

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 5.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1917

NO. 18

Mr. Fox Comes Back

Last year the show-going people of Kerrville—those who appreciate real high-class pictures—were delighted with the William Fox service featuring Theda Barra, William Farnum, Stuart Holmes, Gladys Colburn, Dustin Farnum, and other such popular actors. Mr. Pampell is glad to announce that he has again booked the Fox pictures to be run at his theater every Saturday night. This service is high-priced as well as high-class, and it will be necessary to make the price of admission a little higher on "Fox Night," but he believes the people will gladly pay the little advance in order that he may be enabled to give them this splendid service.

Theda Barra will appear as the first of these great stars to come back to Kerrville, Saturday night, in the always absorbing and pathetic drama, "East Lynn." You had better bring along about a half-dozen handkerchiefs for there will be "showers of tears."

Oliver Byas was down from Hunt and made the Advance a pleasant call the latter part of last week.

Queen Esther Circle

The Queen Esther Circle, the recently organized young woman's missionary society of the Methodist church, meets in their first social meeting Saturday Jan. 20, at 3:30 p. m., in the home of Mrs. Tom Buckner. Misses Grace Buckner and Marie Barfield will entertain the Circle assisted by Mrs. Docia Johnson. The young ladies appreciate the hospitality of Mrs. Buckner.

PRESS REPORTER.

Automobile Register

No. 370, A. C. Schreiner, Ford.
No. 371, A. G. Morriss, Ford.
No. 372, T. A. Dowdy, Ford.
No. 373, Albert Real, Dodge.
No. 374, Geo. P. Walker, Ford.
No. 375, Wm. Beckman, Dodge.
No. 376, " " " " Ford.
No. 377, Fritz Spinrath, Ford.
No. 378, Mrs. H. Wiedenfeld, Ford.
No. 379, E. H. Prescott, Ford.
No. 380, F. T. Vaughn, Oakland.
No. 381, A. M. Terry, Ford

Never throw away an "old shoe" until you see BENTON, the expert Shoe Repairer.

Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)
Roy Nowlin and J. D. Storms went over to Roy's ranch Thursday. Roy expects to move to the ranch some time in April.

Mr. Voss, the man who owns the Jackson ranch, has his wife and two sisters from Iowa with him. They will visit at the ranch for some time. They express themselves as highly pleased with our beautiful country.

T. H. Davis made a trip to Harper last week for seed barley for the Bonnell ranch.

Chester Dickey reports the silos on the Bonnell ranch quite a success, and that all the stock on the ranch are very fond of the silage, even the hogs, and all are fattening on it.

J. S. Aaron moved to the place he bought from T. M. Aaron in Bandera Friday; T. M. Aaron moved on a farm below Bandera.

The T. A. McBryde place, known as the Eihu Pearson place, burned Friday. There was a Mexican living on the place and he lost every thing he had. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Grandma Norris is still very low. Mrs. E. G. Blatherwick, who has been visiting at Lytle since before Christmas, returned home last week.

R. M. Montell has moved to his uncle's place near the Medina Lake. Robert Smith and family, from Goliad are visiting the family of Mrs. N. T. Taylor.

A. D. McBryde and D. C. Reeves are running an extra wire from the store to the Bonnell home; when it is finished Mr. Bonnell will be on line 29 instead of 10.

O. Nowlin and family were Verde visitors Sunday.

CROWDED HOUSE AT PAMPELL'S FRIDAY

Theatre Was Twice Filled to See the Opening of the Great Serial, "Lass of the Lumberlands".

Mr. Pampell got more than he bargained for when announced open house last Friday night for the first chapters of the new serial, featuring Helen Holmes in "The Lass of the Lumberlands." The house was filled twice and it was a good natured and appreciative crowd. The beautiful and wonderful scenes displayed in the picture of the lumber districts of Oregon and the charm and beauty of the star actor, captivated the audience, but could give only a faint idea in these two short chapters of the fascinating story that will be unfolded as the story proceeds from week to week.

The second installment of "The Lass of the Lumberlands" will be run tomorrow (Friday) night. Read the story in the Advance and then see it acted in the movies.

District Court.

The regular winter term of the District Court for Kerr County convened here Monday morning with Judge R. H. Burney on the bench and all officers present except the District Attorney who came on the noon train.

Judge Burney gave the grand jury an unusual strong charge, calling special attention to the recent mysterious drowning case and asking that a most thorough and searching investigation be made of this and other matters that might come before them, even if it took the whole term of court to get through. The usual charge in regard to the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards and other violations of the liquor laws was delivered with unusual emphasis, the Judge stopping to remark that the consensus of opinion of all right thinking people now is that a great per cent. of all crimes find their starting point in or around the places where liquor is sold.

Following is the list of grand jurors serving at this term: Julius Real, foreman; N. Herzog, A. C. Schreiner, Jr., Wm. Nimitz, Ernest Lich, D. H. Hughes, G. W. Baldwin, W. B. Leigh, G. R. Moore, J. J. Starkey, Ed Kaiser.

Bailiff for the grand jury were sworn in as follows: T. I. Tipton, door bailiff; S. M. Lee, John Colbath, W. W. Moore, H. I. Hardin, riding bailiffs.

The petit jury was sworn in Tuesday morning and is as follows: R. Q. Mabry, R. B. Knox, Henry Dietert, Robert Rees, A. M. Land, Chas. Leinweber, C. C. Mitchell, Chas. Moore, R. Holdsworth, W. S. Clark, Ed Henderson, A. P. Brown, E. L. Sublett, Geo. E. Meeks, A. K. McDowell, Walter Coleman, Guy Burney, Lee Mosty, J. H. Gardner, Roy Littlefield, J. J. Denton, Hy. Eckstein, M. T. Davis, John Rees.

The J. A. Smith vs. Kuykendall case was set for trial on Thursday of the 2nd week of court.

The case of S. E. Ford vs. D. B. Chapin, in which there is probably more complex questions of law involved than any case ever tried here, was called Tuesday afternoon and went to trial at noon Wednesday.

The grand jury is grinding away with about the biggest array of witnesses before it in the history of our court. No bills have yet been reported.

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.

McJimsey-Wilson.

Mr. Alburus McJimsey and Miss Laura Wilson were united in marriage by Rev. J. B. Riddle at the Baptist Pastor's Home at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, January 16th.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mrs. J. C. Wilson of this city and is one of the most popular and lovable young women in the city. Her long service of more than six years as head clerk at Pampell's has placed her in a position to be known by almost every man, woman and child in this section, and is universally loved and respected.

Mr. McJimsey has held a responsible position at the Ford Sales Co., for several months, is a young man of high character and is held in high esteem by those who know him.

We extend congratulations to these young people and wish them a most happy and prosperous career. We understand they will make their home in Kerrville.

Large shipment of men's and boy's work shoes, Peters brand, just received, guaranteed all leather. Bought last summer before leather went so high and we are going to give you the advantage of the saving in the price.

West Texas Supply Co.

A Colored Pioneer Dead.

Aunt Nellie Edmunds, the oldest colored resident of this section, passed away Tuesday of last week, having passed her 90th year. She was highly esteemed by all the white people who knew her as well as by those of her own race.

Aunt Nellie was brought to Kendall county and afterwards to Kerr county from Mississippi before the war by her former owner, Dr. Riddle, and since emancipation, has made her home in Kerrville. She was the grandmother of the well-known Blanks family. Like all the old-time colored people, she was industrious and kind of heart, and her influence over her children and grand children was always in the direction of a religious and moral life and good citizenship.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all who rendered assistance to us and helped to sustain us by their words of sympathy, also for the floral offerings placed upon the grave of our beloved one, Thos. B. Peterson.

The Peterson Family.

The Advance is now \$1.50 a year.

How Much Will You Take In Exchange For Your Education?

WILL \$1.00 A MONTH DO?

Then why not buy instead of sell? If your education is worth more than a dollar a month, then isn't an education worth as much to your boy or girl?

You know the VALUE of an education and you learned in the School of Experience. You know what a handicap the lack of education means, and you know the struggle for existence (and, therefore, the NEED of education) is becoming greater every year. Hence you realize, now that you are thinking of it, that your little ones MUST BE EDUCATED if they succeed in life. Let them prepare to direct others instead of having to be directed themselves. Give them a chance—let NOTRE DAME INSTITUTE educate them.

All branches taught, from kindergarten up to and including the twelfth grade. Yet the tuition is only \$1.00—less than five cents a day for each day spent at school. If there be more than three from your family, all over the three may attend free. Tuition is free also to worthy children whose parents are unable to pay.

For further particulars, inquire of FATHER KEMPER, Ph. G. S. L. E. M. A., or any of the Sisters at the Convent where you will be welcome at any time.

Your Banking Business

Is Earnestly Solicited and Will be Appreciated by

FIRST STATE BANK

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

E. H. PRESCOTT

A. B. BURTON,

PRESIDENT

ACTIVE 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, stream-line 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 care for it. Nine thousand Ford agents make Ford service as universal as the car.

Touring Car, \$360, Runabout, \$345—f. o. b. Detroit. On sale at

LEE MASON & SON
"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154

Kerrville, Texas

Chocolates and Bon Bons

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

Made right, under absolutely Sanitary conditions.

PAMPELL'S

PHONE 6

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

SID C. PETERSON

C. W. MOORE

Peterson-Moore Lumber Co.

"The Home Enterprise."

All Kinds of Building Material

The Place...The Price...The Quality

THE BUILDER'S FRIEND

COME TO SEE US. IT WILL PAY YOU.

Located at the Old Bivery Stable, Next Door to Lee Mason & Son's Garage

**With the Fingers!
Says Corns Lift Out
Without Any Pain**

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn can be lifted right out with the fingers if you will apply directly upon the corn a few drops of freezeone, says a Cincinnati authority. At small cost one can get a quarter of an ounce of freezeone at any drug store, which is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain or soreness or the danger of infection.

This new drug is an ether compound, which dries the moment it is applied and does not inflame or even irritate the surrounding tissue.—Adv.

The Kind.

"Some children have to be handled with gloves."
"I suppose with kid gloves."

PROMPT RELIEF

can be found in cases of Colds, Coughs, La Grippe and Headaches by using Laxative Quinine Tablets. Does not affect the head or stomach. Buy your winter's supply now. Price 25c.—Adv.

Talented Person.

"As we grow older our ideas of amusement undergo a radical change," remarked the philosopher men.

"Unquestionably."

"For instance, when I was a small boy I was chiefly interested in the exhibits that composed a 'Congress of Wonders,' but now the amazing volatility of the speller fascinates me far more than any feature of the show."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Spain in 1915 mined 2,402,000 tons of coal and imported 1,200,000 tons.

**WHAT IS
LAX-FOS**

LAX-FOS is an improved Cascara (a tonic-laxative). In LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by the addition of certain harmless chemicals which increase the efficiency of the Cascara, making it better than ordinary Cascara. LAX-FOS is pleasant to take and does not gripe nor disturb stomach. Adapted to children as well as adults. Just try one bottle for constipation. 50c.

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
GASOLINE USERS**

Will you co-operate with us if we can reduce your individual gasoline and coal oil bill 50%? What we sell is not a substitute. Write for particulars. AGENTS WANTED.
P. O. BOX 1172, HOUSTON, TEX.

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INC., HOUSTON, TEXAS**

**GENERAL HARDWARE
AND SUPPLIES**

Contractors Supplies, Builders Hardware, Etc. Prices and information furnished on request.
**PEDEN-IRON & STEEL CO.
HOUSTON SAN ANTONIO**

**Texas Optical Co.
EXPERT OPTICIANS
GLASSES THAT SATISFY**

Mail us your broken glasses and we will repair and return the same day as received, by parcel post.
**EYES TESTED FREE
515 MAIN STREET, HOUSTON, TEX.**

**F. W. Heitmann Co.
HOUSTON, TEXAS
HARDWARE,
MILL SUPPLIES,
METAL, ETC.
"Roofing a Specialty"**

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Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings and Inside Finish. Vegetable Grafts, Buses and all kinds of Hardwood.
Write or call
**HOUSTON CO-OPERATIVE MFG. CO.
2001 Coalt Street Houston, Texas**

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**

GALLSTONES

Avoid operations. Positive Liver & Bile remedy. Write today.
Dr. O. C. Stanley Co., Dept. W-1, 2195 Dearborn St., Chicago
W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 1-1917.

**Horticultural
Advice**

CHOICE VARIETIES OF PEAR

Excel Most Apples in Rich, Juicy Texture and Delicacy of Flavor—Bartlett is Leader.

(By G. B. BRACKETT)

The pear has long been regarded as one of the most luscious of the many kinds of fruit brought under cultivation. The choice varieties excel most apples in rich, juicy texture and delicacy of flavor, and for both dessert and culinary purposes, either canned or in the fresh state, the pear is considered a great acquisition. With a proper selection of varieties and with careful handling and storing of the fruit its season of use may be extended from midsummer to late winter without resorting to artificial means of preservation.

Two distinct classes or types of the pear are now grown in this country: (1) the European and (2) the Asiatic, or Oriental.

The European type is a native of Europe; it most of our domestic varieties have sprung. Pears of this class are well adapted to the New



Seckel Pear. Bartlett Pear.

England States, New York, Pennsylvania and other states southward and westward to California, Washington, Oregon and Idaho. In the states named beyond the Rocky mountains extensive commercial orchards have been planted with choice varieties of this class of pears, the Bartlett leading all other varieties in commercial plantings.

The Asiatic, or Oriental, type is of comparatively recent introduction. In its natural condition it is scarcely an edible fruit and must receive an admixture of our improved European varieties in order to render it at all acceptable.

BEST NEW STRAWBERRY BEDS

Plants Produced During Current Season Should Be Selected—Set Out in Spring.

Young strawberry plants produced during the current season are best for new strawberry beds, is the word that comes from horticultural department of the Nebraska College of Agriculture. The greater part of the root system of the plants over one year old will be of a dark color, while roots of plants forged this summer will be light. They may be set out either in fall or spring.

A blanket of three or four inches of straw put on after the ground freezes firmly will stop much of the alternate freezing and thawing of the ground during the winter. A portion of the mulch may be removed in the spring when growth first begins.

CORNCOBBS MAKE GOOD MULCH

Splendid Protection for Raspberries and Blackberries—They Will Keep Down Weeds.

Corncoobs make a splendid mulch for raspberries and blackberries. Spread through the patch in late fall or winter they will keep down weeds the following spring and summer and retain soil moisture with as evident success as any other medium. By replacing the top layers each season those underneath soon rot.

Still another advantage of such a mulch is the clean underfooting it provides for pickers.

PRUNE OUT ALL DEAD LIMBS

They Are in the Way at Picking Time and Make Crop Look Diseased—Paint All Wounds.

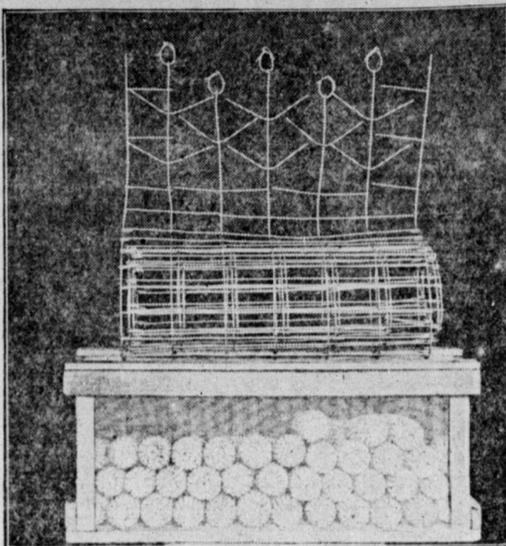
Dead limbs take a great deal of water from growing apple trees. They are in the way at gathering time and make the whole crop look diseased. If caused by canker, the disease will spread to other parts of the orchard. Prune them out now and paint the wounds.

