

# THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 5.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1917

NO. 17

## Bandera News Notes

Among the holiday weddings was the marriage of Mr. Robert Jones of Utopia to Miss Pearl Wright at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. C. E. Lewis, on the 31st of Dec.

Lee Risinger reports the sale of Ford cars to the following parties: Henry Haby, Matt Adameitz, Laura Duffy, of Bandera, and W. Y. Russell of Medina and Mrs. Hattie Billings of Tarpley.

T. J. Hudsloth and wife of Kingsman, Ariz., and H. F. Hudspeth of Soligman, Ariz., visited their father and sisters here during the holidays.

Lee Risinger is having another building erected on his lots next to the garage, to be occupied by C. S. Murry for his bakery.

Births are reported as follows: To Mr. and Mrs. Tom Baker, Dec. 29, a girl, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hay, Dec. 25, a girl, to Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Thalman, Dec. 31, a boy.

The First State Bank has been moved into the old bank building next to Boyle Bros. store.

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

## Harper Local Notes

(From The Herald)  
Mrs. M. A. Bein, was up from Kerrville spending the holidays with her son C. E. Bein. She returned last Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McKee of Miles are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Herman Harper.

Erith Everett, who is preparing for the ministry, occupied the pulpit at the Presbyterian church on Sunday night and delivered an interesting discourse to quite a good sized audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Harper visited Bandera during the holidays.

Henry Fisher this week bought the Christian Fritz place, Consideration \$1200. The property fronts 100 feet on main street and is a very desirable location.

Rev. A. P. Robb, of Kerrville was here Tuesday.

## The Hen Saith.

The White Leghorn way to better pay is the way to poultry success. They lay, therefore, they pay. Let them "show" you.

The Golden Rule Poultry Farm, M. S. Osborne, Mgr. phone 57.

## Death of Tom B. Peterson.

Probably nothing more shocking and sad ever occurred in this section than the tragic death of Mr. Tom B. Peterson which occurred at 4 o'clock Monday morning at Farrer's Resort on Medina Lake. His death was the result of an accidental gunshot wound in the left leg just below the knee. The particulars of the sad occurrence as reported by Jack Hamilton who, with Jim Floyd and J. J. Dent, was with him is as follows:

The parties named were fishing and duck hunting on the lake, about four miles from Farrer's on the west side of the lake, on the day previous and at the noon hour they landed under the bluff on a rock ledge where they had lunch. It seems Mr. Peterson had been in a small boat by himself during the forenoon because he wanted to fish while the others in a power boat had been duck hunting. He had kept his gun with him to shoot any ducks that might pass his way and had left it loaded when bringing it out of the boat at noon. After dinner the same procedure was again taken up and deceased again took his gun into the boat, still loaded, and as he was preparing himself to row out into the lake having the gun in his hand, stuck down he pushed it over the seat of the boat to give him more room, and it went off, tearing away a large portion of the flesh and bone of his leg. He was carried as fast as possible to Farrer's landing and the services were rendered. As seen by Dr. Fauser of Kerrville and Dr. Butler and Rappold at Bandera amputated the leg, after a number of his relatives and friends had come from Kerrville. The severe shock from the wound and the long time when clamped before medical attention was given, was sufficient to cause withdrawal and he passed away at the hour stated.

The body was brought to Kerrville by Dr. Fauser and Dr. Butler and taken to his residence on Main street. Rev. J. B. R. H. of the First Baptist church performed the sad services. It was held at the saddest and painful place that could be held for the bereaved. The wife, Mrs. W. Peterson, and six children and two sisters, as follows: Eugene Peterson, with the U. S. Army supply corps on the Mexican border, Lee Peterson of El Paso, Walter, Edna, and Henry, and Mrs. Frank Baker and Mrs. W. A. Fawcett of Kerrville. The bereaved ones have our sincere sympathy and the sympathy of our entire organization in this sad and trying experience.

## Center Point Letter

Regular Correspondence.  
Milton Burney left Tuesday for Boerne, Floresville and Kenedy.

W. D. Burney Geo. Sellers and O. Nowlin bought the Guadalupe Valley bank stock owned by San Antonio people.

Lewie Moore of Comfort spent a few hours here last Tuesday.

Mrs. Sallie Coleman and Mrs. Lessie Burney were Kerrville visitors Monday.

Uncle Tom Nelson was down from Kerrville Monday shaking hands with friends.

Sam Hodges and William McBryde went back to San Antonio after several days visit at home.

T. K. Moore is in the lower country prospecting this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison spent last Monday in Kerrville.

Will Leigh was a Kerrville visitor Monday.

Mrs. Young and Miss Maude will leave this week for Sulphur Springs.

The two cases of Scarlet fever are improving. No new cases reported.

## Young Woman's Missionary Society Organized.

The reception given by Mrs. T. B. Handlyn at her residence Saturday, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Mosty and Mrs. S. W. Kemmerer, was a delightful occasion, and resulted in the organization of a young woman's missionary society of twenty-one members. The following officers were elected: Miss Anna Watters, president, Miss Gussie Mae Brown, president social and literary work, Miss Bess Graham, president publicity and study department, Miss Edith Sutton, corresponding secretary, Miss Elizabeth Mosty, treasurer, Lillian Sutton, recording secretary, Mrs. Deana Johnston and H. C. Giddens, directors.

With these two well equipped and devoted women as leaders and patrons, much is expected of this new society.

Next Saturday the young women will meet at the parsonage to plan for future work.

Edna Duns, aged 13 years, also has aged father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Peterson, and six brothers and two sisters, as follows: Eugene Peterson, with the U. S. Army supply corps on the Mexican border, Lee Peterson of El Paso, Walter, Edna, and Henry, and Mrs. Frank Baker and Mrs. W. A. Fawcett of Kerrville. The bereaved ones have our sincere sympathy and the sympathy of our entire organization in this sad and trying experience.

## Corn Club Organized.

County Judge Lee Wallace and County Farm Demonstrator, K. G. Baker, returned Saturday from a week's trip over the Western portion of the county where they organized Boys Corn Clubs at the following schoolhouses: Turtle Creek, Camp Verde, Ingram, White School House, Sunset, Japonica and Grape Creek. These Kerr County Corn Clubs will compete for prizes to be given by the Fair Association and Kerrville business men, and their displays will also be carried to the Texas Corn Show and will compete for State prizes there. This is a commendable work and will stimulate an interest in the culture of corn and general agricultural progress that will be of great benefit to our people and county. Other clubs will be organized until the county is completely covered.

## Fatal Accident at Junction

Junction, Tex., Jan. 8, 1917.  
Dear Bro. Buckner.

I appreciate the Advance and shall endeavor to make some "financial returns" later. We are getting pretty well settled in our new work. Would this item be of any use to you?

Hobart Jones, aged twelve, died early this morning from an injury received yesterday. He and some playmates had cut a pole to be used in the basket ball ground at their school. The other boys let the pole fall suddenly, not being aware of Hobart's proximity, and it struck him on the head. He never regained consciousness. The body was brought from the ranch to Junction for interment. S. F. MAISH.

## Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)  
The young people of Camp Verde enjoyed a party at the home of Mrs. B. M. Babb last Thursday night.

Mrs. P. H. Dozier who was on the sick list last week is better.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reeves are moving to the Zack Burleson place over on the Medina.

Mrs. J. R. Hodges and daughter, Opal, were Verde visitors.

The stockholders of the Verde and Medina Independent Telephone Companies met here last Thursday afternoon to discuss the advisability of bringing a line across from Medina to connect here and thereby give them connection with Center Point. Nothing definite has been decided upon.

Mrs. E. G. Blatherwick and Jack Lytle have the sympathy of the community in the death of their mother, Grandma Lytle, at her home, Lytle, Texas, Saturday.

## Methodist Church Notes.

The address by Mr. W. M. Carter in the morning and the sermon by the Rev. Groselock at night, were greatly enjoyed by the large audience, as well as the solo by Miss Watters, and the duet by Miss Watters and Mr. Scobie.

Next Sunday morning the Rev. J. W. Allen will tell of the missionary work in Africa.

At night the pastor will preach, Subject, "The Opening Doors."

S. W. KEMMERER pastor.

## Jitney Station Re-opened.

The old Jitney station next to Self's jewelry store has been reopened by Beckmann & Taylor with Mr. D. C. Taylor in charge. They have two cars in service now, a new Dodge and a Ford, and are ready to answer all calls for service in the city or country. Phone No. 260.

## \$1.00 A Month

This small amount will secure for your boy or girl an education at NOTRE DAME INSTITUTE, a truly educational institution more than money than enrichment of mind only. We mean an enrichment of character also and added refinement of manners and training in citizenship. Good preparation for the duties that must devolve upon them when both the boy and girl have grown.

Such duties are SURE TO COME.

Hence the measure of your boy's or girl's ability to meet and fulfill these duties will prove a decisive factor in shaping their success or want of success.

If that is supposed, the WILL.

If that is supposed, the WON'T.

It is especially for this reason that a father or mother who is a FATHER or MOTHER should be sure that the child has the best of everything, though it be ever so large, to give the child the best of everything, but will not reason that the child will have it water.

Yield to the pressure of the moment, that CAN be done, but will not be done.

The IMPORTANCE of proper preparation of the child is not to be underestimated. THE LITTLE MERIT CARD NOW.

If there is no preparation, the child will be a failure after this sense. The child is the asset of a mother or father whose parents are a goodly pay.

A child is an investment, and it will be a good one if you prepare to meet the child's needs.

For further information, please write to the following address: THE S. I. M. A. Co., 1111 E. 11th Street, Dallas, Texas, where you can receive a FREE BOOK.

Note: Be sure to target the child's mind, and not the child's heart, as is so often done by their parents.

## Your Banking Business

Is Earnestly Solicited and Will be Appreciated by

## FIRST STATE BANK

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

E. H. FRIESCOTT, A. B. BURTON,  
PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT  
A. B. WILLIAMSON, CASHIER



Three strong reasons urge you to buy the FORD car. First, because of its record of satisfactory service to more than fifteen hundred thousand owners, second, because of the reliability of the Company which makes it. Third, its Large radiator, enclosed fan, streamline hood, crown fenders, entire black finish, nickel trimmings, it is more attractive in appearance. To these must be added its wonderful economy in operation and maintenance—about two cents a mile, likewise the fact that by reason of its simplicity in construction anyone can operate and see care for it. Nine thousand Ford agents make Ford service as universal as the air.

Fouring car, \$290. Runabout, \$315. Ford 6, Detroit. On sale at

LEE MASON & SON  
"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154 Kerrville, Texas

## To Go On Cash Basis

On January 10th our business will be put on an absolutely cash basis. All bills incurred between now and that date will be due at that time. This step is not taken in a spirit of resentment against anyone, but as a change of policy merely. We are putting on a cash basis as a matter of protection against small losses which in the aggregate are considerable. Also to save both the labor of keeping the books and of collecting bills.

The cash basis applies to all Automobile Accessories, Supplies and Repairs. Also all Livery and Jitney service will be cash when service is rendered.

Trusting the public will accept this statement in the spirit in which it is made and thanking you for your patronage.

LEE MASON & SON  
Wm. BECKMANN

## Chocolates and Bon Bons

A Complete Line of Year Round Repeaters.  
No Shelf Warmers.

Made right, under absolutely Sanitary conditions.

## PAMPELL'S

PHONE 6

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS ALSO A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered as second class
Postoffice at Kerrville, Texas



"So I Added One More Name to My Malfassance in Office!"

Gloria's Romance
by MR. and MRS. RUPERT HUGHES

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

SYNOPSIS.

Pierpont Stafford, with his daughter Gloria, is wintering at Palm Beach. Gloria is a vivacious but willful young lady who chafes under the restraining hand of a governess from whom she repeatedly escapes.

EIGHTEENTH EPISODE

The Bitter Truth.

