

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, OCTOBER 22, 1926

NO. 47

3 New Wells In Baird Shallow Field--Good Producers

Reported by
Claude Stubblefield Flores
Special Correspondent for
The Baird Star

October 20, 1926

Burt & Co.—A. T. Younk No. 1, came in Friday, was shot Sunday. The oil in this well when shot flowed several minutes, forty feet in the air; settled down and flowed for 40 minutes and later was put on the pump and pumped 210 barrels in 18 hours and is still going strong.

H. Z. House—South Hearn estate, No. 3, came in Sunday, was shot Monday. Oil flowed over the top of the derrick. This well is good for fifty barrels.

Moutray Oil Co.—Jack Flores No. 5, drilling at 740 feet Wednesday morning.

Moutray Oil Co.—John Flores No. 4, drilling at 600 feet Wednesday.

Burt & Co.—A. T. Younk No. 2, drilling at 250 feet Wednesday.

The Mississippi Valley Oil Co.—R. H. Seale No. 1, ready to spud in.

Tollett & Davis—Kelton No. 2, drilling at 100 feet.

L. A. Warren—North Hearn Estate No. 1, drilling at 600 feet Wed.

H. Z. House—South Hearn Estate, No. 2, fishing for tools at 610 feet.

On the late Harve Finch estate, one mile south-west of Admiral—well No. 1, drilling at 400 feet.

Location—No. 1, on the old Tatum homestead, ready to spud in.

Moved in rig—Wednesday on the Pat Hughes location, No. 1.

Moutray Oil Co. Power house No. 2 is near completion.

The Prairie Oil & Gas Co. have installed pumping plant in the field.

The Baird Telephone Co. are putting in 30 foot posts. The telephone lines here are in a deplorable condition.

Last week after being marooned for two days and nights in bachelor quarters with no news from the outside world. I rushed out into the rain and mud and walked 4 miles and tied up broken telephone lines in four places and the sun shone out as the British would say, "Oh don't you know 'Queens Weather.'"

LAND LEASES FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS PER ACRE

Ace Hickman leased 20 acres Saturday for two hundred dollars per acre, one half mile of Hickmans well No. 1, on the Valley Oil Co. lease.

W. M. Hooper, of San Angelo, leased one hundred acres from Marshal Manning Monday at \$12.50 per acre.

Fort Worth parties are here on a deal to lease a large acreage on the Seale estate.

BOON HOLMES AND JOHN FLORES, OF BAIRD, WAS IN THE OIL FIELD WEDNESDAY.

Mrs. Corral Bradford in recovering from her recent illness.

Mac Brundage, of Baird was in the oil field Monday.

LATER—Just as we were going to press Claude Flores, phoned us from Baird Shallow Field that the Jack Flores No. 3, which has been making about 150 barrels on the pump, was cleaned out to-day and drilled a few feet deeper, when it shot over the derrick, a height of about 50 feet, on its own accord and continued flowing for several minutes.

The Jack Flores No. 5, came in to-day and is making from 50 to 75 barrels of oil.

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Snake Story

Some people in Texas are still seeing snakes, although Texas has been very dry so long?

Harry Warren shot a large rattlesnake which had ten rattlers. He killed the snake on his front porch. Oh that's nothing; Early Sunday morning (10 a. m.) in my bachelor quarters I was awoken from my peaceful slumber by a rattling noise. I jumped from my bunk and killed a big snake with a cloth brush in my boudoir and some people claim prohibition is a success.

Personals

Dick Young spent Sunday in Abilene. Miss Ruth Akers spent the week-end with Miss Francis Loraine Seale.

A New Heir in the Flores Family

A message was received here from Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Renand, in Abilene, announcing the arrival of a boy, Tuesday evening, October 19, 1926. His name is Charles Benham Renand.

The new boy is the first grandchild of John and the late Mrs. John Flores. Mr. and Mrs. Renand live in Cisco.

Mrs. J. M. Warren, of Cross Plains, is spending the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warren.

Mrs. Susie Barnes, of Fort Worth, is the guest of her niece, Miss Francis Loraine Seale.

Mr. Green, of Putnam, has moved into the Flores farm house in the oil field.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl West, of Baird, will move to the West place here.

Mr. Marshall, of Dallas, was here Monday looking for prospective buyers of the much advertised R&B Grand Valley, of mild climate and grape fruit.

Boon Holmes and John Flores, of Baird, was in the oil field Wednesday.

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J. H. BAXTER, PIONEER OF THIS COUNTY, DIES

The funeral of J. H. Baxter, who died Sunday, October 3, at 7:20 a. m. was conducted at the Clyde Church of Christ Monday at 4:00 p. m. President Catesl Baxter, of Abilene Christian College, assisted by C. A. Buchanan, the local minister of the church, were in charge of the service.

J. H. Baxter has been a member of the church for 51 years, and for a number of years has been a nelder in the church. He was a charter member of the Clyde congregation, which was formed about thirty-six years ago.

Mr. Baxter was born in Tennessee Nov. 30, 1855. He came to Texas in 1876 and lived near Millsap until 1890. He has been in the employ of the T. & P. Railway Co. for nearly forty years.

Mr. Baxter was married to Azlee Byrd Oct. 3, 1880, and to this union were born five girls and two boys.

Both of the sons died in young manhood. He is survived by his wife and five daughters: Mrs. J. W. Couch, Big Springs; Mrs. J. B. Easterling, Clyde; Mrs. O. Marshall, Fort Worth; Mrs. R. E. Wallace, Fort Worth; Mrs. W. P. Frame, Barstow and by three brothers: J. S. Baxter, Fort Worth; R. S. Baxter, Fort Worth; and J. P. Baxter, Millsap.

He has always been highly respected as a citizen of Clyde, and his departure means a great loss to us. The large attendance at his funeral and the large floral offering were tokens of the esteem in which he was held.

A large number of relatives from a distance attended the funeral. Worthy of special mention was the presence of J. D. Stamper and Pete Johnson, of Big Springs, both of whom have been employees of the T. & P. Railway for many years.—Clyde Enterprise.

A PERSONAL APPEAL

To the young people who have not yet entered school and who, in their own minds know they ought to do so, we must say that there never was a time when business education meant so much as it does today—nor when the lack of it was such a handicap.

Your cotton crop is picked and marketed, or soon will be and what have you, individually, realized out of it and what are you looking to for the next ten or twelve months. Are you satisfied with just a living? Certainly not. Your ambition calls for advancement. Are you qualified to be a leader or will you be a follower? It is wrong for you to presume that you will be able to hold your own in the various relations of business without the same or similar training to that which your competitor had.

The wide expansion of business with its close competitive features, requiring especially training help has made it almost impossible for us to meet the demands made upon us for thoroughly trained assistants. Seldom do we have enough qualified candidates to fill the positions offered to our free employment department.

Maybe you haven't even the means to come to our school, but don't let that stand between you and future success. Where there is determination and will there is always a way. There are plenty of men among your acquaintance that would gladly loan you a couple hundred dollars or endorse your note at a bank if they only knew you had an ambition to go to business college and prepare to meet the demands that are sure to be made upon you in the near future. Other men and business men realize the situation that confronts you and every other boy or girl. They will not hesitate to help you for they know you will "make good" if you get the proper training. Many of our boys and girls even work their way or a large portion of it and are not handicapped by so doing.

We appeal to you to start that head of yours to thinking, create a real desire then you will find a way. Write us at once for catalogue and ask all the questions you can think of. Byrne Commercial College, 1708 1/2 Commerce St., Dallas, Texas. 47-1t.

MRS. JACK STEPHENS DIES TODAY

Mrs. Jack Stephens, who has been ill for some time, died about 12 o'clock today. Funeral services will be held Sunday. Mrs. Stephens is survived by her husband, two daughters, one son, also a sister.

Frank Youngblood, of Rowden, was in Baird Wednesday. He made The Star office a pleasant call.

CO-OPERATION NEEDED, FOR SUCCESS OF BAIRD

By H. O. Tatum, Secretary
Chamber of Commerce

Baird, always destined to become a real city, is perhaps right now at the most critical point in its era of development.

In spite of the great and rapid strides of progress and improvement of every character and the big share of good fortune that has been ours during the past few months, the fact remains that we, as citizens, do now, and the manner in which we do it, will be reflected in the whole future existence of the city.

There has hardly been an occasion in the past where any effort made to accomplish something for the city has not met with more or less opposition from some of the citizens, chiefly by reason of the fact that some certain individual was connected with the movement or for the reason that some particular individual was not included. In other words our civic duties have been looked upon from a wholly personal angle, instead of as a community proposition.

Happily, this state of affairs is passing away and we are rapidly approaching the ideal situation of having a citizenship united for a program of progress. There is not, however, the complete unselfish spirit which that should prevail, and until we do reach the point where ALL are for BAIRD ALL THE TIME, our best endeavors will be hampered and cut short of the full fruits of our efforts.

The remedy lies in every citizen taking an earnest and active interest in the common wealth—uniting and thoroughly cooperating with some organization qualified and equipped to ascertain and develop those things which are best for us all. The Baird Chamber of Commerce is equipped to do just the kind of work that you would like to see it do, and can and will function in a way that will be of everlasting benefit to the city. To do this, however, it must have your moral and physical support in the same measure as your financial support.

Let every citizen—man—woman and child—be a booster for Baird all of the time. Then Baird will grow, prosper and achieve in a way worth while, and in a few short years, we will have a city here of which not only Baird people will be proud, but which the whole West Texas—yes, even all Texas will point to with pride and proclaim as their own, and thus become BOOSTERS with and for us.

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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	\$ 925.00
Coupe	975.00
Sedan	1025.00
Special Sedan	1090.00
Delivered	

KEELAN-NEILL MOTOR CO.

Phone. 169. Baird, Texas.

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

DISHES GET FIRST SCRUBBING IN AGES

Ancient Pottery Found in Pueblo to Be Cleaned.

Washington.—Dishes that have not been washed for hundreds of years are about to be scrubbed and put on exhibition at the United States national museum here. They are the collection of earthen kitchen-ware, funeral urns, and other objects brought back from Eldon pueblo, an ancient Indian metropolis near Flagstaff, Ariz., by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, curator of American ethnology at the Smithsonian institution.

The bowls, vases, pots and jars were used by the ancestors of the modern race of Hopi Indians. It is believed, and are much cruder than those found farther south in Mexico and Central America. Many of them are lopsided and none of them have flat bottoms.

Unlike Perfected Pottery Today. They are quite unlike the perfected Indian pottery picked up by tourists in the southwestern United States today. Most of the bowls, jugs and effigies are made of red clay baked over fires so that the inside is smoked black and the outside clouded into irregular black and red shapes. These articles are said to resemble the crude prehistoric pottery of Egypt before the days of recorded history, and apparently the same method was used in making both.

A second type of pottery depends for its decorative effect on notches made by the thumb-nail or by a pointed stick uniformly all over the outer surface. These vessels appear to have been made by laying strings of clay around and around and notching them into place until the shape desired was built up. This gives a corrugated effect to the objects.

