

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

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KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1916

NO. 34

Parent-Teachers' Club.

At a meeting of the Parent-Teachers Club on April 12 a good program was carried out. Those present will not forget the fine paper read by Mrs. Buckner, and the speeches by Rev. Schleifer and Mr. Geddie.

Important business was transacted. The Club voted to secure application with the State Federation of Mother's Clubs and Parent-Teachers Associations. This action makes the local club a part not only of the State organization but of the National Federation as well and great benefit will be derived therefrom.

It puts us in touch with the state and nation wide work that is done in the line of child-welfare; and in the future the Kerrville Club will participate in this work. Our club is entitled to representation in all district and state meetings. As Kerrville belongs in the fifth district delegates were sent to the Mothers' Congress of the 5th District, which met at Austin on May 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

The Kerrville delegates viz: Mrs. Henry Weiss, Mrs. Lee Wallace, Mrs. Henry Geddie were cordially received and entertained by the Austin club women; they attended day and night sessions of the Congress, and brought back something of interest to report to the home club. These reports were made at the last meeting of the club on May 10. At this meeting, also officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows:

President, Mrs. Lee Wallace,
1st Vice Pres., Mrs. W. Fawcett,
2nd Vice Pres., Mrs. G. M. Doyle,
3rd Vice Pres., Mrs. E. R. Dabney,
Secretary, Mrs. Herman Schulze,
Cor. Sec., Mrs. Henry Geddie,
Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Rees,
Press Reporter, Mrs. T. B. Peteron.
The club then voted to continue its meetings during vacation months, in order to be better prepared for active work with the beginning of a new school year.

You can buy dress goods, shoes and all clothing for boys, girls and ladies for less at
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Markwardt-Inscore.

Mr. Henry Markwardt of Harper and Miss Gertie Inscore of this city were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Inscore, in this city Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. J. B. Riddle, pastor of the First Baptist Church, officiating.

The groom is a popular young farmer of Harper and the bride is one of Kerrville's most lovable young women, popular in church and social affairs. We extend to them congratulations and best wishes.

The bride was given a shower on Friday afternoon before her marriage by the members of the Y.W.A. and her Sunday School class. She asks that we extend her heartfelt thanks for the many nice presents.

Real-Townes.

Mr. Walter Real and Mrs. Ettie W. Townes were married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. B. Wier, in Kerrville, last Thursday evening, May 4, at 5 p. m. Rev. W. P. Dickey officiating.

Both the bride and groom are popular among our people and have a wide circle of friends who will join us in extending them congratulations and best wishes.

Baseball Notes.

One of the best exhibition of the National Game seen in Kerrville was staged by the Center Point and Kerrville teams Friday, May 7. After the defeat of the home lads in the first game of the season with this strong team revenge was sweet. With "Smokey Joe" O'Brian on the mound for the locals and going good we brought home the bacon to the tune of a one to a goose egg score, Center Point only getting one little hit.

Sunday, Smith's Studio of San Antonio invaded our city with a good team and while Kerrville finally won the game five to four the least said about it the better as it was a very slow and draggy game.

The Drophmer team will come up from San Antonio for a game Sunday.

Medina Local Notes.

(Regular Correspondence)

J. G. Richards returned from a business visit to Port Arthur last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baker of Port Arthur are here visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McGaw of San Antonio are visiting Mrs. McGaw's mother Mrs. E. J. Coleman.

Henry Furr who has been a resident of our village several months, went to his home in Steadale last Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Baker is now much improved after a very serious illness.

R. D. Garison and son Paul were in Banderita the last of the week with stock for sale.

Rev. R. A. Waltrip was hindered from filling his appointment Sunday and Rev. J. P. Akin preached in his place at the Methodist church. Rev. S. F. Marsh preached at Tuff Sunday.

There will be no preaching at the Baptist church next Sunday, on account of the absence of the pastor, but services will be held the following Sunday.

School will close on the 19th. Teachers and pupils are planning some interesting exercises. After the custom of most school communities a pay entertainment will be held Thursday night. On Friday all exercises will be open to the public. We expect an able lecturer to deliver an address that forenoon. Now if it dont hail there will be a lot of oats to harvest after all.

Depot Case Again.

Mayor George Morris of Kerrville has filed with the Railroad Commission a petition asking for authority for the Sap road to use the new brick depot until the pending injunction suit is determined. The plaintiff in the suit have filed opposition and the Commission set the matter for hearing on May 9th. The Sap road applied to District Judge Burney for an order modifying the injunction so as to permit the road to use the new depot, but this was refused and as no appeal was taken the attorneys for the plaintiffs claim that the Commission has no authority to over-ride an order of the court. It is said there is some question of the Mayor's authority to file the petition, and it is expected there will be some interesting developments growing out of this petition and the hearing before the Railroad Commission, as the plaintiffs' attorneys have asked the Commission to require the Sap road to erect at once an adequate passenger depot on the depot grounds, which they claim the law of the State and the road's contract requires it to do.

Indian-Barbarian Contest.

A large audience witnessed the final contest of the two societies of Tivy High School, the Indians and Barbarians, Saturday night. It was a delighted crowd and hearty applause was given the young people as they so splendidly rendered their parts. That Kerrville has some excellent talent was evidenced by the program rendered and the able manner in which it was carried out. Both contesting sides were dressed in appropriate uniform and the noise produced by their yells almost lifted the roof.

After the chorus by the Barbarians, Earl Cantwell rendered his oration, "Appeal to the Romans," and having no contestant won the medal given by the School Board. Other winners were:

Miss Luelle Palmer of the Indians, Piano contest; medal given by H. Noll Stock Co.

Miss Leah Buckner, of the Barbarians, Declamation contest; medal given by J. L. Pampell.

Miss Rosita Holdsworth of the Barbarians won the medal for best individual debater; medal given by L. A. Schreiner.

In the debating contest upon the subject "Resolved that Foreign Immigration to the U. S. should be Further Restricted," the Barbarians who represented the Affirmative, were the winners. Milton Gold and Rosita Holdsworth, affirmative; Lillian Sutton, Eugene Everheart, negative.

In the spelling contest Miss Agnes Wilson was given the medal given by the school board. She had no contestant.

Two choruses by the Indians were excellently rendered.

The Barbarians having won the largest number of points were awarded the beautiful trophy cup given by the Kerrville Mercantile Co.

The young people and the teachers who have assisted them are to be congratulated upon this splendid recital. The organization of these societies has done much toward developing our children in the attainments which will be of a life-long benefit. They promise something even better than this at the end of the next school term.

Lost--\$5.00 Reward.

Novajo blanket, lost Sunday afternoon, on Ingram road. \$5.00 reward for its return in first class condition to
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Commencement Week

Next week will be Commencement Week at the Tivy High School and following is the schedule of events as handed in by Superintendent Dabney:

Sunday, May 14, 11:00 a. m., Baccalaureate Sermon by Bishop Capers of San Antonio, at school auditorium.

Tuesday night, May 16, night for the Grades

Wednesday night, May 17, Class Play.

Thursday night, May 18, Reception by Juniors for Seniors.

Friday night, May 19, Commencement Night. Class Address by Senator Carlos Bee of San Antonio.

Faculty Now Complete.

At a meeting of the School Board held Tuesday night the following teachers were elected: Mrs. H. C. Geddie, of Kerrville, in the High School; Mrs. Docia Johnson, 6th and 7th grades; Miss Bess Graham, Sam Houston Normal, in the grades.

This completes the faculty for next year and it is safe to say we will have one of the finest faculties in the State.

The Board also arranged for a Summer School to be taught here beginning soon after the close of the present term for the benefit of any pupils who fail to do the full terms work at this time.

Musical Program.

Mrs. J. T. S. Gammon, chorister of the B. Y. P. U., received the hearty thanks of a large audience in presenting a splendid musical program by members of the Union Sunday evening at 6:45. Piano solos, violin and guitar music, together with songs and readings made up a most pleasing program and one which evidenced the splendid work that is being done by the young people in bringing out their talents for a good cause. Chas. Butt, president of the union, invited the audience back to the regular meetings every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Nothing else quite so suitable for that present for the graduate as a Watch, Kodak, Umbrella or Jewelry. Buy it in Kerrville at—Self's

Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)

Mrs. J. A. McBryde and Miss Jennie visited on Verde Thursday.

The report comes from San Antonio that Tom Lackey is very low.

Chas. Oatman and Jim Lackey went out on the divide for Mrs. Pearson, Mr. Lackey's mother, Saturday.

Mrs. J. J. New and children visited at Comfort Saturday.

Mrs. Wright who has been visiting Mrs. Shults for a few days returned to San Antonio Saturday.

Ivey Rees and family visited Mrs. Rees' mother, Mrs. R. W. Nowlin, Saturday.

Wm. Hubble, who has been traveling for Mrs. Hubble's health since last fall, returned to Verde Saturday. He reports his wife much improved.

J. C. Baxter and Floyd attended the farmers institute at Kerrville Saturday.

Herbert Watlin of San Antonio is up on a visit to his ranch on upper Verde.

Mrs. J. C. Baxter and childre visited in Center Point.