PRUNING OF GREAT BENEFIT

Iowa Orchards Pruned Annually Gave Average Returns of More Than \$125 Per Acre.

An orchard survey in an Iowa county showed that it paid to prune trees every year; that the orchards pruned annually gave average net returns of more than \$125 an acre, whereas orchards pruned occasionally or not at all gave a return of slightly less than \$55 an acre.

CARE IS NECESSARY IN STORING STOVER



WIRE FENCING USED FOR SEED-CORN RACKS.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Whether the stover is shredded or not, it is of great importance that it be well stored and not left long exposed to the weather.

The mistake is sometimes made of placing the hay crop in sheds and barns and leaving the corn stover in shocks in the field. The reverse is better, inasmuch as most kinds of hay will not depreciate so rapidly in feeding value and will keep better in stacks and ricks than corn stover. Unless placed under cover stover should be fed in the fall and early winter. If left exposed until February or March it has little feeding value.

In the principal corn-producing states the autumns are usually dry, and corn fodder dries thoroughly in the shocks and is shredded and stored in barns or feed sheds with little danger of heating or molding. The fodder should not be wet when shredded and stored, but damp days are preferred for doing the hauling and shredding because the binders are more pliable and the fodder is therefore handled with less waste. But in some sections, especially in northern states, where the corn is full of sap when cut, and where damp fall weather prevails, much care is necessary in storing corn fodder or stover to prevent heating and molding. In such localities it should be placed under cover in ricks not more than 6 or 8 feet in thickness, or, if shredded, layers of dry straw several inches deep should alternate with layers of the shredded stover.

The depth of the layers of stover can vary from several inches to a foot or more, according to its dryness when stored. The dry straw will take up some of the moisture from the stover and prevent heating.

Storing the Grain.

There was a time in the history of the corn-producing belt when rail pens were about the only available means of storing the corn crop. Much to the



Bunched Kernels in Hill.

discredit of some corn growers this method of storing is still in vogue, even in sections where good means of storing could be afforded at little expense. It is no uncommon sight to see rail pen after rail pen filled with ears of corn and without any cover, exposed to all the rains and snows of winter, and these in sections of the country that produce the most corn and are consequently most interested in higher-priced corn. This corn remains in apparently good condition during the cold weather and is usually placed upon the market in early spring. Filled with water, it is not long after it is loaded into box cars or vessels until it heats and spoils. The installation of elevators where such corn can be kiln dried has been brought about by this poor manner of storing the corn crop. There is a general prejudice against kiln-dried corn, resulting from the fact that kiln drying was first employed and is at present employed to a very large ex-

**DAIRY
FACTS**

KICKING COW EASILY CURED

Three Different Methods Suggested for Treatment of Unruly Animal by Kansas Expert.

(By LESLIE ROSS, Kansas Experiment Station.)

Care and patience will do much to cure the kicking cow.

The kicking cow is easily cured by the proper methods. To cure the offending animal take a rope with a loop in one end of it or a trunk strap and pass it around the body of the cow. Draw it tight. The cow usually will jump a little at first, but when she finds she cannot get out of the rope she will stand—and cannot kick.

This method once in a while causes the cow to give bloody milk. If it happens place the rope or strap behind the udder and draw it up in the same manner. With some cows this cannot be done because of the shape of the udder. Another method is to hobble the cow by passing the rope around each leg behind the udder, and tying just above the hocks. This is, however, rather dangerous for the man tying the rope. After the preventive measure has been repeated a few times the cow will stand readily to be milked.

WARTS MAY BE TROUBLESOME

They May Be Entirely Removed by Smearing Them Thickly With Unadulterated Olive Oil.

Warts on the teats are often troublesome in milking, besides adding to the danger of increasing the possibility of contaminating the milk through infectious material which may be found on them. They may be greatly benighted or entirely removed by smearing them thickly with pure olive oil.

If they are large, and still persist despite this treatment, they may be cut off with a sharp pair of scissors, and the spot touched with a stick of caustic potash.

They may be oiled now, and the caustic potash treatment repeated as often as necessary to prevent their renewed growth.

HOLSTEIN BREED IS FAVORED

They Are Best Able to Rough It Where Roughage Is Plenty and Grain Feeds Are Scarce.

Every dairy breed of cows has certain advantages and for this reason no "best breed" can be named because conditions vary even in the same state. But for a region where roughness is



High Producing Holstein.

plenty and where grain feeds are liable to be scarce Holsteins are preferred because they are best able of all the dairy breeds to "rough it."

In localities where hay is costly and fodder scarce the smaller dairy breeds would be preferable to the Holstein.

DAIRY NOTES

Poor cows are never clean.

No dairy was ever too clean.

The cows should have a chance to go to shelter now, when they naturally seek it.

A thorough chilling now will disqualify a herd for profit during the whole winter.

The breeding bull always represents half the value of the breeding power of the herd if it is desired to grow calves for the dairy.

Calves intended for the dairy should not be made fat as veals, and they should not be allowed to become stunted. They should be thrifty and growing all the time.

A good price for a superior bull is money well invested. The difference between the price of a strictly high-class sire and an inferior one is made up in the first lot of calves.

It is hard to make some men realize the great influence of a good, pure-bred sire in a herd. The sire is more than half the herd. If he is richly bred, every heifer inherits from him good butter traits.

**The Influence
OF
Good Digestion**

is far reaching. It means Better Appetite—Proper Assimilation—Liver and Bowel Regularity—Improved Health—

**To Aid Digestion—TRY
HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters**

It Helps Nature In Every Way



Take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the best remedy for colds or bronchitis. Stands prominent today after more than half a century of successful treatment of the many disorders arising from exposure. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all druggists and dealers everywhere.

COLORED PEOPLE

can have new, long, straight hair by using **Exelento Quinine Pomade**, which is a Hair Grower, not a Kinky Hair remover. You can see the results by using several times. Try a package. Price 25c. at all drug stores or by mail on receipt of stamps or coin. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for particulars. Exelento Medicine Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Rubbing it in will soon put you on the outs with your friends.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly hair by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

WENT TO MANY MADISONS

Missive Traveled Far Over United States Before It Finally Reached Proper Destination.

A certain publishing house in London, England, has discovered that there is more than one Madison in the United States of America. The discovery cost a University of Wisconsin professor a large amount of anxiety, for it involved a valuable manuscript on which he had spent months of labor. The manuscript is a translation of Lucretius' works prepared by Prof. William Elery Leonard of the English department and visiting-professor this year of New York university, sent to London for publication in the Everyman Library. When the manuscript was sent back to him with the first proof sheets, it was addressed "Madison, U. S. A." How many of the other Madisons it visited is not recorded, but after weeks of search the postal authorities found it and returned it to the anxious author.

Nothing Like It.

"Are you going to have any occupational entertainment at your holiday party?"

"No, nothing but some old-fashioned kissing games."

Merely Weary Them.

Tell people how good you feel, but don't bother them with a recital of your aches and pains; they won't be interested, anyhow.

Why Wait

Mr. Coffee Drinker, till heart, nerves, or stomach "give way?"

The sure, easy way to keep out of coffee troubles is to use the pure food-drink—

POSTUM

Better quit coffee now, while you are feeling good, and try Postum, the popular American beverage.

"There's a Reason"

SOUR, ACID STOMACH GASES OR IND

Each "Fapp's Diapain" (grains food, ending all misery in five minutes)

Time it! In five minutes each distress will go. No heartburn, sourness, gas, acid, or eructation, food, no dizziness, no breath or headache.

Fapp's Diapain (grains food, ending all misery in five minutes)

It is the surest, quickest, only in the whole world at its harmless. Put an end to trouble forever by getting fifty-cent cans of Fapp's from any drug store. Five minutes how needless fear from indigestion, flat stomach disorder, it's the surest and most herald doctor in the world.—Adv.

Don't be an egotist, for kind the "ego" is apt to many other things.

A CURE FOR DIST

Distemper is something horses in this country suffer at any season of is usually milder, more cold weather, during fall spring. It is during this year that horses are exposed to the sever changes of weather and distemper manifest themselves. Owners should not in any form run thru it can be prevented and Frazier's Distemper Cures Colds and Influenza six days. Your money satisfactory. Sold by or prepaid from the owner booklet. Price 50 cents, bottle, Binkley Medicine, Nappanee, Ind.—Adv.

Thou shalt be served every sense of service without desert.

OF INTEREST TO

The cost of food too matter to all of you, your food bills and to improve the health of serve them Skinner's Spaghetti two or three Children love it and it is the best possible. Write the Skinner M. Nebel, for beautiful is how to serve it in a It's free to every man

A person may care not only by his actions.—J. S. Miller

Important to CASTORIA, that fan for infants and children. Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*. In Use for Over 30 Children Cry for *Dr. J. C. Williams*

About seven thousand last winter at Jackson, the biological survey

Whenever You Need Take G

The Old Standard chills Tonic is equally eral Tonic because it knows tonic properties. IRON. It acts on the Malaria, Enriches the up the Whole System

A hundred and birds nest on an Northeast.

Granulated Epsom relieved over night. One trial proves its

Pleety leads to perity does not well to have ju

THICK, GLOSS FREE F

Girls! Try It! He beautiful—G of D

If you care for tens with beauty life; has an incos is fluffy and ju

Just one app beauty of your distasteful dandruff. You heavy, healthy dandruff. This the hair of its its very life; produces a few the scalp; the loosen and die fast. Surely a Knowlton's D store and just

Even thought, a lot of the glitter.

CAPUDINE

—For Try it and aches in back Nature to go Liquid—easy

"Bill said thietic when some money. "He was pathetic, but

SOUR, ACID STOMACHS, GASES OR INDIGESTION

Each "Pape's Diapain" digests 3000 grains food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapain is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapain from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

Don't be an egotist, for the man behind the "ego" is apt to be behind in many other things.

A CURE FOR DISTEMPER.

Distemper is something from which horses in this country are liable to suffer at any season of the year, but is usually much more prevalent in cold weather, during fall, winter and spring. It is during this time of the year that horses are more frequently exposed to the severe and rapid changes of weather and the zoonic distemper manifest themselves quickly. Owners should not let the disease in any form run thru the stables. It can be prevented and cured by using Frazier's Distemper Remedy. Coughs, Colds and Influenza cured in three to six days. Your money back if not satisfactory. Sold by most druggists, or prepaid from the owners. Send for booklet. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle. Binkley Medical Co., Dept. W., Nappanee, Ind.—Adv.

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renders.

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS

The cost of food today is a serious matter to all of you. To cut down your food bills and at the same time improve the health of your family, serve them **Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti** two or three times per week. Children love it and thrive on it. It is the best possible food for adults. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book telling how to serve it in a hundred ways. It's free to every mother.—Adv.

A person may cause evil to others not only by his actions but by his inactions.—J. S. Mill.

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. Fitch** in use for over 30 years. Children Cry for **Fletcher's Castoria**.

About seven thousand elk were fed last winter at Jackson Hole, Wyo., by the Biological Survey.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

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

A hundred and twenty-four pairs of birds nest on an average farm in the Northeast.

Granulated Eyelids, Sties, Inflamed Eyes relieved overnight by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial proves its merit. Adv.

Piety leads to prosperity, but prosperity does not lead to piety. It is well to have piety to start out with.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try It! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of **Danderine.**

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try **Danderine.**

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of **Knowlton's Danderine** from any drug store and just try it.—Adv.

Even though all is not gold that glitters, a lot of people are satisfied with the glitter.

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.

The Difference. "Bill said you seemed so sympathetic when he asked you to lend him some money."

"He was mistaken. I wasn't sympathetic, but I was touched."

MAKE SUCCESS IN BREEDING LIVE STOCK



PRIZE ST. P. ON EXHIBITION A STATE FAIR.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There are some sections of the country that have become noted for the quality of the live stock they produce. In most instances this is found to be the result of concentrated effort. The state of Wisconsin offers a splendid illustration of what can be accomplished through a community breeding association. Here are to be found 134 organizations devoted to the breeding of high-class live stock. Of this number, 108 are promoting cattle of the different dairy breeds; 2, beef cattle; 10, horses; 2, swine; and 14, general live stock. These associations have met with marked success and prove conclusively that community live-stock breeding is not an experiment when thoroughly organized and properly conducted. Livingston county, Michigan, and a considerable section of New York, particularly the region adjacent to Syracuse, are famous for their dairy cattle. In Iowa prominence has been gained in swine raising. The blue-grass region of Kentucky, noted as the center of American saddle-horse breeding, affords a further example of the success resulting from unity of effort and purpose. There are still other sections where attention is being given to the production of the different classes of live stock. Each is noted as a breeding center, and buyers who pay the highest prices are attracted from other states and even foreign countries.

Leadership is Necessary. The organization of a community or cooperative live stock breeders' association requires the services of a leader, as do all movements that have for their object the improvement of unsatisfactory conditions. The leader in an enterprise of this kind should be one of the successful breeders of the community—aggressive as well as progressive. With such a man at the head of the movement, little trouble should be experienced in interesting others and securing their co-operation. A preliminary organization should be drafted, a committee appointed to draft a constitution and by-law, and a definite breed selected which the association is to promote.

The selection of a breed is of great importance. If the best results are to be gained, individual taste should be disregarded and a breed selected which has proved profitable in the community. The action taken in this respect should be unanimous, and every effort should then be made in improving the type of stock to which the organization is committed. When



Young Purebred Hereford.

the breed has been decided upon, the first step is to procure a number of pure bred sires of that breed to be mated with the females owned by the members. If there are a few good privately owned sires already in the community they can be put out for service and the expense divided on a pro rata basis.

If additional sires are found necessary, it should be possible for the association to secure them at a considerable saving in price through the selection of a committee of competent men authorized to make the purchases. It will in some cases be advisable to have a qualified veterinarian as one member of the committee.

Placing Sires. At the opening of the breeding season the sire should be placed at the most convenient points and put in the hands of capable and efficient men who understand the breeding question and who will take proper care of the animals in their charge. After each second season it may prove advisable to change or shift the sires. This will allow each breeder to procure the

service of a new sire and at the same time make it possible to determine which are the best producers so that those not making good can be disposed of.

A sufficient number of the best females from the successful sires should be retained, and in some cases male offspring may be put into service in the neighborhood. This will obviate the necessity for any further extensive purchases and give a constant supply of good blood and uniform quality. In addition, it will provide an adequate number of animals to take the place of those that die, are injured, or sold. The serviceable sires crossed with the females retained will be of incalculable value in the continued production of animals of outstanding merit.

Lack of Uniformity. One of the reasons for the lack of uniformity in the quality of our live stock is the fact that many of our individual farmers and breeders have not adhered to one type or breed of sire. The results provide a striking example of the need of organization. With the organized community many advantages are to be gained. First of all, greater interest will be taken in the proper methods of breeding, feeding, etc., with the result that a definite community type will be established and the members will work together in maintaining that ideal. United action is brought about in the prevention and eradication of disease, combined action along this line being far more effective and economical than individual effort. The good effect of combined action on the part of the breeders of a community in preventing the spread of such a disease as hog cholera, for instance, can readily be appreciated. Much can be accomplished in a similar manner in stamping out contagious diseases among other classes of live stock, and by the adoption of proper sanitary methods further outbreaks in the community can be avoided. A reputation for sound, healthy stock is a most desirable and valuable asset.