The distress of jealousy that Gloria felt at the thought of Doctor Royce's smiling and waving at someone else had had a pleasant tang, for jealousy is a phase of love.

the appearance of Trask, the unexpected coming of Dick Freneau, his pause to light his cigarette while Gloria from afar helplessly watched the assassin creep up on him and throttle him to death.

Trask vanished and the skulker came by again, stumbled over Dick's body, knelt, listened to his heartbeat, then, satisfied of his death, gloulishly rifled his pockets and took from them this very envelope that had come back into her hands so curiously through the prank of a mischievous child.

Into the vivid tableau of that memory the kneeling figure of Doctor Royce fitted to perfection. Gloria had a sudden intuition that she understood the truth at last. Doctor Royce had told her that her vision was delirium because it was himself that she had seen.

All his devotion now took on a new and hideous look. He had not cared for her. He had meant only to blind her and divert her from her revenge. He had nearly succeeded. She had frittered away her time. She had believed the Indian chief who said that it was Royce and not Freneau who battled for her and saved her. She had allowed herself to think disloyally of her dead lover. She would exact double vengeance for that.

She advanced at once on the kneeling Royce and cried out upon him: "It was you, then? You of all the people in the world! I see you now as plainly as I did that night, only I was too foolish to suspect you."

"What do you mean, Gloria?" Royce asked hoarsely.

"I mean that you had a share in the murder of my poor lover. You hired that beast Trask and you went there to make sure he did his work well."

"Gloria, Gloria!" Royce sighed, so deep and honest a sorrow in his face that Gloria was staggered. But only for a moment. Her wrath carried her on:

"You made a fool of me for a long time, but you were too clever too long, and now I know—I know a little at least, and I'm going to know more. Why did you kill my Dick?"

"I didn't want to kill him, Gloria. I knew how you loved him and I would have given my life to keep you from pain, then as now. You've got to believe me."

"Believe you? When you told me that all I saw was delirium? When you drugged me that night in the hope that I would forget? When you dragged his body away and threw it in the river? Ugh, the horrible brutality of it!"

"That's too false even for you to believe, Gloria," Royce protested. "I did not drag his body away, and you know it."

"I know nothing of the sort. I fainted as you stole this envelope from his body. Do you deny that you did that?"

brain almost refused to accept what her eyes beheld: "Beloved Dick: Don't hate me for compelling you to make this trip, but I am frantic with jealousy of Gloria, and if you fall me I will do something desperate. Your adoring and once adored LOIS."

Gloria dropped on a marble bench while the ground seemed to be shaken beneath her. So Freneau had planned to make a journey with Lois! It was plainly at Lois' demand, yet he had consented and arranged to go. The story Frank Mulry told her had been a lie, too. Freneau had had an affair with Lois, with the wife of Gloria's own brother!

"This treachery in her own household was like a nausea; it sickened her. She turned to Royce, no longer demanding, but appealing: "In heaven's name tell me the truth."

Royce felt that the time was over for deception. The truth could not hurt Gloria worse than appearances. "You shall have the truth, Gloria, or as much of it as I know. I tried to keep it from you because you were ill and you were young and I was afraid that the ugly reality would kill you. While you were still very ill with pneumonia I stumbled on the fact that Freneau was carrying on an affair with—the woman, the wretched woman who wrote that letter. I happened to overhear him tell her to meet him at midnight at the pavilion near the monument. I had known that he was a scoundrel, and had always been a rope. But you had loved him, so I had begged him to play fair with you. And he had promised."

"When I heard him make that rendezvous with that woman, I went right to him and told him that I knew of his vile scheme. I demanded that he break off the affair. Besides, the woman's husband was one of my dearest friends and I wanted to protect his home as well as your heart. Freneau laughed at my earnestness and ridiculed me, resented my interference, called me meddling and a busybody. I told him I would prevent his treachery at all costs. I took my revolver with me. I didn't mean to kill him. The revolver was not even loaded. But I intended to frighten him with it."

"I never dreamed, of course, that the binoculars I gave you to amuse yourself with would give you a sight of the whole tragedy. I waited and waited for Freneau to appear. At last I walked down the drive expecting to meet him. I found his body lying in the snow. I knelt down and listened to his heart. It was still. He was dead beyond all rescue."

"I saw that envelope in his pocket. I didn't know what was in it, but was afraid of what it might contain. I imagined the police discovering him and the newspapers publishing what was found on his person. Before I realized what I was doing I took the envelope. I saw somebody coming along the drive. I didn't know who it was. I don't know now, but I ran away."

"When I got back to my office I got word that your nurse had called me. I ran to your house. You told me you had seen the murderer done. You had seen me without recognizing me. I told you it was a delirium like the other you had had. I looked through the binoculars. When I went out on the drive Freneau's body was gone. I was dumfounded. I almost believed that I had imagined the whole thing myself."

"I went to the pavilion. There I saw a woman, the woman, waiting for Freneau. I told her that he had been killed. She was frantic with grief. I sent her home and went back to you. You were in a state of hysteria. I gave you a drug to keep you from losing your mind."

"I had no idea then, and have none now, as to the murderer's name or the name of the man who took the body away. I had never seen this man Trask till you pointed him out to me. I can't imagine what grudge he had against Freneau or whether he disposed of the body or not. He is your captive now, and I intend to do all I can to get the truth from him."

"I ought never to have tried to deceive you, even for your own good. The truth is a dangerous thing to tamper with. I see it now, but my only guilt was a longing to protect you. It was my love that led me to hoodwink you, and now my love must bear the punishment."

Gloria's mind was not too busy with its own thoughts to heed the profound devotion of his tone. Her heart softened toward him a little, and once



"Don't Tell Me Any More Lies, Judge!"

killed. She was frantic with grief. I sent her home and went back to you. You were in a state of hysteria. I gave you a drug to keep you from losing your mind."

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more Freneau was on trial before her soul. But all she said was: "The night court! Judge Freeman let Trask go. He tried to persuade me not to pursue him again. What reason did he have? He must have known Trask. He's got to tell the truth."

Royce disclaimed all knowledge of Judge Freeman's actions, or his motives. He saw Judge Freneau coming into the driveway in his car. He saw the Judge's daughter, Lois, greet him.

Gloria saw him, too, and she did not wait. She glared at Lois with savage distrust and curly demanded a word from the judge. She beckoned to him and walked away, and the old jurist followed her like a guilty lad going to his punishment.

Gloria moved away to a secluded bench in a howered nook, an exquisite Grecian inclosure more suited to a courtship than to an inquisition into a crime. Gloria motioned the judge to sit down. She made sure that nobody was within sight or hearing, then she threw off all pretence of respect for age and, seizing the old man by the lapels of his coat, commanded him:

"Now you shall speak. You are going to tell me why you let the murderer of Dick Freneau go free. You are going to tell me what you know about him. I can only think of one reason. You know that your daughter was going to run away with him and you had him put out of the way. It was you and nobody else that hired Trask, and that is why you sent him away when he happened to be brought into your court."

Judge Freeman shuffled drearily at the accusation. He shook his head. "No, Gloria, my child, you can't fasten a murder on me, and once more I advise you to keep your pretty fingers out of the fire. If you don't you'll destroy somebody who is very dear to you."

"You'll see any more lies, Judge, or you'll burn your own fingers. You don't know how much I have found out. You'd better tell me what you know, or you'll destroy your own daughter, for David will divorce her when he learns how false she has been to him."

"David knows! David knows!" the judge retorted, driven to bay by Gloria's manner.

Gloria laughed at this. "Do you suppose that my brother would tolerate her presence here at his side if he knew? Look! there they are together!" She pointed to a distant hilltop where David stood with his arm about his wife. The judge rose and glanced at the couple, then sank back with a groan.

"He has forgiven her, perhaps, because he feels that he has committed as great a crime as hers."

Gloria was infuriated at this attack on her brother.

"It's outrageous of you to try to besmirch the best that lives. He has been blind to your daughter's treachery, but that is his only fault."

"He has not been blind. He knew!" the judge insisted. "Listen, Gloria. On the night of the murder I met your brother at a club. He was greatly excited. I said, 'What are you doing here? You told me and you told Lois that you were going South for a week.' David was like a madman. He said: 'I only pretended to go.' He took a letter from his pocket and beat it with his hands. 'I've had an anonymous letter sent to me,' he said, 'and it's put me on my guard. If what it says is true, I've got to kill a man.' I tried to calm him, but a club here came up, and while he held me David got away."

"I was frightened. I hurried from the club. I went to his house. He was not there. The butler said that Lois had left the house alone and walked toward the drive. She had told me she was going out of town. I had seen her baggage leave the house. I walked over to the drive. I found Freneau's car with a smashed wheel. The chauffeur said that Freneau had left it and walked north some time before. I hurried on."

"In front of the monument I stumbled over Freneau's body. I knelt down. He was dead. I nearly lost my mind with horror. Evidently David had followed him up, had met him, and killed him, leaving the body for the first policeman to find."

"It was late and cold and the drive was deserted. As a judge, I had seen so many families ruined by some mad act, I could only think of one thing, the legal rule that the corpus delicti, the body of the dead man, must be produced or its existence proved. The insane inspiration came to me that if I could get rid of that body I could save poor David from going to the chair. I could save my poor daughter from being disgraced before the whole world. I love David and love Lois, of course. They are my children. Neither of them realized the hideous consequences. Lois is my only daughter. She was born with a frivolous soul. She couldn't help it. Her mother died as your mother did, before she could guide or control the young heart. David is a splendid man; he loves Lois to distraction. He felt that his honor could only be cleansed of its stain by the blood of Freneau. He was the guilty dog. He led my daughter astray. He played with your trust. He was a black-hearted—"

"Stop!" Gloria cried. "It's cowardly to lay all the blame on the one who cannot defend himself either with lies or truth."

The judge sighed and went on: "Well, let the guilt lie where the Lord will place it. All I know was that I had heard your brother threaten to kill a man and that I found the man dead a little later. All my honor and responsibility as a judge was forgotten in the first law of a father, to protect his children from the world."

"I am old and I will take what blame is mine or my children's. I lifted the body of Freneau and dragged it back of the monument. A policeman went by yawning and noticed nothing. I dragged the body down the steep steps and along the winding pathways, down to the railroad tracks, and across them to an old dock."

"Not a human being was in sight. I rolled the body off into the water. There was a splash and then I turned and climbed the hill and went home. I telephoned Lois. She answered me and said that I had awakened her from her sleep. I asked if David was there. She said that she had taken him to the train. The next day, saying that he had come back, saying that he found the journey unnecessary."

"I lived in agony for a week. Then Freneau's body was found in the lower bay, where the current had taken it. The papers said he had committed suicide because of financial troubles. It seemed best to let the secret go. What could it profit anybody to tell the truth now?"

"When they told me that you had seen the murder done I was aghast. Evidently you did not see me drag the body away. When you pointed out Trask in the night court, I could only believe that you had been mistaken in



"I Told Her He Had Been Killed!"

the man, or that David had hired him. I had not the courage to hold him and let him speak, so I added one more shame to my malfassance in office."

"And now you know all that I know. Trask is here, David is here. If you want your brother accused in the open court of murder, if you want your family in the headlines of all the papers, then go ahead, turn Trask over to the police and I will take my punishment with the rest."

He walked away heavily as if the burden of life were breaking him down. Gloria stood in a daze, her mind picturing the catastrophe that must overtake the family if she were to speak.

The world was very beautiful, especially here in this paradise. She saw David with Lois. Her heart quivered at the thought of exposing him to public shame. She thought of him covering in a cell in the death house because of her determination to avenge a lover of most doubtful honor.

She put off the decision till she could decide what to do. But one thing she could do without bringing down public ruin: one thing she must do, and that was to drive from this paradise the evil woman Lois, who poisoned the very air.

She saw a servant approach David and Lois; then David hurried to the house. He had been called to the telephone, perhaps. Lois sat down to wait for him. An irresistible and very womanly impulse sent Gloria straight toward her. Lois looked up with a smile as Gloria approached. Lois was happy. She had been wicked and escaped punishment. She had repented and been enabled to keep what she had lost the right to possess. Her husband did not know of her guilt; he was no longer jealous. And Doctor Royce was about to restore to her those letters of

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I Found the Man Dead!"

Just at an almost the adobe He could But the room was thuds of f merely di Duane di through i back to h "What Longstreet "I smell ly. That w drop dow spite his "Did y Longstreet No one piece of chud. De shake. "There' walls!" Then a ward wv squeeze l passage "Hear side!" "No, h Longstreet The t Duane E he was be corner another clothes o nently at to the pu soon. B revived hand, ru court. T back. V got awa He thou ning into He stole without lead, he way and

# The Lone Star Ranger

## A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

### CHAPTER XX—Continued.

Just at that moment Duane felt an almost inappreciable movement of the adobe wall which supported him. He could scarcely credit his senses. But the rattle inside Longstreth's room was mingling with little dull thuds of falling dirt. The adobe wall, merely dried mud, was crumbling. Duane distinctly felt a tremor pass through it. Then the blood gushed back to his heart.

"What in the hell!" exclaimed Longstreth.

"I smell dust," said Lawson, sharply.

That was a signal for Duane to drop down from his perch, yet despite his care he made a noise.

"Did you hear a step?" queried Longstreth.

No one answered. But a heavy piece of the adobe wall fell with a thud. Duane heard it crack, felt it shake.

"There's somebody between the walls!" thundered Longstreth.

Then a section of the wall fell inward with a crash. Duane began to squeeze his body through the narrow passage toward the patio.

"Hear him!" yelled Lawson. "This side!"

"No, he's going that way," yelled Longstreth.

The tramp of heavy boots lent Duane the strength of desperation. He was not shirking a fight, but to be cornered like a trapped coyote was another matter. He almost tore his clothes off in that passage. The dust nearly stifled him. When he burst into the patio it was not an instant too soon. But one deep gasp of breath revived him and he was up, gun in hand, running for the outlet into the court. Thumping footsteps turned him back. While there was a chance to get away he did not want to fight. He thought he heard someone running into the patio from the other end. He stole along, and coming to a door, without any idea of where it might lead, he softly pushed it open a little way and slipped in.

### CHAPTER XXI.

A low cry greeted Duane. The room was light. He saw Ray Longstreth sitting on her bed in her dressing-gown. With a warning gesture to her to be silent he turned to close the door. It was a heavy door without bolt or bar, and when Duane had shut it he felt safe only for the moment. Then he gazed around the room. There was one window with blind closely drawn. He listened and seemed to hear footsteps retreating, dying away.

Then Duane turned to Miss Longstreth. She had slipped off the bed, half to her knees, and was holding out trembling hands. She was as white as the pillow of her bed. She was terribly frightened. Again with warning hand commanding silence, Duane stepped softly forward, meaning to reassure her.

"Oh!" she whispered wildly; and Duane thought she was going to faint. When he got close and looked into her eyes he understood the strange, dark expression in them. She was terrified because she believed he meant to kill her, or do worse, probably worse. Duane realized he must have looked pretty hard and fierce bursting into her room with that big gun in hand.

The way she searched Duane's face with doubtful, fearful eyes hurt him.

"Listen. I didn't know this was your room. I came here to get away—to save my life. I was pursued. I was spying on your father and his men. They heard me, but did not see me. They don't know who was listening. They're after me now."

Her eyes changed from blank gulfs to dilating, shadowing, quickening windows of thought.

Then she stood up and faced Duane with the fire and intelligence of a woman in her eyes.

"Tell me now. You were spying on my father?"

Briefly Duane told her what had happened before he entered her room, not omitting a terse word as to the character of the men he had watched.

"My God! So it's that? I knew something was terribly wrong here—with him—with the place—the people. And right off I hated Floyd Lawson. Oh, it'll kill me if—it's so much worse than I dreamed. What shall I do?"

The sound of soft steps somewhere near distracted Duane's attention, reminded him of her peril, and now, what counted more with him, made clear the probability of being discovered in her room.

"I'll have to get out of here," whispered Duane.

"Wait," she replied. "Didn't you say they were hunting for you?"

"They sure are," he returned, grimly.

"Oh, then you mustn't go. They might shoot you. Stay. If we hear them you can hide. I'll turn on the light. I'll meet them at the door. You can trust me. Wait till all quiet down, if we have to wait till morning. Then you can slip out."

"I oughtn't to stay. I don't want

to—I won't," Duane replied, perplexed and stubborn.

"But you must. It's the only safe way. They won't come here."

"Suppose they should? It's an even chance Longstreth'll search every room and corner in this old house. If they found me here I couldn't start a fight. You might be hurt. Then—the fact of my being here—"

Duane did not finish what he had intended to say, but instead made a step toward the door. White of face and dark of eye, she took hold of him to detain him. She was as strong and supple as a panther. But she need not have been either resolute or strong, for the clasp of her hand was enough to make Duane weak.

"Up yet, Ray?" came Longstreth's clear voice, too strained, too eager to be natural.

"No, I'm in bed reading. Good night," instantly replied Miss Longstreth, so calmly and naturally that Duane marveled at the difference between man and woman. Then she motioned for Duane to hide in the closet. He slipped in, but the door would not close altogether.

"Are you alone?" went on Longstreth's penetrating voice.

"Yes," she replied. "Ruth went to bed."

The door swung inward with a swift scrape and jar. Longstreth half entered, haggard, flaming-eyed. Behind him Duane saw Lawson, and indistinctly another man.

Longstreth barred Lawson from entering, which action showed control as well as distrust. He wanted to see into the room. When he had glanced around he went out and closed the door.

Then what seemed a long interval ensued. The house grew silent once more. Duane could not see Miss Longstreth, but he heard her quick breathing.

Presently he pushed open the closet door and stepped forth. Miss Longstreth had her head lowered upon her arms and appeared to be in distress. At his touch she raised a quivering face.

"I think I can go now—safely," he whispered.

"Go then, if you must, but you may stay till you're safe," she replied.

"I—I couldn't thank you enough. It's been hard on me—this finding out—and you his daughter. I feel strange. I don't understand myself well. But I want you to know—if I were not an outlaw—a ranger—I'd lay my life at your feet."

"Oh! You have seen so—so little of me," she faltered.

"All the same it's true. And that makes me feel more the trouble my coming caused you."

"You will not fight my father?"

"Not if I can help it. I'm trying to get out of the way."

"But you spied upon him."

"I am a ranger, Miss Longstreth."

"And oh! I am a rustler's daughter," she cried. "That's so much more ter-



A Low Cry Greeted Duane.

rible than I'd suspected. It was tricky cattle deals I imagined he was engaged in. But only to-night I had strong suspicions aroused."

"How? Tell me."

"I overheard Floyd say that men were coming to-night to arrange a meeting for my father at a rendezvous near Ord. Father did not want to go. Floyd taunted him with a name."

"What name?" queried Duane.

"It was Cheseldine."

"Cheseldine! My God! Miss Longstreth, why did you tell me that?"

"What difference does that make?"

"Your father and Cheseldine are one and the same," whispered Duane, hoarsely.

"I gathered so much myself," she replied, miserably. "But Longstreth is father's real name."

Duane felt so stunned that he could not speak at once. It was the girl's part in this tragedy that weakened

him. The instant she betrayed the secret Duane realized perfectly that he loved her. The emotion was like a great flood.

"Miss Longstreth, all this seems so unbelievable," he whispered. "Cheseldine is a rustler chief I've come out here to get. He's only a name. Your father is the real man. I've sworn to get him. I'm bound by more than law or oath. I can't break what binds me. And I must disgrace you—wreck your life! Why, Miss Longstreth, I believe I—I love you. It's all come in a rush. I'd die for you if I could. How fatal—terrible—this is! How things work out!"

She slipped to her knees, with her hands on his.

"You won't kill him?" she implored. "If you care for me—you won't kill him?"

"No. That I promise you."

With a low moan she dropped her head upon the bed.

Duane opened the door and stealthily stole out through the corridor to the court. But long after he had tramped out into the open there was a lump in his throat and an ache in his breast.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Duane had decided to go to Ord and try to find the rendezvous where Longstreth was to meet his men. These men Duane wanted even more than their leader. It was Poggin who needed to be found and stopped. Poggin and his right-hand men!

The night of the day before he reached Bradford, No. 6, the mail and express train going east, was held up by train-robberies, the Wells-Fargo messenger killed over his safe, the mail-clerk wounded, the bags carried away. The engine No. 6 came into town minus even a tender, and engineer and fireman told conflicting stories. A posse of railroad men and citizens, led by a sheriff Duane suspected was crooked, was made up before the engine steamed back to pick up the rest of the train. Duane had the sudden inspiration that he had been cudgeling his mind to find; and, acting upon it, he mounted his horse again and left Bradford unobserved.

He rode at an easy trot most of the night, selected an exceedingly rough, roundabout, and difficult course to Ord, hid his tracks with the skill of a long-hunted fugitive, and arrived there with his horse winded and covered with lather. It added considerably to his arrival that the man Duane remembered as Fletcher and several others saw him come in the back way through the lots and jump a fence into the road.

Duane led Bullet up to the porch where Fletcher stood wiping his beard. He was hatless, vestless, and evidently had just enjoyed a morning drink.

"Howdy, Dodge," said Fletcher, laconically.

Duane replied, and the other man returned the greeting with interest.

"Jim, my hoss's done up. I want to hide him from any chance tourists as might happen to ride up curious-like."

"Haw! haw! haw!"

Duane gathered encouragement from that chorus of coarse laughter.

"Wal, if them tourists ain't too durned snooky the hoss'll be safe in the 'dobe shack back of Bill's here. Feed 'em, too, but you'll hev to rustle water."

Duane led Bullet to the place indicated, had care of his welfare, and left him there. Upon returning to the tavern porch Duane saw the group of men had been added to by others, some of whom he had seen before. Without comment Duane walked along the edge of the road, and wherever one of the tracks of his horse showed he carefully obliterated it. This procedure was attentively watched by Fletcher and his companions.

"Wal, Dodge," remarked Fletcher, as Duane returned, "that's safer 'n prayin' fer rain."

Duane's reply was a remark as laconic as Fletcher's, to the effect that a long, slow, monotonous ride was conducive to thirst. They all joined him, unmistakably friendly. But Knell was not there, and most assuredly not Poggin. Fletcher was no common outlaw, but, whatever his ability, it probably lay in execution of orders. Apparently at that time these men had nothing to do but drink and lounge around the tavern. Duane set out to make himself agreeable and succeeded. All morning men came and went, until, all told, Duane calculated he had seen at least fifty. Toward the middle of the afternoon a young fellow burst into the saloon and yelled one word:

"Posse!"

From the scramble to get outdoors Duane judged that word and the ensuing action was rare in Ord.

"What's all this?" muttered Fletcher, as he gazed down the road at a dark, compact bunch of horses and riders. "Fast time I ever seen that in Ord! Wish Jim was here or Pogy. Now all you gents keep quiet. I'll do the talkin'."

The posse entered the town, trotted

up on the dusty horses, and halted in a bunch before the tavern. The party consisted about twenty men, all heavily armed, and evidently in charge of a clean-cut, lean-limbed cowboy. Duane experienced considerable satisfaction at the absence of the sheriff who he had understood was to lead the posse. Perhaps he was out in another direction with a different force.

"Hello, Jim Fletcher," called the cowboy.

"Howdy," replied Fletcher.

At this short, dry response and the way he strode leisurely out before the posse Duane found himself modifying his contempt for Fletcher. The outlaw was different now.

"Fletcher, we've tracked a man to all but three miles of this place. Tracks as plain as the nose on your face. Found his camp. Then he hit into the brush, an' we lost the trail. Didn't have no tracker with us. Think he went into the mountains. But



Fletcher and Others Saw Him.

we took a chance an' rid over the rest of the way, seein' Ord was so close. Anybody come in here late last night or early this mornin'?"

"Nops," replied Fletcher.

His response was what Duane had expected from his manner, and as a matter of course, he turned to the others of the posse, entering into a low consultation. Evidently there was difference of opinion, if not real dissension, in that posse.

"Didn't I tell ye this was a wild-goose chase, comin' way out here?" protested an old hawk-faced rancher. "Them hoss tracks we follered ain't like any of them we seen at the water-tank where the train was held up."

"I'm not sure of that," replied the leader.

"Wal, Guthrie, I've follered tracks all my life—"

"But you couldn't keep to the trail this feller made in the brush."

"Gimme time, an' I could. That takes time. An' heah you go hell-bent for election! But it's a wrong lead out this way. If you're right, this road-agent, after he killed his pals, would hev rid back right through town. An' with them mailbags! Supposin' they sense greasers? Some greasers has sense, an' when it comes to thievin' they're shore cute."

"But we ain't got any reason to believe this robber who murdered the greasers is a greaser himself. I tell you it was a slick job, done by no ordinary sneak. Didn't you hear the facts? One greaser hopped the engine an' covered the engineer an' fireman. Another greaser kept flashin' his gun outside the train. The big man who shoved back the car door an' did the killin'—he was the real gent, an' don't you forget it."

Some of the posse sided with the cowboy leader and some with the old cattlemen. Finally the young leader disgustedly gathered up his bridle.

"Aw, hell! That sheriff shoved you off this trail. Maybe he hed reason! Savy that? If I hed a bunch of cowboys with me—I tell you what, I'd take a chance and clean up this hole!"

All the while Jim Fletcher stood quietly with his hands in his pockets.

"Guthrie, I'm shore treasurin' up your friendly talk," he said. The menace was in the tone, not the content of his speech.

"You can—an' be damned to you, Fletcher!" called Guthrie, as the horses started.

Fletcher, standing out alone before the others of his clan, watched the posse out of sight.

"Luck fer you—all that Pogy wasn't here," he said, as they disappeared. Then with a thoughtful mien he strode up on the porch and led Duane away from the others into the barroom. When he looked into Duane's face it was somehow an entirely changed scrutiny.

"Dodge, wher'd you hide the stuff? I reckon I git in on this deal, seein' I staved off Guthrie."

Duane played his part. Here was his opportunity, and like a tiger after prey he seized it. First he coolly eyed the outlaw and then disclaimed any knowledge whatever of the train-robbery other than Fletcher had heard himself. Then at Fletcher's persistence and admiration and increasing show of friendliness he laughed occasionally and allowed himself to swell with pride, though still denying.

Later, when Duane started up announcing his intention to get his horse and make for camp out in the brush, Fletcher seemed grievously offended.

"Why don't you stay with me? I've got a comfortable 'dobe over here. Didn't I stick by you when Guthrie an' his bunch come up? Supposin' I hedn't showed down a cool hand to him? You'd be swingin' some wheres now. I tell you, Dodge, it ain't square."

"I'll square it. I pay my debts," replied Duane. "But I can't put up here all night. If I belonged to the gang it'd be different."

"What gang?" asked Fletcher, bluntly.

"Fletcher, Cheseldine's."

Fletcher's beard nodded as his jaw dropped.

Duane laughed. "I run into him the other day. Knowed him on sight. Sure, he's the king-pin rustler. When he seen me an' asked me what reason I had fer bein' on earth or some such like—why, I up an' told him."

Fletcher appeared staggered.

"Who in all-fired hell air you talkin' about?"

"Didn't I tell you once? Cheseldine. He calls himself Longstreth over there."

All of Fletcher's face not covered by hair turned a dirty white.

"Cheseldine—Longstreth!" he whispered, hoarsely. "God Almighty! You braced the—!" Then a remarkable transformation came over the outlaw. He gulped; he straightened his face; he controlled his agitation. But he could not send the healthy brown back to his face. Duane, watching this rude man, marveled at the change in him, the sudden checking movement, the proof of a wonderful fear and loyalty. It all meant Cheseldine, a master of men!

"Who air you?" queried Fletcher, in a queer, strained voice.

"You gave me a handle, didn't you? Dodge. That's as good as any. Shore it hits me hard. Jim, I've been pretty lonely for years, an' I'm gettin' in need of pals. Think it over, will you? See you manna."

The outlaw watched Duane go off after his horse, watched him as he returned to the tavern, watched him ride out in the darkness—all without a word.

Duane left the town, threaded a quiet passage through cactus and mesquite to a spot he had marked before, and passed the night. His mind was so full that he found sleep aloof. Luck at last was playing his game. He sensed the first slow heave of a mighty crisis. The end, always haunting, had to be sternly blotted from thought. It was the approach that needed all his mind.

Late in the morning he returned to Ord. If Jim Fletcher tried to disguise his surprise, the effort was a failure. Certainly he had not expected to see Duane again. Duane allowed himself a little freedom with Fletcher, an attitude hitherto lacking.

That afternoon a horseman rode in from Bradford, an outlaw evidently well known and liked by his fellows, and Duane heard him say, before he could possibly have been told the train-robber was in Ord, that the loss of money in the hold-up was slight. Like a flash Duane saw the luck of this report. He pretended not to have heard.

In the early twilight at an opportune moment he called Fletcher to him, and, linking his arm within the outlaw's, he drew him off in a stroll to a log bridge spanning a little gully. Here after gazing around, he took out a roll of bills, spread it out, split it equally, and without a word handed one half to Fletcher. With clumsy fingers Fletcher ran through the roll.

"Five hundred!" he exclaimed.

"Dodge, that's damn handsome of you, considerin' the job wasn't—"

"Considerin' nothin'," interrupted Duane. "I'm makin' no reference to a job here or there. You did me a good turn. I split my pile. If it doesn't make us pards, good turns an' money ain't no use in this country."

Fletcher was won.

The two men spent much time together. Duane made up a short fictitious story about himself that satisfied the outlaw, only it drew forth a laughing jest upon Duane's modesty. For Fletcher did not hide his belief that this new partner was a man of achievements. Knell and Poggin, and then Cheseldine himself, would be persuaded of this fact, so Fletcher boasted. He had influence. He would use it. He thought he pulled a stroke with Knell. But nobody on earth, not even the boss, had any influence on Poggin. Poggin was concentrated ice part of the time; all the rest he

Little by little the next day Duane learned the points of the land to know; and how indelibly they etched themselves in his memory! Cheseldine's hiding-place was on the far slope of Mount Ord, in a deep, high-walled valley. He always went there just before a contemplated job, where he met and planned with his lieutenants. Then while they executed he basked in the sunshine before one or another of the public places he owned. He was there in the Ord den now, getting ready to plan the biggest job yet. It was a bank-robbery; but where, Fletcher had not as yet been advised.

Then when Duane had pumped the now amenable outlaw of all details pertaining to the present he gathered data and facts and places covering a period of ten years Fletcher had been with Cheseldine. And herewith was unfolded a history so dark in its bloody regime, so incredible in its brazen daring, so appalling in its proof of the outlaw's sweep and grasp of the country from Pecos to Rio Grande, that Duane was stunned. Compared to this Cheseldine of the Big Bend, to this rancher, stock-buyer, cattle-speculator, property-holder, all the outlaws Duane had ever known sank into insignificance. The power of the man stunned Duane; the strange fidelity given him stunned Duane; the intricate inside working of his great system was equally stunning. But when Duane recovered from that the old terrible passion to kill consumed him, and it raged fiercely and it could not be checked. If that red-handed Poggin, if that cold-eyed, dead-faced Knell had not been at Ord! But they were not, and Duane with help of time got what he hoped was the upper hand of himself.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Again inaction and suspense dragged at Duane's spirit.

But one day there were signs of the long quiet of Ord being broken. A messenger strange to Duane rode in on a secret mission that had to do with Fletcher. Duane was present in the tavern when the fellow arrived saw the few words whispered, but did not hear them. Fletcher turned white with anger or fear, perhaps both, and he cursed like a madman. The messenger rode away off to the west. This west mystified and fascinated Duane as much as the south beyond Mount Ord. After the messenger left Fletcher grew silent and surlly. It became clear now that the other outlaws of the camp feared him, kept out of his way. Duane let him alone, yet closely watched him.

Perhaps an hour after the messenger had left, no longer, Fletcher manifestly arrived at some decision, and he called for his horse. Then he went to his shack and returned. To Duane the outlaw looked in shape both to ride and to fight. He gave orders for the men in camp to keep close until he returned. Then he mounted.

"Come here, Dodge," he called.

Duane went up and laid a hand on the pommel of the saddle. Fletcher walked his horse, with Duane beside him, till they reached the log bridge, when he halted.

"Dodge, I'm in bad with Knell," he said. "An' it 'pears I'm the cause of friction between Knell an' Pogy."



"God Almighty! You Braced the—"

Knell never had any use fer me, but Pogy's been square, if not friendly. The boss had a big deal on, an' here it's been held up because of this scrap. He's waitin' over there on the mountain to give orders to Knell or Pogy, an' neither one's showin' up. I've got to stand in the breach, an' I ain't enjoyin' the prospects."

"What's the trouble about, Jim?" asked Duane.

"Reckon it's a little about you, Dodge," said Fletcher, dryly. "Knell hadn't any use fer you that day. Knell claims to know somethin' about you that'll make both the boss an' Pogy sick when he springs it. But he's keepin' quiet. Hard man to figger, that Knell. Reckon you'd better go back to Bradford for a day or so, then camp out here till I come back."

"Why?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Deavor Program

for January 14.  
 ct, "Ought."  
 ader—Helen Dietert.  
 Devotional and Introduction, by  
 Leader.  
 Hymn, "Anywhere with Jesus."  
 "Owe"—Marguerite Henke.  
 "Duty to follow Christ"—Mrs.  
 Dickey.  
 Give—Mabel Thorburn.  
 Until—Mamie Heinen.  
 The Lighthouse Keeper—Edna  
 Henke.  
 Close with Prayer.

At our regular meeting Sunday  
 night, the first meeting of the new  
 year, the following officers were  
 elected:

Mabel Thorburn, president; Ruth  
 Garrett, vice-president; Laura  
 Henke, secretary and treasurer.

The following committees were  
 appointed:

Music—Mabel Thorburn, organist,  
 Laura Henke, Vela Burney, Kathryn  
 King, Frank Pierce, Darrel Tilley,  
 Herman Sanger, Marguerite Henke,  
 Dorothy Doyle.

Social—Edna Henke, Anabel  
 Dickey, Dora Johnston, Mabel Thor-  
 burn.

Soliciting—Helen Dietert, Mamie  
 Heinen, Ernest Henke.

Sick—Ruth Garrett, Jewel Paine,  
 Sam Sutton, Mary Claire Williams.

Baptist Church Notes.

We invite you to our services next  
 Sunday. You ought to come for we  
 will all soon attend our last meeting  
 here. The tragic death of Mr. T. B.  
 Peterson should stir every christian  
 and every lost man and woman in  
 Kerrville, and cause us to reflect on  
 our death which is as sure as we live.  
 Jesus is coming again and calls every  
 one of us to "Be ready for death."  
 A good way to be prepared is to do  
 what Jesus tells us all to do and that  
 "Neglect not the assembling of our  
 selves together."  
 Providence permitting I am to  
 preach at "Upper Gaudalupe" next  
 Sunday, 14th, at three p. m.  
 J. B. RIDDLE, Pastor.

Catholic Church Notes

(By Father Kemper)  
 The Bible classes have been re-ar-  
 ranged in order to group the stu-  
 dents for First Holy Communion.  
 Preparation for the reception of this  
 august sacrament, which is to take  
 place in May, has been begun at  
 both parishes and many candidates  
 are enrolled at either place.  
 During the past year, fifty-two  
 baptisms were administered, fifteen  
 marriages were contracted, seven  
 funerals were held, and over 9,700  
 Communions were received. These  
 figures compare favorably with the  
 previous year, and our ambition is  
 to see the increase continue during  
 the current twelvemonth.

