

There's No Use

Sending out of town for Job Printing, you can get it done just as nice and just as cheap here.

The Star Job Office.

The Star

"TIS NEITHER BIRTH NOR WEALTH NOR STATE, BUT THE GIT-UP-AND-GIT THAT MAKES MEN GREAT."

Money to Lend on Land

Long time—Low rate of interest. Vendor's liens notes bought, taken up and extended.

B. L. RUSSELL
at First National Bank

VOL. 21.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEX., THURSDAY, DEC. 19 1907. NO. 3

We will take Checks on any Bank in exchange for Merchandise of all kinds.

Santa Claus

We will take Checks on any Bank in exchange for Merchandise of all kinds.

HEADQUARTERS

IS AT TERRELL'S DRUG STORE

We desire to announce that we have something suitable for everyone-- old or young and at prices that are pleasing to your pocket book. We bought our stock early and larger than usual and of a better and higher quality than have ordinarily been carried by merchants in the West, but the people of Baird want something nice occasionally and don't want to have to send away for it, so we have bought the right kind of goods here to your town. If your friend or loved one is worth "remembering," then remember them well. We positively will not carry over any goods, and will therefore make the prices right from the start to the close. Our stock consists of everything from the minutest toy to the swellest diamond. Below we enumerate some, that you may get some idea of what an enormous stock we have. Make our store your stopping place.

Silverware

Our assortment of Silverware is most complete and contains patterns from all the standard factories. Silverware makes a most useful as well as ornamental gift. Select something from this department and you can't fail to please.

Cut-Glass

What more appropriate for a lady could be found than a piece of our rich Cut-Glass, so dear to every woman's heart? Our stock this year contains many new and novel designs.

Pictures

Baird is growing rapidly and there are many new homes here that have few pictures and medallions in them. Select one of our handsome pictures and you need not be afraid of giving something for which your friend "has no use."

Dolls

We have Dolls of all ages and sizes from the little 5c china ones to the large imported beauties. Remember Christmas is not complete to the little ones without a Doll.

COME EARLY AND OFTEN

All our goods are now on exhibition. Come and see them as early as you can and as often as you like. It is needless to urge the advantage of early selections, you realize that this always pays. You are certain to gain by picking gifts while stocks are full and before the rush begins. We are always pleased to show goods and aid in making selections. We will pack and ship any goods you may wish to send to distant friends. We will lay aside any goods you may select and not care to take home; will deliver goods on Christmas morning if desired. We wish to make this an easy, satisfactory and economical Christmas for you.

Phonographs

Edison Phonographs from \$25 to \$35 also a big stock of Edison's Gold Moulded Records always on hand.

Pyrography

We have the only complete line of Pyrography Goods that was ever shown in Baird, and the price is right.

Ladies Purses Hand Bags

Very useful and convenient. We are showing the very latest things in these goods.

Brushes

We have the largest line and best assortment of Brushes of all kinds ever shown in Baird.

Jewelery

Our stock of Jewelery is most complete and is not excelled in quality or completeness by any stock in towns many times the size of Baird. In it you will find many suitable offerings for Xmas. We have a full line of high grade Railroad Watches.

Hand Painted China

Our line of hand painted China is especially good this season, and consists of novelties of all kinds from moderate priced Salt and Pepper Sets to the expensive Plates and Bowls.

For a Man

Nearly all men smoke. See our line of Meerschaum and Briar pipes, we have over two hundred different kinds. Our cigars are the best on the market. A good assortment of pipe tobaccos.

Candies

When you want fine pure candies we can supply you, but we don't handle the cheap chalky kind. We have just received a large line Benedetto Allegretti Fine Chocolates.

OUR REGULAR BUSINESS

Will not be neglected while Christmas trade is going on. We have a complete stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines and Sundries.

We wish to thank our customers for their support and patronage in the past and to assure them that we shall at all times merit their confidence. If you are not a customer of ours, come in and let us get acquainted.

Terrell Has It For Less

The Price is the Thing

TERRELL

The Leading Drug Store at Baird, Texas.

Terrell Has It For Less

The Price is the Thing

San Claus HEADQUARTERS

J. H. HAMMANS & BRO.' STORE

We have on display the largest and most complete stock of Staple and Holiday Goods ever shown in Baird and Merkel, and at prices that defy competition we have presents for all: big, little, old and young, and from the cheapest to the best, and ask one and all to buy your presents early as you will get first choice and just what you want.

BELOW IS A FEW OF THE MANY ARTICLES WE HAVE IN STOCK

Holiday Goods

All kind of Dolls from 1 inch to 3 ft. high, all kind of Vases and Statuary, from the cheapest to the finest Cuff and Collar Boxes, Work Boxes, Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets, Albums, Guitars, Violins, Banjos, Harps, Water Sets, Berry Sets, Cake Plates, Salad Bowls, Cups and Saucers, Fine Lamps, Toilet Sets, Tin and Iron Toys, Teddy Bears and Notions of every description. See Holiday department in basement back of store.

Our motto is to sell cheap for spot cash, and to handle a lot of goods for our customers to select from and to try and please everybody.

Staple Goods

Shoes, Hosiery, Men's Ladies and Childrens heavy fleeced lined underwear Mens shirts, ties, suspenders, Ladies and Childrens gloves, collars, belts, handkerchiefs, silk mufflers, laces, embroideries, parasols, counterpanes, towels, table linen, table scarfs, dresser scarfs, lace curtains, window shades, brushes, purses, trunks, suit cases, picture frames, medallions, soap, perfumes, Talcum powder The best line of candie in town. A fine line of stationery. All kinds of tin ware, granite ware, glass ware, queensware.

WE ARE THE HOLIDAY PEOPLE OF BAIRD AND MERKEL, TEXAS.

Christmas In Cactus Center.

WOMEN'S scarce in Cactus Center, and there ain't no bargain stores. Fer to start them Monday rushes that break down the stoutest doors, But we had some Christmas shoppin' that the town ain't over yet, Jest because of one small woman and a drug store toilet set.

She was Cactus Center's teacher, and she hadn't left the stage 'Fore she had the boys plum locoed, and I don't bar youth nor age. She was cute and smart and pretty, and she might 'a' been here yet. If it hadn't been for Dawson and his drug store toilet set.

It was old and scratched and speckled, fer 'twas in his case fer years, But old Dawson, sharp and clever, put a whisper in our ears— 'Lowed he'd sell that set at auction, and he says, "Now, boys, you bet This'll make a hit with teacher—this here swell new toilet set!"



IT WAS THEN BEGUN THE SHOOTIN'.

Well, the biddin' started lively, and it got to gittin' hot. Fer every mind in Cactus on that single thing was set. Purty soon I'd staked my criddle, worth two hundred dollars net, Just to own fer one short second that blamed drug store toilet set.

It was then begun the shootin', no one seems to know jest how, And 'twas lack of ammerrition that at last broke up the row, And thirteen of us was hurted, but the worst blow that we met Was in findin' that some bullets had gone through that toilet set.

But we plugged the punctures in it, and we plugged the wounded, too, And agreed we'd arbitrate it, and the bunch 'd see it through, So we sent a gift committee, but they came back sorer yet, Fer the teacher 'd fluttered eastward, so we have that toilet set.

—Denver Republican.

CHRISTMAS NEAR THE POLE.

Where Seal Meat and Whale's Blubber Take Turkey's Place.

"I think Christmas, 1883, was my most memorable one," said General Greely, the arctic explorer. "With my command I was proceeding southward in the hope of obtaining help, and about the 20th of October we encamped ourselves in a little hut at Cape Sabine. Our supply of food was running very low, and we were on very short rations, every one being allowed just food enough in each twenty-four hours to sustain life. Under these depressing circumstances and amid the awful silence of the polar night the cheerfulness that we continued to maintain was remarkable.

"Christmas day came at last—Christmas in the arctic regions! At 6 o'clock we had our breakfast—thin soup made of peas, carrots, blubber and potatoes. Our Christmas dinner was served at 1 o'clock—first course, a stew of seal meat, onions, blubber, potatoes and breadcrumbs; second course, served one hour after first, a stew of raisins, blubber and milk; dessert, a cup of hot chocolate. One of our party had some tobacco still left, and he very kindly made a cigarette for each one in our little party.

"I will wager that in all Christendom that day not another present was given or received that gave such intense delight to the recipients as did those little rolls of tobacco and paper. They were quickly aflame and being

put away at for dear life, and thus my most memorable Christmas—a Christmas near the north pole—ended in smoke."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Vacations as Christmas Presents.

In a letter to the employees of the Bourne mills of Fall River, Mass., announcing the regular profit sharing dividend on Dec. 24 last, Treasurer George A. Chase said: "The board of directors has unanimously authorized me to announce to you the experiment of a vacation week in August, 1907. The mills will close Aug. 24 and reopen Sept. 3, thus allowing you ten days of rest and recreation. In lieu of regular pay you will get an extra dividend on your wages, payable just before the vacation, to the amount of 50 per cent of the average weekly wages." This promise was faithfully kept.

IN THE DAYS OF '64.

The Last Christmas of the Southern Confederacy.

"We had some memorable Christmas days in the south during the war," said Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance, wife of the late United States senator from North Carolina. "That of 1861 was different from any that had preceded it because we were in arms against the Federal government, and many of the male guests at southern homes that day wore Confederate uniforms. Much of the talk at the Christmas dinner table was of sieges and battles and marches, but we were all full of hope and confidence.

"Christmas, 1862, found us but poorly prepared to celebrate it. Our supplies were few, and Confederate money was at a heavy discount. Then came the bitter year of 1863, with the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg. With sad faces, harmonizing well with their dresses of coarse black stuff, the women of the south devoted themselves to picking lint and spinning and weaving for husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in the field.

"Christmas, 1864—the last Christmas of the war—dawned, and what a gloomy festival it was for the people of the south! Of manufactured products we had practically none. Our hairpins were made of long black thorns, with a ball of sealing wax on the end. We had made into dresses every scrap of available material, while our feet were incased in homemade cloth shoes. The slaves, having heard of 'de 'mancipation proclamation,' knew that they were free and had all scattered away. Desolation

seemed to reign over everything. Of all the Christmas days I have known that last Christmas in the south in wartime is the one of all others that I am most certain never to forget."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CANADA'S CHRISTMAS STAMP.

The Only Known Postal Memorial of the December Holiday.

Stamp collectors say that the greatest Christmas gift ever made was a postage stamp of the value of 2 cents. On Christmas, 1898, Great Britain presented to all her thirty-seven colonies a Christmas gift in the form of two-cent letter postage in place of the rate of 5 cents, which for decades had existed.

