

# THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, AUG. 31 1916

NO. 50

## Advancement

YOUNG MAN, if you want to become a leader in the world's affairs, save a part of the salary you now earn. Your employer will take a personal interest in you when he sees that you are saving your pay.

### Account With Us

and you'll soon be getting ahead in the world. Money means opportunity.

## FIRST STATE BANK

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

H. PRESCOTT  
PRESIDENT

A. B. BURTON,  
ACTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

A. B. WILLIAMSON, CASHIER.

### Church Notes.

Cotton corduroys have been in favor for some time and now on every hand. They are in the fashion of the season. In rose tones, green they are the fashion for midsummer. Make the most of this season. Men were baptized who had just professed faith in Jesus as the Saviour. Our conference has been from home. The association will be in next Sunday as above stated. Lu. usual, and will likely be a good preacher who is in trip to Kerrville. Rev. P. I. DDLLE, Pastor.

### Program at Pampell's

Following is the program at Pampell's for week of Sept. 4:  
Monday—H. Bosworth in "The Pursuit of the Phantom."  
Tuesday—Wallace Reid and Cleo Rigley in "The Love Mask."  
Wednesday—Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower."  
Thursday—Max Figman in "What's His Name?"  
Friday—Marguerite Clark in "Molly Make Believe."  
Saturday—Matinee—Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes."  
Saturday Night—Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby."  
Not a bad one in this list and some of the best we have ever shown. First show starts promptly at 8 o'clock.

### Lutheran Church News.

The last Lutheran Church services at the Union church were held last Sunday. A large audience was present. Members of the congregation celebrated the Holy Communion. The new church will be dedicated on the second Sunday of Sept. (Sept. 10). The program will be published in the next issue.  
B. Schleifer, Pastor.

### A Word from Bishop Johnston.

To the Editor of the Advance:  
I was pleased to read your protest against the discreditable conditions produced at the late Fair by the excessive drinking that was connected with it.

I saw its equal only once before; that was in the city of Mexico during a fiesta that brought many thousands of Indians there to take part in it. The pulque stands where the national beverage was being dispensed was packed tight with people just as the bar space under the grand stand at our Fair. Both were very suggestive of pigs around a swill trough. Many were over loaded, from which at least two fistcuffs which I witnessed, because they started near me, resulted. The combatants were young men.

It suggested to me this thought; that, if we can't raise and exhibit fine stock without debauching the morals of our young men, and destroying the refinement of our young women, we should cut out the facilities for drinking afforded by the Fair, as Dallas has done.

It furnished the best argument for Statewide prohibition, which I have heretofore opposed, that I have seen presented. It was an impressive one.

A people who do not know how to deal any better with as difficult and dangerous a question as the liquor traffic, has perhaps best have it taken out of their hands.  
J. S. Johnston.

### Ingram Locals.

(Regular Correspondence)

A. L. Starkey, County Surveyor, is doing some land surveying for John S. Calloway out on the divide this week.

Grandma Young of Center Point visited her daughter, Mrs. Ed. Lackey last week.

In Justice Court here Monday there were three pleas of guilty and one dismissal for want of prosecution.

Miss Imogene Bluntzer has returned to her home in Corpus after visiting Misses Pearl and Elizabeth Nichols the past month.

Mr. Ernest Scharek has accepted a position in the John S. Calloway store.

Mrs. Gussie Sample arrived here the last of the week to take charge of the Ingram school this term. Miss Edith Sutton of Kerrville will assist her, and we expect to have a very successful school this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nichols passed through Ingram Tuesday going to their home on the divide. They have been visiting at Harper and Goat Creek the past two weeks.

A large crowd of Ingram people attended the meeting at Hunt Sunday.

Messrs. Roy Smith and Calvin George made a flying trip to Pebble Monday evening.

The Baptist Association begins here Wednesday and holds over till Sunday night.

Mr. Enoch Hatch was unfortunate enough to stick a thorn in his eye Saturday. He passed through here Monday going to Kerrville to have it taken out.

Mr. Cary Crenshaw was in town Tuesday transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Blevins entertained a jolly crowd of young folks Saturday night.

There are reports of Armadillo tracks in the hills that bring in a docket of day of week.

**Wanted**  
Buying all kinds of cedar from 3 to 8 inches, 6-12 feet long. All sizes from 4 inches to 8 foot logs. Bring us at once.  
SEL, SAENGER & CO.

### Medina Local Notes.

(Regular Correspondence)

A heavy rain fell Sunday night. Thousands of small brown butterflies have been seen in our valley for several days. Some say that they produce the cotton leaf worm.

When our farmers read of possible 20-cent cotton they look out on their luxuriant cotton plants and think what might have been.

J. R. Johnston and family motored to Wilson county for an over-Sunday visiting relatives.

Geo. H. Tait has his saw mill in operation. Some of us fellows never saw logs turned into boards before.

Mrs. T. C. Rayfield left Friday for visit with her mother at Rockport.

G. R. Lovett who recently traded his ranch for the Justice hotel took possession of that hostelry this week. Mr. Ernest Justice will live on the ranch secured from Mr. Lovett.

There was no Methodist Sunday School Sunday morning as the people in large numbers attended the meeting being conducted at Bluff by Bro. Waltrip.

Rev. S. F. Marsh closed a meeting in the Tuff community Sunday evening. Two were baptized.

At the Sunday morning service of the Baptist church annual reports were made to the church by all its auxiliaries, messengers to the Association were chosen and Rev. S. F. Marsh was called as pastor for another year. At the close of the service two were baptized.

Rev. A. P. Robb who assisted in the meeting at Tuff spent Sunday night with Rev. S. F. Marsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lewis of Port Arthur are visiting Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Lewis' mother.

### Birthday Party

On Monday afternoon from 4 to 6 Charley Ray Newman entertained about forty of his little friends, the occasion being in honor of his 6th birthday. The little folks as they arrived were met at the gate by the youthful host, and escorted to the side lawn where a most imposing "sand pile" met their gaze. This was heartily enjoyed. One of the most thrilling events of the afternoon was the opening of the birthday gifts. All the little folks were seated in a circle on the lawn with the young host in the center, and as he cut the ribbons of each gift a perfect chorus of delights was heard. After the most exciting games, swinging, etc., were enjoyed Harris Newman appeared loaded down with an immense freezer of cream. With quite a professional air each guest was served with ice cream cones and cake. The birthday cake was viewed with joy, it making a pretty sight with its garlands of flowers and 6 candles. As the clock struck six the little visitors bade their host goodbye and went home with happy faces.

### Methodist Epworth League

Program for Sept. 3  
Topic: The Consecration of Home Life.

Opening song. Prayer.  
Leader—Miss Edith Sutton.  
Scripture Lesson—Leader.

The New Home of Jesus' Mother, John xix 27.—Miss Lurell Paine.  
Learn First to Show Piety at Home. Tim. v. 4—Mrs. Jesse McKiddy.

Consecrating Home Life to The Children—Miss Ethel McKiddy.  
Consecrating Home Life to The Old Folks—Frith Everett.

Vocal Duet—Mrs. Insall and Mrs. Storms.

Consecrating Home Life for the Community—Miss Kate Redfield.  
Setting the Home in the Midst of Need.—Miss Clara Baker.

Song. Benediction.

### Subscription Price of Advance to be Raised

The price of paper continues to go up and newspapers all over the country are raising their prices from the old standard of \$1.00 a year to \$1.50 and \$2.00. It is either that or go out of business. It is impossible to carry on a business where you are selling the output for less than it costs to produce it. So, in self defense, the Advance will be \$1.50 after October 15, which will be the beginning of the fifth year since it was established. All who pay up past due subscription and renew between now and that date will get the paper at the old price of \$1.00, and you can pay as many years in advance at that rate as you like. But every subscription taken after that date will be \$1.50 for the year, 75 cents for six months, and 40 cents for three months.

We feel that the splendid service we are giving our readers justifies the advanced price, even if cost of production were not so high. The two splendid serial stories we are running are worth \$1.50 each, if bought in book form, and the special farm, orchard and poultry articles from the agricultural department of our government are most helpful to farmers and stockmen. We hope to continue to improve the paper and make you feel it is really worth the price.

Mrs. Clara Wilbanks Tipton.  
After a lingering illness of several years, the last two weeks of which was most serious, Mrs. Clara Tipton wife of T. I. Tipton, died at her home in Kerrville. Present besides her devoted husband and daughter, Miss Myrtle, were her sister, Mrs. A. H. Faris of Center Point and her niece, Mrs. Emma Whitewood of Harper.

Mrs. Tipton was born in 1861 and had lived all her life in Texas. The funeral was conducted at the residence by Rev. J. B. Riddle of the Baptist church, after which the body was laid to rest in Glen Rest Cemetery. The family has the sympathy of many friends.

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

### Notice to Patrons

The 1916-1917 session of Kerrville Public Schools opens Monday morning at 9:00 o'clock, September 11. The new Compulsory School Attendance Law becomes operative September 1, 1916. This law makes it obligatory for you to send your child or children every day during the time stipulated, or have some legal excuse for not doing so. Please enroll all of your children the first day of school and have them attend regularly.

We earnestly solicit the co-operation of pupils and patrons in the work of the schools.  
Respectfully,  
G. C. JONES, Supt.

### Program for School Opening

The following program will be given Monday morning, September 11, at the School Auditorium.

America.....School  
Invocation.....Bishop Johnston  
Duet. Mrs. Doyle and Miss Garrett  
Talk.....G. C. Jones  
Song.....School

All who are interested in the school are cordially invited to attend the opening.

### Mrs. Laura Dowda Dies.

Mrs. Laura Dowda, wife of J. L. Dowda, died at her home in Kerrville, Thursday, August 24, after an illness of four months.

Deceased was born in Hill county, Texas, January 26, 1890, and was married to J. L. Dowda, December 21, 1908. She is survived by her husband and three children, one boy and two girls, the oldest 7 years and the youngest 2 months old.

Funeral services were conducted at the family residence Friday, August 25, at 9 p. m. by Rev. J. B. Riddle. Interment was made at Mountain View Cemetery. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the entire community.

### Educational Rally.

We are requested to announce that there will be an educational rally at the Camp Verde school house Friday Sept. 1 at 2 p. m. Supper will be served at six and a night session beginning at eight. You are cordially invited.

Now is the time to think of that

## Victrola

you have put off buying.

SEE

## PAMPELL'S

For prices and easy payment plan.

## 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



### New Prices August 1, 1916

The following prices went into effect Aug. 1. The Company guarantees the prices against any reduction before August 1, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance at any time.

Chasis, . . . . . \$325.00  
Runabout, . . . . \$345.00  
Touring Car . . . . \$360.00

Freight \$37.50 to Kerrville.

LEE MASON & SON  
"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154 Kerrville, Texas

CREAM

Liver Spots, all kinds will bleach the skin as smooth as good.

CTS

# Ask for and Get SKINNER'S THE HIGHEST QUALITY SPAGHETTI

36 Page Recipe Book Free  
SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.  
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

Contractors & Builders Wash up house bills complete and direct to contractors and builders. Trade and count guaranteed. Send your estimate. Warren-Moehle Lumber Co., Lake Charles, La.

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

## PATENTS

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**HARDWAY & CATHEY**  
FURLONG'S SECRET SERVICE COMPANY, INC., HOUSTON, TEXAS  
General Offices, St. Louis, Mo. Corporation for Individuals Firms and Corporations  
W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 34-1916

### Yale to Admit Women

Women have beaten their way into old Yale. The school of medicine at that university has guardedly, cautiously let down the sex-bar and will admit a limited number of girl students. They must, however, bring testimony that they have "an equipment which will insure confidence of the high standard of the institution," says the New York Sun.

### The Strong Withstand the Heat of Summer Better Than the Weak

Old people who are feeble, and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the depressing heat of summer by taking regularly **Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic**. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. 50c.

