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# THE DAILY LEDGER.

Insurance placed with us  
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**BALLINGER INSURANCE  
AGENCY.**

VOL. X. MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS.

BALLINGER, RUNNELS COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1914.

NUMBER 306

CARLOAD MOON BROS. BUGGIES, PHEATONS AND SURRIES just placed on exhibition at our store

Van Pelt, Kirk & Mack

## "CHEAP COTTON SALE" Now on In Full Blast at A. J. ZAPPE

On account of former bad weather will continue the Cheap Cotton Sale until December 24th. This will give everybody an opportunity to get the goods at Cheap Cotton Sale Prices. Don't fail to take Advantage of this Big Sale.

### GUTIERREZ ORDERS THAT FIRING BE STOPPED AT NACO

*By United Press*  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—In response to the demands made by the United States that a stop be made of the firing of stray bullets on the American side of the border at Naco, Arizona, Gutierrez has sent an order to the command of Villistas at Naco, Sonora, imploring them to stop firing.

The message from Gutierrez that firing be stopped on Americans at Naco, Arizona was sent to the general in command of the Villa troops, after the United States had issued warnings to the several powers of Mexico to stop at once or meet the consequences.

Three batteries of field artillery have been dispatched to Naco from San Antonio. Brig. General Bliss is already in charge at Naco supervising the preliminaries of stationing the troops for winter camp.

The artillery was due to arrive at Naco today. It had been originally planned to bring up the twelve cannon yesterday, but because of inadequate transportation, a slight delay was experienced, the troops being held up in El Paso twenty-four hours.

#### YEOMEN ELECT OFFICERS

The order of Yeomen met Wednesday night and elected the following officers:

D. A. Swett, foreman; Bert Kelly, master of ceremony; Mrs. W. T. Ward, correspondent; Bud Jones, master of acts; Miss Jewell Cunningham, chaplain.

### 60-Year-Old Man Stands Examination

"A man never gets too old to learn" is a familiar declaration these days and time, when people have the appearance as a rule of knowing much and learning more. But here's another that fits in the Ballinger case exactly: "A man never gets too old to teach." An old man sixty years of age stood the teachers' examination given by Superintendent W. W. Wooten at the court house the last two days of last week. Hence's the new adage. The man's paper will be graded by the state board within the next six weeks and his heart will either rise or fall when he hears the news which will be conveyed by that body with reference to the grade which he made.

R. B. Griffith, of Winters, passed through Ballinger Friday en route to Upland. He was accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. H. B. Griffith, who had been visiting at Winters for several weeks, and also by a new grand child that was born while Mrs. Griffith was visiting at Winters.

### Life Is Constant War For Existence.

#### Nations Prepare for War in Time of Peace.

Individuals should safeguard against NEED in time of LARGE HARVESTS.

Save the fruits of your labor, by storing your unsaleable products under shelter.

Deposit Your Surplus Cash in the Bank  
Which is Your Best Friend in Times of Need.

**Ballinger State Bank & Trust Company**

"We take care of our customers"

#### INCREASED COST OF LIVING

may be due to increased carelessness in spending. Government statistics claim that for household expenses only fourteen percent is expended for actual necessities. There is a big leak in the household purse. Better try a household bank account with

**THE FARMERS AND MERCHANTS STATE BANK**

"FATHERS AND MOTHERS BANK"  
The Bank That HELPS YOU Do Things.

# RUSSIANS PLANNING TO LEAVE WARSAW?

### Kaiser Wilhelm Has Improved

*By United Press*  
BERLIN, Dec. 11.—Kaiser Wilhelm has so improved that he has been allowed to sit up in his bed a few hours, according to an an-

nouncement made here today.

Reports of the chief general staff were heard by his Majesty during the day.

### Hindenberg Was Once Personal Enemy of the Kaiser

*By William G. Shepherd*  
BALATON, Minn., Dec. 11.—John Shequen, aged 106 and his wife, aged 96 today celebrated the 75th anniversary of their marriage. They were married at Franklin, Vt. Both are in excellent health.

### OLD COUPLE HAVE DIAMOND WEDDING

*By United Press*  
BALATON, Minn., Dec. 11.—John Shequen, aged 106 and his wife, aged 96 today celebrated the 75th anniversary of their marriage. They were married at Franklin, Vt. Both are in excellent health.

### PROMINENT YOUNG ATTORNEY COMMING TO BALLINGER

JUDGE A. K. Doss announced Friday morning that Judge Harvey Baugh, of Brownwood, would become associated with him in the practice of law, and that the firm name of Doss & Baugh would take the place of that of Wade & Doss.

This will-be good news to those who are acquainted with Judge Baugh. The new member of the firm is a young man, and has been the junior member of the firm of Wilkerson & Baugh at Brownwood for some time, Judge T. C. Wilkerson being well known in Ballinger.

Judge Baugh is a graduate of the State University in literary and law. He stands high in the social and church circles of Brownwood, and is at present superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday School of that city. He will arrive in Ballinger Monday.

An instance of this war was the occasion when General von Hindenberg whose name has since become world famous was restored to the army. Perhaps it is not generally known that Hindenberg and the Kaiser were personal enemies. It is the truth, however. The Kaiser himself put Hindenberg on the pension list six years ago in a fit of anger against him. Hindenberg was heartbroken; at 67 years his career seemed smashed.

When the war broke out the Kaiser ordered lists should be prepared including the name of every general who might help Germany. (Continued on Last Page.)

