

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

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NO. 36

TIVY HIGH SCHOOL CLOSING EXERCISES

Class of Nineteen Receive Their Diplomas—Address by Senator Carlos Bee—Much Enthusiasm Shown

The graduating exercises of Tivy High School on last Friday night were attended by a packed house of the friends and relatives of the nineteen young men and women who were given their diplomas of graduation from the high school on this occasion, and the Seventh Grade pupils who were given their certificates of promotion into the High School department.

The program of the evening's exercises was as follows:

Chorus by High School pupils.
Invocation—Rev. W. P. Dickey.
Chorus—High School pupils.
Salutatory—Miss Bonnie Hicks.
Class History—Miss Helen Dietert.
Music—Orchestra.
Class Poem—Sidney Deering.
Class Prophecy—Floyd Conwill.
Valedictory—Miss Lillian Sutton.
Duet: "Carmena"—Mrs. Doyle and Miss Garrett.

Class Address—Senator Carlos Bee.
Presentation of Diplomas—T. C. Johnston.

Chorus—Pupils.
Benediction—Rev. S. W. Kemmerer.
Each number on the program was well rendered and received hearty applause from the large audience. Floyd Conwill's Class Prophecy brought down the house.

Senator Bee, in making the address to the class, gave some timely instruction and advice upon public school laws, especially the Compulsory Attendance law which goes into effect on September 1st. His address was well received and apparently much appreciated.

T. C. Johnston, president of the school board, in presenting the certificates and diplomas, made a short address in which he stated the intention of the present administration of our schools to put the Kerrville school back where it belongs, as a school of the first class with University affiliation. He stated in this connection, that the 11th grade work will be put on for the next term and therefore there will be no graduating class next year. His statement that "Kerrville deserves as good school as any town of her size in the state, and we're going to have it," brought forth liberal applause from the audience as did his other remarks.

Prof. E. R. Dabney, superintendent, made a short address in closing in which he thanked patrons, teachers and pupils for their kindness and co-operation.

It is indeed gratifying to know

Junior Reception.

The reception annually tendered the graduating class by the ninth grade occurred last Thursday, and this year it proved to be an unusually original and attractive event, representing a peace meeting of the rival Indian and Barbarian school societies.

The walls of the spacious auditorium were elaborately and appropriately decorated with Indian trophies, mounted skins, gaily striped blankets, pennants, and numerous others, while masses of leafy boughs from the woods gave a graceful and out-door appearance to the scene.

As the guests arrived, each was presented with an appropriate souvenir, especially sent from Mexico for this occasion. Indian wigwams and Barbarian tents were placed here and there, while delicious punch was served from kettles swung from tripods decorated with Indian, Barbarian and Senior class colors. A special wigwam contained an Indian fortune teller, whose prophecies contributed much to the general hilarity of the evening. Later, delicious refreshments of cake and brick ice cream in the class colors, were served. During the evening, bright and cheerful music was furnished for the occasion by John Mosel, Leah Hayes and Alice Domingues, violins, accompanied by Marguerite Henke, on the piano.

that our school closed under such agreeable and satisfactory conditions. The results of the year's work are much better than might be expected considering the trouble encountered by change of teachers and community dissension up to the last three months.

The class which goes out from our school as graduates this year is as follows:

Lillian Sutton, Barney Klein, Bonnie Hicks, Floyd Conwill, Mary Brambilla, Carl Mosty, Mary Horne, Clifford Paine, Lula McDoniel, Louis Comparette, Irma Roberts, Chester Stapp, Ina Coleman, Sidney Deering, Leah Buckner, Helen Dietert, Rosita Holdsworth, Sam Sutton, David Robb.

Miss Lillian Sutton received highest honors and Miss Bonnie Hicks second. There were no University scholarships awarded this year as our school had lost its affiliation.

The scholarship which is given each year by Capt. Chas. Schreiner, and which has a cash value of \$500, entitling the student to two years' course in any of the State Universities, was awarded by the committee to Floyd Conwill. This met the general approval of the people as was evidenced by the hearty applause. Floyd is a fine young man and will make good use of the scholarship. We understand he will enter Baylor at the next session.

Disastrous Hail.

R. J. Ridley was in town from his farm down the river Monday. He said the hail was disastrous at Center Point and vicinity. It went down Turtle creek from above the Real farm, and down the Guadalupe valley as far as Jack Moore's farm.

The loss to grain will be about one-fourth where the hail went. Corn will come out, but cotton will have to be replanted. The Mosty Nursery at Center Point lost heavily in their berries and pears.

F. F. Coker of the Center Point Grain & Mercantile Co., has been out investigating and says the total loss around Center Point will be at least \$50,000.

Twenty-seven lights were broken out of the Center Point school building.

Mrs. W. C. Berger Dead.

Mr. W. C. Berger of the Pampell Opera House received the sad news by wire Tuesday night that his wife had died suddenly in Wyoming at the home Mr. Berger's mother where she went a few weeks ago for the benefit of her health. Mr. Berger left Wednesday morning on the sad mission of taking care of the body of his loved one, which he will bring back to his former home at Wichita Falls, Texas for burial. Mr. Berger will return to Kerrville next week. His many friends here deeply sympathize with him in his great sorrow.

Judge George W. Riddle, Land Banks Proposed.

The plan of establishing a system of land banks, as proposed by Judge Riddle, candidate for the United States Senate, is the solution of the land problem.

He shows in his opening address at Waxahachie, that people cannot buy high priced land and pay a high rate of interest and ever pay it out.

We need cheap money for that purpose, the rate not to exceed 4 per cent or 5 per cent and the way to get it, is for the Government to lend its credit to the land banks and secure itself by the land. The plan is feasible and practical beyond any sort of doubt and the people ought to elect him to the Senate, in order to give him a chance to work out the plan.

It is well known that Judge Riddle has the greatest constructive platform that has ever been offered by any man who ever aspired to a public position in Texas, but his land bank system is perhaps, the greatest of all. Advt.

Bathers, get your water wings and caps at Kerrville Drug Co.

Miss Self Entertains.

Miss Blanch Self entertained her Sunday School class Wednesday afternoon, May 17, in honor of Misses Ina Coleman, Mary Horne, Lula McDoniel and Lillian Sutton, who were members of the graduating class of Tivy High School.

Contests were indulged in, Miss Lillian Sutton winning in the flower contest, and Misses Lucile Palmer and Mary Horne winning in the musical contest.

Miss Lucile Palmer rendered a beautiful piano solo.

An ice course was served during the afternoon.

Those present were: The honor guests, Misses Ina Coleman, Mary Horne, Lula McDoniel and Lillian Sutton; and Misses Lucile Palmer, Katie Redfield, Mammie Mattingly, Ona Reinartz, Ruby Hicks, Mammie Sublett, Clara Baker, Ruby Freeman, Mrs. E. C. Meeker, Mrs. A. E. Self and the hostess.

Senior Class Farewell Party.

Miss Leah Buckner gave the Tivy High School graduating class, of which she was a member, a farewell party at her home on East Main St. Saturday evening.

The rooms were tastefully decorated in the class colors of green and gold. By the kind assistance of Mrs. Gilbert C. Storms, various contests were arranged, and in these Miss Nellie Horne and Miss Irma Roberts were the prize winners.

Besides the contests, there were various games and music. Refreshments of punch and sandwiches were served.

Boys Join National Guards.

Two Kerr county boys, Earl Garrett of Kerrville, and Hurley Fuller of Center Point were among the one hundred or more State University students who joined the Texas National Guard. They are now in San Antonio receiving drill instructions preparatory to going to the front as border patrol guards. They enlisted for three years, but have the promise that they may enter school again in September if war conditions will permit.

New Business Opens.

M. Wilkinson is opening up a shoe shine parlor in the Dietert building adjoining Mrs. Butt's store. He has cleaned the place up and placed linoleum on the floor and with the neat furniture he is putting in will have a real attractive place. Kerrville has long felt the need of such a business, one in which ladies and gentlemen could have their shoes shined amid agreeable surroundings. Mr. Wilkinson will also conduct a typewriter agency and will keep magazines on sale, also tobacco and cigars. Call on him and give him such patronage as you can in his line. He will appreciate it.

PURSE AND MONEY OF DEAD MAN FOUND

Another Chapter in Celebrated Murder Case—Boys Hunting Birds Find Purse at the Light Plant

On last Saturday afternoon Dick Eastland, proprietor of the Light and Ice Plant here, brought to the sheriff's office and delivered to Mr. Moore a leather purse or wallet which no doubt is the purse which was owned by Walter Dobson, who was murdered here in July, 1914, and for which crime Jack Satterwhite is now serving a term in the State penitentiary.

Mr. Eastland told a reporter for the Advance that the purse was found in the engine room of the light plant by some small boys who were hunting birds. The boys were killing sparrows for a bounty offered them by Capt. Schreiner in order to diminish the large crop of English sparrows which are such a nuisance in town. The birds were building nests up in the scaffolding of the roof in the building referred to and Mr. Eastland gave them permission to "get the birds." While the boys were up among the rafters one of them, Albert Phillips, found the purse on the plate next to the roof. He called down to Mr. Eastland, "look here what I found," and threw it down to him.

Upon examination by Mr. Eastland the purse was found to contain a small folder containing four American Express Co. travelers checks of \$20 each, two of which were issued at Electra, Texas, one at Memphis, Texas, and one at Quanah, Texas, all dated in July, 1914. The purse also contained a \$10 greenback, \$1.80 cents in silver and three pennies. The Express checks were all signed by Walter Dobson and made payable to his order. The money and purse was well preserved.

When Dobson's body was found no money or purse was found upon it but in the trial it developed that he had a large purse of the description of the one found, on the last day he was seen alive and proof was also offered that the purse he had contained a large roll of bills. Up to the finding of this purse neither the purse in evidence, or its contents had ever been found.

Various conclusions are drawn

Miss Christina L. Mull.

Miss Christina L. Mull, aged 78 years, died at her home in Kerrville on Saturday, May 20, 1916, after an illness of several weeks.

Miss Mull was a native of Marshall county, Mississippi, and came to Kerrville forty years ago where she has resided ever since. In the words of her nephew, Walter Jarmon, who has made his home with her for twenty-five years, "she was one of the best women that ever lived." She leaves a sister, Mrs. H. P. Jarmon of Kerrville, and a brother, Thos. Mull of Holly, Ark. both of whom were present at her death, and Walter Jarmon, her nephew. She had the very best nursing and medical aid that could be had and the kind attention of friends and loved ones in her last illness.

The funeral service was conducted at St. Peter's Episcopal Church by Bishop J. S. Johnston Sunday afternoon and the body interred at Glen Rest Cemetery.

The Kerrville Boy Scouts in charge of E. R. Dabney and George Doyle left yesterday on a hike to Medina Lake for a week's camp and fishing trip. They will no doubt have a great time.

from this latest development in a very remarkable case. The fact that it was found in the building where Satterwhite was working on the night of the murder gives good grounds for the conclusion that it furnishes further proof of his guilt, while some who have been undecided about the mysterious case, claim it might have been put there by some one else.

At any rate, the purse was well hidden and if the boys had not been hunting birds on that day it might have remained there for generation. It is puzzling why the money was left in it. The ten dollar bill might easily have been overlooked as it was closely folded and in the bottom of the long purse, but the silver, it seems, would have been discovered.

Sheriff Moore will hold the money until proper legal proceedings are taken to deliver it to the father of Walter Dobson, who lives in Arkansas. It will be remembered that old man Dobson swore that his son had several hundred dollars on his person when he started from North Texas to come to Kerrville a very few days before his death.

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

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CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

A peep at Wolf Larsen showed me that he had not moved. A bright thought struck me. I stole into his state room and possessed myself of his revolver. There were no other weapons, though I thoroughly ransacked the three remaining state-rooms. To make sure, I returned and went through the steerage and fore-cabin, and in the galley gathered up all the sharp meat and vegetable knives. Then I betook me to the great yachtman's knife he always carried, and I came to him and spoke to him, first softly, then loudly. He did not move. I bent over and took it from his pocket. I breathed more freely. He had no arms with which to attack me from a distance; while I, armed, could always forestall him should he attempt to grapple me with his terrible gorilla arms.

