

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 4.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1916

NO. 39

Judge Burney for Re-Election

In this issue of the Advance Judge R. H. Burney announces for re-election as judge of this, the 38th judicial district, which position he has held for the past twelve years, first by appointment by Gov. Lanham and since by election by the people, the last time, 1912, without opposition. He has lived in Kerr county since his infancy, graduated at the Georgetown University and Lebanon, Tenn., law school, practiced law at Kerrville for many years served as State Senator, and in all these positions he has commanded the respect of the community and district, and his personal character has ever been beyond reproach.

As district judge he has a splendid record in the higher courts, as but few cases tried before him have been reversed, and has always advocated a strict enforcement of the law and a speedy and economical administration of the duties of his office.

Without a word against the high character of his opponent we feel that the above is a just tribute to Judge Burney. The judiciary is the greatest bulwark of our liberties and to it society looks for its protection. It should be above petty politics and personal animosities, and we hope to see the campaign conducted on a high plane.

Good Chance for Recovery.

Ernest Holliman, who was injured from a gunshot wound on Monday night, is said to be recovering, although his injuries were of a very serious nature. It appears the wound was self-inflicted and was done with a rifle of 38 calibre. He was in Schreiner's camp yard at about 9 o'clock and borrowed a gun from some campers and there, it seems, attempted to take his own life.

Try a gallon of our peaches. Fine for making jam or pies. 50¢ per gallon at C. C. Butt Grocery.

Ingram Locals.

(Regular Correspondence)
L. A. Leinweber starts his threshing this week.

A large crowd of Ingram people attended the services at the Christian church at Hunt last Sunday. Rev. Jennings of Charco preached three good sermons and baptised two converts in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dickey are the proud parents of a fine 11 pound boy.

Mr. Wright brought up another herd of cattle from his Bee county ranch for pasturage.

Ed Smith will start his threshing this week at Morris Ranch.

Mrs. Ernest Nichols is visiting friends on Goat creek.

T. J. Moore's family passed down Saturday en route home from the ranch.

B. W. McDonald reports some ripe tomatoes and will soon have some nice ones on the market.

Mr. Lee Adams and family motored up from San Antonio the last of the week to their summer home on the Guadalupe above Ingram.

Miss Anna Bittle entertained the young people at her home Saturday night.

Rev. T. C. Lee filled his regular appointment at Reservation Sunday.

Political Notes.

Judge Riddle would like the best in the world to have your support for the Senate. You know there is nothing in the professional, political and chronic office seeker.

We need men with initiative and constructive ability, men that have proven themselves worthy and capable, men that have our country at heart and can do things. We need that kind of a man now, and we will need him badly for the next few years.

Congress is wasting hundreds of millions every year in foolish extravagance, and we need the element of common-sense and practical ability in it.

Tell your friend about Judge Riddle.

Dr. Eagleton Dies While on His Way to Kerrville.

Dr. D. F. Eagleton, professor of English at Austin college, Sherman, died suddenly Friday morning, June 9, at 7 o'clock on a southbound Missouri, Kansas & Texas train near San Antonio. He was 55 years of age.

Dr. Eagleton was traveling with Mr. and Mrs. James Delaney of Sherman and two young men who were students at Austin college and was on his way to Kerrville to attend the annual Presbyterian encampment. Just as the train was pulling into San Antonio he went into the lavatory to wash up after his long ride and here he was found dead by train officials. Heart disease is believed to have been the cause of death.

Dr. Eagleton had been connected with Austin college for twenty-seven years. He is survived by his widow, two sons, Raymond and Clyde, the latter a Rhodes scholar, and five daughters, Floy, Adelle, Grace, Elizabeth and Doris, all of Sherman. J. M. Knight of San Antonio, a cousin of Dr. Eagleton, accompanied the body Friday night to Sherman.

Baptist Ladies' Aid.

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold their Missionary and Social meeting Tuesday, June 21st, at the home of Mrs. J. T. Moore. The subject for the meeting is "Foreign Mission Outlook."

Scripture, Matt. 10: 37-42.

Prayer, Miss Richards.

Song, "Throw out the Life Line."

"The Christian Flag"—Blanche Moore.

"What we have Accomplished in the Last Century"—Rev. Riddle.

Piano Solo—Miss Newman.

Map Showing the Unoccupied World—Mrs. T. B. Peterson.

The Unoccupied World, Africa—Mrs. A. P. Robb.

Asia, Persia and Arabia—Mrs. T. A. Buckner.

Central Asia—Mrs. Staudt.

India, Bhutan, Nepal—Mrs. Robt. Renschel.

French Indo China—Mrs. Deering.

Japan and Korea—Mrs. Hodges.

China—Mrs. L. W. McCoy.

Current Expense Fund Ft. Worth Training School—Mrs. Newman.

Roll Call—Respond with offering for missions.

Leader—Mrs. Dewees.

PRESS REPORTER.

Texas Steam Laundry baskets go Monday and Tuesday each week.

Agency at Adkins Barber Shop. Hats cleaned and blocked.

W. C. Word, agent.

W. D. Love Announces.

To the Voters of Kerr County, Texas:

In compliance with the earnest solicitations of many persons throughout this Judicial District, as well as my own inclinations, I have announced as a candidate for the office of District Judge of the 38th Judicial District of Texas, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries.

It will be impossible, and I believe unnecessary for me to see, personally, all the voters of the district, as I am known, at least by reputation, throughout the District.

If elected, I pledge faithful service, an impartial, energetic, yet courteous treatment to every person coming before the Courts of the district.

I respectfully solicit your vote, and influence.

W. D. LOVE.

Baptist Young People Union

Following is the program for next Sunday, June 18, 1916.

Corinthians.

Subject—What is my Duty toward other Christians.

Leader—Johnnie Hamilton.

Scripture lesson—Rom. 12: 4-21.

Song—Blest be the Tie that binds.

We must love other Christians—Miss Ethel Moore.

Sharing the burdens of others—David Robb.

Restoring the backslider—Miss Edith Buckner.

The duty of living in peace and fellowship with other Christians—Charles Deering.

Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Epworth League Program.

Topic: "The Usefulness of Good Cheer."

Opening Hymn: "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Prayer, Rev. Kemerer.

Leader, Miss Sanders.

Reading of Lesson by Leader: John 18: 24-33.

Discussion.

"The Value of Good Cheer to One's Character"—Miss Paine.

"How Good Cheer Help in Emergencies"—Miss Sutton.

Violin Solo: John Hamlyn.

"How to Make Everybody Happy"—Miss Mamie Sublett.

Vocal Solo: Miss Eva Reinartz.

Open Discussion by League.

Closing Hymn: "Help Somebody Today."

Announcements.

League Benediction.

Bandera Locals.

Politics in old Bandera are beginning to warm up. Up to the present we have C. W. Harris of Medina announced for Judge against Judge Sam O'Bryant, who it is stated will be a candidate for re-election.

For sheriff and tax collector, R.S. Smith has given it out that he will not be a candidate again. For this office the following have announced: Jim Cravey, J. P. Hinds, Henry Stevens and Vernon Powell.

Bob Fletcher will not offer for re-election for Clerk, and Mark McBryde, C. C. Burris and S. J. Rowe have announced for that office.

John F. Hodges of Medina has announced for tax assessor against Joe Chisum who is running again.

Arrangements are being perfected for a big barbecue, fish fry and basket picnic here on the fourth of July.

The Medina Lake continues to be a great attraction and hundreds of people are coming through Bandera who would never have seen our town if it was not for the lake.

Presbyterian League.

Program for Sunday, June 18th. The Usefulness of Good Cheer.

Song—No. 4.

Prayer.

Song—No. 145.

Scripture reading—John 16: 24-33.

Reading of minutes.

Roll call.

(1) Several kinds of cheerfulness—Leader—Dora Johnston.

(2) Real cheerfulness—Anabel Dickey.

(3) Faith in God is the first essential of good cheer—Edna Henke.

(4) Consecration of self—Ruth Garrett.

(5) Active service is an essential of good cheer—Alois Renschel.

(6) Constant communion with God—Sam Sutton.

(7) Good cheer lightens burdens, Proverbs 15: 13-15.—Helen Dietert.

(8) The benefits of good cheer—Laura Henke.

(9) What influence has our joy on others?—Kathryn King.

Song—No. 41.

Close with prayer.

Seven piece water sets, \$1.50 value for \$1.00 at

Kerrville Furniture Co.

Dodd Brothers Get Life Sentence

Herbert and Lewis Dodd held in the Travis county jail at Austin for the robbery of the First National Bank at Marble Falls and the murder of cashier Heintz on October 25, 1915, were carried to Burney this week to appear before the grand jury. By the time the indictment was returned their attorneys entered a plea of guilty, asking that a life term in the penitentiary be allowed.

The case was tried before District Judge N. T. Stubbs and a regular jury composed of twelve men, who rendered the above verdict without the examination of witnesses.

With all evidence against them the defendants made an open confession at the time of arrest and no doubt the sentence was light compared to what it might have been had they tried to fight the case. Such criminals are neither fit to die or run at large and the prison bars seems the only resort.

Sheriff Hugh Miller of this county, and sheriff Albert Mace of Lampasas county deserves credit for their arrest which was made in April of this year.—San Saba Star.

Baptist Church Notes.

That was a fine June congregation at our church last Sunday. How you did help this pastor to preach. Now won't you keep it up through the lazy summer time? If you can help yourself and the preacher and people all at once, don't you think it wise to do so? I have two get themes for next Sunday and I'd be for a good hearing. "Too hot, did you say? Well I don't believe you can find a cooler place in the city than at the Baptist church. Good ventilation, good shades, and nature's great fan to make things breezy. "Come and see."

Already we have many visitors in our city and we extend to everyone of them a cordial invitation to be with us in all our meetings—Sunday School at 9:45, preaching at 11:00, Sunbeams at 3:00, Junior B.Y.P.U. at 4:00, Senior B.Y.P.U. at 7:00 and preaching again at 8:15. If you can't attend all come to any of these meetings.

J. B. RIDDLE, Pastor.

Don't fail to visit our Shoe Department. We have a nice line low quarters, also Tennis shoes.

Wm. Mosel Saenger & Co.

Loans

are not Necessarily Reserved for Big Depositors.

The Small man, whether he be in the farming, stockraising or mercantile business is welcomed at this bank as a depositor, and has the encouragement which an always conservative bank may give the small but growing business.

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KERRVILLE, TEXAS

The SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON

CHAPTER XXXII—Continued.

That phrase, the "one small woman," startled me like an electric shock. It was my own phrase, my pet, secret phrase, my love phrase for her.

"Where did you get that phrase?" I demanded, with an abruptness that in turn startled her.

"What phrase?" she asked.

"One small woman."

"Is it yours?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "mine. I made it."

"Then you must have talked in your sleep," she smiled.

"The dancing, tremulous light was in her eyes. Mine, I knew, were speaking beyond the will of my speech. I leaned toward her. Without volition I leaned toward her, as a tree is swayed by the wind. Ah, we were very close together in that moment. But she shook her head, as one might shake off sleep or a dream, saying:

"I have known it all my life. It was my father's name for my mother."

"It is my phrase, too," I said stubbornly.

"For your mother?"

"No," I answered, and she questioned no further, though I could have sworn her eyes retained for some time a mocking, teasing expression.

"With the foremast in, the work now went on apace. Almost before I knew it, and without one serious hitch, I had the mainmast stepped. A derrick-boom, rigged to the foremast, had accomplished this; and several days more found it stays and shrouds in place, and everything set up taut. Top-sails would be a nuisance and a danger for a crew of two, so I heaved the topmasts on deck and lashed them fast.

Several more days were consumed in finishing the sails and putting them on. There were only three—the jib, foresail, and mainsail; and, patched, shortened, and distorted, they were a ridiculously ill-fitting suit for so trim a craft as the Ghost.

"But they'll work!" Maud cried jubilantly. "We'll make them work, and trust our lives to them!"

Certainly, among my many new trades, I should least as a sailmaker. I could sail them better than make them, and I had no doubt of my power to bring the schooner to some northern port of Japan. In fact, I had meditated navigation from text books; and, besides, there was Wolf Larsen's star-scale, so simple a device that a child could work it.

For its inventor, beyond an insidious deafness and the movement of his lips growing fainter and fainter, there had been little change in condition for a week. But on the day we finished bending the schooner's sails, he heard his last, and that last movement of his lips died away—but not before I had asked him, "Are you all there?" and the lips had answered, "Yes."

"The last line was down. Somewhere in that tomb of the flesh still the soul of the man. Wailed by the wind, that fierce intelligence known burned on; but it burned on in silence and darkness.



I Raced Aft, Putting the Wheel Up.

And it was disembodied. To that intelligence there could be no objective knowledge of a body. It knew no body. The very world was not. It knew only itself and the vastness and profundity of the quiet and the dark.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The day came for our departure. There was no longer anything to detain us on Endeavor Island. The Ghost's stumpy masts were in place, her crazy sails bent. All my handiwork was strong, none of it beautiful; but I knew that it would work, and I felt myself a man of power as I looked at it.

"I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!" I wanted to cry aloud.

But Maud and I had a way of voicing each other's thoughts, and she said, as we prepared to hoist the mainsail:

"To think, Humphrey, you did it all with your own hands!"

"But there were two other hands," I answered. "Two small hands, and don't say that was a phrase, also, of your father?"

She laughed and shook her head, and held her hands up for inspection.

"I can never get them clean again," she wailed, "nor soften the weather-beat."

