

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 4.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1916

NO. 41

Judge Love Announces.

Judge W. D. Love places his name in the regular announcement column of the Advance this week for the office of District Judge of this district, subject to the July primaries.

Judge Love has long been a resident of Uvalde and has practiced law in the courts of this district for many years. He is regarded very highly both as a citizen and lawyer has many friends throughout the district who will no doubt give him their enthusiastic support. He asks for the suffrage of the voters upon his standing as a citizen and ability as a lawyer, and if elected will no doubt make us a splendid district judge.

Will Close July 4th

The following firms of Kerrville have agreed to close their places of business on next Tuesday, July 4, in observance of the anniversary of our National Independence:

Chas. Schreiner Co., A. E. Self, C. C. Butt Grocery, Kerrville Furniture Co., J. E. Palmer, H. Noll Stock Co., P. W. Berry, Kerrville Mercantile Co., Martin Moos Barber Shop, A. T. Adkins Barber Shop, R. S. Newman, Tailor; B. Burnett, Tailor; Model Tailoring Co., Charles Schreiner Bank, Famous Millinery Co., First State Bank, W. A. Fawcett Furniture Co., Johnston Grocery, Beitel Lumber Co., Mosel, Saenger & Co., Renschel Lumber Co., Hillyer-Deutsch Lumber Co., West Texas Supply Co., Heimann & Grona, Kearney Butt, Scoble Grocery.

Bids Wanted

I will receive bids, up to noon July 1, 1916, for 50 cords of dry live oak or Spanish oak wood to be delivered and corded on the Tivy High School campus. I reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

J. E. PALMER,
Secretary School Board.

School Lands for Sale

We are informed by State Land Commissioner Robison that a new list of state lands which will be placed on sale to the public on September 1, has been prepared and in the hands of the printer. This list aggregates about 4,300,000 acres and will be sold at a nominal price and on the most reasonable terms. The lists are free and will give all necessary information. They will be ready for distribution about July 1 and those wanting them may write to J. T. Robison, State Land Commissioner at Austin, and the list will be forwarded as soon as they are ready.

Junior B. Y. P. U. Program.

Scripture Reading.
Reading—Frank Moore.
Reading—Polly Hamlyn.
Piano Solo—Maybelle Roberts!
Short talk—by Mrs. Tom Peterson.

Duet—Mineola Moore and Vera Robb.

Auto License

No. 287, J. M. Peterson, Ford.
No. 288, Mrs. A. Kersting, Dodge.
No. 289, R. A. Dunbar, Saxon.
No. 290, B. G. Davidson, Mitchell.
No. 291, A. B. Hardin, Buick.
No. 292, H. Noll Stock Co., Ford Delivery Truck.
No. 293, C. C. Mitchell, Ford.
No. 294, C. T. Traylor, Buick.

Stockholders Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First State Bank of Kerrville, Texas, will be held at the Bank Building on July 5th next at 10 o'clock a. m. to elect directors for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

A. B. WILLIAMSON,
Secretary.

Medina Local Notes.

(Regular Correspondence)
Misses Winona and Velma Moore returned to Kerrville Friday after several days visit with relatives at this place.

Wylie Humphreys came in Saturday for a visit home folks.

The Baptist Sunday school rendered an interesting program last Saturday evening. The room had been prettily decorated by the Y. W. A. girls.

A protracted meeting is to begin at the Baptist church next Sunday. Rev. C. D. Potts of Center Point will be the visiting minister.

Several of our citizens were in Bandera attending Masonic lodge Saturday night.

Revs. Lackey and Moore of Vance were in our town last Tuesday.

Mrs. E. Ahrens returned from San Antonio Tuesday.

Dewey and Gerald Humphreys and Charlton Collins left Monday for Port Arthur.

The drouth continues, some fields of corn are beyond help. All threshing below town is finished, but above town the fields are yet untouched.

Baptist Church Notes.

I go to help Rev. T. C. Lee in a meeting at Reservation this week but expect to be at home for service next Sunday, so be on hand and help with your presence and smiles. All services as usual. And again we extend a hearty welcome to all who will come worship with us. How grateful we all should be for a fine climate and good grass for stock when in many places cattle are dying and the drouth is severe. Show your gratitude to God by coming to His house of worship and prove you are appreciative.

J. B. RIDDLE, Pastor.

The high cost of paper and everything that goes into the production of a newspaper keeps the publisher guessing whether he is going to sink or swim. You can help us wonderfully by paying up your subscription. If you are already paid up, just pay another \$1 in advance and help us to stem the tide. We have a hundred or more dollars due us on subscription now which if we had in hand would help us greatly.

Religious Notice

St. Peter's Episcopal Church:
Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Holy Communion first Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Morning Prayer second, third and fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Morris Ranch third Sunday. Turtle Creek fourth Sunday at 3:30 p. m.
J. S. JOHNSTON,
Bishop in charge

Tuesday's Mass Meeting.

A large number of citizens representing nearly every section of the county met at the court house Tuesday afternoon in response to the call of Judge Lee Wallace published last week.

Judge Wallace assumed temporary chairmanship and stated that the meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the Mexican war situation as it might affect us locally and to come to a better understanding with the local Mexican citizens.

Henry Renschel was elected permanent chairman of the meeting and J. D. Motley secretary.

Ex-Senator Julius Real made a timely address which was concurred in by all present. He assured the Mexican citizens that as long as they looked after their own affairs and gave no trouble they would be protected and warned them against the strange Maxicans who may come in to excite them to make trouble. Other short addresses were made by Judge Geddie, W. H. Bonnell and Judge Wallace.

The following resolution offered by Rev. W. P. Dickey was unanimously adopted and ordered published both in the English and Mexican languages and distributed thoroughly:

Resolved that the citizens of Kerr county in convention assembled hereby assure all Mexican people living in this county that so long as they continue quietly about their business they will be fully protected in all respects. That for their own protection we consider it their duty to report any one trying to incite them to any character of disorder to the sheriff of this county. We also declare our determination to promptly bring to account any one interfering with law-abiding Mexicans.

The chair appointed the following as an executive committee to keep in touch with the situation, obtain all information possible and report to a future citizen's meeting to be held Tuesday afternoon, July 11, or sooner if in the judgment of the chairman it is necessary. The committee—Capt. Chas. Schreiner, Capt. Neal Coldwell, Senator Julius Real, Dr. J. L. Fowler, Judge H. C. Geddie.

Methodist Church Notes.

"Religious Truth, Can We Know It?"—the subject of the morning sermon at the Methodist Church by the pastor. The sermon at night 8:15 "How May We Teach Patriotism?"
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m.
All cordially invited.
S. W. Kemerer pastor.

Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)
Rev. Lackey a traveling evangelist, preached here Friday night, Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. J. S. Aaron filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Mrs. B. B. Rose and daughter of Lytle are here on a visit to Mrs. E. G. Blatherwick.

Oats continue to come through from Medina. F. F. Cocks buys most of them.

Ernest Leinweber has returned home after a few days spent here.

Still the poor cattle come in from the lower country. Z. B. Jackson took out a bunch to his ranch last Saturday.

Roy and Oscar Nowlin shipped a car of stock cattle to Coleman Co. last week.

Jack Rees and a Mr. Fairchild went up to look at the Ellis ranch and the Jackson ranch Monday.

The Baptist Ladies Aid of Camp Verde quilted a quilt at the School house Saturday, the funds to go to the upper creek school.

Elmer Brown who had been visiting at Nat Fine's returned to Bandera Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. S. Gammon left Monday for their annual camping and fishing trip on the Johnson fork of the Llano. They have as their guests on the outing, Misses Graves Dewees and Josie B. Newman of Kerrville, Chas. Dewees of Falls City and Walter Buckner of Center Point. They expect to be joined later by Dal Dewees of San Antonio.

Works Fine in Bell County.

Belton, Texas.
Home and State, Dallas, Texas.

Dear Sirs: We all are highly pleased with prohibition here. It is better than some expected. Prohibition is prohibiting in Bell County. We have not had a case of drunkenness that I know of and the men who were heavy patrons of the saloons now go home with food for their families.

There are fewer empty business houses now than when the saloons were closed (December 25), yet the vacant houses have not been a disgrace to our town. They have never debauched our citizenship. They have never sent men home robbed of intellect, reason and purse. They have not caused innocent women and children to suffer from hunger and cold and abuses of a temporary maniac father and husband. Neither have they sent them to jail or brought them before our courts charged with crimes of any kind.

These empty buildings have not bribed our politicians nor corrupted our officeholders. Should these buildings remain vacant forever (which is unreasonable, as prospects are they will be occupied soon), could our moral, sober, sane citizenship afford to exchange them for the debauching barroom with its attending evils? No. Ten thousand times no.

On with the battle.

X. W. Morgan.

Route 3.

