

The Cross Plains Review

VOL. XVIII

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1927

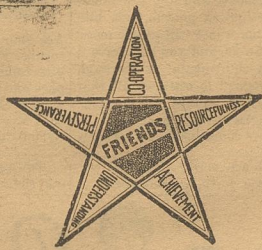
No 31

Brick Buildings, Ice Factory, Street Paving Shows Growth Here

WHEN YOU SELL YOUR COTTON

When you sell your cotton or when you receive money from other sources, you will deposit it in a bank, of course, and we solicit your accounts assuring you that "Personal Service" is not only our motto, but a business principle instilled into this institution.

Bank With Us



"A Bank of Personal Service"

THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

—Read Our Messages Appearing In Farm and Ranch—



OF CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

WORK STARTS ON TWO NEW BRICKS

Tip Ross, building contractor of Gorman has begun work on two new brick business houses for A. A. Bertrand on East side Main Street between 9th and 10th Streets. These structures will be 90 feet long, one 30 and the other 20 feet wide. It is understood that they have already been leased. J. L. Moore and R. O. Eubanks have not completed their contracts yet for their new brick structures, to be just south of the Bertrand buildings, but it is understood that they will be ready to start work in a few days. Let the good work go on.

LYCEUM COMING

The first number of the White & Brown Lyceum will be featured at the Methodist Church, on Wednesday night, the Review is informed. This Lyceum Company has been here before and they feature good programs.

AMERICAN LEGION ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

New officers elected at Tommie Aiken Post No. 423 American Legion, October 7th, 1927 for the year 1928 are as follows:

Paul V. Harrell—Post Commander
J. Q. Barnes—Vice Commander
Clyde Durringer—Adjutant
C. D. Anderson—Finance Committee
W. A. Huckaby, Sgt. at Arms
Porter J. Davis—Chaplain

Members of the Executive Committee are:

H. G. Smith
O. M. Hunter
F. R. Anderson
Ralph McNeal
John Miller
S. B. Strahan
W. G. Graham

Mr. and Mrs. James Love motored to Dallas Tuesday to attend the State Fair.

CROSS PLAINS TO GET ICE FACTORY

E. J. Roberts, of Fort Worth, has purchased an ice factory site just south of the railroad on West side of Main Street, and has already begun excavating for a factory building. It is stated that the plant will have a thirty ton capacity and will be modern in every respect. The structure will be of brick and the estimated cost is \$40,000.00.

Mr. Roberts plans to have the plant ready for operation by next season. He is an experienced and successful business man, and is selecting a good field for this new factory.

Cross Plains people will welcome this new business enterprise to our city as it does all worthy institutions. An ice factory has long been needed here. A few years back a small plant was put in, but was not equipped to make clear ice and it was soon dismantled, but this is a new age and a bigger and better town. Watch Cross Plains grow!

W. T. U. CO. INSTALLING WHITE WAY HERE

The West Texas Utilities Co. is installing an electric white way here. The white way will extend four blocks Main Street and two on 8th, the principal business streets. When this modern street lighting system has been installed and the paving has been completed Cross Plains will look like a different place—and it will be in a measure.

BIG WRESTLING AND BOXING PROGRAM HERE

Thursday night the American Legion will stage another big athletic program consisting of wrestling and boxing. The main event will be a finish wrestling match between Pete Brown, champion of Mexico, and Teddy Waters, the "Portland Maine Bearcat". This will be a good one if history repeats. Waters is a few pounds lighter, but is faster and it takes a good one to beat him.

The semi-final one fall bout between Matty Matsuda, welter weight champion and Joe Smith who is a contender for Matsuda's warm place, will be a fast and furious bout, too. The bell is not at stake but that won't take the pep out of this bout.

Dick Yarbrough, local battler is scheduled to box six rounds with the "Unknown". Well whoever he is he is going to have to fight if he stays in the ring with Dick. Dick has won most every fight, but so far has not scored a knockout. That may happen anytime.

Other good preliminaries are also on the program for to-night (Thursday) and it will be a real show.

Last Thursday night Pete Brown beat the "Masked Marvel" whose identity was not learned, in the best two falls out of three. The Masked Marvel was heavier than Brown, but did not have the speed to go with his superior strength, and lost. The semi-final bout between Nick Karavas and Dick Peterson was good. Peterson was knocked out when kicked under the chin and was unable to return, so the decision went to Karavas, but Peterson mixed it with him while he was there and all enjoyed it.

The boxing bout, a four round event, between Dick Yarbrough and Ode Davidson was one of the best ever put on here. They mixed it freely and were well matched. This was Davidson's first appearance on the mat here, but he made good. Both are local boys.

The program tonight will likely be the best ever put on here by the American Legion and a large crowd is expected.

BUFFALOES GO TO BAIRD FRIDAY

C. P. H. S. BUFFALOES BEAT CLYDE BULL DOGS

(C. S. BROWNING)
(Sports Editor)

Friday afternoon at 3:30 p. m. Cross Plains Buffaloes met the strong Clyde Bulldogs on the new Cross Plains Athletic field and after getting off on a poor lethergetic start much due to the superior punting of the Clyde Bull Dogs who kicked a beautiful field goal from the 30 yard line in the first 3 minutes of playing. This killed the fighting spirit of the Buffaloes and the half ended 3 to 0, with Clyde holding the large end of the score. After Coach Murphy's inspiring talk the men came back with new blood and a determination to win this game. Several times spectacular runs were made but just as the goal was in sight a costly fumble gave the ball to Clyde. In the last minute of play when the Cross Plains aggregation had begun to use their heads they pulled the old platter play which resulted in a touchdown and victory—the first ever to be registered by Cross Plains over Clyde.

PLAY BY PLAY

In the first quarter Clyde kicked off. The Buffaloes received and returned the ball twenty yards. On the first tackle play. A right end run was next down two yards was gained in an off tried, but as luck seemed to have disappeared for the Buffaloes, they were penalized for being off side. Their only chance was to punt. Clyde received the ball, returning it several yards. For the first two downs the Buffaloes line held very good. On the third down the Bull Dogs tried a pass. This was incomplete. They kicked. The Clyde team seemed to be holding our boys strongly. Without gain the home team returned the ball to Clyde with a bad kick. When Clyde received the Oval they made six yards in the first three downs, but look out! On the fourth down they placed kicked the ball beautifully for a field goal. The scores were 3 to 0 in favor of Clyde.

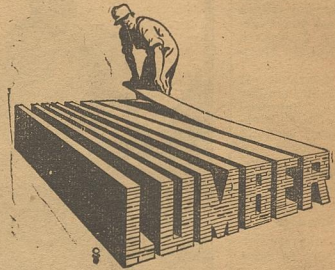
Cross Plains received the ball and returned it about twenty yards. After four downs without gain, Clyde took the ball the Buffalo line seemed to hold well for on the fourth down Clyde kicked. Both teams seemed to be playing strong for neither of them were making first downs.

