parcels were unwrapped. And in a very short while the whole floor seemed covered in a sea of tissue paper. Every sheet of the wrappings was shaken. But all

"I'll come again tomorrow and let you know," said Dorothy at length. "I shall just have to risk losing them, I'm afraid!"

to no purpose—no card or information regarding the unknown donor could be found. So said Stella:

"The plot thickens,"

Meanwhile, Dorothy had not uttered a word. To her the arrival of the frock and hat had been a wonderful dream, and the unpacking of it, even more wonderful. After a while she had opened her purse—the wad of carefully notes was still there—and it was only then that she realized that she was not dreaming.

Only one thing possible could have happened, she thought. And that was some one had made a present of them, impossible though it seemed. From whom they might be, she had not the remotest idea. She thought she had but one friend in New York City, and that was Stella. But she knew well enough that these costly goods were not from her friend. Stella was as poor as herself. But beyond her friend she knew of no one who knew of her cravings or address.

"Some one's in love with you, kid," remarked Stella at length.

JUST as the clock was striking 7 Dorothy, flushed with excitement, found herself in the stage manager's office. Dressed in Eloise's frock and toque she looked particularly attractive; the frock suited her marvelously well, and the toque was an absolute triumph.

Claude Haldane sat busily writing at a roll-top desk as she entered. He looked up and nodded pleasantly at her, then immediately arose, crossed over to where she stood, and held out his hand with a smile.

For a moment Dorothy hesitated. Haldane's manner took her by surprise. And although she knew him of old to be a kindly, courteous young man, this smile, and this outstretched hand, seemed very strange to her. Experience had taught her that it was not his usual custom to shake hands with chorus girls at interviews.

Immediately she jumped to the conclusion that he was making fun of her. And now that smile of amusement, that outstretched hand of his, explained everything. She imagined what a fool he must think her—she, Dorothy, an ill-paid chorus girl, interviewing him in clothes purchased from one of the most expensive shops down Broadway! How on earth was she to answer his question. Of course, he could guess, the

kind of shop where the goods had come from, so it was no use telling a lie. There seemed but one thing only to do, and that was to tell the truth.

She told him with burning cheeks. His fascinating blue eyes seemed to read her mind. The smile of amusement broadened on his face, and yet it was not a sarcastic smile. It was strange. And its strangeness seemed to make things more than she could stand.

"Eloise's of Broadway," he repeated. "How—very interesting—thanks—I'll make a note of it."

BY NOW tears had crept into Dorothy's eyes. Her hypersensitive emotions had the better of her.

The young man, bending over a piece of paper upon which he had written down the name and address of the dressmaker, looked up to find the girl quietly crying. At first he felt decidedly embarrassed; for what could he say?

"Hm," he cleared his throat. "Er—er—is anything the matter?" His voice seemed distressed, though it sounded neither kind nor angry.

"Oh, Mr. Haldane," burst out the girl hysterically, "what must you think of me? I—I've made such a fool of myself—I see it all now—but—can't I tell you my story? Will you hear it?"

The stage manager nodded.

"These clothes I wear have been haunting me for the last few days," Dorothy explained, endeavoring to stifle her sobs. "On Monday I happened to pass Eloise's window, and I saw this frock and hat. I immediately wanted them."

"Well, you see, I had saved a hundred dollars for a vacation at Atlantic City this year. But the temptation to buy them with the money instead was great—nevertheless I couldn't make up my mind."

"I went to Eloise's again today to ask the prices, but I didn't—"

Haldane held up his hand. "You need not tell me any more, Miss Cannan," he said quietly. "The rest of the story I already know, and I fear that I

must offer you my apologies. I am very sorry that this has caused you any pain—very sorry indeed!"

"I—I—don't understand," faltered Dorothy, thoroughly mystified.

"So I see," replied Haldane quietly, with an enigmatical smile. "Ah, well, I see it's no use, I must confess—I am the unknown donor!"

"You—you!" gasped Dorothy.

"Yes," replied Haldane unperturbedly. "For three days I've watched you outside Eloise's shop window. I lunch at the window of the Doran opposite. I couldn't send you the goods before today, because I did not know which frock in the window you wanted. When you entered the shop today, presumably to ask the prices, I slipped out of the Doran and observed the frock and hat in question removed from the window, and then, after you had come away, they were put back. I then entered the shop, and ordered the goods to be sent you at once by special messenger."

"Of course, I'm awfully sorry you've distressed yourself like this. But I want you to accept my little gifts in the proper spirit, if you will."

The young, sensitive chorus girl had turned her back on him. And what was taking place in her mind at that moment, Haldane would have sacrificed a great deal to know. He loved giving people surprises of this kind. He had carried off a good number in his time—but this one he had considered up to a few moments ago his best one. But now, as he reflected, and with his heroine in front of him quietly sobbing, he realized that he had made a mess of things.

"Miss Cannan," he addressed her at length, getting up and crossing to where she sat; and then, with one knee on the floor, he put his hand kindly on her shoulder. "I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

SOMEHOW, those simple words struck a new note on the harp of Dorothy's heart. And for a moment or so she could not understand herself. The man had only done her a kind action. At least, it had surely been done with the very best of intentions. Why, therefore, was she angry, if she were angry at all?

