

# THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. VII

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1916.

NO. 20

## FOR THE SENATE

We are not taking much stock in State politics, but perhaps it is the duty of a local paper to express its sentiment, especially at times. There are a number of men in the race for the Senate, all but one professional politicians, three antis and two pros. If the line is drawn on prohibition, let it be drawn. At first we couldn't see that Dr. S. P. Brooks could do much against such men as Cuberson, Henry and Colquitt. We have since found out that a great many people, in fact, nearly all people, like and admire a man of Dr. Brooks' type, and now he seems to be receiving an ever-increasing support from various parts of the State. He is a clean, strong, intellectual man, just exactly the type of man Pres. Wilson is, and the present governor of Arkansas. They are not professional politicians, and come to their work with clean hands, honest and strong intellects, and are better prepared to do constructive work for the general good than any other type of men. Therefore, in our mind, we are, when convinced that he has a good chance, more than glad to do what we can in the interest of the candidacy of such a one as Dr. S. P. Brooks.

## GET OUR PRICES

Come in and get our prices, then go and see if there is any other place you can duplicate our values. If you will investigate, and that is what we want you to do, we will get your business.

THE RACKET STORE.

## BACK HOME

Fred Stacy and Wilbur Tucker and their families returned last week from Stanbro, New Mexico, where they have been living for the past few months. Fred says that he failed to get the land that he filed on, and that it was getting very dry. They will live in the Dressy country, their old home. We are always glad to welcome back those who leave us.

## THE BUSY BEE

All kinds of good eats and fresh Dublin Cream bread at The Busy Bee Cafe.

Friends, don't be short; subscribe for The Review.

Holland's Magazine for only 65c in club with The Review.

## THE HONOR ROLL

Louie Neeb of Dressy handed us a half dollar Saturday, telling us to keep The Review coming to him. Thanks.

A. J. Berry and family of Gouldbusk are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Albert Jones of the Pioneer country. Mr. Berry subscribed for The Review while in town Monday, saying that he had meant to do this for some time.

L. C. Thompson of north of Cottonwood was in town trades day, which is his regular day, so he states. He paid to have The Review continue to his address, for which we thank him.

E. B. Gillitt of Rowden who was here Monday taking in trades day, remembered The Review in a substantial way, saying he would try the paper another year anyway.

W. N. Nunn has recently paid us, saying that when he moved to Reeves County he sure would want to keep The Review coming, as then it would be equal to a good letter from home each week.

J. D. Mitchell of Cottonwood, an old-time friend of The Review, has recently paid for The Review and The Star Telegram.

J. H. Williamson of west of town remembered The Review man during the picnic, thinking, we suppose, he needed a little money, which he did.

## OUR GRAIN MARKETS

Wheat has been selling on the streets for \$1.12 and oats from 38 to 40c, unsacked. Load after load of both wheat and oats have been coming in daily. It is reported that oats have not been selling for more than 35 or 36c per bushel at Baird and Coleman. At least, Cross Plains is paying the highest market prices. Sell your grain here and buy your merchandise in your home town.

## NEW GOODS

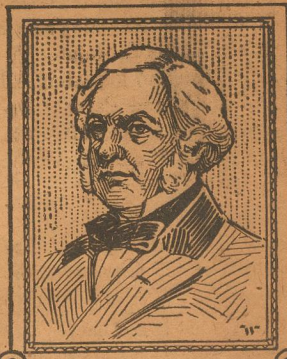
Just received a shipment of new seasonal goods which we will have on display for Saturday's business.

THE RACKET STORE

## ALWAYS WELCOME

You are always welcome while in our store and we want you to make it your head quarters while in town.

The City Drug Store



George Peabody  
Banker and Philanthropist



When eleven years old he was a store boy, at middle age a merchant prince,

friend of royalty and active American patriot. Peabody gave millions for free education in America and England. "Economy and thrift" was his motto.

If you aim to get ahead in life you could adopt no better motto. The man who works steadily and honestly, lives sensibly and saves a portion of what he earns is certain to enjoy some "luck."

Deposit a part of your pay this week in this bank, where it will be absolutely safe and always subject to your call. Add something every week. Get ready thus to meet opportunity half way. Be prepared to endure the rainy day cheerfully.

Multiply your money in our care.

## THE FARMERS' NAT'L BANK

### MANY PICNICS

There are too many picnics this week for us to work much or attend the picnics either. One at Dressy Tuesday, one at both Cottonwood and Burkett Thursday, our busiest day.

### BUY

Your wagon covers and wagon bows right here and you will buy right.

THE RACKET STORE

### THE GODDESS

See the last thrilling episode of this beautiful serial next Thursday night at the — Airdome.

### TRADES DAY

Monday was another rather quiet trades day, but withal not a cool affair, the thermometer registering about the highest of the season. A goodly sized crowd was present, and a very good business was reported by the merchants. Horse traders with all kinds of stock, from the fat, sleek, well-groomed driver to the usual knock-kneed, or bandy-legged, rib-protruding, impoverished, so-called "hoss," the common medium of exchange among jockeys.

Try The Review want adds.

Read "The Turmoil."

## ROSENQUEST SPEAKS

N. N. Rosenquest, present district attorney, drove over from his home at Breckenridge, Stephens county, on Monday, and made a speech on the streets, late in the afternoon, in the interest of his candidacy for re-election to the district attorneyship. He is running for the second term, and is running on his own merits, telling the people of his record, by which he should be judged. He has secured 91 convictions out of a total of 109 cases tried, which, by way of comparison with the record of those who have preceded him in the office, is good, being better than any other record made so far. Mr. Rosenquest, if his record is the best, and we believe that all who have heard him speak think that it is, everything else being equal, as he is for the second term, and as he is as clean a man as there is in the district, should be re-elected. Not that his opponent is not worthy, but that the present incumbent, in all fairness should have the place. To say truth, if this part of Callahan is any criterion to judge the coming events by, he will receive a flattering vote to-morrow.

## Picnic Party

Tuesday afternoon, the editor accompanied E. F. Bucy, Wm. Koonce, F. W. Roberts and R. L. Brown to Cross Plains to the Annual Picnic. We found what we term a real picnic in progress when we landed in the terminal city. Cross Plains people believe in doing things and when they say picnic, they mean picnic, and all turn out and make it a success. Various attractions were on the grounds, good a ball game was played at 4 o'clock and shortly after 6 o'clock, the crowd approximately five thousand people witnessed an airship flight, which was the first flight the greater part of the crowd had ever seen. The birdman made a very beautiful flight, circled the grounds several times up in the air and made a safe landing almost on the same spot where he arose. Quite a number of other visitors from these parts attended the picnic and all report good time.—X Ray

Panama's Steady Rise.  
Panama is rising three feet in each century.

## A. W. Booth Dead

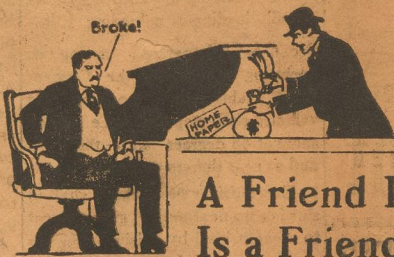
Mr. A. W. Booth, for more than thirty years a resident of Callahan county, died at his home near town Tuesday night, and was buried at the Cottonwood cemetery Wednesday afternoon, Virgil Hart of Cross Plains conducting the services. The deceased was born in Kentucky in 1844, which makes him seventy-two years old. The deceased was well known by the old-timers. He had prospered. He was a friend to manv. The deceased leaves to mourn his death his wife and ten children, all of whom were present at the funeral, Bee, Dannie, Zella, Tommie and Fay Booth, John Booth of Northfield, J. B. Booth of New Mexico, Bob Booth of Cottonwood, Mesdams Gertie Hunt and Mary Ferrell. The Review offers condolences to the bereaved family.

## SAVE THE SWEET POTATO CROP.

If sweet potatoes are sold at digging time the price will be low. If they are held until January, February or March the price will be much higher. A large percentage of potatoes held in old-fashioned banks are unfit for market after a few months. The proper way to save sweet potatoes is to store them in potato curing houses. These houses are simple in construction and operation and are not very expensive. The Extension Service of the A. and M. College is prepared to furnish plans and specifications for such houses and will in other ways assist farmers in marketing their crop to advantage. If interested write to Clarence Ousley, Director, College Station, Texas.

## BETTER PRICE FOR EGGS

Poultry raisers who are selling two or more crates of eggs a week may be benefited by writing to the Extension Service of the A. and M. College, College Station, Texas, for plans of selling eggs at an advanced price. Many large poultrymen are selling eggs at the price of candled eggs. If they are not producing eggs by careful methods they are getting all their eggs are worth; but if they use careful methods they should receive a premium over the price of candled eggs. Write the Extension Service for information concerning the proper methods of caring for and selling eggs.



## A Friend In Need Is a Friend Indeed

Do you need anything? READ THE HOME PAPER. It will tell you where to buy in town. It will tell you where to sell.

The Home Paper Boosts Home Trade  
BOOST THE BOOSTER

## THE SILO HOLDS THE SECRET

For economical production of milk and beef; also for cheap "pasturing".

It gives you a market for your June corn—beats Mr. Weevil.

It's a sure diversifier.

Let us erect and fill one of our Coon's "all-cypress" silos for you.

Terms given if wanted.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard



## If A Satisfied Depositor

is the best advertisement, we have good advertisements, all over this county. Our OLD DEPOSITORS will make NEW DEPOSITORS of you if will let them tell you where they get BANKING SAISFACTION.

BRING US YOUR GRAIN CHECKS

The Bank of Cross Plains

(Un-Incorporated)

Virgil Hart, Cashier

C. C. Neeb, Asst. Cashier

Always Use High Class STATIONERY to Create a Good Impression



## The Very Latest Styles

It's an old, old saying that the people you write to often judge you by your stationery.

And there is a great deal of truth in the fact that stationery can be so chosen as to reflect the best of judgment and taste.

Stationery suitable for one occasion may be entirely out of place for another. Then, too, the styles in stationery change the same as styles in clothing.

To be sure that your stationery is right for all purposes, always buy it here.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

## 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.

The Review for the last few days has decided that the paper should be suspended—until cooler weather.

Something to worry about—just plain, unadulterated water. It is a commodity that's getting valuable. The European War is in progress.

Day after to-morrow, that is, Saturday, many a good man will be defeated for office. We would hate to break a record of never having been defeated for office—thus far we could not have been, tho.

Judge C. H. Jenkins, formerly of Brown county, at present a member of the court of Civil Appeals, is a good man for this part of the State to support for Supreme Judge. He is in every way worthy, a very able and conscientious man, and, to us, a home man. He stands for prohibition, and has the merit of having incurred the displeasure of Governor Ferguson who, forgetting the dignity of his office, has meddled in the race for Supreme Judge.

