

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1914.

NO. 17

CONDITIONS GOOD IN CROSS PLAINS TERRITORY

Cross Plains is opening upon a new era of prosperity and growth. Since 1911 we have had brick buildings, all modern design and first class in every respect, fronting 600 feet on Main and 8th Streets or an 19 25-foot front buildings with an opening for each 25-foot front. The Higginbotham building, which is to front 150 feet on Main and 115 feet on 8th streets, is equivalent to 6 25 foot front buildings, with another good front on 8th Street. This gives Cross Plains about 870 front feet of brick buildings, or an equivalent of 29 25-foot front buildings, to say nothing of the 2nd stories over the two bank buildings.

The work now going on requires the services of quite a number of hands, and their employment now for the three and more months necessary to the completion of the building will mean something for the good of the town. The ten or more people to be worked by the Higginbotham firm will have to have board or build homes of their own. If they board, it should be a help to the folk keeping them, if new homes are built they will be good ones and that much more will be added to the material development of the town.

There has been no inconsiderable amount of improving going on in our little city of late. Ed Baum has a nice bungalow nearly completion; Uncle Jim Coffman is adding considerably to his already spacious and comfortable home in the old town; Mrs. Alice Henderson has completed a good barn; C. S. Kenady has enlarged his house; W. A. Williams is erecting a nice residence on his property in south part of town. And then the Cross Plains county presents a rather unusual condition, and withal a condition we are glad to note. It is that there is such a demand for help on the farms. Until this week it is estimated that 150 hands could be easily used on the farms near town, and that number could probably be used to advantage at this writing. Cotton and reed stuff and peanuts have been in dire need of being worked out after the late heavy rains. Coming in the wake of the cotton crop, or rather conflicting with it, is the threshing of the grain crop, which is a factor to be reckoned with in our territory. Now while we are having such pretty balmy [almost too balmy] weather the monotony of the heat is broken by the "whir" of the threshers and as far as the thresher hands are concerned, by the anticipation of the good things to eat provided for them. Better yields and better tests of grain are being reported than was a week ago expected. Cotton, peanuts and feed crops are indeed flattering. Great is our county.

Everybody reads the circular sent them quoting everything at bargain prices at Carters.

J. L. Mitchell of Cottonwood as bought him an automobile

See us for White Crest our Davis-Garner & C.

The screen is the only thing that will keep out those flies. Try it, we have all kinds of screens and building material, come and get yours.

Brazelton-Pryor & C.

THE FARMERS' FRIEND:

H. W. KUTEMAN,
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,
V. Pres

VIRGIL HART, Cashier C. C. NEEB, Asst. Cashier

The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

We look after the interest of the farmer at all seasons of the year, and stand ready to grant them an accommodation consistent with good banking.

THE BANK OF CROSS PLAINS



THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

The Review ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

Price of Reading Cut to Pieces!

A careful selection of the literature you order for home reading this spring and summer is very necessary. The best selection for general reading is

The All-Southern Combination

Cross Plains Review \$1.00 a year
Holland's Magazine [Monthly] 1.00 a year
Farm and Ranch [Weekly] 1.00 a year
A 4-sheet, 22-29 inch Wall Chart, worth \$1.50

All 4 to You Until Jan. 1, '15 for \$1.00

Or The Review one year and the 4-sheet chart for \$1.00
Or Farm & Ranch and Holland's to Jan. 1, 1915, and The Review for twelve (12) months for only \$1.00
Or Farm & Ranch to Jan. 1, 1915, for 25c
Or Holland's to Jan. 1, 1915, for 25c

This Chart has four sheets, 22x29 inches, and contains a Full Page Map of Texas, Maps of the United States, Mexico, the World, of the Panama Canal, 1910 Census Gazetteer of Texas, Portraits of the Rulers of the World and of the Governors of Texas. Sells by agents for \$1.50.

Bring or send for this combination at once. Farm and Ranch and Holland's are published in Texas and give you the best of all the Cross Plains Review gives you all the home news.

This Offer to New Subscribers Only.

Order Them Today

Tell Your Friends About It

THE REVIEW, Cross Plains, Tex.

ALL-WOOL SUITS FOR \$12.50

I can order you all-wool, tail or made suit, guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction. To do this, my margin of profit is cut short. Let me show you.—Karl Mardock,

DON'T FORGET

There is something doing every minute at this busy store in the matter of supplying your needs at a saving to you. Investigate.

THE RACKET STORE

93 ft. High

How's that for a silo. Its a fact, made of concrete. Call at the office and I will show you a picture of it. Next week I will fill three with Easilage. Then I hope to demonstrate fully that my \$100. silo is practical

Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

At last we have a razor good enough to Guarantee for Life



Shumate's Tungsten \$2.75

Sizes and shapes to fit any face and adapted to any beard.

FOR SALE BY

The Racket Store

NEW MAIL SERVICE INAUGURATED

Star Route Between Cross Plains and Cottonwood Re-established July 1.

Wednesday July 1. Bill Davidson made this first trip as star mail carrier between this place and cottonwood. Our Cottonwood letter came to us by one o'clock on that day, whereas by the old service, if all connections had been made it would have reached us about 5 o'clock Thursday. Mail leaving here at 9 o'clock will reach Cottonwood office by 11 o'clock and all patrons of the Cottonwood rural route and Star route in the afternoon of the same day.

We wish to congratulate you patrons of the Cottonwood office upon this added and much needed service; We wish also to pat our own heads for getting this service, it being of mutual benefit to us and you indirectly to patrons of nearby offices.

Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Rumph's baby has been and is quite ill. Dr. Rumph, of Ft Worth has been called in a brother to the Drs. Rumph here, has been called in consultation.

That the baby may be speedily be restored to its usual health is the wish of all.

HOSIERY BARGAINS

Gauze hose, fine gauge double sole, wide elastic double top, sold by many stores for 25c; our price 15c. Colors tan, black and white come in and compare.

THE RACKET STORE

OPEN DRY GOODS STORE

The Higginbotham Trading Co. have opened up a complete stock of Dry Goods in the Gresham building on Main St., J. J. Horn of Dublin is in charge of the store with B. R. McLaughlin of Dublin as bookkeeper and Miss Vena Scroggins of Rogers as sales lady. They will conduct this dry goods business until the completion of their building, when it will be merged with their general mercantile business.

BOY'S AND GIRL'S HOG CLUB

Joe Shackelford and others have interested themselves in the formation of a boy's and girl's hog club for Cross Plains territory, a commendable undertaking, if we understand its purposes. The following letter is self explanatory and is probably a better commentary on the good of the club than any we could make.

Fort Worth, Texas.

F. P. Shackelford, Cross Plains Texas.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of 20th received and I take pleasure in sending you the bylaws of the Comanche Co. club, the best one in the state.

If you want me to do so, and we can come to an agreement as to the time, and you can get as many as say 20 of your farmers together I will come down to Cross Plains, at no expense to you, and make you farmers and "Business Men" a talk and organize the club. It would amaze you and your farmers as to the many things this club can be used for that aid them to make your county and your town, a better place to live.

You have a wonderful hog county and I will take pleasure in helping develop it. You can talk this matter over with your people and we will arrange for a date, and if you like you can have one of Judge Kones men from the department of Agriculture present. I know I can get one of them if you want him.

Yours Very Truly

C. C. French, Secretary

Southwestern Boy's and Girl's Hog Clubs

LOOK OUT FOR THE PICNIC

Had you thought Wednesday and Thursday of next week are the dates set for our big annual picnic. Such in the case, and this is the last warning we are to give you to be fully prepared for this occasion. A magnificent fire display is to be given on the night of the 8th. This is calculated to be worth your spending the night here to witness. The usual attraction in the way of Merry-Go-Rounds, Ferris wheels and the like, will be here.

Congressman W. R. Sibley will speak on the 9th; F. F. Hill an able speaker, will represent Tom Ball, on the 8th; W. P. Lane is also billed to be here. Judge Banton, who a candidate for congress, will be here one day. Also speaker for James Furgeson will be here.

GRAIN CRIP GOOD

Dosh Watson who live on the Bayou was in town Monday morning getting provisions for the thresher, before seven o'clock, which as the custom of coming to town usually goes, is rather an early hour. Mr. Watson informs us that he has already threshed 53 bushels of oats per acre and 17 bushels of wheat from his crop and that Tom Colvin has threshed 56 bushels of oats and 20 of wheat, and that Jim Adams 43 bushels of oats. Ove Wooten tells us that he has threshed more than 50 bushels of oats. This is really a good yield, and is a better one than is reported up the Bayou.

22X29 4-SHEET CHARTS

Free! Free! For the month of June we will sell you a Four-sheet 22x29 in. map and wall chart (sells by agents for \$1.50) for \$1.00, and add one year's subscription to the Review. This chart has a full page map of Texas, map of the world, map of United States, of Mexico, map of the Panama canal, portraits of the rulers of the world, portraits of the governors of Texas, 1910 census gazetteer of Texas, full history of the Panama canal, and other useful information. We have ordered just 100 of these maps, and our offer ceases with this supply. This offer is to new subscribers only. This map alone would cost you more than we ask you for both the map and the Review.

