

Buy W. S. S. and save your money

# Working Clothes for Men and Women



There's real two-fold economy in wearing our overalls, jumpers, work shirts, aprons, etc. First, they save your better clothes. Second, they are big values in themselves.

We carry the product of the most reliable manufacturers, particularly the popular advertised brands. We have them in the standard colors and various grades and weights, according to your needs.

Come in and see our stock.

## Cross Plains Merc. Co.

THE CASH STORE

### Notice.

What would you have to pay for a shave or hair cut if I hadn't put in a barber shop? Think it over.  
W. J. CROSS

### Trespass Notice.

No hunting, pecan gathering or trespassing allowed on my premises. All trespassers will be prosecuted.  
V. L. Fulton, Cottonwood.

John Hembree of Abilene was in town last of the week.

The Review and Semi-Weekly Farm News for one year for \$2.25

A car of fresh Cake flour just received.

Butler's Grocery

Mr. and Mrs. John Westerman are taking in the Cotton Palace this week.

Early to bed and early to rise.  
Our stock's all fresh and clean—  
That's why we're proud to advertise.

## EAT WHOLESOME FOODS

Fellow came in the other morning and said, "Look here, Gwin, you have the reputation for selling goods cheaper than most stores, but you seem to be getting about as high on some things as anybody else. What's the matter?" Well, I sat right down there to explain a few things. Now, you all know how everything has gone up lately and my stock has all been bought lately, so if I sold on long margins of profit I wouldn't be selling the same as anybody else, but higher than those who bought six months ago; but listen, folks, there's some advantage besides price. Now, when you buy a can of something to eat off my shelves you won't find it moldy and the tin coming off the inside of the can; no sir! it's fresh, and you won't find bugs in the beans or weevil in the rice, 'cause it's new crop products and if you want good health—watch what you eat, and if you want to have the best and buy it right—then watch where you buy.

## Our Reasonable Prices

on the extra high grade qualities we sell are only possible by careful buying.

- |                                     |                                    |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Extra sifted peas can . . . . . 19c | Large post toasties 23c; 2 for 45c |
| " fine sugar corn, per can . 19c    | Large "Crisco" shortening \$2.40   |
| Arm & Hammer soda . . . . . 8c      | Red beans a pound . . . . . 10c    |
| No. 1 Pork & Beans a can . 10c      | Extra good brooms . . . . . 85c    |
| Real sure strike matches . . . 7c   | No. 2 lamp globes . . . . . 10c    |

and hundreds of other things we haven't room to quote. Where they sell that extra good "Cream of Wheat" flour it's "shore" good!

When you comin?

## The White House Grocery & Market

F. M. GWIN, Prop.

# THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 1919

No. 3

### Your Dollar's Opportunity

Your dollar's opportunity is now, today! Set it to work for you. Give it the task of multiplying itself. In doing so it will perform its part in the world affairs. Every man's money should be making use of this opportunity. Farmers, for instance, can not only feed the world; through businesslike handling of their farms and businesslike handling of their incomes they can help to develop the world.

### Thrift Is Patriotism

Being in a form of saving. It is one of the biggest means of national service—service to your country. The first president said, "Economy makes happy homes and sound nations."

The way to start right is to start right now! Saving is so much a habit as spending or putting things off. Once formed, it is easy to continue. But unless you start right, it is a good habit.



## Bank with US Farmers National Bank

Of Cross Plains, Texas

### NEW RECORD

John, who lives two miles from town, broke all records for when he sold a bale of cotton Monday for 43.45c. He bought the bale. By this is read a still higher may have been reached than of the week it looked like. Mr. Ford had taken the cotton dry and attended a strict middling.

### OIL PROSPECTS GOOD

S. J. Beck of Wheeling, West Virginia, has been in town for some time in the interest of oil operators of his State. Mr. Beck says that in his opinion this country is due in a few months to have a big oil boom, and that Cross Plains will enjoy a growth the like of which it has never known. He is a practical oil man, and from a several-week study of the country he has decided that our prospects for oil are flattering. He has bought some acreage here.

### GOOD MONEY

John and family of Lorraine this week visiting relatives, and his little cotton patch in Cross Plains and quit the work making a small fortune. Albert Clement had acres planted to cotton and expect to make from 25 to 30 bales. They picked five of these sold the rest for 15c. He states that, as he receives wages for his work, he is very little for his year's cleared about five thousand for his time. He made good gamble in essaying this year. He does not yet where he will move to.

### FOR BETTER TRAIN SERVICE

Secy. Harkey of the De Leon Chamber of Commerce has called a meeting of the business men from Cross Plains, Rising Star, and Sipe Springs at De Leon for to-day, for the purpose of discussing better train service on the branch line. A few of our men are gone to De Leon to-day in compliance with this call.

### NOTICE

To the people of Cross Plains and vicinity: Dr. Brogan, the expert optician, will be in Cross Plains Texas, until November 22, 1919. Those who have not had time to have their eyes examined, call and see him. Have lenses inserted in their old frames. Also look over his large stock of the latest eye glasses and spectacles. He handles the latest one-piece bifocal lenses to see near and far off, the largest size. His prices are the lowest of any who make this territory. Office at Gwin's White House Grocery Store.

### Typewriter For Sale.

A Royal typewriter in good first class condition for sale. Would trade for Liberty bond, or good note.  
L. P. Henslee.

### OIL NOTES

Vestal two miles north of town is underreaming at about 2700.

Texas-Arizona, Adams, nine miles southwest of Cross Plains, reported making oil and gas.

The Western Texas Oil Co. Odum shut down below 1700, waiting for fuel.

Pennant south of town shut down below 3400 feet. It is reported that the company is preparing to shoot the well in the last sand encountered.

Litzinger-Yost, Albin, No. 1, rig up 1200 feet northeast of old location, and waiting for contract to be let. The new location is about 240 feet east of the Callahan County line. Mr. Yost states that he has had five geologists to pass on his location and they have all pronounced it to be firstclass.

### Moving to Cross Plains.

John Davison, in the employ of Schaffner Bros., drilling contractors, has rented Joe Shackelford's home, and will occupy the same as soon his household goods arrive. Glad to have them.

In this connection We will say that Messrs. Schaffner, who are drilling the Vesal well, state that they have a number of families who would move here if they could get houses. The town will have to have more dwellings before it accommodates any more people.

### Moving to West Texas.

C. Z. Fine and C. E. Lilly, who live just beyond the mountain north of town, have recently bought good size farms in Lynn County, near Slaton, and are getting ready to move to them at once. They are rustling young men and will prosper anywhere they have a chance.

### For Sale.

Lease 10 to 50 acres between Odom's well and Miller location on McGraw land, at a bargain.

L. P. Henslee.

M. Polishuk, proprietor of The Model store, is in Sipe Springs this week, where he has bought another business. He will continue to operate both businesses.

# Moline Wagons

Carload to arrive about 20th inst.  
8 Farm Wagons Complete.  
4 Oil Gears Complete.  
Look them over and get our prices before buying.

## JOE H. SHACKELFORD'S

LUMBER and PAINT STORE

CROSS PLAINS

TEXAS

### NO MORE MEAT SOLD ON SUNDAYS

Believing in the observance of the Sabbath Day, and being convinced that now since the cool weather has come it is unnecessary to sell fresh meat on Sunday, we have decided that we will not open Sunday mornings during the winter months. All meat sold on Saturday is slaughtered Friday night, so you need feel no fear that the meat you buy Saturday will not keep to Sunday dinner. Buy your meat on Saturday evening for Sunday dinner. The White House Grocery & Mark's F. M. Gwin, Prop.

### BARGAIN DAYS HERE

HERE! Bargain Days on the Star Telegram now. By clubbing it with the Review you can save 50c on the later. Remember to make the saving.