Our correspondents will please remember that unless their letters are received by noon Tuesday we can seldom get them set up for that issue. This also applies to church notices and other free matter.

Use Electricity

Take advantage of the day current we have put on for your benefit. Runs 24 hours every day.

We have on hand for sale Electric Fans, 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

Loans

are not Necessarily Reserved for Big Depositors.

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

FIRST STATE BANK

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

J. R. BURNETT,
PRESIDENT

E. H. PRESCOTT,
ACTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

A. B. WILLIAMSON, CASHIER.

KERRVILLE AUTO LIVERY AND GARAGE

BECKMAN & RUFF

JITNEY SERVICE IN THE CITY

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

PHONE 115

KERRVILLE, TEXAS



Over a million and a quarter FORD in use today. If each of those cars wasn't an active demonstration of Ford qualities, strength, simplicity, light weight, economy and dependability--the orders wouldn't come in so fast. Most people like to judge a motor car by what it can really do.

"People buy Fords, not because they are the cheapest, but because they are the best."

LEE MASON & SON
"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154

Kerrville, Texas

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Cedar Logs, Posts, Etc.

[Comfortable Camp Yard with water Free to All.

Clay St. Near R. R. Depot

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

Published Every Thursday at Kerrville, Texas, by T. A. Buckner.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

A Thought for the Week.

Young men life is before you. Two voices are calling you—one coming from the swamps of selfishness and force, where success means death, and the other from the hill-tops of justice and progress, where even failure brings glory. Two lights are seen in your horizon—one the fast fading marsh light of power, and the other the slowly rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open before you—one leading to an ever lower and lower plain, where are heard the cries of despair and the curses of the poor, where manhood shrivels and possession rots down the possessor; and the other leading off to the highlands of the morning, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity and where honest effort is rewarded with immortality.—John P. Altgeld.

The Congressional Race.

Recently an article appeared in this paper stating that Judge Davies of San Antonio would be a candidate for Congress against Jas. L. Slayden. Mr. Davies didn't get fairly started until he withdrew. But this does not leave an open field for Mr. Slayden, for in this issue will be seen the announcement of Judge Joe A. Adkins of Brady who will make an aggressive campaign from now until the July primaries. The Advance is not informed as to Judge Adkin's views on the most vital issues of the day and cannot say whether we can indorse his candidacy or not.

Carpenters are busy building new cottages at the Presbyterian Encampment. The summer visitors are already filling the grounds and prospects are favorable to a record breaking attendance this year.

The Mexican Situation.

It appears that the United States is on the very verge of war with Mexico. In fact a state of war already exists over the border and several sharp conflicts between our soldiers and the Carranza soldiers and bandits have kept the situation strained to a white heat. It seems that demands made upon Carranza by President Wilson have been or will be flatly refused. A declaration of war within twenty four hours appears imminent at this time.

Mrs. Otto Dietert of Lytle and Mrs. T. F. W. Dietert of Kerrville have the sympathy of many friends in the death of their father, Mr. Bertran Beckman, who died at his home in Fredericksburg Saturday June 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Dietert, who attended the funeral came by Kerrville for a short visit.

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

Good prices will be paid for horses and mules by F. A. Coker, the San Antonio horse buyer, at the Coker Mercantile Co., Center Point, Friday July 7th.

Work shoes, the kind that stand wear and tear. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Mrs. A. H. Moore and little son returned Sunday from a two-weeks visit with her mother at Columbus, Texas. Her mother returned home with her.

Just received a swell line of mens shirts. Also nice line of ties. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

T. F. W. Dietert went to San Antonio yesterday and brought up three Oakland cars for delivery

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

Announcement Column.

Our announcement rates will be the same as heretofore, as follows: County offices \$5.00 Precinct 3.00 Strictly cash in advance.

For Representative 119th Dist. (Subject to Democratic Primary election July 22.)

M. E. BLACKBURN, (Re-election.)

For District Judge 38th Dist. (Subject to Democratic Primary election July 22.)

R. H. BURNEY, (Re-election.)
W. D. LOVE, of Uvalde

For County Attorney GILBERT C. STORMS, (Subject to July Primary.)

W. G. GARRETT, (Re-election, November election.)

For County Judge R. A. DUNBAR, SID REES, LEE WALLACE, (Re-election.)

For County and Dist. Clerk: JOHN R. LEAVELL, (Re-election.)

For Sheriff and Tax Collector: J. T. MOORE, (Re-election.)

For Tax Assessor EMMET H. NICHOLS, W. G. PETERSON, (Re-Election.)

For County Treasurer. A. B. WILLIAMSON, (Re-election.)

Dr. J. V. Dickinson of San Antonio delivered a stirring address at the Baptist Church Sunday night in behalf of prohibition and the Anti-Saloon League. The other churches of the city gave way their evening services and the church was fairly well filled with representative people of Kerrville who gave interested attention to the splendid address in which Dr. Dickinson dealt the liquor traffic some terrific blows, but in a respectful and Christian-like manner. At the close of his address a free-will offering was taken for the support of the work the League is doing.



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

J. E. PALMER

LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS



HOOSIER TIME IS HERE
HOUSEWIVES MADE HAPPY.

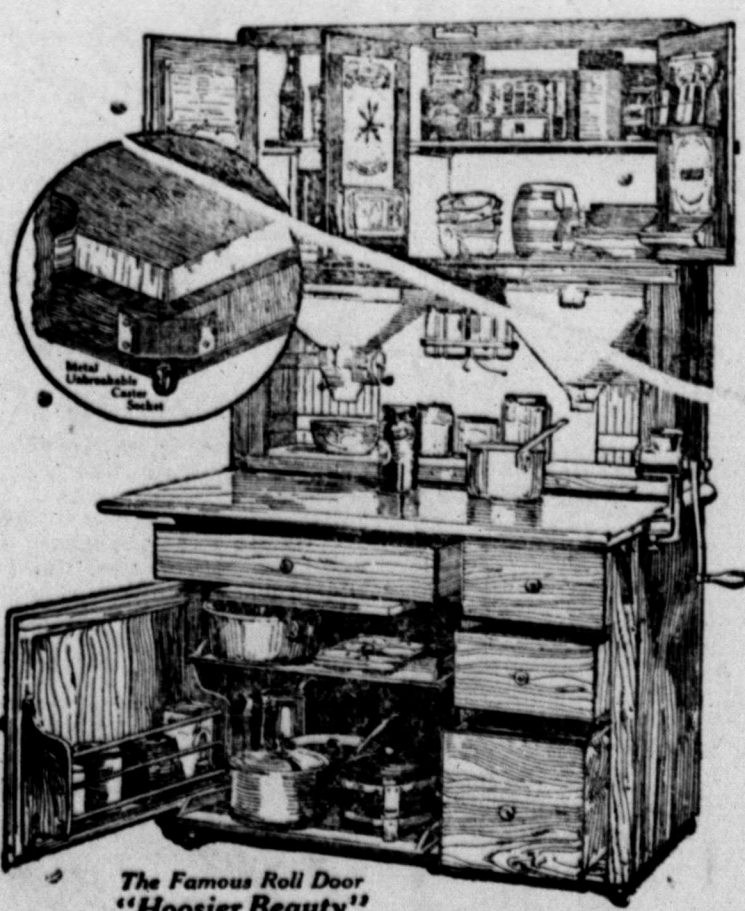
We talked oil stoves last month for hot-weather season comfort and pleasure and now we come to bring to you a reminder of the greatest time and labor saver known to woman, the HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET. We want you to come to our store and see the demonstration of the forty superior Hoosier features. Thousands of Hoosier cabinets are being sold to one of other makes because of its wonderfully sanitary labor-saving qualities.

Quality won highest award for Hoosier at Panama Exposition.

EASY PAYMENTS
\$1.00 Down
\$1.00 Weekly
No Extra Fees

Let us deliver one in your home today. You will hardly miss the small outlay of money and will be happy over the results.

"A tree is known by its Fruits"—
FURNITURE
by its style and quality. We have furniture of both style and quality. Come look through our big stock. We will treat you right.



The Famous Roll Door "Hoosier Beauty"

W. A. Fawcett & Co.



JOE A. ADKINS
(Of Brady, McCulloch County)
CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS
11TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

I am in favor of National preparedness and believe that as a nation we should be prepared to protect our homes, and the great interests of our country.
I am in favor of our federal government giving aid to the construction and maintenance of public highways.
I am in favor of the federal warehouse law and believe that it will be of great help to the people of the south.
I indorse President Wilson's administration as being a wise one and patriotic.
I am in favor of organized labor and believe that those who toil on the farm, in the factories and workshouses are entitled under the law to representation in the legislative departments of our country and their demands should be listened to.

Let us demonstrate the Corona Latest style no-leak Parker fountain pen. Kerrville Drug Co. Rex Typewriter for office use. Either machine is of the highest class and moderately priced. See them at the Nifty News Stand two doors from P. O.

