



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—On their way to the new Cottonwood gold diggings, in Colorado, in the early seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, and a veteran miner, "Buck" Hayden, as his partner, are witnesses of the hold-up of a stage-coach. The bandits are frightened off, but escape with the express box. Among the victims of the hold-up are a young woman, whom Robert learns is "Mrs. Deane," and her elderly female companion.

CHAPTER II—Continuing the journey, Gilson, makes the acquaintance of a fellow traveler, Marcus Handy, on his way to establish a journalistic enterprise, the Cottonwood Courier, and is impressed by his personality.

CHAPTER III—Gilson and Hayden purchase a mining claim. They learn of the coming of a "Mrs. Barnaby" to establish a restaurant, with a younger woman. Gilson realizes the two together the woman he had seen at the hold-up. A threatened lynching is averted by the bravery of the town marshal, Chris McGrath. Gilson meets the new "Boarding House Proprietors."

CHAPTER IV

Everyone who has picked wild berries knows the greedy joy in that innocent sport. You are getting, you think for nothing. And each bush

as you approach it, holds out glittering promises of a branch so bent and loaded that you have only to scrape it, in order to fill your pail. Gold-digging, for the first three or four days at least, raises the same set of emotions, vastly intensified. All day long, Buck dug and I rocked, or I dug and Buck rocked. My feet were first wet through with standing in the polluted stream, and then, when I worked from the bank, congealed to chunks of ice by the shrill spring wind. Nevertheless, I worked with enthusiasm. My reward was that period late in the day when we assembled the scrapings from the riffles of our washer and panned them down still finer with our skillet and an old dishpan. Then at last the tiny flecks of gold began to glitter in the yellow mud. On the second day I even found a nugget about twice as big as a buckshot. This Buck let me keep as a souvenir; after all these years I have it yet.

It was brutally hard work. I thought that our struggles on the road had toughened me for anything; but when I woke on the second morning, muscles which I did not know I possessed creaked and ached their protest. My hands looked and felt like inflamed, red blisters, and my wet clothes rubbed me raw in a dozen places.

Above and below us along the stream, other men in groups of two and three toiled with the same concentrated monotony. And, meantime, just about the shoulder of the hill lay hidden the fascination of Cottonwood camp. By day, I could hear in rattles and roars, broken now and then by a louder sound of whose cause I could only speculate as I dug and rocked, rocked and dug.

It was by night, however, that the sounds and glimpses of Cottonwood became most alluring to youth and loneliness. On the second night, after we had stowed away our bacon and coffee, I had washed up, shaved, and brushed my hair, with the intention of visiting camp. Buck had spoken suddenly from the corner of our eight-by-twelve cabin, where he was mending a splintered shovel handle with wire, to ask:

"What ye up to?"

"Thought I'd take a look at the camp before I turned in," I said.

"Grand way to wash gold," remarked Buck. "Do your work all week and lay off like a Christian Sat'day night an' Sunday, or you'll never git ahead in this game."

And though ours was a partnership, I had by now so completely yielded to the guidance of Buck in all things practical, that I accepted the rebuke with docility and turned in instead—to think, until I fell into dreamless sleep, of the camp and especially of that hillside where a boarding house must by now stand open for business.

On the third night, I forced from Buck an answer to a question which he had hitherto evaded.

"How much are we taking out?" I asked.

"First day, 'bout ten dollars. Second day wasn't as good. Today's a little better."

"A piece?" I asked.

"Nope. Together."

hopes from me, Buck expected any day to break into a pocket. He had seen others do it; why not he?

Now I, who had laughed inwardly at Buck's dismal prophecies of disaster on the way to Cottonwood—toward the main object of this expedition, I was the pessimist. I could not yet believe in my soul the fact that these picturesque rocks of the mountains held wealth in chemical solution. I had come for adventure. I did not yet consider myself a citizen of the West; I still figured as a spectator at the drama, not an actor. Which may serve to introduce all there is to tell about me, Robert Gilson.

Tracing it back, I realize that the first impulse which sent me adventuring came one night in Holworthy hall during my senior year, and from Harry Tilden. He was a junior, and of a different crowd; in those days at Harvard we were very particular about our classes and crowds. Until that night, Tilden had been to me only a shadowy figure. It was ordained that he should for a moment blaze into a reality and then fade back into the shadows. That night I dropped into Harrison's room on some errand as trifling as borrowing a book. I found a rum-punch steaming on the table; and on the couch lounged Tilden, a big, vital figure of a Californian, caressing the dormitory cat. Some phrase of a his caught my attention. I forgot my errand and listened.

Tilden was talking of old days in the West. His father had crossed the plains to the Sacramento diggings in '49; his mother had come round the Horn. The family interests, it transpired, now lay invested mainly in a cattle ranch near a city of a wretched strangeness called Santa Barbara. His uncle had fought Indians about Mount Shasta, hunted buffalo on the plains and chased grizzly bears in the Sierra, before settling down to an importing business in San Francisco.

Like most boys of my time, I had read dime novels—surreptitiously, for respectable parents forbade them

along with cigarettes and other exciting juvenile pleasures. And so I knew that there was a West, full of Indians, cowboys, old scouts on the trail, mining camps, gambling houses and half-breed adventures. Yet I had never really grasped with my imagination that it was a part of my United States, which my far ancestors had sailed unknown seas to found and my father fought to preserve. It was merely a country bounded by the covers of books, like the Damascus of the "Arabian Nights" or the Troy of Homer. But now I realized, with a kind of intellectual shock in discovering the obvious, that the Far West lay not at the end of the rainbow, but at the terminus of a four-day railroad journey. Details over which my mind had skimmed lazily became vivid, actual, living, in the conversation of Harrison.

We listened to him until long after midnight. Even then, I lay awake for hours, weaving golden and melodramatic dreams. And when I woke next morning, the daily routine of calm college life in the seventies seemed flat and uninspiring.

That mood passed, of course. I am not sure whether I ever talked to Tilden again; certainly, it was not of the West. I must have seen him on the day when we took our diplomas and our conventional, illusory advice from the president, but I do not remember. I was graduated with a cum laude; as befitted a gentleman, I had proved a good scholar but not too good.

