

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 1.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEB. 3, 1911.

NO. 49

THE MEN OF SUCCESS

They Have Experience And Do Things

We have located with us in Cross Plains, the BENNETT LAND COMPANY composed of I. M. Bennett and son Paul Bennett. These men have had years of experience in the Real Estate Business and both come to us to help us to develop our magnificent country. They come with the highest recommendations as honorable and trustworthy men and men who have accomplished things elsewhere in this line. It is their purpose to begin as early as possible bringing on the buyers and they are now arranging their list to that end. These men wish to announce that they have come to stay, and do what they can towards developing Cross Plains and the territory round about. They most earnestly desire the hearty cooperation of the entire citizenship here in this important undertaking, which will require the expending of a great amount of energy, and means as well on the part of us all. A city cannot be built in a day, neither can the great resources of the Cross Plains Country be developed in a day, but it will take years and years of hard toil and earnest

cooperation of every one of us. If you need their assistance in any thing in their line call on them.

The small child of Mr. and Mrs. Will Nunn has been quite sick this week.

John Crownover has a case of scarlet fever at his house. He lives near Pioneer.

J. E. Spencer, Vice President of the Bank of Cross Plains, returned home to Carbon last Wednesday morning. He said he would soon be in Cross Plains again.

I will fill my regular appointment at the M. E. Church, Sat. night. Sun. 11:00 also Sunday night.

T. H. Davis, P. C.

J. H. Richardson, a painter from Cottonwood, came in Monday, and is boarding at the parsonage.

T. H. Davis speaks very complimentary of the Review, and specially requests his members and friends to subscribe at once for the Review.

T. H. Davis informs us that they contemplate moving the M. E. Church on the new town site in the near future.

Capt. Jones, of the Bayou country, visited the family of J. M. Coffman.

JOHN BRYAN OF ABILENE TALLEST STATE SENATOR

Pioneer Westerner Grows Reminiscent When Approached by an Austin Newspaper Correspondent.

Tattler, a Fort Worth Record Austin correspondent is responsible for the following.

The tallest man in the senate, as well as the narrowest and of the smallest circumference, diameter, etc., is W. John Bryan, senator from the Twentyeighth district, of which the One Hundred and third representative district is a fairly good part. Bryan is no novice in the game of making laws. He has been making laws a long time, and the call of the big job up yonder has been falling on his ears for many a day. He went to Abilene before the first white child born in Taylor county had cut its first teeth. He has been there ever since. He owns some of the land that he bought and his father bought for as low as 50 cents an acre, and it is worth over a hundred times that sum now. One of his doctrines is to hold fast to all things that are good and he long ago reached the conclusion that there's nothing under the high heavens as good as West Texas land.

How well do those who were pio-

neers in Taylor county remember the time when the first b'iled shirt was seen there? John Bryan wore it, and it created a far greater sensation than a shooting scrape in the old White Elephant saloon that did a land office business in Abilene, could bring about.

The occasion was the dedication of the new \$65,000 courthouse that was the pride of the lawbreakers and the lawkeepers as well. A monster dance was given. Fiddlers had been imported from Valley Creek and Fort Worth. The spacious auditorium was aglow with lights from forty kerosene lamps. Every man present had changed his shirt, shaved his face and blacked his boots in honor of the dedication. Just as the callers were announcing "Get your ladies for the quadrille!" in came John Bryan in a white shirt that stood out in the gathering mass like a maverick did to those who had a hankering to get rich off other men's leavings. A sudden stillness seized the multitude. A hush of expectancy filled the room. The throng was eager for the next move.

"Well, who would think this was the wild and woolly West?" was the comment a fair young thing made, and then the whole works wondered that John Bryan in a "b'iled" shirt didn't move about like he had hobbles on his feet.

And, by the way, Jewel P. Lightfoot, now attorney general of the state of Texas, was the man who brought the first high collar to Abilene. He lives to tell about it. He still has high collars, but the chances are the one he ushered in a new era

at Abilene which has gone the way of all high collars ere this, and the way that all high collars ought to go before they ever get to choke a man.

Ross County Dead.

Last Monday was the day set for the Ross county hearing at Austin. J. M. Hembree, J. H. Wagner and E. F. Bond composed the committee that was sent from Cross Plains.

The request for a new count was overwhelmingly defeated very early and after a short stay in the Hub of the state the committee returned home.

This is about the 20th time Rising Star has had the skids put to her on this proposition but the citizens of that town seem to think this is the last one.

W. L. Jones is building a new house on his property in the east part of town.

Cross Plains is taking on New life in church matters. Our Sunday School and religious services are well attended. Every body come this way.

T. H. Davis.

W. S. Butler of Anson, came in Thursday night. Mr. Butler is a stone and brick contractor, and is here in the interest of a man who wants to build a brick building.

S. L. Monsey's new blacksmith shop is about completed.

ANOTHER LAND CO. LOCATED HERE

The Richbourg Land Company will open an office in Cross Plains, beginning Monday morning. They have secured offices with the Hutton Lumber Company. They will do an exclusive real estate business at present, and will devote their entire time to it.

O. Cooper and W. H. Reed will manage the business at this place, and ask the people to list their property with them. They will assure you quick sales.

Mr. Cooper is well known in Cross Plains, and needs no introduction.

Mr. Reed formerly lived at Pioneer, and knows most everyone in the whole country.

These men are hustlers, and if you want to sell your property, it will be well for you to see them.

Little George Robertson has been quite sick the past few days.

T. W. Tartt, of Cottonwood started on his residence in the Swan addition Friday morning. He will build a nice four room house.

Geo. Swan will have plenty of onions this year. He has planted a barrel of them.

Last Tuesday evening Uncle Tom Norrell, accompanied by Miss Freida Wagner and Miss Tootsie Shields, enjoyed a nice ride over the new townsite. They all report a very enjoyable time.

H. W. KUTEMAN, President

J. E. SPENCER Vice President

The Bank of Cross Plains

(UNINCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$500,000.00

This Bank opened its doors for business on the New Townsite Jan. 24th., receiving a surprisingly handsome amount of business the first day, which is an index to the liberal patronage the institution is sure to receive from the good citizenship of this vast and rich Territory.

We expect to do a general banking business on straight legitimate lines and earnestly solicit the patronage and co-operation of every man, woman and child in this town and surrounding country. This will be a Home Bank, controlled by home people, therefore can reasonably depend upon the patronage of the entire territory.

One Dollar Starts an account with us, and assures you that the small depositors will receive the same consideration as the larger ones. We thank you for the liberal start you have already made with us and earnestly solicit an account from others. Start an account to-day.

Respectfully,
DODD PRICE, Cashier.