Filling a coffee pot and frying pan with part of my plunder, and taking some chinaware from the cabin pantry, I left Wolf Larsen lying in the sun and went ashore. Maud was still asleep. I blew up the embers (we had not yet arranged a winter kitchen) and quite feverishly cooked the breakfast. Toward the end, I heard her moving about within the hut, making her toilet. Just as all was ready and the coffee poured, the door opened and she came forth. "It's not fair of you," was her greeting. "You are usurping one of my prerogatives. You know you agreed that the cooking should be mine, and—"

"But just this once," I pleaded. "If you promise not to do it again," she smiled. "Unless, of course, you have grown tired of my poor efforts."

To my delight she never once looked toward the beach, and I maintained the banter with such success that all unconsciously she sipped coffee from the china cup, ate fried evaporated potatoes, and spread marmalade on her biscuit. But it could not last. I saw the surprise that came over her. She had discovered the china plate from which she was eating. She looked over the breakfast, noting detail after detail. Then she looked at me, and her face turned slowly toward the beach.

"Humphrey!" she cried. The old unnamable error mounted into her eyes. "Is he—?" she quavered. I nodded my head.

CHAPTER XXVII.

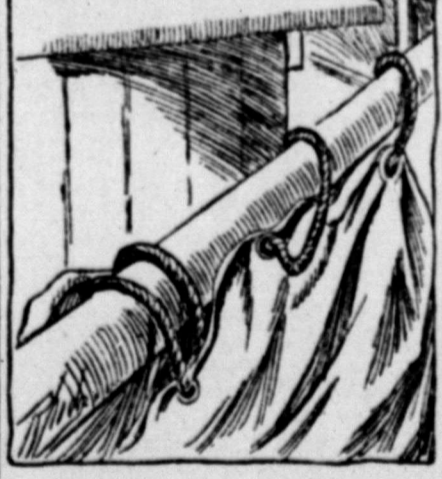
We waited all day for Wolf Larsen to come ashore. It was an intolerable period of anxiety. Each moment one or the other of us cast expectant glances toward the Ghost. But he did not come. He did not even appear on deck. "Perhaps it is his headache," I said. "I left him lying on the poop. He may be there all night. I think I'll go and see."

tiously descending, I found the cabin deserted. The door to his stateroom was closed. At first I thought of knocking, then I remembered my ostensible errand and resolved to carry it out. Carefully avoiding noise, I lifted the trapdoor in the floor and set it to one side. The slop chest, as well as the provisions, was stored in the lazaretto, and I took advantage of the opportunity to lay in a stock of under-clothing. As I emerged from the lazaretto I heard sounds in Wolf Larsen's stateroom. I crouched and listened. The doorknob rattled. Furtively, instinctively, I slunk back behind the table and drew and cocked my revolver. The door swung open and he came forth. Never had I seen so profound a despair as that which I saw on his face—the face of Wolf Larsen the fighter, the strong man, the indomitable one. For all the world like a woman wringing her hands, he raised his clenched fists and groaned. One fist unclenched, and the open palm swept across his eyes as though brushing away cobwebs.

"God! God!" he groaned, and the clenched fists were raised again to the infinite despair with which his throat vibrated. It was horrible. I was trembling all over, and I could feel the shivers running up and down my spine and the sweat standing out on my forehead. Surely there can be little in this world more awful than the spectacle of a strong man in the moment when he is utterly weak and broken.

But Wolf Larsen regained control of himself by an exertion of his remarkable will. And it was exertion. His whole frame shook with the struggle. He caught his breath once or twice and sobbed. Then he was successful. I could have thought him the old Wolf Larsen, and yet there was in his movements a vague suggestion of weakness and indecision. He started for the companionway, and stepped forward quite as I had been accustomed to see him do; and yet again, in his very walk, there seemed that suggestion of weakness and indecision.

I rose swiftly to my feet, and, I know, quite unconsciously assumed a defiant attitude. He took no notice of me. Nor did he notice the open trap. Before I could grasp the situation, or act, he had walked right into the trap. One foot was descending into the opening, while the other foot was just on the verge of beginning the uplift. But when the descending foot



He Shoved the Slide Part Way Back and Rested His Arms on It.

missed the solid flooring and fell vacantly beneath, it was the old Wolf Larsen and the tiger muscles that made the falling body spring across the opening, even as it fell, so that he struck on his chest and stomach, with arms outstretched, on the floor of the opposite side. The next instant he had drawn up his legs and rolled clear. But he rolled into my marmalade and underclothes and against the trapdoor.

The expression on his face was one of complete comprehension. But before I could guess what he had comprehended, he had dropped the trapdoor into place, closing the lazaretto. Then I understood. He thought he had me inside. Also, he was blind, blind as a bat. I watched him, breathing carefully so that he should not hear me. He stepped quickly to his stateroom. I saw his hand miss the doorknob by an inch, quickly fumble for it, and find it. This was my chance. I tiptoed across the cabin and to the top of the stairs. He came back, dragging a heavy sea chest, which he deposited on top of the trap. Not content with this, he fetched a second chest and placed it on top of the first. Then he gathered up the marmalade and underclothes and put them on the table. When he started up the companionway, I retreated, silently rolling over on top of the cabin. He shoved the slide part way back and rested his arms on it, his body

still in the companionway. His attitude was of one looking forward the length of the schooner, or staring, rather, for his eyes were fixed and unblinking. I was only five feet away and directly in what should have been his line of vision. It was uncanny. I felt myself a ghost, what of my invisibility. I waved my hand back and forth, of course without effect; but when the moving shadow fell across his face I saw at once that he was susceptible to the impression. His face became more expectant and tense as he tried to analyze and identify the impression.

Giving over his attempt to determine the shadow, he stepped on deck and started forward, walking with a swiftness and confidence which surprised me. And still there was that hint of the feebleness of the blind in his walk. I knew it now for what it was.

To my amused chagrin, he discovered my shoes on the forecastle head and brought them back with him into the galley. I watched him build the fire and set about cooking food for himself; then I stole into the cabin for my marmalade and underclothes, slipped back past the galley, and climbed down to the beach to deliver my barefoot report.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"It's too bad the Ghost has lost her masts. Why, we could sail away in her. Don't you think we could, Humphrey?"

I sprang excitedly to my feet. "I wonder, I wonder," I repeated, pacing up and down.

Maud's eyes were shining with anticipation as they followed me. She had such faith in me! And the thought of it was so much added power. I remembered Michelet's "To man, woman is as the earth was to her legendary son; he has but to fall down and kiss her breast and he is strong again." For the first time I knew the wonderful truth of his words. Why, I was living them. Maud was all this to me, an unfailing source of strength and courage. I had but to look at her, or think of her, and be strong again.

"It can be done, it can be done," I was thinking and asserting aloud. "What men have done, I can do; and if they have never done this before, still I can do it."

"What? for goodness sake," Maud demanded. "Do be merciful. What is it you can do?"

"We can do it," I amended. "Why, nothing else than put the masts back into the Ghost and sail away."

"Humphrey!" she exclaimed. "And I felt as proud of my conception as if it were already a fact accomplished."

"But how is it possible to be done?" she asked.

"I don't know," was my answer. "I know only that I am capable of doing anything these days."

I smiled proudly at her—too proudly, for she dropped her eyes and was for the moment silent.

"But there is Captain Larsen," she objected.

"Blind and helpless," I answered promptly, waving him aside as a straw.

"But those terrible hands of his! You know how he leaped across the opening of the lazaretto."

"And you know also how I crept about and avoided him," I contended gaily.

"And lost your shoes?"

"You'd hardly expect them to avoid Wolf Larsen without my feet inside of them."

We both laughed, and then went seriously to work constructing the plan whereby we were to step the masts of the Ghost and return to the world. Maud stood silently by my side, while I evolved in my mind the contrivance known among sailors as "shears." But, though known to sailors, I invented it there on Endeavor Island. By crossing and lashing the ends of two spars, and then elevating them in the air like an inverted "V," I could get a point above the deck to which to make fast my hoisting tackle. To this hoisting tackle I could, if necessary, attach a second hoisting tackle. And then there was the windlass!

Maud saw that I had achieved a solution and her eyes warmed sympathetically.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Clear that raffle," I answered, pointing to the tangled wreckage over- side. Ah, the decisiveness, the very sound of the words, was good in my ears. "Clear that raffle!" Imagine so salty a phrase on the lips of the Humphrey Van Weyden of a few months gone!

teeth," she quoted at me; and for the rest of the afternoon we made merry over our labor.

Her task was to hold the boat in position while I worked at the tangle. And such a tangle—balyards, sheets, guys, downhauls, shrouds, stays, all washed about and back and forth and through, and twined and knotted by the sea; I cut no more than was necessary, and what with passing the long ropes under and around the booms and masts, or unreeving the balyards and uncoiling in order to pass through another knot in the bight, I was soon wet to the skin.

The sails did require some cutting, and the canvas, heavy with water, tried my strength severely; but I succeeded before nightfall in getting it all spread out on the beach to dry. We were both very tired when we knocked off for supper, and we had done good work, too, though to the eye it appeared insignificant.

Next morning, with Maud as able assistant, I went into the hold of the Ghost to clear the steps of the mast



The Sound of His Voice Made Maud Quickly Draw Close to Me.

butta. We had no more than begun work when the sound of my knocking and hammering brought Wolf Larsen.

"Hello below!" he cried down the open hatch.

The sound of his voice made Maud quickly draw close to me, as for protection, and she rested one hand on my arm while we parleyed.

"Hello on deck," I replied. "Good morning to you."

"What are you doing down there?" he demanded. "Trying to scuttle my ship for me?"

"Quite the opposite; I'm repairing her," was my answer.

"But what in thunder are you repairing?" There was puzzlement in his voice.

"Why, I'm getting everything ready for resteping the masts," I replied easily, as though it were the simplest project imaginable.

"It seems as though you're standing on your own legs at last, Hump," we heard him say; and then for some time he was silent.

"But I say, Hump," he called down. "You can't do it."

"Oh, yes I can," I retorted. "I'm doing it now."

"But this is my vessel, my particular property. What if I forbid you?"

"You forget," I replied. "You are no longer the biggest bit of the ferment. You were, once, and able to eat me, as you were pleased to phrase it; but there has been a diminishing, and I am now able to eat you. The yeast has grown stale."

He gave a short, disagreeable laugh. "I see you're working my philosophy back on me for all it is worth. But don't make the mistake of under-estimating me. For your own good I warn you."

"Since when have you become a philanthropist?" I queried. "Confess, now, in warning me for my own good, that you are very inconsistent."

"I ignored my sarcasm, saying, 'Suppose I clap the hatch on, now? You won't fool me as you did in the lazaretto.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Evidently They Were Together. "My husband tells me that he was out late last night with your husband."

"That isn't so. I want you to understand that my husband was out with your husband."

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System

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

Cabaret. "Will you have some capers with your mutton, sir?" asked the waiter.

"I don't mind if I do," said the guest. "You might ask the young lady to cut the same capers she was doing when I came in."

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

The Plot. "That fellow Jones-Smythe is getting too darned popular around this club. I wish we could put a spoke in his wheel somehow."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's elect him chairman of the house committee."

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE The antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and used in foot-bath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, aching, tired feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. The greatest comfort discovery of the age. Sold everywhere. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Footpath to Education. Father—So you like school, do you, dear? And what have you learned today?

Marjorie (aged six)—I learned the names of all the little boys.

Disagreeable and Dangerous Trouble is Diarrhoea, but a speedy and certain cure is found in Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial. Price 5c and 50c.—Adv.

An Optimist. "Some say the world is growing worse."

"I don't think that way, although they are adding more crimes to the statute books."

If your horse is kicked, or cut by barbed wire, apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Something Lost. "Do you find that prohibition has improved the town?"

"In many ways. But it isn't as interesting and intellectual as it was when the temperance lecturers held regular meetings."—Washington Star.

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

So to Speak. "I've dropped ten pounds in weight since I've had this cough."

"A cough drop, eh?"

About 15,000 tons of paper and paper board are manufactured every day in the United States.

