

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 6

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1915.

NO. 37

A Bank

That by courteous and intelligent consideration for every minute detail in all departments, furnishes its patrons an invaluable service.

Bring us your checks on any bank; we can handle them without cost to you.

FARMERS' NATIONAL BANK

Cross Plains, Texas.

DOLLAR DAY



SATURDAY, NOV. 27

TO PROTECT QUAIL

J. C. McDermott was in town Monday. Mr. McDermott asks us to say that he and some of his neighbors, and all he can interest, are uniting in protecting the quail. He states that quail are getting to be plentiful and that on account of the boll weevil and other insects they want to protect them.

When we say Sale, we mean Sale
Davis-Garner & Co.

NOTICE, TEACHERS!

Examinations for teachers' certificates will be held at Baird, Dec. 2, 3, and 4, 1915. Permanent subjects on Thursday, second and first grade subjects on Friday and Saturday. Respectfully,
S E Settle, Co. Supt.

A Thanksgiving Poem



THANKFUL, each morn, for the bright light of day;
Thankful for interest in work and in play;
Thankful for those who e'er greet me with love;
Thankful for white clouds and blue skies above;
Thankful for raiment and thankful for food;
Thankful for bird-songs, and flow'rs in the wood;
Thankful for showers to freshen the earth;
Thankful for sweet sounds of gleeful child mirth;
Thankful for e'en Sorrow's softening touch;
Thankful for little and thankful for much;
Thankful for snowfalls, so peaceful and white;
Thankful for moonlight and dark, restful night;

Thankful for laughter and thankful for tears;
Thankful for each of the lengthening years;
Thankful for all Thou hast given to me—
Heart that can feel deep, and eyes that can see.

Margaret C. Hays

A. & M. COLLEGE MOVES

A Part, at Least, of This Great Institution Now on Wheels.

The Horticultural Program to be held in this territory on Saturday of this week is a part of the regular school work of the A. & M., this school's best men doing the teaching and the practical work. You don't have to go off to college; the college work now with practically all its advantages is being brought to your very door. You cannot lay claim to poverty or poor opportunities for not attending this movable school. Look out for program elsewhere in The Review. We cannot say too much in favor of your attending these meetings.

THANKSGIVING

Thursday was or is Thanksgiving Day. It was to those who get their Review on Friday and it is to those who get it on Thursday. The Review force has labored day and night for the past week in order to get you the Review in a large issue by Thursday, and in order to enjoy the holiday ourselves. We wish every one of our readers a most pleasant Thanksgiving, and hope that if you have any troubles at all they will be nightmares from eating turkey dinner and pumpkin pie. We know that you should be thankful and that we are. If for nothing else, like the old man whose house had just burned, we can be grateful that it was no worse. It is said that farmers in this territory have not gone in debt to an extent more than two-thirds or three-fourth of what they did last year for supplies, a lesson that every farmer and business man is thankful for. Are you not thankful that, in view of the fact that cotton was heavily damaged by the weevil,

(Continue on 2nd page)

ANNIE THERESE DEVAULT

Will Be Here Wednesday Night, Dec. 1. An Able and Popular Reader.

Miss Annie Therese Devault will give the fourth number of the lyceum course here on Wednesday night, Dec. 1. Miss Devault was the most popular number on the entire course here two years ago, and needs no introduction to our people. We don't know what her subject will be, but we know she can handle it well. Be sure to remember the date, next Wednesday night.

AN IDEAL HOG RANCH

Crowded Out Last Week

Saturday morning the writer accompanied Virgil Hart on a trip to the Hart and Henson hog ranch, owned by The Bank of Cross Plains, two miles northeast of town, whither Mr. Hart went to see a bunch of 67 head of hogs that they had bot from Frank Harlow, and that were to be delivered that morning. The hogs in question were a nice lot, having been for some time on the mast, which is the best in years, and Messrs. Hart and Henson mean to

[Continued on 2nd page]

A PEANUT TOWN

That, for the present year at least, we are getting to be a peanut town is conceded by all. We have shipped between forty and fifty cars already and yet peanuts are ever present on the streets. We have weighed over 1,300 bales of cotton. Peanuts don't sell for more than 60c. Cotton is bringing 10½ to 11c. Cotton seed is quoted at \$30.00 per ton.



EXTRA! EXTRA!

We have on sale some Extra Good Things at Prices that will make the goods move so Hurry in on Dollar Day and get them At Carter's.

BRING YOUR

Nickels and Dimes as well as your Dollars here Dollar Day. There are hundreds of articles of 5 and 10 cent merchandise on display here every day, every one a bargain. Think of the many useful things that you need. There are one hundred chances that the articles you are looking for are here.

THE BACKET STORE

Toilet Articles

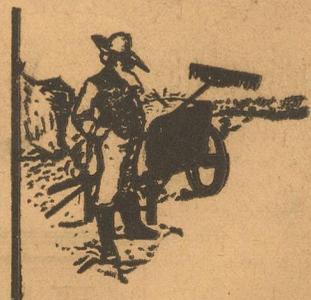


There's great satisfaction in using toilet goods that come from our store. In them you have the assurance of honest materials and pure chemicals. You couldn't get anything more worth while any where.

Come and See

our display of fine soaps for the complexion and bath—scented waters, perfumes, cold creams, cosmetics, manicure sets, lotions, hair tonics, skin foods, combs brushes, sponges and the like.

THE CITY DRUG STORE



HARVEST TIME

is here and the PROGRESSIVE UP-TO-DATE FARMER feels the necessity of co-operating with a GOOD BANK.

We earnestly solicit the accounts of farmers at this busy time, and the COURTESIES of our Institution are especially extended to them All Seasons of the year.

The Bank of Cross Plains

V. V. Hart, Cashier C. C. Neeb, Asst. Cashier

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

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

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

We club The Review with all papers and magazines.

NORTH TEXAS NORMAL

The students from Callahan and Eastland counties met a few days ago and organized the "Callahan and Eastland County Club." The purpose of the club is to get acquainted with the students who live near you and select representatives to the papers of the county. There're twenty-two students from Eastland county, Misses Charity Works of Baird, Jamie Hale of Putnam, Lois Nelson of Clyde and Tommie H. Aiken of Cross Plains, making in all twenty-six in our club. Though there are only a few from our county this year, we hope to have more next year.

There is also a correspondence club organized out of these county clubs which consists of about 250 students who correspond monthly to their county or local paper and tell what the Normal is doing.

There has been enrolled up to this time about 950 energetic young men and women, the largest enrollment so early in the term in the history of the school.

The students are rejoiced over the beginning made in athletics. Four games of football have been played without having a point scored against the team, the first with Durant Normal at Durant score 12 to 0 in our favor, second against Austin College at Sherman score 0 to 0 third against Decatur Baptist College at Denton score 75 to 0 in our favor; fourth against San Marcos Normal at Denton score 14 to 0 in our favor.

Tommie H. Aiken

Remember Miss Devault on Wednesday night, Dec. 1st.

HODNETT GROVE NEWS

The people here are about thru harvesting peanuts.

Rev. E E Mason of Abilene filled his regular appointment here Sunday. He brought Rev. Howard Benking with who preached Sunday.

The young people enjoyed a party at Luell Hughes' Saturday night.

Miss Era Davis of Cross Cut visited Era Hughes Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Newton of Cross Cut spent Saturday night and Sunday at Luell Hughes'.

Miss Mollie Bryson of Pioneer started her school at Hickman last Monday.

Mr. W. M. Gardner hauled a load of apples to Coleman the first of the week.

Duff

Coal Oil

Five gal. for 60c at

The Candy Shop.

THANKSGIVING

Continued from page 2, column 4

you had sowed more grain or planted more land in feed stuffs than usual, and that those crops were exceptionally good? Are you not grateful that this has been the best fall for a quarter of a century for gathering crops and especially the peanut crop, and that the last crop was the best in our history? On the prairie farmers have made enough cotton to earn a good competence. In the sand those that have heeded the warnings and diversified with truck and peanuts are doing very well. It is only the all-cotton farmers who have suffered, and there are fewer of this kind to be found now than in the history of the country. You should rejoice that you already know something of the value of having more than one thing to depend on and of raising what you need to eat at home.

The Farm News and The Review for one year each for \$1.75.

Buy the whole family Shoes at our Sale

Davis-Garner & Co

Cross Cut Items.

Small grain in this section is suffering from the long continued drought.

There will be an unveiling ceremony at the Cross Cut cemetery Sunday, Nov. 28. The monument erected by the W. O. W. lodge in honor of Sov. T. D. Greenwood will be unveiled.

We are glad to report that Custer Woodrige who has been very ill with typhoid fever is some better.

