

The Cross Plains Review

VOL. XX

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1929

No. 16

It Pays . . .

To Employ the kind of SERVICE we

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

PASSES PHARMACY BOARD EXAMINATION

Vincent Hart, manager of the City Drug Store, has passed a creditable examination before the State Board of Pharmacy, and is now a registered prescription druggist. Mr. Hart spent several months in Dallas recently where he completed his pharmaceutical studies. Oak Lewis, Jr., who has been with the Livingston Drug Store at Rising Star for the past year, was employed as assistant in the City Drug Store the first of this month. Mr. Lewis was formerly with the local institution before going to Rising Star.

Corum Beeler and family have returned from a two weeks trip to the Plains and other parts of the western country. They made the trip with a view of finding a more suitable location, but have returned, satisfied after all, that Cross Plains is the best place in the world in which to live.

Mrs. R. C. Baum of Tatum, N. M., is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Neel.

J. B. EUBANK BUYS BOYLES BUILDING

J. B. Eubank has purchased the brick business building from C. S. Boyles, located on the west side of North Main street, and at present occupied by the Cross Plains Hardware Co. Mr. Eubank is a strong believer in a prosperous future for Cross Plains, and may make other investments in real estate here. C. S. Boyles, former owner of the business property which Mr. Eubank has acquired, moved to Sweetwater a few years ago, where he is conducting an automobile agency. Mr. Boyles also has residential property here, which he recently offered for sale.

Miss Moveta Krell, after a visit with her sister, Miss Edna Krell, stenographer in the offices of the local Canyon Oil & Gas Company and Tom Bryant Insurance Agency, has returned to her home in Fort Worth.

Mrs. M. E. Kennedy, Mrs. T. E. Mitchell, Miss Melba Mitchell, and little Miss Verlin Dennis, motored to Santa Anna Saturday.

BRING US YOUR OLD CLOTHES

If your Clothes don't look just right bring them in and let us make them look good as new. We do first class Cleaning and pressing, and will appreciate your work. A trial will convince you of the value of service.

JIM SETTLE'S DRY CLEANING

"ENEMY TO DIRT"

PHONE 27

TO CELEBRATE STREET OPENING

Editor Greggs, of the Santa Anna News, informs the Review that the live town of his acquaintance is going to celebrate the opening of her several blocks of newly paved streets on Tuesday, July 9th, with a series of entertainments beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon and continuing thru the evening, the main feature being a big free barbecue feed at seven o'clock. He further states that the object of the information is to extend to the editor or some member of the Review force an invitation to be their guest on said occasion, which invitation is joined by the Mayor, the Lions Club and other good citizens of the thriving little city. Someone of the Review force will avail himself of the pleasures of being present if the time can be spared for the occasion.

LOCAL BAND GIVES CONCERT AT BURKETT

The Cross Plains Band, at the conclusion of a fine musical open-air concert on the streets here last Friday night, went to Burkett, where they rendered an entertaining program for the big Burkett picnic gathering, which was in progress in the Highway Park on Pecan Bayou last Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The fine music rendered by the band, was a great feature of the picnic entertainments, and was liberally cheered and appreciated by the crowd.

DR. HOWARD MOVING BACK TO CROSS PLAINS

Dr. I. M. Howard, who went to Spurr about two months ago with the view of investigating the prospects of a permanent location there, has returned to Cross Plains and will resume his practice in this locality. He will occupy his former office, at the Cross Plains Drug Store. The doctor's many patrons and friends are glad that he decided to return to Cross Plains.

NETS FIVE PER CENT DIVIDEND

A report of the semi-annual summary of the First State Bank of Cross Plains shows that the institution is enjoying a fine business. A five per cent semi-annual dividend was found available in this report.

TWO RECENT MARRIAGES

Two interesting marriages, in which popular Cross Plains people were principals in the marital contract, happened last week the two impressive ceremonies uniting as life partners Mr. Jack Breeding and Miss Winnie Swan, and Mr. Pete Ratcliffe and Miss Iva Lee Orrell. Mr. Breeding has been with the Glenn Pipe and Supply Company in Cross Plains for several years, and his bride is the popular daughter of Mr. J. B. Swan, one of the pioneer families of Calahan county. Mr. Ratcliffe is employed with the Dodson Chevrolet Company, and Mrs. Ratcliffe is the excellent young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Orrell. Their many friends wish them every happiness over a placid sea of marital life.

Oak Lewis, V. C. Walker and J. H. Sheppard, with local Higginbotham Bros. & Co., Store, returned from a business visit to Fort Worth the first of this week. While there they witnessed the exciting ball game between the Panther City and Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Barr, and the Misses Alta Barr and Clara Westerman went fishing on the Jim Ned last week and report a very fine catch. Dee says swimming is fine, if he did go in against his will. Dee and his sister, Alta, went out to take fish from the trot-line and on returning the boat capsized and the occupants took a dip. Two of the fish were still in the boat when it was recovered.

BIG ARRANGEMENTS FOR ANNUAL PICNIC

The directors of the Cross Plains annual picnic and rodeo entertainments, to occur on July 31, and August 1 and 2, are fast perfecting elaborate arrangements for the occasion. Many concessions are being sold and contracts being signed for some of the greatest rodeo and other show features of the country. It will be three big days of celebration, so begin to get ready to enjoy your part of it.

REV. HUCKABEE GOES TO COOPER, TEXAS

Rev. I. T. Huckabee of the Cross Plains Methodist church, has exchanged pastorates with Rev. W. C. Howell, of Cooper, Texas, and left with his family for the latter charge on Thursday of this week. Rev. Huckabee has been pastor of the local church for the past year and a half, and has been very influential in the work. Rev. Howell, now in Cross Plains and will conduct the regular services at the church next Sunday.

EPWORTH LEAGUE ELECTS OFFICERS

The new Epworth League Officers have been elected for the coming year. They are as follows: President, Marie Kennedy; Vice-President, Virginia Payne; Secretary, Ava Walker; Treasurer, Mable Jones; Epworth Era Agent, Georgia Jones; Supt. of first Department, Doris Placke; Supt. of second Department, Elizabeth Jackson; Supt. of third Department, Louise Placke; Supt. of fourth Department, Elizabeth Tyson. The Installation Services will be held Sunday Morning at 10:45 at Methodist Church by our new Pastor Bro. Howell.

BARRS COMPLETE NICE RESIDENCE

Sam and Chess Barr, as a property investment, have completed a handsome brick-veneer residence on their property in the High School addition to Cross Plains. This choice home site was not built with a view of being occupied by its owners, but will be offered for sale. Following the sale of this property they contemplate building several other like homes as the demand for residential property increases.

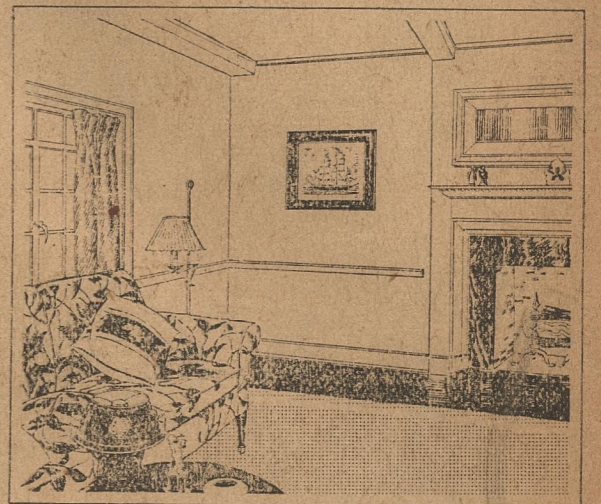
The many friends of Will McGowen in Cross Plains and this community will be glad to learn that he is recovering from the serious illness which he suffered a few days ago. Reports Wednesday from the Sealy Hospital at Santa Anna, where he is being treated, state that he is improving nicely, and may be able to return to his home here within the next few days.

ENCHANTED ROCK OF LLANO COUNTY

Nested in the mountainous wilds of Llano county is a mystifying and strange geological formation, the name of which, handed down from Indian legendary or superstition, is the Enchanted Rock. It is of solid red granite formation, covering a section of land and towering 520 feet to its crest. Increased numbers of wonder-seekers with the coming of each tourist season visit this non-historical handwork of nature and the other mystifying and romantic mountainous scenes and valleys which surround it.

It is a difficult task for human feet to scale the treacherous slopes of the Enchanted Rock, but a remarkable feat was accomplished a few days ago when a Pontiac car, was driven to its uppermost height and safely retraced the trail to the valley below.

Another mystery that has aroused the interest of the more daring this season is the cave located on the opposite side of the huge rock from the tourist park, and which has never been explored to great extent. This cave, as believed by many when thoroughly explored, will reveal a wonderful underground chamber beneath the Enchanted Rock, which was doubtless occupied by an ancient people of which the world will have no other history. The writer and his wife visited the Enchanted Rock while on their vacation trip last week.



A wall finish both practical and economical

Here's a wall finish that is beautiful—and one that stays beautiful. Walls and ceilings painted with LOWE BROTHERS MELLO-GLOSS can always be kept spotlessly clean—by simply cleaning with soap and water or Lowe Brothers Cleaner. Especially good in the kitchen and bathroom.

Mello-Gloss is an oil paint that dries to a soft, satiny finish and always looks new and bright. It comes in a wide assortment of popular tints and shades.

FREE—"Color Harmony in the Home", a new book profusely illustrated and expert advice on home decoration. Come in and get a copy.

Cross Plains Lumber Co.

BARRS COMPLETE NICE RESIDENCE

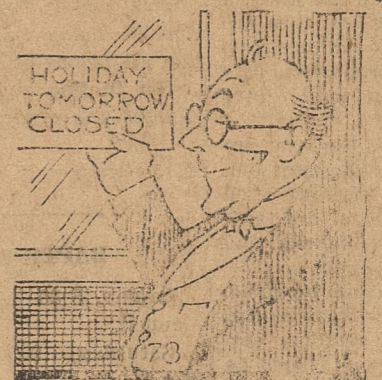
Sam and Chess Barr, as a property investment, have completed a handsome brick-veneer residence on their property in the High School addition to Cross Plains. This choice home site was not built with a view of being occupied by its owners, but will be offered for sale. Following the sale of this property they contemplate building several other like homes as the demand for residential property increases.

LIBERTY THEATRE IS NEARING COMPLETION

The new Liberty Theatre on North Main street, is nearing completion, and at progress of present finishing work it will be in operation within the next few weeks. The new building will be equipped with every modern arrangement for a picture show, including talking productions and cool air ventilation.

Mrs. Roy Cowan who was operated at Graham Sanitarium several days ago is recovering nicely, and will return home this week.

U.B. Thrifty



THE BIGGEST COUNT

In all the business imperial court there is only one count that amounts to much, and that's the Bank Account!

When things go wrong for a jiffy, a Bank Account is almost as good as a doctor when you're sick.

Let us start you on that Right Path.

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. Eubank, John P. Newton, Paul V. Farrell, Directors

J.D. Conlee, Ass't Cashier
A. R. Clark Ass't Cashier

Cosmopolitan Education Possible Without Europe



Close your pretty eyes, and close your pretty lips, and give your little baby lots of love.

Singer Declares Foreign Colonies Here Will Supply It

New York, July 5.—A cosmopolitan musical education need not be sought abroad in foreign lands, but may be had right here in our own country, says Rae Samuels, vaudeville headliner.

"There are worlds within worlds in the music of our own country," she declared, "and the only way to get abroad for his education is to go to the music of our own country."

Miss Samuels' musical library might better be called a musical laboratory. She has, perhaps, the most complete collection in the world of native music of the North Africans, Albanians, Russians, Hebrews, French, Italians, North American Indians, Syrians, Montenegrins and South Sea Islanders.

"The polyglot racial origins of America's millions is one reason why we can play modern music so well."

"There is something of the native music of all nations in our modern music, so is it strange that Americans who for centuries have been assimilating the folk songs of dozens of 'old countries,' should be supreme artists in its interpretation?"

"Give Your Little Baby Lots of Lovin'" is my big song this year and everywhere I sing some one finds something of the 'old country' in the melody. Yet to me it's just a red hot tune."

Miss Samuels' musical library might better be called a musical laboratory. She has, perhaps, the most complete collection in the world of native music of the North Africans, Albanians, Russians, Hebrews, French, Italians, North American Indians, Syrians, Montenegrins and South Sea Islanders.

Elizabeth Popular as Name for Babies

Berkeley, Calif.—A baby girl born now has an exceptionally strong chance of being named Elizabeth. This name has replaced Mary as the favorite for girls. Grace is increasing in popularity. Mabel, Ann, and Emily are on a decline.

These facts are pointed out by Prof. George R. Stewart, Jr., of the English department of the University of California, who has found that the popularity of given names may be plotted in cycles. His data were collected chiefly from records of officers and students at the university.

Predicting what names will be fashionable is difficult, he states, but it is likely that Frances, and various forms of Ann and Emily are destined to grow in popularity until they become too numerous, when they will lose favor again.

Professor Stewart's researches show that 12 conservative names have been used in every generation in the past fifty years. These, in order of popularity in 1925, are: Elizabeth, Mary, Helen, Dorothy, Margaret, Marie, Katherine, Louise, Ruth, Eleanor, Lucille and Evelyn.

Egg Under Tombstone 12 Years Still Fresh

Fayette City, Pa.—Why an egg buried twelve years ago should have remained fresh until it was dug up is the question interesting chemists here.

The egg was unearthed in Mt. Auburn cemetery by Frank Lovers, and N. E. Murphy while they were replacing the headstone over the grave of Pierce Kendall. Knowing it must have lain under the headstone since Kendall was buried, twelve years ago, they brought it to this city for examination. Both the yolk and the albumen were fresh.

Bans Sunday Auto Washing

Fall River, Mass.—As a result of the revival of an old blue law, Fall River motorists no longer will be permitted to have their automobiles washed at garages on Sunday. Police Chief Martin Feeney has dusted off the ancient statute and has indicated that it will be enforced even if it becomes necessary to make arrests.

Gold in Soil Under Busy Halifax Street

Montreal, Que.—A gold lead, containing particles of pure gold and traces of galena and sulphides of iron, was discovered in downtown Halifax by workmen excavating under a filling station on Barrington street for the installation of a gas tank. The one will be assayed and the lead investigated to determine whether metal is present in a workable quantity.

Now is the ideal season for towns and communities to foster and build good will. A time when stranger-tourists are coming into and passing through our midst. The impression left upon them will be either good, bad or passive. What all of want is that kindly feeling toward Cross Plains. The reasons for this are apparent. It means trade and business, maybe not today, but tomorrow. More than ever before cities and towns are creating their individualities and identities. We are more than a "road-side" stand. On the "repeat" business depends a considerable amount of our prosperity and well being.

Boost Cross Plains as you would your business. Each is dependent upon the other.

The cradle seat of the human race is now on the back seat of a sedan on the way home.

If the reparations plan works successfully all nations will be owing Young a debt of gratitude.

A current bill ad shows her refusing his proposal because his socks are hanging down. She thinks he can't supporter.

A wrist watch has been put on the market that winds itself up by the movement of the arm. Orators have been winding themselves up this way for centuries.

If Bill Shakespeare were writing today we suspect he would seriously declare that one-half the world's a movie stage and the other half are trying to get on it.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Slaughter and children are visiting this week with Mrs. Slaughter's relatives at San Antonio.

A. R. Gatlin and family left first of week for Houston and other points in South, Texas where they will spend their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Harder of Putnam, were visiting with friends in Cross Plains Wednesday of this week. Mr. Harder was formerly with the Higginbotham Bros. & Co., store here.

Getting Ready For The Glorious Fourth

Thursday of this week being the greatest of our national holidays, observed by an almost total suspension of business of every kind in Cross Plains, the Review is published one day earlier than its usual time of going to press. The curtailing some of its news and advertising features, this is done in order that the Review force may join with others in observing the date and get a few hours recreation and rest from the cares and routine work of a busy newspaper office.

Miscellaneous Shower

On Monday afternoon, July 1, at 4 o'clock, the Woman's and Young People Missionary Society, surprised Mrs. I. T. Huckabee with a Miscellaneous shower in the Basement of the Methodist Church.

The regular Monday afternoon programme was rendered by the Woman's Missionary Society. The Basket of gifts were carried in by Marie Kennedy and Georgia Jones, and presented by the President of the Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. Orrell.

Many useful and beautiful gifts were gladly received. Lovely refreshments of sandwiches, salad, potato-chips, cakes and iced tea, were served to the following guests: Mrs. I. T. Huckabee, Mrs. Orrell, Mrs. Martin Neeb, Mrs. Ed. Baum, Mrs. H. D. Lawrence, Mrs. V. C. Walker, Mrs. Robert Cunningham, Mrs. Bohman, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. J. G. Akin, Mrs. Geo. Cunningham, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Baum, Mrs. Okeeffe, Mrs. Nance, Mrs. C. L. Browning, Mrs. M. F. Kennedy, Misses Ava Walker, Georgia and Mabel Jones. Out of town guest was Mrs. Aleck Baum of Plainview, Texas.

The guests departed about 6 o'clock reporting a very enjoyable afternoon.

MEN OF THE LEADER CLASS WAS ENTERTAINED

The Leader Class of the Methodist Sunday School Department entertained the men who were in the Womanless Wedding, and their wives, friends, etc., with a chicken barbecue, Tuesday evening on Tom Bryant place north of town. Food was very plentiful, childhood games were enjoyed, and a good time was had by all.

The class presented Rev. and Mrs. Huckabee each with a parting gift, before they left this week for Cooper where Rev. Huckabee will take over the pastoral duties of the Methodist Church there.

W. T. U. Install New Equipment near San Angelo in November

Abilene—Plans for the installation of a 20,000 horse-power steam turbo-generator, increasing the generating capacity of the Concho Station near San Angelo from 15,000 horsepower to 35,000 horsepower, were announced today from the general offices of the West Texas Utilities Company here.

The new equipment will be delivered in November and operation of the largest generating station of the company is expected to be begun in the early Spring of 1930, it was announced.

Installation of the new unit will mean an addition to the building and enlargement of the substation at the plant. The boiler room will be extended 25 feet by 115 feet and the switch room will be extended 40 by 50 feet. When the new unit is in operation the West Texas Utilities Company will have available 105,000 horsepower of electrical energy.

In addition to the big turbo-generator, ordered from the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, there were ordered two cock-wilcox Co., of New York.

The Concho Generating Station is one of the three major stations of the West Texas Utilities Company, the second being located at Abilene and a third at Lake Pauline, near Quanah, Texas. The company also has 15 auxiliary or standby station in various parts of its properties. Electrical energy is sent to 110 cities, towns and communities in West Texas over more than 2,000 miles of transmission lines.

The Abilene plant has a generating capacity of 7,500 x horsepower and the Lake Pauline station 20,000 horsepower.

Miss Mary Massa spent the week end in Ranger.

E. A. Brum of the Mendenhall Oil Company of Cross Plains left Monday on his vacation, to visit with his people in the North.

Best Seed Corn Can Be Obtained at Home

Select From Own Patch Ears of Type Desired.

The home gardener who does not select his own seed corn from his own patch is missing some of the pleasure of gardening, say specialists at the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell. But they add that one should know just what type and characteristics he wishes to perpetuate in his corn patch and then use care in selecting and gathering the seed ears.

Those who wish earliness, for example, mark the stalks which produce the earliest ears of the correct type and also the earliest and best ears on these stalks. These ears are allowed to mature on the stalks and then are picked with the husks on, hung up to dry in an airy place away from rats and birds, and left there until winter or early spring.

After they are cured, the ears are sorted and only those of the most uniform type, shape, and size are used for seed. The best ears are well filled, solid, with good kernels and well dried, the college says.

Shelling is usually done by hand, and the kernels from the butts or tips thrown away. Before shelling, several kernels from each ear should be tested for germination. When one has developed the type, it is well to produce at least twice as much seed as will be necessary for home planting; something may happen to the crop the next year, and this extra seed can be carried over. Continued selection and careful growing will be necessary if the desired characteristics are maintained.

Saving Feed by Culling Out Unprofitable Cows

The feed lot is often a more profitable place for old cows than the dairy barn. Cows that have reached the limit of their period of profitable production should be fattened and sent to market so that their places may be used for heifers that are coming into production.

Old cows that have started to lose their teeth, or that are no longer sure breeders, should be sold while they will still take on flesh. This pays better than to winter them with the idea

LODGE-LOGIC

Another nice class of Cross Plains young men have started taking the ranks of Knighthood. The Rank of Page was conferred on a class of 3 at our regular meeting Tuesday night.

Brownwood Lodge No. 99 is doing a real Pythian Duty. D. Butler a Graduate of the school at the Pythian Home at Weatherford, is honored by Brownwood lodge. They are seeing him through Daniel Baker College at the Lodge's expense.

This is one duty that they will be honored for a great many times, as well as one that will give them more kick than anything else they could have done for this fine young boy.

Preparations are being made for the Pythian Gym club for Cross Plains, and in the near future it will furnish many an hour of enjoyment for all belonging to the order.

Get in line and become a Pythian Knight and enjoy some of the fun.

Respt Yours,
A. J. Gensley, K. R. S. and M. of P.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Friday, 8:30 P. M., S. S. Workers Council.

Saturday, 9:00 A. M., Sunbeam Band.

Sunday, 9:45 A. M., Sunday School, 11:00 A. M., Preaching by the Pastor.

7:35 P. M., B. Y. P. U. Meeting, 8:30 P. M., Preaching by the Pastor. Monday, 4:00 P. M., W. M. U Meeting.

Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting and Monthly Conference.

A full attendance of the membership is urged, so that our works may not lag during the summer.

The Lord's supper will be observed Sunday morning.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend our services.

A. E. HILL, Pastor.

Cecil Lotief made a trip to Baird Tuesday.

Paul Harrell was in Coleman Tuesday.

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.

We are equipped to Vacuum, Clean the upholstery of your car.

WATCH THIS SPACE.

If Mrs. J. T. SMITH Will bring her 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"

FAMILY WASHING IS OUR SPECIALTY.

We wash everything, Iron all flat work, including table and bed linen, counterpanes, sheets, towels and the like and starch and dry the wearing apparel ready for ironing. It is inexpensive: It is sanitary: It is convenient.

Phone 14 for Prompt Service
CROSS PLAINS STEAM LAUNDRY

FIERCEST FIGHTERS AT LAST CONQUERED

Yaquis of Mexico Finally Accept Fate.

Mexico City.—Mexico's fiercest warriors, the Yaquis, have at last agreed to be commanded by non-Yaqui leaders. For 400 years—300 under Spanish rule, 100 under Mexican—the Yaquis maintained their independence, refusing to be conquered. Beaten at the end by the government, with their country in ruins, they now go one step further in becoming Mexicanized by their acceptance of a "foreign" commander.

Four hundred Yaqui soldiers are at Port Perote, a mountain near Orizaba, in the state of Vera Cruz. This is the group which for the first time in history has submitted to having a non-Indian leader. The war office's announcement of a change in the organization of this Yaqui force was regarded as signifying the disappearance of Yaquis as separate units. Hereafter they will be part of the army. Colonel Enrique Morfin Figueroa has been assigned to the group under the new arrangement.

Manzo Conqueror of Yaquis.

The actual conqueror of the Yaquis was Gen. Francisco Manzo, one of the leaders of the present rebellion who recently crossed the United States border at Nogales to escape falling into federal hands. The Manzo campaign against the Yaquis, undertaken three years ago, was organized with 13,000 troops and equipment which included nine airplanes.

At that time the Yaquis controlled a region extending 100 miles north of Guaymas, in Sonora, and which included some of the best lands in the republic. The stretch under Yaqui ownership extended along the Yaqui river valley in a district larger than the Imperial valley of California and with water resources three times as great as those of the Imperial valley.

Today the only Yaqui country left in Yaqui power is in the Bacatete mountains. But the power is small. All the warriors are gone or killed. Women and children and old men predominate in the last citadel.

As in the present revolution, the rebel Indians in Yaquiland lost their fight partly through the government's use of the most modern arm of war—the airplane. The nine planes that Manzo had on his front flew constantly over Yaqui territory bombing and spreading terror. The federal planes drove the inhabitants of Bacatete, the capital, into the mountains and finally destroyed it.

Planes Aided in Conquest.

Ammunition ran low after the war had raged incessantly for many months, the plane raids continued unceasingly, and finally, cut off from the world and beleaguered from the air, the Yaquis surrendered. Their surrender, however, was conditional. They agreed to take service in the Mexican army provided their own chief, General Ignacio Mori, should be permitted to continue as their head.

Their liberty curtailed by the rigid discipline of the army, the Yaquis were not always good soldiers, although their valor in fighting was unquestioned. The group at Perote was for this reason perhaps little better off than prisoners.

The Yaquis still preserve their ancient language and customs. Although they are Christians, in common with other Indian tribes of Mexico, they have mixed the symbols of Catholicism with the signs of the old gods.

While the Mexican government had to all but exterminate them in order to pacify them, it seems likely that the Yaqui fighting tradition which has existed for 400 years will continue in Mexican memory at least for a long time to come.

France Grants Asylum to War Foe's Widow

Paris.—By a special act of the ministry of the interior, Zita, last of the Hapsburg empresses, has been granted the same asylum in France which is granted to any other foreigner who lives up to the laws of the republic and does not engage in political intrigue.

The French government considers the ex-empress of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy not in the light of a widow of a ruler once at war with the allies, but as a sorrowful mother who is trying to educate her children. Investigation disclosed that Zita was not engaged in politics and therefore, was entitled to residence in France if she chose to live here.

Frisco Chinese Become Stock Market Players

San Francisco, Calif.—No more is it "no tickie no washee" in San Francisco's Chinatown—it's just "tickie." For the city's oriental population has become interested in the stock market and recently a Chinese newspaper carried for the first time in history the mysterious brokers' quotation symbols in Chinese.

One brokerage firm has organized a special Chinese department with a Chinese in charge. The Chinese are said to speculate mostly in groups, dealing in 5,000 share lots.

All-Woman Affair

New York.—The painting of a huge sign in front of the Hotel Belmont is an all-woman affair. Ann Derickson, contractor, has girl assistants, college graduates, who wear knickers, sweater skirts and red bandannas.

HELP YOURSELF

"A CROSS PLAINS INSTITUTION"
MANAGED BY MCGOWEN & BROWN

A FEW SATURDAY SPECIALS

Concho—Every Can Guaranteed To Please You or Money Refunded	
1 POUND	45c
3 POUND	\$1.21
SUGAR—10 POUNDS	59c
FLOUR—GOLDEN SEAL—48 POUND SACK	\$1.55
MILK—WHITE SWAN—	
BABY	5c
TALL	10c
MACARONI AND SPAGHETTI	Beechnut Per PKG. 9c
CRACKERS—BROWNS-SALTINE FLAKES—	37c
	2 pound package
CORN FLAKES—KELLOGS—2 PKGS.	21c
ORANGES—SMALL BUT JUICY—PER DOZEN	17c
LETTUCE—PER HEAD	7c
BAKING POWDER—RUMFORDS—1 POUND	28c
BEANS—GREEN—NO. 2 CAN—2 FOR	25c

We want 10,000 lbs. of Home Grown Cabbage, See Us Before You Sell.

WE HAVE FRESH SHIPMENT FLOUR AND MEAL

More per Gallon
but LESS
per Trip
That's the economy of
CONOCO-ETHYL GASOLINE

DURING the summer, when long motor trips are in order, a most important cost factor is wear and tear.

Every time the motor knocks, it is undergoing unnecessary strain. Its life is being shortened—its resale value reduced.

That's why we say, that in the long run, Conoco Ethyl Gasoline will cost you less per trip. Conoco Ethyl absolutely eliminates knocks. It delivers full power with every stroke of the piston. It gives lightning pick-up in traffic driving. In short, it provides a surge of power—up the hills or on the level—which keeps your motor gliding along with practically no effort. That's economy! Give Conoco Ethyl a trial. See how cool it keeps your engine, and experience the real satisfaction of having your car run as the manufacturer intended it should. You'll find a convenient Conoco Ethyl pump ready to supply you.

Conoco Ethyl is a proper admixture of Conoco, the extra-miles motor fuel, and Ethyl Fluid, developed by General Motors. All Ethyl Gasoline is not Conoco Ethyl. To be sure you are getting Conoco Ethyl, fill only at those pumps which display the Conoco Ethyl sign.

CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY
Producers, Refiners and Marketers

of high-grade petroleum products in Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wyoming

DR. S. E. SHOULTZ MAGNETIC MASSEUR

Office First Door South of Piggly
Box 215, Cross Plains, Texas
EXAMINATION FREE

Lady Attendant

Rates \$ 20 per week, including Board Room and Treatment

Office accommodation for people who do not wish to stay at Hotel—this rate limited. Never before were you offered a rate by a magnetic Masseur to compare with this. Single treatment \$1.50, per week \$10.00. If you are ailing don't let this opportunity pass. Remember you get just the same service here as you do at Cisco, Glenrose, or Mineral, for less money.

Come to Cross Plains and save your money. Rates begin July the First, 1920.

A partial list of diseases we treat successfully.

Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Stiff Joints, Paralysis, Infantile Paralysis, High Blood Pressure, Sinus diseases, Mastoid, Tonsillitis, Catarrh, Deafness, Headache, Hay Fever, Gout, Tumors, Indigestion, Stomach trouble, Gall Stone, Appendicitis, Constipation, Diarrhea, Colon disorders, Hiccough, Hemorrhoids, Bladder trouble, Ulcerated conditions of Stomach, Bladder and Womb, Bright's Disease, Nervousness, St. Vitus Dance, Nettle Rash, Eczema, Vertigo, Female troubles of all kinds, etc.

I have had many years of experience in Drugless Healing.

Creating A Market

Good markets close at hand mean high prices for farm property and products of the farm. This market is in reality a service station supplying the needs of all the people of this community, making available to all needed merchandise, and the services of lawyer, doctor, minister, and many others.

This market is the logical assembling place of the farmers' products for world consumption. Being close at hand, it saves the long haul, enables the farmers to quickly market his products at favorable prices.

The people of this community should take an active part in its affairs, support the local schools, the churches, the community associations and the local business men who are here to serve you. They have invested their capital in this community and in large measure pay the taxes which support our schools, and all the worthwhile enterprises of his community.

The Most Effective News and Advertising Medium In This Community:

**The
Cross Plains Review**

HOWELL

Coleman

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
July 5, 9, 10

Vitaphone
All Talking

THE LOVE THIEF!

Tonight he was to
marry her — today
her sister was in his
arms! She had lost
her man!



A Warner Bros. Production.

WHERE IS SATAN?

(By DR MARY L. SHELMAN)

You find him where?

At idle moments, he is near.
In your plans to beat your neighbor,
He will help you in your labor.

A friend, you plan to cheat,
He will always help you beat.
When in conflict for the right,
He will tell you that to fight.

When perplexed and in a hurry,
He says, "That is right—don't worry!"
While sore and peeved at some dear child,
He is with you all the while.

With a friend or brother you chide,
With you ever he will abide,
He is ever ready, never blinking,
When you're least a thinking.

While you are napping,
He is trapping.
This he springs, you're in his keeping,
Your woes he soothes, "you don't find me napping."

With conscience seared, you go,
With satan leading to your woe,
Within his sphere,
Away from good everywhere.

A deal you play unfair,
With satan you make a pair,
When you weigh the meat,
You'll say "it's cheap."

When you included the sack,
In which it was wrapped.
A helping hand could lend,
"O, don't bother, easier to descend!"

"God and his own don't mind,
A gay life you have, there's plenty time."
Before you die to turn to God,
While the board turns to God.

He is quite happy,
While the beer is getting snappy,
For he is bottlegger,
With the bottlegger.

He will dwell,
In the gambling den;
There he'll preside,
With heaps of pride.

The sins of scarlet,
All in reach,
Of nuns are afraid,
If lurking there.

While at church the folks are peaceful,
Satan is so very careful,
Selfishness and pride he wears,
And boasts of the prayer he prays.

He asks much and gives plenty,
But believes not in any,
How can it be!
A hypocrite is he!

Magnet Draws Needle

From Brain of Baby

Pottsville, Pa.—A nine-month-old
baby seemed recovering in a hospital
after a sewing needle, lodged upright
in the center of its brain, had been
removed by Harvey a strong magnet.
Mrs. Jennie Harvis of several days
ago saw the threaded end of the
needle protruding from her infant
daughter Rosanna's skull about three
inches above the left eye. Then the
needle disappeared. At Pottsville hos-
pital an X-ray showed the location of
the needle in the baby's brain. Dr.
J. B. Rogers selected the spot on the
baby's skull to which he thought the
topmost end of the needle was near-
est. He applied a powerful magnet
and the needle came through the
baby's scalp, blackened but intact.
There is no explanation of the
needle's presence.

Dean Says Scholarship
Highest in Many Years

New Haven, Conn.—Dean Clarence
M. Mendel of Yale believes
scholarship is now on a higher scale
than it has been in many years.
Taking issue with recent statements
of Chief Justice William Howard
Taft, who bemoaned a decline in
scholarship, Dean Mendel declared
interest in college studies reached
its lowest ebb between 1895 and 1905,
but has shown a steady upward trend
ever since.

Whittles Lamp From
Pole in 1,700 Hours

Vermilion, Ohio.—After ten
years of whittling with a pocket
knife, George Stump has an
elaborate carved lamp. Start-
ing with a section of a tele-
phone pole, Stump spent more
than 1,700 hours spare time
producing a two-foot electric
lamp, circular in shape and con-
taining hundreds of integral orna-
ments. The lamp revolves by
means of an electric motor and
is valued by the carver at
\$2,000.

NOTICE

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

MRS. WALDO WILBERN
ENTERTAINED BRIDGE
CLUB THIS WEEK

Mrs. Waldo Wilbern entertained the
bridge club this week with a patriotic
party celebrating July 4th. Score
cards and refreshments, carried out
the red, white and blue colors. Love-
ly prizes were presented Miss
Hazelle Dorr and Mrs. Frank King.

Mrs. Jim Settle accompanied her
sister, Miss Elsie Bristol, who has
been visiting with her in Cross Plains
for the past two weeks, on her return
trip home at Lasercnes, N. M. They
left Sunday morning of this week.

Mrs. M. C. Clark and grand-daughter
Billie Ruth of Cross Cut visited with
relatives here last week.

Miss Ophelia Wesley of Amarillo
visited in Cross Plains with relatives
last week.

Master J. B. Jaynes of Fort Worth
has returned to his home after hav-
ing spent a week here with relatives.

Mrs. Fred Robertson of San Diego
California was in Cross Plains last
week visiting R. Robertson and fam-
ily.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCasland of
Shield were guests of E. P. Watson,
one day last week.

Mrs. Sam Long and daughter
Marie and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Watson
and daughter Mildred attended the
Burkett picnic Saturday evening.

C. S. Boyles of Sweetwater was in
Cross Plains Saturday.

J. W. Newton of Cross Cut made a
trip to Cross Plains Saturday.

J. E. Storms of Best, Texas formerly
of Cross Plains was here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Bailey and
daughter were in Cross Plains Sun-
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Anderson were
Fort Worth visitors the first of the
week.

Miss Nell Walker visited relatives
in Brownwood last week end.

Mrs. Aubra Dodson and son A. C.
will leave this week for California,
where they will spend several weeks.

G. C. Boyer of North Cross Plains
has torn his old home down, and
plans to build a new home there.

Waldo Wilbern and daughter made
a trip to Fort Worth the first of the
week.

Dr. McGowen and E. D. Priest
spent the week end in Fort Worth.

Mrs. Guy Hester and daughter of
Vernon are visiting Mrs. Hesters'
mother and father.

Mmes A. G. Crabb and W. M. Weiler
visited in Comanche one day last
week.

Nat Williams of Tahoka new school
superintendent of Cross Plains was
here on business Saturday.

Miss Faye Saunders is visiting in
California with her sister.

Dr. Young was in Wichita Falls
the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Dubev were
Dallas visitors the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Holden were in
Fort Worth this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Odum and chil-
dren of Valera were in Cross Plains
the first of the week.

Miss Kathleen Combs of Walnut
Springs is visiting with her aunt,
Mrs. Dee Anderson.

Dick Stone of Wesleyco, Texas, has
purchased the J. G. Saunders home
in Cross Plains. Mr. Stone contem-
plates moving to Cross Plains and has
purchased this home in order to place
his grand-children in school here.

Rev. J. H. Hill of Waco is spending
a few days in this city, in the home of
his father, Rev. A. E. Hill.

W. C. Adams and Mr. and Mrs.
Whitehorn attended the Sacred Harp
singing at Abilene Sunday.

MANY NEW TEXAS
LAWS NOW IN EFFECT

New laws, ranging from ginning
marriages to motor truck regulation
went into effect last week. These
are the 90-day bills of the regular
session of the Legislature early this
year. Among the principal general
laws effective at that time are:
Requiring 3 day notice of intention
to marry, and physician's certificate
for man.
Create rural credit unions.
Place motor truck lines under rail-
road commission.
Theft of cotton or cottonseed a
felony.
Unlawful to drink in airplane or
common carrier.
Real estate sold for taxes only on
foreclosure suit.
School teachers must be American
citizens.
Deer season November 16-30 west
of the Pecos.
Minimum school age six years, be-
ginning September.
Legal notices may be posted or
published.
Regulating pharmacists.
Felony to steal fowls.
Unlawful to contribute to delin-
quency of minor.
Poll tax receipts may be mailed.
Cities may annex territory by ma-
jority vote.
Create state game commission ef-
fective September 1.
Create board of nurse examiners.
Close coastal waters to commercial
fishermen.
No closed season on squirrels in
Travis, Williamson, Hayes, San Saba,
Llano, Lampasas, Burnett, Goliad
and Blanco counties.
Extend tick eradication work to all
parts of the state.
Authorize state pellagra and can-
cer hospital.

Unlawful to entice laborers from
plantations.
Jail terms for wife or child deser-
tion.
Highways shall be 40 to 100 feet
wide.
Bond required for state on public
contracts.
Prohibit justices and constables
from collecting debts.
Prohibit blacklisting of workmen.
Regulate mutual aid societies.
Regulate manner of returns in pri-
mary elections.
School funds may be invested in
university pledges.
Create experiment station in 50 miles
of Abilene.
Convert Kingsville normal into col-
lege of arts and industries.
"True Measure" law to prohibit
fraud in gasoline sales.
Pure seed law.
Pensions should be paid monthly
and increase pensions of Confed-
erate soldiers (amended in special ses-
sion, restoring quarterly payment
and raising widows to same pension
as veterans.)
Physical education compulsory in
public schools.
Protect furbearing animals.
Mrs. Fred Cutbirth and daughter
were in Big Springs last week, while
Mr. Cutbirth attended business in
San Saba.
Messrs. T. R. Haggard and S. R.
Jackson made a trip to Mexico last
week.
Mrs. S. R. Jackson visited with
Mrs. Jackson's mother in Cisco last
week.
Mrs. H. A. Dubev entertained the
bridge club at her home. Prizes
were awarded Mmes. Marion Harvey
and Ben Garner.
Uncle Bill Neeb and nephew visited
with relatives at Wichita Falls last
week.
Mrs. W. A. Commack visited in
Pioneer this week.

SAVINGS FOR YOU
ANNUAL JEWELRY SALE
JULY 5TH TO 20TH.

"It's an ill wind that blows no-
body good"
We must have more room.



This is our inventory month--
and we must clear our cases for
new fall merchandise now being
delivered by the manufacturers.

We have, therefore, selected
items from our regular high
grade stock—marked them
down, 25 to 50% and placed
them in this sale-sacrificing
our profit passing the savings
on to you—in an effort to move
them quickly.

This is an opportunity for
you to purchase at a great
saving—Jewelry, silverware,
watches, clocks, rings, china,
cut glass, leather goods, etc.—
for yourself, your home or
for a friend or member of your
family.

Many items marked below
cost for quick clear out.
Do not wait. Come the first
day and take advantage of the
wonderful savings.

Penney's Jewelry Store
116 Commercial
Coleman, Teas.

FOR SALE—Household goods at a
bargain. Also incubator and 2
Roeders, cheap.
See J. G. SAUNDERS at once.

