

# The Cross Plains Review

VOL. XVIII

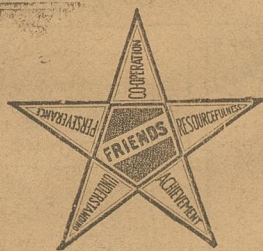
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY, 15th 1927

No 18

## Big Three Day Annual Picnic and Rodeo Here July 21-22-23

### ARE YOU ACCUMULATING

You are growing older day by day—but are you accumulating in a material way—are you preparing for old age and misfortune? A growing bank account gives a feeling of strength and security. Everyone should have a bank account—and one that grows. Your banking business appreciated here.



"A Bank of Personal Service"

## THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

—Read Our Messages Appearing In Farm and Ranch—



OF CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

### CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT DIXON VS. BROWN

The biggest wrestling match of the summer will take place Friday night, when Billy Dixon, Cross Plains mat artist, meets Pete Brown of Chicago, middle weight champion, at the American Legion's New Open Air Stadium. The winner will wear the championship belt, which is now on display at Robertson's Drug Store. Pete Brown has wrestled in Texas before and he is said to be one of the fastest men working on the padded mat. He wears the belt—that means that he is going to give Dixon a hard match—but it does not mean that he will wear the belt away from Cross Plains—as Dixon is going strong now. He won his match in Dallas last week in twenty minutes with a body slam, a new trick for him—and it is stated that it took Pete Brown over thirty minutes to beat the same man. Dixon says he is anxious to use the body slam on Kala Pasha—and

show the "Terrible Turk" how it feels. Another interesting feature Friday night will be a six round boxing match between Dick Yarbrough, Cross Plains battler, and Frones Jones, of San Angelo. Yarbrough is slated to score a knockout. A battle royal is also on the program and that will be interesting too. Better see about getting your ticket early—if you want to see the big match Friday night—as the stadium may not accommodate all who wish to see it. The match will be staged under the auspices of the American Legion here.

Mrs. Dan Atwood is visiting in Oklahoma City, and was operated on for appendicitis Thursday. She was doing nicely last report.

G. W. Oxford and family of Quitman visited their daughter, Mrs. C. N. Harris last week.

Murman McGowen and family visited in Coleman, Glen Cove, San Angelo and other points the first of the week.

REV. THOS. LENOX, OF CISCO



### MEETING AT BAPTIST TABERNACLE PROCEEDS

Rev. Thos. Lenox, pastor of the First Christian Church of Cisco, who is conducting a revival meeting at the Baptist tabernacle here, is preaching to interested and appreciative audience and the attendance is good, considering the fact that so many people are away on vacations. A warm welcome is extended to all.

### EMPIRE WELL MAKES 1000 BBL. PRODUCER

The Empire Gas & Fuel Cos. big gas well on the Johnson ranch 18 miles west, has turned out to be a big oil well, too. A separator was installed and the well is now producing 1,000 barrels it is stated, and maintains its record as a gas producer. This means big play in that section when conditions warrant.

In the new field five miles west of town, Shaw & Rothke are on top of pay sand on their Miller No. 6, and are drilling at 1150 on their No. 7. Brannon & Murry on Bennett-Booth No. 2 are expected to drill in this week. Mook Texas & Wakefield on T. E. Baum No. 2 are drilling at 725. Bradstreet is underreaming at 760 on his Waller No. 1. Hill & West are fishing for collapsed casing at 720 on their Waller No. 1. Other drilling not reported.

### LETTER FROM JUDGE GILBERT

The game, Fish & Oyster Commission is now under the able management of Mr. Tucker, as Commissioner, and I am informed by him that the hitherto limited supply of game fish for stocking local waters, has been materially augmented recently by satisfactory shipments from the big hatcheries of Lake Cisco, Cisco, Texas.

To those of our citizens who might be interested in stocking these game fish, I will be able to lend them every assistance in my power, and they are invited to communicate with me for further particulars. It is to be noted at present that operations are confined to raising crappie and white perch, black bass, bream and cat fish. Rainbow trout and ring perch are undergoing experimentation and adaptation to this locality, results of which will be announced later. Because of the cannibalistic habits of the black bass, large numbers cannot be produced in small areas, however if your supply is large enough they may be produced. Those desiring to make application for game fish should be satisfied that their area is large enough and of course it should be permanent under ordinary conditions.

There is, of course, no charge for my services in what I may do in assisting those who desire to make an investigation.

Very Respect'y,  
Victor B. Gilbert.

### ANOTHER BALL GAME

The Junior Tigers defeated the Echo ball team Wednesday here in the Tiger park by score of 15 to 5. Too late for detailed report this week.

### TIGERS WIN SLUGGING CONTEST HERE SUNDAY

The Cross Plains Tigers defeated the Rockwood team here Sunday, in one of the hardest slugging matches ever staged in any ball park. The final score was 19 to 17. There were five home runs recorded. Chick Baum, first baseman for the Tigers made two home runs and they were timely. The last came in the eighth inning with three men on bases. The first was made in the sixth, and was probably the longest ball ever witnessed in the local park, the ball going 414 feet before coming to earth, and then rolled a long way. Nathan Oliver also made a home run and he deserves special mention for his brilliant field work as short stop.

The batteries for Cross Plains were Nicholson and Gardner in the pitchers box and Jeff Clark behind the bat. Many errors were made on both sides, but they were overshadowed in a measure by the hard hitting and splendid fielding generally. It was truly a slugging contest from start to finish both sides hitting hard and long. Chase Adams relieved Pete Rovech in center field in the last half of game. Gardner was sent to the box as reliever pitcher in the sixth, after the Rockwood sluggers began to find the pills tossed by Nicholson, and his work was effective. But the relief pitcher sent in by Rockwood failed to slip the ball by the Tigers who were not only hitting well—but hard. The game lasted only three hours!

The Rockwood team is reported to be one of the strongest teams in the west. The boys are good sports and play ball all the time, but the Tigers are in the habit of winning—and they like the habit, but Rockwood has a good ball team, as well as Cross Plains.

Jeff Clark, Catcher, demonstrated his ability to steal bases as well as he did twenty years ago, and he is good any where he works—especially behind the bat.

The original line-up of the Tigers was as follows:  
Nate Oliver, S. S.  
Beman Young, T. B.  
Jeff Clark, C.  
Chick Baum, F. B.  
Kearley, L. F.  
Gardner, S. B.  
Roach, C. F.  
Johnson, R. F.  
Nicholson, P.

### WHY SO MUCH OF "BRADDOCK" AND SO LITTLE OF "BOUQUET"

The school book tells us much of "Braddock's Defeat" but says almost nothing of "Bonquet's Victory" save is the inconsistency of popular history. Yet this colonial leader once scored one of the most brilliant military successes ever won on this continent and saved Pennsylvania and the whole Atlantic seaboard from the horrors of an Indian invasion at a critical time in history.

If you would know something about this forgotten hero whose story is the kind that every American should be proud to tell his children, read the illustrated feature article "Bonquet and Braddock" by Elmo Scott Watson, in this issue of the Review.

Mrs. M. Harless of the Eastern Star Home, at Arlington, returned home Sunday after a visit here.

Mrs. McDaniels and children of Spur are visiting parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Long.

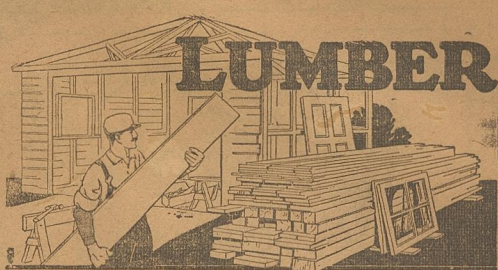
Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham of San Antonio are visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Wilkinson.

Mrs. Fred Cutbirth and little daughter, were in Cross Plains from their ranch west of town Tuesday.

A. J. Cannon, Harry McFurrin and Charley Holeman of Burkett were in town Monday.

Mrs. K. J. Preston and little son are visiting her parents at Hamilton.

R. C. Durringer and A. J. Gensley were Brownwood visitors Sunday.



## The Economy of Good Lumber

It is real practical economy to use good lumber. It saves construction costs, and the finished building is worth more because of the better appearance.

## CROSS PLAINS LUMBER COMPANY

Phone 18

S. R. Jackson, Mgr.

### ELABORATE PLANS ARE MADE FOR PICNIC

The picnic committee, representing the fire department and C. of C. band, is making plans for the most elaborate picnic ever held here on July 21-22-23. All kinds of amusements and entertainments will be featured and it is freely predicted that it will be the biggest picnic ever held here.

It is understood that there will be a big ball game each day, with fast teams matched with the Cross Plains Tigers. There will be aeroplane stunts, big rodeo, riding devices of all kinds, carnival attractions of all kinds, band concerts, etc. Begin now to make arrangements to attend this big annual event—if you live in a days drive of this city.

Miss Mary Moragne who has been attending Normal School at Canyon, returned to Cross Plains, Sunday. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moragne, who just recently moved to De Leon, met her here, and they returned home together.

### CORNELIUS, BIG SINGER AND OTHERS HERE

R. H. Cornelius, noted singer and song composer, of Fort Worth, and many other visiting singers, were here Sunday attending the big all day singing at the Baptist Church. Singers from Brownwood, May, Trickham, Sabanno and many other points were present and took part in the program. During the afternoon session, the house was packed to overflowing. The singing was strictly fine and was enjoyed by each and every one present.

Mr. Cornelius is well known over this section and has taught many singing schools over West Texas. Many of his former pupils were present Sunday, and they praised him for his contribution to the world of gospel in song.

Mr. E. M. Ridgeway and son, Billy of South Bend are visiting relatives here.

Geo. Musick and family have moved to Throckmorton where he is manager for the West Texas Utilities there.

### Banking at Home Makes A Better Town

People run their affairs for their own profit, of course, but since this is your home, the more the community prospers the more you prosper.

Money sent away to be banked in other towns can do our town no good but money banked at home is used by somebody for the upbuilding of this town.

You are helping yourself when you bank at home.



## Member Federal Reserve System THE FIRST STATE BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

M. E. Wakefield, President,  
J. A. Barr, Vice-President  
Tom Bryant, Vice-President

George B. Scott, Cashier  
J.D. Conlee, Ass't Cashier  
A. R. Clark Ass't Cashier

E. I. Vestal, Noah Johnson, Tom Bryant and J. E. Eubank, Paul V. Harrell Directors.



### FOUNTAIN SERVICE

You will find the best fountain service here, and we want you to make our fountain your headquarters for refreshing well mixed drinks these hot summer days.

Phone 23

## CITY DRUG STORE (YOUR STORE)

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Oak, Inc.  
© by Warner Newspaper Union

Round Two Is Fanny's

Featherhead Fables?

TELEX-LOOK AT FREDDIE'S TONGUE! DONT YOU THINK I'D BETTER CALL THE DOCTOR?

IS THAT ALL YOU THINK WEVE GOT A PHONE FOR?! YOU NEVER CONSULT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY- THAT'S FREE!! BUT A DOCTOR WHO SOAKS YOU A BUCK FOR EVERY BREATH HE TAKES TALKING TO YOU YOU CONSULT HIM!