"What about your letter?" flashed Dorothy, turning around and brushing the tears from her eyes.

"Oh, yes, the letter I wrote," repeated Haldane, and he scratched his chin meditatively. Then, boyishly, "That was all rot—a fake—just to get you here—to see you in the goods!"

Then he was a brute, after all, thought Dorothy, and she burst into a fresh flood of tears as she exclaimed:

"Then—then—you're not going to give me a better part after all?"

"No," replied Haldane, "not as a chorus girl. But something much better—that is, if you will accept it." He paused for a moment. The quietness of his voice had given way to emotion. "Miss Cannan—Dorothy," he blurted passionately, "I'm a fool at saying these things—can't you help a fellow when you see him in a devil of a mess? Dorothy—I—I love you—loved you ever since I first engaged you in the company. Tell me, sweetheart, tell me I'm not asking for you in vain? Give me the very least hope if you can, Dorothy!"

And Dorothy did!

A Truthful Tablet

A WELL-KNOWN writer received a call not long ago from a friend, who imparted the information that recently he had visited the birthplace of the author.

"Quaint little place, isn't it?" asked the great man.

"Yes. While I was there a friend of mine pointed out the little house in which you were born."

"Is it possible? I did not think the building was standing yet."

"Oh, yes. It is a little run down, but it is still a rather respectable-looking place. By the way, the city recently placed a handsome tablet on the side of the house."

"You don't say so! Put a tablet on the house in which I was born? Well, Well! Now, that is certainly handsome of the city. After all, it goes to show that the

folk among whom one was reared, while they know all his faults, are still inclined to cherish his virtues, to see the good there is in him, and to rejoice in doing the kindly little things, in paying the friendly tribute that means so much, doesn't it?"

"Of course, I've always had a warm, kindly feeling for the old town and the people, but I hardly supposed they had kept track of me, or followed my career. By the way—er—ah—do you happen to recollect the wording of the tablet?"

"Yes," it says, "Main Street."

She Knew

A PHILADELPHIA school teacher was quoting to her pupils the sayings of various wise men touching the value of silence on certain occasions, when she gave them the proverb to the effect that we have one mouth and two ears, in order that we may listen twice as much as we speak.

A day or so after the instruction, the teacher, to see how well the lesson had been learned, asked a girl pupil the question, as above.

"Little Lulu had forgotten the philosopher's maxim; but the question did not seem a difficult one to answer."

"Because," she said, "we should not have room in our face for two mouths, and we should look too crooked if we had only one ear."

"No, Lulu," said the teacher, "that is not the reason. Perhaps Marie can tell us."

"Yesum," said Marie, "it's that way so we can let what we hear go in at one ear and out at the other!"

Couldn't Be Done

IN ITALY the law requires a theatrical performance to live up to all claimed for it in the advertisements.

"Well, they'll never try that in this country."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Why, we have more sense than to ask any one to accomplish the impossible."

WICHITA DAILY TIMES
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS
THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
Published Every Weekday Afternoon and on Sunday Morning
Entered at the Postoffice at Wichita Falls as Second Class Matter.
PHONE 4292
Private Branch All Business and Editorial Departments
NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES
E. K. Special Advertising Agency New York
Chicago, Kansas City, Atlanta, San Francisco
MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.
MEMBER ADVERTISING BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
TO ADVERTISERS
In case of errors or omission in legal or other advertisements the publisher does not hold himself liable for damages further than the amount received by him for such advertisements.
SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1922
OLD-TIME SALOON.

Do you ever pause in the great prohibition desert and conjure up a picture of the saloons that flourished in this country only a few years ago?

Now and then, passing a prominent corner, point to a savings bank or spanking new cigar store, and say: "There used to be a swell barroom here. Gosh? I can remember when Old Crow was passed out at 85 cents a quart and the barkeep, apologized for whiskey under seven years old."

All that's left of those ancient whiskey dens is the path in the sidewalk, worn by the tramp of drunkards' feet as they made their rounds, lapping up so much they were ashamed to drink it all in one place.

Prominent among the customers was the business man who ran in at the stroke of every hour for a highball or small glass of water with a large whiskey-straight for a chaser.

By 8 o'clock at night, the regulars were well tanked and below the din was the friend's apology: "Don't mind him, he's a swell fellow when he isn't drunk."

The owl cars carried them home—to mothers and wives who sobbed quietly in the stillness of night.

There was considerable privation in the average hard drinker's home, short on funds because of the barroom till's greedy appetite.

A drunken man was disgusting to the good citizen and home-builder. A father's greatest fear was that his son would "get the appetite."

There was another type of saloon—the low-down type that had drinkers usually wound up in it. It was a den, the rendezvous of criminals, where customers were thrown into the alley after they had been stripped of their last cent.

The amber fluid in the quart bottle ruined brilliant men by the tens of thousands, wrecked an infinite number of homes and, for those deeply involved, destroyed nearly everything for which life is worth living.

That ancient institution, the openly conducted saloon, is gone. Now and then some one with more money than brains gets hold of a quart for \$12 or more.

But fathers aren't worrying about their sons developing a chronic thirst. Homes are happier, with less jangling. More money in the bank. A woman can ride on an owl car now without danger of being insulted.

There is a lot of talk, around the country, about infringing on personal liberty, much futile argument about bringing back light wines and beers.