J. C. Baxter, Floyd New and Richard Nowlin left Sunday for the farmers institute at Austin and A. & M. College.

Mrs. Lillie Oatman came up from San Antonio Sunday to visit her mother, Mrs. Shults, for awhile.

Roy Nowlin and family and Oscar Nowlin and family spent Sunday with their mother at Center Point. They went to meet Walter Nowlin who was up from San Antonio.

The report comes from San Antonio that Tom Lackey died there Sunday night, his body will be brought to Camp Verde for burial; his brother, Ben, was with him and will bring the body up today (Monday).

Democratic Convention

The Democratic County Convention of Kerr County met at the court house in Kerrville Tuesday afternoon.

J. E. Grinstead was elected chairman and Jas. Crotty, secretary.

Besides the selection of delegates to the State Convention at San Antonio on the 23rd of May there was little business transacted other than instructing the delegates to vote as a unit an all measures that may come up.

A resolution strongly endorsing President Wilson was unanimously adopted.

Center Point Summer Normal.

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JUNE 6 TO JULY 27, 1916

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Watch this space from week to week for directions for preparing other good home drinks.

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KERRVILLE, TEXAS

The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of
"THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.
Novelized from
THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Palloot intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Palloot opens the dyke gates and floods the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kills Golden's six-year-old daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One calling himself "the Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Casavanti, to whom Jules Legar has delivered her, and takes her to the home of Enoch Golden, millionaire, whence she is recruited by Legar. Legar and Steh are discovered by Manley, Golden's secretary, setting fire to Golden's buildings, but escape. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Enoch Golden to find their daughter. The Masked One again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar loots the Third National bank, but again the Laughing Mask frustrates his plans. Legar sends Golden "The Spotted Warning," demanding a portion of a chart of the Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost during a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask.

EIGHTH EPISODE

The Stroke of Twelve.

Enoch Golden had never been known as a half-hearted fighter. He was, in fact, of that pertinacious breed who fight best when half defeated. And as he grew into a fuller realization of the virulence of Jules Legar's hatred for him and his house, he proceeded to take more effective steps to protect himself.

One of his precautions was to place an armed guard about the home which had been repeatedly and audaciously invaded by Legar and his agents.

But the mere posting of a couple of pall seatlings about his doors did not mark the limit of his activities. He strove for still more substantial protection by installing in one of the upper rooms of his house a huge burglar-proof vault of chromium steel. The installation of so ponderous a vault, however, involved much material strengthening of a structure not primarily designed for the support of seven-ton safes, and for days a small body of expert workmen had been busy putting in pillars and girders and disguising these ponderous supports under a veneer of mahogany ceiling beams and oriental teakwood columns. In the ornamentation of the latter, in fact, the owner of the house found a valued assistant in Count Luigi Da Espares who, with his finished taste and his knowledge of the fine arts, advanced many suggestions for beautifying what might otherwise have been an ungainly and cumbersome innovation.

It was Margery Golden, even more than her father, to whom Da Espares, in these small efforts, looked for gratitude. And the more Margery Golden saw of that gallant young antiquarian the more mysteriously impressed she became.

David Manley, who was not altogether ignorant of this new turn in the tide of events, found little to add to his happiness in this ever-growing intimacy between Margery and her guest. For Manley, by this time, did more than merely distrust Da Espares; he hated him.

These vague misgivings of Manley's extended even to the costume dinner-dance which this esthetic forger undertook to engineer for Margery's amusement. And in talking over his plans with Golden himself, as the latter was making ready for one of his hurried trips to Washington, the young nobleman even ventured the hope that this fête might be made the occasion of an even more auspicious announcement.

But the morose-eyed old millionaire did not quite follow the millionnaire line of thought. So Da Espares was driven to the expedient of openly yet covertly requesting the privilege of pressing his suit for the hand of this fairest daughter of America.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the astounded financier. "Are you trying to tell me that you want to marry my daughter?"

"That is the honor of which I have dreamed," was Da Espares' quietly intoned reply.

"Well, the point is, has my Margery been dreaming along the same line?"

"That I cannot venture to say," replied that unctuously gallant suitor.

"Well, in America that's about the first thing that counts! And I guess we'd better call off this courtship talk until we find out how the girl feels about it!"

The disappointed, but not disheartened, count, accordingly, proceeded quietly yet earnestly to sound Margery Golden herself as to her feelings in the matter. But here, too, he was met with a reply which, if graciously worded, was at least noncommittal.

"Put you at least know that I wish to bring you happiness, that I was your friend in the past, that always in the future I want to be your friend!"

"But when friendship remains masked, it remains harder to understand!"

"Then the mask may be withdrawn, and withdrawn sooner than you expect."

"Just what does that mean?" asked the clear-eyed girl, studying his face.

"It means that I am about to make a move which will deliver you and your father from his enemy. And this time I think the plan will succeed."

Mysterious as that plan was, it developed through an incident which soon brought things down to the plane of the practical. For when the masons and ironworkers who were completing the installation of the new Golden vault returned from their mid-day meal a far-from-attractive stranger stole into the house at their heels. And when David Manley happened to catch sight of this stranger deep in talk with Count Da Espares, he promptly jumped to the conclusion that he had at last discovered something on which to concentrate all his earlier Scotch-mists of suspicion.

For Da Espares' visitor unmistakably bore the earmarks of the unkempt denizen of the hop-joint and the Bowery saloon.

"What is this man doing here?" he asked as he confronted the intruder.

"This man is here at my request. And the happiness of this house depends much on his visit," was Da Espares' retort.

"What has a crook like Red Egan got to do with the happiness of this house?" scoffed the irate Manley.

"And what right have you to bring a tool of Legar's into this room?"

But still Da Espares remained outwardly calm.

"Pardon," he replied. "But this man you call Red Egan is no longer a crook and no longer a tool of Legar's!"

"Then what is he doing here?"

"That, monsieur, concerns mostly the young lady for whom I have sent!"

The soft-spoken foreigner swung about as Margery Golden stepped a little wonderingly into the room.

"This, Miss Golden," said Da Espares, "is the man of whom I spoke to you. As your friend here protests, this man has been a tool of Legar's. But he has tired of being the servant of so evil a man. He now seeks to have the state extend its pardon to him. And as a price for this pardon he is willing to deliver into our hands Jules Legar!"

"But what is the plan?" asked the girl, with a touch of impatience.

Da Espares, with upthrust shoulders, looked from the one to the other. "It is a plan which we had thought it wise to keep a secret," he suavely explained.

"Mr. Manley has earned the right to be included in any secrets which may involve the capture of Legar," Margery Golden quietly assured the faintly smiling count, who bowed in acquiescence. And realizing the note of authority in that reply, he outlined the plan in a few words as possible.

That plan, with Red Egan as their emissary, was not a complicated one. This renegade from Legar's gang was to go to his old-time chief and report that Margery Golden might be found at such and such a spot, at such and such a time. She would be alone. And to Legar and his men, waiting there, it would seem a simple enough matter to recapture the girl. But that capture would never be effected. For a squad of police would be held there, in hiding, and when the moment arrived, they would promptly surround Legar and his men and put them where they belonged.

"In other words, monsieur, what we propose to do is to set a trap, and when this Iron Claw is about to gather in his prey, he himself will be gathered in."

"You propose to set a trap," repeated the incredulous Manley, "and you also calmly propose to take this unprotected young girl and use her as the bait for that trap?"

"On the contrary, monsieur, she will not be unprotected. Many duly appointed officers of the law will be there. And, as I have already explained to her, I also will be there. And Miss Golden, I think, knows that I would readily give up my life for the sake of keeping her from harm."

"Is that the way you feel about it?" demanded Manley, swinging about to the slightly frowning girl.

"Count Da Espares and I will carry out this plan, and we will carry it out, I hope, quite as successfully as we may carry out still other plans. And in the count's hands I shall always feel that I am fully protected!"

David Manley, thus dismissed, had the dubious satisfaction of knowing that he had once more made a mope of things.

Yet he did not remain altogether inactive. He watched his chance and quietly installed a dictaphone in the room, attaching the transmitter-disk to the underside of the desk ledge where Da Espares did most of his talking, and running his well-hidden wires down through the floor to a linen closet, which the ever-dependable Wilson threw open for him. There Manley made the discovery that police headquarters had actually been communicated with and that the faint for Legar's capture, however its end, was intended to carry every sign of secrecy.

Before another hour slipped by, however, Manley made two further dis-

coveries. The first was that the appointed time for the coup had been suddenly changed to an hour earlier. The second was that the trap for Legar was not to be set along the wooded road leading up to the clubhouse of the Greenock golf links, as first decided upon. But Margery Golden was to motor alone to the west end of the turnpike bridge and there encounter her old-time enemy of the Iron Claw. And the police, Da Espares assured her, had been duly warned as to the change of location.

Manley, on overhearing that declaration, promptly called up headquarters and made the startling discovery that no such message had gone in to the authorities there.

In five minutes he was in his own car, hastening to a conference with central office itself. In another five minutes, on learning from Wilson over the wire that Da Espares and Margery had already left the house in the limousine, Manley had his car filled with armed plain-clothes men from the central office and was speeding out through the city as fast as a motor could carry him. As they swept up the dusty approach to the bridge they even saw that they were none too soon.

