

# Let's Fill XMAS with Good Deeds

War brings conditions into our lives that we have never known. It changes our habits, upsets conditions and disturbs the current of business. But we are prepared to take care of a part of your wants in serviceable Christmas gifts such as blankets, new silk blouses, purses, etc.

All kinds of Christmas groceries. A new car of Bewley's flour.

Cross Plains Merc. Co.

## NOTICE

To the Patrons of the J. M. Ferguson Telephone System

I wish to say that I have served you the best I could in the years past and charged a normal rate for telephone. Now everything in the telephone line has advanced so, and everything we have to use is high with it, and for this reason I am compelled to change my rates or go out of business.

First, I am compelled to run on a cash basis. This does not mean credit. All business phones will be \$1.50, resident phones \$1.25. All accounts due at the office in Cottonwood.

I do not promise you better service but will continue to give you the same—the best service I can give you.

This goes into effect on and after Jan. 1, 1918.

Yours truly,

J. M. Ferguson.

# MAXWELL

Most Miles per Gallon—Most Miles on the Tire

Save Gasoline—Save Tires—Drive a Maxwell Car

The automobile has suddenly become more than ever a necessity in passenger service.

We must go about from place to place to do our part of the world's work.

We can no more get along without motor cars than we can without the telegraph or the telephone.

But motor cars to-day must be light, durable, economical.

The Maxwell has always been light, durable, economical—made so to meet an immense, sensible demand that has existed all the time.

To-day that demand is universal.

Don't take any chances.

Buy a Maxwell—the standardized car whose economy and durability have been proved.

Touring Car \$745; Roadster \$745; Coupe \$1095; Berlina \$1095; Sedan \$1095. P.O.B. Detroit

C. C. NEEB, Agent



## MASONIC GRAND LODGE OF FRANCE RECOGNIZED

EIGHTY-SECOND ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF TEXAS CLOSURE SESSION AT WACO.

### NEW OFFICERS INSTALLED

Resolution Adopted Gives Grand Master Power to Grant Dispensations for Army Lodges.

Waco.—Forty years ago the Masonic grand lodge of Texas severed all fraternal and business relations with what was known as the Grand Orient of France, which occupied the same position with reference to subordinate lodges as does the grand lodge of Texas. The reason for the break was that it had been reported to the United States that France had renounced some of the principles upon which the Masonic order is founded. Friday the eighteenth annual communication of the grand lodge of Texas adopted a resolution extending greetings and authorizing its affiliation with the new Masonic grand lodge of France.

This action was taken in recognition of the fact that thousands of Americans who are Masons are in France and thousands more will soon join them in the service of the United States. This will afford all Americans who are Masons an opportunity to visit lodges in France and to fraternize with them upon proper transfers.

The resolution was introduced by Past Grand Master W. S. Fly of San Antonio and was adopted unanimously.

Army Lodges Authorized.

Another important resolution adopted at the closing session was the granting of authority to the grand master to grant special dispensations for army lodges in Texas whenever properly requested and after members of such army lodges have been called to foreign duty they are automatically dismissed and such lodges are automatically dissolved. This means that whenever properly requested by a sufficient number of Masons in army camps authority to organize a lodge will be granted, so long as it conforms to the rules and regulations of the order by the secretary of war that no secret sessions of any fraternal order be held within the camps.

Thursday afternoon's session was given over to the installation of the newly elected officers, who were: John R. Arnold, grand master; A. A. Ross, Lockhart, deputy grand master; George F. Morgan, El Paso, grand senior warden; Andrew L. Randell, Sherman, grand junior warden.

### HEALTH AT CAMPS IMPROVES

Total of 243 Deaths for Week Ending Nov. 30—Twenty-Eight at Camp Bowie.

Washington.—Although health conditions generally in the National Army and National guard camps show an improvement during the week ending Nov. 30, the number of deaths materially increased.

The report of the division of field sanitation shows that there were 164 deaths among the guardsmen as compared with 97 the previous week and 29 among the draft men as against 40 the preceding week.

Fort Worth.—Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, continued to hold the record for sickness during the week ending Nov. 30, with 24 deaths, 12 of which were caused by pneumonia. During the previous week the number was at that camp 23, 19 of which held the record for both weeks. Pneumonia cases increased from 36 to 155. The number of deaths at Camp Bowie was remarkably small for the public sick, there being only 22 fatalities, one from meningitis and the remainder from pneumonia.

Cases of illness at the Waco camp last week were 377, at Houston 66 and at Fort Sill 935, all decreases from the previous week.

Masonic Grand Lodge Meets at Waco. Waco.—The eighty-second annual communication of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Texas, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, convened in this city Tuesday. Most Worshipful Grand Master Frank C. Jones, of Houston, called the meeting to order, followed by a prayer by the grand chaplain, the Rev. J. W. Mills of Houston. The grand chaplain invoked the blessing of God upon the grand lodge; he prayed for its continued success and for the success of America in the struggle against the seas, that the world be made safe for peace and democracy.

1,000 Men Needed as Guards. San Antonio.—Three thousand men comprising 30 companies of 100 men each, will be needed in the Southern department to carry out the war department's newly formed plan to put federal police in the place of regular troops now guarding private industries and railroads. This information was transmitted to Washington by Major General John W. Ruckman, commander of the Southern department, in response to an inquiry received by him.

# THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1917.

NO. 42

## FOR THE BABY

Let one of the baby's Christmas presents be the opening of an account in its name at this bank. The habit of thrift should be taught to all children and the best way of teaching anything is by example. It means a great deal for the child of the future, not only in actual amount of money accumulated during the years of childhood, but the requirement of the value of money's real worth in the world.

## FARMERS' NAT'L BANK

### LED TO SERVICE

Number of boys have been in service this week, leave on Wednesday. They are Coats, Day and Gram, and C. A. Baughwood, and John W. Underhill, and used in artillery.

### NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS:

Wishing to buy explosives of any kind, or to sell the same, are hereby directed to apply at the Office of County Clerk, Chas. Nordyke, to obtain same.

Under the new regulations of the war Department, as a war measure, all persons wishing to buy, sell or use same; and I, Chas. Nordyke, have been appointed and Commissioned by the Government to issue these licenses.

Small arms, shot gun shell, and such like are not included; but all ingredients to mix to compose explosives, are included.

Yours Very Truly,  
Chas. Nordyke, County Clerk, Callahan County, Texas.

### WENT TO GATESVILLE

Mr. Jones has bought a stock of goods at Gatesville, and family are making a move there at present, and regret to lose them.

### VIEW NEXT WEEK

According to our custom, we will review next week, being to enjoy Xmas, and to put out the best wish every one of us very happy holidays.

## "SHACK"

We extend to all our friends best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the best of success attend you during 1918. May your "Ships Come In" and "Your Dreams Come True"

H. Shackelford, Lbr.  
Cross Plains, Texas

What Are You Doing to Help Win the War?

## EXECUTE 13 NEGRO SOLDIERS AT CAMP

MEN WHO MADE RAID ON HOUSTON IN AUGUST HANGED AT SAN ANTONIO.

Neither Time or Place of Execution Made Public Until After Sentence Was Carried Out.

San Antonio.—A trampled clearing in a lonely mesquite thicket, no different in appearance from hundreds of other clearings on the big government reservation here except for the ashes of two huge bonfires, show no signs that it was the execution place for 13 negro soldiers of the Twenty-fourth Infantry Tuesday morning. The negroes, convicted of participating in the fatal riots at Houston, Texas, Aug. 23, last, were hanged at 7:17 o'clock, one minute before sunrise in this latitude.

The men executed were: Sergeant William C. Nesbit, Corporal Larnam J. Brown, James Wheatley, Jesse Moore, Charles W. Baltimore, Private William Brackenridge, Thomas C. Hawkins, Carlos Snodgrass, Ira B. Davis, James Divins, Frank Johnson, Riley W. Young, Pat McWhorter.

In only one detail did the execution differ from other military executions which have preceded it. That was the part which the modern army truck played in making the execution itself and all the preparations for it secret.

After dark motor trucks carried the lumber for the scaffolds and a company of engineers to the clearing. The scaffolds were built by freight motor trucks, shortly after 5 o'clock in the morning, carried the condemned negroes from the barracks where they spent their last night and the officers and military guard to the place of execution. Motor trucks carried the negroes' bodies to a place as indistinguishable as the execution site, where the burial took place, and then the trucks hauled back to Fort Sam Houston every bit of timber used in the scaffold, so that the site was clear before formal announcement of the execution had been issued by southern department headquarters.

Told of Fate Sunday. The condemned negroes had known of their fate since Sunday. Twelve of them sought spiritual counsel of army V. M. C. A. workers. The thirteenth, whose name has not been disclosed, gave no inkling that he knew. Outwardly all of the negroes were stoical.

Aside from less than a dozen officers of the Southern department and the sheriff of Bexar county, no one in the city or army camps knew of the execution, date or place. The other negro defendants were ignorant of the fate of their companions until after the formal announcement had been made.

### INDICTMENTS ARE DISMISSED.

Only Woodman Cases Remain to be Disposed of and These May Go Same Way.

Austin.—All cases against former Governor James E. Ferguson and other state officials indicted last July by the grand jury of the criminal district court of Travis county, except the eight cases charging perjury against former Commissioner of Labor C. W. Woodman, were dismissed. Indications are that the Woodman cases also will be dismissed.

The cases dismissed were the Ferguson case, in which diversion of the governor's mansion expense fund was charged, it being the only remaining case of the nine indictments originally returned; six cases against former Secretary of State C. J. Bartlett; two against former Secretary of State J. G. McKay; four against Commissioner of Insurance and Banking Charles O. Austin and one against former State Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds Charles L. Stowe, all charging misapplication of public funds.

The district attorney in his motions to dismiss averred that the state was without sufficient evidence and is unable to procure testimony that would warrant conviction.

### 12,000 Troops to Get Furloughs

Fort Worth.—An announcement was issued at divisional headquarters by Major Upham, acting chief of staff, that 50 per cent of the soldiers stationed at the camp would be granted Christmas furloughs despite the quarantine. The soldiers leaving Camp Bowie will leave on four separate days in order that traffic will not be congested. This order means that approximately 12,000 soldiers will have to be provided with transportation.

## CROSS PLAINS MARKET

Cream	44c
Eggs	40c
Fryers	15c
Hens	12c
Roosters	6c
Turkeys	16c
Cotton	27 1/2c
Peanuts	\$1.76

## TO THE REGISTRANTS

To the registrants and also the Assistants, to the legal Board of Callahan County, Texas.

Owing to the limited time and the great amount of work to be done before the 22, in order to afford the said Board and assistants and the Registrants, an ample opportunity to inform themselves and to correctly answer the questions to be furnished to them on the 15. We, the Legal Advisory Board of said County, have appointed and now call on the following named citizens at the different places to aid the registrants, who may call upon them to answer their Questionnaires to wit:

Cottonwood—  
Harry Varner, Will Everett, George Thomason, J. T. Respass, Walter Robbins.

Cross Plains—  
Virgil Hart, C. C. Hampton, Foster Bond, Joe Shackelford, Dodd Price, John Hembree, L. P. Henslee, W. C. Rutherford, John Horn.

Atwell—  
C. W. Bradley, Prof. Clay Christman, C. C. Andrews.

We have so arranged, that among these assistants, there are one or more who, with the Postmasters, are authorized to administer oaths, and who may do so without charge to the registrants. The said Assistants and Registrants, are requested to carefully read the questionnaires, and particularly rules on pages 2 the 3, and where a supporting affidavit is required the Registrant is advised to take with him, to the person to administer the oath, any persons who can make such affidavit. Seven days after the day of notice furnished to the Registrants, they are required to return their questionnaires to Judge B. L. Russell, Chairman of the Local Board at Baird, Texas, properly answered and sworn to by them and their supporting affiants.

The said Assistant Legal Advisors are requested to assemble as soon as possible in order to better study and familiarize themselves with these questionnaires.

Respectfully,  
F. S. Bell,  
Chairman, Board Legal Advisors.

### Scrap Iron

To Feb. 1 we will pay the highest cash prices for all kinds of scrap iron—Neeb & Sipe.

### SEND THE REVIEW NOW

If you are contemplating sending the Review to your friends who live away from here, you should do so at once, as after Feb. 1, we will be compelled to charge \$1.50 per year on foreign subscriptions. It is a good deal of trouble to mail out foreign papers, and we have to pay postage on them also and furnish wrappers. All papers in the county go free. We will accept all subscriptions at the old rate for as many years as you may care to pay for up to Feb. 1. Send the Review now for Xmas.



## OUR CHIEF AIM

has always been to make OUR BANK an institution towards which the people of CROSS PLAINS could point with pride.

To accomplish this, and to attain the HIGHEST STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY, we have adopted the most PROGRESSIVE METHODS, combined with GOOD OLD-FASHIONED HONESTY.

The Bank of Cross Plains  
(Un-Incorporated)  
Responsibility, One Million Dollars  
Virgil Hart, Cashier, C. C. Hampton, Asst. Cashier

## THE TELEGRAM BARGAIN DAYS EXTENDED

By special arrangement we can take subscriptions to the daily Telegram to Jan. 1 at the Bargain Day prices; that is, for daily and Sunday at \$5.65, and for daily without Sunday, at \$4.35. Fifty cents in either case gets the Review for one year. Phone us, write us, or see us.

To be sure, the Review and the Farm News are always clubbed at \$1.75, that is an offer that stands until further notice. The Review and any dollar-a-year paper for \$1.75. Also we make a special price on several cheap farm papers and household magazines. See us for all your reading matter. It reduces the cost. Farm and Ranch and Hollands for two years for 85c each in connection with the Review.

The Dallas News daily and Sunday for \$7.50; with the Review 8 00 Without Sunday \$6.00; with the Review \$6.50.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crutchfield of Prattville, Ark., are visiting Mrs. Crutchfield's brother, A. E. Halev. Also Mrs. Delphia Paxton, a sister of Mr. Halev, is with them. They are on an extended visit, seeing a number of relatives while away from home.