Many Bowls Effectively Decorated. Many of the other pots and jars are covered with conventional Indian type of designs in black and white meandering and zigzagging over the surface.

One especially effective bowl might easily have been done by a modern artist of the impressionistic school.

Some of the objects found were recovered from within the ruins of the house, but many more beautiful and interesting ones came from the graveyard at the back. According to the aboriginal Indian custom, effigies and vessels probably once filled with food, medicines, and holy objects were buried with the dead. The corpses were plastered down with adobe and the possessions of the deceased placed around and on top. In many cases the

skeleton remains found had been dressed up in shell bracelets and ornaments.

All of the objects brought back were covered with crusts of alkali, which entirely covered the surface and hid the interesting details. Only a few of them have been washed and studied to date.

Queen Mary Inclines to Nottingham Lace

London.—Queen Mary has fitted all the rooms of Sandringham palace with Nottingham lace curtains and also has provided many of the beds in the famous palace with Nottingham lace spreads. This has come as something of a shock to decorators, who have been decrying lace curtains as draperies.

In doing over the old home of the late Queen Alexandra a free sweep to her own taste has been taken by Queen Mary. The palace was somewhat gloomy with dark hangings and furniture. The queen has banished this gloom entirely and given a very bright, homey appearance to the palace. It was filled with many gifts and trophies of most sentimental value to the late queen, but most of these have been removed from the living rooms if they did not conform with the simpler style of decoration Queen Mary has chosen.

U. S. Sets New Record in Manufacturing Output

Washington.—The country's manufacturing output during August was the highest on record, the Commerce department announces after assembling statistics from virtually all industries. The volume for the month was represented by the index number of 136 on a scale which makes the 1919 output set the base of 100 for the calculation. This is an increase of 12 per cent over August, 1925, and an increase of 7 per cent over the output of July of this year.

The textile and leather industries were the only ones which reported less production in August than for the same period of 1919. Automobile manufacture, which was assigned an index number of 263 for August showed the greatest expansion.

Japanese Royalty Grows Own Fresh Vegetables

Tokyo.—All the fruits and vegetables for the dining tables of the emperor and empress, prince regent and Princess Nagako, are grown in the Shinjuku palace gardens by expert gardeners and carefully inspected in order that no taint may be permitted

to reach the imperial stomachs. The gardens occupy several acres and include a number of large hot-houses. All varieties of vegetables are raised during the entire year. When the royal family is away on vacation, these special vegetables and hothouse flowers are sent to them daily in ice-packed private cars.

Culture

We hear so much nowadays about "culture." Culture is all right when you have something to cultivate. First make sure that you have the divine nature, then cultivate it.—D. L. Moody.

Day and Evening

Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven. And Evening stooped down to unloose the latches of his sandal shoon.—Longfellow.

BRIDE EDITS RITUAL FOR HER MARRIAGE

Deletes "Obey" and Inserts New Charge.

Pawtucket, R. I.—Miss Dorothy L. Cheek, Mount Holyoke graduate, and Gordon Cedric Willard, Worcester Polytechnic institute alumnus, were united in marriage here recently with a ritual which had been edited by the bride to conform to her idea of the real significance of marriage.

The word "obey" was omitted from the vow and a paragraph inserted, in which the bride expressed her idea of the spiritual character into the ritual read: "It is the duty of both to delight each in the society of the other; to remember that, in interest and in reputation, as in affection, they are to be henceforth one and undivided; to preserve an inviolable fidelity and to see to it that what God has joined thus together man never puts asunder."

"Will you love, cherish and honor him?" was the question, deleted of the stipulation "obey," asked of the bride by her family pastor, Rev. Frank Rector, D. D., of the First Baptist church, Pawtucket.

"Will you love, cherish, honor and protect her?" was the question answered by the bridegroom.

Miss Cheek, who has been teaching chemistry at Western college, Oxford, Ohio, gave as her reason for editing the service her objection to the "light consideration" toward marriage ceremonies held by the youth of today and her disagreement with the dogmatic ritual.

RUBBER TREE FOUND IN FLORIDA GARDEN

Raises Hopes in Minds of Plant Experts.

Washington.—Considerable excitement has been aroused among the rubber experts of the United States Department of Agriculture here over the discovery by O. E. Cook, department rubber expert, of a twenty-five-year-old Brazilian rubber tree growing in a yard at Palm Beach, Fla. While they decline to state that this indicates the possibility of large-scale rubber plantation operations in the United States proper, the mere existence of this tree so far out of the equatorial zone, hitherto thought to be its only possible home, gives rise to suggestions which they think should be acted upon at once.

In its native home in the Amazon valley, as well as in the plantations of Indomalaya, the Brazilian rubber tree sticks very close to the equator, where the normal cool nights and the occasional frosts of the Florida climate are unknown.

Experiments That Came to Grief. Experimental plantations of rubber seedlings in Florida twenty years ago all came to grief, and last winter an unusual cold snap severely injured most of the seedlings at the Department of Agriculture's experimental farm at Coconut Grove and killed a part of them outright. It has, therefore, been assumed that the Brazilian species is extrasensitive to cold and would not survive in even a subtropical climate. To all this, the discovery of a twenty-foot-high tree, with a trunk between three and four inches thick, has proved very upsetting.

An outcome of this indication of hardiness, on the part of at least some of the Brazilian trees, of more practical and immediate importance than attempts to grow rubber in Florida, will be the investigation of the possible adaptability of the species for cultivation in the border-line tropics, such as Mexico and the West Indies.

Hevea Hardier Than Castilla. There is already some indication that Hevea, the Brazilian tree, is harder than the Mexican rubber tree, Castilla, for last winter's frost at Coconut Grove had worse effects on Castilla seedlings than it had on seedlings of Hevea in neighboring rows.

In the meantime, the department is instituting a search in other parts of Florida for Hevea trees, similar to the Palm Beach specimen, which people may have set out as ornaments. They point out that the Palm Beach location is not the best kind of habitat for the species, since Hevea is predominantly a tree requiring shelter, and that the inland hardwood groves, or "hammocks," would afford this better than a coastal location swept by sea breezes.

Aircraft Industry Gains Rapidly

Philadelphia.—Manufacture of aircraft in the United States has assumed the proportions of an important industry in recent years. Seventeen years ago Orville Wright sold his first airplane to the United States government. Last year the American aircraft industry turned out products to a total value of \$12,277,000.

The growth is significant, according to the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, which points out that present activity in the construction of aircraft represents peace-time stimulus of war activity. In this respect progress figures of the last twelve years are illuminating.

In 1914 the total value of all aircraft products of the United States was only \$789,872. The war gave such an impetus to the aircraft industry that by 1919 the total value of aircraft products had mounted to \$14,373,000. With the inevitable deflation of the post-war period, aircraft production shrunk in two years to little more than \$6,650,000.

The years that followed 1921 have seen a recovery, however, which has been quite as striking as the deflation. Whereas production fell in two years to considerably less than half of what it had been at the close of the war, another two years saw the low figure of 1921 almost doubled.

Leave for South Africa on Star Study Trip

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Prof. William J. Hussey of the University of Michigan, accompanied by Mrs. Hussey and Prof. and Mrs. Richard A. Rossiter, will leave New York on a year's expedition to South Africa, there to map the double stars of the southern hemisphere.

The expedition is the culmination of plans laid nearly a decade ago. Robert P. Lamont of Chicago offered to finance a 27-inch telescope, but the making of the lens was delayed by the World war and then by the death of workmen selected to do the polishing. The instrument was not completed until last year. It was set up here and tested and then dismantled and sent to South Africa.

The observations will be made from a lonely hill in the Orange Free State, a site selected by Professor Hussey after a tour of South Africa.

Cut Down on Clothes

Philadelphia.—American men are buying fewer clothes because of purchases of automobiles, radios, oil-burning heaters, electric refrigerators and what will you have on the installment plan, retail clothiers have been informed in convention.

BIDS WANTED

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

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"TALLEST BUILDING" TITLE HELD BRIEFLY

Superior Height No Longer a Distinction.

New York.—With the skyscrapers of each year being lost in the shadow of the taller ones erected in the next, the designer who wishes to plan a distinctive building no longer can rely upon superior height alone.

Most of the cities of the United States are seeing their "tallest buildings" eclipsed, one after the other, as the result of a construction trend which has been gaining momentum for several years.

In the past, especially in the early part of the century, the erection of a building taller than any of its neighbors, or taller than any in the same town, was a guaranty that it would stand out prominently for a considerable time.

"World's Tallest" Record.

In New York city several buildings successively acquiring the title of "tallest" held it long enough to gain national reputation. The American Surety building, one of the first downtown skyscrapers, was followed by the Flatiron building, and then by the Singer building. The title of "world's tallest" was then captured by the Woolworth, which held it unchallenged until the planning of the 81-story new Book tower in Detroit.

Most of the cities of America today are witnessing similar processes of "overtopping." In Cleveland the new Union Terminal tower will rise 711 feet, considerably higher than the previous tallest building, except the Woolworth building.

The peak of the Brooklyn skyline was for years at 23 stories, the height of the Chamber of Commerce building. Suddenly it went to 28 stories with the Court Renssen building, and scarcely was this completed when work was begun on a new 30-story structure, and another, which is to go to 35 stories, all within a few blocks of one another. In nearly every section of New York city buildings which previously stood out as isolated skyscrapers are today surrounded by taller ones, like groves of trees.

Try for Distinction.

When this overtopping occurs a structure can still hold its rank as one of the "leading buildings" through distinctive features other than height. Architects now plan to insure permanent prestige for the buildings they design by modern floor plans and lighting effects, exteriors made attractive by skillful use of terra cotta and other decorative materials, efficient elevator facilities and generally convenient equipment throughout.

Care is also being taken to avoid the buildings' ever assuming an appearance of "oldness" by the use in many cases of facing materials which can be washed with soap and water.

Devise Instrument for

Testing Tension of Cloth

Washington.—How tight should the covering on an airplane's wings be? A new instrument that measures the tension of the cloth that holds the helium in a dirigible as well as that used on planes has been perfected in the laboratories of the United States bureau of standards.

It is of great importance, say experts, that the tension of the fabrics used in aircraft should be exactly right. If it is not taut enough, the operation of the plane is unsatisfactory. If it is drawn too tightly, there is likely to be strain on the metal framework.

The new instrument was constructed at the bureau of standards for use in the bureau of aeronautics of the Navy department. It is simple and easily operated and will test different portions of the fabric used on a machine without disturbing the covering as a whole.

Contrary Herd of Deer

Haled into U. S. Court

Los Angeles, Calif.—Thirty thousand deer in Kalbar forest in northern Arizona, having outwitted, outrun and generally defeated plans of cowboys to transfer them to new forage preserves, face the mandate of a special United States court.

