

# The Baird Star.

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

VOLUME NO. 40

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1926

NO. 5

## Report From Baird Shallow Field

Reported by  
Claude Stablefield Flores  
(Special Correspondent to The Star)

DECEMBER 29, 1926

Moutray Oil Co. John Flores No. 11, drilling at 720 feet. This well is expected to be brought in to-day.

Wolff & Co.: Jack Flores No. 3, will spud in on January 1, 1927.

Valley Oil Co. Ace Hickman No. 5, setting casing at 630 feet.

Mississippi Valley Oil Co.: R. H. Seale, drilling at 1100 feet.

William & Co. Ples West No. 1, drilling at 150 feet.

Manhattan Oil Co. A. T. Young No. 9, drilling at 630 feet.

Consolidated Oil Co. South Hearn Estate No. 8, drilling at 100 feet.

Manhattan Oil Co. A. T. Young No. 10, setting up rig.

Moutray Oil Co. John Flores No. 11, setting up rig.

Moutray Oil Co. John Flores 12, setting up rig.

## TWO FIVE THOUSAND BARREL TANK

The Prairie Pipe Line Co. are building two five thousand barrel tanks; one mile west of the proven field to store oil in; and making other improvements in the field to handle the oil.

## NEW LOCATIONS

Warren & Hays: Rod Kelton No. 1. Kliner Bros: Rod Kelton, No. 2.

Moutray Oil Co.: Jack Flores 10.

Moutray Oil Co.: Claude Flores No. 3.

J. A. Murphy: Mrs. Kate Flores Young No. 3.

J. A. Murphy: Mrs. Kate Flores Young No. 4.

## SAM McCLENDON BURIED CHRISTMAS DAY

Sam McClendon, who died on Wednesday night of last week, was buried in the family plot in Admiral cemetery at three o'clock Christmas day. Notwithstanding the cold weather, and the bad roads, many old friends and relatives were present to pay a last loving tribute to their friend, for he was a friend to everyone. A number of relatives from a distance were at the funeral. Will Black, a step-son, who lives in Birmingham, Alabama, was unable to come.

## CHRISTMAS CANTATA A BIG SUCCESS

The Christmas Cantata, "Peace on Earth" given at the Methodist Church last Sunday night was one of the best entertainments ever given here, and was enjoyed by the large audience, who greeted the singers. The Cantata was gotten up under the able direction of Mrs. C. B. Holmes, assisted by Mrs. V. E. Hill, pianist. Those taking part in the Cantata were: Mesdames Irving Mitchell, Fred Hart, C. B. Holmes, J. L. Glover, N. M. George, M. J. Holmes, H. H. Shaw, H. D. Driskill; Messrs: Fred Hart, W. P. Kershner, N. B. Lambert, W. J. Bennett, J. L. Glover and Joe R. Mayes.

## COTTON REPORT

B. L. Russell, Jr., gives us the following cotton report for Callahan County, as sent out by the government: 10,813 bales on December 13th as compared with 18,852 bales for same period last year.

## MARRIED

Mr. Clarence Patterson, of Borger, and Miss Irene Harding, daughter of Mrs. Dora Harding, of Cross Plains, were married in that city on December 20, 1926. Rev. Brabham, pastor of the Methodist Church, officiating. Mr. Patterson formerly lived in Cross Plains. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson will make their home at Borger, where Mr. Patterson is a tool-dresser in the oil field.

Mrs. Irving Mitchell, returned home from Dallas, where she has been the guest of friends. Mrs. Mitchell was accompanied home by Misses Lolah and Winifred Neeley, of Dallas, who will spend a few days with her.

## John VanHorn Dies From Burns

Mr. John VanHorn, oil driller who was seriously burned on December 5th, when a boiler in the Baird Shallow Field exploded, died at his home in Cisco, last Friday morning, and the body was carried to his old home, in Kansas, for burial.

Mr. VanHorn was 38 years old, and is survived by his wife and four children, also his mother.

## Prof. Atwood Not Hurt

A rumor was spread here Wednesday, that Prof. Atwood, principal of the Baird Public School, was killed east of Baird, in an automobile accident, on the Bankhead Highway. Prof. Boren phoned Abilene, where Prof. Atwood lives, and Prof. Atwood, himself answered the phone and like the report of Mark Twains death, that Mark, himself replied was "very much exaggerated". Prof. Atwood said that he had not been away from home on the Bankhead Highway, or anywhere else. Strange how such reports get started.

## CHRISTMAS TREE FOR MEXICANS

The Christmas tree at the Court House of Thursday evening before Christmas, given by the members of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Church of Christ, under the direction of Mrs. W. S. Hamlett, for our Mexican people, was a wonderful success. A beautifully decorated Christmas tree laden with gifts was placed in the district court room. The gifts were contributed by members of the different churches.

There was a big bag of candy, fruit and nuts, also a bag of home-made candy for every one of the Mexicans, old or young, also a nice gift of some kind for every one. Nineteen beautiful dolls, all nicely dressed were given to the heart of every little Mexican girl present. Each one was supposed to receive two gifts besides the candy and fruit.

A nice program was rendered. Prof. Shupp, teacher of Spanish in the Christian College of Abilene, who is also Missionary to the Mexicans, was present, he gave a Scripture Lesson, the beautiful story of the Christ Child, the first Christmas gift to the world and quoted John 3:16, and also gave them the meaning of the Christmas tree in their own language. He also read the Mexicans children sing "Sunbeam" in Spanish.

There were 45 or 50 Mexicans present and those who could not come were remembered with gifts which were sent to them.

It was the first Christmas tree any of them had attended, except some of the Mexican children, who had seen them at the public schools, and they appreciated it more perhaps than we are accustomed to. They thanked their American friends through Prof. Shupp for this great gift to them. The Mexicans were seated around the tree and the overflow of the court room was filled with our people, who were glad to get joy out of knowing they had a part in making the Mexican's happy. "Go thou and do likewise." xxx

## UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

Third Class Postmaster Examination

At the request of the Postmaster General, the United States Civil Service Commission announces an open Competitive Examination to fill the position of Postmaster at Putnam, Texas, where a vacancy is about to occur.

Applications must be properly executed and filed in Washington prior to the hour of closing business on January 12, 1927. The date of assembly of competitors will be stated on the examination cards sent to applicants after the date for the close of receipts of applications and will be about ten days after that date.

The salary is \$900 per year. This examination will be held at Baird, Texas, probably at the High School building.

(See) John Gilliland, Secretary of U. S. Civil Service Examination, Baird, Texas

## "1927" Reads the Title By Frances Marshall Morgan



THE dawn of another year—and we close the volume whose title page bears the legend, "1926" and replace it upon the shelf. It is dog-eared, now, smirched and outworn. Because they were read "too hard" some of the lines are dim—others show the blur of tears. Once so fair and spotless were its pages!

And the Moving Finger writes—on and on—endlessly—

To each new volume we turn with eager, outstretched hands. Our faces wear expectant looks. Our hearts beat high with hope and courage. 1927! What is stored between the covers of this new book? How much of joy? Of health? Is success written therein? How it thrills us to speculate on these absorbingly interesting matters—how brief will be the reading of these bright, new pages! Ah, me, if only we were allowed to linger a bit over some of the passages. Only too soon shall we reach the final chapter—and another book is done and the year ended. Yet—

Friends, may its memories hold more sunshine than of storm; more courage than faintheartedness; may the faith seem brighter than you had thought—and the Great Purpose of it all more steadfast and more sure.

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## Oil Activities Near Baird

Mr. C. H. Willoughby, who is drilling on the H. Ross ranch, about one mile north of Baird informs a Star reporter that the well made a good showing of oil at about 1200 feet but not enough to make a commercial well and they are now drilling at about 1300 feet. Some believe there is a big oil pool in the vicinity of this well, which is about a mile west of the Boren well, which made a good showing of oil, each well seeming to touch the outer edge of the pool. This territory will likely be thoroughly tested a little later.

The Hadley well, about 3 miles south of Baird, which is being drilled by Walling & Kiser, is also creating considerable interest, as it has, shown more hard line than any well drilled in this section. They are now drilling in lime at about 800 feet and expect to find the sand at 805 to 840 feet. The contract on this well was for 900 feet, but it will probably be drilled deeper if they do not strike the pay at the expected depth.

## THE SUCCESS FAMILY

THE FATHER of success is Work. The mother of success is Ambition. The older son is Common Sense. Some of the other boys are Preservance, Enthusiasm, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, and Co-operation. Some of the sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony. The baby is Opportunity. Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with all the rest of the family.—Hello.

Mr. and Mrs. Selmon J. Lones, and John Lones, of Tulsa, Okla., Mrs. B. N. Leonard, of Shreveport, La., Mrs. J. R. Copeland, of Big Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bowler, of Abilene, and Mrs. T. J. Bowler, of Chicago, Ill. were the holiday guests of Mrs. Lones, who was in Baird Tuesday.

## New County Officers Go In Tomorrow

The officers elected last November will go into office tomorrow: W. C. (Clyde) White, County Judge. Wm. J. Evans, Tax Collector. Everett (Ev) Hughes, Sheriff. C. W. Conner, Tax Assessor. There was no change in others.

## BAPTIST WORKERS TO MEET AT BAIRD MONDAY

Monday, January 3, 1927, the Callahan County Baptist Workers will meet at the Baird Baptist Church. A program of the meeting will be found in this paper. This is a very important meeting and we urge all of our people to attend this meeting. It is our privilege to entertain this meeting and all are asked to do their part.

Joe R. Mayes.

## THE METHODIST CHURCH Cal C. Wright, Pastor.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. We want you to have a place in our well organized, splendidly equipped and efficient Sunday School.

