

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 6

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1915.

NO. 35

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.

SMILE!



IT'S
DOLLAR DAY
S-DAY SATURDAY, NOV. 27

The "Dollar Day" as Agreed Upon and Advertised Last Summer Will Be Held on This Date.

Saturday, November 27, has been designated as "Dollar Day" for Cross Plains. Such a day was agreed upon last spring or summer, but for some reason or other the program was not carried out. You are hereby warned to be prepared for this occasion; a special effort will be made to induce those on our border territory to come here on that day. Remember the day.



IT'S
DOLLAR DAY

Thanks-giving
after'n and n't
Satan
and n't
Nov. 25,
after'n and
night

PART I.

(From "Paradise Lost.")

Satan, the Evil Spirit of heaven, reveals for the first time his power fighting against God in the infinite field of heaven. The battle between the good and bad angels is over. The rebels are defeated. Satan, wounded and humiliated, rises again, fierce rancor burning.

(Continued on 2nd page)

GOOD PRICE FOR CALVES

W. C. Henderson of west of Burkett was in Cross Plains Saturday the guest of his brother, Ed, and other relatives. Mr. Henderson informs us that he last week marketed his entire calf crop, 115 head, at the unusually good price of thirty-five dollars per head. He has graded up his cattle until now he has a herd of almost full blood Herefords, which accounts for the good price mentioned in the foregoing. These calves, he states,

(Continue on 2nd page)

SPECIAL FOR TRADES DAY

Pure Louisiana cane syrup 50c per gal at The Candy Shop

W. A. Buchannam and family of Putnam are visiting his brother-in-law Charley Teague.

WOULD YOU?

Would you pay more for an article elsewhere than you can buy it for here? If you would not then learn our prices.

THE RACKET STORE

Subscribe for The Review

TO FIGHT BOLL WEEVIL

From every source comes the report that the weevil is worse this year than for many a year. The U. S. and the State reports are all at one to this effect. All authorities are agreed that the way to fight the weevil is to reduce your cotton acreage, or by diversification, and by burning or plowing under the present crop of cotton stalks. It is going to be a fight and perhaps a hard one to control this terrible pest. He is here and to stay and go farther west. You had better put on your thinking cap if you are going to raise cotton next year.

nor the quartette. The lyceum numbers are first-class, and every one should be well attended.

FOR SATURDAY AND TRADES DAY Standard make, soft finish, bleached muslin, regular 83c grade. Saturday and Trades Day price 63c.
THE RACKET STORE

ADVERTISING IN THE REVIEW

We have been for some time talking the advantages of The Review as an advertising medium to our readers and our prospective-readers. That is, we have been stressing this as a point in favor of The Review. It is bearing fruit. From many expressions of the value of our little paper as an purveyor of advertising, we give the following: Bud Strickland of Burkett recently told us that he found that The Review saved him money thru the advertising section, and for this reason if for no other he would continue taking it. T. A. Arledge of Cross Cut, a man we were slow to know and slow to get as a reader, when asked recently if he wanted The Review to continue to come to him answered in the affirmative and said

(Continued on 2nd page)

"YE OLDE TOWNE QUARTETTE"

"Ye Olde Towne Quartette" the third number on the lyceum course, will be given here on Saturday night, Nov. 20. This is a male quartette, and each member is said to be a star in vocal music. They will sing the oldtime favorites as well as the new songs hits, and will give many of their own creation. Male quartettes are always popular and this one comes with every recommendation as being of the highest class. Don't forget the time

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

OUR BANK IS YOUR BANK

Deposit Your money with us. It is safe and convenient.

Pay your bills by check. It is safe, convenient, business like, and each canceled check is a receipt.

Negotiate your loan from us! We have money to loan at all seasons of the year, consistent with good banking.

Substantial men own this bank; substantial men are its depositors; substantial men have made it what it is and will make it greater.

This bank wants YOU in the ranks of its substantial customers and friends. It is YOUR bank in theory—make it so in practice.

The Bank of Cross Plains
RESPONSIBILITY, \$1,000,000.00.

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.

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, Farm & Ranch for one year and Holland's for two years for \$2.20. Be sure to see The Review.

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

Subscribe for the Review.

Fresh lot of Michigan salt just received.—Forbes & Adams.

Wanted: To trade for good work horse.

C. S. Bovles

365 Copies

One every day is the number you now receive with a year's subscription to

The Fort Worth STAR-TELEGRAM

the popular growing newspaper, which has the largest mailing list of readers in the state. The regular price is \$6.00 a year, but

For \$3.25

during "Bargain Days" you get a full year's subscription to this daily and Sunday metropolitan newspaper. Thus the proper time to subscribe is during the "Bargain Days," because then you

Save \$2.75

Remember, The Star-Telegram is a seven-day-a-week paper, with both day and night full wire service, and is printed at an hour based upon train departures from Fort Worth, the railroad center. This exclusive system assures the reader the

Latest News First

And in addition to the complete daily issue, with its many excellent features you get the big Sunday copy, with its magazine-color section. A paper of unusual interest to every member of the family.

Call at This Office

And we will send your order for \$3.25 and save you the bother. Don't forget the Annual "Bargain Days" date is between—

DECEMBER 1 to 15 Only

The Review and The Star Telegram both one year for \$3.75.

BUGGY TO TRADE: I have one of the Emory McClain buggies for sale or trade. Has not been hurt and with good care will last a man until buggies go out of use, (perhaps) as the McClains don't wear out.—L P Henslee.

The Review \$1.00 per year.

Quilting frames—dynamite, caps and fuse, Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

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

Shackelford's Lumber Yard

Satan, November 25. Don't miss it.—Electric Theatre.

Coming: Satan, Thanksgiving afternoon and night, in four reels, 10c and 15c. The Ambrosia's Masterpiece.—Electric Theatre.

All lengths galvanized and painted sheet iron in stock. Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

ADVERTISING IN THE REVIEW

[Continued from 1st page]

that in one instance he had saved more than the The Review had cost him for six months, through reading an ad. in it. G. H. Clifton paid us a dollar on subscription on Tuesday of this week, remarking that he used the advertising columns of our paper and found that money invested in The Review was a paying proposition. We tell them all that if this paper is not to serve them as advertising readers and our merchants as advertisers, it has no purpose.

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.

Take The Review and be progressive.

SATAN

(Continued from 1st page)

within him. He tries to battle once more to get heaven within his power. But the sword of God drives him out forever. He falls to the earth at the foot of a steep mountain. Many attempts he makes to ascend to paradise, but heaven is too far away. Looking over the earth, he decides to make this his kingdom. The first human beings he discovers are Adam and Eve. Then he begins to sway his evil power in tempting them. They lose their purity. He aids them to escape when they are driven out by the angel. Cain is his next victim. The only daughter of Abel is the next subject for Satan's wiles, and so the story goes on until the present day. In four parts.

ADMISSION 10 & 15c
The Electric Theatre.

GOOD PRICE FOR GALVES

[Continued from 1st page]

were not fed but were grown on the grass. He has just finished filling his silo and has nothing to feed the ensilage to. He further states that his thirteen-year old son, Willie, is feeding three baby beeves two of which won first and second prize in the Coleman county Fair in October. Mr. Henderson says that the first baby beef club in the world was organized by J. Boog-Scott at Burkett three years ago. The baby beef club idea has developed to an extraordinary degree, clubs now being organized all over the nation, which are doing a great and valuable work in encouraging boys in the live stock industry.

TO OPEN NEW RESTURANT

Willie Head has rented the old City Drug Store building, just vacated by M. D. Jones, and has had and is having it prepared for a restaurant business. He is preparing for a good business and says he is able to give good service in this line. Here's hoping him well.

SPECIAL FOR TRADES DAY

12 one lbs. cans of salmons for \$1.
THE CANDY SHOP

Dr. Allison, a well-known surgeon of Brownwood, was called in consultation with Dr. Bomer to see Mrs. Jno. T. Gilbert on Monday. He pronounced her condition as not being quite as serious as had been thought and stated that with careful attention and nursing her chances for recovery were good.

IF WE COULD SEE YOU FACE TO FACE

If we could see you face to face we could prove to you beyond the shadow of a doubt the advantages of the famous Byrne Practical Bookkeeping and Simplified Shorthand. Our bookkeeping is one of actual business from start to finish and our shorthand may be written either with pencil or on the typewriter. We could show you clearly how it is that we turn out a better stenographer or bookkeeper, and do it in three months less time than when we used to teach the systems that are now being used in other schools. This saving of three months time means much to the prospective student; at a conservative salary of \$50 per month, three months time would amount to \$150, three months board at \$12 per month would amount to \$36, or a total saving of \$186, to say nothing of the fact that the student of our school gets three months practical experience, while the student of the other school is just finishing his course and has no experience.

We have hundreds of graduates holding the very best positions to be found in our larger cities. We have more calls for our graduates of Bookkeeping and Shorthand or Telegraphy than we are able to supply. You may enter with us at any time our work is practically all individual instructions. Thorough preparatory work in English branches is given free. Write for catalogue make your arrangements to enter at once, that we may soon have the pleasure of placing you in a good position.

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Specials for Trades Day at Carter's.

RECORD-BREAKING BARGAINS TRADES DAY

Scores of special inducements on new seasonable goods for everybody. Every department of this bargain store is represented with one or more bargains for one day, to make this Trades Day the greatest in months.

THE RACKET STORE

LOCAL MARKET

Thursday, press day, cotton on a basis of middling is quoted at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ c and cotton seed at \$32.00. Oats are selling at 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ c; peanuts at 60c.

Joe Shackelford calls attention to change in his ad.

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.

Shackelford's Lmbr. Yd.

"We Specialize in Building Homes"

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

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy

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

J. A. Joy

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.

Spend your money for a genuine Studebaker buggy and you'll not be sorry. At Carter's.

Renew your subscription to The Review.

Almost any kind of cypress you might want in stock.

Shackelford Lumber Yd.

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY AND TRADES DAY

Misses' \$6.00 coats for \$3.25
" \$4.00 coats for \$2.25
Women's \$7.00 coats, \$3.75
" \$5.00 coats \$3.00

THE RACKET STORE

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

Scott Gilbert of Woodson is at the bedside of his mother this week

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

Want Ads.

One Cent a Word.

LOANS: Anyone wanting loans on land at eight per cent interest, see or write—Jackson & Jackson, Baird, Texas.

Have your lands Abstracted by Jackson & Jackson, Baird, tx

Fresh cream cheese and summer sausage carried in stock.—Sipes & Hughes. july3

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

See us for fresh cheese and summer sausage.—Sipes & Hughes. july30tf

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

The De Laval separator you will eventually buy.

For sale, a baby buggy, good as new, been used only four months, for \$3.00.—M. D. Jones.

Farmers Attention: Come see the Avery Bob-Cat Disc Plow at C. S. Boyles.

Any one found on my premises gathering pecans or hunting will be prosecuted according to law, T. E. Mitchell

C. S. Boyles will save you money on furniture. adv

Buy that furniture from. C. S. Boyles

Special prices on Furniture. C. S. Boyles.

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

For Sale—Good pair mules, broke gentle, fat and good ages. Cash or time. 4t C. S. Boyles

You can subscribe for any paper or periodical published thru The Review. It will be appreciated, too. Write phone us what you want.

WANTED, to trade a mule for corn, hogs or plow tools. 5t H. P. Faulkner.

WANTED to trade for a good milk cow. 4t C. S. Boyles.

Fresh fish and oysters every Friday and Saturday at the Crystal Cafe.

Subscribe for the Review.

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.

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.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarra that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarra Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarra Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Specials for Sat. & Trades Day

MEN'S SUITS		A big reduction on Mens Breeches and Overcoats	
\$10.00 and \$12. Suits	-----	\$8-50	
\$17.50 and \$20. "	-----	\$13-50	
BOYS' SUITS		STAPLES	
\$7.00 suits	-----	10 and 12c gingham	8c
5.00 "	-----	10c outing and ticking	8c
3.50 "	-----	10c bleaching	8c
		10c cotton flannel	8c
		7 1-2c domestic	6c
		10c "	8c
		DRESS GOODS at Cost	

Cross Plains Mercantile Co.

PUBLIC SERVANTS' DAY NOVEMBER 19

Something New in Exposition Programs and Attractions

COTTON PALACE AT WACO

Servants of People of Texas Will Be in Waco for One Day—Promises to Be History-Making Event.

Waco, Texas—The directors of the Cotton Palace are going to spring a surprise this year that will be state-wide in its scope. Friday, November 19, has been designated by them as "Public Servants' Day." On that day the servants of the people of Texas will have their inning. The managers of the Cotton Palace believe in setting a good swift pace. They never follow in the footsteps of other institutions. They believe in starting something new, and letting the others follow—which they usually do. "Public Servants' Day" at the Cotton Palace will undoubtedly be the biggest day of the year in Texas. It is going to be a history-making day that will be remembered for years to come. Texas is such an enormous state that the people seldom have an opportunity of getting acquainted with the men who conduct their government. The Cotton Palace is going to give them that opportunity. Every office-holder in Texas from Governor Ferguson on down the line have received hearty invitations to visit the Cotton Palace on "Public Servants' Day." This includes all state, county and city officials. All federal officers will also be invited. This includes United States senators, congressmen, judges and other federal appointees. This, however, is only the beginning of those who will be present. All of the prominent men in Texas who have held public office in the past will be welcomed to the Cotton Palace on that day.

But in order to be real generous and to extend the good old Southern hand of welcome, the management has gone still further. They have invited every man in Texas who expects to hold office in the future to be present on that day.

The proposition has taken the state by storm. Hundreds of acceptances have been received. Others are coming in on every mail. Among the more prominent ones that have promised to be present might be mentioned: Gov. J. E. Ferguson, Lieutenant Governor W. P. Hobby, O. B. Colquitt, Tom Ball, John Henry Kirby, George Riddle, Joseph Weldon Bailey, Morris Sheppard, R. L. Henry, Allison Mayfield, A. B. Davidson, B. F. Looney, J. D. Sayers, Earl D. ...

FARMERS GET RECOGNITION.

Agricultural Building Provided at Cotton Palace, Waco.

Waco, Texas—For the first time in the history of the Cotton Palace an immense building will be devoted entirely to the display of farm exhibits. The second largest building on the grounds will be utilized for this purpose. The directors are determined to give the farmers of Texas every possible opportunity to show what they are doing in the agricultural development. It is also desired to encourage other farmers in getting into the habit of diversifying their crops. Nothing at the Cotton Palace this year will receive more attention than the farmer and his products.

"WAR PATH" ATTRACTIONS.

Whole-Souled Fun on Cotton Palace Amusement Row, Waco.

No one visiting the Cotton Palace ever thinks of leaving for home without visiting the famous "War Path." There is more real genuine whole-souled fun to the square foot on the good old "War Path" than can be found anywhere else on earth. It is there that men, women, boys and girls, old maids, old bachelors, fat people, skinny people, handsome folks and ugly folks all mingle joyously on terms of equal happiness and have the time of their lives.

The directors of the Cotton Palace have made vast improvements in the "War Path" attractions.

BIG SOCIETY EVENT.

Queen's Ball at Texas Cotton Palace, Waco, in November.

The Queen's Ball at the Cotton Palace is expected to eclipse all former efforts of that kind. The Queen's Ball is the ultra fashionable event of the Cotton Palace social season. Popular young ladies in the role of duchesses, will be present from practically every city in the State.

The committee in charge of the ball have had much experience in arranging spectacular functions of this kind. The Queen's Ball always attracts an immense throng and taxes the seating capacity of the immense coliseum. Much speculation is being indulged in as to who will be named as Queen.

... mayfield, John W. Woods, Mayor Lindsley of Dallas and many others that cannot be enumerated here on account of lack of space. Never before have the people of Texas had such an opportunity to meet the public men who are making daily history.

See how cheap you can buy a stylish tailor-made suit at—Garter's.

Buy shoes for all the family at—Carter's.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

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

Don't Go Blind!

Don't put your eyes out these long winter nights trying to read without glasses when you can get the best and at the best prices at

L. M. BOND'S
JEWELER & OPTICIAN

The Review and The Farm News for \$1.75

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

Money To Loan

On improved Farms and Ranches, ten years time, any amount from \$500.00 up, annual interest at

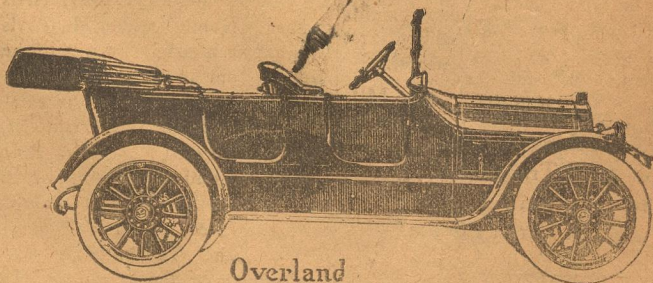
Eight per cent.

with optional pre-payment privileges. If you want a Loan or want Vendor's Lien notes extended or want to exchange your land for city property. Call on or write

LANHAM BROWN

OverStarDrugCo.

Rising Star, Texas



Overland

Touring Car Model 83 \$750.00
Roadster, Model 83 \$725.00

Prices are f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio. Deliveries made prompt.

Sam Barr, Agent.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

A Place Where Fair Sex Can Swap Ideas and Feel Free.

Waco, Texas—Every woman attending the Cotton Palace will surely want to visit the Woman's Exchange. It is strictly a woman's affair, where they will not be bothered by a lot of men. It is a place where the members of the fair sex can meet together, and not only exchange the hundreds of products of their cunning brains and supple muscles, but they can indulge in an interchange of ideas that will keep them cheerful and happy until the next Cotton Palace meeting takes place.

This department will be in charge of Mrs. Will Mistrot this year. Mrs. Mistrot and the other members of her committee will extend a hearty welcome to all visitors to that department. They will be made to feel at home immediately upon their arrival. The Woman's Exchange has always been an attractive feature of the Cotton Palace, and the committee this year is starting its preparations early with the idea in view of making it still more attractive.

Women's Parade.

Waco, Texas—The women of Waco are arranging to hold a monster street parade during the Cotton Palace. It will be one of the most beautiful affairs of the exposition. Hundreds of beautifully decorated automobiles and floats will be in the parade.

school and college in Texas will have a comprehensive exhibit at the Cotton Palace this year. The educational features of the exposition are considered of great importance, and the directors are anxious to have a display that will be of great value to the people of Texas. Persons interested in the educational movement of Texas will be interested in this phase of the exposition. The A. and M. college exhibit will be much larger than usual.

BOYDSTUN'S SPECIALS!

We are going to give the trade some special prices on **Dry Goods & Groceries**

Saturday, the 13th, & Trades Day, the 15th. Now we invite you to come to our store before you buy and after you have looked around and got the other fellow's price you will come back and buy from us. We have space only to quote you a few of our specials.

10c Outings in solids and fancies 7 1-2c
8c LL Brown Domestic 6 1-2
In fact, evrything at corresponding prices.

On GROCERIES

10 lbs. Good Coffee for \$1.00
5 lb. bkt Good Luck Baking pwd. 20c
2 cans any 25c baking powder 25c
35 lb. sack meal 60c

above prices will give you an
if the money saving prices
going to give you these 2 day

oods will be charged
ese prices.

ng Us Your Produce.

L. BOYDSTUN

Where It Pays To Buy.

RECEIVED

of women's and
rades Day specials
ACKET STORE

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Doid Price.

new hats bought
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At Caru
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nes Mosley of Cisco and Miss
Rhone of Rising Star were the
ests of Miss Ellen Barnse Thurs-

W. A. Williams is attending
court in Baird this week.

Elden Boydston is in Weatherford
visiting

New and secondhand peanut
bags—at Carter's.

Disc harrows, sulkeys, walk-
ng plows on good terms at
Carter's.

BUY IT HERE
Four cans Lye for 25c.
THE BACKET STORE

THE PLAGE

to buy your furniture is from
Rutherford

H. F. Phillips and family are
moving to town this week. They
are coming here to take advantage
of the public school.

DID YOU KNOW

Rutherford was selling the
There is only two reasons
right prices and treatment

OUT-OF-TOWN PEOPLE

I Want to Know YOU and
You Want to Know Me!

Best way for us to get acquainted
is to let me order that winter suit
for you on Trades Day or Dollar
Day or any old day. My prices
and fit will make our acquaint-
ance pleasant) or by letting me
clean and press your clothes.

Let me do your work the
modern, sanitary way, on
my new Hoff-man press.

TART the Tailor

W. O. Spencer and son and J. W.
Westerman left Sunday morning for
Waco where they took in the Cot-
ton Palace.

Mrs. A. C. Brashear returned to
her home west of town on Monday
after a two-months visit with three
her sons at Stephenville.

Some genuine White Sewing
Machines on good terms at
Carter's.

Mrs. Parker Bond and baby left
Tuesday for Rockwood where she
joins her husband who has preced-
ed her some time. Parker is now
running his newly-organized bank
at that place.

BUY YOUR COFFINS
from Rutherford.

caskets and Roba

Mrs. A. J. Mathis will lead
the Baptist church next Wednes-
day night. Lesson for the evening will
be first Corinthians, thirteenth cha-
pter.

A big reduction on
linery. Nothing over
Saturday and Trades Day.
Mesdames Carson & Ruthert
At Carter's Store.

OUR PRICES
Are getting us the business on
Heating Stoves and Stove pipe.
THE BACKET STORE

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

REV. SISK TO DUMAS

Word has been received here to the effect that Rev. Sisk has been sent by the A. E. Conference now in session at Clarendon to Dumas, in Moore county on the Plains, and that Rev. J. W. Smith of Clyde has been sent to Cross Plains. The good Methodists here, and there are lots of them, and many other friends of the Sisk family, and there are lots of them, are not liking it because they have lost Rev. Sisk. We all are of one accord in lamenting his departure, but are likewise united in welcoming in the new pastor.

IF THE PRICE

sn't right Rutherford makes it right adv

Mrs. C. E. Alvis and son Eugene are at the home of Mrs. Alvis mother in Goree, whither Mr. Alvis who has been gone on a trip to the West, is said also to have gone. They were there to attend the wedding of Miss Amie Mae Chambliss, sister to Mrs. Alvis, and Mr. Ross Louis Woodall of Goree, which took place at the Methodist church of that town on Wednesday night of this week. The bride is well known in Cross Plains, having lived here several months, and she has many friends who wish her and the fortunate groom much happiness and prosperity.

MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES

Probably not every farmer is, in reality, making hay, while by a figure nearly every one is. Taking advantage of this spell of weather, which is unusual both in the unvarying equableness of the temperature and cloudless skies and in the spell's duration, farmers are baling peanut and Johnson grass hay, or threshing peanuts, or picking their remnant cotton. Since the writer has been in the country peanut growers have never had such an opportunity to harvest the crop. The last two Novembers, we all well remember, were far from being dry months. The voluntary weather observer at Dallas who has been on duty for twenty-four years says that this has been the prettiest fall in the twenty-four years. It might be well to remember that this pretty weather will not last always.

W. A. Petterson made a trip to Baird Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McClure of Pioneer have been attending the bedside of Mr. McClure's sister, Mrs. Jno. T. Gilbert. They report a deal whereby they have become owners of the John Gooch house in Old Pioneer and Mr. Gooch owner of Mr. McClure's farm south of the cemetery. They are contemplating improving the newly-acquired property and moving to it.

Come to This Store

Trades Day, or any day, and if you want Dry Goods or Groceries you'll buy here. Test us

A Few SAMPLE PRICES

From Dress Goods Sect'n	From Mens Dpt.
50c Silks now 38c	\$4 dress Pant \$3.00
\$1.25 Wool Serge 80c	5. " " 3.50
50c Suitings 37c	3. Mens Hats 2.25
10c Percals 8c	And so on.

Similar prices hold thruout all departments.

Forbes & Adams

BIG TRADES DAY SPECIAL

Sioux City Round Up and Indian Congress Broncho Busting for the world championship, roping shooting and trick riding and buffalo hunting and so forth, in 4 big reels afternoon and night. Adm. 10-15c Don't Miss It.

Electric

SELLS CALVES AT GOOD PRICE

J. E. Harrell of south of town has sold and delivered to C. L. McCartney head of calves at thirty dollars per head. Mr. Harrell is well pleased with the deal.

COTTON GENERAL REPORT TO OCTOBER 18,

According to the U. S. census gennered in the nearby countries to Oct. 18, for 1614 and 1615 is as follows:

County	1615	1914
Brown	6 837	12 909
Callhan	4 110	8 238
Coleman	19 625	29 671
Comanche	3 808	9 930
Eastland	2 302	11 031
Erath	4 368	12 637
Fisher	14 557	11 987
Haskell	8 464	12 005
Runnels	17 509	26 783
Shackelford	(1)	2 045

HONOR ROLL

Ed Crocket, Mrs. S. A. Teston, Cross Cut; Evans, Cottonwood; J. H. Causey; T. J. Bruce; Sabanno; Dr. Payne, Cottonwood; Winnie Helms, Hud. Texas; M. H. White Nimrod; Dave DeBusk; A. F. Smith; J. T. Stewart, Rowden; H. J. Austin and Mrs. C. E. Austin; C. E. Long; Otis Odom; Ivan Odom, route 1; Price Odom, route 1; H. F. Phillips, Rowden; C. E. Prickett, Cisco; J. C. Teague, route 1; T. J. Henson; Frank Sanders, Rowden; W. G. Younglove; S. B. Westerman; E. A. Holden, Rowden; D. F. Merriman, route 1; Earl Pyle, Brownwood; J. C. DeBusk, route 1; O. D. Morrow, r. 1; Ben Barringer, Sabanno; W. E. Wood; B. T. Ray, Sabanno; H. H. McDermott, r. 1. C. S. Kenady, Peacock; W. R. Atwood; J. P. Triplett, Cross Cut; Jim Moore, Oplin; Patton Helm, Burkett; S. A. Black, Atwell; P. C. Beiter, r. 1; O. C. Merriman, Burkett; Boyd Foster, Pioneer, M. A.

White, r. 2; Sam Conpellee, r. 2; W. D. Smith, Pioneer; R. P. Nordyke, Cottonwood.

See the Broncho Busting at the Electric Monday.

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

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.

DeVoes varnish, floor paint; something new and durable—quarts and up.—Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

DeVoe buggy and wagon paints Stock fresh and complete.

Shackelford's Lmbr. Yd.

Don't miss seeing the Sioux City Round Up Trades Day at the Electric.

Mrs. I. P. Mitchell and son Walter left Wenesday for a visit at Putnam with her son Willie, returning today.

COFFINS, GASKETS AND ROBES

at Ruthertord's

JUST RECEIVED

A big shipment of fresh candy at The Candy Shop

J. W. Wesley celebrated his 75th birthday last Thursday. Mr. Wesley is well and hearty and bids fair to celebrate many other such days, and says that he thinks he will never tire of this life as long as he can move about. He is, s he thinks and so we think in the absence of any knowledge to the contrary, the oldest native Texan in the country. He was born in Dewitt county in 1840, which was before the Mexican War. He has been in Coleman county since 1879, which makes him a pretty good pioneer of the country.

SPECIAL FOR TRADES DAY

10 bars of red soap for 25c. The Candy Shop.

SABANNO NEWS CLEANINGS

Still the weather stays fine and stretching goes on. Two threshers are in the community and every one is to busy to quarrel.

Mrs. Della Boyd and children of Scrantou are visiting J. L. Brown and family for a few days.

Miss Lois Bullock who is attending school at Cross Plains spent the weekly holidays with home folks.

Rev. Thomas of Cross Plains preached here Sunday morning and night.

Miss Calla Brown who has been attending school at Scranton returned home last week.

Miss Ruth Bullock left Sunday for Clyde where she will attend the teachers institute for the next week

Prof. Darvenport and family of Eastland have moved into our community lately. They will occupy the Dr. Park's dwelling. Prof. Daavenport is the principal of Sabanno school. We are glad to welcome them to the community.

Mr. John Clark left Sunday of last week for Alabama after a several months stay with his son G. M. Clark.

G. R. Erwin and family attended the show at Cisco last Monday a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker made a trip to Cisco Friday.

Link Hunington of Pueblo visited relatives here last week.

Sunny

Cross Cut Items.

School began at this place on Nov. 1. Prof. R. P. Evans is principal. Miss Mae Butler of Bangs is first assistant and Miss Myrtle Armstrong of Blake is second assistant. The number of pupils enrolled to date is nearly one hundred.

Custer Woolridge has been quite ill with typhoid fever for about three weeks. We hope he will soon recover.

The box supper, which was given at the school house on Saturday night, benefit the basket ball team, is reported a success.

Marian Elsberry has moved here for the purpose of sending his children to school.

W. F. Gaines made a trip to Brownwood this week.

Marshall Woolridge of Oklahoma came in Sunday to visit home folks and especially his sick brother.

Miss Deoma Chambers is in Runne's county attending school.

Uncle McPeters and Jennie Triplett left this week for Arizona, making the trip in wagons. Lonnie Triplett is now in Arizona.

Reporter.

Specials for Trades Day at Carter's.

THANKSGIVING WEEK

Governor Ferguson has set aside Thanksgiving week for the Buy-It-Made-In-Texas movement. He says we should do this much in thankfulness for our unusual prosperity. He asked that during this time in so far as is possible that all Texans eat Texas-grown foods and use Texas-manufactured products. Why not let us, during this week, eat Turkeys grown in Callahan and adjacent counties, and pumpkin pies prepared from home-grown pumpkins and home-ground

Tom Boswell has moved from the northeast part of town to the John Lee house near the school house.

Mr. McQuirter of Baird last week visited his nieces Mesdames Spencer and Baum and nephew W. P. Bright well of the Bayou.

Miss Leota Powell of Baird is down visiting her brother Gray and wife.

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.

The teachers of this section are attending Callhan county Institute at Clyde this week, there being no school here this week. The public school will begin next Monday. A good attendance is expected.

The car containing Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Jones' household furnishings and stock of goods left here Wednesday morning for Hale Center. Mr. Jones and family leaving later in the week. Mr. Jones intends to engage in the mercantile business at Hale Center. We are sorry to lose these people.

RISE OF THE PEANUT

(Found on Peauut Street)

Oats had gone ca-bump. Cotton taken a slump; Farmers and merch'nts faces're'wry. For blue was the sky. As the "dickence" all were sore, Till the lowly peanut galore Came good times to r'store. Now soon will be forgotten Old long-time King Cotton, Princely wheat and oats, For peanuts've got their goats.

Orchardists, every man interested in the growing of fruit, and especially every boy who wants to learn of the growing of and caring for fruit, should by all means attend the demonstrations advertised in The Review for Nov. 27. These men have the U. S. and the State behind them. This is an opportunity that the public school teachers should not fail to take advantage of in teaching an object lesson in this field of agriculture. Every know ledge loving boy or girl should make a sacrifice to be present.

THE N. B. H. B.'S

The N. B. H. B. Club met with Miss Cornell last Friday evening for their usual meet.

Some piano selections during the evening made nimble fingers move faster. At ten o'clock refreshments of sandwiches and nut salad were served to the members and the guests, who were Mrs. Parker Bond, Misses Leota Powell of Baird, Emma Gillian of May, Elles Barnes and Elsie Lee, sister of the hostess.

Elsie Lee went home Sunday a m via Brownwood to spend a few days with a brother.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY

At the Baptist church Sunday. A suitable and interesting program has been arranged.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Earl's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

8 City Drugists, Inc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

365 Copies

One every day is the number you now receive with a year's subscription to

The Fort Worth STAR-TELEGRAM

the popular growing newspaper, which has the largest mailing list of readers in the state. The regular price is \$6.00 a year, but

For \$3.25

during "Bargain Days" you get a full year's subscription to this daily and Sunday metropolitan newspaper. Thus the proper time to subscribe is during the "Bargain Days," because then you

Save \$2.75

Remember, The Star-Telegram is a seven-day-a-week paper, with both day and night full wire service, and is printed at an hour based upon train departures from Fort Worth, the railroad center. This exclusive system assures the reader the

Latest News First

And in addition to the complete daily issue, with its many excellent features you get the big Sunday copy, with its magazine-color section. A paper of unusual interest to every member of the family.

Call at This Office

And we will send your order for \$3.25 and save you the bother. Don't forget the Annual "Bargain Days" date is between—

DECEMBER 1 to 15 Only

in a view and The Star-Telegram both one

Legend of Belgian Lacemakers.

Once upon a time there was a girl, a dark-eyed Venetian girl, who had a lover—all Venetian girls had, once upon a time. She was a lacemaker, he was a sailor; and one day when he had just returned from the India seas she showed him the lace she had been making. Thereupon he tossed into her lap a wonderfully delicate piece of coral and told her it was lace the mermaids wove in their caves deep under the sea.

And when he had gone again she set herself to weave her bridal veil; after the pattern of the coral she wove. Filmy seaweed, fluted shells, tiny seahorses and starfish grew under her hand until at last the veil was finished and it was time for her lover to return. This is a real story, so—he came back, and they were married, she in the veil it had pleased her fancy to make. Whether the wedding was a quiet one or not, all Venice heard of the veil. Queens and princesses sought her out and "point de Venise" became the rage.—Vogue.

Weeping Trees.

One of the wonders of plant life is the weeping tree of the Canary islands. It is of the laurel family, and rains down a copious shower of water drops from its tufted foliage. This water is often collected at the foot of the tree and forms a kind of pond, from which the inhabitants of the neighborhood can supply themselves with a beverage that is absolutely fresh and pure.

The water comes out of the tree itself through innumerable little pores situated at the margin of the leaves. It issues from the plant as vapor during the daytime, when the heat is sufficiently great to preserve it in that condition; but in the evening, when the temperature has lowered very much, a considerable quantity of it is exuded in the form of liquid drops that collect near the edges of the leaves until these members so bend down that the tears tumble off on the ground below in a veritable shower.

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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SYNOPSIS.

After the finding of Wu Fang's body and Kennedy's disappearance a submarine appears the following morning on the bay. A man plunges overboard from it and swims ashore. It is the entrance of Marcus Del Mar into America. At the Dodge home one of Wu Fang's men is trying to obtain information of Kennedy and the lost torpedo. His plan is blocked by Del Mar's arrival, who also succeeds in winning Elaine's confidence. Later she is warned by a little old man to be careful. Del Mar's mission at the Dodge house was to locate and recover the torpedo. He would have been successful had it not been for Elaine's dog, Rusty, who dug it from the flower pot, while Del Mar and Elaine were talking only a few feet away. Rusty carried the torpedo to the attic. The little old man meets Del Mar at the Dodge home. They draw guns together, gases from the exploded shells of the old man's revolver overcome Del Mar and Elaine, and the old man of mystery escapes.

TWENTY-SIXTH EPISODE

THE MASQUERADE BALL.

So confident was Elaine that Kennedy was still alive that she would not admit to herself what to the rest of us seemed obvious.

She even refused to accept Aunt Josephine's hints and decided to give a masquerade ball which she had planned as the last event of the season before she closed the Dodge town house and opened her country house on the shore of Connecticut.

It was shortly after the strange appearance of the fussy old gentleman that I dropped in one afternoon to find Elaine addressing invitations, while Aunt Josephine helped her. As we chatted, I picked up one of the pile and mechanically contemplated the address:

"Del Mar, Hotel La Costa, New York City."

"I don't like that fellow," I remarked, shaking my head dubiously.

"Oh, you're jealous," Walter laughed Elaine, taking the envelope away from me and piling it again with the others.

Thus it was that in the morning's mail, Del Mar, along with the rest of us, received a neatly engraved little invitation:

Miss Elaine Dodge
Requests
the Pleasure of Your Presence
at the
Masquerade Ball

Given at Her Residence on Friday
Evening, June 1st.

"Good!" he exclaimed, reaching for the telephone, "I'll go."

In a restaurant in the white light district two of those who had been engaged in the preliminary plot to steal Kennedy's wireless torpedo model, the young woman stenographer who had betrayed her trust and the man to whom she had passed the model out of the window in Washington, were seated at a table.

So secret had been the relations of all those in the plot that one group did not know the other, and the strangest methods of communication had been adopted.

The man removed a cover from a dish. Underneath, perhaps without even the waiter's knowledge, was a note.

"Here are the orders at last," he whispered to the girl, unfolding and reading the note. "Look. The model of the torpedo is somewhere in her house. Go tonight to the ball as a masquerader and search for it."

"Oh, splendid!" exclaimed the girl. "I'm crazy for a little society after this grind. Pay the check and let's get out and choose our costumes."

The man paid the check and they left hurriedly. Half an hour later they were at a costumer's shop choosing their disguises, both careful to get the tallest masks that would not excite suspicion.

It was the night of the masquerade.

During the afternoon Elaine had been thinking more than ever of Kennedy. It all seemed unreal to her. More than once she stopped to look at his photograph. Several times she checked herself on the point of tears.

"No," she said to herself with a sort of grim determination. "No—he is alive. He will come back to me—he will."

And yet she had a feeling of terrific loneliness which even her most powerful efforts could not throw off. She was determined to go through with the ball, now that she had started it, but she was really and when

it came time to dress, for even that took her mind from her brooding.

As Marie finished helping her put on a very effective and conspicuous costume, Aunt Josephine entered her dressing room.

"Are you ready, my dear?" she asked, adjusting the mask which she carried so that no one would recognize her as Martha Washington.

"In just a minute, auntie," answered Elaine, trying hard to put out of her mind how Craig would have liked her dress.

Somewhat earlier, in my own apartment, I had been arraying myself as Boum-Boum and modestly admiring the imitation I made of a circus clown, as I did a couple of comedy steps before the mirror.

But I was not really so light-hearted. I could not help thinking of what this night might have been if Kennedy had been alive. Indeed, I was glad to take up my white mask, throw a long coat over my outlandish costume and hurry off in my waiting car in order to forget everything that reminded me of him in the apartment.

Already a continuous stream of guests was trickling in from carriages at the curb to the Dodge door, while a gaping crowd surrounded the canopy on the sidewalk.

As I entered the ballroom it was really a brilliant and picturesque assemblage. Of course I recognized Elaine in spite of her mask, almost immediately.

Characteristically, she was talking to the one most striking figure on the floor, a tall man in red—a veritable Mephistopheles. As the music started, Elaine and his Satanic majesty laughingly fox-trotted off, but were not lost to me in the throng.

I soon found myself talking to a young lady in spotted domino. She seemed to have a peculiar fascination for me, yet she did not monopolize all my attention. As we trotted past the door, I could see down the hall. Jennings was still admitting late arrivals, and I caught a glimpse of one costumed as a gray friar, his cowl over his head and his eyes masked.

Chatting, we had circled about to the conservatory. A number of couples were there and, through the palms, I saw Elaine and Mephisto laughingly make their way.

As my spotted domino partner and I swung around again, I happened to catch another glimpse of the gray friar. He was not dancing, but walking, or rather stalking, about the edge of the room, gazing about as if searching for someone.

In the conservatory, Elaine and Mephisto had seated themselves in the breeze of an open window, somewhat in the shadow.

"You are Miss Dodge," he said earnestly.

"You knew me?" she laughed. "And you?"

He raised his mask, disclosing the handsome face and fascinating eyes of Del Mar.

"Why don't you take me here in character?" he asked easily, as she started a bit.

"I—I—well, I didn't think it was you," she blurted out.

"Ah—there is someone else you care more to dance with?"

"No—no one—no."

"I may hope, then?"

He had moved closer and almost touched her hand. The pointed hood of the gray friar in the palms showed that at last he saw what he sought.

"No—no. Please—excuse me," she murmured rising and hurrying back to the ballroom.

A subtle smile spread over the gray friar's masked face.

Of course I had known Elaine. Whether she knew me at once I don't know or whether it was an accident, but she approached me as I paused in the dance a moment with my domino girl.

"From the sublime—to the ridiculous," she cried excitedly.

My partner gave her a sharp glance. "You will excuse me?" she said, and, as I bowed, almost ran off to the conservatory, leaving Elaine to dance off with me.

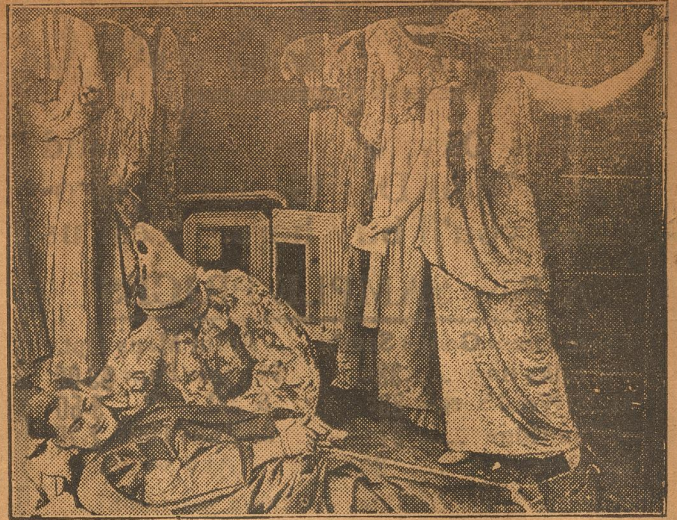
Del Mar, quite surprised at the sudden flight of Elaine from his side, followed more slowly through the palms.

As he did so he passed a Mexican attired in brilliant native costume. At a sign from Del Mar he paused and received a small package which Del Mar slipped to him, then passed on as though nothing had happened. The keen eyes of the gray friar, however, had caught the little action and he quietly slipped out after the Mexican bolero.

Just then the domino girl hurried into the conservatory. "What's doing?" she asked eagerly.

"Keep close to me," whispered Del Mar, as she nodded and they left the conservatory, not apparently in company.

Upstairs, away from the gaiety of the ballroom, the bolero made his way until he came to Elaine's room.



Del Mar Was Lying on the Floor, Bound and Gagged, Before the Open Safe.

dimly lighted. With a quick glance about, he entered cautiously, closed the door, and approached a closet which he opened. There was a safe built into the wall.

As he stooped over, the man unwrapped the package Del Mar had handed him and took out a curious little instrument. Inside was a dry battery and a most peculiar instrument, something like a little flat telephone transmitter, yet attached by wires to ear pieces that fitted over the head after the manner of those of a wireless detector.

He adjusted the headpiece and held the flat instrument against the safe, close to the combination which he began to turn slowly. It was a burglar's microphone, used for picking

combination locks. As the combination turned, a slight sound was made when the proper number came opposite the working point. Imperceptible ordinarily to even the most sensitive ear, to an ear trained it was comparatively easy to recognize the fall of the tumbler over this sensitive little instrument.

As he worked, the door behind him opened softly and the gray friar entered, closing it and moving noiselessly over back of the shelter of a big mahogany highboy, around which he could watch.

At last the safe was opened. Rapidly the man went through its contents. "Confound it!" he muttered. "She didn't put it here—anyhow."

The bolero started to close the safe when he heard a noise in the room and looked curiously back of him. Del Mar himself, followed by the domino girl, entered.

"I've opened it," whispered the emissary stepping out of the closet and meeting them, "but I can't find the—"

"Hands up—ah of you!"

They turned in time to see the gray friar's gun yawning at them. Most politely he lined them up. Still holding his gun ready, he lifted up the mask of the domino girl.

"So—it's you?" he grunted.

He was about to lift the mask of the Mexican, when the bolero leaped at him. Del Mar piled in. But sounds downstairs alarmed them and the emissary, released, fled quickly with the girl. The gray friar, however, kept his hold on Mephistopheles, as if he had been wrestling with a veritable devil.

Down in the hall, I had again met my domino girl, a few minutes after I had resigned Elaine to another of her numerous admirers.

"I thought you deserted me," I said, somewhat piqued.

"You deserted me," she parried, nervously. "However, I'll forgive you if you'll get me an ice."

I hastened to do so. But no sooner had I gone than Del Mar stalked through the hall and went upstairs. My domino girl was watching for him and followed.

When I returned with the ice, I looked about, but she was gone. It was scarcely a moment later, however, that I saw her hurry downstairs, accompanied by the Mexican bolero. I stepped forward to speak to her, but she almost ran past me without a word.

"A nut," I remarked under my breath, pushing back my mask. I started to eat the ice myself, when, a moment later Elaine passed through the hall with a Spanish cavalier.

"Oh, Walter, here you are," she laughed. "I've been looking all over for you. Thank you very much, sire," she bowed with mock civility to the cavalier. "It was only one dance, you know. Please let me talk to Boum-Boum."

The cavalier bowed reluctantly and left us.

"What are you doing here alone?" she asked, taking off her own mask. "How warm it is."

Before I could reply, I heard someone coming downstairs back of me, but not in time to turn.

"Elaine's dressing table," a voice whispered in my ear.

I turned suddenly. It was the gray friar. Before I could even reach out to grasp his robe, he was gone.

"Another nut!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Why, what did he say?" asked Elaine.

"Something about your dressing table."

"My dressing table?" she repeated.

We ran quickly up the steps. Elaine's room showed every evidence of having been the scene of a struggle, as she went over to the table. There she picked up a rose and under it a piece of paper on which were some words printed with pencil roughly.

"Look!" she cried, as I read with her:

"Do honest assistants search safely! Let no one see this but Jameon."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"My safe!" she cried, moving to a closet. As she opened the door, imagine our surprise at seeing Del Mar lying on the floor, bound and gagged before the open safe. "Get my scissors on the dresser," cried Elaine.

I did so, hastily cutting the cords that bound Del Mar.

"What does it all mean?" asked Elaine as he rose and stretched himself.

Still clutching his throat, as if it hurt, Del Mar choked, "I found a man, a foreign agent, searching the safe. But he overcame me and escaped."

"Oh—then that is what the—"

Elaine checked herself. She had been about to hand the note to Del Mar when an idea seemed to come to her. Instead, she crumpled it up and thrust it into her bosom.

On the street the bolero and the domino girl were hurrying away as fast as they could.

Meanwhile, the gray friar had overcome Del Mar, had bound and gagged him and thrust him into the closet. Then he wrote the note and laid it, with a key from a vase, on Elaine's dressing table before he, too, left the place.

More than ever I was at a loss to make it out.

It was the day after the masquerade ball that a taxicab drove up to the Dodge house and a very trim but not overdressed young lady was announced as "Miss Bertholdi."

"Miss Dodge?" she inquired as Jennings held open the instructions and she entered the library where Elaine and Aunt Josephine were.

If Elaine had only known, it was the domino girl of the night before who handed her a note and sat down, looking about so demurely, while Elaine read:

My Dear Miss Dodge:
The bearer, Miss Bertholdi, is an operative of mine. I would appreciate it if you would employ her in some capacity in your house, as I have reason to believe that certain foreign agents will soon make another attempt to find Kennedy's lost torpedo model.

Sincerely,
M. DEL MAR.

Elaine looked up from reading the note. Miss Bertholdi was good to look at, and Elaine liked pretty girls about her.

"Jennings," she ordered, "call Marie."

To the butler and her maid, Elaine gave the most careful instructions regarding Miss Bertholdi. "She can help you finish the packing, first," she concluded.

The girl thanked her and went out with Jennings and Marie, asking Jennings to pay her taxicab driver with money she gave him, which he did, bringing her grip into the house.

Later in the day, Elaine had both Marie and Bertholdi carrying armfuls of her dresses from the closets in her room up to the attic, where the last of her trunks were being packed. On one of the many trips, Bertholdi came alone into the attic, her arms full as

(Continued 7th page)

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. 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.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

Catron, 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.

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EXPLOITS OF ELAINE

(Continued from 6th page)

usual. Before her were two trunks, very much alike, open and nearly packed. She laid her armful of clothes on a chair near by and pulled one of the trunks forward. On the door lay the trays of both trunks already packed. Bertholdi began packing her burden in one trunk which was marked in big white letters, "E. Dodge."

Down in Elaine's room at the time Jennings entered. "The expressman for the trunks is here, Miss Elaine," he announced.

"Is he? I wonder whether they are all ready?" Elaine replied hurrying out of the room. "Tell him to wait."

In the attic, Bertholdi was still at work, keeping her eyes open to execute the mission on which Del Mar had sent her.

Rusty, forgotten in the excitement by Jennings, had roamed at will through the house and seemed quite interested. For this was the trunk behind which he had his cache of treasures.

As Bertholdi started to move behind the trunk, Rusty could stand it no longer. He darted ahead of her into his hiding place. Among the dog biscuit and bones was the torpedo model which he had dug up from the palm pot in the conservatory. He seized it in his mouth and turned to carry it off.

There, in his path, was his enemy, the new girl. Quick as a flash, she saw what it was Rusty had, and grabbed at it.

"Get out!" she ordered, looking at her prize in triumph and turning it over and over in her hands.

At that moment she heard Elaine on the stairs. What should she do? She must hide it. She looked about. There was the tray, packed and lying on the floor near the trunk marked "E. Dodge." She thrust it hastily into the tray, pulling a garment over it.

"Nearly through?" panted Elaine. "Yes, Miss Dodge."

"Then please tell the expressman to come up."

Bertholdi hesitated, chagrined. Yet there was nothing to do but obey. She looked at the trunk by the tray to fix it in her mind, then went downstairs.

As she left the room, Elaine lifted the tray into the trunk and tried to close the lid. But the tray was too high. She looked puzzled. On the floor was another tray almost identical.

"The wrong trunk," she smiled to herself, lifting the tray out and putting the other one in, while she placed the first tray with the torpedo concealed in the other, unmarked trunk where it belonged. Then she closed the first trunk.

A moment later the expressman entered, with Bertholdi.

"You may take that one," indicated Elaine.

"Miss Dodge, here's something else to go in," said Bertholdi in desperation, picking up her dress.

"Never mind. Put it in the other trunk."

Bertholdi was baffled, but she managed to control herself. She must get word to Del Mar about that trunk marked "E. Dodge."

Late that afternoon, before a cheap restaurant, might have been seen old friend who had posed as Bailey and as the Mexican. He entered the restaurant and made his way to the first of a row of booths on one side.

"Hello," he nodded to a girl in the booth.

Bertholdi nodded back and he took his seat. She had begged an hour or two off on some pretext.

Outside the restaurant, a heavily bearded man had been standing looking intently at nothing in particular when Bertholdi entered. As Bailey came along, he followed and took the next booth, his hat pulled over his eyes. In a moment he was listening, his ear close up to the partition.

"Well, what luck?" asked Bailey. "Did you get a clue?"

"I had the torpedo model in my hands," she replied excitedly telling the story. "It is in a trunk marked 'E. Dodge.'"

All this and more the bearded stranger drank in eagerly.

A moment later Bailey and Bertholdi left the booth and went out of the restaurant, followed cautiously by the stranger. On the street the two emissaries of Del Mar stopped a moment to talk.

"All right, I'll telephone him," she said as they parted in opposite directions.

The stranger took an instant to make up his mind, then followed the girl. She continued down the street until she came to a store with telephone booths. The bearded stranger followed still, into the next booth, but did not call a number. He had his ear to the wall.

He could hear her call Del Mar, and although he could not hear Del Mar's answers, she repeated enough for him to catch the drift. Finally, she

came out, and the stranger, instead of following her further, took the other direction hurriedly.

Del Mar himself received the news with keen excitement. Quickly he gave instructions and prepared to leave his rooms.

A short time later his car pulled up before the La Costa and, in a long duster and cap, Del Mar jumped in and was off.

Scarcely had his car swung up the avenue when, from an alleyway down the street from the hotel, the chugging of a motorcycle sounded. A bearded man, his face further hidden by a pair of goggles, ran out with his machine, climbed on and followed.

On out into the country Del Mar's car sped. At every turn the motorcycle dropped back a bit, observed the turn, then crept up and took it, too. So they went for some time.

On the level of the Grand Central where the trains left for the Connecticut shore where Elaine's summer home was located, Bailey was now edging his way through the late crowd down the platform. He paused before the baggage car just as one of the baggage motor trucks rolled up loaded high with trunks and bags. He stepped back as the men loaded the baggage on the car, watching carefully.

As they tossed on one trunk marked "E. Dodge," he turned with a subtle look and walked away. Finally he squirmed around to the other platform. No one was looking and he mounted the rear of the baggage car and opened the door. There was the baggage man sitting by the side door, his back to Bailey. Bailey closed the door softly and squeezed behind a pile of trunks and bags.

Finally Del Mar reached a spot on the railroad where there were both a curve and a grade ahead. He stopped his car and got out.

Down the road the bearded and goggled motorcyclist stopped just in time to avoid observation. To make sure, he drew a pocket field glass and leveled it ahead.

"Wait here," ordered Del Mar. "I'll call when I want you."

Back on the road the bearded cyclist could see Del Mar move down the track though he could not hear the directions. It was not necessary, however. He dragged his machine into the bushes, hid it, and hurried down the road on foot.

Del Mar's chauffeur was waiting idly at the wheel when suddenly the cold nose of a revolver was stuck under his chin.

"Not a word—and hands up—or I'll let the moonlight through you," growled out a harsh voice.

Nevertheless the chauffeur managed to lurch out of the car and the bearded stranger, whose revolver it was, found that he would not dare to shoot. Del Mar was not far enough away to risk it.

The chauffeur flung himself on him and they struggled fiercely, rolling over and over in the dust of the road.

But the bearded stranger had a grip

of steel and managed to get his fingers about the chauffeur's throat as an added insurance against a cry for help.

He choked him literally into insensibility. Then, with a strength that he did not seem to possess, he picked up the limp, blue-faced body and carried it off the road and around the car.

In the baggage car, the baggage man was smoking a surreptitious pipe of powerful tobacco between stations and contemplating the scenery thoughtfully through the open door.

As the engine slowed up to take a curve and a grade, Bailey, who had now and then taken a peep out of a little grated window above him, crept out from his hiding place. Already he had slipped a dark silk mask over his face.

As he made his way among the trunks and boxes, the train lurched and the baggage man, who had his back to Bailey, heard him catch himself. He turned and leaped to his feet. Bailey closed with him instantly.

Over and over they rolled. Bailey had already drawn his revolver before he left his hiding place. A shot, however, would have been fatal to his part in the plans and was only a last resort, for it would have brought the trainmen.

Finally Bailey rolled his man over and getting his right arm free, dealt the baggage man a fierce blow with the butt of the gun.

The train was now pulling slowly up the grade. More time had been spent in overcoming the baggage man than he expected and Bailey had to work quickly. He dragged the trunk marked "E. Dodge" from the pile to the door and glanced out.

Just around the curve in the railroad Del Mar was waiting, straining his eyes down the track.

There was the train, puffing up the grade. As it approached he rose and waved his arms. It was the signal and he waited anxiously. Had his plans been carried out?

The train passed. From the baggage car came a trunk catapulted out by a strong arm. It hurtled through the air and landed with its own and the train's momentum.

Over it rolled in the bushes, then stopped—unbroken, for Elaine had had it designed to resist even the most violent baggage smasher.

Del Mar ran to it. As the tail light of the train disappeared he turned around in the direction from which he had come, placed his two hands to his mouth and shouted.

From the side of the road by Del Mar's car the bearded motorcyclist had just emerged, buttoning the chauffeur's clothes and adjusting his goggles to his own face.

As he approached the car, he heard a shout. Quickly he tore off the black beard which had been his disguise and tossed it into the grass. Then he drew the coat high up about his neck.

"All right!" he shouted back, starting along the road.

Together he and Del Mar managed to scramble up the embankment to the road and, one at each handle of the trunk, they carried it back to the car, piling it in the back.

The improvised chauffeur started to take his place at the wheel and Del Mar had his foot on the running board to get beside him, when the now un-bearded stranger suddenly swung about and struck Del Mar full in the face. It sent him reeling back into the dust.

The engine of the car had been running and before Del Mar could recover consciousness the stranger had shot the car ahead, leaving Del Mar prone in the roadway.

The train, with Bailey on it, had not gained much speed, yet it was a perilous undertaking to leap. Still, it was more so now to remain. The baggage man stirred. It was now a case of murder or a getaway.

Bailey jumped. Scratched and bruised and shaken, he scrambled to his feet in the briars along the track. He staggered up the road, pulled himself together, then hurried back as fast as his barked shins would let him.

He came to the spot which he recognized as that where he had thrown off the trunk. He saw the tramped and broken bushes and made for the road.

He had not gone far when he saw, far down, Del Mar suddenly attacked and thrown down, apparently by his own chauffeur. Bailey ran forward, but it was too late. The car was gone.

As he came up to Del Mar lying outstretched in the road, Del Mar was just recovering consciousness.

"What was the matter?" he asked. "Was he a traitor?"

He caught sight of the real chauffeur on the ground, stripped.

Del Mar was furious. "No," he swore, "it was that confounded gray friar again, I think. And he has the trunk, too!"

Speeding up the road the former masquerader and motorcyclist stopped at last.

Eagerly he leaped out of Del Mar's car and dragged the trunk over the side regardless of the enamel.

It was the work of only a moment for him to break the lock with a pocket jimmy.

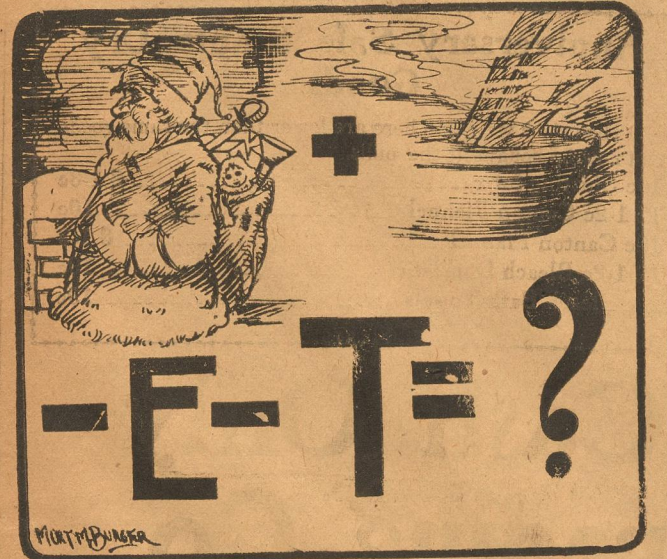
One after another he pulled out and shook the clothes until frocks and gowns and lingerie lay strewn all about.

But there was not a thing in the trunk that even remotely resembled the torpedo model.

The stranger scowled. Where was it?
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Pacific Kelp.
In a recent article in the Journal of Agricultural Research, Mr. Guy R. Stewart of the University of California agricultural experiment station discusses the kelps of the Pacific coast as a source of nitrogen. As a result of extensive experiments, the author finds that the readiness with which the nitrogen in dried and ground kelp used as fertilizer is changed to ammonia and nitrates in fresh field soil varies with the species and with the way it is prepared. Nereocystis luetkeana gives up its nitrogen with relative quickness, but it is of minor commercial importance. Macrocystis purifera changes slowly in the soil, but the availability of its nitrogen is increased if it is used fresh, or at least only partly dried. Unfortunately, macrocystis must be dried until crisp in order to grind readily. The drying should not be continued longer than is necessary, and the kelp should not be scorched or overheated. In the same journal another California chemist, Mr. D. R. Hoagland, gives a detailed account of the "Organic Constituents of Pacific Coast Kelps." Incidentally, he deals with certain interesting economic questions in regard to kelp; namely, the possible feeding value of kelp for man or animals, the utilization of its organic by-products, and the destructive distillation of it for commercial uses. For all three purposes its usefulness appears to be slight.

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\$1.50 Boys' Suits, sale price is	\$1.25
\$2.50 Boys' Suits, sale price	\$2.10
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\$5.00 Suits now priced at	\$3.95

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