

# The Baird Star.

Our Motto: "Tis Neither Birth, Nor Wealth, Nor State, But The Git-Up-And-Get That Makes Men Great."

VOLUME NO. 39

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1926

NO. 49

## Baird Shallow Field Extended

Reported by  
Claude Stubblefield Flores

November 3, 1926

The Baird Shallow Oil Field is attracting the attention of people from all parts of the United States. In the past few days oil magnates and prospectors have visited the field from New York, St. Louis, Chicago, New Mexico. Two cars from Hollywood and Los Angeles, California, the home of the "movies" have been in the field.

Manhattan Oil Co.—A. T. Young No. 2, came in Saturday and was shot Sunday. This well is good for 50 to 75 barrels.

Ace Hickman No. 1, drilling at 600 feet.

Manhattan Oil Co.—A. T. Young, No. 3, drilling at 175 feet Wednesday.

Manhattan Oil Co.—A. T. Young No. 4, drilling at 685 feet Wednesday.

H. O. Wootan—J. W. Tatum No. 1, came in Saturday and was shot Sunday. This well is good for 10 to 15 barrels and extends the field over one mile south.

The Valley Oil Co.—Ace Hickman No. 2, came in Saturday, was shot Sunday and is good from 30 to 60 barrels per day.

Gardenshire & Mays—Finch No. 1, drilling below 700 feet, shut down to repair engine. From the log of the well it is very promising that it will be a good well, and will extend the field about 2 miles south-west of Admiral.

H. Z. House—South Hearn Estate No. 4, came in Sunday and is estimated to make 50 barrels. The well will be shot Thursday, which will very likely increase the production.

H. Z. House—South Hearn Estate No. 3, fishing for second set of lost tools, at 600 feet.

H. Z. House—South Hearn Estate No. 5, drilling at 100 feet, has shut down to repair shaft.

Warren & Hays—Ace Hickman No. 1, drilling at 412 feet Wednesday.

Gibson & Johnson—Pat Hughes No. 1, abandoned hole at 765 feet moving rig to Hearn Estate.

J. H. Fulcher—H. B. Tatum No. 1, setting casing at 600 feet Wednesday.

Kliner Bros.—North Hearn Estate No. 1, drilling at 500 feet Wednesday.

Wolf & Warren—Jack Flores No. 1, drilling at 500 feet Wednesday.

Moutray Oil Co.—John Flores No. 5, drilling at 625 feet Wednesday.

Moutray Oil Co.—Jack Flores No. 6, drilling at 750 feet Wednesday.

Moutray Oil Co.—Jack Flores No. 7, drilling at 400 feet Wednesday.

Murphey & Co.—Mrs. Kate Flores Young No. 1, drilling at 100 feet.

Warren & Hays—R. Jackson and others, new location, No. 1, moving in material.

### NEW BUILDINGS

A new grocery store and lunch room was opened to the public Monday. Mr. H. Z. House is building a four room bungalow on the South Hearn estate.

Mr. and Mrs. Olif South, of Clyde, will move into the Virgil Hughes house. Professor and Mrs. South will open the public school here next Monday, November 8th.

House & Thompson will open up an office on the south Hearn estate as soon as building is finished, with telephone connections and other modern conveniences.

### A PROMINENT VISITOR

Mr. Hopgood, of Amarillo, was here Sunday, the guest of Mr. Thompson. Mr. Hopgood has large lease interest here. It was Mr. Hopgood who brought in the discovery oil well in the Amarillo field and Panhandle oil field. The Amarillo field is the largest and has the highest production of any field in the world, and has the record of no dry holes.

The Misses Seale's are having their ranch home newly papered and painted.

Mr. Marshall, of Baird, is putting in a cafe and rooming house in the center of the oil field, on the north east corner of the A. T. Young estate.

### PERSONALS

Among prominent visitors in the oil field recently from near by cities, were the following persons: Miss Carrie Reeves and Father, of Brownwood; Mrs. Olds and son Petee Olds, H. O. Wooten; Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Swan, Dr. Bryan McFarland, of Abilene. Concluded on last page

## PUTNAM SUPPLY COMPANY UNLOADING CASING AND SUPPLIES IN BAIRD

The Putnam Supply Company, the new firm which is opening an Oil Field Supply House, here, are unloading casing and other material in their yard here, and will begin work on their building in a few days. C. L. Dickey is moving his oil house off the lot to the lot just east of The Star office, which lot was recently purchased by Messrs Dickey and Bounds. All the large sign boards have been taken down and work on the new buildings will begin just as soon as the oil house is moved.

## SPECIAL CHURCH SERVICE ON ARMISTICE DAY

This year, owing to the fact that Cisco is staging a big celebration on Armistice Day, the local Post of the American Legion decided not to hold their usual Barbecue, etc., but has requested Rev. A. W. Yell, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, to conduct Special Services on that day at the Presbyterian Church, beginning promptly at 11 o'clock. The other churches are invited to take part in these services and all business houses will be requested to close from 11 o'clock until 1 o'clock.

Everybody is invited to attend these services and all ex-service men are especially requested to be present.

By holding the services at this hour it gives everyone a chance to attend, and then have plenty of time to get to the Foot Ball games and other entertainments at the adjoining towns.

11 O'clock—November 11th, at the Presbyterian Church.

You are invited.

## BLUE ARROW OIL STATION CHANGES HANDS

Mr C. T. Howerton, of Abilene has took over the lease on The Blue Arrow Oil Station and is now the Manager of it. See his ad on last page of this issue. Mr. Johnson has returned to his home in Cleburne, and we understand he contemplates going to Wichita Falls.

## RAIN AND COLD WEATHER

For over a week showers have been frequent and Monday it rained nearly all day and far into the night, and wind was in the North. Tuesday was damp and cloudy; Wednesday fair and rain again all Wednesday night.

## RENT HOUSES SCARCE

There is scarcely a day passes but, that one to a half dozen people call at The Star office to see if there are houses or apartments advertised for rent.

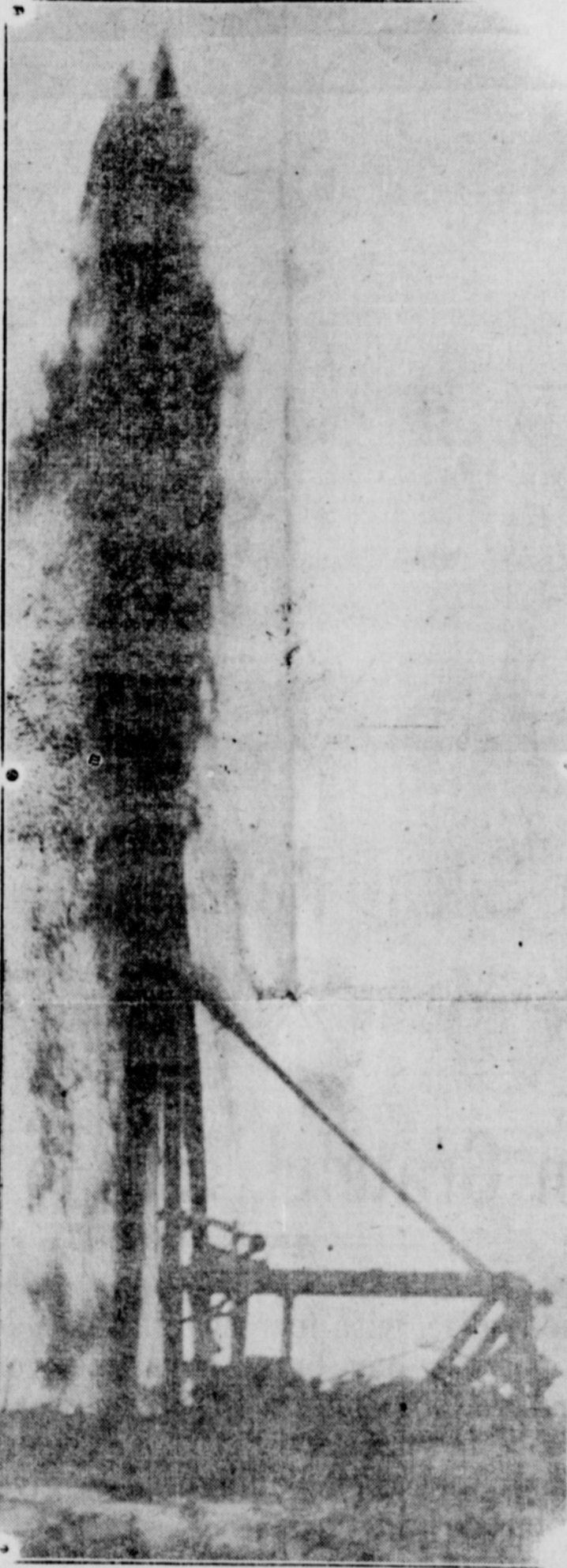
It seems that the housing proposition is getting more serious every day. If you have rooms, apartments, or houses to rent, advertise them in The Star, you will get quick results.

## "UNCLE T." EMMONS IN AUTO WRECK

"Uncle T." Emmons had a narrow escape from serious injuries last Sunday morning. He was driving east of town on the Bankhead Highway, and in turning around his car was struck from the rear by another car, turning "Uncle T's" car, which is a Buick Sedan, over breaking the glasses in the doors, and otherwise damaging the car, but he, fortunately escaped with only a few bruises.

Mrs. Harry Kemper, of Clyde, was in Baird Tuesday, taking orders for Leather goods, such as bill folders, ladies hand bags, purses, etc., which are made by her husband, Harry Kemper, the well known World War Veteran, who has been in ill health ever since his return from over seas, and who is now in the Veterans Hospital, at Legion, near San Antonio, where he has learned this work. The goods are hand-made, and are beautiful in design. A bill fold and coin purse may be seen at The Star office. They will make very appropriate Christmas Gifts, one which any one will appreciate, and at the same time be a help to one of our boys who sacrificed his health in the great conflict "over there" and who is trying to make a living for himself, his wife and two little children.

## A Baird Shallow Field Gusher



The above is a picture of the J. A. Flores well, No. 4, of the Moutray Oil Company, which was drilled some ten days ago in the Baird Shallow Field, at old Belle Plaine. The "liquid gold" was shooting skyward when the picture was made. The well is making 256 barrels daily at a depth of about 750 feet.

(This picture is furnished The Star by courtesy of The Abilene Daily Reporter.)

The Manhattan Oil Co.—A. T. Young No. 1, is also a good producer, making 235 barrels at 743 feet. Four new wells came in during the past week (see Claude Flores report) which makes a total of 22 producing wells. The present production of the field is approximately 1500 barrels per day.