Service at 11 o'clock. Subject: "Pressing On." The Junior Choir will furnish the music for the morning service. Boys and Girls will act as ushers, and will have charge of the offering. We are featuring the first Sunday as Junior's Day, and we will need your presence and your prayers.

At the morning services the Holy Communion will be administered, and the silver offering left on the Chancel Rail will be used for the relief of the poor.

Junior League at 3 p. m. Senior League at 6:15 p. m. Services at 7 p. m.

You are invited to worship with us.

Mrs. H. C. Grantham, of Tecumseh, was in Baird Tuesday.

## Dick Burnfield Dies Suddenly

Dick Burnfield, of Cottonwood, where he has lived for forty years or longer, died at the Gem Theatre Wednesday evening. He came to Baird Tuesday, intended to return home with some friends Wednesday evening. He went to the Gem Theatre about 4 p. m. and died suddenly soon after, he entered the show. Dick Burnfield was well known in this county. He was never married and so far as known has no living relatives, he lived on a small farm near Cottonwood. He was born on the Atlantic ocean 84 years ago, while his parents immigrants from Europe were crossing the ocean. Dick Burnfield was a member of the Odd Fellows fraternity, and is said to have expressed a desire to give his farm, at his death, to the Odd Fellows Orphan's Home, but it is not known that he left a will. Dr. Griggs was hastily summoned when his condition was discovered, but he was dead when he got to him. Heart trouble was supposed to be the cause of his death. The body was carried to the Wylie Undertaking Establishment, where it was prepared for burial, and carried to Cottonwood Wednesday night and interred there Thursday.

## Mrs. Roy Rogan Dies

Mrs. Roy Rogan, nee Miss Lillian Cutbirth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Cutbirth, aged twenty years and three months, died at the home of her parents in Brownwood, at 8 a. m. yesterday, December 30th. The funeral will be held at the Belle Plaine Cemetery January 1, at 3 p. m.

## SPECIAL SERVICE AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY

Next Sunday will be the beginning of my second year as pastor of the Church here and we are to make it a special day. We will have special music and the sermon will be one to fit the occasion. I will give report of my work done during the year, and I will be glad for all the Church to be present and we especially invite visitors.

We were delighted last Sunday to have several visitors in our congregation. We want you to come again. Friends we need you and we will try to help you if you will come.

Sunday night is our regular time for observing the Lords Supper, so the order of the service Sunday night will be the Commemoration of the death of our Lord.

At 3:30 P. M. we want all of the Junior boys and girls to meet with us at the church to organize a Junior B. Y. P. U. Now parents we are depending on you to see to it that they come. I know you will not fail us. Our Senior B. Y. P. U. is certainly doing fine, they meet at 6:00 P. M., and all of our young people are urged to come and join in this work.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock p. m. Let us have you there.

Joe R. Mayes.

## ENTERTAINES WITH TURKEY DINNER

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Hamlett entertained a number of their friends with a Turkey Dinner at 12 o'clock Wednesday, at the Quality Cafe. Around the table which was beautifully decorated, were seated, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dubberley, and little son, Jack Powell Mr. and Mrs. Alex McWhorter, and son, Willie Oscar, Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Hamlett and daughter, Miss Thelma, Miss Margie Sutippen, Mrs. Cal C. Wright, Mr. O. Wilson, the host and hostess. The menu which was prepared by Fred Estes, especially for the occasion was as follows: Baked Turkey and Oyster Dressing Potato Salad Fruit Salad Cranberry Sauce Celery Hearts Green Olives Sour Pickles Assorted Fruit Fruit Cake Marble Cake Ice Cream Coffee

Mrs. C. C. Seale, Jr., came in from Bryan and stopped over here to spend a few days with the Misses Frances and Hillmore Seale. Mrs. Seale is on her way to Fort Bayard, New Mexico to join her husband.

## Baird Chick Hatchery To Open Jan. 10, 1927

Mrs. E. L. Counts, manager of the Baird Chick Hatchery informs us that she will start the 1927 season on January 10th and she is anxious for those who want trays, to get in touch with her as soon as possible.

The Baird Hatchery under the management of Mrs. Counts made an extraordinary record the past season. The first hatch, Mrs. B. L. Russell set 114 eggs and received 101 chickens. Frank Miller hatched 110 out of 112 eggs. Tom French set 91 trays during the season and averaged 93 chickens to the tray out of 112 eggs.

Mrs. Counts states that she expects to have as good luck this season as she had last year. There were 32,000 chickens hatched during the season and by starting early this year, there should be around 50,000 to come off during the year.

## A CHRISTMAS DINNER

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith had as their guest's at a six o'clock dinner, on Christmas day: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Garrett, of Abilene; Mrs. Pauline Garrett, of Springfield, Mo.; and Miss Gertrude Dyer, of Chicago, Ill and Mrs. M. J. Dyer, sister, and mother of Mrs. Smith.

## A WORD OF COMMENT ON A WORTHY BROTHER

I want to give my word of commendation upon the work of the Good Fellows, and in doing this, I am especially laying my bouquet at the feet of my good friend, Dr. R. G. Powell, and I am sure I will get a hearty amen from that goodly number of people who helped in the Christmas gifts, for many were the hearts made glad, and I know some who have a better supply of groceries and a better equipped wardrobe than they had before.

My mind is clear on this one point: that the best man or woman, who lives today is that one who gives the most service to humanity. This is real sure enough, pure and undisputed Christianity. One of the test, or one of the signs of Christianity which Jesus gave, was the fact that the poor have the Gospel preached unto them; but another, just as good, was that the blind receive their sight. Over and over, our Lord stressed this point, by blessing some poor body. He cleansed the leper, healed the sick, opened the eyes of the blind, made the lame to walk, unstopped the deaf ears gave speech to the dumb; and oh! how many were the physical blessings Jesus bestowed. I am sure that our Savior looked upon those acts of good brotherly kindness and in his heart was pleased. How much like that is his word, when he said: "I was cold and you warmed me; I was sick and you visited me; and "when you did it unto one of these little ones, you did it unto me."

In my heart, I am thankful for Dr. Powell, and his work, for everyone who contributed to the fund, they making it possible for the kindness to be shown.

The Savior told us a story of a man who fell among thieves and was robbed and badly treated, and left on the road side to die. Now the High Priest came along and passed him up, then the Levite came by and he also passed the poor fellow up, but the Samaritan came along and he picked him up and cared for him, and Jesus said: that this man was a neighbor to the poor needy fellow. I want us to look at the facts and decide for ourselves, who cares the most for the poor and needy of our town? Where is the one who shows quiet so much fine unselfish interest in them as does Dr. R. G. Powell? Well, go right on good doctor, we are right with you. Isreal needs a leader, you lead out and we will follow.

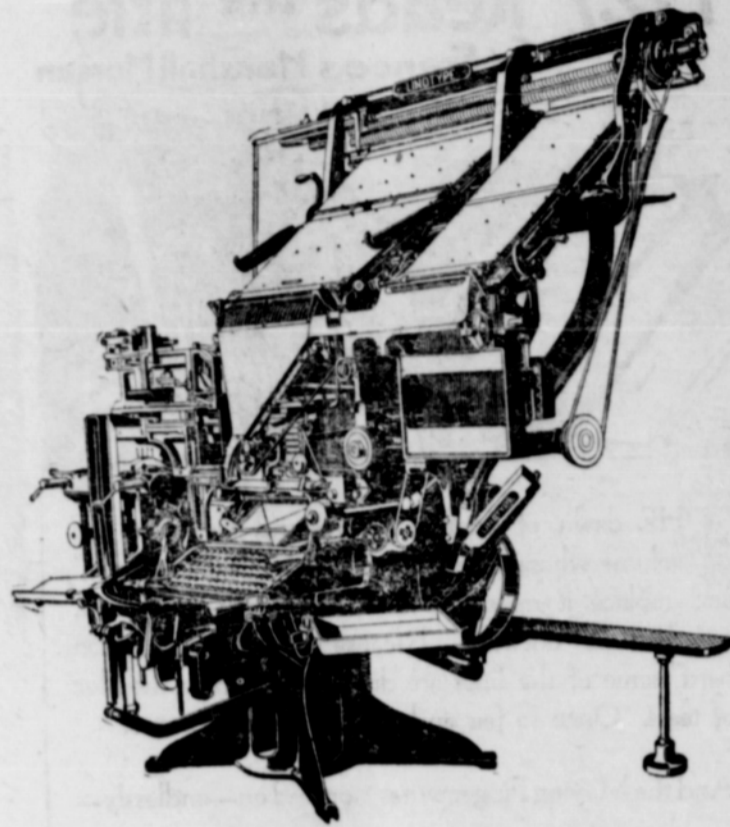
Joe R. Mayes.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

A. W. Yell, Minister. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. The evening services will be a continuation of our studies on the Beatitudes.

We need you, and you need us. If you don't go some where to church, you do yourself and children wrong.





# 1926 - 1927

*As the curtain draws on the old year and we see the dawn of the new year we pause for a moment and look back and as we do, we see many things for which we are thankful. To each one of our friends—as loyal a people as ever favored a business with their patronage—we tender our sincere thanks and express the hope that the New Year will unfold to you great measures of Happiness and Prosperity.*

*During the past year we have added several thousand dollars worth of equipment to our plant, which includes a No. 14 Linotype Machine, New Presses, one 12x18 press with Miller Feeder, and other equipment, which gives us a modernly equipped printing plant. We are prepared to do any kind of printing, and will appreciate your patronage during the coming year.*

**The Baird Star**

Established 1887  
W. E. Gilliland, Editor and Proprietor

**Gilliland Printing Co**

Commercial Printing  
Eliza & Haynie Gilliland, Proprietors



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**APPLIED SCIENCE  
USED BY INDUSTRY**

**Bureau of Standards Report  
Indicates Advantages.**

Washington.—American industry is more and more turning to applied science to aid in solving its many and intricate technical problems. This is indicated in the annual report of George K. Burgess, director of the bureau of standards of the Department of Commerce. The bureau, it shows, has contact with industry through approximately 80 advisory committees and through a large number of "research associates" sent by industrial groups to work on problems of interest to their respective industries.