For already, in the bright afternoon sunlight, they could make out a glimmering limousine as it came to a stop at the end of the bridge. They could see a somewhat hesitating and white-faced girl step from this limousine at the same moment that they caught sight of a group of men emerge quickly from the shrubbery at the end of the bridge itself.

These men, spreading out fanlike, swept past the limousine in which Da Espares and the chauffeur were still seated. Four of them, rounding the car, cut off the girl's avenue of retreat. Another four advanced on her from the bridge-end, at the same time that a fifth man leaped to the running board and started to struggle with the chauffeur.

Even as she stared at that quickly shifting scene Manley could make out the figure of Legar himself. He could see the Iron Claw reach out for the startled figure of the girl, crouched back against the bridge railing, even as his own car-wheels leaped from the approach to the bridge timbers themselves. He could also make out Da Espares' sudden leap from the waiting limousine. Manley, on beholding this, gave a cry of warning to the plain-clothes men about him, for he could plainly see the glint of a revolver in Da Espares' hand. But Da Espares, as that car of delverance thundered across the bridge, did not turn to face it. Instead, he fought his way through the circle of burly figures surrounding Margery Golden. He fought

and shouldered his way through to the side of the girl even as Legar reached for her snaking body. He struck blindly at that outstretched arm, struck still again at Legar's face, at the same moment that Manley's car shouldered to a stop and the armed men from its tonneau leaped into the fight.

It was a brief fight, but a bitter one, and much of it escaped Manley's attention. The one thing that held him transfixed was the sudden vision of Da Espares dodging through the iron girders in sudden pursuit of Legar, as the latter, breaking free from his enemies, ran to the opposite side of the bridge. There, seeing retreat on either quarter already cut off, that master criminal nimbly mounted the iron railing and gave one glance towards the water below him. Yet, as he poised there, ready to leap, Da Espares leveled his weapon and fired.

Manley could hear the shrill scream of the girl, and the shouts of the startled men, the great splash of the tumbling body as it catapulted down in the black-running water. The next moment the captain and his uniformed squad from the Greenock clubhouse were charging across the bridge, joining in with their plain-clothes colleagues already forcing the last of Legar's adherents to flight. And as Manley made his way toward the glimmering limousine and Margery Golden he could hear the latter's nervous sobs as she leaned weakly against the bridge railing and wept.

"Did you kill him?" she asked with a voice tremulous with horror as Da Espares stepped to her side.

"Your enemy is dead!" was the latter's quiet-toned reply. "He sank at once. And this time he will never return."

"The Unbidden Guest.

The gallant Count Luigi Da Espares, in view of his much-talked-of victory on the Turnpike bridge, found himself forced into the not unobscure role of a hero. If that discreet nobleman took advantage of the high esteem in which he momentarily stood to push through to completion certain arrangements for the costume ball on which he seemed to have set his heart.

Knowing what he knew, the secretary still regarded that impending function as a danger in disguise, just as he still nursed very substantial doubts as to the actual death of Legar.

So fixed was Manley in his suspicions, however, that he insisted on a conference with Enoch Golden himself. From that conference he wrung small consolation for his suspicions.

Manley, in fact, had given up any hope of further argument on the question, when a trivial yet disquieting incident occurred, and in occurring brought about a slight change in Enoch Golden's attitude. This incident involved the receipt of a strange missive bearing the signature of that elusive interloper in the affairs of the house of Golden known as the Laughing Mask. It read as follows:

Count Luigi Da Espares is not only an impostor, but also your enemy. And as a friend I herewith warn you that he is not to be trusted.

Even this epistle, which bore only the emblem of a Laughing Mask for signature, might have been accepted as of no great importance, had not Enoch Golden been the recipient of still another communication. This time it was a telephone message from a stranger, acknowledging himself to be an active colleague of the Iron Claw's.

"Legar may be gone," said this unknown voice over the wire, "but his work is going to go on, and don't you forget it! You still hold that chart. If the chief didn't get his chart, before he cashed in, I'm the guy who's going to get it!"

"All right," was Golden's shouted response. "You come up here and get it! And at the same time you'll get what you deserve!"

Then, having slammed down the receiver, the deliverer of that ultimatum promptly sent for his secretary.

"I want extra guards put around this house!" was Golden's command. "And I want nobody to come into it who can't be accounted for."

"Tonight will be a hard time, I'm afraid, to put that order into execution," explained Manley.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You can't give a masked ball and put every guest on a microscope-slide as he comes in!"

"Manley, how are we to know just who or what those guests are, if

figure, for all its height, was strangely stoop-shouldered, moving with the dignity of step which went well with the voluminous drapery in which it was clad. And Manley watched closely as this stately Arabian chieftain, bowing gravely to Golden, reached out two gloved hands to greet the two hands which his host extended to him. About these hands he saw at a glance, there could be nothing doubtful.

But Manley had little time to give further thought to the scene, for at that moment he became aware of the fact that Da Espares had slipped away to another part of the house—and during that night, Manley had determined he would keep an eye on his enigmatic foreign friend. But instead of following Da Espares, on discovering him stepping quietly into the deserted library, the alert-eyed young secretary promptly retreated to the quarter where the receiver of his dictaphone, was concealed. There, on placing this watch-case receiver to his ear, Manley had the satisfaction of catching the faint hum of voices. Much of that guarded talk taking place in the library Manley could not overhear. But he caught enough to arouse his curiosity.

"The plan has worked!" asked the anxious voice of Da Espares.

"Without a hitch," answered the other voice. "The girders have been cut through and the bomb placed!"

"And the clock fuse adjusted?"

"Yes."

"But what was it set for?"

"For the stroke of twelve!" answered the unknown voice. "By that time the crowd will be at the table, eating!"

"But how," asked the anxious voice of Da Espares, "could we get Legar inside?"

The sound of a triumphantly quiet laugh came over the little instrument.

"Legar is already here!" announced the other.

"Hush! Not so loud!" warned Da Espares. And from that point on it was only broken phrases that trickled into the hidden listener's ear.

"Come as an Arab chief. . . . Nicchia the Dago acrobat on his back . . . yes, under cloak . . . could hold out both hands . . . and never even suspected . . . being watched . . . can't afford to lose this time!"

Again came the sound of the quietly triumphant laugh. And it was Da Espares' voice that sounded clearly the next moment.

"But how did he work that bridge fall?"

"Long dive . . . came up under a lumber schooner's stern and hung to rudder chain . . . down with tide . . . an hour later . . . swam ashore . . . launce to Oyster Joe's!"

Manley did not wait for more. Midnight, he knew, was already too perilously close for half measures. By the time he reached the upper floor, in fact, he found Enoch Golden already heading the grand march to the great lobby, advancing with a quick stride to the huge room opening off the conservatory. The next moment he saw Da Espares himself step hurriedly yet gallantly to the side of Margery Golden and take their places in that gaily-colored line that rippled with laughter and movement as the orchestra once more struck up. Then, remembering what he had overheard about mysteriously weakened girders and planted bombs, Manley likewise remembered the newly installed vault and the fact that Legar's final object was the possession of a certain paper which that vault held. And he slipped out through the door, and on through the empty conservatory, frantically wondering just what his first move to avert that impending catastrophe should be.

The figure which intervened in that crisis, however, was a much more picturesque one than the slight figure of a young private secretary in somewhat disheveled evening clothes. For when the merriment about the great crowded table was at its height an unexpected and uninvited guest strode in through the wide door and confronted the company there assembled. This figure wore a dust-stained motor coat and cap. Put the most conspicuous feature of his attire was the yellow mask which covered his face. Equally conspicuous was the huge blue-barreled revolver which he bravely held in his right hand. This weapon, in fact, glinted menacingly in the strong light as the stranger's left hand was suddenly lifted for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he proclaimed in a clear voice, "this intrusion, I fear, may shock you. But you

are about to be shocked in a much more serious way. On the stroke of twelve there is to be an accident here, perhaps something much graver than an accident, in which it is my great desire that you should not participate! So I must ask each and every one of you to leave this room, and this house, as quietly yet as quickly as possible! Every one," repeated that authoritative-voiced intruder as Da Espares and the tall man in the Arabian burnoose rose to their feet, "except these two gentlemen here."

Out of the silence that ensued on that declaration arose a small murmur of wonder, a stir of nervousness, and one shrill laugh from a woman holding a wine glass. Then Enoch Golden himself called out an angry exhortation, followed by a sharp word or two of command. But the company had already risen. For the masked stranger, stepping still closer to Da Espares and the figure in the flowing burnoose, had coolly intercepted them as they moved in unison towards a side door.

"Get back, both of you," the clear voice behind the yellow mask had called out, "or before God I'll shoot you down where you stand!"

That sudden threat of violence was the spring which released the tension. There were mingled shouts of resentment and fear, followed by a quick and unreasoning rush for the door, courtiers and nuns and peasants and Apaches and Gelsia girls in contending flurry of finery and frightened faces.

