

The Cross Plains Review

VOL. XVIII

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY, 1st 1927

No 16

Drilling Operations Progress IN New Field West Of Town

WE WELCOME.

an opportunity to serve you, as your banker, with a complete banking service and exceptional facilities, plus courteous and careful attention.

This is Truly—

"A Bank of Personal Service"

THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

—Read Our Messages Appearing In Farm and Ranch—



OF CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS



DRILLING OPERATORS CONTINUE HERE

The Navarro Oil Co. has topped sand on the Bennett-Booth lease west of town and have showing of gas and oil. Shaw & Rothke on Miller No. 6 are drilling at 870 feet, and fishing at 640 on No. 7. Brannon and Murry are drilling at 690 on their Bennett-Booth well. Hill & West on Waller No. 1 are drilling at 800, and L. G. Bradstreet is drilling at 475 on his Waller No. 1.

Mook Texas and Wakefield on T. E. Baum No. 2 are rigging up.

The Milham Oil Corporation on the Warren Wildcat 6 miles northwest are trying to drill around string of tools at about 3350 feet. No report from other wells.

A fire at Wilbur Stacy's home Monday night destroyed some clothing before it was extinguished, but the loss is not heavy. The fire boys responded to the call in fine form, but Mr. Stacy had the fire under control when they arrived.

Engene Davanay of Bay Town is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. L. E. Davanay, here this week.

Mrs. Harve Kellar visited last week in Abilene with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller.

Misses Tula Stone and Audrey Van-volter of Weslaco are visiting Eloise Haley and Yvette Sipes this week.

Mr. Kelly Brooks spent last week end in Copper cave.

Kathleen Neel left Wednesday for Magdalena N. M. where they will visit relatives.

Calvin Baker, Mr. Neff and Paul Thate of Burkett, were business visitors here Sunday.

Uncle Neff Arvin of Cottonwood was down to see the show Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Jim Lawrence and children of Wichita Falls, are visiting Mrs. Lawrence's mother, Mrs. J. P. Henderson, this week.

The Misses Leila and Vada Smith, are attending summer school at John Tarleton College at Stephenville.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Nicholas of Brownwood, formerly of Cross Plains, visited Mr. and Mrs. Gene Dice Sunday.

Riley Worthy of De Leon spent Saturday night and Sunday in Cross Plains.

Miss Bowden Freeman's sister, Willie Bell Hays of Coleman visited her last week.

FISHING TRIP

The Victory Sunday School Class of the Baptist Church plan to go fishing Thursday night on the Bayou—good luck to the Victors.

Buell Benham and Carlton Powell made business trip to Fort Worth Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Dice, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Henderson, and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wagner Sr. leave Sunday on a two weeks fishing trip.

It is reported that thieves entered the Pat Gaines home Sunday night and took clothing and other things of considerable value.

Ye editor and family have just returned from vacation trip. We had a pleasant trip. Plenty of game and we had good luck.

Everett Williams and wife made a trip to Hot Springs and other parts of Arkansas. Everett has returned to Cross Plains after a fine trip, and left his wife in Arkansas where she is enjoying herself.

BUSINESS HOUSES TO CLOSE JULY FOURTH

The Review is informed that most all of the business houses will be closed here July 4th, so keep this in mind and buy what you need this week.

The Retail Merchants Association has approved closing days, which includes July 4th.

COTTONWOOD NEWS

The Cottonwood community was blessed with a good rain last week.

Aunt Messea O'Neal had all her children with her at home Sunday June 26th. They spread their dinner out under a shade tree in her yard.

Aunt Meda Ramsey who is in the hospital at Abilene is reported better.

Mrs. J. B. Brownlee has been at Abilene for treatment and was reported as doing nicely.

Miss Irene Endaley of Woodson is visiting her father E. F. Endaley.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewel Ellis were visiting Mrs. Ellis' sister of Sidney last week.

The Methodists are having a revival meeting this week. brother Marvin Williams of Abilene is doing the preaching. Everybody is invited to come.

On Sunday, June 26th, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ellis had a family re-union at their home and all the children were present except one daughter and family of Sipe Springs. Other friends and relatives were present. All reported having a nice time.

I'M A SISTER OF YOURS

Will you give me a lift? I'm a sister of mine

And bearing about all the burden I can

Will you give me a smile? I am down cast and blue.

And a smile would help me to battle it through

Will you give me your hand? I'm slipping down hill

And the world as I fancy—is using me ill.

Will you give me a word? Will you show me the way?

Or will you let me go on with my load?

Will you help me along? I am human like you.

And the grasp of your hand might carry me through.

Will you bid me good cheer? Just a word and a smile

Are what I might need these last weary miles.

Do you know what I bear in my burden of cares

That is everyones load and sympathy should share

Will you try to find out what I need from you?

Or will you just leave me to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight?

When a lift just in time might set everything right

Do you know what it means—just the wave of a hand—when a person's born about all a person ought to stand.

Flaura Jackson

Mrs. Roy Madison and children of Dallas are visiting parents Mr. and Mrs. S. M. McDowell.

L. Jackson and family spent Sunday on the Cisco dam. A great place to picnic.

John Petty and family went fishing on the Bayou Sunday.

Earnest Moore who has just returned from a trip on the Plains, reports that it is still a little dry in places yet.

Dorothy Williams of Spur visited her brothers, Frank and Weldon of this city last week.

Syble McDaniel of Spur visited relatives and friends here the past week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hill Thursday June 23, a fine boy.

Why Not Build?

You won't find a better time to build a home, or remodel the old one.

SEE US

for building materials. Estimates gladly furnished on large or small jobs.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

and

ROGERS BRUSHING LACQUERS

"Dries While You Wait"

RIG MATERIALS

PHONE 18

CROSS PLAINS LUMBER COMPANY

Phone 18

S. R. Jackson, Mgr

DIXON AND KALA PASHA MEET HERE FRIDAY NITE

Billy Dixon will wrestle on the local mat here Friday night and he is meeting some strong competition when he goes up against Kala Pasha from Abilene. This will be a fight to the finish—no time limit—winner takes all. Arrangements are being made for a boxing match. Also good wrestling preliminaries. This will take place at the American Legion Open Air Stadium.

The match last Friday night between Dixon and Kauffman was one of the best ever seen here. They wrestled to a draw. Dixon took the first fall in 38 minutes, with the flying mare and lost the second fall in 31 minutes by the same route. Kauffman is scheduled to meet the winner of the contest here Friday night between Dixon and Kala Pasha.

The preliminaries were interesting affairs. A battle royal with seven boys

participating was a fast and furious event.

Last Thursday night the Sunday School class of Ballinger met the Dixon Athletic Club here and a large crowd saw the contests. The main event was a fistic bout between Dick Yarbrough, city, and Frones Jones of Ballinger. Yarbrough won the decision.

Dr. Roy E. Longbotham and family, accompanied by brother, Vastine Longbotham, and sister, Ethel, with other young people, leave Saturday for Llano for a few days outing. They expect to return Monday night.

Mrs. Sarah Keen, sister of Mrs. H. D. Childs and Mrs. M. B. Clapp, died at Gail, Texas, Friday, June 24th, at the age of 76. She is survived by three sons, Rodney, Sierra Blanco; Sam and Olen, of Gail, also two brothers and one sister, Robert D. Childs of California, Henry D. Childs and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Clapp of Cross Plains.

GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY

Announcement

Owing to the expense and difficulty in looking after old accounts, we will confine all our credit accounts to thirty days. If you owe us now, please come in and settle or give us a note.

All old accounts must be closed out. We appreciate your business and wish to thank you.



Phone 23

CITY DRUG STORE
(YOUR STORE)

K. OF P. LODGE HAS BIG BANQUET HERE

Members of the K. of P. Order here, with families, enjoyed a banquet Tuesday night, and a number of interesting talks were made by prominent men of order, who reside here. The event was both interesting and profitable to all who were present.

Miss Irene Wood of Breckenridge is visiting her sister, Mrs. Rains, of this city, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Underwood visited in Gorman Sunday.

James and Jackie Williams of De Leon are visiting their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McGowen.

Mr. G. W. Cunningham made trip to his farm at Ranger Monday and Tuesday.

Mat Browning and family have returned from a visit to South Texas.

SEVERAL INJURED IN ACCIDENTS HERE

Bob Gillum, age about 24, was seriously injured in the hips and back, and Mrs. J. L. Teel was slightly injured, a 4-year old son, sustained a broken collar bone and a year-old baby slightly injured, when two cars collided here Sunday. Two other men who were with Mr. Gillum escaped injury.

Donnel, age 7, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Lurgens was run down by a car driven by a girl last week, as he started to cross the street near his home, and he sustained a broken arm, bruises about his legs and otherwise injured, but is improving at this writing, it is stated, but is not able to walk yet.

Mr. Kelly Brooks parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, visited him this week.

Mrs. James E. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Errol Haley and daughter visited in home of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Haley last week.

Are You Growing?

financially, as you grow older? Is your bank account strong enough to tide you over a bunch of "rainy days?" Reverses come to all of us and we are hard hit sometimes—and that's when a bank account is worth the most. Bank with us—and make your account grow, as you grow. SAVE AND SUCCEED!