Mrs. Mannering of Burkett who has been visiting at Mr. Woodrige's for the past week returned home Monday.

Lewis Newton, Wilmaur Triplett and Monty Stone attended the singing at Byrd's Store Sunday.

S. R. Chambers and Dr. Howard went to Brownwood Monday.

Our school is progressing nicely under the management of Mr. Evans. About 110 pupils have been enrolled.

W. R. Chambers and Albert Lancaster of May visited at W. H. G. Chambers' Sunday.

Miss Irene Walker of Burnt Branch is attending school at Cross Cut now.

Mr. Roscoe Wright and Miss Bertha Wright were quietly married at the home of J. W. Newton Sunday night. Here's congratulations.

An IDEAL HOME

This is your most cherished hope, a home with every convenience and modern, yet within your means.

This hope can be made a reality by using the books and plans, as mentioned in last two issues of The Review, which are absolutely free, and should we be able to interest you we will furnish

The Plans and Specifications absolutely free.

These homes or plans are the climax of years of study by the architects and contractors and of course are the last words in economical home construction. You can't afford not to investigate them. We hope to serve you.

Shackelfords' Lmbr. Yd.

"We Specialize in Building Homes"

THE N. B.-H. B.'S

Miss Jimmie Kate Dublin was hostess to the N. B.-H. B. Club last Thursday evening in honor of her mother who could not be here on Friday night. Work was begun as the guests gathered, and Current Events were omitted on account of the absence of several members. With Misses Dublin, Beulah Adams and Tarver at the piano some beautiful selections were enjoyed. Popcorn was popped at the fire place, and at 10 refreshments of hot tea and sandwiches were served to Mesdames Dublin, Wakefield, Foster Bond, Miss Tarver and the members, after which they all went home.

Sunday School Rally Day exercises were held at the Baptist church Sunday morning. 106 were present and a unique and interesting program was rendered.

Watch our show windows for Dollar Day bargains.—C S Boyles.

SEE THE CANDY

Dollar Day at The Candy Shop.

GET A DISH PAN

Regular 65c. dish pans for only 20c. Sale starts at 2 o'clock Dollar Day and closes at three o'clock. One to a customer. No pans will be wrapped during this sale.

THE RACKET STORE

AN IDEAL HOG RANCH

Continued from page 1

feed a part of them for a time on corn, when they will take them and other nice hogs they already have and ship a couple of cars.

This farm which has been converted into an ideal hog ranch consists of 200 acres of land, and is the largest exclusive hog farm we know of. The land is sandy and was poisoned with Johnson and Bermuda grass, which fact does not detract from but rather adds to its value for the purpose it is now used for. The entire tract is cut into eleven separate apartments or hog pastures, being fenced with a good grade of hog wire and cedar posts. Two wells have been dug and windmills installed, one well being in the corner of four pastures. Mr. Hart says that they mean to dig a number of surface tanks, as he believes these furnish the best and most natural water for hogs. On a part of the land peanuts are grown, some being pulled and baled, and the rest left in the ground for the hogs to harvest. Some corn is raised and a good deal bought to top off the hogs for market. This season they mean to plant about 20 acres to Sudan grass, which has already proved a success in this country. About \$2,000 have been expended on the farm for improvements. They have about 20 brood sows, mostly Red Duacs, this being their favorite breed and they mean finally to have all full-blooded or nearly full-blooded Durocs, they have now in all about 275 head, from pigs to fattening hogs. Mr. Hart is

enthusiastic over this enterprise, and T. J. Henson, who is in active charge of the place, is mighty well pleased with his work, he having had considerable experience before in the hog business.

Let The Review have your subscription to Farm & Ranch and Holland's. Holland's for two-years for \$1.00; Farm & Ranch for one year for \$1.00. Farm & Ranch and The Review for one year each for \$1.65. The Review for one year and Holland's for two years for only \$1.65. The Review for one year and Farm & Ranch for one year and Holland's for two years for \$2.20. Be sure to see The Review.

If you want to carry the time have L. M. Bond to work your watch over.

AROUND PIONEER

Miss Cora Gooch started her school at Victoria Monday.

Mrs. Jake Hodnett of the Star is visiting father B F Eaken.

Oscar Tate has returned home from a trip to the West.

Rev. Capps filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

The school, with Mr. and Mrs. Brown as teachers, has progressed nicely.

Anon.

SPECIAL FOR DOLLAR DAY

12 pkgs. of Rolled Oats for \$1.00
The Candy Shop

When You Need Lumber

Don't fail to give us a trial.

A complete line of everything used in wooden construction as well as Brick, Cement, Lime, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Building Paper, etc.

BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY

Xmas. Is Approaching

And you should call and see the new up-to-date line of Watches and Jewelry which is coming regularly every week.

The best prices ever offered on Watches, Chains, Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, Lavallieres, Locketts, and most all articles in the jewelry line.

At the Jewelry Shop.

L. M. BOND

JEWELER & OPTICIAN

WE MAKE

GOOD WAGONS
out of
OLD WAGONS

No use throwing away your broken down vehicles. Bring them to us and at a small cost will restore them to usefulness again.

We repair anything, from a baby cart to a thrashing machine.

Patterson & Williams

Blacksmiths Cross Plains

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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Del Mar put it on, all except the helmet, which he carried with him, and then, with his assistant, went out through the panel in the wall. Through the underground passage the two groped their way, lighted by an electric torch, until at last they came to the entrance hidden in the underbrush, near the shore.

Del Mar went over to the concealed station from which the submarine bell was sounded and pressed the key as a signal. Then he adjusted the submarine helmet to his head and deliberately waded out into the water, farther and farther, up to his head, then deeper still.

As he disappeared into the water, his emissary turned and went back toward the shore road.

The ride around through the country and back to the shore road from Del Mar's was pleasant. In fact, it was always pleasant to be with Elaine, especially in a car.

We were spinning along at a fast clip when we came to a rocky part of the coast. As we made a turn a sharp breeze took off my hat and whirled it far off the road and among the rocks of the shore. Elaine shut down the engine, with a laugh at me, and we left the car by the road while we climbed down the rocks after the hat.

It had been carried into the water, close to shore and, still laughing, we clambered over the rocks. Elaine insisted on getting it herself and in fact did get it. She was just about to hand it to me, when something bobbed up in the water just in front of us. She reached for it and fished it out. It was a cylinder with air-tight caps on both ends, in one of which was a hook.

"What do you suppose it is?" she asked, looking it over as we made our way up the rocks again to the car. "Where did it come from?"

We did not see a man standing by our car, but he saw us. It was Del Mar's man who had paused on his way to watch us. As we approached he hid on the other side of the road.

By this time we had reached the car and opened the cylinder. Inside was a note which read:

"Chief arrived safely. Keep watch." "What does it mean?" repeated Elaine, mystified.

Neither of us could guess and I doubt whether we would have understood any better, if we had seen a sinister face peering at us from behind a rock near by, although doubtless the man knew what was in the tube and what it meant.

We climbed into the car and started again. As we disappeared the man came from behind the rocks and ran quickly up to the top of the hill. There, from the bushes, he pulled out a peculiar instrument composed of a strange series of lenses and mirrors set up on a tripod.

Eagerly he placed the tripod, adjusting the lenses and mirrors in the sunlight. Then he began working them, and it was apparent that he was flashing light beams, using a Morse code. It was a heliograph.

Down the shore on the top of the next hill sat the man who had already given the signal with the handkerchief to those in the valley who were working on the mining of the bridge. As he sat there, his eye caught the flash of the heliograph signal. He sprang up and watched intently. Rapidly he jotted down the message that was being flashed in the sunlight.

Dodge Girl has message from below. Coming in car. Blow first bridge she crosses.

Down the valley the lookout made his way as fast as he could. As he approached the two men who had been mining the bridge, he whistled sharply. They answered and hurried to meet him.

"Just got a heliograph," he panted. "The Dodge girl must have picked up one of the messages that came from below. She's coming over the hill now in a car. We've got to blow up the bridge as she crosses."

The men were hurrying now toward the bridge which they had mined. Not a moment was to be lost, for already they could see us coming over the crest of the hill.

In a few seconds they reached the hidden plunger firing box which had been arranged to explode the charge under the bridge. There they crouched in the brush ready to press the plunger.

er the moment. The car touched the planking.

One of the men crept out a little nearer the road. "They're coming!" he called back, dropping down again. "Get ready!"

Del Mar's emissaries had not reckoned, however, that anyone else might be about to whom the heliograph was an open book.

But, farther up the hill, hiding among the trees, the old farmer and his dog were sitting quietly. The old man was sweeping the Sound with his glasses, as if he expected to see something any moment.

