

# THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. VII

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1916.

NO. 30

## SCHOOL TO OPEN MONDAY

The Cross Plains public school will open Monday, with nearly the whole force of teachers on duty. To-night Mr. Gantz will discuss at the school house the compulsory attendance law. The faculty this year is a strong one, nearly every teacher being a specialist in the work assigned him. Mr. Gantz, as superintendent, has been successful in that capacity, and as a teacher he has specialized in mathematics and the sciences, which subjects he will teach here. Mr. Chalk has taken special work in English and history and he will teach these subjects. Mrs. Chalk has had all the Latin that Baylor gives in the A. B. degree and three course besides, and she should be a strong teacher in Latin. Mr. Gore has made a good record at Gustine where he taught last year. Misses Griggs, Bullock, and Floyd have all been successful, as the most of us know, in their grades.

## EGGS EGGS EGGS

wanted at Witt & Harbin's

## EVERYTHING GOOD

The Cross Plains country is no doubt in the best condition it has been in for years. Probably \$125,000.00 has been paid out here already for cotton and seed. Peanuts, which are just now being gathered, are going to bring high prices. Corn, which is now selling for 70c to 75c per bushel, is a good yield for this country, and the price is bound to advance. Oats and wheat have yielded well and wheat still sells for \$1.50, the highest price, we understand, since the war. Hogs are the highest since 1910. Poultry of all kinds and its products are bringing record-breaking prices. Everything that a farmer sells is at record-breaking prices, and we are making good crops, too. The beauty of the Cross Plains country is that we produce everything that is grown in this climate—almost everything native to the temperate zone. We are really failing in no crop, and it is impossible to fail in all crops.

## CROSS PLAINS MARKETS

Cotton quoted Thursday at 15.35  
Cotton seed ..... \$43.50  
Oats in bulk per bu. .... 48c  
Wheat ..... \$1.50  
Peanuts ..... 80c

## SCHOOL LABORATORY

The citizens of the town have subscribed \$103.50 on the purchase of laboratory equipment for the school. Some have responded nicely and others will doubtless "come across" yet. A good deal more will be necessary to secure all the equipment needed. The following have subscribed the amounts set opposite their names:

W. R. Wagner.....	\$25.00
W. A. McGowen.....	10.00
J. H. Shackelford.....	10.00
Virgil Hart.....	10.00
R. P. Odom.....	10.00
S. F. Bond.....	10.00
B. F. Adkisson.....	5.00
The Review.....	10.00
S. L. Teague.....	5.00
J. I. Crass.....	2.50
W. G. Sellars.....	1.00
Eugene Mangham.....	1.00
J. J. Horn.....	1.00
Charley Slaughter.....	1.00
T. J. Christopher.....	1.00
J. M. Greenhill.....	1.00
Carried over from 1915..	30.00
Total.....	\$133.50

## GETTING 100 CENTS FOR YOUR DOLLAR

is what happens when you make a purchase at this low priced store; compare the price with others.

THE RACKET STORE.

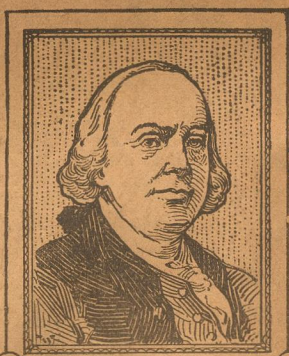
## THE DEBATE IN PROGRESS

The debate between Rev. B. W. Dodson, Presiding Elder of Stamford, and Elder C. R. Nichols, president of the Thorp Springs Christian College, began as scheduled on Wednesday morning at the Carter building. Quite a few were present. Elders Roy F. Wallace of Thorp Springs and John S. Stovall of McKinney, the former as moderator, and Rev. S. P. Gilmore of Sipe Springs and Will Tate of Carbon are in attendance.

## BUYS HOME IN CROSS PLAINS

Tuesday of this week J. W. Payne of west of town, public weigher-elect, became owner of the W. R. Roberts home on south Main street now occupied by Freeman. Mr. Payne will not move for a month or more. Mr. Freeman will likely move to the Harris house just south of his present abode.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard



Benjamin Franklin



This great American statesman, who stood with George Washington in the Revolutionary war, was

the son of a poor Boston soap-maker. He started in the printing business for himself in early manhood, worked hard, lived frugally and saved his money. He had plenty to live on when old age came.

Take your cue from Franklin. Join the legion of people whose savings are growing in our bank. Enjoy the satisfaction of watching the pennies become dollars and the dollars hundreds.

See your fortress rise against the possible attacks of sickness or misfortune. Lay the foundation with a part of this week's earnings.

Multiply your money in our care.

## THE FARMERS' NAT'L BANK

### RURAL EXCHANGE BOX

Lack of time forbids our saying much now of the rural exchange box that has been put in at the Liberty school house, thru which the carriers from Sabanno and Pioneer exchange mail. This has b'n worked up by postmaster Shepherd of Pioneer. Its use will be a great service to Sabanno, Pioneer, and Cross Plains. More will be said next week.

### PEANUT MARKET OPENS

D. Little of Scranton sold the first load of peanuts on the streets yesterday at 80c per bushel.

### SAVE THE PENNIES-- DOLLARS WILL COME

Saving a few pennies on each purchase will soon run into the dollars. This low priced store is the place to do it. Look here!

- 3 boxes Washing Compound 10c
- 8 bars Clarette soap for ..... 25c
- 1 box Red Top Axle Grease ..... 5c
- 4 cans Lye ..... 25c
- Apron Gingham a yard ..... 6c
- Dress Gingham " " ..... 8c
- Regular 12c Outing a yard ..... 9c

THE RACKET STORE.

The DeLaval, the separator you will eventually buy.



## Give Your Neighbors a Lift

Reciprocity is the life of trade. Drop in and spend a dollar with your neighboring shopkeepers. IT KEEPS THE MONEY IN TOWN. Money spent in town helps the town. READ THE HOME PAPER.

### 100 per cent Net Profits

Any silo will pay 100 per cent NET PROFIT its first year no matter how poorly it may be constructed. Where good methods are used and more permanent structures are built, they frequently pay over 100 per cent, and the gain every year thereafter is absolutely a net gain. The Coon's "All Heart Cypress" is this good method and permanent structure. Every farm should have its silo—even if it had to go to the bank for the money to buy it with and the bank should not hesitate to extend the accommodation, but we extend these accommodations where they should be wanted. So if you would like to have a Coon's "All Heart Cypress" silo put up, for your fall feed, we are at your service.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard

## MORE GOOD ROADS

In a trip last Friday from this place to Abilene via Atwell, Putnam, and Baird the writer had the questionable pleasure of traversing every kind of road, we suppose, there is in the country. The McAdam roads radiating from Abilene are well known to all who know much of Taylor county. The bad roads of Callahan county are so common that they can almost be said to be peculiar to this county. Brown county, a very close neighbor, is the pioneer in the matter of building gravel or McAdam roads, Taylor being a close second. The prairie land of Coleman naturally gives that county a pretty good system of roads except in long-continued wet spells. Eastland county, which alone of the counties adjacent to ours, has a topography similar to Callahan's, which makes good roads a matter of works rather than of nature. And yet Eastland has some very good roads and has a well developed case of the good roads fever. Callahan here and there has symptoms of some time taking this same undreaded disease. The roads leading out of this town show some evidence of a recent exposure to it. The first five miles of road this side of Putnam show to have had a light attack of this fever, being nearly well, however. From Putnam to Baird a good road could be built easily, the road bed being hard with plenty of good stone adjacent. From Baird west to Clyde the road is a great improvement over itself of several years back. There is no part of the county that naturally has worse highways than has Clyde, which is located right in the deep sand, but the road west of that town shows to have been ravaged, in a mild and healing way, by the said road fever. Over what was described as once a very bad stretch of sand there has been spread, after being clayed, a two or three-inch layer of gravel, making a road really better than the pike roads of Taylor county. In fact, there could hardly be a better piece of road than this. The lesson, it would seem, is that gravel properly mixed and spread makes a fine roadbed.

## PUTNAM FLOURISHING

C. B. Beeler carried the writer and Rev. C. P. Welsh to Putnam Tuesday of this week, the latter taking the train at that place for his home at Abilene. W. H. Clements of Putnam came back with Mr. Beeler.

The Putnam country is decidedly a cotton country this year. The Farmers' Gin has put out more than 600 bales and the other gin nearly as many. In all about 1,400 bales have been marketed to Tuesday. Both gins have been and are very busy running night and day. The cotton yield is from one-fourth to one-half bale. The crop will be picked in a week or two, it is said. As an indication of the condition of the county and that of the Putnam State Bank, which was made on Sept. 12, which report showed about \$90,000.00 on deposit. The first of the week the deposits amounted to \$125,000.00, a great increase. The management of the bank says there is little demand for loans.

Tuesday Messrs. George Coats, Strahan, Chatam, and Worthy of Cottonwood were preparing to ship four cars of hogs. They stated that they thought there would not be such a discrimination in shipping from Putnam on account of the feeding of peanuts.

### MARRIED

Mr. Wiley Clements, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clements, and Miss Mattie Cain, daughter of Mrs. Luke Cain, all of Putnam, were married at residence of the bride's mother, Saturday at seven p. m. Rev. J. W. Cadwell, the M. E. pastor, officiating. The young couple, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Perry Clements, left Saturday night for a brief honeymoon trip to Weatherford. They will make their home at Putnam. The groom and bride are of old families and the very best families of the county, and have a host of friends who wish them the best there is to life.

### HUGS! HUGS! HUGS!!!

I will fill the market for all kinds of..... J. F. Fryson.

MR. FARMER

of every kind at Rutherford's. Come in and see them.

LOST OR STRAYED

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

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MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

MR. FARMER

Always Buy the Best TOILET ARTICLES and Keep Pleased with Your Appearance



## A Large Line of Beauty Aids

Every woman wants to be as attractive as possible. And it's perfectly right that she should be.

Actresses are more envied and admired, perhaps, than any other class of women. Yet they are not always the most beautiful.

They attribute their charms in a measure to the regular use of good creams, lotions, etc.

We have a line of the latest and most effective beauty aids, perfumes, etc., to please the most exacting.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

## BRING US YOUR COTTON CHECKS

The Bank of Cross Plains

(Un-Incorporated)

Virgil Hart, Cashier

C. C. Neeb, Asst. Cashier

# Are You Hearing the Debate?

If not you are missing some great arguments. These arguments pertain to the final welfare of every human soul. The most important of all questions that confront human beings.

## Another Great Question

that confronts every man, woman and child, is the question pertaining to the purchasing of their clothing for winter.

We propose to settle this great question for YOU IF allowed an opportunity to do so by showing you through our extensive lines of merchandise as follows:

Men's and boys' clothing at prices surprisingly cheap.

Ladies, misses and children's coats, suits, dresses, skirts, and waists. New Styles at the old price.

NOW WHEN it comes to shoes for the whole family, it has ceased to be a debatable question with those who have tried our shoes, as this question has been decided. And you who have not tried our shoes had better try them this season. IT WILL PAY, because our shoes are all solid leather.

THE WHOLE PLAN of fall purchasing depends on where you purchase. A look at our store will be convincing that this is the place, and not take an able debater to establish this fact.

THE REASON: We purchased early before the enormous advance and are graciously giving our trade the advantage of these old prices.

## Davis-Garner & Co.

Quality Counts. Watch Us Grow

### RUGS AND LINOLEUMS

of every description at Rutherford's Furniture Store.

### SHIPPING APPLES

J. A. Joy of near Cottonwood and J. M. Harlow Sunday shipped a car of apples at 75c per bushel f. o. b. Cross Plains. This week they shipped another car to Houston. The apple crop is not as good as last year, but the price is better.

### MARRIED

Mr. Jim Lawrence and Miss Link Henderson were married at Jonesboro, on Sunday at 3, p. m. They had meant to marry here, but on account of the reported serious illness of the groom's father they left on Friday with Corum Beeler for Jonesboro. They will remain at that place until Jim's father can dispose of his drug business, or until he is able to conduct it. The particulars of the wedding we are unable to get. The groom has been connected with The City Drug Store. He is a brother to Mrs. S. P. Rumph. The bride is a young daughter of Mrs. J. P. Henderson, both being of the very best families and held in the highest esteem of all that know them. The Review offers its very best wishes for their future happiness.

## For Saturday Only

I will give a 10 per cent discount and a belt free with every suit order. The best lines, the best prices, and the best fits guaranteed.

Also all suits cleaned and pressed for 80c or pressed for 40c.

Plenty of help to do the work.

## L. B. LINDSEY

First Door South of Witt & Harbin's Produce & Grocery

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas }  
County of Callahan }

To Unknown Owners And all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the following described land delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Callahan, for taxes, to-wit: 20 acres out of section 68, B. B. B. & C. R. R. Co. land, Abstract 1886, being the N. 1-2 of the N. 1-2 of E. 1-2 of S. E. 1-4 of said section, which said land is delinquent for taxes for the following amount: \$11.61 for State Taxes and for County Taxes, and you are hereby notified that suit has been brought by the State for the Collection of said Taxes and you are commanded to appear and defend such suit at the November Term of the District Court of Callahan County, and State of Texas, Delinquent for years 1912, 1911, and 1914 and show cause why judgment shall not be rendered condemning said land [or lot], and ordering sale and foreclosure thereof for said taxes and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this the 8th day of Sept. A. D. 1916.  
A. R. Day, Clerk  
District Court Callahan County, Texas.

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas }  
County of Callahan }

To Unknown Owners And all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the following described land delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Callahan, for taxes, to-wit: Lot 14 in Block 46 in the Central Addition to the town of Cross Plains, Texas, which said land is delinquent for taxes for the following amount: \$7.81 for State Taxes and for County Taxes, and you are hereby notified that suit has been brought by the State for the Collection of said Taxes, and you are commanded to appear and defend such suit at the November Term of the District Court of Callahan County, and State of Texas years 1913 and 1914 and show cause why judgment shall not be rendered condemning said land (or lot), and ordering sale and foreclosure thereof for said taxes and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this the 8th day of Sept. A. D. 1916.  
A. R. Day, Clerk  
District Court Callahan County, Texas.

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas }  
County of Callahan }

To Unknown Owners And all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the following described land delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Callahan, for taxes, to-wit: Lots 7, 8, 10, and 11 in Block 51. Lots 11 and 12 in Block 52, Central Addition to the town of Cross Plains, Texas, which said land is delinquent for taxes for the following amount: \$8.66 for State Taxes and for County Taxes, and you are hereby notified that suit has been brought by the State for the Collection of said Taxes and you are commanded to appear and defend such suit at the November Term of the District Court of Callahan County, and State of Texas, Delinquent for years, 1914 and 1913 and show cause why judgment shall not be rendered condemning said land (or lot), and ordering sale and foreclosure thereof for said taxes and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this the 8th day of Sept. A. D. 1916.  
A. R. Day, Clerk  
District Court Callahan County, Texas.



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# B. L. Boydston

## Where It Pays to Buy

Is showing the largest and most complete stock of dry goods ever shown before by this Cross Plains store. We want you to buy that fall dry goods bill from us. We know you can find what you want right here in our store, and we feel like we are entitled to the business because WE BUY what YOU sell. Our stock of goods is new and our prices are right.

Buy Buster Brown Shoes for Girls and Boys. White House Shoes for men and women.

Buy your Ladies' and children's hats here. Prices: Ladies hats \$1.50 to \$15.00. Children's hats 40c to \$3.00.

Ladies and Misses coats, suits and dresses.

If you are looking for style and quality and at a reasonable price, you will come here to buy. The prices are right.

We want your eggs, we want your hides, we want your cotton seed, also cotton, grain and peanuts,

# B. L. Boydston

Coffins, Caskets and Robes at Rutherford's

A good horse for sale cash or credit.—Neeb Produce Co.

Hogs—will buy, sell or exchange hogs of all kinds.  
Neeb Produce

De Laval cream separator oil—far the best.  
Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

**Sustenance in Nettles.**  
Nettles good human food? Of course! They have been known as such memorably in thrifty Switzerland and other careful countries. There is no better rival to spinach in the whole vegetable kingdom. And the nettle ought to be utilized, it does so abound. It is the one weed, almost the only one, that grows in all countries under the sun, so say gardeners who fight it year by year and have never taken the right revenge of eating it.—London Chronicle.

**Lye as a Cleanser.**  
Pulverized lye can be bought in cans with perforated tops. It is so useful in the household that no housekeeper can afford to be without it. If put into the sink, it keeps the drain clean, the lye uniting with grease and making a soap. It is invaluable for removing grease and stains from pots, pans and kettles, and especially the garbage pail, which should by all means be kept clean. A long-handled dish mop should be kept on hand to be used when cleaning with lye, as it is exceedingly injurious to the hands.

**Friendship.**  
Friendship springs up and grows naturally; it cannot be planted at will. Foolish friendships are often formed in youth. It is useless to talk against them, since young people always resent criticism of their friends. We must simply tolerate them and trust to the awakenings of common sense to prove all frivolous friendships false and unworthy.

### PIONEER NEWS

The rain that fell Sunday night was appreciated by all except those who had peanuts up and not threshed.

W. W. Gorman of near Proctor was here last week looking out the country with the intention of buying a home.

Mrs. Burton of Aquilla, Texas, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. W. Carey.

Mrs. Boon of Cleburne preached at the M. E. church Monday night.

The rural carrier carried out a box last Wednesday to be erected at the Liberty school house for the exchange of mail with the Sabanno carrier.

Mrs. Claudé Menton's mother and brother visited her this week.

Prof. Prichard has moved to Jno. McClure's house. Prof. Prichard is the Supt of the school and has moved in to look after school interests.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. O'Kelly of south of Burkett visited Mrs. W. D. Smith Sunday and Monday.

Geo. Barnes of Rising Star is here buying peanuts.

### DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

For Judge 42nd District  
Joe Burket of Eastland  
For District Attorney—  
N. N. Rosenquest

District Clerk  
A. R. (Lonnie) Day,  
For County Judge—

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

For Tax Collector—  
Gene Melton  
For Treasurer—  
Pitt Ramsey

For Tax Assessor—  
Melvin G. Farmer  
For Sheriff—  
J. A. Moore

For Superintendent  
S. E. Settle

County Attorney  
R. L. Surles

Justice of Peace Precinct 6  
A. J. Mathis  
Commissioner Precinct 4  
J. M. Houston

For Public Weigher Prec. 6  
J. W. Payne

Reform.  
A small tailor shop on the Bowery burned out, and the tailor moved to the next block. The morning after the fire the following sign appeared in the window of the wrecked store: "Will be open for business at No. 2 street on December 9, and will be your honest friend when alterations are completed."

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

W. D. Hoagland



## A Million a Minute and No Time for His Daughter!

While Millionaire Howell, railroad president, holds Wall street at bay, Marjorie, his beautiful daughter, is placed on the bargain counter for the money her body will bring. An unscrupulous mother attempts to barter her for John Burton's gold, though the girl's heart has been given to another — A mother's greed has accomplished a daughter's ruin!

### Is Humanity in the Grip of Evil?

Read—

# THE GRIP OF EVIL

By Louis Tracy

A wonderful new motion picture serial with a master plot in fourteen installments, narrating the pitfalls of life, depicting the perils that surround us daily in politics, in business, in social circles, in the home! The story is a grim slice of life itself.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS READING THIS BIG STORY In This Paper!



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

### LOANS

Secure a loan and improve your place. Then enjoy the improvements while you pay for them. City and farm loans made on long time.

C. C. Hampton.

The Belle of Vernon, my new line of flour, the very highest grade. Try a sack and be convinced. My prices are always right.

J. W. Westerman

### COTTONWOOD ITEMS

A slow rain fell here Monday morning.

Mr. J. A. Ayers has returned from an extended trip to the west. Mr. Ayers' health, which has been bad for some time, is greatly improved.

Miss Ina Gattis assisted by Miss Mable Varner entertained the children Tuesday evening with a birthday party. The occasion being the birthday of Obie Gattis and and his cousin Angie Everett, they both were the pleased recipients of several nice presents. The children played games and had music, then refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailev from Putnam brought Mr. Cadwell down Sunday to fill his last appointment at the Methodist church here. Mrs. Cadwell was very seriously injured recently by a fall and Mr. Cadwell could not remain for night services. Mr. and Mrs. Cadwell have many friends here who regret Mrs. Cadwell's misfortune and also regret that Mr. Cadwell will not be with them another year as pastor.

Mr. John Foster filled the appointment for the Primitive Baptists Sunday.

Mr. Cadwell baptized one candidate Sunday afternoon.

John Hembree and family from Cross Plains were here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Griffin returned to Tula last week.

Mr. R. E. Kuykendall is at work at Cross Plains this week.

The "Sull Ross" Confederate Camp will meet at Cottonwood next Sunday afternoon. There will be speaking and reading rendered on the program.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thomason visited Mr. Thomason's parents at Eula Friday.

Mrs. Barrett from Austin lectured at the school house Friday night in behalf of the Farmer's Institute. She tried to organize here but there was not sufficient interest shown to result in such an organization.

The writer has had much gratifying experience in connection with the Farmer's Institute and would be very glad if Cottonwood people would organize. It is an excellent medium of bringing the people together not only in school work but in every phase of community life.

Grandma Ray is no better we are sorry to report. Most of her children all of whom are living have been to see her.

Mrs. W. P. Gattis was taken sick Thursday night and has been quite ill since.

### CROSS CUT ITEMS

A light shower fell Sunday night and prospects for more rain are still good.

Claude Willis left Saturday for Georgetown, where he will attend school.

Mrs. Mae Wooldridge visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Butler of Byrd's last week.

S. F. Jones and family went to Holder Sunday to visit his daughter Uncle Johnie McPeters of Bangs was in this community the first part of last week.

Lonnie and Tennie Triplitt left Tuesday for Dallas where they will attend an automobile school.

Bransford Eubanks left Sunday for Bryan, where he will take a course in A. & M. College.

Rev. Sommers filled his regular appointment at this place Sunday.

A. T. Davis has purchased a Ford car in which he carries the mail.

Several from this place expect to attend the debate at Cross Plains this week.

The young folks were entertained at the home of A. F. Willis Friday night. All present report a pleasant time.

Reporter

### For Barber Work

OF EVERY KIND COME TO

### Smedly & Nordyke

Hair cut . . . . . 25c  
Shave . . . . . 15c

Your business Appreciated

Leave your Laundry here,

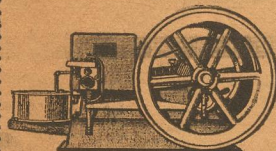
### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Sletcher*

### Let Me Sell

You a Witt Engine to do your Work.



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

F. O. B. Factory

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

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

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

J. W. BENNETT  
"The TINNER"

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas }  
County of Callahan }

To Unknown Owners and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the following described land delinquent to the State of Texas and county of Callahan, for taxes, to-wit: Lots 1 and 2 in Block 37 in Central Addition to the town of Cross Plains, Texas, which said land is delinquent for taxes for the following amount: \$4.56 for State Taxes and for County Taxes, and you are hereby notified that suit has been brought by the State for the Collection of said Taxes and you are commanded to appear and defend such suit at the November Term of the District Court of Callahan County, and State of Texas. Delinquent for year 1912 and show cause why judgment shall not be rendered condemning said land (or lot), and ordering sale and foreclosure thereof for said taxes and costs of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court at office in Baird, Texas, this 8th day of Sept. A. D. 1916.

