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THE FAMILY DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

The Way of Life

By BRUCE BARTON

Newspaper published every Friday by the Review Company in the interest of Cross Plains and the surrounding communities.

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Editorial

A Community Creed

It has been wisely said, "He profits most who serves best". What better services could one render than to his community and fellowmen?

Now that city election time is again close at hand, certain ones are going to be called upon to assume the helm of our local government and steer our destinies upon the uncharted seas of public criticism. For their studious deliberations there will be no material reimbursements. And if they falter their mistakes will no doubt be magnified in the awkward opinion of the public. Yet, if they give us the best they have, even though they receive little praise and no material reimbursements, they will like the Apostle Paul, have the satisfaction of knowing at the end of their administrations that they have fought a good fight and kept the faith. Such a consolation should no doubt be a treasured remembrance for any public spirited citizen.

So, we say to those that will be nominated for the positions of aldermen and mayor, in Cross Plains, subject to the election April 5, make the race and render unto your community those services which you justly owe. Then when you sit for hour's reminiscing, in the late afternoon of life, there may come the satisfaction that Caesar expressed in referring to Rome, "I found your city in mud and I am leaving it in marble." Such a thought should inspire any of our capable citizens to render a year or two of service.

And to those that are elected, this year, let us act differently toward them. Pledge our unanimous support, offering no unjust harsh criticism and sever friendship because of difference of opinion that they may express in our local legislative matters.

Yes, it should no longer mean unpopularity for a man to do his best for his community. Let's make our future creed one of cooperation and then observe the strides of progress as a result.

Jones Points Out A Slight Discrimination

Eastland, March 17—Protesting against the United States government loaning money to encourage the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment, District Attorney Joe Jones, candidate for Congress from the Seventeenth District, today made public a letter he has sent to Secretary of Agriculture Hyde.

"Press dispatches state that your department is including hops as a crop on which to loan money from the public treasure" ones wrote.

"Hops—which is not grown in our section—is defined in the encyclopedia as a plant used in large quantities in the manufacture of beer."

"Does it seem consistent for the United States government to spend millions of dollars to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment and then turn around and loan millions of dollars for the

production of the raw materials with which to violate the Amendment?"

"Couldn't this be termed—to borrow an expression from the days of the saloon—saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung hole?"

"I observe further that the nuts which are world necessities and are produced in large quantities in this section—must agree to reduce their acreage before the federal government will loan them any money; but the hops-growers, planting a law-breaking product are not restricted as to acreage.

"As a citizen, I wish to register, first, a protest against this discrimination; and, second, to maintain that the farmers growing the things to feed and clothe the world need every dollar that the government can loan and none of the funds should go toward encouraging the production of the raw materials for breaking the Constitution."



American Legion Column

The annual convention of the 17th District, American Legion of Texas will be held in Brownwood tomorrow and Sunday, March 19 and 20.

The 17th District's arrangement committee and the Brownwood Legion post have prepared a program that will make every minute of the two day session an interesting one to visiting delegates. Much work and great care have been exercised in the composition of the schedule. The following is a sketch of the plans, as announced by Ted Smith, of the Cross Plains Post.

- Saturday—
Tea for the Auxiliary.
Dance for Legioners.
Athletic show, comprising boxing and wrestling.
- Sunday Morning—
Special Church Services.
- Sunday Afternoon—
Regular meeting.

Interesting addresses will feature the Sunday afternoon meeting. Dr. Davis, President of Howard Payne College will head the list of prominent speakers scheduled for the occasion.

The Tommie Aiken Post, Cross Plains, is expected to have a large representation at the conclave. Much interest is being shown by the members, according to W. A. Huckaby, publicity director of the local organization.

There are still some ex-service men in Cross Plains and the surrounding territory who have not yet lined up with the American Legion. The Legion is maintained for the benefit of all ex-soldiers and ex-sailors and they should lend their cooperation and support by applying for membership in the organization and by their presence at meetings after becoming affiliated with the Legion. The local post will help men who

AN OLD-FASHIONED LETTER

Somehow I feel like writing you an old-fashioned epistle this glorious morning. Mind you, I'm not asking you to agree with everything I say while I feel absolutely sure I'm telling the truth, it does not mean that I am doing so; when you simmer a thing down to a solid base, the wisest of us may be telling the exact opposite—"there's nothing true, but heaven."

The pig is the healthiest animal I know of, taken as an individual species, I never heard of the hog being a tuberculosis-carrier. He dies of cholera—an epidemic disease. But the hog has fewer diseases in his family than any other farm animal. The best pepsin comes from the peerless digestive tract of the pig!