To his surprise, however, he caught a flash of the heliograph from the land. Quickly he turned and jotted down the signals. As he did so, he seemed greatly excited, for the message read:

"Dodge girl has message from below. Coming in car. Blow first bridge she crosses."

Quickly he turned his glasses down the road. There he could see our car approaching. He put up his glasses and hurried down the hill toward the bridge. Then he broke into a run, the dog scouting ahead.

We were going along the road nicely, now, coasting down the hill. As we approached the bridge Elaine slowed up a bit to cross, for the planking was loose.

Just then the farmer who had been running down the hill saw us.

"Stop!" he shouted. But we did not hear. He ran after us, but the chase was hopeless. He stopped, in despair.

With a gesture of vexation he took a step or two mechanically off the road.

Elaine and I were coming fast to the bridge now.

In their hiding place Del Mar's men were watching breathlessly. The leader was just about to press the plunger when all of a sudden a branch in the thicket beside him cracked. There stood the farmer and his dog.

Instantly the farmer seemed to take in the situation. With a cry he threw himself at the man who had the plunger. Another man leaped at the farmer. The dog settled him. The others piled in, and a terrific struggle followed. It was all so rapid that, to all, seconds seemed like hours.

We were just starting to cross the bridge.

One of the men broke away and crawled toward the plunger box. Our car was now in the middle of the bridge.

Over and over rolled the mud, the dog doing his best to help his master. The man who had broken away reached toward the plunger.

With a shout he pushed it down.

Our car had just cleared the bridge when we were startled by a terrific roar behind us. It was as though a thousand fires had blown out at once. Elaine shut off the engine automatically and we looked back.

The whole bridge had been blown up. A second before we had been in the middle of it.

As the explosion came, the men who had been struggling in the thicket, paused, startled, and stared out. At that instant the old farmer saw his chance. It was all over and he bolted, calling the dog.

Along the road to the bridge he ran, two of the men after him.

"Come back," growled the leader. "Let him go. Do you want us all to get caught?"

As the farmer ran up to the bridge he saw it in ruins. But down the road he could see Elaine and myself, sitting in the car, staring back at the peril which we had so narrowly escaped. His face lighted up in as great joy as a few moments before it had shown despair.

"What can that have been?" asked Elaine, starting to get out of the car. "What caused it?"

"I don't know," I returned, taking her arm firmly. "But enough has happened today. It was intended for us, we'd better hasten. Someone might take a shot at us. Come, we have the car. We can get out before anyone does anything more. Let's do it. Things are going on about us of which we know nothing. The safest thing is to get away."

Elaine looked at the bridge in ruins and shuddered. It was the closest we could have been to death and have escaped. Then she turned to the wheel

quickly and the little car fairly sped ahead.

"Oh, if Craig were only here!" she murmured. "He would know what to do."

As we disappeared over the crest of the next hill, safe, the old farmer and his dog looked hard at us.

The silence after the explosion was ominous.

He glanced about. No one was pursuing him. That seemed ominous, too. But if they did pursue he was prepared to elude them. They must never recognize the old farmer.

As he turned, he deliberately pulled off his beard, then plunged again into the woods and was lost.

TWENTY-EIGHTH EPISODE

THE CAVE IN THE CLIFF.

It was not long after the almost miraculous escape of Elaine and myself from the blowing up of the bridge on the shore road that Del Mar returned from his mysterious mission which had, apparently, taken him actually down to the bottom of the sea.

The panel in the wall of his library opened and in the still dripping submarine suit, holding under his arm the weird helmet, Del Mar entered. No sooner had he begun to remove his wet diving suit than the man who had signaled with the heliograph that we had found Del Mar's message from "below," whatever that might mean, entered the house and was announced by the valet.

"Let him come in immediately," ordered Del Mar, placing his suit in a closet. Then to the man, as he entered the room, he said: "Well, what's new?"

"Quite a bit," returned the man, frowning still over Elaine's accidental discovery of the under-water communication. "The Dodge girl happened to pick up one of the tubes with a message just after you went down. I tried to get her by blowing up one of the bridges, but it didn't work, somehow."

"We'll have to silence her," remarked Del Mar angrily with a sinister frown. "You stay here and wait for orders."

A moment later he made his way down to a private dock on his grounds and jumped aboard a trim little speed boat moored there. He started the motor and off the boat feathered in a cloud of spray.

It was only a moment by water before he reached the Dodge dock. There he tied his boat and hurried up the dock.

Elaine and I were alone without any further experiences after our hair-breadth escape from the explosion at the bridge.

We were in doubt at first, however, just what to do about the mysterious message which we had picked up in the harbor.

"Really, Walter," remarked Elaine, after we had considered the matter for some time, "I think we ought to send that message to the government at Washington. It may be of great importance."

Already she had seated herself at her desk and began to write, while I examined the metal tube and the note again.

"There," she said at length, handing me the note she had written, "how does that sound?"

"I read it while she addressed the envelope. 'Very good,' I replied, handing it back.

She folded it and shoved it into the envelope on which she had written:

"Chief,
"Secret Service,
"Washington, D. C."

I was studying the address, wondering whether this was just the thing to do, when Elaine decided the matter by energetically ringing the bell for Jennings.

"Post that, Jennings, please," she directed.

The butler bowed just as the door bell rang. He turned to go.

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "I think perhaps I'd better mail it myself, after all."

He handed me the letter and went out.

"Yes, Walter," agreed Elaine, "that would be better. Please register it, too."

"How do you do?" greeted a suave voice.

It was Del Mar. As he passed me to speak to Elaine, apparently by accident, he knocked the letter from my hand.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, quickly stooping and picking the missive up.

Though he managed to read the address, he maintained his composure and handed the letter back to me. I started to go out, when Elaine called to me.

"Excuse me just a moment, Mr. Del Mar?" she queried, accompanying me out on the porch.

Already a saddle horse had been

brought around for me.

"Perhaps you'd better put a special delivery stamp on it, too, Walter," she added, walking along with me. "And be very careful."

"I will," I promised, as I rode quickly off.

Del Mar, alone, seized the opportunity to go over quietly to the telephone. It was the work of only a moment to call up his bungalow where the emissary who had placed the submarine bell was waiting for orders. Quickly Del Mar whispered his instructions, which the man took, and hung up the receiver.

"I hope you'll pardon me," said Elaine, entering just as Del Mar left the telephone. "Mr. Jameson was going into town and I had a number of little things I wanted him to do. Won't you sit-down?"

They chatted for a few moments, but Del Mar did not stay very long. He excused himself shortly and Elaine bade him good-by at the door as he walked off, apparently, down the road I had taken.

Del Mar's emissary hurried from the bungalow and almost ran down the road until he came to a spot where two men were hiding.

"Jameson is coming with a letter which the Dodge girl has written to the Secret Service," he cried, pointing excitedly up the road. "You've got to get it, see?"

I was cantering along nicely down the road by the shore, when suddenly, from behind some rocks and bushes, three men leaped out at me. One of them seized the horse's bridle, while the other two quickly dragged me out of the saddle.

It was very unexpected, but I had time enough to draw my gun and fire once. I hit one of the men, too, in the arm, and he staggered back, the blood spurting all over the road.

But before I could fire at the others, they knocked the gun from my hand. Frightened, the horse turned and bolted, riderless.

Together, they dragged me off the road and into the thicket, where I was tied and gagged and laid on the ground, while one of them bound up the wounded arm of the man I had hit. It was not long before one of them began searching me.

"Aha!" he growled, pulling the letter from my pocket and looking at it with satisfaction. "Here it is."

He tore the letter open, throwing the envelope on the ground, and read it.

"There, confound you," he muttered. "The government'll never get that. Come on, men. Bring him this way. Hurry!"

He shoved the letter into his pocket and led the way through the underbrush, while the others half dragged, half pushed me along. We had not gone very far before one of the three men, who appeared to be the leader, paused.

"Take him to the hang-out," he ordered gruffly. "I'll have to report to the chief."

He disappeared down toward the shore of the harbor while the others prodded me along.

Down near the Dodge dock, along the shore, walked a man wearing a broad-brimmed hat and a plain suit of duck. His prim collar and tie complemented well with his smoked glasses. Instinctively one would have called him "professor," though whether naturalist, geologist, or plain "bugologist," one would have had difficulty in determining.

He seemed, as a matter of fact, to be a naturalist, for he was engrossed in picking up specimens. But he was not so much engrossed as to fail to hear the approach of footsteps down the gravel walk from Dodge hall to the dock. He looked up in time to see Del Mar coming, and quietly concealed himself in the shrubbery up on the shore.

On the dock, Del Mar stood for some minutes, waiting. Finally, along the shore came another figure. It was the emissary to whom Del Mar had telephoned and who had searched me. The naturalist drew back into his hiding place, peeping out keenly at the two men.

"Well?" demanded Del Mar. "What luck?"

"We've got him," returned the man with brief satisfaction. "Here's the letter she was sending to the Secret Service."

Del Mar seized the note which the man handed to him and read it eagerly. "Good," he exclaimed. "That would have put an end to the whole operations about here. Come on. Get into the boat."

For some reason best known to himself the naturalist seemed to have lost all interest in his specimens and to have a sudden curiosity about Del Mar's affairs. As the motor boat sped off, he came slowly and curiously out of his hiding place and gazed fixedly at Del Mar.

No sooner had Del Mar's boat got a little distance out into the harbor

than the naturalist hurried down the Dodge dock. There was tied Elaine's own fast little runabout. He jumped into it and started the engine, following quickly in Del Mar's wake.

"Look," called the emissary to Del Mar, spying the Dodge boat with the naturalist in it, skimming rapidly after them.

Del Mar strained his eyes back through his glasses at the pursuing boat. But the naturalist, in spite of his smoked glasses, seemed not to have impaired his eyesight by his studies. He caught the glint of the sun on the lens at Del Mar's eye and dropped down into the bottom of his own boat, where he was at least safe from scrutiny, if his boat were not.

Del Mar lowered his glasses. "That's the Dodge boat," he said thoughtfully. "I don't like the looks of that fellow. Give her more speed."

Del Mar had not gone long before Elaine decided to take a ride herself. She ordered her horse around from the stables while she donned her neat little riding habit. A few minutes later, as the groom held the horse, she mounted and rode away, choosing the road by which I had gone, expecting to meet me on the return from town.

She was galloping along at a good clip when suddenly her horse shied at something.

"Whoa, Buster," pacified Elaine.

But it was of no use. Buster still reared up.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked. "What do you see?"

She looked down at the ground. There was a spot of blood in the dust. Buster was one of those horses to whom the sight of blood is terrifying.

Elaine pulled up beside the road. There was a revolver lying in the grass. She dismounted and picked it up. No sooner had she looked at it than she discovered the initials "W. J." carved on the butt.

"Walter Jameson!" she exclaimed, realizing suddenly that it was mine. "It's been fired, too!"

Her eye fell again on the blood spots. "Blood and—footprints—into the brush!" she gasped in horror, following the trail. "What could have happened to Walter?"

With the revolver, Elaine followed where the bushes were trampled down until she came to the place where I had been bound. There she spied some pieces of paper lying on the ground and picked them up.

She put them together. They were pieces of the envelope of the letter which we had decided to send to Washington.

"Which way did they take him?" she asked, looking all about but discovering no trail.

She was plainly at a loss what course to pursue.

"What would Craig do?" she asked herself.

Finding no answer, she stood thinking a moment, slowly tearing the envelope to pieces. If she were to do anything at all, it must be done quickly. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to her. She threw the pieces of paper into the air and let them blow away. It was unscientific detection, perhaps, but the wind actually took them and carried them in the direction in which the men had forced me to walk, after they had robbed me of the letter.

"That's it!" cried Elaine to herself. "I'll follow that direction."

Meanwhile, the men had hurried me off along a trail that led to the foot of a cliff. Then the trail wound up the cliff. We climbed it until we reached the top.

There in the rock was a rude stairway. I drew back. But one man drew a gun and the other preceded me down. Along the steep stone steps cut in the face of the rock they forced me.

Below, in a rift in the very wall of the cliff, was a cave in which already were two more of Del Mar's men, talking in low tones, in the dim light.

As we made our way down the breakneck stairway, the foremost of my captors stepped on a large flat rock. As he did so, it gave way slightly under his foot.

A light in the cave flashed up. Under the rock was a secret electric connection which operated a lamp.

"Someone coming," muttered the two men, on guard instantly.

It was a somewhat precarious footing as we descended and for the moment I was more concerned for my safety from a fall than anything else. Once my foot did slip and a shower of pebbles and small pieces of rock started down the face of the cliff.

As we passed down, the man behind me, still keeping me covered, raised the flat stone on the top step. Carefully he reset the connection of the alarm rock, a series of metal points that bent under the weight of a person and made a contact which signaled down in the cavern the approach of anyone who did not know the secret.

As he did so, the light in the cavern

NOTICE!
 Everything in our store is marked in plain figures and one price; you know the price, you can see the saving. Don't Miss This SALE.

STOCK-TAKE

A CHANCE

We want everybody to have a chance at this great money saving sale. Times have been a little hard and some feel that they can get goods cheaper by ordering. But a look will convince you immediately that the price that we are making in this sale can't be equaled anywhere on reliable merchandise. We have ever lived up to our advertisements and this time you will find the greatest slaughter of prices we have ever made. We need the money. You need the goods. Come and see.

Opens Friday, Nov. 26th

SILKS

Fifty pieces of silk, regular 50c to \$1.75 the yard goods. Sale price per yard 35c to \$1.10

If interested in Silks investigate this department.

A full line of ladies up-to-date neck wear goes in this sale.

Towels Regular 10c, now	.8c
Towels " 20c now	.15c
Towels " 25c now	.19c
Towels " 35c now	.27c
Towels " 50c "	.42c
Towels " 75c "	.55c
Towels " \$1.00 now	.83c

HOSIERY

There is no better wearing hosiery for the price than Iron Clad—every pair guaranteed. Children's 10c hose 7 1/2c Ladies' 10c hose 7 1/2c Children's 15c hose 11c Ladies 15c hose 11c 25c Iron Clad hosiery 20c 35c " " " " 23c 50c " " " " 42c

Men's hosiery at same price. We have a good stock of hosiery which we can recommend to give satisfaction.

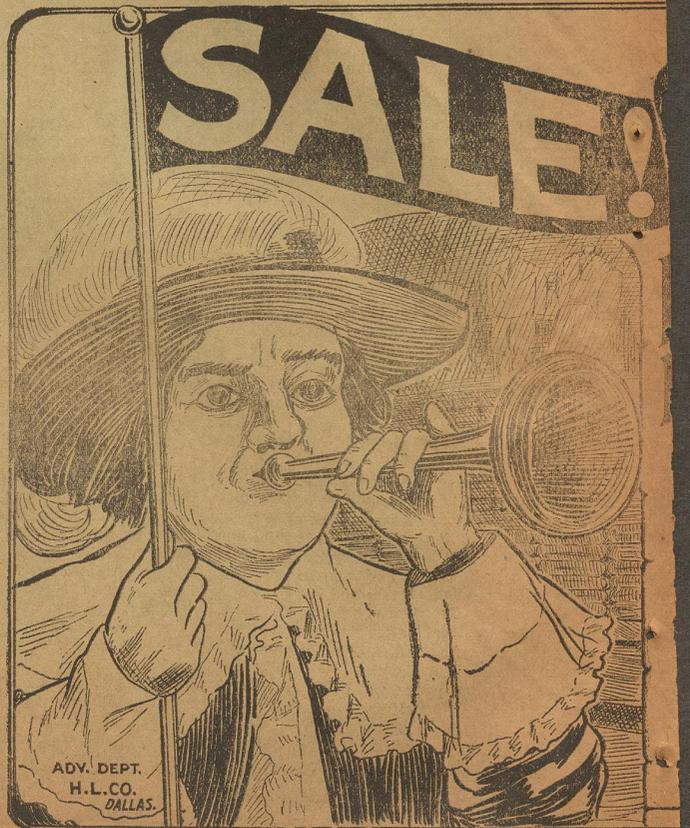
SKIRTS

5.00 Skirts	\$3.95
4.50 " "	\$3.65
4.00 " "	\$3.35
3.50 " "	\$2.85
3.00 " "	\$2.65

A few skirts one of a kind, at one half price.

Ladies Waists

One lot nice waists, \$1.25, \$2.00 \$2.50 and \$3.00 values all go at Sale Price.



MEN'S HATS

\$6.50 John B. Stetson Hats	\$5.45
5.00 " " " "	3.98
4.00 Stern & Sern Hats	2.98
3.50 " " " "	2.79
3.00 " " " "	2.43
2.50 " " " "	1.89
2.00 " " " "	1.42
1.75 " " " "	1.28
1.50 " " " "	1.14

Men's Clothing

We have always enjoyed the reputation of our stocks of Men's Clothing to be found anywhere, including Sonneborn Special and other well known brands. We have bought too heavily and as we try to never carry goods from one season to another we had rather take our loss now than pay interest and have old stock. Notice the special prices quoted here and come in and let us fit you. We know that our clothing will please.