If you Suffer from Backache, Lumbago, Kidneys or Rheumatism, Take Hot Water and "ANURIC"

American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

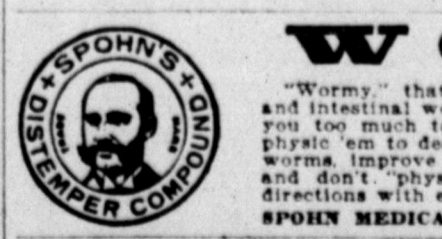
When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, when your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night, when you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, and stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your druggist—"ANURIC." Because of uric acid in overabundance in the system, backache, pains here and there, rheuma-

tism, gout, gravel, neuralgia and relative result. It was Dr. Pierce who discovered a new agent, called "Anuric," which will throw out and eradicate this uric acid from the system. Dr. Pierce believes "Anuric" to be 37 times more potent than Alka, and consequently you need no longer fear muscular or articular rheumatism or gout, or many other diseases which are dependent on an accumulation of uric acid within the body. Send Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package or \$1.00 for full treatment "Anuric."

Dr. Pierce's reputation is back of this medicine and you know that his "Pleasant Pellets" for the liver and his "Favorite Prescription" for the bile of women have had a splendid reputation for the past 50 years. Adv.

WORMS

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WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

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The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of "THE OCCASIONAL FENDER," "THE WIRE TAP PERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. Novelized from THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori flees the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to a woman a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count Da Espares figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but Da Espares is crushed in the rubble. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Manke's poisoned arrows.

TENTH EPISODE THE LIVING DEAD

"I'm opposed to your plan, sir," Enoch Golden declared with heat, "and I always will be opposed to it!" David Manley, as he stared across the table at the ruffled old millionaire, tried to control himself to patience. "But you acknowledge that you are equally opposed to Legar's intrusion into this house, to having his secret agents planted about at your elbow. But when I work out a plan that offers a reasonable promise of trapping Legar and his men, you stop the whole business by declaring it's lacking in dignity!"

"Dignity is something which departed from this house the day Legar first forced his way into it," was Golden's bitter retort. "Precisely," cried young Manley. "His whole campaign has been one of intimidation, of threats and assaults and reprisals. They have been trying to fight us with terror. So my contention is, why not give them a dose of their medicine? Why not fight them with their own weapons, and in doing so, perhaps go them one better?"

"But I can only repeat my convictions that your plan can't succeed!" protested the tremulous-voiced old financier. "Why not leave that to me?" cut in young Manley, with his first touch of impatience.

"I've left a good many things to you, Davy; but I don't encourage men to plan their own funerals!" "Yet I've thought this out, sir, and I maintain that it's worth a try. You know as well as I do that these men who work with Legar are an ignorant and illiterate lot. They're not afraid of force. But when you confront them with the supernatural, you get them face to face with something they can't understand. And what they can't understand they are going to be afraid of!"

"And you think you're going to frighten 'em away with a casket?" "I'm going to make them believe that David Manley, having departed this life because of an attack on his person by one Mask, with poisoned arrows, is about to be duly interred in the Golden mausoleum, and—"

"But you couldn't even get a wax figure that would fool a five-year-old child? You couldn't—"

"I've already got the figure, interrupted Manley. "And it strikes me as being an exceptionally perfect one." "But what's all this funeral business to lead to?" demanded the old financier.

"It leads to the fact that Legar and his men will be duly informed of my death, for I want all the servants in this house to pass before the casket and see me in it. And Legar's spy will be one of them. So Legar, you may be sure, will get the facts as soon as they are known. He will be tipped off as to the day and hour of the funeral. He will also be told that the cortege, say of three carriages, is to proceed to the Golden mausoleum, and that Margery Golden is to go in one of the carriages. And that lonely spot will strike him as precisely the right spot for making a coup."

"And what do we gain by that?" "Well, sir, our big thirty-thousand dollar mausoleum with thirty big policemen, and round up the gang before Legar can even smell a rat."

But Enoch Golden remained unconvinced. "Well, it may be a brilliant plan, but you can please leave me out of it," he finally announced. "That's just what I've been asking for," explained Manley. "All I want is to be allowed to conduct it in my own way."

David Manley, however, did not conduct that strange funeral altogether in his own way. Carefully as every detail had been planned, there were one or two minor features which at the time escaped his attention. The most inconspicuous and yet the most vital of these was, perhaps, the personality of the driver of the third carriage in that small cortege which wended its way so decorously from the Golden home. For under the funeral outfit of this placid-eyed driver re-

posed the stalwart body of a certain One-Lamp Louie, long known among his associates as an habitue of the Owl's Nest and an underground agent for Jules Legar himself.

Now One-Lamp Louie gave no promise of either active or passive interference with these duly appointed mortuary exercises until the city itself had been left well behind. Then, awakening to the fact that they were traversing a desirably sequestered stretch of road, he watched intently for certain prearranged signals from his one-armed accomplice. Immediately after the discovery of those looked-for signs the spirited team driven by One-Lamp Louie showed unexpected yet unmistakable evidences of restiveness.

But there was a limit to what that team of spirited blacks would endure. And they suddenly, to all intents and purposes, determined to follow their own line of travel at their own rate of speed, for, as the driver sat on the box apparently sawing on the reins, that exasperated team plunged suddenly forward, swerved across the road, and went galloping down a tree-screened byway which was little more than a cart trail winding in and out through slopes of greensward and shrubbery.

Half a mile deeper in that shrubbery this runaway team would surely have reached the spot where a black limousine stood hidden away in the shadow of laurel-cope, had not still another and an equally unheralded factor entered into the situation. This factor took the form of a high-power roadster in which was seated a man wearing a yellow mask. His irruption into that orderly little procession, indeed, proved as abrupt as One-Lamp Louie's eruption from it. And he seemed plainly suspicious of both Louie's motives and movements, for he lost no time in swinging from the highway and plunging recklessly after the runaway carriage.

As his car approached the runaway cab that mysterious stranger, known as the Laughing Mask, stepped to the running-board of his roadster, leaning far out as the two swerving vehicles drew together. One-Lamp Louie, whatever he may have thought of that approach, had little means of evading it. To swing off what narrow road remained before him seemed frankly suicidal. To lash his team to greater speed was already out of the question. To take his hands from the reins, even, along that uncertain road, was equally foolhardy. So the strange race went on, the swaying and bounding cab with a white-faced girl tossed about under its hood, the leaping and lurching roadster, every second drawing closer down on its quarry yet every second threatening to turn turtle over one of the grassy embankments above which it shuddered and slewed.

It was the Laughing Mask, leaning far out from his running-board, who threw open the cab-door and called sharply to the startled girl.

"Quick," he commanded. "For one moment she hesitated. Then she reached out for the unsteady hand groping for her. The next moment she found herself sitting back, a little breathless, in the leather-upholstered seat of the roadster and the man in the Laughing Mask smiling down at her."

The Black Watch. A number of things had happened and were happening to disconcert, if not to discourage, the redoubtable Legar. That astute young adventurer, Betr Le Marsh, alias Williamsburg Elsie, who, with the aid of divers forged commendations, had installed herself in the Golden household, repeatedly and stubbornly reported that David Manley was dead.

Williamsburg Elsie also expressed a strong desire to migrate from the house in which she found herself so inquisitive a maid, since that house, she declared, was too full of "queer things" for her comfort. When, at Legar's suggestion, she had tried to "pump a needful o' dope" into her altogether unsuspecting mistress, a dead man's face had suddenly appeared between her and the bedroom door. And on two different occasions, after midnight, when she had ventured down to the housekeeper's telephone to send in a secret message to Legar himself, she had found herself confronted by a ghost in white.

Nor was Betsy Le Marsh the only malcontent. Even Red Egan himself, one of the best "cold-steel" men in all the group that clustered about the Owl's Nest, had of late shown unmistakable signs of mental disturbance. A dead man's ghost, he declared, had looked in through one of the headquarters' windows. Red Egan, it is true, had promptly emptied his six-shooter at that phantasmal intruder, but with nothing more to show for it than a shattered window-sash and six panes of broken glass.

When the master-criminal, to put an end to all such absurdities, had by the force of many dire threats and oaths compelled both One-Lamp Louie and Red Egan himself to repair to the

Golden mausoleum and verify the contents of the mysterious casket there deposited, Red Egan had returned with the preposterous story of a white sheet suddenly descending out of the blackness of the vault and whisking One-Lamp Louie out of reach and also out of sight. And since the once valiant Red Egan showed so craven a spirit that nothing short of a quart of three-star brandy could tranquilize his shaken nerves and since One-Lamp Louie showed no signs of returning from the mysterious realms into which the afore-mentioned white sheet had whisked him, Legar promptly and wrathfully decided to take the matter into his own hands. He would lay this ghost, he announced, or something would go smash in the process.

But he had no intention of approaching that intimidating mausoleum without due and definite preparation. With him he took a powerful pocket flashlight, a Colt automatic pistol and a couple of extra clips of cartridges, but the instrument on which he reposed the most confidence was a gunmetal disk little bigger than a pocket aneurist, some three inches in diameter and no thicker than a man's hand. This innocent-looking disk, which could be slipped into a vest pocket as easily as a timepiece, was known to the habitues of the Owl's Nest as the Black Watch.

While actually nothing more than a small-sized hand grenade, its claim to distinction lay in the tremendous explosive power which stood compressed between its slender metal walls.

Legar was not a coward. Yet as he stood in the clammy midnight air of the Golden mausoleum and quietly removed the screws that held the top on the black casket beside him, he found that combination of silence and gloom and unsavory surroundings a little more of a strain on his nerves than he had anticipated. Yet as he lifted back the sable cover of the casket he did so with a hand that was still steady.



When She Tried to "Pump a Needful o' Dope" Into Her Mistress, a Dead Man's Face Appeared.

Thence he took up his flashlight, and pressing close to the coffin's side, stood studying the pallid face that lay surrounded by its even more pallid drapery of white satin. He stared at that pallid face long and intently. He stared at it with studious and narrowing eyes. Then he did a strange and an inexplicable thing.

Lifting his maimed right arm that ended in its sheath of steel, he brought it down with a crash on the glass cover of the casket. Then, as though infuriated by some unreasoning hatred for the pallid face still staring so impassively up at him, he struck again. This time the blow fell directly on the head between the white satin swathings. But that falling arm, instead of striking a human head of flesh and bone, crashed down through a thin shell of fiber and tinted wax.

Legar, focusing his light on that shattered mask, emitted a short bark of triumph as the meaning of it all came home to him. He leaned for several minutes over the violated casket, staring at it with insolent yet abstracted eyes, pondering just what move could be subtended so intricately engineered a subterfuge. And the answer to that question came more promptly and more directly than he had anticipated. For as he stood there, turning a piece of the wax-covered tissue meditatively over in his fingers, the electric bulbs that strung the mausoleum roof broke into sudden light. From different quarters of that shadowy building, at the same time, stepped a group of hidden officers, headed by David Manley himself.

So quickly and so quietly did that transformation take place, indeed, that the man leaning over the casket had had no time nor chance to change his position. He merely blinked a little stupidly at the revolver which glistened in Manley's hand. Then, with a gesture that seemed equally stupid, he reached for his watch and held the heavy gun-metal case meditatively between his fingers. "Stick 'em up!" Manley was at the same time commanding with a curt head movement towards Legar's hands. "It may have taken some work, but this is the time we gather

Legar laughed as he confronted his enemies. "Do you want to take me alive?" "Alive or dead, I'm going to take you!"

"Then take this first," cried Legar. At the same moment that he spoke the left hand in which he still held what seemed to be a black metal watch case swung forward. And as that object which so closely resembled a black watch hurtled through the air, Legar flung himself flat on his face along the vault flooring. Then the black watch struck.

The next moment the walls of that ponderous structure of marble and sandstone seemingly built to defy time itself, lifted bodily in the air, like the hull of a corpedoed dreadnaught. Then, following the roar and rumble of that vast detonation, came the momentary catastrophic silence which so strangely and yet so inevitably succeeds a calamity too gigantic and too abrupt to be understood.

That ominous silence, however, lasted only for a few seconds. Out of it arose muffled calls and thin cries for help, followed by answering shouts from many different points in the darkness as rescuing hands set to work on the ruins.

And out of those ruins, while this work was going on, emerged two bruised and tattered figures strangely divergent in appearance. The first figure, worming its way out through the interstices of crumbled rock and cement, as cautiously and as silently as a wounded blacksnake might crawl from a cave, bore an iron claw at the end of its right arm and betrayed an unmistakable desire to creep away into the darkness before being observed.

The second man, who, on recovering consciousness found himself engaged between two fallen pillars of marble topped by one of the roof slabs, experienced no little difficulty in emerging to the open, so wedged about these protecting pillars he crouched at him.