So I found myself back in my mother's colonial homestead by Cohasset common, with my future as undetermined as on the day when I matriculated at Harvard. It had always been understood that, in spite of the family money, I should "do something." Our stock was still near enough to the stony soil of New England to despise a loafer. My father, dying when I was a child from the lingering consequences of his wound at Cold Harbor, had incorporated before his death the wholesale wood house in Boston which was the foundation of our prosperities, and had turned his other properties into railroad bonds. In my mother, true to type, judicious generosity was mixed with native thrift and economy; through her conservative but intelligent management the margin of the fortune had increased, even during the hard times of '73. By the terms of my father's will my mother, as executrix, must dole out to me such sums as were necessary to my support and maintenance. On my thirtieth birthday the fortune would be divided; there were only three heirs: my mother, my sister Emily now finishing at a select seminary for young ladies in Boston, and I. And in the course of time and nature, half of my mother's share would come to me. My future, while undetermined, was secure—far, far too secure.

I passed the summer in Cohasset, trying to inhibit thought of the future; a pleasant period on the surface, but below that vaguely unsatisfactory. I sought excitement in a flirtation, which came near to being an entanglement, with Nellie Ferris—petite, plump, as was then the fashion in women, delicately featured, dowered with an active little mind and an acute little wit. I suppose that if I had remained in Cohasset, proximity would have done its full work. As it was, the affair never went further than kissing good-by when I started West.

I was reading one night by the student lamp in the library and mother was writing letters at the escritoire in the corner, when I looked up to find her eyes fixed on me with an expression hard yet quizzical. I retain yet a picture of her as she looked that night. She was forty-five. In that era, a woman of her years had long anticipated the inevitable, given up bright colors and such youthful frilleries as croquet and sea bathing, and was preparing for her era of cups and knitting. I thought of her, from the viewpoint of twenty-two, as incredibly aged. Yet, as she sat there facing me, her chestnut-brown hair, dressed in the innumerable waves and small curls of current fashion, showed no thread of white. The old lace of her Sunday finery foamed about her throat and bosom. From somewhere amidst a foam of lace, one of her plump but shapely forearms supported a tapered hand which was tapping a penholder against her lips. Her other hand lay stretched out on the desk toward me in an attitude which merely hinted at affection. Mother's affections ran so deeply that she expressed them with difficulty. We New Englanders are still very near in spirit to Old England; and we show it in nothing so much as in our shy repression of our deepest emotions.

"Rob," said my mother, "what do you propose to do next?"

"Enter law school in the fall," I replied. Not until I expressed it in that bald manner did I realize how little the law really interested me.

"And then?" pursued my mother, continuing to tap her penholder against her tightened lips.

"Oh, practice, I suppose. Somewhere."

"Somewhere," repeated my mother dryly. "And somehow, Rob, does that vague prospect allure you?"

"No," said I, jerked suddenly into frankness with her and with myself. "No, it doesn't."

Mother nodded. "I thought so." And suddenly my lazy young mind stirred and began to function with realities. I knew why life in Cohasset had seemed so flat, and why my mind—not through fear but through boredom—had been refusing to picture the future. Tilden, during that all-night talk in Harrison's room, had planted in me a seed more vital than either of us knew. It had been germinating all

this time. Now, suddenly, it sprouted to the surface. And—

"Mother, I think I want to go West," I said.

She kept her eyes on mine, but there was a break in her voice as she replied:

"Not for good?"

"Oh, no," said I. "Just for a year or so." Then I walked to the window, lest she see what might be in my face; stood looking out at the lights of Cohasset harbor.

Mother spoke very gently from behind me:

"I had thought of every possibility but that. I was about to suggest that you go to sea for a while—my tribe, away back, were seafaring people. It's far from genteel, the West."

Her inference that the forecastle of a deep-sea vessel stood notable for an atmosphere of gentility amused me, so that I dared turn back from the window and show my face.

"But there's steel in you," said mother—now she was looking down into the pigeonholes of her old mahogany desk—"though it's never been tempered yet—and some generations of gentlemen. No, Rob, you'll come through that. Of course, there's danger. Dreadful things happen out there." Mother had never in her life traveled west of Albany, and had formed her picture from the newspapers.

"I'll risk that," said I, my youthful pride in my own courage slightly piqued.

get me back, if necessary. And, in any event, I must not stay more than two years. This at first both hurt and piqued me; I had pictured myself leaping from adventure to adventure, without thought of the morrow and always with plenty in my pockets. The cold, hard reality of making a living had not entered into my dreams of the West. But by the time I had slept on the matter, I perceived dimly that the true adventure must be sweetened with practical effort; otherwise it is all plums and no suet. And I accepted mother's conditions.

Of course, I missed the deeper realities of her decision, as youth always does. I had to let maturity and experience ripen my own understanding before I could appreciate the fullness of her sacrifice to the development of my character. It took a woman of her breed and time to do it. Others would merely have thought of it, or would have pulled back at the last moment. Mother played the game through.

Only when I reached Denver did she seem to repent a little of her bargain with herself and me. From her first letter dropped a money order for three hundred dollars.

"I am sending this so," she wrote, "because I am not sure there are banks out there. You are not to spend it now. I know, of course, that you will follow my wishes. It is just a reserve in case you are in trouble or for any other unexpected contingency."

But I did not at first follow the trail of adventure clear through. Denver was the railroad terminus; last thrust of the civilization I knew. Then, as now, it stood gateway to the Rockies. Established in a cheap hotel down by the Union station, with fifty dollars in my pocket and the world before me, I spent two days acclimating my lungs to the rarefied atmosphere and my spirit to these entertaining new surroundings before I counted my money and thought of my material situation.

The Rocky Mountain News displayed columns of advertisements under the heading "Help Wanted." I ran them over—"teamsters"—"railroad construction gangs"—"shovel gangs"—"miners." My eye grasped at this item. I took the matter to the clerk at our hotel, my bureau of information on all things western. I found that "miner" meant not a romantic prospector, following the trail of fortune, but virtually a common laborer in the dark bowels of the earth.