Member Federal Reserve System

THE FIRST STATE BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

M. E. Wakefield, President,

J. A. Barr, Vice-President

Tom Bryant, Vice-President

Poley Williams, E. I. Vestal, Noah Johnson, Tom Bryant and J. B. Eubank, Paul V. Harrell Directors.

George B. Scott, Cashier

J. D. Conlee, Ass't Cashier

A. R. Clark Ass't Cashier

The Comic Strip
JUST FOOLISHNESS
"NICE STRING OF FISH, EH?"
"BUT I JUST SAW YOU COME OUT OF THE FISH SHOP."
"OH, I'D CAUGHT SO MANY I WAS TRYING TO SELL SOME."

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

MRS. HOWE FATT BROUGHT HER BATHROOM SCALES DOWN-TOWN TO BE FIXED, "BECAUSE THE SPRING MUST BE GETTING WEAK, FOR EVERY TIME I GET ON, THE SCALES REGISTERS MORE"



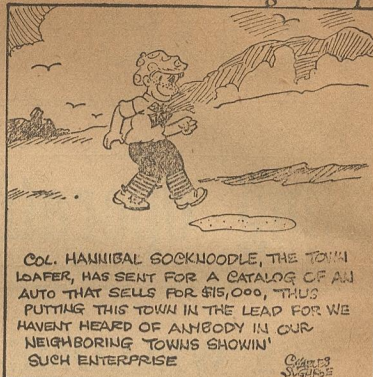
THERE IS A HOT CONTEST ON BETWEEN TWO CAFES IN TOWN, AND SO FAR THE COOK OF ONE CAFE HAS KILLED ELEVEN MORE RATS THAN HIS COMPETITOR OF THE RIVAL CAFE

By Charles Sughroe
© Western Newspaper Union

MRS. HECTOR OHOLLER, WHO QUIT HER HUSBAND TO GO TO WORK, DIDN'T LIKE IT AND HAS DECIDED TO QUIT WORKING AND RETURN HOME



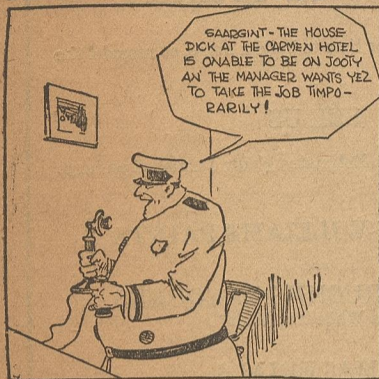
Village Gossip



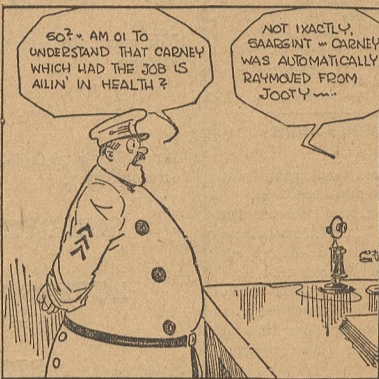
COL. HANNIBAL SOCKNOODLE, THE TOWN LOAFER, HAS SENT FOR A CATALOG OF AN AUTO THAT SELLS FOR \$15,000, THUS PUTTING THIS TOWN IN THE LEAD FOR WE HAVEN'T HEARD OF ANYBODY IN OUR NEIGHBORING TOWNS SHOWIN' SUCH ENTERPRISE

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



SARGEANT-THE HOUSE DICK AT THE ORWEN HOTEL IS ONABLE TO BE ON JOOTY AN THE MANAGER WANTS YEZ TO TAKE THE JOB TIMPO-BARIBLY!



SO? AM OI TO UNDERSTAND THAT CARNEY WHICH HAD THE JOB IS AILIN' IN HEALTH?

NOT IXACTLY, SAARGEANT-CARNEY WAS AUTOMATICALLY RAYMOVED FROM JOOTY...



SO? THEN HE WAS AYETH, PROMISED OR FOIBED, OI TAKE IT...

NOPE...

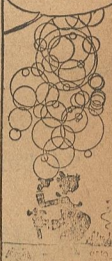


SHOT!

SO!

An Automatic Removal

Famous Wlop-scenes
OH YES, HE'S AN INVENTOR- CONSIDERED GOOD IN INVENTING CIRCLES.



Events in the Lives of Little Men



GEE, I WISH I WAS A BIRD

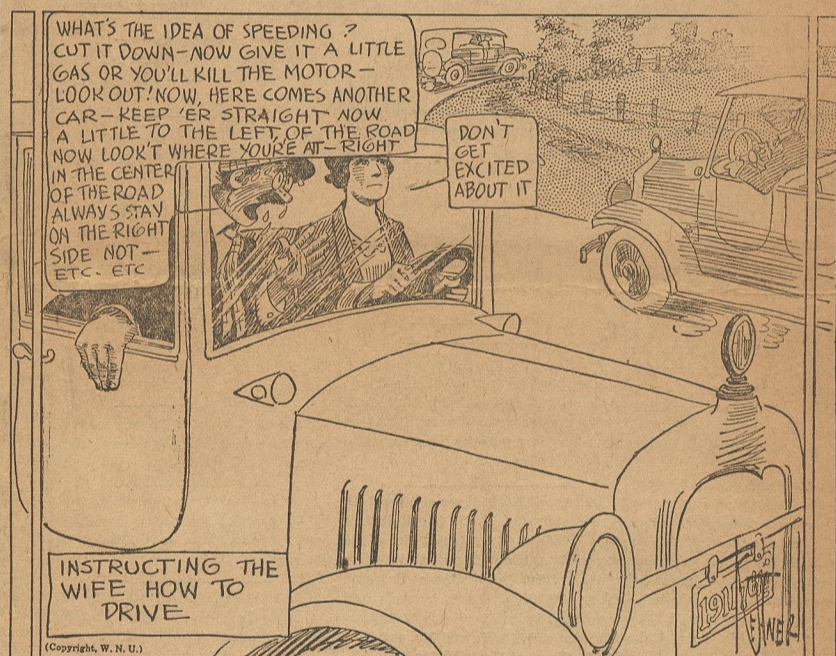
IF I HAD A LOT O' MONEY I'D GO TO AFRICA AND HUNT LIONS N' TIGERS

I WISH I HAD ABOUT A HUNDRED-MILLION DOLLARS- YOU KNOW WHAT I'D DO

DAY DREAMS

(Copyright, W. N. U.)

Along the Concrete



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SPEEDING? CUT IT DOWN-NOW GIVE IT A LITTLE GAS OR YOU'LL KILL THE MOTOR-LOOK OUT! NOW, HERE COMES ANOTHER CAR-KEEP 'ER STRAIGHT-NOW A LITTLE TO THE LEFT OF THE ROAD NOW LOOK'T WHERE YOU'RE AT-RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE ROAD ALWAYS STAY ON THE RIGHT SIDE NOT-ETC.-ETC

DON'T GET EXCITED ABOUT IT

INSTRUCTING THE WIFE HOW TO DRIVE

(Copyright, W. N. U.)

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



I CAME NEAR RENTING A GARAGE TODAY, FELIX-

ALL RIGHT--POP THE JOKE!



NO JOKE--I ALMOST DID!

DON'T BE SILLY!--WE HAVEN'T A CAR ANY MORE--



BUT IF WE DID HAVE A CAR WE'D HAVE TO HAVE A GARAGE!--AND



I BOUGHT \$10 WORTH OF CHANCES ON 'AN AUTO AT THE GUILD BAZAAR TODAY!

Fanny, the Optimist

Featherhead Fables--

THERE WILL NEVER BE ANY MORE WARS.



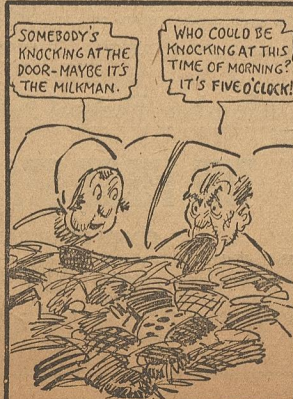
Jennie Bodmin, Fort Smith, Ark.

The Clancy Kids



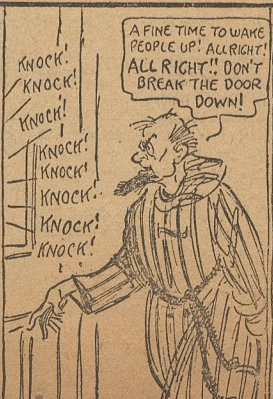
If At First You Don't Succeed, Try "After."

By PERCY L. CROSBY
© by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate



SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING AT THE DOOR--MAYBE IT'S THE MILKMAN.

WHO COULD BE KNOCKING AT THIS TIME OF MORNING? IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK!



KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

A FINE TIME TO WAKE PEOPLE UP! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! DON'T BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!



GOOD MORNING, MR. DOYA WANT TO BUY A HOUSE IN HONEYDALE?



SLAM!!

AFTER MAYBE DO YA, HUH, AFTER?

Selwood of Sleepy Cat

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

WNU Service.

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

STORY FROM THE START

John Selwood, gentleman gambler and manager of a stage line at Sleepy Cat comes upon a settler whose wagon has mired in a creek. He helps get the outfit clear, after picking up a girl's shoe and being attracted by the supposed owner thereof in Fyler's (the settler's) wagon. Moses McCracken, a youth, is robbed of \$600 in a Sleepy Cat gambling den. Selwood forces the swindlers, Bartoe and Atkins, to return the money. Fyler opens a dry goods store, with "Big Haynes" running a mock auction. Selwood learns the girl whose shoe he picked up is Christie, Fyler's daughter. Selwood makes Christie's acquaintance and warns Fyler that Atkins is a crook. Starbuck, head of the crooked gamblers, attracts Christie to ingratiate himself with her. The girl's mind is poisoned against Selwood. Fyler is beaten and robbed. Christie, seeking Doctor Carry, meets Selwood and informs him that Atkins has thrown her father out of his store, claiming to own it. Fyler is not badly hurt. Christie tells Selwood of threats made by Starbuck, also that he had asked her to marry him. With his two companions, Selwood drives Atkins and Haynes from Fyler's store.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Selwood, approaching the high shuttered window on the north side of the building, felt carefully all around it. The two dogs crouched at Scott's feet. Selwood studied the building a moment. Then he turned to his companions.

"They'll look for us first at the back door—that's the natural way to open this oyster. I'll smash this shutter. Bill, you go around to the south side and slam away at the other window. Bust it if you can, but, whatever you do, make plenty of noise. When I get through this shutter with an ax, Bob drops the dogs in here, one after the other—they won't get both of 'em. When you hear me yell, Bill, it will mean the dogs are in. Then run to the back door with your ax, Bob, and chop at it. I'll take the sledge and an ax around to the front door, Bill. When you hear the dogs inside, join me at the front door and give it the sledge for all that's in you. Now get to your place, Bill—when I hear your ax, I start here—Keep out of range, best you can; there's at least one hard shooter in there."

A moment later the thud of Pardaloe's ax against the hollow shutter on the opposite side of the building would have waked the dead, had there been any in Sleepy Cat proper. Timed at the expected signal, came the crash of Selwood's ax into the north shutter. A loud shout from within, followed by a shot, greeted the attack; Chloe and Sweetheart, savage with excitement, yelped and whined. A shotgun discharged from close inside the north shutter warned the bestigators what to expect, and a buckshot glancing from the blade of the ax caught Selwood above the ear. Scott, crouching with the dogs, jumped as a second bullet stung his wrist, and a third brought an angry yelp from the dog Chloe.

There was no sign or thought of a retreat. Selwood redoubled his blows—one or at most two more charges of buckshot, he believed, were all that were to be feared for a moment, and the sooner they came, the better it would suit him. He sank the ax head again and again into the thick lock-rail of the shutter, intent on reaching the hook-fastening. Again a charge of buckshot hurtled through the damaged casement and sprinkled the axman, the Indian, and the dogs, but there was no cessation in the ferocious shower of blows. The splintering crash that followed each one told how fast the shutter was giving way, and the sound of a fourth report from a shotgun also told Selwood that Pardaloe was under fire. Throwing all his energy into one last swing, Selwood drove the ax completely through the jamb to pry out the staple. The ax heave, weakened by the blow, broke. With an oath, Selwood called for the sledge and the next minute what remained of the shutter hung loose.

Within, Selwood and Scott heard the shouting of the defenders.

"The doors, boys!" roared Selwood. Pardaloe, yelling like an Indian, was plying his ax. Selwood tore the shutter from his hinges, stopped, caught Chloe in his arms, unsnapped her leash, and threw her like a shot into the store. From Scott's arms, Sweetheart flew in after her.

In an instant pandemonium reigned inside. Wild shooting, the snapping of the infuriated dogs mingled with the cursing of the bewildered defenders, the crash of Scott's ax at the back door, and Pardaloe's sledge at the front. Wood and iron could not withstand. The positions of the two parties were now reversed; the trouble was all on the inside. Darkness, the danger of shooting one another in shooting at the dogs—and with it all the three men in the store

being torn to pieces. The hickory cross-bar that held the front doors splintered before the first blows of Pardaloe's sledge, and the stout front doors gave way. Throwing himself against the weaker one, Selwood smashed and shouldered through it and fell into the store. Pardaloe, unopposed, dashed in from the front end, and Selwood, springing from his momentary shelter, grappled the form of a man in the darkness. The two clenched on the floor.

"Wall off your dogs!" came in a stentorian voice from somewhere; it sounded like Big Haynes. Selwood, rolling his man in a fierce scuffle toward the front, dragged him to the doorway, threw him into the street, and ran back to help.

Scott, from outside, had set a lighted lantern up in the battered window opening, and hastening to the door with a second lantern, ran in to secure the dogs just as Selwood reached Pardaloe. He sat astride a prostrate defender, his bony fingers fastened on the man's windpipe. Selwood understood too well what that meant. Catching a lantern from Scott's hand, he held it on the man's distorted features under Pardaloe's hand. "Let loose, Bill! Let loose, I tell you! You're killing him."

"Dash it, John," protested Pardaloe, struggling to get away from the gambler's hands, "that's what I'm trying to do—let me alone—he tried to plug me! Who is he? Atkins!" he exclaimed, as Selwood held the lantern closer to the man's swollen face.

"Get your knee out of his chest, Bill!" remonstrated Selwood. "Can't you see he's slipping? He can't breathe."

With many reproaches aimed at Selwood for unwarranted interference, Pardaloe, shaking himself loose, baffled and eyeing his prey, stood by till Selwood, bending over the gasping man, saw he was coming to, and started to drag him forward to throw him out.

Pardaloe bared his arms. "Stand away!" he exclaimed in a hoarse growl. "Stand away, John! You throw'd your'n out. I throw mine."

He picked up and carried Atkins forward bodily. Selwood turned to help Scott with the dogs. These had Big Haynes, greatly embarrassed, behind two big boxes in a corner—and, held back by Scott, they were tearing to shreds with fiendish delight the blanket Haynes had slept in. Haynes called loudly for quarter, and as Selwood went forward again, Scott, while he held the dogs, advised Haynes to hustle out the back door. The party was over.

It was the work of only a few minutes for Selwood to regain his room back of the gambling hall. He slipped out of his rig and began to wash up. Within fifteen minutes he was back at the post he had left on hour earlier, with the few sitters around him who had gathered at the last table where Faro was being dealt that Sunday night.

Hardly ten minutes later three men appeared at the open doors of Selwood's place. Starbuck, accompanied by Atkins and Bartoe, walked into the hall and stood for a moment looking about. Selwood knew what they were there for—to see whether he was missing from his ordinary post. He impassively pressed the case spring and kept an untroubled eye on the layout. His visitors lingered only a moment, but it was past the closing hour, and while the last of the players straggled out, Starbuck came in again.

"What have your barn bullies been up to tonight, Selwood?" he demanded, without preliminary.

Selwood asked what he meant. Starbuck told of the attack on the store. "Atkins and Bartoe hold a bill of sale for that stock," he declared, indignantly. "Things have come to a pretty pass in Sleepy Cat when legitimate owners are to be chewed up by dogs and thrown out into the street. This thing has got to stop, or you'll have to move your headquarters out of this town." Selwood parried with civil answers the questions roughly asked, and met untroubled the threats roughly made, and asked only an occasional question himself.

"Have you heard any talk of Vigilantes organizing in Sleepy Cat?" he asked. "I don't know much about it. But the little talk I heard here a few minutes ago about some kind of a fight at Fyler's store was that the Vigilantes had got after the men who had robbed Fyler and tried to kill him. There's no use your talking to me about my men; they do as they please—you know that. Talk to them," he suggested, while Starbuck, very angry, continued to blow off.

"Bartoe says there were half a dozen or more men in it—and they're in the store yet, he says." Selwood thought Pardaloe and one Indian in possession must be making a good deal of noise, but he said nothing. "There's going to be a clean-up in this town before long," added Starbuck significantly. "Folks that are making trouble ought to get ready

"Meaning just whom, Starbuck?" asked Selwood, pacifically.

"Meaning whoever's behind all this rowing that's going on here lately."

"Well, Starbuck," returned Selwood, with some slight appearance of fatigue, "you know, or ought to know, that I'm the man that threw Atkins and Bartoe into the street tonight; they ought to know it; if they don't, tell them so. Of course, I wouldn't have done it, if I'd known there were friends of yours in the store. If it hadn't been for me, they would have been hanging to telegraph poles by this time—that's the fact. And tell them the next thing like that Fyler job they try to pull off, they will be hanging to the poles—that's the plain, straight, every-day English of it."

Starbuck had never been faced quite so bluntly. Selwood never had shown his hand quite so carelessly—parted with his caution quite so completely. But a woman stood between them, and she meant the more to Selwood because, though he cherished slight hope of holding her himself, the thought of her going to Starbuck was bitter enough to make him ready for any manner of fray.

Starbuck eyed the gambler intently. Then he spoke with composure. "Selwood, you're cutting quite a figure here in affairs that you've got no business in. You're playing too many



Big Haynes Was Prompt in His Reply.

games to win all of them—do you know that?" Selwood was too absorbed in watching Starbuck's eyes to make the slightest response in words. "Whether you do or not," Starbuck went on evenly, "You'll find your 'du-al' role will wind up if you play it long enough. It won't work in Sleepy Cat."

Starbuck paid his enemy one compliment. Without any attempt to back out of the room, he turned and walked straight to the door. There he paused and looked around.

"Good night, Mr. Selwood," he called out calmly.

"It's pretty late for that, Mr. Starbuck," retorted Selwood. "Good morning."

Daylight was really breaking. "Hold on a minute," he added, walking forward to where Starbuck stood at the door. "You're giving me some advice. I'll give you a little. There's the Vigilante talk brewing in Sleepy Cat, Mr. Starbuck."

"When the Vigilantes get me," cried Starbuck, "they'll get you, Mr. Selwood."

"In that case the cross-arm of one pole will do for both of us. But why wait for the Vigilantes? We can fix up our differences any time."

"Some time—not any time, Mr. Selwood."

"Some time for you, Mr. Starbuck," smiled Selwood, as Starbuck stalked heavily down the steps; "any time for me."

It was late that Monday before Selwood appeared. At noon in his room at the hotel he was pulling himself together for a shave. After lunch he walked down the street in the sunshine, with a careful eye for enemies, but passed Fyler's to see what the place looked like, after the change of owners.

Scott had patched up the scars. The front doors showed fewer traces of the rude assault than Selwood had expected. But there was a deathly quiet about the place. The town knew that there had been a fight at the store during the night, but for various reasons the principals concerned had kept their own counsel. When Selwood approached Fyler's, two men stood on the corner talking—Big Haynes and Harry Barbanet. Selwood understood perfectly well that Harry, chief gossip of the River quarter, was up-town to bore into Haynes for all the information he could get as to who the pseudo-Vigilantes had been—that his store and his friends might be posted against

been uncommunicative and, when Selwood hove in sight, left Barbanet unceremoniously and drew Selwood aside.

"I want to explain things a little, John," said the big fellow. "This sneak"—he nodded toward Barbanet, who, left alone, was walking up the steps into the store—"is up here trying to pump me about who was in the party; he didn't get anything. What I want to say to you is this: I wa'n't in no way mixed up in this scheme to rob Fyler. I had some goods of my own in there and stayed with them fellows so as not to get robbed, myself. I've got no money, John—you know that. It's come easy, go easy. Last night I fired no gun and hit no man. That's all, John. Right is right, ain't it, John? 'N' you know the facts. I helped the girl 'n' the Indian and McAlpin get Fyler up here early this morning—they'll tell you that, too—they understood the situation. And I want to tell you, 'twixen you 'n' me—that man Fyler ain't hurt much, neither."

Selwood had no reason to doubt Haynes' story. "I hold nothing against you, Haynes, as far as I'm concerned. And I don't know rightly what you're talking about. Somebody at the hotel said there'd been a fight. If any of my men were mixed in it and have injured anybody, they'll have to make it right."

Barbanet came down the steps with a satisfied smile on his face—a wise smile, meant to ingratiate him with the two men talking on the corner. Nothing lacking in assurance, he addressed Selwood. "That's a nice girl in there." He nodded back toward the store. Selwood only looked at him in silence, turned his back abruptly on the impudent loafer and walked away.

Haynes nodded toward the store. "Go slow on what you say about anybody in there to Selwood, Harry."

"How so?"

"They're friends of his."

Barbanet smiled anew. "She thinks Selwood is a mining man. She and her old man were talking about him just now. I asked whether she meant Selwood the gambler. She said no, she meant the mining man—the man that runs the Russell and Wentworth wagons. She don't know he runs the place up the hill," grinned Barbanet.

"I guess from the way Mr. Gentleman John walked off just now, he wouldn't like her to know he's a gambler."

"I've got a better guess than that: when he wants her to know it he'll tell her himself."

"Wonder how he'd like me to tell her?"

"He wouldn't like it."

"Wonder how much it would be worth to him for me not to tell her?"

Big Haynes was prompt in his reply, and disinterested. "Not a cent to him—not if I guess him right. But before you cross his trail, Harry, send for the buzzards; they're clean job workers and they'll make a quick job of you."

Selwood walked down street quite unconscious of the corner talk behind him. But he felt cheated out of his visit and, feeling that he had a perfectly good excuse, made occasion to walk around by Fyler's an hour later. This time he found Christie alone and behind the counter in the front of the store.

Her face lighted when she saw him coming up the steps. She had evidently been at work among the goods and was still busy. Her face, already flushed, seemed to deepen in color under his gaze, and the slight disorder of her dress matched the pretty

disarray of her hair. "Things were in such awful shape this morning," she said, with her fingers running around like mice among the hairpins and with her eyes fixed in dire apology on Selwood's eyes. "I know I'm a sight!" she exclaimed. "But you'll never know what this poor store looked like!"

"If it looked anything like you," he ventured, "I shouldn't have touched it."

Could Christie have blushed more deeply she probably would; but, unable to do so, she did something worse, as far as Selwood's composure was concerned. She laughed. And it was the happiest care-free laugh in the world—no fret, no worry, neither regret nor apprehension—just the young, happy laugh of a young, happy moment. Selwood felt himself rudely shaken with every vibration of her throat, but he clung to the lifeline. "How's your father?"

"Oh"—Christie heaved a big sigh of relief—"ever so much better. Oh, I know I shall never be able to say all I want to to thank you—how am I ever going to do it?"

She looked at him with eyes so wide open and so appealingly perplexed that Selwood momentarily wilted. His eyes fell. The man who could look at any sort of a hand at poker calmly, or into the muzzle of a gun without visible hysteria, faltered before Christie's eyes. He kept his wits just enough to answer her appeal. "You've done it," he managed to say—and continued: "I hope you'll have no more trouble. Bob Scott will be sneaking around here for a while at night; Bob doesn't sleep much."

"He just saved my life, helping this morning. And"—she hesitated and twisted her fingers a little as she stood behind the counter. Then she summoned courage and went on—in truth she had much the more courage of the two. "And—he, when I spoke of you, he told me you were not here at all last night! And I just knew that wasn't so. And he said that Mr. Pardaloe had gone out of town early this morning—"

"He took a wagon train out," explained Selwood. He did not add that, knowing there was but one way to keep the mule boss quiet, he had sent him out.

"Where were you last night?" demanded Christie, growing in pretty boldness—pretty because it was nothing but gratitude and fast-kindling confidence—with just the merest dash of receptive feminine curiosity. "Oh, you needn't tell me if you don't want to," she added hastily. "I knew I ought not to ask."

Her head hung down—about far enough down to reproach herself for hardness—and her eyes looked up just far enough to reach his; and just innocently enough to shatter his good resolutions of every sort.

"You've full permission to ask me any kind of a question in the world," he said. "Just remember that. I was here a little while last night. But Pardaloe and Scott did the hard work."

"Somebody certainly did it. How can men be so mean as those men were to really steal everything we had?" Christie sighed at the thought. But it was not the sigh that shook Selwood; it was the appealing confidence of her question to the one man she felt sure she could trust; and it was so satisfying to him to be even for a few moments in that position.

He stumbled at some effort to answer or explain her difficulty, but Christie rode right on. "I suppose," she said impulsively, "I might as well ask: How can men be so good as you and your friends were to risk their lives to get back what was taken away from us—when they couldn't have the slightest personal interest in helping father and me?"

Selwood demurred. "I wouldn't say just exactly that. Men like Pardaloe and Scott and myself don't see a nice young lady like you often—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Christie, flushing anew at her success as a nice young lady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What's the Answer

Here is a new feature that will provide profitable entertainment for all of our readers. In each issue we will print a series of twenty questions covering such subjects as history, science, geography, literature, arithmetic, religion, sports, economics, famous sayings, natural history and other things. In this issue we start the series with the first twenty questions. Our next issue will carry the answer to these questions and another set of twenty, and so on over a period of several months. Try to answer these questions as they appear in each issue. To do so, and search for the answers that you do not know, will add materially to your store of valuable information. This new, "What's the Answer" department is an educational feature of unusual value. Cut out the questions, keep them until the answers appear in the next issue and then see how near correct your own answers have been. Follow it from issue to issue and you will find it fascinating.

Questions—No. 1

- 1—Who discovered the Pacific ocean?
- 2—What is the oldest town in the United States and when was it settled?
- 3—What is the area of the earth's surface?
- 4—What is the average person's range of visibility?
- 5—How many times has St. Louis won the National League pennant?
- 6—What is the meaning of the Renaissance as applied to art?
- 7—What land is remarkable in that it has practically no drainage to the sea?
- 8—What is the oldest Greek letter college fraternity?
- 9—Who said, "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country"?
- 10—What industry is considered the barometer for general trade in the United States?
- 11—What is myopia?
- 12—How old is the earth?
- 13—When was negro slavery introduced into the United States?
- 14—When was Yale college founded?
- 15—Who was the first man to drive an automobile more than a mile in a minute?
- 16—What American actor has won distinction as tragedian and comedian; as an interpreter of Shakespeare and of the modern drama, and is equally proficient on the stage and in moving pictures?
- 17—Which of the continents has the most regular coast line?
- 18—Who was the first lyric poet of France?
- 19—Who said: "D—n the torpedoes! Go ahead!"?
- 20—What is America's greatest undeveloped resource?

Accidents That Have Made Big Industries

A piece of cheese tossed by one workman at another during the luncheon hour missed its mark and dropped into the plating bath used in the production of copper disks from which wax phonograph records were stamped. Later the disks from that bath were found to be far superior to the others, and an investigation revealed that the casein in the cheese had done the trick. This disclosed a possible improvement worth thousands of dollars to the manufacturer. Telephone engineers discovered that an alloy of nickel and iron, when produced in the form of a narrow ribbon and wound around the copper core of a submarine cable, would increase the speed of the cable six times. The only trouble was that no one seemed able to find a flux that would weld the ends of the ribbon into a solid piece. One day a workman jokingly said: "Let's try salt." Picking up the shaker from his luncheon pail, he started to sprinkle the salt over the flux, when the cover fell off the shaker and the salt poured over the weld. This started a chemical action that united the edges, and the problem was solved. A scientist in France, while experimenting in his laboratory, inadvertently opened the wrong valve. Before he could rectify his mistake several drops of moisture settled in a glass tube that was part of the apparatus. His elation knew no bounds, for here at last was the end of the long search for liquid oxygen. Again an accident created an industry and gave us an explosive far safer and mightier than dynamite.—Floyd W. Parsons in the Saturday Evening Post.

Prophecy Fulfilled

There are several lakes or streams in different parts of the world with which are connected strange stories. One is Lake Chrissie, four miles from Ermelo, in the eastern Transvaal, When the Dutch emigrants from the Cape first settled in the Transvaal an old Kafir medicine man predicted that some day the lake would become dry, and then the Boers would lose their independence. This prophecy was fulfilled when the Boers were subjugated by the British.

French Village Girl in Philosophic Mood

On our way to the terrace we instinctively turned back at the door of the studio. Books, books, all over! In between white marble statues looking like pale flowers in a dark forest or white-bodied nymphs under the dense foliage. Rodin remarked that the upper portion of the mantelpiece was like the front of a Renaissance palace. There was a bas-relief on its frieze and in front of it several goblin fauteuils. The oak table was covered today with antique statues, torsos, Florentine bronze bells, quills, Renaissance candlesticks, books and manuscripts. Opposite the table Aphrodite, emerging from the dark waves of the curtain, blinded the spectator.

"I thought you would come down," the old housekeeper mumbled morosely. "Hurry up, Marie. Clean up the terrace."

"Stop!" exclaimed Rodin with feigned indignation. "Don't touch the sacred treasures of kings with your

Ancient Church Organ

Frederick Miller, an expert on organ history, says that the oldest pipe organ in America is in an Episcopal church at Clyde, N. Y. It was built for Queen Anne of England and presented by her to Trinity church in New York, which eventually passed it along to the congregation in Clyde. It is a genuine antique, with only 110

Editions of Bible
About 4,000 different editions of the Bible are housed in the British mu

Have You Ever Considered What You Would Be Paying For Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables if PIGGLY WIGGLY Stores Were Not Here?



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Dry Salt Pork, per pound	13c
Bacon, English sliced	40c
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NEW COWBOY EPIC COMES FROM LONE STAR STATE

It was and old time Texas Cowboy, Andy Adams, who wrote the epic of the old Chisholm Trail days when they drove the Longhorns up from the Lone Star State to the northern markets. Now another old time Texas Cowboy He is Charlie Siringo and his book has written another epic of those days. "Riata and Spurs," takes a place with Andy Adams, "Log of a Cowboy". As a cowboy and a detective, Charlie Siringo knew some of the most famous characters of the old frontier—Billy the Kid, Kid Curry, Bat Masterson and many others. In this issue of the Review there is an article, "A new Cowboy Epic" by Elmo Scott Watson, which tells of Siringo's adventurous career. If you want a wild west thrill be sure to read it.

CARD OF THANKS

Kind, and noble hearted people of Cross Plains, as we cannot see each one of you personally, we take this method of expressing our heartfelt thanks and gratitude to every one who in any way helped us in the sad bereavement through which we have just passed.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henderson who so willingly furnished us rooms in the Grace Hotel, without compensation. To Mr. Walker, the undertaker, who so faithfully and untiringly discharged his duties. To the Brotherhood of Oddfellows and all others whose names we did not learn. You will always be remembered by us with heartfelt gratitude, and our prayer is that God's richest blessings may rest upon you and yours as it has never been our privilege to meet a nobler people.

J. W. Wallace and Family

Mrs. Ralph Buckingham who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. P. Henderson returned to her home at Crosbyton Monday.

Mrs. H. A. Hemphill and son, William and daughter and husband of Gainesville visited with Charles Hemphill and family this week.

Aubra Dodson made business trip to Ranger first of week.

"Puttin' off the Grave Diggers" is the subject of the evening sermon next Sunday at the Methodist Church.

FOR SALE—Nice residences. Well located, priced reasonable.
Wilson & Kendrick

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I am prepared to repair all kinds of graphophone, guns and revolvers. Keys duplicated.

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CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

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Attorney-at-Law
Farmers National Bank Building
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

42 PARTY

On the evening of the 23rd, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams a forty two party was given in honor of the birthdays of Misses Marie Williams and Gladys Swan. Delicious refreshments were served to the four tables of forty two players and much fast playing was put over, terminating with Miss Loufema Williams, Frank Williams, Kathleen Neeb and Chick Bond holding high scores.

Then deciding there should be a celebration, the party led by Miss Gladys Swan and Mr. Lon Fauston, left for Henderson's pasture where a lively Marshmallow toast was enjoyed by all.

The young men, Mr. Clyde Teague, Frank Williams, Chick Bond, Mr. Harry Heath, Hoyt Cowne, Oliver D. Worby, Lon Fouston, and Jimmie Crow said good night to the fair ladies, Misses Dorothy Williams, Loufema Williams, Kathleen Neeb, Syble McDaniel, Audra Gwin, Jaunita Wilson, Gladys Swan and Marie Williams about 12 o'clock, leaving them in charge of their chaperon who was waiting to join them in a slumber party. Such a good time was enjoyed by all till they agreed that it wouldn't last "Till we meet again".

George Brown and family visited in Brownwood and Blanket Sunday.

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Night, July 2nd

Special price on everything during this sale.

Dining Room Suites, Living Room Suites, Bed Room Suites, Breakfast Sets, Stoves, Rugs and Kitchen Furniture.

Some Real Bargains You can't afford to miss.

Just Received New Shipment

Rugs, Floor Coverings of all kinds, Bed Room Suites, Living Room Suites, Breakfast Sets, Furniture of all kinds

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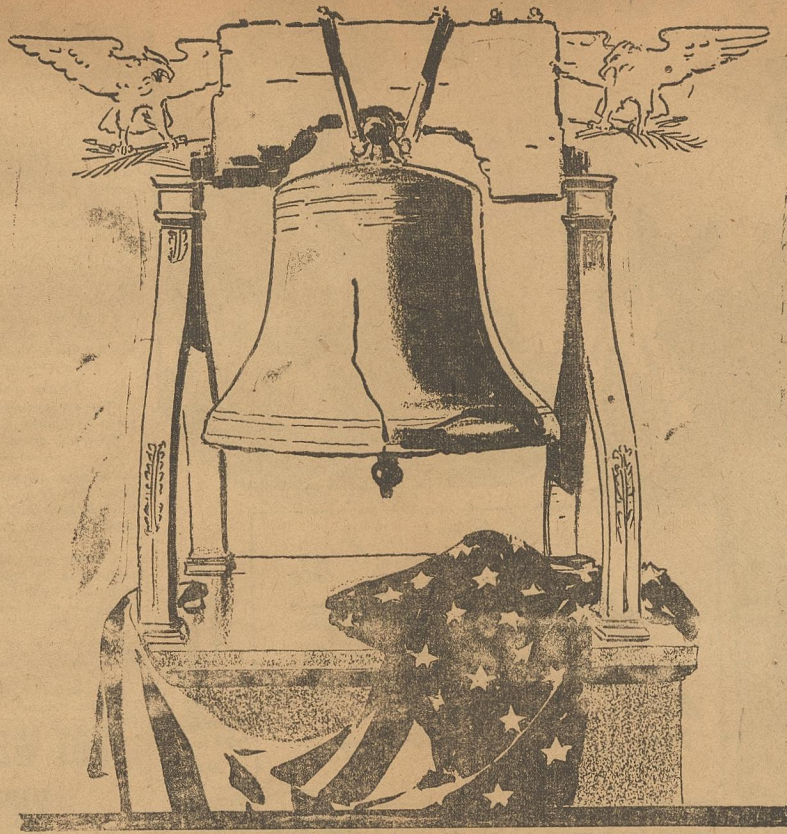
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A Love of One's country
and pride in one's home

With the peal of the Liberty Bell away back in 1776 there came to life in the heart of every American, Patriotism. Love of one's country and home---a willingness to defend and glorify, so that all the world would heed, the place of one's abode.

Patriotism is an active factor in the home and business life of this town every day in the year. Without patriotism our community cannot hope to thrive and prosper.

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HOW MRS. WEAVER WAS HELPED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

As Mrs. Weaver herself says, "I was never very strong." This is a mild statement describing her condition, for, according to her letters, she was subjected to no small amount of ill health.

Fortunately, her sister was familiar with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged Mrs. Weaver to try it. "After three or four weeks," writes Mrs. Weaver, "I felt a great difference in myself. I would go to bed and sleep sound, and although I could not do very much work, I seemed stronger. I kept on taking it and now I am well and strong, do my work and take care of three children. I sure do tell my friends about your wonderful medicine, and I will answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. LAWRENCE WEAVER, East Smithfield St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

If you knew that thousands of women suffering from troubles similar to those you are enduring had improved their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, wouldn't you think it was worth a trial? In some families, the fourth generation is learning the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

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Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine health and make life miserable. Tonight try Nature's Remedy—all-vegetable corrective—not just an ordinary laxative. See how it will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, lumpy, unpleasant feeling. Mild, safe, purely vegetable.

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For PILES PAZO

Kill All Flies! DAISSY FLY KILLER

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The Easier Way "So Maud chose to marry rather than become a stenographer." "Yes; Maud's kind lady. She felt she could run a husband without much trouble, whereas to run a typewriter she'd have to take lessons."

Up to Her Landlady—Which will you have—tea or coffee? Wise One—Whichever you call it.

Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

Mitchell Eye Salve For SORE EYES

Dr. Peery's Dead Shot For WORMS Vermifuge

A New Cowboy Epic



Know all persons by their faces that of do Billy, tall and often fat, heavy on legs, one large nose, round eyes, on left hip and other marks, brand of Sheriff for the town of Sacramento, \$5 dollars, in hand received.

A BILL OF SALE BY BILLY THE KID

ings for this "Texas long horn kid" as a farmhand in Illinois, as a bellhop at the famous old Planters' hotel in St. Louis and as a deck hand on a Mississippi river steamboat. Finally he landed in New Orleans, where he was taken into the home of a prosperous merchant who offered to adopt him and give him an education. But Charlie Siringo already had the "wandering foot" and he was not content with the dullness of school life for very long. So he ran away and returned to his farm hand job in Illinois, only to leave that again for another try at life on a Mississippi river steamboat.



PAT GARRETT

He arrived in St. Louis in time to board the Robert E. Lee and to ride on that boat during its historic race with the Natchez. Back in New Orleans again he visited the home of his benefactor and again was taken in and given a chance at schooling. But again he ran away and the spring of 1871 found him back in his native land, the Matagorda country, in time to have a part in the heyday of trailing Texas cattle. He entered the employ of the famous "Shanghai" Pierce and his brother, Jonathan, owners of the Rancho Grande who had literally "cattle on a thousand hills." After working with various equally noted cattle outfits in that state Charlie made his first trip up the old Chisholm Trail in the spring of 1876 with a herd of 2,500 longhorns owned by W. B. Grimes.

After enduring the usual perils of storm, stampede and troubles with the Indians, this herd arrived at the Kansas market and the young Texas cowboy had his first sight of one of the "roaring cattle towns," Wichita, Kan. Charlie records the fact that in Wichita he and other cowboys "whooped 'er up Liza-Jane for a couple of days and nights and found ourselves broke." Incidentally during this whooping 'er up Liza-Jane process Siringo received a backshot in the calf of his leg and he still carries a scar to remind him of the days when he was a wild young Texas cowboy. On subsequent trips up the trails in Texas, he visited other noted cow towns, Dodge City, Sweetwater, Tascosa, and Mobeetie. One Fourth of July he celebrated in Dodge City and he frankly records that "this celebration came near costing me my life in a free-for-all fight in the Lone Star Dance hall in charge of the noted Bat Masterson."

In fact, a reading of "Riata and Spurs" is like leafing through a Who's Who of the old cattle days in the West. There you will see the names of Old Man Goodnight, John Chisum, Beals of the great LX ranch, Outlaw Bill Moore, the manager of that ranch, Sheriff Brown, who robbed the bank in his own town and was thereafter swiftly and sufficiently hanged by its happy citizens, Billy the Kid, Jim East, Pat Garrett, and a dozen others who were connected with the famous Lincoln county cattle war and the saga of that youthful outlaw. If you would know the true story of how Billy the Kid came to his death before the six-shooter of Pat Garrett read Charlie Siringo's "Riata and Spurs." Billy the Kid was not the only fa-

Early Confederation Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven formed a confederation under the title, "The United Colonies of New England" on May 19, 1643. This was the first confederation in America.

Canny Scot A little Scottish boy, having become an uncle at the age of four, was taken to see the new baby. "What's she saying, Sandy?" asked his sister, as the infant made the usual gurgling noises. Sandy cast a wary and inquiring eye round the room and then replied: "She's sayin', 'Gie Sandy an apple.'"

Anglers, especially those who seldom have any luck, may glean a novel tip from the methods of "Old Ioguk," medicine man and sovereign of an isolated tribe of Eskimos living on the windswept mud flats between the Yukon and Kuskowin rivers in western Alaska. Every spring just before the salmon run up the rivers to spawn, Ioguk goes to the river mouths, where he performs queer incantations and magic

BILLY THE KID

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IN THESE days when the movies and that type of fiction, which reviewers have become accustomed to dismiss with the characterization "another western," have united to give the public a very good idea of what the cowboy WAS NOT, old timers who knew what he WAS have about given up hope of seeing him presented in his true light. They will tell you that there have been only a few books which have done that and they will include in that short list Andy Adams' "The Log of a Cowboy," Philip Ashton Rollins' "The Cowboy," and "The Trail Drivers of Texas," a monumental book of sketches, compiled by the Old Time Trail Drivers' association.

Now they can add one more to the list—Charlie Siringo's "Riata and Spurs," recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. If Andy Adams' "Log of a Cowboy" is the Iliad of the cattle trade, as it is generally admitted to be, then Charlie Siringo's "Riata and Spurs" is its Odyssey—truly another cowboy epic. This is not the opinion of this writer acting in the role of a book reviewer, even if it is the composite opinion of some book reviewers—men who are familiar with the cowboy era of the West and who know whereof they speak. But still better evidence than mere opinion is the book itself. The reader who follows Charlie's simple, direct narrative and sees for himself how this old-time cowboy tells of what would be a most thrilling experience to most of us in his casual, matter of fact way, will find himself saying: "Here is real epic stuff." Here is a typical example: In one place he tells of having charge of a herd of 2,500 longhorns, and in the course of that drive he relates that "After leaving these lakes we were two days and nights without water." As one reviewer says, "Having gone through with this unpleasantly arid experience, Charlie Siringo makes no more mention of it than that. To him that was all there was to it. It was a bare, bald, dry fact, a thing done in the discharge of his duty and for \$40 a month and prunes, and it was as unromantic to him as a ride in a New York subway is to a suburban straphanger."

The Odyssey of Charlie Siringo began on February 7, 1855 in Matagorda county, Texas. That was the date and place of his birth. When he was only twelve years old he began to punch cattle. In 1868 his widowed mother married again and sold out the family property in Texas to go north and make a home in St. Louis. Then followed a period of wander-

A Tip for Anglers

rites. He wears a wooden mask resembling a salmon trout and dances and chants, commanding the fish to swim up the streams to his people. For this "mysterious" power Ioguk experts over the fishes he visits every Eskimo home and collects one-fourth of all the fish caught as his share.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Oldtime Clocks That Are Now Curiosities

The first pendulum clock ever made in England was constructed by a Dutchman named Fromantel, in 1622. The clock given by King Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn on her wedding day is only four inches deep and but ten inches high—a real pigmy clock! There are also still some specimens of the old "Act of Parliament" clocks existing. These were so-called because Pitt, when prime minister, placed a tax on watches, and consequently taverns and other places where people gathered had large clocks made for the benefit of people who could not afford watches. At Buckingham palace there is a wonderful clock made by Lapine. This clock takes the form of a negress' head, and the hour numerals are shown in one of her eyes, whilst in the other are the minute divisions.

Facts and Fancies

"There's always something broke about that auto of yours." "There is when I'm around."

For your daughter's sake, use Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. She will then have that dainty, well-groomed appearance that girls admire.—Adv.

A stone ball shot from a Roman catapult in the Roman siege of Jerusalem has been found there in excavating the third wall of the city.

One application of Roman Eye Balsam will prove how good it is for sore eyes. Costs only 35 cents, 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Pride is both a virtue and a vice.—Theodore Parker.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DANCING, TENNIS, GOLF, ETC.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic Makes the Body Strong. Makes the Blood Rich. 60c

PARKER'S HAIR BALMS Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Hiscox Chem. Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

Jail a Luxury It was decided that the local jail at Londonderry, Nova Scotia, which has not housed a prisoner for many years, was an expensive luxury, and so was sold to the highest bidder. The local cobbler bought it for \$7 (about \$35).

HOT WEATHER DRIES OUT YOUR KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

Perspiration carries off body moisture and the liver and bowels become dry and constipated. Then—biliousness, headaches, sour stomach; the heat makes you drowsy and lazy, and your skin breaks out with pimples and boils.

Don't take calomel. That's wrong—calomel is mercury—a dangerous drug. It jars the liver and cleans the bowels, that's true. But the damage it does to them, ough! It crashes into your system like a charge of dynamite and makes it numb. It stiffens the muscles of the stomach and bowels, takes YOU

a day to recuperate and no telling how long for your bowels.

All you need is Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful at night and you wake up feeling great. It doesn't upset you, but cleans you out good. You don't lose a day from your work and you can eat anything you want.

Get the big bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone from your nearest store. They all have it. Keep it in the house so you will have it handy to take nights before going to bed.

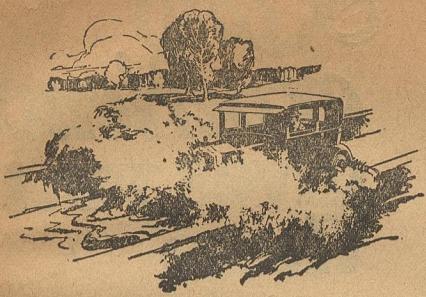
The Flatterer! Wilma—The sweetest man works at that tobacco counter! Nellie—That so? Wilma—Yes; he told me he wouldn't sell cigarettes to minors. Variety is also the spice of death.

Had It Right Mrs. Pecque—You—you—you peanut! Pecque—Quite right, my dear. You're always making me shell out. Compensation is the law of existence the world over.—Emerson.

CHILDREN CRY FOR Fletcher's CASTORIA MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages. To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Ma Buzz went to the country, Hooray! FLIT spray clears your home of flies and mosquitoes. It also kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get Flit today. DESTROYS Flies Mosquitoes Moths Ants Bed Bugs Roaches

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up Prevents and Relieves Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue



A BATH TUB that tests automobiles

S-P-L-A-S-H through the bath tub goes the General Motors car. Out onto the slippery road it dashes. On go the brakes!

What is the reason for such torture of an innocent automobile?

The answer is that the engineers at the General Motors Proving Ground take nothing for granted. They want to know what happens when a car ploughs through water. They insist too on measuring, with special machines which they have built, just how quickly the car can be stopped and just how much pressure of the foot is required to stop it.

Altogether General Motors has 136 different tests by which cars are proved as they never have been proved before; nothing is left in doubt. All of which means that you are buying doubly assured safety, reliability and comfort when you choose a General Motors car.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET / PONTIAC / OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND / BUICK / LASALLE / CADILLAC
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS & COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator
DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants

Long Forgotten Isles

Somebody in Whitehall has discovered that at least one group of the British Isles has not yet been surveyed and officially mapped, and a government expedition is being sent to St. Kilda to do the job. Forty-three persons, sharing five surnames among them, dwell on the main island of the group, which is about 100 miles west of the mainland of Scotland.

Inversely True

He—I've had this car for years and never had a wreck.
She—You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car.
—Everybody's Weekly.

Preparedness

"Hucome you-all builds dis heah street so narrer?" "So's traffic won't have room 'nuff to jam, I reckon."

Incaic Music Revived

A variation of an old traditional theme of the Incas was recently introduced at a concert at Lima, Peru, and won enthusiastic applause. The composition, Agullar, a local musician, brought out all the glory of the Incas, the royal race claiming descent from the sun that ruled in Peru before Pizarro's conquest in 1531. The theme was based on an old song that once was sung in the quichua language, that is slowly dying out in that country.

Well Trained

Mrs. A—"Does your husband expect you to obey him?" Mrs. B—"Oh, dear, no. John's been married before. A good many ideals must wither before the facts; particularly the ideal of making men angelic."



When Mother is Alarmed!

CONSTIPATION, biliousness, coated tongue, feverish headache, sick stomach—then is the time when mother relies upon Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. "My son had been constipated and bilious since birth. At the age of five he had such an attack of sour stomach and bad breath I had to take him out of kindergarten. It was then I gave him Syrup Pepsin. He improved from the first dose and soon was back to school completely restored and healthier than he had ever been before. It is a great comfort to have a medicine for children in which we can have such implicit confidence." (Name and address sent on request.)

Wins Confidence of Old Folks

Old people are charmed by the gentle, kindly action of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. No pain, gripe or depressing "flushing" of the bowels. Just an easy movement and the real feeling of restful comfort. There's seldom any real sickness in the home that learns to use Syrup Pepsin at the first sign of coated tongue, fever, biliousness, headache and such troubles due to constipation. Recommended in a million homes. Sold by all druggists.

For a free trial bottle send name and address to Pepsin Syrup Company, Monticello, Illinois.



DR. CALDWELL AT AGE 27
Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

DIXIE POWDER
Reduces Fever 25¢ Produces Rest
ALL DEALERS

Improved Uniform International

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. H. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, ©. 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for July 3

SAUL CHOSEN KING

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 10:17-25; 11:12-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—What doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?

PRIMARY TOPIC—Saul Becomes a King.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Saul, the First King of Israel.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Calls to Life Service.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Opportunities for Leadership.

The period of Judges ended with Samuel's administration. This lesson shows us the transition from the rule by the judges to the monarchy. For a comprehensive view of the transition it will be well to make a survey of chapters eight to eleven.

I. The People Demand a King (8:1-9).

1. Their reasons for this demand.

(1) Samuel was incapacitated by old age; (2) the unfaithfulness of his sons whom he had appointed as his successors. In this Samuel committed a great blunder, for the office of judge was not hereditary. (3) The desire to be like other nations. The surrounding nations had a king as their leader. They wanted a king who would go out and fight their battles (v. 20).

2. Samuel's behavior under this trial (vv. 6-9). He took the matter to the Lord in prayer. Even though Samuel's blunders in part brought on this trouble he did the wise thing in taking it to the Lord in prayer. The Lord comforted him by assuring him that this rejection was not merely his rejection, but the rejection of the kingship of God.

II. Samuel Tells of the Manner of the Kings (vv. 10-18).

He shows them that the king will be very exacting and arbitrary in his dealing with them.

1. He will take their sons and make them to serve in the army and do all kinds of hard work on his farm and in his house. He will make slaves of their daughters also.

2. He will take their lands, even those inherited from their fathers, and give them to his favorite officers and servants. Not content with that he will take the tenth part of the produce that remains and give to them.

III. Samuel's Protest Disregarded by the People (vv. 10-22).

Having made up their minds they deliberately shut their eyes to the truth and rushed madly into the experiment.

IV. The King Providentially Pointed Out (9:1-10:16).

Saul was sent by his father to search for the asses that had wandered away. This was quite natural. While Saul and his father were acting freely in this matter, at the same time God's sovereign purpose was being carried out. Although difficult to understand, God carries forth His sovereign purpose without interfering with man's freedom.

V. The King Chosen at Mizpeh (10:17-27).

The Lord had already pointed out to Samuel who should be king and Saul had been anointed. Let us observe:

1. Why Saul was chosen. If they would have a king the Lord would give them the one best suited to fill the place. He was from Benjamin, a small tribe, which would prevent undue rivalry between Ephraim and Judah, the leading tribes of Israel. He was also chosen because of his personal fitness (v. 23).

2. How Saul was chosen. The method was by lot. Samuel called them together before the Lord, and before the lot was cast he again remonstrated with them against such action. He showed them the base ingratitude of their rejection of such a God and King who had done so much for them, and gave them a chance to forego their rash demand.

3. How the king was received by the people. Saul knew that the Lord had chosen him, but through modesty and fear he shrank from the responsibility. When he was brought forth Samuel presented him to the people, assuring them that Saul was the Lord's choice.

VI. The King Confirmed at Gilgal (ch. 11).

Soon after the election at Mizpeh the Ammonites made a desperate demand upon the men of Jabesh-Gilead. Saul hearing of it hastily summoned the tribes together for war and won a remarkable victory. As he thus proved his ability the people wished to punish the sons of Belial, but Saul forbade them. Samuel took advantage of this auspicious situation and called all the people together at Gilgal where they formally crowned him their king.

The Life

To apprehend the life that is to be we must learn to think more largely and sacredly of the life that is now. We must enlarge the scope and measure of today. Must identify today with what we call eternity.—Charles Cutbert Hall.

Moving Forward

To move forward in life, you do not need to be forward in conduct, but you must keep your face to the front, and see your objective.—The Gidean



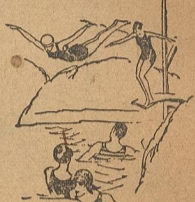
"I want you to Visit My Health & Pleasure Resort, HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK ARKANSAS in the Ozark Mountains"

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Join the Throng That's Coming Now

You'll be refreshed in the tonic air of these pine clad hills; you'll rid your system of malaria and sluggishness in these magic hot waters that invigorate; you'll drink these famous, sparkling, pure cold waters.

Do you dread humidity? Would you thrill at a hike or horseback ride along forest trails—or a cast for hungry bass? Do you enjoy golf—swimming—tennis—or dancing to good music? Then come up to the Nation's Health Resort. Relax—play and revel in the joy of living. Write for information.



Most Complete Bath Houses in the World To give you quick escape from malaria, poor circulation, rheumatism, neuritis, high blood pressure and allied ailments. Millions invested in these wonderful institutions for the application of nature's supreme curative water—and at remarkably low rates, controlled by Uncle Sam. Send for Special Booklet.

Fine Motor Highways ~ Through Rail Service ~ Reduced Round Trip Fares

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Over 200 hotels, apartments, cottages and boarding houses. Every class of accommodation. Come to these cool Ozark crests. We'll gladly help you arrange your trip—and send you home healthier and happier. Mail the Coupon Now for Free Booklets and Information

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Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas
Please send me free booklets, describing The Nation's Health Resort.
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Street _____
City _____ State _____
SPECIAL ROUND TRIP RAILROAD FARES

Some Men Are Contemptible!

"It says here it has been proven that two easily can live on \$2,000 a year," remarked Mrs. Grouch.

"I suppose," growled her husband, "that budget allowed \$1,750 for the wife's expenses and \$250 for the husband's."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Clip" Made Trouble

A cook in Rockland, Maine, shaved his head and bumped into trouble right away. Being in such close proximity to the penitentiary at Thomaston, he was arrested on suspicion of being an escaped convict. He had much difficulty in convincing the police that he had merely removed his hair to avoid getting grease into it when he was frying food.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP IS CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE



MOTHER! When baby is constipated, has wind-colic, feverish breath, coated-tongue, or diarrhea, a half-teaspoonful of genuine "California Fig Syrup" promptly moves the poisons, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never cramps or overacts. Babies love its delicious taste.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for infants in arms, and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Always say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Unless you are willing to confess your ignorance you will never be able to acquire knowledge.

Red Cross Ball Blue should be used in every home. It makes clothes white as snow and never injures the fabric. All good grocers.—Adv.

Gossip may not be intentionally malicious, but it is a dangerous pastime provocative of much misery.

A simple, old-fashioned medicine, as good today as in 1837, is compounded in Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Adv.

Consume the milk of human kindness at once; it may turn sour.

A man isn't as anxious to be right as he is to have others think he is.



I am a filthy fly!

You will always find me where there are garbage pails and filth. Then I visit homes carrying dangerous disease germs with me. I love to pester babies and children and make them sick.

I should be killed!

Bee Brand Insect Powder or Liquid quickly kills flies and thus prevents many diseases.

Bee Brand is now in Powder or Liquid form, whichever you prefer. Each is the most effective insecticide of its kind. They are packed in red lithographed cans under the famous Bee Brand trade-mark—a symbol of quality and effectiveness for nearly half a century.

Bee Brand Powder or Liquid kills Flies, Fleas, Mosquitoes, Roaches, Ants, Water Bugs, Bed Bugs, Moths, Crickets, Poultry Lice and many other insects. Use Bee Brand Powder or Liquid for indoor use. On plants and pets use the powder.

Bee Brand is harmless to mankind and to domestic animals. Non-poisonous. Won't spot or stain.

Powder	Liquid
10c and 25c	50c and 75c
50c and \$1.00	\$1.25
30c.....Spray Gun.....	35c

Write for free booklet on killing house and garden insects if unable to get Bee Brand Powder or Liquid from your dealer, we will supply you direct by parcel post at above prices.

McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Bee Brand INSECT POWDER OR LIQUID



Charming Reflection is obtained by using Cuticura Soap

Daily, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required. It keeps the pores active, the skin clear and free from irritations and the scalp in a healthy hair-growing condition.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and Etc. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 33, Malden, Mass."

IF YOU WANT BARGAINS



Don't fail to see our prices on ladies and children's Dresses and shoes.

Men's Linen Suits, Shoes and hats, a big reduction in every line.

See our bargain counter of ladies shoes at \$1.00 per pair. Our 15 and 20 c gingham is a knockout. Silk hose for \$1 that can't be beat. Our grocery and meat department is up to the standard for quality and price.

Phones 11 and 14

W. A. McGowen & Sons

LIBERTY THEATRE

"Where Everybody Goes"

Friday July 1st
Jack Perrin

in
"CODE OF THE RANGE"

A western full of thrills
Also Good Comedy

Saturday July 2nd

Bob Custer

in
"THE FIGHTING HOMBRE"

A picture from the land of romance. A thrill a minute.
Comedy—"HAREM KNIGHT"

Mondau July 4th

Billy Sullivan

in
"WINNING A WOMAN"

A knockout picture. A picture all will like.
Comedy—"GALLOPING GHOSTS"

LADIES FREE

Tuesday July 5th

House Peters

in
"COMBAT"

Good Comedy
Eight Episode of—"SCOTTY OF THE SCOUTS"

Wednesday & Thursday

Reginald Denny

in
"FAST & FURIOUS"

A fighting picture crammed full of thrills and action.
Also Good Comedy—"FAIR BUT FOOLISH"
Also Educational News!

Keep Cool and Enjoy a Good Show

THIS THEATRE
—ARTIC NU-AIR Cooled & Ventilated

The Young Women's Class of the Baptist church discussed plans for their class Sunday morning. For some time the question of a name has been before the class and Sunday morning we named ourselves the J.-O.-Y. Girls. A careful analysis of the word will reveal the meaning:

J—Jesus First
O—Others Second
Y—Yourself Third

There will be a business and social meeting Friday afternoon at three o'clock at the home of the teacher Mrs. Boon. Each member of the class is urged to be there. Watch us grow!

"Seeking a Throne", is the subject of the morning sermon at the Methodist Church next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Beach of Coleman will be week end guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilkinson Mrs. V. M. Formby of Dallas, who has been visiting in the Wilkinson home, returned home Saturday.

OBITUARY

Sacred to the memory of our dear son, P. P. Wallace, who was killed in a drilling machine, near Cross Plains, Texas, June 21, 1927. The subject of this sketch is the son of J. W. and J. A. Wallace was born in Hamilton County, Texas, January 23, 1889. Professed faith in Christ and was baptized into the fellowship of the Missionary Baptist Church at Tison, Texas, A. D. 1901.

He leaves a wife and 5 small children, father, mother, eight brothers and two sisters, and a host of relatives and friends to mourn his untimely death. A true and faithful husband, loving father and obedient son has gone to his eternal reward. Thus we are reminded that in the midst of life we are in the midst of death, with high aspiration and noble purposes. He was striving hard for the maintenance of his family and the education of his children that he loved so well, but these noble purposes were never realized by him, and that warm heart that beat with love for his family and his fellow man lies in the cold embrace of death.

But we do not weep as those who have no hope, but we look beyond the narrow confines of the tomb, and by an eye of faith we see an inheritance that is uncorruptible and undimmed and fadeeth not away. A place where our Saviour said, I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am ye may be also. Kind reader while you read this will you not pause a moment and ponder well and see that your own heart fosters no evil, for time is winging us a way to our eternal home. Life is but a winters day, a journey to the tomb. So let each of us live such lives that when the summons comes to us with souls burdened with sorrow and souls overflowing with love to many friends who so kindly ministered to us in this sad bereavement. We are yours in love and prayer.

J. W. Wallace and family,
Crosbyton, Texas

PAGEANT

A pageant, entitled Youth's Carnation Day, will be rendered by the Christian Endeavor Society, at the Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening, July 3rd, at 8:30. Everybody welcome.

Miss Lusseline and Rosa Lee Jones visited Hot Wells at Brownwood Friday afternoon.

George Barton and Paul Morgan visited in Brownwood and Fry Oil Field Sunday.

Ike Kendrick and family visited in Rising Star last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hoover and Mrs. Eli Ensor were Cross Plains visitors Saturday.

FOR SALE—Nice residences. Well located, priced reasonable.
Wilson & Kendrick

BEFORE YOU GO ON

your vacation let us give your battery a thorough inspection. A little attention before you start will probably save you expense and delay while on the road. Prest-O Lite Battery Service Stations everywhere. Stop at the sign "Prest-O-Lite" for friendly Battery Service. We are here to serve you.

GARRETT MOTOR CO.
"Better Battery Service"

JUNE & JULY CLEARANCE SALE

Starting June 25 and Continuing to July 9
TWELVE REAL BARGAIN DAYS
On Everything in the House

This sale is to raise cash to pay bills long past due, and am asking everybody's consideration at this time. There will be many of the newest things far BELOW COST, in order to raise this specified amount.

New Black Bottom Sweaters, White Skirts
and Felt Hats

Mrs. Corrie B. West

Long experience gives you these extra miles

DON'T think for a minute that the surplus of miles which you find in Summer Conoco Gasoline just happens to be there. Far from it. Conoco's extra miles are the result of over forty years' experience.

The reputation and experience back of the Conoco name are your guarantee that Conoco is an unusual gasoline—the gasoline that is packed with extra miles.

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Producers, Refiners and Marketers
of high-grade petroleum products in Arkansas,
Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska,
New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, South
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CONOCO
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Packed with

extra miles



Atwater Kent Radios

--than any other

More people want Atwater Kent
Radios than any other,

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Radios than any other.

More people are satisfied with At-
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WHY?

—because they give better summer
reception.

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"A Good Place to Trade"