"Then dirt and weather-beat shall be your guerdon of honor," I said, holding them in mine; and, in spite of my resolutions, I would have kissed the two dear hands had she not swiftly withdrawn them.

Our comradeship was becoming treacherous. I had mastered my love long and well, but now it was mastering me. Willfully had it disobeyed and won my eyes to speech, and now it was winning my tongue—ay, and my lips, for they were mad this moment to kiss the two small hands which had toiled so faithfully and hard. And I, too, was mad. There was a cry in my being like bugles calling me to her. And there was a wind blowing upon me which I could not resist, swaying the very body of me till I leaned toward her, all unconscious that I leaned. And she knew it. She could not but know it as she swiftly drew away her hands, and yet could not forbear one quick, searching look before she turned away her eyes.

By means of derrick-tackles I had arranged to carry the halyards forward to the windlass; and now I hoisted the mainsail, peak and throat, at the same time. It was a clumsy way, but it did not take long, and soon the foresail as well was up and fluttering.

"We can never get that anchor up in this narrow place, once it has left the bottom," I said. "We should be on the rocks first."

"What can you do?" she asked.

"Slip it," was my answer. "And when I do you must do your first work on the windlass. I shall have to run at once to the wheel, and at the same time you must be hoisting the jib."

This maneuver of getting under way I had studied and worked out a score of times, and, with the jib-halyard to the windlass, I knew Maud was capable of hoisting that most necessary sail. A brisk wind was blowing into the cove, and though the water was calm, rapid work was required to get us safely out.

When I knocked the shackles loose the chain roared out through the hawse-hole and into the sea. I raced aft, putting the wheel up. The Ghost seemed to start into life as she heeled to the first fill of her sails. The jib was rising. As it filled the Ghost's bow swung out and I had to put the wheel down a few spokes and steady her.

I had devised an automatic jib sheet, which passed the jib across of itself, so there was no need for Maud to attend to that; but she was still hoisting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of anxiety for the Ghost was rushing directly upon the beach, a stone's throw distant. But she swung obediently on her heel into the wind. There was a great fluttering and flapping of canvas and reef-points, most welcome to my ears, then she filled away on the other tack.

Maud had finished her task and came aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her wind-blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wide and bright with the excitement, her nostrils quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh salt air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a wild, keen look in them I had never seen before, and her lips parted and her breath suspended as the Ghost, charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into safe water.

My first mate's berth on the sealing grounds stood me in good stead, and I cleared the inner cove and laid a long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about and the Ghost headed out to open sea. She had now caught the bosom-breathing of the ocean, and was herself a-breath with the rhythm of it as she smoothly mounted and slipped down each broad-backed wave. The day had been dull and overcast, but the sun now burst through the clouds, a well come omen, and shone upon the curving beach where together we had dared the lords of the harbor and slain the holluschickie. All Endeavor Island brightened under the sun. Even the grim southwestern promontory showed less grim, and here and there, where the sea-spray wet its surface, high lights flashed and dazzled in the sun.

"I shall always think of it with pride," I said to Maud.

She threw her head back in a queenly way, but said, "Dear, dear Endeavor Island! I shall always love it."

"And I," I said quickly.

It seemed our eyes must meet in a great understanding, and yet, loath, they struggled away and did not meet.

There was a silence I might almost

call awkward, till I broke it, saying:

"See those black clouds to windward. You remember, I told you last night the barometer was falling."

"And the sun is gone," she said, her eyes still fixed upon our island, where we had proved our mastery over matter and attained to the truest comradeship that may fall to man and woman.

"And it's slack off the sheets for Japan!" I cried gayly. "A fair wind and a flowing sheet, you know, or however it goes."

Lashing the wheel, I ran forward, eased the fore and main sheets, took in on the boom-tackles, and trimmed everything for the quartering breeze which was ours. It was a fresh breeze, very fresh, but I resolved to run as long as I dared. Unfortunately, when running free, it is impossible to lash the wheel, so I faced an all-night watch. Maud insisted on relieving me, but proved that she had not the strength to steer in a heavy sea, even if she could have gained the wisdom on such short notice. She appeared quite heart-broken over the discovery, but recovered her eyes and went to sleep again. I did not know it, but I had slept the clock around and it was night again.

Once more I woke, troubled because I could sleep no better. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It marked midnight. And I had not left the deck until three! I should have been puzzled had I not guessed the solution. No wonder I was sleeping brokenly. I had slept twenty-one hours. I listened for a while to the behavior of the Ghost, to the pounding of the seas and the muffled roar of the wind on deck, and then turned over on my side and slept peacefully until morning.

When I awoke at seven I saw no sign of Maud and concluded she was in the galley preparing breakfast. On deck I found the Ghost doing splendidly under her patch of canvas. But in the galley, though a fire was burning and water boiling, I found no Maud.

I discovered her in the steerage, by Wolf Larsen's bunk. I looked at him, the man who had been hurled down from the topmast pitch of life to be buried alive and be worse than dead.

There seemed a relaxation of his expression, a face which was new. Maud looked at me, surprised and shocked; but the spirit of something I had seen before was strong upon me, impelling me to give service to Wolf Larsen as Wolf Larsen had once given service to another man. I lifted the end of the hatch cover, and the canvas-shrouded body slipped feet first into the sea. The weight of iron dragged it down. It was gone.

"Good-by, Lucifer, proud spirit!" Maud whispered, so low that it was drowned by the shouting of the wind; but I saw the movement of her lips and knew.

As we clung to the lee rail and worked our way aft, I happened to glance to leeward. The Ghost, at the moment, was upstowed on a sea, and I caught a clear view of a small steamship two or three miles away, rolling and pitching, head on to the sea, as it steamed toward us. It was painted black, and from the talk of the hunters of their poaching exploits I recognized it as a United States revenue cutter. I pointed it out to Maud and hurriedly led her aft to the safety of the poop.

I started to rush below to the flag locker, then remembered that in rigging the Ghost I had forgotten to make provision for a flag-halyard.

"We need no distress signal," Maud said. "They have only to see us."

"We are saved," I said soberly and solemnly. And then, in an exuberance of joy, "I hardly know whether to be glad or not."

I looked at her. Our eyes were not loath to meet. We leaned toward each other, and before I knew it my arms were about her.

"Need I?" I asked.

And she answered, "There is no need—though the telling of it would be sweet, so sweet."

Her lips met the press of mine, and, by what strange trick of the imagination I know not, the scene in the cabin of the Ghost flashed upon me, when she had pressed her fingers lightly on my lips and said, "Hush."

"My woman, my one small woman," I said, my free hand petting her shoulder in the way all lovers know though never learn in school.

"My man," she said, looking down at me for an instant with tremulous lids which fluttered down and veiled her eyes as she snuggled her head against my breast with a happy little sigh.

I looked toward the cutter. It was very close. A boat was being lowered.

"One kiss, dear love," I whispered. "One kiss more before they come."

"And rescue us from ourselves," she completed, with a most adorable smile, whimsical as I had never seen it, for it was whimsical with love.

THE END.

His Philanthropy.

"Look here," said the benevolent looking man, "you have asked me for work every time I passed this corner for the last three weeks."

"Have I?" was the surprised inquiry.

"Yes, you have, and I have given you money once or twice. Now, what would you do if I offered you work?"

"What would I do? I'd take your name an' address, guv'nor, an' then, if I found anybody that wanted work, I'd sen' 'em 'oun' ter yer. I'm a philanthropist, an' I run a free employment agency. I don't get a penny for me time—only just what comes in accidental like from folks like you."

Morning had evidently not come, so



I Recognized It as a United States Revenue Cutter.

ered her spirits by coiling down tackles and halyards and all stray ropes. Then there were meals to be cooked in the galley, beds to make, Wolf Larsen to be attended upon, and she finished the day with a grand housecleaning attack upon the cabin and steerage.

All night I steered, without relief, the wind slowly and steadily increasing and the sea rising. At five in the morning Maud brought me hot coffee and biscuit she had baked, and at seven a substantial and piping hot breakfast put new life into me.

Throughout the day, and as slowly and steadily as ever, the wind increased. It impressed me with its sullen determination to blow, and blow harder, and keep on blowing. And still the Ghost teamed along, racing off the miles till I was certain she was making at least eleven knots. It was too good to lose, but by nightfall I was exhausted. Though in splendid physical trim, a thirty-six-hour trick at the wheel was the limit of my endurance. Besides, Maud begged me to leave to, and I knew, if the wind and sea increased at the same rate during the night that it would soon be impossible to leave to. So, as twilight deepened, gladly and at the same time reluctantly, I brought the Ghost up to the wind.

But I had not reckoned upon the colossal task the reefing of three sails meant for one man. While running away from the wind I had not appreciated its force, but when we ceased to run I learned to my sorrow, and well-nigh to my despair, how fiercely it was really blowing.

The wind balked my every effort, ripping the canvas out of my hands, and, in an instant, undoing what I had gained by ten minutes of severest struggle. At eight o'clock I had succeeded only in putting the second reef into the foresail. At eleven o'clock I was no farther along. Blood dripped from every finger end, while the nails were broken to the quick. From pain and sheer exhaustion I wept in the darkness, secretly, so that Maud should not know.

Then, in desperation, I abandoned the attempt to reef the mainsail and resolved to try the experiment of heaving to under the close-reefed foresail. Three hours more were required to gasket the mainsail and jib, and at two in the morning, nearly dead, the life almost buffeted and worked out of me, I had barely sufficient consciousness to know the experiment was a success. The close-reefed foresail worked. The Ghost clung on close to the wind and betrayed no inclination to fall off broadside to the trough.

I was famished, but Maud tried vainly to get me to eat. I doted with my mouth full of food. I would fall asleep in the act of carrying food to my mouth and waken in torment to find the act yet uncompleted. So sleepily helpless was I that she was compelled to hold me in my chair to prevent my being fung to the floor by the violent pitching of the schooner.

Of the passage from the galley to the cabin I knew nothing. It was a sleep-walker Maud guided and supported. In fact, I was aware of nothing till I awoke, how long after I could not imagine, in my bunk with my boots off. It was dark. I was stiff and lame, and cried out with pain when the bedclothes touched my poor finger-ends.

Morning had evidently not come, so

I closed my eyes and went to sleep again. I did not know it, but I had slept the clock around and it was night again.

Once more I woke, troubled because I could sleep no better. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It marked midnight. And I had not left the deck until three! I should have been puzzled had I not guessed the solution. No wonder I was sleeping brokenly. I had slept twenty-one hours. I listened for a while to the behavior of the Ghost, to the pounding of the seas and the muffled roar of the wind on deck, and then turned over on my side and slept peacefully until morning.

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I looked at her. Our eyes were not loath to meet. We leaned toward each other, and before I knew it my arms were about her.

"Need I?" I asked.

And she answered, "There is no need—though the telling of it would be sweet, so sweet."

Her lips met the press of mine, and, by what strange trick of the imagination I know not, the scene in the cabin of the Ghost flashed upon me, when she had pressed her fingers lightly on my lips and said, "Hush."

"My woman, my one small woman," I said, my free hand petting her shoulder in the way all lovers know though never learn in school.

"My man," she said, looking down at me for an instant with tremulous lids which fluttered down and veiled her eyes as she snuggled her head against my breast with a happy little sigh.

I looked toward the cutter. It was very close. A boat was being lowered.

"One kiss, dear love," I whispered. "One kiss more before they come."

"And rescue us from ourselves," she completed, with a most adorable smile, whimsical as I had never seen it, for it was whimsical with love.

THE END.

His Philanthropy.

"Look here," said the benevolent looking man, "you have asked me for work every time I passed this corner for the last three weeks."

"Have I?" was the surprised inquiry.

"Yes, you have, and I have given you money once or twice. Now, what would you do if I offered you work?"

"What would I do? I'd take your name an' address, guv'nor, an' then, if I found anybody that wanted work, I'd sen' 'em 'oun' ter yer. I'm a philanthropist, an' I run a free employment agency. I don't get a penny for me time—only just what comes in accidental like from folks like you."

Morning had evidently not come, so

ALL RACES CROWD ZANZIBAR

East African City is Easily One of the Most Cosmopolitan Places on the Earth.

"When Zanzibar plays the flute half Africa dances," says an old Arab proverb. Zanzibar is not as important today as it was when that saying was coined, but the island city is still dominant over the trade of a vast stretch of territory. It lies just a few miles off the shores of what was, in July, 1914, German East Africa. The future name of the country and the future prosperity of Zanzibar both depend on the upshot of the little argument now being waged in Europe between Germany and the allies. Zanzibar is now a British protectorate.

It is not a beautiful town, though from over the water it has a certain exotic charm of its own. The sea is very clear and rich in tints of green and blue. The dense tropical vegetation through which the white houses of the city peep out, the vivid flares of color where some roof is covered with flowers, are more like an impressionist canvas than a city of wood and stone. Zanzibar does not improve on closer acquaintance, though. You land on a wide quay and fight your way through a small but energetic gathering of curio peddlers, who sell carved ebony, beaten silver, trinkets of ivory, wares from Japan and native sapphires. Then you plunge into closely packed Arab and native houses, with narrow winding streets and a comprehensive assortment of smells.

Zanzibar has a large assortment of everything. You see a dozen varieties of fruit that you never heard of before. Natives and Europeans suffer from a long and diversified list of novel diseases. The commerce and industry of the town includes a little of everything. The people are the most varied of all.