Chevrolet Cars

I have secured the contract for  
 the sale of Chevrolet cars. Have a  
 complete line of parts on hand and  
 will maintain a Chevrolet service  
 station at the Star Garage under  
 new management free of charge to  
 Chevrolet purchasers under the 90  
 day guarantee.

The "Four-Ninety" Model Tour-  
 ing and Roadster, \$490. Cheapest  
 electrically equipped car in the  
 world. Have two on hand now and  
 expect a carload in soon.  
 P. J. DOMINGUES.

Senior Epworth League

Topic,—"Climbing Above the  
 Clouds."  
 Leader—Mr. Dabney.  
 Song, Prayer.  
 Scripture lesson.  
 "A Great Man's Comprehension  
 of God." (Habakuk 1: 12-13 and  
 2: 1-2.)—Lucile Palmer.  
 "A Great Man's Great Faith."  
 (Habakuk 2: 12-14) Ina Coleman.  
 "Why we need the Era."—Bro.  
 Kemerer.  
 Special music.  
 Benediction.

the  
 order  
 the execu-  
 tion of li.  
 in our county  
 been some broad  
 bling has been going  
 here and  
 that houses of ill fame exist here.  
 While these are not crimes in the  
 highest degree in the catalogue of  
 offenses, still they constitute a con-  
 dition of moral degradation that is  
 disgraceful and hurtful not only to  
 those so engaged, but to the social  
 and moral welfare of our entire  
 population as well as a devil's trap  
 for the ruin of our young men.  
 Let's use every lawful means to put  
 these degrading influences out of  
 our town.

The District of Columbia inclu-  
 ding our National Capitol city with  
 a population of more than 300,000  
 was voted dry by our National Con-  
 gress Tuesday. All praise for our  
 Junior Senator, Morris Sheppard,  
 who led this long and stubborn fight  
 to glorious victory.

"Dry news" is getting front-page  
 position in all reputable dailies and  
 prohibition is carrying in almost  
 every contest.

Uncle Eben.  
 "If it had took as long," said Uncle  
 Eben, "to create de world as it has  
 took to find a way to run it, Adam an'  
 Eve wouldn't hab no garden of Eden  
 ready foh 'em yet."

you to know that  
 three new shoe  
 since the dry law  
 affect January 1, 1915.  
 res are at 106 Pike Street,  
 ke Street, and 201 Yesler  
 all of them locations formerly  
 upied wholly or in part by five  
 quor saloons.

We are employing more men than  
 the saloons did—are doing a flour-  
 ishing business in stores that are a  
 credit to the city of Seattle.

The increase in the sale of shoes  
 in Seattle has been remarkable since  
 prohibition went into effect in the  
 State. There are 50 per cent more  
 children's shoes sold now than there  
 was when the saloons were in full  
 blast. People are also buying a  
 better quality of shoes than formerly.

Yours respectfully,  
 Dinham-Strehlau Shoe Company,  
 By H. T. Dinham, President.

P. S.—Our motto is: "Less booze  
 means more shoes."  
 Our wet friends will doubtless  
 know some way of showing how  
 these facts prove that Seattle is going  
 to the dogs, dragging all the State  
 of Washington down with its wreck,  
 but to us it seems significant that  
 cities like Seattle, which didn't  
 originally want to go dry, and had  
 drought voted on them by the up-  
 State vote, have at last month's  
 election approved dryness by over-  
 whelming majorities, in Seattle's  
 case by a majority of considerably  
 over forty thousand. Out there  
 they've tried both ways and know—  
 Collier's Weekly.

Church notices, lodge notices,  
 programs, etc. which are run as  
 free matter must be in this office  
 by Tuesday noon. We close our  
 forms Wednesday afternoon and  
 cannot set up everything in one  
 day.

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 elsewhere.

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 than the "handsome binding." We  
 concern ourselves with the hidden  
 workmanship which you cannot see,  
 and we enforce the rule that this  
 workmanship must be honest through-  
 out. That is why furniture purchas-  
 ed here will endure.



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 and up-to-date than ever, and we shall try  
 harder than ever to supply every want in  
 the furniture and house-furnishing line.

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 carry a nice line of Navajo and other blankets, harness  
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And the Man Likes

**Good Things To Eat**

Asks his wife to buy at

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We Sell them.*

J. E. Henderson was down from Ingram yesterday on business.

Be satisfied. Use Club House Canned goods.

C. C. Butt Grocery

J. J. Sublett from Hunt was an appreciated caller at this office last Tuesday.

Home Canned Wild Plums at 25 per. half gallon Jar.

C. C. Butt Grocery.

W. W. Noll and F. S. Ragland are in San Antonio this week serving as Federal Court Jurors.

Sid Peterson and son Hal returned Saturday from Florida where they went several weeks ago with a lot of horses for sale.

Wanted, to buy, an Incubator. J. H. Ritchie, Box 413.

Free show to everybody tomorrow (Friday) night at Pampell's

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Howell were in town from Goat Creek Monday and Mr. Howell made the Advance an appreciated call.

Phone 33 for one dozen nice Oranges at 20cts.

H. Noll Stock Co.

Rev. and Mrs. S. W. Kemmerer were visitors to the Alamo City on Monday, returning Tuesday.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables at BERRY'S.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Witt and Mrs. J. R. Herndon of Center Point were visitors to this city Saturday.

WANTED—Employment as deliveryman, painter, or any kind of work. Apply to phone 215 Red.

Prof. and Mrs. Meadows and Misses McCarley and McGee, teachers in the Center Point public school, were in Kerrville for a few hours Sunday visiting Prof. E. R. Dabney.

Men's furnishings, a complete stock at

H. Noll Stock Co.

Miss Rebel Chaney of Willow City is spending a few days visiting her brother, W. H. Chaney, and family here.

Tanlac at

The Rock Drug Store.

Ex. Sheriff Sam Smith and wife of Medina were in Kerrville for a short time Tuesday. Mr. Smith called to push his subscription figures ahead another year.

See our display of the new kind of garden seed, something entirely new.

WATTERS VARIETY STORE. "We sell it for less."

Milton, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Dietert, was right painfully hurt by falling off a barn last Sunday. After treatment by a physician he is now doing nicely.

**Cedar Wanted.**

Bring us all kinds of cedar. We need it at once.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

John Hinds and T. H. Phillips brought Grandpa W. S. Hinds over from Lima to the Sanitarium-Hospital Monday. The old gentleman is being treated for a carbuncle and other ailments.

Resolved to get the best at the lowest price with the best service by trading with

C. C. Butt Grocery.

Lost—My bunch of keys. Finder return same to Schreiners Bank and receive reward.

T. B. Roebuck.

Carload of new Pianos just received. See them on exhibition at the Kerrville Furniture Co.

G. M. Doyle, Piano Dealer.

Cottage for rent, but not to sick people. Apply to W. G. Leazar, at the Gun Shop.

Premier and Beach-Nut Jams and Jellies at

BERRY'S.

Mr. Pampell wants you to know that the new movie serial "Lass of the Lumberlands," starts Friday night Jan. 12, and that you are invited to come and see the first installment free.

The Advance wants a regular correspondent at Ingram, also at Medina and Bandera. We would like, also, to have a letter to the paper from the various school houses of the county giving the real news from the different communities.

County Commissioners Jas. Crotty of Center Point, Chas. Rodgers of Ingram and H. Wiedenfeld of Cypress were in town Monday to a special session of the Commissioners court. Final settlement with the tax assessor and paying of current bills was the principle business done.

Take notice of the Statement of the First State Bank in this issue. The splendid showing made reflects credit upon the officers and directors and also is a good index to the prosperous condition of this section.

**NO 248**

Official Statement of the Financial Condition of the

**FIRST STATE BANK**

at Kerrville, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 27th day of Dec., 1916, published in the Advance, a newspaper printed and published at Kerrville, Texas on the 11th day of Jan., 1917.

**RESOURCES**

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$86,562.18
Loans, real estate	6,187.26
Overdrafts	1,115.16
Bonds and Stocks	1,300.00
Real Estate (banking house)	16,600.00
Other real estate	\$1,200.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,500.00
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	\$17,228.41
Due from other Banks and Bankers subject to check, net	
Cash items	146.83
Currency	3374.00
Specie	1719.04
Other resources as follows:	
Interest in Guaranty Fund	1069.72
Assessment Guaranty fund	170.17
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$129,172.77</b>

**LIABILITIES**

Capital Stock paid in	\$30,000.00
Surplus Fund	5,000.00
Undivided profits, net	3,005.05
Due to banks and bankers, subject to check	2374.14
Individual Deposits, subject to check	73,235.67
Time certificates of deposit	15,038.65
Cashier's Checks	524.86
Bills payable and Re-discounts	NONE
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$129,172.77</b>

State of Texas }  
County of Kerr } We, E. H. Prescott as president, and A. B. Williamson as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

E. H. PRESCOTT, President.  
A. B. WILLIAMSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of Jan., A. D. nineteen hundred and seventeen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

E. H. TURNER, Notary Public, Kerr Co., Texas.

CORRECT--ATTEST:  
E. GALBRAITH,  
A. B. BURTON } Directors.

**RECAPITULATION**

<b>RESOURCES</b>	
Loans and Discounts	\$92,749.44
Overdrafts	1,115.16
Bonds and Stocks	1,300.00
Banking House Furniture and Fixtures & real estate	10,300.00
Interest in Guaranty Fund	1069.72
Assessment	170.17
Cash on Hand and in Other Banks	22,468.28
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$129,172.77</b>
<b>LIABILITIES</b>	
Capital Stock	\$30,000.00
Surplus	5,000.00
Undivided Profits (net)	3,005.05
Deposits, (total)	91,172.72
Bills Payable	NONE
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$129,172.77</b>

**PAMPELL'S THEATER**

FRIDAY JAN. 12th

**Beginning of our new Serial Picture  
"Lass of the Lumberlands"**

A wonderfully interesting photo play by great actors

**Open House to Everybody  
on that night.**

**Come and Enjoy the Show free of charge**

**Eggs and Baby Chicks.**

From fine bred-to-lay. White Leghorn stock. Eggs, 15 \$1.00; 100, \$5.00. Baby chicks, 25 \$3.75; 50, \$6.25, 100 \$10.

The Golden Rule Poultry Farm, M. S. Osborne, Mgr. Phone 57.

**Phrases That Are Familiar.**

To Barton Booth, a prominent tragic actor of Queen Anne's day, we owe the quotation "True as the needle to the pole," and to Thomas Denman, once lord chief justice of England, that familiar description of a disappointment, "a delusion, a mockery and a snare," used by him as a fit characterization of beauty.

S. L. Kirkpatrick of Owensville recently purchased the L.S. Hoggett ranch northeast of Junction. It consists of 3,100 acres and sold at \$5.50 per acre. 1200 sheep and 900 goats were included in the deal.— Junction Light.

FOR SALE—My farm of 160 acres, 5 miles from Center Point on Spring Creek. All under sheep-proof fence, 30 acres in cultivation, more tillable. Apply to owner, L. J. Vashinder, Center Point, Tex.

**The Poultryman Saith:**

Make your back yard profitable by raising from M. S. Osborne's White Leghorn Chickens. He has the kind that make good at the Nests. They lay, therefore, they pay.

The Golden Rule Poultry Farm, M. S. Osborne, Mgr. Phone 57.

**The Tonic that Builds Tissue**

When your body is kept up to a point of efficiency it easily wards off disease. To keep up your health efficiency at this season take

**A. D. S. Cod Liver Oil Emulsion**

It will feed and nourish every nerve cell and tissue of the body and put rich, red blood in your veins. This remedy will also heal your lungs if they are affected. A. D. S. Emulsion is made of the best Norwegian Oil—and is always fresh.

"The Store that Has It First."

**ROCK DRUG STORE**

MISS IDA PFEUFFER, Proprietor

**Use Electricity**

Take advantage of the day current we have put on for your benefit.