TAGGING OF SHEEP IS IMPORTANT WORK

Operation Is Simple and Consists of Placing Animal on Side and Removing Wool.

(By R. H. WILLIAMS, Professor of Animal Husbandry, University of Arizona.) All good shepherds in Europe tag their ewes. The operation is simple and consists of placing the sheep on its side and by means of a hand shears cutting away the soiled wool and manure which may have accumulated around the rear end. Anyone can perform this work and it is an especially good method of keeping the sheep clean and sanitary, and also one will have less trouble at lambing time for the lambs will more easily find their way to the nipple if the tag ends have been clipped from around the udder. Very often young lambs will get a lock of wool in their mouths instead of the teat, and they often suck in dangerous amounts of wool which accumulate in the stomach, and often cause death. It is probable that quite a large percentage of the mortality in very young lambs comes from this source.

It will pay best to tag the ewes, but many shepherds also tag the wethers, rams and lambs. One will find that the work of shearing is so much cleaner, and can be performed more rapidly so that there is not much additional work. When it comes to selling the wool, one will easily secure more money for a clip that has been taken from a well-tagged sheep, and in the future, when wool is bought on its merits, this is bound to be an economic advantage.

TOTAL CROP YIELDS IN 1916

Estimated Production of Important Products in United States Compared With Last Year.

The total production of important products this year in the United States compared with last year is estimated as follows: Corn, 89 per cent; wheat, 60.1 per cent; oats, 79.8 per cent; barley, 77.4 per cent; rye, 85.1 per cent; buckwheat, 88.4 per cent; potatoes, 83.7 per cent; sweet potatoes, 91.2 per cent; tobacco, 113.4 per cent; flaxseed, 111.3 per cent; rice, 114.6 per cent; hay (all tame), 101.1 per cent; clover hay, 108.8 per cent; cotton, 104.0 per cent; apples, 88.3 per cent; peaches, 88.2 per cent; pears, 90.9 per cent; sugar beets, 115.3 per cent.

TAKES THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS CALOMEL

New Discovery! Dodson's Liver Tone Acts Like Calomel But Doesn't Grip, Salivate or Make You Sick—Don't Lose a Day's Work—Harmless Liver Medicine for Men, Women, Children—Read Guarantee!

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. It's horrible! Take a dose of the 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 are sluggish and "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 tonight. Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store and get a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you

right up and make you feel fine and vigorous 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 can not 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.

It takes both "sales" and "stent" to make progress on the sea of business.

DANDRUFF AND ITCHING

Disappear With Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The first thing in restoring dry, falling hair is to get rid of dandruff and itching. Rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp, next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Prevent skin and scalp troubles by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparation.

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

Three Chinese girls who recently arrived at Vancouver are the first woman stowaways to land in Canada.

ERYSIPELAS AND CHILBLAINS Alleviated and cured by the use of **Tetterine**. It is an old established and well known remedy for Eczema, Tetter, Ground Itch, the cause of Hookworm Disease, Infant Sore Head, Chaps, Chafes and other forms of skin diseases.

J. R. Maxwell Atlanta, Ga. says: "I suffered agony with a severe case of eczema. Tried six different remedies and was in despair, when a neighbor told me to try **Shurpin's Tetterine**. After using 35 worth of your **Tetterine** and soap I am completely cured. I can't say too much in its praise."

Tetterine at drug stores or by mail 50c. Soap 25c. J. T. Shurpin Savannah, Ga. Adv.

Or Life-Saving. Modern military inventions, wonderful as they are, cannot be classified as either time saving or labor saving.

DON'T GAMBLE Take your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Argument Against a Minor Coin. Mrs. Knicker—Do you approve of the idea of a two and a half cent piece? Mrs. Bocker—No, men are stingy enough as it is.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret—tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.—Adv.

A Motorist's Criticism. "Here's a map that will show you all the points of interest on the route." "It's no good," replied Mr. Chuggins. "It shows a lot of landmarks, but it doesn't definitely locate the repair shops."

Constipation generally indicates a disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping. Adv.

Not Worth Much. "I have just been listening to a war expert talk." "Get much information?" "A great deal, but I'm afraid it is just about as reliable as the average weather prediction."

Spartan Women Suffered Untold Tortures but who wants to be a Spartan? Take "Femenina" for all female disorders. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Alaska has forbidden the employment in underground mines of boys under sixteen.

Lots of men who rob Peter to pay Paul manage to stand Paul off.

The Combination. Knicker—What is the combination that wins a war? Bocker—Men and a gun.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad, has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.—Adv.

One Exception. "Not everybody smokes at the woman's club." "No—not the men waiters."—Life.

If your child is pale and thin, notwithstanding a voracious appetite, it may be because of Worms or Tapeworm. A single dose of Dr. Peery's "Dead End" will expel the Worms or Tapeworm, and set digestion right again. Adv.

The Way of It. "Evan gave up his birthright for mere pottage." "Yes," and he made a mess of it."

DON'T PUT IT OFF. If you are suffering from Dizziness, Headaches, Biliousness, Constipation or Sour Stomach, take one **BOND'S LIVER PILL** at bedtime tonight. You will wake up well, without any unpleasant "after effects." **BOND'S PILLS** are sold on their genuine merit, and never fail to please those who use them for Malarial troubles. They are Small, Mild, Safe, Inexpensive. 25c All Druggists.—Adv.

Neither Gone Nor Forgotten. Knicker—Everybody's pay is to be raised. Bocker—including the Piper's.

Many a man salts away money in the brine of other people's tears.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Kills Rats, Mice, Bugs, etc. outdoors. 10c and 25c.

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

Used the World Over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

E. W. Grove

Maker also of the Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills, and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

Small Sums to Charity. John Skelton Williams, comptroller of the currency, says that our international charity during the past two years has amounted to one-twentieth of 1 per cent of our total income. This is equivalent to an annual gift of 75 cents from a man earning \$1,500 a year.

AVOID A DOCTOR'S BILL on the first of the month by taking now a bottle of Mansfield Cough Balsam for that hacking, hollow cough. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

Guessed Wrong. Two sober citizens met on a street in Babylon. "You and I will live to see the day when this dancing craze will end," said the first sober citizen.

"I don't doubt it," answered the second sober citizen. "The world will soon outgrow such madness."

And that was 2716 years before the Castles took New York by storm.

The Chilean government has postponed conversion of its paper currency to gold until January, 1919.

Why That Lame Back? Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Louisiana Case Jules O. Ayrard, Barton, La., says: "For years I had kidney complaint and suffered terribly. The kidney secretions burned in passage and the pain in my back were so bad I couldn't sleep. I slept poorly and grew thin and emaciated. Doctor after doctor failed and when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills I took them. They cured me and I gained in weight and health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Kills Rats, Mice, Bugs, etc. outdoors. 10c and 25c.

Cleaning and Pressing

*Done in the Right Way
By the Right Method.*

Let us send for your suit. We guarantee satisfaction. Ladies work solicited. Repairing and altering done. Order your suit from our fine line of piece samples.

Bailey's Tailor Shop

Rawson Building. Phone 250

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

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

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

"Prohibition and Poverty"

The municipal judge of Portland, Ore., reports that there has been a decrease of more than 50 per cent in cases of all kinds in his court since the abolition of the open saloon in Oregon. "There is less thieving," he says, "in the city, a remarkable decrease in the number of arrests of fallen women, and the number of arrests for violation of traffic ordinances is far below that of a year ago." For the first five months of the year there were 1,308 arrests for drunkenness, as against 4,903 for the same period last year, a decrease of 3,595. The Commissioner of public Utilities reports an increase 116 water services since January 1, showing that many more families are occupying homes, and that Portland's population is not decreasing under the dispensation. But the most significant figures are those of the banks. Up to May 1 there had been an increase of \$7,865,709 in bank deposits in Portland alone, and in the entire State the increase was not quite \$13,009,000. From January 1 to June 1 the bank clearance of Port-

land were \$10,000,000 ahead of the same period in 1915. Building permits had doubled during the same period. Merchants report business as better and collections as greatly improved. The poor farm was the only sufferer—its business has fallen off most lamentably.—Collier's.

Kin Hubbard Says:

Tell Binkley says he allus hates th' first o' th' month, when we all git litters with isinglass fronts.

A newspaper picture 'makes any-buddy look guilty.

A roller towel 'woudn' be so bad if th' landl'rd changed th' film outener.

Miss Taxney Apple's nice is t' be married jist as soon as her paw's able.

If ther's anything in th' world that ought t' fit snug it's a pair o' white stockin's.

Miss Fawn Lippincott says that one bad thing about white shoes is that they all look like number eights.

Read the story on the supplement in this issue. It contains the first two installments of "The Lass of the Lumberlands." After reading of Helen Holmes' daring feat and the remarkable story of the first twenty years of her life, you will be sure to go to see the picture at Pampell's Friday night.

Club House Catsup The best yet. C. C. Butt Grocery.

W. O. W. Resolutions.

We, the Committee of Cypress Camp No. 58, W. O. W., selected to draft Resolutions regarding the death of Sov. T. B. Peterson, submit the following resolutions:

Whereas, death has removed from our Camp our esteemed Sovereign and Neighbor T. B. Peterson. Be it therefore resolved that we express our high esteem for our beloved Sovereign and Neighbor, who had been tested in and for laudable affairs of life and who had always been found worthy of the confidence and esteem of all.

As a citizen, the good of the public was his highest aim; as a sovereign, he understood and practiced the term in its broadest sense; as a friend and neighbor, his confidence and generosity knew no bounds; as a son and brother, he was devoted and loyal, and as a husband and father, he was ever tender, considerate and good.

To the sorrowing family and relatives, we extend our sympathy in their bereavement and we share with them the hope for a renewal of ties hereafter.

Resolved, that a copy of these Resolutions be spread on the Minutes of this Camp, and a copy be furnished the local papers, and a copy be sent the family of the deceased.

J. C. REES,

J. T. MOORE,

LEE WALLACE,

Committee.

Mrs. Tupper McKee, who with her father, Mr. Alf H. Smith, and brother were in town on Johnson creek Saturday, was a caller at this office and gave us an account of the death of her husband who was killed by being run over by a freight train near Seguin on Dec. 22. One of his legs was crushed up to his body and the other to his knee, and he died in a hospital. Mrs. McKee is now residing with her parents.

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



We carry a full line of the best makes of Stock Saddle. They fit the horse and make riding a pleasure. We also carry a nice line of Navajo and other blankets, harness and leather sundries. Don't forget our Buggies, etc. See our line of Guaranteed Auto Tires and Casings.

J. E. PALMER

LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS

FURNITURE

BARGAINS--AND WHAT COSTITUTES THEM

Furniture sold from this store is better made than much furniture for which higher prices are charged elsewhere.

Our idea of a bargain goes deeper 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 throughout. That is why furniture purchased here will endure.



Our stock for 1917 will be more complete and up-to-date than ever, and we shall try harder than ever to supply every want in the furniture and house-furnishing line.

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

Catholic Church Notes

(By Father Kemper)

The holy sacrifice of the altar (Mal. 1. 11) will be offered at 5:45 A. M. on Sunday because services are scheduled for Comfort that morning. Father Kemper will be back for the Bible Classes in the afternoon at 2:30 p. m.

A new supply of Bibles has been received on account of the rapid sale of the last half hundred which were offered in cloth-bound edition, both Testaments, for 75 cents. Market conditions make the present volumes cost one dollar apiece; but this price ought not to detain any Christian from possessing a copy of the Holy Scriptures, than which there is no better book.

Beginning with to-day, feast of St. Peter (first Bishop of Rome and Prince of the Apostles) there will be special services for eight days, called Church Unity Octave, during which an earnest exertion will be made to pray for the return of all sects to the original Christian fold.

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.

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. Vasbinder, Center Point, Tex.

Religious Notice.

St. Peter's Episcopal Church. Holy Communion 1st. Sunday 10:30 a. m.

Morning Prayer and sermon 2nd and 4th. Sundays 10:30.

Morris Ranch 3rd. Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

J. S. Johnston, Pastor.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Cedar Logs, Posts, Etc.

Comfortable Camp Yard with water Free to All.

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

THE STAR MARKET

C. L. BIEHLER, Prop.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT LOWEST PRICES

Free Delivery

PHONE 162

FIRE, HAIL, TORNADO, AUTOMOBILE

INSURANCE

I represent some of the best companies doing business in America. Your Insurance will have prompt and careful attention if placed with me. I solicit your business.

W. A. FAWCETT

Phone 31

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Gilbert C. Storms

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office at Kerrville, Texas

Practice in all courts. Abstracts of Land Titles made on short notice.

A LASS OF THE LUMBERLANDS

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORP.

FIRST EPISODE.

It is more than probable that had Henry Marston been born a few centuries earlier, the boldness, aggressiveness, predaciousness, and cold-blooded unscrupulousness which were his most marked characteristics, would have won him a fellowship in the company of Cortez, Hawkins and Drake.

But instead of raiding the golden cities of the Indies and the Spanish Main, he raided the forests of the American northwest. The operations of the Northern Land & Lumber company, of which Marston was president and whose activities he directed and controlled, covered a quarter of the continent. Eighty per cent of the vast forests of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and California were either owned by the company or under its control.

When President Marston entered the company's palatial offices on an upper floor of the Pioneer building in Seattle precisely at ten o'clock as was his custom, his secretary, a human automaton named Johnson, handed him a telegram. It was dated at a lumber town in southern Oregon and read:

"McCarthy reports Holmes had hit by fires and can't be able to cut over ten million feet at outside."

The message was signed "Davidson." Marston uttered a grunt which his secretary correctly interpreted as an expression of satisfaction.

Presently Mr. Frasier, who was the general manager of the Northern Land & Lumber company, and Marston's right-hand man, appeared.

"Frasier," said the president, speaking with more animation than was his wont—"I think we've at last got Rupert Holmes where we want him."

"What makes you think so?" asked the general manager.

"I suppose you know, don't you, that we have a contract with Holmes to deliver us 20,000,000 feet of lumber by the thirtieth of next month?"

"Yes," said the other, "I know it."

"And do you know that there have been some bad forest fires in Oregon while you were in the East?"

"I saw something of the sort in the Chicago papers," replied Frasier. "But what have the fires to do with our friend Holmes?"

"Only this," said Marston, unable entirely to keep the cation from his tone, "they've pretty well cleaned him out. That fellow's got something that I'd give a great deal for—something that we've been trying to get for years, and it looks now as if this was our chance to get it."

"Meaning?"

"The boom rights on the Calapooia," rapped out Marston, triumphantly.

"Your plan being, I take it," went on Frasier, "to give him his choice between being sued for nonfulfillment of contract and forced into bankruptcy—of handing over the boom rights? Am I right?"

"Precisely," said Marston. "It's going to be as easy as taking candy from a child. Take my word for it, Frasier, we've at last got Holmes just where we want him and I'll send him a wire to let him know that we know it—Johnson, take a letter."

"To Mr. Rupert Holmes," dictated Marston, "Klamath Falls, Oregon. Dear Sir:—We have learned with regret that recent forest fires have caused damage to your timber holdings on the Calapooia. We trust that your misfortune has not been extensive enough to interfere with the delivery on or before the 30th prox. of the 20,000,000 feet for which we contracted with you, as your failure to do so would cause us heavy losses in connection with certain export orders. In the event of your failure to comply with the terms of the contract we shall be reluctantly compelled, in order to protect ourselves against loss, to insist on the payment of the penalty for non-fulfillment of contract."

"Yours very truly,

"Northern Land & Lumber Company.

Per, Henry Marston, President."

