

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

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NO. 23

INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET AT KERRVILLE

Athletic Meet of County Schools Will Have Field Day Exercises Here March 30--Good Program Arranged

At a meeting of the Kerr County Teachers' Institute held last September, there was organized an Interscholastic League for Kerr County. Every school in the county, with the exception of three, is a member of this league and has an active interest in the numerous exercises which shall be held on the 30th of March. The following officers were elected as chairmen of the several departments of the exercises: E. R. Dabney, Director General, Prof. Vernon Rumsey, Director of Debate and Declamation; Miss Josie Lumpkin, Director of Spelling; Mrs. H. C. Geddie, Director of Essay Writing; and Prof. J. L. Waller, Director of Athletics.

All boys and girls who attend schools in the county that are members of the State Athletic League are eligible to enter any of the contests as provided by the rules and regulations of the Interscholastic League.

Let every teacher of the county do his best to have as many pupils as possible enter the various contests. Encourage every man, woman, and child to attend this County Meet. It will be a great benefit to your school. Let us get together and have one of the biggest rallies in the history of the county. Come and bring well filled baskets and spend one day of pleasure with the boys and girls who are to be the future men and women of the county. There will be no fees of any kind.

One pleasant feature of the program will be the debate between the Center Point High School and the Tivy High School. The question for debate is: Resolved, That all revenue for the support of the State and County should be derived from tax upon land values only.

Below we give a program for the County Athletic Meet which will be held at the Tivy High School building on March 30, 1917, beginning promptly at 9 o'clock.

BOYS JUNIOR TRACK

1. Potato race.
2. 50-yard dash.
3. 220-yard dash.
4. 100-yard dash.
5. 440-yard dash.
6. Running high jump.
7. Running broad jump.

8. Pole vault.
9. Running hop-step-jump.
10. Putting 8-pound shot.
11. Baseball throw for distance.
12. Chinning bar.
13. Football.
14. Basket-ball for Juniors and Seniors (boys and girls).
15. Baseball.

TRACK FOR GIRLS (Junior and Senior)

1. Potato race.
2. 30-yard dash.
3. 140-yard relay.
4. Basket-ball throw for distance.
5. Standing broad jump.
6. Basket-ball throw for accuracy.

BOYS SENIOR TRACK

1. 120-yard low hurdle.
2. 100-yard dash.
3. One mile run.
4. 50-yard dash.
5. 220-yard dash.
6. 840-yard run.
7. One mile relay.
8. Running broad jump.
9. Running high jump.
10. Pole vault.
11. 12-pound shot put.

LITERARY

1. Debate, juniors and seniors.
2. Declamation, juniors and seniors for boys and girls.
3. Essays, seniors.
4. Spelling, juniors and seniors.

Parent-Teacher's Club.

Program for March 14, 1917.
Music, instrumental (concerted)
How the Parent-Teachers' Can Help the School—Mrs. Tacquard.
Music, (vocal)—Mrs. Doyle and Miss Garrett.
How the Parent-Teachers Club Might Injure the School.—Miss Dora Nimitz.
Music—Pupils of Tenth Grade.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our thanks to all who in any way rendered acts of kindness to our beloved Esther during her long illness and have extended us sympathy in the hour of our bereavement. Also for the beautiful floral offerings.
Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Roberts.

More Improvements

Wm. Beckman's garage is being overhauled by a large force of workmen under Contractors McCreary and Schott. A new glass front will be put on, and the building enlarged and made to conform in every respect to the needs of a first class garage. The improvements will cost \$2500.

WEST TEXAS A. & M. BOOSTED AT GET TOGETHER BANQUET

Largest and Most Enthusiatic Gathering Ever Seen Here Listen to Pledges of Support from Visitors. Pike Road to San Antonio Also Encouraged. Many Good Speeches Made

The banquet given by the business men of Kerrville at the St. Charles Hotel last Thursday night is considered by our citizenship as the biggest thing in the way of a get-together meeting ever held here, and the spirit of harmony and unity of purpose was most gratifying. The purpose of the banquet was to bring together public spirited citizens from the adjoining towns and to awaken public sentiment in this and adjoining communities in furthering projects of civic betterment now under consideration.

There were 152 present at the banquet, and the spacious dining hall was comfortably filled. There were three representatives present

business man of San Antonio and Boerne; Alfred P. C. Petsch and Thos. J. Martin of Fredericksburg; Coke R. Stevenson, banker and representative of Business Men's Club of Junction; Dr. J. L. Fowler, president of Business Men's Club of Ingram; F. F. Cocks, prominent merchant of Center Point; Wm. Wiedenfeld, banker of Comfort; P. W. Berry for the Kerrville merchants; Dr. W. P. Dickey for the Pastor's Association; Father H. M. Kemper of Kerrville Notre Dame Institute; Hon. J. E. Grinstead, former editor of the Mountain Sun and "Poet of the Hill Country"; Dr. Wm. Lee Secor of the Kerrville Hospital Sanitarium; Judge D. R. Lewis of Lewis



"Goin' to West Texas A. & M. College."—Drawn by P. W. BERRY.

from San Antonio, one from Boerne, three from Fredericksburg, one from Junction, one from Bandera, two from Comfort, three from Center Point, and two from Ingram. The remainder of the crowd was made up of representative citizens of Kerrville and vicinity from every walk of life.

The banquet was opened with prayer by Bishop J. S. Johnston, after which, upon motion of Judge H. C. Geddie, a rising vote of honor was given in behalf of Washington's birthday, and including the father and benefactor of Kerrville and the Hill Country, Capt. Chas. Schreiner, whose birthday falls upon the same date.

Judge R. A. Dunbar, Secretary of the Business Men's Club, was toastmaster. To say that he performed his task in a most happy and satisfactory manner, is putting it very modestly.

Ally Beitel, President of the Business Men's Club, was the first speaker. Mr. Beitel welcomed the visitors, and gave a brief outline of the work done and that proposed for the future by the business men and citizens.

Following Mr. Beitel came addresses by F. C. Groos, president of the Chamber of Commerce of San Antonio; D. E. Colp, secretary of the Texas Good Roads Association; Albert J. Kronkosky, prominent

Dairy; Prof. G. C. Jones, Superintendent of Kerrville Public Schools; and last but not least, Ex-Senator Julius Real.

Boosting for the West Texas A. & M. College and a pike road from Junction and Kerrville to San Antonio were the topics of foremost importance, and Mr. Groos and the other representatives of San Antonio assured the hearty co-operation of the business men and Chamber of Commerce of their city in both of these projects, as also did the representatives of the citizens of Junction, Fredericksburg, Comfort, Boerne, Center Point, and Ingram. In fact, Kerrville was the "guest of honor" on this splendid occasion, and the bouquets showered upon her were calculated to excite the jealousy of any West Texas "aspirant" that might have looked in upon her as she timidly expressed her gratitude by smiling and blushing before that august body of visitors and citizens.

A resolution offered by Mr. Petsch of Fredericksburg, endorsing President Wilson and Governor Ferguson and showering honors upon Capt. Chas. Schreiner as the greatest pioneer of Southwest Texas, and of J. E. Grinstead as the crowned Poet Laureate of the Hill Country who wears his laurels not upon his brow, but in the hearts of his fellows, was passed by rising vote. Throughout the evening the

speechmaking was interspersed with music by a local quartet composed of Messrs. Louie Moore, Emil and Robert Saenger and A. B. Burton, and by E. C. Fisk and J. D. Motley, the popular comedians.

The badges worn at the banquet bore an image of West Texas Boy, drawn by the Club's official cartoonist, P. W. Berry. Another cartoon drawn by Mr. Berry, representing "an old kid" on his way to the West Texas A. & M., was displayed in the banquet hall and made quite a hit. We give our readers a reproduction of this last cartoon in this issue.

Miss Esther Roberts

The finger of death has plucked from the garden of earth one of its fairest flowers, which has been transplanted in the Paradise of God, where it will still live and bloom and grow in perennial sweetness, beauty and Christly fragrance.

Last Saturday evening, Miss Esther Roberts fell asleep in Jesus, and on the afternoon of the Lord's day we laid the body away in Glastonbury cemetery to quietly sleep till the morning of the resurrection day.

In life, little sister Esther was one of the most gentle, pure and lovely spirits we have ever known.

I can yet see the sparkle of the brilliant brown eyes and the winsome smile with which she would greet us at Sunday school or at the hour of worship in church. Esther was about eleven years of age when I baptized her, on her own confession of faith in Jesus Christ as her own personal Savior. During her entire life, from childhood to womanhood, I have never heard of anyone who ever uttered a word of reproach against her.

She was beautiful in life and lovely in death, and at the end of her earthly pilgrimage fell asleep as quietly as an infant on the mother's bosom. We sincerely sympathize with Doctor and Sister Roberts in the removal of their precious daughter from their presence, and lift up our hearts in prayer to our Father for sustaining grace and the blessed comforts of the Holy Spirit to abide with them. God has adequate compensation for all of our sorrows and bereavements.

Esther always spoke of getting well, and was cheerful and uncomplaining during the entire time of her extended sickness. She was conscious up to the time of her last breath, and in the moment of her departure realized that the end had come. In her exodus, looking up into her father's face she said, "Don't cry, papa; God bless you all; Goodbye. God take me." While she desired to live, she always expressed herself as being satisfied that whatever came to her would be

ORPHAN OF ALAMO GOES TO REWARD

Mary Ann Morris, Aged Pioneer Dies at Upper Guadalupe After Long Illness Funeral Sunday

Grandma Mary Ann Morris, aged 92 years, died at the home of her son, W. R. Byas, on the upper Guadalupe, Saturday morning Feb. 24, after a lingering illness, and her body was laid to rest at Nichols grave yard Sunday afternoon, the service being conducted by Rev. J. B. Riddle of Kerrville.

Grandma Morris was a daughter of Andrew J. Kent, one of the heroes of the Alamo. The family moved to Texas from Calhoun county, Missouri, when she was a little girl, settling first in Lavaca county. She had been a resident of Kerr county for many years, and by her pure life and noble Christian example had been a blessing to those with whom she came in contact. She leaves three children living, Messrs. Joe and W. R. Byas of Hunt and Mrs. Susan Brunson of Roosevelt, Arizona.

Mrs. Geo. Williams

The many friends of Mr. Geo. Williams and family were made sad to hear of the death of Mrs. Williams which occurred at Eldorado last Wednesday. Mrs. Williams had been in bad health for the past two years. She was a lovable character and was born and reared in Kerr county, being a sister of Messrs. B. F. and J. J. Denton. Of her immediate family she leaves her husband, two sons and two daughters. Those who attended the funeral from this county were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Real, and Henry Barton and B. F. Denton.

Miss Edna Bosche of St. Louis, Mo. came up Saturday to spend a couple of weeks with her cousin, Mrs. Gilbert C. Storms.

Seed corn, cane seed, milo maize, millet seed, sunn grass seed, kafir corn seed at

H. Noll Stock Co.

for the best.

"Sleep on beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Savior's breast;
We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best.
Good night! Good night! Good night!"

R. A. COHRN.

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Never before has the demand for FORD cars been as heavy as it is now. To become such necessity the Ford car must have proved to be a universal economy, serving, saving and pleasing everybody. Thru its reliable service business has been increased and expenses reduced. Low purchase price and a negligible cost for maintenance is assured.

The Touring car costs you \$400 at Kerrville. For an additional \$100 we will install the highest grade electric starting and lighting plant on the market—guarantee it to give you absolutely perfect satisfaction. Let us go into details with you.

LEE MASON & SON
"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154

Kerrville, Texas

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

The Brief Spell of Confidence. "She believes every word he tells her."

"How long have they been married?" "They're not married. They're going to be."—Detroit Free Press.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restores regularity without straining. Adv.

Remedy for H. C. L. The price of living might not be so high if more people merely ate what they need instead of all they can.—Cleveland Leader.

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!

Cincinnati man tells how to dry up a corn or callus so it lifts off with fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezeone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted off, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezeone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezeone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Full of Sympathy. He—Is your sister's fiance rich? She—Oh, no. Every time mother talks about the wedding father says "poor man!"

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

Appropriate Warning. "That man is as deep as a well." "Well, don't go to boring him."—Baltimore American.

Do not judge the liquor by the fancy bottle.

Meat Eaters' Backache

Meat lovers are apt to have backaches and rheumatic attacks. Unless you do heavy work and get lots of fresh air, don't eat too much meat. It's rich in nitrogen and helps to form uric acid—a solid poison that irritates the nerves, damages the kidneys and often causes dropsy, gravel and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to throw off uric acid. Thousands recommend them.

A Texas Case

J. M. Edwards, Stephenville, Texas, says: "I strained my back by heavy lifting and my kidneys began to act too frequently, particularly at night. I couldn't do my work properly and lost much rest, getting up in the morning tired and unrefreshed. Doan's Kidney Pills drove away all these troubles and I am grateful."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-McBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Texas Directory

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BELLIGERENT BOYS BROUGHT HOME

Uncle Sam Kept Busy Getting Over-Enthusiastic Youths Out of Danger.

GETS THOUSANDS OF PLEAS

State Department Obtains Discharges From Foreign Armies in Response to Appeals From Frantic American Mothers.

"Here's an unusual one," remarked Miss Frances Marsh. "They're all unusual," observed Frank N. Bauskett.

"But this one is unusually so," persisted Miss Marsh. "It is from the mother, of course. Her fourteen-year-old boy has joined the Canadian forces and begun his training for the campaign in France. We'll have to get him out."

Mr. Bauskett agreed. And they—with the aid of various forces and influences—eventually got the hopeful trooper released, for that is their every-day business.

There are so many cases of young men under age who have joined the fighting forces against the wishes of their parents that to handle the work Uncle Sam has created a special division in the diplomatic bureau of the department of state. Mr. Bauskett and Miss Marsh are the staff of the new division under the direction of Sidney Y. Smith, chief of the bureau.

The case of the militant fourteen-year-old is one of the more striking incidents that have come to their notice. The youngster fired his imagination by reading stories of poison gas, bayonet charges and the tossing of hand-grenades. He decided to have a try at the war game on his own account. He figured that he would be especially good with the grenades because he was a pitcher on his baseball team. Accordingly, he slipped across the Canadian line, applied to a recruiting office and was accepted by the officer in charge.

In spite of his youth, the boy passed the physical examination and was booked for service. He was not to go as a drummer boy—he was taken on as an infantry recruit with the understanding that he was to tote the regulation rifle and carry on his shoulder the small department store which the soldier calls his kit. With his uniform on his back and his dream of battle in his eyes, the happy youngster wrote the great news home.

Mother Makes Appeal. As is usually the case, the mother did not share in her son's ardent desire to die for some other country. She wrote a tearful and insistent letter to the department of state.

"He is but fourteen years old," she said, "and he's the only boy I've got. If it were a case of giving him for my own country, I would not say a word. But I do not want to lose my boy through any foolish desire of his to see the world and the excitement of war. He is but a child—and I still think of him as a baby. I inclose his birth certificate and a picture of him that was taken but a month before he left home."

The picture showed a serious-faced boy—in knickers! As soon as the facts were submitted to the Canadian war office the king lost an ambitious Tommy. The boy was at once released. Since then there has been another boy of the same age who succeeded in getting into the Canadian recruits and who had to be yanked out again by the long arm of Washington officialdom.

These two so far represent the farthest north in martial juvenility. But there was the more recent case of a Bostonian sixteen years old who had to be forcibly divorced from his dreams of blood and glory by the busy bureau in the department of state.

The total of these belligerent youths is startling. A four-story cabinet in Mr. Bauskett's office is stuffed tightly with correspondence on these matters. In this cabinet the investigations concerning 3,000 enlisted boys are filed. And these are only the cases that have not yet been settled. There are many others that have ended with the discharge of the disgusted young warriors. Inquiries pour in at the rate of 50 a day.

Costly to This Father. Another case of special interest was that of a minor who was in Australia when the war broke out. He caught the fever and volunteered for the Anzac forces. When the father, out in Ohio, heard of it, he got in touch with the state department, and started immediately for Melbourne. The Australian authorities agreed to discharge the youngster. But—"This boy of yours," they said to the old gentleman, "has had several months' training here. We figure that this training cost the colony \$150. It has been entirely wasted, and we think that it would be only right for you to pay our government \$150 in compensation."

The father paid. He brought the son home after the trip that took five months in time and over a thousand dollars in money.

Sometimes the investigations of the bureau are brought to an abrupt and tragic end. Three cases have been ended with the terse communication from the British war office: "Private — has been killed in action."

SPRING HATS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR

Some Demi-Season Hats of Careful Design That Herald the Approach of Spring—Fine Cottons, Linens and Laces of the Most Refined Tastes Appear in the Children's Dresses for Spring.



Hats That Herald the Spring.