**We have on hand for sale Electric Lamps, Irons, and other convenient appliances for the home.**

Electricity means comfort, economy and convenience. This is the season you need it most. Let us wire you in today so that you can have these conveniences.

**Kerrville Light, Ice & Power Company**

**KERRVILLE AUTO LIVERY AND GARAGE**

WM. BECKMAN

**JITNEY SERVICE IN THE CITY**

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

PHONE 115

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

**Hillyer-Deutsch Lumber Co.**

DEALERS IN

**LUMBER**

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

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

R. NAGEL, Manager

YARD DEPOT —Phone 45— KERRVILLE, TEXAS

**PREPARING FOR PROFITABLE CORN CROP**

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Autumn is the time to prepare for a profitable corn crop the following season. At corn-ripening time drop all other business and select an abundance of seed corn. The process is too important to be conducted incidentally while husking. When selecting seed corn give the process your entire attention. Get the very best that is to be had and preserve it well, and your increased yield will return you more profit than any other work you can do on your farm.

In 13 years' investigations conducted upon Scioto river bottom soil near Picketon, O., with Woodburn White Dent, U. S. section 77, the yield was raised from an average of 63 bushels of dry shelled corn from 1901 to 1907 to an average of 75 bushels from 1907 to 1913. The principal influence producing this increase in yield was the selection and the care of seed corn.

**Selection of Seed Corn.**

The only proper way to select seed corn is from the stalks standing where they grow, as soon as ripe and before the first hard freeze. As soon as the corn ripens, go through the field with seed-picking bags, and husk the ears from the stalks that have produced the most corn without having any special advantages such as space, moisture, or fertility. Avoid the large ears on stalks standing singly with an unusual amount of space around them.

mentioned above is unnecessary. Many farmers believe that their autumn is so dry that such care is superfluous. Seed corn in every locality gathered at ripening time will be benefited by drying as suggested. If left in the husk long after ripening it may sprout or mildew during warm, wet weather or become infested with weevils. The vitality of seed is often reduced by leaving it in a sack or in a pile for even a day after gathering. During warm weather, with some moisture in the cobs and kernels, the ears heat or mildew in a remarkably short time. The best possible treatment immediately after gathering is to string the ears. Ordinarily the best place to hang strings of ears is in an open shed or loft. Wire racks are more convenient, and in the end cheaper than binder twine. Such racks may be made from electrically welded lawn fencing. The cutting of the fencing into seed-corn racks is done without any waste.

Only during unusually damp weather at seed-gathering time will fire be necessary. If heat is employed in a poorly ventilated room it will do the seed ears more injury than good. If used, the fire should be slow, long continued, and situated below the seed ears, with good ventilation above them.

**Dry as a Bone.**

After hanging in the shed or lying on the racks for two months, the seed ears should be as dry as a bone and



'SELECT SEED CORN UNDER FIELD CONDITIONS.

Preference should be given the plants that have produced most heavily in competition with a full stand of less productive plants. In all localities the inherent tendency of the plant to produce heavily of sound, dry, shelled corn is of most importance. Late-maturing plants with ears which are heavy because of an excessive amount of sap should be ignored. Sap-pines greatly increase the weight and is likely to destroy the quality. In the central and southern states, all other things being equal, short, thick stalks are preferable. Thick stalks are not so easily broken down and permit thicker planting. Thick stalks are not so easily broken down and in general are more productive than slender ones. The tendency for corn to produce suckers is hereditary. Other things being equal, seed should be taken from stalks that have no suckers.

The same day seed corn is gathered the husked ears should be put in a dry place where there is free circulation of air and placed in such a manner that the ears do not touch each other. This is the only safe procedure. Good seed is repeatedly ruined because it is thought to be already dry enough when gathered and that the precau-

contain less than 10 per cent of moisture. They can remain where they dried or be stored in mouse-proof barrels, boxes, or crates during the winter, but in either case they must not be exposed to a damp atmosphere, or they will absorb moisture and be injured. Some farmers place the thoroughly dried seed ears in the center of a wheat bin and fill the bin with loose, dry wheat.

In localities where weevils and grain moths injure stored grain, the thoroughly dried seed ears should be stored in very tight mouse-proof receptacles with one pound of moth balls or naphthalene inclosed for each bushel of corn. This quantity tightly inclosed with the corn will prevent damage from these insects and will not injure the seed. If at any time signs of weevils or grain moths show on the corn, it should be inclosed with carbon bisulphide in practically air-tight rooms, bins, boxes, or barrels for 48 hours. The bisulphide should be placed in shallow dishes or pans on top of the seed. One-half pint is sufficient for a box or barrel holding 10 bushels or less. One pound is sufficient for a room or bin 10 feet each way. After fumigating the ears must be thoroughly aired.

**MEASURES TO WARD OFF COW TROUBLES**

**Prevention of Milk Fever is Much Easier and Cheaper Than Cure—Simple Rules.**

(By DR. A. S. ALEXANDER, Wisconsin Experiment Station.)

Milk fever is curable in a majority of cases, but prevention is much easier and less expensive. A few simple measures will go far to warding off attacks. Here they are:

Keep the stables clean, light, well-aired and comfortable. Give the cows abundant exercise and light, laxative feed before calving time. Avoid pampering. Do not milk the udder out clean for a few days after calving. Some allow the calf to take most of the milk.

If one of your cows is attacked, despite these precautions, she may usually be saved by this treatment:

Inflate the udder with sterilized air after stripping the milk away. Do this by means of a special instrument for the purpose. If such an instrument cannot be had, inflate with a sterilized milking tube attached to one end of a small, clean rubber tube, fitted to a clean bicycle pump. The tapes around the teats to retain the air. Inflammation of the udder (garget) may be caused if great care is not taken to perfectly sterilize the instruments used for the operation. Also wash the udder clean. The cow, thus relieved, usually will get on her feet soon after the udder is inflated.

**URGE CO-OPERATIVE BULL ASSOCIATIONS**

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A co-operative bull association is a farmers' organization, the chief purpose of which is the joint ownership and use of high-class, purebred bulls. The association also may encourage careful selection of cows, obtain better prices for dairy products, introduce better methods of buying and selling cattle, work for improved sanitary conditions, intelligently fight contagious diseases of cattle, and in many other ways assist the dairy business.

The owners of small herds of grade cows often feel that they cannot afford to purchase valuable purebred bulls. In consequence they buy scrubs, or breed their cows to a scrub bull or an inferior purebred bull on some nearby farm. One year a Holstein bull may be used, the next year a Jersey, and occasionally a bull of no particular breeding. The work of the co-operative bull associations makes it possible for any farmer to own a share in a purebred bull of high quality.

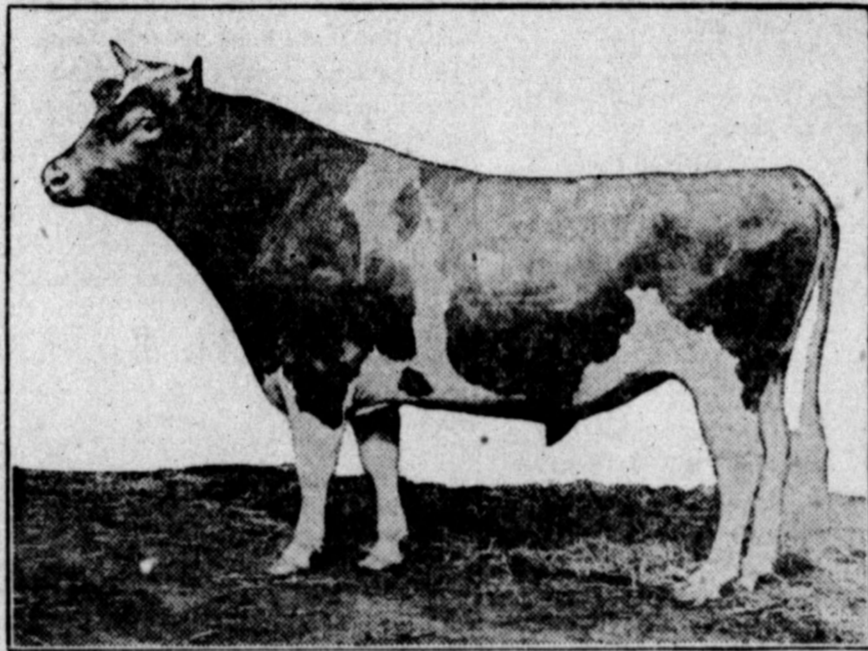
A bull association in its simplest form may consist of three farmers who together purchase three good registered bulls of the same breed. Each farmer keeps one of these bulls for two years, at the end of which time the bulls are exchanged to prevent inbreeding. For the same reason a second exchange is made at the end of four years. In this way, by paying the purchase price of only one bull, each member of the association has

test of a bull's real value; but it is self-evident that this test cannot be applied until the bull approaches the age of four years. In ordinary farm practice bulls are usually disposed of before their true value can be known. The co-operative bull association makes it possible to obtain several years' service from bulls that transmit desired qualities and to eliminate all others.

**Cost Divided.**

The original cost of the five bulls and their annual cost of maintenance are usually divided among the members of the association according to the number of cows owned by each. Records on file in the dairy division of the department show that the members of associations now organized are getting the services of these high-class purebred bulls at an average cost considerably less than they formerly paid for the services of scrub bulls or registered bulls of doubtful merit. Many farmers in Maryland, Michigan and Minnesota, when questioned regarding the value of co-operative bull associations, estimated that the use of sires belonging to the association increased the value of the offspring in the first generation from 30 to 80 per cent. The average of these estimates was 65 per cent.

The educational work of each association makes the members alert to prevent the introduction and spread of disease of any kind. The well-managed bull association requires that



'ENDYMION,' GRAND CHAMPION WISCONSIN BULL.

the use of good purebred bulls for six years. A larger membership in the association may either reduce expenses or make possible the purchase of better bulls.

**Ideal Association.**

The ideal association is composed of a much larger number of farmers. It jointly owns five bulls, divides its territory into five "breeding blocks," and assigns one bull to each block. As many as 50 or 60 cows may belong to the farmers in each block, and the bull is kept on some farm centrally located. The blocks are numbered from one to five, and every two years the bulls are moved forward to the next block. If all the bulls live and are retained until each has made one complete circuit, no new bulls have to be purchased during a period of ten years. As soon as the daughters freshen, evidence of the sire's true value begins to accumulate. This is the only true

all cattle belonging to its members shall be tested for tuberculosis and takes every known precaution to prevent the introduction of contagious abortion.

It is greatly to the advantage of a co-operative association that it be incorporated under state laws. This facilitates the transaction of business, equitably distributes responsibility, and gives the organization greater prestige in the community.

Co-operative bull associations have been common in Denmark for many years, but the first associations of the kind in the United States were organized in 1908 by the Michigan agricultural college. In this country their growth has not been rapid, but, as a rule, they have been highly successful. If skillfully managed, they may be made a great factor in the upbuilding of profitable dairying in this country.

**FAVOR ALFALFA FOR HORSES OF ANY KIND**

**To Be Fed Successfully, Crop Must Be Cut at Proper Time—Feed as Concentrate.**

(By C. W. McCAMPBELL, Kansas State Agricultural College.)

If alfalfa is properly cured, it may be fed to any kind of horses. This applies just as strongly to work horses as to growing horses. In order, however, to be fed successfully, alfalfa hay must be cut at the proper time for horse feeding purposes, and must be fed as a concentrate rather than as a roughage.

The trouble which arises from feeding alfalfa is due to the method of feeding, not with the alfalfa hay. It has been said that the proper time to begin cutting alfalfa hay is when the field is about one-tenth in bloom. Cutting at such a time makes very good hay for cattle, but such hay is too "washy" for horses at hard work. To make hay suitable for horses at hard work, the alfalfa must be allowed to get rather mature before cutting; in fact, the field should be in full bloom before the mower is started. The hay should then be properly cured and stacked. Special care must be taken to prevent spoiling or molding.