In their shrewdness, their predatory instincts, their total lack of commercial scruple and their mercilessness toward all who opposed them, Henry Marston and Rupert Holmes were amazingly alike. But there the similarity ended. Marston had taken his degree at a great eastern university, Holmes, on the other hand, had graduated from the hard school of the northern lumber camps and it had made him, both physically and morally, a hard, hard man.

Rupert Holmes' greed for wealth and power was matched only by his longing for a son—a man child—who would inherit the fortune he dreamed of making and who would perpetuate his name.

Two years before this story opens he had married a young southern schoolteacher—a slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl—and now she was about to become the mother of his child. His wish was to be fulfilled.

But after a summer, of unprecedented dryness came the great forest fires, sweeping across southern Oregon in a roaring wave of flame, and half of

Holmes holdings were included in the blackened waste left behind. Still stubborn old Holmes fought hard against the vicissitudes of fate.

The mail which contained Marston's letter reached Holmes' camp on the Calapooia when he was in the shanty which he called his office, conferring with his foreman, a dour and ravenous Scotchman named McClintock.

"Just as I thought, Mac," Holmes growled. "Marston has heard about the fires and he knows that we can't make good on the contract. We shall be regretfully compelled," he says, "to insist on the penalty for failure on your contract." The lying hypocrite! We're up against it good and hard, Mac, my boy. If we could only get the Indian lands we'd have no difficulty in filling our contract," went on Holmes, "but there's nothing doing in that—no, not a thing doing—Hello! what the devil do you want?"

"The speculation had been caused by the sudden appearance of a youth, one of the camp cook's helpers, who flung himself into the office, panting.

"You're wanted at your cabin," the boy informed Holmes—"the doc told me to fetch you."

When Holmes reached the cabin, which stood half a mile above the camp on a high bluff flanking the river, the doctor, a grizzled practitioner, who had spent his life alleviating the lumberman's ills, awaited him.

"Congratulations, Holmes," called the doctor, cheerily—"Your wife has stood it finely."

"It's a boy?" demanded the lumberman, eagerly.

"Not on your life," answered the doctor, "it's a girl—ten pounds if she weighs an ounce and as pretty as they make 'em."

"I'm so sorry it isn't a boy, dear," whispered Mrs. Holmes feebly. "I know how you had set your heart on having a son. But look, Rupert, isn't she a darling? We'll call her Helen, after your mother."

Holmes' face was convulsed with disappointment and anger.

"D— you, woman!" he cried, his voice hoarse with unreasoning passion. "I married you to get a son and you give me this! I wish to heaven that I'd never seen you—I hope that I'll never set eyes on you or your kid again."

The dark eyes of the wife filled with tears and her face, already drained of its color, turned ashen.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Holmes," interposed the doctor, sternly. "You're behaving like a brute."

Holmes whirled on the physician in a fury, his arm swung back as though to strike.

"I take no such words from any man," he snarled.

"You'll take them from me," said the other, coolly, looking the big lumberman fearlessly in the eye. "Get out of here now and don't return until you can act like a human being."

Holmes went out into the forest and strode on, he knew not where, nor cared. In his blind rage he walked farther than he had imagined, and so, the more quickly to retrace his steps, his passion somewhat spent, he decided to take a short cut across the property of the Klamath Indians, which adjoined his own holdings.

Repeatedly Holmes had endeavored to induce the Indians to part with their land but always unsuccessfully, for Sleepy Dog, the strong leader of a weak and vacillating tribe, had used his authority to prevent his people from disposing of their birthright.

Entering the Indian village, Holmes made his way through to the dwelling of the chief. Sleepy Dog was seated on a bench in front of his house, dandling on his knee a lusty, bronze-colored papoose.

"What you want?" the Indian bluntly demanded.

"I want to buy some of your land," snapped the visitor.

"No sell um land," the Indian repeated, stolidly. "Keep um for son," and he proudly indicated the papoose, now crowing in its mother's arms.

"Keep your d—d land then," snarled Holmes, and he strode away. Dusk had fallen when the angry giant reached his camp. In the shadow of a bunkhouse a man was slinking.

"Come out of there," ordered Holmes. "Ah! So it's you Dill!" he went on, harshly, as he recognized in the cowering figure before him, one Jake Dill, a notorious whisky bootlegger. "Dye remember," Holmes demanded, "what I told you I'd do to you the next time I caught you selling your rotgut to my men?"

"Let me off this time, gov'nor," the man pleaded. "I won't never come round here no more. I won't even go near the Indians. I'll keep out of the county altogether. Mr. Holmes—so help me God, I will!"

Holmes stood staring at the man. An idea had entered his scheming head.

"Dill," he said, suddenly, "perhaps I can strike a bargain with you. Come over to the office and we'll talk it over."

When the bootlegger left, two hours later Holmes had made his bargain. "It's risky business for me," said Dill. "I'll be federal prison if I'm caught—selling whisky to Indians." "Then don't get caught," rasped the big woodsman—"that is up to you."

Holmes schemed for the tricking of the Indians worked out as he had planned. Early next morning Dill rode into the Klamath village, his saddlebags bursting with contraband. By noon every Indian was gloriously drunk and no hand stayed their revels, since Sleepy Dog had gone to Portland. Within an hour the transfer Holmes had prepared was signed by every adult Indian with McClintock and Dill for witnesses.

"Now Mac," said Holmes, as they stunk from the village—"this land is legally mine. We'll begin cutting tomorrow. Burn this stinking village before you start the cut."

The same day Holmes sent a telegram to Henry Marston at the offices of the Northern Land & Lumber company in Seattle.

"Astounded at intimation per your letter that I will be unable to fulfill terms of contract. Twenty million feet will be delivered your Port Jefferson mill by thirtieth prox., as agreed. Can you use ten million more at same price?"

Some hours later he received an answer:

"What will you take for the boom rights on the Calapooia?"

To which Holmes replied: "Thousand shares Northern Land & Lumber company stock and seat on directorate."

With ill-concealed impatience he awaited Marston's reply. It was brief and to the point:

"All right, come and see me."

He had won.

It was the end of the week before Sleepy Dog completed his business with the official head of the department of Indian affairs, whom he had gone to Portland to see.

As the chief drew near home he was paralyzed with horror. The village was gone.

And just then Holmes emerged from the forest. He stood with folded arms surveying the old Indian, a sardonic grin upon his lips.

"Holmes," said Sleepy Dog, without heat, "you d—d 'f'el."

At that the fierce temper of the lumberman broke loose. His right fist shot forward in a sledgehammer blow. It caught the Indian on the point of the

jaw and he went down like a poleaxed steer. In a frenzy of demagogic rage Holmes dragged the body to the river edge and tossed it a hundred feet to the rocks below, where it lay in a widening pool of crimson.

Virginia Holmes, though she had not been able to overhear the conversation between Sleepy Dog and her husband, had witnessed every detail of the tragedy. Her decision was quickly taken. She must cross the log jam to reach the other side of the swollen Calapooia and shift with friends, carrying her child safe through the trees like a ghost.

Near the jam, but very far from trees from a momentarily awaited explosion, stood Holmes and McClintock. Suddenly the latter uttered a hoarse shout of horror.

"Godd God!" he cried. "It's the messie and she has her baby! Stop her! For God's sake, men, stop her, or I'll be too late."

"Leave her alone, d—d 'f'el!" he cried, as she went to get killed for her. "It'll be small loss," snarled Holmes, grimly.

"It's your own wife—your own wee bairn, mon!" gasped the Scot, "they're going to their deaths."

"Let them," said Rupert Holmes, grimly.

Boom!

To the hypnotized watchers on the shore there came the dull rumble of an explosion followed instantly by the crash of rending timbers. The jam had broken, and half Virginia and her child were but half way over.

A moment later they saw her come to the surface—saw her throw her free arm over a log and raise her baby upon it. An instant later both were lost to sight in the angry drive of the torrent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LASS OF THE LUMBERLANDS

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORP.

SECOND EPISODE.

Though Rupert Holmes had every reason to believe his wife and child had perished in the Calapooia, for he had himself seen them disappear before that resistless torrent of logs and water, the man knew neither sorrow nor regret.

It was, indeed, with a light heart that barely a week after the tragically started for Seattle in response to the telegram from Henry Marston. His interview with the president of the Northern Land & Lumber company was brief. In fact it lasted less than half an hour.

Holmes entered the office an impetuous adventurer, who richly deserved his widely known sobriquet, "the lumber pirate" and left it a director of the great corporation with a million dollars potentially held in the hollow of his hand.

When Marston reached his home that evening he sent for his daughter. "I've asked Rupert Holmes to dine with us tonight," he said. "We've just elected him a director of the company, Florida, and I think it would be wise to show him a little attention. Try to be polite to him. You'll find him as rough as one of his own iron trees, but he's going far unless I'm much mistaken."

Florida Marston was of a type with which Holmes was unfamiliar, and before long he became a frequent and apparently a welcome visitor at the Marston home. Twelve months after he had seen his wife and child dashed away in the angry waters of the Calapooia, Holmes, already become a recognized figure in the commercial life of the town, asked Florida Marston to marry him.

The wedding, six weeks later, was the most brilliant affair of the season. When Rupert Holmes married Miss Marston he believed he had done with his old rough life.

But Holmes' wife and child, had not met their deaths in the raging Calapooia, as he had supposed.

The baby held upon a log and the mother clinging to it, were hurled down stream at express train speed.

Hours later, it seemed to the dazed woman, she thought she heard a voice calling her. She tried to answer but was too weak. A moment later a flat-bottomed skiff shot out from the shore, vigorously propelled by a single oarsman. A bronzed and bearded face bent over her and she and the child were lifted tenderly into the boat. Then the exhausted mother lost track of time.

"Where am I?" she whispered faintly.

"You're at Dave Dawson's," answered a woman's voice, soothingly. "I'm Dave's wife. Dave was ranging timber on the Calapooia when he saw you floating down river and he managed to save you. I reckon Dave wasn't naps too keen, neither," added the good Samaritan. "That was a week ago yesterday and you ain't spoke a word since, not till now."

After her frightful experience, Mrs. Holmes was nothing loth to rest in friendly surroundings. The days grew into weeks and then into months, finally into years, and still Virginia and her baby stayed on with the Dawsons.

Dawson and his wife, who had come of substantial farmer stock, emigrated to the northwest some years before and were, as the kind-hearted fellow expressed it, "growing up with the country." Now, with the rapid rise of land values and the high prices obtainable for vegetables and fruits, he was on the road to a modest independence.

And so, Virginia Holmes and her daughter Helen, came by degrees to regard the log house on the forest edge as their home. Little Helen, indeed, had known no other. She told visitors who inquired her name, that it was Helen Dawson, which delighted the Dawson's beyond words.

The young girl's playmate from childhood had been Tom Dawson, a handsome, strapping young giant, a few years older than herself, who after finishing school had become engineer of the log boom train that ran daily from the log camps above Dawson to Port Jefferson.

By the time she was twenty, Helen Dawson was admittedly the prettiest girl in all that region. It was on a morning in late June that she came dashing into her mother's presence with a letter in her hand.

"Mumsey, dear," she cried excitedly. "I've had a letter from Anne Carrington—I met her when I was at school in Port Jefferson. She wants me to make a two weeks' visit. Her father has a large farm ten miles from town."

And Mrs. Holmes, glad to have her daughter get an occasional glimpse of the world beyond, gave her consent. Tom Dawson proposed that Helen, instead of taking the passenger train, jog down to Port Jefferson with him on the logging engine.

So away they went, Helen leaning from the cab window and anon chatting with Tom Dawson, or observing

with a strange feeling she did not understand, Tom's fireman, a taciturn young Indian named Little Bear. Strange are life's coincidences, for Little Bear was none other than the son of that same Klamath Indian chief whom Rupert Holmes had slain a score of years before.

Through all these years Virginia Holmes had remained in ignorance of her husband's marriage to Florence Marston, of the later birth of a son and of Holmes' spectacular rise to great wealth. Nor had she desired to keep in touch with the man who had treated her so brutally. She was as happy as a woman may be whose life romance has gone away.

It was well into the afternoon when the log train with Helen aboard, rolled into Port Jefferson with a clatter of couplings and a squealing of brakes. Awaiting her near the tracks with a horse and buggy was Anne Carrington.

"We've been having horrid weather, dear," said Anne, between giggles of delight at meeting her school chum—"the fog was so thick as I drove in that I could barely see the road."

As the girls drove out of Port Jefferson with its screaming mills and belching chimneys, Helen found that the fog was indeed one of the worst she had ever experienced.

Suddenly the chatter of the two school girls was interrupted by a great hoarse bellow that seemed to come from the depth of the fog close at hand.

"What was that?" Helen cried.

"It must be a steamer's fog horn," replied Anne. "I never heard one so close before. This is a fearfully dangerous coast—perhaps they're on the rocks."

Just then the fog lifted and a great steamer was revealed, on her beam ends, bow high in the air, with crowds of excited people upon her decks. The ship was evidently fast on the jagged reef.

"It's the Marathon!" Anne exclaimed. "The big passenger boat that runs from San Francisco to Seattle."

"Look, Anne!" Helen screamed, suddenly clutching her companion's arm in intense excitement—"That man in the bow . . . he's going to jump! Don't you see him—there just in front of the bridge, standing on the rail. Oh, why doesn't he wait for the boats. He'll be drowned if he tries to swim ashore."

An instant later the young man had leaped far out from the steamer's side and was struggling in a smother of tossing water. He appeared to be but a poor swimmer and to be losing in the fight for his life.

In an instant Helen had leaped to the ground and was hastily removing her outer garments.

"What on earth are you thinking of doing, Helen?" gasped her companion.

"Why, my dear, you couldn't live in that water for five minutes—Helen! you—oh, heaven!"

"I can't see the man drown when I'm sure I can save him," retorted the lumberman's daughter—"it would haunt me all my life."

With a quick run the little young creature crossed the cliff and subsidingly plunged into the sea.

The young man who had inspired this reckless deed was evidently nearing the end of his strength. He was pawing the water, dog-fashion, a sure sign of the final stages. As Helen approached him, swimming the crawl stroke she had been taught by an Australian workman on the swift running Calapooia, he tried to seize her.

"If you do that again," the girl shouted, "I'll leave you to drown."

Frightened by her tone the drowning man obeyed mechanically and lay still. How Helen swam the last hundred yards she never knew, but just as she felt that she could not hold out another second she felt bottom under her feet, and a huge comber, taking charge of affairs, tossed rescuer and rescued high upon the shingle. Gasping for breath and utterly exhausted, Helen submitted to being wrapped in a blanket from the buggy and helped aboard.

"That was the bravest thing I ever saw done," said a man who came to the girls' assistance. "This young fellow would have been food for the fishes if it hadn't been for you, Miss."

"Helen, you're a darling," gasped Anne, between laughter and tears—"you're a perfect heroine."

The rescued youth was assisted to a seat in the rig and invited to the Carrington home until he recovered from his shock. As they were about to drive off he called to one of the men who had been attracted by the daring rescue and urged that a telegram be sent to his father.

"Send it," he called out, "to Rupert Holmes, Pioneer building, Seattle."

"You don't say?" the man answered. "Him that's president of the Amalgamated?"

"The same," answered Helen's prize. "It's his son, Stephen Holmes."

Rupert Holmes took no account of money where his son was concerned. Two telegrams, one informing him of the wreck of the Marathon by which young Holmes was returning from Sag

Francisco after the close of his college year, and the other informing him that his son had been saved and was at the Carrington farm, inspired him to instant activity.

"White," he called to his secretary, "get the traffic manager of the S. P. on the wire. Tell him I want a special made up and ready to start for Port Jefferson within the hour. Have my own car put on, White."