But, at heart, the country is dry. The proof is, that there's almost no talk of bringing back the old-time saloon.

By 8 o'clock at night, the regulars were well tanked and below the din was the friend's apology: "Don't mind him, he's a swell fellow when he isn't drunk."

The owl cars carried them home—to mothers and wives who sobbed quietly in the stillness of night.

There was considerable privation in the average hard drinker's home, short on funds because of the barroom till's greedy appetite.

A drunken man was disgusting to the good citizen and home-builder. A father's greatest fear was that his son would "get the appetite."

There was another type of saloon—the low-down type that had drinkers usually wound up in it. It was a den, the rendezvous of criminals, where customers were thrown into the alley after they had been stripped of their last cent.

The amber fluid in the quart bottle ruined brilliant men by the tens of thousands, wrecked an infinite number of homes and, for those deeply involved, destroyed nearly everything for which life is worth living.

That ancient institution, the openly conducted saloon, is gone. Now and then some one with more money than brains gets hold of a quart for \$12 or more.

But fathers aren't worrying about their sons developing a chronic thirst. Homes are happier, with less jangling. More money in the bank. A woman can ride on an owl car now without danger of being insulted.

There is a lot of talk, around the country, about infringing on personal liberty, much futile argument about bringing back light wines and beers.

But, at heart, the country is dry. The proof is, that there's almost no talk of bringing back the old-time saloon.

By 8 o'clock at night, the regulars were well tanked and below the din was the friend's apology: "Don't mind him, he's a swell fellow when he isn't drunk."

The owl cars carried them home—to mothers and wives who sobbed quietly in the stillness of night.

There was considerable privation in the average hard drinker's home, short on funds because of the barroom till's greedy appetite.

A drunken man was disgusting to the good citizen and home-builder. A father's greatest fear was that his son would "get the appetite."

There was another type of saloon—the low-down type that had drinkers usually wound up in it. It was a den, the rendezvous of criminals, where customers were thrown into the alley after they had been stripped of their last cent.

The amber fluid in the quart bottle ruined brilliant men by the tens of thousands, wrecked an infinite number of homes and, for those deeply involved, destroyed nearly everything for which life is worth living.

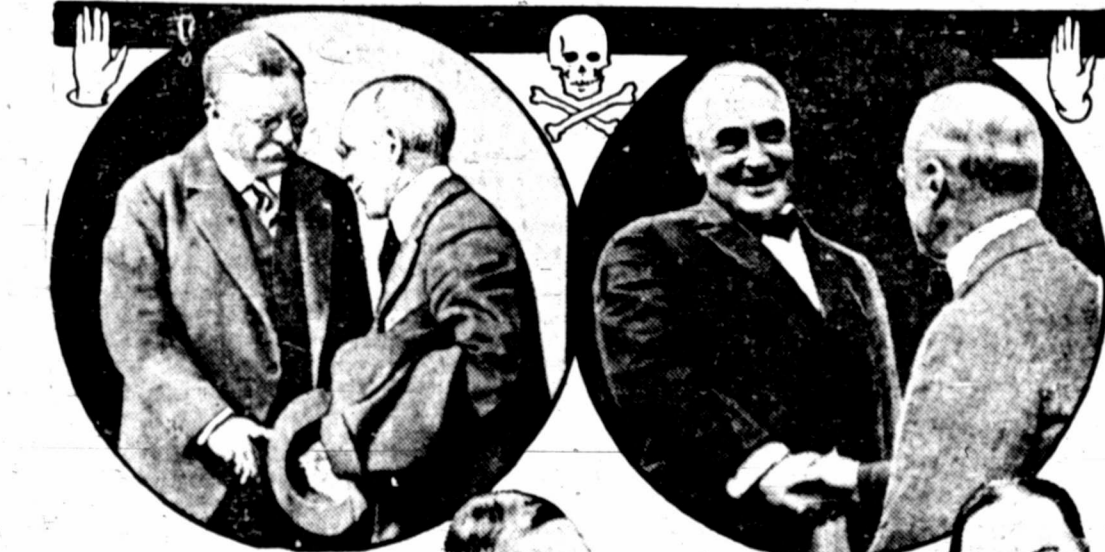
That ancient institution, the openly conducted saloon, is gone. Now and then some one with more money than brains gets hold of a quart for \$12 or more.

But fathers aren't worrying about their sons developing a chronic thirst. Homes are happier, with less jangling. More money in the bank. A woman can ride on an owl car now without danger of being insulted.

There is a lot of talk, around the country, about infringing on personal liberty, much futile argument about bringing back light wines and beers.

But, at heart, the country is dry. The proof is, that there's almost no talk of bringing back the old-time saloon.

DEATH LURKS IN HANDSHAKE



By EDWARD M. THURRY.
NEW YORK, April 14.—(Handshakes "spread disease, shaking hands should be avoided," says Dr. Royal S. Copeland, health commissioner of New York.)

"Shaking hands is a filthy habit," he says. "It is meant as a friendly salutation, but most of the time it is entirely mechanical. We all shake hands, but we do not breathe life into it."

Germs carried by the hands may be the greatest cause of influenza, says the "Lancet," London medical journal, which suggests some such substitute for shaking hands as the military salute.