The stores and shops are full of gay springtime millinery for the southern tourist. These hats are so alluring that even those who stay at home are tempted to throw judgment to the winds and indulge themselves in a demi-season hat of satin, or satin and straw. It isn't a bad idea—even with the thermometer lingering near the zero mark—if the choice is a representative spring style. Easter comes early this year.

Any one of the three hats pictured is a safe investment. At the center a hat of black silk sets at rest a burning question. Button, button. "Who's got the button?" has been answered. As many as six dozens of them are set close together about brim-edges and crowns at the top and bottom. This is a sailor with an understanding edge that makes the best possible place for covered buttons. It is very tailored, and finished looking, and has a flat applique trimming of embroidery at the front.

The modest turban at the left is very good style, with satin crown and braid brim. It happens to be in black, but would look well in French blue or any of the dark colors. A crisp bow at the side looks like a butterfly and lends animation to this model, which would be too severe without it. At the right one of the new high-crowned models is made up along lines that are new this season. Satin and braid are combined in covering the shape, with the braid extending from the upper brim to the side crown. But three-quarters of the crown is of satin, and this hat is shown made up in braid and georgette crepe. It has a flat collar of narrow ribbon, held in place by long stitches of heavy silk thread. A fan-shaped ornament at the front is brightened with colored beads, and three ends of ribbon depend from it.

These are demi-season hats of careful design, but the approach of spring is heralded in them.



Of White Batiste and Val Lace.

The beginning of Lent is close at hand, bringing with it the annual assignment of time for spring sewing. The thought of provident mothers is centered on replenishing their supplies of bed linen and table linen, on the children's sewing, and on their own. All the new cotton goods are in house dresses and lingerie are to be made ready and children's clothes got out of the way, in the weeks between now and Easter. No one minds giving March to this work. And some of the work is interesting enough to tempt one to stay indoors in April—for instance, dresses for the little girls. But there is every reason for making them during Lent, leaving more leisure for enjoying the springtime.

The same fine cottons, linens and laces that have always been the choice of the most refined taste appear in the new patterns in children's dresses. There is nothing startlingly new in their design but a special emphasis seems to be given to fine and dainty needlework on them. Their trimmings are simple but of fine quality, and workmanship on them is above reproach. Even for tiny girls some of the new models have double skirts. There is a decided liking for plaits and for little coat effects.

A dress of white batiste for a girl of three is shown in the picture. It has a long waist and a full skirt, laid in boxplaits. Groups of narrow tucks, running lengthwise, alternated with two rows of narrow val insertion, are placed at each side of the opening at the back. The same decoration appears at the front of the waist. A val edging finishes the neck in a narrow ruffle. The sleeves are a little longer than elbow length, finished with a ruffle of val lace, a group of narrow tucks, and an insertion of val. All the lace is put on by hand and the small tucks are hand run. There are two rows of insertion and one of edging about the bottom of the skirt.

The sash of wide, pink brocaded ribbon is made with a flat bow at the back and is adjusted without any wrinkling. It lies flat about the little figure, which arrangement looks particularly well with a long-waisted model.

If time is precious there is no very good reason why this dress should not be machine sewed. It is merely "smarter" when the work is done by hand.

Julia Bottomley

LARKSPUR AS MENACE

Determined Definitely to Be Poisonous to Live Stock.

Uncle Sam's Experts Undertake Big Task of Eliminating Plant From the National Forests.

Uncle Sam's forest service, in line with its general policy to better the conditions of the national forest ranges, is now undertaking the eradication of various poisonous plants which each year, it is stated, cause the loss of some \$300,000 worth of live stock using the ranges as pasture.

Forest rangers and others have made an investigation of this condition, and it has been ascertained that while other plants are known to poison live stock, larkspur is the one which is responsible for the greatest losses of cattle on mountain stock ranges, and consequently the one plant which the service is determined it must dispose of in some way or other.

This plant occurs, it has been found, both as scattered plants and in patches, varying in size up to as much as 100 acres. The bulk of the losses from cattle are confined to those areas where the plant is more plentiful and where, therefore, it is possible for the cattle to obtain larger quantities of it.

In an effort to conquer this evil many of the ranges containing the largest patches of larkspur have been fenced by the stockmen, but this method is not only expensive, but it also usually involves the loss of a large quantity of valuable forage which is included in the infested range.

It has been known, it is said, in a general way for years that larkspur is poisonous to live stock, but there has been, up to recently, very little definite knowledge on the subject. Therefore, it was necessary to carry out a number of experiments to find out what effect the plant had on various kinds of animals; whether all the varieties of the plant are poisonous, and last, whether the cases of poisoning are caused by the eating of the roots of the plant, or eating the leaves and stalks.

Extended experiments have been conducted along these lines which have shown that some animals are poisoned by the plant, while others are not. With the results of these experiments the forest service has been able to make its plans for handling the ranges on which the larkspur occurs and for the eradication of the plant. It was found that the most satisfactory method of solving the larkspur problem would be to grub up the plants by the roots. Considering the wide areas that must be covered, this sounds like a man-sized job, and it is; but the results which have been obtained, it is said, have proved that the expense involved has been more than justified.

HAVE SOME SMOKED DOGFISH?

Uncle Sam's Experiments Said to Have Shown Despised Species Can Be Made Delicacy.

Smoked dogfish may be a new delicacy on the up-to-the-minute menu in the future. If Uncle Sam's designs are carried out, experiments in smoking various species of fresh-water fish, begun at the Fairport (Mich.) station of the United States bureau of fisheries about two years ago, have yielded interesting results. The bowfin, or grindle, which usually is regarded as practically worthless, has been found to yield a very superior product when properly smoked. All who have eaten samples have spoken of the excellent texture and flavor of the meat, and some have pronounced it the best of smoked fish, Uncle Sam asserts. Further experiments are being made with a view of obtaining a product which will appeal to the trade in appearance and quality.

The bowfin is generally known through the Mississippi basin as dogfish, and has been regarded as practically worthless. It is abundant in the Great Lakes and in sluggish waters from Minnesota and New York to Florida and Texas. The proper utilization of this species will not only add another commercial product to the market, but also will tend to reduce the relative abundance of a species which is most predacious upon the other fishes that are more highly valued in the fresh state.

Few New Yorkers Pass Tests Fixed for Marines

Only about 3 per cent of the young men in little old Manhattan who apply for enlistment in the United States Marine corps are qualified to become "soldiers of the sea," according to a statement issued by a New York recruiting official of that corps.

During the first nine months of 1916 there were 5,081 applicants for enlistment in the marine corps recruiting district of New York, and but 187 were accepted for enlistment. Only one out of every thirty men who applied could meet the requirements. Out of 810 examinations by the medical officer, 556 were rejected, and the principal causes given for these rejections were: Defective vision, 90; defective teeth, 84; heart affections, 77; flat feet, 74; and underweight and poor physique, 70.

MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my household work, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own household work. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

The great number of unqualified testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work, of mind or body, drink or exposure in MALARIAL REGIONS, will find Tutt's Pills the most general restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

The Hitch. "Are you living within your income?" "I am, all right, but the trouble is my wife isn't."

A DELICIOUS DINNER

Break a quarter package of Skinners' Macaroni into boiling water, boil ten or twelve minutes, drain and blanch. Take equal parts of cold chicken, boiled Macaroni and tomato sauce; put in layers in a shallow dish and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake until brown. Just try this once. Skinners' Macaroni can be secured at any good grocery store.—Adv.


Educator's Opinion.

I believe that organized education can never take the place of brains; that Yale's first duty in preparing American citizens, whether for peace or war, is to adhere to rigid standards of discipline and scholarship and well-developed sense of proportionate values. If our students have these things as a basis, the more they prepare themselves for the possible requirement of military service the better. Without them the spirit of preparedness may become a danger; with them it is a safeguard and a blessing.—President Hadley of Yale University.

Husbands Disposed Of.

They were seatmates in a traction car headed for the port of Terra Haute. The seats are rather narrow, and of course there had to be apologies based on sitting snugly. "Narrow seats," he said. "I'll say they are," she said. That started them toward more intimate conversation. And before the car reached Covetsville she had confessed that she was a widow—twice. "Had two husbands?" he queried. "Yep, two of 'em," she confessed. "Saddled one of 'em, and the court took the other one."

Sometimes a woman is almost as sorry that she married a certain man as she is glad she kept some other woman from getting him.



You Can Snap Your Fingers

at the ill effects of caffeine when you change from coffee to

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

CALOMEL SICKENS! IT SALIVATES! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

I guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone

under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you can have your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle or my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist or storekeeper about me. Adv.

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.

A Remedy.
He—My brain is on fire.
She—Why don't you blow it out?
Chicago News.

Weak, Faint Heart, and Hysterics can be rectified by taking "Renovine," a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.

Saving Space.
"It is a very small flat."
"Well, hubby, you'll just have to keep me folded in your arms."

If you suspect that your child has Worms, a single dose of Dr. Perry's "Dead Shot" will settle the question. Its action upon the stomach and bowels is beneficial in either case. No second dose or after-purgative necessary. Adv.

More than 1,500,000 electric storage batteries are used in automobiles in the United States.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

This, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

In the near future wireless apparatus will be installed in all important police stations.

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.

A new baby carriage, which includes receptacles for clothing, can be folded to resemble a suitcase.

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

C. W. Grove
Used the World Over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.
Maker also of the Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

TIME TO SAVE ONE'S MONEY

Mistake is Too Much a General One in Neglecting the Present for the Future.

Presumably every young man knows, as a physical fact, that he can do nothing next year which he cannot in some degree, do today. He will not grow wings or overcome the law of gravitation or subvert without food. But he is always prefiguring a future in which his mind will operate differently. The time will certainly come when he realizes that there is no future, but only an indefinite extension of today. The important question is whether that time will come early enough in life to do him any particular good.

A lazy man cannot possibly make himself industrious in the future; or a tipsy man, sober; or an extravagant man, economical. If it is done at all he must do it at an immediate present moment—at some "right now." No man can save in the future, or ever will. He has got to save the penny in his hand at the moment or he will be broke to the day of his death, the Saturday Evening Post insists. That is clear enough to anybody who will think about it. To save the penny in hand he must resist the temptation to spend it. Imagining himself next year as resisting the temptation to spend a handful of pennies will do him the same good that the drunkard gets out of imagining himself reformed next year. Every year that he does not resist weakens his ability to resist.

This spending business is as much a matter of habit as tipping. It is within the knowledge of everybody who has the ordinary circle of personal acquaintances that, after a certain time, the man who lives up to the limit of his income—which, about nine times out of ten, means a little beyond—accepts that as a normal condition and just automatically spends whatever he gets. At twenty a man lives largely in an imaginary future. At thirty he seems still to have fairly incalculable powers and opportunities to draw upon. At forty he begins to realize what he fully knows, probably, at forty-five—namely, that he has already spent his future, in the sense that he has largely shaped and fixed it; so that it will contain nothing essentially different from what he himself has already put into it.

If he can realize by thirty that he is spending his future every day it will be a good thing for him.

Cooking by Instinct.

In the kitchen of an old monastery in France a group of British women, all of good education, are cooking and scrubbing and washing up all day long, and they have been doing it for many months. The way they cook potatoes is a thing to write poetry about, and the French soldiers who have eaten them will tell you that they want to go back to that monastery, which is now a hospital, because the food is so good. Not only do those women cook of the educated classes cook well, but they are economical.

Another English woman, who before the war knew nothing about cooking, is a past mistress in the art of making apple dumplings, as many an English soldier, as well as a few English sailors, will bear witness. When asked how she learned, she said that a French friend of hers had lent her her cook for 24 hours, and during that time she had made rapid progress in many things. Then there was the handy man about the canteen, an Englishman, who had lived in France for many years. He taught her a great deal. But as to the tart and the apple dumplings, she must have learned to make those by instinct, for no one has taught her how to make the paste or keep the apples dry.

Author No Asset.
At a local bazaar they were offering autographed copies of books by Indianapolis authors.

"Here is a very delightful book, suitable for a gift, and autographed by the author. Only a dollar and a half," said the smiling manager of the booth.

"A dollar and a half!" gasped the prospective purchaser, a little woman who held her tattered purse close to her breast.

"Yes, a dollar and a half. The autograph, you know, has an especial value."

"Why, I can get a copy of that book at a downtown store for a dollar."

"Yes, I know you can, but not autographed by the author."

The prospective purchaser's face suddenly took on a look of high wisdom and then she blurted:

"Oh, well, I know who wrote it, anyhow."—Indianapolis News.

Titled Lady as Shoemaker.
It is an interesting fact that, although the women of the United Kingdom have invaded most employments that formerly were followed chiefly by men, the shoemaking trade has not experienced much change in this respect. Yet, little over a hundred years ago, shoemaking was one of the "employments of high society" in London. Lady Sarah Spencer, in a letter to her brother, written about the year 1808, says: "In the evening we divide our time between music and shoemaking, which is now the staple trade of the family. I am today in a state of great vanity, for I have made a pair of shoes—there is news for you. So if all other trades fail I shall certainly establish myself, cross-legged, at the corner of an alley to earn a livelihood in the midst of leather, awls, and hammers."

THE NEED OF A NEW PATRIOTISM

By PROF. W. D. HENDERSON of University of Michigan.

We must have a new patriotism. The great factors tending to patriotism are the home, the school, the church, the newspaper, and, last, the trained woman of leisure. No nation can live without home life.

The damnation of American people today is their lack of efficiency and education. We must have schools with a deeper purpose; our churches must have nobler purposes, taking in the people of all classes. Newspapers will soon come into their own, as is shown by the editorials and in the interest shown in editorials; and, last but not of least importance, is the woman who has leisure to attend clubs and afternoon teas, etc. These factors are dominant in shaping public opinion.

Club women are women of leisure. Many have been educated on an equal with men and more are being educated every day on this basis. Why should the women who have this education spend their leisure hours doing nothing for the good of their community, while their husbands, with the same education, work. It is said the work of the woman is the home, the church and in the social world. It is true, but every year the home is becoming less, and more social duties appear.

I hold it the duty of my wife and women of education to get behind the community and keep it up. See to the things that the men do not have time to see to or that they cannot do as women can. Look after sanitary conditions, food, paving, water supply and such things that have to be gone after.

Indigestion and Its Causes

By DR. SAMUEL G. DIXON, Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania.

The teeth are the first factor in the process of digestion. They represent the millstones that cut and grind the food. As they do so, alkaline secretions are given out by glands in the mouth and mix with the food to make the first change it undergoes in the process of being absorbed. Good teeth are essential to normal digestion. Teeth which are diseased or artificial teeth held in place by settings which retain foodstuffs are injurious to health because they provide places in which disease-producing germs grow and multiply.

"Canned" Telegrams, All Ready for the Wire, New Boon for the Busy Man

Hereafter when the busy citizen enters a telegraph office to comply with the twentieth century rule that the sooner the thing is done the better, he will not have to go through the agony of saying much in 30 words or 20, nor will he have to knit his brows and lose valuable time putting what he knows he wishes to say into actual words. His case has been attended to by the same kind of genius that evolved the complete letter writer of other days. The new invention is the complete telegram writer, remarks the Indianapolis News. It is well stocked with all kinds of telegrams, long and short, sorrowful and gay, witty and dull.

For the person who believes in going straight to the point there is the outspoken "Best wishes for a happy New Year." There is nothing new about this greeting, not does it mean anything in particular, except that the sender has thoughtfully remembered someone. The very conservative person who dislikes plain statements will naturally turn away from the unmistakable meaning of this greeting. He will want something more pompous, and being a conservative, it is likely that he can pay for it. He will therefore select, "What the coming year may hold we can none of us foresee. It is my earnest wish that for you it may bring forth a generous harvest of happiness and good fortune." This statement is open to any construction the recipient happens to care to put upon it.

In addition to 26 varieties of New Year's greeting and 37 varieties of Christmas greetings, there are model messages for many occasions, Easter, Thanksgiving, Birthdays, births of babies, graduation, weddings, deaths, etc. The sender is relieved of almost the entire burden of saying what he has to say. He has merely to run through the book until he finds what he expects to say, check it off, pass the money and an address and signature on to the company, and his work is done. Thus is life simplified. The trouble is that some persons may have difficulty finding friends to fit the canned greetings, but in that case perhaps someone will find a way to make friends to order.

A New York inventor has obtained patents on a 27-foot motorboat which draws only seven inches of water when empty and three inches more when loaded to capacity. This draft includes the propeller blades, which are housed amidships.

The Waste Basket.

These are some kinds of paper to save:

White clippings and shavings from book papers, and writing papers are especially valuable, and a steady demand for such material is always found.

White and colored writing papers are suitable for manufacture into many other grades after the ink and coloring matters are removed.

Clean wrapping papers of all kinds are valuable for remanufacture into similar grades. Old books, magazines, periodicals, account books, etc., can be remanufactured into book papers of excellent quality. All material of this kind that is saved is of direct benefit to the forests of the country, as magazines and book papers are very largely made from wood pulp.

FAVORITE OF FILMDOM



Juanita Hansen. Popular movie actress who plays the lead in "The Secret of the Submarine."

Eating in impure or stale air will interfere with digestion. If you are compelled to take a meal under such circumstances, the quantity of the food should be reduced to a minimum. Outside of some of these things which have been mentioned, all of which can be controlled to a greater or less extent, it will be found that certain foods do not in themselves agree with certain persons. If you are eating sensible food in a sensible manner, and you find that some particular thing does not agree with you, the only thing to do is to cut it off your list.

Around the World.

In Sweden they are producing illuminating gas from old railway ties. The Japanese make an imitation of silk from the hemp of New Zealand. Australia, it is estimated, contains two-elevenths of the world's total of sheep.

French surgeons assert that boiled sea water is an excellent disinfectant for wounds. An immense churn in use in England can turn out 600 pounds of butter at one time.

Names have been given to 727 minor planets, and new ones are being discovered all the time.

The world's normal yield of the six great cereals ranges from 16,000,000, 000 to 19,000,000,000 bushels.

Industries of the United States are advertised in Bolivia, South America, by means of motion pictures.

One Iowa college includes in its course for agricultural students, instructions in running an automobile.

The chief American article sold in China is kerosene. The value of this single product exceeds all other American imports combined.

Aster corn 1,000 years old, was recently planted in Kansas. It grows much faster than modern corn and the grains will be at a premium.

The annual waste in the United States of foods available for cattle has been estimated at \$100,000,000 by department of agriculture experts.

Glasgow provides its policemen with warm food and tea when on duty at night by the use of electrically heated plates in signal boxes.

The Brazil nut tree does not begin to bear fruit until 50 years old. The United States government buys 1,250,000 electric lamps each year.

Pheasants in China.

United States laws prohibit the bringing into this country of the skins, feathers or any parts of wild birds, and this regulation has given a great impetus to the raising of pheasants in China. Direct shipments of the feathers to the United States are on the increase and a rapid development is expected. One of the farms on which pheasants are raised for their feathers has 200,000 birds, and the total annual output of the 12 farms engaged in the industry is more than 300,000 birds a year. The birds are raised much as ordinary fowls, hatched in incubators and the chicks raised in brooders, though on the smaller farms hens are relied upon for hatching. The birds are worth about 50 cents each, of which half is represented by the skins and feathers and the rest by the value of the meat for food.

Mother's Cook Book

He is happiest who hath power To gather wisdom from every flower And waste his heart in every hour To pleasant gratitude. —William Wadsworth.

Peanut Ways.

Peanuts are one of the richest protein nuts we have. Ten cents spent for peanuts will furnish twice as much protein as is found in the same expenditure for steak. The analysis of peanuts shows us that the edible portion contains 7.4-10 per cent water, 29.8-10 per cent protein, 43.5-10 per cent fat, 14.7-10 per cent carbohydrates and a little over 2 per cent of mineral matter. Being rich in fat and protein they furnish a valuable food. In the following recipes the roasted peanut is to be used.

Scalloped Tomatoes and Nuts.

Butter a pint of crumbs and mix with a half cupful of chopped nuts. Put a layer of the crumbs in a buttered pudding dish, add a cupful of tomatoes, then another layer of crumbs and another cupful of tomatoes. Finish the top with the crumbs, season well and bake in a quick oven until brown.

Potatoes With Peanuts.

Take three pints of sliced potatoes, one cupful of chopped nuts, putting the potatoes in layers with the nuts in a buttered baking pan, pour over a cupful and a half of sweet milk, season with salt and pepper and cover with a pint of buttered crumbs. Bake slowly an hour in a moderate oven.

Sweet Nut Sandwiches.

Take half a cupful of grated maple sugar, a fourth of a cupful of finely chopped peanuts and a tablespoonful of sweet thick cream. Mix well and spread on buttered bread or graham crackers.

Peanut Soup.

Two cupfuls of shelled chopped peanuts, cooked in a quart of water; press through a sieve and add a pint of soup stock. Season with salt, celery salt and onion juice, add a cupful of flour and a fourth of a cupful of butter cooked together and mixed with a pint of milk, season and serve hot. A slice of onion and a stalk of celery may be cooked with the peanuts for flavor, then removed.

Nellie Maxwell

CHEVROLET

EVERY MAN'S CAR

The Chevrolet is Every Man's Car, for it fits any man's pocketbook. It meets a great demand for it has the necessary requirements.

If you are in business the Chevrolet will help you cover more ground and see more people than any other method.

The Chevrolet is ideal for the doctor, the contractor, the real estate man, the farmer—for all who need a car to cover ground quickly.

The Chevrolet is equally a favorite with those who seek a car for pleasure purposes. It is responsive to the driving wheel, safe, comfortable, and good-looking.

It is low in up-keep expense and this is appreciated as a feature today. Come in and see the latest models.

Touring Car, \$550; Roadster, \$535.
F. O. B. FLINT, MICH.

F. G. BENTLEY, Sales Manager
CHEVROLET GARAGE,
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

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

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

Mr. A. L. Patton who returned last week from an automobile trip to San Antonio, reports that considerable road work is being done on the Kendall county roads, particularly in the vicinity of the Big Hill near the Gillespie-Kendall county line. The enterprising people of our neighboring county are to be congratulated upon this movement, which means a great deal toward the commercial development of both counties. If the road from Fredericksburg south to the Bexar county line is put in good condition, it will be the means of bringing hundreds of automobile parties in this direction, and every city on the route will come in for its share of patron-

age from these tourists. Gillespie county wants good roads and we will meet our sister county halfway in this important undertaking which will be of mutual benefit.—Fredericksburg Standard.

Sap Schedule Changed

Beginning March the schedule of the Sap railroad will be changed so that the morning train will leave at 6:15 and arrive at San Antonio at 9:15. The evening train will leave Kerrville at 1:05 and arrive at San Antonio at 6:45. A day train will leave San Antonio for Corpus Christi at 9:25 a. m. and arrive at Corpus at 3:45 p. m. A night train will leave San Antonio at 9:20 p. m. arriving at Corpus at 5:00 a. m. and at Houston at 6:50 a. m.

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

Oath of Commissioners

THE STATE OF TEXAS)
COUNTY OF KERR)
In Commissioner's Court,
February Term, 1917.

BEFORE ME, the Undersigned Authority, personally appeared the members of the Commissioner's Court of said County of said County, whose names are below subscribed, who upon their oaths, do say: That the requirements of Art. 867, Chapter 1, Title XXV, of the revised Statutes of Texas, amended by the regular session of the Twenty-fifth Legislature have in all things been complied with, and that the cash and other assets mentioned in the quarterly report made and filed in this Court by A. B. Williamson, County Treasurer of said County, for the quarter ending the 31st day of January, 1917, and held by him for said County, have been fully inspected and counted by us at this term of Court and that the amount of money and other assets in the hands of said Treasurer are as follows:

Cash in hands of the County Depository	\$5471.58
Other assets: One City of Kerrville Bond	\$ 500.00
Total	\$5971.58

LEE WALLACE
County Judge
F. A. KARGER
Com'r. Preet. No. 1.
JAMES CROTTY
Com'r. Preet. No. 2.
CHAS. RODGERS
Com'r. Preet. No. 3.
HUGO WIEDENFELD
Com'r. Preet. No. 4.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this the 13 day of February, 1917.

J. R. LEAVELL,
County Clerk, Kerr Co. Tex.

\$28,000 Land Sale

Messrs. Bob and John Rees of Center Point were in the city Saturday. The former told us that he had just closed the sale of 450 acres of land adjoining his home place to Dr. G. E. Guinn of San Antonio, consideration \$28,000, including 135 shares in the Mountain Park Sanitorium at Kerrville.

COMING! BUGGIES

The buggy is the old standby.
Use a buggy and you will not be troubled by the high price of gasoline.
I will have in stock a line of up-to-date buggies in a few days.
I expect the car to arrive within a week.
Get you a buggy from

J. E. PALMER

LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A Cozy Bed Room

IS A SOURCE OF JOY AND COMFORT

A Bed Room Should Carry a Spirit of Repose

and in our Bed Room Suites there is that Spirit. If you need a bed or a Bed Room Suite come and let us show you our line.



Quality Furniture Throughout our Stock

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

Catholic Church Notes

(By Father Kemper)

The usual First Friday devotions in honor of the Sacred heart of Jesus will be observed tomorrow at the High Mass 7:15 A. M. In the evening at 3:10 P. M. the Way of the Cross will be made.

On Washington's Birthday the Notre Dame Students rendered a patriotic program of songs, music and recitations for the entertainment of their parents and friends of the Institute.

The Carmelite nuns who solicited funds on Saturday for their free Orphanage in San Antonio wish to express their gratitude to all who contributed to this charitable work. Sister Frances of the Divine Providence teaching order came here on Sunday en route to D'Hanis. She had visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franz Lange, in Harper, who celebrated their silver wedding last Saturday.

Tivy High School Meets Victory and Defeat

Last Saturday, Feb. 24th, three teams went to Center Point to play basket-ball. The teams were accompanied by a large crowd to see the games.

At 2 p. m. the girls game was called by Referee Alois Renschel. The game was played well by both teams, although it was played faster at short periods. The Kerrville girls won the game by a score of 23 to 13.

The two boys' games were played immediately following the girls game. Either team of the Kerrville boys did not get together during the game, thus resulted in their defeat. The first team of C. P. won by a score of 16 to 14 and the second 14 to 7. Reporter.

Complete line of Middies and Middy Suits just received at Mosel, Saenger & Co.



Eggs Eggs Eggs Eggs Eggs Eggs Eggs Eggs Eggs Eggs

If you have decided to give the hen a SQUARE DEAL the get the kind that will give you a square deal.

S. C. White Leghorns are great layers, therefore, big profit payers.

Eggs 15 for \$1.00.
Get them from—

GOLDEN RULE POULTRY FARM, Phone 57

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 Livery Stable, Next Door to Lee Mason & Son's Garage

Millinery Opening

We will have our Spring Opening of the latest in Millinery Friday and Saturday, March 9th and 10th.

FAMOUS MILLINERY

MRS McLEAN and MISS DOEBBLER

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

A Special Offer.

We will give two full year's subscriptions to the Advance for \$2.50. Get your neighbor to subscribe, send in his subscription with yours, and you will save 50 cents.

But there must be one new subscriber in the combination.

Hides Wanted

Dry and green cow hides, and goat and sheep pelts wanted. We pay highest market prices.

West Texas Supply Co.

Pioneer Flour, the old reliable tried and true, is the flour for you. Get it at

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

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

Don't forget that we pay highest market prices for all country produce.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Medina Local Notes.

(Regular Correspondence)

Fred Whisenhunt returned Tuesday from a two weeks hike, very much improved in health. While away he visited Gonzales, Galveston, Port Arthur and other places.

Born on Thursday Feb. 22 to Mr. and Mrs. Broomfield of Tuff a boy.

Hugh Porter, who has been away several months is home on a visit.

Rayfield Bros. are drilling a well for Mr. Harper at Bandera this week.

Mr. Walter Meadows has a new Chevrolet.

News comes from Port Arthur that Mr. Al. Bandy, formerly of Medina, is very low, following an operation for appendicitis.

GOAL! GOAL!

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.

Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)

W. R. Caldwell came in Saturday from above Kerrville where he has been the past two weeks.

Roy Nowlin was a visitor to Center Point Saturday.

Mrs. E. G. Blatherwick left for Lytle Friday to visit her mother.

W. H. Bonnell and wife, Mrs. Chester Dickey, and Mrs. A. C. Huntoon shopped in Kerrville last Saturday.

Ivey Rees had the misfortune to lose four more lambs Saturday night by wolves, which came into his field and killed them.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. McBryde and Mrs. Eakins from Center Point visited at the Bonnell ranch Sunday.

Mr. Alec Eakins and family visited J. C. Murray here Sunday.

Goat shearing is the order of the day on Verde now. W. H. Bonnell started two machines Monday.

Misses Ollie Montel and Ruth Hamilton went down to San Antonio last week with Miss Montel's aunt. Miss Ollie will return the last of the week, and Miss Hamilton will return to her home at Mineola, Texas, her school here being out.

J. A. McBryde and wife and son William went down to the lake this week for a days sport.

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.

For Sale.

Some nice Brown Leghorn Roosters. F. H. Nelson, Ingram, Texas.

Center Point Letter

(Regular Correspondence)

H. C. Griffin of Elgin spent the first of the week here visiting old time friends.

J. W. Scott of San Antonio spent Thursday and Friday of last week here. While here he sold his residence to L. N. Coffey.

We are sorry to report John Rees very sick.

Clifton Burney is having a glass front put on his store building.

T. D. Wills, F. C. Nelson, Mr. Kessler, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Walker spent several days of last week at Medina Lake. Mr. Kessler was the champion, catching a 7 1/4 pound bass.

J. M. Bruff, Mr. Rosenberger, Clifton Burney and W. M. Jetton made a business trip to Kerrville, Medina and Bandera last week. They were working in the interest of the Chautauqua.

J. W. Owens spent last Saturday and Sunday visiting his daughter Miss Lee, who is teaching near Harper.

P. D. Hill and family and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hill of San Antonio have moved here, P. D. Hill having leased the Bruff Hotel. The Hills are well known here and welcomed by a host of friends. Mr. Hill is a great booster of the "Hill Country," and we are sure he will be a live wire in the Hotel business.

Billy Witt, Steve McElroy and Gabe Moore left early Monday for Medina Lake.

Mr. Hugh Porter of East Texas visited his uncle Mr. Porter of this place last week.

Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Fries visited the Fries ranch in Fendera County Tuesday.

L. N. Coffey is having some improvements made on his recently purchased home.

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.

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.

The Advance has a well equipped job printing plant and will be glad to figure on any printing you may have in the line of commercial work, pamphlets, check books, receipt books, visiting cards, wedding announcements, and all other work usually done in a printing office.

Your Last Chance.

Recently we published in these columns an offer of The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine, both for a full year, for only \$2.10, including a McCall Dress Pattern. The high price of paper and ink has obliged McCall's Magazine to raise their subscription price February 1 to 10 cents a copy and 75 cents a year--so that the offer at the above price must be withdrawn.

Until March 31 our readers have the privilege of ordering both publications for a full year, including the choice of any 15 cent McCall Pattern, for only \$2.10.

The amount of reading, information and entertainment contained in the fifty-two issues of The Youth's Companion and the value of twelve monthly fashion numbers of McCall's at \$2.10 offer a real bargain to every reader of this paper.

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues.
2. The Companion Home Calendar for 1917.
3. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers.
4. One 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern your choice from your first copy of McCall's if you send a two cent stamp with your selection.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, St. Paul St. Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

RADCLIFFE Booster Club Chautauqua

Center Point
March 6, 7 and 8.

Afternoons and Evenings

Some of the best attractions in the country. Come and enjoy a first-class Chautauqua entertainment.

Booster Club Committee

The Story of the Package Stolen From Ralph Payne

A package, containing the secret plans of the Canal fortifications, was advertised as having disappeared from an apartment in the New Ebbitt Hotel in Washington.

This package exists only in an author's imagination. Perhaps we owe you an apology for the series of advertisements that have appeared. If so, we offer it freely, gladly.

For the purpose of these announcements is a very serious and earnest purpose.

Many good authorities have asserted that International spies are actively engaged in this country right now—that our future is menaced by these secret enemies.

As a nation that does its work in the open, most of us do not realize that the dangers that surround us are very REAL.

"Pearl of the Army"

A STORY OF "AMERICA FIRST"

unmasks America's secret foes—reveals the menace that surrounds our country today—the perils of a nation that must be roused to wakefulness.

You must see this great serial, featuring PATHE'S peerless, fearless,

Pearl White

as the American Joan of Arc.

It is your patriotic duty to see this picture, and it holds a thrill for you that you will long remember.

It will be shown soon, in 15 episodes, one each week, at

Pampell's Theater, Every Tuesday Night

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The Lone Star Ranger

A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

If not hate, then assuredly great passion toward Poggin manifested itself in Knell's scornful, fiery address, in the shaking hand he thrust before Poggin's face. In the ensuing silent pause Knell's panting could be plainly heard. The other men were pale, watchful, cautiously edging either way to the wall, leaving the principals and Duane in the corner of the room.

"Spring his name, then, you—" said Poggin, violently with a curse.

Strangely Knell did not even look at the man he was about to denounce. He leaned toward Poggin, his hands, his body, his long head all somewhat expressive of what his face disclosed.

"Buck Duane!" he roared, suddenly.

The name did not make any difference in Poggin. But Knell's passionate, swift utterance carried the suggestion that the name ought to bring Poggin to quick action. It was possible, too, that Knell's manner, the import of his denunciation, the meaning back of all his passion held Poggin bound more than the surprise. For the outlaw certainly was surprised, perhaps staggered at the idea that he, Poggin, had been about to stand sponsor with Fletcher for a famous outlaw hated and feared by all outlaws.

Knell waited a long moment, and then his face broke its cold immobility in an extraordinary expression of devilish glee. He had hounded the great Poggin into something that gave him vicious, monstrous joy.

"Buck Duane! Yes," he broke out, hotly. "The Nueces gunman! That two-shot, ace-of-spades lone-wolf! You an' I—we've heard a thousand times of him—talked about him often. An' here he is in front of you! Poggin, you were backin' Fletcher's new pard, Buck Duane. An' he'd fooled you both but for me. But I know him. An' I know why he drifted in here. To flash a gun on Chesedine—on you—on me! Bah! Don't tell me he wanted to join the gang. You know a gunman, for you're one yourself. Don't you always want to meet a real man, not a four-flush? It's the madness of the gunman, an' I know it. Well, Duane faced you—called you! An' when I sprung his name, what ought you have done? What would you have backin' Fletcher's new pard, Poggin? Did you throw your gun, swift, like you have so often? Naw; you froze. An' why? Because here's a man with the kind of nerve you'd love to have. Because he's great-meetin' us here alone. Because you know he's a wonder with a gun an' you love life. Because you an' I an' every damned man here has to take his front, each to himself. If we all drew we'd kill him. Sure! But who's goin' to lead? Who was goin' to be first? Who was goin' to make him draw? Not you, Poggin! You leave that for a lesser man—me—who've lived to see you a coward. It comes once to every gunman. You've met your match in Buck Duane. An', by God, I'm glad! Here's once I show you up!"

The hoarse, taunting voice failed. Knell stepped back from the comrade he hated. He was wet, shaking, haggard, but magnificent.

"Buck Duane, do you remember Hardin?" he asked, in scarcely audible voice.

"Yes," replied Duane, and a flash of insight made clear Knell's attitude.

"You met him—forced him to draw—killed him?"

"Yes."

"Hardin was the best pard I ever had."

His teeth clicked together tight, and his lips set in a thin line.

The room grew still. Even breathing ceased. The time for words had passed. In that long moment of suspense Knell's body gradually stiffened, and at last the quivering ceased. He croaked. His eyes had a soul-piercing fire.

Duane watched him. He waited. He caught the thought—the breaking of Knell's muscle-bound rigidity. Then he drew.

Through the smoke of his gun he saw two red spurts of flame. Knell's bullets thudded into the ceiling. He fell with a scream like a wild thing in agony.

Duane did not see Knell die. He watched Poggin. And Poggin, like a stricken and astounded man, looked down upon his prostrate comrade.

Fletcher ran at Duane with hands aloft.

"Hit the trail, you har, or you'll hev to kill me," he yelled.

With hands still up, he shouldered and headed Duane out of the room.

Duane leaped on his horse, spurred, and plunged away.

CHAPTER XXV.

Duane returned to Fairdale and camped in the mesquite till the twenty-third of the month. The few days seemed endless. All he could think of was that the hour in which he must disgrace Ray Longstreth was slowly but inexorably coming. In that waiting time he learned what love was and also duty. When the day at last dawned he rode like one possessed down the rough slope, hurling stones and crashing through the bush, with a

sound in his ears that was not all the rush of the wind. Something draged at him.

Apparently one side of his mind was unalterably fixed, while the other was a hurrying conglomeration of flashes of thought, conception of sensations. He could not get calmness. By and by, almost involuntarily, he hurried faster on. Action seemed to make his state less oppressive; it eased the weight. But the farther he went on the harder it was to continue. Had he turned his back upon love, happiness, perhaps on life itself?

There seemed no use to go on farther until he was absolutely sure of himself. Duane received a clear warning thought that such work as

hundred lightning-swift evolutions. He meant to take any risk rather than kill Longstreth. Both of the men were out on the porch. Duane wormed his way to the edge of the shrubbery and crouched low to watch for his opportunity.

Longstreth looked haggard and thin. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he had come out with a gun in his hand. This he laid on a table near the wall. He wore no belt.

Lawson was red, bloated, thick-lipped, all fiery and sweaty from drink, though sober on the moment, and he had the expression of a desperate man in his last stand. It was his last stand, though he was ignorant of that.

"What's your news? You needn't be afraid of my feelings," said Lawson.

"You've confessed to an interest in this ranger," replied Longstreth.

Duane thought Lawson would choke. He was thick-necked anyway, and the rush of blood made him tear at the soft collar of his shirt. Duane awaited his chance, patient, cold, all his feelings shut in a vise.

"But why should your daughter meet this ranger?" demanded Lawson, harshly.

"She's in love with him, and he's in love with her."

Duane recoiled in Lawson's condition. The statement might have had the force of a judgment. Was Longstreth sincere? What was his game? Lawson, finding his voice, cursed Ray, cursed the ranger, then Longstreth.

"You damned selfish fool!" cried Longstreth in bitter scorn. "All you think of is yourself—your loss of the girl. Think once of me—my home—my life!"

Then the connection subtly put out by Longstreth apparently dawned upon the other. Somehow through this girl her father and cousin were to be betrayed. Duane got that impression, though he could not tell how true it was. Certainly Lawson's jealousy was his paramount emotion.

"To hell with you!" burst out Lawson, incoherently. He was frenzied. "I'll have her, or nobody else will!"

"You never will," returned Longstreth, stridently. "So help me God I'd rather see her the ranger's wife than yours!"

While Lawson absorbed that shock Longstreth leaned toward him, all of hate and menace in his mien.

"Lawson, you made me what I am," continued Longstreth. "I backed you—shielded you. Now're Chesedine—if the truth is told! You're its end. I quit you. I'm done!"

Their gray passion-corded faces were still as stones.

"Gentlemen!" Duane called in far-reaching voice as he stepped out.

"You're both done!"

"Why should we?"

"Don't other! Not a muscle! Not a finger!" he warned.

Longstreth read what his face turned not the mind to read. His face turned from gray to ash.

"What d'ye mean?" yelled Lawson, fiercely, shrilly. It was not in him to obey a command, to see impending death.

All quivering and strung, yet with perfect control, Duane raised his left hand to turn back a lapel of his open vest. The silver star flashed brightly.

Lawson howled like a dog. With barbarous and insane fury, with sheer impotent folly, he swept a clawing hand for his gun. Duane's shot broke his action.

Before Lawson even tottered, before he loosed the gun, Longstreth leaped behind him, clasped him with left arm, quick as lightning jerked the gun from both clutching fingers and sheath. Longstreth protected himself with the body of the dead man. Duane saw red flashes, puffs of smoke; he heard quick reports. Something stung his left arm. Then a blow like wind, light of sound yet shocking in impact, struck him, staggered him. The hot rod of lead followed the blow. Duane's heart seemed to explode, yet his mind kept extraordinarily clear and rapid.

Duane heard Longstreth word the action of Lawson's gun. He heard the hammer click, fall upon empty shell. Longstreth had used up all the loads in Lawson's gun. He cursed as a man cursed at defeat. Duane waited, cool and sure now. Longstreth tried to lift the dead man, to edge him closer to lay the table where his own gun lay. But, considering the peril of exposing himself, he found the task beyond him. He bent peering at Duane under Lawson's arm, which flopped out from his side. Longstreth's eyes were the eyes of a man who meant to kill. There was never any mistaking the strange and terrible light of eyes like those. More than once Duane had a chance to aim at them, at the top of Longstreth's head, at a strip of his side.

Longstreth flung Lawson's body off. But even as it dropped, before Longstreth could leap, as he surely intended, for the gun, Duane covered him, called piercingly to him:

"Don't jump for the gun! Don't! I'll kill you! Sure as God I'll kill you!"

Longstreth stood perhaps ten feet from the table where his gun lay. Duane saw him calculating chances.

He was game. He had the courage that forced Duane to respect him. Duane just saw him measure the distance to that gun. Duane would have to kill him.

"Longstreth, listen," cried Duane, swiftly. "The game's up. You're done. But think of your daughter! I'll spare your life—I'll try to get you freedom on one condition. For her sake! I've got you nailed—all the proofs. There lies Lawson. You're alone. I've Morton and men to my aid. Give up. Surrender. Consent to demands, and I'll spare you. Maybe I can persuade MacNelly to let you go free back to your old country. It's for Ray's sake! Her life, perhaps her happiness, can be saved! Hurry, man! Your answer!"

"Suppose I refuse?" he queried, with a dark and terrible earnestness.

"Then I'll kill you in your tracks! You can't move a hand! Your word or death! Hurry! Longstreth! Be a man! For her sake! Quick! Another second now—I'll kill you!"

"All right, Buck Duane, I give my word," he said, and deliberately walked to the chair and fell into it.

Longstreth looked strangely at the bloody blot on Duane's shoulder.

"Where come the girls?" he suddenly exclaimed. "Can you help me drag Lawson inside? They mustn't see him."

Duane was facing down the porch toward the court and corral. Miss Longstreth and Ruth had come in sight, were swiftly approaching, evidently alarmed. The two men ceased in drawing Lawson into the house before the girls saw him.

"Duane, you're not hard hit?" said Longstreth.

"Reckon not," replied Duane.

"I'm sorry. If only you could have told me sooner! Lawson! Always I've split over him!"

"But the last time, Longstreth."

"Yes, and I came near driving you to kill me, too. Duane, you talked me out of it. For Ray's sake! She'll be in here in a minute. She'll be harder than facing a gun."

"Hard now. But I hope it'll turn out all right."

"Duane, will you do me a favor?" he asked, and he seemed shamefaced.

"Sure."

"Let Ray and Ruth think Lawson shot you. He's dead. It can't matter. Duane, the old side of my life is changing back. It's been coming. And I'd change places with Lawson if I could!"

"Glad you—said that, Longstreth," replied Duane. "And sure—Lawson plugged me. It's our secret."

Just then Ray and Ruth entered the room. Duane heard two low cries, so different in tone, and he saw two white faces. Ray came to his side. She lifted a shaking hand to point at the blood upon his breast. White and mute, she gazed from that to her father.

"Papa!" cried Ray, wringing her hands.

"Don't give way," he replied, huskily. "Both you girls will need your nerve. Duane isn't badly hurt. But Floyd is—dead. Listen. Let me tell it quick. There's been a fight. It—it was Lawson—it was Lawson's gun that shot Duane. Duane let me off. In fact, Ray, he saved me. I'm to divide my property—return so far as possible what I've stolen—leave Texas at once with Duane, under arrest. He says maybe he can get MacNelly, the ranger captain, to let me go. For your sake!"

She stood there, realizing her deliverance, with the dark and tragic glory of her eyes passing from her father to Duane.

"You must rise above this," said Duane to her. "I expected this to ruin you. But your father is alive. He will live it down. I'm sure I can promise you he'll be free. Perhaps back here in Louisiana the dishonor will never be known. This matter of hand, water, a few stray head of stock had to be decided out of court. To protect himself he bound men to him. He could not control them. He became involved with them, and so he grew into the leader because he was the strongest. Whatever he is to be judged for, I think he could have been infinitely worse."

CHAPTER XXVI.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth Duane rode into Bradford in time to catch the early train. His wound did not seriously incapacitate him. Longstreth was with him. And Miss Longstreth and Ruth Herbert would not be left behind. They were all leaving Fairdale forever. Longstreth had turned over the whole of his property to Morton, who was to divide it as he and his comrades believed just. Duane had left Fairdale with his party by night, passed through Sanderson in the early hours of dawn, and reached Bradford as he had planned.

That fatal morning found Duane outwardly calm, but inwardly he was in a tumult. He wanted to rush to Val Verde. Would Captain MacNelly be there with his rangers, as Duane had planned for them to be? Memory of that tawny Poggin returned with strange passion. Duane had borne hours and weeks and months of wait-

ing, had endured the long hours of the outlaw, but now he had no patience. The whistle of the train made him leap.

It was a fast train, yet the ride seemed slow.

Duane did not speak to Longstreth and the passengers in the car, changed his seat to one behind his prisoner. The girls sat in a seat near by and were pale but composed.

Duane did not speak to Longstreth again till the train stopped at Val Verde.

They got off the car, and the girls followed as naturally as ordinary travelers. The station was a good deal larger than that at Bradford, and there was considerable action and bustle incident to the arrival of the train.

Duane's sweeping gaze searched faces, rested upon a man who seemed familiar. This fellow's look, too, was that of one who knew Duane, but was waiting for a sign, a cue. Then Duane recognized him—MacNelly, clean-shaven. Without mustache he appeared different, younger.

When MacNelly saw that Duane intended to greet him, hurried forward to meet him. A keen light flashed from his eyes. He was glad, eager, yet suppressing himself, and the slances he sent back and forth from Duane to Longstreth were questioning, doubtful. Certainly Longstreth did not look the part of an outlaw.

"Duane! Lord, I'm glad to see you," was the Captain's greeting. Then at closer look into Duane's face his warmth fled—something he saw there checked his enthusiasm, or at least its utterance.



"Duane! Lord, I Am Glad to See You!"

he'll live up to the conditions. He's to leave Texas never to return. Chesedine has been a mystery, and now it'll fade."

A few moments later Duane followed MacNelly to a large room, like a hall, and here were men reading and smoking. Duane knew them—rangers!

MacNelly beckoned to his men. They crowded close, eager, like hounds ready to run. They all talked at once, and the word most significant and frequent in their speech was "outlaws."

MacNelly clapped his fist in his hand.

"This'll make the adjutant sick with joy. Maybe he won't have it on the Governor! We'll show them about the ranger service. Duane! how'd you ever do it?"

"Now, Captain, not the half nor the quarter of this job's done. The gang's coming down the road. They'll ride in to town on the dot—two-thirty."

"How many?" asked MacNelly.

"Foggin, Blossom Kane, Panhandle Smar, Boldt, Jim Fletcher, and another man I don't know."

"Poggin—that's the hard nut to crack! I've heard their record since I've been in Val Verde. Where's Knell?"

"Knell's dead."

"Ah!" exclaimed MacNelly, softly. Then he grew businesslike, cool, and of hardy aspect. "Duane, it's your game to-day. We're all under your orders."

"You understand there's no sense in trying to arrest Poggin, Kane and that lot?" queried Duane.

"No, I don't understand that," replied MacNelly, bluntly.

"It can't be done. The drop can't be got on such men. Poggin! That outlaw has no equal with a gun—unless— He's got to be killed quick. They'll all have to be killed. They're all bad, desperate, know no fear, are lightning in action."

"Very well, Duane; then it's a fight. That'll be easier, perhaps. The boys are spoiling for a fight. Out with your plan, now."

"But one man at each end of this street, just at the edge of town. Put four men up in that room over the bank—two at each open window. Let them hide till the game begins. The rest of your men put inside behind the counters, where they'll hide. Now go over to the bank, spring the thing on the bank officials, send your men over one by one. No hurry, no excitement, no unusual thing to attract notice in the bank."

"All right, that's great. Tell me where do you intend to wait?"

Duane heard MacNelly's question, and it struck him peculiarly. He had seemed to be planning and speaking mechanically. As he was confronted by the fact it impressed him somewhat, and he became thoughtful, with lowered head.

"Where'll you wait, Duane?" insisted MacNelly, with keen eyes speculating.

"I'll wait in front—just inside the door," replied Duane, with an effort.

"But will you hide?" asked MacNelly.

Duane was silent.

MacNelly stared, and then a strange, comprehending light seemed to flit over his face.

"Duane, I can give you no orders to-day," he said, distinctly. "I'm only offering advice. Need you take any more risks? You've redeemed yourself. The governor, the adjutant-general—the whole state will rise up and honor you. I say, as a ranger, need you take more risk than your captain?"

Still Duane remained silent. He was locked between two forces. And one, a tide that was bursting at its bounds, seemed about to overwhelm him. Finally that side of him, the retreating self, the weaker, found a voice.

"Captain, just what I'll do or where I'll be I can't say yet. In meetings like this the moment decides. But I'll be there."

MacNelly spread wide his hands, looked helplessly at his curious and sympathetic rangers, and shook his head.

"Now you've done your work—laid the trap—is this strange move of yours going to be fair to Miss Longstreth?" asked MacNelly, in significant low voice.

Like a great tree chopped at the roots Duane vibrated to that. He looked up as if he had seen a ghost. Mercilessly the ranger captain went on: "You can win her, Duane! Oh, you can! Just me, I was wise in a minute. Fight with us from cover. You'll be free, honored, happy. That girl loves you! I saw it in her eyes. She's!"

But Duane cut him short with a fierce gesture. He lunged up to his feet, and the rangers fell back. Dark, silent, grim as he had been, still there was a transformation singularly more sinister, stranger.

"Enough, I'm done," he said, somberly. "I've planned. Do we agree—or shall I meet Poggin and his gang alone?"

MacNelly cursed and again threw up his hands, this time in baffled chagrin. There was deep regret in his dark eyes as they rested upon Duane.

Duane was left alone.

Never had his mind been so quick, so clear, so wonderful in its understanding of what had heretofore been intricate and elusive impulses of his strange nature. His determination was to meet Poggin; meet him before anyone else had a chance—Poggin first—and then the others! He was as unalterable in that decision as if on the instant of its acceptance he had become stone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tame Performance.

"Did the speaker make much of an impression on you?"

"No."

"But I understood he threw some mud."

"Well, if he did, it was free from bacteria and guaranteed not to soil the clothes."—Birmingham Age-Herald

Wooden Sailing Vessels of Type of 50 Years Ago are Being Built



The great demand for ships growing out of the present war has brought new life to many abandoned shipyards, which are now running at full speed turning out wooden vessels, some of them steamers and some of them of the sailing types which cruised the seas 25 and 50 years ago.

The picture shows a wooden vessel in course of construction at Essex, Mass., and one of the old shipbuilders of 50 years ago who is back at his job after years of inactivity. Essex was a great shipbuilding center in the old days, but the coming of the steel ships almost wrecked the industry there. Some of the old shipbuilders now at work are more than seventy years old, but are happy as schoolboys as they shave down the planks and fit them to the ships.

Where the Army Blanket Fails

By DR. SAMUEL DIXON, Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania.

United States army blankets are not economical for private or permanent use. For the reader to fully appreciate this criticism he must disabuse his mind of a common fallacy that the purpose of blankets and clothing is to give heat off to the body. Blankets and clothing only retain the heat of the body by preventing it from being taken off by the general atmosphere. Therefore, you want blankets soft and pliable so that they will fall of their own weight and fit snugly to the body, so as to prevent the air from circulating between the blanket and the body.

The army blanket is woven so closely and becomes so rigid when thrown over the body that it fails to fall in close, but stands out and permits an air space between itself and the body. This interferes with its heat-retaining qualities to the extent that after practical application in our large hospitals in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania we find in the cold high mountain regions we can get along with three soft-wool blankets instead of having to use five army blankets.

With this discovery and practical application we not only save much money in maintaining our hospitals; but we give our patients more comfort. The blankets are warmer and at the same time are lighter in weight. The army blanket was made originally so that it would be strong and could be used in active campaigns, where it had to be carried on the soldiers' backs, or on saddles of horses, or in the supply wagon. Owing to the fact that they were made of all wool, had long lives, and were made in a substantial way, they soon found their way into general use, particularly in hospitals, and more especially into hospitals where the open-air treatment was necessary.

Quail an Ally of Farmer.

"The most value of the quail is inconsiderable—negligible—when compared to the services these birds render to the farm," a bird expert of the University of Oklahoma says. "They prey upon 145 different kinds of destructive insects and consume no less than 129 varieties of noxious weed seeds. They stay on the job 12 months in the year and labor continually when weather conditions permit. I do not believe that the land owners should permit a multitude of so-called sportsmen to destroy this powerful ally of the farmer."

Chance for the West.

Why don't some of our prominent collectors of old tapestries and other objects d'art, as the Metropolitan social bureau so well puts it, go in for old pants and give some of us connoisseurs out here in the breezy middle West a chance to unload at a profit—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Primitive Australian Savage Most Marvellous of Hunters

In endurance and speed the Australian aborigine is not the equal of the American Indian, and his weapons of wood and poorly fashioned stones are effective only at short range; but as a hunter the native Australian is marvellously adjusted to his environment, the National Geographic Magazine says. His success lies in an intimate knowledge of the habits of animals on land, in the ground, in trees and under water, and his wonderfully developed power of observation. He decoys pelicans by imitating their cries, catches ducks by diving be-

Teaching Your Child the Value of Money Through Experience

By SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG.



In his "Children's Story-Sermons" the Rev. Dr. Hugh T. Kerr tells the following story:

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper, neatly folded. His mother opened it. She could hardly believe it, but this what Bradley had written:

"Mother owes Bradley
For running errands.....\$0.25
For being good..... .19
For taking music lessons..... .15
Extras..... .05
Total.....\$0.55

His mother smiled, but did not say anything, and when lunch time came she placed the bill on Bradley's plate with 55 cents. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money and thought his business ability had been quickly rewarded, but with the money there was another little bill, which read like this:

Bradley owes mother
For being good.....\$0.00
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever..... .00
For clothes, shoes, gloves and playthings..... .00
For all his meals and his beautiful room..... .00

Tears came into Bradley's eyes, and he put his arms around his mother's neck, put his little hand with the 55 cents in hers, and said: "Take the money all back, mamma, and let me love you and do things for you."

The homes of this country are full of Bradleys who know nothing of rights and duties as related to money. And how should they know, never having learned! Among the children of

low them, locates an opossum in a tree by marks on the bark or by the flight of mosquitoes, finds snakes by observing the actions of birds and follows a bee to its store of honey. Any animal which leaves a track however dim, in the sand, on rock or in grass, falls an easy prey to the black fellow. Children are taught to track lizards and snakes over bare rocks and to find their absent mother by following tracks too indistinct to serve as a guide for a European. When a white man is lost in the desert or a child strays from home, the final resort is to secure a "black tracker."

Made Leather From Seaweed.
Shark skins are not the only product of the sea one can make leather from. A French chemist more than 30 years ago succeeded in making leather from seaweed by washing it with potash and steaming it in a boiler. The rompage of leather lies in the tanning of it, for the whole vegetable world is pressed into service. Russia leather owes its delicious aroma to the birch bark it is tanned with, and the inappreciative north so dislikes it that the presence of one volume in a row will keep all free from insects.

Loving a Grouch Away

There's a look on the face you can love away.
There's a crease in the brow you can smooth today;
There's a gleam in the eye you can change to one
That is sweet as the ray of the morning sun—
It's the touch of our loving, the sweet of our will,
That scatter the shadows of anger and ill.

There's a grouch that you think will be always the same,
So grim and so dark; but it goes as it came
When you love it away with a tender,ness born
Of the spirit of brightness and gladness and morn—
There isn't a grouch ever lived very long
'Neath the spell of a love that is sweetened with song.

You can love it away, love the ache and the care,
Love the heart that is heavy with grief and despair,
Till it lifts to the sunshine, as flowers in the spring,
And responds every time to the song that you sing—
Forgetting its wrinkles and creases and frown
At the touch of love's fingers like velvet of down.

Of wild bees 4,500 species are known, and of wasps 1,000 species.

VALUE OF SUDAN GRASS AS FORAGE CROP

United States Department of Agriculture Farmers' Bulletin No. 605, gives a full account of this new hay-grass which will be of practical value to many of the farmers in various parts of the country.

The bulletin says: "Under cultivation in the United States, Sudan grass has shown itself to be distinctly an annual. This grass is very closely related to the cultivated sorghums and hybridizes with them readily. Sudan grass, when seeded broadcast or in drills, averages about three to five feet in height, and has stems a little smaller than a lead pencil, being about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. If grown in rows and cultivated, it reaches a height of six to nine feet, and the stems are larger than usual, being about one-fourth of an inch in diameter. The panicle is loose and open, very much like that of Johnson grass, but a little larger and a trifle more compact. The hulls, or glumes, are awned, and when in flower, often purplish in color. This color usually fades to a light yellow when ripe. The awns are broken off in threshing, so that the commercial seed rarely has awns. The leaves are broader and more numerous than those of Johnson grass, giving the grass a much more favorable appearance as a hay plant. When given plenty of room the grass stools very freely. It is not uncommon to find over 100 stems arising from one crown. This decided tendency to stool is most apparent after the first cutting, and this characteristic makes the hay from the second cutting usually of finer texture than from the first.

Likes Warm Climate.
Sudan grass, like other sorghums, does best in a warm climate. In favorable seasons, where the growing period is long, as many as four cuttings can be obtained in one year. It is admirably suited for use as a soil-improving crop. Sudan grass is not at all exacting in its soil requirements. It does best on a rich loam, but it has been grown successfully on almost every class of soil from a heavy clay to a light sand. To do well, the ground must be well drained and in good condition.

Sudan grass is recommended only as a substitute for millet in its uses as a catch crop or for growing in situations where neither timothy nor alfalfa succeed well. It is said to be well suited to most middle and Atlantic states. The yield from one

cutting in this region is not apt to exceed that of German millet, but if handled properly, two cuttings can be obtained in many cases and the quality of the hay is much superior to that of millet hay. When sown broadcast 16 to 24 pounds of good, clean seed per acre is necessary.

Grown With Legumes.
The suitability of Sudan grass for growing in mixtures with cowpeas, soy beans and other legumes is at once apparent for several reasons. Sudan grass grows strictly erect, with a stem stiff enough to support the legumes, making the harvesting easier and the curing quicker. The



Sudan Grass Grown in Rows.

yields obtained from such a mixture in 1913 varied from one to three and one-half tons per acre. The best showing was made at the Maryland experiment station, where the yields averaged about three and one-half tons of cured hay per acre. So far no feeding experiments have been carried out to determine its digestibility. It has been reported by farmers, however, that cattle have done well when fed on the hay. Numerous analyses of the grass have shown it to be about the same in chemical composition as Johnson grass and timothy hay.



SUDAN GRASS GROWING IN TEXAS.

ONE BREED OF HENS IS BEST FARM PLAN

Farmer Can Command Prices for Eggs and Poultry of Uniform Size and Color.

A mistake made by many farmers is that of keeping more than one breed of poultry. Farmers, of course, can keep several breeds without danger of them mixing, but this can only be done by the building of extra houses and yards. When more than one breed is kept, part of the hens must be denied free range, and the feed cost for the penned hens will be greatly increased.

There are other reasons why the farmer should keep but one breed of poultry. He can market a uniform product in eggs and market poultry. The world is ruled largely by appearances, and the city dealer will think that a coop of broilers which runs uniform in size and color is worth a little more than a lot of chickens of all sizes and colors. And the same is true of eggs. A case containing eggs of all sizes and colors will usually command a lower price than one containing eggs that are uniform in size and color.

RATIONS FOR COWS IN WINTER SEASON

Size of Animal, Quantity of Milk She Produces, and Kind of Feed Are Essentials.

In feeding cows three things must be considered, the size of the cow, the quantity of milk she produces, and the kind of feed given.

Ordinarily a large cow requires more feed than a small one. To produce 30 pounds of milk a cow may not require twice as much feed as to produce 15, but she will nevertheless require a substantial increase. Some feeds are rich in milk-producing materials while others

are poor. When a cow is fed the former class, she will not require as many pounds as if she were fed the latter.

Ten pounds of clover hay, 20 pounds of corn silage, 10 pounds of grain—corn and corn equant parts—make a good ration, both in quantity and kind for a cow weighing 1,000 pounds and giving 20 pounds of milk daily. This may be considered an average ration for an average good dairy cow during the first six months of her lactation period, provided she freshens in the fall. It is the kind that is fed on an average good dairy farm.

With a ration as mentioned above, the average cow will require one pound of hay and three pounds of silage for every one hundred pounds of her weight. Thus a cow weighing 700 pounds would require seven pounds of hay, and 21 pounds of silage a day, while one weighing 1,500 pounds—an unusual weight—would require 15 pounds of hay and 45 pounds of silage. The amount of grain might remain the same provided 30 pounds of milk were given in each case.

With wild timothy hay or bad clover hay and a bundle of corn fodder instead of the silage, we have a different problem. Such hay is low in protein and a cow must eat considerably more of this to get the required amount of milk-making material.

In the case of fodder corn, there is usually 30 or 40 per cent of the stock left un eaten. This is not the case with silage, so a large quantity of the former would have to be given. Where there is no clover or alfalfa more grain should be fed and to produce a well-balanced ration oil cake or cottonseed meal must also be given.

SUCKING COWS ARE NUISANCE

Good-Sized Bull Ring Inserted in Nose Will Stop Practice—Doesn't Hinder Eating.

Cows that get the habit of sucking are a nuisance; but a good-sized bull ring, with a couple of smaller rings hanging from it, and inserted in the nose, will usually put a stop to it. It bothers the cow about sucking, but does not hinder her eating.



SELECTING BEST HERD BOAR

Why Is It Important for Breeder to Choose Animal With Much Care—Some Suggestions.

(By W. T. WASEL, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.)

The time is approaching when the hog breeder must select and mate his breeding herd. It is of prime importance that the boar be selected with care. The expression "The male is half of the herd," is often quoted. This by experience has been found true. There is a uniform prepotency in both sexes; thus, the influence of the two



Duroc-Jersey Boar.

parents on the offspring is theoretically equal. However, the boar has the greater influence on the herd. Each pig in the herd is sired by the one boar, but there are several dams.

A well-selected male used on a herd of inferior sows will make a great improvement in the offspring. However, the use of an inferior boar on wellbred sows will have a correspondingly bad result. The breeder should select his herd boar at an early date, and get him accustomed to his new surroundings. The system of feeding and management is very important in getting the male into the best condition before mating.

PROBLEM OF WARMING FEED

Resourceful Farmer Makes Use of Two Barrels and Fresh Manure to Heat Slop for Hogs.

(By R. C. ASHBY, University Farm, St. Paul.)

A resourceful Minnesota farmer reports that he has solved the problem of warming the slop-feed for his hogs. Two barrels are placed near the feeding troughs and a day's supply of feed is placed in each. The barrels are heavily banked with fresh manure from the horse barn. The heating of the pile warms the feed in the barrels, as each day's supply stands for 24 hours before using. Whenever necessary the banking is hauled away and a new supply packed about the barrels.

Opinions differ as to the relative efficiency of slop-feeding and dry-feeding, but disregarding the matter of efficiency, some hog raisers prefer slop-feeding for brood sows in winter for another reason. In winter hogs do not drink enough water unless the water is warm or supplied at frequent intervals. By mixing water with the grain the feeder controls the amount of water consumed by his hogs.

MAKING USE OF ROUGH LAND

Acres Not Suitable for Regular Farms Crops Will Support Sheep With Little Expense.

Every farmer with a few acres of pasture has a good chance to raise sheep. On many farms there are a few acres of rough lands not suitable for regular farm crops. This land with the proper attention would support a few sheep perhaps with very little extra expense for feed.

GARDEN WASTES ARE USEFUL

Pig is Primary Waste-User and Must Be Kept in Its Place—Avoid Buying Feeds.

The pig that has to live exclusively on bought foods will cost more than its pork is worth, unless it is given a special valuation for home use. The pig is primarily a waste user, and it must be kept in its place. Make it use the garden wastes.

ALFALFA IS CHEAPEST FEED

Profitable to Have Rack Filled With Third or Fourth Cutting Available All the Time.

It is without doubt profitable to have a rack filled with good third or fourth cutting of alfalfa available all the time so every bunch of hogs on the farm can eat this hay at their pleasure. It is the cheapest feed we have.

PEARL of the ARMY

By GUY W. McCONNELL



A Story of "America First," Unmasking America's Secret Foes

Novelized From the Motion Picture Serial of the Same Name Released by Pathé

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Ralph Payne, U. S. A., is given secret plans of defense to deliver to Panama. He attends a ball at the home of his sweetheart, Colonel Dare's daughter, Pearl. As a climax to a series of mysterious incidents he is arrested for treason. The ambassador of Granada is found dead and the plans missing from Payne's coat.

SECOND EPISODE

Found Guilty.

The ball at the Granadian embassy continued without interruption until a late hour. Orders from no less important personage than the president forbade making known to the public, for the time being at least, the sudden and mysterious death of Ambassador De Mira—attributed to suicide—until after the preliminaries of an investigation could be arranged; and so closely was the secret guarded that only a few of the attaches were cognizant of the ambassador's fate. The absence of Colonel Dare, his daughter and his unfortunate young colleague, Capt. Ralph Payne, if noted at all, occasioned no comment among the assembly now wholly absorbed in the pleasure of the moment.

Major Thornton Brent, it is true, having seen his party's hasty exit, may have wondered what sudden notion took them off without telling him about it. He was, however, in a measure relieved and glad to be alone. Two things had occurred to disturb his equanimity. He had lost the insinuating note from Bertha Bonn sent to him at the Dare residence earlier in the evening. This was enough to throw him into a panic of apprehension. And the girl had, after all, appeared at the ball. He had seen and been forced covertly to talk with her.

Free to pursue an appointment with her at his apartment, Brent slipped away from the embassy unobserved and strode to the Wilton, cast in a gloom of reflections upon his early army life after leaving West Point.

A mere child then, was this simple, meek-eyed daughter of the old frontier post sergeant, who came twice a week with his linen and darning, and to whose childish adoration, in the great isolation of his life, his heart of youth hungry to love, succumbed.

For years he had wondered whether she was alive or dead. Then, one day shortly after his commission as major and transfer to Colonel Dare's regiment, he was somewhere with Pearl at an afternoon tea dance or something. Already had she subtlety in the art of love gained for him a place in the heart of the colonel's daughter. Her glowing eyes and the rich color mantling her cheeks told him that on this occasion he was fascinating her and that, for the moment, his rival was not in her thoughts. He was on the point of proposing, knowing that the idea was not entirely repellent.

Then came the shock that put a stop to his matrimonial calculations for the present. For Bertha Bonn, accompanied by an amiable bon vivant, had entered the room and, taking an adjoining table, observed and adroitly flattered recognition into his startled eyes.

Similar encounters followed. Then came letters containing requests for money. Brent, always extravagant, began to find himself head over heels in debt. His position made refusal of her demands impossible.

He reached the "F" street side of the Wilton in a fever. Unnoticed by him at the curb stood the Dare automobile. Toko sat at the wheel quietly smoking a cigarette.

At that hour the hotel lobby was practically deserted. When Brent passed through the partly darkened lounge he stepped back as if to conceal his person. In the descending cage were Colonel Dare and Pearl, with Payne and Major Steele of the intelligence bureau close behind.

Distress was stamped upon their features and he was grimly aware that the bulge in Major Steele's right coat pocket was caused by a revolver tightly clenched in his concealed fist. Colonel Dare, noticing Brent, quickly drew him aside.

He spoke bluntly. "Payne is—under arrest. The Panama defense plans and the chemical wafers necessary to their interpretation have—" he looked at Brent meaningly—"disappeared. Wait here for instructions."

A curious calm enveloped Brent and a faint smile played upon his thin lips as he approached his apartment. Bertha Bonn was there, waiting. "Howdy!" she exclaimed, familiarly. He merely touched her outstretched fingers. "Well! You know why I am here. Must I go to Captain Payne for the funds I need, or are you prepared to be magnanimous in your own interest?"

He met her challenge frankly. "I told you the truth. I am broke and facing ruin. A little later, perhaps—" Out of the tail of his eye he saw her cynical smile and changed his tactics. "I am heartily sorry for the shadows which I cast upon your early life, Bertha. But why have you reopened that painful chapter at this late date?"

Isn't there some way by which we can keep it closed and forget each other?" She shrugged contemptuously. "How can I forget! You refused me honest love and a clean name."

Her voice chilled him. "In a few months," he fenced, weakly; "I shall probably be able to settle upon you a sufficient sum to make you always independent. Won't that suffice?"

There was a note of jealousy in the nervous laugh which followed. "So you expect to marry the Dare millions! Is that it?"

"That's it!" he admitted, after a defiant silence.

Her manner swiftly changed. The mask of the worldly woman disappeared from her face, flushed and revealing an outraged heart. She started from the sofa and then for the first time his widening eyes saw a plain gold locket attached to a chain at her throat.

For a few disturbing seconds Brent confounded it with the one in which the government chemicals had been secreted and given to his unfortunate brother officer.

He sprang to his feet just as she wrenched the locket from its fastening and pressing a spring disclosed its contents to him.

The locket contained his miniature signed, dated and inscribed:

"To My Darling Wife."

He drew back uttering an oath.

She turned away, snapping the lid shut. "If I were you, Thornton," she drew with studied irony; "I wouldn't calculate on those Dare millions to provide me with an income."

Brent sprang upon her in swift and uncontrollable rage, his vision blurred, seeing only that forgotten inscription of an impulsive and sentimental moment of years ago.

The locket rolled on the floor and out of their reach. Bertha was about to shriek when a knock on the door brought Brent to his senses. Bertha recovered the locket while he reluctantly answered the summons.

At the threshold, saluting, stood an orderly from the war office.

"Compliments of the chief of staff and instructions to headquarters in full dress uniform, sir," said he from a respectful distance.

"Wait below!" Brent shut the door in his face to avoid discovery of Bertha, who, taking advantage of the situation, slipped out when a safe exit was assured.

She immediately went to the hotel office. Here she deposited the locket with the clerk for safe keeping. The clerk gave her the usual duplicate receipt, numbered and in blank, on which her signature in her own handwriting was a necessary requirement. She put this in her purse and turned away with a feeling of security. Incidentally she observed the orderly from the war office awaiting the major. Then she went to her own room. Hardly had she entered when from the pavement rose the shrill cry of excited newsboys.

The hoarse, bellowing voices in the night air rudely jarred upon her overwrought nerves. Straining her ears she was unable to catch any meaning or even an intelligible word in this sudden vocal outburst. She took a dime out of her purse and going downstairs to see what the clamor was about, purchased a paper. It contained a brief account of the tragedy at the Granadian embassy.

The hotel lobby was seething with excited people. Bertha did not escape the thrill of the moment. In awed silence she re-entered the elevator. As it went upward it passed Brent ready to descend. He ignored her passing smile of mocking sweetness. She laughed to herself.

She opened her purse to put the change away and discovered, to her amazement, that the duplicate invoice for her locket, which she had placed there but a few moments ago, was gone! Instead was a gold locket! Unable to believe her eyes, she opened it at once—her priceless miniature of Thornton Brent was missing!

Fumbling again through her purse she found this explanatory note penned on the private stationery of Capt. Ralph Payne:

Guard the packet in your traveling case, pay to the Paso del Norte on the Granadian frontier. There further instructions await you. Wear the locket for identification and Brent's miniature will be yours again.

It was some minutes before she gathered that an inexplicable turn of events was injecting her, whether she willed or not, into the affairs of the man whom Major Brent had set out to remove, if possible, from the life of Pearl Dare.

Bertha opened her traveling case. There lay a neat, oblong package resembling a silken envelope. It was sealed and unaddressed. She looked at it thoughtfully.

For one thousand dollars in crisp new bills, held together by a rubber band, also lay in a conspicuous place in the case.

Still smiling, she went downstairs and paid her account out of this mysteriously acquired wealth.

"Have you ever had anything forged on you?" she queried of the cashier,

unable to resist the fling, for she was filled with no little curiosity concerning the locket mystery.

"Never," said he, glancing appraisingly at her through his horn-rimmed spectacles. He was stoop-shouldered and bald-headed.

Bertha turned away, now laughing outright, and asked the night porter something about early morning trains.

Just before retiring she happened to look down upon the thoroughfare and saw the Dare automobile containing only the familiar visaged Toko rushing by. She wondered why the car was out at that late time and whither it was bound. An hour later the car again passed the Wilton hotel, but by this time Bertha was sound asleep.

The automobile on its return trip was not empty, however. In it were Colonel Dare and Major Brent proceeding to the former's residence from a secretly convened court-martial of Captain Payne.

It was obvious that this was no happy homecoming when the car stopped before the Dare door. Toko stood aside a trifle more deferential than usual while the officers descended. The colonel seemed suddenly to have aged. His eyes looked luster. In contrast to the extremely unctuous major at his elbow, the proud bearing of this popular regimental commander was not manifest.

Toko, with an air of understanding, unobtrusively preceded them into the house, which for the moment apparently was deserted.

Brent passed into the library. On the wall hung a splendid painting of Payne. His eyes were riveted upon it. But in them there was no pity. A strange uneasiness permeated his senses. Turning, he found Toko, hesitating to approach, yet with an evident question on his lips.

"What is it, Toko?"

Toko pointed to the portrait. His usually inscrutable face was expressive of real regret.

"What was the charge against the captain?"

"He sold a valuable army secret to an enemy country, Toko," Major Brent gruffly replied. "To Granada."

"Will he be shot?"

Brent shook his head. "The proof, while quite conclusive, was circumstantial. He has been sentenced to life imprisonment in the federal penitentiary. He will be dismissed from the army at sunrise."

"I liked Captain Payne," said Toko, after a pause. "He was my friend." He gave Brent another uncomfortable look. "I don't believe that he was guilty."

Brent became furious for no very explainable reason. He never had

too keenly feel the natural embarrassment. As he held her hand in a reassuring clasp, she knew that he was making the master effort of his life for self-control.

They stood talking briefly, incoherently. Looking into each other's eyes, they saw that something which bind women irrevocably and exalt men.

Yet that this dread thing lay between them Payne as well as she knew, and when without responding to his silent pleading for belief in his innocence Pearl with a sob turned aside, he could not resent the inference that she was not quite sure.

A moment later she was gone. If his heart fluttered when he heard her receding footfalls on the narrow stone passageway, he gave no sign, receiving in an astonishing calm his personal attorneys who were now arriving on some matters of business.

"You'll be out in a jiffy, Payne!" hotly assured Bainbridge, the senior, scarcely before he was inside the door. "Somebody will pay for this damnable outrage. The government seems to have lost its head entirely!"

Payne, bored, motioned them to sit down.

"I want to talk to you about my will," said he briefly. "You can draw it up tomorrow and mail it for my signature."

The lawyers seated themselves heavily. Bainbridge wondered what manner of man this was.

Meanwhile Pearl and her father gloomily returned to town.

When Toko drew up at the war department to permit the latter to alight, he lingered at the side of the machine holding his daughter's hand tightly.

"Be brave, girl. Remember that you are a Dare to whom America stands first." Turning away, he mumbled something about not seeing her until late in the following afternoon. Pearl understood.

It was during the short homeward drive, alone, that there dawned upon Pearl the grim significance of the offense for which her lover had been convicted. Already had the cause and predicament of this brilliant young American officer been noised about. The streets were unusually alert with people.

At corners under lamp-posts men and women were grouping around news boys. The name of Ralph Payne was on everybody's lips. To her shame Pearl heard her own linked with his by a knot of workmen at a culvert over which her car bounded.

"In these perilous times, there ain't no tellin' who's a traitor and who's not. Even she—"

The words stung her. Toko suddenly increased his speed and the car was quickly out of earshot.

But Pearl well knew that the times, indeed, were perilous, for she could not have been in her father's household and remained ignorant of national affairs. The time had come when men had ceased to speak in jest of the Turle bay incident, the Italian uprising, the Mexican brawl and of our perplexities with all Latin America. It was well known that foreign men of war, in fighting trim, had for some time been mysteriously patrolling the Caribbean and the Pacific; and the financial and commercial intimacy of the southern hemisphere, with Europe and the Orient, lately had assumed a new and disturbing aspect. Every day some unexpected development in our foreign relations was arising, exacting a keener finesse, a more sharp finality, a greater precaution, harbingering no one knew what form of dispute yet to come in the preservation of national independence.

The hour had arrived when something more than the craft of our statesmen was necessary to avert national disaster. Agencies hostile, mysterious, unrecognizable, eluding detection, defying effacement, infested the land, lurking in every byway of public life. Even trivial events in ordinary times now took on a sinister meaning to those upon whose vigilance the protection of a country and its people depended. It was a time when sober-minded men were beginning to practice with a rifle in the back yard and women to gaze upon their stalwart sons with tenderness born in fear of sacrifice. The bosom of America, among young and old, was inspired in a new and solemn patriotism.

Pearl in her motor car reflected upon these things soberly. She sighed.

They rode past the celebrated central railroad depot where the quick eyes of both perceived that the stage of the night's drama had temporarily shifted. Half a score of foreign diplomats and a handful of railroad employees were surrounding a hearse. A glance told them that in it was the dead body of the Granadian ambassador. Pearl marveled at the haste displayed in getting it out of the country.

On reaching her residence she found the house shut up for the night. Dismissing Toko, who proceeded at once toward the garage in the rear of the premises, she admitted herself. While closing the door, she observed a taxi cab on the opposite side of the thoroughfare. The driver was huddled in his seat, apparently asleep. She wondered who might be having a caller at such an hour, for in none of the houses in the neighborhood were there any lights.

In her own home a supernatural quietude prevailed. With a little shiver she quickly turned on the electric lights. Then she slowly mounted the stairs to her bedroom.

In the act of switching off the current at the top of the stairs, she halted, listening, attracted by the sound of stealthy movements below followed by a faint groan. She flew down the steps and into the library whence the sound had come. Here she scented the odor of chloroform. Simultaneous

ly she stumbled over the unconscious person of one of her maids lying on the floor and detected short, quick flashes of light in the colonel's study.

She stole to the curtains which separated the two rooms, pushing the folds aside. She stepped backwards, startled. A strangely garbed man, his back toward her, was fumbling over some papers on the desk.

Pearl must have gasped aloud in her sudden excitement or given some evil-

gued. We have in our possession the key to this defenseless nation—the military issued dramatically. The capture plans which reveal how we can capture the canal. Already they are on their way to our southern messieurs, has American government, messieurs, has fallen into our trap. It is not our fault that Capt. Ralph Payne is innocent." His voice trailed ironically.

Pearl suddenly felt faint. Her impulse was to fly at once to the war office, yet the import of what was transpiring on the other side of the wall glided her to the spot. She could hardly restrain an outburst.

"And this—this canal, messieurs, drawled the spokesman, "in our hands destroys forever the Monroe Doctrine by which this ambitious young country has ruled the western seas for more than a century—too long. Have you foreign offices sent you here prepared to discuss the division of the spoils?"

Pearl drew away from the war office, scowling and deeply resentful at these preposterous suggestions. She could hear no more of them. Were it not for the fact that the one in whom she had pledged her faith in manhood was being publicly disgraced for a crime she now knew to have been committed by others she would have believed that these arch international plotters were escaped lunatics. This alone kept her from doing something ridiculous.

A new thought flashed into her mind as the full meaning of the moment came upon her. She became inspired with a sudden determination to establish the identity of this cotter and its leader, matching cunning with cunning, intrigue with intrigue, regardless of personal hazard and for the country's cause—and Payne's—no matter whether it took her or how far, to checkmate this silent menace in the plot in which he might be only a pawn, or yet a prince, or a disguised ruler himself.

With that supreme confidence of young maidenhood contained in a noble and sacrificing patriotism, this resolute young Joan of what eventually became known as the American One Hundred Days now entered into an adventure, which was the beginning of many, out of which evolved the spirit of a New Americanism.

In her exalted mood, for a second she forgot the necessity of caution. She had found the door and was about to open it and face the intriguers when her sleeve caught upon a protruding wire. Before she had shaken it loose she was, to her dismay, discovered.

In her haste to evade pursuit, she mounted breathlessly to the loft, followed closely by the whole party, their faces now masked, the spokesman in the lead. He reached the top at the same time as she, with arms outstretched to grab her. She quickly dropped the trap, stood upon it and grappled with him. Her one thought was to unmask him.

She was a fearless and athletic girl and fought with a frenzy that took her

skilfully finding his face turned immediately and leaped through an open window, making off in the shadows.

She was after him in a second, but when she reached the ground he had disappeared. Then the throbbing of a motor attracted her to the street, just in time to discover a taxicab racing away.

Her eyes now fell upon the car still waiting in front of the house opposite. The driver was fooling with the magneto. She ran to him, gesturing dramatically in the direction of the fast fading red lights.

"Quick, please, follow that car. I'll pay you any price. I'm Miss Dare!"

The driver shifted into gear before she was fairly inside. She swung her swaying body into the tonneau closing the door with a bang, only to find herself piloted by a pair of steel-cold hands. Her outcry was unheard save by the mysterious man into whose arms she had unexpectedly fled.

Then again Pearl smelled chloroform, and she experienced the terrifying sensation of falling.

She never knew what exactly transpired during the next thirty minutes or so.

When her bewildered senses returned she was lying among weeds in an open lot somewhere in the sparsely settled city outskirts.

The first object to strike Pearl's dazzled eyes was the handkerchief which had been used by the stranger to reduce her to a helpless condition. Then she saw heavy footprints in the mud.

Under ordinary circumstances, Pearl might have gone immediately to headquarters and told her story. But the events of that night had made her unusually wary, arousing a keen personal responsibility in following any clue which might bring disclosures.

Accordingly she set out at once to trace the movements of the fleeing assailant which was not difficult in the soft earth, aided by a brilliant, rising moon.

Now followed a long interval of wandering through a district which became more and more desolate. But presently her perseverance was rewarded. A little off in the distance, on an elevation stood a dilapidated frame shack belonging to an abandoned stone quarry toward which two men in guarded haste crawled up the hillside. From behind an old tree stump Pearl, craning her neck, saw them enter and quickly close the door. Smothering an exclamation she darted in the direction of the shack.

Ten minutes afterward she, herself, was inside this now notorious haunt, groping against rough board walls.

The darkness seemed to be augmented by the very stillness of the place but gradually she discerned a rickety wooden stairway ending through an open trap door in a loft.

She was starting to ascend when through a crack in a rude partition there gleamed a faint ray of light. Stepping hastily down, Pearl peeped.

The interior was not entirely within her range but the scene she beheld half startled her out of her wits.

Seated about a bare table were a number of men of distinguished foreign appearance. In the fitful illumination of an oil lamp, their faces were not recognizable although she was sure that the object of her search was among them. She could not see his face, however. Whoever he was, he was obviously their leader and spokesman and a very superior person to whom they paid a deep respect.

This man was exhorting his cohorts very earnestly.

Guarding her emotions lest they betray her Pearl pressed closely against the wall, straining her ears at the crack in the board. She grew tense. Her countenance registered blank amazement.

His voice was musical, yet blunt and virile. "Messieurs, now is the time to strike when her golden vaults are full; for America, treasurer of the world, is tottering to her downfall."

Pearl paled, every nerve in her body tingling.

A murmur ran through the assembly. The speaker continued impressively: "Our combined armies outnumber hers and our fleets outrange her heaviest

opponent by complete surprise. They whirled around the room locked together.

"Who are you?" she cried in pain, doggedly trying to release herself.

"No personal enemy, mam'selle, but dangerous if interfered with," he muttered thickly, in a disguised voice.

He had scarcely finished speaking when Pearl, freeing her right arm, struck him down. She was upon him at once and about to tear the covering from his face when his companion broke through the trap and rushed toward them. Before she could accomplish her purpose she was forced to protect herself, for they clearly meant to do her harm. Staggering backwards, she glared about for means of escape. She spied a window. Thoughtless of peril there, she ran to it and jumped out, striking the ground hard for her fall was a long one.

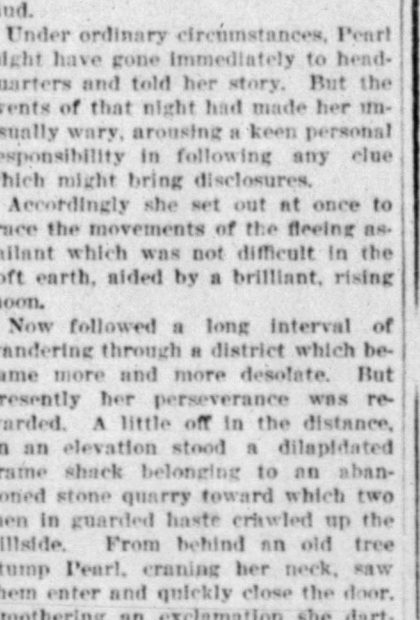
She turned a challenging face toward the men who had gathered in the window and were scowling down upon her with pointed revolvers.

"You scoundrels and cowards!" she cried, defiantly. "Whoever you may be, America will avenge herself!"

Then she plunged into the bushes. She heard them shouting as she ran, and bullets whistled in the air. Coming upon a barn she entered it and hid in a cow stall, crouching in a corner and rapidly covering herself with straw. Her hands suddenly came in contact with something warm and alive; and a little dog crawled out.

It was very dark here. The dog began to lick her face. Pearl's eyes dimmed with tears.

(END OF EPISODE TWO.)



Never Had She So Adored Him as Then.



The Priceless Miniature of Brent Was Missing.

liked Toko. His English was too insufferably blunt. He turned away to hide his feelings.

In the hall stood Pearl wringing her hands. The helplessness of it all was written on her face. It was plain that the colonel had told her everything.

"I must see him—alone," she said emphatically, approaching the major.

Brent stimulated sympathy.

"The colonel and I must return to the war department at once. Why not wait—"

She interrupted with a determined shake of her head. "Toko will drive me to the barracks after he drops you off."

And that ended it. She went.

It was arranged at the last moment so that Colonel Dare could leave the all-night conference of the staff and accompany her, for the visit was necessarily to be brief and there were some details for him alone to settle at the barracks where at day-break he was to preside over the formal dismissal scenes of the court-martial officer.

She felt grateful for her father's support in this trying ordeal, for no sooner had she entered Captain Payne's quarters and found herself alone with him than there came to her the merciful realization of what the disgrace that had come upon him meant to both and a desire to have the meeting over with quickly.

But never had she so adored him as then. He stood erect, a trifle stiff, smiling easily so that she might not



Never Had She So Adored Him as Then.

Get Ready For Spring

Everything is fresh and new in Spring—New life starts in everything. Good Food is necessary.

New, Fresh Goods always on hand at

BERRY'S

We don't keep Groceries,
We Sell them.

Phone 182

Local Notes

Born to Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Wickson a girl.

Use Patacake cake flour for a cake without eggs.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mrs. W. J. McDaniel is visiting friends at Harper this week.

Tex-seed mixed chick food for little chicks, at
West Texas Supply Co.

Mrs. T. F. W. Dietert is visiting relatives at Lytle.

Gasoline engines repaired or overhauled on short notice. Leave word at Advance office, phone 117.

Girl's bicycle for sale, in good condition. Apply to J. M. Roberts.

Miss Reba Burnett is spending the week in San Antonio visiting her brother and family.

Canned cranberry sauce. Excellent, try it.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Pampell went to San Antonio Sunday to take their son, Milton, who had visited them since Thursday, back to the San Antonio Academy.

Miss Blanche Moore is visiting at the Chas. Leinweber ranch on the Divide this week.

Just received a car of cold pressed cotton-seed cake,
West Texas Supply Co.

Comptroller H. B. Terrell accompanied by Miss Eula Herlock of Austin, was in Kerrville Wednesday on business.

Wanted—Plain sewing and sewing for infants. Phone 215 White, Mrs. Mask.

Cotton Seed Meal, Cake Bran and hay, at
Mosel, Saenger & Co.

John Anderson shipped a car of hogs to the Fort Worth market Tuesday.

LOST—One black pig with white feet. Will pay reasonable reward for return or information. J. G. Cannon.

After a lapse of a few months, Mrs. F. H. Coleman of Kingsville subscribes for the Advance again and adds these words which are much appreciated: "We feel lost without your good paper."

Corset covers and brassiers at 25c to 75c each at
H. Noll Stock Co.

Mrs. J. G. Cannon is spending a week in Austin visiting relatives.

Purina Chick Feed and Laying Mash at Berry's.

Alf. H. Smith and son of Johnson creek were in town Monday.

Best seed sweet and Irish potatoes
H. Noll Stock Co.

Rev. J. B. Riddle and family made a round trip to San Antonio Saturday in their new Ford.

Childrens Middy Blouses.
WATERS VARIETY STORE.

Rev. R. A. Cochran preached at Center Point last Sunday and brought back a good report of the service there.

Pimento cheese for that picnic lunch.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

See Mrs. John Greer for nice plain ready made garments. Also plain sewing.

Garden seed and flower seed of all kinds in bulk and 5c packages
H. Noll Stock Co.

TELL A MAN how he can make a dollar and he will listen to you. Ask him where his children can get a sound Christian education that will fully prepare them for the battle of life and he will point to NOTRE DAME INSTITUTE. Costs less than a nickel a day.

J. F. Green of San Antonio spent Sunday in Kerrville inhaling the sweet and invigorating ozone of these everlasting hills.

Why pay more? We cheerfully refund your money on any purchase. You must be satisfied, or no sale at
H. Noll Stock Co.

S. D. Moore, one of Medina's prominent farmers, was a visitor to Kerrville Saturday and added his name to our subscription list.

Re-cleaned Red Top cane sged at
West Texas Supply Co.

J. W. Ragland, A. J. Price, Jim Littleton, and Pete D. Jones came over from Utopia on a business trip Wednesday.

See the new wash suits for children, prices only \$1.00 to \$1.75 each at
H. Noll Stock Co.

Mrs. W. H. Lumpkins who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Bailey, here for several weeks, left yesterday for her home at Forreston. Mrs. Bailey accompanied her as far as San Antonio where she will visit for a few days.

Just Received a large shipment of Men's, Boy's, Women's, Misses, and Children's Peters brand Shoes, latest styles
West Texas Supply Co.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Baker will regret to learn that their little baby died last Monday, after a short illness. They took the body to Center Point for burial on Tuesday.

Tennis Shoes.
WATERS VARIETY STORE

Mr. Chas. H. Eddy and sister, Mrs. Mixer and her daughter, Miss Jennie Mixer, of Boston, Mass., moved up from Center Point last week where they have been stopping for several months. They occupy the Council cottage on Jefferson street.

Get more eggs and save more chicks. Ask about it at Berry's.

Mrs. E. E. Morriss and children spent several days in town this week from their ranch at Big Paint.

Teddy bears or chemise in muslin and nicely trimmed. Prices 75c to \$1.50 each at
H. Noll Stock Co.

Chester Stapp was in the city Tuesday from their divide ranch.

Everything in fishing tackle.
WATERS VARIETY STORE.

Mrs. G. E. Loomis and daughter, Nellie, of Lancaster are guests at the St. Charles hotel.

White Shallot Sets at Berry's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bonn are to be congratulated over the arrival at their home of a fine boy on Feb. 26.

All kinds of artificial flowers 10c and 15c.
WATERS VARIETY STORE

Mrs. W. J. Greer and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Greer of Rock Springs have been guests at the St. Charles hotel for several days.

Order your Spring suit now. Fits Guaranteed.
Elite Tailor Shop.

Miss Eunice Caldwell of Center Point and Miss Gladys McFarland of San Antonio are visiting Miss Eugie Myer at the St. Charles hotel this week.

FOR RENT—House of four large rooms and hall. Water furnished. Electric lights. Apply to
West Texas Supply Co.

Dan Auld, a West Texas Military Academy student, took advantage of the holiday last week and came up to visit his mother.

Everything in garden seed and tools.
WATERS VARIETY STORE

Louis Comparette, who is attending the San Antonio Academy, spent the latter part of last week visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Comparette, at this place.

Ladies and Misses' Middies and Sport Coats. Latest Styles.
West Texas Supply Co.

To Auto Owners

We still have our repair department in charge of competent and careful Mechanics and are prepared to do any job that comes our way.

BECKMAN'S GARAGE

Gilbert C. Storms returned Saturday from a trip to Bandera and San Antonio on business in connection with the Mansfield land case before the Court of Appeals.

Only limited number of cups and saucers left that go with Misa Coffee, but the coffee is as good as ever.
Berry's.

A bunch of Center Point Chautauqua boosters, composed of J. M. Bruff, Clifton Burney and Will Jetton, were in the city Friday. You will see an advertisement of the Chautauqua in this issue.

Cedar Posts of all description sold in carload lots
Mosel Saenger & Co.

Freshest Garden Seeds at Berry's.

Your patronage solicited and appreciated. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Elite Tailor Shop.

Blueberries, Blackberries, and Gooseberries for pies, at
C. C. Butt Grocery.

W. H. Stevens was in from the ranch near Harper Tuesday and made the Advance an appreciated call. He reports the need of rain being severely felt by both stock and farm interests.

Bring us your Poultry and eggs. Highest market prices paid.
West Texas Supply Co.

Work on the \$22,000 addition to the St. Charles is now well under way. The contractors, Messrs. McCreech and Schott, state that the work will be pushed with all possible rapidity to have the hotel finished for the summer tourist trade.

Canned Schrimp and Tuna Fish for salads.
C. C. Butt Grocery

For quick service and neat work, send your cleaning, pressing and repairing to the
Elite Tailor Shop.

For Sale
Two girls bicycles, good condition. Bargain.
R. A. Dunbar, 153 White

BEITEL LUMBER CO.

"The Old House"

Lumber

All Kinds of Building Material

We will be glad to figure on your bill, whether large or small.

KERRVILLE, - - - - TEXAS

PAMPELL'S THEATER

FRIDAY NIGHT

Eighth Episode of the Great Serial, featuring Helen Holmes in

"A Lass of the Lumberlands"

Prices 5 and 15 cents.

SATURDAY NIGHT

FOX FEATURE NIGHT

THEDA BARA

IN

"Under Two Flags"

Prices, 10 and 20 cents

Closing Out Sale

This Closing Out Sale means that you will have the opportunity to buy high grade furniture at a much lower price than has ever been offered in Kerrville before. Come before the best selections are taken, and while the reduction is so great.



Buy One Today
It's true economy to buy
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators

as they are the best on the market and will last five times as long as the ordinary kind. We guarantee them. Come in and let us show you just why they excel.

Everything to furnish your home, including parlor, bed room, dining room and kitchen. We have in stock almost every item that is handled in an up to date furniture store.

Nothing held back. Everything goes at a price that will enable you to get what you need.

Prices in reach of all. Come and wonderful bargains.

KERRVILLE FURNITURE CO.



"I Want You to Win Over That Dawson Girl to Our Side."

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.

SYNOPSIS.
Rupert Holmes, a lumberman of the North Woods, disappointed at becoming the father of a daughter instead of a son, abandons his wife and child to the log-jammed river. Thinking them dead, he allies himself with the lumber trust head, whose daughter he marries. But the deserted wife and baby are picked up and cared for by one Dave Dawson. Twenty years later Rupert Holmes is the lumber magnate fighting the independents around him. His daughter, Helen, unknown to him, has brought herself to his attention by several heroic acts about the camps. She takes up a fight against the trust and leads the independents in their defense against the great Amalgamated which seeks to absorb their hard-earned properties. In this Helen is assisted by Tom Dawson, a young engineer, and her former father, Dave Dawson. Helen discovers that the trust is not living up to its duties and she proceeds against them. The village council resigns to back her but she helps elect another. Rupert Holmes meets his abandoned wife, Virginia, whom he has thought dead and learns that his own daughter is being held in an attempt to kill Virginia. He sends her an invalid, but she tells the truth about Holmes to Little Bear the Indian boy. The Amalgamated foment a strike among the independent camps. In a riot the buildings are burned. Holmes' agent releases a car of explosive against the independent lumber train, but it is stopped by the heroic act of Helen.

EIGHTH EPISODE

Even the shrewdest and ablest men are occasionally guilty of astounding lapses of judgment. At least that is the only plausible explanation of Rupert Holmes' decision to send his son Stephen to Dawsonville as an emissary to Helen Dawson, whose friendship and co-operation the president of the Amalgamated was desirous of securing.

He sent for Stephen, who, since his graduation from college, had been employed in the company's head office in Seattle.

"Carruthers writes me that he needs another timekeeper on the railway construction work at Dawsonville," Holmes abruptly began. "How would you like to go down there for a few weeks?"

"Great!" Stephen exclaimed enthusiastically. "I'm dead sick of office work, Dawsonville, eh? Isn't that the place where Miss Dawson lives—the girl who saved my life when the Marathon was wrecked, you know?"

"To tell the truth," said Holmes, "the real reason I am sending you there is because I want to win over that Dawson girl to our side. You might offer her a position in the Seattle office, for I'd like to get her away from Dawsonville. What do you think about it?"

"I'd like nothing better, dad," replied the young man. "She's a mighty fine girl and I feel certain that I can win her over to our side."

The experiment ended precisely as Rupert Holmes ought to have foreseen that it would end. Before Stephen had been in Dawsonville a day he had re-introduced himself to Helen; within a fortnight he was a regular and welcome caller at the Dawson home, before a month had passed he found himself desperately in love with Helen Dawson. And she, though not in the least in love with him, liked him for the clean-minded, nice-mannered boy that he was. With the coming of the holidays Stephen reluctantly started for Seattle to spend them with his parents. One evening, as he and his father were seated alone in the library of the great house in Seattle, Stephen, made confidentially by the shaded lights and the crackling fire, suddenly decided to plunge.

"Dad," he began somewhat hesitantly, "I've decided to get married."

"Yes?" said Holmes carelessly, "and who is the young woman you have de-

sending the danger in which he stood, jerked out the drawer of the table beside which he stood. The next instant he had the Indian covered with an automatic.

"If you're not out of this house in thirty seconds, I'll put a bullet into you," he snarled. "Dana your impudence, thinking you could blackmail me under my own roof. Out of here now, before I send for the police."

The Indian, as regardless of the pistol as though it did not exist, picked up his hat and moved slowly toward the door. At the door he turned.

"You cheated my father of his land and murdered him," he said. "I shall not forget."

As the door closed behind him, Holmes sank back in his chair and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Perhaps he can do something for you. Ordinarily you wouldn't have any trouble getting work, but the Holmes crowd have been making a heap of trouble lately for the independents, and they've been laying off men instead of hiring 'em."

"That ain't Rupert Holmes, by any chance, is it?" asked the stranger.

"Him that used to have a camp on the Calapalooa?"

"The same man," said Dawson. "Do you know him?"

"Do I know him?" the man repeated with a bitter oath. "I've worn stripes for twenty years, thanks to him—blasted his soul! But never you fear—I'll get even with him some day. He's a bad actor, is Dollar Holmes. I knew him when he was called 'the River Pirate,' and the name fitted him, too. There was nothing that he would stick at to get what he wanted. The timber lands east of the Calapalooa that gave him his start in life he got by cheating Chief Sleepy Dog."

"What do you know about Chief Sleepy Dog?" interrupted Little Bear, who had been listening to the conversation.

"I know a lot about how Holmes cheated him out of his land," said the stranger mysteriously.

"Sleepy Dog was my father," Little Bear quietly remarked.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" the man exclaimed. "So you're the papoose I used to see Sleepy Dog's squaw totting round the camp." He lapsed into silence. After a little time he roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"You've treated me white," he said, addressing himself to Dawson, "and I'm goin' to tell you something that may interest you. I take it from your talk that you don't like Rupert Holmes any better'n I do—and God knows, I've got reason enough to hate him. My name is Dill—Jake Dill. Twenty-four years ago I was over on the Calapalooa boot-legging. One day Holmes caught me sellin' whisky in his camp. He gave me the choice of goin' to jail or of slipping up to the camp of the Klamath Indians, which was up the river a piece, an' givin' 'em drunk. I ain't hard for you to guess which I chose. The chief, Sleepy Dog, as I was at the time, an' Holmes' scheme was to get the Indians drunk so's he could buy their land. It all worked out just as he planned. Holmes had the transfer papers ready and he paid the bucks fifty dollars apiece to sign 'em. I was one of the witnesses, and Holmes' Scotch foreman was the other. And when Sleepy Dog came back to find his land gone, Holmes pushed him over the edge of the cliff."

"And what did Holmes do for you, Mr. Dill?" asked Helen, who had listened with breathless attention to the vagrant's story.

"He double-crossed me, that's what he done," the man answered bitterly. "He trumped up some charges against me and railroaded me to prison."

"My uncle, Mr. Dawson, will see that you get work of some sort and that you are taken care of," said Helen. "In return, I wonder if tomorrow you would be willing to make an affidavit to what you have just told us? We have a little score ourselves to settle with Rupert Holmes."

"I don't know 's I'd mind," said Dill, "not if it would make things hot for Dollar Holmes."

The next day, Helen having telephoned to Big Falls for Clay, the young lawyer who represented the independent owners, Dill's affidavit was duly drawn up in proper form, signed and sworn to. With this evidence in his possession, Little Bear started the next day for Washington to tell his story to the Indian commissioner and to plead for the restoration of the tribal lands. A fortnight later Helen received a wire, signed by Clay, from Washington.

"As result of investigation by bureau of Indian affairs," it read, "Holmes' purchase of Klamath lands has been found illegal and the commissioner has ordered them restored to Little Bear and surviving members of tribe."

(END OF EIGHTH EPISODE.)

LIVE STOCK

KILL CHICKEN-EATING HOGS

Menace to Fowls and to Pocketbook—Habit Is Result of Disease or Unbalanced Ration.

Chicken-eating hogs should either be cured immediately or disposed of as they are a menace not only to the flock but to the rest of the bunch of hogs and the pocketbook as well. No real healthy, profitable hog will eat chickens and this habit is a result of disease or unbalanced ration. Corned hogs, those following fattening cattle, a suckled-down sow, bear shut in a tight pen, or runty pigs usually develop into this pest. In most cases it can be cured by feeding currier, which in itself is a dangerous practice; the better way is to feed tankage. If I were going to try to cure a chicken-eater I would feed an overdose of tankage at first so as to be sure the animal got enough of the food it was craving, then reduce the amount to a more nearly-balanced ration, but rather over than under usual amount, because this animal, being in an abnormal condition may be able to assimilate a greater amount of high-protein carrying food, says a writer.

It is not every animal that will yield to treatment, but the man who has chicken eaters around better begin to get nervous else something worse will strike him. It is merely a symptom that the hog is not quite in the pink of condition, therefore more liable to catch the germs of cholera and the like, or form a culture and develop a case of genuine cholera. If there is anything in this germ theory, there are most all kinds of germs sailing around everywhere and most all the time. Generally they are not numerous enough to be feared by the animal in good condition and the chicken eater should be cured immediately or disposed of.

FENDERS IN FARROWING PEN

They Should Be of Sufficient Strength to Support Weight of Sow to Protect Young Pigs.

The farrowing pen should be provided with fenders around at least three sides, about 6 or 8 inches from the floor and about the same distance from the wall. These should be strong enough to support the weight of the



Farrowing Pen With Fenders.

sow should she lie on them. They will, to a great extent, protect the pigs from being lain upon during the few days of their lives. The little fellows will soon learn to creep under these fenders when the sow lies down. The illustration shows a farrowing pen with fenders made of 2 by 4 scantling fastened around the walls.

BEST HEAD OF SHEEP FLOCK

Excellent Results Obtained by Using Purebred Mutton Ram on Grade Ewes at Missouri.

A good purebred ram should head every flock of sheep. It pays to use such sires on grade ewes. In a Missouri test lambs sired by a purebred mutton ram and out of western ewes weighed two and a half pounds more when sold at three months old than did lambs four months old sired by a scrub ram out of the same grade of ewes. The wellbred lambs were ready a month sooner, ate half as much food and sold for three cents per pound more.

EXERCISE FOR THE STALLION

Short Walk Each Day Is Not Enough to Keep Him in Good Condition—Give Him Some Work.

See to it that the stallion is getting plenty of exercise. A short walk each day is not enough to keep him in the best of condition.

Stallion owners are coming to recognize the fact that the best way to keep the stallion hard and fit with the least expense and trouble is to give him a moderate amount of work throughout the year. He will make a reliable work horse and will be more peaceful in the stable.

HORSE MUST HAVE EXERCISE

Animals Should Not Be Confined Too Closely Nor Exposed to Extreme Bad Weather.

(By E. A. TROWBRIDGE, Missouri College of Agriculture)

Growing horses should not be housed too closely in winter and prevented from taking plenty of exercise, but they should not be subjected to extremely bad weather if they are expected to make satisfactory growth.

Horticultural Points

PLAN TO MOVE LARGE TREES

Best Time for Working is When Ground is Frozen—Simple Arrangement is Illustrated.

The arrangement illustrated is very simple, and a big tree may thus be taken up and replanted. First dig around the tree, preferably when the ground is frozen; don't injure the roots by going too near; take up a large clump of dirt. Place connecting pieces of the standards against the tree, to which fasten with ropes, winding a cloth around to prevent barking the tree. One or two horses hitched to the rope will easily raise the tree with ball of earth, and swing it onto the waiting stone-boat, on which you may haul it to the planting place. There dig a hole sufficiently big, set the tree, and fill and ram the earth securely into place. Then trim the tree branches a little—to make up for



Moving Large Trees.

any roots lost in the moving operation. If the situation is exposed to severe winds, it may be necessary to anchor the tree for several years. This can be done with guy-ropes, being careful to protect the bark from chafing. Also, it may be necessary to water the tree several times during the first one or two summers.—Farm Journal.

MICE RAVAGES IN ORCHARDS

Serious Losses Result to Orchardists, Farmers and Those Interested in Our Forests.

The ravages of short-tailed field mice in many parts of the United States, according to D. E. Lantz, assistant biologist of the department of agriculture, result in serious losses to farmers, orchardists and those concerned with the conservation of our forests, and the problem of controlling the animals is one of considerable importance. Short-tailed field mice are commonly known as meadow mice, pine mice and moles; locally as bear mice, buck-tailed mice or black mice. Over 50 species and races occur within the United States and nearly 40 other forms have been located in North America.

The runs of meadow mice are mainly on the surface of the ground under grass, leaves, weeds, brush, boards, snow or other sheltering litter. They are hollowed out by the animal's claws and worn hard and smooth by being frequently traversed. The runs lead to shallow burrows where large nests of dead grass furnish winter retreats for the mice. Summer nests are large balls of the same material hidden in the grass and often elevated on small hummocks in the meadows and marshes where the animals abound. The young are brought forth in either underground or surface nests.

SECURE FRUIT TREES EARLY

Those Intending to Plant Nursery Stock This Winter Should Get Orders in at Once.

(By C. W. RAFF, Department of Horticulture, Oklahoma A. and M. College, Stillwater.)

Those who expect to plant nursery stock during the present winter should purchase their trees as soon as possible. By so doing they are likely to profit, and they cannot lose.

Every nurseryman prepares for his custom to the best of his ability, but he is not always able to gauge his volume of business correctly, or a part of his stock may be unavoidably poor and stunted. In either case he does the best he can for his customers. Everybody gets the best, but the best toward the close of the selling season is frequently far inferior to the best at the beginning.

For these reasons the prudent buyer will place his order early. Even if he does not wish his stock delivered at once, he will place his order subject to call, or to delivery on a certain date. In this way he will receive the advantage of an early order, and the best trees will be his.

GOOD WHITEWASH FOR TREES

Protection Against Sunscald and Insects Made From Mixture of Lime, Salt and Tallow.

A good whitewash for trees is made of 30 pounds lime, 5 pounds salt, 4 pounds tallow, stirring the tallow in while the lime is hot. Add enough water to make the wash flow well.

It is a better protection against sunburn and insects than whitewash to which the tallow has not been added.

Your Health IS Paramount and deserves utmost care

One of the greatest drawbacks to health is a weak stomach, but in many cases this can be corrected by careful diet and the assistance of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It is a Splendid First Aid

Good Combination. He—Of course, there's a big difference between a botanist and a florist. She—Is there, really? He—Yes, a botanist is one who knows all about the price people will pay for them.—Boston Transcript.

Dr. B. F. Jackson, Celebrated Physician, handed down to posterity his famous prescription for female troubles. Now sold under the name of "Femina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Frank Anyway. Shrew (contemptuously)—What would you have been if it weren't for my money? Shrewd—A bachelor.—Stanford Chaparral.

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. Hostetter* in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

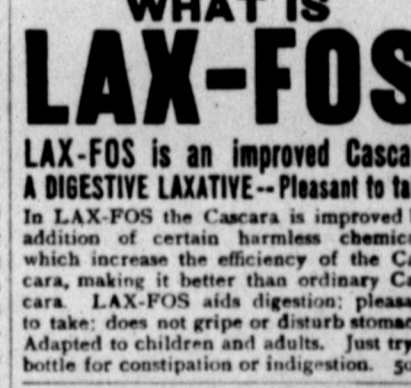
To Be Exact. "What is meant by God's acre?" asked the teacher, referring to the expression in the reading lesson. "It means one hundred and sixty square rods," said Herbert, fresh from the arithmetic class.

THAT GRIM WHITE SPECTRE. Pneumonia follows on the heels of a neglected cough or cold. Delay no longer. Take Mansfield's Cough Balsam. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Wants to include Irresponsible. "Let the disarrangement of nations include inverted umbrellas with sharp steel ferules.—Buffalo News."

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS is an improved Cascara A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE—Pleasant to take. In LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by addition of certain harmless chemicals which increase the efficiency of the Cascara, making it better than ordinary Cascara. LAX-FOS aids digestion; pleasant to take; does not gripe or disturb stomach. Adapted to children and adults. Just try a bottle for constipation or indigestion. 50c.



Farmer—Them city folks want to know if there's a bath in the house. What'll I tell 'em? His Wife—Tell 'em if they send a bath, they'd better take it before they come.

Take a bath of course, and every three hours while awake take a dose of

Boschee's German Syrup

It will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop the irritation in the bronchial tubes, insuring a good night's rest, free and easy expectation in the morning. That old time-tested remedy which for more than half a century has brought relief and comfort to countless thousands all over the civilized world. 25c and 75c at druggists and dealers everywhere.

STOCK LICK IT—STOCK LIKE IT

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs. Contains Copious for Worms, Sulphur for the Blood, Saltpeter for the Kidneys, Nux Vomica, a Tonic, and Pure Dairy Salt. Used by Veterinarians 12 years. No Dosing. Drop Brick in feed-box. Ask your dealer for Blackman's or write

BLACKMAN STOCK REMEDY COMPANY

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Kills Rats, Mice, Bugs, Fleas, Lice, and all other vermin.

EVERYBODY BUYS our formula for tender, swelling feet. See Hunter Bros., Noble, Okla.

APPENDICITIS

If you have been threatened or have GALLBLADDER CALCULI (STONES) or pain in the right side write for valuable book of 25 pages FREE

L. A. BOWEN, M.D., 415 S. BRADSHAW ST., CHICAGO

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 7-1917.

WEST TEXAS SUPPLY COMPANY

We Are Agents for the

Famous FERGUSON SEED FARM PRODUCTS PEDIGREED SEEDS

FERGUSON'S Yellow Dent Corn on Red Cob.
FERGUSON'S Chisholm Corn, White on Red Cob.
FERGUSON'S Sure Cropper Corn, White, white cob.

Also the Famous Lone Star Cotton, 99 per cent. Storm Proof to Nov. and Dec. 1st.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

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

J. A. Jackson JEWELER

Jewelry and Watch Repairing.
All work done promptly and
satisfaction guaranteed.

Window in Elite Tailor Shop
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Dr. E. Galbraith

DENTIST

Office Opposite St. Charles
Office Phone 37
Home Phone 63

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Horace E. Wilson

LAWYER

810-17 STATE BANK BUILDING
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Stockmen's Hand Made Boots

IS MY SPECIALTY

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

J. Q. WHEELER
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Christian Endeavor Program

Leader: Marguerite Henke.
Subject: Service.
Hymn 135, Jesus Savior Pilot
Me.
Bible Reading: James 1: 22-27.
Introduction: Mary Claire Wil-
liams.
Service in the Christian Life--
Dora Johnston.
Where can I best serve God--
Sam Sutton.

A young man who went about
doing good--Laura Henke.

The laborer and the Lord--Mar-
garet Thorburn.
Hymn, Scattering Precious Seed.
Close with prayer.

\$5.00 Prize In Gold

As a special inducement to en-
courage the breeding of more and
better poultry, I will give \$5 in gold
for the best pair of White Plymouth
Rocks raised from eggs I sell, the
birds to be exhibited and judged at
the Kerr County Fair, 1917.
Eggs per setting \$2.00.
JOHN GREER, Kerrville, Texas.

The Advance is now \$1.50 a year.

Hunt Letter.

Everett Lumpkin and wife and
Edgar Duhose took a spin up South
Fork last week.

G. W. Beaver of Medina visited
his brother D. R. Beaver of Hunt.

Jim Thompson and wife shopped
at Hunt this week.

Mr. Shumaker and Isaac Zumwalt
made a business trip up South Fork
this week.

Oliver Rose was called this week
to see his father who is very sick in
Blanco County.

Wille Hardin and family of
Junction City visited his brothers
at Hunt over Sunday.

Messrs. Isaac Zumwalt, Daniel
Beaver, Jim Crider and Amos Rose
left Tuesday on a prospective tour
to New Mexico.

A. L. Hall of Kerrville made a
business trip to his ranch above
Hunt this week.

Wanted--A good rain at Hunt.

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.

Ingram Locals.

(Regular Correspondence)

Little Hammond Williams, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. Williams, was
burned badly by the explosion of
powder Monday morning.

Judge Lee Wallace stopped in In-
gram Monday. He was out in the
interest of our county schools.

The Ingram citizens voted last
Thursday as to whether the new
school should be built on the old
site or the proposed new site. The
vote was 26 to 15 in favor of the
new site.

Mr. T. J. Moore and family were
visitors in Ingram Monday.

Mr. Walter Peterson was in In-
gram Monday assessing the citizens
of this community.

Misses Lillian and Lottie Blevins
were in town Tuesday shopping.

Mrs. Ed Lackey called on Mrs.
Will Shumaker Monday.

Baptist Church Notes.

Amid the cares and various duties
of this busy life don't forget to go
to church next Sunday. We are to
have our usual services at the Bap-
tist church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p.
m. The "Sunbeams" will meet at
3 p. m. and the B. Y. P. U. at 6:30
p. m. You are invited to any or all
of these meetings.

This is the growing season of the
year, and every Christian should
give his or her faith a chance to
grow, and this can only be done by
the right kind of food, the Gospel.
J. B. Riddle, Pastor.

We are anxious to get a regular
correspondent at Ingram. Who will
write us a letter every week? Also
we want correspondents at all other
postoffices in the county. We will
furnish stationery and send the paper
to any one who will do this work.
Send us a sample letter and we will
take the matter up with you.

Striped Gabardine for ladies skirts
and Sport Suits at
West Texas Supply Co.

It's an Economy Not an Expense

You know that people who are well fed and properly nour-
ished are capable of doing the best work. The same is
true of your horse.

LEGEAR'S STOCK FOOD

is very nourishing as it supplies the vital elements of food
so necessary to animals.

Many stockmen and farmers in this community know the
value of LEGEAR'S stock food. Delivered by parcel post
at 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per package.

"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

ROUND TRIP RATES

To San Antonio and Return

\$3.50

Limit Ninety Days

S. A. & A. P. Railroad

L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville.

MILLINERY OPENING

March 9th and 10th

YOU ARE INVITED.

Having placed an order early with a large firm, we are able to
avoid in a great measure, the present high prices prevailing and yet
obtain the best in quality and style in Ladies hats. Do not fail to
see them.

Paris Millinery

Misses McCurdy and DeWoody

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