

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. VII

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1916.

NO. 37

LIBRARY FOR SCHOOL

The board of trustees have stood good for an order for \$150.00 worth of books from Collier Pub. Co. The Harvard Classics, celebrated in that they include nearly everything in classical literature and covering nearly every subject, and Irving's works, Dickens' Robert Louis Stevens', the Junior Classics, are among the books. All are absolutely the very best to be had. They will be paid for \$7.50 per month, donations from the pupils of the school and from the patrons to be depended upon as far as possible to meet the payments. The day of libraries for every school has arrived, we must have even more books that his addition will give us to get recognition as a school of the second class. Don't turn a deaf ear to a call for the good of your child. It must have good reading as well as good schooling, else his education will not be what it should.

THOSE SUPPLEMENTS

The monthly supplements we have been advertising should have been here two weeks ago. The bill for them has been received, but no supplements to our and probably your disappointment. We will insert them as soon as they arrive.

BAKING POWDER SALE

Trades Day price, 4 cans for 25c. Come and get enough to last all winter for only 25c.

THE RACKET STORE

TRADES DAY MONDAY

You are reminded that Monday will be our monthly trades day. If you have a horse to sell, bring him over—but be careful not to let some jockey out talk you.

HOGS AND CATTLE SHIPPED

Tuesday a car of hogs and a car of cattle, belonging to Parsons and Bryson and Webb were shipped to Ft. Worth.

CROSS PLAINS MARKETS

Cotton quoted Thursday, at 19 1/2 c
Oats in bulk, per bu., 52c
Wheat, 1.84
Peanuts, 1.20
Eggs per dozen, 30c

REV. A. D. JAMESON HERE AGAIN

Rev. A. D. Jameson returned Monday from attending M. E. Conference at Stamford. He tells us that he has been sent back to this work for another year. He also states that Rev. Sisk, who has been stationed at Dumas, has been sent to the Claude mission. Presiding Elder Ferguson has been sent to other fields and the Rev. Sensabaugh, presiding elder at Ft. Worth, has been sent to this field. The latter is known as one of the strongest men in the State, and we should be fortunate to have him. We are glad to welcome Rev. Jameson with us for another year.

FOR SATURDAY AND TRADES DAY

\$1.75 bucket Lard, \$1.50
5 lbs. Crystal White Soap, 25c
5 lbs. Powder coffee, 1.00
6 lbs. good coffee, 1.00
75c can Green Weave, 1.00
10 lbs. good rice, 1.00
B. L. BOYDSTUN.

"BREEZY POINT"

"Breezy Point," the home talent play staged by the M. E. missionary society at the picture show building Wednesday night, was a success as a financial venture for the ladies and from a standpoint of entertainment. The house was full and about seventy-five dollars were taken in.

COME HERE TRADES DAY

for bargains in lanterns, lamps, and all kinds of lamp goods.

THE RACKET STORE

EGGS 32 1-2c SATURDAY

Neub Produce Co.

HONOR ROLL

Mrs. S. E. Jones of north of town was in The Review office last week to have The Review sent to her son, C. I. Jones of Fort Worth. He is in the city engineer's department in the capacity of civil engineer, and has been working there for several years.

Uncle Jim Cottman is on the Honor Roll by reason of his paying his subscription last Friday. He is an old-timer, having lived here for nearly forty years.

John Odeh of Brownwood, who was here last Friday en route to



Alexander Hamilton
First Secretary of the Treasury



When eleven years old he was put to work as errand boy in a bank. By study,

industry and thrift he learned the business, saved enough to make profitable investments, became prominent, fought in the Revolution, signed the Declaration of Independence and was first Secretary of the Treasury.

If you are ambitious to get ahead in the world, begin by saving a part of your regular earnings, for money paves the way to the desirable things of life.

Start an account with us this week and add to it every pay day. Soon you will have enough to buy property, take a desired trip, send your son to college or make profitable investments.

Multiply your money in our care.

THE FARMERS' NAT'L BANK

Bronwood, where he went after a Chevrolet, paid for his Review. He must be prospering.

D. G. Harris of Sabanno last week paid us for The Review and Farm News. Mr. Harris has been intending to leave the country for some time, but has decided to remain here, and has bought the Davis-Garner farm near Liberty. We are glad to keep him.

Reed Randolph of Cottonwood paid for his paper last Saturday, saying he couldn't do without it. He means to leave for the west soon; we will keep the latch on the outside to welcome him back when he decides to return home.

W. R. Thompson of Cottonwood has paid for his Review, he being a new reader, and as such is certainly appreciated.

J. E. Wood of Sabanno is an old friend to this sheet, and Saturday he paid fifty cents to put him ahead on subscription.

G. C. Bryson of Pioneer is a new reader of The Review, and paid for the same Saturday. He says he finds a good deal of local news in it that he likes.

W. H. Duke of Sabanno, who has been reading The Review for some time, Saturday paid for it together with The Farm News. He usually pays only 75c for The Review.

J. W. McDaniel has paid for The Review and Star-Telegram, thus paying but fifty cents for his home paper.

J. H. McCann of Sabanno has paid for a year's Review. Thank you.

Miss Eunice Childs of Yoakum is due The Review for six months through the kindness of a sister here. J. S. Waller of Stranbo, N. M., has paid for his Review again. He has been reading the same since it first started in 1910.

J. W. Wesley of the town has paid for his Review and Star-Telegram. Mr. Wesley always takes The Review.

Crocket Powers of north of town has just returned from a trip to the west, being gone two months. He states that he has not threshed his peanuts as yet. He was here Wednesday and paid his Review ahead.

G. B. Ellis of Cottonwood, who has been marketing his peanut crop here, paid Wednesday for The Review and The Farm News. He is a new subscriber and is appreciated.

B. Clay Christman, teacher of the Burnt Branch school, who is attending the institute here this week, has paid for his Review and The Literary Digest. He lives at Arwell.

John McDonald of east of town, who gets his mail on the Pioneer rural route, paid for his Review Wednesday. He has just returned from Brownwood where he had his son for medical treatment. Mr. McDonald is a charter subscriber to The Review.

THE INSTITUTE IN PROGRESS

Generally Conceded the Best in the History of the County.

The Callahan County Institute convened at the public school building Monday morning. On account of the inclement weather, some of the teachers were a little late in arriving. About seventy are in attendance. County Superintendent Settle called the institute to order. Virgil Hart delivered the welcome and W. P. Seaman of Putnam responded. Mr. Hart paid a high tribute to the teacher's profession, saying, however, that he found one fault with teachers, namely they are hard to convince, it taking him several years to convince one that he could satisfactorily provide for his

After organizing and naming of committees, etc., an hour's talk was made by Prof. Bressler of the Extension department of the University. His lecture concerned the social center, interscholastic league, and other field work. The teachers organized for the purpose of competing in the league, especially in athletics.

Tuesday, Prof. Hill, co author with Supt. Cousins of the present text on history, lectured in the afternoon.

Thursday Dr. Musselman, editor of the Texas School Journal, was with the teachers.

Friday, today, State Superintendent Doughty is to be here.

The town passed the teachers to the picture show on Tuesday night. Thursday night a mixed program between the teachers, and the town was held at the school building.

The following are those who are attending the institute:

S. Ernest Settle, County Supt.
HIGH: J. E. Temple Peters, Clinton Adams, Miss Septima Smith, H. L. Cantz, A. F. Chalk, O. L. Jackson Omar Burkett, Miss Myrtle Connor Miss Lois Nelson, Miss Ounsley, H. S. Varner, John W. Campbell.

Intermediate:

I. D. McEachen, L. C. Reed, B. C. Chrisman, Geo. G. Smith, S. G. Hester, Albert A. Pierce, Roy D. Williams, O. H. Burkett, Rex Shanks, Bart Coppinger, W. R. Newsom, Clyde White, C. R. Steel, Walter W. Causey, J. E. Branson, R. M. Hester, Robert Lee, F. E. Mitchell, Lovd M. Surlis, O. H. Parfily, W. H. Gore, Robert E. Kuykendall, Alvin Armor, W. P. Stephens, C. C. Wright, Albert Chatam, Misses Winnie Davis, Aradia Martin, Susie Barr, Floy Kennedy, Hattie Brown, Jimmie Maples, Annye B. Johnson, Lula Reaves, Ola Miller, Mae Suggs.

PRIMARY: Misses Eudalia Hearn, Jewel Shelton, Nellie Karkpatrick, Ro-

THE COLDEST SPELL

Saturday afternoon a norther blew up, not a very cold one at first, but getting worse all the time until Monday when the weather was very inclement. Tuesday the wind had moderated or had been tempered to the shorn lamb. A good many say this has been the coldest weather for the first of November in years. Lots of hogs have paid nature's debt, or rather, have had the debt collected by man's ruthless hands.

RECEIVED AT LAST

We have just received a big factory shipment of dishes. We placed our orders for these goods nearly six months ago, therefore we own them at much less than the present market price. You had better take advantage of this saving.

THE RACKET STORE

STILL THEY COME

Peanuts, of course. Every pretty day the town is full of peanut wagons. Wednesday not less than fifteen peanut-laden wagons could have been counted on the streets at one time. The average price was \$1.19.

FOR SALE

Full-blood cockerels and pullets of the following breeds: Ferris and Young White Leghorns, Black Minorcas, White Plymouth Rocks, and White Orpingtons. Cockerels \$1.00 and \$3.00; pullets \$1.50.

R. D. Carter.

BARGAINS

in boys' union suits. Regular 75c grade for only 50c.

THE RACKET STORE.

Read B. L. Boydston's ads. It will pay you. adv.