The man who sat that night in his private car, staring out into the darkness, was a very different Rupert Holmes, at least so far as externals were concerned, from the Rupert Holmes who had come to Seattle from the camp on the Calapooia twenty years before. Only his eyes had remained unchanged. And these were as cold and cruel as ever.

If Holmes' appearance had changed in the twenty years his life had changed still more. His rise in business had been meteoric. Five years after his marriage to Florence Marston, her father had died, leaving his vast fortune to his daughter, and Rupert Holmes had stepped into the presidency of the Northern Land & Lumber company. Six years later he succeeded in forming a merger of the lumber interests of the northwest into a mammoth corporation known as the Amalgamated, with himself as chairman of the board of directors.

Holmes made the first journey with mixed feelings. He did not know the exact condition of his son. When he entered the Carrington home and found young Stephen as good as ever, having made a rapid recovery, he was overjoyed. When told of Helen's brave rescue, he stared at the girl in astonishment. He experienced a sudden shock of recognition, a vague comprehension that somewhere in the course of his life he had seen those great masses of blue-black hair, those deep brown eyes. But where—where?

"Miss Dawson," the magnate began, albeit somewhat patronizingly, "I can never thank you sufficiently for what

you have done. You have placed me under an obligation which I can never repay. Do you live in Port Jefferson?"

"No, sir," and the sound of her voice filled the old man with a sense of his familiarity. "My home is in Dawsonville."

"With whom?" asked Holmes.

"With my mother, sir," replied the girl, "and with my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson."

"Have you any plans for the future?" was the next question.

"I hardly know, sir," blushed Helen. "I had thought of securing a place as a stenographer but that would take me away from mother. There isn't much work for a girl in Dawsonville," she added.

"Hm—Dawsonville is on the I. O. & N., is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

Holmes drew a card from his case and wrote a few lines upon it.

"When you return to Dawsonville," said Holmes, presenting the card, "give this to the I. O. & N. agent. It happens that I am a director of the road. It instructs the agent to see that you have every facility for learning telegraphy. When I reach Seattle I will see that you are put on the company payroll. I do not know just what the pay will be but it will be more than you could earn as a stenographer. And remember, Miss Dawson," added the man of affairs, "that if ever I can be of assistance to you you have only to command me . . . It is strange, but I have a feeling that I must have met you somewhere before."

"It is hardly, likely, sir," answered Helen. "I have spent all my life in Dawsonville with the exception of two years, during which I was at school in Port Jefferson."

"Then I am mistaken," mused Holmes, regarding the young girl's features intently. "Wait! I have it now. You look like—like a woman I used to know many, many years ago."

The man's face was momentarily contracted as memory drew pictures on his brain.

"Come Steve," he called to his son, "we must be starting. Good-by, and thank you again, Miss Dawson. I shall not forget you."

Stephen Holmes held Helen's hand a trifle longer and perhaps somewhat tighter than was necessary.

"It is not 'good-by' with me," he whispered. "I'm going to see you again—and soon—my Goddess of the Sea."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

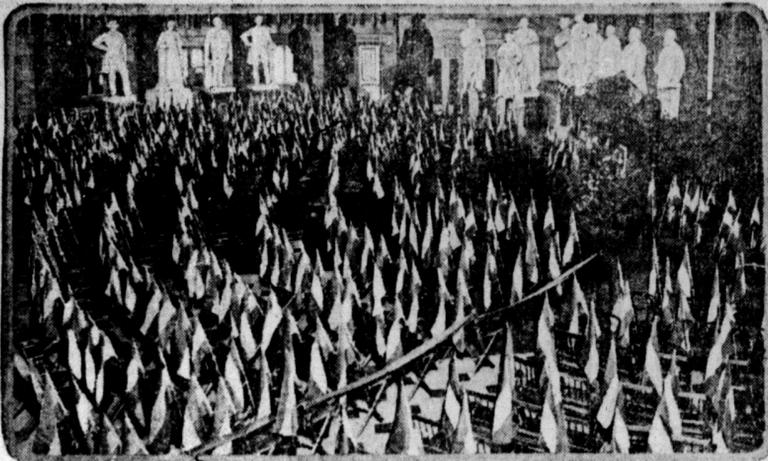


"I Hope I Never Set Eyes on You or Your Kid Again!"



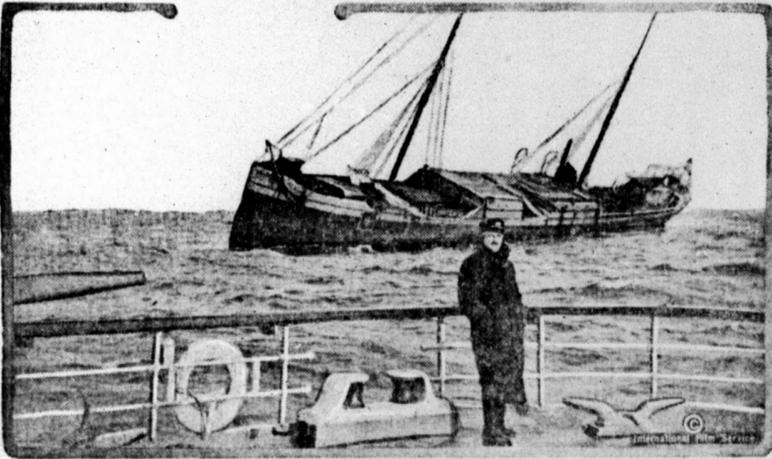
Tom Dawson Was Now an Engineer.

DECORATED IN MEMORY OF MRS. BOISSEVAIN



Statuary hall in the capitol at Washington, was swathed in the colors of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage on Christmas day, when memorial services were held in honor of Inez Milholland Boissevain. The services were preceded by a delegation march through the capitol grounds and a display of banners.

HOW AN OCEAN DERELICT LOOKS



All landmen have heard of, but few have ever seen, that grave menace of ocean navigation, the derelict. This photograph, taken on Christmas day from the United States coastguard cutter Seneca, shows the wreck of the Brazilian ship Nephthis. The Nephthis got into trouble soon after leaving port. She was towed 5000 miles, but finally abandoned in a storm when about 150 miles east of New York. The Seneca was then ordered out to bring the wrecked ship into port, and after a two-day search found her and got a line aboard.

ARMY WOMEN SHOPPING IN MEXICO



Wives of American army officers stationed in Matamoros, Mexico, starting out on a shopping expedition by the only available means of transportation.

FRUIT STONES SAVED FOR GERMAN OIL



No fruit stones are thrown away in Germany. They are all collected and crushed. The oil is extracted for drugs and military purposes. The photograph shows the stones being pecked to be sent to a crushing mill.

"PAPA" JOFFRE KISSES HERO



General Joffre, the "papa" of all the French troops and now marshal of France, is shown kissing one of the heroic French soldiers in a review. The honor of having been kissed by "Papa" Joffre was considered greater than receiving a medal for valor on the field.

Labor the Greatest Blessing in Life

By REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Work is not the consequence of sin, but the triumph of man. Labor instead of being a curse is the profoundest blessing in life. Human labor then is no commodity, a thing to be bought and sold like cotton or corn. Back of the hand is the directing brain, behind the sweat are human longings, the love of human hearts, and the thirst of human minds. Capital, the exploiter of labor, is but the labor of yesterday. It is canned industry. The unholyest combination the world has ever known is the selfish combination of the toil of yesterday, dehumanized under the name of capital, against the throbbing, thrilling toil of today, the unearned wealth held in solution in the sweat of today. Peace between labor and capital will come only in a larger combine, a higher fraternity, that will recognize the common interests between the section man with his pick and the president with his pencil and his "Ready Reckoner" of percentages.

FAVORITE OF THE FILMS "Divorce Seen as Sequel to 'Chocolate Eclair Marriage'"



Dorothy Donnelly.

Movie actress who has won high favor among patrons of the silent drama.

One of Kansas City's divorce practitioners—a woman—has found the true cause of the divorce evil. She is Miss Tiern Farrow, and has had her job for only a few weeks, but she undoubtedly has made a beginning. Perhaps she will find a remedy in the same litigation, remarks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It is not the corner saloon, the mother-in-law or the eternal triangle, says Miss Farrow. Boiled down to its essentials, her theory seems to be that there are too many chocolate éclair marriages between persons of corn beef and cabbage predilections. In other words, the whole trouble is that the sentimental novel ideal of marriage as a rose garden is soon dissipated for the young woman who finds that her husband is not a wavy-haired hero, but only a matter-of-fact plumber or business man, as the case may be. Thus, somewhere along in the honeymoon the poor young thing begins to find that her husband takes his newspaper and cigar and forgets to love her a little for a whole hour at a stretch. After a while there are tenfold reproaches just at the moment he is at the most

Art of Papermaking Given To the World by Captive Chinese in Eighth Century

In a commemoration to the National Geographic Society, issued by the society as a bulletin, John Oliver Lea Gore says: "How much we deplore the scarcity in raw material for the paper industry brought about by the European war, it should not be forgotten that to the beneficent results of a battle fought nearly twelve centuries ago can be traced the introduction of the art of papermaking to the western world. China is credited with having nurtured the genius who first conceived the idea of a writing material made from fibrous pulp, and some investigators profess to have found evidence that paper existed in the celestial kingdom at least two centuries before the Christian era. Whether these claims of centuries of priority will endure the light of further research, or whether they will be discredited just as have been the same nation's claim to the invention of the mariner's compass and gunpowder, the fact is fairly well established that when the Arabs defeated a raiding party of ecclesiastics before the gates of Samarkand, in the middle of the eighth century, they captured a party of Chinese who were skilled paper makers. It was from this city of Khosmit, Turkistan, once the capital of that most ruthless of Mongol princes, Tamerlane, that the art of these captives spread throughout Asia Minor and northern Africa, into Moorish Spain and finally into Italy, where the first extensive factories were established in 1276 at Fabriano, still a center of the paper industry in southern Europe.

"Up to the closing years of the eighteenth century all paper was made by hand, sheet by sheet, but in the same year that Napoleon fought the battle of the Pyramids, Louis Robert, a humble workman in the paper mill of Didot, at Essones, south of Paris, invented a machine for making paper in an endless web. The invention was developed in England by the two Fourdriners, who lost a fortune in their pioneer work. Their names, however, are perpetuated in the papermaking machines of the present day.

"The first American paper mill was established by William Barthelemy in

Mothers' Cook Book

The simplest task the hand can do, the diligent pursuit of duty, knowledge can amply glory. And art can crown with beauty.

Wholesome Foods for Children.

Fruits in season are always good for the youngsters, to keep them rosy, checked and sturdy. Cornmeal, oatmeal and whole wheat should form a large part of the diet of young and old.

Whole Wheat Raisin Bread.

Take three cupsful of milk, one cupful of water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupsful of raisins, one yeast cake and whole wheat flour. Scald the milk and when lukewarm add a yeast cake softened in a little warm water; add the salt and whole wheat flour to make a soft dough; beat well and let stand until light and spongy. Then add the raisins, floured and seeded, and enough more flour to make a stiff dough. Knead, mold into loaves, put into greased pans and let stand again until light. Brush the tops of the loaves with milk and bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes.

Cereal Bread.

Take a cupful of whole oatmeal, one-half cupful of barley flakes and one

absorbing part of the hating averages, whereupon he wrathfully seizes his hat and goes out to seek a sociable bartender who will defend the Ty Cobb side of a debate all night, if need be. Before very long the bride is weeping her tragical tale into the ear of some sympathetic friend, while the bridegroom is afraid to go home because he is in fee simple possession of what is sometimes flippantly referred to as a "bun." Then it's her for the divorce court and alimony.

A Little Bit of Everything

One out of four Australians has a substantial bank account.

Many ostriches in South Africa are hatched in incubators.

A six-mile bore under James Peak, in the Rockies will cut 73 miles off the transcontinental trip.

Among the tallest trees in the world is the Australian eucalyptus, which attains a height of nearly 500 feet.

Ireland has 84,820 land holders having plots not exceeding an acre, 41,730 who hold more than one acre and not more than five acres, 153,259 under 15 and 138,068 not exceeding 30.

Mechanical Nut Shelters.

Though the shell of the almond is almost as soft as that of the peanut, it is no small task to shell a quantity of the nuts. The nut-shelling problem has recently been worked out in California, by the introduction of a cleverly constructed electric blower which removes the shell, and turns out a perfectly whole kernel.

When Stamps Are "Stuck."

When stamps stick together run a warm iron over them, and the glue will soften, allowing the stamps to be easily separated.—Mother's Magazine.

Nellie Maxwell

Roxborough, near Philadelphia, just 82 years after the first permanent English settlement in the United States at Jamestown.

Wanted One More

A large manufacturing concern sent frequent and urgent demands to a certain delinquent dealer and, being unable to get as much as a response, sent a representative to personally visit upon him.

"Why haven't you paid your account?" at last written as concerning the matter?" the representative asked.

"My dear sir," responded the delinquent, smiling, "those collection letters from your firm are the best I have ever seen. I have had copies made and am sending them out to the trade, and it's wonderful the number of old accounts I have been able to collect. I haven't paid my bill, as I felt sure there was another letter in the series. I have some hard customers to deal with, and I need the last letter."

Beat Weather Man

Scientific weather prediction by man and animal instinct are being investigated at the University of Kansas.

Two prairie dogs, in a cage in the basement of the university natural history museum, never fail to predict bad weather by going into their burrow and refusing to come out, even for food.

Sometimes before the government weather signals are flying on a nearby university building the two dogs have disappeared into their burrows.

They never yet have missed giving a correct forecast, although they live in a big room with heavy stone walls, where the temperature is approximately the same the year around.

Local N...
A. P. Hagens from...
Tanlac at...
The Rock...
C. M. Chambers of...
is among the visiting...
attending court this...
Biggest assortment...
Kerrville...
WATTERS VA...
Mr. and Mrs. A. W...
Medina visited relat...
Friday till Sunday...
Crackers that are...
C. C. I...
Mr. and Mrs. T...
Center Point were v...
ville Monday...
Tanlac at...
The Roc...
Fresh Fruits and...
Ask A...
T...
As

The Man Who Eats

And the Man who Likes

Good Things To Eat

Asks his wife to buy at

BERRY'S

*We don't keep Groceries,
We Sell them.*

Mr. and Mrs. George Fordtran are spending a few days in town from their ranch on the divide.

Bring your green and dry hides to us. We pay highest market prices. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Miss Blanch Moore is spending a few days visiting with relatives and friends in Center Point.

Be satisfied. Use Club House Canned goods.

C. C. Butt Grocery

Mrs. Alice Massey of Boerne was the guest of Mrs. R. Galbraith Tuesday.

These are times that try men's, women's and children's soles. See BENTON, the Shoe Man.

Rene Dubus and sister, Miss Pearl Dubus, and Miss Tilley were visitors to Center Point Sunday.

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

C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mrs. Florence Compton and little Jerry left Kerrville Friday on their return home to Brady.

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

Judge Ben H. Kelly is up from San Antonio attending court and meeting old friends.

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

Mrs. L. D. Lowther and children have returned from a pleasant visit with relatives at Brownsville and Olmeta.

We have a beautiful assortment of Ladies Middy Blouses just in. WATTERS VARIETY STORE. "We sell it for less."

Robert Horn is at home from Waxahachie visiting his mother.

Judge Don A. Bliss is among the San Antonio lawyers here this week attending District Court.

Boys "Hiker" shoes at West Texas Supply Co.

Mrs. Harriet Chipman and son, Dee, of Bandera were visitors to our city last Friday.