In honor of this event Canada placed on sale on Christmas morning, 1898, a Christmas postage stamp, the only stamp of the kind ever issued by any country. In many respects it is unique among all postage stamps.

It was larger than our Columbian stamps and showed a map of the world with the possessions of the British empire printed in bright scarlet. The oceans appeared in a bluish green and the frame of the design in black.

Across the top was the inscription "Canada Postage," with a crown resting on laurel leaves tucked in between the words. At the extreme lower part of the design is the declaration, "We hold a vaster empire than has been;" above this, "Xmas, 1898," and a figure "2" in each lower corner.

It is worthy of note that this Canadian stamp was printed by a bank note company in the United States. It marked a new epoch in stamp production, having three colors. Bicolored stamps are not uncommon, but up to that time no country had ever attempted a three color stamp.

This Christmas stamp was probably the most expensive ever issued, costing the Canadian government four times as much as the ordinary single color stamp. Although issued on Christmas, 1898, the stamp's availability for postage uses is unlimited.—New York Herald.

Her Little Prayer.

Former Comptroller Edward M. Grout of New York city tells a pretty little Christmas story.

He said that a little girl relative of his was visiting her grandmother on Thanksgiving day. Already the child had begun to speculate on what Santa Claus was to bring her at Christmas time and, as children—especially girls

—will do when they are at the house of an indulgent friend, she rummaged through closets and drawers.

In the course of her investigation she came upon a brand new white muslin. It was the very thing she had wanted, and she knew that Santa Claus' chief purchasing agent—grandma—had obtained it for her.

Taxed with it, grandma admitted the truth.

"But," she said, "you must forget all about it until Christmas day."

That night as she was being put to bed the child astonished her mother by adding this to her evening prayer:

"Please, God, make me forget all about the little white muslin Santa Claus is to bring."—New York Times.

Strange Christmas Superstition.

In north Germany a person must spin during the twelve nights of Christmas lest he or she should walk in death, nor after sunset on Saturday for then mice will eat the work. It is desired to have money and in the year round, one must not eat herrings on New Year's day, you wish to be lucky must you not eat empty cradle or spill salt wanton! cross knives or point at the stars. A dirty cloth is left on the table over Christmas night it will make the angels weep. If you point upward to the rainbow it will make the angel's feet bleed, and if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon you will hurt the feelings of the man in it.—The Bits.

In Saxon Times.

In Norman and Saxon times an was always roasted whole over Yule log at Christmas.

Oklahoma commission has issued order requiring bulletin boards at road stations.

The Santa Fe railway yards Brownwood, Tex., are to be considerably enlarged.

Major Thomas W. Park, many a prominent Missouri Democrat at Platte City.

Mrs. Emeline Alberts, 106 years was found nearly starved and at Newark, O.

Within sixty days work is to be at Ardmore upon \$50,000 san and brick plant.

REMEMBER—The A. Beauty Flour is by odds the the market. Recommended thousands who are now us Sold by J. C. Jones, Baird,

T. FRASER,
Physician and Surgeon.
Specialty: Diseases of Females and Infants.
Office at Residence.
Phone 80.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

G. POWELL,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Powell & Powell's Drug Store.
Local Surgeon T. & P. Ry. Co.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

DR. J. V. McMANIS,
Osteopathic Physician.
Graduate of American School of Osteopathy.
Office Second Door North of Postoffice.
BAIRD TEXAS.

DR. E. W. TISDALE,
Will answer calls in any part of
the county either night or day
Residence Phone 29 Office Phone 91
Baird, Texas.

H. H. Ramsey,
DENTIST.
We have the 20th Century Apparatus,
the latest and best for
PAINLESS EXTRACTION.
All other work pertaining to dentistry
Office up stairs in Telephone Bldg.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

MARTIN BARNHILL,
Boot and Shoemaker,
Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed.
Prices to suit the times.
Market Street. Baird, Texas.

B. L. RUSSELL,
Attorney-at-Law.
Real Estate Agent
and Abstractor.
OFFICE AT CITY HALL.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

F. S. Bell
Attorney-at-Law
Will Practice in all State Courts.
Second Door South of City Hall
Baird, Texas

CITY BAKERY.
Furnishes pure and healthy
bread and rolls, made of the
best material in the market
and absolutely free of alum
or any other substitutes,
fresh every day, also a great
variety of cakes. Phone 115.
OSCAR NITSCHKE

INSURANCE
FIRE AND TORNADO
Insurance in either town or
county. Office just north
of postoffice, Baird, Texas.
JOHN TRENT,

**The Best
and Nicest**
Place in city to have
your barber work done
in first-class order is at
FULTON'S.
The only three chair
shop in the city.

HOT AND COLD BATHS
Laundry Basket leave Tuesdays
and returns on Saturday.

C. D. RUSSELL,
Att'y - at - Law
and Abstractor
Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Office at Court House Baird Tex

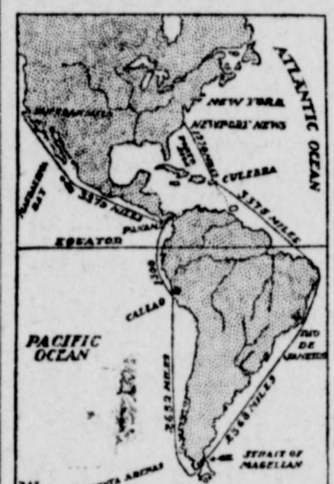
OFF FOR PACIFIC OCEAN

Atlantic Fleet Departs Upon Its
Long Voyage.

SIXTEEN BATTLESHIPS GO.

As Commander in Chief of the Army
and Navy President Roosevelt from
the Mayflower Reviews Vessels and
Fids Them Goodbye.

Old Point Comfort, Va., Dec. 16.—
The backbone of the American navy,
sixteen first class battleships, under
command of Rear Admiral Robley D.
Evans, set sail Monday for the Pacific
ocean on a 14,000 mile cruise which
has set the world talking. Parading
in review before President Roosevelt
and saluting as they went, the
stately vessels drew anchors from
their rendezvous in Hampton Roads
and steamed out of the famous old
Virginia Capes and lost to view on the
southeastern horizon of the filmy. At
a ten knot speed they went, turning
their backs on the coast which so
long has been their home and headed
for the eastern end of the West Indies
After treading its way among the



ROUTE OF THE FLEET AND DISTANCES.

reefs of those islands the fleet will
bring up at Trinidad on Christmas
eve, the first stage of the journey.

The belted sides of each armor clad
were all fairly strutted with the press
of heavy stores and ammunition while
their decks resounded with the foot-
falls of 1,000 men in their quarters.
On a mission as pacific as the name
of the waters in which they will soon
be ploughing, the fleet was sent away
prepared in every detail for any duty.

President Roosevelt, accompanied
by a party of guests, came down from
Washington in the naval yacht May-
flower. His arrival in the roadstead
was signalized by the roar of salutes.
When the resulting yell of powder
lifted from the ships the Mayflower
proceeded to anchor in the vicinity
of the bobbing fleet. There followed
a brief reception on board, the pres-
ident having a farewell message for the
four rear admirals and the sixteen
commanding officers who are taking
the ships through the Strait of Magellan
to San Francisco. At the conclu-
sion of the meeting of the May-
flower's deck, President Roosevelt
took each officer cordially by the
hand, and as they went over the side
he bade them an official adieu. Then
for a journey of nearly ten miles the
president, as commander in chief of
the American army and navy, led the
one line of battleships out into
Chesapeake bay. They followed the
flag to Thimble Shoal light, just five
miles inside the capes, where the May-
flower turned aside and dropped her
anchors for the final review.

As a naval neocent review and de-
parture the fleet was the most notable
in American history. There have been
several presidential reviews of the
Atlantic fleet during past eighteen
months, but in those instances the
great ships were being at the end of
their chains while the reviewing
fleet passed up and down the lines.
Today the fleet was under way, east
of from shore and outward bound on
a cruise which, as the president him-
self expressed it, "no fleet of such size
has before been undertaken." The
guns which voiced the welcome to the
president on his arrival in Hampton
Roads uttered a goodbye tribute as
they passed the Mayflower outward
bound. The salute of welcome had
been paid in unison, the farewell tri-
bute of individual offering from each
one of the sixteen ships. The fleet
passed out in single column, the Con-
necticut, the flag ship of Admiral
Evans leading the way. The vessels
were 400 yards apart, and from the
Connecticut to the Kentucky, which
brought up the rear, the line reached
more than four miles. In space of
time there was a stretch of a decade
between the 16,000 ton Connecticut to
the little more than 10,000 Kentucky.
Five stages of American battleships
were represented in the line, and as
an object lesson in the growth of the
American navy the spectacle found
one of its most striking features.

President Roosevelt's party or, the

Mayflower's children Mrs. Roosevelt,
Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Secretary of
the Navy and Mrs. Metcalf, Assistant
Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. New-
berry, Rear Admiral W. H. Brownson,
chief of the bureau of navigation, and
Mrs. Brownson, Rear Admiral and
Mrs. Cowles and Lieutenant Com-
mander and Mrs. Simms Day. The
departure by sea and cool, with an
light breeze blowing from just
a little to the southwest and ruffling
the waters of Hampton Roads into
sprinkling waves. The immaculate
white hulls of the fighting machines
gleamed resplendent and not a cloud
fleeced the sky.

ATHENS' BIG BLAZE.

Several Business Houses Burn
and Also Contents.

Athens, Tex., Dec. 16.—A fire orig-
inating in the back end of Rlerson &
Scott's dry goods store, consumed that
establishment and stock. The stock
was valued at \$25,000; insurance, \$17,-
000. The building, also owned by the
firm, was valued at \$7,000; insurance,
\$4,300.

Other losses sustained were as fol-
lows:

City Drug Store—Stock and furni-
ture valued at about \$5,000; insur-
ance, \$3,000; building, owned by J.
T. Larue, valued at \$3,000; insurance,
\$1,750.

Matthews Bros., Dry Goods—Value
of stock, \$5,200; insurance, \$3,000;
building, owned by Richardson Bros.,
valued at \$4,000; insurance, \$2,000.

Barber & Luker, Groceries—Stock
valued at \$4,000; insurance, \$2,000;
building, owned by Mrs. J. C. Woods;
value, \$5,000; insurance, \$3,500.

The Brown building, occupied by
Gene Spencer as a hardware store,
was considerably damaged. The stock
in the building was also damaged;
both insured.

The City bakery was badly damaged,
and the Athens National bank build-
ing sustained some damage.

Hard work by the bucket brigade
prevented further losses.

BURGLARS AT BRADY.

Damage Done in Jewelry Store and
Set Fire to Building.