A. R. Day, Clerk  
District Court Callahan County, Texas.  
Painted and galvanized roofing—any weight—valley tin guttering—cresting—ridge roll—tanks—cisterns—complete stock.

NO 8583

REPORT OF CONDITION

## THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

of Cross Plains in the State of Texas at the close of business, Sept. 12, 1916.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$94,029.00
Acceptances of other banks discounted	00
Total loans	94,029.00
Deduct: Notes and bills discounted	5,723.75
Overdrafts, secured 00; unsecured	00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	\$6,300.00
Total U. S. Bonds	6,300.00
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	21.40
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)	900.00
Equity in Banking house	6,576.00
Furniture & fixtures	\$2,200.00
Other real estate owned	1,809.23
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	2,446.13
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago and St. Louis	257.49
Due from approved reserved agents in other reserve cities	7,798.46
Due from banks and bankers (other than above)	2,802.56
Checks on banks in same city as reporting bank	00
Outside checks and other cash items \$805.49 fractional currency	\$229.95
Notes of other national banks	335.00
Federal Reserve notes	35.00
Legal money reserve in bank: Total coin and certificates	3,214.45
Legal-tender notes	1,500.00
Redemption fund with U.S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent of circulation)	15.00
Collection Account	00
Expense account	00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$125,551.91</b>

### LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	5,000.00
Undivided profits	1,679.22
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	296.50
Circulating notes outstanding	6,300.00
Due to approved reserve agents in other reserve cities other than in New York, Chicago and St. Louis	00
Due to banks and bankers (other than above)	00
Demand deposits:	
Individual deposits subject to check	59,986.63
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days	4,324.60
Certified checks	00
Cashier's checks outstanding	797.64
Total demand deposits, Items 32 to 39 inclusive	\$65,108.87
Other time deposits	8,846.54
Total time deposits—total of Items 43, 44, 45,	\$8,846.54
Rediscounts with Federal Reserve Bank	00
Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed	15,000.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$125,551.91</b>
Liabilities for rediscounts, including those with Federal Reserve Bank	5,723.25

State of Texas, County of Callahan, ss: I, S. F. Bond, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. F. BOND, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of Sept. 1916.  
Dodd Price  
Notary Public

CORRECT Attest:  
R. P. Odum  
J. M. Harlow  
J. A. Barr  
Directors

### NEED A NEW MACHINE?

The loss of a position has no terrors to the efficient workman who has learned the use of classified advertising. Want ads are "Job Insurance" at a very low rate.

Any married or single woman who may want a new sewing machine will do well to see us about The Review's machine proposition. We can let you have one of the best makes for a little work. If interested write or call on us.

If you have relatives away from this country and don't want to write them, send The Review to them at less than the 2c postage weekly. No subscriptions taken for less than six months for 50c.

### It Always Helps

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

I wish every suffering woman would give

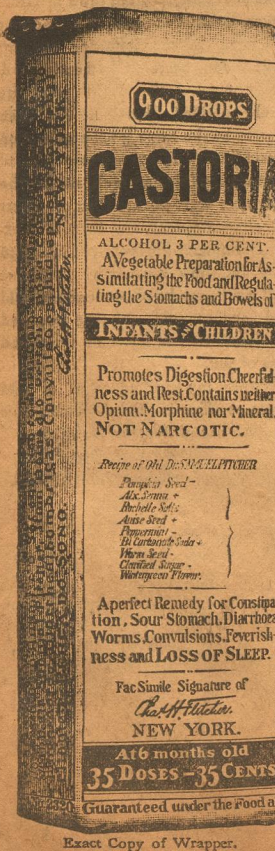
## CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

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

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

Get a Bottle Today!



## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

*Chas. H. Sletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

## CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE DECATUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

# THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year Strictly Cash in advance.

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

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH  
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

We club The Review with all papers and magazines.

T. R. m. is in receipt of passes for himself and lady to the Central West Texas Fair to be held at Abilene October 10th to 14th. Abilene is promising to give a good fair this year, a thing she always does, for that matter, and if we find the time and the other necessary concomitants we will surely accept the invitation to enjoy Abileneites' hospitality during these days.

Up to the first of the week there had been weighed at the local yard more than 1100 bales of cotton. The two weeks preceding 900 bales had been weighed, at which rate, if it were to be kept up, Cross Plains would soon be known as a great cotton market. Martin Neeb, the weigher, seems to think that the bulk of the cotton will soon be gathered, saying that he doubted if he should weigh more than 2,000 bales.

The public school is to begin next Monday. On Friday night, which is to-night, Mr. Gantz, the superintendent, will make a talk to the public at the school building on the compulsory attendance law. All patrons should go out and hear him. This is a new law, and many of its provisions are not very well understood. The heartiest co-operation of the public is asked and expected in all school matters.

This promises to be the best fall that the new town of Cross Plains has seen. The strictly cotton belt is decidedly in the best condition it has known for years; the yield is reasonably good and the price excellent. The peanut crop is fair, or least, a good deal from a failure, and already the price, which for a time was thought to be entirely too low, is soaring and a dollar a bushel is either here or in sight. A few have good apple crops, and this fruit is selling at seventy-five cents in carload lots. Feed crops, tho not making a prolific yield, are bringing too high a price, according to the fellow who has to buy. The sweet potato crop is good and the price remunerative to the grower. Grain prices have been exceptionally high. Poultry of all kinds, eggs etc., were never higher in the memory of many men who are not very young. A car of hogs is shipped from here nearly every week, which means that often about \$1500 it turned loose in this community. If a farmer has not had exceptionally bad luck there is hardly any excuse for his not making money this year. Not a thing he produces that is not high, from a pullet egg to a steer. The man that will grumble at the hard times now should be chloroformed into another world where he should have anything but an angel for a governess.

## TO DEMOCRATS

If you are a loyal Democrat you still have a chance to donate to the general campaign fund. Don't wait until it is too late. See about it now.

## HONOR ROLL

J. L. Cavanaugh of route 1 last week paid two dollars on subscription. He has been reading The Review for six years, or almost from its beginning. He states that his cotton crop is not what it should be, but better than last year.

The Review man accidentally met Edgar Davis near his home at Atwell last Friday, who gave him sufficient of the coin of the realm for twelve months subscription to The Review. Edgar is preparing to move to Vernon, where The Review is to follow him.

S. M. McDowell of Sabanno is an old-time reader of this sheet, and while in town Saturday paid for a year's subscription, a thing he has done every fall under the present management, and a thing very much appreciated.

Hardy Strickland has evidenced his appreciation of The Review as a home paper by renewing his subscription last Saturday. He has our thanks.

A. S. Howell of route 2 has renewed his subscription. Sid says that he and his folks could not get on without The Review and its stories. This is his second year.

G. B. Gaines of Cross Cut has been reading, or at least, receiving and paying for, The Review for four years, beginning when it took two days to get mail from this place to him. Saturday he renewed his subscription.

E. T. Smith also of Cross Cut Saturday renewed his subscription with us. This is his second year, and we trust that he will find it so indispensable that he will continue to take it year after year, as Mr. Gaines has done. He states that he is glad to get it and that he keeps up with the various neighborhoods thru its pages.

Wm. Esser of Boerne, Kendall county, who until a year or two ago lived on the place that Chris Parsons now lives on, has been reading The Review since its first issue on March 4, 1910. He has just sent a dollar to pay for another year's subscription. We are glad to hold him as a reader, and wish him well in his south Texas home.

Ellis Nordyke has paid for one year's reading of The Review and two of Holland's Magazine. Ellis has become interested in reading this paper largely thru the excellent stories we carry.

G. W. Williams, city marshal, has paid for his paper for six months, after which time he may not live here, so he states. Mr. Williams is enforcing the law as city marshal and making a good officer.

L. W. Placke of route 1 on Monday squared up a year's subscription to his local paper. He has not been reading the same very long, he being a comparatively new man in the country.

## CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas }  
County of Callahan }  
To Unknown Owners and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the following described land delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Callahan, for taxes, to-wit: Lot 7 in Block 14 in Central Addition to the town of Cross Plains, Texas, which said land is delinquent for taxes for the following amount: \$2.58 for State Taxes and for County Taxes, and you are hereby notified that suit has been brought by the State for the Collection of said Taxes and you are commanded to appear and defend such suit at the November Term of the District Court of Callahan County, and State of Texas, Delinquent for year 1913 and show cause why judgment shall not be rendered condemning said land (or lot), and ordering sale and foreclosure thereof for said taxes and costs of suit.  
Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this 8th day of Sept. A. D. 1916.  
A. R. Day, Clerk  
District Court Callahan County, Texas.

# A SNAP For Sale CHEAP

On easy terms. Ten years time, 8 per cent interest, the John Baum 265 farm five miles west of Cross Plains. 65 acres in cultivation, 100 acre pasture (mesquite grass) A splendid hog and dairy farm. Will sell all or a part. Also several farms and stock farms, with mesquite grass and water, near Oplin. See or write me at Abilene, Tex.

A. G. WEBB, Owner.

- ☞ A noteworthy list of properties in the "For Sale" column today.
- ☞ If you have idle capital at the moment better look them over.
- ☞ Nothing more substantial, or sure of profit, than real estate.

Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

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Office in Residence north of Boydston's store  
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Physician & Surgeon  
Diseases of Women & Children and Diagnoses a Specialty.  
Calls Answered Promptly  
Day or Night.  
Phone 131

OFFICE OVER FARMER'S BANK

## CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas }  
County of Callahan }  
To Unknown Owners and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the following described land delinquent to the State of Texas and county of Callahan, for taxes, to-wit:  
Lots 12 and 9 in Block 62 central Addition to the town of Cross Plains, Texas, which said land is delinquent for taxes for the following amount: \$15.96 for State Taxes and for county taxes, and you are hereby notified that suit has been brought by the State for the collection of said taxes and you are commanded to appear and defend such suit at the November term of the district court of Callahan county, and State of Texas, delinquent for year 1914, and show cause why judgment shall not be rendered condemning said land (or lot), and ordering sale and foreclosure thereof for said taxes and costs of suit.  
Witness my hand and the seal of said court, at office in Baird, Texas, this the 25th day of November A. D. 1916.  
A. R. Day, Clerk.

District clerk callahan county, Texas.

## CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas }  
County of Callahan }  
To Unknown Owners, and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the following described land delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Callahan, for taxes, to-wit:  
Lot 11 in Block No. 30 in the Central Addition to the town of Cross Plains, Texas which land is delinquent for taxes for the following amount: \$5.21 for State Taxes and for county taxes, and you are hereby notified that suit has been brought by the State for the collection of said Taxes and you are commanded to appear and defend such suit at the November term of the District Court of Callahan county, and State of Texas, Delinquent for years, 1912 and 1914, and show cause why judgment shall not be rendered condemning said land (or lot), and ordering sale and foreclosure thereof for said taxes and costs of suit.  
Witness my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this the 25th day of Sept. A. D. 1916.  
A. R. Day, Clerk  
District court callahan county, Texas.



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ALUMINUM SIX-QUART KETTLE

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Useful Every Day.  
Please note new adjustable bail.

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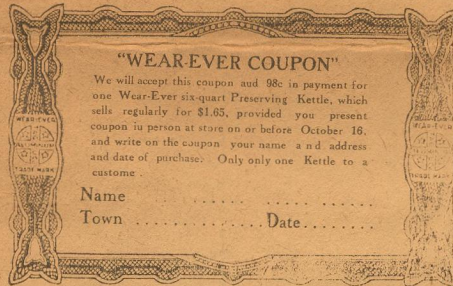
Do you know why so many women prefer "WEAR-EVER" aluminum cooking utensils? If not, see for yourself the difference between "Wear-Ever" and other kinds of aluminum ware.

Aluminum utensils are NOT all the same.

Be sure you get "Wear-Ever." Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of every utensil. It must be there if it's a "Wear-Ever." REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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**B. L. BOYD-STUN**



# 30,000

# Peanut Sacks

To take care the Cross Plains Peanut crop.