There are consuls from half a dozen countries, as the flapping flags attest. The English are here in force, with the mixture of conventionality and efficiency that distinguishes them from Jamaica to Natal. There is a big Indian bazaar, very crowded and very dirty. Black natives from the mainland abound, dressed in the cheap cotton print called "American." Many of the local traders are Chinese and men of Goa. Everywhere stalks the scornful Arab, surveying the populace with a sort of melancholy contempt, as though he still lived in those great days when Zanzibar was the strong hold of an Arabian empire.

Old-Fashioned American Women.

Not all American women are impossible idealists, weak sentimentalists, or members of "strict neutrality" leagues. These vociferous ladies have made such a noise that we are apt to overlook that great majority of quiet ones, the descendants of those noble women who were ever ready to suffer and offer sacrifices in the cause of right and justice, as they saw it, in the Revolution, in the War of 1812 and in the Civil war.

Some of this brand of women have decided it is time that they organize and take some action for the honor and safety of their country, and so a society has been formed in New York to arouse the women of America to a full realization of the necessity for immediate preparedness for war.

"If the war is ever to come," they say "the mere instinct of self-preservation directs that women, too, should be prepared to defend American ideals of liberty, peace and honor."

That sort of sensible and patriotic talk is very refreshing amid all the flood of mushy and foolish clamor that we have been hearing from women—Baltimore Sun.

American Money in Spain.

Dr. Charles W. A. Veditz, the United States commercial attaché at Paris, has returned from Spain, where he made an extended investigation into the industrial and commercial situation, particularly with regard to opportunities for the investment of American capital and the attitude of the Spanish government and business world toward American enterprises in Spain.

One of these is a proposed fast, direct, electrically operated railroad from the French frontier to Madrid to supersede the present one, which follows a roundabout route and differs in gauge from that of the other European roads.

It is announced that as a result of conferences one of the largest banks in New York is considering the possibility of establishing branch banks in Spain and also in Portugal.

Dress Wounds With Powdered Sugar.

Powdered sugar dressing for suppurating and contaminated wounds is receiving a thorough test in the German army and has proved highly satisfactory, according to Dr. F. Hercher, who reports to the Muenchener Medizinische Wochenschrift the experiences of himself and 50 other army surgeons in the use of it. He has used it in more than 1,000 cases.

Doctor Hercher says that powdered sugar makes it unnecessary to rinse out or irrigate a wound, as it causes such a profuse oozing of fluid that the wound is copiously washed from within. Its efficiency is due mainly to its stimulation of secretion, and this stimulates and washes away the pus.

The Changeful Sex.

The Captain—Dashed curious thing, Peters—women living longer than men.

The Chemist—Speaking from experience, sir, I should say that women are dyeing much younger than they did.—London Opinion.

WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

IN BED MOST OF TIME

Her Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Indianapolis, Indiana. — "My health was so poor and my constitution so run down that I could not work. I was thin, pale and weak, weighed but 109 pounds and was in bed most of the time. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and five months later I weighed 133 pounds. I do all the house-



work and washing for eleven and I can truthfully say Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a godsend to me for I would have been in my grave today but for it. I would tell all women suffering as I was to try your valuable remedy."—Mrs. Wm. Green, 332 S. Addison Street, Indianapolis, Indiana. There is hardly a neighborhood in this country, wherein some woman has not found health by using this good old-fashioned root and herb remedy. If there is anything about which you would like special advice, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

They Are Attractive.

"Money won't do everything."

"How now?"

"My wife has always wanted to hire a smart parlor maid out of a musical comedy, but it can't be done."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY DISEASES

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a remedy for diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of even the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription for special diseases, makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes—fifty cents and one dollar.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Rindge, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

A Mean Remark.

"I think you could make some money with your biscuit, dearie."

"Do you really suppose our friends would like to have me bake for them?"

"No; but I think we could dispose of them to a shrapnel factory at a fancy price."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Magic Washing Stick

This is something new to housewives—something they have wanted all their lives, but never could get before. It makes it possible to do the heaviest, hardest, washing in less than one-half the time it took by old methods, and it eliminates all rubbing and scrubbing effort. No waxing, no machine is needed. Nothing but this simple little preparation, which is absolutely harmless to the most delicate white, colored or woollen, makes the heaviest task of the week a pleasant, painless, delightful occupation. You will be delighted at the clean, spotless, snow-white clothes that come out of the rinsing water; and all without any effort on your part. The Magic Washing Stick gets all—and remember, without injury to the most delicate goods, colored or white, woollens, blankets, lace curtains, etc. Contains no acids, no alkalies, no poisonous ingredients to make its use dangerous. 25 washings 25 cents.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers everywhere. If yours doesn't handle it show him this ad—he'll get it for you. Or send five stamps to A. E. RICHARDS CO., Sherman, Texas.—Adv.

Her View.

The Professor—Our primitive ancestors had the dinosaur, a stumpy animal 100 feet long and 40 feet high, as a household pet.

Mrs. Wayapp—As a household pet? Goodness! I'd almost rather have a baby.—Judge.

"In times of peace prepare for war," said a young man who had just squandered his hard-earned coin on an engagement ring.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before drowsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A Texas Case

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, Patholot intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by breaking his face and crushing his hand. Patholot flees the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count De Espares figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and Julius to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but De Espares is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Manley's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose, the capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. Margery is saved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask. An attempt by the Iron Claw to blow up the O'Mara cottage is frustrated in the nick of time.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE

The Hidden Face.

Enoch Golden looked at the heavy shadows about his daughter's eyes. Then he seated himself heavily in the arm-chair which she had so abstractedly turned about for him. "Margery," he said with an effort at sternness, "are you still worrying about that young Manley?" For a moment or two the girl remained silent. "I can't help it, father," she finally acknowledged. And she further discomfited her frowning parent by a suspicion of tears in her downcast eyes. "But I don't believe David Manley is any more dead than I am," the old millionaire finally and stoutly asserted. "Then why has there been no word of him, no trace of him, since the night of that awful explosion?" This question, apparently, was not an easy one to answer. But Enoch Golden was not to be lightly dissuaded from his task of consolation. "I'll tell you what I believe, my girl. I believe everything's all right, no matter what you think. Everything's going to come out all right. Before the week is out, if what the police tell me is true, we're going to have this man Legar safe behind the prison bars where he belongs. What's troubling me more than David Manley, just now, is the problem of this Laughing Mask person. I had nothing less than a deputy commissioner call me up this morning, for the authorities down in Center street are convinced of the fact this Laughing Mask would be a better haul than even Legar himself. They claim to have a clear record against him, and in ten minutes I've got to face a delegation from the detective bureau and tell them for the twentieth time just how



Beside the Door Was the Figure of a Young Woman.

much, or rather, how little, I know about that mysterious stranger." Later in her room Margery Golden, looking up, saw a figure in a yellow mask silently and pensively regarding her. "You are unhappy?" he quietly inquired. "You seem to appear only on those occasions when I am," she slowly and thoughtfully replied. "You are wondering at this very moment if young Manley will ever come back to you." She colored a little as she stared up into the masked face. "Yes," she finally acknowledged, "that is something I must know." "Why?" She remained silent. "Is it because you care for him?" "Yes, it is because I care for him—a great deal," she found the courage to reply. He turned about and tip-toed to the door. There, carefully nursing the knob in the palm of his hand, he released the catch and swung the door suddenly inward. And crouched low in the hallway, close beside the door frame, was the figure of a young woman

an wearing a housemaid's apron. The startled young woman, on discovering that she had been detected in the act of listening at a keyhole, sprang to her feet and fled like a shadow down the long hallway. "Why, that was one of our maids!" cried the astonished girl. "And also a secret agent of the Iron Claw's," announced the man in the mask. "But what are you going to do?" demanded the puzzled girl. "I'm going to show that I'm still your friend, and at the same time prove that this particular maid is your enemy," called back the man in the mask. But that particular maid, realizing apparently that events were shaping themselves into some final issue, lost no time in loitering along the hallway of that shadowy house. She ran straight to the heavy folding doors which shut off the library wherein, she knew, Enoch Golden was already conferring with his circle of officers these doors, she confronted those startled officials. "If you're after that man you call the Laughing Mask," she announced in her shrill soprano, "you'll find him here in this house, at this very moment."

"In this house?" echoed the astounded old millionaire. "You'll find him," shrieked the white-faced maid, "in Margery Golden's room. And the sooner you get there the better!" They rose as one man and moved towards the door. But they did not pass through that door. They came to a pause, for the very material reason that a man in a yellow mask, holding a revolver in his hand, confronted them from the hallway. "Just a moment, gentlemen," this masked stranger suavely announced, although the suavity of his voice was somewhat discounted by the obviously menacing position of his firearm. "Since denunciations seem to be in order, will you permit me to point out to you that the young lady who has just addressed you is Betsy LeMarsh, alias Williamsburg Sadie, not only one of the most adroit woman crooks in the city, but also an emissary and agent of Jules Legar himself!"

Having made that speech, the Laughing Mask promptly swung the heavy folding doors shut. He did so before one of the astonished onlookers could interfere. Then he turned the key in the snaplock, and ran headlong along the quiet hall. He all but collided with Margery Golden herself. "Here's where I take time by the forelock," he grimly announced, as he darted across the room to a huge old-fashioned grandfather's clock which stood against the farther wall. The astonished girl saw him swing open the door and step inside the clock. Then she turned quickly about for the men from the central office were already in the room. And she had no desire to make their task easier for them.

"That man came into this room," declared one of the older men, challenging the half-smiling girl with an indignant forefinger. "Where is he?" "How should I know?" asked the calm-eyed young woman. "Well, he's here, and we'll get him," declared the man who seemed to be the leader of the others. Then Margery Golden's heart suddenly came up into her mouth, for she could see that he was hurrying across the room in the direction of the clock. She could see his right hand go into his pocket and whip out a revolver as his left hand threw open the little black-walnut door along the face of the clock. Then she breathed again, for the clock was empty. But the man with the revolver had dropped to his knees and was patting interrogatively about the clock base. "If I thought so!" he suddenly called out. "There's a spring trap here that opens through the floor. Quick, some of you men, get down to the basement!" Margery Golden was even able to smile again. "Wilson," she said, "so good as to show these gentlemen the way to the basement. And then be so good as to have Miss Betsy LeMarsh come here."

But Miss Betsy LeMarsh had commandeered a hat and coat belonging to her mistress, possessed herself of a jeweled ring or two and a small morocco case, which she discreetly stowed away as she stole quietly down the servants' stairs, and slipped out through the shrubbery. So preoccupied was she, however, in putting distance between her and the house which she had just left that she failed to observe a figure simultaneously and quite as eagerly emerging from a basement window. Yet as she hurriedly rounded the block, in eager quest of a taxicab, this figure showed an unmistakable interest in her movements. And when she had finally hailed a taxicab and climbed into it, the stranger in a yellow mask so cautiously shadowing her made a signal

to the driver of a mysterious limousine, which seemed to be casually engaged in following his own movements. "Follow that taxicab," he commanded his driver as he leaped into the still-moving car. The man in the limousine sat tense and silent, watching the fight for mile after mile. Then, realizing that it was taking them beyond the bounds of the city itself, he drew shut the side-blinds of his car, reached under the seat and took from its hiding place a janned tin box, remarkably similar to an actor's make-up box. Balancing this on his knees, he first removed his mask of yellow cloth, adjusted a small folding mirror to the box lid, and busied himself with the assortment of pigments and cosmetics of the make-up putty therein contained. The clear-lined face which first gazed into the folding mirror slowly but unmistakably became converted into something repellent to the eye.

The next moment the limousine came to a stop at the roadside. "That taxicab has just turned in at the Bellaire inn," the well-trained driver called back to his master. "So I notice. And that's the place, I'll wager, where Legar himself is trying to keep under cover." "There's the woman herself, running up the steps," announced the driver. "So I also observe. And under the circumstances, I think it would be best for you to slip after her, as quietly and as quickly as you can." "Yes, sir!" "Then come back to the car and report to me the number of the room she asks for. Find out the number, whatever happens. For in that room, I imagine, we're going to encounter our old friend of the Iron Claw."

The Flash for Help. Jules Legar was in anything but an amiable frame of mind, and when Williamsburg Sadie was quietly ushered into room 307 of the Bellaire inn, he greeted her with a malignant scowl which she promptly and openly resented. "You don't seem exactly crazy to see me," she announced as she watched Legar lock the door through which she had just entered. His right

arm, she noticed, was carried in a voluminous white cotton sling. "Didn't I tell you to keep away from this dump?" he wrathfully reminded her. "Well, I didn't come because I wanted to," she the other's retort. "What's wrong?" "Everything's wrong! Old Golden had a bunch of batties in his house, and that Laughing Mask boob squealed on me to the bunch. So I had to beat it." Legar swung about on her. "And you beat it straight here, in open daylight, leaving a paper-chase trail at your heels?" There was rage in his voice. "I tell you I left no trail. I've got my own scalp to take care of. And if I've taken a chance to beat it up here and put you wise, it seems to me there's more than this grouch-talk comin' to me!"