Call for sample at Review office.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Erwin were here Wednesday the guests of S. C. Barr, enroute from Hamlin to San Antonio.

Rev. R. P. Odom has progressed beyond the horse and buggy period. He is now joy riding in a new Ford touring car.

ELBO GLOVES AT A SAVING TO YOU

We are selling 22 in. silk finished lisle gloves for 45 c. Compare them with the 65 c grades elsewhere.

THE RACKET STORE

Coran Beeler may not quit the truck business, a business that has made him independent. He is now sporting a new Ford car.

Entertainment

Mr. and Mrs. Gray Powell entertained in honor of Miss Clark, the young of the town, both the single and double blessed varieties, Wednesday night with an open air musical that was a real treat to all music lovers. The program was composed of Misses Clark and Scroggins and Mrs. W. A. Erwin, and Messrs Erwin and McLoughlin. Miss Jessie Adams presided at the punch bowl. Mrs. Erwin and her son Will assisted by Mrs. Powell furnish some excellent music both on piano and violin. Miss Clark gave some readings that proved popular.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rudloff on July 1st a girl.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Marie Wood on July 1 a boy.

Bill Davidson and wife W. C. Gene and an Willie Adams, went a fishing Tuesday on the bayou.

Mrs. Jim Keller is on the sick list.

Rev. J. W. Ferguson has returned to his home at Cottonwood from a trip to Fairy Land.

Entertained

On last Saturday evening Mrs. W. C. Rutherford entertained in honor of her sister, Miss Emma Davis. The house was decorated with huge bouquets of phlox, sweet peas and roses. The guests were met at the door by Miss Emma and each one registered with their "old time favorite song". Red hearts that were cut into in various ways were passed and each found his partner in this way, for heart contest. Laura Boylson and Wyatt Gilbert won the prize which was the hand painted register book. The boys were very skillful in the sewing contest in which each one drew an animal with needle and black thread, the animals were then pinned on the wall and in turn each guest viewed the picture gallery. Several contests followed and then the 24 guests were rushed into the dining room where refreshments were served. The place cards were daintily hand painted with a spray of forget me nots. Music was furnished by Mr. Erwin and several readings were given by Miss Emma Davis. At a late hour the guests departed, assuring their hostess of a very pleasant evening.

A MESSAGE FROM THE Railroad Presidents Discuss RAILROADS.

Transportation Problems and Their Relation to the Public.

There are always two sides to a question. The public long accustomed to listening to arguments against an increase in railroad rates, is now given an opportunity by W. B. Scott, president of the Sunset-Central lines to hear the railroad's side of the question. His recent interview to the Texas press is an out-pouring of the railroad heart and shows that the railroads of Texas instead of piling up high hills of money as they are generally supposed to do, are actually operating at a loss.

In his discussion of the subject, president Scott said in part: "The fiscal year ending June 30th, 1913, showed that the thirty-three Texas railroads earning a gross total of \$118,617,454. The operating expenses were \$92,609,612, the net income being \$26,007,842 with other income given as \$1,907,227 or a gross corporate income of \$27,915,070.

"To measure against this income, items including taxes, rentals, leases, hire of equipment, interest on bonds, debts, etc., aggregating a total of \$30,050,656, were properly charged, the result being that instead of the thirty-three roads mentioned really earning any money, they actually sustained a deficit of \$2,135,586. This does not mean that all of the lines failed to earn net revenue for some of them did, but it does mean that the burdens or operation set seriously upon a majority of the Texas lines, and that of the total number of roads twenty of them sustained deficits which in one instance ran as high as \$1,227,000.

"Railroads like other commercial institutions, have certain commodities for sale, viz: transportation of persons, transportations of goods. Out of the sale of this transportation must they find their revenue. If the price of the sale is too low, then the establishment cannot make a profit and if it cannot provide the necessary funds for operation must cease to be a going concern. There must be a limit to the present loss or the roads will be faced with either a decided decrease of high price service or placed at the tender mercies of a receiver and in either instance the public must suffer accordingly.

"The remedy, when it is acknowledged that the roads are intelligently and economically administered, is indicated in an increase in freight rates sufficient to overcome the loss and to meet the increase of expense in operation due to causes already set forth.

"An increase of ten per cent in all rates would of course apply to the rate for 100 pounds by class and commodity. If the railroads were permitted to increase their rates they would be enabled to successfully meet the present cost of operation without facing the serious deficits and difficulties which now confront them, and which seriously threaten a curtailment of service and efficiency and a decrease in the work of railroad development in all sections of the State."

The following interview with Mr. Ben B. Cain, vice-president of the Gulf, Texas and Western Railway, which appeared in the Washington Herald recently also throws an interesting light on the situation:

"There is no question confronting the country which is quite so vital as granting to the railroads an increase in freight rates. This applies not only to the eastern lines but is more essential to the prosperity of those lines struggling for existence in the most sparsely settled sections of the country. Data compiled by the American Railway Association which I have reason to believe are reliable, show that 91 1-2 cents of every dollar earned by the steam roads of the United States has to be expended in keeping the road going, there being only 8 1-2 cents with which to pay dividends and make improvements. The distribution of a dollar earned by the common carriers is as follows:

Labor, 44.17; fuel and oil 8.93; material, supplies and miscellaneous expense 14.06; loss and damage 2.20; taxes 4.21; rents and leases 4.41; interest on debt 13.43; dividends and improvements 8.59.

"Within the past month railroads of Texas made application to the railroad commission for an increase of 15 per cent in freight rates, but our commission refuses to even consider the application, notwithstanding it was based upon facts which if true undoubtedly warranted an increase."

Notice to Telephone Subscribers

We the Home Telephone Co. of Cross Plains do ask that each and every Subscriber make a special effort to come in and pay us between now and the 10th, as we have very heavy obligations to meet on that date. No matter how small your account we want it. Please give this your prompt attention. We need the money.

C. L. Stallings, Mgr.

For cleaning and pressing, see Carl Murdock

If you will try a 5c box of chocolate out of our refrigerator we believe you will fully appreciate what good candy is.—City Drug Store.

A good second hand bngy for cheap. Davis-Garner & Co.

COTTONWOOD NEWS.

If we were to write in unison with our feelings we'd affix our signature right now, but we are going to make a stagger at a communication any way.

Farmers are very busy now finishing up the weeds, caring for the hay and oats and threshing. These conditions that exist render our town extremely dull.

Born to Mr and Mrs. Paul Ramsey on Wednesday night June the 24th a boy. We are pleased to report all in a favorable condition.

The little child of Mr. John Foster who lives two miles north of Cottonwood that has been quite sick for several days with membranous croup is at this writing reported much better.

Miss Beulah Respass has been on the sick list for several days but is now muc improved.

The new mail carrier came in with the old one. He begins his duty tomorrow and we presume the new line from Cross Plains to Cottonwood will begin operations at the same time.

Mr. J. S. Ray has quite a number of relatives visiting him from Baird and other points.

John Ivy who has been working with the thresher for the Strayhand brothers three miles north of Putnam was caught between the main and separator and painfully hurt.

He was brought to Cottonwood Monday night in Lee Champion's "Auto" and is reported being well to day. The thresher was being moved one point to another.

John Robinson left for New Mexico last Monday. He goes by private conveyance, on account of ill health. We hope he will be benefited by the trip.

Gene Melton was in Cottonwood Tuesday. He seems quite optimistic relative to political conditions.

Dr. Griffin and family formerly of Cottonwood but now of Big Springs were visiting at Cottonwood Sunday

Dr. Payne was confined to his bed several days last week. We think it was over work rather than sickness cause his trouble. He is on duty again now.

