

# 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, AUGUST 27, 1926

NO. 39

## COYOTES LOSE TO OILERS

Lack of team-work and nine glaring errors by the infielders, caused Frank Gibson, to lose the best game of baseball that he ever pitched, last Sunday at the T-P Park, the Oilers of Cross Plains were the receipts of the donation by the Coyotes.

Gibson held the hard-hitting Cross Plains delegation to three hits, one a fluke of the "scratchiest-variety" and sent an even dozen of the boys back to the dugout with a sigh of disgust after they had smote the aid, and nothing more, in their endeavor to connect with the elusive pill that Frank was heaving; during the first four innings, only three men faced Gibson each inning, in the fifth, Gibson walked Bond to start the inning, then struck out Stacy, Mitchell flew to Raleigh Ray in left field and Davidson struck out with Bond still on first-base; in the sixth Martin struck-out; Young hit one to Bouchette on second who fumbled; Oliver struck-out, with Moore at bat, Young went to second when Gus Hall dropped a peg from Gibson, a moment later Young went to third when Lon Ray missed the ball and let it roll to the screen; Moore finally hit one, a roller to Brundage on short, which should have retired the side, but a hesitancy to look around, permitted Young to score and Moore to perish himself on first; Alford hit one to Bennett who over-threw first, all hands safe; Bond Young and Alford moved-up a peg; Bond bunted and Moore and Alford scored when Gus lost the ball and it rolled to the wire; Stacy struck-out for the final out of the inning; the visitors crossing the plate three times, without a semblance of a hit; the visitors annexed three times, without a semblance of a hit; the visitors annexed three more in the 9th on an infield hit, a single and a comedy of errors.

The Coyotes got their first tally in the 3rd when Gibson singled to center and Nenamiak scored him, with a terrific triple to center field; in the ninth the Coyotes threatened, but fell short of the tying-scores Earl all doubled to right field, Gus hit on to the short-stop who made a bad peg to first, Gus being safe and Earl scoring; Bennett drove a long fly to right that the fielder caught then dropped, permitting Gus to score and Bennett to perch himself on fifth; then Lon Ray sent a screeching triple to right scoring Bennett; but Raleigh of "Hickory-nut-farne" grounded out third-base-man to first to end the agony.

The final score being 6 to 4 in favor of Cross Plains.

## SKATING RINK OPENED

Acuff, & Sons, have opened a Skating Rink just across the street, east of The Star Office. They have a large water-proof tent, and a hard wood floor, 40x90 feet.

This is the cleanest skating rink ever opened in Baird and the managers take a pride in keeping good order. The rink is being well patronized—the small boys, especially, are enjoying it.

## PRESBYTERIANS SERVE BIG WATERMELON FEAST

On last Wednesday, the 18th at the Presbyterian Manse the members of the Sunday School and guests, assembled at 7:30 P. M. to partake of a real watermelon feast. A few entertaining numbers were rendered after which Mr. Reed, of Waxahachie, Field Man, for the Reynolds Presbyterian Orphan Home, of Dallas, made a short talk.

About one hundred persons attended this feast and enjoyed the ice-cold melons very much. Mrs. R. A. Elliott and Mrs. Clarence West, Melon Committee were complimented very highly on the excellent melons served.

## H. O. TATUM, OF BAIRD C of C TO PRESIDE OVER DIST. MEETING

At the request of Mr. Homer D. Wade, Manager of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Tatum, Secretary of the Baird Chamber of Commerce, will report at Llano, Texas the 1st., of September to manage the District Meet of the West Texas Organization at that place, September 10th.

Mr. Wade's request was made known last Monday night at the meeting of the Board of Directors, of the local Chamber of Commerce, and it was voted to allow Mr. Tatum a leave of absence for ten days in order that he might serve in the place of Mr. Leeman, who is unable to attend this meeting.

This is indeed a boost for Baird and Mr. Tatum, and although Mr. Tatum could hardly afford to leave at this time the directors decided that they could not afford to refuse the request of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, for Mr. Tatum's services an unanimously voted to grant this leave of absence.

## CALLAHAN COUNTY'S FIRST BALE

D. S. McGee, living six miles east of Baird, marketed the first bale of cotton, for the 1926 season in Baird on Saturday, August 19th. The bale, which was ginned at the Callahan Co. Gin, weighed 563 pounds, and was bought by T. E. Powell at 16½ cents a pound.

A premium of \$43.00 was made up and presented to Mr. McGee. Mr. McGee also had the second bale of the season, ginned at the Callahan County Co. Gin, Wednesday, but we understand he did not sell this bale—took it home and will hold for a better price.

## LEGAL NOTICE

The State of Texas

County of Callahan

To those indebted to, or holding claims against the estate of E. N. Hinson, Deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Administrator of the estate of E. N. Hinson, deceased, late of Callahan County, Texas by Victor B. Gilbert, Judge of the County Court of said County on the 1st day of June, A. D. 1925, during the regular term thereof, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement, and those having claim against said estate to present them to him within the time prescribed by law at his residence in Cross Plains in Callahan County, Texas, where he receives his mail.

Witness my hand this 18th day of August A. D. 1926.

Geo. B. Scott: Administrator of the Estate of E. N. Hinson, Deceased. 39-4t

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bowlin and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Ogely returned the first of the week from a two weeks auto trip to the mountains in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Lambert and children; Mrs. Dea Williams and son, Doyle, of Grandbury, visited their uncle, Henry Lambert and family, Wednesday, were enroute to Sweetwater and other points west.

Capt. H. C. Fuller, of the Brownwoov Bulletin was in Baird a few days the past week Capt. Fuller is trying to work up a Reunion, of the ex-students of the old Belle Plaine College, also an Old Settlers Reunion of the county.

Wm. Slaughter, one of the oldest settlers of this country, is reported critically ill in a hospital at Abilene, following an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Slaughter visited old friends in Baird some two weeks ago, and seemed to be enjoying good health. We are very sorry to learn of his illness.

## OVERLOOKING THE HORSE



One could feel nothing but pity for the blind man in the picture who wonders why his carriage does not move when he says "Giddap." He knows he is setting in the wagon with reins in hand and that he is going through all the usual performances of a driver. But he finds no results because the horse—the pulling power—is not attached.

This man has a reasonable excuse, for he cannot see. But there are many men with the power of physical sight who are in the hopeless predicament of the blind driver because they fail to see important things but look for the results that come from them. As an example, we have the merchant who expects business to move without advertising to pull it along.

Every successful business establishment will admit that consistent advertising furnishes the power and momentum on their upward journey and that it is still an indispensable agency for them. If true in their case, the small merchant cannot afford to sit on his unhitched wagon and wait for some miracle to move him along, for no matter how good the wagon, which corresponds to his stock and store, it cannot travel alone, except down hill.

## LEAF WORM IS DAMAGING COTTON

Leaf Worms are doing considerable damage to the cotton crop of the county. However there are still lots of fields that have not been damaged by this insect and the cotton can be protected. These insects should be poisoned when they start to doing damage using calcium arsenate at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds as a dust and the amount varying, according to the size of the cotton. This will not burn and is effective. Paris green and white arsenic are liable to burn the cotton and may prove dangerous to the person using them. Therefore they should not be used before determining the best method.

Cotton from which the worm have eaten all the foliage will have the bolls forced open prematurely by the sun and the cotton will be of a lower grade and less cotton will be made per acre.

Farmers should not expect the damaged to let up as the worms will in all probably continue until cold weather as this is the history of this pest in the past.

Farmers whose crops have not been attacked yet should prepare to control these pests as it is practically assured that very little cotton will not become infested with them.

## BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Hoover, of Dallas, a Saturday, August 22, 1926, a daughter.

W. B. Jones, Manager, of the Jones Dry Goods, returned Sunday from the Eastern Markets, where he, in company with the other buyers of the 13 Jones Stores of West Texas, have been here for the past week, combing the markets of St Louis and Chicago for Fall and Winter issue.

## THE METHODIST-PRESBYTERIAN SERVICES

The Revival Meeting, under the direction of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, started last Sunday morning. The attendance has been good and the people are working and praying for a great revival.

Rev. Cleveland is earnest and sincere in the presentation of the Gospel messages that he brings. Such preaching, backed by the presence and prayers of two great Churches, will surely bring results.

One feature of the services is the splendid singing, done by the fine choir, organized and directed by Allen B. Roe. In fact there are two fine choirs; the regular choir and the Junior. Special music that is appreciated by all, is the rendering of solos by Mr. Roe and quartettes by the Methodist Quartette. Mr. Roe certainly knows how to direct the choir, and ably assisted by Harold Wristen at the piano.

In addition to the services held at the Tabernacle, there are four services each day, conducted in different sections of the city, by the adults, and the Young People's services every evening in the basement of the Methodist Church.

The meeting will continue through-out next week, and if you enjoy good preaching, good singing and want a place to serve in God's Kingdom, you are urged to attend the services.

W. E. Gilliland, Editor of The Star, has been seriously ill for the past ten days. Dr. R. G. Powell, the family's physician, reports his condition more favorable this morning and we hope he will soon be up. All the family are at his bedside. Mrs. J. R. Price, of Van Horn, arrived Sunday. Mrs. J. H. Walker, of Balmorhea arrived Monday. Mrs. Don Carter, of Big Spring, was here when he became ill.

Miss Anita McDaniel, of Sweetwater, visited friends in Baird last week.

## NEW WELL ON JOHN FLORES FARM IN HICKMAN-FLORES OIL FIELD

The Moutry Oil Company brought in their fifth well in the Hickman-Flores Field at Belle Plaine, Monday. This well is on the John Flores farm, and is said to be the best well brought in in this field. It is estimated that the new well is making around 25 barrels.

## MARRIED

Mr. Irving H. Mitchell, of Baird, and Miss Florene Carnahan were married at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Carnahan, in Center, Texas at 11 o'clock, Wednesday morning, August 18, 1926. Rev. Kidd performing the marriage ceremony in the presence of the family and Mr. and Mrs. Brown Jones, of Baird, who accompanied Mr. Mitchell.

They arrived in Baird Thursday and are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

The bride is well known in Baird, she having taught in the public school two years, 1921-22. She is a graduate of the Southern Methodist University at Dallas, and taught in the Dallas Public School last year. She has many friends here, who welcome her back to Baird.

Mr. Mitchell, who is a member of the firm and Manager, of the Mitchell Motor Company, has lived in Baird most all his life. He is a young man of sterling worth—an energetic and progressive young business man.

Price McFarlane, Jr., of Breckenridge, visited his parents, Sunday.

Mrs. Linwood Hayes, of Breckenridge, visited her mother, Mrs. J. E. Gilliland, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Curry, of Oklahoma, visited Mr. and Mrs. Otho B. Lidia, a few days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Blackburn and little daughter, Mary, returned Sunday evening from an auto trip from Dallas.

Mrs. M. A. Brightwell, Mrs. George Baum and daughter and sons, Miss Fannie and Maters, Leo and Leonard, of Burnt Branch, visited relatives in Baird this week.

John Belmont Carter, a linotype operator on the Nacogdoches Daily Sentinel passed through Baird this morning, enroute to Ballinger to spend a few days with his brother, Richard Carter.

City Marshal, J. C. Barringer, will leave Saturday for El Paso, to attend the Annual Meeting of the City Marshals and Chief of Police Convention, which will convene in that city, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Ferguson, of Breckenridge, spent the week-end with Mrs. Ferguson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Boydston. Mrs. Ferguson was a guest at a Luncheon given by Mesdames Cleo S. Gee and Chas. Roe Keilty last Friday.

Miss Julia Bland, returned the first of last week, from a three weeks vacation with her mother, in Fort Worth, and is again at her post as head of the B. L. Boydston's Dry Goods Department.

Quimby Cross, an old time resident of this county, who now lives at Spur, Dickens County, was a pleasant caller at The Star office yesterday. He is visiting his son, Willie Cross at Cross Plains. He has just returned from a visit to his old home in Bell County, where he visited his sister.

Lee Estes returned Monday, from Dallas.

## BAIRD BOY SCOUTS ARE ENJOYING CAMP LIFE

The Baird Star  
Baird, Texas

Dear Sirs: Tell all your folks that Baird has one Troop of real scouts. Since the opening day of the encampment the boys have been right on the job even at the minute call. Troop 18 from Baird is honored by having one of the two "Eagle Scouts" the other "Eagle" being from Abilene. George Whaley, Eagle Scout is also one of the strongest Patrol Leaders, he has charge of one of the ten Patrols. Little Billie Wright is one of the eleven First Class Scouts of the 85 boys thus far registered. The nine boys from Baird constitute a good Baseball Team and are among the best sports when games or other activities are called for. Of course swimming is the main feature with all boys and every boy in your troop is a good swimmer.

G. N. Quirl, Scout Executive, Abilene; Jack Henderson, Baird; Joe Baker, Winters; Rev. Little Merkel, and E. McCord, of Port Arthur, all Scoutmasters, have the boys deeply interested in Scoutercraft. Scout rules and orders are observed day and night. The boys are highly pleased with their eats and drinks, and don't be surprised if your boy stays away until the very last hour, for they are all getting crammed with the out door spirit of real life, nature.

Thousands of people are expected to be seen on our Camp Grounds next Sunday. The boys will entertain them and it will be a day never to be forgotten for these who know nothing of the Boy Scouts of America.

Council Scribe.

## BAIRD PUBLIC SCHOOL TO OPEN SEPT. 13TH.

Mr. L. L. Blackburn, President of the Board of Directors, of the Baird Public Schools, informs us that school will begin the fall term on Monday, Sept., 13th. We will give a list of the teachers next week.