# 10 1-2c

For No. 1 Sacks. Get what you want now at

# Higginbotham Trading Co.

# Little Sir Galahad

A Story With a Blessing

By PHOEBE GRAY



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## CHAPTER X—Continued.

Charlie Thomas, now an art student with an amazing knack for drawing a caricature of a man and showing that man's soul in the drawing, has just caricatured Jones, a reporter.

Jones took the sketch, gave it one look, and burst into a roar of laughter. He eyed the caricature again, and the smile faded from his face.

"Say, professor," he said, "what's that boy trying to do, make fun of me? It's clever, but—"

He paused and stared stupidly at the sketch. It was like looking into a glass which reflected not alone his lineaments but his very soul. Every meanness, every little narrow, petty prejudice, every smug conceit, stood there as legibly as if printed in Gothic type. "This young man," said McGregor, "may or may not be an artist some day. I often wonder if he will. But he has this astonishing gift of caricature and hardly ever uses it. He says he doesn't dare to; he hates to hurt people's feelings. He is singularly tender-hearted, and I wonder that he should have allowed himself this indulgence."

"I guess my face was too much of a temptation to him," said Jones. He slipped the sketch into his pocket. "Goodby, young fellow; much obliged. Goodby, Professor McGregor. Thanks for your time and trouble."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. McGregor," said Charlie in distress when the elevator door had slammed. "I wish I hadn't done that."

"I shouldn't worry, Thomas. Come and sit down here. I want to talk to you."

Charlie sat down quite humbly. Maybe he was in for a lecture.

"Thomas," said Mr. McGregor, "did you ever hear the parable of the talents?"

"Sure I have," said Charlie; "everybody has."

"I think you have a very remarkable gift, my boy. Your pencil often discovers the splendid traits of some subjects as well as the meanness of others. The day may come when you will be an instrument for good, because you have this wonderful gift of telling the truth with a pencil or a bit of charcoal."

"Maybe it will help me find the Grail," said Charlie gravely.

"The Grail?"

"Us boys had a society called the Galahad Knights. Francis Willett was the founder of it. Most of them went off to school or college. But I've stuck to it ever since."

"You haven't given up the Quest, then?"

"No; I'm going to follow it as long as I live."

"Well, then Thomas, let me tell you that your talent will help you find the Grail, as you have suggested. That is all for this morning."

Jones went back to the View office and wrote his story, which in due time appeared in the Sunday issue. But it said nothing about Charlie Thomas. Jones took home the sketch and hung it with a pin on the wall near his bed. Every night before he turned in, and every morning when he awoke, he studied it.

"If that's the kind of a chap I am," he would repeat, "I'm going to change or bust."

Mary Alice Brown looked up, one morning in the "gloves," and caught the eye of a young man standing in the aisle before her counter.

"Hello, Mary Alice," said the young man. He had a good-humored face, a complacent manner, and very red hair.

"Francis Willett," cried Mary Alice. "Where did you come from?"

The young man's red hair was particularly noticeable, because he wore no hat, a circumstance which struck Mary Alice as odd.

"I came down from the general offices of this establishment to see you, Mary Alice," said Francis. "I'm working here. Do you remember, we both said we wished we didn't have to be educated, so we could work in a store? Well, we're both here."

"But how about your education, Francis?"

"I've just begun. I was expelled from college last week."

"Likely. Why don't you tell the truth? Are you sick or—"

"Crazy? Yes, I'm crazy, I guess; or I was. If I hadn't been crazy, I'd still be in college."

Mary Alice studied Francis Willett thoughtfully. She wished she had Charlie Thomas' talent. She guessed, shrewdly, that his father had given him too much money to spend and it had partly spoiled him. This grieved Mary Alice, for at heart she was very fond of Francis.

"What are you doing in the store?" she asked.

"I'm learning the business; began this morning. I'm a sort of cub assistant to Mr. Stacey, a general handy little man in his office, not quite so humble as an office boy or nearly so exalted as a saleslady. I'm neither hay nor grass, but I need cutting; and they've started in with my allowance."

I must live, move and have my being on ten dollars a week, pay my board at home, buy my clothes and lunches, and take you to see the films once a week."

"Mercy!" said Mary Alice. "Here comes the floorwalker. Do you want him to see you loafing here? I don't."

If Francis had been a dilatory cash boy, he couldn't have scuttled off more guiltily.

Lucy, innocently busy with boxes of gloves that in no way interested her except that they were near Mary Alice, asked: "Who was that nice-lookin' fellow, Mary Alice? The one with the pink hair?"

"That's Mr. Willett, Mr. Stacey's new assistant."

"Mary Alice Brown, is that the Francis Willett, John Willett's son, the one that's so awful rich? I bet it is; I've heard he was a carrot-top. Oh, don't be so hateful! I'm simply crazy to know."

Mary Alice grinned at Lucy, but said nothing, and the other girl went pontifical about her business. She sputtered her grievance to Hilda and Jenny.

"I don't see what he could have wanted," she said. "Maybe he'll come again. He's awful nice looking."

"Sure," said Hilda. "I've seen him lots of times; his folks have got heaps of money. I don't see what he wants to work here for."

"You mustn't come down here very often, Francis," warned Mary Alice one day. The girls talk. Besides, I don't believe Mr. Stacey would like you to be spending your time visiting a—shopgirl."

"Nonsense, Mary Alice. It's the only pleasure I have. He wouldn't mind."

"Somebody ought to tell him," asserted Mary Alice.

"Somebody's going to tell you how pretty you are."

"Hush, you big silly. I thought you said I was skinny."

"Good heavens, Mary Alice, you've a long memory. Do you still think I run to elbows, like Sam's pup?"

"You run mostly to loud neckties and foolish talk. For the love of goodness, go back to your own work and let me do mine. No'm, the men's hosiery on the Essex street side. Mr. Willett, will you please show this lady to the men's furnishings? Thank you; goodby."

Mary Alice decided that adversity had done Francis Willett a world of good. He began to lose his complacency. Stacey was pretty frank in the matter of criticism, and Mary Alice guessed that all was not rosy in the upstairs office. She wondered how long Francis would hold his job if Stacey were not an old friend of John Willett.

## CHAPTER XI.

### At the Boreas Club.

One crisp and moderately cold day in January, a Saturday afternoon that the store rules once in so often allowed Mary Alice for her own, the doorbell rang.

"Mary Alice, Mary Alice," called little Dick. "There's a awful big automobile out in front and it's Mr. Willett and he says for you to hurry he's going to take you ridin' and he says you needn't put on your coat 'cause he's got a great big fur one for you to wear and hurry up down."

"I thought," said the girl, as the car slid away from the house with Mary Alice cuddled into the low passenger's seat, well wrapped in furs, "I thought you said your father didn't want you to use his cars."

"Tisn't father's; it's Stacey's run-about. I asked him to lend it to me and he was very nice about it."

"Then you're getting along better with him?"

"Looks that way. I've really learned a lot. My, how he has gone over me! But now I'm getting so I'm rather useful to him. He's quite pleasant, most of the time."

Mary Alice did not get too many automobile rides. The cold air, as they moved swiftly through the frozen country, bit her cheeks and made them tender; it brought the tears to her eyes and made them brighter. She snuggled down contentedly and enjoyed herself exceedingly, and she liked Francis Willett better than ever.

"This is the life, this is the life," hummed Francis, and the velvety little French engine hummed in unison. Oh, say, Mary Alice, if only I had some money of my own!"

"I don't see but that you're doing nicely without any."

"You don't know. It's a case of hold back with me day in and day out. My clothes are getting shabby, I haven't had a new tie for a month, and I black my own shoes every morning by lamplight. This getting up before day in the dead of winter's no fun."

"But isn't it doing you good?"

"Oh, I suppose so. It's what my father wanted. By George, Mary Alice, there's one person who's pleased. You know when I first came home he had hard work to speak to me, poor old chap. But nowadays, when he meets my smiling, businesslike phiz at the breakfast table, he just beams. It's one of the two things that make my hard, barren existence supportable."

"What's the other?" asked the girl innocently.

"You!"

Mary Alice added a nice pink blush to the red already wind-kissed upon her cheeks.

"Fiddlesticks!" she said.

"Fiddle nothing," said Francis. "You're a dandy girl, Mary Alice. I love you to distraction."

"Oh, Francis, you're so absurd. You mustn't make love to me. I don't even think your father'd like it if he knew you were taking me to drive. It's nice to be friends, but—oh, please don't make it any stronger than that!"

"What talk have you?" demanded Francis. "My father thinks you're just about right, I can tell you. 'Way back when you and I were kids he used to tell me what a pretty little thing you were and how much sense you had.'"

"That was because we were little."

"Doesn't make any diff. You're prettier now than ever, and you've got ten times as much sense. Listen to me! You don't know my dad. Do you think he has any foolish ideas about 'class' and 'exclusiveness' and all that? Why, when he was my age he was poor as—as I am. Poorer; he got only six dollars a week."

"But he was a college man."

"He earned his way through—he and Uncle Billy Jackson. That's why they're such pals. Uncle Billy Jackson thinks you're great, Mary Alice."

"He hasn't seen me for four or five years. Let's not argue. For goodness' sake, where are we, anyhow? I've never been here before. What are you turning in for?"

"It's the Boreas club; tobogganing, skiing, skating—all that sort of thing. Ever have an iceboat ride? Ever go down a toboggan chute? Now's your chance."

Francis turned the car over to an attendant at the clubhouse steps and led Mary Alice into the great living room.

"Want something to warm you up a mite?" asked her host.

"No, indeed, I'm not a bit chilled."

"Well, then, after we've had our slide. Now let's see. You'll need some heavier boots, and mittens, and a stocking cap. Wait here a few minutes; I'll be right back."

He disappeared, leaving Mary Alice standing before the broad hearth, where a big fire crackled cheerily. A couple of silent servitors glided about, attending upon the guests who grouped themselves about small tables, where they laughed over their tea. Mary Alice knew that the Boreas club was made up of the best people of Sheffield and its suburbs. Moreover, she knew that Francis Willett's social position gave him the entire wherever such people gathered. That he was a member and that she was his guest gave her a pleasant sensation of belonging there herself.

Francis came back, followed by a respectful maid, who carried sundry articles of apparel, including a gyp-patterned mackinaw and stout outing boots.

"Just go with Teresa," said her escort. "She'll fix you up in a jiffy."

Together they climbed the long slope to the top of the toboggan chute. Laughing, shouting, excited coasters, all carefully dressed in garments designed for this particular sport, crowded the broad starting platform. Nearly everybody knew Francis and greeted him noisily and cordially. Many cast inquiring glances Mary Alice's way; she was too pretty to be ignored.

Francis procured from somewhere a luxurious, cushioned toboggan, fitted with shiny nicked rolls and a chime of blending bells. He looked, so Mary Alice thought, the most stunning young man in the crowd. Perhaps the pattern of his mackinaw was a little the most striking; he certainly wore his tasseled cap with a rakish and fetching air. A tall, graceful figure, he carried himself with easy assurance, his complacent, confident smile quite in keeping with his position in this world of "nice" people.

If the occasion arose, he introduced Mary Alice to his women friends or presented Mr. This and Mr. That with fine courtesy. Mary Alice was not in the least displeased to sense, in Francis Willett's attitude, a sort of pride.

With the early winter darkness, long lines of electric lamps lighted the slide and dotted the lake. More and more people appeared to swell the carnival throng. Mary Alice felt its picturesque quality, its color, its bewildering novelty. After the first breath-taking initiation she lost her keen edge of fear, but the long plunge at the "jumping-off place" maintained its fascinating terror.

"It's getting overcrowded," at length announced Francis. "We don't get our turn very often; the waits are too long. Let's go to the clubhouse and order supper."