In reference to the trouble between the railroads and their employees, it is our opinion that the matter should be left for settlement to the Interstate Commerce Commission, or to arbitration under the Newlands Act. The brakemen, engineers, and conductors, are threatening a general strike that would work a great hardship on the Nation in the tying up of traffic. The increase in wages asked would amount to \$1,000,000 a year, so it claimed, which increase the consumer will eventually pay. The average railroad wage now is more than the wages of any kind of work in this part of the country.

Saturday is election day. Probably you have made up your mind as to how you will vote, county ticket and all. But the chances are that most of us are not posted as to who is the best man for every place. Some draw the line on prohibition, and say that this man because he believes in one or the other is the right man to support. The Review will not give you a list of "old-time Democrats" to vote for, because the list as we would make it would have, probably, as many prohibitionists as antis. To say that a man is not an old-time Democrat because he doesn't believe in the liquor business, is to impugn the good name of the historic Democrat or else it bespeaks a narrowness not at all enviable on the part of him so defining a Democrat.

There are a number in the race for Congressmen at large, two to be elected. There are Daniel E. Garrett, of Houston, defeated two years ago for re-election, Rufus J. Lackland, and auctioneer, Hugh Fitzgerald of Ft. Worth Record, Paddleford Cleburne, Cyclone Davis, Jeff McLemore, H. L. Darwin of Delta county, and so on. We can't give an entire list. It is hard to say who is the best man in the bunch. We refuse to say who is the strongest with the voters, and the ablest statesmen. Personally, we will vote for Daniel E. Garrett, for the reason that he was in the office and was doing his duty at Washington when others were campaigning two years ago, and for the further

# Weekly Poultry Car

We will have a poultry car in Cross Plains Every Thursday.

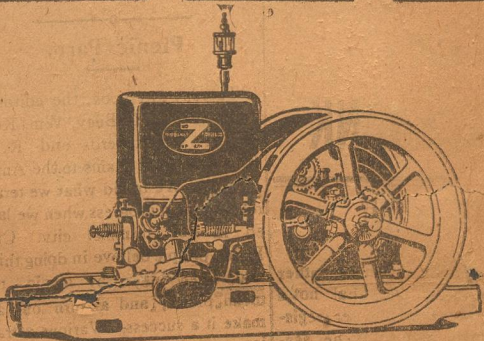
This enables us to pay you more for your poultry than we or anybody else have ever been able to pay before. We are lined up with the largest dealer in the State, and when we load a car it is shipped to New York via Dallas, at a great saving in freight rates over our former method of handling poultry, by express, and we give you the benefit of the saving.

Remember always to see us before you sell your chickens, eggs, hides, cream, butter, turkeys, etc. Our motto, "Highest price, correct count, and honest weight,"

## Neeb Produce Co.

reason that we think him an able and conscientious man. We will vote also for H. L. Darwin for the simple reasons that we used to go to school with him and that we believe him to be worthy of the place. There are others probably just as well qualified for the work as those we have given.

### It's Here—Come In—See It



The New Type "Z" Fairbanks-Morse FARM ENGINE

Economical—Simple—Light Weight  
Substantial—Fool-proof Construction  
Gun Barrel Cylinder Bore—Leak-proof  
Compression—Complete with Built-in Magneto

"MORE THAN RATED POWER AND A WONDER AT THE PRICE"

1½ H.P. \$38.50 3 H.P. - \$66  
F. O. B. FACTORY  
6 H.P. - \$119

## C. S. BOYLES Agent

### It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

# GARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!

## TRAFFIC ORDINANCE OF THE CITY OF CROSS PLAINS

An Ordinance Regulating Travel and Traffic on the Streets of the City of Cross Plains and Making It Unlawful to Throw Anything on the Streets Likely to Injure Vehicle Tires and Repealing All Ordinances and Parts of Ordinances in Conflict Herewith and Fixing Penalties for the Violation Thereof.

Be It Ordained by the City Council of the City of Cross Plains:

Sec. 1. That it shall be the duty of all persons owning or operating, or having in charge or under their control or custody any vehicle upon the streets of the city of Cross Plains, and of all pedestrians, to observe and conform to the following rules and regulations:

### General Provisions

1. All persons driving or operating vehicles shall keep to the right side of the street except when necessary to turn to left when crossing the street or in overtaking other vehicles.

2. All persons operating vehicles meeting each other shall pass each other to the right.

3. All persons driving or operating vehicles overtaking other vehicles shall, in passing them, pass on the left side of the overtaking vehicle and not pull over to the right until entirely clear of it.

4. All persons driving or operating vehicles, before stopping, turning, slowing down, changing their course or backing, shall make sure that such movement can be made in safety.

5. All persons driving or operating vehicles turning to the right into another street shall turn the corner as near as practicable to the right hand curb.

All persons driving vehicles turning to the left into another street shall pass to the right of and beyond the center of the street intersection before turning.

All persons driving or operating vehicles crossing from one side of the street to the other shall do so by turning to the left so as to head in the same direction as the traffic on that side of the street towards which the crossing is made.

6. No persons operating a vehicle, or persons in charge of same, shall permit said vehicle to stand backed up to the curb excepting when actually loading or unloading.

Sec. 6 A. All persons driving or operating vehicles in the City of Cross Plains when stopping said vehicles shall stop the same at an angle of 45 degrees with the curb and as near thereto as possible.

7. Every driver of a vehicle shall in slowing up or stopping, give a signal to those behind by raising a whip or hand vertically.

8. In turning in motion or starting to turn from standstill and while other vehicles are on the streets near by a signal shall be given by the driver of the vehicle about to be turned by a whip or hand indicating the direction in which the turn is to be made.

9. Before backing ample warning shall be given by voice or uplifted hand if others are on the street near by and while backing unceasing vigilance must be exercised by the driver not to injure those behind.

10. When requested or signaled to do so the driver having possession, charge or control of any vehicle traveling on any street shall as soon as practicable turn to the right so as to allow any over taking vehicle passage to the left of the over taken vehicle.

11. No person having charge of the vehicle shall allow the same to come within ten feet of any vehicle in front of them while approaching or passing over a crossing of an intersecting street.

12. No person shall operate or attempt to operate any vehicle while such a person is in a state of intoxication or in other respects incapable of properly and safely operating said vehicle.

13. All vehicles shall be driven in a careful and prudent manner.

14. Every motor vehicle or motor cycle or bicycle while being used on any of the streets, alleys, highways or public places in the City of Cross Plains shall be provided with a suitable horn or signal device which will produce an abrupt sound sufficiently loud to serve as a signal of danger and it shall be unlawful for any person operating a motor vehicle or motor cycle or bicycle to make, or cause to be made any unnecessary noise with any such bell, horn or any such signal device; or to use the same except as warning of danger.

15. All drivers or operators of any automobile or motor vehicle when about to drive around any curve or corner in the City of Cross Plains shall sound an alarm within one hundred feet of said curve or corner and every driver or operator of any automobile or vehicle when about to leave the right of a street to a designated point on the left side of a street shall sound an alarm before making such a change.

16. No person shall ride, drive, or propel any automobile between the hours of one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise unless there shall be fastened to the front thereof at least two white lights clearly visible at a distance of 300 feet and a lamp or lamps so fixed and lighted as to throw a red light to the rear and a white light directly upon its registration number. No person shall ride or drive a bicycle, tricycle, or motorcycle in any street between the said hours without having attached to the front thereof a light clearly visible for a distance of two hundred feet.

17. All automobiles, motorcycle and other motor vehicles shall be provided with suitable mufflers and the same shall be closed at all times.

18. No automobile, motorcycle, or other motor vehicle shall be driven or operated upon any of the streets of the City of Cross Plains without being equipped with at least one set of brakes capable of stopping such vehicle within safe and reasonable distance. No automobile shall be driven or operated for a longer period of time than two weeks without being equipped with at least two separate and distinct sets of brakes, each of which is capable of stopping said automobile within safe and reasonable distance.

19. No part of the machinery of any automobile or motorcycle shall be permitted to run while such vehicle is standing in any street or public way without an attendant.

20. It shall be unlawful for any person not the owner, driver or operator of any vehicle without the consent of the such owner, driver or operator, to tamper, meddle, interfere with, lounge in or about or injure the same or any part or appliance thereof, provided that such vehicle may be removed by or under the direction of a police or by street cleaners or by foremen engaged in fighting fire.

21. No person while driving or operating an automobile shall cease from holding the drive wheel with at least one of his hands and shall never drive or operate an automobile or any other motor vehicle with both hands off the drive wheel.

22. No person shall ride, drive or propel any automobile, motorcycle, bicycle or tricycle or motor vehicle except as specified in above and preceding subdivisions at a greater rate of speed than twelve miles an hour along over or through any public place or street.

23. Notwithstanding the rules herein provided with reference to speed no person in charge of automobile or other vehicle on any street in the City of Cross Plains shall drive the same at any greater rate of speed than is reasonable and safe taking into consideration the amount and condition of traffic on such street and the number, age and condition

of pedestrians thereon and under no circumstances so as to endure the life or limb of any person thereon, or to exceed the speed limit.

24. That this ordinance take effect as herein provided in accordance with the City Charter of the City of Cross Plains and all ordinances heretofore passed governing the use of vehicles on the streets of said City not inconsistent herewith and all ordinances establishing places for hacks to stand and all other ordinances of the said City which are not inconsistent herewith shall be deemed cumulative of this ordinance and all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance shall be and the same or hereby repealed, in so far as they conflict and no further.

25. Any person violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars.

26. Whereas on account of great confusion and congestion on our public streets at the present time occasioned by lack of certain rules and regulations governing the public traffic thereon creates necessity and an urgency and emergency for the immediate preservation of the public health and safety that this ordinance take effect at once and the same shall take effect from and after its passage and approval.

Adopted July 7, 1916.

G. S. Boyles, Secy.  
W. C. Rutherford, Mayor.  
B. T. Higginbotham.  
C. E. Alvis.  
S. F. Bond.

Screen Doors and wire "swat the fly"  
Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

Omega Cream Separator for sale or will trade for cattle.—At Carter's.

Subscribe for the Review.

## E. PAYNE, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon  
Diseases of Women & Children  
and Diagnoses a Specialty.

Calls Answered Promptly

Day or Night.