For a minute or two the master of the house struggled in vain to stop them. Then his attention was directed towards the Laughing Mask, for the latter, advancing with a quick stride to the man in the burnoose, looked aside that flowing garment and revealed Legar himself. Legar, with a sinisterly seared face and an iron claw at the end of his right arm. And the same moment that this movement was taking place, Da Espares himself, with his eyes always on the Laughing Mask stole quick step by step towards the door on his left. He had reached that door before his enemy detected him.

The man with the revolver wheeled about and fired as the Spanish knight in silk and lace diving through the opening. Legar, seeing his chance in that division of interest, charged boldly through the damask-laden table, scattering silver and glass and flowers as he went. In another breath he had reached the conservatory, where, a second or two later, his iron-shod arm could be heard flailing through the fragile barrier of glass between him and the outer world. And by the time Enoch Golden reached the spot his enemy had vanished.

Yet in almost the same breath the Laughing Mask had leaped in the opposite direction. In pursuit of the fleeing Da Espares. But that fight, wherever it led or might have led, was interrupted by a sudden detonation that shook the great house to its foundations. There was a roar of falling girders, the splintering of wood, the rumble of a great avalanche, as a seven-ton steel vault, deprived of its supports, crashed down through the stony flooring, carrying dust and debris and tumbling pieces of household furniture as it went. Nor did that massive thing of metal stop until it bedded itself in the broken cement flooring of the cellar below. Then above the rattle of falling plaster and echoing showers of scattering brick and rose the quick cry of human voices calling for help.

Golden, staring dazed at the great room through which sudden ruin had erupted, was scarcely conscious of the frightened girl clinging so ferociously to his arm. He was scarcely conscious of the throng of servants and watchmen who ran back and forth through the dusty rooms. He quaveringly helped his daughter to a chair. She stared wide-eyed at Wilson as the latter led David Manley, limping a little and much disordered as to apparel, into the room.

"Is anybody hurt?" asked the white-faced girl.

The ever dependable old butler looked at Manley, who in turn looked away.

"I'm sorry, Miss Margery," Wilson hesitatingly explained, "but it is the Count Da Espares!"

"You mean he is?"

"The old butler nodded.

"I'm afraid so, Miss Margery. They have just found his body, crushed under the vault!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Merriment at the Crowded Table Was at Its Height.

figure, for all its height, was strangely stoop-shouldered, moving with the dignity of step which went well with the voluminous drapery in which it was clad. And Manley watched closely as this stately Arabian chieftain, bowing gravely to Golden, reached out two gloved hands to greet the two hands which his host extended to him. About these hands he saw at a glance, there could be nothing doubtful.

But Manley had little time to give further thought to the scene, for at that moment he became aware of the fact that Da Espares had slipped away to another part of the house—and during that night, Manley had determined he would keep an eye on his enigmatic foreign friend. But instead of following Da Espares, on discovering him stepping quietly into the deserted library, the alert-eyed young secretary promptly retreated to the quarter where the receiver of his dictaphone, was concealed. There, on placing this watch-case receiver to his ear, Manley had the satisfaction of catching the faint hum of voices. Much of that guarded talk taking place in the library Manley could not overhear. But he caught enough to arouse his curiosity.

"The plan has worked!" asked the anxious voice of Da Espares.

"Without a hitch," answered the other voice. "The girders have been cut through and the bomb placed!"

"And the clock fuse adjusted?"

"Yes."

"But what was it set for?"

"For the stroke of twelve!" answered the unknown voice. "By that time the crowd will be at the table, eating!"

"But how," asked the anxious voice of Da Espares, "could we get Legar inside?"

The sound of a triumphantly quiet laugh came over the little instrument.

"Legar is already here!" announced the other.

"Hush! Not so loud!" warned Da Espares. And from that point on it was only broken phrases that trickled into the hidden listener's ear.

"Come as an Arab chief. . . . Nicchia the Dago acrobat on his back . . . yes, under cloak . . . could hold out both hands . . . and never even suspected . . . being watched . . . can't afford to lose this time!"

Again came the sound of the quietly triumphant laugh. And it was Da Espares' voice that sounded clearly the next moment.

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The SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." Wolf Larsen is a seaman and makes the basis for a philosophic discussion with Humphrey. Humphrey's intimacy with Wolf increases. A carnival of brutality breaks the master trade. Wolf proves himself the master trade. Wolf made master on the ship and proves that he has learned to stand on his own legs. Two men desert the vessel in one of the small boats. A young woman and four men, survivors of a stranger wreck, are rescued from a small boat. The deserters are sighted, but Wolf stands away and leaves them to drown. Maud Brewster, the rescued girl, sees the boat towed over side to give him a bath and his foot bitten off by a shark. Maud is lured aboard. She begins to realize her danger at the hands of Wolf. Van Weyden realizes that he loves Maud. Wolf's brother, Death Larsen, comes on the sealing grounds in the steam sealer Macdonald. Maud is the sea. Wolf captures several of his boats. The Ghost runs away in a fog. Wolf furnishes liquor to the deserters. He is suddenly struck by Van Weyden who attempts to kill him and fails. Wolf is suddenly stricken helpless by the return of a blinding head trouble, and with all hands drunk and asleep Van Weyden and Maud escape in a small boat together.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

I had had no sleep for forty-eight hours. I was wet and chilled to the marrow, till I felt more dead than alive. My body was stiff from exertion as well as from cold, and my aching muscles gave me the severest torture whenever I used them, and I used them continually. And all the time we were being driven off into the northwest, directly away from Japan toward bleak Bering sea. Maud's condition was pitiable. She sat crouched in the bottom of the boat, her lips blue, her face gray and plainly showing the pain she suffered. But her eyes looked bravely at me, and ever her lips uttered brave words.

The worst of the storm must have blown that night, though little I noticed it. I had succumbed and slept where I sat in the stern-sheets. The morning of the fourth day found the wind diminished to a gentle whisper, the sea dying down and the sun shining upon us. Oh, the blessed sun! How we bathed our poor bodies in its delicious warmth, reviving like bugs and crawling things after a storm. We smiled again, said amusing things, and waxed optimistic over our situation. Yet it was, if anything, worse than ever.

Came days of storm, days and nights of storm, when the ocean menaced us with its roaring whiteness and the wind smote our struggling boat with a Titan's buffets. It was in such a storm, and the worst we had experienced, that what I saw I could not at first believe. Days and nights of sleeplessness and anxiety had doubtless turned my head. I looked back at Maud, to identify myself, as it were, in time and space. Again I turned my face to leeward, and again I saw the jutting promontory, black and high and naked, the raging surf that broke about its base and beat its front high up with spouting fountains, the black and forbidding coast line running toward the southeast and fringed with a tremendous scarf of white.

"Maud," I said. "Maud."

She turned her head and beheld the sight.

"It cannot be Alaska!" she cried.

"Alas, no," I answered, and asked, "Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Neither can I," I said. "So we must get ashore without swimming in some opening between the rocks through which we can drive the boat and clamber out. But we must be quick—and sure."

I spoke with a confidence she knew I did not feel for she looked at me with that unflinching gaze of hers and said:

"I have not thanked you yet for all you have done for me, but—"

She hesitated, as if in doubt how best to word her gratitude.

"Well," I said, brutally, for I was not quite pleased with her thanking me.

"You might help me," she smiled. "To acknowledge your obligations before you die? Not at all. We are not going to die. We shall land on that island, and we shall be snug and sheltered before the day is done."

I spoke stoutly, but I did not believe a word. Nor was I prompted to lie through fear. I felt no fear, though I was sure of death in that boiling surge among the rocks which was rapidly growing nearer. It was impossible to claw off that shore. The wind would instantly capsize the boat; the seas would swamp it the moment it fell into the trough; and, besides, the sail, lashed to the spar oars, dragged in the sea ahead of us, as a sea-anchor.

Instinctively we drew closer together in the bottom of the boat. I felt her mitten hand come out to mine. And thus, without speech, we waited the end. We were not far off the line the wind made with the western edge of the promontory, and I watched in the hope that some set of the current or wind of the sea would drift us past before we reached the surf.

"We shall go clear," I said, with a

confidence which I knew deceived neither of us.

"By God, we will go clear!" I cried, five minutes later.

The oath left my lips in my excitement—the first, I do believe, in my life, unless "trouble it," an epithet of my youth, be accounted an oath.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"You have convinced me of your sincerity," she said, with a faint smile. "I do know, now, that we shall go clear."

I had seen a distant headland past the extreme edge of the promontory, and as we looked we could see grow the intervening coastline of what was evidently a deep cove. At the same time there broke upon our ears a continuous and mighty howling. It paroled the magnitude and volume of distant thunder, and it came to us directly from leeward, rising above the crash of the surf and traveling directly in the teeth of the storm. As we passed the point the whole cover burst upon our view, a half-moon of white sandy beach upon which broke a huge surf, and which was covered with myriads of seals. It was from them that the great howling went up.

"A rookery!" I cried. "Now are we indeed saved. There must be men and cruisers to protect them from the seal-hunters. Possibly there is a station ashore."

But as I studied the surf which beat upon the beach, I said, "Still bad, but not so bad. And now, if the gods be truly kind, we shall drift by that next headland and come upon a perfectly sheltered beach, where we may land without wetting our feet."

