

Statement of the Financial Condition of the First State Bank of Kerrville, Texas

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Resources include Loans and Discounts, Bills of Exchange, Bonds and Stocks, etc. Liabilities include Capital Stock, Surplus, Undivided Profits, etc.

I Certify that the above Statement is Correct, A. B. WILLIAMSON, Cashier

The substantial increase in the volume of our business, as shown in the above statement, has been brought about, principally, through our increased facilities for caring for the needs of our customers.

Death of A. Braeutigam

August Braeutigam, one of Kerrville's oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, died at his home here Sunday morning last, August 13th at a few minutes before 10 a. m.

On Monday morning at 10 o'clock a large concourse of citizens accompanied his body to the Episcopal church where the funeral services were held.

Mr. Braeutigam was born in the town of Fredericksburg, Texas, Nov. 25, 1851, his parents being honored German pioneers.

The deceased moved to Kerrville in 1885 and successfully carried on his business and until a few years ago when he placed it in younger hands.

August Braeutigam was an honest man, a good citizen, a devoted husband and father and his soul was never stained with malice, uncharitableness or envy.

The bereaved widow, daughter, mother and other relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of all our people.

Baptist Ladies' Aid.

The Baptist Ladies Aid met at Mrs. R. S. Newman's Tuesday afternoon with about fourteen members present.

A good offering was made by the people present and as the offerings were placed in a box an appropriate verse of scripture was read.

Our hostess, Mrs. Newman, assisted by Miss Graves Dewees, served us with delicious refreshments, to the delight of all present.

Cedar Wanted

We are now buying all kinds of cedar posts from 3 to 8 inches, 4 1/2 feet long. All sizes from 4 inches up, and all 8 foot logs.

Kerrville Public Schools

The Catalogue of the Kerrville Public Schools, containing the course of study, rules and regulations, for the term of 1916-1917, is just off the press of the job department of the Advance.

The calendar of the ensuing term of the school, as shown by the catalogue, is as follows:

School opens September 4, 1916. Christmas Holidays from December 22, 1916, to January 2, 1917.

Second term begins January 15, 1917. School closes May, 1917.

Holidays, Thanksgiving day and the following Friday; February 22; and April 21.

The first week of school will be taken up with Teachers' Institute.

Following is a list of teachers with subjects assigned:

- Prof. G. C. Jones, Superintendent; Mathematics. E. R. Dabney, Principal; History and German. J. L. Waller, Science and Mathematics. Mrs. H. C. Goddie, English and Latin.

The general impression is that we shall have the best term of school in our history. Certainly we have an excellent faculty, and since the full four years high school course has been put on, there is no reason why our school cannot be built up to a place in the front ranks of Texas High Schools.

Have several prospective buyers of ranch lands. List your property with me. Ranch and cattle loans negotiated.

E. H. PRESCOTT, First State Bank, Kerrville.

We have Electric Irons. Rock Drug Store.

West Texas Fair

The West Texas Fair opened its gates Tuesday morning and the attendance appears to be better this year than usual.

Baseball games are being played each day. The first game between Kerrville and Center Point Tuesday was won by the local team 2 to 0.

The Boy Scouts' Band of Waco is furnishing the music this year and the youngsters are acquitting themselves nobly.

Parent-Teachers Club

On Friday, August 25th, there will be a special feature picture at the Airdome Theater.

And on Tuesday night during Teachers' Institute week at the high school the Parent-Teachers' Club will give a reception and a splendid program will be rendered.

Card of Thanks

We wish to return our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly extended us sympathy and assistance in our great sorrow, and for the many beautiful flowers so lovingly placed upon the grave of our beloved dead.

Religious Notice

During August the Sunday School and Church service hour will be merged in one. Everyone is invited to attend.

Bishop Johnston especially hopes that the parents will come with their children so all may worship together.

Hour of service, 9:30 a. m.; this will be the only service held in the church during August.

J. S. JOHNSTON, Bishop in charge.

UNIFORM PRICES SAVE MONEY FOR WOMEN WHEN MARKETING

By MRS. JULIAN HEATH

Founder and National President of Housewives League



MRS. JULIAN HEATH.

In order to buy efficiently it is essential that the buyer should know what she is buying. She must be able to order by name and thus be certain that she is getting the quality she wants at the price she is willing to pay.

Predatory price cutting—the offering of standard articles at less than cost as bait to hide the hook of higher prices on anonymous goods—tends to discourage manufacturers in branding their products and putting their names and addresses on them.

Intelligent consumption is as important as intelligent production. They belong together and one is largely wasted without the other.

Women, especially residents of small cities and towns, are dependent on the small retail store. These retailers tell us—and they have learned by sad experience—that cut rate stores are driving them to the wall.

We want to treat the small merchant fairly because that is the way to enable him to treat us fairly. We want to buy intelligently and economically and we want the merchant who serves us to do his business economically.

Uniform prices for uniform quality is in line with the American principle of a square deal for all. No buyer should demand more and no buyer should be compelled to accept less.

Baptist Church Notes.

We closed our Ingram meeting at high tide last Sunday night with nine professions of faith in Jesus, Seventeen in all.

When you come to the Fair this week and are reminded of how good the Lord has been to us in giving "Fruitful Seasons" I trust you will think of your indebtedness to Him in Spiritual things, and come to church next Sunday and "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

J. B. Riddle, Pastor.

Business Notice.

I have rented the Steagall Hotel and taken entire charge of same. I solicit the patronage of those who desire first class hotel accommodations.

Barborton Hall coffee is the best. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Ingram Locals.

Mr. and Mrs. Green Lackey are expected to arrive home this week from New Mexico where they been visiting this summer.

Prof. A. Meadows and family are moving this week to Center Point. He and Mrs. Meadows will teach there this coming term.

The protracted meeting closed here Sunday night. Bros. Riddle and Robb did splendid work and the services were well attended.

Messrs. Chas. Archer, Floyd Nalls and Wes Hargrave came from the Divide to attend the fair.

Will Flour and wife are visiting at the work.

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New Prices August 1, 1916

The following prices went into effect Aug. 1. The Company guarantees the prices against any reduction before August 1, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance at any time.

- Chasis, \$325.00
Runabout, \$345.00
Touring Car \$360.00

Freight \$37.50 to Kerrville.

LEE MASON & SON "THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154 K. Texas

Now is the time to think of that

Victrola

you have put off buying.

SEE PAMPELL'S

For prices and easy payment plan.

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

The SECRET of the SUBMARINE

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The End of the Trail," "Fighting in Flanders," "The Road to Glory" "Vive la France," etc.

Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the American Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States naval board to investigate and report his findings on the invention of Dr. Ralph Burke, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The lieutenant arrives in Valdivia and is welcomed by the inventor and his daughter, Cleo. On the trial trip of the inventor's boat, a Japanese helper is surprised to the act of examining the mechanism of the ventilating device. Hope reports favorably on the new device but there are others interested in it. An attempt to burglarize Doctor Burke's laboratory fails, but later Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom. Cleo sells her father's library to get money; later she finds a note from which she learns that the books contain the secret formula. With Hope she races to the auctioneer's store only to find it in flames. Olga Ivanoff and Gerald Morton, two spies in search of the formula, attempt to capture Cleo when she calls at the house of Stephanski, the anarchist. Hope rushes to her aid; Morton shoots at him but the bullet hits a bomb, in the cellar, which explodes.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT.

The explosion of the bombs which the old nihilist had secreted in his cellar had literally torn the house asunder. Yet by one of those whims which so frequently characterize the action of high explosives, though the front of the house had been transformed into a heap of debris, the rooms at the rear remained intact and almost uninjured. Thus it happened that Morton and Olga, standing behind the curtain which hung at the entrance to the dining room, though hurled to the floor by the force of the explosion, had escaped with a few bruises, while Stephanski, who had been in the front room, only a few feet away, now lay dead amid the debris—killed by the very bombs with which he had planned to kill others. On the other side of the room, half buried beneath a heap of fallen plaster, Hope was stretched.

Morton and Olga, still screened by the curtain behind which they had concealed themselves when Hope broke into the room, had scarcely realized their senses when they were dumfounded to hear outside the house the voice of Cleo—Cleo, whom they had left bound and gagged in the cellar, and who, they supposed, had perished in the explosion.

"I'm sure Mr. Hope is in there, Hook," they heard her say, and there was a break in her voice. "I heard him calling my name when you were carrying me out of the cellar just before the explosion.

"Bless your heart, Miss Cleo, of course I'm going to look for the lieutenant," answered the old seaman.

Morton put his lips close to Olga's ear. "Don't make a sound," he whispered. "They're not likely to find us here and we may learn something."

"Here he is, Hook," she cried. "Here's Lieutenant Hope, under all this plaster. He's so white and still I'm afraid he's—he's dead."

"Oh, Jarvis, Jarvis," she wailed, kneeling beside him when, with Hook's assistance, she had dragged



A Little Flush of Anger Came into Her Cheeks.

him from the debris, "you're not dead, are you? Speak to me, Jarvis, dear. It's Cleo."

Hope's eyelids fluttered, opened, closed again.

"The Lord be praised, he's all right save for a tap on the back of the head," cried Hook.

It was some minutes before Hope recovered his senses sufficiently to tell a connected story. "My car broke down when I was coming back from the Presidio," he explained; "that's what delayed me. When I reached the hotel they told me that you had started for here alone. Just as I reached here I thought I heard you screaming. I knocked at the door, but they wouldn't open it, so I broke it in. In the front room I met the old Russian with the white whiskers. He

said he hadn't seen you. I was just starting to search the house when a fellow with a black mask on stepped out from behind a curtain and shoved a pistol in my face. I heard a woman scream just as he pulled the trigger. There was a noise as though a ten-inch gun had been fired under me. Something hit me on the back of the head and I don't remember anything more. Now it's your turn, Cleo. What on earth induced you to come here alone and how did you escape?"

So Cleo told how she had waited at the hotel until long past the hour at which Hope and Hook had promised to rejoin her; how, fearful of missing Stephanski and thus losing the opportunity to examine the book, she had gone to the house in the Edgemere road alone; how she had been seized, bound and gagged; how a masked woman had threatened her with torture if she did not reveal the key to the cryptogram; how, upon hearing Hope's motor, a man, also masked, had carried her into the cellar; how she had succeeded in ridding herself of the gag; and how Hook, prowling about at the rear of the house, had heard her screams and had dragged her from the cellar in the very nick of time.

"The scoundrels," exclaimed Hope, as she concluded her amazing recital.

"And the book?" inquired Hope, eagerly. "Did you have a chance to examine it before they attacked you?"

"Yes," said Cleo, "I went through it, page by page, from cover to cover. There was nothing in it."

"Well," said Hope, as Cleo and Hook aided him to his feet, "there's no need to be discouraged. It isn't likely that we would have found the formula in the first book we looked in, anyway. We still have eleven chances left. The thing to do now is to get in touch with the people who bought the other books. Let's see—"

and he took from his pocket the page from Dawson's ledger,—"the next name on the list is that of an old friend of mine—Mrs. Reginald Delmar. She's the wife of the British consul in San Francisco; I used to know her when her husband was attached to the embassy at Washington. She'll do anything she can to help us."

Little they dreamed, as they departed from the shattered house, that two shadowy figures lurking behind a curtain had overheard every word of their conversation. Still less did Morton and Olga dream that the Japanese, Satsuma, crouching in the darkness outside one of the broken windows, had overheard the conversation, too.

The following morning Hope and Cleo motored out to the handsome residence of the British consul on Ocean View avenue. Mrs. Delmar, a handsome, gray-haired woman, gave them a cordial greeting.

"It's been ages since I've seen you, Mr. Hope," she said. "The last time was at dinner at the Russian embassy, wasn't it—or was it at the New Year's reception at the White House? What do you mean by coming to San Francisco and not letting me know?"

Hope briefly sketched the remarkable chain of events which had brought him from the nation's capital to the shores of the Pacific, telling of the mysterious death of Doctor Burke, of the disappearance of the formula, and of the thrilling chase of the books.

"Why, it's a regular romance," Mrs. Delmar exclaimed, clapping her hands with excitement as though she were at a theater. "Someone ought to write a play around it for the movies—it's the most exciting story I ever listened to in my life. Two of the books you describe I bought yesterday at Dawson's auction rooms. I got them quite by accident, too. I went in there to look at some Chinese porcelains I had been told about just as the auctioneer was offering these two volumes on electricity. I don't know an earthly thing about electricity—I don't know the difference between a magneto and a volt—but my nephew, Francis Leyland, is taking the course in electrical engineering at Leland Stanford, so I bought the books more as a joke than anything else, and sent them down to him."

"Do you think he would let us see them if we motored down to Palo Alto?" asked Cleo eagerly.

"I've a better plan than that," said Mrs. Delmar, who dearly loved a romance. "I am giving a reception this evening and you are both to come to it—yes, you must come, Miss Burke. I simply won't take no for an answer. My nephew is coming up from Palo Alto for the occasion and I will telephone him to bring the books with him. Then you can take them upstairs to the library and close the door and look at—"

and she smiled—"at the books to your heart's content."

"I shall be very glad indeed to come if Mr. Hope cares to bring me," said Cleo simply.

"I saw you shake your head at that you didn't want to go,"

as he helped Cleo into his

course I want to go, Jarvis," she

ed, with a trace of embarrassment,

"but I haven't any evening

—at least none that would do

Mrs. Delmar's reception. And I

didn't feel that I could afford to buy

one." Her lip quivered. "I haven't

very much money, you know."

"Bless my soul," said Hope, rum-

ing in an inside pocket until he

found a letter, "here's something that

Dawson asked me to hand you yester-

day, but there was so much excite-

ment last night that it entirely slipped

my mind."

"It's the money from the sale of

father's library," said Cleo, holding

up a pale-green slip. "I think," she

added happily, "that I'll spend this af-

ternoon shopping. I don't want you

to be ashamed of me tonight, Jarvis."

.....

Hope and Cleo were scarcely out of

sight before Satsuma, who had ob-

served their arrival and departure

from the shelter of a drug store on the

opposite side of the street, was ring-

ing the door bell of the Delmar resi-

dence.

"Mrs. Delmar is not seeing anyone

today," said the butler.

"But it is on a matter of importance

that I wish to see her," persisted Sat-

suma.

"Mrs. Delmar cannot see you to-

day," repeated the servant firmly.

"She is busy preparing for a recep-

tion she is giving this evening."

Ten minutes later Satsuma, in a

telephone booth, was talking to Mah-

lin, who was in Valdivia.

"..... but I wasn't able to see

her," the Japanese concluded.

"All right," was the answer. "I'll

come over to the city on the next

train. I'll plan some way to get into

the house during the reception to-

night."

.....

Though the sound of the explosion

doubtless awakened the nearer of

Stephanski's neighbors, they were so

far away and the hour was so late,

that it did not result in attracting any-

one to the scene. It was, neverthe-

less, with extreme caution that Olga

and Morton, after making sure that

Cleo and her friends had taken their

departure, emerged from their place

of concealment and, leaving behind

them the ruined house and its dead

owner, set out on foot by a circuitous

route for the city. Nothing was far-

ther from their desire than to be seen

coming from the scene of the tragedy

and to be called as witnesses in the

investigation which was certain to fol-

low its discovery. Day was dawning

in the east, before Morton, hav-

ing seen Olga to her apartment,

reached his hotel, and it was nearly

noon when he was awakened by some-

one knocking at his door. It was a

bellboy with a telegram. Still half

awake, he tore open the envelope—

then stood transfixed, staring with un-

believing eyes at the message printed

on the sheet of yellow paper.

"Your uncle died from heart

failure at eleven o'clock last

night. By his will he has left

his entire estate to a Miss Cleo

Burke of Valdivia, California."

.....

Now is your chance to repay me."

Again Morton bitterly reviled himself

for his blindness, his stupidity, in not

recognizing and investigating the

mysterious relations between the

Burkes and Calvin Montgomery. Grad-

ually, however, his shrewdness began

to assert itself. From a man raving

with rage and disappointment, he be-

came again cold, calculating, cunning,

conscienceless. There was still a way

by which he could obtain possession

of the Montgomery millions, he re-

minded himself. He could marry Cleo.

His meditations were abruptly in-

terrupted, however, by a rap at the

door. He flung it open impatiently to

find a messenger boy with a note. The

crest on the flap of the envelope told

him that it was from Olga.

"Dear Mr. Morton," she wrote, "I

want you to take me to the reception

which is being given this evening by

Mrs. Delmar, the wife of the British

consul's secretary, Mr. Paget, who is

an old friend of mine. When I remind

you that Mrs. Delmar purchased two

of the Burke books, you will appre-

ciate the necessity for our going. I

have learned from Mr. Paget, by the

way, that the Burke girl and your

friend, Hope, have also been invited.

You may call for me at nine o'clock."

.....

When, dressed for the reception,

Cleo stepped from the elevator into

the hotel parlor where Hope was

waiting her, he fairly gasped with

astonishment, so marvelous was the

transformation which her afternoon's

shopping had effected. He scarcely

recognized the unsophisticated, sim-

ply dressed girl who stood curtsying

before him. Even with his inexperience

in such matters, he recognized that

the gown of chiffon which she wore

was a Paris creation, and that its

color, a deep purple, emphasized the

milky loveliness of her neck and

shoulders and her rose-leaf coloring.

"Do I suit you, Jarvis?" she asked

demurely.

"Do you suit me?" he repeated after

her. "Do you suit me? Why, Cleo,

you're the most beautiful thing I've

ever seen."

.....

The reception was in full swing

when Hope and Cleo reached the Del-

mar residence. Light streamed from

every window. In the garden

Japanese lanterns, swaying gently in

the night breeze, swung to and fro

like giant fireflies. Guests were strol-

ling on the terrace, the white shoulders

of the women and the white shirt fronts

of the men gleaming in the darkness.

Through the French windows of the

ballroom came the strains of a Hun-

garian orchestra. Mrs. Delmar and

her husband, the latter a red-faced,

white-mustached Englishman, whose

dresscoat was ablaze with decorations,

received their guests at the entrance

to the ballroom.

"I'm delighted that you've come, my

dear," said Mrs. Delmar to Cleo. "And

how bewitchingly lovely you look.

Your gown is a perfect dream. I do

hope you will both have a good time.

And I didn't forget about the books.

As soon as you left this morning I

telephoned to my nephew at Palo Alto

and he promised to bring them with

him. He ought to be here at any

moment."

She beckoned to the servant stand-

ing at the front door.

"My nephew, Mr. Leyland, will ar-

rive shortly. He is bringing with him

two books which Lieutenant Hope is

very anxious to see. As soon as he

comes I wish you to take the books

to the study at the head of the stairs

and then notify Lieutenant Hope that

they are here. Do you understand?"

The man bowed respectfully. "Very

good, ma'am," he answered. "I'll at-

tend to it."

.....

Little did Hope and Cleo dream

that the man with the deferential

manner of a well-trained servant,

was, in reality, an unknown but

dangerous enemy. It was Mahlin, who

had bribed one of the servants

furnished by the caterer to let him take

his place.

"And now," said Mrs. Delmar, turn-

ing to Cleo, "I want to introduce some

men to you. Mr. Hope tells me that

this is your first real party and I'm

determined that you shall have a good

time. Here comes a man now that

want you to know," and she beckoned

to a man who was crossing the floor

with a tall and strikingly hand-

some brunet.

"Why, it's Mr. Morton!" exclaimed

Cleo. "I didn't know that he was

here. Have you known him long?"

"I never met him until tonight, but

he seems to be a very charming fel-

low. He and the Countess Ivanoff,

the lady who is with him, are old

friends of my husband's vice consul,

Mr. Paget. I invited them on his ac-

count."

"This is indeed a pleasant surprise,

Miss Burke," said Morton, gazing at

Cleo in such open admiration that her

eyes dropped in confusion. "Now I

am glad I came. You look as though

you had come straight from the Rue

de la Paix. May I have this dance?"

Cleo glanced at Hope, who was al-

ready deep in an animated conversa-

THE TET OF SUBMARINE

Alexander Powell

Author of "The End of the Trail," "Fighting in Flanders," "The Road to Glory" "Vive la France," etc.

Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the American Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Hope is detailed by the United States Navy to investigate and report his findings on the invention of the submarine. He is sent to the island of Valdivia, where he meets Cleo, the inventor and his daughter. On the trial trip of the inventor's boat, a Japanese helper is surprised in the act of examining the mechanism of the ventilating device. Hope reports favorably on the new device but there are others interested in it. An attempt to purchase the inventor's laboratory fails, but later Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom. Cleo sells her father's library to get money; later she finds a note from which she learns that they contain the secret formula. With Hope she races to the auctioneer's store only to find it in the house of Stephanie, the anarchist. Hope rushes to her aid; Morton shoots at him but the bullet hits a bomb in the cellar, which explodes, Stephanie dies in the wreck of his house, the others escape. Hope and Cleo attend a ball at Mrs. Delmar's, whose nephew has two of the missing books. Mahlin, a spy, attempts to steal the books, but is discovered by Hope; in the excitement that follows the books disappear.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Fear clutching at her heart, Cleo, followed by Mrs. Delmar and a throng of terrified guests, burst into the conservatory through whose roof Hope and his masked assailant had plunged in their mad struggle. The young officer, begrimed and dishevelled, was supporting himself against a column. His clothes were in tatters and from an ugly gash in his head trickled a scarlet rivulet. His adversary had disappeared.

"He got away," he croaked. "I couldn't hold him. He broke loose and ran through that door into the garden."

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I thought that you had been killed!" cried Cleo, almost hysterical with mingled anxiety and relief. "Are you hurt badly, Jarvis?"

"It's only a scratch," said Hope weakly, dropping into a chair which someone had hastily brought.

"I'm going to send you home in my automobile," said Mrs. Delmar. "It will be more comfortable than a taxicab, and I can never thank you enough, for your bravery in grappling with that burglar. If it hadn't been for you he would have robbed me."

"I'm glad to be able to thank me for my Wednesday," said Hope. "Any man which we expect to find in him would be a good deal of help."

"I'm sorry to hear of your being hurt," said Mrs. Delmar. "I'll have a doctor called."

"I'm not hurt," said Hope. "I'm only sorry to hear of your being hurt. I'll have a doctor called."

"I'll run up and get them," said Cleo. "I know just where they are."

"Why, Jarvis, she exclaimed. "The books are gone!"

"Good Lord," groaned Mrs. Delmar. "Has he got ahead of that they were after?"

"Cleo reached the door and was with her."

"How descended on his He Knew No More. His waiting them. Under his package wrapped in a paper here, he whispered 'I've got a surprise for you.'"

"The way into one of the rooms, which was deserted at the night, he closed the door and bolted it. Then, and Cleo watched him lay the book on the table. He carried, broke the unwrapped paper. Beyond the missing books? 'Heavens, man, where did they go?' We thought that they were good," Hope almost

shouted in his excitement, while Cleo, throwing both arms about the old seaman's neck, implanted a kiss on each of his leathery cheeks.

"I reckon I am something of a detective, even if I do say so," admitted Hook, with evident pride.

"But tell us about it, Hook," pleaded Cleo, bubbling with curiosity. "How did you get the books? Where on earth did you find them?"

"Waal, Miss Cleo," said the old seaman, producing a slab of villainous colored tobacco and slicing off a piece with great deliberation, "this here wuz the way it happened. After you and the lieutenant started for the party I thought I'd hunt some friends o' mine and have a ss or two with 'em. Waal, I'd o'pped into that cigar store at the corner of Third and Market to get a plug o' tobacco, when in comes a feller in a dress suit, with a overcoat over it, and asked the clerk which was the car he should take for Ocean View boulevard. Said he wanted to go to the British consul's. That made me kindo prick up my ears, and when he turned around I got a good look at him. By the living Jingo, of it warn't that feller called Mahlin—the same that I seen over to Valdivia one day a while back a talkin' to Satsuma. 'Oh ho,' sez I to myself, 'there's some hanky-panky goin' on. What might you be going to the British consul's for?' So when he boarded a street car, I stepped aboard too and stood on the rear platform so's he wouldn't see me. When he got off at the consul's house I got off too and followed him until he went into the back gate. I hung round a while and then, hold's brass, I walked into the kitchen, figurin' that if anyone asked me what I wuz doin' there I'd tell 'em that I had a message for the lieutenant. But everyone was busy, with waiters hustlin' in and out, and no one paid no attention to me, so I jest slipped up the back stairs, thinkin' I'd have a look round upstairs for friend Mahlin. I hadn't no more than got into the upstairs hall, though, before I heard, somewhere in the front o' the house, the darndest hullabaloo I ever listened to. It sounded like an anchor chain runnin' through a hawse hole. Wimmen wuz screamin' and men a-shoutin' and thunder seem'd to've broke loose generally. I ran forrad just in time to see the lieutenant a-rollin' down the companionway all tangled up with a feller with a black mask on. You wuz a follerin' 'em down, Miss Cleo, screamin' to beat the band. Next thing I knowed, the two o' 'em rolled kersmaash through the front window. 'It's time to get out o' here,' sez I to myself, thinkin' I'd slip out the way I come in and see what's happened to the lieutenant. Jest then I happened to look into a room at the top o' the stairs, and, by the Holy Moses, ef there warn't two o' your father's books, Miss Cleo, a lyin' on the table. I knowed 'em by red bindin's. 'They may be the very books what has the secret o' the submarine hidden in 'em. Who knows?' sez I, and, as everyone had run below to see the fight, I slipped into the room and grabbed 'em and skipped down the after companionway hidin' 'em under my jacket. By that time everyone in the kitchen had run to the front o' the house to see the fight, so no one seen me go out. I hurried into the front thinkin' the lieutenant might've been hurt in the scrap, and peeked into that glass place where the flowers are. There was a crowd round him and as he wuz settin' up talkin' I made up my mind he couldn't be hurt very bad, so I lighted out with the books, knowing that you'd be glad to see 'em."

"During this amazing recital Hope and Cleo had been anxiously poring through the volumes thus miraculously recovered. Now Hope looked up.

"You're a wonder as a sleuth, Hook," he said, wearily tossing the books on the table. "Burns and Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes have nothing on you. But luck is still against us. We've got to look further. There's no sign of the formula in either of these books."

"It was late the next morning when Hope, looking a trifle pale and with his head still bandaged, joined Cleo in the breakfast room. "Who is the next person for us to see?" said Cleo.

"The next name on the list is Arthur Fitzmaurice and his address is given as the Commercial hotel, here in the city. I have just telephoned the hotel, however, and learn that he left a few days ago for the Farallons. It seems that he is connected with the government coast survey, so I suppose he's out there charting the islands."

"What are the Farallons?" asked Cleo, "and where are they? I never heard of them before."

"They are islands," answered Hope, "or rocks, rather, for nothing grows upon them, in the Pacific, about 30 miles due west of the Golden Gate. There are several islands in the group; the North Farallon, the Middle Farallon and the Southeast Farallon. There's a lighthouse on the southern island and a government radio

station on the Middle Farallon. I imagine, therefore, that Fitzmaurice is making his headquarters on the middle island."

"How do you reach the islands?" inquired Cleo.

"We will have to take a launch," was the answer. "There are no boats running regularly to the islands, and I find that the government tender won't go out again until next week. So I've sent Hook down to the waterfront to see if he can hire a power boat. Here he is now," he added, as the one-armed sailor appeared in the doorway.

"Well, Hook?" he inquired, "were you able to get a boat?"

"Yes, sir," said Hook, touching his forelock, man-o'-war fashion. "I've found a good, stout little power boat—not very big, she ain't, but she's well built and seaworthy and I'd cross to China in her. Morrissey, the feller what owns her, used to be an old shipmate o' mine. He says he'll take us out to the Farallons for twenty dollars."

"Couldn't you find anything larger?" asked Hope.

"There was a fine big boat sir, a sixty-footer, tied up at the same wharf, but her skipper wanted fifty dollars for the trip."

"That's too much," said Hope decisively. "We'll take the launch; it will do quite as well. Tell your man to be ready to start at two o'clock."

Little did Hope foresee the perils which awaited them off the rock-bound shores of the Farallons.

The launch which Hook had engaged lay at one of the piers which jut out into the harbor from San Francisco's waterfront like the teeth of a gigantic comb. Though Morrissey, the owner-captain, had been told to be ready to start by two o'clock, owing to some engine trouble it was considerably past three before he was ready to cast off. Then came another hitch. Hook had disappeared.

"Now, where the devil has he gone to?" demanded Hope, impatiently striding up and down the pier.

"I guess he's gone to get a drink, sir," said Morrissey, touching his cap. "I saw him about twenty minutes ago heading for one of those saloons over on East street. I'll send a boy after him if you wish, sir."

"No," replied Hope, "we'll go without him."

Morrissey was quite right in his surmise; Hook, who was the possessor of a chronic thirst, confident that he would have time for a glass of beer before the repairs to the engine could be effected, had slipped away on a

for Coleman came hurrying up the pier.

"Just run over to Jerry's place to Toney, you, Bill," he called to the watchman, "and see if you can find my two men, Hennessy and Dillon?"

"So Mister Morton and his friends is goin' to the islands too, eh?" said Hook to himself. "I think I'll jest slip aboard, unbeknownst to 'em, and go along."

Morton and his companions had strolled to the far end of the pier, where they stood deep in conversation; Captain Coleman was busy getting supplies from the storehouse; the watchman had gone across the street to get the crew; so that no one saw the one-armed sailor when he climbed aboard the Sea Hawk and disappeared down the companionway.

No one had been more astonished than Morton and Olga at the mysterious disappearance of the books from the Delmar study, and their astonishment was increased when they saw the mystification of Hope and Cleo. But Olga did not believe in taking anything for granted. No sooner did she reach her apartment in the Portola Arms than, despite the lateness of the hour, she sent for Sextus and related to him the exciting events of the evening. "I'm pretty well convinced," she concluded, "that neither Hope nor the Burke girl have any more knowledge of what has become of those books than I have, but I don't wish to take any chances. I want you to watch them closely for the next few days, Sextus, and to keep me informed of anything which seems suspicious. It will be quite safe for you to lounge about the lobby of their hotel, or even for you to take a room there, for neither of them know you. If they go out, follow them. It's possible that they know more about those books than I do, and I don't dare leave the city to search for the other books because it would mean letting them out of my sight."

The following morning, from his table in the breakfast room of the hotel where Hope and Cleo were staying, Sextus witnessed, without, however, being able to overhear, their conversation with Hook; when, after lunch, they departed in a taxicab for the waterfront, he followed them; and from the pier he saw them depart in the launch for the Farallons. Five minutes later, breathless from running, he was talking to Olga over the telephone.

"They've given us the slip," he panted. "They've hired a launch and



"There's No Sign of the Formula in Either of These Books!"

Lieutenant Hope will not be back until tonight," the telephone girl informed him. "He has gone to the Farallons."

There were now three craft racing toward the same goal. Well in the lead was the small launch containing Hope and Cleo. Bearing down on a more northerly course was the power boat hired by Mahlin and Satsuma, while somewhere astern pounded the larger craft bearing Morton, Olga and Sextus. Doubtless all three of the skippers would have exercised more caution than they did could they have seen the notices which were being displayed that afternoon on the bulletin boards of the various shipping offices and other places where seafaring folk congregate.

WARNING!
Shipmasters and others navigating the waters between the entrance to San Francisco Bay and the Farallon Group are warned to be on the lookout for a floating mine which broke loose from its moorings during experiments at Fort Point Torpedo Station and is believed to have drifted into the channel. The mine, which resembles a large buoy, is painted gray-blue and is marked "U. S. 1127B." Anyone sighting it is warned against attempting to take it in tow but should immediately notify the chief ordnance officer, Fort Point, Cal.

(Signed) H. J. MACKENZIE, Adjutant-General, By Order the General Commanding the Western Department.

The mill-pond calmness which prevailed in the inner harbor proved to be no criterion of the weather without, for in the bay a brisk breeze was blowing and outside the Gate the breeze turned into a gale. In fact, so heavy a sea was running that darkness was descending when Morrissey ran his launch under the lee of the lighthouse on Southeast Island and Hope and Cleo clambered ashore. In response to their whistle a gray-bearded man, tall and angular, appeared in the doorway of the small, whitewashed building which adjoined the lighthouse.

"That's the keeper, Captain Fairweather," said Morrissey.

"I am Lieutenant Hope of the navy," Hope introduced himself. "I am looking for a man named Fitzmaurice of the coast survey. I understand that he is over here charting the islands."

"Mr. Fitzmaurice left this morning for Middle Island," was the answer. "The government has a radio station there and he went over to send a message to 'Frisco. I reckon he likes their foot better than he does mine, anyway."

"How far is it across to Middle Island?"

"About six miles."

"Well," said Hope, turning to Cleo, "the only thing for us to do, it seems, is to keep on to the other island."

"It's none of my business," interrupted the keeper, "but you'll be taking a big chance if you try to cross to Middle Island tonight. It's a dangerous channel, even in the day time, and it'll be dark in another ten minutes. There's a big sea running already and the wind's rising."

"What do you think about it, Morrissey?" Hope asked the boatman.

"I'm game for it, sir."

"And how about you, Cleo?"

"Oh, I would much rather go on, Jarvis," she answered. "I couldn't sleep tonight if I felt that those books were only six miles away. I'm not in the least afraid—you are with me." The last four words were spoken so softly that only Hope could hear.

"Remember," the keeper called after them as they turned back to the boat, "there's some bad reefs between here and the other island. Keep this light astern of you all the time. If you get a quarter of a mile off the course you'll be in a heap of trouble."

As the keeper prophesied, the wind, even during the few minutes that they had spent ashore, had greatly risen, and as they rounded the point it struck them with a force and suddenness which nearly capsized the little launch. But it was too late to turn back. To attempt to go about in the sea that was now running was but to invite disaster. Their only hope of safety lay in keeping the boat bow on to the mountain-high waves which were roaring down upon them. Small wonder then that Hope and Morrissey, their every nerve strained to the task of keeping the boat from being

swamped, failed to notice the other launch which ran under the lee of the lighthouse barely ten minutes after their departure. Out of it scrambled Mahlin and Satsuma. Clambering up the rocky footpath, they reached the keeper's modest dwelling. Night had fallen and from the summit of the white tower which rose above them a great beam of light stabbed the darkness at recurrent intervals. The keeper answered Mahlin's knock and invited them inside, for the howling of the wind made conversation outside almost impossible.

"Can you tell me where I can find a Mr. Fitzmaurice?" inquired Mahlin. "They told me at the offices of the coast survey that he was at work over here making some maps or something."

"Fitzmaurice seems to've become might popular all of a sudden," remarked the keeper. "You're the second party in half an hour that's been after him. He ain't here, though. He left this morning for Middle Island."

"Has Lieutenant Hope been here looking for him?" hazarded Mahlin.

"That's the name he gave," said the keeper.

"And he's gone over to Middle Island?"

"He has, though I did my best to discourage him. It's lucky for them they've got this light to guide them. Without it, on such a night as this, they wouldn't have a chance in a million."

"Well, I'm not going to risk it," said Mahlin. "That's certain. But I'm afraid you'll have to put us up for the night. I'll be glad to pay you for your trouble."

"I'm afraid I can't make you very comfortable," said the keeper, "but I'll give you the best I've got. I have to be up all night tending the light, so you can take my bed, and your friend there can sleep in my assistant's room, and I'll fix up a bunk for your boatman in the storeroom."

"You're not alone here, are you?" inquired Mahlin.

"I am tonight," was the answer. "I've got an assistant, but he's been feeling poorly of late so he went over to the city on the tender this morning to see a doctor. . . . Now, just make yourselves at home, please. I've got to go up to the light for a few minutes. With such a gale as this blowing we can't take any chances of anything going wrong with the light—there are too many lives dependent on it."

But not on that night, nor for many nights thereafter, did Keeper James Fairweather ascend the winding stairs leading to the great light which, far above them, sent its guiding rays out over the angry waters, for, as he turned to leave the room, a terrific blow descended on his skull and he knew nothing more.

"Now, Satsuma," called Mahlin, dragging the keeper's limp body away from the door which led to the tower, "out with the light! That young pup of a naval officer won't feel so blammed uppish when he finds himself and his lady friend drifting on the rocks and no light to steer by."

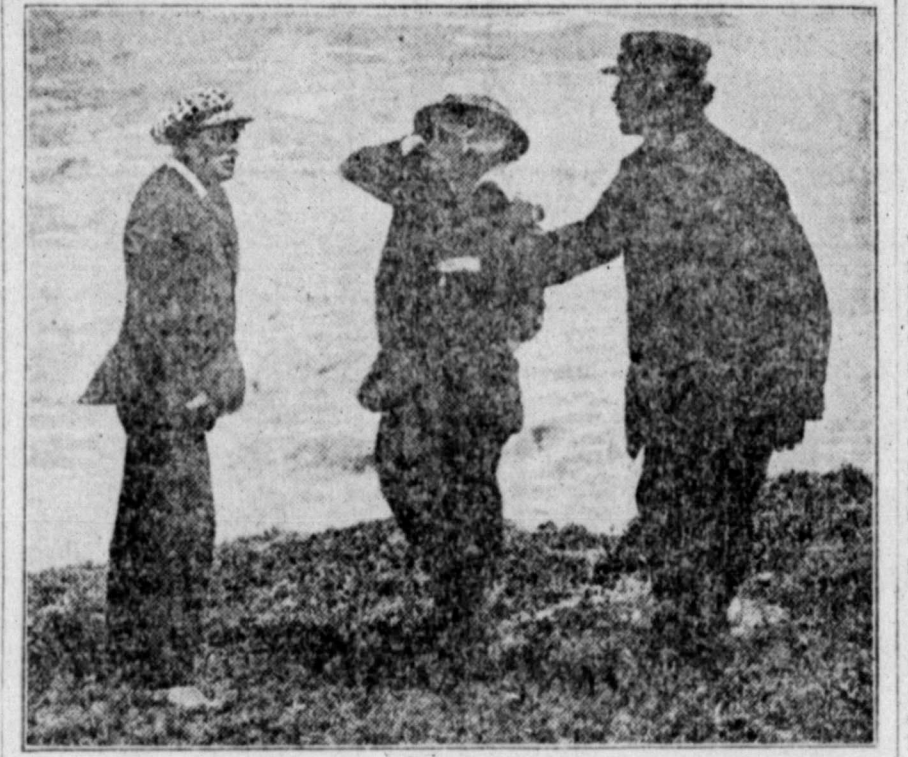
Before he had left the lighthouse half a mile behind, Hope was bitterly reproaching himself for his foolhardiness in attempting to make the crossing to Middle Island, for the wind had risen until it was sister to a cyclone and they had all that they could do to keep the little launch, already partly filled with water, from being capsized by the mighty combers which broke over it. But they struggled doggedly on, knowing that they need have no fear of rocks so long as they kept squarely astern the light which winked so encouragingly at them from Southeast Island.

Suddenly Morrissey gave a cry of alarm. "The light, sir!" he gasped. "It's gone out!"

As was right; the life-saving beacon had been suddenly extinguished. In vain they searched the darkness for it. It did not reappear. And, with neither light nor compass to guide them, Hope knew that they were helpless and at the mercy of the storm.

At that moment, from somewhere to the eastward of them, a sudden fiery glow, incredibly dazzling, illuminated, for a brief moment, angry sea and inky sky, and to their ears came, an instant later, a crash like an exploding powder mill. The Sea Hawk had found the floating mine!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You'll Be Taking a Big Chance if You Try to Cross to Middle Island Tonight!"

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.

Platform Demands

The late Democratic State Convention at Houston was dominated by Gov. Ferguson and his anti followers. All the State nominees of the recent primary were nominated, but the convention refused to adopt resolutions calling on the legislature to submit a prohibition amendment and to retain the Robinson insurance law, though these received a majority of the votes cast and were submitted as platform demands. The convention had as much moral right to refuse to nominate a candidate who received a majority as to refuse to indorse the measures referred to. The same trick was played last year by the Republicans of North Dakota who voted that the Legislature adopt State warehouses, but the Legislature ignored the matter and this year the people ignored every legislator who voted against the measure and nominated new men, mostly farmers. If the Legislature of Texas refuses to carry out the expressed will of a majority of the Democrats the people will put in office men that will do it.

Just as the city administration was about to show the people how to observe the traffic laws by "posting" the streets, they allowed the streets to be so obstructed by carnival tents that drivers can't see the posts. But, as a visitor said, most anything goes in Kerrville, especially in Fair time.

After it is all over we hope the city administration of Kerrville will balance accounts and let us know how much the people have gained by having the streets practically blocked with show tents all this week while our town is full of visitors. We will gladly publish the statement showing the gain by having them here.

John Carney, the apostle of prohibition and the veritable enemy of the saloon, it is hoped will come to Kerrville and pitch his tent on our streets, most any place he wants to, and carry on a month's prohibition campaign. Of course there can be no objection offered to his erecting his tent on the streets if he pays the same license as do the shows.

Grandpa W. S. Hinds was over from his farm on the Medina last Monday. Mr. Hinds is 88 years of age and is as spry as many men of fifty. He will start in a few days on a trip to New Mexico to visit his son Ben.

Tank Work, Tin Work

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

For Sale—Light Studebaker hack in good condition. **W. J. McDoniel.**

Texas Steam Laundry baskets go Monday and Tuesday each week. Agency at Adkins Barber Shop. Hats cleaned and blocked. **W. C. Word, agent.**

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 tow doors from P. O.

Nyal's Remedies, the best there is. Guaranteed by the **Kerrville Drug Co.**

For Sale—40 acre farm 12 miles N. W. of Kerrville on the river, 30 acres in cultivation. Pecan grove and subject to irrigation. Price \$2500. Apply at this office.

Parker Fountain Pens, the most satisfactory and reliable. **Kerrville Drug Co.**

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 115th Dist: (Nominee of Democratic Primary election July 22.)

M. E. BLACKBURN, (Re-election.)

For District Judge 32th Dist: (Nominee of Democratic Primary election July 22.)

R. H. BURNLEY, (Re-election.)

For County Attorney

GILBERT C. STORMS, (Nominee of July Primary.)

W. G. GARRETT, (Re-election, November election.)

For County Judge

SID REES, (nominee of July primaries.)

R. A. DUNBAR, (Re-election.)

LEE WALLACE, (Re-election.)

For County and Dist. Clerk:

JOHN R. LEAVELL, (Re-election.)

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:

J. T. MOORE, (Re-election.)

O. C. BULWER

For Tax Assessor

EMMET H. NICHOLS, (Re-Election.)

W. G. PETERSON, (Re-Election.)

For County Treasurer,

A. B. WILLIAMSON, (Re-election.)

For sale or trade—two good young horses. Will take sheep, goats or cattle. **W. N. Hatch, Japonica.**

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

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



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.

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REFRIGERATOR ECONOMY
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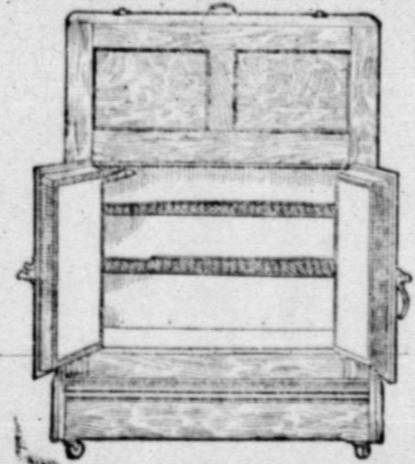
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THE ADVANCE

Attend the Fair

all at my store before you go home and get that bill of GROCERIES I will save you money.

Jas. Redfield Phone 148

Local Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Morriss of Big Paint are visiting and attending the Fair here this week.

Choice Johnson grass hay and baled oats at West Texas Supply Co.

Miss Maggie Akard of Bisbee, Ariz., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fannie Williams, for a few weeks.

Swan's Down prepared cake flour now in stock. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Miss Annie Calpepper of Floresville is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. E. Cox, here this week.

Just received our new Fall stock of Shoes for Men, Lad and children. Don't fail to the new styles' they are beautiful. West Texas Supply Co.

Mrs. J. D. Motley and two children are visiting in San Antonio this week.

Salad dressing like you make at home. Ask for Premier goods at BERRY'S.

John and Joe Williams are visiting friends in Kerrville. The Williams family now reside in San Angelo.

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

Mrs. M. E. Hudspeth of Bandera is spending the week visiting Mr. J. A. Hudspeth's family.

Safety razor for the price of a shave. Kerrville Drug Co.

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.

Miss Mona Snodgrass of Big Paint is spending the week visiting friends in Kerrville.

Workmen's Union-alls in kaki and pen checks. Just the thing for the shop and rough wear. West Texas Supply Co.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Geddie left yesterday for a visit to friends in Mineola and other points in East Texas.

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

Mrs. Jennie Brown and children of Center Point were Kerrville visitors Monday.

Mrs. Ivy Bass spent Saturday night in Kerrville on her return to San Antonio from a visit to Mr. J. N. Hodges family at Junction.

Our stock of box papers, bulk papers and fancy writing tablets is most up-to-date. Rock Drug Store.

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

Messrs. B McGoldrick and D. C. McManus of Kenedy spent Saturday and Sunday with their families who are spending the summer here.

Try our cheese, kept on ice. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mrs. R. E. Buckner and three little girls of Utopia visited at the editors home last Friday and Saturday. Miss Edith, who had been visiting here for several weeks, returned home with them.

Good teeth are essential to good looks and health. Have them examined and cleaned every six months at least. Don't wait for them to hurt. It will save you money and your teeth. DR. H. T. GREEN, Dentist. Kerrville, Texas.

The Secret of the Submarine is truly a great story. Be sure to read it, then see it at the Airdome every Tuesday night.

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

Prof. G. C. Jones had his brother and nephew of Rogers visiting him last week. They made the trip in a beautiful new Chalmers 'Six.'

Costing you too much to live? Put a dollar in your pocket and spend it at BERRY'S. It will pay you.

Jim Freeman shipped a car of fat hogs to Fort Worth Monday.

Try our Frijoles, Mexican style canned beans, 10 and 15c per can. C. C. Butt Grocery.

John and Sid Peterson went over to Tuff last Saturday to buy stock.

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

The regular term of Commissioners Court was in session this week with a full board present. We will try to give a full report next week.

Rooms for light house keeping or rooms with board. Apply to Mrs. T. A. Buckner.

H. P. Weir of Beaumont is the guest of his mother Mrs. B. Weir.

Just received a shipment of Toilet Du Noid and Zepher Plaid Gingham for children's school dresses. West Texas Supply Co.

Remus H. Kelly of Clayton, New Mexico, and brother, Frank, of San Antonio are here greeting old school mates and taking in the Fair.

P. L. Eubanks, Piano Tuner; with Thos. Goggan & Bros., of San Antonio, Texas.

By mistake of our Houston print house we are running two installments of "The Secret of the Submarine" this week. This will put us two weeks ahead of the picture at the Airdome, but next week we will skip an installment and then will get started in the regular manner.

For Sale—Gentle buggy mare, 3 years old, also rubber tired buggy, used one year, freshly re-tired. E. R. Wharton, R. R. 1, Kerrville.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennie Mayfield and little daughter, of Medina, were in attendance at the Fair this week.

Are you fixing a lunch? Don't forget that everything for the lunch is choicest and cheapest at BERRY'S.

T. O. Stanley and family of the Wharton ranch are spending the week in Kerrville taking in the fair.

Shipment fresh cigars right from the factory just arrived; not handled by jobbers. The Nifty News Stand.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Marshall of Cherry Springs are visiting Mr. H. Welge's family.

Baked Delicatessen Loaf. Fine for lunches or sandwiches. Only 20c per pound at C. C. Butt Grocery.

Prof. E. Ahrens of Medina is in the city.

Robert Horne of Waxahachie is visiting his mother, Mrs. J. H. Horne.

Fishing tackle of all kinds at Kerrville Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Colvert and little son of San Antonio are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Schreiner this week.

Miss Doris Zrjajek of Victoria is visiting in Kerrville this week the guest of Misses Matilda and Alma Welge.

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

Moore's Patent Closed Sleeve Shirts for working men. Don't fail to "catch on" to the patent sleeve shirt—you'll like it—and will never wear any other kind, and don't forget the store that handles these shirts. It's progressive and always handles the best of everything. West Texas Supply Co.

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Kerr County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on July 26, 1916, in favor of A. W. McKillip and against W. A. Parker and S. F. Barfield in cause No. 993, for \$1,948.00 and costs and for foreclosure of a vendor's lien, I have this day seized and will sell at public auction at the court house door at Kerrville, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., on the first Tuesday of September next, being September 5, 1916, all the title and interest of said W. A. Parker and S. F. Barfield in 180 acres of land situated in Kerr County, Texas, on the waters of Wallace Creek, consisting of two tracts, first, 80 acres being survey No. 1308 patented to T. L. Keese by patent No. 219, Vol. 3, dated March 24, 1882, and second, 100 acres, more or less, out of survey No. 1537, patented to Dock Hamilton, assignee, by patent No. 152, Vol. 51, dated March 26, 1884; said 180 acres described in said judgment and in the deed from W. A. Parker to S. F. Barfield, dated January 14, 1914, recorded in the deed records of said county in Vol. 33, page 566.

J. T. Moore, Sheriff Kerr County, Texas. Kerrville, Texas, August 4, 1916.

W.A. Gilleyer-Deutscher

DEALERS IN NO. 49

LUMBER

Shingles, Laths, Sash, Doors, Blinds, and Paints, Builders' Hardware.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

R. NAGEL, Manager

YARD NEAR DEPOT ---Phone 45--- KERRVILLE, TEXAS

DR. WERBLUN IN KERRVILLE

Dr. Werblun, optician, who makes regular visits to Kerrville will be here at Rawson's drug store August 25th to September 2nd. Do not fail to call and have your lenses changed free, if those you were fitted with by Dr. Werblun do not entirely relieve headache, or do not enable you to read, do close work or look at objects at long distance, or at moving pictures without tiring or straining the eyes. The Doctor furnishes the latest in styles as well as inventions in all kinds of glasses.

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

Miss Lillian Randolph of Junction is spending the week visiting in Kerrville.

Roy Chaney and two sisters, Misses Rebel and Pauline, of Willow City, came down the latter part of last week on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Chaney.

Misses Mary and Jessie Redfield who have been visiting their parents Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Redfield, here for the past two months, left Tuesday for Louisiana where they will teach again the coming term.

Mrs. R. S. Newman and two sons, Harris and Charley Ray, returned last week from a two-month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Cochran at Corpus Christi.

THE STEPHENS-ASHURST BILL

To Protect the Public Against Dishonest Advertising and False Pretenses in Merchandising

A bill introduced in Congress by Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona and by Representative Dan V. Stephens of Nebraska, Wednesday afternoon a remedy for the unfair competition of great trading

Chiefly in advertising at "cut prices" well-known goods as a means of receiving the public to buy unknown goods of doubtful quality.

To use the reputation of a reliable article as a bait to catch the consumer into believing that all their goods are the same low rate of profit.

No. Trade investigations agree that the cost of doing business by these big city concerns is approximately 30 per cent., while the cost of the same goods is 16 per cent.

They can't; they only seem to. They sell things that people know at cost. On unfamiliar goods they overcharge.

It destroys the independent merchants of the towns and small cities, and compels the sale of inferior goods by all classes of dealers.

No. It means the destruction of the usual retail channels by which goods reach the consumers to their best advantage. It forces the sale of unknown articles, often of cheap and shoddy quality, instead of reliable goods which have their maker's reputation behind them. It promotes substitution.

The ruin of hundreds of thousands of independent merchants; the concentration of trade in vast monopolies located in a few great cities; the depopulation of the villages, towns and small cities and the ultimate injury of the consumers, by placing them at the mercy of monopolies which will then be able to extort such profits as they please for the sale of such goods as they choose to handle.

By preventing the unfair and dishonest use of well-known goods as advertising bait, and guaranteeing a uniform price to all consumers.

Not at all. The bill explicitly states that its provisions shall not apply to any article that is produced or sold by a monopoly. If any manufacturer asked higher prices than his goods were worth, the public would refuse to buy, and new makers would quickly enter the field.

By writing at once to the U. S. Senators from their State, and the Congressman from their District, urging them to support the Stephens-Ashurst Bill, and use their influence in its favor.

Dr. H. T. Green DENTIST

Prices reasonable. All classes of work done and guaranteed.

Office Over Schreiner's Bank

Office Phone 237 KERRVILLE, TEXAS



A LIVE WIRE

I am now located here to do all kinds of REAL ESTATE business. List your Ranches and Farms with me to sell, lease or exchange. Also Town property. Am in position to get the people to see you and make the deal. Write me at this place and I will send you contract and blank for description of your property. Office at the Williams Hotel, Kerrville, Texas.

G. L. BLAIR

Gunter Hotel

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS Absolutely Fire Proof. Modern Rates, European, \$1.00 to \$3.00 Per Day

A Hotel Built for the Climate

Official Headquarters "A. A. A." PERCY TYRRELL, Manager and T. P. A.

THE STAR MARKET

C. L. BIEHLER, Prop. THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT LOWEST PRICES

Free Delivery PHONE 162

Fire And Tornado Insurance

Am representing Seven of the best and strongest companies doing business, in Texas. \$2,000,000 CAPITAL STOCK

Protect your homes, business, automobiles, cotton, wool, etc. Country property also insured. MAIN STREET, KERRVILLE, TEX. GILBERT C. S.