See the advertisement of the Peterson-Moore Lumber Company in this issue.

Examination Tablets and all other School Supplies can be found at the Nifty News Stand, in S. P. Benton's Shoe Store.

Premier and Beach-Nut Jams and Jellies at BERRY'S.

Prof. V. Rumsey, Superintendent of the Center Point Public Schools, made the Advance a pleasant visit while in this city Saturday.

Hog killing weather. We have the good butcher knives, sausage mills and saws.

WATTERS VARIETY STORE

"We Sell It for Less."

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Eastland and two children returned home Sunday after a delightful holiday visit to relatives in Meridian, Miss.

Remember we are always in the market for your poultry and eggs and will pay the best price the market will justify.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Henry P. Burney, son of District Judge R. H. Burney and a prominent young attorney of San Antonio, is here attending District Court.

Bulk Kraut, Dill and other pickles, Brick, Green and Cream Cheese Mackerel, Pickled Pigs Feet, and Bulk Peanut Butter, all fresh at BERRY'S, Phone 182.

The County Clerk has issued the following marriage license since our last report: To Mr. Frank Johnson and Miss Lela Coose, Dec. 29; To Mr. John Brockman and Miss Clara Lee Edwards, Jan. 9.

Cold weather calls for more heavy clothing. We still have a fine stock of everything in winter goods. It will pay you to get our prices. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Rolla S. Taylor, the clever 38th District court reporter, is on hand to record the proceeding of our district court. Mr. Taylor is one of the most efficient stenographers in Texas.

"The Lass of the Lumberlands," two episodes in this issue. See the supplement.

Mrs. Chester Nimitz of Brooklyn, N. Y., wife of Lieut. Chester Nimitz, U. S. N., and two children arrived in Kerrville Sunday night and are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nimitz.

We have already received a shipment of Spring Dress goods, Laces and Embroideries, etc., and you are invited to call and see them. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

M. C. Weston is attending the bedside of his brother, Bender Weston, who is very ill with pneumonia at his home near San Antonio.

Later, Mr. Weston died yesterday afternoon and will be buried here this afternoon.

Ladies heavy fleece union suits, boys and misses unions, mens heavy underwear, wool knit caps, and all kinds of winter wear.

WATTERS VARIETY STORE

"We Sell It for Less."

Kearney Butt reports the arrival of a fine baby girl at his home Wednesday morning.

Carload of new Pianos just received. See them on exhibition at the Kerrville Furniture Co. G. M. Doyle, Piano Dealer.

PAMPELL'S THEATER

FRIDAY NIGHT

Second Episode of the Great Serial, featuring Helen Holmes in

"Lass of the Lumberlands"

SATURDAY NIGHT

The Fox Film Corporation presents

Theda Barra

In the great Drama

"EAST LYNN"

Hereafter Every Saturday Night will be FOX Night
Some of the great Fox stars in Every Picture.

Local Notes

A. P. Hagens from near Bandera is here attending court.

Tanlac at The Rock Drug Store.

C. M. Chambers of San Antonio is among the visiting attorneys here attending court this week.

Biggest assortment of tablets in Kerrville.

WATTERS VARIETY STORE

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mayfield of Medina visited relatives here from Friday till Sunday.

Crackers that are fresh C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. McBrýde of Center Point were visitors to Kerrville Monday.

Tanlac at The Rock Drug Store.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables at BERRY'S.

Truman Hill and Norman Jetton were up from Center Point Monday.

Club House Jams are unexcelled Try them

C. C. Butt Grocery.

Judge John R. Storms is among the San Antonio attorneys here attending district court this week.

Tanlac at The Rock Drug Store.

Mrs. G. W. Harwell and Mrs. Gus Hobbs are spending the week in Kerrville and are guests at the Williams hotel.

"Economize" by having your old shoes repaired at BENTON'S.

Oscar Nowlin, active vice president of the Guadalupe Valley Bank of Center Point, was shaking hands with friends here Monday.

Resolved to get the best at the lowest price with the best service by trading with C. C. Butt Grocery.

Ask About our Monthly Payment Plan

D

DORT



Here Is An Unusual Car
\$695

The Dort is more than a good car. It is an unusual car.

Unusual in its tip-toe quality—unusual because it is so completely honest—unusual because it is sturdier than other cars—unusual because it is thoroughly dependable—unusual because of its powerful, faithful motor, famously strong rear axle, its oversize bearings, its Westinghouse Starting and Lighting, and a score of other superlative under-the-hood virtues.

The Dort is far out of the ordinary run of cars. Its individuality is in its absolute superiority. See the 1917 Dort. You'll want it.

DORT MOTOR CAR CO., FLINT, MICH. — "Built in Flint"

Ask about our Monthly Payment Plan

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

Hillyer-Deutsch Lumber Co.

DEALERS IN

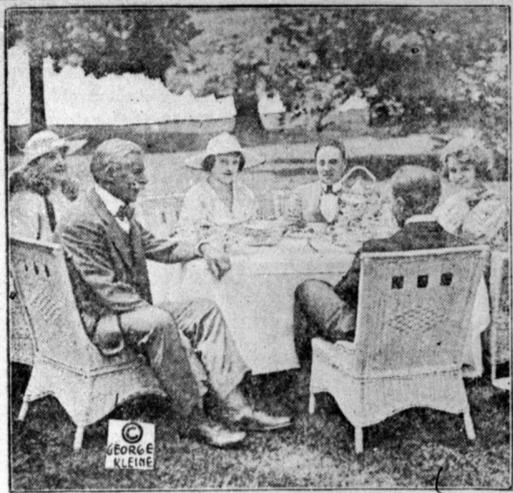
LUMBER

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

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

R. NAGEL, Manager

YARD NEAR DEPOT —Phone 45— KERRVILLE, TEXAS



"We'll Charge a Fortune for a Tea Biscuit and Bankrupt Everybody That Comes," Said Gloria.

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. Her childish capers cause young Doctor Royce to fall in love with her. Becoming lost in the swamps she falls into the hands of the Seminole Indians. Gloria falls in love with her rescuer, Freneau. Five years later she leaves school and meets Freneau at the theater; he has forgotten Gloria. Later Freneau persuades her to forgive him. Gloria's sister-in-law, Lois, becomes intensely jealous and Doctor Royce discovers in her an ally. Freneau takes leave of Gloria. She sees from her window an attack made upon him. Doctor Royce convinces her it is delirium. She accidentally sees the supposed suicide of Freneau reported in the paper. Gloria swears to find the murderer. Royce tells what he knows of Freneau to Mr. Stafford. Gloria insists on going to Palm Beach. She is recognized by her one-time captor, the young Indian chief. In the fight that follows she is badly wounded. He is bit of a gallantry. So he plucked one. The gardener saw the deed, charged on him with a roar, and snatched the flower from him. The deep thorn bite he received in his thumb did not pacify him. He stood sucking his thumb and swearing when Pierpont stroled by. Pierpont lost his temper at the dairy because the head valet to the cows had not brushed their teeth to his satisfaction nor manured their hoofs to perfection. When the gardener explained that Casimir had dared to pluck one of the famous and priceless Pierpont roses which had never failed of honorable mention at the annual exhibition of the Garden club, Pierpont was more wrath than the head gardener. Casimir quailed before the onslaught, and Gloria, drawn to the spot by the noisy voices, found him craven with confusion. She took his part at once, and when the gardener and her father explained the atrocity he had committed Gloria also turned on him: "In heaven's name, Casimir, what did you mean by taking the only rose my poor father has?" "I did take it," Mees Gloria, for to give my poor wife. Better I should go away now, yes?" "You took a rose to give to your wife, did you?" Gloria cried. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Lois fought with insane ferocity, tearing Gloria's hands loose and writhing out of her clasp. But Gloria seized hold again and again. Lois carried her back to the brink and the turf at the edge gave way under their feet as they wrestled. Gloria had now her own life to fight for as well as Lois', for at any moment both women might be hurled down the steep bank to the railroad tracks. They were still battling when the engine roared past. The trainman, leaning out of his window, stared up at them in amazement. They were still struggling when the last coach flashed past. It was only then, when her weapon of suicide was gone from her reach, that Lois gave up the fight. She fell to the ground weeping. She was more afraid of facing life than death, and she sobbed with terror if not with remorse.



She Was Still Surrounded by Hostile Friends.

NINETEENTH EPISODE

Her Vow Fulfilled

As Lois Stafford fled down the terraces of her father-in-law's majestic estate, her own life seemed to be symbolized in her desperate ambition to destroy herself. The flowers and the aromatic shrubs threw out their fragrance about her, but she would not pause. She was bent upon the tragedy waiting for her in the deep ravine toward which the express train was plunging as if in obedience to her summons. The cries of Gloria, who pursued her frantically, came to her like the voice of conscience. She had never heeded that voice and she would not hearken to it now. She had trodden the primrose path of dalliance and it had led her forth into the glare of exposure. She would not endure the shame. It seemed better to her irresponsible soul to run away from self-denial. She had not cared what laws of fidelity she broke and she did not care now what hearts she might break. Her husband's tarnished honor, her father's blighted career, did not win a thought from her. It was Gloria who thought of these things even as she followed. Gloria felt more guilt than Lois, for Gloria had confronted Lois with the proofs of her perfidy, never fancying that Lois would answer the charge by punishing herself with the same recklessness that had marked her sin. As she saw Lois running toward death with eagerness, she understood for the first time that it was in Lois' character to do everything passionately. She realized that Lois had always been Lois, and that her fault was, perhaps, beyond her own control. Lois was

Gloria knelt by her, begging her not to cry. At last she offered the final bribe in her power. She drew the envelope of letters from the bosom of her gown and held it out to Lois, saying: "I forgive you, dear. I have no right to judge you. I can't take that responsibility. Keep your life and your past and make what you will of them." Lois rather saw the prize than heard the counsel and she snatched at the letters with the instinct of a child. Gloria felt her heart harden again. She could not keep back a feeling of contempt for the selfish pettiness of Lois. Gloria was afraid to speak lest she waste further rebukes on a soul that could not profit by any other chastisement than sacrifice and fear. So Gloria left her and climbed the terraces. She noted with relief that no one had seen the brief drama that might have started the whole nation. She was afraid that she had done everything she ought not to have done. As she was entering the house to go to her room the boy Stas called her. He was luging a picture book of foreign paintings. He knew nothing of any of them and he asked Gloria many questions she could not answer. One of the pictures represented Christ kneeling and writing on the ground. Near him lay a contrite woman in shame and tears. In the background a number of men were tufing away shame-faced. The picture was labeled, "Neither Do I Condemn Thee, Go and Sin No More."

Now, Gloria felt that she was justified in laying aside her impulse to exact a penalty from Lois. She told Stas that the picture was beyond the understanding of a child, and that he was lucky to be a child. She wished that she had never grown up. Then she went to her room. Looking from her window, she could see the embankment where she had won a double victory over Lois and herself. Lois was tearing the bundle of letters to bits and scattering the pieces upon the railroad track, where she had nearly been torn to pieces herself. Gloria felt that one riddle at least was solved. She felt sorry for David and his choice among women. Then she remembered the Judge's accusation against David. According to that her brother was guilty of a more heinous crime than Lois. He had taken a life or, with even greater wickedness, had persuaded another man to commit murder for him. She could not rest till she had either cleared David of that suspicion or warned him that his secret was known.

The reason that the duel between Gloria and Lois had not been observed by anyone but the fleeting eyes of the freeman on the express engine was that the Stafford estate was a little world in itself. David had been conferring with his business associates by telephone. Pierpont had been inspecting the prize cart with which he jealously expected to confound his rival neighbors at the next county fair. Lois had been looking at the big picture books on the huge table in the great living room. His father, Casimir, had been working among the rose bushes with the head gardener. Judge Freeman had been involved in one more conspiracy, which he firmly hoped would be the last.

It was Casimir who first interrupted Gloria in her search for David. Casimir had hardly believed that there were as many roses in all the world as there in the Stafford close. He could see his wife lying in a reclining chair in a sunny nook and it occurred to him that one of those roses would cheer her and serve as a bit of gallantry. So he plucked one. The gardener saw the deed, charged on him with a roar, and snatched the flower from him. The deep thorn bite he received in his thumb did not pacify him. He stood sucking his thumb and swearing when Pierpont stroled by. Pierpont lost his temper at the dairy because the head valet to the cows had not brushed their teeth to his satisfaction nor manured their hoofs to perfection. When the gardener explained that Casimir had dared to pluck one of the famous and priceless Pierpont roses which had never failed of honorable mention at the annual exhibition of the Garden club, Pierpont was more wrath than the head gardener. Casimir quailed before the onslaught, and Gloria, drawn to the spot by the noisy voices, found him craven with confusion. She took his part at once, and when the gardener and her father explained the atrocity he had committed Gloria also turned on him: "In heaven's name, Casimir, what did you mean by taking the only rose my poor father has?" "I did take it," Mees Gloria, for to give my poor wife. Better I should go away now, yes?" "You took a rose to give to your wife, did you?" Gloria cried. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am it! Oh, I am it," Casimir protested. "I should think you would be," Gloria stormed. "Taking one rose for your poor wife. The next time you want flowers for her you take as many as you can carry." While her father and the gardener and Casimir gaped like dolts, she snipped off a dozen of the Pierpont roses with the gardener's own shears. She laid them in Casimir's arms and said: "Maybe she won't care for the Pierpont roses. I don't think much of them, myself. So take her some of each of these varieties, and find which she likes best. Then if the gardener bothers you again, tell me and I'll snip his head off the same way and you can have his place."

She gave the gardener his shears, pushed Casimir out of the inclosure, and followed, turning to say: "Thank you, father." Pierpont and the gardener looked at each other and both said, "Whew!" Gloria went along to make sure that Casimir's wife received the flowers with no hint of their hazardous gathering. Then she went to the house to find David. She was encountered by her aunt, the great Hortensia, with a bevy of other great ladies from the countryside. "Give us tea, Gloria, for heaven's sake," said Hortensia, "and come listen to our scheme."

They dragged Gloria to the Japanese tea garden, whither the servants brought tea and all its accompaniments across the lawn. Aunt Hortensia gathered in Doctor Royce as well. Aunt Hortensia explained that it was about time to "get up something." Each of the ladies had her pet charity which needed funds and everyone talked at the same time. Gloria's mind was too full of her own problems to feel much interest. She beckoned to Casimir and sent him with tea and cakes for his wife. When he came back with the china she piled up a little mid-afternoon banquet for himself. He took it shyly, then stared at it, and shook his head and offered it back. Gloria asked why. He hesitated, then exclaimed: "In my Poland millions of my peoples are dying because they have not of bread. And should I to eat of cake? No, I could not, please!" Gloria respected his feelings too much to force him to eat, but she turned to the committee and, claiming the floor, asked the house to listen to a delegate from Europe. She made Casimir speak. He was tongue-tied at first with embarrassment, but he warmed to his theme and told of the miseries of his beloved land, over



Gloria Flung Herself on Lois.

which vast armies had fought back and forth again and again till the wealthy and noble were living in cellars and eating husks and the poor were dying in herds. When he had finished every eye was wet and every heart afe for Poland. When Gloria proposed a mammoth lawn festival for Polish relief there was unanimous assent. "We'll charge a fortune for a tea biscuit and bankrupt everybody that comes," said Gloria. "Then I'll take the money over to Poland myself to make sure that it falls into the right hands." "And I'll go along with you," Doctor Royce spoke up, "to make sure that you don't fall into the wrong hands." Everyone applauded the impudence, but Gloria answered it with one of her blackest looks. Doctor Royce was still under the ban. He had confessed too much and duped her too well to be forgiven in haste. But her rebuke was ignored in the excitement of the convention. A mammoth lawn festival for Polish relief; there was no dissent. Now once more Gloria felt free to seek David. She found him, hiding, he said, till the women got away. She asked him to follow her. She had perfected her scheme for testing his innocence or his guilt. David had not been present when the yachting expedition set forth to run down Trask, nor had he been present when Trask was brought in. David was thoroughbred enough to rule his own expressions and to pretend ignorance of Trask's existence. But Gloria felt sure that if she could bring the two men suddenly face to face one of the other would betray a guilty knowledge. So she said to David: "Come with me. I've got a surprise for you." David followed her up to the guest room where Trask had been installed. She led him to the door, knocked, opened the door, and bade David enter. A screen stood before the bed and she drew it aside quickly, keeping her eyes on David. She saw surprise in his face, but not of the sort she expected. His surprise was blank wonder. She turned to see how Trask took the confrontation. Trask was not there. The bed was empty. Gloria ran to find the nurse. She met her just coming in from a motor ride. She had taken her two hours of liberty, she said, leaving Nell to care for her father. She was stunned by the news of Trask's departure. He was too weak to rise and walk. It seemed impossible that he could have been carried out without attracting the attention of a dozen servants.