My face must have shown my spurt of dismay, for the clerk suddenly asked:

"You're educated, ain't you?"

"Yes," said I; and inhibited myself from saying how much I was educated. College breeding, I had found already, did not recommend a young man in the far West.

"If you hustle out there quick," said the clerk, "you can get a checking job in the grading gang out by Longmount. Friend of mine had it. Happen to know he's quitting today."

"Checking?" I asked.

"Keepin' time on the gang. Hiring and firing—mostly firing, nowadays," said the clerk.

I drove out to Longmount in a rented livery buckboard; making no more of a small matter, I got the job, buckled down to it with all the interest in the world. With the boss, a taciturn and cynical old westerner whom I never came really to know, I "batched" in a board shack. Uncommunicative as he was, he did teach me something about that essential western art, shooting. He himself handled a .45-caliber Colt's with such magic efficiency as to make me suspect that his silence concealed a past. The autumn rains came; there were light snows in the heights above, and they spread over the peaks a bridal veil which with each succeeding storm grew heavier. When it had become a blanket of snow, we finished our job and paid off. I was out of work, and I had but forty dollars ahead. Then luck served me another good turn. Settling up our business with Reichmann, the German grocer from whom we drew our commissary, I found that

Next Morning I Was Weighing Sugar and Learning to Wrap Bundles.

he needed a clerk. So next morning I was weighing sugar and learning to wrap bundles; and had found on Curtis street a modest boarding place.

There I remained all winter. Denver, in those days, interested me; but, after all, it was not the West I had come to see and to live. The West I wanted lay beyond that white mountain barrier.

When spring came, I would go—somewhere. It descended upon us suddenly, bringing the cottonwoods to bud overhead, musing to an impenetrable

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The Baird Star.

BAIRD, TEXAS
Friday, August 20, 1926
Issued Every Friday

Entered as Second Class Matter, Dec. 8, 1887 at the Post Office at Baird, Texas, under Act of 1879.

W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

IN CALLAHAN COUNTY
One Year \$1.50
Six Months .80
Three Months .50

OUTSIDE OF CALLAHAN COUNTY
One Year \$2.00
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Three Months .75
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Some men are born great, some achieve greatness by hard unremitting toil, and some have greatness thrust upon them. The Texas primary law is famous for making great men out of very ordinary men. Men are filling high positions in every branch of the government, that would never have been heard of under the much cursed convention system.

We intend to vote for Jimmy Allred for Attorney General, but we hope that he will not become a candidate for governor before he gets his office chair in the Attorney's General's office warm.

Dan Moody's example is not a safe one to follow. Only two governor's of Texas ever went from the Attorney's General's office to the governor's office, Hogg and Culberson, and both made good.

Barry Miller may not be governor this year but if he lives and keeps his health some one may have to reckon with him two years hence. As to ability, Barry Miller as governor would take rank with such governors as J. P. Henderson, P. H. Bell, Sam Houston, Coke, Roberts, Hogg and Culberson. However this seems to be an era of small bore politicians, and the era of giant intellects that successfully sought high office in former times has vanished. Texas has regiments of men that would make great governors but they prefer private life to a mud slinging contest for any office.

The state of Texas deserves the service of its ablest statesmen at the head of the state government, but how often does it get them?

Fergusonism, not the Klan, is the issue, says Dan. Anyone can see why Dan does not want to discuss the Klan, because he knows as well as he is living that the almost solid Klan vote give him his big lead in the primary. Dan says that he has no understanding with the Klan for them to support him. We believe this is true but just the same Dan knows that he got the Klan and Klan sympathizers vote solid except a few that voted for Lynch Davidson. If Dan does not know this he is probably the only man in Texas that does not know it. Mrs. Ferguson and Dan Moody were both elected on the anti-Klan ticket in 1924 and Ferguson's friends supported Dan almost solid without which support he would have been defeated in the first primary in 1924. Dan sought and received Jim Ferguson's support for Attorney General in 1924. Jim says so publicly and Dan never has denied it and the first thing Dan did after entering office was to turn against the Ferguson's and from that day to this has done everything to discredit Gov. Ferguson's administration.

It is said that everything is fair in love, war and politics, but that is false.

Ingratitude, no matter where or by whom committed is counted one of the worst sins human flesh is heir to. Dan listened to the syrian song of political enemies of Jim Ferguson and it may make him governor, and if he can reconcile the discordant elements lined up behind him he will have proven himself the master politician of Texas. If he can make O. B. Colquitt, Atticus Webb and J. B. Craufill work together any length of time in peace and harmony, then he is a super political genius.

The reason that we know Dan Moody and his friends really do not believe that the Ku Klux Klan was

an issue in the campaign, or that the Klan had anything to do with his election, is that no county convention controlled by Moody's friends allowed any resolution to pass censuring the Klan for its political actions. If there is such a convention the press has failed to report it.

The Republican party seems to have disappeared from the Texas political horizon. Only 15,300 votes polled to 821,000 Democrats and less than two year ago Republican leaders were predicting that they would sweep the state this year. The memory of the E. J. Davis regime in Texas fifty three years ago is still green in Texas if 200,000 Democrats did feel so greatly outraged two years ago because of Mrs. Ferguson's nomination and forgot the past and voted for Butte.

Uncle Sam fully realizes the old adage: The surest way to lose a friend is to loan him money. Every nation that Uncle Sam loaned money, and rushed an American army the greatest that ever crossed the seas in all history to save Europe, yet they call us money chasers because Uncle Sam wants at least the principal back. But for America, France, Belgium and Italy would have been crushed, by Germany and they all know it, but just the same they all hate Uncle Sam and some of the nations that our Uncle loaned money that he had borrowed from his own people have never paid and do not intend to pay a penny.

France for one; a nation that ought to feel most grateful is said to be most resentful that it is expected to pay any part of their war debt. As stated before in The Star the United States has not now and never had a real friend among all the nations of Europe and all they wanted our nation in the League of Nations for was to use us for selfish motives. It is a good thing we never got into the League and there's not much danger now that our nation will ever again mix up in any European wars, or squabbles in peace times.

Dan Moody has an opportunity that comes to few men of his age, and none in Texas, that ever won a nomination for governor who were under forty years of age when elected.