Clyde received the ball again but were held for a loss, one of the Buffaloes men, Carroll, was sent in for Smith. A heavy play was pulled by Clyde and Davis was carried off the field and Robertson was sent in in his place. Clyde tried another pass but a Buffalo managed to "butt" in and block it. The Bull Dogs punted but the ball was returned out of the danger zone by a kick from Cross Plains. Clyde lost the ball again, then the Buffaloes fumbled the ball for a loss and they kicked. Cross Plains line held well and Clyde kicked. On the first down a right end run gained ten yards for the Buffaloes. One of Clyde's men were knocked out. Clyde received the ball and tried with a bad place kick. On the second down, first down number one was made for the home team, but on the second they were held for a loss.

At the beginning of the second quarter C. Adams was sent in for Harlow, A. Carmichael for Baum, B. Adams for Mayes. Cross Plains took the ball for a long gain but lost on the next down. Clyde took the ball and with blood in their eyes took the ball for small gains the first two downs. Poole was hurt but he kept playing. The Buffaloes line still held its own.

The Buffaloes recovered a fumble made by Clyde and after two downs another first down was made. The first half was over and the scores were still three to nothing for Clyde.

LUMBER FOR BUILDING AND REPAIRING



Buildings should last for years, and they will if you use our first quality LUMBER in building or repairing them. Our prices, quality considered, are never high.

CROSS PLAINS LUMBER COMPANY

Phone 18

S. R. Jackson, Mgr

punted to Cross Plains and the Buffaloes were penalized for being off sides. Clyde received the ball again but they were held for four downs and the home team received the ball only to be held in their tracks for four downs. When Clyde received the ball they were off side on the first down. They tried another pass but it failed. They kicked.

Cross Plains made another good showing. They made the third first down and on the second down they went down for a twenty five yard gain but a fumble cause them to lose the ball near Clyde's goal. Clyde kicked the ball out of danger. Baum was sent in for Robertson.

Cross Plains took the ball for another first down and then another. This was the end of the third quarter. The scores remained the same. The Buffaloes made a fair gain the first down. Smith was sent in for Gron. Then they tried a pass which was incomplete. They made another bad pass. Then they completed a pass for a twenty five yard gain. On the fourth down they kicked. Clyde was held for four downs. Harlow was sent in for C. Adams. Cross Plains made two bad passes and then kicked. Clyde made a first down

but they were held for four downs afterwards.

The Buffaloes made another long gain. Another first down was made by short passes. Then as the crowds along the side line begin pushing in to see the plays the old platter play was brought upon the scene which resulted in a touchdown for Cross Plains. They made a bad place kick. The scores then stood 3 and 6 in favor of the Buffaloes.

They kicked off to Clyde on the first down and the Bull Dogs had one man laying out on the left end and a pass was tossed to him but he dropped it. After a few more plays the game came to an end in favor of the Buffaloes.

The line up of the Buffalo team:

Ends—Harlow and Mayes
Tackles—Clark and Smith
Guards—Gron and S. Carmichael
Center—Reynolds
Back Field—Bennett, Davis, Brown and Poole.

The line up of the Bull Dogs team:
Tackles—Brown and H. Pyeatt
Guards—Kniffen and Crissman
Center—Harris
Back field—Cotton, Balch, Connell and Lee.
Coach—Morris

Week end Specials

50c Palmolive Shampoo and 50c Milady Gillette Razor, both for 59c

50c Klenzo Tooth Paste and 50c tooth brush both for 49c

STEROLINE

Protects the Teeth, Mouth and throat against disease and infection, 50c size 39c

NATURE'S IRON TONIC

Sure relief for stomach troubles and indigestion, \$1.00 size for 79c

LAXANA

For Bad Colds and La Grippe, 50c size 39c

Phone 23

CITY DRUG STORE
(YOUR STORE)

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

"If dollars grew on trees, would you climb up or wait for them to fall?"

You may save by climbing; you can climb by saving, so why wait for the fruit to fall? Save and succeed. Open an account with this bank and make your account grow month by month and year by year.



Member Federal Reserve System

THE FIRST STATE BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

M. E. Wakefield, President,
J. A. Barr, Vice-President
Tom Bryant, Vice-President

George B. Scott, Cashier
J.D. Conlee, Asst Cashier
A. R. Clark Asst Cashier

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

HOW MRS. WEAVER WAS HELPED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

As Mrs. Weaver herself says, "I was never very strong." This is a mild statement describing her condition, for, according to her letters, she was subjected to no small amount of ill health. Fortunately, her sister was familiar with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged Mrs. Weaver to try it. "After three or four weeks," writes Mrs. Weaver, "I felt a great difference in myself. I would go to bed and sleep sound, and although I could not do very much work, I seemed stronger. I kept on taking it and now I am well and strong, do my work and take care of three children. I sure do tell my friends about your wonderful medicine, and I will answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. LAWRENCE WEAVER, East Smithfield St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

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

In some families, the fourth generation is learning the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Clock Has Ten Hands

With ten hands, each giving the correct time in as many places throughout the world, a clock has been placed in a railway station in Berlin. The dial is divided into the 24 hours of the day and night together, and the hands are marked with the names of the place for which they tell the time.

Some folks are so industrious that when they haven't anything else to do, they worry.

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

Manford's Balsam of Myrrh
Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

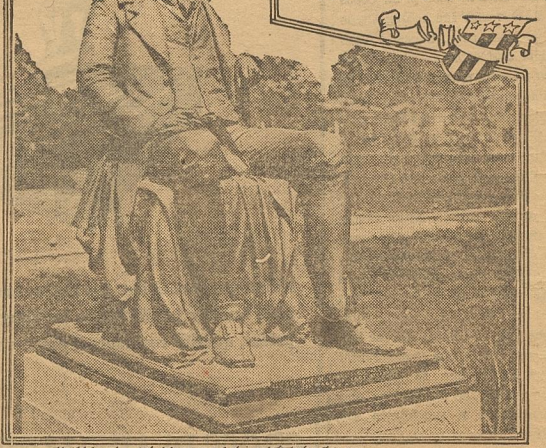
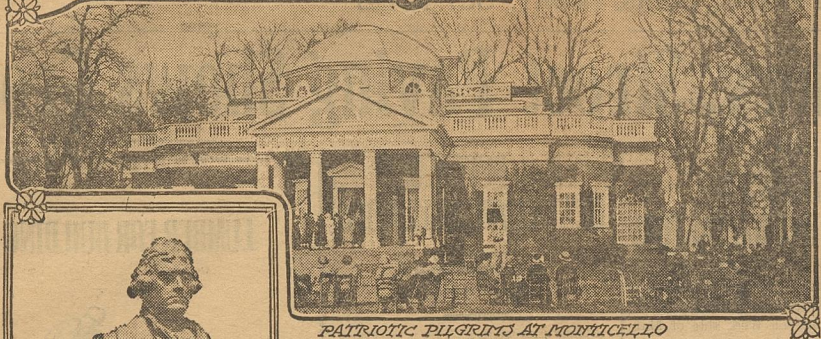
EYES HURT?

For burning or sandy eyes, and to relieve inflammation and soreness, use Mitchell's Eye Salve, according to directions. Soothing, healing.

147 Waverly Place, New York

for Flu, Colds, SWAMP CHILL & FEVER TONIC

A New National Holiday?



STATUE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

NEW national holiday will be added to the list of days officially recognized by the government for patriotic observance if congress heeds the recommendations made by the Thomas Jefferson Centennial commission at its meeting held in connection with the sessions of the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, recently. These recommendations were to celebrate April 13 each year as Jefferson's birthday, to assure the preservation of Monticello, the home of Jefferson, to establish an appropriate shrine in Washington where may be preserved records and relics connected with the adoption of the Declaration of American Independence and to continue the nonpartisan work of patriotic education conducted by the Thomas Jefferson Memorial foundation.

Thus the name of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence and third President of the United States, would be immortalized along with that of Washington and Lincoln as the only Presidents whose birthdays are national holidays and Monticello would take its place with Mount Vernon and the house in Springfield, Ill., as a patriotic shrine. Although Jefferson is regarded as the "Patron saint" of one of the two major political parties and the term "Jeffersonian democracy" is a part of our current speech, this proposal to honor him should have the support of all Americans because it is strictly nonpartisan. The officers of the commission, appointed under an act of congress, are: President Coolidge; Vice President Dawes; Nicholas Longworth, speaker of the house; George P. McLean (R.), senator from Connecticut; Joseph T. Robinson (D.), senator from Arkansas; Simeon D. Fess (R.), senator from Ohio; Royal S. Copeland (D.), senator from New York; Finis J. Garrett (D.), representative from Tennessee; John Q. Tilson (R.), representative from Connecticut; R. Walton Moore (R.), representative from Virginia; Robert L. Bacon (R.), representative from New York, and Dr. Edwin A. Aldema; Claude G. Bowers; Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook; Henry Ford; Stuart G. Gibbons; Thomas F. Ryan, and Felix M. Warburg.

Through the work of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial foundation Monticello is being gradually restored to its original condition and visitors there find it easy to believe that they are living in the past of more than a century ago. One aid especially in establishing that atmosphere is the large number of Jefferson relics which have been presented to the foundation within the last few months and which will be on exhibition at Monticello henceforth. The foundation recently made this announcement:

The following items were donated by the late Jane Randolph Harrison Randall, a descendant of Thomas Jefferson,

and the wife of Alexander B. Randall of Waterbury, Conn., and his son, Burton H. Randall, carried out the wishes expressed by the donor in her life time:

The Chippendale dining room table originally presented to Jefferson by George Wythe, the famous chancellor of Virginia and the first law professor in America and signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Three Hoppelwitz dining room chairs purchased by Jefferson while minister to France, and brought by him to Monticello, where the chairs remained until a few years after his death.

The original mahogany bedside, candle-table used for many years at Monticello and which originally belonged to Jane Randolph Jefferson, mother of Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Jefferson's original writing and drafting desk used by him for many years at Monticello. This desk has a double top with a sliding board on the side and discloses a number of the ingenious features used by Thomas Jefferson in his design for the little desk on which he wrote the draft for the Declaration of Independence.

The following articles were donated by Miss Fanny M. Burke, of Alexandria, a descendant of Thomas Jefferson: Thomas Jefferson's paint box, used by him at Monticello, particularly for his architectural drawings. Many of these drawings are still preserved, as he is the father of American architecture.

Thomas Jefferson's ivory memorandum leaflet pads, a locket with Jefferson's hair, a number of personal trinkets, buttons, buckles, etc., and three pillows from Jefferson's bed, two of which were under his head when he died.

Mrs. Victor Kauffman, wife of the editor of the Washington Star, has donated three dining room chairs which formerly belonged to Jefferson, and she has delegated Mrs. Rose Gouverneur Fess, of Washington, chairman of the Jefferson committee in that city and a descendant of James Monroe, to present the chairs in her behalf to Monticello.

In addition the foundation acknowledges presentation of a very unusual and interesting colored drawing of Monticello, made many years ago in France from the recollection of a visiting Frenchman. This drawing was purchased by and presented to the foundation by Mrs. Martin W. Littleton of New York city.

The foundation also acknowledges presentation of a handsome silk Virginia flag, presented to Monticello by the women's committee who had charge of the replica of the Jefferson house on High street at the Sesqui-centennial exposition in Philadelphia, of which committee Miss Caroline Sinkler was chairman, and which committee was represented by Miss Agnes Morrison and a delegation which formally delivered the flag to Monticello.

Of interest, too, to all Americans was the recent announcement by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university upon his return from Italy that he was bringing with him as a gift to the Columbia library a hitherto unpublished letter of Jefferson's. This letter, ordering a packet of books for Jefferson's private library, dated Monticello, April 19, 1821, and addressed to Messrs. De Bures Freres, Rue Serpente, Paris, gives an interesting and instructive view of the wide and varied range of Jefferson's intellectual activities and interests. The letter follows:

Monticello, April 19-21. Messrs. de Bure Freres: The packet of books you were so

kind as to send me the last year came safely to hand, and I duly note the balance of \$38-40 to my debit. I now engage my friend, John Vaughan of Philadelphia to place 100. Dollars in Paris at your order, and request you to send me the books on the back hereof, or so many of them as the remittance will pay for, curtailing the catalogue at the end, so as to bring it within the limit of the remittance. It is arranged with a view of omitting those which I am the least anxious to possess, but retain in your hands the sum necessary to procure the Dion Cassius from Germany if not to be had nearer. Villers in his "Etat de la literature en Allemagne 1807," p. 33, says "le savant M. Fr. Guili. Sturtz a publie en 1807, un 'Dion Cassius' et a 'catalogue de la librairie Grec, Latine, Allemande,' which I possess, announces it in these words: 'Dionis Cassii Historia Romana. ed. Sturtz Leips. in 8vo (sans presso)' the title page of this catalogue being lost, I know not its date of time & place, but I suspect it to be German, and of the date of 1813, as I see articles of that date in it and none later. I must request your endeavor to procure this edition. Let the bindings be all solid and handsome.

I have seen announced a "Recueil et parallele des edictions de tout genre, anciens et modernes par I. N. Durand a l'ecole Polytechnique," books of this kind are so often at extravagant prices, that one is afraid to ask them without knowing their price. If it does not cost more than 40. of 50f send it, if more I pray you to write me the cost, that I may judge whether to put it into my next invoice, as I wish to get it if within reasonable bounds.

Be so good as to dispatch these books with as little delay as possible, that they may arrive before the storms of autumn or winter, and accept the assurance of my esteem & respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Doctor Butler's announcement led to the revelation by John Uri Lloyd, president of the Lloyd library in Cincinnati, that his library also had a hitherto unpublished Jefferson letter. The discovery of this letter came about in a dramatic manner. Several years ago the Lloyd library purchased in Paris the first volume of "North American Sylva" by F. Andre Michaux, a noted French traveler and botanist. When Miss Edith Wycoff, present curator of the library, was cataloguing the book, she discovered securely pasted in it a letter written by Jefferson to M. Michaux. This letter written eight years earlier than the Columbia letter as a token of esteem to the President's friend, in France, also reveals in a manner fully as interesting as the other communication one of the interests of the many-sided Jefferson: viz. his keen appreciation of any contribution to the existing scientific knowledge of the time. The text of the letter follows:

Monticello, Dec. 14, 1813. Sir: My interior situation among the mountains, and great distance from any seaport town, is extremely unfriendly to punctual correspondence with the other side of the Atlantic. Vessels bound to that quarter are generally gone before I learn their destination by the public papers. I have received from you, at different times, several livraisons of your excellent work on the forest trees of America, to wit the 1st and 2nd sur les Pins et Sapins at sur les Chenes and the 9th and 10th on the Betula, Castanea, Fagus, Diospyros, etc. I have gone over them with great pleasure and received from them much information which had escaped my own notice, although the subjects lie under my eye. They contain a valuable addition to the knowledge of American trees and claim for you the thanks of all who interest themselves in this most interesting branch of science. I pray you to accept my portion of that tribute as being among those who set the highest value on your work.

I have not seen the work of M. Tessier, mentioned by you on the subject of the Merinos, but that race of sheep is multiplying among us most extensively. The general attention paid to them will soon render their wool an article of export, although our own manufacturers are far increasing also and will soon make us independent of England for manufacture of wool and cotton, as well as for many other articles. Besides the domestic benefit to be derived from this economy, the political advantage of weakening permanently a bitter and permanent enemy are of real importance. With every wish for the successful prosecution of the valuable labors you are engaged in, be pleased to accept the assurance of my great respect and esteem.

TH. JEFFERSON.

house, and there was great consternation. William Blodgett, aged ten, was offered a "treat," value not announced, for any hint that would lead to the return of the missing grandfather.

At noon he came home from school breathless. "I think, mother," he said, "I think we can find grandfather's picture."

"Where?"

"Downtown. I saw a notice on a shop window and it said: 'Paintings restored within.'"

MOTHER!

A Child Doesn't Laugh and Play if Constipated

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you will have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups.



Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Fig Syrup," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

Two heads are better than one except when you have a headache.

The prettier a girl is, the more often she wants to be told about it.



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic acid

What we call confidence in our... The friend of order has made half his way to virtue.—Lavater.

Waited Long for This Discovery!

Cleans Inside, and Pores Free from Any Taint

All the trick laxatives in the world can't tempt people who understand the properties of cascara.

A hundred different drugs will purge the bowels, but a little natural cascara purifies the system clear through. Cleanses even the pores of your skin. Renders perspiration as inoffensive as so much dew!

Your grandparents took "salts," and slowly washed away the mucous membrane with the waste. Mineral oils are better, but they leave the coating that your blood must then carry off through the pores. But when you cascade the system, you get rid of all the poisons by normal muscular action of the bowels.

Don't get in the habit of taking medicine for constipation—or even for auto-intoxication. If you have the habit, stop it. A candy cascara is a delightful form in which to take cascara. Children love them and the taste tempts most grown-ups to take "more." And what a comfort to know you are in that clean, wholesome condition that does away with any need of deodorants, even in warmest weather! Try a cascara tonight! All druggists, 10c & 25c.

CASCARETS

Men sometimes become wiser as they grow older, but they seldom become less foolish.

Picking friends is a good deal the same as selecting a radio—you can't get any distance with a cheap set.

You Must Enjoy Good Health To Be Successful

Mr. E. A. Vandiver, New York, writes: "I have just finished a trip around the world and do not know what I would have done if I had failed to find your CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS on sale in the chemists shops."

Change of water and food gave me indigestion, sick headache and constipation. I felt lazy and did not enjoy my sleep at night, arising with a dull and tired-out feeling. . . . Your wonderful CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gave me a mild laxative bowel movement, kept me well and happy and encouraged a successful business trip."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are purely vegetable, do not contain Mercury, Calomel or other poisons, they are not habit forming and regulate the bowels free from pain.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, 25c. and 75c. red packages.

THE BAT

A Novel from the Play

By Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood

"The Bat," copyright, 1929, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood.

WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Defying all efforts to capture him, after a long series of murders and robberies, a super-crook known to the police only as "The Bat" has brought about a veritable reign of terror. At his wit's end, and at the man's own request, the chief of police assigns his best operative, Anderson, to get on the trail of the Bat.

CHAPTER II—Continued

She had skimmed the paper hurriedly—now a headline caught her eye. "Failure of Union Bank"—wasn't that the bank that Courtleigh Fleming had been president of? She settled down to read the article, but it was disappointingly brief. The Union bank had closed its doors—the cashier, a young man named Bailey, was apparently under suspicion—the article mentioned Courtleigh Fleming's recent and tragic death in the best vein of newspaperese. She laid down the paper and thought—Bailey—Bailey—she seemed to have a vague recollection of hearing about a young man named Bailey, who worked in a bank—but she could not remember where or by whom his name had been mentioned.

Well—it didn't matter. She had other things to think about. She must ring for Lizzie—get up and dress. The bright morning sun, streaming in through the long window, made lying in bed an old woman's luxury—and she refused to be an old woman.

"That the worst old woman I ever knew was a man!" she thought with a satiric twinkle. She was glad Sally's daughter—young Dale Ogden—was here in the house with her—the companionship of Dale's bright young womanhood would keep her from getting old womanish if anything could.

She smiled, thinking of Dale. Dale was a nice child—her favorite niece. Sally didn't understand her, of course—but Sally wouldn't. Sally read magazine articles on the Younger Generation and its wild ways. "Sally doesn't remember when she was a Younger Generation herself," thought Miss Cornelia. "But I do—and if we didn't have sports roadsters in the eighties we had buggies—and youth doesn't change its ways just because it's left its hair." Before Mr. and Mrs. Ogden left for Europe, Sally had talked to her sister Cornelia. . . . long and weightily, on the problem of Dale. "Problem of Dale indeed?" thought Miss Cornelia scornfully. "Dale's the nicest young thing I've seen in some time—and she'd be ten times happier if Sally wasn't always trying to marry her off to some young snip with more of what fools call 'eligibility' than brains! But there, Cornelia Van Gorder—Sally's given you your innings—rambling off to Europe and leaving Dale with you all summer—and you've a lot less sense than I flatter myself you have, if you can't give your favorite niece a happy vacation from all her immediate family—and maybe find her some one that'll make her happy for good and all into the bargain!" for Miss Cornelia was an incorrigible matchmaker.

Nevertheless, she was more concerned with "the problem of Dale" than she would have admitted. Dale, at her age, with her charm and beauty—"why, she ought to behave as if she were walking on air," thought her aunt, worriedly. "And instead she acts more as if she were walking on pins-and-needles. She seems to like being here—I know she likes me—I'm pretty sure she's just as pleased to get a little holiday from Sally and Harry—she amuses herself—she falls in with any plan I want to make—and yet—And yet Dale was not happy—Miss Cornelia felt sure of it. "It isn't natural for a girl to seem so lack-luster and—and quiet—at her age—and she's nervous, too—as if something were preying on her mind—particularly these last few days."

Then Miss Cornelia's mind seized upon a sentence in a hurried flow of her sister's last instructions—a sentence that had passed almost unnoticed at the time—something about Dale and "an unfortunate attachment—but of course, Cornelia, dear, she's so young—and I'm sure it will come to nothing now her father and I have made our attitude plain!" "Pshaw—I bet that's it," thought Miss Cornelia shrewdly. "Dale's fallen in love, or thinks she has, with some decent young man without a penny or an 'eligibility' to his name—and now she's unhappy because her parents don't approve—or because she's trying to give him up and finds she can't. Well—" and Miss Cornelia's tight little white curls trembled with the vehemence of her decision, "if the young thing ever comes to me for advice I'll give her a piece of my mind that will surprise her—and scandalize Sally Van Gorder Ogden out of her seven senses. Sally thinks nobody's worth looking at if they didn't come over to America when our family did—she hasn't gumption enough to realize that if some people hadn't come over later, we'd all still be living on crullers and Dutch punch!"

She was just stretching out her hand to ring for Lizzie, when a knock came at the door. She gathered her Paisley shawl more tightly about her shoulders. "Who is it—oh, it's only you, Lizzie," as a pleasant Irish face, crowned by an old-fashioned pompadour of graying hair, peeped in at the door. "Good morning, Lizzie—I was just going to ring for you. Has Miss Dale had breakfast—I know it's shamefully late."

"Good morning, Miss Nelly," said Lizzie, "and a lovely morning it is, too—if that was all of it," she added, somewhat tartly, as she came into the room with a little silver tray whereupon the morning mail reposed.

We have not yet described Lizzie Allen—and she deserves description. A fixture in the Van Gorder household since her sixteenth year, she had long ere now attained the dignity of a Tradition. One could not imagine Miss Cornelia without a Lizzie to grumble at and cherish—or Lizzie without a Miss Cornelia to baby and scold, with the privileged frankness of such old family servants. The two were at once a contrast and a complement. Fifty years of American ways had not shaken Lizzie's firm belief in banshees and leprechauns or tamed her wild Irish tongue—fifty years of Lizzie had not altered Miss Cornelia's attitude of fond exasperation with some of Lizzie's more startling eccentricities. Together they may have been, as one of the younger Van Gorder cousins had irreverently put it, "a scream"—but apart each would have felt lost without the other.

"Now what do you mean—if that were all of it, Lizzie?" queried Miss Cornelia, sharply, as she took her letters from the tray.

Lizzie's face assumed an expression of doleful reticence.

"It's not my place to speak," she said with a grim shake of her head, "but I saw my grandmother last night, God rest her—plain as life she was—the way she looked when they waked her—and if it was my doing, we'd be leaving this house this hour!"

"Cheese- pudding for supper—of course you saw your grandmother!" said Miss Cornelia, crisply, slitting open the first of her letters with a paperknife. "Nonsense, Lizzie—I'm not going to be scared away from an ideal country-place because you happen to have a bad dream!"

"Was it a bad dream I saw on the stairs last night, when the lights went out and I was looking for the candles?" said Lizzie heatedly. "Was it a bad dream that ran away from me and out the back door, as fast as Paddy's pig? No, Miss Nelly—it was a man—seven feet tall he was, and eyes that shone in the dark and—"

"Lizzie Allen!"

"Well, it's true, for all that," insisted Lizzie, stubbornly. "And why did the lights go out—tell me that, Miss Nelly? They never go out in the city."

"Well, this isn't the city," said Miss Cornelia, decisively. "It's the country—and very nice it is—and we're staying here all summer. I suppose I may be thankful," she went on ironically, "that it was only your grandmother you saw last night. It might have been the Bat—and then where would you be this morning?"

"I'd be stiff and stark, with candles at my head and feet," said Lizzie gloomily. "Oh, Miss Nelly, don't talk of that terrible creature, the Bat!" She came nearer to her mistress, "Oh, Miss Nelly, Miss Nelly—do let's go back to the city before he flies away with us all!"

"Nonsense, Lizzie," said Miss Cornelia again, but this time less firmly. Her face grew serious. "If I thought for an instant that there was any real possibility of our being in danger here," she said slowly, "But—oh, look at the map, Lizzie! The Bat has been—flying in this district—that's true enough—but he hasn't come within ten miles of us yet!"

"What's ten miles to the Bat?" the obtuse Lizzie sighed. "And what of the letter ye had when ye first moved in here? 'The Fleming house is unhealthy for strangers,' it said. 'Leave it while ye can.'"

"Some silly boy—or some crank," Miss Cornelia's voice was firm. "I never pay any attention to anonymous letters."

"And there's a funny-lookin' letter this mornin'—down at the bottom of the pile—" persisted Lizzie. "It looked like the other one—I'd half a mind to throw it away before you saw it!"

"Now, Lizzie, that's quite enough!" Miss Cornelia had the Van Gorder manner on, now. "I don't care to discuss your ridiculous fears any further. Where is Miss Dale?"

Lizzie assumed an attitude of prim rebuff. "Miss Dale's gone into the city, ma'am."

"Gone into the city?"

"Yes, ma'am. She got a telephone call this morning, early—long-distance it was. I don't know who it was called her."

"Lizzie! You didn't listen?"

"Of course not, Miss Nelly!" Lizzie's face was a study in injured virtue. "Miss Dale took the call in her own room and shut the door."

"And you were outside the door?"

"Where else would I be dustin', that

time in the mornin'?" said Lizzie. "But it's yourself knows well enough the doors in this house is thick and not a sound goes past them."

"I should hope not," said Miss Cornelia, rebukingly. "But—tell me, Lizzie—did Miss Dale seem—well—this morning?"

"That she did not," said Lizzie promptly. "When she came down to breakfast, after the call, she looked like a ghost. I made her the eggs she likes, too—but she wouldn't eat 'em."

"H'm," Miss Cornelia pondered. "I'm sorry if—well, Lizzie, we mustn't meddle in Miss Dale's affairs."

"No, ma'am."

"But—did she say when she would be back?"

"Yes, Miss Nelly. On the two o'clock train. Oh—and—I was almost forgettin'—she told me to tell you particular—she said while she was in the city she'd be after engagin' the gardener you spoke of."

"The gardener? Oh, yes—I spoke to her about that the other night—the place is beginning to look run down—so many flowers to attend to. Well—that's very kind of Miss Dale."

"Yes, Miss Nelly," Lizzie hesitated, obviously with some weighty news on her mind which she wished to impart. Finally she took the plunge.



Her Fingers Trembled a Little as She Turned the Missive Over.

"I might have told Miss Dale she could have been lookin' for a cook as well—and a housemaid—" she muttered at last, "but they hadn't spoken to me then."

Miss Cornelia sat bolt upright in bed. "A cook—and a housemaid? But we have a cook and a housemaid, Lizzie! You don't mean to tell me—" Lizzie nodded her head. "Yes'm. They're leaving. Both of 'em. Today."

"But good heav—Lizzie, why on earth didn't you tell me before? I'm really very much annoyed with you because you didn't. I shall get up immediately—I want to give those two a piece of my mind. Is Billy leaving too?"

"Not that I know of—the heathen Japanese!" said Lizzie sorrowfully. "And yet he'd be better riddance than cook or housemaid."

"Now, Lizzie, how many times have I told you that you must conquer your prejudices? Billy is an excellent butler—he'd been with Mr. Fleming ten years and has the very highest recommendations. I am very glad that he is staying, if he is—with you to help him, we shall do very well until I can get other servants." Miss Cornelia had risen now and Lizzie was helping her with the intricacies of her toilet. "But it's too annoying," she went on, in the pauses of Lizzie's doft ministrations. "What did they say to you, Lizzie—did they give any reason?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Nelly—they had reasons you could choke a goat with," said Lizzie, viciously, as she arranged Miss Cornelia's transformation. "Cook was the first of them—she was up late—I think they'd been talking it over together. She comes into the kitchen with her hat on and her bag in her hand. 'Good morning,' says I, pleasant enough, 'you've got your hat on,' says I. 'I'm leaving,' says she. 'Leaving are you?' says I. 'Leaving,' says she. 'My sister has twins,' says she. 'I just got word—I must go to her right away.' 'What?' says I, all struck in a heap. 'Twins,' says she, 'you've heard of such things as twins.' 'That I have,' says I, 'and I know a lie on a face when I see it, too.'"

"Lizzie!"

"Well, it made me sick at heart, Miss Nelly—with her hat and her bag and her talk about twins—and no consideration for you. 'Well,' says she, 'you can see that Annie, the housemaid's leaving, too.' 'Has her sister got twins as well?' says I and looked at her. 'No,' says she, as bold as brass, 'but Annie's got a pain in her side and she's feared it's appendicitis—so she's leaving to go back to her family.' 'Oh,' says I, 'and what

about Miss Van Gorder? 'I'm sorry for Miss Van Gorder,' says she—the falseness of her—'But she'll have to do the best she can—for twins and appendicitis is acts of God and not to be put aside for even the best of wages.' 'Is that so?' says I and with that I left her, for I knew if I listened to her a minute longer I'd be giving her bonnet a shake and that wouldn't be respectable. So there you are, Miss Nelly, and that's the gist of the matter."

Miss Cornelia laughed. "Lizzie—you're unique," she said. "But I'm glad you didn't give her bonnet a shake—though I've no doubt you could."

"Humph!" said Lizzie, snorting, the fire of battle in her eye. "And is it any Black Irish from Ulster would play impudence to a Kerry woman without getting the flat of a hand in—but that's neither here nor there. The truth of it is, Miss Nelly, her voice grew solemn. 'It's my belief—they're scared—both of them—by the haunts and the banshees here—and that's all.'"

"If they are, they're very silly," said Miss Cornelia, practically. "But it doesn't matter. If they want to go, they may."

An hour or so later, Miss Cornelia sat in a deep chintz chair in the comfortable living room of the Fleming house, going through the pile of letters which Lizzie's news of domestic revolt had prevented her reading earlier. Cook and housemaid had come and gone—civil enough, but so obviously determined upon leaving the house at once that Miss Cornelia had sighed and let them go, though not without caustic comment. Since then, she had devoted herself to calling up various employment agencies without entirely satisfactory results. A new cook and housemaid were promised for the end of the week—but for the next three days the Japanese butler, Billy, and Lizzie between them would have to bear the brunt of the service. "Oh, yes—and then there's Dale's gardener—if she gets one," thought Miss Cornelia. "I wish he could cook—but I don't suppose gardeners can—and Billy's a treasure. Still, it's inconvenient—now, stop—Cornelia Van Gorder—you were asking for an adventure only this morning and the moment the littlest sort of one comes along, you want to crawl out of it."

She had reached the bottom of her pile of letters—these to be thrown away—these to be answered—ah, here was one she had overlooked somehow. She took it up. It must be the one Lizzie had wanted to throw away—she smiled at Lizzie's fears. The address was badly typed, on cheap paper—she tore the envelope open and drew out a single unsigned sheet.

"If you stay in this house any longer—DEATH. Go back to the city at once and save your life!" Her fingers trembled a little as she turned the missive over, but her face remained calm. She looked at the envelope—at the postmark—while her heart thudded uncomfortably for a moment and then resumed its normal beat. It had come at last—the adventure—and she was not afraid!

She knew who it was, of course. The Bat! No doubt of it. And yet—did the Bat ever threaten before he

struck? She could not remember. But it didn't matter. The Bat was unprecedented—unique. At any rate, Bat or no Bat, she must think out a course of action. The defection of cook and housemaid left her alone in the house with Lizzie and Billy—and Dale, of course, if Dale returned. "Two old women, a young girl and a Japanese butler to face the most dangerous criminal in America," she thought, grimly. And yet—one couldn't be sure. The threatening letter might be only a joke—a letter from a crank—after all. Still, she must take precautions—look for aid somewhere. But where could she look for aid?

She ran over in her mind the new acquaintances she had made since she moved to the country. There was Doctor Wells, the local physician, who had joked with her about moving into the Bat's home territory—seemed an intelligent man—but she knew him only slightly—she couldn't call a busy doctor away from his patients to investigate something which might only prove to be a mare's-nest. The boys Dale had met at the Country Club—"Humph!" she sniffed, "I'd rather trust my gumption than any of theirs." The logical person to call on, of course, was Richard Fleming, Courtleigh Fleming's nephew and heir, who had rented her the house. He lived at the Country Club—she could probably reach him now. She was just on the point of doing so, when she decided against it—partly from delicacy, partly from an indefinite feeling that he would not be of much help. "Besides," she thought sturdily, "it's my house now, not his—he didn't guarantee burglar protection in the lease."

For a moment she felt very helpless, very much alone. Then her courage returned.

"Pshaw, Cornelia. If you have got to get help—get the help you want and hang the consequences!" she adjured herself. "You've always hankered to see a first-class detective do his detecting—well, get one—or decide to do the job yourself—I'll bet you could, at that."

She tiptoed to the main door of the living room and closed it cautiously, smiling as she did so. Lizzie might be about—and Lizzie would promptly go into hysterics if she got an inkling of her mistress' present intentions. Then she went to the telephone, and asked for long distance.

When she had finished her telephoning, she looked at once relieved and a little naughty—like a demure child who has carried out some piece of innocent mischief unobserved. "My stars!" she muttered to herself. "You never can tell what you can do till you try." Then she sat down again and tried to think of other measures of defense.

"Now, if I were the Bat, or any criminal," she mused, "how would I get into this house? Well, that's it—I might get in 'most any way—it's so big and rambling. All the grounds you want to lurk in, too—it'd take a company of police to shut them off. Then there's the house itself—let's see—third floor—trunk room, servants' rooms—couldn't get in there very well except with a pretty long ladder—that's all right. Second floor—well, I suppose a man could get into my bedroom from the porch if he were an acrobat—but he'd need to be a very good acrobat and there's no use borrowing trouble. Downstairs is the problem, Cornelia—downstairs is the problem."

"Take this room, now." She rose and examined it carefully. "There's the door over there on the right that leads into the billiard room. There's this door over here, that leads into the hall. Then there's the other door by the alcove—and all those French windows—whe-w!" She shook her head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great Roman Ruler in Advance of Age

Appius Claudius Caeus, who appeared in history in 312 B. C., was called by one German historian the boldest innovator in Roman history. By law the tenure of office of a censor was limited to eighteen months, but Appius Claudius seemed so much the superior of all other men of his age that he was censor for five years and he carried through, despite frantic opposition from the conservatives, a law to bring new blood into the governing classes.

The aristocracy was jealous of its prerogatives and made birth the essential to a senatorial career, but Appius Claudius broke down the admission requirements. He put into the senate the names of many plebeians who had recently attained wealth and even free men of distinction who were not especially prosperous.

Probably the greatest contribution to Roman progress was his building of two great public works on a scale that

Rome had never known. They were the famous Appian way, the great road that led from Rome to Capua, and the vast aqueduct to bring water to the city. Few tourists who visit Rome have failed to drive out upon the historic Appian way or have failed to catch sight of the tremendous ruins of the once mighty aqueduct that strikes across the Campagna.—Kansas City Star.

Shoes of Robert Burns

When Robert Burns, the Scottish plowboy, was breaking the soil on his father's farm, he probably did not think that the shoes he then wore would be objects of curiosity 3,000 miles away long after his death.

But the shoes that the great poet wore when a lad are owned by a gentleman who lives in Portland, Maine, and many of the boys of that city have inspected them.

The shoes have wooden soles, which in turn are shod with thin plates of iron. The uppers are tacked to the soles in a rude but strong manner, and the historic footwear is in a good state of preservation.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Mean Revenge

A fish peddler in Australia has discovered a new method of revenge against the woman who jilted him for a local prohibition leader. Twice a week he stops his cart in front of the woman's home and goes around to the rear with a bag in his hand. Returning to the cart he removes numerous empty beer bottles from the bag and lines them up in a row beside the cart. The neighbors do not suspect that he carries them in with him.



Caught Cold at Noon; Sang that Night!

Trust a professional singer to know what to do for a cold! Give him five hours, and he can knock out a cold that would have prevented his singing one note. The secret of going a whole season without a serious cold is something everybody ought to know. A simple compound does it, and it is obtainable in tablets. Just one will stop a cold with the first sniffle; several will break up a cold that's even reached the stage of gripple! Pape's Cold Compound costs but 35c at any drug store.

PAPE'S COLD COMPOUND

Constipated?

Take **NR**—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—no pain, no griping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—

NR TO NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

At Druggists—only 25c

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Purifies the Blood and makes the cheeks rosy. 60c

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right

By giving babies the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teething time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.

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There's quick, positive, relief in

CARBOIL

GENEROUS 50¢ BOX. At All Druggists—Moneyback Guarantee.

WUPOLCA REAL CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Aviators' Triumphs

As far as we have been able to ascertain, the German aviator, Capt. Von Richthofen, brought down the largest number of planes during the World war, the planes numbering 80. An English major, Raymond Collishaw, brought down 77, and an English major, Bishop, brought down 72, and the English major, E. Mannock, 71.—Washington Star.

The Modest Maid

The Lady—Mary, why don't you dust that statue? Mary—Really, madam, I thought it looked better a bit covered.

Because the show's over for the man of fifty, why should he dampen the enthusiasm of the younger men?



KILL RATS SAFELY

You can now stop losses caused by rats and mice without risk to your stock or poultry. K-R-O is the new safe way—made from squib but as recommended by Government Experts.

NOT A POISON

Severe tests have proved that K-R-O is harmless in any quantity to human beings, livestock, pets or poultry but kills rats and mice every time. Does not contain arsenic, phosphorus, barium carbonate or any other deadly poison. At your druggist 75c. Large size (4 times as much) \$2.00. Or sent direct from us postpaid if he cannot supply you. Satisfaction guaranteed. K-R-O CO., Springfield, Ohio

K-R-O KILLS RATS—ONLY



Specials for Saturday at PIGGLY WIGGLY

Soap—P. & G. 5 bars, limit 5 bars	15c
Corn, No. 2, Our Darling, or Perfection	15
Catsup, large size, 2 bottles	39c
Chili con carne, small size	11c
Pumpkin, No. 2 1-2 Can	12c
Syrup, Bettsy Brand gal,	60c
Coffee, Lady Alice, 3 cans	\$1.00
Grapes, White Malaga	9c

If it rains Saturday these prices will be good for Monday.

SPANISH PROGRAM GIVEN

"El Maullito Del Gato", a recently organized Spanish Club, rendered their second program Thursday morning Oct. 6th, 1927, during the regular Spanish period. The program, which was the characteristics of the land of Spain, was well rendered, and enjoyed by the entire Spanish Club.

Following is the program:
Roll Call—Answered by a city in Spain.

Physical features of Spain—Brownie Baum.

Typical Costumes of the people of Spain—Elizabeth Tyson.
Spanish Customs and Amusements—Maxine Gwin.

A Espana (To Spain)—Dixie Davis
History of the government of Spain—Fisher Medlin.

Song—"In a Little Spanish Town"
Margaret Wagner and Dorothy Chandler.

Products and Natural Resources of Spain—Lois De Busk

On last Thursday evening the hospitable home of Mrs. Jim Settle was opened to the Mother's Self Culture Club in a meeting honoring the fathers of the Club. A few invited guests helped to make the evening a most enjoyable one.

Mrs. J. Q. Barnes signified her intention of becoming a member of the Club and we are happy to have her as an active member. Miss Thompson, in her most charming manner, gave readings which were greatly enjoyed. Miss Frida Wagner, violin, accompanied by Mrs. Porter Henderson, piano, rendered two beautiful selections. Club papers read by Mrs. Renwick Clark and Mrs. Boyer were appropriate for the evening.

Refreshments consisting of pressed chicken, olives, potato chips, buttered sandwiches and coffee were served.

H. F. Phillips of Rowden, J. H. Duke of Sabanno, and J. H. Pierce of Cottonwood were business visitors here the first part of the week, and while here they subscribed for the Review.

T. A. Shipp of Plainview was here the first of the week visiting relatives and friends and while here subscribed for the Review, and so did W. F. Griffin of Tulsa, who was a business visitor here Monday.

COLEMAN--WED. OCT. 19TH

THE SHOW THAT'S DIFFERENT

AL. G. BARNES CIRCUS

THE SUPERB SPECTACLE
ALADDIN AND THE PARADE OF GOLD

1080 PEOPLE, INCLUDING
THE CHINESE BEAUTY
LOLA LEE CHONG

THE CHINESE GIANT
LIU YU CHING
THE HUMAN SKYSCRAPER

KLINKERT'S EQUESTRIAN MIDGETS
14 TINY HORSEMEN FROM BAVARIA

BIGGEST TRAVELING ZOO
ON EARTH

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY
2 AND 8 PM.-RAIN OR SHINE

IN ALL THE WORLD NO CIRCUS LIKE
AL. G. BARNES

AL. G. BARNES
SPECIAL
FEATURE
---MIGHTY---
TUSKO

THE
MASTODON
THE BIGGEST BEAST
THAT WALKS THE
EARTH

Admission: Adults 75c; Children 50c

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM

The program of the B. Y. P. U.'s of the Baptist church is to be watched with pleasure. Under the able leadership of Mrs. J. H. Hunt, general director, the unions here are doing very fine work.

Miss Novie McCord is the splendid leader of the Junior Union. Miss Carter is doing fine work with the Intermediate Union. While the Senior Union is growing by leaps and bounds. We are hoping to organize an adult Union and a story telling hour next Sunday evening.

Last Sunday evening the Hunt B. Y. P. U. or the Senior B. Y. P. U. rendered a very effective program in the form of a banquet.

Mr. Lee Poole, the group Captain acted as toastmaster. The following parts were rendered on the program.
Cocktail Course—Pauline Miller
Salad Course—Percy Carpenter
Meat Course—Blanche Tatem
Vegetable Course—Mrs. Hunt
Coffee Course—Rev. Hunt
Cream of the Coffee—Mr. Poole

While the program was being rendered the Union enjoyed candy and popcorn. The room was decorated with flowers, banquet style and record slips formed place cards.

Everyone enjoyed the program very much. We want you to feel that you have a cordial invitation to the B. Y. P. U. of this church at 6:30 o'clock every Sunday evening.

The Sunshine Girls of the Baptist breakfast at 5:30 o'clock last Friday Sunday School went for a sunrise morning and despite the fact that clouds covered the sunrise the trip was enjoyed very much. After a delicious breakfast, the new members were initiated and all started for home in their usual sunny disposition ready to spread more sunshine.

The guests attending were Miss Vida Little, Bro. and Mrs. J. H. Hunt and Mr. Eugene Williams.

Those of the class attending were: Misses Lois McCord, Ressa Pierce, Ila Mae Barr, Margaret Holeman, Louise Jones and their teacher, Miss Fay Watson.

W. C. Adams attended the State Fair at Dallas the first of the week.

J. H. Parker and son Willard and Howard, of Kerens and M. A. A. and family of Gustine, visited ye editor and family past week end.

CHURCH NOTICE

Rev. A. J. Obelhanse, Lutheran Minister, will preach at the Church of Christ, Sunday, at 3:30, p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. See Mrs. C. N. Harris

P. Smith gave the Review an \$8.50 subscription check this week, which paid for several subscriptions. He reads the Review and also sends it to several members of his family at other points. That's a good plan, and those who have moved away are always anxious to get the home paper. Send it to them.

Mrs. T. E. Mitchell has returned from a five week's visit with her son, Herbert and daughter, Mrs. Clara Rogers, of Silver City, N. M.

If you are planning to buy a new Radio this season, let us equip your set with batteries. We can save you money.

100 Amp. Prest-O-Lite "A" Batteries. "Eveready" "B" Batteries.

GARRETT MOTOR CO.

FOR SALE—Dining table, buffet and chairs, gas range, book case, wardrobe and other items.

Mrs. W. T. Wilson.

Be A Booster

LIBERTY THEATRE "Where Everybody Goes"

FRIDAY—

Wally Wales— (The Cowboy Prince)

in

"Vanishing Hoofs"

If you want to see a western with plenty of action and pep then don't miss this picture. Special—two comedies every Friday. "Baby Face" and Sea Scamps.

SATURDAY—

PETER B. KYNES— FAMOUS

"California"

Starring

Tim McCoy, Dorothy Sebastian

A crackling Peter B. Kyne yarn that yanks you out of the humdrum into the humming' early days of golden California. Plenty of action. Good Comedy—Kitty of Killarny—

MONDAY—

Marie Dressler, Polly Moran Lawrence Gray, and Sally O'Neil

in

"The Callahans and the Murphys"

The shrieking film and hilarity of two Irish families and an Irish—Irish Romance. You won't have to be Irish to get a laugh out of this picture. Don't forget the date. Also No. 6 "Adventures of Mazie"

LADIES FREE

TUESDAY—

"Dangerous Fists"

A western that has more action than any of the year. Do not miss this.

Special B P O E Picture

WEDNESDAY & THURS.—

CONWAY TEARLE

in

"MOULDERS OF MEN"

A magnificent story of manhood as shown by a splendid number of the Elks. A Man's unflinching courage to protect those he loves. A drama of the U. S. Secret Smugglers Bands.

—Rex Lease, Margaret Morris, Frankie Darro—
An All Star Cast

Good Comedy—"Broken China"

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