### PROMINENT GUESTS ARRIVE FOR B. M. BANQUET

Will L. Vining, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Austin; Andrew McBeath, editor of the Texas Press column of the Temple Telegram; Rev. P. A. Heckman, of Temple, were among those who arrived today to attend the Young Men's Business League banquet tonight. These gentle-

men will occupy prominent places on the program. Mr. Vining is a son-in-law of Col. C. L. Morgan and a brother-in-law of J. L. Morgan and Jno. A. Weeks.

Other prominent visitors will arrive on the late trains this afternoon, and it is expected that these will include Chas. B. Metcalf, and Thos. Owens, of San Angelo, and Fred T. Woods, of Abiene.

### THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF

#### The First National Bank

are keeping abreast of the times without deviating from sound banking principles, are constantly adding to the value of the service they render to their customers. It is a matter of pride with us to make this Bank every year a more desirable depository for business men and women.

#### ...THE... FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Member of Federal Reserve System.



**THIS AD IS WORTH 25c**

in Trade if Presented Within Next 10 Days

**HAVE YOUR PHOTO ENLARGED**

on a pillow top, size 18x18 inches, price \$1.25. The photo is made on Sateen and can be washed and ironed. Furnished in Light Blue, Pink, White and beautiful Golden Rod.

Phone 298, giving your name and street address, and Samples will be brought to your home.

# MAXIE L. PHILLIPS

ONLY ONE AD ACCEPTED WITH EACH ORDER.

**DON'T FORGET**

H. L. WENDORF, the Saddle and Harness Man.

Wants your business however large or small. All kinds of repairing done neatly and promptly. Shoe shop in connection

Hutchings Ave., Ballinger, Texas.



Roadster \$479.00  
Touring Cars \$529.00

F. O. B. Ballinger

When the Ford needs repairing, bring it to the Ford home, and talk to our expert Ford mechanics

**Harwell Motor Co.** Ballinger, Texas

## New Meat Market

--At the Globor Old Stand--

We have just renovated and put in first class shape the old Globor Market and now open for business. The very best meats the market affords. Call and see us. Your patronage will be appreciated. Will be known as "THE CASH MARKET"

Phone **Frank Chapman** 126  
126 Hutchings Ave. Manager Ballinger, Texas

## ...GENERAL... Electric Irons

**\$3.50**

Always ready for service and are best at all seasons of the year. Can be attached to any light socket, no extra heat and no smut. They seldom need repairs but when they do we will repair them free of charge when sent to our office.

The cost of the Iron is only \$3.50 and the cost of the current to use them is not much.

Phone 15 for one today.

**The Ballinger Cotton Oil Co.**

**NOTICE**

Now is the time to make your application for land loans. I loan money on land in Rains County at 8 per cent. interest and extend Vendors Lien Notes bearing 8 per cent. interest, and charge no commission for placing your loans. For further information write or call at my office.

**H. Giesecke, Ballinger, Texas.**

## NOVELTIES BEEN INTRODUCED IN THE BLOUSE LINE

BY MARGARET MASON

(Written for the United Press.)

Some people call a waist a waste.

And others who refuse

To let a chance to air their French.

Go by, call it a "blooze."

To others it's a simple blouse.

To rhyme with mouse and yet a "blooze."

Its dubbed by some and on the Strand

A bodice, so I understand,

Is what the English choose.

Yet waist, blouse, "blooze" or any name

It's sure to cost you just the same.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Condemned to death every season the separate blouse succeeds unfailingly to get a reprieve at the last minute and continue a perpetual fashionable existence. It is true that the death blow did fall upon one branch of the waist family this year for the lingerie waist had actually wasted quite away.

Perhaps more novelties in the blouse line have been introduced this winter than for many preceding seasons. The surplice blouse, the basque blouse and both the jacket blouse and the vest waist are all practically new.

The surplice bodice is prettiest developed in soft crepe de chine, pussy willow taffeta, satin or velvet. The two loose front pieces of the waist are cut long enough to cross in front and pass around the waist like a girdle which fastens behind. The sleeves of the surplice waist are long, as are the sleeves of all the really smart new blouses, and the collar or high half collar effect. This means that it is high and tight in the back and ends just behind the ears leaving the front of the throat exposed in a long graceful line that fits in admirably with the loose draping of the surplice.

The jacket and vest waists are simply loose long sleeved blouses of transparent lace, net or chiffon with the jacket or vest in velvet or heavy satin in a contrasting shade or black worn over them.

The possibilities and varieties of these bodices are endless and they are the joy of the woman with a limited pocket-book for she can get the credit of a versatile wardrobe by owning one pretty lace waist and two or three little different toned and oddly cut jackets and vests. It certainly is a case where she slips one over.

Many of the plain tailored waists of pussy willow taffeta have high chokers and this is especially true of the semi-fitted basque waists that button severely from the top of the high collar down to the normal waist line without a frail or a fluff to break the monotony.

Lovely tub waists in washable satin, crepe de chine and taffeta, charming in softest shades of pink blue, maize and ivory. They are all self trimmed with tiny tucks and hemstitching as a feature of the seams and a finishing for the collar, cuffs and the outline of the yoke or satin of the raglan sleeves.

Velvet as a separate waist material is a new departure this season that has been welcomed with open arms. It is especially attractive in combination with lace net or chiffon and almost all of the velvet waists show transparent sleeves. The craze for metallic effects has resulted in a lavish use of gold and silver lace as waist trimming and they are very smart indeed on the velvet bodices. A charming substitute for the gold metallic effect which alas tarnishes all too soon is an all over lace exactly the shade of gold. Several artistic waists using this lace for deep yoke and sleeves while the lower portion is plain chiffon in the newest shades of Russian green, tete de nigré, or corbeau blue are indescribable additions to a wardrobe which relies upon a suit and separate blouse to furnish a dressy afternoon toilette.

Silk waists in black and white stripes, Roman stripes, plaid or checks are very chic for traveling or morning wear and more elaborate dress-up ones are very striking in Dresden flowered taffetas.

Indeed so endless and fetching are the many styles and materials this season that it would be hard not to find some one blouse to

## URGES EARLY XMAS MAILING

Postmaster J. J. Erwin has requested that as much of the Christmas mail as possible be sent immediately in order to insure safe delivery at the right time. Many packages mailed at the last moment during the holidays are often delayed en route and consequently the consignee fails to receive them because of the congestion which often arises in the most regulated offices over the country.

Every letter and package mailed should bear the address of the sender, written in the upper left hand corner of the matter. In the center of the address side should be written the name of the person to whom the package or letter is intended and under the name the name of the town and state with the county, if known. The stamps should be placed in the upper right hand corner. Christmas seals should be placed on the back of the piece of mail. This will permit the clerk concealing the package not to become confused, mistaking the "sticker" for the postage stamp. By a special ruling of the postoffice department, the inscription "Not to be Opened Until Christmas" is allowed.

During the remaining four weeks before Christmas, thousands of pieces of mail matter will pass through the local postoffice to all parts of the state. In order that congestion in the office will not ensue due to the surplus matter sent at this particular time of the year, the officials implore that much of the Christmas mail be dispatched as soon as possible.

Wheezing in the lungs indicates that phlegm is obstructing the air passages. Ballard's Horehound Syrup loosens the phlegm so that it can be coughed up and ejected. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by The Walker Drug Co.

please even the most perverse. So artistic and well done is the workmanship and so really superior are the fabrics used for most of these confections also that it is really a thrifty person who spends most of her money waistfully this winter.

### How to Bankrupt the Doctors.

A prominent New York physician says "if it were not for the thin stockings and thin soled shoes worn by women the doctors would probably be bankrupt." When you contract a cold do not wait for it to develop into pneumonia but treat it at once. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds and has won a wide reputation by its cures of these diseases. It is most effective and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

Mrs. C. F. Dickinson has been appointed station agent of Ballinger for the Electric Soap Dust. Phone 110, 600 Snap St. Itdpd.

Gas in the stomach comes from food which has fermented. Get rid of this badly digested food as quickly as possible if you would avoid a bilious attack. Herbine is the remedy you need. It cleanses and strengthens the stomach liver and bowels, and restores energy and cheerfulness. Price 50c. Sold by The Walker Drug Co.

Labels

In  
Now  
"Easy-  
Opening-  
Box"  
BLACK  
WHITE  
TAN

**2 IN 1  
SHOE  
POLISHES** 10¢

Brightens  
up  
millions  
of shoes  
daily

**LEGAL BLANKS.****MISTAKE IN PROGRAM**

We keep in stock legal blanks of all kinds and will sell in any quantity desired. Following is a list of stock now on hand:

- (1) Warranty Deeds, (all kinds)
- (2) Quit Claim Deeds, (3) Vendor Lien Notes, (4) Promissory Notes
- (5) Chattel Mortgages, (6) Release Mortgage or Deed of Trust
- (7) Crop Mortgage, (8) Charge and Credit Slips, (9) Release of Vendors Lien, (10) Power of Attorney, (11) Transfer of Vendor Lien, (12) Carbon paper, (13) Rental Contracts, (14) Bills of Sale, (15) Deeds of Trust, (16) Bond for Title, (17) Contract between Principal and Agent for Sale of Real Estate, (18) Building Contract, (19) Contract for Exchange of Property, (Single and Double Acknowledgements)
- (21) Affidavit to any fact, (22) Protest Blanks, (23) County Clerks Certificates.

When in need of any of the above call and we can supply you.  
**THE BALLINGER PRINTING CO.**

dwtf.

**California Woman Seriously Alarmed.**

"A short time ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and caused me a great deal of annoyance. I would have had coughing spells and my lungs were so sore and inflamed I began to be seriously alarmed. A friend recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, saying she had used it for years. I bought a bottle and it relieved my cough the first night, and in a week I was rid of the cold and soreness of my lungs," writes Miss Marie Gerber, Sawtelle, Cal. For sale by all dealers.

A mistake was made in the program of the Princess Theatre yesterday. The offering was for Friday night and should have been an American 2 reel drama and a Keystone comedy. The same program published yesterday will be exhibited tonight with the exception of the "Perils of Pauline," which will be shown Saturday night. "The Perils of Pauline," release date has been changed so you may expect it on Saturday evenings now instead of Friday.

"Our Mutual Girl," No. 34 is one offering tonight that is well worth more than is asked for it. Margaret meets many noted personages and the plot grows thicker. "The Pendulum of Fate," a 2 reel Thanhouser presentation could easily have been made into a four reel feature and not have seemed padded but the director is of a cutting disposition and the picture makes a fine two reeler.

Remember on tomorrow night "The Perils" are at the Princess and you must expect a thrill all the way through. The feature serial will be shown in addition to the regular program and the admission remains at ten cents.