But as he worked his bruised body

All this Legar might have done, and might have done without great difficulty, had not a trace of his older obsession of hate impinged on his clearly outlined course of action.

He was once more himself, by this time, walking with a limp that was scarcely discernible. But as he stole down from the higher ground and made his way back towards the Westingham chimney flares he became once more conscious of the whiter glare along the roadside he was so cautiously skirting. This, he remembered, as he stole nearer, came from the headlights of a stalled limousine. Then he made a second and a more startling discovery. He knew, even before he caught sight of Train working over his helpless car, that it belonged to Enoch Golden. But what actually drew him closer to the spot was a glimpse of Margery Golden herself, in a gray fur motor coat, as she stepped from the body of the car and came full into the glare of the headlights, closer beside her stooping chauffeur.

"Are we stalled?" he could hear the girl ask.

"We'll be off again in a minute or two, Miss Margery," was Train's preoccupied reply.

"But I can't stand here helpless," protested the girl. "I can't wait. I must know what has happened to David Manley."

"Whatever it was, it's over and done by this time."

"But he may be dead. He may be lying crushed under those fallen pillars. I must go on. Tell father I couldn't wait, that I've gone ahead on foot!"

Legar, crouching back in the shadows, heard these hurried words and as hurriedly acted on them. Slinking back through the bushes, he swung about and followed the girl through the darkness.

Yet it was not until the girl had passed well out of hailing distance of the headlighted car that Legar circled even more hurriedly forward and swung in again to intercept her.

She was trudging, a little breathlessly, up a sandy slope, with her straining eyes still fixed on the moving lanterns about the ruined mausoleum.

Then, swinging apparently out of the empty air about her, a circle of steel, suddenly encompassing her arm, brought her to an abrupt stop.

With one quick movement Legar tore the motor veil from her head, twisted it into a coil, and flung it about her neck. And all the while the iron claw, grasping at her arm, held her as a steel trap might.

She was already dizzy with pain when she heard the sharp crack of a revolver shot close over her shoulder. This was followed by a quick shout and a muttered oath. She felt herself forcibly flung from Legar's arms into the arms of another man panting breathlessly up the sandy slope. She could see this man, even as he held her from falling, stop to level his gun at the fleeing figure of Legar. She could see him shoot again, and still again, at the same moment that Train and the plunging automobile came throbbing and panting up to the scene, the electric lamps throwing out their wavering, long columns of white light as they came. Then the stranger, arrested by certain gasping and gurgling sounds from the throat of the half-garroted girl in his arms, stooped down and tore the constricting veil away from the slender, white column of her neck. And Margery, opening her eyes, saw that it was the Laughing Mask bending above her.

"It was Legar!" she gasped as Train, followed by her father, came panting up to where they stood.

"And there he goes now!" cried the Laughing Mask, pointing down the long lane of light columning out from the car's lamps. Across that narrow river of light they could catch a glimpse of a tall figure skulking off into the darkness.

"Follow that man with your car," the Laughing Mask suddenly cried out to the chauffeur.

"No car could travel through country like that!" protested Train.

"Then keep your lights on the main road to the west here, so as to pick him up if he tried to break through on that side. I'll swing around by the foundry yards and head him off in the east!"

And the next moment the man in the yellow mask had disappeared in the darkness. Golden and his daughter stood staring after him.

Two minutes later the blackness that had swallowed him up was stabbed by a series of flame flashes, followed by the repeated bark of a revolver. From the gloom still nearer the shadowy pile of the Westingham foundry came an answering series of shots.

"That means he's making for the foundry, sir!" cried the excited Train as he swung his car about.

"Then, for God's sake, get us there, as quick as you can," commanded Enoch Golden as the car lurched and pulsed and crawled on between the broken shrubbery, in perilous search for some open pathway.

But both Legar and his pursuer were by this time well beyond their line of vision. That desperate-minded master criminal, in fact, realizing that his enemy was pressing close at his heels, mounted a slag pile, dropped flat, and emptied his revolver into the darkness, where the Laughing Mask should have been.

But the wary pursuer, dropping low beside an empty pitch barrel, held his fire and waited. The moment he heard the crisp sound of footsteps along the slag slope he once more took up the pursuit.

That pursuit led through a narrow lane between great piles of structural

iron. It led through an abandoned boiler room, then on through a dimly lighted and low-roofed structure of pulleys and lathes, and from there to the brighter lighted and higher roofed metal room of the foundry itself. There, beside glowing furnaces half-naked men toiled over incandescent annealing boxes and cauldrons of molten metal. There gigantic track cranes swung bowls of liquid fire from crucibles to mold beds.

And there the hurried Legar, bewildered by the sudden bright light, ran like a pelted bound dove the sandy paths between forge and coke oven and cauldron crane. There, seeing his way blocked by a group of round-eyed Lithuanians, he swung, catlike, up into the iron network of the cable bridges, with his pursuer still close at his heels. All there, midway across that smoke-stained roof, that echoed with the tumult of thunderous hammers and directly over a king cauldron of molten steel, the two men came together.

There Legar, with his metal claw hooked securely into the iron network above his head, swung about and faced his enemy. And there, on that grimy bridge high above the equally grimy workmen who left their forges and lathes and cauldrons to witness the struggle, the two enemies, who had so long and bitterly opposed each other, found themselves face to face for their final struggle.

Yet the man in the yellow mask seemed the cooler headed of the two, for as Legar struck snarling at his face he ducked low on his narrow perch and at the same moment whipped his revolver from the side pocket of his coat. Yet Legar, with a movement equally prompt, kicked viciously at the fingers clustered about the gun-butt before the weapon itself could be brought into use. The next moment that weapon fell with a hiss and splash into the lake of molten metal beneath them.

Then the struggle became one of tendon against tendon, of straining muscle against muscle, of empty handed mortal strength pitted against mortal strength. There, like animals of the wild, high in some Amazonian eyrie, the two strangely entangled figures fought and struggled and glared and struck.

In the matter of mere physical strength Legar seemed to have the advantage. And what under ordinary circumstances might have proved a disability could now be turned to his advantage. For the iron claw at the end of his right arm, hooked securely into the network of steel behind him, held him there without effort and without strain. His opponent, on the other hand, found it no easy task to make sure of his perch above that ever-intimidating cauldron of molten metal. His arm shook with the tension imposed on his overtaxed muscles. His fingers became numb with pain, threatening to lose their prehensile power, and even as he fought he weakened to a realization that he must change his hold.

It was as he maneuvered to bring about this shift of position that the ever-watchful Legar, alert for the most trivial advantage, saw his chance. Swinging his body suddenly free from its footing on the narrow ledge of metal where he stood, he pendulumed towards his momentarily unstable opponent, throwing his feet forward and upward, as he did so, with all the force of a football player kicking a double punt.

The force of this unlooked-for impact was too much for the man in the mask. He tottered back, caught frantically at a soot-covered steel bar beside him, dropped the full length of its diagonal course before he could make sure of his clutch, and came into violent collision with the heavy iron block of a crane ladle. There, half-stunned by the blow, he fell sprawling across a polished steel cable which drooped floorward between the blocks and its empty metal pot. He tried to clutch that cable as he fell, but his speed proved too great and his overtaxed fingers were too weak. As he fell along its polished surface, however, it offered sufficient resistance to carry his limp body beyond the peril of that open lake of molten metal, which, his frantic brain kept telling him, meant death. And as he dropped weakly from the cable loop to a pile of molting sand lying between a casting box and an empty spill trough, a score of watching men gave utterance to a shout of relief and a score of waiting hands were there to help him to his feet.

So intent were those astounded ironworkers on watching that perilous fall, however, that they paid scant attention to the second figure climbing spiderlike higher along the blackened ironwork of the blackened roof. They caught no glimpse of him as he scrambled, sooty and panting, through the ventilating flue that opened on the roof itself. Nor did any eye follow him as he crept, gorrillalike, along the perilous slope of that roof until he came to the end of the building. Along this end he found a lightning rod, running from the peak of its roof to the ground. He promptly tested the strength of this wire, satisfying himself carefully, foot by foot, by means of one hand and an iron hook which struck and clung to the metal with the vicious tenacity of an eagle's claw.

When he reached the ground, still breathing heavily, he looked cautiously about. Then, making sure he was not observed, he slipped into the shadow of a pile of iron ingots, once more waited and listened, and then, crouching low, crossed the foundry yard and climbed the high board fence surrounding it. And a moment later the darkness of the night had swallowed him up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

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Ingram Locals.

(Regular Correspondence)

Isaac Zumwalt of Hunt passed through Ingram Tuesday en route to Kerrville.

Mrs. Stone returned from Ozona where she had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lewis Moore. Mr. and Mrs. Moore came home with her and then left for New Mexico where they will make their home.

The heavy rains put both prongs of the river on quite a rise and on Johnson creek crops were quite badly damaged by the hail.

Mrs. Edward Young of San Antonio is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wilkes Cade this week.

Tom Archer is down from the divide.

Mrs. T. J. Moore and children of Kerrville were in Ingram Monday.

Mr. Dave Watson and his daughter, Mrs. Maude Oatman, of San Antonio are visiting here this week.

Services at the Baptist church Sunday were good and a fairly good attendance considering the weather.

Lewis Lee visited his brother, Rev. T. C. Lee here last week.

Chas. Archer came in from the divide Saturday night in his new Ford car.

Medina Local Notes.

(Regular Correspondence)

There was tremendous rain and considerable wind Saturday night. Only very rank oats were seriously damaged. Rocky Creek reports heavy hail.

Fabian Garrison and Rush Forest are at home from San Marcos Baptist Academy.

Rev. S. F. Marsh returned from San Marcos Wednesday where he had attended a part of the commencement exercises at the Baptist Academy.

Miss Leona McDonald and Miss Willie Hodges of Center Point visited the Justice family last week and attended the school entertainment.

Mrs. Parker of Victoria is here for an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. L. Wattress, out on West Prong.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Kesse left Wednesday for Arizona where they expect to make their home.

Mrs. E. Ahrens is conducting a private school, mostly primary, which meets from 8 to 12 each day.

Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Robb, Miss Vera and Egerton, and Mrs. Hodges of Kerrville, were guests of Rev. and Mrs. S. F. Marsh over Sunday. Brother Robb preached here Sunday night.

Miss Edith Fee has returned from San Marcos Baptist Academy. Her friends are pleased to learn that in a declamation contest held during commencement week, she took first honors, winning the gold medal.

Our schools closed last week with interesting exercises. On Thursday night a great crowd enjoyed an entertainment, of which the leading features were a play, "The Village Post Office," by the high school pupils, and a pageant of American history by the intermediate girls.

Friday forenoon the Baptist church was filled to witness the graduation of eight of our young people from the 10th grade: Misses Verna Hodge, Dora Gilbert, Bertie Moore and Maud Kelly; and Messrs. Dewey

Humphreys, Hunter Fisher, Everett and Isaac Briggs. Dewey Humphreys was valedictorian, Bertie Moore historian, and Verna Hodges prophetess. Everett Briggs delivered the key to a member of the junior class and the other graduates read essays and delivered orations. In lieu of an outside speaker, Rev. S. F. Marsh delivered a short address, after which Prof. Ahrens, in behalf of the board, presented the diplomas with a few remarks spiced with appropriate humor in each case. In the afternoon almost the whole community were on the school grounds, where the pupils entertained us in numerous drills, a procession followed by the crowning of a queen and the winding of two Maypoles. Despite many difficulties and a few unpleasant incidents, our schools have had a successful session and have closed with exercises of which we are all proud.

Miss Dora Nimitz returned to her home in Kerrville Friday afternoon.

A ten inning game of baseball between Medina and Bandera teams, resulted in a score of 8 to 7 in favor of Bandera.

Home Guards Organized.

A Home Guard was organized last Tuesday night among the young men of the city with Bert Parsons and George Doyle as drill masters.

Preparedness and training in military tactics is the object of the Guard and all young men of this city and community with red blood in their veins are requested to join the organization.

The following list of young men answered roll call:

Bert Parsons, Rene Dubus, Mack Tarver, James Priour, John C. Henderson, Bob Hanson, Leroy D. Garrett, John Greer, Alfred Staudt, Tom Baker, W. H. Robinson, Bruce Tarver, Howard Butt, Adolph Dubus, George W. Doyle, Charles S. Durrin, G. L. Richeson.

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

E ————— E

Importance of Letter "E."