LETS GET BETTER ACQUAINTED

We'd like to meet, personally, every prospective Lumber Buyer in this community. Also every man or woman who has any surplus Eggs, Butser, Chix, Turkeys, Hides, Cotton seed, Etc. to sell. We want to buy everything you have to sell, and sell you your lumber and Building Materials, Paints, Oils, Etc. Remember, we pay you cash for everything we buy from you. When in town, come to see us.

When you have Produce to sell and want to buy Lumber, see SHACKELFORD.

"Trade With The Man That Trades With You."

F. P. SHACKELFORD

J. M. COFFMAN, MANAGER.

CROSS PLAINS,

TEXAS.

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

BELMONT L. SHIELDS, EDITOR.

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.

Wonder who's boarding the Rising Star delegation that is to stay in Austin until they "bring back Ross County."

THE WORLD MAY BE DUE YOU A LIVING, BUT

But what? You have a bad debt mess you go out and collect it. Perhaps you figure that you have a harder time than some other fellow and that if you had some one to advise you and get you started you would become a great success, the fact remains if you have the real elements of success in your ability to succeed will be recognized. Success is a thing that lies within the person who succeeds and though many are the obstacles, over them all real ability will climb and if you possess real ability then all that is needed is well directed energy. The Chicago Examiner in a wonderful editorial on this subject in its issue of Sunday Jan. 22nd, in one short paragraph of the editorial put the thought so clear that we give our readers the benefit of the paragraph which is only a few lines from the great editorial: "The world may owe you and every other man a living, but the world has a habit of never paying any debts that it can get out of." To ask or to accept help from others is a confession that you have ceased to rely on yourself. To continue to accept help from others is to make of yourself a worthless dependent."

Fate of the Tough Boy

A boy stands on the street corner smoking cigarettes, using slang, becoming an adept in the finesse of polite swearing, making remarks about all the women that go by, and telling exactly where old Tom Smith mixes it in the management of his business affairs. He dotes on appellations of "June sweetener," "h," and "peachereno" applied to him through the community.

His conduct is connived at by the witless girls of the town on the road to God knows where; he is dubbed the "proper stuff" by his associates, while the youngest prodigals look upon his reputation as a consumation devoutedly to be wished. After a little there is an opening in the firm of Stoddard & Stoddard for a promising boy, offering a good salary to start on. But our young "peachereno" does not get it. No, sir he doesn't get it, and he can't understand why, he of all the young men about, should not have been approached with that proposition at least three days before anybody else was thought of.

Miserable, incorrigible fool. Poor wrecked, wayhead, incapable, with distorted conceptions of life! What hath a business to do with thee? Or why should a respectable institution of whatever nature covet thy presence?

Boys, business men of your town know you better than your parents do. Their eyes are on you when you are least aware.

You may slip away from your old mother who sits busy with her knitting; you may dope and deceive your best friend; you may elude the watchful eye of your teacher; you may trifle with the confidence of your Sunday school superintendent, but you can't fool the business men of your town when they have a position to be filled.

THE NEGRO PARSON AND THE RAM LAMB

By H. K. Edens, Russellville, Ala.

About the funniest story I ever heard was told on a negro preacher by the name of Johnson. Parson Johnson had been caught—red handed—hugging one of the finest "ewe" lambs of the flock, and as this lamb was quite a popular young lady it created a great stir among the good sisters of the church—for it was quite a scandal in Zion. So "Brudder Johnson" was brought before the church for trial.

As the trial progressed and the deacons and the good sisters were making it rather warm for "Brudder Johnson," that Rev. Gentleman arose to defend himself. Turning to one of the deacons, he said:

"Brudder deacon, did you eber see any ecclesiastical works ob art?" "Yes sar," said brudder deacon. "Well," continued Brudder Johnson, "if you hab seen dem great pictures you knows ob de great

Shepherd ob de Sheep am always pictured wid one ob de lambs ob de flock in His arms."

"Yes, parson, dat am so," admitted brudder deacon.

"Den brudder deacon, what is wrong in de shepherd ob dis here flock taking one ob de lambs ob de flock in his arms?"

This was too much for Mr. deacon—he could not answer—but he saw something had to be done, so he proposed that they have a call meeting in the afternoon in order to more fully discuss the matter and reach a conclusion, if possible. So the meeting was called—and after discussing the matter from every point of view the church drew up the following resolution:

"RESOLVED, dat for de future peace ob dis here church, dat de next time Brudder Johnson takes a lamb ob de flock in his arms dat he take a Ram lamb.

Joke on the City Fellow.

"Did you ever notice," asked the necktie clerk, how the average city fellow lords it over the country boy? Thinks he's wiser and better, you know. It's natural, I thought that way until I mixed with a few simon puro country boys, and then I tumbled. You see my old man bought a farm down in Kansas, and I went down there to run affairs. I was pie for the rubes, Course I couldn't milk a cow, and that tickled them to death.

But I learned to milk on the quiet, you know, and figured on turning the laugh I got so I could play a regular tune in the pail; and I thought I was on to everything. I was a fool too. Well, one Sunday the boys held an out door entertainment in a pasture.

Everything was allowed but biting and scratching. Of course I got the brunt of the rustic wit and it wasn't half bad, either. But when it passed around that I couldn't milk a cow I just smiled. "Any one wan't to bet," I asked, thinking some easy money. They figured for a few minutes then scratched up \$10 and I covered. "Trot'er our," I says, feeling kind of guilty. They didnt know about my private lessons "Well," continued the necktie clerk, arranging his stock on the table, "they trotted her, out—the cow, you know—and I settled beside her on a one legged stool and went after the juice. But nothing came and everybody guffawed. I couldn't coax any milk out of that critter for love nor money. She stood my abuse for ten minutes and never said a word. She was a model of patience. "I quit, It's all yours, gentlemen," I says. On the way home, I confided my troubles to an old farmer, who had witnessed the struggle. "No more farming for me," I said. "Trouble is with your city chaps they never learn." replied the old farmer. "Those boys sicked you on a dead issue." Explain neighbor" I said. "why, nobody couldn't milk that cow. She's been dry for six months"—Kansas City Star.

Don't go away from home for your plans. Geo. M. Holt is here to make them for you. Office at W. C. Perry's Residence.

Col. Edward Lafayette Russell, Vice Pres. and General Manager of the Mobile & Ohio R. R. died in Washington last Saturday at 7.10 P. M. Col Russell was a Bro of Judge B. L. Russell of Baird; he was 65 years old, lived at Mobile, Ala. Funeral Tuesday, at Mobile. Miss Aleone Russell arrived on a special train just a few hours before death came. Col. Russell was also a brother of S. F. Russell.

FOR SALE.—A thorou bred Maltese Kentucky jack. Will either sell or trade for good work mules, would take good horses and rest in cash. See or phone J. A. Joy 2 miles east of Cottonwood.

0 a 0 and figure is a figure its small pay it now. J. A. Wagner & Son.

OLD FREIGHT WAGON

The Days of the

Have Passed

And with them has gone the extra charges of Freighting thru the country over long, sandy roads. We are now receiving Bright, New Dry Goods and Nice, Fresh Groceries daily by Freight and Express.



We make a specialty of Rush Grocery orders, and see that they are filled at once. If you need anything just phone us. We'll do the rest.



If you need feed figure with us. Just received a carload, and will sell very low.

Cross Plains Mercantile COMPANY

Here is Our Prescription for You and Yours

One million smiles
Today; no grouch tomorrow.
One billion joys and
Not a single sorrow.

A bushel of fun—no hard luck,
A barrel of good cheer—lots of spunk.
A hogshead of happiness—no hilarity,
A whole New year of progress and prosperity.

J. A. Wagner & Son

ROSS COUNTY!

'NOW WHERE

DID I HEAR THAT

WORD BEFORE?"

CALL MISSED HIS CALLING

Irate Woman Gives Her Opinion of Face-Loving Philadelphia Magistrate.

Magistrate Joe Call believes in settling trivial cases amicably, and a dozen times a day he is called upon to act as umpire, mediator or arbitrator, as the case may be.

As the sequel to a neighbors' row recently, an irate woman proceeded to the magistrate's office, demanding a warrant for the arrest of her next-door neighbor and the husband. The prosecutor, after paying the \$2.50 which a warrant costs, chuckled with satisfaction as the constable went to arrest the pair designated as defendants.

When the hearing was held Magistrate Call tried hard to smooth things down, but, in spite of his friendly offices, the two women glared at each other and punctuated every minute with some tart remark. In the course of events the magistrate sought to have the case settled amicably, but the woman prosecutor was insistent that she get "satisfaction."

Sufficient evidence was produced to sustain the allegation and Magistrate Call held the pair in \$300 bail each to keep the peace. Inasmuch as they were without friends who could give that security, he allowed them to sign their own bonds and depart in peace.

This provoked the woman prosecutor, and after watching the departing neighbors go she turned to Magistrate Call and said:

"And that's what I get for my \$2.50? You're not a magistrate. You ought to be a minister."—Philadelphia Times.

GREATEST TRUTHS INFINITE

Immortality of the Soul and God Great Truths That Cannot Be Proven.

The great things cannot be proved. God cannot be proved, nor can the immortality of the soul. Argument is finite, and the great truths are infinite. What one believes of the infinite things one must feel. This is the privilege of the soul, whose existence is the corollary of this feeling. The great truths of God, of immortality and of the soul are the objectives of the intuition, or the longing, of the aspiration, which are above logic, reason and science, and the more they are cultivated and strengthened the closer one gets to the great facts of God and immortality. These thoughts come to us in noting the observation of Mr. Edison, who doubts if we have souls. If he could prove the soul's existence in his laboratory, we would have doubts, too. The hope, the yearning of the heart, the love of virtue and the sacrifice are things that do not get into Mr. Edison's crucible, and yet they belong to the formula of truth. We don't argue with a skeptic one minute. He cannot convince us, nor we him. We love him and go our way.

NO MISTAKE.

Senator Newlands, in an address at Reno, said of a millionaire who had failed:

"The poor fellow weathered the terrible panic to go under in a mere financial flurry. He reminds me of Smithson.

"Smithson in the early summer went abroad. He visited London, Paris, Vienna and the other centers, and, though he went slumming night after night, he was not once robbed of a penny.

"But he had no sooner returned to New York than his pocket was picked on Broadway. In telling me about his loss, he said:

"Abroad, I never lost a cent. Here, the first night I'm back, \$200 goes. This is the land of the free and no mistake, the land of the free and easy."

THE ONE IN PERIL.

"I warn you, miss," said the old gypsy fortune-teller, solemnly, "that an enemy will shortly cross your path."

"Huh!" rejoined the lady chauffeur, scornfully, "if he's going to cross my path you'd better warn him instead of yours truly."

A KNOCK.

Godley—They're in reduced circumstances, of course, but the family is a very old one and proud, and if they have lots of debts, they date back to the earliest colonial times.

Outting—The debts, you mean? I don't doubt that.

WHY MALINDA WAS PLEASED

Glad None of Her Color Was Shown in Hall of Sculpture in Museum.

Booker T. Washington, head of the Tuskegee institute, after a visit to the Metropolitan museum in New York, told this story:

"A Kentucky lady," he said, "visited the museum with her maid, an old-fashioned mammy.

Malinda had never seen an art gallery before, and the nudes startled her in a way that would have endeared her to the heart of Mr. Comstock. But when she entered the hall of sculpture then she was more than startled.

"Land!" she said. 'Land sakes!' "And with dubious shakes of the head she passed before the white beauty of the Venus de Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Milo and the other gracious shapes of snowy marbles.

"Land sakes!" "Don't you like it, Malinda?" said her mistress.

"Yas'm," said Malinda. 'Ah like it well enough, but Ah's powerful glad dar ain't none o' my color here.'"

HIS INVENTION



Mrs. Innocent—Your husband seems to be quite versatile. Has he ever invented anything?"

Mrs. Slick—Oh! yes. One of the finest lines of midnight excuses you ever listened to.

THE GREAT REALISTS.

While studying the great painters, I had begun to notice that there was a certain quality common to all of them, a certain power they all possessed when working at highest pressure; the power of seeing things as they are—the vital and essential truth of things. I don't mean to say that all of them possessed this faculty to the same degree. Far from it. The truth of things to Titian is overlaid with romance; he is memorable mainly for his magic color and beauty, while Holbein is just as memorable for his grasp of reality. But compare Titian with Giorgione or Tintoretto and you will see that his apprehension of the reality of things is much greater than theirs. It is that which distinguishes him from the other great colorists of Venice—Frank Harris, in Forum.

ALL IN THE LABEL.

George C. Boldt said at a luncheon in New York:

"Americans can no longer be said to judge a wine by its label. I doubt if that charge was ever true, and certainly it hasn't one iota of truth in it today.

"But a lot of foreigners, failing here, try in their disappointed rage to impute to the American business man a wine ignorance equal to that of the German innkeeper.

"To a German innkeeper, you know, a guest once said:

"Look here, I ordered Pontet Canet, and you've brought me a bottle labeled Medoc."

"Ach," said the innkeeper, disgustedly. 'Wat a stoopid donkey dot Fritz is. I distinctly told him to put a Pontet Canet label on.'"

HER SPECIALTY.

"That certainly is a pretty little maid you had at your house. She had such taking ways."

"Very taking. She took all our spare cash and our silver."

CAUGHT THE PEDAGOGUE.

Understand the rich professor going to marry the homeliest girl in summer school. How did she

distinctly sounding the first

ENGINE WEARS OUT; SUSPEND TRAFFIC

Receiver of Kansas State Railroad Has No Money for Repairs.

HANDCAR TO CARRY MAIL

Train Crew Fired, but Engineer Will Remain to Operate Handcar.

TOPEKA, Kan.,—The Kansas Southern & Gulf, the railroad operated by the State of Kansas to give the people of Pottawatomie county an outlet to the world, has finally given up the ghost. The one and only engine of the road, like the One Hoss Shay, has literally fallen to pieces, after many and many years of constant use and repairing. It cannot pull itself any longer and has been dumped into the scrap heap. C. E. Morris, the receiver of the road, notified patrons that freight traffic ceased Nov. 15.

The following notice has been posted along the line from Blaine to Westmoreland:

"Owing to the fortune I have accumulated as receiver of the Kansas Southern & Gulf railroad during the past eighteen months, I have resolved to resign as receiver and give others desiring to accumulate a fortune a chance for the position. On account of the condition of the engine the road will be unable to handle any freight after Nov. 15."

The road has a mail contract, so the one employe—engineer, fireman, conductor, train porter, flagman, brakeman, baggageman, express messenger, station agent and everything else of a human nature on a railroad will haul the mail from Blaine to Westmoreland and back on a handcar.

Planned from Canada to Gulf.

The Kansas, Southern & Gulf was one of those mushroom railroads that was planned to run from the Dakota and Canada wheat fields to the gulf. Eighteen miles in Kansas were built, and then the road stopped growing. The road had a fully equipped line for that eighteen miles. It had two engines, four box cars, two flat cars, a combination smoker and baggage car and a coach.

For years it was operated and the bond interest was paid. Then the engines and cars and tracks became so worn that considerable amounts had to be expended for needed repairs and the interest was defaulted. The bondholders ordered the road abandoned. Then the State of Kansas took charge on the ground that the road received bonds from the county to help the building and that the road had certain obligations to fulfill. If the bondholders would not operate the line the state would. The attorney general took charge. C. E. Morris was appointed receiver.

Receiver Changed Engines.

Morris took the money on hand and made needed repairs. Then he traded the two engines off for one that was better than either of the two. He "fired" some useless employes, like conductors, station agents, porters and trackmen, and under orders from the state, put in effect freight and passenger tariffs that were nothing less than exorbitant. Kansas has a 2 cent passenger fare but the state operated road charged 5 cent actual mileage. The freight rates were about six times as high as other roads were allowed to charge.

Westmoreland is the county seat of Pottawatomie county and the K. S. & G. is its only railroad, so the merchants did not object to the high freight rates and the citizens did not kick about paying 5 cents a mile.

The one employe, engineer, station agent, repairman and everything else would stop his train anywhere

to pick up business. If a housewife had two dozen eggs she wanted taken to Blaine or Westmoreland and traded for calico, or a farmer wanted a plow share sharpened, they flagged the train at the cross roads and the engineer handled the business and brought the goods back on the return. The road charged a small fee for the work.

The road was mighty nice and accommodating to everyone. If a passenger saw a flock of ducks in a pond beside the right of way and he had a gun, the train would be stopped while he made a few shots. But even with these accommodations the road did not pay.

One day the receiver appeared in court and explained that the engine was on a tear and it would cost \$30 for repairs and the receiver did not have the price. The judge told Morris that the court and all his retinue was coming over next week and hold court and if the engine

was not on hand to make the trip the receiver would be fined for contempt. The engine was fixed, all right but the court made the trip in a motor car.

But the engine has gotten into such a bad way now that it cannot be repaired except with a new one. As there is no money for the purchase, the receiver will resign and traffic will cease.

"Mother" Was Sick.

Pat had just arrived from Ireland and was walking up a New York street when he fell in a fainting condition. He was at once discovered and taken to an emergency hospital when it was discovered that he had appendicitis and he was operated upon at once.

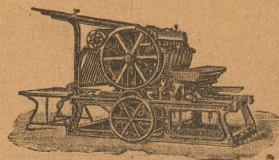
The next day, as Pat was gradually recovering, he asked the doctor what was the matter with him, and he was informed of the fact

that he had been operated upon and his appendix removed. Pat wanted to see the appendix but the doctor informed him that he could not see it that he was a very sick man and must keep quiet, but that the appendix was over in the window and he could see it when he was able.

The doctor stepped out of the room at which instant a mischievous monkey, which had the habit of visiting the patients about the hospital and annoying them, had slipped into Pat's room and took his position in the window where Pat understood his appendix was, Pat, not being satisfied wanted to see the appendix and turned over to take a glance toward the window. The monkey looked, squealed and made all sorts of faces. But Pat was very calm and well contented when he looked at the monkey and said: "Don't do that son. You surely don't realize that your mother is a very sick man."—Ex.

A BIG LAND BARGAIN

102 Acres Sandy Land, 3 miles west of Cross Plains, 40 acres in cultivation, balance woods pasture. Near one of the finest orchards in the Cross Plains Country, and exactly the same soil as the orchard land. Very good house and improvements. his land will be worth \$35.00 per acre in a short time, but the owners have other interests that requires their surplus cash, therefore they are sacrificing this place at \$20 Per Acre \$700 Down, Balance to suit purchaser. Address The REVIEW, Cross Plains, Texas.



The Cross Plains Review

Quality Printing
A Specialty.



Cross Plains,

Texas.

WHEN YOU BUILD

Then See the Cross Plains Furniture Company about furnishing your House. We carry everything, and will make you a reasonable price. Come in and see us.

CROSS PLAINS FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING CO.

Subscribe for the Review, Only \$1

Here Is Your Chance!

I have 50 acres of sandy land, suitable for truck farming, adjoining the townsite on the north east. Only three blocks from Main Street. Will sell in any size tract to suit purchaser. Price and terms on application. It's a bargain.

Geo. B. Swan, The Picture Man.
Cross Plains, Texas.

J. K. HUTTON LUMBER CO.

J. K. Hutton Lumber Company just haven't time to write ads, but says tell you to come on and get your lumber. Even if you are in a few miles of Putnam Coleman, Brownwood, or Cisco, you can save money by hauling from our yard.

J. K. HUTTON LUMBER COMPANY.

BEFORE YOU BUILD

—YOU SHOULD SEE—

The Cross Plains Construction Co.

Shadle, Williams and Campbell Proprietors.

General contractors of Wood, Stone, Brick and Cement Work. Draughting on the side. Let us draw your plans and supervise your work. Figure with us, and we'll treat you right.

S. F. KNIGHT

Has opened a LIVERY STABLE

And a Feed and Wagon Yard, just East of the Kemper Hotel. Horses fed by the day, week or month. Nice Rigs for driving purposes.

Take The Review

Cetral Me at Market

JONES & SON, Proprietors



Fresh Meat at All Times. I am here at all times, early and late, and am giving the people Good Tender Meat at reasonable prices.

IN CENTRAL BUILDING, Cross Plains

GO TO

Frank Carpenter's Barber Shop

For First class Barber work. Hot and Cold Baths, etc. The Very Best Laundry.

Cross Plains, Texas,

WERE PERSECUTED IN JAPAN

Christians of the Middle Ages Found Dark Days in Land of Mikado.

There were once a million Christians in Japan. And what is still more painful, there were a million Christians there prior to the visit of Commodore Perry's fleet in 1853, which broke the sleep of two centuries and a half. William Frost Bishop, D. D., writes in the Christian Observer. They were there prior to the 250 years during which Japan was tightly closed to the outside world. Francis Xavier himself was in Japan for years, arriving there in 1549—Xavier the mighty, Xavier the earnest and successful. In little over half a century the Christians numbered a million. They were exterminated and left no visible trace. And it will never, never do to say the work was not genuine, that the priests were not noble, and that their disciples were not self-sacrificing and true.

Read how they died; how they met death in executions and battles; how they were mangled and crucified. Nowhere in history have men endured persecutions and encountered death in forms more frightful. In no land have God's people died in the faith with greater courage and firmness.

This century of Christianity in the sunrise kingdom, with its million members, extended from 1550 onward. The country was in a very unsettled state and at length prominent Christians were drawn into treacherous schemes, which meant nothing less than treason. The political form of Xavier's Christianity was undoubtedly a peril to the independence of Japan. Hence his disciples were ordered out of the country, and all who did not leave were slain. Europe was doing much the same with her heretics through tortures and inquisitions. Religious liberty in that age was known in no part of the globe.

HOW TO STERILIZE OYSTERS

Method by Which Bivalves Can Be Freed From All Germs of Disease.

The danger of eating oysters taken from polluted sources has been frequently proved by outbreaks of typhoid fever and other intestinal complaints among those who have been unfortunate enough to consume them. It now appears that there is an easy and efficacious method of obviating this danger. At a recent meeting of the French Academie des Sciences M. Henneguy submitted an account of experiments recently carried out by M. Fabre Domergue at the Concarneau laboratory, with the object of discovering some means of preventing the accidents which arise from eating contaminated oysters. As the result of these experiments, M. Henneguy was able to state that oysters taken from beds reeking with sewage and typhoid germs can be rendered absolutely sterile by the simple process of keeping them for 15 days in tanks of filtered water. This treatment, while freeing the bivalves from all germs of disease, has no deteriorating effect upon the oysters themselves. They remain as fat and well flavored as when taken from the parent bed. In view of the simplicity and efficacy of the method, we may expect in a couple of weeks to find the restaurants making a feature of sterilized oysters.—Paris Correspondent London Telegraph.

A NEW VEHICLE.

It was when the taxicab chauffeurs in New York went on strike as a mark of their sympathy for the express wagon drivers. A striking chauffeur was standing on a corner gazing with a bilious and malevolent eye at the vehicle of a fellow-chauffeur who had refused to strike.

"That taxicab has its nerve," ventured a friend. He of the bilious eye transfixed the other with an angry glance.

"That ain't no taxicab," he growled, "that's a taxicab!"

DOUBTFUL VOCALISM.

"There is only one trouble about a Chinese cook," said the man from the west.

"What is that?"
"You can never tell whether he is singing at his work or whether he has burnt himself and is moaning with pain."

HERRING AND THE LASSES

Arrival of Scotch Lassies Is One of Features of the Herring Season.

There are two seasons for catching herring on the west coast of Europe. One begins late in May or early in June at the Orkney islands and follows the shoals of herring down the east coast of Scotland and England until it reaches Yarmouth, where it ends late in September or early in October.

The fishermen go out in trawlers and land their catch at the numerous ports along this coast. The fish are sold in "crans," containing 1,000 herring each. In a good season the trawler owners and the fishermen and fisherwomen make good profits, but in a poor season the reverse happens.

One feature of the herring season at the different ports on the east coast is the arrival of the "Scotch lasses," who follow the fishing fleets down and "gut" and "pickle" the fish on the piers as they are brought in by the trawlers. In a good season these "lasses" will earn from \$8 to \$10, but in a poor season, like the present one, they will receive little more than their board, which is guaranteed them on engagement.

BEYOND MARCONI



"And this invention that will, as you say, 'throw Marconi in the shade,' what is it?"
"A wireless piano for use in flat houses."

GREAT JUMP AT LOWESBY HALL.

Lowesby hall, Sir Frederick and Lady Fowke's place in Leicestershire, was the scene of a great jump of the famous Lord Waterford, the third marquis, who took his horse over the dining room table without touching anything on it. Lord Waterford was celebrated for many other achievements of a different kind, but all his escapades were due to the wild Irish blood of the Beresfords, for after he married the lovely Miss Louisa Stuart, one of the two beautiful daughters of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, he became a most devoted husband and led an irreplicable life. One of his escapades was most amusing. While living in Dublin with his uncle, the archbishop of Armagh, he had a row one night with his carman over the fare. Going inside he put on his uncle's gown and trencher, then went out and asked the jarvey what he meant "by trying to cheat his nephew." A sound thrashing followed, and the man related afterward that he had been thrashed by the primate.—Court Journal.

BLIND GIRL'S POULTRY YARD.

Recently the writer had the pleasure of meeting a young Scotch girl who though almost blind is active and accomplished to a very remarkable degree. One of her principal interests is her poultry yard, and there her almost unaided efforts have met with truly wonderful success.

Her yearly balance sheet shows substantial and increasing profits, while the care of her birds proves a source of much interest and provides a good deal of healthy outdoor exercise. She keeps careful and accurate accounts, a Braille slate being used for memoranda. She used a typewriter for correspondence.—Feathered Life.

CONSOLATION.

Mrs. Oldun—Did I understand you to say that your husband is a writer?

Mrs. Newed—Yes; he writes fiction.

Mrs. Oldun—Oh, well, don't let that worry you. Most married men do.

GILL AND HIS TROUSERS

Old Story of Man Who Trusts His Only Pair of Trousers to Hotel Employee.

It was the old, old story of the man who trusts the only pair of trousers he has with him to a hotel employee.

"Kern" Gill and Charles Fath, contractors, went over to Toledo not long ago in connection with a big contract they had landed in that town.

When Gill prepared to retire he noticed that the creases were partly erased from his trousers. As he desired to present as natty an appearance in a strange town as possible, he placed them outside the door and telephoned down to the clerk for the bell boy to call for them and have them pressed.

Next morning—as it is to be expected in a chronicle of this sort—when Gill got up half an hour late for an appointment and desired most keenly to catapult himself into his trousers with all reasonable speed he found of course that the nether garments had been delayed in transmission. The night clerk had gone home and nobody about the hotel knew anything about a pair of trousers. Neither did any of the cleaning and pressing establishments in the neighborhood. Everybody that Gill asked about the missing garments looked at him and shook their heads stupidly, as if they didn't think he ever had a pair of trousers.

About noon the pair were found in the elevator, under the elevator man's seat, where the bell boy had placed them while he answered another call—after which said bell boy forgot them as completely as if they had been dream trousers. During the intervening hours Gill was obliged to sit in his hotel room dressed only—dressed without his trousers, and swear in a rough, uncouth manner. And Fath stood around and laughed till he gained four pounds and a quarter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BELINDA WAS ABSENTMINDED

A Little Happening Causes Her to Liken Herself to a Storied Grandfather.

"You know the old, old story," said Belinda, "about grandfather and his spectacles, how one day when he wanted them he couldn't find them, and how they looked and looked for them, on the floor and under the table, and all around everywhere, and how they finally found them on grandfather's forehead, where he had pushed them back from his nose?"

"Well, this morning when I came to put on my slippers I got one on and then I couldn't find the other, and I looked and looked—and looked and looked—just everywhere for that other slipper, and where do you think I finally found it? Why, it was on my other foot, where I had put it and forgotten it."

"Really, I think I must be as queer as grandfather."

CREDENTIALS FOR NEW WORDS.

Time was when the editors of dictionaries were exclusive, when a word claiming admission must present unimpeachable credentials, but that time is no more. From an aristocratic literary club, the dictionary has been changed into a census, which presents growing numbers as if they were of necessity increasing riches over which we should rejoice. The chief aim of modern dictionary makers is to surpass all their predecessors in quantity. No word is too obscure, none of too doubtful origin, none too uncertain a risk so far as its "expectation of life" is concerned to fail of inclusion. In their enthusiasm for numbers the publishers of these increasingly ponderous tomes have even been known to "pad" the returns by counting variants in spelling as separate words.

TO BE EXPECTED.

"I'm afraid your son is going to be one of the world's dreamers."

"I'd be surprised if he wasn't," replied Mrs. McGudley. "The way he eats mince pie at night is something terrifyin'."

PROMPT ACTION.

Marie—When you spoke did you tell him you had the bank?

Tom—I did.
Marie—And what did he do?
Tom—He borrowed.

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching every first Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Also preaching Saturday night before. Sunday School 10 o'clock a. m. Everybody invited. Rev. E. C. Austin will preach every fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock.

T. H. Davis, P. C.

Epworth League.

Meets every Sunday afternoon at 3.30 p. m. Mrs. Mabel Bond, Pres., Miss Georgia Davis, Sec. J. A. Hollers, Third V. Pres.

Presbyterian Church.

Preaching Saturday night before Third Sunday at 8 p. m. Third Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 p. m.

Rev. Shell, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

Preaching every 2 & 4 Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. and the Saturday before at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Rev. Smith, P. C.

Lodge Directory

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

Meets every Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall over the Review office, Cross Plains, Tex. Drew I. Hill, Sec.

W. O. W. Camp No. 8.

Meets every Saturday night before the first and third Sundays, at W. O. W. Hall, over J. A. Tucker's Restaurant, Cross Plains, Tex. E. T. Bond, Clerk.

M. W. A. Camp No. 1257.

Meets on Saturday night before 2 & 4 Sun. at I. O. O. F. Hall, Cross Plains, Tex.

M. C. Baum, Clerk.

Masonic Lodge No 627.

Cross Plains, Tex. meets on or before full moon in each month at Masonic Hall over school building.

W. R. Pentico, M.

Announcement

We have taken over the stock of prescription drugs formerly owned by Dr. Nelson, and from now on will be prepared to take care of the prescription business and will have a complete stock of drugs, patent medicines, and the various sundry lines carried by high class drug stores.

Dr. Nelson will office with us as soon as we can get adequate quarters we will be equipped for prompt service and fair dealings.

BAUM & HOLMES

We have the advantage of every other town on the extension in one respect. And that is the fact that Cross Plains is the Terminus, and the main cross lives here, and spend their money in Cross Plains. We will have a \$5000 per month payroll from the Central alone. Don't you want to live in The Terminal City?

Fresh Groceries

Fruits and Vegetables
Marigold Flour.
Guaranteed Shelf
Hardware.
Builder's Hardware

Goods Delivered to any part of the City

CASH GROCERY COMPANY

VEHICLES!

If you want a buggy or surry,
see E. G. Morris, at Kemper
Hotel. I will guarantee to save
you some money and make it
interesting for both of us.

Geo. M. Holt

ARCHITECT and
SUPERINTENDANT

Plans, Specifications, De-
tails, and Estimates fur-
nished for all kinds of
Buildings. If you are not
satisfied it costs you noth-
ing.

E. M. Stephens

—Tinner—

See me for tin work of all
kinds.

Full line of cisterns,
Near Shackelford's Lum-
ber yard.

R. I. ... sale
one do ... setting.

Also a few more hens at
one dollar each or one dozen
for ten dollars.

Mrs. S. R. Cade,
Cross Plains, Tex.

CITY EXPRESS

Bill Gibbard,—Prop.

Will meet all trains.
See me when you
have anything to
Haul.

JAMESON & JACKSON

ABSTRACTERS--
We do Your Business and
and Prompt and Reliable
Service at Reasonable Prices.

WAS LITERALLY OBEDIENT

Child Told Not to Go Out of Gate
Again Obedied to the
Letter.

A prominent Philadelphian is the
father of a five-year-old boy who,
while not an exceptionally bright
child at school, possesses a certain
cleverness in being able to find a
way to get out of doing what he is
told to do.

The child was watching several
men repairing the street in front of
his summer home at the shore, and
he wanted to work with them. Get-
ting his sand shovel, he began to dig,
and soon the men came to like him.

But when he returned to the house
his clothes were fully saturated with
cheap tobacco smoke, caused by an
old clay pipe in the hands of one of
the workmen.

"Richard," said his mother, "if
you go out of that gate again I am
going to give you a good, sound
whipping. I can't take time to
change your clothes every time you
play around those old workmen."

The child promised that he would
not go out of the gate again, and his
mother went into the house. About
fifteen minutes later she had occa-
sion to look out the window, and
there among the workmen was the
disobedient Richard, shoveling away
for dear life.

"Richard," yelled the mother,
"you are going to get that thrashing
at once. Come here!"

Slowly the child walked to his
mother. "Mother," he said, when
he reached the stern parent, "you
said I shouldn't go out the gate, and
I didn't. I climbed the fence!"

AS VIEWED BY THE CHILD

Would Go to Church Every Day if He
Could Get a Shot at an
Indian.

The late William James of Har-
vard, in his lectures on the psychol-
ogy of childhood, had a Thanksgiv-
ing story that illustrates well the
queer currents a child's thought.

A father, one Thanksgiving morn-
ing—so the story runs—showed his
little son a history of New England.

"Here is a picture of the Puritans
going to church," he said. "What
good and pious men! Notice their
sugar-loaf hats. They walk in single
file through the deep snow, and each
man carries a gun."

"What do they carry guns to
church for," the boy asked, with
sudden interest.

"For fear of the Indians," was the
reply. "The Indians were apt to lie
in wait for them at every turning.
Ah, what pious men they were, to be
sure! Think of them the next time
you want to shirk your religious du-
ties. Through snow and sleet,
through bitter cold, through the per-
ilous ambuscades of the savage Indi-
ans, they wended their way to
church, Sunday after Sunday, with
pious, thankful hearts. Yet you—"

"Oh, rubbish!" said the boy. "I'd
go to church every day in the week
if I could get a shot at an Indian
on the way."

THE CUSTOM OF HELIGOLAND.

The recent death of Pastor
Schroeder recalls the fact that what
Gretna Green was to this country in
the good old days Heligoland was to
the continent of Europe. It must
have been somewhat an inconvenient
place to reach when time was of im-
portance, but until the German mar-
riage laws of 1900 came into opera-
tion the pastor held a lucrative po-
sition. The custom of Heligoland
had simplicity to recommend it. All
the pastor required was a declaration
signed by a magistrate to the effect
that the parties were not bigamists.
Presenting this affidavit, the pastor
at once joined the applicants in holy
matrimony. The new German law
destroyed the best part of the pas-
tor's stipend.

DODGING.

"That fellow is a most remarkable
runner."

"Who? Burroughs?"

"Yes. He's always running in
debt and yet he's forever running
away from the people to whom he
is in debt."—Catholic Standard and
Times.

UNNATURAL.

"Queer, isn't it, that lawyer is
such a lover of dogs?"

"What is there queer about it?"

"It is more natural-like for a law-
yer to become attached to something
more in the fee-line species."

THE OLD COWMAN.

I rode across a valley range

I hadn't seen for years;

The trail was all so spoilt and strange

It nearly fetched the tears.

I had to let ten fences down—

The fussy lanes went wrong—

And each new line would make me frown

And hum a mournin' song.

Oh, it's squeak! squeak! squeak!

Hear 'em stretchin' of the wire!

The nester brand is on the land;

I reckon I'll retire.

While progress toots her brassy horn

And makes her motor buzz,

I thank the Lord I wasn't born

No later than I was.

There's land where no ditchers dig

No cranks experiment.

It's lovely, free and big

And isn't worth a cent.

I pray that them who come to 'spoil

May wait till I am dead

Before they foul that blessed soil

With fence and cabbage-head.

But it's squeak! squeak! squeak!

Far and farther crawls the wire!

To crowd and pinch another inch

Is all their hearts' desire,

The world is overstocked with men,

And some will 'see the day

When each must keep his little pen.

But I'll be far away.

'Twas good to live when all the sod,

Without no fence or fuss,

Belonged, in partnership, to God,

The gover'nment and us.

With skyline bounds from east to west

And room to go and come,

I loved my fellow man the best

When he was scattered some.

But it's squeak! squeak! squeak!

Close and closer cramps the wire.

There's hardly play to back away

And call a man a liar.

Their house has locks on every door,

Their land is in a crate—

There ain't the plains of God no more;

They're only real estate.

When my old soul hunts range and rest

Beyond the last divide,

Just plant me in some stretch of West

That's sunny, lone and wide.

Let cattle rub my tombstone down

And coyotes mourn their kin,

Let hawses come and paw the moun'—

But don't you fence it in!

For it's squeak! squeak! squeak!

And they pen the land with wire

They figure fence and copper cents

Where we laughed 'round the fire.

Job cussed his birthday night and morn,

In his old land of Uz,

But I'm just glad I wasn't born

No later than I was.

—Pacific Monthly.

J. F. Bryson

THE DRAYMAN

Anything Hauled in or out of Town at Reasonable
Prices, I also handle Good Feed at Lowest Prices. Cross Plains, Texas

E. E. SOLOMAN

Attorney-at-Law

Dublin, Texas.

Will practice in all the
courts of Callahan County

A. J. Mathis

Notary Public

See me for Your
Deeds. Office at Cross
Plains Furniture Co.

Cross Plains - - Texas.

J. RUPERT JACKSON

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office First Door North of
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BAIRD

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A. F. UPTON, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Calls Answered Promptly
Day or Night

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Office under W. O. W.
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Calls answered promptly day or night.

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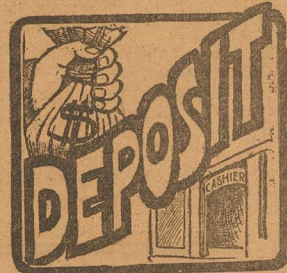
—PHONE 32—

Dr. D. W. Nelson,

Physician and Surgeon

Calls Answered at all Hours.

Cross Plains, Texas



A Dollar Saved
IS TWO DOLLARS BETTER THAN
A Dollar Spent

Now is the time to save. Procrastination is the thief of time. It may be the thief of your comfort in future days if you delay opening an account with the Farmer's Nat'l Bank. A checking account with your home bank shows a good business principle. The Farmer's National Bank will appreciate your account and will make banking easy and pleasant far you.

Farmers National Bank of Cross Plains

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

T. Powell, Pres.,

S. L. Driskill, Vice Pres.,

S. F. Bond, Cashier,

Taylor Bond, Ass't. Cashier.

R. P. Odom J. A. Barr, E. J. Barr, T. B. Vestal.

CARTER and KENADY

CARTER & KENADY has it for less. CARTER & KENADY'S Groceries are always fresh. Don't buy a riding planter until you see the improved standard at CARTER & KENADY'S. The Famous J. I. Case Riding planter at CARTER & KENADY'S.

Get a J. I. Case sulkey at Carter & Kenady's. See the fresh, new styles of dress goods at Carter & Kenady's. Just received a car of corn, chaps, and red rust proof oats at Carter & Kenady's. We feel grateful for the business you are going. It beats our expectations. We are daily making our stock more complete. Our aim is to make this the store of the people. One price to all and it must be the lowest. We appreciate your cash business, but we will not refuse you credit if you are worthy. We will appreciate your account. Our purpose is to handle everything. If you make your account with us you will find us anxious to please you. Give us a trial, your friends

CARTER & KENADY, General Merchants.

VOLCANO, NEAR MANILA, COSTS LIVES OF TWENTY

Tidal Wave Sweeps Island for Miles.

MANILA, Jan. 31.—The eruptions of the volcano Taal, which according to press advices received, already had cost the lives of twenty natives who were drowned in the tidal wave, continued today. The

danger zone has a radius of twenty miles and natives in that district are abandoning their homes in terror at the rain of mud and stones which is unabated.

The natives sought refuge in the surrounding hills. Mount Taal rises in the center of Lake Taal, a body of water not more than fifteen-miles in circumference. It is thirty four miles from this city, from which dense smoke rising from the crater is plainly visible.

The observatory authorities believe that Manila is in no danger, but there is some alarm among the natives, who recall the destruction caused by Mount Mayon, the other volcano of Luzon, in 1897. So far,

however, Mayon has shown no threatening disturbance.

Investigators of the bureau of science report that with the first violent eruption of Taal Saturday, the volcanic island appeared to sink five feet and the waters of the lake rising, swept the shores a mile inland carrying away the bamboo shacks and catching a score of natives.

Natives in the vicinity had taken warning and fled at the first rumblings of the volcano. The towns of Taal, Lemery and Talisa seem to have suffered most.

Mount Taal rises 1,050 feet from the center of Lake Taal, province of Hatangas Luzon. It is the second volcano in importance in Luzon and

has experienced eight violent disturbances preceding the present one since 1709. It has been more or less active from time immemorial. Its most destructive eruptions occurred in 1759 and continued for a period of six months, causing much loss of life and much damage to property. There were less serious outbreaks in 1808 and 1873.

If you want to buy a nice buggy and horse see W. E. Butler at the Mercantile. Will sell together or separate.

Uncle Ed. Barr, who has been very sick this week, is reported a little better.

Dr. Tyson is building a nice six

room house on his property in the new townsite.

Mrs. Wright left for a visit with her mother at Hico.

The new depot is assuming shape, and it is a very nice one. It is greatly appreciated by our citizens.

Miss Gilliland, of Baird, is visiting in Cross Plains this week.

Eugene Melton, of Baird, was in town this week.

Mrs. Morris left Thursday morning for a visit with her mother.

A. Taylor and son, of Brownwood were in town this week.

Mr. Webster, brakeman on the Central subscribed for the Review this week.

John Westerman sold a fine hog Jan 15th for \$ 39-40. He also sold

two fat cows this week for \$95. Who said we didn't raise fine stock in the Cross Plains country.

Dr. Minnoch, of Waco came in this week to look after real estate interests west of town.

Mr. Stevens, the tinner has opened up.

NOTICE:—I now have the Steel Stallion and will stand him at my home near Caddo Peak this year. \$10.00 for insuring colt. G. G. Winn Cottonwook.

J. M. Coffman is building a nice four room house on his lots south of the railroad. He bought a half block, and will building several buildings.

Jim Cross is building a nice six room house in the east part of town.

CROSS PLAINS

THE TERMINUS OF THE NEW BRANCH OF THE TEXAS CENTRAL RAILROAD

TERMINUS CITY A GREAT TRADE TERRITORY

On account of the main business street being so disadvantageously situated, it has been deemed wise to lay out an entirely new townsite adjoining the old townsite on the beautiful heights on the east; nice wide streets laid off and graded, and everything prepared for a rapid and large growth. Cross Plains will have the largest trade territory and distributing area. It will be one of the largest cotton shipping points on the line; it is in the heart of that vast trade territory that has in the years past furnished the bulk of the tonnage for the Santa Fe and Texas Pacific, between Cisco, Baird and Abilene on the north and Coleman and Brownwood on the south. Besides its own immediate trade area it has directly tributary to it, the thriving little inland towns of Sabanno, Curtis, Atwell, Admiral, Rowden, Cottonwood, Dressy, Oplin, Burkett, Crosscut, Blake, and Byrds and others; all thriving little inland towns with their gins and other industrial enterprises.

A Word to the Local Business Man and Investor

We desire, particularly to interest local citizens to as great an extent as possible in the open sale of lots. We are offering terms that will enable all to buy, and we suggest that there is no better place to plant your savings than in Cross Plains property and buildings. Our terms are easy. You know what a terminus town means. Look at the rise in property values and growth of Spur, Stamford, Rotan, San Angelo, Brady, Plainview, and other great terminus towns. Better opportunity is offered here at Cross Plains, because the country has been developed by the farmer ahead of the coming of the railroad. Neither of the other great terminus towns mentioned had such a distinct advantage. Will the local man recognize the opportunity, or wait until the outside man comes and makes the profit. This is an opportunity for you and the opening sale is the time.

The sale will take place rain or shine, ample provisions are being made to feed and shelter the visiting thousands, including a large circus tent that will shelter thousands.

A 10,000 DOLLAR CITY WATERWORKS SYSTEM

The Texas Central Railroad backed business foresight has recognized the value of this section of the state by its new branch and has particularly shown its foresight in selecting Cross Plains for its terminus where it necessarily will secure its greatest tonnage. It was a stroke of business strategy, Cross Plains occupying a position commanding the trade of and acting as a distributing point for the vast, rich and populous area of four counties, to wit; Callahan, Coleman, Eastland and Brown. It has the surroundings that will make it grow into a large thriving City at once. Recognizing this, we have at a great expenditure let the contract for the installation of a modern upon to date City water works system, 60,000 gallon steel water reservoir, and 20,000 feet of water mains already shipped, sufficient to extend to all parts of the new townsite. No other townsite has had quite as large an out lay for water works and graded streets at its beginning.

CROSS PLAINS TOWNSITE COMPANY

C. H. SHARMAN, President.

W. R. WAGNER, S. C. BARR, S. F. BOND and H. J. CURETON Directors
H. J. CURETON and W. E. SPENCER, General Agents.

Col. Rufus J. Lackland, Auctioneer.