## A POOR POLICY

The citizen who regards himself too important or too big to take an interest in local affairs is never missed when he leaves. He may imagine he is traveling along with the other people, but no one envies him or seeks the position which he holds.

It is poor policy to run contrary to the community spirit. This is something for the mutual benefit and protection of every resident, so all efforts should be directed toward building it up, not tearing it down or ignoring it.

By setting himself up as better or above the community booster, the knocker imperils his own fortune and opportunities, so long as he lives here, he must go along with the community in its advancement. If he does not come down a bit and be sensible, he is apt to regret it.

In addition to all this, the booster will testify that he can enjoy life much better by taking the right attitude toward the place where he lives and all entertainment.

Mr. J. D. Dallas left this morning for Tulla, Texas, where he will open up a first class Studio.

If this change is satisfactory with Mr. Dallas, he will move his family there about the first of the year. Mr. Dallas is one of the best photographers in Texas, and Baird will miss his services considerably. He has lived here for the past fourteen years. He sold his building on Market Street, to Mr. W. C. White.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cutbirth returned the first of the week from a five week's auto trip to California, Arizona, Salt Lake City and other points. They report a fine trip.



# Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

## THE STORY

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV.—The hard work of digging for gold, with inadequate reward, rather disgusts Gilson, who has independent means, so the unexpected appearance of "Shorty" Croly, old companion of Hayden, is not altogether disconcerting to him. Handy offers Gilson employment on the Courier.

## CHAPTER V

I pushed and jostled my way from Siegel's beer hall to the Black Jack, from the Black Jack to Myers' Variety theater, where at last I found my two adventurers loling expansively on a back seat, Buck's arm hooked over Shorty's shoulder. They, in common with the rest of the audience, were listening with heads sentimentally askew to "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," as rendered, to the accompaniment of a guitar, a violin and the only piano in camp, by a hawk-faced woman in short and ruffy skirts. I had to wait until she rendered two encores before I could announce to Buck and Shorty that I wanted to see them on important business and drag them to the recess between the Variety and Cheap Jack Eckstein's Dry Goods Emporium. And there I wasted no time with preliminaries, but plunged straight into business.

"Shorty," I said—I had never heard any other name for him, "do you want to buy out my share of our claim?"

It was Buck who answered. He looked upon me with a startled eye, which grew a little suspicious as he asked:

"What's the game? Got anything in sight?"

"Nothing in mining," said I. "But I've been offered a job on the newspaper. And I want to take it."

Shorty spoke; a slight difficulty in pronunciation proved that since I left him he had taken many drinks.

"Throwin' down your good old partner, huh?" he exclaimed, truculently. "Double-cross him—"

"Shut up, Shorty!" commanded Buck. "This is a square kid. Only I want to see if he ain't a d—n fool. Don't you know you're lettin' go of a mighty promising prospect?"

"I know you think so," I replied.

"Course," said Buck, with the flash of an understanding for which I had not given him credit, "you're plumb disgusted with diggin' just now. It's hard for a young fellow to get down to real work. But the first week's always the toughest. You'll—"

"Aw, come to the p'int!" exclaimed Shorty, waving slightly toward me as though to begin hostilities. "How much do you want to skin me for?"

"I don't want to skin you at all," said I, a little touched, in spite of Shorty's condition. "Just what I put into it."

"Don't know's I can let you cheat yourself that way," said Buck, utterly ignoring, then and afterward, the interpositions of his muddled friend. "Why don't you grub-stake Shorty? Then you'll have your share comin'—"

"Grub-stake, h—!" broke in Shorty. "No grub-stake in mine—"

"When we strike a pocket," concluded Buck. "And how's Shorty goin' to pay?"

"I'd rather not grub-stake anyone," said I, "and Shorty can pay me on the installment plan, can't he?" I was growing eager; for our discussion had brought up in my mind the sickening memory of that last week in the ooze of the stream-bed; and the blisters on my hands still burned. I perceived, however, that my affair was going well. Buck had not denied that he wanted to combine with Shorty. Only, honest man that he was, he had tried to guard my interests.

"I've got a better chance with the Courier," I added. "Of course, I don't like— and here I stopped, too shy by virtue of my youth and my origin to bring out the rest. I wanted to tell Buck that my only regret at selling claim No. 32 was the thought of leaving him. Toward Buck I felt at that stage of my western wanderings as a young soldier must feel toward a stern but benevolent and efficient superior officer. But Buck, it seemed, understood, for he replied in an unwontedly

low voice: "I'll be sorry to lose you, kid." And it was done; all excepting the process of getting logic into the muddled head of Shorty. Alternating force with tact, Buck accomplished that. Shorty had admitted ownership of a hundred dollars. He even drew it from his hiding place in back of his watch. I should have that to bind the bargain. I was to keep my horse and the personal articles of our equipment, and to take Shorty's note at three months for the remainder of the money we had put into our outfit—which had now been transmuted into our claim. That note Shorty was to pay off on the installment plan from current yield. Having arranged the details of this simple transaction, having got momentarily, at least, the consent of the party of the second part, Buck and I hurried him to the Conestock Lode saloon. We managed to jam our way to the bar, gave Shorty a drink to keep him quiet, paid the harassed bartender four bits for a pen, ink and two sheets of paper.

Buck wrote in his scrawly hand at my dictation, which seemed entirely to satisfy Shorty. But he drew back at the last moment, glaring at me with a suspicious eye. Then his shoulders began to heave with suppressed laughter; he suddenly took the pen and appended the signature of Edward D. Croly to agreement and note. And, having handed back the paper, he let his laughter go.

"All right?" he inquired. "Look's all right, don't it? Ain't worth paper's written on. Note signed by drunken man ain't no good." Shorty's laughter became Homeric.

"It's good in this case," remarked Buck dryly; and then he added in an aside to me:

"Better move on—expect you up for your stuff in the mornin'. I'll have your half of our output ready for you—share and share alike." I had actually forgotten the small detail of reward for my week's work.

Not in the least disturbed by Shorty's drunken remark about the note, I jostled back to the Courier. Marcus was still sticking type with jerky, maniacal speed.

"All right," I said. "I'll stay."

"All right," echoed Marcus. "Now move! I'm a hard boss, I am. Local news is awful slack. Hasn't been a single shooting, and it's Saturday night at that. Want three columns of telegraph stuff—"

"Telegraph?"

"Sure—news of the world. You'll find the Denver Friday morning papers and the Wednesday K. C. evening sheets there in the heap. Run through 'em and rewrite me a set of good-looking dispatches. If there's a hanging anywhere, play that up big for the main story. If anything happened in congress, make three or four inches out of that, unless it's got to do with mining. And remember, we're Republican, lock, stock and barrel. Treat the Democrats nasty."

I gathered the Denver papers to myself, and settled down to my job. However, ten minutes later Marcus, looking up as he transferred a stick of type to the stone, found me loafing and called:

"Rustle! What I want ain't literature, but speed!"

Struggling with the creative problem of imagining how a man might deport himself on the scaffold, I had looked up to meditate. And my eye had caught on a sheet of proofs hooked to a leg of the stone. At its head was an advertisement for Mrs. Barnaby's boarding house and restaurant, California and Aspen streets; special attention to transients. At Marcus' rebuke I started unnecessarily; and as I bent to my work, I felt my cheeks burning.

Marcus, on bidding me good night, added that Sunday was a day off for the whole staff excepting maybe him; and he didn't know but that even he was going to get the big sleep. I had found in the meantime that my duties on the Courier, like his, were not to be wholly literary. When the last news filler had passed into type, I helped wash the forms, carry them into the pressroom, fasten them onto the platens. As soon as the somewhat jerky old press, at the furious impulsion of the two boys, began to knock off passably fair impressions, all spare hands set to folding—Marcus on the stone, I on our editorial table, the little printer's devil on the floor. But not before I had retired into a corner with one of the early, dim copies and read myself for the first time in print.

It was Marcus who recalled that I had no lodgings. "Sorry I can't bed you down," he added, "but I'm sleeping three in a room as it is. My cabin's just behind Siegel's beer hall. If you're doing nothing today, come around about noon and rout me out. There's a lot of things I've had to leave at loose ends. You'd better go to the St. Louis lodging house. Tell them I said they were to give you a bed."

By now very tired, what with a night of mental work piled onto a day of physical, I trudged down Main street. It was three o'clock in the morning. The clerk of the St. Louis lodging house lay wrapped in a blanket just inside the flap of his tent, a dim lantern illuminating a drawn and unshaven face. He woke when I shook him, muttered that he was full up, fell asleep, had again to be shaken awake before I could make him understand that I came from Marcus Handy and must have a bed. Then without a word he shed his covers, rose, stretched, yawned, took the lantern in one hand and a roll of blankets in the other, and led me to a tiny compartment with canvas walls. On the floor lay three men, snoring; between them and the wall a pile of hay afforded just space for one more. My nostrils, fresh from the pure air of a mountain night, bridled at a vile mixed scent of human effluvia, stale tobacco, staler whiskey. The clerk unrolled my blankets, collected my two dollars, and turned away.

Next morning stirrings on all sides woke me and I shook out my clothes, dressed and emerged to the outer air. I made my toilet with such poor and soiled facilities as the St. Louis lodging house afforded—a tin washbasin, encrusted round the edge, a roller towel whereof only one hand's breadth was gray instead of black, a hairbrush from which the bristles were coming out in bunches, a stained whiskbroom, a piece of broken mirror. Some premonition of need had caused me, when Buck and I left the claim, to slip a clean collar into my overcoat pocket. I put this on and started for breakfast at Mrs. Barnaby's boarding house in a condition of Sabbath respectability. Never had I entertained the slightest doubt of where I intended to board in Cottonwood.

I pushed through the canvas flap of Mrs. Barnaby's, half expecting to find Mrs. Deane at the long table, wholly disappointed when I did not. Three nondescript of the mines, their eyes on their tin plates, were wolfing ham and eggs and sucking down hot coffee. These, I learned later, were accidental transients. Just then Mrs. Barnaby herself waddled in with a platter of steaming cakes in one hand and three tin cups, emitting breakfast odors, hooked funwise into the other. She wore a long gingham apron, not any too recently laundered, but her gray frizzes seemed just out of curl-papers; above her flushed, tanned and ruddy face they gave the effect of a silver crown.

"Hello!" she said, stepping the hot cakes before the three miners, who all reached for them simultaneously with their forks. "Didn't I see you at the holdup?"

"Yes," I replied. "I wasn't held up, but I was there."

"Got us robbed," said Mrs. Barnaby, addressing the miners, "held up and robbed—that stage company!" Forthwith, addressing not me but them, Mrs. Barnaby launched forth into her narrative of that adventure, beginning with her mortal certainty, when she took the stage at Piested's, that something was going to happen. Meantime, I seated myself in a spare place at the other end of the table in the attitude of one who expects to be served. Mrs. Barnaby, whirling on a gesture as she described the killing of the horse, beheld me there, broke the narrative off short, and turned her guns from the stage company to me.

"Well, who asked you to sit down?" she asked.

"I—I wanted board," I replied, feeling somehow de trop.

Mrs. Barnaby regarded me with small, brown, deep-set eyes, and her expression seemed to brand my simple business proposal as an insult.

"Regular, or transient?" she inquired.

"Regular," I faltered. Mrs. Barnaby was looking at me so sharply that I wondered uncomfortably if she had guessed why I chose her establishment.

"Got a job?"

"Oh, yes!"

"At what?"

"Reporter on the Courier."

"Editor, huh? Well, I know editors. You pay in advance!" said Mrs. Barnaby.

"How much?"

"Ten a week—for you!"

Meekly, I reached into my pocket, humbly I produced a gold eagle, apologetically I gave it to Mrs. Barnaby. She rang it on the pine table before she lifted her skirt to an indiscreet height for those days, revealing a pair of men's cowhide top boots. Into the leg of the nearest, she dropped my coin.

"And you'll get no ham with your eggs, neither," said Mrs. Barnaby, flouncing into the kitchen. "Last to be had in camp was eat by those hogs." Whereupon the nearest of the three miners turned upon the others and dropped a solemn wink. And I began to perceive that Mrs. Barnaby's bark was worse than her bite.

In fact, when she returned with my smoking hot eggs and my steaming coffee, she seemed to have accepted me as a regular boarder. Her manner became almost confidential. She spoke of the difficulty in getting decent provisions—"The last bar'l of flour I bought was great stuff for hanging paper, and that's the best you can say of it"—and the rivalry of Jim Huffaker—"that thevin' squatter!"

"Where's your tent?" I inquired.

"Out back," replied Mrs. Barnaby. Then she saved me the embarrassment of asking further questions by adding: "I live there with another lady—the one that was with me when they got us robbed."

"Mrs. Deane?" I asked, my eagerness betraying me into a bold question.

"How'd you know her name?" responded Mrs. Barnaby sharply, and then: "Oh, yes, you was gallivantin' round with her by the dead horse. Everybody gallivants with her, or tries to."

"And Mr. Deane?"

"Ain't no Mr. Deane, 's far as is visible to the eye," replied Mrs. Barnaby. Then she seemed to pull back, as though already she had gone too far. She gathered up a pile of soiled dishes and sped back to the kitchen. When she returned, it was only to slam down another plate of hot cakes, remarking that if those didn't fill me up, I wasn't going to get filled. She did not reappear, even though I dawdled over my



In the Entrance Sat Mrs. Deane—Her Eyes Were Searching the Far Distances.

eating. Nor did any other feminine figure part the flap of the front door. Evidently Mrs. Deane breakfasted early.

So at last I finished, wiped my fingers on my handkerchief, and strolled out of doors. Automatically, as though no longer governed by my conscious mind, I turned not toward camp but up the hill. Behind the walled tent of the boarding house stood a smaller tent, its door-flaps hooked back to take advantage of the sun. And in the entrance sat Mrs. Deane. Her eyes were searching the far distances. Her hand lay in her lap. They held a newspaper.

The same automatic impulse which had turned me in the direction of the cabin carried my feet toward her. Her eyes fixed themselves absently on me for a moment before she gave a little start, leaned back in her chair. My sharpened intuitions told me that she had suddenly drawn some imperceptible curtain of feminine reserve. Then she smiled; a slow smile which began with her deep blue eyes and seemed to run, like the morning sunlight down a peak, until it warmed her firm, shapely mouth.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Gilson," she said, conventionally but cordially.

I approached, stood at her side. I was six feet one in those days, I must have towered above her; and for an instant I read in her eyes something akin to panic. Did she tremble? It was no more than a flutter, but it suggested fear. Then she rose suddenly and—

"Let me get you a chair!" she said. She had dropped the newspaper. As I picked it up and restored it to her, I saw that it was this morning's Cottonwood Courier. My eye, following her swift, easy movement into the cabin, caught dimly a background of feminine neatness and decorative instinct—a pine bunk covered with a clean sheet in lieu of a spread, a worn but well-swept strip of Ingrain carpet, a mirror in a plush frame, a picture superfluously decorated at the corner of its frame with bows of blue ribbon. And there floated out to me a subtle suggestion of perfume, which went to my head like wine. She returned with a rough pine chair, set it beside her own.

"I'm a fellow boarder of yours," I said as we seated ourselves. "I've just given my digestion into the care of Mrs. Barnaby."

"It's safe, I think," commented Mrs. Deane. "She's an inspired cook—though she has little enough to work with here." Her trouble is that she's too generous. She has to be a little gruff to guard herself against herself."

"I can readily understand that," I replied. Then Mrs. Deane looked up—very serious now—and, catching at a past phrase in my narrative, asked: "Did you say—that you were an editor?"

It had been long since I had opportunity to confide in a woman; and I fairly reveled in the luxury, telling the story of my struggles with mining, my lucky call on Marcus Handy, and my first night on a newspaper. She seemed amused at first; then a shade crossed her expression and—

"You didn't come to interview me?" she asked suddenly and rather breathlessly. This question chilled like a dash of cold water my glowing mood. But I hastened to clear myself.

"No—why should I? We haven't a society column as yet," I added with an awkward attempt at subtle gallantry. "Besides, Sunday is my day off. There's no paper on Monday morning."

She did not answer this. A moment of silence followed until she turned the subject with:

"This must be wonderful—for a man—this life up here!"

"It is," said I. "And why not for a

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woman?"

"Is anything so wonderful for a woman as for a man, I wonder?" she asked. "You must remember, too, that we can't go to the Black Jack and the Constock Lode." She smiled at that mid-Victorian conceit; and I smiled back. To Mrs. Deane's generation and mine, the picture of a lady in any establishment where hard liquor was sold publicly, seemed so impossible as to be humorous, grotesque.

"Then you don't really like our camp?" said I, almost resentfully. My one night on the Cottonwood Courier had begun to develop my spirit of local pride.

"In fishes, I do," she replied. "Sort of," as the native Yankee says. But I'm afraid I'm too much a woman to like it wholly. It's terribly brutal in places. I can't as yet take all this talk about gold with the proper seriousness. When they talk to me about 'clean-ups'—isn't that the word?—my mind only pictures the stupendous quantity of chased bracelets and earrings and settings for brooches that it will make! I like to sing at the piano and to embroider little designs and to paint little water-color landscapes, and to go to church and pretend that I'm really sorry for my little sins, and to make little calls, and to gossip discreetly as a lady should about why John broke his engagement to Mary. I love gossip. That on the surface. And deeper down—security? She had preceded that word "security" by one of her delicious little ruses in the rhythm of her speech; and when she came out with it, her voice seemed to have fallen a whole octave.

"Yes," she continued, beginning almost under her breath. "I love security! I didn't once. I wonder if I haven't a little piece of man in me. But I've learned better. A woman has to follow her nature. Security now above everything. Something you can count on."

Somehow, I had taken it for granted that Mrs. Deane was older than I, having yet to learn that any woman is infinitely older in wisdom of the spirit than any man. I turned and looked at her with new eyes. Not the shadow of the faintest ridge or wrinkle broke the smooth contour of her skin, now tanned to a delicate golden cream color. This woman, speaking so solemnly of deep things—she was only a young girl after all. . . . as I watched her looking with absent eyes toward the panorama of the peaks, I felt that the air about her quivered with an intangible tension, as though ghostly armies were arrayed for battle. Up from the cluster of tents and cabins rose the sound of voices singing to the accompaniment of a melo-deon; "Alas and Did My Savior Bleed." Services were beginning in the gospel tent. It seemed that her reminiscent mood had broken. She changed the subject abruptly to personalities of the camp. None of them did I recognize until she asked:

"Do you know the sheriff or marshal or whatever they call him—the one with the wide hat and the impressive Imperial—Mr. McGrath?"

"I've met him; he registered my claim," I replied. "Seems like a good fellow." I added, my sense of justice struggling with a less generous emotion.

"He comes in sometimes for meals," volunteered Mrs. Deane. "Everyone compliments his shooting! It's odd, isn't it, living in a world where skill at killing men is the quality everyone most admires? But I suppose war is that way, too. I suppose men are that way when they are left alone. I've heard my father say—" She was trying to tantalize me, that she drew up always just short of a revelation? For she stopped and, although to change the subject, glanced down at the Cottonwood Courier, lying wind-blown in her lap.

"I see by your paper we had another robbery yesterday," she said.

"Yes," I wrote the account. Mr. Handy says it's all the work of one gang. He thinks they may have accomplices in camp. The moment I came out with this, I wished it said. It seemed like betraying the confidence of my paper. Mrs. Deane responded with a casual, balanced "In deed?" and somehow her own inarticulate spurred me on to still deeper confidences.

"There was one odd thing about that stage robbery," I said. "You know I saw more of it than I admitted that day. I didn't shoot. I went on, hastily justifying myself for my old failure of courage, 'because my partner wouldn't let me. He felt that we'd only endanger the lives of the passengers. But their horses were tethered in the bushes beside the road. My partner and I were hidden on the ridge above. We could see them—you couldn't. There was one peculiar horse—a buckskin with a big white mark on his flank. Like that—" I picked up a twig, sketched the pattern on the ground.

"A buckskin?" inquired Mrs. Deane.

"That's what they call it here—yellow—almost the shade of a light tan kid glove. Another curious thing—probably just my imagination, but it struck me at the time. Once one of the bandits who lay on the rocks covering the passengers rose up and seemed to be signaling—to someone in the stage. I've wondered if it might be the express messenger."

"As likely as anyone," replied Mrs. Deane. "How do you know, up here, that anyone is what we'd call good in the East?" But she caught her breath as she said it, and paused a moment before she remarked in her voice that dripped the words like honey:

"You men must find—what shall I call it?—spiritual release—in all this! An atmosphere where you don't have to behave unless you want to."

"Don't you feel any release yourself?" I asked.

"I think I did at first—in my weak,

feminine way," she replied. "It's all quite glorious to be starting into a new world, your Rubicon crossed. But afterward—" she spread out her hands with a pretty, fluttering gesture—"afterward you realize what you are—a woman after all. I suppose, though, that we'll have the last word! The thing you're making here in Cottonwood camp is only a set of nests for a set of women." Her eyes brightened to mirth as she played on with her fantasy. "You're now just gathering the sticks and straws—and squabbling over them!"

Mrs. Barnaby was picking her way up the muddy path between her kitchen tent and the cabin. Mrs. Deane looked up, perceived her.

"Gracious! and I promised Mrs. Barnaby to tidy this place up for Sunday!" said Mrs. Deane. Rending in this my dismissal, I rose. She kept her seat. But as she looked up to my farewell bow, I felt again a curtain drawn between her soul and mine, and behind the curtain burned the light of some emotion—again, was it love?

## CHAPTER VI

What in spite of my will, the next fortnight gave me my bearings in Cottonwood camp. Like any young journalist, I was at first far more interested in what I would have called "life" than in the business of life. My knowledge of camp politics and camp finance I took in unconsciously through my pores, while consciously absorbed in the thrilling details of four or five murders, three suicides, innumerable holdups; the miner who had fallen down a prospect hole, the prospector who had fought off a grizzly bear with a crowbar.

Marcus himself attended to mining and political news, gathering his items and writing them—or in an emergency setting them up without the intervention of paper and pencil—during the spare moments when he was not laying out editorial policy, soliciting advertisements, making up forms, collecting from advertisers, or planning what he called his "expansion." For in the period Marcus had laid his hands on Mannie Leavenworth, a young and ambitious but impetuous newcomer, had set him to soliciting subscriptions on commission. A week later, Mannie was with us permanently as circulation manager, his staff our two brightest newshoys, transformed to carriers. As we expanded and grew, we added an aged clerk to write business letters and keep books. Then Marcus, as he expressed it himself, "sauged a pressman" one morning: from the stage, put him to work on the footpower job press which had all this time stood idle in a corner of the lean-to. Thereafter Mannie added to his activities that of soliciting job printing on commission.

By now I was lodging with Marcus in his cabin behind Slegel's, sharing an eight-by-ten room, where I slept on a rough wooden cot without sheets, and with a sack of waste paper for a pillow. Whenever the cold west wind blew, the unclinked walls peppered us with jets of shrill air. Marcus boarded, however, not with Mrs. Barnaby but with Jim Huffaker. I was glad of that; I shrank a little from contemplation of the moment when that shrewd intelligence would perceive my reason for boarding with Mrs. Barnaby.

As I began to think on the subject, the law and government of our camp seemed to me at times only a part of its picturesque and at others just ridiculous. These young commonwealths of the West, I have since found, varied greatly in the speed and efficiency with which they organized for law. All depended, I suppose, on what element first arrived. With us the gamblers, the saloon keepers, the purveyors of illicit pleasures, the actual criminals had outnumbered at first the forces of sobriety. And by virtue of this majority, we still ordered our society by gun law.

Municipal government, really, there was none. When, the year before, placer gold was discovered along the creek, the early arrivals had formed a miner's court which administered its own justice in its own rude way. In the autumn Judge Cowan had arrived to establish formal assizes. Taking account of public opinion, he appointed as his sole executive official Chris McGrath, the outstanding pistol artist of Cottonwood. Of McGrath's antecedents no one knew anything at all; in that stage of mining camp society, personal inquiry was a serious breach of etiquette. He had come into camp with a bunch of cowboys and gained admiration by plinking in the center of the forehead a footpad who actually had the drop on him at the time. His rough personal charm did the rest. The title of town marshal went by courtesy only. Doc Evans, whom I now suspect of having left the East for the East's health, and morality, was deputy county coroner. He served without pay, getting his profit from the practice which his office attracted.

I visited Judge Cowan's courtroom during his spring term. A relic of an earlier and even rougher day, he had "read law" in some backwoods Ohio office before he stampered west for gold. Having failed at mining, he picked up a living, during the brief prosperity of Grizzly, a mining camp now abandoned, by practice of his old profession. Then production departed from Grizzly. But in default of any other settlement large enough to be called a town, it remained the county seat. Lawyer Cowan remained; became, in default of a better, Judge Cowan; still in default of a better, held on when the territory attained statehood. His reading in law appeared to me as slight as his knowledge of grammar. Off the bench, spite of his egotisms, he had a kind of natural good-fellowship; and

his penchant for a rare anecdote did his popularity no harm with the element which fringed his courtroom.

He had a full docket, which he ran with a speed mimicking efficiency. It included six murder cases—all the gun episodes that Chris McGrath and Doc Evans had seen fit to bring to the attention of justice. Arthur Collier, a swart, lean Kentuckian, already a marked figure in camp for his reckless gambling and his dashing appearance when he drove out with "the fancy," represented five of the defendants. In every case he introduced the same plea—"self defense."



The Tradition of Daniel Webster Still Lay Strong Upon the West.

The procedure was monotonously invariable. Chris McGrath presented a panel of Jurors. The ignorant and weak-voiced prosecuting attorney who accompanied Judge Cowan from Grizzly seldom interposed a challenge; the process of seating lasted only half an hour. The attorneys raced through the business of taking testimony; the stage was set for the great moment of the summing-up.

When "Judge" Collier—we all granted him that title—took the floor he drew almost as well as the variety shows. A little before this climax he always went out for another drink: the tradition of Daniel Webster still lay strong upon the West. The oratorical lawyer, most brilliant when half-seas over, held the imagination alike of courtroom and of jury. Erushing back his mop of black hair, Collier would work himself up like a camp-meeting preacher to an oratorical frenzy. Always he harped on two points. The victim was armed. Everyone in camp was armed for that matter. But as Collier brought out this point, you forgot that. And always some witness for the defense testified to a "quick motion toward the hip." There you were. Self-defense, absolute and proved. Judge Cowan closed the affair with a pompous charge full of bad Latin, where in mercy stood better vindicated than justice. The jurors scarcely left their seats.

The pickpocket whose escape from lynching I had witnessed during my first night in camp, got a quick trial and short shrift. Judge Cowan, with special emphasis on the meanness of his crime, sentenced him to ten years. Of minor cases, such as settled common offenses usually try in police courts, there were none. Under the tolerant rule of Marshal Chris McGrath, plain drunkenness constituted no offense whatever. If an inhabitant was drunk and disorderly, the marshal arrested him, put him in the log jail for the night, and released him in the morning.

My pryings and searchings about camp led me constantly to that jail. Built with a double log wall, provided with a real door reinforced by sheet iron and with a substantially barred window, it had as yet no separate cells. Murderer and transient drunkard alike slept on straw pallets about the stove of the common room. Four deputies, by turns jailer and policeman, stood double guard with rifle and revolver.

Over these janitorials to Marshal McGrath ruled as chief, as grand vizier, one Charlie Meek. He it was, when the marshal stopped the lynching at the Black Jack, had snapped the handcuffs on the pickpocket. Long a more supernumerary in the drama of Cottonwood camp, he was to step forth for a day a leading actor.

Jim Huffaker's restaurant had the contract for feeding the prisoners. The waiters, bringing over dinner or supper, removed the soiled dishes of the last meal. Consequently, the continuous game of seven-up on the floor proceeded always amidst a most untidy fringe. The sanitary arrangement I shall not attempt to describe; and the eternal scratchings of the prisoners proved that bunks and clothing alike were hunting-grounds for forms of lower life.

Marshal McGrath had nominally an office—a boarded tent on Main street where proceeded the important business of registering mining claims. But seldom if ever did I find him in those, his official quarters. His hours of leisure he spent at the jail; of fine afternoons he sat in a rocking-chair by its door, smoking a black cigar and holding forth. Usually he had an audience, squatted about him on its heels. Once, on a morning when the "Hold-up Record" at the bottom of our last column, front page, included eight items, I asked him what he was doing about footpads. "Not a thing until they give me a detective or two," he replied. "I've arrested twice."

"Or when we get a municipal government," I put in, repeating parrot-like a political observation of Marcus Handy. Marshal McGrath did not take this simple remark simply. His eyes crinkled up, but not with a smile. The lines of his face went hard, as they did when he stepped upon the table of the Black Jack to stop the lynching.

"Tell your editor to keep off that!" he jerked out. "If you don't like the way the county government's run, there'll be an election in November, won't there?" But as though his case needed apology, he went on: "What do they expect, those reformers? A mining camp ain't a Sunday school. We haven't had a lynching yet!" That record, it appeared, was the marshal's special pride.

Cottonwood continued to boom and grow; daily the Courier reported strikes or "fine prospects" in the mines working on Liverpool hill, where the last inch of ground had long been staked out and developed, and in those gulches and crevasses of the mountains where experienced prospectors were sinking shafts with bucket and winch. The stages arrived brimful; every night the public corral overflowed with the wheeled transport of new arrivals. Under my eye, this crude settlement was transforming itself into a town, a city.

In a gulch above the river valley, a brickyard began operations. Its kilns were scarcely formed before it had orders six months ahead. Father Cassidy signed the first order. Already his Ladies' sodality was advertising in the Courier its fair for the building fund. Mr. Sipple, the Presbyterian, was clearing ground for his new wooden church. The Methodists under the fiery Mr. Orcutt got along with their gospel tent, saved souls mightily, and let the Lord take care of the future. Doctor Howells, Episcopalian, arrived at about that time, found quarters for Sunday services in an assay office beside the Constock Lode saloon. Gathering my sheaf of ecclesiastical news for the Sunday morning paper, I found that he had sent an urgent call for funds to his denomination in the East. Pending their response, he did us Christian service by spending the last of the funds he had brought up from Denver to lease a log cabin and start a parochial school. Three Sisters of Charity, whom he had brought with him, possessed themselves of a large tent and started a hospital for pneumonia cases, gunshot wounds and other really serious disabilities.

The Odd Fellows had clubbed together and built a wide, low pine shack, floored for dancing. Within a week after the first timber was laid, they held their grand dedication ball. It paid for itself almost within a month; scarcely a night but the Masons, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the G. A. R., the Confederate Veterans or the Knights of Pythias rented it for lodge meeting or rout. Our camp was already developing an aristocracy—wives of mining engineers, the richer mine owners and the more prosperous tradesmen. Odd Fellows' hall was but a fortnight completed when they held an assembly.

Carpenters for a time got double wages, so that every miner with the least skill at sawing or driving nails deserted the drifts and sought employment at building. Doors, windows and window panes were now arriving by the truck load; the burlap portieres began to disappear; the portiere of gunnysacking at the door of the Courier passed into memory. The pioneer sawmill had now a rival; but though the two establishments worked double-shift and transformed half a mountainside from a dry-groove into a littered ruin, they could not keep pace with the demand. Assay offices, groceries, general stores, a pharmacy, innumerable saloons operated in tents or suspended operations while the owners waited for lumber and skilled men.

We grew and grew—amorphically, without organization; by the process of adding cells like a jellyfish. No stage or caravan but brought some representative of a new and necessary trade. Plumbers slept out the first night on the floor of the St. Louis lodging house beside physicians, barbers beside dentists, plasterers beside assayers, stationary engineers beside mining engineers. But fast as they came, gamblers and prostitutes, bartenders and sure-thing workers came faster. Now a telegraph line was preparing to start from Denver; and the Courier was authorized to state, "on the best authority," that a narrow-gauge railroad was coming. How reliable that best authority was Marcus and I alone knew. But Marcus would have printed that report if he had been obliged to invent it. For, as he said, we were bound to have a railroad some day after—

Marcus had a way, now, of stopping short on that word "after." I knew what he meant; my eyes open, I was beginning even to grow interested in what he meant. We should have in Cottonwood camp none of the sober development which a railroad symbolized until we achieved security for life and investment. Gun law, supplemented by a withered and weakly corrupt government, a day's journey away, was outworn. Already responsible citizens said that; but said it under their breaths.

Yet day followed day, and Marcus did not, as he had enigmatically threatened, "cut his wolf loose." Less and less, indeed, did he talk about the necessity of a municipal government; more and more did he draw into him self. Almost he seemed morose. As often as the job permitted, he absented himself from the office; when he returned, he brought no news. Once, running into our bedroom midafter-

noon on some trivial errand, I opened door to find him in close conference with three other men. "Excuse me, kid," he said quickly. I stepped back, closed the door; but not before I had recognized the good-humored frog-face of Isidore Cohen the Jeweler, and the lean Yankee features of Taylor, president of the bank. Once again, plodding up an unfrequented trail to Liverpool hill, I saw before me the familiar backs of Marcus and Doctor Howells, the Episcopalian clergyman. They were walking with their heads down, like men in intimate but perplexing conversation. I turned up a side trail. Then—it was toward the end of my third week on the Courier—the incident arrived which cut the wolf loose.

(Continued)

## OCEAN MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST

### True Story of the Marie Celeste Told After Half a Century.

London.—Solution of a great ocean mystery is offered at last in a simple explanation, declared to be the true story of the Atlantic sailing ship, Marie Celeste.

Fifty-four years ago a passing ship spotted the Marie Celeste, which was flying full sails. She was no response. On investigation it was found there was no living thing aboard the vessel but a cat, sleeping peacefully. The ship's log had not been written in for 13 days. But it was evident that long for the crew of the investigating ship found food still warm in the galley, and a fire in the stove was just dying.

Story of the Mystery.

An article in Chamber's Journal declares that this is what happened:

The Marie Celeste sailed from New York for Genoa. She had been unable to handle all her cargo, and a second ship, the Del Gratia, was chartered to help her. The captain of the Marie Celeste also borrowed two men and a cook from the crew of the Del Gratia.

The captain's wife was killed by a piano that broke from its lashings in a gale as the Marie Celeste neared the Azores, where she was to meet the Del Gratia. The skipper, addicted with distress, blamed a mate and ordered a seaman thrown overboard because while at the wheel he had permitted the ship to roll.

Throws One Overboard.

The crew refused to obey. During the night the captain disappeared and the mate was accused of his murder. The mate put up a fight and threw one of his accusers overboard. As the ship touched the Azores the crew deserted with the exception of the men borrowed from the Del Gratia and the second mate. They put off again to intercept the Del Gratia.

It is declared that the Del Gratia took off the seaman so they could claim the Marie Celeste to be a derelict ship and get a large reward for taking her into port.

Lee Kaye, author of the story, declares he obtained the details from John Pemberton, seventy-seven, the cook lent to the Marie Celeste, who, he says, is still alive.

## Tidal Wave Flunges Islanders to Savagery

Apia, Samoa.—From the isolated coral atoll of Palmerston Island, lying between Samoa and Karatonga, news has just reached Apia of a tidal wave which three months ago swept over the island, destroying practically all property and reducing the inhabitants to most primitive conditions. Only one life was lost.

Palmerston is peopled by about one hundred descendants of William Marsden, a British adventurer, who settled there in 1822 with his Polynesian wives. Its destitute condition was revealed only when Sir Maui Pomare, on the New Zealand government steamer Hinemoa, touched there on an inspection tour. Supplies were landed and a relief ship ordered immediately from Karatonga.

All houses were swept away except the church, and it was shifted from its foundation. All live stock perished except twenty chickens, five pigs and a cat. So complete was the destruction that the inhabitants were left without even fishing lines and hooks, but they caught fish with their hands and, supplementing this meager fare with fallen coconuts, managed to subsist until the Hinemoa arrived. The people received their rescuers with smiling faces and songs of welcome.

## Interglacial Era, Forest Found Near Alaska City

Juneau, Alaska.—Discovery on the north side of Mendenhall glacier, near Juneau, of remains of an interglacial forest was announced here by the forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture.

An interglacial forest is one which grew between two glacial eras. Being covered over by the second glacier, it is sometimes preserved for centuries.

The one near Juneau was found by Charles H. Flory of Juneau, a district forester, and M. L. Merritt of Juneau, an assistant forester.

## TWENTY-NINE MILLIONS ARE SPENT FOR WOOD FOR TOYS

### Lumber Men of Northwest Report the American-Made Market is Rapidly Extending.

Olympia, Wash.—The American-made toy market is rapidly extending, as indicated in the heavy increased use of wood in the industry, according to state statistics. Last year's Christmas toys utilized 23,000,000 feet of northwest wood—cedar, yew, fir, hemlock and white pine. There are 23 varieties of wood used in the manufacture of playthings, basswood, maple and pine leading in usefulness.

Toy lumber in demand must be clear of knots, firm grain and easily worked into small objects, with an adaptability to stains, paints and enamels. The notion prevails that toys are made of cheap, cast-off waste. This is erroneous. Playthings for real American boys or girls must be well made, and good material is necessary.

The toy market is based on what children like best to play with. Experts over the country follow the queer trade of discovering just what various sections do for amusement. Children generally play with things which they see older people using or working with. Certain industries affect the toy demand and the desire to play.

In summer the widespread use of the auto has carried children away from home on week-ends. Invariably the camp is made at a lake or river-side. The little wooden-handled sand shovel, the sand lift and wooden gravel truck, wooden sailboat or canoe have resulted in gigantic sales. Carloads of lathe-turned handles and wheels have been shipped out of the lumber regions.

Various other types are classified as educational, architectural, musical, water, land and air vehicles and novelties.

Many Northwest lumber mills make a specialty of selecting suitable wood for the toy market, reserving it until a carload shipment has accumulated.

## Mohammedan Center is Inaugurated in Paris

Paris.—The new Mohammedan Institute, which will form a home and center for Mohammedans in Paris, has recently been inaugurated by the Sultan of Morocco and other Mohammedan rulers.

The institute consists of a group of buildings just behind the Jardin des Plantes on the hill where the University of Paris was founded. Its creation is expected to strengthen the bond between the French and the population of their colonies.

The institute in itself is remarkably similar to an English college. The mosque is in the center. On one side of it is the residence of the imam, the chaplain, and on the other that of the mufti, the principal. Across the yard is the lecture hall, and above it are the students' rooms. Young Mohammedans who come to Paris will be given the opportunity to use these rooms, and there will be registrars to assist them. The collegiate and religious sections of the institute are separated from the commercial end, in which there are shops, the cafe and baths. Outside customers can make their purchases from these shops without entering the premises, as they open on the street.

The French government gave 500,000 francs toward the erection of the buildings. Paris furnished the site, and the balance was received in contributions from the African colonies.

## New "Tracer" Bullet Checks Shooter's Aim

Washington.—A "tracer" bullet, producing a red streak 1,200 yards behind it has been developed by the army so that machine gunners may see the result of their aim.

A chemical solution in the base of the bullet ignites as it leaves the gun muzzle producing the streak, army officials explained, and will be of special value in aircraft fighting where it is difficult to estimate range and direction. The new bullet also is incendiary and will fire balloons and other inflammable objects. Red was chosen because it does not blend with sky tints and gives a longer defined trail. Tracer bullets are loaded in machine gun ammunition belts.

## Locomotive Hits Tot and Blacks His Eye

South Bend, Ind.—A black eye was the extent of injuries received by Leonard Lehr, twenty-one-month-old son of W. W. Lehr of Niles, Mich., when a South Bend-Niles train on the Michigan Central struck the child, who was sitting on one of the rails. The engineer saw the youngster and blew the whistle, but the child refused to move and was carried under the wheels of the locomotive. "Providence saved my child," the mother told reporters.

## Undertaker for Dogs Makes \$817 in Month

Oakland, Calif.—City Poundmaster McTierney has added a funeral wagon to his department and has increased the revenues of the city.

One month 132 private dog funerals were held at a charge of a dollar each. The owner of a goat was assessed \$3 for an obsequy. Youthful owners in their "hours of sorrow" do not regard the city's prices as high and this dog mortician netted \$817 one month for pet burials.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1926

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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

### TO THE CITIZENS OF BAIRD

Now at the outset of this piece, kind reader, don't jump down to the bottom of this write-up and see who wrote it, and say, "oh that is a lot of stuff," and not read what I have to say. It has been a howl, of the past to do away with the pumping system as it is too expensive. All right, now the present City Council are getting in a good way to jump out of the frying pan into the fire. It now cost us \$150.00 a month to run our pumping system and I think that is very reasonable but now the Council wants to dig five wells and pump them by electricity. The best estimate is that the new system will cost \$200.00 per month. Now to be specific on this, take 20 years as a period, and see what it cost. \$200.00 a month, for 20 years will be, forty-eight thousand dollars, and at the end of 20 years, we will still be on a pumping system, whereas, if we spend twenty thousand dollars, we can dig a tunnel to the west side of the city's land and we don't need a reservoir, the water can have a natural flow to the pipe line and then we are relieved of any expense at all. Now to the Tax Payers, of Baird, it seems to me it is time for something to be done. Are we are going to sit idly by and see another project put over us that is worse than the one we already have. Mr. Fowler stated in a public meeting here, that the tunnel was practical. Mr. Ray says the present tunnel did not cost quite ten dollars a foot.

The five wells, when dug and equipped, will cost seven or eight thousand dollars and then we will be out two hundred dollars a month to run, whereas, we could spend twenty thousand dollars and build the tunnel and cost us nothing to run it. Now City Council, Tax Payers and Citizens, let us open our eyes and look before we jump. Some are saying that the present tunnel is a way too high and above the way. All right, Mr. Ray and Mr. Tatum took Mr. Webb up to the ground and surveyed it and found that the tunnel is just 1 foot and 8 inches higher than the bottom of the test well, the city has dug, and this test well lacks one thousand feet being as far west as the best water shed. Now the present plan is to spend, by giving a mortgage on our water system, around fifty thousand dollars. About eight or ten thousand to develop the water supply, and forty thousand for new pipe lines and extensions. What in the world do we need more pipe lines for, when we cannot keep what we have full? Let's get a water supply, and let's get it to town the cheapest way, and then make our pipe extensions. Now my idea is, to file suit against the present project, and stop it, and get on a practical plan and do something. Now some of the wise guys, who think I am talking through my hat, side me and get some experience or, give me some. Now here is my offer, to the City Council, or some one else that feels lucky; side me with five hundred dollars and I will put up five hundred, and we

will send and get an expert water man to come here, and if he says the tunnel is the best, I will pay his expenses, and if he says the wells are the best; you pay the expenses out of my five hundred and keep the rest. Now what does this present city dads know about water development just about as much as any of us private citizens. Why don't the city call in an expert water man, before we spend another fifty thousand. Mr. Fowler does not claim to be a water expert, he is a Practical Engineer, and I am sure, is a good one, and by the way, he stated that he had his hands partly tied in the present project.

I have no ax to grind, but I do want to see Baird do something that will be permanent. Something for the next generation to come. What are we doing toward making Baird a better place? Nothing at all, no fair this fall. We voted for adoption of the Paving Law, no move toward paving. No Sewerage. No Hotel up town, all of the above things, what Towns all around us are doing is the matter? We have an Oil Field right at our door, and no modern conveniences to offer to capital to come here. Let's do something before our prospects go to some neighboring town. Let's be sports and do something.  
W. G. Bowls.

### NOTICE, APPLICATION TO PASS SPECIAL ROAD LAW

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

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

Dated this the 9th day of August, 1926.

VICTOR B. GILBERT,  
County Judge  
37-4E. Callahan County, Texas

### Vote For CLAUD POLLARD For Attorney General

Leading Candidate in the July Primaries

### Claude Pollard's Record

Born 1874—52 years of age. County Attorney Panola County 3 years. District Attorney Fourth District 4 years. Assistant Attorney General of Texas four years. President State Bar Association 1921. Now Vice-President Houston School Board. As Attorney General, he successfully defended the intangible Tax Statute with added millions to the Public Treasury. He represented the State before the Interstate Commerce Commission in the famous Southwestern Rate Case. He was legal advisor to the Secretary of State and Superintendent of Public Instruction in all suits in which their departments were involved. He was leading counsel in the contest involving the validity of the law granting women the right to vote in primary elections advocating its validity successfully before the Supreme Court of the State. He has practiced law more than 25 years.

Political Advertisement) Paid for by friends. 39-1tpd.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Harding and little daughter, Margie, of Cross Plains, and Tom Price, of Abilene spent several days here this week, attending their grandfather, W. E. Gilliland, who is seriously ill.



J. E. HICKMAN

of Breckenridge, Stephens County Candidate for Associate Justice Court Civil Appeals

A native Texas, a graduate of the Law School of the University of Texas, an active practitioner for sixteen years, a leader in year of wide experience, he is well all worthwhile activities, a law-fitted for a high judicial office. A vote cast for him will be worthily bestowed.  
(Political Advertisement) 39-1t.

### Made White Horse Idol to Placate Spaniard

Hernando Cortez, in the year 1525, entered Peten, the northernmost department of Guatemala, on his way from Mexico to Honduras, Eugene Cunningham relates, in Adventure Magazine. He is credited with being the first white man to penetrate those dense jungles and reach Lake Peten-Itza, which in the Mayan tongue was "Haltunna," or "Lake With Houses," and look upon the busy island city of the Itzae, an offshoot of the advanced Mayas who then peopled Yucatan and Guatemala.

The canek, or lord of the Itzae, received the Spaniard with courtesy. He embraced Christianity and pledged allegiance to the Spanish king. Cortez remained for a time at Haltunna, letting his force recover from the hard journey, and when he went on to Honduras he left behind a lame white horse. This animal has furnished the flexible imaginations of Spanish historians with one of their most picturesque myths of "Mysterious Peten."

For the Indians, so the story runs, having never before seen a horse and understanding only that it was steked it as they would have fed a human invalid of more than ordinary importance. The poor brute did not long survive a diet of cooked meat, fish and birds.

Upon its death the poor Itzae, who had worshiped it as something rather more than mortal, were fearful of Cortez' wrath. So they thought to befool the conquistador. They carved from white stone a replica and set it up in their chief temple against Cortez' return.

Even today, say some inhabitants of Flores—the modern town on the site of Ancient Haltunna—the image may be seen at certain times in the waters of Lake Peten-Itza, near the uninhabited island of Santa Barbara, where it sank when the raft transporting it was wrecked. This image, reported by two Franciscans as in the temple in 1618, is often termed the "Sacred White Horse of Peten" and the "Sacred Horse of Guatemala."

### Veracity of Witness Put to Severe Test

The courts in countries of the Far East would not dream of accepting the evidence that satisfies us, yet condemn men to death for reasons that we should consider trifling, according to Rosita Forbes, who tells how the mysterious East solves its crime problem, in an article in Liberty. In Arabia, for instance, Miss Forbes says: "In any important case, the testimony of two eye-witnesses is necessary and these may be tested in a most unpleasant manner. The local imam, or some holy man, connected with the mosque, heats a long strip of metal in a brazier. When the end is white-hot, it is laid on the tongue of the witness. If it burns him, he is a liar. If it has no effect, he is speaking the truth."

"I have seen this test justify its existence," writes Miss Forbes, "for the metal rests on the tongue for only the fraction of a second. The truthful man is not afraid and the saliva in his mouth saves him from a burn. The false witness is terrified and his mouth goes so dry that the first touch scalds his tongue!"

### One of Nature's Wonders

The elephant breathes and smells by means of his trunk; with it he puts food and drink into his mouth, throws dirt or hay on his back to protect it from flies, pulls down trees, lifts heavy burdens or safely picks up the most delicate, fragile things. It serves the purpose of a hand, having a sensitive touch which enables it to unite knots, open doors, or give himself a shower bath.

### CITATION OF APPLICATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL The State Of Texas

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

The State Of Texas.

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

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

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

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

### NOTICE SHERIFF'S SALE The State of Texas, County of Callahan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### NEW YEAR POSITION

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ 37-1tpd.

### Posted

All property lying south and west of Putnam, belonging to R. F. Scott, is posted. No trespassing, hunting or fishing allowed. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.  
W. M. ARMSTEAD, Mgr.

# Celebrate Labor Day

in EL PASO

\$13.00

ROUND TRIP



LEAVE BAIRD at 1:50 P. M.

Saturday, Sept. 4th.

Arrive El Paso 7:15 A. M., Sunday

SPECIAL TRAIN

Standard and Tourist Sleepers  
Chair Cars and Diner

Spend Two Days in El Paso

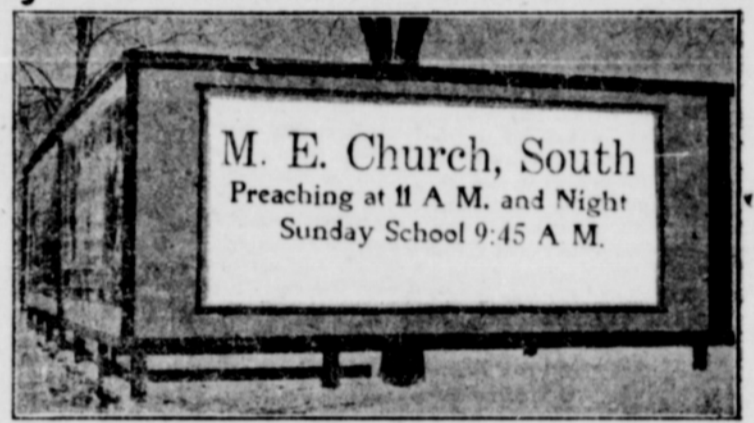
RETURNING

Leave El Paso Monday, Sept. 6th, 9:00 P. M.

Visit Juarez, Mexico, Across the River, and See the many Interesting Sights of a Foreign Land

For Full Particulars and Pullman Reservations See

W. O. FRASER, Ticket Agent  
The Texas & Pacific Railway



# LEAVE IT TO US

Few people can tell at a glance whether a Used Car is as good as it appears to be. Which makes it doubly important to patronize a dealer who has a reputation for giving honest facts and honest values.

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

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

# There's Nothing Better

Nowhere is there any safer, saner system of banking than is provided for by the United States national banking laws, under which this bank operates.

These laws are enforced by strict examinations made by Government experts without advance notice to the bank.

Are you enjoying the benefits of National Bank service?

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. (Rod) Kelton

# Unseen Sources of Long Life

The basic sources of automobile value are not always apparent to the eye.

A motor car, like a house, may LOOK a great deal more substantial than it really is.

Because of this difficulty, more and more thousands are turning to Dodge Brothers product for insurance against disappointment.

The years have proved, and each year proves anew, that Dodge Brothers are as deeply concerned with the UNSEEN goodness of their motor car, as with the seen.

The mileage it will deliver, the safety it will provide, the expense and trouble it will save the owner over a period of years, are quite as important to Dodge Brothers as the more obvious details of equipment and style.

Touring Car	921.00
Coupe	972.00
Sedan	1031.00
(Delivered)	

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

## DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

## Latest Styles in Ladies' SHOES

If it is the latest style in Ladies' Shoes you want, they will be in our store by

**Saturday**

8 oz Duck for the Farmer at 16c per yard; and the best Work Shoe at a Low Price

## Black's Store

Baird

Texas

### IT IS SO VERY EASY TO KNOW WHAT YOU WOULD DO IF YOU WERE ONLY SOMEONE ELSE

This don't get YOU anywhere, and the only important thing to you is, how to get somewhere.

The problem of making both ends meet confronts you. What are YOU going to do about it? Why start to do banking. Open an account to pay all the bills by check, and a saving account to lay up something, and if there's anything you want to know come right in and talk to us.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

## FIRST STATE BANK

BAIRD, TEXAS

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

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

### POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

For Tax Assessor:

C. W. CONNER,  
Baird.  
R. J. (Ray) BOEN,  
Rowden.

For Sheriff:

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

### CLASSIFIED ADS

BED ROOM—Comfortable bed room for rent. Phone 34. 38-2t.

HOUSE FOR RENT—\$10 per month. Lights, gas, water and garage. See T. B. Hadley. 39-tf.

FOR RENT—A nicely furnished bed room. Phone 151. 39-1t.

LOST—White gold, open-faced, Hamilton watch. Name Harold Allen Burt, cut in back. \$30.00 reward for its return. 39-1tp. Harold A. Burt.

FOR RENT—80 acres of good land. See me at home place. Lillie Hurt. 39-1tp.

LOST—A blue cotton crepe dress. Please return to B. L. Boydston Mrs. Joe Vines. 39-2t.

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

WE DELIVER—every day in the week 50-t Warren's Market, and on Sunday, until 9 a. m. Phone. 150

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

WIND MILL—8ft steel windmill, 40 barrel cypress tank, 75 ft. of 2in. galvanized pipe, 75 ft. pump rod, for sale, 3 miles North of Cottonwood G. Varner, Box 475, Baird, Texas 33-tf.

### CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

### TRAIN SCHEDULE

#### West Bound Trains

No. 1	Arrives 6:40 p. m.
No. 1	Departs 6:50 p. m.
No. 3	Arrives 3:10 p. m.
No. 3	Departs 3:20 p. m.
No. 5	Arrives 3:50 a. m.
No. 5	Departs 3:55 a. m.

#### East Bound Trains

No. 2	Arrives 11:30 a. m.
No. 2	Departs 11:40 a. m.
No. 4	Arrives 1:10 p. m.
No. 4	Departs 1:20 p. m.
No. 6	Arrives 1:15 a. m.
No. 6	Departs 1:25 a. m.

### FARM LOAN INTEREST CUT TO 5%

The Federal Land Bank has cut the interest rate now to 5% on long time and low rate. Total payment required on both principal and interest only 6%.

\$500 to \$25,000.00. Best Loan in Texas. We want a loan for every man in the county; ranchman or farmer.

W. Homer Shanks,  
Secretary-Treasurer,  
36-tf. Clyde, Texas.

Singer Sewing Machine, Free\*  
For the first one hundred oldest machines received, of any make, the Singer Sewing Machine Company will give in exchange, free, a new machine for the old. For full particulars, see agent below.

J. C. Neal, Clyde, Texas.

### PERSONALS

Sam and Earnest Windhan, of Oplin, were in Baird Monday, shipping cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown Jones have returned from a visit with Mrs. Jones parents at Crockett.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Windhan, Mrs. John Jorden, of Oplin, were in Baird, Monday.

Quite a number of Bairdites attended the Moody Rally, at Cisco, yesterday.

Mrs. W. O. Miller, is visiting her father, Mr. Hall, in Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Goley Weber, of Arkasas City, Kan. will arrive to-day on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Arthur Johnson.

Mrs. W. A. Ballard, son and daughter, Givens and Mosalecte of Fort Worth, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson.

Misses Martha Hughes and Annie Fulton are visiting in Dallas, the guests of Miss Fulton's sister, Mrs. Elsie Summers.

Mr. Raymond Foy, of the Dallas News, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Foy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Austin, of Fort Worth, are visiting Mrs. Austin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Foy, this week.

Mrs. M. W. Uzzell, and little daughter, Elizabeth, of Slaton, are visiting Mrs. Uzzell's mother, Mrs. A. Cooke, also her brother, E. Cooke and family.

Dr. R. L. Griggs left the first of the week for Mayo Brothers Hospital, where he will spend two weeks doing post-graduate work.

Mrs. A. D. Williams and daughters, Misses Faye and Opal and Louise, of Marshall are the guests of Frank Stanley and family.

## CHIROPRACTIC

The Natural Method to Regain Your Health



EVERY YEAR FOR 31 YEARS IT HAS RESTORED THE SICK TO HEALTH

CHIROPRACTORS are very successful in removing the cause of stomach trouble, bowels, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, troubles of head, throat or lungs, appendicitis, gall-stone, typhoid fever, constipation, diabetes, infantile paralysis, heart trouble, neuralgia, neuritis, which has thus been proven that acute and chronic cases yield readily to Chiropractic. 39-4t.

T. B. HADLEY  
CHIROPRACTOR  
BAIRD, TEXAS

Office second door South of Court—House

### Suicide Warns Papers and Cops of His Plans

El Centro, Cal.—X. Vain Zamora, forty-five, press agented his own death here when he notified the papers and the sheriff's office he was going to take his own life.

He wrote a glowing description of himself, then concluded with a statement that he was in ill health and friendless and wanted to die. He gave a messenger boy \$20 to deliver the note to the sheriff and triplicate carbon copies to the local news papers.

Officers hurried to the hotel where Zamora was staying and broke down the door just as he died from taking cyanide.

# AUGUST

## The Month of Bargains

August is really a most interesting month from the viewpoint of the shopper. And all because there are so many splendid values to be obtained due to broken lines and odd lots, which must be closed out before the fall season commences.

This situation is especially true at this time with reference to this particular store. A trip through the store now will reveal many splendid money-saving possibilities; for every day brings with it new bargains of exceptional worth.

May we expect you early and often this month? We are sure every visit will prove interesting and profitable.

## Men's Hats

Men's Panama and Dress Straw Hats at 1-2 Regular Price

## Saturday's Specials

### Domestic

16c Grade Bleached Domestic, 7 yards for

**\$1.00**

15c Grade Unbleached Domestic, 8 yards for

**\$1.00**

## Special on Silk Hose

Every Lady buying a pair of Silk Hose between 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. will be given a

10 PER CENT DISCOUNT

## Talking Doll Free

Every person buying \$10.00 worth of Merchandise for Cash will be given, Free of Charge, a \$3.00 Talking Doll

## Cotton Duck

When you need Cotton Duck, we have it for less

## B. L. BOYDSTUN

The Place Where It Pays You to Trade

## FREAK COAL MINE CLOSED BY FREQUENT GAS BLASTS

America's Best Engineers Are Baffled  
and Canadian Shaft Is  
Ordered Sealed.

Victoria, B. C.—Canada's freak coal mine, where continual explosions have baffled the ablest mining engineers in America, at last has been sealed up permanently to prevent further accidents in its mysterious depths. By an order passed here the British Columbia government forced the closing of a large section of the property owned by the rich Granby Consolidated Mining and Smelting company at Cassidy, north of this city. This will prevent the mining of thousands of tons of coal known to exist in the mine and, according to the operators, will reduce the life of the entire property, one of the most valuable in Canada, to about three and a half years.

The history of the mine is said to be unique. When strange blowouts of gas began to occur there with alarming frequency experts from Canada and the United States investigated and sought methods of preventing accidents. All their measures, however, failed. The explosions continued and recently, when two miners were killed by tons of falling coal and rock, the government decided that in spite of the huge economic loss entailed the mine must be closed for good.

The condition of the sealed mine is without parallel anywhere in the world, according to the provincial mines department experts here. They have made inquiries in all the important coal fields of America and Europe and failed to find any similar problem. Apparently the coal seams are interlarded with gas under terrific pressure, and when the rock lying on top of the coal is removed the imprisoned force bursts its way out, creating havoc in the mine shafts. No precautions are sufficient to insure safe mining.

## Precolumbian Period Ornaments Unearthed

Fairbanks, Ind.—Sixteen skeletons as well as many tools and ornaments of the pre-Columbian period have been unearthed from an Indian mound on a farm near here. The work of excavation is under the supervision of J. Arthur MacLean, director of the Heron Art Institute of Indianapolis.

Mr. MacLean and his assistants believe that when the mound has been completely explored Indians will have contributed in a large way to the history of this section before Columbus discovered America.

Some of the skeletons are complete while others are only groups of bones. The explorers have also found much evidence of the mound builders' workmanship and art, such as beads of native copper, cylindrical in shape, shell beads, bits of pottery, a large flint knife and other relics.

Peculiar methods of burying the dead are noted. The skeletons are found in various positions, one of which indicated that the body had been placed in a sitting position with the elbows resting on the knees and the chin in the palms of the hands.

## Left-Hand Bookkeeping Lands Bank in Court

Watertown, S. D.—Left-handed monkey wrenches, hammers and screw drivers have had their day. Now comes a left-handed system of bookkeeping.

And Judge W. N. Skinner of Watertown, who heard a bank loan case at Clark, in which the figures of a left-handed bookkeeper and a right-handed bookkeeper for the bank involved played no small part, is marshaling all his legal wisdom in an effort to determine "what is a left-handed bookkeeping system."

The left-handed man did all his work backward, making his entries just opposite to the manner employed by his right-handed colleague, witnesses testified. Banking department workers as a result were baffled in an effort to straighten affairs of the bank.

## Find 3,500-Year-Old Horse Mummy in Egypt

Cairo.—The first mummified horse known to history has been unearthed here near Sakkarah pyramid by the department of antiquities of the Egyptian government.

The horse is estimated by American archeologists to be about 3,500 years old. It was found in a large wooden coffin, indicating that animals in ancient Egyptian times were buried in a similar manner to human beings, the Egyptians believing them to be possessed of a "soul."

The horse is more than 16 hands in measurement and is in remarkably good condition.

## Filipinos Using Wheat as Substitute for Rice

Manila, P. I.—Consumption of wheat flour in the Philippines has increased in the last few years. Figures of the bureau of commerce and industry show that although rice is the chief staple the Filipinos are using bread as a supplementary food generally and in some cases as their principal article of diet.

Wheat importations last year were 76,000 tons, as compared with 45,000 tons in 1921. Four-fifths came from the United States.

## Wise Uncle Hiram, "Riled Up" and "All Het," Convinces Young William the State Fair Is Best Bet



(A Rippling Rhyme)

"Believe I'll go to the Fair," said old Hiram Hill. "Come on—let's hike; what ya say, Bill?"

Young William, blasé, in this jolly bean age; sour, sarcastic and always "up-stage," with youth's "know-it-all" air and supercilious mien, replied: "Wnat's the use—the Fair ain't so keen!"

"It may not be keen," Uncle Hiram retorted, "but the things you'll see there ain't been fully reported. You latter-day kids git me riled and all het—you're powerful wise, but there's lots to learn yet. Say, listen, young man, I've lived lots of years—I've listened to sages and savants and seers; I've delved into tomes crammed with knowledge galore and I've come in contact with wise guys before."

"You're figuring wrong about education—taint out of books you get all information. At the State Fair you'll learn, for example, how an expert knows grain by scanning a sampler; that Texas' broad prairies produce cattle and sheep—when to cultivate lightly and when to plow deep; what's best for the sandy land—what's preferable for black; when to lay off of one crop and when to 'come back.' You'll find poultry raising an interesting topic—that the eyes of the nation are far from myopic; that they're turned upon Texas from every direction, and 'that folks are all saying, 'it's a wonderful section.'"

"What do you know about 'soil adaptation?' What can you tell about barn sanitation? What do they mean by 'one-crop repeater,' and did you ever feed feterita. There's lots to be learned about proper ground tillage and plenty to be seen in the fine Spanish Village, where exhibits of every character and kind will hold interest keen and improve your dull mind. You can watch any number of factory wheels and feat your optics on automobiles at the Texas Manufacturers' big exposition and the auto show in close juxtaposition. In the auditorium a great big musical show and all sorts of sights down on Amusement Row; see the R. O. T. C. lads drill for swell silver cups; look in at the dog show on the prize-winning pups; watch a gridiron battle—pick the huskiest bunch; have cream-cones and 'sody' and hot dogs for lunch. Get all over the grounds; see all the new tricks—that's what I've been doing since eighty-six."

"Take it from me, Bill, you'll miss a whole lot if you don't go to the Fair—now strike a brisk trot; don your best bib and tucker, let's be on our way; hitch up the flivver; how long shall we stay?"

And young William charged with pep, vim and zest, shouted with enthusiasm as he buttoned his vest: "A week anyway, and if it's all you declare, we won't come back 'till end of the Fair."

(State Fair Forward)

## Heads Band To Appear At State Fair, Dallas



A. F. THAVIU

Thaviu's Exposition Band, coming from engagements at the Sesqui-centennial, Philadelphia, and the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, will be heard in free concert at the Auditorium, during the State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 9-24.

## HORSE SHOW EVENTS AT STATE FAIR TO HAVE EIGHT CLASSES

Entries for the horse show to be held during the 1925 State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 9-24, close on Monday, Oct. 4, according to the premium list, and all premiums are open to the world.

W. I. Yopp is director in charge of the horse show division and C. H. Teems will judge the different classes. There are eight classes, including the equestrian events, in which only amateur riders are eligible.

All animals competing must be entered in the names of bona fide owners and the animals must be named when entered.

The classes include saddle horses to halter; five-gaited saddlers; the novelty class, in which all horses on the grounds must be shown; the five-gaited sweepstakes, the walk trot and canter, wherein competitors in the five-gaited class are not eligible; hunters and jumpers; the equestrian for lady and gentleman riders and for boy and girl riders, under 14 years of age, and for a team of four lady riders, representing a club. The class for harness and saddle ponies includes Shetlands and others than Shetlands, and no entry may be over 40 inches in height.

## POULTRYMEN PLAN FOR BIG DAY AT FAIR

Poultrymen's Day at the State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 9-24 this year, will be one of the red-letter days of the exposition, according to Walter Burton of Arlington, Texas, superintendent.

Highly enthusiastic over prospects for the State Fair show, which will be held Oct. 9 to Oct. 13 inclusive, Mr. Burton declares that arrangements for Poultrymen's Day anticipate all sort of events of paramount interest to breeders and the general public.

Latter-day porcelain collectors prize most highly china vases of the Ming dynasty. Several thousand years hence, maybe, collectors will prize Texas vases made from kaolin, or china clay, found in Real, Edwards and Fayette Counties. Something else that could be exhibited to advantage at the 1925 State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 9-24.

## THRILLING FREE ACTS BEFORE GRANDSTAND TO BE STATE FAIR FEATURE

In addition to the free band concerts to be offered by the Thaviu Russian band in the new Auditorium at the 1925 State Fair, Oct. 9-24, there'll be a number of spectacular free attractions, day and night, before the grand stand. Thrills galore are promised.

Visitors will note a big change in the grounds around the grand stand. The fence which heretofore encircled the race track, has been torn down completely, along with the bleachers, formerly situated just south of the race track grand stand.

Within the enclosure directly in front of where the bleachers formerly stood the forty-odd attractions of the famous Morris and Castle Shows will be located, permitting more room than was possible under the old arrangement of putting the shows alongside the old-time "Midway." The change will also do away with the crowding of the permanent amusement devices—including the ten big "rides"—located in Fair Park.

All these attractions will be in operation throughout the duration of the 1925 State Fair, with plenty of elbow room for those who visit them.

The several big free acts will be presented in front of the grand stand, just as has been done in the past, but there'll be no admission charge.

## FINE HEREFORD SHOWING EXPECTED AT STATE FAIR

Anticipating the most noteworthy collection of Hereford cattle in its history, and that the competition will be the keenest of record, officials of the State Fair of Texas are preparing for a Hereford exhibition at the 1925 exposition, Oct. 9-24, which will prove of paramount interest.

It is announced that Albert K. Mitchell of Albert, N. M., junior member of one of the largest firms of breeders in the Southwest, will judge the Hereford classes. Mr. Mitchell is well known, both as a breeder and as a just and fair official.

John C. Burns of Fort Worth, superintendent of the Hereford division, points out that due to the prevalence of quarantine no live-stock, save horses, has been shown at the State Fair of Texas since 1923, which itself was a notable Hereford year. In 1923 there was a total of 144 head shown by breeders from Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, the entries being made up of 59 bulls, 66 females and 19 steers. All these exhibitors, with many more, according to Burns, are expected to show in 1925.

Latter-day porcelain collectors prize most highly china vases of the Ming dynasty. Several thousand years hence, maybe, collectors will prize Texas vases made from kaolin, or china clay, found in Real, Edwards and Fayette Counties. Something else that could be exhibited to advantage at the 1925 State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 9-24.

Improved Uniform International

## Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Lesson for September 5

#### THE TENT OF MEETING

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 33.  
GOLDEN TEXT—And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God's House in the Wilderness.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Moses Worships in God's House.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Friendship With God.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Communion With God.

I. The Divine Command to Possess the Land (vv. 1-6).

1. The abiding purpose (v. 1). They were to go up and possess the land despite the fact that the calf worship had broken the bond between them and their God. God spoke of them as the people whom Moses brought up out of Egypt, not as His own people. They had not shown any true penitence for their awful sin, therefore God could not claim them as His own.

2. Divine aid promised (v. 2). Though their sins made it impossible for God to go with them, He still agrees to help them by sending an angel before them to drive out their enemies.

3. The threatened withdrawal of the divine presence (vv. 3, 5).

God said, "I will not go up in the midst of thee, for thou art a stiff-necked people, lest I consume thee in the way." The presence of God in the midst of a sinning and impenitent people would mean death unto them.

The mercy of God is often strikingly shown by God's withdrawal from His people.

4. The effect upon the people (vv. 4, 6).

(1) "When the people heard these evil tidings they mourned."

They had not understood the seriousness of God's threatened withdrawal. They knew that no angel could make up for the great loss of the personal presence of God. They called it "evil tidings." Surely no tidings are so evil as those which tell of the withdrawal of the divine presence.

(2) They stripped themselves of their ornaments, showing that the articles which indicated gladness and joy could not be consistently worn when God had departed. We must be stripped of all that pertains to self and carnal pleasures if we be clothed with the divine blessing.

II. The Tent of Meeting (vv. 7-11).

1. It was pitched outside of the camp (v. 7).

As a token of the severed fellowship, the symbol of God's dwelling place, the tent of meeting was placed without the camp. While this showed the excommunication of His people, it showed also God holding out an opportunity to such individuals as sought the Lord to continue in fellowship with Him.

2. Moses in communion with God (vv. 8-10).

Because Moses had not transgressed God's law, he still had fellowship with God. The visible sign to the people that God honored Moses was the descent of the "cloudy pillar" as Moses entered the tent of meeting.

3. Moses the friend of God (v. 11).

This is one of the most beautiful expressions of personal fellowship to be found in all the Bible, if not in all literature. Friendship implies mutual confidence and sympathy, a disposition to share each other's secrets.

4. Joshua at home in the tabernacle (v. 11).

Joshua was not involved in the rebellion of the people. Because of his fidelity he was privileged to abide in the tent in the divine fellowship.

III. Moses' Prayer (vv. 12-23).

Moses' mind was somewhat perplexed, therefore he came to the Lord for the solution of his problem. God had said that He would send an angel to carry out His covenant obligation concerning the people in the possession of the land. Moses desired fuller knowledge of this angel so that he might act intelligently with reference to the matter. He asked for three things:

1. Fuller knowledge (vv. 12-14).

In order to lead the people he needed to know more fully his God.

God graciously responded to this request by assuring him that His presence would go with him and that He would give him rest.

2. "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not hence" (vv. 15-17).

Moses was convinced that no substitute could take God's place even though that one be an angel. He argued that it would be better to perish in the wilderness than to attempt to go into Canaan without God.

3. "Show me thy glory" (vv. 18-23).

Manifestly Present

Never in all the world's history has God been more manifestly present in it than when Jesus died upon the cross. We can all see that now. God was there, if He was ever anywhere in the world of men.

The True Prayer

The true prayer in time of great trial, care, or sorrow, is, not that we shall be delivered from the experiences, but that we may pass through them unharmed.

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Exhaustive tests so far indicate that the average year's operating cost of the Overland Whippet should save you from \$75 to \$150 in gas, oil, tires and mechanical upkeep. It cuts present operating costs just about in half... doubles the value of every dollar you now spend. Come in and see this wonderful new-type car.



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\$500 to \$25,000.00. Best Loan in Texas. We want a loan for every man in the county; ranchman or farmer.

W. Homer Shanks,  
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Singer Sewing Machine, Free  
For the first one hundred oldest machines received, of any make, the Singer Sewing Machine Company will give in exchange, free, a new machine for the old. For full particulars, see agent below.

J. C. Neal, Clyde, Texas.

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Loaf 10c.-----3 for 25 Cts.  
Also Fresh Rolls, Cakes,  
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Offering new features, new colors and new engineering refinements that amaze all who drive it, the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history is breaking all world's records for the sale of gear-shift cars.

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No other car of Chevrolet's type ever offered such marvelously smooth operation, such freedom from vibration at every speed, such amazing ability to maintain between 40 and 50 miles an hour, for hour upon hour at a stretch, with such comfort and relaxation to driver and passenger!

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Dr. Chas. E. Harrison

of the West Texas Optical Clinic, Abilene, Texas, has opened an office in Baird, Texas. Why neglect your eyes? I can take care of your eye troubles. Practice limited to Refracting, Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted. Will be in

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French Women Sail

Boat 1,700 Miles

Paris.—Two noted French archeologists, both women, have just published a book on a remarkable voyage they have made. Alone on board a little 24-foot sailing boat, the Perlette, of the same type as that in which their fellow-countryman, Alain Garbault, crossed the Atlantic, Martha Oule and Hermine de Soussure have covered some 1,700 miles in the Aegean sea.

The two women started from Piraeus in Greece, and visited Asia Minor, doing all the work themselves, in port as on the high seas.

Mlle. Oule has just obtained her degree at the Sorbonne and is well known for her excavation work in Crete, where she has discovered the ancient city of Mallia, which had disappeared. Her comrade, Mlle. De Soussure, is also a noted archeologist, who has worked in Greece.

Our Christian Calling

To carry out our good and solemn thoughts and feelings into daily life—this is the great difficulty of our Christian calling.

Paris Now Wearing Jewelry of Rubber

Paris.—Rubber jewelry is the abstraction of the moment. Designed for wear at the beaches, its popularity has caused it to appear even on the boulevards in the form of multi-colored bracelets. For beach wear imitated pearls of rubber composition or wood, bracelets and anklets are chosen.

Buttonhole bouquets of rubber for wear with beach costumes are also in high favor.

Earrings are a conspicuous part of the Parisian woman's scheme of self-decoration this summer. The long pendants which disappeared for a time are back in more exaggerated form than ever. Long drops of chased crystal, jade or coral, nearly touching the shoulders, are much seen at the race courses where Paris' smartest women congregate.

Jet earrings the size of bracelets were worn recently at Autteuil. Their size and weight made suspension in the ears impossible.

TOTEM IS GIVEN TO MACAW CLAN

Bonita Indians Receive Highly Prized Gift From Explorer.

Washington.—Fulfilling a promise of a year's standing, Dr. Nell M. Judd leader of the National Geographic society expeditions to Pueblo Bonito N. M., recently presented to members of the Zuni tribe a gift for which they would gladly have paid in turquoise. It was a live, brilliant Mexican macaw, a bird full of meaning to certain of the Indians; yet only a few members of the tribe had ever before seen one of these brightly feathered parrots.

Each of the dozen or more clans (individuals related through the maternal line) at Zuni has its own clan totem; The bear, badger, coyote, eagle, snake, corn and mustard," Doctor Judd writes in a report to the National Geographic society. "Of all these clans none has a larger or more vigorous membership than the Macaw people. The Macaw clan has furnished a majority of the leading men at Zuni for several generations past. But these leaders knew the macaw, their clan totem, only through verbal description, handed down from one generation to another. Two years ago a small delegation went to San Domingo, a Tewa pueblo near Albuquerque, there to trade turquoise ornaments for macaw feathers. There are two captive macaws at San Domingo, obtained through exchange with Mexicans.

Recognize Pictures of Totem. "During past years at Pueblo Bonito several of my Zuni excavation crew have been members of the Macaw clan. Pictures in our camp library verified descriptions of the moola, to give the Zuni name of the macaw. These men were highly pleased last fall when I told them I should try to obtain for them a live bird, as a gift to the entire Macaw clan.

But this spring when I arrived at Zuni I found that carefully laid plans were intended to divert my purpose and bring something of an individual reward. Two of the boys had made it known that the bird was to be a present to each, individually, and I suppose each of the pair had already taken orders for moola feathers, indispensable articles of adornment in certain ceremonies and in the preparation of prayer plumes. But I insisted the macaw was a gift to the entire clan and not a personal remembrance to a single friend. It was my expressed opinion that the Sun Priest, as highest official of the clan, should receive the bird and act as its custodian. And right there I discovered some surprising information about the macaw and its habits.

Zuni Nature Fakera.

"Taking advantage of my limited Zuni vocabulary and still hoping to obtain the bird for him-self, one of the two boys, in my presence, told the Sun Priest that in their native habitat the macaws gather in flocks of from 200 to 300 and, as they see a man passing through the forest, swoop down to attack him. The moola was credited with being especially fond of human flesh and extremely dangerous in captivity. Previously, the Sun Priest had learned from the second hopeful lad that the macaw was apt to die if he did not get the kind of food to which he had grown accustomed. But after an hour's discussion the fears of the priest were eliminated and he consented to care for the macaw in behalf of his people. Word came to camp last week-end that the Sun Priest and the macaw had established friendly relations and that both were quite content.

"No one knows how long the Moola people have been represented in Zuni.

George Tetrault Is a Giant of Babies



George Tetrault, of Salem, Mass., thirty-four months old, is perhaps the giant of all babies. This youngster weighed 10 pounds at birth and now tips the scales at 100 pounds.

Tradition says they came up out of the fourth world with the other clans in that dim, distant past when all the races of mankind, the birds, animals and trees spoke a common language. Macaw clans are to be found in some of the other Pueblo villages of New Mexico and Arizona. But in no instance, so far as I am aware, can one learn definitely how long these clans have possessed the macaw as a totem or how they first became acquainted with the bird.

Ancient Bonitans Kept Captive Birds.

"During the course of the National Geographic society's explorations in Pueblo Bonito, we have found over thirty skeletons of the great macaw. And Pueblo Bonito, from archeological evidence, was abandoned approximately 1,000 years ago. It appears then that the inhabitants of this great prehistoric village must have obtained live macaws through barter with the tribes of central Mexico. The birds were kept here in captivity for we have found the perches on which they had been tethered and we have found the corn, piñon nuts and squash seeds on which they were fed. The Macaw clan doubtless wielded a considerable influence at Pueblo Bonito.

"One may imagine sandaled Mexican Indians carrying on their backs cages containing live macaws, captured in tropical forests, trudging across the hot sands of the Southwest in ancient times, bound for the famous, terraced village of the Bonitans. Mules, horses and other beasts of burden were unknown in the Americas before the arrival of the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century. Yet Fray Marco de Niza, as he journeyed northward out of Mexico in 1539 to the discovery of the 'Seven Cities of Cibola,' notes in his journal that he passed Mexican Indians returning with turquoise they had obtained in exchange for parrot feathers."

Auto Tourists to Spend Three Billion in Summer

Washington.—Nine million automobiles, carrying 36,000,000 passengers on vacation trips, are seeking the open road this year, the national touring board of the American Automobile association announced. This estimate was based on reports from the touring bureaus of 815 motor clubs.

"Of this total," the association's statement said, "3,000,000 cars will carry camping equipment and extend their outing to 33 days. Two-thirds of the caravan have not yielded to the canvas lure and will depend on hotels. The latter class will spend an average of ten days en tour."

While it is impossible to determine exactly how much money the motor tourists will spend, the touring board asserted that \$3,000,000,000 is a conservative estimate, this being nearly \$500,000,000 more than was spent during the 1925 touring season. The statement continued:

Ten dollars a day for each car is a fair estimate for the canvas brigade. Three million of them out for 33 days will mean 99,000,000 day tours at a cost of \$10 a day, or approximately \$1,000,000,000. It is safe to assume that the other group, while on the road for only about one-third as long as the campers, will have about three times the daily expenses, so that \$2,000,000,000 for the 6,000,000 cars is a conservative estimate. This would only allow \$7.50 a day for each occupant of a car carrying four passengers, which is the average number carried while touring.

Mine Bureau Tests Fabric Dust Filters

New York.—A study of various types of respirators designed as safeguards against the presence of injurious dust encountered in mining has been conducted by chemists of the Pittsburgh experiment station of the bureau of mines.

Many industrial dust respirators, and many fabrics and filtering machines, including cheesecloth, canton flannel, bleached and unbleached muslin, filter paper and absorbent cotton, were tested.

The filtering efficiencies of the respirators were determined by passing air containing either tobacco or suspended silica dust in minute particles through the respirator and viewing them in a beam of light in a dark box.

An equal stream of the unfiltered air was viewed alongside the first stream, and the unfiltered stream was diluted with measured portions of pure air until the two streams reflected light of equal density. In this way a measure of the filtering efficiency of the respirators was obtained.

British Organize to Capture the Tourist

London.—British merchants do not like the fact that far more American money is spent by tourists in France than in the British Isles. Hotels, shopkeepers, ship owners and several organizations are forming a co-operative body to attract visitors. They have adopted the slogan "Come to Great Britain."

They assert that Great Britain is behind in letting the world know that it has as much to offer as a holiday resort as the Continent. They propose not only to tell the world, particularly the United States and the British Dominions, about the British Isles, but to help the tourists in every way to enjoy their visits. They also will encourage reciprocal visits of Britishers to the United States.

INDIANS CLAIM \$1,293,890,455

Thirty-five Tribes Are Suing Government for That Huge Amount.

Washington.—Indian claims against the federal government aggregating \$1,293,890,455, some of them growing out of controversies which arose more than 100 years ago, are pending in the United States court of claims where they have been filed in accordance with special acts of congress for their settlement.

Thirty-five different tribes, including the 12 which comprise the Sioux nation with its 50,000 members, are among the claimants. Nineteen separate suits have been filed by the Indians against the government.

Sioux Ask \$800,000,000. The Sioux nation asks \$800,000,000 in damages, alleging 45 separate causes of action. One is grounded upon the fraud and duress which the Indians assert the government exercised after the Sioux war and Custer massacre to compel the cession of the Black Hills district in North and South Dakota for an inadequate consideration.

The Sioux also allege that the government's obligation in the treaty of 1868 to educate the Indian children has been violated; that the government took no steps to prevent the extinction of the buffalo, a main food supply of the Sioux, that it unlawfully seized great areas of Indian land and other complaints.

The Creeks, who claim \$195,000,000, charge that under an unauthorized treaty negotiated by Gen. Andrew Jackson in 1813, the government took, without any consideration, more than 23,000,000 acres of tribal lands in western Georgia and eastern Alabama. The Delawares base their claim for \$1,500,000 on the theft in 1861 by a government clerk of \$800,000 worth of state bonds owned by various tribes. They allege they were only partly reimbursed for their loss.

Claim Land Given Railroad.

The Arikara, Gros Ventre and Mandan Indians of North Dakota claim that lands valued at \$42,000,000 were taken from them by executive order without compensation and donated to the Northern Pacific and other railroads or sold to citizens of the United States. A similar claim is made by the Assiniboin Indians in Montana.

The Blackfeet, Blood, Piegans, Gros Ventre and Nez Percés Indians charge that the government violated its promise that the Indians should be protected in their right to hunt, trap and fish in southwestern Montana by throwing the section open to homesteaders and that lands rich in oil, gold and silver were taken from them without compensation. They ask \$42,000,000.

Sees England on Eve of Spiritual Revival

London.—England is on the eve of a great spiritual revival, in the opinion of the Bishop of Salisbury, who spoke at a recent meeting of the church assembly.

He said a remarkable movement had been started among young men at Oxford, Cambridge and other universities to present the fourth report of the missionary council throughout the country. A campaign by 138 students was being conducted in four dioceses and in September 186 students will conduct another campaign.

"It is certain," continued the bishop, "there are already signs that the living power of God is working among us. I see it in the progress of revision of the prayer book. I could see it in the wonderful spirit that passed all over the country when the general strike was called off and in all ways the spirit of God is present and we have a revival coming."

Patent Office Deluged by Radio Applications

Washington.—The use of radio has resulted in the swamping of the United States patent office under the greatest deluge of applications in history.

Although the number of examiners handling radio applications has been almost trebled, there are 1,850 petitions pending as compared with 1,504 on January 1, and the radio division is five months behind the applications.

Applications increased to such an extent after broadcasting attained popularity that radio was constituted a separate division in August, 1924, but even with twelve assistants in the division, it has lost ground steadily under the great influx of applications.

Maharajah's Dancers Are Seeking New Employment

Karachi.—All the beautiful young dancing girls who flitted about the palace of the maharajah of Indore, whose chief charmer, Mumtaz Begum, cost him his throne, are hunting new jobs.

Application of a rigid economy program in the state of Indore called for the discharge of the entertainers.

Their actual salaries, it is explained, were not so much—only about £3,000 a year—but the cost of upkeep was much greater.

Large sums, it seems, were squandered in satisfying their fastidious little tastes for trinkets, veils and perfumes.

**MICKIE SAYS—**

IF ALL THE MONEY THAT'S SPENT EVERY YEAR IN THIS TOWN ON EXPENSIVE CALENDARS, BUSINESS DIRECTORIES AND OTHER ADVERTISING DODGES WUX INVESTED IN NEWSPAPER SPACE, THERE'D BE A HEK OF A LOT OF FOLKS WHO'D HAVE MORE CONFIDENCE IN ADVERTISING!



CLAYTON SUGRUE

**Plane Is Destroyed by Furious Bull**

Sotgiens, Belgium.—An infuriated bull vented its ire upon a disabled airplane recently and when the animal concluded that its job had been done the machine was beyond repair. The airplane carrying eight passengers from Paris to Brussels was forced down by a defective motor and landed in a pasture 15 miles from Brussels.

The bull, aroused by the chugging of the motor, made straight for it, while the pilot and passengers jumped out and made their escape in a mad rush across the field. The animal charged the machine again and again and kept at his work of destruction until the passengers got out of the danger zone.

**PRONUNCIATION AID**



June Webster, descendant of the famous lexicographer, Noah Webster, presents a copy of her ancestor's work to the Publicity Department of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition Association to help them in pronouncing properly the name of the big events which opens June 1 to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. There are many types of pronunciations heard but there is just one proper way Noah says. It is "Sees-Kwuh-sen-ten-ee-ah" with the accent on the first syllable of the "Sesqui" and on the second syllable of the "centennial."

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**Well Cooked**  
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Day and Night Service  
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**CALL CATALONIA SPANISH IRELAND**

**Ancient Province Has Its Own Flag and Language Carefully Preserved.**

Washington.—Accept a position with the government when the government offers it, or have your lands confiscated, and your citizenship canceled. Spain recently posted that edict in the province of Catalonia.

"The odd spectacle of men being compelled to take lucrative government positions has an explanation in the peculiar relation of Catalonia to Spain," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society, from its headquarters in Washington.

"The geography of Spain is better known in terms of its cities than its sections. Catalonia can be placed readily by calling it 'the province of which Barcelona is the head city.'

Likened to a "Spanish Ireland."

"Politically it can be located by calling it Spanish Ireland. Still Catalonia might resent this label as much as she chafes at Madrid rule, because her history of independence running back to the Ninth century at least is quite ancient enough to warrant Ireland being called instead 'the English Catalonia.' To make Ireland a proper parallel it would be necessary to move from England across the Irish sea most of England's factories and mines and most of her industrious workmen. There would be left in England (now playing the role of Spain) the governing classes and the military.

"Catalonia is the workshop of Spain. It claims to pay nearly 80 per cent of the nation's tax bill. The annual income produced by this single province is reported to be two-thirds that of the entire nation. Although Catalonia covers only one-sixteenth of the area of Spain it supports one-tenth of the population.

"There is an old Spanish proverb that, 'A Catalan can turn stone into bread.'

"A Catalan is proud of that proverb. Work is raised to high dignity in Catalonia. The Catalan does not envy Madrid or Seville their reputation with tourists as quaint spots where the Middle ages linger unashamed. He lives in the present. He is proud of Barcelona's rows of workmen's houses and smokestacks. Modern machinery can be found on Barcelona's docks. At the Catalan mines the latest advances in mining engineering are in evidence. The Ebro, which drains the whole south flank of the Pyrenees, is dwindling to a creek because of the rapid increase of irrigation. It is the Catalan's close link with the progressive world that has made Barcelona Spain's glass of fashion and the second city of the nation.

Cling to Their Language.

"Castilian Spanish is official Spanish. It is standard like Parisian French. But once away from Madrid one hears all sorts of variations of Castilian. Go into Catalonia and you will hear another language entirely. The Catalans have spent much time and effort conserving their own language. Newspapers are printed in Catalan. While it is a romance language the tourist equipped with both French and Spanish might as well stop up his ears when he crosses the border. He will be deaf to Catalan.

"If the traveler comes from the North he will run into Catalan language before he crosses the border. For many centuries before Spain and France became well-knit states Catalonia was a saddle over the Mediterranean end of the Pyrenees mountains. On the French side the Catalans have not clung to their heritage with the passion of their Spanish brethren. Most of them, like Marshal Joffre, himself a Catalan, are deeply loyal to France. But in Roussillon, in French Catalonia, one may hear in a short walk through the narrow streets, Spanish, French with a Spanish accent, French with a Catalan accent, Spanish with a Catalan accent, Spanish with a French accent, Catalan with a French accent, and Catalan with a Spanish accent.

"Catalonia has a flag, too. It is a yellow banner with four diagonal red stripes. There is a fine story to the design. A dying Catalan hero drew his bloody fingers across his yellow scarf and gave it to his countrymen for a standard. While the banner does not appear often in public it is introduced in coat lapels, automobile radiator caps and insignia for athletic teams."

**Impromptu Bull Fight Staged in City Park**

San Antonio, Texas.—An impromptu bull fight that would have turned the eyes of Spain's finest bull fighter green with envy, took place in a suburb of San Antonio.

The bull took French leave from a ranch on Salado creek and entering the suburb of Highland Park here tramped over flower beds and gardens. Numerous citizens chased the animal and pelted him with missiles which only served to infuriate him the more.

Mounted Officer Frazier, sent from a nearby police station, engaged the animal in true bull-fighter style. The animal charged and at the proper moment Frazier put spurs to his horse and the animal leaped safely away. Finally after halting the bull several times, Frazier managed to raise it and slip a rope through a ring in its nose, completely subduing it.

**CROSSROADS FAMOUS IN WORLD HISTORY**

**All Countries Have Them, Also Sea and Air.**

Washington.—One of the most important men in the United States is the traffic policeman at Washington and Meridian streets, Indianapolis. With one blast on his whistle he can send automobiles to Miami, Florida, or Seattle, Washington. At will he can turn his back on Florida and Seattle and route cars to New York or Los Angeles.

The Washington-and-Meridian-streets intersection in Indianapolis is the crossroads of the main transcontinental highways of the United States.

"Mankind has many remarkable crossroads," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society from its headquarters in Washington.

"There are crossroads of the sea at Singapore, Panama canal, Hawaii, St. Paul island and Colombo; crossroads of cable lines at Guam and the Azores; crossroads of history in Palestine; crossroads of intercourse between Europe and Asia at Constantinople. And now appear the crossroads of the air at Prague.

Great Cities Are Crossroads.

"Practically every great city has to be a geographic crossroads before it can be a great city. History counts Chicago only a fledgling crossroads but the Windy city lays claim to two records in rushing streams of men and metal; its 'train-a-minute' advertisement is a hint to its position as the world's greatest rail center. Its feverish trade gives to the intersection of State and Madison streets the title of the 'busiest corner in the world.' Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, New York, may make more people bump shoulders, but for thronging pedestrians and vehicles Chicago's most crowded crossroads stands alone.

"The spot where Baddock met defeat, where the extending avenues of British and French colonial progress collided, is today one of the most remarkable of the United States' crossroads. The town of Bradlock, eight miles out of Pittsburgh, on the Monon gabeln river, is supposed to be the tonnage center of railway traffic. Iron ore comes in from the north and coal from West Virginia to feed the hungry blast furnaces. Six of the heavy freight-carrying railroads pass Bradlock's front door.

"London questions the American claims to street traffic records, pointing to the Bank of England corner. Under this frowning, austere facade vehicles and pedestrians in unending streams debouch from Chesapeake Threadneedle, Cornhill, Lombard, King William, Queen Victoria and Princess streets.

"So strictly immutable are the laws of geography that London's traffic whirlpool today is the same crossroads of England that Cæsar's captives established two thousand years ago. The Romans entered England by the Thames and by the Kent coast. The old Kent road sought the most satisfactory crossing of the Thames which would still be within reach of the sea. Londinium became the crossroads to the fertile midland. London is not only the crossroads of England today but also the intersection of many world streams of trade. Before the World war no important banking transaction took place on earth without the guardians of the financial crossroads of the world in London taking their toll. New York now pockets the poll tax for money's highroads.

Paris Is Europe's Civic Center.

"Probably the best investment in crossroads real estate is Paris. Geographers say Paris is the natural headquarters of mankind. That it is the inevitable crossroads of France is plain, for it commands the best routes to England, Belgium, Germany, the Mediterranean and to the Loire. When all parts of the world have been developed to their natural capacity Paris, they say, will hold sway. She has easy access to the Mediterranean and Africa through the break between the Alps and the Pyrenees. She is more convenient to the Atlantic than Germany and Italy. Vast Eurasia can come to her better than to England, Spain or Italy. She has better access to America than Japan or China. Paris' international atmosphere today is evidence that 'all roads lead to Paris,' not Rome.

"A good question for a geography final examination is: Where is the world's zero zero? Answer: The intersection of the equator, zero latitude and the zero longitude which runs through Greenwich, England, in the arbitrary map crossroads of the world. This point lies in the Gulf of Guinea, 400 miles off Accra on the Gold coast of Africa.

"When the Turk became traffic policeman and turned the 'Stop' sign against Europe in Palestine, he produced one of the few traffic jams for which the world can give thanks. Vasco da Gama went off on a detour and discovered the way around Africa and around Palestine, the most important crossroads of ancient history. And what was still worse for the Turk, Columbus started off in the opposite direction. Columbus' discovery of America broke the Ottoman monopoly. The busy isthmus between the Red sea and the end of the Mediterranean has been the parade ground of conquerors—Cambyses, Alexander the Great, Pompey, Saladin, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Allenby and many, many others. No real empire could do without it. But the tonnage of the Panama canal last year passed the Suez. The crossroads Columbus discovered has eclipsed that of history."

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