

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. VII

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1916.

NO. 22

HONOR ROLL

D. M. Flippin of Pioneer last week paid us to have The Review come to him for a short time. We are sure he will continue it.

J. W. Montgomery of Liberty is another who says that he can't afford to do without The Review. He has tried it once. He paid to have it continued to him Saturday.

John Farr of Nolan county was back here this week after his family who have been visiting here. John says that he wants to keep the paper coming and paid to continue it.

S. J. Cockerell of Pioneer has paid us for The Review. Brownwood News and Farm News. Mr. Cockerell has been living in Brown county for some time.

Andrew Young of Sweetwater who has been visiting in Cottonwood has paid for The Review to come to him for six months.

Henry Thate, Jr., of south of Dressy was in town Tuesday selling grain. Henry is taking The Review and paid for two years subscription. He says he made a very good grain crop, a kind of live and let-live crop. He expresses himself as liking The Review, and we are very glad to number him as one of its friends.

Frank Wright of Pioneer is another new subscriber to The Review. Monday of this week he paid for the same for six months. He likes the paper.

YOU NEED'T LOOK ANY FURTHER

Get our prices and rest assured they are the lowest in town.

THE RACKET STORE.

THE BUSY BEE

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

P attracted Meeting

A meeting with Foy E. Wallace in charge is to be held at the Christian church being on the 19th of August. All interested are invited to attend.

TO BUILD DIPPING VAT

Ed Horn, manager of the Hall ranch, was in town Tuesday. Mr. Horn was here figuring on building a concrete dipping vat. He says that they have one built out of lumber, but that they want one more substantial. He is fighting the tick individually.

EMPLOY NEW TEACHERS

The school board have made a proposition, which has been virtually accepted, to Mr. and Mrs. Chalk of Grow, Texas, as principal and assistant teacher. They both have had considerable experience in high school work, both have had two or more years work in Baylor University. Mr. Chalk was principal of the Sabinal school two years ago, a place considerably larger than this. Baylor University and the school board at Sabinal have, without his knowledge, highly recommended Mr. Chalk's work. The board here have done everything they could to get a good man for the principalship of the school, and feel that they have done this in getting Mr. Chalk. Let's all work for a better school.

TRADE PLACES

A deal was made Tuesday whereby Jim Baum becomes the owner of two houses and lots in town, the one Jim Miller lives in, and another just east of the railroad on Eight Street, and Jim Miller becomes owner of the 29-acre farm owned by Mr. Baum. Possession will not be given for a while.

Old-Timer Gone

A. W. Booth died at his home near Cottonwood a few days ago. See notice elsewhere. We regret the passing of our old friend. We first met Mr. Booth 45 years ago in Brown county and have known him ever since. He was a diamond in the rough. Peace to his ashes.—Baird Star.

WHY PAY MORE?

4 one-lb packages of Arm & Hammer soda for 25c. 1-0lb buckets at 50c each.

THE RACKET STORE.

A LITTLE RAIN

Last Saturday local showers fell in the Cross Cut and Burkett country, about 1-4 inch fall being measured this side of Cross Cut. The rainfall extended from John Conlee's for several miles south and several miles west.

ALWAYS WELCOME

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



George Peabody Banker and Philanthropist



When eleven years old he was a store boy, at middle age a merchant prince,

friend of royalty and active American patriot. Peabody gave millions for free education in America and England. "Economy and thrift" was his motto.

If you aim to get ahead in life you could adopt no better motto. The man who works steadily and honestly, lives sensibly and saves a portion of what he earns is certain to enjoy some "luck."

Deposit a part of your pay this week in this bank, where it will be absolutely safe and always subject to your call. Add something every week. Get ready thus to meet opportunity half way. Be prepared to endure the rainy day cheerfully.

Multiply your money in our care.

THE FARMERS' NAT'L BANK

To The Voters of Callahan County

I wish to thank most heartily the voters of Callahan county for the part they took in my election as District Judge. I assure you that I shall always strive to merit the confidence placed in me, and shall work always to make you one of the best District Judges you have ever had. I realize full the responsibility placed upon me, and believe I am able to carry it successfully.

Yours sincerely,
Joe Burkett

Holland's Magazine for only 65c in club with The Review.

DRILLING FOR OIL AT PUTNAM

Henry Harpole has returned from a trip to Putnam. He states that a considerable interest is being manifested in an oil well that is being drilled one mile south of town, either on or near the Harwell place. They are prepared to go down 2,500 feet, and have already dug the well 600 feet.

Find Strength in Nature. When I would recreate myself I seek the darkest wood, the thickest and most interminable and, to the citizen, most dismal swamp. I enter a swamp as a sacred place. There is the strength, the marrow of nature. The wildwood covers the virgin mold—and the same soil is good for men and for trees.—Thoreau.

IN THE INTEREST OF THE SCHOOL

H. L. Gantz of Gomanche, the newly elected superintendent of the school for the next session, was here from Thursday to Saturday of last week. He was here working for transfers to the Cross Plains school, and was assisted in the actual field work by Earl Shell. They secured about thirty. Mr. Gantz will move here within the next few days. He has already given an order for the printing of a catalogue for the school.

HOUSE NEARLY COMPLETED

The house being built by J. G. Aiken on north Main street is nearing completion. It is a five-room bungalow, and will make him a nice little home. Who will be the next to build a home?

WE UNDERSSELL BECAUSE WE UNDERBUY

Our cash buying enables us to own a lot of our merchandise at away less than the regular prices. It is easy for us to offer bargains because our shelves and counters are filled with them. We take a delight in smashing regular prices.

THE RACKET STORE.

GRAIN PRICES

The price for oats for this week are about as they were last week. They are quoted on the streets at 39c in bulk and 41 1-2c sacked. Wheat at \$1.10 to \$1.20. J. E. Harrell finished delivering 1,000 bushels of wheat at \$1.18 1-2 on Tuesday, to B. L. Boydston. Jim Watson, Jodie Eddington and others have been delivering grain on this week's market.

RETURNS HOME

Mrs. J. T. Gilbert has returned to her home from a long-continued outing on the Clear Forks of the Brazos in Throckmorton county. She is improved in spirits and health, being able to attend Sunday School Sunday for the first time in many months. Her folks and her many other friends are glad to have her back home.

GOOD ROADS WORK

The work being done jointly by the county and the city on the street leading out of town north and the connecting roads has been completed. Commencing at D. P. Carter's store, in town, the street and road has been graded to the corner just north of George Swan's. At present, on account of the loose dirt, the road is pretty soft, but with a little rain and proper dragging the road will be in good condition. The street, or road, in front of Wayne Tartt's and Geo. Swan's has been partially graded and clayed, and the street from Wayne's west to Avenue C. has also been put in good condition. The work has been overseen by C. E. Barr on the part of the county and by Mike Wyatt on the part of the city. On with the work.

N. B.-H. B.'S

The N. B. H. B. Club met at the home of Miss Leona Wilson last Friday and spent quite an enjoyable afternoon. Although the attendance was small those present were pleasantly entertained by victrola music after which refreshments of fruit, ice cream and wafers were served. We regret to say that Miss Pace, one of our esteemed members will not meet with us again as she has left Cross Plains. The club will meet with the Misses Atwood next Friday and we request all the members to be present as it will be time to pay dues and elect officers.

Reporter



Bring All of Your Prescriptions to Us for the Best Attention

Greatest Care — Lowest Prices
We take exceptional pride in our prescription department. The purest drugs—the greatest skill and care in compounding them—the honest adherence to every instruction—are all absolutely necessary to give you exactly what the doctor has directed. Your life may be endangered by the slightest mistake. So go where you know your prescription will be handled in an absolutely scientific and proper manner. We give prompt attention to all prescriptions. Thus you do away with needless delay.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

A Friend In Need Is a Friend Indeed

Do you need anything? READ THE HOME PAPER. It will tell you where to buy in town. It will tell you where to sell.

The Home Paper Boosts Home Trade
BOOST THE BOOSTER

Business Farmers

The number of real business farmers is increasing. This type of farmer is on the farm because he loves the country. He sees in every farming operation a chance to apply scientific farming principles of farm management. His work is a pleasure and his reward is therefore doubled because he gets both satisfaction and profit. May he not neglect buying from us, one of those famous Coon's "All Heart-Cypress" Silos, another year. Nothing but economy in them. Terms given, if wanted.

If A Satisfied Depositor

Is the best advertisement, we have good advertisements, all over this county. Our OLD DEPOSITORS will make NEW DEPOSITORS of you if will let them tell you where they get BANKING SAISFACTION.

BRING US YOUR GRAIN CHECKS

The Bank of Cross Plains
(Un-Incorporated)
Virgil Hart, Cashier C. C. Neeb, Asst. Cashier

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year Strictly Cash in advance.

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

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

We club The Review with all papers and magazines.

There is nothing more pleasing in prospect, in the summer time, than the good old winter days.

It is not rainfall, but a temperature-fall, that has helped Cross Plains. Since Saturday this country has not seemed so much like the tropics.

If water is scarce you should not complain. Are not watermelons plentiful? If money is scarce, like city water, can't you impose on a friend?

The Waco Tribune thinks that Attorney General Loooney, if he chooses, will be the leading prohibitionist candidate for Governor two years hence. He certainly proved himself pretty strong among the Democrats for a third term.

Some folks seem to think that a Prohibitionist and a Democrat who believes in prohibition are the same. The rabid, one-visioned anti-prohibitionist can't see the difference, or pretends not to see it. Such a view means that those who don't see as I do are in the wrong.

Thankful are we that we live in a country that does not depend upon one crop. Some of us are diversifying by way of trying to grow a little cotton, and the pesky weevils don't bother too much we will make a little spending money out of the same. The price promises to be high, and the crop, being small, will not be very expensive to gather.

With the road work being done north of town by the county and the town, Cross Plains will have, at least, good roads leading into town from all directions. Grading and claying roads goes on apace. However, some repairing will be needed to take care of the roads after all the grain hauling that is being done. There are few things better than good roads.

There is no part of Texas, which is to say there's no part of the South, for Texas comprises every kind of soil and boasts of every variation of climate known to the South, that lends itself better to diversified farming than does the territory tributary to Cross Plains. There are marketed crops in Cross Plains from the deepest sandy soil, the blackest, most limy land, and the most clayey hills.

Political interest in the State will center on the Senatorial run-off between ex-Governor Colquitt and Culberson. Adherents of both Colquitt and Culberson held rallies at the Oriental hotel at Dallas the first of the week. Old lines of demarcation of pro and anti were wiped out; those who were foes at the recent San Antonio convention were, mayhap, friends here, or vice versa; old things have become new and new things old. Both factions are confident of victory. It will be a hard fight.

Water Worries—
Something to worry about—just

plain, unadulterated water. It is a commodity that is getting valuable. The European war is in progress.—Cross Plains Review.

The water problem is a lot closer to home than the European war. Abilene has been dodging the issue long enough. It is getting to the point where action—immediate, decisive action—is needed. The only way to get rid of a worry is to do away with its cause. On to the Buffalo Gap mountains!—Abilene Reporter.

Abilene cannot need water worse than Cross Plains; she may need more of it because she is larger. Cross Plains is inclined to look upon the water question as a Gordian knot. About the only practical solution will likely consist in cutting the Gordian knot as did Alexander

of old, that is, in this case, by getting water at whatever cost. A town can be no bigger than its water supply.

TURNIP SEED

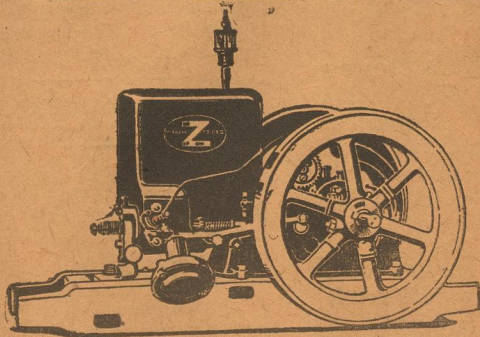
Fresh pure turnip seed in bulk for sale.

THE RACKET STORE.

Whence "Gringo."

In Spanish "gringo," pronounced greengo, means gibberish or unintelligible chatter. American Spaniards applied it to Americans and Englishmen in contempt because their language sounded like gibberish to the Spaniards. Now the term is applied in contempt to Americans in the same way that Americans speak of Mexicans as greasers.

It's Here—Come In—See It



The New Type "Z" Fairbanks-Morse FARM ENGINE

Economical — Simple — Light Weight
Substantial — Fool-proof Construction
Gun Barrel Cylinder Bore — Leak-proof
Compression — Complete with Built-in Magneto

"MORE THAN RATED POWER AND A WONDER AT THE PRICE"

1 1/2 H.P. \$38.50 2 H.P. - \$66
F. O. B. FACTORY 6 H.P. - \$119

C. S. BOYLES Agent

It Always Helps

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

GARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

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

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

Get a Bottle Today!

Full-Blooded Chickens for Sale

Cockerels for sale from \$1.00 to \$5.00, from the following breeds: Ferris and Young White Leghorns, two best strains in America, Fishel White Plymouth Rock, White Orpington, Black Minorca, and Thompson strain Barred Plymouth Rocks. Would sell a few trios, one cockerel and two pullets, for \$5.00. Pullets should be laying by Oct.—R. D. Carter.

A few empty boxes 50c each. Shackelfords Lumber Yard

Confederate Meeting

The Confederate Camp Sul Ross will meet in regular session at the Baptist Church at 3, p. m., on the first Sunday in August. A program suitable for the occasion will be arranged, including an excellent and appropriate reading by Mrs. C. E. Boydston. Dixie will be played on the piano. Everybody invited.

D. M. Rumph, Com.

You can feel safe in drinking at our fountain for sterilized water.

CROSS CUT ITEMS

A good rain fell here Saturday, which ended the drouth.

The Baptist protracted meeting is still continued. There have been several converted up to date. Rev. Little of Waco is now conducting the services.

Miss Eula Stone of Robert Lee is visiting at C. H. Debusks at present.

Walter Chambers returned home Saturday from Denton where he has been going to school for the past two months.

Miss Ellen Clark of Rising Star is visiting her sister, Mrs. Addie Gaines and friends of this community.

Ernest Pyles and sister, Miss Doris returned home Saturday from Brownwood where they have attended the summer normal.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Westerman on the 30th a boy.

Mrs. J. W. Newton and daughters, Misses Annie and Lela have gone on a visit to Quanah.

Porter Davis, who has been attending school at the State University for the past year, came in Saturday to see home folks.

Haskell Mills of Holder visited at his uncle's, J. R. Prater. Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Dick Stone, who purchased the Davis farm, is now erecting a nice dwelling house on the farm. He expects to move to it as soon as it is completed.

Harvy Dennis of Pioneer is attending the meeting at this place and is leading the song service.

Grandma Owens of east Texas is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. F. Jones.

Edgar McDonough has gone with his little daughter, Mattie Jewel, to Marlin, to have her treated for rheumatism.

Mr. Dick Ratliff has recently purchased a tractor, for breaking land.

Miss Pearl Byrd of Brownwood is visiting at John Teague's.

Several from the Blake community attended church here Sunday night.

Reporter.

COTTONWOOD NEWS

We have been having several light showers, but are still needing more rain.

Our meeting is still in progress. It is still uncertain just how long it will continue.

On account of the weather being so warm, and so much work at home to do, it was decided that there would be no summer school. It was rather a disappointment to some of the pupils, as the winter terms are so short it is almost an impossibility to complete a grade without having a summer school.

Dexter Robbins began a singing school here Monday. Mr. Robbins has taught here before and his work is well known.

Miss Alma Avers has been rather sick for several days, but is improving at present.

Mrs. Hickey and daughters, of San Angelo are visiting friends and relatives of this place.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Cottonwood W. A. Everett of the firm of Everett Bros. was elected cashier. We are not able to give other new officers. This should have been reported last week.

Andrew Young of Sweetwater and family are visiting relatives and friends here.

R. C. Brown of Rising Star, enroute for Elida, New Mexico, and other western points, stopped overnight visiting relatives of this place.

Mrs. R. H. Williams of Abilene, who has been here during the meeting is now visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sam Barr of Cross Plains.

Grady Respass who has been east for several weeks has returned home.

Children of Win-

gate are visiting parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mitchell.

Cupid has once more been hurling his darts. The result was a wedding in our town Sunday. Miss Una Eudaley and Carbit Joy were quietly married, Rev. Harlow officiating. Both of the young people are well known and we all join in wishing them a very happy and prosperous married life.

Bervel Ferguson visited at Baird last week.

Miss Bess Ayers, who has been attending the summer normal, has returned home.

Miss Lida Ferguson has been visiting friends and relatives near Clyde, has returned home, accompanied by Miss Etta, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush of Marbel Falls, are visiting relatives of this place.

Walker Respass and Marshall Cockran left Monday for Montana. Reporter.

Man! Man!! Man!!!

See The House of Bondage Aug. 7.—The Airdome.

Try a bottle of that Golden Cream at J. W. Westerman's.

BURNT BRANCH NEWS

The rain was very light in this community.

Fruit and watermelon wagons are going daily.

W. D. Drury marketed about 440 bushels of wheat Monday and Tuesday.

Hamp O'Hara and family from Strawn are visiting his aunts, Mrs. Scarborough and Hill this week.

W. D. Drury, wife and two children, his son, Frank and wife left Tuesday morning in his new Ford for Mexico and Oklahoma.

Otis Odom and family are contemplating a trip to Crockett county this week.

Mrs. J. H. Warren and daughter, Velma, are visiting her daughter, Mrs. Marian Haddock, at Lubbock this week.

J. W. Payne has finished building a new barn for S. E. Odom.

Willie Drury and wife are visiting relatives in Stephens county.

E. M. Stephens and family have just returned from a trip in Coleman county.

Little Iris Ford, who fell week before last on a planter and knocked a hole in the side of her nose which had to be stitched, is doing nicely.

P. C. Beeler who sold his place to a Mr. Beard has moved to McCollough county and Mr. Beard has moved to his place. While we miss P. C. we welcome Mr. Beard.

Say, when you go to buy Groceries see me. My prices are always right.—J. W. Westerman.

LOANS

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

C. C. Hampton.

Married

Mr. J. C. Joy and Miss Una Eudaley of Cottonwood were married at the home of J. M. Harlow on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Harlow officiating. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Joy and the bride a daughter of Mrs. D. A. Eudaley, two old-time and popular families of the Cottonwood country. The young couple will live on the farm. They have the very best wishes of The Review for a long and happy married life.

A poultry car every Thursday at Neeb Produce Co.'s.

Dr. E.H.RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

DENTIST

Dr. Mary L. S. Graves

Office in Residence north of

Boydston's store

Residence & Office Phone 124

Office hours 8:30 to 5

E. PAYNE, M.D.

Physician & Surgeon

Diseases of Women & Children and Diagnoses a Specialty.

Calls Answered Promptly

Day or Night.

Phone 131

OFFICE OVER FARMER'S BANK

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

For Judge 42nd District

Joe Burket of Eastland

For District Attorney—

N. N. Rosenquest

District Clerk

A. R. (Lonnie) Day,

For County Judge—

W. R. Ely

For County Clerk—

Chas. Nordyke

For Tax Collector—

Gene Melton

For Treasurer—

Pitt Ramsey

For Tax Assessor—

Melvin G. Farmer

For Sheriff—

J. A. Moore

For Superintendent

S. E. Settle

County Attorney

R. L. Surles

Justice of Peace Precinct 6

A. J. Mathis

Commissioner Precinct 4

J. M. Houston

For Public Weigher Prec. 6

J. W. Payne

C. L. Neff of the prairie southwest of Burkett was in town Wednesday. He paid a year's subscription to The Review and said he wanted it to continue. He has our thanks. He was accompanied to town by his brother, Isaac Neff.

Miss Artie Day of Pecos is visiting her uncles, Charlie and Silas Teague. She has been attending the Simmons College summer normal at Abilene.

W. A. Buchanan of Putman, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Charlie Teague.

Mrs. Hooker of Grand Saline is visiting Mrs. B. T. Higginbotham.