"Oh, but I must be home for supper," insisted Mary Alice. "The family will worry. It has been perfectly splendid, Francis. You've been an old dear to give me such a heavenly afternoon."

"Oh, well, if you must," he conceded, after five minutes of useless argument. "Anyhow, we'll have something hot before we start."

When Mary Alice had discarded her borrowed costume and returned to the big living room, she found Francis there alone. He looked down at her, his eyes ardent. Mary Alice turned away. She suddenly found it a little hard to meet that boyish, eager look. One of the pussy-footed serving men brought her a big chair and placed a hassock under her feet. Francis said something to him, which Mary Alice failed to catch. The serving man came back with a tray, placed a little table between Francis and Mary Alice, and on it set two small earthen mugs, out of which a vapor curled in attenuated threads.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Lemberg and Brody



STREET SCENE IN LEMBERG

WHEN the fortifications of the inner city of Lemberg were dismantled in 1811 and the space which they occupied was converted into promenades for the prosperous citizens of this modern Galician capital of 200,000 inhabitants, it was doubtless assumed by many that, having suffered "the sling and arrows of outrageous fortune" for the five centuries of its municipal existence, fate would allot it a surcease from siege and capture, says the bulletin of the National Geographic society.

Lying 60 miles almost due east of Przemysl, and more than 450 miles northeast of Vienna, Lemberg is situated on the banks of the Peltew river, an affluent of the Bug. It nestles in a small valley which opens to the north, and is surrounded by hills, the most picturesque being the well-wooded Franz-Josef Berg to the northeast. To the east, a distance of 7 miles, is Tarnopol, near the Russian border, one of the first points of attack when the Muscovites pushed beyond the Galician frontier.

A description of the modern city of Lemberg as it existed in August, 1914, requires many modifications today, for the scars of war are to be found in its many handsome homes; its broad, well-paved streets; its Roman Catholic cathedral, a handsome gothic structure completed in 1480; its Greek cathedral, completed in 1779; its Armenian cathedral in the Byzantine style, dating back to 1437, and its magnificent monuments to such Polish patriots as King John III Sobieski who, after having saved Lemberg from the Turks a few years previously, in 1683 saved all Europe from Mohammedan invasion by routing an army of 300,000 Turks encamped about Vienna, his own force numbering only 70,000.

Nearly 700 Years Old.

Called Lwov in the Polish tongue and Leopold in Latin, Lemberg was founded by a Ruthenian prince in 1259. Nearly a hundred years later it was added to the domain of Casimir the Great, who bestowed upon the city the charter and privileges widely known during the middle ages as the Magdeburg Right.

Following the fall of Constantinople, Lemberg enjoyed a revival of trade with the East, but it was caught in the maelstrom of rebellion and pillage which swept over the Ukraine and a part of Poland during the last half of the seventeenth century, when the Cossack hetman, Chmielnicki, was directing the infamies of the "serfs' fury."

Lemberg was one of the Polish cities so far before the arms of Charles XII of Sweden when the ill-advised Augustus II was drawn into the Great Northern war, which devastated central Europe for the first 20 years of the eighteenth century. In 1772, upon the first partition of Poland, Lemberg became an Austrian possession, and 12 years after this event Joseph II established the University of Lemberg which, at the time of the outbreak of the present war, had more than 2,000 students.

One of the most attractive parks of Lemberg, and a favorite promenade, bears the name of the Polish patriot, Jan Kilinski, a humble little shoemaker, who fought bravely in 1796, was captured and taken to St. Petersburg. After his release he returned to his shoemaker's bench and in his leisure hours wrote his recollections, a valuable record of this period of his country's history.

Since the establishment of the Galician diet in 1861 Lemberg has enjoyed increasing prosperity. Its manufactures include machinery and ironware, matches, candles, liquors, chocolate, leather, bricks and tiles, while its commerce is largely in linen, flax, hemp, wool and oil.

In 1907 two interesting finds were made in the vicinity of this city by laborers boring for oil. The bodies of an elephant and a rhinoceros were unearthed in a remarkable state of preservation, even the hides being intact, due, probably, to the preservative qualities of the oily soil in which they were buried.

Brody a Commercial Center.

Only about two miles beyond the Russian border, the Galician town of Brody is a point of great strategic importance on the eastern war front because it controls an important railway line leading from Dubno, 35 miles to the northeast, to Lemberg, which is 62 miles to the southwest.

At the beginning of the world war Brody was a thriving commercial center with a population approaching 20,000, more than two-thirds of whom were Jews. Its prosperity was checked to some extent about 40 years ago, when, after having enjoyed the privileges of a free commercial city for exactly 100 years, its charter was withdrawn.

Less than half a century before Brody was created a town in the seventeenth century it was the scene of an important battle in which the Poles, commanded by their famous grand hetman, Stanislaus Ponieckipolski, defeated a Tartar army. This was the last battle of Ponieckipolski's distinguished career. For a quarter of a century he was at war with Turks and Swedes, his initiation in military science being somewhat disastrous, for he was captured by the Turks in his first important engagement and was held in close confinement for three years at Constantinople. Upon his release in 1662 he was placed in command of the Polish republic's forces and with a force of 25,000 defeated 60,000 Tartars at Martynow. His achievements against the army of Gustavus Adolphus were no less noteworthy than his long series of victories whereby he succeeded in keeping the Ukraine under Polish rule.

Brody twice suffered from disastrous conflagrations during the nineteenth century. The first, occurring in 1801, destroyed 1,500 houses, while the fire of 1859 reduced 1,000 homes and business establishments to ashes.

The upper waters of the Sty river form an irregular arc extending from the southwest to the north of Brody, being ten miles distant at its nearest point, toward the northwest. Five miles from the city, just beyond the border on the Dubno-Lemberg railway, is the Russian town of Radzivilow, with a population of about 8,000.

## USE ARABS TO FIGHT LOCUSTS

Soldiers Dig Trenches Into Which Hatching Pests Were Driven and Destroyed.

Djema Pasha put some thousands of Arab soldiers at my brother's disposition, and these were set to work digging trenches into which the hatching locusts were driven and destroyed. This is the only means of coping with the situation; once the locusts get their wings, nothing can be done with them. It was a hopeless fight. Nothing short of the co-operation of every farmer in the country could have won the day; and while the people of the progressive Jewish villages struggled to the end—men, women and children working in the fields until they were exhausted—the Arab farmers sat by with folded hands. The threats of the military authorities only stirred them to half-hearted efforts. Finally, after two months of toil, the campaign was given up and the locusts broke in waves over the countryside, destroying everything. As the Prophet Joel said: "The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. The field is wasted; the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted; the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth."

Not only was every green leaf devoured, but the very bark was peeled from the trees, which stood out white and lifeless, like skeletons. The fields were striped to the ground, and the old men of our villages, who had given their lives to cultivating these gardens and vineyards, came out of the synagogues where they had been praying and wailing and looked on the ruin with dimmed eyes. Nothing was spared. The insects, in their fierce hunger, tried to engulf everything in their way.—Alexander Aaronsohn, in Atlantic.

## A Horrible Accident.

A popular sportsman, being vastly conceited about his fine figure, wore corsets to show it off. One day he was thrown from his horse and lay prone on the road. A farm laborer ran to render him assistance. The first-aid man began to feel the fallen one all over to see if any bones happened to be broken, and suddenly yelled out to another laborer:

"Run, Jack, for heaven's sake, for a doctor. Here's a man's ribs rrrrrant north and south, instead of east and west."

# POULTRY

## LISTEN FOR CACKLE OF HEN

Feed Fowls in Accordance With Demands of Nature as Propounded by Poultry Experts.

Listen for the cackle of your hen. It has a money value to you.

The winter season is approaching, when the price of eggs will advance and the cackle will become of even greater significance to you.

Plan for the cackle, feed the hen in accordance with the demands of nature as propounded by the experts who have spent their lives in the work.

If the cackle is not heard with sufficient frequency ask yourself why. Dig down and study the subject for the more you study the oftener the hen will cackle, and cackling means more eggs and a bigger bank account.

It is the law of nature that a hen should lay, and cackle. She should lay often and do much cackling, for that, too, is nature's law.

But she will not lay unless she receives proper food and care, and therein lies the wisdom of the man who thinks before he acts.

Get hold of some good literature, read up on the subject of egg production, apply the knowledge you thus obtain, and in the end you will learn to experience a keen delight in every cackle of your hens.

Your hen wants to cackle—she will cackle, if you give her a chance. And there's money in the cackle of a hen.

## BEST TURKEYS FOR BREEDING

Error for Farmer to Feed Stock Fowls With Those Intended for the Holiday Market.

It is a great mistake for the farmer to feed his stock turkeys with those intended for the holiday markets, yet so many of them do. It is the worst thing in the world to do. Before the turkeys are made ready for market make choice of the turkeys you expect to keep over for breeding purposes and choose your very best. Place these somewhere away from the rest, and while you keep them in fine condition by feeding corn, wheat and oats, the latter, if boiled, forming a healthy ration for turkeys, do not seek to



Choice Gobbler.

lay on the fat you want on the market turkeys. This is why stock turkeys often die in the winter, simply because they were fattened until the liver broke down and became diseased because of its own fat.

## BEST CHICKENS FOR CAPONS

Fowls Hatched in May and June Are Favored—Cockerels Are Valuable as Broilers.

Chickens hatched in May and June are better for capons, as the earlier cockerels are worth too much as broilers from two to four pounds to caponize and hold over until the capon market opens up, which is from about the middle of January until about the middle of March. At the age of eight or nine months a capon from larger varieties of chickens will weigh from seven to twelve pounds. For the last few years live capons have sold from 18 to 25 cents per pound and the rooster from 6 to 9 cents per pound.

Other uses may be made of the capon, for, with a little encouragement, he will mother a brood of little chicks, cluck and scratch for them as their real mother would. A rather queer sight to see. He has also been made to sit with good results by some poultrymen.

## CREATION OF FERTILE EGGS

One Male to Ten or Fifteen Hens Is Average Ratio With Small Breeds, Such as Leghorns.

The following ratio of male to female may be expected to produce fertile eggs under average conditions: Small breeds, such as Leghorn, one male to 10 or 15 females; medium-size breed, such as Plymouth Rock and Rhode Island Red, one male to 8 or 10 females, and heavy breeds, like Brahma, one male to six or eight females. The activity of the individual male is, of course, a governing factor.

# The Grip of Evil

by Louis Tracy

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Terms of Surrender," "Number 17," Etc.

Novelized from the Series of Photoplays of the Same Name Released by Pathe.



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## FIRST EPISODE

### Fate.

#### "The Casting of the Ingot."

"Stand by!"  
A group of men surrounding a monstrous pot of molten metal heard the warning shout. Each took up his appointed position, a skilled hand touched a lever, and the huge crucible tilted slowly on its axis, discharging a torrent of fluid steel into the waiting mold. So piercing was the vomit of flame, so intense the heat, that it seemed as though the flesh must shrivel and the eyes melt if any human being remained in close proximity, yet the man who had uttered the order, and was evidently superintending the operations, peered calmly into the depths of the shimmering mass in the mold after the crucible was empty and had swung back on its pivot.

He was young, not more than thirty, tall, sinewy, splendidly built, with a face in which tenacity of purpose and strength of will blended with an almost feminine tenderness. Though clad in the rough and soiled clothing necessarily affected by the employees of the Plainfield Steel company, he had the bearing of a born leader of men. When he spoke, the words came with decision and good humor.

Wiping the perspiration from his forehead with the back of one hand, with the other he caught the shoulder of an undersized, somewhat sinister looking mechanic who had been in charge of an electric winch during the casting.

"There goes another block of good American steel to blow men like you and me into smithereens in Europe, Bill," he said.

