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BALLINGER AUTO COMPANY.

RUSSIANS CAPTURE STRATEGIC POINT WHEN JOHANNISBURG FALLS TO THEM

PETROGRAD, Nov. 13.—Four great Russian armies are rolling forward in both Galicia and East Prussia.

With the occupation of Johannsburg in East Prussia, the Russians secured the key to the railways along the border through Lyck.

The Russian advance toward

Breslau is proceeding along the railroad to Kalisz.

It is claimed by the war office that the Russians have invested Przemysl from three sides where great forces have penetrated the line of Austrian fortresses.

With reference to the Craew advance, it is claimed that a great army is approaching that city from the south. Already the for-

ces, it is claimed, are at the very outer defenses of the city and active preparations for an assault being made.

Great numbers of wounded Russians are arriving here. Many trains are traveling from the west and southwest, bringing hundreds of soldiers injured in battle back to this city, where they are being treated.

Ship With 800 as Passengers is Burning In the Mediterranean

By United Press

CATANIA, Nov. 13.—A wireless dispatch received from the rescue fleet which left here early this morning, said that the fire on board the Citta Di Savena was controlled. The vessel will arrive here this evening.

CATANIA, Nov. 13.—The steamer Citta Di Savena with 800 passengers on board, is burning in the Mediterranean Sea.

Three ships have been rushed to the scene of the conflagration from this point, to aid the vessel in her distress. A wireless message early today brought the news that the Citta Di Savena was in trouble. The dispatch merely declared that the vessel was on fire and in great danger of being totally consumed by flames.

Among the passengers on board are 500 Arab soldiers, which were being removed.

From indications, the steamer is unable to manage the flames. Her fire apparatus is doubtless inadequate to handle the fire.

First messages failed to divulge the cause of the accident.

WHITE SLAVERS THREATENING

By United Press

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Death threats have been received by Judge Gibbs and District Attorney Martin of Bronx County.

The officials of that county are now convinced that the attempt to totally destroy the Bronx County court house early yesterday was made by a gang of white slavers, operating in that vicinity.

District Attorney Martin today declared that it is his personal belief that the operations of the gang of white slavers extend throughout the entire United States, despite the federal claim that a ban has been put upon white slavery in this country.

Germany Not Cut Off from World

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Germany is not cut off from the commercial world, says a dispatch received here today.

United States Consul Seltzer of Breslau reported today that commerce is being done by Germany with her neutral neighbors.

German mills are working full time, says the consul, although the shifts are somewhat short. However, it is stated that the best is being made of the circumstances. In many cases, the workmen are forced to work longer hours than they were accustomed to.

Aside from martial law which is in force, there is nothing unusual in the appearance of German cities, says Consul Seltzer.

Gale on Coast

By United Press

SEATTLE, Nov. 13.—The North Pacific coast was swept by a fifty-mile gale. The city is almost isolated.

Weather Forecast.

Tonight fair, colder; Saturday fair, warmer.

LORIMER SAYS NOT GUILTY

By United Press

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—William Lorimer today pleaded not guilty with conspiring to wreck the La Salle Street Banking house by embezzlement, receiving deposits when it was known that the bank was insolvent. The trial in all probability will be had in January.

REGULAR SAILINGS OF COTTON

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—United States Consul Robertson of Manchester, England, today reported to the state department that cotton importers of the British Isles, expect shortly to arrange regular sailings of the white staple from the United States. The shipments will be made under arms, it is declared.

MEXICANS BEGIN TAKING UP SIDES

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Confidential agents of the government today reported that the Mexican leaders at San Luis Potosi have gone over to General Villa.

The governor of Tampico has gone over to General Carranza.

RETURNS FROM HUNT.

H. Giesecke, Will Dunlap and Bob Norman returned home Friday from an attempt at an extended hunt beyond San Angelo, but owing to the continued rains returned home without killing much game. Messrs. Giesecke and Dunlap returned on the morning train and Bob drove through in the auto.

GERMAN DRIVE TO COAST SPENT

By United Press

PARIS, Nov. 13.—The force of the German drive in their attempt to reach Dunkirk and Calais is apparently spent temporarily, according to this afternoon's official communique.

The statement says that the violence of the German assaults have diminished considerably.

All attempts of the Germans to cross the Yser Canal have been frustrated by the British and French troops.

FRENCH OCCUPY 2 TOWNS

By United Press

PARIS, Nov. 13.—The French forces have occupied Tracy Leval according to an announcement made here this afternoon.

Warships in Port

By United Press

VALPARAISO, Nov. 13.—The Liepzin and Dresden are in this port today for supplies. A Japanese fleet of eight vessels is on the high seas waiting for the departure of the two German ships.

MONROE DOCTRINE TO NOT INTERFERE

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The republics of South America do not fancy that the construction which will be placed upon the Monroe Doctrine will interfere with their shipping contraband to Germans. It is claimed by them that if the construction is placed to that effect, it would logically be placed similar in the Canada problem.

BRYAN DECLARES NO CAUSE FOR MEXICAN ALARM

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Secretary of State Bryan today told President Wilson that there is no need for feeling alarmed over the Mexican situation. The administration feels that the various factions in Mexico are simply working out their destiny.

For the present the United States has no intention of evacuating Vera Cruz.

Some of Carranza's friends are still trying to prevail upon that rebel chieftain to resign. However, he remains staunch.

It was denied here today that the United States has any intentions of intervening. That will be the only last resort, it is stated.

LABORERS WOULD WAGE WAR ON STANDARD OIL

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 13.—A war on the Standard Oil Company was today demanded by half a dozen members of the American Federation of Labor which is in convention in this city.

The small squad of delegates supported a resolution which would establish a governmental industrial alcohol commission, and thus make war on the great oil concern. It is claimed by the members that certain forms of alcohol could be substituted for fuel of the Standard Oil company.

The convention today condemned the influence of the Rockefeller Foundation in the Agricultural Department.

GERMAN AVIATORS FLY OVER HARWICH AND SHEERNESS

By United Press

BERLIN, Nov. 13.—German aviators have made flights over Sheerness and Harwich, according to an official statement made here today. Some damage was done.

VISIT THEIR OLD HOME

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weeks left Thursday afternoon for quite a number of points in East Texas, where they will visit relatives and friends a few weeks. This is the first visit they have made to their old home and will no doubt be a very pleasant occasion to the venerable old couple.

TURKEY DECLARES WAR ON TRIPLE ENTENTE

By United Press

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 13.—Turkey today declared war against the triple entente. The government did not alone declare war against the Russians; she ex-

tended the proclamation of hostilities to the entire fighting power against the Germans and Austrians. The declaration of war is against England, France, Belgium and Russia.

Sit Tight, Bunch; Don't Rock the Boat; Today is Friday 13th

By United Press

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Today is the thirteenth and Friday, too. This is the third time the combination has come together this year which may or may not have some thing to do with the European

war and the upsetting of all sport dope. At least, superstitious people will not have any great cause to rejoice on this day to shout "I told you so." In 1913 there was only one Friday the thirteenth and next year there will be only one such hoodoo date.

COTTON EXCHANGE TO OPEN WITH TRADE UNRESTRICTED

By United Press

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The New York Cotton Exchange will open at 10:30 o'clock Monday morning with trading unrestricted.

This was the action decided upon at a meeting of the Board of Directors here today.

THE DAILY LEDGER

Published every afternoon except Sunday by the Ballinger Printing Co.

A. W. SLEDGE, Editor
P. SHEPHERD, Business Mgr

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mmer, vice-president; C. P. Shep-
herd, secretary and treasurer.

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Pearce, Scott H. Mack, T. J. Gar-
ner, O. L. Parish, R. W. Bruce
Troy Simpson.

Every rain drop has a value
all its own, but a few sun beams
would be welcomed at this parti-
cular time.

The agitation for better roads
will gain good headway before the
bad weather for the coming win-
ter passes.

Texans are complying with
President Wilson's request in re-
maining neutral in European war,
but Texans are free to express
their opinion in discussing the
Mexican muddle.

It is claimed that Texas can
raise tomatoes sufficient to supply
the entire United States, but in-
stead of taking advantage of the
opportunity to do so Texans con-
sume millions of cans of tomatoes
shipped from other states every
year.

In stepping from a place that
is paying him \$5000 per year to
one that will pay him \$12000 per
year, President of the State Uni-
versity shows that there is a de-
mand for men. The population of
the world is increasing in num-
bers, but what the world needs is
men.

Europe may be responsible for
some of the disturbances in the
commercial world, but the trouble
in Mexico has caused President
Wilson more trouble than
anything he has had to deal with
since he became president. He
has handled the job well, and his
watchful waiting has saved the
lives of hundreds of heroes and
millions in dollars. But the end is
not yet.

A dispatch says that Mexican
bandits south of El Paso recently
killed three Americans. An Amer-
ican that will go to Mexico, or
who is there now and remains

there, places his life in the hands
of the Mexican bandits, and the
United States should not spend
one drop of American soldier
blood in protecting him. He has
had ample warning.

NEWEST NOTES OF SCIENCE

Wall paper made of rubber is
an English novelty.

Strong ammonia will remove
iodine stains from clothing and
flesh.