**A TEXAS WONDER**

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism, and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two month's treatment, and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Texas testimonials with each bottle. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. 312d

**YOUR PATCH WORK--**

Around the house calls for Lumber, Paint, Etc. We give the little orders our prompt attention and can supply you with just the material you need. When you want a large or small bill figured bring it to our yard.

**BALLINGER LUMBER CO.**

**THE SWEETEST CANDIES--**  
May be secured at the house where the clerks have a faculty for knowing how to properly preserve the GIFT that makes your GIRL know you twice as much as before Christmas. We handle **JACOB'S, VASSAR AND OTHER BRANDS.** Remember Christmas is only off a short while and our celebrated brands of candies awaits your inspection and consequent order.

**E. F. ELDER and SON****War or No War**

We are still in a position to make you farm loans and take up and extend your vendors lien notes in the future just as we have heretofore done in the past.

No informal red tape proceedings. When you get your loans through us, we handle them right off the reel.

For further particulars call on, phone or write

**C. A. Doose & Co.**

**Ballinger, Texas.**

The  
Trey O'Hearts  
By  
Louis Joseph Vance.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Jailbird.

The period of restraint in durance vile suffered by one Thomas Barcus in consequence of conduct riotous, unseemly, and in general prejudiced to the public peace of the New Bedford waterfront at half-past four in the morning, proved in the upshot far more brief than had been fondly hoped, not only by his just judge, but singularly enough, by the misdemeanant himself.

Taking everything gravely into consideration, including a person anything but prepossessing the judge reckoned that, in default of a due of one hundred dollars, a ten-day layup for repairs and repentence was not too much to mete out to the prisoner at the bar.

He was sentenced at 10 a.m. and it was little short of 10 p.m. when his post-prandial repose was disturbed by the rattle of a key in the lock of the door to his cell.

Sitting up, Mr. Barcus rubbed his eyes and combed his hair with his fingers.

"What did I tell you?" he observed resignedly. "It begins again already."

Conducted with every evidence of disesteem on the part of his jailers to the office of the warden, he was acquainted with the fact that his fine had been paid by no one less than the judge himself; then present in portly and solicitous person.

"If only you had told me you were a friend of Mr. Digby's," the judge hastened to say as soon as the two were ensconced in the privacy of the judicial limousine. "I would have known better how to guide myself in this unfortunate affair."

"And if you will be good enough to indicate how else I may serve you."

"Digby didn't offer any suggestions in his wire, I gather?"

"One moment: I have it here."

"Naturally I'd like a bath and a change of clothes," Barcus pursued while the judicial breast-pocket was being explored; "and I could do with transportation to New York by the first train out of this God-forsaken hole, and—"

"This is what Mr. Digby says," the judge interrupted, laboriously deciphering the message by the light of a match: "Please see to immediate release of one Thomas Barcus, probably in jail in your jurisdiction for rioting on waterfront this morning. Pay his fine and instruct him to report to me in New York at earliest feasible hour. Give him all the money he wants and look to me for remuneration—"

"Eh?" Barcus interrupted, sitting up smartly; "what's that last again?"

Patiently the judge repeated the sentence from the message.

"Thanks. Please don't read farther. You might come to something that would spoil it. It's almost too beautiful as it stands," Barcus observed. "Law owes me five thousand or so liquidated damages—but I'll be reasonable. Frisk this burg for a fifth of that sum before train time—and I promise to ask nothing more!"

His private comment was: "I've suspected that this was a fairy-tale all along. Now I know it is!"

And this phase of incredulity persisted in coloring the complexion of his mind until the moment, some hours later, when the train connecting at Providence with the Midnight Express for New York pulled out of New Bedford bearing a transformed Barcus—almost impenetrably disguised in a

bath, a shave and a haircut, an outfit of clothing originally tailored for a gentleman of discriminating taste, but no whit less disguised in the sense of affluence that goes with the possession of one thousand dollars in cash.

Not until a sound night's sleep had topped off the beginning of his rest in jail did Barcus come down to earth.

He demonstrated his return to common sense by making a round breakfast in Grand Central station before looking up the residence of Digby in the telephone directory.

The information he gathered from the voice that answered the name of Mr. Digby over the telephone showed only momentarily Barcus' innate conviction that intimate acquaintance with battle, murder and sudden death was the inevitable reward of association with this friend of his heart.

"Alan being married to Rose Trine in Jersey City at this very minute?" he breathed skeptically as he emerged

from the booth memorizing the address of the alleged officiating clergyman. "I don't believe it; it's too sudden."

Forthwith he engaged a taxicab to convey him to Jersey City, at top speed, for an exorbitant reward.

And when, from the forward deck of a ferryboat, he beheld a dense volume of smoke advertising a conflagration on the Jersey shore, not far from the waterfront, he shook a moodily sa-gacious head.

"If Alan isn't mixed up in that, somehow," he declared, "he's missing a bet for once—and I'm a sorry failure as a prophet of woe and disaster!"

There was as much intuitive apprehension as humor responsible for this remark; witness the fact that, on landing, he risked the delay required to turn aside and have a look at the fire. It proved to be situated in the heart of a squall slum—a wretched tenement of the poorest class, whose roof had already fallen in and whose walls were momentarily threatening to go by the time Barcus arrived on the scene.

At a considerable distance from him a small disturbance had broken out—a clamor of protesting voices lifting about the rumor of the mob—as a number of men, case-hardened roughs one and all, began to force their way in a V-shaped wedge through the throng, making toward its very heart, the point on the fire-lines nearest the burning building.