People in public life are all victims of handshaking. Copeland points out: If not actually in infection then in fatigue.

Individual cases.

"Wilson's long illness was certainly partly due to the fatigue of handshaking," says one physician. "Taft grew thinner in office. Roosevelt felt the strain in spite of his powerful physique. Harding now is the most prominent victim of the handshake. Entirely aside from infection and fatigue, it was a hand shake—concealing—a germ—that killed McKinley."

Death statistics in New York are quoted by Health Commissioner Copeland to show the dangerous potentialities in handshaking.

"At least 20 per cent of all the fatal diseases could be spread by handshaking," he says. "Germs on the hands might easily be responsible for all respiratory diseases, which caused more than 3,000 out of the 72,000 deaths in New York last year."

Here are the figures, in round numbers:

Pneumonia	10,000
Tuberculosis of the lungs	6,000
Influenza	2,500
Brucellosis	1,500
Colds, tonsillitis, etc.	1,000

To these Dr. Copeland adds, as possible results of handshaking contagion, 1,000 diphtheria deaths, 100 measles, 600 whooping cough, 200 scarlet fever and 100 spinal meningitis—making a grand total of 24,000.

London physicians point out that

JUST FOLKS

MY PRICE.
Every fellow has his price.
Some will sell for yellow gold.
Some for fame will sacrifice.
Honor they should firmly hold.
Some a woman's smile will buy.
Others can't withstand a sigh.
I am weak and I give in
To a little rascal's grin.

He's my weakness, I confess.
He can lead me far astray.
He can blind me to success
And the straight and narrow way.
Small his hands, but they can hold
Tighter than the lure of gold.
And his lips can speak my name
Louder than the voice of fame.

Well I know what I should do.
Well I know that I should stand
Till my round of tasks is through.
Resolute of heart and hand;
But I put it all away
When he coaxes me to play.
Though I know I should deny.
Joys, forbidden him, I buy.

He can bribe me with a smile.
With his face against my cheek.
I should resist his guile
Find my flesh and spirit weak.
Greater power has he than fame.
For his love I'd suffer shame.
Spurn his wishes, I cannot—
He's my vulnerable spot.

(Copyright, 1922, by George Matthew Adams.)

SMILE A WHILE
By TOM SIMS.

Explorer finds two-faced girl in Africa. Women say he could find two-faced men at home.

Europeans are saving more daylight than we are; but it takes more for them to see through things.

"It is hard to give away a million," says John D. It sure is. You have to get one first.

Everybody expects a cloudburst on the first day of baseball, and some of the teams need one.

Some Irish think De Valera would rather be president than right.

Kansas man's income tax is \$4,000,000. Every Kansas renter knows what landlord it is.

The miners are out and the furnace will be out soon.

Sunday was a day of rest before speeds made it a day for arrest.

Fermenting mash killed 14 hogs for a farmer. Now he can have pickled pig's feet.

In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to fancy-work.

All the world loves a listener.

SMILE A WHILE

SMILE A WHILE
By TOM SIMS.

Explorer finds two-faced girl in Africa. Women say he could find two-faced men at home.

Europeans are saving more daylight than we are; but it takes more for them to see through things.

"It is hard to give away a million," says John D. It sure is. You have to get one first.

Everybody expects a cloudburst on the first day of baseball, and some of the teams need one.

Some Irish think De Valera would rather be president than right.

Kansas man's income tax is \$4,000,000. Every Kansas renter knows what landlord it is.

The miners are out and the furnace will be out soon.

Sunday was a day of rest before speeds made it a day for arrest.

Fermenting mash killed 14 hogs for a farmer. Now he can have pickled pig's feet.

In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to fancy-work.

All the world loves a listener.

SMILE A WHILE



By EDWARD M. THURRY.
NEW YORK, April 14.—(Handshakes "spread disease, shaking hands should be avoided," says Dr. Royal S. Copeland, health commissioner of New York.)

"Shaking hands is a filthy habit," he says. "It is meant as a friendly salutation, but most of the time it is entirely mechanical. We all shake hands, but we do not breathe life into it."

Germs carried by the hands may be the greatest cause of influenza, says the "Lancet," London medical journal, which suggests some such substitute for shaking hands as the military salute.

People in public life are all victims of handshaking. Copeland points out: If not actually in infection then in fatigue.

Individual cases.

"Wilson's long illness was certainly partly due to the fatigue of handshaking," says one physician. "Taft grew thinner in office. Roosevelt felt the strain in spite of his powerful physique. Harding now is the most prominent victim of the handshake. Entirely aside from infection and fatigue, it was a hand shake—concealing—a germ—that killed McKinley."

Death statistics in New York are quoted by Health Commissioner Copeland to show the dangerous potentialities in handshaking.

"At least 20 per cent of all the fatal diseases could be spread by handshaking," he says. "Germs on the hands might easily be responsible for all respiratory diseases, which caused more than 3,000 out of the 72,000 deaths in New York last year."

Here are the figures, in round numbers:

Pneumonia	10,000
Tuberculosis of the lungs	6,000
Influenza	2,500
Brucellosis	1,500
Colds, tonsillitis, etc.	1,000

To these Dr. Copeland adds, as possible results of handshaking contagion, 1,000 diphtheria deaths, 100 measles, 600 whooping cough, 200 scarlet fever and 100 spinal meningitis—making a grand total of 24,000.