Daily & Sunday Telegram for one year . . . . . \$6.50  
Daily without Sunday paper \$5.00  
Daily & Sunday & Review . . . 7.50  
Daily & Review one year . . . 6.00  
All Telegram subscribers will get credit for one year at this price, all datings guaranteed. See, write, or phone me. I'll see that your paper continues; pay later.  
L. P. HENSLEE.

You can still get 3 lbs. first class coffee for \$1.50 at  
Butler's Grocery Store.

### Move to Cross Plains.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Settle and baby boy of New Mexico have moved to Cross Plains where they will make their home for a while. Mr. Settle is writing life insurance, and doubtless has a good proposition to offer. He is a younger brother of County Supt. S. E. Settle, and will be kindly remembered by many by reason of his having lived here in 1914, before he happened to the good fortune of marrying a good woman. We are very glad to have them here.

Miss Victoria Upton of Dallas is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. G. Lindley.

Mack Smith's eldest boy, who has been quite ill with typhoid, is now recovering.

P. V. Harrell, attorney for the Tex-Penn Oil Co. with headquarters at Comanche, was here two days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harrell.

### Buy Home Here.

Alec Baum of Barret Branch has bought the Geo. Carter home here, and expects to move to the same at once. This is one of the nicest homes in town. We do not know what line of work Mr. Baum will engage in.

The Review cheaper in a club. Telegram Bargain Days soon.

### MICKIE SAYS

IF THERE'S ONE OF THESE IN YOUR WINDOW, WHY JUST REMEMBER THAT YOUR SOLDIER BOY'S GOT SOME SPARE TIME WHEN HE SITS 'ROUND AND WONDERS WHAT IS GOIN' ON BACK HOME. WHY DONTCHA SEND HIM THE OLD HOME PAPER? WE DONT CHARGE ANYTHING EXTRA 'T SEND IT TO FRANCE



### T. N. Minix Sells Farm.

T. N. Minix, who lives two miles north of Sabano, has sold his farm consisting of 320 acres to I. M. Walker of Eolian, Stephens County, who formerly lived near Sabano. The farm in question is a fine one, and sold for forty dollars an acre. Mr. Minix will likely remain in this part of the country. Mr. Walker has been lucky in owning a piece of land close in to the oil field.

### Make Photo Now.

If you are interested in photo work, now is the time to have it done, in Cross Plains at the Brown Tent. Good work and prices to suit. You save time and money by having it done NOW. Will be here only one more week. adv.

### BOX SUPPER

At the school Auditorium, Friday night Nov. 14, there will be a box supper for the purpose of raising funds for different phases of High School Athletics. The hearty support of the town and surrounding communities is solicited. The young ladies are asked to bring full baskets and the young men full pockets.

Ruby Atwood, Basket Ball Coach, C. A. Freeman, Supt. of School.

### MULES FOR SALE

I have a bunch of four year old unbroken mules ranging from 14-1 to 14-5 in height. Will sell on time it wanted. Come and see the them.  
Ben Sigal  
One mile east of Baird.

Ask the farmer who owns a DeLava Shackelford Lmbr. & Paint Store

### Move to Town.

L. L. Camp and family have moved from Gorman to Cross Plains and are occupying the Jeff Clark house on north Main street. Mr. Camp is working for Shaffner Bros. in the Gorman field. We are glad to have them with us. Their home is in West Virginia.

Why not a De Laval cream separator for this fall and winter? They reduce the cost of production. Sold on easy terms. Let us put one in your home on trial.  
Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

If You Want to Fight the "Flu" Again This Winter, You had Better Start Taking "Serum" NOW. ASK YOUR DOCTOR

THE CITY DRUG STORE  
THE REX ALL STORE

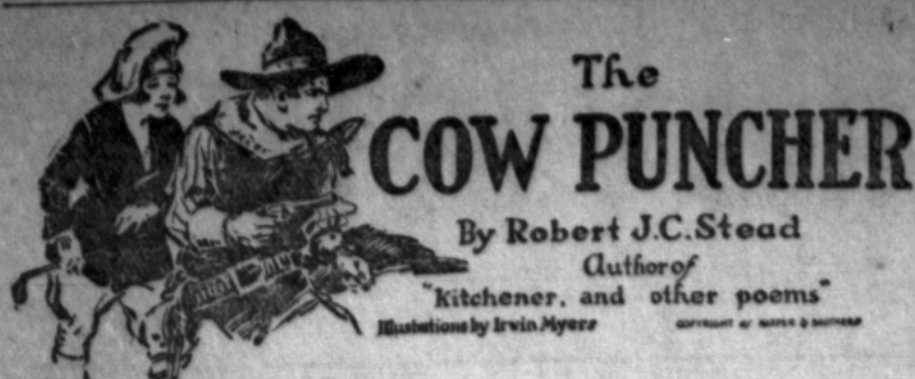
## ies

you buy. We quantities, and more. We list you buy or not.

- \$2.90
- \$2.35
- 25c
- \$2.50
- 15c
- 25c
- 5c
- 15c
- 17 1-2c

West Texas. sack to be as good money. Watch have a full line of If it's new, you

## Pros. & Co.



# The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead  
Author of  
"Kitchener and other poems"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

### ENTER EDITH DUNCAN.

Synopsis—David Elden, son of a drunkard, shrewd ranchman, almost a martyr of the foothills, is breaking bottles with his pistol from his running cayuse when the first automobile he has ever seen arrives and tips over, breaking the leg of Doctor Hardy but not injuring his beautiful daughter Irene. Dave rescues the injured man and brings a doctor from 40 miles away. Irene takes charge of the housekeeping. Dave and Irene get well acquainted during her enforced stay. They start with a kiss and an implied promise. Dave's father dies and Dave goes to town to seek his fortune. A man named Coward teaches him his first lesson in city ways. Dave has a narrow escape, is disgusted and turns over a new leaf.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Fortunate fate, or whatever good angel it is that sometimes drops unexpected favors, designed that young Elden should the following day deliver coal at the home of Mr. Melvin Duncan. Mr. Duncan, tall, quiet and forty-five, was at work in his garden as Dave turned the team in the lane and backed them up the long, narrow drive connecting with the family coal chute. As the heavy wagon moved straight to its objective Mr. Duncan looked on with approval that heightened into admiration. Dave shoveled his load without remark, but as he stood for a moment at the finish, wiping the sweat from his coal-grimed face, Mr. Duncan engaged him in conversation.

"You handle a team like you were born to it," he said. "Where did you get the knack?"

"Well, I came up on a ranch," said Dave. "I've lived with horses ever since I could remember."

"You're a rancher, eh?" queried the older man. "Well, there's nothing like the range and the open country. If I could handle horses like you there isn't anything would hold me in town."

"Oh, I don't know," Dave answered. "You might get sick of it."

"Did you get sick of it?"

Elden shot a keen glance at him. The conversation was becoming personal. Yet there was in Mr. Duncan's manner a certain kindness, a certain appeal of sincere personality, that dissipated suspicion.

"Yes, I got sick of it," he said. "I lived on that ranch eighteen years and never was inside school or church. Wouldn't that make you sick? . . . So I beat it for town."

"And I suppose you are attending church regularly now, and night school, too?"

Dave's quick temper fired up in resentment, but again the kindness of the man's manner disarmed him. He was silent for a moment, and then he said:

"No, I ain't. That's what makes me sick now. I came in here intending to get an education, an' I've never got even a start at it, excep' for some things perhaps wasn't worth the money. There always seems to be something else—in ahead."

"There always will be," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start."

"But how's it to be done?" Dave questioned with returning interest. "Schools an' books cost money, an' I never save a dollar."