GIVE FREDDY SOME BREWSTER TO GARGLE AND MARK HIM DUTY. I WONT HAVE MY BOY GROW UP A HOT-HOUSE FLOWER

YOU SOUND LIKE YOU HAD BEEN WITH WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE!

I WAS! BUT NOT FOR LONG- I WAS AFRAID THE COMFORTS THERE WOULD MAKE ME EFFEMINATE

YOU WERE THERE TOO LONG AT THAT!!

HIS FATHER HAD A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY, BUT HE WASN'T INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF A SOCIAL FRATERNITY AT COLLEGE.

OSBORNE

George Bleasdon  
Kansas City, Kans.

The Comic Strip

JUST FOOLISHNESS RESTAURANT ENGLISH  
BOWL ZUPP, OPPLA PIE, PITCHES AND KRIM, RUST BIFF, HEM SENDWICH, STROM BERRIES, COLD MITT

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe  
© Warner Newspaper Union

An Airedale Lover Speaks

I'AIN'T BY NO CHANCE SEEN HIDE NR HAIR OF MY POLICE DOG, HAVE YOU?

POLICE DOG?

YES!

WAS HE A BIG GRAY BRUTE THAT LOOKED SOMEPIN LIKE A WOLF?

AND WOULD JEST AS SOON MEBBE BITE OFF YER LEG AS LOOK AT YOU?

THAT'S BONZO TO THE LIFE, BLESS HIS OLD HEART!

ALL POLICE DOGS IS LIKE THAT- NO, I AINT SEEN HIM!

OSBORNE

Vacationing in South Dakota

Events in the Lives of Little Men

GOING FISHING, EH- WELL I'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO TO GET 'EM - GO UP TO THE NEXT FARM ON YOUR RIGHT, BIG RED BARN, WHITE HOUSE, ALONGSIDE THE BARN THERE'S A LANE DOWN TO THE STREAM AND IF ANYBODY STOPS YOU, JUST TELL 'EM YOU'RE A FRIEND OF HANK BROWN AND IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT

ETNER

(Copyright, W. N. U.)

NOW, JUMP!

I'M WATCHING YOU, HERB

SOM'BODY WATCH ME

OW, COM'ON LE'S PLAY BALL

CIRCUS DAYS

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander  
© by Warner Newspaper Union

Finney Pinch-hits

Famous Flop-scenes #0000000000

OH FINNEY! ANSWER MY PHONE WILLYA? MRS. SLAG IS CAUGHT IN HER CHAIR AGAIN~

HELLO- YES-M-

I WANT MY BREAKFAST! SEND IT UP THE DUMB WAITER!

?

HEY CUS!~ SOME DUTCHMAN IN 345 WANTS TO SEE YOU!~

?

ON THIS HECTIC JAZZ AGE! OUR WILLY BOYS HE WON A LOVING CUP AT SOME PARTY LAST NIGHT.

ALEXANDER

H. L. Burke,  
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

THE CLANCY KIDS

Timmie Knew the answer All the Time

PERCY L. CROSBY  
© by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

THOMAS, CAN YOU GIVE ME THE FEMININE OF CZAR?

CZARESS.

OH! THE DUBB! CZARESS! HO-HO!

TIMMIE, PERHAPS YOU CAN GIVE ME THE FEMININE OF CZAR

YES M.

MRS. CZAR.

# Selwood of Sleepy Cat

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

WNU Service.

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## STORY FROM THE START

John Selwood, gentleman gambler and manager of a stage line at Sleepy Cat, comes upon a settler whose wagon has mired in a creek. He helps get the outfit clear, after picking up a girl's shoe and being attracted by the supposed owner thereof in Fyler's (the settler's) wagon. Moses McCracken, a youth, is robbed of \$600 in a Sleepy Cat gambling den. Selwood forces the swindlers, Bartoe and Atkins, to return the money. Fyler opens a dry goods store, with "Big Haynes" running a mock auction. Selwood learns the girl whose shoe he picked up is Christie, Fyler's daughter. Selwood makes Christie's acquaintance and warns Fyler that Atkins is a crook. Starbuck, head of the crooked gamblers, attracted, tries to ingratiate himself with Christie. The girl's mind is poisoned against Selwood. Fyler is beaten and robbed. Christie, seeking Doctor Carpy, meets Selwood and informs him that Atkins has thrown her father out of his store, claiming to own it. Fyler is not badly hurt. With his two companions, Selwood drives Atkins and Haynes from Fyler's store. Christie, who has an aversion for gamblers, turns against Selwood when she learns he is a gambler.

## CHAPTER IX—Continued

The young gambler meant to trim him; and all that had gone before was only preliminary to what was now in hand. From the moment Selwood had sat into the play the night before, he had done little more than to study Roper's game. Roper liked the two-handed game—Selwood meant that he should—meant that his confidence should be firmly established. The general continued to win until within half an hour of breakfast, when a bad streak cost him heavily. Over-confidence led him for just a little while too far afield; that mysterious agency of chance, poker luck, momentarily deserted him. In a fit of pique, the general tried to discipline it—to drag it rudely back to his aid—with the mortifying result that in half a dozen hands he lost every dollar he had made in the early morning hours. Selwood was showing his teeth.

Now was the strategy he made use of altogether in the monotonous turn of the cards and the nerve-wearing bet against the unseen. He reasoned that before General Roper would lose his winnings he must first lose his temper; this the six disastrous hands had cost him. But now the general like a prudent soldier, retreated. He drew into his shell, silent and crabbed, and Selwood saw that something was necessary to encourage him. He ordered breakfast, and while it was being prepared the general won some consolation pots.

The meal was brought to the door by the housekeeper, Margaret Hyde, pale, silent, emotionless. The better part of the pot of strong coffee was conceded by Selwood, who took only a cupful to Roper. The general lighted a fresh cigar from the big box, tilted back in his flimsy chair, and looked his opponent carefully over. Selwood, calm under the inspection, only toyed, thoughtfully—while General Roper smoked—with the cards on the table before him. When Roper was ready to resume he, himself, drew a sealed pack of new cards from his pocket. "Let's have a fresh deck, young man," he said indifferently—or with an air of indifference—as he produced them. "It seems as if I can't remember your name."

"It ought not to be hard for you to remember," was all that Selwood retorted. But the remark was unnoticed, as Selwood meant it to be. When Roper brought his own cards, Selwood without comment took the cards they had been playing with all night, threw them in a corner, and opened Roper's pack. The play went on.

Within an hour Selwood had his game where he thought he could manage it. When Roper played for safety, Selwood was patient; when the general dashed at him headlong, Selwood stopped the charge and exacted his pound of flesh. By ten o'clock that morning Roper realized he had found a man his superior in nerve and his equal in strategy, and his anger was the anger of that master of fence who realizes that his skill has been matched and his rapier outpointed.

But the general lacked the caution to profit by his discernment. Egged on by that arch enemy of us all, vanity, he pressed his enemy.

Selwood recognized the symptoms as the beginning of the end. Roper's recklessness was stimulated designedly by minor successes, and his hopes were repeatedly dashed by staggering losses. He was gently deceived into boldness and brutally punished for his temerity. His discomfiture was studied and his feelings trodden underfoot. In no other possible way could his pride have been so humiliated and his pretentious autocracy abashed. He rose from the table at noon—although Selwood offered to play longer if he wished—exhausted physically, his eyes on fire, his voice shrunk to a rasping treble, a beaten man. It was not the money lost—though he had been completely cleaned out—but he

had been mastered at his own game and he knew it.

"Get my I O U's together, and see what I owe you," he said brusquely as he pushed his chair back. "Look here," he added insolently—"Selwood in leisurely fashion was casting up his accounts—"where did you learn to play poker?"

Selwood did not take the trouble to look up. "Among the thieves and cutthroats at Thief River," he answered with no lack of curtness and a complete indifference to the result of his words. "Why?" he asked in turn and with no less of insolence. "Don't you like my game?"

"What's your business?" demanded Roper. The general had cast aside the mask of suavity worn for so many hours; Selwood met his rudeness with rudeness. "Playing poker," he retorted, indifferent to results.

"What!" exclaimed Roper, kindling. "Do you mean to say you're a professional gambler?"

"That sounds like it, doesn't it?"

"You insult me, sir!" exclaimed Roper with an oath.

"You insulted me when you refused to play with my cards. You talked for your own, didn't you? And I cleaned you out with your own."

Roper flew into a passion. "Do you play with marked cards?" he thundered.

Selwood was impassive. "Nobody would need marked cards to play with you, General," he returned. "I play with marked cards when I play with thieves—they furnish them."

"Wentworth! Carpy!" roared Roper. "Come in here!" The two men appeared at the door together. "What do you mean?" he demanded with a string of epithets, "by running in a professional gambler on me for a gentleman's game of poker?"

Carpy looked blank—but the look was mostly assumed. "Has he cleaned you, General?" he asked, with medical innocence.

"Wentworth," blurted out Roper, "you told me he was your superintendent here."

"Dash it, he is," returned Wentworth testily. "Last time you were up here you cleaned out Dave Tracy. You weren't so blamed particular then whom you played poker with."

Roper stamped about in a tantrum. "I've been played on—taken in by a common card sharp—I've been robbed."

Selwood, who had been sitting as an unconcerned listener, slapped the cards with which they had been playing sharply down on the table. He rose instantly and confronted Roper.

"I wouldn't call a man of your years a liar, General. But you can't crawl away after a game with me with any such word as 'robbed.'"

"Why you blamed old martinet—" shouted Carpy angrily.

"Hold on, Doc! Hold your horses!" interposed Wentworth hastily. "The general is my guest—we're gentlemen here."

Carpy could not be suppressed. "Every man on the Mountain divide," he thundered at Roper, "would call you a liar if you called John Selwood a crook."

Selwood put up his hand. He was white with anger. "I'll do the talking, Doctor," he said. The men watching him made no further attempt to interfere. Roper, sullen, glared at him. "This man"—Selwood pointed to Roper—"calls me a card sharp—he has good reason to—a better reason than he knows!" He was looking as he spoke at Wentworth and Carpy and directed his words to them. "I want to tell you, gentlemen, who that man is"—his finger pointed remorselessly at Roper. "And I want to tell you who I am. That man sent my father to his death at the hands of Indians! That man tried to send my mother and me to the same death. That man put a stain on my mother's name. He sent me out into the world without a name. If that man's word is good"—he shot the words out like bullets—"my father never married my mother!"

"Damnation!" shouted Carpy, enraged. "Why don't you kill him?"

Selwood went steadily on. "I'll tell you that, too. I came out on the Divide ten years ago. I was fifteen years old. I went to this man up at the Fort—told him who I was—he cursed me. The only man on the whole trail that showed me honest kindness was the old man who lies down there in the tent—Dave Tracy. Dave Tracy was a gambler; he could teach me no trade but his own. He never tried to make a gambler of me—I made one of myself—I liked it, I drifted into it, I expect to die in it. I don't excuse it. I don't whine about it. I know the cards—they know me. They're false friends, like all friends—when you win, against you when you lose. But I don't forget what that man has done to me and mine. You ask me, Carpy, why I don't kill him—it's because his son, Lieut. Henry Roper, was my father!"

An instant of silence, terrible to sustain, followed the astonishing words. Roper, apoplectic with emotion, started and clutched at his shirt collar.

Before any one could reach him he fell heavily to the floor.

Wentworth and Carpy, with much lifting and tugging, carried Roper to the bed in Carpy's room, and while the doctor administered restoratives, Selwood, assured that no fatal issue threatened, went down-stairs. Wentworth joined him presently with the news that Roper had recovered consciousness and had been given a sedative.

Carpy came down within half an hour and, accompanied by Wentworth, went at Selwood's request to his room. There Selwood sat down before a supply of champagne.

"I told you the bare fact of this man's relation to me," he began, addressing the two men. "But you are entitled to more. My father was Lieut. Henry Roper; my mother was Annie Selwood; she was the daughter of a post trader at old Fort Pierce. Young Roper fell in love with my mother. His father, then Colonel Roper, commanding officer there, was violently angry—he wouldn't listen to their getting married—he thought a post trader's daughter wasn't good enough for the Roper blood; but that didn't chill the young couple. Their one object in life was to get married."

"It would be a poor kind of a man, gentlemen, that wouldn't speak well of his own mother—who wouldn't deal gently with her weaknesses and draw a veil, if need were, over her mistakes. But, gentlemen, I want to say, I'm not called on to apologize in any way for my little dead mother. She was a whip of a girl, eighteen years old. He was twenty-one. She weighed ninety pounds when Henry Roper married her—only ninety pounds, but every ounce of that ninety

was well; they would be married, anyway, and there would be no more trouble.

"It all sounded good to my mother; the little Crow expedition was to be a holiday affair—soon over, military honors, brave young husband—and all that.

"She consented. Frying Pan, the orderly, arranged things. An old sergeant, devoted to Father, rode out with him one afternoon after antelope. Mother rode out later alone. Frying Pan met her, and they rode down the river together and met Father. Frying Pan and the old sergeant were taken along for witnesses.

"They made the camp and found the black-robe. My mother belonged to his faith. He made necessary inquiries, told them he would marry them, and asked them to come back the following day for the ceremony. They begged to be married at once.

"Night had fallen. It was raining to beat hell. But that wild night, in that little Indian camp and in that downpour, before the gray-haired padre, with Frying Pan, the sergeant, and the Blackfeet lighting the scene with pitch-pine torches, my father married my mother.

"They got back to the fort. Came next day the orders to start. There were only half as many men fit as should have been sent against the meanest Indians ever bred in the Rockies. My father was no greenhorn—he protested. The old man was iron—he listened to nothing. He waited a few days and sent him out with fewer men than he would have had a week earlier.

"Any old scout in the mountains can tell you the story of that fight. Henry Roper followed the Crows a week, and surprised them in daylight, up past the lava beds, in Crawling Stone wash. My father attacked. Colonel Roper's scouts, who were no good, had reported that the war party numbered fifty—but a bigger party had joined them, and there proved to be three hundred warriors in the wash; Roper's men were surrounded in thirty minutes.

"He saw what he was up against. He knew there was only one thing to do—to cut through the ring and make a dash back for the lava beds.

"A few men—about a dozen—got through. The old sergeant—I never got his name—was shot through the head. Frying Pan was left for dead on the field. My father did not reach the lava beds. He fell at the head of his men, in Crawling Stone wash; his body never was recovered."

Selwood paused. "Gentlemen," he said, wiping his forehead. "This champagne is for everybody. I drink it because it steadies me. I can't drink whisky. It's funny, but whisky makes me want to kill somebody.

"So my father didn't come back. Smallpox broke out again that fall at the fort. My mother's father took it and died in a week. My mother was left alone. She was a thousand miles from any woman she felt she could turn to. Don't be afraid of the champagne, gentlemen; I tell you, it will steady you."

"They watched the gambler pour and drink glass after glass of the heavy French wine—but seemingly without effect on the iron restraint under which he held himself.

"My mother's condition," he resumed, "forced her to go to my grandfather. She told her story. He asked for her proofs—buzzards were picking them in the Crawling Stone wash.

"He told my mother his son had never married her! He did, so help me God! The post surgeon was more merciful. He defied the old man, took care of my little mother at the hospital; and of all the damnable things that could happen to a woman in that distress, my poor mother gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl. I am that boy.

"Even that didn't soften the old wretch's heart. He was only broken over the death of his handsome son. My mother had no place in his grief. Her very presence at the fort seemed to irritate him. Before the snow was off the ground he arranged to send

her back to St. Joe with her two babies. She was put in charge of two drunken troopers to be taken down the river to a landing where a steamboat, caught on the river the fall before, was going to St. Louis when the ice went out.

"The surgeon wrapped my mother and the babies up in furs and made her as comfortable as possible—old Roper came to the hospital then and offered her money—she refused to touch it. A snowstorm set in after we got started. By noon it was a blizzard. The troopers lost their way and drove backward and forward all day. By nightfall they had found the trail, but they were drunk. When they struck timber along the breaks above the river, wolves got their wind and followed them. The horses got scared; the men whipped up and in a few minutes the team was running away. The sleigh bounced along on the trail, struck a sharp turn, and my mother with the babies in her arms was thrown from the sleigh twenty feet down into a river break filled with snow—the wolves followed the horses.

"It was close to a village of Mandans. The Indians heard the noise and heard my mother's cries, dragged her out of the snow with her children and got her into a tepee; they were kinder than the whites. They got my mother and her babies to the boat, and she reached the farm of her married sister in Missouri. But the hardships and exposure of the trip were too much for her. She lived, with what had come to her from her father, till we were twelve years old—never well, but devoted to her children.

"After that my sister and I went to live with our aunt. Her first husband had died. Her second husband was a hard taskmaster—he made us earn our keep. Three years of it was enough for me. It was too much—more than I ought to've tried. You can see for yourselves, gentlemen, there's not much explaining to me. I couldn't stand plowing from daylight to dark. I'm not lazy, I don't believe—but it wasn't in me to do heavy farm work, and I told my uncle so. He didn't care much; I was bleeding at the lungs at that time and not much good to anybody. I said goodby to my aunt, who was always like a mother to me, ran away and joined a party of emigrants headed for the mountains.

"I fell in with Tracy. He was the first man I met in the high country who didn't try to get the best of me. I drifted here and there with him, but I always had in mind to hunt up Colonel Roper and tell him my mother's story after she fell. In fact, my mother asked me to promise to do that much, and I had promised.

"I found him at the fort again—he had been sent back there. I told him who I was. He flew into a rage and said my mother and her babies perished in the blizzard that set in the day they left the fort, and told me I was an impostor—that's what I got, gentlemen, when I was less than sixteen, from my own grandfather! Tracy made the trip up to the fort with me. I'd told Tracy that if my grandfather would take me I should quit him. He agreed that would be right.

"I'd thought the old wretch might have softened with the years; my mother told me he would; Tracy said he would—that it wasn't in human nature to act the way he was acting forever. He has a fine manner, you know—when I first went in he talked so nice I hoped he might ask me to stay. But when he heard my story—well, you know the rest.

"I told him I'd come back some day and make him eat his words. He ordered me off the reservation. Tracy and his deck of cards were waiting for me; I dropped my father's name and took my mother's—here I am.

"You know how I struck it a few years ago at Thief River. Dave Tracy was down and out. He thought if he could get a house started here, he could get on his feet. I backed him—why shouldn't I? When we took the trail, I slept under his blanket."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Sent My Father to His Death at the Hands of Indians."

pounds was true womanhood, as you will say when you hear me; and she knew what was due to herself. And I can say no word against my dead father—he knew what was due to the woman he loved, and respected it. She was the better educated, he was the older—and I know nothing of either of them but what is to their honor and mine.

"There were few chances at the old fort, in those days, to get married, and if there is one thing for which my father should be blamed it was that he was afraid of his own father and he let his bully him. But in spite of the bullying he wouldn't give up the girl; and to break up the attachment, this old man up-stairs arranged to have his son transferred to Fort Calhoun.

"Before the transfer order came, and while the young couple were growing desperate over their situation, a party of Crows started on the warpath. Colonel Roper ordered a troop of cavalry out after the Crows.

"It happened just when there was an outbreak of smallpox at the fort. It was light, but many of the men were down; the captain who would have ordinarily commanded the expedition was down. My father was assigned to the job of punishing the Crows.

"But he had to wait for men. Colonel Roper, like an old blunderbuss, sputtered around trying to hurry things up, but a week slipped away before they could get a handful of men ready. Father, of course, was likewise impatient to be off and greatly elated—and before he got away something else happened.

"Father had an orderly—a half-breed Chippewa Indian who was to act as guide. He had been brought up among the Sioux, and his name was John Frying Pan. Frying Pan learned from friendly Indians that a black-robe missionary was traveling with an escort of Blackfeet into the mountains, and that the party was camped at what was called Old Mission, twenty miles down the river. My father went to my mother with the news.

"He asked her to go with him to the black-robe and be married. When he came back he would tell his father, have it out with him, and all would

be well; they would be married, anyway, and there would be no more trouble.

"It all sounded good to my mother; the little Crow expedition was to be a holiday affair—soon over, military honors, brave young husband—and all that.

"She consented. Frying Pan, the orderly, arranged things. An old sergeant, devoted to Father, rode out with him one afternoon after antelope. Mother rode out later alone. Frying Pan met her, and they rode down the river together and met Father. Frying Pan and the old sergeant were taken along for witnesses.

"They made the camp and found the black-robe. My mother belonged to his faith. He made necessary inquiries, told them he would marry them, and asked them to come back the following day for the ceremony. They begged to be married at once.

"Night had fallen. It was raining to beat hell. But that wild night, in that little Indian camp and in that downpour, before the gray-haired padre, with Frying Pan, the sergeant, and the Blackfeet lighting the scene with pitch-pine torches, my father married my mother.

"They got back to the fort. Came next day the orders to start. There were only half as many men fit as should have been sent against the meanest Indians ever bred in the Rockies. My father was no greenhorn—he protested. The old man was iron—he listened to nothing. He waited a few days and sent him out with fewer men than he would have had a week earlier.

"Any old scout in the mountains can tell you the story of that fight. Henry Roper followed the Crows a week, and surprised them in daylight, up past the lava beds, in Crawling Stone wash. My father attacked. Colonel Roper's scouts, who were no good, had reported that the war party numbered fifty—but a bigger party had joined them, and there proved to be three hundred warriors in the wash; Roper's men were surrounded in thirty minutes.

"He saw what he was up against. He knew there was only one thing to do—to cut through the ring and make a dash back for the lava beds.

"A few men—about a dozen—got through. The old sergeant—I never got his name—was shot through the head. Frying Pan was left for dead on the field. My father did not reach the lava beds. He fell at the head of his men, in Crawling Stone wash; his body never was recovered."

Selwood paused. "Gentlemen," he said, wiping his forehead. "This champagne is for everybody. I drink it because it steadies me. I can't drink whisky. It's funny, but whisky makes me want to kill somebody.

"So my father didn't come back. Smallpox broke out again that fall at the fort. My mother's father took it and died in a week. My mother was left alone. She was a thousand miles from any woman she felt she could turn to. Don't be afraid of the champagne, gentlemen; I tell you, it will steady you."

"They watched the gambler pour and drink glass after glass of the heavy French wine—but seemingly without effect on the iron restraint under which he held himself.

"My mother's condition," he resumed, "forced her to go to my grandfather. She told her story. He asked for her proofs—buzzards were picking them in the Crawling Stone wash.

"He told my mother his son had never married her! He did, so help me God! The post surgeon was more merciful. He defied the old man, took care of my little mother at the hospital; and of all the damnable things that could happen to a woman in that distress, my poor mother gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl. I am that boy.

"Even that didn't soften the old wretch's heart. He was only broken over the death of his handsome son. My mother had no place in his grief. Her very presence at the fort seemed to irritate him. Before the snow was off the ground he arranged to send

her back to St. Joe with her two babies. She was put in charge of two drunken troopers to be taken down the river to a landing where a steamboat, caught on the river the fall before, was going to St. Louis when the ice went out.

"The surgeon wrapped my mother and the babies up in furs and made her as comfortable as possible—old Roper came to the hospital then and offered her money—she refused to touch it. A snowstorm set in after we got started. By noon it was a blizzard. The troopers lost their way and drove backward and forward all day. By nightfall they had found the trail, but they were drunk. When they struck timber along the breaks above the river, wolves got their wind and followed them. The horses got scared; the men whipped up and in a few minutes the team was running away. The sleigh bounced along on the trail, struck a sharp turn, and my mother with the babies in her arms was thrown from the sleigh twenty feet down into a river break filled with snow—the wolves followed the horses.

"It was close to a village of Mandans. The Indians heard the noise and heard my mother's cries, dragged her out of the snow with her children and got her into a tepee; they were kinder than the whites. They got my mother and her babies to the boat, and she reached the farm of her married sister in Missouri. But the hardships and exposure of the trip were too much for her. She lived, with what had come to her from her father, till we were twelve years old—never well, but devoted to her children.

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## What's the Answer?

Questions—No. 3

- 1—Of what good is slang to a language?
- 2—Who said, "Germany can be beaten, Germany must be beaten, Germany will be beaten!"?
- 3—Who first translated "The Arabian Nights" from the Arabic?
- 4—What is the name of the large lake in Florida?
- 5—What jazz specialist, thorough-versed in the theory and ethics of music, defends jazz and believes the out of it will grow a new and esthetic form of expression?
- 6—When were the Olympic games instituted?
- 7—What is digestion?
- 8—What is specific gravity?
- 9—Jefferson Davis was secretary of war in what President's cabinet?
- 10—What state having full woman suffrage was first admitted to the Union?
- 11—Which state raises the most wheat?
- 12—What Englishman said: "America has a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man?"
- 13—What book is a perpetual best-seller?
- 14—Which continent has the greatest extremes of topography?
- 15—For what great English tragedian did Bulwer Lytton write "Reliance" and most of his other dramas and for whom Robert Browning tempted unsuccessfully to write?
- 16—How many times did Ty Cobb win the batting championship of the American league?
- 17—What is an escalator?
- 18—Who invented the incandescent electric lamp?
- 19—For what King of France was Louisiana named?
- 20—What secretary of war later became President?

Answers—No. 2

- 1—43-68.
- 2—Michigan and Northwestern Territory.
- 3—An earthquake is a shaking part of the earth's crust due to natural subterranean causes.
- 4—A dynamo converts mechanical energy into electrical energy, while motor converts electrical energy into mechanical energy.
- 5—1638.
- 6—Pontiac.
- 7—Mozart.
- 8—Plateau of Tibet.
- 9—Laurence Sterne.
- 10—Colonel Stanton, of Pershing staff.
- 11—Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.
- 12—Cincinnati.
- 13—Kremer of Pittsburgh.
- 14—A plate attached to a revolver shaft in such a way that the center of the plate and shaft do not coincide.
- 15—George Eastman.
- 16—De Soto.
- 17—Pablo Alto, San Antonio de la Saca de la Palma in the Mexican States.
- 18—The Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries.
- 19—Asta.
- 20—Henry Clay.

## Statement Put Issue Squarely Up to T

"Have any of you children birthday the last week?" Mrs. Row, the Sunday school teacher, Three of her pupils raised hands.

"Well, Charles and Betty and me, you may come forward a your birthday pennies in the box."

The three marched proudly front and dropped in their pennies each child dropped the penny. Morrow counted so all could Five for Charles, six for Betty.

"Why, Jimmie, you're more three years old!" Mrs. Row claimed. Jimmie had dropped pennies and started back to Betty.

"Yes'm," Jimmie agreed "I'm six."

"But you only dropped in the pennies," protested the teacher. "Yes, but I'm twins," Jimmie plained. "Daddy couldn't come day school this morning, but half his birthday, and he'll put in the other three cents as City Star."

## Never Quite Forgot

I don't recollect or even anything that I was just ashamed of but what sure to remember it and every while put me in mind of Billings.

## Eskimos Eat Bird I

The Greenland auk or dove greatly relished food among mors, who eat the bird raw through the clean feathers firm meat of the breast. Eskimo, it is said, will eat as 100 little auks at one sitting would be more than could be into four frying pans. The is said to be very palatable, their eggs among the rocks, them from enemies.

## Crystal Said to Hold World's Oldest Drink

In the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia there is what is thought to be the oldest drink in the world, unless there are some older ones embedded in the earth, which is where this one came from. It is a specimen of calcite crystal in which there is a cavity several inches long and in this there is about a half a gill of liquid, presumably water. The institution is the oldest in the country and the specimen has been there almost from the beginning, but until recently it has never been on public view. During its stay at the academy there has been no noticeable diminution of the material inclosed in the specimen. There are other such specimens, but this is the largest known and has qualities which make it quite valuable in the eyes of the scientists who are watching it to see if the contents become changed in any way. It was uncovered in Rossie, N. Y., 1838.

In one variety of blue quartz from Bucks county, Pennsylvania, in addition to the bubble there are minute crystals which are constantly in motion, which has possibly been continuous for millions of years.

## Tobacco Money

Durable paper currency can be made from the waste cuttings and stems of tobacco, it is reported from Europe. The waste from tobacco factories is first treated by a chemical process to render it tough and pliable. It is then run through special machinery to cut it fine and is used as a substitute for the more costly waste linen rags.

## Deadliest of Snakes

The cobra is the deadliest of all snakes. If it has bitten four or five persons in a short period, the sixth bite is not necessarily fatal. Other wise the victim dies in a few hours.

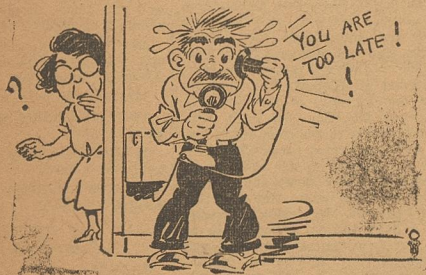
# NOTICE

All those who have accounts with us over thirty days old please call and settle same. Do not ask for further credit if your account has been running over thirty days. Pay up and maintain a good credit.

Phone 95

**C-P Drug Store**  
R. Robertson, Prop.

## What's The Trouble?



Why does the man in this picture seem to be so disturbed? The answer is easy—he failed to insure his home—and now it is too late. It has just been destroyed by fire. If your home should burn, would you have protection? We write fire insurance, tornado insurance, hail and other property insurance, as well as life insurance. Are you protected? If not, see us today.

**Tom Bryant, Insurance**

## FOSTER'S SERVICE Station & Grocery

We Sell Magnolia Oil

**GASOLINE** 19c per Gallon

### GROCERIES

Pink Salmon	15c
Pork & Beans	10c
Tomatoes, 1lb. 3 Oz.	10c
Kraut	10c
Hominy	10c
Post Toasties	15c
lb. 3 Oz. Peaches	20c
Pods, Per pound	.06c
Judson Tubes, 30x3 1-2	\$1.75
Judson Tubes, 29x4.40	\$2.25

SEE US ON NORTH MAIN STREET

**A. G. FOSTER, Mgr.**

## CROPS ARE GOOD OUTLOOK PROMISING

Crops in this section are looking good; corn is much better than first estimated, due to recent rains, and cotton prospects are very encouraging.

The future outlook for this section is as good as can be found in most any part of the state. The oil situation is expected to improve within the next sixty days—but that is all a matter of speculation.

### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

The Christian Endeavorers of the Presbyterians will render the following program, July 17, 1917:

Topic: "Applying Christian Standards in Amusement".

Song—37

Prayer—Mr. Hemphill

Scripture Reading—Phil. 4:8, Cor. 6:12

S, 12:13—Orba Booth

Song 78

Leaders Talk—Mabel Derington

The following will take part in the discussion.

Evelyn Barr

Seaborn Collins

Maola Garrett

Collis Eager

Wilda McLain

James Collins

Mrs. Collins

### AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

There will be public worship both morning and evening. The presiding Elder, Dr. W. E. Lyons, of Abilene, and he will at least preach at the morning hour. He is one of the outstanding men of the conference, and you will want to hear him. The pastor is not fully instructed as to his plans, but suppose that the third quarterly conference will be held Sunday afternoon.

### BALL GAME SUNDAY

The Cross Plains Tigers will meet Cisco's fast ball team at the ball park here Sunday, it is announced, and the Tigers are in for a test of their winning ability, as the Cisco team is said to be worthy opponents, and play to win from the start until the last ball has been pitched.

### FREE TRIP CONTEST

The vote in the Free trip to Paris contest, now stands as follows:

ROSS WAGNER.....63,363  
W. A. (Red) HUCKABY.....60,521

### MARRIED

J. H. Horris and Miss Ruby Wood of Sabanno, were married Monday. They have many well wishing friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weiler have just returned from a visit with relatives in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia.

We make two press runs in publishing the Review—and we note several errors made in the first run. Several typographical errors appeared, but in most cases our readers will be able to figure out what we were trying to say—at least we hope so.

T. E. Mitchell and daughters, Misses Opal, Clara and Mrs. A. L. Conlee have just returned from a visit in Hope, Arkansas, Greenville Texas, and other points.

Mrs. Harry Baker and Miss Etta Grocer are visiting with Mrs. Geo. M. Wilson this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Harvey have returned from a months visit in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Mrs. George M. Wilson and sons have returned from a six weeks vacation.

Children kept by hour, day or night. Phone 115 or 228.

Virginia Anderson

Opal Mae Jones

WANTED—Furnished apartment. See Mrs. Ford at A. F. Tate's residence.

### BARGAINS

On summer hats and dresses. Hats: 95c, \$1.95, and \$2.95.

Dresses in rprints voiles, ginghams, Rayon tub silk and georgette, from 75c to \$13.75.

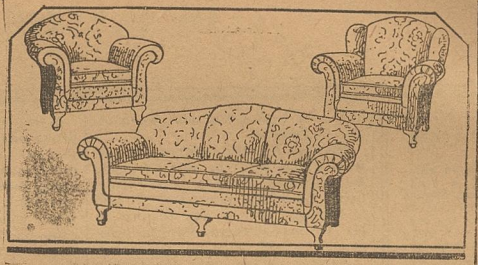
MRS. CORRIE B. WEST

### Traffic Suggestion

New York.—A boulevard on the house-tops is the latest suggestion to relieve traffic. The project would cost \$660,000,000.

### Etiquette Problem

London.—There's quite a discussion as to whether men should tip their hats to women in these emancipated days.



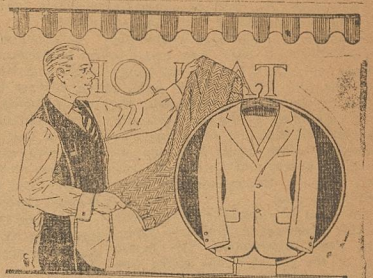
## A Set Worth Owning

The splendid quality of the materials and the woods used in making any one of these special sets make them pieces of furniture well worth owning. Stop in and make your selection now.

## Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

## Have Your Fall Clothes Tailored

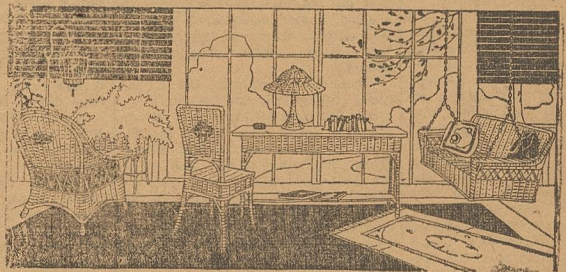
For greatest measure of clothes satisfaction the coming fall have your clothes tailored. The exactness of the fit insures longer, better wear—the difference in cost is little.



Our New Fall Samples have Just Arrived and are Now on Display  
Call and see Them.

## JIM SETTLE

## The Beauty and Comfort of REED FURNITURE



Genuine fibre reed is used in the construction of this furniture, assuring extra service and attractive appearance. Just the pieces for your summer porch or sun-porch. Very reasonable in price. Also beautiful piece furniture.

**Cross Plains Furniture Co.**

# WANTED

## -----A HUSBAND

—IF HE IS GOOD LOOKING AND NOT AWARE OF IT I WILL BE PLEASED.

If he is wealthy I will be pleased, but I know that only two out of a hundred are wealthy at the age of sixty, so I presume that only one young man out of ten thousand is wealthy, which leaves the chance of my marrying a wealthy young man very remote. The best hope I get is one who appears to have the seed of success in him.

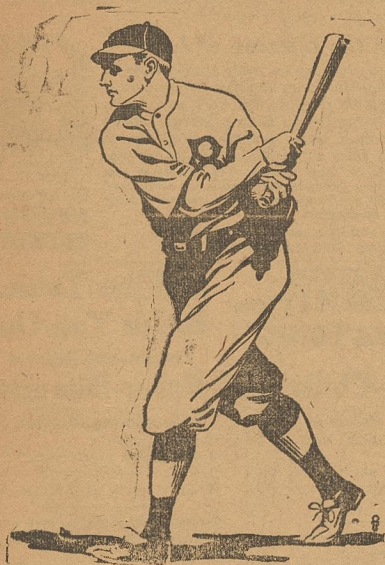
When I find a store like the PIGGLY stores selling EVERYTHING on a small profit and where I can truly SAVE many dollars each month, that is where I am going to trade, thus aiding my husband to become one of the Two out of a HUNDRED WEALTHY (when old) men.

—You will find it a pleasure to go thru the aisles of the cleanest store you ever visited and the prices will surprise you.

### SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

Spuds	10 Pounds	40c
Calumet Baking Powder	1 lb.	28c
K. C. Baking Powder	5 lb.	65c
Brown's Crackers	3lb. box	37c
Sweet Potatoes	2 1-2 lb. can	13c

## -PIGGLY WIGGLY-



### BALL GAME

### SUNDAY, 3:30 P. M.

### CROSS PLAINS TIGERS

### VS

### CISCO

#### Excavating Cave of Sleepers of Ephesus

A cave, for centuries the accredited resting place of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, is now being excavated by Austrian scientists at Ephesus, thirty-one miles from Smyrna, in an attempt to obtain light on the ancient legend.

Seven young men of Ephesus, upon being persecuted for refusing to worship an idol, ran away and hid in a cave, according to the legend. The emperor ordered their cave to be sealed up.

In A. D. 479 a workman, digging the foundations of a house, broke into the cave and found seven men asleep in it. They woke up when he called to them and gave him money to buy bread and wine for them. The coins were of a variety minted more than 200 years previously, and the seven men were declared to be the same as those walled up in A. D. 250. The affair was officially proclaimed a miracle.

The sleepers soon sank into a coma again and died, the legend runs. Their remains were later removed to Marseilles, France.

#### "Antipodes" Too Often Term Wrongly Used

The term "antipodes" is strictly applied to any two peoples or places on opposite sides of the earth and so situated that a straight line drawn from one to another passes through the center of the earth. Loosely, however, the term is applied to any place on the opposite side of the earth from us. China is popularly supposed to be the antipodes of the United States and there is an old saying that if one were to dig a hole deep enough he would fall into China. But this is a misconception, for China and the United States are both in the northern hemisphere. The true antipodes of the United States is a region in the Indian ocean west of Australia. No part of the North American continent has its antipodes in any land surface. The antipodes of South America fall in the region of China, the Philippines and Borneo, while the antipodes of Europe and Asia are in the South Pacific. The approximate antipodes of London is Antipodes island, near New Zealand.—Pathfinder Magazine.

#### There Were Others

The young man hesitatingly entered her father's presence. With a preliminary clearing of the throat and a nervous twitch of his fingers, he said:

"I have come to ask if I may marry your daughter Gertrude."

"You may," said the father, promptly, as he passed the cigars. "And, now, may I take you into my confidence?"

"Why—er—" exclaimed the happy man.

"Well, my boy," said his future father-in-law, "I just want to say that as you pass around among your friends, I wish you'd get some of them excited about Margaret, Dorothy, Bella, and Nancy. And put a couple of cigars in your pocket."

#### Old Indian Reservation

Formerly what is now the Uncompahgre forest was included in the Ute Indian reservation. Many of the streams, mountains and valleys in the forest still bear Indian names. In the Duray division Spanish names abound, reminders of its former connection with Mexico and Spain. Settlers were early attracted to the Ouray country by its rich mineral deposits, from which many sizable fortunes have been wrested. Among its mines are the famous Camp Bird, Révenne, Atlas, Mountain Top, Hidden Treasure, Ruby Trust and others of lesser note.

#### Light Helps Police

Criminals who alter documents with any ink that contains iron can be detected by ultra-violet rays, according to Professor Brunning, Berlin scientist, in Popular Science Monthly. Postal thieves who open letters and reveal them also are branded guilty by the rays; one kind of maulage, for instance, glows with a fluorescent light under the rays, while another does not. Artificial pearls, however skillfully made, are revealed as false, as are imitation diamonds. The finest genuine diamonds shine with a magnificent purple light under rays of the ultra-violet lamp.

#### Birthdays

Take care to remember the birthdays of your friends and relatives. Unmindfulness in this respect is often regarded as a slight not easily overlooked. How many people, especially those who live alone, are heard to express their disappointment, in that no one remembered them, no one came to see them on their birthday! Life is fleeting. Our friends and dear ones are here today and gone tomorrow. Therefore, if there is anything we can do, any kindness we can show that will brighten their lives, let us do it while opportunity is still here.

#### Old Religious Sect

Shakers is the popular name applied to a sect founded in 1750 by James Vardlow and Jane, his wife, under the title of "The United Society of Believers in Our Lord's Second Appearing." Ann Lee, a follower of the Wardlaws, came to North America and founded a community settlement. In manner of life they resemble the Quakers. They pay much attention to education, and make no effort to win converts.



## Listen, Everybody!

WE WANT EVERYBODY TO KNOW THE SPLENDID ADVERTISING RESULTS THAT CAN BE OBTAINED THROUGH THE USE OF THE REVIEW COLUMNS TO HELP YOU GET INCREASED RESULTS, WE HAVE PROVIDED FOR YOUR USE THE MANY PICTURES AND COPY SUGGESTIONS COMING TO US FRESH EACH MONTH FROM THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION. WE WELCOME YOU TO THIS SPECIAL SERVICE, IN FACT WE URGE YOU TO USE IT, SINCE WE KNOW THE RESULTS WARRANT IT

Job Printing A Specialty

Review Publishing Company

# Bouquet and Braddock



FALL OF BRADDOCK. Painting by C. Schuessler, in the Report of America, Yale University Press.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ONE hundred and seventy-two years ago (July 9, 1755), there occurred within the present city limits of Pittsburgh a battle which was one of the greatest defeats ever inflicted upon an army of white men by their red enemies. An army of 1,500 British regulars and provincials, commanded by Gen. Edward Braddock, marching to the capture of the French Fort Duquesne, was met on the banks of the Monongahela river by a force of less than 900 French and Indians and utterly routed with a loss of nearly 900 killed and wounded. Thus Braddock's defeat became a high spot in American school history.

Eight years later another army of British regulars and colonials, numbering 450 men and commanded by Col. Henry Bouquet, was marching through the forest only a few miles away from the spot where the unburied bones of Braddock's men still littered the ground. They, too, were on their way to this same fort at the forks of the Ohio, only it was now in the hands of the British and was called Fort Pitt instead of Fort Duquesne. But it was closely beleaguered by the enemy, the warriors of the great chief Pontiac, and if Fort Pitt fell a veritable red wave of destruction would sweep over the border settlements of the Quaker colony. If it held out until Bouquet arrived, that danger would be greatly lessened.

Twenty-five miles from their goal, on the banks of a little creek called Bushy Run, the soldiers were attacked by Indians. There, on August 5 and 6, 1758, occurred one of the most brilliant victories ever registered by an army of white men over their Indian foes and one of the most decisive defeats that the red man ever suffered. It was due solely to the skill of Col. Henry Bouquet, a Swiss soldier of fortune.

Braddock's defeat is a familiar word to everyone. You will search the schoolbooks in vain for mention of Bouquet's victory. Such is the inconsistency of history!

The story of Gen. Edward Braddock is also an example of the injustice of history, especially the so-called "popular history." For more than a hundred and fifty years "popular history" has done him a grave injustice, has painted him as a strong-willed professional soldier, scornful advice, a stubborn fool rushing to a well-merited destruction. Fortunately for his fame, modern historians have revised that estimate and one of them, no less an authority than Archer Butler Hulbert, has even declared that Braddock's defeat should really be Braddock's victory, because it was the ability of the British as demonstrated by this unfortunate general, to make a road across the country from the Potomac to the Ohio and to make a second three years later that really won the Ohio country. It has remained for other historians to correct many of the other utterly distorted ideas about this "bloody business" of Braddock.

By digging up contemporary documents long hidden away in musty archives, they have proved that, contrary to all the statements of "popular history," Braddock did not fall into an ambush, that he did not scorn the advice of Washington and other colonials, that he did not throw away the only chance to win a victory after his army was attacked by driving his soldiers back into line, instead of letting them fight from behind trees as they tried to do. A study of the map of this engagement which appears in Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe" will dispel at once that ambush theory.



COL. HENRY BOUQUET

GEN. EDW. BRADDOCK

Recent biographies of Washington show that Braddock did take this young Virginia colonel's advice and that he profited by it. As for the charge that it would have been better to have let men fight from behind trees, military experts have declared that Braddock did the only possible thing to do when he attempted to accept his losses, form a column, and push his way forward out of the vise in which his army was caught.

Apparently the earlier generation of historians thought it necessary to build up the reputation of Washington and his other colonials by running down those of Braddock and his British subordinates. Certainly this was not necessary in the case of Washington, for a simple recital of the fact is enough to show the brilliance of his achievement in this affair. It is now generally admitted that one of the contributing factors to the disaster was the jealousy and lack of co-operation shown by the various colonial governments and that under the circumstances his expedition was doomed from the start. If Americans can take pride in the part played by any of their fellow Americans, Washington and Franklin are about the only ones entitled to their admiration. Modern historical scholarship has revealed Edward Braddock in the light of a man who, for all of his faults, was a real military leader, as the victim of circumstances and as a man who deserves better from history than the odium which so long has been attached to his name.

When we see how unjust history has been to Braddock, the defeated, it is little to be wondered at that it has not done better by Bouquet, the victor. In considering his achievement in relation to the circumstances under which he fought, his gallant fight and the forces which he had at hand to wrest victory from what seemed to be certain defeat, it is not saying too much to rank him among the great captains of American history. Picture if you can the situation in which this leader found himself on that hot August night, away out on the western frontier of Pennsylvania. Encamped upon a low barren hill to which they had been driven after the attack that morning, his little force of 450 men were posted on the slopes in a large circle. In the center of the circle lay 35 desperately wounded officers and men. In the blackness of the forest which surrounded Bouquet's army on every side were hidden Indians three or four times as many as the whites. Flushed with their recent successes in the capture of a number of British army posts and remembering the great victory which they had won over Braddock, who had more than three times as many men as did Bouquet, the savages were confident of another victory. Outside of the circle lay the bodies of some 25 soldiers, killed in the fighting during the day. On the hill there was suffering from heat and thirst and undressed wounds, for there was not a drop of water to be had. This was the situation which Bou-

quet faced at the dawn of August 6. There was no hope for rescue other than from the tiny force which garrisoned Fort Pitt and which was praying for his arrival, nor from any of the posts which lay behind him. He must fight it out by himself. Defeat meant the annihilation of every man in that little army and a horde of blood-mad savages sweeping eastward with tomahawks and scalping knives against the women and children crowded into the unprotected towns behind him. With the coming of daylight the Indians resumed their attack and slowly but surely the plunging fire of the Indians cut down the number of defenders on the hill. At last, Bouquet, seeing that destruction was inevitable if this type of fighting continued, resolved to attempt one risky maneuver and wager everything on one desperate chance.

If he could get the enemy out into the open long enough to give his Highlanders an opportunity for a bayonet charge, he believed that one such decisive stroke might end the affair. Explaining clearly to his men what he wanted them to do, so there would be no mistake, the colonel ordered the two companies of Highlanders to withdraw suddenly from the line, retreat rapidly across the hill, until they reached the little ravine which ran along one side of it, advance down that ravine and be ready to attack from it when necessary. As the Highlanders did this, the Indians, seeing the maneuver and believing it to be the beginning of a retreat which would give them a chance to fall upon the rear of the retiring column, abandoned their cover and the whooping mob of savages came charging out into the open and like a thunderbolt struck the weakened line which had been extended across the hill to replace the Highlanders. Under the terrific onset this line gave way, but just in the nick of time the Highlanders came charging out of the ravine and fell upon the rear of the Indians. As they bore down upon the howling red men with their flashing steel the Indians realized that they had been trapped. Then Bouquet put the final touch upon his magnificent tactics.

Once more taking a desperate chance, he again broke his line and threw two companies of light infantry out of the circle on the other flank. The flying Indians, retreating before the Highlanders, ran squarely into the infantry and withered away before the volleys which swept their line. A few moments later the savages had fled, leaving Bouquet in full possession of the field. It had been a dearly bought victory for the gallant colonel. Nearly a fourth of his force had been killed and wounded, but he had saved his army and with it he saved Pennsylvania. As he advanced toward Fort Pitt he met but little opposition from the Indians and when he relieved that fort he sounded the knell to the high hopes of the great Pontiac. Within a year Pontiac's conspiracy had collapsed entirely, and the last threat to English occupation of the North American continent was ended.

## Potential of Babyhood

Consider the power of human personality. In a tiny bundle of flesh that we call a baby there lies dormant power sufficient to lift the entire race to loftier heights and turn the course of history into fairer ways. The baby grown to manhood becomes a soldier leading his country's troops to victory in the hour of apparent defeat; an orator swaying a nation with his eloquence; a musician com-

posing strains destined to thrill unborn generations; an inventor whose creative genius will enrich the world and make life easier and more abundant for hundreds of millions.—Psychology Magazine.

## Oldtime Gambling Game

Hieronymus is an old gambling game which was often played at fairs. The layout usually consisted of a piece of oilcloth with figures on it from 1 to 6. The players placed their

money on the numbers. The operator shook three big dice in a dice cup, then turned the cup down on the board. When the cup was lifted the numbers displayed on the dice were the winning numbers.

## Presence of Mind

A man who found a button in his salad remarked with great presence of mind: "I suppose it dropped off while the salad was dressing."—Tit-Bits.



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

- Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
- Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticester of Salicylic acid

### Matter of Principle

A spy man of sixty-five and his sweetheart called on Justice of the Peace Ben H. Flay of Dallas, Texas, to perform a marriage ceremony. It was done, and the couple turned to go. "Just a minute," said the justice. "I usually charge a small fee for a ceremony." "Fee?" repeated the newlywed. "What for? Say, I've been married four times before this, and I ain't ever paid a fee yet." And with that they walked out.

### Study of Mosaic

The study of the mysterious plant disease called mosaic, from the mottled character of the infected leaves, may be greatly enhanced by the use of the ultramicroscope designed by J. E. Barnard, the famous English microscopist. It was he who, with Doctor Gye, claims to have isolated the germ of cancer through the use of this instrument.

Just say to your grocer Red Cross Ball Blue when buying blue. You will be more than repaid by the results. Once tried always used.—Adv.

### Yes, How?

Grocer—This limburger cheese is fresh, sir.  
Customer—How can you tell?

You have a conscience. That is to apply to your own moral behavior, not to that of others.

### Hermit in Court

A New Jersey hermit has sued a waver company for back pay. Thus is the poetry extracted from life. A hermit in the courtroom is as much out of character as a lover reading his impassioned declaration from a printed form.—New York Sun.



## Perils of Childhood

"It must be all of twenty years ago that mother first gave me Syrup Pepsin

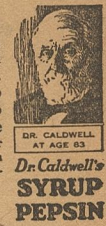
For those Fevers, Colds and Bowel Troubles of Childhood

How time flies. My good mother has gone to her rest, but I have faithfully relied upon her judgment and have given Syrup Pepsin to my two children since they were born. It is certainly a noble medicine and never fails of its purpose. I like to recommend it." (Name and address will be sent upon request.)

### And in the Evening of Life

When age comes creeping on, with bowels relaxed, muscles weak, digestion poor and blood thinned, then is when constipation does its evil work in a night. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is so palatable, sets so well in the stomach, works so easily, so gently, so kindly with old folks as to accomplish its purpose without gripe, pain or other distress. For biliousness, sour stomach, coated tongue, headache, fevers, colds and constipation from infancy to old age Syrup Pepsin is recommended everywhere and sold by all druggists.

For a free trial bottle send name and address to Pepsin Syrup Company, Monticello, Illinois.



## A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up Prevents and Relieves Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

**Everyday Behavior**  
Nurse—Do you think that is a proper way to act?  
Dorothy—Oh, it's all right for the middle of the week.—Los Angeles Times.

**Circulating Medium**  
"What's that?"  
"I won it as a bridge prize."  
"But what is it good for?"  
"I can utilize it as a bridge prize."

It takes a wise man to give a woman an advice without incurring her enmity.

## DRIED-OUT BOWELS HOLD MALARIA IN YOUR SYSTEM

If malaria is in your system, the only way to get it out without torturing and upsetting yourself is to take Dodson's Liver Tone to clean out all the hardened, dried-out accumulation of bile in the liver and bowels, and carry the germs out with it. Never take calomel. That's wrong. Calomel is mercury—a dangerous drug. It jars the liver and cleans constipated bowels, that's true. But it salivates you—makes you sick and you lose a day from your work. It stifles the muscles of the bowels, deadens them so they can't act at all. Dodson's Liver Tone cleans you out good so the liver is free to get the malarial germs out of your blood, and the bowels can carry them off. Before you realize it the chills and fever stop. Malaria is gone. Get the big bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone from your nearest store. They all have it. Keep it in the house so you will have it handy to take nights before you go to bed.

### Travelers Should Carry Cuticura

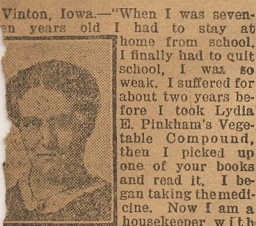
Daily use of the Soap and Ointment removes the dust and grime of travel, allays irritation, redness and roughness of the face and hands, and keeps the skin soft and clear under all conditions of exposure. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant, cooling and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold every where. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B-2, Malden, Mass."

25c Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

## GIRLHOOD TO MOTHERHOOD

How a Woman Found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Always Helpful



Vinton, Iowa.—"When I was seven years old I had to stay at home from school. I finally had to quit school, I was so weak. I suffered for about two years before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, then I picked up one of your books and read it. I began taking the medicine. Now I am a housekeeper with children, and I have taken it one each one was born. I can't tell you all the good I have received from it. When I am not as well as I take it. I have been doing so for over thirteen years and it always helps me. I read all of your little books I can get and I tell everyone I now what the Vegetable Compound does for me."—Miss EMERY SELLERS, 10 7th Avenue, Vinton, Iowa.

Many girls in the fourth generation, learning through their own personal experiences the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mothers who took it when they were young are glad to recommend it to their daughters.

For over half a century, women have valued this reliable medicine.

### Waterlogged

Did One—I saw a fence that was made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawled through, he came on the same side.  
Did the Other—That's nothing; I've seen a drowned man identified by an ediment in his speech.

### Probable

Harry—Is your sister in, Jimmy?  
Jimmy—I think so, I heard her say wasn't expecting you.

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP IS CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE



VERY MOTHER! Even a fretful child loves the pleasant taste of California Fig Syrup and it never opens the bowels. A teaspoonful may prevent a sick child tomorrow.  
Your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages on bottle. Mother! You must get California's or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

## DR OVER 20 YEARS

em oil has been a world-remedy for kidney, liver and other disorders, rheumatism, and uric acid conditions.

## GOLD MEDAL HARLEIN OIL CAPSULES

Internal troubles, stimulate vital forces. All druggists. Insist on original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

## Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Excellent Tonic for Men and Children. 60c

## WUNCLES CARBOIL

Oil draws out the core and gives quick relief.

## IS HURT?

Is much distress to children and adults. Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" cures with a single dose. 50c.

## Dr. Peery's Dead Shot for WORMS Vermifuge

Is Balsam of Myrr. into Elix. Sling of Bees Venomous Insects. Best bottle if not sealed. All Dealers.



### For Motor Boating

If you own a motor boat—whether it be a handy out-board driven craft or a large cabin cruiser—you'll find Champion, the better spark plug, more dependable—more efficient—and more economical.



### CHAMPION Spark Plugs

For your protection be sure the Champions you buy are in the original Champion cartons.

Why Work for Others? Start your own business and make 100% profit. Big demand for a good Funcher Iron Compound. Motorist's greatest necessity. Sales phenomenal. Profits beyond belief. Write now for details. No obligations. Northern Laboratories Co., Desk G, Benton, Wis.

MR. INVENTOR, let us sell your invention. Address World Patent Sales Agency, 11 Charles St., Boston, Maine.

### Barber Shop Circus

Tony Sarg has invented a barber shop for children who fear the shears and clippers. He calls it a circus barber shop and has installed several in various large cities. The shop is built like a circus tent. Instead of chairs, there are life-sized lions, tigers, bears, etc., for the kids to sit upon. Directly in front of them is a marionette show which runs for six minutes. In the waiting-room are peep-shows, depicting fairy tales. He should next turn his attention to dentists' offices.—The Outlook.

For true blue, use Red Cross Ball Blue. Snowy-white clothes will be sure to result. Try it and you will always use it. All good grocers have it.—Adv.

Honeyed phrases are very apt to have flies on them.

He who respects others is respected by them.—Mencius.

### I am a ferocious flea!

I should be killed! Bee Brand Powder or Liquid kills Flies, Fleas, Mosquitoes, Roaches, Ants, Water Bugs, Bed Bugs, Moths, Crickets, Poultry Lice and many other insects.

Write for free booklet on killing house and garden insects. McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Bee Brand INSECT POWDER OR LIQUID

### Headache?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild and purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowels poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like NR for biliousness, sick headaches, and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

### NR TO-NIGHT

At Druggists—only 25c

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Brings Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.  
6c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Hines Chemical Works, Pathecoque, N. Y.

**HINDERCOINS** Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hines Chemical Works, Pathecoque, N. Y.

**MADE SINCE 1846 HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh**  
IT MUST BE GOOD  
Try it for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, etc.  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

### Improved Uniform International

## Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. E. H. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
(© 1927 Western Newspaper Union.)

### Lesson for July 17

SAMUEL ANOINTS DAVID

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 16:1-13.  
GOLDEN TEXT—Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—A Shepherd Boy Chosen King.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—God's Plan for a Boy's Life.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why God Chose David.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Discovering Future Leaders.

I. Samuel Mourns for Saul (v. 1).  
1. Why he mourned. The death of Saul was, no doubt, a personal loss to Samuel, for Saul was a commanding and lovable personality. Then, too, the ruin of so promising a career would deeply affect Samuel. Finally the humiliation to God and God's people grieved his heart.

2. Excessive mourning rebuked. The fact that God had rejected Saul should have lifted Samuel out of his grief. Excessive grief over that which God does is a reflection upon Him and should be rebuked. When sorrow becomes a hindrance to the discharge of duty, it merits rebuke.

### II. Samuel Sent to Anoint David (vv. 13-14).

1. Samuel's fear (v. 2). Perhaps by this time Saul was becoming a desperate character. Samuel still knew that if Saul should hear that he was taking steps to anoint a successor to the throne, his own life would be in danger. Samuel was wise in submitting this hard situation to the Lord. God's servants are to be brave. However, even when going on errands for God we should not court danger.

2. The Lord's direction (vv. 2, 3). The Lord smoothed the way for Samuel. He showed him how to perform his duty and escape the danger. Samuel was to take a heifer and announce that he was going to offer a sacrifice unto the Lord and to call Jesse to the sacrifice. The prophet was not told all that would happen. This is usually God's way with us. He gives us our work piece by piece, and guides us step by step. Samuel's purpose was known only to himself. It was to be kept a secret so that the news would not reach Saul. This was a shrewd device but entirely legitimate. We may conceal that which others have no right to know, especially when such a disclosure would be detrimental to the success of our mission. What Samuel said was true.

### III. Samuel's Obedience (vv. 4-13).

1. The trembling elders of Bethlehem (vv. 4, 5).  
Their unusual movement was an occasion for alarm. To the elders' alarming inquiry Samuel responded with the assurance of peace, inviting them to join him in worshipping the Lord.

### 2. Examination of Jesse's sons (vv. 6-12).

The Lord had revealed to Samuel that one of Jesse's sons was to be the new king, but not the particular one.

(1) Eliab rejected (vv. 6, 7).  
Eliab was the eldest son and therefore he was the first presented as having first right to the place of honor. Furthermore, he was a splendid specimen of manhood, tall and majestic in appearance, so that even Samuel was captivated by him as he had been by Saul (10:24). Outward appearance is favorable, but the realities seen by God were against him. We frequently estimate men by their dress, cultural appearances, wealth and position. These are only surface manifestations and frequently lead us astray, but God looks into the heart.

### (2) David chosen (vv. 8-12).

All but one of Jesse's sons had been looked upon, but still the Lord's choice had not appeared. Jesse's reply to Samuel's question as to whether all his children had appeared seems to imply that David was not of much importance. At any rate he was only a boy, while his brothers were already young men. He was considered good enough to watch the sheep, but not to be called to the feast. This is ever the way of man. He overlooks the very ones whom the Lord has chosen for places of honor and influence. Because David was faithful as a shepherd boy, he was in line for promotion when God's given time arrived.

### 3. David anointed (v. 13).

When the shepherd had appeared, the Lord directed Samuel to anoint him. When the oil was applied the Spirit of the Lord came upon him. David was a gifted and attractive lad, but his gifts were of no avail without the Spirit of God. Only as we are anointed by the Holy Ghost can we truly do the Lord's will and work.

### We Can Choose

We cannot tell what shall be on the morrow; but we can choose what we ourselves will be. We can resolve to live faithfully whatever betides. . . . We can walk with the bright angels, and wrestle with the dark ones, and oblige the flying hours to leave a blessing behind.—N. Y. Frothingham.

### That Which We Do for Christ

That which we do for ourselves is forgotten; that which we do for Christ is immortal.

## QUEER QUIRKS IN HUMAN DESTINY

By HARRY R. CALKINS  
WNU Service

### The Treasonous Arrow

A SPEEDING arrow freighted with a treasonous missile turned the scales in favor of Christianity for Russia.

Vladimir the Great, also St. Vladimir in the calendar of the Russian church, was as bloody and treacherous a monarch as ever reigned. In his youth expelled from Novgorod by his victorious brother, Yaropolk, he wandered over northern Europe with a band of brigands until he had enlisted force enough to drive Yaropolk from his kingdom. He won his first bride, Rogneda of Polotsk, by killing her father and brothers. Other wives he seized in much the same fashion and of concubines he acquired more than 800.

Skilled as a leader of armies Vladimir soon gained the sovereignty of all Russia and extended its borders on all sides. Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Mohammedans and Jews strove for his conversion and, though a pagan by training, he was not averse to strengthening his government with the aid of religion. The pomp and splendor of the Greek Christian church of Constantinople appealed to him most, but he would not be satisfied to be baptized in his city of Kiev by an ordinary priest, nor would he agree to make a pilgrimage to Constantinople to receive the rite from the emperor. That would appear too much like offering homage to a fellow ruler. Vladimir eventually decided that the appropriate way for him to acquire religion would be to seize it by force of arms. Accordingly he prepared a great army and laid siege to the great Greek city of Kherson in the Crimea. The defense was stubborn and after six months Vladimir had made few gains.

One day an arrow with a letter attached was picked up and carried to the king. It had been written by a traitor within the walled city and it informed the besiegers that the city drew its water supply from a spring outside. Vladimir had the water pipes cut and Kherson surrendered. Vladimir was baptized as a conqueror rather than as a suppliant.

### The Bequest of Nicomedes

THE bequest of an entire kingdom, intended as an embarrassment rather than a gift of fortune and at first so regarded by the legate, turned out to mark the beginning of an unprecedented period of growth and expansion for imperial Rome and to be the opportunity of a lifetime for the aristocrat, Lucullus.

In the year 75 B. C. King Nicomedes, the embittered old ruler of Bithynia, died bequeathing his kingdom to the Roman republic. It was not the first bequest of the sort. The king of Pergamus some years before had started the fashion and Alexander II in the year 31 B. C. had bequeathed the Kingdom of Egypt to Rome. The bequest of Alexander had been declined, Rome confining herself to acceptance of the king's treasury and evading the responsibility of extending her rule to the Egyptians.

The gift of Bithynia constituted a threatening embarrassment for Rome and undoubtedly that was the purpose of Nicomedes. Conservative statesmen counseled refusing it, but the public's thirst for grandeur and the influence of greedy financiers prevailed against the nobles and the bequest was accepted. It meant war with the able and powerful Mithridates, king of Pontus. Lucullus, one of the consuls for the year, perceived in the campaign against Mithridates an opportunity for great glory. He conspired successfully to win the command.

Mithridates gathered an army of 150,000 to repel the Romans, enlisting aid of all the Greek cities of the East. He also concerted an agreement with Sertorius, rebellious Roman governor of Spain. At the siege of the Roman stronghold of Cyzicus, the Pontic soldiers were reduced to eating their dead comrades before the king would raise the siege. Lucullus, with a small army of 30,000, defeated Mithridates in a long campaign and eventually destroyed his army.

The victory over Mithridates established the supremacy of Rome in Asia and gave birth to a new era of aggressive conquest. His success also changed the character of Lucullus. He had been famed as a stern, austere and self-denying aristocrat of the old school; now he abandoned himself to such orgies of eating, drinking and sensual luxury that his name has come down the ages as a byword.

### At Least Sane

Esther was ten and was accustomed to use high-sounding phrases. One day her mother was ill. In the evening a neighbor came to inquire and asked of Esther: "What in the world is the matter with mother?" "Well," replied the lofty Esther, "she's got a headache and a cold and I don't know what else, but we think she is all right mentally."

### Hard Luck

Reindeer milk is delivered in Nome, Alaska, in frozen blocks. Unscrupulous milkmen have to go to the bother of drilling holes and inserting icicles. —Passing Show, London

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

"All the past things are gone and over; The tasks are done and the tears are shed. Yesterday's sorrows let yesterday cover; Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled, Are healed with a healing which night hath shed."

### WAYS WITH STRAWBERRIES

This luscious berry needs no advertising of its lusciousness. "God might have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." Its unique shape, its color and delightful flavor unite in making it the queen of all berries and a delight to the palate.



Strawberry Manhattan.—Take one and one-half cups of strained strawberry juice, two tablespoons of lemon juice, one-half cup of sugar, one-half pint of heavy cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-fourth cup of powdered sugar. Wash the berries, drain and let stand 15 minutes. Crush the fruit, add sugar and let stand in a warm place for half an hour. Press the fruit through a double cheese cloth. Add the lemon juice, and, if needed, more sugar. Pour into a wet mold. Whip the cream, add the powdered sugar and flavoring, and carefully heap on top of the strawberry sauce. Cover with buttered paper, then with the cover mold. Do not jar, so that the juice and cream will blend.

Pack in two parts ice and one part salt, crushing the salt very fine. Let stand at least three hours, draining off the water and replacing with ice. To unmold dip the mold into cold water, wipe dry and turn on to a serving plate and slice. There should be a layer of frozen cream and one of strawberry ice.

Snow Pudding.—Take one package of strawberry gelatin, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cup of boiling water, one-half cup of cold water, two egg whites. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water, add the sugar and cold water. When almost set beat with an egg beater until stiff. When the mixture holds its shape pile into sherbet cups and serve. Garnish with crushed fruit well sweetened.

Hot chocolate or cocoa is provided with a slight flavoring of vanilla or cinnamon.

### Nellie Maxwell

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

The great difficulty is always to open people's eyes: to touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy; the difficult thing is to break their heads.—Ruskin.

### GOOD THINGS TO EAT

When serving lamb prepare the following sauce to serve with it:

Mint Sauce.—Wash a bunch of mint, shake the stems, chop the leaves very fine, pour over one cupful of boiling water and add two tablespoons of vinegar or the juice of a large lemon. Let stand in a warm place until ready to serve.

### Creamed Chicken

Take equal parts of cooked chicken—the breast preferred—cut into dice and add an equal quantity of cooked sweetbreads, also diced. Peel and stem fresh mushrooms half the quantity of the chicken, or less. Prepare a rich white sauce and pour the whole into a buttered baking dish. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake until well heated through. Fry the mushrooms five minutes in butter before adding to the dish.

### Stuffed Eggs

Put six eggs into six pints of rapidly boiling water, cover quickly and set back where the dish will keep warm and be undisturbed. Let stand one-half hour, then chill and remove the shells. Cut the eggs into halves lengthwise. Remove the yolks, add salt, pepper, chopped olives, thick mayonnaise. Refill the whites, shake over a bit of paprika and serve.

Beat the yolks of three eggs and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of mace or nutmeg until light and thick. Add one-half cupful of sugar, cook over hot water until thick. Cut and fold in the whites of the eggs well beaten, then let stand to cook the egg. When the mixture is chilled, add one-fourth cupful of lemon juice and one cupful of cream beaten stiff. Serve very cold or pack in ice and half freeze.

Justice Honey Cake.—Sift together one and one-half cups of flour, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cloves and one-fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix two egg yolks with two-thirds of a cupful of honey and then add gradually the flour mixture. Roll thin, moisten the surface with egg white and mark into small squares. Bake in a moderate oven.

### Nellie Maxwell

## CHILDREN CRY FOR



**Fletcher's CASTORIA**  
MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

### Peat Lives in Arsenic

An Ohio farmer put a corn borer in a bottle of arsenic last fall. This spring it was still alive, says Capper's Weekly. For purposes best known to her, Mother Nature has protected the borer with an outer layer of fat. It will take some sharply corrosive poison to get under his hide.

Powerful underwater searchlights, laid in lines to mark sea routes, have been suggested as a means of safeguarding night travel by vessels.

Self-interest has shattered many a man's lofty ideals.

### Carry Me Back To—

"That youngster seems to take a great interest in his geography lessons."  
"Yes, he's planning to be a popular song writer when he grows up."—Melbourne Table Talk.

Every city man looks forward to the time when he will have his own garden and raise his own chickens.

Little Betty wakes up with a rash.

FLIT spray kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs. It also clears your home of flies and mosquitoes. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get Flit today.



### Romance of Two Babies

A touching romance of the war has been revealed by Rev. W. J. Rogers, a Bristol (Pa.) vicar, who has christened his baby girl by the name of Oriette. During 1917 the vicar was in the trenches at Basseaux, near Arras. The communication trench ran straight out of what was left of the village street, and a courageous old Frenchwoman and a little girl named Oriette served coffee under the shadow of the ruined church. Oriette fell in love with the vicar's fur gloves, and used to cuddle them when he went in for coffee. He promised himself at the time that if ever he had a little girl she should bear the French child's name.

When you decide to get rid of Worms or Tapeworm, get the medicine that will expel them with one dose—Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot," 373 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

### Odd Work of Art

A picture made from minute pieces of postage stamps by a London housemaid has been presented to Queen Mary. The picture represents a bouquet of flowers and ferns, topped by a blue butterfly, and was recently on show at an art exhibition.

Where shame is, there is also fear.—Milton.

## Here's Speedy Relief for Tender, Aching, Swollen Feet

Your Druggist Says Emerald Oil Must Give Complete Satisfaction or Money Cheerfully Refunded.

Your feet may be so swollen and inflamed that you think you can't go another step. Your shoes may feel as if they are cutting right into the flesh. You feel sick all over with the pain and torture and pray for quick relief. What's to be done?

Two or three applications of Moore's Emerald Oil and in fifteen minutes the pain and soreness disappears. A few more applications at regular intervals and the swelling reduces. And as for Soft Corns and Calluses a few applications each night at bed time and they just seem to shrivel right up and scale off.

### Kills Headache - Relieves Pain 25c

## DIXIE FEVER AND PAIN POWDER

EVERY DRUGGIST GUARANTEES THE FIRST BOTTLE OF MOORE'S EMERALD OIL. IT MUST END YOUR FOOT TROUBLES AS MONEY BACK.



## On Time to the Minute!

When you order your groceries and meats from us, they are delivered on time to the minute. You do not have to wait and wonder how you are ever going to get your meal ready on time.

Just Phone 11 or 14

See our bargains in Dry Goods Department.

# W. A. McGowen & Sons



## FEDELCO ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

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GUARANTEED TWO YEARS

Every part of the FEDELCO from handle to nozzle is doubly guaranteed—both by the manufacturers and ourselves—for TWO YEARS—twice as long and twice as strong as the usual electric cleaner guarantee. Every part is of quality material and careful workmanship—proven and tested—and we can assure you a lifetime of satisfactory, efficient cleaning service.

PHONE FOR DEMONSTRATION, NO OBLIGATION

### West Texas Utilities Company

#### CHURCH NOTICE

There will be Lutheran Services at the Church of Christ Sunday at 3:00 P. M., by A. J. Obenhouse. You are invited.

Jim Miller, Edwin Neeb and Sam Sipes all with their families returned this week from trip to San Antonio, Corpus Christi and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wagner and Mr. and Mrs. Porter Henderson returned Sunday from a visit to points in South Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Scott left Tuesday for an extended trip to Colorado, Wyoming, California and other points.

Mrs. Lee Straley and children are visiting this week with Miss Rosa Atwood and other relatives here.

Henry Peavy and family of De Leon visited relatives here Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush of Atwell have purchased the Pat Gaines home and will move to Cross Plains soon.

Miss Louise Cunningham has returned from a visit with relatives at Ranger.

**IF YOU ARE SICK  
and are not satisfied  
you owe it to yourself to  
Try A Chiropractic  
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Attorneys  
Associated Law Office  
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

**VIRGIL HART**  
Attorney-at-Law  
Farmers National Bank Building  
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

#### NICE RAIN FALLS

This territory was visited Tuesday night by a nice rain, and at this writing Wednesday, it is threatening to repeat the performance. The rain will be fine on crops, yet some would prefer dry weather for a while, due to threatened advances of the boll weevil, which thrive on wet seasons—not so much because of the moisture, but because of the prolific growth as result of the rain, which supplies more shade for the weevil to propagate. In some parts of Central Texas and in this part of West Texas, the weevils have been reported, and they have already done considerable damage in several localities. Efforts are being made to stamp out the threatened disaster where damage has already been administered but it is hoped that the situation will not become alarming here.

Mr. Berry, manager of the Liberty Theatre is also an aviator and has two aeroplanes made in France for sale. Wonder how high he would go and how many loops he would make in giving a demonstration. He states that he drove an aeroplane for several years—and he likes it but states that he does not get much of a thrill unless flying high above the clouds, or close to earth at high speed. The higher you fly, the safer you are he states.

Misses Billy D. Sherrod, and Tommy D. Herring, visited past week end in San Angelo, with Mrs. Roy, a sister of Miss Tommy.

#### PREACHING DATE

Elder J. N. Harlow requests the Review to announce that he will preach at the 11:00 o'clock hour at Caddo Peak, Sunday July 31st. All are invited to be present. 3-t-p

#### SIX HOURS SERVICE

Guaranteed Vulcanizing by K. W. Jordan at Garrett Motor Co.

We appreciate your battery business and assure you the best of service. Radio batteries carefully recharged.  
**GARRETT MOTOR CO.**  
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**LIBERTY THEATRE**  
"Where Everybody Goes"

FRIDAY JULY 15th

DICK HATTON  
in

"SADDLE JUMPERS"

A western with plenty of thrills and action.  
Also Good Comedy—"Winnie Wakes Up"

SATURDAY JULY 16th

Tom Tyler

in

"CYCLONE OF THE RANGE"

A Rip-roaring western with thrilling gun fights with cattle rustlers. Do not miss this one!  
Also Good Comedy—"Love Laughs Last"

LADIES FREE

MONDAY JULY 18th

"LURE OF NIGHT CLUB"

A feature picture all will like.  
Also Good Comedy—"Volga Yatchmen"

TUESDAY JULY 19th

"THE OVERLAND LIMITED"

Featuring Alice Lake, Malcolm Gregory and Ralph Lewis.  
A thrilling drama of the railroad.  
Also Good Comedy!

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY

HAROLD LLOYD

in

"HOT WATER"

If you want to see Lloyd at his best be sure and do not miss this one. A laugh a minute and a thrill between each laugh. Also 3rd series of the "COLLEGIANS"  
Also good Comedy—"His Private Life"  
Also Fox News

Keep Cool and Enjoy a Good Show  
**THIS THEATRE**  
ARTIC NU-AIR Cooled & Ventilated

Mrs. J. N. Tarbet returned the first of this week from an extended visit with relatives in Tennessee.  
Miss Gladys Cunningham is visiting friends at Brownwood this week.  
Buy it at Home!

Wade Hardin and wife visited at Baird Sunday.  
Joe Erwin of Sabanno was here on business Tuesday.  
Joe Baum of Dressy was in Cross Plains Monday.



## Camping Needs

Are you planning to camp out on your vacation trip? If so, do you have sufficient equipment to make it a real pleasure? We have all kinds of camping equipment—and it will be a pleasure to show you what we have.

Phone 2-4

# C. P. Hardware Co.

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