There are many, very many today, especially among our younger women, that throw up their hands in holy horror, if somebody mentions pork as an article of food! These individuals, if you look at them critically, are anaemic, thin-skinned, feeble-fingered, and nervous. You will find nine out of ten of them eat beef, if they have not already abandoned meats at the command of the faddists, and they are slowly paving the way for tuberculosis, or other serious disease—by lowering bodily resistance.

I have seen the western farmer in pioneer days, eat cured ham and bacon all his life—remain in good working trim until too old,—and die of sheer old age. And I have seen the great army of weaklings develop right along with the advent of fresh beef, and its being almost forced upon people by physicians, who themselves have acquired uraemic poison and blood-pressure and tuberculosis, following the fresh beef fad.

I may close this old-time message with the point I have in mind: There is no better strength-building, blood-making, body protecting food than well-cured bacon and ham! And, everybody who toils knows this. And everybody ought to toil for the earning of honest bread and meat. Now turn up your nose if you must.

wish to become members by selling enough of their farm products for them so that they may pay their dues.

"Over The Hill" Is Year's Best Film

Don't miss "Over The Hill" new Fox dramatic photoplay Showing at the Liberty Theatre! This picture deserves every adjective of praise. As sheer drama of the human heart, it is one of the greatest in the history of the screen.

James Dunn and Sally Eilers, whom you loved in "Bad Girl," reach greater heights than they achieved in that film, which is saying something. And then there is Mae Marsh, as the understanding mother. Returning to the screen after an absence of more than ten years, one picture puts her right on top of the heap again. If you've never laughed if you've never cried in your life—she'll make you do both.

Director Henry King has topped anything he has thus far directed.

The supporting cast including James Kirkwood, Edward Crandall, Claire Maynard, Olin Howland, Eula Guy, Joan Peers and William Pawley is also deserving of the utmost credit.

"Over The Hill" is easily the finest picture of the year.

Even newspaper men miss difficult words sometimes in a public spelling match. They do not have time to consult Webster on the sly.

Sidney Wall, aged 7, and a cripple, traveled 4,000 miles alone from Bermuda to receive special treatment at a hospital in Alton, England.

A tool with a slender blade has been invented to pry bricks apart and remove mortar from them more rapidly than with a hatchet.

Fifteen-year-old Arlayne Brown, of St. Louis champion pistol shot, has defeated many men in competition.

America was the unofficial leader in the Olympic winter games recently held at Lake Placid, N. Y., with 88 points.

There's a case where a man had money but lacked knowledge. Now he has no money but has gained considerable knowledge.

Nothing will get people together like getting them into a hole. As long as things are going smoothly we are all independent, but let misfortune come and there is at once a community interest that binds us together.

Make a personal loan and you lose a friend and your money, too. Refuse the loan and you lose the friend and have the money. Sometimes it isn't an easy choice.

Much of the money that has been lost in poor investments was lost by those trying to get a higher rate of interest than safe investments offer.

Although the market is treating her shamefully, we have not heard a single word of complaint from the helpful hen.

A little city boy was visiting his country cousin.

"What do yoh know about cows?" quizzed the country lad. "You don't even know if that's a Jersey cow." "I don't know from here, 'cause I can't see its license."

When To Be Blind

A young mother who is a friend of our family entered her daughter in a girl's school. She said to the head-mistress: "Mary is not much of a student. She likes history and does fairly well in French, but in arithmetic I think she is almost a total loss."

Amazement appeared on the face of the head-mistress. "Do you mean to tell me," she exclaimed, "that you have brought us a child who has faults! After sitting here for years and listening to mothers whose daughters were paragons of virtue and intelligence, this is indeed a novel experience!"

Most of us are constitutionally unable to see any defect in those we love. It might be better sometimes if we could. Perhaps if we could analyze our children cold-bloodedly we might be able to bolster them with added strength.

On the other hand, what a blessing it is that we do not always see too well.

In cleaning out my desk one day I ran across a photograph of our first baby, taken when he was about six weeks old. I remember how proudly we sent it to all our relatives at Christmas time; how positive we were that there had never been in all history so beautiful a child.

Today the picture gives me a fit. It must be my youngster, for my wife is holding it. But instead of the beautiful cherub I remember, what is the holding? Something that looks exactly like a summer squash.

Without the blessed blindness of women it is difficult to see how any marriage could be a sustained success. We men know each other—that no one of us is very good. Yet our wives have the silly notion that we are great stuff. And by their faith they keep us going.

Centuries ago a city was attacked by the armies of Syria. A prophet lived in that city. A messenger rushed to him in great alarm: "Alas, my master! How shall we do?"

To which the prophet replied calmly: "Fear not; for they that be with us are more more than that be with them."—And the eyes of the young man were opened, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots round about Elisha.

There are forces of goodness in people that are visible only to the eyes of love. There are forces of power that can be estimated only by the eyes of faith.

The important thing is to be intelligently blind to the surface defects, and to be able to see and appreciate the things that cannot be seen.

Most people earn enough during their active lives to provide for their old age in comfort. A few hundred dollars wasted by a young man, if placed in a savings bank and the compound interest allowed to accumulate will provide an old age estate of surprising proportions.

Total annual expenditures of the Federal government increased almost \$500,000,000 between 1924 and 1930. State expenditures increased \$2,000,000,000 between 1923 and 1928.

It was Shakespeare who said, "The times are out of joint." If the bard of Avon were here today he would dig up a more forcible expression than that in his effort to properly describe the condition of the times.

It may not do any good, but we are going to preach the doctrine of patronizing home industries and home folks this year. If we need any thing let's buy it from our neighbor, if he has it. It will help him and that will probably help later.

As a rule by the time a man has accumulated money enough to retire, he has created the habit of industry to the extent that he does not enjoy a life of retirement.

The fellow who feels the pinch of the depression most is the man who got overtaken in the midst of an installment buying contract.

Good ideas like money, should be kept in circulation.

The Spirit of 1917

By Albert T. Reid



LIBERTY

WHERE SOUND SOUNDS
BEST

Now Showing

JAMES DUNN SALLY EILERS

—IN—

“OVER THE HILL”

See This Picture And Peek
Into The Soul of Humanity

Monday and Tuesday

“GOOD SPORT”

—WITH—

JOHN BOLES LINDA WATKINS

SCHOOL NEWS Putnam Takes Edge In Tennis Matches

Eliminations in boys tennis, both doubles and singles were held here Tuesday, March 15, with Putnam. The boys played on the Phil-Pe-Co court. The boys doubles players, Wright and Patterson, lost to the Putnam team, Gray and Little, by a 3-6, 7-5, 6-4 match. The Cross Plains team played a real game of tennis; although they did get beat. The Putnam boys were 6 feet 2 and 6 feet 1 inches tall and our boys were neither over five feet tall.

James Patterson, the singles player for Cross Plains, beat Gray of Putnam by a 6-1, 6-3, victory.

James will play the Clyde singles player in the near future.

Eliminations with Putnam were held Wednesday, in girls' doubles. Mildred Watson and Clara Nell McDermott were the Cross Plains entrants. Melba Bray and Lois Mercer were the Putnam entrants. The Putnam girls won by a 6-1 and a 7-5 victory.

Mildred and Clara Nell will be back next year and try again for the tennis title. Mildred was the singles entrant last year.

Putnam Girls Win One Out Of Two Games In Playground Ball

Eliminations were held with Put-

nam in girls playground ball, both high school juniors and grammar school juniors here March 15. The high school juniors lost by a 20-9 victory to Putnam. The grammar school juniors won by a 20-11 victory.

MRS. C. B. EDINGTON HONORS DAUGHTER WITH PARTY LAST FRIDAY

—o—

Mrs. C. B. Edington entertained Saturday, March 11, honoring her daughter, Madie, who celebrated her sixth birthday.

Two hours of games and amusement were spent, Miss Evelyn Koenig of Coleman assisting the hostess. Prizes were awarded to J. T. Watson, Kathryn Anderson and Virginia Ruth Edington as winners in games.

In the center of the dining table was a birthday cake with six lighted candles around which cake and hot chocolate were served to the following: Mary Edna Strickland, Kathryn Anderson, Winola Thate Virginia Ruth Edington, Merl Dean, Koenig, Freda Bell Koenig, Alton Deal Edington, J. C. Burkett Jr., Tommie Connelly, Pat McNeal Jr., Billie Harold Edington, J. T. Watson and Eddie Jo Koenig.

Madie received many nice and useful gifts.

Special guest from Coleman were Mrs. Geo Koenig and Mrs. Frank Brewer.

MAIN STREET LOOKS AT BROADWAY BY ERNEST CAMP JR

Canal Boatmen

Few visitors to New York ever find one of the strangest colonies here. The colony is one of canal boats and their inhabitants. It is located almost at the foot of the island and whole families live on the boats, sending their children to school when they can, and hanging out the family washing on the lines, just like the ordinary dweller does in the backyard.

Recently tug boats have put up their charges so high that it costs more to be towed back to the Erie Canal than the money received for freight, so many canal boats have been tied up for two years at their piers here, waiting for lower rates. Meanwhile the families feel as though they have become regular residents.

One Big Slash

Everybody knows that prices of many things have come down but the biggest shock we have received in months came the other day when we noted a truck carrying a big sign through the Times Square district saying "Penny-A-Dance."

The movies have made us all acquainted with the Dime-A-Dance establishments, where one can grab a more or less charming partner and amble about the room for a few minutes but we are still curious as to how long a cent will entitle one to swing a girl around a dance floor.

It's worth more than that in shoe leather alone.

New Form of Theft

If one attempt to enter one of the big office buildings at night some guard is always to be found blocking the way. The other day we asked one of these men why the building was so strict in letting people in outside of business hours. We pointed out that it would be almost impossible for a visitor to carry off anything of much value.

"That's what you think," he said. "The worst trouble we have in buildings like this late at night is the habit of some of the clerks coming down-

town, entering the office where they work during the day, and then putting in a long distance call over the telephone for which the boss pays."

An Instructive Exhibit

Few drivers actually know what happens when they press certain pedals or move levers, nor how the clutch works and other things really valuable to know. One of the most interesting exhibits at the auto show was a miniature model showing some ten operations on a car.

One could examine closely and see how all the main parts of the chassis operate. It was one of the best and most illuminating exhibits at the whole show and held more people than almost any other exhibit.

A Thrilling Demonstration

One of the leading markers was playing up the shatterproof glass and giving a continuous demonstration of the difference between ordinary glass and the new kind. The exhibitor took an ordinary pane of glass, warned the spectators to shield their eyes, and then crashed it into a thousand pieces with a hammer.

Then he had a pretty girl sit down and he held a piece of the shatterproof glass over her head and hit it with a hammer. The crowd never seemed to tire of the exhibition.

As the glass is available on all cars it looked to us as though he was doing a service for the entire industry by his exhibition.

Man often helps Nature outdo herself. This is true with the growing of grain sorghums. Pure line-seed, developed with infinite pains at the hands of Texas Agricultural Experiment Station workers and spread through thousands of demonstrations by county agents, has proven over again its power to reproduce itself far beyond ordinary seed.

We are going somewhere—but where? For the answer one has but to reflect upon the tendencies of the public mind. Neither foot speed nor fist force ever created a dollars worth of wealth, built a factory, produced a pound of food or patched a pair of pants. And yet we flock to exhibitions of physical prowess, content to stay at home and read of intellectual achievement.

A NEW RE...

The following pa...
Howie, quoted in The...
Farmer-Peacemaker, places...
for peace on a basis too...
looked.

"The coming generation of y...
men of every race should have th...
eyes opened to the ghastly deeds the...
must commit if involved in warfare...
not only against their fellow men, but...
indirectly (and perhaps directly by...
bombing from the air) against the...
women and children whom the war...
rior is supposed to protect. No o...
would ever desire that young ra...
should fear to be killed or injur...
a great cause, but we may surely h...
that the day is not far off when...
will fear to kill and maim, and co...
sequently do their utmost to help...
world-wide movement for permanent...
peace."

SUSPICIOUS

They were impaneled the jury. One man frankly admitted that he was already convinced of the prisoner's guilt.

"How did you come to form that opinion?" asked the judge.

The man pointed out. "Just one glimpse at that fellow's face would convince anyone," he answered.

"Good night," exclaimed the judge. That's not the prisoner—that's the district attorney.

NO PLACE FOR HIM

A negro boy, going through a cemetery, read this inscription on a tombstone: "Not Dead but Sleeping."

The boy tip-toed hastily out of the cemetery, looking back at the tombstone, now and then, as he exclaimed: "Dis! am no place for a cullud person!"

It is estimated that out of every \$1,000 spent for road construction \$1,000 spent for road construction not only the man on the particular job but engineers, contractors, manufacturers and tens of thousands of workers in manufacturing plants producing road equipment and materials and transportation lines.

It is not advisable to hold eggs for hatching purposes more than ten days before putting them in the incubator.

Wife: John, the bill collector is at the door.

Hubby: Tell him to take that pile on my desk.

Perfect Heat Now Cost So Little

It's a Pity for anyone today to deny himself the comforts of Natural Gas.

Natural Gas cost the average household less than 12c per day for cooking and heating during the year 1931 in Cross Plains.

Just stop and figure what you can purchase that will give you more comfort and pleasure for so little money.

Perfect fuel at your command 24 hours a day, no soot, no ashes, clean clothes, labor saved and a constant supply of fuel.

Ask your Local Gas Manager about the cost and advantages of this perfect fuel.

It Can Be Done Better With Gas

Southwest Gas Co.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

TELEPHONE—Number 9



Be Sure And Consult For
Windows For Special Values on
SUGAR, EGGS, BUTTER
FLOUR and SHORTENING
In fact all of your table needs
before making your purchases.
Plan to come to your A&P Store
First and you will save time as
well as money.

PRODUCE SPECIAL

APPLES—2 DOZEN 25c

LETTUCE—EXTRA HEADS—EACH 5c

PEPPERS—EXTRA LARGE—LB. 13c

Cherries No. 2 Can 15c

Quaker Maid Beans—3 mad. Cans 17c

White House Milk—6 small cans 17c

GALLON

FRUIT

CATSUP
GALLON
49c

PEACHES
GALLON
53c

BLACK-
BERRIES
GAL. 49c

Cherries—Gallon 67c

8 O'Clock Coffee—Mild & Mellow—lb. 19c

Red Circle Coffee—lb. 25c

Milk

 Qt. Bottle **10c**
KOENIG DAIRY

GRANDMOTHERS 16 oz. Loaf

BREAD—DELIVERED FRESH DAILY 6c

Sliced Bacon lb. 15c

Try Sliced Bread—fine for toast—16 oz. 6c

NECTAR TEA—1/2 lb. PKG. 27c

PALACE

THEATRE, CISCO

MIDNITE—SHOW
SAT—NITE—10:00 P. M.
Then—Sun—Mon—Mar., 20—21

EDDIE CANTOR

—IN—
"PALMY
DAYS"

—WITH—
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
An Uproarious Musical
Extravaganza That Spins
Along At a Furious Space

PALACE THEATRE CISCO

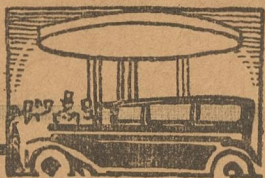
BARGAIN DAYS
EVERY TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY
Matinee and Night
10c To Everyone
10c To Everyone

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT
FAMILY NIGHT
Family of 6
Admitted for **35**

MAN MADE THE TOWN



by RUBY M. AYRES



FIRST INSTALMENT

It was intensely hot.

In the big somberly furnished consulting room, its blinds drawn closely against the midday sun which poured down on Harley Street, there seemed hardly a breath of air.

A girl sitting at the table, idly turning the pages of an illustrated paper, pushed her chair back with sudden impatience.

"How much longer is he going to keep us waiting, I wonder? It's disgraceful asking anyone to wait in a lethal chamber like this."

The large overdressed woman in the armchair on the other side of the room roused herself with a sigh of regret from a doze which the heat and too large and too late a breakfast had brought upon her.

"I'm sure it's a very nice room", she said vaguely.

"Nice." The girl flashed her a contemptuous look. Any place is nice to you as long as you can sleep in it," she said rudely.

The large woman sighed again; her only protest against life was a sigh, and she had long since grown accustomed to her niece's disrespect.

"The furniture must be most valuable" she said again in the same vague way.

The girl glanced round the room with a frown.

"Furniture which fools like us have paid for," she said irritably. "I don't know why we're here at all. There's nothing in the world the matter with me."

Mrs. Gladwyn began fanning her plump flushed face with a daily paper which had been lying disregarded on her lap.

"Six months ago you weighed nearly a hundred and twenty-five" she said without much interest. "Today you weigh—ninety eight, is it? At any rate you have only to look at yourself in the glass to see that you're wasting away to a complete shadow without any adequate reason for it, unless—she paused, and a faintly malicious smile lit her sleepy eyes—unless you're in love again, she added.

The girl turned another page of the magazine before her with an angry little flick.

"I don't believe in love," she said sharply.

Diana's further answer was checked by the opening of the door and the appearance of a maid.

"If you will please come this way, Miss—"

Bodily weakness, mental unhappiness, and a never ending fear that she was about to lose the only thing she had ever really wanted in life.

It was these things that had kept her obstinately in London when everyone else was away at the sea, or on the moors, or down in the country.

At twenty-two the only thing in the world which Diana really desired was another woman's husband.

Diana, a little nervous in spite of herself, entered the "top man's" consulting room.

He was big and rather clumsy looking, with grave steady eyes and a mouth that looked as if it rarely smiled.

It did not smile now, but his eyes seemed to pierce through all the bravery of her carefully reddened lips and make-up, right down through her artificiality to the trembling weakness of her.

Diana said nothing—she felt as if an ordinary greeting would be wasted on this man. She just stood and looked at him with an unconscious appeal in her eyes, till he said quietly: "Won't you sit down?"

He indicated a chair close to his own and facing the window, so that the light fell on her face.

Diana obeyed her hands clasped in her lap, and her heart beating in a queer, frightened manner.

He seemed to realize this, for he said more gently:

"Don't be frightened. I am not going to eat you."

She flushed scarlet through all her pallor and her eyes grew angry. Speaking to her as if she were a silly child with a cut thumb.

She gave a little high-pitched laugh. "I'm not really ill. I feel rather a humbug coming here at all, but my aunt insisted. I've got rather thin, you see—but then, I was always thin.

"Very well, then I am going to tell you that you are very ill, very ill indeed and that if you wish to get better you must do exactly what I tell you—and at once."

"Yes. Yes, of course."

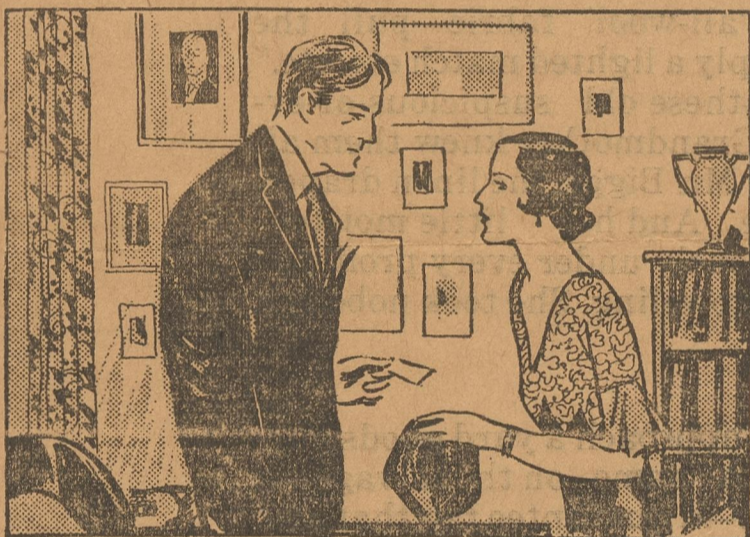
"Well—for the present I am not going to worry you with anything but just the simplest prescription, and in a week's time I will see you again. First of all, you will go away into the country."

Her eyes dilated, and her hands gripped the cushions on either side of her.

"The country?—when?"

"At once.—To-morrow—if possible to-day, and when I say country I mean the very heart of the country—a cottage on Dartmoor or in the Surrey hills, where there are no theatres or night clubs or picture houses. You will go to bed early—seven o'clock—and you will stay in bed till lunch-time every day till I see you again. You will be allowed no visitors—except your aunt, of course—and you are to do nothing except read and sleep. You will not write letters or receive any and you will sleep with your windows wide open. You will have the very simplest food and no alcohol at all except what I order. As I said before, if you carry out my instructions you will get well—again, but if not— He broke off, for Diana had risen shakily to her feet.

"I can't do that. I can't go away from London yet—not just yet. I will



"If you would care to come and see me again later on," he said.

Her glass had told her often enough that she looked worn and ill and older than the hated Linda, who could not be more than twenty-six, seeing that Aunt Florence had been present at her christening.

But Linda was happy and healthy and care-free and had always enjoyed her life, while she—

Suddenly the room began to grow dark and to swim about her, and though she clenched her teeth and pressed her feet hard upon the floor she could not control it or herself, and then for a little while everything was blank.

"Lip still. You'll be all right in a moment. Just drink this. No, lie still and keep your eyes shut."

She was glad enough to obey. She felt as weak as if she had just struggled through a long illness, weaker than she had felt last night when she fainted so suddenly in the middle of a crowded ballroom. Even the attempt to raise her head left her so exhausted that she felt almost dead.

But the potent drink this man gave her was wonderful—it seemed to open fresh life and energy into her body.

"Better?" he asked.

"Yes. Quite well, thank you. It was silly. I'm sorry. It must have been the heat." She tried to laugh. Your consulting room was very hot, she said.

He ignored that.

"That was brandy, I suppose."

"No."

He kept away from her a moment, then, seeing that she had raised herself and was half sitting, half leaning against the cushions of the couch where he had placed her came back and presently she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Do you like plain speaking?" he asked abruptly.

She raised her eyes, very blue against the pallor of her face.

"Why, of course."

later on—perhaps next month, I promise. Can't you give me some medicine just to go on with? I promise to take it regularly.

"It's not medicine you want. It's rest and sleep and quiet. Why can't you leave London? Surely it's not such an attractive place in this scorching heat? I only wish I were free to leave it. I do for every moment I can snatch. It's a poisonous place this weather and to anyone in your nervous state—"

"I hate the country."

"You hate the country."

He moved suddenly, laying a hand on her shoulder.

"Be a sensible child," he said gently. Do as I tell you. Go right away for three months, and you'll come back a different being, able to enjoy life and laugh again.

She raised passionate eyes to his face.

"I'd rather die," she said, and he answered, suddenly grave.

You may even do that if you refuse to take my advice.

Diana picked up her hat, which had fallen to the floor, and began to put it on, by force of habit hunting in her handbag first for a little mirror and the inevitable lipstick.

"It's very kind of you, Dr. Selfe," she began with a return of her artificial air—the lipstick was giving her back her poise. But—

He interrupted bluntly.

"I am not Dr. Selfe. I thought the secretary had made that plain to you. Dr. Selfe is away ill—I am taking his place for the time being. My name is Rathbone."

"Oh!" So this was not the top man; how annoyed Aunt Florence would be, and yet Diana herself was conscious of relief. If he was not the top man it would account for the nonsense he had talked, of the way in which he had almost succeeded in frightening her; it had been most in-professional when one came to think

of it. She looked at him with different eyes.

A big clumsy man, not a bit the orthodox Harley Street specialist; even his hair was rough, as if he had forgotten to brush it—she looked away from him quickly, meeting once again his piercing regard.

The country! Ugh! Spiders and other nasty crawling things, and no hot water or soft beds.

She drew on a glove.

Rathbone said. I hope very earnestly, Miss Gladwyn, that you will take my advice."

"You are very kind." But she did not look up, and it was he who held out his hand.

She took it after the barest hesitation; a strong, kind hand—capable and secure. A little sigh escaped her—she had never known what it was to feel really secure, life had always been a hectic scramble.

"If you would care to come and see me again, later on—" he said, and his voice was kind—the voice of a friend.

Diana said with a sense of helplessness, "But I can't go to the country. I hate it, and surely it cannot be good to do a thing one hates very much."

"It's not possible to hate a thing you've never tried," this strange man said quietly, and then. "Do you know that line—"

"God made the country, and man made the town?"

"No."

He realised her hand.

"Well, that's just the difference," he said.

In the car Mrs. Gladwyn woke up sufficiently to ask questions.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM

- Sunday, March 20th, 6:45 P. M.
- Subject:—"The Deity of Christ."
- Scripture—Col., 2: 9—20—Leonard Ray.
- Introduction—Merle Williams.
- 1—His Divine Titles—Edward Henkle.
 - 2—His Divine Claims—Bruce Magness
 - 3—His Divine Life—Lela Mae Bennett.
 - 4—The Proof of Christian History Mildred Watson.
 - 5—The Proof of Christian Experience—Mrs. Russell Dennis.
- Bible Quiz.

THIS WOMAN LOST 64 POUNDS OF FAT

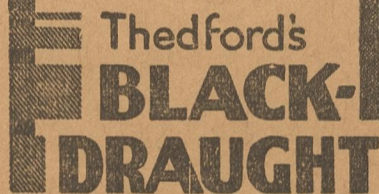
Mrs. H. Price of Woodside, L. I. writes: "A year ago I weighed 190 lbs. I started to take Kruschen and now I weigh 126 and never felt better in my life and what's more, I look more like 20 yrs. old than the mother of 2 children, one 19 and the other 18. Every one of my friends say it's marvelous the way I reduced."

To lose fat SAFELY and HARMLESSLY, take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—don't miss a morning—a bottle that lasts 4 weeks but a trifle—but don't take chances—be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first—get it at Smith Drug Store or any drugstore in America. If not joyfully satisfied after the first bottle—money back.

BILIOUS

"I have used Black-Draught . . . and have not found anything that could take its place. I take Black-Draught for biliousness. When I get bilious, I have a nervous headache and a nervous, trembling feeling that unfits me for my work. After I take a few doses of Black-Draught, I get all right. When I begin to get bilious, I feel tired and run-down, and then the headache and trembling. But Black-Draught relieves all this."—H. O. Hendrix, Homerville, Ga.

For indigestion, constipation, biliousness, take

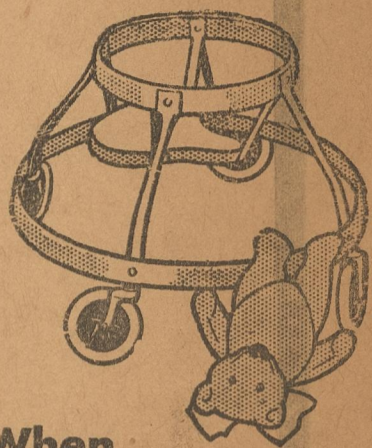


WOMEN who need a tonic should take CARDUL. Used over 50 years.

BIRTHDAY

The Review congratulates week the following upon the occasion of the anniversary of their birthday.

Athalie Adams,	March 17
Mrs. Howard Baum,	March 18
Mrs. C. D. Anderson	March 18
Ben Garner	March 18
E. P. Watson	March 18
Virgil Clyde Walker, Sr.	March 19
P. D. Conlee	March 20
Thomas Mason Shuford,	March 21
Mrs. L. M. Browning,	March 22
Eugene Cross	March 22
Edith V. Ensor	March 23
J. D. Murphy	March 23
Mrs. P. A. McCasland	March 26



When **BABIES** are Upset

BABY ills and ailments seem twice as serious at night. A sudden cry may mean colic. Or a sudden attack of diarrhea. How would you meet this emergency—tonight? Have you a bottle of Castoria ready?

For the protection of your wee one—br your own peace of mind—keep this old, reliable preparation always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies: it is an everyday aid. Its gentle influence will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. Its mild regulation will help an older child whose tongue is coated because of sluggish bowels. All druggists have Castoria.



You Control Your Electric Rate

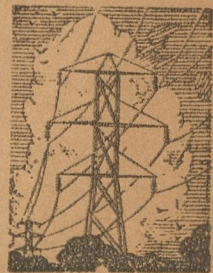


YOUR average cost per unit of electric service (a kilowatt-hour) is determined by yourself! It actually is within your power to control the price you pay for service . . . and you can make it 10 cents or less than 4 cents per kilowatt-hour!

Your electric rate schedule is so arranged that the average cost per kilowatt-hour becomes less as your use increases. Thus, the more you take advantage of the comforts and conveniences of electric service, the cheaper your average unit becomes.

Customers reaping the benefits of complete electric service employ many time, money and labor-saving *Electrical Servants* at unbelievably low rates—and profit by many unusual savings and economies.

Your actions, in putting electricity to work for you, govern the cost of your service. Electricity is your cheapest servant—why not let it assume your tiresome and arduous household tasks? A trained employe will be happy to explain the many benefits of complete electric service—and show you how you can save money and control your own electric rate. Don't you think it would be wise to investigate?



Do you know that your increased use of Electric Service is billed on a surprisingly low rate schedule . . . and adds only a small amount to your total bill?

West Texas Utilities Company

The Ladies From Missouri

Found in the Back of An Old Cook Book in the
"Useful Compendium of Household Hints"

"To test muslin for 'filing'—rub a small section vigorously between the forefingers and note any starchy substance that breaks out of the fibers.

"To test for color-fastness — before buying wash goods of any kind. It is safest to obtain small samples of all patterns and soak them in clear water.

"To detect cotton in an 'all-wool' fabric—pull the threads apart and then apply a lighted match etc. etc."

How funny they were—these old suspicious-of-everything shopping tests. Grandmother knew them all by heart and descended on Mr. Biggs, the linen draper, with defiance in her eye. And her little moistened forefinger shot suspiciously under every proffered length of sheeting or dish toweling. She took nobody's word for anything!

But how differently you approach a yard goods purchase in any store today. A name on the salvage—a label on one end of the bolt—a guarantee tag that also suggests a method of washing. These are your Safety-Signals in buying. To these questions, "Will It Wash" "Is this Pure Wool?" "Is this Pure Silk?" the saleswoman has only to remind you of the trade name of the fabric. When she mentions a name familiar to you through advertising, your doubts are dispelled.

Yes, We Still Look Before We Leap, but today That means
Read Before You Shop

The Cross Plains Review