Dr. S. B. Cobb,
DENTIST
Office Over Schreiner's Bank
Res. Phone 219
Office Phone 237
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

DR. E. GALBRAITH
DENTIST
Office Opposite St. Charles
Office Phone 37
House Phone 63
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Horace E. Wilson
LAWYER
516-17 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

YOU ARE INVITED

TO VISIT AND TRADE WITH

The Store for "Those Who Care"

BERRY'S

Sanitary Groceries.

Phone 182

Local Notes

Miss Clara Tarver is visiting friends at Port Aransas.

Electric face or head massage 35c at the Palace Barber Shop.

Misses Bettie, Clara and Willie Kerr of Floresville are visiting the family of Rev. J. B. Riddle this week.

Good values in decorated slop jars for \$1.00 as long as they last. Kerrville Furniture Co.

H. E. Williams of Napoleon, Ohio, is here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Williams.

For rent—A nice cool room with or without board on Main Street. Apply to Mrs. T. A. Buckner.

G. H. Gillespie has returned from a month's visit to his sister in Kansas City, Mo.

Just think! Before you start on that vacation trip. Rock Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Layton of Medina visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Coleman at this place Monday.

Rev. J. B. Riddle left Monday for Reservation to assist Rev. T. C. Lee in a protracted meeting.

Get the habit of calling at the Nifty News Stand for your magazines. We handle all the standard periodicals. Two doors from P. O.

H. Welge and daughter, Miss Victoria, spent Friday and Saturday in San Antonio.

Have you seen the new patterns in Embroidery and Laces at H. Noll Stock Co.

Misses Ruth Johnston and Joyce McClellan of San Antonio are guests at the home of Bishop Johnston this week.

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

Gordon Robb is taking his first lessons in the printers art in the Advance office this week. He hasn't taken the "P. L." degree yet but we expect to put him through it successfully before many days.

Lunch meats and Jellies in glass or tin at Berry's.

Gilbert C. Storms spent Monday in San Antonio on legal business.

Do you want to trade me oats or wheat for a real good buggy? See W. W. Noll.

Miss Kathryn King went to San Antonio Monday to spend several days visiting friends.

Summer sausage, boiled ham, wiener sausage, kept fresh at C. C. Butt Grocery. Phone 72.

Morris Hood of Center Point and two friends the Messrs Moore of Crockett, were Kerrville visitors yesterday.

Fruit Jars, tops and rubbers, at C. C. Butt Grocery.

J. W. Owens of Center Point was a caller at this office Tuesday.

For Sale Cheap—One large tent 12x24 feet, good shape, and one camp stove, no sick been in tent. Apply to M. R. Nelson Kerrville.

Miss Clara Riddle of Mart arrived yesterday for a visit to her father, Rev. J. B. Riddle and family.

Better shoes cannot be bought at the same price. See our new stock H. Noll Stock Co.

R. M. Hawes of Japonica was in town Tuesday and added his name to our list of paid-in-advance subscribers.

See the new patterns in Ladies Dress Goods at H. Noll Stock Co.

Alvin Joy, the postmaster and merchant of Hunt, was in town on business Tuesday.

Fresh Tomatoes and Corn received daily at C. C. Butt Grocery.

Judge J. R. Barnett returned Monday night from a business trip to San Antonio.

McCullum Burnett of San Antonio spent several days here last week visiting his family who are spending several weeks here.

See our Gold Band China Sets, of 42 pieces. Regular price \$10.00 but while they last we are making a special price of \$6.50. Kerrville Furniture Co.

Mrs. John Rees and two daughters and Mrs. Julia McDonald of Center Point were visitors to this city Saturday.

Don't feel that it is an imposition to telephone for small items of drugstore goods. Small orders are delivered as cheerfully as large ones. Rock Drug Store.

William Morris of San Antonio came up Sunday for a visit to his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Morris.

The new stock of boys pants will please you. See them at H. Noll Stock Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Vann and Miss Doris Peterson went to San Antonio Wednesday.

Prescription filling is our specialty. Ask your doctor about us. Rock Drug Store.

We are sorry to report our friend, W. E. Williams very dangerously ill at the Kerrville Sanitarium. The family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Our Grocery department is up-to-date. Phone us your orders and we guarantee to satisfy you. Phone 25. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Mr. R. A. Williams and sister Miss Lena of Yoakum came up Sunday on a visit to their brother, J. G. Williams, who is here for his health.

Why pay more? It will pay you to get our prices, see H. Noll Stock Co.

White scalloped china sets of 42 pieces. Regular \$9.00 values, for 5.50. Call and see them. Kerrville Furniture Co.

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

Miss Mabel Mayfield and little brother and sister, Grayden and Leonard, of Center Point, visited their aunt, Mrs. T. A. Buckner, here the first of the week.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barton and son, Robert Clark, of Buda are here on a week's visit to Mrs. Barton's sister, Mrs. R. H. Chaney, and family. Mr. Barton is a prominent business man and farmer of Buda.

Lower prices, better goods' better service. You get them at H. Noll Stock Co.

Prof. G. C. Jones, Mrs. Jones and little son, Chester, Jr., arrived Tuesday afternoon from Bastrop. They came through in their car, having shipped their household goods by rail. They will occupy the J. E. Palmer cottage on Barnett St. Prof. Jones is the new superintendent of the Kerrville Public Schools.

Build Good Homes

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

HILLYER-DEUTSCH LUMBER COMPANY

Dealers in Building Material Hardware and Paint

R. NAGEL, Manager

Near SAP Depot

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

COMING

Friday and Saturday Nights, June 30 and July 1st.

At The Airdome

THE BOY WONDER

VIOLINIST and COMPOSER

ONLY TEN YEARS OF AGE

MASTER CLYDE MORRIS GATES

Assisted by EMMETT ROUNTREE, Baritone, who has attracted attention in Europe and appeared in Concert with German Royal Opera Singers, and MRS ROUNTREE, a Charming Pianist, who has studied with the masters of the Old Country.

SOME PRESS COMMENT

DAILY PRESS, Taylor, Texas.—He is one of those Musical Phenomena which develop into a Ysage, a Kueblick or a Sarsate."

DAILY HERALD, Fresno, Cal.—"He can well be designated as a Musical Prodigy and Boy Wonder."

His teacher, Prof. Bacon, of Los Angeles, Cal., says: "He is a born artist—a reincarnation of Beethoven."

Don't Fail to Hear this Wonderful Boy Virtuoso Artist and Composer. Two Nights. Complete Change of Program. Prices Reduced 15 and 35 cents.

A. M. Stigler, county treasurer of Bandera county, was a visitor to Kerrville last Friday. Mr. Stigler informed us that he is a candidate for re-election at the coming November election.

Don't fail to visit our Shoe Department. We have a nice line in low quarters, also Tennis shoes. Mosel Saenger & Co.

Mrs. M. A. Anderson, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. G. Morris, at Big Paint, came down last week for a few days visit in Kerrville. Her two little granddaughters, Margaret and Lillie Mae Morris, accompanied her.

Seven piece water sets, \$1.50 value for \$1.00 at Kerrville Furniture Co.

Morris Hood and Walter Buckner of Center Point were present at a picnic given at "Camp Elbows" near Kerrville Tuesday night. Misses Graves Dewees, Gussie Mae Brown, Kate Renschel, Josie B. Newman and Bess Renschel entertained. Center Point News.

Have several prospective buyers of ranch lands. List your property with me. Ranch and cattle loans negotiated. E. H. PRESCOTT, First State Bank, Kerrville.

J. C. and George Baldwin, prominent cotton brokers of Corpus Christi, with their families, arrived Monday and went into Camps at Sherman's Mill for a few days outing.

Wafer sliced dried beef in bulk. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mrs. F. M. Coleman and little daughter of Alamo Heights, San Antonio, are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. S. W. Kemmerer.

The people of this community will extend sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Baker in the death of their little two-months old baby which occurred Monday morning. Rev. A. P. Robb conducted the funeral service Monday afternoon after which the body was interred at Glen Rest Cemetery. The family asks us to extend their sincere thanks to all friends who gave them sympathy and assistance in their sad trial.

Kerrville boys who signed up for service in the Texas National guard here last week were: Joe Baker, Robert Riddle, George Wells and Felix Staudt. The boys left with the recruiting officers Saturday and by this time are likely doing practice on the border.

Choice farms close to bay to exchange for ranch. Fine for truck and citrus fruits as well as general farming. Owners only. W. E. Henderson, Riviera, Texas.

New Produce Store Opened

We have opened a produce business in the old bakery building next door to Henke's market and will pay highest cash prices for chickens, turkeys, eggs, and other produce. Phone 278 for prices.

KERRVILLE PRODUCE CO.

