

of Happiness

by PEGGY O'MORE

thing until tomorrow at least. I'll leave a bundle of paper and kindling at your back porch. Good night. And I do mean good night.

She slipped into bed and lay watching the fire. Her mind like a dozen wheels, each occupied with a different problem.

She couldn't stop thinking, but she could replace thoughts of Cal and Arleta with other thoughts. This cold weather. She must order the tanks filled with fuel oil. As soon as the doors and windows were in she'd have the furnace going. It would be nice to have heat that didn't have to be fed constantly by hand.

How Kelly strange the ease she felt with him. Like her father, he had the quality of alacrity—she understood.

Cal wasn't abrupt. He was gentle, tender.

When Arleta stepped out of the rear door the next morning looking for something, anything, to start a fire, she found the sky looking like a strap of lemon peel in a frosted drink. Surely snow would follow. And she had so much to accomplish.

Looking at the sky, she tripped over a bundle on the steps, newspapers and fine kindling left by How Kelly.

A furniture van came to cart away the pieces to be repaired, and by the driver she sent word for the fuel oil men to call. The wires were repaired, the pump turned on and rusty water gushed from the faucets she opened. Chimney sweeps and cleaning crews cleared flues and floors, and fast on their heels came men with the windows.

By late evening there was a semblance of order. And by noon the next day a new stove and refrigerator gleamed their white and silver best to reflect in a freshly polished floor. And in other rooms fires were burning on the hearths, chasing out the chill.

And that evening as Arleta was ready to close the house, now warmed by the oil furnace, she heard the sound of a motor and saw her own car drive in and two weary persons emerge.

"I think," observed Arleta, standing on the lighted terrace, a hand stretched out to Martin and his wife, "I've never been so glad to see anyone."

They hadn't stopped for dinner and there was nothing in the house. Martin unpacked the car, and when Arleta said she would drive into the resort town for food, Tuma declared she would go with her.

"My goodness, Miss Letta," she cried, "you don't know what to order."

Arleta looked at the girl. And then she nodded. Arleta wouldn't have known, but Chips knew.

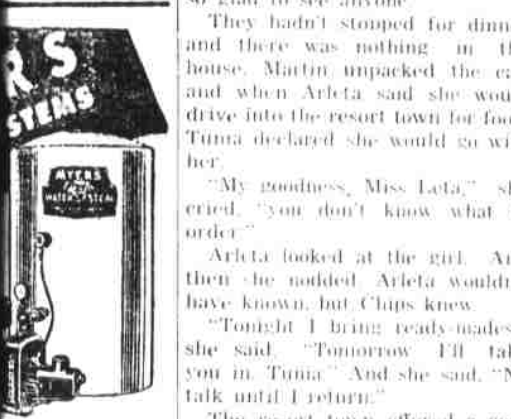
"Tonight I bring ready-mades," she said. "Tomorrow I'll take you in, Tuma. And she said, 'No talk until I return.'"

The resort town offered a general store where she remedied her oversight at an exorbitant price. She went then to a chicken-in-the-rough cafe for double orders and while they were being put up, stopped for breakfast food.

Halfway back she realized there were neither pots nor dishes and stopped at her cabin to borrow its wares. And watching the fall of the flakes born on a rising wind, she added her own covers. And when the car was packed she sat for a few moments arguing with herself, then, turned the car around and drove up to the village store.

Again there were many customers stocking in against the storm blowing in. And again conversation stopped as though sliced off. But Arleta's chin was up, her voice as firm as she listed her needs.

The boxes were filled and re-



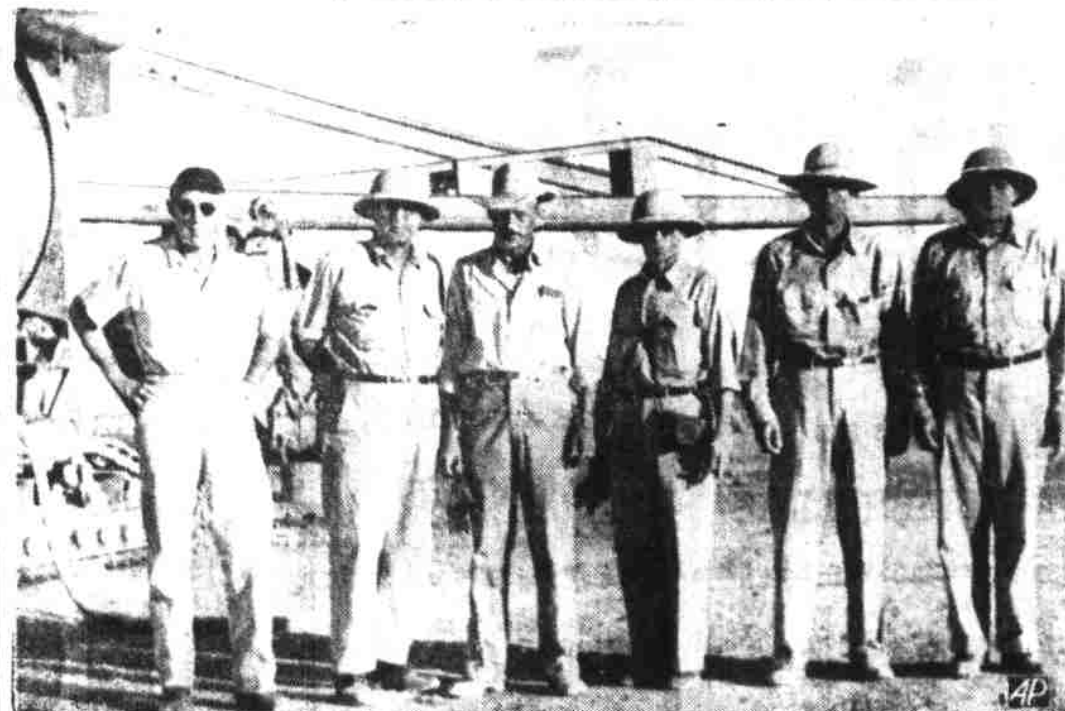
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American Engineers Build Huge Airport At Beirut



These American engineers have things humming on a huge airport being erected at Beirut by the Lebanese government. Native engineers and laborers will carry on the work after the Americans leave in about a week. Left to right: Chief Engineer Charles M. Brandt of Asheville, Claude Campbell of Philadelphia, Norman Franzen of Chicago, Minor Percy Roland of Shreveport, La., Winfield Fearn of Camden, N. J., and Preston Barker of Tampa, Fla. All are veterans of construction in the Panama Canal Zone. They were employed more than three years ago by the government of Lebanon. (AP)

Bachelor Was Willing But Widow Says No

MINNEAPOLIS (UP)—James B. Fremond applied for a license to marry a woman who never heard of him.

He got the license, because state law says only one person need to apply.

Mrs. El Yefna Munig, a widow with two children, read of the application in the newspapers and had no doubt that she was the woman named as a prospective bride.

So she called up the bachelor and told him she had no plans to marry any one. Fremond canceled the license.

The license cost him \$3.25, which he didn't get back after all his trouble.

—

dinner, though dinner last night was canned beans. As usual, gossip was snowballed.

Martin brought in a kitchen chair and literally served it to Mr. Kelly, and Tuma followed with hot coffee and spice cake, and then the Martins, with chains on their tires and a pencilled road map, departed for the resort town for supplies.

And Arleta told How Kelly about the Martins.

He left soon after that, turning back to call. "Tell Mart I've a pretty good library, he might like to borrow some books while he's snowed out."

The three were reading that certain afternoon. Mart, looking up, found the rooms were chilly. "Must be something wrong with the furnace," he remarked to Tuma and went to the basement.

He returned and went straight to Arleta. "Miss Letta," he said, "there's a man downstairs. I think he's been drunk. He was lying on that cot."

"A man?" cried Arleta.

"He says his name is Doakes and he works here."

Arleta stalked down the basement.

A case of a man lay on the cot. He'd failed to remove.

"Get up and get out of here!" ordered Arleta.

"Can't," murmured the man complacently. "Here on my constitutional rights. Got a contract. Got three years to go."

"You've violated every term in the contract. Now get up and get out of here!"

"You're what?" He sat up and stared at her.

Arleta thought of the revolvers which had once been in the gun chest at the library. There were none there now.

"I'll give you one hour," she said.

Upstairs, she turned to Martin. The car, Martin, then took that door and, regardless of what Doakes says or does, don't quar-

Net Farm Income For Tar Heels Is Expected To Drop

If Tar Heel farmers expect to keep their net income at present levels during the expected decline in farm prices in 1950, it will be necessary for them to plan their operations carefully and keep production costs as low as possible, says Moyle S. Williams, farm management specialist for the State College Extension Service.

A 10 per cent drop in farm prices has been predicted for 1950 by the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Williams said. This is about the same as the decrease in the 1948-49 crop year. Not only will prices be lower, but it is likely that farmers will sell less next year, he adds, pointing out that acreage allotments have been announced for wheat and cotton and are probable for other crops.

For the individual farmer, says Williams, all of this will mean a reduction in gross income and probably an even greater reduction in realized net income. As was the case this year, production costs will probably decline less than gross income. Such costs, which include items like fertilizer and farm machinery, are expected to remain high.

Williams asserts that better farm planning will be needed for 1950. Individual farmers, he says, should strive to be better farm managers, keep costs as low as possible, and produce quality products which will bring premium prices to help keep income at present levels.

Use of improved practices will bring about higher crop yields at lower unit costs, but poor farmers, who follow inefficient practices will have difficulty breaking even.

Net Farm Income For Tar Heels Is Expected To Drop

rel with him."

Driving down a road now slick with slush, she thought she might handle a problem such as this if she only knew the background. The assurance of the man was like a threat.

Who would know?

This time How Kelly was ready for her, met her at the door. And for a moment she thought he wasn't going to invite her in. And when he did, he reached a heel halfway across the floor to kick to the swinging door leading to the living room.

"Now what?" he demanded, after one look at her.

"Doakes," she answered. "He's moved in and refuses to leave. Had there been a gun on the place—"

She stopped. The swing door had opened and Cal Sheridan stood there looking at her gravely. (To be continued)

TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate

Waynesville Township

Claude T. Francis and wife to John Palmer.

Mrs. Annie L. Francis to Claude T. Francis.

C. E. Sweeney and wife to Claude Francis.

Betty J. Beck and wife to Don Allen and wife.

E. H. Badentine and wife to Charles W. Badentine and wife.

Albert E. Mace and wife to Emory D. Watson.

Lake Jurelska Assembly, Inc. to Paul A. Sutton and wife.

R. C. Francis and wife to C. T. Francis.

Claude T. Francis and wife to Jack R. McCreary and Billie M. McCreary.

Claude T. Francis and wife to Charles C. Francis and wife.

Claude T. Francis and wife to John R. Todd and wife.

A. J. Beck and wife to Charles L. Beck and wife.

Claude T. Francis and wife to Jack E. Hunt and wife.

Jack E. Hunt and wife to Elizabeth Leatherwood.

Jack E. Hunt and wife to Joe B. Leatherwood.

Burchell Melton and wife to Julia T. Stovall.

Ruth Kelly and husband to B. L. Church and wife.

Marion E. Snyder and wife to James R. McCreary and wife.

Hugh J. Sloan to Ethel C. Sloan.

Beaverdam Township

W. S. McElrath and wife to Hugh R. Earley and wife.

E. M. Robinson and wife to M. Carme Henson and wife.

J. D. Wines to Virginia Pembroke and husband.

Ralph R. Webb and wife to G. C. Hardin.

Charles C. Smaithers and wife to The Champion Paper and Fibre Company.

Haywood County Bank to W. R. Francis, trustee for Charles C. Smaithers and wife.

C. C. Willis and wife to Houston C. Blackwell and wife.

Clyde Township

Larry H. Cagle and wife to Stanley Livingston and wife.

Cecil Township

George Stepp and wife to Carl Bridges and wife.

Ella Singleton to William Singleton and wife.

Fines Creek Township

Zeb Clark and wife to Luke Swanger.

Pigeon Township

Lura Cantrell and husband and Ruth Vance and husband to Bessie Harkins.

Ruth Vance and husband and Bessie Harkins, and husband to Lura Cantrell.

Boy Edwards and wife to James Kenneth Edwards and wife.

Crabtree Township

Charles A. Smith and wife to Phil Best and wife.

Jonathan Creek Township

James H. Allison and wife to Edgar Morrow and wife.

Walter Green to David Green.

Fast Fork Township

Edna Gurney and wife to David Underwood.

S. B. Rhodamer and wife to Edna J. Gurney and wife.

S. B. Rhodamer and wife to W. Clayton Rhodamer and wife.

White Oak Township

J. C. Ferguson to John Lowe.

What's Mere Fire Drill When There's Movies?

NEVADA, Mo. (UP)—Fire Chief Carl McCowan ran into trouble when he called a surprise "fire drill" at a local school.

McCowan rang the fire gong. Nothing happened. He rang it again.

Miss Opal Campbell, principal, opened the door and told him: "Go away. The children are watching a movie. We'll be through in five minutes."

McCowan, not to be denied, declared there was a fire. He rang the gong again. Finally the perched pupils marched out in the slow time of two minutes and 57 seconds.

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