"And I'll Go Along With You," Said Doctor Royce.

Gloria felt bewitched. She ran to seek Doctor Royce. David ran after her, asking: "What's it all about? What's the little surprise you had for me? It seems to have caught you first." "Don't bother me," was all Gloria would say. David seemed so amused by her dismay that she began to suspect him of kidnaping his confederate. But she dared not accuse him lest if he were innocent, she would reveal to him more of Lois' guilt than she felt it her right to divulge. She stood off David and hurried on to find Doctor Royce. She met Judge Freeman on the lawn, and told him what had happened. He expressed surprise, but when she had left him she began to feel dissatisfied with the sincerity of his amazement. But she could not pause to investigate further. When at last she found Royce, she forgot that he was in her black book still. It had been her habit for so many years to run to him with her problems that she ran to him now, armed, and laying her hands on his arm, cried: "Oh, Stephen, Stephen, they've stolen Trask! I've lost him again and I don't know what to do." "Stolen Trask!" Royce exclaimed. "It's impossible."

"Of course, it's impossible," said Royce, "but it's true, too." Royce set out to pick up what trace there might be of him. Gloria tagged along. Royce asked every servant he met where he had been. Several of them had been on the lawn serving tea. Judge Freeman had sent others on various errands. The cook and her crew had been busy providing for Aunt Hortensia's mob. Royce called for his own chauffeur. He had been in the kitchen, he confessed, as a guest at a tea party below stairs. Judge Freeman was not to be found. As a matter of fact he was the principal offender. After he left Gloria he had wandered about in a deep and gloomy meditation. He was convinced that Gloria, with her impulsive and unmanageable temper, was set upon unravelling every knot in the tangle. He was sure that her inexperience with the world would keep her from foreseeing the consequences and that she would compel a complete revelation. This would end only in a public scandal, an enormous and irretrievable disaster. David would be put on trial for his life and Trask would turn state's evidence against him to save his own life. David would perhaps be sentenced to death, or, if he escaped that, he would escape it in some pretense of insanity, with all the aftermath of endless serial scandals. In any case, Lois would be disgraced before the world, and if David's wealth could bribe an acquittal, it would purchase a divorce. Another consequence would be that the judge himself would be impeached or forced to a resignation under fire, with his ermine dishonored. It is only fair to say that the Judge's fears for his own suffering had less weight with him than his fears for the wreck of his daughter's life and of David's. He loved David as if he were his own son. He had a deep affection for Pierpont, and he cherished a great fondness for Gloria. He respected even the motives that were so perilous to herself as well as all the others. He wandered disconsolately about the lonelier portions of the Stafford demesne and found himself at the outer gate. There he chanced to see the bargeman, Jed, come up the road. Jed asked if he knew where the Stafford place was. Judge Freeman told him that it was before him. Jed asked if a badly hurt man had been taken in there with his daughter. The judge nodded and asked what he knew of the pair. Jed said he didn't know much except that the old man's daughter was his girl and going to marry him some day and he was afraid she was in trouble. So he had left the barge to hurry back and see if he could be of some use. The judge questioned him cautiously and finally proposed that the best thing to do would be to get the old man out of the hands of the Staffords, who meant him no good. Jed seized on the suggestion hungrily and the judge offered his co-operation. He led Jed by a little frequented path to the rear of

the house and made him wait. He went in and sent Nell out to speak to Jed and make sure that she wanted to escape with him. Nell assured him that she did. The beauty of the house oppressed her. While Nell was talking with Jed Judge Freeman was ordering his own chauffeur to bring the car up to a corner of the driveway shielded from the house by a clump of ancient rhododendrons as large as trees. Then the judge, surprised at his own craftiness and bringing into play all the lore he had acquired from hearing thieves' confessions, set about the burglarious art of clearing the house. Most of the servants had been impressed into the service of wholesale tea at Aunt Hortensia's convention. The rest Judge Freeman sent on various errands with messages to distant laborers on the grounds. When the coast, or at least the stairway, was clear, he called in his chauffeur and Jed. They hurried up to Trask's room and, lifting him in his sheets, hurried out into the hall and down the stairs with him. The old man suffered agonies from the jolts and jars, but he smothered his groans somewhat. The judge went ahead as a scout and warded off one maid who ran in for Aunt Hortensia's parasol and a man who hurried back for a special register of the county to be used in making up a committee list. Thus Trask was, as the saying is, spirited away without being seen by anyone except his abductors. The chauffeur ran his car from the grounds by the tradesmen's entrance and Judge Freeman, lingering, saw the cloud of dust the machine-raised as it dashed north. He remained to keep watch and to do what he could to turn pursuit in the wrong direction. He felt disquieted by the pallor of Trask and by his extreme exhaustion. He was afraid that the old man would not last long. He hated himself for the thought, but he could not dismiss the belief that it would solve all problems if the wretch would pass away in silence. If he spoke he might condemn himself to death in the chair and take David with him. Judge Freeman abhorred his own deed and regretted that he could not punish himself publicly as severely as he would have punished another judge who violated his honor so. But he

had been a father before he became a judge, and the parental instinct over-ruled the legal obligation. He understood as never before the almost irresistible impulses that compel men toward criminal acts, and he wondered which it were better to do, resign his post as judge of other men or remain on the bench and administer mercy more freely than he had been wont to do. Meanwhile he smiled, though dismally, to think that his old head had outwitted the young wits of Gloria. He saw how disturbed she was by the escape of her captive, but he felt no more remorse than one feels who takes a sharp knife away from a child lest it wound itself as well as others. Gloria was frantic. She was still surrounded by hostile friends who thwarted every effort she made to learn the truth that were all important to her peace of heart. (TO BE CONTINUED)



"I've Got a Surprise for You."

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CHAPTER
"Wal, because for you to git I will ride over they're friendly Lill there, say night. If you you hit the trail Jim Fletcher set long, bodge." He left Dunne news was blaed Dunne did not turn, but certa of going back to between the tw Chesedine! G were settled w ered encourage ter. If Knell t that this stran partner of Fletc Buck Dunne. W thought Dunne, he name if it w That name had did no had. He had thl Dunne's fame, ride off after F him. This how fair to an outlay him. Dunne co- equipments, and w to Ord, probab hling places, he he denounced could not see an ore he had acqur from hearing thieve's confessions, set about the bur glarious art of clearing the house. Most of the servants had been im pressed into the serving of wholesale tea at Aunt Hortensia's convention. The rest Judge Freeman sent on various errands with messages to distant laborers on the grounds. When the coast, or at least the stair way, was clear, he called in his chauffeur and Jed. They hurried up to Trask's room and, lifting him in his sheets, hurried out into the hall and down the stairs with him. The old man suffered agonies from the jolts and jars, but he smothered his groans somewhat. The judge went ahead as a scout and warded off one maid who ran in for Aunt Hortensia's parasol and a man who hurried back for a special register of the county to be used in making up a committee list. Thus Trask was, as the saying is, spirited away without being seen by anyone except his abductors. The chauffeur ran his car from the grounds by the tradesmen's entrance and Judge Freeman, lingering, saw the cloud of dust the machine-raised as it dashed north. He remained to keep watch and to do what he could to turn pursuit in the wrong direction. He felt disquieted by the pallor of Trask and by his extreme exhaustion. He was afraid that the old man would not last long. He hated himself for the thought, but he could not dismiss the belief that it would solve all problems if the wretch would pass away in silence. If he spoke he might condemn himself to death in the chair and take David with him. Judge Freeman abhorred his own deed and regretted that he could not punish himself publicly as severely as he would have punished another judge who violated his honor so. But he

THE LONE STAR RANGER

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"Well, because there ain't any use for you to git in bad, too. The gang will ride over here any day. If they're friendly I'll light a fire on the hill there, say three nights from tonight. If you don't see it that night you'll hit the trail. I'll do what I can. Jim Fletcher sticks to his pals. So long, Dodge."

He left Duane in a quandary. This news was black. At the moment Duane did not know which way to turn, but certainly he had no idea of going back to Bradford. Friction between the two great lieutenants of Cheseldine! Generally such matters were settled with guns. Duane gathered encouragement even from disapproval. If Knell knew anything it was that this stranger in Ord, this new partner of Fletcher's, was no less than Buck Duane. Well, it was about time that Duane, that he made use of his name if it were to help him at all. That name had been MacNelly's hope.

He had anchored all his scheme to Duane's fame. Duane was tempted to ride off after Fletcher and stay with him. This, however, would hardly be fair to an outlaw who had been fair to him. Duane concluded to await developments, and when the gang rode in to Ord, probably from their various hiding places, he would be there ready to be denounced by Knell. Duane did not see any other culmination of this series of events than a meeting between Knell and himself. If that terminated fatally for Knell there was all probability of Duane's being in no worse situation than he was now. If Poggin took up the quarrel! Here Duane accused himself again—tried in vain to revolt from a judgment that he was only reasoning out excuses to meet these outlaws.

Meanwhile, instead of waiting, why not hunt up Cheseldine in his mountain retreat? The thought no sooner struck Duane than he was hurrying for his horse.

In an hour he struck the slope of Mount Ord, and as he climbed he got among broken rocks and cliffs, and was hard put to find the trail. He halted at a little side-canyon with grass and water, and here he made camp. And on this night, lonely like the ones he used to spend in the Nueces gorge, and memorable of them because of a likeness to that old hiding-place, he felt the pressing return of old haunting things—the past so long ago, wild flights, dead faces—and the places of these were taken by the quivering, sleek, white, tragic, with its dark, intent, speaking eyes—Ray Longstreth's.

That last memory he yielded to until he slept.

In the morning, satisfied that he had left still fewer tracks than he had followed up this trail, he led his horse up to the head of the canyon, into a narrow crack in low cliffs, and with branches of cedar fenced him in. Then he went back and took up the trail on foot.

Without the horse he made better time. Once, through a wide gateway between great escarpments, he saw the lower country beyond this, vast and clear as it lay in his sight, was the great river that made the Big Bend.

He rounded a jutting corner, where view had been shut off, and presently came out upon the rim of a high wall. Beneath, like a green gulf seen through blue haze, lay an amphitheater walled in on the two sides he could see. It lay perhaps a thousand feet below him; and plain as all the other features of that wild environment, there shone out a big red stone or adobe cabin, white water shifting away between borders, and horses and cattle dotting the levels. It was a peaceful, beautiful scene. Duane could not help grinding his teeth at the thought of rustlers living in quiet and ease.

Duane worked half-way down to the level, and, well hidden in a niche, he seated himself to watch both trail and valley.

The sun went down behind the wall, and shadows were born in the darker places of the valley. Duane began to want to get closer to that cabin. Still he lingered. And suddenly his wide-roving eye caught sight of two horsemen riding up the valley. They must have entered at a point below, round the huge abutment of rock, beyond Duane's range of sight. Their horses were tired and stopped at the stream for a long drink.

Duane left his perch, took to the steep trail, and descended as fast as he could without making noise. It did not take him long to reach the valley floor. It was almost level, with deep grass, and here and there clumps of bushes. Twilight was already thick down there. Duane marked the location of the trail, and then began to slip like a shadow through the grass and from bush to bush. He saw a bright light before he made out the dark outline of the cabin. Then he heard voices, a merry whistle, a coarse song, and the clink of iron cooking utensils. He smelled fragrant wood smoke. He saw moving dark figures cross the light. Evidently there was a wide door, or else the fire was out in the open.

Duane started to the left, out of

direct line with the light, and thus was able to see better. Then he advanced noiselessly but swiftly toward the back of the house. There were trees close to the wall. He would make no noise, and he could scarcely be seen—if only there was no wind taken risks with only his useless life at stake; now, with that changed, he advanced, stealthily and bold as an Indian. He reached the cover of the trees, knew he was hidden in their shadows, for at few pieces' distance he had been able to see only their tops. From there he slipped up to the house and felt along the wall with his hands.

He came to a little window where light shone through. He peeped in. He saw a room shrouded in shadows, a lamp turned low, a table, chairs. He saw an open door, with bright light beyond, but could not see the fire. Voices came indistinctly. He went on round that end of the cabin. Fortune favored him. There were bushes, an old shed, a wood-pile, all the cover he needed at that corner. He did not even need to crawl.

Before he peered between the rough corner of wall and the bush growing close to it, Duane paused a moment. This excitement was different from that he had always felt when pursued. It had no bitterness, no pain, no dread. There was as much danger here, perhaps more, yet it was not the same. Then he looked.

He saw a bright fire, a red-faced man bending over it, whistling, while he handled a steaming pot. Over him was a roofed shed built against the wall, with two open sides and two supporting posts. Duane's second glance, not so blinded by the sudden bright light, made out other men, three in the shadow, two in the flare, but with backs to him.

"It's a smoother trail by long odds, but ain't so short as this one right over the mountain," one outlaw was saying.

"What's eatin' you, Panhandle?" ejaculated another. "Blossom an' me rode from Faraway Springs, where Poggin is with some of the gang."

"Excuse me, Phil. Shore I didn't see you come in, an' Hoidt never said nothin'."

"It took you a long time to get here, but I guess that's just as well," spoke up a smooth, suave voice with a ring in it.

Longstreth's voice—Cheseldine's voice!

Here they were—Cheseldine, Phil Knell, Blossom Kane, Panhandle Smith, Hoidt—how well Duane remembered the names!—all here, the big men of Cheseldine's gang, except the biggest—Poggin. Duane had hated them, and his sensations of the moment deepened with sight and sound of what was before him. He sank down, controlling himself, silenced a mounting exultation, then from a less strained position he peered forth again.

The outlaws were waiting for supper. Their conversation might have been that of cowboys in camp, ranchers at a round-up. Knell sat there, tall, slim, like a boy in years, with his pale, smooth, expressionless face and

Duane waited. The moments dragged endlessly. His heart pounded. Longstreth entered, turned up the light, and taking a box of cigars from the table, he carried it out.

"Here, you fellows, go outside and smoke," he said. "Knell, come in now. Let's get it over."

He returned, sat down, and lighted a cigar for himself. He put his booted feet on the table.

Duane saw that the room was comfortably, even luxuriously furnished. There must have been a good trail, he thought, else how could all that stuff have been packed in there. Then Knell came in and seated himself without any of his chief's ease. He seemed preoccupied and, as always, cold.

"What's wrong, Knell? Why didn't you get here sooner?" queried Longstreth.

"Poggin! We're on the outs again."

"What for? Get it out of your system so we can go on to the new job."

"Well, it began long a ways. I don't know how long ago—weeks—a stranger rode into Ord an' got down easy-like as if he owned the place. He seemed familiar to me. But I wasn't sure. We looked him over, an' I left, tryin' to place him in my mind."

"What'd he look like?"

"Tall, powerful man, white hair over his temples, still, hard face, eyes like knives. The way he packed his guns, the way he walked an' stood an' swung his right hand showed me what he was. You can't fool me on the gun-sharp. An' he had a grand horse, a big black."

"I've met your man," said Longstreth.

"No!" exclaimed Knell. It was wonderful to hear surprise expressed by this man that did not in the least show it in his strange physiognomy. Knell laughed a short, grim, hollow laugh. "Boss, this here big gent drifts into Ord again an' makes up to Jim Fletcher. Jim—he up an' takes this cotton to him. Got money out of him sure. And that's what stumps me more. What's this man's game? I happen to know, boss, that he couldn't have held up no, no."

"How do you know?" demanded Longstreth.

"Because I did the job myself."

A dark and stormy passion clouded the chief's face.

"Knell, you're incorrigible. You're unreliable. Another break like that, queers you with me. Did you tell Poggin?"

"Yes. That's one reason we fell out. He raved. I thought he was going to kill me. Several of the boys rode over from Ord, an' one of them went to Poggin an' says Jim Fletcher has a new man for the road—an' an' Poggin always hit it up together. So until I got on the deal Jim's pard was already in the gang, without Poggin or you ever seein' him. Then I got to figurin' hard. Just where I ever seen that chap? I dug up a lot of old papers from my kit an' went over them. Letters, pictures, clippings, an' all that. I guess I had a pretty good notion what I was lookin' for an' who I wanted to make sure of. At last I found it. An' I knew my man. But I didn't spring it on Poggin. I sent Blossom over to Ord with the message calculated to make Jim hump. Poggin got sore, said he'd wait for Jim, an' I could come over here to see you about the new job. He'd meet me in Ord."

Knell had spoken hurriedly and low, now and then with passion. His pale eyes glared like fire in ice, and now his voice fell to a whisper.

"Who do you think Fletcher's new man is?"

"Who?" demanded Longstreth.

"Buck Duane!"

Down came Longstreth's boots with a crash, then his body grew rigid.

"That nces outlaw? That two-shot ace-of-spades gun-throver who killed Bland, Alloway—?" with more feeling than the apparent circumstance demanded.

"Yes; and Hardin, the best one of the Rim Rock fellows—Buck Duane!"

Longstreth was so ghostly white now that his black mustache seemed outlined against chalk. He eyed his grim lieutenant. They understood each other without more words. It was enough that Buck Duane was there in the Big Bend. Longstreth rose presently and reached for a flask, from which he drank, then offered it to Knell. He waved it aside.

"Knell," began the chief, slowly, as he wiped his lips, "I gathered you have some grudge against this Buck Duane."

"Yes, don't be a fool now and do what Poggin or almost any of you men would—don't meet this Buck Duane. I've reason to believe he's a Texas Ranger now."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Knell.

"Yes. Go to Ord and give Jim Fletcher a bunch. He'll get Poggin, and they'll fix even Buck Duane."

"All right. I'll do my best. But if I run into Duane—"

"Don't run into him!" Longstreth's voice fairly rang with the force of his passion and command. He wiped

his face, drank again from the flask, sat down, resumed his smoking, and, drawing a paper from his vest pocket, he began to study it.

"We'll I'm glad that's settled," he said, evidently referring to the Duane matter. "Now for the new job. This is October the eighteenth. On or before the twenty-fifth there will be a shipment of gold reach the Rancher's Bank of Val Verde. After you return to Ord give Poggin these orders. Keep the gang quiet. You, Poggin, Kane, Fletcher, Panhandle Smith, and Hoidt to be in on the secret and the job. No body else. You'll leave Ord on the twenty-third, ride cross country by the

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Hours passed as moments. Duane was equal to his great opportunity. But he could not quell that self in him which reached back over the lapse of lonely, searing years and found the boy in him. Duane knew he was not just right in part of his mind. Small wonder that he was not insane, he thought! He tramped on downward, his marvelous faculty for covering rough ground and holding to the true course never before even in flight so keen and acute. Yet all the time a spirit was keeping step with him. Thought of Ray Longstreth as he had left her made him weak. He saw her white face, with its sweet sad lips and the dark eyes so tender and tragic.

The moon sloped to the west. Shadows of trees and crags now crossed to the other side of him. The stars dimmed. Then he was out of the rocks, with the dim trail pale at his feet. Mounting Bullet, he made short work of the long slope and the foothills and the rolling land leading down to Ord.

The little outlaw camp, with its shacks and cabins and rows of houses, lay silent and dark under the pall of moon. Duane passed by on the lower trail, headed into the road, and put Bullet to a gallop. He watched the dying moon, the waning stars, and the east. He had time to spare, so he saved the horse. Knell would be leaving the rendezvous about the time Duane turned back toward Ord. Between noon and sunset they would meet.

The night wore on. The moon sank behind low mountains in the west. The stars brightened for a while, then faded. Gray gloom enveloped the world, thickened, lay like smoke over the road. Then shade by shade it lightened, until through the transparent obscurity shone a dim light.

Duane reached Bradford before dawn. He dismounted some distance from the tracks, tied his horse, and then crossed over to the station. He heard the clicking of the telegraph instrument, and it thrilled him. An operator sat inside reading. When Duane tapped on the window he looked up with startled glance, then went swiftly to unlock the door.

"Hello. Give me paper and pencil, quick," whispered Duane.

With trembling hands the operator complied. Duane wrote out the message, he had carefully composed. "Send this—repeat it to make sure—then keep num. I'll see you again, Good-by."

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Duane left as stealthily and swiftly as he had come. He walked his horse a couple of miles back on the road and then rested him till break of day.

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There was not an outlaw in sight. The dusty horses had covered distance that morning. As Duane dismounted he heard loud, angry voices inside the tavern. He removed coat and vest, hung them over the pommel. He packed two guns, one belted high on the left hip, the other swinging low on the right side. He neither looked nor listened, but boldly pushed the door and stepped inside.

The big room was full of men, and every face pivoted toward him. Knell's pale face flashed into Duane's swift sight; then Hoidt's, then Blossom Kane's, then Panhandle Smith's, then Fletcher's, then others that were familiar, and last that of Poggin. Though Duane had never seen Poggin or heard him described, he knew him. For he saw a face that was a record of great and evil deeds.

There was absolute silence. The outlaws were lined back of a long table upon which were papers, stacks of silver coin, a bundle of bills, and a huge gold-mounted gun.

"Are you gents lookin' for me?" asked Duane. He gave his voice all the ringing force and power of which he was capable. And he stepped back, free of anything, with the outlaws all before him.

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His persuasions did not ease the strain.

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"No, Jim," replied Duane.

"But what'd you come for without the signal?" burst out Fletcher in distress. "I saw nothin' but catastrophe in this meeting."

"Jim, I ain't pressin' my company none. But when I'm wanted bad—"

Fletcher stopped him with a raised hand. Then he turned to Poggin with a rude dignity.

"Poggy, he's my pard, an' he's riled. I never told him a word that'd make him sore. I only said Knell hadn't no more use for him than for me. Now, what you say goes in this gang. I never failed you in my life. Here's my pard. I vouch for him. Will you stand for me? There's goin' to be hell if you don't. An' us with a big job on hand!"

While Fletcher toiled over his slow, earnest persuasion Duane had his gaze riveted upon Poggin. There was something leonine about Poggin. He was tawny. He looked, he seemed beautiful. But looked at closer with glance seeing the physical man, instead of that thing which shone from him, he was of perfect build, with muscles that swelled and rippled, bulging his clothes, with the magnificent head and face of the cruel, fierce, tawny-eyed jaguar.

Looking at this strange Poggin, instinctively divining his abnormal and hideous power, Duane had for the first time in his life the inward quaking fear of a man. It was like a cold-tongued bell ringing within him and numbing his heart. The old instinctive fling of blood followed, but did not drive away that fear. He knew, he felt something here deeper than thought could go. And he hated Poggin.

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trail till you get within sight of Mercer. It's a hundred miles from Bradford to Val Verde—about the same from Ord. Time your travel to get you near Val Verde on the morning of the twenty-sixth. You won't have to more than trot your horses. At two o'clock in the afternoon, sharp, ride into town and up to the Rancher's Bank. Val Verde's a pretty big town. Never been any hold-ups there. Town feels safe. Make it a clean, fast, daylight job. That's all. Have you got the details?"

Knell did not even ask for the dates again.

"Suppose Poggin or me might be detained?" he asked.

Longstreth beat a dark glance upon his lieutenant.

"You never can tell what'll come off," continued Knell. "I'll do my best."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Like a swift shadow and as noiseless, Duane stole across the level toward the dark wall of rock. Every nerve was a string wire. For a little while his mind was cluttered and clogged with whirling thoughts, from which, like a flashing scroll, unrolled the long, baffling order of action. The game was now in his hands. He must cross Mount Ord at night. The feat was improbable, but it might be done. He must ride into Bradford, forty miles from the foothills, before eight o'clock next morning. He must telegraph MacNelly to be in Val Verde on the twenty-fifth. He must ride back to Ord to intercept Knell, face him, and while the iron was hot strike hard to win Poggin's half-won interest as he had wholly won Fletcher's. Failing that last, he must let the outlaws alone to hide their time in Ord, to be free to ride to their new job in Val Verde. In the meantime he must plan to arrest Longstreth. It was a magnificent outline, incredible, alluring, unfathomable in its nameless certainty. He felt like fate. He seemed to be the iron consequences falling upon these doomed outlaws.

Under the wall the shadows were black, only the tips of trees and crags showing, yet he went straight to the trail. It was merely a grayness between borders of black. He climbed and never stopped. It did not seem steep. His feet might have had eyes. He surmounted the wall, and, looking down into the ebony gulf pierced by one point of light, he lifted a menacing arm and shook it. Then he strode on, and did not falter till he reached the huge shelving cliffs. Here he lost the trail; there was none; but he remembered the shapes, the points, the notches of rock above. Before he reached the ruins of splintered ramparts and jumbles of broken walls the moon topped the eastern slope of the mountain, and the mystifying blackness he had dreaded changed to magic silver light. It seemed as light as day, only soft, mellow, and the air held a transparent sheen. He ran up the bare ridges and down the smooth slopes, and like a goat, jumped from rock to rock. In this light he knew his way, and lost no time looking for a trail. He crossed the divide, and then had all downhill before him. Swiftly he

descended, almost always sure of his memory of the landmarks. He did not remember having studied them in the ascent, yet here they were, even in changed light, familiar to his sight. What he had once seen was pictured on his mind. And, true as a deer striking for home, he reached the canyon where he had left his horse. Bullet was quickly and easily found. Duane threw on the saddle and pack, cinched them tight, and resumed the descent.

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and we do it promptly
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KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Baptist Church Notes.

"Rain or shine, sink or swim, survive or perish," we hope to have our regular services next Sunday at the usual hours, both morning and night. Remember Solomon says: "He that r-gardeth the clouds shall not reap," so we are to keep everlastingly at work for Him, who has done so much for us.

Our congregation is alive and at work, having raised more than four hundred dollars a few days since for our work here. We have had a vision that giving is worship if done for His sake. "Honor the Lord with thy substance and the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty." J. B. Riddle, Pastor.

County Judge's Notice of Bids for County Depository

Notice is hereby given that, at the February Term of the Commissioner's Court, 1917, said Court will receive proposals from any banking incorporation or individual banker in Kerr County, desiring to be selected as the Depository of the funds of Kerr County for the ensuing two years. Dated this the 11th, day of January, 1917.
LEE WALLACE,
County Judge, Kerr County, Texas.

Epworth League Program.

January 21, 1917.
Topic: "Seeing Good in Others."
Special Song.
This program is to be carried out by Misses Paine, Lucile Palmer, Ina Coleman, Virgie Storms, Lula McDonald, Mamie Sablot, Lillian Sutton and Grace Buchanan.

The program is something new. You are invited to attend.

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.

Kerr County Farmer's Institute

The next meeting of the Institute will be held at Kerrville court house Saturday, Jan. 27, 1917, at 2 p. m.

In order that there will be no misunderstanding in regard to the Farmers' Institute, I beg to state that every meeting of the Institute is open to everybody, ladies as well as men, in every walk of life.

I urgently request the presence of every farmer, stockman and business man to attend this meeting, as it is for the good and welfare of our county. Moritz Hokekamp, Secretary.

Intermediate and Junior Leagues

Subject:—The Three-fold Growth of Normal Boys and Girls.
Leader of Intermediates—Earl Cantwell.

Leader of Juniors—Valdez Wardlow.

Devotional led by Jewel Paine. Jesus and Samuel models of perfect youth. Elements contributing to growth, physically, mentally and spiritually, illustrated on blackboard by leader.

1. How growth comes through exercise—Clarence Mittanck; from food and drink—Elmer Palmer; from environment—Gladys Nordholm.
2. Examples of awful conditions when normal growth has been hindered—Mabel Moos, Polly Hamlyn and Clara Haag.

JOE HORNE, Secretary.

Christian Endeavor Program

The same program as was published last week.

Perhaps you have forgotten the editor needs the money you owe him on subscription. If you worked 52 weeks every year for a man you would expect your pay, even if it was the small sum of \$1 or \$1.50. If the paper is worth reading it is worth paying for, so come around and give us a lift. We need it to meet our honest obligations.

Methodist Church Notes.

The address of Rev. J. W. Allen was greatly enjoyed last Sunday morning. He told of the co-operation between the Presbyterians and Methodists in the Congo region of Africa and gave a vivid picture of the native African and his surroundings. At the close the address an offering of \$14.50 was given for an African special.

Next Sunday morning the pastor will preach on "Righteousness—Our Constant Need," and at 7:30 "The Dance of Death"—a week's record from the newspapers.

S. W. KIMERER, Pastor.

For Sale—Two trained wolf hounds and three puppies large enough to train. Apply to J. M. Hatch, Japonica, Texas.

The "When and Where."

"When and where do you begin to train a child so that it will not tell lies and steal?" inquires a young mother of Nashville. The "when" is when the child is about eighteen months old. The "where" is located on the south side of the child when it is headed north, and half-way between its head and its heels.—Houston Post.

Surely Credulous.

He—"And another thing about Dude-leigh—he's very credulous. That's the reason his money didn't last any longer than it did." She—"Indeed?" He—"Yes. Somebody told him he could make love to two girls on less than he could court one."—Judge.

Car Was Skinny.

Helen, age four years, was on the car with her aunt. The car had been crowded when they got on and little Helen now noticing that it was almost empty said, "Oh, auntie, look how skinny the car is."

Knew All About That.

"Tommy," said his father, "if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your classes. Do you know what spunk is?" "Yes, sir," replied the little fellow: "Spunk is the past of spunk."

Key to the Infinite.

Work touches the keys of endless activity, opens the infinite, and stands awestruck before the immensity of what there is to do.—Phillips Brooks.

ROUND TRIP RATES

To San Antonio and Return

\$3.50

Limit Ninety Days

S. A. & A. P. Railroad

L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville.

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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.

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Two of the most Scientific Beautifying Agencies Known.

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

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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 kindred blemishes of the skin. It will bleach the skin in 10 days and make it as smooth and soft as a baby's.

Makes Bad Complexions Good Good Complexions Better.

All Dealers

50 AND 25 CTS.