"Right you are," came the answering growl. "Why do we working men stand for it? I tell you, we're a lot of fools—"

The shriek of a factory whistle announcing the hour of noon, and the instant rush of all hands for their lunch pails, cut short the imminent flood of radical sentiments, because Bill Thompson was the recognized firebrand of the labor world in Plainfield, whereas the stalwart, cheery-faced young man who had unwittingly given him his cue was his leader in most matters pertaining to hard work, light-hearted badinage, and every rough game demanding physical fitness.

But there was a serious side to John Burton's character. Though his experience of life hitherto had supplied but little reason for belief in anything outside the crude facts of existence, in his unoccupied hours he was by way of being a reader, a thinker, almost a student of men and things. By chance, this element in his nature was brought to the surface before the laughing, jolly crowd of which he formed a



He Faced His Fellow Workmen.

noteworthy unit had ended the meal they were consuming in the open air of the factory yard.

A billsticker came in, clearly by permission of the management, and stuck a heavy-type poster on a wall near the gate. It read:

HIT THE SAWDUST TRAIL WITH REV. THOMAS BRANTON, WHO IS WORKING NIGHT AND DAY TO BEAT THE DEVIL! COME AND HEAR THE GREAT REVIVALIST TELL ABOUT PRACTICAL RELIGION. IN THE BIG TENT, ELM AND LOCUST STREETS. DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD? IF SO, HIT THE SAWDUST TRAIL. This bizarre appeal flared its message to the motley gathering. Its effect varied greatly. Some of the men laughed, some criticized, a few frank-

ly swore. Finally, one tousel-haired Hercules smote an empty box with a sledge-hammer fist.

"Up you get, John!" he bellowed. "Sling us some hot stuff! Guess you can put as much pep into an oration as any Rev. Branton."

Now, Burton was a born speaker, and there was nothing he liked better than holding forth to his mates on any topic which he had really mastered.

At the outset, he was lightly humorous at the expense of the emperors and kings in those old-world lands of which he really knew so little. But soon his tone grew grave and impassioned; his audience was mute and spellbound when a turning of heads and a general nudging of elbows on the part of several of the men standing near the gate drew his glance to three people who had just entered the factory yard.

The most striking personality among them was undoubtedly a young woman—a petite, self-possessed young person, dressed in the height of fashion,

With her was a smartly dressed, debonair young man, whom Burton recognized as Mr. Reeves, the manager of the company. The benevolent features and clerical attire of a second and older man suggested that same Rev. Thomas Branton whose manifesto had provided a text for the orator.

John guessed that the lady was Mary Temple, daughter of the president of the Plainfield Steel company, and rumor, which in this instance was well founded, had it that she was engaged to Reeves.

As the dinner hour had not yet expired, Burton saw no reason why he should discontinue his speech, but there could be no doubt that the latest and most unexpected addition to his audience affected him powerfully. He chose his words with greater care. He spoke earnestly. Half-unconsciously, he began addressing every phrase to Mary Temple; she, on her part, was evidently drawn by the man's magnetic power, because she advanced closer to the edge of the crowd, and listened with unrestrained interest.

But the factory whistle brought the meeting to an abrupt close. When their visitors had passed out of sight, John asked Thompson if he knew who the girl was.

"Of course I know her," said he. "She is old Temple's daughter, one of the goody-goody, psalm-singing sort, too, though she doesn't look it with those fine duds of hers. She's a supporter of Branton, the revivalist. An 'ardent church worker,' they call her. I call her a thief, walking around with enough furs and clothes on her back to pay for a year's keep of a dozen men like you and me. And we're the boobs that put up with it, more's the pity!"

"Oh, stow that rubbish!" said John, good-naturedly. "You and I are just worth the figures on the pay roll, Bill."

Bill Thompson, however, though a persistent person, was by no means self-seeking. The mere fact that Burton seemed to be popular with his fellow-workers caused Thompson to make use of him. Thus, when the union decided that shorter hours and an increased rate of pay should be demanded from the company, Burton, actually without his own knowledge or consent, was appointed spokesman of a deputation which was to wait on President Temple. He was surprised when the selection was made known to him, but in the happy-go-lucky way which cloaked his real strength of character, he entered into the project more as an adventure than as a serious undertaking which might affect the whole course of his future career.

The president was very angry, and told Burton and the others, point-blank, that he would not yield to any of their requests, whereupon the workers, in turn, lost their temper and began shouting threats. Thompson, being a little man, was able to hide behind his more stalwart mates, but had the wit to choose the psychological moment when to utter that ominous word, "strike."

Burton, glib as ever, took it up and put the threat into plain English. This was the one small spark needed to fire a mine charged with high explosive.

White with rage, Temple ordered the deputation out of the office, storming at them as if they were so many dogs.

Transition from spoken threats to overt action is perilously easy in such conditions. Almost before the leaders of the union knew what was happening, several stones had been thrown through the office windows. John, supported by a few saner-minded comrades, had great difficulty in saving the factory from being fired.

Burton was using all his eloquence to persuade the men that they should go home and await the outcome of a meeting to be held that night, when the tumult in the street outside the factory gate reached such dimensions that he, with the others, ran out to see what new development had taken place.

He plunged into an extraordinary

and painful scene. Mary Temple, wholly unconscious of the sudden developments at the works, had come in her car on a visit to her father, and was now surrounded by a mob of several hundred of wildly excited men and women.

Unfortunately, in the confusion, the chauffeur had not noticed a small child in the way of the car. The child, a girl, was knocked down and rendered unconscious, and was now lying wan and limp in her frenzied mother's arms.

Explanations of regret were worse than useless. A number of enraged women, mostly mothers, leaped at the car and attacked Mary Temple viciously. They struck at her, tore her clothing, smashed her hat and evidently meant to pull her into the roadway. The chauffeur endeavored to save his mistress by starting the engine, whereupon he, too, was grabbed and very roughly handled.

The unhappy girl's shrieks served only to rouse her assailants to a pitch of ungovernable frenzy, and soon, wholly overcome by fear and exhaustion, she became almost unconscious.

Indeed, she was in very real peril, when Burton forced his way through the mob, tore open the door of the car and lifted her in his arms.

#### Hitting the Trail.

Burton was barely able to snatch Mary to safety when the gasoline tank blew up and the costly vehicle became a mass of fire. A few of the men tried to bar the rescuer's path, but John hugged the girl to his breast with his left arm, while, with the right, he swept aside some half-hearted assailants, and carried their would-be victim into her father's office.

Mary, who had never quite lost consciousness, was almost paralyzed with terror until she found herself in the strong embrace of a man whose dauntless manner brought with it a sense of security. She half opened her eyes and listened to what he was saying, though John was not in the habit of mincing his words. Then, with a sigh of relief, she nestled closer.

It was a singular fact that neither

trouble to underline a few lines which read:

"The observant man, seeing wrong so often triumphant—or seemingly so—is plunged into a maze of doubt and can be forgiven if he asks himself: 'Is humanity in the grip of evil?'"

John frowned over the phrase. It would seem that Temple, the steel magnate, and Branton, the preacher, were utterly at variance on the chief issues of life. Which was right?

Burton was chewing his pipe over this knotty problem when his landlady, a slatternly woman, entered and announced in a voice of awe:

"There's a lady to see you. She's come here in a car."

"A lady?" said John, with a sudden throb of hope that it might be Mary.

"Yep. I put her in the parlor." John wriggled into his coat, trying to dust his clothes and smooth his hair simultaneously, and followed the woman downstairs.

Despite his daring anticipation, he was nevertheless surprised at finding Miss Temple actually awaiting him.

"I am so glad you are at home," she said, and her voice sounded strangely sweet in the ears of a man accustomed only to the raucous accents of the factory and the street. "I have been to the homes of some of the poor people. You know how they live, never saving a cent. They will soon be in desperate want. Oh, Mr. Burton, they ought to go back to work!"

John hardly knew what to say. Mary was the last person in the world whom he wanted to contradict, but his innate candor conquered.

"It is only fair to point out that the people themselves voted for the strike," he said.

"Oh, yes," agreed Mary earnestly, "I am well aware of that, but the truth is that they do not know what is best for them. They need leading, directing. I believe you have influence with them. You could make them go back to work at once, and I am convinced it is your duty to do so."

The girl's presence was very fragrant in that frowsy room. She brought with her a breath of a new



He Handled His Subject in No Measured Fashion.

sadly. "He's being fooled by a woman, I guess."

John walked straight to the fashionable quarter of the town, in which the Temple mansion occupied one of the largest and most exclusive sites. After a slight delay, he was ushered into a richly furnished drawing room, and found Mary there with her fiancé. The girl was in evening dress. A superb diamond necklace flashed from the white skin of her throat. There were diamonds in her hair, in her corsage, and on her fingers. The glitter of them seemed to dazzle John. It was with a positive effort that he forced a halting tongue to announce the purpose of his visit.

The girl heard him with a chilling indifference that soon merged into a supercilious smile.

"Really, Mr. Burton," she said, "it is presumption on your part to pay a social call here. I fear you must have misunderstood both the extent of the service you rendered me and the nature of the appeal I made subsequently. I like to be outspoken in such matters. That strike had to be ended. Father's clients were howling for steel, and I thought that a woman's tongue might prevail where man's logic was at fault. Moreover, father promised me a \$50,000 necklace if I succeeded. Here it is. It was worth trying for, wasn't it?" And she touched the glittering gems on her throat with those delicate fingers whose clasp had once thrilled John Burton's being to its innermost fiber.

He was literally struck dumb. He heard, as one in a dream, Mary's next words to Reeves:

"I am under certain obligations to this man, dear. Will you see that he is rewarded?"

John could only stare after her in blank amazement as she swept out of the room. He was quite unaware that Reeves had thrust some bills into his hand. He almost staggered in the effort to win clear of the house, but halted in the hall to gaze at the bills in his hand. When his benumbed brain understood what they meant he threw them from him savagely.

On the way to his poor lodging he remembered the union meeting, and turned to go there, resolved now to cast in his lot wholly with his brethren. Suddenly, he halted in the road, and his well-tanned cheeks blanched at the thought which had come to him. What right had he to pose among his mates as one who was wholeheartedly with them in the never-ending struggle between capital and labor? Had he not betrayed them? Had he not sold their trust for a fickle woman's smile? How might he stand up among those honest comrades and confess that he had persuaded them to call off the strike, not as he had put it, because of the resultant misery to thousands in the city, but because he was cowed into the belief by Mary Temple?

Sick at heart he went to his poor lodging. He felt beaten and disgraced. Literally, he dared not face his comrades!

Next morning, when John arrived at the factory, he was stopped by a foreman and told that his services were no longer needed. This was Reeves' mean revenge. John turned on his heel. He didn't care. At any other time he would have sought the help of the union, but he now regarded himself as a traitor.

He went to his boarding house and did not stir out again that day. Towards night a visitor was announced, not a lady this time, it was explained, but a stranger.

Entering the parlor, John was confronted by a short, dapper-looking man, who said that he represented a firm of solicitors in London. John did not know what "solicitors" were, and thought the man meant to sell him something. This minor difficulty soon vanished when the stranger began questioning him as to his birth and

parentage. Burton answered as best he could, and gave such references as lay within his power to those yet living who might be connected with his youth.

His mother had died soon after he was born, and his father had been killed by an accident within a few hours of Mrs. Burton's death. John had been told that they had come from England only a few months earlier, and that his father was a man of distinguished appearance and refined speech.

"That is all I know about him," he concluded. "Since then I was dragged up by the scruff of the neck. Here I am, just as you see me. What do you want with me, anyhow?"

The stranger did not answer for a few minutes. He took some documents from a bag and consulted them, comparing certain statements therein with the notes he had made of John's dim but fairly accurate recollections. At last he lifted his eyes and said, gravely:

"You must prepare yourself for a shock, Mr. Burton, but I hope it will be a pleasurable one. You are now the tenth marquis of Castleton, heir to an invested fortune of two millions sterling, and an estate worth one hundred thousand pounds a year."

"What on earth are you talking about, anyhow?" gasped John.