One quarter of the area of the
kingdom of Saxony is covered by
forests.

Egyptian cotton is being profit-
ably grown on irrigated farms
in Arizona.

India expects to have the great-
est production of jute on record
this year.

A little urpentine in warm wa-
ter is the best thing for cleaning
windows.

Pumping engines in a large sew-
erage plant in Austria are run by
sewer gas.

In two years New Mexico has
more than doubled the value of
its mineral production.

Dust that collects in glass
works is melted and cast into pav-
ing blocks in Berlin.

A side car attachment for ordi-
nary bicycles for carrying
packages has been invented.

China has but about one phy-
sician antrained along modern lines
for each 600,000 inhabitants.

An automobile repair course
has been added to the curriculum
of an Iowa agricultural college.

Cut flowers will keep fresh
longer if their stems be placed in
damp sand than if placed in wa-
ter.

Arkansas is the chief state in
the production of bauxite, the min-
eral from which aluminum is
derived.

The Chinese government is
planning to spend \$10,000,000 for
a number of high power wireless
stations.

The United States navy has
perfected a searchlight visible
under favorable circumstances
for 100 miles.

County Attorney C. P. Shep-
herd, Dr. W. A. Gustavus and Joe
Turner returned home Friday at
noon from Winters where they
had been on business between
trains.

DUMDUM BULLETS.

They Get Their Name From the Town
Where They Originated.

Dumdum bullets have their name
from a little town in India, near Cal-
cutta, where the ammunition factory
for the British government in India is
situated. For the benefit of Afghans,
possible Indian mutineers, negroes and
other barbarians the British had a bul-
let manufactured here which is half
covered with steel, but with a soft
lead nose. When discharged from a
modern rifle of high power this soft
nose expands, or "mushrooms," turn-
ing the bullet in the air into a horrible
bulging object, which tears through the
flesh of a man, surely bleeding him to
death.

The purpose of this bullet is to kill
the man every time. The purpose of
the ordinary humane bullet of modern
warfare, which is wholly incased in
steel or nickel, is merely to put the
man out of the fight. It makes a small,
clean wound. If it does not strike a
vital part the bullet may go entirely
through the man without wounding
him seriously. But it shuts him out
of the fight for the time being.

The British military authorities in
India considered that a humane bullet
like that would be of little use to fight
savages with, and therefore, at Dum-
dum, they manufactured the soft nosed
expanding horror. But the interna-
tional conference at The Hague in
1899 decided against the use of this
bullet in war and adopted a rule for-
bidding it.—New York Mail.

ONE VIEW OF WAR.

And the Question of the Mother of the
Slain Soldier Boy.

When I but consider the word war I
feel a shock, as if one spoke to me of
witchcraft, inquisition, some dead and
distant thing, abominable, monstrous,
unnatural.

When we hear of cannibals we smile
with pride and proclaim our superior-
ity over those savages.

What are savages, real savages—
those who fight to eat the victims or
those who fight to kill, merely to kill?

Those youthful soldiers of the line
speeding along yonder are destined to
death, just as the flocks of sheep driven
along the roads by a butcher. They are
destined to fall on a plain, their heads
cleaved by a stroke from a sword or their
breast pierced by a bullet. And these
are young men who could work, pro-
duce, be useful. Their fathers are old
and poor; their mothers, who during
twenty years have loved and worshiped
them, as mothers can worship, will
learn in six months or perhaps a year
that the son, the child, the big child,
brought up with so much trouble, with
so much money, with so much love,
was thrown into a hole like a dead dog
after his body, riddled by a bullet, had
been trampled and crushed into pulp
by the charge of cavalry. Why have
they killed her boy, her noble boy, her
only hope, her pride, her life?

She cannot tell. Yes, why?—Guy de
Maupassant.

No Heart in It.

A broad street employer of a tem-
peramental stenographer is a man of
practical sense and real kindness who
wants the girl to succeed at her busi-
ness. The other day he called her into
his private office and had a fatherly
talk with her. Later one of her col-
leagues in the same building met her in
the elevator.

"Say, Gladys," she said, "what's this
about your boss having a heart to heart
talk with you this morning?"

"Heart nothing," responded the tem-
peramental creature, tossing her blond
locks like an oriflamme of war. "What
he handed to me hadn't no more heart
in it than there is in a slab of liver at
a ten cent heanery. See?"

Which is one reason why girl stenog-
raphers can be hired at \$6 a week.—
New York Sun.

Damascus.

It is estimated that at least 20,000
pilgrims pass through the city of Da-
mascus each year. They are material
to the financial welfare of the ancient
city, spending in the neighborhood of
\$900,000 for goods of every kind. Da-
mascus is busy, and the people are in-
dustrious. Nearly everything actually
needed by the native is made there,
and there is a surplus sufficient to sup-
ply a large surrounding territory and
the pilgrims and visitors who pass that
way. In this respect Damascus has not
changed in hundreds of years. It has
always been a maker and distributor
of food and raiment.—Argonaut.

The Doldrums.

"In the doldrums" is a phrase more
often employed than understood. It
refers to a belt of calms contiguous to
the equator and situate between the
course of the southeast and northeast
trade winds. Long periods with scarce-
ly a stir in the air and a torrid sky
above, broken by sudden squalls and
violent storms of short duration, make
the doldrums a dreaded area for sailing
ships.

London's Costly Tree.

Probably the most costly tree in the
world is a plane tree which grows in
Wood street, London. It occupies a
space that would bring a rental of
\$12,500 a year, and this capitalized at
thirty years' purchase gives a value of
\$375,000.

Memory.

Says Jean Ingelow: "They are poor
who have lost nothing; they are poorer
far who, losing, have forgotten; they
most poor of all who lose and wish
they might forget."

Our wealth is often a snare to our-
selves and always a temptation to
others.—Cotton

PASSES INTO RUSSIA
WITHOUT PASSPORT

BY KARL H. VON WIEGAND
(United Press Correspondent.)

MALBA, Russia, Oct. 10. (By
currier via Linsterpurg, Berlin and
Rotterdam to New York.)—To-
day I crossed into Russia without
a passport—probably the first
American that has done this in
many years. I am in the German
lines here 15 miles beyond the
German border. This afternoon I
was close to the Russian outposts
which are about three miles be-
yond Malba. This town was gar-
risoned by a regiment of Russian
Hussars and is quite an import-
ant point on the railroad that
leads to Warsaw.

Through the courtesy of the
war office and general staff at
Berlin I am making a tour of the
Russian border, the first Ameri-
can correspondent, in fact the
first foreign correspondent, to
come here since the war began.
Captain Kliever of the general
staff at Berlin and First Lieuten-
ant Skopenik of the 20th Army
Corps headquarters at Allenstein,
have been detailed to accompany
me and a number of other corres-
pondents of Neutral countries.
We have an escort of nine men.

On each of the powerful military
automobiles are two rifles placed
where they can be reached the
quickest. We correspondents
were strongly advised to carry re-
volvers for we are in a country
where dispersed bands of Cos-
sacks are raiding and Cossacks
make no distinction between mili-
tary men and noncombatants.

What a contrast between Rus-
sians civilization and German cul-
ture and progress! Perhaps it is
not fair to judge Russia by this
and other border towns I have
seen. We left our automobiles at
Soldau. The beautiful roads
which thread the rich East Prus-
sian province in all directions
like the macadized streets of a
city, come to an abrupt end at
the Russian border as if the world
ended there. From Soldau to
Hlovo, the German customs sta-
tion, thence to Malaba, we went
by train. The few miles went
through a battlefield over which
the Germans and Russians have
fought back and forth again and
again. Rifle pits hastily scooped
out and little mounds with crude
crosses, marked the route on both
sides of the track while bandages,
scraps of uniforms, cartridges
boxes, Russian caps and other
pieces of equipment, were scatter-
ed on the ground. The "road"
rather the trail that answered for
a road, running parallel with the
railroad, was nothing but a miry
bog.

Hlovo, is a typical German bor-
der station. Wide streets, gar-
dens from which flowers still
smile—all the buildings had been
of brick—and even the ruins show
the mark of the charastie German
neatness. The Russians have de-
stroyed practically every building
in town. It was here that Lieut-
enant Skopenik, a typical fron-
tier officer such as I have known
in Arizona and New Mexico held
an entire regiment of Russian
cavalry in check for four days
from August 1 to 4, with only 35
border guards.

We visited his house. The Rus-
sians had not burned it down but
had demolished every piece of
furniture in it, even the iron stove
had been hammered into pieces,
the mattresses ripped open, the
crockery broken and the house
befouled from garret to cellar
in an unprintable manner. From
the railroad station on the Rus-
sian side to Malba proper, a lit-
tle over a mile distant, we walked.
The road was shaded with rows
of beautiful trees but the road it-
self was a bog. A deluge of rain
was falling and we probably saw
Russian roads and a Russian
town under anything but auspici-
ous condition.

In contrast to the German side
of the line, the buildings were of
wood, dirty and dilapidated. No
flowers smiled from little balcon-
ies as they did even on the ruins
in Hlovo. Many of them remind-
ed me of the ransackle affairs
that many negroes live in our
Southern States. The market hall
—of brick and stone—and two
churches, were the only respect-
able buildings in town. The Rus-
sians razed Hlovo, the German
town, to the ground. The Ger-
mans hadn't touched the Russian
town. A German shell had
brought down the tower of the
market hall and two or three other
buildings showed the marks of
shot and shell. Aside from these
no damage had been done.