"E" is one of the most important letters in the alphabet. I want to call your attention to the fact that E is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life, no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there would be no editors, devils, or news. It is in our Saddles that are easy on your horse; in bridle that makes your horse proud, and in blankets of which we carry the best. It is in my name and the prices I make. It is in my Sanitary Buggies, the best in the land. Buy one and end your troubles.

E ————— E

J. E. PALMER

LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS

**A
B
C**

ALWAYS BE CAREFUL

WHEN YOU BUY AN OIL STOVE

Be Sure You Buy a Clark Jewel



They are unexcelled in quality, design and finish. They are guaranteed to bake perfectly and be economical in the consumption of oil. When you want the best you will buy one. Let us tell you more about them.

PREPARED

We now have in a fine large shipment of 1916 CLARK JEWEL oil stoves. They have the same fine burner construction as last year. The burners are short and close to the top. The blue flame strikes the bottom of the vessel direct and gives quick results with little oil.

No More Sweating

"What are you going to in (or with) your kitchen this summer, Mary? Are you going to sweat over the old wood stove as you have done heretofore?"

"No, John, I am going down to the Fawcett Furniture Store and get myself one of those CLARK JEWEL oil stoves I hear everybody talking about. They save oil and time."

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

Dr. S. B. Cobb,
DENTIST

Office Over Schreiner's Bank
 Res. Phone 219
 Office Phone 237
 KERRVILLE, TEXAS

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

Scholarship for Sale.

We have a \$50 scholarship in the Draughon Business College, San Antonio, which we will sell at a greatly reduced price. THE ADVANCE.

Guard Against Disease

Use Disinfectants and Germicides.

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

Make war on Disease Now. We have the Ammunition.

ROCK DRUG STORE

MISS IDA PFEUFFER, Proprietor

R. E. GALBRAITH

DENTIST

Office Opposite St. Charles
 Office Phone 37
 House Phone 63

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Horace E. Wilson

LAWYER

316-17 STATE BANK BUILDING
 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Stockmen's Hand Made Boots

IS MY SPECIALTY

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

J. Q. WHEELER
 KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Pennant Oil Stoves and Fireless Cooker Combined.

Short Burners, Close up to the Vessel. Burns only Kerosene Oil.

Make your cooking a pleasure during the hot summer time by buying one of these fine stoves. Call and let us show you the splendid advantages of the fireless cooker feature.

Other popular makes, both oil and gasoline stoves with from two to five burners, such as the Quickmeal gasoline range, etc.

Refrigerator Time is Here.

We have a full line of the best makes in stock of all sizes. Be sure to call and see our stock and get our prices.

Kerrville Furniture Co

E. S. PIERCE, Proprietor

Of Course You Care

To have your food from a clean stock;
To buy at the right prices;
To get quality when you ask for it;
To get what is coming to you as a buyer.

The Store for "Those Who Care" is

BERRY'S

Sanitary Groceries.

Phone 182

Local Notes

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

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

Miss Vela Burney is spending the week visiting at Center Point.

The most complete line of package crackers and cakes in town at BERRY'S.

Mrs. Gilbert C. Storms and little son, Edward, left Tuesday for San Antonio on a two-week's visit.

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

John Henry Harper and Mark Mosty left Tuesday for a week's camping and fishing trip on the Medina lake.

Thea Nectar Tea makes better Ice Tea. Valuable premium given with each package. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Miss Dora Nimitz returned Friday from Medina where she taught the session. She will teach in the Tivy High School the coming term.

Now, say! You owe it to yourself to inquire into the bargains that you can get at H. Noll Stock Co.

Jim Freeman went to Falfurrias Tuesday to buy cattle and ship up here to pasture.

To make your food taste better use strong extracts and spices in small quantities. Use French's and buy them at BERRY'S.

W. H. Page was in town yesterday from Hunt with a nice lot of vegetables.

Men's, ladies' and boys' bathing shoes, caps and suits at low prices. See H. Noll Stock Co.

Frank Montague was here from Bandera Tuesday.

New stock high grade pocket knives at Kerrville Drug Co.

William Saenger and family and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Saenger moved last week to Fredericksburg to make their home.

Why pay more? We have the reputation of selling it for less; be sure to come to the big store of H. Noll Stock Co.

For Exchange—400 acre farm near Bay City for business property in Kerrville, value \$20,000. Inquire at Advance office.

House work wanted in good families in Kerrville or vicinity by two Kerrville girls. Leave answer with the Advance.

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

Judge R. H. Burney, John R. Storms and Gilbert C. Storms went to Bandera Tuesday morning for the regular term of District court.

A first class Normal has been authorized by the State Superintendent for Center Point from June 6th to July 27. Write for information to J. W. Overall, Secretary, Kerrville.

Quite a number of our subscribers seem to forget that it takes money to run a newspaper.

If you need anything for that car of yours, we can supply you at once. And when it comes to mechanical skill, we turn out the best in this section. LEE MASON & SON.

We notice from the Express that two more of our Kerr county citizens have gone to San Antonio and enlisted in the services of Uncle Sam. Robt. B. Knox is serving as a Federal grand juror and T. A. McBryde on the petit jury.

T. H. Poag, a merchant and dairyman of Mercedes, was here several days last week looking out for pasturage for some stock.

Canned Blackberries, Gooseberries Peaches, Apples, Rhubarb, Mince-meat for pies, at C. C. Butt Grocery Co.

Mr. G. Hicks from Tarpley came over last week and moved his family back home after spending the school term here.

A bottle of Mapleine flavors two gallons of syrup. We have it. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Cow wanted to milk for her feed. Apply at Advance office.

Ask your doctor about our prescription service. Rock Drug Store.

PAMPELL'S

OPERA HOUSE
W. C. BERGER, MGR.

Built Up to a Standard
Not Down to a Price.

THURSDAY, MAY 25.

Pearl White, Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis in

The Ninth Episode of the greatest serial ever made, "THE IRON CLAW."

Pathe News and two reels of good comedy. 5 and 15c

FRIDAY, MAY 26.

Paramount pictures Co. presents Mary Pickford, in "THE FOUNDLING." 10 and 20c

SATURDAY, MAY 27

William Fox presents Vivian Martin, in "MERELY MARY ANN." 10 and 20 cents.

MONDAY

Pathe Pictures Co. presents "MENACE OF THE MUTE" By a very strong cast. 5 and 15c.

TUESDAY

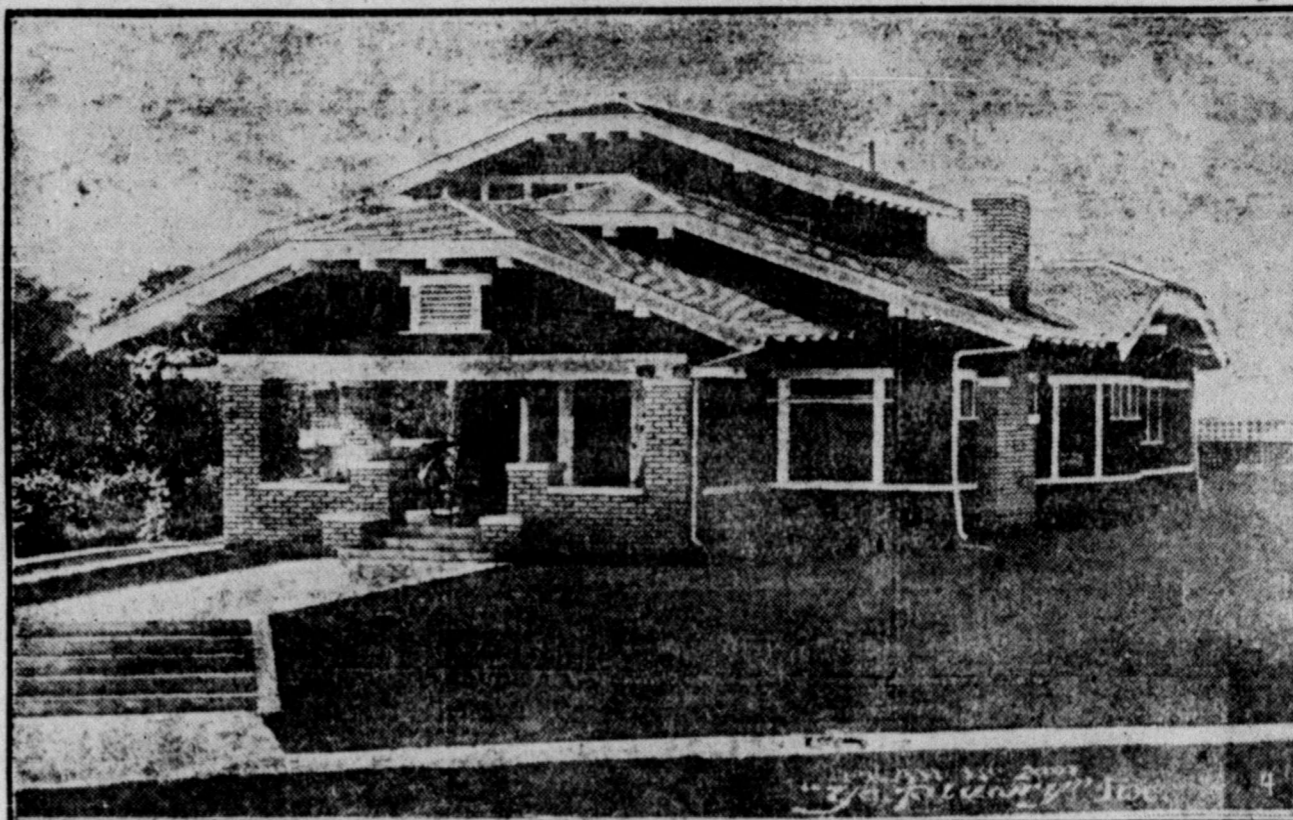
Paramount Pictures Co. presents Constance Collier, in "THE TONGUES OF MEN." 10 and 20c

WEDNESDAY

Triangle night. Greatest of all. A great 5-Act Photo Play, "HOODOO ANN." Also a 2-reel Keystone Comedy, "BY STORK DELIVERY." 10 and 25c.

When better pictures are made we will show them.

Build Good Homes



The word HOME should appeal to every one. Think of the pleasure and comfort of owning one of nice homes we build. In planning your future home see book of plans at our office.

HILLYER-DEUTSCH LUMBER COMPANY

Dealers in Building Material Hardware and Paint

R. NAGEL, Manager

Near SAP Depot

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Sanitary Milk Coolers

Strong and substantial. Will keep your milk and cream clean and sweet, your butter firm and vegetables fresh and crisp.

BERT PARSONS,
Plumber and Tinner,
Parsons Building, Phone 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stevens of the Harper neighborhood were in town trading last Friday. They will be regular readers of the Advance from this date.

LOST—Point Lace Handkerchief with deep border. Finder please return to Mrs. P. W. Berry and receive liberal reward.

Found—One black pig, about 6 months old. I have him in my pen. Come get him, pay damages and ad. charges. Nelson Davis.

Kearney Butt last week bought of Chas. Mosel, the two-story wooden building on Main St., formerly occupied by Mr. Butt, the consideration being \$1,050. Mr. Butt is making some improvements in the building and using some paint on it to good effect. He will move his furniture stock into it at once.

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

Keep a close watch on our announcement column and you will see who want to be our officials another year.

Use disinfectants now. We have all the good ones. Rock Drug Store.

Capt. Chas. Schreiner, Judge J.R. Burnett, J. E. Grinstead and Sid Rees returned last night from a visit to the Alamo City. The Ham-Ramsay meeting and Democratic Convention drew large crowds to the city this week.

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

Rooms for light housekeeping, with screen porch. Apply to Mrs. J. B. McLean.

You can buy men's Panama cloth or Palm Beach suits for \$6.50; six colors to select from at H. Noll Stock Co.

DR. L. WERBLUN IN KERRVILLE.

Dr. L. Werblun, Optician, will be in Kerrville, at Rawson's Drug Store, June 6 to 10, inclusive. Dr. Werblun is known here to be a competent and reliable optician. He guarantees his glasses to relieve headache and enable one to read, do close work and look at objects at long distance or at moving pictures without tiring or straining the eyes. He furnishes the latest in Seamless bifocal lenses, also the latest in nose glasses that stay on and wear easy. Examination of the eyes free.

When you think of the best, think of Triangle. When you want to see the best come to Pampell's.

Something new—Dinner Biscuits 5c a cup. Kept fresh at C. C. Butt Grocery Co.

Misses Loma and Audrey Snodgrass and their brother, Brice, of Big Point came down to attend the closing exercises of the Tivy High School.

Triangle Pictures the best in filmdom at Pampell's.

The Board of Trustees announce a summer School to be taught here by Prof. J. L. Waller, beginning May 29. This is for the benefit of any who want to make up any unfinished work so they will not fall behind in classification at the next regular term. For further information apply to J. E. Palmer, Secretary Board of Trustees.

Of course our business is growing. We always carry a good, large, new stock, and always have just what our customers demand at the lowest price that it is possible to sell a first class article for. See H. Noll Stock Co.

A thorough Normal course including all the subjects for all grades of State teachers certificates will be given by a strong faculty in the Center Point Summer Normal, Center Point, Texas. Write J. W. Overall, Secretary, for information.

Oakland

EIGHTS,
SIXES,
FOURS



"Sturdy as the Oak"

The Economy of Low Maintenance

Every month the Oakland "Six" owner enjoys the satisfaction of modest bills for his motoring. Tire wear is small, tire repairs few. Gasoline bills are a light tax, for the car makes 20 to 25 miles on a gallon. Repair costs—with proper care—should be almost nothing. And depreciation at the end of the year is small, for the initial outlay has not been large. Five-passenger, full electric equipment, light in weight.

Oakland "Six" \$860, Oakland Model "38" \$1125, delivered
We will be glad to fully demonstrate the Oakland "Six" if you are interested

Dietert Motor Co., Kerrville, Dealers.

SOMETHING NEW FOR KERRVILLE

THE NEW YORK DRY GOODS CO.

of Fredericksburg, Texas

Has opened a branch store 3 doors from postoffice
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Where a large stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes
Hats, Etc., will be sold at the lowest prices. Come
and convince yourself.

N. SACHS.

HOW TO HEAL ITCHING, BURNING SKIN DISEASES

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap. These are not at all expensive.

With the Resinol Soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened.

Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the Resinol Ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing.

This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.—Adv.

Too Busy. "John, I don't believe you paid any attention whatever to the sermon to day."

"How could I, my dear? I was trying to figure out how I am going to pay for the Easter hats and gowns you and the girls are wearing."

Self-Esteem. "You must forgive your enemies." "I do," replied Miss Cayenne. "But I can't help criticizing their bad taste."

A HINT TO WISE WOMEN. Don't suffer torture when all female troubles will vanish in this air after using "Femenina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

No Objection. "This war is making everything more expensive," complained father. "I see by the paper that even castor oil is going up."

Changed. "That new maid of ours is a wonder. When she came to us two months ago she couldn't understand a word we said to her."

"And now?" "And now she won't."

TRY DARKENING YOUR GRAY HAIR WITHOUT DYES

Shampoo your hair and scalp each morning for about a week with Q-Hair Hair Color Restorer. If your hair is gray, streaked with gray, prematurely gray or faded, brittle, thin or falling, all your hair will then be beautifully darkened and to such a natural, even dark shade no one would suspect that you had applied Q-Hair.

The Main Entrance. Knicker—What is the entrance to Mexico? Bocker—A revolving door.

It Is Good for Man. To heal cuts, sores, burns, lameness and other external ailments quickly use Hanford's Balm. It is a valuable household remedy and should always be kept in every home. Adv.

At the Club. "I see a bore coming." "That augurs badly."—Boston Transcript.

CUTICURA COMFORTS BABY Suffering From Itching, Burning Rashes, Eczema, etc. Trial Free.

Novelty—How are my novels going? Bookseller—I can't imagine, sir, unless it's shoplifters.—Puck.

FRECKLES

How is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—guaranteed to remove these horrid spots.

Hard to Believe. "My foot have a habit of going to sleep." "With those loud socks?"

BABIES AND GROWING CHILDREN need a tonic to tone up the system and regulate the liver. Mothers are constantly using with wonderful success, our "Plantation" Chill and Fever Tonic.

His Choice. "What is your favorite flower?" asked the girl. "Cauli—" replied the practical man.

DAIRY FACTS

PROFITABLE TO SELL CREAM

Burdens of Farm Women Lightened and Income Not Decreased—Separator Is Most Essential.

Some farmers are churning butter and selling it for less than they would receive from the sale of the cream which is used in making the butter.

Any system that will lighten the duties of the women on the farm without decreasing the income should certainly be adopted. When cream is sold all that is necessary is to see that the cream is cooled after being separated and to take it along to town twice a week in winter and three times in summer.

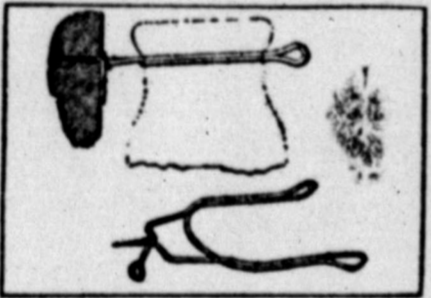
It may be that a few farmers' wives will find special customers that will take the butter at a price equal to that secured for cream, but that does not apply to many. Even then surplus butter will be left on hand at times.

As a rule, unless the homemade butter can be sold at an average price of 25 cents or more the year around, the income will be more if the cream is sold. At an average of 25 cents the income will be about the same, but a large amount of work will be saved by selling the cream.

As a rule, unless the homemade butter can be sold at an average price of 25 cents or more the year around, the income will be more if the cream is sold.

HANDY MILK BOTTLE HOLDER Contrivance Shown in Illustration Easily Can Be Fastened to Any Convenient Support.

Since bottles have superseded the old-fashioned milk-pail, people have been perplexed to find some method of suspending the bottle out of the reach of cats, dogs, etc.



Milk Bottle Holder. fastened to any convenient support. It consists of a piece of wire curved as shown with the ends bent on.—Independent Farmer.

PASTEURIZED MILK IS BEST Low Temperature Does Not Affect Nutritive Value or Digestibility of the Product.

When milk is held at 145 degrees F for 30 minutes, all the disease-producing bacteria, so far as can be ascertained, are completely destroyed.

PREVENT GROWTH OF HORNS In Using Caustic Potash the Application Must Be Made Before Calf Is One Week Old.

Caustic potash is the chemical used for preventing the growth of horn on young calves. The application must be made before the calf is one week old, in order to be effective.

The hair is clipped away from the small buttons which may be felt and which are the future horns. A stick of caustic potash is then moistened and rubbed on the spot until the skin bleeds slightly.

The calves must not be permitted to run out in the rain for several days after the application of the caustic, as the water is likely to wash the caustic down into the eyes with damaging results.

ORCHARD TOPICS

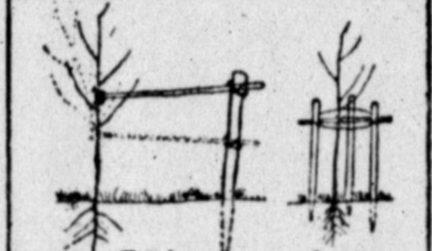
TO STRAIGHTEN YOUNG TREES

Some Plan Should Be Adopted to Support Trees Until They Have Developed Root System.

Certain varieties of fruit and shade trees are said never to be straight of trunk at the time of being brought from the nursery; so, instead of bowing the crookedness of trees, means should be employed for straightening them.

But whether trees are crooked or not, some of the plans herewith presented should be employed for the purpose of supporting young trees till they have developed a root system that will hold them up straight, says a writer in Successful Farming.

Figure 1 shows a simple and easily formed support for a young tree, or for straightening one in case it leans or crooks. If the curvature is very pro-



Straightening Young Trees.

nounced, it may prove necessary to attach a second forked stick (as shown by the dotted line). This one should press against the curved side of the tree, while the upper fork would pull the top of the tree over and straighten the trunk.

In Fig 2 we have a method which, while requiring a little more time and labor than in Fig. 1, is more substantial and effective. Three strong stakes are driven in the ground near the tree. A hoop from a barrel is nailed securely to the stake driven into the ground, and tied to the tree with a soft cord or rag-staple.

At the point where it comes in contact with the tree, it should be wrapped well with some kind of soft material to avoid rubbing the bark. In Fig 2 we have a method which, while requiring a little more time and labor than in Fig. 1, is more substantial and effective.

CONTROL GREEN PEACH APHIS Insect Attacks Leaves Early in Season—Spray Thoroughly With "Black Leaf 40."

The green aphid, which attacks the peach leaves early in the season, and which sometimes accumulates upon the young peaches in sufficient numbers to destroy them, spends the winter in the egg stage upon the branches of the trees.

TO DESTROY GRAPE INSECTS Rake Together All Fallen Leaves and Trash and Burn It—Many Pests Thus Destroyed.

Several grape insects winter among the fallen grape leaves in trash in vineyards and much may be done to destroy them if the trash be raked together and burned.

Such work will be of value against the grape-berry moth and the grape leaf-roller, which hibernates in the pupal condition in the fallen grape leaves.

The grapevine fleabeetle and the grape leafhopper spend the winter as adults under trash of all kinds in and about vineyards.

LIVE STOCK

SORE SHOULDERS OF HORSES

Don't Let Animals Work Single Hour in Ill-Fitting Collars—Be Watchful in Spring.

By GEORGE H. GLOVER, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo. We know how annoying it is to be obliged to lay a horse off in the midst of spring's work, on account of sore shoulders or sore neck.

Do not forget that it is your own fault. Some men always make sore shoulders, some never do. A good man is often seen in front of his horses, adjusting their collars and hames. Don't let a horse work an hour in an ill-fitting collar.

The greatest care is needed in the spring when work first starts, for the horse will shrink and the collar will soon be too large. A collar that is too large will injure the shoulders more than one that is too tight.

Imagine a man trying to play baseball before his hands have become toughened. A horse works with his shoulders. Keep them well. Look at them several times a day. Keep the shoulders and the collar clean. If the shoulder gets sore it is the driver's fault; hold him responsible.

"WARBLE" GRUBS IN SPRING

Presence of Insects Is Found in Tumors on Backs of Cattle—Plan for Removing.

By G. W. HOWARD, Minnesota Station. Owners of cattle should be on the lookout for warbles on the backs of their animals this spring.

Evidence of the presence of these flies is found in tumors or warbles on the backs of cattle. In the spring or early summer from these warbles drop grubs which burrow into the ground and after about a month emerge as flies. These flies lay their eggs on the legs of cattle, the cattle lick the eggs off, and after a time the warbles appear on the backs of the cattle.

The grubs may be removed by pressure around the warbles, and then crushed; or they may be destroyed by the injection of grease or oil into the openings of the tumors.

PORTABLE RACK FOR FEEDING So Simple in Construction That Bill of Material Is Not Necessary—It Is Easily Moved.

This rack is so simple of construction that we give no material bill for it. Besides, the length and width will depend upon your individual needs. You can hitch a team to one end of this unique rack and easily move it.



Portable Feed Rack. The runners are of 2 by 6s, the framework of 2 by 4s and the slats forming the "V" trough are 1 by 4s. The plan clearly shows how to make this feed rack.—Farmers Mail and Breeze.

BUSINESS OF THE BROOD SOW Failure to Produce Good-Sized Litters and Nurture Them Often Due to Lack of Milk.

The business of the brood sow is to produce good-sized litters of healthy pigs and nourish them liberally until weaning time. In so far as she fails in this she falls in the purpose for which she is kept.

The farmer who keeps a half dozen or a dozen sows for breeding purposes finds half of them, perhaps, capable of fulfilling the maternal function well, while the other half do it only indifferently. Quite as often as not the difficulty is the lack of capacity to give milk enough for the litter, and the pigs are in a state of semi-starvation throughout the entire nursing period.

RIDDING PASTURES OF BURS

Pests Not Only Cause Annoyance to the Sheep Owner, but Decrease Price of Wool.

Nothing is so trying to the sheep owner as burs. He as careful as will, these pests will spring up, causing not only annoyance, but often loss. A fleece infected with matted burs always sells for less than clean wool.

The remedy? Only one—rid the pasture fields. That's another story, if there are many, but cultivated crops, a system of rotation, and constant use of the hoe will rid any farm of this serious weed pest.

GREAT BRITISH FORT

ADEN ONE OF EMPIRE'S MOST PRIZED POSSESSIONS.

By No Means the Least of Strategic Points on the Way to India and the Far East—Can Defy Mighty Fleets.