"And never will," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start. But I think I see a plan that might help, and if it applies to you it will also be a great convenience to me. My wife likes to go driving Sundays, and sometimes on a weekday evening, but I have so many things on hand I find it hard to get out with her. My daughter used to drive, but these new-fangled automobiles are turning the world upside down—and many a buggy with it. Well—as I saw you driving in here I said to myself, 'There's the man for that job of mine, if I can get him'; but I'm not rich and I couldn't pay you regular wages. But if I could square the account by helping with your studies a couple of nights a week—I used to teach school and haven't altogether forgotten—why, that would be just what I want. What do you say?"

"I never saw anything on four feet I couldn't drive," said Dave, "an' if you're willing to take a chance I am. When do we start?"

"First lesson tonight. Second lesson Thursday night. First drive Sunday." Mr. Duncan did not explain that he wanted to know the boy better before the drives commenced, and he felt that two nights together would satisfy him whether he had found the right man.

Dave hurried back to the corral and completed the day's work in high spirits. It seemed he was at last started on a road that might lead somewhere. After supper he surprised his fellow laborers by changing to his Sunday clothes and starting down a street leading into the residential part of the town. There were speculations that he had "seen a star."

Mr. Duncan met him at the door and showed him into the living room. Mrs. Duncan, plump, motherly, lovely in the mature womanly way, greeted him cordially. As the two men sat down, Edith, who was only a few days out of her engagement, was introduced.

deeply interested in the young man who was to be her coachman. Dave had never been in a home like this, and his eyes, unaccustomed to comfortable furnishings, appraised them as luxury. He soon found himself talking with Mrs. Duncan about horses, and then about his old life on the ranch, and then about coming to town. Almost before he knew it he had told her about Reenie Hardy, but he had checked himself in time. And Mrs. Duncan had noticed it, without comment, and realized that her guest was not a boy but a man.

Then Mr. Duncan talked about gardening, and from that to Dave's skill in backing his team to the coal chute, and from that to coal itself. Dave had shoveled coal all winter, but he had not thought about coal except as something to be shoveled and shoveled. And as Mr. Duncan explained to him the wonderful provisions of nature—how she had stored away in the undiscovered lands billions of tons of coal, holding them in reserve until the world's supply of timber for fuel should be nearing exhaustion, and as he told of the immeasurable wealth of this great new land in coal resources, and of how the wheels of the world, traffic and industry and science, even, were dependent upon coal and the man who handled the coal, Dave felt his breast rising with a sense of the dignity of his calling. He had had to do with this wonderful substance all winter, and not until tonight had it fired the divine spark of his imagination. The time ticked on, and although he was eager to be at work he almost dreaded the moment when Mr. Duncan should mention his lesson. But before that moment came there was a ripple of laughter at the door, and a girl in tennis costume and a young man a little older than Dave entered.

"Edith," said Mrs. Duncan.

Dave arose and shook hands. Then Mr. Allan Forsyth was introduced. Mr. Forsyth shook hands heartily, but Dave was conscious of being caught in one quick glance which embraced him from head to heel. And the glance was satisfied—self-satisfied. It was such a glance as Dave might give a horse when he would say, "A good horse, but I can handle him." It was evident from that glance that Forsyth had no fear of rivalry from that quarter. And having no fear he could afford to be friendly.

Dave had no distinct remembrance of what happened just after that, but he was conscious of an overwhelming desire to hear Miss Duncan sing. How like Reenie she was! And just as he was beginning to think Mr. Duncan must surely have forgotten his lesson he heard her asking him if she should sing. And then he saw Forsyth at the piano—why couldn't he leave her to do it herself, the butt-in?—and then he heard her fine, silvery voice rising in the notes of that song about the land where the sun should never go down. . . . And suddenly he knew how lonely, how terribly, terribly lonely he was. And he sat with head bowed, that they might not know. . . .

And then there were other songs, and at last Mrs. Duncan, who had slipped away unnoticed, returned with a silver teapot and cups of delicate china, and sandwiches and cake, and they sat about and ate and drank and talked and laughed. And when he looked at his watch it was eleven o'clock.

"I guess we didn't get any lesson tonight," he said as he shook hands with Mr. Duncan at the sidewalk.

"I am not so sure," replied his tutor.

"The first thing for you to learn is that all learning does not come from books. A good listener can learn as much as a good reader—he listens to the right kind of people." And as Dave walked home the thought deepened in him that it really had been a lesson, and that Mr. Duncan had intended it that way. And he wondered what remarkable fortune had been his. The air was full of the perfume of balm o' Gilead, and his feet were light with the joy of youth. And he thought much of Edith and of Reenie Hardy.

In subsequent lessons Dave was rapidly initiated into many matters besides parlor manners and conversation. Mr. Duncan placed the first and greatest emphasis upon learning to write and to write well. They had many philosophic discussions, in which the older man sought to lead the

younger to the acceptance of truths that would not fall him in the stride of after life, and when a conclusion had been agreed upon it was Mr. Duncan's habit to embody it in a copy for Dave's writing lesson.

As soon as Dave had learned to read a little Mr. Duncan took him one day to the public library, and the young man gazed in amazement up and down the great rows of books. Presently a strange sense of inadequateness came over him. "I can never read all of those books, nor half of them," he said. "I suppose one must read them in order to be well informed."

Mr. Duncan appeared to change the subject. "You like fruit?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. Why?"

"When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all of that fruit, crates and crates of it, and cartons more in the warehouse? Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system and let it go at that. Now just apply the same sense to your reading. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chafe at it."

Dave's talks with Mr. Duncan became almost nightly occurrences, either at the Duncan home or when he drove the family—for the master of the house often accompanied them—or when they met downtown, as frequently happened. And the boy was not slow to realize the broad nature of the task to which Mr. Duncan had set himself. His education was to be built of every knowledge and experience that could go into the rounding of a well-developed life.

The climax seemed to be reached when Mr. Duncan invited Dave to accompany him to a dinner at which a noted thinker, just crossing the continent, had consented to speak.

"It will be evening dress," said Mr. Duncan. "I suppose you are hardly fitted out that way?"

"I guess not," said Dave, smiling broadly. He recalled the half-humorous sarcasm with which the Metford gang referred to any who might be seen abroad in their "Hereford frocks." He had a sudden vision of himself running the gantlet of their ridicule.

But Mr. Duncan was continuing. "I think I can fix you up," he said. "We must be pretty nearly of a size, and I have a spare suit." And almost before he knew it it was arranged that Dave should attend the dinner.

It was an eventful night for him. His shy, nervous, self-doubt, during these months he had been learning to accept any new experience gladly.

And as he sat among this company of the best minds of the town, he felt that a new world was opening before him. His good clothes seemed to work up in some way through his subconsciousness and give him a sense of capability. He was in the mental atmosphere of men who did things, and by conforming to their customs he had brought his mind into harmony with theirs, so that it could receive suggestions, and—who knows?—return suggestions. And he was made to think, think, think.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Dave's energy and enthusiasm in the warehouse soon brought him promotion from truck hand to shipping clerk, with an advance in wages to sixty-five dollars a month. He was prepared to remain in this position for some time, as he knew that promotion depends on many things besides ability. Mr. Duncan had warned him against the delusion that man is entirely master of his destiny.

But Dave was not to continue in the grocery trade. A few evenings later he was engaged in reading in the public library. Mr. Duncan had directed him into the realm of fiction and poetry, and he was now feeling his way through "Hamlet." On the evening in question an elderly man engaged him in conversation.

"You are a Shakespearean student, I see?"

"Not exactly. I read a little in the evenings."

"I have seen you here different times. Are you well acquainted with the town?"

"Pretty well," said Dave, scenting that there might be a purpose in the questioning.

"Working now?"

Dave told him where he was employed.

"I am the editor of the Call," said the elderly man. "We need another man on the staff; a reporter, you know. We pay twenty-five dollars a week for such a position. If you are interested you might call at the office tomorrow."