Regular \$10.00 Suits now	\$6.49
" 12.50 " "	\$8.48
" 15.00 " "	9.63
" 18.00 " "	\$12.96
" 20.00 " "	13.45
" 25.00 " "	16.30
" 1.50 " "	1.10
" 2.00 " "	1.35
" 2.50 " "	1.69
" 3.50 " "	2.78
" 5.00 " "	3.45
" 6.00 " "	4.45

MEN'S PANTS

\$1.50 Men's Pants	\$1.15
1.75 " "	1.45
2.00 " "	1.55
2.50 " "	1.89
3.50 " "	2.78

Everything in good clothing at corresponding prices. A few dollars will do wonders at this Great Sale.

Our Entire Stock of Dry Goods Men's Furnishing Goods, the thrown on the Market at no advertisement carefully and reputation for Honest merchant is behind every price quoted. When we put on a sale it means price on absolutely everything.

This SALE is

It All Goes At Sale Price

EXTRA SPECIAL

During this big sale we are going to make some of the best prices on wheat flour, guaranteed, every sack. We list below a few of the Space will not permit our giving all the prices we would have

American Beauty flour during the sale	\$3.35
Live Oak flour " " "	3.10
Sylvan " " " "	2.85
Best grade of meal	70c.
Mill run bran per sack	1.20

Enamel and Tin ware. Will almost be given away

See the price

TRUNKS AND SUITCASES

\$12.50 Trunks now	\$9.90
10.00 " " " "	7.85
8.50 " " " "	6.96
6.50 " " " "	4.95
5.00 " " " "	3.98

Suit Cases and Bags at sale prices.

DAVIS-GARLAND

Quality Counts

Cross Plaza

Don't forget the date



DAY

Saturday, November 27th.

Every effort will be made by the business men of Cross Plains to make this a pleasant and profitable day, and you are hereby invited, urged, and warned to be present on that date. Read all of this week's special Thanksgiving and Dollar Day issue of The Review.

REMEMBER DOLLAR DAY!

Want Ads.

One Cent a Word.

WANTED, to trade a mule for corn, hogs or plow tools.

H. P. Faulkner.

Let us figure on your abstract work.—Jackson & Jackson, Baird, tt

Abstracts to lands and town lots furnished on short notice at reasonable prices.—Jackson & Jackson Baird, tt

When hungry eat at the Crystal Cafe. Regular dinners, 25c (adv)

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy.

Fresh fish and oysters every Thursday to Saturday at the Crystal Cafe.

TO-SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS

To the first school boy or girl sending us \$2.00 on new subscription or \$3.00 on old we will send The youths' Companion for one year. No subscriptions taken for less than six months. \$1.00 a year, six months for 50 cents. Those not winning will be paid a cash commission for subscriptions sent in. Let's see who is first.

C. S. Boyles sells the "Bob Cat" Disc plow, and Boyles has always sold the best goods.—Adv.

Richardson's white paint, \$1.10 a gallon.—Shackelford's Lmbr. Yd.

I have moved my carpenter shop to the Shackelford Lumber Yard where I'll be pleased to figure with you on all repair work, window and door casing, etc.—Uncle Bob.

Say, better get one of those Avery "Bob Cat" Disc Plows from C. S. Boyles.

The best plow is the "Bob Cat" at C. S. Boyles'.—Adv.

Window glass, building paper, DeVoe paints, Spencer-Kellogg pure linseed oil.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

For sale at my barn cotton seed from cotton grown from seed direct from Mebane farm, Lockhart, at 75c per bushel.—E R or Wm. Neeb. 5t

For Sale Lot 19 in Block 29 in the city of Cross Plains. Make best offer in first letter. Write E. M. Deal, McGregor, Texas.

DRUG STORE AT DRESSY!
DR. W. A. GRAHAM, PROP.

All kinds of Drugs, Notions and Stationery, cheaper than you can order them. Give me a trial. Your business will be appreciated.

Horticultural Campaign in Cross Plains Territory

Nov. 26th and 27th (Friday and Saturday) six specialists from A & M, Texas University and M K & T Railway will put this work on, which will consist of Spraying, Pruning, Picking, Packing, Marketing Etc. And all interested will please be present at the below places. Tell your neighbors let every body attend.

Tom McClure's orchard at Pioneer Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, Nov. 27. At J. A. Joy's orchard, Cottonwood, Saturday morning 9 o'clock, Nov. 27. Frank Harlow's Saturday morning 9 o'clock, Nov. 27.

Saturday afternoon will be spent at Gresham building in discussing the whole subject and the marketing part of it in particular at this meeting. Every business man is urged to attend

Cross Plains Commercial Club

Cross Plains - - - - - Texas

Something new: The Review for \$1.00 a year. Remember we club The Review with all periodicals published. It is a saving to you!

Holland's Magazine for two years for \$1.00. Farm & Ranch for one year for \$1.00. See The Review. If you want The Review in connection with either one or both of the above we will make you a saving.

50 to 100 per cent gain

That's what every De Laval Cream separator user says. Let us prove it to YOU; take one on 30 days trial. Sold on best of terms.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.



FALL

in Prices, for
DOLLAR DAY

Do not miss the special bargains for this day

At Carter's

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. *Chas. H. Fletcher* Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

\$ DAY

Spend your \$'s with us; we will give you bigger values for the same money, or the same value for less money. See Saturday before you buy. Besides our \$1.00 values we will have many other bargains to offer this day.

GROCERIES

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 2 35-lb. sacks of Meal | \$1.00 |
| \$1.00 sack rice and 25c can baking pwdr | " |
| " bottle pickles, 25c bottle catsup | " |
| A 50c, and a 75c bucket syrup both for | " |
| \$1.00 bucket coffee, 25c package oats | " |
| 9 lbs. good coffee | " |
| 6 lbs. peabury coffee | " |
| 14 bars soap, 4 pkgs. starch, 25c pkg. bluing for | " |
| 1 doz. cans salmon | " |
| 18 lbs. pink or navy beans | " |
| 18 " sugar to each customer | " |
| 6 pkgs. Arbuckle coffee | " |
| 10 lb. bucket soda, 50c sack rice | " |
| 2 buckets country syrup | " |
| 12 cans, your assortment, of corn, tom. soup, pork & beans, chili, sausage, milk | " |
| 75c can honey, 50c bottle pickles | " |
- See our bargain counters loaded down with \$\$\$\$ specials.

DRY GOODS

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------|
| 25 yds. cotton checks | \$1.00 |
| 14 yds. best outing | " |
| 11 yds 12 1-2 flanellette | " |
| 15 " good brown domestic | " |
| 15 " good bleach | " |
| 5 " Fancy Poplin | " |
| 15 " apron check gingham | " |
| 7 " 20c kimona flannel | " |
| 6 " wool flannel | " |
| \$1.50 American Beauty corsets | " |
| Choice of ladies' hats | " |
| Any two children's hats | " |
| One pr. ids. overshoes and pr. hose | " |
| " " men's \$1.25 overshoes | " |
| " " lot men's pants | " |
| " " " hats | " |
| " " " and ladies' slippers | " |
| " " sweaters | " |
| " pr. \$1.25 gloves | " |

Bring us your butter, eggs, chickens and other produce.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

Where It Pays To Buy

WHO NEEDS IT WORSE?

Who needs a thorough course of Farm Bookkeeping and Business Training worse than the farmers? No one. That is just why the Tyler Commercial College gives, in connection with its course of Bookkeeping and Business Training, without extra charge, a series of lectures on systematic Farming and a set of books especially adapted to farm accounting. The farmer who at the close of each day's work makes a complete record of everything done during the day, its cost, etc., is learning to study the details of the business, to watch and observe the little things, and he is compiling valuable information for reference, and at the end of the year, he knows just what each crop has cost him; where his gain and losses come from, and by his close study and application; he will the next year lessen and increase the gain. The farm needs the trained mind as badly as the store or the railroad office. The farmer needs to be able to write a good hand, to spell correctly, to figure rapidly and accurately, to know how to write deeds, or to know when they are properly written, to write mortgages, notes, contracts, bills of sale, etc. We would advise our young who are farming or who expect to farm to give this matter careful consideration. We also give a thorough course in the Classing and Marking of Cotton, a subject of vital importance to our young men. The Tyler Commercial College has had many a young man to take the business course with the sole aim of going back to the farm and making the best farmer in the community, and a leader in all progressive movements.

Write for catalogue, to the only commercial school in this state that is devoting any attention whatever to this subject, mentioning you are interested in Farm or Cotton Classing.—The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas.

A John Deere Sulkey, good as new, at Jess Byrd's at Cross Cut—See Mrs. T. D. Greenwood.

Let us see you here Saturday in attendance of the Horticultural program. Also it is Dollar Day. It will pay you, perhaps, from more than one standpoint to be in Cross Plains on that day.

It all goes at Sale Prices. It's all new. Davis-Garner & Co.

Sheriff Moore and family of Baird were here Saturday night the guest of their son, Jessie.

At the Old Mill in Dallas the German side of the war shown to 5000 people at 15 & 25c. See it at the Electric 15 & 20c.

NOTICE TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

Those in arrears must pay their accounts now. I have been lenient with you, but the company now insist on my collecting these accounts. So come in and settle up or your service will be discontinued.

Respectfully,
W. R. Wagoner, Local Manager.

TOM GOODMAN SHOT

Tom Goodman of Quanah, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Goodman of near Dressy, was shot and seriously injured last Saturday. He is said to be in a critical condition.

Groceries!

Groceries!

A. go at Sale prices.

Davis-Garner & Co.

Lost, a pair of ladies' gloves wrapped in paper, between Dressy and Cross Plains. Finder return to City Drug Store.

The German side of the War, Friday night, Dec. 10, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 11, at

The Electric.

Come early and get best selections. Davis-Garner & Co.

J. M. Higginbotham of Dublin is visiting his daughter Mrs. John J. Horn.

In the German Side of the War you will see warfare as carried on in the 20th Century. Don't miss it. Friday, Dec. 10, and Sat. afternoon, Dec. 11.

C E Alvis and family have moved to the M D Jones home in the north part of town. He has moved that J E Linquist may move to the house vacated by C E Alvis.

Mr and Mrs. Dodd Price left Sunday morning for their new home in the Midland country where they will be engaged in the stock raising business. They have many friends in the Cross Plains country who wish them success in their new line of endeavor.

See the German side of war Friday night, Dec. 10, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 11. Taken on the European Battlefield in 5 reels. Adm. 15 and 20 c. (adv)

SOME DOLLAR DAY SPECIALS

75c. guaranteed Scissors and 75c. guaranteed Butcher Knife both for \$1.00.

A 65c Set of dinner plates, a 65c enameled water bucket and dipper all for \$1.00.

A 65c tub, 35c wash board and 2 pkgs. Washing Compound all for \$1.00.

THE RACKET STORE

Hear Miss Devault read on Wednesday night, Dec. 1.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation

Etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Review, published weekly at Cross Plains, for October, 1915.

Editor, managing editor, business manager, publisher, L P Henslee, Cross Plains, Texas.

Owner, L. P. Henslee.

Known bondholders, etc., holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, etc., J. H. Kurth, Keltis, Texas.

(signed) L P Henslee.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of November, 1915

C C Neeb

Notary Public, Callahan Co., Tex.

Church next Sunday morning. Preaching at both hours. Subject, 11. a. m., "Forgotten Conversion;" 7. p. m., "The Power of Heart-Purpose." Everybody is urged to attend these services.

Mrs. A. J. Mathis will lead prayer meeting next Wednesday night

Geo. W. Thomas, pastor.

Quilting frames—dynamite, caps and fuse.

Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

School Boys and Girls, if you are bothered with your Eyes or if you are subject to headache from study you should have your Eyes tested and properly fitted with Glasses by,

L M Bond, Jeweler and Optician

The German side of the war, absolutely nothing to offend the patriotism or feelings of any nationality. See it at the Electric Friday night, Dec. 10, and Sat. afternoon, Dec. 11. Adm. 15 & 20c. (adv)

JUST RECEIVED

Another shipment of the celebrated Foot Rest Hosiery

THE RACKET STORE

WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN

remember to eat at The Elite, where everything is new, sanitary and up to date. Dinners 25c, and fish and oysters Friday and Saturday.

W. M. (Willie) HEAD, PROP.

A BIG SHIPMENT

Of Seasonable Hardware just received.

THE RACKET STORE

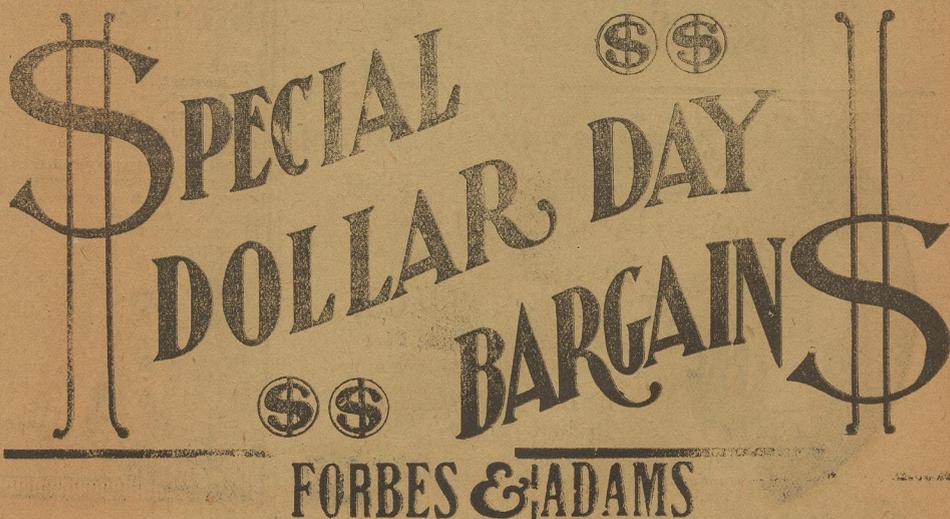
Subscribe for the Review.

GET HERE EARLY

DOLLAR DAY

The power of instant cash is here demonstrated in a mighty way—each of the many special items is a big saving. There are opportunities here that seldom come along.

THE RACKET STORE



SPECIAL DOLLAR DAY BARGAINS

FORBES & ADAMS

EXTRA SPECIAL

Commencing at 10:30 Dollar Day we will sell misses' \$3.00 and women's \$4.00 and \$5.00 Coats for \$1.00. Don't forget the time; none of these coats will be sold before 10:30 Dollar Day.

THE RACKET STORE

For sale at cost to Dec. 1st 2,500 cedar posts in Cross Plains.

J. A. Joy

Special bargains for Dollar Day at Boyles.

Dollar Day bargains at C. S. Boyles, come see them.

Graded 6 1/2 by 3 to 3 1/2 cedar posts 14 1/2c for 100, off the car.

Shackelford Lumber Yard.

Are you hungry? For fresh pork sausage, cheese, and all kinds of fresh meats come to the Spies Meat Market.

LOST, one 175 lb. red sow and 5 or 6 shoats. Reward for information leading to their return to me.

C. E. Barr.

Chess Baum of Baird was here Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Mason Shurford a boy, Mother and baby doing well. This is their first-born and Maccon is said to be elated.

Don't fail to call on C. S. Boyles on Dollar Day. It will pay well.

De Laval cream separator oil at \$1.00 per gallon. "Its the climax of lubrication."

Shackelford's Lumber Yard

Almost any kind of cyress you might want in stock.

Shackelford Lumber Yd.

The Review \$1.00 per year.

All lengths galvanized and painted sheet iron in stock.

Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

For Sale S. C. red roosters \$1 each delivered at Cross Plains.

Mrs. W. O. Spencer.

Cross Plains, Tex. Rt. 1

For sale; four Duroc gilts 6 months old, subject to registry, \$10 each — I. S. Erwin, Sabanno, Tex.

Go right straight to Boyles the first thing on Dollar Day.

Your dollar will go a long ways a Boyles on Dollar Day.

"Ye Olde Towne Quartette," the third number on the lyceum course rendered their program to a large and pleased audience. Also they rendered a program at the Baptist church Sunday night, which was appreciated.

SPECIAL FOR DOLLAR DAY

12 cans of corn	\$1.00
12 " tomatoes	\$1.00
12 " peas	\$1.00
12 " hominy	\$1.00
12 " Veridest Krant	\$1.00
12 " salmon	\$1.00

THE CANDY SHOP

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

By T. C. Harbaugh

Long ago the Pilgrim Fathers
In the forests cold and gray,
With the tempests roaring
'round them,
Kept the first Thanksgiving Day;
Near their homes the war-
whoop sounded,
But they heeded not the cry,
As they knelt with prayer and
anthem
'Neath the dark and stormy
sky.

Fleeing far from foul oppres-
sion,
Unto Freedom's land they
came,
Where they raised their holy
altars
Burning with a sacred flame;
And they taught their gentle
children,
'Mid the dashing of the spray,
To loving keep and beautiful,
Every year, Thanksgiving
Day.

In the dim aisles of the forest,
Where the oaks their
branches spread,
The wild deer and the panther
Heard the words the Pil-
grims said;
And the hymns that floated
skyward
Echoed sweetly far away,
Till the dusk, descending
softly,
Crowned the first Thanks-
giving Day.

They were stern, those grand
old Pilgrims,
Men who harked to Free-
dom's call,
And amid the snows of
Plymouth
Kept the Day beloved by all;
In the bleak New England
woodlands,
Lit by Autumn's fleeting ray,
To Columbia's chosen children
There they gave Thanksgiving
Day.

We hold it sweet and holy still
From where the pine trees
grow
To where the golden orange
swings
In lands devoid of snow;
From the rocks of proud
Atlantic,
Where the tempest flings
its spray,
To the sun-kissed, mild Pacific
Millions keep Thanksgiving
Day.

Blessings on the Pilgrim
Fathers!
They who sought a home afar,
And builded them an altar
In the beams of Freedom's
star;
Let their memories be sacred,

GET OUR PRICES

On Sugar Dollar Day.
The Candy Shop.

John Horn, J W and Cliff Wes-
terman, and Lewis Newton left here
Tuesday for Baird, whence the first-
mentioned went to Dallas and the
other three to El Paso.

Though their graves are far
away,
For the legacy they left us
Is our first Thanksgiving Day.
(Copyright.)

WHO SAID TURKEY?



So far as is known, one of the first "Harvest Thanksgiving Services" ever held in modern times was that provided for in an official document, entitled "Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving to Almighty God, to be used in all churches and chapels in England and Wales and in the town of Bethwick-on-Tweed on Sunday, the 17th day of October, 1847, being the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the late Abundant Harvest, by Her Majesty's Special Command." With the exception of one in November, 1769, in gratitude for various successes on sea and land, including the capture of Quebec, and for "an uncommonly plentiful Harvest," this was probably the first service of the kind held in modern times.

Cadences of Song.

As the custom is among certain Swiss herdsmen on the Alpine slopes, as the sun goes down for each to call to the one above him, through his horn, "Praise ye the Lord," so across this land, through its valleys and over its plains and up its mountainsides—everywhere ought to ring the note of praise to the declining sun of another year, and to the ever-rising sun of national greatness and destiny.

QUEER OLD MAXIMS

Instructions to Housewives That
Were Given out by
Our Forefathers.

HERE are some queer old maxims to housewives which are suitable to copy on dinner cards or to be read at the Thanksgiving dinner: "Good housewife in dairy that needs not to be told Deserveth her fee to be paid her in gold."

"Keep kettles from knocks, set tubs out of sun
For mending is costly and crack is soon done."

"Though scouring be needful, yet scouring too much
Is pride without profit and rebeth thy hutch."

"Three dishes well dressed and wel-
come withal
Both pleaseth thy friend and becom-
eth thy hall."

"Save wing for a thresher when gar-
der doth die.

Just the Information We Need

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

—THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Every day in your talk and reading, on the street car, in the office, shop, and school some new question is sure to come up. You seek quick, accurate, encyclopedic, up-to-date information.

This NEW CREATION will answer all your questions with final authority. 100,000 Words Defined. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Cost \$400,000. The only dictionary with the new divided page. A "Stroke of Genius."

Write for specimen pages, illustrations, etc. Mention this publication and receive FREE a set of pocket maps.

C. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Save feathers of all things the better to lie.

"See cattle well served without and within



And all things at quiet ere supper be-
gin."

"Wife make thine own candle
Spare penny to handle."

"Provide for thy tallow ere frost com-
eth in,
And make thine own candle ere winter
begin."

"Maids mustard seed gather, fore be-
ing too ripe
And mather it well eye ye give it a
stripe,
Then dress it and lay it in sollar up
sweet,
Lest foistness make it for table un-
meet."

"Wife make us a dinner, spare flesh,
neither corn
Make wafers and cake for our sheep
must be shorn."

"Who many do feed
Save much they had need."

"Buy new as is meet,
Mark blanket and sheet."

"Save feathers for guest,
These other rob chest."
—National Food Magazine

Quickly Popular in West.

As the first, new states of the West were quite generally settled from New England, the festival was perpetuated and soon became a custom not only in these, but in other western states as they were formed. In the South there was no recognition of the custom until after 1858. In that year eight governors of southern states issued proclamations after the model of New England, calling upon their subjects to observe the last Thursday in November as a day for thanksgiving. But the Civil war was at hand and the bitterness engendered in the long controversy over slavery caused many violent opponents of the North to oppose the proclamations because of their introduction of a "Yankee custom."

We Thank Thee.
For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shades of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank thee!
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

King of Festivals.

The king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold and the corn was husked and the labors of the season were done and the warm late days of Indian summer came in dreamy and calm and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit, a sense of something accomplished and of a new golden mark made in advance, and the deacon began to say to the minister of a Sunday, "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation. — Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Oldtown Folks."

OLD AS THE RACE

Setting Aside a Period for
Thanksgiving Is a Custom
of Remote Antiquity.

THE idea is prevalent in the United States that our Thanksgiving is peculiarly an American custom of New England origin. This is true in part only. The general observance through many years of a set day on which to give thanks to Almighty God

for his blessings has made the custom distinctively American; but its origin long antedates the settlement of the western continent, and we must look elsewhere for it. The idea of Thanksgiving day goes back to remotest antiquity. It is a part of natural religion, and is probably as old as the human race. In written records, we have ample evidence that the festival was celebrated in connection with "the fruits of the earth" by the ancient Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks and the Romans. Long before Luther's revolt from Rome in the sixteenth century it had been observed by the Christians; and after the Reformation, Thanksgiving days were in frequent use by the Protestants, especially those of England.

The festival appears early in Jewish history, and, as it was connected with the land and its possession, may have had a Canaanitish prototype. Its celebration was annual, and each festival continued through seven days. At the beginning "two vessels of silver were carried in a ceremonious manner to the temple, one full of water, the other of wine, which were poured at the foot of the altar of burnt offerings, always on the seventh day of the festival." Plutarch describes this ceremonial, which he believed was a feast of Bacchus. He says: "The Jews celebrate two feasts of Bacchus. In the midst of the vintage they spread tables, spread with all manner of fruits, and live in tabernacles made especially of palms and ivy together. A few days later they kept another festival which was openly dedicated to Bacchus, for they carried boughs of palms in their hands, with which they went into the temple, the Levites going before with instruments of music."

Analogous to the Jewish festival and possibly borrowed from it was that of the old Greeks, the Thesmophoria. This was a feast to Demeter, the goddess of the harvest. It lasted nine days and consisted of sacrifices of the products of the soil with oblations of "wine, milk and honey." Theocritus refers to it in the "Seventh Idyll," where Simichidas says: "Now, this is our way to the Thalsyia; for our friends, in sooth, are making a feast to Demeter of the beautiful robe, offering the first fruits of their abundance, since for them in bounteous manner, the goddess has piled the threshing floor with barley."

The Circle of Our Love.
The strange sweet life we have and own
So wondrous is from friends we've known
And those near and those above,
Complete the circle of our love,
And when we think of these, and pray,
We keep, in sooth, Thanksgiving Day.
—William Branton.

Thanksgiving Fable.

A turkey one day observed a peacock in the farm yard and immediately began to find fault with it.

"You vain, conceited bird," said the turkey, "you are proud of your looks, and yet you are of no value in the economy of nature. Why do you strut around and regard all others with disdain?"

"You make a mistake," replied the peacock. "I am not now admiring myself, though I should be excused for doing so. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving, and I was merely indulging in a cakewalk because I am not a big, fat turkey like you."

Moral: Beauty is only skin deep, but edibility extends to the bone.

Not Copied From the Jews.

Undoubtedly our present Thanksgiving day has its prototype in the Plymouth thanksgiving festival of 1621. It has been asserted repeatedly that the Plymouth festival was suggested to the Pilgrims by the Jewish "Feast of Ingathering." That is not probable, as the differences between them are more striking than the likenesses. They were of the same duration, each lasting a week; and in common with all other harvest festivals they had the same intent. But in the Jewish festival sacrifice and worship were the prevailing characteristics, while in that of the Pilgrims they were entirely wanting.

PUZZLE—FIND THE TURKEY



JIMMY IS THANKFUL—

That mother hasn't a broken arm,
and can stuff the goose.

That the judge let father go on sus-
pended sentence.

That I'm not dead on a battlefield.

That I haven't got five brothers to
share the Thanksgiving dinner with.

Save business hours
by seeing that your ticket
reads via the Katy Lines
To KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO,
and points North and East
Two fast, dependable trains
The Katy Limited and
The Katy Flyer

Both are splendidly equipped trains, Katy standard with through Pullmans and Dining Cars.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

Cañon, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-48

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

TO THE FARMERS AND STOCKMEN.
Dr. A. J. Nichols, a veterinary surgeon, has permanently located at Cross Plains for the purpose of practicing his profession. Bring in your stock and have them examined. Examination free.
All calls answered day or night.
A. J. NICHOLS,
2t Veterinary Surgeon

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years.
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hitchcock*

ATWELL NEWS
Too late for last week.

We are having some winter weather at this writing.

Cotton picking is about done in the Atwell country.

The opening of the Atwell school was postponed from November 15th until the 22nd.

Messrs. J. D. Maddux and G. T. Brasher and children returned Thursday from Fisher county where they have been for some time picking cotton.

J. L. Haley and son Ernest attended trades day at C. P.

Willie Killough came in Thursday night from Eula where he had been picking cotton. Lawrence Walls of Eula accompanied him home.

Luther Satterfield who has been real sick for a week is no better at this writing.

The little daughter of S. A. Black who had an operation near her ankle is doing nicely.

Quite a number of our people attended the big dry goods and grocery sale at Scranton last week.

Messrs Miller and Roy Busby returned home Saturday from their cotton picking trip.

J. F. Satterfield of Tyler Texas came in Monday to be at the bedside of his sick son, Luther.

Dr. E. H. RAMSEY

DENTIST
DR. CHAS. V. BOMER
Special Attention Given
General Surgery
Including
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Office Over
Farmers' National Bank

CROSS PLAINS LIVERY BARN AND WAGON YARD
J. G. Aiken & Son, Props.
All Kinds of Livery Rigs at Reasonable Rates
Sell and Trade Horses

Mrs. E. L. Springer and daughter and family of Carbon came in Saturday for a short visit with her daughter Mrs. O. K. Morgan.

Professors B. C. Chrisman and L. C. Reed and Mrs. Reed attended the teachers Institute at Clyde last week.

Prof. and Mrs. L. C. Reed will teach the Atwell school this term Prof. Christman will teach the Cedar Bluff School 5 miles west of Atwell.

Mrs. Ernest Ray and son of Jones county came in Thursday for a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Maddux.

Mrs. Jessie Mackey and children of Upsher county are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Andrews.

Mrs. Mackey visited with relatives and friends at Putnam a few days last week.

Several from this place attended court at Baird last week.

Aster

Sabanno News.
Crowded Out Last Week

"Jack Frost" visited this community Sunday night and people are having hog killing weather.

Sunday being a breeze day Sabanno failed to have preaching services but the young people's meeting was held Sunday afternoon with a goodly number present.



SATURDAY

DRY GOODS **GROCERIES**

12 yds. bleaching \$1.00	2 sacks meal \$1.00
16 yds domestic "	10 lbs. coffee "
12 " gingham "	10 cans salmon "
2 ladies' under suits "	13 " corn "
\$1.15 shirts "	13 " tomatoes "
\$1.50 boys' hats "	13 " pork & bean "
" " pants "	13 " hominy "
" mens' " "	13 " soup "

This is just a few of the many things we will have a big reduction on

DOLLAR DAY

Cross Plains Merc. Co.

Mrs. Herman Boyd and small daughter of Alexandria are visiting E. D. Roan and family

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Homer Brown on the 11th an eight pound boy. All concerned doing well.

Earle Shell is making preparations to move to the Terminal City at an early date. We are sorry to lose him and family but wish them well in their new home.

Oscar Gage made his regular trip to Reans Sunday.

Araan Gage left Saturday for Clyde where he expects to attend school this winter.

Sunny

Ask your neighbor about the Sale
Davis-Garner & Co.

Special for \$-Day
One 10 lb. bucket of Swift's Jewel for \$1.00.

THE CANDY SHOP
Fresh car flour goes at sale prices
Davis-Garner & Co

DISH PAN SALE
From 2 to 3 o'clock Dollar Day we will sell 17 qt. enameled dish pans or 20c. one to a customer.
THE RACKET STORE

Saying Farewell to the Pet



Photo by Frank Fouraler.

There is a dawning in the sky
Which doth a world of fate imply,
And on each casual passing face
A look expectant you may trace.
The signs the veteran turkey sees
And with a deep and mournful sigh
He calls his numerous family nigh
And murmurs, pointing to the trees,
"Roost high, my little ones, roost high."
Eugene Field.

EXLOITS OF ELAINE

went out. "It's all right," said one of the men down there, with a look of relief.

We went down the perilous stairway until we came to the cave.

"I've got a prisoner—orders of the chief," growled one of my captors, thrusting me in roughly.

They forced me into a corner where they tied me again, hand and foot. Then they began debating in low, sinister tones, what was to be done with me next. Once in a while I could catch a word. Fear made my senses hypersensitive.

They were arguing whether they should make away with me now or later!

Finally the leader rose. "It's three to one," I heard him mutter. "He dies now."

He turned and took a menacing step toward me.

"Hands up!"

It was a shrill, firm voice that rang out at the mouth of the cave as a figure cut off what little light there was.

Elaine passed along, hunting for the trail. Suddenly a shower of pebbles came falling down from a cliff above her. Some of them hit her and she looked up quickly.

There she could see me being led along by my captors. She hid in the brush and watched. During all the operations of the descent of the rock stairway and the resetting of the alarm she continued to watch, straining her eyes to see what they were doing.

As we entered the cave, she stepped out from her concealment and looked sharply up at us, as we disappeared. Then she climbed the path up the cliff until she came to the flight of stone steps leading downward again.

Already she had seen the man behind me doing something with the stone that formed the top step. She stooped down and examined the stone. Carefully she raised it and looked underneath before stepping on it. Then she could see the electric connection. She set the stone aside and looked again down the dangerous stairway.

It made her shudder. "I must get him," she murmured to herself. "Yes, I must. Even now it may be too late."

They had just decided to make away with me immediately and the leader had turned toward me with the threat still on his lips. It was now or never. Resolutely she took a step forward and into the cave.

"Hands up!" she demanded with astonishing firmness.

The thing was so unexpected in the security of their secret hiding place protected by the rock alarm that, before they knew it, Elaine had had all lined up against the wall.

Keeping them carefully covered, she moved over toward me. She picked up a knife that lay near by and started

Continued next week

Things to Be Thankful For.

The sentiment of gratitude is one that there is small risk of finding too much in evidence. It is not possible to grow from childhood to manhood or womanhood without implicit dependence upon others, without incurring obligations and running deeply into debt—first of all to the Giver who made us, then to our parents who safeguarded our helpless infancy, then to the friends who assisted us on our way. It is impossible for us to make adequate repayment or return for these benefits. What has been done for us in our creation and our sustenance, in all the generous provision of love and of sympathy that surrounds us, is beyond reckoning of valuation—it is without money and without price. But we may at least from time to time express our gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts. We may occasionally voice our thankfulness that we are alive and that our plain duty lies before us, and that there is useful work to occupy our hearts and souls and senses. Above all, there is the great gift of love—the love that transfigures life and makes it worth while to keep on trying to puzzle out the riddle of existence—the love that fills the universe and, according to Dante, "moves the sun and the other stars."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Golden Corn.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, gleam
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

But let the good old corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God.

HIGGINBOTHAM'S Great Anniversary Sale STILL GOING ON

Now in Full Blast

The Greatest Sale In the History of Cross Plains

The enormous crowds that have been in daily attendance at this great bargain event proves that the public hereabouts knows a good thing when they see it. This sale is one the like of which is seldom seen. We have not selected a few items to offer as "baits" but every article has been marked down a great deal below its regular price.

A grand Movement of Dry Goods

Clothing, shoes, and in fact everything that goes to make a first class dry goods store. It has proved quite a blessing to the people of this territory by coming in the very heart of the buying season, where everybody has had some money to spend for their winter needs.

Not One Disappointment

Not a single person came here and went away dissatisfied. We advertised the bargains and most every one has taken advantage of the offer.

Bargains That Are Ummatchable

Are still being offered. Plenty are left for those who have not been to this great bargain feast. Come now—today—tomorrow. Don't put it off any longer.

Don't Miss This Great Sale!

It is still going right on every day in the week, with bargains that you absolutely cannot duplicate elsewhere.

If you don't come here you miss the crowning event of this season's selling. No more premiums to give away but bargains are better and more numerous.

Come to Dollar Day

Lots of special Dollar bargains that we don't have space to mention—Dollar bargains are here and lots of them.

Higginbotham Trading Co.

Cross Plains

Texas