Aden is the unhappy gateway into happy Arabia, and, moreover, it is one of the foremost strategic points on England's trade route through the Red sea to India and the Far East, says a war primer issued by the National Geographic society, which tells of the first stronghold on the London-India route to withstand a severe attack by the Turks.

Spread over its ragged hills of sun-baked ash and cinder, sweltering, gloomy, and unrelieved by vegetation, Aden invites little attention in peace times.

"Aden is a valley surrounded by the sea; its climate is so bad that it turns wine into vinegar in the space of ten days," complained one disappointed Arab traveler of the Middle Ages. And in the centuries since his visit the climate has not improved.

The town is built on desolate volcanic rocks that constitute a peninsula near the entrance to the Red sea. The strait of Bab-el-Mandeb lies 100 miles away, and Aden is the British Gibraltar toward the Indian ocean that keeps an eternal vigilance over the safety of the rich English commerce that goes this way.

Aden, however, where the British and Turkish forces are opposing one another, enjoys none of these advantages catalogued as inherent in Arabia Felix.

Money and labor without stint have been expended there to make the city absolutely impregnable from land and sea. Massive lines of defense, strengthened by a broad moat, guard the neck of the isthmus, and these defenses conceal powerful batteries, Turrets, hidden forts, mined harbors, great naval guns, obstruction piers, barracks, redoubts in solid rock, all are elements in the British plan to guard this southern end of their important trade route beyond all possible chance of failure against superior and sustained attack.

The narrow peninsula on which this queen of southern fortresses rears its self is only about fifteen miles in circumference. It is the bowl of an extinct volcano. The lofty hills around are the remains of the crater sides, and, of these, Shem Shem has an altitude of nearly 1,500 feet. All food and water for use on the peninsula has to be brought in from the outside. Much of the water is supplied from the government condensers, which were designed to make the fortress independent in case of war's necessities.

Fortune in Waste Paper Basket. The days when poor men may prospect for gold are pretty well past, but it seems as though a substitute, perhaps less picturesque and exciting, offers itself in the waste paper baskets of business corporations.

Not very long ago the Hemingway Paper Stock company purchased from the banking firm of Townsend, Whelan & Co., in Philadelphia, a batch of old correspondence and papers, to be used as paper pulp.

Needs Must. "I think I'll go in for aquatic sports this summer." "I didn't know you cared for that sort of thing." "I don't, but that suburban lot I bought seems to be better adapted for boating and swimming than for anything else."

Give Up Coat Tails to Help Win War. As a measure of war economy, the schoolboys of the famous English school, Harrow, will cut off their immemorial coat tails and also wear fewer buttons.

"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was seventeen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 15th St.

When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Probably Not. "They say George has brain fever." "Nonsense! Can an anglerworm have water on the knee?"

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

And Served Him Right. "What would you call a pie-trust magnate?" "I'd call him a pie-trust king."

For bad burns Hanford's Balm is used to give quick relief. Adv.

Its Sort. "Yes, I actually bearded the lion in his den." "Close shave, wasn't it?"

THE OLD DAYS. "The theater has changed greatly." "Yes, I can remember when they used to have opera with a ballet."

For sores apply Hanford's Balm lightly. Adv.

Upward. "You should think of higher things." "I do. I am entirely unable to keep my mind off the price of meat and gasoline."

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

When a woman loses all interest in the fashions it is up to the under-taker to get busy.

When Housework Drags. Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, blue, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much-feared "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

A Texas Case. Mrs. J. P. Scarborough, 1406 Summer St., Houston, Texas, says: "I was in bed for a year, suffering intensely from rheumatic pains. The misery was terrible and doctors' treatments didn't help me. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they soon gave me relief. Six boxes entirely removed the ailments and permanently cured me."

Doan's Kidney Pills. Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

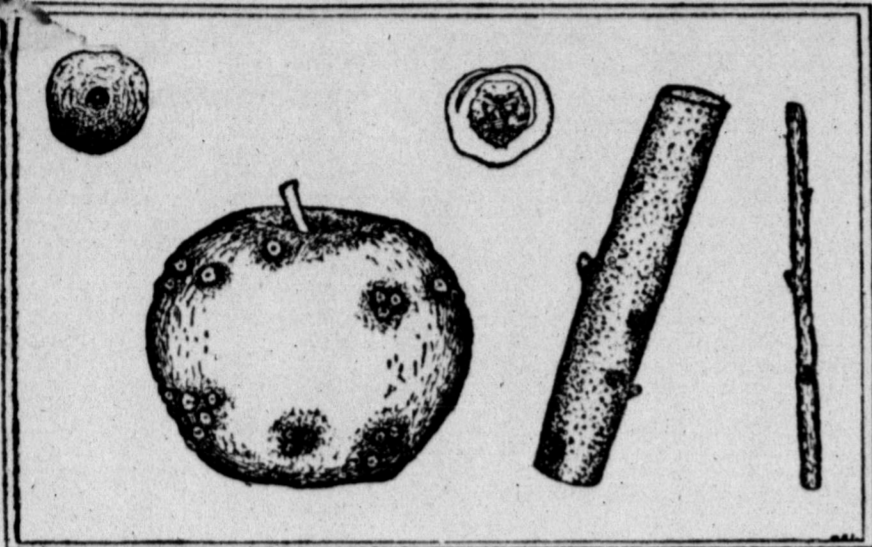
FOR OLD AND YOUNG. Tut's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tut's Pills. Give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

Kill All Flies! They Spread Disease. Good service! Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, houseflies, and other pests.

WANTED—1,000 LADIES in need for free literature catalogue of aprons, dresses, accessories, dresses, petticoats and blouses. Emma Agnes Co., 4 Wilson Apt., Toledo, O.

IMMENSE DAMAGE DONE BY SCALE INSECT



San Jose Scale.—In the left-hand corner is seen the armor which covers the insect with the red blotch in the center, characteristic of insect. The small figure to the right of the apple shows a female insect. Notice the sucking tubes which do the damage. Apples and twigs show the gray, scurfy covering which is present in all cases of San Jose scale.

(By A. H. HOLLINGER, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

Scale insects annually cost the farmers, nurserymen, floriculturists, and city property owners thousands of dollars. Few trees and shrubs are immune from their attack. The best-known example of scales is the San Jose scale, which attacks over a hundred kinds of plants, and the oyster-shell scale is found on nearly as many trees and shrubs. There are many other injurious kinds. A few of the plants attacked are: Ash, elm, maple, dogwood, willow, gum, poplar, oak, sycamore, walnut, box-elder, pine, beech, basswood, hackberry, catalpa, locust, buckeye, all fruit trees and many shrubs.

Scales are about as varied in character as the plants they attack. Some are circular, others resemble very small oyster shells, some are gray or black in color and others are white or reddish, but all are very small, being about the size of a pinhead. Sometimes they occur isolated on the twigs, branches, or leaves, but frequently

they are massed by the thousands on the bark of either the trunk or the twigs. They are all injurious to a greater or less extent, though the property owner may not be aware of the danger.

There may be several new kinds which, if not found out and identified, might prove to be very injurious. The circular scale on the trunk and branches of your red maples may be the common maple scale; it may, however, prove to be a scale new to science. The white scale found on your elms, may be the common elm scale, but it might be one which, if not discovered and controlled, may become as dangerous as the San Jose scale.

Satisfy yourself as to the kinds of scales that attack your shrubs and trees, by sending material suspected of being infested by scales to the Agricultural Experiment Station, Columbia, Mo., which will be glad to tell you what scale is doing the damage and what spray or other remedial or control measures should be used.

SUCCESS OF A PROSPEROUS HOG BREEDER



Strong, Healthy and Vigorous Bunch of Hogs.

(By C. W. HICKMAN, Idaho Experiment Station.)

The success of the prosperous hog breeder is due to the wise selection of the brood sow.

In selection of the individual animal, there are a few points to consider. In general appearance, the sow should be fairly low set, good length, good constitution, deep bodied, strong back and symmetrical throughout. She should stand square on strong feet and legs. Her head should be refined, indicating quality and present a feminine (breedy) appearance. The shoulders should be broad, deep, smooth on top and well fleshed. The back should be strong, slightly arched and with well-sprung ribs. The loin should be wide, thick and strong. The sides should be long, deep and smooth, free from wrinkles. The rump should be broad and well carried out, (not too drooping). The hams should be wide, deep and well filled down to the hocks. The legs should be straight and have quality and substance combined.

Other things besides individuality must be considered. One of the most important characters of the brood sow is fecundity, that is, the bearing of large litters. It costs just as much

to winter a brood sow that produces three or four pigs in the spring as it does to winter one that will produce eight or nine. In selecting the brood sow, it is well to select those from large litters and whose mothers and grandmothers were from large litters.

After the first crop of pigs are weaned, the poor mothers and the sows that produced small, runty litters should be culled out and sent to the butcher.

Good sows improve for a number of years in the number and size of pigs they produce to the litter. At the Wisconsin experiment station, yearling sows averaged 7.8 pigs per litter with an average weight of 14.2 pounds per litter, while sows from four to five years old averaged nine pigs per litter, with an average weight of 25 pounds per litter. The United States department of agriculture compiled the records of over six thousand sows and found that yearling sows averaged 6.65 pigs per litter and five-year-old sows averaged 8.4 pigs per litter.

The practice of some farmers selling their old brood sows each year and replacing them with immature ones is a bad one, as the older sows are better mothers and produce larger and stronger litters.

**UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK!
CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY**

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tone" When Bilious, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Live up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

Listen to me! If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning, because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.—Adv.

Patchouli for Moth Prevention.
The fragrant dried roots of the patchouli, reports Special Agent Gardner Harris, are held in great esteem in Porto Rico, and it is the general belief in the island that when placed among clothing and in closets they are a sure preventive of moths. In the earlier days of the century the perfume of patchouli was in great favor. It is believed that if the properties of patchouli were more generally known there would be a demand for it in the United States in preference to moth balls. It should have as much vogue as lavender for putting between sheets and placing among garments; and if it were manufactured or shredded into a finer substance and sold in small bags it would be a decided novelty that undoubtedly would prove popular. Great quantities of it grow wild in Porto Rico, and a demand for it from the United States would afford employment to many of the poor country people. In Porto Rico natives bring the patchouli to town and sell it in small bundles that retail at two to five cents.

At the Museum.
"Is that the artist's name in big letters on the picture, pop?"
"No, my son. That is the name of the rich man who presented the picture to the museum. You will find the artist's name in very small letters down in the lower right-hand corner."

There's many an untied knot in a cord of wood.
A glass of liquor is the toper's spiritual comfort.

back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning, because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.—Adv.

Vengeance First.
A young convict came singing around the corner of the big, sunny yard, and Judge Briles had just made himself comfortable in an easy chair on the big house porch.
"Good morning," said he to the man.
"Good mornin'!"
"What are you here for?"
"Beatin' up a policeman."

"That is a serious offense. Now, aren't you glad you have thought better of it and intend to turn about?"
"Yes, suh."
"And when you get out you will reform?"
"Yes, suh, I'll beat up dat peleceman what sent me up fo' beatin' him up—after dat, I see gwine t' be a diffint niggab, Jodge."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

How it Impressed Him.
Willie's father was trying to impress upon him the tremendous progress that science and invention have made in the past fifty years.
"Just think, Willie," he said, "When I was a boy there were no telephones, no electric lights, no talking machines, no moving pictures, no X-rays, no wireless telegraphy, no—"
"Gee," interrupted Willie, "What an awful lot of hicks everybody must have been!"

Ouch!
He—I would die for you.
She—Well, what are you waiting for?
Severe.
"Stealing a kiss is no crime."
"No? Then why does a man get a life sentence if he is caught at it?"

PROPER PRUNING OF BLACKBERRY BUSHES

Very Important Factor if Choice Fruit Is Expected—Pinch Off the Shoots.

The proper pruning of the blackberry is very important if choice fruit is expected. Very few ever go any further in pruning blackberries than to cut out the dead canes. The proper pruning of it consists of four distinct operations. First, remove some of the superfluous shoots, in order that there may not be too many canes to a hill. Second, during the summer the buds of the remaining shoots should be nipped back in order to induce a stocky growth of the laterals. Third, the laterals should be headed back the following spring. Fourth, all old canes should be cut out after they have produced one crop of berries.

As a general rule, from three to six shoots to the hill is sufficient, according to the variety and fertility of the land. The shoots which are to be removed should be cut out as soon as they have started growth, so that all of the food may go into those shoots to be left to produce canes. As soon as the plants reach a height of 24 to 28 inches, they should be nipped back by pinching off the tip of the shoot or bud. This can be done with the fingers or with a small pair of pruning shears. It is very important that the shoots be pinched off as soon as they reach the proper height, rather than let them grow to a greater height and then cut back. A longer cane is inclined to bend over to the ground unless some support is given.

SURGICAL ATTENTION REQUIRED BY TREES

Cut Away Loosened, Injured Bark, and Smooth Up Wound in Wood—White Lead Good.

If a tree has been barked or bruised or injured so that the bark is broken, it should be given surgical attention, so it will heal quickly and disease kept from the wound. With a clean knife cut away the loosened, injured bark and smooth up the wound in the wood. If decayed, remove the decay.

It is wise to disinfect with bordeaux mixture or corrosive sublimate one ounce to seven gallons of water. This is very poisonous, so do not let any animal drink it. To keep the insect and weather out of the wound fill the cavity with grafting wax, if a small wound, or with a cement if a large cavity.

White lead paint is good for cuts or wounds. Whenever a large limb is removed the stub—which should never be a stub—should be painted with white lead.

Humus for Celery Seed.
Celery seed should be planted in soil having plenty of humus and a rather sandy texture. Barely cover the seed. To hold the moisture, a damp cloth or paper may be put on. Sometimes the flat is covered with a slice of glass and shaded with paper.

CONTROL LEAF CURL AND SAN JOSE SCALE

Lime-Sulphur Spray Is Recommended for Work in Spring—Kill Fungus Spores.

According to observations made by the New Jersey station, peach leaf curl can readily be controlled by a thorough application of concentrated lime-sulphur before the buds swell in the spring. Bordeaux mixture, applied early in the spring before the buds start, also will control leaf-curl, but the lime-and-sulphur mixture is advisable because it will control San Jose scale as well.

In using lime-sulphur it is essential to use a solution that has been properly prepared and diluted with water to a strength of not less than 1.02 specific gravity. The spray material should then be thoroughly applied so that every bud and small twig receives its coating.

REMOVING BORDEAUX MIXTURE FROM FRUIT

Dilute Solution of Acetic Acid Will Do the Business Without Any Injury.

When fruits, such as apples, peaches or plums become smeared with bordeaux mixture it is often difficult to remove the stains without also injuring the fruits. But this need not be the case. Bordeaux mixture being composed of lime and copper sulphate can be readily dissolved in acetic acid—not pure acid because this might injure the fruit, a dilute solution will do the business just as well, though not quite so quickly, but there would be no injury to the fruit.

All that is necessary is to dip the fruit into the liquid, let it stay a few seconds, raising and lowering the receptacle several times to get rid of bubbles, then to place it in a vat or a spray of clean water. This will wash away all the bordeaux stains because the lime and the copper sulphate will have been chemically changed to the much more soluble acetates. Drying is all that remains to be done before packing.

Kindness to Cows Pays.
Kindness to your cows will pay in dollars and cents. The cow that is made a pet is sure to give more milk than one that isn't. So make it your business to pet all of your cows.

Attractive Farmstead.
The attractive farmstead must always be kept in order. This means that the location of the buildings, fences and shrubbery should contribute to the attractiveness.

VALUE OF RYE AS A FEED FOR THE COWS

Composition Is Almost Identical With That of Corn in Carbohydrate Content.

Concerning the value of rye as a feed for dairy cows, Prof. R. E. Caldwell of the dairy department at Purdue says: "Ground rye as a feed for dairy cows, has received very little attention in this state, due to its limited production. The composition of this material is almost identical with that of corn, especially, in respect to its carbohydrate content. Experimental results in the feeding of rye to dairy cows indicate that it is not entirely equal to ground corn, although under average conditions, it may be substituted for corn pound for pound with very fair results. In using this material, I would suggest the following alternative:

- Ration 1. Ground corn, 4 parts by weight; wheat bran or ground oats, 2 parts by weight; cottonseed meal, 1 part by weight.
- Ration 2. Ground rye, 4 parts by weight; wheat bran or ground oats, 2 parts by weight; cottonseed meal, 1 part by weight.

"Of the above grain mixtures, feed 1 pound for each 3 or 3 1/2 pounds of average testing (4 per cent) milk produced. In case crushed corn (corn and cobmeal) are used, use 3 parts, by weight, instead of 4 as above indicated for ground corn."

TO INSURE HEALTH AND THRIFT IN HOGS

Mixture of Wood Ashes, Lime, Copper Sulphate, Salt and Sulphur Is Favored.

To guard against worms and to insure general health and thrift in hogs, W. H. Peters of the North Dakota experiment station recommends the following:

Mix thoroughly two bushels of wood ashes or pulverized charcoal, one peck air-slacked lime, one gallon pulverized copper sulphate, one quart of salt and one pint flowers of sulphur.

The best way to feed this is to place it in a box where the hogs can get at it any time, as they only eat what is good for them. It can also be fed to them once a week in case there is more convenient than to keep the hogs have continual access to it.

USING TRACTOR ON VERY SMALL FARMS

Good Return Can Be Made on Investment Where Machine Displaces Three Horses.

(By I. W. DICKERSON, Illinois Experiment Station.)
Where a well-built tractor costing less than \$1,000 will displace three good work horses, I think it can easily be made to pay a good return on the investment.

It is really a matter of balancing the cost of keeping and operating the three horses displaced. At the same time, the work for which it is adapted can be done better and in better season. It should be kept in mind, however, that the matter of success or failure of tractor operation lies largely in the farmer himself and his ability and willingness to master the details of operation.

In general, I have not advocated very strongly the use of a tractor on a quarter section farm, as I think in many cases its economy would be doubtful. Where the three or four-year rotation is followed the amount of plowing, disking and pulverizing in any season will not be very great; and unless the farmer has some belt work of ensilage cutting, corn shelling, thrashing grain, food grinding, elevating etc., a tractor may not pay. There is no doubt that two such farms together could find plenty of the proper work to justify such a tractor.

PLOWING LAND FOR OATS NOT FAVORED

Greater Yields Obtained at Ohio Station by Disking—Doesn't Pay to Clean Seed.

Does it pay to plow ground for oats and to clean the seed for this crop? The Ohio station says that farmers are frequently misled by such practices. Six years' results at the state experiment station show that disked land has given greater yields than plowed soil, and the cost of preparing the seed bed has been much less. The only objection to disking is on land where weeds are unusually abundant or where conditions are heavy soil.

Cleaning seed oats to remove all the small grains it is said has likewise been unprofitable. Yields are increased so slightly by repeated cleaning of the oats in a fanning mill that the station advises only the removal of dirt, broken straw and weed seeds in the grain.

Crisp Granules

In making the food, Grape-Nuts, whole wheat and malted barley are ground into flour, blended, formed into a dough, and baked about 20 hours. This long baking converts a large part of the starch into dextrose or grape-sugar, making Grape-Nuts easily digestible—generally in about one hour.

Grape-Nuts comes from the ovens almost rock-hard and is reduced to crisp, sweet, nut-like granules requiring thorough mastication. An admirable quality—both for good digestion and sound teeth.

Grape-Nuts

contains all the nutriment of the grains, including the valuable mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc.—often lacking in the ordinary diet but so essential for well-balanced nerves and sturdy bodies.

Grape-Nuts is ready to eat direct from the package with cream or good milk—a delicious, well-balanced food for health, strength and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.

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They Spread
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attract and kill all
organisms, and clean
Largest source. Made
by the best chemists
in the world. Do not
buy cheap imitations.
Largest Dispensary,
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Fine Showing of Spring Goods



A CHOICE SELECTION
of Ladies and Misses Pumps and
Low Quarters at Reduced Prices.
Former Prices \$2.50 to \$4.00, now \$1 to \$2.75
BEAUTIFUL LINE of SPRING SHOES
in Latest Styles Just Arrived.



Our stock is now resplendent with all that
is late and new, in obedience to
FASHION'S CALL
A seasonable showing with goods marked
at season end prices.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

WEST TEXAS SUPPLY COMPANY

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

Presbyterian League.

Program for the Presbyterian Senior League, Sunday, May 28th, will be as follows:

Leader: Annabel Dickey.
Subject: "How Missions are Blessing the World."
Devotional and Introduction by Lender.
"Reflex Benefits of the Missionary"—Laura Henke.
"The World's Diplomacy Dependent upon Missionaries"—Dorothy Doyle.
"The Missionary helps the Church at Home"—Margaret Thorburn.
"Home Mission Opportunities that Summon us"—Kathryn King.
Song: "O, Zion haste thy Mission"
"God is Working His Purposes Out"—Mrs. Dickey.
"Such as I Have, Give I Thee"—Sam Sutton.
"Had Never Heard of Jesus"—Ruth Garrett.
"The Blessings of the Gospel"—Milton Gold.
Hymn: "Somebody Needs You"
Close with Prayer.

For Sale or Trade

One almost new Hercules buggy. Will trade for light surrey or sell cheap. See or phone.
J. V. HOPKINS.

Kerr County Farmers Institute

A meeting of the Institute will be held at the court house in Kerrville Saturday, May 27, at 2:30 p. m.

The special business of the meeting will be the election of delegates to the State Institute which meets at Austin in July.

A report from J. C. Baxter on the Boys Trip to A. & M. will also be heard. We ought to have a large attendance.

M. Holekamp, Sec.

Many in Kerrville Try Simple Mixture

Many Kerrville people are surprised at the quick action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka. This simple remedy acts on both the upper and lower bowel, removing such surprising foul matter that one spoonful relieves almost any case of constipation, sour stomach or gas. A few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. The instant, easy action of Adler-i-ka is astonishing. Kerrville Drug Co.

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

Uvalde Spring Honey—Comb or extracted.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)

Saturday night Camp Verde was visited by one of the worst storms in 21 years. About 10 o'clock it began to rain and it poured down till day light. It hailed some but none to do any damage here, but further up Verde they were hailed out.

O. Weltner, Lage, Lee and Johnnie Taylor went down to the Medina dam Friday and returned Monday. They caught plenty of fish.

E. G. Blatherwick went down to the dam Monday.

Mr. Kutzer and family of Comport visited Mrs. Babb here Sunday. W. Burney and family of Center Point visited O. Nowlin's family here Monday.

Albert Rees and family of Center Point visited at Ivey Rees' Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Baxter were Bandera visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hodges were Verde visitors Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Oatman on the 17th, a girl.

William McBryde visited on Verde Sunday.

Mrs. Lee Montel and Mrs. A. V. Pue passed through Camp Verde Monday en route to Kerrville to visit Mr. Pue who is still in the hospital.

Our school closed Friday. The children gave us quite an interesting entertainment, after which they sold ice cream, cake and lemonade, and realized quite a neat little sum.

Mrs. Huntoon and Miss May left for Chicago the latter part of last week. Mrs. W. H. Bonnell accompanied them as far as San Antonio.

Tank Work, Tin Work

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

Wool and Mohair Wanted.

I am in the market for wool and mohair. Will buy for cash or will make advances when stored in the warehouse.
H. Welge, Kerrville, Texas.

Baptist Church Notes.

I hope every Baptist will remember that I have been from home two Sundays and want to see every one of you at church next Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., and remember also, the Sunday School and various young peoples' meetings.

Our Junction meeting was gracious. I was with them two weeks and preached thirty sermons without missing an appointment. Made fifty-two visits, had thirty-two join the church and more than forty professions. The congregations were inspiring. The Junction people are great; I found them liberal and very hospitable.

On Sunday last at near 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Rev. J. N. Campbell, the pastor, baptised in the Llano river, twenty-seven persons at one time. It was an inspiring scene. This pastor was well treated and wishes for this good people many blessings from the Father above.

J. B. RIDDLE, Pastor.

The parcel post enables country residents to trade with us by mail. When you need anything in the drug line, come in person, phone or write.
Rock Drug Store.

I have for sale in the city of Corpus Christi 10 lots, well located. Will sell at a bargain.

James Priour, Kerrville, Texas.

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

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

Lewis Dairy

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

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Am representing Seven of the best and strongest companies doing business, in Texas.

\$2,000,000 CAPITAL STOCK

Protect your homes, business, automobiles, cotton, wool, etc. Country property also insured.

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