

The Cross Plains Review

VOL. XX

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1929

No. 15

It Pays . . .

To Employ the kind of SERVICE u

RENDER

POSTED

on investments

IN TOUCH

with the business world.

EXPERIENCED

in financial matters.

THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

—Read Our Messages Appearing In Farm and Ranch—



OF CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

LIONS CLUB SERVED IN WEEKLY LUNCHEON

The Lions Club of Cross Plains, at its regular weekly luncheon last Tuesday, elected T. S. Holden Vice-President, to take the place of J. K. Gibson who recently moved to Houston. Announcement was also made that installation of new officers will be made next meeting.

About twenty-five "lions" were present at the luncheon, which was served in the basement of the Methodist church. After a pleasing "fried chicken feed," the minutes of the last meeting were read by Lion Priest.

The Lions then turned the meeting over to having a good time. It seems that a rule had been made last meeting against lions wearing coats at the weekly luncheon, and anyone found so doing was to be fined. Consequently all lions were found in their shirt sleeves. But one forgetful member (his identity was not revealed) had come wearing his coat, and then remembering the rule, had hidden it in the anti-room. After the luncheon, the coat was dragged out and the owner called for.

He did not claim his property, so the coat was declared forfeited and open to bids, the proceeds from which were to go to the Methodist church. Bidding was brisk, the price rose rapidly to one dollar, then a dollar and a half, and was finally sold to Lion Polishuk (dry goods merchant) for one dollar at seventy-five cents.

After the auction, the lions sang several songs, including "Sweet Adeline," which seem to be their favorite, and then thadions farewell song, after which the meeting came to a close.

MONUMENT ERECTED TO MEMORY OF LEADER

A monument has been erected by the Texas Bad Teachers' Association and The Cross Plains Band to the memory of Bruce Mac Quaide, formerly doctor of the band here. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and beloved by his lodge brothers and all the bandmen who served under him. A short program was rendered by the band at his grave in honor of their former leader.

CROSS PLAINS: THE HUB OF WESTERN CENTRAL TEXAS

PLEDGES ARE MADE FOR INDEPENDENT RAILWAY

CROSS PLAINS-ABILENE LINE NOW SEEMS PROBABLE

WOMANLESS WEDDING STAGED BEFORE LARGE, ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD

BIG DIVORCE SUIT IS RUMORED TO BE PENDING

That women are not necessary for a successful wedding was proven last Friday evening, June 21, from 8:30 to 10:30 when Tom Anderson and Taylor Bond were united in an impressive double ring ceremony before the largest audience to attend a public function in Cross Plains for several months.

There was not seating room in the large high school auditorium for the more than five hundred guests attending the womanless wedding staged by the Leader class of the First Methodist Church.

The wedding was made more outstanding by the presence of a large number of out of town celebrities, including President and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and a host of funny paper favorites.

The event was under the direction of Mrs. I. T. Huckabee, assisted by Mrs. Fred Cutbirth, and Mrs. Frank Green, and almost fifty talented Cross Plains actors contributed toward making the play the most successful ever staged by home talent here.

However, successful as the wedding was pronounced, a shadow hangs yet over the supposedly happy newlyweds. It is rumored that a divorce suit is now pending and that both Bride and Groom have consulted their attorneys and will, in the near future, hold the first divorce suit case ever staged in Cross Plains. It too, will be held in the high school auditorium, so lately the scene of the happy union.

The wedding itself consumed about an hours time, being preceded by jig and ballet dancing, and music. At times the ceremony was interrupted by uproarious laughter from the crowd at the comic sight of fat men, lean men, and at times awkward men, all dressed in the latest fashionable evening clothes.

All possible characters were represented in the array. The bride's hick brother and his family, the ex-

See WOMANLESS WEDDING, page 3

Changes Are Made In Country Club

Several changes have recently been made on the Phil-Pe-Co country club golf course. The small house on the grounds has been remodeled to serve as a combination club house and residence for Don Johnson, the keeper. Par on the course has also been raised from 32 to 35. Yardage on holes, one four and nine was raised which increased the par on each of these holes.

The keeper is at work every day, improving the course and beautifying the grounds. The number of daily golfers on the course is also increasing, a great many of the members never missing a day, while on Sunday the fairways are crowded. The course, which was constructed according to the latest principles of scientific golf, is kept in good condition by frequent dragging of the greens and mowing of the fairways.

The trip around the nine hole course is now indeed a pleasant one. The path leads through semi-forests, green with summer's luxuriant foliage, through valleys and draws, and sometimes, sad to say for some golfers, into the roughs. Around fifty for the course continues to be the number of strokes for the average golfer although there are a great many who can shoot far under this mark, and still others who are able to make the course around par.

J. D. Conlee made a business trip to Dallas last week.

Chamber of Commerce officials of Abilene are losing no time in securing pledges necessary for the construction of the proposed railroad from Abilene to Cross Plains. Those in a position to know in Abilene feel no doubt as to the success of the project and are raising the \$400,000 necessary to begin construction.

The railroad is a result of an understanding between a group of citizens of Abilene and Frank Kell of Wichita Falls to construct a 40 to 45 mile railroad to Cross Plains at a cost of \$1,100,000 to 1,200,000, each side owning one-half of the line and Mr. Kell constructing and operating it as an independent carrier.

An extension of the Katy railroad had been considered but it seems now that an independent railroad will be constructed instead.

W. G. Swenson of Abilene is head of the committee which is managing the campaign for the new railroad. He met with his committee several days ago and wrote the stock selling pledge, determined the basis on which stock in the railroad will be offered to the public and disposed of other preliminary details. Mr. Swenson, designated as trustee of the fund, will be the city's point of contact with Mr. Kell as the campaign progresses.

When the goal is in sight Mr. Kell will go before the interstate commerce commission to ask for a certificate of necessity and public convenience. The railway will be of great value to both Abilene and Cross Plains. The connection the railroad will have with the Katy here will give Abilene a direct line to Houston and all South Texas, through the widespread M. K. & T. system. Also it gives Cross Plains easy and direct communication with all West Texas through Abilene.

STAMFORD TRIO WINS FROM LOCAL GOLFERS

Phil-Pe-Co golfers matched their skill with three fans from Stamford last Sunday in the first invitation tournament ever held on the Phil-Pe-Co country club course. Clyde Durringer, and Aubra Dodson of Cross Plains, and Dr. Head of Rising Star, were arrayed against Bert King, Roy Townsend, and Dr. Hudson from the Stamford course. Mr. Townsend is a former resident of Cross Plains. The Stamford men were guests of Marion Harvey, of this city.

Twenty-seven holes were played during the tournament, nine holes Sunday morning and the remaining 18 that afternoon. The Stamford golfers had slightly the best of the tournament although all scores were close and the second lowest score of

See GOLF TOURNAMENT, page 3

FROMER C. P. RESIDENT DIES AT SAN ANGELO

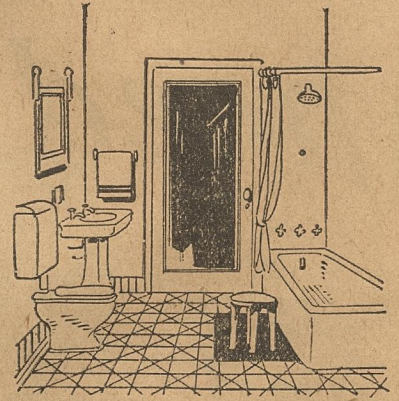
Henry M. Smedley, age 39, for several years a resident of Cross Plains, died of tuberculosis in the San Angelo tubercular hospital on the 17th of this month and was buried in the Admiral cemetery next day.

The deceased had many friends in Cross Plains, where he worked as a barber, and the barber shops of the city were closed on the day of his funeral so that barbers and other friends from here might attend and pay their last respects.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. H. Williams assisted by Rev. Joe R. Mayes and A. S. Hall of Baird.

Henry M. Smedley, born August 15, 1889, at Rowden, Texas, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Smedley. He is survived by his parents, his wife and two small children, Lilac, age 11 years, and Frances age 7 years, and six brothers and three sisters as follows: W. A. Smedley, Davenport,

See HENRY SMEDLEY, page 3



FIX UP YOUR BATHROOM

DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS

The most inviting place in the house is your Bathtub

tures, our quality is always of the best and We have a complete line of bathroom fix-our prices are right. Come down and see our line before you buy.

CROSS PLAINS LUMBER COMPANY

Phone 18

S. R. Jackson, Mgr

BAND TO GIVE OPEN AIR CONCERT FRIDAY

A number of popular marches and songs will be featured by the Cross Plains Band in an open air concert to be staged Friday night, the 28th, at the intersection of Main and Eighth street. The band, which numbers more than 25 pieces, has shown marked improvement of late and is now able to play much more difficult selections than ever before. It meets twice weekly, under the direction W. T. Scott, who proclaims the boys in first class condition for the coming concert.

It is reported that this band is now as fine a musical organization as the famous Cross Plains band of five years ago, which took first place in the two year division at the band contest of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce in Mineral Wells.

The Band is planning to sponsor several entertainments here during the summer, and invites Cross Plains to support these entertainments.

The band is doing everything in its

See BAND CONCERT, page 3

BRADSTREET & HOLDEN GET 100 BARREL WELL

A nice well was brought in on the Cavanaugh lease, in West field, Tuesday, by Bradstreet and Holden. The well is now flowing a hundred barrels per day. Mr. Holden has already started more wells and made several locations in that section.

Booster For C. P. Moves To Houston

J. K. Gibson, for the past several years superintendent of the Phillips Petroleum Co., of Pioneer, a member of the Lions Club of Cross Plains and an enthusiastic booster for this city, has been moved to Houston by his company with a raise in salary. Floyd Joyce, also in the employ of the company for several years is taking his place.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Buatt are spending this week on a vacation trip in the southern part of the State.

DRY CLEANED FOR JULY 4

Why worry about a new dress for July 4th when you can send us one of those you have been wearing and we will clean and press, making it look almost, if not as good as new.

JIM SETTLE'S DRY CLEANING

"ENEMY TO DIRT"

PHONE 27

U. B. Drifty



SNAP INTO IT!

Nearly everyone starting in business of any sort has a bank account back of him. Some heroic souls have not, but they MUST have sooner or later, if they would truly succeed.

Snap into it! Start your bank account now and see how good it feels.

THE FIRST STATE BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

M. E. Wakefield, President.

J. A. Barr, Vice-President

Tom Bryant, Vice-President

E. I. Vestal, Noah Johnson, Tom Bryant and J. B.

Enbank, John P. Newton, Paul V. Harrell, Directors

J. D. Conlee, Ass't Cashier

A. E. Clark Ass't Cashier



Thrilling Speed and flashing acceleration!



The COACH
\$595

- The Roadster... \$525
- The Phaeton... \$525
- The Coupe... \$595
- The Sedan... \$675
- The Sport Cabriolet... \$695
- The Convertible... \$725
- The Sedan... \$725
- Light Delivery Chassis... \$400
- 1 1/2 Ton Chassis... \$545
- 1 1/2 Ton Chassis with Cab... \$650

All prices f. o. b. factory, Chicago, Michigan. COMPARE the delivered price as well as the price in consideration of automobile values. Chevrolet's delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

Among all the delightful performance characteristics of the Outstanding Chevrolet—none is creating more widespread enthusiasm than its thrilling speed and flashing acceleration!

The great new six-cylinder valve-in-head engine responds to the accelerator with an eagerness that is literally amazing. Touring speeds are negotiated with such smooth, silent, effortless ease that you almost forget there's a motor under the hood. And when the throttle is opened wide—the pace is faster than the

most experienced driver would care to maintain!

Back of this exceptional performance is a brilliant array of engineering advancements—typified by a high-compression, non-detonating cylinder head... automatic acceleration pump... hot-spot manifold... semi-automatic spark control... and a heavier crankshaft, statically and dynamically balanced.

Come in and drive this car. Learn for yourself, at the wheel, that no other car can approach it in the price range of the four!

- a Six in the price range of the four!

Dodson Chevrolet Co.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

GET YOUR GREETING CARDS

EARLY THIS SEASON BEFORE THEY ARE PICKED OVER

THE REVIEW WILL HAVE A COMPLETE LINE TO SELECT FROM

Little Donald Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Clark, is home and feeling fine after a tonsil and adenoid operation at the Sealy Hospital Monday.

Mrs. Desmond Conner of Coleman visited with her mother and father Mr. and Mrs. Foster Bond, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Holden were in Fort Worth last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Odom of Valera were Cross Plains week end visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Broocke Eubank of Dressy were Cross Plains visitors Sunday.