Each year as snow drives the deer to lower altitudes a forage shortage develops, forcing the animals to eat bark of trees which threatens large stands of valuable timber. Thus far the animals have evaded numerous ingenious schemes to transfer them, including a rodeo which was to end in a drive across the grand canyon to a new preserve.

The case was submitted to a special court of three judges here recently, the government contending the excess deer should be shot, while the state claims existing laws forbid hunters to enter the preserve.

Indians Hunt to Buy

Squaws Silk Stockings

New York.—John M. Holzworth, returning from northern British Columbia and Alaska, where he bagged 12 mountain sheep, caribou and Alaska sheep for the United States biological survey and the National museum in Washington, told of penetrating regions never before explored. In this country, he said, he found a nomadic Indian tribe living in primitive fashion by hunting and fishing, but with some of the Indian women wearing high-heeled shoes and silk stockings which they had obtained at trading posts in exchange for their furs.

Heroine of Gold Rush

Is Aged and Destitute

Colton, Calif.—"Mother" Woods, who carried the news across Alaska that a great gold strike had been made on the spot which soon became Nome, wants to take in washings so that she may eat.

Mrs. C. W. Chance, as "Mother" Woods is now known, left the North with \$50,000 in her money belt. Adversity began with the loss of her fortune and was followed by the disappearance of her husband after an automobile accident.

Friend of Rex Beach, Jack London and Tex Rickard in the North during the gold rush days, Mrs. Chance declares she can do as good a washing as anyone. In spite of her seventy years, she says she was the first white woman to set foot in Nome, and that she was "Anna Black" of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers."

Mrs. Chance heard and heeded the call of the North in 1894 and lived in Alaska for 22 years, with only infrequent visits "outside." As Mrs. Woods, before her marriage in Dawson to C. W. Chance, she became known over all Alaska as "Mother" Woods, friend of the soundings. It was while carrying letters and newspapers from "back home" to the soundings in the interior that she spread the news from St. Michael to Dawson that gold had been struck on the Bering strait coast.

Boy Reared in Arctic

Will Test "Civilization"

San Francisco.—Civilization and "easy living" are being put to the test by Thomas "Mickey" Gordon. The "trial" will determine whether Mickey, who was born at Point Barrow, Alaska, twenty-one years ago and lived there until this fall, will go back to the northland.

Mickey was brought here by his father, Tom Gordon, fur trader at Point Barrow for 40 years. Tom Gordon fitted out the 1915 expedition of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, and is a personal friend of Ronald Amundsen.

The Gordons, father and son, came south on the fur-trading schooner Charles Brower. "Ever since he was a small boy I promised I'd take him 'outside' to see the bright world of 'make-believe,'" said the elder Gordon. "Make-believe, because it doesn't seem substantial to me any more. Let the boy look around. I go North next spring, when the ice breaks."

Mickey can choose for himself—between "make-believe" and the frozen land of his birth.

MOONS OF JUPITER

BEHAVE LIKE OURS

U. of W. Astronomer Makes

Interesting Discovery.

Meerut Hamilton, Calif.—At least three of the moons of Jupiter, like the moon of the earth, rotate once on their axis in the same time that it takes them to make one revolution around their parent planet, declares Dr. Joel Stebbins, professor of astronomy at the University of Wisconsin, now working at the Lick observatory here.

Doctor Stebbins is making use of the twelve-inch refracting telescope of the observatory, and a photo-electric photometer by means of which the light from a star, planet or moon is focused on a film of metallic potassium. This results in a minute electric current which can be measured with a delicate galvanometer, and so the brightness of the object can be accurately determined.

Cut Off Jupiter's Light.

The chief difficulty is in keeping the brilliant light from Jupiter itself off the cell, but Doctor Stebbins has overcome this by the use of a small diaphragm with a hole through which the light from the satellite can shine, but not the planet. However, satellite I, the nearest to Jupiter, is too close to be measured even with this method.

Measurements have been made of I, II and IV. All of these satellites were discovered by Galileo in 1610 and can be seen with a small telescope. In addition there are five others, but these require a large instrument to make them visible.

Moons II, III and IV take three days, thirteen hours; seven days, four hours and sixteen days, eighteen hours respectively, to revolve around Jupiter and Doctor Stebbins finds that the variation of the light of the first two at least also follow these periods.

This, he explains, is probably due to their being bodies like our moon, and unequally bright over their surface, so that as a greater or less area of the bright surface is exposed to the earth their light is greater or less, because this is largely reflected sunlight.

Compares Light With Stars.

In order to check the photo-electric cell, Doctor Stebbins compares the light of the satellites with nearby stars, whose light is constant, and he suggests that this may be used as a possible check on the variation of sunlight. Direct measurements of sun-



OIL CALLS THE KILOWATT

The estimated monthly production of oil in the field embracing the counties of Shackelford and Callahan, and the northern portion of Coleman and Brown counties, is 800,000 barrels.

Thirty-five per cent of this production, or approximately 280,000 barrels, is pumped by electricity furnished over the lines of this company. There are 750 wells in this field equipped with electrically driven pumps. And in addition electricity is driving numerous pipe lines pumping stations, machinery in gasoline plants, carbon black plants, and gas compressor stations, is driving two drilling rigs at this time and is furnishing light throughout the field.

Here is a striking example of the diverse usage of electricity in industry—and that, too, in an industry where fuel (one of the major items of expense in power production) is extremely cheap. In a field where unlimited quantities of natural gas are available at virtually no expense, electricity, produced at generating stations many miles away, comes in to compete on an equal footing and holds its own.

No source of power known to industry is so convenient, so flexible, so safe, so sure, so economical as electricity. The preeminence of American industry is predicted on this modern miracle. Electric power is essential to its continued growth and prosperity.

That is why this company knows that it must, without fail, always be ready to furnish to the territory it serves electric energy in unlimited quantities and at reasonable rates. It must do this if it is to fulfill its duty in furthering the growth of the industries of West Texas.

And it *IS* doing that.

West Texas Utilities Company

NOTABLES COMING TO STATE FAIR PRESS DAY

Press Day at the State Fair of Texas, Dallas, which will be Monday, Oct. 11, is to be featured by a joint meeting of committees on law enforcement and court reform, from the Texas Bar Association and the Texas Press Association. Judge Marcus Kavanaugh, of the Cooke county Superior Court, Chicago, Ill., and Governor-Elect Dan Moody of Texas will both attend.

The meeting is scheduled for 2 p. m. in the auditorium, Monday, Oct. 11, and according to announcement over the signatures of all the committeemen, all citizens of Texas who are in sympathy with the movement, are invited to attend. The committee also requests that general announcement of the meeting be made by newspapers, by ministers from pulpits and on public occasions of every nature.

"The movement," according to the statement of the committee, "relates solely to the public welfare and must rely upon the support and sympathy of the citizenship which believes that something should be done to remedy conditions as they now exist."

\$141,488,000 Spent in U. S. on Cosmetics

Washington.—If the American flapper has decided to discard her vanity case and depend upon Old Sol for a healthy complexion, government statistics do not show it.

A Commerce department report placed the value of perfume, cosmetics and toilet preparations produced in 1925 at \$141,488,000, an increase of nearly 19 per cent over the 1923 census figure of \$119,237,000.

Last year's output was made up as follows: Creams and rouges, \$34,178,000; dentifrices, \$25,400,000; talcum and other toilet powders, \$21,423,000; other cosmetics and toilet preparations, \$20,694,000; perfumery and toilet waters, \$20,544,000; hair tonics, \$9,480,000; perfumery, cosmetics and toilet preparations not reported by class or kind, \$8,067,000, and hair dyes, \$1,443,000.

Fair Sued for \$24,000

for Slump in Hot Dogs

Camden, N. J.—Leon Fegho, former hot-dog vendor at the South Jersey Exposition grounds here, sued the exposition company for \$24,000 damages because, he complained, the hot dog business at the fair wasn't as good as the exposition directors represented to him and he was forced to close his concession stands after suffering severe financial losses.

He asserted that glowing promises of much trade in the succulent links were made to him by the exposition management, but that the crowds didn't arrive and the hot dogs died on the griddle.

The Baird Star.

BAIRD, TEXAS

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1926
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W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor

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GENERAL ELECTION, TUESDAY,
NOVEMBER 2, 1926

We wish to make an appeal to all Democrats, especially those who supported Mrs. Ferguson for reelection, to vote the Democratic ticket straight from the governor to constable. We know that many hard things were said against the Fergusons and those who supported Mrs. Ferguson, and some will perhaps refuse to vote for Moody. Well don't vote against him. Don't do what some of the leading Moody supporters have predicted and are hoping that all Ferguson's friends, will vote the Republican ticket, for governor. The best thing to do in politics or private life is to do exactly the reverse of what your enemies, want you to do.

We are anxious for the 285,000 Democrats who voted for Mrs. Ferguson in the primary to prove themselves loyal Democrats, and not bolters of the Tom Love stripe, and 200,000 of his crowd, did two years ago voted for the Republican nominee for governor. They came back in the primaries this year and virtually dictated the nominee for governor this year.

Owing to the long serious illness, we are somewhat out of touch with political affairs in the state, but we are anxious for all of Mrs. Ferguson's supporters this year to refuse to follow the example of the Tom Love crowd two years ago. Spite work never pays in the long run in politics or anything else.

The writer voted for Mrs. Ferguson in the first primary and but for serious illness would have voted for her in the second. For so doing, we have no apologies to make and would do the same thing again if it were to do over, but if able to get to the polls election*day, we intend to vote for, every nominee from Dan Moody for governor to Lee Counts for Constable and want every supporter of Mrs. Ferguson in Callahan county to do likewise, except as to your precinct officers of course. We have no favors to ask of Dan Moody and expect none, just going to vote for him because he is the Democratic nominee for governor; from Coke, 1873-1875 to Mrs. Ferguson, Why? Because we went in the primary and voted not for Dan Moody, but he is the Democratic nominee. We have done this way for 53 years and am too old to change. Many nominees besides Dan Moody, have we opposed but never voted for the Republican nominee at the general election against any of them.

Party affiliation is a voluntary act, but when one goes into a primary and votes a ticket with a party pledge printed or not printed on it, as we see it, is morally bound to vote for all nominees or at the very least not to vote against any of them.

If the example of the Tom Love crowd is followed by many Democrats the party is doomed to eventually go to smash. Dan Moody and the entire Democratic state ticket will be elected regardless of what individual Democrats do. The object in writing this is to impress upon all Democrats that, as we see it, a party pledge means what it says and is not a scrap of paper. We know that many friends, do not agree with our interpretation of a party pledge, and proved it by voting for Butte, Republican, two years ago, but we still stand by our opinion. A party pledge, expressed or implied is as binding as any other promise. There is no way getting around or away from that fact. No

matter what plausible arguement one may use to disprove it. Vote the ticket if you went in the primary, if you cannot conscientiously, do this; then, do not vote against any part of it.

THE CONQUERED BANNER

Abram Joseph Ryan

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not one left to leave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes, now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!
Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.
Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should
never

Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!
Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplored it,
Now who furl and fold it so.
Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.
Furl the Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!
Published by Request.