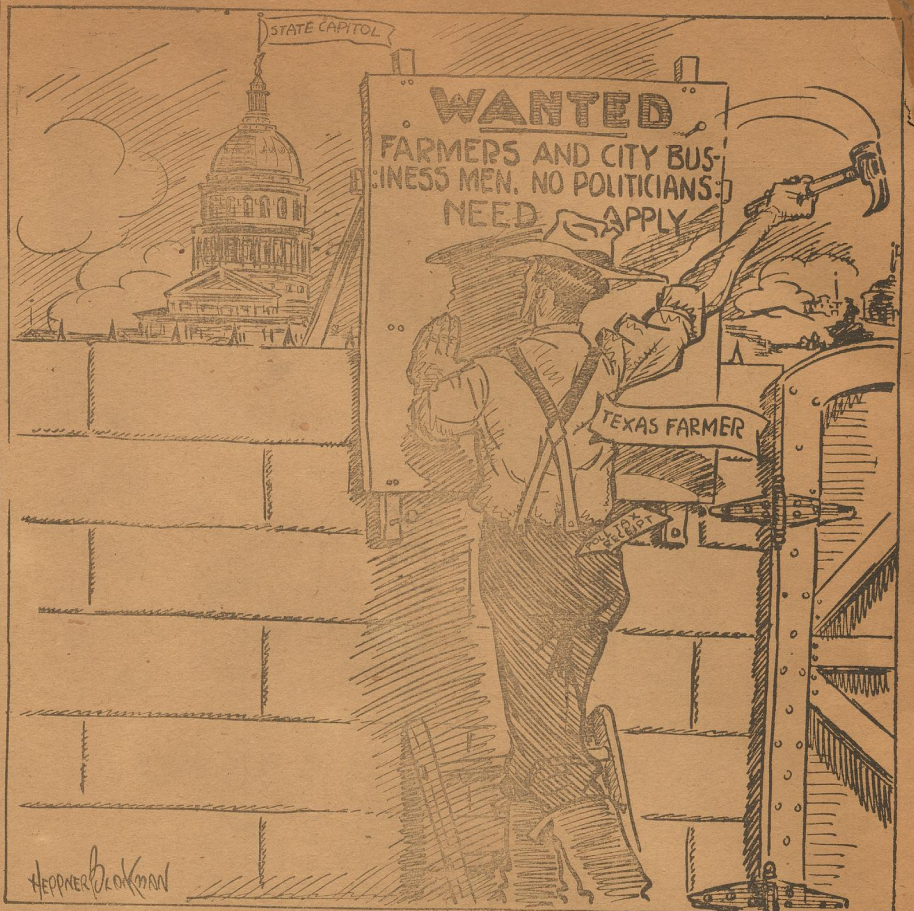
A short time now for the candidates to sweater in the hot and then we are going to thin them to a stand. Watch and see which way the cat jumps.

Now we wish to keep our picnic before the people and keep them reminded that July 23rd is the day and we are going to have lots of fun a big display of intelligence, lots of stewed goat and "sich like, and pink lemonade to a finish, and every body is invited; come swing on our gate and will swing on "yours".

Queer Yellow

Messrs. B. T. Higginbotham and Boswell, the latter being in charge of the carpenter work on the Higginbotham building, left Wednesday for Dallas, where they are to buy the iron for the building.

STATE-WIDE PROSPERITY



Texas Needs Great Men

XXVIII. CONDEMNATION

AN ATHENIAN peasant voting to condemn Aristides the Just was asked what wrong this good man had ever done him. "None," he replied, "I don't even know him, but I am tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'" Envy always snarls at the heels of distinction. It is one of the penalties of success to be condemned by your fellow men, and this condition not only applies to philosophy, art and science, but to business as well, and sometimes success weighs heavily in the scales of justice. The soul of state is in its people and a narrow, jealous and envious citizenship results in bigoted, revengeful and dangerous leaders and a weak and tottering government.



CONDEMNING ARISTIDES THE JUST.

Let those who would see their country rise to the towering heights of power remember that in the race of nations an ounce of malice is a dangerous handicap; that a country torn by the demon jealousy cannot long survive the corroding influences of civilization, and that a people whose prejudices will respond to the call of agitators like unclean spirits at the summons of a wizard, must soon drink the bitter dregs of factional strife and writhe in the agony of national decay. Texas Needs Great Men.

TEXAS FACTS

AGRICULTURE

Texas has more farms than any state in the Union—417,770 in number.

The Texas farms produce \$662,598,000 annually.

Eighteen new farms are opened up in Texas every day.

The value of all Texas farm property is \$2,218,615,000.

Texas ranks third with other states in value of farm property.

Fifty-three per cent of the farms of Texas or 219,875 are operated by tenants and 198,195 or 47 per cent are farmed by their owners and managers.

Texas has more farm home owners than any state in the Union.

Sixty-six per cent of the farm home owners of Texas have no mortgage on their property.

The average Texas farm contains 269 acres, 65 of which are cultivated.

Fifty per cent of the wealth of Texas is invested in agriculture.

TEXAS FACTS

COTTON.

Twenty-five per cent of the world's cotton crop is produced in Texas.

The annual per capita cotton production of Texas is one bale.

Texas produces 4,000,000 bales of cotton annually.

Cotton yields the Texas farmers a million dollars per day.

Cotton is the principal farm product of Texas, although every crop known to agriculture can be raised in this state.

A cotton crop failure is unknown in Texas and a small yield per acre is always offset by an increase in price per pound.

Cotton occupies 45 per cent of our cultivated area.

Within the past decade the cotton acreage of Texas has increased 25 per cent.

An acre of Texas cotton, in 1912, was worth \$27.19, including the value of the seed.

Texas cotton, in 1912, yielded 206 pounds of lint to the acre and had a value of 11 1-2 cents per pound.

Texas is not only the leading cotton-producing unit, but is also the principal exporting center of the globe.

Galveston, Texas, is the world's leading cotton exporting port.

Houston, Texas, is the largest inland port cotton market in the world.

At one planting a seed of Texas cotton will multiply 1,600 times.

To plant the Texas cotton crop requires the services of 500,000 persons, 1,000,000 cultivate it and 2,000,000 persons are kept busy 4 months gathering it.

It costs \$15,000,000 to pick the Texas cotton crop, \$12,000,000 to gin it and \$3,000,000 to compress it.

We have 27,360,666 acres of land that is under cultivation.

The uncultivated area of Texas is larger than the 13 original colonies, excepting Georgia and North Carolina.

The uncultivated area of Texas could support all the people of the United States, using as a basis of calculation two acres per capita which is the world's average.

Texas has room for 4,000,000 more farmers.

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

Entered at postoffice at Cross Plains, Texas as second class mail matter.

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Remember our picnic next week

Here's congratulations to all who are benefitted by the new mail service established between us and Cottonwood!

The Review will now reach all patrons of the Cottonwood office on Friday. If get a sample of this issue it is intended as a gentle invitation to subscribe. See our offer on first page.

My dear sir, if you regard your health and that of your family, if you believe that "cleanliness is kin to godliness," and care to be free from annoyance—shall we tell you what to do. Do away with the house fly.

The primary will be here soon; county politics does not seem to have warmed up much but the little interest shown in politics of a local matter is more than offset by the more than ordinary interest manifested in state politics. The line of demarkation between Ballites and Furgesonites is distinct. All are loud in the praises of their choice and vociferous in their charges against the other side.

In the history of Callahan county the year 1914 will be spoken of as belonging to the class of 1900 and 1906. The rainfall this year has been unusually large, which when we consider that we began the year with the best season for years, should be somewhat of an earnest of a great cotton and feed crop. The grain is good. All in all, west Texas should now begin to come back unto herself.

Out of some eight or more candidates for congress-men-at-large only two are to be elected. It is hardly possible that all our readers know much concerning all of them. We know but little of more than one or two of them. The Review does not take up the standard of its choice for county officers, but it certainly has its choices for various offices. Probably our readers generally are as well informed as to the merits and demerits of local aspirants as is the Review. The Governor's race has been threshed out more or less thoroughly; the Review was for Mayes, before he was eliminated, and yet believes Tom Ball is in a class entirely by himself, as for bigness and ability is concerned, in the gubernatorial race and will support him. But we are not dealing in any of the mud slinging so commonly dealt in by the country newspapers. We take it for granted Jim Furgeson must be a pretty clean and able man, wherefore he could not have got that \$30,000.00. But when it comes to the race for congressman at large, we would like to urge the candidacy of one man in particular. You can cast one vote for any man, but we sure would like to see you cast one for Jim Lowry of Honey Grove. Really, we would like to vote for West Texas men of whom there are two in the race, L. S. Sheild of Santa Anna and Huanphey of Throckmorton, but there is little chance for either to be elected. Not so with Lowry, who is thought generally be a winning candidate.

He is an able man, well informed, an orator of repute, and not a more popular private man in the state, even being highly honored in his home county of Fannin, where he has lived for a quarter of a century. He is a prohibitionist, and is well known for advocating not the "Bryan Rickey" but a more homely but withal a luscious lacteal known as buttermilk.

For Sale Cheap: A good second hand wagon, and harness.

S. E. Settle.

Ready for a Rain

Individually, we are ready for a rain; Jim Bennett has just put up a 17 barrel tank for the Review office. With an drainage area of about 1200 square feet, a light rain will suffice to give us drinking water. With all due respect to the City Water Works we are bound to say we that don't consider the city water fit for human consumption, and find it necessary to use tiner's service to provide suitable water.

FOR SALE: A nearly new cook stove in first-class condition.

S. E. Settle

Ove Wooten of five miles south of Burkett was in town Monday. He said he was here 48 days ago when he was taken ill, and was the next night operated on for appendicitis, from which he is just now recovering. He always led an active out door life, and the confinement during his illness, he says, has hurt him more than the operation. He was operated on by Dr. McCarver of Brownwood.

Lost:

A two year mule, lost out of a buuch, and can't describe it. Reward \$10. offered party holding same for me.

Burns Bros., Owen, Texas.

See us for White Crest flour.

Davis-Garner & Co.