And the gods were kind. The first and second headlands were directly in line with the southwest wind; but once around the second—and we went perilously near—we picked up the third headland, still in line with the wind and with the other two. But the cove that intervened! It penetrated deep into the land, and the tide setting in, drifted us under the shelter of the point. Here the sea was calm, save for a heavy but smooth groundswell, and I took in the sea anchor and began to row.

Here were no seals whatever. The boat's stem touched the hard shingle I sprang out, extending my hand to Maud. The next moment she was beside me. As my fingers released hers, she clutched for my arm hastily. At the same moment I swayed, as about to fall to the sand. This was the startling effect of the cessation of motion. We had been so long upon the moving, rocking sea that the stable land was a shock to us. We expected the beach to lift up this way and that and the rocky walls to swing back and forth like the sides of a ship; and when we braced ourselves, automatically for these various expected movements, their non-occurrence quite overcame our equilibrium.

"I really must sit down," Maud said, with a nervous laugh and a dizzy gesture, and forthwith she sat down on the sand.

I attended to making the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor island, as we came to it, landlocked from long custom of the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

I boiled the water, but it was Maud who made the coffee. And how good it was! My contribution was canned beef fried with crumbled sea biscuit and water. The breakfast was a success, and we sat about the fire much longer than enterprising explorers should have done, sipping the hot black coffee and talking over our situation.

I was confident that we should find a station in some one of the coves for I knew that the rookeries of Bering sea were thus guarded; but Maud advanced the theory—to prepare me for disappointment, I do believe, if the appointment were to come—that we had discovered an unknown rookery. She was in very good spirits, however, and made quite merry in accepting our plight as a grave one.

"If you are right," I said, "then we must prepare to winter here. Our food will not last, but there are the seals. They go away in the fall, so I must soon begin to lay in a supply of meat. Then there will be huts to build and driftwood to gather. Also, we shall try out seal fat for lighting purposes. Altogether, we'll have our hands full if we find the island is inhabited. Which we shall not, I know."

But she was right. We sat with a beam wind along the shore, searching the coves with our glasses and landing occasionally, without finding a sign of human life. There were no beaches on the southern shore, and by early afternoon we rounded the black promontory and completed the circumnavigation of the island. I estimated its circumference at twenty-five miles, its width varying from two to five miles, while my most conservative calculation placed on its beaches two hundred thousand seals.

This brief description is all that Endeavor Island merits. Damp and soggy where it was not sharp and rocky, buffeted by storm winds and lashed

by the sea, with the air continually a-tremble with the howling of two hundred thousand amphibiae it was a melancholy and miserable sojourning place. Maud, who had prepared me for disappointment, and who had been sprightly and vivacious all day broke down as we landed in our own little cove. She strove bravely to hide it from me, but while I was kindling another fire I knew she was stifling her sobs in the blankets under the skylight.

It was my turn to be cheerful, and I played the part to the best of my ability, and with such success that I brought the laughter back into her dear eyes and song on her lips; for she sang to me before she went to an early bed. It was the first time I had heard her sing, and I lay by the fire, listening and transported, for she was nothing if not an artist in everything she did, and her voice, though not strong, was wonderfully sweet and expressive.

I slept in the boat, and I lay awake long that night, gazing up at the first stars I had seen in many nights and pondering the situation. Responsibility of this sort was a new thing to me. Wolf Larsen had been quite right, I had stood on my father's legs. My lawyers and agents had taken care of my money for me. I had had no responsibilities at all. Then, on the Ghost I had learned to be responsible for myself. And now, for the first time in my life, I found myself responsible for someone else. And it was required of me that this should be the gravest of responsibilities, for she was the one woman in the world—the one small woman, as I loved to think of her.

No wonder we called it Endeavor Island. For two weeks we toiled at building a hut. Maud insisted on helping, and I could have wept over her bruised and bleeding hands. And still I was proud of her because of it. There was something heroic about this gently bred woman enduring our terrible hardship and with her pitiful



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saids that patha are left between the harems, and that as long as the holuschickie keep strictly to the path they are unmolested by the masters of the harem."

"There's one now," I said, pointing to a young bull in the water. "Let's watch him, and follow him if he hauls out."

He swam directly to the beach and clambered out into a small opening between two harems, the masters of which made warning noises but did not attack him. We watched him travel slowly inland, threatening about among the harems along what must have been the path.

A quarter of a mile inland we came upon the holuschickie—sleek young bulls, living out the loneliness of their bachelorhood and gathering strength against the day when they would fight their way into the ranks of the benefactors.

Everything now went smoothly. I seemed to know just what to do and how to do it. Shouting, making threatening gestures with my club, and even prodding the lazy ones, I quickly cut out a score of the young bachelors from their companions. Whenever one made an attempt to break back toward the water, I headed it off. Maud took an active part in the drive, and with her cries and flourishes of the broken oar was of considerable assistance. I noticed, though, that whenever one looked tired and lagged, she let it slip past. But I noticed, also, whenever one with a show of fight, tried to break past, that her eyes glinted and showed bright, and she rapped it smartly with her club.

"My, it's exciting!" she cried, pausing from sheer weakness. "I think I'll sit down."

I drove the little herd (a dozen strong, now, what of the escapee she had permitted) a hundred yards farther on, and by the time she joined me I had finished the slaughter and was beginning to skin. An hour later we went proudly back along the path between the harems. And twice again we came down the path burdened with skins, till I thought we had enough to roof the hut. I set the sail, laid one tack out of the cove, and on the other tack made our own little inner cove.

"It's just like home-coming," Maud said, as I ran the boat ashore.

I heard her words with a responsive thrill, it was all so dearly intimate and natural, and I said:

"It seems as though I have lived this life always. The world of books and bookish folk is very vague, more like a dream memory than an actuality. I surely have hunted and foraged and fought all the days of my life. And you, too, seem a part of it. You are—" I was on the verge of saying, "my woman, my mate," but glibly changed it to—"standing the hardship well."

But her ear had caught the flaw she recognized a flight that midmost broke. She gave me a quick look.

"Not that. You were saying—"

"That the American Mrs. Meynell was living the life of a savage and living it quite successfully," I said easily.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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And Thus, Without Speech, We Awaited the End.



And Thus, Without Speech, We Awaited the End.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RELICS OF ROMAN LONDON

Interesting Discoveries Made When for Any Purpose the Soil is Dug Into at Some Depth.

Roman London lies buried about eighteen feet below the level of Cheap side. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tessellated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins and statues of the Roman gods.

When, a little over a century ago, deep sections were made for the sewers in Lombard street, the lowest stratum was found to consist of tessellated pavements. Many colored dice were found lying scattered about, and above this stratum was a thick layer of wood ashes, suggesting the debris of charred wooden buildings.

While building the Exchange workmen came upon a gravel-pit full of oyster shells, bones of cattle, old sand dials and shattered pottery. Two pavements were dug up under the French church in Throadneade street, and other pavements have been cut through in several parts of the city. The soil seems to have risen over Roman London at the rate of nearly a foot a century. Still further must the searcher dig to find the third London, the earlier London of the Britons.

Kitten Saves Girl's Life.

Out in California a kitten saved a little twelve-year-old girl from probable death. The girl and the kitten went for a walk. After a short time the kitten returned alone and kept walking up and down in front of the girl's mother crying pitifully. It was trying to attract the attention of the mother, and every time it thought it succeeded it would walk off and, not seeing the mother follow, would return and cry all the harbor.

Finally the mother noticed the performance and decided to follow the little creature the next time it repeated the affair, as she thought it strange it should act so.

The kitten led the way to the end of a recreation pier, where the child was found hanging head downward from a large spike in a pile. She had fallen from the pier and her clothing had caught on the spike.

Her mother immediately rescued her, but she was barely conscious. Had she remained in that position five minutes longer she would have been dead—Our Dumb Animals.

The South has approximately 240,000,000 acres of undeveloped land.

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into your bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your

sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

Easily Fixed.

Soulful Samuel Slopper, the would-be poet, was interviewing his landlord.

"Of course, the whole place wants doing throughout," sighed Sammy.

"The wall paper interferences badly with my courting of the evanescent muse, while the color of the paint jars dreadfully with the gladsome visions I fain would summon in poetic rhapsody."

The landlord grinned.

"But I surely must insist," went on Samuel, speaking severely, "upon the doors and windows being attended to. They fit so badly that the draft actually blows my hair about!"

The landlord seized the golden moment to get his own back.

"Humph!" he snorted. "That's easily put right. Get your hair cut."

Elephant on His Hands.

An overly ambitious Hindu, who had acquired the proverbial elephant that "ate all night and ate all day," sought to rid himself of the voracious beast by unloading him on a fellow native. The prospective buyer was willing to do business on the basis of eight rupees less than the asking price; the would-be seller would knock off only 20 per cent. There remained a difference of seven rupees between their terms, and the pachyderm failed to change owners.

Can you tell how much the native was offered for his animal?—Exchange.

Falling Down on the Job.

"There is one thing this aviation business in Mexico is not,"

"What might that be?"

"All aeroplane falling."

Small Returns.