London physicians point out that

2 THEFTS REPORTED TO POLICE SATURDAY, GROCERY IS ROBBED

The robbery of the Huffine grocery store, 115 Indiana avenue, and the theft of a section plow from the Jimmy Bateson farm east of town were reported to the police Saturday morning.

At the grocery the thieves piled over the iron bars at the rear of the building enough to permit a small boy to climb through. He then opened a door from the inside.

A small amount of cash and some

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AH NAILED UP DAT BACK GATE TOTHER DAY, BUT MAH OLE DAWG GOT ATTEM A COLLECTOR YISTIDY EN HE JES' NACHLY TO IT DOWN!!



EXPECT 3500 TO BE AT M. E. CHURCH SOUTH FOR EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES

"We expect an aggregate attendance of over 3,500 people at our great services Easter Sunday," said Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker, pastor of the First Methodist church, South, corner Tenth and Lamar, a Times reporter. "We are going to have 1,200 in Sunday school and a thousand at each of the preaching services and 200 in the Epworth League. Add that up and you will see a grand total of 3,500. The only reason why we don't have any more is we will not have room to hold them, for we are quite sure people will be turned away from our services unable to get seats in the building. When you note the following great program for the day you will not wonder at the attendance."

"At 9:30 we hope to have the greatest attendance we have ever had in Sunday school. That will have to be over 1,200, which was our record attendance last year. We are aiming at 1,300 plus. A large number of the Sunday school scholars are going to be in the great class which will be received into the church at the 11 o'clock service. A number of babies will be baptized at 10:30 a. m.

"At 11 o'clock I will preach an Easter sermon on 'Hope' or 'The Flight of a Butterfly.' The morning service, besides beautiful Easter music and the other features mentioned there will be a dozen beautifully gowned children who will be initiated as life members of the missionary society.

"At 7:45 p. m. there will be also a number of beautiful and appropriate features in the program. The Patriotic Quartet will render a short concert. Miss Alzada Jane Knickerbocker has worked up two short sketches for the program Sunday night. The following children will take part in 'The Easter Story': Johnnie Wood, the Maiden; Margaret Granberry, Crocus; Elsie Hawkins, Daffodil; Jewell Harkins, Wild Plum Blossom; Jewell Harkins, Tulip; Amy Melat, Lily. In 'Daffodils' Mary Ann Walker, Margie Fay Hoen-scheidt, Charlot Marr, Wanda Gale Covington, Sarah Evelyn Morgan, Anna Katherine Howard, Beatrice Hathorn, Mary Tom Morgan, Spring Lenora Walker. I will preach one of the very popular series that I am now giving on 'The Happiest Home in Wichita Falls.' The subject will be 'A Protected Home is a Happy Home.' This subject will be illustrated with a remarkable exhibit of means and methods by which homes are protected from burglars. It will be received at this service also."

ORGANIZE LIVESTOCK ASSOCIATION FRIDAY

Plan Pure Bred Hog Show and Sale At Electra Sometime This Fall.

ELECTRA, TEXAS, April 15.—The Wichita-Wilbarger Pure Bred Livestock association was organized here Friday with the following officers: L. H. Cragger, president; Henry Begeman, first vice president; J. C. Guyer, second vice president; R. T. Johnson, secretary; treasurer, R. L. Coor, J. C. Guyer, C. L. Moore, E. M. Friend and Frank Weddle.

The association plans to hold a pure bred hog show and sale at Electra some time this fall.

FRANKLIN REDUCES PRICES TO LOWEST LEVEL IN 16 YEARS

SYRACUSE, April 15.—Prices of Franklin cars were announced today which are the lowest in the history of the Franklin company's 16 years' manufacture of six-cylinder cars, with the single exception of a four-month period in 1916.

In the statement issued by H. H. Franklin, reductions as much as \$1,500 under war prices are indicated. Touring car at \$1,950 and sedan at \$1,850 are typical of the new schedule of prices applying to the entire Franklin line.

"We determined to get under the price level of 1914, ten months before the world war started, and also under the level of March, 1917, the month before the United States entered the war," Mr. Franklin said. "So today our basis is pre-war for any angle you take it. This move puts us in position to attain large volume in the quality car field."

GOLF CLUB TO HOLD ANNUAL ELECTION SATURDAY NIGHT

The annual election of officers and directors for the Wichita Falls Golf & Country club will take place Saturday night at a meeting scheduled for 8 p. m. at the club house.

This meeting was postponed on account of the inclement weather.

Bughouse Fables

BOSS, IF YOU'RE THROUGH WITH ME FOR THE DAY I'D LIKE TO TAKE MY FAMILY FOR A DRIVE

CERTAINLY, HAWKINS, AND WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT YOU MIGHT HAVE YOUR MONOGRAM PUT ON THE SIDE OF THE CAR

THANK TO YOUR WASTERS ESP.

Copyright, 1922, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

NEGRESS WAIVES HEARING; BOND IS SET AT \$2500

Clatter Hickey, negress, who is accused of doing the shooting Friday morning on Mill street, which resulted in the death of another negro woman and the serious injury of the accused woman's husband, waived preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace R. V. Gwinn, Saturday morning and her bond was set at \$2,500.

Two charges have been filed against the woman. In one she faces a murder charge and in the second assault with intent to murder. The \$2,500 bond covers both cases.

It was pointed out that the grand jury of the 78th district court will reconvene Monday morning and without doubt that body will take up this case first.

The husband of the accused negress is reported as being much improved and attending physicians state that there is hope for his recovery.

ARREST THREE IN CONNECTION WITH KILLING AT RALLS

PORT WORTH, April 15.—Following the mysterious shooting of Payne, farmer at Ralls, Texas, yesterday, three men have been arrested and are now held in jail on suspicion. Payne is in a sanitarium at Lubbock with five bullet wounds in his body.

According to the generally accepted version in Ralls, three men in a closed automobile from which all marks of identification have been removed, fired the shots. A similar attempt was made on Payne's life three weeks ago. It is thought by the same parties.

When arrested the men had two shotguns, two pistols and a high powered rifle in their possession. According to Sheriff J. C. Terry of Plainville, the men refused to make any statement other than to deny their guilt.

ORGANIZE LIVESTOCK ASSOCIATION FRIDAY

Plan Pure Bred Hog Show and Sale At Electra Sometime This Fall.

ELECTRA, TEXAS, April 15.—The Wichita-Wilbarger Pure Bred Livestock association was organized here Friday with the following officers: L. H. Cragger, president; Henry Begeman, first vice president; J. C. Guyer, second vice president; R. T. Johnson, secretary; treasurer, R. L. Coor, J. C. Guyer, C. L. Moore, E. M. Friend and Frank Weddle.

The association plans to hold a pure bred hog show and sale at Electra some time this fall.

FRANKLIN REDUCES PRICES TO LOWEST LEVEL IN 16 YEARS

SYRACUSE, April 15.—Prices of Franklin cars were announced today which are the lowest in the history of the Franklin company's 16 years' manufacture of six-cylinder cars, with the single exception of a four-month period in 1916.

In the statement issued by H. H. Franklin, reductions as much as \$1,500 under war prices are indicated. Touring car at \$1,950 and sedan at \$1,850 are typical of the new schedule of prices applying to the entire Franklin line.

"We determined to get under the price level of 1914, ten months before the world war started, and also under the level of March, 1917, the month before the United States entered the war," Mr. Franklin said. "So today our basis is pre-war for any angle you take it. This move puts us in position to attain large volume in the quality car field."

GOLF CLUB TO HOLD ANNUAL ELECTION SATURDAY NIGHT

The annual election of officers and directors for the Wichita Falls Golf & Country club will take place Saturday night at a meeting scheduled for 8 p. m. at the club house.

This meeting was postponed on account of the inclement weather.

Bughouse Fables

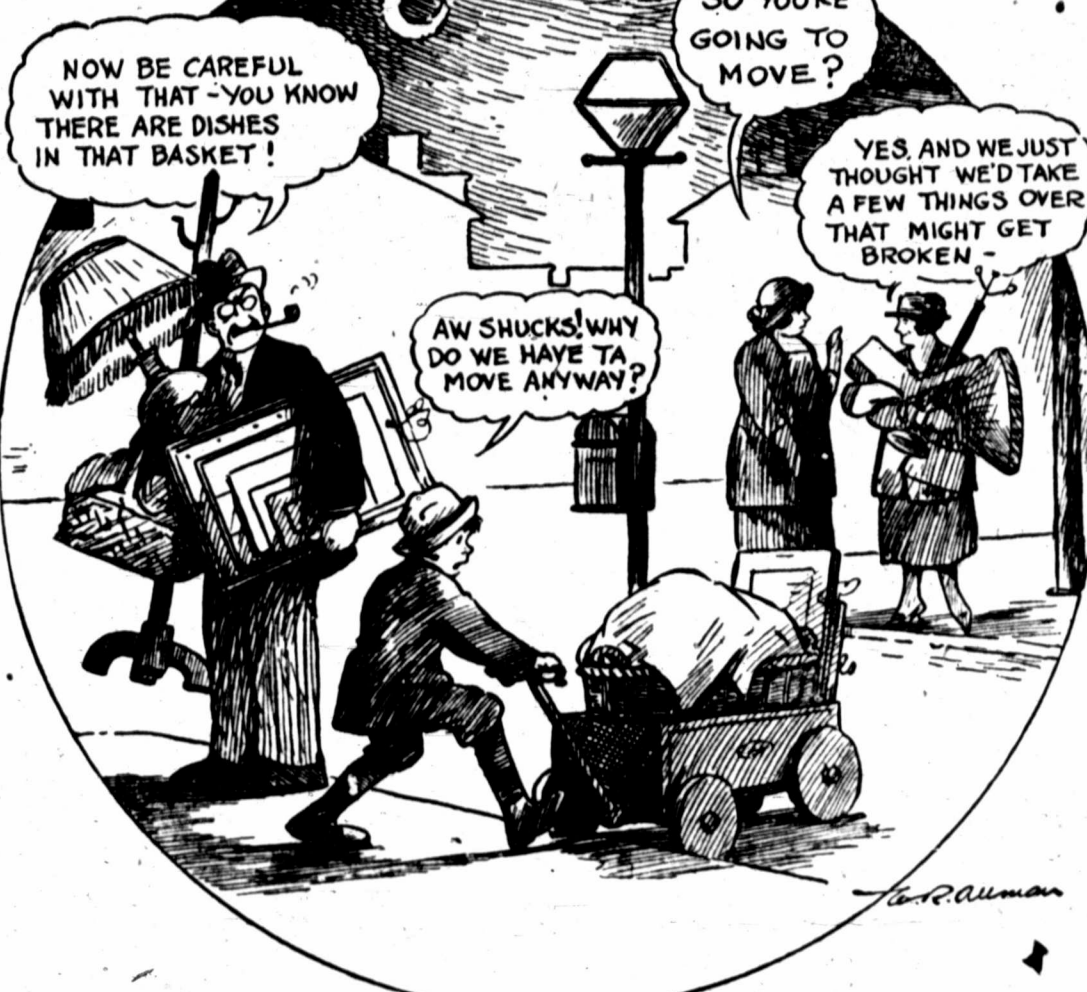
BOSS, IF YOU'RE THROUGH WITH ME FOR THE DAY I'D LIKE TO TAKE MY FAMILY FOR A DRIVE