For Boys and Girls Fountain Pens Are Sure to Please



Birthday Presents that are Useful

Any girl or boy—any man or woman—would appreciate a good fountain pen. Every day of the year—almost every hour of the day—such a present can be put to a practical use. There are many makes of fountain pens. And many styles and sizes in the various makes. So if we can be of any service to you in helping you choose the best fountain pen on the market for your particular purpose, just drop in and see us.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

FACTS

Did you know butter fat can be produced with silage for about 50 per cent less cost than without it? It's a FACT. Almost equally good results can be produced with beef stock, when ensilage is fed as a part of the daily ration and ensilage fed beef brings 25c to 50c per 100 lbs. more. There is nothing but E. C. O. N. O. M. Y. in the silo; a Necessity; a Valuable Asset to your farm. Think it over. We want to put you up one next spring.

It's the Coon's "All Cypress."

FORBES & ADAMS
Shackelford's Lumber Yard

MR. FARMER

The greatest single element in the successful management of a Farm, is the co-operation with a Bank.

We also need this co-operation and we especially solicit the accounts of Farmers; Help us when your yield is plentiful and we will help you when it isn't. Make Our Bank your headquarters, whenever you come to town.

BRING US YOUR COTTON CHECKS

The Bank of Cross Plains

Unincorporated
Virgil Hart, Cashier
C. C. Neeb, Asst. Cashier

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.

We club The Review with all papers and magazines.

Goodbye all green crops. See you again next spring.

Sleeping out these nights almost makes one go back on his advocacy of the year-round use of the sleeping porch.

There were just thirteen original votes for Hugu in Tuesday's election in Cross Plains. Supposed the thirteen have not increased any.

There is a better day coming for land and other real property in this country. Times are getting good, and land values are sure to advance.

Wilson received a great popular vote, and has a big margin in the electoral college. It seems the whole country, almost, hyphenates, et al.

After all we have not found much fault with Wilson's administration. All the west but one state, all the south West Virginia are on Wilson's side.

When white flour gets so high, people will refuse to eat it, there will be less pellagra, appendicitis, and other kindred diseases in the country.

After the first report that Hughes will elect, was given circulation we began to figure out how we were one of the thirteen original Hughesites in Cross Plains. We were looking out for one of Claude Callan's post office jobs.

People that live in accordance with the laws of nature have little use or need for medicine. Proper eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercise will almost insure not only good health, but an exuberance of life.

The central powers have not been faring very well this week in the Roumanian expedition. They will eventually lose so many men that victory can scarcely come to their arms. The Russians aver they will ever forsake the Roumanians.

The educational amendment was defeated by two votes at this box. Somehow our people refuse to vote for any kind of an amendment, or anything that would allow them, or any other community, the privilege of raising taxes for so noble a purpose as the bettering of the public schools. We cannot but feel that had everybody understood the full purport of this amendment it would have received a good support even in Callahan County.

Abilene should take steps to induce the Santa Fe and Katy railroads to build into this city. The roads should be secured if it takes the organizing of private companies to build to View or Buffalo Gap on the Santa Fe and Rising Star on the Katy. The facts are Abilene MUST have both roads.—Abilene Reporter.

The Reporter must have meant Cross Plains instead of Rising Star, as this is the terminus of the Katy. Abilene's connection with the Katy through us would please a good many of us. As to whether we would make a better or larger town, we can not say, but we can say that such connections would put us in better touch with the outside world.

The West Texas A. & M. Association to meet the latter part of this month at Wichita Falls, will be

well attended, if the efforts the commercial club of that town are to count for anything. Besides this town, San Angelo, Stamford, Abilene, and Sweetwater are candidates for the location of the new college, should it be established. When it comes to town that has the best and all kinds of farming land around it, a country really and truly adapted to diversified farming, and not subject to the droughts and kindred ailments these candidate-towns are heir to, C. P. should receive consideration.

The election last week was one of the most exciting ones in our history. Not since the days of the famous Hayes-Tilden controversy in 1876 has an election been so close. According to an interesting article in Sunday's Brownwood Herald, by T. H. Taylor, a teacher in Howard Payne College, the Republicans stole the election in '76. It is said that the votes of Louisiana, a state always democratic, after being offered to the Democrats for a million dollars, was turned to the Republicans. The contest was not decided until the 2nd of March. Tilden said that he had rather give up the fight than to embroil the country in civil strife again.

The article says: First, we are to have a new Democratic West. With one exception we have the solid west; and with one exception, West Virginia, with one exception, West Virginia, we have the solid south.

Woodrow Wilson has carried three of the four corners of the United States, Washington, California and Florida, and on the northeast; New Hampshire brings him nearest the corner, some reports even giving as doubtful Maine, a Republican state since John C. Fremont, their first candidate, ran in 1856. Wilson has carried the center in Ohio and Missouri, the north center in Montana, the south center in Texas.

With the exception of the Roosevelt landslide in 1904 when a Progressive Republican of great force of character and tremendous popularity was opposed by a conservative Democrat, has any candidate received such widespread support as President Wilson. Judge Parker, of course, carried no states except the south.

Third, this election is remarkable in the number of states carried. With the exception of the above mentioned landslide, Wilson has exceeded all presidents in the number of states carried, Lincoln carried 18 states; Grant, 26; Cleveland, 26; McKimble, 23; President Wilson has carried 31 states.

Fourth, not only the number of states, but the size of the states carried by the Democratic candidate is noticeable. Wilson has carried the eight largest states. Hughes carried Rhode Island, Delaware and Connecticut, the three smallest, with a combined population of 8,583 square miles; Wilson carried Texas, California and Montana with a combined area of 571,190 square miles. Hughes received a plurality in seventeen states with a combined area of 683,905 square miles, that is, the territory carried by Hughes is only 72,715 square miles more than the area of the three largest states carried by President Wilson. Woodrow Wilson received a plurality in 31 states with a combined area of 2,467,958 square miles. That is President Wilson has carried four-fifths of the area of the United States. Wilson has carried all the states south of Mason and Dixon's line and the Ohio River except one and all the states west of the Mississippi except three. He has carried the states with the prospect of greatest growth and therein is a bright hope for democracy.

Fifth, a study of the border and coast line states reveals some interesting facts. The United States has about twelve thousand miles of border. President Wilson has carried states forming nine thousand miles or three fourths of our border. Beginning at Minnesota he has carried without exception all the border states all the way round to Delaware. Not content with that, it seems that he must also have New Hampshire

which touches two borders. He has carried more than half the Canadian border, thus endorsing his policy toward England. He has carried seven-eighths of the Pacific Coast which ratifies his attitude toward Japan; he has carried the entire Mexican border and the Gulf states which evidently shows approval of his Mexican policy. And two-thirds of the Atlantic sea board have voted for his German policy. All sections and all classes have supported Wilson.

BUSY BEE CAFE

Fresh oysters every Friday. Fresh meats of all kinds. Packing house meat Tuesday.

Everything good to eat.

FOR SALE

Two houses at prices well worth the money, on easy terms to suit purchasers. L. P. Henslee.

COFFINS AND CASKETS

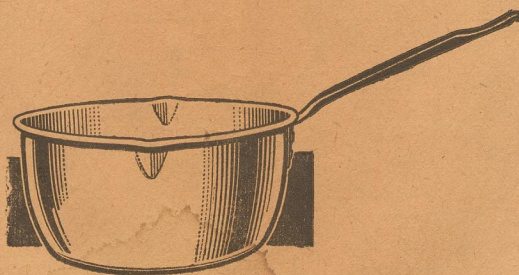
of every description. Can fill your wants in undertaking. Day or night service. Phone 119. Rutherford,

FOR SALE

Good nice fresh groceries at Witt & Harbin.

Get this \$1.00 "Wear-Ever"

Double Lipped 2 1-2 quart Saucepan for only



59c

and the coupon if presented on or before date named in coupon. Clip the Coupon. Get your Saucepan to-day. Special offer expires on date named in coupon. Thereafter the price will be \$1.00.



B. L. Boydston

Sid Monsey has sold Chevrolets to A. G. Foster, and through Syl Mitchell of Cottonwood to H. L. Harris and C. J. Odell of west Cottonwood. He has also sold one to L. M. Bond of Cross Plains.

Tom Anderson of Cross Plains was here Monday. Tom says he likes the terminal city all right but the Star still looks good.—Rising Leader.

BUILDING PAPER

and wall paper at Rutherford's.

PRODUCE NOTICE

Remember that Witt & Harbin have always got the top price. To miss them may be a loss to you. See us before you sell Witt & Harbin

Mrs. Lothair Thomasson and baby, Pierce, of Abilene visited her brother, Joe Shackelford this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thomasson and Mrs. Eunice Hembree all of Cottonwood, were in town shopping Friday.

Dry Goods

We are making SPECIAL PRICES on everything in the piece goods line. We have some good values in worsted and solid colors and stripes! Come in and get yours.

GROCERIES

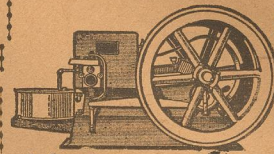
We have just received a car of fresh flour and are selling it at a cheaper price than it could be bought today at the mill, so you had better take advantage of these prices.

Hog killing time—buy your meat salt from us.

FORBES & ADAMS

Let Me Sell

You a Witt Engine to do your Work.



2 h. p. . \$29.95
3 " " . . 47.85
4 " " . . 64.75

F. O. B. Factory

If you need six or twelve months' time in paying for this engine, you can get it. Come in and look at our Big 18-h. p. Engine; it does the work right.

Now is the time to buy cisterns. Can make you any size or style, plain or corrugated. If you need any tin work done, come in and let me figure with you.

I will give you Good Work for same price you will pay for some not so good.

J. W. BENNETT
"The TINNER"

HURRY HERE

for lard cans at last season's price. THE RACKET STORE. Ernest Keller of Burkett marketed grain here Wednesday.

A CHALLENGE

PAINT half your house DEVOE—the other half with whatever you like.

"If DEVOE does not take fewer gallons and cost less money—no chargo for DEVOE.

"If DEVOE does not wear two or three years longer—longer and better—we'll give you enough to do the job over.

"Or paint half your house DEVOE—the other half lead-and-oil. DEVOE will be sound when the lead-and-oil is hungry for paint. If not, we will give you enough for the whole house.

SHACKELFORD LMBR. CO.

SUITS

Sponged 50c AND Pressed 50c

Alterations and Cleaning a Specialty.

I will make your old clothes look spick and span—the kind that commands attention from the prettiest girls. All work guaranteed.

CITY TAILOR SHOP

In front of Review office

Entertained.

A delightful birthday party was given Saturday night by Mrs. W. A. McGowen at her home in honor of her son, Mr. Russell McGowen. Several enjoyable games were arranged by Miss Ollie and her sister Mrs. Penn of Dallas Refreshments were served to the following:—Misses Lois Bullock, Ruby Mangham, Beulah, Ruby and Juanita Harpole, Vida Teague, Juanita Wagner, Bertha Bruett, Gladys Adams Leo Tyson, Messrs. Tige Gilbert, Roy Hemoree, Matt Davis, Glen Adams, Edd Ogilvy, Clyde Adkisson, Chester Dennis, Bowden Freeman, Oliver Wolf, Ernest Davidson and Russell McGowen.

HELP WANTED: A middle-aged lady to live with old couple, to do general housework. Pay reasonable wages. Apply to S. C. Cade, Sabanno, Texas. n3

Get your bread and fresh meat at the—City Meat Market.

Miss Wilda Shackelford of Putnam is office-girl in Higginbotham's store.

CREAM 30c THIS WEEK

Neub Produce Co.

FOR SALE

Registered Duroc-Jersey Boar for sale, ready for service. JOE SHACKELFORD.

C. C. Hampton

Attorney-at-Law

Loans and Real Estate

The Crystal Cafe

Under new management

MEALS . . . 35 Cents

All Kinds of Short Orders

WE WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT

B. S. Norris, Prop.

EGGS 32c SATURDAY

Neub Produce Co.

Joe Shackelford made a try at Cottonwood Friday afternoon in his car, taking his sister, Mrs. Lothair Thomasson, who visited with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Murdock a few days.

Saturday and Trades Day is Clothing Day. Get a hat, cap free, at Boydston's. adv.

Remember we pay the cash for produce. Witt & Harbin.

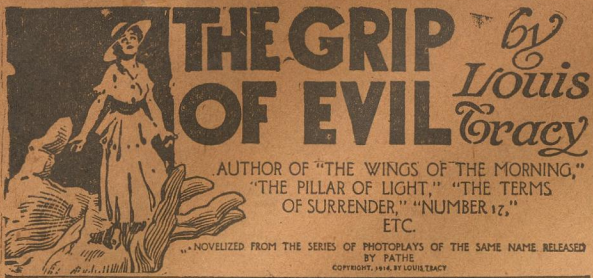
FOUND—that B. L. Boydston is the place to buy Better goods for the same money or the same goods for less money. adv.

Reuben Freeman, who has been attending school here, has taken the place, temporarily, of one of the teachers at Pioneer. The teacher in question has the typhoid fever.

Your overcoat cleaned and a velvet collar put on; will look new, if we clean it. City Tailor Shop.

Mrs. C. E. Boydston and sister, Miss Dickey, went Saturday to Cisco where they met some of their folks from Weatherford.

W. M. Armstrong, Dressy, Texas "Say and nothing saw wood."



THE GRIP OF EVIL

by Louis Tracy

AUTHOR OF "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING," "THE PILLAR OF LIGHT," "THE TERMS OF SURRENDER," "NUMBER 12," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE SERIES OF PHOTODRAMAS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE

John Burton, a worker in a steel mill, suddenly inherits an English title and \$10,000. He decides he will spend his life, if necessary, in an attempt to solve the question "Is Humanity in the Grip of Evil?" Each episode of this series forms a distinct story in itself depicting his experiences in his search for the truth.

FOURTH EPISODE

THE LOOTERS

A Plunge Into Politics.

The manner in which John Burton, tenth marquis of Castleton, was duped by "Boss" Maloney and his gang must be told with bated breath. For one thing, the story is not creditable to Burton's intelligence. For another, there are limitations to such recitals in cold print. The one redeeming feature in a sordid record is the fact that Maloney himself was as boldly fooled as anybody.

And the boss was a hard man to beat at his own dirty game—as to that element in the situation there could be no manner of doubt whatsoever.

Those who disliked him most—the clean-minded, God-fearing men and women who can be found in every community—conceded to Maloney a measure of grudging respect. He was a genial, shrewd, far-seeing scoundrel. His wolves invariably wore sheep's clothing till the time came for what he termed "a show-down." Even when the disguise was dropped his opponents never knew whether the pack would snarl or fawn.

Thus, when a wave of reform swept over the town in which Burton had established himself, and a well-meaning citizen named Kramer was nominated for the mayoralty, it was Maloney's subtle brain which suggested a really effective counter-stroke. The "boss" knew well that laziness on the part of honest folks alone permits any community to be run by a gang of disreputable politicians.

Sooner or later, however, some peculiarly scandalous act, or a crusade carried on by some enthusiast, creates a new spirit in a community, and the inchoate mass decides that the power of the wardheelers must be broken. Such a power, of course, is irresistible, and Maloney was the last man on earth to defy the lightning.

He recognized the symptoms of the impending revolt. Preachers, editors, earnest-eyed young men who preferred Christian Endeavor or pleasant Sunday afternoons to wide-open saloons and gambling halls, were becoming increasingly active and outspoken. Their energies seemed to center around Kramer, a big, loud-voiced, breezy sort of man who said quite plainly that if he were mayor the town would be run straight by its officials or he would know the reason why.

Maloney had weathered political storms before but he sized this one up as a moral hurricane. As he could not hope to face the gale, he decided to run with it. In plain English, he came out boldly as a more thoroughgoing reformer than Kramer himself!

Of course, he personally could not appear in the open. That would be too obvious a joke. No sheep ever raised was big enough to provide a fleece that would cover a wolf of Maloney's bulk.



"I'll Do More Than That for You When the Chance Offers."

so he looked around for the right sort of candidate, and selected none other than John Burton.

John was endowed with all the essentials. He was a fine orator. He could talk to workmen in the language they understood. He appreciated the nature of their joys and sorrows. He knew what it meant to toll long hours for inadequate pay. Above all, he was a visionary, and well-calculated to stampede an electorate away from the sane, moderate, practical, common-sense platform put forward by Kramer.

In his negotiations with Burton, therefore, Maloney was suave as a bishop and plausible as a corporation lawyer. The pity was that John could not hear and see the "boss" thronged

in the midst of the scoundrels who fattened on the city's finances.

A typical scene was that at which John's name was first put forward for the mayoralty. Prior to the meeting, which consisted of a few councilmen, mostly of the saloonkeeper class, Maloney had instructed his partner, Hank Parkins, that "the marquis" was to be staged as a candidate. It was a marked characteristic of the man that he worked mainly through his lieutenant. Hence, Parkins was given the credit of making the proposition itself. Maloney was only to approve of it—dubiously at first, but with growing enthusiasm.

"Yes," agreed the big man, affecting to debate the suggestion seriously. "Burton might be all right. He is young, good looking, and fool enough to believe what he says. He's popular with the working people, and these here suffragettes—remember, boys, we must keep an eye on them—will take him to their maidenly bosoms at once. And then, he is as rich as sin, and will come across with a big check for campaign expenses."

Maloney touched a bell, and a young woman entered. She was a delicate girl, thin, pallid, and seemingly overworked, but her cameo-like features and the lissome ease of her movements showed that under other conditions she might be regarded as remarkably good looking. She coughed as the siffing, smoke-laden atmosphere of the office reached her lungs.

He plunged at once into the business in hand, and dictated the letter which was to draw John Burton into the net.

"That'll do the trick," shouted the "boss," slapping a fat knee gleefully. "Off you go now, boys, and make the crowd wise to the new move. See you blow in tomorrow about the same time. Call me a Dutchman if Mr. Goody-goody Burton isn't here on the tick to meet us."

Jane Carter had nearly finished typing the letter when the door of the outer office opened, and her brother came in. She did not seem very pleased to see him, which was not altogether surprising, because Jim Carter, though resembling his sister in some respects, was as dissolute looking as she was pretty. In him a deplorable weakness of character had taken the place of the girl's charming femininity.

He began at once to whine a complaint that he could never get a job if deprived of a little money for his everyday expenses. At last, to get rid of him, Jane took her purse out of a drawer and handed over a couple of dollar bills.

"That's no use to me," he grumbled. "I can blow in a couple of bucks in an hour, treating fellows. It won't do me a bit of good."

"None of the men you treat are of any use to you, Jim," came the sad protest.

"What do you know about it, anyhow?" he retorted.

"Not much, perhaps, but I really cannot spare you another cent. You have left me barely sufficient to pay the week's expenses."

Jim shrugged his shoulders, lit a cigarette, and, seeing that his sister meant what she said, went out. Neither of the two knew that Parkins had stopped short when about to come in from the inner office. He had heard and was seemingly impressed by their brief conversation.

Jane started slightly as the junior partner crept up behind her unexpectedly.

"That was your brother, wasn't it, Miss Carter?" he inquired.

"Yes," she faltered, thinking it best to be candid. "He has not been at work lately, and I have to help him a little. You see, a young man really must have some money in his pocket." Parkins, meaning to all appearance only to be sympathetic, laid a hand on her arm.

"Send your brother to me tomorrow, and I'll find him a job," he said quietly. The girl, who had shrunk from his touch, now faced him impulsively and began to stammer some words of thanks.

"Oh, don't speak of it," he said genially. "I'll do more than that for you when the chance offers."

The following afternoon Jane was anxious and miserable. She had not seen her brother since the previous day, had not given him Parkins' message and could not guess what had become of him.

She was at work in the office when John Burton entered.

He seemed to bring with him a breath of wholesome air. His very smile was a tonic. And, to her gratification, he recognized her. After a slight start at her surprise he advanced to the stenographer's desk and held out his hand.

"I didn't expect to meet you here, Miss Carter," he said. "I have been wondering what became of you and your brother since your father's death. I was sure you had left the city."

Jane flushed, but did not lose her self-possession. It was kind of the millionaire to remember her, though their last meeting had been under happier circumstances.

Parkins, who had watched this pro-

ceeding with astonishment, now led John into the chief's sanctum. The new candidate was promptly introduced to his supporters, whom he certainly found a somewhat queer-looking crowd, but whose unconditional promises and fine sentiments were beyond criticism.

Maloney undertook that under John's leadership every joint and crevice in the city would be closed, every bad man hunted out, and every grafter dismissed!

"You understand, of course, Mr. Burton," he went on, pressing the tips of his fat fingers together, and pursing his sensual lips in an expression of much gravity, "we reformers are usually poor men. A fight like this cannot be conducted without considerable expense, and I ought to tell you here and now that you mustn't know just how all the money's expended. Will you start our fund with a check?"

"Certainly," agreed John. "For how much?"

"Oh, to begin with, say ten thousand dollars."

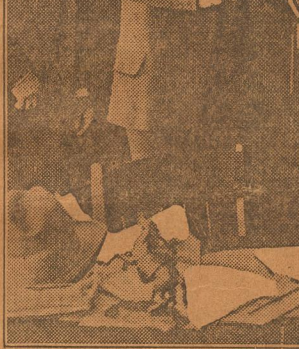
A little later Maloney and Parkins were about to escort their dupe to his waiting car when a tough-looking person appeared in the outer office and asked the girl if she was Jane Carter.

"Yes," she said. "What is it?"

The man seemed to bethink himself, and took off a greasy cap, but only to secure a note hidden therein. It was addressed to the girl in her brother's handwriting. She read it, uttered a heartbroken cry, and fell back in her chair.

At that moment the three men came from the inner office, and were naturally concerned at the girl's manifest distress. Parkins, sharp-eyed as a ferret, saw the note, which was written in pencil on a scrap of soiled paper. He picked it up and did not scruple to read it. It ran:

"Dear Jane: I am in the Mulberry street jail and it's a frame-up. See



"What Have You Done With My Sister?"

if you can't get me a lawyer. Your loving brother, Jim."

Parkins gave the unhappy girl a quick and speculative glance. Then he laid a hand gently on her shoulder.

"Don't worry about this, Jane," he said quietly. "I'll get your brother out in less than no time. As you are naturally upset, you had better go home for the rest of the day."

He did not even wait for a word of gratitude, but hurried away as though eager to effect the young reprobate's release.

Disillusionment.

A brief interview with the chief of police resulted in young Carter being set at liberty. The boy had been drinking in a low-class saloon, was caught in a fight between rival gangs, and was arrested when the police came.

Parkins brought the boy home to his sister, who received him with tears, yet flung her arms around him in sheer joy at his rescue.

Parkins gently disengaged Jane's arms from her brother's neck, led her to a chair, and patted her on the shoulder.

"There is nothing to worry about now," he said. "Your brother's name will be struck out of the record, and I have not forgotten my promise to give him a job. He can start tomorrow collecting accounts for me. You see, knowing you as I do, I feel that any relative of yours must be thoroughly trustworthy. So I'll fix Jim in a responsible position straight away."

The girl was convinced now that the junior partner in the firm of Maloney & Parkins was a very fine man indeed. Moreover, it was reassuring to find a man like Mr. Burton working hand-in-glove with the weird creatures who formed the political associates of her employers.

Matters progressed quietly for a few days. Some of the genuine reformers of the town visited John, but he was unable to convince them that "Boss" Maloney had really changed his coat, and was now striving with night and main to purify the life of the city.

Burton was so taken up with his new interests in life that he allowed himself to be humbugged outrageously. The genuine and unaffected hearty receptions he was given by working-class audiences literally blinded him

to the other features of his candidature.

The most egregious instance of the folly he was guilty of at this time was his childish acceptance of everything said by Maloney. For instance, Jim Carter's collectorship consisted of nothing more nor less than the levying of blackmail in the red-light district. One of the most notorious characters therein, a woman who rejoiced in the appropriate name of Mrs. Ketchum, resented the amount of her assessment and called in person at the office of Maloney & Parkins to give the firm a bit of her mind. She was received by Jane Carter, who did not like her manner or appearance, and was correspondingly surprised when Maloney indicated that Mrs. Ketchum must be admitted at once. Parkins was present, too, and a first-class row sprang up almost before Jane could close the door.

The incident was driven from her mind, however, when John Burton entered. He had seen her several times since their first meeting—had even lent her a horse to ride—and was apparently wishful to make life pleasant for her in many ways. Just now, however, he was up to the neck in election matters.

"Can I see Mr. Maloney for a moment?" he said, smiling. "I'll not detain him, as I am due to address a meeting during the dinner hour at the woolen mills."

"Go right in, Mr. Burton," said Jane with an answering smile. "There is a lady inside, but I think she wants to quarrel, so an interruption may be helpful."

As John opened the door, a babel of angry voices was stifled. Parkins was the first to recover his composure.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Burton," he said. Then he indicated Mrs. Ketchum with a smug grin.

"This lady is one of your ardent supporters. She's a prominent—suffra-

To his delight Jane was alone in her flat.

"I'm fed-up on politics, Jane," he said thickly. "They're all right for a time, but today I'm bored stiff, and I felt I must seek a little relaxation. You don't mind my coming to see you, do you?"

"No," she said timidly. "Why should I? You have been so good to my brother."

"Never mind your brother, Jane," he leered. "It's you I want now. You're the one woman in the bunch that I really care about. Come here and I'll whisper to you."

He grabbed her by the shoulders and tried to kiss her. Wrestling herself free with a startled cry, the girl endeavored to reach the door. Parkins followed, telling her that she was "a coy little devil," but he would get her now for sure. He caught her before she could tear the door open and crushed her forcibly in his arms. She was screaming loudly, and resisting with the frenzy of despair, when her brother entered unexpectedly.

Jim Carter may have been a weak-minded youth, and somewhat given to dissolute companions, but he could not see his sister struggling in the arms of a drunken brute and remain unmoved.

Jim came forward, probably meaning to do a little more than utter a protest, but Parkins, enraged at the interference of this jackal, struck him a violent blow in the face, which so frightened the boy that he ran out. Jane, however, succeeded in reaching her bedroom and locking the door. But Parkins was not to be denied. He rushed at the door, pounded viciously on the panels, and told Jane that if she did not come out he would smash the lock.

Meanwhile, Jim Carter's one thought was to secure the help of someone whose influence would be sufficiently powerful that his employer would be compelled to desist from the folly which seemed to have overtaken him. An appeal to the police would be worse than useless, but Burton was talking at no great distance. He was the man! Parkins would not dare face him! So Jim forced his way through the crowd, nor did he hesitate to stop John in the middle of a sentence and mutter in his ear:

"Come quick, for God's sake!" he hissed brokenly. "Parkins is mad drunk and chasing Jane around the room. When I tried to stop him, he gave me a chip behind the ear that put me out of business."

John heard him with amazement, but could not refuse to credit the frightened boy's veracity.

Arranging hurriedly with another speaker to take his place, Burton made off. They reached Jane Carter's apartment just as the bedroom door was yielding to Parkins' violence. The man had now aroused himself to a state of bestial fury. No sooner was he aware of Burton's entrance than he sensed the object of this unforeseen interruption and tried to put a summary stop to any attempted parley by hurling a chair at the newcomer.

John dodged quickly and avoided the heavy missile, but Jim Carter was not so lucky and was knocked almost insensible in a fearsome struggle.

The room was literally wrecked before Burton resolved to bring matters to climax, once and for all. Exerting his great strength to the utmost, he wrenched himself free, delivered a mighty punch and Parkins went down like a stone.

By this time Jane was overcome with terror. She wept bitterly and could not control herself, even when John's protecting arm was around her shoulders. The mere sight of Parkins lying insensible on the floor seemed to shake the wits out of her. Seizing her hat and coat, she ran out of the building, and Burton could do nothing but follow her, wondering where she was going and how he was to restore her self-possession.

At that unlucky moment he saw Mrs. Ketchum coming down the street, and, remembering that she was reputedly a leader of the Suffragist party, decided that he might safely intrust the frightened girl to her care.

There never was a woman more perplexed than this keeper of a notorious dive when the mayoral candidate introduced Jane and began a hasty explanation.

"This young lady, as you see, is very greatly upset," he said. "It will be a personal favor to me if you will take her to your house and safeguard her there until other arrangements can be made."

At that, though tongue-tied with astonishment, Mrs. Ketchum thought she understood. She nodded agreement, whereupon John hailed a taxi, put the two women inside and handed the driver some money.

Meanwhile, Parkins slowly recovered his senses. The fight and the knock-out had partially cleared his drink-sodden wits, and the one thing he craved for now was revenge. Every other consideration yielded to the demand that his powerful and seemingly successful rival should be humiliated.

He avoided both Maloney and Burton. The former thought him busy rounding up the "boys." The latter was too engrossed in election work to think of causing a row between the partners at that crisis. Moreover, he allowed for the fact that Parkins was drunk and had been punished sufficiently already.

So a vindictive scoundrel was left free to work out his desperate plan. At the psychological moment he rushed around to Burton's supporters with the specific instruction that their candidature was to be "turned down."

"It's the boss's orders," he insisted, when met with blank amazement. "You've got to switch every man to

Kramer. Don't let a vote go to Burton if you can help it."

Now, this change of front, though wholly unexpected that day, savored of Maloney's methods.

It was assumed instantly that Kramer and the "boss" had come to terms, with the result that Burton was to be side-tracked. The work was to be done, too, swiftly and silently. None must know of the new policy until the election was a settled thing.



She Had Thrown Herself From the Topmost Story.

while, of course, there could not be the slightest question of disputing the right of Parkins to speak for his chief.

Therefore, the most surprised man in that part of America was "Boss" Maloney himself when the votes were counted and revealed a landslide for Kramer.

Instantly a scene of terrific excitement broke out in Maloney's office. For once in his life the man dropped his sphinxlike attitude and rained vituperation on the astounded dupes who thought they had been obeying his orders. John Burton, of course, was saddened and distressed by an almost phenomenal failure, but enlightenment came when Maloney turned on Parkins and was about to consign him to destruction.

Parkins was rescued with difficulty. Some cooler heads decided that he could be dealt with more effectually later. In the midst of the turmoil, Jim Carter rushed in. The boy was pale and disfigured from the injuries received when struck by the chair, but he was wildly excited, and his voice cracked as he leaped at Burton.

"What's this I hear about my sister? What have you done with her?"

"Your sister is all right," said John calmly. "She's being well looked after. I put her in the care of Mrs. Ketchum."

"Mrs. Ketchum!" screamed the lad. "What sort of a fool can you be? Don't you know that Mrs. Ketchum keeps the most notorious dive in the city and pays these scoundrels a hundred dollars a month for police protection?"

"Is this true?" he demanded with a cold fury that might have brought a warning at any other time to the experienced "boss." But Maloney was beside himself with rage.

"Get out of this, you psalm-singing sucker!" he bellowed. "I'm sick of you and your Billy Sunday notions! Get out, I tell you, while the going's good!"

It was not fear of Maloney or his crew that drove John headlong to his waiting car. He was almost unnerved with loathing and apprehension. He could hardly credit that he could have been so befooled by circumstances. Dragging Jim Carter with him, he urged the chauffeur to travel at top speed.

But the would-be rescuers arrived too late. The helpless girl, awaking from a stupor of terror and exhaustion only to find herself a prisoner in a house where no decent woman might live, had thrown herself from the topmost story. John and her brother reached the place in time to see a crowd gathered around some misshapen object on the pavement.

It was in such wise that Burton's scheme of regenerating mankind by political reform came to an end.

Seldom, indeed, had any man ever been given more convincing reasons for the dread belief that humanity is in the Grip of Evil.

(END OF FOURTH EPISODE.)

Last of Forbidden Cities in Morocco.

Five centuries ago the most Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, drove the Moor from Spain, and in Morocco he sought new empires. The gradual conquest of North Africa by European powers has driven the true Mohammedan—the religious fanatic—southward or westward to the practically unknown Tunis or Morocco. Egypt, Tripoli, Tunisia and Algeria have all contributed from their populations to the peopling of Morocco. English, French or Italian conquest has driven thither the Moors who would neither work for the Christian nor obey his laws nor accept his faith. And the Atlas mountains have become the strongest fortress held by Islam, sheltering the most purely Mohammedan and the most fanatical.

Christians have been in sacred Mecca, have even seen the Kaabah, and have returned to their own countries; but no foreigner, Christian or otherwise, has yet been within rifle-shot of the sacred city of Zarbon, near Pex, the Moorish capital.—Christian Herald

Little Sir Galahad

A Story With a Blessing

By PHOEBE GRAY



CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Lem will recover, John, though he is a badly injured man. And as he will be laid up a long time, I think his friends need not be uneasy about the recurrence of the liquor craving."

"Billy," said Willett, "do you know, I have lately been reminded of something a friend said to me many years ago? It was that the man who had felt the blight of intemperance personally made the real fighter against the liquor business. That remark has come back to me with the force of a blow."

Doctor Billy made no immediate reply, but sat staring thoughtfully before him. Then he took off his big, shell-rimmed spectacles and polished them with critical attention, as if the work were of the utmost importance.

"John," he said presently, "that's your answer?"

"My answer?"

"Last night you kept asking, all the way out to the farm, 'Why, why? Don't you remember?'"

"Yes, I remember. But—"

"Well, then, you will be surprised when I say that you are in a way personally responsible, more than even Francis or Lem, for the unhappy occurrences of the last few days."

"I—responsible? How do you—"

"I remember that campaign here in Sheffield, six years ago. I remember you went to Europe, and I heard that a few people were bold enough to say that—well, if you had stayed at home the result would have been different. This may or may not be true; but so much is true: if you had been deeply concerned for the outcome, you never would have gone."

Willett looked as puzzled as a child. He was hurt, even a little offended, or as much so as one could well be with Billy Jackson.

"Your boy—not alone yours, but every boy in the community—grows up to see men like you, good men, honored men, men of prosperity and influence, wink at this thing. You save your conscience by a single vote once a year and perhaps a check. You say to yourself that you have done your duty, that you have expressed your preference for the right thing, that you have set a good example.

"You don't drink; you don't want your boy to do so; but you, or most men like you, often say you have no objection to a man's drinking moderately. If he knows how to handle it."

"It's all been gone over so many, many times," said Doctor Billy, sadly.

"Forgive me, if I have hurt you so terribly, John. But I am a surgeon; it is my business to hurt people, I am sorry to say. Thank God it is often through that hurt that they are made whole."

The spring campaign was on once more, and again Amos Stubbs sat in the saddle. For several years the cause of no-license had languished, but he Napoleonian Stubbs returned from the Elba of the slums, where he had gone to await the psychological moment and labor while he waited.

Rodney Jones had made good. At the opening of the campaign the View reporter had stepped out of the elevator at the top floor of Minot house.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked, when he had found Charlie Thomas, who was busily delving into the utilities of a set of water-color paints.

"Why, yes; you're Mr. Jones of the View."

Charlie held out his hand; then, in some embarrassment, he said:

"The reason I remember you is because I was—I was pretty mean to you the other time you came here. I've always been sorry for that silly picture. I guess I hurt your feelings pretty bad."

"Yes, that's right, you did," said Rodney Jones. "But you know a lot of people believe it's only the bad-tasting medicine that does any good."

Then his face grew very earnest, and he began to talk to the young art student with a certain note of persuasion.

"Let's ask your friend, McGregor," said Jones, after a few minutes of spry argument.

"It's a splendid opportunity," said McGregor, heartily. "Mr. Jones, your paper is doing a great work. This far we'll surely put the liquor people out of business. If Thomas sees what you ask, it will be the finishing blow. I'm convinced of it, young man. If you want to serve this city, to do a really big thing, you will take those pictures."

On the day on which the first picture appeared, the entire city rocked with laughter. Then the city stopped laughing and grew serious. What kind of a picture was that looked out from behind at ridiculous mask? Was it funny? Was it a joke to realize that Sheffield was governed by that type of man, whose sinister personality was now, in this simple picture, stripped naked for examination and analysis?

The politicians who had so far escaped began to shiver whenever a new edition of the View appeared on the street. The question was always: Who'll be next? There always was a next, and as soon as a man saw

himself held up to the ridicule and contempt of his townspeople, he realized that his days of political power were numbered.

Charlie Thomas didn't have to see his subjects in person. He drew from photographs. He did not miss fire once, nor was it necessary for him to confine himself to portraiture. Now and again he made a picture of a home that drink had ruined, of pitiful children, of forlorn women. People studied these pictures and cried; then they went sily to the polls and drove a nail into the coffin of the liquor business in Sheffield. After election the mound of votes on the grave of the enemy was so high, as the jubilant Jones announced in the Evening View, that it could be surmounted only by aid of a fireman's ladder.

"And there's only one more picture for you to draw, good old boy," said Jones, on the day after the obsequies. "You've been doing some great work; but it's been so uniformly negative. I'm thinking the public would be delighted with the portrait of a real good citizen—let's run John Willett's picture tomorrow. He's been stanch through it all, put his money, brains and influence into the scales, and is the one man who deserves the thanks of this community. His personal interests have been sacrificed, for he is thousands of dollars poorer today than he was yesterday. For instance, his stock in the Waldemere is probably cut in half. But Willett's true blue; let's run his picture!"

Jones produced a photograph of John Willett, and Charlie set to work. Jones, standing at his elbow, frowned.

"Hold on, boy," he said, "you're getting all mixed up. This is John Willett you're drawing, not Simon Legree. Say, it'd never do to print that."

Charlie surveyed his handiwork with horror. His picture of John Willett equaled in the unpleasant quality of its revelation almost any that he had done during the campaign. Dominating the caricatured features was selfishness, a refined, subtle and indignant selfishness. It was not hogfish—no, it was nothing so frank as that. But the menace was there, unspeakably terrible. Charlie covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, Jonesy," he cried, "you couldn't use that; you couldn't use that. Why, Mr. Willett's one of my very best friends." He sat and pondered.

"I will get you a picture of Mr. Willett," he said. "You wait here, Jonesy."

He hitched briskly away, although the defect in his gait was notably diminished. In ten minutes he was in John Willett's office.

A man sat at John Willett's desk, a man with gray at his temples and deep, haggard lines in his face. Gray streaks appeared, too, in his closely trimmed beard, but his eyes laughed when he greeted Charlie Thomas.

"Hello, Little Sir Galahad," he said.

"How goes the Quest today?"

"I think we gained a few steps yesterday," said the boy.

"I should say we did," cried John Willett. "Say, young fellow, what are you doing?"

"Drawing your picture for tomorrow's View."

"What's that? You young imp, are you going to— Look here, Charlie, boy. How many people know you are the mysterious cartoonist? There are men in this town who would be delighted to skin you."

"Only three or four people know it, and they'll never tell. I'm afraid I've hurt a lot of feelings. It's dreadful to know that you have done that."

"I used to think so, too, Charlie; but this thing we have been fighting has hurt your feelings and mine, hasn't it? We don't regret the results, do we, boy?"

"Nope," said Charlie. "There, that's better."

He drew out the sketch he had made from the photograph of a John Willett six years younger; a jaunty, care-free, indulgent John Willett.

"Murder!" cried Willett. "You don't say I ever looked like that?"

"Your soul used to, I guess," said Charlie; "but it doesn't now. The picture in tomorrow's paper'll suit you better."

"I'll never get over this, Charlie," said Willett. "It isn't the sketch that hurts; it's knowing that I can't deny the truth of it. No man can look at one of your portraits of himself and say truly that it does not reveal his soul."

Next day, when people got the View, they nodded sagely and commented:

"That's just like John. He always was a fine man; this proves it. He's aged lately, but he doesn't lose character. That certainly is our own John Willett, the one who's always been our most useful, public-spirited citizen."

CHAPTER XV.

Two Years Later.

The guests at the Willett dinner table had broken into groups when the meal was finished, and now, in a corner of the big library, Sam was talking earnestly with John Willett, while Lem Brown sat close by, saying nothing, listening with all his ears, and occasionally grinning sheepishly.

"By gosh, Mr. Willett, it's just as I tell you," Sam was saying. "I dunno how ever he thought of it. I've been notice'n him all winter, fussin' and fussin' with them gears, and once'n a while I'd want to know what in time he was tryin' to do."

"Charlie did most of the work," said Lem. "It was his brains—"

"And say, Mr. Willett, I haven't told anybody yet; but beginnin' today I and Lem are partners, share and share alike. We fixed up the papers, and he gets half my farm and dairy business, while I get a half interest in this new separator patent of Lem's. I'm goin' to put up what money's necessary to start makin' a few of these attachments, then, if it grows too fast for me—"

Mr. Willett's eyes twinkled shrewdly.

"If it grows too fast, you may let in a little outside capital, eh?"

"You said somethin', Mr. Willett," continued Sam. "Gosh! Will you listen to how fast those women-folks are talkin'? Can you beat it?"

"You see," Mrs. Brown was explaining to Martha Thomas and Mrs. John Willett, "of course anything that Francis recommended would be just about right with Mary Alice—"

"It would be about right with all of us," said Martha Thomas. "Sam says he heard someone say the other day that Mr. Stacey has turned over almost the whole management of the store to Francis since he's been made a partner—"

"Oh, that isn't quite true," said Mrs. Willett. "Francis has a lot to do with what he calls the 'merchandising end,' but Mr. Stacey handles all the finances. You couldn't expect anybody with Francis' experience, or lack of it, to—"

"Look here, Mary Alice," said Francis, "the two years are up." He held his watch toward her, and she saw that it marked exactly eight-fifteen. The girl was sitting on a big leather-covered divan, Francis on one side of her, Charlie on the other.

Mary Alice caught a hand of each of her companions and, with both her own, held them close together; then she suddenly bowed her head, and her shoulders quivered with a little sob.

"Mary Alice, Mary Alice," protested Francis, "don't do that, dear. Why, what's the—what's the matter?"

He cast an appealing, helpless look at Charlie, whom he saw to be quite as bewildered as himself. Mary Alice looked up through a mist of tears.

"I—just—couldn't help it," she said. "I'm so—happy. Oh, Francis, Francis, I knew you'd keep it. I never doubted you for a minute. Now can't you see it has been—better? I—There, your mother's looking at me. Let's go out on the porch a few minutes."

"Come along, too, Charlie?" asked Francis.

Charlie smiled slyly. "Do you really want me?" he asked.

"Well," replied Francis, "of course you're always welcome, but—don't you think the night air might—"

"Yes," said Charlie, "I guess it might."

Francis and Mary Alice disappeared, and Charlie joined Mr. Willett, his father and Lem. Those who saw him cross the room noted with affectionate satisfaction the almost entire absence of the halting awkwardness in his gait. Long ago he had discarded his riotous yellow wealth of hair, and now one saw the splendid proportions of the shapely head, with its broad, thoughtful brow. His eyes, clear blue, straightforward, frank, and usually shining with a vigorous good will, held you with a compelling light.

Charlie was sitting in the side yard, working at some water-color sketches. The summer wind fluttered his sheets as he worked. Hens pecked busily about, uttering small, contented, throaty sounds. Charlie looked up and off across the fields to where his friends the mountains, delicately tinted in the light of the setting sun, stood, opaline, sentinels of unchanging peace.

"Charlie-boy," called Martha from the door, "isn't that Mary Alice coming up the hill?"

They watched the girl approach and Charlie called a good morning. Mary Alice dropped down on the grass and panted. She had a small, plain wooden box in her hand.

"Hullo, Mary Alice," said Charlie. "What's your great rush? What's that in your hand—another wedding present?"

"It's—it's for you," she said. "I—had a letter from Doctor Billy, in Belgium, and a present from him—the dearest piece of embroidery—and this was with it."

She passed the little box to Charlie, while Martha and Sam looked on, mildly curious.

"Just like that Doctor Billy," said Martha. "He's always thinking of something to please people. Why, Charlie-boy, it's a watch."

Sam took it and turned it over and over. Then he snapped open the case.

"Here's some writin'," he said. "It's engraved here inside the case. I—I can't."

Neither could Martha. She handed the watch to Mary Alice, fishing meanwhile in her apron pocket for her handkerchief.

Mary Alice looked at the inscription, blinked, and then read, quite bravely:

TO LITTLE SIR GALAHAD
A SYMBOL OF THE GRAIL
WHICH HE SO FAITHFULLY
SEEKS AND TO WHICH
HE EVER DRAWS NEARER

The girl reached up a hand and took that of the boy.

"As soon as I can—" she said, "I'll tell you where he got it."

"Good old Uncle Billy!" said Little Sir Galahad. "He's the finest knight of us all!"

THE END.

HOW GERMAN SPIES WORK AT HOME

The Teutonic Empire probably has the most efficient secret service system in the world. Some of the police methods are described in this article.



WHAT is a spy? Although it is well known that the spy systems of the warring nations are very potential and of the most far-reaching nature, very few persons outside of the secret or so-called "spy" service know anything about the actual work of the secret organizations. In Germany and in Japan the secret service work has reached the highest state of perfection, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

How a person becomes a spy and how he or she afterward carries out the work depend upon the group of secret workers that the novice is introduced to or thrown in contact with through circumstances.

The volunteer or self-appointed spy is not to be considered in the following account, but merely the professionals or accredited investigators.

Germany has four classes of "spies," as they are called in the vernacular, but never officially. The system comprises (1) the emperor's private staff, about 60 men and 9 women; (2) the War Office staff, which now numbers 6,000; (3) the government secret service, about 500 officers and 8,000 men and 180 women, and finally the (4) "geheimpolizei" or secret police, who are similarly situated as the American police detectives, but far more efficient, and their number is legion. Then there is a small contingent attached to embassies and legations.

Almost without exception the first three groups comprise persons who have evolved into the secret service. It is very seldom that an adult person steps from any "open" occupation into the work. An endless chain is constantly being forged. When spies die, and they often do in other ways than the natural, there are always assistants that are ready to step into their boots. These recruits are "graduates" and have gone through the preliminary training course that is probably described here now for the first time.

The "students" are first given thorough tests for hearing, sight and mental activity. These tests are similar to those used by the railroads. Each morning a system of the most extraordinary callisthenics is practiced. One of the most curious things is the side twist of the head, which is practiced so long that the graduate can place his or her chin against the point of the right shoulder and remain in that position for a long while. This enables the spy to stand with the ear against a wall or a door and listen for hours without getting a stiff neck and fatigue. To stand motionless for hours, to walk over a creaking floor without making a noise, to walk on creaking stairs noiselessly and to insert keys, to unlock doors in silence are some of the stunts practiced. The most treacherous stairways are negotiated by walking close to the walls, and the noisy floor plank is mastered by a gradual and firm pressing motion. The cross-beams of a floor are easily located by the experienced, and are usually stable and silent.

It is wonderful what the noises in a wall in even the most silent house will reveal. The spy is taught to eliminate the obvious sounds. He presses the ear flat against the wall; plaster is better than wall paper, but solid wood is good, and a thin door panel is still better, provided the door fits snugly and has good support.

Graduates that understand various languages are much in demand, and yet each country prefers a native born. The members of the secret service are seldom armed, but when weapons are required they prefer the ammonia pistol, as it is silent, does not kill, but disables the victim by blinding him for a short period, and it can be used at any distance up to 60 feet.

A full-fledged spy also carries the "signal," the open sesame of everything German. The signal has perhaps never been seen by an outsider. It is a silver framed shield about as large as the palm of the hand, with a black velvet ground on which is embossed in silver the great Prussian eagle on one side and the "W. II." on the other, for "Wilhelm II." It also has a small number, according to the possessor. This "Signal" is shown only in the most extreme cases, and will carry the bearer past any sentinel or bodyguard even up to the emperor's personal aids and himself, if necessary.

The shadowing spy also carries a

piece of flexible celluloid or an ordinary photographic film which makes an ideal telephone muffler, speaking trumpet or listening cone when rolled up. Also, the confetti "patronen" or cartridges that prove so essential in trailing are frequently used. These small cartridges filled with white, pink or pale blue confetti or small pieces of paper and a small piece of mirror glass form important paraphernalia to the spy that has to keep closely by his quarry for miles after miles of crowded streets or from trolley cars to trains and even through the mazes of busy office buildings, as the following will show.

To the outsider these tricks of the profession may seem childish and extreme. Yet the Wilhelmstrasse brains of the great imperial secret service prefer those methods and they prove the most efficient after all.

After making sure that he carries his regular equipment the spy goes to his office or rendezvous for his daily assignment, unless he has an unfinished task that requires no further instructions. Cafes or cigar stores are the best places. From a waiter or attendant or some lounging customer he receives verbal orders or information that reveals his day's task. Spies, because of the nature of their work and their personal peculiarities, are never trusted beyond their daily task.

For instance, one morning the sleuth is to meet a colleague at a certain bank for the purpose of observing the doings of two foreigners that are suspected of being ammunition agents.

Sleuth A follows one man. At the next street corner the man turns and his trailer also turns, and in so doing streaks the wall of the building with a peculiar purple chalk, of a color not used generally. He keeps on following his man and at every corner he marks the building so deftly and so inconspicuously that a bystander does not notice it. As long as the object keeps walking straight ahead the trailer only marks one side of the corner, but if the object turns he marks both sides of the corner, showing that he has turned to the right or left. If then the object should board a car, the sleuth will crush one of the white confetti cartridges with his fingers and the persistent little pieces of paper fall to the street and stick in the crevices between the cobblestones or the paving blocks, or even cling tenaciously to the asphalt, defying both sweepers and brooms for hours. If the object changes cars the trailer will drop a pink cluster of confetti and the chalk marks will tell the story as they alight.

When the sleuth is relieved that evening he does not have to leave his object out of his sight. The sleuth that relieves him will merely take up the thread from the bank and will, as a rule, in incredibly short time locate his man in any part of the city. This is much more easily done in European cities, as the streetcar systems are not so intricate and the streets are usually paved with cobblestones or bricks. The telephone is not so readily available abroad. In Berlin, for instance, there are the most pretentious homes and thousands of shops and stores without telephones.

When the chalk mark is missing the second or relay sleuth is convinced that his predecessor on the case or the present incumbent of the case is in the block. He walks back after making certain that he did not take a car at that point, which would be revealed by the confetti on the ground. If the object and the trailer are in the block they will be soon seen or a flock of confetti will show near the entrance.

These means are not always avail-

able, especially since the advent of the automobile. Yet the turns of the road can be easily determined if both the object and the trailer use machines.

This difficulty has been overcome by the fact that few licensed chauffeurs dare to refuse the co-operation with the police and none of the out-of-town drivers can be long unknown to authorities.

With the small piece of mirror used as a periscope the cleverest man precede instead of follow their objects. In street cars, for instance, the trailer often sits in front of the object and observes his motions with the little piece of glass. The apparent adjusting of a pair of spectacles or the twirling of a mustache will enable the trailer to observe the person sitting behind, when the small mirror is concealed in the palm of the hand.

Few persons believe that a person walking ahead or sitting in front of them are "following" them, and many are thrown completely off their guard.

Another important factor is the telephone espionage. Few secret messages can now be sent by a suspected person through the hotel telephones. Every word is usually recorded by shorthand operators that are let in on the line and even the scraps of torn paper from the waste baskets of the rooms of suspected guests are pasted together and turned over to the police. Names in hatbands, tailors' labels in clothes and other details are observed and reported, and woe be to the one who registers under a different name than that of the labels in his coat.

Where there is the slightest incongruity there will be the most strenuous system of espionage until the suspect is either in the toils or the authorities are satisfied that he or she is harmless.

Invisible paraffined pages are often placed three or four sheets down in pads of telegraph blanks so that copies are obtained of messages when powdered charcoal is shaken over the paraffined sheets. Wherever the paraffined impressions are, the charcoal will adhere and the lettering comes out quite closely. By varnishing the copy a permanent copy is obtained, and such copies are often produced in evidence. Also every telegraph office in Germany is open for inspection by the secret service men.

More than one-half of the higher class spies are required to have some ostensible avocation or business, and frequently their wives and children or their most intimate friends do not know that they are in the service. They receive their salaries in the most roundabout ways at times, and are, as a rule, not extravagantly or even well paid. The members of the emperor's staff get from 5,000 to 25,000 marks per annum and a bonus upon special performance.

The cost of maintaining the espionage system of Germany previous to and during the war has been enormous, but those who know declare that the results are well commensurate with the expenditures.

Different.

Susan Hicks, though not a pronounced man-hater, took little interest in the masculine portion of humanity. She often boasted that she never wasted her time reading the stories women are supposed to enjoy. One day, however, she was discovered with a popular magazine in her hand.

"Why Susan, you are reading a love story!" exclaimed her sister in amazement, as she glanced at the illustration.

"I'm not," replied Susan crossly. "They're married."

INTERESTING ITEMS

A tiny electric lamp is mounted on the handle of a safety razor of English invention.

North Dakota has \$64,000,000 worth of land set apart as school endowment.

Mrs. James Rodie, age ninety-nine, of Melrose, Mass., says eating candy has prolonged her life.

Nellie Powell, who died in Cleveland, left \$1,000 for the support of four pet cats.

Mexico has two official names, "Estados Unidos Mexicanos" and "Republica Mexicana."

Japanese publicists believe that Japan is the most prosperous country in the world.

Hamilton, O., has celebrated its one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday.

Denmark's deficit for the last fiscal year was \$12,000,000, due to the extraordinary expenses of the army and navy.

Henry R. Chase, age thirty, chief of the Portland (Me.) police, is said to be the youngest chief of police in the country.

French inventors have developed a vertical axis rotary motor for hydroplanes that can be completely protected from water.

BURKETT NEWS LETTER

H. B. Wooten returned last week from a trip to Brenon's. Libburn Morgan made a business drive to Coleman Junction Sunday. Jim Moore, Jim Swore and Joe Wright and families of Oplin were in Burkett last Friday visiting friends and relatives.

Misses Verna Heller, Maggie Jennings, Alma Burns, Mrs. Will Burns, Corbett Boyleand's wife and John Wagner, visited Waco Cotton Palace from Saturday to Monday.

R. L. Cross, proprietor of the Busy Bee Cafe of Coleman, and Miss Nettie Strickland were quietly married at the home of the bride Sunday evening. Rev. Stephens tied the knot that made them man and wife. Here's wishing them all kinds of happiness and prosperity.

H. B. Wooten and Bert Brown made a business trip to Cross Plains Monday.

Elden Strickland, the three year old son of Jim Strickland, was laid to rest in the Burkett Cemetery Friday. Rev. Capps of Cross Cut conducted funeral service. We extend our heart felt sympathy to the bereaved parents and many friends of the little one.

Miss Gertie Cunningham of Coleman Junction is spending the week at W. M. Burketts.

John Ayers of Cottonwood has moved to Burkett.

Bert Brown has moved his place of business to the old Henry Sackett building. Bert says he expects to enlarge his business by handling some groceries and he says his restaurant will be a first class No. 1 restaurant.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Ayers on the seventh a girl.

Luke Harwell and wife of Sabano were here visiting friends and relatives last week.

Mrs. Stella Williams is on the sick list this week.

Misses Eunice and Naue Zirkle spent Sunday with Lela Evans.

Miss Julia Helms motored over to Coleman Sunday to meet Mrs. Fannie Ragland of the plains country.

There is going to be a box supper at the Burkett school house Saturday night.

Miss Sallie Wooten spent Saturday night at Tom Colvin's.

Burkett school boys played Independent school boys, a game of basket ball, Saturday. The score were seven to eight in favor of the Independent boys.

T. H. Colvin is having a well drilled on his place.

Will and Frank Jones are moving near Oplin.

Jesse Copeland has gone to Kansas City to attend an automobile school.

RAMBLER.

CROSS CUT ITEMS

The farmers are not making much progress in the way of farming on account of the cold weather.

The weather wasn't too bad for Walter Chambers to make a call at Tip Debusk's Sunday.

Rev. Capps left last Monday for Waxahachie to attend the Metho dist conference.

Roy Clack and Lee Roy Byrd made a flying trip to Brownwood Sunday evening. They report a nice time.

Lewis Newton returned Sunday from Fort Worth.

Anderson Gaines, Tennie Triplett and others of Cross Cut made a trip to Coleman Saturday night. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Saturday night a boy. Mother and babe doing nicely.

We are glad to say that Mr. Davis' folks and Mr. Evans' little daughter, who have had the fever are improving. Ray Stone who lives on the bayou has the fever now.

Harvey Henson and wife have been picking cotton near Oplin this fall have returned to his father's, E. D. Henson.

Good Wooldridge shipped three cars of cattle to Fort Worth last week.

Cecil Walker, of Echo, Coleman County, called on Miss Lelia Newton Saturday night and Sunday.

John Teague is having a nice residence erected on his farm two miles east of town.

Miss Muriel DeBusk visited relatives at Grosvenor first week. She was accompanied home Saturday by her cousin, Henry Kesler and Miss Stella Smith.

The Cross Cut school children cleaned off the school ground last Thursday which greatly improved its appearance.

J. W. Westerman

Always has a Clean and Well-selected Stock of GROCERIES and FEED and the BEST FLOUR money can buy.

His Prices Are ALWAYS RIGHT

See Him Before You Buy

Hubert Holt, a blacksmith of May, is plying his trade here.

O. B. Newton and wife and J. W. Newton went to Brownwood last Friday.

Ulyses Hamilton of the Blake community is attending school at Cross Cut.

Walter Chambers, principal of the Blake school, visited home folks Saturday night and Sunday.

Charlie Stone went to Brownwood last week after his car, which has been there since the fair being repaired.

Deona Chambers left Sunday for Wolfe Valley where she will attend school this winter.

Mrs. Carpenter, of blanket, is visiting at her daughter's, Mrs. J. B. Carroll.

C. B. Gaines bought the old school-house and has moved one room away and made a dwelling house of it. This house is occupied by Prof. J. B. Carroll.

Wayne Newsom, who is teaching school in Callahan County, visited home folks Saturday and Sunday.

Lelia Newton, who is attending school at Brownwood, visited her parents from Friday until Sunday. She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Jones.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hill on the tenth a girl.

Reporter.

EGGS 32 1-2C SATURDAY

Neeb Produce Co.

THE BUSY BEE

All kinds of good eats and fresh Dublin Cream bread at

The Busy Bee Cafe.

Remember—Adamite stops all leaks. Easy to apply. Also Electro Carbon Paint for all Iron or Metal surfaces. Protects—beautiful—inexpensive.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lawrence have returned to Cross Plains from Jonesboro, where they have lived since their marriage at that place some six weeks ago. They will board for the present, expecting to keep house after the first of the year. His father having died at Jonesboro, Jim remained there for some time, taking care of the business interests of the family. He is now at his old place in the City Drug Store.

Sayman's vegetable soap, the kind that lathers in any water, the kind that most people use. R. Robertson & Son, drugs.

B. T. Higginbotham left Tuesday for Abilene.

Notice Ford prospects. In just a few days we expect to have plenty of Ford cars. Place your order now. C. S. Boyles.

A POUND AND 5C

You get one and save the other here, when you get Arbuckle coffee for 20c.

THE RACKET STORE.

Motion Pictures

To-night

"The Iron Claw," 8th Episode. 10c & 15c

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT

Heart of Oak an interesting drama in 5 parts. 10c & 15c

MONDAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT

CHARLIE CHAPLIN in the Mix Up, 4,000 feet of laughs. 10c & 15c

Electric Theatre

JEWELRY

We are not saying too much when we say that we have the most beautiful line of Jewelry you have ever had the pleasure of selecting from in Cross Plains. We cordially invite you to come in and make your selections early.

L. M. BOND

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

Hurry! Rush! Push!

Follow the big crowds to B. L. Boydston's, "Where It Pays to Buy." DON'T WAIT! Buy your Winter Dry Goods NOW! BUY enough for another year. Prices are advancing daily and you will save money by buying now from our big stock of Dry Goods bought by us before the advance in prices and now being offered to you at less than wholesale prices.

For your comparison, we quote a few prices as follows:

Best outings wholesale 11c our price 10c
Dress gingham " 10 1-2c " " 10c
Flannelettes " 13 1-2c " " 12 1-2c
Heavy Cot. Flannel 13c " " 12 1-2c
Good Cotton checks 8c " " 7 1-2c
When our supply of the above is gone the price will be higher.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!

Saturday and Trades Day with every man's suit bought of us on above days we will give one Worth Hat worth \$3.00 and with every Boys' suit a good school cap values 50 to 75c

Get our Prices before you buy. Get our Prices before you sell. With every Ladies' Coat Suit or Dress, one pair Kid Gloves. We will pay you 30c per doz. for your Eggs.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

"Where It Pays to Buy"

BURNT BRANCH

Lee Payne has sold his cattle and leased his land to Will Cutbirth.

Hog men in these parts buy the stuff regardless of the price. Will Cutbirth, "et al" shipped a car, Frank Bryson followed in the week with a couple of good cars.

My young friend, Ed Odom's and in peanuts paid him \$32.00 per acre and the hay sold paid all expenses, and he had 340 bales for his own use. Who can beat this farming?

Fritz has bought Geo. Baum's calves, also Cris Parsons, Spencers and still room for more.

Gen. Hudson is trading in these parts. When that blamed leg gets well blamed if I don't trade some too, and then the end will be.

Ex-citizens have been visiting in these parts boasting of success further west, but I'll be blamed if they leave any of the dough in this country.

My friend Spencer has recently returned from a visit in old Tennessee. He had to take his booze from Fort Worth, started with a gallon but when he struck prohibition territory it did not last until it all gave out. They were dry, dryer, drier and the laughing stock of visitors.

Mr. J. H. Bollau, an oil man of

Pittsburg, Pa., and Uncle John Wager, the old war boss of Cross Plains, visited these parts recently on oil matters. Mr. B. says if his company is sufficiently encouraged they may prospect for oil.

Gen. W. J. Goodman is quite sick at his home east of here.

"Juan" in Baird Star

Jewel Browning made a trip to the Cotton Palace last week.

Bob Norrell of Baird is temporarily with the Farmers' National Bank.

W. S. Hinds of Baird was here Saturday.

R. Gray Powell of Abilene was here a short time Sunday. He didn't stay long enough to tell his troubles.

Winter is here and we have plenty of stoves, stove pipes, elbows, etc. Our prices are right. C. S. Boyles.

Virgil Hart and Martin Nub left Wednesday morning for a trip to McCauley, Jones county.

SPECIAL FOR TRADES DAY

4 big cans 64-oz. baking powder for 25c. Think of it! a all-winter supply for only 25c.

THE RACKET STORE.

Mrs. George McClain, while trying to crank their Chevrolet one day last week, broke her right arm just above the wrist joint. She has been quite sick from the painful accident, but is better.

Elder Ussery has just returned from a preaching tour on the Plains. He held a meeting at Girard and a short meeting at Lubbock.

This is "Wear-Ever" week. Bring your coupon this week. B. L. BOYDSTUN.

R. L. Leverett of the Pioneer country was here Wednesday making preparations for threshing his peanut crop.

Murie and Everett Browning of Pioneer and Albert Conlee of this place took in the Cotton Palace last week.

Misses Ruby and Jewel Mitchell attended the Cotton Palace last week, Miss Jewel going on to Greenville.

BED SEASON

is here and now is the time to buy your beds, springs, and mattresses. I can save you money on them now as I can still make the old prices. Rutherford.

J. B. Swan of Merkel arrived here Wednesday the guest of his brother, G. B.

Your business is appreciated, bills large or small. Witt & Harbin.

J. A. Baker of Burkett was here Tuesday.

J. W. Payne went to Baird on Sunday, where he qualified Monday for public weigher. Tuesday he took upon himself the responsibilities of the office.

WANTED, to buy peanut hay. J. F. Bryson.

Pony mares to trade for a good automobile or mules. J. C. Hightower, Atwell.

LAST CHANCE—to get "Wear Ever" Aluminum cheap. Read our ad. Bring your coupon this week. B. L. BOYDSTUN.

Begin to think now of buying your Xmas goods. A mighty good place to consider is R. Robertson & Son's Drug Store.

Mrs. Virgil Hart and son, Vincent, and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, attended the Cotton Palace at Waco last week.

CREAM 30C THIS WEEK

Neeb Produce Co.

Charlie Austin, Bill and Ross Wagner, are among those who attended the Cotton Palace last week.

HUSBAND RESCUES DESPAIRING WIFE

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

Catron, 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 while, 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. 1-4c

CHALLENGE PRICES

We invite a comparison of prices on every article in our stock and challenge any one to sell them cheaper than we do quality of goods taken into consideration. We offer you the biggest and best selection of seasonable merchandise ever shown in Cross Plains. We bought the majority of our stocks almost a year in advance and consequently we are in a position to offer you goods on a basis of last year's prices. We invite a comparison of prices and qualities and assure you that we can supply all your wants and necessities at prices far below the current market prices.

Challenge Prices

Shoes Shoes Shoes

We certainly invite a comparison of qualities and prices on shoes. Our lines of shoes are all of specialty make and we bought them early last spring before the heavy fall advances came. Consequently we are giving our customers the advantage of our early purchase at the last year's price.

Be sure to get our shoe prices before buying.

Challenge Prices

Men's and Boys' Clothing

We still have a fairly big stock of clothing yet, though the last few days selling has reduced it wonderfully. We want you to compare the quality of our suits at the prices we quote with prices of others. If we don't give you better quality at the same prices we don't ask you to buy from us. Come look at them. We can save you money. Our customers had rather have them than tailor made suits, because ours fit better and give better service.

Men's suits, worth now \$18.50	our price \$10.00
Men's suits, worth now \$12.50	our price \$7.50
Men's suits, worth now \$20	our price \$15.00
Men's suits, worth now \$27.50 to \$30.00	our price \$22.50

Better buy now and save that big advance.

Compare these prices on

STAPLES

Dress gingham worth 12c for only	10c
Outings that we can't replace at 12c for	10c
Canton flannel, unequalled at 12c for only	10c
Bleach domestic, today worth 12c for only	10c
Dress goods and silks at prices far below the market.	

Challenge Prices

Work Coats and Pants

Prices of work clothing is going up almost every week. It will pay to buy now all the work clothes you need for next year.

Duck work coats, blanket lined	\$2.00
Corduroy coats, blanket lined	\$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5.00
Work pants	\$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 to \$3.50

Special Trades Day

One lot of 27" silk poplin in all the seasons best shades this season's purchase and sells regular at 75c.

Special for Monday only	55c
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CHALLENGE PRICES

Blankets

Better hurry, blankets will soon be gone. This is another proof of our low prices. This week has almost exhausted our blanket stock. Better get your supply now.

Prices	85c, \$1.25 up to \$6.50
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Peanut Meal

Just received a shipment of peanut meal, best feed there is for all kinds of stock.

Price per 100 lbs.	\$2.85
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Peanut Sacks

We still have a few more peanut sacks. Better get what you want now.

CHALLENGE PRICES

Furniture

A piece of furniture, table, chair, rocker, davenport, cedar chest makes a very appropriate Xmas present and one that would be acceptable by almost any person. Suppose you drop in now and make your selection. We will keep it for you and deliver at Xmas time. Our prices are the lowest.

Challenge Prices

Men's Furnishings

Mens' and boys' sweaters	50c to \$3.50
Mens' wool overshirts	\$1.00 1.50 2.00 to 3.00
Mens' union suits	\$1.00 1.25 1.50 to 2.50
Mens' wool union suits	\$2.50 and 3.50
Ribbed shirts and drawers	50c
Fleece-lined shirts and drawers	50c
Boys' union suits for only	50c

All this line of goods we bought last February is the reason why we can sell it at last year's prices. Better buy now, we can't any more to sell at these prices.

Special Trades Day

About 30 pieces of dress suitings in checks plaids and stripes worth up to 20c. Specially priced for Trades day at only per yard 12 1/2c.

Special Trade's Day

About 25 mens' and boys' shirts worth \$2.00 to \$3.00 mostly big sizes. Your choice of the lot for only \$1.00

HIGGINBOTHAM TRADING CO.