"I got a nickel every time I take a dose of medicine," said Tommy Two-bite.

"Ain't you got a lot o' money?" asked little Sammy Dubwaite, a delicate child.

"Naw! It's just my luck. I ain't hardly ever sick."

Never hit a man when he's down— unless you are sure of your ability to keep him down.



What About Starchy Foods?

Aren't starchy foods all right? They certainly are. The starch of grains is one of the chief sources of food energy.

But some stomachs are not able to digest the starches as presented in ordinary foods, such as white bread and white flour products, which are often the unexpected cause of digestive troubles—imperfect assimilation, fermentation and gas, biliousness, headache, constipation, anemia, and other common ills.

One food that supplies the valuable starch elements in easily digestible form is

Grape-Nuts

It is made of the energizing grains, whole wheat and malted barley, the starch cells of which are largely converted by long baking into dextrin and grape-sugar which are readily assimilated by even weakened digestive organs. Grape-Nuts digests in about one hour.

This food comes ready to eat, nourishing and delicious; and as it retains all the nutriment of the grains—including the mineral elements largely lacking in the usual dietary—it is a wonderful builder of well-balanced bodies, nerves and brains.

"There's a Reason"
Grocers everywhere—Grape-Nuts.

Apply Co.,

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

Published Every Thursday at Kerrville, Texas, by T. A. Buckner.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Kerrville, Texas.

Announcement Column.

Our announcement rates will be the same as heretofore, as follows:
 County offices \$5.00
 Precinct " 3.00
 Strictly cash in advance.

For County Attorney
 GILBERT C. STORMS.

For County Judge
 R. A. DUNBAR.
 SID REES.

For Tax Assessor
 EMMET H. NICHOLS.

Dr. and Mrs. P. J. Domingues are at Galveston attending a meeting of the State Medical Association this week.

Prof. Vernon Rumsey, Supt. of Center Point Schools, was up to attend the exercises at the school house Saturday night. He is very enthusiastic over the Normal at that place; says prospects are good for a large attendance.

Dr. William Lee Secor and wife are in Galveston where the Dr. will read a paper before the meeting of the Texas State Medical Association. Dr. Secor will be in his office again on May 13.

C. H. Utterbach has the bath house finished at Riverside Park and it is indeed an attractive and commodious structure. It contains 80 private bath rooms, office, etc. The river bank is being leveled up and the boats will soon be ready. The park is now open.

Recleaned cane seed, milo maize, Kaffir corn and feterita at West Texas Supply Co.

PAMPELL'S OPERA HOUSE

W. C. BERGER, MGR.

Built Up to a Standard Not Down to a Price.

THURSDAY, MAY 11.

Pearl White, Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis in
 The Seventh Episode of the greatest serial ever made, "THE IRON CLAW."
 This Episode "The Hooded Helper"
 Come and help discover, "Who is the Laughing Mask?"
 5 and 15c

FRIDAY, MAY 12.

Jesse L. Laska presents the well known American Star, VELASKA SURRETT in a play of the hour, "THE IMMIGRANT"
 10 and 20c

SATURDAY, MAY 13

William Fox presents the worlds only successful Vampire, THEDA BARA, in her latest success, "THE SERPENT"
 10 and 20 cents.

MONDAY

World Film Corporation presents a great Society Drama, "THE TONGUES OF MEN"
 5 and 15c

TUESDAY

Daniel Frohman presents Demman Thomson's immortal Eural Classic, "THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
 This picture was secured at the request of one of the ministers of Kerrville. Dont miss this greatest picture ever filmed.
 10 and 20c

When better pictures are made we will show them.

FIRST STATE BANK

Official Statement of the Financial Condition of the
 at Kerrville, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 1st day of May, 1916, published in the Advance, a newspaper printed and published at Kerrville, Texas on the 11th day of May, 1916.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$48,508.75
Loans, real estate	10,839.51
Overdrafts	86.19
Bonds and Stocks	1,300.00
Real Estate (banking house)	6600.00
Other real estate	\$3,735.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2500.00
Due from Approved Reserve Agents	\$9,378.96
Due from other Banks and B'nk'rs subject to check	68.35
Cash items	216.36
Currency	1046.00
Specie	1027.31
Other resources as follows:	
Interest in Guaranty Fund	938.68
Assessment Guaranty fund	64.52
Total	\$86,309.63

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$30,000.00
Surplus Fund	4,500.00
Undivided profits, net	435.24
Due to banks and bankers, subject to check	265.83
Individual Deposits, subject to check	30,151.09
Time certificates of deposit	12,823.86
Cashier's Checks	133.61
Bills payable and Re-discounts	8,000.00
Total	\$86,309.63

State of Texas }
 County of Kerr } We, E. H. Prescott as vice president, and A. B. Williamson as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
 E. H. PRESCOTT,
 V. President.
 A. B. WILLIAMSON,
 Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 8th day of May, A. D. nineteen hundred and sixteen.
 Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.
 E. H. TURNER,
 Notary Public,
 Kerr Co., Texas.

CORRECT---ATTEST:
 T. F. W. DIETERT,
 E. GALBRAITH, } Directors.

E _____ **E**

Importance of Letter "E."

"E" is one of the most important letters in the alphabet. I want to call your attention to the fact that E is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life, no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there would be no editors, devils, or news. It is in our Saddles that are easy on your horse; in bridle that makes your horse proud, and in blankets of which we carry the best. It is in my name and the prices I make. It is in my Sanitary Buggies, the best in the land. Buy one and end your troubles.

E _____ **E**

J. E. PALMER

LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A
B
C

ALWAYS BE CAREFUL

WHEN YOU BUY AN OIL STOVE

Be Sure You Buy a Clark Jewel



They are unexcelled in quality, design and finish. They are guaranteed to bake perfectly and be economical in the consumption of oil. When you want the best you will buy one. Let us tell you more about them.

PREPARED

We now have in a fine large shipment of 1916 CLARK JEWEL oil stoves. They have the same fine burner construction as last year. The burners are short and close to the top. The blue flame strikes the bottom of the vessel direct and gives quick results with little oil.

No More Sweating

"What are you going to in (or with) your kitchen this summer, Mary? Are you going to sweat over the old wood stove as you have done heretofore?"
 "No, John, I am going down to the Fawcett Furniture Store and get myself one of those CLARK JEWEL oil stoves I hear everybody talking about. They save oil and time."

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

Sanitary Milk Coolers

Strong and substantial. Will keep your milk and cream clean and sweet, your butter firm and vegetables fresh and crisp.

BERT PARSONS,
 Plumber and Tinner,
 Parsons Building, Phone 10.

Cedar Wanted.

We want to buy ten car loads of cedar fence posts, size from 2 1/2 inches to 4 inches, common and straight. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Dr. S. B. Cobb,
DENTIST

Office Over Schreiner's Bank
 Res. Phone 219
 Office Phone 237
 KERRVILLE, TEXAS

DR. E. GALBRAITH
DENTIST

Office Opposite St. Charles
 Office Phone 37
 House Phone 63
 KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Horace E. Wilson

LAWYER

516-17 STATE BANK BUILDING
 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

For Sale or Trade--My place of 130 acres on Guadalupe river between Center Point and Kerrville, 70 acres in cultivation. Good improvements. Apply to H. G. Edens, owner, R. R. 1, Kerrville, Texas.

Scholarship for Sale.

We have a \$50 scholarship in the Draughon Business College, San Antonio, which we will sell at a greatly reduced price. THE ADVANCE.

The Convenient Medicine Cabinet

The old saying, "a stitch in time saves nine" is certainly true in case of accidents and sudden illness. Every home should be equipped with a supply of "First Aid Remedies."

Prompt and intelligent action before the physician arrives often averts the serious results which are apt to follow accidents or sudden ills. Camphor, Quinine, Mustard, Ginger, Pure Witch Hazel, Arnica, Sweet Oil, Liniments, Salves, Dioxogen, Court Plasters, Cotton, Bandages, Etc., Etc., are among the items which should be kept constantly on hand. Let us fit up your cabinet with a supply of such goods and you will be prepared for any emergency.

ROCK DRUG STORE

MISS IDA PFEUFFER, Proprietor

Pennant Oil Stoves and Fireless Cooker Combined.

Short Burners, Close up to the Vessel. Burns only Kerosene Oil.

Make your cooking a pleasure during the hot summer time by buying one of these fine stoves. Call and let us show you the splendid advantages of the fireless cooker feature. Other popular makes, both oil and gasoline stoves with from two to five burners, such as the Quickmeal gasoline range, etc.

Refrigerator Time is Here.

We have a full line of the best makes in stock of all sizes. Be sure to call and see our stock and get our prices.

Kerrville Furniture Co

E. S. PIERCE, Proprietor

Saturday Cash Sale.

You Can't Afford to Miss It
Saturday, May 13th

It gives you a chance to save on your month's expenses. It introduces you to our superior line of goods. It gives you clean goods from a clean stock. All the following canned goods at a saving of from 10 to 33 1-3 per cent. Cut out this list and save till Saturday.

2 lb. Fancy Yellow Cling Table Peaches, 20c val.	15c
Fancy Large Blackberries, 20c value, can	15c
Stringless Green Beans, 10c can	09c
Spanish Style Pink Beans, 10c can,	09c
Arbuckle's Fancy Breakfast Coffee, 35c can,	31c
Quaker White Rolled Oats	10c
25c Peanut Butter	21c
15c Peanut Butter	13c
New Dill Pickles, 20c value, per dozen,	15c
"Seawall" Coffee, fresh roast, lb.	17 1-2c
"Cervelat" Sausage, extra fine, lb.	22c

In order to induce you to try out our famous "Queen of the Pantry" Flour we offer it to you in any quantity, on Saturday only, at 4 1-2c per lb.

The above prices are for ONE DAY ONLY and for CASH. Money refunded promptly if goods are not satisfactory. This is our first sale but our last. Don't miss these values.

BERRY'S
PHONE 1-8-2

Local Notes

Miss Alta McDoniel is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lindley Carter, at Buda.

Has it ever occurred to you that you can get bargains from H. Noll Stock Co.

Mrs. Velma Salmon and little son of Oklahoma are here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Hodges.

A Wrist Watch for the Girl Graduate. Self's.

Oscar Worden was here Monday on business. He says he is now in the "Crazy Water" business at Mineral Wells.

Bargains in "Craddock Terry Co." shoes. We are closing them out at 20 per cent discount for cash. You get a bargain at H. Noll Stock Co.

Mrs. E. E. Dietert is among those who are attending the Saenger-fest at San Antonio this week.

A nice Umbrella for the graduate. Self's.

Charlie York and the George boys who have been stopping here for several months left for their home in Van Zandt county last week.

Canned Blackberries, Gooseberries Peaches, Apples, Rhubarb, Mince-meat for pies, at C. C. Butt Grocery Co.

Keep a close watch on our announcement column and you will see who want to be our officials another year.

Cow wanted to milk for her feed. Apply at Advance office.

Rev. J. B. Riddle left Monday for Junction where he will be in a meeting for two weeks.

20,000 tomato plants for sale at 25c per 100. See Henry Noll, Jr.

James Sellers and J. W. Rowland of Center Point were in the city Monday on business.

Violins, guitars, mandolins. Also sheet music at Kerrville Drug Co.

Rev. A. P. Robb returned yesterday from Bandera where he preached Sunday.

Ask your doctor about our prescription service. Rock Drug Store.

Was your cake heavy? Was your pie crust tough? It's the flour. Ask for "Queen of the Pantry" at Berry's. It costs 1c more per cake, but it's worth it. Sold in any quantity.

See our new Dress Goods, Voiles, Organdies and Tub Silks. West Texas Supply Co.

Palm Beach Suits cleaned and pressed for 50c. Give us a trial. Model Tailoring Co.

Wm. Green and family of Reservation attended the Markwardt-Inscore wedding here Sunday.

Play Tennis and buy your Tennis Shoes at the West Texas Supply Co.

Dr. J. W. Merritt and J. W. Nelson of Center Point attended the Democratic County Convention here Tuesday.

New lot of reels and all kinds of fishing tackle at Kerrville Drug Co.

Mrs. Docia Johnson is visiting here for a few days on her return to Gonzales from Eldorado where she has been teaching.

Why pay more for shoes, our larger stock was bought before the advance and you save more by buying from H. Noll Stock Co.

A thorough Normal course including all the subjects for all grades of State teachers certificates will be given by a strong faculty in the Center Point Summer Normal, Center Point, Texas. Write J. W. Overall, Secretary, for information.

A present the graduate will be proud of. Self's

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stroman left Monday for Rock Springs where they will visit Mrs. Stroman's father Mr. Frank Cloudt, for some days.

Thea Nectar Tea makes better Ice Tea. Valuable premium given with each package. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Miss Gladys Howard who is attending a business college in San Antonio visited her mother, Mrs. Lula Howard, here Saturday night and Sunday.

See our pretty line of stationery. Good enough for anybody and the latest styles. Kerrville Drug Co.

Misses Ona and Corene Rees, Miss Angelina Wharton, George Potts and Walter Buckner were among those from Center Point who attended the exercises of the Indians and Barbarians Saturday night.

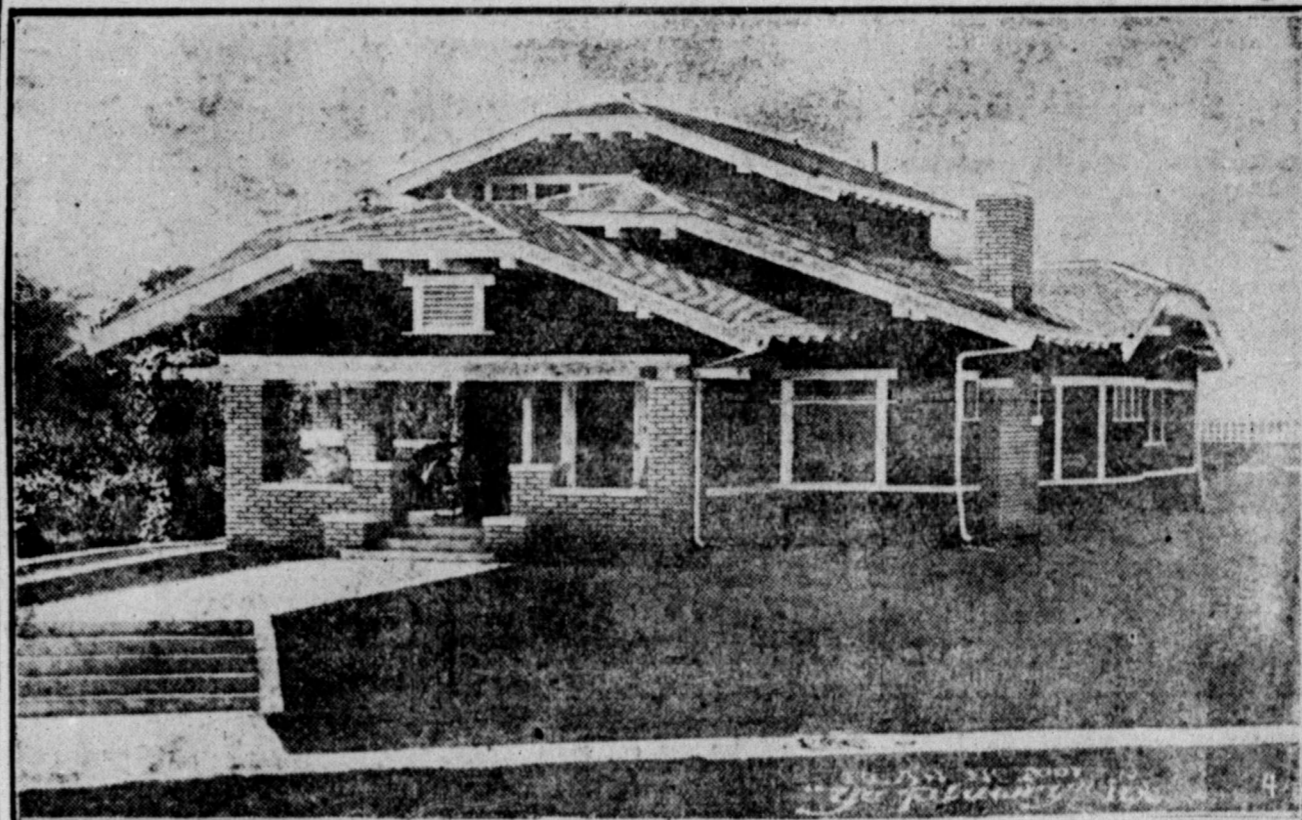
Something new—Dinner Biscuits 5c a cup. Kept fresh at C. C. Butt Grocery Co.

A first class Normal has been authorized by the State Superintendent for Center Point from June 6th to July 27. Write for information to J. W. Overall, Secretary, Kerrville.

FOR RENT—The Tivy wood yard fully equipped. Apply at yard or phone 212.

A Surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert C. Storms Friday night in honor of Miss Ruby's birthday. She was immensely surprised upon going to the front door to find twenty or more young people there. Everyone seemed to spend a delightful evening, and showed great regret when the time for parting finally came.

Build Good Homes



The word HOME should appeal to every one. Think of the pleasure and comfort of owning one of nice homes we build. In planning your future home see book of plans at our office.

HILLYER-DEUTSCH LUMBER COMPANY

Dealers in Building Material Hardware and Paint
R. NAGEL, Manager Near SAP Depot KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Tank Work, Tin Work

Part cash, balance in poultry, hogs and wood. BERT PARSONS, Plumber and Tinner, Parsons Building, Phone 10.

Judge J. R. Burnett left Sunday morning for Austin to represent Herman Mosel, H. Weige and the West Texas Supply Co. before the Railroad Commission on the depot question.

Have your clothes cleaned and pressed by the Model Tailoring Co.

H. C. Geddie and Gilbert C Storms were in Austin yesterday before the court of appeals in the Baker case.

For Sale—Cut-under Surrey, almost as good as new. Will sell at a bargain. For further information call on Advance.

Home cured bacon and pure hog lard at Berry's.

George Williams and family have returned from their trip to California and Arizona where they went last summer. Mr. Williams is on a deal for a ranch at Eldorado and they will likely make their home there. Mrs. Williams' health is much improved.

Latest style no-leak Parker fountain pens. Kerrville Drug Co.

Two nice, large, cool rooms, with bath in connection, for rent for light housekeeping. Or rooms with board. Apply to Mrs. Buckner, phone 269.

A bottle of Mapleine flavors two gallons of syrup. We have it. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Cedar Logs, Posts, Etc.

Comfortable Camp Yard with water Free to All.

Clay St. Near R. R. Depot [KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Fire And Tornado Insurance

Am representing Seven of the best and strongest companies doing business, in Texas.

\$2,000,000 CAPITAL STOCK

Protect your homes, business, automobiles, cotton, wool, etc. Country property also insured.

MAIN STREET, KERRVILLE, TEX. GILBERT C. STORMS



CAREY-IZED ROCK SALT prevents waste insures proper salting

The Ideal Stock Salt

clean, refined, kiln-dried, compressed under enormous hydraulic pressure. No waste—will not crumble, scale—not affected by rain—cannot be trampled into the ground by stock.

THE QUALITY OF ANY PRODUCT IS EVIDENCED BY VOLUME OF SALES

A dealer-customer, tells the story better than we can tell it: "The ton of Carey-Ized Rock Salt you sent me in my car last month gave such satisfaction. I ordered a full car and it is gone fast. This is the best stock salt I have ever been able to get. It gives perfect results—no waste and absolutely no waste. What the package like most is it does not make the horses sore and stands up under all kinds of weather."—O. C. Downing, Tullahoma, Tenn.

Carey-ized Sulphurized Rock Salt Contains the proper amount of sulphur for a blood purifier and tonic. It should be fed at regular intervals to keep stock in prime condition and perfect health.



GRAND SALINE SALT COMPANY, Grand Saline, Texas.

FREE SALT Coupon Name..... P. O..... State.....

For Sale by West Texas Supply Co., Kerrville

Attention Motorists

We wish to advise the motorists of our section that beginning Monday, May 1st, one of the finest mechanics obtainable was placed in charge of our Repair Shop. He is at your service at prevailing rates. We have selected this man from a large number of applicants. He can machine any part for a car, understands thoroughly all Starting and Lighting Systems, and we feel sure will merit your confidence. We are trying to give you the benefit of the best skill obtainable, and trust that our friends will take advantage of this opportunity and enable us to continue it in the future.

PHONE 154

LEE MASON & SON

PHONE 154

"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE."

Fine Showing of Spring Goods



A CHOICE SELECTION
of Ladies and Misses Pumps and
Low Quarters at Reduced Prices.
Former Prices \$2.50 to \$4.00, now \$1 to \$2.75
BEAUTIFUL LINE of SPRING SHOES
in Latest Styles Just Arrived.



Our stock is now resplendent with all that
is late and new, in obedience to
FASHION'S CALL
A seasonable showing with goods marked
at season end prices.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

WEST TEXAS SUPPLY COMPANY

Store and Warehouse at Welge's Old Stand, Kerrville, Texas

FOR
**Pure Milk, Cream,
Buttermilk**
Telephone 79

Lewis Dairy

Ingram Locals.

(Regular Correspondence)

John Leinweber has about completed the new addition to his home.

Ed Smith is enlarging his building where J. W. Williams has his black-smith shop. Mr. Williams will have a hall overhead.

Ingram and Hunt will play ball Saturday at Ingram.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Leinweber and Miss Edith Leinweber, and Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McNealy motored out to the Stowers ranch Saturday and stayed over till Sunday with Mr. McNealy's daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Orris Garland and Misses Eddie Lee and Norma Lackey spent Sunday with Mrs. L. R. Fessenden on Johnson creek.

Mrs. Johanessen is moving out to the Duncan Ranch this week.

Mrs. Ada Joy will move to Kerrville about the first of the month.

More Men Than Women Have Appendicitis

Surgeons state men are slightly more subject to appendicitis than women. Kerrville people should know that a few doses of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka, often relieves or prevents appendicitis. This mixture removes such surprising foul matter that one spoonful relieves almost any case constipation; sour stomach gas. The instant, easy action of Adler-i-ka is surprising.

For sale by Kerrville Drug Co.

Presbyterian League.

Subject: What does Christ want us to do?—Leader Sam Sutton.

Devotional and introduction, by leader.

Christ wants us to obey and serve him—Laura Henke.

Christ wants us to trust and praise him.—James Meyers.

To follow him—Alois Renschel.

To Serve him—Ruth Garrett.

To witness for him—David Williams.

Hymn—my Hope is built.

To love Him—Mrs. Fordtran.

The unchangeable love of Christ—Kathryn King.

To shine—Dorothy Doyle.

Refusal to obey God hardens the heart—Mabel Thorburn.

Repeat 1st Commandment.

Hymn My Jesus I love Thee.

Close with prayer.

Epworth League Program.

Leader—Lillian Sutton.

Topic—Epworth League Fidelity and Farce.

Song; Prayer.

Scripture Lesson Matt. 25: 31-46

Song.

Leader's introduction.

What Fidelity means—Ina Coleman.

Some things about Farce—Ona Reinarz.

The Discussion Applied to the Epworth League—Virgie Storms.

Open Discussion.

Song.

Reading of Program.

League Benediction.

Religious Notice

Bishop Capers will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon at the Tivy High School next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Morning prayer will be said in St. Peter's Church at 10:15, instead of 10:30. The Bishop will preach in the church in the evening at 8 o'clock. All cordially invited.

J. S. Johnston, Pastor.

Ingram Church Notes.

Sunday was a beautiful day and good crowds attended church. The morning service was well attended and a deep spiritual interest prevailed. At 3 o'clock we preached to a large and attentive audience at the White School house.

The night service at the Ingram church was splendid, large audience and two additions to the church.

A cordial invitation is always extended to all to attend our services. Come be with us, you are welcome.

T. C. Lee, pastor.

Lutheran Services.

Next Sunday, Sunday school at 9:30, preaching at 10:30. The business meeting will be held at 2 p. m. Members, and friends are invited.

B. Schleifer, Pastor.

Baptist Young People Union

Bible Study Meeting.

Prayer.

Song.

Scripture Reading—Matt. 6: 1-16—Miss Josie B. Newman.

How the christian should do his charity—Mr. Bailey.

Teachings about prayer—Miss Irene Scott.

A model prayer—Howard Butt.

About fasting—Harvey Deering.

Special music.

Matt. 6: 16-34—G. L. Richeson.

Sincere Devotion to God.

1. On laying up treasure.

2. The eye is the lamp of the body—Miss Dobbin.

3. Impossibility of being slave of two masters.

4. Anxiety about worldly things—Mrs. Bailey.

Wool and Mohair Wanted.

I am in the market for wool and mohair. Will buy for cash or will make advances when stored in the warehouse.

H. Welge, Kerrville, Texas.

Sunbeams Program

Leader—Jasper Moore.

Subject—Stewards of the King.

Motto—We will be cheerful givers.

Prayer.

Scripture—Matt. 25: 14-23—Ella Cantwell.

Hymn—I love to tell the story.

James 1: 17—Emma Ruth Buckner.

Piano Solo—Eva Mae Staudt.

French Harp Solo—Egerton Robb.

Vocal Duet—Lucile and Ruth McCoy.

Bible Exercise by the Band.

Close repeating Lord's prayer in concert.

Frank W. Keller and wife of Burnett are in Kerrville for a few days.

Don't fail to read Berry's Saturday Cash Sale prices in this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Meadows of Ingram were in attendance at the school society contests here Saturday night.

Uvalde Spring Honey—Comb or extracted.

C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Hatch from their Divide ranch were in the city Friday shopping and visiting.

A Kodak for the graduate.

Self's.

Miss Dora Sproul of Mountain Home is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ed. Morriss here for a few days.

Egg Plant plants, 10c dozen, see W. W. Noll.

For Sale.—One R. C. H. Car in good shape, will try it out thoroughly with any one wishing to buy. Can be seen at Harper, and any one wishing to know about it, write me at same place. Car has been about 4,000 miles.

T. F. Huffman.

For Sale or Trade

One almost new Hercules buggy. Will trade for light surrey or sell cheap. See or phone.

J. V. HOPKINS.

Nyal's Remedies, the best and the safest. Always guaranteed, at Kerrville Drug Co.

Place For Sale Cheap

Two large lots, well, good house, conveniently located. Good neighborhood, in a desirable part of town. If you are looking for a bargain, see

R. A. HOLLAND.

At Berry's grocery store. Best quality of all kinds of dried fruits at C. C. Butt Grocery.

Phone 31

P. O. Box 331

Gilbert C. Storms

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office at Kerrville, Texas
Practice in all courts. Abstracts of Land
Titles made on short notice.

THE STAR MARKET

C. L. BIEHLER, Prop.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT LOWEST PRICES

Free Delivery

PHONE 162

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

To San Antonio

\$3.50

On sale daily with 90 days limit.

S. A. & A. P. Railroad

L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville.