

THE DAILY LEDGER.

VOLUME XI

MEMBER UNITED PRESS

BALLINGER, RUNNELS COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 24 1916.

Price 4 Cts.

WHY NOT BUY---A GOOD BUGGY

Moon Bros.

A NEW CAR JUST RECEIVED

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

Van Pelt, Kirk and Mack

"Tell the TRUTH Advertisers"

PERSHING REPORTS NO BATTLE FOUGHT

...NEW ARRIVALS... FOOTWEAR

We are showing a complete line of fine grade, men's and ladies' seasonable slippers and shoes and guarantee a saving from

\$1.00 to \$2.00
on every pair. Don't fail to see them.

Wilson Bros., shirts and furnishings. All new styles, Spring suits and dresses, cool clothing, Panama and straw hats—See them at—

D. REEDER

MAN KILLS WIFE

FLEES TO BRUSH.

Oklahoma City, March 24.—An unconfirmed report has just been received here from Checotah, Oklahoma, saying that a man by the name of Hadley, killed his wife and attempted to get away, was later captured by a posse who pursued him to a point six miles north of Checotah.

RUSSIANS GAINING; FRENCH LOSING

By United Press
BERLIN, March 24.—It is officially announced today that the Germans are making a steady retreat from the Russians heavy fire along the eastern front, but claim to continue a gain in the Verdun district.

NAVAL BATTLE IN PROGRESS

Amsterdam, March 24.—Flushing report received here indicate that a naval battle is in progress in the English Channel.

ARM FRACTURED WHEN CHILD FALLS FROM SWING

The little five-year-old daughter of Hays Dickinson, who lives north of Ballinger, fell from a swing Thursday and sustained a badly fractured arm. The child had made a swing with strings and climbed up in the swing when it gave way with the above results.

Watch the Fords Go By.

Ballinger Kids in Moving Pictures

—at—
PRINCESS THEATRE
Friday and Saturday
(This Week)

Admission Each Night
10 Cents

See animated pictures of school children in parade—Street scenes—Ballinger homes—To be shown in addition to regular program.

BORDER CONDITION REPORTS ARE FALSE

By United Press
WASHINGTON, March 24.—Following a cabinet meeting held today, administration officials declared that a vast amount of alarming misinformation was being disseminated from border points along the Mexican line, and that false reports were being sent out concerning the condition. The war department says that the people are expecting certain things to happen, and are reporting them before they happen.

The President and cabinet decided at its meeting this morning that no mobilization orders for national troops increase to guard the Mexican border would be made at present, but it was officially stated that possibly additional regulars would be put on the border for guard duty.

MISSING AVIATOR FOUND ON DESERT

COLUMBUS, N. M. March 24.—Lieut. Edgar S. Gorrell of the United States aerial corps, who has been missing since last Sunday, was found late yesterday three miles south of Ascension by a motor truck train under Lieut. J. L. Perkinson, Twentieth Infantry, according to reports here. Lieutenant Gorrell was uninjured but was out of gasoline and had lost his way.

Lieutenant Gorrell had been alone for forty-eight hours in the middle of a sand swept, uninhabited plateau.

The flier said that shortly after the start he lost sight of the other planes and missed his way. After flying for miles over the surrounding country in an effort to determine his whereabouts, he was forced to alight on the plateau because of a leaking fuel tank. The gasoline oozed away and he was unable to find the leak in the darkness. There was no sign of human habitation and no vegetation on the height except burned clumps of bunch grass. He finally made his way to a recently abandoned American camping place on the wagon trail about six miles southeast. There he placed a note telling of his whereabouts and condition on a stick which he drove firmly in the ground near the trail. Being unwilling to leave his plane unprotected, he made his way back to the lake with the realization that if he attempted to find a village he probably would wander in the hills at the risk of encountering bandits or wild animals. He said he was confident that his note would be found before his supply of three days rations gave out.

When he was rescued he had been without food for twenty-four hours and said that he had about determined to attempt to find succor.

Aboard the trucks which rescued him were several barrels of gasoline and with the aid of some tools obtained from the truckmen Lieutenant Gorrell sordered his tank and rose in a flight which he predicted would end in Casas Grandes in an hour. He left the earth with a wave of the hand to the soldiers on the truck train as he shouted "I'll get there this time boys."

C. E. Abernathy, one of the prominent stockmen of Garden City, formerly of our county, was greeting friends and looking after business affairs in Ballinger Friday.

SAN ANTONIO, March 24.—Gen. Funston received a lengthy report from Gen. Pershing this afternoon. The message says in part:

"Have placed two columns of American troops in the vicinity of Namiquipa, 120 miles southeast of Casas Grandes. Dust storm interferes from crowding in on enemy. Aeroplanes proving useless in this country. Have established a temporary supply base at El Valle, 55 miles south of Casas Grandes. Unless can get immediate use of Mexican railroads, more motor trucks must be bought and put into service to send supplies which are badly needed."

Gen. Funston says too many wild stories are being sent from El Paso, and referred to the Herrera revolt reports as an example of what trouble and confusion a false report will cause. He suggests that the public put no credence in any report until it is branded "official."

Telegrams received at Funston headquarters here from the Arizona governor say that the people in and around Nogales, Arizona, are uneasy and there is excitement caused by a large number of Mexicans on the Arizona side of the line carrying arms and buying more arms. Gen. Funston stated that he could not send troops to every place calling for help, saying that it would take all of the army. He does not think trouble imminent. He says he only has a thin patrol along the border.

ALLIES REJECT PROPOSAL

By United Press
WASHINGTON, March 24.—The American government received a joint reply from the allies today, in which the allies reject the proposal made by the American government for disarmament of merchantmen.

ATTENDED FUNERAL

Besides the relatives of Wingate Rev. Yates and Messrs. S. L. Eason, E. B. Laughter, D. W. Rogers, Morrison, of Wingate, and W. P. Hawkins of Winters, also John Bigby, John Simmons and J. M. Greenhill of the Pony creek country, were in Ballinger Friday to attend the funeral of Grandpa Cathey. Also Dr. Dixon and wife, E. J. Guinn, Mr. Findley and the Gannaway brothers of the Wingate country.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH

Service and sermon 7:45 p. m. tonight. Subject, "Christ's Third Utterance from the Cross." All are cordially invited.

Rev. W. T. Allan, Rector.

To The Hen—Oh, Lovely Hen! Alas, my child, where is the Pen That can do justice to the Hen? Like Royalty, she goes her way Laying foundations every day Though not for Public Buildings, yet For Custard, Cake and Omelette. Or, if too old for such a use They have their fling at some abuse.

As when to censure plays unfit. Upon the stage they make a hit, Or at elections seal the fate Of an obnoxious candidate. No wonder, child, we prize the Hen, Whose egg is mightier than the pen.

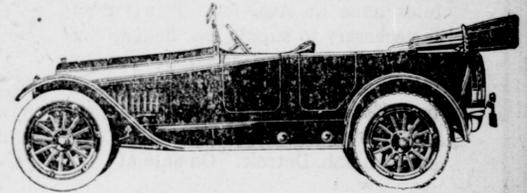
—Selected.

HERRERA REVOLT IS OFFICIALLY DENIED

By United Press
WASHINGTON, March 24.—The rumor reported during last two days that Gen. Herrera had revolted and joined the Villa bandits with 2000 troops, was officially put at rest today by a denial report from the Chihuahua City Consular made to the war department.

This report is also substantiated by a message direct from Gen. Herrera to the Carranza consul at San Antonio, in which the Carranza general says: "Your telegram of yesterday received. Deny emphatically in my name the rumor that the reaction have circulated in San Antonio, saying that I have gone to Villa. On the contrary, I am ready to right him as energetically as possible."

W. A. Nance Henry Jones



Bargains! Bargains!! Bargains!!! in SECOND HAND CARS

1 Brush, will run, \$40.00 cash.
1 Overland, dandy good car, tires all good, cost \$1100, will sell for \$350; \$200 cash balance \$12.50 per month. This car is worth \$500.
1 Auburn, 5 passenger, electric starter and lights, spare rim and tire, cost \$1850; will sell at \$450; \$250 cash balance next fall. A snap for some one on an up-to-date car.
1 new Ford will sell for \$15.00 off list.
1 4 passenger Metz, cost \$650 good as new, will take \$250 \$150 cash balance \$10 per month.

We Cut the Price on Everything for Autos
Gasoline 20c. Spark Plugs Champion X 30c. Any Plug not over 50c. Dry Batteries 30c. See us—

BALLINGER AUTO COMPANY

Opposite Court House Lawn.

Telephone Number 505

"CABIRIA"

at

Princess

Tuesday, March 28th.

"Said by Some to Equal
"The Birth of a Nation."
First \$2 to play New
York City." Here for
Popular Prices.



TONIGHT

PICTURE PROGRAM

See Yourself in the Movies
—Animated moving picture
views of Ballinger, showing
the School children in parade.
Street scenes and Ballinger's
beautiful residences

Edison drama in four acts
**"THE TRUTH ABOUT
HELEN"**

Hearst-Vitagraph News Pictorial

7000 Feet, admission 10 c

THE DAILY LEDGER

Published every afternoon except Sunday by the Ballinger Printing Company.

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

FUNNY FOLKS

People are thoughtless. They do things some times without any thought of injury to others. We are reminded of this by the way in which people have quit using the sidewalk and have beaten out a walk at the home of Mrs. R. A. Smith. It has become necessary to drive stobs along the walk to keep the people off the grass. If there had been no nice walk provided and the people had been compelled to walk on the grass they would no doubt have registered a complaint. It's funny.—Ballinger Ledger.

The same kind of funny folks wore out a deep gully with their feet across the lawn of the First Christian church in Abilene. The sidewalk was there—two of 'em—and a blind man could have told that the gully was a disfigurement. Rather than walk two steps out of the way, our master the Great American Public strutted four times daily across that piece of lawn until last Friday the church was forced to block the path with sign boards and a warning. It reveals an American characteristic rather than pure carelessness. When the American starts anywhere he wants to get there in the quickest and shortest possible way, and he is inclined to

trample on things. No doubt most of them felt a pricking of the conscience as they walked across the lawn, but they saw that everybody else was doing it and saved their own conscience with that reflection.—Abilene Reporter.

And you might have added, folks are like sheep; where one leads others will follow. Bad leaders make bad folks. If you'll keep off the grass maybe the other fellow won't find it so easy to ease his conscience when he makes a crooked step.

BUYING AT HOME CREATES HELPFULNESS

Success comes largely by favor. Many people wonder how some fellows get along so easily. Usually there is no magic or secret about it. They have been trying all their lives to make friends. If they have anything to sell, whether a line of merchandise or personal services, a host of their neighbors around them are glad to turn things their way. Buying in one's home town is the simplest and easiest way to create helpful business relations.—Ballinger Ledger.

Then you spoke a parable that applies alike to the consumer and the merchant as well. The merchant should be the leaders among those who buy at home.—Temple Telegram.

Certainly the merchants should take the lead and practice what they preach. And did you ever stop to think how discouraging it is to the home printer to know that some public officials send away from home for work that the

home boys should have, all things being equal. Only a few days ago the copy for a communication to be published in our paper, boosting the town, was handed to us by a public official, and the copy was written on a common, ordinary printed letterhead, printed by some out of town printing plant. It is our business to boost our home town, however, and a pleasure, but it hurts when we do the boosting and the other fellow gets the business that should be handled by the home printer.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HOME GAS MACHINE ON EXHIBITION HERE

Can be put on in 2 minutes. Makes gas from water, air, and cheap coal oil, costs less than 1-2 of wood coal, coal oil, or gasoline. The cheapest, softest and best cooking and heating fuel known. So simple and safe any child can use it, 60 per cent of its heat comes from the water and air that cost nothing.

No ashes, no soot, no odor, no wicks, no fires to kindle. Thousands now in use.

Ladies and business men invited to see the free demonstration day and night on large range all kinds of cooking done. It costs you nothing to see this wonderful invention, and to test one in your own home.

"See Water Burn" next to State Bank. 22-dtf

Sign of Good Digestion. When you see a cheerful and happy old lady you may know that she has good digestion. If your digestion is impaired or if you do not relish your meals take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. They strengthen the stomach, improve the digestion and cause a gentle movement of the bowels. Obtainable everywhere.

Tinker or Thinker—Which? "Get an Overland." O'Kelley & Walton.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

H. N. Pope

ON OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

Our educational system is more in need of intelligent consideration than any other public institution supported by the people. There has been much said and done about our penitentiary system and making good citizens out of criminals is a laudable undertaking, but children are more important and more numerous than convicts, and we should all go to school a part of the time and keep out of the penitentiary all the time. Our educational system has defects both natural and acquired which should be remedied. I will mention a few of them:

We have in Texas a half million children of scholastic age that do not attend school. The census enumerators found that 42 per cent of our children of school age were not enrolled in any kind of a school. The average annual attendance of those who do enter is 56 days, and we rank 42nd with other States in this respect. Seven per cent of our white and 25 per cent of our colored population that is ten years of age and over is unable to read and write, and if we do not overcome illiteracy more rapidly in the future than we have in the past decade, it will require three generations for all our people to become able to read and write. A comparison of our percentage of illiteracy with other states shows that we rank 36th and we have remained stationary in relative position during the past decade. This defect could, it seems, be best remedied by a compulsory educational law, and the Farmers' Union has always stood for such legislation. Texas is one of the six remaining states that has never adopted a compulsory educational law, and these states are at the bottom of the list in illiteracy.

Turning to the other extreme we will examine the finished product of our educational system regarding the State University as a basis. In looking over a recent bulletin issued by the University listing the occupations of nearly a thousand graduates after leaving the University we find that 53 per cent have been elected to office, and probably half the remainder were beaten in the race for office, making a total of 75 per cent politicians with, of course, an occasional statesman. Many of these boys soon after they graduate get into the legislature and sow their wild oats on the statute books. Thirty-five per cent of the University's male graduates are lawyers, and many times they take good plow hands and make poor lawyers out of them. Every time the University turns out a lawyer it thrusts upon society an expense of thousands of dollars, and it costs the people approximately \$200.00 to educate one, for the tax payer supports the University. It must be said to the credit of the University, however, that it has among its graduates some of the most capable citizens of Texas.

The farmers of this state want the University to favor higher education, and we must have lawyers in reasonable quantities and statesmen are a necessity in government, but the educational system of Texas needs a general overhauling, and the farmers want to hear the subject discussed.

AGED PIONEER DIED THURSDAY

William Glenn Cathey died at the home of his son-in-law, T. S. Lankford, in Ballinger, Thursday afternoon, March 23, at two-thirty o'clock at the ripe old age of almost eighty years.

Grandpa Cathey, as he was familiarly known by a large host of friends, has been a resident of this county for many years. No man could claim more friends among his acquaintances, and he was loyal to every trust. Becoming a member of the Methodist church at fourteen years of age, he had lived for sixty-six years a life in keeping with the teachings of his church, and while his body has returned to dust, the influence of a christian and sunshiny life will never die.

For the greater part of his residence in this county, Mr. Cathey has lived at Wingate. He visited in Ballinger often, coming here to see his children, and always had a good word for his many friends here. During the last two or three years his visits have not been so often on account of his feeble health. About one month ago he was brought to the local sanitarium for treatment, and when the physicians announced that on account of his age they could only give him temporary relief, he requested that he be removed to the home of his daughter, where he could spend the remaining days of his life, and be surrounded with his children and grand children. He died as he lived, in perfect peace and his death is only a sleep.

Deceased is survived by a wife and five children and quite a number of grand children and several great grand children. Mrs. T. S. Lankford, a daughter, and E. J. Cathey, a son, reside in Ballinger, while two sons, J. W. Cathey, and E. M. Cathey, reside at Wingate, Mrs. Johnson, a daughter, resides in New Mexico. All were present at the funeral, expect Mrs. Johnson.

The funeral services were conducted Friday morning at ten o'clock, the services being held at the residence where death occurred, Rev. Yates pastor of the Methodist church at Wingate, conducting the services, and a long procession formed and accompanied the remains to the City Cemetery where they were tenderly laid to rest.

In the death of Grandpa Cathey Rummels county has lost a good citizen, and The Ledger joins the many friends of the relatives, whose loss is the greatest, in extending sympathy.

Col. C. L. Morgan and daughter Miss Alice returned home Friday at noon from a visit and fishing trip of two weeks at Coleman. Mrs. W. D. Allen and baby, accompanied them home to visit a few weeks.

MICHELIN-FOUNDED-1832



MICHELIN
Universal Tread
A real advance
This Is The
New Tire Everyone Is Talking About
Harwell Motor Co.
Ballinger, Texas
ONE QUALITY ONLY - THE BEST

RUNNELS COUNTY SCHOOL BETTERMENT LEAGUE

The Rummels County School Betterment League has been organized for the purpose of encouraging school improvement. Its name tells its mission—to better rural schools. While a great wave of school improvement buildings, up-to-date equipment, increase of the school tax rate to the maximum in more than half the districts in the county, etc., still there is room for greater improvement than has yet been accomplished. And, while this improvement is to be fostered by the league along general lines, for the present at least, stress is to be laid on Rural School Sanitation and Attractiveness.

In this we have the pledged support of the teachers of the county, the county school trustees, and a great body of local trustees and patrons. Surely there will be found no one to be little or discourage the movement. The need for such an organized effort is evident, and co-operation is necessary to accomplish the most.

The plan is nothing new. Even the score card is borrowed almost entirely from other counties that have been getting marvelous results by this very method. The plan is as follows:

A score card is worked out as a basis for grading. For convenience the county is divided into five districts. A committee is appointed to visit each school in its district, examine carefully the conditions and grade every feature. Thus, every school enters the contest whether it so desires or not. Each school is expected to try to win first place in its district. After all the schools have been visited and graded another committee will visit the winning schools in the five districts, check up and compare carefully, announce the county winner and publish the results of its findings.

These committees plan to visit all schools by April 15, and already you may see signs of improvements as a result of this anticipated visit.

Below is given a copy of the score card to be used this year. The number of points indicates the highest possible score for that item. You will note that credits are given those items for which teacher and children are chiefly responsible.

Inspection score Card.
I. House: Ventilation 5 points, state of repair 5 points, orderly arrangement 10 points, individual hangers 5 points, cleanliness of floor 25 points, cleanliness of walls 15 points, cleanliness of stove 5 points, cleanliness of black board 5 points, cleanliness of desks 5 points.

II. Grounds: Grading of grounds 40 points, rubbish 25 points, boundaries indicated 10 points, provision for healthful sports 25 points.

III. Water: Container 40 points, individual cups 40 points, source 15 points, possibility of infection 5 points.

IV. Toilets: Soil pollution 40 points, flies and other sources 30 points, light and ventilation 10 points, position 5 points, hangers 21-2 points, comfort (roomy) 2

1-2 points, height of stool 2 1-2 points, seat 2 1-2 points, freedom from odors 5 points.

When to Take Chamberlain's Tablets.

When you feel dull and stupid after eating.

When constipated or bilious.

When you have a sick headache.

When you have a sour stomach.

When you belch after eating.

When you have indigestion.

When nervous or despondent.

When you have no relish for your meals.

When your liver is torpid.

Obtainable everywhere.

Five pounds good Pea Berry Coffee for one dollar. Roten's Grocery Store. Phone 101.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbons. Take no other. Buy your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best. Sold Always R. K. Childs. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

BALLINGER JUNK CO.
C. J. RODGERS, Manager
Wholesale and retail dealers in metals, boxes, bottles, sacks, rubber, scrap iron, rags, old rope, etc. At Star Wagon Yard

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

All Copy for Political Announcements must be accompanied by Cash.

Subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, July 25th:

For District Judge of the 35th Judicial District:

JOHN W. GOODWIN.

Representative 11th District: WALACE E. HAWKINS.

For County Clerk: W. C. McCARVER, C. C. COCKRELL, H. G. SECREST, A. L. SPANN.

For Tax Assessor: C. C. SCHUCHARD, T. H. CURRY, JOE TURNER, WILLIE STEPHENS, L. R. LITTLE.

For County Attorney: C. P. SHEPHERD.

For County Treasurer: W. L. BROWN.

For Tax Collector: W. T. PADGETT, MIKE C. BOYD, M. D. CHASTAIN, JOHN BALLEW.

For Sheriff: J. D. PERKINS, E. F. (Earl) EDWARDS.

For County Judge: O. L. PARISH, C. H. WILLINGHAM.

For District Clerk: (Miss) MARY PHILLIPS.

For County Superintendent of Schools: W. W. WOOTEN, E. L. HAGAN.

For Commissioner Pre. No. 1: E. C. MOOR, R. P. KIRK.



Princess Theatre Tuesday, March 28th

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The largest shoe factory in the country makes less than one-fortieth of the entire shoe output, but the Ford Motor Company builds half of all the automobiles made in America. This volume is necessary to supply the demands of people who are looking for economy at a low cost. Get yours today! Runabout \$390; Touring car \$440; Coupelet \$590; Town car \$640; Sedan \$740. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. On sale at

Harwell Motor Co.
Ballinger, Texas

Effective January 10th, 1916

To all Patrons of The Leach Auto Works

I intend to keep employed a very limited amount of workmen and by so doing, conduct a Quality Service Station only. Can take care of any high-class technical job requiring skill and painstaking care.

Owing to the shop requiring all of my time and the extra cost of collections, I am discontinuing the monthly account system. Please govern yourself accordingly.

Yours Truly
H. M. LEACH

The Ideal Barber Shop

Wants You to Use
5 in 1

Guaranteed to relieve Dandruff, Itching Scalp, Falling Hair and "Milk Crust" on babies. **CRACKERS:** Apply freely each day for 12 days. Wash or Shampoo the hair the 6th and 12th days. If you are not then satisfied your money will be returned.

CHAS. A. FAVOR & CO., Mfgs.
Houston, Texas.



The greatest of all Frank Spearman's railroad stories
SHOWN IN MOTION PICTURE AT THE QUEEN THEATRE EVERY SATURDAY.

(Continued from Yesterday)

FRANK MORAN FACES A LIFETIME CHANGE

By United Press

NEW YORK, March 24.—Frank Moran, the red-haired, bull-necked challenger of Jess Willard is ready for the fight of his life. In every fibre of his being the Pittsburgh heavyweight today felt confident of beating Willard tomorrow night before a mammoth crowd in Madison Square Garden, and sending his name down in pugilistic history as one of the greatest fighters the game ever knew.

On the big fight depends Moran's status in the annals of the game. If he sprawls Willard's six feet six inches of length on the canvas tomorrow night it is a safe bet that the daddy of the future will take little Willie on his knee and point out the moral of "the bigger they are the harder they fall," with Moran playing the stellar role in the narrative.

If Willard drops Moran then Frank's name won't amount to much more than an indecible entry in the game of pugilism.

Moran is trained to the minute, hard as a stony-hearted village squire and beaming with health and strength. He has had everything on the training program from hard outdoor work to exercise with the chest weights and long sessions of sparring with his training mates. Frank Moran is ready.

The sheriff in the council chamber found himself surrounded. He went to the door and addressed the mob. He told them he would defend the prisoner with his life. The officer went inside, fastening the door behind him, and his men made a barricade of desks to protect themselves from occasional bullets that now whistled through the big windows opening on Main street. But though the men made themselves safe for the time being, a stray shot struck the wires leading from the telephone and in contact with a scratch pad. Unobserved by anyone in the excitement of the moment the paper caught by the short circuit began to smoke. In a moment it blazed up; little tongues of fire began to lick the wall beside which the pad lay. At this juncture Rhinelander with his men eager for a fray pulled into the station.

Scrambling from the flat car they hastened, led by Rhinelander, up Main street. The sheriff perceiving timely aid in sight, bunched his men and charged out into the street. Taken front and rear, the mob scattered and the sheriff dividing the new arrivals into posses under his deputies, pursued the rioters as they dispersed.

Desultory shooting went on for a few minutes. Rhinelander with Helen and Storm, had joined the sheriff and explanations had just begun when Helen, locking down street, called the attention of her companions to smoke issuing from the front windows of the city hall.

"By jingo," cried the sheriff, dash-

ing away, "I've got a prisoner chained in there—Spike."

With exclamations of horror, Helen and her companions followed the officer on the run. The fire in the council chamber was making headway fast. Helen, going as close as she dared to the open window, called loudly for Spike. There was no answer. Fol-



Struggling to Tear Loose From His Shackles.

lowed by Storm she rushed for the door. But the sheriff caught the young engineer and held him back. Helen had already passed through the doorway and amid the smoke and flame saw Spike, chained to the floor, struggling with superhuman strength to tear loose from his shackles.

Outside, Storm, hurling off the hands of the restraining sheriff, ran in after Helen. He found her vainly endeavoring to release Spike. The heavy black smoke billowing from the rear wall threatened to suffocate them. But Storm, Helen and Spike helpings, seized the heavy chains in his hands and, ripped the boards in which the staples were embedded, completely out of the floor. Then pushing Spike with loud shouts ahead, dragged the boards after him, Helen and Storm, half choked, hurried from the burning room into the street.

Firemen coming up took charge of the conflagration. But the sheriff detained Spike again, telling him he was a prisoner.

In Seagru's room, not far away, Doctor Torpy was examining Bill's head. He discovered almost at once that the foreman had not been shot at all.

"You're not hurt," said the doctor, laughing. "But they're trying to hang one of your men down street right now for shooting you. Better notify your gang to call things off." The doctor turned to the window, threw up the sash and called out into the street.

The sheriff, below, was turning Spike over to a deputy when, hearing his name called, he looked up and saw Torpy at the window. The doctor beckoned. "Bring that man up here, sheriff," he cried.

In walked the sheriff, followed by Spike, Helen, Storm and Rhinelander. Bill sheepishly submitted to being made an exhibit and the surgeon showed to the sheriff the wound made on his temple by the awning hook. There was nothing to do but release Spike with apologies which the latter received with a dry grunt.

Helen could not restrain her satisfaction but more good luck was in store for her. She saw on the table the missing book of deeds. "There!" she cried to the sheriff, "is your real explanation." She pointed to Seagru. "Arrest that man, not Spike!"

Seagru, knowing the sheriff was his friend, boldly denied all knowledge of the book. "These people," he pointed to Storm and his companions, "probably planted this here in my absence. You ought to arrest them!"

Spike smiled grimly as the sheriff looked from one to the other of the contending parties and listened to the angry accusations. The bald-headed convict drew from his blouse the two sheets missing from the book of deeds and quietly handed them to Rhinelander. "I thought it just as well," he said, dryly, "to make sure these didn't get away."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tinker or Thinker—Which?
"Get an Overland."
O'Kelly & Walton.

Watch the Fords Go By.

YOUR GROCER IS RELIABLE

He wants to hold your trade and tries to sell you brands he knows you will like. He is always ready to recommend



KC BAKING POWDER — Ask him



THE AFTER EFFECTS OF EUROPEAN WAR

By United Press

LONDON, March 12 (By Mail)—Europe will have to do one of two things after the war:

1. Accept a far lower standard of living than heretofore, or,
2. Cancel all war debts and start afresh with a clean slate.

It is impossible to calculate, for instance, what England's war debt alone will be because nobody knows how much longer the war will last. Certainly, however, the figure will be so enormous as to stagger the imagination.

Even if the struggle should end before 1917 the English would have to pay annually, interest, more than the total of their government's yearly ante-bellum expenses.

Taxation was high before the war. How is the county going to stand a burden more than twice as heavy?

For one thing, economists say, production will have to be greatly increased.

This, they expect, will be accomplished by the use of improved machinery, by a higher degree of efficiency than in the past and by the employment of great numbers of women who were not industrial factors before war broke out.

These economists themselves, however, do not pretend the difference will be made up thus. Taxes must be much heavier to cover the deficit.

The only conclusion is that industrial England will be compelled to work more than twice as hard as before the war, for less pay.

Possibly because they are themselves heavy investors in the allies' war loans, the English property classes, even the small fry, generally strongly oppose a wiping out of the war indebtedness and insist that whatever new and harder conditions may come, should be accepted cheerfully.

Watch Child's Cough

Colds, running of nose, continued irritation of the mucous membrane if neglected may mean Catarrh later. Don't take the chances—do something for your child! Children will not take every medicine, but they will take Dr. King's New Discovery and without bribing or teasing. Its a sweet pleasant Tar Syrup and so effective. Just laxative enough to eliminate the waste poisons. Almost the first dose helps. Always prepared, no mixing or fussing. Just ask your druggist for Dr. King's New Discovery. It will safeguard your child against serious ailments resulting from colds.

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MORELAND-WYNING

Rev. G. W. Newman spoke the beautiful and impressive marriage ceremony Thursday afternoon at his residence in Ballinger, that United in marriage Mr. J. T. Moreland and Miss Pearl Wynning, in the presence of a few intimate friends of the contracting parties. Mr. Moreland is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Moreland, and is a young man of sterling worth and ability and the bride is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Wynning and all popular and highly esteemed citizens southeast of Ballinger. The Ledger joins a host of friends in best wishes and congratulations for the happy young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith returned to Ballinger Thursday from an extended visit to New Mexico and Mr. Smith says he is back for "keeps" as there is no other place that looks as good as Ballinger and Runtels county to him.

The Cash Meat Market, Turner and Chapman, proprietors have just installed an electric meat scales for use in their meat market and it is sanitary and accurate in every respect.

We are sorry to note that W. S. Harman was seriously ill at his home in the city Thursday.

Mrs. Jennie Jones and two children of Comanche, who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lee of the Maverick country, passed through Ballinger Thursday en route home.

Rank Foolishness

You occasionally see it stated that colds do not result from cold weather. That is rank foolishness. Were it true colds would be as prevalent in midsummer as in midwinter. Microbe that causes colds flourishes in damp, cold weather. To get rid of a cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is effectual and is highly recommended by people who have used it for many years as occasion required, and know its real value. Obtainable everywhere.

Prof. W. S. Fleming and daughter, Miss Mary, left Thursday afternoon for Brownwood, where the Professor will attend the mid-term teachers association.

Watch the Fords Go By.

Dr. Smith, of Talpa, was in Ballinger Thursday to accompany Mrs. H. C. Bowman who was brought to the Halley & Love sanitarium and operated upon for appendicitis. Mrs. Bowman is the wife of Rev. Bowman, Methodist pastor at Talpa.

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Slipping Away

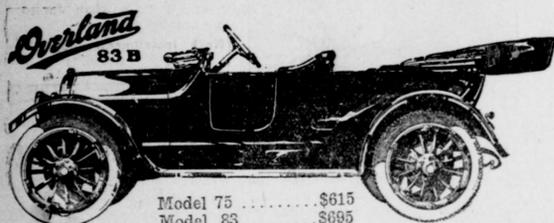
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on some cars must have a cause for they probably wish to get rid of a bad bargain. Remember that when one offers you a car for less than list price there must be something wrong—some good reason why they want to sell it.

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The Strange Case of MARY PAGE

The Great McClure Mystery Story, Written by
 FREDERICK LEWIS in Collaboration With
 JOHN T. M'INTYRE, Author of the Ashton
 Kirk Detective Stories. Read the Story
 and See the Essanay Moving Pictures

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SYNOPSIS.

Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of James Pollock and is defended by her lover, Philip Langdon. Pollock was intoxicated, shale, a crook and tool of Pollock, was on the fire escape watching for Langdon.

THE DRAMA OF THE LAW

WITH the entrance of the judge the turmoil of the vast crowd that filled the courtroom almost to suffocation subsided into a tense whisper of expectancy. The atmosphere was vibrant with it—taut as a violin string which snapped and brought the throng surging wildly to its feet when some one shrieked:

"Here she comes!"

At the back of the room men and women fought in a frenzy for foothold upon the seats of chairs, drowning the thunder of the judge's gavel with their clamorous hysteria, while those nearer the front were flung bodily against the steady wall of police beyond which stood Mary Page, framed by the grim shadow of the prisoner's door.

Mary was waiting, breathless, terrified, for "some one" to come. The judge looked at his watch and then at



Mary Stretched Out One Slim Hand.

the door, and another whispering wave of sound too intangible to be called words swept over the room. Almost before it died, however, Philip Langdon, the brilliant young lawyer who was defending Mary Page from the charge of murder and who in his battle for her life was also battling for his own happiness, came in.

At sight of him Mary rose to her feet with a little childlike sob of relief and stretched out one slim hand with a quivering smile that was more poignant than tears and more pitiful than an outburst of grief.

"Poor little thing!" said some one and was instantly hushed by a burly policeman whose own eyes were suspiciously damp as Langdon, with a smile as brave as Mary's own, took her hand and bent over her with a whispered word of hope and greeting.

The judge rapped for order, and Langdon put back his shoulders with the gesture of one ready for the battle.

Another day in the great trial of Mary Page had begun!

It was a trial which was engrossing the whole country. The victories and defeats of the great war and the fluctuations of Wall street were unceremoniously thrust into inside pages of the daily papers that the whole front sheet might be devoted to photograph after photograph and story after story of the lovely young actress, who was either a tragic victim of the law or a murderer.

Column after column had already been printed about this young girl, who on the very edge of triumph as a star had been sucked into the maelstrom of law beneath the shadow of the gallows. The story of her youth amid poverty and suffering, of her first stage success and her wonderful ability, had been told over and over, while woven through it, like a shimmering thread of gold, was the story, half hinted, half boldly detailed, of the love of Philip Langdon for Mary, whom he was now defending in the face of overwhelming evidence and inexplicable mystery.

There were stories, too—more guarded—of James Pollock, who had been found dead with Mary's unconscious form on the floor beside him—stories that hinted of a dissolute life and of other girls whom he had led to trage-

dy; stories of his wealth, his strange ambitions and his life of gilded ease, but at best in the eyes of the world he was only a lay figure—a bit of dead flesh upon which hung the vibrant living tragedy of Mary herself.

The formal routine of the opening of court was hurriedly gone through. The district attorney and Langdon held a subdued and secret colloquy with the judge, and then the first witness of the day was called.

"Mary Page!"

At the sound of her name Mary rose unsteadily to her feet, her eyes turned appealingly to Langdon, one trembling hand crushing back the little cry that rose involuntarily to her lips. But HER agitation was no more than an echo of the excitement that swept through the crowded room. Somewhere a woman caught her breath in a stifled sob, and at the back the spectators clambered upon their chairs, crowding forward in spite of angry whispers of "Sit down!" and the sharp rap of the judge's gavel augmented by the official, "Order in the court!"

To Langdon alone the calling of Mary came as no surprise, and he was at her side in a moment, whispering reassurance and urging her to answer as simply and clearly as possible the questions she was asked. His calm gave her back some measure of her own serenity, and her voice was low but clear as she took the oath and, stepping up into the witness stand, looked down upon that sea of faces. For a moment they swam before her eyes, and with a catch in her throat she remembered the last time she had looked down upon crowded faces; looked down across the footlights upon thousands of smiling lips and friendly eyes above a snow-storm of applauding white gloves. How long ago it seemed, and yet how short a time! And now the faces that stared up at her were avid with curiosity, some hostile, some sympathetic, but all pallid with the voracity of the sensation seeker.

Then her eyes, traveling beyond them, met the tear dimmed ones of her mother leaning forward yearningly from the witness bench, and because of the suffering on that face Mary smiled. Her first answers to the questions of the District Attorney were spoken with quiet dignity.

"Miss Page, isn't it true that James Pollock wished to marry you?"

"Yes." The answer was lower now, and a hot flush crept for a moment into Mary's pale cheeks.

"And you found his attentions unwelcome?"

Something in the tone brought her head up sharply.

"I had told Mr. Pollock that I could not marry him," she said firmly, and with a hauteur that wrung a little whisper of admiration from the spectators.

Abruptly the prosecutor changed his train of questioning.

"Now, Miss Page," he said harshly, "please tell the court exactly what happened just previous to the time when the revolver-shot was heard and Mr. Langdon found you unconscious beside the murdered man. Begin with the moment you left the banquet."

With a shiver of aversion Mary closed her eyes for a second; then, gripping the edge of the witness-stand, she began speaking slowly and with an obvious effort.

"When the boy brought me the message—I was glad to go. They were drinking and were very noisy at the banquet—and I was tired. The boy showed me the door of the suite, and I went in."

She paused and covered her eyes as if to shut out something terrible that she saw.

"Mr. Pollock was in the room," she said at last. "He—he had been drinking—he wasn't himself—he could hardly stand. He—he said he wanted to talk to me alone for five minutes—and he wouldn't let me out, though I was afraid and begged him to."

"Did you try to get out? Was there a struggle between you and Mr. Pollock?"

She shook her head. "Not then," she said, with a little sob. "But—I was very angry—I told him he had tricked me—and I wouldn't listen to him. We—we quarreled over his being drunk, and—he tried to make me take a drink of the whiskey myself."

A shudder of repugnance swept over her, and her eyes grew wide and staring, and she swayed for a moment like a flower in a storm; then, with a tremendous effort, as one called back from the borderland to consciousness, she added hoarsely:

"I remember striking at him—and knocking the glass out of his hand. I heard it break—and then—I must have fainted!"

"Miss Page," came still another question, "if you had refused James Pollock—if you feared him—why did you grant him an interview late at night in a private room at the hotel?"

"Grant him an interview!" her voice rose in startled protest. "I didn't. That was why I was so angry—I had

expected to find Mr. Langdon in that room!"

"Oh! You had made arrangements then to meet Mr. Langdon there?" Again the satiric note crept into the harsh voice, and a crimson tide rushed to Mary's pale cheeks.

"The boy told me," she said with dignity, "that Mr. Langdon was waiting to speak to me. I thought he had come to take me home."

"The boy—what boy?" The question leapt sharply now.

"Why, the bellboy who brought the message," she said in surprise, and, turning, pointed toward the group of witnesses where the small bellhop cowered, half covering his face with his shaking hands.

For the moment at least every eye was upon him, and some of the hostility vanished from those watching faces as a wave of surprised comment slipped from lip to lip. For after all, if Mary Page had indeed gone into that room expecting Langdon and not Pollock, it robbed the murder of the infamy of cool deliberation.

Mary herself was both surprised and confused by the sudden turn of events, and, dismissed from the witness-box, returned to her own seat bewildered at the seeming importance attached to what had heretofore appeared so small a detail.

But it was anything but small in the eyes of the District Attorney and Langdon, and there was a gleam of triumph in the latter's eyes as the whimpering boy from the hotel took the oath. Before he went into the witness-box, however, the judge leaned forward and frowned down at him.

"Do you understand, Joe," he said harshly, "what what you have just taken an oath? And that the law can put you into prison for perjury if you do not tell the exact truth after taking that oath?"

"I'll tell the truth, s'help me Gawd!" Light laughter ran through the room, but the court attendant immediately called for order.

"Tell us exactly what message you carried to Miss Page in the banquet room," said the District Attorney, when quiet reigned. "It was Miss Page you took the message to, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it was her. And the gent in the gray suit he says, 'Tell Miss Page Mr. Langdon wants to see her here at once.'"

"And you delivered the message just that way to Miss Page?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you testify to this at the Coroner's inquest?" It was the judge this time, stern and implacable, and the boy in the witness-box cringed and burst into tears.

"They—they—never asked me wot the message was I was takin' to her—I-I didn't think it mattered."

With an exclamation of exasperation the prosecutor sat down, turning the small witness over to Langdon, into whose tired face fresh hope had now come. His voice, as he spoke to the boy, was gentle and friendly, and the snuffing lad wiping his eyes with the back



"Do you understand, Joe, that what you have just taken is an oath?"

of his hand answered him eagerly. He seemed glad to find someone who didn't frighten him.

"Joe," said Langdon, his voice full of kindness, "that night wasn't the first time you had seen Mr. Pollock, was it?"

"No, sir," said the boy in his shrill young voice. "Everybody knew James Pollock at the Republic. He came there a lot—him and Mr. Slade."

"And he was pretty generous in his tips, wasn't he?" The question was quiet, and the District Attorney, who had made a move to interrupt, sank back without speaking as the boy answered:

"Oh, so-so! He could afford to be." "And so, on the night when he asked you to take that message to Miss Page, he gave you a good big tip, didn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy, beginning to whimper again. "But I didn't do it for that. I didn't think there was any harm in the message. He says to me, says he, 'It's just a joke I'm playin' on yer, Joe,' he says. 'I want to fool yer.' And he gimme five dollars—and laugh-d—and told me to beat it—and I did."

"That is all, I think," said Langdon with satisfaction, and the boy crept back to the witness-bench, striving in vain for some of the jaunty assurance that had marked him in the earlier hours of the day. He had thought he would be a little hero after his testimony and that he would enjoy the fleeting publicity; but he was ashamed of the laugh he had made.

The prosecutor himself was almost equally discomfited, for it had been his plan to build up stone by stone a towering temple of evidence to prove that Mary Page had in cold blood plotted and carried out the murder of James Pollock, and now the boy's testimony had in a minute undermined the whole structure. It forced him to play his trump card at what he feared was the



"Have you ever seen this revolver before, Miss Page?"

wrong moment, but except for a harassed frown he showed little signs of his disappointment as he again called Mary to the witness-stand.

She came more willingly this time; it seemed somehow less of an ordeal for she sensed that things had gone in her favor for a moment, and she did not even flinch when, with a flourish, the District Attorney took up the revolver (lying with the other exhibits of the case before the jury) and, thrusting it toward her, asked sharply:

"Have you ever seen this revolver before, Miss Page?"

"Yes, it belonged to Mr. Pollock." "Was it in his possession on the night when he was murdered?"

"No." Her voice broke now and fell. "It was in my possession then."

"And you had it at the Hotel Republic?"

"Yes."

"And was it your habit," the prosecutor's voice was satirically mocking, "was it your habit, Miss Page, to attend banquets with a revolver in your handbag?"

Mary flushed angrily.

"The revolver was lying on my dressing-table at the theater," she said, "and I put it into my bag, intending to give it to Mr. Langdon, but—I forgot it."

"It was an unfortunate loss of memory for Mr. Pollock," said the attorney dryly, with a glance at the jury. Then he abruptly waved the witness away, as though it would be a waste of time to question her further. Langdon halted her.

"Will you explain to the court," he cried, "how that revolver came into your possession, Miss Page?"

Gaining courage at his tone, and the smile that accompanied his words, Mary turned toward the jury and in that beautiful modulated voice that had held so many audiences spell bound, she told rapidly, but in detail the story of Pollock's visit to her dress-making room on the afternoon of that fatal day. She faltered a little over the recital of his abrupt proposal and, woman-like, put in the world-old apology for his brutality by the simple statement:

"He was drunk, you know."

Then, vividly, her slender hands gesturing and her voice rising with poignant memories and pride of Langdon she told of the latter's entry in response to her screams and of his battle with Pollock. Tensely silent, but with every nerve alert, the crowd listened as she described how Pollock had pulled the revolver out of his pocket only to drop it.

"He tried to pick it up again," she said, unconsciously visualizing for them the picture of the struggling men, "but I crawled close and snatched it up before he could reach it."

She paused, and when she would have taken up the thread of her story again, Langdon's hand stopped her.

"That is all, thank you, Miss Page," he said, and the District Attorney, surprised on his face, but with a new glint in his eyes, got quickly to his feet.

"I crave the court's permission to ask the witness one more question," he said, and as the judge waved assent he asked slowly, knowing the sensation his question would create:

"Miss Page, was there anyone else in the room at the time this struggle was going on?"

"Not—not exactly in the room," said Mary, after an instant's hesitation. "There were people outside the door, and—my maid, who had been out, ran in during the excitement."

"Is your maid Janet or Jeannette Beauchamp?"

"Yes." Mary's voice was uneasy now.

and her eyes met the frightened ones of the maid, who had risen with the apparent intention of leaving the room. But before she had reached the door the prosecutor had waved Mary from the stand and the clerk called loudly:

"Janet Beauchamp!"

There was a startled cry of "Oh, mon Dieu!" and the Frenchwoman paused, wringing her hands, the center of attention. She made a half movement as if determined to escape anyway and defy the law, but the sight of the police that guarded the exits and the stern repetition of her name brought her reluctantly back. She murmured a little prayer and crossed herself as she took the oath, but the cool friendliness of the prosecutor's voice reassured her.

"Janet, how long have you been in the employ of Miss Page?"

"Two—no, three years zis season."

"And was it usual for you to leave the dressing-room when your mistress was getting ready for the street?"

"No, monsieur—sir!"

"But you had been told to leave her on this particular day?"

"Told to leave!" Janet's voice rose in Gallic excitement. "Mais non! I had but gone to ze petite milliner, for ze new floweraires for ze blue gown."

"Who told you to go?"

"Monsieur Daniels, he come in, and he and mademoiselle, they talk, and he say pourquoi could I not go to get ze new floweraires—ze orchids, since ze shops would not be close for one half hour yet. And Miss Page she say, certainment that I should go then, for she could finish to dress by herself for once."

"How long were you out?"

"Oh, je ne sais pas—I mean, I do not know. Maybe fifteen, maybe twenty minutes. I come back quick parceque there are two kinds of orchid at ze shop, and I want mademoiselle to see zem both."

"And isn't it true," shouted the District Attorney, suddenly leaning forward and fairly hurling his words at the witness, "isn't it true that when you came in you saw Mr. Page threaten Mr. Pollock with this revolver?"

He caught up the weapon as he spoke and thrust it under her eyes. The maid, with a quivering little scream of horror, shrank back amid a murmur of sympathy from the crowd. She could not speak.

"Isn't it true?" persisted the prosecutor harshly. "Answer my question—or tell us just what you did see when you came into the theater upon your return from the errand."

Bursting into a storm of tears, Janet flung out her arms in a wild gesture.

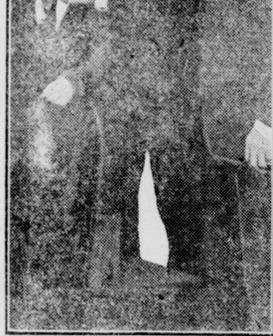
"It is true," she sobbed. "Mees Page, my mademoiselle, she was standing—and she had ze revolver—pointed at Mr. Pollock—and he—he—ran out of ze room."

At the words, Mary, whose hands had been twitching nervously throughout the maid's testimony, rose to her feet with a little gasping cry as if she would speak; but before the words came she swung suddenly about and crumpled into a little heap on the floor.

In an instant the whole room was on its feet, surging forward toward the dock, and the sobs of the maid were echoed by more than one woman among the spectators, where sympathy for the time ran high, though the pendulum swayed back when someone said shrilly with a derisive laugh:

"She's a good actress, is Mary Page?"

But the judge's gavel quelled the excitement and the dire threat back of



"Was there any one else in the room?"

his curt words that unless there was order in the court he would clear the room, was like oil upon the troubled waters of the sea of onlookers, and they sat in hushed silence as Mrs. Page and Langdon knelt beside the unconscious form of the slim young prisoner, bathing her temples and chafing her wrists until the momentary respite of nullity forsook her and she opened her eyes to the suffering of reality.

At the sight of the fear on both Langdon's and her mother's face, however, she struggled bravely to regain her self-control and when the clerk called the next witness she was again in her chair. Very white and wan, but erect, her pallid lips set firmly to hold back the threatening tides of emotion and weariness that were sweeping over her.

The drumming in her ears and the little waves of nausea that are the aftermath of a fainting fit made events blurred to her for a little time, and it

was with a start of surprise that she recognized in the witness stand the erstwhile leading man. The mere sight of his gaunt figure and his boyish face, the strange juvenile expression that was his in trade brought a flood of memories surging over her, and the shocked pity in his eyes made her realize keenly the difference that lay between Mary Page the prisoner—and Mary Page the star.

His testimony was to a great extent a repetition of what had gone before. He had been at the banquet; had seen the boy bring the message to Miss Page and had bidden her good night when she left. A few minutes later the sound of the shot had taken him down the hall with the others and into the room where Pollock and Mary lay—the one dead—the other unconscious.

"It was I who first urged that some one call the police," he said in his well-trained, youthful voice. "I would have gone myself but I wanted to be sure first whether I could be of service to Miss Page."

"Was that the reason you refused to leave the room when ordered to do so



Langdon's Lips Grew Grave Again at the Next Question.

by Detective Farley?" The prosecutor's voice was dry.

"I resented his tone, sir," answered the young actor. "And besides, flushing, 'I was her leading man and I felt that it was my place to be with her rather than that a lot of strangers should hang about.'"

An involuntary smile crossed Langdon's lips, but they grew grave again at the next question.

"After your ejection by Detective Farley and Mr. Langdon did you save the hotel?"

"No, sir. I waited in the hallway in case I was wanted."

"Did you re-enter the room?"

"Yes, sir—not immediately, but when I heard a confusion of voices following the re-entry of the house detective and Mr. Langdon."

"Could you hear what was said?"

The actor flushed and hesitated, and then answered slowly:

"Yes, sir—in part."

"Will you please repeat what you heard?"

"I heard Mr. Langdon say, 'But God God, there's only one door, she must be some place in here,' and the detective said, 'Well, she's not—you can see that.' Then Mr. Langdon said, 'There's the window—perhaps she's out there—I'll see.' And his voice sounded queer and excited as if he were frightened, and the detective said, 'No, nothing doing on that, sir—just remember, Mr. Langdon, that yet I've no way of knowing whether that shot was fired before or after she entered this room.'"

"Did Mr. Langdon reply?"

"Yes," he said. "You d— fool, wot do you mean? But just then the police came up and ran in, and I went in with them, and the detective shouted, 'Some of you go down that fire-escape and hunt for a girl in an evening gown without either cloak or hat—one of you keep your eye on this Mr. Langdon—he was either in this room or at the door when James Pollock was murdered.'"

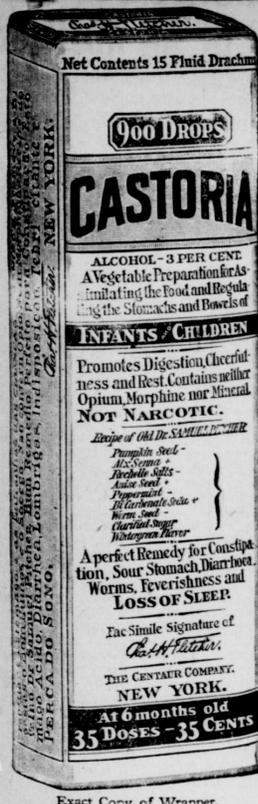
[Next installment, "My Time Will Come!"]

The Strange Case of Mary Page

The Great McClure Mystery Story, Written by FREDERICK LEWIS, in Collaboration With JOHN T. M'INTYRE, Author of the Ashton Kirk Detective Stories

Read the Story and See the Essanay Moving Pictures

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Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

The State of Texas, County of Runtels. In the Justice Court, Precinct No. One.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the justice court, Precinct No. One Runtels County, State of Texas, by Paul Tremmer Justice of the Peace for said precinct, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 29th day of August A. D. 1904, and directed and delivered to me as Constable of Precinct No. 1, Runtels County, Texas, I have levied upon and will offer for sale at the court house door in Runtels County, Texas, on the 4th day of April A. D. 1916, same being the first Tuesday in said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., on said day, at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following described real estate, to-wit: one-fifth of one-half undivided interest in and to the following described tract of land now in the name of W. G. Green and rendered by him the said W. G. Green for taxes and

described as follows: 93 1-3 acres of land, abstract No. 893, survey No. 1, original grantee J. P. Freeman, 11 18-100 acres abstract No. 790, survey No. 5 original grantee G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co.

The above real estate is levied upon as the property of C. M. Carpenter and will be sold to satisfy a judgment rendered in the Justice Court of Precinct No. one, Runtels County, on the 29th day of August A. D. 1904, in favor of The Currie-Noyes Co., and against the said C. M. Carpenter for the dollars, principal, with interest at the rate 6 per cent, per annum from August 29th, 1904 and the sum of seventy-one and 25-100 further sum of eight and No-100 dollars, costs, and all costs accruing by virtue of said suit.

Witness my hand this 9th day of March A. D. 1916.
J. D. PERKINS,
Sheriff Runtels County, Texas.
d10-17-24.

Watch the Fords Go By.

It Is Economy to Buy the Best

You can't afford to eat inferior groceries. It's poor economy to buy cheap groceries. We carry the best and we can convince you that the best is the cheapest. No substitutes, but the standard line at our store.

MILLER MERCANTILE CO.
TWO PHONES 66 AND 77

Feed the Cow that Feeds You.

Trico Mixed Feed for cows, cotton seed meal for cows, bran, chops, oats, chicken feed, hay, etc. We deliver feed for man and beast in any quantity.

L. B. Stubbs
Grocer and Baker
'Phones 93 and 94

County Judge Presents Facts on Road Tax Proposition

To The Qualified Property Tax-Paying Voters of Runtels County, Texas, Greetings:

On February 18th, 1916 it was ordered by the Commissioners' Court of this county, on its own motion, that an election be held on April 8th, 1916, for and within Runtels County, Texas, by the qualified property taxpaying voters of this county to determine whether or not an additional ad valorem tax shall be levied by this county for the further maintenance of roads and bridges, provided that a majority of the qualified property taxpaying voters of this county, voting at said election, shall vote such tax not to exceed 15 cents on the \$100 valuation of property subject to taxation in this county.

This levy if authorized by the voters, shall be for road and bridge purposes in addition to the amount now authorized to be levied by general law.

Should the election carry in favor of this additional tax, annual thereafter said tax shall be levied and collected as other taxes until such time as the qualified property taxpaying voters of this county at an election for that purpose shall otherwise determine, on which account an election shall be ordered by the commissioners' court upon a petition of at least 100 qualified property taxpaying voters of this county.

In case a tax is levied, all the funds arising therefrom shall be expended among the several commissioners' precincts, according to the assessed value of each precinct.

Had it not been for the fact that the Commissioners' Court could transfer money, as it did, from the other different county funds-sinking funds expected-to the road and bridge fund, the road work would have ceased before now and the writer is afraid it will cease ere long because the court has gone its legal limit in transferring from the other county funds and because the money obtained from the present road and bridge levy is about consumed.

The writer makes these statements so that you may understand that with the assistance of the other funds as explained the road work has continued thus long. Without this explanation, the writer would have created the impression, and false it would have been that the present road and tax levy, and the money collected thereunder, were the sole causes of the road work continuing as long as it has.

By voting for this tax, you will provide the county and indirectly yourselves with additional road money. The county will get every cent by means of this additional tax.

By a road bond issue, which is advocated by many, the people would of necessity have to pay interest on the bonds and must pay a tax to create a sinking fund with which to redeem the bonds at their maturity. While, under the special tax levy, the people pay no interest on the money received therefrom, but do receive thereon from the county depository interest on the daily balances of such fund in such depository.

Where you have paid the road tax of \$3.00 to relieve you from road duty, and more you have paid-say-\$3.00 under this additional levy, you may make back more than you have paid in taxes, should you be needed and free to work on the county roads. Not only that but you will have better roads to travel which you agree will be worth the tax.

To the writer's mind there is but one argument against this tax and that argument is that you are satisfied with the roads you have and the condition they are in and are willing to leave them so.

Should this election carry in favor of the tax, the commissioners' court may levy any rate of tax that it, in its judgment, sees fit, however, not more than 15 cents. If the court sees fit to levy a rate only of 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 or 15 cents it can do so, but it cannot levy a tax in excess of 15c. 15c is its limit. The presumption is that the court will levy only such a tax as absolutely necessary.

Unless the road and bridge fund of this county is increased by this tax, there will be no more roads opened, no better roads, but only patched roads. For most of the money, now obtained from the present levy for road and bridge purposes, is used, and can be used only for patching.

Unless this additional tax is ob-

tained, the roads, will, by lack of funds, remain in the condition that they are, if not, grow worse. And so the roads will have to take care of themselves and be satisfied with the mercy they would be shown.

Suffer the roads must, in the event the tax fails to carry. The roads' need, cries and wails can be but half administered to under the present conditions and circumstances. To have the additional tax would put the roads in better shape than they are now and possibly not let them fall back of the convalescing stage. To keep the roads in this stage, in the writer's humble opinion, would be a vast improvement over what their condition is now. Under present conditions, the court has done remarkably well. But it could do more if it had the necessary funds.

It is up to you Mr. Voter, to leave the Commissioners' Court groping in darkness or lead the Court to a brighter dawn of better roads.

In behalf of the Court and in behalf of yourselves, the writer appeals to you for co-operation. Co-operation is a greater and better asset to this court than opposition.

The writer has long concluded that the only way to build or construct roads in this county is by means of money, the "jits" as it were.

If you fail the court in this matter, it will be of little help to you in your road troubles and road building. The court cannot meet your road needs without financial aid.

It is up to you, Mr. Voter. The court has practically gone its limit. He, who dances, must pay the fiddler.

The court would relieve your road troubles. But for the lack of funds and on account of its limited statutory powers, its course is short and its distance small. With the present status of funds, the court is about at its row's end.

During his administration as county judge, it has been the writer's good fortune to have associated with him as members of the commissioner's court good and true men whose purposes, aims and endeavors have been the improvement and upbuilding of the public roads of the entire county. Their difficulty has been as herebefore indicated.

The writer leaves the proposition with you. Should the tax lose, remember, the court will be at your mercy, and its efforts but feeble, and the same patch work will necessarily have to go on, provided the funds warrant it.

The writer is not a candidate for re-election nor for any other public office. This article is issued to you not for political reasons nor selfish motives but as a sound business proposition for good roads. All of this is submitted to you for your calm consideration.

"Here is hoping."

Very respectfully,
M. KLEBERG.

Good For Colds.

Honey, Pine-Tar and Glycerine are recognized cold remedies. In Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar Honey these are combined with other cough medicine in a pleasant syrup. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar Honey quickly stops your cough, checks your cold, soothes irritation of the throat. Excellent for young, adult and aged. Its one of the best cough syrups made. Formula on every bottle. You know just what you are taking and your doctor knows its good for coughs and colds. Insist on Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Only 25c at druggists.

Fletcher Roper, of the Norton country, T. A. Puckett of Wilmet and A. L. Kerley of the Hatchel country, were transacting business in Ballinger Friday.

Ballinger and Winters Service Line

Makes four trips each way. Call for and deliver passengers anywhere in Ballinger or Winters.

Price: 75c One Way.

Leave Ballinger at - 7:00 a. m. 9:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m. 4:00 p. m.
Leave Winters at - 8:30 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 2:30 p. m. 5:30 p. m.
Phone Ballinger 135 Phone Winters 92
Good cars and careful drivers.

W. E. BROOKS

RELIGION THAT COUNTS COSTS

This is the subject of the sermon for last evening at the Methodist church where the revival is keeping steady step with increasing interest. The pastor Rev. E. R. Stanford, used this subject to the text, "If any man will come after Me let him take up his cross daily and follow Me."

"In whose religion have you confidence?" asked the pastor. Is it he who cares for this world, lots of fun and a self-centered life or is it that man or woman who quietly goes about being good and doing good?

The religion that counts is the religion that costs. Costs time, patient prayer, holy living. Following Christ through all business and social engagements and family life.

Religion that counts is religion that follow-follows Christ-not creed nor church, nor even doctrine only but follows Christ.

He gave two very telling illustrations:

While Bargello was in Florence he went into an old studio and found the canvass on the wall covered with dust and dirt, but when it was cleared away with prepared chemicals one of the most beautiful masterpieces of paintings was revealed. "If we let the chemicals in the blood of Christ's shed on calvary for us, cleanse the dirty walls of our souls we may have revealed a great portrait of the image of Christ in our lives," exclaimed the speaker.

The little cacoon that a boy carries into the house in the winter time burst the cacoon by the movement within and the rays coming down from the sun. So new birth comes to one when the rays from the Cross shine upon our lives and we answer by movement within.

The meeting is growing in interest and depth of spirit. Rev. Henry Stanford led the singing last night but will preach at this evening hour.

The male quartette rendered a very beautiful selection. "The Beautiful Land" was the title. It was received with hearty response Mrs. Henry Stanford, who is one of Texas' great singers will come on the night train and will remain through next week.

Come brother, sister to each hours service. It will do you good and do all good.

Mr. Farnsworth, manager of the local business college, will organize another class to run five months provided a sufficient number will enroll to pay expenses. See him at once at the school over the Schawe Grocery store. This is your best chance to secure a practical education, but quick action is necessary. 23-dtf-wtf.

FINE CLOTHES FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

Correctly styled, correctly tailored, perfectly fitting and made exclusively to your own individual measure for less than ready-made. Prices ranging from \$10 to \$30 with a special line at

\$15

New models, new fabrics now on view and ready for your inspection. 6,000 patterns to select from. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.



NEN'S FURNISHINGS

Our stock brings forth the latest and correct fashions of the Spring season. Our Easter showing is at its best. Complete assortments of the swellest line of shirts, neckwear, hosiery, gloves caps, felt, straw and Panama hats you ever saw. And at a most reasonable price too. Come in and see them.



Paul C. Sulak, Proprietor.
Hutchings Ave., Ballinger, Texas
"The Red Front"

Shoes Wanted.

at Wendorf's Busy Shoe Shop. Work done by the Champion shoe finishing machine, soles sewed on in quick time. Come to see us.

H. L. WENDORF
d1f Hutchings Ave.

Statement of Condition of

...THE...

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BALLINGER

March 7th 1916

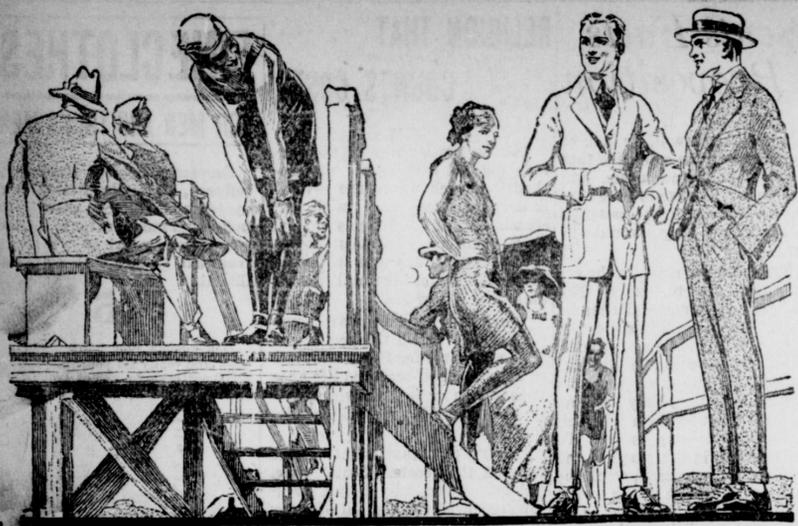
Resource.

Loans and discounts . . . \$330,223.22
U. S. Bonds 101,500.00
Banking house, F. & F. 25,000.00
Stock Federal Reserve Bank 3,800.00
Bills of Exchange (Cotton) 50,129.61
Cash and Exchange . . . 167,262.00
\$677,914.83

Liabilities.

Capital Stock \$100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 50,294.09
Circulation 97,800.00
Deposits 429,820.74
\$677,914.83

We invite attention to the above statement and on its merits solicit the deposits and financial patronage of the good people in our territory.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

COOL AND COMFORTABLE

JUST THE KIND OF SUMMER CLOTHES MEN WANT TO WEAR.

WE are showing a wonderful collection of men's hot weather clothes; a great variety of styles, patterns and makes, but we want to call your attention to one particular hot weather suit—An innovation in men's clothes, it is of

Hart Schaffner & Marx

DIXIE WEAVE FABRIC

They have found just the fabric adapted to this climate where comfort in men's clothes is very essential. This fabric is every thread wool, but is very light in texture. It comes in all the new patterns and wanted shades and is made in Varsity Fifty-Five and other popular models. The coats have no lining or padded shoulders, but they fit beautifully. They are entirely different from anything we have previously shown—as dressy as they are comfortable—appropriate for any occasion.

They are as Cool as a Palm Beach But Require No Laundering. Price

\$15.00

A large and well selected stock of Palm Beach and Mohair Suits. We are making a specialty of cool clothes for men. Each suit is guaranteed to be perfectly tailored and to give satisfaction.

Palm Beach Suits
\$7.50 to \$10.00

Cool Cloth Suits
\$10 to \$12.50

HIGGINBOTHAM-CURRIE-WILLIAMS Co
BALLINGER'S GREATEST STORE

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

H. A. Ladwig came in Thursday from Ennis and other points in the state, where he had been looking after business interests the past week or ten days.

Tinker or Thinker—Which? "Get an Overland." O'Kelley & Walton.

Judge Jno. W. Goodwin, of Brownwood, who is holding the regular March term of district court in Ballinger, left Thursday afternoon for his home and will return here Monday to finish up the term.

Watch the Fords Go By.

Rev. Neal, of McGregor, who had been assisting Rev. J. L. Speer in a meeting near Winters, passed through Ballinger Thursday en route home.

Pills Best for Liver.

Because they contain the best liver medicines, no matter how bitter or nauseating for the sweet sugar coating hides the taste. Dr. King's New Life Pills contain ingredients that put the liver working, move the bowels freely. No gripe, no nausea, aid digestion. Just try a bottle of Dr. King's New Life Pills and notice how much better you feel. 25c at druggists.

The Aches of House Cleaning

The pain and soreness caused by bruises, over-exertion and straining during house cleaning time are soothed away by Sloan's Liniment. No need to suffer this agony. Just apply Sloan's Liniment to the sore spots, rub only a little. In a short time the pain leaves, you rest comfortably and enjoy a refreshing sleep. One grateful user writes: "Sloan's Liniment is worth its weight in gold." Keep a bottle on hand, use it against all soreness, Neuralgia and Bruises. Kills pain. 25c at your druggist.

Watch the Fords Go By.

FOR
Cleaning, Pressing and Dyeing
PHONE 97
SCOTCH WOOLEN MILLS
Hutchins Avenue Ballinger, Texas

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



Safe and Efficient Service—
are the principles which rule the management of this bank. We make investments or loans only after exhaustive examination as to their safety. We strive to render efficient aid to our customers in all matters pertaining to finance. And the growing number of our depositors leads us to believe we succeed.

The Ballinger State Bank & Trust Co.
Ballinger, Texas

BUSINESS MEN NEED SPIRIT OF '76

SHOULD LEAVE LESS MONEY AND MORE LIBERTY TO POSTERITY.

Good Citizenship Can Build an Empire Upon a Rock.

By J. S. Cullinan
Chairman Texas Economic League

The business men of this country have been accused of being cowardly, indifferent and selfish in their relations to government, but the average business man has perhaps had less to do with shaping the political policies of the country than any other class of citizens, and therefore very little responsibility for the present state of affairs can be laid at his door. The most serious charge that can be successfully lodged against him is that he accepts slavery in preference to sovereignty in his citizenship, and there is nothing so dreadful or so difficult to overcome as voluntary servitude. But as a whole he is to be pitied rather than condemned. He cannot tell whether he is honest by consulting his conscience. He must ask his lawyer. The right to think has been legislated out of him. Individuality has been torn from him by law. He is but a ghost of the citizen created by the Constitution of the United States. Not only have liberty and freedom become vague and uncertain terms subject to contradictory interpretations of those who hold office, but so complicated has the citizen's relation to government become that human rights is a floating substance moved by the current of legal opinion, and the remedy lies in a more active, patriotic and responsible citizenship.

The business men of this nation need the spirit shown by the business men of '76, when Robert Morris, the nation's wealthiest citizen opened his purse strings and said, "I will give all I have to my country except my integrity," when John Dickinson the wealthy farmer stepped forward and said, "It is my duty to leave liberty to my children, but not my duty to leave wealth to them," and Benjamin Franklin over 70 years of age when called by the Continental Congress said, "I am old and good for nothing, I am but the rag end, take me for what you please."

Men and Money Needed

I want men to join me in the work of the Texas Economic League in giving the fathers of their lives and a part of their money to getting this country back to the Americanism of Washington and the liberty of Jefferson. There are many of us in Texas who need to leave less money and more liberty to our children. I believe I make no mistake in saying that the general trend of business men of wealth in this country today is to reverse the statement of Morris, Dickinson and Franklin. The readiness with which some of our citizens plead guilty to business crimes, suggest the conclusion that they are willing to give their country their integrity if they can keep their money, and it seems to be universally conceded by most business men that it is their duty to leave wealth to their children, but not their duty to leave liberty to them.

I am not one of those who believe that the solution of this problem lies in business men making laws, holding offices and sitting upon juries, although it is a laudable thing to do, and a duty that no good citizen should shrink. This country could survive the ordeal if we did not pass another law for ten years, and it was never contemplated that the people should depend upon office holders to preserve their rights. The contest for liberty has always been between government and the citizens, and bad government is always the result of bad citizenship. Neither do I believe that the liberty and freedom of this country can be preserved by endowing foundations, universities, churches and libraries. Greece gave us the most polished and powerful products of the human race, and while the genius of her day was swaying the world, ignorant savages destroyed her government, and led her master minds captive to foreign countries—the result of bad citizenship. Palestine gave us the mightiest religious teachers in all civilization, and while the world was marveling over her faith and her miracles, infidels and heathens destroyed her Temple and threw her prophets in prison—the result of bad citizenship.

The pages of history abundantly prove that neither the fertility of the soil nor the business sagacity of the people are sufficient safeguards for the preservation of government. The Ptolemies of Ancient Egypt established a powerful dynasty in the most fertile valley on the globe, but it withered and died as a result of bad citizenship. The mighty Caesar established in the Roman Empire the world's greatest financial center and all nations and all men paid tribute to the money powers of Rome, but the nation crumbled and fell as a result of bad citizenship. Good citizenship can build an empire upon a rock and bad citizenship will make a desert of the most fertile country on the globe.

A WEEK OF FIRES; MANY MILLIONS LOST

The week just closing has been one of fires, with losses totaling close to twenty million dollars.

Paris, Texas, suffered a loss of one hundred blocks, valued at twelve million dollars, and three lives. Twelve thousand people homeless.

Augusta, Ga., suffered a loss of 25 blocks, 5000 people homeless; estimated at fourteen million dollars.

McKinney, Tex., suffered a loss of compress and several thousand bales of cotton and other property, estimated loss three hundred thousand dollars.

Nashville, Tenn., suffered a loss of 35 blocks and more than 500 homes, loss one and one-half million dollars.

Hobart, Oklahoma, suffered a loss of compress, cotton and other property valued at more than three hundred thousand dollars.

Numerous minor conflagrations in Texas figure in the sum total of the fire loss for the week and the insurance companies have been called on to dig in to their surplus in away that will either cut out dividends or bring an increase in rates. An adjuster for a prominent insurance company, was in Ballinger paying off a loss caused by a recent fire here, stated to The Ledger Thursday, that his company had already lost more this year than for the entire year of 1915.

How to Prevent Croup

When the child is subject to attacks of croup, see to it that he eats a light evening meal, as an overloaded stomach may bring on an attack, also watch for the first symptom—hoarseness, and give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse. Obtainable Everywhere.

Rev. Williams, of Brownwood, presiding elder of the district passed through Ballinger Friday en route to Wingate to be present at the quarterly conference.

Watch the Fords Go By.

RATES FOR Classified Ads

IN THE WEEKLY BANNER LEDGER
One cent per word first insertion
Half cent per word each subsequent insertion.
Black face type double regular rate.
Cash must accompany copy except where party has regular open account with us.
Call Telephone No. 27.

WANTED

BORROW NOW—Funds will be scarce in midsummer. Describe security and state how much you want and what for. Address the W. C. Belcher Land and Mortgage Co., Fort Worth, or J. B. Goodnight, Abilene, Texas, 9-19td 4tw

WANTED—by a good able bodied man, work of any kind, at reasonable wages. Prefer land on shares. Can work and gather 100 acres crop, will take less. Good reference, W. W. Davidson, Route B, Ballinger. d&wdh.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A complete soda fountain with lenolium, potiers, show cases, etc. Will sell or trade at a bargain. Apply to H. M. Nicholson, Ballinger. r8-6tdztw

FOR SALE—Two scholarships in Tyler Business College. If you contemplate going to a business college, you can not beat this one. For particulars call on or address The Ballinger Printing Co. 11td

FOR SALE—A second hand cook stove in good condition, has water pipes in box ready for connection, may be seen at E. Allison & Son's store. A bargain. Phone 27 or 161. dtf

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two rooms for light housekeeping. Apply to Mrs. J. K. Hutton. 24-3td

FOUND

FOUND—Mitchell auto tap. Call at Ledger office. 23-3td

FOUND—Bunch of keys containing brass key ring and five small desk keys. Owner can get same by paying for notice at Ledger office. 24-1td

WONDERFUL TALE OF AN ACTRESS

Struggled with Sickness and Discouragement; How Relieved.

Dayville, Killingly, Conn.—"I shall be glad to have every woman know what I know now, after using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Although I am only 24 years old, I have suffered for the past eight years. I hated the doctors, for a doctor told me to give up the stage where I was playing with my husband.

I had bearing down pains, my health failed me, and I could not work on the stage, and wasn't able to tend my baby or even get around myself. I was always downhearted and discouraged with the world, and only lived for the sake of my little girl. The doctor said to move to some quiet little town away from the noisy city, and I might be able to live and feel well, so I went to Dayville in November. At that time I was so sick I could not walk around, and my husband kept house and I stayed in bed. One day in January I read your advertisement in a newspaper, and I sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and started taking it. Within two weeks time I was a different woman, could get around, and felt good that it was a pleasure to do my housework. I felt contented and happy, and now am the picture of health, and am tempted to return to the stage. We appreciate my health as the most precious thing on earth."—Mrs. H. L. KLENNETT, Box 85, Killingly, Conn.

Alex McGregor left Friday at noon to visit his sister, Mrs. Estes Lynn and family of San Angelo.



THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from this and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 208 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv. e

Fence Against the Filthy Flies

Let us help you do it. We carry a big stock of screen doors and windows. All sizes and at prices you can pay. Screen your house and cheat the doctor out of a patient.

Ballinger Lumber Co.

QUEEN THEATRE

TONIGHT

TODAY'S PROGRAM

J. Warren Kerrigan "IN SON O'ETARS."

Universal star in the Victor three reel drama of an Indian love for his own people. An unusually strong photoplay with an exceptional cast and beautiful scenes.

Also UNCLE SAM AT WORK Uncle Sam's prateges at work and at play.

Tomorrow "The Girl and the Game" "The Wise Man and the Fool" "When Aunt Matelda Fell" and "The Ring and the Ragah."

Admission 10 CENTS