

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 6

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEB. 18, 1916.

NO. 48

SPECIAL ELECTION FEB. 26

Cross Cut Voters Desirous of Participating in the \$1,000,000 School Fund

CITIZENS of the Cross Cut Independent School District will have an opportunity on Feb. 26th to vote for a raise in the special school tax from 36 cents on the \$100.00 valuation to 50 cents—the limit—which amount is prerequisite to the school's participating in the Million Dollar school fund. An inspector, or one clothed with the proper authority, has inspected the school, and he states that when a little more equipment is added and the 14 cents additional tax is raised, that \$500.00 of this fund will be available for the school this year, and that this amount has been set aside for the Cross Cut school, awaiting the result of the election and the supplying of the extra equipment needed. If the tax carries, Cross Cut will have a seven months' school this year, and yet the additional 14 cents tax will not be collected until next year, and then the board of trustees will collect only so much as is needed for the school, so it is deemed. Also as soon as the \$500 are secured, another teacher will be added, giving the school much better service.

Two years ago in March this district voted bonds not to exceed 25 cents for the purpose of erecting a modern school building. This bond issue was for \$2,500. It only required 16 cents of this possible 25 cents to meet this indebtedness. At the same time a special school tax of 20 cents was voted. A special school tax of the same amount had been voted some years before, but upon the severance of this and the Kid Peak districts a new tax had to be voted. This 20 cent tax and the 16 cents for the bond issue make 36 cents; hence, an extra 14 cent tax must be voted to give Cross Cut the

50 cent school tax required of schools that participate in the Million Dollar school fund.

A few shade trees will have to be set out, and more library and laboratory equipment must be added, so it is learned. Cross Cut people are justly proud of their school and building. The fact that the school had met nearly all the requirements for participating in this special fund is a compliment not easily to be earned—a compliment few schools can boast of. The building is modern in all respects, 36 by 112 feet, divided into four large, comfortable rooms. The necessary lighting and heating and the cloak rooms, etc., have all been provided for. Three large Smith heaters (the best to be had), at a cost of \$75.00 each, are in use. More than the minimum one acre of land has been put into the grounds. The building cost \$2,500, so Mr. Evans, the teacher, informs us, with about \$410 in work donated. This donation account consists in the hauling, quarrying of the founda-

Keep Your Money In This Bank

Vaults are Safer than Pockets

When your money is in this Bank, it is safe. It is at your disposal any time you want it.

When your money is in your pocket, it is easy to spend; is soon frittered away.

This is mighty good advice to the young man or young woman who is just entering upon a career. It is the advice that breeds SUCCESS in later years.

Farmers' National Bank

Cross Plains, Texas

THE HOG AND CATTLE TRADE

The First Carload of Goats Out of Cross Plains Sent Away Last Week

LIVE STOCK is moving easily the last few days, Cross Plains, so far as we have been able to learn, shipping her first car of goats last week. W M Adams who was the shipper states that he found a very good market for his stuff. S Watson of the Cross Cut country last week consigned a car of hogs to Ft. Worth. Frank Bryson, the hog shipper, last week bought 90 head of hogs from Dr. Ramsey, and this week shipped a car. J C McDermott and J C Dibrell have sold 10 head of Hereford cattle to R E Davis of Erath county. Henry Wooten and Cris Parson this week shipped a car of cattle to Ft. Worth.

LET US SAVE YOU MONEY

On harness, hardware, and farm tools.

THE RACKET STORE.

NEW SPRING HATS

The latest Eastern fashions in ladies and children's hats will be on display March 1st.

IT'S NO SECRET

That this store's prices are the lowest in town. Hundreds of thrifty buyers know it. These are the reasons: No high-salaried help; No free deliveries; No charge accounts; No superfluous expenses.

THE RACKET STORE

LADIES HATS

Whether you are in the market for a hat or not you will find these beautiful reproductions from the latest creations in millinery today. Don't forget the date of the opening—March 1.

The Candy Shop

DIG HORSE & MULE SALE

Brownwood, Texas.

Feb. 25 and 26. Come and be with us. Brownwood Horse & Mule Co.

OUR MOTTO

Quick sales and small profits. THE CANDY SHOP.

TO DEBATE FRIDAY NIGHT

M. E. Wakefield and C. E. Scott of the Cross Plains school and R. P. Evans and Mr. Earp of the Cross Cut and the Gunn schools, respectively, are to measure skill in the forensic art at Cross Cut on Friday night on the question. "Resolved, That the 64th Congress should follow closely the Wilson program." The Cross Plains teachers deny and the Cross Cut teachers affirm.

Come out and hear the liveliest question of the day discussed.

SINGER MACHINES

We are agents for the Singer Sewing Machines. If you are in the market for a machine, see us. Forbes & Adams.

MARRIED

C. C. Long and Miss Clara Peeples were married at the parsonage by Rev. S. P. Collins on Sunday Jan. 30. The groom has resided for a long time a few miles south of town. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peeples of this place. The Review, though late to announce the marriage, joins the many friends of this young couple in sincerely hoping them many years of happy wedded life.

THE CANDY SHOP

Sold 150 lbs. Coffee last Saturday. adv



Satisfied Customers

Means that those who come back to us again and again to buy after they've made their first purchase at our store always receive satisfactory service.

They know that whatever we sell them is thoroughly reliable.

They know we do not ask more than fair profit on our sales.

They know they can rely on our advice—Truth is our stand-by.

They know that carefulness, honesty, courtesy, cleanliness and promptness characterize us.

THE CITY DRUG STORE



RESPONSIBILITY

As an Engineer is RESPONSIBLE for his passengers, you are RESPONSIBLE for your success or failure.

True success is not a matter of accident, but is attained only through perseverance and earnest effort.

A Bank account with us will make you more successful.

The Bank of Cross Plains

(Un-Incorporated)

Virgil Hart, Cashier

C. C. Neeb, Asst. Cashier

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.

We club The Review with all papers and magazines.

We are in receipt of a letter from Claude Montgomery at Moody enclosing a dollar for The Review. He expresses himself as being glad to get our little paper. Claude is holding down a good job as telegraph operator for the Santa Fe at Moody and his friends here are glad to know of his doing well.

M. C. COUNCIL

Candidate for County Judge of Callahan County

I desire through the columns of The Review to solicit your fair consideration in my race for judge of this county.

I was reared on the farm, taught school for five years and have been in the law practice now for about fourteen years. I want to be reasonable and not radical.

The purposes of the law and the principles of justice should be sacredly preserved through the medium of the courts. This means that every man should have a fair show. Every man should stand on his own merits. The candidate who maligns his opponent is too weak to carry public honors of office.

If you believe me to be a suitable man, I shall thank you for your kind assistance.

M. C. COUNCIL.

HANDY TO EAT WITH US

When in town eat with us. We serve all kinds of short orders and regular dinners at 25c.

Cystal Cafe.

LOANS: 8 per cent money, on good land on long time. We are fully ready for loans again. Ask our clients all over this territory who have been borrowing from us for years and years about our liberal terms and then see or write us for details. Quick work with us on loans.

Compere Brothers, Abilene, Texas.

CLAUDE WILLIS IN INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE

Claude Willis of Cross Cur, who is now a junior in Georgetown, with a Mr. Smith, is to represent his school Friday night at Georgetown, against T. C. U., under the auspices of the Inter-Collegiate Debating League. Claude's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Willis, and his many other friends, are glad to hear of this honor being conferred upon him. T. C. U. at Ft. Worth, Trinity at Waxahachie and the Southwestern University at Georgetown, are in this league. Only two students are chosen to represent each school.

Want Ads.

One Cent a Word.

For sale, two good mules cash or credit.

C S Bovles.

If you want the most out of your urs, bring them to me. S. C. Sipes.

Plain sewing neatly and cheaply done.—Mrs. W. M. Head. 2f

Building Paper—Glass—Floo Paints Pure Raw Lindseed Oil Varnishes Stains Brushes Enamels,

Shackelford Lumber Yd.

EIGHT PER CENT MONEY

We have a few thousand dollars to lend on good, improved farms on long time at 8 per cent.

COMPERE & COMPERE Loans & Real Estate, Abilene, Tex.

OYSTERS ALL THE TIME

at The Crvstal Cafe. (adv.)

Subscribe for the Review.

NOTICE, the public is warned not to get wood from the Clepper and Bailey land located 3 miles southeast of Cross Plains. Those so trespassing will be prosecuted. Clepper and Bailey.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce the names of the following for office, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries in July:

For County Judge—

J. R. Black

For Tax Collector—

Gene Melton

For County Judge

M. C. Council

GET OUR PRICES ON

Sugar Saturday and Trades Day. THE CANDY SHOP.

SEED IRISH POTATOES

Why pay big prices for Seed Irish Potatoes when you can get them here for \$1.90 per bushel?

Forbes & Adams.

Mrs. S P Rumph was a Saturday guest of Mesdames S R Cade and Jim Barr of north of town. Mrs. Cade in turn visited Mrs. Rumph this week. Mrs. Cade will leave in a few days for her home at Slaton.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK

will be marked down Saturday and Trades Day.

The Candy Shop.

CROSS PLAINS-BAIRD AUTO SERVICE

C. B. BEELER, Proprietor.

Every Saturday and Monday the Weather Permits. Car Leaves Cross Plains 8:30 a. m.; Leaves Baird 3, p. m.

Fare: Cross Plains to Baird \$2.50
Cottonwood to Baird \$2.00
Admiral to Baird \$1.00

WHY NOT

buy that bill of lumber, or paint from us? We can sell as cheap as can be sold, and our stock is always complete with the best material. There is no better paint than SHERMAN-WILLIAMS

SEE our line of BUILDERS' HARDWARE

BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY

The baby of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Austin is quite ill with pneumonia.

ONION SETS AT 20c

while they last, at

Forbes & Adams'.

Lost, four hand-painted pictures with Mrs. Shanks name on them. Return to Miss Lydia Ferguson, Cottonwood. 1t

Better hurry to buy winter as well as summer Dry Goods while you can make such a saving in the price at Carter's.

M. C. Council of Cidve is a candidate for county judge, and his announcement is appearing in the proper place in the Review; a statement from his pen is appearing elsewhere in the Review and reference is hereby made to it for a more detailed statement of his candidacy. He has resided for a number of years in the county and his experience as a teacher and lawyer should qualify him for the place.

The DeLaval, the separator you will eventually buy.

JUST RECEIVED

A direct shipment of Pillow Lace to sell at half-price Trades Day. THE RACKET STORE.

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY & TRADES DAY

Regular 5c Pillow Lace per yard 2 1/2c
Regular 10c " " " 5c
Regular 15 " " " 7 1/2c

THE RACKET STORE.

Gene Melton's name is now appearing in the regular announcement column of The Review. He is asking for reelection to the office of tax collector. That he has filled the office well and that he will continue to do, the same is conceded by all. He will likely have no opposition, but is announcing early anyway.

Paint Silos

SERVICE

Just seven letters in it, but it's the BIGGEST word about this Lumber Yard.

For Service in its full sense means "S-E-R-V-I-C-E" to the Business, Service to the Customer, and Service to Myself.

To be successful, you have got to learn to serve well.

Success is a Conquest—not a Bequest, and this Lumber Yard can hope to be a success only by always giving the best of Service.

Command us—We CAN SERVE YOU WELL.

We specialize in homes.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard

Glass Builders Hwd.

2 GALS. ONION SETS FOR 35c

while they last, at Forbes & Adams'.

The hats that are to go on display March 1 are beautifully trimmed in the latest effects, small, large, and medium shapes. Also a full line of Panamas.—The Candy Shop.

Entire stock being closed out for cash at Carter's

Who sells for wholesale prices? Very few, hardly any, in fact none, except Carter.

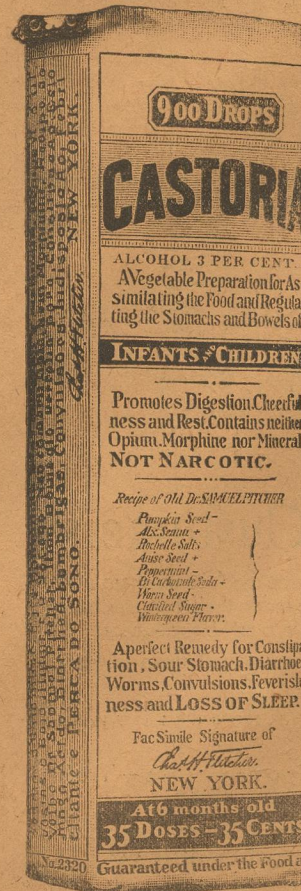
Mrs. Dickey of Weatherford is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Boydston.

BE SMART

Don't spend twice as much for goods as you have to. Join the hundreds who save at the lowest price store in town.

FOR EXAMPLE

Matches 2 boxes for 5c
Lye, 15 cans for \$1.00
Good gingham per yard 5 1/2c
Cotton checks " " " 3 1/2c
White soap, 7 bars for 25c
All other prices just as reasonable.
THE RACKET STORE



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

the rest, joined now by Henry the valet. One shot was left in the chauffeur's revolver, and he blazed away and leaped into the car.

"He got me," groaned Smith as he stumbled and fell forward.

On came Del Mar and the others. They caught up with the car just as it was starting. But the chauffeur knocked the gun from Del Mar's hand before he could get a good aim and fire, at the same time bowling over the man who had come through the panel.

Off the car went, now rapidly gaining speed. Del Mar had just time to swing on the rear of it.

Around the rapidly driven car he climbed, hanging on for dear life, over the mud guard and toward the running board. On sped the car, swaying crazily back and forth. Del Mar crouched on the running board and worked his way slowly and perilously to the front seat.

The chauffeur felt the weight of someone on that side. Just as he turned to see what it was Del Mar leaped at him.

Somehow Elaine and I must have been hoodooed that day.

We had not been gone five minutes from Del Mar's after the accident to the chauffeur, when we heard a mysterious knock in the engine.

"More engine trouble," I sighed. Pull up along the road and I'll see if I can fix it."

We stopped and both got out. There was no fake about this trouble or about the dirt and grease I acquired on my hands and face tinkering with that motor.

"Here, let me powder your nose, Walter," she said, undismayed at our trouble, gayly opening her bag. "Well—of all things, what's this, and where did it come from?"

I turned from the engine and looked. She was holding some kind of plan or document in her hand. In blank surprise she examined it.

"What do you think it is, Walter?" she asked, handing it to me.

I took it and examined it carefully. Incredible as it seemed, I figured out quickly that it must be nothing short of a plan of the new defenses at Sandy Hook.

I fell to work again, eager to get away with our dangerous prize, Elaine now and then advising me. Finally I turned the engine over. For a wonder it ran smoothly.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed Elaine, turning quickly and looking up the road along which we had just come.

There, lurking along at full speed was a car. Two men were actually fighting on the front of it, regardless of speed and safety.

On rushed the car, directly at us. Just as it passed us, the chauffeur seemed to summon all his strength. He struck a powerful blow at the man, recoiled and straightened out his car just in time. The man fell, literally at our feet.

It was Del Mar himself!

"Why, what's all this about?" I asked eagerly.

Before I could raise him up Del Mar had regained his feet.

"Just a plain crook, who attacked me," he muttered, brushing off his clothes to cover up the quick recognition of what it was that I was holding in my hand, for he had seen the plan immediately.

"Can't we drive you back?" asked Elaine.

He climbed up and sat on the floor of the roadster, his feet outside, and we drove off. At last we pulled up at the Dodge hall again.

"Won't you come in?" asked Elaine as we got out.

"Thank you, I believe I will for a few minutes," consented Del Mar, concealing his real eagerness to follow me. "I'm all shaken up."

As we entered the living room I was thinking about the map. I opened a table drawer, hastily took the plan from my pocket and locked it in the drawer. Elaine, meanwhile, was standing with Del Mar, who was talking, but in reality watching me closely.

Down the road past where we had turned, before a pretty little shingle house, the taxicab chauffeur stopped. One of the bullets had taken effect on him, and his shoulder was bleeding. But the worst, as he seemed to think it, was that another shot had given him a flat tire.

He jumped out and looked up the road whence he had come. No one was following him. Still, he was worried. He went around to look at the tire. But he was too weak now from loss of blood. It had been nerve and reserve force that had carried him through. Now that the strain was off, he felt the reaction to the fall.

Just then the doctor and his driver, whom the valet had already summoned to Del Mar's, came speeding down the road. The doctor saw the chauffeur fall in a half faint, stopped

his car and ran to him. The chauffeur had kept up as long as he could. He had now sunk down beside his machine in the road.

A moment later they picked him up and carried him into the house. There was no acting about his hurt now. In the house they laid the man down on a couch and the doctor made a hasty examination.

"How is he?" asked one of the kind Samaritans.

"The wound is not dangerous," replied the physician, "but he's lost a lot of blood. He cannot be moved for some time yet."

We talked about nothing else at Dodge Hall after dressing for dinner but the strange events over at Del Mar's, and what had followed. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed to me that we would never be left over night in peaceful possession of the plan which both Elaine and I decided ought on the following day to be sent to Washington.

Accordingly I cudgeled my brain for some method of protecting both ourselves and it. The only thing I could think of was a scheme once adopted by Kennedy in another case.

I had a small quick-shutter camera that had belonged to Craig, and just as we were about to retire, I brought it into the living room with a package I had sent up from the village.

As soon as Elaine had gone to bed and I was alone, I opened the package. There were the tools that I had ordered, a coil of wire and some dry cells. Then I went to the table, unlocked the drawer and put the plan in my pocket.

Although I was no expert at wiring, I started to make the connections under the table with the drawer, not a very difficult thing to do as long as it was to be only temporary and for the night. From the table I ran the wires along the edge of the carpet until I came to the bookcase. There, masked by the books, I placed the little quick-shutter camera, and at a distance also concealed the flashlight pan.

Next I aimed the camera carefully and focused it on a point above the drawer in the writing table where anyone would be likely to stand if he attempted to open it. Then I connected the shutter of the camera and a little spark coil in the flash pan with the wires, using an apparatus to work the shutter such as I recalled having seen Craig use. Finally I covered the sparking device with the flashlight powder, gave a last look around, and snapped off the light.

Up in my bedroom, I must say I felt like "some" detective and I could not help stopping myself on the chest for the indignity with which I had duplicated Craig.

In his bungalow, now that Smith had gone back again to New York and Washington, Del Mar was preparing to keep the important engagement he had told us about, another of his nefarious nocturnal expeditions.

He drew a cap on his head, well over his ears and forehead. His eyes and face he concealed as well as he could with a mask to be put on later. To his equipment he added a gun. Then with a hasty word or two to his valet, he went out.

By back ways so that even in the glare of automobile headlights he would not be recognized, he made his way to Dodge Hall. As he saw the house looming up in the moonlight he put on his mask and approached cautiously. Gaining the house, he opened a window noiselessly, turning the catch as deftly as a housebreaker, and climbed into the living room.

A moment he looked around, then tiptoed over to the table. He looked at it to be sure that it was the right one and the right drawer. Then he bent down to force the drawer open.

"Pouff!" a blinding flash came and a little metallic click of the shutter, followed by a cloud of smoke.

As quickly as it happened there went through Del Mar's head the explanation. It was a concealed camera. He sprang back, clapping his hands over his face. Out of range for a moment, he stood gazing about the room, trying to locate the thing.

Suddenly he heard footsteps. He dived through the window that he had opened, just as someone ran in and switched on the lights.

Half asleep I heard a muffled explosion, as if of a flashlight. I started up and listened. Surely someone was moving about downstairs. I pulled my gun from my pocket and ran out of the room. Down the steps I flung myself, two at a time.

In the living room I switched on the lights in time to see someone disappear through an open window. I ran to the window and looked out. There was a man, half doubled up, running around the side of the house and into a clump of bushes, then apparently lost. I shot out of the window and called.

I was not the only one who heard the noise. The shots quickly awakened Elaine, and she leaped out of bed and put on her kimono. Then she lighted the lights and came downstairs.

The intruder had disappeared by this time and I had got up and was peering out of the window as she came breathlessly into the living room.

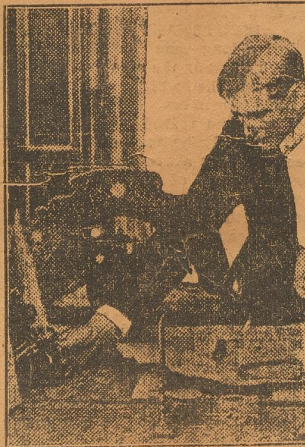
"What's the matter, Walter?" she asked.

"Someone broke into the house after those plans," I replied. "He escaped, but I got his picture. I think, by this device of Kennedy's. Let's go into a dark room and develop it."

There was no use trying to follow the man farther. To Elaine's inquiry of what I meant, I replied by merely going over to the spot where I had hidden the camera and disconnecting it.

We went upstairs where I had rigged up an improvised dark room for my amateur photographic work some days before. Elaine watched me closely. At last I found that I had developed something. As I drew the film through the hypo tray and picked it up I held it to the red light.

Elaine leaned over and looked at the film with me. There was a pic-



I Aimed the Camera Carefully.

ture of a masked man, his cap down, in a startled attitude, his hands clapped to his face, completely hiding what the mask did not hide.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" I cried in chagrin at the outcome of what I thought had been my cleverest coup.

A little exclamation of astonishment escaped Elaine. I turned to her. "What is it?" I asked.

"The ring!" she cried.

"I looked more closely. On the little finger of the left hand was a peculiar ring. Once seen, I think it was not readily forgotten.

"The ring!" she repeated excitedly. "Don't you remember—that ring? I saw it on Mr. Del Mar's hand—at his house—this afternoon!"

I could only stare.

At last we had a real clue!

In his bungalow, Del Mar at that moment threw down his hat and tore off his mask furiously.

What had he done?

For a long time he sat there, his chin on his hands, gazing fixedly before him, planning to protect himself and for revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Holland's Magazine for only 65c in club with The Review.

"Here is the Answer," in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Every day in your talk and reading, at home, on the street car, in the office, shop and school you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harder?" You seek the location of *Loch Katrine* or the pronunciation of *Jutusu*. What is *white coal*? This New Creation answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, with final authority.

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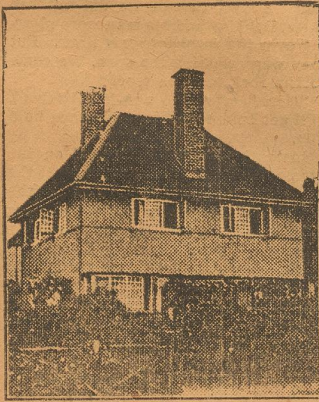


THE CITY

GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT AND COPARTNERSHIP.

Both Have Proved Great Aids to Housing Problem in England.

The contributions of the Garden City and co-operation movements to the construction side of England's housing problem are the most important and significant that have been made since attention was first turned to the need for building better types of dwellings, says a contributor to the American City. They have shown that it is possible to interest large amounts of capital on the basis of good security with a limited but fair return. They have shown that not only the wealthy, but the wage earner, can afford to live in an attractive single family house amid delightful surroundings. They have in a measurable degree reduced the pressure of population in the centers of the cities by removing thousands of people



HOUSE IN HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB.

to the outskirts. In this way they have made it possible for those on a lower economic level to secure better houses so vacated, and they have strengthened the hands of the authorities who would impose higher standards for all dwellings by showing that low standards are not necessary.

The business is still to a considerable degree experimental. Ealing was started as late as 1901, Hampstead Garden suburb in 1907. But the promise certainly is good. There were in 1914 fifty-eight garden villages and suburbs. The copartnership societies, counting only those affiliated with Copartnership Tenants, Limited, numbered fourteen. The theories of the founders have been modified as experience showed was necessary, but the basic principles remain. The evidence is all to the effect that not only better housing, but very good housing, can be provided for the well paid wage earner on a sound business basis.

"Here is Your Answer," in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Even as you read this publication you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harder?" You seek the location of *Loch Katrine* or the pronunciation of *Jutusu*. What is *white coal*? This NEW CREATION answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, with final authority.

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The DeLaval, the separator you will eventually buy.



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

will bring it to them

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Articles by Specialists, Editorial Page, Family Page, Boy's Page, Girls' Page, Children's Page, Doctor's Advice, and "lots of fun."

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How to Grow Bigger Crops of Superb Fruit—FREE

YOU need this practical, expert information. Whether you own or intend to plant a few trees or a thousand, it is information that will save you time, labor and money. Get it! Simply send us your name and address on the coupon—or on a postal, if you prefer. We will gladly mail you a free copy of our New Catalog—an 11 x 8 in. book that is simply packed with hints that will enable you to secure bumper crops of finest fruit—and sell them at top-market prices. The whole book is filled with facts that will interest and instruct you—facts about how fruit-growers everywhere are getting prodigious crops and large cash profits from crops of young, thrifty, genuine Stark Bro's trees—facts that emphasize the truth of the axiom "Stark Trees Bear Fruit." Beautiful life-size, natural-color photos of leading fruits all through the book. Send for your copy today to

Stark Bro's Nurseries at Louisiana, Mo.

Read it and learn about the new fruit-tree triumph of Stark Bro's long Century of Success—the "Double-Life"



Stark Bro's At Louisiana Mo Since 1816

Grimes Golden—the tree development that resists "collar rot." Get the New Facts about "Stark Delicious," Stark Early Liberta, and all the latest peaches, Stark Bro's-grown, J. H. Hale Peaches, also Lincoln Pear, Stark Montmorency Cherry, Mammoth Gold Plum and all the other famous Stark Bro's fruits, berries and ornamentals.

Get Our New Catalog FREE from cover to cover with beautiful photographs. Mail us the coupon or a postal, bearing your name and address. Send me at once, postpaid, your New Catalog, telling just how fruit-growers are making record-breaking profits.

Stark Bro's Dept. A Louisiana Mo. I expect to plant.....trees

Name.....

R. F. D.....

P. O.....

State.....

The Romance of Elaine

SEQUEL TO THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama
By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration with the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Co.
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He heard a shot and quickened his pace. In the woods unexpectedly he came upon his three men still beating about, searching with drawn revolvers for the person who had fired the shot. "Well?" he demanded, sharply, "what's all this?" "Someone fired a shot," they explained, somewhat crestfallen. "It was a trick, you fools," he answered testily. "Get back to your prisoner."

Without a word they turned and hurried toward the house, Del Mar following. "You two go in," he ordered the foremost. "I'll go around the house with Patrick."

As Del Mar and the other man ran around the corner they could just catch a fleeting glimpse of someone disappearing into the trees. It was Elaine.

The man hurried forward, blazing away with his gun.

Running, breathless, Elaine heard the shot behind her which Del Mar's man had fired in his eagerness. The bullet struck a tree near her with a "ping!" She glanced back and saw the man. But she did not stop. Instead she redoubled her efforts, running zigzag in among the trees where they were thickest.

Del Mar, a little bit behind his man where she could not recognize him, urged the man on, following carefully.

On fled Elaine, her heart beating fast. Suddenly she stopped, and almost cried out in vexation. A stream blocked her retreat—a stream swift and deep.

She looked back, terrified. Her pursuers were coming ahead fast now in her direction. Wildly she gazed around. There was a canoe on the bank. In an instant she jumped in, untied it and seized the paddle.

Off she went, striking for the opposite shore. But the current was raging swiftly, and she was already tired

and exhausted. She could only make any headway at all in the fierce eddies. But at least, she thought hurriedly, she was getting farther and farther away from them down stream.

Up above, Del Mar and his man came to the edge of the water. There they stood for a moment looking down. "There she is," pointed the man.

Del Mar raised his revolver and fired.

Suddenly a bullet struck Elaine's paddle and broke it. Clutching the useless splintered shaft, she was now at the mercy of the current, swept along like a piece of driftwood.

She looked about frantically. What was that roaring noise?

It was the waterfall ahead!

In the meantime Del Mar's other two men had entered the house and had run upstairs, knowing well his wrath if anything had happened. As they did so, the naturalist poked his head cautiously out of the kitchen where he had been hiding, and saw them. Then he followed noiselessly, his revolver ready.

Heading they ran into the room where they had left Elaine. She was gone!

Before they could turn the naturalist locked the door, turned, and took the steps down, two at a time.

Then he ran out of the front door and into the woods at an angle to the direction taken by Elaine, turning and going down hill, where a rapid, swollen stream curved about through a gorge. As he reached the stream he heard a shot above.

He looked up. There was Elaine, swept down toward him. Below he knew the stream tumbled over a tall cataract into the gorge below.

What could he do? A sudden crackling of the twigs caused him to turn and catch sight of me, just coming up.

For, as best I could on horseback, I had followed Elaine's car until at last I saw that it had been abandoned. Thoroughly alarmed, I rode on, past a deserted house, until suddenly I heard a shot and a scream. It seemed to come from below me, and I leaped off my horse, making for it as fast as I could, racing toward a stream whose roar I could hear.

There on the bank I came upon a queer old coddler, looking about wildly. Was he the automobile thief? I ran forward, ready to seize him. But as I did so he whirled about, and with a strength remarkable in one so old, seized my wrist before I could get

"Look!" he cried simply, pointing up the stream.

I did. A girl in a canoe was coming down toward the falls, screaming, her paddle broken and useless. My heart leaped into my mouth. It was Elaine! "Come!" he panted eagerly to me, "I can save her. You must do just as I say."

He pointed to an overhanging rock near by and we ran to it. By this time Elaine was almost upon us, each second getting nearer the veritable maelstrom above the falls.

From the rock overhung also a tree at the very edge of the water.

There was nothing to do but obey him. Above, though we did not see them, Del Mar and his man were gloating over the result of their work. But they were gloating too soon. We came to the rock and the tree.

"Here," cried the new-found friend, "I'll get hold of the tree and then hold you."

Instantly he threw himself on his stomach, hooking his leg about the tree trunk. I crawled out over the ledge of slippery rock to the very edge and looked over. It was the only chance.

The old naturalist seized my legs in his hands. I slid down the rock, letting myself go.

Literally, his presence of mind had invented what was really a life chain, a human rope.

On came the canoe, Elaine in it as white as death, crying out and trying to stop or guide it as, nearer and nearer though the smooth, worn walls of the chasm, it whirled to the falls.

With a grip of steel the naturalist held to the tree, which swayed and bent, while also he held me, as if in a vise, head down.

On came Elaine—directly at us.

She stood up and balanced herself—a dangerous feat in a canoe at any time, but doubly so in those dark, swirling, treacherous waters.

"Steady!" I encouraged. "Grab my arms!"

As the canoe reached us she gave a little jump and seized my forearms. Her hands slipped, but I grasped her own arms, and we held each other.

The momentum of her body was great. For an instant I thought we were all going over. But the naturalist held his grip and slowly began to pull himself and us up the slippery rock.

A second later the canoe crashed over the falls in a cloud of spray and pounding water.

As we reached the bank above the rock I almost lifted Elaine and set her down, trembling and gasping for breath. Before either of us knew it the queer old fellow had plunged into the bushes and was gone without another word.

"Walter," she cried, "call him back. I must tell him how much I owe him—my life!"

But he had disappeared, absolutely. We shouted after him. It was of no use.

"Well, what do you think of that?" cried Elaine. "He saved my life—then didn't wait even to be thanked."

Who was he?

We looked at each other a moment. But neither of us spoke what was in our hearts.

The morning after the finding of Wu Fang's body and Kennedy's disappearance, Marcus Del Mar swims ashore from a submarine in the bay. His mission is to recover the lost torpedo. He soon wins the confidence of Elaine. Later she is warned by a little old man to be careful of Del Mar. Del Mar at last succeeds in getting the torpedo, only to have it destroyed by the little old man. Jameson is captured by Del Mar's men. Elaine rescues him. Lieutenant Woodward and his friend, Professor Arnold, attend a party given at the Dodge home, where unknowingly, Del Mar drops a note which gives Elaine a clue. In her attempt to prevent his cutting the Atlantic cable she is discovered and made a prisoner. Jameson, in a hydro-aeroplane, saves Elaine from drowning. Elaine, disguised as a man, discovers the entrance of Del Mar's wireless cave. Arnold, by a "radio detective" has discovered the wireless station. Elaine is saved by Jameson, both aid Arnold and Woodward in destroying the wireless station, but Del Mar escapes. In a deserted hotel in the woods Elaine discovers Del Mar's men at work, is captured, but escapes. When the hotel is later attacked the men retreat to the woods, where they explode gas bombs, nearly causing the death of Lieutenant Woodward and his attacking party. Elaine receives a new searchlight gun from an unknown friend. While motoring with Jameson, Elaine discovers a bomb hidden by one of Del Mar's men. They take it to Lieutenant Woodward who sends them to Professor Arnold's yacht. They are attacked by Del Mar and his men. The searchlight gun saves Elaine and Jameson who reach the yacht safely. Del Mar appears with a submarine and destroys the yacht with a torpedo. Professor Arnold and his party escape. Lured by a woman posing as a

modiste Elaine is again captured by Del Mar and rescued by an old naturalist and Jameson as she is about to drift over a waterfall in a boat.

THIRTY-FOURTH EPISODE

THE HARBOR DEFENSE PLANS.

Alone in the doorway before his rude shack on the shore of the promontory sat an old fisherman, gazing out fixedly at the harbor as though deeply concerned over the weather, which, as usual, was unseasonable.

Suddenly he started and would have disappeared into his hut but for the fact that, although he could not himself be seen, he had already seen the intruder.

It was a trooper from Fort Dale. He galloped up and, as though obeying to the letter his instructions, handed an envelope to the fisherman. Then, without a word, he galloped away again.

The fisherman opened it quickly. Inside was a photograph and a note. He read:

FORT DALE.

Professor Arnold:

J. Smith, clerk in the war department, has disappeared. We are not sure, but fear that he has a copy of the new Sandy Hook defense plans. It is believed he is headed your way. He walks with a slight limp. Look out for him.

LIEUTENANT WOODWARD.

For a long time the fisherman appeared to study the face on the photograph until he had it indelibly implanted in his memory.

Finally he turned and entered his hut. Hastily he took off his stained reefer. From a wooden chest he drew another outfit of clothes. The transformation was complete. When he issued forth from his hut again, it was no longer the aged disciple of Izaak Walton. He was now a trim chauffeur, bearded and goggled.

In the library of his bungalow, Del Mar was pacing up and down, now and then scowling to himself, as though there flashed over his mind stray recollections of how some of his most cherished plans were miscarrying.

Still, on the whole, he had nothing to complain of. For a moment later the valet entered with a telegram for which he had evidently been waiting. Del Mar seized it eagerly and tore open the yellow envelope. On the blank was printed in the usual way the following noncommittal message: Washington, D. C., August 12, 1915. Mr. Del Mar:

What you request is coming. Answer to sign of the ring. SMITH.

"Good," muttered Del Mar as he finished reading. "Strange, what a little gold will do—when you know how to dispose of it."

He smiled cynically to himself at the sentiment.

At the little railroad station they were quite proud of the fact that at least two of the four hacks had been replaced already by taxicabs.

It was, then, with some surprise and not a little open jealousy that they saw a new taxicab drive up and take its stand by the platform.

If the chauffeur, transformed from the lonely fisherman, had expected a cordial reception, he might better have stayed before his hut, for the glances the other drivers gave him were as black and lowering as the clouds he had been looking at.

The new chauffeur got off his seat. Instead of trying to brazen it out, he walked over to the others who were standing in a group waiting for the approaching train whose whistle had already sounded.

"I'm not going to locate here permanently," he said, pulling out a roll of bills as he spoke. "Leave any fare I claim to me," he added, passing a bill of a good denomination to each of the four Jehus.

"All right, bo," they agreed.

Thundering down the platform came the afternoon train, a great event in the town life.

From the Pullman alighted a widow, in deep mourning. As she got off and moved down the platform it was apparent that she walked with a pronounced limp.

At the end of the platform the chauffeurs were still calling, while the newcomer looked over the crowd hastily. Suddenly he caught sight of the face of the widow. He stepped forward as she approached. The others held back as they had agreed and paid no attention. It was like forcing a card.

He held the door open and she entered the cab, unsuspecting. "Mr. Del Mar's," she directed, simply.

He pulled away from the station. On through the pretty country roads the chauffeur drove the heavily veiled widow until at last they came to Del Mar's bungalow.

At the gate he stopped and ran around to open the door to assist his fare to alight.

"Wait for me," she said, without paying him yet. "I shall not be long and I want to be driven back to the station to catch the four twenty-nine to New York."

As she limped up the gravel walk, he watched her closely. She went to the door and rang the bell and the valet admitted her.

Del Mar was still sitting, thinking, in the library.

"Mr. Del Mar?" she inquired.

The voice was not exactly soft, and Del Mar eyed her suspiciously. Was this the person he expected, or a "plant"?

"Yes," he answered, guardedly. "I am Del Mar. And you?"

The widow, too, evidently wished to make no mistake. As she spoke, she raised her hand. By that simple action she displayed a curious and conspicuous seal ring on her finger. It was the sign of the ring for which Del Mar had been waiting.

He extended his own left hand. On the ring finger was another ring, but not similar. As he did so, the widow took the ring from her own finger and placed it on the little finger of Del Mar.

"Good!" he exclaimed.

The woman raised her thick veil, disclosing the face of—a man!

It was the same face, also, that had appeared in the photograph sent to the old fisherman by Woodward.

Awkwardly, the man searched in the front of his shirtwaist and drew forth a paper which Del Mar almost seized in his eagerness. It was a pen and ink copy of a government map, showing a huge spit of sand in the sea be-



"Hands Up!" He Shouted.

fore a harbor, Sandy Hook and New York. On it were indicated all the defenses, the positions of guns, everything.

The chauffeur had no intention of remaining inactive outside while he knew that something that interested him was transpiring inside. He had crept up by the side of the house to the window. But he could see little and hear nothing.

A moment he strained every sense. It was no use. He must devise some other way. How could he get into that room? Slowly he returned to his car, thinking it over. There he stood for a moment revolving in his mind what to do. He looked up the road. An idea came to him. There he saw a little runabout approaching rapidly.

Quickly he went around to the front of his car and lifted up the hood. Then he bent over and pretended to be tinkering with his engine.

As the car was about to pass he deliberately stepped back, apparently not seeing the runabout, and was struck and knocked down.

The runabout stopped, the emergency brakes biting hard.

Elaine had asked me to go shopping in the village with her that afternoon. While I waited for her in her little car

she came down at last carrying the handbag. We drove off a moment later.

It was a delightful ride, not too warm, but sunny. Without realizing it, we found ourselves on the road that led past Del Mar's.

As we approached, I saw that there was a taxicab standing in front of the gate. The hood was lifted and the driver was apparently tinkering with his engine.

"Let's not stop," said Elaine, who had by this time a peculiar aversion to the man.

As we passed the driver, apparently not seeing us, stepped out and, before we could turn out, we had knocked him down. We stopped and ran back.

There he lay on the road, seemingly unconscious. We lifted him up and I looked toward Del Mar's house.

"Help!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

The valet came to the door. Hearing me, the valet ran out down the walk. "All right," he cried, "I'll be there in a minute."

With his help I picked up the taxicab chauffeur and we carried him into the house.

Del Mar was talking with a person

who looked like a widow, when they heard our approach up the walk carrying the injured man.

So engrossed had they been in discerning what the stolen document contained that, as we finally entered, the widow had only time to drop her veil and conceal her identity as the renegade Smith. Del Mar still held the plan in his hand.

The valet and I entered with Elaine, and we placed the chauffeur on a couch near Del Mar's desk. I remember that there was this strange woman all in black, heavily veiled, in the room at the time.

"I think we ought to telephone for a doctor," said Elaine, placing her handbag on the desk and excitedly telling Del Mar how we had accidentally knocked the man down.

"Call up my doctor, Henry," said Del Mar, hastily thrusting the plan into a book lying on the desk.

We gathered about the man, trying to revive him.

"Have you a little stimulant?" I asked, turning from him.

Del Mar moved toward a cellorette built into the wall. We were all watching him, our backs to the chauffeur, when suddenly he must have regained consciousness very much. Like a flash his hand shot out. He seized the plan from between the leaves of the book. He had not time to get away with it himself. Perhaps he might be searched. He opened Elaine's bag and thrust it in.

The valet by this time had finished telephoning and spoke to Del Mar.

"The doctor will be here shortly, Miss Dodge," said Del Mar. "You need not wait, if you don't care to. I'll take care of him."

"Oh, thank you—ever so much," she murmured. "Of course it wasn't our fault, but I feel sorry for the poor fellow. Tell the doctor to send me the bill."

She and Del Mar shook hands. I thought he held her hand perhaps a little longer and a little tighter than usual. At any rate Elaine seemed to think so.

"Why, what a curious ring, Mr. Del Mar," she said, finally releasing her hand from his grasp.

Then she looked quickly at the woman, half joking, as if the ring had something to do with the strange woman. She looked back at the ring. Del Mar smiled, shook his head and laughed easily.

Then Elaine picked up her bag and we went out. A moment later we had climbed back into the car and were off again.

Having left us at the door, Del Mar hurried back to the library. He went straight to the desk and picked up the book, eager now to make sure of the safety of his plan.

It was gone!

"Did you, Smith?" he began hastily, then checked himself, knowing that the clerk had not taken the plan.

Del Mar walked over to the couch and stood a moment looking at the chauffeur. "I wonder who he is," he said to himself. "I don't recall ever seeing him at the station or in the village."

He leaned closer. "The deuce!" he exclaimed, "that's a fake beard the fellow has on!"

Del Mar made a lunge for it. As he did so the chauffeur leaped to his feet. "Hands up!" he shouted. "And the first man that moves is a dead one!"

Before the secret agent knew it both he and Smith were covered. The chauffeur took a step toward Smith and unceremoniously jerked off the widow's weeds, as well as the wig.

At that very moment one of Del Mar's men came up to the secret panel that opened from the underground passageway into the library. He was about to open it when he heard a sound on the other side that startled him. He listened a moment then slid it just a short distance and looked in.

There he saw a chauffeur holding up Del Mar and Smith. Having pulled the disguise from Smith, he went next around Del Mar and took his gun from his pocket, then passed his hands over the folds of Smith's dress, but found no weapon. He stepped back away from them.

At that point the man quietly slid the panel all the way open and silently stepped into the room, behind the chauffeur. Cautiously he began sneaking up on him.

As he did so, Del Mar and Smith watched, fascinated. Somehow, their faces must have betrayed that something was wrong. For as the newcomer leaped at him, the chauffeur turned suddenly and fired. The shot wounded the man.

It was a signal for a free-for-all fight. Del Mar knocked the revolver out of the chauffeur's hand. With a blow of a chair, the chauffeur laid out Smith, entangled in his unfamiliar garments, shook himself loose from the two others, and made a rush for the door.

Hard after him came Del Mar and

It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

GARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!

For highest prices for hides, furs, etc., see me.—S. C. Sipes.

Miss Beulah Lively of Turkey Creek community is spending the week with Mrs. Kate Davidson.

You will only have a short time to make such a saving in prices at Carter's

POTATO SLIPS

Those that want to get potato slips thru me, will please me by March 1.—Jeff Clark, at Boydstuns

Mrs. Barringer and Miss Myrtle Boydston of Baird were here the first of the week the guests of their brother, C. E. Boydston.

George Carter and family have moved from Cross Plains where he has been working for B. L. Boydston and has accepted a similar position with Mr. Boydston here. The Star is glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Carter back to Baird.—Baird Star.

SCRAP IRON AT 17 1-2¢

I will pay 17 1/2¢ per 100 lbs. for scrap iron, cast iron, old stoves, etc. until March 1.—S. C. Sipes.

An opportunity to buy your merchandise at wholesale prices, is not yours every day, you have it now at Carter's.

"Diversifying" Joe Shackelford has bought a Ford. Monday morning bright and early, Joe sent in a wire less message from a sand bed a few miles distant, longitude and latitude unknown, for Sid Munsey, who when he figured whence the call came, proceeded to Joe's rescue.

PIONEER NEWS

Among those who are sick are J. W. Brooks and the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Holder.

E. H. Stewart and family have moved to Colorado City where they intend to locate.

M. A. Shepperd carried Mrs. Bob Curry and daughter Erye to Seymour last week in his Ford.

Miss Lizzie Stone, who is teaching in the public school here went to Carbon Thursday to spend a few days with her parents.

Dr. Bob Lindley of Colorado came down last week to spend a few days with relatives.

DENTIST

Dr. Mary L. S. Graves

Office in Residence north of Boydston's store
Residence & Office Phone 124
Office hours 8:30 to 5

Dr. E. H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

W. D. Smith and J. C. Brown had business in Rinin Star Saturday.

B. F. Eakins has had the grip for a week but is improving nicely.

Rev. Ed Anderson the new M. E. preacher, preached at the Methodist church last Wednesday night.

Rev. Mason filled the pulpit at the Baptist church Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Foster who is attending school at Brownwood visited home folks Sunday.

Dixie.

CROSS CUT ITEMS

There was singing at the Methodist church Sunday night.

Bro. Capps filled his regular appointment at this place Sunday.

Joe Pyle is putting in new land across the road from his house.

John Newton was a visitor at Brownwood the first of the week.

The Cross Cut school children will render a program Thursday night.

Grandma Newton is recovering from a severe illness, we are glad to note.

Mrs. Williams gave the young folks a party Friday night. Those present report a nice time.

Miss Madie Belle Byrd, who has been visiting in Rannels county, came home Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Forbes, of near Cross Plains, visited at this place Saturday night and Sunday.

O. B. Newton marketed oats in the Terminal Monday, getting 43 cents. M. Wright also sold grain in town that day.

Dick Raffitt returned Friday from Marlin, where he spent several

TO YOUNG LADIES ONLY

Which Will You Do, Win Your Independence or Marry a Two-bit Man?

You are at the cross roads of life. There are two paths open to you. One leads to your independence, the other to dependency. You are to choose, which of these roads you prefer to travel. One requires effort the other indifference. To travel one, you must have real backbone and determination, the other, a string for a real backbone and determination, will do. Some girls say "The lion is in the way. These girls like gumption, get-up-and-get, they reason that if so-and-so and such-and-such a thing had not happened they could have made a great success. The lion is in the way. Fear and indifference has entered into their daily life and robbed them of their vim and courage. It's our life work to train people to determine to get up and do things, develop their latent talents, quicken their perception that they may lead a higher and more useful life. Our thorough practical training in Book-keeping, Business Methods, Short-hand, Stenotypewriting, Telegraphy, Business English, Business Law, Business Arithmetic, Spelling, Business Writing, Rapid Calculation, Money and Banking, Corporation Finance, Taxation and Public Finance, Private Secretaryship, Salesmanship, Advertising, Real Estate, Commercial History, Higher accounting, Economics, Parliamentary Law and Managerialship, together with the use of the modern office appliances, gets the lion out of the way, gives the girl her independence, places her where she can make an honorable living, in any city in the land; command the respect of the very best people. If in after life, she is left a widow with plenty of money or property she knows how to care for it. If upon the other hand, she is left and has to support herself she can do so by accepting a good salaried position in some office.

Girls who graduate from our institution are not only carefully looked after while in school, but the place where we secure them a position through our employment department is carefully investigated as to the moral surroundings, and in the larger cities we have arranged for appropriate boarding places in private homes. No mother need fear her daughter will not have the proper care and attention while in our school and in making her start in to the business office.

Young women, select the road that leads to your independence of others. Thousands have won their independence with us, why not you? For our large catalogue, explaining the workings of America's largest commercial training institution, and endorsements from from parents and lady graduates, fill in your name and address and mail today.

Name

Address

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

weeks on account of rheumatism. He is in better health, so we understand.

The Cross Cut boys have won two basket ball games since our last writing. The first game was with Grosvenor. The score in that game was 42 to 8. The second game was played with Cross Plains on Saturday last. The score was 10 to 5.

BURKETT NEWS LETTER

Wooten and Parson of this place shipped a car load of cattle to Ft. Worth Tuesday.

The singing at the Baptist church Sunday night was attended by a large crowd.

Rev. Jones of Cross Cut was a business visitor at Burkett Monday.

Cecil Walker of Coleman was in Burkett Saturday.

George Keller and wife left Monday for Temple for the benefit of his wife's health.

Charlie Burkett and Loyd Audas seem to be wise to the fact that this is leap year; they have both ordered their new suits of clothes.

Miss Winnie Lowrie of Silvervalley is here visiting her brother J. J. Lowrie.

C. A. Hemphill, candidate for tax assessor of Coleman Co. was here electioneering Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Cochran gave the young folks a Valentine party Monday night. All who were present report a nice time.

R. H. Pope made a business trip to Cross Plains Monday.

There will be a Literary society at the Burkett school house Friday night.

The baby of Mr. and Mrs. John Ragland is very low at this writing. Bill Edmondson made a business trip to Coleman Monday.

Miss Beulah Respass who is one of our school teachers spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks at Cottonwood.

Bob Lindley of Colorado City was in Burkett looking after business matters.

Rev. Hserry of Cross Plains was through our town Monday.

Rambler

HASKELL ITEMS

Mrs. L. N. Fenter visited Mrs. J. W. Allen last Friday.

Mrs. Worsham has been confined to her bed with pneumonia, but is now better.

Mary and Eva Allen have la grippe and Fannie May Maddux is similarly afflicted.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Barron have returned home after a pleasant visit at Mr. Worsham's.

The farmers of this community are getting along fine with their farming, considering the weather.

The school is O.K. at this writing. The children are fixing up the basket ball ground, and will begin playing soon.

Although there are several members of the community ailing at the present, none of them are considered seriously ill.

Mr. Perdue and family visited his son and family over at Putnam last Saturday and Sunday, and report an enjoyable time.

Several of the youngsters from hereabouts attended the literary society event at Atwell last Friday night. A good program was enjoyed.

Miss Izora Ezzell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ezzell, who has been sick with cycoma for some time, died Feb. 9th and was buried at the Scranton cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Stevens, from Sabanno. She left a large number of friends and relatives to mourn her loss.—Cricket

COTTONWOOD ITEMS

Grandma Garey is very sick this week.

Grady Whitehorn has moved to the Faulkenburg place.

J. C. Murdock has sold his restaurant to Ray Thomas.

Everybody is working hard, preparing land for the planting season.

Mrs. Scott and daughter are visiting G. B. Scott and family, of Baird

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thomason visited Mrs. F. T. Scott and daughter, of San Angelo.

Sheriff Moore and T. E. Powell of Baird were here Friday, shaking hands with old friends.

On being questioned about having bought a new auto, Joe Shackelford said it was a mistake—he just purchased a Ford.

Grandma Kenady and daughter, Miss Nettie Kenady, and Mrs. Zouri Ramsey have spent several days days visiting relatives in Baird.

J. L. Cooper, of Merkel, was here this past week visiting old friends. Mr. Cooper says he is well pleased with his new home.

Joe Shackelford, of Cross Plains was here Saturday in the interest of the DeLaval Separator Co. I think he probably made one or two sales.

Frank Elkins and wife went to Cisco, Saturday, to visit Geo. Ashabranner, Mrs. Elkins' brother. George is very low with tuberculosis of the spine.

The boys' basket ball game, played between Atwell and Cottonwood on Cottonwood ground, was won by Cottonwood, the score being 16 to 8.

The debate on the "Preparedness" question, Saturday night, was won by the affirmative. Profs. Wakefield and Rosenquest and W. A. Everett were the judges.

Justice's court ground out justice Saturday. We noticed Jno. T. Gilbert, of Cross Plains, in attendance. F. S. Bell, of Baird, was here also on court business

Mr. Strahan shipped another car of hogs to Ft. Worth this week. Hog prices look good to the man who has hogs to sell, but how about the poor fellow who has to buy meat?

Cicero.

DRESSY NEWS

Arthur Thompson left Sunday for Brownwood, to work.

Misses Annie and Willie Tucker have been visiting at Cisco.

The singing at Mr. Cavanaugh's last Sunday night was well attended.

Jim McGowen has been helping Lee Payne work on his lease for the last week.

A few of the young people met last Tuesday night with Miss Alice Cochran.

Elmer Cavanaugh went to Abilene to take a civil service examination, last week.

We have been having some sunshine for the last few days, which looks good to the farmers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thompson entertained a few of the young people, Thursday night, with music.

Mr. and Mrs. Berr Edwards entertained the young people Friday night. A large crowd was present. Miss Cora Gooch, from Pioneer, was present.

OYAMA.

OIL LEASES, RAINFALL, ETC.

M. R. Haley of Rowden was in town last Monday. He stated that oil men from San Angelo, representing Pittsburg people who do not want their names made public, have leased from 10,000 to 15,000 acres of land in the Rowden country, and that they are under contract to begin work before the first of April upon the forfeiture of the contract. He reports that it is understood that these people will begin work immediately, probably this week, locating sites for putting down a number of test wells. He further states that the people who have overlooked the field pronounce the prospects to be most flattering.

Mr. Haley has kept a record of the rainfall in the county for 30 years. He says the fall for January was only one inch, which was below the rainfall recorded here.

He found the average temperature for January to be 32 1-2 degrees, the lowest for some years. The lowest temperature this winter was reached on Wednesday, Feb. 2, when the thermometer registered 3 above zero. Jan. 8, 1913, was a colder day than we have yet had this winter.

HARMON MOORE DEAD

Word has been received here of the death of Harmon Moore at Kiefel, Okla. Death resulted from hemorrhage of the lungs. The deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Moore, and a brother to George and Thea Moore of this country. All the family formerly lived here and are well-known. He leaves a wife and two small babies. His parents and other members of the family live at Kiefel. The Review offers condolence to the bereaved family.

CASH COUNTS

We are after your cash business with the lowest prices possible: Our low prices prevail all the time and in all departments. Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware and Implements. Spend your cash where it goes farthest.

Bring us your Eggs

C. P. Mercantile CO.

"The CASH STORE"

NEW SPRING GOODS

Our buyer is just back from his spring market trip and spring goods are coming in almost daily. New wash goods, white goods, silks, woolens, skirts, dresses. Children's gingham dresses and middy blouses are already here in all the season's most wanted and best selling styles.

Our chain of stores maintain a buyer in the New York market all the time and he is constantly in touch with everything new that is brought out in ready-made garments and it puts us in a position to always show you the very newest and best in ladies and children's ready-to-wear. We don't have to buy our season's stock at one time, but as something new comes out we are in a position to get it, and be the first to show it.

Our millinery department will be opened March 1 and will be in charge of Miss Scuddy who has had a number of seasons experience in trimming and designing and one who will take great pleasure in seeing that you get a hat that is particularly suited to you.

We now have two solid carloads of John Deere and J. I. Case cultivators, planters, harrows, weeders, peanut planters and attachments.

Next week will bring us a carload of furniture and we will be able to show you anything you may need in this line. In connection with our furniture department we carry, at all times, a complete stock of undertaking and funeral supplies.

Higginbotham Trad. Co.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The society at the school building Friday night was well attended, as usual. The debate among the boys of the higher grade was the feature of the program. The subject, "Resolved, that the United States should intervene in Mexican affairs," was discussed by Loy Hembree and Ern Davidson, and J. B. Hill and Henry McDaniel, representing the affirmative and negative respectively, the negative winning the decision. Wes Everett and Miss Dona Bush of Cottonwood, W C Perry, Jeff Clark, and Tom Cross of this place furnished music for the occasion.

SCHOOL NOTES

The girls basket ball team will play the Liberty girls at Liberty on Saturday, if the weather permits.

We are still working for the Review Webster's New International dictionary, and have collected \$16.00 on it, and have \$4.00 yet to get. We will appreciate your subscription, new or renewal.

The program for the literary society will appear in the next issue of The Review. The debate for that evening will be on the subject, "Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished." Affirmative, Jim Lawrence and Charlie Teague; negative, Jesse Moore and Walter Mitchell.

Guy Hall, old-timer here, has been here this week seeing old friends and relatives.

Many have been buying Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, etc., and saving money by doing so, at Carter's.

S E Settle, county superintendent, was here the middle of the week visiting the schools. He states he lacks but little of having made a complete round with the schools.

C E Boydston is too busy a man to pay you much mind—since Sunday night when he and Mrs. Boydston were made the parents of a girl baby, their first born. All concerned doing nicely.

SPECIAL SALE

On Cotton Checks, Trades Day 33c a yard—all desirable patterns. 10 yards to a customer.

THE RACKET STORE

Married

Mr. Custer Wooldridge and Miss Mae Butler were married at Bangs Friday night, after church, returning home at Cross Cut Sunday. The groom was reared in the Cross Cut community, and is a good young man, with many friends. The bride has been for some time a teacher in the Cross Cut school, where she has done valuable work. She will continue her school work. Here's wishing them much happiness and many years!

PRICES SHOT TO PIECES

on groceries Saturday and Tradesday
The Candy Shop.

WHEN THE THOUGHT STRIKES

you to get a new suit, let the next thought strike you to get it at
Tartt the Tailor's.

Going out of business is the reason you get such price reductions, at Carter's.

M J Manning, Luke Clements, Billy Bagwell, and Bill Davidson left during the worst of the norther Saturday afternoon for a few days hunt to the Llano.

Sheriff Moore and T E Powell of Baird were here Saturday. Mr. Powell who is president of the Farmers' National Bank of this place, attended a directors' meeting of the bank in the afternoon.

W J Clark of southeast of Pioneer was in town Wednesday and while here subscribed, without any solicitation on our part, for The Review, and the Farm News and Star-Telegram. He states that he has meant for some time to take our paper.

A CASH STORE

Our business is growing daily. Our cash method of bargain selling is the reason. We go to no great expense.

12c Gingham at 10c.

Forbes & Adams.

WILL SELL

Pure Louisiana cane syrup for 65c a gallon, Saturday and Trades Day.
The Candy Shop.

Holland's Magazine for only 65c in club with The Review.