"Then, for the love of heaven, woman, don't holler so the whole house will hear you! Speak quietly." A one-sided smile played about the hardened face of that worldly-wise young woman. "I guess you're kind of losin' your nerve," she contemptuously announced. "Listen to me, my girl. I've been at this game longer than you have, and I've learned there are times when even walls have ears." The woman laughed. "Then you'd better get earmuffs on that window sill, for I've got a hunch it's—"

Her voice died away at the same moment that the smile vanished from her face. "Don't turn around," she said in a sudden startled whisper as she looked down at her feet. "For there's a man's face starin' in at that window now." Legar remained motionless. "What face?" he quietly asked. "It's the man in the Laughing Mask!" was the whispered response. Legar continued to stare at her, still motionless. "That means he came up by the fire escape," meditated the fugitive. "And

that means Red Egan must surely have seen him." The next moment the man with his arm in a sling had thrown the bandage aside and was running towards the window that opened on the fire-escape landing. On that narrow ledge of sheet-metal, wedged in between the window sash and the escape railing, a terrific combat was already taking place. Before Legar could get the window open the movement of the body, succeeded in pinning the winded Red Egan down on the fire-escape platform. But already a second sentry of Legar's was swarming up the narrow metal stairway, and all the attention of the man in the mask had to be directed towards his new adversary. It was while countering the onslaught of this second enemy that the Laughing Mask became conscious of still another point of attack. For as he fought there, on his knees, astride the panting form of Red Egan, an iron claw reached viciously out over the window sill behind him, and fixed itself in his shoulder. The next moment he was being hauled bodily in through the open window. Ready hands were there to take possession of that battered and breathless captive. "Put him in that chair!" exultantly commanded Legar. "Now what'll we do with him?" demanded the panting Red Egan. "Leave him to me," announced Legar, studying his captive out of narrowed and sinister eyes. Then the man with the iron claw stepped slowly and studiously closely to the chair in which the helpless Laughing Mask sat, for the light in the room was none too clear. "So you're the man of mystery, are you? You're the hero who keeps a dead wall between him and the world, eh? Well, my valiant hero, we'll soon put your visor up!" Williamsburg Sadie, with her mouth slightly agape, stood halfway between the chair and the wall, watching the man with the iron claw as he exulted over his enemy. She watched Legar's hand as it reached out to the mask of yellow cloth and tore it viciously from the face which it had concealed. Then a scream, short but high pitched, burst from her startled lips.

Williamsburg Sadie, out of the silence of apprehension which fell over the little group. "You will," calmly announced Legar. "Not on your life!" was the girl's quavering reply. "I'm through with those people!" "But you're not through with me yet, my girl. You're going to take this note to Enoch Golden, and you're going to do it without any risk. I'll call it back, ten to one, if he makes a single move against you. And besides that, we've got him so beaten at this game that he's going to cry quits the minute he sees we're roped in the last of his gang, the minute I tell him I'll leave the country on condition he coughs up the paper!" "And s'posin' he does weaken and hand over that paper? Where do I get off?" "You come back here with it as fast as wheels can carry you. And if you move as quick as I want you to move, you'll just about get back in time to see the finish of your friend in the yellow mask!"

But Betsy LeMarsh's friend in the yellow mask, for all his captivity, was apparently preparing for that finish in a more active manner than was imagined by his captors. For, the moment he was locked in the narrow closet, he had undertaken a systematic search of its gloomy corners. That search, however, was rewarded only by the discovery of a group of insulated wires running along its outer wall. Yet these wires he examined with not a little care. And the examination led him to conclude, both from the nature of the wires and the heaviness of the insulation about them, that they were an integral portion of the lighting system of the hotel. That they were not "dead" he promptly discovered by scratching away the insulation tissue and bringing two of the bared wires in contact. This resulted in an immediate hiss and spark of light. And that gave the prisoner an idea. By "breaking" the current, he knew, he could send a message needling through all the nervous system of the house. And at some one point, he felt sure, that methodic play of dot and dash in the light bulb would arouse suspicion and cause a search to be instituted.

It was, in fact, in the office of the hotel itself, where High-Collar Davis, the house detective, leisurely perused an evening paper for certain racing returns close beside a round and robinlike room clerk in a red vest, that an electric bulb just above the register began to conduct itself in a manner that was first mysterious and then challenging. High-Collar Davis, looking languidly up from his racing charts, watched this light for several moments of silence. "Well, I'll be blowed!" he finally ejaculated. "What's wrong?" asked the room clerk. Instead of replying, the house detective took paper and pencil, and, carefully watching the winking and blinking bulb, wrote a number of letters down on his slip of paper.

"That's the first time," he solemnly announced, "I ever saw an electric bulb talk Morse!" "Talk Morse?" echoed the other. "Yes, talk Morse, or I never pounded the brass for two years. And here's what it has said, twice over. Help—room three—o—seven—help—help!" The house detective suddenly stood upright. "Say, who is in 307 in this house, anyway?" "That Virginian with his arm in a sling!" "Then it's up to us to find out what's going on in that room!" The Laughing Mask, in the meantime, was no longer giving his attention to the wires along the closet wall. But with his pocket knife he had already removed the set screw from the door knob of the closet door. Then, swinging lightly up to the shelf that stood some five feet from the floor, he seated himself there opposite the door. By grasping the two heavy clothes hooks screwed into this door, and by planting his feet firmly against the sash on either side of it, he felt that he was not altogether at the mercy of his enemies.

Even as he sat there he could hear the key turned in the lock and then the sound of Legar's quick oath of exasperation as the door knob fell loose to the floor, in response to his tug at it. At the same time hope rose in the captive's heart, for he could hear the muffled sound of a knock on the outer door. And still again the prisoner in the closet could hear Legar's oath of exasperation. This was followed by the sudden impact of the heavy wing chair against the panels of the closet door. That blow, repeated again and again, was heavy enough to break through the wood. But that ditzy ordinary gentleman not given to inactivity in moments of emergency, and being sufficiently persuaded of untoward proceedings behind the door which refused to open to his knock, promptly seized a fire ax from its vermilion-painted rack in the hall, and sent it crashing through the panels of the door which bore the numerals 307. Legar, seeing the door giving way before this determined onslaught, drew his revolver and emptied it into the half-demolished closet door even as he backed away across the room to the open window. There he followed his already vanishing accomplices out on the fire escape, swarming down the narrow ladder after them as the outer door of the room gave way and a group of excited hotel attendants, headed by High-Collar Davis, came tumbling into the room. The man who emerged from the

closest lingered only long enough to point out to them the fleeing figures already at the foot of the fire escape. Then he himself darted down through the hotel hallway, took the stairs on the run, circled out through the rotunda, and springing through shrubbery and flower beds, leaped into a limousine drawn up at the side of the road. "Follow that touring car those men have just piled into," he called out to his driver. "Follow it until we get into the city. Then swing past it and get to Golden's house before it does, whatever happens!" But that touring car showed itself to be a much speedier vehicle than its un-

A Terrific Combat Was Taking Place. kempt appearance might indicate. And its driver seemed possessed of a surprisingly intimate knowledge of suburban side roads, for as the black limousine drew up on it the dust-covered open car suddenly swerved to the left, dipped into a narrow valley, and took the rise to the railway track like a swallow rounding a cliff head. Then the man in the yellow mask stood up in his car, with an involuntary gasp of horror on his lips. For thundering along the curving track as the dusty touring car rose to the crossing came an even swifter-moving through freight, whistling its frantic warning as it came. But that warning was too late. The pilot of the locomotive seemed to root like a boar's snout under the flimsy body of the automobile and then toss it and its human freight high over its shoulder. There was a momentary cascade of bodies and metal through the air, a sudden discontinuance of the whistle blast, and the grind of steel against steel as the startled engine driver threw on his brakes. "Did they strike?" asked the Laughing Mask's chauffeur over his shoulder. "Yes, they struck! But don't turn back. Keep going! For there's another car from that hotel following us, and we've still got to get to Golden's house first." It was some twelve minutes later that Margery Golden, as she sat disconsolately in the quietness of her room, found herself confronted by an unannounced visitor. "It's you!" she gasped, as she rose to her feet and found the Laughing Mask standing a little breathless, just inside her door. "I'm sorry to startle you," he explained, "but as usual, they didn't get me any too much time!" "But what has happened?" "The same thing over again. I are five men downstairs persuing your father the Laughing Mask criminal, and those five men are aimed to make me a prisoner." "But why should they keep pursuing this?" asked the bewildered girl. "Because they don't understand." "No, they don't understand," she repeated. Then she turned and stared at the masked face. "Nor do I altogether understand!" "But surely you'd trust me enough to hide me away here until I can escape from them?" "How can you ask me to trust you when you refuse to trust me?" "But I do trust you. I always have!" "Yet not enough to remove that mask." "And you insist that I unmask?" "No, I do not insist. But if you believe in my honesty I also want to believe in yours." Again there was a moment of silence. "You are right," said the man in the mask. Then he crossed the room to the door of the white-tiled bathroom, laughing as he went. "But since my hands are clean, I also insist that my face shall be!" The girl stood puzzled as she heard the sound of a tap being turned and the splash of water. "What are you doing?" she demanded. "Washing my face," answered a somewhat altered voice, "and I'm afraid, I'm rather spilling your towel with my make-up." The next minute the Laughing Mask, denuded of his domino, stepped back into the room. "Will you trust me enough now to help me get away?" he asked. The girl stared round-eyed into the smiling face above her. She started to lift her hand, as though in wonder, to her brow. But the man in the doorway imprisoned that hand in his own, and drew her a little closer to him. "Will you trust me now?" he repeated. "Yes," she said, in a voice hushed with wonder, as she felt his arms closed about her. "I will always trust you!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Williamsburg Sadie, out of the silence of apprehension which fell over the little group. "You will," calmly announced Legar. "Not on your life!" was the girl's quavering reply. "I'm through with those people!" "But you're not through with me yet, my girl. You're going to take this note to Enoch Golden, and you're going to do it without any risk. I'll call it back, ten to one, if he makes a single move against you. And besides that, we've got him so beaten at this game that he's going to cry quits the minute he sees we're roped in the last of his gang, the minute I tell him I'll leave the country on condition he coughs up the paper!" "And s'posin' he does weaken and hand over that paper? Where do I get off?" "You come back here with it as fast as wheels can carry you. And if you move as quick as I want you to move, you'll just about get back in time to see the finish of your friend in the yellow mask!"

But Betsy LeMarsh's friend in the yellow mask, for all his captivity, was apparently preparing for that finish in a more active manner than was imagined by his captors. For, the moment he was locked in the narrow closet, he had undertaken a systematic search of its gloomy corners. That search, however, was rewarded only by the discovery of a group of insulated wires running along its outer wall. Yet these wires he examined with not a little care. And the examination led him to conclude, both from the nature of the wires and the heaviness of the insulation about them, that they were an integral portion of the lighting system of the hotel. That they were not "dead" he promptly discovered by scratching away the insulation tissue and bringing two of the bared wires in contact. This resulted in an immediate hiss and spark of light. And that gave the prisoner an idea. By "breaking" the current, he knew, he could send a message needling through all the nervous system of the house. And at some one point, he felt sure, that methodic play of dot and dash in the light bulb would arouse suspicion and cause a search to be instituted.

It was, in fact, in the office of the hotel itself, where High-Collar Davis, the house detective, leisurely perused an evening paper for certain racing returns close beside a round and ro binlike room clerk in a red vest, that an electric bulb just above the register began to conduct itself in a manner that was first mysterious and then challenging. High-Collar Davis, looking languidly up from his racing charts, watched this light for several moments of silence. "Well, I'll be blowed!" he finally ejaculated. "What's wrong?" asked the room clerk. Instead of replying, the house detective took paper and pencil, and, carefully watching the winking and blinking bulb, wrote a number of letters down on his slip of paper.

"That's the first time," he solemnly announced, "I ever saw an electric bulb talk Morse!" "Talk Morse?" echoed the other. "Yes, talk Morse, or I never pounded the brass for two years. And here's what it has said, twice over. Help—room three—o—seven—help—help!" The house detective suddenly stood upright. "Say, who is in 307 in this house, anyway?" "That Virginian with his arm in a sling!" "Then it's up to us to find out what's going on in that room!" The Laughing Mask, in the meantime, was no longer giving his attention to the wires along the closet wall. But with his pocket knife he had already removed the set screw from the door knob of the closet door. Then, swinging lightly up to the shelf that stood some five feet from the floor, he seated himself there opposite the door. By grasping the two heavy clothes hooks screwed into this door, and by planting his feet firmly against the sash on either side of it, he felt that he was not altogether at the mercy of his enemies.

Even as he sat there he could hear the key turned in the lock and then the sound of Legar's quick oath of exasperation as the door knob fell loose to the floor, in response to his tug at it. At the same time hope rose in the captive's heart, for he could hear the muffled sound of a knock on the outer door. And still again the prisoner in the closet could hear Legar's oath of exasperation. This was followed by the sudden impact of the heavy wing chair against the panels of the closet door. That blow, repeated again and again, was heavy enough to break through the wood. But that ditzy ordinary gentleman not given to inactivity in moments of emergency, and being sufficiently persuaded of untoward proceedings behind the door which refused to open to his knock, promptly seized a fire ax from its vermilion-painted rack in the hall, and sent it crashing through the panels of the door which bore the numerals 307. Legar, seeing the door giving way before this determined onslaught, drew his revolver and emptied it into the half-demolished closet door even as he backed away across the room to the open window. There he followed his already vanishing accomplices out on the fire escape, swarming down the narrow ladder after them as the outer door of the room gave way and a group of excited hotel attendants, headed by High-Collar Davis, came tumbling into the room. The man who emerged from the

closest lingered only long enough to point out to them the fleeing figures already at the foot of the fire escape. Then he himself darted down through the hotel hallway, took the stairs on the run, circled out through the rotunda, and springing through shrubbery and flower beds, leaped into a limousine drawn up at the side of the road. "Follow that touring car those men have just piled into," he called out to his driver. "Follow it until we get into the city. Then swing past it and get to Golden's house before it does, whatever happens!" But that touring car showed itself to be a much speedier vehicle than its un-

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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.

Summer Visitors.

Already many families from San Antonio and south and east are coming up to Kerrville to enjoy the summer in the heart of the hills where the cool breezes blow. The bracing mountain air, the cool shades on the banks of the sparkling waters of the Guadalupe, the delightful scenery that is so restful to the eye, our Riverside Park with its splendid bath house and boating privileges, all go to make up an attraction that is absolutely irresistible when once observed. We had as well make room for the largest number of summer visitors we have ever entertained, for they are coming.

May Mean Great Contest

The great Republican and Progressive conventions are a matter of history. Justice Hughes of New York was nominated for President by the Republicans with Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana for Vice President. The Progressives offered Colonel Roosevelt the Bull Moose nomination but he declined to accept it. He has asked for time to consider whether he will support the Hughes ticket. The Republicans and Mr. Roosevelt have acted wisely and if the two factions of the old party are agreeably united, as it appears they will be, the Democrats are going to have something to interest them.

The fight for prohibition is one in which the sacred interests of home, church, school and good citizenship are sought to be protected against the awful evils of a traffic whose very substance is the debauchery of human lives and the damning of human souls.

A Sad but True Story.

A farmer came to town, sold his load of produce that his wife and children had helped to raise, left his little boy to hold the team, went into the nearest saloon, spent all the money he had, failed to purchase the little bill of groceries and the dress for his wife and shoes for the little boy and girl, but got drunk, whipped the boy because he got impatient after waiting seven hours for his daddy to get through drinking and "settin' em up" to his so called "friends." The old man then, bleary-eyed, staggering and un-tiltly, crawled into his wagon, put the whip to the old ponies and went back home to the farm, and because his wife ventured to ask him about the things he didn't get, he cussed out the whole ranch. It might be added that he failed to spend any of the proceeds of his load of produce with any of the business men, except the last chance store where he stopped to buy a plug of tobacco with a dime that he fished out of his vest pocket, and which the little boy reminded him that his little sister had given him to get her some candy.

You may say this is only an imaginary story, but you know better. You know that just scenes as this are being enacted in a hundred different places in Texas every day. And you know that, if the saloon had not been in town the farmer would have turned his money into legitimate channels of trade and taken home something that would have made his family happy. Then why do you vote to retain an institution that causes so much waste and misery.

Some employers prohibit their hands from using intoxicants or entering saloons at the penalty of being discharged. Others, but very few, provide their hands with booze, and then cuss because they give poor service. But there are all kinds of folks—even in Kerrville.

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 Representative 119th Dist.
(Subject to Democratic Primary election July 22.)
M. E. BLACKBURN.
(Re-election.)

For District Judge 38th Dist.
(Subject to Democratic Primary election July 22.)
R. H. BURNEY.
(Re-election.)

For County Attorney
GILBERT C. STORMS.

For County Judge
R. A. DUNBAR.
SID REES.
LEE WALLACE.
(Re-election.)

For County and Dist. Clerk:
JOHN R. LEAVELL.
(Re-election.)

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
J. T. MOORE.
(Re-election.)

For Tax Assessor
EMMET H. NICHOLS.
W. G. PETERSON.
(Re-election.)

For County Treasurer.
A. B. WILLIAMSON.
(Re-election.)

The man who uses his vote and influence to sustain the liquor business need not expect the support of this paper nor the vote of its editor. And we don't care about you telling us that you are a "conservative" pro. There are too many of these "conservatives" being manipulated by the liquor interests today in Texas. For example we refer to the recent San Antonio convention and the personnel of the Texas delegation at St. Louis. It's true the anti-liquor "conservative" pro, even a "conservative" pro minister, and often quote them in their literature. It may not be so bad to be a "conservative" anti, but deliver us from the cold-footed, half-hearted, compromising pro who calls himself a "conservative."



We carry a full line of the best makes of Stock Saddle. They fit the horse and make riding a pleasure. We also carry a nice line of Navajo and other blankets, harness and leather sundries. Don't forget our Buggies, etc. See our line of Guaranteed Auto Tires and Casings.

J. E. PALMER
LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS



HOOSIER TIME IS HERE
HOUSEWIVES MADE HAPPY.

We talked oil stoves last month for hot-weather season comfort and pleasure and now we come to you a reminder of the greatest time and labor saver known to woman, the HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET. We want you to come to our store and see the demonstration of the forty superior Hoosier features. Thousands of Hoosier cabinets are being sold to one of other makes because of its wonderfully sanitary labor-saving qualities.

Quality won highest award for Hoosier at Panama Exposition.

EASY PAYMENTS

\$1.00 Down
\$1.00 Weekly
No Extra Fees

Let us deliver one in your home today. You will hardly miss the small outlay of money and will be happy over the results.

"A tree is known by its Fruits"
FURNITURE

by its style and quality. We have furniture of both style and quality. Come look through our big stock. We will treat you right.



The Famous Roll Door "Hoosier Beauty"

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

Mrs. T. A. Buckner had as her guests Saturday and Sunday Misses Anna Garison, Ruth Adams and Bonnie Hicks of Medina and Tarpley. The young ladies were accompanied over by Messrs. Ernest Love and Fabion Garison.

Cottage For Rent—Across the street from Jack Moore's residence, W. G. Leazar at the Gun Shop.

We were tickled at John Peterson trying-out as a Ford driver the other day. It reminded us of our personal experience of plowing in stumpy ground with the old style double shovel. But John is coming alright now.

Newspaper advertising pays best, is the verdict of thousands of business men who know. Every business man ought to keep his business constantly before the public and the newspaper is the most practical medium. Try an ad in the Advance.

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.

For Sale—6 Passenger Interstate car, in good running condition, J. H. Peterson, Robinson & Insall garage.

Train load after train load of poor starving cattle are being shipped to Kerrville, Center Point and Comfort from the drouth stricken counties of Live Oak, Bee, Jim Wells, Duval and Nueces. This stock is so poor that quite a number of head die in transit. Our ranchmen are kindly furnishing all the pasturage possible to help save these cattle.

Our correspondents will please remember that unless their letters are received by noon Tuesday we can seldom get them set up for that issue. This also applies to church notices and other free matter.

Have you paid your subscription?

TAX PAYER NOTICE

We have a very fine high-grade piano also player-piano that, rather than ship back to the factory, from your locality, we will sell at actual cost, cash or easy terms of payment. These fine instruments are brand new and fully warranted. You must write us immediately.

THE MAYER PIANO CO.,
Corner Travis & Soledad,
San Antonio, Texas.

Special Notice

Parents or guardians desiring to transfer scholastics from one school district in Kerr county to another must do so before the 2nd day of August, 1916.

LEE WALLACE,
Ex-officio Co. Supt., Kerr Co.

KERRVILLE

Is the county seat of Kerr County, has a population of about 2500, is situated 20 miles northwesterly from San Antonio, and is the terminus of the Kerrville branch of the S. A. & A. P. railroad. It has two daily trains to and from San Antonio, and daily mail route, carrying passengers in hacks, to Ingram, Junction, Rock Springs, Harper and other places north and west of Kerrville, and also a daily line to Fredericksburg. From Kerrville to Fredericksburg is 25 miles; to Banderita and Medina City, 25 miles; to Junction 60 miles; Rocksprings 80 miles, Harper 24 miles.

Kerrville has electric lights and a splendid system of water works. The sum of \$20,000 has been spent on the streets and \$10,000 has been spent for road improvements in this precinct.

The elevation of Kerrville is 1,550 feet. The Guadalupe river, which heads 50 miles north of Kerrville, runs through the city. On the east side where the city is located, there are high cliffs on the river, and on the west side is a fertile and beautiful valley, and mountains surround the city on the east and west. The Guadalupe valley is occupied by thrifty farmers and ranchmen, and the mountain regions, among which there is considerable valley, creek and arable land, there are large ranches of cattle, horses, sheep and goats, all of which do well in the Kerrville country. The land generally is well wooded, principally with live oak, Spanish oak and cedar, and the range is good, and water excellent.

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

315-17 STATE BANK BUILDING
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Stockmen's Hand Made Boots

IS MY SPECIALTY

We are especially equipped to turn out the best work and do all kinds of leather repairing. First Class Shoe Repairing and we do it promptly

J. Q. WHEELER
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

YOU ARE INVITED

TO VISIT AND TRADE WITH

The Store for "Those Who Care"

BERRY'S

Sanitary Groceries.

Phone 182

R. F. Hunt returned Tuesday from a visit to his farm in Karnes county. He reports the drouth as distressing down there.

Seeded Raisins at
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mrs. R. L. Langston and two sons of Jacksonville, Texas, have come to spend the summer here and are stopping at the Mercer ranch.

Our Grocery department is up-to-date. Phone us your orders and we guarantee to satisfy you. Phone 25. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

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

Local Notes

Miss Eula Byas of Hunt is spending a few days here with her sister, Mrs. R. F. Hunt.

P. L. Eubank, Piano Tuner, with Thos. Goggan & Bro., San Antonio.

Miss Irma Roberts has gone to Port Aransas to spend the summer.

Electric face or head massage 35c at the Palace Barber Shop.

A. D. McBryde and W.H. Bonnell were in the city from Camp Verde Tuesday.

Best Coffees at reasonable prices. C. C. Butt Grocery. Phone 72.

Miss Lola McDoniel is spending the week visiting in San Antonio.

Buy your oat sacks from H. Noll Stock Co.

Harris Hardin brought in a 43-pound catfish Monday which he caught in Sherman pool.

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

Mrs. J. T. S. Gammon entertained the young ladies of the Y. W. A. at her beautiful home, "The Oaks," on Monday afternoon.

Get the habit of calling at the Nifty News Stand for your magazines. We handle all the standard periodicals. Two doors from P. O.

Our bathing caps will please you. So will our prices. Rock Drug Store.

C. H. Mansfield, prominent stock-farmer and president of the Bandera State Bank, was in Kerrville yesterday for ranch supplies.

Our Shumate razors are kept honed free of charge and are guaranteed for a lifetime. Kerrville Drug Co.

Beech-Nut Products at Berry's.

Dee Crider of the North Prong was in town last Friday and called on the Advance.

Oat sacks, oat sacks at H. Noll Stock Co.

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

Miss Blanch Moore has returned home from Belton where she was a student in Baylor Female College.

Why will you pay more when you can get more goods for your money at H. Noll Stock Co.

Mrs. Gilbert C. Storms and little son, Edward, returned home Friday from a two weeks visit in San Antonio.

New stock high grade pocket knives at Kerrville Drug Co.

The best cigars and standard tobaccos handled at the Nifty News Stand, two doors from P. O.

E. Hicks, Walter Meadows and Emmet Holt were in town Friday from the Hicks ranch in Bandera county with the fall clip of wool.

Chickens and eggs wanted. Highest price paid by West Texas Supply Co.

Misses Winona and Velma Moore are spending a week or two with their Aunt, Mrs. Walter Mayfield, and family at Medina.

Good values in decremented sloop jars for \$1.00 as long as they last. Kerrville Furniture Co.

Chocolate Candy At Cost

On account of the weather we are closing out our chocolate candies at cost. Look at these prices: Fine chocolates 20c per pound, 2 pounds for 35c. Phone 72 and order a pound. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Miss Eloise Faulkner has returned from Austin where she was a student in the State University.

White scalloped china sets of 42 pieces. Regular \$9.00 values, for 5.50. Call and see them. Kerrville Furniture Co.

Miss Helen Dietert is spending a few weeks on the Dietert ranch on the divide.

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

Mr. Lee Risinger and daughter, Miss Essie, and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Masters of Bandera spent several hours in Kerrville Monday.

Have you seen our pretty new shoe department. New shoes for the whole family at low prices that will save your pocket book. See H. Noll Stock Co.

A Picture is built upon a reputation. Our reputation is built on our Pictures. For the best always go to Pampell's Theatre.

F. D. Barnes, a farmer of Bandera, was here Monday with his spring clip of wool.

Fleishmanns yeast makes better bread. Get it at C. C. Butt Grocery.

Judge R. A. Dunbar returned Sunday from a month's visit to his brother and old home at Memphis, Texas.

Shumate razors are kept honed free of charge and are guaranteed for a lifetime. Kerrville Drug Co.

We have an assortment of the world's best Toilet Goods. Rock Drug Store.

Bring us your old brass, copper, zinc, lead, old rags, etc. I will pay highest prices in cash. N. Sachs, Leavell Bldg., Kerrville, Texas.

We have everything for picnic lunches. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Geo. Haby and John Auld came in Monday from Leakey. They report stock conditions good but the need of rain is beginning to be felt.

Put us to the test. Let us fill your next Prescription. Rock Drug Store.

W. T. Leavell and family left Monday in their Ford for a long automobile trip to Hobart, Okla., where Mr. Leavell will run his thresher this season.

We are giving reductions on all spring goods. Paris Millinery Co.

Get the best and freshest Crackers and Cakes at C. C. Butt Grocery.

J. F. Chaney, postmaster and merchant of Willow City, was here Monday. He came to bring his little grandson, Harold Chaney, home after a month's visit up there.

Who wants a good second hand automobile that's in first class mechanical condition? Will sell cheap for cash or will trade for building lots. See W. W. NOLL.

SPECIAL TO THE LADIES: We can clean or polish your shoes cheaper and better than you can do it yourself. Either come in or send them to the Nifty Shine Parlor, Benton's old stand, two doors from P. O.

Mrs. S. E. Mayfield and her grandson, Clem Mayfield, of Medina came over Friday. Mrs. Mayfield is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Buckner.