After the hay has been cured the next consideration is the amount to be fed. The important cause of so much trouble with alfalfa hay has been overfeeding. One pound of alfalfa hay contains 35 per cent more digestible protein than one pound of shelled corn—and is fairly rich in carbohydrates and fat. A person would not think of feeding a 1,200-pound work horse a bushel of shelled corn in a day, yet by giving the same horse all the alfalfa hay he will eat, as large or a larger amount of digestible protein will be fed. When large amounts of alfalfa are fed, the horse receives

an excessive amount of highly nitrogenous material.

Another effect of overfeeding with alfalfa is a sort of clogging of the whole system, resulting in impaired nutrition, filling of the legs and hocks, softness, excessive sweating, and impaired respiration. As to the amount to be fed, experience seems to indicate that one and one-half pounds to 100 pounds of live weight is about the maximum amount for work horses.

Because of its high proportion of digestible protein, alfalfa balances up very well with corn. These two feeds make the most economical ration the Kansas farmer can feed.

**EXTRA FEEDING AND CARE OF DAIRY COW**

**Ohio Expert Gives Conclusions Reached After Experimenting With Station Herd.**

"Heavier feeding and extra care of cows will pay in more than half the dairy herds of Ohio," says C. C. Hayden of the Ohio experiment station, in its Monthly Bulletin. His conclusions are based on investigations with cows in the station dairy herd.

One cow given extra feed and care produced 80 per cent more milk and 67 per cent more butterfat than in previous years. This increase was produced at 77 cents less per 100 pounds of milk and 23 cents less per pound of butterfat. Another cow gave 7 per cent more milk and 80 per cent more butterfat than in former years. Her increase cost 57 cents less per 100 pounds of milk and 15 cents less per pound of butterfat.

The lower costs are due to the fact that little extra time in feeding and caring for the animals is needed, and no more stable room nor equipment is required for large yields than for small ones.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?**

**Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.**

Nature warns you when the track of health is not clear. Kidney and bladder troubles cause many annoying symptoms and great inconvenience both day and night.

Unhealthy kidneys may cause lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious results may be expected. Kidney Trouble in its very worst form may steal upon you.

**Prevalency of Kidney Disease.** Most people do not realize the alarm-

ing increase and remarkable prevalence of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease may constantly undermine the system.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition, try taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the famous kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys improve, they will help the other organs to health.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

**SPECIAL NOTE**—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

**WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC**

**Cynical Finance.** "Those old alchemists thought they could make gold out of the baser metals."  
"Yes. But they didn't get rich."  
"No. They devoted too much time to working in laboratories and not enough to circulating prospectuses and stock certificates."

**A Sure Sign.** "Is he very rich?"  
"He must be. He's kicking about his taxes."—Detroit Free Press.

**HEAL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES**

With Cuticura, the Quick, Sure and Easy Way. Trial Free

Bathe with Cuticura Soap, dry and apply the Ointment. They stop itching instantly, clear away pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, remove dandruff and scalp irritation, heal red, rough and sore hands as well as most baby skin troubles.  
Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**Might Brush 'Em Up.** "I am literally scouring the country for plays," remarked the theatrical manager.

"Why don't you scour some of those you already have?" suggested the dramatic critic.—Town Topics.

**The Psychology of It.** "I would rather have a sensitive horse for hunting than any other kind."  
"Why a sensitive horse?"  
"Because he would be quicker to take offence."

**One Reason.** "Insects are the lowest order of creation."  
"Yes; the contemptible things never hesitate at a chance to work for their living."

Obstinate attacks of Piles are relieved and the difficult stools which accompany them are softened through the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

**Single Blessedness.** A schoolmistress asked her class to explain the word "bachelor," and she was amused when a little girl answered: "A bachelor is a very happy man."

"Where did you learn that?" asked the schoolmistress.  
"Father told me."

**Looking Forward.** Hawkins—Congratulate me, old chap. My mother-in-law is coming to spend the winter with us.  
Baldwin—You seem to be real enthusiastic about it.  
Hawkins—You bet your life I am. Why, man, she can cook.

The majority of us would have to work overtime if we undertook to love our neighbors half as much as they love themselves.

**STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS** "Femina" is the wonder worker for all female disorders. Price \$1.00 and 50c. Adv.

A business woman should never propose to a man who can't cook or sew on buttons.

Dresses are effectively trimmed with bead embroidery.

**WINCHESTER**

**HUNTING RIFLES**

When you look over the sights of your rifle and see an animal like this silhouetted against the background, you like to feel certain that your equipment is equal to the occasion. The majority of successful hunters use Winchester Rifles, which shows how they are esteemed. They are made in various styles and calibers and ARE SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF HUNTING



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

Luck for Three Murphys. Because they possess the name of Murphy, three students in search of an education are on their way to their ambition, through the terms of the will of the late William S. Murphy, a Harvard alumnus, who left \$100,000 to the university, the income of which is to support scholarships for men of his name.

As there are no freshmen of that name entered this fall, three scholarships were given instead to students in the graduate schools, only one of whom holds a Harvard degree.

The holders are Clifton Murphy of Georgetown, S. C., first-year student in the law school; William A. Murphy of Boston in his first year in the medical school, and Gardner Murphy of Boston, a student in the graduate school.

Unpatriotic.

"I wonder why they don't put the Stars and Stripes on our stamps?" "Why every tongue would be against the act of exposing our national colors to a licking."

New York will centralize in a new city department all municipal repair work.



There was a little lawyer man, who greatly admired his wife's clear blue eyes. And that day he was in the office, he said to her quite tenderly: "You have a nice 'in' in your eyes. Next morning he lay in bed with a plaster on his forehead, he wondered what the doctor had said.

The only remedy left to some people is a poor stomach with a tendency to nervous indigestion, or dyspepsia and that close companion of the disorder called constipation. For most that had a century ready remedy in countless thousands of households in every clime.

Green's August Flower

has been successfully used for the relief of stomach and liver troubles all over the civilized world. All druggists or dealers everywhere have it in 25c. and 75c. sizes. Try it and see for yourself.

RELIEF! Hunt's Cure is especially compounded for the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ring worms, and Tetter, and is sold by the druggist on the strict guarantee that the purchase price, fifty cents, will be promptly refunded to any dissatisfied customer. Try Hunt's Cure at our risk. At any drug store, or sent direct from A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO. INC., Dept. Z, Sherman, Texas.

BLACK LEG CUTTER'S BLACKLEGS PILLS. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00. 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00. Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter's pills is due to the fact that they contain no poisons, no acids, and no irritants. ONLY IN THE U.S.A. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. A toilet preparation of merit. Keeps the hair in its natural condition. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

PENSIONS. Service and their widows also war widows and their widows and children under 16. Inquire of Nathan Rickford, 60 La Ave., Washington, D. C.

SAVE DEALER'S PROFIT ON ARTISTIC HAND PAINTED CHINA. Cup and Saucer \$1.00. 6 Cups and Saucers \$5.00. Beautiful rose designs with gold bands. Money refunded if not satisfactory and returned in fact within ten days. PORCELAIN ART STUDIO, 1927 EAST 47th STREET, DEPT. C, CHICAGO, ILL.

Pecan Trees. Now is the time to set them. Begin bearing in three to four years. Add both beauty and utility to the home. Prices and valuable information free. J. B. WIGHT, CAIRO, GA.

Texas Directory. McCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY HOUSTON, TEXAS. Expert Civil and Criminal Investigators. MALE AND FEMALE OPERATIVES. GENERAL HARDWARE AND SUPPLIES. Contractors, Suppliers, Builders Hardware, Etc. Prices and information furnished on request. PEDEN, IRON & STEEL CO. HOUSTON SAN ANTONIO. COTTON. We handle cotton on consignment only and have the finest concrete warehouses with almost unlimited capacity, where your cotton will be absolutely free from all weather damage. Highest classifications and lowest interest rates on money advanced. Write us for full particulars. GOHLMAN, LESTER & CO. The oldest and largest exclusive cotton factors in Texas. HOUSTON, TEXAS. W. U., HOUSTON, NO. 53-1916.

Orchard Information

FALL PRUNING APPLE HINTS

Dead or Dying Limb Evaporates Large Quantities of Moisture From Tree—Cut Them Off.

Dead and dying limbs should be pruned out close to the tree and the wounds painted. Many people suppose that once a limb on a tree is dead that it dries out and does no essential harm. As a matter of fact a dead or dying limb evaporates large quantities of moisture from the tree. Cutting off a dead limb and painting the wound saves a large quantity of moisture for the remaining living limbs, leaves and fruit.

Canker wounds or sun-scald areas where the growing limb beneath the bark has died ought to be scraped clean up to a layer of healthy growing tissue and the wound painted. Cleaning and painting these wounds will destroy many insects which are sheltered behind the shelly bark of the wound, which feed on the growing layer and prevent it from healing over the wound, and the painting will save loss of water from the dead and spongy wood.

Water sprouts and surplus limbs not needed by the tree ought to be pruned out now. All wounds more than half an inch in diameter made in pruning should be painted with common paint to save evaporation from the wound.

FOLLOW-WORK IN ORCHARDS

According to Pomologists, It is Essential to Gather Up and Burn All Branches Cut.

It is as essential to do the following work after the pruning has been done, as it is to do the pruning, according to pomologists. The following suggestions are well to follow after the pruning is done:

1. Gather up and remove from the orchard all branches and twigs that have been cut off. Burn them. They afford homes for the diseases and the insects that will attack your trees if the rubbish is left on the ground.

2. Cover the wounds with a coat of good lead paint. This helps to keep out the water and prevent disease or decay.

3. Spray the trees with a solution of one gallon commercial lime-sulphur to eight gallons of water. Spraying just after pruning reduces the cost of applying the material as there is less brush to cover than at other times.

WILL PROTECT FRUIT TREES

Pine Tree Lizard Devours Many Injurious Species of Insects—Makes Attractive Pet.

The food of the pine tree lizard consists largely of snails, snow bugs, spiders and insects of at least six different orders. Many injurious species of insects are eaten. This lizard is an interesting species and one which is said to make an attractive pet. It submits to being handled and thrives in captivity if kept in a dry place with plenty of sunshine. It has been stated



Pine Tree Lizard.

by authorities that these little animals may be utilized to advantage by the grower of fruit trees. A lizard in each tree is said to prevent insect injury very largely and in addition to this cause hesitation on the part of the would-be trespasser, especially one of a superstitious turn of mind.

PROPER TIME FOR PLANTING

In Localities Where Winters Are Cold and Dry Spring Practice Is Most Satisfactory.

There are many opinions regarding the comparative values of fall and spring planting of fruit trees. There are many advocates of each practice and each has substantial reasons for his opinion.

When all reasons are taken into consideration, it results in the discovery that in sections where the winters are open and mild, fall planting is by far more satisfactory than spring planting. But in localities where the winters are cold and dry, spring is the more satisfactory time for setting out an orchard.

TRIM RED RASPBERRY BUSH

Plant Nipped Back Bears Fruit Where Nipping Is Done—Work Must Not Be Neglected.

A red raspberry plant nipped back bears its fruit just below where the nipping is done and on the short branches that spring out from the main stem.

But if allowed to run wild it soon exhausts itself in producing cane, and only bears a few berries on the end of the cane. Hence it will not do to neglect a red raspberry patch in this respect in the least.

VOGUES AND VANITIES by JULIA BOTTOMLEY



The Smart Thing in Blouses

If you ask the world-famous style designers how it happens that a certain new idea is launched by several establishments at one and the same time, you may depend upon a definite answer. They will tell you that that particular style idea "is in the air."