T. M. Shuford of Cottonwood is the first man to subscribe for the Review whose first issue is to go over the star route established between us and Cottonwood on the 1st. May his tribe, that is the Cottonwood subscribers, increase.

A nice piano for sale cheap, cash or credit at Davis-Garner & Co.

Entertained

On last Friday A. M. Miss Ollie McGowen entertained at her home in Cross Plains her quaint way with a sun-rise breakfast. Mr. Jess Greenhill called for each guest in due time and soon this float of boys and girls arrived at the McGowen home where a bounteous breakfast waited them. covers were laid for 12 with a beautiful bouquet of honey suckel, and white sweet peas in the center of the table. Just as the sun was peeping over the hill-tops in the east this merry party seated themselves about the table, which had been arranged on the front porch. Breakfast being over the guests were invited into the parlor where music and conversation was enjoyed. Then after bidding their hostess good morning, they enjoyed a pleasant ride until 8 o'clock when the party dispersed, believing that Miss McGowen is an ideal hostess. These who partook of the mornings pleasure were Misses Beulah and Jessie Adams Vera and Carrie Scarborough, Mary Robertson Marie Cornell and Elizabeth Kenady Messrs. Chess Baum, Broad and Taylor Bond, Fred Robertson and Merman McGowen, and Jess Greenhill.

COME ON!!
NO - GO BACK -
TAKE A LEAD!
- COME AHEAD!
NO NO - GO
BACK - !!



Copyright.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT NEEDS \$100,000.

Much Pioneer Work to Be Done.

Marketing Most Important Problem.

Gainesville, Texas.—In announcing my candidacy for Commissioner of Agriculture, I want to preface my platform with the statement that I am a practical farmer of the modern type. I was reared upon the farm and have spent my entire life in agricultural pursuits. The marvelous progress of nature in plant and animal life have always been a fascinating study to me and I consider research work in the field of science a most profitable one to agriculture.

Having depended upon the farm all my life for a livelihood, and having raised and marketed almost all commercial crops grown in the State, I have been forced in continuous contact with the business problems of agriculture from every angle. I understand the difficulties in the life of every farmer, having been farm laborer, tenant farmer and farm owner, and my feet have been bled upon every rock in the pathway from laborer to land owner.

My experience taught me early in life that the success of the farmers depended upon co-operation, and since 1904 I have been actively engaged in directing and assisting in handling co-operative movements of the Farmers' Union in both state and national work, and was sent to Europe by the Farmers' Union to study cotton marketing.

I shall have to depend upon the liberality of the press to place my candidacy before the public, as the emoluments of the office will not justify a personal canvass of the state and, while I shall be glad to serve my fellow farmers as head of the department of agriculture, I have no desire to purchase the office through the medium of an expensive campaign.

In soliciting the support of the voters of Texas it is due the citizenship that I give a brief review of my understanding of the duties of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

Appropriation of One Hundred Thousand Dollars Needed.

It would be impossible at this time to make up a budget for the Agricultural Department, but anticipating that the next legislature will impose upon the Commissioner of Agriculture additional responsibilities resulting from the enactment of a code of co-operative laws, including rural credits, warehouse and marketing systems, etc., I believe that one hundred thousand dollars per annum could be expended where it would return the farmers of Texas a hundred fold.

The farmers pay more tax and get less benefit from government than any other class of citizens. The Agricultural Department is the most important department in government and is entitled to first consideration by the legislature in making appropriations.

I shall divide the work of the Agricultural Department into three general divisions, viz.: Production, Distribution and Co-operative Business. I shall not at this time undertake to arbitrarily pro-rate the appropriations, as I would prefer them, between these departments, but I regard them approximately equal in relative importance.

Production. I consider the Texas farmer a capable workman. His knowledge of production far exceeds his understanding of salesmanship or his comprehension of the co-operative business problem of agriculture. But the light of intelligence which has blazed his pathway from the furrow to the market should be made to burn more brightly and every aid that science can devise should be made available to the producer.

We must have explorers to delve into the secret recesses of nature and discover new products and scientists who can commune with plant and animal life and improve quality and quantity without a relative cost to production and who can direct the adaptation of products to the soil and climatic conditions of Texas. There is much pioneer work in agriculture that the state should carry on. The experimental and demonstration work of the department should be extended insofar as is compatible with our financial ability.

The necessity for the conservation of the soil, preserving and improving fertility, conservation of moisture, seed selecting, better

cultural method and all improvements in production that help the farmer should be held constantly before him.

It shall be my purpose to follow the product from seed breeding to the consumer and to enlist the aid of science every step of the way as well as to institute rigid economies in distribution and sound business methods in co-operation.

Distribution.

I consider marketing the most important problem the farmers of Texas encounter and I regard our inadequate methods of distribution as the greatest menace now confronting agriculture.

There is little use to produce a crop unless it can be sold. The co-ordination of supply with demand is almost an impossible task owing to the uncertainty of nature, the misgivings of the farmer and the unknown requirements of the consumer, but the surplus in staple products can, by intelligent co-operation, be kept off the market until it is needed and the perishable products can be distributed more profitably by supplying the farmers with more complete and reliable information on market conditions.

There is no doubt but that there are many unnecessary transactions and much useless waste in our distribution methods, and much of it is perhaps beyond the jurisdiction of legislation, but I believe it is within the power of the farmers to co-operate in the sale of their products in such a manner as to add stability to market conditions that will automatically eliminate much of the loss, and it shall be my endeavor to bring about such co-operation.

The consumer, the merchant and the transportation agencies can greatly aid in this work, and all are invited to co-operate.

Co-operative Business Associations.

The farmer has no doubt suffered more through lack of co-operation than from any other cause and I shall, with the permission of the legislature, give first attention to the organization of such co-operative associations as the next legislature may authorize, and to the introduction of such economies in farm operation as are possible through organization.

There can be no farm without a farmer, and I shall give first attention to the farmer. I shall make organization and co-operation the keynote of my administration and through the medium of united effort, I shall endeavor to make all agricultural pursuits more profitable, and farm life more attractive and make it easier to acquire a home.

I favor a rural credit system that will enable those who are ambitious to own a home to borrow money on long terms at a low rate of interest. This law should be so framed as to bring a home within the reach of the farm laborer and tenant farmer who wreaths his living from the soil. The farm laborers of Texas work long hours and receive poorer pay than any other occupation and they should be given primary consideration.

I favor the warehouse legislation approved by the Farmers' Union and shall do all in my power to make all co-operative legislation efficient.

A Business Administration.

I shall run the Department of Agriculture free from any political influence. The appointment of assistants and employees will be made upon merit and without reference to party affiliation or partisan activities.

I shall be glad to co-operate with the Federal Government state institutions, public schools and all organizations, individuals or corporations seeking to assist the farmers.

FRED W. DAVIS.



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CROSS PLAINS, TEX.
JULY 8th & 9th

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH," "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILL.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Jack Keith, a typical border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. Keith had won his spurs as captain in a Virginia regiment during the civil war. He had left the service to find his old southern home in which his friends scattered, and the association of wild western life had allured him. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

CHAPTER II—When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men, shot the horses and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

CHAPTER III—Keith reaches Carson City and is arrested there charged with murdering and robbing the two travelers. His accuser is given as Black Bart, a notorious ruffian.

CHAPTER IV—They can readily swear the crime on Keith. The latter goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia.

CHAPTER V—Neb knows about the two murdered men from the description by Keith. He says one was John Shibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army.

CHAPTER VI—The plainsman and his humble friend escape from the cell.

CHAPTER VII—The two fugitives become lost in the sand desert.

CHAPTER VIII—They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a beautiful young girl. Keith recognizes her as a singer he saw at Carson City.

CHAPTER IX—The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. She had met a Mr. Hawley, who had induced her to come to the cabin which she sought to locate her brother.

CHAPTER X—Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as the notorious Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl.

CHAPTER XI—There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith overcomes Black Bart. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape.

CHAPTER XII—Keith explains his situation as a fugitive from justice.

CHAPTER XIII—The fugitives make for the ford of the Arkansas aiming to reach Fort Larned.

CHAPTER XIV—Here the girl is left in charge of the hotel landlady.

CHAPTER XV—Keith is riding Black Bart's horse, and in the saddle-bags discovers a letter bearing the name of Christie Maclaire and he believes Miss Hope deceived him in disclosing the name of the daughter of General Waite.

CHAPTER XVI—The fugitives Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan. Here Keith meets an old friend named Fairbain, a doctor. The plainsman speaks of the murder of General Waite, but Fairbain insists that he saw the general alive in Sheridan only the day previous.

CHAPTER XVII—At the tavern Keith is disturbed by the talk of two men in an adjoining apartment. One of them speaks of trying to find Black Bart. He calls his companion, Fred Willoughby, which is the assumed name of the brother of Hope Waite. When the other man is gone, Keith enters the room.

CHAPTER XVIII—Willoughby acknowledges that Hope is his sister, but is evasive about Christie Maclaire.

CHAPTER XIX—An overheard conversation convinces Keith that Hope Waite is not the stage singer Christie Maclaire, but that Black Bart has some plot in progress involving the two girls and the prodigal brother.