Just received a swell line of mens shirts. Also nice line of ties. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Among those from Kerrville who are attending the Normal at Center Point, we note the following: Misses Vela Burney, Virgie Storms, Mary Aaron, Rosita Holdsworth and Miss Long.

See our Gold Band China Sets, of 42 pieces. Regular price \$10.00 but while they last we are making a special price of \$6.50. Kerrville Furniture Co.

Pure Mesquite Honey at Berry's.

Messrs. Earl Elam and Richard Chaney of Kerrville and Arthur Pae of Bandera county left Kerrville Monday for the Medina lake on a fishing trip.

Highest prices paid for old brass, copper, zinc, lead, and old rags. N. Sachs, Leavell Bldg., Kerrville, Texas.

LOST--Package of shoes addressed to Volk Bros., Dallas, from Mrs. Bettie King. Notify Mrs. Everheart phone 225 Blue, and get reward.

Miss Lynn Burnett left Monday for Austin to attend the graduating exercises of the State University and will attend the University Normal.

Let us demonstrate the Corona Typewriter for personal use, or the Rex Typewriter for office use. Either machine is of the highest class and moderately priced. See them at the Nifty News Stand, two doors from P. O.

A good rain fell here last night which will be of great benefit, especially to corn which is needing it very badly.

Do you like low prices? We know you do! But our competitors do not. Our business is growing because we always make lowest prices at H. Noll Stock Co.

Willie Dietert, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Dietert, came in last night from the A. and M. College where he has been a student.

FOR SALE--Young Tamworth hogs at reasonable prices. Apply at this office, phone 117.

If you need anything in Millinery call on us, we are selling all spring goods at reduced prices. Paris Millinery Co.

Rev. J. E. Byrd, pastor of the Floresville Baptist church, spent last Monday night in Kerrville on his way to Junction to join his family who are visiting there.

Fresh Vegetables gathered daily. C. C. Butt Grocery. Phone 72.

Prof. and Mrs. May are spending the week in Kerrville visiting their friends Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rodgers and incidentally giving the people some splendid entertainment. At the Airdome Theater for three nights, closing with tonight, they are giving a good program of music and songs that is an innovation to those who hear them. In connection they are showing some motion pictures of the highest character.

Prof. A. Meadows was in town Tuesday from Ingram. He and Mrs. Meadows have been employed to teach in the Center Point school the coming term.

Work shoes, the kind that stand wear and tear. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Jim Cox, Ed Mansfield, Eb. Buck, Charly Meadows and Fred Mansfield of the Bandera neighborhood were here Monday with their spring wool clips which they sold at an average of about 24 1-10 cents for 6-months and 29 1-4 cents 12-months clip.

Miss Louise Burnett, daughter of Judge and Mrs. W. W. Burnett, born and raised at Kerrville and a former student of our public school, is one of this year's State University graduates. Judge W. W. Burnett and family now reside on their ranch in Comal county.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Faulkner are here from California on a visit to Mr. Faulkner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Faulkner. J. C. Faulkner is a cartoonist of national fame and has been giving some interesting exhibitions of the art at Pampell's Theater this week.

DR. L. WERBLUN IN KERRVILLE

Dr. L. Werblun, Optician, of San Antonio is here, at Mr. Rawson's Drug Store, and will remain till June 14, and will be in Center Point at Dr. Merritt's office, June 15, 16 and 17. Examination of the eyes free.

New Produce Store Opened

We have opened a produce business in the old bakery building next door to Henke's market and will pay highest cash prices for chickens, turkeys, eggs, and other produce. Phone 278 for prices.

KERRVILLE PRODUCE CO.

Use Electricity

Take advantage of the day current we have put on for your benefit. Runs 24 hours every day. We have on hand for sale Electric Fans, Irons, and other convenient appliances for the home.

Electricity means comfort, economy and convenience. This is the season you need it most. Let us wire you in today so that you can have these conveniences.

Kerrville Light, Ice & Power Company

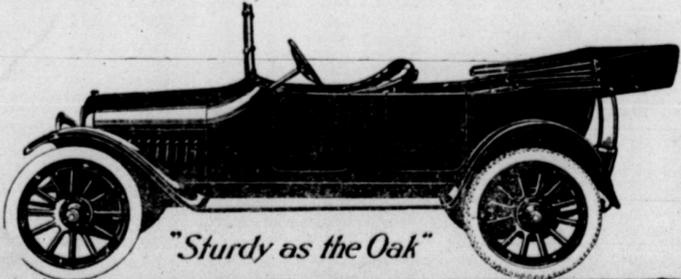
Guard Against Disease

Use Disinfectants and Germicides. With the coming of warmer weather millions of germs that are now dormant will spring into activity to menace health. The use of Disinfectants and Germicides will reduce the danger of disease to a minimum. We have all of the good Disinfectants, Germicides, Insecticides, Rodent destroyers, Etc.

Make war on Disease Now. We have the Ammunition.

ROCK DRUG STORE

MISS IDA PFEUFFER, Proprietor



"Sturdy as the Oak"

eights

sixes

Though Oakland "Six" is a "light car" (2100 pounds) it is not in any sense a "small car". Clever designing has utilized every inch of the 110 inch wheelbase, so that the car not only looks big but is really large and roomy.

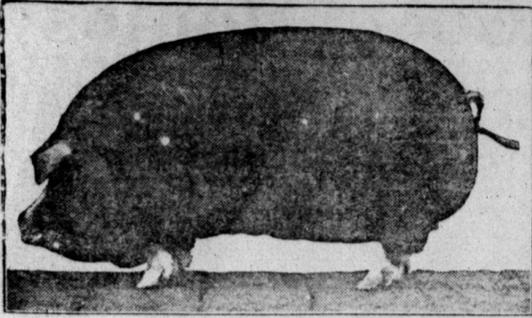
It is a five passenger car in carrying capacity as well as in name, and all five passengers ride in comfort. Wide seats and ample leg room—both front and rear—delight the occupants. It's a car you will be proud to own.

Oakland "Six" \$795 Oakland "Eight" \$1585
Prices F. O. B. Factory

Dietert Motor Co., Dealers, Kerrville, Texas

Oakland

LICE ARE COMMON PESTS AMONG SWINE



Grand Champion Poland-China Sow.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The farmer should frequently examine his hogs about the ears, flanks, and inside of the legs to see if they are lousy. Lice are common pests among swine, and vigorous and persistent treatment is required to eradicate them. They may be readily seen traveling among the bristles, particularly in the parts just mentioned. The eggs, or "nits," are small white oval bodies attached to the bristles. Dipping does not as a rule destroy the vitality of these eggs. Swine should be dipped frequently in order to kill the lice that hatch out of the eggs after the previous dipping. These lice are blood-sucking parasites, and by biting the hog and sucking blood they cause a great deal of skin irritation. Furthermore, they act as a drain on the vitality of the hog, through the loss of blood which they abstract. When lousy the hog is usually restless and rubs on posts and other convenient objects. The coat looks rough and harsh. This pest is transmitted from one animal to another by direct contact, or by contact with infected bedding or quarters.

Dipping Swine.
To free hogs from lice they should be dipped two or more times at intervals of about two weeks. Several dippings may be required before complete eradication is accomplished. Do not fail at the same time to clean and disinfect thoroughly the sleeping quarters. Cresol compound (U. S. P.) may be used for dipping and disinfecting. For dipping, mix in the proportion of two gallons to 100 gallons of water; for disinfecting, in the proportion of three gallons to 100 gallons of water. Although not always as effective as might be desired, coal-tar products of the kind ordinarily sold as stock dips are commonly used to treat hogs for lice. For use they are diluted with water in accordance with directions supplied by the manufacturers.

Dipping vats are made of various materials, but the most durable is cement. (See Farmers' Bulletin 481, Concrete Construction on the Live Stock Farm.) The vat should be set in the ground at a convenient place where there is good surface drainage away from the vat. A suitable size for a vat in which to dip hogs is ten feet long at the top, eight feet long at the bottom, one foot wide at the bottom, and two feet wide at the top. It should be deep enough so that the hogs will be completely immersed in the dip and will not strike the bottom of the vat when they plunge. If possible, the vat should be located so that a two-inch drain pipe may lead from the bottom of the vat to facilitate emptying and cleaning, otherwise it is necessary to pump or dip out the contents of the vat in order to clean it. Do not use old filthy dip, but clean and re-charge the vat before dipping again if the dip has become very dirty or if it has stood a long time in the vat. The end where the hogs enter should be perpendicular and the entrance should be on a slide. The other end should slope gradually, with cleats to provide footholds for the hogs for emerging after dipping. A dipping vat is very useful wherever a large number of hogs is kept.

Hog Wallows.
Some farmers favor hog wallows; others are strongly opposed to them. Filthy hog wallows are a source of danger. Hogs wallowing in or drinking contaminated water are likely to contract disease. However, there are many advantages to be derived from wallows. A cool bath is very soothing to a hog during the hot weather. It cleans the scurf from the skin and protects the hogs from flies. Crude oil, sufficient to form a thin layer on top of the water, may be poured into the wallow about every ten days. This will tend to keep the hogs free from lice and other skin parasites. If the skin becomes irritated from the oil, its use should be discontinued. Small quantities of coal-tar dip are sometimes added to the water in hog wallows, but there is an element of danger in this practice, as poisoning may result from the absorption of phenols by hogs which lie in the wallow more or less continuously.

On some of the larger hog farms concrete wallows are becoming popular. The cement hog wallow should be located in a shady place and made so as to contain from eight to ten inches of water. A two-inch drain pipe, as recommended for the dipping vat, should be placed in the bottom of the wallow to permit its being cleaned out.

Other Methods.
In many cases a farmer is not financially able to build a concrete hog wallow or a dipping vat. If this be the case, the dip, properly diluted ac-

ording to directions, can be applied with a spray pump or sprinkling can, or else rubbed on every part of the hog by means of a brush or a swab of cotton waste. Care should be taken not to apply the dip stronger than directed.

Another method of controlling lice is to tie gunny sacks or similar coarse cloth around a post and saturate the sacks frequently with crude oil. The sacks should be tied at a proper height so that the hogs may rub against them.

Change Pastures Frequently.
Swine can be raised when they are confined in limited quarters if the quarters are kept clean, but they will do much better and stay in better health if they have plenty of pasture. Divide the pasture into convenient areas, so that the hogs can be shifted from one pasture to another. This not only provides fresh pasture, but affords an opportunity to disinfect the pastures by plowing and reseeded or exposing to the sun and weather. Intestinal worms, which are rather common in swine, are contracted from feed, water, and ground which have been contaminated by the droppings from infected hogs. Frequent change of pasture is one of the best means of reducing worm infestation to a minimum. Hogs, however, should not be allowed to run at large on open range, as this favors the spread of hog cholera.

DISPOSE OF PESTS THAT EAT UP PROFIT

Everyone With Sound Sense Knows That It Doesn't Pay to Feed Ticks and Lice.

(By D. A. SPENCER, Department of Animal Husbandry, Oklahoma A. & M. College, Stillwater.)

Does it pay to dip sheep? This question is asked during the spring by many beginners in sheep husbandry. Perhaps an answer may be suggested by the following question: Does it pay to feed ticks and lice? Everyone with sound sense knows that it does not.

If the flock owner is anxious to realize all possible profit from his flock he should attempt to dispose of pests that eat up the profit.

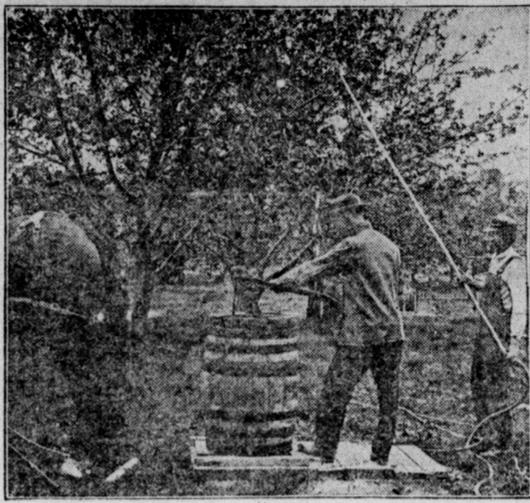
The flock may appear to have no ticks, but a few stray ones may be lurking here and there, ready to bring forth an army of ticks if conditions remain favorable. This is often the case and the final result is usually about as bad as if you could see ticks when the sheep are sheared.

If the ticks are thick it may be wise to dip as soon as the sheep are shorn. Otherwise wait three or four weeks after shearing so that the wool has sufficient growth of fleece to hold some of the dip. Dip again in about ten days in order to kill the young ticks that may have been in the egg stage at the time of the first dipping.

Any of the coal tar dips, such as kresol, zenoleum, etc., used according to directions, will give very satisfactory results.

SELF-FEEDERS GOOD FOR ALL LIVE STOCK
Interesting Test Being Made With Dairy Cow at California University Farm.
If the self-feeder for pigs, because it lets them follow naturally bodily demands of eating just what food their system required, is such a great success, the self-feeder might prove equally good for other kinds of stock also. At the California university farm, just as a foeler, not as an experiment that would certainly prove anything, a dairy cow has been fed since lactation with a self-feeder. In one place is alfalfa hay which she can get to at all times, another dried beet pulp mixed with rolled barley, which it is figured will give with alfalfa hay an approximately balanced ration. One trouble has been that she has been too interested in the barley to take enough interest in the other feeds, and that is expensive, but by increasing the proportion of beet pulp she has been made to show better judgment.