Dave hurried with his problem to Mr. Duncan. "I think I'd like the work," he said, "but I am not sure whether I can do it. My writing is rather—wonderful."

Mr. Duncan turned the matter over in his mind. "Yes," he said at length, "but I notice you are beginning to do the typewriter. When you learn that God gave you ten fingers, not two, you may make a typist. And there is nothing more worth while than being able to express yourself in English. They'll teach you that on a newspaper. I think I'd take it."

"Not on account of the money," he continued, after a little. "You would probably soon be earning more in the wholesale business. Newspaper men are about the worst paid of all professions. But it's the best training in the world, not for itself but as a step to something else. The training is worth while, and it's the training you want. Take it."

Dave explained his disadvantages to the editor of the Call. "I didn't want you to think," he said, "with great frankness, 'that because I was reading Shakespeare I was a master of English. And I guess if I were to write up stuff in Hamlet's language I'd get canned for it.'"

"We'd probably have a department from the Moral Reform league," said the editor with a dry smile. "Just the same, if you know Shakespeare you know English, and we'll soon break you into the newspaper style."

So almost before he knew it Dave was on the staff of the Call. His beat comprised the police court, fire department, hotels and general pick-ups.

Dave almost immediately found the need of acquaintanceships. The isolation of his boyhood had bred in him qualities of aloofness which had now to be overcome. He was not naturally a good mixer; he preferred his own company, but his own company would not bring him much news. So he set about deliberately to cultivate acquaintance with the members of the police force and the fire brigade and the clerks in the hotel. And he had in his character a quality of sincerity which gave him almost instant admission into their friendships. He had not suspected the charm of his own personality, and its discovery, feeding upon his new born enthusiasm for friendships, still further enriched the charm.

As his acquaintance with the work of the police force increased Dave found his attitude toward moral principles in need of frequent re-adjustment. By no means a Puritan, he had nevertheless two sterling qualities which he had never before had saved him from any

very serious misstep. He practiced absolute honesty in all his relationships. His father, drunken although he was in his later years, had never quite lost his sense of commercial uprightness, and Dave had inherited the quality in full degree. And Reenie Hardy had come into his life just when he needed a girl like Reenie Hardy to come into his life. . . . He often thought of Reenie Hardy, and of her compact with him, and wondered what the end would be. He was glad he had met Reenie Hardy. She was an anchor to his soul. . . . And Edith Duncan.

While the gradually deepening current of Dave's life flowed through the channels of coal heaven, freight haulier, shipping clerk and reporter, his waters were sweetened by the intimate relationship which developed between him and the members of the Duncan household. He continued his studies under Mr. Duncan's directions; two, three, and even four nights in the week found him at work in the comfortable den, or, during the warm weather, on the screened porch that overlooked the family garden. Mrs. Duncan, motherly, and yet not too motherly—she might almost have been an older sister—appealed to the young man as an ideal of womanhood. Her soft, well-modulated voice seemed to him to express the perfect harmony of the perfect home, and underneath its even tones he caught glimpses of a reserve of power and judgment not easily unbalanced. And as Dave's eyes would follow her the tragedy of his own orphaned life bore down upon him and he rebelled that he had been denied the start which such a mother could have given him.

"I am twenty years behind myself," he would reflect, with a grim smile. "Never mind. I will do three men's work for the next ten, and then we will be even."

And there was Edith—Edith who had burst so unexpectedly upon his life that first evening in her father's home. He had not allowed himself any foolishness about Edith. It was

Edith was pre-empted, just as he was pre-empted, and the part of honor in his friend's house was to recognize the status quo. . . . Still, Mr. Allan Forsyth was unnecessarily self-assured. He might have made it less evident that he was within the enchanted circle while Dave remained outside. His consciousness irritated Dave almost into rivalry. But the bon camaraderie of Edith herself checked any adventure of that kind. She was of about the same figure as Reenie Hardy—a little slighter perhaps; and about the same age; and she had the same quick, frank eyes. And she sang wonderfully. He had never heard Reenie sing, but in some strange way he had formed a deep conviction that she would sing much as Edith sang. In love, as in religion, man is forever setting up idols to represent his ideals—and forever finding feet of clay.

Dave was not long in discovering that his engagement as coachman was a device, born of Mr. Duncan's kindness, to enable him to accept instruction without feeling under obligation for it. When he made this discovery he smiled quietly to himself and pretended not to have made it. To have acted otherwise would have seemed ungrateful to Mr. Duncan. And presently the drives began to have a strange attraction of themselves.

When they drove in the two-seated buggy on Sunday afternoons the party usually comprised Mrs. Duncan and Edith, young Forsyth and Dave. Mr. Duncan was interested in certain Sunday-afternoon meetings. It was Mrs. Duncan's custom to sit in the rear seat for its better riding qualities, and it had a knack of falling about that Edith would ride in the front seat with the driver. She caused Forsyth to ride with her mother, ostensibly as a courtesy to that young gentleman—a courtesy which, it may be conjectured, was not fully appreciated. At first he accepted it with the good nature of one who feels his position secure, but gradually that good nature gave way to a certain testiness of spirit which he could not entirely conceal. . . .

### THE COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead  
Author of  
"Kitchener and other poems"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

### CHAPTER V—Continued.

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Dave's energy and enthusiasm in the warehouse soon brought him promotion from truck hand to shipping clerk, with an advance in wages to sixty-five dollars a month. He was prepared to remain in this position for some time, as he knew that promotion depends on many things besides ability. Mr. Duncan had warned him against the delusion that man is entirely master of his destiny.

But Dave was not to continue in the grocery trade. A few evenings later he was engaged in reading in the public library. Mr. Duncan had directed him into the realm of fiction and poetry, and he was now feeling his way through "Hamlet." On the evening in question an elderly man engaged him in conversation.

"You are a Shakespearean student, I see?"

"Not exactly. I read a little in the evenings."

"I have seen you here different times. Are you well acquainted with the town?"

"Pretty well," said Dave, scenting that there might be a purpose in the questioning.

"Working now?"

Dave told him where he was employed.

"I am the editor of the Call," said the elderly man. "We need another man on the staff; a reporter, you know. We pay twenty-five dollars a week for such a position. If you are interested you might call at the office tomorrow."

Dave hurried with his problem to Mr. Duncan. "I think I'd like the work," he said, "but I am not sure whether I can do it. My writing is rather—wonderful."

Mr. Duncan turned the matter over in his mind. "Yes," he said at length, "but I notice you are beginning to do the typewriter. When you learn that God gave you ten fingers, not two, you may make a typist. And there is nothing more worth while than being able to express yourself in English. They'll teach you that on a newspaper. I think I'd take it."

"Not on account of the money," he continued, after a little. "You would probably soon be earning more in the wholesale business. Newspaper men are about the worst paid of all professions. But it's the best training in the world, not for itself but as a step to something else. The training is worth while, and it's the training you want. Take it."

Dave explained his disadvantages to the editor of the Call. "I didn't want you to think," he said, "with great frankness, 'that because I was reading Shakespeare I was a master of English. And I guess if I were to write up stuff in Hamlet's language I'd get canned for it.'"

"We'd probably have a department from the Moral Reform league," said the editor with a dry smile. "Just the same, if you know Shakespeare you know English, and we'll soon break you into the newspaper style."

So almost before he knew it Dave was on the staff of the Call. His beat comprised the police court, fire department, hotels and general pick-ups.

Dave almost immediately found the need of acquaintanceships. The isolation of his boyhood had bred in him qualities of aloofness which had now to be overcome. He was not naturally a good mixer; he preferred his own company, but his own company would not bring him much news. So he set about deliberately to cultivate acquaintance with the members of the police force and the fire brigade and the clerks in the hotel. And he had in his character a quality of sincerity which gave him almost instant admission into their friendships. He had not suspected the charm of his own personality, and its discovery, feeding upon his new born enthusiasm for friendships, still further enriched the charm.

As his acquaintance with the work of the police force increased Dave found his attitude toward moral principles in need of frequent re-adjustment. By no means a Puritan, he had nevertheless two sterling qualities which he had never before had saved him from any

very serious misstep. He practiced absolute honesty in all his relationships. His father, drunken although he was in his later years, had never quite lost his sense of commercial uprightness, and Dave had inherited the quality in full degree. And Reenie Hardy had come into his life just when he needed a girl like Reenie Hardy to come into his life. . . . He often thought of Reenie Hardy, and of her compact with him, and wondered what the end would be. He was glad he had met Reenie Hardy. She was an anchor to his soul. . . . And Edith Duncan.

While the gradually deepening current of Dave's life flowed through the channels of coal heaven, freight haulier, shipping clerk and reporter, his waters were sweetened by the intimate relationship which developed between him and the members of the Duncan household. He continued his studies under Mr. Duncan's directions; two, three, and even four nights in the week found him at work in the comfortable den, or, during the warm weather, on the screened porch that overlooked the family garden. Mrs. Duncan, motherly, and yet not too motherly—she might almost have been an older sister—appealed to the young man as an ideal of womanhood. Her soft, well-modulated voice seemed to him to express the perfect harmony of the perfect home, and underneath its even tones he caught glimpses of a reserve of power and judgment not easily unbalanced. And as Dave's eyes would follow her the tragedy of his own orphaned life bore down upon him and he rebelled that he had been denied the start which such a mother could have given him.

"I am twenty years behind myself," he would reflect, with a grim smile. "Never mind. I will do three men's work for the next ten, and then we will be even."

And there was Edith—Edith who had burst so unexpectedly upon his life that first evening in her father's home. He had not allowed himself any foolishness about Edith. It was

called early and found Edith in bed.

"Mother is 'indisposed,' as in the society page," she said. "In other words, she doesn't feel bothered. So I thought I'd ride today."

"But there are only two said Dave.

"Well?" queried the girl, as with a note in her voice that strange to him. "There are of us."

"But Mr. Forsyth?"

"He is not here. He may be. Will you saddle the horse we get away?"

It was evident to Dave that reason Edith wished to evade this afternoon. A lover's doubt. That she had a previous him and was revealing it in utmost frankness never occurred to his sturdy, honest mind. The delights of his companion's Edith had been that it was a companionship. None of the occasions by any sex could have narrowed the sphere of friendship he felt for her. In no sense masculine. She had a certain tender delicacy of womanhood inspired. Her went with her as he might, in with a man chum of his own when she preferred to ride with Forsyth it did not occur to her she preferred to ride with him.

They were soon in the open. Edith leaped, swung from to a bridle trail that followed the winding of the river. As her figure drifted on ahead it seemed ever reminiscent of Reenie Hardy. What rides they had those foothill trails! What into the great canyons! What how long ago it all seemed! riding ahead, suggestive in eyes and pose of Reenie Hardy. Her eyes were burning with long-answered absent-mindedly. As she leaped from her horse she herself, facing the river, on log. Without looking back, dictated with her hand the side her, and Dave followed down.

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"You don't quite do yourself. What's wrong?"

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Dave was not long in discovering that his engagement as coachman was a device, born of Mr. Duncan's kindness, to enable him to accept instruction without feeling under obligation for it. When he made this discovery he smiled quietly to himself and pretended not to have made it. To have acted otherwise would have seemed ungrateful to Mr. Duncan. And presently the drives began to have a strange attraction of themselves.

When they drove in the two-seated buggy on Sunday afternoons the party usually comprised Mrs. Duncan and Edith, young Forsyth and Dave. Mr. Duncan was interested in certain Sunday-afternoon meetings. It was Mrs. Duncan's custom to sit in the rear seat for its better riding qualities, and it had a knack of falling about that Edith would ride in the front seat with the driver. She caused Forsyth to ride with her mother, ostensibly as a courtesy to that young gentleman—a courtesy which, it may be conjectured, was not fully appreciated. At first he accepted it with the good nature of one who feels his position secure, but gradually that good nature gave way to a certain testiness of spirit which he could not entirely conceal. . . .

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# Building Material and PAINTS

We now have a most complete stock of building material, such as lumber, paints, varnishes and wall paper—in fact everything needed in building and beautifying your home.

Come around, inspect our stock, get our prices and you will readily see that we make it to your interest to buy your building material from us.

Sherwin-Williams Paints Are Best

W. W. PRYOR

Cream and eggs wanted; cream 70c a lb. this week.

Neel Produce Co.

Coffee! Coffee! Coffee! we will save you money on coffee.

The Racket Store.

A Good broom for 65c.

The Racket Store.

Hub Harrell of Brownwood was here Monday and Tuesday taking up cotton.

2ndhand Furnit're fr Sale

1 Hoosier Kitchen cabinet.

1 dining table.

Joe Shackelford.

New story starts this week.

Hub Harrell, who has been for some time at San Saba buying cotton for the Japan Cotton Trading Co., was here the first of the week taking up cotton. He has quit the Japan people, and is representing other firms now.

## J. E. Miller Dead.

Mr. J. E. Miller died at his home in Cross Plains Nov. 5, 1919, after an illness of twenty-two days, during which time he suffered very much, being unconscious most of the time. The deceased was about sixty-two years old. He was born and reared in East Tennessee, where he was married to Miss Cordie Brooks twenty-nine years ago, and to this union were born four children, two of whom are dead. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. M. C. Miller, one son, G. L. Miller, and his mother, Mrs. L. C. Miller of Tennessee, three brothers, S. A. Miller of Scranton, Texas, Lon Miller of Virginia, and A. W. Miller of Tenn. four sisters, Messrs. C. E. Cox, D. C. Garrett, and M. T. Carmichael of Tennessee, and I. R. Barbee, of Kansas, and one grandchild. He was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church in Tennessee thirty-six years ago, and after coming to Texas, he united with the Hodnett Grove Baptist church eight years ago, where he held membership until his death.

Those who knew him best believe that he was a Christian and has gone to rest. He was a devoted loving husband and father. He was a hard working man and strictly honest. These characteristics mean more to one than much earthly treasure.

R. D. Carter

Miss Ruth Copelin of Cisco is visiting her cousin M. E. Wakefield

## Sabanno Notes

T. N. Minnix Jr. is slowly improving since his operation. Bro. Green has gone to Marlin to take treatment. The community in general hopes a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Black who has been sick two weeks with Lagrippe is some better at this writing. Emery Lusk and family returned home Monday night after three weeks cotton picking trip to Sidney, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Erwin went to Cross Plains Tuesday trading. T. N. Minnix has sold his 300 acre farm to I. M. Walker. We regret to lose Mr. Minnix' family out of our community.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hart and little daughter Wanette spent last Sunday night Mrs. Harts parent near Cottonwood.

Mrs. Brad Harris' mother and little daughter are visiting them for a while.

Mrs. Maggie Ellis of Fort Worth returned home last Monday after spending a couple of weeks here at the bedside of her mother Mrs. Black. Mrs. Aline Ellis also of Ft. Worth is now with her mother.

Farmers are sure busy trying between showers to care for their peanuts and cotton and feedstuff.

Little Esta May Lilley was taken quite sick one day last week but is better now.

Mrs. Towler has moved in to the Mrs. Charley Wood property at Sabanno.

Sargent McCann says he's never going out on the road again in the wagon as the Ford can take him so much faster.

Uncle Doc Bell was in Cross Plains last Tuesday.—X

## To Be Sure to Get

a suit by Christmas, you must place your order at once. Tailoring houses are behind on labor and goods and are sables are getting scarcer.

Tartt The Tailor.

## Kill the Blue Bugs.

Andal Blood Sucking Insects by feeding Marti's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer to your chickens. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied. Ask your dealer. 5-16-6mo.

## STOVES.

There is a famine in America right now on all kinds of stoves. The time for "just looking around" has passed. If you want a stove you had buy it right now.

C. S. Boyles.

Star Brand Shoes are leather. The Racket Store.

## ABSTRACTS—COUNTY MAPS

Jackson Abstract Co. Baird, Texas.

BREEDEN'S RHEUMATIC COMPOUND FOR RHEUMATISM SOLD EVERYWHERE

FOR SALE BY The City Drug Store

## FOR YOUR

# Convenience and Comfort

We are running a very up-to-date modernly equipped barber shop. We are in a position to supply you with articles for which you pay high prices in larger cities at the

## Same Old Price You Have Always Paid In Cross Plains

For your benefit we wish to inform you that the new management has reduced the high prices of this shop to the old original prices and furnish you in connection with every item that can be supplied in larger cities.

We are making every effort to get in connection with a new Delco plant in order to install a complete line of electrical equipment.

We have bought

## Electric Hair Cutters Electric Vibrators Electric Hair Dryers

Electric Hair Dryers are time savers for customers and do splendid work.

Electric Massages are time savers which every one appreciates and it costs you no extra money.

Electric Hair Dryers contains both hot and cold current with which to dry your hair quickly and thoroughly after every shampoo and tonic, thereby preventing flu and bad cold.

## All for the same old price you used to pay

Electric Hair Dryers are especially of great service for Ladies shampooing.

In connection we wish to state that every effort possible shall be made to run this place of business on clean principles. There shall be no swearing or gambling therefore do not hesitate to walk in at any time with your little daughter for a Buster Brown.

We are very anxious to serve you and with your cooperation The City Barber Shop will be a barber shop so different.

H. M. SMEDLEY, Mgr. ALVIN E. HOHMAN, Prop.

Cream and eggs wanted; cream 70c. See.

The Neel Produce Co.

For any kind of INSURANCE See L. P. HENSLEE.

Ask the farmer who owns a De Val. Shackelford Limbr. & Paint Store.

The Review for less in a club.

## ROOFING.

We have a fairly good stock of painted galvanized roofing now. Indications are that in thirty days we will not be able to get roofing at any price. If you need roofing buy it right now.

C. S. Boyles.

Star Brand Shoes are better. THE RACKET STORE

THRIFT IS POWER BUY W.S.S. SAVE AND SUCCEED

Review and Dallas News \$2.25

Men's, Boy's, Misses' and Ladies' underwear for less money. The Racket Store

Same Men; Same Price. W. J. Cross Barber Shop.

When you think of Groceries, phone 120. adv

A full line of Star Brand Shoes at THE RACKET STORE.

Hats, Caps and Knitted headwear for less money. The Racket Store

W. E. Butler handles Cake flour. A carload every month proves its goodness. adv

Cream and eggs wanted; cream this week per lb. 70c. Neel Produce Co.

DR. MARY L. GRAVES DENTIST Office In Residence. CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

DR. HOWARD Office Over Farmers' National Bank

# The Cow Puncher

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

## "MY NAME IS CONWARD."

Copyright—David Elden, son of a shrewd, shiftless ranchman, almost a maverick of the foothills, in his running cayuse when the first automobile he has ever seen, a doctor Hardy but not injuring the beautiful daughter Irene. Dave rescues the injured man and takes a doctor from 40 miles away. Irene takes charge of the housekeeping. Dave and Irene take their father's enforced stay they get well acquainted. They part with a line and an implied promise.

## CHAPTER III.

Dave's opportunity came sooner than he had expected. After the departure of the Harlys things at the ranch were, as both father and son had predicted, very different. They found themselves on a sort of social behavior—a behavior which, unappreciated in each other, grave and serious as to purpose. The tension increased, and both looked forward to the moment when something must give way.

For several weeks the old man remained entirely sober, but the call of the appetite in him grew more and more insistent as the days went by, and at last came the morning when Dave awoke to find him gone. He needed no second guess; the craving had become irresistible and his father had ridden to town for the means to satisfy it. The passing days did not bring his return, but this occasioned an anxiety to Dave. In the course of a week his father frequently remained away for weeks at a stretch.

He roamed around the ranch building out moodily by the little stream, making pebbles in the water, or rode over the old trails on which she had so often been his companion. Then the old man's horse came home. Dave saw it coming up the hill, not running wildly but with nervous gallop and many sidelong glances of the head. As the boy watched he found a strange emptiness possess him; his body seemed a furnace on which his head hung over. He spoke to the horse, which he led up, sorting, before him; noted the broken stirrup. Then, slowly and methodically, and still with that strange sensation of emptiness, he saddled his own horse and set out on the search.

After the last rites had been paid to the old rancher, Dave set about at once to wind up his affairs, and it was not until then that he discovered how deeply his father had been injured. The selling of the cattle and the various effects realized only enough to discharge the liabilities, and the rest had been done Dave found himself with a considerable area of unmarketable land, a considerable amount of paid bills and his horse, saddle and revolver. He rode his horse to town, carrying a few articles of wear with him. It was only after a stiff fight that he could bring himself to part with his one companion. The last miles into town were ridden very slowly, with the boy frequently leaning forward and stroking the horse's neck and ears.

He sold horse and saddle for sixty dollars and took a room at a cheap hotel until he should find work and get cheaper lodgings.

In the evening he walked through the streets of the little cow town. It was a scene which he had seen many times before, but this time it became a new world. He was very lonely. He realized that he had but one friend in the world; but one, and that he knew not so much as her father. He began to wonder whether the girl would not discard him when he was of no further use. But he had discarded his faithful horse. Tears of loneliness and regret gathered in his eyes, and a mist came over the twilight blurred the street lamps, now glimmering from their sockets very shabbily indeed. He wanted his father back again. He wanted his father more than anything else in the world. For the moment he forgot the girl and all his home-coming centered about the best friend he had been so long his companion and his friend.

"I'll buy him back in the mornin'!" he said, in a sudden burst of emotion. "We got to stick together. I didn't play fair with him. I didn't buy him back. Perhaps I can buy him back, too, pullin' a light weight or somethin'."

The resolution to "play fair" with the horse gradually restored his cheerfulness and he walked slowly back to his hotel. The next morning he presented a much more animated picture than he had presented earlier in the day. It was that with ranchers, cowboys and cattlemen of all degrees—buyers, traders, packmen, wage earners, with a "dozen" or two of the "old-time" type, who were getting in some of the

"Sixty dollars on this one," he cried, and there was the triumphant note in his voice of the man who knows he has beaten the other at his own game. "You ain't playin'," said the dealer. "You ain't in on this."

"That don't go," said Dave very quietly. "You're playin' a public game here, an' I chose to play with you once. Sixty dollars on this card." He was fumbling his money on the table.

"You ain't playin'," repeated the dealer. "You're a hot-in. You ain't in this game at all." "Sure he's in," said the crowd. "That ain't right," whined the dealer, "but you got it on me. Turn 'er up."

cattle business. Soon he was in a group watching a nautically dressed individual doing a sort of sleight of hand trick with three cards on a table.

"Smooth guy, that," said someone at his side. The remark was evidently intended for Dave, and he turned toward the speaker. He was a man somewhat smaller than Dave, two or three years older, well dressed in town clothes, with a rather puffy face and a gold-filled tooth from which a corner had been broken as though to accommodate the cigarette which hung there.

"Yes," said Dave. Then, as it was apparent the stranger was inclined to be friendly, he continued, "What's the idea?"

The stranger nudged him gently. "Come out of the bunch," he said in a low voice. When they had moved a little apart he went on, in a confidential tone: "He has a little trick with three cards that brings him in the easy coin. He's smooth as grease, but the thing's simple. Oh, it's awful simple! Now you watch him for a minute," and they watched through an opening in the crowd about the table. The player held three cards—two red ones and a black. He passed them about rapidly over the table, occasionally turning his hand sideways so that the onlookers could see the position of the cards. Then he suddenly threw them face down on the table, each card by itself.

"The trick is to locate the black card," Dave's companion explained. "It's easy enough if you keep your eye on the card, but the trouble with these rubes is they name the card and then start to get out their money, and while they're fumbling for it he makes a change so quick they never see it. There's just one way to beat him. Get up close, but don't say you're dead sure of a card crack your fist down on it. Glue yourself right to it and get out your money with the other hand. When he sees you do that he'll try to bluff you, say you ain't in on it; but you just tell him that don't go, this is an open game, and he's got to come through, and the crowd'll back you up. I stuck him once—a whole hundred first crack—and then he barred me. Watch him."

Dave watched. Saw the black card go down at one corner of the board; saw a bystander fumbling for a five-dollar bill; saw the bill laid on the card; saw it turned up—and it was red.

"That is smooth," he said. "I'd 'a' sworn that was the black card."

"So it was—when you saw it," his companion explained. "But you were just like the sucker that played him."

"You Ain't Playin'!" Said the Dealer. "You Ain't in on This."

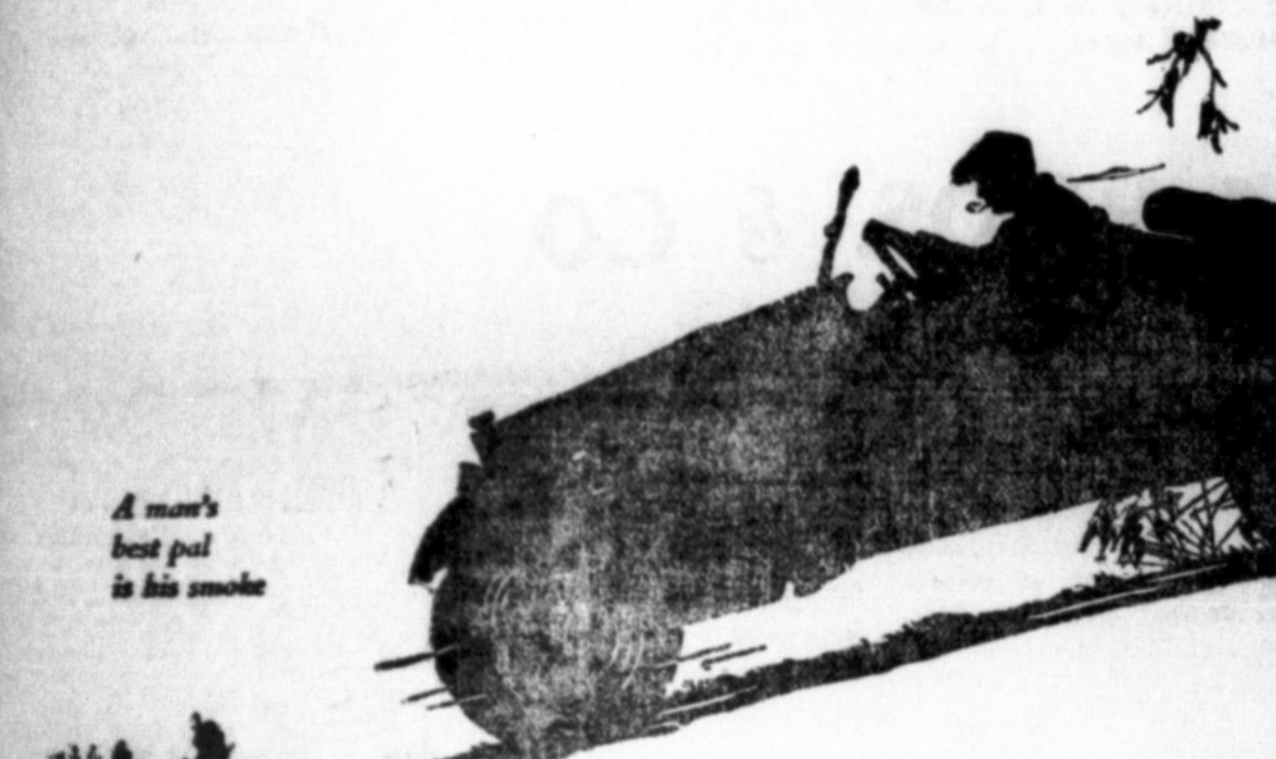
You couldn't help glancing at the Jay getting out his money, and it was that instant the trick was done. He's too quick for the eye, but that's how he does it."

Dave became interested. He saw two or three others lose five and tens. It was plain his companion's tip was straight. There was just one way to beat this game, but it was simple enough when you knew how. He sidled close to the table, making great pretense of indifference, but watching the cards closely with his keen black eyes. The dealer showed his hand, made a few quick passes, and the black card flew out to the right. This was Dave's chance. He pounced on it with his left hand, while his other plucked into his pocket.

"Sixty dollars on this one," he cried, and there was the triumphant note in his voice of the man who knows he has beaten the other at his own game. "You ain't playin'," said the dealer. "You ain't in on this."

"That don't go," said Dave very quietly. "You're playin' a public game here, an' I chose to play with you once. Sixty dollars on this card." He was fumbling his money on the table.

"You ain't playin'," repeated the dealer. "You're a hot-in. You ain't in this game at all." "Sure he's in," said the crowd. "That ain't right," whined the dealer, "but you got it on me. Turn 'er up."



## "Let's give 'em our smoke"

—Ches. Field

A real smoke—Chesterfield. The choicest of expensive aromatic Turkish tobaccos, the finest of sun-ripened Domestic leaf, blended by an original and exclusive method that can't be imitated.

In the blending of these costly tobaccos, our experts have brought out a new flavor and a mellow richness surpassing that of any cigarette you ever smoked.

Chesterfields sure do satisfy; not in flavor alone, but in value, in quality, even in their superior moisture-proof wrapping that keeps them firm and fresh always.

You want "satisfy"—that's sure. You get it only in Chesterfields.

Ligarettes and Tobacco Co.

# Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

They Satisfy

—and the blend can't be copied

20 for 20 cents





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DRESSES, COAT SUITS



**A SPECIAL SALE of FINE DRESSES Saturday & Monday**

**SEVENTY-FIVE DRESSES**  
Brand New Dresses, no two alike. The very best styles of the season in all of the wanted materials and colors. Serges, silks, of all kinds. Don't miss this opportunity to save

**FIVE DOLLARS--\$5.00**  
on a Coat Suit or a Dress. Saturday and Monday only.

**\$5.00**  
OFF ON  
COAT SUITS & DRESSES



**SHOES**  
Fall footwear for the whole family. The best style leathers and lasts, and serviceable School Shoes for Boys and Girls; Work Shoes and Boots for men.

**RIBBONS**  
The prettiest of ribbons. We have never had so delightfully varied an assortment for every wear and service. Among them is every one of the Season's Novelties.

**BUTTONS**  
A big shipment of the latest Novelties in Trimming Buttons. Every shape and color to match any material.

**HANDKERCHIEFS**  
Crepe de Chines, Silks, and the finest of Linens, daintily embroidered. Make your selections early for Xmas, while the choosing is good.

**MR. FARMER:**—We BUY what you SELL. Your interest is our interest. We watch the markets so we can pay you the highest prices that are paid for your Cotton, Peanuts, Wheat and Oats, and in fact, Everything you Sell. Be fair and give us a part of your good business.

**B. L. BOYDSTUN**  
"WHERE IT PAYS TO BUY"

**Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware, Ivory sets, Traveling sets.** In fact, you can get anything here that is carried in any first-class jewelry store.  
They are here for you to look at—that's your privilege; they are here for you to buy, that's your option. You are welcome if you only look.

**L. M. BOND**  
Jeweler & Optician.  
at Wilson Furniture Store

**H. C. L. & Furniture**  
In these days of cheap money and high prices, we will suggest that a good way to reduce the H. C. L. is to buy something useful and cut out those things that are not valuable. Buy something solid, something permanent, such as a good piece of furniture. We have nearly anything in this line, and are selling at live-and-let-live prices (reasonable prices).  
These good times will not last always, but good furniture will very nearly do it.  
Buy Furniture—SEE OUR STOCK.  
**Cross Plains Furniture Store**  
W. T. WILSON, Prop.

**PAY UP**  
If you owe us either by note or account, pay up, this is intended for any and all who owe us. If you owe us pay up.  
C. S. Boyles.

**Posted Notice.**  
No trespassing of any kind, no peccan gathering, apple getting, or any other trespassing allowed on my farm. All violations will be prosecuted.—J. M. Harlow.

**For Groceries**  
See Higginbotham Bros. & Co. before you buy. We have a complete stock and buy in large quantities, and can save you money on all your groceries. We list a few prices below; haven't space to give more. We will be glad to see you in our store whether you buy or not. Call to see us.

Large Cottolene	\$2.90
Magnola	\$2.35
3 boxes Armour's Corn Flakes	25c
10 lbs. pure honey	\$2.50
Good corn per can	15c
3 lbs. Arm & Hammer Soda	25c
Sun Brite cleanser	5c
Good hominy	15c
Large tomatoes	17 1/2c
Large White Swan Pork & Beans	" "

In fact, we are the cheapest house in West Texas. Try our new flour; we guarantee every sack to be as good you can buy, or we will refund your money. Watch our show window for we are going to have a full line of Xmas, candies and all kinds of fruits. If it's new, you will find it here first.

**Higginbotham Bros. & Co.**  
of Texas  
CAPITAL \$1,500,000

Buy W. S. S. and save your money

**Working Clothes for Men and Women**



There's real two-fold economy in wearing our overalls, jumpers, work shirts, aprons, etc. First, they save you better clothes. Second, they are big values in themselves.

We carry the product of the most reliable manufacturers, particularly the popular advertised brands. We have them in the standard colors and various grades and weights, according to your needs.

Come in and see our stock.  
**Cross Plains Merc. Co.**  
THE CASH STORE

Miss Bertie Duncan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Duncan of Ranger, is visiting her folks here. She states that she likes Ranger very well, but Cross Plains better. Mr. Duncan has been doing quite well in the teaming business.

The Model store will have a sale commencing Friday, Nov. 24, and extending to Monday, 24. Buy cheap during sale.

Coal Heater & wood cook stove for sale.—Joe Shackelford.

Mrs. Flora Grissell and children of Sabanno were in town Tuesday.

For Sale, a good all-round farm horse, gentle, about 12 years old, weight about 950. See Harry Varner, Cottonwood.

H. J. Rollins of Snyder, who formerly lived southwest of town, has been here a few days the guest of his son Clark.

Earl Thompson of Byrd's, who is working at Ranger, came in this week.

A car of fresh Cake flour just received. Butler's Grocery

**Trespass Notice.**  
No hunting, peccan gathering or trespassing allowed on my premises. All trespassers will be prosecuted. V. L. Fulton, Cottonwood

A Ford manufactured and 1919, with first casings still in shape, in first-class condition respects, with \$50.00 extra sale at first price. L. P. Hensley

**The "Flu" May Rage Again**  
I am representing the Occidental Life Insurance Company of Albuquerque, N. M., a strong company that has been doing business for 14 years, and has a reserve of fifteen million. There are no better companies. Our company issues the "Perfect Protection" policy that protects you against sickness or accident irrespective of cause, or occupation.  
If you can be interested in life insurance I would like to show you what I have.

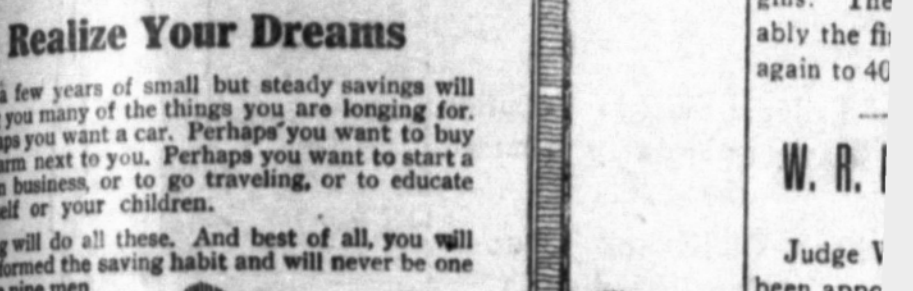
**JIM SETTLE, General Agt.**  
Office with The Review, Cross Plains, Texas.

**THE CROSS**

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

**To Save Is to Have**  
Suppose you save 25 cents a day. That does not mean much to the average man. You won't miss it.  
Yet that 25 cents a day in ten years grows to nearly a thousand dollars. And the interest, which we pay you for saving your money, brings the total to just over eleven hundred dollars.  
Think of what you can do with this.

**Realize Your Dreams**  
Just a few years of small but steady savings will bring you many of the things you are longing for. Perhaps you want a car. Perhaps you want to buy the farm next to you. Perhaps you want to start a business, or to go traveling, or to educate yourself or your children.  
Savings will do all these. And best of all, you will have formed the saving habit and will never be one of the nine men out of every ten who pass their last years penniless—in the poorhouse or dependent on others.



**Bank with Us**  
**Farmers National Bank**  
Of Cross Plains, Texas

**From Albert Jones.**  
Gouldsbusk, Texas, Nov. 9, 1919.  
Dear Sirs:  
After so long a time I will drop you a line or two, as I get lonesome some times, and decided I'd like to look over one of those little old C. P. Reviews Send it to me and write me what it is worth a year, and I will send it a check.  
We have some very good crops here but it seems we will never get them gathered on account of so much rain and bad weather. Quite a bit of Sudan grass has been threshed, making an average of 1000 pounds per acre, and selling at 7/8 cents a pound, which make \$75.00 per acre. Besides it makes about two tons of hay. Cotton is making near one-half bale. Maize just as good as can be.  
Send me a paper as soon as possible.  
Albert A. Jones.

**School Notice.**  
The public free school term of Cross Plains will open next Monday, Nov. 24th. I would like to urge every parent who can possibly spare his children from the cotton fields to start them to school next Monday, if they have not already begun. You cannot reasonably expect your child to pass in his or her grade in less than a six months' term.  
Trusting that you will cooperate with us in this matter by starting your children at once, I beg to remain,  
Yours truly,  
C. A. Freeman, Supt.

**Buy Business.**  
Wilbur Stacy has bought an interest in the Jones garage and will give his time to the business. He has been working in the garage for some time.

**Rev. Tyler Here Again.**  
The M. E. Conference at Lubbock last week returned Rev. C. C. Tyler to the Cross Plains charge. We are glad to have him with us again.

**Turns From Overseas.**  
Frankie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank south of town, returned last Friday from overseas to Europe. He has seen serapion in France and with the Army occupation in Germany, where he was stationed in Coblenz. He has been in England, Norway and Sweden, and has returned home with the belief that Texas is the best of all Europe. He was gone about six months.

**W. S. dler, w Arrow Knight a first- paring a perm**

**T. C some printec view.**

**Mist here, urday newed paper**

**W. H Maggie Mrs. H. married on Sund low per young c popular of all fe ried life very fi the we**

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