





## How To Prevent Typhoid

By Logan Wallace Page, John R. Mohler and Edwin F. Smith.  
(U. S. Department of Agriculture.)  
Sanitary Measures.

When one is compelled to live in a house or neighborhood where typhoid prevails, he should make it his infallible rule to eat and drink only such foods as have been recently heated to above the scalding temperature.

Salads should be avoided and water and milk should always be scalded before use.

Fruit should be pared

The typhoid fever organism is very susceptible to heat and slight boiling or good strong scalding is sufficient to destroy it.

So far as possible the house fly should be screened out of the house, while any that gain access should be diligently pursued and destroyed.

A bit of wire netting attached to a wooden handle is a convenient weapon.

If these measures were convenient practiced, a large part of the new generally prevalent typhoid fever could be prevented, especially in conjunction with these measures the discharge of the sick were thoroughly disinfected before being thrown out on the soil into latrines.

In many cases the typhoid organism persists in the bowel discharges and in the urine for quite a number of weeks after recovery, so that great care should be taken for a month or two that these discharges are not allowed to contaminate soil or water.

In the case of the unfortunates, known as typhoid carriers, the organism becomes acclimated and these persons then are a constant source of danger to their fellows.

To bowel and kidney discharges should be added an equal volume of five per cent carolic acid solution (poison) or five per cent solution liquor creosol compound (United States Pharmacopeia)

Soiled linen should be put at once into boiling water.

Soiled hands should be washed for five minutes in mercuric chloride water (1:1000) colored with methylene blue to distinguish it from ordinary nonpoisonous fluids and kept out of reach of children or animals.

Tablets of this character are on the market. In no case should mercuric chloride solution be put into metallic vessels, as it soon becomes inert.

Owing to the difficulty of carrying out these sanitary precaution in localities where house flies swarm and bad water is prevalent and the local sanitary conditions are unknown, it is advised that field men receive preventive inoculation.

This advice will hold for all well persons who find themselves in similar conditions.

Typhoid fever is a self-limited disease. By this is meant that if the patient does not die during the progress of the disease, the body reacts against the invading microorganisms with the production of the various antibodies, known as agglutinating, opsonines, etc., and these antibodies limit the disease to a variable number of weeks, after which the persons recovers and the virus (the germ) disappears from the body.

The preventive inoculation for typhoid depends upon this fact.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

## SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

## FIFTEENTH EPISODE

### THE SERPENT SIGN.

Rescued by Kennedy at last from the terrible incubus of Bennett's persecution in his double life of lawyer and master criminal, Elaine had, for the first time in many weeks, a feeling of security.

Now that the strain was off, however, she felt that she needed rest and a chance to recover herself, and it had occurred to her that a few quiet days with "Aunt" Tabitha, who had been her nurse when she was a little girl, would do her a world of good.

She had sent for Aunt Tabby, yet the fascination of the experiences through which she had just gone still hung over her. She could not resist thinking and reading about them as she sat one morning with the faithful Rusty in the conservatory of the Dodge house.

I had told the story at length in the Star, and the heading over it had caught her eye.

It read:

### THE CLUTCHING HAND DEAD.

Double Life Exposed by Craig Kennedy.

Perry Bennett, the Famous Young Lawyer, Takes Poison — Kennedy Now on Trail of Master Criminal's Hidden Millions.

As Elaine glanced down the column Jennings announced that Aunt Tabby, as she loved to call her old friend, had arrived and was now in the library with Aunt Josephine.

With an exclamation of delight Elaine dropped the paper and, followed by Rusty, almost ran into the library.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," half-laughed Elaine, as she literally flung herself into her nurse's arms. "I feel so unstrung—and I thought that if I could just run off for a few days with you and Joshua in the country, where no one would know, it might make me feel better. You have always been so good to me. Marie! Are my things packed? Very well; then get my wraps."

Her maid left the room.

"Bless your soul," mothered Aunt Tabby, stroking her soft, golden hair. "I'm always glad to have you in that fine house you bought me. And, faith, Miss Elaine, the house is a splendid place to rest in, but I don't know what's the matter with it lately. Joshua says it's haunts."

"Haunts?" repeated Elaine in amused surprise. "Why, what do you mean?"

Marie entered with the wraps before Aunt Tabby could reply, and Jennings followed with the baggage.

"Nonsense," continued Elaine gayly, as she put on her coat and turned to bid Aunt Josephine good-bye.

Elaine went out, followed by Rusty and Jennings with the luggage.

"Now for a long ride in the good fresh air," sighed Elaine, as she leaned back on the cushions of the Dodge limousine and patted Rusty, while the butler stowed away the bags.

The air certainly did, if anything, heighten the beauty of Elaine, and at last they arrived at Aunt Tabby's, tired and hungry.

The car stopped and Elaine, Aunt Tabby and the dog got out. There, waiting for them, was "Uncle" Joshua, as Elaine playfully called him, a former gardener of the Dodges, now a plain, honest countryman on whom the city was fast encroaching; a jolly old fellow, unharmed by the world.

Aunt Tabby's was an attractive, small house, not many miles from New York, yet not in the general line of suburban travel.

Kennedy and I had decided to bring Bennett's papers and documents over to the laboratory to examine them. We were now engaged in going over the great mass of material which he had collected in the hope of finding some clue to the stolen millions which he must have amassed as a result of his villainy. The table was stacked high.

A knock at the door told us that the expressman had arrived and a moment later he entered, delivering a heavy box. Kennedy signed for it and started to unpack it.

I was hard at work when I came

across a large manila envelope, carefully sealed, on which were written the figures "\$7,000,000." Too excited even to exclaim, I tore the envelope open and examined the contents.

Inside was another envelope. I opened that. It contained merely a blank piece of paper!

With characteristic skill at covering his tracks Bennett had also covered his money.

"Huh!" I snorted to myself, "confound him."

I threw the paper into a wire basket on the desk and went on sorting the other stuff.

Kennedy had by this time finished unpacking the box and was examining a bottle which he had taken from it.

"Come here, Walter," he called at length. "Ever see anything like that?"

"I can't say," I confessed, getting up to go to him. "What is it?"

"Bring a piece of paper," he added. I went back to the desk where I had been working and looked about hastily. My eye fell on the blank sheet of paper which I had taken from Bennett's envelope, and I picked it up from the basket.

"Here's one," I said, handing it to him. "What are you doing?"

Kennedy did not answer directly, but began to treat the paper with the liquid from the bottle. Then he lighted a Bunsen burner and thrust the paper into the flame. The paper did not burn!

"A new system of fireproofing," laughed Craig, enjoying my astonishment.

He continued to hold the paper in the flame. Still it did not burn.

"See," he went on, withdrawing it and starting to explain the properties of the new fireproofing.

He had scarcely begun when he stopped in surprise. He had happened to glance at the paper again, bent over to examine it more intently and was now looking at it in surprise.

I looked also. There, clearly discernible on the paper, was a small part of what looked like an architect's drawing of a fireplace.

Craig looked up at me, nonplused.

"Where did you say you got that?" he asked.

"It was a blank piece of paper among Bennett's effects," I returned, as mystified as he.

Kennedy said nothing, but thrust the paper back again into the flame. Slowly the heat of the burner seemed to bring out the complete drawing of the fireplace.

"We looked at it, even more mystified. "What is it, do you suppose?" I queried.

"I think," he replied slowly, "that it was drawn with sympathetic ink. The heat of the burner brought it out into sight."

What about it?

Elaine had gone to bed that night at Aunt Tabby's in the room which her old nurse had fixed up especially for her.

Downstairs, in the living room, Rusty also was asleep, his nose between his paws.

The living room was in keeping with everything at Aunt Tabby's, plain, neat, homelike. On one side was a large fireplace that gave to it an air of hospitality.

Suddenly Rusty woke up, his ears pointed at this fireplace. He stood a moment listening, then, with a bark of alarm he sped swiftly from the living room up the stairs at a bound until he came to Elaine's room.

Elaine felt his cold nose at her hand and stirred, then awoke.

"What is it, Rusty?" she asked, mindful of the former days when Rusty gave warning of the Clutching Hand and his emissaries.

Rusty wagged his tail. Something was wrong.

Elaine followed him down to the living room. She went over and lighted the electric lamp on the table, then turned to Rusty.

"Well, Rusty?" she repeated, almost as if he was human.

She had no need to repeat the question. Rusty was looking straight at the fireplace.

Elaine listened. Sure enough, she heard strange noises. Was that Aunt Tabby's "haunt"? Whatever it was, it sounded as if it came up from the very depths of the earth.

She continued to listen in wonder, then ran to Aunt Tabby's bedroom door, on the first floor, and knocked.

Aunt Tabby woke up and shook Joshua.

"Aunt Tabby! Aunt Tabby!" called Elaine.

"Yes, my dear," answered the old nurse, now fully awake and straightening her cap. "Joshua!"

Together the old couple came out into the living room, still in their nightclothes, Joshua yawning sleepily.

Around and around the room they walked, still trying to locate the strange sounds.

Finally Joshua went to a table drawer and opened it. He took out a huge, murderous-looking revolver.

"Here, Miss Elaine," he urged, press-

ing it on her, "take this—keep it near you!"

The noises ceased at length, as strangely as they had begun.

Half an hour later they had all gone back to bed and were asleep. But Elaine's sleep now was fitful, a constant procession of faces flitting before her closed eyes.

Suddenly she woke with a start and stared into the semi-darkness. Was that face real, or a dream face? Was it the hideous helmeted face that had dragged her down into the sewer once? That man was dead. Who was this?

She gazed at the bedroom window, holding the huge revolver tightly. There, vague in the night light, appeared a figure. Surely that was no dream face of the oxygen helmet. Besides, it was not the same helmet.

She sat bold upright and fired point-blank at the window, shivering the glass. A second later she had leaped from the bed, switched on the lights and was running to the sill.

Downstairs Aunt Tabby and Uncle Joshua had heard the shot. Joshua was now wide awake.

"Wh-what was it?" he asked, puffing at the exertion of running upstairs.

"I saw—a face—at the window—with some kind of thing over it!" gasped Elaine. "It was like one I saw once before."

Uncle Joshua did not wait to hear any more. He ran out of the room and into the garden beneath Elaine's window.

He looked about for signs of an intruder. There was not a sound.

He happened to look down at the ground. Before him was a small box. He picked it up. "Here's something, though," he said.

Joshua went back to the house.

"What's in it?" asked Elaine as he rejoined the woman.

She took the curious little box and fastened the cover. As she opened it she drew back. There in the box was a little ivory figure of a man, all hunched up and shrunken, a hideous figure.

It was the afternoon following the day of our strange discovery of the fireplace done in sympathetic ink on the apparently blank sheet of paper in Bennett's effects, when the speaking tube sounded and I answered it.

"Why—it's Elaine," I exclaimed.

Kennedy's face showed the keenest pleasure at the unexpected visit.

"Tell her to come right up," he said quickly.

I opened the door for her.

"Why—Elaine—I'm awfully glad to see you," he greeted, "but I thought you were rusticated."

"I was, but, Craig, it seems to me that wherever I go something happens," she returned. "You know, Aunt Tabby said there were haunts. I thought it was an old woman's fear—but last night I heard the strangest noises out there, and I thought I saw a face at the window—a face in a helmet. And when Joshua went out, this is what he found on the ground under my window."

She handed Kennedy a box, a peculiar affair which she touched gingerly, and only with signs of the greatest aversion.

Kennedy opened it. There in the bottom of the box was a curious little ivory devil-god. He looked at it curiously a moment.

"Let me see," he ruminated, still regarding the sign. "The house you bought for Aunt Tabby once belonged to Bennett, didn't it?"

