

"Nothing but the United States mint can make money without advertising."

The Cross Plains Review

(SERVING THE LARGEST SHALLOW OIL FIELD ON EARTH)

Without office friends or sketch Cross Plains as it goes.

VOL. 27

8 PAGES

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS,

"When The One Great Scorer Comes To Write Against Your Name He Writes Not If You Won Or Lost But How You Played The Game"

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1936

HARVEST IS UNDERWAY; YIELD GOOD

HOME TOWN GOSSIP

It is with a great deal of pride that we announce to readers of this newspaper that we are able to produce in today's issue Robert E. Howard's last published story.

Permission of the copyright owners to use the story—"A Man Eating Jeopard"—was secured after telegraphic contact with the publishers Tuesday.

Howard was one of Texas' better known writers of fiction. He was a native son of Cross Plains, yet we feel sure there are a few local people who never read one of his stories. If so, we invite your attention to "A Man Eating Jeopard" in today's Review.

We take this means of thanking Stone, Street & Smith, publishers of a number of well known magazines, for their courtesy in permitting our use of this interesting feature, which first appeared in their June issue of Cowboy Stories.

And now for the dispensation of gossip, which has been so neglected the past couple of weeks.

Well informed sources report that Wilburn Barr, public relations man at the local bakery, and Miss Estelyne Wooten, one of Burkett's most beautiful belles, are plenty "ga-ga" over each other. Unverified reports say "it won't be long now."

Lloyd Bryan has been doing a little mail order business with a prominent Dallas jewelry concern. We have authentic information that he purchased two rings—an engagement ring and a wedding band—both of which exactly fit Mozelle McElroy's third finger of tee left hand.

Haynie Spencer, a local boy who is making good in Oklahoma, is now a married man. He recited the marriage vows with Miss Jewell Grimes of Baird, at Wichita Falls Wednesday. Here's congratulations and this column's proverbial blessing.

Will some supporter of this column please explain to Broad Bond that we are not agents for dust masks.

Weeks ago we published a picture of a Mid-West house-wife using a dust mask while doing her sweeping.

The odd looking device apparently attracted friend Broad's fancy and for the past several days now he's been trying to get this columnar to demonstrate the mask.

Frankly, we know no more of the mask than anyone else in town. We merely thought it of news interest that a housewife should be using a mask to guard off dust, and seized the opportunity to print an unusual fact. ANYWAY, WE HAVE NO DUST MASKS FOR SALE.

Some of us who are tiring of Phil Anderson's talk of golf supremacy may now take a deep sigh of relief. Wednesday afternoon he visited the local links in company with "Jap" Adams and Babe Wood.

As per usual "Jap" and Phil worked themselves into a lather and a grudge match ensued. The tramping that the local auto magnate took is said to have quited (for some time at least) his eloquent discourse.

A pack of an elephant, believed to have weighed thousands of years ago, was found this week by Brooks Eubank and his crew while making a geological survey in the vicinity of Cross Plains.

Connected with the recent discovery of the hunting equipment recently salvaged by Charles Frank Hemphill, this is good proof that these "aint what they used to be."

54 Local Veterans Receive Bonus Bonds

1 COMES TUESDAY
52 ON WEDNESDAY
AND ONE THURSDAY

54 soldiers bonus certificates—cashable bonds—were received in Cross Plains this week. A few have been returned for correction, others are enroute to key postoffices for payment and some are still being held by veterans. At least 50 more are due to arrive in the near future.

The first of the bonds received here came to A. O. Harris. It was in Tuesday's morning mail from San Diego, but was in error and was returned unopened.

The first batch to come to Cross Plains from the Federal Reserve bank reached here Wednesday morning. J. P. Smith, local druggist, got his first. 52 local veterans received their certificates on the Wednesday morning mail.

Thursday's mail brought bonds to only one local veteran.

The bonus payment is made in federal bonds in the denomination of \$50. Amounts less than \$50, are being paid in check. For instance, if a veteran's bonus amounts to \$640, which is said to be about the average, he gets 12 bonds of \$50, each and a government check for the remaining \$40.

Among those here have already received their certificates, in addition to those mentioned above are: Gus Simons, Jess Graves, F. R. Anderson Cecil Aiken, John Miller, "Red" Grider Cleve Callaway, Oscar Tate, Jim Helms, Oscar Anderson, W. A. Huckaby, Geo. T. Lamar and C. D. Westerman. Callahan county is scheduled to receive \$188,936.00 from the bonus payment, Coleman county \$349,780.00, Brown county \$389,373.00, Eastland county \$504,757.0\$.

H. D. PRIZES GO TO ATWELL AND DRESSY IN RALLY DAY FETE

By Miss Vide Moore
Thursday, June 11, the Home Demonstration Clubs of Callahan County held the fourth and most successful Rally during two years work. The day's program was started with the singing of "The Eyes of Texas" by the audience. Immediately following the song the clothing contest began.

Mrs. Dora R. Barnes, Extension Clothing Specialist and Miss Stewart, Assistant Home Demonstration Agent of Eastland County judged 107 dresses during the day. 250 club members and visitors were present during the day. Club members are divided into two divisions; Demonstrators, who are elected by the club to do special work and co-operators, who are other club members reaching as many of the goals as possible. Co-operators goals for 1936 were for each club member to have a complete closet, to be able to use a foundation patterns for dresses of various designs and to make a dress by the foundation patterns and exhibit it on Rally Day. One hundred percent of the clubs were represented in the co-operators division. In many instances it was impossible for a club to be represented one hundred per cent, but several clubs had over three fourths of its membership present.

Winners in the Demonstrators division were, first, Mrs. Norman Finley of the Deep Creek club who was awarded a trip to the short course at A&M; second, Mrs. Owen Rouse of the Atwell club, awarded a 32 piece set of breakfast dishes and Mrs. Fonia Worthy of the Dressy club winning a cookie jar. Miss

Double Funeral For Mother And Son Held From Baptist Tabernacle Sunday Morning

Cross Plains' first double funeral was held Sunday morning when rites for Mrs. I. M. Howard, 61, and her son Robert E. Howard, 30, were conducted from the Baptist tabernacle. The service was in charge of Rev. B. G. Richbourg, of Big Spring, former Cross Plains pastor. He was assisted by Reverends, J. C. Mann, S. P. Collins and V. W. Tatum, of the local churches. Interment was made in the Greenleaf cemetery at Brownwood Sunday afternoon.

Friends crowded the tabernacle beyond capacity in a final, parting tribute.

Mrs. Howard expired Friday night about 10:30 after an extended illness. She had been in a coma for days. Robert E. Howard died shortly after four o'clock Thursday afternoon of a self inflicted bullet wound. Dependent over his mother's condition the young man, an internationally known writer of fiction, took his own life when it was known that Mrs. Howard would never recover.

Surviving is Dr. I. M. Howard, husband of the deceased lady and father of Robert. He is one of Callahan county's oldest practitioners, from the standpoint of service. He told this newspaper Monday morning that his plans for the future were not definitely mapped but first of all he intended to return to Missouri with Mrs. Howard's sister Mrs. W. P. Searcy for a visit with kinsmen.

Other survivors include: Mrs. Searcy, of Exter, Missouri; Mrs. Henry Stith, Ponca City, Oklahoma; Mrs. Grover Baker, Rodgers, Arkansas; Mrs. Howard Doyle, Exter, Missouri, sisters of Mrs. Howard; Win Ervin, Oklahoma City, a brother of Mrs. Howard, and nieces and nephews several of whom were present for the funeral and interment services.

Mrs. David Howard, wife of Dr. Howard's brother of Mart, Texas, was also here for the funeral, as well as scores of friends and possibly other relatives from distant points.

Mrs. Howard was born July 11, 1874, in Missouri. She was married to Dr. I. M. Howard, January 12, 1904. They moved to this section nearly 30 years ago. Robert E. Howard was born January 22, 1906, at Peaster, in Parker county. He was the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Howard. He was graduated from Cross Plains high school with the class of 1922. The following year he attended Brownwood high school completing the eleventh grade, which was not offered here at that time, finishing with honors. Later he attended Howard Payne College. He began writing early in life and at the age of 17 was producing acceptable stories and poems for outstanding publications.

Until Thursday of last week the young Cross Plains author had maintained an almost constant vigil at his mother's bedside. When her death became imminent he asked a nurse if she thought his mother would ever recognize him again.

Sympathetically, the nurse replied: "I'm afraid not"

Stoically, he rose from beside the sick-bed and walked to his automobile which was parked to the side-rear of the Howard home. He got inside, closed the doors and fired a pistol bullet through his brain. Neighbors said the tragedy happened a few minutes after eight o'clock. He lived until four that afternoon.

Mrs. Howard never regained consciousness and was not aware of her son's death. She expired about 30 hours later; shortly after 10 o'clock Friday night.

Pall bearers for Mrs. Howard were: Tom Bryant, F. R. Anderson, Benton Jones, J. P. Smith, Paul V. Harrell, Taylor Bond and Dr. J. R. Dill. Pall bearers for Robert were: Dave Lee, Lindsey Tyson, Winifred Brigner, Russell McGowen, Earl Baker, Mack Underwood, Jap Adams, R. Elliott Bryant, Dr. T. G. Edwards, Dr. J. Henry McGowen and J. C. Huntington.

Funeral arrangements were in charge of Higginbothams, Cross Plains.

Throngs Pay Final Tribute To S. Ernest Settle, Beloved County Official, At Court House Lawn In Baird, Sunday Afternoon

One of the greatest tributes ever seen in this county was evidenced in Baird Sunday afternoon when 1,500 friends gathered at the court house lawn to pay homage to S. E. Settle, beloved county official, who was killed in an automobile wreck near Arlington Friday morning.

From every community in this county, from distant cities and towns, they came; farmers, ranchmen, merchants, teachers, doctors, lawyers, and men and women of high political position were there. Gloom and sorrow was written on every face.

During the funeral service the casket rested directly in front of a monument built several years ago to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers of this county. The edifice was first imagined and then designed by Mr. Settle. Spreading a sheltering shade for the very bench which his bereaved family occupied was a giant Locus tree planted in his memory a number of years ago. Even the shadows which played across the windows of his office in the background seemed a part of the solemn occasion.

Rev. R. A. Walker, pastor of the Baird Presbyterian church, conducted the rites. He was assisted by Rev. J. A. Scoggins, Methodist

pastor there, and Rev. S. P. Collins, of Cross Plains. A male quartet composed of Rev. Joe R. Mayes, Olaf Hollingshead, Vernon Johnson, and Delmar Compton sang several selections.

At the close of the service in Baird the body was taken to Clyde for interment, with the Baird I.O.O.F. lodge officiating.

Pall bearers were: Wm. J. Evans, Vernon R. King, Sam Gilliland, R. L. Edwards, F. E. Mitchell and B. C. Chrisman.

Mr. Settle was killed almost instantaneously when the automobile in which he was riding with County Agent Ross B. Jenkins, Mr. Jenkins father, and Earl Hays collided with another near Arlington. His skull was fractured and his chest crushed.

An account of the mishap is published hereunder as written for this newspaper by Ross B. Jenkins, who has been almost prostrate with grief. The following are the County Agent's own words.

"There have been so many inquiries relative to the collision near Arlington last week that I thought it might be of some interest to some of the readers if I should give you my recollection of the accident.

"As one approaches Arlington there is a hill and about midway of the hill is the old Dallas-Fort Worth pike that leads into the new pike. As we went over the hill at a speed of 35 or 40 miles three women riding in the front seat of a 1928 or 1929 model sedan drove onto the pike from the old road without the customary boulevard stop. They came directly across our path and as I saw they did not see us I began turning the car sharply to the left thinking that she would check or that I would be able to reach a road on the opposite side of the pike before she would hit me. However, I was never able to build up sufficient speed that would enable me to get out of her way, therefore, as I reached the edge of the pike to the left she caught me with her bumper about the middle of the car and reversed its course. The momentum of my machine along with the steepness of the hill caused the car to roll and it was this rolling that did the damage. The lady made the statement that she did not see us at any time. I stayed in the car until it stopped on its wheels and was the first to reach the injured. After I had gone to each one separately I became sick from my injuries and did not know what

happened from then on.

"A woman who had followed me most of the time from Fort Worth who was traveling from California said she thought surely that the woman would see us and check and expressed her belief that had it not been for a string of mail boxes mounted on concrete pedestals that I would have gotten by anyway. The hazardous thing it seems then about driving cars in this modern day is that one driver can handle only one car and cannot direct the other.

My own injuries were slight considering the terrific impact. My back was sprung some and bruised all over but the doctor thinks I will be able to attend the 4-H Club encampment Monday and Tuesday of next week. My father's leg was amputated below the right knee Monday morning and he is reported doing satisfactorily. Mr. Earl Hays received numerous scratches and bruises but he is improving every day and has never been confined to his bed."

Mr. Settle is survived by his widow, and six children: Christine, Helen, Henry, Tillie, Selynn and Mary Louise; also a brother J. L. Settle, of Cross Plains; his father and a number of other relatives

BROTHER OF LOCAL MAN DIES IN HAMBY

E. R. Eager, 73, died at his home near Hamby, in Taylor County, Monday afternoon at four o'clock after a long illness. He was a brother of G. L. Eager, prominent local resident.

Funeral services were held at Hamby Tuesday afternoon and interment was made in the cemetery there.