Wholesome Food
-for Summer can be obtained at extremely
LOW PRICES at the A&P.
N. B. C. Coconut Orange Delights Pound 25c
All N. B. C. FIVE CENT PACKAGE Cookies . . 6 For 25c
N. B. C. Snaparoons Cookies . Pound 22c
A&P Pure Grape Juice . Pint Bottle 25c Quart Bottle 45c
SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
LETTUCE 5c
BANANAS—PER LB 7c
NICE ORANGES—DOZEN 20c
WHITE ONIONS 4c
NECTAR TEA—1/2 LB. 17c
NECTAR TEA—1/2 LB. 33c
QUART MUSTARD 15c
BULK VINEGAR—GALLON 29c
Quaker Maid Beans 3 Med. Cans 25c
Peanut Butter Pound 17c
IONA CORN or PEAS . 2 No. 2 Cans 25c
Yukon Ginger Ale 2 Bottles 25c
Jello . 3 Pkgs 25c
Nectar Tea 1-4 pound package 17c
8 O'Clock Coffee lb. 37c
Iona Cocoa 2 Lb. Can 25c
Post Toasties 2 Large Pkgs. 21c
Del Monte Raisins 3 Pkgs 25c
Prepared Mustard Quart Jar 15c
Iona Peaches Large Can 19c
Encore Macaroni and Spaghetti . 3 Pkgs 25c
White House Milk . 6 Baby Cans 25c — 3 Tall Cans 25c
Sunnyfield Flour 24 Lb. Bag 79c 48 Lb. Bag \$1.45
THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

M-SYSTEM

THE STORE THAT SERVICE BUILT

Interest in our show window is still growing

Charley Boden won on the Squash and plums. L. H. Maddux won on Beets.

LISTEN

We will give one can of Cigars to the person with the Longest Foot. (all entries must wash their feet)

on limb 24 inches long.

24 pounds of Cream Meal for largest number of plums

1 pound Can of Sam Houston Coffee for largest Cucumber.

Bring the best, and let's show the world what Cross Plains Trade Territory can produce.

TOO MANY SPECIALS TO MENTION
FOR SATURDAY

If it is the best, you can buy it the cheapest here Saturday.

It is Our Delight to Serve You Right.

M-SYSTEM

G. R. ERWIN

SOLE OWNER



a new independence

— — — In July we celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. And it is good that we set aside one day each year to rejoice over the freedom for which our forefathers fought and died.

— — — There is still another kind of freedom which we of this modern age enjoy—Freedom from the slavery of drudgery, disease and discontent. This new freedom is the result of years of experimenting with that great discovery—ELECTRICITY.

— — — By reason of its cheap and abundant supply, life has ceased to become a struggle merely to exist. The sweat shop has faded like a bad dream in the fog of time. Anaemic, spindle-legged children have given way to a race of sturdy, red-blooded youngsters. Disease, to a great extent, has fled before the development of modern science.

— — — Through the extension of its facilities, industry is moving to the country. The vermin of the tenement has been eradicated by bright electric lights. The electric washing machine and iron, vacuum cleaner and similar labor-saving devices, has swept drudgery to the forgotten past.

— — — We are proud of the fact that this company has a part in spreading this new freedom to 110 prosperous cities, towns and communities in West Texas. Fed by three major generating stations and fifteen auxiliary plants, more than 2,000 miles of transmission lines of this company carry an unlimited supply of electrical energy to the people of this "Land of Opportunity."



West Texas Utilities Company

Find Cabbage Market Likes Small Heads

Average of Three Pounds in Size Brings Best Price.

New York state markets often pay two to three dollars a ton premium for cabbage that is solid and weighs about three pounds to a head since that is the size most convenient to the housewife, says F. O. Underwood of the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y. To meet this demand, the intermediate type of Danish Ballhead is the best variety to grow.

To obtain medium-sized heads, the plants must be close together, says Mr. Underwood, who points out that heavy yields are possible even with heads of this size. Plants may be set 18 by 36 inches apart in the field, requiring about 10,000 plants to an acre, and on good land they may be set 14 or 15 inches apart in the row.

Close planting requires better land, more plant food, and plenty of moisture. A supply of moisture may be favored by applying manure to the land a year before the cabbage is grown, by using cover crops, and by fall plowing.

The intermediate type of Danish Ballhead is best, for it produces heads that are round, that are slightly flattened on top, and that taper slightly at the base. Also the heads are solid, the leaves are well closed over, and the foliage is vigorous. The length of stem is, in itself, of little importance, but the tall-stem types do not yield so heavily and the leaves do not close over so well on top. The flatter types are larger, are not so solid, do not keep so well, and are sometimes said to be too much like domestic cabbage.

Making Bees Move on Is Not Accomplished Soon

Bees often take up their abode where there are not wanted, as in a cavity in a wall. A good way to get them out is to put a bee "escape" over the entrance to the cavity, so the bees can get out but not in.

A cone of wire cloth about 8 inches high with a hole at the apex just large enough for one bee to pass through will serve as an escape. A regular hive should be placed beside the entrance for the return of the escaped bees. The queen remains in the old cavity and goes on laying eggs, but as the colony is quickly reduced in size the quantity of brood decreases. The younger bees leave the cavity and join the bees in the hive. A new queen should be given to the bees in the hive as soon as possible.

After about four weeks, remove the bee escape and make as large a hole as possible at the entrance of the cavity. The bees will go in for the honey and carry it to the hive. For this method to work successfully, it is necessary that the bees have only one exit from the cavity.

Cutting Canada Thistle in August Most Favored

Dates suggested for the best date to cut Canada thistle vary. A. Hansen, botanist at Purdue experimental station, has inquired into the matter with no definite results so far.

This date seems to vary somewhat, according to the almanac one happens to consult, but seems to center somewhere around August 14. That the almanac signs do not always work is indicated by the experience of one irate farmer who tried the method and concluded that he evidently cut while the sign was on the twins, since he now has two thistles where he had but one before.

Why so many farmers have succeeded in practically destroying Canada thistle by a single cutting is a mystery. It may be related to the fact that when thistles mature the stems become hollow and cutting at that stage followed by rain may fill the hollows and cause rotting. This rather unusual condition has been observed a number of times.

Agricultural Notes

Alfalfa is a superior feed for live stock.

Good seed of standard varieties is always in demand. It pays to produce it.

It is commonly recommended there should be one acre of alfalfa for every dairy cow.

Half of the failures in getting wind-break trees to grow and thrive can be laid directly to faulty preparation of the soil.

High-producing cows need grain even when on good pasture. Early pasture grass is high in protein, so grain mixtures should not contain more than 15 per cent protein for best results.

To assure milk of pleasing flavor the dairyman should not give his cows any feed likely to taint milk until just after milking. He should then follow this practice with aeration of the milk against flavors or odors.

In ordinary seasons sweet clover will furnish about 50 per cent more grazing than bluegrass on soils suitable for its use and in many instances twice the grazing has been produced. Even greater advantage is observed in dry seasons.

Review

JOB PRINTING

DEPARTMENT

Fine Commercial Printing

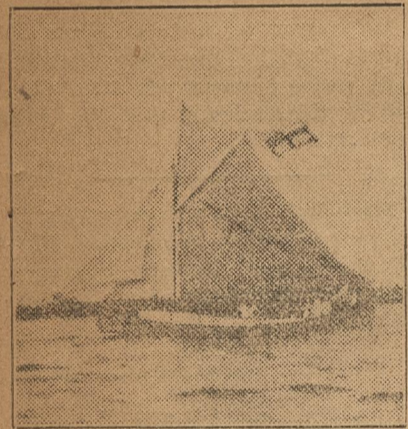
COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL

Copyright by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

by Lowell Thomas

spray and the waves kept washing in and kept the sails salty and added a further salting to any water we collected. Our supply of fruit that we had picked up in the Cook Islands ran out now, and about all we had left was hardtack, not in itself a thirst-quenching kind of food. Our gums dried out and were like rough iron. We sucked our fingers and gnawed at our knuckles to bring a flow of saliva and refresh our burning mouths.

And then came the sailor's worst enemy, scurvy. Our diet of hardtack, lack of exercise, and general hardships brought it on. Our knees swelled up so badly that we had to cut out our trousers. The rocking of the boat knocked them together or against the wooden sides, and then the pain was almost unendurable. Our lips were black and broken. Our tongues were swollen and hard. It was as if you had a stone in your mouth. Our gums became snow white and seemed to recede. Our teeth felt as though they were sticking far out of our jaws. They hurt constantly and were loose and felt as if they were going to drop out. With these shaking teeth we ate our hardtack. I never before knew how hard hardtack was. We had unending headaches, and it seemed as if something were pressing our eyes right out of their sockets. We got water in our legs, and could hardly stand any more. We had to slide around the seats to do what had to be done in navigating the boat. In scurvy, the blood turns to water, first in the legs and then upward. When it reaches the heart you die. Where the blood is water the flesh is white, and you can see the line of the white creep slowly up. We wondered who would be the first—the first to have the line of white rise to the heart. My boys made marks to show the line clearly and mark it daily progress upward. It was a kind of sport. It was keeping a daily log, a log of death. Parmien was the youngest of us, but he seemed to be on his way to win the race. The line was higher on him than on the others. He joked about it. There was nothing terrible in it. We were all in a deep apathy. Our brains were like balls of cotton. Nothing mattered, certainly not death. Death would come, we thought, as a relief from these sufferings. The pros-



Two Thousand Miles in This Open Boat.

pect of its arrival became more and more attractive.

"Boys," I said, "let us take pieces of ballast iron and tie them around our necks. One plunge and in a few seconds all of our pains will be gone."

"Yes. All right." There were mutterings of assent.

But Parmien, the youngest, the one who was nearest death, picked up the comic volume, Fritz Reuter's "Trip to Constantinople," and began to read a funny story. We all laughed. That book had eased many a hard hour before, on this ghastly voyage, and now, perhaps, it saved our lives.

And so we continued on with but one instinct left in us, the sailor's instinct to navigate his craft. Mechanically, without any particular hope, without any particular thought, we trimmed the sails, guided the helm, and calculated our position as best we could. Nautical science was at a low ebb among us now. We were too far gone to reckon exactly where we were, and were only vague in our steering. All we knew was that we should steer to the west where the island groups were.

