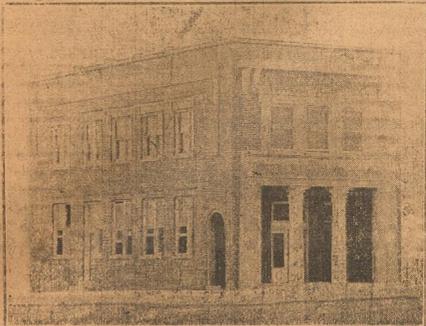


The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 6

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APR. 16, 1915.

NO. 5



THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We' Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

PROGRAM AGRICULTURAL RALLY FOR COUNTY

An Unusual Opportunity Is Presented to Those Who Care to Study and Learn More About Farming.

IN CROSS PLAINS APRIL 21 & 22

Commissioner of Agriculture and Prof. Austin of University Among the Speakers.

The agricultural rally for the county, a short write-up of which appeared in the last issue of The Review, will commence at Cross Plains on April 21 and end at Clyde. Hon. Fred Davis, State Commissioner of Agriculture, will speak on the first day. Following him, Prof. C. B. Austin, head of the department of Public Welfare, will talk on community co-operation and kindred subjects; J. N. Wilson of Clyde will discuss fruits; Postmaster Robbins of Clyde will speak on the post office and the rural population; and J. H. Burkett will tell of the culture of pecans and berries. On the night of 21st, Wednesday night, a demonstration will be given at the school building, to be illustrated with stereoptican views. Arrangements may be made for the illustrated demonstration at the school house at Cottonwood on the night of the 22nd. Remember the date, April 21 and 22nd.

TRADES DAY

Monday Our Regular Trades Day

While we will have no regular program next Monday nor any farm or livestock exhibits, yet we wish to admonish you that it is our regular Trades Day and as such to keep it in mind. If you are not too busy planting cotton or doing other farm work come to see us. The merchants of Cross Plains are after your business and would be glad to see you this day, as is shown by the advertising in this issue of The Review.

EVERYBODY GET A BROOM

Special Trades Day, price 15c.
THE RACKET STORE

JNO. M'DONALD, MANAGER

John McDonald, who lives three miles east of town, has been elected manager of the Farmers Gin Co., taking the place of the Geo. McClain, resigned, on Wednesday of last week. Mr. McDonald has now complete charge of the affairs of the gin. He is a good and competent man and the gin should prosper in his hands.

See Higginbotham's for hog wire, cash or credit. They have just received a car. (adv)

PETITION FOR COUNTY DEMONSTRATOR

Following we give a copy of petition that is or will be circulated among the citizens of the county to the end of securing a county demonstrator. You are invited to read the copy and give the matter your earnest consideration.

To the Honorable Commissioners Court of Callahan County:—

We, the undersigned citizens of Callahan county, believing that the employment of a county demonstration agent would be money well invested, hereby petition your honorable body that you arrange to install such agent in our county beginning July 1st, 1915.

BE HERE TRADES DAY

Here is a great store, a store—where you find something that will fill every need of the home. We will feature special bargains in every department for Trades Day patrons.

THE RACKET STORE

A SPECIAL PICK-UP

White canvass slippers, splendid quality leather soles, regular \$2.50 grade; our price while they last \$1.45, misses' size, \$1.25.

THE RACKET STORE

Higginbotham Trading Co. wants your trade, cash or credit. (adv)

At The Electric Theatre

Commencing Monday, April 19, we will show "Elaine" or "The Glutching Hand" and a Keystone comedy every Monday.

Tuesday, two Keystone comedies and two other good reels.

Thursday, Regular program, 3 reels comedies and dramas.

Friday, 3 reels comedies and dramas.

Saturday afternoon and night, two Keystone comedies and two other good reels.

ALL SHOWS

10c

PROMINENT MAN KILLED

Ballinger, Texas, April 10.—John Bryson, one of the wealthiest ranchmen of Central West Texas, was shot and instantly killed shortly after 12 o'clock last night while sleeping in the house of his son, twenty-five miles south of Ballinger. Three shots were fired at the sleeping man, all entering his head, any one of which, according to physicians examining the body today, being capable of producing almost instant death.

A BIG BROOM SALE

We will sell 150 regular 35c broom's Trades Day for only 15c each.

THE RACKET STORE

SPRING IS HERE

And we are prepared for it with new spring goods in every department. Come in and look at them and compare the prices with any other store in town.

THE RACKET STORE

SPECIAL FOR TRADES DAY

A 35c Broom for only 15c. Only two to a customer. Sale starts at 8:30 a. m.

THE RACKET STORE

EXTRA SPECIAL PRICES

On Hosiery, Handkerchiefs and Neck-ties.

THE RACKET STORE



De Laval Cream Separators

Silos! Silos! Silos! Silos! Silos! Silos!

Four Different Kinds of Silos

Who said Silos? Listen. The U. S. Government, the experimental stations, and the A. & M. colleges. I said "Silos." You say "Silos" and you will always bless the day you said "Silos."

"FEWER ACRES & BIGGER PRICES."

Yours for More Diversification

SHACKELFORDS' LUMBER YARD

Glass, Building Paper

DeVoe Paints and Oils

WHERE PRICE, QUALITY AND STYLE RULE

AT

Davis-Garner & Co.

You will find our stock complete.
 You will find the goods new and up-to-date.
 You will find the price cheap, quality considered.
 You will find the sales people courteous and attentive.
 All in all you find everything at our store that it takes to satisfy the whole family
 Come, see and be convinced, once for all.

Quality counts

Watch us grow.

PIONEER NEWS

The corn crop of this vicinity is sure looking fine since the pleasant spring weather continues. Cotton planting is now the order of the day.

Messrs. Wyatt and Sam Aiken had business in Rising Star Friday.

Houston Curry has returned to his home here from Oklahoma, where he has been visiting among relatives for the past two months.

Those from Pioneer who took the late teacher's examinations were: Misses Cora Gooch, Ethel King, Hettie Underwood, Alice and Hattie Bryson and Messrs. Tom Minton and Edward King.

W. J. Bryson Monday helped his son Frank drive his bunch of hogs to Cross Plains to be shipped. Jim Brown also helped in this work.

A. B. Foster of Pioneer has recently purchased himself a new buggy.

E. M. Curry went to Brownwood Monday in his car.

Mrs. Fisher Dead

Mrs. Mary Fisher, aged 86 years, 11 months and 17 days, died at the home of her son W. J. Bryson, one and one-half miles southwest of Pioneer Friday, April 9, and was buried at the Pioneer cemetery. Rev. R. D. Carter conducting the funeral services. Death resulted from pneumonia. The deceased has lived a consistent member of the Missionary Baptist church since she was 14 years of age. She was married to Geo. W. Bryson in Shelby county, Ala., January 30, 1845. Eight children were born to them, three of whom still live. W. J. Bryson of Pioneer, D. B. Bryson of Dublin and Mrs. Sarah A. Herring of Ft. Worth, all being present at the time of her deceased. Her first husband having died in 1864, she was married in 1870 to I. N. Fisher in Cherokee county, Texas, when died about 25 years ago. The deceased has left quite a progeny, consisting of 46 grand-children and 43 great-grand-children. Hers has been a fruitful life. We extend our sincerest sympathy to the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Dixie.

\$1.00 is worth \$2.00 with The Review on subscription just now. Read our offers.

Burkett Items.

Rev. Usserv was through our country enroute to Bangs April 9.

Latt Mountain cut his hand very bad on a barber wire fence Friday.

Ellis Brisco has put in a 'phone.

J. T. Audas and R. L. Cross have been improving their houses of business. They have both put in concrete walks.

C. E. Alvis was through our country last week prospecting.

Calvin Baker has just returned from Moran where he has been visiting relatives.

Alfred Newton also has just returned from Clyde where he has been visiting his parents.

The Burkett boys have organized a baseball team. R. L. Cross is manager and Jack Brown captain. The boys say they feel just like they will be the fastest little team in West Texas before the season is over.

Delbert, the son of Matt Flowers, got his arm broke one day last week.

The prairie people are buying corn from Lige Desbusk. Uncle Lige says they sit up there on that prairie and say you could not give me that old Bayou land, but that he has always noticed that when they get out of feed they always go to the Bayou to get it.

Jim Gilliland still makes two trips a day to Burkett with butter and eggs.

Charlie Hunter has gone into the hog business.

Ivan Mannering of Stacy is at Burkett visiting relatives.

Libert Morgan, Ben Wooten, Alfred Newton, and Miss Bessie Copeland were the guests of Miss Julia Helms Friday night.

Jack Brown has contracted to to work for Charlie Hunter three months.

Bill Cross of Cross Plains has moved to the Bayou to fish this summer.

Independent school was out Friday, April 2. Miss Emma Helms was the teacher of the Independent school this year and met with the approval of all the patrons both as a teacher and a lady.

Miss Gussie Burns spent Saturday night with Miss Gertie Cunningham.

There was a party at Solon Wilson's Saturday night.

Creek Brown, deputy sheriff of Coleman county, was out at Burkett Saturday doing some official work.

Ben Wooten was called before the grand jury one day last week.

J. A. Baker is on the grand jury this term.

Messrs. Dempsey and Staggs of Grosvenor were in Burkett Saturday.

Fred Sackett, son of our representative Henry Sackett, was in Burkett Saturday.

H. E. Miller of Coleman, was in Burkett Saturday.

Charlie Slate has been assisting T. L. Wright in the blacksmith shop for the past week.

The Methodist pastor Rev. Capps preached at Burkett Sunday.

This section was visited with several light showers of rain last week which will be a great benefit to small grain.

Nearly everybody says that he is going to plant some cotton this week.

Jim Morgan and wife visited at Frank Jennings' Saturday night and Sunday.

Well, I note that Sabanno is at last represented by a correspondent and a good one, too, he is, I must say that he has furnished The Review some good letters and some good information from that part of the country and my only wish is that The Review could be furnished with more correspondents like unto Sabanno's.

Rambler.

MONEY'S WORTH

We buy for less is why we sell for less.

Large pail lard \$1.00
 Coffee 25c. grade 6 lb. 1.00
 Good soap, 10 bars25
 The best sugar corn10
 Large can kraut10
 1 Gallon good vinegar25
 The old reliable red top05
 Soda5c lb
 Good work shoes \$2.00 to \$3.00
 Shirt for25c
 Hats each 10c to \$1.00
 Window shades and curtains and curtain rods, etc.

M'CORD'S.

WHAT ABOUT THAT VACATION?

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet unfolded." Young Friend! With your future before you what will you make it—success or failure? With youth and health you have the power within you to possess the blessing of practical knowledge, the joy of achievement, the content of success, but only thru intelligent effort. If you have within you the love of higher things and better days; if you have ambition, energy and determination; if you are free from bad habits that dwarf your intellect and unfit you for consideration by business men, we can train you in business methods—Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Writing Business Arithmetic, Business English, Business Law Telegraphy and Station Work, and secure you a good position.

You have no time to lose. The Spring and Summer months should be used in securing a practical knowledge that you may accept a good paying position when the busy fall season begins. In our years of experience as teachers we have watched our students unfold and blossom into superior manhood, awoken to the responsibilities of business life, and crown their labor with success. What we have done for others we can do for you. The business world is seeking everywhere for young men and women who are able to do the work the business office demands. Let us impress upon you in the language of Narado, a Hindoo sage. "Study to know; know to comprehend, and comprehend to judge." Young friends, use your youth in the pursuit of knowledge. We could give you no better advice than to join our industrious band of students; they are here from many different states, and are going out daily as their courses are finished into splendid positions secured thru our employment department.

Our large catalogue containing the statements of young people who have traveled the road we are advising you to travel would be interesting reading to you. The letters from business firms with whom they are now engaged would be encouraging to you, and our low tuition

rates and credit plans, together with the short time taken to complete the course would be a pleasant surprise to you. Fill in your name and address, clip and mail today for catalog.

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Name

Address

Say, friend, do you know you can get what you want at Higginbotham's? They handle everything. (adv)

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT FOR NEW AND RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Holland's Magazine . . . 6 months
 Farm & Ranch 6 months
 The Review 12 months
 All three for \$1.00

Daily and Sunday Ft. Worth Record 8 months
 The Review 12 months
 Both for only \$3.15

THESE OFFERS OPEN BUT A SHORT TIME.

Higginbotham Trading Co. has just received a big car of buggies. (adv)

8 MONTHS FOR 55 CENTS

Let us take your subscription to the Semi-Weekly Ft. Worth Record from now until the first of December for 55c. Add 75c and get The Review for 12 months.

Richardson's five years guaranteed house paint, \$1.25 per gallon. Absolutely fresh.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

Do you know how easy it is to buy furniture on the installment plan from Rutherford? Adv.

We pay you more for your chickens and eggs.

B. L. Boydston.

Farm & Ranch & Holland's for six months each for 50c—L. P. Henslee.

Trades Day Specials

For Saturday and Trades
DAY, April 17th & 19th
FOR CASH Only

GROCERIES

1 Case 6 cans Green Velva syrup	\$3.65
1 " 6 " Wild Rose "	2.50
1 " 6 " Royal "	2.50
2 cans Green Velva	1.25
5 packages of Arbuckle Coffee	1.00
2 cans 25c Baking Powder	35c
4 packages celluloid starch	25c
\$1.00 can of coffee	85c
A good 35c broom for	25c

Get our prices on Meal and Flour for these two days only.

7 bars White Wool toilet soap for 25c

Special prices on Harness, Collars and other leather goods.

Buy one box of Darling Meat Crisps for the little chicks, price only 25c

10 per cent reduction on all Implements and Hardware.

DRY GOODS

One lot Men's Hats worth \$2.00, 2.50 & 3.00, choice for \$1.00

One lot Ladies low cut shoes these two days at one-half price.

Men's Suits and Trousers at 1-4 off.

Men's \$1.50 shirts for	\$1.20
Men's \$1.25 shirts for	90c
Men's \$1.00 shirts for	80c
Men's 50c shirts, two for	85c

Men's straw hats at 1-4 off

Ladies and Children's Hats at very lowest for these two days. When you buy a Fisk hat you get style and quality.

Lack of space forbids our quoting prices on dress goods, ladies skirts and a great many other items that we will offer at special prices.

Bring us your Eggs--We Pay the Highest Market Price

We buy what you sell; we sell what you have to buy.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

Where It Pays To Buy.

Put a local "ad" in The Review free. To every party during April spending 50c in local advertising in The Review will be given six months subscription to Holland's or Farm & Ranch. Advertise that cow or horse or feed.

W. W. EVANS, AGRICULTURAL AGENT

of Katy, has been added to the list of speakers on Farmers' Program on the 21 and 22nd on subject of "Building Silos and Feeding Silage."

Also Prof. Barrow of Texas Industrial Congress will deliver a lecture on "Soil." Prof. Barrow is the best authority on this subject in the South.

SHIP TWO CARS OF FINE HOGS

Frank Bryson and Andy Hudson Monday shipped two cars of fed hogs to Ft. Worth markets, billing the cars so they could ship from there to St. Louis if found necessary to get the proper prices. In the two cars they had 166 head, all in good flesh and some weighing 300 to 400 pounds.

THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE the 5th Episode, begins on column No. 3 4th page. READ IT

PERSONAL MENTION

Misses Jean and Jessie Powell Saturday and Sunday visited their brother R. Gray Powell.

It will pay you to get Rutherford's prices before buying furniture. Adv.

Mrs. R. Gray Powell returned Friday from a visit to her folks at Walnut Springs.

I am headquarters for all kinds of feed.

J. W. Westerman,

Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Higginbotham spent Wednesday and Thursday of last week in De Leon.

For cane seed see at

J. W. Westerman.

M. and Mrs. Joe Lindquist spent a day recently in Waco.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Franke of Rowden were in town last Saturday

SEE US

for fresh Fruit.—The Candy Shop.

Pierce Shackelford of Putnam has been in town since Sunday.

Mr. John Higginbotham of Dublin has been the guest of his daughter Mrs. John J. Horn.

Higginbothams have just added a complete line of undertakers(adv)

Photographer Watkins will make Cross Plains the first three days of the week. Leave kodak films for him at The City Drug Store. (adv)

We are very sorry to learn of the serious illness of little Mary Francis the baby of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Carson, who has dyptheria for which she has been treated with the dyptheria serum. That she may soon entirely recover is our wish.

Call on Higginbotham Trading Co. day or night for undertakers, (adv)

THE BEST YET

I handle the best tailoring lines. J. L. Taylor and Lamm & Co. are known the country over as the best tailors. If you want the best clothes and the best fit, come to Tart the Tailor



Craig Reached Down and Gently Pulled the Collie Into the Room. Scene from "Exploits of Elaine."

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.

Inasmuch as we have been having so much rain of late and as the prospects are good for a continuation of the same, it is timely that a word be said in regard to erosion of the soil. Loss from this source in the South is said by the department of agriculture, to be greater than in any other section of the country. The annual loss from soil erosion in crop values in the Piedmont region of North Carolina is estimated at \$3.00 per acre. The best means of preventing erosion is found in deep plowing, cover crops, and terracing. Whatever tends to keep the water from running over the surface will tend to prevent erosion, there being no erosion where the soil absorbs the water. Deep plowing makes a loose, open surface, and organic matter tends to granulation of the soil, thus giving it greater absorptive powers. Terracing, of course, handles the water in such a way that its flow over the soil is brot to a mimimum in speed, thus reducing the erosion to the least possible amount. Directions as to the best method of terracing can be had from the department for the asking.

That this country is not in bad condition must be admitted. Cotton has not been so low that farmers cannot live at the prices. It is now selling at a live-and-let-live price. But a good per cent of farmers have received from 7c up for their crop. Those that happened to hold their grain have received good prices for it. There was a good crop of feed made, and consequently many who usually have to buy feed have their money left for other purposes. Some have sold their spare horses for good prices and many have had a few hogs. Let us live at home—feed ourselves.

People in the United States will not be able to see moving pictures of the Willard-Johnson fight at Havana. There is a federal statute against the interstate shipment of prize-fight films, or their importation from foreign countries. Mr. Walderson of the moving picture show here had meant to secure them, but has found out that he can't afford it, as it means \$1,000 fine and one year imprisonment for each offense.

We are having some of Lowell's June days. They are duly appreciated, too.

A BIG SALE

Of China and Glassware for Trades day.

THE RACKET STORE

HONOR ROLL

Since the publication of the Honor Roll on the 26th of March the following have paid us cash on subscription:

Gene Adams.
Jno. Conlee.
Mrs. Ora Kellar, Burkett, (new) with Dallas News.
Pat Elder.
P. Smith.
G. W. Klutts.
A. Rudloff.
C. E. Atwood.
W. H. Phillips (new) Sabanno.
Fred Tucker (new).
Custer Woolridge (new) Cross Cut.
Luke Clark (new) Cross Cut.
T. T. McCord for brother G. C. McCord, Dublin, and brother-in-law Dr. Terrell, Ranger, and Farm & Ranch to four parties.
Bob Cross, Stamford.
T. S. Walker (new) R. 1.
J. Lee Jones, Stephenville.
A. M. Martin, with Record.
J. W. Gage, Sabanno, with Dallas News.
W. E. McCowen (new).
H. Aiken (new) with Record.
J. T. Arledge (new) Cross Cut.
Jesse Bvrd, Cross Cut (new) with Brownwood News.
L. O. Browning, (new) Cottonwood.
E. F. Poore, (new).
B. D. Bell, (new) Sabanno.
John E. Harris, Sabanno, (new) with Farm & Ranch.
W. P. Armstrong, Sabanno, (new) with Holland's.
Roy Newton (new) Cross Cut.
J. T. Freeman (new) R. 2.
W. V. Orr.
J. S. Carleson.
J. P. Phillips, Sabanno.
Perry Gillitt, Baird, (new) with Record.
W. M. Adams (new) Nimrod.
Walker Jones (new).
R. G. Jones (new) Cottonwood.
Henry Riggs.
J. T. Riggs.
Mrs. Mattie Scarborough.
Monroe Stephens.
M. P. Armstrong (new) R. 1.
Frank Golson (new) Burkett.
W. O. Cross (new) Burkett.
S. D. DeBusk (new) Burkett.

Those whose post offices are not given get their mail here or on the rural routes. If anyone has paid us in the last 30 days whose name doesn't appear here will please call our attention to the matter, as we want to give you the proper credit.

FOR TRADES DAY PATRONS

Just received a big assortment of high grade candy.
Bought especially for our Trades Day patrons.

The Candy Shop

If it's goods to eat, you can get it at Carter's

The well-known Adams Peanut Planter Attachment can be used with the John Deere, J. I. Case, Moline and Mr. Bill riding planters, deliverhd in Cross Plains for \$8.50. Attached to walking planters for \$5.50. Write W. M. Adams, Sabanno, or see Wilburn Williams at Brazelton-Pryor Lumber Yard. In answering this ad please say you saw it in The Review. 4tap16

EVERYTHING IN CANDY

Every thing in fresh high grade candy. — The Candy Shop

H. A. Berry was in town enroute from a visit to his son J. W. Berry who lives east of town, to Coleman.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, That you summon, by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the county of Callahan if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 42nd judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 42nd judicial district, for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, A. P. Couch whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the county of Callahan at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, on the 18th Monday after the 1st Monday in January, A. D. 1915, the same being the 10th day day of May, A. D. 1915, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court, on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1915, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1,277, wherein George Couch plaintiff, and A. P. Couch defendant. The nature of the plaintiffs demand being as follows, to-wit:

For cause of action Plaintiff represents to the Court that he is an actual bona fide inhabitant of the State of Texas, and has resided in said county of Callahan for at least six months, next preceding the filing of this suit; and

That on or about the 21st day of September, 1890, in Eastland county, Texas. Plaintiff was lawfully married to defendant, then a single woman by the name of A. P. Taylor.

That they continued to live together as husband and wife until about the 7th day of July A. D. 1901, when said A. P. Couch abandoned this plaintiff, since which time they have not lived together as husband and wife.

Plaintiff alleges that during the time he and defendant lived together as aforesaid, he was kind and affectionate to her and always provided for her support and maintenance, but defendant being unmindful of the duties and obligations of her marital vows, abandoned this plaintiff as above.

Wherefore plaintiff prays the Court that defendat be cited to appear and answer herein and for judgment dissolving said marriage relations, and for such other and further relief special and general that he may be justly entitled to etc.

Herein Fail Not. And have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Tex., this, the 23 day of February A. D. 1915. A. R. DAY,
Clerk District Court Callahan County, Texas.

Stock Powders, at Bargain prices at Carter's

Remember that \$1.00 on subscription now will bring you Farm & Ranch and Holland's for six months each. It doesn't have to be a new subscription. If you are in arrears pay up; pay ahead and get the same thing. The Review is going to continue to be published.

Spend your cash where it buys most, at Carter's

Farm & Ranch & Holland's for six months each for 50c—L. P. Henslee.

Genasco
THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT
Ready Roofing

Armed with "Nature's everlasting waterproofer" Genasco is ready to combat rain, snow, hail, wind, sun, heat, cold, and fire and to defend your roof with its resisting, lasting life, and keep it weather-tight. Genasco smooth-surface roofing is supplied with patented **Kant-leak** Kleets, which make seams waterproof without cement, and prevent nail-leaks. Give us your order for Genasco—either smooth or mineral surface.

BENNETT'S SHEET METAL WORKS
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY
Dealers In

Lumber, Brick, Lime, Cement,
Sherwin-Williams Paints,
Cedar Posts, Builder's Hardware

SASH
DOORS
MOULDING
WINDOW
GLASS

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

THE CENTRAL HOTEL
LOCATED CLOSE IN
MEALS 25c - - - BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL
JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

The CITY MARKET
ASH & SAPP, Props.

We are experienced in the butcher business and ask that you see us for any kind of Fresh Meats.
We pay High Prices for Fat Stuff; if you have any see us before you sell.

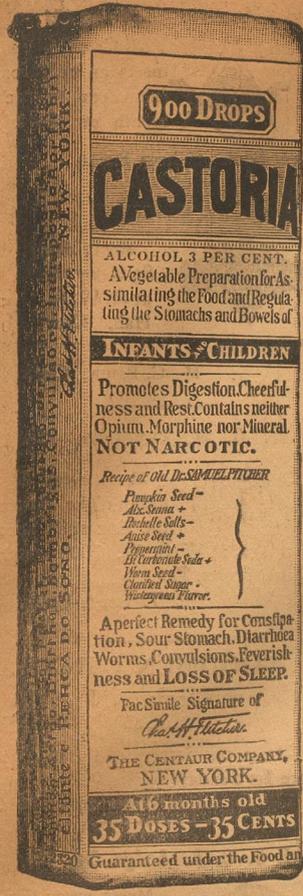
Cross Plains Tailor Shop
For First-Class Cleaning and Pressing and All Kinds of Alteration Work.
Tel. No. 22. 1st Door from Cafe
PAT ELDER, Proprietor

"THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE"
continued in 5th Episode on 4th column of fifth page.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually use.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend James, a newspaper man. By an ingenious ruse Clutching Hand smuggles into Elaine's home a flask of liquid air which she supposes to be a package of valuable papers. It blows open the safe in which it is placed, but Kennedy arrives in time to prevent the robbery. The detective narrowly misses death in his apartment where Clutching Hand has placed a shot gun so that it is fired by the electrical connection formed when Kennedy places his hands on a framed photograph of Elaine.

FIFTH EPISODE

The Poisoned Room.

Elaine and Craig were much together during the next few days. Somehow or other, it seemed that the chase of the Clutching Hand involved long conferences in the Dodge library, and even, in fact, extended to excursions into the notoriously crime-infested neighborhood of Riverside drive, with its fashionable procession of automobiles and go-carts—as far north, indeed, as that desperate haunt known as Gran's tomb.

But to return to the more serious side of the affair. Kennedy and Elaine had scarcely come out of the house and descended the steps, one afternoon, when a sinister face appeared in a basement area-way near by.

It was the Clutching Hand. He wore a telephone inspector's hat and coat and carried a bag slung by a strap over his shoulder. For once he had left off his mask, but, in place of it, his face was covered by a scraggy black beard. The disguise was effective.

He saw Kennedy and Miss Dodge and slunk unobtrusively against a railing, with his head turned away. Laughing and chatting, they passed. Then he turned in the other direction and, going up the steps of the Dodge house, rang the bell.

"Telephone inspector," he said in a loud tone as Michael, in Jennings' place for the afternoon, opened the door.

He accompanied the words with the sign, and Michael admitted him.

As it happened, Aunt Josephine was upstairs in Elaine's room. She was fixing flowers in a vase on the dressing table of her idolized niece. Meanwhile, Rusty, the collie, lay, half blinking, on the floor.

"Who is this?" she asked, as Michael led the bogus telephone inspector into the room.

"A man from the telephone company," he answered deferentially.

Aunt Josephine, unsophisticated, allowed them to enter without a further question.

Quickly, like a good workman, Clutching Hand went to the telephone instrument and by dint of keeping his finger on the hook and his back to Aunt Josephine succeeded in conveying the illusion that he was examining it.

No sooner was the door shut than the Clutching Hand hastily opened his bag and from it drew a small powder-spraying outfit, such as I have seen used for spraying bug powder. He then took out a sort of muzzle with an elastic band on it and slipped it over his head so that the muzzle protected his nose and mouth.

He seemed to work a sort of pumping attachment and from the nozzle of the spraying instrument blew out a cloud of powder which he directed at the wall.

Meanwhile, Michael, in the hallway, on guard to see that no one bothered the Clutching Hand at his work, was overcome by curiosity to see what his master was doing. He opened the door a little bit and gazed stealthily through the crack into the room.

Clutching Hand was now spraying the rug close to the dressing table of Elaine and was standing near the mirror. He stooped down to examine the rug. Then, as he raised his head, he happened to look into the mirror. In it he could see the full reflection of Michael behind him, gazing into the room.

"The scoundrel!" muttered Clutching Hand, with repressed fury at the discovery.

He rose quickly and shut off the spraying instrument, stuffing it into the bag. He took a step or two toward the door. Michael drew back, fearfully, pretending now to be on guard.

Clutching Hand opened the door and, still wearing the muzzle, beckoned to Michael. Michael could scarcely control his fears. But he obeyed, entering Elaine's room after the Clutching Hand, who locked the door.

"Were you watching me?" demanded the master criminal, with rage.

Michael, trembling all over, shook his head. For a moment Clutching Hand looked him over disdainfully at the clumsy lie.

Then he brutally struck Michael in the face, knocking him down. An un-

governable, almost insane fury seemed to possess the man as he stood over the prostrate footman, cursing.

"Get up!" he ordered.

Michael obeyed, thoroughly cowed. "Take me to the cellar, now," he demanded.

Michael led the way from the room without a protest, the master criminal following him closely.

Down into the cellar, by a back way, they went, Clutching Hand still wearing his muzzle and Michael saying not a word.

Suddenly Clutching Hand turned on him and seized him by the collar.

"Now, go upstairs, you," he muttered, shaking him until his teeth fairly chattered, "and if you watch me again—I'll kill you!"

He thrust Michael away, and the footman, overcome by fear, hurried upstairs. Still trembling and fearful, Michael paused in the hallway.

He put his hand on his face where the Clutching Hand had struck him. Then he waited, muttering to himself. As he thought it over, anger took the place of fear. He slowly turned in the direction of the cellar.

Meanwhile, Clutching Hand was standing by the electric meter. He examined it carefully, feeling where the wires entered and left it, and starting to trace them out. At last he came to a point where it seemed suitable to make a connection for some purpose he had in mind.

Quickly he took some wire from his bag and connected it with the electric light wires. Next, he led these wires, concealed, of course, along the cellar floor, in the direction of the furnace.

The furnace was one of the old hot air heaters and he paused before it as though seeking something. Then he bent down beside it and uncovered a little tank.

He thrust his hand gingerly into it, bringing it out quickly. The tank was nearly full of water.

Next from his capacious bag he took two metal poles, or electrodes, and fastened them carefully to the ends of the wires, placing them at opposite ends of the tank in the water.

For several moments he watched. The water inside the tank seemed the same as before, only on each electrode there appeared bubbles, on one bubbles of oxygen, on the other of hydrogen. The water was decomposing under the current by electrolysis. Another moment he surveyed his work to see that he had left no loose ends. Then he quietly let himself out of the house.

The next morning Rusty, who had been Elaine's constant companion since the trouble had begun, awakened his mistress by licking her hand as it hung limply over the side of her bed.

She awakened with a start and put her hand to her head. She felt ill. "Poor old fellow," she murmured, half dazedly.

Rusty moved away again, wagging his tail listlessly. The collie, too, felt ill.

"Why, Miss Elaine—what ees ze mattair? You are so pale!" exclaimed the maid, Marie, as she entered the room a moment later with the morning's mail on a salver.

"I don't feel well, Marie," she replied, trying with her slender white hand to brush the cobwebs from her brain. "I—I wish you'd tell Aunt Josephine to telephone Doctor Hayward."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marie.

Languidly Elaine took the letters one by one off the salver.

Finally she selected one and slowly tore it open. It had no superscription, but it at once arrested her attention and transfixed her with terror.

It read: "You are sick this morning. Tomorrow you will be worse. The next day you will die unless you discharge Craig Kennedy."

It was signed with the mystic trademark of the fearsome Clutching Hand!

Elaine drew back into the pillows, horror stricken.

Quickly she called to Marie. "Go—get Aunt Josephine—right away!"

And Marie almost flew down the hall. Elaine seized the telephone and called Kennedy's number.

Kennedy, in his stained laboratory apron, was at work before his table, while I was watching him with interest, when the telephone rang.

Without a word he answered the call, and I could see a look of perturbation cross his face. I knew it was from Elaine, but could tell nothing about the nature of the message.

An instant later he almost tore off the apron and threw on his hat and coat. I followed him as he dashed out of the laboratory.

"This is terrible—terrible," he muttered, as he hurried across the campus of the university to a taxicab stand.

A few minutes later, when we arrived at the Dodge mansion, we found Aunt Josephine and Marie doing all they could under the circumstances.

Doctor Hayward had arrived and had just finished taking the patient's pulse and temperature as our cab pulled up.

Elaine was quite ill indeed.

"Oh! I'm so glad to see you," she breathed with an air of relief as Kennedy advanced.

"Why—what is the matter?" asked Craig anxiously.

Doctor Hayward shook his head dubiously, but Kennedy did not notice him, for, as he approached Elaine, she drew from the covers where she had concealed it a letter and handed it to him.

Craig took it and read: "You are sick this morning. Tomorrow you will be worse. The next day you will die unless you discharge Craig Kennedy."

At the signature of the Clutching Hand he frowned, then, noticing Doctor Hayward, turned to him and repeated his question, "What is the matter?"

Doctor Hayward continued shaking his head. "I cannot diagnose her symptoms," he shrugged.

There seemed to be a faint odor, almost as if of garlic, in the room. It was unmistakable and Craig looked about him curiously, but said nothing.

As he sniffed, he moved impatiently and his foot touched Rusty, under the bed. Rusty whined and moved back lazily. Craig bent over and looked at him.

"What's the matter with Rusty?" he asked. "Is he sick, too?"

"Why, yes," answered Elaine, following Craig with her deep eyes.

Craig reached down and gently pulled the collie out into the room. Rusty crouched down close to the floor. His nose was hot and dry and feverish. He was plainly ill.

"How long has Rusty been in the room?" asked Craig.

"All night," answered Elaine. "I wouldn't think of being without him now."

"May I take Rusty along with me?" Craig asked finally.

Elaine hesitated. "Surely," she said at length, "only be gentle with him."

"Of course," he said simply. "I thought that I might be able to discover the trouble from studying him."

We stayed only a few minutes longer, for Kennedy seemed to realize the necessity of doing something immediately, and even Doctor Hayward was fighting in the dark.

Back in the laboratory, Kennedy set to work immediately, brushing everything else aside. He began by drawing off a little of Rusty's blood in a tube, very carefully.

"Here, Walter," he said, pointing to the little incision he had made, "will you take care of him?"

Quickly Craig made one test after another.

As he did so I sniffed. There was an unmistakable odor of garlic in the air which made me think of what I had already noticed in Elaine's room.

"Arseniuretted hydrogen," he answered, still engaged in verifying his tests. "This is the Marsh test for arsenic."

"Arsenic!" I repeated, in horror. I had scarcely recovered from the surprise of Kennedy's startling revelation when the telephone rang again. Kennedy seized the receiver, thinking evidently that the message might be from or about Elaine.

But from the look on his face and from his manner, I could gather that, although it was not from Elaine herself, it was about something that interested him greatly.

"Good!" I heard him say finally. "I shall keep the appointment—absolutely."

"What was it?" I asked, eagerly.

"It was Elaine's footman, Michael," he replied, thoughtfully. "As I suspected, he says that he is a confederate of the Clutching Hand, and if we will protect him he will tell us the trouble with Elaine."

I considered a moment. "How's that?" I queried.

"Well," added Craig, "you see, Michael has become infuriated by the treatment he received from the Clutching Hand. I believe he cuffed him in the face yesterday. Anyway, he says he has determined to get even and betray him."

I did not like the looks of the thing, and said so. "Craig," I objected vehemently, "don't go to meet him. It is a trap."

Kennedy had evidently considered my objection already. "It may be a trap," he replied slowly, "but Elaine is dying and we've got to see this thing through."

As he spoke, he took an automatic from a drawer of a cabinet and thrust it into his pocket. Then he went to another drawer and took out several sections of thin tubing, which seemed to be made to fasten together as a fishing pole is fastened, but were now separate, as if ready for traveling.

Then he went out. I followed, still arguing.

"If you go, I go," I capitulated. "That's all there is to it."

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chael had given over the telephone. Craig led me into one of the toughest parts of the lower West side.

"Here's the place," he announced, stopping across the street from a dingy Raines law hotel.

"Pretty tough," I objected. "Are you sure?"

"Quite," replied Kennedy, consulting his notebook again.

Reluctantly I followed and we entered the place.

"I want a room," asked Craig as we were accosted by the proprietor, comfortably clad in a loud checked suit and striped shirt sleeves. "I had one here once, before—forty-nine. I think."

"Forty—?" I began to correct.

"Kennedy trod hard on my toes!"

"Yes, forty-nine," he repeated.

The proprietor called a stout negro porter, waiter and bell-hop all combined in one, who led us upstairs.

"Forty-nine, sah," he pointed out, as Kennedy dropped a dime into his ready palm.

The negro left us, and as Craig started to enter, I objected. "But, Craig, it was fifty-nine, not forty-nine. This is the wrong room."

"I know it," he replied. "I had it written in the book. But I want forty-nine—now. Just follow me, Walter."

Nervously I followed him into the room.

"Don't you understand?" he went on. "Room forty-nine is probably just the same as fifty-nine, except perhaps the pictures and furniture, only it is on the floor below."

He gazed about keenly. Then he took a few steps to the window and threw it open. As he stood there he took the parts of the rods he had been carrying and fitted them together until he had a pipe some eight or ten feet long. At one end was a curious arrangement that seemed to contain lenses and a mirror. At the other end was an eye-piece, as nearly as I could make out.

"What is that?" I asked as he completed his work.

"That? That is an instrument something on the order of a miniature periscope." Craig replied, still at work.

I watched him, fascinated at his resourcefulness. He stealthily thrust the mirror end of the periscope out of the window and up toward the corresponding window upstairs. Then he gazed eagerly through the eye-piece.

"Walter—look!" he exclaimed to me.

I did. There, sure enough, was Michael, peering up and down the room.

As I looked at him nervously walking to and fro, I could not help admitting that things looked safe enough and all right to me. Kennedy folded the periscope up and we left our room, mounting the remaining flight of stairs.

In fifty-nine we could hear the measured steps of the footman. Craig knocked. The footsteps ceased. Then the door opened slowly and I could see a cold blue automatic.

"It's all right, Michael," reassured Craig calmly. "All right, Walter," he added to me.

The gun dropped back into the footman's pocket. We entered and Michael again locked the door. Not a word had been spoken by him so far.

Next Michael moved to the center of the room and, as I realized later, brought himself in direct line with the open window. He seemed to be overcome with fear at his betrayal and stood there breathing heavily.

"Professor Kennedy," he began, "I have been so mistreated that I have made up my mind to tell you all I know about this Clutching—"

Suddenly he drew a sharp breath and both his hands clutched at his own breast. He did not stagger and fall in the ordinary manner, but seemed to bend at the knees and waist and literally crumple down on his face.

We ran to him. Craig examined him over gently on his back and turned him. He called. No answer. Michael was almost pulseless.

Quickly Craig tore off his collar and bared his breast, for the man seemed to be struggling for breath. As he did so he drew from Michael's throat a small, sharp-pointed dart.

"What's that?" I ejaculated, horror-stricken.

"A poisoned blowgun dart, such as is used by the South American Indians on the upper Orinoco," he said slowly.

He examined it carefully.

"What is the poison?" I asked.

"Curari," he replied simply. "It acts on the respiratory muscles, paralyzing them and causing asphyxiation."

The dart seemed to have been made of a quill with a very sharp point, hollow, and containing the deadly poison in the sharpened end.

"Look out!" I cautioned, as he handled it.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered casually. "If I don't scratch myself, I am safe enough. I could swallow the stuff and it wouldn't hurt me—unless I had an abrasion of the lips or some internal cut."

Kennedy continued to examine the dart until suddenly I heard a low exclamation of surprise from him. Inside the hollow quill was a thin sheet of tissue paper, tightly rolled. He drew it out and read:

"To know me is Death."

"Kennedy—Take Warning."

Underneath was the inevitable Clutching Hand sign.

We jumped to our feet. Kennedy rushed to the window and slammed it shut, while I seized the key from Michael's pocket, opened the door and called for help.

A moment before, on the roof of a building across the street, one might have seen a bent, skulking figure. His face was copper colored and on his head was a thick tangle of matted hair. He looked like a South American Indian, in a very dilapidated suit of cast-off American clothes.

He had slipped out through a doorway leading to a flight of steps from the roof to the hallway of the tenement, and, like one of his native venomous serpents, worked his way down the stairs again.

My outcry brought a veritable battalion of aid. The hotel proprietor, the negro waiter and several others dashed upstairs, followed shortly by a portly policeman.

Craig took the policeman into his confidence, showing him the dart and explaining about the poison. The officer stared blankly.

"I must get away, too," hurried on Craig. "Officer, I will leave you to take charge here. You can depend on me for the inquest."

The officer nodded.

"Come on, Walter," whispered Craig, eager to get away, then adding the one word, "Elaine!"

I followed hastily, not slow to understand his fear for her.

Nor were Craig's fears groundless. In spite of all that could be done for her, Elaine was still in bed, much weaker now than before.

More than that, the Clutching Hand had not neglected the opportunity, either.

Suddenly, just before our return, a stone had come hurtling through the window, without warning of any kind, and had landed on Elaine's bed.

Below, as we learned some time afterwards, a car had drawn up hastily and the evil-faced crook whom the Clutching Hand had used to rid himself of the informer, "Limp Red," had leaped out and hastily hurled the stone through the window, as quickly leaping back into the car and whisking away.

Around the stone was wrapped a piece of paper on which was the ominous warning, signed as usual by the Hand:

"Michael is dead."

"Tomorrow, you."

"Then Kennedy."

"Stop before it is too late."

Elaine had sunk back into her pillows, paler than ever from this second shock.

It was just then that Kennedy and I arrived and were admitted.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," cried Elaine, handing him the note.

Craig took it and read. "Miss Dodge," he said, as he held the note out to me, "you are suffering from arsenic poisoning—but I don't know yet how it is being administered."

He gazed about keenly. Meanwhile, I had taken the crumpled note from him and was reading it. Somehow, I had leaned against the wall. As I turned, Craig happened to glance at me.

"For heaven's sake, Walter," I heard

him exclaim. "What have you been up against?"

He fairly leaped at me and I felt him examining my shoulder where I had been leaning on the wall. Something on the paper had come off and left a mark on my shoulder. Craig looked puzzled from me at the wall.

"Arsenic!" he cried.

"He whipped out a pocket lens and looked at the paper. This heavy, fuzzy paper is fairly loaded with it, powdered," he reported.

Kennedy paced the room. Suddenly, pausing by the register, an idea seemed to strike him.

"Walter," he whispered, "come down cellar with me."

"Oh! Be careful!" cried Elaine, anxious for him.

"I will," he called back.

As he flashed his pocket bull's-eye about, his gaze fell on the electric meter. He paused before it. In

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Kennedy Discovers the Secret of the Poisoned Room.

spite of the fact that it was broad daylight, it was running. His face puckered.

"They are using no current at present in the house," he ruminated, "yet the meter is running."

He continued to examine the meter. Then he began to follow the electric wires along. At last he discovered a place where they had been tampered with and tapped by other wires.

"The work of the Clutching Hand!" he muttered.

Eagerly he followed the wires to the furnace and around to the back. There they led right into a little water tank. Kennedy yanked them out. As he did so he pulled something with them.

"Two electrodes the villain placed there," he exclaimed, holding them up triumphantly for me to see.

"Y-yes," I replied, dubiously, "but what does it all mean?"

"Why, don't you see? Under the influence of the electric current the water was decomposed and gave off oxygen and hydrogen. The free hydrogen passed up the furnace pipe and combining with the arsenic in the wall paper formed the deadly arseniuretted hydrogen."

He cast the whole improvised electrolysis apparatus on the floor and dashed up the cellar steps.

"I've found it!" he cried, hurrying into Elaine's room. "It's in this room—a deadly gas—arseniuretted hydrogen."

He tore open the windows.

"Here they moved," he shouted to Aunt Josephine. "Then have a vacuum cleaner go over every inch of wall, carpet and upholstery."

Standing beside her, he breathlessly explained his discovery. "That wall paper has been loaded down with arsenic, probably Paris green or Schweinfurth green, which is arsenite of copper. Every minute you are here you are breathing arseniuretted hydrogen. This Clutching Hand is a diabolical genius. Think of it—poisoned wall paper!"

No one said a word. Kennedy reached down and took the two Clutching Hand messages Elaine had received. "I shall want to study these notes, more, too," he said, holding them up to the wall at the head of the bed as he flashed his pocket lens at them. "You see, Elaine, I may be able to get something from studying the ink, the paper, the hand writing—"

Suddenly both leaped back, with a cry.

Their faces had been several inches apart. Something had whizzed between them and literally impaled the two notes on the wall.

Down the street, on the roof of a carriage house, back of a neighbor's, might have been seen the uncouth figure of the shabby South American Indian crouching behind a chimney and gazing intently at the Dodge house.

As Craig had thrown open Elaine's window and turned to Elaine the figure had crouched closer to the chimney.

Then with an uncanny determination, he slowly raised the blowgun to his lips.

I jumped forward, followed by Doctor Hayward, Aunt Josephine and Marie. Kennedy had a peculiar look as he pulled out from the wall a blowgun dart similar in every way to that which had killed Michael.

"Craig!" gasped Elaine, reaching up and laying her soft, white hand on his arm in undisguised fear for him, "you—you must give up this chase for the Clutching Hand!"

"Give up the chase for the Clutching Hand?" he repeated in surprise. "Never! Not until either he or I is dead!"

There was both fear and admiration mingled in her look, as he reached down and patted her dainty shoulder encouragingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Pastor.

Burkett Lodge Directory

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in each month in W. O. W. Hall.

B. D. Wesley, Clerk

W. O. W. No. 666

meets 2nd and last Saturday

in each month.

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I O O F

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- One lot men's oxfords including values up to \$4.00, for only \$2.50
One lot Ladies oxfords including patents, vici kid and tan, worth up to \$3.50, for only \$1.75
One lot children's oxfords in sizes 11 1/2 to 2 in patent baby doll; also tan, worth up to \$2.50, for \$1.55

EXTRA SPECIAL MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS

- \$3.00 Fancy felt hats for \$2.65 \$1.50 Boys' felt hats for \$1.15
\$2.50 Fancy " " " " \$2.15 \$1.00 Boys felt hats for 85c
\$2.00 Fancy " " " " \$1.65 50c Boys felt hats for 40c

\$1.50. EXTRA GOOD ROCKING CHAIR FOR \$1.15

Good nice golden oak sewing rocker, worth regularly \$1.50, special for Saturday and Trades Day, at only \$1.15

9X12 MATTING RUG SPECIAL

- \$3.50 9x12 good Matting Rugs for only \$2.35
\$3.00 9x12 good Matting Rugs for only \$1.95

SPECIALS IN HARDWARE DEPARTMENT

Special prices on all tin and enamelware for Saturday and Trades Day.

Higginbotham Trading Co.

PERSONAL MENTION

W. N. Black and Pink Marshall of Sabanna were in Cross Plains Friday and while here Mr. Marshall subscribed for The Review.

Higginbothams have just received a new car of furniture. (adv)

Rev. I. P. Scarborough asks us to announce that he will not fill his regular appointment at the Christian church Sunday.

Higginbotham's want to sell you a buggy, cash or credit. (adv)

Misses Willie and Cornelle Boyd-stun of Baird, visited relatives in Cross Plains, Saturday and Sunday. They returned home, accompanied by Mrs. George Carter and little son, Sunday afternoon.

Come and see my line of samples and get my prices before you order that summer suit.—Pat Elder.

W. F. Gaines of southwest of Cross Cut was in town Friday en-route to Baird where he went to buy a full blood Jersey male.

FOR SALE—Good baled Alfalfa, cheap. W. V. Orr, one mile south of town. 4tap16

I want to order you a new suit, but whether I order for you or not I want to make that old suit of yours look good as new. All work guaranteed.—Pat Elder.

L. O. Browning was in town Sunday. In conversation with The Review man he states that he is contemplating leasing a farm near Scranton for next year for school advantages.

E.D. Roan of Sabanno was in town the first of the week. Mr. Roan is the owner of the Sabanno gin and he states that he has finished ginning there for the season.

J. P. Phillips of Sabanno and son were in town Tuesday. Mr. Phillips was here with a load of Johnson grass hay. He last summer put up several hundred bales of hay on the prairie south of Burkett and still has some of it.

W. M. Adams of Nimrod, was in town last Friday. You will note his "ad" in regard to the peanut attachment appearing in this issue of The Review. He has made quite a reputation with this attachment. Wilbur Williams has the contract for making the same for this territory. Mr. Adams while here subscribed for The Review.

TEXAS 4,383,563

BALES IN 1914

Government Report up to
March 20 Issued

The preliminary report of cotton ginned in Texas by counties up to March 20 has been issued, giving for the state 4,383,563 bales as against 3,773,024 bales to the same date in 1913. The report for Callahan and nearby counties is as follows: Callahan, 19,654 against 10,384 in 1913; Eastland, 24,004 against 27,531; Brown, 23,583 against 14,719; Coleman, 59,015 against 24,191; Taylor, 51,387 against 14,207.

L M Bond will give special prices on fitting of glasses Trades Day, April 19, only. (adv)

PUPILS RECITAL

Merry Sunshine, Trezevant Sisk
Old Folks at Home, Syble Barr
Garland of Roses, Ruben Stewart
Four Leaf Clover, Ora Odom
The Juggler, Corine Lindquist
Doll's Dream, Elizabeth Hart
Taruell to Piano, Linna Bennett
Rippling Winds, Lee Sisk
Ripples, Eda Mae Carter
Dancing Sprites, Milly Teague
Dixie, Leo Tyson
La Matinee, Gladys Adams
Yellow Janquils, Emma Davis
Flower Song, Gussie Lee Farmer
Courtly Dance, Clara Boyles
Hunoresque, Willie Adams
Polish Dance, Mrs. Rutherford

I desire to express my thanks, to patrons for a very full class this year and to the public school teachers and other who have kindly contributed to the success of my class

Mrs. J. E. Lindquist.

A few section harrows unsold. Get prices at Carter's

Say, boys, have you seen those new buggies at Higginbotham Trading Co.?' (adv)

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears
the
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

COTTON AT 10 CENTS

J. P. Boyd last week bot of the Bank of Cross Plains the bale the bank bot early in the fall on the "buy-a-bale-at-10c" movement, which bale has since been stored in the front of the bank. Mr. Boyd paid above the market price for the cotton, but he said he wanted it known that one bale of cotton has sold for 10c cash in Cross Plains. All who bought cotton in response to the buy-a-bale movement who have held until now are about able to get out even and some have realized a profit.

Willard knocked Jack Johnson into a cocked hat but I am still pressing and cleaning clothes at the old Crystal Cafe. stand.—Pat Elder.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy.

DIVERSIFIES

While at Cottonwood one day last week the writer met R. G. Jones who lives about a mile north of Cottonwood. Mr. Jones is well known thru his diversification of crops, he being curious enough or student enough to try every new crop that he hears of. He told us that this year he was trying corn as his money crop. He, with his son-in-law and a hired man, is working his home farm of 100 acres and 70 acres belonging to Mrs. Ramsey. He has about 50 acres in corn, and will plant about 10 in peas, 25 in milo maize, 10 in kaffir corn, etc., and the remainder, after leaving land for growing truck crops, in cotton.

BARGAIN IN GINGHAMS

10c Gingham, 5 1-2c yard.
15c Gingham, 8 1-2c yard.
While they last.

THE RACKET STORE



Varno-Lac for Shabby Surfaces

A floor that is shabby or worn, a chair that you want to change from oak to mahogany finish, or a table that has been marred or scratched can be made like new or made to match the balance of your furniture with

'ACME QUALITY'

VARNO-LAC

You will be surprised to know how easily you can do this work yourself and how little it will cost.

Ask at our store for free books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide Book." They tell all about what finishes to use to secure the results you want.

THE CITY DRUG STORE