### Saved an Empress.

With the bling of the will of Mrs. Sarah Gray Crane in the Surrogate's court a trust fund of \$75,000 became available for the trustees of Amherst college. Dr. Edward A. Crane, her husband, had left the bulk of his estate in trust for the benefit of his widow. After her death it was to go to Amherst. How Doctor Crane saved the life of Empress Eugenie from a Paris mob of September 4, 1870, was told in the will. He planned the secret flight of the empress from Paris to Deauville when the republic was proclaimed after the news of the Sedan surrender. He arranged passage on Lord Burgoyne's yacht and took her to England. The empress rewarded Doctor Crane with a handsome pearl.—New York Times.

### Perfectly Simple.

"Charles, dear," said young Mrs. Perkins, "this article says that the old-fashioned stump speaker has almost disappeared."  
"Yes?"  
"Well, it's easily explained. The government has imposed so many restrictions on cutting down trees that the supply of stumps has probably given out."

### Taking No Chance.

Mr. Robbins came home well pleased with his achievement at the employment agency.  
"I engaged two cooks today," he said.  
"Why two?" said the wife. "We need only one."  
"I know," said Mr. Robbins, "but one comes tomorrow, the other a week from tomorrow."—Paul Mall Gazette.

Does Coffee Disagree

Many are not aware of the ill effects of coffee drinking until a bilious attack, frequent headaches, nervousness, or some other ailment starts them thinking.

## Ten days of coffee and on POSTUM

—the pure food-drink—will show anyone, by the better health that follows, how coffee has been treating them.

"There's a Reason" for  
**POSTUM**  
Sold by Grocers

# DAIRY

RINSE UTENSILS AFTER USE  
Prevents Water in Milk From Evaporating and Solid Matter Sticking to the Vessel.

The first important rule to observe in cleaning dairy utensils is to rinse them immediately after use. This prevents the water in the milk from evaporating and the solid matter sticking to the utensil. If it is impossible to wash the utensils at once rinse them in cold or lukewarm water, so that the most of the milk will be removed before it has a chance to stick. Hot water should not be used until the milky substances have been removed with cold or lukewarm water, for the hot water will coagulate the casein in the milk so that it will stick to the tin and require a greater amount of washing before it can be removed.

After rinsing in cold or lukewarm water wash the utensils in hot water. Cold or lukewarm water is practically worthless for cleaning purposes. Use some standard brand of alkali washing powder with the hot water. The alkali powders are more desirable for the work, since they quickly and efficiently remove the milk from the tin. Powders or soaps that have grease as part of their composition do not give as satisfactory results as the alkali powders.

## PUREBRED SIRES FOR DAIRY

Nowhere Does He Come So Near Being All-Important—Adds Profit to Ordinary Paying Herd.

The value of the purebred sire for every class of farm livestock is coming to be universally recognized, but nowhere does he come so near being all-important as in the dairy. In one full generation the herd leader can destroy what has been years in developing in the dairy herd, if he is not of the right kind. If of the right type and breeding he can add to the ordinary paying herd that which will make it yield a handsome profit or to a highly profitable herd a higher profit still.

Haphazard methods of breeding will not produce a bull of highest quality. He must have quality ancestry on both sides and the only ancestry known to be reliable is one whose history is registered and recorded. Blood will tell, and nowhere does it speak more emphatically than in the dairy herd. The female descendants of a scrub cow consistency bred back to a purebred bull will in a few generations become purebred themselves to all intents and purposes, but each succeeding genera-



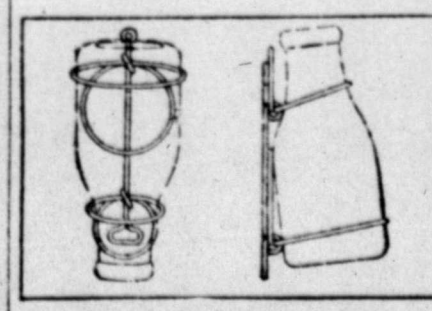
First Prize Red Polled.

tion descending from a purebred cow and a scrub bull and bred again to scrub stock will continue to decline and the offspring of the first cross is likely not worth its keep.  
If dairymen could see in the concrete sense the millions of dollars which the consistent use of nothing but purebred sires would bring to the dairy industry within ten years' time, the mission of the apostles of better breeding would be once and for all fulfilled. A purebred sire is undoubtedly the most profitable and at the same time economical investment which the dairy farmer can make.

## BOTTLE DRAINER IS USEFUL

Wire Rings of Different Sizes Attached to Stiff Wire Support Proves Effective.

The drainer shown here consists of wire rings attached to a stiff wire sup-



Bottle Drainer.

port. The rings are of different sizes. The device is attached to the wall by screws or nails.

## MILK FOR NEWLY BORN CALF

Young Animals Should Receive From Eight to Ten Pounds Daily, Depending on Size.

The newly born calf should receive from eight to ten pounds of whole milk daily, depending upon the size and strength of the animal. The milk gradually can be displaced by skim milk until when four weeks old the calf is receiving no whole milk. Experiments and farm practice unite in recommending the use of skim milk.

# VOGUES AND VANITIES

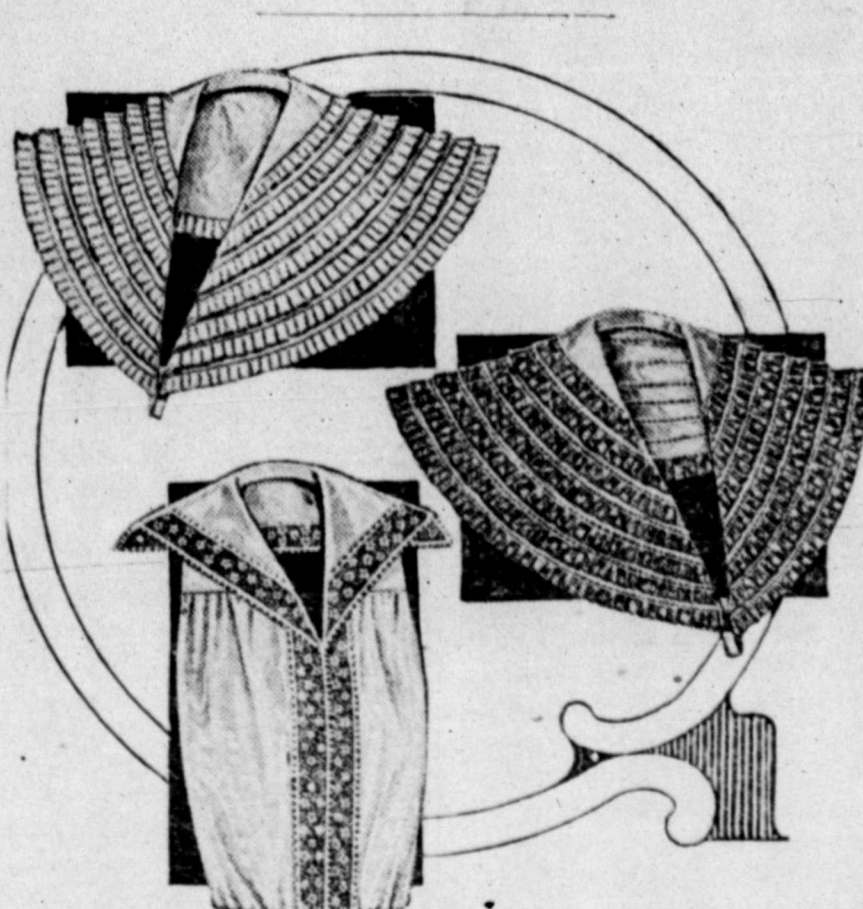
By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



Gowns of Transparent Organdie.

Organdies that look as if they were woven on the looms of the fairies are occasionally appeared among the sheer white gowns for midsummer. These fabrics are as gauzy as the wings of a dragonfly and about as crisp. But they support fine embroidery and have been made in edgings and flouncings of unequalled daintiness.

Evening and afternoon frocks have been made of transparent organdies, often in combination with voile or net. They are to be worn over slips of tulle for the best effects. The finer lingerie laces are used with them and for the handsomest frocks, princess, rennaissance and other handmade varieties are used. Organdie makes the prettiest platings also and many narrow-plaited ruffles help out in the embellishment of airy frocks.



To Embellish the Plain Waist.

Here are pictured two collars and a collar with vestee, which are recent additions to the already great array of neckwear. The collars are made of transparent organdie and the collar and vestee of sheer organdie trimmed with Venetian lace insertion. Collars and vestees of this kind are liberally used in finishing plain waists and blouses in all sorts of materials to give them the summery touch and the becomingness of white about the face.

There is little difference in the two collars. Both are large enough to be clasped among small caps and both are made of plain, transparent organdie. This material lends itself perfectly to narrow platings, and each of these cape collars is covered with rows of platings set close together. In the collar at the left they are attached to the foundation cape and turned over, and it is necessary to press them down. In the other collar the platings are hemstitched to the plain cape.

The small vestee is fitted on to a short yoke at the front and slips under the sides of the bodice, leaving the collar free to fall over the shoulders and back. These manufactured accessories are well made and accurately cut and are so inexpensive that it is not worth while to attempt them at home. They are particularly useful for remodeling blouses and are the

# CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVAR

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

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

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

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

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning, want you to go back to the dealer and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tonic is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine, vegetable, therefore it is safe or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tonic will purify your liver and clean out the bowels of that sour bile and waste which is clogging you and making you feel miserable. A bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic will keep your entire liver fine for months. Give your children. It is harmless; do as they like its pleasant taste.

Looks It.  
Flatfish—This paper says corrections made recently in maps of Greenland have shown it to be about 150,000 square miles larger than formerly believed.

Bensonhurst—Why, I didn't know Greenland had been having a war of aggression recently.

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

Confirmed Peasimist.  
"I never hear you discussing the weather."  
"What's the use?" asked the melancholy man. "Every time it rains somebody steals my umbrella and every time the sun comes out I get ink spots on my Palm Beach suit and have to send it to the cleaner."

Improved Beyond Expectations  
"My wife has been a long sufferer of lung trouble, and frequently with hemorrhages," says Mr. R. C. Curran, of 5400 Pennsylvania Ave., Nashville, Tenn. "We had almost given up hope of her ever being any better. She has taken four bottles of Lung-Vita, and she has never had another hemorrhage, or even symptoms. She has improved beyond our expectations, has gained in flesh, and we are almost sure she will soon be sound and well." Mr. Curran is a prominent lumber man of this city and is connected with John B. Ransom & Co. Take Lung-Vita for consumption, asthma, and kindred troubles. If your dealer does not have it in stock, send us \$1.25 for a thirty-day treatment or write for booklet today. Nashville Medicine Co., Dept. Y, Nashville, Tenn. Adv.

Crazy Insects.  
Bacon—Prof. H. G. Walters of Langhorne, Pa., says insects frequently suffer from insanity.

Egbert—Of course; you've often heard of a crazy hen, haven't you?  
"Yes."

A FRIEND IN NEED.  
For instant relief and speedy cure use "Mississippi" Diarrhoea Cordial. Price 50c and 25c.—Adv.

As It Appears to Motorists.  
Redd—I see the United States contains 2,250,000 miles of public roads.  
Greene—I wonder how much of this amount the chickens think they own?

BANISH PIMPLES QUICKLY  
Easily and Cheaply by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear the pimples lightly with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger and allow it to remain on five minutes. Then bathe with hot water and Cuticura Soap and continue some minutes. This treatment is best upon rising and retiring, but is effective at any time. Free sample each by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Harking Back.  
"Lemuel Wombat has bought a fine buggy."  
"Must be going to court old-fashioned girl."

