

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 5.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCT. 12, 1916

Medina Local Notes.

(Regular Correspondence)

Mr. Mary Harper, mother of J. S. Luapkin of Japonica, was buried at Oak Rest cemetery Friday. She departed this life in her 88th year. For more than the length of an ordinary life she had been a consistent primitive Baptist.

Mrs. Milam Paris left Monday for Port Arthur. She went to San Antonio via the John Fee service car.

R. D. Garrison and Otho Adams motored to Kerrville the 7th, where they sold a large clip of mohair at 54¢.

Rev. Saltzberger of Utopia held a series of meetings in our town last week.

Rev. F. G. Moses of Tarpley was the guest of Medina friends from Friday until Monday and while here preached several times at the Baptist church.

A number of young people from the Tuff neighborhood were in Medina attending church Sunday. They report that on next Saturday night a box supper will be held at Tuff for the benefit of the school.

Walter Mayfield Jr. and sister Miss Mona visited in Kerrville several days last week.

Several ladies came up from Bandera Saturday and was here until a 1 1/2 hour initiating a number of our women in the mysteries of the Woodmen Circle.

Le Walker went to San Antonio on business last Monday.

A garage is being erected on main street by Clement Mayfield.

Sock Social.

The young people of the Methodist Church are planning a sock social at the parsonage next Friday night. A cordial invitation is extended for all to attend. A program of music, instrumental and vocal will be given. Mystery hoops and the famous selections from the National Art Gallery will be exhibited. Friday night, 8 o'clock, at the Methodist parsonage.

Baptist Church Notes.

We are glad to learn that Dr. A. J. Barton, Supt. of the "Anti Saloon League" will be in our city and an address Oct. 22 and if you fail to hear him you will miss a mighty good thing. Even those who do not think with him should hear him on this occasion.

We are to have our usual services next Sunday, morning, afternoon and evening. We never tire of giving cordial invitations for any who will come to be with us in our meetings. Two men joined our church last Sunday which brought encouragement to us. The weather is ideal and if you can't be induced to attend services now verily you are a hard case. You ought to come to Sunday School and see our "Berean" class, how it does grow.
J. B. RIDDLE, Pastor.

Christian Endeavor Program

Subject: Public spirit and how to cultivate it.

Leader—Miss Vela Burney. Introduction and devotional—by leader.

Hymn—The way of the Cross Leads home.

Destroy selfishness—Edna Henke. Power in talk—Mabel Thorburn. The church interested in public questions—Ruth Garrett.

What are we here for—Mrs. Diekey.

The coming City—Mary Claire Williams.

Hymn, Scatter Sunshine. Close with prayer.

New Millinery

I have a lot of new hats arriving this week of the very latest and most up-to-date creations of the Millinery art. Don't buy until you see my stock.

MISS RUTH MOSEL.

For Sale Cheap

A good gentle Horse, Buggy and Surrey. Apply at this office.

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

\$1.50

This will be the last notice that the price of THE ADVANCE will be raised to \$1.50 on October 15, 1916.

Saturday Oct. 14

will be the last day you can get it for the old price. By paying up you can renew for a year or more in advance at \$1.00 and save 50c on each year.

Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Lackey are the proud parents of a new boy.

Birdie Slaughter of Bluff is visiting Mrs. T. H. Davis.

Mrs. Minnie Sloan of San Antonio who has been with her sister, Mrs. B. F. Lackey, for some time returned home Friday.

The sad news came by telephone from Bastrop Thursday that Mrs. L. A. McBryde, the mother of J. A. and A. D. McBryde, had died there early Thursday morning. She was buried there Thursday afternoon.

The people of Camp Verde will remember her and her visits here. She had been sick for four years.

The sandwich supper at the school house Friday afternoon was quite a success the school realizing quite a neat little sum.

News comes from San Antonio that Miss Dovie Oatman was married there last week to a Mr. Guy Keese.

Arthur Edwards has moved over on the Edwards ranch near Turtle creek. They will build them a house in the near future.

Tom Reeves left the last of the week with a load of oats for Sonora.

Vic Stevens took his wife to Kerrville Monday to the Sanitarium. She will undergo an operation Tuesday.

Epworth League Program

Topic—Manliness and Womanliness.

Leader—Frith Everett.

Song: Prayer.

Scripture Lesson.

A man who Played the man in danger—John Aaron.

Facing Death with Courage—Lillian Sutton.

The woman who saved her people from death—Virgie Storms.

Song.

Your Opportunity—Ina Coleman.

Christian advantage—Mamie Sublet.

Song: League Benediction.

Jones-McElroy.

Dr. C. C. Jones, the well known physician of this community, was married Sunday, Oct. 1, at Oklahoma City, Okla. to Miss Dove McElroy, a daughter of Fayette McElroy of Center Point, Texas.

Though an engagement of marriage had existed between Miss McElroy and Dr. Jones for several months, the fact had been kept a secret and the secret had been so well guarded that the news of the marriage came as a complete surprise to practically all their friends here and at Center Point.

Miss McElroy's intentions in the matter, however, were well known to her relatives and the arrangements for her wedding had their approval and cooperation.

A month or so ago Miss McElroy went to Oklahoma City to visit her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Nowlin, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place at their home on Oct. 1, as Dr. Jones started on a month's vacation, which was to be also a honeymoon trip, to northern cities. A telegram received here Sunday afternoon by friends of the bride and groom conveyed the happy news that they had been married that day at noon—Comfort News.

The news of Miss McElroy's marriage will come as a surprise, also, to her many friends here where she was a graduate of Tivy High School in 1913. Dr. Jones, also well known and highly esteemed in Kerrville, and his charming bride have the best wishes and hearty congratulations of a host of friends in this city.

Anti-Saloon League Speaking

Dr. Earton writes that he cannot possibly make the date here on the 22 as he had promised, but will send Dr. W. J. Herwig of Dallas, one of the strongest men and best speakers in the prohibition ranks. He is expected to speak at Kerrville at 11 a. m. and at night. He will likely speak at Ingram at 2:00 P. M.

Compulsory School Law

We publish the following paragraph of the Compulsory School Attendance Law that all may understand its requirements.

SECTION 71. Attendance Requirements and Provisions.—Every child in the State who is eight years and not more than fourteen years of age shall be required to attend the public school in the district of its residence, or to some other district to which it may be transferred, as required by law, for a period of not less than sixty days for the scholastic year, beginning Sept. 1, 1916, and for a period of not less than eighty days for the scholastic year beginning Sept. 1, 1917, and for the scholastic year 1918-19, and each scholastic year thereafter a minimum attendance of 100 days shall be required. The period of compulsory attendance at each school shall begin at the opening of the school term unless otherwise authorized by the district school trustees and notice given by the trustees prior to the beginning of such school term; provided that no child shall be required to attend school for a longer period than the maximum term of the public school in the district where such child resides.

The parent or guardian is subject to a \$25 fine for failure to comply with this law.

Methodist Church Notes.

The Lord's Supper will be administered next Sunday morning after a brief sermon by the pastor.

Sunday school work advances. We give you a cordial invitation to join one of the classes.

The special musical numbers were greatly enjoyed last Sunday, Mrs. Anderson, of Galveston singing in the morning, and Miss Watters at night.

Next Sunday will be the last in this Conference year, the pastor and wife departing next Tuesday for Uvalde, the seat of the Conference. S. W. KEMERER, Pastor

COAL! COAL!

We have on hand a supply of the best, clean coal which we will sell at \$8.00 per ton, delivered. Phone us your order today.

Kerrville Light & Power Co.

Tivy High School

There is a fine school valling. Interest seems to be increasing in the school room, and enthusiastic cooperation in the community.

The Junction High School football team comes to play the Tivy High School football team on the home grounds Saturday. All boosters and loyal supporters of the school and its activities will be trusted further prove their loyalty Saturday afternoon. We are anticipating an exciting and closely contested game. Junction submitted the challenge and will surely put forth their very best efforts to win. We gladly accepted their challenge, and it now rests with us to give them an opportunity to show how graceful they can be in defeat.

The business men of the town very kindly gave enough money to buy a new ball and suits for the boys, for which we wish to publicly thank them.

The girls have organized themselves into yell gangs with songs and yells, and there is a promise of some lively school spirit being manifested on the side lines. Come out Saturday 1:30 P. M.

Auld-Haby

William Auld and Miss Hilda Josephine Haby were married Sunday at 11:30 o'clock a. m. at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Haby, Rev. J. Erb, of Rio Frio, performing the marriage service.

This very popular young couple are members of two of the old and most prominent families in the country, and are entering upon life's journey together under the most favorable conditions for future happiness.

They have a lovely new and elegantly furnished home on the Auld ranch.

We, with all their friends, wish them a long life of love and happiness—without any of the rough trials.—Real County News.

Watch our windows for bargains. "We sell it for less." WATTERS VARIETY STORE.

Rev. B. Schleifer and family are now at home in their pretty new home just completed on Barnett street.

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The New Ford

The Ford with the new features—large radiator and enclosed fan, streamline hood, crown fenders front and rear, and entire black finish—is one of the most attractive cars on the market. The qualities in combination with the smaller purchase price bring the Ford within the possibilities of nearly every home.

Touring Car . . . \$360.00

Runabout, . . . \$345.00

Freight \$37.50 to Kerrville.

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"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

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Kerrville, Texas

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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

Gloria Romance

BY MR. and MRS. RUPERT HUGHES

Novelized From the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by George Kleine

Copyright, 1916, by Adelaide M. Hughes

SYNOPSIS.

Pierpont Stafford, banker and railroad magnate, with his sixteen-year-old daughter, Gloria, is wintering at Palm Beach. Gloria is a vivacious but willful young lady who chafes under the restraining hand of a governess from whom she repeatedly escapes. Her childish capers cause young Doctor Royce to fall in love with her. She steals from her room at night and in an auto plunges into the surf where she leaves the car. Becoming lost in the everglades she falls into the hands of the Seminole Indians. She is rescued and returned to her father, who had offered a reward for her return. Gloria falls in love with her rescuer, Freneau. Five years later she leaves school and meets Freneau at the theater. His attention having been occupied with her sister-in-law, he has forgotten Gloria. Gloria feels that her one dream is shattered. Later Freneau persuades her to forgive him. Gloria's sister-in-law, Lois, becomes intensely jealous and Doctor Royce discovers in her an ally to assist in thwarting Freneau.

FIFTH EPISODE

The Gathering Storm.

"Daughters are dangerous charges," Pierpont said. Judge Freeman. The two elderly men stood watching the dance which was in full swing at the coming-out party of Gloria Stafford. The men were related to each other by marriage—the marriage of Stafford's son David and Freeman's daughter Lois—whatever relations that made them.

Pierpont Stafford nodded a worried assent to the judge's statement and, turning his eyes reluctantly from the grace and charm of his own girl, who was dancing with an almost lyric poetry of motion, enfolded in the arms of Richard Freneau, Pierpont looked for Judge Freeman's girl, Lois, to find a specific cause for the judge's doleful remark. What he saw puzzled him considerably. He saw Lois, not dancing, but watching Gloria and Freneau. There was a look of unmistakable jealousy and helpless rage on her face. He saw his son David speak to her and put his hand on her arm, only to have her shake him off and move away into the crowd.

Pierpont felt suddenly terribly afraid for his son's honor, and a gnawing ache in his heart for Lois' father, who stood beside him. But it was far too delicate a situation for the two men to discuss—yet.

"Children are hostages of fortune," as Bacon, the play-right, said. Pierpont murmured, putting his hand on the other man's arm. "After all, how little it is we can really save them from."

Gloria was being watched jealously by yet another, Doctor Royce, who, with the mixed feelings of a lover



Her Ears Still Tingled With the Buzz of Compliments.

and an older guardian, felt cut to the quick as she passed directly in front of him in Freneau's embrace. He could see the look of perfect joy in her glorious eyes, and there was rapture in the whole happy swing of her youthful body. Anger at Freneau's unworthiness of this pure being at-

most choked him. When another man took Gloria away from Freneau for the last half of the dance, and Freneau reluctantly walked away, Royce asked for a word with him, moving toward the library, where they could be alone. Freneau followed with uneasy bravado. Once safe from observation, Doctor Royce let his rage break forth.

"You contemptible fortune hunter! Five years ago I warned you to keep away from Gloria. You lied to her then and your life is still one long lie."

Freneau's face blanched with fury, and he raised his arm to strike Royce, but before the calm contempt in his eyes he changed his mind. He decided to forego the blow for the present, and laughed as bravely as he could. Royce pursued him with an alarming threat.