What this meant, Mr. Barcus had not the slightest idea. But his attention was first distracted by the maneuver, then fixed by the face of a man who was following in the hollow of the V—an evil white face that seemed somewhat vaguely familiar, somehow reminiscent of something strange that had happened in the history of Mr. Barcus.

At the same time, at the point where the V had paused, a wild uproar lifted up and, coincidentally, a wilder confusion became noticeable. A cry was audible—"Firebug! Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch the firebug!"—and at this the mob turned as one man and streamed away in pursuit of an invisible quarry, who chose to attempt his escape by a route directly opposite to that which would have led him within view of Mr. Barcus.

Startled, and of a sudden persuaded that there might have been more in his "hunch" than was sanely to be credited, Barcus started up and was on the point of stepping out of his cab, if with a rather aimless purpose, when he was stayed by sight of that evil white face returning the way it had come—still in the hollow of the flying V, which now made faster progress, thanks to the disorganization of the mob by the chase of the alleged incendiary.

And now, Barcus saw, the man of the white face was not alone. There was someone with him—someone whose head was bent and face concealed, but who seemed to be feminine.

And so, Barcus argued, why might it not be Rose Trine, suffering new persecution at the hands of her unnatural father's creatures?

He was too far away to make sure and attempt any interference; but he pointed White Face out to his chauffeur as the V reached a touring car on the edge of the mob and the woman was lifted in (unresisting and apparently in a dead faint), and when the touring car swung round and picked up its heels, the taxicab of Mr. Barcus trailed it as unostentatiously as if it was a pertinacious shadow.

Ten minutes later, from the rear deck of a ferryboat in midstream—a boat bearing back to New York not only the touring car of White Face, but the cab of Mr. Barcus—the latter gentleman formed one of a small but interested audience witnessing an incident of uncommon character.

He saw a young man, hatless, coatless, almost shirtless, tear down to the edge of one of the Jersey wharves, his heels snapped at by a ravening rabble, jump aboard a square-rigged vessel which lay moored there, and execute a maneuver of despair by climbing up the rigging in a hopeless attempt to escape his persecutors. They were too many for him, and what was worse they were headed by a squad of police apparently as grimly bent on compassing the destruction of their quarry as was the mob.

And they swarmed up the rigging after him without a moment's hesitation.

Holy pressed, the fugitive climbed higher and still higher, until at length he gained the topmost yard; with three policemen not half a dozen feet below him and popping away for dear life, if happily with the notoriously poor marksmanship of policemen generally.

None the less, there was no telling when some accident might wing a bullet into the young man; and it was evident that he so decided.

For, inching out to the end of the yard, he waved his hand toward his persecutors with a gesture of light-hearted derision that unmistakably identified him as Alan Law to Mr. Barcus, and forthwith dropped to the water, feet foremost.

Alan later took the water neatly, came up uninjured and clearedhead, and without an instant's hesitation struck away toward the middle of the Hudson.

As this happened the police ran to the stern of the square-rigger, unmolested a dory that was riding there, and threw themselves into it.

During the (to Barcus, at least) breathless suspense of that chase, the ferryboat drew stolidly farther and still farther away from the scene. Barcus could not tell whether, as it seemed, the police-laden dory was real-

ly overhauling Alan, or whether the illusion of perspective deceived him.

At all events, it seemed a frightfully near thing when the interruption befell which alone could have saved Alan.

Out of the very sky dropped a hydro-aeroplane, cutting the water with a long, graceful curve that brought it, almost at a standstill, directly to the head of the swimmer, and at the same time forced the police boat to sheer widely off in order to escape collision.

Immediately the swimmer caught the pontoon of the hydro-aeroplane, pulled himself up out of the water, and clambered to the seat beside the aviator.

Before he was fairly seated the plane was swinging back into its fastest pace.

With the ease of a wild goose it left the water, mounted the long grade of an air lane, described a wide circle above the bluffs of Weehawken, and swept away southward.

In that quarter it was presently lost to the sight of Mr. Barcus, engulfed in light folds of haze that were creeping in from seawards to dim and tarnish the pristine brilliance of that day.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Birdman.

About eight o'clock in the evening of the same day a motorcar deposited at the Hotel Monolith a gentleman whose weather-beaten and oil-stained motoring-cap and duster covered little clothing more than shirt and trousers and assorted oddly in the eyes of the desk-clerk with the rather meticulous turned-out guest known to him as Mr. Arthur Lawrence and to the management of the hotel as Mr. Alan Law in cognito.

Eventually persuaded, the clerk yielded up the key to Mr. Lawrence's suite of rooms, together with two notes superscribed with the same nom de guerre.

Alan's impatience was so great that he could hardly wait to examine these



Shook Out a Trey of Hearts.

communications until he was quit of the public eye.

The first proved to be a characteristic communication:

"Dear Ulysses—Thanks for the jail delivery. I got in this morning just in time to motor over to Jersey in hopes of seeing your finish as a bachelorette; instead, I was favored by being made an involuntary witness to your spectacular ascent, following your almost equally spectacular high-dive."

"But to business: my time is limited; in half an hour more I am to double in black-face for the purposes of the author of this melodramatic farce which you, no doubt, call the history of your grande passion."

"I mean to say—well, several things, to wit: When I saw you snatched out of the North river I was engaged in trailing a pale-faced villain in a motorcar concerning whom you probably know far more than I; he on his part was busy being a bold, bad kidnapper."