There is No Art in Taking Medicine.  
Just follow directions on every bottle of "Plantation" Chill Tonic and see how quickly those dreadful chills will leave you. It leaves the liver in healthy condition and yet contains no Calomel. Price 50c.—Adv.

Potash in Texas.  
Borings in Texas to a depth of about 500 feet discovered potash salts in thick beds of salt. Some of the samples obtained were bright salmon red, resembling the Stassfurt carnallite and analyzing about 14 per cent potassium chloride. This was in a bed overlying three other salt beds with a total thickness of several hundred feet. A large basin is indicated.

Makes No Difference.  
"Dearest, isn't love blind?"  
"Yes, even when one has the love-light in his eyes."

He Won't Vote.  
"I don't like the looks of the publican nominee," said the man he gazed at in their bewitching trails.  
"But," remarked the man in the chair, "how do you know he is a Democratic nominee?"

STOP THOSE SHARP SHOES.  
"Femmina" is the wonder female disorder. Price 50c.

Swift Matrimony.  
First Stage Hand—Vidrow out in front during Bill?  
Bill?  
"I don't know," said the man in the chair, "but the heroine's baby when it appears until three years fourth act.—Punch Bowler."

CAPUDINE  
—For Headache  
Try it and be convinced. Aches in back and limbs. Nature to get right and Liquid—easy to take.—Adv.

Deadly.  
Bacon—A cucumber about the size of a cartridge. It's same shape.  
Egbert—But hardly as deadly, you think?

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY  
is her hair—if yours is thin, ugly, grizzled, gray, use "La Croix" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

The Vital Question.  
In 1915—How many miles will it go an hour?  
In 1916—How many miles will it go on a gallon of gasoline?—Cornell Widow.

A great many men make their mark in this world because of their inability to write.

Buy materials that last  
**Certain-teed**  
Fully guaranteed — best responsibility  
**Roofing**  
For sale by dealers everywhere at reasonable prices  
**General Roofing Manufacturing Company**  
World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers  
New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco Cincinnati  
San Antonio San Diego Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle Indianapolis Atlanta Richmond Houston London Street

S. A. & A. L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville.

said court, I did, on the 8th August, A. D., 1916, at 11:35 o'clock, in the presence of Sheriff of Kerrville, By J. J. Staudt, Deputy.

HOWING AND MARKETING THE WOOL CROP



GROUP OF AUSTRALIAN MERINO RAMS.

Shedding is a natural process...

Tablets that should be even in...

wool, and for litter, burrs and tar or...

If the wool is to be fairly uniform...

The ewes should be milked in fleece...

Unless the animal is properly fed...

wool will not be strong and even...

to a point below the normal demands...

reduced in diameter and a weak place...

the result. This greatly reduces the...

commercial value of the combing...

such as prevail in most sections...

where farm flocks are kept. In the...

process of combing, the fiber breaks...

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FARM STOCK

SHADE IS GREAT NECESSITY

ASTONISHING TO NOTE HOW MANY FARMERS FAIL TO PROVIDE SHADE DURING HOT SUMMER DAYS.

The necessity for providing shades for hogs in summer is overlooked by the majority of farmers throughout the country. It is astonishing to note how many herds of hogs are compelled to lay in the sun and suffer during the summer days. If the herd has access to an orchard or wood lot they will not need artificial shade. However, if they are confined in open lots, they should have sunshades built to protect them. A cheap and efficient shade can be erected in a few hours, and at practically no cost, aside from the labor. A few posts, some old boards or saplings, and a straw or hay roof makes an ideal shade. It is preferable to one of boards, and the straw or hay roof is cooler than one of lumber.

In building sunshades it is better to build them at the highest point in the field, so that the hogs will get the full benefit of every breeze. Few farmers realize the great losses that are due directly to overheating, and such losses can be guarded against only by providing a retreat for the animals during the heat of the day. Days when the weather is extremely hot it is an excellent plan to sprinkle the soil under the shades with water. One barrel of water will help keep down the temperature during the middle of the day.

HACKNEY HORSE IS POPULAR

Breed Originated in England From Crossing Thoroughbred Stallions With Native Mares.

The English Hackney, a typical head of which is pictured herewith, is, perhaps the most popular of all the so-called heavy harness horses. The breed originated in England from crossing thoroughbred stallions on



Typical Hackney Head.

good native driving mares. The term Hackney is derived from hack, originally meaning any horse suitable for driving carriages and similar vehicles with considerable speed. Speed development beyond a reasonable limit has not been emphasized in this breed, but great attention has been given to action and endurance.

In form this horse is rounder and smoother than the trotting horse, with less tendency to angularity. In height he stands from 14.2 to 15.3 hands. In movement he resembles the French and German coach horses. Knee action is unusually high. In motion, the foot describes a circle.

Hackney and Coach horses are chiefly used as park animals and for driving in boulevards and city streets. The prevalence of the automobile has done a great deal to discourage the production of horses of this type on a large scale in this country. From the farmers' standpoint the Hackney is desirable for driving purposes, but too small for work in the field.—Farm and Home.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF PIGLETS

Necessary That Young Animals Have Plenty of Exercise—Keep Them Out of Cold Rain.

It is very necessary that the little pigs have plenty of exercise, and all the sunlight that can be given them. Do not allow the pigs to run out during a cold rain. If possible, provide green feed or roots. These keep the sow healthy and cheapen the ration. Encourage the pigs to eat grain after they are three or four weeks old. Build a creep for them so they can feed alone. At this age feed for home and muscle. Give them all the skim milk you can. If skim milk is not available, give them some meal and plenty of pasture. In about eight or ten weeks the pigs will have practically weaned themselves. After they have been successfully weaned the most perplexing job is over.

Keep Colt Growing. Keep the colt growing. It takes longer and costs more to make up for a pound of lost growth than it does to add two pounds of gain under favorable conditions.

Record Breeding Dates. Keep a careful record of the dates when all animals are bred.

Children Cry For

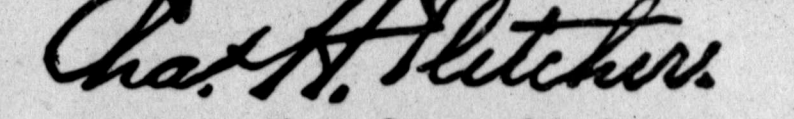


What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

PORT OF MISSING WHEELS

Writes Throws Some New Light on the Eventual Fate of Bicycles.

Perhaps you have wondered what has become of all the old bicycles. Not so long ago everybody had one—father, mother, children and aunts from the country. And then, in the night, motor cars got cheaper and all the bicycles disappeared. Like the Palm Beach suits they are all here in Florida. There are bicycles everywhere, on the flat, hard, beautiful roads, on the curbstones, leaning against the piazzas, in the streets. If the motor car has swept them from the northern streets, it has not done that here. Men, women and children on bicycles whirl about the streets, tingling their little bells and the motor-car drivers look out for them. Just beyond the veranda at Palm Beach were hundreds of bicycles waiting to be hired. Out on the shaded roads, were other hundreds bearing their gaily attired burdens.

In the lobby, where I was making my way to the desk, were dozens of women dressed for wheeling—Margaret Tuttle, in Saturday Evening Post.

Logical. Parson—How is it I haven't seen you at church lately? Hodges—I ain't been.

He's a wise man who makes the mistake of guessing a woman's age too young.

Cockroach a Troubler.

Recently while inspecting a large plant attention was called to a peculiar incident. On a branch circuit there was some peculiar trouble. Fuses would blow out at various intervals running from one-half to twenty-four hours, says the Popular Science Monthly. At first no attention was paid, but when the ground detector started to show signs of trouble, first on one side and then on the other, investigation was made. Covers were removed from the outlet boxes and from one box a shower of live and dead cockroaches fell on the head of the examiner. On looking into the box, it was found that the insulation around the joints and especially at the points had been entirely eaten away, the vibration doing the rest toward creating the trouble.

Filtration.

If all urban population of the United States were supplied with filtered water, or water of equal purity, the urban typhoid fever death rate would be 14 per 10,000, states George A. Johnson, consulting engineer of New York city. A reduction of 67 per cent in the typhoid rate immediately following filtration has been amply demonstrated.

His Choice.

"A bad beginning means a good ending." "That may be, but if I can have my choice I'll take the fine start every time."

A genius is a man who can do almost anything but make a living.

MOST ACCIDENTS IN HOMES

Majority of Injuries Can Be Traced to the Carelessness of Individuals.

The "safety first" movement is ordinarily understood to mean caution in public, in crossing streets or boarding cars, or carelessness in the factory in handling tools or machinery, but, according to the report of the coroner of Cook county, Illinois, there is more need for "safety first" methods in the home than in the street or factory. In 11 years of the Chicago coroner's incumbency the total number of deaths by accident investigated by his office was 29,854. Of these 15,241 were "accidents at home" and 14,623 "outside the home."

Most of the accidents at home are traceable to carelessness. Burns and scalds caused many deaths. Asphyxiation, poisoning, suffocation, falls, exposure and neglect, careless use of matches, firearms, gas and all stoves, gasoline, liquid stove polish, defective stoves and flues, soot, etc., cost thousands of lives. In Cook county in 1915, 105 children under five years of age were killed by scalds and burns.

"Food Is Its Own Best Digestant"

"All too frequently, we prescribe medicines for patients who suffer from indigestion, when, as a matter of fact, what they actually need is a simple course of dietetic training, and the proper food-stuffs to train on.

"This is the famous "reason" for the popularity of Grape-Nuts as an article of diet, viz., that it furnishes this very course of training for the digestion. It not only furnishes the natural diastase for the process of digestion, but it favors a return to normal digestive function because the firm, crisp kernels compel thorough mastication.

"One ought not to leave out of consideration the psychic element—the delicious treat to the palate afforded by a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream."

From April, 1916, American Journal of Clinical Medicine

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

**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.

The Kendall county Fair opens at Boerne today. They expect to have the best exhibition in the history of the association. It will open with a grand display parade which will start in town and go to the fair grounds where the officers will formally open the Exhibition at 11 a. m. Special railroad rates will take many people from this county to the Boerne Fair.

We print in this issue an appreciated article from Bishop J. S. Johnston of the West Texas Episcopal Diocese in which a good argument for Statewide Prohibition is made by a man who says he has heretofore opposed such a law. The most conservative churchman and business man as well as the great body of our farmers are fast reaching the conclusion that the only cure for the gross and admitted evils of the liquor traffic is to abolish it. This demoralizing business is not only injurious to the church and home and society, but is also a menace to civilized government itself.

Oscar "Budweiser" Colquitt had seen the zenith of his political glory when he last served us as governor, but he didn't know it. When in the recent primary he got a plurality vote over four other candidates for United States Senator the ex-governor no doubt wished he had never heard of the second primary law, which it is said he once advocated. Colquitt has done everything the liquor machine wanted him to do and said everything they wanted him to say. In fact he has done so much and said so much and made himself in every way so subservient to the wishes of the brewery interests that it appears that the better class of citizens over the state have become disgusted with him, and it

seems the liquor machine itself got bluffed out of giving him its united support last Saturday when Senator Chas. A. Culberson beat him by over 70,000 votes in a single handed race.

The school catalogues which are being distributed by the Superintendent and board of trustees of the Kerrville Public Schools are already creating unusual interest in the coming session which begins Sept. 4. The first week will be taken up with the Institute and school proper will begin Sept. 11. If everybody will help boost the school we are sure to have a successful session, for we have one of the most able faculties to be found in the State. Copies of the catalogue ready for mailing may be had by applying to either Superintendent G. C. Jones, Secretary J. E. Palmer or the Advance office.

**Religious Notice**

During August the Sunday School and Church service hour will be merged in one. Everyone is invited to attend.

Bishop Johnston especially hopes that the parents will come with their children so all may worship together. Hour of Service, 9:30 a. m.; this will be the only service held in the church during August.

J. S. JOHNSTON,  
Bishop in charge

Wanted—To lease a stock ranch of 750 to 1,500 acres, with an option to buy any time during lease. State full particulars in first letter, as to how many head of cattle it will keep in good condition, exact location, kind and condition of improvements, best price to lease and to buy.

Address C. B. Westbrook,  
Newton, Iowa.

**Tank Work, Tin Work**

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

**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 115th Dist:**  
(Nominee of Democratic Primary election July 22.)

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

**For District Judge 38th Dist.**  
(Nominee of Democratic Primary election July 22.)

R. H. BURNEY,  
(Re-election.)

**For County Attorney**  
GILBERT C. STORMS.  
(Nominee of July Primary.)

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

**For County Judge**  
SID REES, (nominee of July primaries.)

R. A. DUNBAR,  
LEE WALLACE,  
(Re-election.)

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

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

O. C. BULWER

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

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

**For Commissioner, Pre. No. 1**  
BEN F. DENTON,  
F. A. KARGER, (Re-election)

**Bucks For Sale**

Registered Delaine bucks for sale. They can be seen at A. J. Gibbens' ranch four miles north of Kerrville.

W. N. KELLY.

Nyal's Remedies, the best there is. Guaranteed by the Kerrville Drug Co.



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 Castings.

**J. E. PALMER**

LOWRY BUILDING

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

**GOOD-LOOKING FURNITURE**

IS NOT ALWAYS GOOD FURNITURE

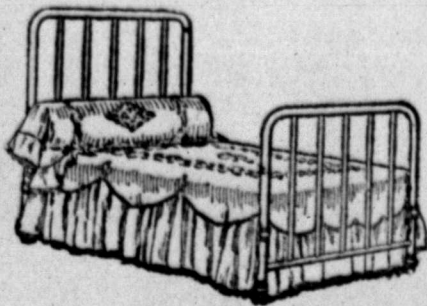
**QUALITY COUNTS**

In Furniture the Same as in Shoes

In these days of scientific deception it does not take good workmanship to make good-looking Furniture. Much inferior furniture looks good. We endeavor to carry in stock such Furniture as will stand the test of time and will continue to look well.

**Our Word is a Guarantee of Honest Values**

**Bed Room Furnishings that no Housewife Can Afford to Overlook.**



In style of beauty and Modern art the Simmons Bed is among our most satisfactory showings for this season. Don't fail to see our beautiful line of bedroom furnishings. It is easy to find just what you want in our large assortment.

Call and let us show you through our large stock of  
**FURNITURE**

**W. A. Fawcett & Co.**

FOR  
Pure Milk, Cream,  
Buttermilk  
Telephone 79

**Lewis Dairy**

**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

CALL FOR THE  
**Original JITNEY Service**  
HENRY JAMES, Proprietor

**Phone 2-6**

Jitney Service in Town and Reasonable Rates to All Points.

We are making every effort to give the best possible service and solicit your patronage.

Purseley's Old Stand, Near Postoffice, Kerrville,

**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

Phone 31 P. O. Box 331

**Gilbert C. Storms**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office at Kerrville, Texas  
Practice in all courts. Abstracts of Land Titles made on short notice.

**PRACTICE ECONOMY**

Don't fail to call at my store before you go home and get that bill of

**GROCERIES**

I will save you money.

**Jas. Redfield Phone 148**

Ellis Sutherland, the Lima postmaster and merchant, was in town Monday on business.

Our stock of box papers, bulk papers and fancy writing tablets is most up-to-date.

Rock Drug Store.

There was a special session of the commissioners court Saturday for the purpose of passing on the assessor's rolls.

Shipment fresh cigars right from the factory just arrived; not handled by jobbers. The Nifty News Stand.

**Government Trucks Pass Through**

Thirty U. S. supply trucks passed through Kerrville yesterday fresh from Pershing's camp in Mexico enroute to Fort Sam Houston. They were the first supply trucks sent from New York to the front, and have been in active service ever since. Two versions of the movement of these trucks are given—one that the Government is calling them in to replace with lighter weight cars, and another, that this is a test run. They left Columbus, N. Mex., August 14.

**Hillyer-Deutsch Lumber Co.**

DEALERS IN

**LUMBER**

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

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

R. NAGEL, Manager

YARD NEAR DEPOT --Phone 45-- KERRVILLE, TEXAS

**Local Notes**

Sheriff J. T. Moore was a visitor to the Adams City Tuesday.

Tablets, pencils, pens, inks, rulers, crayons, composition books, etc., at Rock Drug Store.

Oliver typewriter good as new for \$12.50. Dr. H. T. Green, office over Schreiner Bank.

Hats for the school boys, bargain prices at H. Noll Stock Co.

Judge Stuart R. Smith of Houston, an old lawyer friend of Judge Wallace and J. C. Geddie, is spending a few days in Kerrville.

Our stock of box papers, bulk papers, and fancy writing tablets is up to date. Rock Drug Store.

J. D. Howell recently of Salado, Bell county, is in Kerrville visiting his brother, L. S. Howell, and will likely locate here.

Miss Claude Turner of Sweetwater recently arrived in Kerrville to spend the winter and attend school.

Farmers, attention! We want 1000 pounds of Multiplying onion sets and will pay you a good price for what you have. C. C. Butt Grocery

Miss Debra Jones and Mrs. Jones were married last week by auto to bridesmaid last week business home.

Gebhardt's products kept at Butt Grocery.

Valley of San Antonio is visit to her son, J. W. family.

Rupert T. no Sunday for the school term. Baptist church, T. A. Buckner.

N. Cox and little grand Ruth White, of Center visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. here this week.

varieties of dress goods for school dresses. Prices just H. Noll Stock Co.

Ada Pfeuffer of the Rock Store spent Saturday and visiting her sister, Mrs. at Center Point.

House and Our Pride flour stock. No better flour you use it once you will always be our customer. West Texas Supply Co.

Miss Alma Welge is visiting friends in Victoria for a few days.

The H. & H. Blend Coffee, which was advertised at our late Fair, is stock at our store. West Texas Supply Co.

G. S. Brown and family of Harrisburg, Texas, are here for the benefits of our delightful climate.

Hosiery and school shoes for the boys and girls. Remember, we bought before the big advance in leather, and can save you at least 20 percent on your shoe purchases. New goods, lower prices, better shoes, at H. Noll Stock Co.

Misses Bess Hickie and Ethel Williams returned Saturday from a visit at the W. G. Wharton ranch on the divide.

Costing you too much to live? Put a dollar in your pocket and spend it at BERRY'S. It will pay you.

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

Justice of the Peace F. D. Smith and Constable Charlie Rodgers of Ingram were in town on business yesterday.

Salad dressing like you make at home. Ask for Premier goods at BERRY'S.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Bode Aug. 18, a fine boy.

Tablets, pencils, erasers, ink, mullage, envelopes, and crayons for school children. Prices right at H. Noll Stock Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Olive of Bastrop are guests at the Shofner rooming house. Mr. Olive is a prominent merchant of his home town.

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

Mr. and Mrs. A. Scoble left a few days ago for Globe, Ariz., where they go with the hope of improving Mrs. Scoble's health.

Mrs. T. D. Haney and children left Monday to join Mr. Haney who is in the Wells Fargo service at Yoakum. The best wishes of many friends follow them.

Miss Ruth Johnston of San Antonio and Miss Dorothy Mitchell of Mobile, Ala., are spending a week visiting their grandfather, Bishop J. S. Johnston, in Kerrville.

W. S. Mayfield and daughter, Miss Mabel, spent Monday night in Kerrville on their return from Japonica where Miss Mabel has been employed to teach the Grape Creek school.

Fishing tackle of all kinds at Kerrville Drug Co.

Henry McCurdy and little son of San Antonio are here visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McCurdy. Mr. McCurdy is an employee of the San Antonio Traction Co. and is taking his annual vacation.

School suits, extra pants for the boys, new line just received this week. Very low prices at H. Noll Stock Co.

Are you fixing a lunch? Don't forget that everything for the lunch is choicest and cheapest at BERRY'S.

**Cedar Wanted**  
We are in the market for Cedar Posts 3 to 8 inches, 6 1/2 feet long; also logs all sizes from 4 inches up, 8 feet long. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Layton spent last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Coleman at this place. They have leased their fine farm at Medina out for a year and will take a pleasure trip over west Texas.

Parker Fountain Pens, the most satisfactory and reliable. Kerrville Drug Co.

Mr. A. Emms and family and Mr. Allen, Mrs. Emms' brother, returned last week from a two week's auto trip to Midland, Vanhorn and other points west visiting relatives.

Safety razor for the price of a shave. Kerrville Drug Co.

Miss Virgie Storms returned last Tuesday from a month's vacation spent with relatives at San Antonio and Uvalde. Misses Margaret and Etta Meyer of San Antonio returned with her and will spend two weeks visiting their sister, Mrs. Gilbert C. Storms.

Try our Frijoles, Mexican style canned beans, 10 and 15c per can. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mrs. Tom Peterson and Doris, Mrs. Staudt and two little girls and Misses Mary McKay and Elizabeth Fawcett spent several days camping on the river at Sherman's Mill the past week.

Dollars stretched free of charge. Spend it at BERRY'S and see it stretch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fawcett had as their guests from Friday till Monday Mr. Fawcett's brothers O. Y. Fawcett and family of Johnson City, Mr. C. C. Fawcett of Leander and Mr. Leslie Fawcett and bride, Miss Elizabeth Fawcett of Cheapside is also visiting here for a few days before beginning her school on the Divide.

**Cedar Wanted**  
Bring us your cedar, we will pay top prices for good stuff. We need a lot and want it right away. Tell your neighbor. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

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

**Presbyterian League.**

Senior League program Sept. 3. Subject—Consecrated Home Life. Leader—Ruth Garrett. Devotional and Introduction by Leader.

Hymn—Anywhere with Jesus. Home Consecration—Helen Dietert. A little child, an example of Christianity—Mary Claire Williams. The homelessness of Jesus—Mrs. Dickey.

The appalling spiritual destitution of this country—Laura Henke. Away from home—Mabel Thornburn.

What a home is—Mrs. Simmons. Hymn 91. Close with prayer.

Buy a package of our Egg Noodles. They are the best. C. C. Butt Grocery.

For Sale—Light Studebaker hack in good condition. W. J. McDaniel.

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

For sale or trade—two good young horses. Will take sheep, goats or cattle. W. N. Hatch, Japonica.

**DR. WERBLUN IN KERRVILLE**

Dr. L. Werblun, optician who is here in Rawson's Drug Store will remain till Sunday. Examination of the eyes free.

**Dr. H. T. Green DENTIST**

Prices reasonable. All classes of work done and guaranteed.

Office Over Schreiner's Bank Office Phone 237 KERRVILLE, TEXAS



**A LIVE WIRE**

I am now located here to do all kinds of REAL ESTATE business. List your Ranches and Farms with me to sell, lease or exchange. Also Town property. Am in position to get the people to see you and make the deal. Write me at this place and I will send you contract and blank for description of your property. Office at the Williams Hotel, Kerrville, Texas.

G. L. BLAIR

**THE STAR MARKET**

C. L. BIEHLER, Prop.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT LOWEST PRICES

Free Delivery

PHONE 162

**Fire And Tornado Insurance**

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

\$2,000,000 CAPITAL STOCK

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

MAIN STREET, KERRVILLE, TEX. GILBERT C. STORMS

**Gunter Hotel**

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Absolutely Fire Proof. Modern Rates, European, \$1.00 to \$3.00 Per Day

A Hotel Built for the Climate

Official Headquarters "A. A. A." PERCY TYRRELL, Manager and T. P. A.

**Buck Duane —Outlaw**

driven from society by heredity and circumstances, riding the wild stretches of Texas, camping with bandits and fighting with desperadoes, to

**Buck Duane —Ranger**

who rides the state of its most desperate bank-breaking, cattle-stealing, train-robbing crew, and who is finally redeemed to society by the love of a woman. This, in a nutshell, is the new serial we have secured—

**The Lone Star Ranger**

In the telling of it there is never a dull moment. Intense interest marks every chapter and you fairly live through each of the desperate adventures in which "Buck" participates. If you like a story of abundant action, don't miss

**Our New Serial**

**The 31st Annual Gillespie County Fair**

Will be Held at

**Fredericksburg, Texas**

**September 13, 14 and 15, 1916**

Races, Farm Exhibits, Live Stock Show, Exhibits by San Antonio Manufacturers Club.

**Special Attractions.**

and an all-round good time. Come—you will not regret it.

Saddle. We also harness, etc. Casings.

R S

Service proprietor

reasonable s.

ANDISE

P. O. Box 331

orms

Texas acts of Land notice.

# The SECRET of the SUBMARINE

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The End of the Trail," "Fighting in Flanders," "The Road to Glory" "Vive la France," etc.

Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the American Film Manufacturing Company.

### SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States naval board to investigate and report his findings on the invention of Dr. Ralph Burke, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The lieutenant arrives in Valdavia and is welcomed by the inventor and his daughter, Cleo. On the trial trip of the inventor's boat, a Japanese boat is surprised in the act of examining the mechanism of the ventilating device. Hope reports favorably on the new device but there are others interested in it. An attempt to burglarize Doctor Burke's laboratory fails, but later Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom. Cleo sells her father's books to get money, later she finds a note from which she learns that they contain the secret formula. With Hope she races to the auctioneer's store only to find it in flames. Olga Ivanoff and Gerald Morton, two spies in search of the formula, attempt to capture Cleo when she calls at the house of Stephanski, the anarchist. Hope rushes to her aid. Morton shoots at him but the bullet hits a bomb, in the cellar, which explodes. Stephanski dies in the wreck of his house; the others escape. Hope and Cleo attend a ball at Mrs. Delmar's, whose nephew has two of the missing books. Mahlin, a spy, attempts to steal the books, but is discovered by Hope. In the excitement that follows the books disappear. Mahlin escapes. Hope and Cleo take a boat for an island out in the bay. The conspirators follow in other boats. Mahlin and the Jap turn out the island light. Morton's boat with the compass strikes a stray mine in the bay.

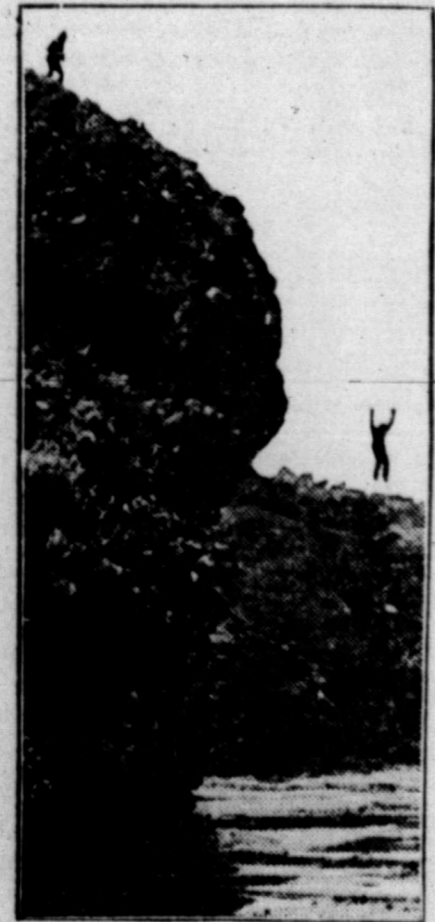
### SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

For the three in the little launch it was a night of unforgettable terror. The elements seemed united to destroy them. The wind howled and the sea roared like monsters ravening for their prey. But at last a pale, faint light began to overspread the eastern sky. It was a cold, gray dawn, but to those in the launch it was the most beautiful that they had ever seen for it showed them the misty outline of an island rising, not half a mile away, above the storm-lashed sea.

"That's not Middle Island," said Morissey, staring intently. "If it was we could see the radio station. It must be one of the North Farallons. It looks like an ugly shore to land on, with a wind like this blowing."

But, as they forged slowly nearer they saw with relief that what appeared from a distance to be a solid rampart of rock was broken here and there by fissures which widened into coves and inlets, and that these coves and inlets had, for the most part, sandy shores on which a small boat such as theirs could be beached without serious danger of being wrecked. Just as the first rays of the rising sun gilded the tops of the cliffs the launch glided between the barrier reefs into the smooth waters of one of these coves and Hope staggered ashore with Cleo in his arms.

Laying her gently on the shingle, he stripped off her water-soaked shoes while Morissey hastily collected a pile of driftwood and saturated it with gasoline. Soon they were warming their



Down, Down He Went, Straight as an Arrow.

chilled bodies and benumbed limbs before a blazing fire. In the base of the cliff behind them centuries of erosion had produced a cave as large as a good sized room, and into this cave Hope and Morissey carried the cushions from the launch and some tarpaulins, which they found in one of the lockers.

"Now, Cleo," said Hope, "you had better go in and undress and dry your clothes in front of the fire. If you don't, we will have a girl with pneumonia on our hands. While you are getting dry Morissey and I will try to climb to the top of the cliffs and see if there is any food or shelter on the island."

The ascent of the cliffs proved even more difficult than Hope had anticipated, for, though he and Morissey penetrated several of the fissures in the expectation of finding a path to the top, they came each time to narrow crevices or unscalable walls of rock. Their patience was eventually rewarded, however, by discovering a narrow and precipitous trail which led them, after half an hour's hard climbing, to the tableland which formed the roof, as it were, of the island.

"The best thing for us to do, Morissey," said Hope, "is to separate. You follow the line of the cliffs in one direction and I'll go in the other. We'll work right around until we meet each other again."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Morissey obediently, and off he started.

For nearly an hour Hope walked steadily, clambering over rocks and boulders, pushing his way through dense underbrush, scrambling across ravines. So wild, so deserted, was the appearance of the island, that the young officer had almost abandoned hope of its having any inhabitants, when, rounding a shoulder of rock, he saw against the skyline the figure of a man. In response to Hope's shout, the stranger, a tall, sun-bronzed man of middle age, came scrambling down the rocky hillside.

"I had no idea that there was anyone else on the island," he said, in a pleasant, well-modulated voice. "What are you doing over here? Fishing?"

"No," said Hope. "I'm a shipwrecked sailor, and though I'm not exactly starving, I will be if I have to go without food much longer," and he related briefly their experiences in the storm and how they had found refuge on the island.

"By the way," he added, "do you happen to have any gasoline? We can't get away from here until we get some."

"I can give you and your friends something to eat," was the answer, "but I haven't any gasoline. I'm only here myself because of the storm. I came over from Middle Island in a skiff yesterday morning intending to make some soundings and go back in the afternoon. You see," he explained, "I'm in the coast survey."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hope, stopping dead, "then you must know the man we're looking for. He's in the coast survey, too. His name is Fitzmaurice—Arthur Fitzmaurice."

"You're talking to him," was the answer. "That happens to be my name."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Hope ejaculated. "Talk about having luck! Here we are, Miss Burke and I, shipwrecked on a rock in the Pacific, and the only person on that rock is the man we've been hunting for! I was told by an auctioneer named Dawson, in San Francisco, that last week you bought three books of him at auction. They were scientific works—on hydrography, if I remember rightly."

"Right you are," said the other, "so when I saw these books on the auction list that Dawson sent me, I went over to his place and bid them in. They came from the library of a Dr. Burke, didn't they?"

"Yes," said Hope, "and it's Dr. Burke's daughter who is waiting down at the cove. I suppose you left the books over on Middle Island."

"No," said Fitzmaurice, "it happens that two of the books are here in my shack. I brought them along yesterday, intending to look them over, but I was so dead tired last night that I didn't even open them. The third book isn't here, I'm sorry to say, but you can get it without much trouble. I loaned it to a friend, Dr. Emerson Owen, who lives at a little place called Sandboro, on the mainland."

When Mahlin and Satsuma had extinguished the light on Southeast island, after sandbagging the lighthouse keeper, they were as certain that they had permanently rid themselves of Hope and Cleo as though they had seen their lifeless bodies washed upon the shore. The next morning, the storm having abated, they set out for Middle Island in search of Fitzmaurice, only to learn from the officer in charge of the radio station that the man for whom they were looking had left the day before for one of the North Farallons and that he had not yet returned, evidently having been delayed by the storm. By means of a chart the officer showed them the island on which they would probably find Fitzmaurice and indicated a small harbor in which, were he on the island, they would find his boat anchored.

About the same time, therefore, that Hope, Cleo and Morissey were drying themselves before their fire at one end of the island, Mahlin and Satsuma were landing from their launch at the other end. Though there was no one in sight when the two conspirators landed, they noted signs of recent

blasting operations, presumably for the purpose of improving the little harbor, while on the shore had been erected a rude hut for the storage of the workmen's tools. So little was there to fear from marauders in this remote spot that there was not even a lock on the door of the toolhouse, whose only contents, as Mahlin found upon investigation, were some picks, shovels and crowbars, a keg of nails, a few coils of wire and a box marked "Dynamite."

Following the directions given them by the officer at the radio station, they followed the precipitous footpath which led from the landing up the rocky slope to the plateau. Twenty minutes of stiff climbing brought them to the shack where, so they had been told, they would probably find Fitzmaurice staying. The shack, a flimsy affair of rough lumber, hung literally between sea and sky, for half of it rested on the rock, while the other half, which was supported by a framework of light timbers, overhung the ocean.

There being no response to his knock, Mahlin, finding the door unlocked, entered the cabin. Though the single room which it contained was vacant, the remains of a meal on the table and the rumpled blankets on the bunk, which was built against the wall, together with the odor of tobacco smoke, showed that it had been very recently occupied. Suddenly Satsuma, who had been prowling about the room, gave an exclamation.

"Here are the books!" he cried, holding up two bulky, leather-bound volumes.

Mahlin unceremoniously snatched them from him.

"You're right," he said. "They're the very books we're after."

He broke off abruptly and stood listening.

"I thought I heard voices," he whispered, laying the books on the table. Stepping to the door, he caught sight of Hope and Fitzmaurice approaching the cabin.

"Thunderation!" snarled Mahlin. "We didn't drown that confounded naval officer after all. Here he comes and he's got a man with him. Bring those

spat angrily. Hope kept count of the shots and at the sixth he sprang forward recklessly. The Japanese, losing away the empty pistol, ran to the very edge of the cliff. He still held the precious books in his hand. Hope divined his intention.

"You might as well give up, Satsuma," he called. "And if you destroy those books it will go all the harder with you. Come now, hand them over." "You'll never get the books," snarled the Japanese, and with the words he fung them into the abyss.

"But I'll get you!" shouted Hope, beside himself with anger, and he leaped at Satsuma, who stood poised on the precipice's very brink.

"You'll not get me, either," replied the Oriental with an oath, and just as Hope was about to clutch him, he turned and leaped. Down, down, down he went, straight as an arrow and as gracefully, and as cleanly as an arrow he disappeared into the sea. A long moment elapsed before Hope, standing on the cliff above, saw a sleek black head bob above the water and Satsuma, apparently none the worse for his perilous dive, struck out lustily for the shore. He had not gone far, however, before a launch shot around the headland and a man whom Hope recognized, even at that distance, as Satsuma's companion, pulled the Japanese aboard.

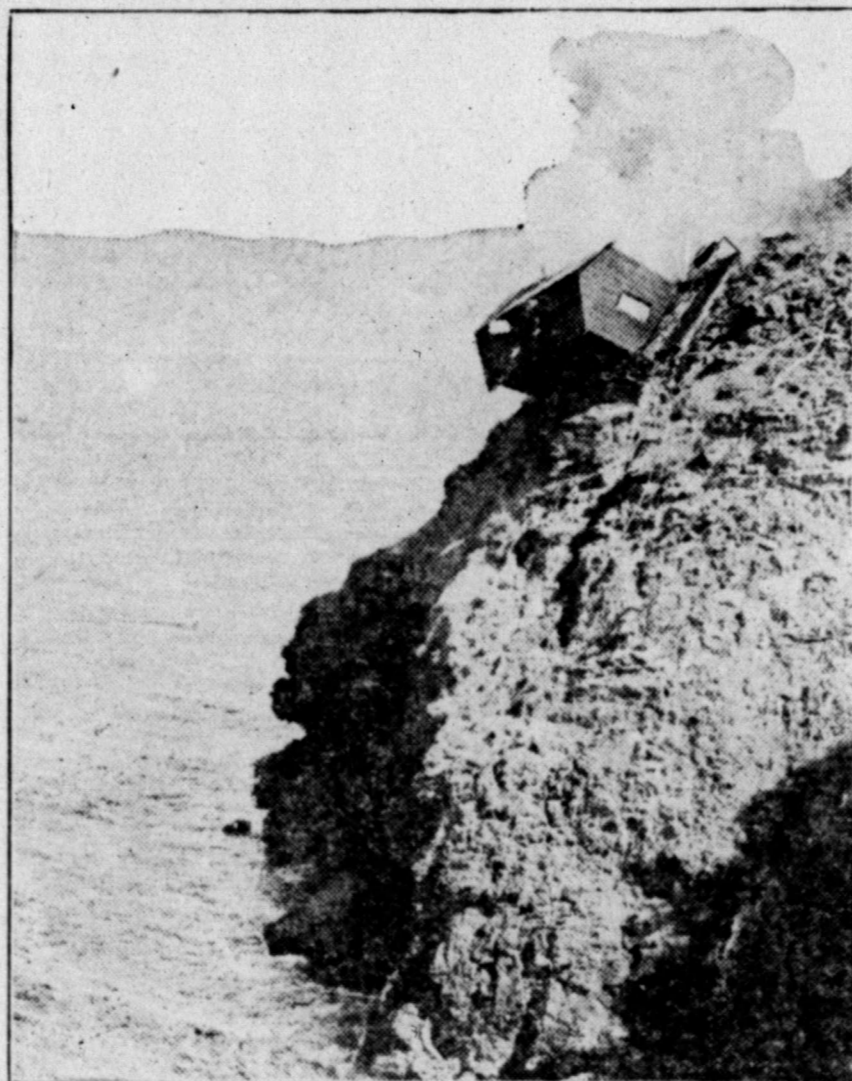
As Hope was slowly making his way back to the shack he met Fitzmaurice.

"The fellow I was chasing got away from me," said the latter. "He had a launch waiting for him in the cove. What happened to the Japanese that you were after? I thought I heard some shots."

"He got away, too," said Hope. "Well, there's no use in crying over spilled milk," Fitzmaurice remarked consolingly.

Having filled their pockets with the small store of food which Fitzmaurice had remaining, they were leaving the shack when Morissey hailed them. He explained that he had followed the line of the cliffs without seeing anyone.

It was drawing on toward noon when they reached the cove where they had



The Shack Topped Bodily Into the Sea.

books along, Satsuma; we'll have to make a break for it," and he darted out of the cabin.

The Japanese, pausing only long enough to snatch up the books, followed. As he appeared in the doorway of the shack Hope recognized him.

"By heaven!" he cried, "it's Satsuma!" and he dashed forward with Fitzmaurice at his heels. But Mahlin and Satsuma did not await them. The former fled down the path leading to the harbor where they had left their launch, while the Japanese, momentarily confused by Hope's unexpected appearance, turned and ran blindly in the opposite direction.

"I'll take the Jap!" Hope shouted to Fitzmaurice. "He's got the books I'm after. You attend to the other fellow."

The chase which followed led across a country broken by unexpected outcroppings of rocks, by stretches of loose stones, by enormous crags and boulders; it led across furze-covered hillsides and other hillsides carpeted with wild wiregrass. Suddenly, when his pursuer was only a few paces behind him Satsuma swerved and dashed down a narrow path which apparently promised a means of escape. But instead of leading down the cliff, as he had supposed, it ended abruptly on a precipice-bordered headland. The Japanese could go no farther! Behind him was a pursuer whom he knew to be relentless; before him a dizzy precipice, and at the foot of it, 200 feet below, the sea. Hope, confident that Satsuma could not now escape, was advancing on him determinedly when all at once the Oriental whipped out a pistol, there was a flash and bang, and a bullet sang past Hope's head. He threw himself against a rock, and as he did so a second bullet flattened against it. Whenever he showed himself Satsuma's pistol

left Cleo. From within it came the sound of voices in animated conversation.

"That's Cleo's voice," said Hope in surprise, "but who on earth can she be talking to?"

As though in answer to his query, Cleo appeared at the entrance to the cave. Behind her, his face wreathed in smiles, was Hook.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Hope, stopping dead with astonishment at the sight of the one-armed sailor. "What on earth are you doing here, Hook? I thought we had left you in a saloon in San Francisco. How did you get here?"

"I don't know 'actly myself, lieutenant," said Hook, a trifle sheepishly. "Morissey here wuz a tinkerin' with his engine and, sez I to myself, 'it'll be half an hour before they're ready to start, so I'll just step across the street and get a drink,' but when I got back, lieutenant, you wuz gone. Waal, I wuz a-standin' there, wonderin' what I'd better do, when up comes a taxi and who should get out of it but that feller Morton. He had a girl with him—a stunner she wuz, too—and a little, dark feller who looked like I thought he might be a furniner. I wonder what they're doin' round here? I'd I to myself, and, thinkin' that I'd overhear their conversation, I steps behind a lumber pile and I hears 'em ask the watchman if he knowed where they could hire a launch to go to the Farallons."

"Er soon's I heard that they wuz goin' to the Farallons, I made up my mind that I'd go along, too, so's to keep an eye on 'em, for I hadn't never had much use fer that feller, Morton. So, when no one wuz a-lookin', I jest slipped aboard and hid myself in a sort o' locker forrard of the cabin. I found some cushions and a piece o' tarpaulin there and made myself as snug and shipshape ez could



"What on Earth Are You Doing Here, Hook?"

be. Waal, I reckon I musta fell asleep after the boat started, for the next thing I knowed there wuz a noise like a million thunderclaps put together—it minded me o' the time the magazine blew up on the old Mohican off Coronel—and the Sea Hawk seemed to sorta fall apart around me and I wuz shot about a million feet up in the air. I guess I musta lost track o' things for a while; for the next thing I knowed I wuz in the water, hangin' onto a plank for dear life and hollerin' for someone to pick me up. What with hangin' onto the plank and floatin' about in the water, all night and not havin' nothin' to eat, I wuz so doggone weak when I reached the shore that I jest fell down on the sand and went sound asleep. I musta slept quite some time, for the sun was pretty high when I woke up; so, thinkin' I'd see if I could find something to eat, I started to walk up the shore. I hadn't gone more'n a mile or so when I seed the smoke uv a fire, and who should I see a settin' in front o' it but Miss Cleo here! That's all there is to my yarn, lieutenant, 'cept that I'm so blamed hungry that I could eat a horse."

"We heard an explosion, you remember, sir," said Morissey, "just about the time the Southeast island light went out. It seemed somewhere to windward of us."

"Yes," said Hope, "I remember it now. It must have been the explosion on the Sea Hawk that we heard. I can't imagine what could have caused it, though. It's another unsolved mystery of the sea."

"Well, here's another mystery of the sea for you to solve, Jarvis," said Cleo, who, during Hook's recital, had been standing with her hands behind her, and she suddenly flashed before the unbelieving eyes of Hope and Fitzmaurice the very books which Satsuma had thrown over the cliff!

Hope emitted a long whistle of astonishment.

"Where on earth did you get them, Cleo?" he asked, staring at the water-soaked volumes as though his eyes were deceiving him.

"They came in the same way that Hook did," she answered. "They were washed up by the sea."

"I haven't examined them yet," she replied. "They are so wet, you see, that the leaves are all stuck together. I'm going to put them in the sun and let them dry."

"I've a better plan than that," said Fitzmaurice. "Why don't you bring them up to my shack? We'll start a fire and while the books are drying you can lie down on my bunk and get some sleep. You must be nearly dead after last night's experience."

"That's a good idea," agreed Hope. "Miss Burke is very much in need of rest, though she won't admit it. But we must make some arrangements to get back to the city. I'm afraid we'll have to trouble you, Fitzmaurice, to take us over in your sailboat to Middle Island. From there I can send a radio message to San Francisco for a boat to come out and get us."

"Excuse my making the suggestion, sir," said Morissey, "but why don't you let Hook and me go across to Middle Island with Mr. Fitzmaurice and get some gasoline—they'll surely have some at the radio station—and bring it back in the sailboat. And so it was arranged."

We will now, in the parlance of the motion-picture people, "cut back" to Mahlin and Satsuma. After the Japanese had been rescued from the water by his co-conspirator, instead of heading for the mainland, they landed unobserved on the island and, taking every precaution not to be seen, they made their way to the summit of a brush-covered knoll which overlooked the shack. From here they saw the return of the party; they saw Hook, Morissey and Fitzmaurice descend the path leading to the cove where the latter's skiff was anchored, and they saw Cleo and Hope enter the shack. They saw, moreover, to their intense astonishment, that Hope was carrying the books which Satsuma had thrown into the sea.

"By making a big detour," said Mahlin, "we can creep along the edge of

the cliff and get up to the shack without being seen, because it has no windows except at the front and back. Then, by crawling underneath, we can hear everything that goes on inside. They're evidently going to examine those books—heaven only knows where they got them! If they find the formula we'll hear them say so, in which case—" He concluded the sentence by significantly drawing his forefinger across his throat.

Owing to the necessity of avoiding observation, their progress was slow, and it was an hour later before they crawled between the timbers which supported the seaward side of the shack. Only the roughly laid board floor separated the two, crouching beneath the shack from the unsuspecting pair within it.

A few minutes later came an ejaculation of impatience from Hope and the thud of a book tossed upon the floor. "There's nothing in that book—that's certain," he said, disgustedly, and, a little later, "Nor in this one."

"What shall we do now, Jarvis?" they heard Cleo ask.

"As soon as Hook and Morissey return with the gasoline we will start back," he answered. "But, instead of returning to San Francisco, what would you think of our making straight for Sandboro? It's the little coast town where Doctor Owen lives—the man, you know, who—"

Mahlin did not wait for the thing more. Beckoning them to follow, he crawled silently. When they were out of earshot, the shack he turned to his companion.

"You heard what they said, ma? There's another of the Sandboros."

Satsuma nodded. "If that pair were out, Mahlin continued, "it would be a lot easier for us things a lot easier for us."

Satsuma again nodded. "Listen, then," said Mahlin. "I was under the house when I struck me. Do you remember the toolhouse that we the landin' place?"

"Yes," said Satsuma, who son of few words.

"Well, I took a look in remember. There was a in it except tools—and a mite."

"Hah!" exclaimed the Jap, prehendingly. "I understand good idea."

"Suppose," said Mahlin, lowering his voice, "a few sticks of dynamite that old shack and light bang! They'd have to be left of Master Nava Hope and the girl with a—"

Darkness had fallen before of planting the dynamite, for they had to work most caution in order not the attention of Hope and they could hear chattering above them. At every was ready; the sticks of explosive, looking not unlike yellow candies, had been fitted with caps, and the fuse had been cut to the required length. Mahlin, striking a match on his trousers so as to deaden the sound, lighted the fuse.

"Listen, Jarvis!" Cleo whispered suddenly. "I heard a noise under the house!"

"Nonsense, dear," said Hope. "You're tired and nervous. It must have been the wind—or your imagination."

"It wasn't the wind and it wasn't my imagination. I know I heard something," insisted Cleo. "I'm going to see what it was," and she stepped to the door.

"Quick, Jarvis! Quick!" she called, her voice vibrant with fear. "Come here!" and at her summons he leaped toward her.

As he did so there came a roar which seemed to split the heavens, and the shack, wrenched from its frail supports as though by a giant's hand, trembled for a brief instant on the brink of the cliff and then toppled bodily into the sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# The Lone Star Ranger

A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

Duane is learning fast... means to be a hunted man... getting the outlaw's view, yet truly he isn't a law... The big question is this: How can he make a living? He is not the would-be thief... He or engage in the hold-up... His brief partnership with an outlaw terminates abruptly... How he meets new dangers when surrounded by Bland's gang of desperadoes is told with thrilling emphasis in this installment.

### SYNOPSIS.

Buck Duane, inheriting blood lust from his father, kills a liquor-maddened "bad man" who is bent on killing Duane. To escape the law, Buck goes to the wild country infested by outlaws. He has just met one and is invited to form a partnership for better or worse.

### CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Buck, as we're lookin' for grub, an' not trouble, I reckon you'd better hang up on here," Stevens was saying, as he mounted. "You see, towns an' sheriff's an' rangers are always lookin' for new fellows gene bad. They sort of forget most of the old boys, except those as are plumb bad. Now, nobody in Mercer will take notice of me, Reckon there's been a thousand men run into the river country to become outlaws since yours truly. You just wait here an' be ready to ride hard. Mebbe my bossin' sin will go operatin' in spite of my good intentions. In which case there'll be—"

His pause was significant. He grinned, and his brown eyes danced with a kind of wild humor.

"Stevens, have you got any money?" asked Duane.

"Money?" exclaimed Luke blankly. "Say, I haven't owned a two-bit piece since—well, fer some time."

"I'll furnish money for grub," returned Duane. "And for whisky, too, providing you hurry back here—without making trouble."

"Shore you're a downright good pard," declared Stevens, in admiration, as he took the money. "I give my word, Buck, an' I'm here to say I never broke it yet. Lay low, an' look fer the Q. quick."

Miss Duane, who was spurred by her horse toward the distance, about a quarter of a mile, saw a sheep herder to the westward.

Stevens rode out of sight in a quarter of an hour had trip to the edge of the

Rupert Winchester rifle, the clear footprints, and yells into danger kind to mean danger

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The outlaw had a bloody foam on his lips, and he was spitting blood. "Oh, why didn't you say so!" cried Duane. "I never thought. You seemed all right."

"Wal, Luke Stevens may be as gabby as an old woman, but sometimes he doesn't say nothin'. It wouldn't have done no good."

Duane made him sit down, removed his shirt, and washed the blood from his breast and back. Stevens had been shot in the breast, fairly low down, and the bullet had gone clear through him. His ride, holding himself and that heavy pack in the saddle, had been a feat little short of marvelous.

Duane did not see how it had been possible, and he felt no hope for the outlaw. But he plugged the wounds and bound them tightly.

"Feller's name was Brown," Stevens said. "Me an' him fell out over a hoss I stole from him over in Huntsville. We had a shootin' scrape then. Wal, as I was standin' my hoss back there in Mercer I seen this Brown, an' seen him before he seen me. Could have killed him, too. But I wasn't breakin' my word to you. I kind of hoped he wouldn't spot me. But he did—an' fast shot he got me here. What do you think of this hole?"

"It's pretty bad," replied Duane; and he could not look the cheerful outlaw in the eyes.

"I reckon it is, Wal. I've had some bad wounds I lived over. Guess mebbe I can stand this one. Now, Buck, get me some place in the brakes, leave me some grub an' water at my hand, an' then you clear out."

"Leave you here alone?" asked Duane sharply.

"Shore. You see I can't keep up with you. Brown an' his friends will follow us across the river a ways. You've got to think of number one in this game."

"What would you do in my case?" asked Duane curiously.

"Wal, I reckon I'd clear out an' save my hide," replied Stevens.

conversation where he had left off the night before. "This trail splits up a ways from here, an' every branch of it leads to a hole where you'll find men—a few, mebbe like yourself—some like me—an' gangs of no-good hoss thieves, rustlers an' such. It's easy livin', Buck. I reckon, though, that you'll not find it easy. You'll never mix in. You'll be a lone wolf. I seen that right off. Wal, if a man can stand the loneliness, an' if he's quick on the draw, mebbe lone-wolfin' is the best. Shore I don't know. But these fellows in here will be suspicious of a man who goes it alone. If they get a chance they'll kill you."

Stevens asked for water several times. He had forgotten or he did not want the whisky. His voice grew perceptibly weaker.

"Be quiet," said Duane. "Talking uses up your strength."

"Aw, I'll talk till I'm done," he replied, doggedly. "See here, pard, you can gamble on what I'm tellin' you. An' it'll be useful. From this camp we'll meet men right along. An' none of them will be honest men. All the same, some are better'n others. I've lived along the river for twelve years. There's three big gangs of outlaws. King Fisher—you know him, I reckon, for he's half the time livin' among respectable folks. King is a good feller. I'll do to be up with him an' his gang. Now, there's Chesel-dine, who hangs out in the Rim Rock way up the river. He's an outlaw chief. I never seen him, though I stayed once right in his camp. Late years he's got rich, an' keeps back pretty well hid. But Bland—I knowed Bland fer years. An' I haven't any use fer him. Bland has the biggest gang. You ain't likely to miss strikin' his place sometime or other. He's got a regular town, I might say. Shore there's some gamblin' an' gun-fightin' goin' on in Bland's camp all the time. Bland has killed some twenty men, an' that's not countin' greasers."

Here Stevens took another drink, and then rested for a while.

"You ain't likely to get on with Bland," he resumed presently. "You're too strappin' big an' good-lookin' to please the chief. Fer he's got women in his camp. Then he'd be jealous of your possibilities with a gun. Shore I reckon he'd be careful, though. Bland's no fool, an' he loves his hide. I reckon any of the other gangs would be better for you when you ain't goin' it alone."

Apparently that exhausted the fund of information and advice Stevens had been eager to impart. He lapsed into silence and lay with closed eyes. Meantime the sun rose warm; the breeze waved the mesquites; the birds came down to splash in the shallow stream; Duane dozed in a comfortable seat. By and by something roused him. Stevens was once more talking, but with a changed tone.

"Feller's name was Brown," he rambled. "We fell out—over a hoss I stole from him—in Huntsville. He stole it first. Brown's one of them sneaks—afraid of the open—he steals an' pretends to be honest. Say, Buck, mebbe you'll meet Brown some day—You an' me are pards now."

"I'll remember, if I ever meet him," said Duane.

That seemed to satisfy the outlaw. Presently he tried to lift his head, but had not the strength. A strange shadow was creeping across the bronzed, rough face.

"My feet are pretty heavy. Shore you got my boots off?"

The trail proved to be the kind that could not be descended slowly. He kept dodging rocks which his horses loosed behind him. And in a short time he reached and rode down the green retreat, wondering what would be his reception.

The valley was much larger than it had appeared from the high elevation. Well watered, green with grass and tree, and farmed evidently by good hands, it gave Duane a considerable surprise. Horses and cattle were everywhere. Every clump of cotton-woods surrounded a small adobe house. Duane saw Mexicans working in the fields and horsemen going to and fro. Presently he passed a house bigger than the others, with a porch attached. A woman, young and pretty, he thought, watched him from a door. No one else appeared to notice him.

Presently the trail widened into a road, and that into a kind of square lined by a number of adobe and log buildings of rudest structure. Within sight were horses, dogs, a couple of steers, Mexican women with children, and white men, all of whom appeared to be doing nothing. His advent created no interest until he rode up to the white man, who were looting in the shade of a house. This place evidently was a store and saloon, and from the inside came a lazy hum of voices.

As Duane reined to a halt one of the loungers in the shade rose with a loud exclamation.

"Just me if that ain't Luke's boss!" The others accented their interest, if not assent, by rising to advance toward Duane.

"How about it, Euchre? Ain't that Luke's boy?" queried the first man.

"Plumb as your nose," replied the fellow called Euchre.

"There ain't no doubt about that, then," laughed another, "fer Bosomer's nose is shore plain on the landscape."

These men lined up before Duane, and as he coolly regarded them he thought they could have been recognized anywhere as desperadoes. The man called Bosomer, who had stepped forward like a forbidding face, which showed yellow eyes, an enormous nose, and a skin the color of dust, with a thatch of sandy hair.

"Stranger, who are you an' where in the hell did you get that bay hoss?" he demanded. His yellow eyes took in Stevens' horse, then the weapons hung on the saddle, and finally turned their glinting, hard light upward to Duane.

Duane did not like the tone in which he had been addressed, and he remained silent. Something leaped inside of him and made his breast feel tight. He recognized it as that strange emotion which had shot through him often of late, and which had decided him to go out to the meeting with Bland. Only now it was different, and more powerful.

"Stranger, who are you?" asked another man, somewhat more civilly.

"My name's Duane," replied Duane, curtly.

"An' how'd you come by the hoss?" Duane answered briefly, and his words were followed by a short silence, during which the men looked at him. Bosomer began to twist the ends of his beard.

"Reckon he's dead, all right, or nobody'd hev his hoss an' guns," presently said Euchre.

"Mister Duane," began Bosomer, in low, stinging tones, "I happen to be Luke Stevens' side pardner."

Duane looked him over, from dusty, worn-out boots to his shabby suspenders. That look seemed to inflame Bosomer.

"An' I want the hoss an' them guns," he shouted.

"You or anybody else can have them, fer all I care. I just fetched them in. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "And, say, I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better cinch it."

"Civil? Haw, haw!" rejoined the outlaw. "I ain't takin' your word! Sassy that? An' I was Luke's pard!"

With that Bosomer wheeled, and, pushing his companions aside, he stamped into the saloon, where his voice broke out in a roar.

Duane dismounted and threw his bridle.

something wild in his blood that made him fear himself. Euchre wagged his old head cynically. "Reckon you feel a little sick. When it comes to shootin', I run. What's your age?"

"I'm twenty-three," replied Duane. Euchre showed surprise. "You're only a boy! I thought you thirty any-ways. Buck, I heard what you told Bland, an' puttin' that with my own fingerin', I reckon you're no criminal yet. Throwin' a gun in self-defense—that ain't no crime!"

Duane, finding relief in talking, told more about himself.

"Hub," replied the old man. "I've seen hundreds of boys come in on the dodge. Most of them, though, was no good. An' that kind don't last long. This river country has been an' is the refuge for criminals from all over the states. I've bunked with bank cashiers, forgers, plain thieves, an' out-an'-out murderers, all of which had no bizness on the Texas border. Fellers like Bland are exceptions. He's no Texan—you seen that. The gang he rules here come from all over, an' they're tough cusses, you can bet on that. They live fat an' easy. If it

Duane saw all the swift action, felt intuitively the meaning of it, and in Bosomer's sudden change of front. The outlaw was keen, and he had expected a shrinking, or at least a frightened antagonist. Duane knew he was neither. He fell like iron, and yet thrill after thrill ran through him. The outlaw had come out to kill him. And now, though somewhat checked by the stand of a stranger, he still meant to kill. But he did not speak a word. He remained motionless for a long moment, his eyes pale and steady; his right hand like a claw.

That instant gave Duane a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that preceded action. But Duane did not want to kill another man. Still, he would have to fight, and he decided to cripple Bosomer. When Bosomer's hand moved Duane's gun was spouting fire. Two shots only—both from Duane's gun—and the outlaw fell with his right arm shattered. Bosomer cursed harshly, and floundered in the dust, trying to reach the gun with his left hand. His comrades, however, seeing that Duane would not kill unless forced, closed in upon Bosomer and prevented any further madness on his part.

Of the outlaws present Euchre appeared to be the one most inclined to lend friendliness to curiosity; and he led Duane and the horses away to a small adobe shack. He tied the horses in an open shed and removed their saddles. Then, gathering up Stevens' weapons, he invited his visitor to enter the house.

It had two rooms—windows without coverings—bare floors. One room contained blankets, weapons, saddles and bridles; the other a stone fireplace, rude table and bench, two bunks, a box cupboard, and various blackened utensils.

"Make yourself to home as long as you want to stay," said Euchre. "I ain't rich in this world's goods, but I own what's here, an' you're welcome."

"Thanks. I'll stay awhile and rest. I'm pretty well played out," replied Duane.

Euchre gave him a keen glance.

"Go ahead an' rest. I'll take your horses to grass."

Euchre left Duane alone in the house. Duane relaxed then, and mechanically he wiped the sweat from his face. He was laboring under some kind of a spell or shock which did not pass off quickly. When it had worn away he took off his coat and belt and made himself comfortable on the blankets. And he had a thought that, if he rested or slept, what difference would it make on the morrow? No rest, no sleep could change the gray outlook of the future. He felt glad when Euchre came bustling in, and for the first time he took notice of the outlaw.

Euchre was old in years. What little hair he had was gray, his face clear shaven and full of wrinkles; his eyes were half shut from long gazing through the sun and dust. He stooped. But his thin face denoted strength and endurance still unimpaired.

"Hev a drink or a smoke?" he asked. Duane shook his head. He had not been unfamiliar with whisky, and he had used tobacco moderately since he was sixteen. But now, strangely, he felt a disgust at the idea of stimulants. He did not understand clearly what he felt. There was that vague idea of

"I want the hoss an' them guns," wasn't for the fightin' among themselves, they'd shore grow populus. The Rim Rock is no place for a peaceable, decent feller. I heard you tell Bland you wouldn't like to join his gang. They'll not make him take a likin' to you. Have you any money?"

"Not much," replied Duane.

"When the money's gone how will you live? There ain't any work a decent feller could do. You can't herd with greasers. Why, Bland's men would shoot at you in the fields. What'll you do, son?"

"God knows," replied Duane, hopelessly. "I'll make my money last as long as possible—then starve."

"Wal, I'm pretty pore, but you'll never starve while I got anythin'."

Here it struck Buck again—that something human and kind and eager which he had seen in Stevens. Duane's estimate of outlaws had lacked this quality. He had not accorded them any virtues.

"I'm much obliged to you, Euchre," replied Duane. "But of course I won't live with anyone unless I can pay my share."

"Have it any way you like, my son," said Euchre, good-humoredly. "You make a fire, an' I'll set about gettin' grub. I'm a sour-dough, Buck. The man doesn't live who can beat my bread."

"How do you ever pack supplies in here?" asked Duane, thinking of the almost inaccessible nature of the valley.

"Some comes across from Mexico, an' the rest down the river. That river trip is a bird. It's more'n five hundred miles to any supply point. Bland has moses, greaser boatmen. Sometimes, too, he gets supplies in from down-river. You see, Bland sells thousands of cattle in Cuba. An' all this stock has to go down by boat to meet the ships."

"Where on earth are the cattle driven down to the river?" asked Duane.

"That's not my secret," replied Euchre shortly. "Fact is, I don't know. I've rustled cattle for Bland, but he never sent me through the Rim Rock with them."

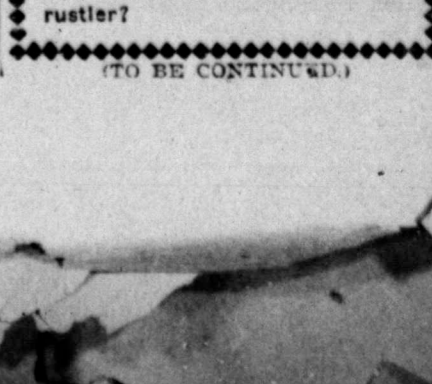
Duane experienced a sort of pleasure in the realization that interest had been stirred in him. He was curious about Bland and his gang, and glad to have something to think about. For every once in a while he had a sensation that was almost like a pang. He wanted to forget. In the next hour he did forget, and enjoyed helping in the preparation and eating of the meal. Euchre, after washing and hanging up the several utensils, put on his hat and turned to go out.

"Come along or stay here, as you want," he said to Duane.

"I'll stay," rejoined Duane slowly. The old outlaw left the room and trudged away, whistling cheerfully.

Do you believe that Buck will persuade Euchre to leave Bland's gang and form a little partnership of their own? And do you think that Buck will succumb to necessity and become a horse thief and cattle rustler?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I Want the Hoss an' Them Guns."



He Made Stevens as Comfortable as Possible.

dead weight into Duane's arms, and one look at the haggard face showed Duane that the outlaw had taken his last ride. He knew it, too. Yet that cheerfulness prevailed.

"Buck, will you take off my boots?" he asked, with a faint smile on his pallid face.

Duane removed them, wondering if the outlaw had the thought that he did not want to die with his boots on. Stevens seemed to read his mind.

"Buck, my old daddy used to say that I was born to be hanged. But I wasn't—an' dyin' with your boots on is the next worst way to croak."

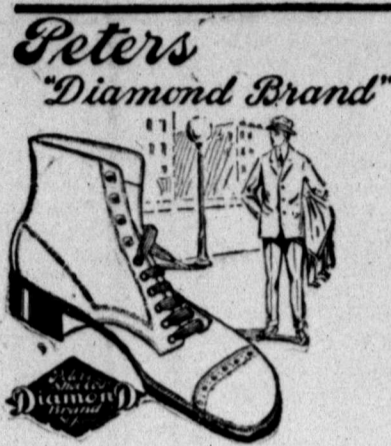
### CHAPTER IV.

Two days later, about the middle of the forenoon, Duane dragged the two horses up the last ascent of an exposed,ingly rough trail and found himself on top of the Rim Rock, with a beautiful, green valley at his feet, the yellow, sluggish Rio Grande shining in the sun, and the great, wild mountainous barren of Mexico stretching to the south.

No wonder outlaws were safe in that wild refuge! Duane had spent the last two days climbing the roughest and most difficult trail he had ever seen. From the looks of the descent he imagined the worst part of his travel was yet to come.

Hook?" get up to the shack with... because it has no win... at the front and back... wing underneath, we cas... that goes on inside... going to examine... heaven only knows... got them! If they find... we'll hear them say so... He concluded the... drawing his... his throat. the necessity of avoiding... progress was slow... an hour later before they... the timbers which... seaward side of the... the roughly laid board... the two crouching... back from the unsuspect... him it. later came an ejac... patience from Hope and... a book passed upon the... nothing in that book... n," he said, disgustedly... later, "Nir in this one, Jarvis!" leo ask. as Hook and Morrissey... the gasoline we will start... answered. "But, instead of... San Francisco, what... think of our making... Sandsboro? It's the little... where Doctor Gwyn... you know, it's a... the other... Beckoning to... crawled silent... were out of earshot... ned to his comp... and what they sa... another of the... mudded. fair were out... continued. "It... easier for us... again needed... men," said M... the house... Do you re... that we... of Salsuma, w... words. took a look i... There was a... tools—and a... claimed the Ja... "I understand... said Mahlin... his voice. Th... of dynamite... crack and light... had to have... Master Nava... girl with a... had fallen be... the dynamite... had to work... in order... of Hope and... hear chatting... at every... was sticks of explosive, look... like yellow... candles, had... with caps, and the fuse... to the required length... ing a match on his trou... deaden the sound, light... Jarvis!" Cleo whispered... heard a noise under the... dear," said Hope... and nervous. It must... wind—or your imagina... he knew it wasn't my... I know I heard some... Cleo. "I'm going to... was," and she stepped to... vis! Quick!" she called... grant with fear. "Come... her summons he leaped... so there came a roar... d to split the heavens... wrenched from its trail... ough by a giant's hand... a brief instant on the... tiff and then toppled bod... ca. E CONTINUED.)

## Peters Shoes are Always Right



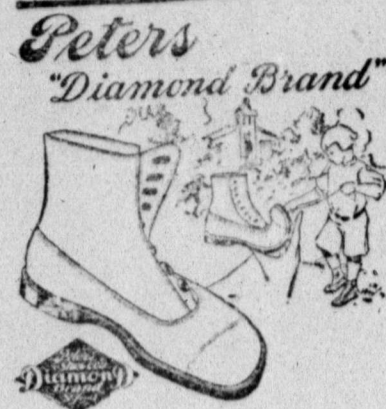
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All Leathers  
The Latest  
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EVERY SATURDAY. Limit Following Monday.

**S. A. & A. P. Railroad**

L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville,

#### Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)

Mr. Murry of Kerrville moved to Camp Verde and will have charge of the iron work of the blacksmith shop.

John Reeves is moving to Midland, where he will go to work on a ranch.

G. C. Sutherland sold his sheep to J. S. Aaron Saturday.

Manual Faris and wife visited John Reeves Saturday and Sunday.

Don Cross of San Antonio is here on a visit to his sister, Mrs. G. C. Sutherland.

Mrs. E. G. Blatherwick visited in Center Point Friday and Saturday.

J. C. Baxter went to the farmers institute Saturday.

J. S. Aaron and family visited Mrs. Eakin Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Corder of San Antonio are here on a visit to Mrs. Corder's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Aaron.

Camp Verde has been visited by bountiful rains the past week, which were not needed, but will make plowing easy.

J. T. Hill and family of Center Point were Verde visitors Sunday.

The Junior League of Center Point came out Sunday afternoon and rendered a very interesting program.

Mrs. R. W. Nowlin is visiting her daughter Mrs. Ivy Rees this week.

J. S. Aaron and son John were here Monday. They came over after the sheep they purchased from J. J. Saul and G. C. Sutherland.

Dale Dean and family of Mason Creek visited here Sunday.

Bro. Meredith's meeting closed Sunday night. We feel that it was a great spiritual success.

#### Threshing Notice.

Notice is hereby given that I will thresh cane seed at the Arthur Mosel place, near Ingram, on Saturday Sept. 9.

L. A. Weinberger.

#### Benefit Performance a Success

The benefit performance at the Airdome Theatre last Friday night was an around big success. The attendance was a record-breaker, and the proceeds ran over \$30. Of this amount, the Parent-Teachers Club received \$17 to be applied to the Tivy High School library. The five reels of pictures were fine, and the music, songs and reading by local talent were highly enjoyed as was evidenced by the rounds of applause.

#### Cedar wanted.

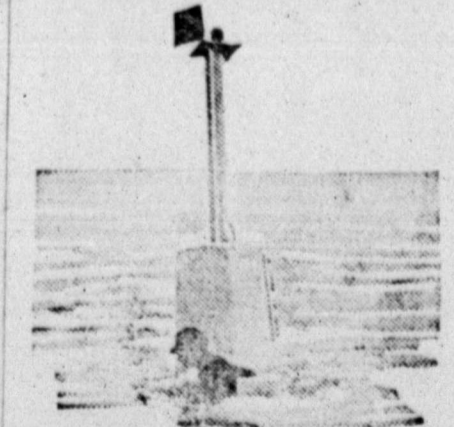
Cedar Posts and Logs wanted. Posts from 3 to 8 inches, 6 1-2 feet long; and 8 foot logs all sizes from 4 inches up.

Mobel Saenger & Co.

The Dardanelles Would Be S-M-A-S-H-E-D by Such a Submarine!!!

Will It Protect "Old Glory"?

WATCH THIS NEWSPAPER



The Secret of the Submarine

Will It Protect "Old Glory"?

Watch This Newspaper

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