

You'll receive courteous treatment in our business office. We strive to please our customers.



Estimates on all kinds of job printing work cheerfully furnished. Drop in and see us.

We do not claim that the mere use of want ads will produce prosperity.

But it seems more than a coincidence that most prosperous people are quick to recognize the value of classified advertising.

Let us supply your wants through this page.

MY ITINERARY

First and 3rd Sundays at Cross Plains Second Sunday at Dressy and Burnt Branch Fourth Sunday at Cottonwood.

ATWELL NEWS

A fine snow fell here Wednesday and Thursday. Our mail service has been effected to some extent...

Mrs. Emma Gilbert and children of Ft. Worth and Mrs. Mercer and baby of Galveston who were wired to come to bedside of their sister, Mrs. Brashear, are still visiting their father's home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow Rising Star, who were called to the bedside of the latter's daughter Eunice Brashear, returned their home Saturday.

Guss Blacks have moved their home to Mrs. Saylor place.

Hazel Jones who has been quite sick with the flu is reported as much improved.

Morgan Rouse has moved to the Turkey Creek community. John Foster and family and Mr. Whitehorns of Cottonwood Sunday.

Archie Maddux, who is in Naval service, is home on a furlough.

Will Killough is moving Grandpa Jones' house in Atwell.

Mrs. Eliza Mitchell's husband spent Sunday at Tom Ham near Cottonwood, Mrs. Mitchell returning home, having been several days there, helping nurse some of the children who had scarlet fever.

J. M. and Sam Jones made a business trip to Putnam Wednesday morning.

The small baby of Mr. and Mrs. Dee Little is convalescing after being seriously ill with pneumonia for a time.

Mrs. Roy Little returned Wednesday to her home after visiting the Littles here.

Room corn seed for sale see E. D. Boden

Give to the Armistice Campaign, February 3-10

LAND FOR RENT

50 to 75 acres for 3rd Good House, plenty of wood water, pasture for work stock, 2 good milk cows, on rural road. Apply at this office.

NEW STORY SOON

We can promise our readers a new story in weekly installments to begin by Feb. 1. We get the best to be had. Look for further announcement.

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, Jan. 31 1919

No. 49

Don't Speculate--Invest

The shrewd investor does not put his money into every scheme presented which promises large return; rather he is satisfied with the absolute security and liberal interest. Deposit with the Farmers Nat'l Bank

Farmers National Bank

WHERE IN FRANCE

er, mother and kids:

could be like it was last year you have had a nice time enjoyed it fairly well, C. A. gave us 2 bars of and 4 ounces of lemon. We appreciated that as we had had no candy while I was on guard. That was a good way Xmas, eve, wasn't it? We Xmas dinner today pre-German girl. I enjoyed it more than I ever enjoyed a Christmas, we sit down to the table as it were at home. Yesterday our company was waiting for some more to pass and as they were I heard some one Hello Bill! Hello Bill!!!, would it be but Elmer. I saw whether he was with or not, but when we the next town I began to go. I went to M Co. and the sergeants if there Dowell in that Co. and so. I went to other Cos. with the same disappointment. A few days later I saw him in review and I was told M Co. So I started out again, but was told there was no McDowell so I gave him up for lost.

Yesterday afternoon I stepped out of my room for a walk and met him coming down the street. We had a hearty hand shake. It sure was a happy meeting. We took a walk and talked of old times. He let me read some letters he had from you. It sure made me feel better as that was the first news I had had from home since July. We were together again today. Here we have been in the same Battalion for over a month and this is the first time we had met. We were both in hard fighting but thank God we are safe. I feel that nothing but God's mercy brought us through, Elmer says tell you that he has written as often as circumstances would permit and I am sure it was true. It has been awful hard to find time to write. Today has been no unusual day to me only that I did not have to drill. We got one suit of underwear, one pair leggings and two pairs of socks yesterday afternoon. Whether or not they were intended for a Xmas gift I do not know but they come in handy just the same. I have not received the Xmas box you sent me but I appreciate your sending it just the same. We had some ice yesterday, the first I have seen since I've been in Germany. We had some snow last night but it was not very cold. The climate is great here in the Valley of the Rhine. I think it is a splendid

place to spend the winter. We had great frost in France in September, but I've seen more in Germany I'm now at Vallendor a small city about 5 miles of Coblenz, Cant say how long I will be here, but am content to stay until I'm ready to sail for home. I have a nice bed to sleep on and have a feather pillow so you see I must be O. K. I will close this and start out on a new line for the kids. Your son, Pvt. W. H. McDowell.

Don't wait until you have a fire to think of insurance; you'd be too late. Phone me to-night. L. P. HENSLEE.

NO MORE DROUGHT

For two or more years it seemed that it would never rain in this country, and now since the drought is broken it seems that it will never stop raining. A two year rainy season is as logical a phenomenon as a two-year drought, and in a country where droughts and rainy seasons occur on a 50-50 basis. Hence we are prepared for such snows and rains as we have had the past two weeks. The slow-falling never-remitting all night precipitation on Sunday night filled the country to a few degrees beyond the saturation point. The earth is now so full of moisture that if you touch the earth water rises.

NEW TAILORING LINES

are coming in and it will surprise you to see what price you can get a made-to-measure suit for. Come and see. TARTT the TAILOR.

CALL PASTOR

At the called conference at the Baptist church on Sunday, the Rev. W. L. Briscoe of Sipe Springs was called for half time at a salary of six hundred dollars. The Rev. Mr. Briscoe has not given notice of accepting the work. He is one of the strongest preachers in this section. The church here will be fortunate if it gets him in the capacity of pastor.

Oil Man Returns Here

Mr. Mat Yost, owner of an interest in the Albin well and manager of the same, has returned here after spending the holiday season with his family at Butler, Penn. He is a bully good fellow and the bunch here are always glad to have him with them.

LAWYER LOCATEE HERE

Thos. J. Gladson, attorney of Hot Springs, Ark., has located in Cross Plains for the practice of law. Mr. Gladson is expecting a boom in this country, and he is getting in ahead of the boom. Glad to have him, and believe he will prosper.

To Teach

Cecil Freeman of Santa Anna has moved here and taken Mr. Devanys place in school.

Club your Review with a Daily

Royalty blanks for sale. See The Review.

IN THE NURSERY OF A HOSTESS HOUSE CONDUCTED BY Y. W. C. ASSOCIATION



This little fellow is being cared for while mother is at camp to visit daddy and see some of the drilling. He has just had a romp with his hardy daddy and will take a nap before starting on the trip back home.

"WRITING HOME"



When the soldier is off duty he may employ and amuse himself in many ways, but one of the first things he is sure to do is to write to home folks. Writing paper, envelopes, ink and pens are furnished free to the men by the Army Y. M. C. A. This is a picture of a "rush hour" of letter writing and magazine reading in a "Y" building in a large camp of the Southern Department.

STORY THIS WEEK

The first chapter of our new story, "Somewhere in France," appears in this issue. Read it and take the Review.

ACT NOW- DON'T WAIT

After a few days your chance to buy \$100 worth of royalty 3-4 mile from Albin's will be gone. You get deed to this and nobody can take it away from you. If an oilfield is opened you would become independent. See me.

A also attractive proposition on royalty near Childs; will sell small interests for a few days. Northeast of well.

TO UNDERGO OPERATION

Mr. R. H. Devany was taken to Brownwood Thursday, where he will be examined by an X-ray. If necessary he will be taken to Temple for an operation.

We do not claim that the mere use of want ads will produce prosperity.

But it seems more than a coincidence that most prosperous people are quick to recognize the value of classified advertising.

Let us supply your wants through this page.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Have small leases and royalty around Odom's and Albin's can trade for bonds or good car, or sell in small quantities. Sell on credit to responsible parties. L. P. Henslee.

TO MAKE LOCATION

L. P. Litzinger of Butler, Penn. came in on Wednesday to see about his oil interest here. He was accompanied by a party of associates, who have made a contract to drill the well north of town.

A location is soon to be made on the 1,000 acres north of town, and the work of assembling the rig material will soon be under way.

Cordwint No. 1, nine miles north east of Cross Plains, in southeast corner of section 12, and Odom No 1 on P. H. Cummings survey, seven miles west of Cross Plains, are both temporarily shut down.

F. S. Henderson et al Childs No 1, J. Sayers, five miles north of town is again drilling at about 1800 feet, after being delayed for some time waiting for underreamer.

TO MOVE TO LOURINE

We regret to learn that J. L. Baum and family of this country are preparing to move Lorraine where Joe expects to get rich gambling on a cotton crop.

Miss Allie Devany of Brownwood is visiting her brother R. H. Devany who is still sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewel Browning visited Jewels folks at Pioneer on Sunday.

A team of mules and one new Case planter for sale. See Uncle Wiley Jones.

FROM FRANCE

Lieutenant Corley Moragne, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moragne, has arrived from France. He has been in the thick of the fight at Chateau-Thierry, where he was gassed. We will say more of him and his experiences next week.

I can sell you royalty 1/2 a mile from Albin's in \$100 lots up, and worth the money. Some stock in a good oil company; stock in the Peters lease in the Duke field in Comanche County. A chance for the small investor to get in. See L. P. Henslee.

Is Lumber too High and Is Building a Good Investment?

EMPHATICALLY, we say NO! Lumber is not too high. You will see it higher 3 to 6 months from now.

The man that does his lumber buying and building NOW will save 5 to 10 per cent. within the next 3 to 6 months.

EMPHATICALLY, we say "YES!" Money invested in a home, or a barn, Implement Sheds, hog houses, chicken house, or a silo, makes a good safe investment—one that you will never have cause to regret.

Don't delay building that HOME or making other improvements. Delay is Costly.

Remember our service department is free to you. Use it.

JOE H. SHACKELFORD LUMBER

Cross Plains,

Texas.

Begin 1919 Right

At the beginning of the New year, you naturally be thinking of where you will buy your dry goods and groceries and we want you to be in mind that we can give you the best of merchandise, a square deal, and as we do a business we believe we can save you money.

We handle the Federal casing, the best in market for the money.

Gross Plains Merc. Co.

Attention Mr. Car Owner

JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF

Your Radiator Can Not Freeze

APPLICATION LASTS ALL WINTER

Insure Your Radiator

Only way you can be sure your radiator wont freeze up is to evaporating anti-freeze preparation. You can never be sure of any other product that evaporates with the water.

DOES NOT EVAPORATE

Johnson's Freeze-Proof does not evaporate or steam so one application sufficient for the whole winter.

about it. We have it for sale and it will pay you to invest. You may say that the safest way is to drain your radiator, and that it is also true that some night you may forget it, and you know the rest.

Johnson's Freeze-Proof is the cheapest insurance. Invested now may save you 25 or 30. ACT TODAY.

CITY DRUG STORE THE REXALL STORE

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

\$1.50 for one year
75c for 6 months
40c for 3 months

All clubbing propositions will be figured on the above prices.

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

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

HASKELL SCHOOL

The big rain Tuesday almost blocked traffic by washing up roads and out bridges.

School is first rate and the machinery has come to a steady hum. We are sure proud of the fact that we have not had a single case of influenza in our school in spite of its being all around us. The Nimrod and Sabanno schools had to close on the account of influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Allen (Newly married couple) have moved to their self.

Scranton vs. Haskell

Boys Junior League came down at 3 o'clock, and played 15 minutes halves with 5 minutes rest. The score board registered 16 to 14 in favor of Haskell. It was a clean hard fought game. We had several visitors and the game was enjoyed by all.

We have good prospect for some new pupils.

Ed

Building Paper, Window Glass and Floor Paints in stock.
J. H. Shackelford, Lumber.

Send the Review to your friends

FROM C. E. BOYDSTUN

Brawley, Cal., Jan. 20, 1919

L. P. Henslee

Dear sir and friend:

Please see that the Review comes regularly every week and continues to do so until my subscription runs out, then let me know in time to renew again without missing a copy. I have scores of friends back there and I want to keep up with them as much as possible.

Hope the "Flu" has run its course there and been driven out never to return and that 1919 will see Cross Plains and surrounding country grow and prosper as never before.

We are all well and happy and enjoying the warm sunny days.

Tell Dr. Robinson I saw John "Wies, Friday and John drove over in a Chalmers to see me. He is now selling automobiles and says he is thinking about ranching this year.

I see Tom Hart most every day. Tom is a son of Mrs. Ellis of Liberty. Tom drives a big blue 7 passenger Hup. He is the K. P. in one of the leading cafes of this city.

Haven't time to write you any news of the Valley. Keep the Review coming.

Yours,

C. E. Boydston

For Anything

in Lumber or Building Material see

Joe H. Shackelford
The Lumberman

Read his ad. on first page

COTTON SEED

Rowden and Mebane cotton seed in route. Also seed Irish potatoes in stock.

Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

Chance For Small investor
For Immediate Acceptance

I can offer for a few days only a 1-32 interest in royalty on a farm 3-4 mile from Albin's for only \$100.00

This figures less than \$23 for a 1-2. A perfect title. Going fast. Must act at once.

See me at once if you want in on the "Morrison Lease in the Duke field, which is on now the market

L. P. Henslee.

FROM Little's Cash Store

We believe in Cross Plains and this country. Prospects for crops and for oil in Callahan were never better. If both materialize according to the wonderful promise, we will not need to economize. However, on account of our unprecedented drouth, the interval between this and harvest is going to be rather quiet and money will be valuable. This is a cash store and is run on economical basis with the end in view of selling to frugal buyers for cash. Trade here this year. You are sure to save money.

R. R. Little

Groceries & Shoes

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Where do you attend Sunday School? The Presbyterians give you a cordial invitation to meet with them each Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

J. W. Howell, pastor.

Just arrived new car flour we will save you money on all flour and all groceries.
Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

Highest market prices paid for hens, eggs, butter and hides.
B. L. Boydston.

Building paper, Window glass, Floor paints, in stock See them
J. H. Shackelford, Lumber.

MARRIED

Mr. Russell Dill and Miss Mabe Rhone were united in marriage Sunday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rhone of this city. Elder Harlow officiating.

The groom's a son of Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Dill of this city. We consider both the contracting parties too well known to need any introduction at our hands, having both been raised here in Rising Star, and members of our very best and most popular families.

The X-Ray joins their many friends in best wishes and congratulations for a happy and prosperous journey over the matrimonial sea of life.—X-Ray.

Car Mebane and Rowden cotton seed. See
Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

Highest market prices paid for hens, eggs, butter and hides.
B. L. BOYDSTUN.

CROSS PLAINS GARAGE

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

We have bought the Cross Plains Garage from Little, and will conduct it as heretofore at the same place.

We have two first-class mechanics: Hub Little, who is highly recommended by the Army as a mechanic, and George McClain, well known as a mechanic.

We can handle any kind of job of auto work or repairing. Also furnish storage for cars.

Your business certainly will be appreciated.

A. J. JONES & SON, Props.

For Sale. An air-tight heater, same as new.
Blanche Durham.

Sixty dollars will buy How many will buy Armenian Relief Goods
February 3-19

One lot good canned cans for only
Cross Plains

Ford car for sale or on mules.
G. R. Erwin, Nimitz

Pay your Review ahead

Helps Sick Women

Cardui, the woman's tonic, helped Mrs. William Eversole, of Hazel Patch, Ky. Read what she writes: "I had a general breaking-down of my health. I was in bed for weeks, unable to get up. I had such a weakness and dizziness, and the pains were very severe. A friend told me I had tried everything else, why not Cardui? . . . I did, and soon saw it was helping me. . . . After 12 bottles, I am strong and well."

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Do you feel weak, dizzy, worn-out? Is your lack of good health caused from any of the complaints so common to women? Then why not give Cardui a trial? It should surely do for you what it has done for so many thousands of other women who suffered—it should help you back to health.

Ask some lady friend who has taken Cardui. She will tell you how it helped her. Try Cardui.

All Druggists

L. 47

For Royalty on small quantity See
L. P. Henslee

TAN-NO-MORE

The Safe Dandruff

ful facial preparation of the hair. It imparts to the hair softness and Delays the falling out of the hair. Used during the evening it secures a protection from the Sun. In the evening it secures a less complexion. All sizes, 50c, and \$1.00.
Baker-Wheeler Mfg. Co.

SATURDAY ONLY

Men's heavy Over Shirts worth Special \$1.40 or \$2.75 per pair
Men's and boy's Caps, Saturday only—choice 50c

5 lbs. good coffee
Faultless Coffee \$1.25 can for \$1.00
Golden Blend Coffee—5 pkgs. for \$4.00
A job lot of men's leather Gloves close out at 60 cts per pair. This is worth \$1.00.

Special Prices on SYRUP
THE RACKET STORE

HOW THE NATION WAS VOTED DRY



First 36 states to ratify the prohibition amendment to the Constitution are shown in black on this map. When Nebraska, the thirty-sixth state to ratify, was in the news, the ratification of the amendment was a foregone conclusion. Since that time several other states have ratified the amendment.

DRY ONLY
ER LONG FIGHT

Prohibition Comes to End With Surprising Suddenness.

CONGRESS 40 YEARS

Prohibition Amendment, Passed by the Senate, and Ratified in Less Than Thirteen Months.

It is a human want that slips through the fingers of a buyer and seller, and a want ad is to be put in a paper that leads toward obtaining a want ad.

The prohibition amendment which has just been ratified by the states, the number required to become effective, becomes the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution, providing for its submission to the state legislatures. It was finally adopted by Congress on January 16, 1919. On January 16, 1919, the amendment was adopted by the Congress. The average time required for the adoption of a constitutional amendment is about two years.

Shepard prohibition amendment which has just been ratified by the states, the number required to become effective, becomes the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution, providing for its submission to the state legislatures. It was finally adopted by Congress on January 16, 1919. On January 16, 1919, the amendment was adopted by the Congress. The average time required for the adoption of a constitutional amendment is about two years.

The economic aspect of the prohibition amendment was emphasized by the emergency, and the handwriting was seen when Congress adopted providing for national prohibition as a war measure, to be effective July 1, 1919, and to remain in force until the United States has been demobilized. If the country will go dry July 1, 1919, the constitutional amendment will not become effective until after its ratification by the required number of state legislatures.

Text of Amendment. The amendment which has been adopted is as follows: "ARTICLE V. PROPOSING AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. The Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, do hereby propose to the states to be added to the Constitution, and hereupon proposed to the states to be added as a part of the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of several states as provided by Article V of the Constitution. Section 1.—After one year from the date of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation therefrom to any state, territory, or property subject to the jurisdiction of the United States for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited. Section 2.—The congress and the several states have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation. Section 3.—This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by legislatures of three-fourths of the states existing on September 8, 1919."

Attorneys for the liquor interests claim that there are many points on which the amendment may be attacked in the courts and plans have been made, it is declared, for action along these lines.

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ESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Do you attend Sunday
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cordial invitation to meet
each Sunday morning at
ck.

J. W. Howell, pastor.

arrived new car flour we
re you money on all flour
groceries.
Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

best market prices paid for
eggs, butter and hides.
B. L. Boydston.

ding paper, Window glass,
paints, in stock. See them
Shackelford, Lumber.

MARRIED

Russell Dill and Miss Mabe
were united in marriage
afternoon at the home of
de's parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Rhoads of this city. Elder
officiating.

groom's a son of Dr. and
R. Dill of this city. We
er both the contracting parties
ll known to need any intro-
n at our banquets, having both
aised here in Rising Star, and
ers of our very best and most
er families.

X-Ray joins their many
s in best wishes and con-
ations for a happy and prosper-
y over the matrimonial sea.
—X-Ray.

Mebane and Rowden cotton
See
Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

best market prices paid for
eggs, butter and hides.
B. L. BOYDSTON.

CROSS PLAINS GARAGE

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
We have bought the Cross Plains Garage
Little, and will conduct it as heretofore at the same
We have two first-class mechanics: Hub
who is highly recommended by the Army as a
and George McClain, well known as a mechanic.
We can handle any kind of job of auto work
repairing. Also furnish storage for cars.
Your business certainly will be appreciated.

A. J. JONES & SON, Prop.

For Sale. An air-tight heater,
same as new.
Blanche Durham.

Sixty dollars will
How many will
Amenian Relief
February 3-10

One lot good canned
cans for only
Cross Plains

Ford car for sale
mules.
G. R. Erwin, N.

Helps Sick Women

Cardui, the woman's tonic, helped Mrs. William Eversole, of Hazel Patch, Ky. Read what she writes: "I had a general breaking-down of my health. I was in bed for weeks, unable to get up. I had such a weakness and dizziness, . . . and the pains were very severe. A friend told me I had tried everything else, why not Cardui? . . . I did, and soon saw it was helping me. . . . After 12 bottles, I am strong and well."

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Do you feel weak, dizzy, worn-out? Is your lack of good health caused from any of the complaints so common to women? Then why not give Cardui a trial? It should surely do for you what it has done for so many thousands of other women who suffered—it should help you back to health.

Ask some lady friend who has taken Cardui. She will tell you how it helped her. Try Cardui.

All Druggists

SATURDAY ONLY

Men's heavy Over Shirts worth
Special \$1.40 or \$2.75 per
Men's and boy's Caps, Saturday
only—choice 50 c

5 lbs. good coffee
Faultless Coffee \$1.25 can for
Golden Blend Coffee—5 pks.
A job lot of men's leather Gloves
close out at 60 cts per pair. This
is worth \$1.00.

Special Prices on SYRUP
THE RACKET STORE

HOW THE NATION WAS VOTED DRY



first 36 states to ratify the prohibition amendment to the Constitution in quick on this map. When Nebraska, the thirty-sixth state action, voted in favor of ratification, nation-wide prohibition was since that time several other states have ratified the amendment.

DRY ONLY ER LONG FIGHT

ign Comes to End With
prising Suddenness.

CONGRESS 40 YEARS

stitution by the legislatures of the several states as provided in the Constitution within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the states by the congress.

CHAMP CLARK,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

THOMAS R. MARSHALL,
Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate.

I certify that this joint resolution originated in the senate.

JAMES M. BAKER, Secretary.

This resolution was adopted by the senate on August 1, 1917, by a vote of 65 to 20, and by the house of representatives on December 17 by a vote of 282 to 128. House amendments were adopted by the senate December 18.

Mississippi First to Ratify.

Mississippi was the first state to ratify the amendment, both senate and house acting on January 8, 1918. Virginia, Kentucky and South Carolina took similar action during the same month and North Dakota soon followed, but in most states action was delayed until this year, when the various state legislatures convened. Then the states took action on the amendment in rapid succession. Following North Dakota the states acted in the following order until Nebraska, the thirty-sixth to act, completed the ratification:

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| Maryland | West Virginia |
| Montana | California |
| Texas | Washington |
| Delaware | Indiana |
| South Dakota | Arkansas |
| Massachusetts | Illinois |
| Arizona | North Carolina |
| Kansas | Alabama |
| Louisiana | Iowa |
| Florida | Colorado |
| Michigan | Oregon |
| Ohio | New Hampshire |
| Oklahoma | Utah |
| Idaho | Tennessee |
| Utah | Nebraska |
| Maine | |

Before Congress 40 Years.

Bills providing for nation-wide prohibition by legislation and resolutions proposing constitutional amendments for the same purpose have been before congress almost continually for more than 40 years. Senator H. W. Blair of New Hampshire proposed the first amendment in 1876. This provided only for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of spirituous distilled liquors for beverage purposes. He introduced a similar measure nine times, changing it in 1880 to include all alcoholic liquors.

Congressman Hobson of Alabama introduced the famous "Hobson resolution" in the house December 19, 1913. The amendment was amended many times by Hobson himself, finally providing for a division of responsibility for the enforcement of the law between state and federal governments.

This was done to secure the support of certain advocates of "state rights." The resolution came to a vote December 22, 1914, but received only 197 votes, while 258 were necessary for its adoption.

In 1914 Senator Works of California introduced a bill providing for the prohibition of spirituous liquors, including wine and beer, but it received little support from prohibition leaders and did not come to a vote.

May Go to Courts.

There is a probability that anti-prohibition forces will attempt to secure an annulment of the ratification vote in several states and will attack the legality of the action of congress. In San Francisco a court order has been secured restraining Governor Stephens temporarily from signing the ratification of the amendment. It has been stated that similar action may be taken in other states, including Arkansas, Colorado, Maine, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Missouri and Nebraska. In these states, it is declared, all action taken by the state legislatures may be submitted to the people under a referendum.

The Anti-Saloon league contends that this is impossible, outlining its position in the following statement:

"Article V of the federal Constitution provides that the legislature or a state convention is the only body which can ratify an amendment to the Constitution. Congress is given the power to say which one shall have the authority. Congress had chosen the state legislatures as the bodies to ratify the federal prohibition amendment. A state referendum therefore would be illegal and void."

Attorneys for the liquor interests claim that there are many points on which the amendment may be attacked in the courts and plans have been made, it is declared, for action along these lines.

Wraps That Are Distinctive



The very next thing that every one thought about, as soon as the noise of the peace jubilee died down, was something new to wear. There was an immediate reaction in the matter of dress, from the economizing that the war inspired, from the rather sedate colors and plain styles—from doing without—to just the other things. Dressmakers are overwhelmed with work and all women with one accord want some new and pretty clothes. This is the most natural feeling in the world since clothes are our universal means of expression and we must dress up to the joyousness of having our victorious soldiers home again.

Wraps and coats of cloth or fur, or both combined, have been made in a great variety of styles this season. Originality in design has been a feature of the styles so that a new corner among them must be of superior quality and very unusual design to meet the high standards already set. Here's a new wrap, a unique combination of coat and cape that invites comparisons. It appears to be of a heavy jersey cloth but one can visualize it in other soft coatings as velvours or pompon cloth. It is a sleeveless short hanging strait from the shoulders. It is turned up about the bottom and forms two deep

pockets at the front fastened with some buttons and buttonholes. There is a narrow belt of the material across the front of the coat with a button at each end. Only one button appears to fasten the front, but its responsibilities are lightened by the nature of the cloth which has a way of clinging together. Possibly a few little snap fasteners help out.

The coat makes a support for a cape much longer, that covers the arms and is beautifully joined to the underwrap at the sides. A narrow collar of the same material supports a turnover collar of velvet in a dark shade. The hat worn with this cap is wonderfully well suited to it. It is a tan but contrives to be dignified and its decoration of daisies makes it youthful.

Natural Nutria.

Natural nutria is much used on childish costumes this season. It is a pretty fur, something like natural beaver, but not nearly as expensive. It is made up into fetching little cravats, collars and caps with round childish muffs to match, of course. A muff is just the indispensable completing touch to any wee maid's winter costume. Little caps in the rakish fur and aft shape of the overseas army service cap are made of nutria and are matched by collars and muffs.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

In an official announcement issued to the 3,534 chapters and 22,000,000 members, Mr. Davison says:

"We must labor in co-operation with the National Red Cross and relief societies of other nations to the end that not alone the heart of America, but the heart of all mankind, may become mobilized on behalf of suffering humanity."

"While, therefore, the plans of the American Red Cross in this direction cannot be formulated specifically in advance of the general relief program of the allied governments, the American Red Cross is nevertheless planning to develop its permanent organization in this country upon a scale never before contemplated in time of peace."

"Study is being given by the national organization, not alone to projects of international relief, but to plans in this country for enlarged home service, the promotion of public health education, development of nursing, the care and prevention of accidents and other correlated lines which may contribute to the health and happiness of men, women and children."

"For the completion of its war work and for the institution of its peace program, the Red Cross is fortunately in a healthy financial condition. What the American Red Cross needs now is not so much contributions of money, as the continued devotion and loyalty of its members."

In the last sentence was the keynote of the Red Cross Christmas Call—an appeal for continued support through membership rather than a call for funds.

The end of the fighting found about 7,000 Red Cross men and women in France, where, of course, there was an immediate decrease of personnel when the French government assumed charge of the anti-gas work campaign, the feeding and clothing of refugees and other relief affecting the French people. The American work-

"POOR RICH BOY" HAPPY AT LAST

Youthful New York Millionaire Is Now Assured Place to Eat and Sleep.

TOO MANY FATHERS

Adoption Finally Set Aside After William Had Changed Hands So Often He Was Bewildered

New York.—Too many fathers, too many guardians, and too many lawyers, all because he had too many dollars, are no longer causes to worry William Crossman Mills Lee Mills, the "poor little rich boy." Even the news that he has beaten a lawyer's claim for \$40,000 failed to interest the youngster, because for the first time in his young life he is reasonably certain where he will sleep and eat. The lad is living at Batavia, N. Y., with a private tutor, spending less than \$10,000 a year, of the income from his \$1,113,000 fortune.

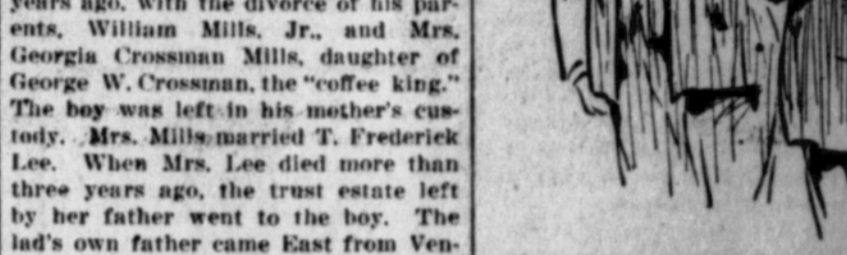
Although legally in the custody of DeWitt Lyon, William is actually in custody of his uncle, Herman Crossman, who is even richer than his young nephew and has a fine estate near Monroe, N. Y. When the lad is not at Batavia with his tutor, he is at the Crossman estate, where there are horses and dogs galore, and a youngster can have the time of his life.

Troubles Began Early.

William's troubles began several years ago, with the divorce of his parents, William Mills, Jr., and Mrs. Georgia Crossman Mills, daughter of George W. Crossman, the "coffee king." The boy was left in his mother's custody. Mrs. Mills married T. Frederick Lee. When Mrs. Lee died more than three years ago, the trust estate left by her father went to the boy. The lad's own father came East from Venice, Cal., and learned that his son had been adopted legally by the stepfather. Mills immediately began suit to have the adoption set aside and gain possession of the boy.

Habeas corpus writs, injunctions, appeals and other legal actions followed each other rapidly. The boy changed hands so fast he became bewildered.

"I don't care who has me," he whimpered on the witness stand. "I just



Kept Up "His" Bravado for Some Time.

to this country 12 years ago from Hungary. The "wife" is Miss Mary Assede, a cousin of the "husband."

"I always hated men, as did Mary also, so we both decided to get married. The ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace and we bought a nice little home in South St. Louis. We were living together very happily until the police interfered."



Interrupts Funeral by Wiring "Widow."

Springfield, Mass. — When Charles Tift, son of the city treasurer and a former broker of this city, was taken ill with influenza at Camp Zachary Taylor, the man on the hospital cot next to him died. Through some mistake the dead man was listed as Mr. Tift and the body shipped home, following a telegram announcing Mr. Tift's death. The family was gathered at Mr. Tift's home to comfort his supposed widow when a telegram came from the real Mr. Tift saying he was coming home on a furlough.

GIRL, 14, AND BOY, 8, ELOPE

After 16 Hours' Absence They Return Home and Decide to Postpone Elopement.

SAYS HUBBY'S "TOO HONEST"

San Francisco Woman Offers Strange Plea in Court, but Judge Grants Her Divorce.

San Francisco, Cal.—Mrs. Mabel Fuller described her husband, George E. Fuller, as "too honest" in testifying in behalf of her suit for divorce before Superior Judge Graham. Mrs. Fuller said her husband was so honest that if he owed \$1,002 and had \$1,004 he would pay the bill and expect his wife to live on the remaining \$2. She got an interlocutory decree.

New Swindle Game.

Kansas City, Mo.—A new confidence game that has sprung up here, according to railroad officials, is to insure people who travel on the government-owned railroads. Two men boarded a Santa Fe train and represented themselves as government agents to insure passengers against death, accident or loss of money. The government was insuring people . . . going to busy traffic on . . . they said.

WOMAN COUSINS IN ST. LOUIS "MARRY"

Live Together Very Happily Until the Police Interfere.

St. Louis.—How they lived together as man and wife and how the "husband" for two years had concealed the fact from neighbors and friends that "he" was a woman, was disclosed following the arrest here of "Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bert Schmidt."

Smoking a cigarette when arrested and denouncing "his" arrest as "damned ridiculous," the "husband" kept up "his" bravado for some time, after "he" had told a story which Chief of Detectives Hanegan declared "one of the most remarkable in his experience."

The "husband" is really Mrs. Mary Bertha Schmidt, twenty-five, who came



Kept Up "His" Bravado for Some Time.

to this country 12 years ago from Hungary. The "wife" is Miss Mary Assede, a cousin of the "husband."

"I always hated men, as did Mary also, so we both decided to get married. The ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace and we bought a nice little home in South St. Louis. We were living together very happily until the police interfered."

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Shanghaied at Seventeen

By
Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey
Author of "Over the Top,"
"First Call," Etc.

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

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In New York Public School No. 78 I had three chums, "Bill" Meek, "Jim" Fleming, and "Charlie" Unger.

Bill was full of wild ideas and schemes. He had the "get-rich-quick" mania. About every two weeks he would call us aside and in a mysterious and important manner carefully unfold some daring scheme to get rich quick, giving his personal guarantee that it could not fail. At first we were very enthusiastic over his scheme and wanted to go in "with both feet," and would carefully work out the details of how to proceed, when, bang! Bill would introduce another project absolutely different from the preceding one. When we asked him what became of his wonderful proposition of two weeks ago, he unblushingly told us that unforeseen circumstances which no one could prevent had interfered. Then he would unroll another wild dream of fortune. And so it went on; one scheme after another vanishing in smoke, until we became very skeptical. Personally, I had no faith in any of Bill's day dreams, but I admired, and perhaps envied, his spirit of adventure; so at last, I decided that I would take a chance, success or no success.

One night Bill came around to the house with four tickets for a blood and thunder war play entitled "Cuba's Yow." His brother was playing the villain. This play greatly impressed me; in fact, from the first act to the last the footlights were gushing blood, love and adventure—and rotten acting. Bill's brother was awful.

Bill was a pretty good judge of human nature. He had taken us to this play to get us worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm, and thus getting us in the proper frame of mind, he could unroll his latest scheme.

That night, after the show, he proposed a trip to South America, which took our breaths away. We were to run away and ship on a tramp steamer, for a passage of about nine months. With the money thus earned we were to equip ourselves and start out for Port Limon, Costa Rica, and go into the coffee plantation business. We all fell for this and took a solemn vow to stick. The scheme especially appealed to me because here was my chance to follow Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast." The next day, after sleeping it over, Charlie and Jim decided that there was more money in New York, and refused to go. I admit I had a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach when I viewed the proposition in the sunlight, but I stuck. Then Bill and I made a tour of the docks in New York, trying to find the ship we wanted. We fell in with several "boarding masters." These men infest the water fronts of large cities and are nothing but bloodsuckers preying on sailors. One of these parasites took us on board an old tramp steamer, lying in Erie basin, called the Cushman. Here we met the steward, a "lime juicer," John Royal-Minnis, with the emphasis on the hyphen. The wonderful tale of ease, luxury and "getting paid for seeing the world" stuff that the steward and the boarding master unrolled before our eager eyes carried us into the seventh heaven of expectation. This was five o'clock in the afternoon. The ship was to sail at three-thirty the following morning, but they did not tell us this. The steward said that we were just the two that he wanted, there being vacancies on the ship for second steward and second cook. He suggested that we sleep on the ship that night, and then in the morning, after seeing what it was like, we could go home and decide whether we wanted to ship or not. I demurred at this, because I had to go home first, so he gave Bill and me permission to go, but said we had to get back at midnight. We hurried home and on the sly I packed my grip with my belongings.

That night I exploded a bombshell in the family. After dessert had been served, puffed up with importance, I declared: "Well, I'm going to South America." A barrage of laughter ripped around the table. This got me sore, and I shut up like a clam.

It was February, and very cold. About seven o'clock that night a great storm came up and the streets were soon covered with slaty ice. I turned into bed with my clothes on. Bill was to notify me at ten o'clock by throwing pebbles against the window pane in my room. Every time I looked out into the street and saw that howling blizzard, a picture of a ship wallowing in a trough of the sea constantly came before my mind and I shivered, and my enthusiasm dropped to zero. I could not take my eyes away from the clock. It was an agony of intense waiting, similar to that when, late in the trenches, I

kept looking at my wrist watch waiting for four o'clock in the morning when we were to go "over the top" in a charge. Oh, how I wished that Bill would change his mind!

About five minutes to ten, crack! crack! came a couple of pebbles against the window pane, sounding like the crack of bullets on the western front. With my shoes in one hand and my grip in the other, I softly tiptoed downstairs, put on my shoes and heavy overcoat, and opened the front door. I was greeted by a rush of wind, snow and sleet. Bill looked like a snowman.

We plowed through the blizzard, got on a trolley car, and reached Erie basin at a quarter to 12, went up the gangplank and reported to the steward.

The ship looked like an ice palace. You could hear the creaking of winches and the straining of cables, and could see dark forms sliding and cursing on the slippery decks under the glow of the cargo lights.

The steward greeted us very cordially and I thought him the finest man I had ever met. Bill was shipped as second steward, and I got the billet of second cook.

My "glory hole" was aft on the main deck, while Bill slept amidships. I piled into the little two-by-four bunk and was soon fast asleep. I had a horrible dream; a giant had me by the heels and was swinging me around his head, trying to dash my brains out against the side of the ship. I awoke in terror. The "glory hole" seemed to be looping the loop, and I could hear heavy thuds as immense waves broke against the side of the ship, the water hissing and rushing around the port hole. Reaching for the electric button I turned on the switch. An awful mess met my eyes. The deck of my room was awash. The grip and all my belongings, which I had unpacked before turning in, were swishing and swashing on the deck, now in this corner, now in that.



Arthur Guy Empey.

The ship was rolling like a log in the trough of the sea. I held on to the sides of my bunk in terror. A wave would swash against my door and water would pour in through the cracks. I felt deathly sick and I thought I was going to die. I was experiencing my first touch of seasickness.

About six bells in the morning (three o'clock) the door opened, and three standing in the opening was a huge Swede, encased in oilskins. The icy blast sent a cold shiver through me. I wondered what he wanted, but did not wonder long.

"You have got tea and toast on bridge for mate, damn quick!" I was bewildered. The door slammed and once again I was alone. Fifteen minutes must have passed when the door opened again and in rushed the toughest-looking seaman I have ever seen. He had only one eye. Later on I found that he was out first mate, "One-eyed Gibson," a "Blue-Noser" from Nova Scotia, and a man whom it was not safe to trifle with. Without a word he stepped into the glory hole, grabbed his shoulder in a grip of steel, and yanked me out of my bunk into the icy water which was awash on the deck. This was my first introduction to him.

"Get out o' that, you landlubber. There's no fire in the galley, and I want my tea on the bridge, and I want it now, or I'll put out your dead lights."

I meekly answered, "Yes, sir," and started to put on my wet socks. Seeing this action, he shouted, "Never mind that damned rigging. Get into the galley and get that fire alight."

My feet were blue with the cold and my teeth were chattering. I timidly asked, "Where are we, sir?" With a look of contempt he answered, "We're outside o' Sandy Hook, bound south for the Horn, and she's blowing big guns." Then he left.

I stepped out of my glory hole onto the deck. We were dipping our scuppers, and huge seas were breaking over the weather side. One minute after the deck would appear like a steep hill in front of me, and a horrible churning sound would come from the racing propeller. Then the deck would slant away from me and a loud chug! and a shiver through the ship as the propeller cut again into the water.

Benumbed and wet from the icy spray, I managed to steer a course to the companionway, and dragged myself to the upper deck. A sailor was in the galley and had started a fire. The ship was rolling, pitching and lurching. In that galley it sounded like a bombardment. Pots and pans were rattling in their racks; a few of them had fallen out, and were clanging each other around the deck.

Cold and miserable, I crouched in the corner, keeping myself from falling by holding on to the rail in front of the stove.

The sailor took compassion on me, and made the toast and tea. How he did it was a marvel to me, but later on I became very expert myself.

Following the "life lines" on the upper deck, I at last managed to reach the bridge with my pot of tea and two slices of toasted bread. There were two men at the wheel. In the darkness I went up to them and asked for the mate. They did not answer. Just then I received a resounding smack on the back which made my teeth rattle, and that dreaded, gruff voice of the mate reached my ears through the wind: "Damn you, you hell's spawn, keep away from the mate at the wheel or I'll throw you over the side."

I mumbled my apologies, and followed the mate into the chart house. He greedily drank the tea, and in four bites disposed of the pieces of toast. The toast was soaked in salt water and I inwardly wished that it would poison him; in fact I prayed that the ship would sink with all on board. Such is seasickness.

I managed, somehow or other, to make my way back to the galley, and I met my "superior officer" for the trip, the "cookie." He was about five feet nothing in height; a shriveled-up Welshman about forty-five years old. He reminded me of a mummy in the Museum of Natural History in Central park. If he had ever smiled, I am sure that his face would have cracked. It seemed frozen into one perpetual scowl. He gave one look at me and let out a howl.

"Blawst my deadlights, an' this here (pointing to me) is what I'm to work with on this blonnyer voyage. You lucky, I am, not 'arf, I ain't." He looked like some gorilla. The rolling of the ship affected him not in the least. He seemed to sway and bend with every movement of the ship.

The next two or three days were a horrible nightmare to me. How I lived through them I do not know. I had a deadly fear of the cook. As soon as he found out that I could not eat he would burn me. He started in to make my life a misery. He had a habit of carrying a huge butcher knife in his belt. Between meals he would sit down on a bench and constantly feel the edge of the same time telling me what an expert he was at carving. Later on I found that there was a reason for his carrying this knife. He and the crew were at dagger points, he never daring to go forward except in case of necessity, and then he was careful always to carry his butcher knife. Down in my heart I realized that if the occasion should arise he would not be backward in demonstrating his art of carving on his opponent. That Welshman was no better cook than I was, and the crew soon became aware of this fact; hence their hostility.

The Cushman was a "lime juicer," sailing under the English flag. The skipper was a "lime juicer." The first mate a "blue noser," the first engineer a Scotsman, while the crew was composed of Spaniards, Italians, Squareheads, Finns, Swedes, and Russians. The bos'n was Irish, and a firm believer in Home Rule. A worse gang of cutthroats could hardly be conceived; a nice, polite bunch they were. Believe me, Bill and I had our troubles.

Bill and I were the only two Americans on board. The engineer's messman was a Prussian, Karl Tatzner by name. I nicknamed him "Fritz." He was only twenty years old, but was clumsy, strong as an ox and about six feet tall.

After weathering the gale we at last came into the Gulf stream, and off the coast of Florida it was warm and pleasant.

I found that my duties were to peel spuds, wash pots and pans and be a regular "fetch and carry" for the cook. My office hours were from six bells in the morning (three o'clock) until four bells at night (ten o'clock). I was greasy and filthy at all times, having nothing but salt water to wash in, and this would not cut the grease. Bill had it much easier than I. I had murder in my heart and vowed to "jump ship" at the first port we put into.

After nine or ten days we came alongside at Castries, St. Lucia, British West Indies, to coal ship. At this port the men believed in woman suffrage. Long lines of half-naked black women, with huge baskets of coal on their heads, passed up the forward gang plank, dumped their load of coal into the open bunkers, and left the ship by the after gangway. Before leaving the ship the fourth engineer gave each one a little brass check, which later on she would turn in to the coal company for an English penny. While the women were working the men would sit around the dock smoking cigarettes.

The natives at St. Lucia had a great appetite for salt pork. I soon got wise to this fact and traded about a half a barrel of pork for times, guava jelly, bay rum and alligator pears. If the steward or cook had caught me I would never be writing this story. The women threw the pork into their dirty coal-baskets, and upon reaching the dock gave it to their husbands or sweethearts, who would immediately, without washing it, devour it. They

spoke in a gibbering patois which I could not understand. Some of them could speak pretty good English. The kids, averaging from seven to fifteen years, were running around naked, or diving off the dock for pennies which we threw overboard.

About two hours before sailing from St. Lucia, a little fellow about fifteen years of age came to the entrance of the galley and in fair English told Bill and me a pathetic story of human treatment which would have melted hearts of stone. He wanted us to stop him away on the ship. I was agreeable, but Bill warned me that this was a very grave offense against the English board of trade laws, the maximum penalty being fourteen years' imprisonment. I did not wish to incur this risk, therefore would not listen to the entreaties of the young negro, explaining to him the penalty of the board of trade laws. Upon hearing this, a cunning look, which at the time did not appear significant to me, came into his eyes, and he told me that if I would stop him away, "see how easy it will be for you." He would do all of my work, and all I would have to do would be to sit on the superstructure and let my feet hang. I thought this was worth risking the fourteen years for, so fell in with the plan, Bill objecting.

The ventilators had been unshipped while the cooling was going on, and were lying aft on the poop deck. Watching our chance, we sneaked aft and hid the little fellow in one of the ventilators, warning him, upon pain of death, not to make a sound until the ship was well under way. To say that I was nervous is putting it mildly.

We cleared St. Lucia and were soon at sea. The islands of Martinique, St. Lucia and Barbados were tiny gray dots on the horizon when an Italian sailor, Louis Maranto, went aft to ship the ventilators. In a few minutes he came rushing forward with terror in his eyes. As he passed the galley I stopped him and asked what was the matter. All he could gasp out was "Mary of God, a devil ees on da ship."

"One-eyed Gibson," seeing his terror, went aft with him and soon we could see him coming forward, leading our little stowaway by the ear. The little negro was howling blue murder, and the curses of the mate snapped like a wireless message. Luckily for me the mate stopped at the galley and said, "Keep your eye on this black skunk until I can take him before the 'old man.'" For five minutes I put all my power of entreaty into my voice and prayed the stowaway to stick by me; to swear that he came aboard of his own volition. He promised to do so. Then the mate came after him and took him before the captain. During this fifteen minutes of interview I lived in an agony of torment and suspense. The little fellow came back with a smile on his face and I knew things were all right. He told me that the captain had shipped him at a shilling a month for the passage. For two days he was detailed to help me in the galley, and I lived the life of a prince. We nicknamed him "Monday."

The day that he came on board, his real name was Charles Tasima Benn.

On the fourth day, Monday, after reading a bucket of spuds, while I was reading and smoking, three down his knife and, with a cunning leer, in a commanding tone told me to get busy and complete the task; that he wished to rest. I started in to "bulldoze" him, but he simply held his hand in my direction, fingers extended, and in a majestic voice informed me: "From now on, work for the American I will not. I tell Meester Captain American Monday stowed away. Meester American to prison go fourteen years British government." I nearly fainted. From that time Bill and I were Monday's abject slaves. We even waited on him personally. Any article in my possession that Monday desired was his for the asking. My steward wormed the secret out of Monday, and I was also his slave. Bill and I spent a life of hell on board.

After getting into the tropics lime juice was issued daily to the crew to keep away scurvy. The food was hor-

rible. The pork was rotten; in fact, on the head of one of the salt pork casks was stamped "Inspected 1883." The crew were on the verge of mutiny.

Then we reached the eastern entrance of the Straits and it was blustery and cold. The captain attempted to negotiate the Straits one bright moonlight night. After about three hours the moon disappeared and we were in the dark, knocking a big hole in the side of the ship, and only quick and efficient work by the carpenter and crew saved us from sinking. They

dropped a huge sail over the side, covering the hole. The boats were put over the side and we expected the ship every minute to founder. Next day we were towed into Punta Arenas, and after two weeks the ship was again made seaworthy.

At Talcahuana we shipped 25 Spaniards, or "hombres," as we called them, to work the cargo. This doubled my work, and I prayed that I would die. It was nothing but misery to me. I must have peevish eleven million barrels of spuds; in fact, I never turned in before six bells at night, and had to turn out at six bells in the morning.

After touching at 13 ports on the west coast, discharging our cargo, we left for a little island called Lobos, where we were to take on a cargo of guano. While working this cargo it was misery for everyone on board; the strong ammonia from the guano made our eyes red and watery, and we could only breathe by wrapping big handkerchiefs around our noses and mouths. The wind was constantly blowing, and guano was even in our food.

Then, coming back, we touched at Valparaiso, Chile. To me death seemed easier than the homeward-bound voyage, so one night Bill and I slid down the anchor chain and swam to a "bumboat" lying near us. We gave the Chileno \$4 to row us ashore. He did so. Dripping wet we crawled up onto the stone quay and made tracks for the town. We found that the dock was enclosed by a tall iron fence. At the gate were two customs officers, who immediately put us under arrest. Bill and I had \$20 in gold between us, and, as is usual in South America, it was a simple matter to bribe the customs officials to let us through. This cost us half of our fortune, but we did not care. Freedom was worth all of it. We were well into the town and feeling secure when we were held up by a Chilean gendarme, who looked like a walking arsenal. This cost us \$2 more for our freedom. He left us in a hurry and went around the block. We had walked about five minutes when, bang! another gendarme. This cost us \$4. After leaving him we were more cautious, hiding our remaining money in my shoe. Again we were arrested. We said we had no money and were held into the presence of the "comandante de police." He had one hundred and seventy-eight medals on his chest and four thousand yards of gold braid on his collar and cuffs. He had us searched, but did not find the money. Very much disappointed, in broken English he informed us that our ship was to sail at four o'clock the next morning, and that if he found us in Valparaiso we would be sent to the mines.

Shivering and trembling we wended our way back to the dock and hunted around for a boatman. Bribing him with our remaining money he at last brought us alongside, just before the gangplank was lifted. The black smoke was pouring from the single funnel of the Cushman. Then we went before the captain, and he "logged" us ten pounds (\$50) each.

On our homeward-bound passage we went around the Horn and ran into a gale. The bos'n mutinied. Old "One-eyed Gibson" came behind him and laid him low with a marlinpike. Then, carrying him amidships, he chained him to the iron posts leading to the bridge. He remained this way for a day and a half, exposed to cold and icy wind. Strict orders were passed through the ship that no one was to approach him. That night, under cover of darkness, Bill and I sneaked him a steaming pot of stew, and some hot coffee. If he had lived, we would, through this one action, have gained a true friend for life. From exposure he contracted pneumonia and died. He was buried at sea. The carpenter sewed him in a sack, and tying an old iron wheel to his feet, placed him on a plank, and while the captain read a rough burial service the plank was tilted, and the body of the bos'n went down to rest in Davy Jones' locker.

The first port we touched at, the consul's flag was hoisted at the foremast, and a bleary-eyed, half-drunken little old man came on board and was closeted with the captain for about an hour. When he came out he was staggering, and his eyes, if possible, were more bleary. The captain lined the crew up, and the consul, in a thick and stuttering voice, asked the crew if the bos'n had died from natural causes. Ninety per cent of the crew could not understand what he said, and a silence prevailed. At sea silence means consent. I butted in and said "No." I was standing next to the mate. I felt that gorilla-like hand of his pinching the back of my neck, and I nearly fainted. Then the consul went over the side into his boat, and was soon pulling for the shore. We lifted anchor and the port was left behind.

Half way up the coast we ran out of fresh water, and had to drink condensed water from an old squeaky condensing engine. It was brackish and sickening. I would have sold my soul for one drink of clear, cold water.

Monday became tyrannical and unbearable, and it was up to Bill and me to devise some scheme to keep him in check.

Through listening to Monday's stories, I knew that he was very superstitious and believed in magic, or "zob," as he called it.

Bill told him that my father in America was a great medicine man and that I was gifted with magic.

While loading guano at Lobos, the fourth engineer had gone on a shooting trip and killed several huge pelicans. He skinned them and gave me one of the skins. Bill and I worked a scheme. That morning a little black bird fell on the deck, and I picked it up and took it to my glory hole. It

was in a dying condition. I would go aft on the poop deck with my face smeared with white clay and hide behind the dilator, and while I was doing that I was in communication with my father, the great American medicine man. He did this and it made a hit. The next morning I came to me, and, bowing low, he gave a token, as he called it, from my father. I promised him one, but we were sure to get it. Then I thought of the bird in my glory hole, and the was at hand. I very solemnly ed Monday that at eight o'clock night my father would send a token to me in the form of a little black bird. All day Monday kept away the aloration and awe in his eyes, and I immediately repaired to glory hole, and certainly took care that bird, praying would live until eight o'clock. I waited until eight o'clock, and minutes to eight I put feathers and snaked aft with the bird, placed it on the deck, and commenced my mystic chant a little song: "The greatest of medicine men, I desired for the esteemed

There was a Reason for His This Knife.

your son. Oh, father, send token." Then, with a few grunts, I beseeched Bill and me to come and receive the token. Day came trembling aft and I to the little black bird who weakly gasping its last, but respected that little bunch of feathers. Curious to see what day would do, we left him. The bird for over an hour, that weird, sing-song patter, British West Indies. From Monday was our slave.

Two days before reaching the captain sent for us and he knew that Bill and I had away Monday. We, like a fish, fell for this and whereverupon the captain informed us that we had pay and allowances due us for the voyage. The joke of it was under the board of trade he Cushman had to go two hundred out of her way to get to St. Louis Monday ashore.

We dressed him in a long white pants, the carpenter sewed a red vest; Bill placed a hat on his head and he went ashore small boat. When the boat was lifted anchor, and as he again faded into the distance we see a solitary little figure on the waving his white pants and head. He had removed the reaching port. We felt a pang as he faded out of sight.

After an uneventful trip into quarantine in New York at the first sight of the flag of liberty a rush of independence patriotism surged through me, and sat down on the hatchway and intently refused to work. He threatened to put me in debt. I told him to go to hell, and that I was a free American of American port, and I claimed protection of the Stars and Stripes in accordance with my rights as a citizen, or, I demanded the consul's flag hoisted at the foremast. This gave me a hard look but with the next anchor at night I landed in New York, free of was dressed in a pair of blue barefooted, a Panama hat, and black as a negro from sunburn, handkerchief around my neck, wearing a white necktie, and my left shoulder I had a key, and in my right hand a cage with a parrot in it. It was \$8.40 in silver, but I did not was again on terra firma of Stars and Stripes floating home, and I received a wonderful home, and of my cruise and hardships of my view of the world I was receiving.

That of course all wonderful in nine days, and nine standing a wet firecracker on the July, and it was up to me to find and find something to do.

This ended my first real

Not Genuine Genuine held the near cystic, "boast of being liberal in his but that is as far as he extends."

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\$100.00

Has been deposited with the First National Bank of De Leon, Texas, for the small investor to make a fortune in oil that is in the

Duke and Knowles Wells

Red Blooded American who will not have

OUR PLAN

We buy a lease close enough to a well to drill the shares, by a reliable Drilling Company, W. C. Streety TRUSTEE, who holds the National Bank of De Leon, Texas. We sell our interest in each Lease we Syndicate. We are led by you, COUNTERSIGNED by W. C. Streety. When the nearby "Drilling Well" comes in, we assign the undivided interest in the well to the OWNER of ROYALTY, but at a small price settle monthly directly with you. UNDERSTAND

DID YOU GET IT?

We closed our Syndicate on the BEN HARVEY Well near the BENDER LEASE. The Bender Lease stands a FOR ONE! The Bender Lease contains Bender or Peters Leases IS FOR SALE.

De Leon, Texas, Jan. 1917

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Invested \$1250.00 in the Duke well tract in Cimarron County, Oklahoma. The well came in. I would not take 100.00 for the plan of investment in the oil business offered by the Duke and Knowles Wells Company. It is Similar To Buying Royalty. The plan of investment in the oil business offered by the Duke and Knowles Wells Company men of unquestionable integrity. I am making an investment with them in the MORRISON LEASE.

F. R. Carter.

We Are Now Selling

At \$300.00 per acre located in the heart of the oil belt and one mile southeast of Cogburn well being drilled from said Morrison Lease. If the Cogburn well comes in, we shall be able to get the Morrison Lease owner 1-8 and the lease owners 3-8.

WHAT A \$300

A \$300.00 investment in the Morrison Lease, entire Lease and would give the investor 1-40 of the to the owners of the MORRISON LEASE. Basing on a barrel well, less than half the size of the Duke well, Production for the owners of the MORRISON LEASE \$25 per barrel, would give you an income of

AND THAT FROM ONLY ONE WELL LESS THAN A FAINT HEART NEVER WON A FAINT HEART

But with a little common sense, a little nerve, and a little "DUKE WELL" oil field. We will not say "bit" to the bottom of the well. If you make, we will be plain business men of De Leon, Texas; but for the sake of getting into the producing end of the oil business, our plan is the way.

Act Today, Tomorrow, The Day After Tomorrow

Fill Out the Following and send it in with Your Money Today or see L. P. Henslec. Mail to L. P. Henslec, Cross Plains, Texas.

Dear Sir, Enclosed find check for \$..... for UNDIVIDED..... acre interest in the "Morrison Lease." Acknowledge receipt and send Certificate of Interest to me at

Name.....
Address.....

spoke in a jibbering patois which I could not understand. Some of them could speak pretty good English. The kids, averaging from seven to fifteen years, were running around naked, or diving off the dock for pennies which we threw overboard.

About two hours before sailing from St. Lucia, a little fellow about fifteen years of age came to the entrance of the galley and in fair English told Bill and me a pathetic story of inhuman treatment which would have melted hearts of stone. He wanted us to stow him away on the ship. I was agreeable, but Bill warned me that this was a very grave offense against the English board of trade laws, the maximum penalty being fourteen years imprisonment. I did not wish to incur this risk, therefore would not listen to the entreaties of the young negro, explaining to him the severity of the board of trade laws. Upon hearing this, a cunning look, which at the time did not appear significant to me, came into his eyes, and he told me that if I would stow him away, "see how easy it will be for you." He would do all of my work, and all I would have to do would be to sit on the superstructure and let my feet hang. I thought this was worth risking fourteen years for, so I went with the plan, Bill objecting.

The ventilators had been unshipped while the coaling was going on, and were lying aft on the poop deck. Catching our chance, we sneaked aft and hid the little fellow in one of the ventilators, warning him, upon pain of death, not to make a sound until the ship was well under way. To say that we were nervous is putting it mildly.

We cleared St. Lucia and were soon seen. The islands of Martinique, St. Lucia and Barbadoes were tiny gray spots on the horizon when an Italian sailor, Louis Maranto, went aft to ship the ventilators. In a few minutes he was rushing forward with terror in his eyes. As he passed the galley I popped him and asked what was the matter. All he could gasp out was "fury of God, a devil sees on da ship," "One-eyed Gibson," seeing his terror, went aft with him and soon we could see him coming forward, leading our stowaway by the ear. The little negro was howling blue murder, and a curse of the mate snapped like a fireless message. Luckily for me the mate stopped at the galley and said, "Keep your eye on this black skunk till I can take him before the 'old an.'" For five minutes I put all my over-entirety into my voice and ayed the stowaway to stick by me; swear that he came aboard of his own volition. He promised to do so, when the mate came after him and took him before the captain. During fifteen minutes of interview I led in an agony of torment and suspense. The little fellow came back with a smile on his face and I knew they were all right. He told me that the captain had shipped him at a shilling a month for the passage. For two days he was detailed to help me in the galley, and I lived the life of a prince. We nicknamed him "Monday," a day that he came on board. His name was Charles Tasima Benn. On the fourth day, Monday, after eating a bucket of spuds, while I was sitting and smoking, threw down his knife and, with a cunning leer, in commanding tone told me to get up and complete the task; that he should rest. I started in to "bullseye" him, but he simply held his hand in my direction, fingers extended, and in a majestic voice informed me, "From now on, work for the American I will not. I tell Meester Captain Monday stowed away. Meester American to preeson go fourteen ars British government." I nearly fainted. From that time Bill and I were Monday's abject slaves. We waited on him personally. Any article in my possession that Monday desired was his for the asking. The reward worried the secret out of Monday, and I was also his slave. Bill and I spent a life of hell on board.

After getting into the tropics lime juice was issued daily to the crew to keep away scurvy. The food was hor-

dropped a huge sail over the side, covering the hole. The boats were put over the side and we expected the ship every minute to founder. Next day we were tossed into Punta Arenas, and after two weeks the ship was again made seaworthy.

At Talcahuana we shipped 28 Spaniards, or "hombres," as we called them, to work the cargo. This doubled my work, and I prayed that I would die. It was nothing but misery to me. I must have peered eleven million barrels of spuds; in fact, I never turned in before six bells at night, and had to turn out at six bells in the morning.

After touching at 13 ports on the west coast, discharging our cargo, we left for a little island called Lobos, where we were to take on a cargo of guano. While working this cargo-it was misery for everyone on board; the strong ammonia from the guano made our eyes red and watery, and we could only breathe by wrapping big handkerchiefs around our noses and mouths. The wind was constantly blowing, and guano was even in our food.

Then, coming back, we touched at Valparaiso, Chile. To me death seemed easier than the homeward-bound voyage, so one night Bill and I slid down the anchor chain and swam to a "bumboat" lying near us. We gave the Chileno \$4 to row us ashore. He did so. Dripping wet we crawled up onto the stone quay and made tracks for the town. We found that the dock was enclosed by a tall iron fence. At the gate were two customs officers, who immediately put us under arrest. Bill and I had \$20 in gold between us, and, as is usual in South America, it was a simple matter to bribe the customs officials to let us through. This cost us half of our fortune, but we did not care. Freedom was worth all of it. We were well into the town and feeling secure when we were held up by a Chilean gendarme, who looked like a walking arsenal. This cost us \$2 more for our freedom. He left us in a hurry and went around the block. We had walked about five minutes when, bang! another gendarme. This cost us \$4. After leaving him we were more cautious, hiding our remaining money in my shoe. Again we were arrested. We said we had no money and were haled into the presence of the "commandante de police." He had one hundred and seventy-eight medals on his chest and four thousand yards of gold braid on his collar and cuffs. He had us searched, but did not find the money. Very much disappointed, in broken English he informed us that our ship was to sail at four o'clock the next morning, and that if he found us in Valparaiso we would be sent to the mines.

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was in a dying condition. I thought that night, about ten o'clock, would go aft on the poop deck with my face smeared with white paint and take Monday and hide behind the ventilator, and while I was doing a dance, he would explain to me that I was in communication with my father, the great American medicine man. He did this and it was a hit. The next morning came to me, and, having been told a token, as he called it, from my father, I promised to do it. Then I thought of the bird in my glory hole, and the bird was at hand. I very solemnly Monday that at eight o'clock that night my father would send me in the form of a little black bird. All day Monday kept away from me, and I immediately repaired my glory hole, and certainly took care of that bird, praying that it would live until eight o'clock. At ten minutes to eight I put my feathers and sneaked aft with the bird, placed it on the stow-hole, and commenced my mystic chanting a little song: "O, greatest of medicine men, I desired for the esteemed

\$100.00 REWARD

Has been deposited with the First National Bank of De Leon, Texas, to be paid by said bank to any one offering a fairer, better and safer plan for the small investor to make a fortune in oil than is here outlined. This is a bona fide offer.

Duke and Knowles Wells Now In--Davis Drilling In Oil--Not a DRY Hole

Red Blooded American who will not invest in the "Duke Well" Field in our Proposition under the Plan herein set out Should Never Give "OIL" Another Thought.

OUR PLAN AND PROPOSITION

We buy a lease close enough to a Drilling Well, or Wells, so that when the "Drilling Well" comes in, we can get our Leases drilled on the shares, by a reliable Drilling Company, at no expense whatsoever to the owners of the Lease. We have the title to our Lease transferred to W. C. Streety TRUSTEE, who holds the title for us and those who buy an interest with us in the Lease. Mr. Streety is President of the First National Bank of De Leon, Texas. We sell you an UNDIVIDED fractional acre, full acre, or several acres, interest in the Lease, retaining an interest in each Lease we Syndicate. We issue to you a CERTIFICATE OF INTEREST covering the undivided interest in the Lease purchased by you, COUNTERSIGNED by W. C. Streety TRUSTEE. This "CERTIFICATE OF INTEREST" is transferrable, in whole or in part. When the nearby "Drilling Well" comes in, and we secure a drilling contract on the Lease, W. C. Streety Trustee, transfers, by regular Lease Assignment, the undivided interest in the Lease purchased by you, which you place of record in Comanche County. YOU BECOME THE OWNER OF ROYALTY, but at a small per cent. of what it would cost you from the LAND owner; and the Pipe Line Company will have to settle monthly directly with you. UNDER OUR PLAN, THERE IS NO EXPENSE TO YOU, no officers Salaries, no "Majority Control."

DID YOU GET IN WITH US ON THE "BENDER LEASE?"

We closed our Syndicate on the BENDER LEASE on Saturday, Dec. 21. On Monday, Dec. 23, two for one was being offered in De Leon for Syndicate Certificates in the BENDER LEASE, with none to be obtained at that price. Why? Simply because, if the Harvey Well near the BENDER LEASE comes in, we should get the BENDER LEASE drilled on the halves; and the owner of a \$100.00 interest in the Bender Lease stands a good chance to make a small fortune out of his investment. Then why should he take two for ten FOR ONE! The Bender Lease contains 40 acres and was syndicated by us at \$300.00 an acre. NONE of the Interest Retained by us in the Bender or Peters Leases IS FOR SALE.



There Was a Reason for His This Knife.

De Leon, Texas Jan. 20, 1919

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I invested \$1250.00 in the Duke well tract in Comanche County, Texas before the well came in. I would not take 100,000.00. I like the plan of investment in the oil business offered by the Hogg Creek Lease Company. It is Similar To Buying Royalty. The members of the Hog Creek Lease Company men of unquestionable business integrity. I am making an investment with them in the Morris Lease

F. R. Carter.

De Leon, Texas Jan. 20, 1919

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The Morrison lease on 40 acres has been duly transferred to be as trustee for the Hogg Creek Lease company, and its purchasers of certificates of interest in said lease.

W. C. Streety

De Leon Texas January 20 1919

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN I invested \$100.00 with the Hog creek lease Company in the Peters lease. My interest is not for sale at three times the cost to me. I believe their plan of investment in the oil business is the ideal one.

J. R. Johnson

We Are Now Syndicating The "Morrison Lease"

At \$300.00 per acre located in the heart of the Comanche County Oil Field six miles south of a little west of the famous Duke Well and one mile southeast of Cogburn well being drilled by the Union Oil and Refinery Company, with other locations and wells in different directions from said Morrison Lease. If the Cogburn well comes in, which we confidently expect, and which the company drilling some confidently expects, we shall be able to get the Morrison Lease of forty acres drilled on halves. That is, the drilling company taking 1-8 of the oil, the land owner 1-8 and the lease owners 3-8.

WHAT A \$300.00 INVESTMENT REPRESENTS IN THE MORRISON LEASE

<p>A \$300.00 investment in the Morrison Lease represents 1-40 of the entire Lease and would give the investor 1-40 of the Oil Production coming to the owners of the MORRISON LEASE. Basing our figures on a 1600 barrel well, less than half the size of the Duke Well, and allowing 3-8 of the Production for the owners of the MORRISON LEASE, and figuring Oil at \$2 25 per barrel, would give you an income of</p>	<p>\$33.75 per day on a \$300.00 investment in the MORRISON LEASE, \$22.50 per day on a \$200.00 investment in the MORRISON LEASE, \$11.25 per day on a \$100.00 investment in the MORRISON LEASE, \$5.62 per day on a \$50.00 investment in the MORRISON LEASE, \$2.81 per day on a \$25.00 investment in the MORRISON LEASE.</p>
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AND THAT FROM ONLY ONE WELL LESS THAN HALF THE SIZE OF THE DUKE WELL FORTY ACRES IS GOOD FOR EIGHT WELLS

A Faint Heart Never Won a Fair Lady in Love; and a Faint Heart Will Never Win a Fortune in Oil

But with a little common sense, a little nerve, and a little money, you can become wealthy and independent through our plan of investment in the "DUKE WELL" oil field. We will not syndicate a lease where we are not willing to hold our interest and let it ride with the "point of the bit" to the bottom of the well. If you make, we make. If you lose, we lose. We are on the ground floor watching every well. We are simply plain business men of De Leon, Texas; but for more than a year, we have studied the West Texas Oil field and how the small investor could get into the producing end of the oil business, and make a fortune out of a little money. The information gathered by us convinces us that our plan is the way.

Act Today, Tomorrow, The Opportunity To Invest In The "Morrison Lease" Will Be Gone

Make Checks Payable to W. C. Streety, Trustee, but Mail to L. P. Henslee, Cross Plains.

Fill Out the Following and send it in with Your check Today or see L. P. Henslee. Mail to L. P. Henslee, Cross Plains:

Dear Sir. Enclosed find check for \$_____ for an UNDIVIDED _____ acre interest in the "Morrison Lease." Acknowledge receipt and send MY Certificate of Interest to me at _____

Name _____

Address _____

The Hog Creek Lease Co. TEXAS

L. P. Henslee, Local Agent, Cross Plains, Texas.



Get Out of That, You Landlubber!

The pork was rotten; in fact, the head of one of the salt porks was stamped "Inspected 1883." The crew were on the verge of mutiny. Then we reached the eastern entrance of the Straits and it was blizzard and cold. The captain attempted to negotiate the Straits one bright moonlight night. After about three hours the moon disappeared and we were on the rocks, knocking a big hole in the side of the ship, and only quick and efficient work by the carpenter and crew saved us from sinking. They

Not Genuine Genor... Said the near cynic... boast of being liberal in... but that is as far as they... extends.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS IN GERMANY

As fighters or patrolers, what will be their many surprising experiences?

The Star-Telegram
60,000 Daily

Will keep you posted about the boys until they return home. As well as all other unique momentous events of the next several months—

The Most Eventful in World's History

Because it is a member of the Associated Press, International News, United Press, the three great news gathering organizations of the world.

Also publishes complete CHICAGO NEWS CABLES, supplied by over thirty trained American writers now in Europe.

Of the two score readers you should read the STAR-TELEGRAM every day



Billy Sunday's great Texas Revival begins in Fort Worth, Nov. 24th. If you can not attend these thrilling meetings the next best is to read the complete and accurate reports in this paper



Washington Irving today the news-center of the world. Well informed men follow the news from there carefully. In David Lawrence's Daily Wire Letter our home readers are given his exclusive correct interpretation of Washington events.



America's Great Military Critic will attend the Peace Conference to inform our readers on the real military meaning in the unfolding of the European Tangle. Ask the man who has read Simonds. He will tell you.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY FROM YOUR HOME TOWN AGENT
1 MONTH . . . \$.75
6 MONTHS . . . \$4.50
ONE YEAR-Annual \$7.50

NEXT YEAR READ THE PAPER WITH ALL THE TRUE OIL NEWS

L. P. HENSLEE, Agt.
See or phone him for \$5.55 and \$4.65 prices.

Don't fail to get my prices on our posts by the car. Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

NEW REAL ESTATE FIRM

If you have a farm or city property, land to lease or royalty to be sold, be sure to see **J. HOUSTON & CO.** Cottonwood, Texas

Dentistry

I shall practice dentistry in Cross Plains two weeks of each month beginning 2nd Monday.

Phone 143, Dr. Mary L. S. Graves.

For any kind of INSURANCE See **L. P. HENSLEE.**

Rabbits for Sale
W. A. McGowen

Arrived car Peanut cake L. Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

DIED

Georgie Gracie Ensor, aged nine months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Doc Ensor of north of town died from the bite of a poisonous insect and was buried in the Cross Plains cemetery on Teus. Rev. S. A. Rogers conducting the services. We offer our sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Farm for rent.
C. S. Boyle's

Miss Ruth Copeland of Cisco arrived here on Wednesday for a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Wakefield.

Mrs. T. J. McClure of Pioneer has been in Cross Plains since Sunday guest of her sister in law Mrs. John T. Gilbert.

200 bales good peanut hay for sale.
W. M. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gee faced the mud on a Sunday visit to Mrs. Gee's parents Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Boydston of Baird.

H. Wakefield of Mount Pleasant is here this week the guest of his brother M. E. Wakefield. Mr. Wakefield is in business in his home town and is here with a view of locating in this country. He is welcome.

Hub Harrell who is working for the Japan Cotton Trading Co. at San Antonio, arrived here on Tuesday night on a visit with his parents south of town.

Henry Patterson has been discharged from Camp Travis and returned home.

Scholarships for Sale

The Review offers scholarships in Tyler Commercial College for sale at reduced prices. Good for face value on any course. The Government urgently needs lady stenographers, typewriter operators, bookkeepers, etc., and offers good pay. A fine opportunity for unincumbered women to get good lucrative positions as stenographers, typewriter operators, and in the civil service. You can prepare for this work at Tyler.

The Review.

READ THE FARM NEWS

The Farm News not only gives you a thoroughly reliable and progressive home and farm journal, but it also contains generous accounts of all the world's activities and an editorial page prepared by the ablest editorial writers of the south.

This great home paper and the Review may be had in club rate at \$2.25.

Cedar Posts in stock. Any size.
J. H. Shackelford, Lumber.

Club the Review

The infant baby of Mr. and Mrs. Murman McGowen is now much better. His life had been despaired for a while.

TO COLLECT CITY TAXES

I will collect all city taxes and will office at Martin Neeb's feed store, where you can see me.

Wm. Neeb,

Exceptional Bargains

Ladies Coats and Dresses

ARE HALF PRICE

In order to make a clean sweep of all ladies winter coats and dresses we make the sensational offer of

ONE HALF PRICE

This means that you can now buy a winter coat for about one fourth what these garments would cost you if we had them to buy

\$25.00 Coats and dresses for	\$12.50
\$20.00 Coats and dresses for	\$10.00
\$15.00 Coats and dresses for	\$7.50
\$12.50 Coats and dresses for	\$6.25
\$10.00 Coats for	\$5.00
\$ 7.50 Coats for	\$3.75

New Spring Goods Arriving

New spring zephyrs in a beautiful line of colors priced at per yd. 50c

New Crepe De Chines Georgette and Taffetas in a beautiful line of new color effects at per yard. \$2.00 & \$2.25

Higginbotham Bros. & Co.
of Texas
CAPITAL \$1,500,000.00

YOUNG FRIEND

If George Washington Could Rise From His Grave and see our cities a' midnight as bright as day hear the whirl of the electric car, talk over a wireless telephone, send a message by a wireless to a ship, far out at sea, examine his own teeth with an x-ray, view the snowy fields, sunny plains and canals of Mars through a telescope, take a flight from ocean to ocean in an airship cross the ocean in a submarine, get un' over by an automobile going ninety miles an hour, see king flying from their thrones but what's the use going back a hundred years? A system of shorthand and book keeping twenty years old is of but little use today. As the steam ship has crowded out the sail boat as the typewriter the goose quill pen and pokeberry ink so have the famous Byrne system of bookkeeping business training and shorthand taken the place of the old system. Business Training and Short hand taken the place of the old system. The reason is plain the systems cut in half the time and cost of becoming an expert accountant or stenographer they teach business as well as Bookkeeping they make it possible for the student to graduate and begin earning while the student.

Invest Your Money Do Not Spend It

May you have a prosperous and good New year. We thank you for your business during the year now going into history, and will certainly appreciate a liberal share of the same during 1919.

Since the war is over you should build substantial improvements. Use lumber; spend your money in improving your home, and you shall have invested it well.

W. W. PRYOR, Lumber

of the other system is less than half through his course they give the student a more thorough practical working knowledge which means a bigger salary. These practical modern time savings systems can be had in this section only in Tyler Commercial College. You would not think of riding in an ox cart in preference to an automobile. Then why think of studying the old cart systems of accounting and stenography when you can get the Byrne system which possess such wonderful advantages that they enabled the management of the Tyler Commercial College to build the largest business training school in America with an annual enrollment of more than 3000. For free catalogue, address Tyler Commercial College Tyler Texas.

Rabbits for Sale.

W. A. McGowen
For a few cents you can reach nearly 1000 families with a small want ad, cheaper than you could talk to them if you had them in one crowd. Try it.

Car cottonseed meal and cake just arrived.
Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

CAR OF FEED

A car of mixed feed just arrived.
Cross Plains Feed Co.

MY ITINERARY

First and 3rd Sundays: at Cross Plains Second Sunday at Dressy and Burnt Branch, Fourth Sunday at Cottonwood.
C. C. Tyler

Farm for Rent

A. McGraw place three miles west of Cross Plains at once. Reference Address 513 Rusk St Marshall, Tex

See us for all planting seed before you buy.
Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

Highest prices paid for hens, eggs, and butter and hides.
B. L. BOYDSTUN.

Plenty of De Laval cream separator oil in stock.
Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

LIBERTY BONDS

I have a few oil leases and some royalty I can handle and take in Liberty bonds. If you are going to sell your bonds, I can handle them for you.
L. P. Henslee.

FROM SPEG PATTER

Loul, France, December, 20 1918.

Dear Leo; I will try to write you on a rainy day to write you a letter but I am in a casual camp in France. It rains here every Tuesday and snows then. A lovely trip from Paris to Chateau Thierry and up to muddy Loul. So I joined the Every French girl I met asked to buy me a drink. I enjoyed that day and how I got home alive is a mystery to me. We were flying from every nook and corner, people were singing and playing. Oh! it was great. I think there ever was such rejoicing since the world was and, too, it was my 20th birthday.

Well that is gone now and turn over a leaf to the day when George came to Paris. They and everybody enjoyed it. I enjoyed it very much, but what the 11 of Nov. was. Wilson comes the 14 of Dec they have another big day for the dents, kings and all will be civilians and soldiers as when the bloody war ended I hope they get tired. I guess I will be going to soon but I don't care. Well, guess I had better close will write more when I get to excuse all mistakes I will all when return. Ans soon. My friend pr. F. M. Patterson Co. 6th Reg. M.S.M.C. U.S. Hospital No. 4 at Merry Xmas. to all.

Mabry Beard who is in the has been here a guest of J. A. Moore of Caddo Parish friends. Mabry is on the Destroyer Davis.

Mrs. Rawleigh Hill on Friday from a visit with her at Walnut Springs.

Broom corn seed for sale see E. D. Boden.

Give to the Armenian Campaign, February 3-10

LAND FOR RENT

50 to 75 acres for 3rd Good House, plenty of water, pasture for work stock 2 good milk cows, in rural Apply at this office

NEW STORY SOON

We can promise our new story in weekly installments to begin by Feb. 1. We get the best to be had Look for further announcement.

THE CROSS

CROSS I

Don't Speculate--Invest

The shrewd investor does not put his money into every scheme presented which promises large return; rather he is satisfied with the absolute security and liberal interest. Deposit with the Farmers Nat'l Bank

Farmers National Bank

GOING TO DE LEON

to report that John Billy Bagwell and their leaving us to make their Leon. Mr. Horn has the dry goods store of Higginbotham Bros. and left the first of to take up his work. His follow in a few days. He is going to have erect a garage in De Leon to occupy their old home on Avenue D. "Ky" was reared here and worked in The Bank of Cross Plains for five or six years before going to Rockwood. Mr. Hart, cashier of the bank, has been working ever since he left to get him back. Glad to have him and family with us again.

RETURN TO FIRST LOVE

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Neeb who have been living at Rockwood for about fifteen months, are due to arrive as soon as the roads will permit, to make their home again in Cross Plains. Mr. Neeb will take his old place in the Bank of Cross Plains, where his many friends will be glad to meet him and see him located here again. They will occupy their old home on Avenue D. "Ky" was reared here and worked in The Bank of Cross Plains for five or six years before going to Rockwood. Mr. Hart, cashier of the bank, has been working ever since he left to get him back. Glad to have him and family with us again.

CALLAHAN GOOD ENOUGH

Wakerfield Robbins and family have returned to Cross Plains after a few months' stay in New Mexico. Wakefield says that Mexico is a good country, but that this part of the world is good enough. Glad to have them back.

Don't wait until you have a fire to think of insurance; you'd be too late. Phone me to-night.
L. P. HENSLEE.

TAILORING LINES

and it will surprise you what price you can get for your measure suit for. Come

HART THE TAILOR.

Blanks for sale. See The Review.

Club your Review with a Daily

Preventive Medicines

Are the most important. We have a full line of these as well as every other good thing you may have occasion to need.

don't forget our line of toilet articles, candies, stationery and such items as are carried in stock by good drug stores everywhere.

CITY DRUG STORE
THE REXALL STORE

Gross Plains Merc. Co.