This is as near to an explanation as anyone can get of the evolution of styles. This evolution brings along incidental revolutions, which are also "in the air" and we are left to ponder one more the ever-changing fashions. A new blouse made its unheralded and unobstructive entry on fashion's stage. By way of adding a little something new to the familiar role of the blouse, a short skirt was attached to its belt—and discovered itself welcomed with a glad acclaim. This skirt

—lengthened and featured—is meeting with a single-hearted feminine approval and therefore the popular blouse, in numberless variations, is here and is the smart thing in blouses. It is the business of new blouses to be original and they are fastened here, there and everywhere, or not at all. Some of them slip over the head and are drawn up with ties about the neck. In the blouse pictured, of georgette crepe, the sleeves provide the original touch with shirtings that shape them over the shoulder in the fashion of the raglan sleeve. The round neck is bordered with fur, the seams outlined with fancy needlework. Hand embroidery, in self-color, is used for decoration and the poplin falls to the thigh. It has all the earmarks of the smart thing in blouses.



When Spring and Winter Meet

The wearer of the springtime hat and bag shown in the picture intends to go south very soon. She has been there before and believes in preparedness; hence the warm coat. This one has a summery look, but is equal to fortifying its wearer against a cold spell in regions where the inhabitants never recall anything like it in the past.

The coat is a familiar type of gray and white striped chinchilla. It has a big adjustable collar and flap pockets that will keep the hands warm, and it has, besides these very practical properties, much style and becomingness. There are coats in colors of the same materials made for the same sort of wear.

The springtime turban is of gray lisker braid and a printed Japanese silk having a gray background. The silk forms the crown and borders the

brim and paves the way into the accident for the most oriental of tassels. It is of beads and silk and dangles over the right ear. It is the feature that makes the hat important. It is the correct thing to have a bag to match the hat. This turban divides honors with a bag of plain gray and figured silk, cut in an approved shape and fastened with a silk strap. It is exquisitely made and its chief glory lies in its finish—for thereby hangs another glorious tassel. On New Blouses. Band fagoting is seen on some of the new handkerchief or chiffon blouses. The fagoting takes the place of the seam, as, for instance, in a kimono sleeve, and two or three small colored bands are strung every place over the threads connecting the pieces.

A NEGLECTED COLD is often followed by pneumonia. Before it is too late take Laxative Quinine Tablets. Gives prompt relief in cases of Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Headache. Price 25c.—Adv.

Toads Barred From Mail. On complaint of the postal authorities that soldiers along the Mexican border have been sending live insects, animals and reptiles through the United States mails, General Funston has ordered that postal regulations be strictly observed by the Guardsmen. The soldiers have been mailing lizards, scorpions, horned toads and other specimens of border life to "the folks back home."

CAPUDINE —For Headaches—

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

Speaking of Women. "Women are certainly peculiar," remarked the home-grown philosopher.

"What seems to be ailing you now?" queried his one-man audience. "I was thinking of the difference in the way they treat a husband after his return from a two weeks' business trip and after an absence of two hours past midnight," replied the philosophical observer.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" not only expels Worms or Tapeworm but cleans out the mucus in which they breed and tones up the digestion. One dose sufficient. Adv.

Poison Gas Found in Kelp. In the "floaters" of kelp, or giant seaweed of the Pacific, Dr. Seth C. Langdon, instructor in chemistry at the University of Washington, has discovered the poisonous gas carbon monoxide. The total gas content of these cells has from 3 to 12 per cent of the carbon monoxide.

STOP THAT HACKING COUGH. Mansfield (formerly Hungarian) Cough Balsam heals the inflamed and lacerated membranes and quiets the tickling nerves that lie underneath the infected portions. Invaluable for babies. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

The Young Idea Again. The three-year-old son of Dr. B. S. Potter, superintendent of the county hospital for the incurable insane at Julietta, has been with his father often in his automobile when his father exclaimed: "Now, I've killed it!" as the engine stopped.

The boy was watching his mother use the sewing machine recently, when the needle broke and the machine stopped suddenly. "Now you've killed it, mamma!" he exclaimed.

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.

She Needed Aid. "See that man over there? He is a bombastic mutt, a windjammer nonentity, a false alarm, and an embarrassment of the earth." "Would you mind writing all that down for me?" "Why in the world—?" "He's my husband, and I should like to use it on him some time."

DEATH LURKS IN A WEAK HEART, so on first symptoms use "Renovine" and be cured. Delay and pay the awful penalty. "Renovine" is the heart's remedy. Price \$1.00 and 50c.—Adv.

All She Wanted to Know. "Did he make his money honestly?" "Dear me, I didn't think to ask him that." "No?" "No. All I was particular about was knowing that he had it."

Fortune's Knocks. "Birthstones are supposed to control our destiny. What is yours?" "Judging from my experience in life, it must be a brickbat."

Additional Grip. "There goes that big financial speculator, and how well he looks. He is certainly holding his own." "Yes, and a lot of other people's."

BE PROTECTED AGAINST COLDS

by keeping the system strong and healthy and the blood rich and pure To that end—TRY HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It helps Nature bring back the appetite, aids digestion and promotes strength and vigor

A Creole Conception. A masculine representative of the "Malaprop" type has just returned from a recent southern trip. "Were you in New Orleans?" a friend asked. "Oh, yes." "And did you like the city?" "Very much in some ways." "Did you eat any of the French cooking?" "No." "What made the greatest impression on you?" "I think what struck me most was the beauty of the French oriole women."—Oakland Tribune.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Foster. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Her Failing. First Modern Girl—I can't quite make up my mind about Dollie. There's something queer about her. Second Modern Girl—I'll tell you what it is—she has an effeminate streak.—Life.

When Political Economy Breaks Down. Knicker—The law of supply and demand is automatic. Bocker—Nonsense; look how the moon is demanded and never supplied.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

What He Needs. "I can tell you how to make money." "That advice isn't necessary. What I'm looking for is somebody who can tell me how to save the money I make."

Real Cause. Host—My wife is worrying about there being thirteen at the table tonight. Guest—Superstitious, eh? Host—No, not exactly, but she has only a dozen silver knives and forks.

Sore Eyes, Blood-Shot Eyes, Watery Eyes, Itchy Eyes, all healed promptly with night applications of Roman Eye Balm. Adv.

She Knew. "Father knows you are going to marry sister. I heard him talking marry sister. I heard him talking talking about it the other day." "But I didn't know it myself until last night." "Oh, she told you, too, did she?"—Life.

The Mechanical Process. "How did Bliggins get his reputation as an art critic?" "Every time anybody calls his attention to a picture, he drops his head to one side and squints one eye."

A man may be in love without being quite insane enough to occupy a padded cell.

Very Often. "The safe carriage of dynamite—" "Oh, that's an exploded idea."

The Quinine That Does Not Cause Nervousness or Ringing in Head. Because of its Tonic and Laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. It removes the cause of Colds, Grip and Headache. Used whenever Quinine is needed. —but remember there is Only One "Bromo Quinine" That is the Original Laxative Bromo Quinine This Signature on Every Box E. W. Grove. Used the World Over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c. Maker also of the Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

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All work done promptly and  
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## 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

### Obituary Notice

At a special meeting of the Vestry of St. Peter's Church, Kerrville, Texas, held Jan. 7, 1917, called for the purpose of taking suitable action in regard to the decease of Mr. Launcelot E. King, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, in the inscrutable wisdom of Almighty God, He has permitted the hand of death to remove from our midst our former associate and fellow-helper in the Church, Mr. L. E. King,

BE IT RESOLVED that we place on record our high regard for our departed friend and brother as a man, who in all the relations of life in which he was called to act, measured up to St. Paul's description of what a Christian man ought to be, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord." As a citizen he was interested in everything that pertained to the common good, especially was this true in regard to the education of youth. At the time of his removal he was an active member of the School Board.

As a member of the Church he was regular in attendance and contributed largely to the interest of the service, by his well trained tenor voice which we will hereafter greatly miss.

As a husband and father he was tenderly affectionate in his family, to whom his loss will be irreparable. We deeply sympathize with them in their bereavement and would point them for comfort to that highest teaching of our holy religion in its assurance, thro' faith in our risen Saviour of the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting, where there are no more sad partings nor tears and when reunited to our loved ones gone before "we shall be forever with the Lord."

RESOLVED that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Vestry and be furnished to the local papers and the Church News for publication, and further that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

J. S. JOHNSTON, Chairman.  
E. GALBRAITH, Secretary.

### Johnson Creek Wolf Club.

Organized at Mountain Home Oct. the 24th for the purpose of ridding Kerr County of Wolves and Wild Cats. Since organizing just a little over Two Months ago the Club has paid for 10 Wolves and 25 cats that have been killed by Members of the Club and by trappers hired by the Committee.

Each Member of this Club pays One Cent per head for each Goat or Sheep that he owns, and an Assessment is made for each wolf that is killed and paid for by the Club.

By-Laws: If any member does not pay his dues within Ten days after assessment is made, his name is dropped from membership.

Any member of this Club is entitled to collect Bounty for any wolf or cat that he kills provided his dues are fully paid up.

Also members please take notice, that in case your Dues are not paid up, and you should kill a wolf that you can not come in and collect on that wolf by paying your past dues, as it is considered by the Club that you are not a Member if your dues have passed the Ten Day Limit.

Also members of this Club are hereby notified not to bring any dry hides as they will not be paid for, the Club requires that all hides be brought in within Twenty Four Hours.

At our last meeting it was decided that the Club will pay \$40 for wolves, and \$2.50 for cats. Trapper retains the hide after we split the let ear.

Every Ranchman in Kerr County that owns goats or sheep should give assistance to this Club by becoming a member; this Club has already done a lot of good and will do a considerable amount of good if every ranchman in Kerr County would do his part. Join right now if you want to get rid of the wolves in Kerr County.

For any information in regard to the Club address,

Len McCormick,  
Secretary & Treasurer,  
Mountain Home, Texas.

### Selling Eggs.

In marketing eggs care should be taken to offer only clean eggs. The trade is very particular in this respect and will not readily take dirty or soiled eggs.

Eggs had best be wiped clean rather than washed. The egg has a coating of mucilaginous matter which prevents foreign substance or micro-organisms from entering. This gives the eggs a color called "bloom" which when washed is removed, hence wipe the slightly soiled eggs.

Eggs had best be sorted, care being taken to grade both as to color and size. Brown eggs with white eggs may injure the sale. But if separated and marked as white or brown the consumer will be pleased.

Eggs graded as "extra" should weigh two pounds or more a dozen; "first" should not weigh less than 1 3-4 pounds a dozen, "ordinary mixed," 1 1-2 pounds a dozen.

A good plan is to pack the eggs in a small carton or box holding a dozen. It will not be very expensive to have the name of the farm printed on these cartons and you guarantee that the eggs are fresh and as the grade indicates. By doing this and always making your guaranty you may soon build up a trade and receive more than the ordinary market price. Consumers will soon consider such eggs worth more and will be anxious to pay what they are worth.

As you build up your trade you may increase your flock of laying hens. This is one way to make poultry raising more profitable.—Farm and Ranch.

### COAL COAL!

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

Kerrville Light & Power Co.

For Sale—Two trained wolf hounds and three puppies large enough to train. Apply to

J. M. Hatch, Japonica, Texas.

## ROUND TRIP RATES

To San Antonio and Return

**\$3.50**

Limit Ninety Days

S. A. & A. P. Railroad

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Two of the most  
Scientific Beautifying  
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THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER

The scientific combination of Cream and Powder. Delightful in appearance and pleasing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening its use assures a flawless complexion.

Experience has taught us that the best way to apply Tan-No-More is to put it on very wet and wipe off with a soft towel at once and do not wait for it to dry.

All Dealers

50 AND 35 CTS.

All goods sold under an absolute guarantee to please or money back.

Anyone requesting it will be sent a small sample of Tan-No-More and our Little Booklet by Mail.

BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FRECKLEATER CREAM

For the removing of Liver Spots, Freckles, Ring Worm and all blemishes of the skin. It will bleach the skin in 10 days and make it as smooth and soft as a baby's.

Makes Red Complexions Good

Good Complexions Better.

All Dealers

50 AND 25 CTS.

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

We have a \$50 scholarship in Draughts Business College that we will sell at less than half price. See us at once for it will be sold soon.