WANTS TO GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE TO TELL ABOUT ORGATONE

"If I was Not So Busy With My Farm Work I Would Go Out And Tell Everybody About This Medicine" Says Clyde, Texas, Farmer

"If I was not so busy with my farm work I would just like to go from house to house and tell everybody about this medicine Orgatone," said R. L. Britton, a well-known Texas farmer who resides on rural route 2, Clyde, Texas.

"I had stomach and rheumatic trouble and suffered torment with my back and side, the doctors could do nothing for me so a friend advised me to try Orgatone saying he had heard so many favorable reports about it, and I got a bottle.

"After taking the first bottle, I felt so much better and the result is I am feeling like a different man. I haven't had any more of those terrible rheumatic pains since I started on the treatment and those pains have left my sides and back also. I can eat anything I want and it don't hurt me, and I sleep like a log.

"To tell the truth, I just simply feel like a new man and have more strength and energy than I have had in years. It is simply the grandest medicine in the world. I would like to see all of my friends and get those who are suffering to try it, and I hope you will reach them through this testimonial, which I have gladly given." Genuine Orgatone may be obtained in Cross Plains, Texas at Smith Drug Store. Adv.

NEW OFFICERS ARE INSTALLED BY MASONS

At their regular meeting, Monday night, June 24, the local chapter of the Masonic lodge installed new officers. Light refreshments were served after the business was completed.

With Ralph Chandler serving as installing officer, and Ike Kendrick as installing marshal, the following officers were installed:

- J. C. Huntington, Worshipful Master.
- John Oliver, Senior Warden.
- R. C. Jackson, Junior Warden.
- A. G. Crabb, Chaplin.
- George T. Lamat, Secretary.
- Carlton Powell, Treasurer.
- Walter Westerman, Senior Deacon.
- Sam Pruitt, Junior Deacon.
- Frank King, Senior Stewart.
- John Miller, Junior Stewart.
- H. H. Nash, Tiler.

Mineral Wells Invites Phil-Pe-Co Golfers

Members of the Phil-Pe-Co country club received an invitation this week to take part in the annual invitation tournament of the Mineral Wells Golf club to be held July 4 to July 7. A most successful tournament is expected and loving cups and other medals will be awarded to winning players.

A chicken barbecue will be served on the evening of July 4, in conjunction with the tournament.

Boys Defeat Elders In Baseball Game

In a baseball game Tuesday afternoon between the mens bible class and the senior boys Sunday school of the Presbyterian church, the boys came out on the large end of a 23 to 15 score.

The men's bible class was captained by Sam Barr, and their battery consisted of Charles Hemphill, and B. B. Huntington. Seaborn Collins was captain of the boy's team and pitched, while Robert Holt was catcher.

An effort is now being made to get the others chures to organize baseball teams, so that a church league may be formed.

Cross Plains Knights OF PYTHIAS Elects Officers

Cross Plains Knights of Pythias Lodge Elects Officers:

The new officers for the term beginning July first are as follows: Chancellor Commander, Jack Lacey. Vice-Chancellor, J. J. Cormas. Prelate, Geo. Bennett. Master of Works, R. H. Prewitt. Keeper of Records and Seals, A. J. Gensley.

Master of Finance, A. J. Gensley. Master of Exchequer, J. D. Conlee. Master at Arms, Jag L. Bachus. Inner Guard, A. Valois. Outer Guard, V. A. Montgomery. Trustee to fill un-expired term of deceased Bro. B. Scott, Poley Williams.

District Deputy for the year 1929 J. J. Cormas.

The above named officers will be installed into office at our regular meeting July second.

Also at this meeting we will start another class through the Ranks. This lodge has made a gain of twenty new members and two re-instatements for the term ending June thirtieth, 1929. We now have five applications on the table for the next class to start through the ranks July second.

The proposition of having a Pythian gym club was taken up at our meeting of June twenty-fifth, and went over with a bang.

So it won't be long now before we will have punching bags and other sources of amusement for our members.

Respt Yours, A. J. GENSLEY, K. R. S. and M. of F.

Rev. Hill, and two sons, were visitors in Brownwood last Monday.

Alberta Hill, seven year old daughter of Rev. Hill, was taken to Brownwood Thursday for a tonsillitis operation.

WATER TROUGH INSTALLED

Mayor Martin Neeb announces that the city of Cross Plains, always anxious to serve the farmers of this vicinity, has installed a public watering trough near the cotton yards, for the benefit of farmers who bring their cotton into Cross Plains.

FOR SALE—40 Young Turkeys and one hen. Felix Oglesby.

ATWATER KENT



Come in—let us show you how radio's new principle is applied in Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio with the experience of 27 years of precision manufacture. New tone—New power—New range—New selectivity—but the same Atwater Kent day-after-day dependability. Come in—listen—see—ere—today.

Electro-Dynamic

Cross Plains Hardware Co.

Rev. I. T. Huckabee and Ralph Chandler transacted business in Dallas last wk.

Tom Andern and W. G. Wilburn made a business trip to Abilene last Monday.

E. D. Priest transacted business in Abilene last Tuesday.

Dr. J. H. McGowen, and Austia Newton were in Santa Anna last week week end.

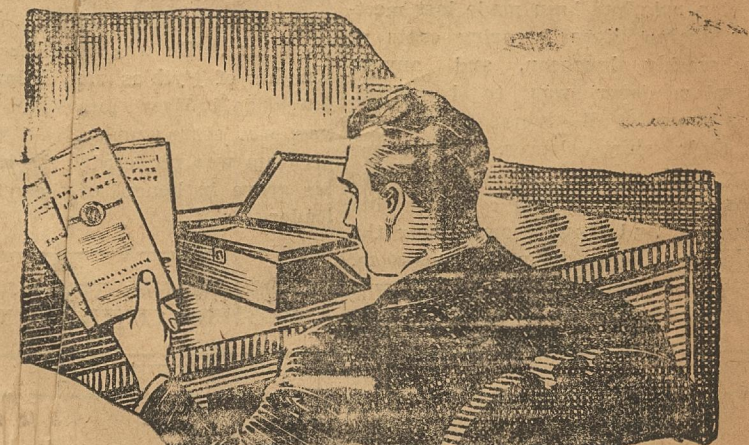
Ike Kendrick visited in Sweetwater the 19th and 20th last Sunday.

C. S. Boyles, pioneer merchant of this city, now residing in Sweetwater was in Cross Plains Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mrs. Louis Bledsoe, of Coleman, was visiting Mrs. I. T. Huckabee this week.

J. D. Gardner and wife, and D. Anderson and wife, were in Walnut Springs the past week end.

Rev. Carter, formerly missionary of Callahan county, now residing in Oklahoma, is visiting his daughter here. Rev. Carter preached at the Baptist church Wednesday evening.



Your Agent Urges Safety

When purchasing an insurance policy, all protection may seem alike to you.

But, later, should you experience a loss, the reputation of your agent and your continued confidence in him will depend upon the insurance protection he has selected for you as well as upon the prompt performance of the companies he represents.

As agents building a sound, dependable service, we urge you to insure only where you can have no regrets now—or later.

TOM BRYANT INSURANCE AGENCY

E. D. Priest, Mgr.

Have You Had Your Car Washed Free?

Trade with THE GOLDEN RULE SERVICE STATION - drop your name in a Box, each week, we draw out one name, and who ever the lucky one might be, they get their car washed FREE, the name of the lucky one will appear in this paper each week. Your chances are just as good as some one else's, so start trading with THE GOLDEN RULE SERVICE STATION To day.

You need our FREE SERVICE and we need your business.

Use Humble Gasoline and Oils in your Car. Free Air and Crank Case Service.

WATCH THIS SPACE.

IF EARL FORBES,

Will bring his car to our Station Monday Morning at 9 o'clock, We will Wash it FREE.

GOLDEN RULE SERVICE STATION,
A. J. GENSLEY, Prop.

SCOTT'S CAFE

"A BETTER PLACE TO EAT"

HAVE YOU EVER FOLLOWED YOUR WASHING

If you send your washing out, why not safeguard yourself and family absolutely by calling in an organization like ours, which makes a business of sanitation, and which sterilizes while it washes?

You will like our Family Laundry Service both for its purity and for its thoroughness in every detail.

Phone 14 for Prompt Service
CROSS PLAINS STEAM LAUNDRY

C. P. Girl Undergoes Successful Operation

Miss Aletha Mitchell, graduate of the Cross Plains high school with the class of 1928, underwent an operation for appendicitis last Sunday in the Santa Anna hospital. She was taken to the hospital Saturday suffering from an acute attack, but is reported to be resting easily at present.

BAPTIST CHURCH HAS FULL PROGRAM

The Baptist church has a full program for the week.

Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, the Sunbeam band will hold its regular meeting in the Baptist church.

Sunday morning at 9:45 Sunday School classes for all ages will begin.

At the eleven o'clock hour, the pastor will preach on the subject, "Union With Christ."

Regular B. Y. P. U. services will be held at 7:15 Sunday evening.

Preaching for the Sunday evening service begins at 8:30.

Following the preaching, a baptismal service will be held.

Women's organization of the Baptist church will convene Monday evening at four o'clock.

Regular prayer meeting will be held Wednesday evening at 8:30.

CASES DISPOSED OF IN DISTRICT COURT

The Baird Star reports the following cases disposed of in District Court last week:

L. E. Marshall, convicted of the possession of intoxicating liquor and given one year in the penitentiary.

Oscar Tate, convicted of the possession of intoxicating liquors and given one year in the penitentiary, case appealed.

Bob Dillard case transferred to Taylor County.

Jim Smartt, convicted of burglary and given three years in the penitentiary, case appealed.

Coley Smartt convicted of burglary and given two years in the penitentiary.

Rollin Keller, convicted of the manufacture of liquor and given three years in the penitentiary, case appealed. Keller's bond was set at \$3000, which he gave and was released from custody.

W. L. Clark, convicted of driving car while intoxicated and fined \$250.

John McGee, convicted of theft and given one year in the penitentiary.

A SPECIAL OFFER TO HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES AND UNEMPLOYED TEACHERS

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

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

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

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

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

STUDENT LOAN FUND ASSOCIATION
Box 826,
Tyler, Texas

Your Name _____
Address _____

"A CROSS PLAINS INSTITUTION"

HELPY-SELFY

MANAGED BY MCGOWEN & BROWN

SEE US SATURDAY BEFORE YOU BUY, WE WILL HAVE OTHER SPECIALS

Farmers Bring us Your List Saturday. We Will Have a Man to Wait on you, and Help you with your Purchases.

KELLOG'S CORNFLAKES—2 PKGS. — 21c

MATCHES—SIX BOXES — 16c

WHITE KING—3 PKGS 10C SIZE SATURDAY ONLY 25c

SYRUP—BRER RABBIT—GALLON CAN — 49c

COFFEE—MAXWELL HOUSE—3 LB. CAN — \$1.45

CABBAGE—PER POUND — 3c

LEMONS—PER DOZEN — 28c

SALAD DRESSING SANDWICH SPREAD THOUSAND ISLAND

A HOME PRODUCT, MADE IN BRODWOOD BY GRIFFIN, AND EVERY JAR GUARANTEED TO PLEASE YOU—8 OZ. JAR **17c**

Variety Of Crops In Produce Contest

A produce contest has been conducted in Cross Plains for the past several weeks by the M system store, offering prizes to farmers for the best produce of various kinds brought to their store.

The people are very interested in this contest, and some of the finest fruit and vegetables to be found anywhere are being entered in the contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King are visiting in Ballinger.

Mr. Clyde Sims was in the Santa Anna Hospital the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Sam Long and daughter Marie, Misses Alta Barr and Marie Bob Stubblefield, Messrs and Mmes Alfred Williams and E. P. Watson, attended church singing in Dressy Sunday afternoon.

Miss Irene Haines of Coleman was in Cross Plains Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Harvey had as their week end guests, Messrs, and Mmes Roy Townsend, Bert King and Dr. F. E. Hudson of Stamford.

Mrs. Mike Cook of Putnam is visiting her mother Mrs. Geo. B. Scott this week.

Margaret Combs is visiting their aunt, Mrs. Dee Anderson.

DR. S. E. SHOULTZ

MAGNETIC MASSEUR

EXAMINATION FREE

Lady Attendant

Office First Door South of Piggly Wiggly Store

Williams Planing Mill

Complete Stock of Screen Doors, all prices; Porch Swings, Porch Rockers, Vine Tresslers, Ice Boxes from \$12.00 up. All these are in Stock and ready for inspection and delivery.

PICTURE FRAMING

Womanless Wedding--

(Continued from page 1)

extremely pitiful fifted lover, and the old maid aunt were there in addition to the flower girls, brides maid's best man etc.

Maggie and Jiggs, Mitt and Jeff, Moon Mullins also added humor to the situation.