IN RE: GUARDIAN OF THE ESTATE OF JUANITA, DORINE, AND LORINE FINCH, MINORS

In the County Court of Callahan County, Texas.

No. 665.
Notice is hereby given, that I, H. C. McGowan, Guardian of the estate of Juanita, Dorine, and Lorine Finch, Minors, have this day filed an application in the above numbered and entitled cause, for authority to execute a mineral, oil and gas lease, upon such terms as the court may order and direct, upon and covering an undivided interest of 50 acres in and to 100 acres of land out of the Baker Larkin Survey No. 781, Abstract No. 264 and further described in deed executed by J. H. Finch and wife to Dan Finch on January 20, 1913, which deed is recorded in Book 48, page 258, of the deed records of Callahan County, Texas, to which reference is here made for more complete description of said 100 acres of land.

Said application will be heard by the County Judge of Callahan County, Texas, in the County Court Room at the Court House in the City of Baird, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the First day of November, 1926.

H. C. McGowan,
Guardian of the Estate of Juanita, Dorine and Lorine Finch, Minors.

IN RE: GUARDIANSHIP OF THE ESTATE OF MARSHAL MANNING AND VERA MANNING, MINORS

In the County Court of Callahan County, Texas.

No. 576.
Notice is hereby given, that I, Ben Halsted, Guardian of the estates of Marshall Manning and Vera Manning, Minors, have this day filed an application in the above numbered and entitled cause for authority to execute a mineral, oil and gas lease upon such terms as the Court may order and direct, upon and covering the following described tracts of land, situated in Callahan County, Texas, to-wit:

First Tract: The W. ¼ of the S. E. ¼ of Sur. No. 152, B. B. & C. R. Co. land, containing 40 acres, more or less.

Second Tract: 20 acres off of the West side of a 120 acre tract formerly owned by G. L. Carlisle and being a part of the S. E. ¼ of B. B. & C. R. Co. Sur. No. 152, beginning at the S. E. cor. of a 40 acre tract conveyed to J. L. Denham by G. L. Carlisle; Thence North to the North-east corner of said 40 acre tract; Thence East, South and West far enough to embrace 20 acres.

Third Tract: 40 acres out of the E. M. Simpson Pre-emption beginning in the North boundary line of Sur. No. 26, S. P. Ry. Co.; Thence North 825 vrs. to corner in South boundary

line of Sur. 152 B. B. & C. R. R. Co.; Thence West 273 7-10 vrs. corner; Thence South 825 vrs. corner in west boundry line of Sur. No. 26, S. P. Ry. Co.; Thence East 273 7-10 vrs. to the place of beginning.

The three tracts containing in the aggregate 100 acres of land more or less, and being the same land conveyed by C. C. Gilly and wife to Marshall Manning and Vera Manning by deed recorded in Vol. 107, page 492, deed records of Callahan County, Texas.

Said application will be heard by the County Judge of Callahan County, Texas, in the County Court Room at the Court House in the City of Baird, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the First day of November, A. D. 1926.

Ben Halsted,
Guardian of the Estate of Marshall Manning and Vera Manning, Minors.

BIG AND POPULAR TENT SHOW TO BE IN BAIRD ALL NEXT WEEK

Starting next Monday night, Oct. 25th, clever little Hila Morgan will begin a one weeks engagement in Baird under her tent theatre Beautiful.

This company has never before visited Baird and are coming here direct from Abilene, where they show each year. All their plays are new to the people of Baird and the Vaudeville and music between acts are clean and high-class.

Hila Morgan is a sister of Mrs. Monroe Hopkins—of the Hopkins Players that were in Baird a few weeks ago, and Manager Morgan boasts of the Hopkins Show and the Hila Morgan Shows, being the biggest and best traveling.—Ladies will be admitted free Monday night.

Clyde Halsted, who is ill with typhoid fever, is reported improving, we are glad to learn.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

C. C. Hoffman, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. Jones et al, Defendants.

In the District Court of Lubbock County, Texas, August Term, A. D. 1926.

The State of Texas, County of Callahan WHEREAS, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Lubbock County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 17th day of August, A. D. 1926, in favor of the said C. C. Hoffman and against the defendants, E. L. Jones and his wife, Emma Louciel Jones, and R. J. Murray, No. 2555 on the docket of said court, I did, on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1926, at 10 o'clock A. M., levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situated in the County of Callahan, State of Texas, and belonging to the defendants, E. L. Jones and Emma Louciel Jones, to-wit:

One hundred seven (107) acres of land out of the Charles H. Bennett Survey No. 768, Certificate No. 2747-2848, dated February 15, 1853, patented to Charles H. Bennett on May 28, 1860, by Patent No. 188, Vol. 16, Abstract No. 9, and being the East 107 acres of said named survey (the original survey containing 860 acres) and being that portion of said survey decreed to Mrs. Fannie J. Brown, a feme sole, by judgment of the District Court of Callahan County, Texas, dated November 13, 1910, recorded in the minutes of said court, Vol. E Pages 439 to 443, inclusive and in Vol. 45, page 254 of the Deed Records of Callahan County, Texas, to which instruments, judgment and records reference is here made.

And on the 2nd day of November, 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, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all rights, title and interest of the said E. L. Jones and his wife, Emma Louciel Jones, and R. J. Murray, in and to said property.

Dated at Baird, Texas, this the 6th day of October, A. D. 1926.

G. H. Corn, Sheriff,
of Callahan County, Texas. 45-3t.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State Of Texas

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

You are Hereby Commanded to summon B. P. Maltby, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the 42nd Judicial District Court of Callahan County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, on the First Monday in November A. D. 1926, the same being the First day of November A. D. 1926, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 29th day of September A. D. 1926, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court as

No. 7172, wherein C. B. Holmes, is Plaintiff, and Fannie B. Price, W. M. Price, B. P. Maltby, W. O. Maltby, W. R. Ely, and G. W. Branch are Defendants, and said petition alleging* The State of Texas

In the District Court of Callahan County, Texas; November Term, 1926. To the Honorable W. R. Ely, Judge of Said Court:

1. Comes now C. B. Holmes, who resides in Callahan County, Texas hereinafter called plaintiff, complaining of Fannie B. Price, joined herein pro forma by her husband W. M. Price, B. P. Maltby, W. O. Maltby, W. R. Ely and G. W. Branch, herein-after called defendants.

2. That the defendants Fannie B. Price, W. M. Price and W. O. Maltby reside in Callahan County, Texas, and the defendants W. R. Ely and G. W. Branch reside in Taylor County, Texas, and that the residence of the defendant B. P. Maltby is to this plaintiff unknown.

3. And for Cause of action, plaintiff represents to the court that plaintiff and the defendants Fannie B. Price and B. P. Maltby are the joint owners of and tenants in common in the fee simple title to the following described land and premises, situated in the County of Callahan and State of Texas, to-wit:

166 ½ acres, more or less, out of a part of a tract of 640 acres known as Survey, No. 19, in Block No. 5, S. P. Ry. Co. Land, Abstract No. 326, further bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the South-west corner of said survey No. 19, in Blk. No. 5;

Thence East with the south boundary line of said Survey 1338 varas to the South-east corner of said Survey;

Thence North with the East boundary line of said Survey 2700 varas to the North-east corner of said Survey;

Thence West with the North line of said Survey 117 varas, more or less, to the North-east corner of a 146 acre tract out of the North-west corner of said survey now owned by W. M. Price;

Thence South with the East boundary line of said 146 acre tract owned by W. M. Price, 675 varas, more or less, to the South-east corner of same;

Thence West 80 varas, more or less, to the North-east corner of a tract of 160 acres out of said survey conveyed by Mary F. Maltby and husband W. J. Maltby to Morgan and Fannie B. Price by deed dated February 20, 1901, which deed is recorded in Vol. 28, Page 394, Deed Records of Callahan County, Texas, and is here referred to;

Thence South with the East boundary line of said 160 acre tract, continuing South with the East boundary line of a tract of 160 acres conveyed by Mary F. Maltby and husband W. J. Maltby to W. M. Price and Fannie B. Price by Deed dated Sept. 8, 1903, which Deed is Recorded in Vol. 30, Page 511, Deed Records of said county, 1504 varas, more or less, to the South-east corner of said last above described 160 acre tract;

Thence West with the South boundary line of said last above described 160 acre tract to its South-west corner, stake in West boundary line of said Survey No. 19;

Thence South with the West boundary line of said Survey No. 19, 752 varas more or less, to the place of beginning.

4. That Plaintiff is the owner of one equal undivided 1-3 part of said land and premises, and that the defendants Fannie B. Price and B. P. Maltby are each owners of an undivided 1-3 part of said land and premises. That Plaintiff and defendants Fannie B. Price and B. P. Maltby are the sole owners of said land and premises so far as known to this plaintiff, and the estimated value thereof is \$1000.00.

5. That the defendants W. O. Maltby, W. R. Ely and G. W. Branch are claiming some interest in said land and premises which interest is unknown to this plaintiff. That the defendant W. M. Price is the husband of Fannie B. Price, and is joined herein pro forma only.

Wherefore, plaintiff prays the court that defendants be cited to appear and answer this petition, and that he have judgment for the partition and division of said land and premises; that commissioners be appointed and a writ of partition issued, and for possession of that portion by judgment of the court as may be ascertained and declared to be the property of Plaintiff, and for such other and further relief, special and general, in law and equity, that he may be justly entitled to.

B. L. Russell, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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

Given-Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas this 29th day of September A. D. 1926

Mrs. Kate Hearn Clerk,
District Court, Callahan County.

Christmas Greetings

carry a message of peace, love and good will characteristic of the holiday season, and friends and relatives appreciate these sentiments more than expensive gifts, which call for a similar return

Business Greetings sent to customers and clients at the mid-winter holiday season create good will, and good will is one of the best assets of any business institution.

Inspect our handsome line of samples, cards, letters and folders. Orders placed now will obviate any disappointment in December.

The Star Print Shop

Phone No. 8: Baird, Texas

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

Morgan Chevrolet Co.

Phone 218 Phone 218

Dr. E. E. Cockerell

Rectal and Skin Specialist, of Abilene, will be in

Baird, Tuesday, Oct. 26th

At Hotel Mae. Hours: 1 to 5 P. M.

BARGAIN RATE

On a Real Morning Newspaper for West Texas

The Abilene Morning News

Full Associated Press Leased Wires
Published by the Reporter Publishing Co., Inc. and

The Baird Star

Both Papers One Year For

In Callahan County Outside Callahan Co.