Elaine nodded her head. "Yes, but I don't see what that can have to do with it," she agreed, adding with a shudder. "Bennett is dead."

Kennedy had taken a piece of paper from the desk where he had put it away carefully. "Have you ever seen anything that looks like this?" he asked, handing her the paper.

Elaine looked at the plan carefully, as Kennedy and I scanned her face. She glanced up, her expression showing plainly the wonder she felt.

"Why, yes," she answered. "That looks like Aunt Tabby's fireplace in the living room."

Kennedy said nothing for a moment. Then he seized his hat and coat.

"If you don't mind," he said, "we'll go back there with you."

Wu Fang, the Chinese master mind, had arrived in New York.

Besides Wu, the inscrutable Long Sin, astute though he was, was a mere pigmy—his slave, his advance agent, as it were.

New York did not know of the arrival of Wu Fang, the mysterious, yet. But down in the secret recesses of Chinatown, in the ways that are devilous and dark, the oriental crooks knew and trembled.

Thus it happened that Long Sin was not permitted to enjoy even the foretaste of Bennett's spoils which he had forced from him after his weird transformation into his real self, the Clutching Hand, when the Chinaman had given him the poisoned draft that had put him into his long sleep.

He had obtained the paper showing where the treasure amassed by the Clutching Hand was hidden, but Wu Fang, his master, had come.

The night following his arrival, Wu Fang was reclining on a divan, when his servant announced that Long Sin was at the door.

"Have you brought the map with you?" asked Wu.

Long Sin bowed low again, and drew from under his coat the paper which he had obtained from Bennett. For a moment the two, master and slave in gulle, bent over, closely studying it.

At one point of the map Long Sin's bony finger paused over a note which Bennett had made:

"Beware of poisoned gas upon opening compartment."

"And you think you can trace it out?" asked Wu.

"Without a doubt," bowed Long Sin. He went over to a bag near by, which he had already sent up by another servant, and opened it. Inside was an oxygen helmet. He replaced it, after showing it to Wu.

"With the aid of the science of the white devil," purred Long Sin subtly.

Outside, Wu had already ordered a car to wait, and together the two drove off rapidly. Into the country they sped, until at last they came to a lonely turn in a lonely road.

Long Sin alighted and disappeared, with a parting word of instruction from Wu, who remained in the car. The Chinaman carried with him the heavy bag with the oxygen helmet.

Long Sin hurried down the road until he came to a trolley pole, then he looked hastily at his watch. It was twenty minutes at least before the next car would pass.

Quickly, almost monkeylike, he climbed up the pole, carrying with him the end of a wire which he had taken from the bag.

Having thrown this over the feed wire, he slid quickly to the ground again, then, carrying the other end of the wire in his rubber-gloved hand through the underbrush until he came to a passageway in the rough and un-cleared hillside—a small opening formed by the rocks.

It was dark inside, but he did not hesitate to enter, carrying the wire and the bag with him.

It was nightfall before we arrived with Elaine at Aunt Tabby's.

Kennedy lost no time in examining the fireplace.

At one point in the drawing a peculiar protuberance was marked. Kennedy was evidently hunting for that.

He found it at last and pressed the sort of lever. A small section at the side of the fireplace opened up, disclosing an iron ladder, leading down into one of those characteristic hiding places in which the Clutching Hand used to delight.

"Let's go down and explore it," I suggested, taking a step toward the ladder.

Kennedy reached out and pulled me back. Then without a word he pressed the little lever and the door closed.

"I think we'd better wait a while, Walter," he declared. "I would rather hear Aunt Tabby's haunts myself."

We were sitting about the room when suddenly the most weird and uncanny rappings began to be heard.

We listened a moment, then Kennedy walked over to the fireplace.

"You can explore it with me now, Walter," he said quietly, touching the lever and opening the panel which disclosed the ladder.

Together, Craig and I descended into the darkness about eight or ten feet. There we found a passageway, excavated through the earth and rock, along which we crept. It was crooked and uneven, and we stumbled, but kept going slowly ahead.

Kennedy, who was a few feet in front of me, stopped suddenly and I almost fell over him.

"What is it?" I whispered.

Long Sin had made his way from the opening of the cave to the point on the plan which was marked by a cross, and there he had set up his electric drill which was connected to the trolley wire. He was working furiously to take advantage of the fifteen minutes or so before the next car would pass.

It was evident that Long Sin had already been at work, digging and drilling through the earth and rock. He had gone so far now that he had disclosed what looked like the face of a small safe set directly into the rock.

As he worked he would stop from time to time and consult the map. Then he would take up drilling again.

He had now come to the point on which Bennett had written his warning. Quickly he opened the bag and took the oxygen helmet, which he adjusted carefully over his head. Then he set to work with redoubled energy.

The man must have heard us approaching down the tunnel, for he paused in his work and the noise of the drill ceased.

From our vantage point around the bend in the passageway we could see

this strange and uncouth figure.

"Who is it, do you think?" I whispered, crouching back against the wall for fear that he might look even around a corner or through the earth and discover us.

As I spoke my hand loosened a piece of rock that jutted out and before I knew it there was a crash.

"Confound it, Walter," exclaimed Kennedy.

Down the passageway the figure was now thoroughly on the alert, starting with his goggle-like eyes into the blackness in our direction. He was watched, and he did not hesitate a minute to act.

He seized the bag and picked his way quickly through the passage as if thoroughly familiar with every turn of the walls and roughness of the floor.

Kennedy dashed forward and I followed close after him.

We were making much better time than our strange visitor and were gaining on him rapidly.

Suddenly he turned, raised his arm and dashed something to the earth, much as a child explodes a toy torpedo. I fully expected that it was a bomb; but, as a moment later, I found that Kennedy and I were still unharmed, I knew that it must be some other product of this devilish genius. "A Chinese smoke bomb!" spluttered and coughed Kennedy, as he retreated a minute, then with renewed vigor endeavored to penetrate the dense and opaque fumes.

We managed to go ahead still, but the intruder had exploded one after another of his peculiar bombs, always keeping ahead of the smoke which he created, and we found that under its cover he had made good his escape.

At the other end of the passageway, up in the living room of the cottage, the draft had carried large quantities of the smoke.

Long Sin, meanwhile, had started to work his way through the bushes to reach the waiting car, with Wu, then paused and listened. Hearing no sound, he replaced the helmet, which he had taken off.

Pursuit was now useless for us. With revolvers drawn, we crept back along the passageway until we came again to the chamber itself. There, on the floor, lay a bag of tools, opened, as though somebody had been working with them.

"Caught red-handed!" exclaimed Kennedy with great satisfaction.

He looked at the tools a minute and then at the electric drill, and finally an idea seemed to strike him. He took up a drill and advanced toward the safe. Then he turned on the current and applied the drill.

The drill was of the very latest design and it went quickly through the steel. But beyond that there was another thin steel partition. This Kennedy tackled next.

The drill went through and he withdrew it.

Instantly the most penetrating and nauseous odor seemed to pervade everything. Kennedy cried out. We staggered back, overcome by the escaping gas, and fell to the ground.

Long Sin with his oxygen helmet on again, had returned to the passageway and was now stealthily creeping back.

He came to the chamber and there discovered us lying on the ground overcome. He bent down and, to his great satisfaction, saw that we were really unconscious.

Quickly he moved over to the safe and pried open the last thin steel plate.

Inside was a small box. He picked it up and tried to open it, but it was locked.

He paused for a moment to look at us, then took out a piece of paper and a pencil and on the paper wrote: "Thanks for your trouble."

Beneath it was signed, by his special stamp—the serpent's head, mouth open and fangs showing.

Long Sin looked at us a moment, then a subtle smile seemed to spread over his face. At last he had us in his power.

He drew a long, wicked-looking Chinese knife and carefully tested its edge. It was keen.

In the sitting room Elaine, Aunt Tabby and Joshua had been listening intently at the fireplace, but hearing nothing.

They were now getting decidedly worried. Finally the fumes which we had released made their way to the room.

"I can't stand it any longer," cried Elaine. "I'm going down there to see what has become of them."

Aunt Tabby and Joshua tried to stop her, but she broke away from them and went down the ladder. Rusty leaped down after her.

Joshua tried to follow, but Aunt Tabby held him back. He would have gone, too, if she had not managed to strike the spring and shut the door, closing up the passageway.

Joshua got angry then. "You are making a coward of me," he cried, beating on the panel with the butt of

his gun and struggling to open it.

Elaine was now making her way as rapidly as she could through the tunnel, with Rusty beside her.

It was just as Long Sin had raised his knife that the sound of footsteps alarmed him.

He paused and leaped to his feet.

There was no time for either to retreat. He started toward Elaine and seized her roughly.

Back and forth over the rocky floor they struggled. As they fought, she with frantic strength, he craftily, he backed her slowly up against the prop that upheld the roof.

He raised his keen knife.

She recoiled. The prop, none too strong, suddenly gave way under her weight.

The whole roof of the chamber fell with a crash, earth and stone overwhelming Elaine and her assailant.

By this time Joshua had left the house and had gone out into the garden to get something to pry open the fireplace door.

Of a sudden, to his utter amazement, a few feet from him, it seemed as if the very earth sank in his garden, leaving a yawning chasm.

He looked, unable to make it out.

Before his very eyes a strange figure, the figure of Long Sin in his oxygen helmet, appeared, struggling up, as if by magic, from the very earth, shaking the debris off himself, as a dog would shake off the water after a plunge in a pond.

Long Sin was gone in a moment.

Then again the earth began to move. A paw appeared, then a sharp black nose, and a moment later Rusty, too, dug himself out.

Joshua had run into the house to get a spade, when Rusty, like a shot, bolted for the house, took the window at a leap and, all covered with earth, landed before Joshua and Aunt Tabby.

"See!—he went down there—now he's here!" cried Aunt Tabby, pointing at the fireplace, then looking at the window.

Rusty was running back and forth from Joshua to the window.

"Follow him!" cried Aunt Tabby.

Rusty led the way back again to the garden, to the cave-in.

"Elaine!" gasped Aunt Tabby.

By this time Joshua was digging furiously.

Aunt Tabby rushed up as Joshua laid down the spade and lifted out Elaine.

They were about to carry her into the house, when she cried weakly, but with all her remaining strength:

"No—no—Dig! Dig! Dig!—Walter!" she managed to gasp.

Rusty, too, was still at it. Joshua fell to again. Man and dog worked with a will.

"There they are!" cried Elaine, as all three pulled us out, unconscious but still alive.

Though we did not know it, they carried us into the house, while Elaine and Aunt Tabby bustled about to get something to revive us.

At last I opened my eyes and saw the motherly Aunt Tabby bending over me. Craig was already revived, weak, but ready now to do anything Elaine ordered, as she held his hand and stroked his forehead softly.

Meanwhile Long Sin had made his way to the automobile, where his master, Wu, waited impatiently.

"Did you get it?" asked Wu eagerly.

Long Sin showed him the box.

"Hurry, master!" he cried breathlessly, leaping into the car and struggling to take off the helmet as they drove away. "They may be here—at any moment."

The machine was off like a shot, and even if we had been free, we could not now have caught it.

Back in Wu's sumptuous apartment, later, Wu and his slave, Long Sin, after their hurried ride, dismissed all the servants and placed the little box on the table. Wu rose and locked the door.

Then, together, they took a sharp instrument and tried to pry off the lid of the box.

The lid flew off. They gazed in eagerly.

Inside was a smaller box, which Wu seized and opened.

There, on the plush cushion, lay merely a round knobbed ring!

Was this the end of their great expectations? Were Bennett's millions merely mythical?

The two stared at each other in chagrin.

Wu was the first to speak.

"Where there should have been seven million dollars," he muttered to himself, "why is there only a mystic ring?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS!

To insure insertion your letters must be here not later than Tuesday of each week. We go to press on Thursday.

Subscribe for The Review.

## RULES FOR DAIRY

Here are some good rules to observe in the care of milk. These rules are given by J. W. Ridgway, Professor of Dairy Husbandry at the A. and M. College.

Barns should be kept clean and well ventilated, the yards free from manure and litter and drained so that no water will stand there.

Before milking, the cows should be brushed around the flanks and under with a stiff brush; this should be followed with a damp cloth which will remove many of the dust particles and so dampen the others that they will stick to the cow during the process of milking.

The milker should keep his hands dry during the milking. Milking with damp hands is a filthy process and is apt to cause the teatson a cow to chap and become a source of annoyance.

The milk should be removed from the barn or milking pen to a milk house just as soon as possible after it is drawn.

The milk should be separated and the cream cooled as soon as possible after milking.

## Turkey Creek

Our country has been blessed with another good rain, which was badly needed.

The thresher is in our community this week and our boys are kept busy.

Rev. Williams preached at the school house Sunday.

John Birchfield and family visited Jim Moore's Sunday.

Lizzie Ogelsby visited her aunt, Mrs. Jonnie Coats last week.

Mrs. Effie Hollaway is visiting her father (Nuff) Arvin this week.

Mrs. Lee Coats went to Scranton Tuesday after her sister who is visiting at that place.

Messrs. Crutchfield and Bowen were Sunday visitors.

## AT COTTONWOOD

The protracted meeting was discontinued two weeks on account of the renewed work among the farmers.

Monroe Black of Atwell was among our people Sunday.

Bruce Griffin returned to Sweetwater Sunday.

Wess Everett returned home Monday from Rising Star where he was called to the bedside of his brother Charlie who has the slow fever.

Arthur Purvis and family are visiting his sister Mrs. W. R. Robbins this week.

Mrs. Shuford and daughter Miss Maud is spending the week with relatives and friends at Oplin.

Mrs. J. L. Cooper has returned from a few days visit with her son at Abilene.

Aunt Meda Ramsey is visiting Dr. Ramsey at Baird this week.

Homer Varner has returned to Cisco after spending Saturday and Sunday with home folks. We hope his health will improve that he may take up his work in the Normal again.

Mrs. Porter Ledbetter of Scranton visited her mother Mrs. Hembree Saturday and Sunday.

Buron Ferguson returned home Friday from Nugent where he has been with his sister Mrs. Harvey the past five weeks.

Last Saturday evening Miss Dallas Worthy delightfully entertained in honor of the Pricella Club. Three contests were engaged in, in

which prizes were offered. Refreshments were served. All present report a splendid time.

## Dressy News

Thrashing will soon be over in this part of the world; oats averaged from 35 to 70 bu. per acre.

S. P. Long and family visited W. C. Kluts and family Sunday.

Bro. Sisk filled his appointment here Sunday.

Lane Steele and wife visited G. T. Steele and family Sunday evening.

W. M. Armstrong made a business trip to Coleman one day last week.

C. R. Steele wife and baby went to view the latter part of last week to visit Mrs. Steels father and two sisters.

Arthur Thompson and wife visited Thea Moore and family Sunday.

Miss Collie Swiyn of the Peak was the guest of Mrs. W. M. Armstrong Thursday and Friday of last week.

Eli Neeb and family spent the day with W. T. Wilson and family.

Andy Pope has sold his crop and will leave soon for New Mexico.

Holland Bond is able to be up again after some weeks of slow fever.

Curt Moore and his sister Mrs. Andie Allen of Oklahoma are visiting friends and relatives at this place Billy

## SCRANTON AND ITS PEOPLE

The writer made a trip through the Scranton country the past week and everything promising and crop prospects splendid. The people were busy with their crops and not very much in evidence in the little village of some two hundred souls but they were all kind and courteous as in schooldays.

Among the business men with their establishments are R. L. Ray, now occupying a large building on the west side carrying a stock of dry goods and groceries, and being also postmaster.

Then C. A. Gattis the druggist, Will Gattis and Sons, with two houses, one a grocery store and the other Scranton's most frequented place by schoolboys and girls, the Ice Cream Parlor.

J. D. Stell has a thriving hardware business.

The rock building is now vacant. Mr. Cook has sold out his stock and moved to Abilene where he will establish and devote his time to a business there.

H. R. Sprawls has the largest blacksmith and repair shop in any small town in this section of the country.

I. L. Gattis, the telephone man, reports a good prospect for fall business.

Joe Reynolds, the ginner, is preparing for the coming season.

Then the most important establishment of all Scranton comes to notice in the Academy. So long has it been there that it has become a part of the people, a distinct atmosphere, that singles out the community from others.

Bro. Jno. W. Hawkins, a B. S. from Polytechnic, has been elected president and has assumed charge. He plans to completely overhaul the dormitories, and paint the buildings. At presents, plans are under way to get the catalogue out soon.

The best qualified faculty in history of the Academy has been the employed and prospects are that the best session yet held will begin September 22nd.

The people of Scranton take pride in pointing out their school and assisting the young people to come.

Bro. Hawkins and wife are occupying the dormitories at present, supervising the canning of several hundred gallons of fruit and vegetables to be used in the dining room during next term.

The young people are working on a play to be given some time in the near future. Altho vacation is here the school spirit lingers.

X.

Buy that summer dress now. There's a reason. At Carter's.

## A. & M. BULLETIN

The following bulletins issued by the Texas Department of Agriculture will be forwarded on receipt of request addressed to Fred W. Davis, Commissioner of Agriculture, Austin Texas.

### OLD SERIES

No. 2 Pecans and Other Nut in Texas  
3 Proceedings Tenth Texas Farmers' Congress, 1907

No. 15 A B C of Truck Growing  
17 Central West Texas

The Pecan and Hickory in Texas  
30 Some Especially Valuable Grasses in Texas

No. 21 Report First Meeting Texas State Farmers' Institute, 1911

No. 28 Fifth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, 1912

No. 30 Baby Beef

31 Swine Management in Texas

32 A B C of Fruit Growing

34 Sixth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, 1913, List of Nurseries, Floists Dealers, etc.

36 Proceedings First Meeting Southern States Association of Markets held at Fort Worth, January 15-19, 1914

37 Use and Value of Wild Birds East Texas, Its Topography, Soils, Rainfall, etc.

39 Fourth Meeting Texas Farmers' Institute, 1924

40 Seventeenth Texas Farmers' Congress, 1914

Seventh Annual Report of the Commissioner Agriculture, 1914

### NEW SERIES

No. 5 Poultry Culture in Texas

6 The White Fly

6 Control of Insect Pest and Fungus Diseases

10 Address of Governors and Commissioners of Agriculture of the Southern States adopted at Cotton Conference held at New Orleans, Louisiana, October 30 31, 1911,

13 Money Crops instead of Cotton

14 Report of the Chief Inspector of Division of Nursery and Orchard Inspection, List of Texas Nurseries and Law together with Rules and Regulations Governing Texas Nurserymen.

15 Peanut Culture

16 Sudan Grass

## SATURDAY'S SPECIAL

Arm & Hammer Soda 5c package. Three packages to a customer. THE RACKET STORE

A small party of Scranton business men motored out to the Deep Creek eighteen miles from the little village on June 22d and camped for a fishing and pleasure trip. Among the party were R. L. Ray and son, Hubert, C. A. Gattis and W. B. Williams. They reported everybody busy along the route and crops promising.

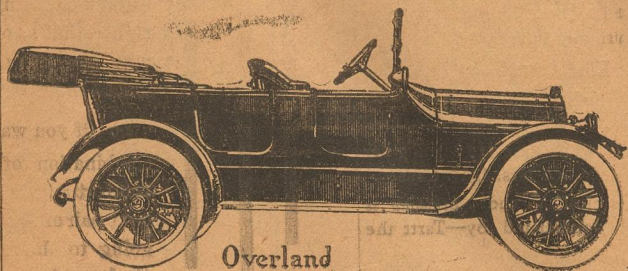
**BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY**

Dealers In

Lumber, Brick, Lime, Cement,  
Sherwin-Williams Paints,  
Cedar Posts, Builder's Hardware

SASH  
DOORS  
MOULDING  
WINDOW  
GLASS

**CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS**



Overland

The OVERLAND is the synonym of Simplicity, Accessibility, Power, Beauty and Economy in the Automobile World. The Greatest Value for money expended of any automobile on the market

Model 83T \$750      Model 82-6 \$1475  
Model 83R \$725

Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio. Write for descriptive catalogue.  
Electric Starter and Lights. Get one Now.  
**Jno. W. Robbins, Clyde, Texas**

**CASTORIA**

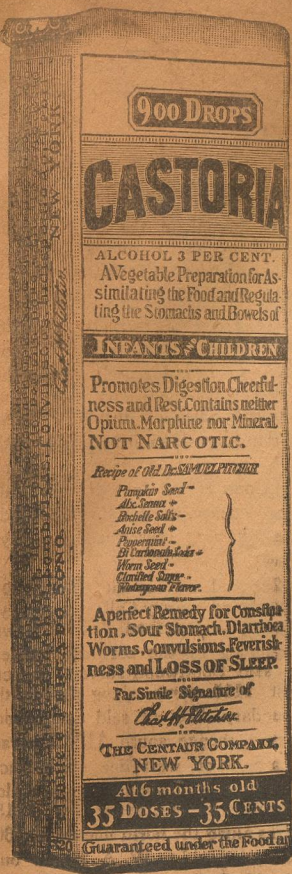
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That  
Genuine Castoria

Always  
Bears the  
Signature

of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
In  
Use  
For Over

Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**



THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

As Cullied by "Juan."

The postmaster at Ft. Worth received this very pathetic appeal from a very dry citizen of boozeless Oklahoma. There were two letters enclosed addressed to the postmaster at Ft. Worth. The first was as follows: Please give the enclosed letter to a saloon keeper who has a big barrel. The other letter was duly dated and as follows: Dear Mr. Saloonkeeper: Will you please send me a whisky barrel that holds sixty gallons or fifty. I want you to put a quart of good whiskey in it. Send it C. O. D. and oblige. The postmaster stated he admired the Oklahoman's ingenuity in devising such a scheme to outwit government and officers, but his judgment was bad and he had misplaced his confidence. (Record). Now get ahead of a thirsty Duck especially from Oklahoma. I'll bet a dollar bill he got the booze.

There was a lively scrap at the general quarters of the Confederate Home at Austin some days ago. Says Capt. Taylor Thompson in the Ft. Worth Record: Neither of the old boys was much hurt. They will fight occasionally; it's a habit they got into half a century ago, and to an extent keep it up, and concludes.

"Their coats were gray and their hearts were gay. When they marched away to war. Their spirits were light they were of fight. And they snuffed the battle afar. Now sad to say, tis their hair that's gray. On Eternities brink they hover. They're dim of sight, there's no foes to fight. So they often fight each other."

Mrs. Hugh McDermett is very sick. Mrs. Garrett of Cross Plains, her mother, is with her, together with other relatives. To-day she is reported doing tolerable well and we hope she will be all O. K. in a few days. Condolence.

Mrs. Jack Aiken was out yesterday visiting her sister Mrs. Hugh McDermett. Miss Lucy McDermett is also present with her brother Hugh and family.

Light shower last night, with wind hurricane like from the north, seemed heavier east of us.

The good wife visited her sick niece Mrs. Hugh McDermett Friday and while she acted the part of the good Samaritan, I let out to interview some of the good people of the Bayou. At the Young ranch all is quiet and serene. "Get out take that old Hoss loose. Give him a good square feed, dinner will be on tap soon with a 7 pound Buffalo fish," said Arthur. I did justice to the fish. They are patiently waiting for the thresher. They are somewhat needing rain on grass and growing feed stuff. Met Mrs. Tom Young and little Andy who has fifty head of black muly, baby beef on grass and later will put hem on silage. They are a fine lot of stuff and we wish the dear boy well in his enterprise. I wanted to stay a week but a big black cloud in the last appearing I hit the road and headed homeward. Thanks to Mrs. Andy Young and Miss Merriman for their kind entertainment. I am going back and give them a big write-up. They are a great and good people and I sincerely wish them well. Arthur has been trading some of late in steer stuff and says just as soon as we thresh wheat (by appearances will be next fall). I will be on tap and ready for the business in countless numbers.

Corn is standing the past dry spell very well in these parts and the recent showers have revived it, and a good soaking rain would make lots of corn.

The big threshing outfits are headed somewhere, but blamed if I know where. Grain being so cheap a fellow ought to hold the blamed stuff if possible. Maybe so our city will build an elevator and the banks come to your rescue. If I was worth a million blamed if I didn't build one myself, but I don't believe I have the change at this trying time.

"Slim Jim" has a new parsol, red, white and blue, with Boydston's ad in letter as "big as a hump on a Campbells back." Not would be United States Senator Campbell you know, and you also know. Culberson will succeed himself if he wants to.

Miss Gladys McDermett is with her brother Hugh keeping things in shape during the illness of Mrs. McDermett.

Some of our citizenship tried their luck as fisher men Saturday—caught lots of chigers. What has become of "F" our able correspondent from the famous

Burnt Branch country? Hugh McDermett is a real good farmer, who would have thought it I saw his crop and know.

The Odom outfit are busy hauling wood, repairing graneries and generally getting ready for the good old threshing time. On the Cutbirth ranch, they are hauling lumber and building more grain room for the simple reason they have more grain than usual.

Squires Drewey, Duncan and others are also making more room for the storage of the staff of life and ammunition of war. Without something to eat, the blamed war would not last another day. Without rain very soon the silage question on the Bayou will be a serious proposition. Glad to welcome my old friend Gen. Booth back so improved in health; his spirits are immense.

I see a lot of fishmen reported on the Bayou by the "Star" among them "Fritz." I hold an invitation to come down and fish when ever it suits and no questions asked; the only condition is bring "Bait"

Produce is off and the women are mad.

The sick with O. D. Morrow are reported much improved.

"Juan."

**DENTIST**  
Dr. Mary L. S. Graves  
Office Over Farmer's Nat'l Bank  
Residence Phone 124; Office  
Phone 24; Office hours 8:30 to 5

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

**Dr. E. H. RAMSEY**  
**DENTIST**

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

**WATKIN'S STUDIO**  
For Fine  
Portraits and Kodak  
Finishing.

Open Monday, Tuesday and  
Wednesday of Each Week  
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Do you need anything  
in dry goods, shoes, etc?  
Buy and save money at  
Carter's.

The Review would be glad to hear from every young man or lady in the country who is interested in getting a scholarship in Tyler Commercial College with a little work. Write us if interested.

For Sale or Trade  
Residence property in Cross Plains or will trade for good auto mobile terms to suit purchaser. Notify Box 51 Burkett

**COULD SCARCELY  
WALK ABOUT**

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst.

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 66-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-68

**Clean Up for the  
FOURTH**

Bring your suits to me and let me clean and press them up for your use on the Fourth of July, when you will want to present the best front while celebrating.

Suits cleaned, pressed and repaired—a lot of work for just a little money.

By my new process I make them look mighty good—almost like a new suit.

Very reasonable and very satisfactory.

**PAT The Tailor**

Phone No. 22

## PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. Joe Shackelford is visiting in Putnam this week.

Clint Rutherford is on the pony list.

If you want to appear well dressed bring your old clothes to me. Tartt the Tailor.

J. W. Wesley is sick at home his in town.

Elder G. W. Bonham was to preach at the Christian church Thursday night.

Miss Irene Clark of Denison is visiting Mrs. Mrs. R. Gray Powell.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy.

Miss Ellen Barnes and Mrs. Joe Kemper visited in the Star Sunday.

Mrs. C. C. Crownover and little daughter of El Paso are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Causey.

Your cleaning and pressing is always appreciated by—Tartt the Tailor.

Tom Carter visited in Cross Plains a few days this week.

Venus Earp of Rising Star was here this week. He has secured the Gunn school south of town.

Prof. Wakefield returned the first of the week from Ft. Worth and other places.

The Tulso or Tung-Lok silo and De Laval Cream Separators are prosperity builders. adv.

Bryant Beck made his weekly visit to Cross Tuesday, returning Wednesday.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy.

Miss Gertrude White of Walnut Springs is visiting her sister Mrs. Joe Lindquist.

Bubberoid roofing, \$1.25 per square up.—Shackelford Lumber Yard.

Miss Ida Elder is now night operator at the 'phone office, taking the place of John Johnson, who has returned to his home at Baird.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually use.

Jeff Clark has gone to Dublin to play ball with the Dublin team in their several games with Stephenville. His family accompanied him on the trip.

A specialty on cleaning and pressing Ladies and gentlemen's palm beech suits.

Pat the tailor.

V. V. Hart and family returned Monday from Corpus Christi where they spent a two weeks vacation.

Misses Luzon and Leota Powell, Lurline Ramsey and Opal McFarline of Baird returned home Friday after spending two weeks in Cross Plains visiting friends and relatives.

Richardson's five years guaranteed house paint, \$1.25 per gallon. Absolutely fresh.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

Miss Lillie Collins of Stamford is here on a visit to her brother and family, Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Collins. We are indeed glad to have her in our little city and trust her visit here will be an extended one.

C. A. Mangham, Jr., and J. Pink Boyd are smiling over the fact that their names headed the list of the Banker's Association in Waco some few days ago. Even an editor makes an honest mistake sometimes.

DeLaval separator oil in stock.—Shackelford Lumber Yard.

## -MEN-

Summer is hard wear. Leaving out all considerations of style, fit or comfort good shoes are the cheapest for you to buy.

The trouble is to, be sure you are getting good shoes—and ten chances to one you like to get correct style and an absolutely perfect and comfortable fit too—we're cranks on fitting shoes just right—that's one reason why so many men have placed their feet in our case.

So—if you want a happy combination of style, fit, comfort and service in your next pair of shoes—if you're going to be mighty particular about getting all that, just comes here and will make a permanent customer out of you.

## WOMEN

We know what you like—you like a shoe that is distinctive in style and so made that it will retain its original style and neat appearance during hard service.

Some it's hard to find a shoe like that isn't it? But don't worry—put the problems up to us—and see what happens then.

We'll fit your foot to a happy surprise and make them glad they crossed our doorsill.

Come! If you come once we'll do our best to please you so well that you'll be sure to come back again when shoes are on your mind.

Always the right shoe to please and fit you

*Peters*  
"Diamond Brand"



A Lot of Snappy New Things in Low Cut

DO DROP IN  
AND SEE US

Higginbotham Trading Co  
Cross Plains - - - - - Texas

## NOTICE---SHERIFF'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
County of Callahan.

By virtue of an Order of Sale, issued out of the Honorable District Court of Callahan County, on 11th day of May, 1915, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of The Merchant & Farmer's National Bank of Cisco, Texas, vs. W. D. Anderson and W. D. Jones.

No. 1,254 and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in July, 1915, it being the 6th day of said of month, before the Court House door of said Callahan county, in the City of Baird, the following described property, to-wit:

234 31-100 acres out of the S. D. Spottwood survey Callahan county, Texas. Described as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of said Spottwood survey, thence east 1115 varas along the north boundary line of said Spottwood survey, thence south 1182.2 varas to a point on west line of a tract sold to L. Y. Robbins out of said Spottwood survey, thence west 1115 varas along the north line of a 160 acre tract sold to W. A. Harris out of said Spottwood survey. Thence north 1182.2 varas to the place of beginning said deed of conveyance being of record in Volume 44 Page 253 Records for deeds of Callahan county and reference is thereunto made.

Levied on as the property of W. D. Anderson and W. D. Jones to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$10,150.00 in favor of The Merchant & Farmer's National Bank of Cisco, Texas, and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 25th day of May, 1915.

J. A. MOORE, Sheriff.

## MONEY TO LOAN

We have plenty of money to loan on first-lien improved farms and stock farm lands. Full particulars supplied by us on application. SEE US!

CROSS PLAINS DEVELOPMENT CO.

## Know Paint

There's a paint-education in this advertisement.

Buy by the job, not gallon. Buy by the paint pua-on; that's the job.

The price of paint is so much a gallon; that can't be helped, but amounts to nothing.

Put them together. How can you do it? You've got to or lose perhaps half of your money.

Devoe, 10 gallons enough for the average job; an average paint, 15. Now reckon your costs. Count labor a day for a gallon. Devoe 10 days; the others 15.

Devoe about \$50; the average paint about \$70 or \$80; the dearer the labor the bigger the difference, always that way.

But that's for the job. How long is it going to last? One twice as long as the other.

DEVOE

F. P. Shackelford sells it

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

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

## NEWS FROM BURKETT

Continued from page 1.

Devoe Buggy and Wagon Paints in stock. Also pure raw linseed oil. Shackelford Lmbr. Yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Bond of Royston, Ga., are visiting Mr. Bond's uncle E. F. Bond and sons. Mr. Bond is a banker and cotton oil man and has been quite successful.

When you think of screen doors and wire, think of Shackelford Lumber Yard; we are glad to furnish you estimates, call on us.

Messrs. R. H. Waddell and Bob Whaley and their families have moved to De Leon where they will work on the Main line of the Katy. Their places here as brakemen have been taken by Messrs. W. D. Sharp and H. S. Gribble. The former men have taken the examination for conductor and have passed, and the railroad company demands that they now get acquainted with the conditions of the main, line before they take up work as conductors.

Glass, Rubber Roofing, Building paper.  
Shackelford Lumber Yard.

Burkett Saturday. Bent Harris and sister Ruby spent Saturday night at W. R. Roberts.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Golsen June 19th, a girl mother and babe doing nicely.

Will Head and wife of Cross Plains are visiting friends and relatives at Burkett.

There was a singing at W. T. Tabors Sunday night.

Hedry Wooten and family made a flying trip to Coleman Monday in his new automobile.

Well, don't forget that Saturday next is Picnic day; everybody come we will endeavor to entertain you.

Some good grain crops in the Burkett community.

Sam Day of west of Burkett thrashed 4042 bushels of oats off of 110 acres, Jim Watson thrashed 28 bushels of wheat to the acre.

Dosh Watson had 1000 bushels of wheat thrashed.

Mrs. Lou Burkett's oats yielded 70 bushels per acre and there are

many other good crops too numerous to mention.

The Socialist encampment at Burkett is August 21-22-23.

Frank Brown has posted his pasture against fishing and hunting.

Henry Childs, come bring your swing and be with us at the Picnic Saturday.

Jack Rider has moved in Mrs. Lindleys house on east main street

Frank Brown and family say they are going to Edwards county on a visit sometime in the near future.

Johny Harris went to town Friday after lumber to make that new Motor Boat.

Rambler

Install that DeLaval and watch your cream checks grow, also your labor decrease.

Shackelford Lumber Yard.

## NOTICE!

To friends and customers: I have moved to The Gents Furnishing Store, across the street from my former location.

Pat the Tailor

Tel. Phone No. 22.