Rose was in his power, as we say in such cases. His intentions, however, were nothing more blameworthy than to return her to the arms of her doting parent. I know, because I sleuthed after 'em, even to the house of Seneca Trine. Later I sleuthed some more, following a furtive young man from the house of Trine to the office of the general manager of the New York Central, where he made arrangements for a special to convey the said Trine and return to Chicago and points West. It leaves at three this afternoon. I was unable to ascertain whether or not Rose is to participate in this heigha, but I know I shall—On the off-chance of being useful, I have bribed the train crew to let me impersonate the porter. So, should you be moved to follow and succeed in catching up with us, and observe anybody who looks rather off-color in the party—don't shoot: the said party will be me."

"Yours for the quiet life,

"TOM BARCUS."

The second note yielded a communication written on notepaper of the simplest elegance in a woman's hand—a hurried scrawl:

"They are taking me West by special train—I don't know where or why. A servant has promised to see that this reaches you. Save me!"

Over this Alan wrinkled an incredulous nose. The hand was the hand of Rose, but the phraseology was not finer spirit. He examined it more closely and thought to detect beneath its semblance of haste a deliberate and carefully guided pen. He picked up the envelope to compare the handwriting of the address with that of the envelope—and shook out a trey of hearts.

This last was covered, as to its face, with a plainly-written message.

"With the compliments of Seneca Trine to Alan Law. We are due in Chicago at eleven tomorrow morning and leave immediately for the Pacific coast via Santa Fe route."

Comparison between this and the message purporting to be from Rose distilled the conviction that the same hand was responsible for both.

Alan shrugged. So he was to be lured away from New York and Rose by this transparent trick. Was he? No fear!

He glanced at his watch, finding the hour far too early to attempt what he had in mind.

With plenty of time on his hands, he gave the matter serious consideration and concluded to take no chances: it was just possible that Trine had taken Rose with him on his western trip, after all. In such case the only possible way of overtaking the special would be by air line.

Promptly Alan called up the aviation fields at Hempstead Plains and got into communication with a gentleman answering to the surname of Coast: the same birdman who had come to Alan's rescue with his hydro-aeroplane.

Their arrangements were quickly consummated, Coast agreeing to wait for Alan with his biplane in Van Cortlandt park from midnight till daybreak, prepared if need be to undertake a transcontinental flight.

Thereafter Mr. Law proceeded to rehabilitate himself in decent clothing and his own esteem; after bathing, he dined alone in his rooms, from a tray;

ing in a chair outside a closed door had not fallen asleep and began to snore until the moment when Alan set foot upon the lower step of that final ascent.

Turning the head of the stairs, Alan paused for a little, speculatively intent on this man who must somehow be disposed of before he might solve the secret of that shut and guarded door.

Aside from actual violence no solution offered to the puzzle—and violence was abruptly forced upon him.

No sound warned him of the door that opened at his back as he stood watching the sleeping guard. A piercing shriek was the first intimation he received that his presence had been discovered. It served as well to move him instantly into action: a single glance overshadowed showed him the figure of a maid-servant in cap and gown, her mouth still wide and full of sound—and Alan fell upon the guard like a thunderbolt. The man had barely time to jump up and recognize the alarm: then a fist caught him on the point of his jaw, and he returned promptly to deep unconsciousness.

No time now for qualms of compunction on account of the savage ruthlessness of that blow: no time even to search the fellow for a key to the closed door: already the maid was taking the stairs in full flight and cry, four steps and a howl like a warlock's to every jump.

Backing off, Alan took a short run, cleared the prostrate body of the guard with a leap, and flung himself full force against the door, his shoulder striking a point nearest the lock. With a splintering crash it broke inward. Without dignity or decorum he sprawled on all fours into the presence of Judith Trine.

"Poor Mr. Law!" she cried, with a mocking nod, "always disappointed! I'm so sorry—truly I am!"

"Oh, spare me your sarcasm," he begged resentfully. "It's ridiculous enough, this whole mad business—"

"But I am not sarcastic," she insisted with such sincerity that he opened his eyes in wonder. "Believe me, I am sorry for once it is I and not Rose whom you find locked up here! For, you see, I am locked up, by way of punishment—thanks to my having had pity on you once too often—while my father decamps mysteriously for parts unknown—"

"You don't know where he's gone, then?"

"Do you?" she asked sharply.

"In a general way. By special train to the West—"

"Taking Rose?"

"So I'm told."

The woman choked upon her anger, but quickly mastered it.

"He shall pay for this!" she asserted.

"Alone?"

That one word, uttered with all the significance that this woman knew so well how to infuse into her tone, checked him suspiciously on the threshold.

"Why—yes."

"You wouldn't care for a companion du voyage?" she suggested.

"Oh—really!" he protested.

She held up an arresting hand. "Listen!" she begged.

From the street below came the unmistakable rattle of a policeman's lookout on the sidewalk.

"That damned maid!" Alan divined truthfully.

"The same," Judith agreed with ominous calm. "Has it struck you that you may have some trouble getting away without my permission?"

"I'm not so stupid as not to have thought of that," he countered.

"Then be advised—and take me with you."

"In what capacity, please? As enemy or ally?"

"As ally—you're right: we can't be friends—until we overtake that special train. After that, by your leave, I'll shift for myself."

"It's not such a bad notion," he reflected: "with you under my eye, you can do much to interfere—"

"If I promise—" she suggested.

"I'll take your word," he agreed simply. "But you're in for a lot of hardship

**December 12th.**

**Special Watch**

**Day at Asa Cordill's**

**Saturday,  
December  
12th, One  
Day Only**

**Massacre and Pillage in Belgium  
Says Commission of Inquiry**

A letter from Scotland, written by George Wilson, a former citizen of Ballinger, appeared in this paper Thursday.

Mr. Wilson enclosed with his

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of *John Fletcher*

letter a number of clippings from English papers dealing with the European war. We are publishing herewith the report of the commission of inquiry which investigated the savagery charged against the German troops in Belgium:

Report of Member of Commission of Inquiry.

The Belgian Legation has communicated to the Press Bureau the following report drawn up by a member of the Commission of In-

quiry on the Violation of the Rights of Nations and of the Laws and Customs of War.

**1. Massacre at Tamines**

Tamines was a rich and populous village situated on the Sambre, between Charleroi and Namur. It was occupied by detachments of French troops on the 17th, 18th and 19th of August last. On Thursday the 20th August a German patrol appeared in front of the suburb of Vilaine. It was greeted by shots fired by French soldiers and by a party of the Civic Guards of Charleroi. Several Uhlans were killed and wounded, and the rest fled. The people of the village came out of their houses and cried, "Vive la Belgique!" "Vive la France!" In all probability it was this incident which caused the subsequent massacre of Tamines.

Some time afterwards the Germans arrived in force at the hamlet of Alloux. There they burnt two houses and made all the inhabitants prisoners. An artillery combat broke out between the German guns posted at Vilaine and at Alloux and the French guns placed in a battery at Arsmont and Hame-sur-Heure.

About five o'clock on the 21st August the Germans carried the bridge of Tamines, crossed the river Sambre, and began defiling in mass through the streets of the village. About eight o'clock the movement of troops stopped and the soldiers penetrated into the houses, drove out the inhabitants, set themselves to sack the place and then burnt it. The unfortunate peasants who stopped in the village were shot; the rest fled from their houses. The greater part of them were arrested either on the night of the 21st of August or on the following morning. Pillage and burning continued all next day (22nd).

On the evening of the 22nd (Saturday) a group of between 400 and 450 men was collected in front of the church, not far from the bank of the Sambre. German detachments opened fire on them, but, as the shooting was a slow business, the officers ordered up a machine gun, which soon swept off all the unhappy peasants still left standing. Many of them were only wounded, and hoping to save their lives, got with difficulty on their feet again. They lay until after the holidays.

I. L. Beard, one of Winters leading business men, was a visitor to Ballinger Friday.

C. E. Jordan passed through Ballinger Friday morning enroute to his home at Winters from a business trip to San Angelo.

**IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW**

**What a Heap of Happiness It Would Bring to Ballinger Homes**

Hard to do housework with an aching back.

Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that

Backache pains often come from weak kidneys.

Twould save much needless woe.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Many residents of this vicinity endorse them.

Mrs. J. E. Tomlinson, Winters

Texas, says: "I was troubled by backache nearly all my life. My kidneys were weak and the kidney secretions bothered me. I had a tired feeling most of the time and often felt very nervous. After I had taken a box of Doan's Kidney Pills I began to get relief. Since then, I have never been without them in the house. I have tried several other remedies, but can say Doan's Kidney Pills did me more good than any of them."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Tomlinson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo N. Y.

**Hicks' CAPUDINE**  
The Liquid Remedy being used with very satisfactory results for

**Headache**

QUICK RESULTS TRY IT

**THE JACKSON DAIRY**

WILL JACKSON, Proprietor.

Will deliver milk to any part of the city

Good Milk, Good Service, Prompt Deliveries.

A Share of Your Patronage Solicited.

**Will Jackson**

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**MANY A SQUARE MEAL IS SPOILED IN THE MAKING.**

Inferior flour, poor potatoes, any kind of foodstuffs that are a little "off" may spoil an otherwise perfect repast.

Some grocers make it a point of honor to never sell an article that is "off." They build up a reputation from which they are inseparable. It is an invaluable asset in business.

**We Are Of That Class**

You know it. Others ought to, for their own sakes.

**MILLER MERCANTILE CO.**  
**TWO PHONES 66 AND 77**

**IT IS EXPENSIVE TO  
KEEP A COW IN TOWN**

To say nothing of the work and worry. Try the more satisfactory way and let us supply you. Phone your orders for pure Ice Cream to 301.

**SILVER MOON DAIRY**  
R. F. GREEN, Proprietor.

# IN SPITE of the COLD WEATHER

Crowds Thronged Our Store All Day Thursday  
ANXIOUS FOR THE WONDERFUL VALUES OFFERED IN

## THE REAL SALE

Sale Will Continue Nine More Days

Don't fail to visit the great money saving event. We appreciate the confidence the public placed in this store and will always try to merit it. When we advertise a sale they know we mean wonderful, wonderful bargains. Come

**Don't let mud, rain, sleet, snow, cold wind or anything keep you away from this Bargian Feast**

**Come**

**Come**

**Come**

## HIGGINBOTHAM - CURRIE - WILLIAMS COMPANY

Ballinger's Greatest Store

### HINDENBERG WAS ONCE PERSONAL ENEMY OF THE KAISER

(Continued from first page.)

many. Hindenberg's name was not put on the list. The Kaiser noticed the omission.

"Where's Hindenberg?" he asked. "Germany needs him."

That was one of the first surprises the war office sustained. But a greater surprise was in

store for the men in the big building in Berlin in connection with this same Hindenberg.

Hindenberg has been a one-idea man throughout his life. Every German general in the war of 1870 was a specialist on some tactics or plan, but Hindenberg was considered almost "queer" in regard to a certain plan he had for crushing a Russian force in Eastern Prussia.

He had figured when he was a young officer that, if Germany

and Russia ever fought each other and that, if Russian troops started for Berlin by way of Eastern Prussia, and that, if on their march they got near Königsberg or Tannenberg, and that if he were in charge of German troops in Eastern Prussia—if all these "ifs" came true, he would get the Russians into a trap and drive them back into the swamps in the lake country and let the swamps whip them, providing—one more "if"—that all this would not occur in the winter time when the swamps were frozen.

All of Hindenberg's success in life, in fact, depended on all these "ifs" coming true and he was laughed at in the army and in German court circles for staking his career and his place in German military history on such a slim and, apparently, impracticable chance. He was called "Swampy Hindenberg" by his intimates. Many of his holidays he spent in the lake country in Prussia studying the ground. There was not a mudhole in the area that he did not know; its width, its depth, the nature of the earth around it. Eastern Prussia swamps were his life study. When the war broke out Hindenberg was sent to Eastern Prussia. At the age of 67 years, after decades of theorizing and friendly ridicule he was to be given his chance in life at last.

The war office kept its eyes on Hindenberg. In the early days of August the Russians crossed the border into Eastern Prussia. Five great army corps, apparently irresistible in their might, began their ponderous progress toward Königsberg. Miles and miles they went into Prussia unchallenged. Hindenberg held back as he had planned to do. His life dream was coming true. The Russians destroyed villages, seized large towns and hastened toward the great modern city of Königsberg with its 350,000 inhabitants and its rich storehouses. "The Russians are overwhelming Prussia," said worried Germany.

"Weak German lines fear to meet oncoming Russians," said the American newspaper headlines. But the German war office held its peace and its breath waiting to see whether Hindenberg's life-long dream had been all a mistake and his entire career only an error. At last the Russians reached the Tannenberg country.

And Hindenberg struck! America knows by this time that it was one of the most terrible battles in human history. Hindenberg folded back the Russian left wing. The Russians found only a swamp behind them into which they retreated and found themselves helpless. The Russian center Hindenberg drove back against another great swamp area. Here his men took 30,000 Russian prisoners. The oncoming Russian left had still another swamp reserved for it. Hindenberg's men fought like demons, but it was the swamps that whipped the Russians. The Germans were outnumbered three to one but 93,000 Russians were prisoners of the Germans within 36 hours and the losses on both sides were 160,000 dead and wounded.

The decorum of the war office went to pieces when the first news came of Hindenberg's success. "Swampy" Hindenberg's whole life of 67 years had been justified by 36 hours of fighting.

**Catarrh Cannot Be Cured** with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop. Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### For Sale Cheap

Entire hotel fixtures, such as beds, art squares, mattresses, dishes, stoves, tables, chairs, sideboard, parlor set, and numerous other things

MRS. J. L. HEATH,  
Telephone 469.

Patronize our advertisers.

### \$300 DEMURRAGE DUE ON CARLOAD OF MEXICAN BEANS

A car loaded with good old Mexican beans has been sidetracked in the Santa Fe yards for the past fifty days. The consignor has refused to take the beans, claiming that they are in a bad condition. The consignor will not have them shipped back to El Paso from whence they came. Hence the stationery of the car on the tracks for the past fifty days. Demurrage is amounting to a nice sum, estimated in the neighborhood of \$300. In the meanwhile, beans are still selling at a low price.

### The Magic Washing Stick.

"The Magic Washing Stick is just fine. It did just what you said it would do and the clothes were so nice and white with all that hard rubbing left off," writes Mrs. Sarah Goodale, Preston, Texas. The Magic Stick is not a soap nor a washing powder. Sold by druggists, three 10c sticks for 25c, or by mail from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

### SANITARY MEAT MARKET.

We have our place of business in a perfect sanitary condition and in compliance with the pure food laws of the State, have just built a perfectly sanitary slaughter house, complete in every respect, and will keep it in splendid shape at all times.

We will buy your stock and hides from you at top prices, and will always supply you with the best the market affords. We will appreciate your patronage.

CITY MEAT MARKET,  
Phone 185.  
Stanley Cameron, Prop.

Lame back may come from over work, cold settled in the muscles of the back, or from disease. In the two former cases the right remedy is Ballard's Snow Liniment. It should be rubbed in thoroughly over the affected part, the relief will be prompt and satisfactory. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by The Walker Drug Co.

For SORE or WEAK EYES, use Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water. Don't hurt. Feels Good. 46-1-14-6m

Robt. Bailey, of San Angelo, is the guest of his daughter, Mrs Scott H. Mack.

### Has Something That Will Stop Headache

If headache develops while shopping or at business just step in any good drug store and ask at the fountain for Hick's Capudine, which is so successful in relieving headache because it removes the cause, whether from cold, heat, nervousness, or grippe. It is liquid and pleasant to take. Don't ever suffer with headache when this remedy stops it so easily. Take a bottle home. The druggist has it in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes.

### QUEEN THEATRE

### TONIGHT

### TODAY'S PROGRAM

REX UNIVERSAL—"Olaf Erickson's Boss"—a two reel Drama of the Pine Woods. Featuring Ella Hall and Robert Leonard.

STERLING UNIVERSAL—Ford Sterling in a Moonshine Love Comedy—"Secret Device Snitz."

Tomorrow—"3 O'Hearts"

### Admission 10 GENTS

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