CERTAINLY, HAWKINS, AND WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT YOU MIGHT HAVE YOUR MONOGRAM PUT ON THE SIDE OF THE CAR

THANK TO YOUR WASTERS ESP.

Copyright, 1922, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



PLANS FOR MORGAN CAMPAIGN FORMED AT MEETING FRIDAY

Plans for an active campaign to further the candidacy of S. A. L. Morgan, local attorney, who is seeking election to congress to succeed the late Lucian W. Parish, were formulated Friday night at a meeting in the 78th district court room. It was decided to hold a downtown meeting one night next week in the interest of Mr. Morgan's candidacy. John Davenport was chosen as county campaign manager, to work in conjunction with Luther Hoffman, general campaign manager. R. E. Huff, John C. Kay, J. T. Montgomery, W. J. Townsend and others spoke.

TAYLOR BROTHERS SUE FOR \$1250 AS RESULT OF ACCIDENT

Contending that he was struck and knocked down by an automobile driven and owned by J. W. and A. W. Taylor, S. E. Sawyer instituted suit against the brothers Saturday morning in the 30th district court asking for \$1,250 damages.

The plaintiff alleges that in March 1922 while he was on his way home from work he was struck by the Taylor automobile while crossing the intersection of Thirtieth and Lamar streets that the Franklin automobile owned by the defendants struck him. He states in his petition that he suffered injuries to his face and head and also internally.

In asking for judgment he places his actual damages at \$250 and further asks for \$200 exemplary damages.

MANDAMUS SUIT AGAINST CITY IS SET FOR MONDAY

The mandamus suit brought against Frank Collier, mayor, et al. by J. T. Reynolds, service car driver, has been set down for trial in the 78th district court for Monday. The plaintiff asks the court to compel the city to grant him license to drive a service car alleging that he has been refused although he expressed his willingness to comply with all requirements.

OUT OUR WAY

NOTHIN' DOIN', BILL—DEYS NO MONEY IN DIS HOUSE!

MARKETS GRAIN AND PRODUCE

CHICAGO, April 15.—Wheat acted unsettled at the start today, the May and July options tightening, the former at the high point showing around 2 1/2c over the Thursday close, while July was up about 1 cent. Reports from Kansas tell of very thin, poor fields, the general prospects from there being disappointing. The early wheat, however, was said to be making splendid growth, soil being very rich and the general condition expected to improve. After starting 4c lower to 3 1/2c higher, with May \$1.24 to \$1.24 1/2 and July \$1.24 to \$1.24 1/2, prices advanced slightly.

Corn and oats sympathized with wheat, short covering advancing both readily. After starting unsteady, corn advanced to 12c higher, with May \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2 and July \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2, prices soon turned upward.

Shorts covered freely and there was also some buying, which strengthened prices. The close was firm 1/4 to 1/2c higher, with July \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2 and August \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2.

Oats were unsettled, with the opening 1/2c lower to 1/4c higher, May 27 1/2 to 27 1/2 and July 27 1/2 to 27 1/2, and soon became firm.

Weakness in hogs caused provisions to open at lower levels.

NEW YORK STOCKS

NEW YORK, April 15.—Very heavy dealings attended today's two hour session of the stock market, which was mainly a buying and selling of oil, steel, and other commodities. Oil was the chief feature, many domestic issues rising 1 to 2 points with unusual activity in the cheaper groups. High grade steels, equipments and motors were also prominent. United States Steel, American and Baldwin Locomotives, Studebaker and Electric Storage Battery contributed to the new high records for the year.

High American Woolen, American Tobacco and Sumatra Tobacco represented the specialties. There was extensive buying of Reebord Air Line at an extreme gain of almost 3 points but rails as a group were not materially higher. The closing was strong. Sales approximated \$20,000,000 shares.

OUT OUR WAY

NOTHIN' DOIN', BILL—DEYS NO MONEY IN DIS HOUSE!

MARKETS GRAIN AND PRODUCE

CHICAGO, April 15.—Wheat acted unsettled at the start today, the May and July options tightening, the former at the high point showing around 2 1/2c over the Thursday close, while July was up about 1 cent. Reports from Kansas tell of very thin, poor fields, the general prospects from there being disappointing. The early wheat, however, was said to be making splendid growth, soil being very rich and the general condition expected to improve. After starting 4c lower to 3 1/2c higher, with May \$1.24 to \$1.24 1/2 and July \$1.24 to \$1.24 1/2, prices advanced slightly.

Corn and oats sympathized with wheat, short covering advancing both readily. After starting unsteady, corn advanced to 12c higher, with May \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2 and July \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2, prices soon turned upward.

Shorts covered freely and there was also some buying, which strengthened prices. The close was firm 1/4 to 1/2c higher, with July \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2 and August \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2.

Oats were unsettled, with the opening 1/2c lower to 1/4c higher, May 27 1/2 to 27 1/2 and July 27 1/2 to 27 1/2, and soon became firm.

Weakness in hogs caused provisions to open at lower levels.

NEW YORK STOCKS

NEW YORK, April 15.—Very heavy dealings attended today's two hour session of the stock market, which was mainly a buying and selling of oil, steel, and other commodities. Oil was the chief feature, many domestic issues rising 1 to 2 points with unusual activity in the cheaper groups. High grade steels, equipments and motors were also prominent. United States Steel, American and Baldwin Locomotives, Studebaker and Electric Storage Battery contributed to the new high records for the year.

High American Woolen, American Tobacco and Sumatra Tobacco represented the specialties. There was extensive buying of Reebord Air Line at an extreme gain of almost 3 points but rails as a group were not materially higher. The closing was strong. Sales approximated \$20,000,000 shares.

OUT OUR WAY

NOTHIN' DOIN', BILL—DEYS NO MONEY IN DIS HOUSE!

ALI SPUDDER BOW

By PAUL J. High caliber pit of Abe Bowman full line innings hitting and burst of speed together with a long drive by Lex Sorey among the current park Friday afternoon. Catch Shandlin managed to get bat in front of o in the eighth inning. The pit about it of Jake Miller. It was the sum tot efforts for the during the course giant reached as either of those fired to converse and he would have him. No visitor day on third ba. Too much cred Bowman for his on the hill, but were cut off by Salm's new short show of two hit. Bobby crashed on which Bowman sec'd a base. Si the dull run, so and got his mail width of an eye seventh Adams frame in front hoppers that w hit and threw h was a terrific safe when it b pole.

Sorey's conf miah was won at the right Spencer which a double killing reached first only hit garner but his stay on short when Lex impossible a Tex McDonald more blows the ler, but Uncle platter tw delivered on bo Skipper Jim by the success ace in the open outpaw back the person of a brand win nine times had the misfor against Bowma was twirling games of his reer. Though eight blows, h scattered except fifth when tw nered and the suited.

Score in After Adams hue in the fir slapped a safe; aid pokery a ture which ar With the crowd a hit. Tex lit. Though he was scant margin h so vigorously t was his. Tex crossed the plar poppo to i In the fifth Hill into thro ones in success tempted sacrifi Hill and Kitch second Adams for a blow but left. Assuma another slashi to center thi foalized it for ti om Bowman r Summa kept on a's high bou like an easy r "Charlie Paddo base line and man counted es ripped at the perfect return ended the scor

MARKETS GRAIN AND PRODUCE

CHICAGO, April 15.—Wheat acted unsettled at the start today, the May and July options tightening, the former at the high point showing around 2 1/2c over the Thursday close, while July was up about 1 cent. Reports from Kansas tell of very thin, poor fields, the general prospects from there being disappointing. The early wheat, however, was said to be making splendid growth, soil being very rich and the general condition expected to improve. After starting 4c lower to 3 1/2c higher, with May \$1.24 to \$1.24 1/2 and July \$1.24 to \$1.24 1/2, prices advanced slightly.

Corn and oats sympathized with wheat, short covering advancing both readily. After starting unsteady, corn advanced to 12c higher, with May \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2 and July \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2, prices soon turned upward.

Shorts covered freely and there was also some buying, which strengthened prices. The close was firm 1/4 to 1/2c higher, with July \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2 and August \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2.

Oats were unsettled, with the opening 1/2c lower to 1/4c higher, May 27 1/2 to 27 1/2 and July 27 1/2 to 27 1/2, and soon became firm.

Weakness in hogs caused provisions to open at lower levels.

NEW YORK STOCKS

NEW YORK, April 15.—Very heavy dealings attended today's two hour session of the stock market, which was mainly a buying and selling of oil, steel, and other commodities. Oil was the chief feature, many domestic issues rising 1 to 2 points with unusual activity in the cheaper groups. High grade steels, equipments and motors were also prominent. United States Steel, American and Baldwin Locomotives, Studebaker and Electric Storage Battery contributed to the new high records for the year.

High American Woolen, American Tobacco and Sumatra Tobacco represented the specialties. There was extensive buying of Reebord Air Line at an extreme gain of almost 3 points but rails as a group were not materially higher. The closing was strong. Sales approximated \$20,000,000 shares.

OUT OUR WAY

NOTHIN' DOIN', BILL—DEYS NO MONEY IN DIS HOUSE!

AMERI

Philadelphia, Pa. enabled Phil early run a Rommel was but his supp good. Score by in Philadelphia Boston Batteries: 1 R. Myers, 1 R. Ruel. Picture fr

1