Production has so increased during the past week due to the bringing in of new wells that the present pipe line facilities are inadequate and it is understood the Prairie Pipe Line Company is planning to lay additional line to the field.

J. A. Murphy, of Mineral Wells, who bought 13.3 acres from Mrs. Kate Flores Young, during the past week, paying \$5,000 for the tract, which is the highest price paid to date for acreage in the proven field, is moving material in and will start developing his lease immediately.

Many new operators have come in to the field the past week and a great deal of acreage has changed hands.

### COTTON REPORT

Ben L. Russell, Jr., gives us the following report: For Callahan County, 6,571 bales ginned prior to October 18th as compared with 9,818, same date last year.

### NOTICE

We will not move the piano from the Presbyterian Church again, for any purpose. Signed, Committee.

## MISS BESSIE MAE BROWNING ENTERTAINS H. O. P. CLUB

Friday, October 29th Miss Bessie Mae Browning entertained the H. O. P. Club at the home of Mrs. L. L. Blackburn. The house was beautifully decorated with cats, bats, witches and jack o'lanterns that gave it a very weird effect. After fortune telling games were enjoyed by all. A business session was called by the president. The motto chosen was "Help Our Pals" and Roberta Warren was elected prosecuting attorney. Refreshments were then served to the following guests:

Bennie McCook, Francis Vestal, Sybil Brown, Margie Sutphen, Inez Bennett, Roberta Warren, Burma Warren, the hostess and Jewell Grimes.

## HALLOWEEN ENTERTAINMENT AT JACKSON SCHOOL

Last Friday afternoon at the Jackson School House, 7 miles East of Baird, the pupils, under the direction of Mrs. R. L. Alexander, teacher, gave a Halloween entertainment for the parents and friends of the children. The program consisted of recitations, songs etc, and was very entertaining. Halloween favors were presented to all attending.

The Jackson School is progressing very rapidly under the direction of Mrs. Alexander and the community is very proud of the "little school on the Highway."

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

A. W. Yell, Minister.

Sunday School at 10 a. m.

At the 11 o'clock hour Mr. Read one of our best Laymen in Texas, will speak at the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Read is a good speaker, hear him.

Evening services 7 p. m., the third of a number of sermons on the Lords Prayer will be continued.

The Fifth Sunday meeting of Breckenridge was a good success, all churches in groups three were represented.

The session will meet just at close of services Sunday, so be on hand. We must get our lots in usual shape.

## THE METHODIST CHURCH

Cal C. Wright, Pastor.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. We want you to meet with us.

Preaching at 11 o'clock. Stay for Church.

Epworth League at 6:15 p. m.

There will not be evening services, as the pastor expects to be out of town.

As next Sunday is the last one in this Conference Year, we hope to have a full attendance at both Sunday School and the morning services. You are invited to worship with us.

## EASTLAND FIELD GETS 750 BARREL WELL

The biggest well completed in the Eastland field in months marks the come-back staged by Col. Robert D. Gordon, veteran of three wars and one of the best known operators of West Texas. His Ramsower No. 1, good for 750 barrels, has resulted in great lessening activity and will cause a drilling campaign eight miles north-west of Eastland. Gordon discovered the Lake Eastland field five years ago but lost his fortune through a series of swift reverses. He determined to "come back" and drilled the Ramsower gusher under numerous difficulties.

## CATTLE STAMPEDE

A heard of about 600 yearlings stampeded at the stockpens Monday night. The yearlings were from the J. O. Hall ranch and had been sold to Jack Farmer, of Albany. Ed Horn, foreman of the Hall ranch, assisted by Larry Blakley, Will Rice and Pete Neubeauer, were penning the cattle, which on account of the rain, did not reach the shipping pens until after dark, when a shrill whistle from the switch engine gave them a scare and away they went. They succeeded in closing the gate on something over a hundred head, but the others scattered, some of them going back to the Hall pasture on the Bayou. Extra help was secured and an all night and day work, they were gathered again and delivered to Mr. Farmer Wednesday.

## District Court In Session

The fall term of District Court convened Monday morning with Judge W. R. Ely on the bench, M. S. Long, District Attorney; Mrs. Kate Hearn, District Clerk; Harvey Brown, Court Reporter and Sheriff G. H. Corn, present.

The following is a list of the Grand Jurors empaneled: Jeff Clark, Foreman, E. L. Smith, D. Peevy, T. J. Humphreys, John Burman, G. L. Brashier, T. A. Butler, H. L. Breeding, A. R. Kelton, L. A. Coats, Robert L. Edwards, Dee Young. Up to last night the Grand Jury had returned five indictments, as follows:

W. W. Lincecum, assault to murder. G. W. Lincecum, assault to murder. J. G. Brookshire, assault with prohibitive weapons.

Bill Lewis, possessing liquor. Bill Lewis, possessing and transporting liquors.

The Lincecum cases are set for trial on Tuesday, November 9th; Lewis case, set for Monday, November 8th; Brookshire case set for Monday, November 8th.

The following civil cases have been disposed of this week:

Mary Nell Mahan vs Moutray Oil Co., suit to quiet title. Judgment for plaintiff.

Canyon Oil & Gas Co., vs Prairie Oil & Gas Co., trespass to try title, Judgment for plaintiff.

Putnam Supply Co. vs Pennant Oil & Gas Co., Judgment for plaintiff.

O. N. Wingfield vs Roxania Petroleum Co. Remover to Federal Court, Abilene.

The following Civil cases are set for trial this term:

J. P. Monday, et al vs E. C. Nell, trespass to try title. Set for November 10th.

V. C. Strongburg vs Burleson Oil Co., set for November 22nd.

George Dilly vs Burleson Oil Co., set for November 22nd.

The following Divorce cases will be tried at this term of court:

Mary Grounds vs Claud Ground.

Pearl Saunders vs Eddie Saunders.

Milburn Hammons vs Edna Hammons.

Della Woodall vs James P. Woodall.

Callie Windham vs Tom Windham.

Annie Smith vs Irwin Smith.

Ollie Hollman vs W. B. Hollman.

G. W. Douglas vs Nora Douglas.

Lige May Young vs Andrew Young, (colored).

Vinita Star vs C. S. Star.

Mary Hicks vs Archie Hicks.

## SENIOR CLASS ENTERTAINS JUNIORS SAT. OCT. 30TH.

The Junior Class was entertained by the Seniors, Saturday night, Oct. 30th with a hobo picnic, given out at Stafford Alexander's home. We were entertained in a lovely manner games and stunts were played. Every one had a wonderful time.

The Juniors wish to thank the Seniors for their splendid entertainment and we hope to re-pay it in the near future. Hurray! for B. H. S. Reporter.

## JOINT MEETING AT M. E. CHURCH SUNDAY

The Epworth League, Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. will meet in a joint meeting at the Methodist Church next Sunday evening at 6:15. The program for the evening will be given by the B. Y. P. U. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

## CHICKEN BANQUET

The Officers and Teachers of the Primary Department of the Methodist Sunday School will serve a banquet to-night in the church bsnm. Plates 75 cents. A special table been set for children where will be served at 45 cents. The following program will be given: Address.....Rev. Cal C. Piano Solo.....Mis Reading.....M Song.....M Violin Solo.....M Mail Quart

There are severe issue—read them.





In Silent Reverence

# We Bow Our Heads

In Grateful Tribute

As the years pass, we realize, with increasing gratitude, the wonderful accomplishment attained by our brave boys who went "over there." Time, the great equalizer, emphasizes with ever growing momentum, the feeling of reverence in which we can regard their deeds of valor, their unselfish sacrifices and their willingness to give all freely that we might enjoy our birth-right.

**It is our sacred privilege to bow in reverent tribute, on this, their day**

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FULTON'S BARBER SHOP  
HOLMES DRUG COMPANY  
QUICK SERVICE LAUNDRY  
Service That Satisfies  
HANLEY FILLING STATION  
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MAE HOTEL  
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MAYFIELD'S  
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WEST TEXAS UTILITIES COMPANY  
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KEELAN-NEILL MOTOR COMPANY  
Dodge Brothers Motor Cars  
THE STAR PRINT SHOP  
JONES DRY GOODS, Inc.  
SELF SERVE GROCERY  
THE TEXAS COMPANY  
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CALLAHAN HOTEL  
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### PAUL V. HARRELL

#### Attorney

and  
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## COUPLE HAPPY IN MOUNTAIN HOME

### Husband and Wife Content With Their Trees and Books for 44 Years.

Balmorhea, Texas.—His well-kept farm wholly concealed behind the mountains, and reached only by a tortuous, difficult road, H. H. Huelster hasn't been to town for seven years.

But with his good hausfrau, towering hillsides, fruit trees and books with which to commune, he has not missed the hum and throb of a city, though he has neither radio nor telephone.

Huelster at seventy-five and his wife at sixty-six have lived on this same mountain ranch for 44 years, and for the last 20 years he and his sons have been terracing the property. But his sons, of whom there are nine, and daughters, of whom there are two, are now gone, leaving the aged couple with their dog, cat, mountains and quietness.

#### Terracing Engineering Feat.

There probably is no other farm in Texas that will compare to that of the Huelsters in a terracing job, for in their case it was an engineering feat and the rock walls and gardens present an unusually picturesque sight, one that amazes the visitor in this far-off nook.

But the couple are happy. When the writer visited there recently Mrs. Huelster, active and vivacious, explained their philosophy thus:

"No, sir, I would not want to reside in a city. Why folks would know every dress I owned and what I had for breakfast. Then there is the noise and crowds and no time for anything. Here, we can read, watch our fruit and flowers, and about twice a month some friends visit us."

She only came to Huelster's broad shoulder, but unlike him, at times will come to Balmorhea and attend a "movie."

"Now you all sit down and let me bring you some nice watermelon," she said. "We haven't seen any one for a month," and she darted into the house and then out, re-enforced with a large melon.

"Who was elected governor?" she inquired. This was some time after the last primary, and when informed that Dan Moody had won, she exclaimed: "My! My! So our woman governor lost, and I thought she was going to win."

#### Builder of His Home.

The Huelster homestead, all of stone, was built by the pioneer and his sons, and standing on a crest, overlooks the entire farm. May 29 a terrific freshet tore down the mountain, washed out a dam that had been built and dug about boulders weighing a ton. Huelster pointed some of them out.

"Are you not afraid when these heavy storms send such gigantic rocks so close to your home?" he was asked.

"Why, no, of course not," he scoffed. "We have lived here for 44 years. It does require some repair work, though."

He does some pretty hard work on terracing every day, work that would tax a man many years his junior.

