

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, Dec. 11, 1914.

NO. 40

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY THE SAME AS IN PROSPERITY

H. W. KUTEMAN,
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,
V. Pres.

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

The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

BRING US YOUR FINANCIAL TROUBLES

We will help you adjust them as we have hundreds of others. Our experience and financial ability is at your command. Be free to tell us your troubles. That's a part of our business. Try Us.

THE BANK OF CROSS PLAINS



THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

CHRISTMAS SOON HERE

Christmas is just two weeks from today. The merchants in Cross Plains are prepared to care for every want of the Christmas shoppers. Ours is a new and growing town; we want you to be here before or during the holidays. Read the ads of the Cross Plains merchants in this issue, asking for your business. Come to Cross Plains Monday, December 21, for our regular Trades Day, which we mean to make partake of the spirit of the holidays. Read Trades Day program appearing elsewhere in the Review.

THE RACKET STORE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Abound in our china and glassware department.—The Racket Store.

Use Judgment

In buying Christmas presents. Give something that you get your money's worth out of. Some piece of furniture is the most useful present you could give.—Furniture Store.

Books to rent at 5c each.

Usserys Book Store

IN INTEREST OF PROPOSED RAILROAD

Civil Engineer Healy Reported To Be Here Monday In Interest Of Frisco Extension

J. B. McDonough who has just returned from Patnam informs us that at that place he met a civil engineer in the employ of the Frisco, by the name of Morris Haeley, who is looking over the country from Wichita Falls to May with a view to connecting these two points by railroad. The proposed route is via Moran, Patnam and Cross Plains. He has been in this work above Patnam for some time. He sends word that he will be here Monday if not before and that he wants to talk to the citizens of this community in regard to his proposition.

DISHES FOR THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

If you seek something which is certain to be acceptable, you can select no wiser gift than some beautiful piece of tableware chosen from our big stock of china and glassware.

THE RACKET STORE

REMOVAL NOTICE

I have moved my Barber shop to the Tartt & Melton building where I am ready to serve you in the barber line. I am prepared to give you first-class work. I want to ask all my old customers to come see me and will be glad for others to come see me, too. I will appreciate any business you may give me
Carl Murdock

DISHES FOR CHRISTMAS

Dishes are something useful as well as beautiful and make a gift that will be long remembered. We have hundreds of nice pieces at moderate prices to choose from.—The Racket Store.

MOVES BARBER SHOP

Carl Murdock has moved his barber shop to the front of the Wayne Tartt tailor shop, just across the street from his old location.

Proper Christmas Gifts

You could not find better gifts for your family than some nice piece of furniture; add to the household something useful.—Furniture Store.

SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

Those who are interested in daily papers might do well to look into this proposition: For the first fifteen days of December The Cross Plains Review and The Star-Telegram, both for one year, for only \$3.75. The price of the Star-Telegram during these "bargain days" is \$3.25. By subscribing for both of these at one time you get The Review for only 50c. This offer is open to everybody, whether new or old subscriber to The Review or The Star-Telegram. The price of The Star-Telegram after the 15th will be \$6.00.

Or Farm & Ranch and Hollands' and The Review for one year for \$2.00. If you are interested in this proposition see us whether you have the money or not.

Or The Review and Southern Farming for one year each for only \$1.00. The price of the latter is \$1.00 the year.

All kinds of fire works for Xmas
McCords Bargain House

NOTICE

Drs. J. C. Giles and B. C. Colvin (Masseurs) are prepared to treat all acute and chronic diseases. Located one mile north of Burkett. Rates, \$2.50 per day.

READY FOR THE GIFT SEEKERS

This store is the natural place for the gift seeker to turn to, because of the extensiveness of our assortments, and because of our low prices. All our Christmas stocks are for your inspection.—The Racket Store.

A DeLaval will solve the cream trouble. Sold on terms that any body can afford one.

F. P. Shackelford

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AFRICA

In 5 Big Reels, Commencing At 2:30, Christmas Day

This production is in 5,000 feet, is highly amusing as well as sensational, and should appeal to everybody. Something the like of which has never been shown here before. Those that miss it will have cause to regret it. Kathryn Christmas night and the Mystery Christmas eve night.

Electric Theatre.

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.

Span of mules and wagon for sale.

Davis-Garner & Co.

The Intermediate class of the Presbyterian Sunday School met with Rev. and S. P. Collins last Friday night from 7 to 9. All present report a pleasant time:

BUY ALL YOUR GIFTS HERE

Don't think of skimping on Christmas gifts because money is a little scarce. It don't require a big outlay of cash to buy goods at this store. We save you money on holiday goods as well as on all other kinds of merchandise.

THE BACKLIE SPORE

Read our subscription offer appearing elsewhere in this issue.

Bring us a load of wood and get the Review, Farm and Ranch and Holland's for one year.

PRETTY WEATHER

The weather for the past few days has been very pretty, especially a view of the long-drawn out rainy weather we have been having.

Entertained

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Walderson were at home to the young folks of the town last Friday evening in honor of their friend and guest Miss Mildred Tyler of Rising Star. The guests met at the Westerman home where they masked and were escorted to the picture show and after the show to Mr. and Mrs. Walders on's residence, where five tables had been arranged for progressive games of different kinds. Several hours were spent in games and music. Then Miss Elizebeth Kenady was awarded a dainty embroidered handkerchief for the best costume, in which she represented a typical West Texas cow girl. Neat little hand-painted souvenir cards of George and Martha Washington were given the guests as they entered, which were the work of Misses Vera Scarborough and Mildred Tyler. Refreshments were served consisting of Macedonia whipped cream and wafers to the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. John Westerman, Misses Farmer, Kenady Robertson, Scroggins, Beulah and Jessie Adams, Scarborough, McGowen and Cornell and the honor guest, and Messrs. Adkisson, McGowen, Slaughter, Broad and Taylor Bond, Boyd, and Davidson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walderson proved themselves ideal host and hostess.—Reporter.

Electric Bitters

Made A New Man Of Him. "I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., "and my liver and kidneys did not work right, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." PRICE 50 CTS. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

C. E. Boydston made a trip to De Leon the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Acker have returned to their home at Elida, N. M., after visiting their daughters Messdames Bluford Webb and Gene Atwood and other relatives.

SLIM JIM SLIP SLOP

'Tis said the pen is mightier than the sword, but the latter looks the more mighty.

We notice the editor took a bath Thanksgiving. He should have served a proclamation to all the correspondants so we could have gotten Rambler cleaned up.

We are glad to have our kinsman write from Dressy. One need but read his deep seated writing to recognize the journalistic talent so peculiar to the Slim Jim stock.

We recently had the pleasure of possessing a silver dollar, all our own upon close examination we found the inscription "E Pluribus Unum" which according to our translation is equivalent to "One among many" On the other side was "In God we trust" Of course we could not have such a sweet Christian saying on one on one side and such a base falsehood on the other so we scratched out the "Among many" and put "One alone."

Says Billy the Kid, "The wind blew and the rain fell yet Dressy falleth not." Turn your eyes to Caddo Peak that towering monument erected to the dictates of nature. Dressy may fall any moment, this abode of the soul may return to the dust and the immortal go to the city of pearl and burnished gold. The ravages of the shifting sands of time may beat up on the Peak's rugged brow, but until "The sun shall fail to give forth its light, and the moon become as blood" will Caddo Peak be no more.

Juan of the Baird Star keeps raising a rookus about old rye and his game leg. We wonder what a jubilee would be the consequence if old rye and that game leg got together.

On account of rushing business the Review force was supplemented this week with a linotype machine from De Leon. His name is the plural to hammer. We do not know whether he is such a knocker as his name signifies. We welcome Mr. Hammers.

Burkett Items.

(Crowded out from last week)

Well we have been blessed with another good rain since my last writing.

We have some three or four hundred bales of cotton to pick in the Burkett country yet, after all, the Boll weevil did not damage much in our section of the country, for farmers are making from one third to one half bale to the acre, which we consider a good crop. F. L. Brown has forty acres and says he will make seventeen bales of cotton. John Slate an other very successful farmer living east of Burkett he will get twenty six or twenty seven bales.

Mrs. Keller and Mrs. Jennings went west to Cross Plains Monday shopping Ike Dempsy of Grosvenor or called to see Miss Vernie Keller las. Sunday John Harris is attending the Burkett school.

H. E. Miller of Coleman was in Burkett one day this week.

Dr. Obanion of Brownwood was through Burkett on a hunting expedition this week. He and Dr. Pendleton out west of Burkett one morning and killed seventeen ducks.

E. L. Harris is putting some new improvements on his place here.

The methodist preacher come to fill his regular appointment Sunday,

but on account of everyone having been gone bird hunting he had no audience to preach to. I guess the Devil is laughing at the people of Burkett, for he knows when the roil called up yonder he will get his share

Mr. Maples 18 month old child was laid to rest in the Burkett cemetery one day last week, the death was caused by choking to death on a pecan kernel. Rev. Watson conducted the funeral service. The bereaved have our utmost sympathy.

R. L. Cross made a business trip to Cross Plains last week to lay in a supply of groceries, so Mr. Cross is in the general merchandise business at Burkett.

Mrs. Baily Helms sold at Cross Plains last Saturday 81 dozens of eggs at 20 cents per dozen making a total of \$16.20. You farmers had better quit raising .06 cent cotton and go to raising poultry.

Mrs. Arizona Colvin of Bellevue is here visiting relatives.

Mr. Bort Burkett and Miss Ruby Harwell are also visiting relatives here this week.

Cleave Boyle is moving out in the country on his farm.

Ove Wooten has moved to J. E. Boog Scott's ranch, several miles west of Burkett.

We have on our sick list present Mrs. Susie Lindley, G. W. Ramsey and Clark Burkett.

The entertainment at Frank Brons Saturday night was attended by a large crowd and all enjoyed themselves.

Fayette Hamdshell is preparing to move on Patton Helms place.

Well Slim Jim in regards to your remarks about my returns of the election. I am practicing the old saying "It is better to be late than never" and as yet have never seen an account of your returns of the election so a good advise is, "Sweep around your own back door before you sweep around your neighbors."

Cecil Head, the Camp Colorado school teacher was in Burkett Saturday and Sunday.

Miss. Helm spent Saturday and Sunday at Dr. Walker's.

W. M. Burkett killed three hogs that dressed 1010 lbs.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, one road overseer of Burkett precinct. Anyone finding same return to Burkett for reward.

Rowden News

We may be too late for first week in December, but owing to the fact of being so proud of the sun coming out not mildewed, we could not be any earlier.

We understand the Rowden school was to commence Nov. 30th but owing to bad weather was postponed another week. Homer Varner being our teacher, we are sure of a good school. We also understand there is talk of seating the house with patent desks. We hope it will be done.

The young folks of Rowden were entertained at Mr. Miller's with a singing last Sunday night. A nice time an splendid singing reported by all.

Mr. J. T. Stewart left Monday for Cottonwood where he will spend the week threshing.

Grover Miller made a muddy trip to Baird last Saturday.

J. T. Stewart went to Cross Plains Saturday. The report on the roads was bad.

George Blakeley and the Gillit Girls were guests of the Rowden Sunday school Sunday.

Mr. Smedley entertained the young folks with a party. A good time was reported by all.

Curiosity.

SCHOOL BOARD SLATING

We have ordered and will carry in stock a supply of SCHOOL BOARD SLATING. We also carry in stock Everything usually sold in a lumber yard, such as Paints, Oils, Window Glass Screen Goods, Builders Hardware, Etc.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR NEXT BILL OF LUMBER!

BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

Trades Day

Monday, Dec. 21

A Day For Amusement Only

Our Trades Day comes this time in Christmas week and we have arranged a program in keeping with the spirit of the Holidays. Visit Cross Plains during the Holidays, and especially Trades Day.

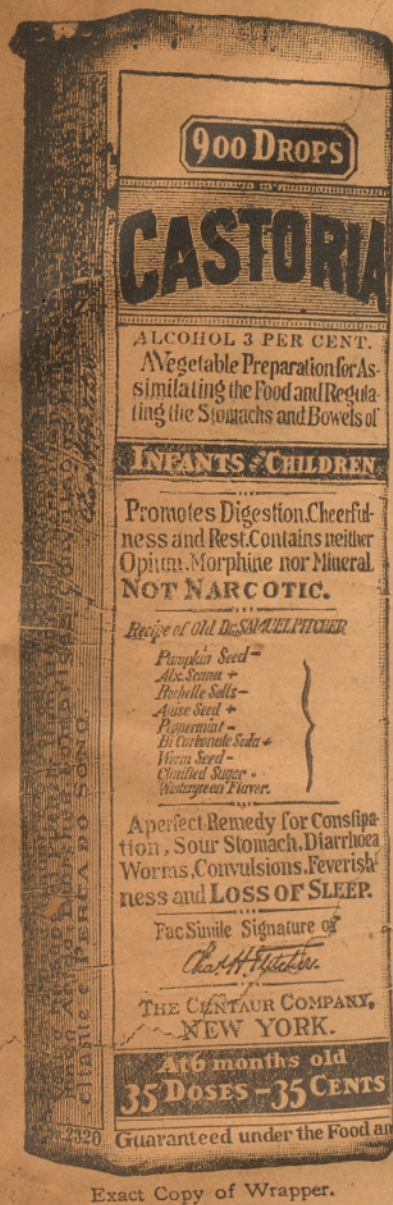
The following are the prizes offered:

Cigar Race, winner	\$1.50
Potato Race, winner	1.50
Stilts Race, winner	1.00
Spoon and Egg Race, winner	1.00
Pole Vaulting, winner	1.00
100 Yard Dash, winner	1.00

Program begins promptly at 2 p. m. and will continue until entire program is rendered. This is going to be one of the most interesting entertainments you ever witnessed.

We will expect you.

Cross Plains, Texas



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 CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

tion this time, but it becomes our sad duty to inform you that our intelligence, or mind, imagination is not composed of a flexible substance, hence our inability to get up a lengthy communication without the necessary material. We believe our—our—oh! that thing that Slim Jim told us about last year, is out of commission.

Say, the latest intelligence we have of Santa Claus is he is "bogged" down somewhere and will possibly be detained until after Christmas, and he gets so little for his cotton he will not be able to buy many presents.

Is this communication does not satisfy your readers, then it is evident they are a little weak under the hat for this is beyond a doubt a commendable article.

NOTICE.

We have sold out and will be glad it all who owe us would come in and pay up.

Tartt & Melton.

A span of large young horses for sale.

Davis-Garner & Co.

Adomite stops all leaks. No trouble to apply. Its ready when you buy it.—Shackelford Lumber Yard.

ALUMINUM WARE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

An aluminum cook vessel is something any lady appreciates. See our assortment before you buy your gifts.

THE RACKET STORE

Must raise money and the goods must sell, At Carters

People are beginning to give something that will be worth something and useful for Christmas gifts. Nothing can beat a nice piece of furniture.—Furniture Store.

E C Neeb, proprietor of the Neeb Produce Co., is boosting his business for Trades Day. You might be interested in the premiums he is offering. Read his ad in this issue

A rocking chair, library table, kitchen cabinet and many other things will make a most useful Christmas present. Give something useful.—Furniture Store.

CARVE THAT TURKEY

Ask to see our Christmas carving sets.—The Racket Store.

Ten thousand dollars worth of dry goods, clothing, shoes, etc., at wholesale cost. Don't miss the opportunity if you need goods.—At Carters

Building paper, glass, rubber roofing, hail wire, paints, oil. Plenty in stock.—Shackelford Lumber Yard.

I am prepared to do your tailoring work, and will appreciate any and all you will give me. All work guaranteed.

T. W. Tartt.

A good sorrel horse, fine driver for sale.

Davis-Garner & Co.



To Make a Long Tail Short Come to Cross Plains

During the Holidays and remember that we meet all prices. Come in, let us prove this to you before buying.

Forbes & Adams

MEAT MARKET

We have opened meat market in the Kaufman building and are running it in connection with the Crystal Cafe. When you need anything in the market line see us.

HENSEN & SIPES, Props.

Cross Cut Items

The Cross Cut teachers returned from the institute Saturday. They report one hundred and four teachers in attendance.

Miss Mary Perkins who will teach at Kid Peak also came in Saturday. School began at Kid Peak Monday.

A house belonging to S. R. Chambers burned last Tuesday night. It is said that the fire started from a flue.

Harvey Russell returned from Medicine Mound, Texas, a few days ago.

O. B. Newton and family visited at Dave Windham's of Byrds last Saturday.

Miss Fannie Pentecost and Uncle Johnnie McPeters returned from Corpus Christi last week. They had been visiting at that place for several weeks.

To the surprise of their friends, Ray Stone and Miss Myrtle Baucom drove to Burket last Sunday afternoon where they were married. We wish them a long and prosperous life.

There was singing at the Baptist church Sunday night.

J. R. Prater went to Cross Plains Friday.

Lonnie Triplett filled his regular appointment Sunday.

SEE OUR TOILET GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS

Such as comb and brush sets, hand mirrors, manicure sets, dresser sets, collar boxes, necktie racks, smoking sets, pin Trays, puff boxes and many other articles too numerous to mention.—The Racket Store.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For all the family at The Racket Store.

Don't delay buying that De Laval separator any longer. The price of cream demands it. Have two in stock.—Joe Shackelford.

A span of good mules for sale. Davis-Garner & Co.

Christmas Thoughts

When you go to buy a Christmas present get something in the furniture line that will be useful and last.—Furniture Store.

COTTONWOOD NEWS.

The "drouth" up to the present writing has covered a period of seven days, while it has not really rained during that period we have had some damp days and nights, we have reasons to hope that we will have some days yet without rain. For instance, it has not rained for several days, the clouds are broken and we have had some sunshine and the editor has had a bath, hence the demand for water is not so great. It surely has rained and the roads—my! my! We got a mail from Baird about twice a week and occasionally three times.

Miss Nina Brownlee is visiting in the west somewhere. She left Cottonwood last Friday.

Mr. Wes Everett visited Abilene last week on some kind of business proposition.

Say readers, what are you going to do about our lodge? Albany and Moran have both gone as far as efficiency by her works. We are expecting good results from the school this term.

The Misses Lively of Turkey Creek have taken rooms at Mrs. Missouri Ramsey's of our town and are doing light housekeeping and attending the Cottonwood high school.

We have been authoritically informed that the Cottonwood girls will play the Cross Plains girls a match game of basket ball Christmas. We think perhaps the Cottonwood girls have yet to organize, but as all the old team but one are here, that will be easy.

It is a conceded fact, we understand, that the Primitive Baptist will organize a church at Cottonwood on 4th Sunday and Saturday before in December. All parties of that faith and order are invited to attend.

Rev. W. A. Gilliland was a visitor at Cottonwood Wednesday.

Elder Williams of Abilene filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church in Cottonwood last Sunday.

Cotton has gone up to five cents in Cottonwood with the future to hear from.

You wanted a long communication

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.

**SALE Continues Until
December 24th**

HIGGINBOTHAM

**GREAT OPENING
STILL GOING**

50c Towels
All 50c Turkish bath towels in bleach only, extra large size, for only **41c**

25c Towels
In both Turkish and Huck, bleached and unbleached for only **19c**

8 1-3c Outings
In a big variety of light and dark colors for only **5c**

10c Outings
In all the solid colors pinks, blues, grays and fancy light and dark for only **7 1-2c**

8 1-3 Bleaching
Good heavy quality full yard wide at only **6 1-2c**

10c Brown Domestic
Extra heavy quality full yard wide best in town at **7 1-2c**

10c Shertings and Checks
Solid blues, stripes, checks and plaids. Extra good quality for **7 1-2c**

10c Bleaching
Full yard wide, Extra heavy and free from starch or sizing at only **7 1-2c**

10c Flannelette
In Extra good quality and big assortment of colors and patterns for only **7 1-2c**

12 1-2 Cotton Flannel
Bleach and brown cotton-flannel in extra heavy grade at only **9c**

10c Gingham
Amoskag utility gingham in a wide range of colors and patterns. Best 10c gingham to be had the price now is **7 1-2c**

12 1-2c Gingham
Red Seal gingham, the very best to be had in wide assortments of colors and patterns at only **8 1-3c**

10c Cotton Flannel
Full width bleach and brown cottonflannel extra good, at only **7 1-2c**

Millinery
Every ladies hat in the house must be sold. As an inducement to buy, we offer them at exactly **1-2 Price**

50c Childrens Union Suits
Children's Munsing union in all sizes are now priced at **41c**

35c Children's Union Suits
Children's ribbed union suits in all sizes at only **19c**

50c Ladies Vests
Ladies ribbed and fleeced lined vests, extra heavy and and warm at **39c**

\$1.50 Ladies Union Suits
Ladies Munsing union suits at only **\$1 19**

BOYS SUITS
Every man in the whole country can now afford to clothe his boys for the winter. Bring the boys and fit them up for school.
\$2.00 boy's suits now **\$1 65**
\$2.50 boys suits now **\$1 85**
\$3.00 boys suits now **\$2 45**

75c Dress Silks 39c
One lot of silks in plain colors and fancies, 27 inches wide and worth up to 75c. Take as much as you like at the special price per yard **39c**

MEN'S SUITS
at almost half their former prices. Our clothing stock is all of the season's best styles and fabrics. Every \$10.00 suit now bears a war time price of only **\$6 85** and corresponding reductions department.

**The Greatest Selling Event
County Has**

Has been going on for two weeks and has had days when the weather permitted people to flow out to the people of Cross Plains and from every nook and corner of the county **Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, and every** been able to buy goods at such enormous savings and are willing to meet our friends half way.

We advise every family in the territory to come take supplies while the prices are so low. You'll see many more the prices quoted in this advertisement. Come! Tell your friends of this feast of bargains. The big sale goes right on until December 24th. Christmas gifts that are worth while.

Grocery Specials.
Be sure and talk to our grocery man. Here are some prices that will interest you.

10 pound bucket lard for	\$.90
8 pounds good coffee	1.00
25 pounds good rice	1.00
100 pounds high patent flour for	2.85
25 pound sack sugar for	1.45
6 bottles Peachy snuff for	1.00
5 bottles Garret or Honest snuff for	1.10
5 pound package Quaker Rolled Oats	.20
1 gallon New Crop Ribbon Cane Syrup	.65
10 pound box evaporated Peaches for	.85

Mr. Small Merchant
Here is your chance to replenish your stock with good Merchandise cheaper than you can buy in the market.
If you want to realize ten cents on your cotton, do your winter trading now at the Big Opening Sale.

Mail Orders
If you can't come to the Big Sale, sit down and make out a list of the goods you want and mail it to us. We will fill your order and prices in each and every case to be exactly as represented and will send it out to you by Parcel Post.

Sale Rain
Irrespective of the kind of weather the great opening sale of Cross Plains will continue each day until the failure will mean an amount of bargains and quantity of \$75,000 stock of merchandise.
We are making this a record sale every one to share in it.
Every article in the store is cut to high grade merchandise sacrificed in lasts until Christmas.

Ladies' Coats
\$5.00 Ladies' Coats, now priced at
6.50 Ladies Coats now priced at
8.50 Ladies' Coats now priced at
10.00 Ladies' Coats in a large variety of flare bottoms, set-in sleeves, in
at
12.50 Ladies' Coats in cape models with lan shoulders and large set-in sleeves only.

Higginbotham
"THE STORE OF QUALITY"

HIGGINBOTHAM'S

**SALE Continues Until
December 24th**

WINNING SALE GOES ON!



**at Cross Plains and Callahan
Ever Known**

... exceeded our greatest expectations, on
... come to town. We are now going to throw
our \$75,000 stock of high class merchandise
surrounding territory. People are coming
to take advantage of the great savings on
... article in this big store. Never have they
sacrifice in prices. We see good times ahead,
until business conditions get back to normal.
... advantage of this big selling event to buy their winter
... before you get another opportunity to buy goods at
our neighbors. We want everyone to share in this great
... mber 24th. You'll do better by coming here to buy your

or Shine

... er, whether rain or shine, cold or
... the Higginbotham Trading Co. at
... y until December 24th. If you
... a loss to you. There is any
... goods to select from this big

... e. Tell your friends, we want

... o the limit. \$75,000 worth of
... n this big sale. Remember sale

Your Own Price

... only.....\$3.45
... ily.....\$4.65
... nly.....\$5.85
... evy of styles, colors and fabrics,
... the Great Fall Opening Sale
.....\$6.95
... fur collars and cuffs with Rag-
... in the Great Fall Opening Sale
.....\$7.85

\$2.50 Childrens Shoes

One lot Childrens Shoes in Gun Metal Bootdes, patents and taps for only.....\$1.89

\$4.00 Ladies' Shoes

One lot Ladies' Tan Rullin Calf Shoes worth up to 4.00 for only.....\$2.15

\$3.00 Men's Shoes

One lot Men's Shoes in Gun Metal and Vici Kid, values up to 3.00 for only.....\$2.15

\$5.00 Men's Shoes

One lot Men's Shoes in Gun Metal and tap, both button and lace, regular \$5.00 values for.....\$3.15

\$4.50 Men's Shoes

One lot Men's Shoes containing Gun Metal and Tans, button and lace, worth up to 4.50 for only.....\$2.85

Christmas Gifts

Come to the Big Sale to buy your Xmas presents. You'll find a big selection of good serviceable, appreciable gifts for every member of the family and at a big saving in prices.

**\$5.00
Stetson Hats**
John B. Stetson hats at less than factory cost. Priced at
\$3.45

**\$3.00 & 3.50
Men's Hats**
All \$3.00 and 3.50 men's hats in styles, shapes and fancies for only
\$1.95

**\$2.50
Men's Hats**
in staple shapes and fancy in black and white, at only
\$1.45

**\$2.00
Men's Hats**
Mostly staple shapes in black and white only at only
95c

**\$1.50
Hats**
Men's and boys' hats, all fancy shapes. Your choice at only
75c

**\$4.00
Men's Shoes**
One lot men's shoes containing patents, vici kid and work shoes in values up to \$4.00, for only
\$1.89

**\$4.00
Ladies Shoes**
One lot ladies shoes containing black and brown velvet, brown buckskin and patents, worth up to \$4.00. As long as they last, your choice for only
\$1.69.

**75c
Dress Goods**
One lot of dress goods containing all-wool fancy suitings, Panama and Mohairs, as long as it lasts as much as you want at per yard
19c

**25c
Dress Goods**
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Ladies ribbed vests and pants at only per garment
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Shirts and Drawers**
Both fleece lined and ribbed shirts and drawers are now going at per garment
41c

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Boys ribbed shirts and drawers also fleece lined garments at only
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Mens heavy wool shirts and drawers at only
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**25c
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**50c
Work Shirt**
Solid blue linen cloos and gray extra large and full cut for
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Wool Overshirts**
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Men's extra heavy all-wool shirts in a variety of colors at only
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Wool Overshirts**
In greys and browns, all wool, real good quality, at only
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Higginbotham Trading Co.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

The Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By Randall Parrish

Illustrated by D. J. Lavin

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be certain that there were no Indians on the opposite bank of the river we might venture an attempt. But we were far from sure.

Thus far all had been failure, our mission useless, our sufferings vain; Schultz had given up his life, Brady was wounded and suffering, and I, as well as he, a helpless prisoner. Yet even this could be borne with patience if only I could perceive some way to become of service, some means by which I could warn St. Clair of this tornado of savagery about to sweep down upon him. I wrestled with the problem, searching vainly for some avenue of escape, some unguarded opening by which I might hope to penetrate through the watchful red lines.

Slowly, insensibly, the vision of mademoiselle came. What a life had been hers from childhood, and yet how the true, sweet womanhood had conquered all savage environment. It was to me a miracle, Indian she claimed herself, and yet it was her French forebears who had marked her face and character.

She was in my mind still, a soft, tender memory, when the skin concealing the entrance was lifted and she stood in the narrow opening looking in. I could see her slender, lightly poised form outlined against the fire, but seemingly her eyes could not penetrate the darkness within. An instant she hesitated, leaning slightly forward.

"Monsieur."

"Yes," I said eagerly, already on my feet. "I was longing for you to come."

She came forward cautiously, guided by the sound of my voice, leaving the entrance open, permitting me to glimpse the guard without, facing the opening.

"You have come to help us, mademoiselle?" I whispered, bending so close her hair brushed my lips. "You feel that our need is that desperate?"

"I must do right," she answered, yet without lifting her eyes to mine, "as God tells me. I pray to him for guidance. You are white men and Christians; you came to the Wyandots on a mission of peace. What is my duty, monsieur? I also am Christian, and only a drop of Indian blood flows in my veins. Yet all my life have I been Indian. How can I turn against my own people?"

"I cannot think that you do," I urged as she paused, breathing heavily. "The Wyandots have been falsely led, deceived. They have been driven into this war by the lies of white men. Would we be in danger now if our fate was left to a council of Wyandot chiefs?"

"No; they would listen to me, and believe. It is Hamilton and his white aides who refuse to hear the story. I went to his tepee twice, and was turned away—the last time with insults, as though I were an unknown squaw."

"How, then, did you gain permission to come here?"

"I waited until he left the camp. There are but two white men here to-night, and one of them is Girty. I like not the man, but he seems friendly to you, and so I trust him. He suggested that I come, and told me something which gave me courage. He had heard a word dropped by Hamilton which made him suspect your lives were at stake. He dare not act openly, but he sent me to tell you this, and to whisper to you his plan. It was easy for me to come here with Hamilton away. The guards are Wyandots, and I had only to ask the chief to let me dress Monsieur Brady's wounds. He had not been warned against me, and suspected nothing. The Englishman who was left in command was led by Girty to the other end of the village. When the chief sought him, he was not to be found, and so I was given permission."

She stepped silently back to the entrance, and glanced out into the firelight, returning as swiftly to clasp my sleeve.

"Listen, monsieur; I must speak fast, for I know not who may suspect us. Now mark every word, for 'tis a desperate chance. Two hours from now be ready. We must work tonight, while Hamilton is away. I will somehow draw the

from this side—here, next to river, monsieur. When you hear an owl hoot three times creep beneath the skins and down the bank to the water's edge. You must move like foxes, for there will be sleeping warriors to pass. Go down stream."

"And then?" I asked breathlessly, as she stopped to glance behind.

"A quarter of a mile below, at the end of the village, around a sharp bend, Girty will have a canoe tied to a tree that overhangs the water. It will be in shadow, and concealed by brush. He has promised to put into it food, paddles and one gun. You must hide during daylight—are you sure you understand all?"

"Yes; that is clear, but I must ask a question—where is St. Clair?"

"I do not know exactly, but he is marching toward the little Wabash; he seeks to destroy the Miami towns."

"With what force?"

"Less than two thousand, the scouts say. He only expects to meet the Indians of the Wabash."

A head was thrust through the flap, and a gruff voice spoke in a strange language. The girl's fingers pressed mine firmly, and then she turned and went out in silence. As she passed out of the opening her hand dropped the skin, leaving the interior in darkness.

I stood motionless, listening to the many sounds without, hardly conscious yet that she had gone. The hot blood was throbbing in my veins, but it was caused by no thought of the dangers confronting me. At that moment she alone occupied my mind. Then slowly her message recurred, forcing its way in upon my consciousness with insistence. Tonight—our escape must be made within two short hours. I stepped forward to awaken Brady, but

now, with my brain cleared, a sudden suspicion came. Was this honest planning? Was the desire back of it actually our escape? Or was it born of treachery? Not for an instant did I question her—the purity and truth of her purpose—but Simon Girty. Why should he scheme to help us? Never before had I heard his name spoken as any harbinger of mercy to the frontier. I recalled his ugly face, his narrow, furtive eyes, and my doubt of him increased. The plan was too easy, too well oiled, to be altogether natural.

I shook Brady awake, told him all that had occurred, so far as related to our effort, but without voicing my suspicion.

Twice we started at the distant hoot of an owl, but it was not repeated. Then, at last, the signal came, sounding near at hand, from somewhere down the stream. Brady went first, worming his way silently beneath the flap, and the instant he disappeared, I followed. There was a slight gully to our left, and we crept into it, keeping down out of the gleam of fire. Lying side by side at the edge of the water he put his lips close to my ear.

"On your back, lad, with only the nose out; stroke easy, and let the current carry you down."

He lowered himself into the stream, which was deep to the shore, as silently as a ghost. A dozen feet away I lost sight of him entirely amid the dim, dancing shadows. Then I followed with equal caution, my face turned up to the sky. It was a dark night, but with a few stars visible peeping down through rifts of cloud. The small river was not wide, nor the current particularly swift, and I had not been carried far down stream when the overhanging branches of the opposite bank gave shelter. I drew myself ashore, and sat there, shivering in my wet clothes, the night air chill, and stared anxiously about, and across to the shore we had just left. The heavy, dark woods were silent; I could hear a scurrying in the bushes at the top of the bank, but it was only the frightened flight of some startled wild animal. There was no sign of alarm, or excitement.

I moved down the shore cautiously, keeping well below the concealing bank until I found Brady. He was crouched in the shadow of a great tree root, his whole attention riveted on the opposite side.

"There are no signs of pursuit?"

"Not that I can see. I have watched here some minutes, but there has been no movement along the bank. We will move on down stream."

It was hard walking amid the tangled roots, and we made slow work of it. Brady, in advance, stumbled once or twice, and I noticed, held one hand pressed against his side as though from pain, breathing heavily. To our left, but some distance away, a voice called, and was answered by another. So, tolling on, we came to a sharp bend in the stream.

"It must be about opposite here, Hayward," he said stopping, "the girl told you the boat would be. What is that lumping shadow yonder? Your eyes are younger than mine."

I looked where he pointed, shading my eyes, and gradually focusing the outlines until they assumed definite shape.

"Yes, monsieur," she said, her lips trembling. "I will go with you."

The dawn found me with the paddle, but Rene still wide awake. There was a thin gray fog over the river. A

"You see no movement?"

I strained my eyes, searching the



A Head Was Thrust Through the Flap and a Gruff Voice Spoke.

dark shore inch by inch, but could perceive nothing; the lights of the fires were far away.

"It is still as death over there."

He shot a swift glance at me, as if the words pleased him little. In the dim starshine his face appeared ghastly white.

"Perhaps the days of miracles are not gone," he said doubtfully, "and Girty may have played fair. Anyhow there is nothing to be done now but test it. Come on, lad; we'll take to water again."

The cheerful note in his voice bolstered my own courage. We swam straight this time, with steady stroke, our eyes scanning the bank we were approaching. And the canoe was there, smuggled under the leaning tree, bow to bank, rendered shapeless by a covering of broken branches. We lay hold of the sides, standing waist deep in water, our eyes searching the high bank towering dark above us. There was no movement, no sound, and I lowered the branches one by one into the water, and permitted them to float silently down stream.

Concealed by the shade of the great tree I waded cautiously ashore and crept out into a maze of roots. The

higher bank rose sheer before me. To the right there was an opening, as if a trail led down to the river, and revealed there against the upper sky, something more. For an instant I could tell no more; then I recognized a human figure stealing cautiously toward me through the gloom. It moved silently as a spirit, and my heart beat fiercely as I rose up and stared. She was close upon me before I was sure.

"Rene."

"Oh, a little catch in the quick whisper; 'then—then it is you; how did you come here?'"

I drew her back into the deeper shadow, and told her the brief story in swift words, clinging to her hands, as I held her close. I could not distinguish her face, but she listened, her soft breath on my cheek.

"Oh, I am so glad—so glad, monsieur. I did not know until after I gave the signal. I—I came down here to be sure—to, to say good-by," she faltered, "and—and saw them waiting."

"Then it was treachery? The purpose was to kill us? Girty lied?"

"Yes, monsieur. You—you will not believe I knew? That I suspected such a thing?"

My handclasp tightened.

"No, dear, no; go on. Where are the men?"

"Most of them, ten or twelve as near as I could make out, are in a ravine at the edge of the camp, yonder close to the shore. There are three others up above here, hiding behind the bank."

"I see; the attack was to be made by those above as we crept along, and if either of us got away those three devils were to complete the job."

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the Woods.

"You must get into the canoe, Rene," I said shortly. "Come, we have no time to lose."

"I monsieur?"

"Yes, you; I am not going to leave you here for Hamilton to wreak his rage on. There is no time to argue now."

"But, monsieur—"

"Never mind that; will you go as I say?"

There was a silvery gleam of star or her upturned face, and I could see her eyes, startled, puzzled, half frightened, gazing up into mine. Then the pug lashes drooped over them.

"Yes, monsieur," she said, her lips trembling. "I will go with you."

The dawn found me with the paddle, but Rene still wide awake. There was a thin gray fog over the river. A

turned to purple as the light strengthened, and we were at the apex of a great bend, the course of the stream ahead leading into the northwest. That was not our direction, and besides I felt if there was pursuit it would be safer far ashore. Just as the sun broke through the mist we came unexpectedly to the mouth of a small stream leading into the main river from the south. So thoroughly was it concealed by a thick growth of bushes, that we would have slipped by, had I not been skirting the shore closely, seeking some such opening. I headed the canoe straight in, pressing aside the branches to gain passage, and found beyond a narrow creek, up which we managed to paddle for several hundred yards. Then I stepped overboard, and dragged the light craft still higher, until I discovered a place of concealment behind a huge rotting log.

Here we left it, Rene and I bearing with us the guns and our small store of provisions. I had cut a cane for Brady, and, with its help, he managed to get along slowly, although sight of his face made my heart ache. Thus in single file we waded up the tiny stream, until we attained a ledge of rocks where our feet would leave no trail. Over these we toiled, helping each other, until we came to the upland, into an open forest, carpeted with autumn leaves. By this time Brady was too exhausted to go further, sinking helplessly on the ground. Rene also looked worn and heavy-eyed, and I had no heart to urge them on. We ate sparsely of what food we had, but Brady barely touched his portion. I wrapped him in our only blanket, and the three of us slept.

It was the gray dawn when mademoiselle awoke me, shaking me soundly ere I could be aroused. That something was wrong I perceived instantly from the expression of her face, and sat up, glancing hastily about, expecting the approach of savages.

"What is it?"

"He is gone, monsieur! Monsieur Brady is gone."

"Gone! You mean left camp. Why that is impossible; he could barely walk."

"But he is not here, monsieur," she insisted. "See; it was there he lay. I will tell you all I know. I woke up in the night and thought of him, of how hard it was for so strong a man to be so weak and ill. Then I got up and went over quietly to be sure he was all right. But he was awake, monsieur, staring up at the sky with eyes wide open. He saw me, and said he was nervous and could not sleep. No, he told me he was not in pain, but complained of being cold. I spread more leaves over him, and he said that was better. Then—then he took my hand and kissed it, and begged me to go back and—and lie down. He was very nice and gentle, and smiled at me. So I went back, and crept into my leaves, and tried to sleep. He did not move, yet I lay there a long while thinking. I—I think I cried a little, monsieur, for I felt so sorry. At last I slept again. It was just a little light when I awoke once more, and my first memory was of him. I went over there and—and he was gone. I could see where he had rested in the leaves, and the blanket on the ground, but—he was not there. I sought for him, but

there was no trace—nothing. So I came and woke you."

I was on my feet, a feeling of dread tugging at my heart. I felt that I already knew what had happened, yet I could not tell her—not now, not until I was sure.

"He could not have gone far, Rene," I said hastily. "Perhaps to the river for a drink. Come, we will see."

The ground about the camp had been so trampled by our feet that, at first, I could not pick up the trail. Finally, taking a wider circle, I came upon softer soil and the imprint of his moccasins. I knew they were his because of one foot dragging, and the impression of his cane. They led down toward the river, and I followed swiftly, the girl close behind, until we stood at the edge of the stream. The man's trail ended there. I explored the bank for some distance up and down, but without result. There were tears glistening in Rene's eyes, as I came back—she also was beginning to understand. Without a word I waded out into the water, and swam across to the other shore. There was nothing there—no sign, no mark of any description—and I came back to where she waited, wading out with dripping garments to the bank.

"There—there was nothing, monsieur."

"Nothing," I answered gravely. "He has not crossed over." I hesitated an instant, but could not resist the questioning horror in her eyes. "You understand, do you not?"

"You—you think," she faltered, "that Monsieur Brady has—has killed himself?"

"He has given his life for others, my girl—for you and me, and those soldiers of St. Clair's."

She stood a moment, silent, tears on her cheeks, looking blindly out at the

water. Then she sank upon her knees, holding the crucifix against her face. I could see the movement of her lips, but heard nothing; only I knew that she prayed for his soul, and my own eyes were moist as I knelt beside her. Then I lifted her up by the hand, and we went back up the hill to the camp. There was nothing to hope for in waiting, and all our duty lay beyond. Without the exchange of a word we packed what few things we had, and started, following the bank of the stream.

It was a raw November morning that we came unexpectedly upon St. Clair's outpost. The ground was covered with snow, and the little pools were skimmed over with thin ice. It had been too cold to rest; and we had walked much of the night, afraid to build a fire. Chilled to the marrow by the icy wind that swept through the trees and buffeted us, I had wrapped the girl in our only blanket, fastening it about her head and face, hurt as I did so by the dumb, patient, bewildered look in her eyes. She tried to protest, yet at my first stern word ceased and wrapped herself closely in the folds. I was in front, breaking the trail that she might have easier marching, when suddenly a man stepped out of a thicket, and with gun at my breast roughly commanded a halt. I paused instantly, uncertain as to which side the challenger was on, yet a glance at his face and dress reassured me.

"Who are 'yer, an' what do yer want?" he asked suspiciously.

"I am an officer of the Fort Harmar garrison," I answered, "with news from the north. To what command do you belong?"

"The Kentucky militia," he acknowledged sullenly. "Colonel Oldham."

"Where is your colonel?"

"Back yonder on that rise of ground; you kin go on, but I'll keep an eye on yer."

We left him, following the direction pointed out, hearing him call to some one in our rear, yet paying no heed. The very ease with which he had passed us on was evidence enough of lax discipline, and small conception of the danger of the command. There was a plain track through the snow, which led to a camp fire blazing cheerily in a grove of trees, with maybe a dozen men clustered about it. No one appeared to notice us as we drew near.

"Which is Colonel Oldham?" I asked, glancing about the group. One stood up, a smooth-faced, ruddy-checked man of fifty, with iron-gray hair, and eyes that looked as if they laughed easily. I liked him at first glance.

"That is my name," he said shortly. "What is it? St. Denis, man!" as his glance swept over me, "you look as if you had been far from the settlements and had a hard trip."

"I have, sir; I come from the Maumee. I am an officer of regulars with news of importance for St. Clair."

"Every eye was on me, now and Oldham took a step nearer."

"The Maumee!" he exclaimed. "Ay, that is a journey. News for St. Clair, you say—what news? There was a rumor down below that the Indians of the northwest were mustering. Know you anything of that?"

"They have already mustered, sir. I was at their rendezvous. Eyes now they are at my heels—the whole of them, Shawnees, Miamis, Delawares, Wyandots, and for all I know, as many more. There are white renegades with them, and English officers I suspect. I saw Hamilton myself on the Maumee, and he evidently was managing affairs."

There was a muttering of voices, and Oldham let out an oath.

"Well, sir, I believe it, but I'll be hanged if you can make St. Clair. The arrogant old fool may listen to you, but I doubt even that. He thinks this is a pleasure party we are on. What do you think he did a week ago?"

I looked at him uncomplaining, stunned by such mutinous words openly spoken.

"Sent back a whole regiment of regulars on a wild-goose chase after deserters, and we within fifty miles of the Miami towns."

"What force have you here?"

"Less than fourteen hundred—all militia but one regiment. From the Maumee, ensign? And did you come through alone with that squaw?"

I glanced back at her, standing silently behind me, the blanket drawn over her head and face.

"Take it off, Rene," I said quietly.

"Yes, monsieur."

Her hands obediently threw the wrapping aside, permitting it to drape over her shoulders. She lifted her head, and stood facing them, with eyes

centering upon Oldham. He gasped, and jerked the hat from off his head.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "A white woman?"

"A French girl, sir, whom I found with the Wyandots. Can you send us back to St. Clair?"

He stared at her so long, hat still in hand, that I thought he did not hear. An officer touched him on the shoulder and spoke a word.

DIVERSIFICATION IS UP TO THE BANKER

MISSIONARY WORK NEEDED AMONG BANKERS AND MERCHANTS.

Co-Operation, Not Dictation, Need of Farmers.

At a meeting of the representatives of the Texas Bankers' Association and the Farmers' Union in Dallas recently, co-operative plans were adopted whereby the men who grow the cotton and the men who finance it will renew their efforts to hold the present crop for better prices and to diversify the planting next year. Mr. W. D. Lewis, President of the Farmers' Union, who represented that body at the meeting, gave out the following interview:

"The Farmers' Union renews its entreaties to all farmers to hold cotton and recommends that the farmers who must have money avail themselves of the co-operation of the banker in securing cotton loans. The Union is sending out a large corps of lecturers to urge holding cotton and diversifying next year's crop.

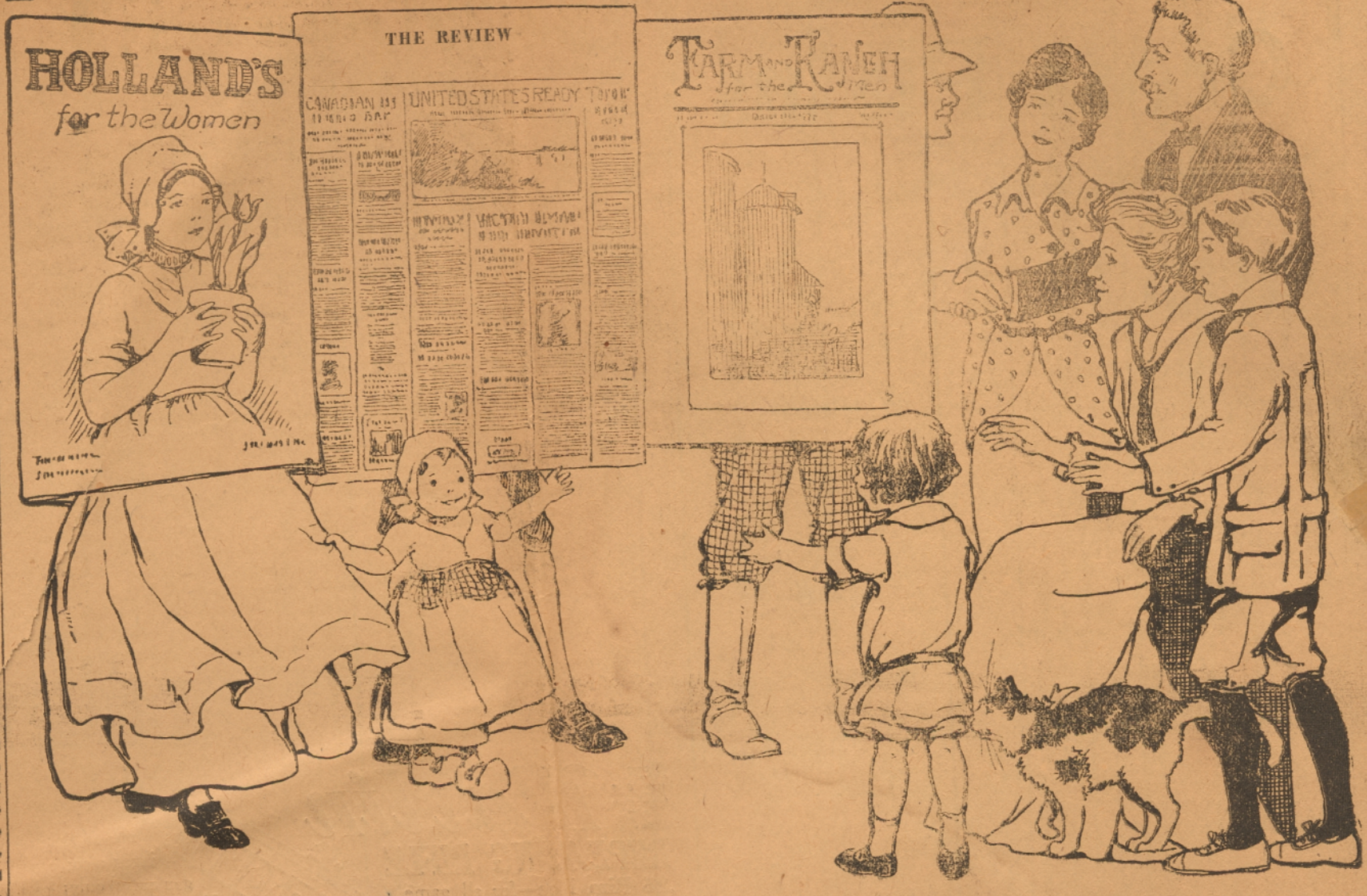
Too Much Free Advice.

"The banker in lending money is giving practical co-operation to the farmer in holding his crop after it is harvested and I want to suggest that the banker and the credit merchant extend the same character of co-operation to the farmer in producing the crop and then the problem of diversification is solved. Let the banker and the money lender announce that they will lend as much money on corn, wheat, oats and other crops as they will advance on cotton at the time of planting and we will have an era of diversification that will astonish all of us. In Texas, according to the most reliable data obtainable, at least two-thirds of the crop is mortgaged before it is planted and the farmer must take dictation from the banker and the merchant as to what he plants. There is little use to send lecturers to tell the farmer what to plant when he has no control over the crop. The banker and the merchant need lecturers to them as badly as the farmer and we think the lecture between them should be divided equally. A city man and the farmer for the bank suggest it is unfair to diversify and coerce the farmer. Let him the power of a diversified crop to finance the process of production. While in production, not dictation, co-operation. Agriculture is farmer bed-ridden with free advice. If the city man will come and to the soil and co-operate with the man who plows instead of basing his action upon type-written reports of book farmers, we will understand each other better and the south will blossom like a rose."

The following statement was issued from the joint meeting and signed by Mr. Lewis, Peter Radford and J. A. Kemp, Chairman Bankers' Committee:

"The farmers and bankers of Texas, through their representatives, being united in the determination to work and stand together in the matter of holding this year's crop and reducing the acreage of the 1915 crop at least 50 per cent, urge all who have cotton to sell none for less than \$8 a pound and we urge co-operation of all farmers, bankers and business men in this campaign, with absolute confidence that the price of 10c a pound can and will be reached in the near future."

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EVERY MAN interested in farming, whether as a profession or as a matter of pastime, will find much of interest and profit in Farm and Ranch. Besides being of real

value in the solving of his many problems and offering to him new and practical ideas in the carrying out of his work, the paper is a catalogue of nationally advertised goods that may be relied upon. Each number contains a department called "Our Farmers' Directory," which is a market and exchange place of Southwestern farm needs and products, and is watched by half a million readers weekly.

THIS family newspaper will keep you posted on all the local happenings. Telling you of the joys and sorrows of your friends and neighbors, and in fact, serving as a medium of information about everything going on in this community. Such state and foreign news as we think will be of interest is also published, and no home is complete without a copy of this paper each week.

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Can you afford to neglect this opportunity?

MARKETING WORLD'S GREATEST PROBLEM

We Are Long on Production, Short on Distribution.

By Peter Radford, Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The economic distribution of world's products is today the world's greatest problem and the war, while it has brought its hardships, has clearly emphasized the importance of distribution as a factor in American agriculture and presses to give the farmers the co-operation of the government and the business men the solution of their marketing problem.

This result will, in a measure, compensate us for our war losses, for the business interests and government have been in the main assisting almost exclusively on the production side of agriculture. While the department of agriculture has been dumping tons of literature on the farmer telling him how to produce, the farmer has been dumping tons of products in the nation's garbage can for want of a market.

The World Will Never Starve.

At no time since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden have the inhabitants of this world suffered from lack of production, but some people have gone hungry from the day of creation to this good hour for the lack of proper distribution. Slight variations in production have forced a change in diet and one locality has felt the pinch of want, while another surfeited, but the world as a whole has ever been a land of plenty.

We now have less than one-tenth of the tillable land of the earth's surface under cultivation, and we not only have this surplus area to draw on but it is safe to estimate that in case of dire necessity one-half of the earth's population could at the present time knock their living out of the trees of the forests rather than from wild vines and draw it from streams. No one should become alarmed; the world will never starve.

The consumer has always feared that the producer would not supply him and his fright has found expression on the statute books of our states and

nations, and the farmer has been urged to produce recklessly and without reference to a market, and regardless of the demands of the consumer.

Back to the Soil.

The city people have been urging each other to move back to the farm, but very few of them have moved. We welcome our city cousins back to the soil and this earth's surface contains 16,092,160,000 idle acres of tillable land where they can make a living by tickling the earth with a forked stick, but we do not need them so far as increasing production is concerned; we now have all the producers we can use. The city man has very erroneous ideas of agricultural conditions. The commonly accepted theory that we are short on production is all wrong. Our annual increase in production far exceeds our increase in population.

The World as a Farm.

Taking the world as one big farm, we find two billion acres of land in cultivation. Of this amount there is approximately 750,000,000 acres on the western and 1,260,000,000 acres on the eastern hemisphere, in cultivation. This estimate, of course,

does not include grazing lands, forests, etc., where large quantities of meat are produced.

The world's annual crop approximates fifteen billion bushels of cereals, thirteen billion pounds of fibre and sixty-five million tons of meat.

The world shows an average increase in cereal production of 13 per cent, during the past decade, compared with the previous five years, while the world's population shows an increase of only 3 per cent.

The gain in production far exceeds that of our increase in population, and it is safe to estimate that the farmer can easily increase production 25 per cent, if a remunerative market can be found for the products.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee Jones have
moved to Stephenville where Lee
has the agency for the Gulf Refining
Co.'s products. He has sold
his ice vault to E C Neeb. We wish
Lee and family well in their new
home.

Get your lady a nice velvet rug
for \$2.95
McCord's Bargain House

Nothing nicer for Xmas. or birth-
day present than a book. See
Ussery

Nice stock of Xmas books at
Usserys Book Store (adv)

Little boys and girls, meet me at
McCord's Bargain House. There
you will see toys, toys, toys!
OldSantie

C S Kenady and family are pre-
paring to move to Stonewall county
Mr. Kenady has lived in Callahan
county for quite a while, where he
has made many friends who regret
to see him and his family move
from this section, and who will wel-
come them back any time they wish
to return home.

Do not overlook the stock
of cloaks for all the family
at Carters

Xmas. candies for 15c the pound
McCord's Bargain House

Stock must be reduced,
At Carter's.

Get our prices on a good book.
Ussery

If you have not attended
the Cost Sale at Carter's
you are the loser.

Mrs. Sam Westerman, Jr., enter-
tained a few of her young friends
with a rook party Saturday evening

It seldom happens that
you can buy goods at
wholesale prices, but now
is your chance,
At Carter's

Husband

Make your wife a present of a
nice kitchen cabinet, something
worth buying that will last.—Furni-
ture Store.

WE LEAD

This horse is a history maker for
low prices and its sales are growing
all the time. Its immense patronage
is an evidence of its popularity with
the people.—The Racket Store.

Do Something For Our School

This is our school and it needs a
laboratory and library very badly
We, the pupils, are going to get
them if you will help us. We are
preparing and will play "Mrs. Briggs
of the poultry yard" Friday
evening Dec. 18 at the school
auditorium. This is a very humorous
play and will be sure to please you.
Help us in our undertaking by
coming to the performance.

Very sincerely,
The pupils of the Cross Plains
High School.

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Made
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Use both regular and
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Powerful enough for deer, safe
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Our sale is still going on and will continue
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