

# CARBON MESSENGER

Vol. 28 No. 4

Carbon, Eastland County

Monday, November 27, 1931

\$1.00 Year

## Town Talk

A. J. Rayburn of near Waco is visiting friends and relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorance Owen of Lubbock are visiting in the home of W. W. Spear.

Lindsey Barnett who has been in West Texas returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond of Odessa are visiting Dr. T. G. Jackeen and family.

School closed for the Thanksgiving Holiday and will reopen Monday.

The Gas Co. is to be commended for their efficient service rendered during our first cold spell.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Butler an eight-pound boy Monday morning. Mother and baby are doing nicely.

The Methodist Sunday School classes of Clayborn Eldridge and Mrs. W. F. Stubblefield enjoyed a weenie roast Thursday night.

The Junior B. Y. P. U. rendered a program Sunday night.

Rev. B. F. Clement went to Moran Wednesday.

Formulas carefully compounded from your own feed and mixed with black steel Molasses. A trial is all we ask.

Perry Feed Mill.  
Gorman, Texas.

Mmes. D. G. Hunt of Eastland and W. D. Hazel of Cisco were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reed.

Bob Locke of Abilene, Highway Contractor enroute to Austin Monday, stopped over a short time to see his friend H. Hall, the first time they met in thirty seven years.

Mrs. Elmer Gilbert of Roby visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hearn, last week end.

Mrs. H. Hall was visiting in Comanche Thursday.

Woodrow Spear of Lubbock is visiting home folks this week.

Mrs. J. S. Davis of Woodson is visiting relatives here this week.

Miss Itasca Hamilton left for her home in Abilene Monday afternoon where she will remain through Thanksgiving.

Mrs. W. T. Stubblefield returned Sunday from Jayton.

Miss Hazel Davis left Tuesday morning for her home in Fort Worth to spend Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Walker spent Friday night in Olden, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Collins.

and Hobbs, New Mex., returned home Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Russell Hines, who went to Ft. Worth and will return here to spend Thanksgiving with Mrs. W. J. Hines and daughter.

Mrs. Moore Hines of Forsan is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Hines this week.

Mmes. W. R. Usery and Dick Wats in were in Eastland Monday.

Aunt and Miss Mae Wood of Maxam community were in Carbon, November 26, by Rev. B. F. Clement.

Both these people are well known here around Carbon and their friends wish them much success and success through life.

### Card of Thanks

We wish to express our appreciation for the kindness and sympathy shown during the illness and death of our loved one, Mrs. A. M. Gilbert. Also for the beautiful offering.

A. M. Gilbert,  
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. White,  
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. White,  
Mr. and Mrs. G. Oliver,  
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Gilbert,  
Mr. and Mrs. E. Gilbert.

Miss Fern Gurnay of Gorman is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Estelle Barker of Munday is the guest of her parents J. S. Reese and wife.

Miss Violet Boatwright is visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pittman of Flatwood, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Phillips and wife and Frank Stubblefield left Sunday for Midland and Winters.

J. Z. Phillips and family went to Lubbock Tuesday in response to a message from Marshall Burns, stating that his wife was dangerously ill.

Texas has more counties than any other state—254 against 160 for Georgia, next in rank, and 251 more than Delaware, which with just three, is at the other end of the line. Texas counties range all the way from the 149 square miles of Rockwall to the 5,935 of Brewster, but the average county is of approximately 900 square miles in area.

Let us clean and then Grind your Peanut Hay. We also add Molasses with it very cheap, it's then a good cow feed.

Perry Feed Mill.  
Gorman, Texas.

### Notice To Farmers

The editor of this paper is like everyone else—he wants to collect his bills. We know you farmers do not have much of that stuff we call "long green" but you have something just as good that you can pay us with. That's your farm products. We want some potatoes, pecans and other things to use and we will allow on new and old subscriptions a lot more than the market just to get you straight with us and to get our books up to date.

You have been taking the paper and we need these articles. It will be fair to both of us and if you want to pay up with your produce come in and see us.

## THOUSANDS OF W. O. W. PILGRIMS ATTEND IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES AT NEW CHAPEL



Above is a photograph of the new Women of the World Chapel at San Antonio, Texas. In front is W. A. Fraser, president, for whom the chapel was named.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Nov. 22.—By auto, train, airplane and foot, came thousands of members of the Women of the World Life Insurance association from nearly every state in the Union to help celebrate the dedication of the William Alexander Fraser chapel and third sanctuary this afternoon.

The beautiful chapel is on the grounds of the W. O. W. War Memorial hospital a short distance from San Antonio.

From early morning until late in the evening, the exceptionally large number of W. O. W. pilgrims inspected the chapel and third sanctuary, as well as the hospital and its spacious grounds.

They were thrilled by the marvellous oration of U. S. Senator Morris Sheppard, national treasurer of W. O. W., who made the principal address.

National officers of the association took part in the formal dedication of the building, as well as ministers of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths.

The Ninth Infantry band, from San Antonio, played.

Church choir, a number by the San Antonio Klesterkrazz, a feature by the Bethoven Musicmercer and organ recitals by Ben Stanley of Omaha, Nebraska, Walter Dunham and John M. Steinfeld.

The beautiful chimes of the Chapel lent much atmosphere to the impressive occasion. Thousands were guests of W. O. W. at a huge barbecue of products from the farm of the W. O. W. hospital. Many members of the association came as guests of W. O. W., having won their expenses to the dedication by special performance in a large membership campaign.

The chapel was named for William Alexander Fraser, president of W. O. W., because of his personal contribution and his devotion to the welfare of a great W. O. W. center of San Antonio. Mr. Fraser began the task of raising funds to purchase the hospital grounds in 1913.

## Thanks

We wish to express our thanks to all of our patrons during the past year.

We sincerely hope that we have rendered some service to you with, either our quality merchandise or goodwill to the community.

We appreciate your patronage at all times. May each of you have a most enjoyable Thanksgiving!

**Carbon Trading Company.**

Carbon, Texas.

CHEAPEST IN 14 YEARS

**Bargain Days**

(Expire December 31st)

**Star-Telegram**

Largest Circulation in Texas

ONE YEAR BY MAIL

\$4.95  
6 DAYS  
MONDAY  
TUESDAY  
WEDNESDAY  
THURSDAY  
FRIDAY  
SATURDAY

EACH WEEK DAY BY MAIL

To include Big Sunday Issue add \$1.00 Extra—Making \$5.95 for Daily and Sunday. Regular price is \$10.00, YOU SAVE \$4.05; Regular price, Daily Without Sunday \$8.00, Cut to \$4.95—YOU SAVE \$3.05.

Make sure your household daily for the coming year is a COMPLETE MARKET paper. You can't afford to miss the three daily business pages.

**FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM**

Morning—Evening—Sunday

AMON G. CARTER, President

PASSING OF THE HORSE

By FANNIE HURST

(By Michigan Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE passing of the horse is a phenomenon to which this generation has become more or less accustomed. Already in wide areas of the urban sections of Europe, North and South America, the tractor and the countless steam and electrical driven devices for farming the face of the earth, have lessened his importance in vast agricultural belts the world over.

Upon the Grady family, the passing of the horse was to make its deep and lasting impression. A family long laured to the paddock, the stables, the coachman's box, the racing stable, suddenly was finding itself on ground as shifting as quicksands.

For seventy-five years, one Grady or another had been stationed at a back stand, teaching stallions in private racing stables, or engaged in work that had to do, either directly or indirectly, with horses.

For twenty years Michael Grady, whose grandfather and father before him had occupied his same kind of throne, had sat in the box of a well-groomed four-wheeler of a cab, piloting his rapidly changing stallions in private to hotel; from hotel to botanical gardens, aquarium, art gallery and points of general interest. There was a residuum of local and foreign travel, a handful of the older families who still sent for Michael for theater, dinner party or park drives as they had sent for his father and grandfather before him.

But for the most part, for an appealingly major part, the calls now came for the taxicabs and service cars parked around the large hotel. There were not half a dozen horse cabs left in town. And of them Michael's was by far the most presentable. The remaining four or five were of thirty and thirty-five years ago, and so were their drivers.

Not so with Michael. He was a well-dressed, well-groomed man in his old Papa's shoes and found them to his liking.

"Give me a horse every time, with a spirit to him, delicate, warlike muzzle to him and a knowing eye and a friendly heart, to an iron devil with petrol in his veins."

The taxi men were loquacious about this and agreed upon the kinship of the horse and admired Michael's well-shod, well-groomed, kindly, disciplined chestnut mare, but when it came to regarding her seriously as a means of transportation—why—better wake up, Mike, the Civil war is over.

Michael knew all this. He knew that his tenacity branded him as old-fashioned and passe as the old museum pieces of cabbies who drewed all day on their boxes in the square, and forsook Michael, who had youth and pride in him, resented the indictment.

He was neither passe nor old-fashioned; he would ride in a taxi with the best of them, regarded it as the important innovation it was conceded everything the fellows said about it, but that didn't make him any the less master of his own soul. And Michael's soul was the soul of a coachman. The proper opening to his day was to walk into the stable and feel his Hotspur nuzzle over her hip to greet him. Part of the very rhythm of his being was the clip-clip of his ten-year-old over the asphalt of the city streets, her tall glossy, because he had made it so, mane flowing, mane as even, that nurses from the hospital had formed the habit of summoning Michael for a patient's first drive after an operation.

Michael had no backward point of view regarding modern devices, especially the automobile. His ideas had to do solely with his own personal preferences and in spite of the increased remuneration that a man could expect from driving a taxicab, Michael stuck to his guns. Or rather to his horse.

For twenty years he withstood the tests of time, increasing rigors of traffic, pressure of the taxi men who were forever glancing, once or even twice, his coachman's seat. In that time there had only been three horses. Hotspur at six years, standing strong and well.

It is doubtful that even in the end Michael would have capitulated to the source of the age in which he lived, but for an immemorial reason. He

fell in love and with his eye on marriage, felt the need of a larger income.

The girl Roselle, so enchantingly up-to-the-moment in her slim young boyishness, docked head, quick restless eyes, eager voice, was simply not the sort you could imagine sitting demurely behind the shining flanks of even the personable Hotspur.

Roselle, wooed by practically every taxicab at the stand; the darling delight of the traveling salesmen who crowded around her telephone operator's desk in the hotel, was the personification of the age of the darting motor, the jangling telephone, the circling airplane.

Nothing short of miracle, at least in his eyes, was the fact that of all the milling admirers about this phantom of delight, her glance should fall, linger and conclude by adoring Michael, fifteen years her senior and belonging to the back rank and file of the almost extinct coachmen.

Naturally, it was here that her influence entered most violently. Within two weeks after the bewildering knowledge that Roselle was in love with him, the two of them, hand in hand, like children, had sought out the school for automobile drivers, where Michael was enrolled for evening work. Two weeks later, his first payment of his nest egg of five hundred dollars was made on an orange-colored, slightly used taxicab, and three months later a newly licensed chauffeur, in a natty cravenette suit, leggings and cap, was doing his test driving on a speedway just outside the town.

It was by all odds the most exciting event that had ever entered his life, and to mitigate what might have been the pain of it, Hotspur was to be retained for light farm work on the truck garden of an uncle of Roselle's, where the pair, when they were wedded, could visit him on a Sunday.

It was, as Roselle put it, just too hot-spicy for anything, except that the slip-up came where not even her sharp foresight could have ever anticipated it.

One week before the wedding of Michael and Roselle, and that same one week before Michael was to assume his permanent place on the taxicab, Roselle staged a party.

It was a pretentious affair, given in the back yard of the little house on the outskirts of town which Roselle shared with parents and a brood of small brothers and sisters. There were colored paper lanterns, flowers, and a gingerbread passed by Roselle's perspiring mother and smaller brothers and sisters.

It was toward the end of the evening, after Michael and Roselle had been obliged, by their warring-up guests to dance a fandango, that the real novelty of the occasion took place.

Led into the back yard by four of Roselle's little brothers and sisters head down, tail down, eyes down, was Hotspur! Hotspur, mind you, rigged up in a white lace ruff, and a beribboned snubnet and a large veil of lace curtain caught by orange blossoms at the neck.

Hotspur, the sweet-eyed, delicate-nosed, sun-faded Hotspur, standing there abashed by the ribaldry quivering under ridicule, defamed by gossams!

It seemed to Michael, seeing it happen, as if his heart had stopped and with it his desire to ever live again.

Crackling laughter about him, Roselle clapping her hands and skipping about the dejected figure of Hotspur, the guests applauding this latest coup of their pliant little hostess; it came over Michael suddenly that here in this humiliating moment probably resided blessing. Here, in this moment of hurting for Hotspur, there came to him the impossibility of what he was about to do.

Michael belonged on his box, behind Hotspur. Roselle, bless her, belonged to that age on there. A good enough age if you know what it was all about, only Michael, for the life of him, somehow could not figure out the need of rush through time to the jangling of telephone bells, the whirling of motors and zipping of planes.

Feeling that way about it all, bleeding at heart for Hotspur, the rest of his decision came quickly.

Michael is back on his box now, the last cockle-burn in the square. He still drives for the older families and the nurses at the hospital still have a way of sending for him when they want their patients to enjoy a tranquil drive behind the restful old Hotspur.

He has even driven Roselle and her husband about on rare occasions, when she was a patient at the hospital after the birth of her babies.

Cotton Crowned King

The first recorded use of the expression "Cotton King" is in a speech made in the senate on March 4, 1858, by Senator James H. Hammond of South Carolina.

Cosmetics and Beauty

Lotion for Young Indians

Although they are not yet drug store the knowledge of young maidens suffered no lack of cosmetics and beauty tips. Some of those used among the young Indians of the Pacific Not an accident in the annual report of the Bureau of American ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution.

"When washing the report, a girl must stick needles of the yellow pine into her hair under her arms until it bleeds. At the same time she plays the atumpis and all her skin will be as small sweet. Frequently a girl wash her face and head with a solution of the tops of the yellow pine being that this will give her a soft, fair skin and an abundant hair.

"A young girl would frequently wash her face and head with a decoction of the seed and flowers of the wild flax. She believed this would give her a soft hair and a beautiful face.

"Branches of great silver fir were used each night by the young girl in stroking her head and back, and some time that she prayed at night. These parts of her body would never tire of carrying them. Her legs and feet were stroked with the fir branches so that they might not tire when she was walking long distances. During the period of training the girl was supplied with two large branches of fir tree and she had to pick the scales off one by one, praying that she would never be lazy. Also four size fir branches were so placed near her that when she went to bed she had to step over them. She would say: 'If I ever step into cable or step un-knowingly into the same spell of some person, mayas help me, O fir branches, with you over!'"

Roses for Diabetes

Taking vinca rose in the form of a tea is a remedy for diabetes which is quite a common practice in Africa and Australia. No science has decided to find out the actual remedial value of the plant.

Just for Comparison

Three hundred thousand words the size of this card could be stored inside the sun.

RELIEVES HEAD, CHEST and BACK COLDS

**ALBATUM** 35¢

Stainless "Rub In" and inhalant unsurpassed in preventing and relieving cold congestions

QUALITY SINCE 1933

McKesson & Robbins

SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES

"Nuf Sed  
"You say he is a good man?"  
"Yes, he's conscientious even about paying his dental bills."—Wallace Farmer.

Estimate of Friendship  
"Hello, Pal, lend me a nickel, will you? I want to call up a friend."  
"Here's a dime. Call up all your friends."

For STRONG BONES and TEETH

Now is the time to help your children build strong bones and healthy teeth. The wealth of Vitamin D—and the mineral salt—in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, will help you do this. And doctors recommend it Vitamin A content, too. This promotes growth and increases resistance to disease. It also helps for expectant mothers and run-down adults. It helps ward off colds. Pleasantly flavored. Easy to take. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. Sales Representatives, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y.

LETTER TO Scott's Emulsion's "Romance of the Sea" every Sunday at 8:30 P. M. on the Columbia Radio Network and stations.

**Scott's Emulsion**  
OF NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

Cuticura Shaving Cream

SHAVE Quickly and comfortably every morning. The creamy lather of Cuticura Shaving Cream softens the beard, soothes the skin and leaves it cool and supple.

QUICKLY and easily. Wet hair thoroughly before putting on a small quantity of Cuticura Shaving Cream. Then shampoo as usual. Ideal for all the family.

Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

Factory Expense  
"Why do you keep that old man around?"  
"He's the owner."

Deep Sleep  
Right up to the middle of the last century scientists spoke of the deep sea as being devoid of life.

READY-MADE CIGARETTE TASTE! AT HALF A BUCK A WEEK SAVING!"

WHEN you plunk down a thin dime for a pack of Target, you're getting the cigarette taste of your favorite ready-made brand. And here's why: Target is the same tobacco the ready-mades use. It's a blend of fine Virginia, Burley, and Turkish. It's kept fresh by a moisture-proof Cellophane wrap. It's great stuff!

"Because this tobacco is the real thing, it rolls well. It stays lit. You get, free, 40 special gummed papers—real papers that you can't even buy anywhere else.

"You can take my word for it, this Target has saved me half a buck a week. And I didn't have to give up the taste I like in cigarettes. I get the same taste, the same swell cigarette flavor. And, boy! the jack I save!"



AND GET THIS!

The United States Government tax on 20 cigarettes amounts to 6c. On 20 cigarettes you roll from Target tobacco the tax is just about 1c. And where there is a state tax on cigarettes, you save just that much more! No wonder you get such value for a dime!



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Buy a package of TARGET right now. Roll 15 or 20 cigarettes. If you don't say they're the best smokes you ever rolled, return the half-empty package to your dealer and he will return your dime.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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10¢

# Lucy Gresham Girl

## By CONCORDIA MEEL

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**STOP YOUR COLD IN 12 HOURS WITH**

**DAROL**

Breaks a cold in 6 hours. Drives it away in 12 hours. Relieves: Headache—Neuralgia—Pains

**McKESSON & ROBBINS**  
Quality Since 1833

### THE STORY

By chance James Lee meets Lucy Gresham, daughter of Sir John Gresham, wealthy ship builder. Lee, unjustly accused of robbing the Gresham firm, was sent to prison. He blames Oliver Lee, Lucie's cousin and Gresham's manager, and seeks revenge. Lee looks for a chance to get in compliance with the will, Gresham's last wish, and to secure an invitation to the girl's birthday party. Lucy is practical. He managed to arrange the man Lee, who makes love to her, planning thereby to hurt Gresham and Amsie.

### CHAPTER III

#### Lucy Is Won

She was crossing the wide landing at the top of the first flight when to her utter surprise, Jocelyn Upson called to her from the depths of a window seat.

"Why, hello, Jocelyn, what are you doing here all alone?" she asked.

"I'm called for repairs," answered Jocelyn, her voice chilly.

"Has your dress got torn?" asked Lucy. "I can fix it," she said.

"No, my heart has," There was no laugh in Jocelyn's voice. But Lucy didn't take it very seriously. Jocelyn always seemed rather inclined to do up any things for effect.

"What can I offer you for that?" asked Lucy suddenly and came in, her lips, willowy way, to Lucy. Her eyes were flashing angrily.

"Oh, you can laugh," she said, in a low, tense voice. "It's nothing to you, is it?"

Lucy moved back a step, the smile gone from her lips.

"Jocelyn, I don't understand. What has done?" Aren't you having a good time?"

"A good time!" echoed Jocelyn bitterly.

"Why will you wouldn't altogether get rid of the idea that she was playing."

"I'm awfully sorry. . . . Is there anything I can do?" she asked.

"Oh, no, there's nothing you can do. . . . Whatever can do, I've got to do myself. . . . You've got to be very one's rather amused. But you've made a bit of a conquest, haven't you?"

"Yes," answered Lucy.

"I know, I heard. I . . . saw, too. I was looking over the window just now while he was talking to you. You've made a bit of a conquest, haven't you?"

"Yes," answered Lucy.

"I know, I heard. I . . . saw, too. I was looking over the window just now while he was talking to you. You've made a bit of a conquest, haven't you?"

"Yes," answered Lucy.

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"Yes," answered Lucy.

effect; besides, Lucy remembered her being in love so many times before.

She was in the doorway, now, looking out onto the veranda, and there, in the light of the many-colored lanterns, Lee was waiting for her, and all thought of Jocelyn faded as he caught her hand and drew it through his arm.

"Let's go down into the garden," he suggested, and she agreed. They went down the path, crossed the grass and he released her as they sat down on a seat beneath a tree.

"How much time are you going to give me?" he asked.

"The length of a dance, anyway," she replied.

"Then I've no time to lose. I want you to tell me something. I want you to tell me exactly what you feel for your cousin—Mr. Ames."

"Oh . . ." she said, startled.

"He loves you, doesn't he?" he went on.

"I . . . I'm afraid he does," she admitted.

"Why afraid?"

"Because," she said, looking up at him, "I . . . don't love him."

"You don't want to love him, do you?"

"I hate to make him unhappy," she cried, her lips quivering. "He's like a brother to me. I've known him ever since I can remember. But I'm not fond of him in the right way. And I never knew it till tonight. And I'm afraid I've rather . . . let him think . . ."

"That you were fond of him the right way?" he put in.

She nodded.

"It's so awfully puzzling when you aren't sure," she said in a low voice. "But tonight it suddenly came to me that I . . ." She stopped, and there was a moment's silence. "You see, for a moment she sat stone still. She was certain now; all her bewilderment at his abruptness vanished. She had loved him, and she had been telling her so, in his own queer way, ever since their eyes met the day she loved her. The music of the three words rang like a song in her heart; it broke off.

"I want to know more than anything on earth," he answered her. "More than I've ever wanted anything . . ."

"Oh, daddy, I think I'm the happiest, luckiest girl in the whole wide world. I couldn't help it about Oliver, daddy . . . I tried and tried to think and decide, but this just happened out . . . all in a moment. . . . Out of nothing. . . . I didn't have to think . . . I just knew. . . . Just like you knew about mother. . . ."

He held her close and fondly and there was a quiver in the humor of his tone as he said after a long moment:

"Yes, sweetheart, I'm not accusing you of holding the family speed record. . . ."

They laughed together, a touch shakily.

"Ah, yes; horrid people, but not your friends; your best friend."

"Which are the horrid people?"

"Well, that man we had up to prison, for instance. He was horrid, wasn't he? He had to be hurt."

"He probably was hurt, anyway. And then there are the self-satisfied, unbelieving people, who think are always right; and the liars; and . . ."

He paused a moment. "And these careless people," he finished. "They've got to be hurt, too."

She gave him a quick little look. She had been such a dream, her feeting in those words of his.

"They have hurt you, someone," she said, very low.

He didn't answer that; and she quickly changed the subject; but to herself again, afraid that she had touched upon some bitter wound.

"I am distressed, because Jocelyn said I'm so much to blame," she said, hurriedly. "I'm afraid I let him think that some day I would marry him. You see, I thought it, myself. . . ."

He looked at her sharply.

"And since three weeks ago, when I saw your picture in the paper," he said, looking at her words, full and distinct. "I've thought that you were going to marry me."

It was said, for a moment he seemed to be laughing, but he had an answer. It meant so much to him, that passion of revenge that the last three and a half years had cut deep into his heart.

For a moment she sat stone still. She was certain now; all her bewilderment at his abruptness vanished. She had loved him, and she had been telling her so, in his own queer way, ever since their eyes met the day she loved her. The music of the three words rang like a song in her heart; it broke off.

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his face so that the moonlight showed it plainly.

"Are you mine?" she countered softly.

The question took him aback. His dark eyes looked down into hers. His hands clenched tight. At the back of his brain a warning was sounding, telling him not to let his victory sweep him off his feet.

"Do you need assurance of that?" There was a tremor in his voice brought there by the guard he was setting on himself.

It sweet as the thought of Jocelyn from her mind, and brought her face near to his own.

"I am yours entirely," she said tenderly. "Daddy, for . . . always. Why should you ask?"

His arms went round her quickly.

"Just to hear you say it. . . . Just to hear you say it," he answered her. When later they were going back toward the house, he said:

"Go and dance again. I'm going to find your father. . . ."

"To . . . tell him?" she asked.

"Yes. To tell him," he replied.

They went up onto the veranda and peered at the dining glass doors. Lee's method of breaking the news to Lucy's father was characteristic. He found Sir John hovering around on the stairs at the gateway, stood squarely before him and said:

"I want to marry your girl, sir. Will you take me somewhere quiet, where I can talk it over?"

An interview followed in the library, where Lee, earlier in the evening, had found Lucy hiding, or rather, as Sir John was fond of saying afterward, it was less an interview, than a holiday, with Lee as the highwayman, the victim; and Lucy, the prize. The highwayman went and presently to lead Lucy to tell her that her father wanted to see her.

"Is it all right?" she asked, looking up at her father.

"Yes," he answered. She laughed happily, put her little hand into his big one and gave it a shy little squeeze as she went by him, on her way to her father.

It was a radiant-eyed Lucy who came to Sir John a few minutes later, and put her arms tight round his neck, whispering, rapturously:

"Oh, daddy, I think I'm the happiest, luckiest girl in the whole wide world. I couldn't help it about Oliver, daddy . . . I tried and tried to think and decide, but this just happened out . . . all in a moment. . . . Out of nothing. . . . I didn't have to think . . . I just knew. . . . Just like you knew about mother. . . ."

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"Yes, sweetheart, I'm not accusing you of holding the family speed record. . . ."

They laughed together, a touch shakily.

"You've Made a Bit of a Conquest, Haven't You?"

"I always knew that daddy wanted it. He thinks a tremendous lot of Oliver. Oliver has done splendidly in the business, you know. He's absolutely just with the men, he's never had any trouble with them."

"Never?" put in Lee sharply.

"Oh, well, yes; once, years ago. But among such a number as we employ there are bound to be black sheep here and there, aren't there?"

"Of course. And was he very black, this man?" asked Lee, in a curious voice.

"He robbed a pay clerk, I think; and he killed his first. I don't remember all the details, but I know he went to prison. Oliver was so awfully sorry, but he couldn't help it. It was such a monstrous thing to do, wasn't it?"

"Very. It was proved that he was the man who did it, I suppose?" He asked that casually.

"Yes, but Oliver said there wasn't any doubt. I know he wouldn't let the man go to prison if it hadn't been absolutely proved against him."

"I see," said Lee slowly, "and so, because he is such a good and just and honorable man . . ."

"For the life of him he couldn't keep the bitter from you of his tone—you are distressed that you can't make him happy?"

She looked up at him again, turning sideways, towards him.

"It's terrible to have to turn anybody, isn't it?"

"I don't know," he said, in the same slow way. "There are some people knowing about that it seems almost one's duty to hurt."

"You've Made a Bit of a Conquest, Haven't You?"

"I always knew that daddy wanted it. He thinks a tremendous lot of Oliver. Oliver has done splendidly in the business, you know. He's absolutely just with the men, he's never had any trouble with them."

"Never?" put in Lee sharply.

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**Writers' Pluck**

Sinclair Lewis, at an Algonquin luncheon, praised writers' pluck. "A writer," he said, "will work two or three years on a book, make \$40 out of it, and then plunge piecefully into two or three years' more work on another book."



### Made specially for BABIES and CHILDREN

Physicians tell us that one condition is nearly always present when a child has a digestive upset, a starting cold or other little ailment, Constipation. The first step towards relief is to rid the body of impure wastes. And for this nothing is better than genuine Castoria! Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for babies and children. This means it is mild and gentle; that it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Yet it always gets results! You never have to coax children to take Castoria, near Castoria always bears the name:

### CASTORIA CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

No Help

"The compass," said the young man who knew a lot about everything, "always points north, you see."

"Then it's just too bad," sighed the beautiful girl, "if you happen to want to go south, isn't it?"



**Just the Man**

Magnume—The man who marries my daughter will want a lot of money.

Suitor (hopefully)—Well, sir, nobody wants it more than I do!—London Humorist.

**The Final Laugh**

Jack—Well, Bill has played his last practical joke.

Bill—That's what did he do?

Jack—Well, he's dead—and he bequeathed his brains to science.

### Worms are Dangerous

Most children and many adults have worms. Restless, nervous, loss of appetite, abdominal pains, indigestion, constipation, are signs that worms may be present. These intestinal parasites cause a general run-down condition and become serious if they are not treated promptly. **Jayne's Vermifuge** is the most powerful remedy known to expel round worms and their eggs. One bottle is usually sufficient. It is pleasant, absolutely harmless, tones up the whole digestive system. Get a bottle today from your druggist.

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**Loves Made to Break?**

Another disadvantage about obeying the traffic laws is that it makes one so conspicuous.—Hamilton Evening Journal.

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# Saturday Specials

- 1 lb. Package Coffee 25c seller 5c
- 6 O'clock Coffee 21c
- Macaroni and Spagetti pkg. 5c
- 6 bars hand soap 20c
- 1 gallon sorghum syrup 50c

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Lifetime Guaranteed  
Genuine Superwrist

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EACH IN PAIRS  
Price of Each In Pairs

20x 1.50-21	\$4.95	\$4.70
28x 1.75-19	5.68	5.57
29x 5.00-19	5.99	5.83

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**GOODYEAR PATHFINDER**

Size	Each	In Pairs
29x4.40-21	\$4.98	\$4.80
29x4.50-20	5.60	5.45
30x4.50-21	5.69	5.55
28x4.75-19	6.65	6.45

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