I won't try to say how we felt when we saw a speck on the horizon and the speck grew bigger and turned into the familiar green of a tropical island. We had been so much like dead men, who had thought that nothing could ever make us glad again. By Joe, that sight gladdened our hearts, though. We grew even weaker, but it was the weakness of happiness. As we drew near, we thought of nothing but land, fresh water, and soft food, a soft banana, for our loose, slaky teeth. Never mind ships or capturing ships. Never mind being taken prisoners. We headed straight toward a crude pier that stuck out into the water.

A crowd of a hundred natives, perhaps less, were gathered at the landing place watching our approach. They were ferocious looking black warriors. We had now passed from the region

of the brown, warlike Melanesians.

"What ugly customers," I said to Leudemann. "They look like cannibals."

The forbidding battle array on shore stirred a new strength in us. It certainly looked like a cannibal island, and miserable as we were, still we could not escape the thought of our skin and bones being fattened up in preparation for an old-time South sea banquet.

"Clear the boat for action!" I ordered. Even in our present straits, we could still remember our old naval ways.

The German flag went jerking to our masthead, and rifles and machine guns were displayed.

A shout went up on shore and a babel of talk. Voices yelled in pidgin English.

"You Germans? How you get here from way off? Come on, Germans great warriors."

Still wary, we drew near the landing pier and talked with the natives. They were unmistakably friendly, very cordial. From what they told us they had, in the first place, grievances against their masters, the British. Then quite a number had been recruited and sent to the trenches in France. There some had been killed and some wounded, and most who survived had contracted tuberculosis from the unaccustomed climate and had been returned to the island worn-out shells of men.

They said there were no white men on the island, and we longed to go ashore. With our scurvy-swollen legs we could hardly stand, however. It wouldn't do to be hauled ashore as cripples. It would not increase these warriors' respect for Germans as fighting men: Cripples do not fare well among savage peoples, and we thought it best not to reveal our impotence. So we refused the natives' invitations to partake of their hospitality, told them we must hurry on to fight the British, and asked for fresh water and bananas. They brought great gourds full of water and bunches of bananas. We drew up to the dock and they handed these precious supplies down for us.

We had our fill of bananas and water, and with shouts resounding from the shore, set sail again. This lucky spot was Niue, an outlying isle of the Fiji group. The sun blazed down upon us, but a fair wind carried us along briskly. The first day after leaving Niue we felt better. The second day we were on the road to high good health. It is amazing the curative effect of fresh fruit, especially bananas, when you are suffering from scurvy. They seem to put new life and blood into you and draw the sickness right out of the body as though some huge and marvelous poultice had been applied.

Our cure was completed at the isle of Katanga. It is quite a large isle and inhabited by more natives.

We came to the main body of the Fijis, and sailed into a large gulf surrounded by distant islands. It was night, and we decided to wait till morning to see how many ships were passing and what island they were bound for. We reefed our sails and threw out our sea anchor, that sack-like drag of canvas that keeps a boat from turning broadside to the wind and waves and from drifting too fast. We lay down for a decent night's sleep. We would need all our energies for the morrow.

A sudden shout. I awakened. It was just daybreak. Straight ahead was a wild white line of surf. It broke over a long, low coral reef, and just behind it was a high cliff. We had run into a strong current during the night. Krauss had awakened just in time to see that it had carried us perilously near the reef. The wind was sweeping us toward the breakers.

"Raise sail," I shouted. We scrambled frantically and raised the canvas. The wind was inshore. We could not head into it. We were being blown slowly, inexorably onto the reef.

People accustomed to the surfs along ordinary coasts have no idea of what breakers are like off the islands of the South Pacific. The surf all over the Pacific is particularly strong. But when it breaks over a mid-oceanic coral reef nothing can live in it. The strongest swimmer is sure to be dashed to pieces against the jagged coral.

And there wasn't the slightest hope of our moving against the wind and backing away from the reef. Slowly, slowly we were nearing it. The breakers roared like thunder. In a few moments we would be flung into that death trap of water and coral.

Pistol in hand, I shouted something to the effect that I didn't intend to be ground to death by the breakers on that jagged coral.

The others looked for their pistols. One could not find his. Between the pull of the current and the power of our sails, we were drifting along the reef, edging toward it. The reef

gave us an extra push. We were in the backwash, only a few yards away from the breakers. And still one man could not find his pistol. Instinctively, we all waited. And that was what saved our lives. Suddenly we saw the reef drop away, slanting back at a sharp angle, and a moment later we were drifting parallel to the coral.

It was then that I discovered there were two kinds of breathing. In times of terrible danger, the breath comes in short, quick puffs. The danger gone, you breathe deeply. By Joe, when we got clear of that reef I breathed such a breath that it seemed to go right down to my heels. I sat looking at my boys' faces. When we got our pistols ready, their faces had set tense, as if cast from bronze. With the danger past, their faces held the same set expression. It was an hour before their old expressions came back again. Two of my fellows found patches of gray in their hair afterward. (Maybe they had been there for years only to be discovered now!) Another's leg was absolutely blue in spots. In those frightful moments he had, without knowing it, grasped his thigh in a clench like a drowning man. I tell you, by Joe, it was the hand of God that put the curve in that reef! When one of the boys, I don't know which, said in surprise, "We are clear!" I knew it was the hand of God.

CHAPTER XV

Caught by the British at Wakaya

The island was Wakaya. Several old sailing ships were in the harbor. We gazed at them with hungry eyes, and eager plans of capturing one ran through our minds. Natives on shore spied us, took us for shipwrecked sailors, and put a boat out to meet us. It suited our plans to let them go right on thinking we had been shipwrecked. That might make it much easier for us to get some information about the vessels at anchor. Leaving a couple of my boys in the boat, the other four of us accompanied the natives to their huts, where they treated us hospitably. They were a simple, trusting people. Several half-breeds and a couple of white men, however, looked at us suspiciously. One half-breed was particularly offensive and insisted on asking us many questions. We did not like his behavior at all.

Kirchheiss and I took a walk along a path in the woods to talk over what seemed another menacing situation. A white man came galloping by on horseback. He was pale with excitement. He slowed down for a moment, gazed at us, responded curtly to our greeting, and went on. Thoroughly alarmed, we hurried back to the village. Some curious business was afoot, and we were determined to find out what it was.

"Our last half gallon of rum," Kirchheiss murmured regretfully.

"Yes," I responded, "it is too bad, but it will go to a useful purpose."

We got hold of the half-caste who had been so inquisitive. The white man we had seen on horseback was with him. Something, indeed, was afoot. We talked casually with them and then suggested drinking. They were interested, and became enthusiastic when we produced our half-gallon of rum. In the half-breed's hut we staged a drinking bout, which lasted half through the night. Nothing like rum to make men friendly and conversational. The half-breed got so conversational that he blurted out:

"Why, you're all right. But at first we thought you were Germans. We could get fifty pounds if you were Germans."

Now, as an American sailor would say, you've got to "hand it" to the English. They know how to spend money when it is useful. We Germans are usually more piggyardly, or "careful" some might call it. We will try to save a mark and then lose thousands. Having received the wireless warning from the resident at Aitutaki of mysterious armed Germans in the South Seas, the authorities in the Fijis had passed word among the natives to be on the lookout for us, and had offered a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar reward to anyone who turned in definite information about a party of Germans posing as neutrals.

It was clear enough that the half-breed and the white man had been plotting to hand us over to the authorities, but how far they had gone we did not know. We didn't find out that night. It was not until later that we learned the white man's horseback ride had been to give a warning about us to the captain of a cutter in the harbor, and that the cutter had at once shoved off to carry the message to the officials of the larger islands a day's sail away.

Not knowing this, we used a good deal of persuasion to put the idea firmly into the heads of the two men that we could not possibly be Germans. It may have been our eloquence, or, more likely, the genial influence of the rum, but, at any rate, they seemed to lose all of their suspicions and became convinced that we were the truest Norwegians from Scandinavia. Kirchheiss and I, somewhat the worse from our session at detective work, slept at the Englishman's house.

The four others were offered quarters ashore for the night, but two of my boys remained in the boat as a precaution. It was well they did, too. During the night, native swimmers went out to her and cut the anchor rope. They were put up to it by a Malay police officer who was suspicious of us. Not knowing any of my men would remain on board her, since she was only an open lifeboat, he

planned to sear her. So he sent his swimmers out to pull her ashore and beach her. The wind was inshore. The anchor rope cut, the boat drifted in. Our two men were asleep, and only awakened when keel jarred against bottom. Dark figures were around in the water, trying to pull the boat on the beach. Our men, pistol in hand, drove them away and then pushed out into open water.

On the following day, we made our final costly error. The ships in the harbor weighed anchor and raised sail. We picked the one that seemed the newest and arranged with the skipper to take us along with him to Suva, on the main island Viti Levu. Of course, our plan was simply to sail a few miles out to sea with him and then take the ship ourselves after donning our uniforms and getting out all of our weapons. A sudden squall blew up and forced the vessel back to port. We returned with her. And now we should have taken her while she lay at anchor. The people ashore would have seen what was going on, but we could have held up the island and then put to sea, storm or no storm. That was our first impulse. We should have followed it. Always trust your first impulse—at any rate, if you go into the pirate business. It is the boldest and best. Instead, we chose a more cautious course. We resolved to wait until the following day and capture our ship when it had got out to sea. While we waited, another vessel arrived.

She was a beauty, too, and would have delighted any seaman's eye as she came sailing into the harbor. She had just arrived, we were told, from Suva. She ran regularly among the islands, carrying merchandise to the traders. She was a handsome three-masted schooner with auxiliary motor power, new, clean, and trim, just the kind of ship we wanted.

"By Joe," I said to my boys, "there's our ship."

We immediately dismissed all idea of the old windjammer we had intended to capture, and devoted ourselves to this new beauty. A council of war was held, after which Kirchheiss went to the captain of the vessel, which now had docked, and told him that we were Norwegians who, while making a cruise in a lifeboat, had missed our ship, which was taking coal from Australia to Suva. Could we not take passage with him to Suva instead of on the other slower old craft, so that we could get back to our own ship? We would pay regular rates for the passage.

"All right," replied the captain, a jovial, unsuspecting fellow. "Come aboard at eight o'clock this evening. We sail in the morning."

It was our plan again that, once aboard this lovely ship and out at sea we would suddenly appear in our uniforms and hoist the German flag.

We made ready to abandon the lifeboat. Our belongings required careful packing. We put rifles, machine guns, cartridges, and grenades in our canvas bags, wrapped our naval uniforms around these, and then rolled each bundle in a couple of blankets and tied it securely. A casual handling would not reveal the armament inside. Each of us took a pistol in one pocket and a hand grenade in the other. At eight o'clock we went aboard the schooner. Our maneuvers had been made carefully, and we had attracted no undue notice of the people who were suspicious of us.

Aboard, the captain received us hospitably, and we went around looking over what we expected to make our next prize of war. And a prize she was, just a year out of the shipyard and beautifully finished in every detail. I could hardly wait for her to raise anchor and set sail. But we had counted that brood of mental chickens before they had hatched, by Joe. A steamer slid into port!

The skipper of our clipper who was standing next to me said he supposed she had brought over the proprietor of the island. The new arrival lowered a boat. In it were a military officer and four Indian soldiers. The boat rowed straight toward our ship. We surmised at once that they were coming for us. Having received the message sent by the suspicious half-breed and the white man that there were six Germans on the island, the authorities had sent a force of military police to arrest us. There had been some delay in this, as the only available boat on which to send the police was a cattle steamer, the Amra, and she could not raise anchor for some hours. She had arrived now right in the nick of time, had communicated with the shore, and been informed that we were aboard the schooner.

The storm had cleared during the early morning. The palm trees ashore were ablaze with the tropical sunshine. The water under us was of the deep blue that you see only in the South Seas. A brisk, refreshing wind blew from the west. The boat with the officer and four soldiers came rowing with long, powerful strokes. The Indians wore puttees and those funny little pants that leave the knees bare. They carried no arms other than bayonets. The officer had a sword and a revolver. We could easily have shot them down with our pistols, or thrown a hand grenade in their boat, or held them up at pistol point when they came aboard. Then we could have captured the ship and sailed away. The steamer would have been powerless in the face of our machine guns. There were mutterings among my men. They were full of fight. We should, they urged, make the capture and get away.

I passed an uncomfortable moment

of indecision. Our uniforms were packed in our bundles, stowed below. We would have to fight off arrest and take the ship in the guise, not of naval soldiers but of civilians, and as civilians we would have to raise our weapons against soldiers. That not only went against the grain, but it went against the unwritten laws of the game. There are many sporting traditions that are carefully inculcated in every German naval officer. If we could have fought in our uniforms, it would have been as honorable naval men. In the end, the odds would be all against us and the chances were at least a hundred to one that we would be captured before getting back home. If we fought as naval men and were later captured, we would be entitled to the treatment due honorable prisoners of war. If we fought in citizens' clothes, we were nothing more than international bandits and as such almost sure to hang finally from a yardarm. They say that all is fair in love and war, but this does not alter the fact that there are things you can do that are not playing the game. Of course, each side has its spies, and a spy, if caught, expects no quarter and gets none.

But during the War of 1870, and during the late war, too, we Germans were most severe with franc-tireurs, civilians who sniped at soldiers. It has been one of our cardinal principles that war must be waged by uniformed soldiers. In the World war, both sides were charged with introducing new methods of warfare that were not in accordance with the ethics of the game. But you will recall that even Allied cargo and passenger ships armed with guns to fire on submarines made it a general rule to carry gun crews of uniformed marines to handle the guns.

"No," I said to my men, "in the uniforms of our country we can fight. As civilians we cannot. At any rate, we are not going to drop a bomb down there and kill that poor defenseless police officer and his men in those short pants! There would be neither fun nor glory in that."

My officers were with me, and the men also saw the point, but agreed with much reluctance. Certainly, none of us wanted to go to a British prison camp. But there seemed no help for it.

It was the twenty-first of September, just two days short of a month since our departure from Mopelia.

The lieutenant and his four men in those short pants and bare knees came aboard. Followed by his men, he stepped up to me.

"I've got to arrest you," he began decently enough. "Who are you?"

"Allow me," I responded. "To introduce myself, I am Count Luckner, commander of the Seeadler. These men here are part of my crew."

"Are you Count von Luckner?"

"Yes."

He gazed around bewildered, frightened, and certainly nonplussed. I imagined I could see his legs shake. Apparently, he was digesting the fact that he and his men were practically unarmed and the certainty that we must be armed to the teeth.

"We have," I continued, "hand grenades and firearms enough to send you and your knee-pants army here to Kingdom Come, and if we were in uniform, you would be our prisoners. However, be that as it may, you have caught us in civilian clothes—but look here."

We took our weapons out of our pockets. I had had two of our men bring up our bundles. We cut them open and displayed the grenades, pistols, and machine guns. The lieutenant stared, still agast in spite of my reassuring speech. The soldiers were funny. You could see the goose pimples on the skin below the lower edge of those short pants. They edged to the rail, evidently ready to tumble overboard. The captain of the schooner and his crew now knew what kind of guests they had welcomed aboard. They stood gaping.

"I must ask you to stand back a moment, lieutenant," I exclaimed, "while I destroy my war material. Overboard with it all!" I called to my men.

Pistols, grenades, and machine guns dropped, splashing into the water.

"And now, lieutenant," I saluted, "at your service!"

"Right ho, count," he replied, "you men have made a great name for yourselves on your cruise, and now you have played cricket with me. You will receive decent treatment. You have my word as a Briton for that." He emphasized the word "Briton."

I had no doubt as to what our first ordeal was to be. Unless the British had more recent news than we concerning our comrades whom we had left at Mopelia, which was not probable, we would be questioned as to the whereabouts of the Seeadler and the remainder of her crew. I told my men that they should give the same reply to all interrogations, namely that I had bidden them to keep silent and that I would answer for all. That would prevent us from tripping one another up. We had taken care to throw away any notes or papers we had that gave any hint as to where we had gone ashore in the Society Islands. They could search us as much as they liked, but they would find nothing. One mischance, though, befell us. I was to learn in a few days that one of my comrades had dropped a notebook, which presently was found. In it he had a brief diary of the Seeadler's voyage. I questioned the diarist who had kept the unfortunate record, and he told me that his notes about Mopelia were very sketchy. He remembered clearly that he had written

manila. After that was a single entry.

"Landed stores at Mopelia." There his diary broke off. There was no mention of our having sunk the Manila or of our having lost the Seeadler at Mopelia or taken refuge on the island.

CHAPTER XVI

Jailed in Fiji

Our arrival as prisoners of the event of the year at Suva, the capital city of the Fiji Islands. Our capture was the only warlike happening that had come along in those parts to break the monotony of life in the dreary South Seas. The newspaper got out a lurid special edition filled with a harrowing account of the capture of the captain and a part of the crew of the desperate raider, the Seeadler. It gave the hour when we were expected to reach Suva. So a huge crowd, that is, a huge one as crowds go in Fiji, had gathered at the pier to look us over. A company of infantry lined both sides of the approach to the pier with bayonets fixed. They certainly were a comic-opera-looking lot in their hot-weather knee pants.

During our march down the street between the gauntlet of bayonets and the crowd behind them, a half-caste fellow, seeing us unarmed and helpless, stepped forward and spat in the face of one of my boys. I jumped out of line and gave him a blow straight from the shoulder that sent him down in a heap. His friends had to carry

him away. I had acted on the impulse of the moment and expected to be run through with a bayonet, but the officer in command of the soldiers shouted:

"Serves him right! Good for you, count!" Then addressing himself to the crowd, he added: "These men have done nothing to deserve such treatment." He said it as though he meant it, too. That Englishman was a real fellow, I tell you.

We were promptly questioned. Where were the Seeadler and the remainder of his crew? Of course, my boys kept mum. I, on the other hand, invented a story about accidentally getting separated from the rest, who were still aboard the Seeadler—where, we didn't know. The story, of course, was not believed.

At first they kept us at the governor's rest house, a fine place with a garden, where visiting white people often stopped. Our meals were borne to us by coolies from the local hotel. The temporary commandant of the rest house was a Lieutenant Wodehouse, a fine fellow. After a day or so he was replaced by Lieutenant Whitehouse, whom we didn't like so well. He was what the British themselves would call "a bit of an ass, y'know." Whenever he talked with me he kept his hand on his pistol. He apparently thought me a sort of ogre, a bad man sent to frighten nice young lieutenants. Presently he came, hand on pistol, and announced:

"General Mackenzie wants to see you, all of you."

"More questions, by Joe," I thought. Appearing before a general was an event of some moment. We felt we had to look worthy of the German navy. We had our uniforms, which were somewhat faded after the long trip at sea. But we slicked them up as best we could and generally made ourselves as presentable as possible.

They loaded us into stinking cattle cars. For a visit to a general? Sure! We thought. They led us to a stone building and ushered us in. It was a jail!

"Is this your General Mackenzie?" I sneered at Whitehouse. "You're a fine Britis' officer."

He walked away, ashamed, himself, of the dodge he had used to get us to



Moa, Captured by the Escaping Prisoners.

the jail without the desperate attempts he, in his stupid thimble, expected us to make.

But the jail was not so bad. We got our meals from a restaurant. They separated me from my men, which I did not like. Nor was it exactly military ethics to confine prisoners of war in a common calaboose. But the authorities were nervous. They believed the Seeadler was lurking somewhere nearby, and they expected our comrades to come raiding ashore and try to rescue us. Of course, they kept on trying to get us to tell them where the Seeadler was, but they learned nothing.

Lieutenant Whitehouse was still our jailer. Keeping a good hold of his pistol, he came up to me again. He spoke very politely this time:

"A Japanese admiral wants to see you, sir."

I laughed at him.

Take Care of Your EGGS

THE CANDLING FOR EGGS
THE CANDLING SEASON FOR EGGS

If you expect to market your eggs it will pay to gather them often, and place them in the cellar or some cool place until you bring them to market.

Good eggs will have a fair market value, while bad eggs have no value at all.

May we urge that you take the best of care of your eggs in order to obtain fair prices.

NEEB PRODUCE CO.

Dr. Geo. T. Blackwell
Practice limited to
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
BLACKWELL SANITARIUM
Gorman, Texas.

PAUL V. HARRELL
Attorney
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Dr. J. H. McGowen
DENTIST
Office Farmers National Bank Bldg.

JACKSON ABSTRACT CO., INC.
Rupert Jackson, Manager
Alex Ogilvy, Jr., Secretary.
Phone 59 Baird, Texas

6 6 6
is a Prescription for
Colds, Grippe, Flu,
and Malaria.

RUSSELL-SURLES
ABSTRACT CO.

A Complete set of Abstracts of
All Lands in Callahan County

BAIRD, 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. Nina Orrell. W. M.

B. F. Russell L. B. Lewis

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

LEAGUE PROGRAM SUNDAY, JULY 7

Leader, Georgia Jones.
Prelude, Miss Reeves.
Call to Worship,
Solo, Evelyn Barr.
Scripture Lessons, Romans 13:1-7
Matthew 23: 1-3.
Leaders Introduction.
Topic: "Where does Christ Come In In Citizenship?"
What Jesus and the new Testament writers had to say about Citizenship—Elizabeth Tyson.
Christ in Citizenship—obedience to Law, Mr. Gafford.
Christ in Citizenship, Interest in Public affairs, Miss Reeves.
Christ in Citizenship, Participation in Politics, Lela Mae Bennett.
Christ in Citizenship, Patriotism, Marie Kennedy.
Prayer, That Christ may come In, Announcements, and Collection.
League Benediction.
All Young People invited to attend these services at 7:15 each Sunday.

DOCTOR I. M. HOWARD

General Practice of Medicine,
Also Specializing in Electro Therapeutics and Physiotherapy in both acute and chronic diseases.
Offices in Robertson's
Cross Plains Drug Store.

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.

PHONOGRAPHS

Also Guns and Revolvers Repaired
Keys Duplicated
General Locksmithing
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
J. G. Saunders

BOX 64 CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

OPPOSITION TO TWO AMENDMENTS

On Tuesday, July 16th there will be held an election to determine whether two constitutional amendments submitted by the present Legislature shall be adopted by the people.

One of the amendments is to raise the Governor's salary to \$10,000 a year; and the other is to increase the membership of the State Supreme Court from three to nine members. It is proposed to raise their salaries to \$10,000 a year also.

These amendments enacted into law would place the regular salaries of only ten State officials at exactly \$100,000 a year, which would add materially to the already burdensome rate which the taxpayers are compelled to dig up, and nine-tenths of those compelled to pay this tax would never know the difference if there was no supreme court in existence.

Few people seem to have given study to the nature and future results, from a standpoint of setting a precedent, should the amendments be adopted, and as the Review is opposed to this everlasting howl for an increase of public salaries, creating new and apparently useless offices, we agree with the following comment of one political writer which clearly points out a few facts in opposition to the amendments:

"Contrary to custom to submit constitutional amendments at the general election these two amendments are submitted on Tuesday when it is hoped that the farmers in the country and the working people in the towns won't take time to go and vote on a week day. These two amendments were hatched in the minds of certain corporation and political lawyers who are trying to slip upon the blind side of somebody and pass two amendments which are not needed or demanded by the people.

"It looks like every time we turn around we meet some politician wanting to create a new job and pay somebody \$10,000.00 a year. It looks like it is time to call a halt on this \$10,000.00 a year foolishness. If the thing isn't stopped everybody we elect will begin to want \$10,000.00 a year.

"The idea of these two amendments is to set the example of \$10,000.00 for the governor and the supreme court and then there will be about 100 more state officials that will want the same.

"These two amendments should be defeated for no other reason than for the people to put their foot on this continual raise in official salaries.

"The governor already gets \$4,000 a year and in addition he gets a full mansion house to live in, he gets his servant hire free to keep his house clean, cook his meals and keep his yard and flowers. He gets free his ice, light, water and fuel.

"He gets free telephonic and telegraph service and \$500 a year traveling expense. A private citizen would have to pay at least \$4,500 a year for this service. This added to his salary makes \$8,500.00 a year. It is enough and it is a waste of public money to want to give him \$6,000 a year more. This is no time to raise salaries let alone more than double them.

"They tell us we need 9 members of the supreme court to hurry business. I submit 3 judges can agree on opinions quicker than 9. Any school boy knows that 3 minds can reach an agreement quicker than 9. The proposition to create three times as many offices with 3 times as much salary will take 3 times as much to get results as it does under the present custom which has been tried for 50 years successfully.

"The 9 judge amendment gives Moody the power to appoint 6 new supreme court judges if this amendment carries who shall hold their office for 2, 4 and 6 years when under the old time custom they should be appointed until the next general election and let the people then decide whether they wanted to keep them or not. A certain big corporation lawyer who was mainly instrumental in having this amendment submitted said:

"They gave Moody the power to appoint for 2, 4, and 6 years because the people could not be trusted to elect 6 new judges at one election.

"If the people can't be trusted then the people ought to turn out and show this crowd that the people don't trust them and run a plain black scratch through the ticket where it says "For" the amendment. Then your ticket will read "Against" the thing. Don't forget this. If you just simply scratch the whole ticket your vote will not count.

"I appeal to the people every where to turn out and vote against these amendments.

"Just take the time off on Tuesday to go to your boxes and vote and work

USED CARS

of many makes are traded in for the new Ford

SOME people think we accept nothing but used Fords for trade-ins when selling the Model A. That is a wrong impression. Cars of many makes are traded in for the new Ford—some low priced and some not so low—and many of them are unusual bargains in unused transportation.

There is a definite reason why we can offer you extra value in these used cars. The value of the new Ford is so high, and the cost so low, that excessive trade-in concessions on buyers' used cars are not possible. In other words, we set the trade-in figure at just what the used car is worth.

This means that when we offer a used car for sale, there is no "padding" the price to take care of an unreasonable trade-in allowance. Our used-car department is based on a spirit of fair-dealing... fair-dealing with the first owner who makes the trade-in, and the second owner who buys he unused mileage.

Model T Fords are reconditioned, and carry a guarantee. Other makes are priced strictly according to the unused transportation in them. Come in today and see some of the bargains we are in a position to offer.

DUBEY MOTOR CO



A uthorized Sales and Service

on the Saturday before or after the election.

"In that way you won't lose any time and we will take this crowd of \$10,000 a year tax eaters to righteous defeat. Don't forget to vote."

12 RULES ON DRIVING ON THE HIGHWAYS

As a contribution towards greater safety and more pleasant driving conditions on the highways of the country this summer, the Ford Motor Company has listed twelve rules as suggestions to motorists and has distributed them to dealers over the country.

Announcement of the suggestions was made this week by H. A. Dubey, Ford dealer in this city, who will display the list prominently in his place of business.

"These rules," said Mr. Dubey, "are merely common sense applied to automobile driving. Every experienced motorist knows all of them. It is our hope, however, that by stating them concisely and posting them where they will come to the attention of a great many motorists, we can emphasize them as to make a real contribution towards greater highway safety."

- The twelve rules are:
- 1—Courtesy comes first. Consider rights and privileges of others.
 - 2—Keep your mind on your driving and anticipate sudden emergencies.
 - 3—Learn the "feel" of having car under control.
 - 4—Obey all traffic and parking regulations.
 - 5—Keep to the right, and comply with road markings and signs.
 - 6—Signal for stops and turns—Watch the car ahead.
 - 7—Slow down at crossings, schools, dangerous places.
 - 8—Never pass cars on hills, curves, crossings.
 - 9—Adapt your driving to road conditions—rain, ice, soft spots and ruts.
 - 10—It doesn't pay to take the right of way too seriously.
 - 11—When you drive, remember the times when you're a pedestrian.
 - 12—Know the law. It was passed for your protection.

"It is estimated that 20,000,000 persons will tour on American highways this summer," Mr. Dubey, continued. "Recognition of the rights

of others will be essential. Many unpleasantities and accidents will be avoided if motorists, at times of close situations, will recall these rules and act accordingly. They are the recommendations of the Ford Motor Company offered to give greater peace of mind to those who travel by automobile."

A camp-fishing party, composed of E. A. Montgomery, Bill Weller and others, returned from the San Saba River the first of this week. They report a fine catch.

Bill Ridgeway and Brownie Baum, formerly with the Settle Tailor Shop and City Drug Store, left this week for California. Slew Cross is now with the Settle Tailor Shop.

The answer to what has become of all the daylight the big cities have been saving is answered, from Chicago, by the disclosure that they burn most at night.

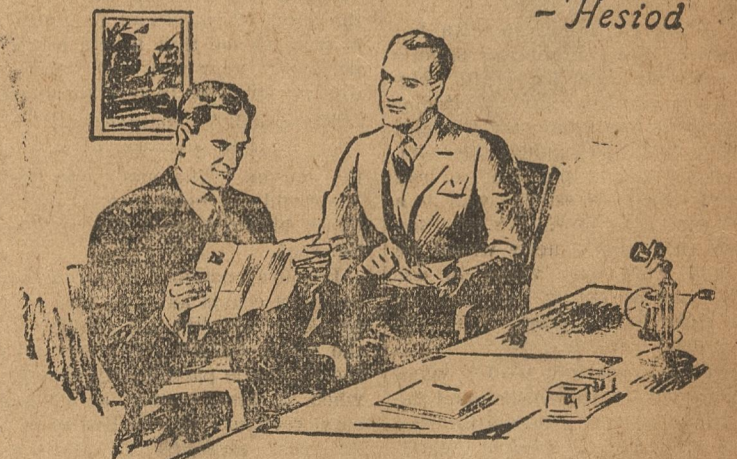
These legislators who admonish the farmers to engage in scientific farming need a few farmers to suggest that they do a little scientific legislating.

zTelevision, radio and X-ray are wonderful instruments, but what the world needs is something that will search the hearts of men.

Don't let the summer heat prevent you from keeping on boosting Cross Plains. Boost while the air is hot.

"THE MAN WHO PROCRASTINATES STRUGGLES WITH RUIN"

-Hesiod



You know the danger of delay!

Do not neglect keeping your insurance protection adequate. Suppose you had a fire tonight!

Let us insure you.

TOM BRYANT INSURANCE