

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 6

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DEC. 14, 1915.

NO. 41

A Bank

vice.

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

FARMERS' NATIONAL BANK

Cross Plains, Texas.

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

NO REVIEW NEXT WEEK

THE REVIEW is coming to you a day early this week. Following a custom pretty well established by country newspapers, we will not issue a Review next week, giving a brief six days to ourselves and our office-help to take life easy. With the help we have, it has taken all the days and about five nights out of the week for us to put out The Review for the last six weeks. We trust you will not seriously be discomfited by not getting the paper, and yet we sincerely hope you will miss its weekly visit.

Dead

We are very sorry to announce the death of Mrs. Myrtle Breeding, wife of John Breeding, at their home at 3:30, a. m., Tuesday morning. Death was caused from stomach trouble. Interment was made at the Cottonwood cemetery, Rev. Ferguson conducting the services. Mrs. Breeding had been a bride but four months, and her death at so young an age was very unexpected and is very much to be lamented. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Booth. We offer our sincerest sympathy.

LOOK! LISTEN! COMING!

Friday, Xmas Eve

Afternoon, starting at 2, and night. The Film Detective, a story of a lion hunting party in Africa, in four reels. See the struggle between one of the hunters and a wounded lion. This is a special Xmas. treat at 10c.

Saturday, Xmas Day

Xmas. Day commencing at 2 o'clock Charlie Chaplin, the funniest comedian in the world, and one other reel. See Charlie Chaplin in "The Bank," in 2,000 feet of laughs. Xmas. night the last and final episode of "The Romance of Elaine and one comedy. Don't miss it.

Next week we will show Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday afternoon and night. On Saturday, Jan. 1st, the Kalem masterpiece, "From the Manger to the Cross" or "The Life of Christ," in five reels. Taken in the Holy Land.

Commencing week after New Years we will show only two nights weekly, Tuesday, and Saturday afternoon and night, a 2-reel comedy each Saturday and some other reel. On Tuesday a mixed program of comedy, Western and dramas. Don't forget the days.

Thanking you one and all for your patronage in 1915, also for your patronage in 1916, and wishing you

TRADES DAY GOOD

Monday was rather an inclement but withal a beautiful, a typical December day. A large crowd of Christmas shoppers was here who bought a great deal of goods.

CHRISTMAS TREES

The Presbyterian and Methodist people will have a Christmas tree at the Methodist church on Christmas Eve night.

Baptists will have one at their church on the same night. All who wish to put presents on the trees are cordially invited to do so. Remember to have your presents carried to the churches as early in the afternoon as possible. There will be a receiving committee at either church to take care of them. The ladies are arranging Santa Claus programs at both churches. Don't forget the little "tots" as they are dreaming day and night about the coming of Santa, and what he has in store for them.

Supts. Crawford, Carter & Alvis

a merry Xmas. and a happy New Year.

The Movie Man,
The Electric Theatre

XMAS. WEDDING BELLS

Luther Forbes and Miss Rosa Hunter of Cross Cut were married at Burkett Sunday immediately after the morning service at the Baptist church, the pastor Rev. Wadkins of Brownwood officiating. The groom is the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Forbes of this place and the bride the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Hunter of near Cross Cut. Both families are well known and are mighty good people, the many of whom wish for the young couple much happiness.

Harry Coppinger and Miss Mary Varner, both of Cottonwood, were married at Putnam Sunday. The particulars of the ceremony we are unable to give. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Varner, both families being old-time and well and favorably known residents of the Cottonwood country, and the happy young couple have the very best wishes of many friends for a long and happy life. They are at present living at Cottonwood, but will as soon as they can get possession move to the Reeder farm just southeast of town. The Review offers its best congratulations.

P. S.—Mr. Coppinger has started married life right by subscribing for The Review.

COUNTY COTTON REPORT

Baird December 13th '15. Cotton Report for Callahan county up to December 1st. 1915, 7,152 bales ginned. Compared with last year, 14,110 bales. Difference 6,958 bales.

TICK ELECTION SATURDAY

The County Remains in The Tick Column by Big Majority.

The election Saturday on the eradication of the tick resulted in an overwhelming majority in favor of protecting his majesty, the tick, our information being that the county went anti by 270 majority. Cross Plains voted 23 for and 74 against. Cottonwood 6 for and 84 against. Caddo Peak went unanimous against. We have no other figures just now.

STILL XMAS. GOODS

and lots of them at—The Elite Cafe

CLIPPINGS FROM SCHOOL JOURNAL

There are a number of pupils absent this week on account of sickness and the coming holidays.

School will close Thursday for Xmas. and will take up on Jan. 3.

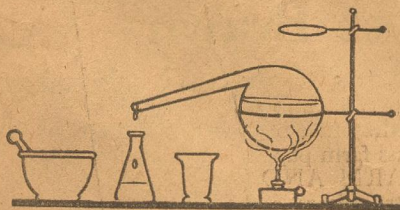
Among our recent visitors are Mesdames John Hembree, Luke Clement and Chaffin and Charlie Boden.

[Continued on 2nd page]

JUST IN TIME FOR THE LATE BUYERS

Just received a big variety of sample Xmas. goods. We bought these samples at half price and this big saving goes to our customers. Come and get your share of these special gifts.

THE RACKET STORE



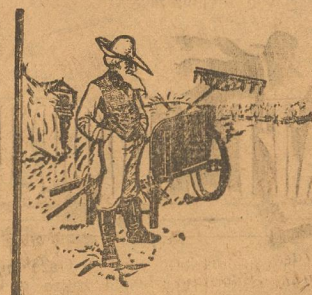
Your Health

depends on the purity of drugs used and the care employed in compounding the prescriptions given you by your doctor. Sometimes it is even a matter of

Life and Death

Our stock of drugs is the best and freshest we can buy. We use the utmost care in compounding all prescriptions, as your doctor will tell you. It is a matter of conscience with us.

THE CITY DRUG STORE



HARVEST TIME

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

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

The Bank of Cross Plains

(Un-Incorporated)

Virgil Hart, Cashier

C. C. Neeb, Asst. Cashier

CHRISTMAS BELLS

There are Christmas bells and bells. The real Christmas bells ring out only in the morning of the sacred day. The other bells ring from morning until night. After which they jangle through one's dreams.

The Christmas doorbell is a great institution. It is the busiest bell of the lot. After the doorbell has pressed its summons, when the doorbell rings on Christmas day, everybody gives heed to its sweet sounds. And everybody rushes to the front door as if the house had caught fire, and that was the nearest exit. The doorbell has everyone in the family hopping as if they were so many trained ducks.

There are two reasons why the Christmas doorbell is a welcome visitor when it jars upon the ear. In the first place, you know that no bills are going to be presented by the caller at the door. In the second place the doorbell may announce the arrival of a package.

A sawed-off express wagon driver, with a chunky, holly-bound package under his arm, can get more attention on Christmas day than the governor of the state, surrounded by his military staff and preceded by a Chinese orchestra, playing "Tippelally."

The package the expressman or mail carrier brings, is seized by a

dozen eager hands. It is strange how ready everybody is to help in relieving the deliveryman of his 12-ounce burden. Then the package is conveyed in state to the inspecting department. It is opened with nervous anticipation, and there is great rejoicing when it proves to be a knitted muffler for father from Aunt Jessica. The muffler is as large as a young Hammock, and is pinker than pa's cheeks when we all insist that he try it on.

If there is a grown-up daughter in the family, she beats all records getting to the door when the bell rings on Christmas day. If anybody beats her, the knob, it is not her fault, as she slid down the banister and took a flying leap, which was the best she could do without breaking bones. She expects the kind of presents which are not found in fireplaces after Santa Claus' visit. She is looking for bouquets of flowers, huge boxes of candy and other tokens of regard. Some times, though not very often, the bell ring announces a neatly wrapped wedding ring.

The Christmas telephone bell is an important feature of the Yuletide. It rings Christmas tidings which formerly were sent on decorative cards, which, with their imitation snow, made handy match scratchers.

The Christmas dinner bell—one at a time, please. Don't all rush in at once!

Millicent and the Mistletoe

De LYSLE FERREE CASS



MILLICENT HEBARD had not the slightest idea that she even remotely resembled Audrey Arlington, stellar member of the National Film Manufacturing company's cast. In fact, having only recently arrived in the big city from a downstate farm, she had not even seen

any of Miss Arlington's celebrated moving-picture portrayals, much less heard of that opulent magnate of filmdom, the National Film Manufacturing company. Truth to tell, the very first time she learned of its existence was that evening when, worn out by a bootless tour of business offices where she had hoped for employment, she read its "ad" in the Help Wanted section of a newspaper.

Millicent had come to the metropolis with the high hopes and dimly-remembered enthusiasm of youth. Incidentally she brought remarkable good looks with her too, although, being unsophisticated and from the country, she was not as self-conscious of them as most city girls of her age are. The home farm was hopelessly mortgaged, and for several years past she had realized with increasing poignancy what a tax upon her aged parents' slender resources she was.

As a girl grows older she craves more and better things, and, no matter how slightly she may be in-

terested in Millicent's good looks than in her Tingleville certificate. So Millicent wisely looked elsewhere. Wisely, maybe, but fruitlessly. Then one evening in her bare hall room this second week she came across the two-line "ad" of the National Film Manufacturing company, which, it seemed, was lukewarmly interested in securing a girl "for filing." A princely stipend of six dollars per week was the practical inducement offered.

Six dollars loomed gigantic to our

Continued on 1th page

USEFUL GIFTS

PEOPLE who decide to give only useful Christmas gifts often have a bunch of surprises waiting for them around the corner.

"Look before you leap" is a useful thing to remember.

Useful presents should be accepted in the spirit in which they are given. Keep the Christmas spirit green. When you get a useful present, do not take it back and exchange it for something you can use.

Keep it; hang on to it. Do not give away to the poor, for they have troubles enough of their own.

One of the most useful useful gifts for some people is a smoking jacket. Once we gave our old Uncle Peters, one of those costly pipe smokers. It had fine satin cuffs and a braided collar. The coat was neither hot by buttons, but by gold braid knots. The garment made him with Uncle Peters, but not the photo.

For years his smoking jacket had been a flannel undershirt, carefully decorated with suspenders. Every evening he sat by the stove, smoking a pipe which would have sufficed a steamship stoker. He never told us what he burned in the pipe, and we never went close enough to investigate.

Christmas day they made him put on the smoking jacket. Life was not the same after that. They told him he mustn't smoke that vulgar, shocking old pipe while wearing the lovely jacket. Everybody thought he was cured of the deadly cornob. He quit smoking the pipe, and instead brought home a bale of cigars.

He made a handsome figure, wearing the braided smoking jacket, and puffing a cigar with a gilt band around it. We left him smoking happily by the stove. In one hour we returned. Uncle Peters was still consuming cigars. On the floor lay the family cat. It did not raise its head at our footsteps. He would never look up again. The picture frames on the walls had turned green.

Uncle Peters decried that his Flor de Indes Ear segars had killed the cat. He insisted she had rolled over after taking one puff of the smoking jacket.

Useful gifts often have a way of making themselves useful when you least expect it. For instance, we buried the cat in Uncle Peters' smoking jacket.

THE LATE SHOPPER

THE late Shopper is a prominent member of the Genus Procrastinatus.

He has his own peculiar way of celebrating Christmas. Often he celebrates it in bed, with a water bag on his chest and the grip of an anxious physician around his wrist. His eyes are closed and his poor, warped brain is worn in a sling.

On the floor beside his bed, torn to shreds and bitten in numerous places, lies his Christmas list. The day before Christmas he sallied forth with this list in his hand and a look of desperate determination on his features.

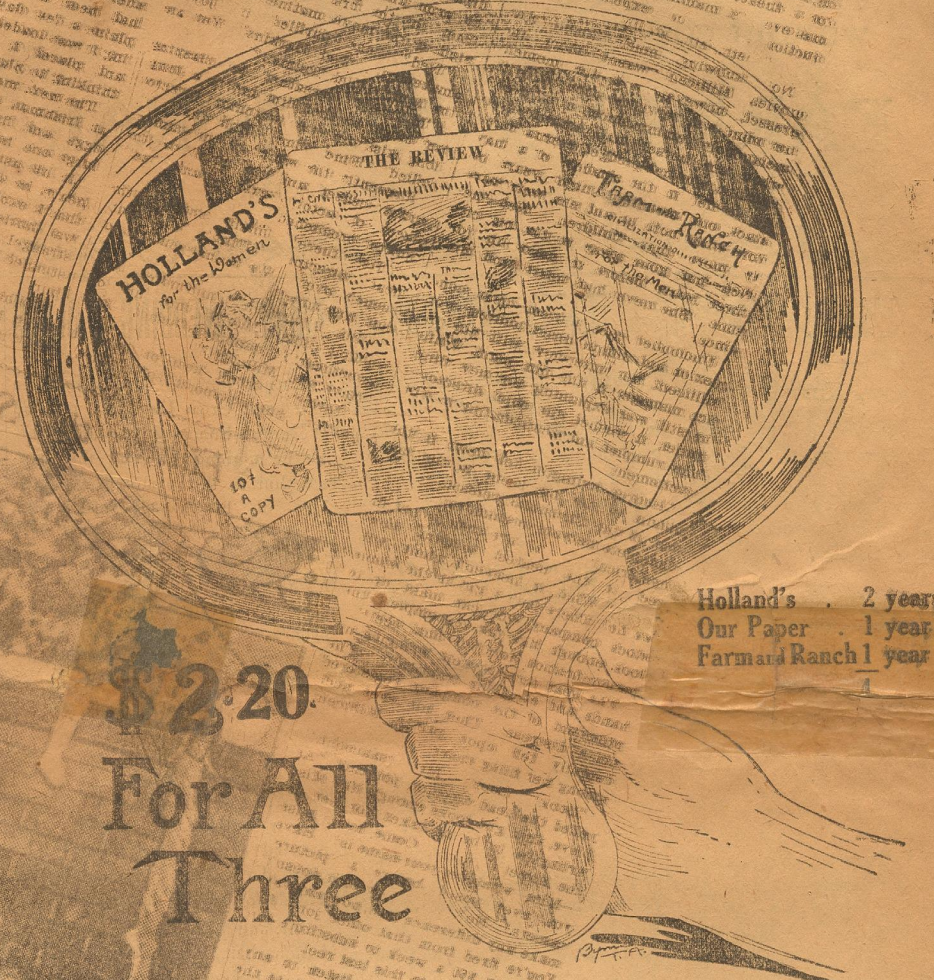
The Late Shopper is a cheerful giver, withal. He loves giving for its own sake, but he loves it better for the sake of putting it off. Decidedly he is no believer in the "Do-it-now" movement. Nor is he selfish. It is just a habit. It is to be feared that if he were dying of thirst he would put off giving himself a drink.

Philanthropists should find rest sanitariums for Late Christmas Shoppers

—the kind that are incurable. Here they could retire and nurse their wounds, incurred in the last toy counter rush.

How fortunate it is that Santa Claus was not born a late shopper. He is always on the job, and gets ready for the holiday season months ahead, we are reliably informed by the nursery books. However, Santa Claus is in constant danger of losing his reputation. There are hundreds of fond Fathers who pose as Santa Clauses to their little broods, Papas who sallied forth to collect a bagful of toys just when the stores are closing on Christmas eve, and the holly garlands are being taken down, and the manager of the dress goods department is getting ready to announce, "Spring and Summer Styles."

The Late Shoppers we have always with us. As eleventh-hour athletes they take all the running, jumping and line-plunging honors. But often the Late Shopper has one good mark to his credit. He puts off giving at all times, and therefore puts off giving a piece of his mind to his wife.



\$2.20 For All Three

Holland's 2 years
Our Paper 1 year
Farm and Ranch 1 year

As Reflected in a Mirror

—You see in your local paper each week all the news of events taking place around you—among the people you know and love. You'll also find the more important happenings of the world chronicled in this paper—yes, this is your paper in every sense of the word. It leads the fight for everything that will make this community a better place in which to live; it's looking after your interests, all the time and right now we have arranged to offer you double value for your money.

Brain Against Brawn

Why do some farmers prosper and enjoy many luxuries, while others, who work just as hard, are always hard up? The answer is simple: one has used his brains and kept posted on up-to-date farming methods, while the other has felt that there is nothing for him to learn. He will not even read a first-class farm paper because he thinks no one can possibly tell him how to run his farm. FARM AND RANCH is prepared especially for farmers, gardeners, live stock and poultry raisers and fruit growers of the Southwest—the home builder. It has been the Southwestern farmer's right hand man for more than a third of a century.

Double Value This Year

This year, we are entering all subscriptions TWO FULL YEARS for the same price that would have paid for a one year subscription. The short stories and special features are snappy and timely. The departments for the housekeeper are many and varied. The fashion pages show the late styles, and the children have a corner of their own. Holland's is truly a Southwestern Home Magazine of sunshine and good cheer which, in ten years time, has become indispensable to more than three quarters of a million people in the Southwest.

Send us your order for these three publications—our paper one year, Farm and Ranch one year and Holland's Magazine TWO YEARS—right away, also show this BIG VALUE OFFER to your neighbor who is not a subscriber to this paper. New and renewal subscriptions will be accepted at the rate advertised, so bring or mail your order now and get the benefit of the combination price!

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.

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

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

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-68

DENTIST

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

TO THE FARMERS AND STOCKMEN:

Dr. A. J. Nichols, a veterinary surgeon, has permanently located at Cross Plains for the purpose of practicing his profession. Bring in your stock and have them examined. Examination free.

All calls answered day or night.

A. J. NICHOLS,
Veterinary Surgeon

Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

CROSS PLAINS LIVERY BARN AND WAGON YARD

Paschall & Proctor, Props.

All Kinds of Livery Rigs at Reasonable Rates

Sell and Trade Horses

AROUND PIONEER

The health of the community is good, there not being a case of sickness in the country, so far as we know.

Nearly everybody is busy engaged planning and preparing for the holidays.

School turns out Thursday for the holidays to reopen Monday Jan. 3.

Misses Myrtle and Alta Foster, who have been attending school at Colorado City, have returned home to spend Xmas. with homefolk.

L M Browning returned home last week from Rule where he has been working for some time.

W A (grandpa) Foster of near Merkel came in Sunday for a few days stay with his son Will Foster who lives east of Pioneer.

B. I. Marshal of Liberty left on the train Sunday morning for Brownwood.

W. L. Piler and sons Raymond and Millard were in Pioneer last week looking over their place which is located 3 mile northeast of this place.

Well as news is scarce this week, will close by wishing The Review a joyous Xmas. and a prosperous New Year.

Dixie

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Year.

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

Sabanno News.

Misses Lorena, Ray, and Finis Erwin and Luna Green returned home last Saturday from Rising Star to spend the holidays with home folks.

G. M. Clark is making preparations to move to Putnam at an early date. We are sorry to lose him, but wish them well in their new home.

Neal Smith from Estelline is at home spending the holidays with his parents.

Miss Cordea and Mrs. Mack Walker shopped in Cross Plains Wednesday.

We are sorry to report W. A. Erwin (Grandpa) who has been sick for some time is no better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cozart of Scranton visited Mr. and Mrs. George Erwin last Sunday.

Some of the old people and all of the young people enjoyed a fine singing at the Presbyterian church last Sunday night led by G. R. Erwin.

Mr. V. B. Shradler and Miss Vera Moon of this community were married at Cross Plains Sunday. Here is congratulation.

Ucile Jake Harris has just completed a new rent house (Some people are prospering in spite of the boll weevil.)

Tom Cutbirth, wife and children from Roby, Miss Annie and A. Cutbirth from Dudley were the guests of the latter's daughter, Mrs W. C. Adams last Saturday night.

CHANGE SCHEDULE

The Katy has changed its schedule, the train now leaving at 6:30 during the week at 7:00 on Sunday.

We have candies and fruits for the little ones' Christmas

We have a choice line of the best groceries for everybody



Give us a chance to help you with that Christmas dinner

We have laid out a special line of goods for the holiday trade

Cross Plains Merc. Co.

365 Copies

One every day is the best for you now receive your year's subscription

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

TO JAN. 5.

The Review for one year
The Telegram one year for only \$3-75

See, write, or 'phone us.

DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

When the Joy of Your Kiddies Brings Tender Memories of Years Ago.

In these strenuous shopping days, writes Louis James, have you caught yourself remembering suddenly, in all sorts of queer, unexpected places, all sorts of queer, half forgotten things? Have you remembered how these days before Christmas are the wonderful days in the life of the child, more wonderful days, perhaps, than any that are to come?

You know that yourself. You can't help recalling how time went by those days before the great day. You remember how each day seemed somehow more wonderful than the one before, each day a prelude of real joy to that first marvelous moment of Christmas morning, when, after a night of little if any sleep, you scrambled up and stood breathless on the threshold of the room which had been forbidden you all those interminable hours that went before.

The child you take with you through the wonderlands of the modern toy department wants what you did. The little girl stops before the baby doll, wide eyed, still with desire. The boy stands flooded with happiness before an ark in which is every imaginable creation. You remember what a small thing your own was, a fourth the size. But his joy is no greater than yours.

He pushes toward the rocking horse. Now it runs by machinery, when once you ran your own across the floor to the imminent danger of total destruction to persons and furniture that might stand in the way. But Christmas day was your day. The day when "don'ts" were not and you were king or queen in your kingdom of toys.

You pass on to trains and there again electricity is running them. You pulled them yourself.

Then you catch the look on the face of your boy. He is watching the huge engine move slowly, smoothly along. It passes under infinite tunnels and bridges and over made hills that present intricate difficulties of passage. Your tunnels were of chairs and the table in your kitchen made a splendid bridge to cross.

He turns to you, the child of this twentieth century. His smile is beatific. He wants it—that train. He never wanted anything so much before. He never will again he is sure.

And as you move away you smile, a little sadly, a little gladly. You are proud to be able to make him so wonderfully happy, this child of yours, but you are sure, too, that he is no happier than you were these same pre-Christmas days, those years before.

Change of Scenery.

The fool who rocked the boat will now proceed to put on a set of cotton whiskers and light the candles on the Christmas tree.

INSURING LIVES OF OTHERS

Practice That is Largely Prevalent, Though it is Illegal—How it is Done in the Trenches.

A recent case before the courts threw considerable light upon the penchant some people have for speculating in other people's lives. One woman held life insurances on her parents, her children, her mother-in-law, her brothers and several friends. Of course that sort of thing is illegal, but it seems to be a flourishing business nevertheless.

But hope delayed maketh the heart sick and after the insurers have kept the premiums paid up to pretty well the amount they would gain from the insurance company, they see their profit melting away and call the law to free them from their investment, claiming their premiums back on all sorts of ingenious defenses.

Rather a rotten business, but we are assured that it is much more prevalent than we have an idea of. There must be a tremendous temptation to assist fate at times, and in any case, when relatives form the chief investment on these lines, it must be rather exasperating to have them politely inform us that they are "quite well, thank you."

One recalls that scandalous "comic" song that had such a vogue a while back wherein an irritated hubby sang that he was stony broke with a vial of dough staring him in the face!

Some of the stories of the "sweepstakes" in the trenches are equally disturbing. The name of each man in the regiment going into action is put into a hat and every man puts up a franc. The money is divided between all those who drew the name of a man who is still alive or unrounded at the end of the day! A soldier can spite a chap holding his name by deliberately courting the attentions of a bullet. On the other hand, it tends to make them tenderly considerate of each others' lives and urgent admonitions to "take care!" are not necessarily disinterested.

MISS SANTA CLAUS



With joyful heart, on dainty toes,
Her eyes a-shine, each cheek a rose,
Well laden with her presents goes
The Christmas maid.

In Santa's task she claims a share,
And bears her gifts with thoughtful care,
While Love attends her everywhere,
A willing aid.

Oh, Santa, take a friendly tip,
Unless you want to lose your grip,
Don't let her make another trip
In all your days.

For she's a vision, so complete,
So captivating, fair and sweet,
That she has got you surely beat
A hundred ways.



A GREAT DAY.

This is Christmas day, the anniversary of the world's greatest event. To one day all the early world looked forward; to the same day the later world looks back. That day holds time together.—Alexander Smith.

Review Printing Company

One Cent a Word.

CHRISTMAS GIFT:

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

Subscribe for the Review.

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.

CITIZENS UNITE TO PROTECT THE QUAIL

We, the undersigned, being desirous to propagate the increase and growth of quail and other insect-devouring birds, and especially at this season when the boll weevils have practically destroyed the cotton crop on many farms, take this method of notifying and warning all persons that hunting and shooting are forbidden on the premises of any and all of the undersigned, and we hereby ask and urge all law-abiding citizens to aid us in an effort to protect the birds from slaughter and extinction.

Respectfully,

J C McDermott, L O Payne, G W Klutts, Geo T Baum, J L Keller, A Rudloff, W L Jones, R P Odom, S P Long, W O Spencer, J S Connelly, J C Teague, J W Payne, W B Duncan, Ed Henderson, J H Rone, J A Pyle, W T Wilson, H H Bond, J O Hall, E E Horn, M L Jones, J L Baum, S E Odom, Jno. Baum, Arthur Young, S H Arrowood, W D Drewry, H B Eddington, P W Payne, Wm. Neeb, Otis Odom, C R Steele, L Steele, R M Renfro, Z T and J W Westerman, J E Austin, J A Miller, and O M Baum, J L Mann, M and Bill Wright, C H DeBusk, S I Hunter, J W and W P Ellsberry, Noah Johnson, I S Day, S H Westerman, A M Martin, Ed Crockett.

CASH

Ford parts and auto supplies are spot cash. Please don't ask us to charge these goods for we can't do it. The margin of profit is too small to permit carrying such sales on the book even for a short time. So please remember that in the future you will be expected to pay cash for all auto parts and supplies.

C. S. Boyles, Ford Agent.

THE N. B. H. B.'S

The N. B. H. B. Club met with Mr. and Mrs. Foster Bond last Friday evening with Miss Gregory as hostess.

To say it was a delightful evening putting it mildly. Beautiful piano selections were rendered, delicious home made candies were served during the evening, and much work was accomplished.

At an unusually late hour refreshments of marshmallow chocolate and waters were served to Mesdames Whaley of De Leon and Ed Baum, Misses Smith, Tarver, and Ferguson and the members. It was agreed not to have the Club meet during Xmas week but with Miss Ida Mitchell Friday night, Jan. 7.

Take The Review and be progressive.

For sale at my barn cotton seed from cotton grown from seed direct from Mebane farm, Lockhart, at 75c per bushel.—E R or Wm. Neeb. 5t
Let us figure on your abstract work.—Jackson & Jackson, Baird, tf
Abstracts to lands and town lots furnished on short notice at reasonable prices.—Jackson & Jackson Baird, tf

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy.

All lengths galvanized and painted sheet iron in stock.

Shackelford Embr. Yd.

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

Sipes Meat Market.

OYSTERS ALL THE TIME

at The Crvstal Cafe. (adv.)

Books for the entire family.

The City Drug Store.

Some of that silverware or china at Boyles would make a nice Xmas gift. (adv.)

No hunting allowed on my premises. Please be governed accordingly.—A. E. Haley.

Subscribe for the Review.

"RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT"

To the officers and members of Cross Plains Lodge No. 171 I. O. O. F.

On Nov. 30, 1915, death entered into our midst and removed from us Mrs. Lou Munsey, wife of our worthy brother, S. L. Munsey.

We sincerely condole with the bereaved family in this sad hour of sorrow and adversity, and point them to the Heavenly Father who knoweth and doeth all things for the best.

"Weep not that her trials are over, Weep not that her race is run; God grant that we may rest as calmly When our work like hers is done. 'Till then we yield with gladness Our sister to him to keep And rejoice in a sweet assurance He giveth his loved ones sleep."

Therefore, be it resolved that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy be furnished The Cross Plains Review for publication, and a copy be furnished the family.

Fraternally,
Drew Hill, Walter Mitchell,
C. W. Barr, committee.

Adopted by the lodge Dec. 17, 1915.

Chas. Smith, Secretary
C. O. Hamilton, N. G.

CREAM PATRONS

We have decided we can give you and ourselves better service to stay one test behind, so for the cream you bring one test-day you get your check the next test-day. This is done to avoid such rushes for us, and so you will not have to wait so long for your test. We begin this January 1st '16.

C. N. Borden
Neeb Produce Co.

Your Xmas shopping should include a visit to Boyles' Hardware Store. (adv.)

Young folks, have you ever wanted a certain article as a Christmas gift, and when Christmas came around you didn't get it and went and bought it yourself? Well that is just the way to do in this case, but first take the matter up with your parents. If you present the matter in the right light, they can hardly turn you down, for this is the best proposition you ever put to them; it is a thing that will win your independence and enable you to make a good living thru's out life. It is a scholarship in the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas. America's largest school of Bookkeeping, Business Training, Shorthand, Stenotypewriting, Cotton Classing, Telegraphy, Business Administration and Finance.—the school that not only prepares its students in a very efficient manner for the best positions in the largest business offices, but secures these positions for them.

The cost of a life scholarship in a course of Bookkeeping, is \$60. Shorthand \$50, or the two \$95. Telegraphy \$55. Cotton Classing, is \$60. Business Administration and Finance \$75. Board and room is from \$11.50 to \$15 per month, payable monthly. The average time for completing our Shorthand course is three and one-half months. Stenotypewriting, three months, our Telegraphy or Bookkeeping or Bookkeeping course, four months. Business Administration and Finance five months, our Bookkeeping and Shorthand course, combined, five and a half months. Figure up your cost of board and tuition and you will be surprised to find out how little it will cost you to obtain an education that you can use thru' out life to a great advantage. It will be a Christmas present that you will always appreciate, because you will never cease using it, it is something of every day need, it makes of you a useful citizen.

If you or your parents, as the case may be, haven't the cash to pay for the entire course, we have a note plan, we also have a loan fund in connection with our Endowment Association that may be participated in by those who can give first class references. The old saying is quite true "wherever there is a will, there is a way".

See about this Christmas gift. Take it up and discuss it seriously. Convince your parents you are determined to make something of yourself. Write for our large catalogue, it is free and will convince you and your parents of the importance of our claims for this Christmas present.

Name.....
Address.....
Course Interested In.....

CLIPPINGS FROM SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Continued from page 1

Tommie Aiken, a former graduate of our school, was a welcome visitor Monday. He has been attending school at the Normal at Denton.

The school has organized a literary society to meet every Friday night. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The school is working for a physics laboratory. They have pledged \$50.00 and are expecting help from the town and patrons.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU 1915 will soon be history but remember you can buy many things to make glad your friends.

Buy something useful, something needed by them and it will be a lasting remembrance.

The SALE continues until Christmas, At CARTER'S

Buy an 80-acre farm of rich, dark sandy loam near the thriving and strictly modern town of George West, on the S. A. U. & G. Railway, in Live Oak county. Terms, small cash payment, balance in twenty years. Notes "on" or before," six per cent interest. "Produce big crops of corn, cotton, feedstuffs, vegetables and fruit every year. Plenty of good water, unusually healthy climate. Good school and fine community. Best chance to get your own home. For particulars write

MEYER-FOSTER LAND CO.
George West, Texas

Mrs. C. O. Hamilton is visiting at Stephenville and other points. Mr. Hamilton left Tuesday morning for Corsicana where he visits his folk and where his wife will join him.

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 Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

K. J. GILNEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Here is the Answer;" in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Every day in your talk and reading, at home, on the street car, in the office, shop and school you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harder?" You seek the definition of *Loch Katrine* or the pronunciation of *Worcestershire*.—What is the answer? This New Edition answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Etymology, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, with final authority.

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The only dictionary with the new divided page,—characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."

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G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

We Wish You one and all a merry and a happy Xmas. and a most prosperous New Year.

B L BOYDSTUN

Where It Pays To Buy

Headquarters for Buster Brown shoes, Worth Hats, Chase and Sanborn's Teas and Coffee, and Cotton White Flour.

The Romance of Elaine

Sequel to 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
Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved.

While he was conferring, at the library window appeared a face. It was Professor Arnold's. Cautiously he opened the window and listened. Then he entered.

First he went to the door and set a chair under the knob. Next he drew an electric bull's-eye and flashed it about the room. He glanced about and finally went over to Del Mar's desk, where he examined a batch of letters, his back to the secret panel.

Arnold was running rapidly through the papers on the desk, as he flashed his electric bull's-eye on them, when the panel in the wall opened slowly and Del Mar stepped into the room noiselessly. To his surprise he saw a round spot of light from an electric flashlight focussed on his desk. Someone was there! He drew a gun.

Arnold started suddenly. He heard the cocking of a revolver. But he did not look around. He merely thought an instant, quicker than lightning, then pulled out a spool of black thread with one hand, while with the other he switched off the light, and dived down on his stomach on the floor in the shadow.

"Who's that?" demanded De Mar. "Confound it! I should have fired at sight!"

The room was so dark now that it was impossible to see Arnold. Del Mar gazed intently. Suddenly Arnold's electric torch glowed forth in a spot across the room.

Del Mar blazed at it, firing every chamber of his revolver, then switched on the lights.

No one was in the room. But the door was open. Del Mar gazed about, vexed, then ran to the open door.

For a second or two he peered out in rage, finally turning back into the empty room. On the mantelpiece lay the torch of the intruder. It was one in which the connection was made by a ring falling on a piece of metal. The ring had been left up by Arnold. Connection had been made as he was leaving the room by pulling the thread which he had fastened to the ring. Del Mar followed the thread as it led around the room to the doorway.

"Curse him!" swore Del Mar, smashing down the innocent torch on the floor in fury, as he rushed to the desk and saw his papers all disturbed.

Outside, Arnold had made good his escape. He paused in the moonlight and listened. No one was pursuing. He drew out two or three of the letters which he had taken from Del Mar's

desk, and hastily ran through them.

"Not a thing in them," he exclaimed.

At the first break of dawn the little alarm clock awakened Elaine. She started up and rubbed her eyes at the suddenness of the awakening, then quickly reached out and stopped the bell so that it would not disturb others in the house. She jumped out of bed hurriedly and dressed.

Armed with a spy glass, Elaine let herself out of the house quietly. Directly to the shore she went, walking along the beach. Suddenly she paused. There were three men. Before she could level her glass at them, however, they disappeared.

"That's strange," she said to herself, looking through the glass. "There's a steamer at the dock that seems to be getting ready for something. I wonder what it can be doing so early."

She moved along in the direction of the dock. At the dock the disreputable steamer to which Del Mar had dispatched his emissary was still tied, the sailors now working under the gruff orders of the rough captain. About a capstan were wound the turns of a long wire rope at the end of which was a three-pronged drag hook.

Already, on the shore, at an old deserted shack of a fisherman, two of Del Mar's men had been waiting since before sun-up, having come in a dirty, jingy fishing smack anchored off shore.

"Is everything ready?" asked Del Mar, coming up.

"Everything, sir," returned the two, following him along the shore.

"Who's that?" cautioned one of the men, looking ahead.

They hid hastily, for there was Elaine. She had seen the three and was about to level her glass in their direction as they hid. Finally she turned and discovered the steamer. As she moved toward it, Del Mar and the others came out from behind a rock and stole after her.

Elaine wandered on until she came to the dock. No one paid any attention to her, apparently, and she made her way along the dock and even aboard the boat without being observed.

No sooner had she got on the boat, however, than Del Mar and his men appeared on the dock and also boarded the steamer.

The captain was still explaining to the men just how the drag-hook worked when Elaine came up quietly on the deck. She stood spellbound as she

heard him outline the details of the plot. Scarcely knowing what she did, she crouched back of a deckhouse and listened.

Behind her, Del Mar and his men came along, catlike. A glance was sufficient to tell them she had overheard what the captain was saying.

"Confound that girl!" ground out Del Mar. "Will she always cross my path? We'll get her this time!"

The men scattered as he directed them. Sneaking up quietly, they made a sudden rush and seized her. As she struggled and screamed, they dragged her off, thrusting her into the captain's cabin and locking the door.

"Cast off!" ordered Del Mar.

A few moments later, out in the harbor, Del Mar was busy directing the dragging for the Atlantic cable at a spot where it was known to run. They let the drag hook down over the side and pulled it along slowly on the bottom.

I had decided to do some early morning fishing that day after the party, and knowing that Elaine and the others were usually late risers, I said nothing about it, determined to try my luck alone.

So it happened that only a few minutes after Elaine let herself out quietly, I did the same, carrying my fishing tackle. I made my way toward the shore, undecided whether to fish from a dock or boat. Finally I determined to do some casting from the shore.

I had cast once or twice before I was aware that I was not alone in the immediate neighborhood. Some distance away I saw a little steamer at a wharf. A couple of men ran along the deck, apparently cautioning the captain against something.

Then I saw them run to one side and drag out a girl, screaming and struggling as they hurried her below. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was Elaine!

Only a second I looked. They were certainly too many for me. I dropped my rod and line and ran toward the dock, however. As I came down it, I saw that I was too late. The little steamer had cast off and was now some distance from the dock. I looked about for a motorboat in desperation—anything to follow them in. But there was nothing, absolutely nothing, not even a row boat.

I ran back along the dock as I had come and struck out toward the shore.

Out at the parade grounds at Fort Dale, in spite of the early hour, there was some activity, for the army is composed of early risers.

Lieutenant Woodward and Professor Arnold left the house in which the lieutenant was quartered, where he had invited Arnold to spend the night. Already an orderly had brought around two horses. They mounted for an early morning ride through the country.

Off they clattered, naturally bending their course toward the shore. They came soon to a point in the road where it emerged from the hills and gave them a panoramic view of the harbor and sound.

"Wait a minute," called the professor.

Woodward reined up and they gazed off over the water.

"What's that—an oyster boat?" asked Woodward, looking in the direction Arnold indicated.

"I don't think so, so early," replied Arnold, pulling out his pocket glass and looking carefully.

Through it he could see that something like a hook was being cast over the steamer's side and drawn back again.

"They're dragging for something," he remarked as they brought up an object, dark and covered with seaweed, then threw it overboard as though it was not what they wanted. "By George—the Atlantic cable lands here—they're going to cut it!"

Woodward took the glasses himself and looked in surprise. "That's right," he cried, his surprise changed to alarm in an instant. "Here, take the glass again and watch. I must get back to the fort."

He swung his horse about and galloped off, leaving Arnold sitting in the saddle gazing at the strange boat through his glass.

By the time Woodward reached the parade ground again, a field gun and its company were at drill. He dashed furiously across the field.

Woodward blurted out what he had just seen. "We must stop it—at any cost," he added, breathlessly.

The officer turned to the company. A moment later the order to follow Woodward rang out, the horses were wheeled about, and off the party galloped. On they went, along the road

which Woodward and Arnold had already traversed.

Arnold was still gazing, impatiently now, through the glass. He could see the foredeck of the ship where Del Mar, muffled up, and his men had succeeded in dragging the cable to the proper position on the deck. They laid

it down and Del Mar was directing the preparations for cutting it. Arnold lowered his glass and looked about helplessly.

Just then Lieutenant Woodward dashed up with the officer and company and the field gun. They wheeled it about and began pointing it and finding the range.

Would they never get it? Arnold was almost beside himself. One of Del Mar's men seized an ax and was about to deliver the fatal blow. He swung it and for a moment held it poised over his head.

Suddenly a low, deep rumble of a reverberation echoed and re-echoed from the hills over the water. The field gun had belowered defiance.

A solid shot crashed through the cabin, smashing the door. Astounded, the men jumped back. As they did so, in their fear, the cable, released, slipped back over the rail in a great splash of safety into the water and sank.

The first shot had dismantled the doorway of the cabin. Elaine crouched fearfully in the furthest corner, not knowing what to expect next. Suddenly another shot tore through just beside the door, smashing the woodwork terrifically. She shrank back further, in fright.

Anything was better than this hidden terror. Nerved up, she ran through the broken door.

Arnold was gazing through his glass at the effect of the shots. He could now see Del Mar and the others leaping into a swift little motorboat alongside the steamer which they had been using to help them in dragging for the cable.

Just then he saw Elaine run screaming out from the cabin and leap overboard.

"Stop!" shouted Arnold in a fever of excitement, lowering the glass. "There's a girl—by jove—it's Miss Dodge!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Woodward. "I tell you it is," reiterated Arnold, thrusting the glass into the lieutenant's hand.

The motorboat had started when Del Mar saw Elaine in the water. "Look," he growled, pointing, "there's the Dodge girl."

Elaine was swimming frantically away from the boat. "Get her," he ordered, shielding his face so that she could not see it.

They turned the boat and headed toward her. She struck out harder than ever for the shore. On came the motorboat.

Arnold and Woodward looked at each other in despair. What could they do?

Somehow, by a sort of instinct, I suppose, I made my way as quickly as I could along the shore toward Fort Dale, thinking perhaps of Lieutenant Woodward.

As I came upon the part of the grounds of the fort that sloped down to the beach I saw a group of young officers standing about a peculiar affair on the shore in the shallow water—half bird, half boat.

As I came closer, I recognized it as a Thomas hydroaeroplane.

It suggested an idea and I hurried, shouting.

One of the men seated in it was evidently explaining its working to the others.

"Wait," he said, as he saw me running down the shore, waving and shouting at them. "Let's see what this fellow wants."

It was, as I soon learned, the famous Captain Burnside of the United States aerial corps. Breathless, I told him what I had seen and that we were all friends of Woodward's.

Burnside thought a moment and quickly made up his mind.

"Come—quick—jump up here with me," he called. Then to the other men, "I'll be back soon. Wait here. Let her go!"

I had jumped up and they spun the propeller. The hydroaeroplane feathered along the water, throwing a cloud of white spray, then slowly rose in the air.

As we rose we could see over the curve in the shore.

"Look!" I exclaimed, straining my eyes. "She's overboard. There's a motorboat after her. Faster—over that way!"

"Yes, yes," shouted Burnside above the roar of the engine which almost made conversation impossible.

He shifted the planes a bit and crowded on more speed.

The men in the boat saw us. One figure, tall, muffled, had a familiar look, but I could not place it and in the excitement of the chase had no chance to try. But I could see that he saw us and was angry. Apparently the man gave orders to turn, for the boat swung around just as we swooped down and ran along the water.

Elaine was exhausted. Would we be in time?

We planed along the water, while the motorboat sped off with its baffled passengers. Finally we stopped in a loud spray.

Together, Burnside and I reached down and caught Elaine, not a moment too soon.

"Oh—Walter," she murmured, "you were just in time."

"I wish I could have been sooner," I apologized.

"They—they didn't cut the cable—did they?" she asked.

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. His mission is to obtain information of Kennedy and recover, if possible, the lost torpedo. At the Dodge home he soon wins the confidence of Elaine. Later she is warned by a little old man to be careful of Del Mar. This warning came just in time to prevent Del Mar from carrying out his plans. Elaine gives a masquerade ball. Del Mar attends. Neither he nor his domino girl can locate the torpedo. A gray friar warns Elaine and Jameson of Del Mar's purpose, and his plans are upset. The girl enters the Dodge home as a maid, finds the torpedo, places it in a trunk, which with others is sent to the Dodge country home. In a holdup Del Mar's men fail to get the trunk containing the torpedo. Elaine hides the torpedo, which later is stolen by Del Mar's men, who in escaping meet the old man of mystery. A desperate battle follows, in which the old man destroys the torpedo. Jameson is captured by Del Mar's men while on his way to mail a letter to the U. S. secret service. Elaine rescues him. Lieutenant Woodward and his friend attend a party given at the Dodge home, at which Del Mar is present. Unknowingly Del Mar drops a note which gives Elaine a clue. In his attempt to prevent his cutting the Atlantic cable she is discovered and made a prisoner on the boat, which afterwards is wrecked by Woodward and the old man of mystery. Jameson arrives in a hydroaeroplane just in time to save Elaine from drowning.

THIRTIETH EPISODE

BEHIND THE WATER DOOR.

Del Mar made his way cautiously along the bank of a little river at the mouth of which he left the boat, after escaping from the little steamer.

Quite evidently he was worried by the failure to cut the great Atlantic cable, and he was eager to see whether any leak had occurred in the organization which, as secret foreign agent, he had so carefully built up in America.

As he skirted the shore of the river, he came to a falls. Here he moved even more cautiously than before, looking about to make certain that no one had followed him.

It was a beautiful sheet of water that tumbled with a roar over the ledge of rock, then raced away swiftly to the sea in a cloud of spray.

Assured that he was alone, he approached a crevice in the rocks, near the falls. With another hasty look about, he reached in and pulled a lever.

Instantly a most marvelous change took place, incredible almost beyond belief. The volume of water that came over the falls actually and rapidly decreased until it almost stopped, dripping slowly in a thin veil. There was the entrance of a cave—literally hidden behind the falls!

Del Mar walked in. Inside was the entrance to another, inner cave, higher up in the sheer stone of the wall that the waters had eroded. From the floor to this entrance led a ladder. Del Mar climbed it, then stopped just inside the entrance to the inner cave. For a moment he paused. Then he pressed another lever. Almost immediately the thin trickle of water grew until at last the roaring falls completely covered the cave entrance. It was a clever concealment, contrived by damming the river above and arranging a new outlet controlled by flood gates.

There Del Mar stood, in the inner cave. A man sat at a table, a curious gear fastened over his head and covering his ears. Before him was a huge apparatus from which flared a big bluish-green spark, snapping and crackling above the thunder of the waters. From the apparatus ran wires apparently up through cables that penetrated the rocky roof of the cavern and the river above.

It was Del Mar's secret wireless station, close to the hidden submarine harbor which had been established beneath the innocent rocks of the promontory up the coast. Far overhead, on the cliff over the falls, were the antennae of the wireless.

"How is she working?" asked Del Mar.

"Pretty well," answered the man. "No interference?" queried Del Mar, adjusting the apparatus.

The man shook his head in the negative.

"We must get a quenched spark apparatus," went on Del Mar, pleased that nothing was wrong here. "This rotary gap affair is out of date. By the way, I want you to be ready to send a message, to be relayed across to our people. I've got to consult the board below in the harbor first, however. I'll send a messenger to you."

"Very well, sir," returned the man, saluting as Del Mar went out.

Out at Fort Dale, Lieutenant Woodward was still entertaining his new friend, Professor Arnold, and had introduced him to Colonel Swift, the commanding officer at the fort.



Lieutenant Woodward Recognizes Professor Arnold.

CHRISTMAS EVE TURKEY DINNER

We will serve to the public on Xmas. Eve a turkey dinner, at 35c The Crystal Cafe.

Fresh King Candies for Christmas trade at the City Drug Store.

TWO BIG DINNERS

A special turkey dinner Christmas Eve for 25c. Extra special turkey dinner Christmas Day.

The Elite Cafe.

Christmas Candy

Get our prices before you buy. THE CANDY SHOP

You can get your dolls cheaper at the City Drug Store.—Adv.

Full line climated nusery stock. Pecan trees 15c and up. Send for price list.

CLYDE NUSERY.

Clyde, Texas.

Christmas Candy

Get our prices before you buy. The Candy Shop.

Jim Allen of Oplin was in town Sunday.

John B. Carter arrived Sunday to spend the holidays with his folks here.

Sheriff Moore and boys of Baird were in town Saturday night.

BUY XMAS. CANDY

at The Candy Shop.

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 Review \$1.00 per year.

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.

AT COTTONWOOD

Mr. J. C. Murdock and family have moved back from the west.

John Aiken and wife of Burnt Branch visited Mr. Murdock and family this week. Mrs. Aiken remaining all week.

Mrs. Nora Wright and her brother Otis, of Scranton are here visiting relatives this week.

Dock Kelly and wife of Kent county are here visiting relatives.

W. A. Everett of Everett Bros. visited Cross Plains on Monday.

The election passed off quietly the vote standing 84 against eradication and 6 for it.

The Cottonwood Basket Ball Team of girls were defeated by the Atwell team by a score of 11 to 20.

The Boys' Basket Ball team also met defeat in a hard fought game with Scranton. Both teams report a fine time and perfectly clean treatment.

Miss Mattie Casey who is teaching school in Brown county is here

visiting her parents.

Shool dismisses Tuesday before Christmas till Monday after Christmas.

Misses Kate and Eula Mitchell who are teaching school in the West are here visiting parents and friends.

Lee Brown of Grayson county has moved back to Cottonwood and is living on his mother's place.

Mrs. Sam Moore and baby left Sunday to spend the holidays with her husband who is employed on the Elephant Butte Project.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ashabranner are the proud parents of a fine girl born last Friday morning.—Cisco Round Up.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashabranner are well known to Cottonwood people.

Mrs. Effie Faulkenbury and Mrs. Fannie Bennett are here visiting parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Bennett, and other relatives.

Sickness in this community has about subsided.

Cicero.

LIBERTY NEWS

After an absence of a few months I will attempt to write again.

Liberty is on a boom. Services are held every Sunday at the Baptist and Christian churches. Bro. Pope of Abilene is the pastor of the Baptist church and Uncle Jasper Montgomery of

Rising Star is pastor of the Christian church. The people of this community are very proud of their new school building which is completed except the painting and "Uncle Dixon" will soon complete that job. The teachers are Carl L. Butler, principal; Miss Mae Butler, first assistant; Miss Myrtle Marshall, 2nd assistant. Never before was any greater interest shown in any school than in ours.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Phillips a fine boy. Mr. Phillips and his two older children have been sick with fever but are better now.

Callie Fore is building a new barn, not as large as the former one lost by fire.

We are glad to welcome J. B. Ellis and family into our community and at the same time we are sorry to lose J. T. Bruce and family who are moving to the Ellis place north of the Terminal

Amos Holder is home again from unknown parts to spend Xmas with us. Glad to have you, Amos.

The singing at D. G. Harris' Sunday night was an enjoyable affair.

Here's wishing a merry Xmas, and a happy New Year to all the readers of The Review.

Skint Flint.

GIFTS

Why not include in your list this Christmas

A DELAVAL

A necessity GIFT and not a luxurious GIFT. A real ASSET and not a LIABILITY. A GIFT that will last a life time and one that they will always be proud of.

Shackelfords' Lumber Yard, Agents

BURKETT NEWS LETTER

Emmett Watson returned to his home near Burkett Saturday, Dec. 11, from Brownwood where he was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Allison. He is said to be doing nicely, and was able to be in Cross Plains Saturday to have his side dressed.

Carlos Watson, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Watson of Burkett is reported to be quite ill with appendicitis.

Jim Newton and family of Clyde are visiting their son, Wylie.

Since George Kellar has announced for road commissioner, Wylie Newton has announced, and rumor has it that Paul Thate has entered the race also.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Day, we are glad to say, has recovered from an attack of diphtheria.

Luther Forbes and Miss Rosa Hunter were married in the Baptist church Sunday morning after services by Rev. Wadkins, the pastor. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hunter of Turkey Creek.

Jim Swore and family have moved back to the lease near Oplin.

Mrs. Henry Peavy of De Leon is

visiting relatives here. She will be joined by her husband this week.

Lilburn Morgan returned Saturday from a trip to his old home at Rule Britton Lilly and family of Ford county are here visiting Mrs. Lilly's father Uncle Patton Helms.

Miss Laura Helms of El Paso was here week before last visiting her grandfather J. P. Helms and other relatives. This local was in advertently left out of our last letter.

We are a little late to announce it, but Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gray are proud parents of a bouncing big boy

J. R. Nations and family of Rule, Texas, are visiting Mr. Nations brother A. J. Nations and family.

Our usual number attended Trades Day at Cross Plains.—too numerous to mention.

Jim Gilland is reported to be recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. Jim is an old-timer here, and his many friends are interested in his welfare.

Bill Edmonson has suffered quite a deal from a possum bite on his right hand. Infection from the wound caused by Bre'r possum gave Bill fever.

Martin Johnson who has been working for Charley Evans has gone east to spend Xmas.

The public school was ordered closed Monday by county health officer on account of diphtheria

No cases have been detected but several children were said to have symptoms:

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Eddington (little Sam) of the Burkett country are to leave this week for a visit with Mrs. Eddington's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Watson of Goldsboro.

B. T. Carrol and wife of Mena, Ark., have arrived here to make their home for the present, at least, in the Burkett country. Mr. Carrol is a brother of Mrs. J. W. Watson of west of town, and we understand that they have not met for 37 years. We are glad to welcome them among us.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured

It is a common mistake to think that the only way to cure the throat is by the use of throat lozenges or constitutional disease, and to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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.

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

Millicent and Mistletoe.

(Continued from last page)

in the matter, her support was inevitably more expensive from year to year. It was quite realistic of Millicent just then and, although the thought of being only an office girl was humiliating, it was considerably better than nothing. She determined to be first of the hundred-odd applicants at the studio on the morrow, and so, indeed, she was.

On the way out next morning Miss Millicent occupied herself with a perusal of the newspaper and therein read a long account of the stupendous production which the National Film Manufacturing company was about to release. The names of fascinating Audrey Arlington, darling of the movie

ans, and of Ned Tolman, her handsome male "support," occurred frequently. The release was to be in no less than five reels, three of which the press notice stated were already done and desperate efforts were being made to finish taking the other two for a theater presentation by Christmas eve. "A mammoth, elaborate production—no expense spared"

etc., etc., ad lib. Not knowing much about the movies, Millicent wasn't much impressed, however. At the moment her mind was fervently occupied with melancholy reminiscences of a "Ned" whom she herself had known—Ned Tolman, who had pledged eternal fidelity to her in the shadow of a haystack one moonlight night years before when both he and she were barely more than children. Ned—her Ned—had gone away to the big city three years before to make his fortune. She never had heard from him since.

Unclouded eyes, a fresh clean complexion and simple direct address won Millicent her interview with the office manager in the film plant. While he still was explaining her new filing duties, he rushed the chief director—hair ruffled and gesticulating in wild excitement.

"Audrey Arlington fell down in the middle of her big scene in the last reel of the Christmas release.

Complete nervous breakdown! hysterical!"

"What to heaven's name will do? There isn't a girl in the whole stock company who can make up to look enough like her to complete the personification for this final reel!"

The head director kept wringing his hands and swearing frantically. The president of the company registered acute distress. Then his eyes accidentally fell upon pretty Millicent among her filing cases.

"Look! Look! Mr. Isaacson!" yelled the head director, pointing. "As I live, that girl looks enough like Miss Arlington to be mistaken for her on the street! Come here, Miss—Miss whatever your name is! Have you ever posed before a 'picture' camera? No? Well, it doesn't make any difference just now anyway. You're fired from that office job. I'll give you \$60 a week to substitute for Miss Arlington in this last reel. No, I haven't time to listen to anything about it! Come on back to the studio with me right now! The 'set' is all up and we were right in the middle of the scene when Miss Arlington fainted. Ned Tolman, the leading man, is waiting. C'mon!"

Bewildered Millicent was pulled out of the busy offices and back to the huge glass-domed studio where the last reel of the famous Christmas release was being held in impatient abeyance for its principal.

"Listen now, miss!" exploded the director as Millicent emerged from the dressing room clad in the same wonderful gown that Audrey Arlington had been wearing only ten minutes before. "Pay attention to what I say and don't stare at either me or the camera. Act natural, that's what we're paying you for! Walk inside of those eye lines on the floor and don't on any account move outside them. This scene is the parlor of your home. It's supposed to be Christmas eve. You're to turn your back to the camera and be tying a sprig of mistletoe to the chandelier. Mr. Ned Tolman, who plays opposite you, will do the rest. You simply act as any girl would, under the circumstances. Hey, you! Get Mr. Tolman from his dressing room. Tell him we're all ready again. Now, you go miss!"

Millicent did just as she was told, although her heart beat fast and her head was in a whirl. With her back to the assemblage behind the crankling camera man, she raised both arms to tie the sprig of mistletoe to the chandelier. Quick footsteps sounded behind her and, an instant later, a man's strong arms were around her waist and his handsome face thrust close to hers for a kiss.



"Look! Look!"

With a cry of mingled fright and indignation, the girl squirmed about in his arms and tried to push him away. Then for the first time she caught sight of the movie matinee idol's face.

"Ned?" she thrilled in joyous amazement. "Ned Harkins! You are the famous Ned Tolman!"

"Millicent!" breathed he, clasping her closer as their lips met in a long, long kiss and the watching director yelled: "Fine! Fine! Hold that!"

Presently the whirr of the camera crank ceased and the grin on the faces of actor, extra, and "set" superintendent broadened.

"Hey, there!" shrilly shouted the head director. "Film's running, scene's over! We've had enough of that kiss now!"

"But I haven't," murmured Ned, looking down into the old sweetheart's happiness-flushed face. "Have you, Millicent?"

"Never! I could keep on doing it forever," she whispered softly.

Filling the Stockings



In England, France, and especially in Germany every large university offers a course in city planning which is attended by several hundred students. Says Professor L. S. Smith of the University of Wisconsin: "If American students became as interested in the improvement of their cities it would not be long before the cities of this country were far in advance of the beautiful cities of Europe, because American energies are so tremendous."

At present only three or four American universities offer courses in city planning. Harvard, Columbia and Wisconsin are the leaders in this work.

Thelluson Law.
The Thelluson law, once enacted by the British government, was a law to regulate the disposition of property by will and to prevent the excessive accumulation of estates. It had a curious origin. On the 27th of July, 1797, one Peter Thelluson, an English merchant of French birth, died in London, leaving a certain sum to his widow and children and the remainder of his property, then amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, to trustees to accumulate during the lives of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren living at the time of his death, and the survivors of them. The accumulation which had been enormous. The will was contested, but was held valid. In order, however, to prevent such a disposition of property in the future, Parliament passed what was called the Thelluson act, or accumulations act, regulating and limiting bequests in such a way as to make great accumulations impossible. When Peter Thelluson's last surviving grandson died, in 1856, a question arose as to whether the eldest male descendant of the male descendant of the eldest son should inherit the property, and this question was decided on appeal by the house of lords in June, 1859. The Thelluson will and the legislation growing out of it were a subject of much discussion by lawyers.

Not New-Laid.

Some workmen on an ostrich farm in South Africa one day found a live shell left by some artillery men who had been at target practice on the plains a few days before. Not knowing it was loaded, they whitewashed it and placed it in an ostrich's nest, thinking to play a joke upon the boss.

The next morning one of the hands, an Irishman, came around to look for eggs, and finding, as he thought, a large one, he seized it at once.

In his astonishment at finding it so heavy he dropped it, with the result that it exploded with dreadful effect. Pat was hurled several yards away, but, strangely enough, beyond lying stunned for a few minutes, he was unhurt.

"Whew! boys!" he murmured, when he recovered his speech, bodily, and it was the starest I ever knocked

PLANNING WHEN A CITY IS SMALL

A Matter of Vital Concern For All Municipalities.

LACK OF CIVIC IMAGINATION

The Villages of Today Will Become the Big Cities of the Future, and They Can Be Planned Best While Still Small.

By FRANK KOESTER.
(Author of "Modern City Planning and Maintenance.")

Ordinarily city planning is regarded as being an activity for large cities alone, but it is just as important for the small city, if not more so, and engaging more completely the attention of all the citizens it becomes for the small city an even more vital concern.

The chief thing that prevents cities from being properly planned is lack of civic imagination. The citizens of a small town seldom act as though they expected their town to become a large city. They may individually at times dream of a great city spreading out around the nucleus in which they live, and they very frequently boast of the progress of the town during the previous decade, but the time when their town is to be a great city seems so far distant that as a whole they do not imagine that it will ever occur. The few enthusiastic souls who individually believe it are patronized or laughed at and the citizens as a body do not have the assurance to walk out into unoccupied fields and lay out sites for streets, parks and public structures which may not come into existence until a century later, if ever.

Time quickly slips by and the sites for great improvements which once might have been laid out and reserved become impossible to secure save at enormous expense. It thus happens that many cities have plans originally conceived by the study of the home-wardly migrating cow and great volumes of money have been expended in the vain hope of securing sites for the parks, highways and other public improvements to be made.

America is bound to grow vastly in the next century and many villages of today will become big cities of the future. Yet few, if any, of such towns have plans as yet laid out, and many if not most now are still contributing heretofore to the city planning of the future while worthy citizens are being idly employed.

The expense of preparing a plan for a city which is still small is so insignificant compared with the benefits to be derived that it should not enter into consideration. The cost of such a plan is the best possible investment that a city can make not only in the saving of future expense, but for its psychological value, for when the future of a city is planned that of itself supplies an incentive to growth, as there is something definite to be accomplished, and the town is more likely to increase in size and importance through having such a plan than where its growth is purely haphazard. At the same time the enterprising citizens are more likely to remain and help build up the town than to go to larger cities, while, besides retaining its own population, it draws from less enterprising cities, and its growth is accordingly still further stimulated.

The small town should begin at an early period to accustom itself to proper regulations of different kinds. Only by suitable regulation may the plans, once adopted, be carried out.

It has sometimes happened in America that towns have been laid out along certain lines, but have grown off at one side in a manner not intended by their designers. Such towns are often cited as examples of the futility of attempting to forecast the future of civic developments. The absurdity of laying out a plan and then expecting a city to develop along such lines of its own accord, and when it does not the added absurdity of pointing out its failure to do so as an argument against city planning, are an adding of insult to injury. It would be as sensible to plant a grape arbor and expect the vines to remain themselves without ties as to expect a city to follow its plan without the aid of suitable regulations. Indeed, such regulations are an absolute necessity in training a city's growth and coincidentally with the laying out of its plans the regulations which are to carry it into effect should be formulated and put into operation. Every provision should, of course, be made for such modifications of the original plan as may be required by future conditions impossible to forecast, while at the same time not permitting private interests to block the carrying out of the plan for merely selfish ends.



Holiday Greetings

The spirit of the season prompts us to express to our friends and customers our appreciation of the business entrusted to us and we extend to you our best wishes for a merry Christmas and a very prosperous and happy New Year, with the hope that it may come to you laden with the fullest measure of happiness and prosperity.

Again let us thank you for your very liberal patronage during the year nineteen fifteen and solicit your further favors for the coming New Year.

Higginbotham Trading Co.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kemper are visiting in Memphis, Texas.

O. Cooper of Pioneer was here Saturday.

Miss Ila B. Tarver expects to spend the holidays with home folks at Walnut Springs.

Miss Beulah Respess was in town Tuesday on her way home to Cottonwood to spend Christmas.

BUY XMAS. CANDY

at—The Candy Shop.

A BIG SHIPMENT

Of sample china and Glassware to sell at half price.

THE RACKET STORE

Mrs. T J Christopher and children are to leave Friday for a visit with her folk at Hico.

Jim Moore of Caddo Peak left by the "Peanut Special" Wednesday to spend the holidays at his old home in Burnett county.

Mrs. R. C. Baum of Lovington, N. M. is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Neeb, and brothers, Eli and Louie Neeb. She will spend the holidays here.

Mrs. Lula Gilmore of Girard is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Ussery.

LAST CALL FOR XMAS.

This is your last chance to buy Xmas. jewelry for the holidays.

L. M. Bond.

Next door to Post Office.

Mrs. Sam Sipes and children are visiting her brother Bunk Newton in Fort Worth.

BE RELIEVED OF PRESSING TROUBLES

Don't be bothered with things that we can do for you. It is easy for us to call regularly for your clothes, clean, press and repair them. If you live in the country, bring your clothes to me—I turn out all work promptly and it's all guaranteed. Bring that suit next time and let me press it on my new sanitary Hoff-Man steam press. I can do the work in a jiffy.

TART the Tailor

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Mitchell are expecting their daughter, Miss Jewel home from an extended visit with relatives in the Greenville country.

J B Swin and son Hub returned Monday from Trent where they carried a load of household goods. They are making arrangements to move to Trent.

W B Brown and children of Gorman have moved here, occupying the Colvin house in the northeast part of town.

Mrs. W L Whaley of De Leon was here last week the guest of Miss Ollie McGowen and Mrs. Ed Baum.

We have many items that would make acceptable Christmas gifts. Come and see.—C. S. Boyles

J E Hudson of Swenson has been here visiting his brother E A Hudson of Caddo Peak.

Mr. and Mrs. J R Nations and family of Rule came in Sunday to spend the holidays with Mrs. Nation's parents Mr. and Mrs. J M Coffman, and Mr. Nation's people Mr. and Mrs. A J Nations of Burgett.

BUY XMAS. CANDY

at—The Candy Shop.

C S Boyles last week delivered three Ford cars, one to Mrs. Alice Henderson, one to C B Beeler and one to J S Connelly and sons Willis and Winn. Mr. Beeler has made a Xmas. present of his car to his young daughter Miss Myrtle.

Ace Hickman of the Admiral country was in town Trades Day. Ace formerly lived in the Hickman community east of Pioneer, but has for two years lived in the Admiral country where he has a small ranch.

Howard Baum has returned home from a several-months trip to the Tahoka country and to New Mexico where he reports conditions as exceptionally good. He states that his brother, R C, and A W Orrell and others from this country who are in N. M. are well pleased.

Misses Bessie and Blanch Nations of Rule are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McGowen.

Buy your jewelry from the City Drug Store for they sell guaranteed jewelry.—Adv.

M. F. Purcer of Atwell was here Monday showing an extra good two-year old German Coach Percheon colt.

Sam Nolley of Seymour, Texas, has been in town seeing old friends. He and his family are now guests of J T Mitchell in the Curtis country.

Mrs. Will C. Bagwell of Cross Plains spent a few days this week as guest of her mother, Mrs. C. W. Patterson, and family and other relatives and friends.—De Leon Free Press.

Jack Lacy and Carl L. Butler, the latter principal of the Liberty School, paid this office a pleasant visit Saturday. Mr. Butler says that his school is doing nicely with a good attendance and good interest.

CUT GLASS AND SILVERWARE

At The City Drug Store.

W H Dawkins of Admiral was here Monday. He says that he is going to do a part of his trading here this next year. He also reports that the tick election Saturday at his box went strongly in favor of protecting the tick.

Miss Ophelia Wesley who is teaching in the C. I. A. at Denton came in Sunday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J W Wesley and other kinsfolk.

Tommie Aiken who is attending the North Texas Normal at Denton is attending Christmas with his parents and friends here. Tommie says he is liking school work fine and is doing nicely.

IF YOU STILL WANT

something nice, see my stock of jewelry. Best goods at best prices.

L. M. Bond, 1st door east of P O



We Are Purveyors
of Choice Groceries
to Santa Claus

Make your Christmas doubly
happy this year by having
us fill your orders.

Coffees, teas, spices, fruits,
cheese, salad dressings, olive
oil, cranberries, etc.

Come and See Us!

Forbes & Adams