Mountain folk, and pretty exclusive at that, one would expect to find in their well-filled library books concerning life other than mountains, adventure and the outdoors. But no, there were scores of books by Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood and other writers whose stories deal with the old West and mountains. Zane Grey wrote a novel whose scenes are laid in the Davis mountains, and in it he mentions that the Southern Pacific reached Alpine about 1876.

"Grey is entirely wrong," declared Huelster. "I was here and know it came through about seven years after he said it did. I ought to know, for I saw them building the line and heard the whistle of the first train."

#### Wife Is a Scientist.

Huelster reads English, German, French and Spanish with equal ease, while his wife is the scientist of the pair. She knows the common and scientific name of every flower, vegetable and insect on the place.

"The names in common usage are just slang," she said. "See that beautiful butterfly on that leaf? It's a giant of the lepidoptera family. Now it has alighted on that verbeena, only its real name is *lipia citridora*."

The linguist wore overalls and the scientist a house dress when the surprise visit was made. Finally, a photograph of them was suggested. Then the Huelsters disclosed that no one ever had taken a photograph of them, though back in 1893 some one took a picture of the farm for use at the world's fair in Chicago.

"No, sir, I don't want my picture taken," said the husband.

"I will," said the wife and she hustled into the house, saluting forth a few minutes later resplendent in a silk dress. Huelster couldn't stand for this. He succumbed, and soon came out, dressed appropriately for the occasion. And they stood together, these rugged pioneers of rugged mountains and the picture was taken.

Back in the days when outlaws and Comanches held sway in this section, when the stage coach ran between San Antonio and El Paso Huelster, then a young man, had a job at Balmorhea of changing the mules when the coach arrived, while his wife cooked meals for the travelers.

It was not many years ago when the Huelster family supplied the en-

tire valley with its vegetables and fruits. Now they do no shopping and one of their sons makes a weekly trip, carrying staple groceries to the farm.

Mrs. Huelster recalls events by remembering which child was the baby. "Let me see. Oh, yes, Fritz was the baby when that picture was taken back in '93," she said.

It was not long since oil was discovered on the Huelster farm. The rancher was drilling for water, the oil spoiled the water, so he plugged her up in disgust. He doesn't need oil. He has his mountains.

### Famous Painting Missing From Church in Mexico

Morelia, State of Michoacan, Mex.—Mystery is attached to the strange disappearance from the wall of the parish church of Tzintzuntzan, a historic village situated on the shore of Lake Patzcuaro, of the celebrated painting "The Descent From the Cross."

This canvas is regarded in art circles as being one of the most valuable masterpieces on the American continent, due to the established fact that it came from the brush of Titian, who was the royal patron of Philip II, King of Spain.

For long periods the church was closed to the eyes of visitors and many legends sprang up concerning the wonderful painting which maintained its marvelous beauty and color, despite age and exposure. When officers of the federal government went to the village a few days ago to make an inventory of the church property, they found that the painting had been removed from the wall. It is the popular belief here that the painting was removed by order of the church authorities and secreted, for the time being, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the government.

### Too Proud to Ask Aid, Woman Nearly Starves

New York.—Too proud to keep boarders when they proved objectionable, although they were her only source of income, Mrs. Yetta Blumstein, sixty years old, almost starved.

When neighbors found her in her two-room apartment, she was so weak she was unable to move, and so ill she could not walk.

According to neighbors, Mrs. Blumstein supported herself by taking boarders and doing housework. A man and a woman who had been boarding in Mrs. Blumstein's home were objectionable, so she asked them to move. After them, a man moved into her home. The new boarder also was objectionable, and Mrs. Blumstein ordered him to move.

This left her without an income, but she did not ask help of anyone and none knew of her serious financial circumstances. When neighbors saw her recently she seemed to be well.

Mrs. Blumstein's first husband is dead, according to neighbors, and her second husband was taken two months ago to the Montefiore home. After neighbors learned of her condition they had her removed to Bellevue hospital.

### Find "Siamese Twins" Shared Only One Organ

Minneapolis, Minn.—Only one organ was owned in common by Lucy and Bessie Medich, "Siamese twins," who died within a few minutes of each other at a local hospital. This was the bladder, it was discovered at the post mortem at the hospital.

Lucy died of pneumonia and Bessie, her sister, joined to her from birth, about five months ago, died of shock and blood poisoning.

With the exception of the bladder, which served both bodies, every vital organ of the bodies was complete in each individual.

This possession of two almost complete sets of internal organs, permitted, surgeons believe, Bessie to enjoy perfect health throughout the long illness of Lucy from pneumonia.

The two were the children of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Medich, South Bend, Ind., and it is expected that the bodies will be taken to that city for burial.

They were fastened together by a rather narrow band at the hips, the heads being at opposite ends of the double body.

### British Woman Finds Quarrying Fascinating

Hensall, Yorkshire, England.—Mrs. Anne Greaves is Britain's only woman quarry manager.

"It may seem that quarrying is a strange business for a woman, but why shouldn't women run quarries?" asked Mrs. Greaves. "Of course I have a foreman and plenty of men workers to assist me, but I go into the quarries myself and inspect the seams and direct the methods to be used in getting out the sand and gravel."

"Stone has become so expensive that I have developed a plant which makes artificial stone and am doing a good business. I find quarrying is a very fascinating occupation."

### Wales Does Charleston and Pays Cabaret Bill

London.—The prince of Wales has mastered the Charleston.

At a popular supper resort the prince danced the Charleston many times. Observers said it was a pleasure to watch him and his partner; that the dancing of other couples seemed clumsy in contrast.

Those sitting at tables adjoining that of the prince observed that when the bill was presented it was Wales who paid it.

## TURKESTAN BANS POLYGAMY AND SALE OF INFANT GIRLS

### Reforms Brought About as Result of Murder of Woman Who Fought Against Evils.

Poltoratsk (Formerly Askhabad), Turkistan.—As a sequel to the murder of the young Communist worker, Anna Dechkan, for which five of her relatives were executed, the Turkistan government issued a decree prohibiting polygamy, the exploitation of women and the sale of infant girls in marriage.

These were the things against which Anna fought and which aroused her relatives to warn her and finally to descend in a body and stab her to death in the presence of her husband and infant child. Fifty-two wounds were inflicted on her body.

Under this decree the marriageable age for girls is fixed at sixteen and for boys eighteen. The professional marriage brokers who thrived on the sale of women are suppressed. It will no longer be necessary for a man to pay a price for a wife, and those forced to do so may later recover in court.

It was revealed at the Dechkan trial that young girls were often sold into marriage without their consent, frequently becoming the third or fourth wife of an old man they had never seen before.

Also that parents who sold their immature daughters into marriage encouraged divorce, so the girls could be sold a second time. Some girls were resold as many as five times.

The trial further brought out that under the peculiar conceptions of honor prevailing among Turcomans, it was considered a disgrace and an insult to the husband if a divorce were secured on the wife's initiative.

Such "insults" were avenged by the husband killing the wife or her newly acquired spouse, and these affairs frequently led to blood feuds among whole families and even entire villages.

All five of the murderers went to their death unrepentant for the crime, which was one of the strangest and most sensational in Russian annals. They insisted that Anna had dishonored the proud family name and also had dishonored God and their country by renouncing their religion and embracing Communism.

### Crosses Ocean Alone at 94 to Visit Family

New York.—After a lifetime passed in the little town of Kovno, Lithuania, from which her children long ago migrated to the new world, a little old woman has thought of little else in the nine years since her husband's death but of coming to America to see her son and daughters again. At the age of ninety-four, she arrived on a liner, having made the trip alone.

She is Mrs. Rachel Dworja Gaberowitz.

A nut brown transformation with not a suggestion of a gray hair, diamond earrings, and old-fashioned rings on her small hands added a quaintness to the little old figure which was by no means lacking in dignity.

She had hoped to dance on the way over, but the sea proved a little too much for her. She had not heard about the Charleston.

She was met at the pier by her two daughters, Mrs. Esther Garrelitt, Rochester, and Mrs. R. Rosen, Jersey City, to whom she was turned over by the immigration authorities.

### Woman at 83 Pieces Quilts to Support 3

Philadelphia.—Wholly unaware that she is doing anything to inspire her adopted city's admiration and wonder, a woman whose years are thirteen more than the allotted three score and ten pieces quilts to support herself and two grandchildren.

Mrs. Anna Henningsen has always been independent of others for her support. Since the death of her husband, 40 years ago, she has made her own living, asking no assistance from the world on the ground that she was a "widow with dependents."

It was in her native Denmark, the land whence came Mille Gade Corson, when she was still a child that she first became self-supporting. At the age of seventeen she migrated to America because she learned there was work for all in the new land.

### Dainty Colored Cigarettes Make Hit With Male Paris

Paris.—Cigarettes of dainty color, for years an affection of feminine smokers who shop in Fifth avenue, Bond street and Rue de la Paix, have captivated the male of the species in France.

Not long ago, as an experiment, the state tobacco monopoly began wrapping its higher-priced cigarettes in paper of various hues—coral, amethyst and emerald. They have proven so popular that the monopoly intends to adopt other colors, and even to issue one assorted package under the name of "rainbow."

The ordinary cheaper French cigarette will remain what it has always been—neither a thing of beauty nor joy.

#### Insomnia Cure

London.—If you can't sleep try painting the walls of your bedroom a dainty mauve. It works fine in St. John's hospital, as do other colors in place of the usual white.

## BIDS WANTED

for the purchase of (90) shares of the capital stock of the First State Bank of Baird, Texas, will be received by the undersigned, the right being reserved to reject any and all bids.

### R. B. Caldwell

Receiver of First National Bank

Ranger, Texas

## FEDERAL

## TIRES

## Don't Cuss

Phone Nubbin for your Gas and Tire Repairs.  
Free City Service, FREE Air, Crank Case Service and Water

## Morgan Chevrolet Co.

phone 218

Phone 218

## RADIO---Atwater-Kent

Six Tube, One Dial Control set up in your home with complete equipment for

**\$135.00 to \$350.00**

Why not put in a Radio and enjoy the good programs during the long winter evening, which are coming soon. Call us for demonstration.

Phone 33 **RAY'S GARAGE** Baird, Texas

## CIGARETTES

## TOBACCO

## Quality Cafe

NOON DAY SPECIALS  
Hamburger, Chili, Sandwiches  
SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY

## FRED ESTES

## CANDY

## CIGARS

## ASHBY WHITE

### Dry Cleaners

The Only Modern Dry Cleaning Plant in the County

### ONE DAY SERVICE

"First Aid To The Smartly Dressed."

Phone 268—"Use It."

BAIRD TEXAS

We Call For And Deliver

## Fresh Meat and Groceries

Fresh, Cured, Cooked and Canned Meats of all kinds

A small but well selected stock of Groceries, which always fresh.

### FRESH BACON

We keep a supply of Fresh Bacon in our Refrigerator, which insures it always being Fresh--Try a few pounds of this good Bacon

## WARREN'S MARKET

Berry & Estes, Props.

FREE DELIVERY

PHONE, 130

BAIRD, TEXAS

## M. E. KOSSE Expert Watchmaker

Located at Baird Drug Company

## Chicks Grow Faster

### by Ultra-Violet Rays

Newport, Eng.—Young chicks have been made to grow twice as fast by use of electricity, says Prof. Borlases Matthews, a poultry expert. The young birds were treated for nine weeks with ultra-violet rays.

Professor Matthews advises poultry farmers either to give chickens electrically made ozone as provided in London underground railways or to bathe them with electricity radiated from electric wires over their perches at night. He contends the yield in eggs would be increased nearly 50 per cent.



# The Baird Star.

BAIRD, TEXAS

Friday, November 5, 1926

Serial (whole) Number, 2121

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  
Six Months 1.25  
Three Months .75  
(Payable in Advance)

## ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertising, per inch.....25c  
Local Advertising, per line.....5c  
(Minimum Charge 25)  
Legal Advertising, per line.....5c  
All Advertising Charged by the week

## STATE ELECTION TUESDAY

The entire Democratic state ticket was elected; Hains Republican candidate for governor received 8,708 votes to 77,778 for Dan Moody in reports yesterday from 113 counties. Congressman Wurzbach, only Republican congressman from Texas was re-elected from the San Antonio district. Indications are that the vote was light all over the state except in a few counties where local issues, as in Dallas county, where Marshall, Democratic nominee for sheriff was defeated by Allen Seale, Independent.

### BAIRD VOTE LIGHT

In the Primary election 565 votes were cast, less than 100 votes Tuesday. Somehow the people seem to have lost all interest in the general election, no doubt, considered that the Democratic primary settled everything which it usually does in Texas. The Republican state ticket made a poor showing.

### NATIONAL

The Democrats made gains in both branches of congress, but the Republicans retain control, but only by 2 votes in the senate. The Republicans majority in the House was reduced by 13. Some counties in Texas reported that no election was held at county boxes. We do not remember if his ever occurred in Texas before at a General election.

For forty years or more, we have hoped to live to see the day when the people of the southern cotton growing states would cease to think in terms of cotton only at least to make it secondary to grain and general feed crops. A change has come, to some extent, but when the prices of cotton goes high, nearly always a rush is made the following year to overload on cotton acreage, with a drop in price. In the course of time we hope our people will see the folly of the one crop idea; every year, not just some years and forget it when cotton prices soar. The farmer that raises his own meat and bread, with cows for milk and butter, chickens for eggs and, if he has sufficient land, a few sheep and goats, and only plant what cotton he and his family can handle, will never have to worry about the low price of cotton, because if prices do not suit, he can store it and hold it until prices go higher, but if he depends mainly on cotton, he is forced to sell at what price he can get as he gathers it. Cotton is a sure money crop, but the history of cotton production beginning with 1790 shows that the price varies every year, that is, the price for one year is no indication what the price will be the next year. The prices of cotton for the past 136 years show a variation from 4 90-100 to \$1.01 per pound, midling, New Orleans market. The low price 4 90-100 was in 1898; The highest \$1.01 per pound was in 1863 during the civil war, when the only cotton exported was by blockade runners, which was limited. Cotton at home could not be sold at any price for money, except in very small quantity. The production of cotton during the civil war decreased from 4,391,000 bales 1861 to 299,000 bales in 1864, virtually the last year of the war, price 83.4. Examination of prices show that the prices for two years in succession, were the exception, not the rule. Another thing we note is, that as a rule, any considerable increase in crop production show a decline in price. From 1890 to 1900 we had a ten year period of low prices. We had a

## In Flander's Fields

In Flander's Fields the poppies grow,  
Between the crosses, row on row, to mark our places,  
While in the skies the lark still bravely singing, flies,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the dead. Short days ago,  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset's glow,  
Loved and were loved,  
But now we sleep in Flander's fields.  
Take up our quarrel with the foe,  
To you from falling hands we throw the torch,  
Be yours to bear it high,  
If you break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep—though poppies blow,  
In Flander's Fields.—Lt. McRea.

period of high prices following the civil war for nine years; the same after the world's war, for seven years and the bottom fell out this year. High prices stimulates production and decline in prices, always. There is little grounds for hoping that prices will be any better next year. The amount of surplus cotton this year will be large, and is bound to effect the prices next year.

If the 1927 crops is even three fourths as large as the present crop we are liable to see prices go as low as 5 cents. The world only used fifteen million bales of American cotton last year, and if the 1927 crop is three fourths of the 1926 crop, we are liable to have eight million million bales more than the world needs, such a thing would be disastrous to the cotton raisers. The only way to prevent this is a reduction in the output next year by 60 per cent or more. A twenty five per cent cut, if all the present crop is gathered, cannot possibly raise the price of cotton in 1927. Farmers can raise the price if they will cut the acreage enough but it is doubtful if they will. The time to begin is now, by sowing winter grain.

Mr. H. A. Halbert, called the Burbank of West Texas fell from one of his favorites pecan trees on October 22nd on his farm near Coleman and was seriously injured. We are sorry this accident occurred as Mr. Halbert is one of the most useful citizens of West Texas, and another reason, Mr. Halbert and the writer both were born and raised in Washington County Texas. We knew his father well, but strange as it may seem, we never met in boyhood days. We lived in different neighborhoods that were more isolated than now. First time we met was in Abilene at some public meeting some twenty years ago. We sincerely hope that Mr. Halbert will recover.

### FERGUSON'S VOTE STRAIGHT TICKET

Someone charged that James E. Ferguson was supporting the Republican nominee for governor because he had run a paid political ad for the Republicans. In Tuesday's daily papers Ferguson denounced the statement as false, that both he and Mrs. Ferguson had forwarded their ballots to Temple, their home county, and that both had voted the Democratic ticket straight. Under the circumstances, they could not afford to do otherwise, and we never doubted that they would vote any other way. That is more than many of Moody's most rampant supporters in the primaries this year, did two years ago when they voted for Butte, Republican nominee for governor.

### STEVE WILKINSON DIES

The following account of the death of a well known Callahan county ranchman, S. W. (Steve) Wilkinson, the last of the old time, Belle Plaine cowman; was taken from the Dallas News of Oct. 29th. Steve Wilkinson was living at or near Belle Plaine when we came to that place in 1882. Later he bought land just north of Dudley, on the Abilene road. He sold out there and moved to the Spur ranch some forty years ago. Steve Wilkinson was born in Burleson county, adjoining Washington county, native county of the writer. He was a good man, honest, straight, old Texas, and it makes us sad to hear of his death though, we have not met him for forty years.

LUBBOCK, Texas, Oct. 28th.—S. W. Wilkinson, pioneer ranchman of the Plains and Confederate veteran, died at his home here early Tuesday morning and was buried in the afternoon with old-timers of this section in attendance at his funeral as pallbearers. Wilkinson lacked only a few days being 82 years of age and fought four years with the Confederate Army. He later took to ranching and was con-

nected with the Spur ranch for a number of years before moving to Lubbock where he has been connected with a ranch belonging to O. L. Slaton.

During his illness the last several days he has been delirious which called back olden days in the Civil War and stirring times on the ranch, according to his friends and relatives, who watched by his bedside. He is survived by three daughters, Miss Della, Wilkinson and Mrs. O. L. Slaton, Lubbock, and Mrs. A. J. Hoover Norman, Ok.—Dallas News.

### AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Last Sunday was a good day with us: Good services each hour, and at night we had the largest crowd we have had for some time and we were glad to have each and every one. All of the visitors are more than welcome and we urge you to come to worship with us again.

We want you to come next Sunday and hear the pastor preach on the "Modern Wrecks", that will be the subject for the morning hour and at night we will look into the Theological import of "Noah's Ark". Now perhaps you have heard some things about this subject. I give you an earnest invitation to come and study it with us and let's see first what the lesson is.

The Baird Quartette was to have sung for us last Sunday night, but some of the boys could not get there, so they will sing for us next Sunday night. Now that singing and that sermon will be hard for you to miss, my friend and it will certainly be bad on us if you miss it. We hope you come.

The B. Y. P. U. will render a program at the Methodist Church Sunday morning, all young people are urged to attend. You will hear a good program and I know you like that.

Our new Missionary Bro. J. L. Carter, is on the job and good reports are coming in from his work. We tabled our collection Sunday for Associational Missionary and it will take us every one doing our part to make it possible to raise the money for this cause. We are counting on every member of our good church to have a part in this worthy cause. Come right on and give brothers Andrews, Bro. W. E. Melton, or Myself a pledge and some cash for to pay the Missionary in Callahan county.

Let us all have a part in all of the work of all the kingdom.

Sincerely,  
Joe R. Mayes, Pastor.

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION The State Of Texas

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County, Greeting:

You are Hereby Commanded to summon Julian B. Flores by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the County Court of Callahan County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, on the 1st Monday in December A. D. 1926, the same being the 6th day of December A. D. 1926 and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 23rd day of October A. D. 1926, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court as No. —, wherein A. Julian is Plaintiff, and Julian B. Flores is Defendant, and said petition alleging\* that defendant was indebted to plaintiff in the sum of \$320.97, said debt consisting of eleven notes in the sum of \$26.74 each and one note in the sum of 26.83, which indebtedness was secured by a valid lien upon one 1926 model Ford touring car, motor number 12612092; that defendant, without the consent of the plaintiff, removed said car out of Callahan County, Texas,

and conveyed same to his own use and benefit by then and there exchanging said Ford car for another Ford touring car, motor number 14046593; that on or about October 13, 1926 defendant tendered plaintiff the last described car in payment of the above described indebtedness, and that plaintiff accepted said tender, and agreed to cancel said mortgage and debt upon delivery of said car to plaintiff with clear title thereto, that defendant then and there delivered said car to plaintiff as agreed, but has failed and refused to give a lawful bill of sale and transfer of tax receipt, wherefore plaintiff prays the Court that he have judgment for all right, title, interest, and possession in and to said automobile, with costs of suit.

Herein Fail Not, and have you before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, 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 23rd day of October A. D. 1926.