Phone 131

OFFICE OVER FARMERS' BANK

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce the names of the following for office, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries in July:

For Judge 42nd District  
W. P. Mahaffey of Abilene  
F. S. Bell of Baird  
Joe Burket of Eastland  
D. K. Scott of Cisco  
For District Attorney—  
N. N. Rosenquest  
W. J. Cunningham  
District Clerk

A. R. (Lonnie) Day, re-election  
Q. J. Johnson of Cottoawood  
For County Judge—  
J. R. Black  
M. C. Council

W. R. Ely  
For County Clerk—  
Chas. Nordyke

For Tax Collector—  
Gene Melton  
For Treasurer—  
Pitt Ramsey

For Tax Assessor—  
Melvin G. Farmer

For Sheriff—  
J. A. Moore  
For Superintendent  
S. E. Settle

County Attorney  
R. L. Surles  
J. Rupert Jackson  
Justice of Peace Precinct 6  
A. J. Mathis  
Commissioner Precinct 4  
J. M. Houston (election)  
For Public Weigher Prec. 6  
Martin Neeb (election)  
J. W. Payne

# The Turmoil

By  
BOOTH TARKINGTON

(Copyright 1916, by Harper & Brothers)

SYNOPSIS.

Sheridan's attempt to make a business man of his son Bibbs by starting him in the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck. On his return Bibbs finds himself an inconceivable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. The Vertrees, old-town family next door and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, newly-rich and Mary afterward puts into words her parents' unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan boys. Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheridan's attentions. Jim tells Mary Bibbs is not a lunatic—"just queer." He proposes to Mary, who half accepts him. Sheridan tells Bibbs he must go back to the machine shop as soon as he is strong enough, in spite of Bibbs' plea to be allowed to write. Edith, Bibbs' sister, and Sibly, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lamhorn; Sibly goes to Mary for help to keep Lamhorn from marrying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone. Bibbs has to break to his father the news of Jim's sudden death. All the rest of the family helps in their grief. Bibbs becomes temporary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her. Bibbs purposely interrupts a telephone call between Edith and Lamhorn. He tells Edith that he overheard Lamhorn making love to Roscoe's wife. Doctor Gurney finds Bibbs well enough to go back to the machine shop. Mary and Bibbs meet by accident and form a pleasant friendship. Roscoe Sheridan and his wife quarrel desperately about Bobby Lamhorn.

Imagine the feelings of a hard-working, dutiful husband when he learns that his wife is dangerously flirting with a worthless bachelor—and when his wife defies him to do anything about the matter. Does such a situation justify divorce, notwithstanding the "until death do us part" vow?

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Won't you come in?" urged Mrs. Vertrees, cordially, hearing the sound of a cheerful voice out of the darkness beyond the approaching glare of automobile headlights. "Dol! There's Mary now, and she—"

But Sibly was half-way across the street. "No, thanks," she called. "I hope she won't miss her piano!" And she ran into her own house and plunged headlong upon a leather divan in the hall, holding her handkerchief over her mouth.

The noise of her tumultuous entrance was evidently starting, for there followed the crash of a decanter upon the floor of the dining room, and, after a rumble of indistinct profanity, Roscoe came forth, holding a dripping napkin in his hand.

"What's your excitement?" he demanded. "What do you find to go into hysterics over? Another death in the family?"

"Oh, it's funny!" she gasped. "Those old frost-bitten people! I guess they're getting their compearance!" Lying prone, she elevated her feet in the air, clapping her heels together repeatedly, in an ecstasy.

"Come through, come through!" said her husband, crossly. "What you been up to?"

"Me?" she cried, dropping her feet and swinging around to face him. "Nothing. It's them! Those Vertreeses!" She wiped her eyes. "They've had to sell their piano!"

"Well, what of it?"

"That Mrs. Kittersby told me all about 'em a week ago," said Sibly. "They've been hard up for a long time,



"I Want to Know What You Say Over the Telephone to Lamhorn."

and she says as long ago as last winter she knew that girl got a pair of walking shoes re-soled and patched, because she got it done the same place Mrs. Kittersby's took had hers!"

"Well, well?" he urged, impatiently. "Well, I'm telling you! Mrs. Kittersby says they haven't got a thing! Just absolutely nothing—and they don't know anywhere to turn! She says the whole town's been wondering what would become of 'em. The girl had plenty chances to marry up to a year

or so ago, but she was so indifferent she scared the men off. Gracious! they were lucky! Marry her? The man that found himself tied up to that girl—"

"Terrible funny, terrible funny!" said Roscoe, with sarcasm. "It's so funny I broke a cut glass decanter and spilled a quart of—"

"Wait!" she begged. "You'll see. I saw a big wagon drive up and some men go into the house. Well, I thought I'd see, so I slipped over—and it was their piano! They'd sold it and were trying to sneak it out after dark, so nobody'd catch on!" Again she gave way to her enjoyment, but resumed, as her husband seemed about to interrupt the narrative, "Wait a minute, can't you? Yes, they'd sold it; and I hope they'll pay some of their debts. They owe everybody, and last week a coal dealer made an awful fuss at the door with Mr. Vertrees. Their cook told our upstairs girl, and she said she didn't know when she'd seen any money, herself! Did you ever hear of such a case as that girl in your life?"

"What girl! Their cook?"

"That Vertrees girl! Don't you see they looked on our coming up into this neighborhood as their last chance? They were just going down and out, and here bobs up the green, rich Sheridan family! So they send her out to get a Sheridan—she's got to get one! And she just goes in blind; and Jim was landed—there's no doubt about that! But Jim was lucky; he didn't live to stay landed, and it's a good thing for him!" Sibly's mirth had vanished, and she spoke with virulent rapidity. "Well, she couldn't get you, because you were married, and she couldn't get Jim, because Jim died. And there they were, dead broke! Do you know what she did? Do you know what she's doing?"

"No, I don't," said Roscoe, gruffly. Sibly's voice rose and culminated in a scream of renewed hilarity. "Bibbs! She waited in the graveyard, and drove home with him from Jim's funeral! Never spoke to him before! Jim wasn't cold!"

She rocked herself back and forth upon the divan, "Bibbs!" she shrieked. "Bibbs! Roscoe, think of it! Bibbs!"

He stared unsympathetically, but her mirth was unabated for all that. "And yesterday," she continued, between paroxysms—"yesterday she came out of the house—just as he was passing. She must have been looking out—waiting the chance; I saw the old lady watching at the window! And she got him there last night—to 'play' to him; the old lady gave that away! And today she made him take her out in a machine! And the cream of it is that they didn't even know whether he was insane or not—they thought maybe he was, but she went after him just the same! The old lady set herself to pump me about it today. Bibbs! Oh, my Lord! Bibbs!"

But Roscoe looked grim. "So it's funny to you, is it? It sounds kind of pitiful to me. I should think it would to a woman, too."

"Oh, it might," she returned, sobering. "It might, if those people weren't such frozen-faced smart Alecks. If they'd had the decency to come down off the perch a little I probably wouldn't think it was funny, but to see 'em sit up on their pedestal all the time they're eating dirt—well, I think it's funny! That girl sits up as if she was Queen Elizabeth, and expects people to wallow on the ground before her until they get near enough for her to give 'em a good kick with her old patched shoes—oh, she'd do that, all right!—and then she powders up and goes out to mash—Bibbs Sheridan!"

"Look here," said Roscoe, heavily. "I don't care about that one way or another. If you're through, I got something I want to talk to you about. I was going to, that day just before we heard about Jim."

At this Sibly stiffened quickly; her eyes became intensely bright. "What is it?"

"Well," he began, frowning, "what I was going to say then—" He broke off, and, becoming conscious that he was still holding the wet napkin in his hand, threw it pettishly into a corner. "I never expected I'd have to say anything like this to anybody I married; but I was going to ask you what was the matter between you and Lamhorn."

Sibly uttered a sharp monosyllable. "Well?"

"I felt the time had come for me to know about it," he went on. "You never told me anything—"

"You never asked," she interposed, curtly.

"Well, we'd got in a way of not talking much," said Roscoe. "It looks to me now as if we'd pretty much lost the run of each other the way a good many people do. I don't say it wasn't my fault. I was up early and down to work all day, and I'd come home tired at night, and went to go to bed soon as I'd got the paper read—unless there was some good musical show in town. Well, you seemed all right until here lately, the last month or so, I began to see something was wrong. I couldn't help seeing it."

"Wrong?" she said. "What like?"

"You changed; you didn't look the same. You were all strung up and excited and fidgety; you got to looking peaked and run down. Now then, Lamhorn had been going with us a good while, but I noticed that not long ago you got to picking on him about every little thing he did; you got to quarreling with him when I was there and when I wasn't. I could see you'd been quarreling whenever I came in and he was here."

"Do you object to that?" asked Sibly, breathing quickly.

"Yes—when it injures my wife's health!" he returned, with a quick lift of his eyes to hers. "You began to run down just about the time you began falling out with him." He stepped close to her. "See here, Sibly, I'm going to know what it means."

"Oh, you are?" she snapped. "That was what you were going to say the other day. Yes. What else have you to say tonight?"

"Tonight," he replied, with grim swiftness, "I want to know why you



"My Name," Said Roscoe, "Can Help That."

keep telephoning him you want to see him since he stopped coming here."

She made a long, low sound of comprehension before she said, "And what else did Edith want you to ask me?"

"I want to know what you say over the telephone to Lamhorn," he said, fiercely.

"Is that all Edith told you to ask me? You saw her when you stopped in there on your way home this evening, didn't you? Didn't she tell you then what I said over the telephone to Mr. Lamhorn?"

"No, she didn't!" he vociferated, his voice growing louder. "She said, 'You tell your wife to stop telephoning Robert Lamhorn to come and see her, because he isn't going to do it!' That's what she said! And I want to know what it means. I intend—"

A maid appeared at the lower end of the hall. "Dinner is ready," she said, and, giving the troubled pair one glance, went demurely into the dining room. Roscoe disregarded the interruption.

"I intend to know exactly what has been going on," he declared. "I mean to know just what—"

Sibly jumped up, almost touching him, standing face to face with him. "Oh, you do!" she cried, shrilly. "You mean to know just what's what, do you? You listen to your sister insinuating ugly things about your wife, and then you come home making a scene before the servants and humiliating me in their presence! Do you suppose that Irish girl didn't hear every word you said? You go in there and eat your dinner alone! Go on! Go and eat your dinner alone—because I won't eat with you!"

And she broke away from the detaining grasp he sought to fasten upon her, and dashed up the stairway, panting. He heard the door of her room slam overhead, and the sharp click of the key in the lock.

CHAPTER XVII.

At seven o'clock on the last morning of that month, Sheridan, passing through the upper hall, found a couple of scribbled sheets of note paper lying on the floor. He recognized the handwriting and put the sheets in his coat pocket, intending to give them to George or Jackson for return to the owner, but he forgot and carried them downtown with him. At noon he found himself alone in his office, and, having a little leisure, remembered the bits of manuscript, took them out, and glanced at them. Having satisfied himself that Bibbs' scribbles were only a sample of the kind of writing his son preferred to the machine shop, he decided, innocently enough, that he would be justified in reading them.

It appears that a lady will not pleasantly upon some windy generalization of a companion, and will wear the most agreeable expression of accepting it as the law, and then—days afterward, when the thing is a mummy to its promulgator—she will inquire out of a clear sky: "Why did you say that the people downtown have nothing in life that a chicken hasn't? What did you mean?" And she may say it in a manner that makes a sensible reply very difficult—you will be so full of wonder that she remembered so seriously.

Yet, what does the rooster lack? He has food and shelter; he is warm in winter; his wives raise not one fine family for him, but dozens. He has a clean sky over him; he breathes sweet air; he walks in his April orchard under a roof of flowers. He must die, violently perhaps, but quickly. Is Midas' cancer a better way? The rooster's wives and children must die. Are those of Midas immortal? His life is

shorter than the life of Midas, but Midas' life is only a sixth as long as that of the Galapagos tortoise.

The rooster is a dependent; he depends upon the farmer and the weather. Midas is a dependent; he depends upon the farmer and the weather. The rooster thinks only of the moment; Midas provides for tomorrow. What does he provide for tomorrow? Nothing that the rooster will not have without providing. The rooster and the prosperous worker: they are born, they grub, they love; they grub and love grubbing; they grub and they die. Neither knows beauty; neither knows knowledge. And after all, when Midas and the rooster dies, there is one thing Midas has had and rooster has not. Midas has had the excitement of accumulating what he has grubbed, and that has been his life and his love and his god. He cannot take that god with him when he dies. I wonder if the worthy gods are those we can take with us.

Midas must teach all to be as Midas; the young must be raised in his religion—

The manuscript ended there, and Sheridan was not anxious for more. He crumpled the sheets into a ball, depositing it (with vigor) in a wastebasket beside him; then, rising, he consulted a Cyclopaedia of Names, which a book agent had somehow sold to him years before; a volume now first put to use for the location of "Midas." Having read the legend, Sheridan walked up and down the spacious office, exhaling the breath of contempt. "Dam fool!" he mumbled.

He felt very lonely, and this was, daily, his hardest hour. For a long time he and Jim had lunched together habitually at a small restaurant near the Sheridan building, where they spent twenty minutes in the consumption of food, and twenty in talk, with cigars. But now Sheridan remained alone in his office; he had not gone out to lunch since Jim's death, nor did he have anything sent to him—he fasted until evening.

It was the time he missed Jim personally the most—the voice and eyes and handshake, all brisk and alert, all businesslike. But Sheridan's sense of loss went far deeper. Jim was the one who would have been sure to keep the great property growing greater, year by year. Sheridan had fallen asleep, night after night, picturing that the growth would be under Jim. He had believed that Jim was absolutely certain to be one of the biggest men in the country. Well, it was all up to Roscoe now!

That reminded him of a question he had in mind to ask Roscoe. It was a question Sheridan considered of no present importance, but his wife had suggested it—though vaguely—and he had meant to speak to Roscoe about it. However, Roscoe had not come into his father's office for several days, and when Sheridan had seen his son at home there had been no opportunity.

He waited until the latter part of his day's work was over, toward four o'clock, and then went down to Roscoe's office, which was on a lower floor. He found several men waiting for business interviews in an outer room of the series Roscoe occupied; and he supposed that he would find his son busy with others, and that his question would have to be postponed, but when he entered the door marked "R. C. Sheridan, Private," Roscoe was there alone.

He was sitting with his back to the door, his feet on a window-sill, and he did not turn as his father opened the door.

"Some pretty good men out there waitin' to see you, my boy," said Sheridan. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Roscoe answered indistinctly, not moving.

"Well, I guess that's all right, too. I let 'em wait sometimes myself! I just wanted to ask you a question, but I expect it'll keep, if you're workin' something out in your mind."

Roscoe made no reply; and his father, who had turned to the door, paused with his hand on the knob, staring curiously at the motionless figure in the chair. Usually the son seemed pleased and eager when he came to the office. "You're all right, ain't you?" said Sheridan. "Not sick, are you?"

"No."

Sheridan was puzzled; then, abruptly, he decided to ask his question. "I wanted to talk to you about that young Lamhorn," he said. "I guess your mother thinks he's comin' to see Edith pretty often, and you know him longer 'n any of us, so—"

"I won't," said Roscoe, thickly—"I won't say a dam' thing about him!"

Sheridan uttered an exclamation and walked quickly to a position near the window where he could see his son's face. Roscoe's eyes were bloodshot and vacuous; his hair was disordered, his mouth was distorted, and he was deathly pale. The father stood aghast.

"By George!" he muttered. "Roscoe!"

"My name," said Roscoe. "Can' help that."

"Roscoe!" Blank astonishment was Sheridan's first sensation. Probably nothing in the world could have more amazed him than to find Roscoe—the steady old wheel-horse—in this condition. "How'd you get this way?" he demanded. "You caught cold and took too much for it?"

For reply Roscoe laughed hoarsely. "Yeah! Cold! I been drinkin' all time, lately. Firs' you notice it?"

"By George!" cried Sheridan. "I thought I'd smelt it on you a good deal lately, but I wouldn't 'a' believed you'd take more'n was good for you. Boh! To see you like a common hog!"

Roscoe chuckled and threw out his right arm in a meaningless gesture.

"Yes, a hog!" said Sheridan, angrily.

"In business hours! I don't object to anybody's takin' a drink if he wants to, out o' business hours; nor, if a man keeps his work right up to the scratch, I wouldn't be the one to baste him if he got good an' drunk once in two, three years, maybe. It ain't my way. I let it alone, but I never believed in forcin' my way on a grown-up son in moral matters. I guess I was wrong!

You think them men out there are waitin' to talk business with a drunkard? You think you can come to your office and do business drunk? By George! I wonder how often this has been happening and me not on it! I'll have a look over your books tomorrow, and I'll—"

Roscoe stumbled to his feet, laughing wildly, and stood swaying, contriving to hold himself in position by clutching the back of the heavy chair in which he had been sitting. "Hoo—hoorah!" he cried. "'S my principles, too. Be drunken all you want to—outside business hours. Don' for Gossake le'n'thing innerfere business hours! Business! Thassit! You're right, father. Drink! Die! L'everything go to hell, but don't let innerfere business!"

Sheridan had seized the telephone upon Roscoe's desk, and was calling his own office, overhead. "Abercrombie? Come down to my son Roscoe's suite and get rid of some gentlemen that are waitin' there to see him in room two-fourteen. You needn't come in to let me know they're gone; we don't want to be disturbed. Tell Paulley to call my house and send Claus down here with a closed car. We may have to go out. Tell him to hustle, and call me at Roscoe's room as soon as the car gets here. 'T's all!"

Roscoe had laughed bitterly throughout this monologue. "Drunk in business hours! Thass awf'! Mus'n' do such thing! Mus'n' get drunk, mus'n' gamble, mus'n' kill 'nybody—not in business hours! All right any other time. Kill 'nybody you want to—'s long 'tain't in business hours! Fine! Mus'n' have any trouble 't 'll innerfere business. Keep your trouble 't home. Don' bring it to 't office. Might innerfere business! Don't let your wife innerfere business! Keep all, all, all your trouble an' your meanness, an' your trad—your tragedy—keep 'em all for home use! If you got die, go on die 't home—don' die round the office! Might innerfere business!"

Sheridan picked up a newspaper from Roscoe's desk, and sat down with his back to his son, affecting to read. Roscoe seemed to be unaware of his father's significant posture.

"You know wh' I think?" he went on. "I think Bibbs only one the family any 'telligence at all. Won' work, an' di'n' get married. Jim worked, an' he got killed. I worked, an' I got married. Look at me! Jus' look at me, I ask you. Fine 'dustress young business man. Look whass happen' to me! Fine!" He lifted his hand from the sustaining chair in a deplorable gesture, and immediately losing his balance, fell across the chair and caromed to the floor with a crash, remaining prostrate for several minutes, during which Sheridan did not relax his apparent attention to the newspaper. He did not even look round at the sound of Roscoe's fall.

Roscoe slowly climbed to an upright position, pulling himself up by holding to the chair. He was slightly sobered outwardly, but in the prostrate interval to a state of befuddlement less volatile. He rubbed his dazed eyes with the back of his left hand.

"What—that you ask me while ago?" he said.

"Nothin'."

"Yes, you did. What—what was it?"

"Nothin'. You better sit down."

"You ask' me what I thought about Lamhorn. You did ask me that. Well, I won't tell you. I won't say dam' word 'bout him!"

The telephone bell tinkled. Sheridan placed the receiver to his ear and said, "Right down." Then he got Roscoe's coat and hat from a closet and brought them to his son. "Get into this coat," he said. "You're goin' home."

"All ri," murmured Roscoe, obediently.

They went out into the main hall by a side door. Roscoe walked out of the building without lurching, and twenty minutes later walked into his own house in the same manner, neither he nor his father having spoken a word in the interval.

Sheridan did not go in with him; he went home, and to his own room without meeting any of his family. But as he passed Bibbs' door he heard from within the sound of a cheerful young voice humming jubilant fragments of song:

Who looks the mustang in the eye? . . . With a leap from the ground To the saddle in a bound. And away—and away! Hi-yay!

It was the first time in Sheridan's life that he had ever detected any musical symptom whatever in Bibbs—he had never even heard him whistle—and it seemed the last touch of irony that the useless fool should be merry today.

To Sheridan it was Tom o' Bedlam singing while the house burned; and he did not tarry to enjoy the melody, but went into his own room and locked the door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He emerged only upon a second summons to dinner, two hours later, and came to the table so white and silent that his wife made her anxiety manifest and was but partially reassured by his explanation that his lunch had "disagreed" with him a little.

Presently, however, he spoke effectively. Bibbs, whose appetite had become hearty, was helping himself to a second breast of capon from white-jacket's salver. "Here's another difference between Midas and chicken," Sheridan remarked, grimly. "I reckon you overlooked that. Midas looks to me like he had the advantage there."

Bibbs retained enough presence of mind to transfer the capon breast to his plate without dropping it and to respond, "Yes—he crows over it." Having returned his antagonist's fire

in this fashion, he blushed—for he could blush distinctly now—and his mother looked upon him with pleasure, though the reference to Midas and roosters was of course jargon to her. "Did you ever see anybody improve the way that child has!" she exclaimed. "I declare, Bibbs, sometimes lately you look right handsome!"

"He's got to be such a gadabout," Edith giggled.

"I found something of his on the floor upstairs this morning, before anybody was up," said Sheridan. "I reckon if people lose things in this house and expect to get 'em back, they better get up as soon as I do."

"What was it he lost?" asked Edith.

"He knows!" her father returned. "Seems to me like I forgot to bring it home with me. I looked it over—thought probably it was something pretty important, belongin' to a busy man like him." He affected to search his pockets. "What did I do with it, now? Oh yes! Seems to me like I remember leavin' it down at the office—in the waste basket."

"Good place for it," Bibbs murmured, still red.

Sheridan gave him a grin. "Perhaps pretty soon you'll be gettin' up early enough to find things before I do!"

It was a threat, and Bibbs repeated the substance of it, later in the evening, to Mary Vertrees—they had come to know each other that well.

"My time's here at last," he said, as they sat together in the melancholy gas light of the room which had been denuded of its piano. But the gas light, though from a single jet, shed no melancholy upon Bibbs, nor could any room seem bare that knew the glowing presence of Mary. He spoke lightly, not sadly.

"Yes, it's come. I've shirked and put it off, but I can't shirk and put it off any longer. It's really my part to go to him—at least it would save my face. He means what he says, and the time's come to serve my sentence. Hard labor for life, I think."

Mary shook her head. "I don't think so. He's too kind."

"You think my father's kind?" And Bibbs stared at her.

"Yes, I'm sure of it. I've felt that he has a great, brave heart. It's only that he has to be kind in his own way—because he can't understand any other way."

"Ah yes," said Bibbs. "If that's what you mean by 'kind'!"

She looked at him gravely, earnest concern in her friendly eyes. "It's going to be pretty hard for you, isn't it?"

"Oh—self-pity!" he returned, smiling. "This has been just the last flicker of



"Tomorrow I'll Be a Day Laborer."

revolt. Nobody minds work if he likes the kind of work. There'd be no loafers in the world if each man found the thing that he could do best; but the only work I happen to want to do is useless—so I have to give it up. Tomorrow I'll be a day laborer."

"What is it like—exactly?"

"It wasn't muscularly exhausting—not at all. They couldn't give me a heavier job because I wasn't good enough."

"But what will you do? I want to know."

"When I left," said Bibbs, "I was 'on' what they call over there a 'clipping machine'; and that's what I'll be sent back to. It's very simple and very easy. I feed long strips of paper into a pair of steel jaws, and the jaws bite the zinc into little circles. And yet I was a very bad hand at it."

He had kept his voice cheerful as he spoke, but he had grown a shade paler, and there was a latent anguish deep in his eyes. He may have known it and wished her not to see it, for he turned away.

"You do that all day long!" she exclaimed. "No wonder—" She broke off, and then, after a keen glance at his face, she said: "I should think you would have been a 'bad hand' at it!"

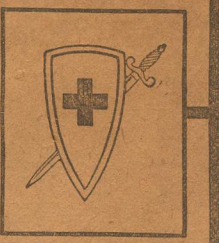
He laughed ruefully. "I think the noise, though I'm ashamed of it. You see, it's a very powerful machine, and there's a crashing—a crashing—bite off a circle."

De- high-st- to stan- of work- do you- job?

# Little Sir Galahad

A Story With a Soul

By PHOEBE GRAY



SYNOPSIS.

While trundling the clean washing up Upper Hill Mary Alice Brown is set upon by some mischievous boys, who spill the washing into the dirt. She is rescued and taken to her home in Calvert street by Francis Willett, a Galahad knight. She is punished by her drunken father for returning without the wash money. Mary Alice wanders away from home, takes a trolley ride into the country and spends the night at the farmhouse of Sam Thomas. In the morning she meets little Charlie Thomas, a cripple. Sam takes Mary Alice home and finds that he and Mrs. Brown are old acquaintances.

So poor little Mary Alice, who had known nothing but hardship and biting poverty and who looked upon God as some sort of pleasant myth in whom rich boys and girls might believe, came to know something of faith through her association with crippled Charlie. She actually begins to get acquainted with Providence.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"I can remember," said Francis, pocketing the quarter. "I been there; the trolleys go there. Say, some day us fellows can all go out and see this Charlie, 'specially if he's a cripple. Some Saturday."

The thought of half a dozen boys taking the trouble to go to call on little Charlie Thomas transported Mary Alice into a rapturous heaven of gratitude. She began to like Francis Willett.

"I'll send him the litterchure," said Francis.

"The litterchure—the d'rections and things, how to be a Galahad Knight. There's a book of rules, and a pledge with a blank to sign your name and send in to the secretary. Then there's another little book that tells the story of Sir Galahad and the Holy Grail. It's great. The twenty-five cents pays for it all and a year's membership."

They came to the Traversers house.

"Is this where you were going?" asked Francis. "Why, that feller that tipped you over last night was Lutey Traversers. Gee! If his mother knew, wouldn't he ketch it?"

"Is he a Galahad Knight?"

"No, he isn't. Say, what say we tell Mrs. Traversers? She'll just fix him."

"Is Galahad's rights tattletales?"

"Mary Alice."

Francis Willett met a level gaze for a moment and suddenly felt his face go red.

"You wouldn't make such a bad knight yourself, even if you are a girl," he said.

Mary Alice returned with the dollar and seventy-five cents, to find her mother busied and excited.

"We're goin' away," she said.

"We're goin' to Hillside Falls for two weeks. Sam—Mr. Thomas has invited us, the baby and you and me. He's gone ahead to tell his wife—Martha Brushly. I knew her when I was a girl. Hurry, dear; get your things and put 'em in the valise. The car leaves City Park square in fifteen minutes."

Mary Alice began to plan. She would be at the farm when Charlie got his litterchure, and she could read him the story of Sir Galahad, whoever he might be. She thought of the awakening, in the big clean bed in the room with the sloping walls.

"Land sakes!" murmured Mrs. Brown. "The child's singin'! I haven't heard her sing for months."

CHAPTER IV.

The Galahad Knights.

Martha and Sam made their old friend thoroughly welcome.

"It's a long time since we had company," said the boss. "I wish you'd look at Charlie, will you?"

The crippled child beamed with delight from dawn until bedtime. Dick, the Brown baby, took his first few steps during the fortnight spent on the farm. Wistfully Charlie watched him test his small wabby legs, totter, and laughing in the soft grass under apple trees, and clapped his thin hands to see the infant manfully repeat the attempt.

"He's learnin' fast," Charlie would say. "I wonder if I'll tumble around like that when I start to walk."

In a few days the rural delivery brought him a fat envelope. Mary Alice had told no one about the Galahad Knights. She hovered with the rest of the household about his chair to witness his breathless pleasure as he unwound the string from the red buttons and spread the contents on the table. Sam had ingeniously pegged the chair arms. Into his face came a faint pink flush of excitement.

"Handsome!" whistled Sam's arm.

"Yes, and Sam's, and Sam's."

Putting that aside, Sam looked at the shoulder of the chair.

"Simplified figures, coming book among when she had time look-

ing off at the blue hills. Then he said:

"Read it again, Mary Alice. Ain't it grand! I bet that feller could licked old Hercules. And it says here 'at I can be one of them Galahad Knights. Oh, Mary Alice, I wish'd you could be a knight, too. Why don't they let girls be knights, same as us fellers?"

"I don't know," said Mary Alice. "I wish they would, too."

Sam, standing near by, chuckled. "Votes for women," he said.

"The boss is a funny feller," observed Charlie. "What's he mean by that?"

Mary Alice didn't quite know, either. "You're as good as any feller," asserted the loyal Charlie. "Le's me and you purtend you're a knight—or a knightess. I'm goin' to call you 'Sir Knight Mary Alice'—no, that don't sound very good."

"Call her 'Lady Mary Alice,' dearie," suggested Martha.

The biggest day of the Browns' visit at the Thomas farm was that on which Francis Willett and three other valiant knights came to see the new member. Francis' father drove them out from Sheffield in his car. Martha made ice cream. The boys—Sir Toots Stacey, Sir Whacker Hodge and Sir Mobe Baldwin—gave the new mem-

ber the right hand of fellowship with embarrassed gravity. They stood about awkwardly, adjusted their neckties, and wondered how much hay was in the barn or where the cow lane led.

At command of Sir Francis Willett they performed feats of strength, wrestled, ran races and boxed fiercely for the benefit of Sir Charlie Thomas, whose blue eyes blazed with ecstasy. He was one of them, a sir knight, member of a distinguished company. He became almost as complacent as Francis. Once more the lovely faint flush came in his small oval face.

When it was over and Martha had carried him off to bed, she was afraid.

"He's so excited," she said. "I guess he'll be a long time goin' to sleep. I hope he don't take any harm from it."

Sam Thomas was very solemn at bedtime. He sat moodily, examining his stockinged toes, which he curled thoughtfully. When he looked up, Martha saw that there were deep, haggard lines in his face, a great longing in his eyes.

"My God, Marthy!" he said. "He thinks he's goin' to get well and walk and race and carry on as they did. He thinks he'll be like them big strong boys."

The boss bowed his head in his great rough hands; the strong shoulders shook terribly.

"And it's all my doin'," he moaned. "All my doin'. My poor little feller, my poor little boy! Your father did that to you."

Martha, taking down her hair by the dresser, turned toward Sam. Just for a flashing instant there glowed in her eyes a small harsh light of resentment of blame. She knew what the boss said was true. But she went and dropped on the bedside and threw an arm across his bent neck.

"Don't, Sam dear, please don't," she said. "I can't bear it. It was an accident. Don't blame yourself; it's past and done and it can't be helped. I never blamed you, did I?"

"Not a word, Marthy, never a whisper. I always wonder how you've kept from hatin' me."

"Hush, dear," said Martha. "You're makin' it up to him every day you live."

"Makin' it up! If I only could, 't would give him back his legs. That's the only way, and Lord knows it's forever too late, too late."

He finished undressing, fixed the windows, and went dully to bed, where he lay far into the night without sleeping.

On the way back to town Mr. Willett made inquiry.

"Who did you say that black-eyed little girl was, Francis?"

"That's Mary Alice Brown."

"She's a quiet little thing and quite pretty. She's your Young Lady of the Wash Wagon, eh?"

"Yes, father."

"She has brains," said Willett pere.

"She's spunky. Who's her father?"

"She never told me."

"H'm! Mother takes in washing; little girl delivers the goods. Looks bad. Find out all you can about them, boy, and let me know. I like that little girl. Pity she doesn't belong to Thomas. Charlie's lucky to have a good father like that."

"Any boy's lucky to have a good father," said Francis. He slipped a hand into that of Mr. Willett.

"Find out where your mother buys her eggs and butter," said his father.

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The children had just come out into the orchard, and the young morning sun filtered down through the trees, dappling the still dewy ground with dancing patterns of gold. One sensed the hint of autumn. It was in the slant of sunbeams, in the odors of maturing vegetation, of ripening fruit.

"This is just about the bestest day I ever saw," began Charlie; then "Ooch!"

"What's the matter, Charlie?" asked Mary Alice.

"I guess I'm not Sir Charlie," said the little boy, rubbing the top of his head ruefully. "I guess I'm Sir Isaac."

Mary Alice looked puzzled.

"Well, I'll tell you," Charlie went on, his eyes twinkling; "an apple fell on my head. Didn't you see it? Well, that made me think of Sir Isaac Newton. He was an English feller. One day when he was sittin' under a tree a apple fell, plunk, right on his head; so he discovered the law of gravity."

"I don't think that was very smart," said Mary Alice stubbornly. "It takes an awful lot to 'ketch some folks see a thing."

"That's what it is," cried Charlie delightedly. "That's it exactly. A little apple fell out of a tree made Sir Isaac Newton see that there was a reason, and the reason was gravity. I got a nature book that explains all about it. Gravity is what makes things fall to the earth, and the center of gravity is the middle of the earth."

Mary Alice was twelve and Charlie Thomas seven, but the girl marveled at so much erudition.

"My goodness, Charlie, you know an awful lot for a little boy," she said.

"That's somethin' I never heard about."

"Oh, well," said the little boy. "I guess I don't know 's much as you think. I can't read nearly so good as you, Mary Alice."

"But I'm lots older than you."

"I've had some 'vantages, though," said Charlie. "I get heaps of time to think. When the other boys and girls are runnin' around, hollerin' and playin', I'm thinkin'."

"You're the greatest boy I ever saw," said Mary Alice. "Say, can you tell me something else? If this Sir Isaac Newton invented gravity, that makes things fall down, what made the apple fall before gravity was invented?"

"Oh, Mary Alice, he didn't invent gravity; he discovered it. God invented gravity."

"Oh," said Mary Alice. Of course she had been more than half in fun when she questioned Charlie. She loved to watch his earnest face, to note its sparkling animation when he talked. She hesitated to prolong the present discussion, however. Her idea of God was not particularly vivid, certainly not intimate.

"That's what makes me know my legs are goin' to get well," said the little boy. "Anybody that can do the things God does can fix up one little pair of legs; don't you think so?"

"I—I don't see why not," was about as far as Mary Alice cared to commit herself; and yet, somehow, she felt a curious, awakening thrill. She wondered vaguely. Then she saw that it happened to everybody who knew Charlie. It was something more than merely "cheering up." In Charlie's life affairs were always going to be better than they were because God intended it. He was always looking ahead, with his bright eyes fixed on the mountain of Faith and Hope, just as he would sit and gaze off across country at the blue hills and say to himself: "Some day I'm goin' to climb up there."

And these children, "Little Sir Galahad" and Mary Alice and Francis Willett, come to be fast friends. Into the girl's life there will come soon an incident that will change the course of affairs for her even further than they have recently been changed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic Thought.

Interest blinds some people and enlightens others.

## LIQUID FIRE IS THE INVENTION OF AUSTRALIAN

Eccentric John Macgarrigle Sold War Device to German Government.

### KEPT COMPOSITION A SECRET

Zealous Inventor Wanted to Rid Land of Noxious Bushes—Observers Describe Tests of Machine—Was Man of Remarkable Talents.

Sydney, Australia.—The German liquid fire-spraying device in use on the war's western front sprang not from Teutonic brains, but from the head of an eccentric Australian, John Macgarrigle. This fact has just been learned here, but it has ample corroboration. Macgarrigle is dead, but the hideous engine he contrived still exists, and it is being recalled by intimates of his that several years ago he went to Germany and there sold the thing to the military powers of that land.

He had previously tried the British war office and the Commonwealth government, but the former declined to treat with him on the ground that his invention was in contravention to the laws of humanity and the principles of the Hague convention, while the latter simply ignored his proffer apparently as being that of a crank. He also tried the French or the Italian government—it is not certain which—with equally fruitless results, but when it came to the kaiser's country he had a warm reception.

"The German government snapped it up," he told several of his friends. "I was over to Germany some time ago and I got this off and several other patents."

Macgarrigle, commonly called "Jimmy" Macgarrigle, was a genius, but, like most of his stamp, erratic and unbusinesslike, and he died poor and virtually unknown. One of his traits was excessive secretiveness—although there can be no question that he was a wonder in his way—which forbade his committing any of his inchoate ideas to paper, with the result that they went to the grave with him; and he was so impracticable in judging his own works that the more humane of them could not be commercialized for his and the general good. So, beyond the fire-squirt and the few other inventions which he "got off" in Germany, there is little to show for his versatility and ingenuity.

#### His "Fire-Squirt Ship."

Macgarrigle's home was at Wamberal, near Gosford, New South Wales, where he maintained a laboratory. George Z. Dupain, a friend, writing of the old fellow to the Daily Telegraph, says:

"After dwelling on the virtues of his quick-drying cement, anti-fouling paint, patent boot polish, a street car ticket system, explosives and other things, he led me back to his house, and showed me the plan of a peculiar vessel which looked like a man-of-war. It was roughly drawn, for old Macgarrigle was a bad penman, but as soon as he began to explain matters I understood. This was what he called his patent fire-squirt ship. It was built to carry a certain liquid below the waterline, and in every portion of the hull there were half-shaped affairs, which, he explained, could not be pierced by any modern projectile. Indeed, the whole vessel seemed to be made in such a way that no portion

#### MRS. ELIHU ROOT, JR.



Mrs. Elihu Root, Jr., is the daughter-in-law of former Senator Root of New York. She was Aliga Stryker, daughter of the president of Hamilton college. The two families have been intimately related for a number of years.

## CZAR'S BODYGUARD TAKES THE FIELD



That Czar Nicholas is to personally take the field in the Russian resistance against the invading Teutonic forces is evidenced by the fact that his famous bodyguard of picked Cossack fighters has been ordered to the defense of Warsaw.

was other than round. He had certain receptacles for enormous pumps worked by hydraulic pressure, and these pumps would throw a liquid up to three or four miles, and even more, according to their size.

"He explained that a German had invented a pump to throw a liquid five miles. Whether this was correct or not I never took the trouble to find out, but when old Macgarrigle had explained more details, which I could not quite follow, he told me about his fire squirt. He pledged me to secrecy.

"He told me that he had found a chemical compound which would take fire when it came into contact with the air. With further experimentation he had resolved this into a liquid form, preserving the same properties, and then he hit upon applying it to war purposes. This liquid, he explained, would burn a certain time, and when on fire its density was reduced and it would run about anywhere and burn everything it came in contact with. A constant stream of the stuff would burn incessantly. Its temperature was high enough to produce a dull red heat in either iron or steel, and if the pressure in the firing apparatus was increased it would shrivel up everything it came into contact with. He went on to explain that it could be fired in a modern shell which, when it had burst, would spread the liquid. He became so enthusiastic over this invention that his eyes glittered and he paced his laboratory, making convulsive gestures and saying that the nation that bought this invention would have the power of controlling the world and, if necessary, of stopping war altogether.

"I began to think the man was a maniac and looked around for a method of escape in case he might go completely off his head. However, he calmed down and I took courage to question him about this ghastly machine, even demanding that he should give me proof that what he said was true. He laughed and said that if I came up next evening at dusk he would prove the truth of his remarks.

#### First Exhibit of Liquid Fire.

"Well, I went. Furthermore, I took some friends. Macgarrigle did not object in the least. He took us outside on the slope of Mount Pleasant (the inventor lived on Mount Pleasant) and made us all sit down at about ten yards distant from him. He disappeared for a while in the bush and then came back with what I imagined to be an old oil drum and an ordinary large garden spray. I could not see what he was doing because he turned his back on us, but presently he held the spray up in the air.

"I saw him stand firmly as if to make an effort, then he quickly pressed the handle of the squirt and a long stream of white fire shot out from the muzzle of the spray and fell to the ground, there burning brightly for an instant.

"The thing was done so quickly and all was over in such a short time that we were nonplused. Then Macgarrigle walked calmly toward us and handed me the spray, saying: 'Well, what do you think of my invention now?' He gave us then a lecture on the possibilities of the fire squirt. I examined the spray carefully (it was just light enough to distinguish objects at short range), pulled out the plunger, smelled it and tried to seek any clue as to the nature of the stuff. When Macgarrigle saw what I was doing he laughed heartily and said I wouldn't find anything there. However, I noted that he had evidently screwed off the top of the spray when squirting the liquid, because he had failed to put it back properly, and also that the leather plunger was slightly charred.

Carefully noted the place where the fire had fallen and took the trouble to examine it early next day, and, sure enough, all the herbage was burned and wherever the liquid had run only charred vegetation remained. I was astounded. I perceived immediately that his words were true, and the possibilities of his invention were so mighty as to make me temporarily shudder."

Mr. Dupain became much attached to Macgarrigle and spent many hours with him. Once when he meant to pay the inventor a surprise visit he learned that the old man had departed

for Europe; but as soon as he learned of Macgarrigle's return he sought his home and heard from Macgarrigle that he had sold his fire squirt to Germany.

It appears from an account of Macgarrigle given to the Daily Telegraph by another friend, a newspaper man, that the fire machine was designed also for the destruction of prickly pear, which is one of the curses of Australia and has already ruined huge tracts of good land in Queensland. This contributor says:

"He told me that he had offered to clear the whole of the pear in Queensland under certain terms, but the government had turned it down. This seemed at first inexplicable, as at the time the government was offering a reward of \$50,000 for any effective plan for getting rid of the pest. When I told him this he scouted the idea of anything so paltry and dealt with a sum of that sort with the contempt of a multimillionaire.

"He said that the only condition under which he would show his hand was that he should receive all expenses and get the freehold of all the land he cleared. As there were at the time about 20,000,000 acres affected one may understand the reason for turning down the offer. The area now, by the way, runs into 30,000,000 acres. As I expressed doubt about the effectiveness of his plan, he invited me to his place the following night to see the squirt at work. But it was a condition that no one was to accompany me. I kept the appointment.

"He began operations by seating me in a chair, from which I was not to move. By this means he made it impossible for me to get a close glimpse of the machine, but the drum which carried the oil seemed in the darkness to be similar in shape to the receptacle which appears in pictures of those Germans at the front engaged in this sort of warfare. He told me he was ready, after pumping up the machine, and then let it go. It ejected a constant stream of liquid fire from a short hose length for some minutes, spurting over a distance of about forty feet. With the same mysterious manner that he had begun operations, he bundled the plant up and put it away in a room and locked the door.

"Then he sat down beside me and yawned. After urging that this thing would not only destroy prickly pear, but noxious shrubbery and weeds of all sorts, he told me that what it was originally intended for was an instrument of warfare. 'Man,' he said with great confidence, 'this thing would destroy soldiers as if they were rats. What bayonet charge could stand up against it? My idea is not a small squirt like this, but as large as a big fire-fighting hose sending out a stream of fire with as much force and volume as the biggest water hydrant in Sydney.'

"A character of this sort naturally aroused interest, especially as he began to talk about synthetic rubber which he could make for 25 cents a pound (at a time when the genuine article was about \$2.50); cements he could make at absurdly low rates, tiles, bricks, explosives, anti-fouling paint, boot dressings and other things. I began to think that I had struck an Edison."

The journalist believes that Macgarrigle sold the explosive just mentioned to the Germans, and he adds: "It was terribly destructive, as an equal quantity of it with gelignite tore a hole in a piece of galvanized iron four times its size."

Fred Wright of Sydney robs the accounts of Macgarrigle of something of their romance by saying that the inventor, whom he knew well, "frequently suggested 'wildcat' schemes for the employment of chemicals for the destruction of prickly pear and the extermination of rabbits." And he goes on: "Mr. Macgarrigle's spray consisted of a solution of phosphorus in an inflammable liquid. He tried bisulphide of carbon as a solvent for his phosphorus and then mixed this with other combustible liquids. There was nothing particularly original in the idea and it was not at all safe to handle. We afterward experimented with hydrogen phosphide for fire sprays. His explosive consisted of a grass-tree compound."

Our usual quota attended trades day at the Terminal.

T. L. McClure of Pioneer left last Tuesday for Magdalena, N. M., where he is prospecting for a new home. He has sent word that he is pleased with the prospect there. His wife, who was in C. P. Monday, says that she also wants to move there.

M. A. Shepherd Monday carried in his Ford Mr. and Mrs. Will Canterbury to Putnam, where they will visit the Harwells before returning to their home at Post City. They have been here attending the Canterbury family reunion.

Pioneer now has her first stock pens or rather her first pen. The pen was recently built, and will accommodate those near town who want to ship cattle or hogs, there being a good deal of the latter class of live stock in the country. Heretofore, of course, hog and cattle men have had to ship from other railroad points.

**Family Reunion**

W. H. Canterbury of this place celebrated his 76th birthday, with a family reunion, at his home on Wednesday of last week. All his children and all grandchildren save one son and his children who live in Oklahoma, were present. It was a great occasion for Mr. and Mrs. Canterbury. May he live to enjoy many more such natal days.

**Rural Route Extended**

Postmaster Shepard, who works all the time for the betterment of the mail service for Pioneer, last Friday received word from the Post Office Department that the extension of 7 1-2 miles of the rural route on the south had been granted. The measurements of Mr. Shepard were taken, no inspector being sent out to look over the field. This addition makes the route standard or nearly so. The extension granted leaves the old route at old Pioneer, and going south, passes L. King's, Homer Teston's, Dan Gooch's, G. W. Carey's, R. S. Leverett's, G. C. Cross's, E. L. Flippen's, and back to the old route at W. J. Bryson's. Many others who do not live so close to the route will be served. A section of country heretofore cut off from a mail service will now have U. S. mail come by the door.

Thanks again to our postmaster, and others who have helped in the matter, for some three weeks Pioneer and Cross Plains have had locked-pouch mail service, which has given Cross Plains from seven hours up earlier service in reaching the people at Pioneer, and saves Pioneer from no time to twenty-four hours, according to the hour mail is posted, in reaching Cross Plains. This service is a thing not to be underestimated, and a thing people at both places should be thankful indeed for. Pioneer and Cross Plains, only five miles apart, heretofore have been farther separated than Cross Plains and De Leon. Now, however, they have immediate service.

The postmaster, the carrier, and every patron on the route who is interested in seeing that it is made a daily instead of a tri-weekly, are anxious to see every patron taking all the good papers he can, and sending and receiving a large amount of first class mail. The route cannot be made a daily until the count of the mail will justify it, and hence all are urged to turn every bit of business possible to the route.

**NO SHORT-TERM HOLLANDS AND FARM & RANCH**

Farm & Ranch for year \$1.00  
Hollands for one two years \$1.00  
Both \$1.50  
Either with The Review 1 year \$1.65  
Both with The Review one year 2.00  
The Review and The Weekly Farm News



Davis-Garner & Co.

**"It is Now Going On!"**  
**TEN--10--Days MORE**

**It was All Our Fault! But we Never Dreamed of Such Crowds!**

They Pulled, Smashed, Crammed and jammed to get the clean new and reputable merchandise at such low prices. It is without doubt the greatest sale crowd ever witnessed in this section of the country.

We Are Still In The Ring and will continue to cut prices for Ten more days (July 29th). We are determined to close out every thing in seasonable merchandise, and go to market with a clean house.

**You Should Get Your Share And Save The money.**

**Davis-Garner & Co.**

Quality Counts

Cross Plains

Watch Us Grow

<p>50 Straw Hats Worth 1.00 to \$3.00 SALE PRICE 25c</p> <hr/> <p><b>MEN'S SUITS</b> Palm Beach Suits for men price 3.50</p> <hr/> <p><b>ALL MEN'S</b> Clothing Sale one-half Price</p>	<p><b>Everybody is Coming. Why not you?</b> <b>SALE SALE</b> See Large Circular! <b>GROCERIES</b> Best grade of Flour in this Sale . . . \$3.15 All Groceries Included in this SALE!</p>	<p><b>MEN'S PANTS</b> Get your Extra Pants At This Sale!</p> <hr/> <p><b>LACES &amp; EMBROIDERIES</b> from 2 to 5c at Sale</p> <hr/> <p><b>\$1.00 TO \$2.80</b> saving on Men's Hats. <b>SALE! SALE! SALE</b></p>
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**A New Tailoring Business**

I have opened a Tailor shop in the frame building just below Witt & Harbin's where I am prepared to do all kinds of first-class Tailoring work. Come in and let me prove to you that my method of cleaning, pressing and preparing cloths are strictly sanitary and up-to-date. I give your cloths a lasting crease, uniform finish and the natural body shape.

I also take orders for suits from the very best Tailors in the world, they are Guaranteed in style, workmanship, and material, and best of all they are Guaranteed A FIT OR NO SALE.

**Come Let's Get Acquainted.**  
**L. B. LINDSEY THE ROYAL TAILORS**

**N. B.-H. B.'S**

On July 7 the club girls were delightfully entertained at Miss Ida Mitchell's. Some worked while others played games. After this, delicious refreshments consisting of jelly roll and lemonade were served. The club will meet with the Misses Adams Friday, July 21.—Reporter

A small ad. in The Review, want column" may get you big results. They often do. One cent a word the first time and one-half cent for each succeeding issue. No ad taken for less than 15c.

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

Remember you can buy all seasonable dry goods at greatly reduced prices, account the closing out sale At Carter's.

Get your gas and lubricating oil for your auto from  
J. W. Westerman.

**Dr. E.H. RAMSEY**

**DENTIST**

**OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK**

**DENTIST**

**Dr. Mary L. S. Graves**  
Office in Residence north of Boydston's store  
Residence & Office Phone 124  
Office hours 8:30 to 5

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Crawford returned Monday from a three-weeks trip to Kentucky, the former home of Mrs. Crawford. They report a pleasant trip.

J. B., Jodie, and Bob Eddington of the Comal neighborhood have all bought Fords.

Try a drink of that Golden Cream at J. W. Westerman's.

**LOANS**

I am prepared to make loans in either small or large amounts where good land securities can be had. Rates are reasonable. Office in the Bank of Cross Plains.

C. C. Hampton

You can feel safe in drinking at our fountain for we sterilize it daily  
The City Drug Store

I have not moved my stock to the West on account of the extremely dry weather in that section and for a short time you can make great savings in prices on everything.

At Carter's.

Holland's Magazine for only 65c in club with The Review.

A No. 6 Remington typewriter for sale or trade. cheap. Review.

Take a KODAK with you. Your vacation or outing is incomplete without one.

The City Drug Store.

Buy from one who appreciates your trade—J. W. Westerman.

Miss Lanra Dicky of Weatherford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. E. Boydston.

A few empty boxes 50c each.  
Shackelford's Lumber Yard

Remember the poultry car every Thursday—Meeb Produce Co.

Little Sam Eddington of Comal who was in town Tuesday stated that his wife, who in being thrown out of a buggy on the road home the first night of the picnic was rather severely hurt, is now doing nicely.

Dear friends, subscribe for Review

Mrs. W. M. Adams and children have been visiting in DeLeon.

Candidate cards at this office. All work promptly and neatly done.

Calvin Neeb went Saturday night to Gorman after Mrs. Neeb and little son, returning Sunday.

Admiete stops all leaks easily to apply. Electro Carbon paint for tin roofs and cisterns.

Shackelford Lumber Yard.

New Adam Schaaf piano near Cross Plains. Will sacrifice to save storage the return freights. Write or telephone Adam Schaaf, Dallas.

A house and lot to sell on easy terms.—L. P. Henslee.

W. C. Hurst and family of Goulbusk returned home Saturday after visiting Mr. Hurst's brother, A. J. Hurst of Cottonwood. A. J. has recently subscribed for The Review for W. C. who states that he is glad to get the paper.

The DeLaval, the separator you will eventually buy.

Mrs. T. J. Christopher and two children returned Saturday from a three month's visit with Mrs. Christopher's sister at Kansas City, Mo. They returned via Hico, their former home, where they spent a few days. She reports a pleasant trip.

"Service" is our daily watchword.—The City Drug Store.

Misses Emma and Bessie Gilliam returned to their home at May Sunday after visiting their sister, Mrs. W. A. Williams, the past week.

Try a bucket of comb honey at J. W. Westerman's.

Messrs. Taylor Bond and Lee Thompson made a trip to Cisco Friday night on business.

Just received a fresh supply of Kings delicious candies 25c to \$1.50 boxes.

The City Drug Store

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next week we will pay 13c. for hens, 6c. for roosters, 15c. for friers, 15c. for turkeys.

Neeb Produce Co.

No store can meet the prices being made on Dry Goods and groceries.—At Carter's.

Overton Parson of the Echo country was here Monday. He is a brother to Criss Parson of west of town.

Our Cigars are always fresh and moist. Try them and be convinced.

The City Drug Store

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week we will pay 13c. for hens, 6c. for roosters, 15c. for friers, 15c. for turkeys.

Neeb Produce Co.

When in town Eat Dinner at our restaurant. Good meals for 25c.

The Crystal Cafe.

B. T. Higginbotham, Dick Ratliff of Cross Cut and several others left Tuesday afternoon for the tractor demonstration at Dallas.

The picnic is over but you can still get cheap groceries from J. W. Westerman.

For sale, a fine Jersey Bull, at a bargain. See—W. A. McGowen.

Mrs. Lucile Popnoe of Silver Valley is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Wyatt of this place.

Colonial Fruit Punch, the thing to serve your guests.

The City Drug Store.

### IT'S COLD

Get cold Soda, Orange, Pop, Hop Ale, and Coco-Cola at—Busy Bee Cafe

Lazelle's perfumes, toilet waters and talcum powders are superior.

The City Drug Store.

### The Man Who Wins

never loses time nor money but always has his shoes made new at the Cross Plains Shoe Shop west of the post office.—W. A. Petterson

# FURNITURE BARGAINS

## BUY NOW AND SAVE

Everything in the furniture line will be from 10 per cent to 33 1-3 per cent higher this fall than at present on account of the heavy advances in the price of raw materials and all metal goods.

If you have in mind to purchase anything in the furniture or house furnishing line any time this fall it will be greatly to your interest to buy now before the present stocks are exhausted.

We would appreciate a look at our stock of furniture, iron beds, kitchen cabinets, dining tables, chairs, rockers, buffets, table beds, springs, davenport, library tables, dressers, rugs, etc.

### Rugs, Art Squares, Linoleums.

We have just added to our stock a handsome display of rugs, size 9x12 ft. Wool fibre, tapestry, brussels, all fibre, Axminster at prices much cheaper than they can be bought later in the fall, \$7.50, 10.00, 12.50, 15.00, 22.50.

### Library Tables.

A complete line of library and centre tables in golden oak and fumed oak finishes, sizes, large, medium, and small. Prices range from \$1.50 up to 20.00.

### Rockers.

Extra large assortment to select from in golden and fumed oak, fibre and wicker, some with upholstered seat and back, some with cobbler seat and some plain. Prices range from \$1.25, 1.50, 2.50, 3.50, 5.00, 7.50, and 8.50.

### Linoleums

Just received several new and very pretty patterns in 6-foot linoleums and we are still selling them at the old price of per yard 50c

### Iron Beds

Iron beds cannot be delivered in the house today for the price we are selling them. Of course that means a big advance in price when the fall stock comes in. Take a tip and buy now.

### Kitchen Cabinets

A big stock of kitchen cabinets now on hand in a variety of styles and kinds. If you haven't one in your kitchen, you will never know the amount of time, trouble, worry and extra steps and work that you have to do. Get one and see how much easier your work is to do. Be glad to sell you one on the installment plan. Prices are \$8.50, 10.00, 15.00, up to \$25.00

### Chifferobes and Chiffoniers

Nice fumed oak Chifferobe, a bargain at \$30.00  
Chiffoniers in golden oak at \$12.50, \$15.00  
Complete line Coffins, Caskets, and Undertakers Supplies, Robes, Shrouds, etc.

## Higginbotham Trad. Co.

H. F. Phillips and daughter, Miss Noble, of Rowden, were in town Monday. Mr. Phillips has a home in Cross Plains which he keeps for his children to occupy in the winter while they attend school here.

Remember the poultry car every Thursday—Neeb Produce Co.

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

The Review \$1.00 per year

M. R. Cochran, of Cottonwood, while in town Monday, informed us that he meant in a short time to move to Montana, or that part of the northwest. He brought a mare to town which he sold at a good price.

Remember the poultry car every Thursday—Neeb Produce Co.

Genuine White Rotary sewing machine for sale. On terms if required.—At Carter's.

Good Jersey Milch Cow for SALE. On terms if required. At Carter's.

On Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday of next week we will pay 13c. for hens, 6c. for roosters, 15c. for friers, 15c. for turkeys.

Neeb Produce Co.

Mrs. Hamilton and daughter, Miss Eunice, left Monday morning for their home at Corsicana after spending a few weeks with C. O. Hamilton at this place.

Eat your short orders at The Busy Bee Cafe.

R. Wilson of De Leon is visiting his son R. E., manager of Witt & Harbin's business here.

S. R. Morris of Liberty has ordered us to send The Review to him at Sabanno.

Joe Shackelford left Monday afternoon for the tractor demonstration at Dallas.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week we will pay 13c. for hens, 6c. for roosters, 15c. for friers, 15c. for turkeys.

Neeb Produce Co.

### FLY CHASER

Keep the flies away from your sock. Our "Fly Chaser" is guaranteed to do so. Ask us about it. The City Drug Store.

## SELL CREAM

If you are not selling cream you are losing money. Make your cows earn you a living—cream bring cash. WE are never too busy to test your cream; bring it to us any day in the week.

## Neeb Produce Co.

Agents for the NISSLEY CREAMERY CO., the people who opened the cream business here.

## The Cross Plains Garage

Aents for Chevrolet Automobiles

Electric Starters, Magnetos, and Carburetors a Specialty  
We are here to stay; so give us a trial: satisfaction Guaranteed.

S. L. MONSEY, Prop.

E. R. MOSLEY, Mec.

### NO HIGHER YET

You can still get your meals at the Crystal Cafe for 25c, in spite of the advance in prices on nearly everything. Remember that when in town. All kinds of short orders.

The Crystal Cafe,

### DEAD

Mrs. Ruth Thompson died at her home near Albb, east Texas, and was buried at the Cross Plains cemetery on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Summers, pastor of the Baptist church at Cross Cut, conducting the services. She was said to have died suddenly. The deceased was 20 years of age. She leaves her husband, her mother, Mrs. W. R. Shipp of south of town, and a sister Mrs. Harry Walker, and several brothers, T. A., H. L. Shipp and others. The Review offers condolence.

### ALWAYS OPEN

Refresh yourself at our fountain after the show. We are always open at The City Drug Store.

Fresh skinned cat fish on Friday and Saturday at—The Busy Bee.

### WE BOUGHT BEFORE THE ADVANCE

We know our prices on wagon covers and wagon bows are lower than others ask for the same grade. Come in and let us prove it. THE RACKET STORE

## The Singer Sewing Machine

Sold on three fall payments without interest. Guaranteed 25 years. The only Sewing Machine on the market with a successful record of 65 years.

If in the market for a Sewing Machine phone or write us and will have a representative call at your home and demonstrate the Singer

S. E. Allison, Baird  
R. B. Forbes, Cross Plains

One and two ply rubber roofing in stock. Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

The DeLaval, the separator you will eventually buy.

Farm & Ranch for one year for only 65c in club with The Review.

Miss Marguerite Boydston of Baird is the guest her uncle, C. E. Boydston, and his family.

## Witt & Harbin's

# POULTRY CAR

We have made arrangements to have our Poultry Car in Cross Plains

Tuesday & Wednesday  
July 25 & 26

and will pay the following prices:  
HENS . . . per pound . . . 12c  
ROOSTERS " " . . . 5c  
FRIERS " " . . . 15c  
TURKEYS " " . . . 14c

REMEMBER TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, JULY 25 & 26

## WITT & HARBIN

Cross Plains . . . . Texas

## Seasonable Bargains

\$2.50 Laundry Baskets for . \$1.70  
2.00 " " . . . 1.40  
3.75 Clothes Wringers . . . 2.90  
2.50 Copper Bottom Wash Boilers . . . 1.65  
10.00 washing Machines . . . 7.25  
12.50 washing machines . . . 9.50

Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets, and Furniture at cost. These prices good for month of July, or as long as the present stock lasts.

CASH or CREDIT

C. S. BOYLES

# Supplement to The Review

Vol. VII No. 20

Cross Plains, Texas, July 21, 1916

\$1.00 Per Year

## CROSS CUT ITEMS

We are needing rain at present. The farmers all have their grain threshed.

The Baptist meeting began at this place Saturday night. Rev. Stewart and Rev. Summers (the pastor) are conducting the services.

Many from this community attended the picnic either Tuesday or Wednesday, at Cross Plains; some attended both days.

Tom Chambers and wife visited at Jesse Byrd's Saturday night and Sunday.

S. F. Jones and family visited their daughter at Holder.

Herman and Earl Thompson, Dee Windham, Laurence Stuart and Joe Long of Byrd's attended church here Sunday night.

Miss Verde Hill of Pioneer is visiting her sister Mrs. Laurence Teston.

J. W. Newton and wife went to the picnic at Rising Star. Friday.

Auther Kesler of Grosvenor visited at C. H. DeBusk's Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Addie Hunter and two children from Oklahoma are visiting relatives at this place.

Many from this place are expecting to go to the picnic in Frank Brown's pasture Thursday.

Reporter

## SABANNO NEWS GLEANINGS

Most of the farmers of this country are up with their work and are awaiting a rain which is needed badly.

Misses Blanch Parkinson and Nettie Gage visited Mrs. Earl Shell last week at Cross Plains.

Mack Walker has gone to Hall county where he expects to spend a few days prospecting and visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Craford Brazed of Albamy are visiting J. L. Brown and family.

J. C. Harris and G. R. Erwin attended the picnic at Rising Star Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goodrun of Scurry county are visiting Mrs. Goodrun's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Erwin, this week.

Calla Brown is visiting her sister Mrs. Walter Boyd, at Wayland.

Mr. and Mrs. Tarvan of Jones county visited Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Powell last week, making the trip in their car.

Lee Westerman of Knox county is visiting old friends and relatives at this place.

T. N. Minnix and family are spending a few days visiting old neighbors and relatives at Sipe Springs.

Rev. Meddows of Scranton filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Several, Sabanno young folks attended the protracted meeting at Liberty Sunday night.

Protracted meeting begins at this place fifth Sunday in this month.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Erwin made a flying trip to Cross Plains Monday morning.

Temple

### Optimistic Thought.

The sting of every reproachful speech is the truth of it.

## CUXTIS DOTS

We were so busy with the picnics last week that we forgot to send our "squibs" to the grandest paper going.

Rev. Lester Richardson, of Bethel, filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Festus Woodell and children of Snyder are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Mitchell.

Prof. and Mrs. W. E. Lusk visited relatives at Cisco Monday.

Miss Mave Kennedy was the guest of Mrs. Josephine Frawley Saturday.

Mrs. Hattie Rutherford of Scranton was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Emory Lusk, one day last week.

Riddle Morris of Sabanne visited relatives here Saturday.

Frank Woodell and Roscoe Kennedy have gone to Austin to attend the State Farmers Institute.

Forrest Newman visited his sister Mrs. W. E. Lusk several days last week.

E. H. Pierce, J. E. Patterson, W. H. Landerdale, G. F. Kennedy and families and Frank and Alex Woodell and sisters, and Marcus Pierce and Emmet Mitchell enjoyed the Cross Plains picnic. Also several people of this community attended the Rising Star picnic.

Brown-eyed Bess.

## TAKE A LOOK

At our rompers and boys' scout shirts. Shipment just received.

### THE RACKET STORE

#### Ratio of Crime's Increase.

It is said that crime increases at the rate of 300 per cent every twenty years.