"What if I tell her of your affair with a certain married woman?" Freneau gave a surprised start, attempted to speak, changed his mind again. He was guilty of too much to risk a challenge. Shrugging his shoulders, he moved sullenly off and out of the room.

Royce smiled to himself. "It was a bluff, but it worked." He had caught a glimpse of Lois' jealousy and a faint suspicion had risen in his mind. Now he wondered if it were confirmed.

Royce walked after Freneau and had the satisfaction of seeing him depart after bidding good-by to Gloria.

Royce thought he had won a signal victory. He would have taken little pleasure in it had he known that Freneau left so obediently because Gloria had already granted him a whole afternoon to be spent in her company alone on the following day. Freneau felt so certain of his ability to win a promise of marriage from her with this opportunity that he could afford the seeming compliance with the order of Doctor Royce.

As he descended the outer steps of the Stafford home a footman signaled his car to put into the driveway. A tramp who had been loitering on the street watching the gorgeous crowd of guests, caught sight of Freneau and seemed to go mad with rage. He rushed forward, shouting accusations. Freneau struck out viciously with his walking stick. The tramp fell to the ground, while Freneau, leaping into his limousine, motioned his chauffeur to make haste. He leaned out of his car as it turned and smiled to see the tramp pick himself up awkwardly and run after him, rushing wildly through the traffic of Riverside drive.

As Freneau's car turned into a side street the tramp, still in pursuit, was caught by an oncoming automobile and knocked sideways. One of the rear wheels passed over his legs. The car was stopped instantly and the occupants picked him up to hurry him to a hospital.

Freneau sat back in a daze at the quick tragedy. He could not tell how badly the man was hurt nor how much he could depend on his own release from danger in that quarter. It ruffled him considerably to encounter another relic of his adventurous past, just as he was about to win a beautiful young wife for himself; a relic who had a just grievance and might well ruin him by exposure. To get out of his entanglement with Lois was delicate matter enough for him to handle without this new ghost. Truly, Freneau brooded, a brave, pleasure-loving free lance like himself should have a wider field to move about in. The smallness of this world was cramping his eyes!

Arriving at his own apartment he threw his overcoat to his valet and marched gloomily into the living room, slamming the door behind him. If only Trask should die! But he could not count on such luck. Trask would probably escape with a few bruises and an added grudge, and be out again in a few days to pick up the trail.

A vision came to Freneau's mind of Nell Trask, as he had last seen her, when he left her beside a stream near a mining camp in the South.

Poor fool! She had pleaded so unreasonably that he should marry her and save her. Then he refused she had thrown herself down on the bank in wild abandonment to her grief. As he mounted his horse he saw the girl's father pick her up and hold her in his arms while apparently she sobbed forth her confession. A look of such savage ferocity came over Trask's face that Freneau dug spurs into his horse. On reaching the town he had boarded a train at once, leaving his few belongings behind him. For that look on Trask's face surely meant death for him if he were overtaken. And now at last he had been overtaken.

Soon, however, Freneau broke from

his reverie, dismissed it as an unpleasant memory, smiled at himself for giving it any place in his thoughts, and turned his mind to Gloria—the bewitching girl-woman to whom on the morrow he would tender his heart and hand, for all that they might be worth.

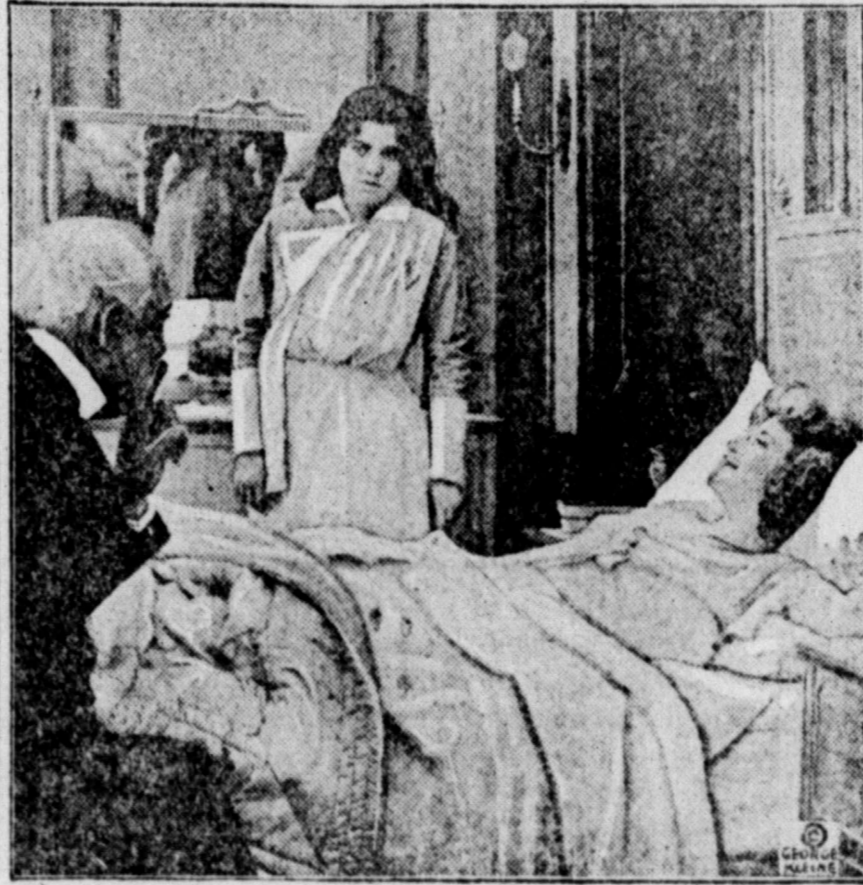
Meanwhile Gloria herself, tired beyond words, her pretty right hand stiff from the endless shaking of other hands at her reception, her tiny feet weary of their satin slippers and her ears tingling still with the buzz of compliments poured into them, was ecstatic as a full-fledged birdling after its first long flight.

The last of the guests departing, she threw her arms about her father's neck and gave him a resounding kiss. Swinging her feet free of the floor, she kicked off her slippers. Then she hugged Aunt Hortensia and thanked her, and, please did she and father mind if the new social leader left them and betook herself to bed, where they might send her crackers and milk for her dinner before she topped off to sleep?

They laughed through their own weariness as Gloria, gathering up her cast-away footwear, proceeded to drag herself up the staircase, bent far over in imitation of an ancient cripple.

Reaching her own room, she screamed lustily to Burroughs, her English maid, to run a hot bath for her, and for goodness sake to get her out of her wreck of dress. As Burroughs fluttered between the two tasks Gloria hummed the "Aloha Oe" that had been played in waltz time to her last heavenly dance with Freneau. She picked a rose from her dressing-table and went through the ritual of "He loves me, he loves me not," down almost to the last petal. But finding that it would come out on the tragic "not," she gasped, "How silly!" threw the rose away, casting a shy little smile at herself in the mirror.

Burroughs, having taken the woefully wilted and shredded tulle frock



He Recognized Pneumonia Without Difficulty.

from her, wrapped her young mistress in a dressing gown. And Gloria went, still humming, to her bath.

In the midst of the splashing, while Burroughs was straightening the dressing room, she heard: "O Burroughs, do you think my new fur-lined driving coat looks very good on me?"

"Yes, miss. I do, indeed," answered Burroughs, surprised at the apparent irrelevance of the question.

"And, Burroughs?"

"What warm afternoon dress have I that I look awfully nice in?"

"Why, the brown velvet from Lucille, miss; you do look a perfect little doll in that, miss."

Another splash in the tub and a ripple of laughter.

"Thank you, Burroughs—you see, I'm driving the pony and sleigh out in the country tomorrow afternoon."

"Yes, miss?"

"And I'm not driving out alone, Burroughs?"

"No, miss?"

After this Gloria was silent. She hopped hurriedly into bed from her bath and ate her crackers and milk like a good child, smiling every now and then at her own thoughts. Then she told Burroughs to put out her lights and not allow her to be disturbed.

"You see, Burroughs, I'm a society beauty now, and I have got to get my beauty sleep. Good night."

"Quite so, miss, and good night, miss," said Burroughs, as she tiptoed toward the door.

"Burroughs! Do you ever pray?"

"Oh, yes, miss; always; night and morning."

"Well, then, please pray for beautiful weather tomorrow."

"Certainly, miss. Anything else, miss?"

"No, nothing, thank you. Good night."

On the following day, all arrangements having been made by telephone to the Stafford country place, Gloria took Burroughs with her and motored out. They were met by a glowing and enthusiastic Freneau at the railroad station. Gloria took him on to her warm-weather home, which managed to keep a majestic appearance in its mantle of snow.

The dogs started a wild hullabaloo of ferocity from their kennels when the car drove in. They changed their excited barks to yelps of welcome as they recognized Gloria. But she left them disconsolate, for a groom brought up from the stable yard her shaggy ponies harnessed to the little Russian sleigh.

As she stopped to pet the noses of the ponies Freneau lost for a moment his confidence in his own power to win this small young beauty enveloped in a great coat, which made her seem smaller still, her eyes beaming, her cheeks flushed with the cold, her delicate pink blonde curls escaping from the little fur-trimmed hat.

With this palatial background, among the obsequious attendants, she stood, more than ever for him, the embodiment of power—youth, beauty, wealth. What had he to offer in exchange for that worldly trinity? Spoiled by women as he was he felt that however sincerely he wanted this slip of a girl—wanted her more than he had ever wanted anyone else in his life—she might elude him.

Gloria turned to him with a bright smile, and seeing the look of adoration in his eyes, blushed an even deeper rose than she had been wearing.

"I think we had better start at once if we are to get our sleigh ride," she said. "The days are so short now; we must make the most of this stinky sunlight."

"Right!" Freneau answered eagerly as he helped her into the sleigh.

The ponies were champing at the bits and jingling the bells and waving the pompons on their heads with every impatient movement. Gloria stepped into the driver's seat (she was going to drive them herself, wise girl!) and Freneau snatched the sable robe from the hands of a groom, saw that her little feet were in place on the foot warmer, and proceeded to wrap her snugly in. (How nicely he did things of that sort, she thought.)

"We will be back in a couple of hours, probably stop somewhere for

tea," Gloria called to Burroughs as they passed the lodge door. She felt the thrill of being a runaway once more, and she was glad that her father was not present to thrust a chaparron upon them.

Out into the road and off they went, youth, health, and joy of life in their veins; love in their hearts. The ponies pranced and cavorted, somewhat too strenuously, Freneau feared, until he realized how skillfully Gloria's hands were in handling them. On they glided merrily, chatting of the big nothings of young love, Gloria pointing out paths and places of interest, Dick Freneau seeing them only as they were mirrored in her eyes, since he could not bear to turn away from her lest he lose one fleeting expression of her face.

After several miles of "up hill and down dale," Gloria turned her ponies off the main road into one less used.

"I'm taking you to the dearest old-fashioned farmhouse, where we can have tea and the nummiest apple butter you ever tasted. Shall you like it?"

"I shall like anything and everything in this world, so long as I have it with you," Freneau breathed earnestly.

"Then that's all right," chirruped Gloria, happily. "You shall most certainly have this tea with me, and I'm famished."

When they reached the farmhouse, which called itself an inn, the plump landlady greeted Gloria with pleased recognition and ushered them into the parlor, saying that she would hasten with their tea and bring the table to them there by the fire. Freneau helped Gloria out of her great coat—how well he took off a coat, she thought. She emerged like a golden-brown butterfly in a velvet gown.

The blazing logs in the deep fireplace glided the beauty of a truly charming old room. Gloria fingered the quaint pewter pieces on the mantel and Freneau waited restlessly for Mrs. Bailey to hurry in with the tea things and hurry away. Soon they were left alone, seated opposite each other, the little tea table between. Gloria learned his sugar. She became suddenly timid and embarrassed. It did seem very intimate and daring.

It was the first time she had ever asked a man about his sugar all alone with him!



She Became Suddenly Timid and Embarrassed.

Dick perceived her shyness and divined the cause at once. He must speak now. He would never have a better chance, he thought. Putting down his cup, he reached across the table for her hand.

"Gloria, dear little Gloria," he sighed, "my five years of probation are up. I've waited patiently and always hopefully. Mayn't I have my reward now? Please say that you will marry me quickly and put me out of my misery, will you?"

Gloria could not answer. She hung her pretty head and wriggled back a little farther into the grandfather's chair. Perhaps she did not want to end the luxury of keeping him anxious with a too immediate yes. He would not dally. He picked up the little table that stood between them and putting it aside dropped on one knee before her, like the true artist in love that he was. He clasped his arms about her and she closed her eyes and gave him her lips.

They heard the untimely hostess approaching and he sat back in his chair, twirling his mustache, while Gloria tried to look as if nothing had happened. Nothing had happened except a short flight to heaven.

On the way home they chattered merrily of the everthings that would make up their new life. The scenery was the same, yet how different! They were betrothed now. For many reasons Freneau was impatient to have his father's sanction to their engagement as soon as possible. Gloria decided that she would drive him home with her and beard her parent in his lair without delay.

Pierpont Stafford was not unprepared for the "Will you let me marry your daughter?" speech that Richard Freneau made him. He had given his own word five years before that if Freneau and Gloria found themselves in the same frame of mind at this date he would raise no further objections. He gave up the fight now, and took his defeat like the true sport he was, graciously concealing his own sad heart.

The radiance of his child and the evident sincerity of Freneau almost repaid him; at least they made him hopeful for her happiness. One stipulation only he insisted upon, that the engagement should not be made public at once. He knew that engagements were not necessarily certain to result in marriage, and he wanted to test Freneau a little further. He insisted upon guarding his daughter's name to that extent. If anything went wrong with them they should not have to take the great American public into the secret. Freneau agreed to this, the more readily since it would give him the more time to propitiate and get rid of Lois. And old Trask might have to be given his quietus in one way or another.

While Freneau and her father held their council of war Gloria had gone out to the hall to wait its outcome. There Freneau found her huddled up on the lower step, hugging herself as if she were cold. He rushed to take her in his arms for a kiss. She battled him with mock resistance, before she ran up the stairs to play Juliet to his Romeo. Then, throwing kisses, they parted.

When she reached her room Gloria found herself shivering with a violent chill that all the warmth of her heart could not subdue. Burroughs was instantly alarmed. She summoned Gloria's father, who was even more alarmed. He made her go to bed at once, ordered her covered with many blankets, and had hot-water bottles flanked.

The chill did not abate. In a panic he telephoned from Gloria's own room to his old family physician, Doctor Wakefield, and was fortunate enough to reach him and be assured of his immediate attendance. Doctor Wakefield was a fussy medical man of the very old school. He had taken good care of the Stafford family, but lately he had let science outrun him. Still he recognized pneumonia without difficulty. He whispered the dreadful word to Stafford and ordered in two trained nurses and no end of medicines.

Pierpont Stafford was frantic with anxiety. He telephoned for Gloria's brother and for Aunt Hortensia. Burroughs told them of the stolen sleigh ride and Freneau became less popular

with the Staffords, father and son, than ever before.

Days and nights of harrowing fear dragged over that household. Wealth had not dulled affection, nor could it seem to bribe death. The fever line mounted on the nurse's chart like a mountain side, and Gloria grew weaker, except in her deliriums, when she seemed to be inhabited by demons of ferocious strength.

At length David felt that Doctor Wakefield had been given all the time to experiment with Gloria's life that could be afforded. He was for calling in a young man of the newest school of medical art. He called for Doctor Royce. Royce came with no hesitation over medical ethics or courtesies. Gloria was more than a patient to him, and old Wakefield was less than a doctor in his eyes, after he had questioned the Staffords as to the manner of Doctor Wakefield's treatment. Things were, as he feared, all wrong. It was life or death. Doctor Wakefield could not cope with the disease. He must be dispossessed as politely as possible.

Doctor Wakefield, he learned, was in the sickroom above. Royce would not mince matters or wait on professional etiquette. He felt the eagerness of a lover in coming once more to the rescue of his idolized Gloria.

He ran up the stairs and walked into the room. He hardly knew his G. when he saw her. She was in a throes of a wild delirium. She imagined herself once more among the Seminoles who had held her in Elm-ago when she ran away in Florida five years before.

In her tormenting fancy she was again dressed as a squaw and set to the task of gathering firewood and subjected to the worst task of enduring the old squaw's hatred and the young chief's love. She begged him to kill her rather than marry her, and she fought with all her fury, seizing Wakefield's nurse's hair with one hand and the white's black locks with the other.

There was no quieting her outcries. "Take me home; my father is rich! He will make you rich! Oh, they don't believe me! Help! Help!" Then she smiled and cried: "Dick, Dick, it's you! You'll save me! Blessed, beloved Dick! Oh, I'm so glad, so glad you found me!"

Then the frenzy left her and she sank back exhausted, but content. Doctor Royce realized that he had two antagonists now to fight—Death and Richard Freneau—both of them trying to take from him the girl of his heart.

Death was the first to fight. Royce was too desperate to treat Doctor Wakefield with much formality. He asked a few questions which roused the ire of the old physician. He examined the patient, threw off the smothering blankets and exclaimed, "Fresh air is the best and only treatment for pneumonia." He flung up the window, shoved Gloria's bed against it, and let the cold air from the river sweep into the room and into her tormented lungs.

Almost at once her breathing became less labored. Doctor Wakefield left in as dignified a rage as he could manage. Royce threw away all the Wakefield medicines and gave the nurse a new set of instructions. The nurse, at least, whom Doctor Wakefield had prescribed, seemed a capable one. Royce welcomed her as a valuable aid in the gruesome fight. He arranged to stay all night, and allowed poor old Stafford's fears as best he could. But his own head was near to breaking with terror for the safety of Gloria's sweet life—and for her happiness if she lived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Half Open Jewel Boxes. They whom we speak of as dead have their own work to do and their own life to live, so perhaps they don't think of us every moment. But surely we've only to call. They may not be in the flesh, any more that we see them in the spirit, but to me when I was very close to the other side, that our bodies were close as us quite. We're half open boxes, that let out flashes of sapphire or diamond and ing to the strength of our if you like.—From "When Breaks," by Charles de Cro

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 reports findings on the invention of Dr. Ralph Burke. On the trial trip of the inventor's boat, a Japanese helper is surprised in the act of examining the mechanism. Attempt to burglarize Burke's laboratory fails. Later his daughter Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom. Cleo sells her father's book to a man who she later learns is a spy. She finds a note from which she learns they contain secret formula. Olga Ivanoff and Gerrald Morton, spies in search of formula, attempt to capture Cleo when she comes for books to Stephanie, the anarchist. Hope rushes to her aid. Morton shoots but bullet hits a bomb in cellar, which explodes. Hope and Cleo escape and attend ball at Mrs. DeLamar's. Those nephew has two missing books. Mahlin, an spy, attempts to steal books. Cleo, to excitement that follows, books disappear. Mahlin escapes. Hope and Cleo take boat for an island out in the bay. Mahlin and the Jap turn out the island light. After a violent storm Hope and Cleo arrive on strange island and discover man they hunt is there. Mahlin and Japanese also reach the island. They escape from Hope but return and dynamite the shack. Hope and Cleo manage to reach Sandalero, where Doctor Owen has one of the books. He arranges to meet Hope at the hotel with book. Morton poses as Hope and but for an earthquake would have possessed the volume. Cleo is captured by Morton and taken to cabin in the mountains. She finds there book for which they search. Fortunately she gets note to Hope, who, with Hook, starts to rescue. As he crosses chains in swinging basket Mahlin steals up and chokes at cable with an ax. Hook appears in cave to save Hope. He reaches the other side and is greeted by Cleo; she swears love to him. They are followed by Mahlin and Jap who attempt to kidnap Cleo. She swings herself over the canyon. Olga and Morton are dashed to earth in an aeroplane. Hope and Cleo are pulled from quicksands by Hook and Cleo. Mahlin and Salsman are killed before the Black Council. On the track of another book, they find the owner has lost it. Hope receives a letter demanding his marriage to a girl who claims he compromised her. He is forced to comply by Cleo. Apparently he learns that it is a plot to ruin him. He is later summoned to Washington.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

The Bar-E ranch, to which Morton and Olga were carried after their rescue from the wrecked aeroplane, a veritable kingdom of the cow, for upwards of thirty thousand cattle found pasture on its half a million acres, which stretched along the Sierran foothills for nearly three-score miles. Over this great domain the word of William Ellsworth, its owner, was law, and his cow-punchers saw to it that the law was obeyed. It was amid such surroundings that Olga and Morton, after lingering for several days at the gates of death, came back to life.

"You have had a mighty close call, young woman," said the doctor whom Ellsworth had summoned from the nearest town, thirty miles away, as he sat one morning at Olga's bedside, "and so has your friend in the other room. Now the best thing for you to do is to stay right here until you are in shape again. It's a healthy, quiet life, and you will recover much quicker here than you would in the city. Mr. Ellsworth tells me that you are welcome to stay here as long as you wish."

Those it came about that a month after their accident Olga and Morton were still at the Bar-E ranch. Though impatient to resume their search for the lost formula, they realized that they had by no means regained their strength and that they could not do better than to accept the doctor's advice to make haste slowly. They were now sufficiently recovered, however, to



Morton Wreathed the Precious Volume From Her Grasp.

spend several hours each day in the saddle, making leisurely excursions up and down the San Leandro, for Ellsworth had warned them to confine their rides to the valley and not to venture into the canyons unless some of the cowboys accompanied them.

"And," just as well to have a gun along," he added quietly. "There's never any telling when you may need it."

"What for?" asked Morton. "Bears?"

"No," answered Ellsworth. "Bandits."

"Bandits?" echoed Morton incredulously. "I thought that sort of thing was all over in California. I supposed that bandits were confined to western novels, Sunday supplements, and motion pictures."

"Not by a jugful," said Ellsworth. "This region has been terrorized for more than a year now by a gang of outlaws who have their headquarters somewhere in the mountains at the back. Their leader is a half-breed Mexican, named Carrillo—a very able fellow gone wrong. I understand. He used to be a lawyer down in Arizona somewhere, but he was mixed up in several shady transactions, finally became involved in a counterfeiting deal, killed the United States marshal who tried to arrest him, and skipped the country between two days. We hadn't had any trouble with them, however, until about a week before your accident. One of Carrillo's lieutenants, a fellow named Lopez, with three or four companions, raided one of my camps, killed the man in charge, and ran off a dozen horses. We struck their trail within three hours after the murder and chased them right into the mountains. We caught Lopez and strung him up, but his two companions got away. A few days later Carrillo sent me word that he would even up the score—and he's a man that will keep his word. That's what I mean by saying that when you and Miss Ivanoff are out riding you had better keep to the valley and not get too far away from the house."

"Much obliged for the advice," said Morton lightly.

Yet so little importance did Morton attach to Ellsworth's warning that when he and Olga took their customary ride the following afternoon, he deliberately ventured beyond the bounds which he knew to be dictated by safety. When the setting sun warned them that it was time to return, they found that they were considerably farther from the ranchhouse than they had supposed. Turning their ponies, they were proceeding homeward at a brisk lope when they were surprised to see a party of horsemen ride out from a canyon which debouched into the main valley and come to a halt, as though awaiting them.

"It must be some of the cowboys from the ranch," remarked Olga, "waiting to ride back with us."

As they drew nearer, however, Morton noticed with some uneasiness that the horsemen had spread out so far as to form a line extending from the mouth of the canyon to the river, thus cutting them off from the ranchhouse. There was, moreover, something suspicious, something peculiarly sinister, about the riders, each of whom, he now noticed, carried a rifle across the pommel of his saddle.

"Hold up, Olga!" he called, the truth suddenly dawning on him, "those are not our fellows. . . . they're strangers. . . . we had better not go any nearer until we find out who they are and what they want."

He was not long in doubt as to the strangers' intentions, for as they pulled up their ponies, a rifle cracked and a bullet kicked up a spurt of dust within a yard of Morton.

"By heaven!" he shouted, "it's the bandits! And they've cut us off from the ranch! Our only chance is to reach Number Four camp. There are half a dozen of Ellsworth's men there and if we can get there we will be safe. But we will have to ride like blazes to make it."

Suiting the action to the words, he whirled his pony, drove his spurs into its flanks, and, callously abandoning Olga to her fate, went racing up the valley in a desperate attempt to escape.

Olga, whose mount was old and slow, had not gone a quarter of a mile before she was overtaken by the bandits and a bearded ruffian, leaning from his saddle, caught her bridle and pulled her horse to a standstill.

"Keep quiet and you won't get hurt, miss," he said, "but if you try to get away it'll go hard with you."

"What do you want of me?" she demanded, showing no sign of the terror that she felt. "Where are you going to take me?"

"We're going to take you to call on Captain Carrillo, lady," a rat-faced fellow answered with a leer.

Only two of the gang had paused to capture Olga; the rest had continued in pursuit of Morton, who was riding up the valley at top speed.

"Stop or we'll shoot!" roared the black-mustached fellow who was evidently the leader of the band, raising his rifle, but Morton, panic-stricken, only rode the harder.

Crack! The bandit's weapon spoke and the bullet whined hungrily past Morton's head. The next bullet struck his horse. A moment later the bandits swept up in a cloud of dust.

"Hands up!" sang out the leader, leveling his rifle at Morton, who was nervously fumbling for his revolver.

A led horse, bearing on its flank the Bar-E brand, was brought up; the saddle and animal to the stolen one; and Morton, his hands bound, was hoisted into the saddle. Olga and her captors having now come up, the entire party turned into the canyon. After an hour of brisk riding the steadily increasing roughness of the country compelled the bandits to slacken their pace to a walk, at which gait they continued until long after darkness had fallen. At last, when Olga and Morton were reeling in their saddles from exhaustion, they entered a small, rock-walled valley, through which ran a mountain stream, and the leader of the party, drawing rein, gave a signal to dismount.

"We're going to stop here until morning," he said, approaching his two captives. "Here's a couple of blankets for you. If you don't try to get away you won't be hurt. . . . but if you make a break, God help you."

"Do you think there is any chance of our being rescued?" whispered Olga to Morton, as she tried to wrap her aching body in the blanket.

"They must have started searching for us when we didn't show up at the ranch for supper," he answered gloomily, "but they won't have any means of knowing which way we have gone."

"Yes, they will," she whispered. "I thought of that and, when we returned up the canyon, I dropped my handkerchief on the ground without the bandits noticing."

"Good work," commended Morton. When supper time at the ranch came and went without the return of Olga and Morton, their host became worried, and when darkness fell and there were still no signs of them, his worry changed to downright alarm. He was, in fact, on the point of ordering out a searching party when his fears were confirmed by a cowboy who pulled his reeking pony to its haunches before the ranchhouse door.

"The fellow and the girl that's been stayin' here—" he began breathlessly. "Yes, yes," interrupted Ellsworth. "What about them?"

"Are you sure?" the ranchowner demanded. "Hell, of course I'm sure!" the cow-

In obedience to his orders, Olga and Morton, with their two guards, pushed on up the hill, while the bandits took shelter behind rocks and trees to check the advance of the men of the Bar-E. Just as the prisoners and their guards reached the overhanging crags which marked the entrance to the pass a splutter of rifle fire suddenly broke out below them. The cowboys and the bandits were in action. Morton instinctively checked his horse to listen, but the outlaw named Jose tapped his rifle with so significant a gesture that the Easterner moved forward without a word of protest.

Leaving the pass, their trail now led across the roughest country that Morton had ever seen. Jose turned his horse from the trail and, pushing his way through a screen of underbrush, entered a narrow cleft in what appeared, from a little distance, to be a solid wall of rock, to emerge, a moment later, in a veritable secret valley. From the top of one of the cliffs a mountain stream tumbled in a series of cascades and waterfalls to the valley floor, across which it wound and twisted to disappear subterraneously upon the other side. Beside the stream some tents were pitched and beyond them was an open fireplace over which a man was cooking. Instead of dismounting at the tents, their guards conducted Olga and Morton straight across the little valley toward the cliff on the opposite side. As they approached, Morton noticed, cut in the face of the cliff, a square aperture which resembled the entrance to a small tunnel or to the gallery of a mine. He guessed, and rightly, that it was the entrance to one of those natural caverns with which the Sierras abound and which the bandit leader had utilized as a habitation. Jose exchanged a few words in Spanish with a fellow-bandit, evidently a sentry, who was lounging at the entrance and, evidently receiving an answer in the affirmative, flung himself from his horse and strode, with jangling spurs, into the cavern. Olga and Morton, dejectedly sitting their horses, could hear a murmur of voices within but the words were indistinguishable. Presently Jose reappeared accompanied by a man who, the captives instantly divined, was the outlaw chief himself. They were in the presence

"Suppose I refuse to submit to your extortion?"

"Then," said the bandit, and Morton shrank from the cruelty which suddenly leaped into his eyes, "I should be regretfully compelled to deprive you of your ears."

"You—you would cut off my ears?" screamed Morton, his face blanching.

"Only with the greatest regret, I assure you," said the outlaw snively. "I think I can raise the money," said the latter hoarsely, his face the color of ashes. "I will give you an order on my bankers in San Francisco."

"I shall be delighted to take your cheque, Mr. Morton," responded Carrillo, courteously, "and I trust that you will remain here as my guest until it is cashed."

"And what is to be the amount of my ransom?" asked Olga.

"That, my dear lady," replied Carrillo, "is a question that I have not yet decided. Perhaps," he added meaningly, "you will continue to honor me with your presence. It is a simple life with your presence. It is a simple life that I lead here in the mountains, but it has its compensations. Will you consider it?"

"I will think it over," said Olga, faintly, for she knew, from the look in Carrillo's eyes, that he had not the slightest intention of releasing her.

"And now, with your permission, I will get some rest. I am very tired."

"By all means," said the outlaw courteously, rising and escorting her to the entrance of the cave. "Later in the afternoon I will give myself the pleasure of calling upon you, by which time, I trust, you will have come to a decision. Very unpleasant things sometimes happen," he added, significantly, "to those who refuse my requests."

"I will think it over," said Olga coldly, and disappeared within the cave. Her captor, keen-eyed though he was, had failed to observe that, before leaving the table, she had secreted in her dress the steel knife with which she had been eating.

"And now, Mr. Morton," said Carrillo, as he resumed his seat, "here are pen, ink and paper. The messenger is waiting. The amount we agreed on was ten thousand, I believe."

As Olga re-entered the cave her eye was caught by the books strewn upon the table. Idly curious as to the literary tastes of Carrillo, she glanced at them with languid interest. There were a score of novels of the sensational order, much the worse for use; a book of Spanish verse; a volume of engraving (she recalled that Carrillo had been a counterfeiter before his flight to the mountains) and a small, leather-bound book entitled "Robinson's Philosophy." There was something about the title that was vaguely familiar. As she opened the book she drew her breath in sharply. For it faded writing on the title page was the name "Ralph Burke." It was the lost book. . . . the very volume of which she and Morton had so long been in search! And, by one of those miraculous coincidences which causes fiction to hang its head in shame, she had come upon it in the cave of the bandit who had captured her! Ever since she turned its leaves until she came to page sixty-one. There was nothing on it! But wait! Looking closer she detected, printed in minute characters between the two lower lines of type, a half-a-dozen words—so small and faintly written that they would escape the notice of one who was not looking for them. "Metalurgy," she deciphered, "sixty-one—every seventh word."

She stared stupidly at the message for some minutes before its meaning became clear. It could mean but one thing: the formula was not contained in the Philosophy, as she and Morton had taken for granted, but in a work on metallurgy—the very one, no doubt, which she and Morton had left in Patton's cabin on the ledge, and from which, she now remembered, the title page had been torn. The search for the formula was by no means ended. Throwing herself on the bed Olga carefully considered her position and her chances for escape. She now felt confident that she held the key to the mystery in her hand—but it was worthless to her unless she could regain her freedom. Producing the knife she had surreptitiously taken from the table, she commenced industriously to whet it upon the rocky wall of the cave. After an hour's work she straightened her aching back and regarded her work admiringly. She had converted the steel table knife into a dagger with almost a razor edge.

It was sunset when Olga was awakened from a sleep of exhaustion by the unheralded entry of Carrillo. The few hours of work had restored her naturally high spirits; she had loosened her hair, which fell all to her waist in a cascade of glossy black, and her blouse, which was torn at the neck, displayed a bewitching glimpse of her marble neck and shoulders.

Carrillo, by no means oblivious to her charms, crossed the room and seated himself on the edge of the bed beside her.

"Hello, have you been reading this?" he inquired, looking up the volume of philosophy, which, unbeknown to her, had slipped from beneath her pillow.

"Now, Carrillo," said Morton bluntly, when they had finished their meal, which was served in the open, "how much is it going to cost me to get my freedom?"

"The discussion of these sordid details is most distasteful to me, Mr. Morton," said the outlaw deprecatingly, "but, if you insist, why—shall we say ten thousand dollars?"

"Nonsense," replied Morton, "I haven't that much in cash."

"But you can get it, Mr. Morton—you can get it," said Carrillo, "or your friends can get it for you."

"What is it that you would talk of then?" she asked softly.

"Of yourself," he whispered, and bent over her. Closer and closer he bent, his eyes ablaze with emotion. As though reciprocating, she put her arm about his neck and drew him down until his head rested upon her breast, while her other hand, drawing from its place of concealment the freshly-sharpened knife, crept slowly upward. . . . up. . . . up. . . .

The glittering blade was poised above his broadcloth-covered back. Then, just as he pressed his lips against hers in a burst of exultation,



Cocking the Weapon She Paused Only Long Enough to Pick Up the Book.

she brought it down with all the strength of her arm, burying the blade to the very hilt between his shoulders.

"You she-devil!" he gasped, attempting to gain his feet, but with one arm about his neck she held him firmly down while with the other she drove the long, keen blade again and again into his body. Then, her work accomplished, she flung him, dying, to the floor. Quick as thought she was kneeling beside him and, thrusting her hand within his blood-soaked vest, she drew out the long, blue-barreled automatic which he carried, gambler fashion, in a sling beneath his arm.

Cocking the weapon, she paused only long enough to pick up the book which Carrillo had tossed to the floor, and then moved on tiptoe toward the door. Tied to a fire a few rods away was Carrillo's chestnut mare, ready saddled. But as she darted toward the animal a heavy hand fell upon her shoulder and she whirled about to find herself staring into the evil countenance of Jose. And in his face she read suspicion. Without an instant's hesitation she raised the pistol and shot him through the heart. The crash of the explosion brought two other figures running toward her in mad haste; the first was the ruffian called Manuel; the other was Morton. As the bandit came within range she again raised her weapon, took careful aim, and fired. The bullet struck him in the stomach and with a scream of pain he stopped, whirled about, stumbled a few paces, and fell headlong.

"What's happened?" called Morton. "Where's Carrillo? Where did he get the gun?"

"I've killed him!" she gasped. "I stabbed him with a table knife. . . . and I've learned where to look for the secret of the submarine!" holding up the book.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated, "where did you find it?"

"In the cave," she answered. "One of Carrillo's men—" but she was interrupted by a shout and the whine of a bullet passing overhead. The rest of the bandits, aroused by the two shots she had fired, were running toward them.

"Quick!" cried Morton imperatively, "give me the gun. . . . I'll stand them off while you get on the horse. . . . then I'll get up behind you and we'll make a break for it."

In obedience to his command she handed him the weapon and turned to untie the horse. As she did so Morton caught her by the throat, wrested from her grasp the previous volume, hurled her to one side, and sprang into the saddle.

"You fool," he snarled savagely, "do you think I intend to let you get the formula? And, striking his heels into the horse's flanks he thundered across the little valley, leaped the brook, and, to an accompaniment of shots and oaths from the bewildered outlaws, dashed through the fissure in the rock and disappeared.

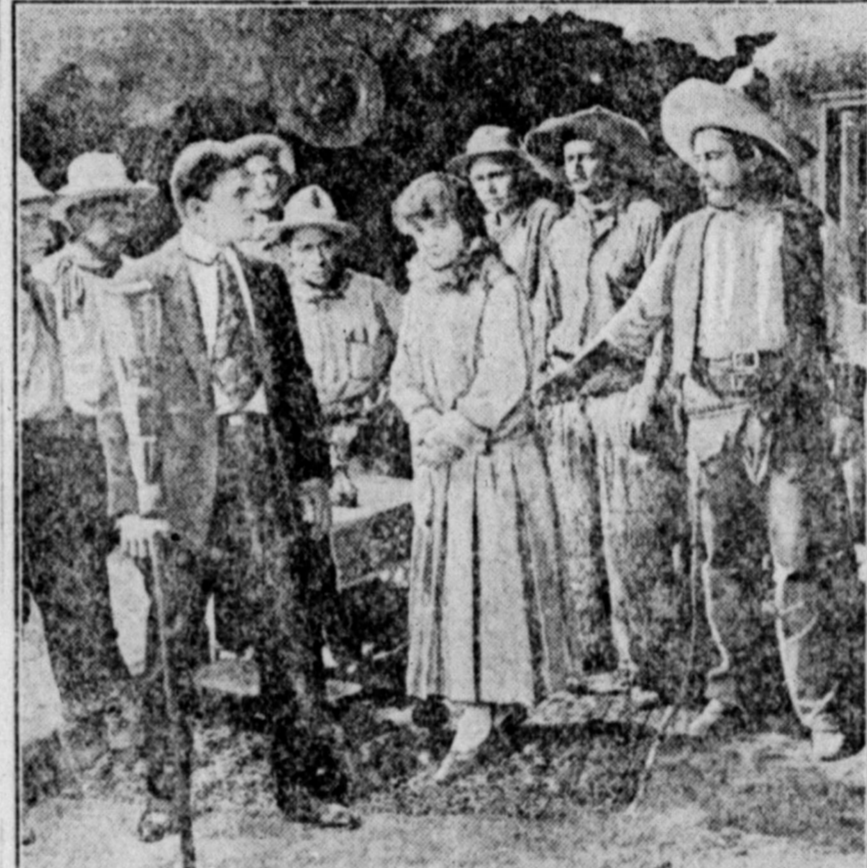
So assuaged were the bandits by Morton's melodramatic escape, and so intent were they on his capture, that they failed to observe Olga, who, aided by the twilight which was now at hand, slipped from tree to tree and from rock to rock until she gained the fissure which was the only exit from the valley. As, tottering from weariness and exhaustion, she slowly made her way down the mountainside in the gathering darkness, she was spurred on by hatred and the hope of vengeance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Medical. The farmer said one of his little pigs was sick, so I brought it some sugar.

"Sugar? What for?"

"For medicine, of course. Haven't you ever heard of sugar-cured ham?"



"Suppose I Refuse to Submit to Your Extortion?"

boy snorted. "Didn't I see it happen?"

"Which way did they go?" demanded Ellsworth, buckling on a cartridge belt and revolver.

"Up the Costilla canyon," the cowboy answered.

"It's Carrillo's gang, right enough," said Ellsworth, "and I'll take some hard riding if we are going to catch up with them."

Half an hour later Ellsworth, followed by a score of cowboys armed to the teeth, was clattering up the valley toward the mouth of the Costilla canyon. At the head of the canyon, however, the pursuers were compelled to pause, for from this point two trails led into the mountains and, in the darkness, it was impossible to tell which of them the bandits and their captives had taken. As they were discussing the question, one of the cowboys spied something white lying on the ground. It was a woman's handkerchief.

"We're on the right trail, boys," cried Ellsworth.

The first faint light of dawn was gliding the peaks of the Sierras when Olga and Morton were roughly awakened by their captors and ordered to mount. As the little cavalcade slowly made its way up the trail, a rifle shot rang out amid the trees below.

A second shot followed, and then another. Five minutes later one of the bandits who had been acting as a rear-guard came hurrying up. Around his head was twisted a handkerchief on which was a splash of crimson.

"The punchers!" he gasped. "They're right behind us—twenty of 'em!"

The leader of the band ripped out a torrent of oaths. "Jose," he called to one of his men, a half-breed of peculiarly evil appearance, "you and Manuel go ahead with the prisoners. If they try to escape or make any trouble, shoot 'em. The rest of us will hold back the punchers until you've got a good start."

of the man whose name was a synonym for courage, coolness, cunning and cruelty from one end of California to the other.

He swept off his hat at sight of Olga.

"Welcome to my home, dear lady," he cried, "and you too, sir," he added, turning to Morton. "It is not often that I have the honor of entertaining such distinguished visitors. I fear that your journey has been a somewhat trying one. If you will have the kindness to dismount I shall be delighted to place such few comforts as I possess at your disposal. With your kind permission, madame," and he bowed to Olga with the utmost gallantry, "I will show you to your room, while you, sir," turning to Morton, "will find the necessities of the toilet in the tent yonder."

Assisting Olga from her horse, he ushered her through the cavern entrance into a huge chamber, some forty feet square, which, by the lavish use of skins and Indian blankets had been made not only livable but even homelike.

"I trust that you will honor my modest quarters by using them as your own," said the bandit. "I regret that I have no maid to assist you, but this has been, heretofore, a bachelor establishment. I and my men are, however, at your disposal; you have only to command us. After you have refreshed yourself I trust that you will give me your company at lunch."

"Now, Carrillo," said Morton bluntly, when they had finished their meal, which was served in the open, "how much is it going to cost me to get my freedom?"

"The discussion of these sordid details is most distasteful to me, Mr. Morton," said the outlaw deprecatingly, "but, if you insist, why—shall we say ten thousand dollars?"

"Nonsense," replied Morton, "I haven't that much in cash."

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THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

T. A. BUCKNER, Editor and Prop.
Mrs. Hattie Buckner, Associate Editor

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

The way to enforce a law is to enforce it, is the way an eminent judge expresses it. The Advance heartily agrees with the conclusion. The longer we wait to put our compulsory attendance law into effect the harder it will be to enforce it. And without enforcement it will be an absolute farce. From the number of children that can be seen on the streets during school hours it appears that very little heed is being paid to this very meritorious measure passed by our law making body. What are we going to do about it?

The Brady papers report the election on pool halls in McCulloch county recently to have carried by a majority of over seven to one, 29 being cast for and 181 against pool halls being longer run in the county. Pool halls are being outlawed all over the country because next to the saloon, they are generally the loafing place of bums and breeding places of gambling and immorality.

Locked In.

The intoxicated individual who, after bumping into the same tree thirteen times, bemoaned the fact that he was lost in an impenetrable forest, is no greater disgrace to modern civilization than the hero of this story:

A citizen of Fredericksburg who looked upon the wine when he was no longer sure what color it was, in the course of his journey home encountered a tree protected by an iron tree-guard. Grasping the bars, he cautiously felt his way around it twice.

"Curse it!" he moaned, sinking to the ground in despair. "I'm locked in agin."

STATEMENT

Of the ownership, management, etc., of the Kerrville Advance, published weekly at Kerrville, Texas, as required by Act of Aug. 4, 1912.

Editor, managing editor, business manager and publisher, T. A. Buckner, postoffice address, Kerrville, Texas. Owner, T. A. Buckner, address, Kerrville, Texas.

Known bond holders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, Vaughn Mfg. Co., Waterloo, Iowa and First State Bank, of Kerrville, Texas.

T. A. BUCKNER, Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 30th day of Sept., 1916.

GILBERT C. STORMS, Notary Public, Kerr County, Texas. My commission expires June 1, 1917.

Texas Steam Laundry baskets go Monday and Tuesday each week. Agency at Adkins Barber Shop. Hats cleaned and blocked.

W. C. Ward, agent.

Swinehart tires are the best. Try them. Guaranteed for 5000 miles.

J. E. Palmer.

Violins, guitars, mandolins, banjos, Ukalales, etc., at Kerrville Drug Co.

School supplies of all kinds at Kerrville Drug Co.

For Sale—A Joseph Moon Surrey, also set of single and set of double harness. See Gilbert C. Storms.

Anti-Saloon League Speaking

Dr. Barton writes that he cannot possibly make the date here on the 22 as he had promised, but will send Dr. W. J. Herwig of Dallas, one of the strongest men and best speakers in the prohibition ranks. He is expected to speak at Kerrville at 11 a. m. and at night. He will likely speak at Ing... at 2:00 P. M.

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 33th Dist. (Nominee of Democratic Primary election July 22.)

R. H. BURNEY, (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, 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, W. G. PETERSON, (Re-Election.)

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

For Commissioner, Pre. No. 1 BEN F. DENTON, F. A. KARGER, (Re-election)

For Constable Precinct No. 1 HENRY STAUDT, J. F. CARSON.

For Rent—Nicely furnished room with fire place. Inquire at my office. Gilbert C. Storms.

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

J. E. PALMER

LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS

GOOD-LOOKING FURNITURE

IS NOT ALWAYS GOOD FURNITURE

QUALITY COUNTS

In Furniture the Same as in Shoes

In these days of scientific deception it does not take good workmanship to make good-looking Furniture. Much inferior furniture looks good. We endeavor to carry in stock such Furniture as will stand the test of time and will continue to look well.

Our Word is a Guarantee of Honest Values

Bed Room Furnishing that no Housewife Can Afford to Overlook.



In style, beauty and Modern art the Simmons Bed is among our most satisfactory showings for this season. Don't fail to see a beautiful line of bedroom furnishings. It is easy to find what you want in our large assortment.

Call and let us show you through our large stock of

FURNITURE

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

Local Notes

Your stationery reflects your character. Be sure that your stationery is right—buy at Rock Drug Store.

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

Stop at the Nifty News & Novelty Co. for your magazines.

Stoves and Heaters repaired, polished and set up. Gasoline and oil stoves cleaned and adjusted.

Bert Parsons, Tinner and Plumber, Phone 104

Two large rooms suitable for light housekeeping, with bath privileges, for rent. Either furnished or unfurnished. Apply to Mrs. T. A. Buckner.

Advertise

IF YOU
Want a Cook
Want a Clerk
Want a Partner
Want a Situation
Want a Servant Girl
Want to Sell a Piano
Want to Sell a Carriage
Want to Sell Town Property
Want to Sell Your Groceries
Want to Sell Your Hardware
Want Customers for Anything
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.
Advertising Is the Way to Success
Advertising Brings Customers
Advertising Keeps Customers
Advertising Insures Success
Advertising Shows Energy
Advertising Shows Puck
Advertising Is "Bix"
Advertise or Bust
Advertise Long
Advertise Well
ADVERTISE
At Once

In This Paper

CALL FOR THE

Original JITNEY Service

HENRY JAMES, Proprietor

Phone 2-6-0

Jitney Service in Town and Reasonable Trip Rates to All Points.

We are making every effort to give the best possible service and solicit your patronage.

Purseley's Old Stand, Near Postoffice, Kerrville, Texas

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Cedar Logs, Posts, Etc.

[Comfortable Camp Yard with water Free to All.

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

Phone 31

P. O. Box 331

Gilbert C. Storms

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

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

Eye Satisfaction

We test your eyes. We fit you with glasses.
 We use the best lens made, giving you the lens that makes the eye feel "good" to look through.
 We charge enough, but we do not rob you.
 Since no one can do more, why not have your glasses fitted by us?

JUST A SQUARE DEAL

SELF

Local News

Lee Risinger was in town Monday from Bandera.

5c and 10c will buy it from us. Why pay more?

WATTERS VARIETY STORE.

R. F. Hunt and family spent Sunday visiting relatives on the upper Guadalupe.

Have just received a nice line of woolen scarfs and caps at

H. Noll Stock Co.

Joe Byas of Hunt was in town last week and took out two fine Jersey cows purchased in Kerrville.

Fresh quince meat.

C. C. Butt Grocery.

Nice furnished room for rent near Williams Hotel. Apply No. 36, in care of the Advance.

Fresh supply of choice Beeville honey in all size cans.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

L. N. Stevens from Bandera Pass was in town Tuesday buying supplies.

Slightly used Tailors large electric Iron and ironing board, cheap.

WATTERS VARIETY STORE

"We Sell it for Less."

Jim Chamberlain of Wallace creek was in town on business, Tuesday.

J. J. Duncan was in town Tuesday from his ranch on the divide.

For Sale—Fine registered Jersey cow. Has calf four months old. Apply to J. M. Witt, Center Point.

Mrs. J. T. Deering and two sons, Harvey and Sidney, spent Sunday visiting friends at Tarpley.

For Sale—One McKaskey Book-keeping system complete. Apply at Mosel Saenger & Co.

Miss Bonnie Hicks of Tarpley is spending the week here visiting Miss Leah Buckner.

Have just received a fine lot of Brick Cheese at

H. Noll Stock Co.

J. R. Mayhugh was in town Saturday with farm dairy products and advanced his subscription two years ahead.

Accuracy in prescription compounding has become a habit with us. You know the place—

Rock Drug Store.

Gorge McElroy was in town Friday and kindly remembered the Advance man by paying up his subscription.

We handle the gold rimmed dinner sets cups and sauciers etc. Come and them at

H. Noll Stock Co.

Mr. W. H. Bonnell and daughter Mrs. Chester Dickey and mother Bonnell of Camp Verde were in the city Friday shopping

Barrington Hall Coffee is the best.

C. C. Butt Grocery

G. Hicks and son of Tarpley and Elvius Hicks of Bandera brought their mohair to Kerrville Friday and got the top price.

Fresh supply of choice Beeville Honey in all size cans.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Mrs. W. W. Allen is in from the ranch spending a week visiting with friends in this city.

Come and see our fine display of heavy gingham at only ten and twelve and a half cents the yard at H. Noll Stock Co.

Mrs. Robt. Rees was in town on Friday last from their pretty farm home down the river and made the Advance an appreciated call.

It is much easier to make bread when you use Fleischmann's yeast. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Buckner and two children, Addison and Emma Ruth spent Saturday in the Alamo City.

Before ordering for dinner think of H. Noll Stock Co. for nice fresh vegetables and groceries. We keep them.

H. Noll Stock Co.

W. A. Fawcett is again writing fire insurance, having purchased the agency of Gilbert C. Storms. See his ad in this issue.

Try a gallon of our peaches, apples, blackberries, apricots or rhubarb. Fine for jam or pies.

C. C. Butt Grocery.

Gilbert C. Storms and family went to San Antonio Friday evening. Mr. Storms went down on business in the courts and Mrs. Storms visited with relatives.

Any person wishing to rent a house in a good location should see Walter Jarmon at his home next to Williams Hotel.

We are going to have the largest line of Holiday goods ever shown in Kerrville. They are coming in now. Watch for opening date.

WATTERS VARIETY STORE.

"We sell it for less."

C. S. Childs was in town Friday from Ingram and called to pay up his mother's subscription. He reported a new baby girl at his home born Sept. 28.

New line of Blankets and Comforts. They were bought before the advance in prices. You get the benefit by buying from us.

West Texas Supply Co.

A. W. Mayfield of Medina was in Kerrville Saturday. He came for his two children, Walter and Mona, who had been visiting relatives in Kerrville for a few days.

Check your "Grippe" at

Rock Drug Store.

The highest prices paid for mohair in Kerr county or anywhere else in Texas for that matter was paid Tuesday morning when local competition forced the price up to 56 cents.

FOR SALE—Good set of wagon harness. A bargain.

R. A. Dunbar, Phone 53 white.

Remember the price of the Advance goes to \$1.50 on October 15. You can get it another year at the old price by paying up and a year in advance.

Father Kemper has just finished a lot of substantial improvements on the Catholic property in the center of the city.

Bring us that old winter suit and let us clean and press it and you'll feel like you have a new suit.

Model Tailoring Co.

For Sale—12-foot Sampson windmill and 40-foot tower, second hand but in good condition, at a bargain. See J. L. Pampell, Kerrville, Texas.

Good Books at Cost

A lot of Bibles and other good books belonging to the Medina River Baptist Association are on sale at the C. C. Butt Grocery store. They will be sold at and below cost to close them out. Go and see them.

L. G. Dubus and family made a trip by auto to San Antonio Sunday.

Crepe de chene handkerchiefs at West Texas Supply Co.

Mrs. Kate Williams of Houston is visiting her niece, Mrs. R. H. Chaney, in this city for a few days.

For Sale—New rubber tired bug-gy. Apply at this office.

Mrs. Dasie Modest and little daughter, of Richmond, Cal., are spending a month here visiting her brother, J. G. Cannon, and father, N. Cannon.

C. H. Utterbach is having a store house built on his lots near the Tivy High School and will put in a stock of goods and serve lunches.

Miss Gussie Mae Brown has returned from an extensive visit at Corpus Christi, Orange Grove and Kingsville.

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

Ben Denton was in town Tuesday from Turtle creek mixing with the voters in the interest of his race for county commissioner of this precinct.

Fur for trimming coat suits, etc. West Texas Supply Co.

The new home of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Self in East Kerrville, near the A. E. Self residence, is now about completed and will be a modern and comfortable dwelling.

Dollars stretched free of charge. Spend it at BERRY'S and see it stretch.

Milton Pampell who is attending San Antonio Academy spent Sunday visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Pampell, in Kerrville

FOR SALE—One bay horse, gentle and good all round animal; one gray mare with her 5-months-old colt, also double buggy and harness. Apply to A. P. Robb, Kerrville, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Morriss returned from a months visit with their sons at Big Paint. Their son Adam and wife brought them home in their car.

Warner's Rust Proof Corsets, just received a shipment of the latest styles.

West Texas Supply Co.

Ed Garvin was in from his ranch on the Divide last Thursday and called to pay two years on his subscription. Mr. Garvin brought in his mohair and sold for the top price.

Our butter is good butter. Made from pure sweet cream. Buy it from your grocery store.

Kerrville Home Creamery Co.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Lee Secor have left for a trip through the North and East. They will visit the hospitals and clinics in the largest cities and return Nov. 1st.

Just received 100 latest style sweaters for men, women and children. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Mrs. Clyde Phelps and baby left Sunday for Alpine. Mrs. Phelps spent the past year with her father, Mr. Richard Riggs, at this place. Her many friends here will miss her.

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

J. A. Jackson who recently moved here with his family from Alice, has opened up a jeweler's shop in the front part of the Elite Taylor Shop. Mr. Jackson solicits a share of the business in his line. See his ad in this issue.

For Sale

Hercules Stump Puller for sale or trade, T. H. Phillips, Lima Texas

New Fall Millinery

Our new stock of Millinery is now complete and our Hats are the very latest in design and the prices are very reasonable. Our long experience in the millinery business is at your command in any way that we can serve you.

THE PARIS MILLINERY

MISSES McCURDY and DEWOODY

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Phillips and baby Joyce and Miss Jessie of Lima spent yesterday in Kerrville. They came over to meet Miss Ethel who had been on a four months' visit in Houston.

New goods coming in daily and our new stock is being made more complete each day. Meet your friends in our rest room.

WATTERS VARIETY STORE.

"We sell it for less."

Mrs. H. Weiss and George Morris and Miss Blanch Self, left Sunday to attend the Thirty Fourth Annual Session of the Grand Chapter of Texas O. E. S. which convened at Corpus Christi this week.

Don't forget that we pay highest market prices for all country produce. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Geo. N. Wallis, a prominent farmer and stockman of Chambers county was in Kerrville this week looking over the ranch prospects here.

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

DR. WERBLUN IN KERRVILLE

Dr. Werblun, optician who makes regular visits here, will be in Kerrville at Rawson's Drug Store, Oct. 16 to 21. Do not fail to have your eyes attended to. If those glasses you wear do not entirely relieve headache or they 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, they do not fit and your eyes will be injured.

Dr. Werblun furnishes the most modern inventions and all latest styles in all kinds of glasses.

See the announcement in this issue of the change in the management of the Bon Air Hotel. Mrs. Dr. W. H. Paine succeeds Mrs. Knox as manager and expects to continue the Bon Air as a first class family hotel.

FOR RENT—A house for rent, nice location see Walter Jarmon at his home next to the Williams hotel.

Armadillo shells reached the high watter mark of 75c each last week, the local taxidermist, Mr. W. H. Chaney, buying a large number. We are told that two town boys went out and spent one night and brought in eighteen. If you find the door of the Advance office closed and bearing a sign, "Gone Armadillo Hunting" you needn't be surprised.

For Sale

Surrey, rubber-tired, canopy top. Good shape. Cheap.

Apply at Advance Office.

Prof. Ahrens writes us that there will be something interesting going on at Medina on Saturday, Oct. 21. Political speaking in the afternoon, school improvement discussion, Domestic Science discussed by Miss Thalmann, music and a box supper at night in the interest of the school. A cordial invitation is given the public to attend.

C. W. Noyes and family and W. Harrell are recent arrivals in Kerrville to make this their home.

Rev. F. M. Buckelew of creek spent last night here with nephew, the editor.

J. R. and Taylor Hull of Kimble county were here yesterday for lumber to build a house on their ranch.

Tom Stanley from Wharton ranch called on the editor today to move his figures up. He was stepping high over the fine price of mohair.

KERRVILLE AUTO LIVERY AND GARAGE

BECKMAN & RUFF

JITNEY SERVICE IN THE CITY

Trip Rates to Every Place where Cars can go. If you want to make a trip be sure to see us.

PHONE 115

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Hillyer-Deutsch Lumber Co.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER

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

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

R. NAGEL, Manager

YARD NEAR DEWOT

Phone 45--

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

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. and T. P. A.

PERCY TYRRELL, Manager

HUSBAND OBJECTS TO OPERATION

Wife Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Des Moines, Iowa.—"Four years ago I was very sick and my life was nearly spent. The doctors stated that I would never get well without an operation and that without it I would not live one year. My husband objected to my operation and got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and commenced to get better and am now well, am stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is sick and run down as a wonderful strength and health restorer. My husband says I would have been in my grave ere this if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERSON, 303 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its derangements with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential.

Never bow to the inevitable before you meet it.

BABIES AND GROWING CHILDREN need a tonic to tone up the system and regulate the liver. Mothers are constantly using with wonderful success, our "Plantation" Chill and Fever Tonic. Pleasant to take—contains no Calomel. Price 50c.—Adv.

It is what a clever diplomatist doesn't say that makes him clever.

Why That Lame Back? Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overeat, overwork and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1880 is the 1910 census story. Use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Louisiana Case
Jules O. Ayraud, Baton Rouge, La., says: "For many I had kidney complaint and suffered terribly. The kidney secretions burned in passage and the pain in my back was so bad I couldn't sleep. I slept poorly and grew thin and wasted. I consulted a doctor and when I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I took them, cured me and I gained in weight."

Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at any drug store, 50c a box. **DAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**, DALLAS, TEXAS.

DO YOU HAVE

night sweats? Hemorrhages of the lungs? Pains in chest and sides? Pains under shoulder blades? A slight cough early in the morning with a slight fever in the afternoon? A chronic cough with expectoration? Have you lost weight and strength without apparent cause? Have you lost appetite?
The above are symptoms of consumption. If you have them, YOU NEED LUNG-VITA and you need it NOW. Go to your druggist and get it or if he hasn't it order direct TODAY. 15 day treatment \$1.00. 30 day treatment \$1.75. USE IT FOR ASTHMA TOO. NASHVILLE MEDICINE CO., Nashville, Tenn., Dept. G.

DO YOU HAVE SICK HEADACHE

Who of us does not suffer at times from this awful pain? All are subject to it—a disordered stomach, inactive liver, constipation are causes. But headaches are mere warnings of something more serious. Heed the warning, take **Dr. THACHER'S Liver and Blood Syrup** and head off the more serious ailments. This preparation positively relieves all perils of constipation and its kindred disorders, and restores the system to its normal condition—gently but thoroughly. Get a bottle today. Two sizes, 50c and \$1. All dealers.

ADVICE TO THE AGED
Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and torpid liver.

Tutt's Pills
Have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, giving natural action, and imparting vigor to the whole system.

APPENDICITIS
It has been demonstrated by G. A. LEITCH, M.D., that the inflammation of the appendix is the first step in the development of cancer of the colon. Write for valuable Book of Information. FREE. G. A. LEITCH, M.D., 518 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

DAIRY

DRYING OFF HEAVY MILKERS

High-Producing Animals Are Difficult to Handle—First Step is to Change Cow's Feed.

The customary method of drying off the average dairy cow is simply to omit every other milking until the milk flow diminishes, and then skip still more milkings till it stops entirely. Sometimes the process will require two or three weeks, but usually less. A cow producing less than ten pounds of milk daily may be dried off any time, without injurious results, simply by stopping milking.

High-producing cows are more difficult to handle in this respect and some dairymen claim it is impossible to get their best cows to go dry. The first step to dry off an animal producing 20 pounds of milk a day or more is to change the feed. If she is on pasture, remove her to a dry feedlot. If she has been receiving alfalfa or clover hay, give her timothy or similar nonnutritive feed. In winter-time take away the grain.

Then milk at irregular intervals and the flow will soon decrease. At the end of a week it will fall off about five pounds, and in a few days more milking may be stopped entirely. The udder may fill up, but in a few days the milk will be reabsorbed, and finally the udder will become normal. A rest of about six weeks is beneficial to the cow, and experience has shown that cows will have a greater annual yield if they are dried off instead of being milked up to the time of calving.

LACK IN MINERAL NUTRIMENT

Dairymen Advised to Feed Cows Materials Rich in Calcium Magnesium and Phosphorus.

Dairy cows fed the usual winter rations cannot produce large milk yields without loss of minerals from their skeletons, writes Dr. E. B. Forbes of the Ohio experiment station, basing his statement upon recent investigations of the department of nutrition. From his results he advises dairymen to give the high-producing cow feeds rich in minerals, especially calcium, magnesium and phosphorus. A gradual shrinkage in milk yield or a failure to breed may be due to mineral depletion, he continues.

In his experiments different rations varying in mineral contents were fed to heavy-milking Holsteins. More calcium, magnesium and phosphorus



Excellent Type of Hostein.

were given off in the milk and excreta than were present in the feed, although the cows maintained their live weight during the experiment, and stored sulphur and nitrogen.

Doctor Forbes says that the cow must draw upon her bones to supply this deficiency, because her capacity to produce milk is much greater than her ability to digest minerals. The farm foods which are richest in the minerals are the legumes, especially clover and alfalfa. Grain feeds are all deficient in the most important mineral nutrient, lime. Lime may also be added to the ration in the form of bone flour or as calcium carbonate.

BETTER QUALITY OF CHEESE

Principal Cause of Sourness Is Use of Overripe Milk—Condition Can Be Prevented.

Much can be done at the farm in helping to produce only the best quality of cheese, which will command the highest price, give complete satisfaction to the best class of trade, and prevent loss to the cheese factory.

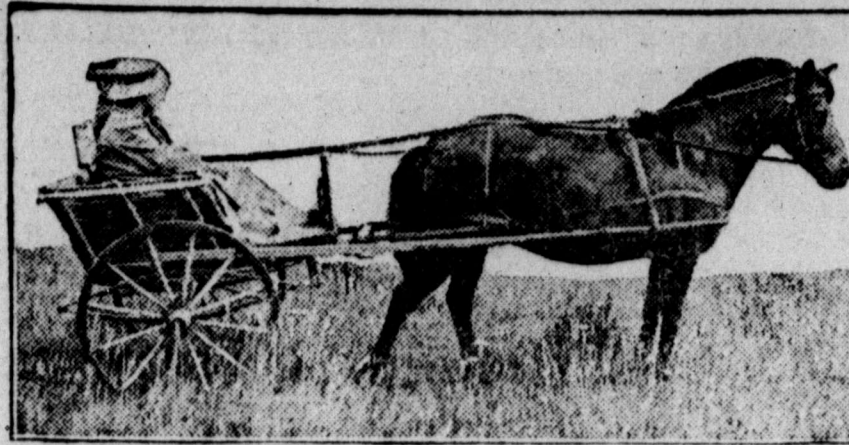
During the summer one of the most common complaints from the trade is due to sour or acid cheese. The principal cause of sour cheese is the use of overripe milk. Although milk may be ripened too far before the whey is drawn in the cheesemaking process by an inexperienced cheesemaker, much of it is spoiled when brought from the farm to the factory. The most successful cheesemakers, as a rule, are those who secured the co-operation of their patrons in the care and delivery of their milk to the factory in first-class condition.

REGULAR TIME FOR MILKING

Important that It Be Done at Same Hour, Morning and Evening—Injuring Udder.

It is very important that the milking be done regularly at as near the same time each morning and evening as possible. It is also well that the persons doing the milking do not change often, as each person has a little different manner of milking than another and a change causes the cow to feel uneasy, and, in some cases, if the change is repeated too often, it may injure the udder and the cow will give less milk as a result.

PONY IS GREAT EDUCATOR FOR CHILDREN



ENCOURAGING BOYS TO STAY ON FARM.

No doubt as long as there are children there will be adoration for the Shetland pony. The children's elders appreciate the Shetland for its sturdy qualities as well as for its beauty and diminutiveness, but the children take to it largely because of its attractiveness. And a Shetland certainly is a shapely creature, and with other strong points of beauty. Its eyes, its saucy face, its tossing mane and generous tail, as well as its stature set it apart from the common herd. No wonder a child falls in love at first sight with such a pet, and no wonder that the attachment grows with extended acquaintance. For, as a rule, a Shetland is not only good to look at, but also possessed of the virtues that make it an ideal companion for children.

An experienced importer and breeder bears this witness concerning the character of the pony in its native isles. "The Shetland is the most remarkable of all ponies for his good temper. No doubt his environment has much to do with it, as he is raised about the house, often in it, his company being the children and house dog."

Much pleasure and profit accrue to a child from the possession of a pony. Not alone for the sake of health is the pony-riding and the taking care of the creature valuable, but the association tends to aid in the general development of the child. Practicing



Beauty and Bonnie.

with the Shetland the small child can learn self-reliance, poise, and mastery, the confidence and courage here attained serving well in later horsemanship—later in life, too, perhaps. A splendid polo player of my acquaintance began riding a pony at the tender age of four, one of various illustrations coming under my observation that a person who early becomes fa-

miliar with equines is very fortunate, when older handling them fearlessly and skillfully. With the exhilaration of riding, added to the comradeship with the vital creature beneath, both add much to the joy of life for the child.

Then the training in responsibility is of great value. Looking after the pet personally, the chances are that no future horse will suffer from lack



Boy and His Pony.

of attention when in the hands of a master or mistress that when young gave his or her pony food and water, brushing and combing; also consideration as to weight of burden, distance to travel, conditions of road and weather. Undoubtedly a pony is a great educator for a young person.

One authority states that the proper way to select a pony for a small child is to get one from six to eighteen months of age and let it grow up with its master or mistress. At the latter age it may be broken to the saddle and ridden by a child of light weight. When only a year old it may be driven moderately to a cart or buggy. A pony is easily broken to harness, the process can be shared in by the child. The Shetland may be broken by being played with, by the children jumping on its back, by their hitching it to a sled or cart. Dr. S. B. Elliot of the Belle Meade farm, Markham, Va., says: "If a young pony is given to a little child, they will grow up together and become the best of friends, each acquiring confidence to the extent that the breaking to saddle and harness is hardly noticed by either."

In its native land, the pony is known as "The Sheltie." At the age of two "The Sheltie" is considered grown-up, but this early maturity does not mean early decay, for a Shetland not only has much endurance, but, too, is noted for its length of days, living to be 30 and 40 years old.

A colt ready to leave its mother can be purchased for from \$50 to \$80.

SIRE IS IMPORTANT IN THE DAIRY HERD

Bull May Transmit His Qualities to Each of His Calves—Essential Qualifications.

The trite saying, "the bull is half the herd," is less than half the truth. The bull either increases or decreases the milking qualities of his stock; in other words, the bull either makes the herd profitable or unprofitable. The bull is more important than the cow. Each cow can influence one calf each season. The bull can transmit his qualities, good or bad, to each of his calves.

If under similar conditions the heifers are to be more profitable than their dams, the increased profit must come through the bull; consequently too much care cannot be given to his selection. Whilst dairy type as indicative of milking quality possesses some value in the cow, it is much less in the bull. It does not necessarily follow that because a bull presents a nice appearance, is deep in the flank, level on top line, lengthy between hip and pin, fine over wither, good osseature, and other points which please the eye, he is a fit dairy sire.

The essential qualifications of a dairy bull are purity of blood, masculinity, and an authentic record of being descended from females on both dam's and sire's side which have proved themselves profitable producers. These attributes are interdependent, and any two without the third renders the whole valueless.

MOWING MACHINES FOR PEAS

By Using Harrow on Land It Can Easily Be Put in Good Condition for the Mower.

Farmers should remember that in sowing peas they must be cut with a mower. Mowing machines run better if the land is smooth. By using a harrow on the land it can be easily put in good condition for the mower. In cutting peas on rough land it is hard on the driver, the mower and the stock.

Q-BAN DARKENS GRAY HAIR

Gray, streaked, prematurely gray or faded hair quickly restored to original dark shade by shampooing hair and scalp a few times with Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer. No dye—perfectly harmless. Q-Ban acts on roots—revives color glands—makes hair healthy, gradually changing all your gray hair to an even natural dark shade, making entire head of hair clean, fluffy, abundant without a trace of gray showing. 50 cents a big bottle by parcel post. (Also sold by most druggists.) Address: Q-Bar Memphis, Tenn. Adv.

Who is first in bed at your house at night? You will bet it is father.

Disagreeable and Dangerous Trouble is Diarrhoea, but a speedy and certain cure is found in Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

More than 1,000 kinds of sausages are known in Germany.

Dr. Peery's "DEAD SHOT" is an effective medicine for Worms or Tapeworm in adults or children. One dose is sufficient and no supplemental purgative necessary.—Adv.

Chalk in the milk is a white lie.

CAPUDINE

—For Headaches—

Try it and be convinced. Good for aches in back and limbs also—Assists Nature to get right and stay so. It's Liquid—easy to take.—Adv.

FOUND FLAW IN DEFENSE

Ingenious Excuse of Man Who Had Imbibed Too Freely Did Not Satisfy Policeman.

When Police Captain Patrick Costello met a man on the main street of Dobbs Ferry loudly and joyfully disturbing the peace of the historic hamlet, he said: "My friend, you're drunk, and I'll have to run you in."

The stranger drew a tattered Bible from his pocket and, leading the captain to the nearest street lamp, read, with fervor: "First Timothy, five, twenty-three: 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.'"

The captain scratched his head and thought. Finally he said: "What were you drinking?"

"Well," replied the stranger, "the last one was beer."

"Then," said the captain, "you lose on a technicality, and it's come with me."

So the stranger, who said he was John Hasek of the Bowery, New York, was locked up to await the morning session of the police court.—Cincinnati Times Star.

Not Stationary.
Lady—Mary, I should be delighted if I had as much hair as you.
Servant—Well, ma'am, you can borrow it any time you like!

"AMERICA, FIRST" for the welfare of the Nation

HOSTETTER'S, First for the welfare of the Stomach and Bowels

FOR POOR APPETITE INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS OR MALARIA

TRY **HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters**

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.

Decimal System for England. According to the British and Colonial Printer and Stationer, there is now a well-organized movement in Great Britain to secure the immediate adoption in that country of the decimal system of coinage and weights and measures.

The handicap in securing new foreign trade, with nine-tenths of the world on the decimal basis, is the prime argument in the propaganda, and it is pointed out that in the even keener trade competition after the war this added handicap may prove ruinous.

Explained.
"How do you happen to miss your way so often when you go touring?"
"That's easily explained," replied Mr. Chuggins. "It's due to the kind of car I bought. They give you a joke book with it instead of a road map."

Cynical Discrimination.
"Do you think contentment is a blessing?"
"It depends on the kind of contentment. If your contentment is due to the fact that you have about everything you want, it is highly desirable."

Lure of the Rural.
"Can you find servants who will go into the country?"
"Yes, but only when we're living in the city and the picnic season is on."



What's There?

Whole wheat is sweet, but when you add the zest of malted barley you have a flavor that no food made of wheat alone possesses.

The famous food, Grape-Nuts, has a delightful taste that everybody likes, and it lies in the "magic of the malt"—

Then, too, malted barley contains, besides its great nourishing qualities, a digestive which makes Grape-Nuts food particularly satisfying to weak, as well as strong stomachs.

Ready to eat, easy to digest, delicious—every table should have its daily ration of

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

—at Grocers.

NATURAL HISTORY OF TRUE ARMY WORM



STAGES AND WORK OF THE ARMY WORM.

a. Parent or Moth; b. Full-Grown Larva; c. Eggs; d. Pupa in Soil; e. Parasitic Fly, Laying its Eggs on Army Worm; f. Ground Beetle, Preying Upon Army Worm, and, at Right, Callosa Larva Emerging From Burrow; g. Digger Wasp, Carrying Army Worm to its Burrow; h. a Wasp-like Parasite of Army Worm.

The department of agriculture has issued a Farmers' Bulletin—No. 731—designed to convey to the farmer, in a brief and simple manner, the natural history of the true army worm, a caterpillar which from time to time becomes enormously destructive to growing cereals, and sometimes to forage crops; to give him a summary of the information necessary for its control; and especially to urge upon him the necessity for constant vigilance in the combat with this insect.

The true army worm usually appears in the fields very suddenly, and it seems quite certain that the moths at times fly in great numbers for many miles in the direction of the prevailing winds, and alight in a body to deposit their eggs at some place favorable to the development of their offspring. This fact accounts for the sudden appearance of the army worm in regions far removed from any known source of infestation. Generally speaking, outbreaks of the true army worm are more common following cold, backward springs and should be looked for first in neglected portions of fields upon which rank growths of wild grasses or lodged and fallen unripe grain are to be found. These should be examined frequently and closely to discover the small, greenish caterpillars, which may be found in great numbers feeding near the surface of the ground under the sheltering overhanging leaf blades.



Parent of Army Worm.

South and travels northward as the summer advances. The western army worm also is occasionally mistaken for the true army worm, but it occurs in destructive abundance only throughout the regions west of the Mississippi river. The true army worm is probably a native of North America, although it is also found in South America. It occurs throughout most of the United States east of the Rocky mountains, including the states bordering the western base of the Mississippi and the Missouri river, and also has been found in New Mexico, Arizona and California.

The loss in money to the farmer by army worms in the past has been exceedingly great, and although no exact estimate is possible, it is safe to say that in the eastern states alone many millions of dollars worth of grain and forage crops have disappeared down their throats during the past thirty years. The army worm injures crops in but one way, and that is by eating away all the tender portions of the leaves, the immature seed, and sprouts, and when numerous it may even devour the plants down to the very ground. The more important and by far the most conspicuous injury is always inflicted by the nearly full-grown caterpillar, whose greed and capacity for food are almost unbelievable. The pupa takes no food. The moth subsists principally upon the nectar gathered from flowers.

The army worm feeds by preference upon grasses, both wild and cultivated; next, upon the grasslike grains,



Pupa of True Army Worm.

such as several varieties of millet, which are severely during outbreaks of army worms. Wheat in its unripe corn, oats and rye seem to be in the order named, while those of the country alfalfa are occasionally destroyed, but such occurrences

take the crop anyway and probably devastate other portions of the farm. In case the worms are crawling in a body, surround them with a furrow or ditch and crush them with a log drag as they fall into it. If shallow post-holes are sunk in the bottom of the ditch at intervals of about 20 feet, the worms will crawl along the ditch bottoms and fall into the holes, where they may be destroyed by crushing or other means.



Fly Parasite of Army Worm.

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Horticultural Advice

GOOD LADDERS FOR ORCHARD

Care in Removing Fruit as Important as Pruning and Spraying—Low-Headed Trees Favored.

The wise orchardist has learned something about the use and abuse of ladders. The first essential in the raising of fruit trees is to prune the heads of the trees and keep them low. This will make picking the fruit easy and safe without the use of anything but the stepladder.

Climbing about among the branches of a tree is always to be deprecated. Of all the numerous styles of lad-



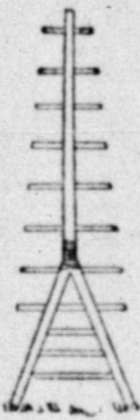
Three-Legged Stepladder—Stands Firm on Uneven Ground—Substantial and Easily Handled by One Man.

ders, some form of stepladder is best adapted to the orchard, whether the welfare of the tree is considered or the comfort of the picker.

Any ladder which must be set against the tree is a menace to it. Perhaps the best type of a tall stepladder is one that is very substantially built, yet light enough to be easily handled by one man; and, having three legs, it is easy to set up securely on uneven ground.

The wide spread of the legs at the bottom of the steps makes it especially stable. Where a ladder only about half the height of this is required, a strong, heavy, four-legged ladder is a general favorite.

This is about four feet wide and nonfolding, being more like a small



Single-Rail Ladder—Very Light

flight of stairs than a ladder. It is the safest and most comfortable of ladders, but heavy and awkward to move.

For work in tall trees, the Japanese ladder is very useful. This is lighter than a trestle ladder, as well as easier to manipulate among the branches because of its pointed shape.

Lightest of all the tall ladders is the single-rail ladder. However, this ladder is not quite as safe as a three-legged ladder, so it is not likely to become widely popular.

EXCELLENT WAX FOR WOUND

Mixture of Resin, Beeswax, Charcoal and Linseed Oil is Recommended—Apply With Brush.

After grafting or budding, the exposed wounds are thoroughly waxed with some material which is impervious to air and water. An excellent wax is made as follows: Resin, five pounds; beeswax, one pound; finely pulverized charcoal, half pound, and raw linseed oil, one gill. The resin and beeswax are melted over a slow fire, after which the charcoal is stirred in, the oil added and the whole poured into pans which have been previously oiled with the linseed oil. When warm the mixture may be applied easily with a soft brush.

TREAT CANES OF RASPBERRY

When Two and Half Feet High, Clip Back Tips to Check Upward Growth—Prevent Scab.

When the new canes of the raspberries are two and a half feet high clip back the tips to check the upward growth. This will insure stocky canes and low branching of the laterals.

Cut out the bearing canes after harvesting the fruit to prevent the spread of raspberry scab.

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 muscular effort. No washing machine is needed. Nothing but this simple little preparation, which is absolutely harmless to the finest fabric—white, colored or soiled. It makes the hardest task of the week a pleasant pastime—a 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 does it all—and remember, without injury to the most delicate goods, colored or white, wooleens, blankets, lace curtains, etc. Contains no acids, no alkalis, no poisonous ingredients to make its use dangerous. It washes 25 cents.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers everywhere. If yours doesn't handle it, show him this ad—let it get it for you. Or send 25c stamps to A. E. RICHARDS CO., Sherman, Texas—Adv.

The easier it is to get a man to talk the harder it is to get him to quit.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have stood the test of time. Test them yourself. Send for sample to 372 Pearl Street, N. Y.—Adv.

It is the home life, or lack of it, that shapes the child life.

FOR ITCHING SCALP

And Falling Hair Use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

When the scalp is itching because of dandruff and eczema a shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water will be found thoroughly cleansing and soothing, especially if shampoo is preceded by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp skin.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

It's all right to ride a hobby if you know when to dismount.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic, because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Success was invented for the purpose of spoiling corn and beans.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole," Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

We will find life's path pleasanter if we will smile along the way.

RELIABLE REMEDY RESTORES KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. Dr. Kilmer used it for years in his private practice. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it will help you. No other remedy can successfully take its place.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

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

A fool isn't aware of the fact that he says many wise things.

A HINT TO WISE WOMEN.

Don't suffer torture when all female troubles will vanish in this air after using "Femmina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Often a woman is known by the company she avoids.

CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashea into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless, doesn't salivate and they like its pleasant taste.—Adv.

Whisky stills are responsible for loud drinkers.

ON FIRST SYMPTOMS use "Renovine" and be cured. Do not wait until the heart organ is beyond repair. "Renovine" is the heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Porous jars keep water cool.

Sties, Granulated Erythema, Sore and Inflamed Eyes healed promptly by the use of ROMAN EYE BALMSAM.—Adv.

Lake Superior is as large as Ireland.

Ask for and Get SKINNER'S THE HIGHEST QUALITY SPAGHETTI 36 Page Recipe Book Free SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U.S.A. LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

W. L. DOUGLAS "THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE" \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00 Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them. The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other name. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free. LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass. Boys' Shoes Best in the World \$2.50 & \$2.00

COTTON Texas Directory GENERAL HARDWARE AND SUPPLIES CONTRACTORS SUPPLIES BUILDERS HARDWARE ETC. PEDEEN IRON & STEEL CO. HOUSTON PATENTS OBTAINED AND TRADEMARKS AND COPYRIGHTS REGISTERED. Write for Inventor's Guide Book. Offices at 709 Kress Bldg., Houston, Tex. Phone Preston 4700. HARDWAY & CATHEY FURLONG'S SECRET SERVICE COMPANY, INC., HOUSTON, TEXAS General Offices, St. Louis, Mo. Operate for Individuals Firms and Corporations W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 40-1916. PECAN TREES The big brown nuts will soon be falling from the trees. If you are not gathering them from your own trees, you should be. A card will bring you information as to why and how. J. B. WIGHT, CAIRO, GA.

900 DROPS CASTORIA ALCOHOL - 3 PER CENT A Vegetable Preparation for infants simulating the food and regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN, YOUNG MEN, AND OLD PEOPLE Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Sample of Old Time SAMUEL WELLESLEY. A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. The Centaur Company NEW YORK 35 DROPS - 35 CENTS Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its use is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulence, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea - The Mother's Friend. GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Peters Shoes are Always Right

Peters
"Diamond Brand"



All Sizes
All Leathers
The Latest
Styles

Peters
"Diamond Brand"



You will find Peters "Diamond Brand" Shoes always right. They are built right of solid leather throughout. When you buy Peters Shoes you get maximum value at the minimum price and you get shoes that will give splendid service. The best for the Price, no matter what the price may be, is our motto and this is always true of our "Diamond Brand" shoes.

**"There's a Diamond Brand Shoe for Every Purpose;
a price for Every Purse.**

WHEN YOU NEED SHOES COME TO US.

Peters
"Diamond Brand"



A Full Wide Toe, a Flexible Sole, a Shoe built for
Comfort and Service is what you get in this

"Weatherbird" School Shoes

FOR BOYS FOR GIRLS

Once you buy a pair of these flexible sole shoes and see the comfort
your children get out of them, you will have no other.

All sizes GUN CALF and PATENT

WEST TEXAS SUPPLY COMPANY

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

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

FOR
Pure Milk, Cream,
Buttermilk
Telephone 79

Lewis Dairy

Dr. E. Galbraith
DENTIST

Office Opposite St. Charles
Office Phone 37
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KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Horace E. Wilson

LAWYER

316-17 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

KERRVILLE

Is the county seat of Kerr County, has a population of about 2500, is situated 70 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; Rock Springs 80 miles, Harper 21 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 at Kerrville is 1750 feet. The Guadalupe river, which heads 30 miles north of Kerrville, runs through the city. On the east side where the city is located, there are high bluffs 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.

Our farmers grow wheat, oats and all other small grain, cane and alfalfa, cotton and corn, and fruit and vegetables do well. Kerrville is one of the largest wool markets in the state, and large quantities of wool, mohair, cotton, and cattle, etc., are shipped from this point.

The climate of the Kerrville country is unsurpassed. The winters are short and generally mild and invigorating owing to the dryness of the climate and the prevalence of sunshine. The summers are cool and delightful, and the mountain air is pure and bracing. Game abounds in the Kerrville country, and fishing in the Guadalupe, especially north of Kerrville, is good. Kerrville and the adjoining towns are popular resorts for health and recreation.

The best in school supplies can be had at the Nifty News & Novelty Co.

Just received 100 latest style sweaters for men, women and children.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Baptist Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies Aid and Missionary Society of the First Baptist church will meet with Mrs. R. H. Renschel Tuesday Oct. 17th. at 4 p. m. Leader—Mrs. A. B. Williamson.

Subject Present world opportunities.

Hymn—From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Prayer—Mrs. J. B. Riddle.
Bible Study—By members.
Present Opportunities short paper by—Mrs. Robb.

How many New Missionaries are needed—Miss Richards.

What will the Judson Equipment do for our work—Mrs. Burton.

What is the Significance of the movement—Mrs. T. B. Peterson.

Why no Organized work among African women—Mrs. Rawson.

How can we enlarge our organization—Mrs. Holland.

Free will offering.
Closing prayer—Mrs. Jack Moore.

When on your way to the post office take a look at the display of magazines at the Nifty News & Novelty Co.

For Sale—320 acres of land six miles northwest of Medina, hog and goat proof wire fence all around, cut in three pastures, 23 acres in cultivation, 2 good wells of water, 2-room house, pens, etc. Price \$3,000. Also 50 head goats for sale. Apply to Walter Mayfield, Medina, Texas.

For Sale.
A residence located on Houston street, Kerrville, containing five rooms and bath. It is a modern, and well finished new home in a desirable location. Will sell with or without furniture. Apply for further information to the Advance.

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

Announcement

I wish to announce that I have assumed management of the

BON AIR HOTEL

and will strive as did the former management to make it a first class family hotel.

No Tuberculosis or other infectious people admitted.

Mrs. W. H. Paine

Sunbeam Program

Subject: Birds.
Scripture lesson, Matt. 6: 25-34, by leader.

God cares for the birds—Ada Sele Riddle.

God notes the sparrow's fall—Annabell Council.

The bird messenger.—George Riddle.

Birds have what Christ had not—Lucile McCov.

A heavenly bird—Charley Horne.
Recitation The boy and the Sparrow—Dell Riddle.
Leader Ruth McCov.

Alarm clocks and dollar watches. Don't be without the time when you can get it so cheap.

Kerrville Drug Co.

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

J. A. Jackson
JEWELER
Jewelry and Watch Repairing.
All work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Window in Elite Tailor Shop
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

15000 SOLDIERS IN LINE

San Antonio, Texas, October 4th

Don't fail to see the biggest Military parade through the streets of San Antonio ever seen in the Alamo City. Parade starts at 8:30 a. m. October 4th and takes five hours to pass a given point.
Low excursion rates on sale for trains arriving in San Antonio evening of Oct. 3, and morning Oct. 4, limited to Oct. 5.
See local Ticket Agent for particulars and rates.

S. A. & A. P. Railroad
L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville.



TAN-NO-MORE
AND
FRECKLEATER
Two of the most Scientific Beautifying Agencies Known.



TAN-NO-MORE
THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER
The scientific combination of Cream and Powder. Delightful in appearance and pleasing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening its use assures a faultless complexion.
Experience has taught us that the best way to apply Tan-No-More is to put it on very wet and wipe off with a soft towel at once and do not wait for it to dry.
All Dealers

50 AND 35 CTS.

FRECKLEATER CREAM
For the removing of Liver Spots, Freckles, Ring Worm and all kindred blemishes of the skin. It will bleach the skin in 10 days and make it as smooth and soft as a baby's.
Makes Bad Complexion Good
Good Complexion Better
All Dealers

50 AND 25 C.
All goods sold under an absolute guarantee to please or money back.
Anyone requesting it will be sent a small sample of Tan-No-More and our little Booklet by
BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO.
DALLAS, TEXAS