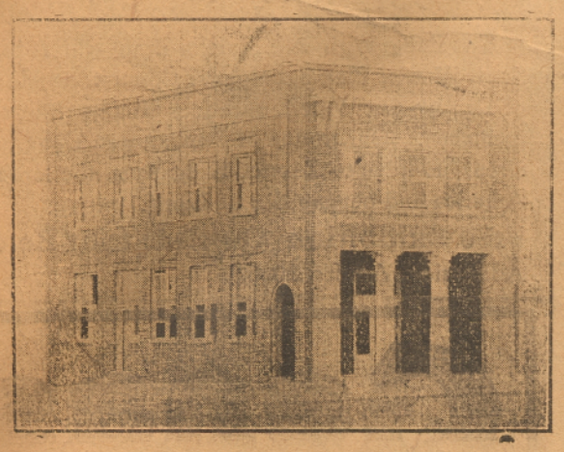
The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 6 | CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APR. 2, 1915. | NO. 3



THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, $30,000.00.

We Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

WANTS TO BORE FOR OIL

Oklah'm'n Wants to Bring In Oil Field

N. A. Taylor of Custer City, Okla., came here Friday, and has been going over the country with J. W. Bralley of Nimrod investigating the oil prospects. Mr. Taylor says he has had 15 years experience in well-drilling and that he knows he understands the business and can go as deep as any well-driller. He is a believer in oil in paying quantities in the Cross Plains country, and proposes to put down wells to bring in this field at his own expense, provided he can secure leases on enough land. He says he can furnish plenty of evidence as to his financial ability to carry out his contract, and that when the leases are secured he can in 60 days' time have his outfit here ready to go to work. He wants a lease on 3,000 to 4,000 acres of land near town, guaranteeing to bring in oil in paying quantities or no pay, defining a paying well one that will produce 15 barrels a day. He remarks that he has all kinds of confidence there being oil in this section else he would not be willing to make a contract like that he proposes to execute. As to what the people here think of this proposal we will have more to say anon, at this time not being able to get a general expression.

—o—

Car Fresh Cement
Shackelford's Lumber Yard

THE FRUIT CROP

In conversation with a number of farmers who raise fruit we have been told that despite the fact that we have had so many hard freezes of late and the general report and belief that all the early fruit had been killed, about one-third of all the peach crop that ripens from July to October is saved, all earlier varieties suffering more. This has been the case with reference to apricots, pears, etc. Everybody seems to be of the opinion that we have left sufficient peaches, plums, or apricots. Apples, being a later crop, appear to prospect so far. The fruit crop while very few depend on it for a sustenance, is a very important side line to the said belief and to success, meaning so much to all who like fruit as food, is looked upon with more or less solicitude by the entire country.

BROOMS FOR EVERYBODY

We buy our brooms wholesale and retail. Buy your brooms of us and save money.

THE RACKET STORE

NEW MEAT MARKET

Sam Sipes and Homer Bynum have opened the front of the Crystal Cafe in preparation to open a fresh meat market. Homer will do the buying and outside business, while Sam will do the meat cutting.

COTTON STILL COMING IN

W. D. Drury of the Burnt Branch community was here Monday delivering 43 bales of cotton he sold last week at 7.50. Mr. Drury raised 60 bales on his farm, the other 17 bales being already sold. His batch of cotton is probably the largest single lot of cotton sold here lately.

J. W. Newton of Cross Cut last week sold 22 bales at 8.60.

Milt Jones of Atwell Monday sold nine bales at 8.40, delivery made at the time.

—o—

MONEY'S WORTH

9 Bars soap	25c
4½ lbs. Starch	20c
25c Grade Coffee 6 lbs	$1.00
Work shirts	25c
Tomatoes, 3 cans	25c
June peas, 3 cans	25c
Large can karaut	10c
Good broom	25c

McCORD'S.

—o—

DEAD WAGON

We have just added to our undertaking department a nice hearse. This is a nice asset to the town and community in that the proper respect can be shown the dead by the use of a hearse instead of wagon. At any time day or night, such is needed we will be glad to serve you.

Cross Plains Furniture Store.

—o—

De Laval Separator Oil.
Shackelford's Lumber Yard

TO BE HERE INDEFINITELY

Photographer N. A. Watkins has leased for an indefinite length of time the Geo. Swan studio and will run it in connection with his studio at Rising Star. Mr. Watkins has been running the studio for some time but has only lately known that he would continue to do so. He is one of the best photographers in the country. He will be here hereafter the first three days of each week. If you need any work in his line you would no doubt do well to give him a trial.

—o—

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

Our Summer Underwear is here. Come in and let us save you money.

THE RACKET STORE

—o—

DISPLAYING ROOM

We have built a nice displaying room in which we can show you a nice assortment of coffins and caskets already trimmed, which is a great advantage over seeing them in the boxes untrimmed. Come in and see our display.

Cross Plains Furniture Store.

—o—

BUY LYE

Special for Saturday. Lye at 5c a can.

THE RACKET STORE

—o—

FOR SALE OR TRADE $50.00 Sewing Machine, and a good surrey.

C. S. Boyles.

TWO CANS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

You can buy a ten cent can of Lye here Saturday for 5c.

THE RACKET STORE

NOT A HYPOTHETICAL CASE

Lee Browning who lives only a few miles north of town has had the value of his town newspaper brought home to him. A few days ago he was trying to find a market for some chickens. Upon being asked why he had not sold them when the special poultry car was here he replied that he knew nothing of it. He didn't take The Review and failed to get a circular, at the time being busy with his crop. He says that the extra money he would have received from his chickens on this deal would pay for a year's subscription to The Review two or three times over. He is now a believer in his home newspaper. The Review actually offers a service in the advertising it carries to its readers as well as to those doing the advertising. Mr. Browning's case as regards the loss he suffered is repeated time and time again by those who do not take their home papers.

—o—

SELECTED SEED

from the big Boll Rowden cotton picked before the fall rains, 90c per bushel.

C. M. Browning,
apl2 Pioneer, Texas.

De Laval Cream Separators — Four Different Kinds of Silos

READ The Following — Let Us Show You More Convincing Evidence.

Kansas City, Mo. March 19, 1915. Mr. E. L. Shackelford, Cross Plains, Texas.—Dear Sir:—The following has been received from W. E. Green at Sabanno Texas, a [illegible] I put up and filled a Tulsa Silo on my farm last July. I began to feed it to fifteen Jersey cattle the first of November and have just gotten to the bottom of it and have found it good from top to bottom. The silage kept perfectly. Mine is a thirty ton. I wish that I had another one for spring feeding. I have never turned a tap since it was put up and joints and hoops remain the same. I heartily recommend the Tulsa Silo especially to the farmers and farmerettes.

Yours truly, THE TULSA SILO COMPANY.

"FEWER ACRES & BIGGER PRICES."

Yours for More Diversification

SHACKELFORD LUMBER YARD

Glass, Building Paper — DeVoe Paints and Oils

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

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

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

The writer believes in what is called scientific farming, meaning by the term "scientific farming" common sense farming. Now common sense farming is what is done by all farmers who study their business, who are students, who are seeking each year to be better and more effective work than the preceding year, who are ever ready to learn something more. To say that a man who devotes years studying any agricultural subject cannot teach you who have not studied the same question nearly so much is to say either that you in your short period of study have learned all there was to be learned, or that the party who has spent so much ofhis time studying is incapable of imparting knowledge or of getting knowledge to impart, or that you are incapacitated for receiving it, all of which being absurd conditions it stands to reason that farming according to modern methods and ideas is after all common sense farming. If there is nothing in studying how to till the soil how could John Hubert Ross, a boy member of the corn club in Rusk county, have been able to raise [illegible] bushels of corn off of one acre in 1914, [illegible] for him the first honors in corn production? Now, there you are. This boy did it thru proper seed selection and the modern cultivation of the land. This one illustration should suffice to convice the most skeptical. All of this to show that under modern methods much more can be produced. But also this same young farmer kept books on his work—some more common sense farming, and finds after making all due and proper charges for cost of seed, all work, fertilizer, use of land, etc., that this corn cost him but nine cents per bushel. By the old style methods can it be produced any cheaper? We doubt it.

Now, we are not posing as agricultural experts. If we were going to essay farming we would have to begin practically at the bottom and learn it all. We have always been frank to say that we were not geologist enough to know the soils and their nature, physical geographer enough to forecast the seasons, astrologer enough to read the signs, nor good enough botanist to understand the mysteries of the various agricultural plants, to make a farmer that would begin to satisfy ourselves. That is one big reason why we are not a farmer. We couldn't be good enough one.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually use.

See our line of furniture before buying.

Higginbotham Trading Co.

WHEN YOU THINK OF CANDY

Think of The Candy Shop. We receive fresh candy every week.

PHILANTHROPHY NEAR HOME

Mrs. S. R. Coggin, widow of S. R. Coggin, who died in Brownwood last week, left a rich legacy of material value to Brownwood and rich in example to the entire country Her will bequeaths to the city of Brownwood a public auditorium to cost about $10,000, an endowment of about $250,000 to Daniel Baker college, an endowment for awarding scholarships to deserving boys and girls of Brown county, etc. It was her great desire to see Brownwood the leading educational town of West Texas. The noble example she has set should be an inspiration to the moneyed people of the country She has learned that the greatest thing in the world is to be of service to others.

C. W. Bearden and F. E. Shepherd have bought the Round-Up and the Apert, the two newspapers published at Cisco, and have discontinued the Apert publishing hereafter but one paper, The Round-Up. One newspaper for Cisco certainly is enough. The new arrangement editorial should be decidedly better both for the town and the publishers.

CHANGE DATE OF COUNTY ATHLETIC MEET

The County Athletic Meet will be held at Baird on Saturday April 17, instead of the 10th as stated on the programs mailed to the teachers some time ago.

S. E. Settle, Co. Supt.

Moving Christian Church

The members of the Christian church are having moved their church from its old location in west part of town to the lots just west of Uncle Johnnie Wagner's old home place, near the Kemper Hotel. The churches are seeing the wisdom of getting good location for securing attendance.

A Pretty Spell

It cannot be said any more that we have not had any spring weather, for be it known, as doubtless it is, that beginning with Sunday night or Sunday morning and lasting during the day of Monday and night a period of unusual warmth and balmy sun shine was enjoyed by us all. But Tuesday morning the weather again became normal and overcoats and fires assumed their wonted importance in the economics of this year's climate.

W. P. Cochran Dead.

W. P. Cochran, a former Cottonwood boy, and county and district clerk for a number of years, died at his home near Baird Wednesday of last week, fromBright's disease. The deceased leaves his mother and a sister, Mrs. Borden, and a brother, Marshall Cochran, of Cottonwood, and B B Cochran of Knox city, and his wife and two children.

Buy a windmill and save your wife the labor of drawing water. Get it at Carter's.

Take a kodak with you; if you don't have one the City Drug Store will loan you one. 2-t

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, That you summon, by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the county of Callahan if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 42nd judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 42nd judicial district, for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, A. P. Couch whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the county of Callahan at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, on the 18th Monday after the 1st Monday in January, A. D. 1915, the same being the 10th day day of May, A. D. 1915, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court, on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1915, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1,277, wherein George Couch plantiff, and A. P. Couch defendant. The nature of the plantiffs demand being as follows, to-wit:

For cause of action Plantiff represents to the Court that he is an actual bona fide inhabitant of the State of Texas, and has resided in said county of Callahan for at least six months, next preceding the filing of this suit; and

That on or about the 21st day of September, 1890, in Eastland county, Texas, Plantiff was lawfully married to defendant, then a single woman by the name of A. P. Taylor.

That they continued to live together as husband and wife until about the 7th day of July A. D. 1901, when said A. P. Couch abandoned this plaintiff, since which time they have not lived together as husband and wife.

Plaintiff alleges that during the time he and defendant lived together as aforesaid, he was kind and affectionate to her and always provided for her support and maintenance, but defendant being unmindful of the duties and obligations of her marital vows, abandoned this plaintiff as above.

Wherefore plaintiff prays the Court that defendant be cited to appear and answer herein and for judgement dissolving said marriage relations, and for such other and further relief special and general that he may be justly entitled to etc.

Herein Fail Not. And have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Tex., this, the 23 day of February A. D. 1915.

A. R. DAY,

Clerk District Court Callahan County, Texas.

We have recently added to our store a complete line of furniture and undertaker's goods.

Higginbotham Trading Co.

If money is scarce, and you wish to save money in buying, get prices and buy from—

Carter.

Let us loan you a kodak and teach you how to use it.

The City Drug Store

The Seal and Imperial, the bes brands of flour on the market, one price to al', at —J W Westerman's

Screen wire and doors.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

HONEST BILL'S America's Best Show

Will Be at

Cross Plains on Tuesday April 6th.

The best constructed and organized tented aggregation on the road, barring none. Consists of a variety of

Pony, Dog, Animal and Vaudeville Acts,

Such as are requried to please people who know a good Act when they see one.

CUPID. The Educated Shetland Pony

or The Pony With The Human Brain will Add, Subtract Multiply, Spell Words, Pick out Colors, Count your Money and Tell the Time of Dry by any Watch, and does this work at each and every performance. Our troupe of Pomeranean Dogs are within themselves a circus, Elephants, Zebras, Kangaroos, the largest Siberian Camel in America and our big den of Lions.

Free Exhibition Outsitde tent Before Performance

Admission, Adults, 50cts. Cdildren, 25c

Genasco

THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT Ready Roofing

When you want all your buildings waterproofed to stay—cover them with this genuine asphalt roofing, applied with the Kant-leak Kleet.

Genasco gives real resistance to rain, snow, sun, wind, heat, cold and fire; and the Kant-leak Kleet waterproofs seams without cement.

Take the sure step in roof economy, and order Genasco now.

BENNETT'S METAL SHEET WORKS

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY

Dealers In

Lumber, Brick, Lime, Cement,

Sherwin-Williams Paints,

Cedar Posts, Builder's Hardware

SASH
DOORS
MOULDING
WINDOW
GLASS

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c - - - BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

The CITY MARKET

ASH & SAPP, Props.

We are experienced in the butcher business and ask that you see us for any kind of Fresh Meats.

We pay High Prices for Fat Stuff; if you have any see us before you sell.

Our Great "Family Bargain"

THE REVIEW 12 MONTHS
MCCALL'S 12 MONTHS

ALL FOR ONLY $1.10

Subscriptions may be new or renewal
Write or call at this office

100 big pages monthly

Only because of a very special arrangement with the publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE can we give you the benefit of this money-saving club offer. McCALL'S is the Fashion Authority and Housekeeping Helper of more women than any other magazine in the world.

Come in or write to see a sample copy.

All the latest styles and fancy work every month; also delightful stories and articles, besides regular departments in cooking, home dressmaking and housekeeping that lighten housework and save money. Loved by women everywhere.

Don't Miss This Offer

FREE McCALL PATTERN

Each subscriber for this Great "Family Bargain" may choose from her first copy of McCALL'S received, one of the celebrated McCall Dress Patterns, FREE, (value 15c) by sending a postal card request direct to The McCall Co., New York, giving Number and Size desired.

"THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE"

continued in 3rd Episode on 4th column of this page.

SMASHES A WHEEL

Custer Woolridge of Cross Cut was here with corn Monday, which he sold at 75c. While here he imposed on The Review by paying us for one year's subscription and ten months for Farm & Ranch. Also his team, which he left standing on 8th street, becoming scared, ran away, breaking the left hind wheel of his wagon. No other damage was done.

HOLDS ALWAYS--ALL THE TIME

The Review any $1.00-a-year paper puplished, both one yr., $1.75

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE

the 3rd Episode, begins on column No. 4 this page. READ IT

READ A DAILY PAPER

The Record Eight Months $2.40

If you want to read the daily Ft. Worth Record from now until December 1, send us $2.40 and you will get it. Add 75c and get The Review for 12 months. If you are paid up on The Review send us $2.15 and get The Record for the eight months. If you are taking The Record, and want it continued, write us or phone us, and we will see that you get it continued.

Semi-Weekly Special

From date of securing subscription we will send you the Semi-Weekly Record until December 1, for only 55c. You get 8 months subscription for 55c. Add to this 75c and get The Review for 12 months, or $1.30 in all. Send all your subscriptions thru The Review.

Remember, we will save you money on any paper published if you are a subscriber to The Review. That is a service we give our subscribers

Four Cars of Hogs Leave for Kanas City

Wednesday morning of this week four car loads of hogs left Rising Star for the Kansas City markets. There was a total of about 325 head in the four cars; one car belonging to the Higginbotham Merc. Co., one to D. E. Jones, one to Fred Eberhart and Jas Irby and sons. The other one was made up by a number of farmers.

Owing to the unsatisfactory prices recently paid by the Ft. Worth Packers, our shippers decided to pass up the Ft. Worth markets, and hope to do much better in Kansas City.—Rising Star Leader.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

10 Great Serials

full of life and action, filled with the fire of fine inspiration and followed by 250 short stories of adventure, will make

The YOUTH'S COMPANION

Better Than Ever This Year

Then the Family Page, a rare Editorial Page, Boys' Page, Girls' Page, Doctor's Advice, and "a ton of fun," Articles of Travel, Science, Education. From the best minds to the best minds, the best the world can produce for you and everyone in the home. There is no age limit to enthusiasm for The Youth's Companion.

52 Times a Year—not 12

Send to-day to The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., for

THREE CURRENT ISSUES—FREE

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE

FAVORED THE CONCISE FORM

Neat Rebuke Administered by Emperor Francis Joseph to Devotee of "Red Tape."

The emperor of Austria-Hungary is no slavish admirer of red-tape methods. He loves the fluent, direct manner of the military man, and is on the best of terms with the bluff, honest generals of his army. The following is an instance of how he upheld one of them in his controversy with the bureaucracy.

The officer was Galgotzy, a taciturn old soldier, whom the whole Austrian army knew and admired. After the occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Galgotzy was sent to build a military road. Funds were short and the sum available for the purpose seemed hopelessly insufficient.

By dint of hard work and ingenuity, Galgotzy succeded, nevertheless, in performing his task, and thereupon reported: "Road built; 25,000 florins received; 25,000 florins spent; remains nothing. Galgotzy."

Dissatisfied with so summary an account, the audit officials applied for a detailed statement of expenditure. Galgotzy ignored the application, which was presently renewed in peremptory form. Impatient of red tape, he replied: "Road built; 25,000 florins received, 25,000 florins spent; remains nothing. Whoever doubts it is an ass."

Shocked by such impropriety, a red-tapist-in-chief submitted the general's "account" to Francis Joseph, who blandly inquired: "Do you then doubt it?"

FATE OF THE FOURFLUSHER

Young Man Was Mistaken in Thinking Girl Had "Fallen for" the Automobile.

She sat on a bench under one of the elder trees, with closed lips, drinking in the glories of the setting sun.

"Excuse me," he said, lifting his hat with his right hand while he addressed her with the left, "but do you happen to have such a thing on you as a match? That is my automobile standing there and I find myself without a match to light the lamp."

It was obviously but a ruse to engage her in conversation, but he was rather a nice-looking young man, with a three-dollar knitted necktie and all, and she smiled as she told him how sorry she was about having no match.

"They all fall for the automobile," he muttered to himself.

One thing led to another, and soon he was sitting beside her chatting gayly about the Latin Quarter, Shakespeare's latest play, the prevalence of divorce and other absorbing topics. But soon it really did begin to darken up.

"I must go," she said, and, giving him a final smile, she strode daintily to the automobile to which he had pointed as his, hopped in and was lost in a cloud of dust, leaving him to reflect on the just deserts which sooner or later must envelop all fourflushers.

A Boston Institution.

Franklin Square house faces the beautiful Franklin square, with its trees and flowers, and also on Washington street, but on the top of the new addition is provided a roof garden, where the advantages of open air for the social festivities and even for sleeping purposes can be obtained. There is nothing in the way of modern conveniences that is not provided, for the basic idea in Franklin square is to provide everything that preserves the health and insures to the happiness of its guests.

The Cruft Hospital is well said to be a little world of its own. Every guest of the house is cared for as tenderly and devotedly as though at home. In fact, the board provided for medical attention, but the hospital records are most encouraging as to the health and vigor of the Franklin Square house girls.—"The Famous Franklin Square House," by Mitchell Mannering, in National Magazine.

Can the Wizard Do It?

"Fish can breathe or extract oxygen from the water. Why should not men in submarines be able to do the same thing and thus make it possible to stay under the surface for weeks?" Thomas A. Edison asked the question on the occasion of his first visit on a battleship and in a submarine a few days ago, and answers it nonchalantly with: "It can be done in half an hour's work."

This is rather important if true, to be able to equip these underwater craft with fish gills, as it were, and "the wizard" usually does what he says he can do. Such an equipment must vastly increase the efficiency of the submarine as an arm of the navy, and it is already a question whether it is not destined to displace the dreadnaught.

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man.

THIRD EPISODE

The Vanishing Jewels.

Banging away at my typewriter the next day, in Kennedy's laboratory, I was startled by the sudden, insistent ringing of the telephone near me.

"Hello," I answered, for Craig was at work at his table, trying still to extract some clue from the slender evidence thus far elicited in the Dodge mystery.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," I heard an excited voice over the wire reply, "my friend, Susie Martin, is here. Her father has just received a message from that Clutching Hand and—"

"Just a moment, Miss Dodge," I interrupted. "This is Mr. Jameson."

"Oh!" came back the voice, breathless and disappointed. "Let me have Mr. Kennedy—quick."

I had already passed the telephone to Craig and was watching him keenly as he listened over it.

He motioned to me for a pad and pencil that lay near me.

"Please read the letter again, slower, Miss Dodge," he asked, adding, "there isn't time for me to see it—just yet. But I want it exactly. You say it is made up of separate words and type cut from newspapers and pasted on note paper?"

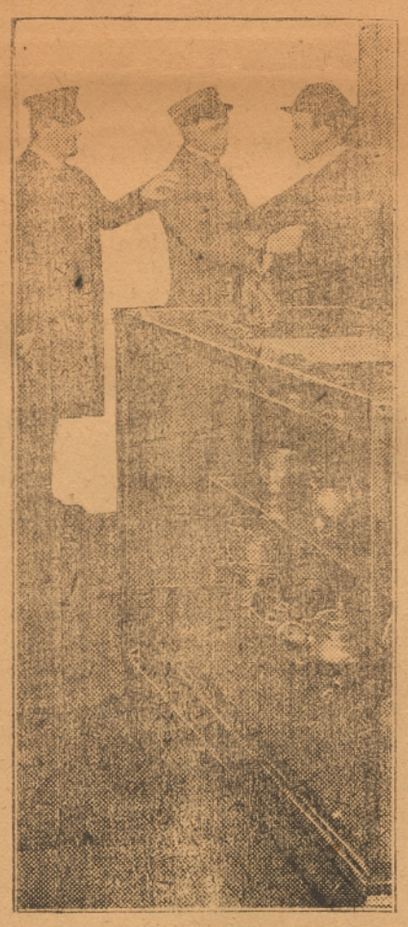
I handed him paper and pencil.

"All right, now, Miss Dodge, go ahead."

As he wrote he indicated to me by his eyes that he wanted me to read. I did so:

Sturtevant Martin, Jeweler,
No. 739½ Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Sir—As you have failed to deliver the $10,000, I shall rob your main diamond case at exactly noon today.

"Thank you, Miss Dodge," continued Kennedy, laying down the pencil. "Yes, I understand perfectly—signed by that same Clutching Hand. Let me see," he pondered, looking at his watch. "It is now half-past eleven. Very well. I shall meet you and Miss



A Remarkable Scene Greeted Us.

Martin at Mr. Martin's store directly."

It lacked five minutes of noon when Kennedy and I dashed up before Martin's and dismissed our taxicab.

A remarkable scene greeted us as we entered the famous jewelry shop. Involuntarily I drew back. Squarely in front of us a man had suddenly raised a revolver and leveled it at us.

"Don't!" cried a familiar voice. "That is Mr. Kennedy!"

Just then, from a little knot of people, Elaine Dodge sprang forward with a cry and seized the gun.

Kennedy turned to her, apparently not half so much concerned about the automatic that yawned at him as about the anxiety of the pretty girl who had intervened. The too eager plain-clothes man lowered the gun sheepishly.

Sturtevant Martin was a typical society business man, quietly but richly dressed.

In the excitement I glanced about hurriedly.

Directly in front of me was a sign tacked up on a pillar, which read: "This store will be closed at noon today. Martin & Co."

All the customers were gone.

Martin himself was evidently very nervous and very much alarmed. Indeed, no one could blame him for that. Merely to have been singled out by this amazing master criminal was enough to cause panic. Already he had engaged detectives, prepared for whatever might happen, and they had advised him to leave the diamonds in the counter, clear the store and let the crooks try anything, if they dared.

Just back of us, and around the corner, as we came in, we had noticed a limousine which had driven up. Three faultlessly attired dandies had entered a doorway down the street, as we learned afterward, apparently going to a fashionable tailor's which occupied the second floor of the old-fashioned building, the first floor having been renovated and made ready for renting. Had we been there a moment sooner we might have seen, I suppose, that one of them nodded to a taxicab driver, who was standing at a public hack stand a few feet up the block. The driver nodded unostentatiously back at the man.

In spite of the excitement, Kennedy quietly examined the showcase, which was, indeed, a veritable treasure store of brilliants.

Slowly the hands of the clock came nearer together at noon.

We all gathered about the showcase, with its glittering hoard of wealth, forming a circle at a respectable distance.

In deep-lunged tones the clock played the chords written, I believe, by Handel. Then it began striking.

Nothing had happened.

We all breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, it is still there!" exclaimed Martin, pointing at the showcase with a forced laugh.

Suddenly came a rending and crashing sound. It seemed as if the very floor on which we stood was giving way.

The showcase, with all its priceless contents, went smashing into the cellar below.

The flooring beneath the case had been cut through!

All crowded forward, gazing at the black, yawning cavern.

Down below, three men, covered with smocks and their faces hidden by masks, had knocked the props away from the ceiling of the cellar, which they had sawed almost through at their leisure, and the showcase had landed eight or ten feet below, shivered into a thousand bits.

A volley of shots whizzed past us, and another. While one crook was hastily stuffing the untold wealth of jewels into a burlap bag the others had drawn revolvers and were firing up through the hole in the floor desperately.

"Look out!" cried someone behind us before we could recover from our first surprise and return the fire.

One of the desperadoes had taken a bomb from under his smock, lighted it and thrown it up through the hole in the floor.

It sailed up over our heads and landed near our little group, on the floor, the fuse sputtering ominously.

I heard an exclamation of fear from Elaine.

Kennedy had pushed his way past us and picked up the deadly infernal machine in his bare hands.

I watched him, fascinated. As near as he dared, he approached the hole in the floor, still holding the thing off at arm's length. Would he never throw it?

He was coolly holding it, allowing the fuse to burn down closer to the explosion point.

It was now within less than an inch of sure death.

Suddenly he raised it and hurled the deadly thing down through the hole.

We could hear the imprecations of the crooks as it struck the cellar floor, near them.

"Leave the store—quick!" rang out Kennedy's voice.

Down below the crooks were beating a hasty retreat through a secret entrance which they had effected.

"The bag! The bag!" we could hear one of them bellow.

"The bomb—run!" cried another voice gruffly.

The explosion that followed lifted us fairly off our feet.

As the smoke from the explosion cleared away, Kennedy could be seen, the first to run forward.

Meanwhile Martin's detectives had rushed down a flight of back stairs that led into a coal cellar. With coal shovels and bars, anything they could lay hands on, they attacked the door that opened forward from the coal cellar into the front basement where the robbers had been.

A moment Kennedy and Bennett paused on the brink of the abyss which the bomb had made, waiting for the smoke to decrease. Then they began to climb down cautiously over the piled-up wreckage.

The explosion had set the basement afire, but the fire had not gained much headway by the time they reached the basement. Quickly Kennedy ran to the door into the coal cellar and opened it.

From the other side Martin, followed by the police and the detectives, burst in.

"Fire!" cried one of the policemen, leaping back to turn in an alarm from the special apparatus upstairs.

All except Martin began beating out the flames, using such weapons as they already held in their hands to batter down the door.

To Martin there was one thing paramount—the jewels.

In the midst of the confusion, Elaine, closely followed by her friend, Susie, made her way fearlessly into the stifle of smoke down the stairs.

"There are your jewels, Mr. Martin," cried Kennedy, kicking the precious burlap bag with his foot as if it had been so much ordinary merchandise, and turning toward what was in his mind the most important thing at stake—the direction taken by the agents of the Clutching Hand.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Martin fairly pouncing on the bag and tearing it open. "They didn't get away with them—after all!" he exclaimed, examining the contents with satisfaction.

* * * * * * *

Events were moving rapidly.

The limousine had been standing innocently enough at the curb near the corner, with the taxicab close behind it.

Less than ten minutes after they had entered, three well-dressed men came out of the vacant shop, apparently from the tailor's above, and climbed leisurely into their car.

As the last one entered, he half turned to the taxicab driver, hiding from passers-by the sign of the Clutching Hand, which the taxicab driver returned in the same manner. Then the big car whirled up the avenue.

All this we learned later from a street sweeper who was at work near by.

* * * * * * *

Down below, while the police and detectives were putting out the fire Kennedy was examining the wall of the cellar, looking for the spot where the crooks had escaped.

"A secret door!" he exclaimed, as he paused after tapping along the wall to determine its character. "You can see how the force of the explosion has loosened it."

Sure enough, when he pointed it out to us, it was plainly visible. One of the detectives picked up a crowbar and others, still with the hastily selected implements they had seized to fight the fire, started in to pry it open.

As it yielded Kennedy rushed his way through; Elaine, always utterly fearless, followed. Then the rest of us went through.

There seemed to be nothing, however, that would help us in the cellar next door, and Kennedy mounted the steps of a stairway in the rear.

The stairway led to a sort of storeroom, full of barrels and boxes, but otherwise characterless. When Kennedy was gingerly holding up the smocks which the crooks had worn.

"We're on the right trail," commented Elaine as he showed them to her, "but where do you suppose the owners are?"

Craig shrugged his shoulders and gave a quick look about. "Evidently they came in from and went away by the street," he observed, hurrying to the door, followed by Elaine.

On the sidewalk he gazed up the avenue, then catching sight of the street cleaner, called to him.

"Yes, sor," replied the man, stolidly, looking up from his work. "I see three gintlemen come out and get into an automobile."

"Which way did they go?" asked Kennedy.

For answer the man jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the general direction uptown.

With keen glance, Kennedy strained his eyes. Far up the avenue he could descry the car threading its way in and out among the others, just about disappearing.

A moment later Craig caught sight of the vacant taxicab and crooked his finger at the driver, who answered promptly by cranking his engine.

"You saw that limousine standing here?" asked Craig.

"Yes," nodded the chauffeur, with a show of alertness.

"Well, follow it," ordered Kennedy, jumping into the cab.

"Yes, sir."

Craig was just about to close the door when a slight figure flashed past us and a dainty foot was placed on the step.

"Please, Mr. Kennedy," pleaded Elaine, "let me go. They may lead to my father's slayer."

She said it so earnestly that Craig could scarcely have resisted if he had wanted to do so.

Just as Elaine and Kennedy were moving off I came out of the vacant store, with Bennett and the detectives.

"Craig!" I cried. "Where are you going?"

Kennedy stuck his head out of the window, and I am quite sure that he was not altogether displeased that I was not with him.

"Chasing that limousine," he shouted back. "Follow us in another car."

A moment later he and Elaine were gone.

Bennett and I looked about.

"There are a couple of cabs—down there." I pointed out at the other end of the block. "I'll take one, you take the other."

Who, besides Bennett, went in the other car I don't know, but it made no difference, for we soon lost them. Our driver, however, was a really clever fellow. Far ahead now we could see the limousine drive around a corner, making a dangerous swerve. Kennedy's cab followed, skidding dangerously near a pole.

But the taxicab was no match for the powerful limousine. On uptown they went, the only thing preventing the limousine from escaping being the fear of pursuit by traffic police if the driver let out speed. They were content to manage to keep just far enough ahead to be out of danger of having Kennedy overhaul them. As for us, we followed as best we could, on uptown, past the city line, and out into the country.

There Kennedy lost sight altogether of the car he was trailing. Worse than that, we lost sight of Kennedy. Still we kept on blindly, trusting to luck and common sense in picking the road.

I was peering ahead over the driver's shoulder, the window down, trying to direct him, when we approached a fork in the road. Here was a dilemma which must be decided at once, rightly or wrongly.

As we neared the crossroad I gave an involuntary exclamation. Beside the road, almost on it, lay the figure of a man. Our driver pulled up with a jerk and I was out of the car in an instant.

There lay Kennedy! Someone had blackjacked him. He was groaning and just beginning to show signs of consciousness as I bent over.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked, helping him to his feet.

He looked about dazed a moment, then seeing me and comprehending, he pointed excitedly, but vaguely.

"Elaine!" he cried: "They've kidnaped Elaine!"

* * * * * * *

What had really happened, as we learned later from Elaine and others, was that when the crossroads was reached the three crooks in the limousine had stopped long enough to speak to an accomplice stationed there, according to their plan for a getaway. He was a tough-looking individual who might have been hoboing it to the city.

When, a few minutes later, Kennedy and Elaine had approached the fork, their driver had slowed up, as if in doubt which way to go. Craig had stuck his head out of the window, as I had done, and, seeing the crossroads, had told the chauffeur to stop. There stood the hobo.

"Did a car pass here, just now—a big car?" called Craig.

The man put his hand to his ear, as if only half comprehending.

"Which way did the big car go?" repeated Kennedy.

The hobo approached the taxicab sullenly, as if he had a grudge against cars in general.

One question after another elicited little that could be construed as intelligence. If Craig had only been able to see, he would have found out that, with his back toward the taxicab driver, the hobo held one hand behind him and made the sign of the Clutching Hand, glancing surreptitiously at the driver to catch the answering sign, while Craig gazed earnestly up the two roads.

At last Craig gave him up as hopeless. "Well—go ahead—that way," he indicated, picking the most likely road.

As the chauffeur was about to start he stalled his engine.

"Hurry!" urged Craig, exasperated at the delays.

The driver got out and tried to crank the engine. Again and again he turned it over, but somehow it refused to start. Then he lifted the hood and began to tinker.

"What's the matter?" asked Craig, impatiently jumping out and bending over the engine, too.

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "Must be something wrong with the ignition, I guess," he replied.

Kennedy looked the car over hastily. "I can't see anything wrong," he frowned.

"Well, there is," growled the driver.

Precious minutes were speeding away as they argued. Finally with his characteristic energy, Kennedy put the taxicab driver aside.

"Let me try it," he said. "Miss Dodge, will you arrange that spark and throttle?"

Elaine, equal to anything, did so, and Craig bent down and cranked the engine. It started on the first spin.

"See;" he exclaimed. "There wasn't anything, after all."

He took a step toward the taxicab.

"Mr. Kennedy—look out!" cried Elaine.

Craig turned. But it was too late. The rough-looking fellow had awakened to life. Suddenly he stepped up behind Kennedy with a blackjack. As the heavy weight descended Craig crumpled up on the ground unconscious.

With a scream, Elaine turned and started to run. But the chauffeur seized her arm.

"Say, bo," he asked of the rough fellow, "what does Clutching Hand want with her? Quick! There's another cab likely to be along in a moment with that fellow Jameson in it."

The rough fellow, with an oath, seized her and dragged her into the taxicab. "Go ahead!" he growled, indicating the road.

And away they sped, leaving Kennedy unconscious on the side of the road, where we found him.

* * * * * * *

"What are we to do?" I asked helplessly of Kennedy, when we had at last got him on his feet.

His head still ringing from the force of the blow of the blackjack, Craig stooped down, then knelt in the dust of the road, then ran ahead a bit, where it was somewhat muddy.

"Which way—which way?" he muttered to himself.

I thought perhaps the blow had affected him and leaned over to see what he was doing. Instead, he was studying the marks made by the tire of the Clutching Hand cab.

More slowly now and carefully, we proceeded, for a mistake meant losing the trail of Elaine.

We came to another crossroads and the driver glanced at Craig. "Stop!" he ordered.

In another instant he was down in the dirt, examining the road for marks.

"That way!" he indicated, leaping back to the running board.

We piled back into the car and proceeded under Kennedy's direction, as fast as he would permit. So it continued, perhaps for a couple of hours.

At last Kennedy stopped the cab and slowly directed the driver to veer into an open space that looked particularly lonesome. Near it stood a one-story brick factory building, closed, but not abandoned.

As I looked about at the unattractive scene, Kennedy already was down on his knees in the dirt again, studying the tire tracks. They were all confused, showing that the taxicab we were following had evidently backed in and turned several times before going on.

"Crossed by another set of tire tracks!" he exclaimed excitedly, studying closer. "That must have been the limousine, waiting."

Laboriously he was following the course of the cars in the open space, when one word escaped him, "Footprints!"

He was up and off in a moment, before we could imagine what he was after. We had got out of the cab, and followed him as, down to the very shore of a sort of cove or bay, he went. There lay a rusty, discarded boiler on the beach, half submerged in the rising tide. At this tank the footprints seemed to go right down the sand and into the waves, which were slowly obliterating them. Kennedy gazed out as if to make out a possible boat on the horizon where the cove widened out.

"Look!" I cried.

Further down the shore, a few feet, I had discovered the same prints, going in the opposite direction, back toward the place from which he had just come. I started to follow them but soon found myself alone. Kennedy had paused beside the old boiler.

"What is it?" I asked, retracing my steps.

He did not answer, but seemed to be listening. We listened also. There certainly was a most peculiar noise inside that tank.

Was it a muffled scream?

Kennedy reached down and picked up a rock, hitting the tank with a resounding blow. As the echo died down, he listened again.

Yes, there was a sound—a scream perhaps—a woman's voice, faint, but unmistakable.

I looked at his face inquiringly. Without a word I read in it the confirmation of the thought that had flashed into my mind.

Elaine Dodge was inside!

* * * * * * *

First had come the limousine, with its three bandits, to the spot fixed on as a rendezvous. Later had come the taxicab. As it hove into sight, the three well-dressed crooks had drawn revolvers, thinking perhaps the plan for getting rid of Kennedy might possibly have miscarried. But the taxicab driver and the rough-faced fellow had reassured them with the sign of the Clutching Hand, and the revolvers were lowered.

As they parleyed hastily, the roughneck and the fake chauffeur lifted Elaine out of the taxi. She was bound and gagged.

"Well, now we've got her, what shall we do with her?" asked one.

"It's got to be quick. There's another cab," put in the driver.

"The deuce with that."

"The deuce with nothing," he returned. "That fellow Kennedy's a clever one. He may come to. If he does, he won't miss us. Quick, now!"

"See," cried the third. "See that old boiler down there at the edge of the water? Why not put her in there? No one'll ever think to look in such a place."

With a hasty expression of approval, the roughneck picked Elaine up bodily, still struggling vainly, and together they carried her, bound and gagged, to the tank. The opening, which was toward the water, was small, but they managed, roughly, to thrust her in.

A moment later and they had rolled up a huge bowlder against the small entrance, bracing it so that it would be impossible for her to get out from the inside. Then they drove off hastily.

Frantically Elaine managed to loosen the gag. She screamed. Her voice seemed to be bound around by the iron walls as she was herself. She shuddered. The water was rising—had reached her chest, and was still rising, slowly, inexorably.

What was that? Silence? Or was someone outside?

* * * * * * *

Coolly, in spite of the emergency, Kennedy took in the perilous situation.

The lower end of the boiler, which was on a slant on the rapidly shelving beach, was now completely under water and impossible to get at. Besides, the opening was small, too small.

Kennedy gazed about frantically and his eye caught the sign on the factory:

OXYACETYLENE WELDING CO.

"Come, Walter," he cried, running up the shore.

A moment later, breathless, we reached the doorway. It was, of course, locked. Kennedy whipped out his revolver and several well-directed shots through the keyhole smashed the lock. We put our shoulders to it and swung the door open, entering the factory.

Beside a work bench stood two long cylinders, studded with bolts.

"That's what I'm looking for," exclaimed Craig. "Here, Walter, take one. I'll take the other—and the tubes—and—"

We ran, for there was no time to lose. As nearly as I could estimate it, the water must now be slowly closing over Elaine.

"What is it?" I asked, as he joined up the tubes from the tanks to the peculiar hooklike apparatus he carried.

"An oxyacetylene blowpipe," he muttered back feverishly. "Used for welding and cutting, too," he added.

With a light he touched the nozzle, instantly a hissing, blinding flame-needle made the steel under it incandescent. The terrific heat from one nozzle made the steel glow. The stream of oxygen from the second completely consumed the hot metal.

Kennedy was actually cutting out a huge hole in the still exposed surface of the tank—all around, except for a few inches, to prevent the heavy piece from falling inward.

As Kennedy carefully bent outward the section of the tank which he had cut, he quickly reached down and lifted Elaine, unconscious, out of the water.

Gently he laid her on the sand. It was the work of only a moment to cut the cords that bound her hands.

There she lay, pale and still. Was she dead?

Kennedy worked frantically to revive her.

At last, slowly, the color seemed to return to her pale lips. Her eyelids fluttered. Then her great, deep eyes opened.

As she looked up and caught sight of Craig bending anxiously over her she seemed to comprehend. For a moment both were silent. Then Elaine reached up and took his hand.

"Craig," she whispered, "you—you've saved my life!"

Her tone was eloquent.

"Elaine," he whispered, still gazing down into her wonderful eyes, "the Clutching Hand shall pay for this! It is a fight to a finish between us!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IF INTERESTED IN THIS

modern, fascinating story in which a scientific detective is pitted against a scientifiic criminal, subscribe for The Review. Don't read your neighbor's paper. Patronize home industry.

ONLY for a few days longer can we give two tickets to the show with each 50c on new subfcription.

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627

of Cross Plains, meets on or before full moon in each month at Masonic over Bank of Cross Plains.

Meets every Saturday night at M. W. A. Hall, Cross Plains, Tex.

M. C. Baum, Clerk

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.

Meets every Saturday night before the first and third Sundays, at W. O. W. Hall, south Cross Plains, Tex.

E. T. Bond, Clerk.

WOODMEN CIRCLE
Crape Grove No. 910

Meets on Saturday, 3 p. m., before 1st Sunday.

Laura Westerman, Clerk.

I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 171

Meets every Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. W. Barr. Sec.

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching each 1st 3rd & 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Sunday school each Snuday 10 a. m. R. P. Odom, Supt.

Prayer meeting each Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Woman's Home Mission Society meets Thursdays before the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month. Mrs. S F Bond, Pres.

You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church, preaching on 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a.m and 8 p. m.

Sunday school at 10 a.m. Regular session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m.

Baptist Church.

Preaching 2nd & 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Sunday School begins 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8:15. Ladies Aid Mondays 3:30 p. m.

Junior B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday 3 p. m. Senior B.Y.P.U 4 p. m.

Pastor.

Burkett Lodge Directory

M. W. A. No. 12642

meets every 3rd Saturday night in each month in W. O. W. Hall.

B. D. Wesley, Clerk

W. O. W. No. 666

meets 2nd and last Saturday in each month.

B. D. Wesley, Clerk

IOOF

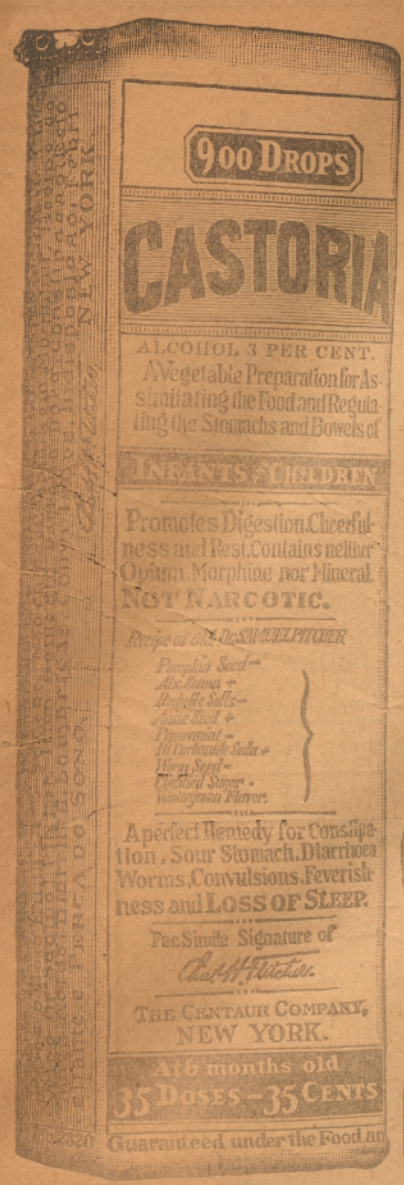
meets every Monday night in W O W Hall

Burkett Grove No. 1453

Woodmen Circle, meets first and third Saturday afternoon at three o clock W O W Hall.

Elsie M. Cochran Clerk

Burkett Texas



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

DENTIST

Dr. Mary L. S. Graves

Office Over Farmer's Nat'l Bank

Residence Phone 124; Office. Phone 24; Office hours 8:30 to 5

CROSS PLAINS LIVERY BARN AND WAGON YARD

J. G. Aiken & Son, Props.

All Kinds of Livery Rigs at Reasonable Rates

Sell and Trade Horses

Dr. E. H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

Your wife is tired of the drudgery of handling and making butter. Buy a separater at—

Carter's

Do you know I am still selling good oil at 15c?—J W Westerman.

Richardson's five years guaranteed house paint, $1.25 per gallon. Absolutely fresh.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

If you really wish to buy a vehicle of quaity, get a Stubebaker at

Carter's.

I will have a carload of all kinds of feed the last of the week It might pay you to investigate my prices.

J. W. Westerman.

8 MONTHS FOR 55 CENTS

Let us take your subscription to the Semi-Weekly Ft. Worth Record from now until the first of December for 55c. Add 75c and get The Review for 12 months.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Colron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little ile, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good. I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for *Special Instructions* on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. E78

COTTONWOOD LETTER

J. D. Mitchell and son Syl and daughter Miss Byrd, accompanied by Misses Eulalia Gattis and Mabel Varner, went last Saturday in their car to Cross Plains to witness the basket ball games between C. P. and Atwell.

Ira Asherbranner, Colvin and Cecil Champion, Wheeler Woody and Walter Breeding made a motor cycle trip to Abilene last week.

C W Worthy was real sick last week, and now his little girl is ill. Here's hoping they may soon recover.

Cross Plains girls came last Friday to play our girls, the game resulting in a score of 11 and 18 in favor of Cottonwood. The line-up for Cottonwood was as follows.

Goal pitchers, Eulalia Gattis.
Belle Coppinger.
Centers, Obera Johnson.
Clara Elkins.
Guards, Byrd Mitchell
Florence Coppinger.

The game was well played on both sides.

The high school department last Friday night presented a play entitled "School Ma'am." All characters played well their parts, Miss Dona Bush and Cecil Fulton doing especially well.

The characters were as follows: Dona Bush, Cecil Fulton, Noel Thompson, Homer Varner, Obera Johnson, Carrie Whitehorn, Claude Foster. Misses Belle Coppinger, Mae Everett. The school auditorium was full and the proceeds will be used in getting lights for same

Mr. John Coats has a little girl who is real sick this week.

Wheeler Woody is making a business trip to Putnam Wednesday

The school boys have organized a base ball team now and are almost ready for a challenge from some team. Bryan Bennett is the captain and will make a good one.

We want to invite everybody to come to our singing first Sunday in April; this is Easter Sunday and of course we will want to show our "Glad Rags".—A.

Pioneer Locals

Last Monday the 22nd, was one of those old-time windy days in this vicinity, and real estate changed hands all day, but there were no commission men playing any part in the game.

Farming is moving along nicely at this writing: Most all the farmers have their land broken and corn planted.

Misses Ollie McGowen and Mary Robinson of Cross Plains visted Miss Fay McClure at this place Sunday.

Mrs. Aikens has been real sick for the past two weeks, but we are glad to report that she is improving nicely.

Prof. R. E. Sikes, the county superintendent, visited the school at this place last Thursday.

Boyd Foster attended the basket ball games at Cross Plains Saturday.

Mrs. R. P. Evans and children of Cross Cut visited Mrs. Teston here Saturday.

Mr. John Mann and family of Cross Cut visited Mrs. Teston Sunday.

Messrs. Bill Howell and Charles Lamb spent Saturday night in Cross Plains.

Henry Gibbs of May was in Pioneer one day last week.

The missionary program given by the M. E. Sunday-school, Sunday was well rendered and enjoyed by all present.

Bro. Summers of Abilene filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church Saturday night and Sunday.

Claude Minton has been working for James Brown of near Blake for the past week.

The entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Nix Friday night was well attended and enjoyed by all present.

Fred Canterbury of this place had business in Cross Plains one day last week.

Wyatt Aikens of this place subscriced for The Review last week.

Misses Athlee Capps, Lera Dennis, Grace and Ruby Curry, Elpha Brown and Ada Lee visited at Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Browning's Sunday afternoon.

Misses Myrtle and Alta Foster, who are attending school at Rising Star, visited home folks here Sunday

There are several from this place who are going to take teacher's examination Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. R. T. Capps left this place last week for Oklahoma to visit the bedside of her sister who is reported seriously ill.

There is going to be an Easter Egg Hunt at this place next Sunday. Everybody invited to be present.

If there is anyone wishing to subscribe for the Cross Plains Review, see Jewell Browning.

Messrs. Foster, J. N. Gooch, J. T. Crosby, and others attended Masonic lodge at Cross Plains Saturday night.

Prof. Hansford came in on the train Sunday to assume his regular work as teacher at Liberty.

Dixie.

Burkett Items.

Emmett Harris made a trip to the Terminal Tuesday.

Mrs. Edna Cross of Cross Plains is down visiting her sisters. Mesdames R. E. and Arch Harris.

Rav. Ussery of Cross Plains was through our town Saturday enroute to Watts Creek to begin a protracted meeting.

Nathan Oliver sprained his ankle Saturday while playing ball.

Miss Winnie Peevy and mother visited at Mrs. Nobia Brown's Sunday.

Henry Wooten and Lawrence Brown went to Cross Plains Wednesday.

Mrs. Lillie Brown's grandmother of Edwards county is here on a visit.

Mrs. Ove Wooten of Oplin was down at Burkett visiting last week.

John Wagoner has been putting some 8 cent cotton on the market here lately.

Burkett has organized a brass band and the boys have already got their instruments. Hurrah for the boys, we hope they will be successful in their undertaking.

Prof. Broyles and Miss Lola Bullock visited at Brownwood from Friday to Sunday.

Will Boyle and wife from Knox City are down visiting relatives and friends. Mr. Boyle made the trip in about twelve hours in a Ford automobile.

Mrs. Bergan of Junction City is visiting Mrs. Frank Brown.

We have on our sick list at this writing: Emma Brown, daughter of Frank, and Lillie Brown, Grandmother Wooten, Bert Brown, Leah Strickland, Winnie and George Peevy, and Myrtle Bryant.

So you see business is picking up with the Doctors.

Rev. Charley Golson of Collin county has come into see his sick father. Charley is a Methodist minister; he was once a Burkett school boy.

Miss Gertie Cunningham spent Saturday night with Miss Ruby Harris.

Will Roberts and family spent Saturday night and Sunday with Emmett Harris, Sr.

Uncle Jimmie Golson, aged about 76, an old timer of the Burkett country, died at his home at Burkett Monday afternoon, and was laid to rest at the Burkett cemetery Wednesday afternoon. The deceased had been in poor health for some time, and his death was not unexpected. The deceased was married two times; to the first union were born two children, J. W. and Rev. Charlie Golson, the former of Coleman and the latter of Collin county. To the last union there were born two chiidren, Frank Golson and Mrs. Jennie Cross, both of Burkett. He leaves besides a host of other relatives both here and in McClellan county, to mourn his death. The deceased was a life-long and active Methodist, and was a good man, in the very best sense of the word, "to all the county dear." He settled about 34 years ago on the farm on the Bayou where he has since lived, coming from McClellan to Coleman county.

Basket Ball

Saturday was basket ball day at Cross Plains. Cross Cut and Cross Plains boys tried for supremacy, the Cross Cut boys winning in a score of 20 to 17. The line-up were as in other games, except Bryan Richardson of Pioneer played g. p. instead of Lonnie Triplett who supplied Walter Chamber's place as guard on the Cross Cut team.

R. P. Evans, teacher at Cross Cut refered for Cross Cut, and his work was noteworthy on account of the promptness and impartiatity of his decisions.

The Atwell and Cross Plains girls played, the score being 22 and 23 in favor of Cross Plains.

Married

On Wednesday, March 15th, D. L. Garrett, formerly of Cross Plains, and Miss Mary E. Blythe of Acme, Texas, were married at Acme. The groom, Dock Garrett, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Garrett of Cross Plains, is well known here, where he has lived in the past, and has many friends who wish for him and his life's partner the world's best blessings.

"Honest Bill's" shows will be here Tuesday night. We don't know anything about this show, having never attended it, but the press write-ups over the state and elsewhere give it credit for being good. Especial attention is always called to the performances of Cupid, the educated pony.

The advance man states that they have a baby camel, a new attraction even to old show men.

The De Laval the separator you will eventully buy.

Entertained

Saturday March 20th Miss Gussie Lee Farmer entertained the boys and girls basket ball teams. After some very enjoyable game of forty-two refreshments were served. All report and excellent time.

The following were present:

Misses Link Henderson, Elvis Barr, Collie Baum, Vesta Thomason, Willie Adams, Hester Thorn. Messrs. Earal Haley, Chas. Ellis, Willie Forbes, Otis Davidson, Herbet Swan, Tommie Aiken.

Our CASH PRICES

For First Ten Days of April.

GROCERIES

1 Case 6 cans Green Velva Syrup	$3.65
1 " 6 " Wild Rose "	2.50
1 " 6 " Royal "	2.50
2 cans Green Velva	1.25
5 packages of A buckle Coffee	1.00
2 cans 25c Baking Powder	35c
4 cans Babbit Lye	25c
35c Bottle pickle for	25c
15c Bottle pickle for	10c
2 bottles of Mustard	15c
25c bottle Catsup	15c
15c " Olives	10c
20c Peanut Butter	15c
6 cans of sardines	25c
7 bars of laundry soap	25c
$1.25 kit Mackerel for	90c
10 pounds bucket soda	50c
4 packages celluloid starch	25
$1.00 can of coffee	85c
25c can mustard sardines	20c
3 cans assorted soups	25c

A 25-lb sack of Sugar for $1.25 with every $10.00 purchase.

Get our prices on Flour, Meal Salt and other Groceries before you buy.

3 cans Empson's Cut Stringless Beans	35c
20c White Swan Peas	15c
40c can Batavia Fruit	30c
Full cream cheese, per lb.	20c

Special Prices on Lamps, Lanterns, Dishes, Pans, Pots, Buckets, Etc.

DRY GOODS

One lot Men's Hats worth $2.00, 2.50 & 3.00, choice for $1.50

20 per cent discount on Men's Trousers

One lot Men's Low Cut Shoes at 1-4 off.

20 per cent discount on Boys & Youths' Suits.

One lot of Ladies & Children's Slippers at 1-4 off

20 per cent reduction on Men's & Boys' Straw Hats

A few Overcoats left to go at one-half price

Men's $1.50 Work Coats for	$1.00
" 2.00 " "	1.50
" 3.00 " "	2.50

Ladies Goods

Ladies' summer shirt waists 1-2 price

$1.00 Woolen Dress Goods	60c
65c " " "	35c
10c Outings for	7c

Ladies Skirts just received at 10 per off for cash

See those pretty Collars, Cuffs and Bowden Caps!

We are selling more ladies' & children's Hats because our styles are latest and our prices cheapest

A few Sweater Coats left to sell at One-Half Price

You Need the Goods, We Need the Money

Bring us your Eggs--We Pay the Highest Market Price

B. L. BOYDSTUN

Where It Pays To Buy.

PERSONAL MENTION

Henry Patterson has returned from Merkel where he had begun a crop.

Pay for your furniture on the installment plan at Rutherford's

Mr. Kenady, W. H. Lauderdale and J. W. Brally of Nimrod were here Monday.

Haul your dead in Rutherford's hearse.

Elder J. M. Ussery has just close a good meeting at Union Hill near Coleman.

C O McKeehan who lives south west of Cottonwood was here on Wednesday.

Ben Flack and daughter Miss Alva of Burkett were here Monday.

FOR SALE. Speedometer for Ford car. C. S. Boyles.

Burris Irving has returned from Ft. Worth where he shipped a bunch of cattle. He says that he found the market bad and that he lost money on his cattle.

Buy your coffins, caskets and robes from Rutherford.

Rev. Watson and C. H. Johnson of the Bayou country were here Tuesday with cotton for the former, which they sold to local buyers.

Let us save you money on your furniture. Furniture Store.

Devoe Buggy Paint, Varnishes, colors in oil, Brushes, Linseed oil. Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

W P Wilcoxen, an old timer and a substantial farmer north of Cottonwood, was in town on Wednesday.

Misses Zona Snerly and Mabel Alford, accompanied by Messrs Homer Smith and Mart Clark, of Rising Star, attended the moving picture show here Saturday night.

J W Montgomery of Sabanno was in town Wednesday. He states that he will the last of the week visit relatives in the Bangs country. Also he subscribed for The Review.

T. D. Watson of Burkett who was in town Monday stated that he and Criss Parsons who are buying cattle together have something more than 200 head that they will ship when the market gets good and the cattle in better shape.

Mrs C. S. Johnson returned Sunday from Dallas where she underwent an operation at the Baptist Sanitarium. She was able to return home earlier than was expected She is very weak yet but promises soon to gain in strength.

Will Boyle, piano man of Crowell, his brother Perry Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Page Killian of near Burkett were here Saturday. The first named formerly lived at Burkett, but has for several years been a successful piano man of Crowell.

Clint Rutherford has received a hearse to be used in connection with his undertaking business. He has also prepared a "morgue" or coffin house in the corner of his store.

The ladies of the Baptist church will conduct an interesting Easter Egg Hunt for the four smaller classes of their Sunday-school Saturday afternoon. All of the children are hereby requested to meet them at the Baptist church Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Joe Eubanks of the Bayou south of Cross Cut Tuesday finished delivering on late contract 1,379 bushels of oats to the Mercantile Co. at 54 cents. It took twenty loads to move the oats.

Delivers Oats

J. P. Helm of Burkett Monday finished delivering something over 600 bushels of oats to B. L. Boydstun at 52 1-2 cents.