According to those who saw the wedding, all parts were played so well that it was hardly possible to single out an exceptionally good characterization. However Dr. J. H. McGowen, was extremely humorous as the fifted lover, O. Stewart made a good baby, and Drew Baum, as the old maid aunt, played well the part of trying to console the fifted lover's heart.

The audience roared with laughter when a little negro boy alleged to have been passing through the country and probably inspired by the White House's late friendly attitude toward his race, climbed up on the stage and sat down between the President and Mrs. Hoover.

Due to the fact that the identity of the bride had been kept a secret there was considerable speculation as to who had at last won the heart of Taylor Bond, the groom, long considered immune to the charms of the fairer sex.

Patriotic citizens of the community will no doubt breathe a sigh of relief at the announcement that after the divorce case shortly to be held, Mr. Bond will again be free and unhampered by marital ties.

The date of the divorce has not yet been definitely announced. It will also be under the direction of the Leader Class.

Following is a complete program for the entertainment last Friday evening.

Ballet Dancing, McGowen and Clark.

Trio, Huckabee, Lowe and Earrell.

Jig Dancing, Reg Hogue.

Piano Selections, Courtway Miller.

Guests of the Wedding: President and Mrs. Hoover, B. B. Bond and J. K. Kelly.

Maggie and Jiggs, Edwin Gardner and J. A. Cole.

Andy and Min Gump, V. C. Walker and Ralph Chandler.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, A. H. Daniels,

Calvin and Mrs. Collidge, Phil Anderson and Herman Rudloff, Mitt and Jeff, Van Campbell and Bill Hopkins.

Moon Mullins, E. D. Priest.

Abs Kahlde, Cecil Loriff.

Uncle Bim and Widow Zander, Prof. Kennedy and Will Bulter.

Mr. Antipholistine (Fifted Lover, Dr. J. H. McGowen.

Miss Matilda Whitefret (Old Maid Aunt, Drew Baum.

Mr. Clab Hancock (Hick Bro. of Bride), Fred Outbirth.

Mrs. Clab Hancock, Marion Harvey Their Children, F. A. Lane, John Bryant, E. M. Nance and O. Stewart.

Mrs. Delicatessen (Widow's Mother to Bride), Rev. Huckabee.

Butler, C. D. Anderson.

Ushers, John Miller and Grady Tyson.

Bridal Party: Preacher, Frank Green.

Brides Maids, C. L. Powell, J. S. Freeman, O. Wilson and D. L. Garrett.

Flower Girls, Austin Newton and H. L. Wilkinson.

Maid of Honor, Frank King.

Best Man, A. R. Clark.

Train Bearer, Paul V. Harrell.

Ring Bearer, Clyde Durringer.

Madam Schumann-Heink, W. R. Lowe.

Wedding March, Courtway Miller.

Groom, Taylor Bond.

Bride, Tom Anderson.

BAND CONCERT—

(Continued from page 1)

power to advertise Cross Plains, and make it known far and wide, as the HUB OF WESTERN CENTRAL TEXAS.

Following is the complete program for the entertainment Friday night.

March, "Joy Riders" K. L. King.

Overture, "Iron Count", K. L. King.

Fox Trot, "A Precious Little Thing Called Love," Snyder.

Sernade, "Evening Shadows," K. L. King.

Fox Trot, "Alvon Town," Woods.

March "Triumph," K. L. King.

Fox Trot, "I want a Daddy," Snyder.

Presiding Elder At Methodist Church

Rev. E. E. White, Presiding Elder, will be here for quarterly conference, at the Methodist church Friday night, Sunday morning.

The pastor, Rev. I. T. Huebace will fill the pulpit Sunday evening at 8:30.

Sunday school classes for all ages meet at 9:45 every Sunday morning.

Everyone not attending Sunday School and Church elsewhere are cordially invited to attend any or all services at the Methodist church. The pastor announces that a warm welcome awaits you.

Golf Tournament—

(Continued from page 1)

The day was made by Clyde Durringer of Cross Plains. Bert King of Stamford was winner, playing the 27 holes in 113, which is only 8 strokes above par. Mr. Durringer's score was 120.

The total score of the three Stamford men was 373 for the 27 holes while that of the local and Rising Star players was 388. Following the tournament, a Dutch lunch was served to the players.

Following is a complete record of the play.

	King	Townsend	Hudson
First nine	38	44	44
Second nine	38	44	48
Third nine	37	43	37

	TOTAL	113	131	120
CROSS PLAINS and RISING STAR				
Durringer Dodson				
First nine	41	41	37	
Second nine	42	47	47	
Third nine	37	47	37	

	TOTAL	120	135	113
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Henry Smedley—

(Continued from page 1)

Oklahoma; N. L., J. E., W. B., and R. L. Smedley of Rowden, and J. P. Smedley of Baird, Mrs. Gibbs, and Miss Hettie Smedley of Rowden and Mrs. W. J. Russel of Ysleta, Texas. All were present at the funeral except W. A. Smedley of Davenport, Oklahoma.

Henry Smedley had been suffering from tuberculosis for several years. All efforts to cure him were in vain.

DORTHEA BEAUTY SHOP

Announces
A SPECIAL ON
PERMANENTS

Genuine Frederic waves—a wave that you can depend upon—a wave that is large and loose—a close rival to nature's own. That's why you want a Frederic wave.

REGULAR PRICE \$8.50

NOW!

Two waves for \$7.50 each when appointments are made together.

Telephone 15.

Anderson Apartment.

Young Dewberry Promising Crop

Plant Is Favored Because of Its Resistance to Many Diseases.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The Young dewberry, named for B. M. Young of Louisiana, who originated it more than twenty years ago, is now becoming an important sort in both the eastern and western parts of southern United States, according to George M. Darrow of the United States Department of Agriculture, whose trials with this dewberry a few years ago showed it to be promising for the South.

Centers of Production.

The largest centers of production at present, he says, are in southern Alabama and southern California, though there are extensive plantings near Wilmington, N. C., and Houston, Texas. Evidence at hand indicates that it is hardy from Norfolk, Va., south and west to include eastern North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and the states west of Texas, including Arkansas and parts of Tennessee and Oklahoma. In California, Oregon and Washington it is apparently adapted to a somewhat greater range of conditions than is the loganberry.

Resists Disease.

The Young dewberry is favored because of its resistance to anthracnose and leaf-spot diseases, the vigor and productivity of the plants, and the high dessert quality of its fruit. Recent tests indicate that the fruit is well adapted to freezing for sale in the winter season, and its usefulness after freezing for preserves, pies, and the table suggests this outlet as one of the most important for this berry. No planting stock is available from the department, Mr. Darrow says, but prospective growers will find the Young dewberry listed for sale by a number of Southern nursery establishments.

Equipment Needed for Creosoting Fence Posts

The only equipment needed for the open tank method of creosoting fence posts is a tank which can be heated. A good outfit is a galvanized iron tank three feet in diameter and four feet high. The creosote may be heated over an open fire with the tank on a temporary foundation. The posts should be thoroughly seasoned before treatment. The lower half of the post should remain in hot creosote (190 degrees F.) for a period of two to four hours. The posts should then be allowed to remain in the creosote as it cools. The tops of the posts such as cottonwood and willow should be dipped in the creosote for a few minutes. A penetration of one-half inch in the portion of the post coming in contact with the ground will give good protection.

Increase Continues in Production of Oats

Oats production continues to increase in the United States despite the fact that the number of horses and mules on the country's farms is declining. That the demand for oats has been adversely affected by the substitution of mechanical power for animal labor on farms is indicated by the post-war trend in oats prices. Oats since the war have brought prices about on a level with those prevailing before the war. In comparison with the price position of other feed grains and most other agricultural commodities this is an extremely unfavorable situation. Farm commodity prices generally have averaged about 40 per cent higher since the war than before.

Browse Supplies Feed for Goats

Essential to Have Succulent Grass and Weeds for Does in Summer.

Ideal range for Angora goats should possess suitable forage at all times of the year, be well drained and free from continued heavy rains, and be adequately supplied with watering places and suitable bed grounds, according to W. R. Chapline, in charge of range research, forest service, United States Department of Agriculture.

Feed for Goat.

As browse furnishes much of the forage for goats on the ranges, and in the winter is the principal goat feed, an abundance of good browse should be available. Some important browse plants of high palatability are mountain mahogany, the bluebrush of the Pacific coast, Fendler ceanothus of the Rocky mountains, fendlera, bitter brush, and service berry. The oaks are less palatable but important browse plants in the West. It is also essential to have succulent grass and weeds for does at kidding time and during the summer.

Good range management includes conservative stocking, dividing the range so as to afford the best feed during each season, and obtaining as nearly even utilization of all parts of the range as possible. The grazing capacity of a range area is the number of animals which may be carried on it year after year without injury to the forage and with sufficient palatable feed. An average of approximately four acres of the grass-brush type and from three to six acres of the true-brush type can be allotted to each goat for year-long grazing.

Signs of Overgrazing.

Reduction in the quantity of palatable forage, increase in nonpalatable plants, stubby appearance in the browse species, and thin goats are signs of overgrazing. Overgrazed areas should have the number of animals reduced so the palatable forage plants will not be injured; and, if possible, such areas should be protected from grazing until after the main forage plants have matured seed. Open, quiet herding, and the bedding of the goats on a new ground every night are recommended.

Mr. Chapline discusses the management of goat range in more detail in Miscellaneous Circular No. 50-M, The Angora Goat and Mohair Industry, recently published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Three Kinds of Trees in Effective Windbreak

A windbreak to be most effective should consist of at least three kinds of trees, depending on the locality and the type of soil. The advice of a good nursery is a great help in securing the right kind of trees. A dense growth close to the ground on the outside of the shelter belt stops snow. The main body of the belt should consist of at least six rows of both temporary and permanent trees. For the temporary growth Northwestern and Norway poplars and cottonwoods are the best, and white elm and green ash are among the best of the slow growing permanent trees. At least two rows each of white elm, green ash and poplar makes the best kind of shelter belt.

Groom Cows Frequently to Remove Loose Hairs

It is evident that the wisest course is, so far as possible, to prevent the introduction of dirt and bacteria into milk, and to use the most efficient straining methods to take out all of the sediment that can be removed.

Since the body of the cow is the chief and most dangerous source of milk sediment, preventive measures must begin there. Cows should be groomed frequently, to remove loose hairs, bits of manure, or bedding. In addition the flanks, udder and adjacent belly should be cleaned with a moist cloth just before milking. If these parts are kept clipped they will be much easier to clean.

Find First Year Sweet Clover Equals Alfalfa

Tests at several corn-belt experiment stations have demonstrated that first-year sweet clover is practically equal to alfalfa for hog pasture. Second-year sweet clover is equal to alfalfa in the early part of the season but becomes woody and coarse by midseason and less valuable. Sweet clover, since it is a biennial, works in better with a hog lot sanitation program than alfalfa. On the other hand, alfalfa has the advantage of being ready to pasture earlier than first-year sweet clover.—A. W. Weber, University of Nebraska.

Killing Morning Glory and Other Perennials

Wild morning glory vines and other pernicious perennials should have their tops cut down into the ground the last of July, and they should therefore be cut as often as any leaves show above ground, and such cutting should be continued until water sets in. How this is best done depends on how best it can be done.

On stubble ground it can be done with plow and cultivator or by discing frequently; in corn it may have to be done with hoe.

Codling Moth Is Expensive Pest

Apple Growers Must Rely on Lead Arsenate to Destroy Them.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The codling moth is at present the most serious insect pest with which the apple and pear growers of the Pacific Northwest have to contend. Losses from the "worms" in some years average as high as 20 per cent of the total crop, or even as high as 50 per cent in individual cases. By the use of proper methods, however, many growers keep their losses well below 5 per cent.

Plan to Control.

In order to control the codling moth it is essential to understand its seasonal history under local conditions. There are two generations of the codling moth a season in the Pacific Northwest, and the various stages in these overlap. Except for a short interval worms are hatching and attacking the fruit from the latter part of May to October. Apple growers must rely mainly on spraying with lead arsenate from one to six times during the season, according to their locality and the prevalence of the pest there. A carefully worked out spray schedule must be used, timed to protect the fruit at certain definite stages of its growth and of the development of the worms.

Farmers' Bulletin 1926-F, "Control of the Codling Moth in the Pacific Northwest," by E. J. Newcomer, M. A. Yothers and W. D. Whitcomb, entomologists, has recently been revised. It describes the life history of the codling moth and contains a chart showing how and when the various stages of the pest develop. Spray schedules for both apples and pears are given. The importance of the calyx spray is emphasized, and it is urged that no other farm operations, such as irrigating, cultivating, or handling alfalfa in the orchard should be allowed to interfere with the spray program.

Fungus Diseases.

Two fungus diseases of apples, powdery mildew and scab, are controlled by spraying with lime-sulphur at approximately the same time that the spraying for the codling moth is done. It is often convenient to combine the materials used for the two operations and spray them together on the trees. Directions for mixing these are included in the bulletin. Farmers' Bulletin 1926-F is free as long as the supply lasts. Write to the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

Potato Bugs Controlled by Using Lead Arsenate

Potato bugs can be controlled by using lead arsenate or Paris green applied either as a dust or a spray. If the arsenate is sprayed it is used at the rate of one pound to 50 gallons of water. If Paris green is used it is used in the ratio one pound to 100 gallons of water. The spray is more effective than the dust because it sticks on the plants better.

The dusting method is the cheaper and for that reason is preferred by many farmers. When lead arsenate is dusted, it is used at the rate of one pound with 10 pounds of flour or hydrated lime which act as carriers. The ratio for Paris green is one pound to 20 of the carrier. The dust can be applied by shaking through a can or from a porous sack.

The flea beetle, another pest of potatoes, is best controlled by using a 4-4-50 bordeaux mixture. This consists of four pounds of copper sulphate, four pounds of freshly slaked lime and 50 gallons of water. The flea beetle works on all garden crops. Its work can be identified by the shot-hole holes in the leaves.

Agricultural Notes

Manure saved is money saved.

Dry years reduce the curculio attacks.

Canada bluegrass should never be planted where Kentucky bluegrass will grow.

The high price of oilmeal is making soy beans as a seed crop look profitable again.

Skim milk, a by-product of dairying, can be used most profitably by feeding it to hogs.

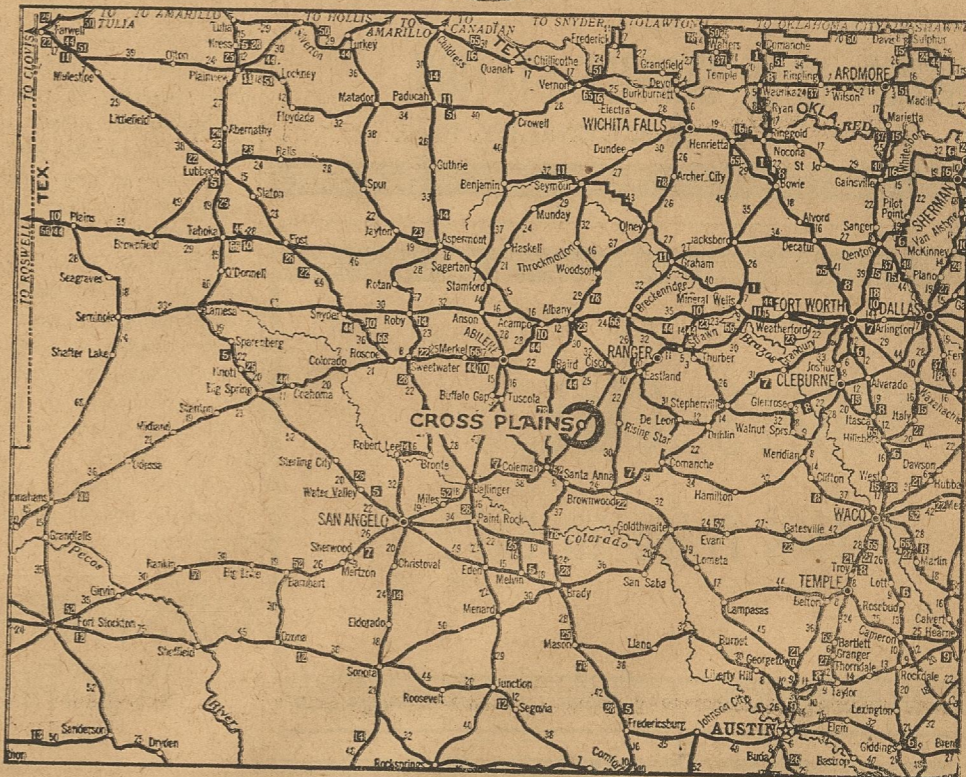
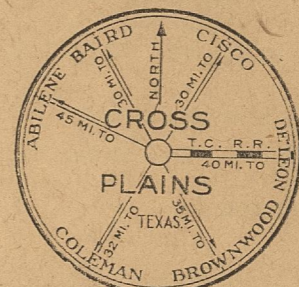
Manchu soy beans are the most commonly grown. The Dunfield bean is a new variety that is gaining quite rapid favor.

Soy beans are one of the easiest of all field crops to grow and also one of the surest crops to produce a satisfactory yield.

Roughages are usually the cheapest part of the dairy ration, but their value is very largely dependent on quality. Early cut, well-cured hay is vastly better than overripe, poorly cured hay.

The herd bull should not be confined to a small stall but should have room to exercise whenever he wishes. He may be kept in a lot that will be large enough to furnish grass during the pasture season.

CROSS PLAINS; THE HUB OF WESTERN CENTRAL TEXAS



Agricultural Squibs

Farmstead beautification pays well.

Barns, hog pens, poultry houses and yards should be kept disinfected.

Garlic imported into the United States last year was valued at \$6,173,000.

Wild morning glory is one of the most persistent weeds found in cultivated fields.

The use of crank-case oil around hog pens, poultry houses and barns is very helpful in keeping down fleas, mites and lice.

The earlier in the season limestone is applied the sooner it will become effective. Limestone applications are profitable on soils which are acid.

Sudan grass makes good dry roughage of the nonlegume kind requiring larger proportions of high protein feeds in the supplement grain mixture.

It is easier to mark trees to be taken out during the winter thinning before the leaves have dropped. You can see the condition of the crowns better and how far they extend.

(By FLOURA JACKSON)

Scarcely a year ago there was inaugurated among the Churches of Cross Plains a Laymen's movement. It was an effort on the part of Rev. Will Hogg and our local pastors to enlist more actively the interest and activities of our laymen.

Some said the plan would not work successfully. For a few days men on the streets were heard to use the stock phrase that "The Laymen's movement in Cross Plains couldn't move. But it has moved very far in less than a year. Captain Crabb with a hand of leading business men saw in it the possibilities for much good and they were not willing to say that the laymen's movement could not move. Mr. Crabb knew it could and should move, and he has kept on the job, both in his own town and surrounding territory until today it is one of the great moving movements of Christianity in our home life.

The Laymen's movement is moving and it is moving in the right direction. Last week the team went to Rising Star and beat in the game of righteousness against Sin 100 to 0. Sunday night a they rendered a programme to a large crowd at the Presbyterian Church. Sixteen laymen made speeches, varying from one to three minutes in length. "Service Above Self," is their motto. As I viewed, these men and listened to their speeches I could but ask—Who are they? Can they be identified? What are the qualities which set them apart? As thus I questioned George Scott's name was mentioned reverently and each man's head was bowed in token of the submission in giving up one of their strongest members. Then I got my answer. They attend Church and Sunday School regularly. They support the churches—but above all the most essential quality of the fine band is the fact that they have responded to that unseen hidden force with in the human breast with service to God, the embodiment of

that hidden urge and assistance to his fellow man. One talented and thirty talented men are yoke fellows for Christ.

The ends of the different systems of thought and faith may be summed up as follows: "Greece said, be moderate, know thyself; Rome said: Be strong order thyself; Confucianism says: Be superior correct thyself; Buddhism says: Be Hinduism says: Be separated, merge correct thyself; Buddhism says: Be separated, Merge thyself Mohammedanism says: Be holy, conform thyself; Modern dilettantism says: Be high-brow, Cultivate thyself Christianity say: Be Christlike, give thyself."

These laymen's are giving of themselves cheerfully a sympathetic service responding to the cry of human needs. Let all our Churches cooperate earnestly with them. Mr. Crabb has a job for every member.

TALKING PICTURE CISCO, JUNE 30th.

"Noah's Ark" the Warner Bros. Vitaphone Talking Picture, heralded as having been made to top any picture ever made, comes to the Palace Theatre at Cisco, starting Sunday, June 30th, for 3 days. The stupendous production includes more than ten thousand characters, sets covering more than a square mile were used in the making, a period of three years.

"Noah's Ark" mighty in conception, portrays life at the ends of the rainbow, span of fifty centuries the lovers, whose glamorous personalities, survive the soul stirring days of the World War, are transported back across the centuries, to the iniquitous days preceding the Flood.

Vitaphone is vindicated as never before by the magnificent sweep of the story, by the manifold sounds of tumult-war-slavery-flood-terror-mirth and by the human voice, and never has quite so melodiously interpreted an accompaniment been provided as that which follows the ever-changing scenes of "Noah's Ark." The theme of the play is the changelessness of the heart we know or in the traditional past, tremendous as is the idea of the play, the human story which runs through it is compelling, intimate and tender, the characters play their parts in the soul trying moments at the beginning of the twentieth century and are carried back to the days of Noah to vast scenes of heathen debauchery to the building of the Ark. The dark terror of rising water which destroyed all but the family of the patriarch. See and Hear the world's greatest picture, "Noah's Ark", it stands alone among pictures. Remember the date, starts next Sunday, June 30th, for 3 days, at the Palace Theatre in Cisco, Texas. The Theatre is 70° degrees cool. Forget about summers' heat and keep cool and enjoy this wonderful marvelous Vitaphone Talking Picture.

READ THE ADS IN THE REVIEW

The above map shows Cross Plains situated in the center of the most progressive, the most rapidly growing, and the most fertile section of Texas, the great, enthusiastic West.

Routes of travel radiate in every direction across this broad expanse, giving Cross Plains easy communication at all times with the outside world. With the proposed extension of the Katy railway into Abilene, this city will have the best opportunity for growth it has ever had.

Cross Plains has ample reason to be proud of its record of the past three or four years. During this time the city has progressed from what was known as a boom oil town into a real, substantial city with a permanent population of 2500 or more.

To name only a few of the accomplishments during that length of time: The streets have been paved, the number of business houses has been doubled, the churches have improved in every department, the school system has grown from an unclassified, unaffiliated, twelve teacher school into an organization having 15 credits of affiliation, employing twenty teachers, and conducted in two of the most modern, best equipped school buildings in West Texas.

Furthermore, a wide-awake Lions Club has sprung into existence, a country club with golf course has been established, several factories, and large supply houses have been placed here, excellent water and sewer systems have been provided, the streets have been adequately lighted, and farmers have come more and more to look upon Cross Plains as a trade center.

Notice Cross Plains' strategic location. Thirty two miles from Coleman thirty miles from Baird, thirty-two miles from Brownwood, and thirty miles from Cisco; thirty miles in almost every direction, included in Cross Plains' trade territory.

All these things, together with this city's fine citizenship make CROSS PLAINS THE HUB OF WESTERN CENTRAL TEXAS.

CISCO WILL STAGE BEAUTY PAGEANT

Cisco, June 28.—The Cisco Beauty Pageant will be the main feature of the Fourth of July celebration here next week. The winner of the pageant will receive a trip to the Fort Worth Bathing Revue with all expenses paid.

The Beauty Pageant at Cisco will be staged in a colorful especially attractive way, with calcium floodlights installed for the occasion, and motion picture camera-men on hand to take pictures. The revue will be staged at nine o'clock.

Preceding the revue the large swimming pool will be the scene of a water carnival, featuring aquatic stunts and contests.

Three bands will be on hand to furnish music for the occasion, and a gigantic display of fireworks will be another feature of the event.

CROSS PLAINS; THE HUB OF WESTERN CENTRAL TEXAS

They Pay YOU

Advertisements pay you to read them. They pay you in time. From the advertisement in this newspaper you can learn where to get what you want, instead of searching around. You can know the merits of each article offered for sale.

They pay you in money. Advertisements help you to get full value for your dollars. Goods which are consistently advertised are of consistently high quality for their prices.

They pay you in satisfaction. Manufacturers and merchants will not undertake an advertising campaign until they are sure their product is right. It would be ruinous to advertise an unworthy product, for that would simply call added attention to its deficiencies.

They pay you in information. Advertisements tell of new products, of new designs, new materials, better workmanship. Well informed people always read the advertisement to keep posted.

Reading the advertisements is an investment that pays big returns.

CHEVROLET TESTED IN RESEARCH LABORATORIES

The cold room of General Motors Research Laboratories designed to put cars through tests in freezing temperatures is one of the chief reasons for the heralded ability of the Chevrolet six to start easily and quickly no matter how frigid the weather. The cold room was the first of its kind in the automobile industry and was originated and developed six years ago by General Motors engineers, since which time it has been used as a pattern by other manufacturers.

The object of the cold room, obviously, is to furnish Chevrolet engineers the reaction of the Chevrolet an opportunity to study at intimate range the reaction of the Chevrolet car to the temperatures an automobile must withstand in winter, whether left overnight in an unheated garage or parked for hours alongside the curbing of a street. It is, in short, an indoor "proving ground" where winter "weather" can be produced at will. Through the use of ammonia gas, much after the manner in which it is employed in cold storage plants or in establishments devoted to the manufacture of ice, the thermometer readings can be raised or lowered by the engineers within a short space of time. For instance, with the mercury at zero, the temperature can be dropped to 45 degrees below zero in three hours.

The use of an electric dynamometer, which is both motor and dynamo, is a part of the program which follows when a Chevrolet car, is lowered on an elevator and rolled into the cold room. By means of the dynamometer it is possible to furnish a road torque for the car. When its rear wheels are placed against a set of steel rollers set in the concrete of the room. The torque can be made to parallel the resistance the car would encounter when driven outdoors on a highway in the same temperature. In other words, the car can be made to haul its load in the cold room. To add to the severity of the test, a blast of air is directed against the radiator, to simulate the wind resistance which have to conquer on traveling in the open.

It is no easy road that a Chevrolet car travels when it is being tested out in sub-zero weather by earnest but unfeeling General Motors engineers. Even though it remains inside of four concrete walls for hours, when the test is completed the car knows it has "been somewhere."

Experiments in the cold room can be made singly—and are—with any unit of the car—the manifold, the universal joint, the action of the rear axle in low temperature, the performance of the fan, the starter, the carburetor, and so on. Likewise, the engineers are able to make a detailed study of how the motor itself reacts to the frigid atmosphere, and what effect 45 degrees below zero has on the lubricants and on the gasoline that are in the machine. Or, if they wish, the engineers can make a blanket test of the car as a whole under the same circumstances. Any car, in order to meet a thorough test, must remain in the cold room for a period of five days.

The "cast of characters in the cold room consists of capable engineers garbed in aviators' suits, even to helmets, patterned after the costumes worn by round-the-world fliers, as the temperatures in which their work is done is on a par with the bitter cold which our fliers are made to undergo at an altitude of 10,000 or 20,000 feet. Passers-by in the busy and more or less congested area of Detroit, where the General Motors Laboratories are located, are more or less puzzled on a hot summer's day, when they see these heavily clothed young men standing about taking the sun bath treatment. The engineers are merely enjoying a respite from extreme cold, in order to get warm after having worked in "weather" that would do credit to a first class January blizzard in our northern climes.

Chevrolet engineers are constantly engaged upon experiments similar to the one outlined. Not all of these, however, are conducted in the laboratory. General Motors Proving Ground is used summer and winter for test purposes so that the car will be as nearly a perfect product as automotive science can produce.

From Chevrolet Motor Co.

Mrs. Bill Wagner underwent a tonsil operation last week, and is getting along nicely.

NOTICE TO PUBLIC

I am not connected with Telephone Company any more haven't been since June 20. I take this method of thanking the people for the courtesy and co-operation shown me while in the service.

Very respectfully
C. L. STALLINGS

The Yo Yo Craze

Some time ago a little Japanese boy invented the Yo Yo top, which has taken this country by storm. The question now is, will the craze go like Mah Jong, and Ping Pong, or will it remain one of the major American pastimes along with golf, baseball and bridge?

Everywhere one goes, all over the country, men are to be seen standing on street corners or in stores, spinning their Yo Yo tops. From the way the sport is progressing new Yo Yos promise to develop into an exact science, featuring national and even international tournaments, with loud and enthusiastic boosters on the sidelines, cheering their lungs out for their favorite Yo Yo champ.

Everybody is going it these days. Old graybearded grandpaws, boys and girls by the thousands, and most unusual, staid and sturdy business men have taken up the craze. Who would ever have thought that the most progressive financiers in our community would be amusing themselves with a mere top, a child's plaything. Yet on every corner they are to be seen dizzily spinning and counting, trying to beat their record of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine which they made last night just before going to bed.

This is unusual, it is extraordinary. It is a well known fact that children frequently become addicted to seemingly worthless fads, but the fact that grown men spend about one half their waking hours spinning a top, seems hardly credible.

Notwithstanding, the world must

be amused, and we can't help but think of the money netted by the little Japanese boy who invented this simple plaything.

TOWN MAY HAVE TO MOVE

WHEN LEASES EXPIRE

Austin.—An entire town built upon leased land must move on July 1, 1929, unless a new lease is arranged. The town of Best, Reagan county, a community of 1,500 population. Stores, churches and homes have been built on land upon which the lease expires in little more than a year.

Best sprung up five years ago as a result of discovery of oil in the vicinity. Both the oil and Best are on part of the land with which Texas endowed its state university.

The university leased the town site to P. L. Childress of Ozona, receiving a cash payment of \$1,152 and 20 per cent of the net proceeds of subleases.

Four other prospective towns are to spring up on townsite leases made by the university in Ward county, if oil development takes place there, as in Reagan county.

The university received \$1,000 cash payment for each of these 640-acre leases and will also get 20 per cent of net proceeds of subleases if the towns are built.

Miss Mary Massa and Mrs. R. B. McGowan and son were Putnam visitors last week end.

—FOR SALE—

Free blood Rhode Island Pullets and Cockerels, Pullers 75c each, Cockerels \$1.00, while they last.

See Mrs. J. G. SAUNDERS.

Anti Lynching Law

We notice that an anti-lynching law is soon to be passed by the United States Congress, providing that the county in which the lynching occurs shall pay a fine of \$10,000 to be turned over to the immediately to the victim's family. The law will also transfer lynching cases from State to Federal courts.

Heretofore there have been enough Democrats in congress to prevent the passage of this bill but now, with a large majority of Republicans in both houses the law seems likely to be passed.

During these days of the multiplicity of crime laws not enforced we wonder why this rarely resorted to crime of lynching is singled out by congress. Does the congress see to it that all the Federal laws are enforced. Might as well pass a law fining the United States Government, responsible for enforcing the prohibition law, every time the anti liquor law is violated and a man gets drunk and kills himself or someone else; and then turn the money over to the victim's family.

The anti-lynching law is unconstitutional and will probably never get by the supreme court, but if Republicans succeed in passing it through congress the South will be married to the Democratic party forever.

Without going into the merits and demerits of lynching, we might say that it does have a tremendously deterring influence upon the easily impressed negro's mind.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Gracey of Rising Star were in Cross Plains Sunday.



Your A&P Store offers delicious warm weather foods at attractively low prices this week-end.



SUNNYFIELD FLOUR

Guarantees Excellent Baking Results

12-lb. Bag 43c, 48 lb. Bag \$1.45, 24-lb. Bag 79c

A&P Pure Grape Juice . Pint Bottle 25c, Quart Bottle 45c

Yukon Ginger Ale 2 Bottles 25c

Iona Corn or Peas 2 No. 2 Cans 25c

Quaker Maid Beans 3 Med. Cans 25c

Sultana Fruit Jelly 3 Glasses 25c

All Flavors 3 Packages Jello 25c, Quaker Puffed Wheat 13c

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SPECIALS

CALIFORNIA ORANGES—JUICY—LARGE—DOZ. 24c

BANANAS—PER POUND 7c

ICEBERG LETTUCE—FIRM HEADS—PER HEAD 7c

CALIFORNIA LEOMONS—DOZEN 25c

MILK—CARNATION—LARGE 10c

MILK—CARNATION—SMALL 5c

MILK—EAGLE BRAND 21c

WESSON OIL—QUART 49c

WESSON OIL—PINT 27c

QUART MUSTARD 15c

N. B. C. DeLuxe Asst. Cookies . Pkg. 31c

N. B. C. Snaparoons FRESH STOCK Pound 22c

Iona Peaches Large Can 19c, Pinto Beans 2 lbs 19c

Lima Beans Pound 17c, Pink Beans 2 lbs 25c

LIFE BUOY Soap . 2 BARS 15c, Stuffed Olives 6-oz. Bot. 23c

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Gorman, Texas.



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

Mrs. Nimma Orrell. W. M.

B. F. Russell L. B. Lewis

RUSSELL & LEWIS

Attorneys-at-Law

Practice in Civil Courts

BAIRD, TEXAS

DR. GHORMLEY

EYE-SIGHT SPECIALIST

Will be in his office at Kemper Hotel every second and fourth Saturday from one till five P. M.

FOR SALE—40 Young Turkeys, and one hen. Felix Oglesby.

—FOR SALE—

One acre land, 4 Room House, young orchard, 1 1/2 blocks from High School For Immediate Sale \$800.00. Some terms. See J. S. SAUNDERS.

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

REVIEW NOTES

KEEPING UP WITH CROSS PLAINS

Cross Plains is still a wide-awake, building town. If you don't believe it, travel around a bit, compare the number of cars on the streets of other towns with those on the streets of Cross Plains, and then come back and appreciate your home town.

One of the cleverest parts of the Womanless Wedding was the little negro boy climbing up to sit down between President and Mrs. Hoover Very interesting, in view of the late De Priest incident at the White House.

The Democrats should thank President Hoover for the DePriest affair, it restored harmony to the Democratic ranks.

Isn't it about time we started boosting an airport for Cross Plains?

The Mayor again requests that the stop signals be observed.

The big question now seems to be: "Who owns the golf course?"

Will someone please inform us if the Brownwood editor is not a former resident of Rising Star?

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. E. D. Priest on the number of large and difficult words he is able to use in reading minutes of the Lions Club meeting.

A short time ago Will Rogers remarked that now since Lindberg is married and the Prince of Wales engaged, girls have nothing to look forward to and live for. He forgot that Dr. J. H. McGowen is still free and single.

What's become of the suspender craze?

Sometime ago, before the coming of the Yo Yo craze to Cross Plains, a lady traveler through here asked one of the soda jerkers to fix a Yo Yo, and he replied that he couldn't mix that kind of drink. Yes we know who it was, but will not tell.

The Timid Soul: The man who wouldn't claim his confiscated coat at the Lions Club banquet.

You may say that this issue of the paper boasts Cross Plains too much, but we answer with Goethe, that excessive modesty is for the yokels.

Let's tell people about Cross Plains, Lions Club, golf course, and all.

We vote the editorial in defense of the South, appearing in the July issue of the Holland's magazine, the best editorial of the year. Read it.

Recently a Cross Plains lady, visiting in another city sent a dress to the tailor shop there. The dress was ruined and she resolved never to have any more tailor work done outside of Cross Plains.

Dec Anderson has traded his golf clubs for a Yo Yo Top.

Why not have a Yo Yo tournament and determine the city champion?

Everyone is looking for the girl who started the stockinless craze. Some would like to give an old fashioned spanking, while others would like to present her with gold medal.

If you have any news, which you want the world to know about, tell it to this newspaper, because every one reads the Cross Plains Review.

We are looking forward to the big divorce case, growing out of the Womanless Wedding.

EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM

Leader, Mabel Jones. Scripture reading, by Leader. Prayer. Hymn No. 7. Introduction, by leader. The Expanding Kingdom in other Lands, Doris Plackey. The Expanding Kingdom in Personal Relationship, Maxine Titsworth. The Expanding Kingdom and other Races, Martha Jackson. Expanding Kingdom and Industrial Life, Louise Plockey. The Expanding Kingdom and other Nation, Rev. Huckabee. League benediction.

ENCOURAGES YOUTH

Following is a letter handed the Review from Mr. John McDonald, who for many years lived in this community, to Russell Dennis. We have been requested to publish same. Mr. Russell Dennis, Pioneer, Texas.

Dear Russell: In and out of my heart I feel disposed to write you these few lines. We received your graduation announcement some time ago, were glad to get it, glad of your attainment, glad you are courageous and ambitious. Your efforts and aims which are onward, upward and higher are bringing you rewards now, and will continue to enrich them as you persist in your seemingly determined course on this SEA of life.

I have been watching you even from the distance that separates us. I am so proud of you quite a number of boys your age and even your senior, which live in your community, probably with as good opportunity, have gone down, while you have gone upward. You are finding your place in the Church, which is God's ordained place for his redeemed children to live, work and carry on for him, also I am so proud of your work in the Sunday School. In your Church and Sunday School work, continue to brave, courageous and faithful. Yet very humble. Be like Jeremiah the prophet of God, he had little encouragement, few showed any interest in the worship of Jehovah his God, yet he stemmed the tide came against any and all opposition.

Jesus said, "and I, if I be lifted up, I will draw men unto me." How wonderful and how glorious that while he was on earth, that he bore the reproaches of sinful men, endured their vile criticism and endured all that wicked men and the Devil with all his cohorts could bring and hurl at him, this he bore for you and for me. Therefore he is highly exalted at the right hand of God our Father, given a name which is above every name. Because of what he did, he was crowned with glory and honor and given a name which is above every name. Because of what he did, he has the glorious privilege of drawing all men unto himself.

Now Russell, I would undertake to say to you if I may, that accomplishment brings responsibility, the more one accomplishes the greater grows the responsibility. I am glad and thankful that your life, and actions are in line and keeping with your accomplishment. So I would undertake to encourage you, persist in your manifest ambition reaching higher and higher. God has a place in this world for real boys and girls and men and women. You know Russell, that it takes no effort to drift with the tide, but it takes effort and stamina to come against the tide.

How beautiful, how glorious and how many for youth to give all their strength and activity to God and the strength and activity to God and the light. Go on attaining and obtaining. And when you reach the end of life's journey you will not have the walls and remorse of those who have wasted their life and opportunities. Many will, yea thousands, at the end of their earthly pilgrimage will see just how far they have failed to make use of the opportunities that God gave them in this life. Many of God's own redeemed children will see that they have allowed themselves to be lulled by the things of the world and failed in those things that endure. How enduring and everlasting are the things that are Godly.

I feel that there is a great future for you and that you have the making of a real great and true man. Strive to reach the top, and when you do, you will be able to see how much unoccupied room there is there, and how it is crowded and thronged at the bottom. Also how many started and only reached a part of the way and for want of endurance and lack of ambition got no higher.

Truth, virtue and Godliness are three characteristics that are indispensable. Remember Russell, "that our God supply all our needs according to his riches in glory." Not all our wants, but all our needs. Can you figure out his riches? Can you comprehend his glory? If we can even comprehend a part of it, we will know something of his ability to supply. May God richly bless, and keep you in his way is my prayer.

JOHN McDONALD.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Eiland of Bangs visited with their daughter Mrs. C. A. Minton Sunday Little Miss Clad went home with them. George McCamey of Fort Worth was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Minton, Sunday afternoon.

NOTICE

Some carpenter and plumbing tools for sale. Also Shoe Remelchreg and Harness repairing. Electric Shoe and Harness Shop.

NOW YOU CAN SEE IT and HEAR IT

"Noah's Ark"

Took Three Years to Make This Great Picture And Made to Top any Picture Ever Made

PRELUDE

Stormswept sea and sky. "... and the Lord said in his heart I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth. ..."

Building of the Tower of Babel... slavery... injustice... bestiality... Noah, the patriarch, at an altar in a high place... the Ark on darkwaters... the Rainbow of Promise... the children of Israel, lost in

the wilderness, worshipping the golden calf... Modern times... the stock exchange... scenes of frenzy... a ruined man shoots the man who has caused his ruin... a huge wheel of fortune whirls... crowds rush hither and thither... hands lifted... delirious.

From the shadows shines dimly, but with increasing light, the compassionate face of Jesus.

Nothing Like it on the Screen Before

HEAR IT---SEE IT

With your own eyes---this great picture. Truly the Picture of Pictures

Direct from its Run in New York

No Seats Reserved-Come Early, Attend our Matinees if Possible and avoid the Night Crowds

Palace Theatre CISCO

Starting Sunday June 30th For 3 Days

DOCTORS DISCUSS NEW MARRIAGE LAW

Santa Anna, Texas, June—At the recent meeting of the Coleman County Medical Society here much enthusiasm was manifested by the visiting physicians from over the county and State.

Among the things discussed at this meeting was the New State Marriage License Law, which went into effect on the 12th. of this month. The law will require three days notice by the contracting parties of the intent to marry. The notice to be filed with the County Clerk, and accompanied with a certificate from a doctor stating that the man is free from venereal diseases. The doctor on this certificate is to certify that he has made the tests, or caused them to be made, which are generally accepted, that the man is free from venereal disease, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

The minimum Medical fee which includes these Laboratory tests will be \$10.00. Similar resolutions have been passed by numerous other county societies all over the State.

CAR LICENSE TO BE PAID BY MONTH

The law which was passed last March in regard to paying for car licenses according to the month rather than the quarter went into effect last week. Under the old law persons buying a car at any time during the year were forced to pay for the entire quarter in which the fee was paid, but under the new measure only the months from the time the car is bought until the end of the year are included.

The monthly payment plan will frequently cause the license to be several dollars less than it would otherwise be under the old law.

Mesdames T. A. Burns and W. M. Newton of Burkeff, have had as their guests during the past three weeks Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Perry of San Angelo.

Mrs. Rutherford R. Cravens of St. Louis, and Mr. and Mrs. Children, Kathryn, Bill and Bob, of Pownee of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Perry is the mother of Mesdames Burns and Newton. Mrs. Cravens and Mr. Cochraw a sister and brother.

Mrs. Herman Paxton of Brownwood and Mrs. Ernell Brew of May visited their sister Mrs. W. A. Williams, this week.

Miss Mary Bob Stubblefield of Fort Worth, is visiting relatives here this week.

DICK CORDWENT RANCH IS SOLD

According to reports from Baird L. E. Lockhart, president of the Rio Grande Oil Company, has purchased the 40,000 acre ranch, located 35 miles north of Sierra Blanco. The deal was handled by Leavell & Sherman, and the consideration was reported to be \$90,000. The sale was completed for H. J. Corwent, Newton Abbott, England, executor of the estate of his brother, Richard Cordwent, who was a West Texas Pioneer, and also owned a vast tract of ranch land in Callahan county.

W. A. MCGOWEN TAKEN TO SANTA ANNA HOSPITAL

W. A. McGowen, manager of Hely Sely store here, was taken to the hospital at Santa Anna Saturday, suffering from heart trouble and general ill health. He is resting fairly well at present, but it will be necessary for him to remain in the hospital about ten days, doctors said.

Mrs. E. O. Adams and sons Chase and Billie Mack visited in Abilene Sunday, with Mrs. Adams mother, Mrs. Mattie McDougle and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green and daughter left Thursday to spend their vacation in Bowie with relatives.

Emerald Smith of Cross Plains was rushed to the Santa Anna Hospital Saturday, where he underwent a serious appendicitis operation.

Poley Williams is suffering from an acute attack of appendicitis.

Red Huckaby received a severe wound on the head, Monday, while working on a rig near Cisco. A falling beam caused the injury.

P. S. Groginski of Fort Worth was a Cross Plains business visitor Tuesday.

Jerry McDonald of Rowden made a trip to Cross Plains Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Clark of Fort Worth visited with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Durringer Saturday and Sunday.

Willard Hill of Loving, New Mexico visited with his parents here past week end.

C. J. Newton of Cross Cut was in Cross Plains Tuesday.

C. R. Stonecipher of Pioneer was Myrtle E. Haggard is visiting her here Tuesday. cousin in Sylvester this week.

JOIN 10 000 OTHERS WHO WILL SPEND THE FOURTH AT BEAUTIFUL LAKE CISCO

MAMMOTH FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

FEATURING ANNUAL WEST TEXAS BATHING REVUE

Pologame, Coleman versus Woodson, at 10 a. m.

Boat regatta on Lake Cisco, 2:30 p. m.

Swimming tournament at 4 p. m.

Bathing Revue at 9 p. m.

Magnificent pyrotechnic display following revue.

Dance at Lake Cisco Pavilion, featuring Ray Judia and His Black and Gold Orchestra.

Admission to Bathing Revue Free See West Texas Beauties at Lake Cisco.

M-SYSTEM

THE STORE THAT SERVICE BUILT

We thank each and every one for the great interest you are taking in our show window. Mr. Jeanes and Mr. Oglesby tied on the corn. Mrs. S. A. Moore won on largest Tomatoes. Mr. McDowell won on largest Potatoes.

LISTEN

We will give 24 lbs. Magnolia Flour for the largest Beet.

10 lbs. Sugar for 6 largest plums.

1 lb. Cooper's best Coffee for 2 largest Squashes.

All produce will be judged by weight. Bring something for this window, early Saturday. All exhibits must stay in window until Monday, 9 P. M.

LOTS OF SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

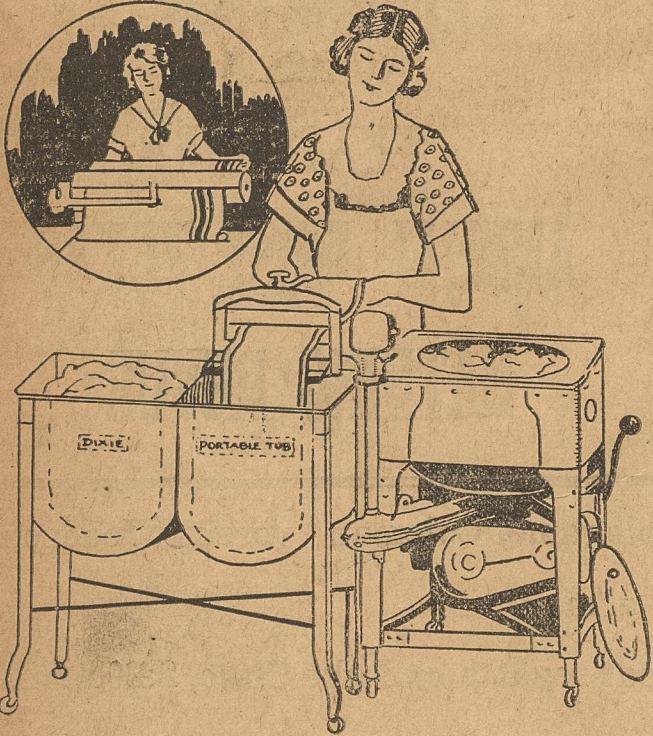
M-SYSTEM

G. R. ERWIN

SOLE OWNER



ready waiting



. . . the Fedelco Electric Washer is ready . . waiting to help those who want to spend less time washing clothes—ready to get most articles snowy-white in less time—waiting to turn wash-day into a day of pleasure.

. . . ironing, too, is no longer a hardship, for with the Fedelco Electric Ironer one can iron in solid comfort—every article can be ironed easily and quickly.

. . . everyone should own this complete laundry equipment . . . the Fedelco Washer, Ironer and Dixie-Twin Tubs—all for the mere sum of \$174.50. . . ask for a demonstration today.

West Texas Utilities Company

RESCUE RESULTS IN SCOUT ORGANIZATION

Reynold Hoelscher, 13-year-old Olfen boy, saved Lee Jost another Olfen boy, from drowning last Sunday, and now citizens of the Olfen and Rowena Communities in Runnels county are organizing a boy scout troop.

And therein lies a story. For more than a year, the Rev. A. A. Boeding, priest of the Olfen Catholic Church, had been boosting a scout troop for the boys of the communities. But the fathers were skeptical, dubious of the merits of scouting, although Father Boeding had interesting the boys and had given them scout swimming and life-saving instruction.

Last Sunday, he sponsored a picnic for a group of boys and several members of the Rowena chapter of the Knights of Columbus on a river near Olfen. And it was then, when Lee Jost got beyond his depth in the water and Reynold Hoelscher rescued him, that the Runnels county citizens realized the merits of Scout training, Father Boeding said.

Rev. Boeding was in Abilene Thursday to obtain scouting material and membership blanks from the office of Scout Executive Ed Shumway. The Rowena Knights of Columbus are sponsoring the movement, which was definitely underway before the picnic closed Sunday.

Herbert Biederbaum of Rowena and Martin Maas of Olfen are assisting Father Boeding in the Scout troop organization. Other members of the committee are Ed Corvenk, Bill Weisner, and Joe Dierschke, all of Rowena, and Ed Hoelscher and Robert Lange of Olfen.

CLOVIS MAYOR VISITS WITH RELATIVES HERE

Mayor D. L. Lancaster of Clovis, New Mexico spent a few days last week with his Brother-in-law, Ike Kendrick and family, and while here tried his luck fishing in the San Saba. The following is clipped from the Evening News Journal, of Clovis.

Mayor Lancaster returned Saturday from a combined business and pleasure trip, in which he studied traffic and zoning problems in various cities and snagged the wary trout, the phlegmatic cat and an occasional bass in various parts of the country. The mayor, stated that zoning had not been instituted in many of the cities visited, but that old fishing holes were zoned, to the extent that when a fellow got there, set his poles and arranged his flies, that particular spot was considered zoned. As to traffic rules, he found only one town where double parking was permitted, but there was a rigid rule in all the sections visited that a man carrying a fishing pole had the right of way over one not so distinguished. The mayor was drawn a little thin, supposedly from the deep concentration he has been giving the momentous problem. He said fishing was good.

He stated that for some strange reason, he never saw a cow grazing along the streets, nor did he see a city that permitted cows or hogs within the corporate confines. While he didn't exactly say so, he appeared troubled about this lack of cooperative spirit. One would judge from the mayor's appearance that he could see no evil in having a few female bovines wandering about the city, as they added to the pastoral beauty of the locality. Of course the mayor didn't say so, but it was inferred that he could see no harm in a nicely rounded, steaming, aromatic pile of cow-yard gleamings decorating the premises of the thrifty citizens of Clovis, and furnishing a haven for the succulent "grub." This conclusion was reached from observing the mayor's face only and it may be a misinterpretation of his real sentiments.

MISS PORTER WINS BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

The following Cross Plains ladies were present at the library benefit bridge tournament given by Meses Dee Breeding and Bill Bahan of Rising Star last Friday afternoon.

Misses Virginia Porter, Mary Morgne, and Hazelle Dorr. Meses Marion Harvey, Jack Noel Ed Lowe, Frank Green, Bill Lowe, Waldo Wilbern and A. R. Clark.

Miss Porter won high score.

The DeLeon peanut mill sold 1,000 tons of peanut meal to Wisconsin dairymen. Time is coming when Texas dairymen will consume the bulk of Texas dairy feedstuffs.

Review

JOB PRINTING

DEPARTMENT

Fine Commercial Printing

COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL

Copyright by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

by **Lowell Thomas**

Milky Way. Hanging above the horizon is the far-famed Southern Cross.

In the middle of the camp we made a sort of plaza. The Seeadler's batteries furnished electric light for it, and there we gathered every night. We still had plenty of champagne and cognac left from the capture of the champagne ship. So, in the cool of the evening, we sat out on the edge of this equatorial Potsdammer Platz sipping drinks out of wine and brandy glasses, just as we might have at the Adlon in Berlin. There was plenty of pipe tobacco, and Doctor Pietsch had taken care to rescue from the wreck a store of his endless cigars. The wind blew, the stars shone, and the orchestra alternately played German classics from the operas and American rag-time melodies. Ah, yes, this last bit of the once glorious overseas German empire wasn't such a bad little paradise at all. We castaways out there in the solitude of the South Seas felt as though we were the only people left in the world, like Noah and his family on Mount Ararat.

But after about three weeks of this Garden-of-Eden-without-an-Eve existence, the monotony of it began to get on our nerves. Of course, there was the "wife" of the officer of the . . . but she was far too busy to be interested in the rest of us. We hadn't been sent out to colonize the South Seas and take life easy. So we cast about for a way to go buccaneering again.

Our first need was for a ship to take the place of our unfortunate three-master impaled out there on the coral reef. The Kanakas told us that a French sailing vessel visited the island every year to take away turtle meat. The best guess that they could make was that it would be another six months or so before she arrived. Well, after six months, we would have a ship. We could always fall back on that. But, by Joe, six months was a long time to wait. The war might be won or lost by then. And it was highly unlikely that any other ship would stray into those waters for heaven knows how long. We all grew impatient. Few sailors are keen about remaining cast away on a tropical isle for long, and especially on an atoll as small as Mopelia. We felt the itch to get out to sea again. I was particularly anxious to see something stirring. Before long the tropical sun and lazy life would sap my men's vitality, and all they would be good for would be to loiter around.

We still had our lifeboats, and the hurricane season was not on. So why not put to sea in one of them? We devised rigging and sails for our best lifeboat, mast, jib boom, main boom, gaff, stays, and back stays. We scraped, caulked, and painted her. She was not in any too good condition, and despite our labor she continued to leak a bit and needed constant bailing. Even in calm weather we had to bail forty pails a day. We

loaded her with provisions for half a dozen men over a long voyage. She was eighteen feet in length and only about fourteen inches above water amidship. Into this small space we stored water, bardack, machine guns, rifles, hand grenades, and pistols. The only luxuries we allowed ourselves were a few tins of pemmican, a side of bacon, and an accordion. The music of the squealer was to be our solace during a cruise the length of which none could foretell. The great question was, could our tiny craft survive a storm? At any rate, she could sail, and that was something. We christened her the Kronprinzessin Cecilie—without, however, painting her name on the stern.

Of course, everybody wanted to go, but there could be only six of us at the most. So I picked the men who seemed to be in the most vigorous health at the time, Mate Leudemann, Lieutenant Kircheiss, Engineer Krauss, Boatswain Parnien, and Yeoman Erdmann. This left the colony on the atoll in the hands of Lieutenant Kling.

Our overloaded cockleshell with a crew of six was the smallest auxiliary cruiser in the war. For cruiser we were, and we were setting out to capture a ship, sail back to Mopelia, pick up our comrades there, and continue our raid. To find and take a ship on the high sea was a doubtful proposition, but we might get to some of the other islands, not too well populated and guarded, and find a vessel at anchor. We could board her at night,

overpower the captain and crew, and sail off with her. We planned first of all to visit the Cook Islands, some eight hundred miles distant, and if we found no ship there, continue on another thousand miles farther to the Fiji islands, where there were sure to be ships loading with copra for the ammunition factories of Europe. We figured on making around sixty nautical miles a day, so that, if we had to go all the way to the Fijis, it would take us approximately thirty days. Thus we should be back with a ship in three months at most.

We discussed our tactics thoroughly for the expected capture. We would steal aboard. Half-past three in the morning was the best hour. Men

sleep their soundest then. A couple of us would go to the officers' cabins the rest to the forecastle. We would show our pistols, disarm them, and herd them below. It would be good to sneak to their clothing first and take away their belts and snip the buttons off their trousers. Then, when they have them put on their clothes they stand, without belts, suspenders or buttons, holding up their trousers. Thus they are helpless. We had a few bombs loaded only with powder harmless, but capable of making a terrific noise. If there is any trouble you throw one. It hurts nobody, but the terrible explosion creates a general panic. A couple of men with their heads about them can do wonders with dozens in a panic. Another good thing is to have a couple of fellows outside shout suddenly and make a great disturbance. That creates excitement and throws people off their guard. I said to my boys:

"Don't hurt anybody unless you have to. We don't want to spoil our clean record by killing anybody. But, by Joe, if a captain or a watchman raises a rifle or a pistol, don't wait till he shoots. Get him first."

On a bright summer morning—August 23, 1917, to be exact—we all shook hands. There was no cheering, merely quiet, earnest words of friendship and good luck. It was the first time that the sixty-four seamen had parted since the Seeadler had set sail to run the blockade eight months before, and it was only now, at the moment of saying good-by, that we realized how closely attached to one another we had become. We who were going could see a brooding question in the eyes of those who were staying behind:

"How will that overloaded cockleshell stand heavy weather?"

Never mind, we would probably find out soon enough. The understanding was that, if we did not return in three months, something had happened to us. They should wait for us until then. Afterward, Kling and his men were to get away from the atoll as best they could.

We sailed out of the lagoon, through the coral entrance, into the open sea. The bulk of the Seeadler lay there helpless on the reef. The tide was high, and the breakers swept over the coral. She was a red brown now from rust and weathering. Each floating billow raised her a bit, and then she sank back hopelessly with loud groans and creaks of despair on the coral bed. As we passed her she seemed to call over to us:

"Come aboard, I want to take you on your voyage. Don't desert your old friend."

And as a wave raised her it seemed as though she were struggling to get on an even keel again and come to us, only to find that the coral held her in a relentless grasp. Tears filled our eyes.

"Good-by, Seeadler," I called; "perhaps we shall never see you more. And even if we do, you can never sail again. Nevermore will songs resound on your decks. Nevermore will you raise your sails and fly a flag from your masts."

A brisk wind carried us westward with a swelling of our sails. The happy island receded. The last German colony and the wreck of the Seeadler slowly dropped out of sight over the rim of the horizon.

Today the Seeadler still remains on the reef at Mopelia. After we had gone, Lieutenant Kling, afraid that one straggler of her mast might attract a passing warship, blew them out with dynamite. The explosion set a fire that burned away part of the woodwork. A quantity of ammunition still aboard blew up and cracked the forepart of the hull.

CHAPTER XIII

From the Society Islands to the Cook Islands in an Open Boat.

It has been something of a sport of recent years to cross the Atlantic and even the Pacific in a small boat, sometimes under sail and sometimes under motor power. Tiny craft have done it, and at best it is not a comfortable kind of voyage. In sporting events, your ocean-going small boat always had a cabin, or an imitation of one. That is what we should have had, but we were not so lucky, and, besides, the load we carried made existence aboard our lifeboat that had been converted into a cruiser a cramped affair indeed.

There was only one place we could trust to be dry, the buoyant air tanks at the sides of the boat. In these we packed our bardack, a few pieces of clothing, photographic apparatus, and the all-important tobacco. It affected the buoyancy of our craft, but we had to keep some things away from the sea water. In the body of the boat were placed the water tanks, our large supply of weapons and ammunition, cordage for the rigging, and several spare sails. Canvas shields at the side, which could be drawn over at the top and be made to form some kind of tent, sheltered us somewhat

from waves and dirty weather. With these we should have been practically drowned. Four mattresses could be stretched on the bottom, where four men could sleep while two kept watch. As a concession to civilization, we had six pairs of knives and forks, six mugs, a coffee pot, and \$5,000 in silver, gold, and paper, much of it in pounds sterling.

At six in the morning, the two men on watch filled the coffee pot and applied fire to it from a soldering lamp. With the slightest breeze and a rocking of the boat, it was impossible to bring the water to a boil. Then we were glad to get tepid coffee-bean soup instead of coffee. After toilets had been made with salty sea water, we squatted in the cockpit for breakfast of coffee and bardack. Navigation was difficult in so small a boat. It was impossible to spread the charts out properly, and with the slightest carelessness the wind might take our priceless navigation papers overboard. We had to use the sextant and other navigation instruments in a boat that often pitched so much we could scarcely stand. The papers, charts, tables, logarithms, and so on, got soppy wet, and when we dried them in the sun they grew swollen and difficult to handle.

It was cool at night, but not unpleasant so long as our clothes were dry. The weather was fair, but an occasional whale would come alongside and douse us with the spray of his spout. Then, in our damp clothing, we felt the chill of the night. The days were broiling hot, but even while taking advantage of what little shade we had, we grew heavy and torpid. We had, above all things, to be careful of our water supply. We never dared drink enough to quench our thirst completely, and were, in fact, continually thirsty.

By way of amusement, we had readings aloud from the one book we had brought along, Fritz Reuter's comic story, "A Trip to Constantinople," and at night the squealer wheezed and blared, and we whiled away the tedious hours singing old German folk songs.

After three days we sighted Atiu, the first island of the Cook group and a British possession. There was no ship in sight. Too bad, but perhaps a ship might be expected soon. Any way, we had to make port and get fresh food. Aside from the danger of storm, if our voyage continued for any length, we feared most of all beri-beri and scurvy, which our diet of bardack would inevitably bring upon us unless we varied it with fresh vegetables.

A crowd of natives, fine looking Polynesians, watched curiously as our little craft drew up to the dock. Kircheiss and I went ashore and straight to the house of the British resident. He lay stretched out in his shirt and trousers on a Borneo long chair on his porch, and didn't even get up when we approached. He was a good looking fellow, but lazy as the devil. The lassitude of the South-seas had certainly got him.

"My name is Van Houten," I began, "and this is my chief officer Southart."

The resident looked at me suspiciously. It was a true British mistrust. Ordinarily, your Englishman is the best of fellows, a pleasant chap to meet, a perfect host. But in wartime you had to admire them. They were on the lookout for everything. Their brains seemed made only of suspicions. Kircheiss, who spoke English better than I did, continued:

"We are Americans of Dutch birth. A few months ago we made a bet at the Holland club in San Francisco that we would sail from Honolulu in an open boat via the Cook islands to Tahiti and back to Honolulu. The wager is for twenty-five thousand dollars. Would you, my dear sir, kindly give me a certificate that we have been here in accordance with the terms of our bet? Also, we should like to lay in a supply of fresh water, canned goods, and fresh fruit."

The resident yawned, looked us over with a watery eye and replied:

"Well, a man must be a hell of a fool to go in for that kind of sport."

"Sure," Kircheiss said politely, "but, just the same, we should like to have the certificate. Won't you give it to us or tell us who will?"

"Oh, to hell with you, don't bother me. I've just had dinner and want to take my nap."

Even his British mistrust, with which he first regarded us, subsided into the indescribable something that comes over a white man who yields to the soft enervation of the tropics. He now looked at us merely as mad fellows who wanted him to do something too crazy to merit his consideration.

"Any news from the bloody war?" he asked. "Why are they so stupid as to carry on with this fighting business? In the end, it will only help these yellow races."

He continued like this and spoke highly of the Germans. Naturally, we did not express any pro-German sentiments.

"We simply must get this old bird to give us that certificate," I said to my comrade in Low German, pretending that it was Dutch.

"Yes," he replied in the same dialect, "it may come in mighty useful later on."

The resident, as he told us, had served in the Boer war, and should have known better, but he took our Plattdeutsch for the language of Holland.

Presently he scribbled a note saying that we had called on him in the course of our sporting cruise.

"Any ships expected in port soon?" Kircheiss asked quite casually.

"How in hell do I know?" the resi-

dent responded wearily. "Everything goes to the bloody war, and we don't see anything around here but these Kanakas." He continued in this strain and cursed his boredom on the island.

The resident was still rambling on in his lazy monotone when along came a man who wore a cassock and had a beard down to his waist. He was a French missionary priest who was overjoyed when we saluted him with a few words of French. The resident and an English trader were the only two white men on the island besides himself, and neither talked any French.

"Allons, allons," he shouted, "by Joe, boys, you must pay me a visit." And straightway he seized our arms and took us over to his mission house. There he poured out glasses of excellent wine.

"You are Americans," he cried, "you fight for la France? You are Hollanders? Ah, it is too bad that your country is not in the war with France. But I can see that you love la belle France."

"What will be your next stop?" asked the jovial missionary in parting. "I think we will put in at Aitutaki," I replied. That was the nearest island and the next field of action in our hunt for a ship.

"Fine," exclaimed the priest cordially. "I have a friend there. You must call on him. Just mention my name. He will be delighted to see you. He is a Hollander, too."

A Hollander, too? And our knowledge of the Dutch language was so strongly salted with a German accent! In that case, when we got to Aitutaki we certainly would be anything but Hollanders, probably Norwegians.

Everywhere on the island were trees and fruits, coconuts, bananas, mangoes, and oranges. On the streets of the village, with its thatched huts, were South sea beauties who wore wreaths of flowers and had dark, flashing eyes. They gazed with interest on the foreign sportsmen, the story of whose cruise on a bet had spread among the natives. We took aboard what provisions we needed and set sail for Aitutaki.

The weather turned miserable, by Joe. It rained every day, those drenching tropical downpours. Our sailcloth covering was not tight enough to hold the water out. The sea was heavy and continually washed into the boat. Often we bailed as many as two hundred and fifty pails an hour. Everything not stowed in the side tanks got wet.

When the rain stopped for a while, the waves and spray kept things from drying. We were soaked to the skin and never did get dry. Our blankets and mattresses were dripping wet. When we lay in the sodden bedding, we were freezing cold, and could sleep scarcely at all. Often it was a relief to be called to go on watch. Then at least we could thresh our arms about and get warm. Cooking was almost impossible now, and we seldom ever got coffee anything like hot.

Once we saw a waterspout forming right before our eyes. A fine, whirling drizzle close to the water attracted our eyes. It revolved ever more rapidly, seizing wider masses of water. In the sky was a little black thundercloud extending downward in the shape of a funnel. The whirl of spray on the water ran up swiftly. The cone of the thundercloud stretched down to meet it. They came together and united. A roaring and sound of bursting, a tremendous suction of water, and sky and sea were connected by a whirling column, gyrating and swaying, it moved in our direction. Our boat lay in a calm. Not a breath of air around us. Will this wandering giant strike us and break upon us, deluge and swamp us? Automatically Leudemann at the rudder tries to steer us. Without wind our boat cannot move, much less steer. But the roaring monster collapses with a deafening clap. Its mass of water falls upon the sea, and from it a circular swell spreads out. We rock uncomfortably and thank heaven. During our voyages among the islands we narrowly escaped several similar spouts.

After three days we found ourselves steering our way through the maze of reefs, very beautiful but perilous, that extend out in front of the landing place at Aitutaki. Again there was no ship in sight, but again one might be scheduled to arrive within some reasonable time. That was our hope. A crowd of natives gathered to watch us come in, also half a dozen white men, among whom was the British resident. He was a tall, lanky fellow who wore glasses, and looked a perfect picture of President Wilson. We found this resident to be full of the same British suspicion. Unlike his colleague at Atiu, he was in no wise lost in tropical indolence, but was active and shrewd. We saw that he entertained the liveliest doubts about us. Might we not be wandering Germans? Of course, he could not venture any forcible measures to investigate our case, such as searching our boat, for if we really were Germans we would doubtless be armed to the teeth, and in that case where would he be? He had no force to match ours. We tried our level best to quiet his suspicions by our offhand, natural behavior. We thought our sporting voyage explanation and our request for a certificate, such as we had got from the resident at Atiu, plausible enough. It was too bad that we could not use the other resident's certificate, but in it were written our supposed Dutch names, and now we were Norwegians.

The resident began by saying to us that we would no doubt be delighted to meet a fellow countryman of ours. This "countryman" turned out to be a Norwegian carpenter. We surmised at once that he had been instructed by the resident to talk with us and see whether we were really Norwegians. My Norwegian was bad, but Kircheiss spoke the language like a native. I kept severely out of the way, and let Kircheiss have a long, friendly talk with the carpenter. Kircheiss convinced him that he was as Norse as the Vikings. The carpenter was delighted to meet a fellow countryman so jovial and, as Kircheiss represented, so wealthy. He promptly reported to the resident that we were the truest Norsemen alive and could in no wise be Germans.

The resident, with his inscrutable President Wilson face, invited me to his house for dinner. I accepted. A British merchant named Low invited my lieutenant to his house. We suspected it was a dodge to separate us. Seemingly, the Norwegian's assurance had not fully allayed the mistrust of these uneasy Britons. Kircheiss and I made every excuse we could to keep together, but the hospitality was so pressing that we could not refuse any longer without practically giving ourselves away.

"Even if we are apart," I said to Kircheiss on the side, "we have our pistols and hand grenades, by Joe. We will keep our eyes open, and we can take care of ourselves single-handed. If anything looks wrong, we will fight our way to the boat."

We dined pleasantly enough. The resident talked a lot, although he did not seem to be naturally a talkative kind. He asked me many questions, which I answered cautiously. A native servant brought him a note, and he scribbled a note in return. After a few minutes, the servant brought him another message, and again he answered it. This happened several times.

"Important messages?" I asked. "Oh, no," he replied hastily, "they are from my friend Low. He wants to arrange to have us all take coffee at his bungalow."

It was very queer. I was prepared, though, and thanked my stars for the pistol and hand grenade in my pockets. I learned later that their scheme was, in fact, to question Kircheiss and me separately. The purpose of the notes was to arrange questions to be asked of us, so that they might check up our separate answers to the same questions. These answers, it happened, had jibed fairly well, although not well enough to disarm suspicion altogether.

When the time for leaving came, the resident told me that, if we would return on the following day, he would give us the certificate we desired, certifying that in the course of our sporting voyage we had called at the island of Aitutaki. The delay about the certificate was, of course, to detain us a day longer.

Away from this unsatisfactory interview, we encountered the Norwegian carpenter who informed Kircheiss that the natives believed we were Germans. The British had been recruiting soldiers among them for service in France, and for the purpose of getting recruits had stirred them up with a bit of war fever. The islanders, therefore, hoped that we were enemies so they could seize us. They planned to get our boat ashore and capture it. Upon hearing of this, I ordered that two men be on watch all the time, ready to repel any attack.

The following day provided us with plenty of thrills. When Kircheiss and I went to the resident's house, crowds of natives followed us. The resident greeted us with a worried expression but came straight to the point.

"I shall have to examine your boat and papers," he said sternly.

"How so?" said I.

"The natives think you are Germans. I know you are not, but I must inspect your boat to satisfy them."

He vacillated between the desire of not letting us get away and the fear of a fight.

Outside, the Polynesians were gathering from all quarters. They made a menacing, ugly-looking mob. Left hand in pocket, I attached a carbine hook to the fuse of the grenade. With that mob of heathens on the rampage, there was no use in trying to carry the deception any further.

"It is true," I said to the resident. "We are Germans. But don't you think it would be better if we remained friends? We are white men. I am with you in front of these natives. Act the part that will impress them. Come and examine our boat."

"Very well," he replied, growing pale, "but you won't take me with you?"

"No, upon my word, no."

When we stepped out on the porch, the islanders raised a howl. I never thought there were so many Polynesians in the world. I had never before stood in the face of a mob. Sailors or soldiers would not have made me so afraid.

"Don't be a coward," I said to myself. "On, by Joe, on."

Kircheiss and I stayed close together. The resident led us through the mob, which was overawed by his presence. We were halfway to the boat when a native in Colonial uniform stepped up. He had seen service with the British in France, we were afterward told.

"Shall I arrest them, sir?" he asked.

"Arrest what?" I shouted. "Shut your trap. Why should a fool like you try to arrest Norwegians?" Then I muttered to the resident: "If that fellow makes any fuss, I'll shoot him dead."

"Don't talk that way," he replied nervously, and waved the native soldier away.

The crowd followed us to the landing. A small rowboat picked us up.

"You won't keep me with you?" the resident asked again.

I assured him that we would not. So we rowed over and climbed into my boat, impelled less by his own desire than by the attitude of the natives.

"Here is the log," Kircheiss, with an impassive face, handed him a log we had taken from one of our captured ships. He perfunctorily turned the pages and came upon a chronometric diary we kept in the book. Above was stamped in fat type: KAISERLICHE MARINE.

The resident raised a tarpaulin, but dropped it quickly. He had seen rifles. He raised another. There were neat rows of hand grenades, as easy to pick up as apples.

"Keep those covered," he exclaimed, as pale as ashes.

"Well," I asked, "how do you find everything?"

"Quite all right—quite all right." He smiled a very acid smile.

"Won't you tell your people here that everything is all right?" I suggested.

He turned to the crowd on the pier. "Everything is in order," he called.

"These gentlemen are Norwegian sportsmen, as they say."

"And now the certificate," I reminded him.

He wrote a note just as the resident at Atiu had done.

"You don't intend to take me with you?" he repeated.

"No," I responded, "but I should like to have your company until we can get some fruit and tobacco."

I stood chatting with him on the pier while Kircheiss went to procure the fruit and tobacco. Hadn't we better take the island and wait for a ship instead of sailing off? I debated the question with myself, and then decided we had better go.

The last scene of this little drama was played as the resident and I shook hands and made each other an apparently cordial farewell. He was a decent fellow, even if he had been suspicious, and I had eaten an excellent dinner at his house. I was glad that we didn't have to humiliate him before the natives, a dreadful fate for an Englishman.

As we hoisted anchor and raised sail, a cheer went up from the natives lined along the shore. They were trying to make amends for having treated us so shabbily and for having taken us for Germans!

But there at Aitutaki I had made the great mistake of our cruise. We should have captured that island. Three days later a schooner arrived. We could have taken it, rejoined our comrades, and continued our raids. Instead, the resident told the officers the story of our visit. The schooner sailed the next day and in a little while met a steamer to which it transferred the news about us. The steamer in turn radioed a warning to the whole South seas. So we were now in for a warm welcome.

CHAPTER XIV

Through a Sea of Floating Brimstone to Fiji

We had all along figured that we might have to go to the Fiji islands, where a constant stream of sailing ships was always taking aboard copra for the munition factories in the United States. But we also were fully aware that sailing in a little open boat from Cook islands to the Fijis might easily be a perilous venture. Our voyage so far had gone fairly smoothly. There had been no hurricanes, and we thanked God for that. But now the weather turned against us for a whole week, and we began to think we had run across St. Swithin's day. We had forgotten—if we had ever known it—that this was the time when the equinoctial storms broke in those waters. Had we known it, we never would have headed for the Fijis.

For ten days we sailed through a drenching downpour, the rainy season. The sea was choppy. The wind whipped the spray and the crests of waves over us in driving sheets. In our cockleshell, things were afloat, and it was bitter cold o' nights. We threw our mattresses overboard. In their soaked condition they were far worse to sleep on than the wet planks, and there was no use keeping them any longer. When the sun occasionally shone, our drenched clothes would dry quickly and stiffen like boards of salt. They rubbed and scratched the skin off our bodies. When they got wet again, which they promptly did, the salt would soak into the raw flesh and inflame it. Our bodies felt as though they were on fire. We had no regular sleep. Instead, a man would doze away suddenly at almost any time. Even the helmsman would drowse off like that, and, with a free rudder, the boat would veer around crazily.

One morning, when dawn came, we could hardly believe our eyes. The sea had turned from its normal blue to yellow. On scooping up a pail of it we found a scum that we concluded must be brimstone and ash. We were sailing through a field of brimstone. For three days we saw from horizon to horizon this yellowish expanse of volcanic dust. It no doubt came from some submarine eruption, perhaps the one we could thank for the tidal wave that had wrecked the Seeadler. The waves carried the gritty dust into the boat. It penetrated everything. Every surface became like sandpaper. Our skin grew rough and caked with it. Our blankets were like sandpaper, and so were our clothes.

As the voyage grew longer, we had to be more and more sparing with our drinking water. The supply began to run low. We could no longer collect rain water in our sails. They were coated with salt. We tried to wash them out in the rain, but then the