Brady, Tex., Dec. 17.—The jewelry
establishment of J. A. Jackson was
entered, the doors partly pried open
with cold chisels and a charge of ex-
plosives inserted, but the explosion
failed to open the doors. Apparently
to cover their tracks, the burglars
set fire to the building. The house
is one of four old wooden buildings
on the southeast corner of the square.
The fire was under good headway be-
fore it was discovered and the alarm
turned in. The buildings were badly
damaged. The losses are estimated
as follows:

Jackson jewelry stock and tools;
loss, \$500; insurance, \$300.

Pipkin bankrupt stock of dry goods
and notions, water damage, \$1,500; in-
surance, \$1,000.

J. P. Brown, groceries, small dam-
age; no insurance.

Mrs. R. W. Turner, damage to build-
ing \$1,000, insurance \$600.

Tom Banter, loss on building, \$500;
no insurance.

"YANKEE NIGGER" HANGED.

Homer Rogers Resents a Remark and
Is Put to Death by Mob.

Shreveport, Dec. 17.—A negro call-
ing himself Homer Rogers, a member
of Allene New Orleans Minstrels
troupe, resented a remark made by a
white spectator at a performance in
Morehouse parish. Rogers said he was
a "Yankee nigger" and did not take
any impudence. A mob formed and
the negro was hanged to a tree and
riddled with bullets. This makes the
third lynching in Morehouse parish in
ten days.

BROTHERS BRIDEGROOMS.

Surprised Each Other When They
Presented Their Brides.

Paris, Tex., Dec. 17.—F. A. Houser,
a merchant of Hugo, Okla., and Miss
Ella Beason of Chicota, this county,
were married here Sunday night. The
bride had just arrived here from Altus,
Okla., where she had been visiting.

B. L. Houser of Hugo, brother of the
groom, was married Sunday at Chi-
cota to Miss Ora Lynch. The latter
had arranged to meet them at Arthur
City, where they took the train, and
to return to Hugo with them. He did
not let his brother know of his own
intended marriage and took him by
surprise when he also appeared with
a bride.

HUSBAND LYNCHED.

Negro Charged With Assaulting a
Couple of Girls, Sisters.

McHenry, Miss., Dec. 16.—News
reached here of the lynching of Pat-
rick Husband, alias Pat Jones, a negro,
about eight miles east of here. Hus-
band was charged with assaulting two
daughters of Balton House, a well
known planter. About 100 armed men
caught the negro and shot him to
death. The same negro was convict-
ed two years ago for assaulting a
white girl, and served a term for this
offense.



**Under a
Ladder
and
Lucky!**

His lucky Star! It's every man's
good luck to have such a good chew to chew as

STAR
PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

The reason "Star" is such a universal favorite
is simply the extra good quality of tobacco that
goes into every plug—only the choicest, ripest,
sweetest, best-bodied leaf grown.

Every "Star" chew is rich in good, wholesome
juice—and every "Star" plug gives twice as much
chewing as any other chew
made—better chewing
too. No chew so choice
—none so economical.



150,000,000 10c. pieces
sold annually!

In All Stores

**Big
Clearance
Sale**

You would think Clearance if you
could see the ladies crowd in to buy
the new styles for fall and winter.
Come on, haven't time to write an ad.

MRS. A. M. MILLER
Baird, Texas

NOTICE.

I will pay \$50 reward for the ar-
rest and conviction of any person or
persons found guilty of stealing any
horses, mules or cattle belonging to
any citizen of Callahan County.
2-tf T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff.

McGowen Bros. sell everything in
the grocery and feed line. 38

\$50.00 Reward.

We will give \$50.00 to anyone
furnishing evidence that will lead to
the arrest and conviction of any per-
son or persons violating the Local
Option Law.

T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff.
W. R. ELY, Co. Atty.

Tablets, Pencils, Ink etc. Powell
& Powell, 41-tf.

School tablets! Go to Hammans
Bros. for them. 38

Wall paper, paints oils, varnishes,
tc. Powell & Powell. 41

Everybody says Schwartz has the
most up-to-date line of dress goods
in Baird. Come and see what you
think of it. 46

When you want a good work glove
see Hammans & Bro. 35

Most anything you need in mer-
chandise in all lines can be found at
Hammans & Bro. 35

New line of wall paper at Powell
& Powell's 16-tf.

We have a beautiful assortment of
counterpanes. Come and see them
Hammans Bros. 52-tf.

We have the largest and most com-
plete line of post-cards in Baird.
Hammans & Bro.

Entered at the postoffice at Baird, Tex., as second class mail matter.

W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates.

One year.....\$1 00
Six months.....50 cts
Terms: Cash in advance.

President Roosevelt makes it plain that he is not a candidate to succeed himself. This is rather a hard on some of the Federal officials who have been persistently booming the President.

It would be a long jump from Roosevelt to Cortelyou as president. The latter has about as much warm blood in his veins as a Texas lizard, but the would be a fine president for the speculators of Wall Street.

Our financial system is coming in for a lot of criticism, and nearly every one has a remedy. If any change is made in the banking laws the power of National banks to issue currency or bank notes should be taken away. Let the government issue its own money. This power should never be delegated to corporations. THE STAR believes in paper money, not of the irredeemable sort though. The Democratic party never advocated irredeemable paper money, neither did Jefferson or Jackson. Respectfully referred to the Santa Anna News.

The Anti-Saloon League issues its orders that no man who opposes State Prohibition shall be elected to the legislature, and we presume any other office next year. And only last week we noticed a communication from Baird published in a paper in a nearby town that there was no politics in the Anti-Saloon League. Rats! Dr. Riley the head of the League is galavating over Texas making so-called temperance speeches in the churches. Prohibition and anti-saloon leagues are using the churches to boost political candidates as much as ever the anti-slavery party did.

The editor talked with a gentleman at Cisco, Tuesday, who lives in Iowa. Mr. Byrnes who says the banks in his state are in much worse condition than the banks of Texas, because the Iowa banks undertook to run without limiting cash payments. There is not a doubt that by this time most of the banks in Texas, the strongest as well as the weakest, would all have been forced to close their doors had they not limited the withdrawals of cash. With the New York banks holding all their deposits it would have been impossible for Southern banks to run very long. Everything will work out all right if the people and the banks will work together. The banks are doing their best and should not be blamed for present conditions.

Attorney General Davidson has announced definitely that he will be a candidate for re-election. If the people of Texas really want the anti-trust and every other state law enforced they will re-elect Gen. Davidson by an overwhelming majority. All the enemies Davidson has made was because of his vigorous prosecution of the corporations that have tried to run rough shod over the anti-trust laws of Texas. Every advocate of special interests will be arrayed solidly against the Attorney General, but the way things have shaped up Davidson's fight is now the people's fight and they cannot afford to go back on him.

Compliments The Star.

The Baird Star began its twenty-first volumn on Dec. 5. Every news paper man in Texas—that is, every newspaper man who has been in the business any length of time—knows Editor Gilliland, and will be ready to congratulate him on the age of that paper, whose success is attributable to the character of the man who owns it. Mr. Gilliland reviews to some extent the life of the paper, and this involves his policy in conducting it. For the information of beginners in the business, what he says is of value. Since 1888 the paper has missed only one issue. This has given a substantile character to the Star. Its subscribers have felt at all times that it would not dissappoint them, and in this lies the secret of popularity with the people. Mr. Gilliland explains somewhat as to his course editorially in the following:

We have made many mistakes, but in looking back over the last twenty years we would not change the main policy of the Star if we had to travel over the same road again. We have always tried to publish a fair and impartial paper. On public questions our readers know the Star never straddles the fence. Sometimes; perhaps, we use rather blunt words to express our thoughts, but if we believe a thing is a humbug we say so; it we do not indorse the views of the biggest man in the country we say so. We ask no odds of anyone politically or otherwise. Some say we are too independent. We can't help it. We were born that way, and have no apologies to make in that line. In politics the Star has been Democratic, as our readers know, but no man or set of men, living or dead, have ever been able to dictate the policy of the Star except the owber and editor, who writes his own editorials. One thing we can truthfully say and that is this: We have never knowing wounded the feelings or injured any one by anything published in the paper. Many things have to be published that sometimes cause pain, but we never maliciously did this and never will. Many a good news item, where it could be consistently done, has been left out because it would injure some one.

The above may be called the "organic laws" that controlled the paper. In them any experienced newspaper man can see why the paper lives and is successful. The editor does not call himself a fighter for what he thinks is right. He declines this, as he modestly should do, but State Press, who has known him and his paper through all these years, is quick to testify to his courage in contests where he took sides. At times it looked as if opposing hosts would overthrow him and injure him, but the feeling of right which appeared to always move him, and his indomitable fighting character, have always commended him to the high respect of even those who have opposed him. A high idea of right and an unselfishness in contending for it, and a never-say-die spirit in fighting for it, will win. And that is why the Baird Star is in its twenty-first year and will continue long in the land.—State Press in Dallas News.

We certainly appreciate the above from our old friend Col. William G. Sterrett editor of "State Press" one of the ablest and most widely known newspaper man in the state of Texas. Col. Sterrett has gone all the gaits in newspaper work and knows what it takes to make a newspaper. As an editor and correspondent Col. Sterrett is perhaps better known than any other newspaper man in the United States. The editor has tried to merit such a compliment as Col. Sterrett pays us, whether we deserve it or not.

A government guarantee of deposits in National Banks, if it should work like its advocates claim, would close every state and private bank in the country.

Shall the national government guarantee deposits in the national banks, is the question now agitating the minds of a great many people. THE STAR does not know much about great financial questions, but it rather strikes as that this is rather a radical step for the government. The old time Democratic theory was to keep the government out of the private affairs of the people as much as possible. If the government can guarantee deposits in banks why not with equal propriety insure the lives and property of the people. Of course THE STAR maybe wrong, but we cannot help believing that the government should no more lend its credit to secure bank deposits than it should go into life, fire and tornado insurance. Why not insure the farmer's crops, why not insure or guarantee anything or everything if the government is going into the insurance business.

Col. W. G. Sterrett has resigned as editor of the "State Press" column in the Galveston-Dallas News to take effect January 1st. Col. Sterrett will be a candidate for congress in the Dallas district and will enter actively into the campaign in January. THE STAR joins the host of Col. Sterrett's friends throughout the State in wishing him success. Col. Sterrett, with his wide acquaintance with public men and his long experience as a newspaper man, would make him a most useful member of congress for Texas. Col. Sterrett, "Bill Sterrett" as most of his newspaper friends love to call him, has a heart in him big as a mule, and is in sympathy with the great masses of the people, and it he should be elected, which we sincerely hope he will be, he will represent all classes and without intending to cast any reflections upon any of our congressmen, because they are all good men, will say that Texas will have at least one member of congress that no special interest will ever be able to put a collar on or swerve from what he conceives to be his duty to his people.