CHAPTER XX—Hope, getting a clew to the fact that General Waite is at Sheridan, starts for that town.

CHAPTER XXI—Hope Waite is mistaken for Christie Maclaire at Sheridan.

CHAPTER XXII—Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage.

CHAPTER XXIII—The plainsman calls upon Hope Waite and tells of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation.

CHAPTER XXIV—Keith locates Willoughby, but it is to find the army deserter just shot dead by a lawless gang.

CHAPTER XXV—Hope is told of the death of her brother by Keith. He again comes across Christie Maclaire.

CHAPTER XXVI—Keith tries to learn what representations Black Bart has made to the stage singer, but she declines to tell him.

CHAPTER XXVII—Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret of Black Bart she must briefly impersonate Christie.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie Maclaire, and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while Hope goes to the theater where she meets Black Bart.

CHAPTER XXIX—Black Bart really tells Hope to be Christie Maclaire, telling her that General Waite has suspected his plans about an inheritance and that they must fly. Hope is alarmed and demurs.

CHAPTER XXX—General Waite appears and confronts Christie Maclaire. He says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance.

CHAPTER XXXI—Keith coming upon the scene is informed by General Waite that Christie Maclaire is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his gang.

CHAPTER XXXII—Dr. Fairbain avows his love for Phyllis. She accepts him.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Keith and his friends strike the trail of Black Bart.

CHAPTER XXXIV—Hope has been taken back to the old cabin of the gang.

CHAPTER XXXV—The wilderness cabin is the scene of a fight in which Keith and his partners overcome their outlaw enemies.

CHAPTER XXXVI—Black Bart and the plainsman meet in a duel in a wild spot and Keith is the victor.

CHAPTER XXXVII—The plainsman is wounded in the fight with the desperado but is nursed back to life and health by the faithful Hope Waite.

of bushes somewhat to the rear of the silent, dome-capping cabin, and lay down flat behind a pile of saddles, from which position they could plainly discern the rear door. There was no movement, no evidence anywhere that a living soul was about the place. Keith could barely distinguish that it was Bristol lying next to him.

"Had their camp over there in the corner of the corral when I was here before," he said in a whisper. "Where do you suppose they can be now?"

The wary scout lifted his head, sniffing into the darkness like a pointer dog.

"West o' ther cabin thar, out o' ther wind, most likely. I smell tobacco."

Even as the words left his lips a man came sauntering slowly around the eastern corner, his outlines barely visible, but the red glow of a pipe bowl showing plainly. He stopped, directly facing them, yawning sleepily, and then turned the other corner. Another moment and they distinctly heard a voice:

"Hustle up thar now, Mancel, an' turn out; it's your watch; wake up, dam yer—maybe that'll bring yet ter life."

The remedy applied to the sleeper must have been efficacious, as an instant later, another figure slouched into view, the new arrival rubbing his eyes with one hand, the other clutching a short-barreled gun. From the high peak of his hat it was evident this new guard was a Mexican. He walked to the corner, glanced along the east side wall toward the front of the cabin, and then, apparently satisfied the coast was clear, started toward the stream, shuffling along within a foot of where Keith lay flat on the ground. A moment later the men heard him splashing softly in the water, and Keith rolled over, his lips at Bristol's ear.

"Slip down there, Ben," he whispered, "and quiet that fellow. I'll find out how many are on the west side. Do the job without any noise."

He waited until the scout had disappeared like a snake, not even a rustling leaf telling of his passage, and then silently crept forward himself, yet with less caution, until he was able to peer about the corner of the cabin and dimly distinguish the blanketed forms of several men huddled close in against the side wall. They rested so nearly together it was difficult to separate them in that darkness, stars giving the only light, but he finally determined their number at five. Five, the Mexican would make six, and there would surely be another guard posted out in the front—seven. But there were eight horses down there in the corral. Then the eighth man—Hawley, without doubt—must be in the cabin. At the thought Keith's teeth clinched, and he had to struggle to control his passion. But no; that would never do; he must discover first exactly where the girl was located; after that they would attend to the cuss. Before creeping back to the others, he made quick examination along the rear of the cabin, but could find no visible point of weakness. He tried to recall from memory the nature of the lock on that back door, but could remember nothing except an ordinary wooden latch. If he could insert a knife into the crack that might very easily be dislodged. He drew his hunting knife for the attempt, and first glancing about, perceived a man creeping toward him. It proved to be Bristol.

"Fixed the greaser all right, cap, and I reckon he'll be quiet for an hour or two. Look whar he slashed me; struck a pack o' playin' cards, er I'd a got my ticket." The front of his blouse was out wide open, and Keith thought he perceived a stain of blood.

"Pricked you as it was, didn't he?"

"Opened the skin. Thought the cuss had given up, an' got careless. What's round to the west?"

Keith's lips closed, his hand shutting hard on the knife.

"Five, and another out in front; that leaves the eighth man inside. Bring our fellows up closer, and post hem where they can cover those fellows as 'eep, while I make an effort at breaking in here."

Bristol crawled back like a snail, and confident the others would do their part, Keith thrust his knife blade deep into the narrow crack and began probing after the latch. In spite of all caution this effort caused a slight noise, and suddenly he started back at the sound of a woman's voice:

"What do you want? I am armed, and will fire through the door if you lo't go away!"

His heart leaping with exultation, Keith put his lips close to the crack.

"Hope," he exclaimed as loudly as he dared. "This is Keith; open the door!"

He could hear a little smothered cry break from her lips, and then the sound of a bar being hastily removed. An instant, and the door opened silently, just wide enough to permit her slender figure to slip through. She clasped him with her hands, turning his face to the light of the stars, and he could feel her form tremble.

"Oh, I knew you would come! I knew you would come!" she sobbed, her words barely audible.

The man's lips set firmly, yet he held her close to him, begging her not to break down now.

"It's all right, little girl," he said pleadingly, "we've got you safe, but here is a fight to be attended to. Come with me; I must ask you a question or two."

He drew her back into the fringe of bushes, placing her safely behind the stack of saddles. She was not crying any more, just clinging to him, as though she could never again hear to let him go.

"Oh, Jack, it is so good just to feel you near again."

"Yes, dear," soothingly, "and it is good to hear you say Jack, but tell me one thing—is any one else in the cabin? Is Hawley here?"

"No, no! He left us early the first mornin'. He left us either seen or heard of him since. The men have left me alone since we got here; have had the cabin all to myself until tonight. I have not suffered, only mentally—from dread of what they intended doing with me—until tonight. Three men rode in here just before sundown—two Mexicans and an Indian. One of them was an awful looking old man, with a scar on his cheek, and a face that made me shudder. He didn't see me, but I saw him through the window, and he had such strange eyes. All the men acted as though they were afraid of him, and I heard him say he didn't care what Hawley's orders were, he was going to sleep inside; if the girl didn't like it she could take the other room. I didn't know what to do—oh, I was so afraid of him; but what he said gave me an idea, and I went into the back room, and put up a bar across the door. When he came in he tried the door; then he spoke through it, but I never answered; and finally he lay down and went to sleep. I sat there in the dark so long, and when I heard you—I thought it must be some of the others."

He stroked her hair, whispering words of encouragement.

"That is all done with now, Hope, and we'll have those fellows at our mercy in another half-hour. But I must go now to the boys; lie here behind these saddles, and don't move until I come for you. I can trust you to remain right here?"

"Yes," he was bending over, and her eyes were upon his face. Suddenly, obeying an irresistible impulse, he clasped her to him, and their lips met. "Sweetheart," he whispered softly. "He could not hear her answer, but her arms were about his neck."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Cabin Taken.

His heart beating with new happiness, yet conscious of the stern duty still confronting him, Keith joined the others, giving them, in a whisper, a hurried account of Hope's escape from the cabin, and of what she had to report.

"It's old Juan Sanchez in the front room, boys," he added solemnly, "and there is ten thousand dollars reward out for him, dead or alive."

Joe of the "Bar X" drew in his breath sharply.

"It'll sure be dead then," he muttered, "that cuss will never be got no other way."

They went at it in the grim silent manner of the West, wasting little time, feeling no mercy. One by one the unconscious sleepers were aroused, each waking to find a steel barrel pressing against his forehead, and to hear a stern voice say ominously, "Not a move, Johnny; yes, that's a gun; now get up quietly, and step out here." Resistance was useless, and the five, rendered weaponless, were herded back toward the corral. They all belonged to Hawley's outfit; one, a black-whiskered surly brute Bristol remembered having seen in Sheridan. There was no time to deal with them then, and a "Bar X" man was placed on guard, with orders to shoot at the slightest suspicious movement.

The Indian, then, would be guarding the front of the house, and Sanchez sleeping inside. Well, the former could be left alone; his chance of escape would be small enough with Fairbain and Neb on the opposite bank. Old Sanchez was the villain they wanted—dead or alive. With this in view, and anxious to make a quick job of it, the three entered the back room, and revolvers in hand, groped their way across to the connecting door. As Hope had described, it had been securely fastened by a stout wooden bar. Bristol forced it from the sockets, not without some slight noise, and Keith, crouching down at one side, lifted the latch.

"Keep down low, boys," he cautioned, "where he can't hit you."

With one quick push he flung the door wide open, and a red flash lit the room. There were two sharp reports, the bullets crashing into the wall behind them, the sudden blaze of flame revealing the front door open, and with it the black outline of a man's figure. Two of the men fired in instant response, leaping recklessly forward, but were as quickly left behind in the darkness, the outer door slammed in their faces. Outside there was a snarl of rage, another shot, a fierce curse in Spanish; then Keith flung the door wide open, and leaped down the step. As he did so he hid so he struck a body and fell forward, his revolver knocked from his hand. Rising to his knees, the dim light of the stars revealed a man already half across the stream. Suddenly two sparks of fire leaped forth from the blackness on the opposite bank; the man flung up his hand, staggered, then went stumbling up the stream, knee deep in water. He made a dozen yards, reeling as though drunk, and fell forward, face down across a spit of sand. Keith stared out at the black, motionless shape, and arose to his feet. Bristol had turned over the dead body at the foot of the steps, and was peering down into the upturned face.

"It's the Indian," he said grimly, "Sanchez must 'a' mistook him fer one of us, and shot the poor devil."

And Sanchez himself is out yonder on that sand-pit, and Keith pointed; then lifted his voice to make it carry across the stream. "Come on over, 'Sanchez' must 'a' mistook him fer one of us, and shot the poor devil."

And Sanchez himself is out yonder on that sand-pit, and Keith pointed; then lifted his voice to make it carry across the stream. "Come on over, Doctor, you and Neb. We've got the gang. Bring that body out there along with you."

The "Par X" man waded out to

help, and the three together laid the dead Mexican out on the bank, beside the Indian he had shot down in his effort to escape. Keith stood for a moment bending low to look curiously into the dead face—wrinkled, scarred, still featuring cruelly, the thin lips drawn back in a snarl. What scenes of horror those eyes had gazed upon during fifty years of crime; what suffering of men, women, children; what deeds of rapine; what examples of merciless hate; Juan Sanchez!—the very sound of the name made the blood run cold. "Dead or alive!" Well, they had him at last—dead; and the plainsman shuddered, as he turned away.

Taking Fairbain with him and hastily reviewing late occurrences to him, Keith crossed over to the corral, realizing that their work—his work—was not wholly done until Hawley had been located. With this quest in mind he strode straight to the black-headed giant who had guarded Hope from Sheridan.

"What is your name?" he asked sharply.

The man looked up scowling.

"Hatchett," he answered grimly.

"Well, Hatchett, I am going to ask you a question or two, and advise you to reply just about as straight as you know how. I am in no mood tonight for any foolishness. Where is 'Black Bart' Hawley?"

"How in hell should I know?"

"You do know, just the same. Perhaps not to an inch, or a mile, but you know near enough where he is, and where he has been since you left Sheridan."

"If I do, I'm damned if I'll tell you."

"No? Well now, Hatchett, listen to me, and Keith's voice had in it the click of a steel trap. "You'll either answer and answer straight, or we'll hang you to that cottonwood in about five minutes. If you want a chance for your miserable life you answer me. We have our way of treating your kind out in this country. Sit up, you brute! Now where did Hawley go after he left you?"

"To Fort Larned."

"After those fresh horses?"

"Yes."

"He didn't bring them to you; I know that. Where has he been since?"

"Topeky and Leavenworth."

"How do you know?"

"He writ me a note the boss herder brought."

"Hand it over."

Keith took the dirty slip of paper the man reluctantly extracted from his belt, and Fairbain lit matches while he ran his eyes hastily over the lines. As he ended he crushed the paper between his fingers, and walked away to the end of the corral. He wanted to be alone, to think, to decide definitely upon what he ought to do. Hawley, according to the schedule just read, must have left Larned alone early the day before; this night he would be camped at the water-hole; with daybreak he expected to resume his lonely journey across the desert to the Salt Fork. For years Keith had lived a primitive life, and in some ways his thought had grown primitive. His code of honor was that of the border, tinged by that of the South before the war. The antagonism existing between him and this gambler was personal, private, deadly—not an affair for any others—outsiders—to meddle with. He could wait here, and permit Hawley to be made captive; could watch him ride unsuspectingly into the power of these armed men, and then turn him over to the law to be dealt with. The very thought nauseated him. That would be a coward's act, leaving a stain never to be eradicated. No, he must meet this as became a man, and now, now before Hope so much as dreamed of his purpose—aye, and before he spoke another word of love to Hope. He wheeled about fully decided on his course, his duty, and met Fairbain face to face.

"Jack," the latter said earnestly, "I read the note over your shoulder, and of course I know what you mean to do. A Southern gentleman could not choose otherwise. But I've come here to beg you to let me have the chance."

"You?" surprised and curious.

"What greater claim on that fellow's life have you than I?"

The pudgy hands of the doctor grasped the plainsman's shoulders.

"It's for Christie," he explained brokenly. "She was the one he tried to run away with. You—you know how I feel."

"Sure, I know," shaking the other off, yet not roughly. "But it happened to be Miss Waite he took, and so this is my job, Fairbain. Besides, I've got another score to settle with him."

He wasted little time upon preparations—a few brief words of instruction to Bristol; a request to the doctor not to leave Hope alone; the extracting of a promise from the two "Bar X" men to return to Larned with the prisoners. Then he roped the best horse in the corral, saddled and bridled him, and went into the cabin. She had a light burning, and met him at the door.

"I thought you would never come but they told me you were unhurt."

"Not a scratch, little girl; we have been a lucky bunch. But I have had a great deal to look after. Now I shall be obliged to ride ahead as far as the water-hole, and let you come on with the others a little later, after you get breakfast. You can spare me a few hours, can't you?"

His tone was full of good humor, and his lips smiling, yet somehow she felt her heart sink, an inexplicable fear finding expression in her eyes.

"But—why do you need to go? Couldn't some of the others?"

"There is a reason which I will explain later," he said, more gravely. "Surely you can trust me, Hope, and feel that I am only doing what it seems absolutely necessary for me to do?" He bent down and kissed her. "It will be only for a few hours, and no cause for worry. Good-bye now, until we meet to-night at the water-hole."

The east was gray with coming daylight as he rode splashing across the stream and up the opposite bank. She watched him, rubbing the blinding mist from her eyes, until horse and man became a mere dark speck, finally fading away completely into the dull plain of the desert.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Duel in the Desert.

Keith rode straight forward into the sandy desolation, spurring his horse into a swift trot. After one glance backward as they clambered up the steep bank, a glance which revealed Hope's slender form in the cabin door, his eyes never turned again that way. He had a man's stern work to do out yonder, and his purpose could not be swerved, his firmness of hand and keenness of eye affected, by any thought of her. His lips compressed, his fingers gripping the rein, he drove all regretful memory from his mind, until every nerve within him throbed in unison with his present purpose. He was right; he knew he was right. It was not hate, not even revenge, which had set him forth, leaving love behind, but honor—the honor of the South, and of the frontier, of his ancestry and his training—honor that drove him now to meet Hawley face to face, man to man, to settle the feud between them for all time. And he rode on, smiling, gladly, to a trust, now that he was at last alone, free in the desert.

The hours passed, the sun rising higher in the blazing blue of the sky; the horse, wearied by the constant pull of the sand, had long since slowed down to a walk; the last dim blur of the cottonwoods along the Fork had disappeared; and the rider swayed in the saddle, the dead lifelessness of sky and desert dulling his brain. Yet he had not forgotten his errand—ranging constantly from lethargy to sweep his shaded eyes about the rounded horizon, keenly marking the slightest shadow across the sands, taking advantage of every drift to give him wider viewpoint, rising in his stirrups to scan the leagues of desolation ahead. Twice he drew his revolver from out his sheath, tested it, and slipped in a fresh cartridge, returning the weapon more lightly to its place, the flap of the holster turned back and held open by his leg. The sun beat upon him like a ball of fire, the hot sand flinging the haze back into his face. He pushed back the upper part of his shirt and drank a swallow of tepid water from a canteen strapped behind the saddle. His eyes ached with the glare, until he saw fantastic red and yellow shapes dancing dizzily before him. The weariness of the long night pressed upon his eye-balls; he felt the strain of the past hours, the lack of food, the need of rest. His head nodded, and he brought himself to life again with a jerk and a muttered word, staring out into the dim, formless distance. Lord, if there was only something moving; something he could concentrate his attention upon; something to rest the straining eyes!

But there was nothing, absolutely nothing—just that seemingly endless stretch of sand, circled by the blazing sky, the wind sweeping its surface soundless and hot, as though from the pits of hell; no stir, no motion, no movement of anything animate or inanimate to break the awful monotony. Death! It was death everywhere! His aching eyes rested on nothing but what was typical of death. Even the heat waves seemed fantastic, grotesque, assuming spectral forms, as though ghosts beckoned and danced in the haze, urging him on to become one of themselves. Keith was not a dreamer, nor one to yield easily to such brain fancies, but the mad delirium of loneliness gripped him, and he had to struggle back to sanity, beating his hands upon his breast to stir anew the sluggish circulation of his blood, and talking to the horse in strange feverishness.

With every step of advance the brooding silence seemed more profound, more deathlike. He got to marking the sand ridges, the slight variations giving play to the brain. Way off to the left was the mirage of a lake, apparently so real that he had to battle with himself to keep from turning aside. He dropped forward in the saddle, his head hanging low, so blinded by the incessant sun glare he could no longer bear the glitter of

that horrible ocean of sand. It was noon now—noon, and he had been riding steadily seven hours. The thought brought his blurred eyes again to the horizon. Where could he be, the man he sought in the heart of this solitude? Surely he should be here by now, if he had left the water-hole at dawn. Could he have gone the longer route, south to the Fork? The possibility of such a thing seared through him like a hot iron, driving the dullness from his brain, the lethargy from his limbs. God! no! Fate could never play such a scurvy trick as that! The man must have been delayed; had failed to leave camp early—somewhere ahead, yonder where the blue haze marked the union of sand and sky, he was surely coming, riding half dead, and drooping in the saddle.

Again Keith rose in his stirrups, rubbing the mist out of his eyes that he might see clearer, and stared ahead. What was that away out yonder? a shadow? a spot dancing? his tortured vision? or a moving, living something which he actually saw? He could not tell, he could not be sure, yet he straightened up expectantly, shading his eyes, and never losing sight of the object. It moved, grew larger, darker, more real—yet how it crawled, crawled, crawled toward him. It seemed as if the vague, shapeless thing would never take form, never stand out revealed against the sky so he could determine the truth. He had forgotten all else—the silent desert, the blazing sun, the burning wind—all his soul concentrated on that speck yonder. Suddenly it disappeared—a swale in the sand probably—and, when it rose into view again, he uttered a cry of joy—it was a horse and rider!

Little by little they drew nearer one another, two black specks in that vast ocean of sand, the only moving, living things under the brazen circle of the sky. Keith was ready now, his eyes bright, the cocked revolver gripped hard in his hand. The space between them narrowed, and Hawley saw him, caught a glimpse of the face under the broad hat brim, the burning eyes surveying him. With an oath he stopped his horse, dragging at his gun, surprised, dazed, yet instantly understanding. Keith also halted, and across the intervening desert the eyes of the two men met in grim detestation. The latter wet his dry lips, and spoke shortly:

"I reckon you know what this means, Hawley, and why I am here. We're Southerners both of us, and we settle our own personal affairs. You've got to fight me now, man to man."

The gambler glanced about him, and down at his horse. If he thought of flight it was useless. His lip curled with contempt.

"Damn your talking, Keith," he returned savagely. "Let's have it over with," and spurred his horse. The gun of the other came up.

"Wait!" and Hawley paused, dragging at his rein. "One of us most likely is going to die here; perhaps both. But if either survives he'll need a horse to get out of this alive. Dismount; I'll do the same; step away so the horses are out of range, and then we'll fight it out—is that square?"

Without a word, his eyes gleaming with cunning hatred, the gambler swung down from his saddle onto the sand, his horse interposed between him and the other. Keith did the same, his eyes peering across the back of his animal.

"Now," he said steadily, "when I count three drive your horse aside, and let go—are you ready?"

"Damn you—yes!"

"Then look out—one! two! three!"

The plainsman struck his horse with the quirt in his left hand and sprang swiftly aside so as to clear the flank of the animal, his shooting arm flung out. There was a flash of flame across Hawley's saddle, a sharp report, and Keith reeled backward, dropping to his knees, one hand clutching at the sand. Again Hawley fired, but the horse, startled by the double report, leaped aside, and the ball went wild. Keith wheeled about, steadying himself with his outstretched hand, and let drive, pressing the trigger, until, through the haze over his eyes, he saw Hawley go stumbling down, shooting wildly as he fell. The man never moved, and Keith endeavored to get up, his gun still held ready, the smoke circling about them. He had been shot treacherously, as a cowardly cur might shoot, and he could not clear his mind of the thought that this last act hid treachery also. But he could not raise himself, could not stand; red and black shadows danced before his eyes; he believed he saw the arm of the other move. Like a snake he crept forward, holding himself up with one hand, his head dizzily reeling, but his gun held steadily on that black, shapeless object lying on the sand. Then the revolver hand began to quiver, to shake, to make odd circles; he couldn't see; it was all black, all nothingness. Suddenly he went down face first into the sand.

They both lay motionless, the thirsty sand drinking in their life blood, Hawley huddled upon his left side, his hat still shading the glazing eyes, Keith lying flat, his face in the crook of an arm whose hand still gripped a revolver. There was a grim smile on his lips, as if, as he pitched forward, he knew that, after he had been shot to death, he had gotten his man. The riderless horses gazed at the two figures, and drifted away, slowly, fearfully, still held in mute subjection to their dead masters by dangling reins. The sun blazed down from directly overhead, the heat waves rising and falling, the dead, desolate desert stretching to the sky. An hour, two passed. The horses were now a hundred yards away, nose to nose; all

Your suit cleaned and pressed for \$1.00
Carl Murdock

B. T. Higginbotham left Sunday morning for DeLeon.

PROF. WILL ERWIN
PIANO, VOICE AND VIOLIN
TERMS REASONABLE

A SCHOLARSHIP

Brownwood has a good Commercial College. That is what Brownwood people and graduates of the school say. We have a scholarship in this school that we will sell cheap.

Miss Min Swayne who for the past month has been visiting Mrs. Powell left Sunday for Walnut Springs, where she will visit a short time before returning to her home at Sherman.

If you have never quenched your diaphragm at the icicles, perfectly sanitary soda fountain at the Cross Plains Drug Store, you have missed the greatest and most pleasant means of alleviating the warmth of these hot days. (adv)

Posted Take Notice

The public is requested to take notice that all Pastures owned, controlled or leased by the undersigned, in Coleman Co. Texas, are posted according to law and trespassing is prohibited. Hunting, Fishing, and Pecan gathering in absolutely forbidden.
C. E. Burns, James Gelson, T. H. Colvin, W. T. Burns, J. R. Adams, Furrkett Texas.

For Sale: A good 950 to 1000 lb. horse, Good puller and a good buggy horse. Call at this office.

Ball Boys Victorious

Our boys were victorious in all three games with Sipe Springs during the picnic there last week, the scores standing 11 to 1, 5 to 3, and 3 to 2. The Cross Plains team has not lost a game so far.

Wanted: A position by an experienced man. Address: P. O. box 123, Cross Plains.

Stamford, Texas

We are threshing out the grain about five miles north of Stamford at present. Wheat is fairly good Oats are light, however we will have all we can do for some time. Lem, my wife don't write as often as we would like to hear from home so I want you to send me the Review. All the other boys join me in this request.

Very truly yours
W. E. Butler

A nice piano for sale cheap, cash or credit at Davis-Garner & Co.

Rev. R. D. Carter came in Wednesday with county Missionary Johnson.

Removal Notice:

I have moved my office to the McCord building just south of the Racket Store, where I will be pleased to have you call on me.
Dr. Tyson

LAP DUSTERS

Full sizes and attractive patterns at bottom prices.
THE RACKET STORE

Married

J. H. Jones and Mrs. Edna Brandon were married in Cross Plains Sunday Rev. Parker performing the ceremony. Heres wishing them well.

Partner Wanted: for wolf and fur trapping this fall and winter. Also want to buy two genets. J. J. Dodson, at Frank Williams.

Cross Plains boys who tried their fortunes at the Sipe Springs picnic last week being back divers and varied reports. Albert Adkisson says it was a grafters reunion, Edwin Neeb says he worked him self down following the crowd trying to sell cream. All say the crowd always left to meet all trains.

Jeff and Dave Clark and Owen Lester left Sunday for Baird, whence they went Monday to Big Springs, Colorado City, and other places, to play ball, they to play with our county seat boys. The Baird boys supplemented with our boys should make a formidable aggregation.

A good second hand buggy for sale cheap.
Davis-Garner & Co.

Miss Irene Clark of Denison is the guest of Mrs. R. Gray Powell.

Messrs. Westerman and Powell and Miss Swayne were a-picnicing a Sipe Springs Friday.

Judge Rosenquest for District Attorney

In this issue of the Democrat Judge N. N. Rosenquest presents his announcement to the voters of the 42nd Judicial District, composed of Callahan, Eastland, Shackelford, Stephens and Taylor counties, as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries in July.

Judge Rosenquest is too well and favorably known in Stephens county to need any endorsement or introduction from the Democrat, but for the benefit of our readers in the District outside of the county we will give a brief outline of his life.

Judge Rosenquest is a comparatively young man, being 35 years of age, and is what is termed a self-made man. Was raised on a farm and has taught school, five years in this country and one in Eastland. He graduated from the State Normal College, at Denton, in 1906 with high honor, and entered the Law Department of the State University in the same year, graduating in 1909 with one of the highest grades ever made in the Law department of the University. Upon graduating the Faculty of the University appointed him Quiz Master in the Law Department, a position he resigned one year later in order to return home and enter the race for County Judge.

Judge Rosenquest was elected County Judge in 1910, and is now serving his second term and has made one of the best Judges this county has ever had.

Stephens county has never before presented a man for any position in this Judicial District, but has permitted the other counties to offer their favorite sons without opposition from any one in this county, and when present Judge Rosenquest, who is probably the best qualified man in the District for the place to which he aspires, it would be nothing but right and just that the other counties join us in making his nomination unanimous.

Breckenridge Democrat

Will Armstrong's baby in the Liberty neighborhood is very ill.

DENTIST
Dr. Mary L. S. Graves
Office over Farmers Nat'l Bank, Cross Plains, Texas.
Call me 24 or Central.

Advertising Talks

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627



of Cross Plains, meets on or before full moon in each month at Masonic over Bank of Cross Plains.



Meets every Saturday night at M. W. A. Hall, Cross Plains, Tex.
M. C. Baum, Clerk
W. O. W. Camp No. 778.



Meets every Saturday night before the first and third Sundays, at W. O. W. Hall, south Cross Plains, Tex.
E. T. Bond, Clerk.



Meets every Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. W. Barr, Sec.

I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 171

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching each 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Sunday school each Sunday 10 a. m. R. P. Odum, Supt.

Prayer meeting each Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Woman's Home Mission Society meets Thursdays before the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month. Mrs. Alv is Pres.

You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church, preaching on 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. Regular session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m.

Baptist Church.

Preaching 2nd & 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Sunday School begins 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8:15. Ladies Aid Mondays 3:30 p. m.

Junior B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday 3 p. m. Senior B. Y. P. U. 4 p. m.

Pastor.

TEXAS FACTS

AGRICULTURE.

The annual per capita production of Texas is valued at \$300.00, which includes the output of the farm, mine, factory and fisheries.

Thirty-two agricultural products are produced in commercial quantities in Texas.

Coffee and tea are the only agricultural products used in Texas that are not grown commercially within our borders.

The annual expenditure for farm labor by Texas farmers is \$25,000,000.

Cotton and rice are the only farm products we produce in surplus quantities; all other crops are entirely consumed in the state.

We buy \$187,000,000 worth of products annually from other states for home consumption. Corn and pork are our principal import commodities.

The Texas farmers, in marketing their annual production, form a procession that will reach from the earth to the moon.

The farms of Texas produce \$1,840,000 per day.

Dallas, Texas, is the second largest agricultural implement distributing point in the world.

The farmers of Texas spend \$16,000,000 annually for agricultural implements.

There are more farm laborers in Texas than any other state.

TEXAS FACTS

COTTON.

In hauling the Texas cotton crop to market the services of 400,000 teams and wagons are required: which form a procession 2,400 miles long.

One year's cotton crop of Texas will clothe 300,000,000 people.

In Texas there are 4,670 gins, 113 compresses, 238 oil mills and 15-cotton mills.

Dallas, Texas, is the largest cotton gin machinery manufacturing center in the world.

Cotton constitutes 47 per cent of the agricultural production of Texas.

Twenty-five per cent of the cotton seed oil mills of the United States are located in Texas.

Te cotton seed crushing establishments of Texas represent a capital investment of \$21,506,000. They furnish employment to 4,000 persons.

One seed of Texas cotton will produce one stalk of about 20 bolls. There are 80 cotton seeds in one boll.

It takes 25 pounds of cotton seed to plant one acre.

It takes 1,650 pounds of seed cotton to make a bale of 500 pounds lint, and 1,150 pounds of cotton seed.

The seed from a bale of cotton will yield 17 gallons of oil, 350 pounds of meal, 300 pounds of hulls and 25 pounds of linters.

The compress reduces the size of the cotton bale one-half.

Three-fourths of the Texas cotton crop is sold in Europe.

Texas has 26 per cent of all the land in the world, which is at the present time considered capable of growing cotton.

More new cotton gins were installed in Texas during the 1910-1911 ginning season than in any other state in the Union.

We have one gin to every 2,500 acres planted to cotton.

To manufacture all the cotton we produce in Texas will require an additional investment of a quarter of a billion dollars in cotton mills.

The importance of cotton as a necessity of life is made manifest when we consider that during the past century the world's population has increased 120 per cent, while the uses of cotton show an increase of 3,700 per cent.

The leading cotton-producing counties of Texas are Ellis, McLennan, Hill and Williamson.

The greater part of the Texas cotton crop is planted in April and matures in October, although some of the crop is marketed the latter part of August.

The largest cotton crop ever produced in Texas was in 1912 and amounted to 4,880,210 bales of 500 pounds each and sold for \$321,430,000, including the value of the seed.

The seed from the Texas cotton crop sell for \$39,690,000 annually, and weigh 2,171,877 tons.

The Texas farm laborer earns \$19.00 per month with board and \$27.00 per month if he boards himself.

At the rate we are securing farmers it will take 400 years to thoroughly develop the agricultural resources of Texas.

There are 2,000 silos on the farms of Texas.

Approximately 75 agricultural fairs are held in Texas annually.

The Texas State fair is the largest agricultural exhibition in the world.

A "Turkey Trot," a "Hog Waddle" and a "Possum Walk" are among our annual fairs.

One hundred and three counties of Texas have United States demonstration farms.

There are seven large counties in Texas, each one of which has an uncultivated area larger than the state of Delaware.

Texas leads all states in the Union in the production of farm crops.

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following named persons as candidates for office, subject to the Democratic Primary, July, 1914:

For Associate Justice Court - Civil Appeals,
Judge Ocie Speer (re-election)

For District Attorney for 4 Judicial District
N. N. Rosenberg
of Breckenridge

For County Clerk:
Homer Shanks
T. (Tom) E. Parks of Baird
Chas. Noidyke, of Cottonwood

For County Tax Collector
W. E. Melton
Joe Y. Frazier.
J. O. Williams.
B. F. Austin of Baird

For County Treasurer
W. P. (Pit) Ramsey
C. W. Connor, Baird (Re election)

For Superintendent of Public Instruction
S. E. Settle

For County Tax Assessor:
Geo. A. Johnson of Clyde.
T. L. Conway of Baird
T. J. Norrell
M. G. Farmer.

W. B. Dodds of Deep Creek
For Sheriff:
J. (John) A. Moore
Felix Rain (re-election)

For County Commissioner P. No. 4
Milton Houston of Cottonwood.
J. G. (Jack) Alkin
J. W. (Walt) McDaniel
For Constable Precinct No. 6
W. A. (Alvin) Petersen

For Public Weighing of Precinct No. 6
Martin Reeb (re-election)
J. R. Williams
Geo. Swann
Ed. Maney
Bill G. (Bill) G. (Bill) G.

For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6
A. J. Mathis
John I. Gilbert
P. Smith

Gas Hart and wife of Big Spring are visiting the parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Haley.

Miss Zona Arvin of Cottonwood was in town Wednesday she says she is going to El Paso on a visit soon.

Mrs. Rawleigh Hill of DeLeon has been visiting Mrs. C. R. Myers.

Mrs. Bob Myers has been the guest of her sist-in-law Mrs. C. R. Myers.

Mrs. Griggs of Baird is the guest of Mrs. E. H. Ramsey.

Let me order you a all wool made measure suit for \$12.50
Carl Murdock

A Good School

Mc's Business College is a good school. It is a good school, because it accomplishes what it claims to accomplish; it fits young men and women thoroughly for the best positions in the business world.

It is a good school, because its students say it is a good school, and proves it when they go out into the business world by "making good."

It is a Good school, because business and professional men who employ its graduates say so, and show their confidence by applying to it for their help.

It is a good school, because it is capably and honestly conducted, because it gives to its students every one of them the greatest possible value for the money paid for tuition.

It is a good school, because we are putting the best we have into it to make it a good school-our brains, our time' our means and our energy every ounce of it.

It is a good school, because its promises more than keeps them as its students will testify.

It is a good school, because it has good students, a class of young men women who are particular about what they get, and with whom they associate, and who investigate and weigh before making a decision.

It is a good school, because it employs good teachers. Every teacher in Mc's Business College understands his business, and we teach business, and we do business.

Don't buy tuition in a Business College and don't sign contracts until you have investigated Mc's Business College, for particulars, address, -Mc's Business College, Brownwood, Texas.

THE BENNETT HOTEL

Successor to Traveling Man's Hotel

Under New Management

In a quiet and convenient location. The very best of service guaranteed. Give us a trial and be convinced.

BENNETT BROTHERS, Prop's.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows it will do. Ask him. He'll be glad to help you.

Write for Chattanooga Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tennessee. Instructions on your case. Treatment for Women.