It Does Make a Difference Where you buy Your Drugs

There is no other line of business which demands the same spirit of carefulness as the sale of drugs. This carefulness not only refers to an effort to avoid errors, but it includes care in buying, handling and selling of everything a druggist carries in stock. The mission of the drug business is to safeguard the interests of the public. To do this constant care must be exerted. We are careful and want you to realize that the characteristic feature of our store is reliability.

ROCK DRUG STORE

MISS IDA PFEUFFER, Proprietor

eights
sixes
fours

Oakland

There's an Oakland for You

Whatever your ideas or ideals in a motor car, there is an Oakland to fit your needs. If you want mighty power, maximum speed, size and super-luxury there is the big, beautiful Oakland Eight at \$1585.

If you prefer a car of somewhat smaller size, but amply large for comfort, beautifully finished, and with all the flexibility and pull that six cylinders give, you can choose the Oakland Six at \$795. Then there is also the Oakland Four, \$1050, a family car of exceptional economy and simplicity. See your Oakland car today.

DIETERT MOTOR CO.
Dealers, Kerrville, Texas



"Sturdy as the Oak"

HOW TO SECURE GOOD STAND OF ALFALFA



Alfalfa Field Near Freeport, Ill.

(By GRACE MARIAN SMITH)
In buying alfalfa seed it is well to test it before planting. Examine it first, and if there is a large percentage of weed seeds or small withered alfalfa seed, do not use it.

Your state experiment station will tell you where you can get good seed. **Nurse Crop.**—Sometimes alfalfa is seeded with a nurse crop. The nurse crop is supposed to keep the weeds down. But the barley, or rye, or oats or whatever is seeded with the alfalfa will use moisture and plant food which may be needed by the alfalfa. It shades the young alfalfa plants, and when it is cut, the alfalfa is suddenly exposed to the sun's rays which may cause the weak plants to wither. The young alfalfa may be trampled when cutting the nurse crop. All these things should be considered in deciding whether or not to sow with a nurse crop.

Care of Plot.—After the alfalfa is well started it must be watched closely the first year. If it turns yellow or sickly looking, mow it down but don't become discouraged. The roots are probably all right yet, and if you give them a little help, they may surprise you later by sending up new shoots.

Alfalfa which turns yellow is usually in need of lime, drainage, or bacteria, or all three. When alfalfa turns yellow it should be mowed at once.

Take good care of the baby plant and when it is a little older it will be strong enough to fight its own battles.

Harvesting.—Now about the time to harvest. Experience proves that it

is important to cut alfalfa at exactly the right time, and that neglect may result in the dying out of the plants. Usually the alfalfa begins to bloom about the time it is ready to cut, but we must not depend on the blossom to tell us when to cut. Watch the basal shoots.

There are always more or less shoots starting on alfalfa and a little experience is necessary to know just exactly when is the best time to cut.

When there are a great many new shoots and these have grown to one and a half or two inches high, then we should cut at once. If we cut earlier we will have taken off the first crop before the new came on and so lost some growing time. We want to keep the alfalfa crop working all the time so as to get as many cuttings and as large a yield as possible.

If we cut late, the mower is apt to clip off the heads of the new shoots. Alfalfa grows from the end of the shoot as a fern does, and if we injure the second growth by clipping off the heads, the next crop will have to start over by growing an entirely new set of shoots. If the cutting is delayed too long, until the plant begins to go to seed, the vigor of the plant is gone just as it is in any plant where seed is allowed to ripen.

We must also be careful not to cut too late in the fall but to leave a growth of six or eight inches high. This holds the snow, protects the roots, and serves as a preventive against the heaving of the ground caused by alternate freezing and thawing. Heaving loosens the roots and they are apt to be killed by exposure.



Uniform Alfalfa Seed.

GUARDING AGAINST SHORTAGE OF FEED

Big Item in Preparedness as Applied to a Live Stock Farm Found in Silo.

Silos are effective fortifications against feed shortage, ravages of dry weather, hail storms, late spring, early frost, and poverty—suggests Prof. C. Larsen of the South Dakota state college. He says:

"Four silos are standing in one row on the north end of the state college dairy barn. A visitor to the college said, 'From a distance those silos and barn appear like one of those ancient castles with its towers and forts that we see over in the old country.' In these days when there is so much war and preparedness talk in the air, there is some excuse for applying it to silos and dairy barns.

"A big item in preparedness as applied to a live stock farm is to have a silo. Just now seems to be the time when money is appropriated for preparedness. Why should not every farmer make an appropriation for preparedness in the shape of a silo? A silo will pay for itself in two years, fatten the pocketbook, and add a lot of comfort to the cows and the feeder. Where is there another preparedness scheme that will do as well? If a person can't afford one of the expen-

sive silos a cheap, but serviceable one can be built.

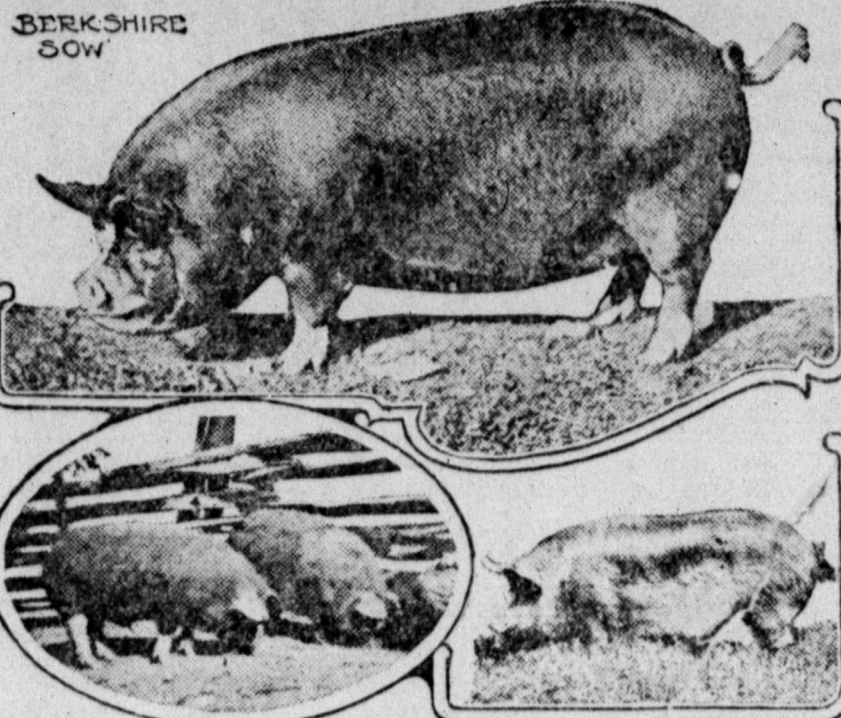
"Do not let that anticipated bumper crop of corn stalks go to waste this fall. Remember that forty per cent of the food value of the corn plant is in the stalk. Put it into the silo. The farmer who does it will thank himself many times when the cold and stormy winter weather comes. If the cows could speak they, too, would say 'Thank you!'"

COLONY HOUSE PLAN QUITE SATISFACTORY

Much More Adapted to Needs of Young Chicks Than the Old-Fashioned Brooder.

The small outdoor brooder is practically a thing of the past and it is well that it is so, for they were both unreliable and inconvenient to attend to, especially in stormy weather. It costs but little more to build a cheap colony house and equip it with either adaptable or portable hover, or better still, the colony brooder stove, than it did formerly to purchase an outdoor brooder that would really give reasonable satisfaction. The colony-house plan is much more satisfactory and the investment can be made use of the year around. Clean the brooder frequently and use plenty of disinfectant.

GOOD QUALITIES OF DUROC-JERSEY HOGS



PUREBRED CHINA-POLAND PIGS HIGHLY DEVELOPED TAMWORTH

Some Popular Breeds of Hogs.