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in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
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Allow no one to deceive you in this.
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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Tillie Carter, of Odessa, who
had been visiting his parents, Mr.
and Mrs. J. T. Carter the past few
days, left for his home Friday at
noon. His mother who had been
quite ill, was some better when
he left her bedside.

Mr. and Mrs. David Holiday of
Hatchel, were among the visitors
in Ballinger Friday.

Judge Chas. Ragan, of Austin
came in at noon Friday to look af-
ter land interests in our section
a few days.

The Wonderful Magic Washing
Stick

The Magic Washing Stick, the
greatest helper woman ever had
with her washing and I have been
singing its praise to my neighbor,
writes Mrs. Mollie Martin, Route
3, Arache, Okla. It is truly a
wonderful article, saving all the
washboard labor on washday.
Three Magic Washing Sticks for
25c. Enough for fifteen big wash-
ings. Makes clothes white as snow.
A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sher-
man, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Halfmann,
of the Olfin country, were shop-
ping in Ballinger Friday.

Henry Vandeventer and R. B.
Creasy left Friday at noon for
San Angelo on a short business
trip.

Dr. J. W. Blasdel of San Mar-
cos, came in Friday to look after
business affairs and to visit Ballin-
ger friends.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and
germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to
be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches
in treating catarrh, inflammation or
ulceration of nose throat, and that
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For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham
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Women who have been cured say
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KEEP A COW IN TOWN

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satisfactory way and let us supply you. Phone your orders
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...GENERAL...

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\$3.50

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

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

Phone 15 for one today.

The Ballinger Cotton Oil Co.

NOTICE

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

H. Giesecke, Ballinger,
Texas.

VOTES, VOTES, VOTES, VOTES

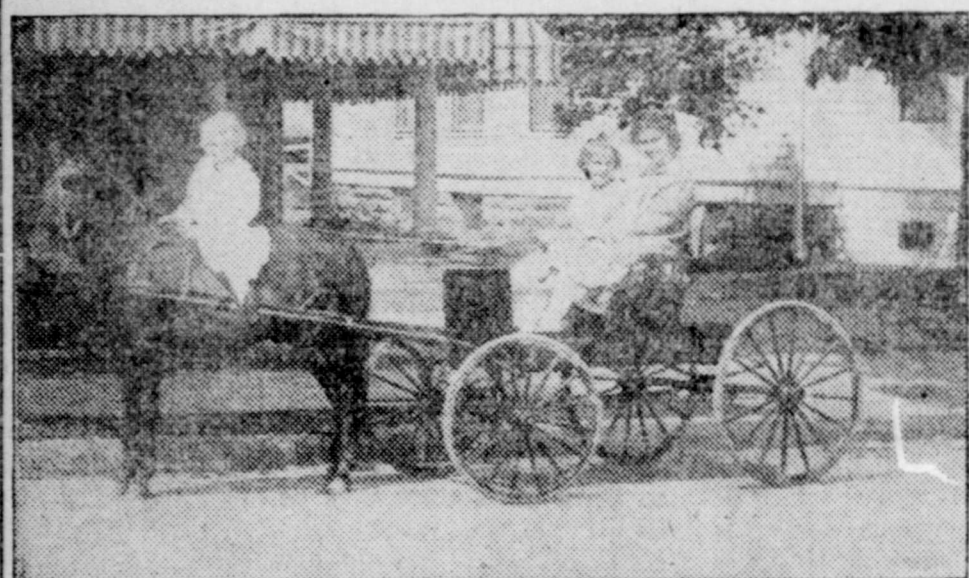
VOTES



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We entertain you best

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1000 votes with every \$1 paid
on subscriptions

The Pony Contest Stores

Sell Everything you need
for Fall
Our Motto:
"Quality and Price"

VOTES

THE PERILS OF PAULINE HERE TONIGHT

The principal "mise-en-scene" in "The Perils of Pauline," installment four, is an ocean liner, revolving about which is a chain of incidents relating to the departure of Pauline on her voyage. Paul Panzer, known in character as Owen, the secretary, seems to be very successful in effacing from his record of crime any suspicion of guilt in the nefarious schemes. Crane Wilbur as Harry, however is certain of Owen's participation in the former attempts. To frustrate his attempts Harry has to be on the alert to any and everything that could happen to a particularly headstrong, but beautiful heroine. Many exciting events are composed in this issue and you may never be sure of who any one is in this picture till the end or near-end. The superb photography will remain as an example of the cameraman's art for many a decade in the history

of features. The co-author, Chas. Goddard, author of the "Misleading Lady" and other dramatic successes is depicting with a vivid realism the struggles of a money-mad duo of schemers in Owen and Hicks, and the way that the plot is handled will afford a great deal of amusement for the audience.

A TEXAS WONDER

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

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By

Louis Joseph Vance.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The Trey of Hearts is the death sign employed by Seneca Trine in his private war for vengeance which through the agency of his daughter, Judith, a woman of violent passions like himself, he wages against Allan Law, the son of the man who innocently was responsible for his crippling. Allan loves Rose Trine, twin sister and double of Judith, but the very opposite in every other way. Allan saves Judith's life under dramatic circumstances, and is in turn saved by her, who learns to love him at intervals.

Judith, while in a fit of passion, sets fire to Allan's steamer causing him to float to an island.

While Judith is searching for Allan on the island, he steals her boat and makes for a larger vessel in the ocean. Judith gives chase in a stolen life boat, but before she can reach him, Allan secures Rose and is separated from his sweetheart's twin sister.

CHAPTER XV.

The Masked Voice.

For a matter of twelve hours the fog, leaden, dank, viscous, as inexorable as the dominion of evil, had wrapped the world in an embrace as foul and noxious as the coils of some great, gray, slimy serpent. Through its sluggish folds the ponderous, power-impelled lifeboat crept at a snail's pace, its stem parting and rolling back from either flank a heavy-hearted sea of gray.

In the bows a young woman rested in a state of semi-exhaustion, her eyes closed, her head pillowed on a cork-belt life-preserver, her sodden garments modeled closely to the slender body that was ever and again shaken from head to foot with the strength of a long, shuddering respiration.

Seated on the nearest thwart, Allan Law, chin in hand, watched over the rest of this woman whom he loved with a grimly hopeless solicitude. He was in no happier case than she, so far as physical comfort went—he was in worse, since he might not rest.

Premontion of misfortune darkened his heart with its impenetrable shadow.

In the stern Tom Barcus presided morosely over the steering gear; and Law was no more jealously heedful of his sweetheart than Barcus of the heavy-duty motor that chugged away

so purposefully at its business of driving the boat heaven-knew-where.

Lacking at once a compass, all notion whatsoever of the sun's bearings, and any immediate hope of the fog lifting or chance bringing them either to land or to rescue by some larger and less comfortless craft, Barcus steered mainly through force of habit—the salt-water man's instinctive feeling that no boat under way should ever in any conceivable circumstance be without a hand at the helm. It had seemed impossible that it could long escape repetition of the disaster, but somehow, it always did escape, and that by a wide margin; never once had it passed near enough to another vessel to see it.

And now for more than an hour the silence had been uncanonically constant, broken only by the rumble of the motor, the muted lisp of water slipping down the side, the euck and gurgle of the wake.

Forebodings no less portentous than Law's crawled in the mind of Barcus. It was as likely as not that the lifeboat was traveling straight out to sea. And gasoline tanks can, and oftentimes do become as empty as an official weather prophet's promise of fair weather for a holiday.

More than this, Mr. Barcus was a confirmed skeptic in respect of machine motors; on terms of long and intimate experience with the ways of

the demon of perversity that tenants them one and all, he knew that the present sweet-tempered performance of the exhibit under consideration was no earnest whatsoever of future good behavior, that when such a complicated contraption was concerned

there was never any telling. In view of all of which considerations he presently threw open the battery switch.

And the aching void created in the silence by the cessation of that uniform drone was startling enough to rouse even Rose Trine from her state of semi-somnolence.

With a look of panic she sat up, thrust damp hair back from her eyes, and nervously inquired:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Barcus told her, "I shut the engine off—that's all."

Tempers were short in that hour, and Allan was annoyed to think that the rest of his beloved should needlessly have been disturbed.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded sharply.

"Because I jolly well wanted to," Barcus returned in a tone as brusque.

"Oh, you did—eh?"

"Yes, I did—eh? I happen to be bossing this end of the boat and to have sense enough to realize there's no sense at all in our wasting fuel the way we are—cruising nowhere!"

"Well," Law contended, struck by the fairness of this argument, but unable to calm his uneasiness—"just the same, we might—"

"Yes; of course, we might," Barcus snapped. "We might a whole lot. We might, for instance, be heading for Spain, for all you or I know to the contrary. And in such case, I for one respectfully prefer to have gas enough to take us home again if ever this da—blessed fog lifts!"

And for several seconds longer the stillness strangled their spirits in its ruthless grasp.