If you want a good drink go to J. W. Westerman's.

Mrs. R. H. Williams and children of Abilene are visiting Mrs. Williams' daughter, Mrs. S. C. Barr.

Get your fruit jars at Witt & Harbin's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin have returned from Groesbeck, where Clarence was teacher of History during the summer normal. They will remain here for a time when they will return to Limestone county where they will teach in the Prairie Hill school, of which Clarence has the superintendency.

Dazed.

Almost anything may happen now. A Detroit pedestrian, saying that it was his own fault, apologized to the driver of the automobile that struck him.—Minneapolis Journal.

Daily Thought.

What you were others may answer for; what you tried to be you must answer for yourself.—Ruskin.

Copper-Producing States. Alaska and nineteen states of the Union produce copper.

The Turmoil

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

The Story of a Big Man in a Big Town

(Copyright 1915, by Harper & Brothers)

SYNOPSIS.

The Sheridan family, "self-made" rich, have moved into a magnificent home in the fashionable part of a Middle West city in order that the womenfolk might get acquainted with the "best people." Old Man Sheridan is business leader of the community. His son Jim is killed accidentally. His son Roscoe takes to drink because Mrs. Roscoe flirts with Bobby Lamborn, aristocratic rake, who wants to marry Edith Sheridan. His son Bibbs, delicate in body, poet at heart, works in a machine shop because the old man thinks he hasn't enough sense to be a business member of the firm. Next door to the Sheridans live the Vertrees, broken-down aristocrats. Mary Vertrees and Bibbs are almost in love. Young Jim had wanted to marry her. Old Man Sheridan orders Lamborn off the premises and tells Edith to give him up.

Once more the forces beyond the power of human control are at work confounding and thwarting the mighty business man and city builder, Sheridan. He fights blindly, valiantly and feels sure he can win. How the fates laugh at his efforts; how love and hate show their great strength—is all told with great fluency by the author in this installment.

Bibbs' father has announced that hereafter Bibbs will be an official in the various Sheridan enterprises and will take up a big business career. The son has refused. The father has just angrily demanded an explanation of the refusal.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Perturbed and distressed, Bibbs rose instinctively; he felt himself at every possible disadvantage. He was a sleeper clinging to a dream—a rough hand stretched to shake him and waken him. He went to a table and made vague drawings upon it with a finger, and as he spoke he kept his eyes lowered. "You weren't altogether right about the shop—that is, in one way you weren't, father." He glanced up apprehensively. Sheridan stood facing him, expressionless, and made no attempt to interrupt. "That's difficult to explain," Bibbs continued, lowering his eyes again, to follow the tracings of his finger. "I—I believe the shop might have done for me this time if I hadn't—if something hadn't helped me to—oh, not only to bear it, but to be happy in it. Well, I am happy in it. I want to go on just as I am. And of all things on earth that I don't want, I don't want to live a business life—I don't want to be drawn into it. I don't think it is living—and now I am living. I have the beautiful toll—and I can think. In business as important as yours I couldn't think anything but business. I don't—I don't think making money is worth while."

"Go on," said Sheridan, curtly, as Bibbs paused timidly.

"It hasn't seemed to get anywhere, that I can see," said Bibbs. "You think this city is rich and powerful—but what's the use of its being rich and powerful? They don't teach the children any more in the schools because the city is rich and powerful. They teach them more than they used to because some people—not rich and powerful people—have thought the thoughts to teach the children. And yet when you've been reading the paper I've heard you objecting to the children being taught anything except what would help them to make money. You said it was wasting the taxes. You want them taught to make a living, but not to live. When I was a little boy this wasn't an ugly town; now it's hideous. What's the use of being big just to be hideous? I mean I don't think all this has meant really going ahead—it's just been getting bigger and dirtier and noisier. Wasn't the whole country happier and in many ways wiser when it was smaller and cleaner and quieter and kinder? I know you think I'm an utter fool, father, but after all, though, aren't business and politics just the housekeeping part of life? And wouldn't you despise a woman that not only made her housekeeping her ambition, but did it so noisily and dirtily that the whole neighborhood was in a continual turmoil over it? And suppose she talked and thought about her housekeeping all the time, and was always having additions built to her house when she couldn't keep clean what she already had; and suppose, with it all, she made the house altogether unpeaceful and unlivable—"

"Just one minute!" Sheridan interrupted, adding, with terrible courtesy, "If you will permit me? Have you ever been right about anything?"

"I don't quite—"

"I ask the simple question: Have you ever been right about anything whatever in the course of your life? Have you ever been right upon any subject or question you've thought about or talked about? Can you mention one single time when you were proved to be right?"

He was flourishing the bandaged hand as he spoke, but Bibbs said only, "If I've always been wrong before, surely there's more chance that I'm right about this. It seems reasonable

to suppose something would be due to bring up my average."

"Yes, I thought you wouldn't see the point. And there's another you probably couldn't see, but I'll take the liberty to mention it. You been bakin' all your life. Pretty much everything I ever wanted you to do, you'd let out some kind of a holler, like you are now—and yet I can't seem to remember once when you didn't have to lay down and do what I said. But go on with your remarks about our city and the business of this country. Go on!"

"I don't want to be part of it," said Bibbs, with unwonted decision. "I want to keep to myself, and I'm doing it now. I couldn't, if I went down there with you. I'd be swallowed into it. I don't care for money enough to—"

"No," his father interrupted, still dangerously quiet. "You've never had to earn a living. Anybody could tell that by what you say. Now, let me remind you; you're eatin' in a pretty good bed; you're eatin' pretty fair food; you're wearin' pretty fine clothes. Just suppose one of these noisy housekeepers—me, for instance—decided to let you do your own housekeepin'. May I ask what your proposition would be?"

"I'm earning nine dollars a week," said Bibbs, sturdily. "It's enough. I shouldn't mind at all."

"Who's payin' you that nine dollars a week?"

"My work!" Bibbs answered. "And I've done so well on that clipping machine I believe I could work up to fifteen or even twenty a week at another job. I could be a fair plumber in a few months, I'm sure. I'd rather have a trade than be in business—I should, infinitely!"

"You better set about learnin' one pretty dam' quick!" But Sheridan struggled with his temper and again was partially successful in controlling it. "You better learn a trade over Sunday, because you're either goin' down with me to my office Monday morning—or you can go to plumbin'!"

"All right," said Bibbs, gently. "I can get along."

Sheridan raised his hands sardonically, as in prayer. "O God," he said, "this boy was crazy enough before he began to earn nine dollars a week, and now his money's gone to his head! Can't you do nothin' for him?" Then he flung his hands apart, palms outward, in a furious gesture of dismissal. "Get out of this room! You got



"Who's Paying You That Nine Dollars a Week?"

a skull that's thicker'n a whale's thigh-bone, but it's cracked spang all the way across! You're cracked! Oh, but I got a fine layout here! One son died, one quit, and one's a loon! The loon's all I got left! Well, mister, loon or no loon, cracked and crazy or whatever you are, I'll take you with me Monday morning, and I'll work you and learn you—yes! and I'll lam you, if I got to—untill I've made something out of you that's fit to be called a business man! I'll keep at you while I'm able to stand, and if I have to lay down to die I'll be whisperin' at you till they get the embalmin' fluid into me! Now go on, and don't let me hear from you again till you can come and tell me you've waked up, you poor, pitiful, dandelion-pickin' sleep-walker!"

Bibbs gave him a queer look. There was something like reproach in it, for once; but there was more than that—he seemed to be startled by his father's last word.

CHAPTER XXV.

There was sleet that evening, with a whooping wind, but neither this storm

nor that other which so imminently threatened him held place in the consciousness of Bibbs Sheridan when he came once more to the presence of Mary. All was right in his world as he sat with her, reading Maurice Maeterlinck's "Alladine and Palomides." And while the zinc eater held out to bring him such golden nights as these, all the king's horses and all the king's men might not serve to break the spell.

Bibbs read slowly, but in a reasonable manner, as if he were talking; and Mary, looking at him steadily from beneath her curved fingers, appeared to discover no fault. It had grown to be her habit to look at him whenever there was an opportunity. It may be said, in truth, that while they were together, and it was light, she looked at him all the time.

When he came to the end of "Alladine and Palomides" they were silent a little while, considering together; then he turned back the pages and said:

"There's something I want to read over. This: You would think I threw a window open on the dawn. . . . She has a soul that can be seen around her—that takes you in its arms like an ailing child and without saying anything to you consoles you for everything. . . . I shall never understand it all. I do not know how it can all be, but my knees bend in spite of me when I speak of it. . . ."

He stopped and looked at her. "You boy!" said Mary, not very clearly.

"Oh, yes," he returned. "But it's true—especially my knees!"

"You boy!" she murmured again, blushing charmingly. "You might read another line over. The first time I ever saw you, Bibbs, you were looking into a mirror. Do it again. But you needn't read it—I can give it to you: 'A little Greek slave that came from the heart of Arcady!'"

"I'm one of the hands at the Pump works—and going to stay one, unless I have to decide to study plumbin'."

"No," she shook her head. "You love and want what's beautiful and delicate and serene; it's really art that you want in your life, and have always wanted. You seemed to me, from the first, the most wistful person I had ever known, and that's what you were wistful for."

Bibbs looked doubtful and more wistful than ever; but after a moment or two the matter seemed to clarify itself to him. "Why, no," he said; "I wanted something else more than that. I wanted you."

"And here I am!" she laughed, completely understanding. "I think we're like those two in 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' I'm just the rough Burgundian crossbow man, Denys, who followed that gentle Gerard and told everybody that the devil was dead."

"He isn't, though," said Bibbs, as a hoarse little bell in the next room began a series of snappings which proved to be ten, upon count. "He gets into the clock whenever I'm with you." And, sighing deeply, he rose to go.

"You're always very prompt about leaving me."

"There's one little time in the twenty-four hours when I'm not happy. It's now, when I have to say good night. But now's the bad time—and I must go through it, and so—good night." And he added with a pungent vehemence of which he was little aware. "I hate it!"