MAKING BATTLE ON THE CODLING MOTH



Ordinary Barrel Sprayer Does Well for Orchards of Less Than Five Acres.

(By T. J. TALBERT, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

Spray the apple trees immediately after the blossoms or petals fall in order to fill each little calyx cup or cavity with poison. About three-fourths of the codling moth worms which hatch from eggs three or four weeks later enter the apples through this cavity. If we succeed in putting a few grains of arsenic in each little calyx cup the first meal the apple worm takes will be its last one.

Since the calyx cups stand wide open for only a week or ten days, the spray must be applied within this time in order to be effective.

What to Use.
Commercial lime sulphur at the rate of 1 1/2 gallons to 50 gallons of water, and arsenate of lead paste at the rate of 2 or 2 1/2 pounds to each 50 gallons of spray mixture should be used.

The trees should not be sprayed while in full bloom. Such work would interfere with pollination, without which fruit cannot set, and destroy the fruit grower's best friend, the honey bee. It is safe to spray when two-thirds of the petals have fallen, because the flow of nectar has practically stopped and few, if any, bees will be injured.

This should be the most thorough and drenching spray of the season. A nozzle throwing a rather coarse driv-



Light Power Spray Should Be Used on Orchards of Five Acres or More.

ing spray with high pressure should be used in order to force the poison down deep into the calyx cups.

Most Important Spray.
This is the most important single spray of the season. It not only controls the first brood larvae of the codling moth, but it also prevents, to a great extent, the losses occasioned by the later broods of the pest. It is also an important spray in controlling the lesser apple worm, plum curculio, cankerworm, apple scab, black rot and other less important insect pests and fungous diseases.

Later Sprays Necessary.
The next spray should be applied about two or three weeks after the calyx spray. This will be about the time the majority of the first brood codling moth eggs are hatching, and if the surface of the leaves and fruit is thickly peppered with the poisonous spray many of the worms will be killed by feeding slightly before they reach the blossom end of the little apple. Since this is also the first important spray against apple blotch, Bordeaux mixture should be used with the arsenate of lead if this disease is prevalent in the orchard.

About eight or nine weeks after the blossom or calyx spray the third application should be made using the

same spray chemicals. This is an important spray against the second brood of the codling moth and lesser apple worm; also the plum curculio, apple blotch and other insect pests and diseases.

Later sprays may be necessary, but under average conditions the work as outlined above, if thoroughly done, should control not only the codling moth but the other more important insect pests and diseases of the orchard. Other spray schedules might be suggested, but this is the one which has given the best results in the tests of the Missouri agricultural experiment station.

POISON SPRAY FOR THE YOUNG BORERS

Common Chemical May Be Used to Advantage in Destroying Insects on Trees.

Common spray chemical may be used to great advantage on the trunks of trees at definite periods for borers. When the trunk is kept well covered with a thin film of poison, the young borer, soon after hatching, will eat of this upon entering the bark, and his first meal will end him at once. As the period of hatching extends over several months, during which time the bark on the trunks cracks from the expansion beneath it due to growth, the application of poison must be made more frequently.

Before June 1 or as early thereafter as possible, make a thorough search of all trees for borers. Apple-tree borers are usually found above ground and these are best destroyed by injecting a few drops of carbon bisulphate into their tunnels and plugging them tight with soft clay or putty. Remove the earth to the depth of four to six inches about peach trees and cut out all borers possible with the pruning knife.

After thus removing all borers that can be found spray or paint the trunks of the trees with a mixture of eight to ten pounds lead arsenate paste and 50 gallons of dilute lime-sulphur solution, one part to four or five of water. Mound the earth about the trees to the height of six or eight inches. Repeat the application about the middle of July and again in the middle of August. This application is a preventive measure and not a remedy for the borers already in the tree.

NECESSARY WORK IN GARDEN AND ORCHARD

Growing Fruits Depend Largely Upon Bees to Help Distribute Pollen Among Trees.

Horticulture and apiculture are very closely related. Growing fruits depends very largely upon bees to help distribute pollen from one tree to another and not leave every flower dependent upon its pollen or fertilization. Then the flowers of fruit trees and the cover crops in the orchard provide honey for the bees.

We are as farmers beginning to appreciate the interrelation of the various divisions of agriculture and are therefore making better use of our opportunities as farmers.

Taking flowers for instance, they beautify the home grounds, provide honey for bees and give the mother and daughters outdoor exercise, experience with plants and a love for the ethical and beautiful. This makes the keeper of the home a better companion, which of course encourages the farm manager to do his best farming.

The garden and the orchard teach very valuable lessons in intensive cultivation. In the garden, the orchard and the flower beds one sees the advantages and opportunities for using manure; application of fertilizer; mulching, intensive tillage; selection, training of plants and many other things that might not be observed in the field.

Orchard Information

THINNING THE APPLE TREES

Much of Alternate Bearing of Orchards is Due to Overbearing—Plan for Improvement.

One always feels sorry for the over-loaded apple tree. With its branches breaking or bending to the ground under the weight of the surplus fruit it reminds you of a man trying to carry a load that is too heavy for his strength and stature. There is a strain upon the forces of the tree that will injure its future usefulness. Undoubtedly much of the alternate bearing of orchards is due to overbearing one year, requiring the next year for the trees to recuperate.

By pulling off a portion of the fruit early in the season that remaining has a better opportunity of attaining good size, color and quality, the three characteristics demanded by the market. Obviously it is better to produce a few bushels of high-class apples that bring the highest price than to produce double or three times that amount of fruit that is small and inferior and that cannot be sold except for cider making.

The time to thin apples is after what is known as the "June drop," when the fruit injured by disease and insects has fallen off. Then one can determine about how many apples should be left on the tree to mature. It is not an easy task to thin fruit; one may have to go over the tree several times before the work is done properly. It looks like waste to pull off a lot of thirty-looking young apples and many people haven't the courage to do it. Thin to one apple every six or eight inches as nearly as possible. Of course the wormy and inferior specimens should be chosen first and only the best left. Those who are making apple growing a specialty consider this an important part of the season's work.

BRIDGE GRAFTING IS NEEDED

Where Considerable Damage Has Been Done by Rabbits Gnawing Bark, Grafting is Required.

In response to a query as to what was best to do for young pear and apple trees damaged by rabbits gnawing the bark, Rural New Yorker makes the following reply:

Where the trees have been eaten entirely around, so that the trunk is completely girdled, nothing can be done except to bridge graft the tree. This means using sections of small limbs to connect the bark below the wound with that above it. Thus the injured area is braced by a number of sections, one end in the uninjured part above and the other below the wound. This makes a connection between the live tissues. The sap is carried up through these sections. In time they unite like any other graft, and if properly cared for after some



Details of Bridge Grafting.

years the sections will grow so as to completely cover the trunk. A pamphlet just issued by the department of agriculture tells how this is done. The illustration shows the details of bridge grafting, and will probably be understood without further description. After a little practice the operator will learn how to do this rapidly and effectively, and if the injured trees are taken in time, they would be saved so that they will grow profitably. Sometimes when there is an inch or so of living bark left, connecting the lower with the upper portion, a tree will recover without the bridge grafting. In that case it is desirable to cover the wounded surface with grafting wax or earth, and we would trim the top of the tree quite severely, so that the limited strip of bark can supply sufficient sap.

PLANTING TREES IN THE SOD

Work Can Be Done by Digging Holes Three Feet Across and Then Mulching Each Season.

One can plant an apple tree in sod by digging holes three feet across and then mulching the trees each season, so as to keep the grass down around the trees and to hold the moisture. Such crops as corn and potatoes may be grown in a young orchard, but corn should not be allowed to stand nearer than five feet from the trees.

IDEAL COVER FOR CHICKENS

Hawks and Crows Will Not Attack Them While Under Branches—Fowls Are Fond of Worms.

The gooseberry bushes make an ideal cover for young chickens. No hawks or crows can molest them under the branches. Poultry is very fond of the green gooseberry worms, so that we have never had to spray our gooseberries.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

For Failing Health of Young Daughter. Put Faith in Cardui and Glad Now They Did.

Georgetown, Fla.—"When I was about 16 years old," writes Mrs. J. C. Tucker, of this place, "my mother had me take Cardui. I suffered great pain in stomach and back. I and my mother both knew I must have something for we knew I was getting steadily in worse health all the time."

"Before taking the Cardui, we had Dr. He treated me for about 6 months. I didn't get any permanent relief, so we quit his medicine, and I began taking Cardui. I had got thin, and my face was thin with no color, except that it was dark, especially dark circles under the eyes. Then I had begun to blot, in both face and abdomen, the family feared I was taking dropsy. At the appearance of these 'dropsy' symptoms was when we felt we must have some change, so we got the Cardui, and I began taking it."

"After the use of one bottle I felt much improved, the blotting had all disappeared, the pains relieved. I got well and healthy as could be, weighed 146 pounds. Became a strong, well girl. Also it's the finest tonic for young girls I know of."

Your druggist has Cardui for sale. Try it. It may be just what you need. Adv.

Lazy Officer.
Sergeant (at drill)—Company! two paces forward, march!

Old Countrywoman (looking on)—That's just like them officers! Couldn't he take two paces forward 'isselt, instead of moving the whole regiment? —London Opinion

DON'T GAMBLE
that your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

No May Queen.
"Can I borrow your lawn mower, Mr. Subbute? I want to mow my lawn in the morning."

"How far do you live from here?"
"About half a mile."
"All right, you can have it. From that distance you won't get me awake."—Louisville Courier-Journal

Take—BOND'S LIVER PILLS
The Gentle, Safe, Effective Liver pills that are honestly made from the best known ingredients without regard to cost or trouble. One pill at bed time is the dose. 25c all dealers. Adv.

Love Finds a Way.
"But your father has such a small salary; how are you going to live?"
"Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without such a lot of things that Jack needs."

SAVE A DOCTOR'S BILL
by keeping Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial handy for all stomach complaints. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

A girl's ideal young man is a novel hero who probably couldn't earn enough in real life to feed a canary bird.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully a bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A regular woman is always glad when her husband has a holiday, so that he can put in about eighteen hours doing odd jobs at home.

FIT, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS
stopped quickly after years of unimpaired health of Dr. Kline's Kidney and Bladder Medicine. Dr. KLINE COMPANY, Red Bank, N. J.—Adv.

Every time anything disagreeable happens to the average married man his wife gets busy and reminds him that she warned him in advance.

Riches used to take wings, but nowadays aeroplanes take riches.

Feel Comfortable After Eating

Or — — — Is There

**NAUSEA
HEARTBURN
INDIGESTION
DYSPEPSIA**

By All Means—TRY
**HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters**

POULTRY



DUCK RAISING AS BUSINESS

Fowls Are Fine for Family Use Though Not Very Valuable as Product for Marketing.

The duck has its place on the farm, but duck raising as a business is as yet comparatively unprofitable because of long distance to market and prejudice among buyers of live poultry. The duck furnishes a delicious roast for the family and an abundance of feathers for home use.

"Contrary to general opinion, a pool large enough for swimming is not necessary," says N. L. Harris, superintendent of the Kansas state agricultural college poultry farm. "Ducks can be raised on dry land—that is, if they are provided with water sufficiently deep to allow them to submerge their heads and wash the sand from their nostrils. Otherwise they will die."

The natural food for ducks consists of bugs, worms and green succulent vegetation found in marshy places. Notwithstanding the fact that ducks are easily raised, they should not be hatched until warm weather, at which time such feeds are plentiful.

There is danger of overfeeding, according to Mr. Harris. The duck is



Feikin Ducks, About Seven Weeks Old, in Fattening Pen.

the most voracious feeder of all classes of domesticated fowls except the goose. The two breeds most extensively raised for meat are the Pekin and the Rouen. The Pekin is the better because it has white feathers, white meat, and yellow legs—characteristics which are desired in dressed poultry.

MUCH DEPENDS ON BREEDERS

Parents of Chicks Should Be Strong, Vigorous, Hardy and Resistant to All Diseases.

Whether a farmer will raise better poultry this year than he did last will depend primarily upon the kind of stock that is used for breeding. Every baby chick is entitled to be well born. Unless its parents are strong, vigorous, hardy and resistant to disease, a "poor hatch" and weak, puny chicks will result, say the poultrymen at Iowa state college.

The use of low vitality breeders is the most frequent cause of poor incubating success and high death rate in brooding. Chicks hatched from poor breeding stock never reach the size of well-bred individuals. The pullets do not begin laying until the following spring and then hardly enough to pay for their feed.

If the stock is to be improved, only those birds that show size, vigor and egg-producing qualities should be used as breeders. Twenty-five good females in a roomy pen with a couple of good males will produce eggs for incubation that will produce chicks worth while, more than will grow into big fellows worth a good price on the market. The pullets from such mating mature rapidly and are in condition to "lay the wister eggs."

GRADING THE LITTLE CHICKS

Grade According to Size and Vigor or Arrange Things So Weak Ones Are Comfortable.

Owing to differences in the vigor of parent stock, age of eggs when incubated, and other causes, there are always differences in the vitality of the chicks, and these manifest themselves very quickly. The stronger chicks shove the weaker away from the food, crowd them out of the sunniest spots in the brooder, and take the best of things generally.

Since the most vigorous chicks are the most valuable, we do not like to discourage this disposition to thrive, but strong chicks should not thrive at the expense of the weak. As soon as there is a perceptible difference in the size of the chicks, either grade the chicks according to size, or fix things so the weak chicks can out-bid themselves.

The DAIRY



GOOD ADVICE FOR DAIRYMEN

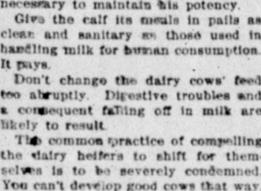
Profitable Milk Producer Has Wide Sprung Ribs and Deep Abdomen—Give Bull Exercise.

A cow which will do her full duty at production will generally have wide sprung ribs and a deep abdomen to provide great capacity for the digestive organs.

The cream screw on the separator is a small thing, but a mighty important one. See that it is properly adjusted and that it does not become clogged.

The manure carrier is a necessity on the dairy farm. With this device the manure can be carried well away from the barn, and a potent source of contamination is thus removed.

The bull, though he should be confined, must be given clean surroundings.



Splendid Milk-Producing Type.

Give the calf its meals in pails as clean and sanitary as those used in handling milk for human consumption. It pays.

Don't change the dairy cows' feed too abruptly. Digestive troubles and a consequent falling off in milk are likely to result.

The common practice of compelling the dairy heifers to shift for themselves is to be severely condemned. You can't develop good cows that way.

The best receptacles for the cream are the cans designed especially for that purpose.

Buttermilk is a valuable by-product and a profitable market for it can often be found among regular butter and egg customers.

GET MOST MILK FROM HEIFER

Animal Shows Dislike for Unnecessary Noise and Delay in Diminished Quantities of Milk.

A heifer does not like unnecessary noise or delay, and shows her dislike by diminished quantities of milk. Milking her regularly at or near the same hour night and morning as possible is important.

The first strains of milk contain many objectionable bacteria, and onto the ground is where they should go. It is poor policy to wet the hands with milk. Instead rub a little kerosene on the hands. This keeps the teats in nice condition and makes milking easy.

Of course the milker ought to be clean, kind and sympathetic. He should not sit off at a distance, but his left arm should be in close contact with the leg of the heifer so that she cannot kick. If she makes the attempt he will only get a push instead of a blow. It is necessary to do the milking quietly and in the shortest possible time, and it is important that the heifer be milked clean and dry every time, otherwise she will be inclined as a sulkier, besides the richest and most valuable part of the milk will be lost.

LEFT IN A HURRY

BILL NYE TELLS HOW HE SAVED HIS GOOD NAME. As an Honest, Unsophisticated Youth, Humorist Was the Victim of Heartless Trick Practiced by His Employer.

Boys should never be afraid or ashamed to do little odd jobs by which to acquire money. Too many boys are afraid, or at least seem to be embarrassed when asked to do chores, and thus earn small sums of money. In order to appreciate wealth we must earn it ourselves. That is the reason I labor. I do not need to labor. My parents are still living, and they certainly would not see me suffer for the necessities of life. But life in that way would not have the keen relish that it would if I earned the money myself.

Sawing wood used to be a favorite pastime with boys twenty years ago. I remember the first money I ever earned was by sawing wood. My brother and myself were to receive \$5 for sawing five cords of wood. We allowed the job to stand, however, until the weather got quite warm, and then we decided to hire a foreigner who came along that way one glorious summer day when all nature seemed tickled and we knew that the fish would be apt to bite. So we hired the foreigner, and while he sawed, we would let him on various "dead sure things" until he got the wood sawed, when he went away owing us \$5 cents.

We had a neighbor who was very wealthy. He noticed that we boys earned our own spending money, and he yearned to have his son try to do it. So he told the boy that he was going away for a few weeks and that he would give him \$2 a cord, or double price, to saw the wood. He wanted to teach the boy to earn and appreciate his money. So, when the old man went away, the boy secured a colored man to do the job at \$1 per cord, by which process the youth made \$10. This he judiciously invested in clothes, meeting his father at the train in a new summer suit and a spoiled cane. The old man said he could see by the sparkle in the boy's clear, honest eyes that healthful exercise was what boys needed.

When I was a boy I frequently acquired large sums of money by carrying coal up a flight of stairs for wealthy people who were too fat to do it themselves. This money I invested from time to time in side shows and other zoological attractions.

One day I saw a coal cart back up and unload itself on the walk in such a way as to indicate that the coal would have to be manually elevated inside the building. I waited till I nearly froze to death for the owner to come along and collect my aid. Finally he came. He smelled strong of carbolic acid, and I afterward learned that he was a physician and surgeon.

We haggled over the price for some time, as I had to carry the coal up two flights in an old waste-paper basket and it was quite a task. Finally we agreed. I proceeded with the work. About dusk I went up the last flight of stairs with the last load. My feet seemed to weigh about 15 pounds apiece and my face was very somber.

In the gloaming I saw my employer. He was writing a prescription by the dim, uncertain light. He told me to put the last basketful in the lift closest to the hall and then come and get my pay. I took the coal into the closet, but I do not know what I did with it. As I opened the door and stepped in, a tall skeleton put down off the nail and embraced me like a prodigal son. It felt on my neck and draped itself all over me. Its glittering phalanges entered the bosom of myingham shirt and rested lightly on the pit of my stomach. I could feel the pelvic bone in the small of my back. The room was dark, but I did not light the gas. Whether it was the skeleton of a lady or gentleman I never knew; but I thought, for the sake of my good name, I would not remain. My good name and a strong yearning for home were all that I had at that time.

So I went home. Afterward, I learned that this physician got all his coal carried upstairs for nothing this way, and he had tried to get rooms two flights further up in the building, so that the boys would have further to fall when they made their egress. —From "Bill Nye's Red Book."

Bell the Cat, Save Birds. Mrs. Eugene J. Carrigan of Putney, O., would save song birds from cats by attaching a small bell to a ribbon or string tied around the female neck. The bell, she explains, would give the bird warning of the cat's approach and enable it to get away.

"I have two pet cats," says Mrs. Carrigan, "and last summer I know they caught and killed several hundred birds. They would ignore a mouse any time to get a bird, and the prettier the latter the better they seemed to like it."

Mrs. Carrigan will endeavor to start a nationwide movement in behalf of birds by inducing owners of cats to employ the bell as a means of giving warning when attack is contemplated by cats.

Great Project Feasible. Italian engineers have reported on a project for a proposed tunnel from Venice to the island of Lido, which will be two miles long and in places 27 feet beneath the sea.

DANGEROUS CALOMEL IS SELDOM SOLD NOW

Calomel Salivates! It Makes You Sick and You Lose a Day's Work—Dodson's Liver Tone Acts Better Than Calomel and Is Harmless for Men, Women, Children—Read Guarantee!

Every druggist here, yes! your druggist and everybody's druggist has noticed a great falling-off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it while Dodson's Liver Tone is safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist. A large family-sized bottle costs only 50 cents and if you find it doesn't take the place of dangerous, salivating calomel you have only to ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine, no sick headache, biliousness, ague,

The per capita wealth of our country, says one of the unquestionable statisticians, was \$308 in 1850, and is now \$1,965.

Cause of Sickness. Bacon—I understand a lot of cigars are exported from the Philippines to this country every year.

ECZEMA

"Eczema" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure the itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded without question if it does not cure you. Write for a free trial bottle. Eczema, Itching, Ringworm, and all other skin diseases. See the box. For sale by all drug stores or by mail from the A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Some people even seem to take their fun seriously.

Every Woman's Part

ANTISEPTIC. FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE. Dissolved in water for pelvic catarrh, ulcers, etc. Pinkham Med. Co. A healing wonder. Write for a free trial bottle. Sample 1 cent. The A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

NO MALARIA—NO CHILLS.

"Plantation" Chill Tonic is guaranteed to drive away Chills and Fever or your money refunded. Price 50c.—Adv.

To Cleanse and Heal Deep Cuts

Money Back If It Fails. Have it on hand.

Safety Rest

2 cents each six double edge blades. The Automa Box 1080 BICYCLE TIRE.

RED, ROUGH, PIMPLY SKIN

Quickly Cleared by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

ALINIMENT. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Childblains, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MARCH CULMORB

Houston, Texas

FROM ECZEMA AND RINGWORM

You can obtain instant relief by using Tetterine, also the best remedy known for Chafes, Itches of Insects, Tetter, Itching Piles, Burns, Childblains, Old Heching Sores, etc. Because you have spent hundreds of dollars and experienced no relief for your itching skin troubles, besides devoting a great deal of energy scratching and pawing at the plague spot until the blood is poured forth, don't despair. Nature wisely provides a remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to. Tetterine will cure you permanently, positively and completely, nothing else will. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 50c. by J. T. Slaughter, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, house flies, etc. Guaranteed to kill all. Write for a free trial bottle. The Automa Box 1080. All dealers or send money paid for \$1.00. H. B. Richards, 150 N. Main Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPARTAN WOMEN SUFFERED UNTOLD TORTURES

But who wants to be a Spartan? Take "Femina" for all female disorders. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cuticura's Healing Pills. Lacerated, fresh, molasses prepared by Cuticura's healing pills. Write for booklet and information. 10-cent package. Healing Pills 40c. 25-cent package. Healing Pills 80c. The quantity of Cuticura's healing pills is due to over 25 years of specializing in medicine and surgery only. THE CUTICURA LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

GALLSTONES

Free. Avoid operations. Positive remedy—write for our Big Book of Truth and Facts. The Automa Box 1080. Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. C-65, 2195 Dearborn St., Chicago.

TRY CAPUDINE

—For Colds and Gripp—RELIEVES THE ACHING and FEVERISHNESS. Helps Nature to get right again. Good for Headaches also.—Adv.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Write for descriptive booklet. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Farm Wanted

Describe fully, state size, price, etc. Write W. N. U. 2003, 400 So. Main St., Ft. Worth, Tex.

Beauty Fills the House. "Is she pretty?" "Pretty? Why, that girl is so pretty that plenty of fellows are glad to call on her father and mother."—Pittsburgh Post.

Beauty Fills the House.

"Is she pretty?" "Pretty? Why, that girl is so pretty that plenty of fellows are glad to call on her father and mother."—Pittsburgh Post.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills & Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c. and \$1.00 at all Drug Stores.

Thousands of Suffering Women Have Found Relief by Using Stella-Vitæ

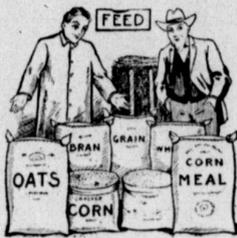
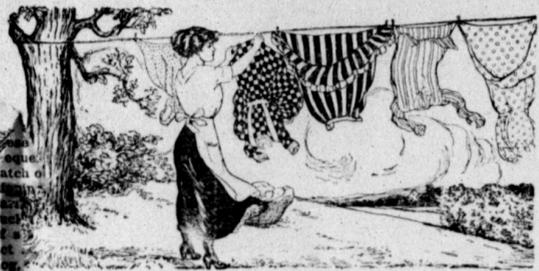
This medicine is guaranteed to do for YOU what it has done for others. It corrects the irregularities peculiar to women; tones, strengthens and vitalizes the womanly functions; restores the appetite, clears the complexion, and builds up the wasted energies. Your money back if you are not benefited. Get it today, \$1 at your dealers'. Your dealer will explain the guarantee.

THACKER MEDICINE CO., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

WEST TEXAS SUPPLY COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Hardware, Grain, Hay, and Feedstuff



Everything You Need for the Summer Both to Eat and to Wear

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

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

**Costs most—
waiting?**

Stock Farm set in the where there away from house needs painting, every vat in which it will require more paint and long at the put it in good condition. And bottom, or you wait, your house is worth less, and two money is good paint-insurance.

DEVOE
ZINC PAINT
LASTS - WEARS LONGER

ESTIMATE
Get a Free Estimate
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Just as soon as your house needs painting, come in and let us show you how little it will cost you to use DEVOE. We say "DEVOE" because it's absolutely pure. That's why DEVOE takes fewer gallons, wears longer—and costs less by the job or by the year. And that's why we guarantee Devoe without reserve.

H. NOLL STOCK CO.

KERRVILLE TEXAS

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Summer Rates to Coast Resorts

Corpus Christi, \$4.85 Portland, \$4.75
Rockport, \$5.10 Aransas Pass, \$4.85
Ingleside, \$4.75

EVERY SATURDAY, Limit Following Monday.

S. A. & A. P. Railroad

L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville,

Citation By Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Kerr County—Greeting.

You are Hereby Commanded to summon Charlie Porter, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 38th Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 38th Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Kerr County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Kerrville, Texas, on the 2nd Monday in July A.D. 1916 the same being the 10th of July A. D. 1916, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 29th of May A. D. 1916 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 997, wherein Lottie Porter, is Plaintiff, and Charlie Porter, is Defendant, and said petition alleging suit for divorce on the grounds of cruel treatment of plaintiff by the defendant. Also on the further grounds of more than three years of voluntary abandonment of plaintiff by defendant without cause.

Plaintiff prays for decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony between plaintiff and defendant, for restoration of her maiden name, Lottie Blevens, for costs of suit, for general and special relief.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Kerrville, Texas, this the 29th day of May A. D. 1916.

J. R. Leavell Clerk,
District Court, Kerr County.

Triangle Pictures the best in filmdom at Pampells.

Tank Work, Tin Work

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

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.

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.

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.

Alabastine, cold water paints, in all colors at
Kerrville Drug Co.

Accordion Pleating done by the Texas Steam Laundry, W. C. Word, agent. Give me your order and I will guarantee satisfaction.

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

Lewis Dairy

Phone 31 P. O. Box 331

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THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT LOWEST PRICES
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All subjects for all grades of certificates will be offered by a strong faculty who are acquainted with Texas schools and know their needs. Special Primary Methods.
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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**