Moody won the nomination for Attorney General because of his activity as District Attorney in sending five Ku Klux to the penitentiary for mob violence. He won his nomination for governor because of his hatred of what he terms Fergusonism. He will have to find something besides these two things if he succeeds in satisfying the public mind, that is as fickle as the wind. Dan Moody has a conglomeration, politically speaking, that he is going to find it difficult to control. Besides the regular democrats that supported him he has the Ku Klux and Anti Ku Klux, Prohibition and Anti-Prohibition all back of him now but how long will he be able to drive so many contrary horses before some of them kick out of the traces, while others will kick the dash board out of Dan's political band wagon.

Personally we wish Dan success if he so acts as to deserve it, and we believe he will. Political hate some times wins a campaign fight as in this case, but can Dan keep it up for 2 or 4 years and win out on it.

REPEAL THE PRIMARY LAW

This Editor was responsible for the first political primary election ever held in Callahan County. That was in 1892 when the noted contest between Gov. Hogg, candidate for reelection and George Clark. Disgusted with the convention system in part and the factional fight was our main reason for holding a primary to nominate county and precinct officers the first year party nominees were made in this county. The Populist County Convention had met previous to the Democratic Convention and had nominated a full county ticket and the Democratic party was thus forced to meet the issue.

Through The Star we advocated nominations by a primary election because the fight between Hogg and Clark was so bitter that we felt sure that trouble would come over nominations for county offices if a county convention should be held. We won the fight by a small margin and perhaps saved the party from defeat. That primary was held in September, two months after the Populist had placed their ticket in the field. Only 525 votes were polled. There was great rejoicing among the Populist leaders. The late Charley Willson, of the Cottonwood Prodigal, their main leader boasted to us that he had us beaten as the populist has 650 voters signed up and pledged to vote for the Populist ticket, but we kept up the fight and won. The entire county Democrat ticket was elected, so much for that. We still favor nominations for county and precinct offices by primary election but want to live to see the entire election law governing primary elections re-

Will Disorganize The Party

The late Judge J. H. Wood told us when we secured the primary that if the Democratic Party adopted the primary for the state it would disorganize the party Judge Wood said that the Democrats of Missouri had tried it and were compelled to repeal it as the party was going to pieces and that is just what is happening in Texas—if it has not already happened.

In 1924 when Mrs. Ferguson was nominated, many Democrats bolted and voted for the Republican nominee for governor. Dr. Butte, Tom Love, of Dallas, Chief fuleman for the ballot says that 250,000 Democrats bolted and voted for Butte. Love came back and ran against John Davis a loyal Democratic senator of the Dallas district and defeated him notwithstanding Love said publicly that if Mrs. Ferguson was nominated that he would bolt again.

Under the convention system, Tom Love nor any other Democrat that would act and talk as he has, could not have won the nominee for Dog Pelter much less state senator.

If the Democratic party does not want to ride to complete destruction it will have to repeal the election laws requiring political parties to hold state wide primaries. This is said by one who comes of a long line of Democrats back to the time when the Democratic Party was called the Republican Party. The Democratic party as such dates back only to 1828 we believe. Prior to that what is now known as the Democratic party was called the Republican party. Jefferson considered the founders of the Democratic party but it was never so called during his lifetime. We feel a deep interest in the perpetuity of Democratic principals and have no desire ever again to hold any office. When a quarter of a million Democrats deliberately walk out of the party into an other party then come back at the next election and nominate a state ticket over a majority of loyal Democrats who never bolted as has been done on part of the state ticket so far this year, it is time for Democrats to wake up and take note of the rocks ahead. We never bolted a party nominee to the extent of voting for the opposing party ticket and never expect to. Mighty hard for a Democrat who has voted for every Democratic ticket, state and nation since 1873 to change. I do not want to change but I do not want to see the Democratic Party destroyed and the state wide primary system is doing that very thing. Our indictment against the state primary is:

It is responsible for inferior ability in our state and district offices.

It is disorganizing the Democratic Party.

It is unfair as it imposes the cost of two primary elections upon local candidates whether local conditions required it or not. It costs too much and the cost is mounting higher each election.

Compare the ability of state officers that held offices under the convention system with those who have held it under the primary election system and you will see at once the difference. Take Richard Coke, John Ireland, L. S. Ross, Jas. S. Hogg, C. A. Culberson, J. D. Sayer, S. W. F. Lanham. For ability, they rank with the ablest governors of any state in the Union. Four of them served in Congress, Coke and Culberson in the senate after serving two terms as governors. Sayers and Lanham served many years in the House and all made national reputations for ability and integrity. Yet we doubt if one of these men could win a nomination in a primary to-day.

NOTICE, APPLICATION TO PASS SPECIAL ROAD LAW

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all property owners and to all interested parties that at the FIRST CALLED SESSION OF THE THIRTY-NINTH LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF TEXAS, to be convened in the City of Austin, Texas, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1926, there will be introduced a bill in respect to ROAD DISTRICT NO. 1 OF CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, and the substance of such proposed law is as follows:

AN ACT TO CREATE ROAD DISTRICT NUMBER 1 IN CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS; VALIDATING AND APPROVING ALL ORDERS MADE BY THE COMMISSIONERS COURT OF SAID COUNTY IN RESPECT TO THE ORGANIZATION OF SAID DISTRICT; VALIDATING THE AUTHORIZATION, ISSUANCE, AND SALE OF CERTAIN ROAD BONDS THEREOF, AND PROVIDING FOR THEIR PAYMENT BY THE ANNUAL LEVY, ASSESSMENT AND COLLECTION OF GENERAL AD VALOREM TAXES ON ALL TAXABLE PROPERTY IN SAID ROAD DISTRICT; APPROVING AND VALIDATING ALL ORDERS OF THE COMMISSIONERS COURT OF SAID COUNTY IN RESPECT OF SAID

ROAD DISTRICT, BONDS AND TAXES, OR CERTIFIED COPIES THEREOF, AND CONSTITUTING SUCH ORDERS LEGAL EVIDENCE; AND DECLARING AN EMERGENCY.

Dated this the 9th day of August, 1926.

VICTOR B. GILBERT,
County Judge
Callahan County, Texas

CITATION OF APPLICATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

The State Of Texas
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County, Greeting:

You are Herely Commanded to cause to be published once each week for a period of ten days before the return day hereof, in a newspaper of general circulation, which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year in said Callahan County, a copy of the following notice:

The State Of Texas.

To all persons interested in the Estate of William B. Jones Deceased, George B. Jones has filed in the County Court of Callahan County, an application for the Probate of the last Will and Testament of said William B. Jones Deceased, filed with said application, and for Letter Testamentary which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing on the First Monday in October A. D. 1926, the same being the 4th day of October A. D. 1926 at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said Estate may appear and contest said application, should they desire to do so.

Herein Fail Not, but have you before said Court on the said first day of the next term thereof this Writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1926.

S. E. Settle, Clerk
County Court Callahan County, Texas. 37-3t.

NOTICE SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas,
County of Callahan.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Honorable County Court of Callahan County, Texas, on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1926, by the Clerk thereof, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1925, in favor of the said France James and against the said Charles Nordyke, in the case of **France James versus Chas. Nordyke** No. 613, and to me, as sheriff, directed and delivered, I did on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1926, at 3 o'clock, P. M., levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situated in the county of Callahan, State of Texas, and belonging to the said Chas Nordyke, to-wit:

All of the North-west One-fourth of Section No. 349 of the G. W. Denton Survey in Callahan County, Texas, being situated in the South west part of Callahan County Texas, and commonly known as the Chas Nordyke place, and containing 160 acres of land.

which execution was, on the 22nd day of May, A. D. 1926, duly returned without a sale of said property, and without said judgment being satisfied, and without any payment being made on said judgment;

By virtue of a Venditioni Exponas issued out of the said County Court of Callahan, Texas, on the said judgment rendered in said court on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1925, in said case of France James versus Chas. Nordyke, No. 613, in favor of the said France James and against the said Chas. Nordyke, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will, on the 7th day of September, A. D. 1926, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. on said day, at the Court House door of said county, offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said Chas Nordyke in and to said property.

Dated at Baird, Texas, this 11th day of August, A. D. 1926.

G. H. Corn, Sheriff,
37-3t. of Callahan County, Texas.

NEW YEAR POSITION

Paying \$1,000 to \$1,200 to begin with will be waiting for those who master the world-famous Draughton Training. Scholarship insure positions to those who begin now—either at College or by mail. Low Summer Rates now. Mail Coupon to Draughton's College, Abilene, Texas, For Special Offer.

Name _____
Address _____
37-1tpd.

THE UNION REVIVAL

Beginning Sunday, Aug., 22nd at The TABERNACLE

You are Invited to Work and Warship With Us
A. W. YELL CAL. C. WRIGHT



School Hats

I have received a nice line of School Hats. Call and see them.

MISS DAY'S HAT SHOP

M. E. KOSSEE
Expert Watchmaker
Located at Baird Drug Company

ADVERTISE-IT PAYS.

TWO RULES

for the depositor who wishes to get the greatest possible value out of his bank account:

1 — Deposit your money as soon as possible after you get it.

2 — When you withdraw money, by check or otherwise, make sure that there is a good substantial balance left in the bank.

Observe these rules for your own protection!

THE First National Bank

CAPITAL \$ 50,000.00
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$ 25,000.00

1884—The Old Established Bank—1884

BAIRD, TEXAS

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Tom Windham, President
Henry James, Vice President
Ace Hickman, Vice President
W. S. Hinds, Cashier
Bob Norrell, Assistant Cashier
W. A. Hinds
A. R. (Rod) Kelton

A Good Name

priceless and therefore jealously upheld . . .

Dodge Brothers have kept the faith. Year after year their motor car has continued to mature into a better and better product.

Beauty has been added to dependability, comfort and silence to beauty. Endless refinements have been made, and the basic sources of Dodge Brothers quality maintained in every detail.

As a consequence, the NAME Dodge Brothers is even more valuable than the great Dodge Brothers plant itself, and eminently worthy of the public confidence it everywhere inspires.

The public may rest assured that a Good Name so priceless will be safeguarded jealously by those who hold its destinies in their hands.

Touring Car	921.00
Coupe	972.00
Sedan	1031.00
(Delivered)	

KEELAN-NEILL MOTOR CO.
Phone 169 Baird, Texas

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

NO GUESSING

Even inexperienced buyers can tell that our prices are fair, because we have an unerring method by which they themselves can determine the age and value of any Dodge Brothers Used Car in our stock. Facts are better than guesses.

Keelan-Neill Motor Co.
Phone, 169 Baird, Texas

A USED CAR IS ONLY AS DEPENDABLE AS THE DEALER WHO SELLS IT

Patrons and Community

The success of our patrons and the progress of the community are vital necessities of our own success.

We feel that your interests and ours are in many particulars mutual. Our facilities are excellent. We want to serve you.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

FIRST STATE BANK

BAIRD, TEXAS

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

E. L. Finley, President	T. E. Powell, Vice President
F. L. Driskill, Cashier	H. Ross, Vice President
E. D. Driskill, Assistant Cashier	P. G. Hatchett, Vice President
M. Barnhill, C. B. Snyder	

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the following persons as candidates for County and District offices, subject to action of the Democratic Primary Election for 1926:

For Tax Assessor:
C. W. CONNER,
Baird.
R. J. (Ray) BOEN,
Rowden.