Mr. Eager had resided in the Hamby section for nearly 30 years. He is survived by his widow, eight children, his brother here, and one sister Mrs. Lettie Wharton, of Roan Oak.

The entire Eager family from Cross Plains attended the services in Hamby Tuesday.

Jimmie Stevens who has been employed here for several weeks returned to his home in New Orleans Tuesday.

BARBER PRICES TO BE RAISED JULY 1

Effective July first prices for barber work will be raised in Cross Plains to the level charged in other towns and cities throughout this section. An advertisement announcing the price schedule appears on an inside page of this newspaper.

All local barbers met Monday night and agreed to open their shops at seven each morning and to close at seven each evening and on a price schedule. All four local shops were represented by their proprietors at the meeting.

LOYALTY CLUB TO ELECT OFFICERS TUESDAY NOON

Semi-annual election of officers was postponed at the regular weekly luncheon of the Loyalty Club Tuesday, due to an unusually small attendance. Balloting will take place next week, the Review was told.

Gene Adams spent Thursday in Hobbs, New Mexico.

BIRD CLUB MEETS IN ANGELEY HOME 17th

Regular weekly meeting of the Bird Club, an organization of third and fourth grade pupils, met at the home of little Miss Frankie Sue Angeley Wednesday afternoon. Refreshments of cookies and "poppy" were served.

Three new members were added to the club roster. They are: Modie C. Edington, Freida Belle Koenig and W. B. Ensor.

ROBERT HOWARD LIBRARY GOES TO HOWARD PAYNE

The Robert E. Howard Library, valued at several hundred dollars, will be awarded to Howard Payne College at Brownwood, the Review learned authentically yesterday morning.

The books will be placed together in the Howard Payne library and known as the Robert E. Howard memorial collection. They may be added to from time to time, and will be available for public use.

MRS. SETTLE TO RUN FOR COUNTY CLERK

Mrs. S. E. Settle will be a candidate for County Clerk, her name having been certified on the ballot Monday in the place of that of her husband who was killed in an automobile wreck near Arlington Friday.

Mr. Settle was killed Friday morning. The last hour for candidates to file for county offices was Saturday midnight. It is known that several contemplated filing after learning of his death but all declined when Mrs. Settle's candidacy was announced. She is therefore, unopposed.

LOCAL MAN BIRTHDAY WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Minton quietly observed their twentieth wedding anniversary at their home here Wednesday, June 18. Mr. Minton's birthday is June 19.

WHEAT QUOTED AT 80¢ BUSHEL HERE THURSDAY MORNING

Grain harvesting throughout the Cross Plains territory is now well under way with the busy threshers and combine operators heard most prominently in the West of this territory. The rail carload had here up to Thursday.

The market price for wheat is said to have advanced to 80¢ per bushel within the last few days. The first wheat from Cross Plains—combined grain—was quoted at 78¢ on Thursday.

H. H. McDermott, who reported Thursday that his wheat was yielding 20 and 25 bushels to the acre and that it tested 58 and 60. The yield is considerably higher than had been anticipated. The McDermott grain is being binned.

C. D. Baird's thresher was at Hi Harris place yesterday. The machine started Wednesday afternoon, however, as this paper goes to press a report of the yield of Harris place had not been received.

Tom Cross' thresher was at Montgomery's Thursday. The machine is also reported turning out well.

In the vicinity of Cross Plains, the threshing was just getting under way Thursday morning. Louis N. Harris is operating a thresher in locality.

In the Burkett area, a thresher operated by R. T. Watson got away Thursday morning. The view had no information of other machines operating in that vicinity.

FIELD SOUTHEAST OF HERE GETTING PLENTY ACTIVE

Quite a bit of activity is in the recently revived oil field, two miles South of Pioneer, between the Trammel and Cross Plains. The sands are causing excitement.

Shearer and Cunningham are running the five inch pipe Wednesday afternoon to case of the Trammel sand which was reported to be 15 barrels, preparatory to being put into the Cross Cut. The well is located on the Armstrong tract.

Ehlinger and Gulley were on top of the Cross Cut sand and are casing, which is also done to stem a 10 barrels well in the Trammel sand.

T. S. Holden was 680 feet deep Monday on the test well for Neeb and Harvey. It is to be offset, and unless the Trammel sand makes an unusual yield they will produce from the Cross Plains and Harvey are four miles behind in their drilling. Other machine will be moved to the well in the next few days to expedite drilling, the Review is told.

From the Shults well on A Barr tract, four miles North of town, comes news Thursday that the pay was made. The hole will be plugged and abandoned.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith celebrated the fifty seventh annual of the Texas Pharmaceutical Association in San Antonio, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

C. R. Steele, Dressy school, who is attending school at Texas University, spent the week end with his family.

C. R. Cook was a business manager in Abilene Wednesday.

"EXCLUSIVE STORY" LIBERTY HERE 21ST

Mooney's own expose of the notorious "Policy Racket" practiced in New York and other metropolitan centers, the new picture weaves into its plot themes from three major news events of the year.

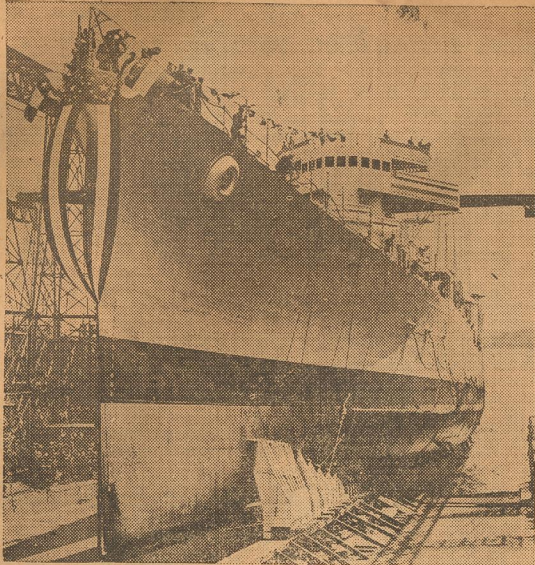
They are the "Policy Racket," the Morro Castle Fire and the front page activities of Federal "G" Men.

Jimmie Stevens who has been employed here for several weeks returned to his home in New Orleans Tuesday.

Mrs. W. P. Searcy of Exeter, Mo. is visiting in the home of Dr. I. M. Howard this week.

Goobar Keys of Albany was a visitor here Sunday night.

New Cruiser Vincennes Is Launched



The actual launching of the new United States cruiser Vincennes, at the Fore River plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding corporation in

Quincy, Mass., is pictured above. The 10,000-ton vessel was christened by Miss Harriet Virginia Kimmell, daughter of the mayor of Vincennes, Ind.

ATWELL

A large crowd attended singing Sunday night

Atwell class has ordered new song books and will have good singing now for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Griffith from Fort Worth visited Mrs. Griffith parents Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Black this week end.

Quite a number from here were at the rally-day in Baird Thursday.

The club women from this place won three prizes for some of their work, this past year.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Brashear, and son, Paul, also grand-son, Truman Foster visited in San Angelo this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Foster dau-

MR. AND MRS. WELCH SEE F. D. ROOSEVELT

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Welch, formerly of this place, who are in Hot Springs, Arkansas, report they had the pleasure of seeing President Franklin D. Roosevelt on his recent visit to that city. Mrs. Welch is under the care of a physician, however, she is said to be convalescing normally.

ughters, Mary and Vera, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Brashear and little daughter, Reba Jo and Mrs. M. A. Tatom, attended the program at Cotwood last Friday night.

Miss Gussie Jones returned home Saturday for San Angelo, where she has been visiting with her niece Mrs. J. W. Morgan for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Jones and daughter, Miss Reece from Olney visited Mr. Jones sister Mrs. Ben Riffe this past week.

Loren Barr of Abilene was a visitor here Sunday.

SABANNO

There will be an all-day singing convention at Sabanno Sunday, June 28th, and everyone is invited to come and bring a well filled basket.

W. E. Lusk is attending Randolph college at Cisco, this summer.

Misses Oddie and Nunnie Lawson attended the Centennial, at Dallas Saturday.

Misses Elizabeth and Wanema Marshall spent Saturday night with Myrtha and Audrey Fay Westerman.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrol McCollum of San Antonio, visited her mother, Mrs. Clara Westerman the latter part of last week.

Louise Erwin spent Sunday afternoon with Ruby Simms.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Westerman and family had as their guests Saturday night, Mrs. Mae Wells and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Lawson, Mrs. Clara Westerman of this place and Mr. and Mrs. Morrol McCollum of San Antonio, Misses: Nevene Welty, Elizabeth and Wanema Marshall, Oma Fay Lawson, and Doris and Evonne Westerman. Messrs: George Lester and Dean Welty, Otis and Wayne Matlock, Eldridge and Golden Lawson and Junior Mobley.

Wanema Marshall spent Sunday afternoon in the Frank Bussie home at Pioneer.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Westerman, had as their guests Sunday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Matlock.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Crawford, of Los Angeles, Calif., from the University of Southern California, spent a few days with her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Pearce and her mother, Mrs. Mae Wells. They left Tuesday, June 9th, for the University of Texas, at Austin, where Mr. Crawford will teach.

Mrs. Walley Phillips and baby Janelle, spent Sunday with Mrs. Guy Westerman.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Havener visited Mr. and Mrs. Obie Havener at Cross Plains, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Thompson and family of Cisco visited with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Welty and family Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Bush and baby, Dural, visited in the home of his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harris and daughters, Florence and Zelda spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. John Price and daughter, Edna.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Welty and family had as their Sunday dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. Dewpre and daughter, Barbra June, of Zephyr.

POLITICAL CALENDAR

The Review is authorized to make the following political announcements, subject to the action of the Democrat primaries to be held July 25, 1936.

For State Representative:

- T. S. (TIP) ROSS
- E. M. (ED) CURRY
- CECIL A. LOTIEF

For District Judge:

M. S. LONG

For County Judge:

- L. B. LEWIS
- J. RUPERT JACKSON

For District Clerk:

- MRS. WILL RYLEE
- MRS. CORRIE DRISKILL
- MRS. JOHN FRASER LUSBY

For County Clerk:

MRS. S. E. SETTLE

For Sheriff:

R. L. EDWARDS

For County Treasurer:

MRS. WILL MCCOY

For Assessor-Collector

- OLAF HOLLINGSHEAD
- VERNON R. KING

For County Commissioner:

B. H. FRELAND

For Public Weigher:

I. B. LOVING

The Cross Plains Review

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

JACK SCOTT, Editor.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice in Cross Plains, Texas, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year \$1.50
(In Trade Territory)
Elsewhere \$2.00

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC: Any erroneous reflection upon the character or standing of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

Heart
O' Texas
Press
Association



Member
Texas
Press
Association

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clements of Big Spring and Mrs. Joe Shackelford of Cisco, visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baum West of town this week.

Mrs. Don McCall has as her guest this week her sister of Houston.

Mrs. O. H. Cannon of Cisco was a visitor here Monday.

DON'T SCRATCH! Get Paracide Ointment, the guaranteed itch eczema remedy. Paracide is guaranteed to relieve Itch, Eczema, Poison-Ivy or Itching Piles or money promptly refunded. Large Jar 50c at Sims Drug Co. 12tp6-19

Notice Farmers

Direct contact with the state's best produce markets affords us the opportunity of paying you the highest available prices for:

EGGS

CHICKENS

HIDES

Get the habit of coming here first. Be Assured of the most for what you have to sell.

Cox Feed
And Produce

Seasonable Flowers

Wide Variety To
Select From

MRS. SCOTT'S
Flower Shop

Telephone—88

For Sturdiness

Children love that in-between meal, and nothing could be more beneficial than that best of old stanbys—bread and butter. Nourishing, full of energy, and food values to build sturdy bodies, there's no harm in giving them an in-between meal like Barr's fine bread.

BARR'S BAKERY

Four Reasons Why You Should Save

1. No matter what you make today, and how healthy you are, there is no way of telling what urgent need may arise. **Save!**
2. Let your savings earn for you. A dollar is a very efficient worker if intelligently used and not foolishly hoarded. **Save!**
3. A knowledge that you are thrifty and prudent insures employment and enables you to face senility without alarm. **Save!**
4. The basis on which the world gets ahead and betters its condition in manifold ways is aptly expressed in one word. **Save!**

This is the
BANK
that
Service is
building

Modern
Safety
Depend
Service

Citizens State
Bank



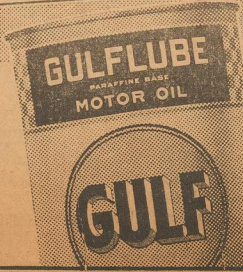
GET GULFLUBE— It's "Stripped for action"!



Only refined motor oils, like swimmer with all his clothes, can do an efficient job. They carry too much excess baggage—waste that should be stripped off by refining.

Most 25c oils, like a swimmer stripped of part of his clothes, are rid of some waste—but not enough for best performance. No refiner of 25c oils could afford to go further, before Gulf's Multi-sol process was perfected.

GULFLUBE MOTOR OIL, like a swimmer stripped for action, is rid of every bit of excess waste. It's the only Multi-sol-made 25c oil—the finest, purest oil a quarter ever bought. Gulflube gives you better lubrication, lower bills and a cleaner motor. Prove it—at the Sign of the Orange Disc.



SOLD AT SERVICE STATIONS
IN SEALED CANS ONLY
... NOT SOLD IN BULK

THE PREMIUM-QUALITY
MOTOR OIL FOR 25¢

By Robert E. Howard's
Best Published Story

'A Man Eating Jeopard'

By Special Permission
Of The Copyright Owners

Editor's Note: This story "A Man Eating Jeopard," was the last published of Robert E. Howard, prominent Cross Plains author who died last week. It appeared in the June issue of Cowboy Stories, published by Stone, Street & Smith, who also publish a number of other magazines and were the biggest buyers of Howard's writings. It is published here by special permission of the copyright owners.

By Robert E. Howard

I'm a peaceable man, as law-abiding as I can be without straining myself, and it always irritates me when a stranger to bob up from behind a rock and holler, "Stop where you be before I blow your fool head off!"

This having happened to me I sat down on my brother Bill's horse, because that's the best thing you can do when a feller is p'inting a cock-45 at your wishbone. This feller was a mean-looking hombre in a heavy hickory shirt with brass buttons in his leather hat band, and needed a shave. He said, "Who are you? Where you from? Where you goin'? What you aimin' to do when you get there?"

"I says, "I'm Buckner J. Grimes, Knife River, Texas, and I'm headin' for California."

"Well, what you turnin' south for?" he asked.

"Ain't this here the trail to Piute?" I inquired.

"Naw, 'tain't," he answered. "Piute's due west of here."

All at once he stopped and seemed to ponder, though his gun muzzle didn't waver none. I was waiting like a hawk.

Pretty soon he give a kinda forlorn leer which I reckon he aimed at a smile, and said, "I'm sorry, stranger. I took you for somebody else. Just an honest mistake. This here trail leadin' off to the west belongs to Piute. 'Tother'n goes south on my claim. I took you for one of 'em blame claim jumpers." He covered his gun but didn't put it back in the holster, I noticed.

"I didn't know they was any claims in Arizona," I says.

"Oh, yes," says he, "the desert is plumb full of 'em. For instance," says he, "I got a chunk of quartz in my pocket right now which is just pure tin with pure ore. Light," says he, fumbling in his pocket, "and I'll show you."

Well, I was anxious to see some ore, because pap had told me that I was just likely to hit it rich in California; he said an idiot was a natural fool for luck, and I wanted to know what ore looked like when I seen some. So, I clumb down off of brother Bill's horse, and the stranger hauled something out of his pocket, but as he poked it out toward me, it slipped off his palm and fell to the ground.

Naturally I leaned over to pick it up, and when I done so, something went bam! and I seen a million stars. At first I thought a cliff had fell on me, but almost simultaneously I realized the stranger had lammed me over the head with his pistol barrel.

The lick staggered me, but I didn't have to fall like I done. I done that instinctive—hit on my side and tumbled over on my back and laid still, with my eyes so near shut he wouldn't tell that I was watching him through the slits. The instant he'd hit me he lifted his gun quick to shoot me if I didn't drop, but my top fooled him.

He looked down at me scornful, so proud of his smartness to notice that my limp hand was laying folded over a rock about the size of muskmelon, and he says aloud to himself, he says: "Another idiot from Texas. Huh. Think I'm goin' to let you go on to Piute and tell 'em about bein' turned back from the south trail and mebbe give 'em devils an idea of what's cookin' up? Not much, I ain't. I ain't goin' to waste no lead on you, neither. I reckon I'll just naturally cut your throat with my bowie."

So saying, he shoved his gun back in his holster and drew his knife out of his boot, and stooped over and started fumbling with my neck cloth, so I belted him free and heard the conk with my rock. I pushed his limp carcass off me and rose.

If you'd been raised in Texas you'd know I was, I says to his senseless stare more in anger than in fear, "Now just because a man don't use a rifle mean he's a coward?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin' because he

was out cold; the blood was oozing from his split scalp, and I knowed it would be hours before he come to hisself, and maybe days before he'd remember his own name.

I MOUNTED brother Bill's horse, which I'd rode all the way from Texas because it was better'n mine, and I paused and ruminated. Right there a narrer trail split off from the main road and turned south through a deep cleft in the cliff, and the stranger had been lurking there at the turn.

Well, thinks I, something shady is going on down that there trail, else why should he hold me up when he thought I was going down it? I wasn't taking the south trail. I'd just stopped to rest my brother Bill's horse in the shadder of the cliff, and this ambushed gent just thought I was going to turn off. That there indicates a guilty conscience. Then, when he was convinced I wasn't going south, he was going to cut my throat just so's I couldn't tell the folks at Piute about him stopping me. And he was lying about a claim. He didn't have no chunk of quartz; that thing he'd taker out of his pocket was a brass button.

Well, I very naturally turned off down the south trail to see why he didn't want me to. I went very cautious, with my gun in my right hand, because I didn't aim to get caught off guard again. The thought occurred to me that maybe he was being hunted by a sheriff's posse. Well, that wasn't none of my business, but pap always said my curiosity would be the ruin of me.

I rode on for about a mile, till I come to a place where the trail went up over a saddleback with dense thickets on each side. I left the trail and pushed through the thickets to see what was on the other side of the ridge; around Knife River they was generally somebody waiting to shoot somebody else.

I looked down into a big hollow, and in the middle there was a big cluster of boulders, bigger'n a house. I seen some horses sticking out from behind them boulders, and a horse tied under a tree a little piece away. He was a very bright-colored pinto with a silver-mounted bridle and saddle. I seen the sun flash on the trappings on 'em.

I knowed the men must be on the other side of them rocks, and I counted nineteen horses. Well, nineteen men was more'n I wanted to tackle, in case they proved hostile to strangers, which I had plenty of reason to believe they probably would. So I decided to back-track. Anyway, them men was probably just changing brands on somebody else's cows, or talking over the details of a stagecoach holdup, or some other private enterprise like that which wasn't nobody's business but theirs. So I turned around and went back up the trail to the forks again.

When I passed the stranger I had bit with the rock he was still out and I kinda wondered if he'd ever come to. But that wasn't none of my business neither, so I just dragged him under bushes where he'd be in the shade in case he did, and ride on down the west trail. I figured it couldn't be more'n a few miles to Piute, and I was getting thirsty.

And sure enough, after a few miles I come upon the aforeside town baking in the sun on a flat with hills on all sides—just a cluster of dobe huts with Mexican women and kids litted all over the place—and dogs, and a store and a little restaurant and a big saloon. It wasn't much past noon and hotter'n hell.

I tied brother Bill's horse to the hitching rack alongside the other horses already tied there, in the shade of the saloon, and I went into the saloon myself. There was a good-sized bar and men drinking at it, others playing poker at tables.

WELL, I judged it wasn't very usual that a stranger come to Piute, because when I come in everybody laid down their whisky glass or their hand of cards and stared at me without no expression on their faces, and I got fidgety and drunk five or six fingers of red lickier to cover my embarrassment.

They was a kind of restless shuffling of boots on the floor, and spitting into the sawdust, and men tugging at their mustaches, and I wondered am I going to have to shoot my way out of this joint; what kind of a country is this anyway.

Just then a man lumbered up to the bar and the men drinking at the bar kinda surged around me and

him, and some of them playing poker rose up from their tables and drifted over behind me, or would have, if I hadn't quick put my back against the bar. This feller was nigh as tall as me, and a lot heavier. He had a big mustache like a walrus.

"Who be you?" he inquired suspiciously.

"I'm Buckner J. Grimes," I said patiently. "I'm from Texas, and I'm just passin' through. I'm headin' for California."

"What's the 'J' for?" he asked. "Jeopardy," I said.

"What's that mean?" he next demanded.

"I dunno," I confessed. "It come out of a book. I reckon it means somethin' pertainin' to a jeopardy."

"Well, what's a jeopardy?" he asked.

"It's a spotted critter like a panther," said one of the men. "I seen one in a circus once in Santa Fe."

The big feller studied over this for a while, and then he said have a drink, so we all drunk.

"Do you know Swag McBride?" he asked at last.

"I never heard tell of him," I said. Everybody was watching me when he asked me, and some of them had their hands on their guns. But when I said I didn't know him they kinda relaxed and went back to playing poker and drinking lickier. I reckon they believed me; pap always said I had a honest face; he said anybody could tell I didn't have sense enough to think up a lie.

"Set down," said the big man, easing his bulk ponderously into a chair and sinking his mustaches into a tub of beer. "I'm Navajo Beldon. I'm boss of Piute and all the surroundin' country, and don't let no body tell you no different. Either a man is for me or he's against me, and if he's against me he's for Swag McBride and don't belong in this town at all."

"Who's Swag McBride?" I asked.

"A cross between a rattlesnake and a skunk," said Beldon, gulping his beer. "But don't say 'skunk' around him les'n you want to get killed. When the vigilantes run him outa Nevada they sent him down the trail with a dead polecat tied around his neck as a token of affection and respect. Skunks has been a sore spot with him ever since. If anybody even mentions one in his hearin' he takes it as a personal insult and acts accordingly. He's lightnin' with a gun, and when souls was handed out, Nature plumb forgot to give him one. He run this town till I decided to take it over."

He wiped his mustaches with the back of his hand, and said: "We had a show-down last week, and decreases in the population was sudden and generous. But we run them rats into the hills where they've been skulkin' every since, if they ain't left the country entirely."

I THOUGHT about them fellers I seen up in the hills, but I didn't say nothing. I was raised in a country where keeping your mouth shut is an art practiced by everybody which wants to live to a ripe old age.

"This here country has to have a boss of some kind," says "Navajo," pouring me a drink. "Ain't no law here, and somebody's got to kinda run things! I ain't no saint, but I'm a lot better man than Swag McBride. If you dont believe it, go ask the citizens of Piute. Man's life is safe here with me runnin' things, long as he keeps his nose outa my business, and a woman can walk down the street without bein' insulted by some tough. Honest to gosh, if I was to tell you some of the things McBride and his devil's has pulled—"

"Things looks peaceful enough now," I admitted.

"They are, while I'm in the saddle," says Beldon. "Say, how would you like to work for me?"

"Doin' what?" I ask.

"Well," he says, "I got considerable cattle, besides my interests in Piute. These men you see here ain't all the boys I got workin' for me, of course. They's a bunch now down near Eagle River, drivin' a herd up from the border, which ain't so terrible far from you, you know."

"You buy cattle in Mexico?" I ask.

"Well," he says, "I gets quite a lot of steers from across the line. I has to have men watchin' all the time to keep them greasers from comin' over and stealin' everything I got. What's that?"

Outside come a thunder of hoofs

and a voice yelled: "Beldon! Beldon!"

"Who's that?" demanded Beldon, scrambling up and grabbing his gun. "It's Richards!" called one of the men, looking out of the window with a rifle. "He's foggin' it up the south trail like the devil was ridin' behind him."

Beldon started lumbering toward the door, but about that time the horse slid to a gravel-scattering halt at the edge of the porch, and a man come storming in, all plastered with sweat and dust.

"What's eatin' you, Richards?" demanded Navajo.

"The greasers!" yelled Richards. "Early this mornin' we run a herd of Diego Gonzales' cattle across the line, and you know what happened? We hadn't hardly more'n got back across the border when his blame vaqueros overtook us and shot up every man except me, and run them steers back home again!"

"What?" bellered Navajo, with his mustaches quivering in righteous wrath. "Why, them thievin', yeller polecats! Ain't they got no respect for law and order? What air we a-comin' to? Ain't they no honest men left besides me? Does they think they can treat me like that? Does they think we're in the cow business for our health? Does they think they can tromple on us after we've went to the trouble and expense of stealin' them steers ourselves?"

"Donnelly, take your men and light out! I'll show them greasers they can't steal my critters and get away with it. You fetch them cows back if you have to feller 'em right into Diego's patio—blast his thievin' soul!"

The feller he called Donnelly got up and told his men to come on, and they took a drink at the bar, and drew up their gun belts and went stomping out toward the hitching rack. Richards went along to guide 'em.

"Don't you wanta go?" says Navajo to me, still snorting with his indignation. "The boys may need help, and I can tell from the way you wear your guns that you know how to handle 'em. I'll pay you well."

Well, if they is anything I despise it's a darned thief, so I told Beldon I'd go along and help recover his property. I left him bellerin' his grievances to the bald-headed old bartender and his Mexican boy helper, which was all that was left in this saloon.

RICHARDS had changed his saddle onto a fresh horse, and as we rode off I looked at the horse which he'd rode in. It was a pinto and it seemed to me like I'd saw it somewhere but I couldn't remember. It was so sweaty and dusty it was mighty near disguised.

We headed south along the dusty trail, nine or ten of us, Richards leading, and was soon out of sight of Piute. Them fellers was riding like Mexico was right over the next rise, but the miles went past, and I decided they was just reckless, damn fools. I kept trying to remember where I'd seen that pinto of Richards', and all of a sudden I remembered.

The trail dipped ahead of us down into a tangle of cliffs and canyons, and Richards had drawn ahead of the rest of us. He turned to motion us to hurry, and as he turned the sun flashed from the silver trappings on his saddle and bridle, and, like a shot, I remembered—I remembered where I'd seen them trappings, and where I'd seen that pinto. It was the horse I'd saw tied near them big rocks away to the east of Piute.

I involuntarily sat brother Bill's horse back on his haunches. The rest of the gang swept on without noticing, but I sat there and think. If Richards was with that gang east, how could he be with the bunch driving cattle across the border away to the south of Piute? He come up the south trail into Piute, but what was to prevent him from cutting through the hills and hittin' that trail just below the town? Richards had lied to Beldon; and Beldon had said that if a man wasn't for him, he was for McBride.

I reined up onto a knob, and stared off eastward and pretty soon I seen what I expected to see—a fog of rolling dust, sweeping from southeast to northwest—toward Piute. I knowed what was raisin' that dust: men on horses, riding hard.

I looked south for Donnelly and his men. They was just passing out of sight in a big notch with sheer walls on each side. I yelled but they

didn't hear me. Richards had pulled ahead of them by a hundred yards, and was already through the notch and out of sight. They all thundered into the notch and passed out of sight. And then it sounded like all the guns in southern Arizona let go at once. I wheeled and rode for Piute as hard as brother Bill's horse could leg it.

The dust on the horizon disappeared behind a big boulder that jutted right up into the sky. Then, after a while, ahead of me, I heard a sudden crackle of gunfire, and what sounded like a woman screaming, and then everything was still again.

Ahead of me the trail made the bend that would bring me in sight of Piute. I left the trail and took to the thickets. Brother Bill's horse was snorting and trembling, nigh done in. The town was awful quiet—not a soul in sight, and all the doors closed. I circled the flat, tied Bill's horse in a thicket back of the saloon, and stole toward the back door, with my guns in my hands.

They wasn't no horses tied at the hitching rack. Everything was awful quiet except for the flies buzzing around the blood puddles on the floor. The old bartender was laying across the bar with a gun still in his hand. He'd stopped plenty lead. His Mexican boy was slumped down near the door with his head split open—looked like he'd been hit with an ax. A stranger I'd never saw was stretched out in the dust before the porch, with a bullet hole in his skull. He was a tall, dark, hard-looking cuss. A gun with one empty chamber was laying nigh his right hand.

I believed they'd captured Navajo Beldon alive. His carcass wasn't nowhere to be seen, and then the tables and chairs was all busted, just like I figured they'd be after a gang of men had hog tied Beldon. That would be a job that'd wreck any saloon. They was empty cart-ridges and a broke knife on the floor, and buttons tore off fellers' shirts, and a smashed hat, and a notebook, like things gets scattered during a free for all.

I picked up the notebook and on the top of the first page was wrote: "Swag McBride owes me \$100 for that there job over to Brazton's ranch." I stuck it in my pocket but I didn't need no evidence to know who'd raided Piute.

I LOOKED out cautious into the town. Nobody in sight and all doors and windows closed. Then come a sudden rumble of horses' hoofs and I jumped back out of the doorway and looked through a window. Seven horsemen swept into the village out of a trail that wound up through the thickets back of the town; but they didn't stop.

They cantered on down the south trail, with rifles in their hands. They didn't look toward the saloon, and nobody stuck their head out of a house to tell 'em about me, through somebody must of seen me speak into town. Evidently the citizens was playing strict neutral, which is wise when two gangs is slaughterin' each other—if you can do it.

As soon as the riders was out of town I run back through the saloon and hustled up the hillside, paralleling the trail they'd come down. Who says all this wasn't none of my business? Beldon had hired me and I'd been a pretty excuse for a man if I'd left him in the lurch.

I hadn't gone far when I heard men talking—leas'tways, I heard one man talking. It was Beldon and he was bellerin' like a bull.

A minute later I come onto a log cabin, plumb surrounded with trees. Five horses was tied outside. The bellerin' was coming from inside the cabin, and I could hear somebody else talking in a kinda sneery, gloating voice. I snuck up to the rear window and peered in, well aware that I was riskin' my life. But the window was boarded up and I peeked through a crack.

Plenty of light come in through the cracks though, and I seen Beldon, with blood oozing from a cut in his scalp, setting in a busted chair by a dusty old table, and lookin' like a trapped grizzly. Four other men was standing across the table from him, betwix him and the door, with their guns leveled at him. One of them was awful tall, and rangy and quick in his motions, like a catamount. He combed his long drooping mustache with one gun muzzle whilst he poked the other'n into Beldon's ear and screwed it around till Navajo cussed something terrible.

"Huh!" said this gent. "Boss of Piute! Hah! A fine boss you be. First and biggest mistake you made was trustin' Richards. He was plumb delighted to sell you out. You thought he was with your men on Eagle River, didn't you? Well, he was with me in the hills east of here all mornin', whilst we laid our plans to get you."

"He sneaked away from your bunch on Eagle River last night. He brung you that lie about them cattle bein' stole just so I could get your men out of the way. I knowed you'd send every man you had. You won't ever see 'em no more. Richards will lead 'em into a trap in Devil's Gorge where my men done laid an ambush for 'em. Probably they're sizzlin' in hell by this time. Them seven fellers I just sent down the trail will join the rest of 'em men at Devil's Gorge, and they'll clean out your outfit on Eagle River. I'm makin' a clean sweep, Beldon."

"I'll get you yet, McBride," promised Beldon thickly, gnashing his teeth under his heavy mustache. McBride combed his mustache very superior. I was wonderin' why they'd taken Beldon alive. He wasn't even tied up. I seen his fingers clinch and quiver on the table. I knowed he was liable to make a break for it any minute and get shot down, and I was in a stew. I could start shooting through the window, of course and snag most of 'em, but one of 'em was bound to get Beldon sure.

I knowed very well that at the first alarm they'd perforate him. I wish I had a shotgun, because then I mighta got 'em all with one blast—probably includin' Beldon. But all I had was a couple of .45s and a clear conscience. If I could only let Beldon know that I was on hand, maybe he might get foxy and do something smart to help hisself, instead of bustin' loose and getting killed like I knowed he was going to do any minute. The veins in his neck swelled and his face got purple and his whiskers bristled.

All at once McBride said: "I'll let you go, alive, if you'll tell me where you got your money hid. I know you got several thousand bucks."

So that was why they taken him alive. I mighta knowed it. But the mention of money reminded me of something and that put a idee into my head. I pulled out the notebook I found and tore out the first page and begun work with a pencil stub I had in my pocket. I didn't write nothing. What I wanted to do was to slip Beldon a message he could understand, but that wouldn't mean nothing to McBride, in case he seen it.

I remembered that talk about a jeopardy, when I first met Beldon, so I drew a picture of a animal like a panther. But I couldn't remember whether that feller from Santa Fe said a jeopardy had spots or stripes. Seemed like he said stripes, so I put a big 'u' down the critter's back. Beldon would know that pitcher meant that Buckner Jeopardy Grimes was lurking near, ready to help him the first chance I got, and knowing that, he wouldn't do nothing reckless.

Whilst I was doing this Beldon was thinking over what McBride had just said to him. He didn't crave a lead bath no more'n the average man, and he was one of these here trusting critters which believes everybody keeps their word. It's hard to credit. I know, but it looked like he actually believed McBride would keep his, and let him go if he told where he hid his dough.

McBride didn't fool me none. I knowed very well the instant he told 'em, Beldon would get riddled. I knowed McBride itched to kill him. I seen it in the twist of his thin lips, in the nervous twitch of his hand as he pulled at his mustache. I read the killer's hunger in his yeller eyes which blazed like a cat's. But Navajo didn't seem to recognize them signs. He was awful slow thinkin' in some ways.

McBride was pulling his mustache and just getting ready to say something, when I took a pebble and throwed it over the shack so it hit the stoop and made a racket. Instantly they all wheeled and covered the door, and I throwed my wadded-up paper through the crack in the window boards, so it landed on the table right in front of Beldon. But he never seen it.

He'd rose halfway up like he was going to make his break, but quick as a flash McBride wheeled and

covered him again, with a drawn back so his teeth like a wolf's fang, and his slits of fire. If it hadn't been for that dough he wanted, he'd shot Beldon down right where I seen his finger quiver on his trigger, and I had him lined over my shoulder. But he didn't shoot. He snarled: "You fools, keep him covered see to this!"

The other three turned back on Beldon and he sunk back in his chair with a gusty sigh. Then a hard layout—one short, one with a scarred face, stepped quick to the door, jerked it open and poked his head out.

"Nothin' out here," he snarled. "Must have been a woodpecker. I WAS SWEATING and shivers like a leaf in my nervousness. Itin' for Beldon to see that your paper laying right in front of me, but he never noticed it. He didn't see it fall, and a wad of didn't mean nothing to him, couldn't think of but one thing at a time. He had nerve and mebbe him; that's the only reason I got to be a chief."

McBride turned around and stalked back across the cabin. "Well," he said, "are you goin' to tell me where the dough is?"

"I reckon I gotta," mumbled Beldon heavily, and I cussed bitter under my breath. Beldon was under. All I could do was start shooting and get as many of 'em I could. But they was sure to do him. Then McBride seen the wadded-up paper. He wasn't li Beldon; he was observant and ke witted. He remembered that pap hadn't been there a few minutes before. He grabbed it.

"What's this?" he demanded, my heart sunk clean to my boots. He wouldn't know what meant, but it was gone out of Beldon's reach for good.

McBride started smoothing it out.

"Why," says he, "it's got came on it, in your handwriting. Joe."

"Lemme see," said the fall feller, getting up and reached toward it. But McBride had straightened the paper all the way out, and all at once his face went livid. For a second you could of heard a pin drop. McBride stood like a froze statue, only his eyes alive and them points of hell fire, whilst the other hombres gaped at him.

Then he give a shriek like a atom, and throwed that piece of paper into Joe's face, and his gun jumped and spurted red. Joe flopped to the floor, kicking and twitching. The other two fellers was white and wild-looking, but the short one says, kind of a nervous: "By Heaven, McBride, you can't that to my pal!"

His gun jerked upward, but McBride spoke first. Short's gun exploded into the floor and he slumped down on top of Joe. It was that instant I kicked a board the window and shot "Scarface" rough the ear. McBride howled amazement and our guns crash simultaneous. Or rather, I reckon mine was the split fraction of second the first, because his left fanned my ear and mine knocked him down dead on the floor.

I then climbed through the window into the cabin where the smoke was drifting in clouds. The dead men was laying still on the floor. If the fight had been a tornado hitting the shack it couldn't have been no brifer nor done no more damage. Beldon had had presence of mind enough to fall down behind the table when the fire works started, and he now rose and glared at me like he thought I was a ghost.

"What the hell!" he inquired loudly.

"We ain't got no time to waste. I told him. "We got to take to the woods. Them seven men McBride sent south ain't out of hearin'. They'll hear the shots and be back. They'll know it wouldn't take all them shots to cook your goose, and they'll come back and investigate." He lurched up, and I seen he was lame in one leg.

"I got it sprained in the fight," he grunted. "They was in Piute and stormin' my saloon before I knowed what was happenin'. Help me back to the saloon. My dough's hid under the bar. If all my men's been wiped out, we got to travel, and I got to get my dough. They (Continued on back page)

BERIA SERUM BE GIVEN FREE

Cross Chapter, health and physicians of the county arranged for a county-wide diphtheria immunization program that aims to reach all children from six months to 14 years of age. The doctors have agreed to administer the serum to all children within a certain age limit without charge if they are brought to the office of the health officer in the county on June 27.

Members of the Callahan County Health Institute will assist the health officer in their offices.

Every child between the ages of six months and 14 years will receive one injection of toxoid. The serum would soon disappear as a public health problem, the health officer was told.

"T ALL NIGHT" IS CARDED AT LIBERTY

An unusual record of achievement was set by Sam Taylor, director of Universal's comedy, "Out All Night," when it was carded at the Liberty Theatre Tuesday with Slim Summerville and Su Pitts in the starring roles.

Among the outstanding productions directed by Taylor during the past year were "The Freshman," "Girl Shy," with Harold Lloyd, "Best Girl," "Coquette" and "The Taming of the Shrew," with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, "Lady of the Pavements," "The Barry" and many others. Taylor was born in New York City on August 13, 1895, and completed his education at Fordham University. He is now entering motion pictures as a scenario writer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Newton were Cisco visitors Sunday.

Public Notice

At the beginning of the depression we lowered our prices. Now that conditions have improved, we feel that we are entitled to a slight advance in the price for our work.

Beginning July 1st the following prices will be in effect:

- Shaves 20c
- Adult Haircuts 35c
- Children Haircuts 25c
- Beard Clips 15c

We thank you for your patronage in the past and promise you our best in the future.

- BOB YOUNG'S BARBER SHOP
- IDEAL BARBER SHOP
- RYAN'S BARBER SHOP
- BILL CROSS' BARBER SHOP

GET THIS CHINA CUP AND SAUCER
A LOVELY CLASSIC DESIGN IN EVERY PACKAGE OF **MOTHER'S OATS**



Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

In the Scroll Case at Norris Dam



This scroll case at the Norris dam in Tennessee forms the lower end of the penstock or tube which conducts water from Norris lake to the turbines of the power plant. The swirling water will pass through the wicket gates or valves to the right of the workman, and thus into the turbines. There are two of these scrolls at the Norris dam, one for each generator.

Commissioners Pass Resolution In Memory Of S. E. Settle And Name His Widow To Fill The Unexpired Tenure

Callahan County Commissioners Court in called session Saturday drafted a resolution of respect in memory of S. E. Settle, who was killed the day before in an auto mishap near Arlington. In the resolution they also voted unanimously to name Mrs. Settle, widow of the deceased, to fill the unexpired term.

The resolution as passed appears hereunder.

"Be it remembered that on this the 18th day of June, A. D. 1936, The Commissioners' Court of Callahan County, Texas, met in called session, all members of said court being present, to-wit:

Judge J. H. Carpenter, B. O. Brame, Commissioner of Precinct No. 1, Grover E. Clare, Commissioner of Precinct No. 2, Pete King, Commissioner Precinct No. 3, and B. H. Freeland by B. O. Brame, Commissioner of Precinct No. 4, when the following Resolution and Order was unanimously passed by said court:

"Whereas, in the Providence of God our dearly beloved and highly efficient County Clerk, S. E. Settle, was called from his useful life to death in an untimely automobile accident occurring near Arlington, on Highway No. 1, while on his way with other friends to attend the reception to be tendered to the President of the United States at the Centennial in Dallas, Texas;

"It is difficult to realize that Mr Settle has gone from us, never to return. How much we will miss him the coming years will make us feel only too keenly and sadly. His splendid and devoted services to his home, to the weal and happiness, the comfort and health, the education and upright progress of the

precious charges committed to his keeping, is best known only to his devoted wife and members of his family.

"He was loyal and a highly useful member to the church of his choice; he was one of the most efficient and courteous clerks our county ever had; serving in that capacity six consecutive terms and a candidate for the seventh term without opposition, which is a living monument to his honesty, integrity, devotion to duty and popularity; he was more thoroughly familiar with the general conditions and needs of the county than any other citizen; he was highly interested and sincere in his efforts for a greater progress and united efforts toward a better and more friendly relationship of all our people. He was the soul of honor, true to his maker, to his family and his friends.

"To our brother, our colleague, friend and comrade, who has gone before, we say farewell. Your life was a rich blessing to your family, your friends and your fellowman. Its beauties and refinements will ever be remembered as the adornments of life and its duties. Your toils and labors will continue to bless and enrich mankind. Soul of our departed and beloved friend rest in peace, thy labor done.

"After due consideration, and as the best tribute we can pay to the memory of our departed colleague, and having full faith and confidence in the ability of his surviving wife, Mrs. S. E. Settle on Motion of B. H. Freeland by B. O. Brame. It is ordered by the court that Mrs. S. E. Settle be, and she is hereby appointed County Clerk of Callahan County, Texas, to fill out the unexpired term of her deceased husband, S. E. Settle, as County Clerk of Callahan County, Texas."

BURKETT

Mrs. E. L. Williams and children of El Paso are this week guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Pearce and children of Fort Worth spent Saturday and Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Pearce.

Mrs. F. L. Mayfield and daughter Connie Lee are spending this week with relatives and friends in Weatherford.

Mrs. Betty Laws of Glen Cove, spent the week end with her sister Mrs. Will Burkett who has been very ill.

Misses Bulah Bullock and Louise Simmons of Glen Cove are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bullock this week.

Mrs. Frank Golsen and daughter Celia Jean and Garland Webb left Tuesday for Arp to visit her son. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Golsen this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Phelix Watson of Coleman were Burkett visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Minnie Cunningham of Fort Worth is spending this week with

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL IS PROGRESSING NICELY

The vacation Bible school at the Methodist church is said to be well underway with more than 70 enrolled and the average daily attendance in excess of 60.

"It is what it had been planned to be—a community-wide project," the Review was told.

Pupils from all churches are in attendance. A ready response from workers of all churches has been received and is deeply appreciated, said Rev. J. C. Mann, Methodist pastor.

STOCKMEN SAVE! One-half on your Screw Worm Bill by using our Red Steer Screw Worm Killer and Flysmear. Kills quicker—heals faster and costs less. Compare our prices.

Sold by Sims Drug Company, 124-1

COMET DISCOVERER



Leslie C. Peltier, garage employe of Delphos, Ohio, who discovered the first new comet to be found this year.

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Powell of McCamey are visiting here this week.

WORK OF SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDIED

An associational meeting of the Callahan county Sunday School workers will be held at the Baird Baptist church Sunday afternoon, June 21, the Review was told in a communication from Rev. J. S. Tierce, of Clyde, yesterday.

The program will open at 2:30 Sunday afternoon with a devotional service led by Rev. Joe R. Mayes, of Baird. A business session is scheduled at 2:45. Highlights of the business session will be: (1) A brief statement from each department leader, as: adult, senior, intermediate, junior, primary, beginners and etc concerning work accomplished in their respective departments during the past month. (2) A brief statement from each

zone leader as to work. (3) Report of the national secretary on the condition of the Sunday School work in the county as shown in reports.

At 3:15 a discussion of the Sunday School work is carded. The phases are: the place of Sunday school work in the Church by Rev. J. S. Tierce; kind of officers and teachers needed. Rev. Holbs of Pomeroy; A round table discussion of Sunday School work in general.

The meeting will be dismissed with the pronouncement of the benediction at 3:40.

A small downtown Cafe in Cisco, Texas on Highway Number One, Relocation, next to a Theater and a Beer Parlor. Doing a good business but must sell immediately. See or write Gilbert Ray at Ray Ca, Cisco, Texas.

KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE FURNITURE YOU BUY

Nationally Advertised

KROEHLER

High in Quality Low in Cost

Announcing New Arrivals of KROEHLER DeLUXE LIVING ROOM SUITES. New beauty—new luxury are exemplified in these new arrivals—the prices are most pleasing and our terms will suit your conveniences.

LIVING ROOM SUITES by KROEHLER

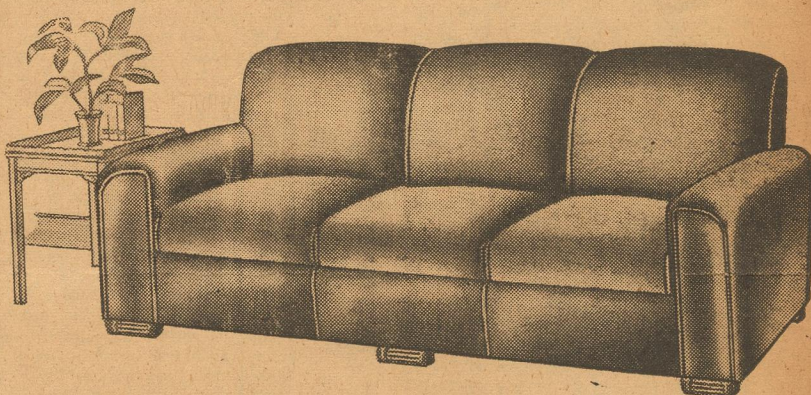
BONUS MONEY

Will bring happiness to the entire family when spent on the home.

Beautiful, sturdy Kroehler furniture will last as long as memory of those war-ridden days of '18—a lifetime:

Veterans, this store invites the frequent patronage of you, your buddies and your families.

Our Furniture Department Is Offering Hundreds of Items To make Your Home Brighter.



Note The Quality and Price Of This Suite

Come in and see this new style Kroehler living room group. Feel the beautiful fabrics and test the comfort of the many soft, resilient springs, and you will agree with us that this suite is indeed the outstanding value at \$109.50

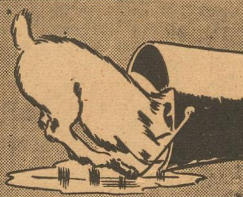
Offering Other Kroehler-made Suites as low as \$54.75

—And Other Comfortable

SUITES AS LOW AS **\$39.95**



PABCO FLOOR COVERING



WATERPROOF

Floor Coverings

—YARD MATERIALS

—AND RUGS

Complete New Stocks

Low Prices

9x12 FEET

BORDERLESS

\$4.49

YARD GOODS

6 Feet Wide

Price Per

Running Foot as low as

ONLY 27 1/2c

FOR SALE or TRADE: Deposit on New V-8 Will consider second hand car or milk cow. 3tc Bill Cross

FOR ELECTRICAL WORK, house painting or paper hanging see CHAS. Taylor, residence in front of Bennett Hotel. (20t-17)

FOR SALE: New Thor washing machine; never been used. See Mrs. A. J. Mathis at Kemper Hotel. (2tp)

LAWN FURNITURE

We invite your especial attention to our large array of lawn furniture, which includes: gliders, chairs, swings, and etc.

Gliders, Room for 3 \$14.95
Lawn Chairs—a value 79c

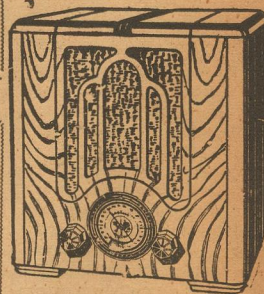
Special Values

Throughout our entire furniture department, we are showing outstanding values at this season of the year. Buy now and bank the savings.

Convenient Credit Terms

Closing Out

Our 1936 Model Crosley Radios



Priced

\$5.00 and up

HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & Co.

Cross Plains,

(Callahan County's Largest Department Store)

LOCAL BOY JOINS U. S. MARINES IN CALIFORNIA

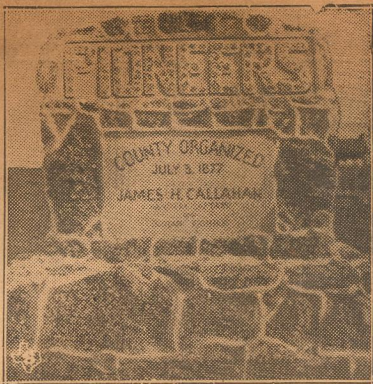
Credentials were checked here this week for the enlistment of Tom Bryant, Jr., in the United States Marines, at the San Diego, California recruiting station. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bryant of this city.

Tom Jr., recently completed his freshman year in New Mexico Military Institute, where he received numerous military honors.

Miss Mary Maud Marshall of Clyde is visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Clark, here this week.

Where Settle Services Were Held

In front of this monument, which he designed in memory to the pioneers of this county, was held the funeral service for S. E. Settle, deceased County Clerk, Sunday afternoon.



LOCAL GIRL WEDS HOT SPRINGS MAN

Miss Clara Westerman, of this place, and Jerry Watkins of Hot Springs, Arkansas, were united in marriage at Coleman Thursday night, June 11, at nine o'clock with a Baptist minister officiating. The bride was dressed in a white crepe suit and white accessories.

Mrs. Watkins is the daughter of Mrs. Nora Westerman, and has operated a beauty shop here for the past year. Mr. Watkins is employed on the police force in Hot Springs.

Mr. Watkins returned to Arkansas the first part of the week, and she will join him there in about a month where they will make their home.

COUNTY AGENT'S COLUMN

4-H Club Boys to Buffalo Gap The First annual encampment

The 4-H Club boys of Callahan County will join their neighbors of Taylor County and have a 2-day encampment Monday and Tuesday, June 22nd and 23rd. The camp will be more of a recreational affair than anything else. It is hoped that the boys may go play and become acquainted with one another during those 2 days and be more determined to do good 4-H Club work in the future. The Government granted the 2 county agents the use of the C. C. C. Camp buildings so the boys might be housed should the weather be unfavorable and the city of Abilene granted the full use of the park for those 2 days.

Each boy will take provisions for 4 full meals and the parents of the boys are invited to bring basket dinners on the second noon meal, Tuesday June 23rd, and spread together. In addition each boy will bring his own bedding, cup, tin plate, towels, knives etc. There will be 12 camps on the grounds and each set of boys will be assigned these camps with one adult to each camp.

IN MEMORIAM

The members of the Callahan 4-H Club were saddened last week when the death angel called Darwin Johnston, age 11, of Moran Route 2, and took him home. Darwin was the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnston of the Union School District.

He had enrolled in the 4-H Club on January 20th and was growing a pig. He had been very happy with his project in finding that he

Obituary

The following letter, which contains a memorial poem, was received this week by Dr. I. M. Howard, Cross Plains physician. The letter was written by Dr. J. W. Torbett, prominent Marlin specialist. The letter follows:

Dr. I. M. Howard Cross Plains, Texas Dear Doctor:

We all read in the paper of the shocking news of the passing of my good friend and old pupil, your wife, and that of your only son.

Consolation is impossible on such an occasion. I can only say that the fond memories of the joyful days you spent with them can help to banish your gloom and sorrow enhanced by the magic hands of Faith, and Hope as play upon your heart strings

Each life is but a lesson here For some much grander, nobler sphere

Each death a silent passing on To Heaven's bright, eternal dawn Where golden cords of memory bind

The loved ones to those left behind The God who made the heaven and earth

Who gave us life and love and birth Work through us from the friendly past To make us perfect all at last.

TIME IS HERE TO MAKE TRANSFER FOR SCHOOL YEAR

School transfer blanks may be obtained by applying in person or by writing to the office of county school superintendent B. C. Christman, it was announced this week. Transfers may be made for the 1936-37 school term until August first. No blanks will be issued or recognized after that date.

The transfer law now in effect is the same as in former years, with the exception of one respect. Under the changed regulation, parents living in a common school district where the subjects desired are taught in the home district wishing to transfer to another district where tuition is charged will be required to have the approval of both the home board and the board of trustees in the district to which they wish to transfer.

It was pointed out that the transfers in all instances will have to be first approved by the county superintendent. He said that in cases where the parents present the transfer blanks, showing the approval of both boards, the county superintendent will take for granted that tuition charges have been arranged to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned. In these cases, the transfers will be approved. Patrons will be compelled to pay tuition, however, if the grade is taught in their home district.

TO REPEAT PROGRAM IN COTTONWOOD GYM

Due to inclement weather and unavoidable circumstances, the musical program which was scheduled for Friday night of last week in the Cottonwood high school gymnasium was not presented in the entirety and has been re-set for tonight—Friday, June 19.

A greater array of entertainment is promised by Odie Echols, program director. Several of the Abilene artists who were to appear last week but could not reach Cottonwood have signified that they will be in attendance tonight.

Over the week end Mr. Echols took a number of his pupils to Breckenridge for the T-P Sunshine singing convention. He had the unusual distinction of winning every cash prize offered. The prize winning numbers at Breckenridge will be a part of the Cottonwood program.

Mr. Echols and Miss Leola Marie Clark, talented accordionist, were in Cross Plains Tuesday and visited the Loyalty Club, favoring the group with several renditions. They were roundly applauded and plans for starting a singing school here, under their direction, were discussed.

could produce a pig that grew at almost 3 pounds gain a day by following 4-H Club instructions.

Darwin had appendicitis and was taken sick on Saturday and lingered to the following Friday. The county agent has not been able to get the full details but know the above facts and is saddened at the loss of this good member.

Dr. and Mrs. T. G. Edwards have as their guest Mrs. Edwards mother, Mrs. L. E. Finley, of Waco, her sister, Louise also visited with them a few days this week before leaving for Colorado where she will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clements of Big Spring and Mrs. Joe Shackelford of Cisco, visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baum West of town this week.

Miss Virginia Wolfe, of Fort Worth, is visiting her grandmother Mrs. J. C. Graham here this week.

Mrs. Don McCall has as her guest this week her sister of Houston.

Mrs. O. H. Cannon of Cisco was a visitor here Monday.

COTTONWOOD

Mrs. Alec Fisher and baby of San Antonio visited her father G. W. Coats and family last week end.

Miss Helen Fulton of Baird visited her uncle Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Fulton last week.

Mrs. Willie Norrell of Breckenridge spent Friday night with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Joy.

Those who attended Rally Day of the H. D. clubs at Baird were Mesdames Belle Freeland, May Coffey, Irene Strahan, Mabel Mitchell, Missouri Ramsey, Maurine Purvis, Thelma Peavy, and Misses Eunice Hembree and Maurine Nordyke.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Whitehorn spent last week end at Coleman visiting her sister Mrs. Joe Bohannon.

Mrs. A. E. Ellis gave a surprise birthday dinner in honor of her daughter, Mrs. May Webster Sunday, June 7th. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Everett and son, Mr. and Mrs. Jewell Ellis and children Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Ellis and baby of Putnam; Mr. and Mrs. Jim McKeehan and family of Okra; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ellis and daughter of Admiral; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Webster and the host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Ellis and son Herbert of Cottonwood.

Mrs. Rollins of Cedar Park is visiting her sister Mrs. J. A. Joy at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson left this week for their home in Los Angeles after several days visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton Cox and children of Eastland visited her mother, Mrs. W. B. Shirley this week.

Miss Corece Murdock of Trent is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Worthing.

Mrs. Mamye Coppinger spent the first of this week with Miss Leta Coppinger at Abilene.

Our community was made sad last week on the account of the death of Mr. S. E. Settle. He was a good citizen and neighbor, having lived neighbor to him while he lived here at Cottonwood. Mr. Settle taught in the public school here. Words fail us when we try to express the sorrow, when we learned of the tragedy. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Settle and family, and may Christ, the

Great comforter, be this trying hour.

E. K. Coppinger and family visited in Abilene Monday.

Mrs. R. H. Thomas and family of Lamesa have been here this week.

Our singing school is on in a big way. We are having a great time. Folks you do know just what you are missing when you do not attend this school. Mr. Echols is putting on another concert next Friday night to defray the expense of school. It will be entirely a different program with new numbers. Also some home talent will be used in this program. Now if you can't come before Friday night be sure to come then. Admission —10 and 15c.

Mrs. Leonard Breeding and children of Lamesa are visiting relatives this week.

Ivadel Mitchell of Baird is visiting here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Griffin, and children, of Ackerley, Texas, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hudson, and family. Mrs. Griffin is a sister of Mr. Hudson's.

MONEY!

Farm and Ranch Loans 5% Money. Twenty Years to Pay Also F.H.A. Loans. Build a new home.

LUKE V. WILSON 614 College Ave. Coleman, Texas

A Travel Bargain no wonder my friends said Take the Katy

Low Daily Rates 2 a Mile in Coaches 3 a Mile in Sleepers Still Lower Round Trip Fares

Go Katy! ... enjoy the utmost in SAFETY. COMFORT ECONOMY

Hat Sale \$1.00 Any Ladies or Childs Hat in this Store for \$1.00 \$2.79 and \$2.95 Values HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & CO.

W.B. Baldwin Lumber Co. Your Building Material Dealer Home Owned and Operated

Candidates Special Political Edition Review Will Be Read By Every Voter In Callahan County Next Month Give Us Your Copy Early For Good Position

PREMIER OF SPAIN



Santiago Casares Quiroga, minister of the interior in the last, Spanish cabinet, who formed a new government in which he holds the ministerial position of premier and minister of war.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Griffin, and children, of Ackerley, Texas, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hudson, and family. Mrs. Griffin is a sister of Mr. Hudson's.

Gene Adams spent Thursday in Hobbs, New Mexico.

Skin Sufferers
MADE HAPPY OVERNIGHT!
Thousands apply Palmer's "Skin Success" for healing relief from skin distress. It works like a magician in many cases. Successful for 95 years. Also use Palmer's "Skin Success" Soap to keep skin in better condition. 25c each.

DAY STRIP
congratulates the
this week on the oc-
the anniversary of
day.
Nash June 16
Warren, June 17
Williams Sun June 21
non Lane Fri June 26
avis Fri June 26
McDonough June 26

Cylinder Reboring
A Specialty
Calhoun Motor Co.

Dr. T. G. Edwards
Physician and Surgeon
Office: City Drug Store

Dr. J. H. McGowen
DENTIST--X-RAY
Office: Farmers National
Bank Bldg.

S. C. Barr
"Insurance of all Kinds"
Office Over
Citizens State Bank Bldg.
Cross Plains, Texas

CLOTHES

MADE TO FIT THE HARD TO FIT

Have you stoop shoulders, a flat chest, protruding abdomen, round shoulders, square shoulders, short waist or are you too tall or too short?

We represent tailoring concerns that make a specialty of fitting the hard to fit. Prices are no more—and you'll be pleased.

Try Our Cleaning and Pressing Service.

JIM SETTLE'S DRY CLEANING

"Enemy to Dirt"

We can paint your car for as little as \$8.00. This is a complete job and will give absolute satisfaction.

Jordan Painting & Repair Co.

Next to Butler Grocery, Cross Plains.

We refinish and upholster fine furniture. See our new line of colors and fine upholstery fabrics.

Are YOU HAPPY After Meals

Or Do Gas on Stomach and Sour Stomach make you Miserable?

Too much food, or the wrong kind of food, too much smoking, too much beer, make your body over-acid. Then you have distress after eating, gas on stomach, heartburn, sour stomach.

ALKA - SELTZER relieves these troubles promptly, effectively.

Use Alka-Seltzer for Headache, Colds, Fatigue, "Morning After Feeling," Muscular, Sciatic and Rheumatic Pains.

Alka-Seltzer makes a sparkling alkaline drink. As it contains an analgesic (Acetyl-Salicylate) it first relieves the pain of everyday ailments and then by restoring the alkaline balance corrects the cause when due to excess acid.

Alka-Seltzer tastes like carbonated mineral spring water—works like magic. Contains no dangerous drugs... does not depress the heart... is not laxative.

Get a drink at your Drug Store Soda Fountain. Keep a package in your home medicine cabinet.

SOCIETY CLUBS PERSONALS

LUNCHEON IS FETE TO DELTA KAPPA MONDAY

Mrs. Fred Cutbirth was hostess when she entertained the "Delta Kappa" bridge club with a luncheon at one o'clock at her home Monday afternoon.

The house was beautifully decorated with zinnias, roses and lillies. Two tables of bridge followed the luncheon. Mrs. V. A. Underwood won high score for the afternoon and Mrs. Jack Scott won the traveling prize.

After several games of bridge refreshments of ice cream and cake were passed to Mrs. Edwin Baum, Mrs. J. H. McGowen, Mrs. Volley Joe Williams, Mrs. Elliott Bryant, Mrs. W. J. Sipes, Mrs. V. A. Underwood, Mrs. O. H. Cannon of Cisco, Mrs. Jack Scott, Mrs. Stanley Clark, and the hostess.

Mrs. W. J. Sipes will entertain the club at her home next Monday afternoon.

COMAL H. D. MEETS IN TOM STRICKLAND HOME

The Comal home demonstration club met in the home of Mrs. Tom Strickland Thursday afternoon. Eight members and one visitor, Mrs. Billy Strickland, were in attendance.

Mrs. C. B. Edgington demonstrated furniture upholstery. Next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. A. A. Watson.

Card of Thanks

To you my many dear friends who came to my home last week and who helped to minister to my loved ones in the last hours of their lives and who stood by me with your words of comfort and love; brave, strong words that came only from loving hearts enabled me to live through the darkest day of my life. I want to say thank you and say God bless you and that I love you. I ever love you to the last third of your garments. May I never, never forget you and it was your words and your courage, and your Christian hearts that enabled me to live at all.

I want to thank each of the hospitals and Doctors away from home that has ever contributed to my wife's comfort and I want to say God bless them. In the last weeks of her illness when she was confined at home I want to thank Dr. Doughty and Dr. Bullard, and especially do I want to thank Dr. Edwards, who was so faithful to my wife, who stayed with Robert as he was passing. He never left us, he was faithful, he was kind, he was gentle and I love him for it. To the Druggists here in town, who have been so nice to me I wish to thank and say God bless you.

I wish to thank Mrs. Sneller and Miss Green who were so faithful and stayed with us through it all. They exerted every effort to soothe and make their passing hours as easy as they could.

My Preacher friends came and conducted a funeral service that in every way responded to my hearts desire and may God bless them.

For the many floral offerings that came to my loved ones let me thank you and say that they were beautiful, these flowers in their beauty were like their lives indeed, they were lovely in their lives and in their deaths they were not divided.

Dr. I. M. Howard.

Mrs. Frank Medford left Sunday for Fort Worth to be at the bedside of her father who is seriously ill.

Did You Know

That at the age of 20 years you can buy an Amacable Old Line Insurance Policy for \$28.09 per year which will pay you at the age of 60, either \$1,491.74 in cash, or, \$1,865.74 in insurance.

A beautiful feature of this policy is you only have to pay the premiums the first 16 years. After that it carries itself at no cost to you whatsoever.

Rates proportionately low for all other ages.

HULAR BARR

Amacable Old Line Life Insurance

CLUB IS ENTERTAINED AT LAKE BROWNWOOD

Mr. and Mrs. Volley Joe Williams entertained the Contract Club with a picnic and outing at the Brownwood Lake last Thursday night.

Those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Baum, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Scott and the host and hostess.

Dr. and Mrs. T. G. Edwards have as their guest Mrs. Edwards mother, Mrs. L. E. Finley, of Waco, her sister, Louise also visited with them a few days this week before leaving for Colorado where she will attend school.

Miss Ophelia Wesley of Amarillo visited friends and relatives here Monday.

GARDEN CLUB MEETS AT MRS TOM BRYANT'S HOME

The Garden Club met at the home of Mrs. Tom Bryant last Wednesday afternoon.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Walter Ramsey. In a business session it was decided to disband the club for the summer months.

Those attending were: Mrs. Carmen Wright, Mrs. J. E. Henkel, Mrs. W. A. Williams, Mrs. Henry Williams, Mrs. T. G. Edwards, Mrs. Ed Schaffner, Mrs. C. Dean, Mrs. W. S. Ramsey and the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Westerman returned to their home in Odessa Saturday after a few days visit here. Mrs. Nora Westerman returned with them for a visit.

MRS. JOHN OLDHAM IS HONORED AT SHOWER

Misses Estelle Looney and Willie Mae Gaines complimented Mrs. John Oldham of Cross Cut with a miscellaneous shower in the home of the latter Wednesday afternoon.

As the guests entered they were asked to register in a bride's book. Contest games furnished the program for the afternoon.

The honoree was asked into the dining room where gifts were presented to her from the dining room table.

Refreshments of cookies and punch were passed to the following guests: Mesdames Eldon Clark, Sherry Webb, Ray Jones all of Cross Plains, Morgan Chastain of Grovesnor, Mrs. Herland Pittman of Williams; R. H. Pruitt, Elmer Biehl, Henry Davis, Harry Hall, S.

Chambers, Overy Pittman, John Pittman, J. P. Leewright, W. T. Gaines, C. J. Newton, Leonard Jennings, W. F. Looney, A. Baucom, Cecil Gaines, John Pagland, Eldon Gregg, Tye Clark, Lee Henderson, George Dibrell, Ruel Gafford, Ernest Brum, J. K. Pevchouse, Misses, Hazel Edgington, Ruby Pagland, Cluioe Newton, Ruby Jennings, Tuia Keller, Marie Baucom, Maurine Gaines, Johnie Melton, Inez Baucom, Mary Lou Dibrell, Ruth Baucom, Ondella Jackson, Mrs. Roe Martin, the hostess and the honoree.

These sending gifts were Misses Lavonia Clark, Mesdames Elvie Byrd, Jim Newton, John Clark, Luke Clark, Bill Baucom, Charley Teague, and Miss Thelma Prater.

Dr. and Mrs. T. G. Edwards had as their guests last week his parents and sister of Waco. His sister, Mary Alice, will leave soon for a visit in Europe.

Mrs. Mary Gensley, Mrs. F. R. Anderson and children left Wednesday morning for Dallas.

Absence
makes the meat grow tender

● The new Hotpoint Ranges bring you a great new gift of electricity. "Absent Cookery"—a modern miracle of electricity—enables you to cook an entire meal while you are away from the kitchen, and results are wonderful. Meat perfectly cooked and tender, vegetables tasty and healthful, pudding, pie, rolls, etc., beautifully browned and deliciously flavored.

Come in and learn the whole wonderful truth about cooking with these Hotpoint Electric Ranges. See how clean, glowing electric heat creates no "combustion dirt," keeps pots and pans, stove, walls and curtains clean.

We will show you why Electric Cookery is COOL. There is a whole lot more to this wonderful feature than the insulated oven. The beauty of it all is that you can enjoy these advantages of electric cookery and save money at the same time. See these Hotpoint Ranges today.

FEATURES
Calrod, hi-speed, clean-heat coils... "Chef's Brain" (automatic timer clock)... Thrift Cooker... new type oven temperature control... fully insulated oven... table-top model... all porcelain enamel... trimmed with chromium.

HOTPOINT CALROD
What Mazda means to light, Calrod means to cookery. Calrod is the name given to Hotpoint's hi-speed sealed-in-metal cooking coil which has revolutionized electric cookery. It brings new speed, new cleanliness and new economy to the kitchen.

THRIFT COOKER
Economical. Uses only about as much current as the kitchen light. Cooks an entire meal of meat, vegetables, dessert—or bakes small quantities, like a few potatoes, without need for heating up the oven.

● Liberal Trade-in Allowance
● Low Down Payment
● Easy Monthly Terms

West Texas Utilities Company

INCH RAIN FALLS HERE PAST FRIDAY

More than an inch rain fell in Cross Plains Friday night and early Saturday morning. Burkett and Cross Cut both reported heavier precipitations.

A receptacle at the DeBusk place, near Burkett, gauged better than three inches.

Streams throughout this area were somewhat swollen.

In Cross Plains, light showers fell Friday morning beginning about 10 o'clock, however, not until late that night did any appreciable amount of water fall. Farmers and stockmen opined the rain was of general value.

LOCAL MAN'S NEICE PLAYS TEXAS BELLS IN WELCOME SALUTE

When a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet visited the University of Texas last week, bells from a campus tower played a serenade for the first time—and a 16 year old girl Jane Yantis, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Benton Jones of this place, was the player. She is the daughter of Hugh C. Yantis, construction superintendent.

To reach the bells the girl was forced to ride to the top on one of the big construction elevators.

Texas Longhorns Driven O'er Trail at Expo



It was the Longhorn steer which broke many trails to Southwestern markets in the early days. Typical cattle on "The Chisholm Trail" are pictured here being

driven by Texas Rangers on one of the nine reconstructed "Roads of the Southwest," a feature exhibit at the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas. Other fam-

ous roads are, Santa Fe trail, Old San Antonio, Fort Worth Pike, Yuma Pike, Pan American Highway, Magazine Street, in New Orleans, Butterfield Trail and Main Street, Dallas.

ATTEND MEETING MONDAY OF BROWN-MILLS MEDICS

Dr. and Mrs. T. G. Edwards attended a meeting of the Brown-Mills County Medical Society at Lake Brownwood Monday night.

The speakers, all of whom were from Dallas, were: Dr. Rathbone Williams, Dr. C. L. Martin, Dr. John E. Ashley.

Dr. Joe R. McFarlane is secretary of the Brown-Mills County Medical Society.

"MY SKIN WAS FULL OF PIMPLES AND BLEMISHES"

Says Verna Schlep: "Since using Adlerika the pimples are gone. My skin is smooth and glows with health." Adlerika washes BOTH bowels, rids you of poisons that cause a bad complexion.

"While they last Special 10c Trial Sizes on sale at Sims Drug Co.

Mrs. Billie Gray of Odessa visited here this week.

ROWDEN

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Mauldin of Baird are visiting his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mauldin at Rowden.

Mayo Fowler and Burr Elliott are working at Brunt Branch this week.

Robert Mauldin returned home Wednesday from Grosvenor where he has been visiting his friend Fred Purcell.

Less Baggett and Pete Swafford were up from the Bayou Saturday night.

Juanita Swafford, Lois and Connie Miller, Hope and Clovis McDonald, Willie Martha Miller, Robert Mauldin, Pete Swafford and Nell Tabor were in the Walter Jones home Sunday.

A bunch of the young folks were in the J. N. Baggett home Sunday evening.

Frona McDonald spent Sunday with Margaret Miller.

Christeen Bowers took dinner with Opal King Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Odom spent Saturday night with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Burt Tabor.

Aron Shelton, Loyd Phillips, Grady Chriswan, were at Rowden Sunday.

Several from Rowden attended S. E. Settle's funeral Sunday at Baird.

Pete Swafford visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Swafford Sunday.

Less Baggett visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Baggett Sunday.

Willie Martha Miller from Baird is visiting relatives at Rowden.

Frazel and Lora Faye Odom were at Rowden Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bland Odom from the Odom ranch on the Bayou were at Rowden Saturday night.

STATE CANDIDATE VISITS THIS CITY MONDAY MORNING

Thousands of dollars a day can be added to the fund belonging to the school children of Texas through business-like methods, said W. H. (Bill) McDonald, candidate for State Land Commissioner, while in Cross Plains Monday morning. This increased revenue could be obtained without harshness or injustice to the rights of anyone, the Eastland man continued.

"It would make it possible to restore the salaries of our school teachers back to the level that these splendid men and women were receiving before decreased tax payments resulted in salary cuts," he said.

McDonald said his opponent, a deputy in the Land Office, continues to hold on to a "fat, appointive job" while running around over the State campaigning for office.

"He is going out handshaking, backslapping and speechifying instead of attending to his job down there at Austin, looking after the interests of the school children—and you taxpayers are paying for his campaign."

McDonald charge that his opponent favors using convict drilling crews when thousands of citizens are out of work and that his rival also is committed to a policy of putting the State into the oil-hunting business, which would mean millions of dollars lost because of dry holes.

"Use those millions to pay pensions to our elderly men and women," McDonald urged. He is a World War veteran, 36 years, old, was born in Texas, worked his way through college, studied law at night and has been a practicing attorney for nine years.

"STOMACH PAINS SO BAD I COULD HARDLY WORK"

Says C. S. Gross: "After taking Dr. Emil's Adia Tablets the pains are gone and I eat anything." Try Adia treatment on our money back guarantee.

Sold by Sims Drug Co.

If interested in refinancing or purchasing farms on long terms 4% interest thru Federal Land Bank and supplemental Land Bank Commissioner second lien 5% loans see or write.

M. H. Perkins, Sec-Treas., Citizens N.F.L.A. Clyde, Tex.

Mrs. Marion Harvey has as her guest this week, Mrs. Baker of Fort Worth. Mrs. Robt. Cunningham turn the last of this week extended visit in Glade.



Father's Day Sunday, June 21st DON'T FORGET DAD



TIES from our regular stock at a special low price for Father's Day gifts. Included are fine silk foulards and crepes and novelty weaves in many new patterns.

50c to 95c

SHIRTS

Trim white shirts of extra cool broadcloth. Starch free-folding collar that can't wilt on the warmest. The perfect shirt for summer wear. A gift that Father will appreciate \$1.00 to \$1.50



Sox

For Dad His Favorite Brand

25c

35c

Belts

50c & \$1.00

Suspenders

The Summer Cool & Comfortable

50c

S & H Department Store

Cross Plains, Texas

NOW—THE
New Firestone
STANDARD TIRE

NEVER BEFORE SO MANY
Extra Value Features
IN A TIRE AT SUCH A LOW PRICE

The THRIFT TIRE of 1936 **\$6.95**
4.40-21

DEEP-CUT NON-SKID TREAD
MORE RUBBER ON THE ROAD
LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE
TWO EXTRA LAYERS OF GUM-DIPPED CORDS UNDER THE TREAD
GUM-DIPPED CORD BODY

FIRST LINE QUALITY—The new Firestone Standard Tire has been designed and constructed by Firestone skilled tire engineers—it is a first quality tire, built of first grade materials, embodying exclusive Firestone patented construction features.

FIRESTONE NAME AND GUARANTEE Every Standard Tire is backed by the Firestone name and guarantee—your assurance of safety, dependability and economy.

LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE—The wider, flatter tread is scientifically designed with more and tougher rubber on the road for long, even wear, and thousands of extra miles.

GUM-DIPPED CORD BODY—Eight extra pounds of rubber are added to every one hundred pounds of cotton cords by the Firestone patented process of Gum-Dipping. This not only provides greater strength, but gives greatest blowout protection.

TWO EXTRA LAYERS OF GUM-DIPPED CORDS UNDER THE TREAD—Cushions road shocks. Affords extra protection against punctures and binds the whole tire into one unit of great strength.

STANDARD TYPE FOR PASSENGER CARS

SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE
4.40-21	\$6.95	6.00-16	\$11.95
4.50-20	7.45	HEAVY DUTY	
4.50-21	7.75	6.00-17	14.30
4.75-19	8.20	6.00-19	15.20
5.00-19	8.80	6.00-20	15.55
5.25-17	9.45	6.00-21	15.90
5.25-18	9.75	6.50-19	17.45
5.50-17	10.70	6.50-20	17.70
5.50-19	11.20	Other Sizes Priced Proportionately Low	

IT COSTS LESS TO BUY—VOLUME PRODUCTION SAVES YOU MONEY—The new Firestone Standard Tire is the greatest tire value ever offered car owners—volume production, efficient factories and the most economical distribution system make it possible to sell this new tire at a price remarkably low. This is why car owners everywhere call it the Thrift Tire for 1936.

For Truck Operators

LONGER MILEAGE, MORE DEPENDABLE SERVICE—VOLUME PRICES



\$14.83
6.00-20

STANDARD TYPE FOR TRUCKS AND BUSES HEAVY DUTY

SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE
6.00-20	\$14.83	30 x 5	\$18.64
6.50-20	19.21	32 x 6	31.72
7.00-20	25.46	36 x 6	34.45
7.50-20	30.80	34 x 7	42.57
8.25-20	43.14	38 x 7	45.63
9.00-20	53.16	36 x 8	59.06

Other Sizes Priced Proportionately Low

WHETHER you operate one truck or several, dependable service is your greatest asset. In hauling produce to market, operating fast local deliveries, in heavy cross-country hauling, operating school buses, or in any type of trucking service, you need a first-quality tire, built of first grade materials to give you long, trouble-free mileage. Now, for the first time, you can get such a tire at prices you can afford to pay. Come in today and let us show you how the new Firestone Standard Truck and Bus Tire will give you better service and save you money.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone—featuring Margaret Speaks, Soprano, with the Firestone Choral Symphony, and William Daly's Orchestra—every Monday night over N. B. C. Nationwide Network

Garrett Motor Company

BLEEDING SORE GUMS

If you really want quick, certain and lasting relief from this most disgusting disease, just get a bottle of LETO'S PYORRHEA REMEDY and use as directed. LETO'S is always guaranteed.

Sold By City Drug Store.

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Use your telephone to save time. It will serve you in many ways business, socially or emergency. Your telephone is for yourself, family, or your employees only. Please report to management any dissatisfaction.

HOME TELEPHONE
T. P. BEARDEN, Manager



If you lived 100 MILLION YEARS AGO

... you'd find Sinclair Motor Oils already in the making. The crude oils used in their manufacture were even then being through Nature's priceless mellowing process.

Generally speaking, the longer a crude has been in and filtering in the earth, the tougher the lubricating will provide. Sinclair Opaline and Sinclair Pennsylvania Oils each give a lubricating film that is ten times tougher your engine normally requires.

Look for the dinosaur on the refinery-sealed, Tampan cans.



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C. C. CLARKSON, CISCO
T. Y. WOODY LOCAL DEALER

A Man Eating Jeopard

Continued From Inside Full Page Story

horses in a corral not far from the saloon.

"All right," I said, picking up the wad of paper I'd thrown through the window, but not stopping to discuss it. "Let's go," I said, and we went.

If anybody thinks it's a cinch to help a man as big as Navajo Beldon down a mountain trail with a sprained ankle, he's loco as hell. He had to kind of hop on one leg and I had to act as his other leg, and before we was halfway down I felt like throwing him the rest of the way down and washing my hands of the whole business. Of course, I didn't, though.

PUIITE was just as quiet and empty as before—heads bobbing a little way of doors to gawp at us, then jerking back quick, and everything still and breathless under the hot sun.

Beldon cursed at the sight of the dead men in the bar, and he sounded sick.

"I feel like a skunk," he said, "rinnin' out like this and leavin' Pinte to the mercies of them devils which follered McBride. But what else can I do?"

"Look out!" I yelled, jumping back out of the doorway and blazing away with my six-gun, as there came a rattle of hoofs up the south trail and then seven devils of McBride's come storming back into town. They'd already seen me, before I fired, and they howled like wolves and came at a dead run.

At the crack of my six-shooter one of 'em went out of his saddle and laid still, and they swung aside and raced behind a old dobe house.

right across from the saloon. Beldon was cussing and hitching hisself to one of the winders with a rifle he'd brung from the cabin, and I took the other winder. The old dobe they'd took cover behind didn't have no roof and the wall was falling down, but it made a prime fort, and in about a second lead was smacking into the saloon walls, and ripping through the winders and busting bottles behind the bar, and when Beldon seen his lick-er wasted that way he hollered like a bull with its tail caught in the corral gate.

They'd punched loop holes in the dobe. All we could see was rifle muzzles and the tops of their hats row and then. We was shooting back, of course, but from the vigor of their profanity I knowed we wasn't doing nothing but knocking dust into their faces.

"They've got us," said Beldon despairingly. "They'll hold us here till the rest of them devils comes up. Then they'll rush us from three or four sides at once and finish us."

"We could sneak out the back way," I said, "but we'd have to go on foot, and with your ankle we couldn't get nowheres."

"You go," he said, sighting along his rifle barrel and throwing another slug into the dobe. "I'm done. I couldn't get away on this lame leg. I'll hold 'em whilst you sneak off."

This being too ridiculous to answer, I maintained a dignified silence and said nothing outside of requesting him not to be a fool.

A minute later he give a groan like a buffler bull with the belly-ache.

"We're sunk now!" says he. "Here come the rest of them!"

And sure enough I heard the drum of more hoofs up the south trail, and the firing across the way lulled, as the fellers listened. Then they give a yell of extreme pleasure, and started firing again with wild hilarity.

"I ain't lived the kind of life I ought to have," mourned Beldon. "My days has been full of vanity and sin. The fruits of the flesh is sweet to the tongue, Buckner, but they play hell with the belly. I wish I'd given more attention to spiritual things, and less to gyppin' my feller-man—Are you listenin'?"

"Shut up!" I said fretfully. "They is a feller keeps stickin' his head up behind that dobe, and the next time he does it I aim to ventilate his cranium, if you don't spoil my aim with your gab."

"You ought to be placin' your mind on higher things at a time like this," he reproved. "We're hoverin' on the brink of Eternity, and it's a time when you should be repentin' your sinful ways, like me, and shakin' the dust of the flesh off your feet—Hell fire and damnation!" he roared suddenly, heaving up from behind the winder sill. "That ain't McBride's men! That's Donnelly!"

THE FELLERS behind the dobe found that out just then, but it didn't do 'em no good. Donnelly and six of the men which had rode out with him come swinging in behind 'em, and they was ten more men with him I hadn't never saw before. The six men behind the dobe run for their horses, but they didn't have a chance. They'd been so sure it was their pals they didn't pay much attention, and Donnelly and his boys was right behind 'em before they realized their mistake.

Of course, we couldn't see what was happening behind the dobe. We just saw Donnelly and his hombraes sweep around it, and then heard the guns roaring and men yelling. But by the time I'd run across the street and rounded the corner of the dobe, the McBride gang was a thing of the past, and three of Donnelly's men was down with more or less lead in 'em.

"Carry 'em over to the saloon, boys," said Donnelly, who had a broke arm in a blood-soaked sleeve hisself. We done so, whilst Navajo, who had got as far as the porch on his game leg, bellered and waved his smoking rifle like a scepter.

"Lay 'em on the floor and pour lick-er down 'em" said Beldon. "What the hell happened?"

"Richards led us into a trap," granted Donnelly, taking a deep swig hisself. "They got Bill and Tom and Dick, but I plugged Richards as he took to the brush. They'd have snagged us all though, if it hadn't been for these boys. They was with the outfit on Eagle River, and when Richards rode off last night they got suspicious and trailed him. They was just south of Devil's Gorge where the ambush was laid, when they heard the shootin', and they come up in time

CHESS CHAMPION



Samuel Rehevsky, who won first place in the recent chess tournament in New York, thereby became the national champion, succeeding Frank J. Marshall.

to give us a hand."

"And if it hadn't been for Grimes here," granted Beldon, "McBride would have been boss of Pinte right now. What you lookin' at?"

"This here paper," I said, "I'm tryin' to figger out why a pitcher of a jeopard would start McBride to killin' his own men."

"Lemme see," says he, and he took it and looked at it, and said: "Why, hell, no wonder! It's got McBride's name at the top, over that pitcher. He thought that feller Joe had drawed it to insult him. "But the pitcher of a jeopard—" I protested.

"You might have meant it for a jeopard," he said, "but it looks a darn sight more like a striped skunk to me, and I reckon that's what McBride took it for. I told you he went crazy when the subject of skunks was brung up. Never mind that; a hombra as quick with a gun as you are don't need no other accomplishments; how about a steady job with me?"

"What for?" I said. "With the McBride gang cleaned out I don't see what they is for an able-bodied man in these parts. Besides, I see I ain't appreshiated her. I'm goin' on to Californy, like pap told me to."

LOST a silver watch at, or near, the Baptist tabernacle Sunday morning. Finder please return to Collis Eager, or leave with Mrs. Eunice Starr at C. P. Variety Store

DR. I. M. HOWARD ASKS FRIENDS FOR COPIES OF LAST WEEK PAPER

Unusual demand for last week's copies of the Review exhausted the supply, save for those which are necessarily held by the editor for checking copies, in compliance with regulations.

Dr. I. M. Howard, last week who suffered one of the bitterest experiences a man ever witnessed, wants 25 copies of last week's Review which carried accounts of Robert's death and the fatal illness of Mrs. Howard. Anyone having a copy of this issue will confer a great favor upon the beloved Cross Plains physician by giving him the issue he so wants.

Papers may be either given to Dr. Howard in person, mailed to him, or left at the Review office to be delivered to his home.

H. D. PRIZES

(Continued from page 1)

Annie Mae McIntosh of Denton was given honorable mention in this class.

In the cooperators division Mrs. Louis Williams of the Deep Creek club won first prize which was a lawn chair, Mrs. Watson of the Enterprise Club was second, winning a water set, and Miss Linnie Brasher of the Atwell Club won third prize which was a five piece canister set. A number of dresses were selected as being good and the judges finally asked the audience to help in the final placing. A little interest was added to the occasion by allowing the men of the audience to rank the dresses as they thought they should be, and they didn't make many mistakes.

The Atwell Club had 96% of its members present wearing dresses made by the pattern.

The Dressy Club had 100% completed closets in the club. Each received one year's subscription to the Parents Magazine.

Lunch was served to about three hundred people in the building used

TO THE CITIZENSHIP OF CALLAHAN COUNTY

I wish to express my sincere thanks to my husband's many friends for the favors extended him and his family during the years past, and as I have been appointed to serve out his unexpired term, my name will be on the Democratic ticket in place of his for re-election.

I will sincerely appreciate your consideration and support and assure you that the office will continue under capable management.

Sincerely Yours,
Mrs. S. E. Settle

Dr. and Mrs. T. G. Edwards had as their guests last week his parents and sister of Waco. His sister, Mary Alice, will leave soon for a visit in Europe.

Mrs. Mary Gensley, Mrs. F. R. Anderson and children left Wednesday morning for Dallas.

by the Callahan County Club and the Business and Professional Women's Club. Following the lunch hour the clubs gathered again in District Court Room where they were entertained by Odie Echols and Leola Marie Clark who sang Texas songs and other popular songs, Miss Clark accompanying on the accordian. Following several encores by this pair, the clubs presented 10 minute stunts which were cleverly given.

Mrs. Evan Barton, Chairmana of the Home Demonstration Council presided over the meeting for the day. Miss Maurine Hearn, District Home Demonstration agent of College Station was a visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Westerman returned to their home in Odessa Saturday after a few days visit here. Mrs. Nora Westerman returned

with them for a visit. FOR SALE: 5 room house, modern conveniences, 3 lots, at a bargain. Near schools.

Phil Bingham

PIGGLY WIGGLY

ASSORTED COLD MEATS
MAKE A DELIGHTFUL LUNCHEON, ON WARM EVENINGS

LARGE BOLOGNA	2 lbs for	25c
OLIMA SAUSAGE	lb.	25c
CACARONI CHEESE LOAF	lb.	25c
TOMATO LOAF	lb.	25c
WEINERS	2 lbs for	35c
MMER SAUSAGE	lb.	20c
CKLE & PIMENTO LOAF	lb.	25c
SKET ROAST	2 lbs for	25c
ONG HORN CHEESE LB.		19c
UND MEAT	2 lbs.	25c
LS	lb.	15c
EN STEAK, Choice Beef	lb. 17 1/2 c	
MONTE COFFEE	1 lb. 28c	55c
	2 lbs.—	
HOUSTON COFFEE, 3 lbs in Thermos Jug		\$1.84
TEXCO SPECIAL COFFEE	3 lbs.	50c
RLERS COCOA,	1 lb. 10c, 2 lbs.	15c
WITE SWAN TEA	1-4 lb.	19c
TINE DESERT		5c
RICKEY or GINGER ALE, Large Bottle		15c
SALMON,	2 for	25c
UR	48 lbs. Gilt Edge	\$1.35
E ALBERT TOBACCO		10c
T PEANUT BUTTER		25c
T SALAD DRESSING		27c
S PRINCES CAKES		25c
BROWN B-E PEAS	lb.	5c
BROWN CABBAGE	lb.	4c
BROWN CUCUMBERS	lb.	4c
ATOES	Home Grown No. 1	25c
	10 lbs.	

FRUIT JAR SALE

Half Gallon Jars	\$1.09
Quarts Jars	72c
Pints Jars	62c

ELMONTE SPINACH, No. 2 1/4, 2 cans	29c
TOMATO SAUCE, 8 oz. can, 2 for	9c
LIPS TOMATO JUICE, 10 oz., 4 for	17c

LOUR	48 POUNDS	\$1.32
MINOLA TOILET TISSUE	4 rolls	25c
CLOCK COFFEE	3 lbs.	50c
BROWN TEA	3/4 lb.	22c

CANE		
SAR	25 POUNDS	\$1.35
DOWN Cake Flour	pkg.	27c
MET Baking Powder	lb.	22c
BRAN FALKES	pkg.	11c
ENUT FLAKES	pkg.	18c
UTE TAPIOCA	pkg.	13c
EAD, Fresh Every day		7c
LLS	dozen	5c
EESSE	pound	20c
ATA BAKING POWDER	2 lbs.	25c

RYRS		
UR	48 POUNDS	\$1.70
ORK & BEANS,	can	5c
TEA,	1-4 lb.	17c
E DESSERT,	4 pkgs.	19c

ANDS		
PTENING	8 LBS. CARTON	89c
	10 pounds	25c
	Carton	18c
E VINEGAR	gal.	23c
E VINEGAR	gal.	19c

LIBERTY

NOW SHOWING
JOHN WAYNE
In
"THE TRAIL BEYOND"
with
NOAH BERRY
NOAH BEERY, Jr.
VERNA HILLIE
Plus Phantom Empire No. 8
Comedy, Cartoon and Musical

Sunday Matinee
Monday and Tuesday

"POLICY" RACKET SMASHED!

DRAMATIC dynamite-written by MARTIN MOONEY, the newspaper reporter, who went to jail because he could not divulge the source of his secret information. The most timely dramatic romance of the year!

EXCLUSIVE STORY

with **TONY EVANS**
Stuntman - Joseph Collier
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer PICTURE

Plus a Todd and Kelly Comedy
"A THRILL FOR THELMA" and Cartoon
Admission 10 & 20c

Wednesday & Thursday
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
and ZASU PITTS
In
"OUT ALL NIGHT"
With
Laura Hope Crews,
Shirley Grey,
Alexander Carr and
Mae Busch
Also Selected Short Subjects

SAVE \$50 to \$75

SEE THESE BETTER VALUES TODAY!

1933 MASTER CHEVROLET COACH—A-1 Mechanically with extra good tires upholstery and paint a real value. **\$345.00**

1933 MASTER CHEVROLET COUPE. In best of general condition and has the famous Chevrolet economy, remember—low oil and gas **\$365.00**

1933 CHEVROLET COACH. Listen Big Boy, it is to your interest to see this machine before you buy any car.

A LATE MODEL V-8 Thoroughly re-conditioned motor, new paint, new 6:00 tires and wheels. Really a dress up job and a good one too. Upholstry like new **\$385.00**

GET A Better CAR

buy that **USED CAR** from your **CHEVROLET DEALER**

1931 CHEVROLET SPORT COUPE Good mechanical condition with four good tires and fitten **\$150.00**

1932 PONTIAC COACH, A NASH COUPE, A WHIPPETT COUPE, all with lots good service left in the cars. If you have a good cow or horse r something to trade on these cars come in.

1931 CHEVROLET TRUCK, Dual wheel.
1929 Chevrolet Truck—both Trucks will haul in your grain and take your cows to town **BARGAINS**

Many other good bargains on our Used Car lot. Visit this lot and see our cars before you buy.

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CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS