

RAPTURE BEYOND

by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT



Sixth Installment

Fresh from a French convent, Jocelyn Harlowe returns to New York to her socially-elect mother, a religious, ambitious woman. The girl is hurried into an engagement with the wealthy Felix Kent. Her father, Nick Sandal, surreptitiously enters the girl's home one night. He tells her he used to call her Lynda Sandal. The girl is torn by her desire to see life in the raw and to become part of mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings. Lynda visits her father in his dingy quarters. She finds four men playing cards when she arrives. One of them, Jock Ayleward, her father tells her, is like a son to him, but warns the girl he is a trifter.

Lynda pays a second visit to her father and Jock takes her home, on the way stopping with her at an underworld cabaret. Jock asks her to dance.

Jock gets into a fight with a gangster who insists on dancing with Lynda. He then takes Lynda home. Later she mentions Felix's name to Jock and Ayleward's face displays his demoniac hatred of the millionaire.

Jock tells Lynda that Felix caused him to be sent to jail unjustly by fixing up his report on a mine. Lynda says she doesn't believe his story. She says another visit to her father and goes to a cabaret with him and dances with Jock, who suddenly stops and tells her he is going to take her right home. He had seen Felix dancing with another woman.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

A few moments later she stood outside on the pavement with Jock.

He hailed a taxicab.

At the door of Nick's lodging house Jock let her in and in spite of her repelling gesture, sort of instinctive protest against her own confused submission, he mounted with her.

As Jock turned to rejoin Nick Lynda approached him and offered him her hand. It was an unconscious gesture of trust and forgiveness. Over her hand, his fingers closed strongly.

Lynda felt a rapture of body and of blood. It was sweeter than honey, more heady than red wine. She felt his lips moving, she heard him say "I love . . . I love . . ."

And she was conscious of what he said, of its meaning, of the havoc that it caused. She lifted her eyes as though for help.

They met Nick's eyes. He had followed them from the cafe instantly, had come in, and had seen them and now throwing himself in one painful contortion across the room set his tormented hands upon Jock's collar and using all his strength, jerked him up and back. The young man half rose and was forced into a chair by Nick, who shouted at him:

"You dare to take my daughter here, to make love to her. My daughter! Kiss her with your mouth of a convict, touch her with your hands of a card-sharper!"

Jock fairly cowered. His face looked dazed. He quivered at the two words as though Nick had used a lash upon him. Then carefully, not to hurt Nick's hands, he freed himself and went out into the night.

Nick went over and laid down on the couch, exhausted.

"You did wrong to come to me groaned Nick." "No matter where I live my life defiles your fingers."

Speaking, he was caught by a paroxysm of physical agony which kept Lynda there in pitiful and sacred attendance until nearly morning.

At last she was driven to summoning Jock Ayleward. Her father had gasped out a number and almost at once after she had taken down the receiver Jock answered.

"Nick's suffering terribly. I have to leave him."

His reasonable cool voice answered instantly, "I've been expecting it. I'll be there."

In fifteen minutes Lynda admitted him to Nick's bedroom. He passed her and went to Nick. The sick man's contorted face smiled crookedly. Jock passed his arm under the writhing body and seemed at once to give it greater ease. Neither of them said goodbye to Lynda nor even seemed to notice that she went away.

When she climbed in at her bedroom window she was scared by the brightening sky.

As she slipped into her nightgown, she heard a movement somewhere beyond the bedroom passage. At its end the door stood partly open and a faint and golden light shone from the room.

Jocelyn came as far as this door. She could see then that the leather entrance to her mother's little sanctuary had not been closed, that its curtain too, had been pulled aside. The two tall candles burned before its altar, and a figure crouched before its altar, surely the figure of a stranger.

With a chill upon her flesh Jocelyn then recognized Marcella.

Marcella spoke breathlessly and harshly. "Go back to your own room. What are you doing there?"

A few moments later there came a knock at Jocelyn's door. She opened it and stood aside. She was trembling. But the woman who entered in a lower red dress and gown was now Marcella, her

usual self, sterner, perhaps, prepared to deliver reproof.

"Did you feel ill, Jocelyn?"

"No, Mother, I heard you moving about. I wondered who it could be."

"You might have known that at this time I should be at prayer. It's nearly morning. You disturbed me."

"I'm sorry, Mother. I—I did not think that you were at your prayers. You were holding something. I thought that you were . . ."

"You must have been dreaming. Perhaps you walked in your sleep. I shall have to lock you in. Go to bed now. You're cold. If you hear such sounds again you will know better than to disturb me?"



"You dare to make love to my daughter," shouted Nick.

Seeing the girl upon her pillow Marcella bent over for one of the dry kisses and went out.

Jocelyn lay broad awake. The clock in the living-room chimed five. Chimed six.

Jocelyn suspicious, her curiosity, had become a fever, pain that she could not endure. Ghost-softly she crept again out to the living room.

Almost instinctively her hand rose to the velvet drapery behind the altar. She lifted it.

A small deep-set door with a lock, the key still in it, lay behind that altarpiece. Marcella had been startled, had moved away quickly, had left her key.

Jocelyn tightened her lips and spoke to her uneasy conscience.

She will not let me know her secrets. She will not love me. I must learn the truth of my own life by my own efforts."

She turned the little key and pulled open the thick small metal door.

Behind it lay a leather box and this she drew out and set upon the top of the prie-dieu. She raised the lid.

The glory that had lain hidden there glittered across her eyes like a mesh of living stars. Jewels as rich as a queen's. Rubies, emeralds, sapphires and white diamonds cut into blazing angles and set in a heavy intricacy of dark gold. The barbaric Slavic splendor of this ornament made even the ignorant convent child catch at her breath, it was so beautiful. Two long earrings to match were cradled at either end of the old leather box which was decorated with a worn golden coronet. The value of these jewels in such a setting must be fabulous.

She returned them to their hiding place.

All other thoughts and fears were obliterated by the shock of her discovery. She knew that she had indeed been living with a stranger, that she was motherless. She knew that Marcella was a sombre unreality in a black gown with a silver cross against its breast but within it a blaze of jewels glimmered and she was strangers. No explanation could move her toward the woman who had crouched, greedily absorbed, above those jewels.

The shock and the excitement of the long night were suddenly too much for her. She fell down and wept in a sort of helpless spiritual agony.

When Felix Kent came to see his young fiancée the next morning, which was a Sunday, he found her so white and heavy-eyed that not only his pride of a possessor but his lover's tenderness was roused and startled.

He suggested a day's trip to the seashore. So they drove down. Felix proved so sympathetic that Jocelyn was encouraged to ask him if he had ever known a man named Ayleward.

Felix turned his head to look at her more sharply than ever he had turned or looked before. His condescension which was so integral a part of his really great desire for her—the little innocent girl—was momentarily shaken.

"What the devil! Now where did you ever dig up that name, child?"

For the first time, to keep Lynda's secret, Jocelyn made use of an invention:

"Cousin Sara Mullet once knew a clergyman of that name . . . who had a son."

And who kicked the son out and changed his own name in order not to share it with a convict. Wasn't that it? Yes. I knew that unlucky person."

"What did the son do to be sent to prison? A clergyman's son—it seems so dreadful."

"Clergymen's sons are a proverb, darling. This one took a bribe and handed in a false report. Ayleward junior got away with his profit all right. I guess, but I was lucky enough to catch him out and I had him sent up."

"I was sorry for his father and his two sisters but if ever a man deserved what he got it was that fellow the dirty trickster!"

"You don't think there could have been any mistake, that the owner of the mine perhaps deceived him? I mean . . . I feel so

sorry for that clergyman."

"Be sorry for the clergyman by all means but don't waste your pity on the young one. I knew that boy, knew him from the time he was a kid. He was always a pretty slick young customer. Queer how it came out in him. He had a crafty gift for sleight of hand. He could make a pack of cards do anything. He'd pull coins out of the air. Got a circus chap to show him how to throw a knife. I got this little scar on my cheekbone letting Jock practice knife-throwing on me. I certainly did trounce him for that. And his father gave him a bigger whipping afterward. The old man was always trying to beat some virtue into him."

"He was a no-account entry from the starting post. Seemed to settle down at college and came through the mining school with honors. But that yellow streak was there; and when it came to riding life—he didn't put his spurs in straight and, well—he bit the dust."

Jocelyn schooled herself to believe him.

By ten o'clock of that Sunday morning Nick's fever, with the worst of his pain, had left him and he lay still with a white racked face and looked sanely at Jock. The young man had not yet changed from his evening clothes.

"You'd better go and get some sleep," Nick whispered. "Business good last night?"

"Pretty fair. We lost Judson." Nick's eyes began to beg.

"I'm a great one to call you a convict and a card sharper, eh? When I taught you most of the game myself and live on what you make from it. Why don't you chuck me, Ayleward?"

"Got the habit of holding on to you."

"Last night—when I came in . . . you and Lynda, you know? I'd like you to understand why I—why I—flew out the way I did. When I saw you making love to her I thought of other women I'd seen you with—and of myself—and—"

Jock swore softly. "Why not shut up?" he suggested. "You were right at that. Only it was a superfluous exhibition of paternal chivalry. I don't love your daughter, Nick."

"What were you doing, saying then—on your confounded knees—holding her hands?"

"I was teaching her something about an automatic pistol. I lost my head for a second, but she doesn't lose hers. I tell you I don't love her."

Nick looked at him hard but could make nothing of the cool set smiling face.

But, between them, they agreed they must move and hide from the girl, for her own good.

A few days later, spurred by an impulse, Lynda hurried to her father's home. She opened Nick's door and found herself looking down upon Jock Ayleward. In the midst of a great confusion of things, of scattered clothing, of trunks and boxes, he knelt busy with packing.

Lynda went weak and breathless.

"Is Nick here? I thought—I thought—" she closed the door, faltered over to the old sofa and sat down there as though her legs refused to hold her up.

"You thought we'd give you the slip? We were foolish enough to think so too."

Continued Next Week

HONEY GROVE

The recent rains have put the road that connects the Altman road to the highway in a very bad condition. The school bus only went over it one day last week.

J. S. Leonard and W. H. Tinsley Jr. are on the sick list.

The school teachers and some of the pupils and a few outside talent are practicing on the play, "All a Mistake," which they will present to the public in the near future. The date will be given later.

Rev. and Mrs. D. D. Tidwell spent the week end at Iredell and Spring Creek where he filled his regular appointment with the Baptist Church at the latter place.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Edwards visited in the Jim Murray home of near Olin Sunday.

J. D. Cowling and family left Wednesday for Clyde, where they will reside.

Perry Clepper and family visited relatives at Brad and Ranger last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas moved last week in the residence on the Mrs. A. C. Petty farm, recently vacated by Jess Barfield and family.

J. W. Jordan and family visited their son, Mr. and Mrs. Culmer Jordan of near Carlton Sunday.

Jeff Hendrix and family of near Hico visited in the J. D. Center home last Wednesday.

Sorris King and family of near Olin visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe King Sunday.

Those who visited Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Edwards recently are Oran Williford of Hamilton and Mr. Edward's sister, Miss Dorris Edwards of near Fairy and Mrs. Edward's brother, Woodrow Wolfe of Long Point.

DUFFAU

Rev. Douglas preached last Sunday night at the Methodist Church here.

Lucille Duzan visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Iredell last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Giesecke and little daughter of Millerville visited Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Giesecke and daughter, Tanthea, and Mrs. Holland one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thea Mayfield and children, J. C. and Ruby Faye, of Fort Worth visited Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Cavitt and family some last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Roach moved one day last week to Will Fouts' house out east of Duffau.

Mrs. Mayfield of Fort Worth is visiting relatives at this place.

J. P. Smart returned Tuesday from a business trip to Blum.

Condemned—Have you done any thing for me at all?

Lawyer—Yes, indeed.

Condemned—What—commutation of sentence?

Lawyer—No, I have had the day of your execution changed from Friday to Thursday. Friday is an unlucky day, you know.

TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES TO BE PRESENTED AT TARLETON FEBRUARY 5

Stephenville. —Tony Sarg's Marionettes, the little wooden actors which are generally accepted as being the greatest of their kind in America, will be presented in the auditorium of John Tarleton Agricultural College on Friday afternoon and evening, February 5, in "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Rose and the Ring."

"The perfectly delightful creatures were a lot more human than some persons," the New York American says of these marionettes. Ben Wiseman, principal of Highland Park High School, Dallas, calls their presentation "the best feature in my experience."

"Alice in Wonderland," the children's classic by Lewis Carroll, will be presented at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at a special price to enable every school child within this territory to see the play if he wishes. In it Tony Sarg combines, for the first time in his experience human acting with the acting of the marionettes; the part of Alice when she "grows" will be taken by Elise Dvorak, formerly of the Goodman Art Theatre, New York.

Of "The Rose and the Ring," Thackeray's delightful satirical fairy story, the Cincinnati Times-Star says that it was "peculiarly adapted to marionette production. It fairly sparkled with humor and made grown-ups chuckle with laughter as well as the children—a perfect stage production in miniature. Illusions that the puppets were real people with real voices and human emotions made it remarkable." The evening performance will be at 7:30 o'clock.

FLAG BRANCH

Harve Sawyer and family visited Judge Hatler and family Sunday night.

Charley Hughes and family visited in the R. A. Moore home last Monday night.

Ona Mae Flanary visited Mr. and Mrs. Claude Pruitt Thursday.

W. K. Hanshaw and daughter Velma spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hanshaw and son Ernest of Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Mingus spent Thursday night with Mr. and Mrs. Finis Graves.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dunlap visited Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Sawyer awhile Monday morning.

L. C. Harlow was the guest of Ray Hanshaw Friday night.

W. M. Rianary and daughter Ola visited in the J. M. Cooper home Sunday evening.

Chester Gosdin was in Stephenville Saturday.

GREYVILLE

J. S. Patterson, age 74, died last Saturday morning about 3:00 o'clock. Mr. Patterson had been a long time resident of this community and will be greatly missed. He has been in bad health for several months. Mr. Patterson was a pioneer of this community, a good citizen, a christian gentleman and a friend to all. He was survived by his wife, seven children, four girls and three boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Goad and daughter, Mattie Lee, of Hico spent Sunday afternoon with Wylie Bingham and wife.

Merrion M. Terry of Richerson Springs spent the week end with Mrs. Hodnett and children.

Mrs. Floyd Griffin and daughter of Waco spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Lambert and sister, Rosa Lee.

J. C. Hanshaw of Flag Branch spent Saturday guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hendricks.

Mrs. Walter Tolliver spent Sunday guest of Mrs. Blue of near Iredell.

Mrs. Tom Johnson and son, Leiland, spent Saturday with Mrs. Golden and Mrs. Hardy of Hico.

MEMBER

ASSOCIATION OF TEXAS DISTRICTS

Eastman Films

Keep a fresh roll for the unusual picture—might have a big snow. We keep a full assortment, both in regular and verichrome—the film that works a little faster, a big advantage in dull light.

The WISEMAN STUDIO

HICO, TEXAS

REDUCED RATES VIA M-K-T

Go anywhere in Texas, one and one-third fare for the round trip. Limited to return within thirty days. Tickets on sale daily.

Week-End Rates—One fare plus 25 cents for round trip. Tickets on sale Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, limited to return Monday.

LOCAL KATY AGENT

Who's Who TODAY

"If You Can't Live Within Your Income —Try Living Without It"



GEO. ADE

Spring Planting Ideas

For this year's spring planting, we certainly hope that every farmer and gardener prides himself by purchasing the very best seed and putting it into the ground with every care. Such care means money for everyone in this community. Better crops on fewer acres has always been a pretty good agricultural slogan.

Hico National Bank

"There is no substitute for Safety"

"I've been CHASING YOU 12 miles...."

to tell You stays up in your motor and never drains away.


You've Lost Your Oil" Only Germ Processed Oil actually penetrates and combines with metal surfaces.

Two cars raced along the highway east of Abilene, Texas. The second driver finally overtook the leader and signaled to stop.

"I've been chasing you twelve miles to tell you you've lost your oil," he called to J. W. Bell. Mr. Bell found that a rock in the road had knocked a hole in the crankcase, allowing the Conoco Germ Processed Oil to drain out.

But examination of the motor showed no damage done. The "Hidden Quart" had protected the motor!

Only Conoco Germ Processed Oil offers the extra protection of the "Hidden Quart" that



CONOCO GERM PROCESSED MOTOR OIL

THE HIDDEN QUART . . . THAT NEVER DRAINS AWAY

CONOCO GERM PROCESSED MOTOR OIL

PARAFFIN BASE

We neither encourage "dry crankcase" experiments nor guarantee success under all conditions. But unsolicited letters from motorists, now in our files, tell of this and hundreds of other runs with empty crankcases but without damage.

BIG NEWS! EXTRA!

Give Us the Gangway!

HERE COMES THE EVENT THAT DEMANDS THE RIGHT OF WAY OVER ALL SALES EVER ATTEMPTED IN HICO. FOLK, CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE GREATEST SELLING EVENT THAT EVER HIT HICO.

G.M. Carlton Bros. & Co.

STAGE A MONSTER CONSOLIDATION

JANUARY CLEARANCE



STARTING
Wednesday, Jan. 27th

SALE!

Two Immense, High-Grade Stocks Thrown On the Bargain Counter!

Goodbye, Old Clothes
Throw out your chest, smile, look a hole through Old Man Depression, because now you can wear the new clothes you've needed so badly. Sizes 36, 38, 40. Prices range up to \$35.00, all with two pair trousers. Take Your Choice \$10.45

MEN'S SUITS
In three distinct price groups, they are all high grade Suits, but just to reduce our stock, we are naming a price that you will agree are far below the value of these suits. Two pair of trousers with each suit.

We are discontinuing our dry goods business in Walnut Springs and are moving the entire stock from our Walnut Springs Store to Hico. Right now, while we are writing this circular, truck load after truck load of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Ladies' Ready-to-wear, notions, hosiery, hats, caps, luggage, in fact everything that is carried in a complete Dry Goods' Store are being unloaded in our store at Hico.

We've Slaughtered Prices to Move Merchandise!

A Mighty Price Crashing Event such as has never before been attempted in Hico. Nothing has escaped the Price Cutter's knife. All of these two big stocks are on sale, nothing reserved. We have shut our eyes to cost. Nothing matters, except the clearance of merchandise. Such tremendous bargains will possibly never be repeated again.

This Tremendous
Slaughtering
Of Prices Is For
Cash Only!

A Store Full of Bargains
THAT BUCK HIGH PRICES

Stretch this circular out so you can read all the prices. If you read you'll come—if you come you'll buy—if you buy, you'll save

DON'T MISS A SINGLE DAY. WE GUARANTEE THE LOWEST PRICES IN THIS PART OF THE STATE

Doors will not open until 9:00 o'clock Wed., 27th

Shoes

LADIES' SHOES
Here is where our cut price knife worked and cut them deep. Come and let us show you how cheap you can buy a good pair of Shoes. Special table shoes. You'll be surprised at the saving to you—
\$1.49

MENS' SHOES
Every man and boy can find a shoe to fit his pocket book. Every pair will be a Bargain.
1 table of Mens Shoes—60 pair
Crossett Shoes and Oxfords, regular \$4.95 to \$10.00. Your choice—

This Tremendous
Slaughtering
Of Prices Is For
Cash Only!

\$32.50 Suits for \$13.75

price that you will agree are far below the value of these suits. Two pair of trousers with each suit.

\$32.50 Suits for \$19.75

MEN'S OVERCOATS

Here again is where the knife cuts deep. Come, get them now at just half price. This means you can buy an overcoat as cheap as—

\$3.75

MEN'S DRESS PANTS

100 pairs of Men's Dress Pants, ranging in price up to \$7.50. All sizes to sell at a fraction of cost. Men, come see these.

LITTLE BOY'S SUITS

They must sell. Come, see the close out price. Some as cheap as—

\$2.95

We are determined to reduce our stock in Ladies' Coats, regardless of former price or cost. Think of it, a real nice coat, trimmed with a good quality fur for

\$3.45

MISSES AND LADIES HOSE

1500 Pair Misses Hose. Sizes 6 1/2 to 10. All black. Sale price

6c

CHILDREN'S FANCY SOX

See these on table. Ranges in price

10c

GIRL'S KNICKER SUITS

Girl's Khaki Knicker Suits. Sizes 6 to 20. Nice grade material

25c

Wash Dresses

25c

Misses and Children's Wash Dresses. Positively you have never had such values offered you. 145 in lot. Made of fast colored prints, rayon and all wool. Prices range up to

25c

LADIES' WASH DRESSES

34 in this lot, made of high grade Print and Voile. Regular \$1.95 and

98c

One lot of 26 Vat dyed print and a wonderful value

49c

\$1.25 High grade outing gowns **69c**
\$1.00 high grade outing gowns **49c**
\$2.95 Ladies outing pajamas **\$1.49**
\$1.00 and \$1.50 Childrens' Outing Pajamas and gowns **49c**

TISSUE CREPE, VOILE, RAYON

250 yards Tissue Crepe, Voiles and Rayons. Priced up to \$1.00. Yd **22c**

LADIES, CHILDREN'S HOSE

500 pair Misses Black and Cordovan. Sizes 5 1/2 to 9. Choice pr.

5c

HOME MADE QUILTS

Full size, well made from fast color prints

\$1.98

45 pair Boys' Dress Shoes and Oxfords, regular \$3.50 to \$5.00. Choice **\$1.49**

CHILDREN'S SHOES

Counter of Childrens' Shoes, Oxfords and pumps. Sizes 6 to 2, ranging in price up to \$5.00. For—

\$1.49

One lot Little Tots' Shoes. Special

49c

Counter of Children's Shoes, Oxfords and pumps. Sizes 6 1/2 to 2. You never saw their equal at

95c

PRICES BUSTED TO BITS

BOY'S LUMBERJACKS 98c
\$2.95 Boy's Lumberjacks
Extra quality, red and green. Sizes 6 to 16.

MEN'S JERSEY KNIT JACKET

A Special and real good buy at **89c**

MOLESKIN COATS

Men's and boy's Sheeplined Coats—
Men's at **\$3.95**
Boy's at **\$2.95**

Men's duck, blanket lined at **\$1.49**
Little boys' duck coats. Sizes 6 to 14. Special at **98c**

MEN'S UNIONSUIT

All sizes, a real good buy **69c**
Boy's heavy fleeced Unionsuits in sizes up to 16. To close out **25c**

STUDENT SUITS

In sizes 32 to 36. They must sell. They are not old, just have too many

\$9.95

MEN'S SWEATERS

Just a few left. Regular \$10.00 and **\$12.50** values. Close out **\$4.49**

MEN'S HATS

Never in your life have you found them so cheap. Every hat in this Big Stock is marked for Quick Selling. Be sure and get yours. Close out in **\$6.50** Men's hats **98c**

MEN'S WORK PANTS

In coverts and Sand. Good every day in the year. Offered at **98c**

HOT SHOT
The first Hot Shot—
300 yards Wool Dress Goods, ranging price up to \$1.50 per yard. The first women will grab this item at 4 yds for **25c**
Only 1 Pat. to customer

NEW PERFECTION OIL STOVES
White Porcelain Enamelled, regular price **\$123.00**, now **\$69.50**
Perfection Stove, now **\$35.00**

Ladies Silk Hose
27c
The best bargain you ever saw. 60 pairs Ladies' Silk Hose. Buy them for work around the house. Brown, black and white. \$1.50 and \$2.50 val. **27c**

Outing Special
1000 Yards 36 inch High grade Outing, as much as you want **10c**

Printed Rayon
Very Special on this Rayon. 700 yards, 36 inch fancy rayon. Range in price up to \$1.00. This sale **29c**

ANOTHER HOT SHOT
100 Pairs Ladies' Shoes and Oxfords. Sizes 3 1-2 to 7 1-2. Just think of it—
10 Pairs for **\$1.00** or per pair **10c**

HOT SHOT
1,000 Yards EMBROIDERY AT **1 Cent** Per Yard

Rack and rack of clothing for every member of the family, counter after counter of staple dry goods. Shelves so full they are groaning with the greatest bargains the oldest people in this territory have ever seen. We are crowded for room, we must move this merchandise. Come, see the Biggest and best assorted stock of Dry Goods you have seen for years. Come, expecting to buy quality merchandise at the cheapest prices you have ever paid. Remember, we have never made any claims in any advertising we did not live up to, so Folk, come on down and enjoy yourself and be sure to buy plenty cause the more you buy, the more you save. Our loss is your gain.

PROFITS CRUSHED TO SMITHEREENS!

MEN'S OVERALLS
Scott Level Best, knock out at **69c**

BOY'S OVERALLS
10 Dozen boy's overalls, a real good one. Size 6 to 16. Boys, come buy them at **39c**

WORK SHIRTS
Men's grey cheviot shirts. Never sold so cheap **49c**
Men's regular \$1.00 Work Shirt in this sale **69c**

JERSEY KNIT COATS
Little boys' jersey knit coats, fit the little boy at **49c**

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS
Sizes 15 to 17 1/2. Good buy at \$1.50 to \$3.00. Only **49c**
You never bought them so cheap

Brown Domestic
A 40-inch Extra Quality Brown Domestic. Never bought this so cheap—
12 yds 1.00

A Real Bargain
A Knock Out—400 Yds. 36 inch ALL WOOL SUITING
Solids and fancy. price range **85c to \$1.50** **49c**
WOOL DRESS GOODS
54 inch fancy flannel, regular \$2.50 per yard. Sale price **49c**

A Real Bargain
A Knock Out—400 Yds. 36 inch ALL WOOL SUITING
Solids and fancy. price range **85c to \$1.50** **49c**
WOOL DRESS GOODS
54 inch fancy flannel, regular \$2.50 per yard. Sale price **49c**

REMEMBER!
Every Day Is Bargain Day

G. M. CARLTON BROS. & CO.

The People's Store

HICO. TEXAS

Cash Only.

Doors will not open until 9:00 o'clock Wed., 27th

Hico News Review

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY IN HICO, TEXAS

ROLAND L. HOLFORD Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter May 10, 1907, at the postoffice at Hico, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

One Year \$1.00 Six Months 75c Outside Hamilton, Bosque, Erath and Comanche Counties:— One Year \$1.50 Six Months 85c All subscriptions payable CASH IN ADVANCE. Paper will be discontinued when time expires.

Cards of thanks, obituaries and resolutions of respect will be charged at the rate of one cent per word. Display advertising rate will be given upon request.

Hico, Texas, Friday, Jan. 29, 1932

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Table with 2 columns: Position and Amount. Includes District (\$15.00), Congressional (\$15.00), County (10.00), Commissioner (10.00), Precinct (7.50), Public Weigher (7.50), Justice of the Peace (5.00), Constable (5.00).

Terms: Strictly cash in advance. No announcement inserted unless cash accompanies same. Announcements inserted in order in which fees are paid at this office.

The News Review is authorized to announce the following candidates for office, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries in July:

- For District Attorney, 52nd Judicial District of Texas: TOM L. ROBINSON
For District Judge, 52nd Judicial District of Texas: JOE H. EIDSON
For District Clerk: L. A. (Lon) MORRIS
For Representative, 94th District of Hamilton, Texas: HERBERT B. GORDON
For County Judge: L. W. KOEN
For County Clerk: H. W. HENDERSON
For Tax Collector: SHADE REGISTER
For County Treasurer: MISS DOLL ADAMS
For Tax Assessor: W. B. HURLEY
For Public Weigher Precinct 3: G. C. DRIVER

REAL THRIFT Every year at this time, the week which begins on Benjamin Franklin's birthday, January 17th, is celebrated as National Thrift Week.

An immense amount of the trouble which this country experienced in 1931, and to a lesser degree in 1930, came about because a large number of people forgot all about thrift in the boom years from 1923 to 1929.

BANKS AND BANKERS It looks to us as if a good deal of financial distress is due to the fact that a great many people who had no right to be in the banking business were permitted to call themselves bankers while the big money boom was on. It was

brought out in the hearings at Washington on international banking that more than six hundred million dollars of bonds issued by different South American governments are in default.

These loans were made on the invitation of New York concerns which call themselves investment bankers. The bonds were sold at high prices to individuals and to small banks throughout the country.

LETTER TELLS CONDITIONS The following clipping was handed us by W. A. Huckabee, one of our readers, who received it from one of his out-of-town friends who had clipped it out of his hometown newspaper:

Dear Jack: I am enclosing \$4 on my account that is much past due, but wish to inform you that the present shattered condition of my bank account makes it impossible for me to send you my check in full in response to your request.

These laws compel me to pay a merchant's tax, capital tax, income tax, incorporation tax, real estate tax, auto tax, property tax, gas tax, light tax, water tax, cigarette tax, school tax, syntax, liquor tax, and carpet tax.

In addition to these laws I am requested and required to contribute to every society and organization that the inventive mind of a man can invent.

The government has governed my business so that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, disrespected, inspected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, commanded and compelled until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known and unknown need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I refuse to donate to all and then go out and beg, borrow, or steal the money to give away, I am ousted, cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about, held up, held down, and robbed until I am just about ruined.

Miss France Doesn't Drink Mile. Emilienne Caisson de Souza, daughter of an attorney at Nice, has been chosen "Miss France of 1932"

Wins Fortune for \$2 Thelma Hartman, 24, Los Angeles stenographer, won \$50,000 with a \$2 ticket on Pard in the Irish Sweepstakes.



TODAY TOMORROW FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

ROSENWALD Because a man named Sears proved that he could sell lightweight clothing by mail, a manufacturer of summer clothes named Julius Rosenwald invested \$40,000 in the firm of Sears Roebuck and Company.

A number of years ago Mr. Rosenwald personally took me on a tour of inspection of the great mail-order house of which he was the head, and which now sells nearly two hundred million dollars worth of merchandise a year.

Mr. Rosenwald was a great merchant, but he was more than that, he was a great man. He had the feeling that he was not the actual owner of the profits from his business, but a trustee whose duty it was to return that money to the public from which it came.

I got a letter the other day from an organization which calls itself "The Benjamin Franklins." Printed on the letterhead were the names of a hundred or so members every one of whom has the letters "B. F." as his first initials.

they probably will continue to do so till the end of time. If I were asked to name the one man whose work, teachings and example have exercised the most enduring influence on the people of the United States of America, I would have no hesitation in naming Benjamin Franklin.

A firm of household furnace manufacturers has put on the market an air-conditioning system for use in individual homes. If it works as promised, the home of the future will never have any open windows, but the air will always be fresh, properly humidified and at a comfortable temperature.

I fully expect that the replacement of present heating and ventilating methods by one or another of the new air-conditioning systems will be one of the biggest industries in the United States with in two or three years.

Next year Chicago will have a World's Fair, the first in that city for forty years, the first in America since the rather inadequate Sesqui-centennial at Philadelphia in 1926.

The modern idea of an exhibition is to show how things are made, with the machinery actually in motion. Few permanent museums can keep that sort of an exhibit up to date.

WASHINGTON Every time I go to Washington I get a new thrill. I have known Washington for more than fifty years, since my parents took me there to live in the spring of 1881.

at-the-heels sort of a place, surrounded by malarial swamps, fifty years ago. The swamps have been filled in, made into parks and beautiful boulevards. The streets are most perfectly paved of any city in the world.

My neighbor is thoroughly equipped with the idea of keeping his house WARM. I have attended patients there when the thermometer stood at zero, and have been compelled to remove my coat to avoid breaking into an uncomfortable perspiration.

By one of those slips of the pen to which every writer is liable I made Miss Mary Emma Woolley president of Wellesley College, in speaking of her appointment to the International Disarmament Conference.

DEBATES SCHEDULED BY T. C. U. STUDENTS FORT WORTH.—Two triangle engagements, three inter-state debates, three oratorical contests and 10 intercollegiate debates have been scheduled by Texas Christian University during February, March and April.

The two triangle engagements have been operating for more than 20 years. The first one, between Trinity, Southwestern and Texas Christian, will be held Feb. 19.

The inter-state engagements, scheduled tentatively, are with the University of New Mexico for the latter part of February, the University of Florida and Phillips University of Enid, Okla., both contests to be in March.

T. C. U. debaters will also participate in the national tournament sponsored by Pi Kappa Delta, honorary forensic fraternity. This tournament will be held the latter part of March in Tulsa, Ok.

The Way of Life by BRUCE BARTON

Trembling On The Verge The United States is a famous trembler. There has never been a time in its history when some one was not ready to announce that it was "trembling on the verge."

In a third, an optical concern, the scientists told us of work now going on which may give all of us better eyesight.

Everywhere I found men's backs turned upon present discouragements, and minds busy with better goods, better methods, better ideas, better living.

couragements, and minds busy with better goods, better methods, better ideas, better living. I spoke to the head of one company about it. He said he had recently been holding a meeting of their English representatives.

One of the Englishmen exclaimed: "Confound you Yankees! What English company would ever think of hiring a man to look ahead twenty-five years?"

As long as we are inspired by that spirit I believe that our future is secure. We shall not go down to destruction.

No matter how often we may tremble on the verge.

The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD

HOUSING IN WINTER I have a neighbor who keeps a three-story apartment house. This building is strictly modern in the western sense, having hot and cold water, refrigeration, and the most sanitary of kitchenette equipment.

My neighbor is thoroughly equipped with the idea of keeping his house WARM. I have attended patients there when the thermometer stood at zero, and have been compelled to remove my coat to avoid breaking into an uncomfortable perspiration.

ture of 80 degrees, (often higher) and then walking uptown facing a northwest wind in a temperature below freezing!

The object in writing this is to urge on my readers the great danger of subjecting the body to extremes of temperature in winter. It is equally bad for adults and children. The "germ" is a very poor second or even third in causing colds, when compared with overheated living rooms; and this doesn't mean "chilly" or "damp sitting rooms" either.

Will Represent U. S. at Disarmament Conference



President Hoover has named the five delegates and one alternate to represent the United States at the International Disarmament Conference at Geneva. They are, top row, left to right: Charles G. Dawes, Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Senator Swanson of Virginia; bottom row: Hugh R. Wilson, (alternate) Hugh Gibson and Norman H. Davis.

Serpent Enters Island Paradise



Mrs. Granville Fortescue and her daughter, the wife of Lieut. Thomas H. Massie, U. S. Navy, are two of the central figures in a murder in Honolulu. Mrs. Fortescue, who is a niece of Alexander Graham Bell, and her son-in-law, Lieut. Massie, together with Alexander Jones, an enlisted man, are held for the slaying of Joseph Kawahawai, one of five Hawaiian natives charged with a serious crime against Mrs. Massie.

Bud 'n' Bub comic strip. Panel 1: 'WHERE HAS YER BROTHER BUB BEEN ALL THESE WEEKS BUD?' Panel 2: 'I AINT SEEN HIM IN A LONG TIME' Panel 3: 'I GUESS BUBS TURNIN OUT BAD- HES ALWAYS HANGIN AROUND TOUGH CROWDS- NOW ITS THOSE HARD GUYS ACROSS THE TRACKS' Panel 4: 'LETH GO TO MY MOUTH- I HAVE A NITHE DOLLY FOR BUB!!' Panel 5: 'WHAT THA?'