\$5.00

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These Rate Apply to Both New Subscriptions or Renewals

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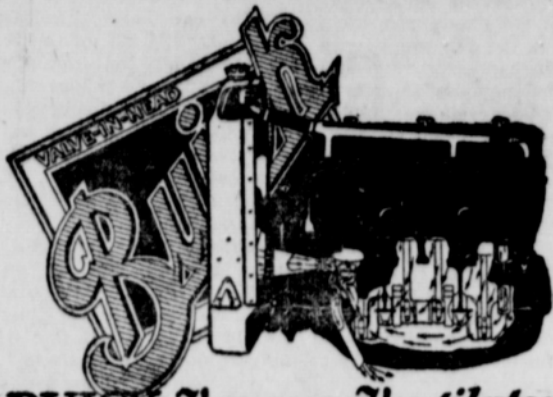
CAPITAL \$ 50,000.00
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The BUICK Vacuum Ventilator
Keeps the Crankcase clean . . . just as
your vacuum cleans your rugs at home

The Buick Vacuum Ventilator pulls noxious engine vapors out of the crankcase.

New luxury is added to Buick ownership by this remarkable device. It keeps the air inside the car free from disagreeable engine fumes.

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THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

SHELTON MOTOR COMPANY
Abilene, Texas

STUDIO

Opening Day, Saturday, Oct. 30

We are opening a Studio in Baird. Will be located up-stairs over First State Bank. See our ad next week.

T. S. Higginbotham Studio

The Hanley Filling Station
NOW OPEN

To give the best of service. Located in East Baird near overhead bridge
Mrs. Billy Hanley, Manager

PAY YOUR BILLS BY CHECK

PROTECT YOURSELF from the errors of others by paying bills by check. A checking account makes it easier for you to save a part of your income. It also promotes accuracy; is a convenience because you always have the exact change; stands for safety, as your money is out of the way of the "small purchase" temptation, loss by fire, etc. Why not start a checking account at This Bank, conserve your income, and get a receipt for each and every time you pay money to anyone?

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BAIRD, TEXAS

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

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NOT ALL GOOD

We never tried to make anyone believe that all Used Cars were good cars. But we do insist that the Used Cars we sell are good cars. And the people who buy them know it.

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

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

CLASSIFIED ADS

CLASSIFIED ADS—in The Star, pays

EAT AT THE NEW DINING—Room at the Callahan Hotel. 47-1tp.

BED ROOM FOR RENT—Neatly furnished. See, or phone Mrs. M. J. Gilliland. Phone, 158. 46-2tpd.

HOUSE FOR RENT—\$12.00 per month, lights and water furnished free has bath. See T. B. Hadley. 46-tf.

JOB PRINTING done by The Star Print Shop—is all first class work.

FOR RENT:—A nicely furnished bedroom; use of garage if desired. See or phone, Mrs. W. D. Boydston, Phone, 34. 44-tf.

FOR SALE:—A Fordor, 1926 Model Ford. Good mechanical condition; Awnings on Front Doors; Good Rubber. Cash or Terms. For information, Call at The Star Office. Or Phone No. 8. 44-tf.

FOR SALE—The J. F. Collins farm, 6 miles south of Clyde; 221 acres; 110 in cultivation; one set of improvements; running water the year round. For price and terms, see Mrs. J. F. Collins, Clyde, Texas, Rt. 2. 45-tf.

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

FOR FRESH INFERTILE EGGS—see Mrs. Aaron Bell, 2 and one half miles, West of Baird. Also turnip greens, and sweet potatoes, for sale. 47-2tp.

CHICKENS FOR SALE—About 75 full blood Buff Minorca chickens, for sale at \$1.00 each. See or phone, Mrs. J. H. Terrell. Phone 112. 47-tf.

SEED OATS—Red Rust Proof Seed Oats for sale. Free from johnson grass and weed seed. See or phone, Mrs. J. H. Terrell. Phone 112. 47-tf.

FOR SALE—1925 model Dodge touring Car, in good condition. Will trade for small car or sell for cash. See W. R. Thompson, at Ray's Garage. 47-2tpd.

CHICKENS AND TURKEYS FOR SALE

White Leghorns Cockerells, D. W. Young strain, \$5.00 each. Big Bronze Turkeys. Toms \$10.00 each, Hens \$6.00 to \$10.00.

B. F. McCaw,
Baird, Texas Rt. 1.

They Both Won

Two Scotchmen entered a contest to determine who could stay under water longer. The bet was a half crown. Both were drowned.—Ambassador.

CARD OF THANKS

We sincerely thank all our friends and neighbors for their assistance and sympathy during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father. We wish to especially thank the rail road men, and the Knights of Pythias. We also thank our friends for the many beautiful flowers.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Elmore Hanley
and family

PERSONALS

J. J. Price is quite ill.

J. M. Shelton, of Admiral, was in town, Monday.

Lee Champion, of Cottonwood, was in Baird Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Saddler, of Rowden, were in town, Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Roe Keilty, of Amarillo, came in Sunday night on a visit to her father, B. L. Boydston and other relatives.

A cold north wind has been blowing for two or three days, not cold, but really pleasant, after the rather warm weather that preceded it.

Mr. J. D. Boydston and daughter, Miss Myrtle, left yesterday on the Sunshine Special for Rockwall, to visit relatives.

L. D. Boyd, of Clyde, has accepted a position with B. L. Boydston. Mr. Boyd is no stranger in Baird and his many friends will find him in the Dry Goods department at Boydstuns.

R. G. Jones, of California, sent Mr. W. R. Thompson, of Baird, 22 tomatoes that weighed 25 pounds. They were grown by him on his farm in California.

C. E. Johnson, Jr., of Big Springs, was a pleasant caller at The Star office last Saturday. C. E. is a former Baird boy. He was enroute home from Cisco where he attended the foot ball game between Cisco and Big Springs.

T. M. (Top) Windham, and son, Sam, and Will Cutbirth, of Brown County, were in Baird on business yesterday. Top is a son of the late Sam R. Windham, of Brown County, and a nephew of Mrs. W. E. Gilliland, Mrs. J. W. Jones, of Baird.

Pestmaster, M. J. Holmes was confined to his bed at home for several days the past week, but was so far recovered as to go down to the Post Office for a time, Thursday. Mrs. Holmes has also been quite ill, but is improving.

Woodfin Ray, who is with the Hayes Drug Co., at Abilene, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ray. Woodfin received his State Certificate as a Registered Pharmacist a few days ago. He completed a two years course in Baylor College, Dallas, in September.

Mrs. H. A. Lones and daughters: Mrs. W. P. Kershner, Mrs. W. J. Bowler and son, of Abilene and Miss Lois Moon, are visiting in Fort Worth Shreveport, Lo., and Madille, Okla.

BIG CITY ATTRACTION TO PLAY BAIRD—ONE WEEK

The Roe Nero's Comedians will play here for a week, beginning Nov. 1st. The company consists of 20 people, presenting the latest released High Royalty Play "Valley Center" a rural comedy drama, full of laughs and every day situations as may happen to any person.

The plays are correctly costumed, not overdrawn; special electrical effects and has a number of novel presentations in the way of Vaudeville acts which are without a doubt of Big Time Calliber. The company comes endorsed by press pulpit, and public as being a party of ladies and gentlemen worthy of the patronage of the public at large.



Flannel, Jersey and Plaid Light-weight Woolens Make Warm Serviceable Frocks for Vivacious Children

Ready for School or Play

AT VERY small cost you can make these frocks. There are many inexpensive materials from which to choose at our Piece-Goods Department. And at our Butterick Department you will find these and many other patterns of new Fall styles.

After You Buy Your Butterick Pattern
Visit Our Piece-Goods Department

You will find the new colors in Wool Crepe, Jersey and many other materials to choose from.

In Wash Goods you will find fast color Prints also solids for pretty House Dresses

Ready-to-Wear and Millinery SPECIALS

Saturday & Monday
For these 2 Days we will sell our Entire Stock of Dresses at 1-4 off the regular Price for CASH

HATS

for these 2 Days Only for CASH we will sell any hat in the house, both Ladies and Children's, at

1-2 Regular Price

There are a lot of pretty hats in this selection so come early before they are picked over.

FREE

With every Black and White 25c Toothbrush we sell, we will give you a Tube of Black and White Tooth Paste

B. L. BOYDSTUN

The Place Where It Pays You to Trade

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



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. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after discussing affairs with Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II

The Heroic Day

Little Patience had forgotten the red balloon, overnight. Lydia had known that she would. Nevertheless, with the feeling that something was owing to the baby, she decided to turn this Saturday into an extra season of delight for her little charge.

"Do you care, dad," asked Lydia, at breakfast, "if baby and I have lunch over at the lake shore?"

"Not if you're careful," answered Amos. He dug into his coat pocket and brought up a handful of tobacco from which he disinterred two pennies.

"Here," he said, "one for each of you. Don't be late for supper, chickens."

He kissed the two children, picked up his dinner pail and was off. Lydia, her red cheeks redder than usual, smiled at Lizzie, as she dropped the pennies into the pocket of her blouse and stuffed a gray and frowsy little handkerchief on top of them.

"Isn't he the best old daddy?" she exclaimed.

"Sure," said Lizzie absently, as she poured out her third cupful of coffee. "Lydia, that dress of yours is real dirty. You get into something else and I'll wash it out today."

"I haven't got much of anything else to get into, have I, Lizzie?—except my Sunday dress."

"You are dreadful short of clothes, child, what with the way you grow and the way you climb trees. I'm trying to save enough out of the grocery money to get you a couple more of them galatea dresses for when school opens, but land—your poor mother was such a hand with the needle, you used to look a perfect picture."

"There," warned by the sudden droop of Lydia's mouth, "I tell you, you'll be in and out of the water all day, anyhow. Both of you get into the bathing suits your Aunt Emily sent you."

"All right," answered Lydia, soberly. "Wouldn't you think Aunt Emily would have more sense than to send all those gowns and clothes? Who did she think's going to make 'em over, now?"

"I don't know, child. The poor thing is dead now, anyhow. Folks is always thoughtless about charity. Why I wasn't taught to sew, I don't know. Anyhow, the bathing suits she got special for you two."

"You bet your life, I'm going to learn how to sew," said Lydia, rising to untie the baby's bib. "I'm practicing on Florence Dombey. Mother had taught me straight seams and had just begun me on over and over, when—"

"Over and over," repeated the baby, softly.

Lizzie put out a plump, toll-scarred hand and drew Lydia to her. "There, dearie! Think about other things. What shall poor old Liz fix you for lunch?"

The child rubbed her bright cheek against the old woman's faded one. "You are a solid comfort to me, Lizzie," she said with a sigh. Then after a moment she exclaimed, eagerly, "Oh! Lizzie, do you think we could have a deviled egg? Is it too expensive?"

"You shall have a deviled egg if I have to steal it. But maybe you might dust up the parlor a bit while I get things ready."

Lydia established Little Patience on the dining-room floor with a linen picture book, brought in a broom and dustpan from the kitchen and began furiously to sweep the parlor. When the dust cleared somewhat she emerged with the dustpan heaped with sweepings and the corners of the room still untouched. Then with a sense of duty well done, she lifted Little Patience and carried her up into the little bedroom.

The bathing suits were pretty blue woolen things, and when the two presented themselves to Lizzie in the kitchen the old woman exclaimed, "Well, if ever I seen two fairies!"

"A thin one and a fat one," chuckled Lydia. "Push the baby carriage down over the steps for me, Lizzie, and I'll prepare for our long, hard voyage."

Patience was established in her perambulator with her linen picture book. Florence Dombey was settled at her feet, with "Men of Iron." The box of cigar box and the knife packed in a pasteboard box were tied to one end of the carriage. Patience's milk, packed in a tin nail of ice, was laid

on top of "Men of Iron." The paper bag of lunch dangled from the handlebar and Lydia announced the preparations complete.

The way to the lake shore led under the maple trees for several blocks. Then the board walk turned abruptly to cross a marsh high-grown now with ripening cat-tails. Having safely crossed the marsh, the walk ended in a grass-grown path. Lydia trundled the heavy perambulator with some difficulty along the path. The August sun was hot. She panted. "You are getting fat, baby! Darn it, I wish I had a bicycle!"

"Aboy there! Hard sport with your helm, mate!" came a shout from behind her. A boy in a bright-red bathing suit jumped off a bicycle.

"Hello, Kent!" said Lydia.

"Hello, yourself!" returned Kent. "Wait and I'll hitch to the front axle." He untied a stout cord from his handlebars and proceeded to fasten it from his saddle post to the perambulator. Lydia watched him with a glowing face. She was devoted to Kent, although they quarreled a great deal. He was a handsome boy, two years Lydia's senior; not tall for his years, but already broad and sturdy, with crinkly black hair and clear, black-lashed brown eyes. His face was round and ruddy under its summer tan. His lips were full and strong—an aggressive, jolly boy, with a quick temper and a generous heart. He and Lydia had been friends since kindergarten days.

"I'm going to stay in the Willows all day," said Lydia. "Don't go too fast, Kent."

"Dit-up! Dit-up, horsy!" screamed Little Patience.

The path, after a few moments, shifted to the lake shore. The water there lapped quietly on a sandy beach, deep shaded by willows. Kent dismounted.

"Discharge your cargo!" he cried. "Don't be so bossy," said Lydia. "This is my party."

"All right, then I won't play with you."

"Nobody asked you to, smarty. I was going to give you my deviled egg for lunch."

"Gosh," said Kent, "did you bring your lunch? Say, I guess I'll go home and get mother to give me some. But let's play pirates, first."

"All right! I choose to be chief first," agreed Lydia.

"And I'm the cannibal and baby's the stolen princess," said Kent.

The three children plunged into the game which is the common property of childhood. For a time, bloody captures, savage orgies, escape, pursuit, looting of great ships and burial of treasure, transformed the quiet shore to a theater of high crime. At last, as the August noon waxed high, and the hostage princess fell fast asleep in her perambulator cave, the cannibal, who had shifted to captured duke, bowed before the pirate.

"Sir," he said in a deep voice, "I have bethought myself of still further treasure which, if you will allow me to go after in my trusty boat, I will get and bring to you—if you will allow me to say farewell at that time to my wife and babes."

"Ha!" returned the pirate. "How do I know you'll come back?"

The duke folded his arms. "You have my word of honor which never fails, and never will be broken."

"Go, duke, but return ere sundown." The pirate made a magnificent gesture toward the bicycle. "And say, Kent, bring plenty to fill yourself up, for I'm awful hungry and I'll need all we've got."

She was giving Little Patience her bread and milk, when Kent returned with a paper bag.

"Ma was cross at me for pestering her, but I managed to get some sandwiches and doughnuts. Come on, let's begin. Gee, there's a squaw!"

Coming toward the three children seated in the sand by the perambulator was a thin bent old woman, leaning on a stick.

"Dirty old beggar," said Kent, beginning to devour his sandwiches.

"Isn't she awful!" exclaimed Lydia. Begging Indians were no novelty to Lake City children, but this one was so old and thin that Lydia was horrified. Toothless, her black hair streaked with gray, her calico dress unspeakably dirty, her hands like birds' claws clasping her stick, the squaw stopped in front of the children.

"Eat!" she said, pointing to her mouth, while her sunken black eyes were fixed on Kent's sandwiches.

Little Patience looked up and began to whimper with fear.

"Get out, you old rip!" said Kent. "Eat! Eat!" insisted the squaw, a certain ferocity in her manner.

"Did you walk clear in from the reservation?" asked Lydia.

The squaw nodded, and held out her scrawny hand for the children's inspection. "No eats, all time no eats! You give eats—poor old woman."

"Oh, Kent, she's half starved! Let's give her some of our lunch," exclaimed Lydia.

"Not on your life," returned Kent. "Dirty, lazy lot! Why don't they work?"

"If we'd go halves, we'd have enough," insisted Lydia.

"You told me you'd only enough for yourself. Get out of here, you old she-devil."

The squaw did not so much as glance at Kent. Her eyes were fastened on Lydia, with the look of a hungry, expectant dog. Lydia ran her fingers through her damp curls, and sighed. Then she gave Little Patience her share of the bread and butter and a cookie. She held the precious deviled egg in its twist of paper on top of the remainder of the bread and cookies and handed them to the Indian.

"You can't have any of mine, if you give yours up!" warned Kent.

"I don't want any, pig!" returned Lydia.

The old squaw received the food with trembling fingers and broke into sobs, that tore at her old throat painfully. She said something to Lydia in Indian, and then to the children's surprise, she bundled the food up in her skirt and started as rapidly as possible back in the direction whence she had come.

"She's taking it back to some one," said Kent.

"Poor thing!" said Lydia.

"Poor thing!" sniffed Kent. "It would be a good thing if they were all dead. My father says so."

"Well, I guess your father don't know everything," snapped Lydia.

"Eying," said Patience, who had finished her lunch and was digging in the sand.

Kent paused in the beginning of his attack on his last sandwich to look Lydia over. She was as thin as a half-grown chicken in her wet bathing suit. Her damp curls, clinging to her head and her eyes a little heavy with heat and weariness after her morning of play, made her look scarcely older than Patience. Kent wouldn't confess, even to himself, how fond he was of Lydia.

"Here," he said gruffly. "I can't eat this sandwich. Mother made me too many. And here's a doughnut."

"Thanks, Kent," said Lydia meekly. She held Patience's abbreviated



"Thanks, Kent," said Lydia meekly, bathing suit skirt with one hand.

"Where are you heading for, baby?" she asked.

"Mardy! Mardy!" screamed Patience, tugging at her leash.

"Oh, rats, it's Margery Marshall. Look at the duds on her. She makes me sick," growled Kent.

"She's crazy about Little Patience," answered Lydia, "so I put up with a lot from her."

She loosed her hold on Patience. The baby trundled along the sand to meet the little girl in an immaculate white sailor suit, who approached pushing a doll buggy large enough to hold Patience. She ran to meet the baby and kissed her, then allowed her to help push the doll carriage.

"Mardy tum! Mardy tum!" chanted Patience.

Margery's black hair was in a long braid, tied with a wide white ribbon. Margery's hands were clean and so were her white stockings and shoes. She brought the doll's carriage to pause before Lydia and Kent and gazed at them appraisingly out of bright black eyes—beautiful eyes, large and heavily lashed. Kent's face was dirty and sweat streaked. His red bathing suit was gray with sand and green with grass stain. On his head he wore his favorite headgear, a disreputable white cotton cap with the words "Goldenrod Club Mills" across the front.

"Well," he said belligerently, to Margery, "do you see anything green?"

Margery shrugged her shoulders. "Watcha playing?"

"Nothing! Want to play it?" replied Lydia.

"Thanks," answered Margery. "I'll watch you two while I sit with the baby. Isn't she just ducky in that bathing suit?"

Lydia melted visibly and showed a flash of white teeth. "You bet! How's Gwendolyn?" nodding toward the great bisque doll seated in the won-

derful doll carriage. "I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she succumbed and began to grovel in the sand with the other two. Constant small avalanches of sand and silt from the bank powdered the children's hair and clothes with gray-black dust.

"Gosh, this is too much like work," growled Kent, at last. "I'll tell you, let's play the finding of Friday's father."

"I don't want to be tied up in a boat," protested Margery, at once.

"Mardy not in boat," chorused Little Patience, toddling to the water's edge and throwing in a handful of sand.

"Isn't she a love!" sighed Margery.

"Huh, you girls make me sick," snorted Kent. "We won't tie you in the boat. We'll bring the boat in and get you, then we'll anchor it out where it is now, and—and—I'll go get Smith's rowboat, and Friday and I'll come out and rescue you."

Margery hesitated. "Aw, come on!" urged Kent. "Don't be such a 'frail cat. That's why us kids don't like you, you're such a silly, dressed-up doll."

The banker's daughter flushed. Though she loved the pretty clothes and though the sense of superiority to other children, carefully cultivated by her mother, was the very breath of her nostrils, she had never been quite so happy as this afternoon when grubbing on an equality with these three inferior children.

"I'm not afraid at all and I'm just as dirty as Lydia is. Go ahead with your boat."

They tethered Patience with Kent's cord to one of the willow trees and Margery was paddled out several boat lengths from the shore and the great stone that served for anchor was dropped over. Kent took a clean dive overboard, swam ashore and disappeared along the willow path. Little Patience set up a wail.

"Baby tum too, Baby tum, too," she wept.

"I'll go stay with her till Kent comes," said Lydia, diving into the water as casually as if she were rising from a chair.

"I won't stay in this awful boat alone!" shrieked Margery.

Lydia swam steadily to the shore, then turned. Margery was standing up in the boat.

"Sit down! Sit down!" cried Lydia.

Margery, beside herself with fear, tossed her arms. "I won't stay in this old—"

There was a great splash and a choking cry as Margery's black braid disappeared beneath the water.

"And she can't swim," gasped Lydia. "Kent!" she screamed, and made a flying leap into the water. Her slender, childish arms seemed suddenly steel. Her thin little legs took a racing stroke like tiny propellers. Margery came up on the far side of the boat and uttered another choking cry before she went down again. Lydia dove, caught the long black braid and brought the frenzied little face to the surface. Margery immediately threw an arm around Lydia's neck, and Lydia hit her in the face with a clenched small fist and all the strength she could muster.

"Let go, or I'll let you drown. Turn over on your back. There isn't a thing to be afraid of."

Margery, with a sob, obeyed and Lydia towed her the short distance to the boat. "There, catch hold," she said.

Both the children clung to the gunwale, Margery choking and sobbing.

"I can't lift you into the boat," panted Lydia. "But quit your crying. You're safe. There's Kent."

Kent had heard the call and some note of need in it registered, after a moment, in his mind. He ran back and leaped into the water.

He clambered into the boat and reaching over pulled Margery bodily over the gunwale. The child, sick and hysterical, huddled into the bottom of the boat.

"Are you all right, Lyd?" he asked.

"Sure," replied Lydia, who was beginning to recover her breath.

It was the work of a minute to ground the boat. Then unfeeling little Patience's lamentations, the two children looked at each other and at Margery.

"I'll run for her mother," said Kent.

"And scare her to death! She isn't hurt a bit," insisted Lydia. "Margery, stop crying. You're all right. I tell you."

"I'll tell you," said Kent, "let's put her in Patience's carriage, and carry her home. The water she swallowed makes her awful sick at her stomach. I guess."

The fright over, the old spirit of adventure, with an added sense of heroism, animated Kent and Lydia. Margery was teased out of the boat and assisted into the perambulator with her dripping white legs dan-

ging helplessly over the end. Little Patience's tears were assuaged when she was placed in the doll buggy, with Margery's doll in her arms. Florence Dombey was tied papoose fashion to Lydia's back. The bicycle was hidden in the cave and with Kent wheeling Margery and Lydia, Patience, the procession started wildly for home.

By the time they had turned into the home street, Margery was beginning to recover, but she was still shivering and inclined to sob. Other children followed them and it was quite an imposing group that turned in at the Marshall gate, just as Mrs. Marshall came to the door to bid a guest good-by.

The scene that followed was difficult for either Lydia or Kent to describe afterward. There was a hullabaloo that brought half the mothers of the neighborhood into the yard. The doctor was sent for. Margery was put to bed and Kent and Lydia were mentioned as murderers, low-down brats and coarse little brutes by Mrs. Marshall, who ended by threatening them with the police.

Old Lizzie appeared on the scene in time to take Lydia's part and Kent disappeared after Mrs. Marshall had told him that Margery's father would be around to see his father that evening.

"Is the child dead?" demanded old Lizzie, holding Patience on one arm while Lydia clung to the other.

"She was able to walk upstairs," said a neighbor. "It's just Mrs. Marshall's way, you know."

"I'll way her," snorted Lizzie. "Fine thanks to Lydia for saving the child. Come home with your old Liz, dearie, and get into the nice clean dress I've got for you."

Lydia told the story to Amos at supper time. He was much disturbed.

"I've told you often and often, Lydia, never to endanger a child that can't swim. You and Kent should have had more sense."

The quick tears sprang to the child's eyes. She was still much shaken.

"Is this lesson enough for you, or must I forbid your playing in the water? I thought I could trust you absolutely."

"Stop your scolding her, Amos Dudley," exclaimed old Lizzie. "I won't have it. She's too nervous a child."

Amos was saved a reply by a ring at the doorbell. Lizzie let Margery's father in. He was a short, red-faced man with black hair and eyes. He was too much excited now to stand on ceremony, and he followed Lizzie into the dining-room.

"This won't do, Dudley. These wild young ones of yours—"

"Wait a minute, Marshall," interrupted Amos, with a dignity that he had brought with him from New England. "Margery is all right, so we can go over this thing calmly. Sit down and listen to Lydia's story. Tell him, Lydia."

Lydia left her place and crowded up against her father's side. Old Lizzie was holding the baby.

"It was like this," Lydia began. "Baby and me were going to play by ourselves under the willows. Then Kent, he came and he played pirates with us. And then, right after we'd had our lunch, Margery she came along and Kent and I were mad—"

The child paused unconsciously and rubbed her curly yellow head with her thin little hand in an embarrassed way.

"Why were you mad, Lydia?" In spite of himself, Marshall's voice was softening, as Amos had known it would. Lydia made a deep appeal somehow to the tenderness of men.

"Tell Mr. Marshall all you told me, Lydia," said Amos.

"Well—well, you see, it's like this. Margery's always so clean and she has lovely clothes—and—and she—she looks down on us other kids so we won't generally let her play with us—and she's an awful 'frail cat and—and a tattletale. But when we got to playing Robinson Crusoe, and were digging the cave she helped and got terrible dirty. Just like us, and then she wanted to be Friday's father, and then—well—now—I guess the rest of it was Kent's and my fault. We forgot she couldn't swim and we forgot what a cry-baby she was. 'Cause you see, water's almost like land to Kent and me and we'd been swimmin' most all day, and Margery's the only kid around here that can't swim."

"Why can't she swim?" demanded Marshall. "How'd all the rest of you learn? Don't you think you were mean not to let her learn?"

Again Lydia's pellucid eyes widened. "Why her mother won't let her play with common kids like us! And us kids never learned. We've just played in the water ever since we was as big as baby."

David Marshall scowled and stirred uncomfortably. He did not look at Amos, who sat with his arm about Lydia, his thin face a lesser replica of the old engraving of Daniel Webster hanging on the wall above.

"Well, go on! How'd she come to fall overboard?"

"She and I was sitting in the boat, and baby, she was tied to a tree by a long string and she began to cry to come, too, and I jumped over to go quiet her. Kent he'd gone to get another boat. And Margery she jumped up and began to yell and wave her arms and fell overboard. Then I remembered she couldn't swim and I went back and got her and Kent came and pulled us in shore. It wasn't anything, but Margery's such a cry-baby. Lizzie, she's terrible uncomfortable."

Lydia's attention had returned to little Patience. "I'll take her up to bed," she said. "It won't take but a few minutes."

"I'll carry her," said Lizzie.

The baby opened her eyes. "No, no one carry but Lyd."

"Let daddy carry you," begged Amos.

Patience's little voice rose to a wail. "No one carry but Lyd."

She lifted the sleepy baby easily and Patience dropped her soft cheek against Lydia's and closed her eyes again. Lydia turned to Marshall. Her face was very serious.

"I know I was awful bad, Mr. Marshall, and maybe you feel as if you ought to lick me."

"Put your little sister to bed," said Marshall gravely, "and then we'll see."

There was silence in the room for a moment after Lydia left it, then Amos said, "I'll be glad to do anything I can, Marshall."

"Neither of you'll lay a finger on Lydia," interrupted old Lizzie. "If you want to lick anyone, go lick Elviry Marshall, the fool! Why, I knew her when she was my niece's hired girl and you, Dave Marshall, was selling cans of tomatoes over a counter. And she's bringing that young one up to be a silly little fool. Mark my words, she'll be the prey of the first fortune-hunter that comes along."

Neither Amos nor his caller spoke. In a few minutes Lydia's step sounded on the stairs. The last of the sunset glow caught her hair, and the fine set of her head on her square little shoulders was never more pronounced than as she walked slowly toward Dave Marshall.

"I never had a licking," she said, "but I guess I deserve one and so you'd better do it and get it done, Mr. Marshall."

(Continued)

\$200 in Will for Cat; Relatives Get Rest

New York.—"I give and bequeath unto the New York Women's League for Animals \$200 for the sole purpose of taking care of my cat, Bunney," read a provision in the will filed for probate in the Surrogate's court of Miss Cecelia Romala Stinson, who died in Belleaire, La.

Miss Stinson, whose estate is estimated to be worth more than \$14,000, made bequests to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Bide-A-Wee Home for Poor Cats and Animals, and an additional legacy of \$500 for the Women's League for Animals.

Caroline Virginia Moyle, "daughter of my dear friend Seth Moyle," receives \$1,000. The residue is divided among relatives.



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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 secretion are often signs of improper kidney function. In most every community are scores of users and endorers who acclaim the merit of Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

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THE DALLAS NEWS TO OFFER BARGAIN

We are in receipt of a letter from The Dallas News, stating that its Third Annual Reduction Rates Offer will be announced not later than December 1st. Once a year. The Dallas News offers its readers an opportunity to make a substantial saving on yearly subscriptions. This is a sort of Christmas present from The Dallas News to its readers. Last year and year before, partially all of the old subscribers availed themselves of this opportunity, and thousands of new readers were added.

Among other things, The News stated that it maintains the highest priced news-gathering organization in the South-west. Its ten leased wires, aided by an army of regular and special correspondents, bring the news from all parts of America and the remote corners of foreign lands.

This news, concerning the big State newspaper, which has meant so much to the growth of Texas, will be of interest to the reading public.

TELLS OF LINCOLN'S RIVAL IN DEBATE

One of Few Who Matched
Wits With President.

White Hall, Ill.—Josiah Lamborn, one of the few men who matched wits with Abraham Lincoln in debate, and whose name had been practically buried in an obscure grave here, will live again in a history of his life now being written.

The history of H. P. Lowenstein of Kansas City, member of a White Hall family, will be placed in the archives of the Illinois State Historical society at Springfield. Lamborn was a former attorney general of Illinois. He died at the age of thirty-eight in 1847 and he was buried in the old White Hall cemetery, where his body has lain marked only by a simple slab.

The story of how his grave was restored was told by R. B. Pearce, secretary of the White Hall Historical society.

"The issuance of a pamphlet by Mr. Lowenstein in 1919," Mr. Pearce said, "awakened new interest in this former attorney general of Illinois. With renewed search for facts of his life, and the beginning of his history, the historical society restored the grave and put it in presentable condition."

"Only recently Mr. Lowenstein found a statement where Stephen A. Douglas credited Lamborn with putting him (Douglas) on the oratorical map in a debate between these two men. Both being Democrats, Mr. Lowenstein was unable at the time to state what the debate concerned."

"Josiah Lamborn was one of a coterie of young lawyers," Mr. Lowenstein's story said, "who used to meet in the evening with Mr. Lincoln at Speed's store in Springfield, Ill., and discuss political and other subjects of general interest."

It was said that Lamborn was Lincoln's equal, but death overtook him and cut short his career, and he is now almost forgotten.

Quits Smoking 50 Years to Buy Stamp Collection

Philadelphia.—By denying himself tobacco for fifty years and thus saving ten cents a day, Daniel J. Gensemer of 207 West Central avenue, South Williamsport, Pa., has acquired what is regarded as one of the outstanding collections of exclusive American stamps.

In the extensive collection of the Williamsport man, who displayed it while attending the convention of the Patriotic Order Sons of America here, is to be found every historical species of stamps from the famous one which caused the Revolution to the latest product of the Treasury department.

Revolutionary and prerevolutionary era stamps are gathered together in his ample collection book with stamps issued by Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, by Rhode Island to raise money to build a bridge, by this state to enable a Methodist church to erect a new edifice.

Strange-looking money, including such novel early colonial currency as two-thirds dollars, also is embraced in Gensemer's unusual collection. He prides himself principally, however, not on the extensiveness of his collection, but on the fact that it is all American in nature.

Faroe-Shetland Channel Has 3 Layers of Water

London.—A strange three-layer arrangement of water has been revealed by recent hydrographic investigation of the Faroe-Shetland channel, north of Scotland. The layers are so distributed that a swimmer in the channel could take his choice of swimming in Atlantic ocean water at the surface or diving into the Norwegian sea which flows at the bottom, while between top and bottom he could enjoy a mixture of the two kinds of water with a dash of Icelandic arctic current added to the blend.

The observations of the channel have just been reported to the international council for the exploration of the sea.

Improved Uniform International

Sunday School Lesson

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

Lesson for October 31

THE EVILS OF STRONG DRINK

LESSON TEXT—Prov. 23:29-35.
GOLDEN TEXT—At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Learning to be Temperate.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Control of the Appetite.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Alcoholic Beverages Hurtful to the Individual and Society.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Light Wine and Beer a Menace.

1. Woes of Those Who Indulge in Wine (vv. 29, 30).

No more graphic description of the evils of the winebibber has ever been given. It portrays in the most impressive manner the miseries that attach to the drunkard's life.

1. The awful pain which causes one to cry out, "Oh!"

Many indeed are the pains which men suffer because of strong drink. Bodily ills innumerable can be traced to its evil influence.

2. The bitter remorse which causes one to cry out, "Alas!"

Many are the expressions of bitter regret which come daily from the lips of the drunkard. Sometimes it is the sorrow of disgrace, loss of manhood and self-respect. Sometimes it is the sorrow of poverty of the individual and his family clothed in rags and half starved. Sometimes it is the sorrow of following a broken-hearted wife to her grave and seeing his children scattered among strangers.

3. Contention, strife and quarrelling.

Much of the fighting among men is directly caused by their passions being inflamed by strong drink. The drunken man is always ready for a fight. He takes offense as well as gives offense. He not only has these from without, but he has struggles within. His conscience and his appetite are warring with each other.

4. Rabblings and complainings.

The winebibber complains of everything, ill-luck, broken fortune, ruined health, loss of friends, of fate and of God.

5. Wounds without a cause.

These are wounds which might have been avoided from fights in which a sober man would not have engaged and from accidents which are purely the result of intoxication.

6. Redness of eyes.

This has reference to the blood-shot eyes of the tippler which ruins and dims his vision.

All these woes come upon those who tarry long at wine (v. 30).

II. The Attitude Enjoined (v. 31).

Look not at it. Do not put yourself in the way of temptation. The only safe attitude toward strong drink is total abstinence, and the only sure way of total abstinence is not to even look at it.

III. The Drunkard's Bitter End (vv. 32-35).

1. Acute miseries (v. 32). "It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Strong drink, like the poison of the serpent, permeates the whole system and ends in the most fatal consequences, the bitterest sufferings and death.

2. The perversion of the moral senses (v. 33).

(1) This excitement causes the eyes to behold strange things. This denotes the fantastic images which are produced on the brain of the drunkard. Even when delirium tremens does not result, there are awful fancies which are beyond the possibility of realization. Since carnal lust always comes with wine drinking, it is no doubt true, as the Authorized Version has it, "Thine eyes shall behold strange women."

(2) "Thine heart shall utter perverse things." His moral sense being perverted, his utterances partake of the same. He tells lies, his words cannot be believed.

3. He is insensible to danger (v. 34).

The drunkard is unsteady. His brain reels to and fro, he is footsore, even as one who would lie in the top of a ship's mast where there is the greatest danger of falling off.

4. He is insensible to pain (v. 35).

The drunkard is utterly ignorant of what happens to him while under the influence of strong drink. The drunkard has many bruises and wounds for which he cannot account. He did not realize when he received them.

5. His abject bondage (v. 35).

After all his sufferings, sorrow and disappointment he goes on as a bond-slave to follow the ways of sin.

6. Hell at last, for no drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven (I Cor. 6:10).

The Rock of Ages

A sailor in a shipwreck was once thrown upon a small rock, and clung to it, in great danger, until the tide went down. "Say, Joe," asked his friends after the rescue, "didn't you shake with fear?" "Yes," replied Joe, "but the rock didn't." Christ is the Rock of Ages.—Sabbath Reading.

A Work of Art and Skill

The work of a fisher (Matt. 4:19) is rather a work of art and skill than of force and violence.—Trench.

BATHS OF EMPEROR OPEN TO PARISIANS

"Bains Deligny" Still in Use
on Seine.

Paris.—Parisians, when they take a notion to bathe, can splash around in the same baths patronized by the courtiers of Charles X, and later by the Emperor Napoleon III himself.

These baths, known as the Bains Deligny, are towed up the Seine each spring and anchored in front of the chamber of deputies. In winter they are taken down the river and out of Paris in order to avoid the heavy stationing tax.

The Deligny baths, Turkish in design, were built between 1891 and 1898 and are among the few open-air baths that have remained in Paris since the coming of modern plumbing. At one time it was the great fashion to bathe in the Seine, there being no fewer than thirty baths anchored in the river. The popularity of the bicycle ended the fashion. The Parisians, finding insufficient time for both sports, gave up the bathing.

The reign of Charles X was the most flourishing time for the "Bains Deligny." Only the aristocracy used them in those days. There was a surgeon and a hairdresser always in attendance, the words "Benoit Colfeur" still being distinguishable under the coats of paint put on the walls from time to time. A restaurant that belonged to the original baths is now a cafe, but the paintings of the old days are still to be seen on the walls.

A catafalque intended, legend says, to convey the remains of the first Napoleon from Havre to Paris, when his body was brought home from St. Helena, was built at the baths. But the river froze that winter and Napoleon's body had to be brought overland from Havre.

There is one cabin in the Deligny baths called the cabin of the emperor. That is where Napoleon III used to loll away the summer afternoons. Nowadays one often sees deputies leave the chamber and enter the emperor's cabin to put on a bathing costume.

Survey Bares Loss in Church Building

Washington.—The bureau of labor statistics of the United States Department of Labor has just completed the compilation of data relating to building permits issued during the first six months of 1923 in 78 cities, each of which had a population of 100,000 or over, according to the census bureau estimate of July 1, 1925.

In these 78 cities which have an estimated population of 31,577,223, permits were issued for new housekeeping dwellings to accommodate 297,231 families in the first half of 1923. This is at the ratio of 65.6 families per 10,000 of population. The average per capita expenditure for new housekeeping dwellings in this six months' period was \$28.43.

More money was spent in the 68 cities for apartment houses, hotels, factories, public buildings, public works, utilities and schools in the first six months of 1923 than in the corresponding period of 1925, while less was spent for one-family dwellings, two-family dwellings, office buildings and stores. While the amount of money spent for amusement buildings in the 68 cities increased from \$45,259,987 in the first half of 1925 to \$47,438,929 in the first half of 1923, or 4.8 per cent, the amount spent for churches decreased from \$22,212,351 in the former period to \$14,431,190 in the latter, a decrease of 35 per cent.

Expense Account of 135 B. C. Is a Foot Long

London, England.—Prof. Francis W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan is returning to the United States with a remarkable collection of ancient documents, ranging in date from the middle of the Third century B. C. to the end of the Sixth century A. D., which has been presented to the university by Oscar Webber and Richard H. Webber of Detroit. The collection was brought together in Egypt and comprises more than 350 documents. The language is chiefly Greek, but there is a select group of Coptic documents. Among the dated documents is a complete expense account of the year 145 or 135 B. C., one foot in length and three and three-quarters inches wide.

King's Whim Prevents Death of Royal Party

Bucharest.—A sudden whim of King Ferdinand saved a boatload of royalty from possible serious injury or death.

With former King George of Greece, Prince Christopher of Greece and several of his nephews and a Hohenzollern princess, King Ferdinand was motor-boating at Braila, on the Danube. The king's entourage followed the royal boat in another craft.

King Ferdinand decided that he and the members of the royal party would take the boat occupied by his entourage. Hardly had the change been made when the engine on the royal launch exploded, injuring several persons.

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K. of P. Bldg.

A JAPANESE TEA

Concluded from first page

Mrs. George opened the meeting by in a very coquettish way singing the Japanese Love Song. On one arm hung a basket and from this packages of tea were thrown to the audience.

It would be impossible to give the excellent talks in full of each lady who presented the study "Japan on the Upward Trail," but they translated the story of the great religious work of Japan into pictures that proved to be great messages of truth to those who listened and at the same time established themselves among Baird's greatest speakers, backed by a sincere desire to serve at their best the church at that hour. Those who presented this study, were: Mesdames V. E. Hill, Verda James, Gus Hall, Irving Mitchell and Ace Hickman.

Shelba, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brice Jones, and one who is indeed talented in this line, gave an excellent reading. Shelba representing the American Child was dressed in Stars and Stripes and in her talk expressed child like sympathy for the little Japanese children who have never heard of Christ.

Mrs. H. H. Shaw gave as always in a loving and beautiful way that she sings--"One Fine Day." A selection from Madam Butterfly known as the "Vision Song" and closed the program later with a good bye song. During the prelude played by Mrs. V. E. Hill, fall leaves and fading blossoms were seen as they showered over the garden and audience and as Mrs. Shaw sang "Good Bye to Summer" Miss Oleta White in all her loveliness of pink crepe and bonnet with showers of pink sweetheart roses came in and represented Summer passed out and down the center aisle and stood at the door waiting for Autumn.

The tingle in the blood these October mornings calls us out to the open spaces--to the woods bedecked in their glorious robes of brown, blue, purple, yellow and red--to the fields with their mellowing shacks of ripened grain and maturing fruits--to the streams with their tumbling waters, chilled by the on-coming winter--And as these facts were welcomed in the song, Miss Jewel Grimes, beautiful from head to foot entered, carrying a wand of gold laden with fruit, wearing a dress so artistically made that those looking at her felt that the colors so perfectly blended must be the tinted dawns calling--or the golden rod on the harvest moon. Her skirt was made of tiers in Autumn shades, waist of plain gold and shoulder straps of leaves and fruit. Extending from her waist to bottom of skirt was a gold leaf and in center of this were purple and white grapes and leaves. She wore leaves and grapes in her hair. Into the aisle that lead to everywhere she moved as she represented Autumn days of beauty.

Just as Autumn passed, the ladies threw Japanese Serpentine making a beautiful closing and one of many colors.

Japanese fans were presented the house party by the hostess.

Over one hundred and fifty Baird ladies enjoyed the program and Mrs. Baker, District Secretary, of Abilene, was present.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Sunday School at 10 a.m. Services and Communion at 11 a.m., and 7:00 p.m. Young Peoples Meeting at 8:15 p.m. Ladies Senior Class meets on each Tuesday at 3 p.m.

Everyone cordially invited to attend the services.

R. C. Bell, Pastor.

COTTON EXPERT TO SPEAK

Mr. Aaron Sapiro, General Council for the Texas Farm Bureau, Cotton Association will speak at the First Baptist Church in Abilene, at 2 p.m. on November 1st. All are urged to hear him.

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T. P. BEARDEN,
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W. Homer Shanks,
Secretary-Treasurer,
36-1f. Clyde, Texas.

BAIRD WEEK STARTING OCT. 25 ONE BIG MON.

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25 PEOPLE

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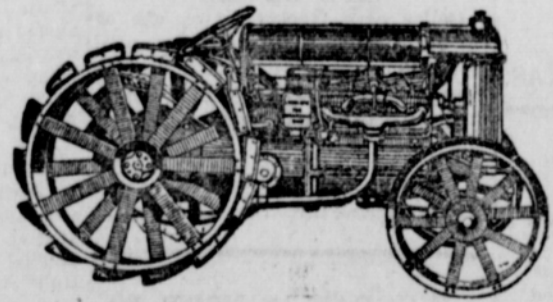
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Seats Only on
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