Then of a sudden a cry shrilled through the fog, so near at hand that

it seemed scarcely more distant than over the side:

"Ahoy! Help! Ahoy there! Help!"

So insistent, so urgent was its accent that, coupled with the surprise, it brought the three as one to their feet, all a-tremble, their eyes seeking one another's faces, then shifting uneasily away.

"What can it be?" Rose whispered, agast, shrinking into Allan's ready arm.

"A woman," Barcus put in harshly. "Judith," the girl moaned.

Allan shook himself together. "Impossible!" he contended. "I saw her go down . . ."

"That doesn't prove she didn't come up," Barcus commented acidly.

"Ahoy! Motorboat aho-o-y! Help!"

"And that," Barcus pursued sadly, "just proves she did come up—blame the luck! Alive she is, and kicking; stand clear. An able-bodied pair of lungs was back of that hail, my friend; and you needn't tell me I don't know the dulcet accents of that angelic contralto!"

Without heeding him, Allan cupped hands to mouth and sent an answering cry ringing through the murk:

"Ahoy! Where are you? Where away?"

"Here—on the reef—half-drowned—perishing with chill—"

"How does my voice bear?" Allan called back.

"What the dickens do you care?" Barcus interpolated suspiciously.

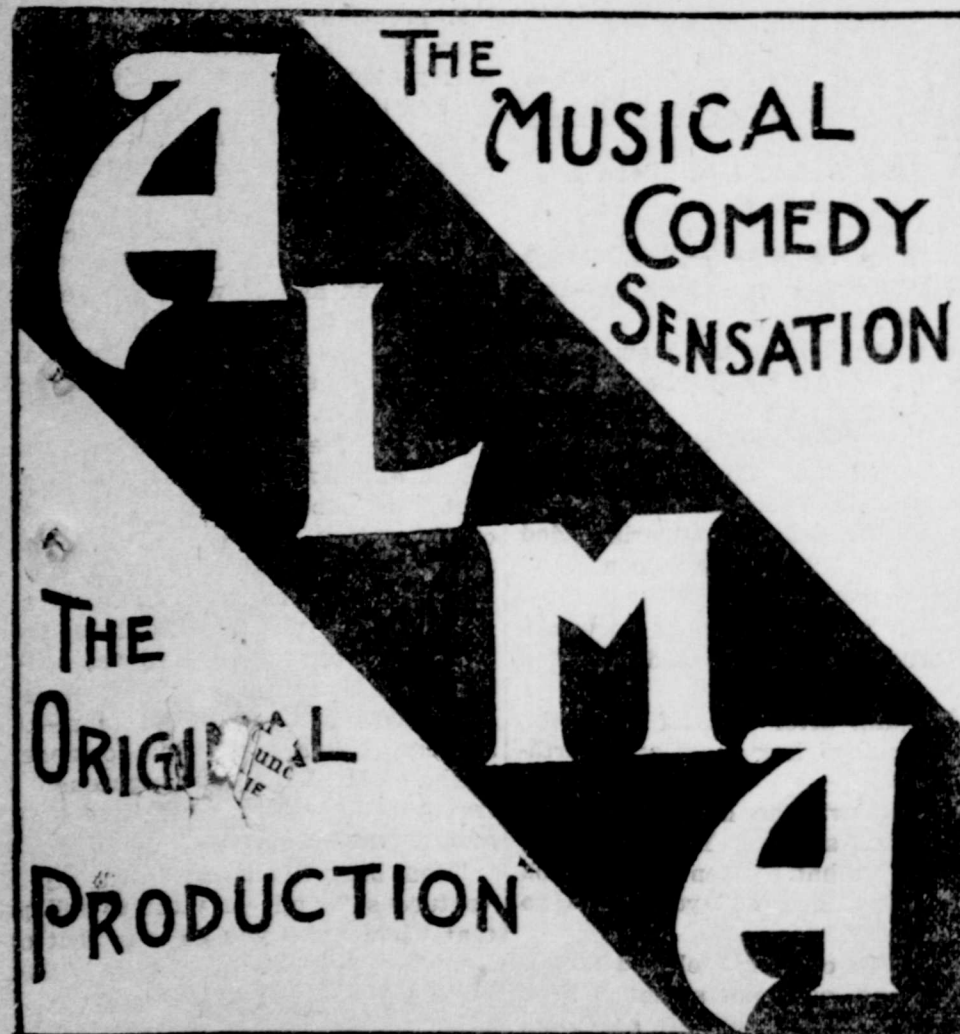
"To port," the response rang through the fog. "Starboard your helm and come in slowly!"

"Right-o! Half a minute!" Allan replied reassuredly.

(Continued on Page 4)

PRINCESS THEATRE

One Night Only
THURSDAY, Nov. 19th.



SPECIAL PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50c. Seats on sale at Walker Drug Co.

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HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT, BUT SMALL CROWD AT LIBRARY

The Dicksons, a company of musical entertainers, appeared at the Library under the auspices of the Shakespeare Club last night and rendered a musical program that pleased about one hundred people, not more than that number being present.

This was the second and the last of a course contracted for by the Shakespeare Club, and which were brought here for the benefit of the Library. The Shakespeare ladies contracted for five attractions, and went out to sell the season tickets to make good the guarantee required to get the attractions. They met with such little encouragement that they soon realized that they would come out heavy losers, and they began at once to arrange to have all the attractions cancelled except two for which dates had been selected.

It is to be regretted that the citizenship of Ballinger show such little interest in the work undertaken by the ladies, and encourage them in building up the library.

Guarantee The Magic Washing Stick

The Magic Washing Stick is guaranteed to save all washboard labor on washday, and to make clothes white as snow. Contains no acid, alkali lye or poison of any character and can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate fabric. Lifts the burden of work from the womenfolk. Price 25c per box containing three Magic Washing Sticks, enough for fifteen big snowy washings. Ask grocer or druggist. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

DISSOLUTION SERMON PREACHED WEDNESDAY

Rev. Mr. Rives of Ballinger on Wednesday night preached the dissolution sermon at the Harris Avenue Presbyterian Church in this city declaring the relationship between the pastor, Rev. R. E. Joiner, and the people. The church has called Rev. Gordon Lange, who is now in San Angelo, to occupy the pulpit. Dr. Lange is a native Texan but has spent a number of years in New York City where he achieved an enviable reputation as a speaker. Messrs. Joiner and Rives were classmates.—San Angelo Standard.

A nine pound boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Harbor in San Angelo on Nov. 12th. Mr. and Mrs. Harbor formerly lived in Ballinger. Mr. Harbor having charge of the Davis dry goods store on Eighth St., and they have many friends here who rejoice with them. This is their first child.

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Rooms for Out of Town Patients.

...THE... Trey O'Hearts By Louis Joseph Vance

(Continued from Page 3)

"Like hell!" Mr. Barcus muttered in his throat as he jumped down into the engine pit and bent over the fly-wheel. Leaping on the forward thwart and balancing himself perilously near the gunwale, Alan strained his vision vainly against the opacity of the fog. "Can't make out anything," he grumbled, looking back. "Start her up—but slow's the word—and 'ware reef!"

"Nothing doing," Barcus retorted curtly. "The motto is now 'Full speed astern!' as you must know." "O come! We can't leave a woman out there—in a fix like that!" "Can't we? You watch!" Barcus grunted malevolently, rocking the heavy flywheel with all his might; for the motor had turned suddenly stubborn.

"Alan!" Rose pleaded, laying a hand upon his sleeve. "Think what it means! I know it sounds heartless of me—and it's my own sister. But you know how mad she is—wild with hatred and jealousy. If you take her into this boat, it's your life or hers!" "If we leave her out there," Alan retorted, shaking his arm impatiently free, "it's her life on our heads!"

At this juncture the motor took charge of the argument, ending it in summary fashion. With a smart explosion in the cylinder, it started up unexpectedly, at one and the same time almost dislocating the arm of Mr. Barcus and precipitating Alan overboard.

It was not given him to know what was happening until he found himself in the water; he struggled to the surface just in time to see the bows of the lifeboat back away and vanish into the mist.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Island.

Not more than twenty seconds could have elapsed before Barcus recovered from the shock of the motor's wheezy sufficiency to reverse the wheel, throttle down the carburetor and jump out of the engine-pit.

But in that small space of time the lifeboat and Alan had parted company as definitely as though one of them had been levitated bodily to the far side of the earth.

It could not have been more than a minute after the accident before Barcus was guiding the boat over what, going on his sense of location and judgment of distance, he could have sworn was the precise spot where Alan had disappeared, but without discovering a sign of him.

And for the next twenty minutes he divided his attention between attempts to soothe and reassure the half-distracted girl and efforts to elude a reply from Alan by stentorian hailing—with as little success in the one as in the other.

"Alan!" he shrieked at the top of his lungs. "Alan! Give a hail to tell us you're safe!"

There was a little pause; he was racking his brains for some more moving mode of appeal when the answer came in another voice—in the voice of Judith Trine, clear, musical, effervescent with sardonic humor:

"Be at peace, little one—bleat no more! Mr. Law is with us—and safe—oh, quite, quite safe!"

In dumb consternation Barcus sought the countenance of Rose. Her eyes, meeting his, were blank with despair. He shook his head helplessly and let his hands dangle idly between his knees.

With no way on her, the lifeboat drifted with a current of unknown set and strength.

"What can we do?" Rose implored. "We must do something. We can't leave him . . . Oh, when I think of him there, in her hands, I could go mad!"

"If only I knew," Barcus protested; "but my hands are tied, my wits are as helpless as my eyes are blind."

A tight feeling in the chest accompanied by a short dry cough, indicates an inflamed condition in the lungs. To relieve it buy the dollar size Ballard's Horhound Syrup; you get with each bottle a free Herick's Red Pepper Porous Plaster for the chest. The syrup relaxes the tightness and the plaster draws out the inflammation. It is an ideal combination for curing colds settled in the lungs. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

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There's nothing to go by—except the bare possibility that the reef she spoke of may be Norton's. It doesn't seem possible, but we may have made that much southing. In that case we're about three miles off the mainland, somewhere in the neighborhood of Katama island, a little, rocky, desolate bump of earth, inhabited mainly by fishermen."

The girl wrung her hands. "But how could Judith get there—and with her men—and ammunition?"

"Don't ask me. Going on my experience with the lady, I'd be willing to bet that she was picked up by the steamer that ran us down, and proceeded to make a prize of it—or try to. One thing's certain—she must have found or stolen a boat from somebody; they couldn't have made Norton's reef by swimming—it's too



Yanked Him Off to His Cell.

far. That's the answer; they were picked up, stole a boat, and piled it up on the reef."

"And there's no hope—!" "Only of the fog relenting. If we could make the mainland and get help . . ."

His accents died away into a disconsolate silence that was unbroken for upwards of an hour.

So slowly the current bore the lifeboat toward the beach and so still the tide that Barcus never appreciated they were within touch of any land until the bows grounded with a slight jar and a grating sound.

With a cry of incredulity he leaped to his feet—"Land, by all that's lucky!"—and stooping, lent a hand to the girl, aiding her to rise.

Hardly had Rose had time to comprehend what had happened, when Barcus was over the side and wrestling with the bows, dragging the boat farther upon the shoals.

She was, however, more than one man could manage; and when her stem had bitten a little more deeply into the sands, Barcus gave over the attempt and, lifting Rose down, set her on dry land, then climbed back into the vessel, rummaged out her anchor and cable, and carried them ashore, planting the former well up towards the foot of the cliff.

And as he rose from this last labor he was half blinded by the glare of the western sun as it broke through the fog. In less than five minutes the miraculous commonplace was an accomplished fact; the wind had rolled the fog back like a scroll and sent it spinning far out to sea, while the shore on which the two had landed was deluged with sunlight, bright and beautifully warm.

He showed a thoughtful and considerate countenance to the girl. "You're about all in?"

She nodded confirmation of this, which was no more than simple truth. "Where are we?" she asked.

He made her party to his own perplexity. "You're not able to travel," he pursued. "Do you mind being left alone while I take a turn up the beach and have a look round? We can't be far from some sort of civilization; even if it's an island there are no desert isles along this coast. I'll find something soon enough, no fear."

By tacit consent both avoided mention of Alan, but each knew what thought was uppermost in the other's mind.

"There's a niche among the rocks up here," Barcus indicated, "almost a cave. You'll be warm and dry enough, and secure from observation overhead. Maybe you can even snatch a few winks of sleep."

She negated that suggestion with a weary smile; no sleep for her until sheer exhaustion overpowered her, or she knew of Alan's fate.

And so, reiterating his promise to be gone no longer than absolutely might be needful, he left her there.

CHAPTER XVII.

This Mortal Tide.

She was very certain she would never sleep before her anxiety was assuaged by word of Alan's fate; but she reckoned without her host of trials that had bred in her a fatigue anonymous even to her mental anguish.

For a time after Barcus had left

her she lingered upon the sands, in the mouth of the shelter he had selected for her, staring hungrily out on the shimmering sea that, now wholly divested of its shroud, smiled up to the heavens, whose sapphire face it mirrored, as fair and sweet of seeming as though it had never veiled a heartless tragedy.

Slowly it darkened as the sapphire above grew darker, blending insensibly into rare ultramarine with the slow decline of the sun, by whose altitude above the horizon the day had not more than ninety minutes to run.

And she thought drowsily that if that sun sank without her learning that her lover lived, it would not rise again upon a world tenanted by Rose Trine.

It was not true, she told herself, that people never die of broken hearts.

She knew that, were he taken from her, she could no longer live. . . .

And sleep overwhelmed her suddenly, like a great, dark cloud . . .

But its dominion over her faculties was not of long duration. Slowly, heavily, mutinously, she was rescued from its nirvana—came to her senses with an effect of one who emerges from some vast place of blackness and terror, to find Barcus kneeling over and gingerly but persistently shaking her by the shoulder.

And then she sat up with a cry of mystified compassion; for in the brief time that he had been absent—it had not been more than an hour—Mr. Barcus had most unquestionably been severely used.

He had acquired a long cut over one eye, but shallow, upon which blood had dried, together with a bruised and swollen cheek that was badly scratched to boot. And what simple articles of clothing remained to him, after his strenuous experiences of the last forty-eight hours, had been reduced to even greater simplicity; his shirt, for example, now lacked a sleeve that had been altogether torn away at the shoulder.

"No!" he told her, as soon as he saw her wits were awake once more—"don't waste time pitying me. I'm all right—and so is Alan! That's the main thing for you to understand; he's still alive and sound—"

"But where is he? Take me to him!" she demanded, rising with a movement of such grace and vigor that it seemed hard to believe she had ever known an instant's weariness.

"That's the rub," Barcus confessed, squatting on the sands and knocking his hair. "I desent take you to him. Judith might object. Besides, you can see for yourself it isn't safe to mingle with the inhabitants of this tight little island—and you can't get to where Alan is without mingling considerably. Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it, and we'll try to figure out what's best to be done. Maybe we can manage a rescue under cover of night."

And when the girl had settled herself beside him he launched into a detailed report. "It's Katama island, all right," he announced, "but a change has come over the place since I visited it some years ago. Then it was a community of simple-hearted villagers and fishermen; now, unless all signs fail, it's a den of smugglers. I noticed a number of Chinese about; and that, taken in connection with the fact that, when I ventured to introduce myself to the village ginnim and ask a few innocent questions, the entire population, to a child, landed on me like a thousand brick—the two circumstances made me think we'd stumbled on a settlement of earnest workers at the gentle art of helping poor Chinamen evade the exclusion laws."

With a wry smile, he pursued: "As for me, I landed out back of the joint, on the nape of my neck, and took the count, surrounded by a lot of unsympathetic boxes and barrels that had seen better days. And when I came to and started to crawl unostentatiously away, I was just in time to witness the landing of your amiable sister, that gang of cutthroats she keeps on the payroll, and Alan in company with as choice a crew of scoundrels as you'd care to see. I gathered from a few words that leaked out of the back door of the barroom, that it was as I had thought—Judith had stolen a boat from the ship that picked her up, and after she gathered Alan in the schooner of these smugglers happened along, and she hailed it and struck a bargain with the captain and signed co-partnership articles, or something like that. Anyway, her lot and the islanders were soon as thick as thieves, and tanking up so sociably that I actually got a chance to whisper a word to Alan and tell him you were all right, and that he'd find us both down here on the beach, if luck served him with an escape. That was all I got a chance to say, for Judith marched up just then and yanked him off to his cell. I mean to say, he's locked up now in a little stone hut on the edge of the cliff, with the door guarded and the window overlooking a sheer drop of thirty feet or so to the beach. When I'd seen that much I calculated it was about time for me to get quit of that neighborhood, before Mam'selle Judith nicked me with the evil eye."

"You don't think she saw you?" the girl cried.

"I don't think so," Barcus allowed gravely; and then, lifting his gaze, he added as he rose in a bound: "I just know she did—that's all."

In another instant he was battling might and main with three willing ruffians, who had come suddenly into view round a shoulder of rock; but his efforts were shortlived, foredoomed to failure. He was weakened with suffering and fatigue—and the three were fresh and had the courage at least of

their numbers. He was overborne in a twinkling, and had his face ground brutally into the sand while his hands were made fast with stout rope behind his back. And when he rose, it was to find, as he had anticipated, that Rose's resistance had been as futile as his own; she, too, was captive, her hands bound like his, the huge and unclean paw of one of Judith's crew cruelly clamped upon her shoulders.

They were granted time to exchange no more than one despairing glance when a curt laugh fairly chilled the blood in Mr. Barcus, and he swung sharply between his two guards to confront Judith Trine.

The woman he saw at first glance, was in one of her most dangerous moods—if, Barcus mentally qualified, there was a pin to choose between her moods. But now, beyond dispute, she exhibited a countenance new in his experience with her, and one well calculated to appall.

Her face was bloodless, even as her lips were white with the curb she put upon her passion. Her eyes were lurid with the glare of rage approaching mania. Her hands trembled, her lips quivered, all her actions were abrupt with nervousness.

He was by no means poor-spirited, but he shrank openly from the look she gave him, and was relieved when she, with a sneer, passed him by and planted herself squarely before her sister.

"Well?" she demanded brusquely. "How much longer do you think I'm going to tolerate your interference—your poor little fool! How many more lessons will you require before realizing that I mean to have my way, and that you'll cross me only to suffer for it?"

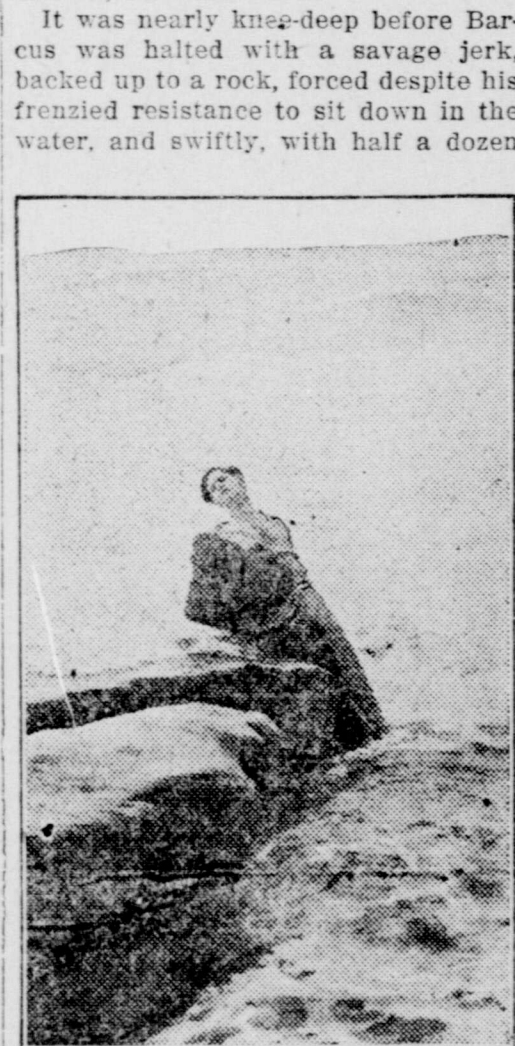
The courage of the other girl won the unstinted admiration of Mr. Barcus. Far from cringing, she seemed to find fresh heart in her sister's challenge. Her head was high, her glance level with illimitable contempt as she replied: "So you've tried again?" she inquired obliquely, with a tone of pity. "You've offered him your love yet another time, have you?"

"Silence!" Judith cried in fury. "Only to learn once more that he would rather death than you?" Rose persisted, unflinching. "And so you come to take your spite out on me, to you? You pitiful thing! Do you think I mind—knowing as I do now that he could never hold you in anything but compassion and contempt?"

For an instant there was silence; by the scorn of her sister the heat of Judith's fury had been transformed into a cold and malignant rage. She controlled herself and her voice marvelously. "You will see," she said in even and frigid accents. And the light of her mania leaped and leaped again in her eyes like a living flame. "I have prepared a way to make you understand what opposition to me means . . ."

She waved a hand toward the nearer point of rocks. "Take them along," she commanded. The understanding between her and her men was apparently complete; for these last, without hesitation or further instructions, marched Rose and Barcus down to the end of the spit and on, into the water.

It was nearly knee-deep before Barcus was halted with a savage jerk, backed up to a rock, forced despite his frenzied resistance to sit down in the water, and swiftly, with half a dozen



Already the Waters Had Risen Over an Inch.

deft hitches of rope and a stanch knot, made fast in that position—submerged to his chest.

This accomplished, the men turned attention to Rose, lashing her in similar wise at Barcus' side.

Standing just above the water-line, with every sign of complete calm and sanity other than that ominous flickering in her eyes, Judith superintended the business till its conclusion, then waved the men away.

Quietly, like well-trained servants, they turned their backs and marched off.

And again, after a brief wait, the woman laughed her short and mirthless laugh.

"The tide will be high," she said, "precisely at sunset. You may time your lives by that. When the sun dips into the sea, then will your lives go down with it."

She turned on her heel and strode swiftly away, with not so much as a backward glance, overtook her men, and passed quickly from sight around the farther point of rocks.

For some time Barcus struggled

vainly with his bonds. As for Rose, she wasted no strength in struggling—perhaps had none to waste. When he looked her way, he saw her exquisite profile unmarred by any trace of fear or doubt, sharply relieved against the darkness of the rising flood. Her level gaze without a tremor traversed the shining flood to its far horizon.

He noted that already the waters had risen more than an inch.

Humbled even in his terror by that radiant calm that dwelt upon her, he ventured diffidently: "Rose? Miss Trine—"

She turned her head and found the heart to smile. "Rose," she corrected gently.

"I'm sorry," he said—which was not at all what he had meant to say, "I've done my best. I suppose it's wrong to give up—but they've made it too much for me, this time."

"I know," she said gently. "You"—he stammered—"you're not afraid?"

"There is nothing to fear," she said, "but death."

"Then," he said more bravely, after a time—the water now was near his chin—"good-by—good luck!"

"Not yet, dear friend," she returned, "not yet."

But the sun was perilously close upon the rim of the world. But a little time, and it would be night.

He closed his eyes to shut out the vision of its slow, implacable descent. The water was now almost level with his lips; it seemed strange that



They Fought Like Madmen.

his throat could be so dry, so parched . . .

He opened his eyes, shuddering.

"It's good-by now," he faltered. "Not yet!" her voice rang beside him, vibrant. "Look—up there—along the cliff!"

He lifted his gaze . . .

Two men were running along the cliff—and the man in the lead was Alan. But his lead was very scant, and the man who pursued was one of Judith's, and stuck to the trail like a blood-hound fresh from the leash. . . .

And now the water was at his lips; Barcus could no more speak without strangling.

Of a sudden he groaned in his heart; though there was no passable way down the cliff, still the sight of his friend alive and unharmed had brought with it a thrill of hope; now that hope died as he saw Alan stumble and go to his knees.

Before he could rise the other was upon him, with the fury of a wolf seeking the throat of a stag.

For an instant they fought like madmen; then, in a trice, the sky line of the cliff was empty; one or the other had tripped and fallen over the brink, and falling had retained hold of his enemy and carried him down as well.

By no chance, Barcus told himself, could either escape uninjured.

Yet, to his amazement, he saw one man break from the other's embrace and rise. And he who lay still, a crumpled, inhuman heap upon the sands, was Judith's man.

With a violent effort Barcus lifted his mouth above water and shrieked: "Alan! Alan! Help! Here—at the end of the point—in the water—help!"

A precious minute was lost before Alan discovered their two heads, barely above the swiftly rising flood.

Then he ran toward them as he never run before, and as he came whipped out a jack-knife and freed blade.

Even so—since it was, of course, Rose whom Alan freed the first—Barcus was half-drowned before Alan helped him in turn up to the beach.

And as this happened the last blood-red rim of the sun was washed under by the waves.

Two minutes later the lifeboat was afloat, and Mr. Barcus, already recovered, was laboring with the flywheel of the motor, stimulated to supreme exertion by the sight of a party, led by Judith, racing madly down the beach.

But it was not until well out from shore and on the way to the safety promised by the mainland—now readily discernible on the horizon—that any one of them found time for speech.

Then Mr. Barcus straightened up from his assiduous attentions to the motor, and observed:

"You bear a charmed life, my adventurous friend. I want to tell you that when I saw you go over that cliff I made up my mind your usefulness would be at least permanently impaired. As it is, I don't mind telling you that if ever I get out of this affair alive, I'm going to have a try at your life myself, just once, for luck!"

(Continued)

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Hutchings Ave. Manager Ballinger, Texas

MANY A SQUARE MEAL IS SPOILED IN THE MAKING.

Inferior flour, poor potatoes, any kind of foodstuffs that are a little "off" may spoil an otherwise perfect repast. Some grocers make it a point of honor to never sell an article that is "off." They build up a reputation from which they are inseparable. It is an invaluable asset in business.

We Are Of That Class

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

MILLER MERCANTILE CO.
TWO PHONES 66 AND 77

THE JACKSON DAIRY

WILL JACKSON, Proprietor.

Will deliver milk to any part of the city
Good Milk, Good Service, Prompt Deliveries.

A Share of Your Patronage Solicited.

Will Jackson
Telephone-Rural 5903

Big Crops Demand More Room.

Figure with us for building material to enlarge and improve your home or your barn. There is a difference in lumber as well as in price. Come to our yard and let us show you.

BALLINGER LUMBER CO.

W. B. WOOD AND SON

Will Buy Your

COTTON SEED

and pay the best prices.

Before selling see them in the city.

American railways run their passenger equipment from 60 to 100 miles with periodical stops for lubrication. They expend annually large sums for expert mechanics to do nothing but make inspection and recommendation. Can the inexperience afford to undertake what the high-salaried ones are doing? Drive in and receive a thorough inspection at a nominal cost and derive the full pleasure of motoring.

LEACH AUTO WORKS

All Work Directly Under the Manager.

DON'T FORGET

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

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

Hutchings Ave., Ballinger, Texas.



Scene from "Alma Where Do You Live" a Big Musical Comedy at The Princess Theatre Thursday, November 19th.

You Called Her a Chicken and Now She Is Wearing All The Feathers, You See

BY MARGARET MASON
(Written for the United Press.)

A chicken, a broiler, a squab and a bird Fair woman's been dubbed by mere man And so she is trying to dress for the part And wear all the feathers she can

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Any sordid commercial soul can feather her own nest but it takes a true sartorial genius to feather her own costume artistically. My lady has this winter gone back to her old friend the ostrich for her borrowed plumage. The ostrich plume has returned with added prestige to its high station atop tickles the feminine fancy most of this season.

The delicacy and softness of this fragile fairy-like fringe of feather fronds makes it a particularly desirable garniture on light fluffy evening frocks, gossamer lingerie and diaphanous negligee but it is also pressed into service as suitable trimming on wraps and neck fixings.

A ravishing set of underwear consisting of an underbodice, panties and a petticoat of flesh color Pussywillow taffeta makes, good the saying "beauty unadorned adorns the most" devoid as it is of trills and furbelows. Its hem-stitched edges are finished with the soft fringe of the fresh-colored ostrich fond and a tiny garland of French ribbon roses—one on each pantie, one on the front of the corset cover and four at discreet intervals around the bottom of the petticoat, its creper simplicity.

An apricot negligee of crepe de chine cut on loose flowing kimono lines relies for ornament solely upon a fringe of apricot which borders it around the hem, up the fronts and around the neck and sleeves. A coquettish boudoir cap with a frill of ostrich fringe and shirred satin ribbon slippers, feathers around the tops, completes this desirable set.

A perfect dream of a frock which shows the feather trimming off to advantage is worn by the prima donna of "The Lilac Domino" the first of a season of Opera Comique presented by Andreas Dippel in New York. The dainty gown is built of shell pink satin and tulle. The waist which is a cross between a tight basque and a semi-fitted jacket is of the satin, it buttons up the front and the low cut neck is finished with a flat sailor collar which extends from shoulder to shoulder in the rear where there is also an up-standing Medical collar of the feather fringe.

The little jacket extends to below the hips where it ends in a feather finish and its transparent sleeves of the pink net are finished softly about the affair of the satin over which two full flounces of the tulle edged with ostrich fringe flaunt their airy charms.

Appropos of Thespian fashions in the window of an exclusive

Broadway shop is displayed a gown designed for a well known stage celebrity noted for her original and startling toilettes. This particular frock consists of a soft white blouse of china silk with a demure little around turn over collar and a pleated skirt of dark extremely fine serge which buttons high up on the blouse in extremely shortwaisted effect. Straps of the serge passed suspender like over each shoulder.

An obvious steal from the "Little Dorrit" and "David Copperfield" suits affected by all the small fry this past season it truly promised, a certain ludegerous chic and piquant simplicity to its gown wearer.

Really it isn't so much what they are wearing this year that counts as what they are not wearing. In other words you've sin-got to take off more than you put on if you would be in style these evenings.

You might with perfect impunity trot from the Turkish bath to the ball room with out a bit of hesitation for some of the smartest evening gowns fold about the waist and end abruptly just above the bust in the best manner of a bath sheet as jauntily affected by steamroom devotees. Even straps of pearls or brilliants are becoming looked upon as superfluous and a bit of whale bone up the front back and under each arm is all keeps these less-than-bodie-more-than-girle affairs above the danger line.

In a recent Broadway production called "Experience" Youth asks Fashion, who is attired in one of these nothing-above-the-bust-line confections to dance with him. "I am afraid to," says Fashion, for fear my dress might fall off.

"I am relieved," responds Youth, "for I thought it had already."

Declare War on Colds

A crusade of education which aims "that common colds may be come uncommon within the next generation" has been begun by prominent New York physicians. Here is a list of the "don'ts" which the doctors say will prevent the annual visitation of the cold:

"Don't sit in a draughty car."
"Don't sleep in hot rooms."
"Don't avoid the fresh air."
"Don't stuff yourself at meal time. Overeating reduces your resistance."

To which we would add—when you take cold get rid of it as quickly as possible. To accomplish that you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy most excellent. Sold by all dealers.

Automobile troubles, read top of first page d6t

For SORE or WEAK EYES, use Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water. Don't hurt. Feels Good. d3-1-14-6m

THE MAYOR CALLS ON THE CITIZENSHIP OF BALLINGER

Bro. Wells called a meeting of the pastors of Ballinger, who with J. W. Powell, as mayor, met at 9 o'clock this morning. Bro. Wells stated the Nazarene Church would hold their district assembly at Ballinger November 18th to 22nd and that possibly from 100 to 150 delegates would be in attendance during those five days; that homes had been provided among the citizens of this city for 50 to 60 delegates and that he had secured the Reed Hotel (formerly the Jo Wilmet residence) which is furnished, but not occupied, as a suitable place to board and care for the 50 or 60 delegates not provided with homes. It was estimated that \$3.00 per delegate would be needed. The duty of canvassing and collecting said amount was placed on the mayor, who responded that he thought the plan was economical and would be cheerfully carried out by our people and that he would in a few

days make the rounds and hand in the money.

Irregular bowel movements lead to chronic constipation and a constipated habit fills the system with impurities. Herbine is a great bowel regulator. It purifies the system, vitalizes the blood and puts the digestive organs in fine vigorous condition. Price 50c. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

J. S. Warshaw of the Winters country was transacting business in Ballinger between trains Friday and renewed his allegiance to the Banner-Ledger and Dallas News.

Mrs. N. S. Mullins at her hotel on 7th street will go out to nurse the sick at any time. Call at the hotel. 11-3rd 1tw

L. K. Parr, of the Spring Hill neighborhood passed through Ballinger Friday at noon en route to Miles where he goes to sell out a load of sweet potatoes and other produce.

If you have an Auto read top of 1st page. d6t

Life Is Constant War For Existence.

Nations Prepare for War in Time of Peace.

Individuals should safeguard against NEED in time of LARGE HARVESTS.

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

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

Ballinger State Bank & Trust Company

"We take care of our customers"

Don't Spend All You Make!

TO be successful, you must economize and there's no better way than to open a bank account and add to it as often as convenient. We solicit your account and can assure you of courteous treatment. This is one of the leading financial institutions of this County and its relations

with its patrons in the past have been both pleasant and profitable, and it will endeavor to conduct its business along these lines in the future.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS STATE BANK

"FATHERS AND MOTHERS BANK"

Black Tan and White
Best for the Shoes

2 IN 1
SHOE POLISHES

In new patent "Easy Opening Box" 10c Easiest to use

RECEIVED HIS PRIZES

Max Zechang, who raises fine hogs and Jersey cattle, was in the city Thursday from his place east of Ballinger and had his pockets full of blue and red ribbons and checks received as prizes on his thoroughbred Berkshire and Poland China hogs, exhibited at the San Angelo fair last week.

CITY MEAT MARKET

We always handle the very best meats of all kinds that the market affords, and your orders promptly attended to at all hours. We will buy your stock and hides from you at top prices, when you have anything to sell. We guarantee first-class meats and we handle the same in a sanitary way. Your orders appreciated. City Meat Market, Telephone 185 STANLEY CAMERON, Prop dwtf.

Rev. Boyd of Winters, passed through Ballinger Thursday afternoon en route to Gatesville on a short business trip.

GO TO—Ballinger Saddlery Mfg. Co., successors to T. S. Lankford for Saddles, Harness, etc. Complete line of Saddlery goods, and accessories. Shoe work and general repairing our specialty. E. J. CATHEY, Mgr. 12-1mon d&w.

FOR SALE—Empty 50 gallon barrels. \$1.00 per barrel. N. Pas-sur. 11-dtf

Mrs. H. L. Chapman and son Master Marshall, of Winters, passed through Ballinger Thursday en route to Temple to visit her son a few weeks. They will also visit at other points in the east before returning home.

In damp chilly weather there is always a large demand for Ballard's Snow Liniment because many people who know by experience its great relieving power in rheumatic aches and pains, prepare to apply it at the first twinge. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

Rev. Hardin of Paint Rock, at one time pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Ballinger, passed thru here Thursday en route home from a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Guy McDonald of Winters. He also visited friends at Miles while in this section.

Cause of Insomnia
The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach and constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brooks and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Connelly of Fulton, Ky., came in Thursday to visit their relatives Uncle Jack Maxwell and family of our city and other relatives in this county a few weeks.

For Sale.
Seed wheat, oats and barley go to Missouri Milling Co., Ballinger. 28-dwtf

BODY OF WOMAN FOUND IN RIVER

MURPHYSBORO, Ill., Nov. 13.—The body of a comely young woman, weighted with a rock wired to her neck, was found in a river near here early today.

It is probable that the body is that of Mrs. Ethel McAnil who was separated from her husband some time ago. He disapproved of her joining the Holy Rollers and this brought on the separation.

Searchers are dragging for a fifteen-month-old baby which has also disappeared.

Rub a sore throat with BALLARD'S Snow Liniment. One or two applications will cure it completely. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

BROWNWOOD HIGH HERE SATURDAY

According to those who have had charge of the management of the Ballinger High School football club, the game which will be staged with the Brownwood High eleven tomorrow afternoon, promises to be one of the most hotly contested affairs of the season. Never before in the history of the local club has there been such a strong team to go up against as the Brownwood High. Indications today are that the Ballinger High will be able to put up a creditable showing against the Easterners. Practice games have been the order of the week with the Ballinger squad getting ready for the big fray. An unusually large attendance is expected at tomorrow's game. The entire membership of the club is making a personal appeal to the lovers of football to attend the game. The Brownwood team will arrive on the noon train Saturday and will immediately retire to the park where the clash will occur.

Tonight

Tonight, if you feel dull or stupid, or bilious and constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets and you will feel all right tomorrow. For Sale by all dealers

STATISTICS ON LIVESTOCK RECEIPTS AT FT. WORTH

Fort Worth, Nov. 13.—A report issued today by the local Stockyards Company shows very plainly that the livestock receipts on the Fort Worth yards during October have not slumped one iota, but on the contrary have made a substantial gain compared with the number of head received for the same period of 1913. The report shows that 204,326 head of livestock were received here during October of this year as against 169,499 head for same month last year. Hogs manifested the highest increase, there being 54,589 head last month as compared with 36,610 head for October 1913. According to the Stock Yards Company, 100,269 head of cattle were unloaded on the local yards during October.

The Magic Washing Stick

I am perfectly delighted with the Magic Washing Stick. It makes the clothes so pretty and white and it saves time and labor. I would give it for nothing I have ever used. I can recommend it highly as a labor saver as you don't have to rub the clothes at all," writes Mrs. M. A. Graham, Dustin, Okla. Guaranteed to contain no lye, acid, alkali or any injurious ingredient. A truly wonderful article. Three Magic Washing Sticks for 25c. Sold by grocers and druggists or sent by mail. A. B. Richards Medicine Co. Sherman, Texas.

Carl Ekdoll of Fort Worth, wholesale representative of the Cameron Lumber Company was interviewing our lumber men Friday.

For Sale.

Seed wheat, oats and barley go to Missouri Milling Co., Ballinger. 28-dwtf

Mrs. Freeman, of Abilene, came in Thursday night on a visit to her son, J. A. Freeman and family.

E. V. Bateman, the lumber dealer, left Friday morning for Santa Anna.

LABORERS MOURN 259 MINE VICTIMS

CHERRY, Ill., Nov. 13.—Five years ago in this little coal mining community took place a disaster that cost the lives of 259 breadwinners and today their brothers of the great family of organized labor gathered here to mourn their loss. It was the anniversary of the explosion in a mine in which nearly three hundred men were trapped by a gas explosion and flames. A few escaped, twenty were found alive after being imprisoned for one week and the remainder perished.

The ceremonies included a memorial parade headed by a funeral band and addresses by labor leaders. The speakers were Duncan McDonald, secretary-treasurer, Adolph Germer, vice president, Frank Hefferly, executive board member, all of the Illinois mine workers, and Frank Farrington, international board member of the United Mine Workers of America.

A Night of Terror

Few nights are more terrible than that of a mother looking on her child choking and gasping for breath during an attack of croup, and nothing in the house to relieve it. Many mothers have passed nights of terror in this situation. A little forthright will enable you to avoid this. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain cure for croup and has never been known to fail. Keep it at hand. For sale by all dealers.

C. R. STEPHENS BUYS NEW MODEL OVERLAND

C. R. Stephens has just purchased from the Higginbotham-Currie-Williams Co., a new model Overland touring car. The new Overland has some features and is self-starter and electric light equipment, and I said to be one of the prettiest cars sold in this section. The new car will be seen on the streets at an early date. Mr. Stephens sold his Ford some time ago.

Regulate the bowels when they fail to move properly. Herbine is an admirable bowel regulator. It helps the liver and stomach and restores a fine feeling of strength and buoyancy. Price 50c. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

\$200 REWARD

for best motion picture plots by amateurs. Not a school. Particulars for stamp. Photoplay Bureau, Fulton, Mo. d2t pd

Ed Dozier of Paint Rock, had business in Ballinger a few hours Thursday afternoon.

Bad Headaches Now Avoidable

It is not necessary now to let headache wear itself out. You can avoid it. Just step in any good drug store and ask at the fountain for Hicks' Capudine, which is so successful in relieving headache because it gets at the cause, whether from cold, heat, gripp or nervousness. It is liquid and pleasant to take. Don't ever suffer from headache when this remedy stops it so easily. Have the druggist wrap up a bottle for you to take home—10c, 25c and 50c sizes.

When Tired And Thirsty

Drop in at my store and get an ice cold soda. Candies, cakes, nuts and all kinds of confections.

M. Passur

FIRE INSURANCE
The Best Companies
PROMPT SERVICE
Your business solicited.
Miss Maggie Sharp.
Upstairs in old Fidelity
Credit Co. Office. Phone 215. See Me.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

COTTON PICKERS ARE ENJOYING CITY LIFE TODAY

With the moisture caused by the slight rain of yesterday and the continuation of threatening weather over the county, many cotton pickers are today being kept from their fields and are enjoying city life. Because they cannot get to the white staple in the fields, many of them have flocked to the various towns over Kuntz county and are spending their idle moments, enjoying the change of life.

Cotton raisers are heard today complaining of the bad weather thrust upon them at this inopportune time. Many of them are in the very midst of gathering their cotton, and the rain of yesterday and the night prior is causing them to be out a great outlay of money in keeping up the pickers who might be working for a stipulated price per hundred pounds accompanied by their board.

Although the crowd in the city today from the rural sections is greater than usual, the visitors here Saturday are expected to break all records in attendance. Ballinger merchants have offered inducements to the citizens of the county in the way of attractive merchandise offers, and this fact is believed to be a drawing card.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Send for circulars free. Take Hall's Family Pills for

NURSE SUFFERS FROM WRIST CUT

By United Press
SAN ANTONIO, Nov. 13.—Miss Emma Burgemeister, a pretty nurse, is today recovering in a hospital here from a cut on the wrist inflicted by a man in her room yesterday.

Otto Koehler, a millionaire was killed in the nurse's room yesterday. Miss Burgemeister claimed self defense.

The family of Koehler claimed that the woman is unknown to them but it is reported the nurse was a companion of Koehler's invalid wife.

WANTED TO RENT—Three or four room house, close in at about two or three dollars per month. Will take it permanently and keep it in good repair. Phone or see me at Roark's Tailor Shop. R. McCown. 11-3tdpd

ROYAL ARCH MASONS ATTENTION

Regular meeting tonight, Friday, Nov. 13th, at 8 o'clock. All members hereby notified to be present, imperative. By order of High Priest, J. McGREGOR, Sec.

George Milliken of the Old Runnels neighborhood, was among the business visitors in Ballinger Thursday.

Mrs. Max Zechang left Thursday afternoon for San Antonio to visit relatives a few weeks.

Stops Rheumatic Pain Right Now
It is astonishing how quickly Hunt's Lightning Oil relieves pain. Rub it on and the hurting fades away almost instantly. That's why many people keep it in their home for one never knows when they will need this excellent liniment. For Neuralgia, headache and the like there is nothing better. Sold by all Druggists in 25c and 50c bottles.

PRINCESS THEATRE

Tonight

Picture Program

"The Perils of Pauline"
4th Episode

"Our Mutual Girl"

The Painted Lady's Child
—2 reel American.

The Eavesdropper — Keystone.

Saturday Night—
Arthur Kachel
Musician

Admission 10c

QUEEN GIVES BENE-FIT TONIGHT

The Queen Theatre will share its door receipts with the football boys tonight, showing a Mexican drama in two acts and a Joker comedy, making an unusually good program for the evening's entertainment at the Queen.

Saturday is Trey O'Hearts day at the Queen. The fifth installment of this thrilling story appears in today's Ledger and beginning tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock the Queen will show the fifth installment of a play that is attracting attention in hundreds of playhouses. An increased price is being charged at many places where the Trey O'Hearts makes up the program, but the Queen only charges one price—10 cents.

In addition to the Trey O'Hearts tomorrow the great feature play "Masked Mystery" will help to make up the regular Saturday program at the Queen.

A continued show will be given at the Queen, beginning at 2 o'clock and continuing until every patron has seen the program.

LOST—Sealed envelope addressed "Buckley Bros." New York. Finder hand same to Ledger or Mrs. Julia McMin. 1td

Wicks Currie had business at Talpa Friday.

"THE OLD RELIABLE"
PLANTEN'S
C & C OR BLACK
CAPSULES
REMEDY FOR MEN.
AT YOUR DRUGGIST.

QUEEN THEATRE

TONIGHT

TODAY'S PROGRAM

(Eclair) "The Aztec Treasure," a Mexican drama in 2 acts with Edna Payne and Robert Frazer.
(Joker) Comedy—"Jane's Lovers, or Back Up, the Lady Belongs to Me," with Earnest Shields and Eddie Boland.

This is a benefit for the Football Team. Come and Help the Boys.

Tomorrow we open at 2 p. m. in addition to "Trey O'Hearts" we have secured the great feature play "Masked Mystery." This feature played in all the leading theatres and they charged an admission of 20c and 30c, our price the same 10 cents

Admission 10 CENTS

THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF The First National Bank

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

...THE...

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Member of Federal Reserve System.



Roadster \$479.00
Touring Cars \$529.00
F. O. B. Ballinger

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

Harwell Motor Co. Ballinger Texas