"I am telling you the literal truth," said the other solemnly. "About thirty years ago—to be exact, in 1886—the ninth marquis of Castleton, your uncle, quarreled with his brother, your father, Lord Richard Burton, because his lordship had married a housemaid whom he was in honor bound to wed. The marquis had never married, having lost the woman he loved on the eve of their wedding day, and Lord Richard was always looked upon as his heir. When, however, your father contracted an alliance which the marquis deemed derogatory, he was cast forth from the family, and the elder brother immediately proposed to and was accepted by a titled lady of his acquaintance. She bore him two sons, thus, to all appearance, effectually shutting your father out from the succession. Two months ago, Providence decreed that the marquis and his boys should be passengers on a liner which was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. They were lost. There can be no doubt of it, because their bodies have been recovered and identified. You come of good stock, my lord! Your uncle and cousins died like English gentlemen. My firm, who are the legal agents for the estate, possessed some vague information as to your father's whereabouts when he came to this country. That is why I am here. I assure you I am not romancing. You are undoubtedly the tenth marquis of Castleton!"

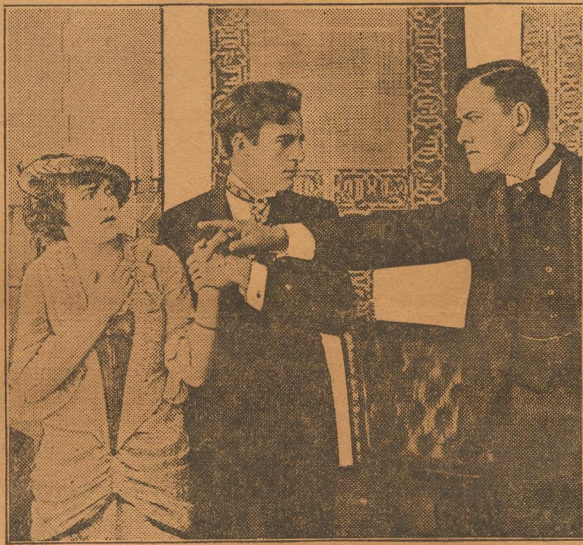
It is said that all the scenes of a crowded life pass through a man's mind when he is in imminent danger of death by drowning. Some such experience befell John Burton now.

He reviewed the years of his youth, his introduction to the factory, the gradual acquirement of manual skill and the knowledge of metals, his rise to a position of influence among his mates, his friendship with poor, tawdry Flora, the dawn of a real love for that self-deluded philanthropist and social worker, Mary Temple, and the complete collapse of his brief day dream. Now the somewhat sordid record was succeeded by the fairy tale just rejected, an almost unbelievable romance, indeed, yet one which appeared to have the sanction of law and society.

Then John began to laugh sardonically. He was on the verge of hysteria. More than once he seemed to mutter a strange question:

"Is humanity in the grip of evil?" The stranger did not pretend to understand, so, being a discreet little man, he kept silence and quickly took his leave.

(END OF FIRST EPISODE.)



He Was Cast Forth From the Family.

the girl's father nor her fiancé had the slightest inkling of the peril she had incurred. The stones hurled through the window had forced them to seek shelter in a corner of the room, so they did not even know of the car's presence. They were, therefore, very much surprised when Mary entered, leading John Burton by the hand.

John had set her down in the lobby and was turning to go, when she had held him and pulled him into the office after her. Rushing to her father, the girl told him of the terrible occurrences of the past few minutes, and expatiated on her rescuer's heroism.

The president was greatly shaken by the dramatic developments of the hour, but he was naturally thankful for the preservation of his daughter from a terrible death, and thanked John warmly.

By this time, the police had cleared the street. Burton, his head in a whirl, walked to his humble rooms and there dressed himself in a better suit of clothes than that which he wore while at work. Anxious to avoid his comrades for the time, and in the belief that a novelty might distract his thoughts, he made his way to the great tent in which Rev. Thomas Branton was conducting his religious service.

Branton was discoursing with real fervor, and John watched the effect of the preacher's eloquence in persuading people to "hit the sawdust trail" until his own attention was distracted from the more serious purpose of the gathering by the thrilling discovery that Mary Temple occupied a seat on the platform.

He hung about until the meeting was closed, and contrived to meet Mary, who was being escorted home by the minister. She greeted him warmly and introduced him to Mr. Branton.

Later John sought a quiet restaurant and ate a much-needed meal, sauntering home afterwards, and sitting down to a book and a pipe.

Those who knew Burton only at work or play might have been vastly surprised had they peered over his shoulder and learned the nature of the philosophical work that now engaged his attention. He was a slow and careful reader, allowing no passage to escape his attention until its meaning was thoroughly mastered. He had the habit, too, of marking sentences which appeared to invite subsequent reflection. On this occasion, he took the

and exotic life. Her big eyes looked up into the man's appealingly. Seemingly to sense her power, she drew nearer and whispered:

"You must do this for their sakes and for mine!"

John capitulated. For her sake he would have done almost anything.

Having gained her point, Mary Temple hastened out, and was seated in her car before John had time to open the door for her. He had intended not to go to the meeting of the union that night, but the promise just made rendered his presence there necessary. With a sigh—for he hated all this turmoil and angry discussion—he went to the hall and faced his fellow workmen.

And he surpassed himself. Quite unconsciously he adopted some of the revivalist preacher's phrases and ideas, welding them into his own rugged and forcible expressions. Bill Thompson, a level-headed fellow, soon realized that some extraordinary influence was at work, or Burton would never have gone back on the very principles he was wont to advocate so strongly. He tried, therefore, to get the men to postpone a decision till next day. But the young orator's eloquence was more powerful than the older man's experience. The strike was declared at an end, and John and his mates went back to work; but never sight or sound of Mary Temple was vouchsafed, during a week or more, to the man whose waking thoughts and nightly dreams were ever of her.

At last, Burton could bear the tension no longer. Summoning all his resolution, he dressed in his good clothes one evening after leaving work, and resolved to call on Miss Temple with the pretext of inquiring as to whether or not she had completely recovered from the effects of the riot. Outside his boarding house, he encountered Bill Thompson and another workman.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully.

"Comin' to the union meeting?" inquired Bill.

Burton shook his head.

"No," he said. "Not just now, anyhow. I may drop in later. See you then, perhaps."

His abstracted manner, no less than his spruce attire, puzzled Thompson. "What's wrong w' John?" inquired the other man.

"The same old story," said Thomp-

**NOTICE TO CALLAHAN COUNTY TAX PAYERS**

In compliance with the law I will meet the tax payers of Callahan County at the following places on the following dates:

- Oplin, Friday and Saturday October 6, and 7.
- Denton, Monday, October 9.
- Eagle Cove, Tuesday, October 10.
- Eula, Wednesday, October 11.
- Putnam, Friday and Saturday, October 13, and 14.
- Cottonwood, Monday and Tuesday, October 16 and 17.
- Atwell, Wednesday, October 18.
- Dressy, Thursday, October 19.
- Cross Plains, Friday and Saturday, October 20, and 21.
- Admiral, Wednesday, October 25.
- Clyde, Friday and Saturday, October 27, and 28.

The law also states that the tax payer shall meet the Tax Collector on the appointed date and pay his or her tax or call at the office of the tax collector and pay them, making no provision by which you can pay by mail, and it further requires that all poll tax must be paid in person or by a legal appointed agent.

I will however receive taxes by mail as it has been the custom heretofore but will kindly ask, if you don't pay your taxes when I call, that you get a statement of same which will save time and expense of mailing out statements at the close of tax paying when the office force is very busy writing tax receipts.

Yours very respectfully,  
W. E. Melton,  
Tax Collector.

B. T. Rae of Sabanno paid for his Review the first of the week. He states that he is to move to Benjamin, Knox County, and wants The Review to follow him there. We regret to see him leave us and wish him well.

**It's a question which is the worst condition—to want a thing and not have it, or to have a thing and not want it.**

**In either case the answer is—read and use the want ads.**



**SPECIAL PRICES**

on 10 c. wagon sheets while they last at Rutherford's Furn. Store.

**CITATION BY PUBLICATION**

The State of Texas }  
County of Callahan }

To Unknown Owners And all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the following described land delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Callahan, for taxes, to-wit: Lots 17 and 18 in Block 27 in the town of Putnam, Texas, which said land is delinquent for taxes for the following amount: \$54.36 for State taxes and for County Taxes, and you are hereby notified that suit has been brought by the State for the Collection of said Taxes and you are commanded to appear and defend such suit at the November Term of the District Court of Callahan County, and State of Texas, Delinquent for years 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914 and show cause why judgment shall not be rendered condemning said land (or lot), and ordering sale and foreclosure thereof for said taxes and cost of suit.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this the 8th day of Sept. A. D. 1916. A. R. Day, Clerk District Court Callahan County, Texas. 3t

**ORDINANCE NO. 40**

**Ordinance Establishing Duties and Fees Of City Attorney**

Be it ordained by the City Council of the town of Cross Plains, Texas, that it shall be the duty of the City Attorney to attend all sessions of the Mayor's Court in the City of Cross Plains and to represent the State in all criminal cases under examination or prosecution in said court.

Further, that said City Attorney shall receive as compensation for his services such as may be allowed by the Mayor, not to exceed ten (\$10) Dollars for any one case.

W. C. Rutherford, Mayor.  
C. C. Hampton, Sec.

**CANDY! CANDY!! CANDY!!!**

Just received a shipment of nice fresh candy at—Witt & Harbin's

**GLOSING OUT OUR STOCK OF HOUSE PAINTS**

Lincoln pure white lead and oil paints regular price \$2.25 per gallon to close out at \$1.75. This paint cost to day \$2.07 per gallon.

C. S. Boyles

**TWO CARS OF HOGS**

Frank Bryson on Tuesday shipped 2 carload of hogs to Ft. Worth. Scarcely a week passes but that a car of hogs leaves Cross Plains.

**BIG VALUES HERE**

in percales, tablets, and school supplies.

**THE RACKET STORE**

Join my tailoring club. A number of boys several miles from town have joined. Club prices. 4 suits pressed monthly for \$1.00.

T W Tartt, the Tailor

**A CIRCULATING LIBRARY**

The Review has had under advisement for some time the establishment of a small circulating library. Our idea is to make it useful to all that like to read good literature, and to help make The Review more desirable and more valuable. In other words, we want to make this paper of more service. The thirty or forty books we now have on hand will be supplemented as the occasion demands with the best of classic literature. Those who feel that they may be interested in such a proposition will look out for further announcement or see the editor.

**OUR GUARANTEE**



On Each

**Cole's Original Hot Blast Heater**

**Your Money Back!**

You get back the original cost of your stove in the fuel money saved each winter. Could you ask for more?

1. We guarantee a saving of one-third in fuel over any lower draft stove of the same size, with soft coal, lignite or slack.
2. We guarantee Cole's Hot Blast to use less hard coal for heating a given space than any base burner made with same size fireplace.
3. We guarantee that the rooms can be heated from one to two hours each morning with the fuel put in the stove the evening before.
4. We guarantee that the stove will hold fire with soft coal or hard coal from Saturday evening to Monday morning.
5. We guarantee a uniform heat day and night with soft coal, hard coal or lignite.
6. We guarantee every stove to remain absolutely air-tight as long as used.
7. We guarantee the feed door to be smoke and dust proof.
8. We guarantee the anti-puffing draft to prevent puffing.

All we ask is that the stove be operated according to directions and connected with a good flue.

(Signed) COLE MANUFACTURING CO. (Not Inc.)  
(Makers of the Original Patented Hot Blast Stove)

This guarantee cannot be made on any other heating stove. If you want comfort and economy put one of these heaters in your home.

"Cole's Hot Blast Makes Your Coal Pile Last"  
Look for the name Cole's on feed door to avoid imitations

**HIGGINBOTHAM TRADING CO.**



Subscribe for the Review.

We pay the cash for Produce.  
Witt & Harbin's

To Rent a Piano to use in teaching music at the school building.  
Miss Alice Ezzell.

Jitney for sale. A-1 shape.  
Terms.

C-O Review

FOR SALE, a Tyler scholarship.

**THE REVIEW CREAM CREAM CREAM**

always pay the highest market price for cream; don't forget Witt & Harbin's

W. H. Davidson and family have returned from a several months stay in Llano county. Mr Davidson who has been in poor health for quite a while, is now in better condition.

**NOTICE**

Nice fresh groceries for Saturday to Witt & Harbin's

**THE IRON CLAW**

every Thursday night. Graft every Tuesday night.

Electric Theatre

**RAIN**

A one-half inch rain fell in town last Sunday night. The rain was better south and southwest, but light west.

**GOLD ROOSTER**

stands for photoplays of the highest quality. A 5 reel Gold Rooster play every Saturday afternoon and night.

Electric Theatre



**THE NEW STORY "THE GRIP OF EVIL"**

Begins This WEEK

**ORDINANCE NO. 39.**

**Ordinance For Collecting City Taxes.**

Art. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Cross Plains that the collector of taxes for said City begin the collection of said taxes annually on the first day of October, or as soon thereafter as he may be able to obtain the proper assessment rolls, books, or data upon which to proceed with the business.

Art. 2. The collector of taxes shall make out and publish in the local paper a list of delinquent or insolvent taxpayers between February 1st and February 15th of each year.

Art. 3. If any person shall fail or refuse to pay the taxes imposed upon him or his property by law, until the first day of April next succeeding the publication of delinquent tax list, the collector of taxes shall by virtue of his tax roll seize and levy upon and sell so much personal property belonging to such person as may be sufficient to pay his taxes, together with all costs accruing thereon.

W. C. Rutherford, Mayor.  
C. C. Hampton, Sec.

**CANDY HEADQUARTERS**

at—Witt & Harbin's.

**FARM & RANCH NEW PRICE**

From this date on subscriptions to Farm & Ranch will be taken for two years only; the same has been done with Holland's for some time. But you now get it for two years for \$1.00. The publishers state that on account of the increased cost of news print that these prices may be advanced any time. They have advanced the price to agents. Subscriptions taken to either Farm & Ranch or Hollands for two years for \$1.00, or either for two years and The Review for \$1.85. Farm & Ranch and Hollands two years each and The Review one year for \$2.75. Phone us your order. No. 61.

**SELLS BUSINESS AT BURKETT**

Bob Cross of Burkett, who was in town Wednesday, reports selling his restaurant and cold drink business, together with the house and lot, to Johnnie Harris. He is figuring on moving to Coleman where he will engage in the same business. Bob has had a good business at Burkett, and has made a good citizen. He has been a good friend to The Review which has been duly appreciated.

**THE BUSY BEE**

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

**BARGAINS IN WALL PAPER**

40 and 50 cent wall paper to close out 20c for a double roll. All wall paper that sold for 25c and up for 10c per double roll. Some odds and ends suitable for kitchen or pantry for 5c per double roll.

C. S. Boyles

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

The City Drug Store.

**CORN FOR SALE**

400 bushels of good corn at my place at Sabanno at 75c a bushel.

W. M. ADAMS  
Cross Plains

Phone 173

**BOTTOM PRICES**

Examine our cook vessels, price any piece you will and you will agree that our prices are rock bottom. Many of these items were purchased before the big advance and you get the benefit of this saving.

THE RACKET STORE

**ENTERTAINED**

The Baptist Ladies Aid entertained at the home of Mrs. V. V. Hart Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. D. P. Carter, a member of the society who is to leave soon. She was presented with a gift from the society with their best wishes for her and hers in their new home.

After an enjoyable afternoon refreshments consisting of ice cream chocolate, and cake were served to the members of the society and to Mrs. Horn's mother, Mrs. Higginbotham, and Ruby Atwood.

We join with the relatives of this family in expressing our regret in having them leave us.—Reporter.

**NOTICE**

Because of the advance in shoes and nails; Horse shoeing will be \$1.25 after the first of Oct.

H. C. Freeman

**COMING THIS WEEK**

a carload of furniture of every description. Come in and look it over and I will do the rest.

Rutherford

**WANTED!**

Ten Car Loads Good Ear Corn At Once.

**Higginbotham Trading Co.**

## HERE AND YONDER

Plenty of Hay Ties at C. S. Boyles  
H. Baxter of south of town has bought a Maxwell car.  
The best flour on the market at J. W. Westerman's.  
P. Smith and Wm. Neeb made a trip to Scranton in the former's car last Friday.

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

G. W. Williams has had The Review sent to his friend, Frank Willett, of Potosi.

C. S. Boyles has plenty of Hay Ties.

Jewel Browning visited home folks at Pioneer Sunday.

Good salable stock taken in on new pianos. J. B. Denman in charge of the Factory Piano Sale.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Higginbotham of Dublin are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. John J. Horn.

Robt. Kuykendall, principal of the school at Cottonwood, is here for a few days helping out in The Farmers' National Bank.

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

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Payne on Thursday morning of last week a boy. Austin is so proud of this boy that he had to tell the news to everybody. He now has a boy and a girl.

Dynamite—caps—fuse.  
Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

## ANOTHER SHIPMENT

of pants and overalls just received. This is the third shipment of these goods this month. Our money saving prices keep them moving.  
THE RACKET STORE.

## BUY THAT WASH BOILER NOW

The 20 ounce copper bottom boiler that sells for \$2.50 for \$1.75 at Boyles, this price subject to stock on hand.

## ALWAYS OPEN

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

## NO HIGHER YET

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

# ALL READY NOW

A whole host of those new and snappy models in suits for young men—the nifty pinch back models, patch pocket models, and a variety of the more conservative new things for the older men.

They are all hand tailored and give you that well dressed appearance that only good workmanship and correct tailoring can give.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Step in next time you are in town and let us show you the superior fitting qualities of our

HART SCHAFFNER and MARX and SPERO MICHAEL hand tailored clothes for young men. Suits \$12 1-2 to 25.00.

Let us show you those new shoes made by Bion F. Reynolds. They are beauties and fit your feet like a glove and, OH MY! what a satisfaction it is to have a comfortable fitting shoe.

New shirts, new underwear [munsingwear], socks, collars and ties.

Our Store Is The Home of Goods Things For The Young Men to Wear.

## Higginbotham Trad. Co.



### "Look Elsie! That's The Way My CONKLIN Writes"

AND it not only means better writing and higher grades—it does the work with speed and smoothness.



Old fashioned writing instruments are set aside for this efficient self-filler.

The Conklin is the original self-filler and has over 1,500,000 satisfied users everywhere. Let us show you a Conklin suited to your particular style of writing.

Agents for all State Adopted School Books. Headquarters for all school Supplies. School opens Monday, October 2nd. Buy early and be "prepared."

## The City Drug Store

Acme Row Binders, Mowers, and Rakes are the best. Let us show you their good qualities, and sell you one.—Shackelford's Lumber Yard

D. A. Ivy, proprietor of the Ivy Hotel, made a trip to the Star Sunday.

Just a few pieces of Furniture left that we are closing out at less than wholesale prices. Come quick, before they are all gone.  
C. S. Boyles

Mrs. Roy Smith and baby who have been visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Dill, of Rising Star.

### TO READERS OF DAILIES:

If you are reading a daily or are contemplating reading one, send your subscription through The Review. To every man who sends his subscription through this paper we will give The Review one year for fifty cents. Should be 'nuff sed."

Frank Saunders of Rowden was here Saturday. Frank ordered The Review sent to his father-in-law, D. W. George, of Burkett, who, he stated, had asked him to subscribe for it for him. We thank them. Frank is taking The Review himself.

Hay Ties are very scarce. we have a fair stock now, better load up for what you will need.—C. S. Boyles.

### THE PIANO SALE

Our Piano Sale has started off nicely, several sales being made already. We expect to close out this sale in a short time. Those who expect to buy a piano in the future should investigate these pianos and the special sale prices and terms.—J. B. Denman in charge of the Factory Piano Sale.

Messrs. Settle and Ramsey of Baird were here the middle of the week.

Window glass—Building Paper—Linseed Oil—Floor Paints.  
Shackelford's Lumber Yard

Mrs. D. P. Carter and children left Thursday morning with E. A. Haley for Lockney, where her husband has preceded her. They spent Wednesday night with relatives at Cottonwood. The family has lived in Callahan for years, where they have made many friends who will miss them.

Our Cigars are always fresh and moist. Try them and be convinced.  
The City Drug Store

### HIDES HIDES HIDES

Bring your green and dry Hides to The City Meat Market

## SELL CREAM

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

## Neeb Produce Co.

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

### ALWAYS WELCOME

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

Fresh Oysters and Fish every Friday at the Busy Bee Cafe.

Subscribe for The Review \$1.00

Bring your eggs to me where you will get the highest market prices.—J. W. Westerman.

Dr. E. Payne has returned from Temple where he spent nearly four weeks in the White and Santa Fe hospitals, attending lectures and witnessing surgical operations. He states that he saw 123 operations for appendicitis alone, and many others for different troubles.

Secondhand organ in first class condition at a special bargain.  
J. B. Denman, in charge of the Factory Piano Sale.

Don't be worked; buy your secondhand peanut sacks for 10c each.—J. W. Westerman.

Miss Flora Kirby of Knoxville, Tenn., is here for a few weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Corum Beeler.

The best flour on the market at J. W. Westerman's.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hampton left Sunday for a visit in Hill county. The last of the week Mr. Hampton will go to Fort Worth where he will take the examination for license to practice law.

The best flour on the market at J. W. Westerman's.

Rev. Welsh of Abilene preached at the Baptist church Sunday at eleven and at night. He graduated this year at Simmons.

Try a sack of Belle of Vernon, the best flour on the market.  
J. W. Westerman.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Moore went to McCullough county, returning Tuesday. Robert Cunningham carried the mail for Jessie during his absence.

The Review is in receipt of a card from Ches Baum at Corsicana, where he has a place in a drug store. He has been living at Gatesville, and he ordered us to change his Review from that place to Corsicana. He states that he likes the town and the people fine.

I am headquarters for coal, oil, lubricating oil, and gasoline.  
J. W. Westerman.

W. H. Gore and family of Comanche have arrived here and are occupying the Lyles house. Mr. Gore is preparing to take up his work as teacher in the school

Fresh cement just received.  
Shackelford's Lumber Yard

Quite a few, among them being, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Davidson, Miss Willie Adams, Hub Mitchell, Drew Hill, Tom Harris, Elmer Vestal, Joe McDonough, W. P. Brightwell and family, and so ad infinitum, attended the carnival at Baird last week.

Take care of your clothes. Bring them to me and let me clean and press them.—L. B. Linsey, Tailor.

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

### FLASH LIGHTS

If you need a flash light, see us first.  
The City Drug Store.

## The Singer Sewing Machine

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

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

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

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

1,000 or more bushels of threshed maize wanted at once.—R. D. Carter

Look out for my special on suit order for next week.—L. B. Lindsey.

Cole's Hot Blast Heaters make a big reduction in your coal bill—see their advertisement and guarantee.

### NOTICE

All persons indebted to me will find their notes with the Farmers' National Bank for collection.

I will greatly appreciate an early settlement.  
D. P. Carter.

### One Thing Youthful.

My small son and I were riding on the "L" the other day and just across from us sat an elderly woman who had evidently dyed her hair, for it was a bright golden brown. Billy looked at her for some time and then leaned over to me and whispered: "Mudder, see dat lady. She is all old but her hair."—Chicago Tribune.



Mr. Arbuckle, whose coffee goes around the world, once said two-thirds of his department heads and the best of his sales force came to him through classified advertising.

Don't waste time, Mr. Business Man, in a personal search for the man you want.