

# The Gorman Progress

VOLUME 21

GORMAN, EASTLAND COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1921

NO. 30

## GORMAN COMMUNITY CLUB HAS INTERESTING MEETING

### TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The second tournament of the local tennis club is now in session and some games are being played every day in an effort to find out the team that will dispute with the local champions for the Corner Drug Store cup. The tournament held in the spring resulted in a victory for Collie and Townsend. They are having to defend the cup at this time and the club is holding an elimination contest to see who will get to play them for the cup's possession. The first round of the preliminaries resulted in the following scores:

Wood-Thomson	6-6-6
Byrne-Grow	0-4-1
Miller-Oldham	4-4-0
T. Collie-Walker	6-6-6
Herrington-Layton	2-4-6-4
White-Woods	6-6-4-6
Smith-Ruff	6-6-6
Miller-Oldham	3-3-1

The semi-finals will be played this Thursday afternoon and on Friday the finals for the challenger will be played. On Saturday the cup match will come off. This will be followed beginning Monday by another series of games to settle the singles championship.

### LOWE-REED

The marriage of Miss Geneva Lowe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lowe of this place, to Mr. Ira F. Reed of Houston, was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will C. Perry of Houston, Texas, Saturday evening, August 27.

Rev. Martin, pastor of the Grace Methodist church, officiated with the ring ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed are at home 1113 Clay Ave., Houston.

The more fashionable the woman, the better advertiser she is—unless she happens to be unreasonably bowlegged.

Pay to advertise—well some—what do you suppose President Harding gave his old home town band a gold coronet

## FARMER BAKER GIVES YANKEES PUNCH



"HOME-RUN" BAKER

Even with the mighty Babe Ruth in their lineup, it was a farmer of Maryland who pulled the N. Y. Yanks up in the race for the pennant. "Home-run" Baker, formerly of Philadelphia Athletics, is the man. Out of season Baker is a farmer working his own place at Trappe, Md. His steady, consistent playing and hard hitting gave the Yanks the punch they needed when he was persuaded this year to give up the farm for a season and come back to baseball. He does not smoke nor chew nor drink. He is 35 years old, and even in the city goes to bed before nine and is up before daylight every day.

Genuine interest in the betterment of our community was evidenced by the large attendance upon the meeting of the Community Club Monday afternoon at the Baptist church.

The various committees made their reports, outlining the work they expect to do.

The secretary of the board of school trustees gave the outlook for the coming school year, and the problems confronting the board.

Mayor Dean made a detailed statement of the financial condition of our city administration.

All of these various reports were interesting and we sincerely wish every citizen of Gorman had been present to hear them. It is only after we have become informed as to the true conditions existing in Gorman that we can accomplish anything towards the improvement of these conditions, and when the facts are clearly stated, as they were in all these reports, a spirit of co-operation is promoted, instead of a spirit of criticism, which is so detrimental to the upbuilding of any town.

On motion of Mr. Ross, the report of the committee on Public Morals, which was unanimously adopted by the body, was to be published in the Gorman Progress, that everyone might know the club's stand on some questions of public morals. The report is as follows:

Your committee on Public Morals hold that the Community Club should emphasize and work to secure the purest type of moral conduct on the part of our people—young and old, and there should be no abatement of determined effort until the community has purged from every form of social amusement or recreation that tends to lower the standard of morals in our city.

Whatever contributes to this end should have the hearty approval of this assembly. We, your committee, therefore respectfully offer the following suggestions, without comment, for your thoughtful consideration.

There are certain forms of social amusement and recreation that tend to poison the mind and heart of our young people, and to alienate them from the home, the church, and from God, among which we mention the following: (1) Sunday baseball, (2) Sunday outings or excursions to the lake or elsewhere, for social pleasure or worldly amusement, (3) dancing in any form in the home or any place, (4) card playing in the home as a social pleasure, or for the purpose of gambling in secret, (5) mixed bathing in scant clothing, (6) "42", and last but not least of these evil forms of social pleasure, we mention the modern picture show. We do not condemn it as a whole but we know we can not commend it as a whole.

We have in mind other important suggestions and of quite a different character from these we have submitted for your deliberation, but will reserve them for some future meeting of this club.

Respectfully submitted,  
Committee on Public Morals.

We earnestly invite the co-operation of all thinking citizens who are actively interested in the improvement of our town along all lines. Enroll for membership with Mrs. Homer Moorman.—Contributed.

### SUN RISE BREAKFAST

A sunrise breakfast was given in honor of Miss McElvany Tuesday morning. The crowd gathered at the Smith home about 5:30 a. m. and went to the lake. After a swim breakfast consisting of bacon, eggs, potato chips, bread, coffee and milk was served to the following: Misses McElvany, Marcella Scales, Thessa and Emma Collie, Gladys Nelson, L. A. Parr, Irene and Myrtle Chaney, Palle Williams, Naomi McKittrick, Ruby Rea Toombs, Agnes Wyatt, Eppie Groves, Purna, Dessa, Velma and Willie Mae Smith and Mrs. Herman Wood, C. Smith, R. F. Townsend and Mmes. Williamson and Hooper. After breakfast was served, games were enjoyed by all.

The honest advertiser knows all the time that he is not trying to keep the public from knowing anything they want to know about merchandise.



## METHODIST HAVE VERY SUCCESSFUL MEETING

One of the greatest Revivals in the history of the town of Gorman closed Sunday night. There were more than 150 conversions and reclamations and about one hundred of these knelt at the altar or the old time Methodist inourner's bench and gave their hearts to God. Our attention was called to the fact, after the meeting closed, that not a one went to the altar that was not converted before they left. The great tabernacle was filled to overflowing every night for the two weeks and the day congregations were the largest ever known here. The Mighty Power of God was felt and demonstrated in every service. Strong men were convicted of their sins and rushed into the altar for prayer. Whole families were swept into the Kingdom. Eugene B. Hawk of the First Methodist church of Temple did the preaching and Albert Cunningham of Sherman led the choir. Bro. Hawk was no claptrap methods, he preaches Jesus Christ and Him Crucified and makes a clean-

cut distinction to convicted men. We have seen the work that has been done and we are sure that the same will be done here all time. We have a new town—a different atmosphere altogether. Many family altars have been established and the church life of the town is the best it has been for years. Next Sunday we have our regular services; Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. and preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. If you have not been a regular attendant won't you begin next Sunday and be a faithful servant of God in your church attendance as well as in all other things? Let us remember the mid-week prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8 p. m. The prayer meeting is one of the greatest sources of help in a christian life. Everyone has a cordial invitation to attend and take part in all our services. We invite you to make the Methodist church your church home.

R. B. Hooper, Pastor

### CATCH A STILL

Tuesday afternoon while in Gorman investigating other matters Sheriff Nolley and his deputy, Mr. Williams, accompanied by Lee Robinson, the local member of the sheriff's department, and "Steve" Woods on a hunt for a still which was to be found some place east of Gorman. The first place they stopped was at the home of W. F. Waldrop about four miles out of town. They found four gallons of "moonshine" and a part of a still. They confiscated these articles and brought Mr. Waldrop back to town with them. The worm, which is the very important part of the still, was not found, although Mr. Waldrop was certain that it had been at the still only a short time before. It is loose in that section of the woods and will possibly be in action again before long. The parties going out brought in the four gallons of booze, and after it had been thoroughly admired by some of the thirsty ones, all of but the necessary amount for evidence was poured out on the ground. Mr. Waldrop gave bond for his appearance before the district court.

His connection with this matter has been a great surprise to the people who have known him a long time.

### SINGING CONVENTION

The Shackelford county singing convention will meet in Moran on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11 and 12. This is to be a big affair and will draw quite a crowd. Anyone from Gorman wanting to participate will be more than welcome.

### TO THE PUBLIC

Beginning Thursday, September 1st, the outgoing night mail will be closed at 9 p. m. and the post office lobby will be locked at that time.

The patrons of the local post office have been fortunate in having all night service, but entering into the Department's program of economy, all night service must be discontinued. The Department urges that all firms get into the habit of mailing early. This will be a great help in carrying out the new schedule. Your hearty co-operation in this matter will be greatly appreciated.

E. E. Layton, postmaster.

P. S. Don't forget about War Savings Securities when you have a little money to invest.

E. E. L.

### MISS LOVE ENTERTAINS

Miss Katherine Love was the hostess to the W. A. Club which met last Tuesday evening. Punch was served the guests as they entered. Later forty-two was enjoyed until a late hour, when delicious sherbet and cake were served the guests, who were: Misses Jewel Murrah, Emma Collie, Myrtle and Irene Chaney, Purna Smith, and Messrs. Ed Layton, M. A. Allen, Turner Collie, and Clayburn Eldridge, Messrs. and Mmes. George Blackwell, I. C. Underwood, C. E. King, Frank Slaughter, M. G. Underwood, Otis Hunter and J. W. Cockerill.

The base ball world isn't any larger than any other world. It just takes more money to run it.

## LOCAL BUSINESS MEN HAVE ORGANIZED EXPLOSIVES CO.

### MARRIAGE LICENSE

List of marriage license issued week ending August 30, 1921, by Earl Bender, County Clerk.

T. J. Cotton, Strawn, Miss Lucile Descutner, Strawn.

Vol. W. Latson, Cisco, Miss Thelma Lola Clements, Cisco.

Mercelino Soza, and Elena Ortiz, Dothan.

Chas. A. Alford, Wayland, Miss Chloe Smith, Gunright.

Juan Hernandez, Eastland, Ana Espaza, Eastland.

Delmer Perrin, Ranger, Miss Zela Sparger, Ranger.

H. P. Jordon, Ranger, Mrs. H. P. Jordan, Ranger.

R. L. Jones, Breckenridge, Mrs. Dora B. Howard, Enid, Okla.

Clemente Bosquez, Eastland, Sara Rocha, Eastland.

Emory Hallmark, Scranton, Miss Inez Douglas, Cisco.

Owen Sellers, Olden, Miss Ida Bennett, Eastland.

H. H. Johnson, Ranger, Mrs. Sudie Myers, Ranger.

J. D. Fraser, Cisco, Miss Ulma Stroble, Ballinger.

Luis Meder, Cisco, Francisco Lopez, Cisco.

### LOCAL MEN ARRESTED

Lee Robinson, Deputy Sheriff located at Gorman, made a trip to Hillsboro the first of the week where he went to get "Baldy" Clark who was there in the hands of the sheriff's department. Clark had confessed to the officers there that he was wanted in Gorman for a series of thefts that had been for some time going on in this community. When brought back to Gorman he told the officers that he had gotten a number of articles at different times and told where they were. As a result the county attorney and sheriff were in town on Tuesday of this week. After a day long investigation of the story told by Clark, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Clark and Dr. E. B. Gilbert. Dr. Gilbert made bond while Clark was taken to Eastland to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Dr. Gilbert protests his innocence and in an interview with the Progress man told us that it was spite work on the part of Clark. He had had him do some work for him and had paid him all that was coming to him, and because he would not advance him money to pay fine he was sore and told this on the doctor. The events created a lot of excitement and more wild cat rumors were floating around the streets Tuesday than there has been since the days of the oil boom.

### DESDEMONA MAN DIES AT GORMAN

Last week Leslie Woodward, who was suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, was brought from his home in Desdemona to the Blackwell Sanitarium for treatment. He was so far gone, however, with the disease that he was having hemorrhages. As a result he died in a few days. The body was prepared for shipment to the family home at Wooster, Ohio. His brother came down to accompany the remains home and wind up his business affairs. The body was interred in the family Mausoleum at that place. Mr. Woodward was in the ice business at Desdemona and had been there for some time. He was a member of the Masonic lodge, and was accorded the honors due a Master Mason at the time of his death by the local lodge.

### HAS STROKE OF PARALYSIS

W. L. Richmond, a prominent farmer living about five miles north of Gorman, suffered a stroke of paralysis here on the streets last Monday. He is a man well along in life and is in a very serious condition. Mr. Richmond was taken to the Blackwell Sanitarium and at the present time is hovering between life and death.

We are not looking for any snaps all we want to do is to prove to you that advertising pays a reasonable profit, and then we have gained out point—as well as your point.

A short time ago work was started on the organization of the Shell Torpedo Co. of Gorman. This is an oil field company and will operate in this section of the state and over all parts of Oklahoma. They are going to manufacture Nitro-glycerine and other explosives and maintain shooting stations all around this section.

The most of the capital stock is Gorman money and they will have their plant near Gorman on Frank Kirk's farm on the Sabannah. They are now building a plant with a capacity of 1200 quarts daily and will turn out all that is needed to shoot all the wells in this country.

The officers of the company are Frank Kirk, president; A. W. Samberson, vice-president and general manager, and Geo. Waldrip, secretary and treasurer. The head office will be in Gorman but the company will establish branches at Breckenridge and Wichita Falls as well as others, as they are needed. Their material is now being assembled and they are already doing business. Success to them is our wish at this time.

### COMMITTEE CHOSEN TO WORK WITH RANGER LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE

At a meeting in the City Hall Monday night, in which about 200 people participated, a committee composed of C. L. Garrett, J. E. Kuykenday, T. A. Bandy, E. R. Bills and Loss Woods, was chosen to work with the Ranger Law and Order League organized in that city a short time ago.

The meeting was called to order by Rev. R. A. Langston, pastor of the First Methodist church of Eastland, who acted as chairman and appointed the committee.

It was announced that the committee named would call a mass meeting in the near future at which time the citizens of Eastland would be invited to enlist in a law and order league.

Several parties from Ranger were present and took part in the meeting, telling their hearers of the work now being done in Ranger.

The purpose of the Law and Order League, as outlined by the various speakers, is to assist in enforcing the law when ever and where ever it is found being violated.—Eastland Chronicle.

### DE LEON WOMAN HAS OPERATION, GORMAN

Mrs. Myrtle Kelly, wife of Tom Kelly, who died several years ago, was operated on at the Blackwell Sanitarium at Gorman Monday last week, and a message from the sanitarium states that her condition at the present time is very satisfactory. It will be remembered that her husband, Mr. Kelly, died at a Dallas hospital where he had gone for an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Kelly has made her home at Comanche for some months, but was attending a revival meeting in her old home community when stricken with appendicitis, from whence she was hurried to Gorman for the operation.—De Leon Free Press.

### BEADED HEADPIECE



Crochet needles are flying all over the land these days as American women design many new and pleasing creations in sweaters, slip-overs and scarfs. But it was the versatile Lydia Lipkowska, famous Russian prima donna who appeared opposite Caruso at the Metropolitan in New York, who gives us something new in this beautiful headpiece crocheted in beads. She has just been signed by Henry Savage to sing the revival of the famous Merry Widow.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughrue

A Little Praise Where It is Due

"WHEN ALL YOUR CASH HAS FADED QUITE AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE SCARCE 'N YOUR LARDERS LIGHT, WHO GIVES YOU GRUB 'TILL TOMORROW NIGHT?"

THE MERCHANT!



"OR IF YOU EVER FARM AT ALL, AN' HAVEN'T A BIT OF GRAIN TO HAUL WHO CARRIES YOU TO THE FOLLOWING FALL?"

THE MERCHANT!



"AND THEN IF CROPS ARE A LITTLE SLACK AND YOU SKIP OUT AND NEVER COME BACK WHO'S TH' POOR GUY WHO HOLDS THE SACK?"

THE MERCHANT!



"WHEN DEBTS PILE UP THAT YOU CAN'T PAY AND YOU GO THROUGH THE BANKRUPT COURT SOME DAY WHO LOSES, BUT SMILES IN THE SAME OLD WAY?"

THE MERCHANT!



"WHEN CHURCH FUNDS ARE RUNNING LOW CAUSE TH' MEMBERS' 'TENTH' IS VERY SLOW WHERE DO THE DEACONS GET THE DOUGH?"

THE MERCHANT!



"BALLS AND PICNICS, LODGES GALORE, ALL TAKE THEIR TOLL FROM THE GENERAL STORE, BUT WHO'LL GET HIS REWARD ON THE HEAVENLY SHORE?"

THE MERCHANT!



CHARLES SUGHRUE

TOO LADYLIKE FOR "GRAMPA"

Old Gentleman Couldn't Recall Sailors In His Time Doing Anything Like Skipping Rope.

Grampa served in the navy quite a while ago—under Admiral Farragut or John Paul Jones or some of those persons. In those days, you remember, all sailors wore Horace Greeley whiskers and had either a profane parrot, a wooden leg or a girl in every port. Grampa's granddaughter, Cordella May, keeps company with a machinist's mate, first class, on the destroyer Dyer, now with the other destroyers in the Hudson river.

His name is Buck. Buck thought Cordella May would like it if he invited Grampa to come along with her to visit the Dyer. Cordella May didn't like it at all, as a matter of fact, but Grampa accepted with alacrity.

"How'd you like it, Pa?" inquired Cordella May's mother, when Grampa got back home. "D'have a good time?"

"I did not," said Grampa. "What did Cordella May do?" Ma thought she knew right away where to hang the guilt. But she was wrong. "She didn't do nothin' except gawk at that lubber of her'n," said Grampa, "but the navy's gone 'twell, that's what."

"No such a thing," demurred Ma. "They leave here first o' May for Newport, an' you heard Buck say that yourself."

"Sissies! Old ladies! Milk an' water boys!" Grampa exploded. "Why, Mary, guess what the first thing I saw on that frigate was?"

Ma had never served on a destroyer, so, of course, couldn't guess.

"Why, I see a great big lub of a lad and what was he doin' but skippin' rope! Skippin' rope, mind ye! A sailor skippin' rope! I looked about me expecting to find the rest of the crew playin' postoffice with one another. Skippin' rope!"

Grampa groaned at the thought. Buck meanwhile had arrived and overheard. He gave the loud, raucous laugh of a machinist's mate, first class, who is amused at something.

"Don't say a word to him," he cautioned Ma and Cordella May later, when Grampa had gone to bed to dream of John Paul Jones playing fiddle with Admiral Farragut on a rose-budged battleship. "Don't say a word, but the guy he saw skippin' rope is Soakem Slocum, the heavy-weight champion of the flotilla. He's getting in trim for the bouts up at Newport."—New York Sun.

Says Americans Avoid Sunlight.

One feature struck me in the schools, and it also struck me in the hotels and in private houses, and that is the avoidance of sunlight. A well-conducted window in America must have lace curtains drawn across it, and two blinds, one brown and one green, pulled accurately half-way down. Even in the great country houses, where no one could look in, and no one look out without seeing spacious lawns and flower beds, the curtains are closed and the blinds are drawn half-way down. Living in them is like living in the house of an owner who is half dead.

The electric light is all the time turned on full. Even in the hotels if you leave your room for half an hour, having raised your blinds, you will find them carefully drawn down again on returning. The large number of folks—clerks in offices, workers in factories, attendants on elevators, bell-boys and hotel clerks—who live their life in artificial light forms a large percentage of the population, and this absence of out-door life may account to some extent for the pallid and sallow complexion of those who have to endure it. It certainly cannot be healthy.—Sir Arthur E. Shipley in the Outlook.

S. W. BISHOP J. G. BISHOP Attorneys-at-Law

Bankrupt matters a specialty Practice in District and County Courts Office in Bishop Building Gorman, Texas

ITCH! Money back without question if HUNT'S Salve fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Try a 75-cent box at our risk. TOOMBS BROS. DRUG STORE

POLO PINTO COUNTY VOTES MILLION FOR HIGHWAY

Last Saturday in an election held in Palo Pinto county for a million dollar bond issue for building that county's portion of the Bankhead Highway, the proposition carried favorably to the bonds by a vote of about eight to one. In Mineral Wells the vote carried 15 to 1, the vote being 1,155 for the bonds and 77 against. In Strawn the vote was 231 for the bonds and 72 against.

An intense campaign was waged in the interest of the bond issue and the women took a very active part through civic organizations, and their fight proved very satisfactory.

On the same date McLennan county, wherein is situated the city of Waco, defeated by an overwhelming majority a similar proposition, but for a much larger amount. The McLennan county bonds called for the amount of \$5,500,000.00 in bonds, and for a maintenance tax of \$100,000,000 to run over a period of five years.

At eleven o'clock Sunday returns were in from ten Waco boxes and 34 boxes in the country. The total vote in the city was: For the bonds 343, against the bonds 558; for the tax 385 against the tax 493.

SCHOOL DATE SET

The Gorman school board in session Thursday afternoon set the definite date for the opening of school for September 19th. The original plans called for the opening date of the 12th but on account of matters that had to be done before the opening of school the date has been postponed until the 19th. The boys who are expecting to play football will report on the 12th to John Hansard who is to have charge of athletics. Work will start in at once for them.

WHAT WOMEN THINK

By Mabel, the Girl Reporter Maw sed to me today, she sed, they's a lot of girls what are savin' themselves from livin' old mades life by wearin' short skirts and powderin' th'r' nees an' I sed to maw, I sed, Aunt Lucy shoold have started earlier in life shooldn't she.

My brother which has been fitin' the german girls since the kysers men kwit to years ago, kum home the other day and I ast him what the girls over thair thot and he sed they didn't—they was too bizz capterin' Americans.

I sent a hole bundle of potry to the editor of the Progress to weeks ago an' a couple of days later he rote to me to send him stamps sos he could return it. I sed I didn't send it to him to be returned an' if he'd please print

it in this here colyum we'd both save the stamps.

The day I wuz to graduwate from the Gorman high school wun uv the graduwates give an oration on the disees baring germs in chewing gum but she wuzent tawkin' to me cuz I use good sence on the chewing gum kwestion. When I schew gum, some won else has always chewed the germs out uv it.

Marcy, hoo is my ho ast me yisterday did I think my maw wood let him an' me git married an' I sed that as my maw did not consult me at the time of her marriage, I wuzent going into a trance or nuthing like that to marry her choyce of maskuline biped sigaret erradikators.

Paw wuz sittin' out on the back poarch last night, kulin' off, when maw she hollered out to him and sed, paw you kum right in an' put yore koller on as we must hurry to get to that party an' paw he sed he wuzent going to put on a hole lot of close an' go out on a nite like that and he diddent. Maw went alone an' she diddent ware all the close she had.

Jist befor I graduwated er goin' to graduwate are teacher er teacher ise kreen was healthy for boys and girls to use an' that thos use all they cud get. I have in 8 dollars and 45 cents worth of time tryin' to convince paw that the teacher knowed what she wuz tawkin' out but thus far I have been very unable to diskooback him from dime what might cut down the supplies and kawsee a greater demand.



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

Reform songs have too many reforms.—Norfolk Virginian Pilot.

It costs a girl \$1 to have her hair bobbed. There are no cheaper cuts.—Toledo Blade.

Our interest in Europe continues to grow, though the principal remains stationary.—Nashville Banner.

"Women want war," declares Congresswoman Robinson. Yes, as a rule, but now and then one prefers to remain single.—Providence Tribune.

Drs. Rush & Stubblefield Physicians and Surgeons Office Phone 45 Dr. Rush Res. Phone 49 Dr. Stubblefield Res. Phone 99 Diseases of Infants and Children

Geo. Blackwell, M. D. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Best Reading Glasses \$5.50 Best KRYPTOK \$16.50

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MONEY TO LOAN Farm Loans Low rates of interest, long or short terms, quick action. J. G. BISHOP Bishop Building - Gorman, Texas

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TOWNSEND MOTOR COMPANY PHONE 1 GORMAN, TEXAS

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first class dress making, alteration, hemstitching shop—over Beskow's Jewelry Shop.

MRS. J. W. WILSON

In The Autumn

When feed stuff is being gathered and other farm products are coming in it is time to really think about taking care of the products of the farm. You may need sheds, barns and other out buildings. We can furnish you all the material you will need and will give you any assistance in planning them for their being handy, commodious and economical.

You had better paint up all your implements and take good care of them this winter. They will be as good as they are now if you will give a coat of paint. WE SELL PAINT.

T. S. Ross Lumber Co.

CORNER GARAGE

Haley and Hansard, Props. All kinds of automobile repairing. Best of Oils — — — Plenty of Gasoline

No Hunter Ever Bagged His Game By Using Blank Cartridges

Nor have satisfaction-giving bank accounts ever been built with unkept good resolutions.

Tomorrow never comes. Next week will never arrive. Next month will never be here. Savings accounts and bank balances do not thrive on money that will be salted away in the future. It is the money deposited now that builds the balance. It is the money that comes out of the pay envelope or salary check every "first" and "fifteenth" that counts.

May we have the pleasure of serving you now? And on the "first" and "fifteenth" a warm welcome, indeed, awaits you.

Continental State Bank

# READY TO WEAR

## Suggestions for Fall and Winter

Coat Suits of Wool, Velour, Tricotine, Serge and Broad Cloth, trimmed in fur, braid and embroidery. The coats are somewhat longer this season; box effect one of the strongest.

Dresses of peach bloom Tricotine Serge, beautifully trimmed in beads, wool embroidery, braide and buttons. Don't fail to see them.



## FALL MILLINERY



We now have on display a new selection of hats and frames that have just arrived, featuring the latest modes advocated by the leading French designers. The large and small hats are striking; trimmed in ostrich beads and flowers.

We will also carry this season the Samuel Ach Hats, which are noted for their style and beauty.

# Higginbotham Bros. & Co.

Gorman, Texas

### FISHING AND SWIMMING PARTY

Last Tuesday afternoon several couples went to Eppler's lake to enjoy fishing and swimming. After the swim, a bountiful repast was spread for the following: Messrs and Mmes. Rufus Eppler and family, Victor Gates, H. H. Shaw, Nunnally, B. M. Collic, R. F. Townsend, Edward Blackwell, Finis Eppler, and Mr. Sutton and Lotie Mae Morrow. Also Messrs. and Mmes. Luaderdale, Alexander and Smith, all of Ranger.

### PRAYER MEETING AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The Christian church prayer meeting is growing in interest and at the present time is the best they have ever had. These folks are keeping their church work going through this work during the summer as they have no regular preacher. The interest is fine and there is always a good crowd at the Wednesday evening service. Everybody is invited to the services.

### BAPTIST CHURCH

Bro. Nelson is this week at Bear Springs holding a meeting for Rev. J. W. Rudd, but will be in his pulpit at the regular Sunday services. The church will receive new members next Sunday and administer the ordinance of Baptism at the night service. The public is invited to all services. The various church organizations will meet at the usual hours this coming week.

### WOMAN WROTE HIM NOTES; WIFE SUES FOR DIVORCE

She had lived with him twenty-seven years, then came the suit for divorce, which was filed in the district court Thursday.

"On many occasions the plaintiff had suspected the defendant of infatuation with other women," the petition stated "and has found notes from other women, giving telephone numbers and addresses, to the defendant in the defendant's pocket", the petition alleges. She also alleged cruel treatment.

The case has been set for hearing in the Sixty-seventh district court. The petition stated that the couple had been married since May 3, 1894.

### CLARA HAMON WEDS DIRECTOR

Ardmore, Aug. 22.—Clara Smith Hamon was married in Los Angeles at 4:30 p. m. today to John Gorman, ac-

ording to telegram received this evening by her sister, Mrs. V. D. Walling, at Wilson, Okla.

Mrs. Hamon several months ago was acquitted on a charge of murder in connection with the death of Jake L. Hamon, republican national committeeman from Oklahoma, who died as the result of a pistol wound. She was arrested in Mexico after a sensational pursuit and returned to Ardmore for trial. On the witness stand Mrs. Hamon admitted having shot Hamon, but said she did it after she had been attacked by him.

Mrs. Hamon was the wife of a nephew of Jake L. Hamon. Her maiden name was Clara Smith. Mrs. Jake L. Hamon, widow of the national committeeman, is no longer a resident of Ardmore and is now said to be living in the east.

The marriage of Clara Smith Hamon to her moving picture director, John W. Gorman, of Los Angeles, came as a surprise to her sister, Mrs. P. D. Walling, of Wilson, Okla. Only once in a letter did Clara refer to Gorman, then casually mentioning that he was director of her company, which was formed in Fort Worth, Texas, some five months ago, and which started filming the picture portraying her life during the latter part of May.

That a love affair might be the outcome of the picture and the director was hardly thought of according to Mrs. Walling. Following the trial Clara has shown little interest in men and their affairs, Mrs. Walling said, and it was thought that she would devote her time after the making of the picture to missionary work.

Following her trial in Ardmore in March, she made the statement to newspaper correspondents that she would never marry despite the fact she said she had received hundreds of proposals of marriage, in person, by letter and by telegrams from all sections of the country.

The message to Mrs. Walling gave no details of the wedding, but said: "Married John Gorman 4:30 p. m., wonderful man and good.—Clara."

### KANSAS IS AFTER TEXAS PRISONER

Topeka, Kan., Aug. 23.—Governor H. J. Allen has issued a requisition on Governor Pat M. Neff of Texas for the return of Ora Irwin from Breckenridge Texas.

Irwin is wanted in Washington County Kan. for wife and child desertion.

### McGLAMERY'S COURT BUSY

Another chapter was written in the story told on our front page this week relative to the arrest of Dr. E. B. Gilbert when on Thursday afternoon Sheriff Nolley and County Attorney Dunnam came to Gorman and brought additional charges against Dr. Gilbert. They got a total of nine shot guns from his residence and three of them were identified by the owners. They found that some of them had been changed and the stock and barrel of two of them had been interchanged. But by private marks and other means E. W. Gray, Dr. Brandon and J. T. Hamrick were able to identify their property. Charges in these cases were filed and one for aggravated assault was also filed, resulting from the events of Tuesday when Dr. Gilbert struck C. H. Grow with a bottle.

These five charges against Dr. Gilbert are only a part of the business of Judge McGlamery's court this week. There has been two complaints filed also against John Davenport growing out of the revelations of "Baldy" Clark. One was also filed against Clark. There were four others filed as well. One was against each of the following: J. M. Pickens, check writing; Godie Erwin and Bill Hamilton, theft of turkeys, and W. F. Waldrop, illicit manufacture of liquor. The boys wanted for theft of turkeys are two young men from the Kokomo country and from reports were caught red handed in the act. The check writing charge that was put against Pickens was for one of over four hundred dollars he gave on the Continental Bank of Rising Star and was given to W. W. Kelly of Gorman for hauling oil field supplies. All together it has been a busy week for the local judge.

### CONTRACTORS ARRIVE TO START WORK ON HIGHWAYS 18 AND 22

Contractors on the Highway work in this district have arrived and are this week making preliminary arrangements to begin work at an early date. The first dirt will probably be broken during next week, either in Rush Creek bottom or Leon bottom. In either event the matter will be announced, and it is hoped that a large number of cars may be had to carry as many people as will go, to see the work begun. Photograph will be taken and sent to the big papers. It is very probable that the first work will be on the De Leon Comanche road, in which case Comanche people will in all probability meet the De Leon delegation for an informal celebration.

—De Leon Free Press.

### PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the partnership between M. J. Eppler, Elsie Gates, Edna Nunnally, W. R. Eppler Jr., and Della Collic, and known as Gorman Dry Goods Company, was on the 25th day of August, 1921 dissolved. All debt due to said partnership, and all debts owed by same are to be paid at Gorman, Texas, where the business will continue under the same management, as a corporation, under the corporate name of Gorman Dry Goods Company, Inc. Of such dissolution and intention to incorporate, the public will take notice. This 25th day of August, 1921.

M. J. Eppler,  
Elsie Gates,  
W. R. Eppler, Jr.,  
Edna Nunnally,  
Della Collic.

### FR RENT—ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST MODERN HOMES IN GORMAN. SEE F. W. TOWNSEND.

Miss Marshall McElvany of Denison is visiting Miss Dessa Smith.

### Kokomo News

The Baptist meeting began here Sunday night. Rev. Hendon came Tuesday to assist in the meeting.

Mrs. Cora Graham is visiting relatives at this place.

B. F. Wood, Earnest Floyd and Reid left for West Texas Monday.

Ton Lowery and family are visiting here.

J. W. Clearman is visiting here.

Rev. Ben Clemetis of Carbon was in Kokomo Monday.

Clint Wharton of Stillwater, Okla., is here looking for a location.

Otis Neill is home from Denton.

Lucas Johnson was in Gorman Tuesday.

## UNITE the STRANDS

### OF

## FORTUNE

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By the use of the savings of today with the needs of to-morrow. Just make it a part of your life's rule to put something away for the rainy day and you will be doing that very thing. You will have money for your needs, your opportunities and the responsibilities of the future.

Our bank is ready for anything that you may want in the line of banking service.



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Announce that their

### UNDEDTAKER and EMBALMER

Mr. S. A. McLean, can be secured in the day by calling phone No. 203, and in the night by calling Phone

No. 251

# THE GORMAN PROGRESS

Devoted to the Interest of Gorman and Gorman Territory

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

J. W. COCKRILL

EDITOR

Entered at the Postoffice at Gorman, Texas, as second-class mail matter under the act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879. Advertising rates on application.

### A VACATION FOR MR. FARMER

We don't know how many farmers are going to be able to take a "Seeing America" vacation this fall after the crops are all in and sold but it is pleasant to know that the farmers of at least one section will be able to do so.

Already the railroads have been asked to submit figures for a "cross-country" trip by the farmers, their wives—and perhaps some of the children—who live in the great "Inland Empire," which consists of sections of the states of Washington, Idaho, and Oregon. Their lands are of volcanic ash, 20 to 24 inches deep and the soil is so rich that it yields 60 to 100 bushels of wheat to the acre year in and year out.

Must have been lots of money in that during the war, and a representative of the "Inland Empire" farmer says that that there are good profits in it even this year. Anyway, a lot of these farmers are going to make the trip clear to the Atlantic seaboard and back by way of Southern California. Every farmer and his wife are entitled to a vacation and we hope more of them will take it if they possibly can.

### MR. AND MRS.

What wonderful thoughts come up when these two abbreviations are printed in a news item—what intense human interest these portray.

In the country weekly paper they take the one big place in all news items, from the simple visit to relatives, to the larger matters of human life.

"Mr. and Mrs."—the great news item of the universe, the bringer of recollections to the man far from home, who takes his old home town paper, and reads the items of Mr. and Mrs. and lets his mind wander back to the days when he knew the Mr. and Mrs. in knee pants, and shall we say, short skirts.

Is the home town paper where the real Mr. and Mrs. news items occur—and to receive the home town paper year in and year shrouded in shroud week in and week out is to know the great happenings of the world, the doings of Mr. and Mrs.

"Subscribe for your home town paper" Weew is the second week in November, 7th to 12th. If you don't the home town paper, subscribe then. If you do take it, renew your subscription then.

The bell buoy, the solemn tolling of which has been the subject of many a melancholy story in verse, has been much improved upon. It now bears the well-known mark of modern efficiency—the electric light.

These buoys are used in some of the inland waterways, according to Mr. Jenkins of the local Exide Service Station, to guide barges and tow-boats over the dangerous portions of the channels.

The New York State Department of Public Works has worked out a complete system of buoy lighting in the barge canal through Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. Seneca Lake is deep enough for barges over its entire surface but there is a shallow area at the

north end of Cayuga Lake.

The electric light buoys are used to mark points of safe passage over these shallow areas. Each buoy is equipped with lamps and mechanism for causing intermittent flashing of the lights and an Exide battery to supply the current. The Exides are recharged every two weeks.

### New Hope

Mrs. J. F. Hallmark, who has been ill, is now recovering.

Sam Stovall and Newton Bennett went to Stevenville Friday and returned Monday.

W. M. Burns, Marvin Roberts and John Bennett went to Ranger Friday to the association.

Miss Viola Stevenson visited her sister, Mrs. James Stovall, the latter part of last week.

Mrs. John Bennett and children visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. Elmer Pertle of Sipe Springs from Friday until Sunday.

Miss Glen Boone of Britton visited relatives in this community Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McGaha are visiting in the Bethel community this week.

Miss Ola Eison was the welcome guest of Miss Wilma Pirtle Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bursleson and family and Mr. Claude Creghead and sister, Miss Maggie, left Thursday for West Texas where they hope to get work.

Grandma Seitem of Carbon visited her son, Joe Seitem the latter part of last week.

Mrs. John Clark and children of Gorman visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hallmark Saturday night and Sunday.

A light shower fell here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill Jones and family of Gorman visited relatives in this community from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Seitem and family of Carbon visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Seitem Sunday.

G. W. Wood and son, Earnest, were in Eastland Tuesday.

Mrs. Sam Stovall and daughter, Hazel, visited Mrs. Newton Bennett the latter part of last week.

Misses Mae and Pearl McGaha and Vera Wood were the welcome guests of Mrs. Newton Bennett Sunday.

G. W. Wood killed a rattlesnake in his corn crib Tuesday evening.

A Dispensation Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I "Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution-box in the Sabbath-an' he gave me permission."—Denver school today?" "No, mamma. I ast News.

### Fine, Plain Hats for Children



AFTER she has passed her third birthday the little maid arrives at the threshold of her millinery experiences and begins to wear blocked hats. If it be summer time she comes into possession of a fine soft millan or other straw and for winter she finds herself in possession of beaver or felt headwear. In either case the hat will be simple in design and in trimming and of the same character as those made for her each season until she is counting her years in "teens."

It is astonishing to find the great variety in shapes and sizes made in these blocked hats which at first glance seem so simple. But when they are considered that they must suit so many ages and so many types the necessity for numerous shapes and variations of those shapes is plain. There is just the right hat for each little girl and finding this shape is about the only task that confronts her mother in the selection of these blocked hats, for their good style is assured and has been for years.

A few of the favorite models in millans appear in the group above. At the upper right a little miss of four or more wears a bonnetlike shape with a round crown having about it a band

of fallie ribbon with short ends at the back. Only good qualities in ribbon are used on these hats because they must see much service. At the top of the group a shape that is very successful for girls from seven to sixteen is shown. It is the wide-brimmed sailor shape in millan with its brim edged with a flange of the braid in a darker color or shade than that in the body of the hat. It has a wide collar and slash ends of heavy ribbon. At the right of it another little bonnet-shape for younger girls appears with square crown above its drooping brim and sash of ribbon. Below is another variation of the French sailor revealing a sharper up-turn in the brim and larger crown than the first sailor. For a very little miss one may select a bonnet with millan brim and satin crown, or the very elegant model which finishes the group—a square-crowned poke with handsome wide ribbon furnishing a sash with long ends.

Julia Bottomley

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### REASONS FOR LIFE INSURANCE

- Because**—It protects your earning power for the benefit of your dependents into the new generation, fulfilling the mission of love and Nature's call to perpetuate one's identity.
- Because**—It mellows your old age with the comforts and independence of a competence.
- Because**—It creates an estate immediately such as may be brought together in no other manner and safeguards the estate during life and thereafter.
- Because**—It provides a liquid sinking fund convertible readily into cash whenever you meet financial adversity.
- Because**—It improves your credit and standing at any bank or financial institution and constitutes acceptable collateral.
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- Because**—Of the immediate and lasting satisfaction and peace of mind wrought exclusively by means of a policy contract.

## J. E. WALKER, Jr.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE  
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## The NEW EDISON



Bamboschek, principal conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, says,—"The quality of Miss Muzio's living voice and the quality of her RE-CREATED voice are identical."

The New Edison gives you the best opera—the latest Broadway hits, and now,—

## MOOD MUSIC!

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For two years, Mr. Edison has had Mood Music experiments conducted under the direction of Dr. W. V. Bingham, Director of Applied Psychology, Carnegie Institute of Technology, and other psychologists. These psychologists have classified over 100 musical selections under such headings as "To Make You Joyous"—"For More Energy"—"To Bring You Peace of Mind", etc.

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## TRUSSES

COMPLETE STOCK OF SPRING AND ELASTIC TRUSSES.—ALL SIZES.

CORNER DRUG STORE

While the health and vigor hold out put some money away in the Bank.



It's not "all right," but "all wrong" to go carelessly along spending all you make.

The time will come when you will need the money you are throwing away in extravagance.

Money is always a SURE FRIEND. When you make this sure friend, don't cast "him" aside.

DON'T DO IT.

BANK your money.

We invite YOUR Banking Business.

FARMER'S STATE BANK TRUST CO.

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**How's Your Appetite?**

Have you lost your appetite? Do you get so tired with the day's duties that you're unable to enjoy an evening with friends or at the movies once in a while? Are you losing your rosy cheeks and your springy step?

### Dr. Miles' Tonic

was made to restore health to people in your condition. It has been of permanent benefit to thousands who were afflicted just as you are. Why don't you try a bottle? Get in line for better health—beginning today. Every Drug Store carries Dr. Miles' Medicines.

**ECZEMA!**  
 Money back without question if RUZBY'S Salve fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Try a 75 cent box at our risk.  
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**GORMAN, TEXAS**

**LOCAL HAPPENINGS**

Mrs. S. D. Spratt returned to her home in Dublin after a week's stay in the hospital here.

Little Roger and Wayne Chambers came up to the hospital Saturday and had their tonsils removed.

Mrs. Myrtle Kelly of Comanche returned to her home after a week's stay in the hospital.

Mrs. Williams has returned home after a few days stay at the hospital.

Dr. J. B. Brandon has been in Waco this week.

Miss Martha Neill is in Graham this week visiting relatives and friends.

A. W. Samberson is in Wichita Falls at this writing.

A. C. Dodson and John Layton were in Brownwood the first of the week.

H. Moorman has returned from Temple where he accompanied his family the last of last week.

I. C. Underwood and F. W. Townsend were in Eastland Tuesday.

John Camp was in Eastland Tuesday attending a meeting of the commissioners court.

R. L. Adkins has returned from a business trip to Mexia.

H. A. Wilson of Port Arthur has been in Gorman the past few days visiting relatives and old time friends.

W. W. Kelly was in Breckenridge the first of the week delivering a boiler for some firm. He hauled it from Desdemona to that place.

Ramsey's Austin Nursery—All varieties of fruit and shade trees and shrubbery. See M. S. Wade, Local Agent.

J. L. Pearcey has returned from several days visit to the family of his grandson, J. H. Hankins in West Texas.

The Misses Estes who have been visiting their cousins, Misses Rowsey, have returned to their home in Cisco.

Lee Robinson was in Hillsboro the first of the week.

Misses Theresa Collie and Willie Mae and Velma Smith have been in Dublin this week visiting friends.

J. H. Byrne and wife have returned from their Colorado trip. They report a fine time.

S. B. Smith and Walter Holmesly have returned from a trip to West Texas and New Mexico.

Luther Garner of Snyder is visiting this week in Gorman.

Chas. Northcut of Dallas has been in Gorman the past few days.

Hubert Toombs accompanied by his sisters, Mrs. Richardson of Gorman and Mrs. Martin of Eastland, has returned from a several days visit to relatives in San Angelo and Miles.

Mrs. R. L. Thomason of Gorman is this week visiting relatives in Dublin.

Ford Motors overhauled, \$10. Work guaranteed. J. F. Moore 30-1tp

Ford Motors overhauled, \$10. Work guaranteed. J. F. Moore 30-1tp

Harry Howell and Misses Rena Haile and Dessa Smith were visitors in De Leon last Sunday.

A good time for you at the Methodist Lawn Social Friday evening. Don't fail to be there.

Miss Eppie Grove and Mrs. Jack Williamson were in Eastland Tuesday going over to meet Mr. Williamson who came down from Fort Worth.

T. K. Wynn and family have returned from a visit to Abilene.

R. A. Lewis and family of Abilene have returned to their home after a visit to the family of R. L. Cooner.

Dr. M. A. Allen and family of De Leon were visiting relatives in Gorman Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale of Ranger were in Gorman visiting friends last Sunday.

Foster Bennett of Graham who has been visiting here, has returned to his home in that enterprising city.

Edward C. Bettis of Eastland was over to spend the week end with relatives.

Frank Williams and family have removed from Gorman to Runtell's county.

All the young people of Gorman are invited to attend the social to be given on the Methodist church lawn Friday at 8 p. m.

All varieties fruit and shade trees and shrubbery.—Ramsey's Austin Nursery, M. S. Wade, Local Agent

Mrs. Lasater is in Abilene with her daughter, Mrs. S. H. Huckabee, who has typhoid fever.

Ed Groves was in town Sunday.

Rev. W. J. Lee of California, formerly pastor of the M. E. church here, was in town Sunday.

**GIN NOTICE**

The Perry Gin will run Saturday, September 6th, and every Saturday or as often as is necessary to gin the cotton that may come to Gorman.

F. S. Perry.

R. N. Grisham T. F. Grisham

J. S. Grisham

**GRISHAM BROS.**

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**G. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.**

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN  
 Office in back of Foster Drug Store Will serve calls day or night

CHRONIC DISEASES, DISEASES OF WOMEN

A share of your patronage will be appreciated  
 RES. PHONE 227

**IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson**

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
 (© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

**LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 4 FROM PHILIPPI TO ATHENS.**

LESSON TEXT—Acts 16:9, 17:15.  
 GOLDEN TEXT—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34:7.  
 REFERENCE MATERIAL—I and II Thess.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God Takes Care of Paul and Silas.  
 JUNIOR TOPIC—A Midnight Experience in Philippi.  
 INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Courage in the Face of Persecution.  
 YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Preaching with Persecutions.

1. Paul and Silas in Jail (vv. 19-24).  
 The occasion (vv. 19-24). When the demon was cast out of the mad her supernatural power was gone; therefore, the source of revenue was dried up. This so exasperated her owners that they had Paul and Silas arraigned before the magistrates on a false charge. Those men ought to have rejoiced that such a blessing had come to this poor girl. They cared more for their gain than for her welfare. This is true of the iniquitous crowding together of the poor in unsanitary quarters in our tenement districts and the neglect of precautions for the safety of employees in shops and stores. Without any chance to defend themselves they were stripped and beaten by the angry mob and then remanded to jail, and were made fast in stocks in the inner prison.

2. Their behavior in jail (v. 25). They were praying and singing hymns to God. It seems quite natural that they should pray under such conditions, but to sing hymns under such circumstances is astonishing to all who have not come into possession of the peace of God through Christ. Even with their backs lacerated and smarting, and feet fast in stocks compelling the most painful attitude in the dungeon darkness of the inner prison, with a morrow before them filled with extreme uncertainty, their hearts went up to God in gratitude.

3. Their deliverance (v. 26). The Lord wrought deliverance by sending a great earthquake which opened the prison doors and removed the chains from all hands.

II. The Conversion of the Jailer (vv. 27-34).  
 The jailer's sympathy did not go out very far for the prisoners, for after they were made secure he went to sleep. The earthquake suddenly aroused him. He was about to kill himself, whereupon Paul assured him that the prisoners were all safe. This was too much for him. What he had heard of their preaching and now what he had experienced caused him to come as a humble inquirer after salvation. Paul clearly pointed out the way to be saved—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." The word "believe" means to yield to and fully obey. The proof that the jailer was saved is threefold:

1. Transformation from brutality to tenderness.  
 2. Confession of Christ in baptism.  
 3. His whole household baptized.

III. The Magistrates Humbled (vv. 35-40).  
 The earthquake brought fear upon the magistrates. They gave leave for the prisoners to go, but now they refuse to go, claiming that their rights as Roman citizens have been violated, and demand a public vindication. Paul was willing to suffer for Christ's sake, but he used the occasion to show them that persecuting men who preach the gospel is an offense against the law of God and man.

IV. Preaching in Thessalonica (vv. 17-19).  
 At Thessalonica he found open hearts. He followed his usual custom of going first to the Jew (v. 1). After witnessing to the Jews he went to the Gentiles. Concerning the Christ he affirmed:

1. "It behooved Christ to suffer" (v. 3). No plainer teaching is to be found anywhere than the suffering of Christ (Isa. 53).  
 2. The resurrection of Christ from the dead (v. 3).  
 3. The kingship of Jesus (v. 7).  
 The result of this preaching was that many Greeks, some Jews believed.

V. Preaching in Berea (vv. 10-15).  
 His method here was the same as at Thessalonica. He entered the Jewish synagogue and preached Jesus unto them. The Bereans received the gospel with glad hearts. Two striking things were said about them:

1. They received the message gladly.  
 2. They searched the Scriptures daily for the truthfulness of their preaching. All noble minds have (1) an openness to receive the truth; (2) a balanced hesitancy; (3) a subjection to rightful authority.

Exhortation to Holiness.  
 And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you; to the end he may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints.—I Thessalonians 3:12, 13.

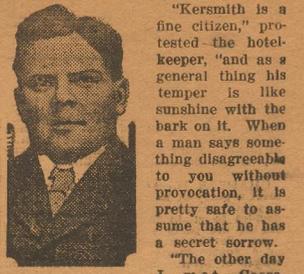
When God Appears.  
 When we have broken our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with His presence.—Emerson.

**Uncle Walt's Story**  
 Walt Mason



**PROVOCATION**

"I THINK Kersmith is the worst grouch I ever saw," observed the retired merchant. "I met him this morning and remarked that it was a fine day, and he told me to go to thunder and mind my own business."



"Kersmith is a fine citizen," protested the hotel-keeper, "and as a general thing his temper is like sunshine with the bark on it. When a man says something disagreeable to you without provocation, it is pretty safe to assume that he has a secret sorrow."  
 "The other day I met Gooseworthy and asked him how he was feeling, and he scowled at me and said it was none of my business, and intimated that I'd have more friends if I wouldn't always be butting in. Had I been given to jumping to conclusions, like you, I'd have insisted that Gooseworthy was a crank whose head should be bathed in harness oil. But I said to myself that the old man must have some trouble on his mind, which led him to forget the ordinary by-laws and regulations of the game of etiquette, and before I had gone a block I met Farthingdale, who asked me if I had heard about Gooseworthy. "The old man bought a new automobile yesterday," said Farthingdale, "and before he had owned it an hour he ran it into a tree and crumpled it all up, so it wouldn't have fetched \$5 at the junk yard."

"Then I was glad that I hadn't set Gooseworthy down as a confirmed sore-head. You may not know it, but Kersmith was moving from one house to another yesterday, and that job will ruin the disposition of the most enthusiastic optimist in the world. Unless you have moved, you don't know what a nerve racking experience it is."

"When I was younger I used to be moving pretty often, having discovered, after much observation and research, that it was cheaper than paying rent. The moving itself is bad enough, but your experiences after the job is done fairly drive you frantic. You can't find anything you want for a month afterwards. About a thousand things seem to be lost for keeps, but they come bobbing up in the most unexpected places. You find your tooth brush in the toe of a slipper, and your watch in a jar of sauerkraut, and your Sunday necktie in a stuffed dog. When you put on your Sunday hat, you find it half full of carpet rags. There never was such a dog-gone business, and I hold that the man who can move, and still smile a saintly smile, is yet to be born."

"Featherly is one of the sunniest men I ever knew. His face just fairly radiates with happiness, so it would warm up an average room quicker than a furnace could do it. I always considered it a pleasure to meet him, for his joyous demeanor, breezed me up for the day, and made me feel that life was worth living."

"Two days ago I overtook him on the street and slapped him on the back and asked him how he stacked up. I had done the same a dozen times before, and he had always nearly wrung my hand off in that enthusiastic way of his. And he had slapped me on the back, and told me I was a bully boy with a vitrified eye, on many occasions."

"So you can imagine how I felt when he turned around looking as mad as a group of wet hens. He shook his fist under my nose and danced around and said, 'You blamed splay-footed, sway-backed, knock-kneed imbecile, if you ever again take such a liberty with me, I'll wind your face around your neck and tie your ears together on top of your head.'"  
 "At first I was mad and inclined to tell him what I thought of him, but just then a man came up and said, 'Featherly, I'm sorry you didn't get the appointment as postmaster, and then I understood.'"

**Succeeded.**

The timid doughboy, on his first day under fire, left his company unceremoniously and fled rearward. He had covered a lot of distance before he pulled up at the command of a portly soldier: "Halt, there! Where are you going?"  
 "Oh, I'm just going. Who are you?"  
 "I'm General Richardson."  
 "Holy smokes! I didn't know I'd run as far as that!"—American Legion Weekly.

**Abraham's Oak Tree.**

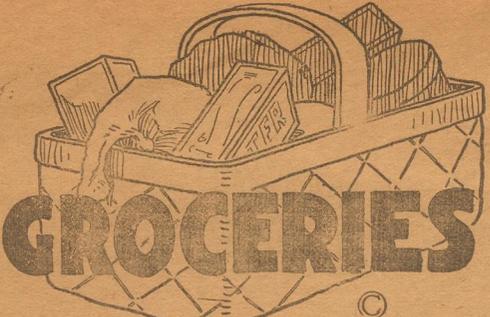
When Abraham was promised a possession of the land of Canaan, it is recorded, he was commanded to walk through the land, whereupon he removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar to the Lord. It is stated that this spot is still marked by a great oak tree, venerated alike by Christian, Jew and Mohammedan. Its preservation in a region cleared of almost all trees by the improvident Turks is attributed to the protection by all religions.

**Buick**  
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Peas .....	20c
Corn .....	15c
Beans .....	20c
<b>Potatoes</b>	
Spuds, per pound .....	5c
S. Potatoes, pound .....	5c
Flour, 48 lb .....	\$2.10
Sugar, 14 lb .....	\$1.00
Coffee 8 lb .....	\$1.00
Teas, 1 lb .....	60c
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Corn .....	14c
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# A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Josiah and Betsy, travel by wagon from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the County of the Sangamon, in Illinois.

**CHAPTER II.**—At Niagara Falls they meet a party of immigrants, among them a youth named John McNeil, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. All of the party suffer from fever and ague. Sarah's ministrations save the life of a youth, Harry Needles, in the last stages of fever, and he accompanies the Traylors. They reach New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young "Abe" Lincoln.

**CHAPTER III.**—Among the Traylors' acquaintances are Lincoln's friends, Jack Kelso and his pretty daughter Bim. He gives of his life.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Samson decides to locate at New Salem, and begins building his house. Led by Jack Armstrong, the Tories attempt to break up the proceedings. Lincoln thrashes Armstrong. Fearing Harry Needles strikes Ray McNoll, of the Armstrong crowd, and McNoll threatens vengeance.

**CHAPTER V.**—A few days later Harry, who is attacked by McNoll and his gang, and would have been roughly used had not Bim driven off her assailants with a shotgun. John McNeil, the Traylors' Niagara Falls acquaintance, is markedly responsive to Ann Rutledge. Lincoln is in love with Ann, but has never had enough courage to tell her so.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Traylor helps two slaves, who had run away from St. Louis, to escape. Eliphalet Biggs, owner of the slaves, following them, attempts to beat up Traylor and in a fight has his arm broken.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Waiting for his arm to heal, Biggs meets Bim Kelso, with whom Harry Needles has fallen in love. Biggs asks for Bim's hand, but her father refuses his consent. Biggs returns to St. Louis.

"What you goin' to do? I says, 'Wife' says the minister, 'I be comin' to rattle with Satan for the soul o' that 'ar man, an' if you keep watch I reckon you'll see 'at the ground'll be scratched up some 'fore I git through.' He loosened his collar an' knelt on his ears and began to pray that the man's soul would see its wickedness and repent. You could have heard him pray a mile away.

Mr. Traylor drove off with the captured slave settin' beside him and the saddle horse hitched to the rear. "I see my chance an' before that I've ended I had got the fugitives some way in my wagon and started off with them on my way to Livingston county. I could hear the prayers until I got over the hill into Canaan town. At sundown I left them in good hands thirty miles up the road."

In a frontier newspaper of that time it is recorded that the minister set his dog kept the slave on the roof all day, vainly trying with prayer and exhortation to convert his soul. The man stopped swearing before dinner and on his promise not again to violate the commandment a good meal was handed up to him. He was liberated at sundown and spent the night with Mrs. Instead.

"Who is that big sucker who grabbed you?" the stranger asked Brimstoned.

"His name is Samson Traylor, comes from Vermont," was the answer.

"He don't look out 'Liph Biggs'll kill him—certain."

Samson spoke not more than a dozen words on his way back to New Salem, amazed and a little shocked by his own conduct, he sat thinking. After all he had heard and seen, the threat of the young upstart had provoked him beyond his power of endurance. The sensitive mind of the New Englander had been hurt by the story of the fugitives. Upon this hurt the young man had poured the turpentine of thought, imperial manners. The more he thought of it the less inclined he was to reproach himself for his violence. Slavery was a relic of ancient imperialism. It had no right in free America. There could be no peace with it save for a little time. The Missourians would tell their friends of the lawless and violent men of the North, who cared not a fig for the property rights of a Southerner. The stories would travel like fire in the grass.

So, swiftly, the thoughts of men were being prepared for the great battle of the future. Samson saw the peril of it.

As they rode along young Mr. Biggs complained of pain and Samson made a sling of his muffler and put it over the neck and arm of the injured Biggs and drove with care to avoid jolting. For the first time Samson took a careful and sympathetic look at him. He was a handsome youth, about six feet tall, with dark eyes and hair and a small black mustache and teeth very white and even.

In New Salem Samson took him to Doctor Allen's office and helped the doctor in setting the broken bone. Then he went to Offutt's store and found Abe reading his law book and gave him an account of his adventure.

"I'm both glad and sorry," said Abe. "I'm glad that you licked the slave and got the negroes out of his reach. I reckon I'd have done the same if I could. I'm sorry because it looks to me like the beginning of many troubles. The whole subject of slavery is

full of danger. Naturally Southern men will fight for their property, and there is a growing number in the North who will fight for their principles. If we all get to fighting, I wonder what will become of the country. It reminds me of the man who found a skunk in his house. His boy was going after the critter with a club.

"Look here, boy," he said, "when you've got a skunk in the house, it's a good time to be careful. You might spyle the skunk with that club, but the skunk would be right certain to spyle the house. While he's our guest, I reckon we'll have to be polite, whether we want to or not."

That evening Samson set down the events of the day in his book and quoted the dialogue in Offutt's store in which he had had a part. On the first of February, 1840, he put these words under the entry:

"I wouldn't wonder if this was the first trip on the Underground railroad."

### CHAPTER VII.

In Which Mr. Eliphalet Biggs Gets Acquainted with Bim Kelso and Her Father.

In a musty old ledger kept by James Rutledge, the owner of Rutledge's tavern, in the year 1832, is an entry under the date of January 31st which reads as follows:

"Arrived this day Eliphalet Biggs of 25 Olive street, St. Louis, with one horse."

Young Mr. Biggs remained at Rutledge's tavern for three weeks with his arm in a sling under the eye of the good doctor. The Rutledges were Kentucky folk and there the young man had found a sympathetic hearing and tender care.

It had done him good to be hurled against a barn door and to fall trembling and confused at the feet of his master. He had never met his master until he had reached Hopedale that morning. The event had been too long delayed. Encouraged by idleness and conceit and alcohol, evil passions had grown rank in the soil of his spirit. Restraint had been a thing unknown to him. He had ruled the little world in which he had lived by a sense of divine right. He was a prince of Egoism—that province of America which had only half yielded itself to the principles of Democracy.

It must be said that he served his term as a sober human being quite gracefully, being a well born youth of some education. A few days he spent mostly in bed, while his friend, who had come on from Hopedale, took care of him. Soon he began to walk about and his friend returned to St. Louis.

His fine manners and handsome form and face captured the little village, most of whose inhabitants had come from Kentucky. A week after his arrival Ann Rutledge walked over to Jack Kelso's with him. Bim fled up the stick ladder as soon as they entered the door. Mr. Kelso was away on a fox hunt. Ann went to the ladder and called:

"Bim, I saw you fly up that ladder. Come back down. Here's a right nice young man come to see you."

"Is he good-looking?" Bim called.

"Oh, purty as a picture, black eyes and hair and teeth like pearls, and tall and straight, and he's got a be-autiful little mustache."

"That's enough!" Bim exclaimed.

"I just wish there was a knot hole in this floor."

"Come on down here," Ann urged.

"I'm scared," was the answer.

"His cheeks are as red as roses and he's got a bevely ring and big watch chain—pure gold and yaller as a dandelion. You come down here."

"Stop," Bim answered. "I'll be down as soon as I can get on my best bib and tucker."

In a few minutes Bim called from the top of the ladder to Ann. The latter went and looked up at her. Both girls burst into peals of merry laughter. Bim had put on a suit of her father's old clothes and her buffalo skin whiskers and was a wild sight.

"Don't you come down looking like that," said Ann. "I'll go up there and tend to you."

Ann climbed the ladder and for a time there was much laughing and chattering in the little loft. By and by Ann came down. Bim hesitated, laughing, above the ladder for a moment, and presently followed in her best blue dress, against which the golden curls of her hair fell gracefully. With red cheeks and bright eyes, she was a glowing picture. Very timidly she gave her hand to Mr. Biggs.

"It's just the right dress," he said. "It goes so well with your hair. I'm glad to see you. I have never seen a girl like you in my life. I'm going to come and see you often, if your mother will let me."

A blush spread over the girl's cheeks to the pretty dimple at the point of her chin.

"You'll see her scampering up the ladder like a squirrel," said Mrs. Kelso. "She isn't real tame yet."

"Perhaps we could hide the ladder," he suggested, with a smile.

"Do you play on the flute?" Bim asked.

"No," said Mr. Biggs.

"I was afraid," Bim exclaimed. "My Uncle Henry does." She looked into Mr. Biggs' eyes.

Mr. Biggs laughed. "That smile of yours is very becoming," he said.

At this point Mr. Kelso returned with his gun on his shoulder and was introduced to Mr. Biggs.

"I welcome you to the hazards of my fireside," said Kelso. "So you're



"I Have Never Seen a Girl Like You in My Life."

from St. Louis and stopped for repairs in this land of the ladder climbers. Sit down and I'll put a log on the fire."

"Thank you, I must go," said Biggs. "Can I not stay you with flags?" Kelso asked.

"The doctor has forbidden me all drink but milk and water."

"A wise man is Doctor Allen?" Kelso exclaimed. "Cervantes was right in saying that too much wine will neither keep a secret nor fulfill a promise."

"Will you make me a promise?" Bim asked of Mr. Biggs, as he was leaving the door with Ann.

"Anything you will ask," he answered.

"Please don't ever look at the new moon through a knot hole," she said in a half whisper.

The young man laughed. "Why not?"

"If you do, you'll never get married."

"Don't be alarmed by my daughter's fancies," Kelso advised. "They are often rather astonishing."

So Mr. Eliphalet Biggs met the pretty daughter of Jack Kelso. On his way back to the tavern he told Ann that he had fallen in love with the sweetest and prettiest girl in all the world—Bim Kelso. That very evening Ann went over to Kelso's cabin to take the news to Bim and her mother and to tell them that her father reckoned he belonged to the rich and a very grand family. Mr. Kelso had gone to Offutt's store and the three had the cabin to themselves.

"I think he's just a wonderful man!" Bim exclaimed. "But I'm sorry his name is so much like figs and pigs. I'm plump sure I'm going to love him."

"I thought you were in love with Harry Needles," Bim's mother said to her.

"I am. But he keeps me so busy. I have to dress him up every day and put a mustache on him and think up ever so many nice things for him to say, and when he comes he doesn't say them. He's terribly young."

"You told me that he said once you were beautiful."

"But he has never said it twice, and when he did say it, I didn't believe my ears, he spoke so low. Acted kind o' like he was scared of it. I don't want to wait forever to be really and truly loved, do I?"

Mr. Kelso laughed. "It's funny to hear a baby talking like that," she said. "We don't know this young man. He's probably only fooling anyway."

Bim went often to the little tavern after that. Of those meetings little is known, save that, with all the pretty arts of the cavalier, unknown to Harry Needles, the handsome youth flattered and delighted the girl. This went on day by day for a fortnight. The evening before Biggs was to leave for his home, Bim went over to eat supper with Ann at the tavern.

It happened that Jack Kelso had found Abe sitting alone with his Blackstone in Offutt's store that afternoon.

"Mr. Kelso, did you ever hear what Eb Zane said about the general subject of sons-in-law?" Abe asked.

"Never—but I reckon it would be wise and possibly apropos," said Kelso.

"He said that a son-in-law was a curious kind o' property," Abe began.

"Ye know," says Eb, "if ye have a hoss that's tricky an' dangerous an' wuth less than nothin', ye can give him away er kill him, but if ye have a son-in-law that's wuthless, nobody else will have him an' it's agin' the law to kill him. Fust ye know ye've got a critter on yer hands that kicks an' won't work an' has to be fed an' liquored three times a day an' is wuth a million dollars less than nothin'."

There was a moment of silence.

"When a man is figurin' his assets, it's better to add ten dollars than to subtract a million," said Abe. "That's about as simple as adding up the weight o' three small hogs."

"What a well of wisdom you are, Abe!" said Kelso. "Do you know anything about this young Missourian who is shining up to Bim?"

"I only know that he was a drinking man up to the time he landed here and that he threatened Traylor with his whip and got thrown against the side of a barn—plenty hard. He's a kind of American king, and I don't like kings. They're nice to look at, but generally those that have married

Soon after the supper dishes had been laid away in the Kelso cabin, young Mr. Biggs rapped on its door and pulled the latchstring and entered and sat down with Mr. and Mrs. Kelso at the fireside.

"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand," he said, as soon as they were seated. "I know it will seem sudden, but she happens to be the girl I want. I've had her picture in my heart always. I love your daughter. I can give her a handsome home and everything she could desire."

Kelso answered promptly: "We are glad to welcome you here, but we cannot entertain such a proposal, flattering as it is. Our daughter is too young to think of marriage. Then, sir, we know very little about you, and may I be pardoned if I add that it does not recommend you?"

The young man was surprised. He had not expected such talk from a ladder climber. He looked at Kelso, groping for an answer. Then—

"Perhaps not," said he. "I have been a little wild, but that is all in the past. You can learn about me and my family from anyone in St. Louis. I am not ashamed of anything I have done. May I not hope that you will change your mind?"

"Not at present. Let the future take care of itself."

"I generally get what I want," said the young man.

"And now and then something that you don't want," said Kelso, a bit nettled by his persistence.

"You ought to think of her happiness. She is too sweet and beautiful for a home like this."

There was an awkward moment of silence. The young man said good-night and opened the door.

"I'll go with you," said Kelso.

He went with Mr. Biggs to the tavern and got his daughter and returned home with her.

Mrs. Kelso chided her husband for being hard on Mr. Biggs.

"He has had his lesson, perhaps he will turn over a new leaf," she said.

"I fear there isn't a new leaf in his book," said Kelso. "They're all dirty."

He told his wife what Abe had said in the store.

"The wisdom of the common folk is in that beardless young giant," he said. "It is the wisdom of many generations gathered in the hard school of bitter experience. I wonder where it is going to lead him."

As Eliphalet Biggs was going down the hill to the barn next morning he met Bim on her pony near the schoolhouse, returning from the field with her cow. They stopped.

"I'm coming back, little girl," he said.

"What for?" she asked.

"To tell you a secret and ask you a question. May I come?"

"I suppose you can—if you want to," she answered.

"I'll come and I'll write to you and send the letters to Ann."

Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, who lived in the schoolhouse, had come out of its door.

"Good-by!" said young Mr. Biggs, as his heels touched the flanks of his horse. Then he went flying down the road.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein Abe Announces His Purpose to Be a Candidate for the Legislature, at Kelso's Dinner Party.

Harry Needles met Bim Kelso on the road next day, when he was going down to see if there was any mail. She was on her pony. He was in his new suit of clothes—a butternut background striped into large checks.

"You look like a walking checkboard," said she.

"This—is this my new suit," Harry answered, looking down at it.

"It's a tiresome suit," said she impatiently. "I've been playing checkers on it since I caught sight o' you, and I've got a man crowned in the king row."

"I thought you'd like it," he answered, quite seriously, and with a look of disappointment. "Say, I've got that razor and I've shaved three times already."

"Don't tell anybody," he warned her. "They'd laugh at me. They wouldn't know how I feel."

"I won't say anything," she answered. "I reckon I ought to tell you that I don't love you—not so much as I did, anyway—not near so much. I only love you just a wee bit now."

Harry's face fell.

"Do you—love—some other man?" he asked.

"Yes—a regular man—mustache, six feet tall and everything. I just tell you he's purty!"

"Is it that rich feller from St. Louis?" he asked.

She nodded and then whispered: "Don't you tell."

The boy's lips trembled when he answered. "I won't tell. But I don't see how you can do it."

"Why?"

"He drinks. He isn't respectable."

"That's a lie," she answered quickly. "I don't care what you say."



"Do You—Love—Some Other Man?" He Asked.

seemed to him that the world had been ruined. On his way to the village he tried and convicted it of being no fit place for a boy to live in. Down by the tavern he met Abe, who stopped him.

"Howdy, Harry!" said Abe. "You look kind o' sick. Come into the store and sit down. I want to talk to you."

Harry followed the big man into Offutt's store, flattered by his attention. There had been something very grateful in the sound of Abe's voice and the feel of his hand. The store was empty.

"You and I musn't let ourselves be worried by little matters," said Abe, as they sat down together by the fire.

"Things that seem to you to be as big as a mountain now will look like a mole hill in six months. You and I have got things to do, partner. We musn't let ourselves be fooled. I was once in a boat with old Cap'n Chase on the Illinois river. We had got into the rapids. It was a narrow channel in dangerous water. They had to keep her headed just so or we'd have gone on the rocks. Suddenly a boy dropped his apple overboard and began to holler. He wanted to have the boat stopped. For a minute that boy thought his apple was the biggest thing in the world. We're all a good deal like him. We keep dropping our apples and calling for the boat to stop. Soon we find out that there are many apples in the world as good as that one. You have all come to a stretch of bad water up at your house. The folks have been sick. They're a little lonesome and discouraged. Don't you make it any harder by crying over a lost apple. Ye know it's possible that the apple will float along down into the still water where you can pick it up by and by. The important thing is to keep going ahead."

This bit of fatherly counsel was a help to the boy.

"I've got a book here that I want you to read," Abe went on. "It is the 'Life of Henry Clay.' Take it home and read it carefully and then bring it back and tell me what you think of it. You may be a Henry Clay yourself by and by. The world has something big in it for every one if he can only find it. We're all searching—some for gold and some for fame. I pray God every day that He will help me to find my work—the thing I can do better than anything else—and when it is found help me to do it. I expect it will be a hard and dangerous search and that I shall make mistakes. I expect to drop some apples on my way. They'll look like gold to me, but I'm not going to lose sight of the main purpose."

When Harry got home he found Sarah sewing by the fireside, with Joe and Betsy playing by the bed. Samson had gone to the woods to split rails.

"Any mail?" Sarah asked.

"No mail," he answered.

Sarah went to the window and stood for some minutes looking out at the plain. Its sere grasses, protruding out of the snow, hissed and bent in the wind. In its cheerless winter colors it was a dreary thing to see.

"How I long for home!" she exclaimed, as she resumed her sewing by the fire.

Little Joe came and stood by her knee and gave his oft repeated blessing:

"God help us and make His face to shine upon us."

She kissed him and said: "Dear comforter! It shines upon me every time I hear you say those words."

"Would you mind if I called you mother?" Harry asked.

"I shall be glad to have you do it if it gives you any comfort, Harry," she answered.

She observed that there were tears in his eyes.

"We are all very fond of you," she said, as she bent to her task.

Then the boy told her the history of his morning—the talk with Bim, with the razor omitted from it.

"Well, Harry, if she's such a fool, you're lucky to have found it out so soon," said Sarah. "She does little but ride the pony and play round with a gun. I don't believe she ever spun a hank o' yarn in her life. She'll get her teeth cut by and by."

Then fell a moment of silence. Soon she said:

"There's a bitter wind blowing and there's no hurry about the rails, I guess. You sit here by the fire and

read your book this forenoon. Maybe it will help you to find your work."

So it happened that the events of Harry's morning found their place in the diary which Sarah and Samson kept. Long afterward Harry added the sentences about the razor.

One evening Sarah and Samson, with Harry, went to a debate in the tavern on the issues of the day, in which Abe won the praise of all for an able presentation of the claim of Internal Improvements. During that evening Alexander Ferguson declared that he would not cut his hair until Henry Clay became President, the news of which resolution led to a like insanity in others and an age of unexampled hairiness on that part of the border.

For Samson and Sarah the most notable social event of the winter was a chicken dinner at which they and Mr. and Mrs. James Rutledge and Ann and Abe Lincoln and Doctor Allen were the guests of the Kelsos. That night Harry stayed at home with the children.

Kelso was in his best mood.

"Come," he said, when dinner was ready. "Life is more than friendship. It is partly meat."

"And mostly Kelso," said Doctor Allen.

"Ah, Doctor! Long life has made you as smooth as an old shilling and nimbler than a sixpence," Kelso declared. "And, speaking of life, Aristotle said that the learned and the unlearned were as the living and the dead."

"It is true," Abe interposed. "I say it, in spite of the fact that it slays me."

"You? No! You are alive to your finger tips," Kelso answered.

"But I have mastered only eight books," said Abe.

"And one—the book of common sense, and that has wised you," Kelso went on. "Since I came to this country I have learned to beware of the one-book man. There are more living men in America than in any land I have seen. The man who reads one good book thoughtfully is alive and often my master in wit or wisdom. Reading is the gate and thought is the pathway of real life."

"I think that most of the men I know have read the Bible," said Abe.

"A wonderful and a saving fact! It is a sure foundation to build your life upon."

Kelso paused to pour whisky from a jug at his side for those who would take it.

"Let us drink to our friend Abe and his new ambition," he proposed.

"What is it?" Samson asked.

"I am going to try for a seat in the legislature," said Abe.

The toast was drunk, and by some in water, after which Abe said:

"If you have the patience to listen to it, I'd like to read my declaration to the voters of Sangamon county."



"I'd Like to Read My Declaration to the Voters."

enth of a... arry Needles left for Richland to go into training. Samson was eager to go, but could not leave his family.

Bim Kelso rode out into the fields where Harry was at work the day before he went away.

"I'm going away," the boy said, in a rather mournful tone.

"I hate to have you go. I just love to know you're here, if I don't see you. Only I wish you was older and knew more."

There was half a moment of silence. She ended it by saying:

"Ann and I are going to the spelling school tonight."

"Can I go with you?"

"Could you stand it to be talked to and scolded by a couple of girls till you didn't care what happened to you?"

"Yes; I've got to be awful careless." "We'll be all dressed up and ready at quarter of eight. Come to the tavern. I'm going to have supper with Ann. She is just terribly happy. John McNeil has told her that he loves her. It's a secret. Don't you tell."

"I won't. Does she love him?"

"Devotedly; but she wouldn't let him know it—not yet. I reckon he'll be plumb anxious before she owns up. But she truly loves him. She'd die for him."

"Girls are awful curious—nobody can tell what they mean," said Harry. "Sometimes they don't know what they mean themselves. Often I say something or do something and wonder and wonder what it means. Did you ever ride a horse sitting backwards—when you're going one way and looking another and you don't know what's coming?" she asked.

"What's behind you is before you and the faster you go the more danger you're in?" Harry laughed.

"Isn't that the way we have to travel in this world, whether we're going to love or to mill?" the girl asked, with a sigh. "We cannot tell what is ahead. We see only what is behind us. It is very sad."

Harry looked at Bim. He saw the tragic truth of the words and suddenly her face was like time. Unconsciously in the midst of her playful talk this thing had fallen. He did not know what to make of it.

"I feel sad when I think of Abe," said Harry. "He don't know what is ahead of him, I guess. I heard Mrs. Traylor say that he was in love with Ann."

"I reckon he is, but he don't know how to show it. He's never told her. I reckon he's mighty good, but he don't know how to love a girl. Did you ever see an elephant talking with a cricket?"

"Not as I remember," said Harry. "I never did myself, but if I did, I'm sure they'd both look very tired. It would be still harder for an elephant to be engaged to a cricket. I don't reckon the elephant's love would fit the cricket or that they'd ever be able to agree on what they'd talk about. It's some that way with Abe and Ann. She is small and spry; he is slow and high. She'd need a ladder to get up to his face, and I just tell you it ain't purty when ye get there. She ain't got a chance to love him."

"I love him," said Harry. "I think he's a wonderful man. I'd fight for him till I died. John McNeil is nothing but a grasshopper compared to him."

"That's about what my father says," Bim answered. "I love Abe, too, and so does Ann, but it ain't the hope to die, marryin' love. It's like a man's love for a man or a woman's love for a woman. John McNeil is handsome—he's just plumb handsome, and smart, too. He's bought a big farm and is going into the grocery business. Mr. Rutledge says he'll be a rich man."

"I shouldn't wonder. Is he going to the spelling school?"

"No, he went off to Richland today with my father to join the company. They're going to fight the Injuns, too."

The shell sounded for dinner. Bim started for the road at a gallop, waving her hand. He unhitched his team and followed it slowly across the black furrows toward the barn.

He did not go to the spelling school. Abe came at seven and said that he and Harry would have to walk to Springfield that night and get their equipment and take the stage in the morning. Abe said if they started right away they could get to the Globe tavern by midnight. In the hurry and excitement Harry forgot the spelling school. To Bim it was a tragic thing. Before he went to bed that night he wrote a letter to her.

CHAPTER IX.

In Which Bim Kelso Makes History, While Abe and Harry and Other Good Citizens of New Salem Are Making an Effort to That End in the Indian War.

In the midst of springtime there came cheering news from the old home in Vermont—a letter to Sarah from her brother, which contained the welcome promise that he was coming to visit them and expected to be in Beardstown about the fourth of May. Samson drove across country to meet the steamer. He was at the landing when the Star of the North arrived. He saw every passenger that came ashore, and Eliphalet Biggs, leading his big bay mare, was one of them, but the expected visitor did not arrive. There would be no other steamer bringing passengers from the East for a number of days.

Samson went to a store and bought a new dress and sundry bits of finery for Sarah. He returned to New Salem with a heavy heart. Sarah stood in the open door as he drove up.

"Didn't come," he said mournfully. Without a word, Sarah followed him

to the barn, with the tin lantern in her hand. He gave her a hug as he got down from the wagon. He was little given to like displays of emotion.

"Don't feel bad," he said.

"I've given them up—I don't believe we shall ever see them again," said Sarah, as they were walking toward the door. "I think I know how the dead feel who are so soon forgotten."

"Ye can't blame 'em," said Samson. "They've probably heard about the Injun scare and would expect to be massacred if they came."

Indeed the scare, now abating, had spread through the border settlements and kept the people awake o' nights. Samson and other men, left in New Salem, had met to consider plans for a stockade.

"And then there's the fever an' ague," Samson added.

"Sometimes I feel sorry I told 'em about it, because they'll think it worse than it is. But we've got to tell the truth if it kills us."

"Yes; we've got to tell the truth," Samson rejoined. "There'll be a railroad coming through here one of these days and then we can all get back and forth easy. If it comes it's going to make us rich. Abe says he expects it within three or four years."

Sarah had a hot supper ready for him. As he stood warming himself by the fire she put her arms around him and gave him a little hug.

"You poor tired man!" she said.

"How patient and how good you are!" There was a kind of apology for this moment of weakness in her look and manner. Her face seemed to say:

"It's silly but I can't help it."

"I've been happy all the time, for I knew you was waiting for me," Samson remarked. "I feel rich every time I think of you and the children. Say, look here."

He untied the bundle and put the dress and finery in her lap.

"Well, I want to know!" she exclaimed, as she held it up to the candlelight. "That must have cost a pretty penny."

"I don't care what it cost—it ain't half good enough—not half," said Samson.

As he sat down to his supper he said:

"I saw that slaver, Biggs, get off the boat with his big bay mare. There was a darky following him with another horse."

"Good land!" said Sarah. "I hope he isn't coming here. Mrs. Onstod told me today that Bim Kelso has been getting letters from him."

"She's such an odd little critter and she's got a mind of her own—nobody could see that," Samson reflected. "She ought to be looked after party careful. Her parents are so taken up with shooting and fishing and boots they kind o' forget the girl. I wish you'd go down there tomorrow and see what's up. Jack is away, you know."

"I will," said Sarah.

It was nearly two o'clock when Samson, having fed and watered his horses, got into bed. Yet he was up before daylight, next morning, and singing a hymn of praise as he kindled the fire and filled the tea kettle and lighted his candle lantern and went out to do his chores while Sarah, partly reconciled to her new disappointment, dressed and began the work of another day. So they and Abe and Harry and others like them, each under the urge of his own ambition, spent their great strength in the building and defense of the republic and grew prematurely old. Their work began and ended in darkness and often their days were doubled by the burdens of the night. So in the reckoning of their time each year was more than one.

Sarah went down to the village in the afternoon of the next day. When Samson came in from the fields to his supper she said:

"Mr. Biggs is stopping at the tavern. He brought a new silk dress and some beautiful linen for Mrs. Kelso. He tells her that Bim has made a new man of him. Claims he has quit drinking and gone to work. Bim and her mother are terribly excited. He wants them to move to St. Louis and live on his big plantation in a house next to his—rent free."

Samson knew that Biggs was the type of man who weds Virtue for her dowry.

"A man's judgment is needed there," said he. "It's a pity Jack is gone. Biggs will take that girl away with him sure as shooting if we don't look out."

"Oh, I don't believe he'd do that," said Sarah. "I hope he has turned over a new leaf and become a gentleman."

"We'll see," said Samson.

They saw and without much delay the background of his pretensions, for one day within the week he and Bim rode away and did not return. Soon a letter came from Bim to her mother, mailed at Beardstown. It told of their marriage in that place and said that they would be starting for St. Louis in a few hours on the Star of the North. She begged the forgiveness of her parents and declared that she was very happy.

"Too bad! Isn't it?" said Sarah when Mrs. Waddell, who had come out with her husband one evening to bring this news, had finished the story.

"Yes, it kind o' syles the place," said Samson. "I'm afraid for Jack Kelso—fraid it'll bust his fiddle if it don't break his heart. His wife is alone now. We must ask her to come and stay with us."

"The Allens have taken her in," said Mrs. Waddell.

"That's good," said Sarah. "I'll go down there tomorrow and offer to do anything we can."

When Mr. and Mrs. Waddell had gone Sarah said: "I can't help think-

ing of poor Harry. He was terribly in love with her."

"Well, he'll have to get over it—that's all," said Samson. "He's young and the wound will heal."

It was well for Harry that he was out of the way of all this, and entered upon adventures which absorbed his thought. As to what was passing with him we have conclusive evidence in two letters, one from Col. Zachary Taylor, in which he says:

"Harry Needles is also recommended for the most intrepid conduct as a scout and for securing information of great value. Compelled to abandon his wounded horse he swam a river under fire and under the observation of three of our officers, through whose help he got back to his command, bringing a bullet in his thigh."

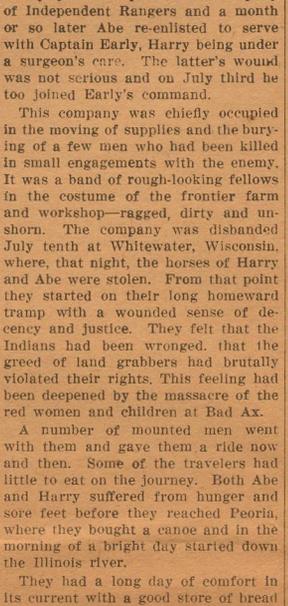
With no knowledge of military service and a company of untrained men, Abe had no chance to win laurels in the campaign. His command did not get in touch with the enemy. He had his hands full maintaining a decent regard for discipline among the raw frontiersmen of his company.

When the dissatisfied volunteers were mustered out late in May, Kelso and McNeil, being sick with a stubborn fever, were declared unfit for service and sent back to New Salem as soon as they were able to ride. Abe and Harry joined Captain Ties' company of Independent Rangers and a month or so later Abe re-enlisted to serve with Captain Early, Harry being under a surgeon's care. The latter's wound was not serious and on July third he too joined Early's command.

This company was chiefly occupied in the moving of supplies and the burying of a few men who had been killed in small engagements with the enemy. It was a band of rough-looking fellows in the costume of the frontier farm and workshop—ragged, dirty and unshorn. The company was disbanded July tenth at Whitewater, Wisconsin, where, that night, the horses of Harry and Abe were stolen. From that point they started on their long homeward tramp with a wounded sense of decency and justice. They felt that the Indians had been wronged, that the greed of land grabbers had brutally violated their rights. This feeling had deepened by the massacre of the red women and children at Bad Ax.

A number of mounted men went with them and gave them a ride now and then. Some of the travelers had little to eat on the journey. Both Abe and Harry suffered from hunger and sore feet before they reached Peoria, where they bought a canoe and in the morning of a bright day started down the Illinois river.

They had a long day of comfort in its current with a good store of bread



They Had a Long Day of Comfort in Its Current.

and butter and cold meat and pie. The prospect of being fifty miles nearer home before nightfall lightened their hearts and they laughed freely while Abe told of his adventures in the campaign. To him it was all a wild comedy with tragic scenes dragged into it and woefully out of place. Indeed he thought it no more like war than a pig sticking and that was the kind of thing he hated.

Harry had not heard from home since he left it. Abe had had a letter from Rutledge which gave him the news of Bim's elopement. The letter said:

"I was over to Beardstown the day Kelso and McNeil got off the steamer. I brought them home with me. Kelso was bigger than his trouble. Said that the ways of youth were a part of the great plan. 'Thorns! Thorns!' he said. 'They are the teachers of wisdom and who am I that I should think myself or my daughter too good for the like. Once it is written that Jesus Christ did not complain of them?'"

"Have you heard from home?" Abe asked as they paddled on.

"Not a word," said Harry.

"You're not expecting to meet Bim Kelso?"

"That's the best part of getting home for me," said Harry, turning with a smile.

"Let her drift for a minute," said Abe. "I've got a letter from James Rutledge that I want to read to you. There's a big lesson in it for both of us—something to remember as long as we live."

Abe read the letter. Harry sat motionless. Slowly his head bent forward until his chin touched his breast.

Abe said with a tender note in his voice as he folded the letter:

"This man is well along in life. He hasn't youth to help him as you have. See how he takes it and she's the only child he has. There are millions of pretty girls in the world for you to choose from."

"I know it, but there's only one Bim Kelso in the world," Harry answered mournfully. "She was the one I loved."

"Yes, but you'll find another. It looks serious, but it isn't—you're so young. Hold up your head and keep going. You'll be happy again soon."

"Maybe, but I don't see how," said the boy.

"There are lots of things you can't see from where you are at this present moment. There are a good many miles ahead o' you, I reckon, and one thing you'll see plainly, by and by—that it's all for the best. I've suffered a lot myself but I can see now it has been a help to me. There isn't an hour of it I'd be willing to give up."

They paddled along in silence for a time.

"It was my fault," said Harry presently. "I never could say the half I wanted to when she was with me. My tongue is too slow. She gave me a chance and I wasn't man enough to take it. That's all I've got to say on that subject."

Some time afterward in a letter to his father the boy wrote:

"I often think of that ride down the river and the way he talked to me. It was so gentle. He was a big, powerful giant of a man who weighed over two hundred pounds, all of it bone and muscle. But under his great strength was a woman's gentleness; under the dirty, ragged clothes and the rough, brown skin grimy with dust and perspiration, was one of the cleanest souls that ever came to this world. I don't mean that he was like a minister. He could tell a story with pretty rough talk in it, but always for a purpose. He hated dirt on the hands or on the tongue. He loved to look at the stars at night and the colors of the sunset and the morning dew on the meadows. I never saw a man so much in love with fun and beauty."

They reached Havana that evening and sold their canoe to a man who kept boats to rent on the river shore. They ate a hot supper at the tavern and got a ride with a farmer who was going ten miles in their direction. From his cabin some two hours later they set out afoot in the darkness.

"Going home is the end of all journeys," said Abe as they tramped along.

"Did it ever occur to you that every live creature has its home? The fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and forest, the creepers in the grass, all go home. Most of them turn toward it when the day wanes. The call of home is the one voice heard and respected all the way down the line of life. And, ye know, the most wonderful and mysterious thing in nature is the power that fool animals have to go home through great distances, like the turtle that swam from the Bay of Biscay to his home off Van Dieman's Land. Somehow, coming over in a ship, he had blazed a trail through the pathless deep more than ten thousand miles long. It's the one miraculous gift—the one call that's irresistible. Don't you hear it now? I never lie down in the darkness without thinking of home when I am away."

"And it's hard to change your home when you're wanted to it," said Harry.

"Yes, it's a little like dying when you pull up the roots and move. It's been hard on your folks."

This remark brought them up to the greatest of mysteries. They tramped in silence for a moment. Abe broke in upon it with these words:

"I reckon there must be another home somewhere to go to after we have broke the last camp here, and a kind of a bird's compass to help us find it. I reckon we'll hear the call of it as we grow older."

He stopped and took off his hat and looked up at the stars and added:

"If it isn't so I don't see why the long procession of life keeps harping on this subject of home. I think I see the point of the whole thing. It isn't the place or the furniture that makes it home, but the love and peace that's in it. By and by our home isn't here any more. It has moved. Our minds begin to beat about in the undiscovered countries looking for it. Somehow we got it located—each man for himself."

For another space they hurried along without speaking.

"I tell you, Harry, whatever a large number of intelligent folks have agreed upon for some generations is so—if they have been allowed to do their own thinking," said Abe. "It's about the only wisdom there is."

He had sounded the keynote of the new Democracy.

So, under the lights of heaven, speaking in the silence of the night of impregnable mysteries, they journeyed on toward the land of plenty.

"It's as still as a graveyard," Harry whispered when they had climbed the bluff by the mill long after midnight and were near the little village.

"They're all buried in sleep," said Abe. "We'll get Rutledge out of bed. He'll give us a shakedown somewhere."

His loud rap on the door of the tavern signaled more than a desire for rest in the weary travelers, for just then a cycle of their lives had ended.

BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER X.

In Which Abe and Samson Wrestle and Some Raiders Come to Burn and Stay to Repent.

Within a week after their return the election came off and Abe was defeated, although in his precinct two hundred and twenty-seven out of a total of three hundred votes had been cast for him. He began to consider which way to turn. Maj. John T. Stuart, a lawyer of Springfield—who had been his comrade in the "war"—had encouraged him to study law and, further, had offered to lend him books. So he looked for an occupation which would give him leisure for study. Ofutt, his former employer, had failed and cleared out. The young giant regarded thoughtfully the scanty opportunities of the village. He could hurl his great strength into the ahead and make a good living, but he had learned that such a use of it gave him a better appetite for sleep than study.

John McNeil, who for a short time had shared his military adventures, had become a partner of Samuel Hill in a store larger and better stocked than any the village had known. But Hill and McNeil had no need of a clerk. Roman Herndon and William Berry had opened a general store. Mr. Herndon offered to sell his interest to Abe and take notes for his pay. It was not a proposition that promised anything but loss. The community was small and there were three other stores, and there was no other "Bill" Berry, who was given to drink and dreams, as Abe knew.

Abe Lincoln had not been trained to weigh the consequences of a business enterprise. The store would give him leisure for study and New Salem could offer him nothing else save consuming toll with the ax or the saw. He could not think of leaving the little cabin village. There were Ann Rutledge and Jack Kelso and Samson Traylor and Harry Needles. Every ladder climber in the village and on the plain around it was his friend.

Upon these people who knew and respected him Abe Lincoln based his hopes. Among them he had found his vision and failure had not diminished or dimmed it. He would try again for a place in which he could serve them and if he could learn to serve Sangamon county he could learn to serve the state and, possibly, even the republic. With this thought and a rather poor regard for his own interest his name fell into bad company on the signboard of Berry and Lincoln. Before he took his place in the store he walked to Springfield and borrowed a law book from his friend Major Stuart.

The career of the firm began on a hot day late in August with Bill Berry smoking his pipe in a chair on the little veranda of the store and Abe Lincoln sprawled in the shade of a tree that partly overhung its roof, reading a law book. The face of Mr. Berry suddenly assumed a look of animation. A small, yellow dog which had been lying in repose beside him rose and growled, his hair rising, and with a little cry of alarm and astonishment fled under the store.

"Here comes Steve Nuckles on his old mare with a lion following him,"

said Berry. "If we ain't careful we'll get prayed for plenty."

"If the customers don't come faster I reckon we'll need it," said Abe.

"Howdy," said the minister as he stopped at the hitching bar, dismounted and tied his mare. "Don't be steered o' this 'ere dog. We're tied when I left home but he chewed his rope an' come after me. I reckon if nobody feeds him he'll patter back to-night. Any plug tobacco?"

"A backload of it," said Berry, going into the store to wait on the minister.

When they came out the latter carved off a corner of the plug with his jack-knife, put it into his mouth and sat down on the doorstep.

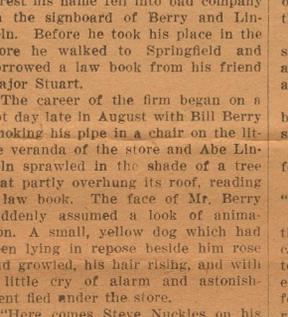
"Where do Samson Traylor live?"

Abe took him to the road and pointed the way.

"There be goin' to be a raid," said Nuckles. "I reckon, by all I've heard, it'll come on tonight."

"A raid! Who's going to be raided?" Abe asked.

"Them Traylor folks. Thar be a St. Louis man, name o' Biggs, done stirred up the folks from Missouri and Tennessee on the south road 'bout the Yankee who helps the niggers out o' bondage. They be goin' to do some regulatin' tonight. Ol Satan'll break loose. Ef you don't wa'ch out they'll



Here Comes Steve Nuckles on His Old Mare.

of the wrestlers they felt a fear of broken bones. Each had a rent in the coat of the other. If they kept on there was danger that both would be stripped. The children had begun to cry. Sarah begged the struggling men to stop and they obeyed her.

"If any of you fellers think that's fun you can have my place," said Abe. "Samson, I declare you elected the strongest man in this county. You've got the muscle of a grizzly bear. I'm glad to be quit o' ye."

come over an' burn his house sarfin." "We'll watch out," said Abe. "They don't know Traylor. He's one of the best men in this county."

"I've heered he were a he man an' a right powerful, God-fearin' man," said the minister.

"He's one of the best men that ever came to this country and any one that wants to try his strength is welcome to; I don't," said Abe. "Are you going over there?"

"I were goin' to warn 'em an' help 'em of I cain."

"Well, go on, but don't stir 'em up," Abe cautioned him. "Don't say a word about the raid. I'll be over there with some other fellers soon after sundown. We'll just tell 'em it's a he party come over for a story-tellin' an' a rastle. I reckon we'll have some fun. Ride on over and take supper with 'em. They're worth knowin'."

In a few minutes the minister mounted his horse and rode away followed by his big dog.

"If I was you I wouldn't go," said Berry.

"Why not?"

"It'll hurt trade. Let the rest of Traylor's friends go over. There's enough o' 'em."

"We must all stand as one man for law and order," said Abe. "If we don't there won't be any."

As soon as Abe had had his supper he went from house to house and asked the men to come to his store for a piece of important business. When they had come he told them what was in the wind. Soon after that hour Abe and Philemon Morris, and Alexander Ferguson, and Martin Waddell and Robert Johnson and Josiah Miller and Jack Kelso and Samuel Hill and John McNeil set out for the Traylor cabin. Samson greeted the party with a look of surprise.

"Have you come out to hang me?" he asked.

"No just to hang around ye," said Abe.

"This time it's a heart warnin'," Jack Kelso averred. "We left our wives at home so that we could pay our compliments to Mrs. Traylor without reserve, knowing you to be a man above jealousy."

"It's what we call a he party, or the prairies," said Ferguson. "For one thing I wanted to see Abe and the minister have a rastle."

The Reverend Stephen Nuckles stood in front of the door with Sarah and Harry and the children. He was a famous wrestler.

"I can't rastle like I used to could, but I be willin' to give ye a try, Abe," said the minister.

"You'd better save your strength for ol Satan," said Abe.

"Go on, Abe," the others urged "Give him a try."

Abe modestly stepped forward. In the last year he had grown less inclined to that kind of fun. The men took hold of each other, collar and elbow. They parried with their feet for an instant. Suddenly Abe's long right leg caught itself behind the left knee of the minister. It was the hip lock as they called it those days. Once secured the stronger man was almost sure to prevail and quickly. The sturdy circuit rider stood against it for a second until Abe sprang his bow. Then the heels of the former flew upward and his body came down to the grass, back first.

"That ar done popped my wind bag," said the minister as he got up.

"Call in," said John McNeil and the others echoed it.

"I call in Samson Traylor," said the minister.

At last the thing which had long been a subject of talk and argument in the stores and houses of New Salem was about to come to pass—a trial of strength and agility between the two great lions of Sangamon county. Either of them would have given a month's work to avoid it.

"Now we shall see which is the son of Peleus and which the son of Telemon," Kelso shouted.

"How shall we rastle?" Samson asked.

"I don't care," said Abe.

"Rough and tumble," Ferguson proposed.

Both men agreed. They bent low intently watching each other, their great hands outreaching. They stood, braced for a second and suddenly both sprang forward. Their shoulders came together with a thud. It was like two big blson bulls hurling their weight in the first shock of battle. For a breath each bore with all his strength and then closed with his adversary. Each had an under hold with one arm, the other hooked around a shoulder. Samson lifted Abe from his feet but the latter with tremendous efforts loosened the hold of the Vermont

# Come To Gorman, Texas

## \$20,000 DOLLAR STOCK TO BE Divided Among The People

### GAMBILL BROS. HARDWARE

HAVE LEASED THEIR PRESENT BUSINESS LOCATION TO H. MILLER' WHO WILL OCCUPY THIS BUILDING ON OCT. 1ST. OUR STOCK MUST BE SOLD.

### Announcement Extraordinary

Like a thunder clap coming from a clear sky the news that Gambill Bros. Hardware stock, located in Gorman, Eastland Co., Texas, will be sold and closed out within three weeks, will astonish and startle the people, bringing them from miles and miles around to this store to secure a portion of the tremendous bargains that will be offered in this great Closing Out Sale. Nothing will stand in their way to accomplish the desired end and close out this stock. This stock embraces every line of hardware of quality from a drinking glass to an oil field wagon, everything you would expect to find in a \$20,000 stock of hardware.

### GAMBILL BROS. HARDWARE

ARE CLOSING OUT THEIR GORMAN STORE. THE BIGGEST SALE IN THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN WILL BEGIN SATURDAY.

#### HOUSE FURNISHINGS

- 12 Ounce Tea Glasses, Per Set ..... 75c
- Glass Water Tumblers, Per Set ..... 35c
- 17 Ounce Ice Tea Glasses, Per Set ..... 90c
- 9 Ounce Barrel Shape Tumblers, Per Dozen ..... \$1.25
- Heavy Hotel Cups and Saucers, Per Dozen ..... \$2.95
- No. 2 Cold Blast Lanterns ..... 90c
- \$1.00 Large Size Glass Lamps ..... 69c
- \$1.75 Extra Large Tea Kettles ..... \$1.19
- \$3.50 Copper Tea Kettles ..... \$1.98
- No. 1 Galvanized Wash Tubs ..... 59c
- \$25.00 One Minute Washing Machine ..... \$17.95
- \$7.50 Heavy Clothes Wringers ..... \$4.98
- \$4.00 Corn Shellers ..... \$2.75
- \$3.75 Asbestos Sad Irons ..... \$2.65
- All Stoneware at per Gallon, ..... 17c
- Ice Cream Freezers, Dazy Churns, Water Coolers, Ice Boxes and Refrigerators Must Be Sold

A big assortment of Variety and Kitchen Goods to be closed out at almost nothing. Entire stock of Enamelled Ware to be sold out at less than wholesale cost.

We are going to place this stock in the homes of the people at prices formerly unknown, at prices never before attempted in this section. Gambill Bros. have determined to sell this stock and realize fully that there is nothing on earth that will accomplish that end so quickly and speedily as that of PRICE. You are confronted with an opportunity of startling prices that you cannot afford to pass by unheeded. Prices on standard established merchandise of the highest grade that will bring people in throngs from far points and from points that are near. Even those who do not ordinarily realize the importance of saving will be gathering up the countless bargains. We want you to come here expecting to find the greatest bargains you have ever seen and your expectations will be exceeded in every instance. While you are reading this every effort is being put forth to have everything in readiness. We are putting the "cut price" to every article and cutting it to the core.

It is simply a case of having to. It means a giant whirlwind of irresistible bargains. This vast stock will seek its way into the homes of the people throughout this entire territory.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD IS THE OPENING DAY OF THIS GREAT SALE. DO NOT HESITATE OR WAIT, BUT COME AND COME EARLY. IT IS YOUR GAIN, OUR LOSS

#### GUNS AND AMMUNITION

- \$65.00 Winchester Automatic Shot Guns ..... \$49.50
- \$55.00 Winchester Pump Shot Gun ..... \$43.50
- \$50.00 Winchester Hammer Shot Gun ..... \$37.50
- \$27.50 Winchester Repeater 22 Cal. Rifle ..... \$19.95
- \$1.00 Nublack Shot Gun Shells ..... 75c
- \$1.35 Repeater Shot Gun Shells ..... \$1.05
- \$1.50 Leader Shot Gun Shells ..... \$1.20
- 25c Lesmoke 22 Shorts ..... 20c
- \$1.50 S. & W. Cartridges, 38 Cal. .... \$1.00
- \$1.85 Automatic Cartridges, 32 Cal. .... \$1.25
- Prices on guns and ammunition guaranteed until January 1st, 1923.

#### WIRE, NAILS AND ROPE

- All Nails and Staples, per pound ..... 5c
- All Barbed Wire at cost.
- Canvass Tacks, per pound ..... 20c
- All Sizes Rope, per pound ..... 18c

## SALE OPENS SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd

#### TOOLS

All Tools at less than cost

- 40c 6-inch Nickel Plated Pliers ..... 22c
- \$2.00 10-inch Trimo Wrench ..... \$1.35
- \$5.00 24-inch Trimo Wrench ..... \$3.25
- 75c Ford Socket Wrench ..... 45c
- 40c 10-inch Nicholson files ..... 23c
- 75c Cast Steel Hammers ..... 49c
- \$2.00 Maydole Hammers ..... \$1.25
- \$4.00 Diston Hand Saws ..... \$2.30
- \$2.75 Ratchet Serew Drivers ..... \$1.98
- \$3.00 Double Bit Axes ..... \$1.98
- \$2.50 Single Bit Axes ..... \$1.75
- Rig Builders' Hatchets ..... \$1.25
- One Lot Axe Handles ..... 15c
- 50c Axe Handles ..... 35c
- Spades, Forks, Hoes, etc.

#### WAGONS, HARNESS, ETC.

- \$150.00 Extra Heavy Oil Field Harness ..... \$90.00
- \$25.00 Belting Farm Harness ..... \$15.00
- \$12.00 Jumbo Oil Field Collars ..... \$6.50
- \$10.00 Jumbo Black Face Collars ..... \$4.75
- \$11.00 1 1-8in. Lines, 18 feet long ..... \$5.50
- \$2.75 Jumbo Cloth Collars ..... \$1.98
- \$2.00 Concord Hames, pair ..... \$1.25
- \$1.35 Oil Field Striped Collar Pads ..... 90c
- 50c Yellow Collar Pads ..... 35c
- All harness and strap goods at cost.
- 3 1/4 in. Oil Gear Wagons with brakes, bunks and steel reach at ..... \$125.00
- 3 1/2 in. Oil Gear Wagons with brakes and bunks at ..... \$135.00

#### SILVERWARE, CLOCKS AND WATCHES

- \$20.00 Set 50-year Community Knives and Forks ..... \$13.50
- \$8.50 Set 50-year Community Table Spoons ..... \$4.75
- \$12.50 Set 10-year Community Knives and Forks ..... \$8.50
- \$2.50 Pocket Knives ..... \$1.50
- \$1.50 Pocket Knives ..... \$1.00
- \$2.00 Alarm Clocks ..... \$1.25
- \$4.00 Alarm Clocks ..... \$2.50
- Ingersoll and Leonard Watches at cost.
- Gillette Safety Razors with 6 blades ..... 98c
- Ivory Goods, Toilet Sets and Dolls in this sale.

#### SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

- \$4.00 Golss White Paint, per gallon ..... \$2.90
- \$3.00 Red Barn Paint, per gallon ..... \$1.75
- \$1.75 Black Auto Enamel, per quart ..... 95c
- \$1.40 Linsseed Oil, per gallon ..... \$1.00
- \$1.75 Flooralac Varnish Stain, per quart ..... \$1.00
- If you need paint of any kind, buy it at cost during this sale.

#### SUNSHINE GAS HEATERS

- These heaters are equipped with Bunsen burners, bought on to-day's market to go in this sale at cost.
- \$1.00 Barber Shears ..... 60c
- \$1.50 High Grade Scissors ..... 79c
- \$2.25 Razor Straps ..... \$1.20
- \$1.50 Winchester Flash Lights ..... \$1.00
- \$1.00 Winchester Butcher Knives ..... 59c

#### STOVES AND RANGES

- Direct Action Gas Range ..... \$67.00
- \$100.00 Quick Meal Gas Range ..... \$75.00
- \$90.00 Garland Gas Range ..... \$55.00
- \$150.00 Direct Action Gas Range ..... \$100.00
- \$185.00 Combination Gas Range (Acorn) ..... \$141.00
- \$60.00 Simplex Gas Range ..... \$45.00
- \$95.00 Garland Gas Range ..... \$64.00
- \$35.00 Kitchen Queen Gas Stove ..... \$24.00
- \$65.00 Garland Gas Stove ..... \$40.00
- \$40.00 New Perfection Oil Stove ..... \$25.00
- \$28.00 New Perfection, three burner ..... \$20.00
- \$33.50 4-Burner Quick Meal Oil Stove ..... \$24.00
- \$28.50 3-Burner Simmons Oil Stove ..... \$20.00
- \$67.50 4-Burner Fireless Cooker Oil Stove ..... \$46.00
- \$75.00 Baker's Wood and Coal Range ..... \$51.25
- \$75.00 Simmons Wood and Coal Cook Stove ..... \$47.50
- \$70.00 Garland Wood and Coal Cook Stove ..... \$47.00
- \$47.50 Garland Wood and Coal Cook Stove ..... \$35.00

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS OF ITEMS NOT LISTED TO GO IN THIS SALE

# Gambill Brothers Hardware

#### TO THE PEOPLE

of this entire trade territory we send this message of economy. It is suicidal to your pocketbook to remain away. If you find the prices cheaper than you have seen, then buy. If you don't, don't buy. There is only one consideration with us and that is to sell the goods. Come here any day and secure your portion of the enormous bargains. When the closing hour has passed your opportunity to buy at such prices is also gone.

## Gorman, Texas

Main Street

Opposite

First National Bank

#### TO THE MERCHANTS

of this territory who are short on any line and need to fill in we have the golden opportunity for you to save. We are operating several stores in Texas and Oklahoma and have a buying power that gives us an advantage. We are going to close this store and are offering to the people and merchants hardware at prices you can well afford to pay.