S. E. Settle, Clerk,  
County Court, Callahan County.  
47-4t.

### CITATION BY PUBLICATION The State Of Texas

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County, Greeting:

You are Hereby Commanded to summon L. P. McNeal by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the County Court of Callahan County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, on the 1st Monday in December A. D. 1926, the same being the 6th day of December A. D. 1926, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 19th day of October A. D. 1926, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court as No. —, wherein The Putnam Supply Company, a firm composed of L. E. Brock, W. E. Dawson and John H. Brock are Plaintiffs, and L. P. McNeal is Defendant, and said petition alleging\* That defendants is indebted to plaintiff in the sum of \$215.00 as follows: Due on account for goods sold and delivered the sum of \$169.20, and an account in favor of G. W. Kelly payable by defendants in the sum of \$22.00, which was duly transferred and assigned to plaintiff by the said G. W. Kelly, together with interest of \$12.85, attorneys fee of \$20.00 and costs of suit.

Herein Fail Not, and have you before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas this the 19th day of October A. D. 1926.

48-4t. S. E. Settle, Clerk,  
County Court, Callahan County.

### LEARN AT HOME IN SPARE TIME

A very large percent of the business of the world is done by correspondence. A very large percent of the knowledge gained, is gained through reading. You can do this at home as well as anywhere and usually better because you have less interruption. You want to improve your present education, you want to be a success, everyone does. Maybe you can not leave home to attend a business college, but the courses offered by the Byrne Commercial College are usually Universally well adapted to home work. They use their especially designed copyrighted system arranged after years of experience in training young folks for business positions. Their work is interesting and practical and the mailings are so handled that you have lessons before you continually. A little determination and effort on your part will surprise you. Did you ever stop to think how little capital you actually have with which to start your business career and did you ever stop to think that business education is capital and how a few dollars invested in business training will so greatly increase that capital? Business education itself is purely capital; it will earn you a greater dividend throughout life than any amount of cash capital; in fact without it money investments are often lost. The Byrne Commercial College is in position to quote you attractive prices and terms on shorthand, bookkeeping, typing, english, spelling, arithmetic, advertising, income tax, real estate, insurance etc. These courses are taught under a money back guarantee and include the service of our Employment Department, when you graduate.

For full particulars write the Byrne Commercial College, 1708 1/2 Commerce Street, Dallas or see the editor of this paper. There is no waste more disastrous than waste of time. Cash yours in.



## Knock-Out Values IN Men's Duds

Each one a runner-up for the world's championship, when it comes to knock-out value giving. Dollar for Dollar, you can buy more real Clothes values here than ever before—and that is saying something, as our old customers will tell you

## Roy D. Williams

The Store For Men  
Cleaning and Pressing Phone 263



## Music From Many Dance Orchestras

Just think what an enjoyable evening you may have at home with a Crosley Radio. Dance orchestras—the best in the country are yours to dance by, simply by turning a dial.

## Leland Jackson

At Morgan Chevrolet Company

## Frankness is Essential

A doctor could never cure a patient before he knew through diagnosis just what was the patient's disease. In the same way, your banker can be of little assistance unless you discuss your financial problems with him frankly.

Take us in to your confidence and permit us to be of real service to you. No confidence has ever been betrayed by us. Bank with us and you can bank on us.

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



## Good Groceries Fresh Meats

Our stock Staple and Fancy Groceries, Fresh and Cured Meats is complete and well kept. Phone us your Grocery and Meat orders, which will be given prompt and careful attention and our deliveryman will see that your goods are delivered promptly.

"Let Me be Your Groceryman"

Phones 4 and 215

**FRED L. WRISTEN**



## Great American Racing Stars

buy the  
**Greatest BUICK Ever Built**

Within thirty days after its introduction, the Greatest Buick Ever Built received one of the greatest tributes ever paid a motor car.

Nine internationally famous A. A. A. speedway stars singled it out, above all other cars, for their personal use and for their families!

The racing aces who have thus demonstrated their approval of the New Buick are:

- \* Frank Lockhart
- \* Cliff Woodbury
- \* Earl Cooper
- \* Frank Elliott
- \* Pete DePaolo
- \* Fred Comer
- \* Dave Lewis
- \* Bob McDonogh

\* Bennett Hill



**Shelton Motor Company**

Abilene, Texas

## Why Not be a Success

There is no failure so absolute as that of a man who has never made a whole-hearted attempt to realize the full extent of his capabilities.

Bring out your ability. After a year of practising common-sense thrift, you will see the difference from the old way of living. Resolve now—Open an account today, and you will feel you must save and you will save.

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

### PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Woods, of Dallas, spent a few days in Baird last week.

Archie Price, of Throckmorton, and Tom Price, of Merkel, spent Sunday in Baird.

R. A. Williams, of Fort Worth, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Ed Lambert.

Sam Dryden, of the firm of Dryden & Bratton, Monument dealers, of Abilene, was in Baird on business today.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Owens, of Venita Okla., are spending a few weeks at the Hall ranch. Mrs. Owens is a daughter, of Mr. J. O. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith and Mrs. W. M. Dyer, returned home last Saturday from a visit with relatives in Missouri.

Mr. H. J. Nelson returned to Dallas after visiting his sister, Mrs. S. E. Webb, of Midway, and his nephew, Edmond Webb, of Clyde, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Harding, and little daughter, Margie, of Cross Plains, spent Sunday with Mrs. Harding's grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland.

You will never know what love really is, until you have seen Lillian Gish and John Gilbert in the "La Boheme" at the Sigal Theatre, next Monday and Tuesday night. 49-1t.

Miss Grace Beasley went to Abilene last Saturday to enter Draughon's Business College, where she will take a general business course. She was accompanied by her mother and Mr. and Mrs. U. C. Hamilton.

Miss John Gilliland, clerk in the Postoffice here, has been appointed Secretary of the local Board, United States Civil Service Examiners, with authority to transact official business for the Commission.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Blount were called to Shreveport, La., Monday morning by the death of Mrs. Blount's father, Ben Denter. Mr. Denter has visited in Baird and his friends here will regret to learn of his sudden death.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Hefton, and little daughter, who were called here by the death of Mrs. Hefton's sister, Mrs. Jack Stephens, left last Friday night for their home in Arma, Kan. Norman Stone, of Nevada, Mo., and Mrs. Emma Ruth Stone, of Fort Worth, have also returned to their homes.

Miss Ethel Wooden, of Kansas City arrived last Saturday on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. D. Grounds. She went up to Merkel Saturday evening to assist in nursing her sister, Mrs. Arvil Green, who underwent an operation for mastoid trouble last week. Mrs. Green is improving and her mother expects to bring her home with her in a few days.

The Norris case at Fort Worth, has been transferred to Austin for trial on January 10, 1927.

We will meet any  
mail order prices  
on

**Diamonds  
Watches  
Silverware**

also have fifty 32  
piece dinner sets to  
sell for \$6.00 per  
set

**Presley's**

Jewelry and Gift Shop  
209 Pine St.

Abilene

Texas

**JAMES C. ASBURY**  
Real Estate, Rentals & Insurance  
Baird, Texas

## Christmas Gifts

I make Leather Handbags, Bill Folds, Cigarette and Cigar Cases, Coin Purses, etc. All made by hand, using any emblem or initial. These will make appropriate and useful Christmas Gifts. Prices range from

**\$2.25 to \$17.50**

I have learned, this work since I have been in the Veteran's Hospital at this place. I will appreciate your orders and I am sure the work will please you.

Give your orders to my wife at Clyde, Texas, or send direct to me.

**HARRY KEMPER**

Care U. S. V. B. Hospital  
No. 93, Legion, Texas

### ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Monnahan will be with the Baird Drug Company all next week, demonstrating the Krank's Toilet Goods. Phone for engagement. 49-1t.

**DR. J. W. SIMMONS COMING**

Dr. J. W. Simmons, eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist will be at Dr. R. L. Griggs office, in Baird, all day, Tuesday, November 29th. 49-1t.

Henry Lambert, who suffered a stroke of paralysis fourteen months ago, has been much worse the past week. Jack Lambert, his youngest son, who lives in Houston, arrived Wednesday afternoon, and Miss Dona Carter, his grand-daughter, came down from Big Springs last night.

### CLASSIFIED ADS

**ROOMS FOR RENT**—to one or two gentlemen. Mrs. Jim White, in East Baird. 49-1t.

**LOST**—a left hand dress glove, some where in Baird. Return to S. L. Price. 49-1tp.

**APARTMENTS**—up-stairs, no children, no dogs, also use of garage. Phone 102. 48-1tp.

**WANTED**—to buy interest in Producing Royalty, direct from land owners. Write, sending all information to, Art Hall, 1501, Monroe, St., Wichita Falls, Texas. 49-2tp.

**HOUSE WANTED**—will rent or buy if worth the money, 5 to 10 room resident; small cash payment, balance easy terms. Box 734 Baird, Texas. 48-1t.

**OIL LEASES AND ROYALTIES**—Wanted, also 5 drilling blocks, for 5 wells. Send legal descriptions; best price. How many wild-cat acres free for a well. Do your best and get quick action. Box 734, Baird, Texas. 48-1t.

**FOR SALE**—Fifteen lots in the College and Newland Addition to west Baird. Will sell either whole or part. Prices right. For further particulars regarding prices and descriptions address, Box 168, Artesia, New Mexico. 49-4t.

### NO HARD TIMES HERE

Five good positions Monday. Banks, whole sale houses, department stores still calling for more help than we can supply. Big opportunity now for those who prepare while so many others are forced to wait. Positions insured. Mail Coupon today for SPECIAL opportunity. Draughon's College, Abilene, Texas. 49-2tp.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



## A Good Shoe for Every Man

**Edmond's Foot Fitter--  
It's All Leather--  
The Very Finest Grade**

It is cut over a foot-comfort last. It is carefully finished throughout--and it is priced at a price you feel you can pay for a Shoe that will wear you all winter long.

We also have the high top shoe known as the Oil King.

## To Be Smartly Dressed--

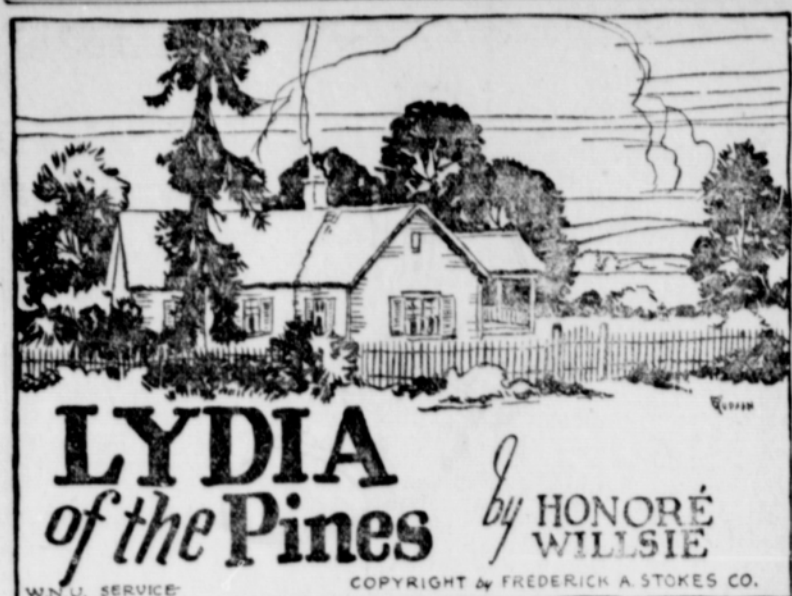


The first step toward being smartly dressed is the proper consideration of your corsets. If they fit correctly, the fitting of outerwear is a much simpler problem.

See our line of Warner Bros. Corsets.

**B. L. BOYDSTUN**  
The Place Where It Pays You to Trade





## THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Lydia, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after discussing affairs with Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Moulton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food. Margery, small daughter of Dave Marshall, the town's banker, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, unhurt but frightened, and taken home by Lydia and Kent. Her father calls on Amos to complain, blaming Lydia for the mishap.

CHAPTER III.—Lydia explains the accident and asserts that because Margery is considered "stuck up" she is not a popular playmate. Marshall arranges for Lydia to teach Margery to swim and otherwise become "one of the crowd." Levine tells Amos his plan to take timber from the Indian reservation and ultimately have it opened for settlement. From an older boy, Billy Norton, Lydia gets a pair of wild ducks, and despite their poverty the Dudleys have a Christmas feast.

## CHAPTER IV

### The Ravished Nest

It would be difficult to say which enjoyed the doll house more, Lydia or Patience. It would be difficult to say which one was the more touched, Lizzie or Amos by the package each found on the breakfast table. Amos unwrapped his to find therein a pipe tray fashioned from cigar box wood and stained with Lydia's walnut dye. Lizzie's gift was a flat black pin-cushion, with "Lizzie, with love from Lydia," embroidered crazily on it in red. Lydia and Patience each were pinned to her dress a cotton handkerchief, Lizzie's gift.

John Levine appeared at noon, laden like a pack horse. This was his great opportunity during the year to do things for the Dudley children and he took full advantage of the moment. Books for Lydia, little tops for the baby, a pipe for Amos, a woolen dress pattern for Lizzie, a blue sailor suit for Lydia, a fur hood for Patience.

John's thin, sallow face glowed, his black eyes gleamed, as he watched the children unwrap the packages. In the midst of the excitement, Lydia shrieked:

"My ducks! My ducks!" and bolted for the kitchen.

"The pie!" cried Lizzie, panting after her.

"Don't tell me they're spoiled!" groaned Amos, as with John and the baby, he followed into the kitchen.

"Safe!" shouted Lydia, on her knees before the oven. "Just the pope's nose is scorched! The pie is perfect."

"Let's eat before anything else happens," said Amos, nervously.

"Lord!" said John Levine, "who'd miss spending Christmas where there are children? I'd a gotten out here today if I'd had to come barefooted."

The dinner was eaten and pronounced perfect. The gifts were re-admired. John Levine, with Lydia and Florence Dombey on his lap, Amos with the drowsy little Patience in his arms, and Lizzie, her tired hands folded across her comfortable stomach, sat round the base burner while the wind rose outside and the boom of the ice-locked lake filled the room from time to time.

"Fearful cold when the ice cracks that way," said Amos.

"The owl, for all his feathers was a cold," murmured Lydia.

"Where'd you get that and what's the rest of it?" asked Levine.

"Selected Gens," replied Lydia. "It's a girl's poem. Gosh, I've been happy today! Daddy, you thought we'd have an awful poor Christmas, didn't you? Poor old daddy! Why, I've just felt all day as if my heart was on tiptoes."

It had indeed been a high day for the child. Perhaps she remembered it for years after as one of her perfect days, because of the heart-breaking days that followed.

For little Patience for the first time in her tiny life was taken ill. For three or four days after Christmas she was feverish and cross with a hoarse cold. When Amos came home the fourth night, he thought she had the croup and sent Lydia pelting through the darkness for the dairy farmer's wife. Mrs. Norton, the mother of Billy, was not long in coming to a decision.

"Tain't regular croup. You go after the doctor, Mr. Dudley."

Patience, frightened by her difficult breathing, would let no one but Lydia touch her. Under Mrs. Norton's supervision, she packed the baby in hot water bottles while Lizzie heated water and stoked the fires till the stove glowed red.

Amos came back with the doctor about nine o'clock. Patience was in

a stupor. The doctor sent Lydia away while he made his examination. The child clutched her fists and walked up and down the living-room, cheeks scarlet, eyes blazing. Suddenly she dropped on her knees by the window and lifted her clasped hands to the stars.

"God! God, up there!" she called. "If you let her die, I'll never pray to you again! Never! I warned you when you let mother die!"

She remained a moment on her knees, staring at the stars while fragments of Sunday school lore flashed through her mind. "Our Father who art in heaven," she said. "No, that won't do. Suffer little children to come unto me. Oh, no, no."

The door opened and Lizzie came out, tears running down her cheeks. Lydia flew to her.

"They say I got to tell you. Diphtheritic croup—her lungs is full—no hope."

Lydia struck the kind old hand from her shoulder and dashed out of the house. She ran through the snow to a giant pine by the gate and bent her fists against it for how long she did not know. Pain in her bruised hands and the intense cold finally brought her to her senses. A self-control that was partly inherent and partly the result of too early knowledge of grief came to her rescue. With a long sigh, she walked steadily into the house and into the room where the baby sister lay in a stupor, breathing stertorously.

The doctor and Amos were there. Mrs. Norton was now soothing Lizzie in the kitchen, now obeying the doctor's orders. Amos did not stir from his chair by the bed, nor speak a word, all that night. The doctor was in his shirt sleeves, prepared to fight as best he could.

"Go out, Lydia," said Doctor Fulton, quietly.

"She'll want me," replied the child. "She's in a stupor and won't miss you, Lydia. She is not suffering at all. Now, I want you to go to bed like a good girl."

"I won't," said Lydia, quietly.

"Lydia," the doctor went on, as if he were talking to a grown person, "all your life you will be grateful to me, if I make you obey me now. I know those wild nerves of yours, too much and too early controlled. Lydia, go to bed!"

Not because she feared him but because some knowledge beyond her years told her of his wisdom, Lydia turned, found Florence Dombey in the living room and with her and a blanket, crept under her father's bed, into the farthest corner where she lay wide-eyed until dawn. Someone closed the door into the room then, and shortly, she fell asleep.

In three days, the like of which are the longest, the shortest days of life, the house had returned to the remnant of its old routine. The place had been fumigated. Lydia had placed in her bedroom everything that had belonged to the baby, had locked the door and had moved herself into Lizzie's room. Amos departed before dawn as usual with his dinner pail, stumbling like an old man, over the road.

The quarantine sign was on the house and no one but the undertaker, the doctor, Mrs. Norton and John Levine had been allowed to come to see the stricken little family, excepting the minister.

Lydia and Lizzie put in the morning cleaning the cottage. Never since they had lived in it had the little house been so spick and span. At noon, they sat down to lunch in a splendor of cleanliness that made the place seem stranger than ever to them both. Neither talked much. At intervals, tears ran down old Lizzie's wrinkled cheeks and Lydia looked at her wonderingly. Lydia had not shed a tear. But all the time her cheeks were scarlet, her hands were cold and trembled and her stomach ached.

"You must eat, child. You haven't eat enough to keep a bird alive since—since—"

There was a bang on the door, and Lizzie trundled over to open it.

"For the Lord's sake, Kent!"

Kent it was, big and rosy with his skates over his shoulders. He walked into the living room deliberately.

"Hello, Lydia," he said. "I came out to see your Christmas presents."

Lydia clasped her hands. "Oh, Kent, I'm so glad! But you can't stay! We're quarantined."

"What the seventeen thunder-bugs do I care," returned Kent, gruffly, looking away from Lydia's appealing eyes.

Lydia laughed, as she always did at Kent's astonishing onths. At the sound of the laughter, old Lizzie gave a sigh as though some of her own tense nerves had relaxed.

"Now see here," growled Kent. "They've got no business to shut you up this way. You come out and skate for a while. We won't meet anybody at this end of the lake."

"Just the thing, quarantine or not!" exclaimed Lizzie, briskly. "And I'll cook a surprise for the two of you. Keep her out an hour, Kent."

Lydia silently got into overcoat and leggings and pulled on her Tam o'Shanter. She brought her skates from the kitchen and the two children made their way to the lake shore.

With unwonted consideration, Kent helped Lydia strap on her skates. Then the two started, hand in hand, up the lake. They skated well, as did most of the children of the community. The wind in their faces was bitter cold, making conversation difficult.

Whether or not Kent was grateful for this, one could not say. He watched Lydia out of the tail of his eye and as the wind whipped the old red into her cheeks, he began to whistle. They had been going perhaps fifteen minutes when the little girl stumbled several times.

"What's the matter, Lyd?" asked Kent.

"I don't know," she panted. "I—I guess I'm tired."

"Tired already! Gosh! And you've always worn me out. Come on up to the shore, and I'll make a fire, so's you can rest."

Lydia, who always had scorned the thought of rest, while at play, followed meekly and stood in silence while Kent without removing his skates hobbled up the bank and pulled



Shortly He Had a Bright Blaze at Her Feet.

some dead branches to the shore. Shortly he had a bright blaze at her feet. He kicked the snow off a small log.

"Sit down—here where you get the warmth," he ordered, his voice as gruff as he could make it.

Lydia sat down obediently, her mittened hands clasping her knees. Kent stood staring at his little chum. He took in the faded blue tam, the outgrown coat, the red mittens, so badly mended, the leggings with patches on the knees. Then he eyed the heavy circles around her eyes and the droop to the mouth that was meant to be merry.

Kent was only a boy, but he was mature in spite of his heedless ways. Staring at the tragedy in Lydia's ravished little face, a sympathy for her pain as real as it was unwonted swept over him. Suddenly he dropped down beside her on the log and threw his boyish arms about her.

"I'm so dorgone sorry for you, Lydia," he whispered.

Lydia lifted startled eyes to his. Never before had Kent shown her the slightest affection. When she saw the sweetness and sympathy in his brown gaze:

"Oh, Kent," she whispered, "why did God let it happen! Why did He?" and she buried her face on his shoulder and began to sob. Softly at first, then with a racking agony of tears.

Even a child is wise in the matter of grief. Kent's lips trembled, but he made no attempt to comfort Lydia. He only held her tightly and watched the fire with bright, unseeing eyes. And after what seemed a long, long time, the sobs grew less. Finally, he slipped a pocket handkerchief into Lydia's hand. It was gray with use but of a comforting size.

"Wipe your eyes, old lady," he said in a cheerful, matter of fact tone. "I've got to put the fire out, so's we can start home."

Lydia mopped her face and by the time Kent had the fire smothered with snow, she was scolding, sad-eyed but calm except for dry sobs. Kent picked up one of the sticks he had brought for the fire.

"Catch hold," he said. "I'll pull you home."

Old Lizzie was watching for them and when they came stamping into the dining room, they found a pitcher of steaming cocoa and a plate of bread and butter with hot gingerbread awaiting them.

"See if you can get her to eat, Kent," said Lizzie.

"Sure, she'll eat," Kent answered her. "Gimme back my hanky, Lyd!"

Lizzie gave a keen look at Lydia's tear-stained face and turned abruptly into the kitchen. She came back in a moment to find Lydia silently eating what Kent had set before her.

Kent ate hugely and talked without cessation. About what, Lydia did not

know. She had been claiming her. She did not know that she almost buried her head in her second cup of cocoa, nor that Kent helped carry her to the couch behind the living room base burner.

"Is she sick? Shall I get the doctor?" he whispered as old Lizzie tucked a shawl over her.

"Sick! No! No! She's just dead for sleep. She's neither cried nor eat nor had a decent hour of sleep since it happened. And now, thanks to you, she's done all three. You are a good boy, Kent Moulton."

Kent looked suddenly foolish and embarrassed. "Aw—that's nothing," he muttered. "Where's my coat? Maybe I'll come out again tomorrow, if I ain't got anything better to do."

All the rest of the winter afternoon, Lydia slept. Amos came home at seven and he and Lizzie ate supper in silence except for the old lady's story of Kent's visit.

"Poor young one," muttered Amos, looking slowly toward the quiet blond head on the faded brown cushion. "I'm glad she's a child and I'll forget it soon."

Lizzie gave Amos a curious glance.

"You don't know Lydia, Amos," she said.

He did not seem to hear her. He moved his chair toward the stove, put his feet on the fender, lighted his pipe and then sat without moving until a stamping of feet and a hearty rap on the door roused him. Lizzie let John Levine in.

"Where's Lydia?" was Levine's first question.

Lizzie pointed to the couch, where, undisturbed, Lydia slept on.

"Good!" said John. He drew his chair up beside Amos, and the two fell into low-voiced conversation.

It must have been nine o'clock when Lydia opened her eyes to hear Amos say fretfully:

"I tell you, I went to him today as I'll go to no man again. I begged him to renew the note, but he insisted his duty to the bank wouldn't let him. I told him it would put you in a terrible fix, that you'd gone on the note when you couldn't afford it. He grinned a devil's grin then and said, 'Amos, I know you've got nothing to lose in this. If you had, for the sake of your children—I mean Lydia, I'd hold off. But Levine can fix it up!'"

"So I could, ordinarily," said Levine in a troubled voice. "But it just happens that everything I've got on earth is shoe-stringed out to hang onto that pine section of mine up in Bear county. I'm mortgaged up to my eyebrows. Marshall knows it and sees a chance to get hold of the pines, d—n him!"

Lydia sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Well! Well! young Lydia," cried Levine. "Had a fine sleep, didn't you?"

"I'm awful hungry," said the child. "Bless your soul," exclaimed Lizzie. "I'll warm your supper up for you in a minute."

Lydia stood with hands outstretched to the base burner, her hair tumbled, her glance traveling from Amos to Levine.

"What makes Mr. Marshall act so?" she asked.

"Sho," said Levine, "little girls your age don't know anything about such things, do they, Amos? Come here. You shall eat your supper on my lap."

"I'm getting too old for laps," said Lydia, coming very willingly nevertheless within the compass of John's long arms. "But I love you next to daddy now, in all the world."

John swept her to his knees and put his cheek against hers for a moment, while tears gleamed in his black eyes.

"Eat your supper and go to bed, Lydia," said Amos.

"Don't be so cross, Amos," protested Levine.

"God knows I'm not cross—to Lydia of all people in the world," sighed Amos, "but she worries over money matters just the way her mother did and I want to finish talking this over with you."

"There's nothing more to talk about," Levine's voice was short. "Let him call in the loan, the fat hog!"

Lydia slept the long night through. She awoke refreshed and renewed. After first adjusting herself to the awful sense of loss, which is the worst of waking in grief, the recollection of the conversation she had heard the night before returned with sickening vividness. After she had wiped the breakfast dishes for Lizzie she stood for a long time at the living room window with Florence Dombey in her arms, staring at the lake. Finally, she tucked the doll up comfortably on the couch and announced to Lizzie that she was going skating.

An hour later, Dave Marshall heard his clerk protesting outside his door and a childish voice saying, "But please, just for a minute. He likes me. He truly does."

Then the door opened and Lydia, breathless and rosy and threadbare, came into his little private office. She closed the door and stood with her back against it, unsmiling.

"I'm in quarantine," she said, "so I won't come near you."

"Why, Lydia?" exclaimed Marshall, "where did you come from?"

"Home. Mr. Marshall, won't you fix daddy's note if he gives you me?"

"Huh!" ejaculated Marshall.

"You said last fall," the child went on, her voice quivering but her eyes resolute, "that if daddy ever wanted to sell me, you'd buy me. I think I ought to be worth a thousand dollars. I can do so much work around the house and help you train Margery! I can work hard. You ask John Le-

vine."

Marshall's fat face was purple and then pale.

"Does your father know you're here, Lydia?" he asked.

She clasped her mittened hands in sudden agitation.

"Nobody knows but you," she exclaimed. "Oh! you mustn't tell the man out there my name. I'm in quarantine and I'd be arrested, if the health office knew!"

"I won't tell," said Dave, gently. "Come over here by me, Lydia. Margery is away on a visit, so I'm not afraid for her."

Lydia crossed the room. Marshall took the skates from her shoulders and unfastened her coat.

"Sit down on that chair and let's talk this over. You know what a note is, do you, Lydia?"

"It's money you owe," she said, her blue eyes anxiously fixed on Marshall's face.

He nodded. "Yes, you owe your mother was sick, your father asked

my bank here to lend him a thousand dollars for two years. Now, your father is very poor. He doesn't own anything that's worth a thousand dollars and I knew he could never pay it back. So, I told him he must get someone to promise to pay that money for him if he couldn't, at the end of the two years. Understand?"

Lydia nodded. "Well, he got John Levine. Now the two years are up and unless that thousand dollars is paid, the people whose money I take care of in the bank, will each lose some of that thousand. See?"

Lydia stared at him, struggling to take in the explanation. "I see," she said. "But if you'd pay a thousand dollars for me, that would fix it all up."

"Why Lydia, do you mean you would leave your father?"

"I wouldn't want to," she answered earnestly, "but Lizzie could take care of daddy. He doesn't really need me. There isn't anybody really needs me—needs me—now—"

She swallowed a sob, then went on. "Mr. Levine just mustn't pay it. He's awful worried. His land's fixed so's he'd never get over it. And he's the best friend we have in all the world. He just mustn't pay it. It would kill mother, if she knew. Oh, she hated borrowing so."

Marshall chewed his cigar. "Lydia," he growled, "is a long-legged crook."

Lydia flew out of her chair and shook her fist in the banker's face. "Don't you dare say that!" she cried. "He's a dear lamb, that's what he is."

Dave's fat jaw dropped. "A dear lamb, eh? Ask him some time what a land shark is—a dear lamb?"

He went on chewing his cigar and Lydia returned to her chair. Whether it was the anxious round eyes, above the scarlet cheeks, whether it was the wistful droop of the childish lips, whether it was the look that belongs to ravished motherhood and seemed grossly wrong on a child's face, whether it was some thought of his own pampered little daughter, whether it was that curious appeal Lydia always made to men, or a combination of all, that moved Marshall, he could not have told. But suddenly he burst forth:

"Good God, I've done hard things in my life, but I can't do this! Lydia, you go home and tell your father I'll renew that note, but he's got to pay the interest and 10 per cent of the principal, every year till he's paid it up. Here, I'll write it down. And tell him that I'm not doing it for him or for that skunk of a Levine, but I'm doing it for you. Here, I'll write that down, too."

He folded the bit of paper and put it in an envelope. "Come here," he said. He pinned the note into the pocket of her blouse. "Understand, Lydia," he said in a low voice, tilting her head up so that he looked down into her eyes. "I'm buying your friendship with this. You go on living with your father and taking care of him, but I'm buying your friendship for me and Margery—for good and all." He looked out of the window with a curious air of abstraction. Then, "Button your coat and run along."

"I haven't thanked you," exclaimed Lydia. "I can't thank you. Oh, but thank you, Mr. Marshall—I—I—" she began to tremble violently.

"Stop!" roared Marshall. "And you tell your father to look out for your nerves. Now skip." And Lydia's trembling stopped and she skipped.

She did not tell Lizzie of her errand and that faithful soul was too glad to see her eat her dinner to think to ask her why she had skated so long. She laid an envelope at her father's plate and when he sat down, silent and abstracted, without heeding the fish, she shook her head at Lizzie who was about to protest.

"Where'd this come from?" he asked, absentmindedly opening the envelope. Then, "For God's sake! Lydia—where? how?"

"It was like this," said Lydia. And she gave a full history of her morning's visit, to her two speechless listeners.

Amos looked from Lydia to Lizzie, from Lizzie to Lydia.

"Lydia—my little daughter—" he faltered. "I won't forget it, Lydia. In spite of little Patience's going, you've taken ten years off me this night. What do you suppose John Levine will say?"

"He'll say," replied Lydia, "if you were ten years older, Lydia, and I were ten years younger, and I'll say—'Gawd we'd travel!'"

(Continued)

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## Sunday School 'Lesson'

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean  
of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible  
Institute of Chicago.)  
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Lesson for November 14

CALEB'S FAITHFULNESS RE-  
WARDED

LESSON TEXT—Josh. 14:6-16.  
GOLDEN TEXT—I wholly followed  
the Lord my God.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Brave Spy  
Rewarded.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Reward of  
Service.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-  
IC—Caleb, the Courageous.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-  
IC—Blessings That Follow Whole-  
hearted Obedience.

1. Elements of Caleb's Character.  
1. Independence of spirit (Num.  
13:26).

Though the multitude clamored to  
follow the report of the ten, Caleb de-  
termined to stand alone. This is an  
element in human character which is  
highly important. One should stand  
for what he knows to be right, re-  
gardless of the sentiment of the  
crowd.

2. True to convictions (Josh. 14:6,  
cf. Num. 14:6-9).

What Caleb knew and felt he spoke  
out. He did not wait for the opinion  
of others and then modify his to suit  
the populace. A true man and one  
who can be trusted will be loyal to  
his convictions.

3. Unselfish (14:12).

He did not ask for some easy place.  
He did not wish to thrust someone  
else into the place of difficulty. He  
wanted to go into the place where it  
would require fighting in order to  
drive out the giants which were in  
the land.

4. Courageous (Josh. 14:12, cf.  
13:26).

This courage he displayed when he  
insisted that they were able to go up  
from Kadesh-Barnea and take pos-  
session of the land. Forty-five years  
have elapsed since that time. He  
would be considered an old man now,  
but still he desired that place for an  
inheritance which would require some  
fighting. He said, "I am as strong  
this day as I was in the day that  
Moses sent me, as my strength was  
then, even so is my strength now for  
war."

5. Loyalty to God (Josh. 14:8, cf.  
Num. 14:24).

He served God with a whole-hearted  
devotion; indeed, this is the way to  
his character.

11. Caleb Laying Claim to His In-  
heritance (vv. 6-12).

Caleb did not come alone to make  
his claim. He came in the presence  
of the children of Judah, lest he be  
suspected of taking advantage. He  
did not wish to wait until after the  
lot was cast, for God had already  
given a certain portion to him. It  
was useless to ask God to decide a  
matter which He had already deter-  
mined. The basis of his plea was:

1. The ground of his service (vv.  
6-8).

He had endangered his life in spy-  
ing out the land—had gone to Hebron  
when the giants were there. He  
brought back a true report when his  
brethren were all against him. He  
bore his testimony and insisted that  
they go up and take the land though  
to do so incurred the displeasure of  
his brethren and necessitated his  
standing practically alone.

2. On the ground of the oath of  
Moses to him (v. 9).

Joshua had respect for Moses, and  
was bound to follow the counsels of  
his faithful master whom he had suc-  
ceeded. This plea was effective.

3. On the ground of God's providen-  
tial dealing with him (vv. 10-12).

God had preserved him in bodily  
health. Though he was now eighty-  
five years old, his natural forces were  
not abated. He said, "I am as strong  
this day as I was in the day that  
Moses sent me, as my strength was  
then even so is my strength now for  
war."

111. Joshua Giving the Inheritance  
to Caleb (13:14, 15).

1. Joshua blessed Caleb (v. 13).

He not only acquiesced in Caleb's  
claim, but bestowed the blessing of  
God upon him in it.

2. The inheritance given (vv. 13,  
14).

Hebron was the name of the Inher-  
itance. The name Hebron means fel-  
lowship. It was given because Caleb  
had fully followed the Lord. Only  
those who fully follow the Lord can  
enjoy fellowship with Him. Though  
Caleb now legally possessed Hebron,  
it was necessary for him to fight to  
drive out the giants who infested it.  
In Christ we have an inheritance  
which God has given us. We, too,  
must fight because the enemy is un-  
willing to relinquish his claim upon it.

### Believing in Christ

Many men do not believe in Christ  
because they do not want to do what  
Christ demands of them. Their doubts  
are not intellectual, as they pretend,  
but practical. They deny Christ so  
as to escape obligation and effort.—  
Young People.

### Praying for Others

I have been benefited by praying for  
others; for by making an errand to  
God for them I have gotten something  
for myself.—Rutherford.

## CANADIAN DOLLAR JOLTS VISITORS

Dominion Money's Advan-  
tage Over Ours Due Part-  
ly to Trade Balance.

Toronto, Ont.—United States vis-  
itors to Canada are chagrined when  
they find the American dollar is now  
at a discount here.

In a monetary way the amount of  
the discount is insignificant. For all  
ordinary transactions United States  
currency is accepted as par by every-  
one everywhere in Canada. But on  
large banking transactions the tech-  
nical discount becomes a reality and  
the American eagle has a little bit  
clipped off its wings.

The prosaic rates of exchange tables  
on the financial pages tell the story.  
Day after day the Canadian dollar is  
quoted in New York at a slight pre-  
mium. Some days it is only three  
thirty-seconds of 1 per cent premium;  
more frequently it is five thirty-sec-  
onds or more.

What is the explanation? The sub-  
ject of rates of exchange is so com-  
plicated and so contentious that it  
would be foolish to be dogmatic, but  
there are certain explanatory condi-  
tions that are obvious.

### Production One Reason.

In the first place Canada is produc-  
ing wealth at a rate which, having re-  
gard for her small population and  
scale of expenditure, is enormous.  
Hundreds of millions of dollars a year  
from her wheatfields, more hundreds  
of millions of dollars a year from her  
pulp-wood forests and mines, to say  
nothing of the output of factories,  
grazing lands, hardwood forests, fish-  
eries and other sources of wealth, are  
building up substantial surpluses.

For the year ending July 31, 1925,  
Canada's excess of exports over im-  
ports amounted to \$388,000,000—more  
than \$40 for every man, woman and  
child in the dominion. A proportion-  
ate favorable trade balance for the  
United States would be around \$5,000,-  
000,000.

A favorable trade balance first made  
its appearance in Canada during the  
war in the era of high prices and mun-  
itions business. It was predicted it  
would disappear when abnormal condi-  
tions passed. So it did—almost. In  
1920 it was only \$11,000,000. But  
since then year by year it has grown.  
Last year the increase was \$100,000,-  
000 and there is no sign now of its  
diminution.

Another factor in the Canadian dol-  
lar premium is the continued influx  
of outside capital. Every year for 11  
years there has been a stream of  
United States capital flowing into  
Canada at the rate of \$200,000,000 a  
year. It finds investment either in  
government bonds or in industrial en-  
terprises. Before 1914 the flow was  
from Great Britain.

Some economists, particularly high  
protectionists, who are dissatisfied  
with the present conditions of trade,  
claim that it is this stream of United  
States capital into Canada that is the  
decisive factor in putting the Cana-  
dian dollar at a premium. They say  
the favorable trade balance is illusory  
and disappears when invisible exports  
and imports are taken into account.

### Interest Big Item.

But the chief invisible item is in-  
terest on foreign investments in Cana-  
da. These are estimated at around  
\$5,000,000,000, on which the interest  
would be, say \$300,000,000. Substantial  
reductions must be made from this  
amount. Some of this interest remains  
in Canada for fresh investment, the  
balance or tourist traffic will account  
for another huge sum. Canadians also  
have investments abroad on which  
they collect interest.

Demonstrably Canada's real favor-  
able trade balance is large even if  
some deduction has to be made from  
the \$388,000,000 which the government  
figures show. It represents a real in-  
crease in wealth in the country. When  
there is added to it the large annual  
acquisitions of fresh foreign capital  
coming in to be added to the invest-  
ments of profits that Canadians are  
themselves making, the anomaly of the  
premium on the Canadian dollar is not  
as puzzling.

Canada's prosperity makes her a  
better customer than ever of Uncle  
Sam. While her excess of exports  
over imports last year were \$388,000,-  
000 for the whole world, she bought  
from Uncle Sam \$170,000,000 more  
than she sold to him. Even if the  
United States did take payment in se-  
curities, the condition reflected here  
is not one which Canadians accept as  
permanently satisfactory.

### Paper From Bamboo

#### May Supply the Earth

Bombay.—Forest research experts  
in India have discovered how to use  
bamboo as pulpwood in the manufac-  
ture of white paper. The process, it  
is announced, has been perfected after  
15 years' experimenting by the Forest  
Research Institute and college at  
Dehra Dun.

The authorities say that by the  
new process India will soon be in a  
position to supply the paper demands  
of a large part of the world.

### Ten Days; Ten Gallons

Dover, Ohio.—For every day they  
do not drink a gallon of water while  
in jail, a day will be added to the  
sentence of four men sentenced by  
Mayor P. J. Groh for intoxication.  
The quartette was given a minimum  
of ten days.



# BARGAINS

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 youngest to the oldest



## JONES DRY GOODS

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TEXAS

### Belle Plaine News

Concluded from First page

lene; Mr. Payne, of Cisco; Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Loomas, of Tulsa, Okla.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, Miss Francis Cochran, Mrs. R. L. Griggs, and children; Mrs. Cora Works; Boy and Joe McGowan; Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Jackson, and sons, of Baird. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Swinson, of Baird were visitors in the field Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gee, of Baird, were here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Young have moved to Baird for the winter.

Mr. Joe Crutchfield, of Admiral, the oldest pioneer in this part of the country, was riding his favorite saddle horse over the oil field Sunday.

Hugh Tatum, of Plainview, was here Monday, looking after his oil interest here.

Miss Julia Bland and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Reed, of Baird; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hill, of the Bayou, were here Sunday.

### RANCH STOCK

Misses Francis Loraine and Ella Moore Seale shipped several cars of fat calves to Fort Worth, Monday.

Ed Horn drove in 600 fat calves from the J. O. Hall ranch on the Bayou Monday, to ship to Fort Worth. The calves stampeded near the stock pens and up to Wednesday morning, a large number of them was still missing.

### NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING OF CREDITORS

In the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Texas, in Bankruptcy, Abilene, Texas. In The Matter of Jeff Evans Ellis, Bankrupt.

No. 1158, In Bankruptcy, Abilene, Texas 11-1-26.

### OFFICE OF REFEREE

To The Creditors of Jeff Evans Ellis, of Cross Plains in the County of Callahan and District aforesaid, a bankrupt. Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of October A. D. 1926, the said Jeff Evans Ellis was duly adjudged bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office in the city of Abilene, Taylor County, Texas, on the 12th day of November A. D. 1926, at 10 o'clock in the fore noon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

D. M. Oldham, Jr.  
 Referee in Bankruptcy.

HALF AN HOUR WITH US—and your christmas shopping is completed. For those who are busy, and whose leisure hours are few, christmas shopping each year becomes a task. This year, why not give your friends your photograph? They will appreciate this sort of gift, more than you imagine. They can buy themselves anything you can give them, except your photograph.

Commencing Saturday, the Studio will be open Thursday, Friday and Saturday, each week.—up stairs over First State Bank.

49-It. Taylors Studio.

## Sigal Theatre Big Super Special

Monday and Tuesday Nights  
 Nov. 8 and 9th

Lillian Gish and John Gilbert in

## "La Boheme"

The Picture hailed by the world as the greatest of love stories. The immortal romance of Mina, the little seamstress, of Paris, and Rudolph, her Prince Charming, has reached the screen at last, in a production that will take your breath away. Think of it! Lillian Gish, First Lady of the Screen, and John Gilbert, of the "Big Parade" and "Merry Widow" fame, at the head of a cast of ten big stars. No wonder Broadway, for months, fell under the spell of its power, its beauty and its Pathos.

You Must Not Miss It--The Film Hit of  
 The Year

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