"Do you?" she said, rising to go to the door with him. But he stood motionless, gazing at her wonderingly.

"Mary! Your eyes are so—" He stopped.

"Yes?" But she looked quickly away. "I don't know," he said. "I thought just then—"

"What did you think?"

"I don't know—it seemed to me that there was something I ought to understand—and didn't."

She laughed and met his wondering gaze again frankly. "My eyes are pleased," she said. "I'm glad that you miss me a little after you go."

"But tomorrow's coming faster than other days, if you'll let it," he said.

She inclined her head. "Yes. I'll—let it!"

"Going to church," said Bibbs. "It is going to church when I go with you!"

She went to the front door with him; she always went that far. They had formed a little code of leave-taking, by habit, neither of them ever speaking of it; but it was always the same. She always stood in the doorway until he reached the sidewalk, and there he always turned and looked back, and she waved her hand to him. Then he went on half-way to the new house, and looked back again, and Mary was not in the doorway, but the door was open and the light shone. It was as if she meant to tell him that she was never shut him out; he could always see that friendly light of the open doorway—as if it were open for him to come back, if he would. He could see it until a wing of the new house came between them, when he went up the street. The open doorway seemed to be a beautiful symbol of her friend-

her thought of him; a symbol of herself and of her ineffable kindness.

And she kept the door open—even tonight, though the sleet and fine snow swept in upon her bare throat and arms, and her brown hair was strewn with tiny white stars. His heart leaped as he turned and saw that she was there, waving her hand to him, as if he did not know that the storm touched her. When he had gone on, Mary did as she always did—she went into an unlit room across the hall from that in which they had spent the evening, and looking from the window, watched him until he was out of sight. The storm made that difficult tonight, but she caught a glimpse of him under the street lamp that stood between the two houses, and saw that he turned to look back again. Then, and not before, she looked at the upper windows of Roscoe's house across the street. They were dark. Mary waited, but after a little while she closed the front door and returned to her window. A moment later two of the upper windows of Roscoe's house flashed into light and a hand lowered the shade of one of them. Mary felt the cold then—it was the third night she had seen those windows lighted and that shade lowered, just after Bibbs had gone.

A stricken George, muttering hoarsely, admitted him, and Bibbs became aware of a paroxysm within the house. Terrible sounds came from the library: Sheridan cursing as never before; his wife sobbing, her voice rising to an agonized squeal of protest upon each of a series of muffled detonations—the outrageous thumping of a bandaged hand upon wood; then Gurney, sharply imperious, "Keep your hand in that sling! Keep your hand in that sling, I say!"

"Look!" George gasped, delighted to play herald for so important a tragedy; and he renewed upon his face the ghastly expression with which he had first beheld the ruins his calamitous gesture laid before the eyes of Bibbs. "Look at 'a lamidal statue!'"

Gazing down the hall, Bibbs saw heroic wreckage, seemingly Byzantine—painted colossal fragments of a shattered torso, appallingly human; and gilded and silvered heaps of magnificence strewn among ruinous palms like the spoil of a barbarians' battle. There had been a massacre in the oasis—the Moor had been hurled from his pedestal.

"He hit 'at ole lamidal statue,'" said George. "Pow!"

"My father?"

"Yessuh! Pow! he hit 'er! An' you ma run tell me git doctuh quick 's I kin telefoam—she sho' you 'pa gin' bus' a blood-vessel. He ain't takin' on 'tall now. He ain't nothin' 'tall to what he was 'while ago. You done miss' it, Mist' Bibbs. Doctuh got him all quiet' down, to what he was. Pow! he hit 'er! Yessuh!" He took Bibbs' coat and proffered a crumpled telegram form. "Here what come," he said. "I pick 'er up when he done stompin' on 'er. You read 'er, Mist' Bibbs—you ma tell me tuhn 'er ovuh to you soon's you come in."

Bibbs read the telegram quickly. It was from New York and addressed to Mrs. Sheridan.

Sure you will all approve step have taken as was so wretched my health would probably suffered severely Robert and I were married this afternoon thought best have quiet wedding absolutely sure you will understand wisdom of step when you know Robert better am happiest woman in world are leaving for Florida will wire address when settled will remain till spring love to all father will like him too when he knows him like I do he is just ideal.

EDITH LAMHORN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Bibbs, convinced that the mere glimpse of him, just then, would prove nothing less than insufferable for his father, was about to make his escape into the gold-and-brocade room when he heard Sheridan vociferously demanding his presence.

"Tell him to come in here! He's out there. I heard George just let him in. Now you'll see!" And tear-stained Mrs. Sheridan, looking out into the hall, beckoned to her son.

Bibbs went as far as the doorway. Gurney sat winding a strip of white cotton, his black bag open upon a chair near by; and Sheridan was striding up and down, his hand so heavily wrapped in fresh bandages that he seemed to be wearing a small boxing-glove. His eyes were bloodshot; his forehead was heavily bedewed; one side of his collar had broken loose, and there were blood stains upon his right cuff.

"There's our little sunshine!" he cried, as Bibbs appeared. "There's the hope of the family—my lifelong pride and joy! I want—"

"Keep your hand in that sling," said Gurney, sharply.

Sheridan turned upon him, uttering a sound like a howl. "For God's sake, sing another tune!" he cried. "You said you came as a doctor but stay as a friend, and in that capacity you undertake to sit up and criticize me—"

"Oh, talk sense," said the doctor, and yawned intentionally. "What do you want Bibbs to say?"

"You were sittin' up there tellin' me I got 'hysterical'—'hysterical,' oh Lord! You sat up there and told me I got 'hysterical' over nothin'! You sat up there tellin' me I didn't have as heavy burdens as many another man you knew. I just want you to hear this. Now listen!" He swung toward the quiet figure waiting in the doorway. "Bibbs will you come down town with me Monday morning and let me start you with two vice-presidencies, a directorship, stock and salaries? I ask you."

"No, father," said Bibbs, gently. Sheridan looked at Gurney and then faced his son once more.

"And I'd like the doctor to hear: What'll you do if I decide you're too high-priced a workin'-man either to live in my house or work in my shop?"

"Find other work," said Bibbs.

"There! You hear him for yourself!" Sheridan cried. "You hear what—"

"Keep your hand in that sling! Yes, I hear him."

Sheridan leaned over Gurney and shouted, in a voice that cracked and broke, piping into falsetto: "He thinks of bein' a plumber! He wants to be a plumber so he can think!"

He fell back a step, wiping his forehead with the back of his left hand. "There! That's my son! That's the only son I got now! That's my chance to live," he cried, with a bitterness



"There's Our Little Sunshine!" He Cried.

that seemed to leave ashes in his throat. "That's my one chance to live—that thing you see in the doorway yonder!"

Doctor Gurney thoughtfully regarded the bandage strip he had been winding, and tossed it into the open bag. "What's the matter with giving Bibbs a chance to live?" he said, coolly. "I would if I were you. You've had two that went into business."

Sheridan's mouth moved grotesquely before he could speak. "Joe Gurney," he said, when he could command himself so far, "are you accusin' me of the responsibility for the death of my son James?"

"I accuse you of nothing," said the doctor. "But just once I'd like to have it out with you on the question of Bibbs—and while he's here, too." He got up, walked to the fire, and stood warming his hands behind his back and smiling. "Look here, old fellow, let's be reasonable," he said. "You were bound Bibbs should go to the shop again, and he did go, and he's made good there. Now, see: Isn't that enough? Can't you let him off now? He wants to write, and how do you know that he couldn't do it if you gave him a chance? How do you know he hasn't some message—something to say that might make the world just a little bit happier or wiser? I'm not speaking as doctor now. But I tell you one thing I know: If you take him down there you'll kill something that I feel is in him, and it's finer, I think, than his physical body, and you'll kill it deader than a door-nail! And so why not let it live? You've about come to the end of your string, old fellow. Why not stop this perpetual devilish fighting and give Bibbs his chance?"

Sheridan stood looking at him fixedly. "What 'fightin'?"

"Yours—with nature," Gurney sustained the daunting gaze of his fierce antagonist equably. "You don't seem to understand that you've been struggling against actual law."

"What law?"

"Natural law," said Gurney. "What do you think beat you with Edith? Did Edith, herself, beat you? Didn't she obey without question something powerful that was against you? Edith wasn't against you, and you weren't against her, but you set yourself against the power that had her in its grip, and it shot out a spurt of flame—and won in a walk! What's taken Roscoe from you? Timbers bear just so much strain, old man; but you wanted to send the load across the broken bridge, and you thought you could bully or coax the cracked thing into standing. Well, you couldn't! Now here's Bibbs. There are thousands of men fit for the life you want him to lead—and so is he. It wouldn't take half of Bibbs' brains to be twice as good a business man as Jim and Roscoe were."

"What?"

"What?"

"Your son Bibbs," said the doctor, composedly, "Bibbs Sheridan has the kind and quantity of 'gray matter' that will make him a success in anything—if he ever wakes up! The thousands of men fit for the life you want him to lead aren't fit to do much with the life he ought to lead. Blindly, he's been fighting for the chance to lead it—he's obeying something that begs to stay alive within him; and, blindly, he knows you'll crush it out. You've set your will to do it. Let me tell you something more. You're half mad with a consuming fury against the very self of the law—the law that took Jim from you. The very self of the law took Roscoe from you and gave Edith the certainty of beating you; and the very self of the law makes Bibbs deny you tonight. The law beats you. But you've set yourself against it, to bend it to your own ends, to wield it and twist it—"

The voice broke from Sheridan's heaving chest in a shout. "Yes! And by God, I will!"

"So Ajax defied the lightning," said Gurney.

"I've heard that dam-fool story, too," Sheridan retorted, fixedly. "Defied the lightning, did he, the jackass! If he'd been half a man he'd 'a' got away with it. We don't go showin' off defyin' the lightning—we hitch it up and make it work for us like a black steer!"

"Well, what about Bibbs?" said Gurney. "Will you be a really big man now and—"

"Gurney, you know a lot about bigness!" Sheridan began to walk to and fro again, and the doctor returned gloomily to his chair. He had shot his bolt the moment he judged its chance to strike center was best, but the target seemed unaware of the marksman.

"I'm tryin' to make a big man out o' that poor truck yonder," Sheridan went on, "and you step in, beggin' me to let him be Lord knows what—I don't! I suppose you figure it out that now I got a son-in-law, I might'n't need a son! Yes, I got a son-in-law now—a spender!"

"Oh, put your hand back!" said Gurney, wearily.

There was a bronze inkstand upon the table. Sheridan put his right hand in the sling, but with his left he swept the inkstand from the table and halfway across the room—a comet with a destroying black tail. Mrs. Sheridan shrieked and sprang toward it.

"Let it lay!" he shouted, fiercely. "Let it lay!" And, weeping, she obeyed. "Yes, sir," he went on, in a voice the more ominous for the sudden hush he put upon it. "I got a spender for a son-in-law! It's wonderful where property goes, sometimes. There was ole man Tracy—you remember him? He was a messenger, seventeen years old; he was president at forty-three, and he built that bank with his life for forty years more. Gilt edge, that bank? It was diamond edged? He used to eat a bag o' peanuts and an apple for lunch; but he wasn't stingy—he was just livin' in his business. He didn't care for pie or automobiles—he had his bank. It was an institution, and it come pretty near bein' the beatin' heart o' this town in its time. Well, that ole man used to pass one o' these here turned-up-nose and turned-up-pants cigarette boys on the streets. Never spoke to him, Tracy didn't. Speak to him? God! he wouldn't 'a' coughed on him! He wouldn't 'a' let him clean the cuspidors at the bank! Why, if he'd 'a' just seen him standin' in front the bank he'd 'a' had him run off the street. And yet all Tracy was doin' every day of his life was workin' for that cigarette boy! Tracy thought he was givin' his life and his life-blood and the blood of his brain for the bank, but he wasn't. It was every bit—from the time he went in, at seventeen till he died in harness at eighty-three—it was every last lick of it just slavin' for a turned-up-nose, turned-up-pants cigarette boy. And Tracy didn't even know his name! He died not ever havin' heard it, though he chased him off the front steps of his house once. The day after Tracy died his old-maid daughter married the cigarette—and there ain't any Tracy bank any more! And now—his voice rose again—and now I got a cigarette son-in-law!"

Gurney pointed to the flourishing right hand without speaking, and Sheridan once more returned it to the sling.

"My son-in-law likes Florida this winter," Sheridan went on. "That's good, and my son-in-law better enjoy it because I don't think he'll be there next winter. They got twelve thousand dollars to spend, and I hear it can be done in Florida by rich sons-in-law. When Roscoe's woman got me to spend that much on a porch for their new house, Edith wouldn't give me a minute's rest till I turned over the same to her. And she's got it, besides what I gave her to go east on. It'll be gone long before this time next year, and when she comes home and leaves the cigarette behind—for good—she'll get some more. My name ain't Tracy, and there ain't goin' to be any Tracy business in the Sheridan family. And there ain't goin' to be any college foundin' and endowin' and trusteein', nor God-knows-what to keep my property alive when I'm gone! Edith'll be back, and she'll get a girl's share when she's through with that cigarette but—"

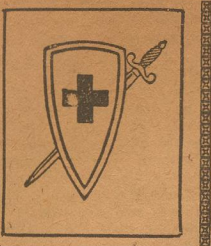
Doesn't it appear now that Old Man Sheridan will set about to have Edith's marriage to Lamborn annulled as soon as she comes to her senses? Would you do so if you were her father?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Little Sir Galahad

A Story With a Blessing

By PHOEBE GRAY



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SYNOPSIS.

While trundling the clean washing up Clipper Hill Mary Alice Brown is set upon by some mischievous boys, who spill the washing into the dirt. She is rescued and taken to her home in Calvert street by Francis Willett, a Galahad knight. She is punished by her drunken father for returning without the wash money. Mary Alice wanders away from home, takes a trolley ride into the country and spends the night at the farmhouse of Sam Thomas. In the morning she meets little Charlie Thomas, a cripple. Sam takes Mary Alice home and finds that she and Mrs. Brown are old acquaintances. Sam takes her and Mary Alice to his home for a visit while Lem Brown, the drunken father, is serving a workhouse sentence. Charlie is made a Galahad knight, Francis visits the farm and is saved from drowning by Mary Alice. Lem Brown gets out of jail and goes to work for Sam Thomas as a hired man. Francis Willett is sent away to preparatory school. Mary Alice gets a job in a department store.

Alice about a very particular matter on account of it is so near Christmas. I have a swell idea. First chance you get you go to the Art department of your store and pick out a nice drawing outfit. I thought of it in our drawing class how it was just the thing to give Charlie Thomas it would amuse him. I can just imagine him sitting there poor fellow. He and I are fellow Galahads so I want to be remembered to him and you must have a share in it. We will give it to him together. Put a card on it from Lady Mary Alice and Sir Francis Willett greetings brother knight. I guess it will tickle him. I would not bother you but I won't be home Christmas, I am invited to Walrus Parquhar's house for the holidays and mother and father say I can go. So that is all. From your devoted Sir Knight, F. WILLETT.

P. S.—Father says Uncle Billy Jackson is coming home right after New Year. Second P. S.—I forgot. You can have them charge the drawing outfit to father.

CHAPTER VII.

The Bestest Christmas.

Christmas at the Thomas farm was always Charlie's day. This year he was a year older and a year wiser. Somewhere in the course of twelve months Charlie had discovered, consciously, the thing that can make every one of three hundred and sixty-five days a Christmas. Perhaps it had been between the covers of his beloved "Story of Sir Galahad" on that first day Mary Alice had read it to him.

Christmas at the farm had meant a little love feast, with three to partake. Now it meant something more—the open door of hospitality, the sharing of one's blessings. Charlie, with Martha's help, sent out his invitations.

"Will you please come to our party on Christmas night? We are going to have a tree and a turkey. It weighs seventeen pounds. Commences at six o'clock. Very respectfully yours, CHARLES B. THOMAS.

Sam and Martha had some misgivings about the Willetts.

"I wouldn't know what to do to entertain them swells," said Martha. "Still, if Charlie wants 'em, I'll do my best."



"A Reg'lar Ripsnorter, Five Reels, Called 'The Panther's Eye.'"

best. Mr. Willett's fine; I wouldn't mind him so much. But Mrs. Willett's different. She'd embarrass me to pieces.

"Oh, I don't know," said Sam, trying to be encouraging. "We're good's them; Willett was poorer'n I am once."

Yet it was with distinct relief that the Thomases read Mrs. Willett's gracious and cordial answer to Charlie's invitation. They were to spend Christmas with Mrs. Willett's people. If Francis were to be at home, it would be different; he would have been delighted. She regretted very much, and so forth and so on.

"Thank goodness," said Martha. "Then it'll be just us and the Browns."

Sam gave Charlie five dollars to shop with, and the little boy, very deprecating and apologetic, declined to take anyone but Mary Alice into his confidence regarding his purchases.

And so the great night finally came. As modern Christmases go, the weather and the amount of snow were quite up to specifications. The fine, clean snow lay in gentle, billowing drifts, sparkling in the rays of a winking big moon, and the air bit and tingled. Oh, it was some Christmas!

In the sitting-room the table was all set. The bright coals in the heater glowed through the squares of mica, and on its top apples in a pan sizzled and sizzled, filling the room with a sugary odor.

"Don't light the lamp just yet, mummies," said Charlie. "I can't see out the window if you do."

So he sat looking down the snowy road, all patched and shadow barred in the slant moonlight. To Martha it seemed as if her boy, there in the pale glow from the window, were surrounded and glorified by the soft aura from his golden head. She went into the kitchen and basted the turkey, which crackled and popped in its own savoriness.

Came the far, thin clanging of a gong. The Sheffield trolley, approaching the end of the line, slid into view with a clatter of light, rocking and rattling. Charlie jumped, and

Charlie knew that passengers were stepping down into the snow. In five minutes Mary Alice and Mrs. Brown and Baby Dick would cover the distance to the house. Mary Alice would be hauling her brother tucked up warmly in a soap box on a fifty-cent sled. Out in the kitchen rose the Boss' voice, loud and hearty: "Hullo, there, Lem, old scout! All dolled up! Say, you've got a nose-bleed, ain't ye? Gosh, no! It's that red necktie. You sure scare't me. How long ye be'n home? I didn't see ye drive into the yard. Bring a paper? Shucks, I forgot. 'Course they ain't no evenin' papers on a holiday. Set down. Well, go 'long in 'f you'd rather. He's watchin' out down the road for the folks."

Lem had been to town that afternoon, alone. Sam had let him take the horse and sleigh. So far in the matter of trusting his hired man he had not heretofore gone. It was, to Sam's way of thinking, the supreme test. If Lem could, on this day of all others, run the gantlet of bright and beckoning windows, dodging the sinister hospitality that, despite the gentler influences, can turn Christmas into a milestone of bitterness and regret, and return to the farm clear-eyed and clean-breathed, Sam would feel that a great measure of success had been won. Nobody but Sam knew with what misgivings he had permitted the experiment. To Lem, least of all, had he voiced the faintest distrust. Lem knew. Heavy, sluggish, stoccal, Lem was no fool. He was just a big, hulking boy, placed on his honor.

To Sam the safe return of Lem marked this as the great Christmas of Christmases. He had made a man out of little more than the dust of the road. He wondered, in all intended reverence, if the Creator didn't feel something of the same warm exultation when he saw clean-limbed young Adam rise and salute his Maker. There might be presents and presents, bicycles and bullion, but Sam's gift was greater than all; he had given back to manhood a foundered soul.

"Hullo, Charlie-boy," said Lem. He pulled a chair close and sat down by the little boy in the dusk. "How're you feelin'?"

"Great," said Charlie. "F'r goodness' sakes, Lem, wherever have you been all afternoon?"

"Sheffield."

"What for? The stores aren't open. You couldn't buy anything."

"That's all right; I had a putty good time, all the same."

"Tell me, Lem."

"Give a guess."

Charlie thought hard; then he laughed triumphantly.

"Aw, gosh, Lem! I know! A pitcher show."

"Kee-rect!" cried Lem. "It was a bird, too. Seen a reg'lar ripsnorter, five reels. Name of it was 'The Panther's Eye.' It was a bird!"

"Oh, Lem, I wish I could see a pitcher show. Ne' mind. I will pretty soon. I had a dream last night; it was another one about me bein' well. It's comin' true, too. God's got some kinder plan. I don't know what it is, but I bet it's goin' to work. Say, Lem, tell me 'bout that tiger-eye pitcher show."

"Ain't got time," said Lem, hurriedly rising. "Look who's comin'!"

Lem tramped out and Charlie saw him, bareheaded and coatless, meet Mrs. Brown and Mary Alice and pick up his son from the soap box.

"Lem's changed a terrible lot," thought Charlie. "I wonder what was the matter with him when he first come here."

Even with such an unusually delightful host as Charlie, the Thomases' Christmas dinner was not essentially unlike other contemporary affairs of the same kind. Everybody ate too much, and talked and laughed and joked and ate some more. Little Dick finished his bottle and was brought out to sit in a borrowed high chair and test some new dental equipment on a colossal drumstick.

And then three things happened that suddenly lifted this Christmas out of the category of common or garden Christmases and set it up, apart and distinct, just as its own turkey jutted mountainously up out of the foothills of surrounding vegetables.

A loud volley of startling explosions in the yard made everybody jump; wheels ground squeakily upon hard-packed snow. Sam went to the side door, parleyed in muffled tones, cried, "Thanks; good night," and returned with a great, fat, fatted packing case. Sam and Lem strewed the sitting room carpet with excelsior and paper and strings until Martha was quite put out at the muss.

"For goodness' sake, what's all them tools and things?" demanded the Boss. "Gosh, ma! This big board 'd be first rate to roll your butter on. What's them little duckfickers? Look at the lead pencils."

"I know, I know," cried Charlie, ecstatically. "It's a reg'lar drawin' outfit. Who do you s'pose—"

When grown-ups, with their aches and selfishness and disappointments and appetites, forget that human beings are only a small part of a very great universe and lose their faith in the Creator there remains to us who know some of them the beautiful trust of little children in God and his love.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worry and Grow Thin.

"What is Mrs. Twobble doing these days to reduce her weight?"

"Oh, she just worries about it."

"That beats rolling on the floor. She couldn't hit upon a better plan."



POULTRY

PIGEONS SELECT OWN MATES

Breeders Should Be Selected With Definite Object—Inbreeding Is Not Desirable.



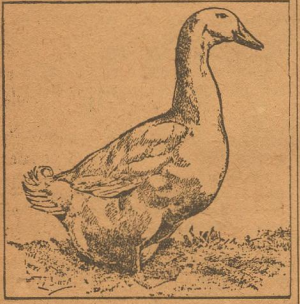
Splendid Breeding Pair.

Pigeons usually mate in pairs and remain constant through life, although the mating may be changed if desired. Unmated pigeons, especially males in the loft, are a source of much trouble, and usually prevent profitable results. Pigeons are usually mated at from five to nine months of age. There are two methods of mating, natural and forced. Under natural mating the pigeons usually are allowed to select their own mates, which is indicated by the male billing and driving the female. Experienced breeders, however, are occasionally deceived by their actions in selecting sex. In forced mating, as in natural mating, the breeders should be selected with a definite object, using males strong in points in which the females are weak. It is sometimes advisable to break up the mating between old pigeons and young birds, although these pairs often give good results. Where matings produce undesirable qualities, it is necessary to remate or cull out the flock. Continued close inbreeding is not desirable and many try to avoid any inbreeding. Where pigeons are banded, the female on one foot and the male on the other, it is fairly easy to regulate inbreeding.

MOST POPULAR MARKET DUCK

Pekin Is Favored for Marketing While Indian Runner Takes Lead for Egg Production.

Duck raising is one of the most profitable branches of the poultry business. For market purposes alone the Pekin duck is popular. For eggs the Indian Runner takes the lead. Ducks are never troubled with lice, neither do they have cholera or roup.



Pekin Duck.

They lay a large egg. These eggs have a very fine flavor.

You will find the eggs not as fertile if you let the ducks grow thin.

Give the ducklings plenty of air and stuff them with feed. Sprinkle sand over their feed as this will be a sure way of them getting as much as they need.

Watch that the ducks have suitable attention and regular feed. A few well cared for pays better than too many that are slighted.

CHICKS RELISH GREEN FEED

Fresh Vegetables Should Be Supplied to Youngsters—Composition of Good Mash.

The little chicks must be supplied with a quantity of green feed or fresh vegetables after they are a few days old. A good rule would be to have one-third of the ration green feed, one-third cracked grains and one-third mash.

Ground oats, bran and middlings in equal parts, make a very good mash for chicks. There is nothing magic or medicinal about the prepared chick feeds.

Chicks that become injured, and especially if in a manner to become bloody, should be promptly removed from the brooder. Chicks are strong cannibalistic if once started, and quickly tear to pieces an injured chick if they once get a taste of the blood. Smear tar over any injured or bleeding spots.

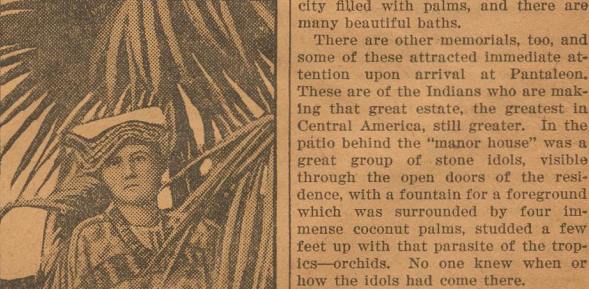
Central American Eden

THIS is written in what would be called in Virginia a "manor house." But since it is in Guatemala it is of the Spanish colonial type, says Wingo Bathon in the Utica Saturday Globe.

The residence is the office and home of the largest sugar plantation in Central America, and to visit it has been a privilege which has fallen to the lot of very few residents of the United States, or of Europe, either, for that matter, as the records of visitors here show.

The great Humboldt came down through these fertile valleys of black mud years ago and recorded that he had found at last the celebrated "garden of Eden," and he predicted that what was then a wilderness beneath the tropic sun would some day blossom and bear fruit—the sweetest dreams of the agriculturist.

But he never dreamed that here would one day be found, as anyone who comes here may, a sugar mill in which it was necessary to invest, as is done in the United States and in Cuba, \$500,000 before a pound of sugar could be obtained. Nor did he dream that visitors of today would find, as they do, an American chemist making sugar with a polariscope, assisted by thousands of Indians of the west coast of Central America, descendants of the ancient Toltecs mixed with Mayas.



GUATEMALAN INDIAN GIRL.

The approach to Pantaleon for the writer and the circumstances of the inspection were exceptional. It may be as well to set down here that in Guatemala and in many other Central American countries, a plantation, or a series of plantations, is known as a "finca."

Magnificent Scenery.

The start was made from Guatemala City, the capital, in the morning. Down grade through magnificent views of the mountains and volcanoes which make a setting for the capital the train traveled over the west coast branch of the International Railways of Central America, which was built by the late C. P. Huntington despite almost insurmountable obstacles of an engineering character, and among waterfalls and water powers from which some day will be developed vast electrical energy.

Towering above the train as it wound down through canyons, amid the lazy, fleecy clouds were the peaks of the twin volcanoes, Agua (water) and Fuego (fire), no longer active, which have sent down into these valleys in years gone by showers of rich black mud that contains all the chemical elements of the best fertilizers, and in which three crops of corn each year are raised. A third volcano, Santa Maria, blew out in 1904, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property.

The train skirted the shores of one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, as interesting and as beautiful as anything Switzerland has ever offered any traveler—Lake Amatitlan—where some of the well-known residents of the capital maintain bungalows for recreation; not for "summer resort" purposes, as there is neither winter nor summer in Guatemala.

The train passed through miles and miles of tender, green, young sugar cane, as well as cane in full growth, being cut by the Indian laborers, or occasionally by Jamaican negroes, whose villages of thatched cottages lined the tracks and were visible in the valleys down which the train sped. Some cottages were thatched with banana leaves, some roofed with red, native tiles of beautiful tints.

Indian Fruit Sellers.

Indians came to the train with pineapples in size and flavor far superior to anything one obtains in the United States, and with coconuts, grapes, alligator pears, rich, juicy, fruit mangoes of fresh pink and red and pale green tints, as different from the dark, pickled mango of United States consumption as can well be imagined.

Everywhere, from Guatemala City to San Jose, on the Pacific, there was, in truth, a very "garden of Eden," with immense tracts of land not yet taken up, ready for the enterprising citizen of the United States, whom the government of Guatemala is ready at every turn to encourage and to assist.



COURTYARD OF GUATEMALAN PLANTATION.

Fathers—and mothers, too—forget sometimes that they may do things which cause their children to blush with shame. It is one of the great responsibilities of parenthood for the father and mother to keep burning as a strong, bright flame the faith of their little ones in them. Consider now Mary Alice's case.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

They did their best to spoil him; he was the son of the biggest man in Sheffield. They wondered at his friendship for the demure little bundle girl.

"Who's this Charlie you and Francis Willett's always talkin' about, Mary Alice?" they would query. "What's the matter with him, is he sick? What, can't walk? Poor little feller! Let's go out and see him some Sunday, girls. Could we, Mary Alice?" They did it, too. Martha made ice cream again, and Charlie had a heavenly afternoon. The girls bubbled and gurgled and exclaimed over his lovely golden hair and his shining blue eyes.

"Mary Alice told me all about you," said Charlie. "You're Grace, and you're Sadie, and you're Minnie."

Mary Alice had introduced them as Miss Corrigan and Miss Tift and Miss Sternham.

"How'd you know, dear?" they chorused.

"Mary Alice, she scribbled you. She says you know another friend o' mine, too. He's Francis Willett."

"You bet we do; he's Mary Alice's steady!"

Charlie looked puzzled. Mary Alice blushed.

"Cut it out, Min," warned Grace. "What's he know about steadies?"

Going back to town on the trolley car, Minnie suddenly turned to Mary Alice.

"Who'd Charlie mean by the boss and Lem? I guess the boss is his father; but who's Lem?"

Mary Alice choked on nothing, clutched her seat, and opened her mouth to answer. Just as surely as she lived, she meant to say: "He's my father." But it wouldn't come out. She tried three times; no use. Then she said: "Lem? Oh, Lem. Why—he's Mr. Thomas' hired man."

It did not save Mary Alice's conscience to reflect that she had told the exact truth. She lay awake that night trying to square things with herself. Before her, in the dark, floated the face of an indolent, injured angel, framed in a billowing border of shining, priceless gold, and the eyes were very sad and surprised and accusing. Mary Alice hid her face in the pillow and promised herself and Charlie that she would tell the girls in the morning who Lem really was. So she went to sleep, quite easy in her mind.

But you know you can't, somehow, stand up in a sort of pulpit, like an armed fortress, above everybody's head, and shout down that your father is a farmer's hired man. It would be absurd. Mary Alice postponed the revelation indefinitely. You must remember that Mary Alice was, after all, only a little girl, less than thirteen years old.

One day the floorwalker brought Mary Alice a letter. It was addressed in pencil, and all the "a's" were very round, and the loop of the "l" rather liberal. The lower part of the "B" was smaller than the second-story part, and the punctuation not original. Aside from these minor details, it was a good, shipshape letter.

"Oh, Mary Alice's got a letter," cried the girls. "Who's it from, honey? Francis, I bet a cooky. You'll let me read it, won't you, Mary Alice? See if he says anything about me in it. Does he send us his love?"

Mary Alice wouldn't open the letter, but tucked it in her apron pocket, and the girls pouted and said she was a mean old thing. The forenoon went haltingly.

Up in the girls' rest room, at the lunch hour, Mary Alice stole off in a corner and eagerly slit the envelope with a hairpin. This is what she read:

Saint Michael's School, Lake Valley.

Dear Mary Alice: Well here I am at last in a prep school. It is a dandy place and there are most two hundred fellows here and we are all going to the same college. I thought I would write you Mary

Every Time You Eat

you realize the importance of the "quality" of your groceries. That is our specialty—QUALITY. It costs us a little more, and we have to meet the same prices of other dealers, but we find from experience that it pays in the long run, because we never lose our customers and are always gaining new ones. It's the quality that does it.

This Store Makes Good On Every Purchase

We never allow any house to sell better goods than we do, or to sell them for less money. We set the pace in everything we handle, in every sale that we make. It is a way that we have—and it is a way that pays us and PAYS YOU. Buy from the STORE THAT MAKES GOOD.

FORBES & ADAMS

NO SHORT-TERM HOLLANDS AND FARM & RANCH

Farm & Ranch for year	\$1.00
Hollands for one two years	\$1.00
Both	\$1.50
Either with The Review 1 year	\$1.65
Both with The Review one year	2.20

Mrs. C. T. Bowen and Children of Ft. Worth are visiting her brother, Cris Parsons of west of town. Willie Plummer of Arkansas is visiting his sister, Mrs. S. L. Teague. Miss Artie Day of Pecos City is the guest of her uncles, S. L. and Charlie Teague.

Save your chickens for our poultry car.—Neep Produce Co.

Subscribe for the Review.

STOP THAT WASH

Millions of dollars are lost annually to Texas farmers through the washing away of the rich top soil by heavy rains. This loss can be prevented by a proper system of terraces. The construction of terraces is not difficult or expensive. County demonstration agents will teach farmers how to construct them. If interested in this subject, write to the Extension Service, College Station, Texas, for a copy of a new bulletin No. B-32, "Terracing in Texas." This bulletin contains also, directions for making home-made levels for terracing, and detailed plans of soil saving dams and other contrivances for filling gullies and stopping the waste of rich soil.

CURTIS DOTS

The showers were greatly appreciated but we need more rain.

There was a large crowd to enjoy the singing Sunday. The day was very pleasantly spent and the dinner was fine.

Mrs. Martin and daughter who have been visiting at the Lauderdale home have returned to their home at Trinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Burley Patterson of Gorman are visiting their brother, Elbert Patterson and family.

Several of the Curtis people attended church at Nimrod Sunday night.

Mrs. Childers and daughter, Miss Winonah, of Rising Star visited at the Woodell home Saturday night.

Prof. Roscoe Kennedy is teaching singing school at Bethel.

Mr. Childress and family of Cottonwood visited his niece Mrs. W. W. Garrett several days last week.

O. A. Kennedy and family and sister, Tommie Lue visited relatives and friend at Desdemonia last week.

Mrs. George Plumer of Baylor county is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Mitchell.

Miss Fannie Mae Witt of Desdemonia is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. A. Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Morris of Sabanno visited at the Kennedy home Saturday night.

Brown-eyed Bess

SABANNO NEWS GLEANINGS

The Methodist protracted meeting began here Sunday. Rev. Council (the pastor) and Rev. Dayser of Ranger will do the preaching, G. R. Erwin choir leader. Here, hoping it will be a great success.

Eating watermelons and canning peaches seems to be the order of the day.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Erwin on the 26th a seven pound girl.

Misses Ruth and Eunice Bullock are visiting friends at Dressy.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry McCann of Stephenville are visiting the farmers' parents at this place.

Mrs. Gladys Masters and small son are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Zed Green.

Mack Walker returned last week from a two week's trip in the Panhandle country.

Arron Gage who has been attending the Normal at Abilene returned home Friday.

J. C. Harris and J. L. White had business in Cross Plains Monday.

LIBERTY DOTS

It is still dry here and crops are needing rain badly. The peanut crop will be very short if the drouth continues a few days longer.

Clovis and Clois, the two small boys of Mr. and Mrs. Webb are just recovering from scarlet fever.

Frank Underwood and wife of Haskell are visiting at Uncle John Underwood's.

Pearl Marshall, who has been sick for some time, is reported better.

J. C. Harris passed through our city last Thursday enroute to the Star.

Ed Lee and Tom Christopher were buying cattle in our community last Friday.

Calier Fore and his father, W. H. Fore, accompanied by their families, went to the Bayou on a fishing trip this week.

The Baptists of this place have just closed a 10 day's meeting. Services were conducted by Rev. Pope and Rev. Mason, both of Abilene.

Rev. Roscoe of unknown parts began a meeting at the Christian church last Friday night.

W. H. Jones of Cross Plains bought hogs here last week.

B. I. Marshall is in Eastland on business this week. Ben is the

SALE SALE SALE

YES, The Big Sale is over, and we are glad to announce it the greatest in the history of the business, which fact proves that the people believe in our SALES. After FIVE YEARS of business dealings in this community we are glad that we can make the above statement. When we told the people that we were going to sacrifice all seasonable merchandise, odd lots, etc., in order to clean the house and go to market for an entirely new line, they believed it and so expressed their belief by their presence and co-operation in this SALE.

NOW, as the house has been cleaned of end-season merchandise, our buyer will leave the week for the markets of the East to purchase a full line of Early Fall and Winter merchandise. He will also visit the mills as well as the factories of the East to purchase many lines direct, thereby getting it fresh from the looms.

YOU will have the pleasure of seeing one of the strongest lines of ready-to-wear on display in our store this season that we have ever shown, as the buyer will give this end of the business a great deal of time and care while in the larger style centers of the East.

We wish to thank the people for their co-operation through the past season and to ask for a continuance of the same.

DAVIS-GARNER & CO.

Quality Counts

Watch Us Grow

PIONEER NEWS

nominee for commissioner of this precinct.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Irvin are the proud parents of a new boy; all concerned doing well.

Mrs. J. R. Erwin of Scranton is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Underwood this week.

That's all, good by—Skin Flint

I have ray new Tailoring lines in. And it will pay you to get my prices before you buy. All suit ordered by me are guaranteed to fit. Tartt the Tailor.

The House of Bondage

"It would kindle again the smouldering fires of chivalry toward women and smite a man into a sense of responsibility"—Rev. Irwin.

At The Airdome, Aug. 7 & 8.

Mrs. Johnnie Mansell, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. V. V. Hart, has returned to her home at Mineola.

A No. 6 Remington typewriter for sale or trade, cheap. Review.

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

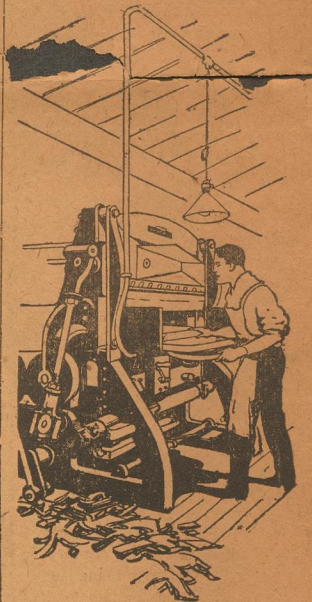
The City Drug Store.

Screen Doors and wire "swat the fly"

Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

Circulars, Billheads

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING CUT TO ANY SIZE



EVERYTHING in our shop is UP TO DATE.

Give us a TRIAL ORDER and be convinced.

Mr. Farmer, if you're not using the want ads you're a heavy loser.

Find a buyer for your fruit, produce, discarded farm tools, livestock.

Sell your farm.

Find farm help.

Advertise your sales.

The cost is small—results are sure.

Pastor Believes in Advertising.

One of the strongest believers in advertising as a method of building up a congregation for a church in the country today is Rev. Dr. J. W. Kramer, pastor of the First Baptist church of Spokane, Wash. In a sermon recently Doctor Kramer made known his beliefs and told of the value of the newspaper of today.—The Fourth Estate.

SELLS HALF INTEREST IN RESTAURANT

Ralph Carter, Junior partner in the Busy Bee Cafe, has sold his interest in the same to Jim Kemper, who has begun work.

Uncle Henry McDaniel left last week for a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Leonard Farmer, of Eula.

For Sale, full-blooded Jersey male calf.—See W. A. McGowen.

Mrs. S. Lee Shell of Waxahachie is visiting her son, Earl Shell.

Oyster season opens with us Saturday Aug. 12. Be first to try them.—Busy Bee.

Roy Mitchell and Frank Mad-dux of Atwell, are conducting a meeting at Deer Plains.

C. E. Boydston was a Baird visitor Thursday.

NEW PRICES ON FORD CARS

Five Passenger Touring Car	395.70
Two Passenger Runabout	380.70

All fully equipped, delivered Cross Plains. Give us your orders quick, we won't be able to make deliveries at these prices.

C. S. BOYLES

Ford Agent, Cross Plains

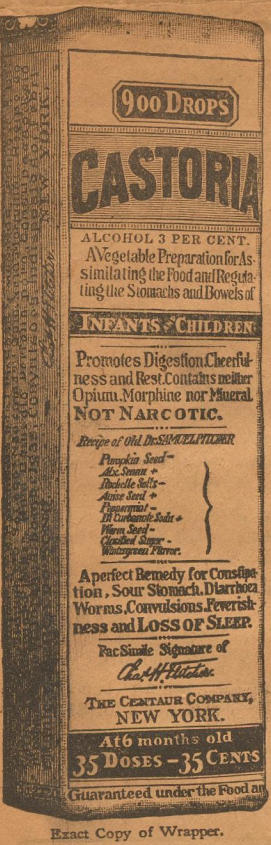
A New Tailoring Business

I have opened a Tailor shop in the frame building just below Witt & Harbin's where I am prepared to do all kinds of first-class Tailoring work. Come in and let me prove to you that my method of cleaning, pressing and preparing cloths are strictly sanitary and up-to-date. I give your cloths a lasting crease, uniform finish and the natural body shape.

I also take orders for suits from the very best Tailors in the world, they are Guaranteed in style, workmanship, and material, and best of all they are Guaranteed A FIT OR NO SALE.

Come Let's Get Acquainted.

L. B. LINDSEY THE ROYAL TAILORS



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

PERSONAL

Dear friends, subscribe for Review

FOR SALE—A good saddle and bridle to sell or trade. See me at home—Grover Henderson.

Walter Mitchell returned Sunday from a week's visit at College Station where he took the Farmers' Short Course. He says that he learned a great deal and values his trip highly.

When in town Eat Dinner at our restaurant. Good meals for 25c. The Crystal Cafe.

G. W. Dennis and family and E. W. Dennis, father to G. W., left the middle of the week for a visit in Jones county and other points in the west. They have relatives in Jones, and Mr. Dennis senior, formerly lived in Fisher, county.

Admiete stops all leaks easily to apply. Electro Carbon paint for tin roofs and cisterns. Shackelford Lumber Yard.

Witt and Harbin has a few fruit jars left. See them before you buy.

Murman McGowen of Baird was here Sunday the guest of home folks and other friends.

The DeLaval, the separator you will eventually buy.

The Editor and wife spent from Friday till Saturday with Mr. Harrell and family of South of town.

No store can meet the prices being made on Dry Goods and groceries. — At Carter's.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddington of Comal last week a boy. All concerned doing nicely.

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

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Manning returned last week from a visit to San Antonio where they went to see their son, Hobart, who is now working for Uncle Sam. They are doing nicely and is well satisfied.

Remember the poultry car every Thursday—Neeb Produce Co.

Porter Davis who has been taking junior and senior work at the University of Texas has returned to his home at Cross Cut. He was in town Tuesday. He states that he will teach at Runge, in south Texas, the coming session, and that he has a good school. Porter is the only person from this immediate section who is attending the University.

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

W. C. Adams, W. A. Williams, D. P. Carter and Joe Austin have left for a trip to the Plains country, the objective of their trip being Lubbock, where Mr. Williams has relatives.

Witt and Harbin has a few fruit jars left. See them before you buy.

Mrs. Jim Newton and son, Lewis, and daughters, Misses Annie and Lela, of Cross Cut, passed through this place last Thursday on way to Vernon and other points in that country, expecting to return via Ft. Worth.

Try The Review want ads.

ALWAYS OPEN

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

NO HIGHER YET

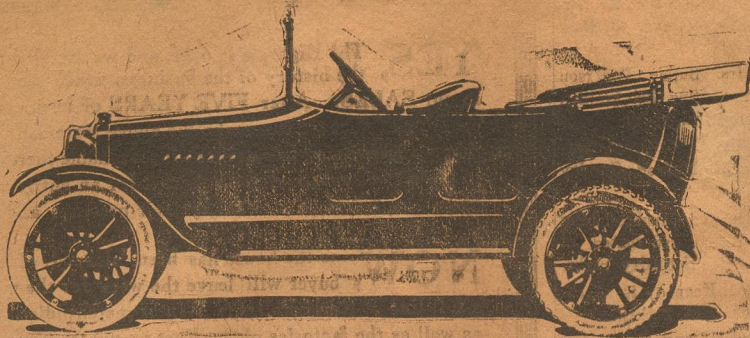
You can still get your meals at the Crystal Cafe for 25c, in spite of the advance in prices on nearly everything. Remember that when in town. All kinds of short orders.

The Crystal Cafe.

The Man Who Wins

never loses time nor money but always has his shoes made new at the Cross Plains Shoe Shop west of the post office.—W A Petterson

SAXON



\$815.00

F. O. B. Detroit

ECONOMY

\$885.00

Complete—Delivered

St. Louis Dealers win 300-mile non-stop Saxon Cup —making an average per gallon of gas 34.67 miles.

The grand average of some 2,000 Saxon dealers throughout the United States in the 300-mile non-stop run last Saturday per gallon of gas was 23.5 miles.

Our average in the 300-mile non-stop run Saturday on Dallas county roads per gallon of gas was 21.8.

On one measured gallon of gas on Hutchins Pike this same car made better than 24 miles.

The average of all Texas dealers per gallon was 21.5 miles.

That 300-Mile Non-Stop Run

(By One of the Tourists)

I rode on an automobile tour of 300 miles Saturday and never left Dallas County. I witnessed a six-cylinder touring car go the 300 miles at an average speed of 28.56 miles each hour and use an average of one gallon of gasoline to every 21.8 miles. Its engine never stopped turning over during the whole day—from 5:45 o'clock in the morning until 4:15 o'clock in the afternoon—and when it finally was stopped, it stopped, it seemed unwillingly, so sweetly had it run all day long and so thoroughly had it responded to the call put upon it.

This car was a Saxon Six touring car, entered by Ray-Rose Company, Dallas, and was driven by Ike Anderson of the Service Department. Anderson knew his car and what it would do, but even he was surprised at its perfect performance. G. L. Cade of the Dallas Automobile Club was the official observer.

Starting in the cool hours of the morning, the first 93 miles was made with only 2 3-4 gallons of gasoline used. As the heat of the day increased, the amount of gasoline used per mile increased in proportion to the heat. The test was one that would be made by any owner on a public road. It can even be judged a little too conservative, for the day being Saturday and harvest time, the roads were crowded with threshers and wagons with grain and farmers en route to and from town.

It was one tour of several thousand that were similarly driven in various sections of the United States—an endurance test and an economy showing of the Saxon Six. Dallas' tour was around the thirty mile Carrollton loop—ten times around it—and the staunch car went at it willingly and without a murmur.

The writer returned grinning and blistered, but feeling like Mark Twain's jack rabbit—that "he had made a little crack in the atmosphere and crawled into it."

The Strength and Service of the SAXON is proven daily and the above Statements set a High Mark of Economy that should satisfy any one interested in Automobiles.

Higginbotham Trad. Co.

SELL CREAM

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

Neeb Produce Co.

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

The Cross Plains Garage

Agents for Chevrolet Automobiles

Electric Starters, Magnetos, and Carburetors a Specialty We are here to stay, so give us a trial: satisfaction Guaranteed.

S. L. MONSEY, Prop.

E. R. MOSLEY, Mec.

Fresh skinned cat fish on Friday and Saturday at—The Busy Bee.

Miss Ophelia Wesley of Denton arrived here Friday where she will spend her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wesley, and brothers south of town. She teaches Botany in C. I. A. at Denton, having the same work there for the coming year. She taught this summer in the North Texas Normal at Denton.

Genuine White Rotary sewing machine for sale. On terms if required.— At Carter's.

Never too busy to call for and deliver your tailoring work. If you want your work done quickly phone 94.—T. W. Tartt the Tailor.

Mrs. Hampton of De Leon was a last week visitor of Mrs. B.T. Higginbotham's.

Good Jersey Milch Cow for S A L E. On terms if required. At Carter's.

Mrs. Julia Powers of Starr, Texas, arrived here Sunday the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ira Loving. She will also visit her uncles, Messers. Geo. Wister, and John Gaines, of Cross Cut.

Another car of flour to arrive soon. Will make you a good price. J. W. Westerman

S. D. Thompson of Cottonwood was here Tuesday, and while in town paid The Review a pleasant visit.

Get your fruit jars at Witt & Harbin's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Haley of Big Springs are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Haley, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Ogilvy of north of town. Winfred is taking a rest from his work as fireman on the T. & P.

JULY BUSINESS GOOD

In spite of the hot weather our business last month showed an increase of nearly 20 per cent over last July. Our prices did it and they will do it this month, too.

THE BASKET STORE

The Singer Sewing Machine

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

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

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

One and two ply rubber roofing on stock. Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

Try a block of that stock salt at J. W. Westerman's.

The DeLaval, the separator you will eventually buy.

Don't you know that wamba coffee is the best?—J. W. Westerman

Alex Huntington of Sabanno delivered corn in Cross Plains the middle of the week of Higginbotham's at 75c per bushel.

Mrs. C. E. Scott of Rising Star arrived here last Saturday the guest of her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Creamer and son, Truman, of Comanche are visiting Mrs. L. B. Lindsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Creamer.

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

Girl! Girl!! Girl!!!

See The House of Bondage Aug. 8.—The Airdome.

The House OF BONDAGE

The greatest warning to parents and children ever known. Endorsed by prominent social reform workers the world over.

This picture should be seen by every man, woman, boy, and especially every girl in these United States. It is a terrible tale but there is nothing in it to please the evil-minded. It is profoundly moral, written with a sincere purpose.

AT THE AIRDOME

August 7, men only

August 8, ladies only