For Sheriff:
G. H. CORN,
Re-election.
EVERETT (Ev) HUGHES,

Eastland County Bar Endorses Judge Davenport

Resolution Adopted By The Eastland County Bar, August 4, 1926

WHEREAS, Judge George L. Davenport is a candidate for Associate Justice of the Court of Civil Appeals of the Eleventh District; and

WHEREAS, the honest and patriotic voters all over said District who do not personally know the candidate are no doubt seeking information to the end that they may cast their votes for the candidate whose character, ability and experience best fit him for the most acceptable public office; and

WHEREAS, the members of the bar of Eastland County have had special and peculiar opportunities and occasion to rightly estimate and judge of the character, ability and experience of Judge Davenport;

NOW THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED BY THE EASTLAND COUNTY BAR:

That we most earnestly commend to the consideration of the voters of the District the candidacy of Judge Davenport, at present District Judge and who in the first primary received an overwhelming majority of the votes in Eastland County over his opponent and a substantial plurality in the entire District;

That upon the record of a clean and exemplary life among us we vouch for his unimpeachable character and high degree of integrity as a man;

That, as practicing lawyer in the court over which he has presided as District Judge during the past six years, we have come to justly rate him as one of the leading jurists of the state;

That, by reason of the location of the District Court of which he is Judge in the midst of the greatest operations of oil industry in this state and the unprecedented volume, variety and importance of litigation of which his court has been called upon to exercise jurisdiction, Judge Davenport has had exceptional opportunity to acquire and has acquired a rich and varied experience which could have been had in no other way, preeminently fitting him for the place to which he now aspires.

That, added to the qualifications above mentioned and crowning same with completeness, is the possession on the part of Judge Davenport of a judicial temperament and poise of the highest order.

The following named members of the bar participating in the adoption of the foregoing resolution:

O. C. Funderburk	J. L. Alford
J. J. Butts	L. H. McCrea
T. J. Cunningham	Conner & McRea
Eugene Lankford	Frank Judkins
E. A. Hill	L. H. Flewellen
Milton Lawrence	R. R. Holloway
Scott W. Key	Perry Sayre
Clayton L. Orn	L. C. Jackson
S. W. Pratt	G. G. Hazel
B. D. Shropshire	L. R. Pearson
L. D. Hillyer	D. K. Scott
John Sayles	F. D. Wright
Oscar Chastain	Scott Brelsford
McCarty & Brelsford	R. E. Trely
A. E. Firman	L. E. Richardson
J. Frank Sparks	Gilvie Hubbard
W. S. Adamson	

Mrs. Martha Gilliland, Mrs. Verda James and children, spent last Friday with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Brightwell, at the ranch on the Bayou.

Mrs. John J. Bookhout and children John and Mary Frances, of Dallas, are visiting Mrs. Bookhout's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ross.

Mrs. Terrell Perdue and baby, and Miss Ila Perdue, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Perdue at Roby the latter part of last week.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Somewhere in the Classified columns of The Star there may be an advertisement offering for sale something you want to buy, or probably some one is advertising for something you have for sale.

It pays to read and use the Classified columns of The Star.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Verda James and children and Miss Alice Gilliland spent a few days at Christoval, the past week.

Mrs. Fred Linder, of Los Angeles, California, is visiting Mrs. A. Cooke and other old friends in Baird.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hal H. Ramsey, of Abilene, on August 13, 1926, a son.

Mrs. Thea Manning, of Rising Star was the guest of her sister Mrs. Elmar Johnson last Saturday.

A. W. Johnson is at present visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Powell, of Stacy, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Townsend and family passed through Baird Sunday on their way to Angelina County.

Mrs. H. B. Bennett returned Sunday from a visit with relatives in Coleman county.

C. D. Jones and family spent the week-end at Stacy, the guests of Mrs. Jones sister, Mrs. J. F. Powell and family.

Miss Nina Walker, who is attending Draughons Business College at Abilene, is spending the week with her parents.

Mrs. Dave Clark and daughter, of Cross Plains, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Walker and family the past week.

Mrs. Sara Wright, of Admiral, who has been quite ill for the past two months, was able to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. P. Walker the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice Jones and children and Mrs. W. B. Jones returned Wednesday from a visit to relatives at Kress and Prescott.

Mrs. W. G. Kindel and daughter, Miss Josephine, of Weatherford are the guests of Mrs. Kindel's sister, Mrs. H. C. McGowen, and family.

Pat Bounds left Wednesday night for New Orleans, La., where he will attend Tulane University. Pat completed a two years medical course at Baylor College, Waco, last year.

Rev. J. C. McKinzie and family, of Kaufman, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Homer Boatwright at their home east of Baird. Rev. McKinzie was formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church here.

Capt. H. C. Fuller, of the Brownwood Bulletin, was in town the first of the week. Capt. Fuller is interested in getting up a Reunion of the ex-students of the Belle Plaine College, also an Old Settlers Reunion.

Judge E. E. Solmon and others from Breckenridge were in Baird, Monday in the interest of the candidacy of Judge J. E. Hickman, for the 2nd. Place Associate Justice, Supreme District.

CLASSIFIED ADS

BED ROOM—Comfortable bed room for rent. Phone 134. 38-2t.

PAINTING-PAPER HANGING—See Joe Harding for first class painting and paper hanging. All work guaranteed. Box 383 or see me at Mrs. Rudders, or see Alex Roberson. 38-2tp

LOST—Black hand bag near Baird, Sunday, August 8th, containing ladies dress and babies clothing. Finder please notify H. D. Estes, Big Lake, Texas, and receive pay for your trouble. 38-2t.

WE DELIVER—every day in the week 50-t Warren's Market, and on Sunday, until 9 a. m. Phone. 130.

WIND MILL—Sft steel windmill, 40 barrel cypress tank, 75 ft. of 2in. galvanized pipe, 75 ft. pump rod, for sale, 3 miles North of Cottonwood, J. G. Varner, Box 475, Baird, Texas 33-tf.

SURVEYORS COMPASS—For sale Miss Willie Floyd, 1833 South 5th st. Abilene, wants to sell the compass her father, the late T. H. Floyd used while surveyor of Callahan county, perhaps a surveyors chain also, write Miss Floyd at above address. 33-tf.



School Days are Near

It is only a few more weeks until school begins and we want you to make our store headquarters for the children's school clothes.

We are receiving daily shipments of beautiful prints chambray and gingham in guaranteed fast colors.

Ready-to-Wear

We have received some of our new Fall Dresses in Satin and Crepe Satin. The new shades are black, jungle green and channal red.

Every express brings us new merchandise.

Shoe Department

In our Shoe Department we have several new numbers in Ladies shoes.

Felt Hats for Fall

We have a nice line of Felt Hats for early wear, in the light pastel shades.

Gift Articles

Beautiful Gift Articles in Buffet Sets. Dresser Scafs and Luncheon Sets.

We will be better prepared this fall than ever to supply your needs and want you to make our store headquarters when in Baird.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

The Place Where It Pays You to Trade

FRANKLIN COUNTY WILL SEND YOUNG FARMERS TO 1926 STATE FAIR

Four hundred boys and girls from Franklin county—members of the country agricultural clubs working under the extension department of A. & M. College—attended the State Fair of Texas in 1925 on "Franklin County Day."

There'll be a thousand of them this year.

That's the advice from W. D. Seale, county agricultural agent of Franklin county, who has written Secretary W. H. Stratton of the Fair association, asking whether the thousand youngsters can be accommodated.

Mr. Stratton has replied that they can, and they'll be at the Fair on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15 and 16. Those dates follow the close of the regular boys' club encampment on Oct. 14.

Franklin county merchants and business men, appreciating both the educational advantages of the State Fair, and that the farm boys and girls of today are the prosperous agriculturists and producers of tomorrow, inaugurated the State Fair trip last year, as a part of their program of keeping in close touch with the embryo farm owners and operators. It is expected that other counties will emulate the example of Franklin county.

County Agent Seale also advised Secretary Stratton that Franklin county will have a fine county exhibit, which will be entered in the contest for the \$10,000 premiums offered by the Fair for the best ten exhibits as the result of scoring extending over a period of five years.

FREE BAND CONCERTS STATE FAIR FEATURE

Free concerts in the great Auditorium by A. F. Thavin's "Exposition Band" are to be features at the 1926 State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 9-24.

On two afternoons each week, the concert will be given in addition to excerpts from the well known operas. On such days a nominal admission fee is to be charged. The band concerts alone, however, will be absolutely free.

According to the schedule, the free concerts will be given in the morning on days when there are to be matinee performances of "Princess Flavia." On non-matinee days—Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays—the band will be heard in the afternoon. Morning hours will be from 11 to 12:30 o'clock, and afternoons from 2 until 3:30.

Thavin's organization will come to the State Fair following engagements at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, and the famous Steel Pier at Atlantic City. In the personnel of the band and singers who are to offer the grand opera excerpts, there are artists and soloists of international reputation.

TEXAS RANKS FIRST IN PRODUCTION OF WOOL

Texas, with a production of 25,404,000 pounds ranked first among the wool producing states of the nation in figures estimating the 1926 clip, as announced by a Salt Lake City statistician. Utah was second and Montana third, with Utah's increase the greatest, figuring at more than 2,600,000 pounds over the showing of last year. Some conception of Texas' rank as a sheep growing and wool producing state, may be had from the exhibits in the sheep and goat department at the State Fair of Texas. J. M. Jones is superintendent and A. K. Mackey of College Station, assistant in this department. Judging will take place on Tuesday, Oct. 12.

Five-Year-Old Hero Saves Chum From Drowning



Little Billy Parks, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Parks of Chicago, is the hero of his neighborhood. A companion of the same age slipped down an embankment into a hole where there was several feet of water. Billy could find no help so he laid down on his stomach, leaned far over the embankment, and when Bobby's hand came up, grasped it firmly, held on and then pulled his playmate slowly out.

The Star Print Shop—"For Service."

Primary Election Ballot

On Saturday, August 28th, all voters in Texas will go to the polls to vote for their favorite candidate in this, the 2nd, primary. Following we have re-produced the Official Ballot of the Democratic Party for the benefit of the readers of The Star.

For Governor:

Miriam A. Ferguson of Bell County
Dan Moody of Williamson County

For Attorney General:

Claud Pollard of Harris County
James V. Allred of Wichita County

For State Treasurer:

W. Gregory Hatcher of Dallas County
J. R. Ball of Fannin County

For Associate Justice Court Civil Appeals 11th Supreme Judicial District, Place No. 2:

J. E. Hickman of Stephens County
Geo. L. Davenport of Eastland County

For Sheriff:

G. H. Corn
Everett (Ev) Hughes

For Tax Assessor:

C. W. Conner
R. J. (Ray) Boen

For Public Weigher Precinct No. 5:

Edd L. Caperton
Austin Bouchette

GREATEST OF ALL GAMES

As September approaches, every young person begins to think seriously of school—it is the most natural thing for them to do, but have you made up your mind definitely? If you have, you have taken a long step toward future success. To grow into manhood without a useful education, these days mean certain failure. We believe and every right thinking person believes that, an education in business is indispensable today because business permeates every vocation and every profession and it is not possible to be successful in any line without a knowledge of business. It has been our experience and observation that the right time to get business training is just after finishing or discontinuing the high school. This is true, even if you contemplate a college training. University presidents, many of them, advocates a business education before starting the college course. Four years is a long time and many college students are obliged to discontinue or become self supporting. If they are competent stenographers, typist and bookkeepers they will have no difficulty in making themselves absolutely independent, both while in college and after they graduate. Every professional man, to be successful must first be a business man.

Of all the occasions open to men and women, none offers more in the way of large rewards, than does business. Business has come to be a profession of the highest order and calls for practical training, skill, ability and industry, such as can only be acquired economically, quickly and thoroughly in the Byrne Commercial College, Dallas. This is one school that has built an enviable reputation for training and placing young men in business. Write them at 121 1/2 Main Street, or see the editor of this paper for particulars, and scholarship.

September first is right on us now.

W. E. Gilliland, Editor of The Star, is quite ill this week.

Dr. and Mrs. V. E. Hill and little son, Clifton, were to leave this morning for Philadelphia, Penn., to attend the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition. Master Lewis will remain with his grand-mother, Mrs. Martha Gilliland.

PIANOS—I have in the vicinity of Baird, 2 new Kimbell Pianos, also 2 new Starr Players, that I will sell at a discount, rather than re-ship. Also have several good used pianos, in good shape, \$75.00 and up. Write at once. Your own terms.

S. B. McCawley,
1011 North 22nd, St.
Waco, Texas.

It Pays To Advertise In The Star

Peace, Goodwill



Columbia, Peace and the Spirit of Brotherly love have been joined in one person, a beautiful woman. This young lady was one of the central figures in a pageant staged at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, celebrating 150 years of American Independence. The Exposition continues until December 1.

Mrs. Terrel Percus and baby, of Putnam, are visiting Mrs. Percus' mother, Mrs. Ella Foster.

Mrs. Wylie Clements and Mrs. Urey Butler, of Stanton and their mother, Mrs. Lela Cathey, of Putnam, were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Cal C. Welch, last Friday.

Mrs. Earl Langston and daughter, Mary Bea, of Cisco, are visiting Mrs. Langston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Coffman.

Mrs. McDaniel, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wylie Tisdale, returned to her home at Crowell, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilliland spent the week-end with relatives in Colorado. Mrs. J. Y. Gilliland who has been visiting there for the past two weeks returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Wylie Gaines, and children, spent Sunday with Mrs. Gaines' mother, Mrs. M. C. Berry, who accompanied them home for a few days visit.

Miss Ruby May Hunt, local Manager for the Home Telephone & Electric Company, at Moran, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hunt, the first of the week.

MOSQUITO FOUND TO BE AID TO DOCTOR

British Experts Use It in Treating Paralysis.

London.—"Can you lend us some mosquitoes—about 80—? We've got a patient we want bitten."

Startling as this query sounds, it is the sort of thing the British ministry of health is getting used to as a result of the latest researches at the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, London, for the venemous little insect pest has its uses in the sacred cause of healing.

The mosquito in fact is, in certain cases, a "doctor," and he has been able to do, in cases of general paralysis and mental diseases, what human doctors have been unable to accomplish alone. So that the patient need not feel too grateful to the little pest, it must be said at once that "healing" is no part of the mosquito's intentions, for when he inserts his needle-like proboscis in the flesh of the patient selected for biting-treatment, he fondly imagines he is pursuing his old trade of "infecting." And this, in a way, he is doing—although his energies are now being directed by modern science.

Produces Malaria.

It has been found excellent results have been obtained in otherwise "incurable" mental and general paralysis cases where the patient has become infected with malaria, for when the malaria germs have been conquered recovery from paralysis follows in the majority of cases. "Doctor Mosquito" is, therefore, being called in to supply the malaria. The ordinary doctors will do the rest.

At the Horton Mental hospital at Epsom Surrey there is a "mosquito room," where Prof. P. G. Shute, gold medalist of the College of Pestology, rears, with tender care, from 300 to 500 fine healthy mosquitoes, all guaranteed to bite ferociously, and able to infect you with any disease desired. Details of the case, for which a "loan" of good biting mosquitoes is required, are sent to Professor Shute, and he proceeds to prepare his "pets" for the ordeal.

In normal paralysis cases, about 80 will do, though sometimes 200 are required. Shute sees his "pets" get a good feed from a person suffering from malaria (this may be a bit painful for the malaria patient, but it helps to remove the virus, so is curative even in his case). When Shute is satisfied his mosquitoes have become thoroughly infected with malaria he sends them to the institution which has asked for them.

Feed on the Patient.

On arrival they are allowed to enjoy themselves biting a person suffering from paralysis, though the bites are carefully regulated by the doctors in charge of the case. One day, perhaps 80 mosquitoes are loosed on the patient, the next day perhaps only 60. On the fourth or fifth day he may only have to entertain 30 or 40.

When the patient is first bitten his temperature rises as high as 105 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is allowed to remain at that until readings have been taken. Quinine is then administered, the malaria is treated nor-

mally, and when it disappears the symptoms of paralysis disappear with it, in the majority of cases, at any rate.

Lieut. Col. S. P. James, advisor to the ministry of health on tropical diseases, declares that as a result of giving malaria to patients suffering from general paralysis, a new field has been found for research into the terrors of malaria in the tropics.

HARD COAL SUCKED FROM RIVER BEDS

Dredgers Profit From Waste-Mining of Past.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Hard coal sucked from the beds of three rivers, muck of it washed out as fine as sand by a method similar to the principle of panning gold, is in greater demand as the result of the strike of anthracite coal miners.

The "miners" working the Susquehanna, Lehigh and Schuylkill rivers annually take approximately a half million tons of hard coal from their beds—coal picked up by these rivers as they traverse the anthracite coal regions. The industry is the outgrowth of careless mining methods of early days.

When coal was plentiful and easily obtained little effort was made by operators to save the small sizes or to utilize any that was swept into the culm banks. These banks piled up along the streams in the vicinity of the collieries and washeries until thousands of tons accumulated. Much of this waste went into the streams and huge quantities of coal of good quality but small in size were washed down by the spring freshets.

When the discovery was made that this coal was of value efforts were

started to recover it. The means most employed consist of the use of suction pumps by which the coal is drawn from the river beds upon flat scoops. The sand is washed out and the resulting product is a good grade of hard coal, much of it as fine as sand.

Its use requires special blower attachments upon boilers, but many residents of the region where the bulk of the river coal is recovered have found the installation of the apparatus an economy and use it in their homes. Public-utility plants make up the largest consumers. During the last few years the quantity of river coal recovered has decreased as a result of better mining methods and increased utilization of the small sizes.

The river coal "miner" is not a miner in the general sense of the word. He has no affiliation with the hard-coal industry itself. Each year, however, these workers dredge out coal valued at more than \$600,000. Shipments by dredgers along the Susquehanna river were reported as considerably heavier during September than usual, although the season had not been more than ordinarily successful.

Postmaster General Out to "Teach" Addressing

Washington.—Lack of street and number addresses on letters has become such a drag on the postal service that Assistant Postmaster General Bartlett has begun a general campaign to educate the business public in the necessity of giving complete addresses on all letters. Postmasters have been requested to take up the subject with advertisers in their cities with a view to having a complete address appear in all advertisements in newspapers and magazines.

Ford

GUARANTEED

Ford used car

CONFIDENCE in the concern with which you deal—that is the biggest thing to consider in your purchase of a used Ford car; and upon that basis, you should naturally buy from an Authorized Ford Dealer.

Go to the nearest Authorized Ford Dealer and see the guaranteed used Fords he has for sale.

SHAW MOTOR COMPANY

AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS