

# The Cross Plains Review

VOL. XX

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1929

No. 13

## A CHECKING ACCOUNT WITH THIS BANK IS A BUSINESS RECOMMENDATION

One of the best business recommendations you can give to any business concern in this community is the fact that you have a checking account in this bank. They know that we do not carry accounts unless they are sponsored by responsible men.

Better get this recommendation behind your name as quickly as possible.

## THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

—Read Our Messages Appearing In Farm and Ranch—



OF CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

EDITOR OF SIMMONS BRAND



JACK SCOTT

Son of Mrs. Geo. B. Scott, of Cross Plains, who was recently elected Editor of the Simmons Brand, for the next year. Jack has made a fine record in Simmons University the past year.

LEWIS T. NORDYKE



The above is a photograph of Lewis T. Nordyke, popular editor-in-chief of the Grassbur, published by the students of John Tarleton Agricultural College, Stephenville, Texas. Lewis Nordyke is the young son of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Nordyke of the Cottonwood community. He has received many honorable mentions for the excellent grades he has made during the four years he has been a student in the institution. He graduated this term with an average of 88.62. The commencement edition of the Grassbur is a master piece of work, reflecting great credit to the college which it represents.

JENE WAGNER



### FORMER CROSS PLAINS YOUNG MAN PROMOTED

Jene Wagner, who a few years ago was employed with the Higginbotham lumber yards in Cross Plains, and who is well known to many people in this community, has been moved from Ranger to Fort Worth, by the Fort Worth Building and Loan Association, with whom he has recently become connected. He will serve the association in its investment department in the city and will also direct its agencies in West Texas. Wagner has had several years experience in handling building and loan investments for associations in Texas, being responsible for a substantial increase in the assets of the associations he has served.

Miss Virginia Payne is visiting with Miss Ila Mae Little at Abilene this week.

### MISS JEWELL CASEY WINS \$3,595 PRIZE

(Brownwood Bulletin)  
Miss Jewel Casey, 1614 Main Blvd., Brownwood Heights, who for the past nine years has been bursar of Howard Payne College, has received a notice from a northern magazine publication informing her that she has won the grand prize of \$3,595 offered by a concern for the best answer sent in on a "puzzle contest" which was launched about three months ago.

This was a national contest and the winner of the prize could have choice of \$3,595 cash, or a new Studebaker sedan or smaller car and \$500 in cash. Miss Casey accepted the former prize. It is said that Miss Casey thought little of winning a prize when she entered about three months ago, and was surprised to receive a telegram announcing her as winner of the grand prize.

Miss Jewell, who formerly lived at Cottonwood and Cross Plains, has received a check for the above amount.

### CROSS CUT PARTIES AND DUPUTY ARRESTED

Brownwood county has undergone a recent liquor selling cleanup. According to Brownwood report a deputy sheriff, together with a number from the Cross Cut and Blake communities, are the latest arrests for selling intoxicating liquors.

Sheriff M. H. Denman arrested E. A. Barton at his home, a mile and a half west of Blake, Thursday evening of last week. Barton was made a deputy about five weeks ago, but has made no arrests during the time he held his commission. When taken into custody the sheriff took his gun and commission, tearing up the latter.

No liquor was found on his place, the sheriff said, but he said he had several charges already filed against the man.

An examining trial was held before Judge E. T. Perkinson Friday morning and Barton was held over for the grand jury, his bond being fixed at \$1,000.

During the same trip into the north end of the county Thursday evening the sheriff and his deputies arrested W. J. Hancock and E. B. Blackburn, also of Blake, and Houston Davis and V. A. Davis of Cross Cut, all four men being charged with selling.

This brings the total number of liquor arrests in Brown County to about 50, all made within the past two weeks.

### FOUR GRADUATED FROM CROSS CUT SCHOOL

The Cross Cut School was out Friday. They have four graduating this year. They are Inez Baucum, Thelma Prater, Ila Gayle Jones and Lois Clark.

The Cross Cut farmers have fine crops, and a good many are cutting their wheat.

### JUNE BUG EPIDEMIC FORECAST

A wide spread epidemic of June bugs is predicted for this year by scientists connected with the New York Botanical Garden. These large brown or greenish bugs appear periodically. The insects spend years as white grub worms growing beneath the ground and eating the roots of trees. When they are ready to reproduce, they emerge as winged June bugs, lay their eggs and soon die.

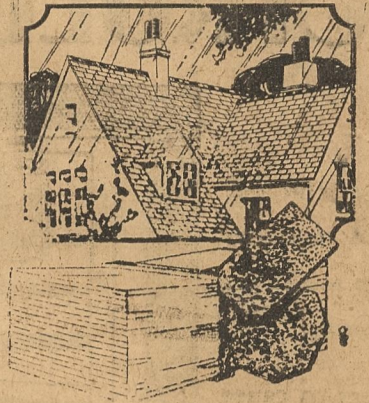
### PREHISTORIC ELEPHANT STANDS 18 FEET HIGH

Norman, Ok.—The bones of a prehistoric elephant, one of the most complete skeletons ever found in the Southwest, have been unearthed by University of Oklahoma scientists.

Dr. C. E. Decker, professor of paleontology, believes it was an elephant Jeffersonicus.

The skeleton when mounted will stand eighteen feet high. Its teeth are as large as a human skull.

Who will be the bride?



## A Leak

May Cause Damage Many Times the Cost of a Roof

A leaky roof, a good hard rainstorm—and many times the cost of a new roof is spent in repairing damages. On top of that you have to spend the money for a new roof. Have it repaired now. We have all the materials.

**CROSS PLAINS LUMBER COMPANY**  
Phone 18 S. R. Jackson, Mgr

### BAND TO HONOR DECEASED LEADER

As a means of expressing their appreciation and remembrance of a former leader of the Cross Plains Band, Bruce Mac Quaide who died here a few years ago, members of the band have placed a tombstone at his grave in the local cemetery, and will conduct a special musical program at the grave Sunday afternoon, June 16th.

Miss Lillian Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jones, was a recent visitor in Cross Plains. Miss Lillian is now employed as bookkeeper for the Packard Auto Company in Fort Worth, and just before coming to Cross Plains she had returned from her summer vacation trip, during which time she visited Galveston, New Orleans and Birmingham, and relates having a delightful sight-seeing time. She made the Gulf trip by vessel from Galveston to New Orleans.

C. K. Hunter, prominent Brownwood druggist, was a visitor in Cross Plains last Sunday.

### CAR DESTROYED BY FIRE ON HIGHWAY

A Ford sedan, owned and driven by Ruben Booth, living in the southeast part of Cross Plains, was almost totally destroyed by fire on the Coleman highway, near the Roy Cowan farm, late Sunday evening. The fire was first felt by the drivers feet, which originated around the engine. It is believed the fire was caused from a defective connection of the ignition wires. Upon first notice of the fire the driver left the car in haste, but the sudden flames were of such proportion and spread through the car so rapidly, that all efforts to extinguish them were futile.

Will H. Mayes of Austin former Lieutenant Governor of Texas and a brother of H. F. Mayes of the Brownwood Bulletin, was a visitor at the Review office Tuesday afternoon of this week.

Harvey Dennis will leave Sunday for Sterling City, where he will lead in the meeting being held there.

## Not Even a Microscope Can Find Any Dirt

After we finish cleaning a garment

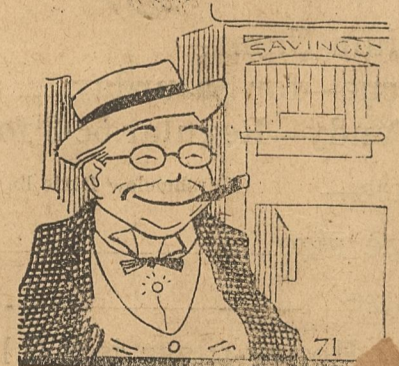
it takes more than a microscope to find any dirt. Our special process removes every particle of ingrained as well as surface dirt. Send us a garment today that we may prove our claims to you. We call and deliver—phone 27.

## JIM SETTLE'S DRY CLEANING

"ENEMY TO DIRT"

PHONE 27

U.B. Shifty



LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

Even if you are banking with us, or with some other institution, we hope that you will visit us often.

Our duties, very naturally, confine us to our offices, but with the harvest season close at hand, we feel that we might be of some personal service.

THAT, you know, is our job in this community.

## THE FIRST STATE BANK

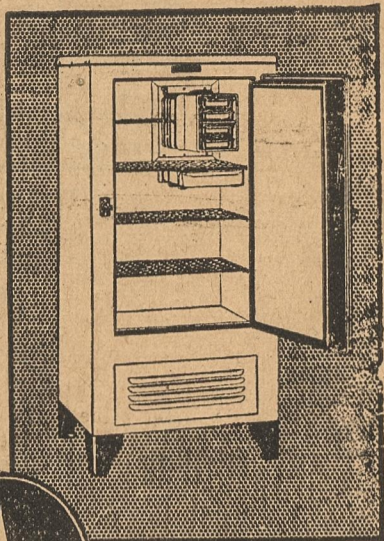
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

M. E. Wakefield, President, George B. Scott, Cashier  
J. A. Barr, Vice-President, J. D. Conlee, Ass't Cashier  
Tom Bryant, Vice-President, A. R. Clark, Ass't Cashier  
E. I. Vestal, Noah Johnson, Tom Bryant and J. B. Eubank, John P. Newton, Paul V. Harrell, Directors

FREEZE WITH HEAT  The ELECTROLUX Refrigerator

# No MACHINERY to cause Repair Bills in the new ELECTROLUX

The Gas Refrigerator has no moving parts to wear, need oiling or to make the slightest sound



NO machinery to cause trouble... no moving parts to make the slightest noise... Electrolux costs less to run and brings more comfort than any other refrigerating system. A tiny gas flame and a mere trickle of water do all the work of making cold.



The Kitchenette model is ideal for the small family. It has food capacity of 4 cubic feet—makes 36 large ice cubes between meals.

Drop into our display rooms and see the many advantages of the marvelous Gas Refrigerator. For a small deposit you can have one

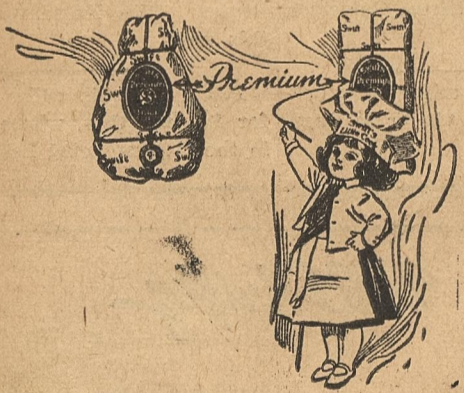
installed in your home. The balance in convenient easy payments. Come in today. **ELECTROLUX** THE GAS REFRIGERATOR MADE BY SVEVIL

## Cross Plains Hardware Co.

## Piggly - Wiggly

ON NORTH MAIN STREET  
W D SMITH, Manager

### Specials For Saturday



- Swifts Premium Hams— 30c
- Fresh Barbacue—for Saturday 35c lb.
- Brown Bar Candy—Regular 5c-3 for 10c
- Browns' Cakes— (Marshmallow Dixie lb.) 19c
- Catsup—large size 23c
- Olives—qt. size 49c
- Uvalde Comb Honey-glass jars-3 lbs. 59c
- Long Horn Cheese 28c
- Matches—Carton 19c
- Fly Gas—pt. reg. 75c 63c
- Fly Gas—qt. reg. \$1.25 \$1.16

Spray free with each purchase

- Browns' Crackers—3 lbs. B. C. C. 39c
- All Gold Coffee—3 lbs. \$1.44
- Shoe Polish—Dye and Shine 39c

PLENTY FRESH TOMATOES  
PRICED RIGHT

5,000 People Now Read the  
Cross Plains Review Each Week

#### BURKETT NEWS

##### J. P. HELMS DIED MONDAY

Many friends and relatives were saddened by the death of one of our old pioneer citizens, Mr. J. P. Helms, better known as Uncle Patten Helms, Monday, June 10th.

He is survived by eleven children, six boys and five girls, fifty three grand-children, forty-six great grand children, two sisters, and one brother.

Uncle Patten Helms, was born February 27th., 1842, and came to Texas, in 1870, and came to Brown County in 1877, and since then has been residing on his home place here for forty-four years.

Uncle Patten Helms, will be missed from our midst, and our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved.

Misses June and Wanda Mead who have been attending school in Oklahoma, are at home for the summer with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Baker of Ballenger, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank King of Cross Plains, were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wright, and daughter, Alpha, are visiting in Lubbock, this week.

Misses Cleo Golson, Vera Baker, Virgie Moore, Thelma Wilson, and Mr. Leroy Golson, visited Mrs. Walter Chambers, Mrs. Earl John, and Mrs. Lancaster, Sunday afternoon, who are in the Sealy Hospital at Santa Anna, as results from appendicitis operations.

Miss Ophelia Wesley of Amarillo, is visiting here.

Misses Viran and Gathalee Brady are visiting in Wink and other places.

##### AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Saturday, 9 o'clock A. M., Sunbeam Band.

Sunday, 9:45 A. M. Sunday School.

11 o'clock A. M., Preaching by the Pastor.

7:15 P. M., B. Y. P. U. Meetings.

8:30 P. M., Preaching by the Pastor.

Monday, 4 o'clock P. M., W. M. U. meetings in circles.

Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., Prayer meeting.

Beginning Sunday, June 16th, the night services will be held under the big tabernacle back of the Church. Cool, comfortable seats will be found here, and we invite you, one and all, to come and worship with us. You will enjoy the comfort of this fine meeting place, and we trust your soul will be uplifted by the services. You will find a warm welcome at all our services.

A. E. HILL, Pastor.

##### BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ENJOYED A PICNIC

The Intermediate department of the Baptist Sunday School enjoyed a picnic Wednesday at Webbville. Lots of good eats were to be had, and fishing and swimming were among the amusements. The classes present were: Mmes. Wimberley, Watson, Buatt and Messrs. Gatlan and Marsh. Mrs. O. M. Hunter is supt.

##### L. M. BOND MOVES JEWELRY STORE

L. M. Bond has moved his Jewelry Store from West Eighth street to the Golson Building on South Main street. The interior of the building was remodeled and conveniently arranged for his jewelry and optical business.

Mrs. L. B. Lindley and niece, Miss Josephine Bain, of Kerens, Texas are visiting with Mrs. Lindley's daughter, Mrs. Sheppard, on East eighth street.

Misses Mable Jones and Doris Placke have returned from a two weeks visit with Mrs. H. B. Gregory at Dublin.

H. C. Gracey of Rising Star, was a Cross Plains business visitor Monday.

Mmes. Otho Lydia and Russell Hart of Baird, visited with their sister, Mrs. Geo. B. Scott, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Henderson of Dressy, visited in Cross Plains Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lowe and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Lowe enjoyed Sunday at Bass Lake in Gorman.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Gunn of Coleman, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Harder of Putnam, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Noel one day last week.

As a gesture of economy, Congress may continue in session until after the Fourth of July so the country can have some extra fireworks for nothing.

A farmer who recently declared that he wouldn't shave again until the farmers got relief, has received a monogram mustache cup from his Congressman.

#### CONDOLENCE

Whereas, God our creator and redeemer, has seen fit to take from our midst and fellowship, one of our most loyal and beloved members of the Knights of Pythias Lodge, Brother and Knight Geo. B. Scott, and

Whereas, in the departure of our beloved brother Scott, we have suffered the loss of one, who has been a devoted member to our lodge, and one who has practiced it in his every day life, and

Whereas, our Lodge not only suffers the loss of Brother Scott as a member, but as a true and faithful Knight and worker, and

Whereas, his sudden and untimely death has brought sorrow to his wife and family as well numerous friends, and

Be it received that we, the officers and members of Cross Plains Knights of Pythias Lodge, No. 472 Drape our charter for a period of thirty days in memory of our deceased brother, and bow our heads in humble submission to the will of God our great Father, who knows all, Therefore: Be it resolved.

1. That we express our thanks to God and man for the privilege of once having a brother as noble as he, who has gone to his reward.

2. That we extend to the family and all of the bereaved our sincerest sympathy, as we share with them this great loss of one we loved.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our Sister, Mrs. Scott, that a copy be published in The Cross Plains Review and a copy be spread upon the minutes of our order.

Eternally Yours,  
A. J. Gensley, K. R. S.  
A. J. Crabb, O. G.  
Committee

One unpleasant task of entering politics is entertaining politicians.

### A SPECIAL OFFER TO HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES AND UNEMPLOYED TEACHERS

There is a wonderful opportunity in business for the unemployed teacher and the high school graduate. Because of your unusual literary qualifications, business concerns prefer you. You make better trained office employees.

No matter what your circumstances are, should have a business training. Even though you plan to enter college, you should first have a business training and then you have a better chance to work your way through college.


We have a novel yet simple plan that is helping hundreds of high school graduates, college drop-outs and former teachers, through our school. Our plan will enable you to find school regardless of your financial circumstances. You can arrange to pay a greater portion of the expenses of your course after you are placed on a business man's pay roll.

Now is the time to begin. By entering now you will complete your courses during the fall months when business is better and when more positions are usually open.

Because of its reputation for turning out competent graduates, we have selected the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, as the school that we can best recommend. It is one of the oldest and most widely known business school. We can assist you in entering their school and to learn of our plan just clip the coupon below and mail to either us or to the Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas. You will not be obligated, so send in your request immediately.

STUDENT LOAN FUND  
ASSOCIATION  
Box 826,  
Tyler, Texas

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

 Cross Plains Chapter No. 455, Order of Eastern Star, meets first and third Monday nights of each month. Visiting members cordially invited. Mrs. Alma King, Secretary.

Mrs. Nina Orrell, W. M.

The hair is Woman's crowning glory. How about yours?

DORTHEA BEAUTY SHOP.  
Phone 15.

B. F. Russell L. B. Lewis

RUSSELL & LEWIS  
Attorneys-at-Law  
Practice in Civil Courts  
BAIRD, TEXAS

## Review

### JOB PRINTING

### DEPARTMENT

### Fine Commercial Printing

# COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL

Copyright by Doubleday, Doran & Co.  
by **Lowell Thomas**

and that she might pass safely and even have an opportunity to torpedo the Glasgow. The cruiser instantly opened fire and blew the poor, inoffensive cargo steamer out of the water. It was only when they examined the wreckage that they discovered that they had made a mistake and sunk a British freighter! Meanwhile the Moewe had escaped once more.

Nor was that the only ship the British sank by mistake. They shelled two harmless sailing vessels to pieces, mistaking them for our Seeadler. It all came about because of one of those familiar war rumors, a rumor to the effect that we were already somewhere off the Australian coast. An Australian cruiser encountered a Scandinavian three-master, and they seemed to think she was behaving queerly. Word had been passed around that the Seeadler carried torpedoes. So the cruiser thought she had better not run any chance of being blown up. She opened fire at long range. Only ten men aboard the Scandinavian ship were saved. Later on the armored cruiser Kent sank another sailing vessel under similar circumstances in the Pacific.

Sailors since Magellan, by Joe, have talked about the storms around Cape Horn. Sea stories usually have something about the tough times rounding the Cape. I had seen those storms myself when I had sailed in the forecastle, and as a naval officer I had many a time told tales to my brother officers of gales and tempests I had witnessed in an old windjammer rounding Horn. But our trip this voyage was to be the most unusual of all. If the storms held us back, the cruisers would be almost certain to catch us. We had sailed south in fine time, and if we made a quick passage round that boisterous tip of South America, we might slip into the wide Pacific and continue our raids.

Well, we ran into the dirtiest weather off the Horn, gales and hurricanes. Why, there were days when even with our motor running we could make no headway at all. It took us three weeks to beat our way through the gales and around the point. By that time, the cruisers lay there in wait for us, not just one or two, but a whole half dozen of them.

Ordinarily, a sailing ship tries to hug Cape Horn as closely as it can, keeping quite near land. If you veer too far to the south, you run into icebergs. Navigating among icebergs with the wind whistling through your rigging is enough to give any skipper the chills. So the storms had held us up, and now our best chance probably would be to steer as wide a course to the south as possible, whether safe or not. The mountains of ice were there, and a hurricane was blowing. But we considered the ice the lesser of two evils. The British watch to the Far South was bound to be less vigilant than up nearer the Cape. We must try to sail around them. So, ho for the Antarctic!

On our way through the blockade, we had steered into the Arctic. Now here we were heading into the Antarctic. To make it pleasant, by Joe, the weather, which had been quite decent to us on the way South, changed in order to give us a regular Cape Horn welcome. It turned into a veritable hurricane. Nevertheless, we were determined to carry as much sail as possible. Risky, but we had to take chances in the hope of getting through. As the tempest increased, not even the Seeadler dared carry more than a rag or two of lower sail. With this we tried to hold our way. Through the mist we saw a great wall. It came moving toward us. A vast wall of white, an iceberg. The wind was driving this white specter through the water, and we had to veer off in order to avoid collision.

To the north were the cruisers, and here, but a few hundred yards away, an equally relentless enemy bearing down upon us, as though determined to turn us into the arms of our pursuers. A shout to the helmsman. Determined as we were to go no farther north, we knew we could do no more than hug the Antarctic ice field.

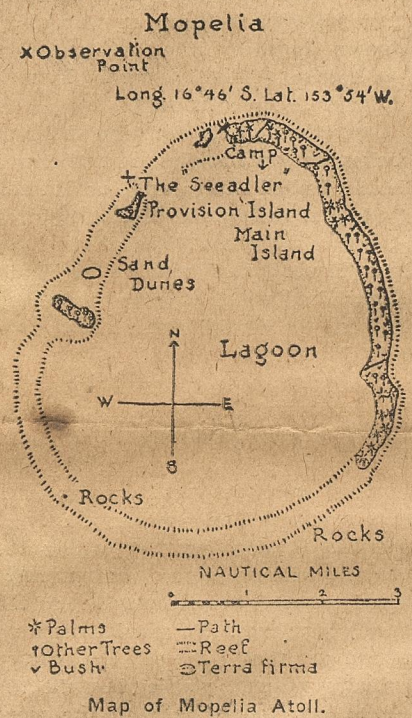
The mountain of ice nearest us seemed coming closer and closer—nine times as much ice below the water as above. As every schoolboy knows, if a berg looms up two hundred feet above the waves, its base extends eighteen hundred feet below the surface! How far its sharp hard edges and spurs may extend on either side you never can tell unless one of them rips open your hull. The best way to avoid running into a spur is to turn and run the other way. An iceberg carries neither lights, lighthouses, buoys, nor sirens. She is a cold, calculating, merciless Circe, and the wise mariner gives her a wide berth. Some of us thought the berg was six thousand feet long while others thought it much more than that. We were so near it that we could hear the clattering and squawking of the thousands of sea gulls that swarmed around the ice mountain. In the wild heaving sea, the berg rolled like some

mammoth ship. There were cracking sounds as the heaving ice strained and split. Once, under the stress of the movement, one whole vast corner broke off with a tremendous rending and tearing. The block, as big as a skyscraper, crashed into the sea, and before it could start off on a cruise of its own dashed it into the berg with a noise like thunder, and this continued time and again as the parent berg drove its husky offspring before it.

Suddenly, there came an ominous scraping sound. The Seeadler quivered, and our blood fairly froze. We had grazed a submerged snout of ice. In such a sea, there would have been no chance to launch lifeboats. Although we had not staved in our hull, nevertheless, the ship had sprung a leak. No matter who was captain. Everybody to the pumps. I took my place with the sailors in the hold, and we all fought to keep the water in check. The brush with the ice was a warning. We veered a bit more to the north, and with pumps working madly, passed the berg. The wind wrenched us, the waves struck us hard, but we kept on, beating our way to the Pacific and pumping.

"Cruiser ahoy!" I saw through the storm a twenty-three thousand ton auxiliary cruiser, I believe it was the *Otranto*, a converted passenger liner, fast and well armed, capable of blowing us out of the water before our little gun could throw a shell halfway to her.

"Hard aport," I shouted. The ship shook as the helm was forced over, and the wind nearly turned us bottom side up. Storm or



no storm, we were all dead men if that cruiser ever caught us.

"Set all sails." We must risk it and run with all our canvas before the hurricane, and perhaps, somehow, we knew not how, in the shelter of the storm, we might be lucky enough to evade the cruiser.

Only men who have been to sea in windjammers can imagine what it is to set sail in a hurricane. The canvas whipped as though a devil had taken hold of it. The masts bent under the force of the wind as it blasted against the sails. The ship and its rigging creaked and groaned as though crying out against the sudden strain. So, with the combined force of the gale and our one-thousand-horse-power motor, we scudded southward. Suddenly, a flooding rain broke over us, a providential squall if there ever was one. "It was like a gift of heaven. It blotted us out from the cruiser."

"It is the hand of God," I shouted. "Our hour hasn't struck yet."

Under cover of the squall, we got away from there as fast as we could go, and after a few hours we felt certain we had given our pursuer the slip. In reality, we had not been pursued at all. The cruiser hadn't even seen us, and our lookout had been sharper than hers. We learned this from later reports. The ironical thing now would have been for us to have impaled the Seeadler on an iceberg in that mad sprint southward. But luck with us again. The storm blew itself out.

Still, we were not out of the danger zone. Days went by before we were safely out of that boisterous region and spreading our wings off the broad expanse of the Pacific. Cruisers were still watching for us, and we had to keep a constant lookout. Our problem now was how to put them off the scent.

The Seeadler carried twenty lifeboats and a corresponding equipment of life preservers. These were much more than enough for our crew. We had taken ten of them off captured

ships to accommodate our prisoners in case of necessity. Now we threw all these extra lifeboats overboard, taking care that on each boat and each life preserver was painted Seeadler. Our hope was that some of them would be picked up, and that the report would then be sent out that we had gone down off the Horn. That was exactly what happened. Two

days later we picked up a wireless. It carried the news that a coastguard cutter had found one of our little boats. Later, two more were picked up. Then three. All along the coast of South America we were now given up for lost. The cruisers abandoned the chase and steamed north.

This left the way clear for us, and now we sailed out to continue our adventure on the greatest of all the seven seas.

Fourteen days after rounding the Horn, we picked an interesting and rather puzzling wireless out of the air:

Seeadler gone down with flags flying. Commander and part of crew taken prisoners and on their way to Montevideo.

"What's that?" I thought. "By Joe Johnny Bull is telling a whopper."

Now, when old John Bull tells a fib you can bet, by Joe, that he has good reason for it. We tried to figure it out, and came to the conclusion that it had something to do with the scare we had created. The news that our prisoners had given out at Rio had sent Lloyd's rates skyward and caused many ships to lie in harbor until the danger from the German raider had blown over. The British, in order to bring Lloyd's rates down and to liberate all the shipping that had been tied up, took pains to spread a highly colored report of our disaster dressed up with suitable imaginative trimmings to make it more convincing.

"Well, Johnny Bull," I thought, "we'll fix you."

Our wireless operator, a very capable fellow, worked out a scheme with me. "Sparks" sent out the following message purporting to come from a British ship:

SOS—SOS—German sub . . .

He cut the message short, as if interrupted, to make it seem as if at that moment the ship had been torpedoed.

After a suitable interval he sent out another call, this one merely reporting German submarines off the coast of Chile.

Did Lloyd's rates go up again? And did those ships that were getting ready to put to sea put back to their berths? Well, you can bet your boots they did. And we sent out other submarine warnings every so often just to keep our little joke alive.

These were all small injuries, but we had been sent out to harass the enemy, and this was one way of doing it. What more could you expect of a lone windjammer? And then, if these injuries all added together that more often than not win the day. It was good sport for us, anyhow.

Our course was northward, with the Chilean coast and the Andes almost in sight. We steered almost to the Galapagos islands, and at Robinson Crusoe's island, San Juan Fernandez, we trimmed our sails and turned our bow west. We sailed for weeks on the broad expanse of the Pacific without sighting a ship. Except for the occasional crackle of the wireless, we were alone in the world.

Our wireless antennae kept us in touch with the latest phase of the international situation. Nor was it particularly pleasant on those long idle days at sea to sit and meditate on the fact that the United States was going into the war against us. We sailors knew better than some of our people at home the tremendous power of the great republic of the West. There were closeted statesmen and generals who might talk as they pleased about the American lack of military preparedness and the impossibility of American troops being mustered and sufficiently trained in time to be of any service in the critical hour of the war. We sailors had traveled. Many of us had been in the United States and had served on American ships. All fine technical points aside, we had had opportunity to sense the might of the North American giant with its numerous and virile population and its incalculable wealth. With such strength behind it, even an awkward, poorly aimed thrust was enough to push almost anyone over.

We caught one radio dispatch that caused us to sit and gaze hopelessly into the sky. It told of the famous Zimmermann note. What madness had dictated that extraordinary state paper, which proposed to Mexico that she join Germany in the war and receive in return a slice of American territory including Texas? I had served as a soldier in the Mexican army, and knew something of its probable prowess in a war. A few American regiments on the Rio Grande could hold back the Mexican army as easily as I can hold a child. And did our statesmen think the Mexicans were such fools? The folly was one that could only enrage the people of the United States and make the Mexicans laugh. We of the German fighting forces could only curse the luck that had given our country such diplomacy. All it succeeded in negotiating was new enemies and fewer friends.

The American declaration of war came as a blow expected, but hard nevertheless. Some of the more pessimistic of us could spell the doom of Germany in it. It altered the position of our buccaneering expedition somewhat, too. It reduced the number of neutral ports into which we might sail. It also increased the number of cruisers we had to look out for.

However, neutral ports did not enter into our calculations much. All ports really were hostile, anyhow. Neutrals would limit us to a short, inhospitable stay, the wireless stations nearby would broadcast our presence, and the cruisers would come flocking. The American naval ships didn't mean much either. They would doubtless

be kept, nearly all of them, to guard the Atlantic shipping lanes for the passage of American troop transports and leave what patrol of the Pacific was necessary to the British and Japanese. The principal change of circumstance for us was that now we could take American prizes.

We steered across the Pacific past the Marquesas, far to the south of Hawaii. We made the waters near Christmas Island our cruising ground. There, near the equator, the east-bound and west-bound routes for sailing ships crossed. We sailed backward and forward, crossing the equator two and three times each day.

We captured three American ships in these waters, the *A. B. Johnson*, the *R. C. Slade*, and the *Manila*. Our prisoners numbered forty-five men, one woman, and a pet opossum.

The captains were not half so astonished and bewildered as the former captains when we unmasked ourselves as buccaneers. They knew that the sailing ship raider was abroad. So we were deprived of some of our former amusement of astounding and befuddling officers and crews by suddenly hoisting the German flag, unmasking our cannon, firing a machine gun into their rigging, and similar pleasantries. Everything went off according to routine.

On one occasion we ran into a most intricate complication. We had expected the complications of war and piratical strategy. That was part of the game. But at the time to which I refer we were faced with a new and tender complication, a romantic complication.

"He's got his wife along," Boarding Officer Preiss informed me.

He referred to an officer of one of the ships. Indeed, we had noticed a woman aboard the captured ship.

The officer in question presently introduced me to his helpmate, and a knockout she was, pretty, petite, and—well, just a bit roguish.

"By Joe," I thought, "the sailors of these days are marvelous fellows. Where do they get these swell-looking wives? When I was in the forecastle, it was different."

In those days an officer's wife was something to run away from—usually fat, usually savage, and always sloppily dressed. I thought of all the windjammer captains under whom I had sailed, and I couldn't think of one who had a wife that looked like a chorus girl. Well, times do change! There was the captain we had captured in the Atlantic who had such a pleasant little bride, and now here was this officer and his sprightly beauty.

I guess I can also add myself to the list. Here I am, skipper of a peevish windjammer now, taking my three-master the *Waterland* around the world, and I have my wife along. I have already described Irma, the fairy princess of my green island in the Canaries. Yes, sailors' wives have improved in looks these days.

Aboard the Seeadler we greeted the pretty little lady with great cordiality. Our former fair company had been so pleasant that we anticipated another similar brightening of the dull monotony aboard. The monotony was indeed broken somewhat! But in a decidedly different way than we had expected. The officer had not been long aboard before he took me aside and made an awkward and somewhat embarrassed confession. He had been thinking things over.

"Count," he said, "in your reports you may say something about my having my wife along."

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, by Joe," he continued, "I wish you wouldn't say anything about it. Don't say anything about my having a wife along. My real wife might find it out, and then there would be hell to pay."

"Oho," I exclaimed, "so that's the way the wind blows, eh?"

"I said she was my wife," he continued lamely, "because I thought it might help to save her from your sailors. But I don't want my wife to find it out."

"All right, sir," I said, "I won't report it, and I won't let my officers or crew know anything about it. That will be best. Treat the girl as your wife. I will keep my mouth shut, and you keep your mouth shut."

It was a difficult point of morals aboard ship. If the sailors found out that the girl was not the officer's wife, but only a kind of stowaway, they would lose all respect for her, and there was no telling what they might try to do. Sailors are not angels, but usually, in fact, a lot of rogues, but they are highly respectable. They have a very fine code of honor, and a woman who is off the line is bound off the line to them. Count, I don't want them to know that the officer's wife was not the officer's wife.

One of my prisoners had been an acquaintance of the officer's. . . I told him that the officer of the ship had his wife along, and introduced him to her. He laughed so hard by nearly falling over. He wanted to tell the joke all around. It was awkward for a moment, but I got the two men straightened out, and they talked earnestly to me.

"We must be gentlemen in this matter," I said. "She is a girl. We are men. We must protect her. The sailors must not know about it. You must both give me your word of honor that you will keep mum and tell nobody."

They both promised they would obey. Everything went all right until this other prisoner took a shine to the girl, too. It was funny business. She kind of liked him. I kept an eye on the whole affair and saw what was happening. Here was more worry and trouble. I took the two men aside

and said to them:

"I don't care what arrangements you two fellows make with your fair playmate, but it has got to be kept quiet. The sailors must think that she is the wife of the officer of the ship, and that . . . is only a friend."

They made some kind of change, I believe. I never could figure just how it was. I never was much good at mathematics or at figuring out any thing, for that matter. At any rate, they kept it quiet. The other prisoner was married, too, and he didn't want anything of the complicated romance to get around either.

I had come to expect my prisoners to be good company. Our former Captains' club had been one of the most delightful social organizations ever formed. These two sentimental swains, however, were not much good for comradeship. It was difficult to get together with them for a pleasant chat or game of cards. They were always thinking about the girl, and, although they were acquaintances in captivity, their feelings toward each other had become slightly strained. There is something about the air down there in the South Seas, I guess.

One of the captains made up for the companionship that had been lacking. He was a fine fellow. He was jovial and intelligent, and a thorough seaman if there ever was one. We became fast friends and had many a long and sympathetic talk about the war.

Weeks passed, and we did not see another ship. The idle days became very tiresome. It was broiling hot, and we had little exercise. Our water turned stale, and we had no fresh provisions. Our prisoners did not find their stay with us so pleasant now, but we could not find a vessel on which to ship them. One decided that he could not stand it any longer. He wanted to put his feet on land at any price. He came to me with a strange idea. Would I not land him on a desert island and leave him there a cast-away? Anything was better than shipboard. But the principal part of his plan was more subtle. He would be reckoned dead at home, and his people would collect his insurance money. Perhaps I would be so kind as to make it seem certain that he was lost. Yes, no? On the island he could live as a Robinson Crusoe, a kind of existence which he fancied would be quite agreeable. Unfortunately for him, I felt obliged to decline. I was not interested in swindling insurance companies.

## CHAPTER XI

### Shipwrecked in Southern Seas

We amused ourselves by playing with the sharks. The landlubber can scarcely imagine the hatred the sailor feels for those bloodthirsty monsters. We had a particular grievance against them. A swim now and then would have provided us with needed baths and would have been a pleasant and vigorous diversion from the endless monotony of cabin and deck, our wooden prison. Many a time I looked down into the cool, refreshing element, and a shark would idle beneath my gaze, as though waiting for me there. The sailors passed the time by angling for the voracious monsters. They would catch a couple, tie their tails together and throw them back into the water. The sharks, unable to agree on the direction of their mutual movement, would have a great tug of war. The sailors thought the plight of their loathed enemies quite comical.

Or they would take a large shark, tie an empty and water-tight barrel to his tail, and leave him over. The fish would dart downward, but the barrel would stay relentless at the surface. Now would ensue a desperate struggle which we could follow by watching the gyrations of the barrel. The sharks displayed an excellent eye for chunks of bacon with hand grenades in them. When the bomb went off in the creature's stomach, pieces of shark would go flying in all directions.

We had been in the Pacific for five months now, and had sailed 35,000 miles. With our stale water and the lack of fresh food, scurvy was breaking out among our men, and then beri-beri, which "turns the blood to water." Limbs and joints were swelling. We imperatively needed fresh water and food and a rest on shore. But where could we go? All the islands of the Pacific were in the hands of the French, British and Japanese. We certainly felt it keenly, now that the whole world was against us. There was no inhabited place that would welcome us. It made us feel very lonely.

"Well," I said to my boys, "we will pick out some nice deserted island where there will be no hand raised against us and no wireless to call the cruisers, and we will get water and some kind of vegetables and maybe shoot some game and have a fine shore leave. Then, after we have rested up, what ho, boys, and away for more adventure."

Buccaneering in the Pacific, with only three ships sunk in five months, seemed much too unprofitable. I planned that, after a brief sojourn on some peaceful South Sea isle, we would sail for the Antipodes. Then we would destroy the English whaling station and oil tanks at South Georgia, sink a few ships, capture one on which to ship our prisoners, and, if we got away safely, continue our cruise in the prosperous waters of the Atlantic.

Our first plan was to sail direct to one of the larger Cook Islands. But we gave that up for fear of finding a wireless station there that might give

away. We did not want to move east of our present longitude, for that would have taken us against the trade wind and compelled us to use our motor. It was necessary to save the engine as much as possible and not have it wear out on us. We hoped we would need it for further captures and escapes.

Mopelia, one of the Society islands (some geographies include it in the Scilly Isles), seemed about right for our purpose. It was a French possession, and, so far as we knew, uninhabited. It was one of those isles of the South Seas so fantastically beautiful and so awkward for the sailor to approach. Only seldom does he find one with a decent anchorage, and nowhere in the world are the winds and currents more treacherous.

On the morning of July 29, we sighted Mopelia, and steered toward it. Words fail me when I try to describe its beauties. From the blue ocean rises a mass of green palms. The sunlight glows in the green. It somehow even seems to turn the sunlight green. Against the dark blue of the sea and the light-blue of the sky, the sunlight seems to be drawing the green island out of the water, and the soft south wind carries the scent of flowers far out to sea. It is the greeting of the island, and we inhale it deeply.

Here was a typical coral atoll—the kind you dream about. A circular reef studded with waving palms and within the reef a lovely, placid lagoon. The coral shore was snow white, and, with the sun's rays reflecting from it, it looked like a sparkling jewel set in an alabaster ring, like emeralds set in ivory. There were coral terraces below the water. The shallower ones were white or pale green, and as you peered deeper into the water you saw every conceivable tint of green and blue, sea green, emerald green, blue green, azure blue, sapphire blue, navy blue, violet.

As we sailed nearer and nearer that alluring coral shore, we saw flowers among the palms, flowers of all colors and immense numbers of orchids. The hues of the flowers were reflected in the water over the white coral that deepened and turned green. Within the circular reef the lagoon seemed fully as deep as the sea outside, only at perfect peace and smooth like a mirror. It would have made a perfect anchorage for us, save that it had no entrance so narrow that only a small boat could pass through it.

A strong current ran through the opening. We cast our anchor on the coral and tethered our ship to it with a long cable. The pull of the current kept her far enough offshore. I was afraid, for a while, that a shift of the wind might blow her on the reef, but we saw, after a while, that she had dragged anchor. If the current were strong enough for that, why surely it would be strong enough to keep her from blowing ashore. Leaving several men aboard as a watch, we went on land for a glorious shore leave, sailors, officers, prisoners, and all.

What would we find? We wanted water and fresh food. When we got inside of the lagoon, we found to our astonishment that it was a breeding place for turtles. There were hundreds of them in the water and on the shore, huge fellows weighing two or three hundred pounds. The water was full of beautiful fish. There was big lobsters without claws that promised to be the best of food. The atoll was alive with birds, hundreds of thousands of them, with nests and eggs everywhere. They were so tame that one of my boys whom I sent to collect enough eggs for an omelette returned, saying:

"I didn't get an egg. The birds were so tame and trusting that I hadn't the heart to disturb them and take their eggs."

Nor was the island without human inhabitants. We found three Kanakas, Polynesians who had been left there by a French firm to catch turtles. They were greatly frightened when they found that we were Germans. The French had told them frightful tales about the Boches. We, however, quickly made friends with them. They were much relieved when they found that we did not intend to injure them, and when we made amicable overtures, they were only too glad to respond.

First, my boys ran hither and thither to satisfy their curiosity about this strange island. Then they quickly settled down to useful occupations. Some set about catching fish and lobsters. Others gathered birds' eggs. A few brought armfuls of coconuts. Three boys turned a big turtle on its back and pulled it along with a rope. There were wild pigs on the island. We shot a couple. Soon the boat put out to the ship loaded deeply with a huge collection of epicurean delicacies. That night the mess was fit for the table of a royal palace—turtle soup with turtle eggs, broiled lobster, omelettes of gulls' eggs, roast pork, and for dessert, fresh coconut.

For days we lived a delightful poetic life, dining in a way that millionaires could not afford. We smoked quantities of fish and pork and stowed it away. We found fresh water on the island and refilled our tanks. Our traces of scurvy and beri-beri disappeared, and we were rapidly getting ready to continue our cruise and work of havoc in Australian waters.

On the second of August, we made ready to leave the ship for another

CONTINUED

It won't be long, even if not now, that old phrase like "Fitch old Dobbin to the shay" will have to be translated like Greek and Latin.

# PRE-INVENTORY SPECIALS

Until July 1st, we will offer some very unusual prices, from every department in dry goods—and Ladies Ready-to-Wear.

From the Ladies Ready-to-Wear department we are going to sell Dresses up to \$19.75 for One Cent (1c) each.—

We mean just what we say—

If you buy one Dress at regular price. You can buy any dress, any size, any pattern up to \$19.75 values for ONE CENT (1c). If you can not use two dresses bring a friend and you will both get a dress at 1/2 price.

All Stamped Goods will be closed out—TWO PIECES for the price of ONE. You buy one, and, we give you one FREE. If you do not need the Two Pieces bring a friend with you.

## SPECIAL PRICES ON ALL WORK CLOTHES AND SHOES

Pay Master Overalls—There is none better.	
Pay Master Overalls—\$1.75 Values—	\$1.50
Pay Master Overalls—\$1.50 Values—	\$1.25
Pay Master Trousers—\$1.75 Values—	\$1.50
One big lot Boy's—all wool Dress Pants—up to \$4.50 Values—Choice	\$2.95
One Big lot Mens'—All Wool Dress Pants—Spring weight—Pick 'em for \$25% off of regular price	
Boy's 65¢ and 75¢ BVD Unions	49¢
Men's 75¢ BVD Unions	69¢
Men's \$1.00 BVD Unions	85¢
Men's Dress Shirts—One Lot—up to \$2.25 Values	98¢
Mens' Dress Shirts—One Lot—up to \$3.00 Values	\$1.95
Choice of any Dress Shirts in the house 25% off	
One Lot Men's Broadcloth Pajamas—up to \$3.50 Values—to close out at 1/2 price.	
All Boy's Dress Shirts, \$1.50 and \$1.75 Values—choice of lot for 25% off.	
Boy's Dress Straw Hats—\$1.75 Values	\$1.45
Boy's Dress Straw Hats—\$1.25 Values	98¢
Men's Dress Straw Hats—Choice of any Hat at a discount of 25% off.	
Men's and Boys' work straw hats—any Hat at a discount of 25% off—	
10 oz. Blue Knit Cuff Canvas Gloves—2 for	25¢
12 oz. Red Knit Cuff Gloves—2 for	35¢

### Ladies Silk Hosiery—All reduced

\$2.25 Values—now for	\$1.95
\$1.95 Values—now for	\$1.75
\$1.75 Values—now for	\$1.50
\$1.50 Values—now for	\$1.25

Other items from every department not mentioned here will be offered at reduced prices until after July 1st. We will inventory at that time and will offer you some REAL BARGAINS, NOW! and will appreciate your business.

# HIGGINBOTHAM

BROS. & CO.

"A Safe Place to Trade"

Lester Jones, who recently moved to Brownwood, where he has been attending Howard Payne College, has returned to Cross Plains and is employed with the local ice plant.

J. W. Bennett, who has been employed at Pyote, Texas, for the past year, visited with his family here this week.

Charlie Gatlin, visited relatives in Breckenridge Sunday. Charlie is one of the barbers in the Ideal Barber Shop of this city.

Ethal Longbotham has been visiting friends here past week.

Miss Bill Harper of Fort Worth, visited in Cross Plains the past week end. She will teach school at Deer Plains next fall.

Mrs. Ralph Odum and children of Snyder, visited this week with relatives in Cross Plains.

Mrs. J. C. Copeland visited with her sister, Mrs. Dawkins, at Fort Worth the past week. Mrs. Dawkins returned with her for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Durham of Coleman, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Wilbern, Tuesday.

Edwin Baum and Roger Watson are working near Brownwood.

Lois DeBusk visited with Aletha Mitchell one day last week.

A. C. Dodson Jr., Orbie Booth and Phelix Watson are working in the grain field at J. C. Watsons', near Burkett.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Peevy and daughter were in Santa Anna Sunday.

Miss May Powell of Arkansas was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Powell.

Mrs. Sam Long returned to her home Monday, after having spent several days in the Santa Anna hospital. She is improving.

Mariellen Clark of Fort Worth, is visiting with her brother, Clyde Durringer, and his wife.

### BRIDGE CLUB MET TUESDAY AT MRS. ED LOWE

The bridge club met Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Ed Lowe. A number of members were out of town, but two tables spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Lovely refreshment were served. High score was won by Mrs. Geo. Wilson, and cut by Mrs. Jack Noel.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rudloff of this city are the proud parents of a fine boy, which arrived Tuesday of this week.

Walter and Lee Seward of Brownwood, transacted business in Cross Plains, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Garner and Mrs. Geo. Wilson were Abilene visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Love of Odessa, visited with friends last week.

### MILDRED WATSON GIVES EVA FREEMAN SURPRISE PARTY

A number of girls and boys surprised Eva Freeman last Thursday evening with a party, having previously met at the home of Mildred Watson and prepared refreshments. Games were enjoyed by: Abie Harris, Mildred Foster, W. A. and Voley Joe Williams, Loreno Childs, Ralph Chandler, Clyde Walker, Frank Cross, Verble Bedd, Hazel Upton, Weldon Bush, Leonard Davidson, Dora Bell Harris, Earline Freeman, Melba Mitchell, and Mildred Watson.

### BAPTIST CIRCLES MEETINGS

The Baptist Missionary Circles will meet at the following homes on Monday, June 17th, at 4:00 P. M. Circle No. 1, with Mrs. Martin Jones. Circle No. 2, with Mrs. Olin Wilson. Circle No. 3, with Mrs. Sam Hill.

Miss Mary Clem Wilbern is in Coleman this week attending a house party.

B. W. Webb is thrashing wheat on his Pecan Bayou farm this week, and it is reported that it is making from 15 to 20 bushels per acre.

FOR SALE—Peaches at 50c and 75c per bushel at the orchard, two and half miles south of Cross Plains, on Cross Cut road. H. W. Strackheim.

# EGGS!

... plenty of eggs ... for folks who feed SUPERIOR Orange-Vitamine EGG MASH

IT'S an easy job to pick out the poultry people who're feeding SUPERIOR—they wear "the smile that won't come off." Well, who wouldn't? Cackling of busy hens . . . gathering of gleaming white eggs . . . frequent trips to the receiving teller's window at the bank—a pleasant life, indeed. Why don't you try the SUPERIOR way to poultry profits? See the SUPERIOR Dealer in your town—let him show you how!



NEEB PRO. CO.

THE FEED IN THE RED CHAIN BAGS 4-29

## FORDS CAPTURED 18 OUT OF 29 PRIZES

Under conditions more difficult than those which confronted Joffre's immortal "taxicab army" in its frantic dash to the Marne in 1914, Model A Fords swept to victory in a specially arranged contest based on war emergencies staged by the military first aid section of the General Finnish Automobile Association.

Competing against fourteen different makes of automobiles manufactured in the United States and one Italian-made car, the sturdy Fords captured 18 out of 29 prizes. Ten of the fourteen "honor prizes" went to the Fords. Every Ford which entered the contest finished the 400 kilometer route. One was driven by a woman.

The purpose of the Finnish Automobile Association is to promote all-around driving training of its members in order that they may be able to take an active part in war maneuvers in a sudden emergency. Drivers received instructions regarding the route, parking places, and average speed required two minutes before the start of the race. No restrictions were placed on the size of the car or cylinder volume, which brought the Fords into competition with the more expensive and larger cars.

The race started from Helsingfors, and the cars were started at intervals of a few minutes in different directions. "Control Stations" were located at various points along the course to check the speed and other requirements. Reports of the outcome of the competition have just been received in this country.

## TIVE IN STEPHENS CATTLE THIEVES AG-

Stephens county ranchers are fighting the "battles of the old West" over again.

Cattle thieves, once the terror of the ranchmen in the days of the open ranges, are renewing their attacks in this and surrounding counties, ranchmen of this section have revealed.

A Stephens county grand jury and district attorney, L. H. Welch have joined the ranchmen in curbing this unlawful and unethical West Texas practice.

Welch said this week that ranchers reported approximately 200 head of cattle stolen in this county the past month—and this is a monthly average, Welch said.

The thieves of today are very modern, the district attorney points out. Instead of going into a pasture and driving off a whole herd of cattle, like in the "old days," the "rustlers" have adopted the "truck and trailer" method of transportation.

Their work is done in the dead of night. A large truck or a car with a trailer will be run up beside a loaded in and trip to market made fence, four or five head of cattle on the paved roads. The thieves do not bother to re-mark or burn old brands.

By using the car and truck, the thieves are able to get to Fort Worth markets in the early hours of the morning of the markets.

Court action is expected soon, Welch said.

### RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to take from our membership one of our most faithful workers Bro. Geo. B. Scott.

And whereas, in this sad providence, we have lost not only a faithful member, but also one of our noble Sunday School teachers, and whereas, one of the homes of our church family has, in the going of our beloved brother, been bereft of husband and father, and is consequently in deep sorrow therefore

Be it resolved, First, that we bow in humble submission to the holy will of God who doeth all things well, and second, that we express to the family the deepest sympathy our hearts can feel.

Venturing to say that our mutual loss, as great as it is, is Heaven's gain, and commending them to the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is always sufficient for all our needs, always mindful of the fact that His grace makes possible the work of the Holy Spirit, the one great comforter and Bishop of our Souls, and Third, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, a copy to the Cross Plains Review for publication, and a copy spread on the minutes of our church.

Done by order of the Church in conference June 5, 1923.

T. H. Upton,  
H. T. Dennis,  
Connor Elliott.

### EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM

For Sunday, June 16.

Leader, Marie Kennedy. Scripture, Philippians 1:9-11. Hymn No. 66.

Lord's Prayer.

Topic, Result of Adventure a 1. The Spirit of Christ and the Christian Living.

Introduction of Topic, by Leader.

Temperance Crusade, Elizabeth Tyson.

2. The Spirit of Christ and Our Community, Ava Walker.

3. The Spirit of Christ and Oother Races, Martha Jackson.

4. The Spirit of Christ and Poverty, Elizabeth Jackson.

5. The Spirit of Christ and Industry, Doris Placke.

6. Enlarging Our Horizons, Louise Cunningham.

7. The Spirit of Christ and Other Nations, Mabel Jones.

Announcements, Collections, Benediction

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones of Merkel, are visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jones.

Notice—The Junior Epworth League will meet on Tuesday afternoons at 5:30.

Tom Bryant was in Cross Plains the first of the week attending business.

E. D. Priest and Dr. McGowen were Fort Worth week end visitors.

### RUSSELL-SURLES ABSTRACT CO.

A Complete set of Abstracts of All Lands in Callahan County

BAIRD, TEXAS

# Used Cars

We have on hand a large variety of Used Cars—various makes, types and a wide range of prices. All of them are priced so low that the buyer will get a bargain, for example;

- 1—1927 Ford Touring—good shape \$100.00
- 1—1927 Chevrolet Roadster—good shape \$125.00
- 1—1926 Ford Pick-up—good shape \$75.00
- 1—1927 Ford Coupe—excellent shape \$175.00
- 1—1926 Ford Coupe—excellent shape \$150.00
- 1—1926 Ford Truck—with body—good shape \$175.00
- 1—1926 Chevrolet Coupe—fine shape \$240.00
- 1—1926 Ford Roadster—good condition \$75.00
- 1—1926 Ford Coupe—good condition \$100.00

In addition to the above we have a number of first class Model "A" Fords, priced to save you lots of money.

We also have a number of Cars with lots of Service left in them, priced from \$10.00 to \$50.00.

Any of the above Cars may be purchased on easy terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plan.

Come in and look them over.

## DUBEY MOTOR CO.



Authorized Sales and Service



### What We're Doing for M-O-T-H-E-R-S



WE are devoting a large measure of our time and efforts to the Mothers of this great empire of West Texas, always endeavoring to find ways and means of making their lives more pleasant and the duties which they find necessary to perform much easier.

—When we brought electricity into their homes, these Mothers were immediately relieved of oil lamps . . . one task less! It was made possible for them to enjoy the use of the Electric Refrigerator—the Electric Range and the Iron . . . all labor-savers for Mothers.

—There are numerous other electrical servants, all of which are skilled helpers on every household task; those tasks when done in the OLD way were genuine hardships; now they can be done easily and quickly, leaving much time for pleasure and recreation.

—Better lighting for homes . . . comfort appliances such as the heater and fan . . . floor lamps, bridge and table lamps and convenience outlets, too, are great conveniences . . . and there are personal appliances that keep Mothers well groomed. . . All of these we offer to the Mothers of West Texas, those who we are proud indeed to serve.

# West Texas Utilities Company



## Good Foods



At prices that spell true economy

ICEBURG LETTUCE Head 7c	Large Size Grape Fruit 13c Sweet Juicy ORANGES Dozen 14c	2 For FIRM, RIPE Tomatoes lb. 14c
IONA CORN   PEAS 2 No. 2 Cans 25c	— MILK — White House 3 Large or 6 Baby 25c	Carnation, Pet, Borden's Baby Large 5c 10c
NECTAR TEA . . . 1-4 lb. Pkg. 17c	Yukon Club Ginger Ale . . . 2 Bottles 25c	1-2 lb. Pkg. 33c
Post Toasties . . . 2 Large Pkgs. 21c	Sunny-field— <b>FLOUR</b> —Sunny-field	
24 lb. Bag 79c -- 12 lb. Bag 43c -- 48 lb. Bag \$1.55	Brooms Size No. 6 49c	OLD DUTCH CLEANSER 2 Cans 15c
8 O'Clock COFFEE—Highest Quality Santos	IONA PEACHES . Large Can 19c	Quaker Beans No. 3 Can 16c
75c Doz. Pint 15c Doz. Lids	<b>JARS</b>	Quart Doz. 85c HALF GALLON Doz. \$1.15
Palmolive SOAP . 3 Cakes 22c	A&P MATCHES 3 Large Boxes 10c	
PINTO BEANS . 2 lbs. 19c	BULK RICE . 4 lbs. 25c	

## THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

### LODGE LOGIC

At the regular meeting of the Cross Plains Knight of Pythias lodge, Tuesday night, June eleventh, the rank of Knight was conferred on eight Esquires, Joe B. Jewell being the oldest member of the class. At this meeting, we had the pleasure of a visit from DeLeon of Brothers Morris, Pittman, District Deputy Grand Chancellor George.

Clyde E. George was appointed as District Deputy Grand Chancellor of District No. 27 for the year 1929 and 1930.

Mr. George reports that we are to have a good year in lodge work, and more than praise the Cross Plains Lodge for the activities they are now having.

We had a nice attendance of about fifty members, among those were, Foster Bond, J. W. Bennett, G. A. Pratt of Cross Cut, besides the other regular attendants.

A motion was made and seconded, Jewell, for Bro. J. W. Bennett who has been a member in good standing for more than twenty-five years. These Jewells are not hard to win, but once won, a member has something that he can feel proud of the remainder of his life.

This will be the second Veterans Jewell that this lodge has presented to its veteran members this year, the other one was presented to our deceased Brother Geo. E. Scott, who joined the order of Knights of Pythias at Baird, Texas, in 1904. Brother Bennett joined the order at Gorman, Texas, in 1902.

All present participated in a nice luncheon of sandwiches, cake, ice cream, lemonade, and coffee, and a general good time. Attend lodge regular meeting and enjoy the benefits of what you are paying dues for, as you get out of a lodge, just what you put in it, WORK, AND PLEASURE.

Fraternally Yours,  
A. J. Gensley, K. R. S. and M. of F.

### FOR SALE OR TRADE

30 acres of land 2 block east of Cross Plains High School. Ideal for Dairy; chickens or truck farming. Also Cafe in Merkel, Texas would sell or trade, if interested, write W. HALL JONES, Merkel, Texas.

### ABILENE MAN TELLS EXPERIENCES

"Orgatone Has Helped Me And I Am Stronger Than I Was, I Haven't Been Able To Work Says Rockafellow

"Orgatone has sure helped me and I'm feeling better and stronger than I have in about three years," said John S. Rockafellow, of 309 Elm Street, Abilene, Texas. Mr. Rockafellow is a very well known citizen of this city and has worked on nearly every large newspaper in the country as a printer, but hasn't been able to work on account of ill health.

"I was in a general run down condition and suffered from stomach trouble, and indigestion. Indigestion caused me to have severe pains at times, in my stomach, until I could hardly stand it. Everything I ate soured on my stomach, and would lie in my stomach indigested, and would finally come up. Gas formed and I would get very nervous and restless and hardly got a good night's sleep. Sometimes I would get so dizzy I couldn't hardly stand up without falling and I had a bad case of constipation and suffered from this, very much, in fact, I was just in a serious condition, and never felt like doing any work at all, and was always tired and worn out and never had any energy.

"Orgatone was advertised so highly and it had helped so many people I decided to try it. I can say that it is a very good medicine. It has helped me and I am stronger than I was, and seem to have more vitality than I did. MY stomach trouble disappeared and I don't have the gas forming as I did, and those dizzy, bilious spells are a thing of the past. My constipation has been relieved which is a lot to me, for this caused me a lot of pain. I am glad to tell my friends what I think of Orgatone and honestly think it is a good stomach preparation. Genuine Orgatone may be obtained in Cross Plains, Texas, at SMITH DRUG STORE, Adv.

The six months additional sentence given Harry Sinclair shows that if you shadow the jury at the bar the bars will shadow at the jail.

## PALACE THEATRE

CISCO  
(an) R & R Theatre  
HEAR VITAPHONE  
AND MOVIE TONE

Talking Pictures

Starting Tuesday, June 18th for 3 Days

HEAR and SEE

"IN OLD ARIZONA"

100% of All Talking, made out doors. This is one of the best Picture of The Year

THIS COUPON WORTH ONE ADMISSION—USE IT.

This "AD" good for one ADMISSION If accompanied by ONE PAID ADMISSION.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

Sign and present at our box office for ONE ticket. Remember two admitted for the price of one if you turn in this "AD" to our Box Office.

HEAR and SEE  
"In Old Arizona"

### Star Parasite Remover

Used as directed, will keep your chickens free of lice, mites, fleas, blue-bugs; healthier and producing more eggs or your woney back.

SIMS DRUG CO.

# M-SYSTEM

"THE STORE SERVICE BUILT"

It is our Delight to Serve You Right

We have just unloaded our third car of Cottonwhite and Magnolia Flour and Meal for this year, and to show you our appreciation we are going to give you some **RED HOT Prices** for Saturday only.

COTTON WHITE FLOUR 48 LBS	---	---	\$1.75
MAGNOLIA FLOUR-48 LBS.	---	---	\$1.65
MEAL	---	---	65c
BULK COFFEE-3 LBS	---	---	85c
VENTON CORN 2 NO. 2 CANS	---	---	20c
SALMON-6 CANS	---	---	\$1.00
WAPCO LIMA BEANS-NO. 2 CAN	---	---	19c
LARD 8 LBS	---	---	\$1.15
VINEGAR-GALLON	---	---	30c

BRING US YOUR EGGS

We will give 1 lb. Maxwell House Coffee to the person that brings us the largest Cabbage head, also 1 lb. of M. J. B. Coffee, to the Person that brings us the largest onion, also 1 lb. Sam Houston Coffee to the Person brings us 6 largest Peaches. All entries must stay in our show window until Monday 9 p. m. If you have something better than your neighbor bring it to our show window early Saturday morning, anything from the field or garden.

## Corn Products

Karo Syrup	Red or Blue-Gal	63c
Corn Starch	.	12c
Mary Jane, Gal.		63c

1929 MODEL

# SNOWDRIFT

Pure, Rich, Creamy, Wholesome Shortening for Making Good Cooking Better

Large Size	-	\$1.25
Medium Size	-	65c

You will find the best Prices at the—

# M-SYSTEM

G. R. ERWIN

SOLE OWNER

## GOLF DRIVES

BUSTER BUSTS 'EM

\* \* \* \* \*

Buster Robertson, local golfer, braved the hot sun Monday afternoon and attempted to shoot 9 holes on the Phil-Pe-Co Country Club golf course. Buster made nine holes in 9 1/2 hours and 54 strokes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Dubey, president of the Phil-Pe-Co country club, has to use one of his new fords to find the ball after one of his long drives (into the rough).

\* \* \* \* \*

Renrick Clark has already violated one of the ground rules of the golf links. While playing golf Sunday he wore a pair of his wife's high heel shoes to keep his feet off of the wet ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Cowboy" Lane rounds up his golf balls on a horse, especially trained for that purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slew Cross has challenged Mr. Nickols, the Phil-Pe-Co club professional, to a match. The Pro. has indicated that he will accept the challenge. Sims' Drug Store will back Mr. Cross, and the Country Club will back the Pro. Mr. Cross has not yet explained how he will overcome the slight obstacle of not being a member of the Club.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ted Smith, who plays tennis better than he does golf, journeyed to the golf links the other day to shoot a couple of rounds. When he started to tee off he found that he had brought his tennis racket instead of his clubs.

\* \* \* \* \*

E. D. Priest played golf the other day, arrayed in the regalia peculiar to golfers (knee pants an every thing). He came to town and decided to visit a movie palace which was showing a picture prohibited to anyone under seventeen. He bought a ticket, presented himself at the entrance for admittance, but was kindly but firmly informed that children were not allowed. He remembered that he still wore his knee pants.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. J. H. (Jerkem Hard) McGowen, certainly has to pull a lot of potholes to make up for all of the balls he loses in the lake.

Rev. and Mrs. I. T. Huckabee, Marie Kennedy, Georgia Jones and Virginia Payne attended the District Epworth League Pep Rally at Abilene, Wednesday of last week.

A farmer boy went to the city against his father's wishes. The old man wanted the boy to help him on the farm and predicted disaster for him in the big town.

Evidently the father was wrong for in his first letter home the boy wrote: "I have a fine position with a good company; that's a feather in my cap." In his second letter he said, "I am breaking into society and have been put up for a good club; that's another feather in my cap." Then he wrote, "I am engaged to the most popular girl in town; that's still another feather in my cap."

There were no more letters for a time until one day the father received a wire collect saying: "Please telegraph me railroad fare home; I'm broke."

To which the father wired back: "Nothing doing! Take the feathers out of your cap, stick them on your back, and fly home."

## JUMBO GRASSHOPPERS IN M'COLLOUGH CO.

(Brady Standard)

E. W. Woods yesterday reported a threatened invasion of his cotton by jumbo grasshoppers, such as sent him post-haste to Brady for a supply of poison. Mr. Woods, who is located about six miles east of Lohn, says the grasshoppers heretofore have been keeping pretty well down along the creek, but that when he inspected his farm yesterday morning, he found the hoppers getting dangerously near his fence line.

Jumbo grasshoppers are reported to have put in their appearance south of the Voca community, although no damage has so far been had. One of the grasshopper pest is said to be the turkey, while poisoning is also very effective.

## OLD MISSION SAN SABA 162 YEARS

OLD, SCENE OF BLOODY MASSACREE,

HAS ROMANCE TO LURE TOURISTS

Menard, May 11th.—Old mission San Saba, the crumbling monument to a lost cause, bearing as much evidence today of being a fortress as it did of being a citadel of God back over a century and a half ago, possesses however enough of bloody history to make an attraction for the tourists who come this way. The mission, lying a half mile up the San Saba river from Menard, once was the scene of a horrible massacre, priests and soldiers being slain, and only three escaping from the confines of its rock walls now scattered promiscuously about the place—a rather mute picture of the failure of the cause of Apache conversion.

An early day attempt to restore the mission failed, and it was permanently abandoned in 1767. It was erected under many hardships in 1757, rocks being carried on the backs of buffaloes from a considerable distance. A high rock wall about an enclosure of about five acres required considerable tonnage of stone, while the mission houses were located in one corner. The buildings were extremely narrow, this being the result of the scarcity of timber long enough to reach from one wall to another. Only a timbered roof was placed above.

A great bell sent to the mission was never put in place, because taxes from the area were not forthcoming as speedily as ordered by the Spanish and orders were given not to put the bell in place. Some believe it is buried in the debris of the place, but all efforts to find it have proven unavailing.

### Grape Vines a Clue

A path along the river bank leads under the great wine-bearing grape vines, which remain to this day evidence of the early day advent of the priests and their attendants. Along this path there daily go the curious tourists to view the remnant of that pioneer citadel in the then fastnesses of the Indian. In the midst of a pecan timber and on the banks of a stream where the fishing was ideal the matter of food was not such an item for wild game was plentiful. It is said that some of the early explorers throughout this section subsisted on pecans, and one such adventurer nearly died on Elpan Flat before trekking from the pecan lined San Saba to the forested Conchos. He had been subsisting on pecans, but running out of a supply, he faced starvation before he was able to reach the Concho river and a new supply.

While the old mission is so common as not to attract much attention from the residents here, there are some who are steeped in its history, and like a Bostonese guide might tell the tourist just where it was that certain priests and soldiers were slain, and even how three men concealed themselves to escape the massacre. Bancroft's however, gives what is considered an accurate account of the fortress. Some of the details follow:

### A Pioneering Priesthood

"It had been decided to establish a presidio with one hundred men on the Rio San-Saba. The cause of Apache conversion found an enthusiastic and powerful promoter in the person of Pedro Romero de Terreros, Conde de Regla, who in 1756 offered to pay the whole cost for three years, not including that of the military establishment already ordered, of as many missions not exceeding twenty as could be advantageously founded under the general supervision of Padre Alonso Giraldo Terreros of the Queretaro College. The offer was accepted, the colleges of Santa Cruz and San Fernando were to furnish each half the needed friars, and Colonel Diego Ortiz Parrilla was appointed to the military command. The expedition including five padres, reached Bejar at the end of 1756, and proceeded in April 1757 to the new field. The presidio was called in the viceroy's honor San Luis de las Amarrillas; and the mission of San Saba was located a league and a half distant on the river. The Apaches were pleased and friendly, declined under one pretext or another to congregate permanently at the mission. Padre Terreros was soon forced to admit in letters to his superiors that he had been grievously disappointed in the character of the natives and that the prospects for successful mission work were far from encouraging; yet with two companions he remained and undertook the task.

### Spaniards as Allies

"The real motive of the Lipanes in favoring the founding of a presidio and mission was to utilize the Spaniards as allies against the Comanches and other hostile tribes, by whom they

were hard pressed. The northern Indian bands, crediting the Apache boasts of their new alliance, became bitterly hostile to the Spaniards, and formed a league to defeat their new foes. The Apaches, well pleased with the course of events, gave warning of the approaching danger, a warning that caused so much terror at the different forts, that but little attention was given to the protection of San Saba. Yet Parrilla sent a force of seventeen men to reinforce the guard; and the next day, March 16, 1758, the savages appeared some thousands strong under the command of a Comanche chief at the mission. Too late to effect a surprise, they obtained admittance by pretending friendship and soon began their work of destruction. The buildings were plundered and burned. The only survivors were Padre Molina and two or three soldiers, who managed to conceal themselves and escape at midnight. Padre Terreros was killed with a bullet, and Padre Santistevan was beheaded. The number of victims is not known, but they included a party sent from the presidio and drawn into an ambush. Only a few Apaches were present to share the disaster.

"In his report of this affair Parrilla recommended a removal of the presidio, an increase of the force to one hundred and forty men, and an expedition to chastise the savages. Only the last suggestion was approved in a junta held at Mexico in June; and a conference of officers at Bejar in January 1759 made plans for the campaign. At the same meeting Padre Morales presented a defense of the friars, who it seems had been blamed for the late disaster, and even offered in behalf of the college to give up the missions; but his proposal was declined. The army of 500 soldiers and volunteers, with a large force of Apache auxiliaries in the best of spirits, started in August under the command of Parrilla. After marching some 150 leagues they surprised a rancharia, killing 55 of the foe, and taking many captives. Then they advanced against the towns of the Taovayas, and in the region of what was later called San Teodoro found six thousand Indians of different tribes in a strongly fortified position, many of them armed with muskets, and displayed a French flag, though there is no reason to suppose that they were in any way aided by the foreigners.

The savages did not wait to be attacked, but made a sortie in force, and the Spaniards fled in a panic, only the Apaches making a slight resistance. Thus an expedition which had cost \$60,000 accomplished nothing.

### Indian Raids Extended

"Emboldened by their victory the Indians now extended their raids in every direction. No serious disasters are recorded. But the Spaniards for several years were barely able to protect their posts without thinking of vengeance or of new establishments. Governor Martos arrived in 1760, but we are told by Morfi that he neglected his duties and lived among the Adams rather as an Indian than a Spaniard, inspiring no fear or respect. At the same time Parrilla went to Mexico for an investigation of his conduct, and was succeeded in the command at San Luis in October 1760 by Felipe de Rabago, of old the bitter foe of the missionaries, but now their friend. Meanwhile Padre Calahorra ventured alone to San Teodoro, scene of the making peace with the northern tribes. He wished to transfer the presidio thither and to establish missions; but naturally his enthusiasm was not shared in Mexico; and the Apaches set about the task of averting this new danger to their own interest. Plundering and murdering in the north they left Spanish articles along their way as evidence against their supposed allies; then they attacked different Spanish posts, retreating towards the north and taking care to leave the proper proofs of their identity. This policy was entirely successful, and soon the northern tribes were as hostile as ever. The Apaches had manifested an ever increasing desire for missions, were rewarded in 1761-62 by the founding of San Lorenzo and upper San Antonio, where some four hundred natives were congregated. The prospects seemed brighter than before, and preparations were the result did not equal expectations, and while no details are recorded we are told that in 1767 the missions were abandoned by order of the viceroy.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 121 acre farm at Cottonwood. If interested write or see R. W. Bennett, Roscoe, Texas. 10-11-29.