## LITERARY PROGRAM

The two literary societies of the public school will give a joint program at the auditorium Friday night of this week. They invite the public to be present. Program will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

Rev. R. L. Williamson left on Tuesday for Minco, Okla., where he has work as pastor for next year. He had traded for an Overland which he used to make the trip in.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR

We wish to thank our customers for making our business the success it has been and ask for a continuation of your patronage in 1918. May a happy Christmas and a prosperous and pleasant New Year be your lot. Cross Plains Furniture Store.

## GREETINGS TO THE PEOPLE.

I want to thank you one and all, for your liberal business during this passing year of 1917, and will appreciate your business for the coming year, 1918.

Wishing you a merry Xmas and a happy New Year

I remain,  
As ever,  
Tartt, The Tailor.

## Holiday Goods

ARE CHEAPER

AT

The City Drug Store



# The First

four days of our Big Clean Sweep Sale was like a Big Cyclone—more than \$2000.00 sold in one day. Many more Big Bargains to offer. Come in and see.

# BIG Cyclone

Some Extra Specials are listed here for the last days of this Gigantic Sale--from now until Christmas they must move.

**THIS SALE** positively closes Xmas. Eve. night.

## 35 Boys' Suits

Long trousers vest sizes 14, 15, 16, 17 & 18 worth \$8.00 to \$12.50 your choice \$4.85

## Corsets

A good assortment of styles and sizes front and back lace that cannot be replaced for the same money. Buy while they are cheap.

## Woolen Goods

A nice assortment of cotton and wool serges going at prices that will surprise you. They are worth 33 per cent more than we are asking.

## ANOTHER EXTRA SPECIAL

We are today putting out 100 pair of men women and children low cut shoes which will go as long as they last at \$1.50 per pair. Dont Miss this savng.

Cross Plains Texas. **B. L. BOYDSTUN** Where It Pays to buy

## THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year—Strictly Cash in advance.

Entered at postoffice at Cross Plains, Texas second class mail matter

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

We club The Review with all papers and magazines.

Daddy Fivan is his campaign in Dallas is trying to make keeping healthy a fad. There is not a more valuable fad to take up with.

A good American will join the Red Cross, if he has the necessary money.

Give all the presents you want to but don't forget that a war savings certificate or stamp is helping your Government, and teaching your children thrift and patriotism.

The Red Cross is demanding that all Americans help it out and thus help our boys in France. If you have the money at all, you are not excusable if you do not donate to it. Your love for money will not be overlooked by your Government when your love of country is put to this test.

White Daddy Fivan is fresh on our minds, perhaps it might be well to say again that whole bread is more wholesome and healthful than white flour bread. In fact, for

most people the so-called stiff of life, when corrected from white flour, becomes a positive poison. Besides, whole wheat bread will go much further and thereby help conserve the wheat supply.

Editor McFadden of Physical Culture, has for some time advocated compulsory physical training in order to prepare us for war, or for life, if we do not have war. Both he and Daddy Fivan think that the American Nation is badly in need of a physical regeneration. The best investment in the world is in good health. We wish every one of our readers could catch the spirit of Daddy Fivan. You might be called a little "cranky" by the reactionaries, but likely you would live many more years, and enjoy life every day.

Socialism in itself should be a good for the country as any other political system. Premier

Painleve of France is a Social Democrat. The Socialists of Germany are staying with Germany under the leadership of the most autocratic power in the world, and Socialists are supposed to be against imperialism. If Socialists elsewhere are fighting for their country, why not in the United States? Evidently, the party has been suffering from the wrong kind of leadership. We are more than glad to see, however, that the party is getting behind the Government. John Spargo and Charles Edward Russell, whom Socialists had no more intellectual leaders, have quit the party because of its pro-German stand. And now, the Appeal to Reason, the most widely read of the radical Socialist papers, has espoused the cause of the Allies. Those who have been lecturing this periodical and others of its kind do their

## We Want You to Know That We Appreciate Your Patronage

that we remember your favors and kindness and are grateful. We thank you for the excellent business given us, respectfully solicit a continuation of same and wish for you a Merry Christmas and very prosperous and happy New Year.

The Wilson Produce Co. In Foster & Son Building West of Bank of Co.

thinking will have to get right now. We are glad to see this paper take its belated stand for right and justice. It may never be able to make amends for the wrong it has done its country, but perhaps a late repentance is better than none. It may help save the reputation of and the life of the party as well as help win the war. Read below what the editor telegraphed to President Wilson on the day of his address:

"Personally and as editor of The Appeal to Reason, of Girard, Kan., the oldest and largest American Socialist publication, I gently congratulate you on your inspiring address to Congress to day. Your open-hearted espousal of a democratic peace after the Central European people have been freed from the yoke of Prussian militarism removes the last possible suspicion

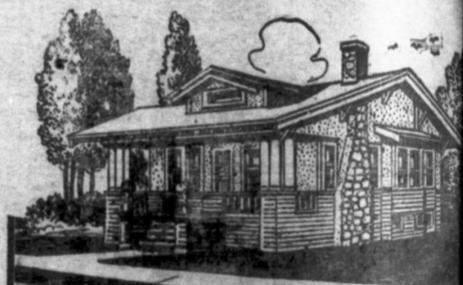
against the cause of the Allies. I earnestly trust that the people of Germany and Russia, particularly the latter, will now realize that they have been badly duped by the scheming Prussian military. Your address of to-day should convince liberals of all lands that the cause of fundamental democratic international affairs is championed by the American people and ruthlessly throttled by the Kaiser.

"On which side will the people be? I am on your side." Bibles and Testaments, sizes, and many other nice for Christmas presents. See at Rutherford's store.

For sale—two good machines gone to war. See G. R. Sabanno.

## XMAS. IS HERE See Our Line of Toys Fresh Fruits, Nuts and Candies.

The Racket Store G. W. Cunningham, Prop.



## Flooring That Wears a lifetime is not made of shoddy lumber. It must be made of carefully selected stock properly cut and seasoned. When you are ready to buy flooring

### Let Us Show You

why it is an economy to buy the best quality. Come and explain your needs to us. We will explain how you can avoid waste and get satisfactory service.

All Our Building Material Is Guaranteed to Buyers

W. W. Pryor

# THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The End of the Trail," "Fighting in Flanders," "The Road to Glory," "Vive la France," etc.

Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the American Film Manufacturing Company. Copyright, 1916, by E. Alexander Powell.

### SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States naval board to investigate and report his findings on the invention of Dr. Ralph Burke, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The lieutenant arrives in Valdivia and is welcomed by the inventor and his daughter, Cleo. On the trial trip of the inventor's boat, a Japanese halibut is surprised in the act of examining the mechanism of the ventilating device. Hope reports favorably on the new device but there are others interested in it. An attempt to burglarize Doctor Burke's laboratory fails, but later Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom. Cleo sells her father's invention secret formulae to a man who races to the auctioneer's store only to find it in the hands of Olga Ivanoff and Gerald Morton. Hope attempts to capture Cleo when she calls at the home of Stephanski, the anarchist. Hope rushes to her aid; Morton shoots at him but the bullet hits a bomb in the wreck of his house; the others escape. Hope and Cleo attend a ball at Mrs. Delmar's, whose nephew has two of the missing books. Mahlin, a spy, is discovered by Hope in the excitement that follows the books disappear.

### SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Fear clutching at her heart, Cleo, followed by Mrs. Delmar and a throng of terrified guests, burst into the conservatory through whose roof Hope and his masked assailant had plunged in their mad struggle. The young of floor, begrimed and dishevelled, was supporting himself against the wall. His clothes were in tatters and from an ugly gash in his head trickled a scarlet rivulet. His adversary had disappeared.

"He got away," he croaked, "I couldn't hold him. He broke loose and ran through that door into the garden."

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I thought that you had been killed!" cried Cleo, almost hysterical with mingled anxiety and relief. "Are you hurt badly, Jarvis?"

"It's only a scratch," said Hope weakly, dropping into a chair which someone hastily brought. "I'm going to send you home in my limousine," said Mrs. Delmar. "It will be more comfortable than a taxicab. And I can never thank you enough, Mr. Hope, for your bravery in grappling with that burglar. If it hadn't been for you he would have robbed the house."

"There is nothing to thank me for, Mrs. Delmar," said Hope. "Any man with a drop of red blood in him would have done the same. I'm only sorry that the fellow got away."

"By the way," he added, turning to Cleo, "we mustn't forget about the books."

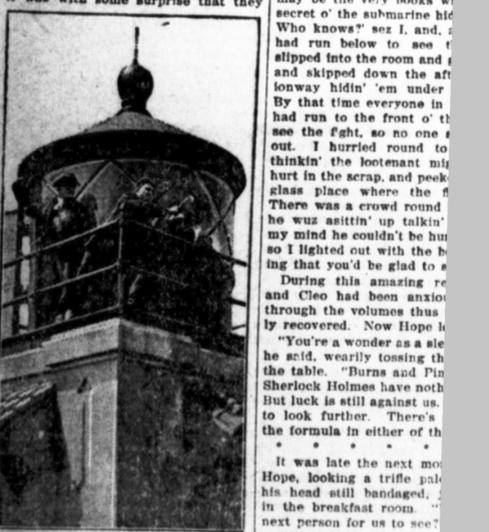
"I'll run up and get them," said Cleo. "I know just where they are." She was back a moment later.

"Why, Jarvis," she exclaimed breathlessly, "the books are gone!"

"Good Lord," groaned Hope, "someone has got ahead of us again."

It was after midnight when Hope and Cleo reached their hotel, so that it was with some surprise that they

shouted in his excitement, throwing both arms about man's neck, implanted a mine and have a somnolent, even if I do a tektive, even if I do a mitted Hook, with evident "But tell us about it, Hope Cleo, bubbling with curiosity did you get the books? earth did you find them?" "Waal, Miss Cleo," said man, producing a slab of colored tobacco and sipping with great deliberation, "th the way it happened. Af though I'd hunt up some mine and have a glass o'em. Waal, I'd dropped into store at the corner o' ter Back ed to get a plug o' ter Back overcoat over it, and aske which was the car he shot Ocean View boulevard. Se ed to go to the British con made me kindo prick up n when he turned around I look at him. Around the livin it warn't that feller calle the same that I seen over one day a while back a ta sure. Oh, ho, sez I to mys some hanky-panky agoins' might you be going to the sul's for?" So when he street car, I stepped abor stood on the rear platfo wouldn't see me. When b the consul's house I got fellered him until he we back gate. I hung round then, bold's brass, I walk kitchen, figurin' that of ar me what I was doin' there that I had a message for th But everyone was busy, v hustling in and out, and n attention to me, so I up the back stairs, think a look round upstairs for lin. I hadn't no more th the upstairs hall, though heard, somewhere in the house, the darndest hullab listened to. It sounded lik chain runnin' through a Wimmin was screamin' shoutin' and thunder se broke loose generally. I run time to see the looted down the companionway up with a feller with a bla You wuz a follerin' 'em Cleo, screamin' to beat the thing I knowed, the two o kermash through the fr 'It's time to get out o' he myself, thinkin' I'd slip ou come in and see what's b the lieutenant. Jest then to look into a room at the stairs, and, by the Holy there warn't two o' yo books, Miss Cleo, a lyn' o I knowed 'em by red bindi may be the "very books" w secret o' the submarine hi Who knows?" sez I, and, I had run below to see t slipped into the room and skipped down the aft lonway hidin' 'em under By that time everyone i had run to the front o' th see the fight, so no one s out. I hurried round to thinkin' the lieutenant mi hurt in the scarp, and peek glass place where the st There was a crowd round he wuz sittin' up talkin' my mind he couldn't be hu so I lighted out with the b ing that you'd be glad to e During this amazing re and Cleo had been anxio through the volumes thu ly recovered. Now Hope l "You're a wonder as a le he said, "warily tossing th the table. "Burns and Pin Sherlock Holmes have noth but luck is still against us, to look further. There's the formula in either of th



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In Foster & Son Building West of Bank of Cal.

Some Ex-Specials are here for last days of Gigantic sale--from now until Christmas Eve. Must be.

THIS SALE positively closes as. Eve. night.

Hats! man who wearing a hat 6 months advantage of protection and now, besides is to come. Pants that comes, first them while size.

any dolls, you will need dolls' Xmas. from 25c to

L and children as they last

Where It Pays to buy

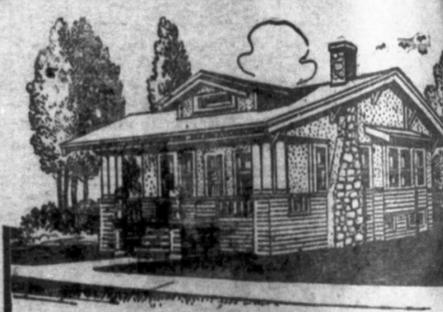
Believe of France is a Social Democrat. The Socialists of many are staying with Germany under the leadership of most autocratic power in the world, and Socialists are urged to be against imperialism. Socialists elsewhere are fighting for their country, why not the United States? Evidently the party has been suffering from the wrong kind of leadership. We are more than glad to help, however, that the party is being behind the Government. In Spargo and Charles Edward Sel, than whom Socialists have no more intellectual leaders, we see the party because of its German stand. And now, Appeal to Reason, the most widely read of the radical Socialists, has espoused the cause of the Allies. Those who have been letting this periodical others of its kind do their

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against the cause of the Allies. I earnestly trust that the people of Germany and Russia, parties of Socialists, will now realize they have been badly duped by the scheming Prussian military and your address of to-day should convince liberals of all lands the cause of fundamental democracy is international affairs is championed by the American people and ruthlessly through the Kaiser.

"On which side will the people be? I am on your side."



**Flooring That Wears**  
a lifetime is not made of shoddy lumber. It must be made of carefully selected stock properly cut and seasoned. When you are ready to buy flooring

**Let Us Show You**  
why it is an economy to buy the best quality. Come and explain your needs to us. We will explain how you can avoid waste and get satisfactory service.

**W. W. Pryor**

**THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE**  
By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The End of the Trail," "Fighting in Flanders," "The Road to Glory" "Vive la France," etc.

Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the American Film Manufacturing Company.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Lieut. Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States naval board to investigate and report his findings on the invention of Dr. Ralph Burke, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The lieutenant arrives in Valdivia and is welcomed by the inventor and his daughter, Cleo. On the trip of the inventor's boat, a Japanese helper is surprised in the act of examining the mechanism of the ventilating device. Hope reports favorably on the new device but there are others interested in it. An attempt to burglarize Doctor Burke's laboratory fails, but later Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom. Cleo sells her father's library to get money; later she finds a note from which she learns that they contain the secret formula. With Hope she runs to the auctioneer's store only to find it in flames. Olga Ivanoff and Gerald Morton, two spies in search of the formula, attempt to capture Cleo when she calls at the house of Stephanie, the anarchist. Mrs. Morrisey, a spy, attempts to steal the books, but is discovered by Hope in the excitement that follows the books disappear.

**SIXTH INSTALLMENT**  
Fear clutching at her heart, Cleo, followed by Mrs. Delmar and a throng of terrified guests, burst into the conservatory through whose roof Hope and his masked assailant had plunged in their mad struggle. The young officer, begrimed and disheveled, was supporting himself against a column. His clothes were in tatters and from an ugly gash in his head trickled a scarlet rivulet. His adversary had disappeared.

"He got away," he croaked. "I couldn't hold him. He broke loose and ran through that door into the garden."  
"Oh, my dear, my dear, I thought that you had been killed!" cried Cleo, almost hysterical with mingled anxiety and relief. "Are you hurt badly, Jarvis?"  
"It's only a scratch," said Hope weakly, dropping into a chair which someone hastily brought.

"I'm going to send you home in my limousine," said Mrs. Delmar. "It will be more comfortable than a taxicab. And I can never thank you enough, Mr. Hope, for your bravery in grappling with that burglar. If it hadn't been for you he would have robbed the house."  
"There is nothing to thank me for, Mrs. Delmar," said Hope. "Any man with a drop of red blood in him would have done the same. I'm only sorry that the fellow got away."  
"By the way," he added, turning to Cleo, "we mustn't forget about the books."  
"I'll run up and get them," said Cleo. "I know just where they are."  
"She was back a moment later."  
"Why, Jarvis," she exclaimed breathlessly, "the books are gone!"  
"Good Lord," groaned Hope, "someone has got ahead of us again."  
It was after midnight when Hope and Cleo reached their hotel, so that it was with some surprise that they

Who knows? sez I, and as everyone had run below to see the fight, I slipped into the room and grabbed 'em and skinned 'em under my jacket. By that time everyone in the kitchen had run to the front of the house to see the fight, so no one seen me go out. I hurried round to the front thinkin' the lieutenant might've been hurt in the scrap, and peeked into that glass place where the flowers are. There was a crowd round him and as he wuz settin' up talkin' I made up my mind he couldn't be hurt very bad, so I lighted out with the books, knowin' that you'd be glad to see 'em."

During this amazing recital Hope and Cleo had been anxiously poring through the volumes thus miraculously recovered. Now Hope looked up.  
"You're a wonder as a sleuth, Hook," he said, "burns toasting the books on the table. 'Burns and Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes have nothing on you. But luck is still against us. We've got to look further. There's no sign of the formula in either of these books.'"  
It was late the next morning when Hope, looking a trifle pale and with his head still bandaged, joined Cleo in the breakfast room. "Who is the next person for us to see?" said Cleo.  
"The next name on the list is Arthur Fitzmaurice and his address is given as the Commercial hotel, here in the city. I have just telephoned the hotel, however, and learn that he left a few days ago for the Farallons. It seems that he is connected with the government coast survey, so I suppose he's out there charting the islands."  
"What are the Farallons?" asked Cleo, "and where are they? I never heard of them before."  
"They are islands," answered Hope, "or rocks, rather, for nothing grows upon them, in the Pacific, about 30 miles due west of the Golden Gate. There are several islands in the group; the North Farallon the Middle Farallon and the South-east Farallon. There's a lighthouse on the southern island and a government radio

station on the Middle Farallon. I imagine, therefore, that Fitzmaurice is making his headquarters on the middle island."  
"How do you reach the islands?" inquired Cleo.  
"We will have to take a launch," was the answer. "There are no boats running regularly to the islands, and I find that the government tender won't go out again until next week. So I've sent Hook down to the waterfront to see if he can hire a power boat. Here he is now," he added, as the one-armed sailor appeared in the doorway.

"Well, Hook?" he inquired, "were you able to get a boat?"  
"Yes, sir," said Hook, touching his forelock, man-of-war fashion, "I've found a good, stout little power boat—not very big, she ain't, but she's well built and seaworthy and I'd cross to China in her. Morrisey, the fellow what owns her, used to be an old shipmate o' mine. He says he'll take us out to the Farallons for twenty dollars."  
"Couldn't you find anything larger?" asked Hope.  
"There was a fine big boat sir, a sixty-footer, tied up at the same wharf, but her skipper wanted fifty dollars for the trip."  
"That's too much," said Hope decisively. "We'll take the launch; it will do quite as well. Tell your man to be ready to start at two o'clock."

Little did Hope foresee the perils which awaited them off the rock-bound shores of the Farallons.  
The launch which Hook had engaged lay at one of the piers which jut out into the harbor from San Francisco's waterfront like the teeth of a gigantic comb. Though Morrisey, the owner-captain, had been told to be ready to start by two o'clock, owing to some engine trouble it was considerably past three before he was ready to cast off. Then came another hitch. Hook had disappeared.  
"Now, where the devil has he gone to?" demanded Hope, impatiently striding up and down the pier.  
"I guess he's gone to get a drink, sir," said Morrisey, touching his cap, "I saw him about twenty minutes ago heading for one of those saloons over on East street. I'll send a boy after him if you wish, sir."  
"No," replied Hope, "we'll go without him."  
Morrisey was quite right in his surmise; Hook, who was the possessor of a chronic thirst, confident that he would have time for a glass of beer before the repairs to the engine could be effected, had slipped away on a

for Coleman came hurrying up the pier.  
"Just run over to Jerry's place, will you, Bill," he called to the watchman, "and see if you can find my two firemen, Hennessy and Dillon?"  
"So Mister Morton and his friends is goin' to the islands too, eh?" said Hook to himself. "I think I'll jest slip aboard, unbeknownst to 'em, and go along."  
Morton and his companions had strolled to the far end of the pier, where they stood deep in conversation; Captain Coleman was busy getting supplies from the storehouse; the watchman had gone across the street to get the crew; so that no one saw the one-armed sailor when he climbed aboard the Sea Hawk and disappeared down the companionway.



"You'll Be Taking a Big Chance if You Try to Cross to Middle Island Tonight!"

brief visit to the nearest saloon. But leaning over the polished bar were some seafaring acquaintances, and, in their congenial company, the single drink that he had promised himself became two, and the two grew into half a dozen, so that nearly an hour had elapsed before, breaking away from his noisily protesting companions, he made his way, a trifle unsteadily, back to the pier. But the launch, instead of being tied up alongside, where he had left her, was now a small black speck on the waters of San Francisco bay.

The unceremonious fashion in which he had been left behind sobered Hook completely, and it was a dejected and very sheepish old seaman who turned his steps in the direction of the city.  
But it was destined that he should go to the Farallons after all, though in a fashion which he had not anticipated for, just as he was leaving the pier a taxicab drew up and deposited three passengers. One of them Hook instantly recognized as Gerald Morton, but the man and woman who accompanied him he did not recall having seen before. At sight of them the old sailor stepped behind a pile of lumber.

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"There's No Sign of the Formula in Either of These Books!"

"Lieutenant Hope will not be back until tonight," the telephone girl informed him. "He has gone to the Farallons."  
There were now three craft racing toward the same goal. Well in the lead was the small launch containing Hope and Cleo. Bearing down on a more northerly course was the power boat hired by Mahlin and Satsuma, while somewhere astern pounded the larger craft bearing Morton, Olga and Sextus. Doubtless all three of the skippers would have exercised more caution than they did could they have seen the notices which were being displayed that afternoon on the bulletin boards of the various shipping offices and other places where seafaring folk congregate:

**WARNING!**  
Shipmasters and others navigating the waters between the entrance to San Francisco Bay and the Farallon Group are warned to be on the lookout for a floating mine which broke loose from its moorings during experiments at Fort Point Torpedo Station and is believed to have drifted into the channel. The mine, which resembles a large buoy, is painted gray-blue and is marked "U. S. 1127." Any vessel sighting it is warned against attempting to take it in tow but should immediately notify the chief ordnance officer, Fort Point, Cal.  
(Signed) H. J. MACKENZIE, Adjutant-General, By Order the General Commanding the Western Department.

The mill-pond calmness which prevailed in the inner harbor proved to be no criterion of the weather without. For in the bay a brisk breeze was blowing and outside the Gate the breeze turned into a gale. In fact, so heavy a sea was running that darkness was descending when Morrisey ran his launch under the lee of the lighthouse on Southeast island and Hope and Cleo clambered ashore. In response to their whistle a gray-bearded man, tall and angular, appeared in the doorway of the small, whitewashed building which adjoined the lighthouse.  
"That's the keeper, Captain Fairweather," said Morrisey.  
"I am Lieutenant Hope of the navy," Hope introduced himself. "I am looking for a man named Fitzmaurice of the coast survey. I understand that he is over here charting the islands."  
"Mr. Fitzmaurice left this morning for Middle island," was the answer. "The government has a radio station there and he went over to send a message to 'Frisco. I reckon he likes their food better than he does mine, anyway."  
"How far is it across to Middle island?"  
"About six miles."  
"Well," said Hope, turning to Cleo, "the only thing for us to do, it seems, is to keep on to the other island."  
"It's none of my business," interrupted the keeper, "but you're taking a big chance if you try to cross to Middle island tonight. It's a dangerous channel, even in the day time, and it'll be dark in another ten minutes. There's a big sea running already and the wind's rising."  
"What do you think about it, Morrisey?" Hope asked the boatman.  
"I'm game for it, sir."  
"And how about you, Cleo?"  
"Oh, I would much rather go on, Jarvis," she answered. "I couldn't sleep tonight if I felt that those books were only six miles away. I'm not in the least afraid—you are spoken me softly that only Hope could hear."  
"Remember," the keeper called after them as they turned back to the boat, "there's some bad reefs between here and the other island. Keep this light astern of you all the time. If you get a quarter of a mile off the course you'll be in a heap of trouble."  
As the keeper prophesied, the wind, even during the few minutes that they had spent ashore, had greatly risen, and as they rounded the point it struck them with a force and suddenness which nearly capsized the little launch. But it was too late to turn back. To attempt to go about in the sea that was now running was but to invite disaster. Their only hope of safety lay in keeping the boat bow-on to the mountain-high waves which were roaring down upon them. Small wonder then that Hope and Morrisey, their every nerve strained to the task of keeping the boat from being

swamped, failed to notice the other launch which ran under the lee of the lighthouse barely ten minutes after their departure. Out of it scrambled Mahlin and Satsuma. Clambering up the rocky footpath, they reached the keeper's modest dwelling. Night had fallen and from the summit of the white tower which rose above them a great beam of light stabbed the darkness at recurrent intervals. The keeper answered Mahlin's knock and invited them inside, for the howling of the wind made conversation outside almost impossible.  
"Can you tell me where I can find a Mr. Fitzmaurice?" inquired Mahlin. "They told me at the office of the coast survey that he was at work over here making some maps or something."  
"Fitzmaurice seems to've become mighty popular all of a sudden," remarked the keeper. "You're the second party in half an hour that's been after him. He ain't here, though. He left this morning for Middle island."  
"Has Lieutenant Hope been here looking for him?" hazarded Mahlin.  
"That's the name he gave," said the keeper.  
"And he's gone over to Middle island?"  
"He has, though I did my best to discourage him. It's lucky for them they've got this light to guide them. Without it, on such a night as this, they wouldn't have a chance in a million."  
"Well, I'm not going to risk it," said Mahlin. "That's certain, but I'm afraid you'll have to put us up for the night. I'll be glad to pay you for your trouble."  
"I'm afraid I can't make you very comfortable," said the keeper. "But I'll give you the best I've got. I have to be up all night tending the light, so you can take my bed, and your friend there can sleep in my assistant's room, and I'll fix up a bunk for your boatman in the storeroom."  
"You're not alone here, are you?" inquired Mahlin.  
"I am tonight," was the answer. "I've got an assistant, but he's been feeling poorly of late so he went over to the city on the tender this morning to see a doctor. . . . Now, just make yourselves at home, please. I've got to go up to the light for a few minutes. With such a gale as this blowing we can't take any chances of anything going wrong with the light—there are too many lives dependent on it."

But not on that night, nor for many nights thereafter, did Keeper James Fairweather ascend the winding stairs leading to the great light which, far above them, sent its guiding rays out over the angry waters. For, as he turned to leave the room, a terrific blow descended on his skull and he knew nothing more.  
"Now, Satsuma," called Mahlin, dragging the keeper's limp body away from the door which led to the tower, "out with the light! That young pup of a naval officer won't feel so blamed uppish when he finds himself and his lady friend drifting on the rocks and no light to steer by!"

Before he had left the lighthouse half a mile behind, Hope was bitterly reproaching himself for his foolhardiness in attempting to make the crossing to Middle island, for the wind had risen until it was sister to a cyclone and they had all that they could do to keep the little launch, already partly filled with water, from being capsized by the mighty combers which broke over it. But they struggled doggedly on, knowing that they need have no fear of rocks so long as they kept squarely astern the light which winked so encouragingly at them from Southeast island.

Suddenly Morrisey gave a cry of alarm. "The light, sir!" he gasped. "It's gone out!"  
He was right: the life-saving beacon had been suddenly extinguished. In vain they searched the darkness for it. It did not reappear. And, with neither light nor compass to guide them, Hope knew that they were helpless and at the mercy of the storm.  
At that moment, from somewhere to the eastward of them, a sudden, foggy glow, incredibly dazzling, illuminated, for a brief moment, angry sea and inkky sky, and to their ears came, an instant later, a crash like an exploding powder mill. The Sea Hawk plodded the floating mine!  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Bingism - And Its Cure

Proves a Thriller for Penrod and Sam While It Lasts

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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Penrod Schofield, having been "kept in" for the unjust period of twenty minutes after school, emerged to a deserted street. That is, the street was deserted so far as Penrod was concerned. Here and there people were to be seen upon the sidewalks, but they were adults, and they and the shade trees had about the same quality of significance in Penrod's consciousness. Usually he saw grown people in the mass, which is to say, they were virtually invisible to him, though exceptions must be taken in favor of policemen, firemen, street-car conductors, motormen and all other men in any sort of uniform or regalia. But this afternoon none of these met the roving eye, and Penrod set out upon his homeward way wholly dependent upon his own resources.

To one of Penrod's inner texture, a mere unadorned walk from one point to another was intolerable, and he had not gone a block without achieving some slight remedy for the tedium of life. An electric-light pole at the corner, invested with powers of observation, might have been surprised to find itself suddenly enacting a role of dubious honor in improvised melodrama. Penrod, approaching, gave the pole a look of sharp suspicion, then one of conviction; he snatched it lightly and contemptuously with his open hand; passed on a few paces, but turned abruptly and, pointing his right forefinger, uttered the symbolic word, "Bing!"

Early childhood is not fastidious about the accessories of its drama—a cane is vividly a gun which may instantly, as vividly, become a horse; but at Penrod's time of life the lath sword is no longer satisfactory. Indeed, he now had a vague sense that weapons of wood were unworthy to the point of being contemptible and ridiculous, and he employed them only when he was alone and unseen. For months a yearning had grown more and more poignant in his vitals, and this yearning was symbolized by one of his most profound secrets. In the inner pockets of his jacket he carried a bit of wood whittled into the distant likeness of a pistol, but not even Sam Williams had seen it. The wooden pistol never knew the light of day, save when Penrod was in solitude; and yet it never left his side except at night, when it was placed under his pillow. Still, it did not satisfy; it was but the token of his yearning and his dream. Hook had all his might and main Penrod loaned for one thing beyond all others. He wanted a Real Pistol!

At this moment a shout was heard from the alley. "Yay, Penrod!" and the sandy head of comrad Sam Williams appeared above the fence.

"Come on over," said Penrod.

As Sam obediently climbed the fence, the little old dog, Duke, moved slowly away, but presently, glancing over his shoulder and seeing into the two boys standing together, he broke into a trot and disappeared round a corner of the house. He was a dog of long and enlightening experience; and he made it clear that the conjunction of Penrod and Sam portended events which, from his point of view, might be unfortunate. Duke had a forgiving disposition, but he also possessed a melancholy wisdom. In the company of either Penrod or Sam, alone, affection often caused him to linger, albeit with a little pessimism, but when he saw them together, he invariably withdrew in an unobtrusive manner as haste would allow.

"What you doin'?" Sam asked.

"Nuffin. What you?"

"I'll show you if you'll come over to my house," said Sam, who was wearing an important and secretive expression.

"What for?" Penrod showed little interest.

"Well, I said I'd show you if you came on over, didn't I?"

"But you haven't got anything I haven't got," said Penrod indifferently.

"I know everything that's in your house and in your stable, and there isn't a thing—"

"I didn't say it was in the yard or in the stable, did I?"

"Well, there ain't anything in your house," returned Penrod frankly, "but I'd walk two feet to look at—"

"Oh, no!" Sam assumed mockery.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't! You know what it is, don't you? Yes, you do!"

Penrod's curiosity stirred somewhat.

"Well, all right," he said, "I got nuffin to do. I just as soon go. What is it?"

"You wait and see," said Sam, as they climbed the fence. "I bet your ole eyes'll open pretty fast in about a minute or so!"

"I bet they don't. It takes a good deal to get me excited, unless it's something mighty—"

"You'll see!" Sam promised.

He opened an alley gate and stepped into his own yard in a manner signaling caution—though the exploit, thus far, certainly required none—and Penrod began to be impressed and hopeful. They entered the house, silently, encountering no one, and Sam led the way upstairs, tiptoeing, implying unusual and increasing peril. Turning in the upper hall, they went into Sam's father's bedroom, and Sam closed the door with a caution so genuine that al-

ready Penrod's eyes began to fulfill his host's prediction. Adventures in another boy's house are trying to the nerves; and another boy's father's bedroom, when invaded, has a violated sanctity that is almost appalling. Penrod felt that something was about to happen—something much more important than he had anticipated.

Sam tiptoed across the room to a chest of drawers, and, kneeling, carefully pulled out the lowest drawer until the surface of its contents—Mr. Williams' winter underwear—lay exposed. Then he fumbled beneath the garments and drew forth a large object, displaying it triumphantly to the satisfactorily dumfounded Penrod.

It was a blue-steel Colt's revolver, of the heaviest pattern made in the seventies. Mr. Williams had inherited it from Sam's grandfather (a small man, a deacon, a dyspeptic) and it was larger and more horrible than any revolver either of the boys had ever seen in any picture, moving or stationary. Moreover, greenish bullets of great size were to be seen in the chambers of the cylinder, suggesting massacre rather than mere tangle. This revolver was real and it was loaded!

Both boys lived breathlessly through a magnificent moment.

"Leave me have it!" gasped Penrod.

"Leave me have hold of it!"

"You wait a minute!" Sam protested, in a whisper. "I want to show you how I do."

"No; you let me show you how I do!" Penrod insisted; and they scuffled for possession.

"Look out!" Sam whispered warningly. "It might go off."

"Then you better leave me have it!" And Penrod victorious and flushed, stepped back, the weapon in his grasp.

"Here," he said, "this is the way I do: You be a crook; and suppose you got a dagger, and I—"

"I don't want any dagger," Sam protested, advancing. "I want that revolver. It's my father's revolver, ain't it?"

"Well, wait a minute, can't you? I got a right to show you the way I do, first, haven't I?" Penrod began an improvisation on the spot. "Say I'm comin' along after dark, just walkin' along this way—like this—look, Sam!"

Penrod, sitting the action to the word, walked to the other end of the room, swinging the revolver at his side with affected, carelessness.

"I'm just walkin' along like this, and first I don't see you," continued the actor. "Then I kind of get a notion sumpting wrong's liable to happen, so I—No!" He interrupted himself abruptly. "No; that isn't it. You wouldn't notice that I had my good ole revolver with me. You wouldn't think I had one, because it'd be under my coat like this, and you wouldn't see it." Penrod stuck the muzzle of the pistol into the waistband of his knickerbockers at the left side, and, buttoning his jacket, sustained the weapon in concealment by pressure of his elbow. "So you think I haven't got any; you think I'm just a man comin' along, and so you—"

Sam advanced. "Well, you've had your turn," he said. "Now, it's mine. I'm goin' to show you how I do—"

"Watch me, can't you?" Penrod waited. "I haven't showed you how I do, have I? My goodness! Can't you watch me a minute?"

"I have been! You said yourself it'd be my turn soon as you—"

"My goodness! Let me have a chance, can't you?" Penrod retreated to the wall, turning his right side toward Sam and keeping the revolver still protected under his coat. "I got to have my turn first, haven't I?"

"Well, yours is over long ago."

"It isn't either! I—"

"Anyway," said Sam decidedly, clutching him by the right shoulder and endeavoring to reach his left side—anyway, I'm goin' to have it now."

"You said I could have my turn out!" Penrod, carried away by indignation, raised his voice.

"I did not!" Sam, likewise lost to caution, asserted his denial loudly.

"You did, too."

"You said—"

"I never said anything!"

"You said—Quit that!"

"Boys!" Mrs. Williams, Sam's mother, opened the door of the room and stood upon the threshold. The scuffling of Sam and Penrod ceased instantly, and they stood hushed and stricken, while fear fell upon them.

"Boys, you weren't quarreling, were you?"

"Ma'am!" said Sam.

"You're quarreling with Penrod?"

"No, ma'am," answered Sam in a small voice.

"It sounded like it. What was the matter?"

Both boys returned her curious glance with meekness. They were summoning their faculties—which were needed. Indeed, these are the crises which prepare a boy for the business difficulties of his later life. Penrod, with the huge weapon beneath his jacket, insecurely supported by an elbow and by a waistband which he instantly began to distrust, experienced distressful sensations similar to those of the owner of too heavily insured property carrying a gasoline can under his overcoat and detained for conversation by a policeman. And if in the coming years, it was to be Penrod's lot to find himself in just this precise situation, no doubt he would be the better prepared for it on account of this present afternoon's experience under the scolding eye of Mrs. Williams. It should be added that Mrs. Williams' eye was awful to the imagination only. It was a gentle eye and but mildly curious, having no remote suspicion of the dreadful truth, for Sam had backed upon the chest of drawers and closed the damnable open one with the calves of his legs.

Sam, not bearing the fatal evidence upon his person, was in a better state than Penrod, though when boys fall into the stillness now assumed by these two, it should be understood that they are suffering. Penrod, in fact, was the prey to apprehension so keen that the actual pit of his stomach was cold.

Being the actual custodian of the crime, he understood that his case was several degrees more serious than that of Sam, who, in the event of detection, would be convicted as only an accessory. It was a lesson, and Penrod already repented his selfishness in not allowing Sam to show how he did, first.

"You're sure you weren't quarreling, Sam?" said Mrs. Williams.

"No, ma'am; we were just talking."

"I'm glad you weren't quarreling," said Mrs. Williams, reassured by this reply, which though somewhat baffling, was thoroughly familiar to her ear. "Now, if you'll come downstairs, I'll give you each one cookie and no more, so your appetites won't be spoiled for your dinners."

She stood, evidently expecting them to precede her. To linger might renew vague suspicion, causing it to become

more definite; and boys preserve themselves from moment to moment, not often attempting to secure the future. Consequently, the apprehensive Sam and the unfortunate Penrod (with the monstrous implement bulking against his ribs) walked out of the room and down the stairs, their countenances indicating an interior condition of solemnity. And a curious shade of behavior might have here interested a criminologist. Penrod endeavored to keep as close to Sam as possible, like a lonely person seeking company, while, on the other hand, Sam kept moving away from Penrod, seeming to desire an appearance of aloofness.

"Go into the library, boys," said Mrs. Williams, as the three reached the foot of the stairs. "I'll bring you your cookies, Papa's in there."

Under her eye the two entered the library, to find Mr. Williams reading his evening paper. He looked up pleasantly, but it seemed to Penrod that he had an ominous and penetrating expression.

"What have you been up to, you boys?" inquired this enemy.

"Nothing," said Sam. "Different things."

"What like?"

"Oh—just different things."

Mr. Williams nodded; then his glance rested casually upon Penrod.

"What's the matter with your arm, Penrod?"

Penrod became paler, and Sam withdrew from him almost conspicuously.

"S'it?"

"I said, What's the matter with your arm?"

"Which one?" Penrod quavered.

"Your left. You seem to be holding it in an unnatural position. Have you hurt it?"

Penrod swallowed. "Yes, sir. A boy bit me—I mean a dog—a dog bit me."

Mr. Williams murmured sympathetically: "That's too bad! Where did he bite you?"

"On the—right on the elbow."

"Good gracious! Perhaps you ought to have it cauterized."

"Sir?"

"Did you have a doctor look at it?"

"No, sir. My mother put some stuff from the drug store on it."

"Oh, I see. Probably it's all right, then."

"Yes, sir," Penrod drew breath more freely, and accepted the warm cookie Mrs. Williams brought him. He ate it without relish.

"Was it your own dog that bit you?" Mr. Williams inquired.

"Sir? No, sir. It wasn't Duke."

"Penrod!" Mrs. Williams exclaimed. "When did it happen?"

"I don't remember just when," he answered feebly. "I guess it was day before yesterday."

"Gracious! How did it—"

She was interrupted by the entrance of a middle-aged colored woman. "Mis Williams," she began, and then, as she caught sight of Penrod, she addressed him directly. "You'm telefom if you here, send you home right away, 'cause they wait'n' dinner on you."

"Run along, then," said Mrs. Williams, patting the visitor lightly upon his shoulder; and she accompanied him to the front door. "Tell your mother I'm so sorry about your getting bitten, and you must take good care of it, Penrod."

"Yes'm."

Penrod lingered helplessly outside the doorway, looking at Sam, who stood partially obscured in the hall, behind Mrs. Williams. Penrod's eyes, behind a veiled anguish, conveyed a pleading for help as well as a horror of the position in which he found himself. Sam, however, pale and determined, seemed to have assumed a stony attitude of detachment, as if it were well understood between them that his own comparative innocence was established, and that whatever catastrophe ensued, Penrod had brought it on and must bear the brunt of it alone.

"Well, you'd better run along, since they're waiting for you at home," said Mrs. Williams, closing the door. "Good night, Penrod."

... Ten minutes later Penrod took his place at his own dinner-table, some-

thing repellent and threatening in the heavy blue steel.

Thus does the long-dreaded real misbehavior not only for Penrod!

More out of a sense of duty to bingism in general than for any other reason, he pointed the revolver at the lawn-mower, and gloomily murmured, "Bing!"

Simultaneously, a low and cautious voice sounded from the yard outside, "Yay, Penrod!" and Sam Williams darkened the doorway, his eye falling instantly upon the weapon in his friend's hand. Sam seemed relieved to see it.

"You didn't get caught with it, did you?" he said hastily.

Penrod shook his head, rising.

"I guess not! I guess I got some brains around me," he added, inspired by Sam's presence to assume a slight swagger. "They'd have to get up pretty early to find any good ole revolver, once I got my hands on it!"

"I guess we can keep it, all right," Sam said confidentially. "Because this morning papa was putting on his winter underclothes and he found it wasn't there, and they looked all over and everywhere, and he was pretty mad, and said he knew it was those cheap plumbers stole it that mamma got instead of the regular plumbers he always used to have, and he said there wasn't any chance ever gettin' it back, because you couldn't tell which one took it, and they'd all swear it wasn't them, and they'd keep it for ever and ever."

So it looks like we could keep it for our revolver, Penrod, don't it? I'll give you half of it."

Penrod affected some enthusiasm. "Sam! we'll keep it out here in the stable."

"Yes, and we'll go huntin' with it. We'll do lots of things with it!" But Sam made no effort to take it, and neither boy seemed to feel yesterday's necessity to show the other how he did. "Wait till next Fourth o' July!" Sam continued. "Oh, oh! Look out!"

This invited a genuine spark from Penrod.

"Fourth o' July! I guess she'll be a little better than any firecrackers! Just a little 'Bing! Bing! Bing!' she'll be goin'." "Bing! Bing! Bing!"

The suggestion of noise stirred his comrade. "I'll bet she'll go off louder'n that time the gas-works blew up! I wouldn't be afraid to shoot her off any time."

"I bet you would," said Penrod. "You aren't used to revolvers the way I—"

"You aren't, either!" Sam exclaimed promptly. "I wouldn't be any more afraid to shoot her off than you would."

"You would, too?"

"I would not!"

"Well, let's see you then; you talk so much about it, but you can't walk 'long street 'bout you blowin' in his head off!" He entered the stable and, with an indignation surely justified, took the pistol from the limp, cold hand of Penrod. "Whose gun you playin' with? Where you get 'at gun?"

"It's ours," quavered Sam. "It belongs to us."

"Then you'd ought to be rested," said the young colored man. "Lettin' boys play with gun!" He examined the revolver with an interest in which there began to appear symptoms of a pleasurable appreciation. "My goodness! Gun like 'iss blow a team o' steers their arm. I guess I didn't have her cocked," he said apologetically, whereupon Penrod loudly jeered.

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"There!" Sam exclaimed, managing to draw back the hammer until two chilling clicks warranted his opinion that the pistol was now ready to perform its office. "I guess she'll do all right to suit you this time!"

"Well, why'n't you go ahead, then; you know so much!" And as Sam raised his arm, Penrod again turned away his head and placed his forefinger in his ears.

A pause followed.

"Why'n't you go ahead?"

Penrod, after waiting in keen suspense, turned to behold his friend standing with his right arm above his head, his left hand over his left ear, and both eyes closed.

"I can't pull the trigger," said Sam indistinctly, his face convulsed as in sympathy with the great muscular efforts of other parts of his body. "She won't pull!"

"She won't?" Penrod remarked with scorn. "I'll bet I could pull her."

Sam promptly opened his eyes and handed the weapon to Penrod.

"All right," he said, with surprising and unusual mildness. "You try her, then."

Inwardly discomfited to a disagreeable extent, Penrod attempted to talk his own misgivings out of countenance.

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"Well, I am going to, ain't I?"

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"Well, why don't you see if I will! I bet you're afraid yourself."

"Oh, I am, I'm!" said Penrod, in a reckless voice—and his finger touched the trigger. It seemed to him that his finger no more than touched it; perhaps he had been reassured by Sam's assertion that the trigger was difficult. His



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In so doing, his shoulders came brusquely in contact with one of them, which happened to be unfastened, and it swung open, revealing to his gaze two stark-white boys, one of them holding an enormous pistol and both staring at him in stupor of ultimate horror. For, to the glassy eyes of Penrod and Sam, the stratagem of the young colored man, thus dropping to earth, disclosed, with awful certainty, a slaughtered body.

This dreadful thing raised itself up on its elbows and looked at them, and there followed a motionless moment—a tableau of brief duration, for both boys turned and could have fled, shrieking, but the body spoke:

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Penrod shook his head, rising.

"I guess not. I guess I got some brains around me," he added, inspired by Sam's presence to assume a slight swagger. "They'd have to get up pretty early to find any good old revolver, once I got my hands on it!"

"I guess we can keep it, all right," Sam said confidentially. "Because this morning papa was putting on his winter underclothes and he found it wasn't there, and they looked all over and everywhere, and he was pretty mad, and said he knew it was those cheap plumbbers stole it that mamma got instead of the regular plumbers he always used to have, and he said there wasn't any chance ever getting it back, because you couldn't tell which one took it, and they'd all swear it wasn't them, and they'd like we could keep it for our revolver, Penrod, don't it? I'll give you half of it."

Penrod affected some enthusiasm. "Sam! we'll keep it out here in the stable."

"Yes, and we'll go huntin' with it. We'll do lots of things with it!" But Sam made no effort to take it, and neither boy seemed to feel yesterday's necessity to show the other how he did. "Wait till next Fourth of July," Sam continued. "Oh, oh! Look out!" This invited a genuine spark from Penrod.

"Fourth of July? I guess she'll be a little better than any fireworks! Just a little 'Bing! Bing! Bing!' she'll be goin'." "Bing! Bing! Bing!"

The suggestion of noise stirred his comrade. "It'll be she'll go off louder'n that time the gas-worship blow up! I wouldn't be afraid to shoot her off any time."

"I bet you would," said Penrod. "You aren't used to revolvers the way I—"

"You aren't either!" Sam exclaimed promptly. "I wouldn't be any more afraid to shoot her off than you would."

"You wouldn't, too?"

"I would not!"

"Well, let's see you then; you talk so much!" And Penrod handed the weapon securely to Sam, who at once became less self-assertive.

"I'd shoot her off in a minute," Sam said, "only it might break something if it hit it."

"Hold her up in the air, then. It can't hurt the roof, can it?"

Sam, with a desperate expression, lifted the revolver at arm's length. Both boys turned away their heads, but Penrod put his fingers in his ears—but nothing happened. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Why don't you go on if you're goin' to?"

Sam lowered his arm. "I guess I didn't have her cocked," he said apologetically, whereupon Penrod loudly jeered.

"Try'n to shoot a revolver and didn't know enough to cock her! If I didn't know any more about revolvers than that, I'd—"

"There!" Sam exclaimed, managing to draw back the hammer until two chilling clicks warranted his opinion that the pistol was now ready to perform its office. "I guess she'll do all right to suit you this time!"

"Well, why'n't you go ahead, then; you know so much!" And as Sam raised his arm, Penrod again turned away his head and placed his forefingers in his ears.

A pause followed.

"Why'n't you go ahead?"

Penrod, after waiting in keen suspense, turned to behold his friend standing with his right arm above his head, his left hand over his left ear, and both eyes closed.

"I can't pull the trigger," said Sam indistinctly, his face convulsed as in sympathy with the great muscular efforts of other parts of his body. "She won't pull!"

"She won't?" Penrod remarked with scorn. "I'll bet I could pull her."

Sam promptly opened his eyes and handed the weapon to Penrod.

"All right," he said, with surprising and unusual mildness. "You try her, then."

Inwardly discomfited to a disagreeable extent, Penrod attempted to talk his own misgivings out of countenance.

"Poor little baby!" he said, swinging the pistol at his side with a fair pretense of careless ease. "Ain't even strong enough to pull a trigger! Poor little baby! Well, if you can't even do that much, you better watch me while I—"

"Well," said Sam reasonably, "why don't you go on and do it then?"

"Well, I am going to, ain't I?"

"Well, then, why don't you?"

"Oh, I'll do it, fast enough to suit you, I guess," Penrod retorted swinging the big revolver up a little higher than his shoulder and pointing it in the direction of the double doors, which opened upon the alley. "You better run, Sam," he jeered. "You'll be pretty scared when I shoot her off, I guess."

"Well, why don't you see if I will? I bet you're afraid yourself!"

"Oh, I am, am I?" said Penrod, in a reckless voice—and his finger touched the trigger. It seemed to him that his finger no more than touched it; perhaps he had been reassured by Sam's assertion that the trigger was difficult. His

intentions must remain in doubt, and probably Penrod himself was not certain of them; but one thing comes to the surface as entirely definite—that the trigger was not so hard to pull as Sam said it was.

Bang! Wh-a-ack. A shattering report, spurt of air of the stable, and a diameter in the alley door. With these phenomena, three yell, expressing excitement of different kinds, were almost simultaneous—two from within the stable and the third from a point in the alley about eleven inches lower than the orifice just constructed in the planking of the door. This third point, roughly speaking, was the open mouth of a gayly dressed young colored man whose attention, as he stroiled, had been thus violently distracted from some mental computations he was making in numbers, including, particularly, those symbols of ecstasy or woe, his eye at once perceived the orifice on a line enervatingly little above the top of his head; and, although he had not supposed himself so well known in this neighborhood, he was aware that he did, here and there, possess acquaintances of whom some such complimentary action might be expected as natural and characteristic. His immediate procedure was to prostrate himself flat upon the ground, against the stable doors.

In so doing, his shoulder came brusquely in contact with one of them, which happened to be unfastened, and it swung open, revealing to his gasping eyes a white boy, one of those holding an enormous pistol and both staring at him in stupor of ultimate horror. For, to the glass eye of Penrod and Sam, the stratagem of the young colored man, thus dropping to earth, disclosed, with awful certainty, a slaughtered body.

This dreadful thing raised itself up on its elbows and looked at them, and then followed a motionless moment—a tableau of brief duration, for both boys turned and would have fled, shrieking, but the body spoke:

"At a nice business!" it said reproachfully. "Nice business! Try'n to blow a man's head off!"

Penrod was unable to speak, but Sam managed to summon the tremulous semblance of a voice.

"Where—where did it hit you?" he gasped.

"Nemmine anything 'bout where it hit me," the young colored man returned, dusting his breast and knees as he rose. "I want to know what kind of white boys you think you is—man can't walk 'long street 'bout you blow'n in his head off?" He entered the stable and, with an indignation surely justified, took the pistol from the limp, cold hand of Penrod. "Whose gun you play'n with? Where you get 'at gun?"

"It's ours," quavered Sam. "It belongs to us."

"Then you 're ought to be 'rested," said the young colored man. "Lettin' boys play with gun!" He examined the revolver with an interest in which there began to appear symptoms of a pleasurable appreciation. "My goodness! Gun like 'iss blow a look 't steers them a brick house! Look 'at gun!" With his right hand he twisted it in a manner most dexterous and surprising; then suddenly he became severe. "You white boy, listen me!" he said. "Ef I went an did what I ought to did, I'd march straight on 'iss steers, git a policeman, an' tell him 'bout you an' take you off to jail. 'At's what you need—'bout'n' man's head off—listen me! I'm goin' to 'iss gun an' 't'ow her away where you can't do no mo' harm with her. I'm goin' to take her way off in the woods an' 't'ow her away where can't nobody see her an' go blow'n' man's head off with her. 'At's what I'm goin' to do!" And placing the revolver inside his coat as inconspicuously as possible, he proceeded to the open door and into the alley, where he turned for a final word. "I let you 'iss one time," he said, "but listen me—you listen, white boy; you bet not tell you 'pa. 'At's what I'm goin' to tell him, an' you ain't goin' to tell him. He want know where gun gone, you tell him you lost her."

He disappeared rapidly.

Sam Williams, swallowing contentedly, presently walked to the alley doorway, and remarked in a weak voice, "I'm sick at my stomach." He paused, then added more decidedly: "I'm goin' home. I guess I've stood about enough around here for one day!" And he stowing a last glance upon his friend, who was now sitting dumbly upon the floor in the exact spot where he had stood to fire the dreadful shot, Sam moved slowly away.

The early shades of autumn evening were falling when a better light from the stable; and a better light might have disclosed that there was a boy some inches taller, extremely, if temporarily, ill. He went to the cistern, and, after a cautious glance round the reassuring horizon, lifted the iron cover. Then he took from the inner pocket his jacket an object which he dropped listlessly into the water; it was a bit of wood, whittled to the likeness of a pistol. And though his lips moved, no sound issued from his mouth, nor any word was formed. Penrod was so deep in the person of Penrod were so deep in the person of Penrod, they came almost from the slowly connecting profundities of his stomach. These words concerned firearms, and they were:

"Wish I'd never seen one! Never want to see one again!"

Of course Penrod had no way of knowing that, as regards big game, several of the most distinguished old gentlemen in Europe were gathered about the cistern, and that the same very minute in exactly the same state of mind.

When I saw you shake your head I thought that you didn't want to go," said Hope as he helped Cleo into his car.

"Of course I want to go, Jarvis," she answered, with a trace of embarrassment, "but I haven't any evening gown—at least none that would do for Mrs. Delmar's reception. And I didn't feel that I could afford to buy one." Her lip quivered. "I haven't very much money, you know."

"Bless my soul," said Hope, rummaging in an inside pocket until he found a letter, "here's something that Dawson asked me to hand you yesterday, but there was so much excitement last night that it entirely slipped my mind."

"It's the money from the sale of father's library," said Cleo, holding up a pale-green slip. "I think," she added happily, "that I'll spend this afternoon shopping. I don't want you to be ashamed of me tonight, Jarvis."

Hope and Cleo were scarcely out of sight before Satsuma, who had observed their arrival and departure from the shelter of a drug store on the opposite side of the street, was ringing the door bell of the Delmar residence.

"Mrs. Delmar is not seeing anyone today," said the butler.

"But it is on a matter of importance that I wish to see her," persisted Satsuma.

"Mrs. Delmar cannot see you today," repeated the servant firmly. "She is busy preparing for a reception she is giving this evening."

Ten minutes later Satsuma, in a telephone booth, was talking to Mahlin, who was in Valdivia.

"... but I wasn't able to see her," the Japanese concluded.

"All right," was the answer. "I'll come over to the city on the next train. I'll plan some way to get into the house during the reception tonight."

Though the sound of the explosion doubtless awakened the nearer of Stephenski's neighbors, they were so far away and the hour was so late, that it did not result in attracting anyone to the scene. It was, nevertheless,

# The SECRET of the SUBMARINE

by E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The End of the Trail," "Fighting in Flanders," "The Road to Glory," "Vive la France," etc.

Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the American Film Manufacturing Company.

LYOUT. Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States naval board to investigate and report his findings on the invention of a submarine in the possession of a certain Dr. Ralph Burke, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The inventor, Dr. Burke, is a Japanese and is welcomed by the inventor and his daughter, Cleo. On the trial trip of the invention, a Japanese doctor is surprised in the act of examining the mechanism of the ventilating device. Hope reports favorably on the new device but there are others interested in it. An attempt to surprise Dr. Burke's laboratory fails, but later Cleo finds him murdered in his study. Cleo sells her father's library to get money; later she finds a note from the auctioneer's store only to find it is a trap to capture Cleo when she calls at the house of Stephenski, the anarchist. Hope rushes to her aid; Morton shoots at him but the bullet hits a bomb in the cellar, which explodes.

## FIFTH INSTALLMENT.

The explosion of the bombs which the old nihilist had secreted in his cellar had literally torn the house asunder. Yet by one of those whims which so frequently characterize the action of high explosives, though the front of the house had been transformed into a heap of debris, the rooms at the rear remained intact and almost uninjured. Thus it happened that Morton and Olga, standing behind the curtain which hung at the entrance to the dining room, though hurried to hear outside the house the sound of Cleo—Cleo, whom they had left bound and gagged in the cellar, and who, they supposed, had perished in the explosion.

"I'm sure Mr. Hope is in there, Hook," they heard her say, and there was a break in her voice. "I heard him calling my name when you were carrying me out of the cellar just before the explosion."

"Bless your heart, Miss Cleo, of course I'm going to look for the lieutenant," answered the old seaman.

Morton put his lips close to Olga's ear. "Don't make a sound," he whispered. "They're not likely to find us here and we may learn something."

"Here he is, Hook," she cried. "Here's Lieutenant Hope, under all this plaster. He's so white and still I'm afraid he's—he's dead."

"Oh, Jarvis, Jarvis," she wailed, kneeling beside him when, with Hook's assistance, she had dragged

less, with extreme caution that Olga and Morton, after making sure that Cleo and her friends had taken their departure, emerged from their place of concealment, and leaving behind them the ruined house and its dead owner, set out on foot by a circuitous route for the city. Nothing was farther from their desire than to be seen coming from the scene of the tragedy and to be called as witnesses in the investigation which was certain to follow its discovery. Day was dawning in the east, before Morton, having seen Olga to her apartment, reached his hotel, and it was nearly noon when he was awakened by someone knocking at his door. It was a belloy with a telegram. Still half awake, he tore open the envelope—there stood transfixed, staring with unbeliever's eyes at the message printed on the sheet of yellow paper.

"Your uncle died from heart failure at eleven o'clock last night. By his will he has left his entire estate to a Miss Cleo Burke of Valdivia, California."

It was signed by Calvin Montgomery's private secretary.

Minute after minute passed and still Morton stared at the message as though his eyes deceived him. Surely he must be dreaming. Calvin Montgomery dead. And all of his great estate gone to Cleo Burke. And he, Gerald Morton, his nephew, and, as he had supposed, his only heir, had received nothing. Then all at once he remembered the strange remark he had overheard his uncle make that morning in the New York office. "I wonder if I did right by Cleo?" Montgomery had said aloud, as though putting his thoughts into words, and Morton recalled the old man's obvious confusion when he asked him who his uncle had told him to give to Doctor Burke. "I once gave you something that I valued as much as you value the secret of the submarine."

When Francis Leyland arrived he was met at the door by Mahlin, who recognized him by the package under his arm.

"Are you Mr. Leyland, sir?" he inquired respectfully.

"I am," was the answer.

"Your aunt desires me to tell you, sir," said Mahlin smoothly, "that you are to give me the books and I am to take them to the upstairs study so that Lieutenant Hope can see them."

The study was a large and handsomely furnished apartment.

Mahlin, closing the door behind him, unwrapped the books with quick nervous fingers, and was bent over the table, absorbed in their examination, when the door was suddenly thrown open and young Leyland entered the room.

"Excuse me," he exclaimed, supposing the figure at the table was one of the guests. "I'm sorry if I intruded. I just stepped in to see if I could find some cigarettes," and then, recognizing Mahlin as the servant who had admitted him, "what the devil are you doing with those books? And why haven't you told my aunt that I had arrived?"

"I really beg pardon, sir," said the supposed servant humbly, "but I was just glancing over the volumes, sir. They are highly interesting, sir. I will notify your aunt immediately, sir," and he backed toward the door.

"Well, don't waste any more time about it, then," said Leyland, "and you can tell her that I'm going to stay here for a while and have a smoke."

Dropping into a chair, he lit a cigarette. An instant later a crushing blow descended on his head and, with a groan, he slumped from the chair onto the floor, where he lay with outspread arms, breathing stertorously.

Headless of the unconscious body at his feet, Mahlin had resumed his scrutiny of the books when he heard outside the door the voices of Mrs. Delmar, Hope and Cleo. They were ascending the stairs. They were coming to the study. He glanced hastily about him. The only means of es-

determined that you shall have a good time. Here comes a man now that I want you to know," and she beckoned to a man who was crossing the floor with a tall and strikingly handsome brunette.

"Why, it's Mr. Morton!" exclaimed Cleo. "I didn't know that he was here. Have you known him long here. Have you known him long?"

"I never met him until tonight, but he seems to be a very charming fellow. He and the Countess Ivanoff, the lady who is with him, are old friends of my husband's vice consul, Mr. Paget. I invited them on his account."

"This is indeed a pleasant surprise, Miss Burke," said Morton, gazing at Cleo in such open admiration that her eyes dropped in confusion. "Now I am glad I came. You look as though you had come straight from the Rue de la Paix. May I have this dance?"

Cleo glanced at Hope, who was already deep in an animated conversation with the countess. He seemed to have forgotten her entirely. He had not even asked her for a dance. A little flush of anger came into her cheeks.

"Indeed you may," she answered. "I am very fond of dancing," and the next moment she was floating away in the arms of Gerald Morton. When Hope caught sight of them Morton was whispering something in her ear which caused her to look up into his eyes with a smile of pleasure.

Morton lost no time in starting his campaign of love-making. An unexpected opportunity had been thrown in his way and he intended to make the most of it. He had had much experience in the game of love, but he had never played it for such high stakes, or when it was so vitally necessary for him to win, and he appreciated, moreover, that were he to be successful he would have to play with consummate skill. Nor did he make the mistake of underrating his adversary Jarvis Hope. He knew that the young naval officer held an assured place in Cleo's affections, but he also knew from experience that it is always easy to make a woman jealous of the man she loves. And he determined that his first move should be to stir up jealousy between Hope and Cleo. When the dance was over, following the customary rules of the game, he suggested to Cleo that they take a stroll upon the terrace, and it was there, in a nook formed by a screen of palms that they were found, half an hour later, by Hope and Olga.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Cleo," he said sternly. "Why have you been away so long?"

"I have been talking to Mr. Morton," Cleo answered. "But," she added defiantly, "I wasn't aware that I was expected to give you an account of my actions. I am quite old enough to take care of myself, thank you."

Morton saw with satisfaction that a lover's quarrel was brewing, but it was ended almost before it began by Mrs. Delmar, who at that moment stepped onto the terrace.

"O, Mr. Hope," she cried, catching sight of the group behind the palms. "I've been looking all over for you. The butler tells me that my nephew came half an hour ago. He must have taken the books upstairs, though I can't understand why that stupid servant at the door didn't let me know. Don't you and Miss Burke want to go up to the study and look at them?"

As Hope and Cleo followed their hostess into the house, Morton and Olga looked at each other significantly. "We must follow them," Olga whispered.

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They Reeled Through the Doorway.

They Reeled Through the Doorway, lamp lighted, and, stepping to the wall, she switched on the electric light.

"Good God! What's this?" cried Hope, catching sight of Leyland's body.

Mrs. Delmar gave a cry of horror. "It's Francis! It's my nephew! Is he dead? Oh, is he dead? What's happened to him?"

"No, he's not dead," said Hope, examining the unconscious man. "But he's had a terrific clip on the back of the head. Looks as though someone had hit him with a life-preserver. He's coming around, though. He'll be all right in a few minutes."

"Here are the books on the table," said Cleo, recognizing two of her father's beloved volumes. "Poor Mr. Leyland must have been looking at them when—"

She stopped abruptly, for from behind the curtains had come a muffled sneeze.

"Someone's hiding there—behind the curtains!" she whispered, gripping Hope's arm.

Crossing the room on velvet feet, Hope suddenly jerked aside the heavy draperies. As he did so, Mahlin, who had slipped a black mask over the upper portion of his face, leaped at him like a panther. Locked in each other's arms the two men swayed out into the middle of the room. The hit a carved cabinet filled with porcelain and it went over with a crash. They caromed from the wall to the table and from the table to the wall. Cursing, grunting, snarling, straining, more like animals than men, they reeled through the doorway of the study into the upper hall. A rug slipped from beneath them and sent them to their knees, but still they battled on. Nearer and nearer their desperate struggle brought them to the top of the stairway. Hope, who was on top now, had his fingers on Mahlin's throat. The house was in an uproar now. Guests, servants and musicians, attracted by the piercing screams of Cleo and Mrs. Delmar, rushed from the ballroom and stood crowded in the door below, watching the struggle at the head of the stairs as an audience watches a mock struggle on the stage. Now the two were poised at the top of the stairway. Then, amid a chorus of screams from Cleo and Mrs. Delmar above and from the assembled guests below, they rolled, with a terrific bumping down the marble stairs. So intertwined that one could not be distinguished from the other, they burst into the ballroom, the frightened guests striving to get away before them. Panting from exhaustion they rocked and swayed across the polished floor, reeled for a sickening moment against the low warning from the onlookers, plunged outward and downward into the darkness. A terrific crash of broken glass told the horrified listeners that they had fallen through the roof of the conservatory below.

Throughout the desperate encounter Cleo had remained at the top of the stairs, petrified with fear for Hope's safety, clinging convulsively to Mrs. Delmar. As the two figures plunged through the open window she gave a shriek of horror.

"He's killed! He's killed! I know he's killed!" she wailed, and ran blindly, madly down the stairs.

Seeing that the coast was now momentarily clear, Morton and Olga, who had followed the others upstairs without themselves being observed, and had witnessed the whole of the desperate struggle, slipped into the empty study with the intention of getting the books, which they had seen, only a moment before, lying on the table. But they stopped in astonishment on the threshold.

The books had disappeared!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



A Little Flush of Anger Came Into Her Cheeks.

him from the debris, "you're not dead, are you? Speak to me, Jarvis, dear. It's Cleo."

Hope's eyelids fluttered, opened, closed again.

"The Lord be praised, he's all right save for a tap on the back of the head," cried Hook.

It was some minutes before Hope recovered his senses sufficiently to tell a connected story. "My car broke down when I was coming back from the Presidio," he explained; "that's what delayed me. When I reached the hotel they told me that you had started for here alone. Just as I reached here I thought I heard you screaming. I knocked at the door, but they wouldn't open it, so I broke it in. In the front room I met the old Russian with the white whiskers. He

Oh, Jarvis, Jarvis!" she wailed, kneeling beside him when, with Hook's assistance, she had dragged

# Interned—A Near Tragedy

Military Necessity Lead Penrod and Sam into Strategy Which Almost Acts as a Boomerang

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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After such rigorous events, every one comprehended that the game of banded prisoner was over, and there was no suggestion that it should or might be resumed. The fashion of its conclusion had been so consummately enjoyed by all parties (with the natural exception of Roddy Bitts) that a renewal would have been tame; hence, the various minds of the company turned to other matters and became restless. George Bassett withdrew first, remembering that if he expected to be as wonderful as usual, tomorrow, in Sunday school, it was time to prepare himself, though this was not included in the statement he made alleging the cause of his departure. Being detained bodily and pressed for explanation, he desperately said that he had to go home to tease the cook—which had the rakehell air he thought would insure his release, but was not considered plausible. However, he was finally allowed to go, and, as first hints of evening were already cooling and darkening the air, the party broke up, its members setting forth, whistling, toward their several homes, though Penrod lingered with Sam. Herman was the last to go from them.

"Well, I got git 'at stove-wood f' suppah," he said, rising and stretching himself. "I got git 'at lil' soap-box wagon, an' go on ovuh wheres 'at new house bull'n' on Secor street; pick up few shingles an' blocks layin' round."

He went through the yard toward the alley, and, at the alley gate, remembering something, he paused and called to them. The lot was a deep one, and they were too far away to catch his meaning. Sam shouted, "Can't hear you," and Herman replied, but still unintelligibly; then, upon Sam's repetition of "Can't hear you," Herman waved his arm in farewell, implying that the matter was of little significance, and vanished. But if they had understood him, Penrod and Sam might have considered his inquiry of instant importance, for Herman's last shout was to ask if either of them had noticed "where Verman went."

Verman and Verman's whereabouts were, at this hour, of no more concern to Sam and Penrod than was the other side of the moon. That unfortunate banded prisoner had been long since utterly effaced from their fields of consciousness, and the dark secret of their Bastille troubled them only as the main and simple reason that they had forgotten it.

They drifted indoors, and found Sam's mother's white cat drowsing on a desk in the library, the which coincidence obviously inspired the experiment of ascertaining how successfully ink could be used in making a clean white cat look like a coach-dog. There was neither malice nor mischief in their idea; simply, a problem presented itself to the biological and artistic questionings beginning to stir within



"O-o-o-o-oh, Ver-er-er-ma-a-a-an!"

voice, at first in the distance, then growing louder—coming nearer.

"Oh, Ver-er-man! O-o-o-oh, Ver-er-ma-a-an!"

It was the voice of Herman.

"O-o-o-o-oh, Ver-er-er-ma-a-a-an!"

And then two boys sat stricken at that cheerful table and ceased to eat. Recollection awoke with a bang!

"Oh, my!" Sam gasped.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Schofield. "Swallow something the wrong way, Sam?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"O-o-o-oh, Ver-er-er-ma-a-a-an!"

And now the voice was near the windows of the dining room.

"What's the matter with you?" his father demanded. "Sit down!"

"It's Herman—that colored boy lives in the alley," said Penrod hoarsely. "I expect—I think—"

"Well, what's the matter?"

"I think his little brother's maybe got lost, and Sam and I better go help look—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Schofield sharply. "Sit down and eat your dinner."

In a palsy, the miserable boy resumed his seat. He and Sam exchanged a single dumb glance; then the eyes of both swung fearfully to Margaret. Her appearance was one of sprightly content, and from a certain point of view, nothing could have been more alarming. If she had opened her closet door without discovering Verman, that must have been because Verman was dead and Margaret had failed to notice the body. (Such were the thoughts of Penrod and Sam.) But she might not have opened the closet door. And whether she had or not, Verman must still be there, alive or dead, for if he had escaped he would have gone home, and their ears would not be ringing with the sinister and melancholy cry that now came from the distance, "O-o-o-oh, Ver-er-ma-a-an!"

Verman, in his seclusion, did not hear that appeal from his brother; there were too many walls between them. But he was becoming impatient for release, though, all in all, he had not found the confinement intolerable or even very irksome. His character was philosophic, his imagination calm; no bugaboos came to trouble him.

Sam offered prompt corroboration. "Yes, sir; she did. She said for us both to tell her, I better go, too, I guess, because she said—"

He was interrupted. Starting upon their ears rang shriek on shriek. Mrs. Schofield, recognizing Margaret's voice, likewise shrieked, and Mr. Schofield



"I Got to Tell Margaret Sumpting."

When the boys closed the door upon him, he made himself comfortable upon the floor and, for a time, thoughtfully chewed a patent-leather slipper that had come under his hand. He found the patent leather not unpleasant to his palate, though he swallowed only a portion of what he detached, not being hungry at that time. The soul-fabric of Verman was of a fortunate weave; he was not a seeker and questioner. When it happened to him that he was at rest in a shady corner, he did not even think about a place in the sun. Verman took life as it came.

Naturally, he fell asleep. And toward the conclusion of his slumbers, he had this singular adventure: a lady set her foot down within less than half an inch of his nose—and neither of them knew it. Verman slept on, without being awakened by either the closing or the opening of the door. What did rouse him was something ample and soft falling upon him—Margaret's cape, which slid from the hook after she had gone.

Enveloped in its folds, Verman sat up, corkscrewing his knuckles into the corners of his eyes. Slowly he became aware of two important vacuums—one in time and one in his stomach. Hours had vanished strangely into nowhere; the game of banded prisoner was something cloudy and remote of the long, long ago, and, although Verman knew where he was, he had partially forgotten how he came there. He perceived, however, that something had gone wrong, for he was certain that he ought not to be where he found himself.

White folks' house! The fact that Verman could not have pronounced these words rendered them no less clear in his mind; they began to stir his apprehension, and nothing becomes more rapidly tumultuous than apprehension once it is stirred. That he might possibly obtain release by making a noise was too daring a thought and not even conceived, much less entertained, by the little and humble Verman. For, with the bewildering gap of his slumber between him and previous events, he did not place the responsibility for his being in white folks' house upon the white folks who had put him there. His state of mind

was that of the stable puppy who knows he must not be found in the parlor. Not three in his life had Verman been within the doors of white folks' houses, and, above all things, he felt that it was in some undefined way vital to him to get out of white folks' house unobserved and unknown. It was in his very blood to be sure of that.

Further than this point, the processes of Verman's mind became mysterious to the observer. It appears, however, that he had a definite (though somewhat primitive) conception of the usefulness of disguise; and he must have begun his preparations before he heard footsteps in the room outside his closed door.

These footsteps were Margaret's. Just as Mr. Schofield's coffee was brought, and just after Penrod had been baffled in another attempt to leave the table, Margaret rose and patted her father imperiously upon the head.

"You can't bully me that way!" she said. "I got home too late to dress, and I'm going to a dance. 'Scuse."

And she began her dancing on the spot, pirouetting herself swiftly from the room, and was immediately heard running up the stairs.

"Penrod!" Mr. Schofield shouted. "Sit down! How many times am I going to tell you? What is the matter with you tonight?"

"I got to go," gasped Penrod. "I got to tell Margaret sumpting."

"What have you got to tell her?"

"It's—it's sumpting I forgot to tell her."

"Well, it will keep till she comes downstairs," said Mr. Schofield grimly. "You sit down till this meal is finished."

Penrod was becoming frantic.

"I got to tell her—it's sumpting Sam's mother told me to tell her," he babbled. "Didn't she, Sam? You heard her tell me to tell her; didn't you, Sam?"

Sam offered prompt corroboration. "Yes, sir; she did. She said for us both to tell her, I better go, too, I guess, because she said—"

He was interrupted. Starting upon their ears rang shriek on shriek. Mrs. Schofield, recognizing Margaret's voice, likewise shrieked, and Mr. Schofield

uttered various sounds, but Penrod and Sam were incapable of doing anything vocally. All rushed from the table.

Margaret continued to shriek, and it is not to be denied that there was some cause for her agitation. When she opened the closet door, her light-blue military cape, instead of hanging on the hook where she had left it, came out into the room in a manner which she afterward described as "a kind of horrible creep, but faster than a creep." Nothing was to be seen except the creeping cape, she said, but, of course, she could tell there was some awful thing inside of it. It was too large to be a cat, and too small to be a boy; it was too large to be a Duke, Penrod's little old dog, and, besides, Duke wouldn't act like that. It crept rapidly out into the upper hall, and then, as she recovered the use of her voice and began to scream, the animated cape abandoned its creeping for a quicker gait—"a weird, creeping flop," she defined it.

The thing then decided upon a third style of locomotion, evidently, for when Sam and Penrod reached the front hall, a few steps in advance of Mr. and Mrs. Schofield, it was rolling grandly down the stairs.

Mr. Schofield had only a hurried glimpse of it as it reached the bottom, close by the front door.

"Grab that thing!" he shouted, dashing forward. "Stop it! Hit it!"

It was at this moment that Sam Williams displayed the presence of mind which was his most eminent characteristic. Sam's ventral instinct for the right action almost never failed him in a crisis, and it did not fail him now. Leaping to the door, at the very instant when the rolling cape touched it, Sam flung the door open—and the cape rolled on. With incredible rapidity and intelligence, it rolled, indeed, out into the night.

Penrod jumped after it, and the next second reappeared in the doorway holding the cape. He shook out its folds, breathing hard but acquiring confidence. In fact, he was able to look up in his father's face and say, with bright ingenuousness, "It was just laying there. Do you know what I think? Well, it couldn't have acted that way itself. I think

about half the time, anyhow. No; it couldn't possibly have had a thing to do with it. They were right there at the table with us all the time, and they came right straight to the table the minute they entered the house. Before that, they'd been over at Sam's all afternoon. So, it couldn't have been the boys." Mrs. Schofield passed to ruminate with a little air of pride, then added: "Margaret has often thought—oh, long before this—that she was a medium. I mean—if she would tell herself. So it wasn't anything the boys did."

Mr. Schofield granted.

"I'll admit this much," he said. "I admit it wasn't anything we'll ever get out of 'em."

And the remarks of Sam and Penrod, taking leave of each other, one on each side of the gate, appeared to corroborate Mr. Schofield's opinion.

"Well, g'night, Penrod," Sam said, because most likely they'd misunderstood something she said—well, of course, all that does sound mixed up and peculiar, but they sound that way

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of the stable puppy who just not be found in the parlor in his life had Verman a the doors of white folks above all things, he felt in some undefined way to get out of white folks' blood and unknown. It is very blood to be sure of

than this point, the program's mind became mystic observer. It appears, that he had a definite (perhaps primitive) concept of the nature of the disease; and he began his preparations heard footsteps in the room's closed door.

footsteps were Margaret's. Mr. Schofield's coffee was and just after Penrod had led in another attempt to find, Margaret rose and her father impudently upon

"n't bully me that way!" she got home too late to dress, going to a dance. "Scuse," she began her dancing on the setting herself swiftly from and was immediately heard p the stairs. "Mr. Schofield, shouted, 'How many times am I tell you? What is the mat you tonight?'"

"to go," gasped Penrod. "I'll Margaret something." "have you 'got' to tell her?" "s something I forgot to tell

it will keep till she comes," said Mr. Schofield grimly, down till this meal is finished was becoming frantic.

to tell her—it's something other told me to tell her," he "Didn't she, Sam? You or tell me to tell her; didn't

ferred prompt corroboration, sir; she did," she said for us tell her. I better go, too, I excuse she said—"

is interrupted. Startling upon's rang shriek on shriek. Mrs. Schofield, recognizing Margaret's voice, shrieked, and Mr. Schofield



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about half the time, anyhow. No; it couldn't possibly have had a thing to do with it. They were right there at the table with us all the time, and they came right straight to the table the minute they entered the house. Before that, they'd been over at Sam's all afternoon. So, it couldn't have been the boys." Mrs. Schofield paused to ruminate with a little air of pride, then added: "Margaret has often thought—oh, long before this—that she was a medium. I mean—if she would let herself do. So it wasn't anything the boys did."

Mr. Schofield grunted. "I'll admit this much," he said. "I don't admit it wasn't anything we'll ever get out of 'em." And the remarks of Sam and Penrod, taking leave of each other, one on each side of the gate, appeared to corroborate Mr. Schofield's opinion. "Well, g'night, Penrod," Sam said. "It was a pretty good Saturday, wasn't it?"

"Fine!" said Penrod casually. "G'night, Sam."

After a lapse of close upon 2,000 years since the destruction of Pompeii the skeletons of four of the victims have been discovered in the actual positions in which they were overtaken by the catastrophe.

Two of the victims, apparently a man and wife belonging to the upper classes, had evidently been caught by the shower of red-hot stones in the cloister garden of their villa, and while hastening to seek shelter in a corner had been suddenly buried and asphyxiated through the collapse of the roof overlaid with volcanic dust, says the London Chronicle.



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The husband was found in a sitting position, with his head and back bent forward and the legs wide apart. His wife was standing erect immediately behind him. Her golden earrings were found on a level with her ears, and there were two gold rings still on the fingers.

A third skeleton was that of a youth huddled with his face to a hole in the garden wall. The last of the group, a full-sized man, bent almost double under the weight of the suffocating debris, had on a finger of the right hand an iron ring inset with a prettily engraved cornelian.

A New Proprietor. "So you own your own house, Wig-gins?" "No." "Why, you told me so last month?" "Yes. We had no cook then." Prelude to a Joyous Evening. "Anybody getting a real laugh out of this show?" asked the surly citizen. "Yes," replied the sardonic usher. "Who?" "The ticket speculators."

From the Chestnut Tree. "Vaccination is no good." "What makes you say that?" "It was just laying there. Do you see what I think? Well, it couldn't be acted that way itself. I think

# LIVER DIDN'T ACT DIGESTION WAS BAD

65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Who Tells How She Was Relieved After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadersville, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Schofield, of this town, says: "At 65 years of age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of order. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and I took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak. I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon righted with a few doses of Black-Draught."

Seventy years of successful use has made Theodor's Black-Draught a standard household remedy. Every member of every family, at times, needs the help that Black-Draught can give in cleansing the system and relieving the troubles that come from constipation, indigestion, lazy liver, etc. You cannot keep well unless your stomach, liver and bowels are in good working order. Keep them that way. Try Black-Draught. It acts promptly, gently and in a natural way. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c. a package—One cent a dose. All druggists. J. 69

**POSTED NOTICE**  
No hunting, fishing, or peccas gathering allowed in my pastures  
J. O. Hall

**COUNTRY PEOPLE**  
Don't forget to see the third chapter of the Secret of the Submarine Saturday. Special price to country people only 10c.  
Electric theatre.

**COME ONE, COME ALL**  
See The Berkeley Sextette at the Electric Theatre Saturday night, December 29. Program consists of orchestra numbers, readings, songs, instrumental solos and costumed scenes.

Just a few more secondhand school books for sale at Review Office.

The Review still \$1.00 a year. The Review and The Semi-Weekly Farm News for \$1.75.

Building Paper, window glass, Rubber roofing, Builders Hardware, Joe H. Shackelford Lumber Yard.

WOOD delivered on short notice Alvin Smith, Phone 86.

Any W. O. W. lodge can use our receipts but up in books of 100. Price 30 cents a book delivered.

Carbon paper at The Review Office.

A few more good stove pipe to be sold at The Review Office.

The Review and The Semi-Weekly Farm News for \$1.75.

**PAY UP**  
All parties who know themselves are indebted to us either by not open account are hereby notified to call and pay up. This notice is needed for all; we have no favorite. If you owe us we want the money beginning Oct. 1st, our books are closed, don't ask us to charge it.  
C. S. Boyks.

## Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

## XMAS. EATABLES

Make Our Store your Headquarters for XMAS. FRUITS, NUTS, CANDIES, ETC. Will do our best to supply you in Groceries at best cash prices.

PEANUT BUTTER in bulk just received. It is better. And it is popular.

TRY IT. Wishing you a merry Xmas.

### Forbes & Adams

The Cash Store

## The Crystal Cafe

Gibbard & Henson, Props.

All Kinds of Short Orders,  
Meat Market in Connection.

COME HERE FOR BREAD

# Satan Writes To Kaiser; Offers Him The Nether Throne

Your opportunity was at hand you set the world on fire and the bells of hell were ringing; your attack on Belgium caused much joy; it was the beginning of the foundation of a perfect hell on earth, the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the infernal regions. You made war on friends and foe alike and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had borne fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired. Your undersea warfare is a masterpiece from the smallest rickety boat to the Lusitania. You show no favorites; as a war lord you stand supreme, for you have no mercy, you have no consideration for the baby clinging to its mother's breast as they both go down into the deep together only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by the sharks down among the corals.

I have strolled over the battle fields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; it's all your work, super-tread that I made you. I have seen the fields of Poland, now a wilderness fit for the prowling beasts only; perishing children in Poland now, they all succumb to frost and starvation. I drifted down to Galicia, where formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together. I found but ruins and ashes. I felt a curious pride in my pupil for it was all above my expectations. I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them to hard labor in the trenches. I have seen the most fiendish attack committed upon young women and those forced into maternity were cursing the father of their offspring, and I began to doubt if my inferno was really up-to-date.

You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity; you have lived fat on the land you usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation. You have strayed from all legalized war methods and introduced a code of your own. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a liar; a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a pupil of mine and yet you pose as a personal friend of God. Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wonder. You want only to destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for future generations.

I was amazed when I saw you form partnership with the impossible Turk, the chronic killer of Christians, and you a devout worshiper in the Lutheran church. I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times. A Mohammedan army commanded by Prussian officers assisting one another in massacring Christians is a new line of warfare. When a Prussian officer can witness a rude woman who, disembowled by a swarthy Turk—committing a double murder with one cut of his sabre, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my teachings did not stop with you, but have been extended to the whole German nation. I confess my satanic soul grew sick and there and then I knew the pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and my dear Wilhelm, I advocate in your favor. The great key of hell will be turned over to you. The gavel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interests of hell—in the future I am at your Majesty's service.

Affectionately and sincerely,  
Lucifer H. Satan.

J. H. McGowan and Len Ray of Baird have been several days the guests of J. H.'s brother, Will McGowan.

Bob Norrell was here on Sunday on special business.

**UNI ON SHOP**  
**SAFETY FIRST**  
**SERVICE SECOND**  
UNION for you and our PROTECTION.  
Laundry Agents  
H. M. Smedley, Prop.

**Berkeley Sextette**  
The fifth and last number of the Lyceum Course will render their program Saturday night, December 29

Here are a few things the management has to say concerning them:

"We form advance opinions of people by their credentials. We learn with whom they are associated, what they have done, and so judge what they will do. That is why the Berkeley Sextette has the finest folder of any Lyceum Orchestra.

"The programs represent the most advanced type of high grade, refined entertainment known to the American public. Classical music is made interesting to all and popular music is given a new charm.

**TO ARKANSAS**  
Richard Mitchell left last week for Arkansas, and has ordered the Review to follow him. Rich formerly lived there, and has rented a place for 1918. He says he may be back pretty soon, but he doesn't think so. We wish him well.

# Let it slip and was Ruined for life.

What's the matter young man, young woman, are you waiting to be drafted? Why are you letting this opportunity slip through your fingers? Don't you know that Uncle Sam is calling for young men and women trained as stenographers, bookkeepers, operators and secretaries? How much longer will you stand aside and make excuses? You can succeed. Other people—those who are succeeding—nature didn't give them a single extra bone or one more nerve or muscle than you possess. Their success was not a birthright. It came out of effort, out of action. They used their gifts... as you should. They gained a training that developed and broadened and increased their talents, as you should. They took aim at success and fired away until they hit it.

Look around you! Wherever your eye turns, you see some man or woman who had no better start than you... with no better general education or "school learning" than you, but who was wise enough to become especially trained in some one special line and who today is going ahead fast and leaving in the rear those who thought special business training unnecessary.

You should not think of success as a present which Santa Claus will bring and drop into your stockings while you sleep. You have made excuses and halted long enough. Your duty to yourself is to come to a decision now. Your best interests dictate a decision favoring an enrollment now.

When may we expect you? Write or wire America's largest business training school for free catalogue.

Name.....  
Address.....  
course interested in.....  
Correspondence Department, Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

**TOO TRUTHFUL TO BE FUNNY**  
There are times when a Joke ceases to be a joke. The temperance lecturer stopped in his talk long enough to ask: "Can any man here name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon?"

A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business honest," he said, "and it has been helped by the saloon."

"What is your business?" shouted the orator.

"I am an undertaker," was the reply.

**TAN-MO-MORE**  
The Skin Beautifier  
The most scientific and most wonderful facial preparation of the modern age. It imparts to the skin a velvety softness and delicacy which is difficult to approximate and glowing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening it soothes and facilitates complexion. All dealers 25c. 50c. and \$1.00.  
Sprengel-Wheeler Bldg. Co., Dallas, Tex.

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**QUILT TIPS**  
This weather calls for more covers or these cold nights. Quilt tops pieced to cover bed, ready for quilting at \$1.75 each. If interested address P. O. Box 267, Cross Plains, Texas.

**BOOKS! BOOKS!**  
We still have a few slightly used school books for sale at half price at The Review office. If you need school books it will pay you to see these. We have a World Geography second book, Mental Arithmetic, Hill's Reader book five, First Book of Health, Agriculture, Practical High School Speller, Milne Standard Arithmetic, and High School Algebra. Do you need any of these??

**FIFTY IN ONE**  
Give the Review for an Xmas present. It will remind your friends of you fifty—one times. Still \$1.00. Will be \$1.50 after Feb. on foreign subscriptions.

Get Your Xmas Jewelry at The Racket Store  
Don't fail to see our guaranteed line of jewelry.

The Racket Store  
A span of horses, sell one or both, cash or credit. See Frank Wright, at Pryor Lumber Yard. The Review and The Semi-Weekly Farm News for \$1.75.

For Sale a brand new Ford, Car  
See J. C. Browning.

**Furs! Furs!**  
We pay the highest cash prices for all kinds of Furs. See S. C. Sipes.

**AND HERE WE ARE**  
A good 12-foot counter for sale. The Review.  
Come by and get your calendars for 1918.  
Joe H. Shackelford, Lumber.

**THIS HANDY FLASHLIGHT FREE**  
To Our Customers!  
You can get without a cent of this beautiful, most wonderful flashlight. The Review will give you this flashlight free if you order a copy of the Review for 1918. The flashlight is a most wonderful protection from the sun and wind. In the evening it soothes and facilitates complexion. All dealers 25c. 50c. and \$1.00.  
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*Higginbotham Bros. & Co.*  
of Texas  
CAPITAL \$1,500,000

**The Store of Quality  
and Service**

Whatever you select in this store, whether as gifts or for personal use, will be found of the splendid quality that gives the utmost service for the money.

Here are great stocks and fine assortments for men, women and children---for the home and for outdoors.

You can shop here with confidence in the goods and prices are the very lowest.

**Do Your Christmas  
Shopping Now**



For Ladies	For Men	For Children
Bath Robes	Hand Bags	Toys
Sport Coats	Suit Cases	Caps
Long Coats	Mackinaws	Gloves
Gloves	Gloves	Suits
Silk Hose	Tourist cases	Shoes
Hand Bags	H'dkerchiefs	Mackinaws
Purses	Overcoats	Overcoats
Umbrellas	Silk Coats	Coats
Knit Caps	Rain Coats	Sweaters
Knit Scarfs	Sweaters	
Shoes	Hats	
Crepe waists	Suits	
Skirts	Sox	
Dresses	Ties	
H'dkerchiefs	Caps	

**FOR THE HOME**

Chifferobes	Table Beds	Rocking Chairs
Silverware	Cedar Chests	Dining Tables
Kitchen Cabinets		Carving Sets
Linoleum	Blankets	Rugs

**Let's Fill XMAS  
with Good Deeds**

War brings conditions into our lives that we have never known. It changes our habits, upsets conditions and disturbs the current of business. But we are prepared to take care of a part of your wants in serviceable Christmas gifts such as blankets, new silk blouses, purses, etc.

All kinds of Christmas groceries. A new car of Bewley's flour.

**Cross Plains Merc. Co.**

**NOTICE**

**To the Patrons of the J. M. Ferguson Telephone System**

I wish to say that I have served you the best I could in the years past and charged a normal rate for telephone. Now everything in the telephone line has advanced so, and everything we have to use is high with it and for this reason I am compelled to change my rates or go out of business.

First, I am compelled to run on a cash basis. This does not mean credit. All business phones will be \$1.50, resident phones \$1.25. All accounts due at the office in Cottonwood.

I do not promise you better service but will continue to give you the same---the best service I can give you.

This goes into effect on and after Jan. 1, 1918.

Yours truly,

J. M. Ferguson.

**THE AMERICAN RED CROSS**

Ten million new members in a week!

That is the goal the American Red Cross has set for itself in its Christmas membership campaign that is to be launched December 16. Throughout the United States Red Cross chapters are preparing for the enrollment of the new army which is to stand as the organized support of the boys in the trenches.

No man is more deeply concerned in the world war than President Wilson---who is also president of the Red Cross---and this is his proclamation:

**TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.**

Ten million Americans are invited to join the American Red Cross during the week ending with Christmas Eve. The times require that every branch of our great national effort shall be loyally upheld, and it is peculiarly fitting that at the Christmas season the Red Cross should be the branch through which your willingness to help is expressed.

You should join the American Red Cross, because it alone can carry the pledges of Christmas good will to those who are bearing for us the real burdens of the world war, both in our own Army and Navy and in the nations upon whose territory the issues of the world war are being fought out. Your evidence of faith in this work is necessary for their heartening and cheer.

You should join the Red Cross because this arm of the National Service is steadily and efficiently maintaining its overseas relief in every suffering land, administering our millions wisely and well awakening the gratitude of every people.

Our consciences will not let us enjoy the Christmas season if this pledge of support to our cause and the world's weal is left unfulfilled. Red Cross membership is the Christmas spirit in terms of action.  
(Signed) Woodrow Wilson,  
President of the American Red Cross.

**Furs! Furs!**

Bring me your Furs.

S. C. Sipes.

Anything you want in the jewelry line for Xmas.

**THE RACKET STORE.**

**DRAY SERVICE**

I have put on a dray line, and will ask all who want anything hauled to see me before letting on the work. I will keep a team on the streets for this business. I want a part of your hauling.

P. M. Woods.

The Cross Cut Telephone Exchange for sale cheap. Would take in good car on deal. see  
Clark Bros., Cross Cut.

**ADDING MACHINE FOR SALE**

We have an adding machine, used very little, for sale cheap. Suitable for any small business.

The Review.

**B. Y. P. U. ANNOUNCEMENT.**

The B. Y. P. U. have changed their time of meetings to 7 p. m. Sunday evening and will meet only on second and fourth Sundays in each month. Let each one take notice of this announcement and govern themselves accordingly.

**TEXAS EXCISE TAX LAW VOID**

Supreme Court Decision Does Not Affect Present Law by Thirty-Fifth Legislature.

Washington.—The Texas franchise tax law of 1907, levying taxes upon corporations of other states for the privilege of doing business in Texas, was declared unconstitutional by the supreme court and its enforcement enjoined.

Austin.—The decision by the United States supreme court holding unconstitutional the Texas franchise law of 1907, levying taxes upon corporations of other states for the privilege of doing business in Texas, does not affect the present law of the state. The Thirty-fifth legislature, anticipating that the supreme court would hold the franchise tax act of 1907 unconstitutional, passed a law superseding the act of 1907. The defects of the 1907 act were cured by the new law.

**BAPTIST BOARD HOLDS SESSION**

Dr. Gambrell Again Elected Corresponding Secretary—To Establish Home.

Dallas.—The executive board of the Baptist General convention of Texas adjourned after a session lasting two days. Among the business matters attended to were the election of Dr. J. B. Gambrell of Dallas as corresponding secretary of the convention; the election of general officers and evangelists to serve the ensuing year; the decision to establish a home for aged ministers and their wives or their widows at Pasadenas, using the property which has been used in the past for an academy and the apportionment of funds to the many small churches and missionary enterprises of the church scattered over the state.

Dr. J. B. Gambrell, of Dallas, corresponding secretary, resigned the position during the recent general convention in order to enter seminary work as a teacher. He consented to continue the work, though his personal preference was to give it up.

**Investigation May End by Dec. 20.**

Austin.—Members of the several subcommittees of the legislative investigating committee have reached that stage of their work when they say that they expect to complete their labors by Dec. 20. That has become the generally accepted date for most of the subcommittees to get through accumulating records and to make reports to the central committee. Maybe there will be a normal adjournment until January and maybe the investigation will just sort of lag after Dec. 20 or thereabouts until the first week in January.

**Hobby Undecided as to Special Meet.**

Austin.—Governor Hobby said that he will not decide upon the date for a special session of the legislature until he shall have read the report of the legislative investigating committee; that he will call a session in case it shall be recommended by the committee is regarded as practically certain. The question is whether the legislature will be convened before or after the July primary election. This is likely to remain open until the report of the committee shall be in the governor's hands.

**Prohibition Short 10 Votes in House.**

Washington.—A poll of the house of representatives made by prohibition advocates revealed that the Shepard resolution for prohibition prohibition was ten votes short of the two-thirds majority necessary for its adoption. Active work was in progress by both elements regarding the state delegations on the day. Anti-saloon leaders refuse to admit that they will lose the fight which opened Monday and no authoritative admission is made that the poll showed defeat.

**Would Train Youths From 13 to 21.**

Washington.—Warning that the United States must prepare for some further burdens to win the war was given in the senate by Senator Reed in vigorously opposing as a trust scheme the Webb export contribution bill, which President Wilson in his recent address urged congress to enact. Although an opponent of army conscription, Senator Reed predicted that new draft laws probably would be necessary, and urged military training for youths between 13 and 21 for coast defense work.

**Cases Against Woodman Dismissed.**

Austin.—The eight cases charging former Labor Commissioner C. W. Woodman with perjury in connection with his expense accounts were dismissed by Judge James R. Hamilton of the criminal district court of Tarrant county on written motion filed by district attorney John E. Shelton.

**Interurbans on New Line in 6 Months**

Dallas.—Interurban cars will be operating between Dallas and Irving not later than July 1, making the fifth interurban railway operated out of Dallas, according to announcement made by George Kadane, vice president and general manager of the Creek Construction company. Sixty teams are now employed in the grading work and by Jan. 15 it is expected that all the dump in the Trinity river bottoms, both at Irving and near Dallas, will be completed.