Results are applied quickly by the industries concerned, so that the public soon benefits from improved processes. In the fiscal year 1923-24 there were 62 of those associates at the bureau, representing 36 separate industries.

About 180,000 tests, having a fee value of \$675,040, were completed by the bureau in the year. The character and scope of these tests spanned the province of applied science from sugar to cement, from thermometers and pyrometers to paints and varnishes, and from aerial photography to studies in city planning. In addition to a vast amount of consultation and specification work from various governmental departments, specific research covering 40 projects was performed from 15 government establishments.

Forty-five simplified practice recommendations have been accepted by industries, resulting in great savings in the production of articles in common use. This is one of the most important ways, it is pointed out, in which an industry can effect immediate economies. The demand for publication on this work is evidence of interest manufacturers are showing in it.

Attention to building and housing produced important results. A standard building code, submitted for general adoption, was drawn up by a special committee. A report was issued on the important subject of city planning and zoning, containing a list of 436 municipalities which have adopted zoning ordinances.

Among outstanding research undertakings of the bureau was that in connection with increasing the wearing quality of paper currency. By introducing certain changes in the manufacturing process, a paper was developed which it is believed will increase the life of bills by 50 per cent.

**7 Out of 1,513 Women  
Want to Be Housewives**

Lawrence, Kans.—Gentlemen who prefer homemakers will have to look some place other than the University of Kansas in their search for such, if statistics made public here as a result of a questionnaire bear up.

Of 1,513 young women students at the university who turned in their preferences as to what line of work they wish to follow after graduation, only seven expressed a desire to become homemakers.

There were 97 different occupations listed by the men and women of the university in the report. Of these, 24 appeal alike to the men and women. Forty-eight were listed by the men which did not show in the women's list, while 25 were chosen by the women which the men passed up.

The teaching profession came first with 816 women and 144 men desiring to enter this field. The medical field was next with 412 men and 20 women; business came third with 361 and 27; law next with 301 and 7, with the various branches of engineering listed in the next place. Journalism appeals to 89 men and 70 women.

**Nature Freak Taken**

Fresno, Calif.—A ring-tailed cat that has the ears of a fox and the eyes and nose of a roon was captured by R. P. Lester, while on a hunting trip on the Kings river and has been brought back to this city.

**Taught Poisoning**

Belgrade, Yugo-Slavia.—Five ring-leaders of the Lucretia club, which taught its members, unhappy, how to mix medieval poisons, are in jail. Murders of husbands are attributed by the police to the club.

**Deport 10,904 Aliens  
in Year; Bar 20,550**

Washington.—A total of 10,904 aliens found to be unlawfully within the United States during the last fiscal year were deported to their home countries. Secretary of Labor Davis announced in his annual report. This is greater than the number so deported in any previous year, and was 1,400 more than were deported in 1923.

Aliens debarred from entering the country numbered 20,550. Nearly 80 per cent were turned back at the international land boundaries, 15,508 from Canada, and 1,755 from Mexico, the others being principally stowaways and seamen trying to enter without passports. Of the deported aliens, Europe received 5,088; Mexico, 2,588; Canada, 2,102 and Central and South America, 430. The emigrant aliens during 1923 totaled 76,922.

**The Call of the  
New Year**  
By WILLIAM HEADNUT

QUIT you like men, be strong:  
There's a burden to bear,  
There's a grief to share;  
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a  
load of care—  
But fare you forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong:  
There's a battle to fight,  
There's a wrong to right,  
There's a God who blesses the good  
with might—  
So fare you forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong:  
There's a work to do,  
There's a world to make new;  
There's a call for men who are brave  
and true—  
On, on—with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong:  
There's a year of grace,  
There's a God to face,  
There's another heart in the great world  
face,  
Speed! speed with a song  
—WILLIAM HEADNUT.

**New  
Year's  
Repentance**  
by  
Katherine  
Edelman

IT WAS nearing the midnight hour and all over the little town there was an air of eagerness and expectancy. A New Year was about to be born! Lights gleamed from almost every window and from many homes came the sounds of cheer and mirth, telling that a New Year's party was in progress.

Inside one home, however, and it was the largest and handsomest that the town boasted, there was no sign of the joy and cheer that other homes held. Daniel Trent and his wife, Martha, sat by the fire in their living room and neither of them had spoken for a long time.

Presently Martha Trent spoke, but her voice was little more than a whisper. "Daniel, dear, won't you let bygones be bygones, won't you forgive and forget because it is New Year's? You know tomorrow is his birthday, too, Daniel—he is our only child."

Daniel Trent answered his wife with a sharpness that almost startled her, even though she had expected a rebuff. "Don't mention his name again," he almost shouted; "he made his bed, now let him lie on it. If my son



Martha Trent Argued and Pleaded for Her Boy.

chooses to marry a nobody, to ignore all the plans and hopes I had for him, let him take the consequences."

Again silence filled the house for many minutes. This time it was broken by the loud ringing of the telephone. Trent and his wife started to their feet abruptly. Daniel had picked up the phone. Soon he was listening to a woman's excited voice saying: "Claude is quite ill, in fact the doctor thinks there is real danger tonight, and he is begging for you to come. Won't you please, relent just that much, Mr. Trent?" Then Daniel heard Elsie's voice die away in a sob as he abruptly hung up the receiver.

Then for a few minutes the great house was startled. Never before had it heard Martha's voice as it was now raised. With a strength born of mother-love she argued and pleaded for her boy, with a voice trembling with emotion she told Daniel of his real duty and of the misery he was causing to them all.

In less than an hour they were on their way to Greenfield. And when they reached Claude's bedside Daniel's heart was as tender and as full of forgiveness as Martha's.

As all the world knows love is a wonderful tonic, a potent, health-giving agency that has no rival, and before many days had passed Claude had responded to its power. But still Daniel and Martha lingered in the little cottage. They were loth to leave the place where so much happiness had come to them all, and when they did finally go Claude and Elsie accompanied them.

And now the big house in Trenton is no longer filled with silence and gloom. Love and happiness fill it with their song and cheer.

Improved Uniform International

**Sunday School  
'Lesson'**

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 9

THE STANDARD OF CHRISTIAN LIVING

LESSON TEXT—Luke 6:27-34.  
GOLDEN TEXT—Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

PRIMARY TOPIC—How Jesus Wants Us to Live.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Marching Orders for Christians.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Christ Requires of Us.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ's Life and Example for Us.

The context (v. 26) clearly implies what is elsewhere positively declared (John 15:18-21; Luke 21:17) that the followers of Christ will be hated and opposed. In this lesson Christ sets forth the principles governing the life of his followers.

I. "Love Your Enemies" (v. 27).  
Love here is not a natural affection. To love friends is easy, but to love enemies is only possible to those who have been made partakers of the divine nature—born again.

II. "Do Good to Them Which Hate You" (v. 27).  
Love is positive in its nature. The true Christian will not merely refrain from doing injury to one who hates him, but will be concerned with and engaged in doing good to him. True love acts according to its own essential nature.

III. "Bless Them That Curse You" (v. 28).  
To bless means to speak well of—to invoke a blessing upon. Injury by words is hard to let go unchallenged. The one who is a child of God and allows the Spirit of his Maker and Redeemer to express itself through him will return blessings for cursings.

IV. "Pray for Them Which Despitefully Use You" (v. 28).  
We should pray for those who abuse us. The best commentary on this precept is Christ's own example (Luke 23:34). "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." When Christ was reviled He reviled not again. When He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously. (1 Pet. 2:23).

V. Patiently Endure Wrong and Injury" (v. 29).  
The Christian is not to bristle in defense of his rights but rather to suffer insult, injury and even loss. This expresses the law which should govern the individual's actions, but should not be pressed so far that evildoers can go unchecked. Rightly constituted government has been ordained of God for the protection of the innocent and the punishment of evildoers (Rom. 13:1-8).

VI. Give to Every One That Asketh of Thee" (v. 30).  
God is the supreme example. He gives freely and generously but intelligently. This text does not authorize indiscriminate giving. There is a giving which injures the one to whom the gift is made. To give a man money to buy whisky would be wrong.

VII. Do as You Wish to Be Done By" (v. 31).  
This is called the Golden Rule. It is the sum total of Christian duty as it pertains to human interrelations. Human beings carry with them the consciousness which is the touchstone which teaches them their duty to others. If men were to live up to this rule the problem of capital and labor would be solved and would be put to war. International relations would be peaceably adjusted and all profiteering in business would end. Practicing this precept proves that we are children of God. Loving those who love us, doing good to those who do good to us, lending to those who lend to us, is the common practice even among sinners. No new birth, no Holy Spirit needed to live this kind of life.

VIII. Be Merciful" (v. 33).  
This means to be filled with pity and compassion. To enter into sympathy with every need of others. The supreme example as to this is the Heavenly Father.

IX. Censorious Judgments Condemned" (v. 27).  
This means that we should not seek out the evil or faults in others for our satisfaction. We should not sit in censorious judgment upon the actions of others. However, it does not prohibit the just estimation of the character of others by their deeds.

X. The Compensations of Right Living" (v. 38).  
The one who gives freely of money, loves sincerely, makes the Golden Rule the standard of his life, shows mercy and kindness to others, and refrains from impugning the motives of others will be fully rewarded in kind. God will see to it that there be no loss.

Keeping the Mouth Closed  
If a man can keep his mouth closed, it is a sure sign that he could say something if he opened it.—King's Business.

Fewer Words  
The more you say, the less people will remember. The fewer the words, the greater the profit.—Fenelon.

Keep an Eye on the One  
Keep your eye on the One you are with.—Echols.

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**A Word With  
the Old Folks**

*Elderly People Are Learning Importance of Good Elimination.*

In the later years of life there is apt to be a slowing up of the bodily functions. Good elimination, however, is just as essential to the old as to the young. Many old folks have learned the value of Doan's Pills when a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys is required. Scanty or burning passages of kidney secretions are often signs of improper kidney function. In most every community are scores of users and endorsers who acclaim the merit of Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**  
60c  
Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys  
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

**A Better  
New Year**  
By Frank  
Herbert  
Sweet

THE garage man swung abruptly to a scowling fellow who spoke to him from behind.

"No, I won't pay you three dollars a cord for sawing that wood," he refused. "It isn't worth it. I'll pay you just what I offered—two and not a cent more. Take it or leave it."

The man shuffled away.

"Hi, there!" called the garage man suddenly. "Where's that sister of yours—Bet Jane? She promised to start in cooking for me today."

"Lows your pocketbook don't open wide enough," growled the man, without turning.

"I offered her fifteen a week," snapped the garage man, "which is big wages here for a cook, as two a day is more than you will ever let yourself earn."

"Mebbe," indifferently. "But you need Bet an' me pretty bad, so you'll pay or do 'bout."

"Do 'bout, then," grimly. "But don't let me catch either of you round here borrowing provisions any more. I won't lend another cent or peck of potatoes or peck of shiftless idlers who won't accept work unless as a hold-up."

"That's what I'm up against," he explained, as he turned back to the car. "I'm in a hole, and they know it. So they try to rob me. You see, the railroad plans to start a town here. Began two years ago, and I bit hard. I had some money, and put up this place, which pays very well. Then I built a restaurant, which would pay fine if I could get help. And as if this wasn't enough—"

Then he seemed to remember they hadn't paid him for supplies, and he stopped short. More shiftless people! The car owner stepped from his

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M. Barnhill, C. B. Snyder

## Personal

Dr. R. G. Powell visited his farm in Jones County, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Powell, of Cross Plains spent Christmas in Baird.

Gaines Short, of State University, Austin, is spending the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Bessie Short.

Joe McParlane, from the State University spent Christmas with relatives here.

Joe Leach, of Springtown, spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Lillie Leach.

Miss Inez Franklin, of Dallas, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray Powell, and little daughter, of Dallas, are visiting Mr. Powell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Powell.

Claude Flores has returned from Cisco, where he spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. Henry Benham.

Miss Ruth Akers, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Reed, in De Leon, during the holidays.

Edward Thomas, of Borger, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence West.

Clarence Boatwright, of Borger, spent the holidays with his mother, Mrs. John Boatwright.

READ BOWLUS' AD on last page.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson has returned from an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Flossie Bush, in New Orleans, La.

J. H. (burter) Harris an dfamily of Christmas with Buster's Harris, and family at

THE LATEST JAZZ, as well as THOSE OLD FAMILIAR MELODIES on COLUMBIA at Bowlus' Furniture store, and see the FREE PORTABLE. 5-1t.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Hoover and children, visited Mrs. Hoover's mother Mrs. W. L. Henry, and other relatives in Baird during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Graves, of San Antonio, spent Christmas with Mrs. Graves parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Conner.

Mrs. Emmerson, of Louisiana, is visiting her son, H. D. Emmerson. She will probably spend the remainder of the winter here.

Archie and Bob Price returned yesterday at noon, from Van Horn, where they spent the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Price.

Miss Pauline Terrell, who is teaching in the Cisco Public Schools, is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. J. H. Terrell.

ENJOY the evenings at home with some NEW RECORDS: Bowlus sells the COLUMBIA and HARMONY and he's giving away a PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH FREE. 5-1t.

Addison Teeple, of Oklahoma City, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lowe, son and daughter, Walter and Mary Louis of De Leon, spent Christmas with their mother, Mrs. M. L. Teeple.

### NOTICE

I am not responsible for any checks written, or debts contracted, by any one, other than myself, in person.

Pat Bounds,  
Baird, Texas.

### 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.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Driskill and little son, Sam, are visiting in Fort Worth, this week.

Mrs. Gordon Phillips, and Miss Antley, of Big Springs, spent Christmas with Mrs. Phillips mother, Mrs. J. B. Cutbirth.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Black have moved to Admiral, where they will make their home with Mr. Black's mother, Mrs. Sam McClendon.

See the Free Portable Phonograph at Bowlus' Furniture Store. 5-1t.

Mrs. Frank Burt and daughter, Miss Bettie, of Los Angeles, California, is visiting her sisters, the Misses Francis and Ellamore Seale on the Seale ranch.

Mrs. J. H. Leach and children, Misses Aurelia and Mary Bowyer, of Fort Worth, and Otis Bowyer, Jr., of Dallas, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Bowyer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ornsby and baby, of Nugent, spent Christmas with Mrs. Ornsby's mother, Mrs. Mary Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Blakely and children, from the Bayou, and Mr. and Mrs. Wade Harding, and little daughter, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland, and family.

Miss Ruby Hill, of Fort Worth, and Miss Lucile Hill, of Ranger, spent the holidays with their mother, and brothers, Mrs. Cliff Hill, Dr. V. E. and Ernest Hill.

COLUMBIA & HARMONY records are the BEST; and the PORTABLE is FREE? Ask Gabe. 5-1t.

"Clyde adopts paving law 6 to 1. Votes water and sewer bonds to amount of \$60,000 3 to 1. The pleasant place to live." 50-3tpd.

FOR RENT: 2 Rooms for Light house keeping. Phone 197. 5-1tpd.

### Finds Yank Molder Has \$17,000 Home

London.—English workmen have received a colorful picture of the American prosperity from J. T. Kay, trades union official who visited the United States as a member of the mission to search for the secret of American high wages.

Mr. Kay told the Institute of British foundrymen in Birmingham how, having a letter of introduction to a Pittsburgh molder, he called on the man unexpectedly to satisfy himself that the introduction was not a "catch" to deceive him.

A negro maid answered the bell of a fine house and said the molder was at dinner, but the man came out at once, resplendent in evening dress. Dining with him, also in correct attire, were his wife, brother and son.

After a pleasant evening, the host brought out his 80-horsepower car, drove Mr. Kay to his hotel, mentioning, incidentally, that he had paid \$17,000 for his house and had \$10,000 in the bank.

"I was assured," said Mr. Kay, "that that was a fair example of a man's achievement when he tried honestly to get on."

### He Wears Same Suit 23 Years; She Sues

Lawrence, Mass.—When he took the witness stand in the local probate court, Matthias Florence of this city told Judge Harry R. Dow that he was married 23 years ago, had worn only one suit during that time, and that he has never been inside a moving picture theater.

His wife, Antoinette, is suing him for divorce on the ground of cruel and abusive treatment and he contested the action.

She testified he never gave her enough money to run their home, although he owns two tenement houses. She also asked for the custody of their two minor children. Judge Dow took the plea under advisement.

### Drop in Weddings

London.—Weddings have dropped off more than 60 per cent in the South Wales coal fields since the dispute of the miners and mine owners threw more than 1,000,000 men out of work last May.

### Must Pay Taxes

Paris.—Americans having "an habitual residence in France" must pay French income tax on all their revenue, whether derived from the United States or France.

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City.

CHAPTER II—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Moulton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation.

CHAPTER III—Lydia explains the accident and asserts that because Margery is considered "stuck up" she is not a popular playmate.

CHAPTER IV—Patience succumbs to an attack of diphtheria, leaving Lydia feeling that her trust in God is lost and her small world has collapsed.

CHAPTER V—Grieving for the loss of little Patience, Lydia's health falls. Levine, understanding the situation, takes her a gift which the lonely child takes to her heart.

CHAPTER VI—Lydia is elected sheriff. A sixteen-year-old Indian boy, Charlie Jackson, tells Lydia of numerous wrongs done his people.

CHAPTER VII—Lydia is shot by an unseen assassin. Recuperating at the Dudley cottage, she learns the real extent of Lydia's love for her father.

CHAPTER VIII—Lydia is unable to give the hatred of Levine from Charlie's heart, and despite herself her faith in her old friend is shaken by the young Indian's stories.

CHAPTER IX—Lydia is triumphant in his campaign for congress. Lydia earns enough money selling fudge to go camping with Charlie, Kent, Margery and two school friends.

CHAPTER X—Walking with Kent in the woods, Lydia witnesses a meeting of Levine and some halfbreeds.

CHAPTER XI—A visit from the old squaw whom Lydia had befriended long ago causes Charlie to tell more of Marshall's and Levine's history.

CHAPTER XII—Charlie tells Lydia his father was killed by halfbreeds at the instigation of Levine.

CHAPTER XIII

The Indian Celebration

It was three or four days later that news came that the Levine bill had passed. It was a compromise bill as John had intimated it would be to the half breeds in the woods.

On all sides but one were pine woods. The one side was bordered by a little lake, motionless under the July sun.

"Isn't it great!" cried Lydia. "What do we do first?"

three o'clock, when the speeches begin. There'll be all sorts of Indian games going until then."

"This is just a celebration and nothing else, John, isn't it?" asked Amos.

"That's all," replied Levine. "We thought it was a good way to jolly the Indians. At the same time it gave folks a reason for coming up here and seeing what we were fighting for and, last and not least, it was the Indian agent's chance to come gracefully over on our side."

"I wonder why?" asked Billy, suddenly.

"All there is left for him to do," said Levine. "Lydia, before the speeches begin, go up in the pines and choose your tract. I'll buy it for you."

"The whole thing's wrong," muttered Billy.

Lydia gave him a quick look, then smiled a little cynically. "You'd better go along with Lydia and take a look at the pines," he suggested.

"I'd like to look at the pines again," said Lydia. "Come along, Billy."

They entered the woods in silence and followed a sun-flecked aisle until the sound of the celebration was muffled.

Billy leaned against one of the great tree trunks and stared thoughtfully about him.

"I'm all mixed up, Lydia," he said. "It's all wrong. I know the things Levine and the rest are doing to get this land wrong, and yet I don't see how they can be stopped. I came up here last month to see how bad off the Indians were. And I saw the poor starving, diseased brutes and I cursed by white breed. And yet, Lyd, I saw a tract of pine up in the middle of the reservation that I'd sell my soul to own!"

There was understanding in Lydia's eyes. "Oh, the pines are wonderful," she exclaimed. "If one could only keep them forever! And I suppose that's the way the Indians feel about them, too!"

"It's all wrong," muttered Billy. "It's all wrong, and yet," more firmly, "the reservation is doomed and if we don't take some of it, Lydia, we'll not be helping the Indians—but just being foolish."

"To have it and hold it for your children's children," exclaimed Lydia, passionately. "You and yours to live on it forever. And yet, I'd see a dead Indian baby and starving squaws behind every tree. I know I would."

"I tell you what I'm going to do," said Billy, doggedly. "I'm going to get hold of that tract. I'm not going to deceive myself that it's all anything but a rotten thieving game we whites are playing, but I'm going to it, anyhow. I'll pay for it, somehow, and I'll go on doing what I can to see that the Indians get what's left of a decent deal."

The two listened to the wind in the pines, then Lydia said, "We must get back for the speeches."

Lydia had just finished his speech when Billy and Lydia got within hearing, and he introduced State Senator James Farwell as the chief speaker of the day. His audience, standing in the burning sun, was restless. The Indians, understanding little that was said, were motionless, but the whites drifted about, talked in undertones and applauded only when as a fitting peak to all the efforts of the ages toward freedom, Farwell placed the present freeing of the Indians from the reservation.

"The fool!" said Billy to Lydia, as Farwell finally began to bow himself off the platform.

Lydia rose and began, "Ladies and gentlemen, this ends our program. We thank—"

He was interrupted here by applause from the Indians. Looking round he saw Charlie Jackson leading forward old Chief Wolf.

"Chief Wolf wants to say a few words," cried Charlie.

"The program is closed," called Levine loudly.

There was a threat in Charlie's voice. "He is going to speak!" And there was a threat in the Indian voices that answered from the audience. "Let speak! Let speak!"

Lydia conferred hastily with Farwell and the Indian agent, then the three with manifest reluctance stood back and Charlie led the old Indian to the foot of the platform.

Old Wolf was half blind with trachoma. He was emaciated with sickness and slow starvation. Nevertheless, clad in the beaded buckskin and eagle feathers of his youth, with his hawk face held high he was a heroic figure of a man.

He held up his right hand and be-

gan to speak in a trembling voice, Charlie's young tenor translating sentence by sentence.

"I come from the wick-i-ups of my fathers to say one last word to the whites. I have lived too long. I have seen my race change from young men strong and daring as eagles, as thrifty and fat as brown bears, to feeble yellow wolves fit only to lap the carrion thrown them by the whites, and to lie in the sun and die.

"And I say to you whites, you have done this. You swore by your God, in solemn council, that we could keep this reservation forever. With room for all the peoples of the world here, you could not find room for the Indian. You are a race of liars. You have deceived our young men with your women. You have ruined our daughters with your men. You have taken our money. And now you are entering our last home with the hand of desolation. When the enemy enters the abiding place, the dweller is doomed. But I place the curse of the Indian Spirit on you and the land you are stealing. Some day it will be done to you as you have done to us. Some day—"

Lydia stepped forward. "Jackson, take that Indian away," he commanded.

An angry murmur came from the Indians in the audience. A murmur that as Levine laid hold of old Wolf's arm, grew to strange calls. There was a surging movement toward the platform. Billy jumped on a box that he had found for a seat for Lydia.

"Charlie!" he roared. "Charlie! Remember there are women and children in this crowd!"

"What do I care for your women and children?" shouted Charlie.

Then his glance fell on Lydia's golden head. She waved her hand to him beseechingly. Charlie hesitated for a moment, then spoke loudly in Indian to the crowd, and led old Wolf from the platform. The movement forward of the Indians ceased. The whites moved out of the crowd and for a moment there was a complete segregation of Indians and whites.

Billy got down from his box with a sigh of relief. "That might have been an ugly moment," he said, "if Charlie hadn't seen you."

The noise of hawkers began again, but something had gone out of the celebration. The Indians stood about in groups, talking. Charlie and Chief Wolf the center always of the largest group.

Amos and John joined Billy and Lydia at the machine. "The war dancing begins at sundown," said Levine. "I told the Indian agent 'twas a risk to let them go on, after this episode. But he laughs at me. I don't like the look of things, though. I don't know but what I'd better get you folks home."

"I don't think Charlie Jackson would stand for any violence," said Billy.

"I don't know about that," Levine spoke thoughtfully. "He's left Doc Fulton and is living on the reservation again. They always revert."

There was a red glow behind the clouds low in the west. From the foot of the flagpole came a peculiar beat of drum. A white can beat a drum to carry one through a Gettysburg. An Indian can beat a drum to carry one's soul back to the sacrifice of blood upon a stony altar. This drum beat "maggick" Lydia and Billy. It was more than a tocsin, more than a dance rhythm, more than the spring call. They hurried to the roped-off circle round the flagpole, followed by John and Amos.

Into the ring, in all the multi-colored glory of beads and paint, swung a dozen moccasined braves. They moved in a step impossible to describe—a step grave, rhythmic, lilting, now slow, three beats to a step, now swift, three steps to a beat. Old chiefs, half blind with trachoma, scarred with scrofula and decrepit with starvation; young bucks, fresh and still strong, danced side by side, turned by the alchemy of the drum into like things, young and vivid as dawn.

Lydia shivered with excitement. Billy pulled her arm through his.

"I don't like this," he muttered. "I don't believe they mean any harm," said Lydia. "Lots of the whites started home before sunset, anyhow."

"I wish you had," replied Billy. "Gee, here it comes."

The chant suddenly changed to a yell. The drum beat quickened, and the great circle of dancing Indians broke and charged the crowd of whites. A number of them drew revolvers and began firing them into the air. Others drew taut the great bows they carried. The whites plunged backward precipitately.

"Kill 'em whites!" shrieked the squaws.

"Run 'em whites off our reservation!" shouted half a dozen young bucks.

Lydia was trembling but cool. "Good for them! Oh, Billy, good for them!" she exclaimed.

Thus far the whites had taken the proceedings as a joke. Then a white woman screamed—

"Run! It's a massacre!"

"Massacre" is a horrifying word to use to whites in an Indian country. Men and women both took up the cry—

"It's a massacre! Run!" And the great crowd boited.

Like pursuing wolves, the Indians followed, beating the laggards with their bows, shouting exultantly. Billy caught Lydia round the waist and held her in front of him as well as

he could. Then Lydia heard Billy's voice in her ear. "If this isn't stopped, it will be a massacre. We've got to find Charlie Jackson. He caught a screaming squaw by the arm."

"Susie, where's Charlie Jackson?" She jerked her thumb back toward the flagpole and twisted away.

"All right! Now we'll make for the pole, Lydia, get behind me and put your arms round my waist. Hang on, for heaven's sake."

Lydia did hang on for a few moments. But the flight was now developing into a free-for-all fight. And before she knew just how it happened, Lydia had fallen and feet surged over her.

She buried her face in her arms. It seemed an age to her before Billy had snatched her to her feet. In reality she was not down for more than two minutes. Billy swung her against his chest with one arm and swung out with his other, shouting at Indians and whites alike.

"You d—d beasts! You dirty d—d beasts!" Lydia, bruised and shaken, clung to him breathlessly, then cried, "Go ahead, Billy!"

He glanced down at her and saw a streak of blood on her forehead. His face worked and he began to sob and curse like a madman.

Kicking, striking with his free arm, oaths rolling from his lips, he burst through the crowd and rushed Lydia to the free space about the flagpole where Charlie Jackson stood coolly watching the proceedings.

Billy shook his fist under the Indian's nose.

"Get down there and call the pack off or I'll brain you!" Jackson shrugged his shoulders, calmly. "Let 'em have their fun. It's their last blowout. I hope they do kill Levine and Marshall."

Lydia pulled herself free of Billy.

"Call them off, Charlie. It'll just mean trouble in the end for all of you if you don't."

Charlie looked at Lydia closely and his voice changed as he said, "You got hurt, Lydia? I'm sorry."

"Sorry! You d—d brute!" raved Billy. "I tell you, call off this row!"

The two young men glared at each other. Afterglow and firelight revealed a ferocity in Billy's face and a cool hatred in Charlie's that made Lydia gasp.

Billy put his face closer to Charlie's. "Call it off!" he growled.

Charlie returned Billy's stare for a long moment. Then suddenly, slowly, he turned and threw out across the

night a long, shrill cry. He gave it again and again. At each repetition the noise of the mob grew less, and shortly panting, feverish-eyed bucks began to struggle into the light around the pole.

Then, without a word, Billy led Lydia away. The Indians passing them shook their bows at them but they were unmolested.

"Can you walk, Lydia? Do you think you're badly hurt?" asked Billy. "To think of me not scratched and you hurt! Your father ought to horse-whip me!"

"You saved me from being trampled to death!" cried Lydia, indignantly. "Oh, there's the auto."

"Billy," cried Levine, "could you run the car and the two women down the road while Amos and I help the agent get order here? The worst seems to be over, for some reason."

"Billy got Charlie Jackson to call the Indians in," said Lydia.

"I'll wait for you at the willows, a mile below Last Chance," said Billy.

He was an indifferent chauffeur but he reached the willows without mishap.

Sitting with the murmur of the brook and the fragrance of marsh grass enveloping them, the two young people did not talk much.

"Billy," whispered Lydia, "you're so good to me and I was so horrid to you once."

Billy felt her fingers on his knee and instantly the thin little hand was enveloped in his warm fist. "Do you take it all back, Lydia?"

"Well, the horrid part of it, I do," she hedged.

"That's all right," returned the young man. "I'm willing to fight for the rest of it. Don't try to pull your hand away, because I intend to hold it till the folks come. You can't help



So for an Hour They Sat. yourself, so you have no responsibility in the matter."

so for an hour longer they sat, watching the summer night and waiting.

Finally two dim figures approached. "All right, Lydia?" asked Amos.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" she cried. "Are either of you hurt?"

"No," replied Levine. "We got hold of Charlie Jackson about eleven and locked him up, then we felt secure."

"You aren't going to hurt Charlie?" cried Lydia.

"No, but we'll shut him up for a week or so," said Amos.

Lydia started the car homeward. They reached home at daylight. The celebration made table talk and newspaper topic for several days. No real attempt was made to punish the Indians. For once, the whites, moved by a sense of tardy and inadequate justice, withheld their hands.

It was just before college opened that Amos announced that he was going to buy the one hundred and twenty acres John had set aside for him.

"How are you going to pay for it?" Lydia asked.

"Don't you worry, I'll tend to that," replied Amos. "John's going to hold it for me, till I can get the pine cut off. That'll pay for the land."

"How much did you pay for it, Mr. Levine?" asked Lydia.

Lydia sat with her chin cupped in her palm, her blue eyes on Levine.

To the surprise of both men, she said nothing.

After the supper dishes were washed, and Amos was attending to the chickens, Lydia came slowly out to the front steps where Levine was sitting. She leaned her head against his arm and they sat in silence.

"Lydia," said John, finally, "how does the Great Search go on?"

"I don't think I make much headway," replied Lydia. "The older I grow, the less I understand men and I've always felt as if, if there was a God, He was a man."

"You mean male, rather than female," agreed John. "Lydia, dear, I wish you did have faith."

"But do you believe, yourself?" urged Lydia.

"Yes, I know that the soul can't die," said the man, quietly. "And the thing that makes me surest is the feeling I have for you. I know that I'll have another chance."

"What do you mean?" asked Lydia wonderingly.

"That, you'll never know," he replied.

"Well, I know that you're a dear," said the young girl, unexpectedly, "no matter how you get your Indian lands. And I love you to death."

She patted his cheek caressingly,

and John Levine smiled sadly to himself in the darkness.

College life was not much unlike high school life for Lydia. She was very timid at first; suffered agony when called on to recite; reached all her classes as early as possible and sat in a far corner to escape notice.

But gradually, among the six thousand students she began to lose her self-consciousness and to feel that, after all, she was only attending a large-high school.

Except for flying visits home, John Levine spent the year at Washington. He was returned to congress practically automatically, at the end of his term. Kent threw mightily as a real estate man. He continued to call on Lydia at irregular intervals in order to boast, she thought, of his real estate acumen and of his correspondence with Margery and Olga, both of whom were now at boarding school.

One Sunday afternoon in March Amos was in town with John Levine, who was on one of his hurried visits home, when Billy Norton came over to the cottage.

Lydia saw at once that something was wrong.

"What's worrying you, Billy?" she asked.

"Lydia," he said, dropping into Amos' chair and folding his big arms, "you know my tract of land—the one I was going to buy from an Indian? I paid young Lone Wolf a ten-dollar option on it while I looked round to see how I could raise enough to pay him a fair price. He's only a kid of seventeen and stone blind from trachoma. Well, yesterday I found that Marshall had bought it in. He looked young Lone Wolf up and gave him a bag of candy. The Indians are crazy for candy. Then he told him to make his cross on a piece of paper. That that was a receipt that he was to keep and if he'd show it at the store whenever he wanted candy, he'd have all he wanted, for nothing. And he had two half-breeds witness it. What Marshall had done was to get Lone Wolf to sign a warranty deed, giving Marshall his pine land. The poor devil of an Indian didn't know it till yesterday when he showed me his 'receipt' in great glee. Of course, they'll swear he's a mixed blood."

Lydia burst out, "Oh, I wish that reservation had never been heard of! It demoralizes every one who comes in contact with it."

"Lydia," said Billy, slowly, "I'm going to expose Marshall. I'm going to show up his crooked deals with the Indians. I'm going to rip this reservation graft wide open. I'm not going to touch an acre of the land myself so I can go in with clean hands and I'm not going to forget that I came pretty close to being a skunk, myself."

"Oh, but, Billy!" cried Lydia. "There's John Levine and all our friends—oh, you can't do it!"

"Look here, Lydia," Billy's voice was stern, "are you for or against Indian graft?"

Lydia drew a long breath but was spared an immediate answer for there was a knock on the door and Kent came in.

"Well," said Kent, after Lydia had

settled them all comfortably, "I just left Charlie Jackson—poor old prun. He's been trying to keep the whites off the reservation by organizing the full bloods to stand against the half-breeds. But after a year of trying he's given up hope. He's drinking a little."

"And still you folks will keep on, stealing the reservation!" exclaimed Billy.

Nobody spoke for a moment. Lydia looked from Billy to Kent, and back again. Kent was by far the handsomer of the two. He dressed well, and sat now, knees crossed, hands clasped behind his head, with easy grace. Billy was a six-footer, larger than Kent and inclined to be raw-boned. His mouth was humorous and sensitive, his gray eyes were searching.

Billy stayed and helped Lydia to clean up the dishes. Kent would never have thought of this, Lydia said to herself with a vague pang. When they had finished Billy gravely took Lydia's coat from the hook and said, "Come, woman, and walk in the gloaming with your humble servant."

Lydia giggled and obeyed. They walked briskly till a rise in the road gave them a view of the lake and a scarlet rift in the sky where the sun had sunk in a bank of clouds.

"Now, Lydia," said Billy, "answer my question. Are you for or against Indian graft?"

Lydia's throat tightened. "I won't take sides against Mr. Levine," she replied.

"Do you mean that you don't want me to expose Marshall?" asked Billy.

"You've no right to ask me that," Lydia's voice was cross.

"But I have, Lydia, though you don't want it, my life is yours. No matter whether we can ever be anything else, we are friends, aren't we, friends in the deepest sense of the word—aren't we, Lydia?"

Friendship! Something very warm and high and fine entered Lydia's heart.

"Yes, we are friends, Billy," she said slowly. "But oh, Billy, can't you make me decide that! You'll have to let me think about it. You see, it's deciding my attitude toward all my friends, even toward you. And I hadn't intended ever to decide."

"And will you tell me tomorrow, or next day, Lydia?"

"I'll tell you, Lydia," she answered.

Amos brought John Levine home with him for supper. It seemed to Lydia that Levine never had been dearer to her than he was that evening. He did not talk of the Indians, to Lydia's relief, but of Washington politics. As the evening drew to a close, and Amos went out to his chick-

ens as usual after Lizzie had gone to bed, John turned to Lydia.

"Really grown up, aren't you, Lydia? Do you enjoy being a young lady?"

"Yes, I do, only I miss the old days when I saw so much of you. No one will ever understand me as you do."

"Oh, I don't know. There are Billy and Kent."

"There'll never be any one like you," then moved by a sudden impulse she leaned toward him and said, "No matter what happens, you will always know that I love you, won't you, Mr. Levine?"

John looked at the wistful face, keenly. "Why, what could happen, young Lydia?"

"Oh, lots of things! I'm grown up now and—and I have to make decisions about the rightness and the wrongness of things. But no matter what I decide, nothing can change my love for you."

"When you were just a little tot," said Levine, "you were full of gumption and did your own thinking. And I've been glad to see you keep the habit. Always make your own decisions, dear. Don't let me or any one else decide matters of conscience for you."

He rose as he heard Amos coming in the back door, and with his hand under Lydia's chin, he looked long and earnestly into her eyes. Then as Billy had done earlier in the evening, he sighed, "Oh, Lydia! Lydia!" and turned away.

(Continued)

Eat in Darkness as

Health Aid, Says Doctor

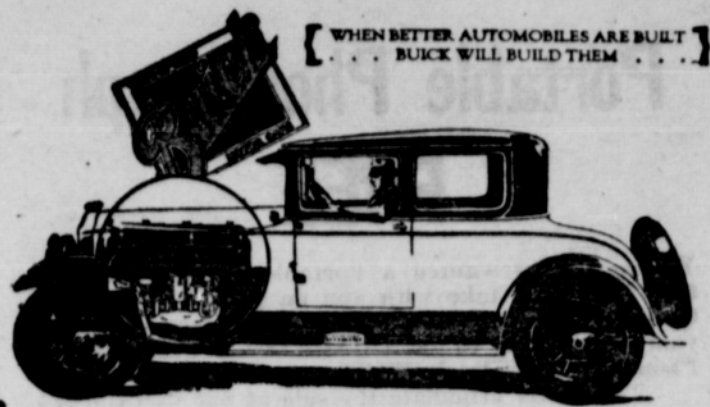
London.—With so much stress being laid on the virtues of artificial sunlight, special interest attaches to the announcement, made by a prominent London doctor, that we do not sufficiently consider the health value of darkness.

The authority states that in his opinion many of the ills that have their origin in digestive troubles are traceable to the too lavish use of light at meals. Brilliant lighting, he asserts, is harmful in dining rooms, restaurants and other places where meals are partaken.

Our digestive processes, on the perfect working of which human health and happiness so largely depend, are interfered with by the extra stimulant provided by garish lighting. The demands made on the senses by such factors as bright lights and arresting sounds mean that blood is drawn from the stomach to the brain and muscles, and the assimilation of food naturally suffers.

According to this authority the best light for meal times is that given by shaded candles. But we should all be better in health and in temper, the physician states, if we ate our meals in semidarkness.





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TEXAS

## The Old Year

"GOOD-BY, Old Year!" I would that you could tarry here; My heart exclaims, "Old friends are best." It holds them dear above the rest.

"Good-by, Old Year!" I say the words with many a fear; When you are gone another one Of life's unraveled threads is gone.

"Good-by, Old Year!" Thus some one we hold in life most dear Ship outward through the door, and stay, Heedless of tears, both you and they.

"I'm older now than when you came, And wiser! Ah, how low my aim! But wisdom comes through many a sigh, Old Year, good-by!"

"Good-by, Old Year! Your lusty rival standeth near, But I am loth to see you die— Old Year, good-by, good-by!"

## The FIRST YEAR

By Margaret Bruce

THE bride and groom of a year ago sat alone before the fire on their first New Year's Eve together. Their own hearth, their own dancing flames, their own wedding-gift clock, their own holiday candles. They sat very close together and waited with indrawn breath in silence, watching their first year out. Then the silver chime of the clock sounded.

"Twelve o'clock!" they said together.

"It's 1927," said the bridegroom.

"I'm going to miss 1926," sighed the bride. "I loved it."

"In spite of that quarrel?" questioned the groom anxiously.

"Forgotten!" asserted the bride.

"But oh, Ned, can you ever forget the



On Their First New Year's Eve Together.

time I gave away your old adored hunting pants to a tramp?"

The groom winced but promptly looked ashamed.

"How about the time I brought Colonel Inverness home to dinner without letting you know?" he asked.

It was the bride's turn to wince now. That dinner! Then she giggled.

"And all I had was two chops, a half-portion of cold peas, and a blinding headache," she added.

"We'll change all that in 1927," said the groom solemnly. "We'll profit by all our mistakes and promise never to do 'em again."

"But we will do them all again," declared the bride, sitting up very straight. "We'll do just such awful things as these and more, too. We're only human. We'll do them all through our lives. But when we do, let's pray hard to our household gods for their help."

"Our household gods?" the groom wondered slowly. "What are they?"

"They are Humor and Tolerance," smiled the bride.

(Copyright.)

## Good Resolutions



Rabbit—Have you made any new resolutions?

Turtle—No—I can't think of any that I won't want to break!

## NATION'S CHILDREN BEHAVING BETTER

Marked Decrease in Delinquency Is Observed.

Washington.—"In response to many requests," Secretary of Labor Davis in his annual report for the fiscal year of 1926 states that "the children's bureau has just assembled such information as can be secured from the annual reports of juvenile courts, and reports of the bureau of census with reference to the trend in juvenile delinquency. A study of this material indicates (1) that the present condition of the juvenile court statistics is unsatisfactory and (2) that according to the evidence available juvenile delinquency has decreased.

"Lack of uniformity in methods of compiling statistics used in the courts and marked variations in inclusions and methods of presentation make the statistics practically valueless for purposes of comparing delinquency rates in one city with those of other cities. The fact that for only 14 cities of 100,000 population and over in the United States can information be obtained on which delinquency rates can be computed over a period of years indicates the woeful inadequacy of statistical material regarding the work of an institution as important as the juvenile court.

### Figures for Fourteen Cities.

"The figures for these 14 widely separated cities—Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Providence, Richmond, Rochester, St. Louis, Seattle, Washington—covering in most instances the 10-year period from 1915 to 1924, doubtless indicate the trend in juvenile delinquency. That 9 of the 14 show a decrease in the delinquency rate (i. e., the number of cases of delinquency per 1,000 children of the delinquency age filed by the juvenile court law) furnishes a strong presumption that sensational statements regarding increase of juvenile crime do not have a basis in fact.

"Moreover, much more reliable figures as to commitments to institutions, based on census reports covering the entire country, indicate a decline in the number of delinquent children committed to institutions, if growth in population be taken into consideration, and reveal no significant increase in the numbers committed for the more serious offenses—homicide, robbery and burglary. According to the census reports, the age of commitment to penal institutions has not decreased, as has frequently been asserted.

### Plan for Reporting Published.

"The plan for reporting of juvenile court statistics of delinquency and neglect on which the children's bureau has been at work for some years was published during the year as a bulletin entitled 'Juvenile Court Statistics.' This bulletin contains an introductory statement of the purpose of juvenile court statistics and the methods by which they may be obtained and a description of the plan proposed by the children's bureau, with outlines of the statistical cards to be used and the tables to be compiled.

"In the preparation of the plan the bureau had the co-operation of the committee on records and statistics of the National Probation association and of others who are familiar with statistical problems of the courts.

"A representative of the bureau is now visiting courts and state departments having supervisory authority or power to require reports from juvenile courts, and is working out with these courts and departments the methods by which the plan may be made to fit in with present systems of recording, filing and summarizing the data called for. The co-operation of a number of courts and state departments has already been assured."

## Steals His Own House; Makes Police History

Los Angeles.—Detective Lieutenants Curry and Bradley of the Lincoln Heights station went gunning for plumbing fixture thieves and assert they discovered "a new one for the book" in the person of a man who purloined his own house.

Their search led them to Wilmar, where the detectives arrested A. C. Carlender and his cousin, Rudolph Carlender, after they assert, the men admitted having stolen various sinks, heaters, bath tubs and other plumbing fixtures with which their Wilmar homes were fitted.

"And on the way in," Curry said, "A. C. admitted he had moved the house we found him in ten miles from the 800 block on Bullard avenue, where he had erected it, to 2989 Gladys avenue, Wilmar, after he had decided he couldn't make scheduled payments on it when they fell due. We understand he has made several payments on the land."

The prisoners were locked up in the Lincoln Heights station on burglary charges in connection with the asserted stolen plumbing fixtures.

## Finds Diabetes Cure

Philadelphia.—A discovery for the treatment of diabetes as important as that of insulin, is announced by Dr. David Riesman, head of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. Details are withheld.

## Upside Down

London.—Lieut. H. C. Calvey, in a single British air force plane, flew upside down for 4 minutes and 45 seconds for a record.



JUST like every other quarter, the final week had been a grand hurried scramble to get work turned in on time. Helen was no different than hundreds of other college students. She let her work go until the last minute and then wildly made up for lost time by burning the midnight oil. Christmas anticipation had helped to key Helen to the proper point of enthusiasm. It was time that she lacked.

There she sat in the now deserted classroom. She pasted little bits of colored paper onto a gray mount fast and furiously. In due time the bits of paper took on the semblance of a design. She was artistic, no doubt about that.

Helen glanced at her watch, made a wry face and jabbed furiously at the colored paper again. Finally she got up and walked to the back of the room and stood looking out the windows. She was conscious of the fact that beside her stood a case. Idly, she glanced at the shelves of pottery. As her eye was lead down through the series of shelves it rested upon a partially open drawer in the lower part of the case. Her first thought was to close it in order to preserve the continuity of order which prevailed in the case. However, her hand was stayed by curiosity as she was about to close the drawer, and instead she found herself opening it.

Her gaze was arrested by a number of things. Confusion reigned supreme. In the melee her eyes were riveted upon two things in particular. There were two color charts, which were exactly what she was going to have to make in the next couple of hours. She closed the drawer rather disgustingly and returned to her pasting.

As the afternoon wore on Helen realized that after all there were but two alternatives. Either not finish the work and flunk the course or take, no, borrow the two charts and turn in the work for a grade. Then she made a dash for the drawer and dived into its contents. She emerged with the two charts and proceeded to label them.

Christmas was over, Helen was somewhat pensive as she sat in the pleasant drawing room of her home.

Today was but a breathing space and then another big day—New Year's, and after New Year's Day, what then? Helen dreaded to think. It meant the dissolution of these gay revelries, study and routine. To be sure there were school dances, but somehow right now they did not seem to have the same appeal.

Along that same line of thought in connection with the word study, Helen suddenly thought of her hurried departure and the effort it had been to get the work in on time. Helen started. Those charts—suppose some one else had expected to turn those in for a grade before leaving at the end of the quarter. It hadn't occurred to her before.

What would the family say if this should be discovered and reported to them?

Helen's heart fairly stopped beating. Her family were indeed quite respectable and could never stand for such an action. Would it be wise to tell the family and seek their advice or—no it must be settled entirely without their aid.

New Year's Day found Helen leaving home for college. She was busy far into the night after her arrival at the dormitory. Bright and early the next morning she was in her design instructor's office.

"Miss Hastings," began Helen, "here are my two color charts which I should have turned in last quarter."

Miss Hastings proceeded to get out her class book.

"Funny, but I have grades down for your two charts."

"Well, will you please grade these two and put it on your book, Miss Hastings?"

"Certainly, Um— It's queer how we do make some slips in recording our grades."

Helen walked out the door buoyantly. She could face the New Year squarely.

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## ANCIENT CULTURE FOUND IN ALASKA

Attributed to Indians and Eskimos.

Washington.—"The ancient inhabitants of the Bering sea coasts and islands, who developed the 'fossil ivory culture,' reached a degree of industrial differentiation and art so high that we have nothing to compare with them in America except among the more highly developed tribes of the northwest coast and those of Mexico, Yucatan and Peru." That is one of the conclusions reached by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution, as a result of his exploration of Alaska last summer for the bureau of American ethnology.

"We cannot be sure yet who these people were," said Doctor Hrdlicka, "though it is probable that they were the ancestors of the present Eskimo or Indian or both. However, there seems to be a distinction between their art and that of the Eskimo of today. The outstanding characteristic of the former is their mastery of form and line in curves; of the present-day Eskimo it is the geometric design, with the drawings and carving of animals in their natural form.

### No Change in Inhabitants.

"This might indicate that some other people were responsible for the older culture. But when we examine the skeletal remains there is no indication that any other people except Eskimo and Indian lived in these regions at any period thus far represented in the collections.

"The area over which evidences of the old culture are found is very extensive. Traces of it are found far down the American coasts. But it is not certain that it was actually practiced everywhere along these coasts. In these parts of the world one of the most striking phenomena is the evidence of extensive trade carried on in implements and other cultural objects. There is, for example, on the Kobuk river a mountain called Jade mountain. It was early known to the Indians and the Eskimo of the river and its green stone was made into adzes, drills, knives, lamps and other objects. Though this is the sole source of the green stone, objects made of it occur all the way from Barrow and Point Hope to Seward peninsula, the Asiatic coast, the Diomedes, the St. Lawrence, and down to Nunivak Island.

### Find Objects of Ivory.

"Similarly one finds the highly decorated objects of now fossil ivory on the Diomedes, the St. Lawrence, the Asiatic coast, Seward peninsula, and from Barrow again down to Nunivak Island and possibly much further. The designs seem to connect with the characteristic art of the northwest coast. The indications would seem to point to the old ivory cult having been central in northwestern Asia whence it spread by trading along the American coasts."

The Alaskan Eskimo, according to Doctor Hrdlicka's conclusions from a study of the skeletal material collected, is by no means the highly differentiated Eskimo of Labrador and Greenland. He often approaches, occasionally to the point of identity, on the one hand the Asiatic and Mongoloid types of people and on the other the American Indian, more particularly those of Alaska and the northwest coast.

"With the evidence now in our hands there can be no longer any hesitation," concludes Doctor Hrdlicka, "in believing that the Eskimo and Indian originally were not any two distinct races nor even widely distinct and far away types, but that if we could go a little back in time they would be found to be like two neighboring fingers of one hand, both proceeding from the same palm, or source."

Further exploration in the Far North, Doctor Hrdlicka is convinced, will be relatively simple and in a few years is bound to bring far-reaching conclusions.

## "Up Salt Creek" Born in Clay's Campaign

Shepherdsville, Ky. — "Up Salt creek" has long been a popular expression with a mooted origin, but Dr. G. C. Crist, grandson of Gen. Henry Crist, Kentucky congressman, traces the phrase to a campaign of Henry Clay for the presidency.

The Sunday before the election, the local legend goes, Clay was far down the Ohio river and hired a boatman to row him to Louisville. Clay's opponents bribed the boatman, and when the skiff bearing Clay reached the mouth of Salt river the boatman quietly slipped into the smaller stream, his passenger being unaware of the move.

After the votes were in some one asked as to Clay's whereabouts. "He's gone up Salt creek," was the reply. The phrase is a popular figure of speech to denote dismay or defeat.

### Make Cattle Immune

London.—Cattle have been immunized from tuberculosis by a Swiss biologist, Dr. Henry Spahlinger. The principle is described in a dispatch to the Daily Mail as the same as vaccination against smallpox.

### Wove Her Own Shroud

Evening Shade, Ark.—In cloth woven by hand from threads she herself had spun fifty years ago, relatives wrapped the body of Mrs. Paralee M. Stovall, who died here at the age of ninety-seven.



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## A Word With the Old Folks

Elderly People Are Learning Importance of Good Elimination.

IN the later years of life there is apt to be a slowing up of the bodily functions. Good elimination, however, is just as essential to the old as to the young. Many old folks have learned the value of Doan's Pills when a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys is required. Scanty or burning passages of kidney secretions are often signs of improper kidney function. In most every community are scores of users and endorsers who acclaim the merit of Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

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## An Old Man's New Year's Will

By MARION R. REAGAN

"GOOD morning, nephew; shut the door when you come in. Can't stand drafts like I used to. Getting along, you know. Oh, yes, I am. Ninety-six's a good age. Can't last much longer, I suppose. Sit down, nephew; put those bundles over yonder. Hate to see people fussin' with things. Beginnin' to feel a little waxy this New Year's. Want to make a new will. You're a lawyer; you can tend to drawin' it up—wordin' and all that. I'll tell you what's to go in it.

"I want my entire property—real and personal—to go to Miss Elvira Mandar. Ah, I knew I'd startle you with that name. That's the girl your son's engaged to, isn't it? Well, that's not the reason I'm leavin' her my money, never fear.

"Ever hear your mother speak of the Campbells—John J. Campbell? Everybody thought it was wonderful the way I got into his business and rose from a clerk to head of the store. Forced old Campbell out. He died in the penitentiary three years later. Never knew the whole story about that, did you? Well, help me up on my pillow and give me a fresh glass of water and I'll tell you 'bout it.

"I was running after Campbell's daughter—crazy after her, and he wouldn't let her marry me. Said I was poor and worthless and come of the wrong kind of folks. Never forgot it. Determined to crush old Campbell if it took my life. When the Wallins case came up against him I had my chance. It was the letters I produced that convicted him. You've probably heard all about that? Well—well—those letters were—false—forged! No, I'm all right, give me that water, that's all. Those letters I wrote myself. And the joke of it was that the people made a hero of me for tracking down the guilty. The board of directors made me president of the firm. The Campbells got poorer and poorer. Everything was paid out for the trial. It's been botherin' me all these years about them. Nobody to this day, but you and me, knows about the letters. Elvira Mandar is the granddaughter of old J. J. Campbell—only one of the whole lot that amounts to anything. I want her to have everything I've got. And, nephew, in case she needs money for her weddin', find out some good excuse for it, and send her this check. Where's that check I had a minute ago? Here, send her this \$5,000—that'll keep her in fluffy things till I pass on. Give me that water again now and take this pillow away from my back. Don't look at me as if I was the devil's arch-criminal. Shut that door good when you go out. Good-by and happy New Year to you."

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## Plumbing Tin Work

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Sam Gilliland

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## The Family's New Leaves

By  
FRANK HERBERT SWEET

LITTLE SALLIE crossed the room with great solemnity, raised herself on her tiptoes at the table so she could reach and open a book. She turned a leaf in this and then shut it, all with anxious care.

"What you think you're doing Sallie?" asked Ruth, smiling.

"Why, turning my leaf, of course," answered Sallie. "It's New Year's Day."

"A real nice start," chuckled granny from her big chair. "Now, it's your turn, Ruth. Four to fourteen, a long step, so a leaf equally large."

Ruth grimaced and shook her head, then grew serious.

"All right. I won't miss my turn," she said. "See none of you do yours. Let's see, I can't give up my holiday dances, for that might disappoint others. I—I will burn my lipstick and color pot."

Grandma thumped approval with her cane. "Fine! Fine! Ruth," she encouraged. "Now, Tom, with four more years."

"I don't know a single thing I can—" began Tom, when—

"Good boy! Absolutely perfect," scorned Ruth.

A low puffing came from the big chair. Grandma was pretending to smoke a knitting needle. Tom groaned.

"Ugh!" he yielded. "Three months I will go without cigarettes. No more."

"Time enough to realize the benefit. Next."

"I promise to quit by Thursday, games and read aloud at home," rattled papa.

"And—and I to make waffles three mornings instead of one," promised mamma.

"And I," agreed grandma, "won't go to sleep while Jim is reading."

Sallie held the kitten's mouth to her ear. "And kitty promises," she said earnestly, "that she'll go out the door regularly 'stead of yelling at the window."

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## CLASSIFIED ADS

PIANO FOR SALE: See or phone Mrs. J. E. Gilliland. Phone 79. 5-tf.

LOST: Child's Fur Muff, near B. L. Boydston's drygoods store. Return it there for reward. 5-1t.

APARTMENT: One, two room, apartment for rent. See or phone Mrs. R. Q. Evans. Phone 62. 4-tf.

FOR RENT: Bed room—see or phone Mrs. J. A. Dubberley. Phone 114 5-2t.

PRACTICAL NURSING: I am prepared to take calls in town, or the country. Mrs. Mary Yarbro. Phone, 283. 4-4tpd.

NEW HOME—Seven room Stucco, well located in Abilene. Also one five room frame, new; priced to sell—if interested, write, H. A. Butler, P. O. Box, 1090, Abilene, Texas. 52-tf.

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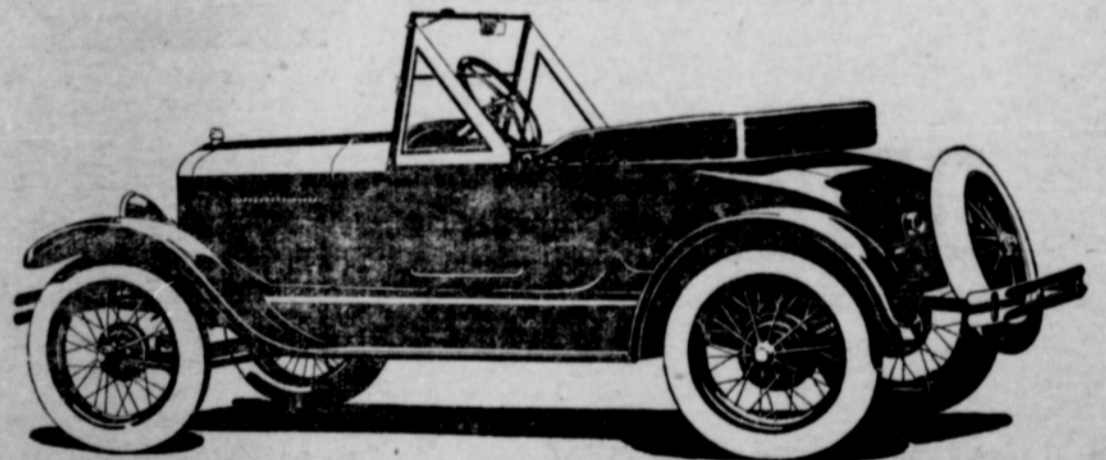
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