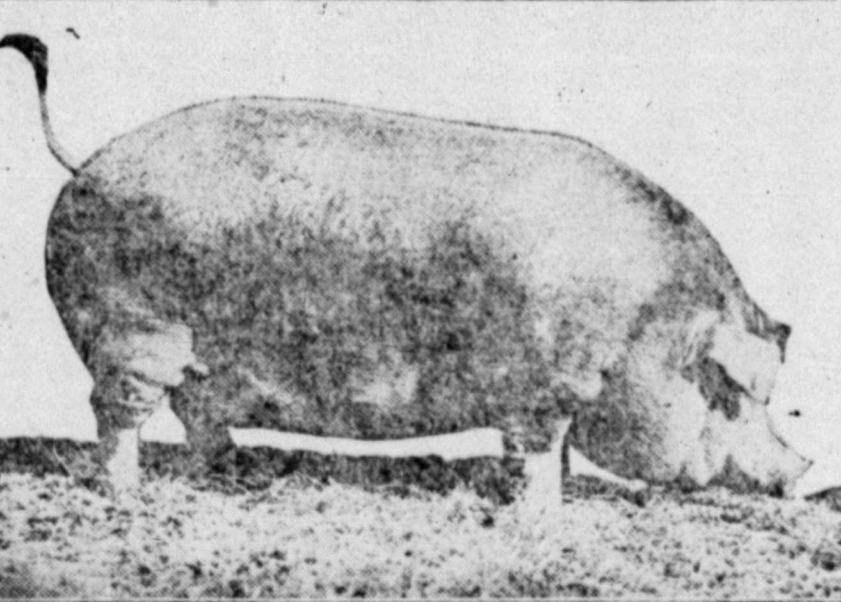
The red hogs are unquestionably prolific, and real large litters, and their quiet, peaceable dispositions are helpful in making them responsive and profitable in growth and fattening. Says Metropolitan and Rural Home, An suggestive of the latter an experiment made at the Michigan agricultural college will serve: A pair of pigs of like ages and of like weights, of the Duroc-Jersey, Berkshire and Poland-China breeds, were fed alike for a period of 168 days, or from July 16 to January 21. The two Poland-Chinas gained 1.85 pounds per day, at a cost of 5.87 pounds of feed for each pound of gain; the Berkshires gained 2.11 pounds per day at a cost of 5.22 pounds of feed for each pound of gain; and the Duroc-Jersey gained 2.59 pounds per day at a cost of only 4.65 pounds of feed for each pound of gain.

On account of being so similar in color to the Tamworths it would be a natural inference that the Duroc-Jerseys and Tamworths are closely related, but no one seems able to show definitely that they are related at all, and there is little in their general make-up to bear out the idea of kinship except their likeness in color. The Tamworths are lank, leggy and nervous, often with dispositions more resembling those of wild hogs, while the friendly Duroc-Jersey behaves like a domesticated animal, stays in his place, respectable, respectful and respected accordingly.

Some of the requirements for best Duroc-Jerseys, as specified by the American Duroc-Jersey Swine Breed-

ers' association, are: Heads, small in proportion to size of body, with a fine muzzle and neatly dished face; ears, medium size, moderately thin, pointing forward; neck, short, thick, deep and slightly arching; jaws, moderately broad, very deep and full; chest, large, deep and full; back and loin, medium in breadth, straight or slightly arching, with even width from shoulder to ham; sides, very deep, medium length, level between hams and shoulders, carrying full down to line of belly; ribs long, strong and well sprung; hams, broad, full and well down to hock, with rump rounding from loin to root of tail; legs, medium in size and length, strong and well set under the body; feet, short, firm and tough; coat, moderately thick and fine, straight, smooth and covering the body well; size, boars two years old should weigh 600 pounds, sows 500 pounds, boars 18 months, 475 pounds, sows 400 pounds, boars 12 months, 350 pounds, sows 300 pounds—all in fair show condition; action, vigorous and animated; style, free and easy; disposition, very quiet and gentle, making them easily handled.

There are (unfortunately) two pedigree registers, the American and the National, instead of one maintained for the breed, but much careful attention is given to keeping the breed's records, and the Duroc-Jerseys now have an established standing in America and, like the Chester Whites and Poland-Chinas they are the product of the American breeders' skill.



Purebred Duroc-Jersey Sow.

JUDICIOUS FEEDING IS VERY NECESSARY

Largely Responsible for Improvement in Beef Cattle—Efficient Ration Needed.

By W. L. BLIZZARD, Department of Animal Husbandry, Oklahoma A. and M. College.

Judicious feeding is largely responsible for improvement in beef cattle in the past—it is reasonable to suppose that it will be just as potent a factor in the future. If you will examine the methods of the most successful breeders, men who are producing the best types of cattle, you will find them good judges and good feeders.

The cow before calving needs plenty of feed of the right kind in order to be in good flesh at calving time. She needs to carry plenty of flesh so as to have some reserve to fall back on. A cow that calves in a half-starved condition cannot do justice to herself nor to the calf.

The suckling cow needs a ration of greatest efficiency, which means one made up of a liberal allowance of grain. The tax upon the cow at this time is so great and the full nourishment of the calf so important that it is a poor economy to practice anything but a good system of feeding. The feed should be of such a character that it will stimulate a good milk flow. For developing a young calf, whole milk. Some of the best beef cows are not especially noted for milk records, and anything which can be done to make them give more milk will surely be appreciated by the calf. Alfalfa is especially suited for milk

production because of its high protein content and its richness in mineral elements. The grain ration should consist of corn or ground kafir combined with bran and cottonseed meal. Silage is also an excellent feed for stimulating the milk flow and will take the place of pasture. During the season when the grass is good the cow will not need so very much grain, but the grain ration should not be cut off entirely if you expect to raise a good calf. When the grass becomes short during the summer season it is an excellent plan to supply some additional roughage, such as stlage or alfalfa hay.

HOG CHOLERA GERMS SPREAD BY PIGEONS

Birds Carry Disease From One Farm to Another in Searching for Daily Food.

Pigeons are responsible for about 23 per cent of the spread of hog cholera according to the authorities who are dealing with its eradication. The farmer who owns or harbors pigeons should either confine them at home or dispose of them. Pigeons fly from farm to farm in search of food, which they generally find in the feed yards. In flying long distances and visiting many yards they easily get the germs on their feet and infect a whole neighborhood before people realize that cholera is in their herds. In 1915 the loss from hog cholera in the United States was estimated at \$750,000,000, and if one-fifth of this can be attributed to pigeons they will have to go.

...PERATIVE... a bottle of Mississippi... in your medicine... constant use for fifty years... 50c.—Adv.

...cept along the Caspian coast. Per... agriculture is dependent almost... entirely on irrigation.

It doesn't improve the looks of China to have it Japanned.

LUNG-VITA CURED HER SAYS MRS. CLARK

Mrs. Rubie Clark, 315 Oriol St., Nashville, Tenn., writes as follows: "I was confined to my bed for some time, when your agent called on me and asked me to try Lung-Vita. I did so after having three doctors tell me I had tuberculosis, and I can gladly say that Lung-Vita cured me." Lung-Vita has helped hundreds in cases of consumption and asthma—why not you? Let us send you a thirty-day treatment at \$1.75 or other testimonials showing what it has done in these diseases. Order a bottle today. Nashville Medicine Co., No. 9 Steger Building, Nashville, Tenn. Adv.

Not Available This Year.

Rev. W. H. Book, pastor of the Tabernacle Christian church of Columbus, is telling a story told him by a schoolteacher in a county not far from Bartholomew. The teacher and the township trustee were talking over plans for the annual school commencement. The question of a speaker for commencement arose.

"Let's get this here Rip Van Winkle to make the speech," suggested the township trustee.

"Who?" asked the surprised teacher.

"Why, this here Rip Van Winkle," the trustee replied. "I've heard a good deal about him and I thought maybe he might make a right smart speech."

The teacher had to tell the trustee that Rip was not available for commencement addresses this year.

Consulting a Lawyer.

"That is my opinion. Twenty-five dollars, please."

"I got the same opinion from another lawyer and he charged me \$5."

"Uh. You had no confidence in him."

"No."

"But you have in me?"

"Y-yes."

"Precisely. Our opinions are the same, but the difference in the cost is \$20. And to have confidence in your case is well worth \$20. This war in Europe is a terrible affair, is it not?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Speaking of tongues—a woman can seldom hold her own.

Often the woman in the case is a case to herself.

No bother to get summer meals with these on hand.

Vienna Style Sausage and Potted Meats

Just open and serve. Excellent for sandwiches.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

His Identity.

We met a man with the most astoundingly lugubrious cast of countenance that we had ever seen. Gloom sat on his brow like a brooding condor on her nest and an abysmal sadness seemed devouring him.

"Ah!" said we, "we perceive that you are a celebrated wag, for, in sooth, we have never before in all of woe's appointed ways beheld such a personification of wretchedness."

"No," he replied, "I am not a humorist. I feel as sad as I look. I am a pacifist, and believe that preparedness will inevitably bring on war."

"You do well to mourn your awful condition," we returned. "If you were a humorist you might get over it. But you are a dad-burned fool, and there is no help for you!"

Similar Brand.

The fair maid was toying with the new engagement ring.

"Did I understand you to say that your first wife's name was Katharine—same as mine?" she queried.

"Yes, darling," replied the widower.

"And," continued the fair one, "I suppose you loved her very dearly?"

"Indeed I did," answered the party of the bereaved part. "That's why I am anxious to secure a dupli-Kate."

De Soto saw the Mississippi river first, but he didn't make a cent out of it.

The optimist enjoys the fruit and the pessimist slips on the peel.

The Big Thing for Breakfast

And it's BIG in more ways than one.

First, there's that wonderful flavor. The crisp, nutty granules of Grape-Nuts food combine the sweets of whole wheat with the smack of malted barley—a flavor that no mere wheat food can rival.

Next comes the remarkable digestive quality. (Malted barley contains a natural digestive element.) Grape-Nuts digests quickly, and weak as well as strong stomachs handle it comfortably.

And then comes the wonderful nourishing value. No other cereal food puts the vim and vigor into body and brain that Grape-Nuts does.

This food-standby tells its own story after trial.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

KE

THE SION FENDER, WIRE TAPERS, "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. Novelized from THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island (about intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallido floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recovered. Margery's mother, Mrs. Golden, implores Legar to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the share of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The share is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count De Espares figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but De Espares is crushed by the mine. Margery is rescued by the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley brings Margery not only to her father, but also to her mother. Margery is rescued by the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley brings Margery not only to her father, but also to her mother. Margery is rescued by the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley brings Margery not only to her father, but also to her mother.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE

The Double Resurrection.

As Legar leaned back in the dim seclusion of his smoothly running limousine he permitted his scarred features the rare luxury of a twisted smile. Behind that leering face the active brain was marshaling certain past events and generating certain future schemes. One fact was indispensible—in the past two men had blocked him at every turn. These enemies were now out of the way—they were dead.

The limousine purred steadily southward through the deepening shadows of the almost deserted avenue. It turned into a mean side street and drew up beside the curb, well beyond the range of the sputtering car light.

Two skulking figures sidled out of a gloomy alleyway and approached the limousine as Legar got out. These worthies, answering to the appellations of Red Egan and One-Lamp Louie, were of that primordial type which recognizes only the law of brute force. So it was that Red Egan, mistaking Legar's twisted smile for something approaching good humor, attempted an unusual degree of familiarity.

"Say, gov'nor, I don't want 'r raise a holler, but that swell buzz wagon must cut up a pile of swag."

Legar replied curtly, with darkening face. "You'll get your share of the stuff, Egan, no more and no less. But there are times when that kind of talk might prove unhealthy, and the sooner the fact penetrates your thick skull the better."

The trio cautiously approached a ruinous old Washington Square mansion, and slipping into this dubious rabbit warren, crossed the hall, dimly lit by one sickly gas jet. As they started up the stairs, a slender, heavily veiled young woman came hastily out of one of the rooms on the top floor. She leaned for a moment over the rickety balustrade, striving to pierce the half gloom enshrouding the identity of the young woman darted swiftly through one of the half dozen doors off the hallway. Her refuge proved to be a windowless walled room cluttered with dilapidated trunks and useless relics of bygone legends.

From the depths of an ancient cabinet, the veiled stranger drew forth a telephone heliograph. As she quickly adjusted the microphones over her ears she heard the sound of voices. The voices, restrained and low-toned at first, rapidly became loud and quarrelsome.

The angry tones were those of Jules Legar and Red Egan. The storm of heated words centered about the heavy iron safe standing in one corner of the room. Up to a comparatively short time ago this safe had been the receptacle of certain valuable loot by Red Egan and One-Lamp Louie, under Legar's directions, from a palatial upper Fifth avenue residence. The safe door now stood open—its contents scattered promiscuously about the floor, but of the Van Horn family plate there was no trace.

"The guy that cracked this crib had the inside dope for sure," was Red Egan's muttered comment. "Are you trying to insinuate this is a plan to double-cross you and Louie?" queried Legar.

"I ain't insinuat'n' nothin'," was the other's early response, "but who else was hep to where the stuff was stashed?"

The answer Red Egan received was both prompt and effective. A heavy iron projectile caught him neatly on

the point of the jaw. He groaned limply to the floor, where he lay for a moment in dazed uncertainty. Then with a vindictive oath he tugged loose his automatic and fired point-blank at the sardonic face bending over him. A purple mist clouded the gunman's aim and the bullet spent itself with a soft plunk in the plastered ceiling. Before Egan could fire a second time, that terrible iron projectile attached to the stump of Legar's arm descended again with lightning speed and sent the revolver spinning to the other side of the room.

At the staccato bark of the pistol the statuesque eavesdropper in the store room had stiffened with rigid expectation, but when Legar's indelicate tones again broke in on her ears she displayed a sudden and startling activity. Throwing off her metallic headgear, she quickly up-ended an oblong packing case and, balancing on this shaky pedestal, worked loose the rusty hasp securing the heavy skylight. Facing the yielding framework gradually, she wormed and undulated her way to the flat tin roof. Catlike she took the ten-foot drop to the roof of the adjoining house, landing lightly on her feet, and, scudding through a door opening upon a stairway, made her way down to the street.

A few moments later the meditative Red Egan, walking slowly across the narrow strip of shadowy park, felt a light tap on his shoulder. He wheeled sharply in his tracks, his hand reaching instinctively toward his empty gun pocket. He quickly realized he had nothing to fear from this veiled woman who stood quietly confronting him, and who in no way resembled an emissary from that domed building known as headquarters. She silently motioned him toward a secluded bench near. Prompted by a vague curiosity, Egan warily followed her. It was not until they were seated that the woman of mystery spoke.

"Never mind how I know, but you have a heavy score to settle with a one-armed man calling himself Jules Legar—I can help you in this."

"At that moment this strange conversation was augmented by a third person, who took up his stand behind a thick-barked maple, where he could hear every word spoken. Legar, surmising the mutinous gunman was in a mood to stir up trouble, had dispatched One-Lamp Louie to shadow his former pal.

"The plan is a simple one—your master has made it appear that a number of terrible crimes were perpetrated by his enemy, the Laughing Mask. Even the police have been persuaded to take that view. But you know, and I know, the real guy lies with Legar. This man must be brought to justice and the name of the Laughing Mask cleared, even though he be dead. This can be done only by showing in detail how those crimes were committed—if you will write out those details, tonight and place them in my hands tomorrow I will see that your score with Jules Legar is paid in full." The woman paused, and then continued—evidently trying a different tact. "If you do what I ask faithfully, I will also make good your share of the loot which so mysteriously took wings and vanished from Legar's safe. But remember—I have the power to punish as well as to reward."

"Come to a place in Jersey called Rosedale—when you get off the train turn to the left and follow the woman until you see a big white house standing on a hill—a little way down the road you will see an old barn on the edge of a deep gully—at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning I will meet you just outside that old barn. I will have your money and shall expect you to have the written statement disclosing Legar's crimes."

Again she hesitated, and then, hoping to play on Egan's apparent credulity, added, "The spirit of the dead Laughing Mask is working with me. He will watch your every move, until that paper is in my hands!"

This chance shot told heavily, for the superstitious yegzeman, while fearing no corporal enemy, possessed an unreasoning dread for anything savoring of the supernatural. Casting an apprehensive look about him, he blazed out in terror:

"For Gawd's sake, call off the spirit, lady. I give yer me dyin' oath me, but I don't want 'r go up against no spooks."

One-Lamp Louie, who had been drinking in this artfully staged sumptuary with avid ears, his one good optic almost starting from its socket, now precipitately rushed to his chief. As he reported in detail his fabled version of the conversation between Red Egan and the veiled guardian of departed spirits, it was apparent he shared in no light measure the superstitious fear of his traitorous confederate. But these vaporish fancies were quickly dispelled by the craftily-minded master schemer.

"You're as bad as some half-witted old woman, falling for that spirit bunk," snapped Legar. "I suppose

you'll want someone to hold your arm in the dark after this."

"If there ain't no spirits mixed up in this deal, gov'nor, who tipped off that bunch 'r crape to all this inside gossip she handed Red?" solemnly queried the wide-eyed thug.

"Unless I miss my guess there's a dictaphone planted in this room, and I'm going to find it if it takes a week," said Legar.

He lost no time in making good this declaration, fishing under the furniture, along the moldings and in the dark corners of the room with that prehensile iron hook which seemed almost endowed with human intelligence. Suddenly he gave a guttural bark of triumph—under the heavy iron safe backed against the wall he found the object of his search and a few moments' work sufficed to trace the tell-tale thread of wire back to the store room, where the up-ended packing case and unlocked skylight told their own story.

"That ought to answer your ravings," was Legar's quiet-tooled comment to his bewildered lieutenant, and then he added maliciously, "There will be some uninvited guests at the next seance of your high-trigones friend, and somehow I have a feeling that she and Red are going to join those departed spirits inside of the next twenty-four hours."

The unsuspecting object of Legar's levity, with her features still heavily shadowed as on the preceding night, stepped out of the sardonic doorway of a weather-stained old barn which clung dizzily to the brink of a precipitous and rock-toothed ravine. As she approached the formal Italian garden centered about a musically cascading fountain she perceived a golden-haired girl seated on one of the rustic benches.

Presently an elderly, white-haired man, whose deep-lined face and troubled eyes bore mute witness of past mental strife, came slowly down the gravelled walk and stopped beside the discomfited figure on the rustic bench.

"You mustn't take this so to heart, Margery—if Davy could speak from the grave he would tell you to be brave for his sake—and as for the Laughing Mask—that unmitigated scoundrel and hypocrite isn't worth one of your tears."

The reply trembling on Margery's lips remained unspoken, for at that moment a young woman whose features were hidden by heavy folds of black veiling stepped out from behind a vine-covered trellis.

"You are doing the Laughing Mask a grave injustice, Enoch Golden," she cried in a clear and ringing voice, "and even now if you and your daughter will accompany me, but a short distance I will place in your hands indisputable proof of what I say."

A suddenly reanimated Margery sprang to her feet. She turned to the unknown intruder and cried impulsively, "Can you really show that the Laughing Mask was innocent of all those terrible charges? If you can, please, please take us quickly to where you have the proof."

"Wait, Margery," cautioned the experience-saddened banker, "First let this veiled person tell us who she is and where she wants to take us. This may be one of Legar's tricks, for all we know."

"I am a well-wisher of the Laughing Mask. Beyond that I cannot disclose my identity," came the guarded reply. "I am unarmed and ask you to go only as far as the old barn on your own estate."

Still questioning the outcome of this dubious venture, the stern-faced millionaire finally yielded to Margery's earnest importuning, and, following the black-veiled figure of their swiftly moving guide, they presently stood before the dilapidated old building tottering on the brink of the ravine. At that moment a thick-set, flat-footed individual shuffled into view along the dusty road, the visor of his cap pulled low over his malevolent blue-jawed face and his beefy fists jerking uneasily as he walked. The woman in black turned to her companions, and, indicating this ungainly figure, spoke rapidly.

"I have every reason to believe that man has kept faith with me, and if I am right I shall be able in a few minutes to place in your hands the proof of which I spoke. But if there should be treachery I wish to face it alone. You will find that the harness room in the loft of the barn has a strong door with heavy bolts. Please wait for me there, and at the first sound of trouble, barricade yourself until help comes from the house."

"This sounds like a trap," returned the millionaire, with emphatic disapproval. "Come, Margery, come back to the house at once."

But Margery Golden proved to have a will of her own as well as a surprising faith in the mysterious defender of the Laughing Mask. Taking her father's arm she half-coaxed, half-led the protesting master of finance into the ramshackle old structure which bore little semblance to a citadel of defense.

So far everything had gone in accordance with the carefully laid plans of the muffled strategist, and with a feeling that victory was within her reach, she quickly approached Red Egan, who was waiting near by with undisguised impatience.

"Sure, I got what yer lookin' fer, lady," he answered in reply to her look of interrogation, "but between them spirits 'n' a cramp in me mit, I've had one all of a night."

right. Now, if yer ready 'r come across wid—"

The gunman's words were suddenly clipped short by the sharp crack of a pistol. A look of surprised consternation came into Red Egan's face—for a moment he averted unsteadily on his feet—then slowly crumpled into a heap of inanimate clay. Into the startled vision of his companion came a black limousine furiously racing along the highway, the evil face of Legar plainly discernible as he leaned far out from the swaying vehicle, emptying his automatic in their direction. There was not a moment to lose. Snatching the crimson-stained paper from under the limp body of the slain gunman, the woman ran swiftly toward the old barn, reaching that sanctuary just as Legar and his confederates swarmed out of the limousine in hot pursuit. Through the sagging portals and up the rickety stairs she darted, the wolfish pack close at her heels. For a brief instant she surveyed her surroundings, behind the heavy oaken door of the harness room she knew Margery and her father had taken refuge in accordance with her instructions, and she must in no way jeopardize their safety.

Close by a broken window, overlooking the depths of the rocky gorge, stood a shabby old-fashioned porch. It took but a moment for the hurried fugitive to scramble into that ancient receptacle, but even as she lowered the cover Legar and his henchmen stormed up the narrow stairs. The quick eye of the master crook caught the movement of that closing trunk cover, grinning with unholly exultation, he turned to his unsavory crew of followers.

"Take that trunk and throw it out the window," snarled Legar. "We've cared our bird all right, and when she hits those rocks she won't feel like meddling with my business for some time to come."

As he led his murderous band out of the old building toward the abruptly sloping wall of the ravine, the door of the harness room slowly opened and Enoch Golden stepped out, closely followed by his horror-stricken daughter.

"I could see plainly through that crack in the door," murmured the white-faced girl, "the poor woman tried to hide in a trunk and Legar had his men drop her from the window."

The distressed look in her eyes changed to one of sudden bewilderment. From out of the cobwebbed mouth of a grain chute, over which the trunk had been resting, appeared the head and shoulders of the veiled stranger. As she regained her footing on the rough boarded floor she drew from the inside of her black gown a crumpled and blood-stained paper. This she quietly handed to the startled girl.

"Here is the proof I promised you," were her low-toned words.

"But how did you escape from the trunk?" interrogated the still bewildered Margery. "Who are you? And why did you risk your life to clear the name of the Laughing Mask?"

The woman replied calmly, "Half the bottom of the trunk was broken away and it was easy for me to slide through the opening into that grain chute. As to who I am, the time has come when I am ready to reveal my identity." The woman of mystery, with a quick movement, tore off her heavy veil and with it a wig of dark hair, disclosing a clean-cut and boyishly handsome face. An incredulous gasp of surprise burst from Margery's lips—"Davy!" she shrieked joyfully. "Oh, Davy, you have come back to us from the dead."

"Yes, I have come back to you," answered the resurrected Manley, "soon I will tell you the whole story, but now unless we are to fall into the clutches of Legar and his band of cutthroats we must leave this building at once."

A little later Manley sat on the white-pillared veranda relating his strange story to a group of listeners. "I remember a terrible explosion," he said reflectively, "then the maul came tumbling down about my ears like a house of cards. After that everything seemed to get dark, and about a week ago I came to my senses lying on a cot in a hospital. You must have mistaken some other poor beggar for me, and, while every one thought I was dead, it seemed like a good chance to catch Legar off his guard. I got the paper I wanted, but I guess I've stirred up a hornet's nest."

One of the listeners was a bull-necked individual with a reddish-brown complexion, wearing the uniform of a captain of police. He now shuffled his feet uneasily.

"That's all very interesting, young man," he broke in with an air of impatience, "but I've come all the way to this jumpin' old place from headquarters to get that Van Horn loot you say you lifted out of Legar's safe."

"I've got a couple of shoo' ty cops from Jersey City workin' with me on this job and it's time we got down to business."

"All right, Captain Brackett," rejoined the smiling Davy as he rose to his feet, "we can get the stolen plate whenever you're ready. The stuff is down at the old barn hidden in one of the feed bins. We had Negus, the second man, mount guard over it with a rifle until you came."

As the group moved toward the steps of the veranda a stoop-shouldered old gardener pottering over a nearby tulip bed straightened his blue-overalled figure and touched his cap respectfully. His patriarchal beard streaked with gray, almost covered his left arm, which he bore in a sling

improvised from a red bandanna handkerchief knotted over his shoulder.

"You can let that work go and come along with us," Golden replied, and as he caught sight of the shifty figure of one of the undergardners amid the shrubbery he added, reflectively, "and bring Peter with you. Fishing in the depths of a moldy bin, Davy drew out a heavily weighted gunny sack, which clanked musically to the ears of the russet-faced police captain.

"This is goin' to make some stir at headquarters," he gloated, tenderly replacing the yellow metal dinner set, "and I've got a hunch that one-armed crook ain't so far off. We'll send the swag up to the house and then beat every inch of the gully for this bunch of rattlesnakes."

This plan met with Golden's approval, and he turned to the old gardener who was standing with mouth agape. "Here, Tim," he ordered, "take Peter and Negus and get this bag up to the house. Tell Miss Margery I want it locked in the gunroom safe, and keep that safe guarded carefully until we get back."

It was with much dubious head-shaking that old Tim accepted this apparently unwelcome trust, and hobbled off in company with Peter, who bore the treasure sack on his shoulder, while the perturbed Negus trailed close behind with his rifle. As they reached the gravelled driveway swinging in a graceful half circle under the columned porte-cochere the head gardener stopped as though struck by a sudden thought.

"Be sorry," he ejaculated, "th' master clane forgot he kapes that safe locked up entirely, nary a soul but himself knowin' th' combination—Nagus be a good lad and run back an' ask him what'll we be doin' with th' sack."

Tim and his companion entered the house and made their way along highly polished floors to the gunroom at the further end of the imposing hall. Here they found Margery Golden, who listened with amused interest to the old Irishman's voluble description of the treasure.

"There was no necessity for sending Nagus back," she exclaimed, "I know the combination of the safe quite as well as father."

A startling transformation suddenly took place in the person of old Tim. The stoop vanished from his back, and with a quick movement he freed his left arm, carried in a sling by his side. The next moment that left arm, bearing a heavy hook of wrought iron, crashed down upon the skull of the unsuspecting Peter.

With a panther-like spring the metamorphosed gardener was upon the bewildered girl bending over the safe, and again that cruel iron claw shot out, clutching her arm as in a vise. With a derisive laugh of triumph Legar tore off his false trappings, his thin lips gave a shrill, penetrating whistle. In response to this signal the faint shuffling noise came from the direction of the fireplace, and two of Legar's followers, with faces blackened like lumps of darkness, sprawled out. At a curt command from their grim-faced leader they quickly bound the shrinking girl, and, tying a handkerchief over her mouth, dragged her across the floor into the fireplace. Legar caught up the sack of disputed plunder, and, clawing his way up the ragged lining of the murky chimney flue, vanished.

Even as the quaint personality of old Tim merged into that viciously depraved character, Jules Legar, the baffled group of searchers returning to the old barn saw approaching them the rheumatic stooped figure of the old gardener who carried his left hand in a red bandanna sling.

"What does this mean, Tim?" Enoch Golden interrogated sternly. "I thought I told you to guard the safe until we returned."

"Faith an' I don't know phwat ye might be talkin' about, Misher Golden," rejoined the old man querulously, "th' new docture yer was havin' sendin' to look at me hand gave me a shlapin' powderer to relieve th' pain an' said 'twas yer orders to stay in me bed th' while."

Into the faces of his startled listeners flashed bewildered amazement, then they rushed with one accord toward the distant manor house. Davy was already throwing his slender weight against the bolted door of the gunroom and calling out words of encouragement to the gentle girl he believed was in that room. The strong-armed police captain, seizing a medieval battle ax which ornamented the wall, smashed in the locked door with a couple of well-directed blows. The men stormed across the threshold of the gunroom, then stopped short in blank surprise. The windows were shut and fastened from the inside, the limp and sprawling Peter lay where he had been dropped in his tracks, but of Margery Golden and the burly sack there was no trace.

It was Davy who, eagerly circling the room, picked up by the fireplace a dainty square of filmy lace, and recognized it as that same handkerchief which a little earlier had fluttered its friendly message to him from Margery's hand as she stood on the veranda. His quick eye noted the marks of grimy fingers on the woodwork and the layer of dislodged soot coating the brick flooring of the fireplace. The next moment he dived into the gloomy throat of the chimney and gained a narrow ledge formed by the junction of the gunroom chimney with one leading to another wing of the house.

Cautiously peering about for some sign of his unseen foe, Davy caught a brief glance of a swaying shadowy figure perched high above him. Then

with a muffled path, that tottering figure came avalanching down the chimney, and landing on the narrow ledge, gripped at Davy as a drowning man clutches a floating bit of wreckage.

The interlocked antagonists hurtled headlong down the shaft into the fireplace of the gunroom. It was due to the fact that Legar's picked assassin had landed underneath, and broken the force of Davy's fall, that the badly shaken secretary owed his life. At that instant a volley of staccato reports, like those of a rattling gun going into action smote their ears.

"They've stolen the Mercury," cried the frantic millionaire, "and if they've stopped to put the Arrow out of commission they can show a clean pair of heels to anything on the lake."

To Enoch Golden's intense relief, the machinery of the high-powered Arrow had not been tampered with and soon the chase was on.

The delicate mechanism of the Mercury revolted at the unskilled handling of her clumsy-fingered engineer. She began to miss badly, while her speed perceptibly diminished. Legar caught up his glasses and for a moment intently studied the on-coming Arrow, which was evidently gaining.

Then, with a quick twist of the steering wheel, he sent the racing power boat heading directly for the nearest shore. Even as her sharp prow grated over the shelving beach Legar and his villainous crew swarmed over the side, carrying the fettered girl and the burly sack with them. They scrambled hastily up the embankment of the railroad track skirting the lake, just as the enraged father of the abducted girl beached the pulsating Arrow and sprang hastily ashore.

Hampered by his captive and the heavy sack of loot, the master schemer realized he could not hope to outstrip his opponents by ordinary methods of flight. But the evil genius of the man was equal to the occasion. At a little distance down the track a dozen Italian laborers were busy repairing the roadbed, under the supervision of a burly Irish foreman. The handcar on which these men went to and from their work had been set off to one side of the track near where Legar was standing.

"Get that handcar back on the rails and be quick about it," came his sharp command to the men. With his burden he leaped aboard and was laughing at his pursuers as he raced away. Just then an automobile of ancient vintage, driven by a stupid rustic, came wheeling up the highway, which paralleled the railroad.

"We want to catch a handcar that just went up the track," shouted Golden. "I will pay you \$100 to help us." Legar had congratulated himself too soon on the ease of his escape. As the handcar started toiling up a long, gradual grade, he looked back and saw the automobile loaded with armed men in hot pursuit. But he checked his muttered oath as the shattering car struck the hill, slowed down and finally came to a dead stop. The heavy load had proved too much for the time-worn engine. Legar could see his opponents getting out of the balky automobile, which, relieved of its burden, started crawling up the hill, with its passengers hurrying behind it.

Then the handcar reached the crest of the rise and went rapidly coasting down the incline on the other side. But Legar knew that eventually he must be overtaken. Human sinews could not prevail against the power-driven vehicles of his enemies.

At that moment there beat in upon his ears the long-drawn screech of a locomotive whistling for a crossing. With a look of fiendish hate, Legar stooped and lifted Margery Golden from the rough flooring of the jolting handcar and dropped her between the glistening rails.

In a breathing space his victim would be ground to death beneath the ponderous driving wheels of the engine rushing down upon her. But in that breathing space an incomprehensible thing took place.

At some distance beyond the foot of the incline the rails, sweeping in a wide curve, around a bend in the road, were lost to sight. It so happened that just around this bend the switching apparatus used to throw freight trains on to a siding was undergoing certain repairs at the hands of a blue-jacketed track walker. This man, all unconscious of threatening tragedy, had finished his labors and was wiping his grimy hands on a piece of cotton waste. Suddenly he became conscious of a motionless figure standing beside him.

As he glanced up he saw the stranger's face was covered by a mask, slit by a grotesquely laughing mouth. Without a word this strange figure bent and grasped the long lever controlling the switch and the train rolled onto the siding.

The half-conscious girl felt herself lifted by tender arms and laid on a soft bed of grass. A hazy figure bent over her, cutting away the cruelly biting thorns and gently chafing her wrists. Then she felt a kiss imprinted on her aching hand, but when she opened her eyes the stranger was gone. In his place came the figure of her tortured father, the anxious Davy and the solemn-faced police captain.

"What you say is impossible," Enoch Golden said soothingly. "The man is dead."

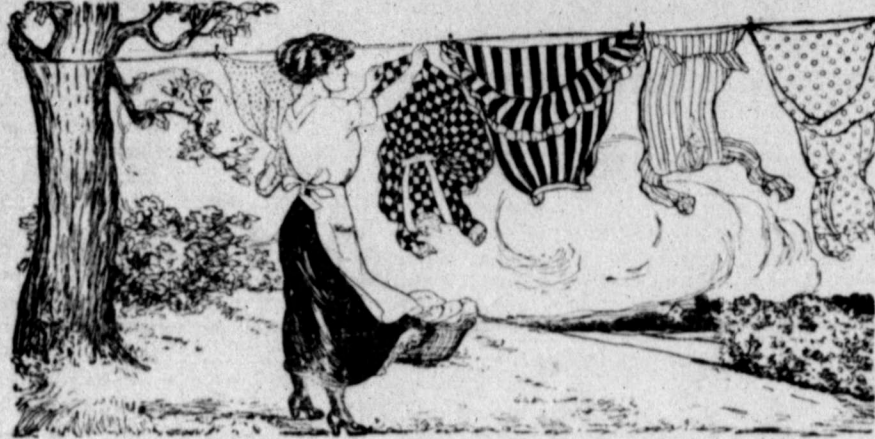
"But it was the Laughing Mask, I tell you," Margery wearily answered. "I saw him plainly, and besides, he kissed my hand before he went away."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Citation By Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Kerr County—Greeting.

You are Hereby Commanded to summon Charlie Porter, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 38th Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 38th Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Kerr County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Kerrville, Texas, on the 2nd Monday in July A.D. 1916, the same being the 10th of July A. D. 1916, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 29th of May A. D. 1916 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 997, wherein Lottie Porter, is Plaintiff, and Charlie Porter, is Defendant, and said petition alleging suit for divorce on the grounds of cruel treatment of plaintiff by the defendant. Also on the further grounds of more than three years of voluntary abandonment of plaintiff by defendant without cause.

Plaintiff prays for decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony between plaintiff and defendant, for restoration of her maiden name, Lottie Blevens, for costs of suit, for general and special relief.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Kerrville, Texas, this the 29th day of May A. D. 1916.

J. R. Leavell Clerk,
District Court, Kerr County.

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