VALUABLE COAL MINE.

We received a letter on the 13th inst from Cal Huffman, Assistant Superintendent of the West Texas Coal Mining and Developing Co., informing us that they had struck a 35 inch vein of the finest kind of coal at a depth of 161 feet. This is the mine that has been working for several years, but most of the coal taken out was about 90 feet below the surface. The mine is situated in Coleman county near the Brown county line and west of the Holloway mountains. We have every reason to believe that this same strata of coal underlies all the country at Baird, south and eastward, though it maybe deeper in the ground here than at the Huffman mines. THE STAR congratulates John and Cal Huffman on their splendid success after years of work. They will put down a well for oil on the Holloway mountains next.

Judge B. L. Russell returned from Fort Worth Tuesday night. We learn that the T. & P. Ry Co., compromised with Mrs. Skelton in the damage suit filed by her and children against the company for the death of Mr. Skelton, a fireman, who was killed on the road last year. The amount was satisfactory to Mrs. Skelton. Judge Russell and Judge Williams of Fort Worth represented Mrs. Skelton.

Joe Williams left yesterday for his home at Rough Creek to spend the holidays with his parents. His brother who has been attending school at Fort Worth came in Tuesday night and accompanied him home.

Miss Jennie Brightwell is in town today shopping.

CISCO CLUB MEETING.

In company with T. E. Powell, President of the Central West Texas Commercial Clubs, E. M. Faust, Secretary of the Baird Five Thousand Club and Fred Lane, Cashier of the Home National Bank, the editor went to Cisco Tuesday to attend the monthly meeting of the Central Clubs. The meeting was not so well attended as usual they say but it was a good meeting. A number of newspaper men met and organized the Central West Texas Press Association with L. B. Shook, Abilene, President; R. H. McCarty, Albany, Vice-President; Homer D. Wade, Stamford, Secretary and Treasurer. The President had not announced the names of the executive committee when we left.

The people of Cisco showed the visitors every courtesy and wound up with a banquet at night which we regret we could not attend as we had to return home.

We met quite a number of former Callahan people among them Mr. and Mrs. R. A. St. John. "Saiat" captured this scribe and yanked him off home where he met Mrs. St. John and children and after dinner we visited the Masonic building. They have one of the handsomest and most completely furnished Lodge rooms in the state. Cisco is building right along.

E. M. Faust, of Baird, read a splendid paper on foreign immigration before the clubs, which was favorably mentioned by those present. It was published in the News yesterday.

The Club meets at Abilene next month and Baird expects to get the February meeting.

Dr. Cooper of Abilene made a fine address favoring the proposed constitutional amendments increasing the special tax rate from 20 to 50 cts. A number of good speeches on different subjects were made but time and space will not permit further notice at this time.

Communicated.

DEAR FRIEND BILLIE: IN THE STAR of the 12th I read the Confederate Column, which was very entertaining. After reading same I find it only lays the foundation for further information on that subject. Of the 100 men that left Dallas in 1861 is there any one able to furnish the final outcome of these noble characters? How many of them were able to return to their homes sound in body and mind? How many returned maimed and short in members? How many of them were physical wrecks? How many are still living? What has been their general career since that time? If you can find any one who can give such information it will be highly appreciated by the writer. SUBSCRIBER.

MARRIED.

CARTER-LAMBERT.—Mr. George C. Carter and Miss Lauraetta Lambert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Lambert, were married this evening at 8:30 at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. J. M. Joiner, of the Baptist Church, officiating.

It was a quiet home wedding, only a few friends being present. The wedding dress was white mull, very simple in design, but most becoming.

Miss Lauraetta is one of Baird's noblest daughters and with her gentle, kind hearted way has won many friends. Mr. Carter is an engineer in the T. & P. yard here and is popular with all. THE STAR joins the many friends of the young people in extending congratulations and good wishes. They left on the night train for Ft. Worth and San Angelo to visit relatives.

Prof. F. W. Chatfield, of Dallas, formerly of Baird, was in town Monday.

J. W. Merrick, of Eula, was taking in the sights in the city Monday.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTE:—Announcement fees for all District and County offices \$10.00 payable in advance.

We are authorized to announce the following candidates for office subject to the Democratic primary:

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE.

42d District composed of the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford and Taylor:

THOMAS L. BLANTON, of Albany.

J. T. HAMMONS, of Eastland.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

We wish you one and all Merry Christmas.

The Girl In Red Comedy Co.

This attraction is booked to appear at the opera house on the night of Dec. 23d, and brings attractive girls clever comedians and high-class specialty artists. The prices have been reduced to 25-35-50 cents so that all may attend. The performance is guaranteed to be so clean as not to offend the most fastidious lady patron, and a capacity house will undoubtedly greet them. Get seats early.

Rev. J. H. Chambers visited his daughter at Cisco, Tuesday.

Be sure to see the Girl In Red Novelty Co. at the opera house next Monday night.

Claude Yonge, formerly of Baird, but now living in El Paso, visited his brother-in-law, Neal Edwards last Sunday.

See the "Girl in Red" fun show on Monday night at the opera house. Popular prices. Clean amusement.

Dr. H. H. Ramsey has three good farms for rent, not for sale as advertised in THE STAR last week. If you want to rent a farm see him.

Laughter with no tinge of vulgarity with the "Girl In Red Co." at the opera house next Monday night.

Farms For Rent.—I have three good farms for rent. H. H. Ramsey.

Brick is on the ground to extend the Boydston grocery store back fifty feet to the alley. We learn that at least six new residences will be started in town between now and the 1st.

Dr. A. Levey, the well known optician, spent a few days in town last week.

Rev. John P. Hardesty got out a handsome Christmas edition of his paper, "The Missionary Banner" J. H. Walker, printer.

Be careful about shooting fireworks. Few if any of us have insurance enough to take any chances on fire.

We wish every citizen of Baird and Callahan county could have heard Mr. Cousins' address before the Teacher's Institute this morning. While much of his talk was instructive and helpful to teachers no doubt yet it is the people that need working up on educational matters. He favors the school tax increase amendment. This is one amendment that the people should adopt and THE STAR hopes it will carry. The people cannot afford to lose out on this.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

We issue the largest Christmas number ever gotten out in the County and it is all home print except the lithographed cover, and all the adds on that were set up and printed in THE STAR office. We print 16 pages and one thousand copies. We used two hundred pounds of paper in this issue, it required five thousand impressions of the big news press to print them. The enormous amount of work required caused us to be unavoidably late. For the past two or three weeks work has gone on day and night trying to keep up with the rush of work on the paper and in the Job department.

Uncle Sam's Pacific Fleet

Sixteen Big Battleships Which Will Steam Fifteen Thousand Miles to San Francisco—Santa Claus Will Come Aboard at Trinidad—Magdalena Bay Target Practice

H



MESS CALL ON THE LOUISIANA.

ATS off! The fleet is passing by. More than half way around the earth in sailing distance—about 15,000 miles—to reach a point 3,000 miles away by land, the most magnificent, the most formidable, the most effective of naval fleets sets sail from Hampton Roads, Virginia, for San Francisco. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the east to the west by way of the south, down the Atlantic coast, around Cape Horn,

Japan on account of incidents in San Francisco. That matter was settled amicably, and now the big fleet goes forward with such significance as industrial and commercial conditions may give it.

Under the command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans this grandest assembly of American ships that ever plowed the seas is going around the tip end of South America and up through the blue brine of the Pacific to resuscitated and rejuvenated San Francisco.

The sixteen battleships which, with the necessary coilers, supply ships, repair ships and other auxiliaries to an extended cruise, constitute this fleet are as follows:

	Tonnage.	Guns.	Speed.
Connecticut	17,600	24	18
Louisiana	17,600	24	18
Minnesota	17,650	24	18
Vermont	17,650	24	18
Kansas	17,650	24	18
Virginia	15,320	24	19
Georgia	15,320	24	19
New Jersey	15,320	24	19
Rhode Island	15,320	24	19
Maine	13,500	20	18
Missouri	13,500	20	18
Ohio	13,500	20	18
Alabama	11,565	18	17
Illinois	11,565	18	17
Kearage	11,540	22	16
Kentucky	11,540	22	16

(Guns of secondary battery not given.)

According to the itinerary mapped out, the ships must travel 13,722 knots to reach San Francisco bay. This is equivalent to more than 15,000 miles. The naval authorities figure that 115 days will elapse between the time of starting and the time of arrival at destination, but that only sixty-three days will be devoted to actual sailing. The rest of the time will be spent in port en route and at target practice. It is the intention of the navy department to give the crews much practice at the big and little guns under the best con-

3,072 knots to Magdalena bay, on the west coast of Lower California, which is a peninsula belonging to the republic of Mexico. At Magdalena bay a considerable period will be spent in gun practice. The Mexican government has granted the United States the privilege of using this fine bay, an ocean inlet forty miles long and protected with reefs of sands, so that the water is always placid, as a coaling and practice station for a period of three years.

From Magdalena bay to San Francisco bay, where the ships will drop anchor at the end of their voyage, the distance is about 1,000 knots. It is believed that, barring accidents and other untoward circumstances, the ships will ride triumphantly through the Golden Gate and anchor in the bay on April 10.

While the disposition of the fleet after arrival in San Francisco bay is not definitely indicated, it is safe to assume that the big battleships will do more or less cruising up and down the Pacific coast. It is quite probable that considerable time will be spent in the Puget sound harbors, such as those at Seattle and Tacoma. It may be that a cruise to Honolulu will be included.

NOTICE.

All parties owing me on either notes or accounts will please call and settle. I need the money to meet my obligations. If you owe me this means you. C. S. BOYLES, 48-S

PAY UP.

All persons indebted to Ramsey & McCauley are requested to settle up. These accounts must be closed up. Books at H. H. Ramsey's office, 46

Wanted:—Every lady in Baird and Callahan county to call and inspect our new line of furniture. We claim the largest and most complete line ever displayed in Baird, at reasonable prices. Halsted Bros. 51

THAT'S IT!

Cough yourself into a fit of spasms and then wonder why you don't get well. If you will only try a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup your cough will be a thing of the past. It is a positive cure for Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis and all Pulmonary diseases. One bottle will convince you—at your druggist, 25c, 50c \$1.00. Sold by Powell & Powell

Cook Stoves.

We carry more cook stoves than all the balance of Baird combined. Halsted Bros. 51

Mesquite Posts—10 cts each at ranch. W. B. ELLIS, Dudley, Tex.,

WHAT'S

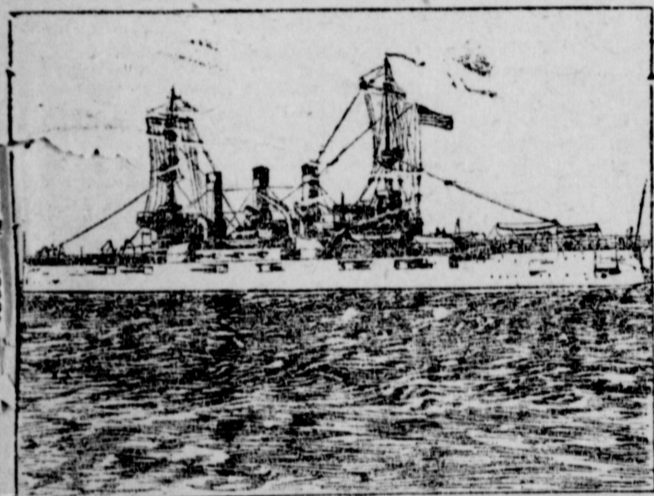
worth doing is worth doing well. If you wish to be cured of Rheumatism use Ballard's Snow Liniment and you will be cured. A positive cure for Sprains, Neuralgia, Bruises, Contracted Muscles and all the ill that flesh is heir to. A. G. M. Williams Navasota, Texas, writes: "I have used Snow Liniment for sprained ankle and it gave the best satisfaction I always keep it in the house." Sold by Powell & Powell.

We carry a full line of comforts, quilts, rugs and mattresses at lowest prices. Halsted Bros. 51

Mr. Joseph Murphy.

The number of people who suffer from stomach trouble is beyond telling. Often, too, it is the strongest and more robust who suffer in this way. Joseph Murphy, 1727 W. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind., was so afflicted and for years tried every thing, but he was not cured until he took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the great herb laxative compound, which also cures constipation, indigestion and all liver and bowel troubles. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

Go to Hammans Bros. for your school tablets. 38



THE BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT, FLAGSHIP OF REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS.

six months we have been talking about this proposed movement of warships. For six months Uncle Sam has been making preparations for the voyage. Some citizens have acquiesced with enthusiasm in the plans of the navy department. Others have objected to the cruise on various grounds. Some have looked upon it as a valuable "demonstration" in view of possible Japanese hostilities. Others have commended the plan merely as a matter of exercising our ships and seamen, just to show what they can do when they try. Still others have hinted that it is nobody's business outside of America what we do with our own naval equipment so long as we keep the peace. Opponents of the cruise have held that it is a needless waste of money, while a few of them seem to regard the movement as something akin to the shaking of a red rag in the face of a bull.

Very probably those who hold that it is nobody's business but Uncle Sam's are close to the mark. The United States has two long coast lines to defend, separated by 3,000 miles of land. Until the acquisition of Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines our Pacific coast was relatively unimportant in a naval sense. United States ownership of those islands increased the importance of Pacific coast naval patrol. Japan's growing military and naval prowess further enhanced this importance. We have no desire to fight England or France, yet we keep the Atlantic coast constantly guarded by powerful fleets. The movement of a great fleet to Pacific waters is but a natural consequence of changed conditions. Secretary of the Navy Meyer remarked some months ago when this movement was under consideration that it had "practically no significance from a military standpoint." At that time there was no little friction with

ditions possible. There will be five stops on the long trip, where the ships will anchor and many members of the crews will enjoy shore leave.

From Hampton Roads to Trinidad, the first port where the fleet will pause, the distance is 1,780 knots. The sailors will spend Christmas at Trinidad, leaving there about three days afterward for Rio de Janeiro, 2,900 knots distant. About Jan. 10 the ships will anchor in the harbor of the Brazilian metropolis, remaining a week. Punta Arenas, in the strait of Magellan, is 2,230 knots farther along. The fleet will spend the closing week of January in that port. Callao, the next stopping point, is 2,850 knots away. According to the schedule mapped out, the fleet should reach Callao on Feb. 13. Six days' respite from cruising will be had in that harbor; they come a stretch of



ROUTE OF THE FLEET AND DISTANCES.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

We Have The Stock
We Have The Prices
We Give Prompt Service
We Are Anxious to Please
See Us! Figure With Us!! Deal With Us!!!
F.P. Shackelford PUTNAM, TEX.

SEAY & HASH BROS.

LIQUOR DEALERS
STRAWN, TEXAS

Hill & Hill,—bonded—per gallon	85 00
Casco,—bonded—per gallon	4 50
Guckenheimer,—bonded—per gallon	5 50
Dixie Rye,—case goods—per gallon	4 00
Bond & Lillard—case goods—per gallon	4 00
McBrayer—case goods—per gallon	4 00
Mellwood—case goods—per gallon	4 00
Texas Club—case goods—per gallon	4 00
International—barrell goods—per gallon	4 00
International—case goods—per quart	1 25

All original packages. Money must accompany all orders, and they will have prompt attention.

J. B. STOKES President HENRY JAMES V. P. B. L. RUSSELL Cashier
W. S. HINES Assistant Cashier

The First National Bank of Baird

Capital Stock \$50,000.00

If we are strangers to you, call and let us get acquainted. We want your business, and will put forth our best efforts to get and retain it. Careful attention given to the business of our patrons.

How To Order Meat

PHONE NO. 26

If you want your roast orders delivered in time for dinner, please phone us your order before 8 o'clock, as the wagon is delivering in different parts of the city and may not get around on time if ordered later.

We keep only the best Beef, Pork and Sausage to be had.

W. F. WILSON'S MEAT MARKET

Buy You a Home

8000 acres good land near Callao for sale in large or small tracts.

On Easy Terms

L. L. BLACKBURN W. D. BOYDSTUN
BAIRD, TEXAS.

HOME STUDIO

Is the place to go to get first-class high grade

Photo Work Done

We finish kodak work and keep a large line of local photo post card views.

Only Genuine Hawks Eye Glasses at Powell & Powell. 16-17.

The prettiest line of china and queensware in town at Hammans & Bro. 25

Don't be blind and buy your fall suit before you price Schwartz'. 46

When you think of drugs see Powell.

Nice line of folding beds, both upright and mantle. Halsted Bros

THE PRINCESS HELOPE

By HAROLD MACGRATH
AUTHOR OF "THE MAN ON THE BOX," "HEARTS AND MASKS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

The princess rose at dawn the following day. She routed out Hans, the head groom, and told him to saddle Artemis, the slim-limbed, seal-brown filly which an English nobleman had given her. Ten minutes later she was in the saddle, and the heaviness on her heart seemed to rise and vanish like the opal mists on the bosom of the motionless lake. A pale star blinked at her, and the day, flushed like the cheek of a waking infant, began drowsily to creep over the rolling mountains.

How silent all the city was! Only here and there above the chimneys rose a languid film of smoke. The gates of the park shut behind with a clang, and so for a time she was alone and free. She touched Artemis with a spur, and the filly broke into a canter toward the lake road. The girl's nostrils dilated. Every flower, the thousand resinous saps of the forest, the earth itself, yielded up a cool sweet perfume that was to the mind what a glass of wine is to the blood, exhilaration.

Mottled with pink, and gray, and blue, and gold, the ever-changing hues of the morning, the surface of the lake was as smooth as her mirror and, like it, always reflecting beauty. Fish leaped forth and fell with a sounding splash, and the circles would widen and gradually vanish. A blackbird dipped among the silent rushes; a young fox barked importantly; a hawk flashed by. The mists swam hither and thither mysteriously, growing thinner and fainter as the gold of day grew brighter and clearer. Suddenly—in the words of the old tent-maker—the false morning died, and it was day.

I'm afraid that somewhere among the princess' ancestors there was a troubador; for she was something of a poet. Indeed, I have already remarked that she wrote verses. The atmospheric change of the morning turned her mind into sentimental channels. How she envied the peasant woman, who might come and go at will, sleep in the open or in the hut, loving or hating with perfect freedom! Ah, Prince Charming, Prince Charming! where were you? Why did you loiter? Perhaps for her there was no Prince Charming. It might be so. She sighed.

She would never marry Doppelkinn—never. That horrible Steinbock! She was glad, glad that she had struck him, again and again, across his lying eyes and evil mouth. She had believed that she knew the world; it was all yet a mystery; the older she grew the less she understood. Wasn't anybody good? Was everybody to be distrusted? Which way should she turn now? The world was beautiful enough; it was the people in it. Poor Betty! She had her troubles, too; but somehow she refused to confide in them. She acted very much as if she were in love.

She gazed at the hawk enviously. How proud and free he was, so high up there, circling and circling. Even the fox was freer than she; the forests were his, and he might go whither he listed. And the fish that leaped in frolic from the water, and the blackbird in the rushes! She could not understand.

She would never marry Doppelkinn—never.

But how should she escape—how? On Wednesday night she would be given her quarterly allowance of a thousand crowns, and on Thursday she must act. . . . Yes, yes, that was it! How simple! She would slip over into Doppelkinn, where they never would think to search for her. She knew a place in which to hide. From Doppelkinn she would go straight to Dresden and seek the protection of her old governess, who would hide her till the duke came to his senses. If only she had an independent fortune, how she would snap her fingers at them all!

She was distracted by the sound of jangling steel. Artemis had cast a shoe. How annoying! It would take ten minutes to reach old Bauer's smithy, and ten minutes more to put on a shoe. She brought the filly down to a walk.

What was the use of being a princess if one was not allowed to act in a royal fashion? It wasn't so terrible to wear men's clothes, and, besides, they were very comfortable for riding a horse; and as for riding a bicycle in the public streets, hadn't that ugly Italian duchess ridden through the streets of Rome, and in knickerbockers, too? Nobody seemed to mind it there. But in Barscheit it had been little short of a crime. She recalled the flaming fuzes and the red-hot wire of her unfortunate wheel. A smile rippled over her face, but it passed quickly.

There was nothing left to smile over. They were going to force her to marry a tomb, a man in whom love and courage and joy were as dead things. Woe to Doppelkinn, though—woe to him! She would lead him a dance, wild and terrible.

If only she were Betty, free to do what she pleased, to go and come at will! She wasn't born to be a princess; she wasn't common-place enough; she enjoyed life too well. Ah, if only she might live and act like those English cousins of hers with whom she went to school! They could ride man-fashion, hunt man-fashion, shoot, play cards and bet at the races man-fashion, and nobody threatened them with Doppelkinn. They might dance, too, till the sun came into the windows and the rouge on their faces cracked. But she! (I use the emphasis to illustrate the decided nods of her pretty head.) Why, every sweet had to be stolen!

She would never marry Doppelkinn—never. She would never watch his old nose grow purple at the table. She would run away. And since Prince Charming was nowhere to be seen, it were better to die an old maid.

Presently the smithy came into view, emerging from a cluster of poplars. She rode up to the doors, dismounted and entered. Old Bauer himself was at the bellows, and the weird blue light hissing up from the blown coals discovered another customer. She turned and met his frank glance of admiration. (If she hadn't turned! If his admiration hadn't been entirely frank!) Instantly she sent Bauer a warning glance which that old worthy seemed immediately to understand. The stranger was tall, well-made, handsome, with yellow hair, and eyes as blue as the sky is when the west wind blows.

He raised his cap, and the heart of the girl fluttered. Wherever had this seemingly fellow come from?

"Good morning," said the stranger courteously. "I see that you have had the same misfortune as myself."

"You have lost a shoe? Rather annoying, when one doesn't want a single break in the going." She uttered the words carelessly, as if she wasn't at all interested.

The stranger stuffed his cap into a pocket.

She was glad that she had chosen the new saddle. The crest and coat of arms had not yet been burned upon the leather nor engraved upon the silver ornaments, and there was no blanket under the English saddle. There might be an adventure; one could not always tell. She must hide her identity. If the stranger knew that she belonged to the House of Barscheit, possibly he would be frightened and take to his heels.

But the Princess Hildegard did not know that this stranger never took to his heels; he wasn't that kind. Princess or peasant, it would have been all the same to him. Only his tone might have lost half a key.

Bauer called to his assistant, and the girl stepped out into the road. The stranger followed, as she knew he would. It will be seen that she knew something of men, if only that they possess curiosity.

"What a beautiful place this is!" the stranger ventured, waving his hand toward the still lake and the silent, misty mountains.

"There is no place quite like it," she admitted. "You are a stranger in Barscheit?"—politely. He was young and certainly the best-looking man she had seen in a month of moons. If Doppelkinn, now, were only more after this pattern!

"Yes, this is my first trip to Barscheit. He had a very engaging smile. "You are from Vienna?"

"No."

"Ah, from Lerilla. I was not quite sure of the accent."

"I am a German-American,"—frankly. "I have also spoken the language as if it were my own, which doubtless it is."

"America!" she cried, her interest generally. "What is the country where every one goes just as he pleases?"

"Sometimes." (What beautiful teeth she had, white as skimmed milk!)

"They are free?"

"Nearly always."

"They tell me that women there are all queens."

"We are there, or here, always your humble servants."

He was evidently a gentleman; there was something in his boy that was courtly. "And do the women attend the theaters alone at night?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me, does the daughter of the president have just as much liberty as her subjects?"

"Even more. Only, there are no subjects in America."

"No subjects? What do they call them, then?"

"Voters."

"And do the women vote?"

"Only at the women's clubs."

She did not quite get this; not that it was too subtle, rather that it was not within her comprehension.

"It is a big country?"

"Ever so big."

"Do you like it?"

"I love every inch of it. I have even fought for it."

"In the Spanish war?"—visibly excited.

"Yes."

"Were you a major or a colonel?"

"Neither; only a private."

"I thought every soldier there was either a colonel or a major."

He looked at her sharply, but her eye was roving. He became suspicious. She might be simple, and then again she mightn't. She was worth studying, anyhow.

"I was a cavalryman, with nothing to do but obey orders and, when ordered, fight. I am visiting the American consul here; he was a school-mate of mine."

"Ah! I thought I recognized the horse."

"You know him?"—quickly.

"Oh,—casually,—every one here-about has seen the consul on his morning rides. He rides like a centaur, they say; but I have never seen a centaur."

The stranger laughed. She was charming.

"He ought to ride well; I taught him." But the gay smile which followed this statement robbed it of its air of conceit. "You see, I have ridden part of my life on the great plains of the west, and have mounted everything from a wild Indian pony to an English thoroughbred. My name is Max Scharfstein, and I am here as a medical student, though in my own country I have the right to hang out a physician's shingle."

She drew aimless figures in the dust with her riding-crop. There was no sense in her giving any name. Probably they would never meet again. And yet—

"I am Hildegard von—von Heidelberg," giving her mother's name. He was too nice to frighten away.

The hesitance over the "von" did not strike his usually keen ear. He was too intent on noting the variant expressions on her exquisite face. It was a pity she was dark. What a figure, and how proudly the head rested upon the slender but firm white throat! After all, black eyes, such as these were, might easily rival any blue eyes he had ever seen. (Which goes to prove that a man's ideals are not built as solidly as might be.)

"It is rather unusual," he said, "to see a woman ride so early; but you have the right idea. Everything begins to wake, life, the air, the day. There is something in the dew of the morning that is a better tonic than any doctor can brew."

"Take care! If you have no confidence in your wares, you must not expect your patients to have."

"Oh, I am a doctor of philosophy also."

"That is to say," she observed, "if you lose your patients, you will accept their loss without a murmur? Very good. May I ask what you have come so far to study?"

"Nerves."

"Is it possible?"—with a smile as fleet as the wind.

He laughed. This was almost like an American girl. How easy it was to talk to her! He tried again to catch her eye, but failed. Then both looked out over the lake, mutually consenting that a pause should ensue. He did not mind the dark hair at all.

"Do you speak English?" she asked abruptly in that tongue, with a full glance to note the effect.

"I'm Hildegard von—von Heidelberg. English is spoken to some extent in the United States," he answered gravely. He did not evince the least surprise at her fluency.

"Do you write to the humorous papers in your country?"

"Only to subscribe for them," said he.

And again they laughed; which was a very good sign that things were going forward tolerably well.

And then the miserable fellow of a smith had to come out and announce that the stranger's horse was ready.

"I'll warrant the shoe," said Bauer. "You haven't lost any time," said Max, his regret evident to every one.

The girl smiled approvingly. She loved humor in a man, and this one with the yellow hair and blue eyes seemed to possess a fund of the dry sort. All this was very wrong, she knew, but she wasn't going to be the princess this morning; she was going to cast off the shell of artificiality, of etiquette.

"How much will this shoe cost me?" Max asked.

"Half a crown," said Bauer, with a sly glance at the girl to see how she would accept so exorbitant a sum. The princess frowned. "But sometimes," added Bauer hurriedly, "I do it for nothing."

"Bauer, your grandfather was a robber," the girl laughed. "Take heed that you do not follow in his footsteps."

"I am a poor man, your—mm—Fraulein," he stammered.

"Here's a crown," said Max, tossing a coin which was neatly caught by the grimy hand of the smith.

"Are you very rich?" asked the girl curiously.

"Why?" counter-questioned Max.

"Oh, I am curious to know. Bauer will tell it to every one in Barscheit that you overpay for things, and from now on you will have to figure living on a basis of crowns."

It is worth any price to hear a pretty woman laugh. What a fine beginning for a day!

"May misfortune be kind enough to bring you this way again, Herr!" Bauer cried joyfully, not to say ambiguously.

"Listen to that!" laughed the girl, her eyes shining like the water in the sun. "But he means only to thank your generosity. Now,—with a severe frown,—"how much do I owe you? Take care; I've only a few pieces of silver in my purse."

"Why, Fraulein, you owe me nothing; I am even in debt to you for this very crown." Which proved that Bauer had had his lesson in courtiership.

The assistant soon brought forth the girl's restive filly. Max sprang to her aid. How light her foot was in his palm! (She could easily have mounted alone, such was her skill; but there's the woman of it.)

"I am going toward the Pass," she said, reading the half-veiled appeal in his blue eyes.

"Which way is that?" he asked, swinging into his own saddle.

"That way," nodding toward the south. After all, there could be no harm! In two or three hours their paths would separate for ever.

"Why," delightedly,— "I am going that way myself."

Old Bauer watched them till they disappeared around a turn in the road. He returned to his forge, shaking his head as if confronted by a problem too abstruse even for his German mind.

"Well, he's an American, so I will not waste any pity on him. The pity is that she must wed old Red-nose."

It would have been if she had!

So the princess and Prince Charming rode into the country, and they talked about a thousand and one things. Had she ever been to France? Yes. To England? She had received part of her education there. Did she know the Princess Hildegard? Slightly. What was she like? She was a madcap, irresponsible, but very much abused. Did she know Mr. Warrington, the American consul? She had seen him on his morning rides. Wasn't it a fine world? It was, indeed.

Once they stopped at a farm. The girl refused to dismount, bidding Max to go in and ask for a drink of milk. Max obeyed with alacrity, returning with two foaming goblets of warm milk.

From time to time the princess stifled the "small voice." It was wrong, and yet it wasn't. What worried her was the thought that Betty might take it into her head to follow, and then everything would be spoiled. Every now and then she turned her head and sighed contentedly; the road to rearward was always clear.

"Follow me!" she cried suddenly, even daringly.

A stone wall, three feet high, ran along at their right. The foreground was hard and firm. Pressing the reins on the filly's withers, she made straight for the wall, cleared it, and drew up on the other side. Now, Max hadn't the least idea that the horse under him was a hunter, so I might very well say that he took his life in his hands as he followed her. But Dandy knew his business. He took the wall without effort. A warm glow went over Max when he found that he hadn't broken his neck. Together they galloped down the field and came back for the return jump. This, too, was made easily. Max's admiration knew no bounds. It was a dangerous pastime in more ways than one.

At eight o'clock they turned toward home, talking about another thousand and one things.

"It has been a delightful ride," suggested Max, with an eye to the future.

"I take this road nearly every morning," said she, locking out upon the water, which was ruffling itself and quarrelling along the sandy shores.

Max said nothing, but he at once made up his mind that he would take the same road provided he could in any reasonable manner get rid of me.

"Did you enjoy the ride?" the Honorable Betty, as her highness came in to breakfast. There were no formalities in the princess' apartments.

"Beautifully!" Her highness guiltily wondered if there was any logical way to keep Betty in the house for the next few mornings. She sat down and sipped her tea. "The duke talked to me last night. Steinbock played double."

"What!"

"Yes. He sold us to the duke, who patiently waited for me to speak. Betty, I am a fool. But I shall never marry Doppelkinn. That is settled."

"I suppose he will be inviting me to return to England," said Betty shrewdly.

"Not for the present."

"And I have just grown to love the place,"—pathetically. "Mr. Warrington has asked me to ride with him afternoons. His ankle prevents him from taking the long morning jaunts. If it will not interfere with your plans, dear—"

"Accept, by all means," interrupted her highness. "He is a capital horseman." She smiled mysteriously. Happily her companion was absorbed in thought and did not see this smile.

Max came in at a quarter of ten, went to tub, and came down in time for the eggs.

"Have a good ride?" I asked.

"Bully! Beautiful country!" He was enthusiastic.

"How these healthy animals eat!" I thought as I observed him occasionally.

"Wish I could go with you," I said, but half-heartedly.

"I'll get the lay of the land quick enough," he replied.

The rascal! Not a word about the girl that morning, or the next, or until Thursday morning. If only I had known! But Fate knows her business better than I do, and she was handling the affair. But long rides of a morning with a pretty girl are not safe for any bachelor.

Thursday morning he came in late. He dropped something on the table. On inspection I found it to be a woman's handkerchief purse.

"Where the deuce did you get that?" I asked, mighty curious.

"By George! but I've been enjoying the most enchanting adventure; such as you read out of a book. I'm inclined to believe that I shall enjoy my studies in old Barscheit."

"But where did you get this?" If there was a girl around, I wanted to know all about it.

"She dropped it."

"She dropped it!" I repeated. "What she? Why, you old tow-head, have you been flirting at this hour of the morning?"

"Handsome as a picture!"

"Ha! The ideal at last,"—ironically. "Blond, of course."

"Dark as a Spaniard, and rides like Diana." His enthusiasm was not to be lightly passed over.

"Never heard of Diana riding," said I; "always saw her pictured as going afoot."

"Don't be an ass! You know very well what I mean."

"I've no argument to offer, nor any picture to prove my case. You've had an adventure; give it up, every bit of it."

"One of the finest horsewomen I ever saw. Took a wall three feet high the other morning, just to see if I dared follow. Lucky Dandy is a hunter, or I'd have broken my neck."

"Very interesting." Then of a sudden a thought flashed through my head and out again. "Anybody with her?"

"Only myself these three mornings."

"H'm! Did you get as far as names?"

"Yes; I told her mine. Who is Hildegard von Heidelberg?"

"Heideloff?" I was puzzled. My suspicions evaporated. "I can't say that I know any one by that name. Sure it was Heideloff?"

"Do you mean to tell me," with blank astonishment, "that there is a petticoat on horseback in this duchy that you do not know?"

"I don't know any woman by the name of Hildegard von Heidelberg; on my word of honor, Max, I don't."

"Old Bauer, the blacksmith, knew her."

Bauer? All my suspicions returned. "Describe the girl to me."

"Handsome figure, masses of black hair, great black eyes that are full of good fun, a delicate nose, and I might add, a very kissable mouth."

"What! have you kissed her?" I exclaimed.

"No, no! Only, I'd like to."

"H'm! You've made quite a study. She must be visiting some one nearby. There is an old castle three miles west of the smithy. Did she speak English?"

"Yes,"—excitedly.

"That accounts for it. An old English nobleman lives over there during the summer months, and it is not improbable that she is one of his guests." In my heart I knew that her highness was up to some of her tricks again, but



there was no need of her snatching good old Max's heart. Yet I felt bound to say: "Why not look into the purse? There might be something there to prove her identity."

"Look into her purse?"—horri- fied. "You wouldn't have me peeping into a woman's purse, would you? Suppose there should be a box of rouge? Her cheeks were red."

"Quite likely."

"Or a powder-puff."

"Even more likely."

"Or—"

"Go on."

"Or a love letter."

"I have my doubts," said I.

"Well, if you do not know who she is, I'll find out,"—undismayed.

Doubtless he would; he was a per- sistent old beggar, was Max.

"Do not let it get serious, my boy."

I warned. "You could not marry any one in this country."

"Why not?"

"Have you been regularly baptized? Was your father? Was your grand- father? Unless you can answer these simplest of questions and prove them, you could not get a license; and no priest or preacher would dare marry you without a license."

"Hang you, who's talking about get- ting married? All I want to know is, who is Hildegard von Heidelberg, and how am I to return her purse? I shall ask the blacksmith."

"Do so,"—taking up my egg spoon.

Max slipped the purse into his breast- pocket and sat down.

CHAPTER VII.

"The one fault I have to find with European life is the poor quality of tobacco used."

It was eight o'clock, Thursday night, the night of the dinner at Muller's. I was dressing when Max entered, with a miserable cheroot between his teeth.

"They say," he went on, "that in Russia they drink the finest tea in the world, simply because it is brought overland and not by sea. Unfortunately, tobacco—we Americans recognize no leaf as tobacco unless it comes from Cuba—has to cross the sea, and is, in some unaccountable manner, weakened in the transit. There are worse cigars in Germany than in France, and I wouldn't have believed it possible, if I had not gone to the trouble of proving it. Fine country! For a week I've been trying to smoke the German quality of the weed, as a preventive, but I see I must give it up on account of my throat. My boy, I have news for you,"—tossing the cheroot into the grate.

"Fire away," said I, struggling with a collar.

"I have a box of Havanas over at the custom house that I forgot to bail out."

"No!" said I joyfully. A Havana, and one of Scharfenstein's!

"I've an idea that they would go well with the dinner. So, if you don't mind, I'll trot over and get 'em."

"Be sure and get around to Muller's at half-past eight, then," said I.

"I'll be there." He knew where to find the place.

Muller's ratskeller was the rendez- vous of students, officers and all those persons of quality who liked music with their meat. The place was low- ceilinged, but roomy, and the ventila- tion was excellent, considering. The smoke never got so thick that one couldn't see the way to the door when the students started in "to clean up the place," to use the happy idiom of mine own country. There were mar- ble tables and floors and arches and light, cane-bottomed chairs from Kohn's. It was at once Bohemian and cosmopolitan, and, once inside, it was easy to imagine oneself in Vienna. A Hungarian orchestra occupied an in- closed platform, and every night the wall of the violin and the pom-pom of the wool-tipped hammers on the Hun- garian "piano" might be heard.

It was essentially a man's place of entertainment; few women ever had the courage or the inclination to enter. In America it would have been the fashion; but in the capital of Barscheit the women ate in the restaurant above, which was attached to the hotel, and depended upon the Volksgarten band for their evening's diversion.

You had to order your table hours ahead—that is, if you were a civilian. If you were lucky enough to be an of- ficer, you were privileged to take any vacant chair you saw. But heaven aid you if you attempted to do this not be- ing an officer! In Barscheit there were also many unwritten laws, and you were obliged to observe these with all the fidelity and attention that you gave to the enameled signs. Only the military had the right to request the or- chestra to repeat a piece of music. Sometimes the lieutenants, seized with that gay humor known only to cubs, would force the orchestra in Muller's to play the Hungarian war song till the ears cried out in pain. This was always the case when any Austrians happened to be present. But ordinari- ly the crowds were good-natured, boi- sterous, but orderly.

It was here, then, that I had ar- ranged to give my little dinner. The orchestra had agreed—for a liberal tip—to play "The Star-spangled Banner," and there was a case of Doppelkinn's sparkling Moselle. I may as well state right here that we neither heard our national anthem nor drank the vintage.

You will soon learn why. I can laugh now. I can treat the whole affair with becoming levity, but at the time I gained several extra gray hairs.

If the princess hadn't turned around and if Max hadn't wanted that box of Havanas!

When I arrived at Muller's I found my boys in a merry mood. They were slinging softly from "Robin Hood" with fine college harmony, and as I entered they swarmed about me like so many



"Hang You, Who's Talking About Get- ting Married?"

young dogs. Truth to tell, none of them was under 20, and two or three were older than myself. But to them I represented official protection for whatever they might do. I assumed all the dignity I dared. I had kept Scharfenstein's name back as a sur- prise.

Ellis—for whom I had the passport—immediately struck me as being so nearly like Max that they might easily have been brothers. Ellis was slight- er; that was all the difference. I gave him his papers and examined his tick- ets. All was well; barring accidents, he would be in Dresden the next day.

"You go through Doppelkinn, then?" said I.

"Yes. I have friends in Dresden whom I wish to see before going home."

"Well, good luck to you!"

Then I announced that Max Schar- fenstein, an old college comrade, would join us presently. This was greeted with hurrahs. At that time there wasn't an American student who did not recollect Max's great run from the ten-yard line. (But where the deuce was Max?) I took a little flag from my pocket and stuck it into the vase of poppies, and the boys clapped their hands. You never realize how beau- tiful your flag is till you see it in a for- eign land. I apologized for Max's ab- sence, explaining the cause, and or- dered dinner to be served. We hadn't much time, as Ellis' train departed at ten. It was now a quarter of nine.

We had come to the relishes when a party of four officers took the table nearest us. They hung up their sabers on the wall-peg, and sat down, order- ing a bottle of light wine. Usually there were five chairs to the table, but even if only two were being used no one had the right to withdraw one of the vacant chairs without the most elaborate apologies. This is the law of courtesy in Barscheit. In America it is different; if you see anything you want, take it.

Presently one of the officers—I knew none of them save by sight—rose and approached. He touched the flag in- solently and inquired what right it had in a public restaurant in Barscheit. Ordinarily his question would not have been put without some justification. But he knew very well who I was and what my rights were in this instance.

"Herr Lieutenant," said I coldly, though my cheeks were warm enough, "I represent that flag in this country, and I am accredited with certain privi- leges, as doubtless you are aware. You will do me the courtesy of return- ing to your own table." I bowed.

He glared at me for a brief period, then turned on his heel. This was the first act in the play. At the fellow's table sat Lieut. von Storer, Doppel- kinn's nephew and heir-presumptive. He was, to speak plainly, a rake, a spendthrift and wholly untrustworthy. He was not ill-looking, however.

My spirits floated between anger and the fear that the officers might ruin the dinner—which they eventual- ly did.

Things went on smoothly for a time. The orchestra was pom-pomming the popular airs from "Faust." (Where the deuce was that tow-headed Dutch- man?) Laughter rose and fell; the clink of glass was heard; voices called. And then Max came in, look- ing as cool as you please, though I could read by his heaving chest that he had been sprinting up back streets. The boys crowded around him, and there was much ado over the laggard.

Unfortunately the waiter had forgot- ten to bring a chair for his plate. With a genial smile on his face, Max inno- cently stepped over to the officers' table and plucked forth the vacant chair. For a wonder the officers ap- peared to give this action no heed.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The Fleet In the Pacific

Rear Admiral Evans Can Call Up Each of His Sixteen Bat- tleships by Wireless Telephone—A \$600,000 Coal Bill For Uncle Sam—When the Oregon Rushed Around Cape Horn



CAT MASCOT SALUTING.

enhance their appetites. The food sup- ply bill, therefore, will not be appreci- ably larger than it would be were the ships lying in port or exercising up and down the Atlantic coast. Another con- siderable item of expense will be that of pilotage. The fleet must pass through the strait of Magellan, a difficult feat, and will put into five strange harbors on the voyage. For safe and suc- cessful conduct through the strait and in and out of harbors experienced local pilots must be hired.

As to the coal bill, this item will be much smaller under the conditions im- posed upon the cruise than it would be if the fleet were taken around to San Francisco on rush orders. The ships will proceed at a leisurely gait for the most part. It is understood that a uniform speed of twelve miles an hour or less will be adhered to, though the battleships are capable of from eighteen to twenty-two miles on

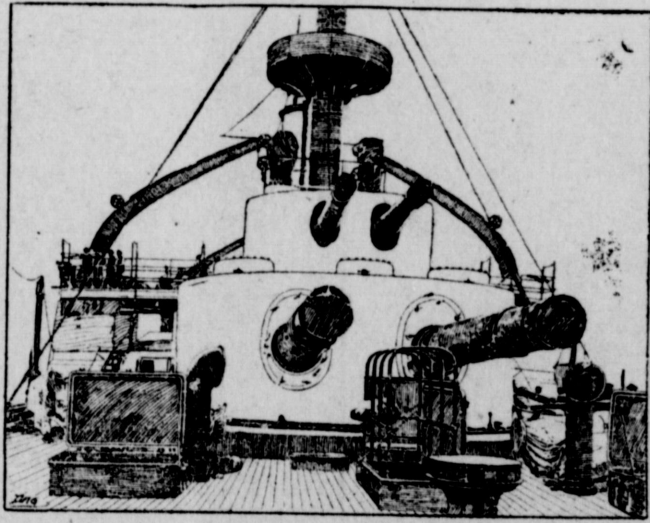
ly from harbors with which they are unacquainted.

Another new experience which the officers must undergo is that of keep- ing their official eyes upon the jolly Jack tars while the ships lie in South American harbors. Extended stops will be made at Trinidad, Rio de Ja- neiro, Punta Arenas, Callao and Mag- dalena bay. At none of these ports heretofore have Uncle Sam's seamen to the number of more than 500 ever gone ashore. With nearly twenty times that number of men to handle, all of them pretty lively specimens of humanity, it may be taken for granted

that the press of the United States will enjoy from time to time some interest- ing stories of shore leave pranks. The commanders of the ships no doubt will find it necessary to employ their pow- ers of discipline and diplomacy to the utmost in order to keep Jack from bul- bling over with enthusiasm when he goes ashore in considerable groups to get his land legs.

While at sea Jack will have plenty of business to occupy his attention though it is by no means all work, no play aboard ship. The men of each vessel have mascots with which to amuse themselves in off moments. Sev- eral goats, cats, parrots, monkeys and dogs will make the cruise around the Horn, sure of regular meals and abun- dant attention from their admirers, offi- cers as well as enlisted men.

While the ships are at sea it ought to be a comparatively easy matter for Ad- miral Evans to handle his forces, for on this cruise, for the first time in the history of the world, the wireless tele- phone will be used for communication between the ships of a great naval fleet. Every battleship has been fitted with wireless telephone devices, a won- derful invention but recently perfected. From his station in the emergency



BIG GUNS OF THE KENTUCKY AND ONE OF HER NOVEL SUPER-IMPOSED TURRETS.

occasion. When the battleship Oregon came around the Horn on her famous trip to get into the Santiago fight of 1908 she made only about an average of nine knots an hour, actual sailing time, owing to the necessity of keeping in touch with her colliers, which were nautical slowpokes.

In this cruise Admiral Evans' ships will be accompanied by coaling vessels carrying supplies of fuel in excess of that stored in the bunkers of the bat- tleships themselves. The colliers will load up with coal as needed from time to time at the several ports where stops will be made. Supply ships also ac- company the fleet, cargoes with canned meats and other foods. Fresh supplies of provisions will be obtained at the stopping places. The selection and purchase of these supplies will test the skill of Uncle Sam's naval commissary officers. It will be a new experience

each of the flagship Connecticut an officer serving as the fleet's "hello boy," so to speak, will be able to call up at will the officers of any other ship, even though ten miles of brine and wireless distance may intervene. By the wireless phone messages by word of mouth may be sent from ship to ship with the accuracy and ease of wired telephone messages from room to room in a modern hotel.

The value of such a system under the circumstances is self evident. Here- tofore intership signaling has been done by means of flags or by "wigwar- ging." Frequently it happens that

dense fogs obscure these signals, so that ships almost touching sides are unable to communicate with each other. With the wireless phone a fog won't matter. The fine fleet, in two squadrons, each squadron comprising two divisions of four battleships each, may be manipulated by vocal orders at will. It is said by the naval wire- less expert who investigated and re- ported upon the new wireless tele- phone that even in battle it will be possible to talk between ships. Other nations will be deeply interested in this wireless phone test.

Each of these sixteen battleships is thoroughly modern and up to date in every particular. All save two have been built since the war with Spain. They have been almost continuously in commission since their launching and have been overhauled and put in shipshape for this particular cruise with a view to the utmost efficiency. With an aggregate displacement of more than 225,000 tons and with more than 350 guns of four inch caliber and above, the fleet is the most powerful and formidable ever assembled by Uncle Sam. In the manner of arma- ment only two of the battleships, the Kentucky and the Kearsarge, differ



CAPTAIN SEATON SCHROEDER.

for them to provide the mess for such a large force of hungry seamen, large-

from the general pattern of recent fighting ships of the first class. These ships carry superimposed turrets, guns being opened in two stories, a smaller turret being upon the larger one. Each turret holds two guns.

Three rear admirals accompany the fleet to the Pacific. First in impor- tance is the commander in chief, Rob- ley D. Evans, senior rear admiral in the navy and the highest ranking officer in actual sea service. Admiral Dewey being his only superior. Rear Admirals William H. Emory and Charles M. Thomas command divisions of the fleet. The captains of the sixteen battleships as assigned for this cruise are:

Connecticut (flagship of Admiral Evans), Hugo Osterhaus; Louisiana, Richard Wainwright; Kansas, Charles E. Vreeland; Vermont, William P. Potter; Georgia (flagship of Admiral Emory), Henry McCrea; Virginia, Seaton Schroeder; New Jersey, W. H. H. Southard; Rhode Island, Joseph B. Murdock; Minnesota (flagship of Ad- miral Thomas), John Hubbard; Ohio, Lewis C. Hellner; Maine, Giles B. Har- ber; Missouri, Greenleaf A. Merriam; Alabama, Ten Eyck D. W. Veeder; Illinois, J. H. Bowyer; Kearsarge, H. Hutchins; Kentucky, W. C. Cowles.

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I earnestly request all who are in- debted to me to come in and settle up. I need the money to meet my obligations. H. H. RAMSEY.

Early to Bed

and early to rise, makes one healthy happy and wise—especially if you take Herbine before retiring. A positive cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia and all liver complaints. "I always keep a supply of your Herbine on hand. Am so pleased with the relief it gives in constipation and all liver complaints. Mrs. S., Columbia, Tenn., sold by Powell & Powell.

Checks or Cash.

THE STAR will take on subscrip- tion checks, bank notes, greenbacks, gold or silver, no matter whether or not the latter two have on them the old familiar motto "In God we trust." The main thing is to get any medium of exchange that we can pay debts with. "THE STAR."

Fighting Bob" and His Men

Three Rear Admirals, Sixteen Captains and Fifteen Thousand Men Who Man the Ships For the Pacific—Robley D. Evans, the Picturesque Veteran Who Commands the Fleet



REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES M. THOMAS.

round numbers 15,000 men, let us say one man for every mile of the distance to be made, go with Rear Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans in his fleet of war vessels from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These are mostly naval officers and seamen, with a sprinkling of United States marines. They are in the aggregate the physical flower—the huge and hefty bouquet—of the American navy. And it is not handing them any bouquets undeserved to say that they constitute the finest and fiercest fighting force that ever trod the decks of steel war monsters.

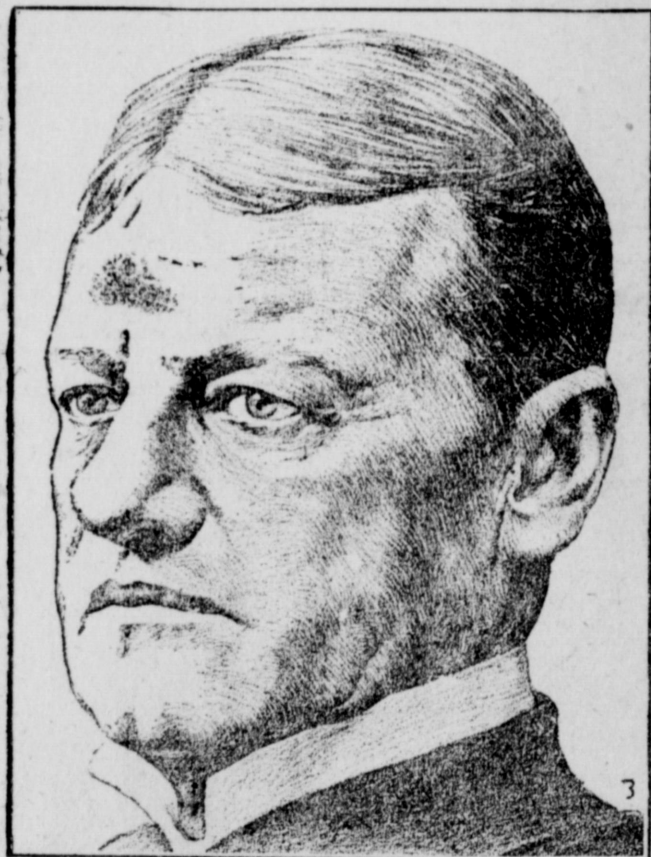
Robley D. Evans, the commander in chief of the fleet, is perhaps the best known man in the navy. From his

of the fleet which includes the great battleships Georgia, Virginia, New Jersey and Rhode Island, with the Georgia as his flagship, is distinguished in the navy for his bravery, his diplomacy and his dress. When he was a young officer he married a wealthy young woman. For years the Emorys lived in the finest house in Washington and were known as most lavish entertainers. William H. Emory, when not in uniform, was gorgeously garbed. It was said at one time that he changed his trousers every hour in the day. The late Admiral Worden remarked, "Emory is not so much of a dude as he looks." In fact, this officer always

commanded the respect of his brother officers and the men under him.

A few years ago Emory severely censured a seaman, who remarked later that it was only the officer's uniform that protected him from a licking. Emory immediately doffed his uniform, dressed himself in one of his gorgeous citizen suits, got a shore leave for the enlisted man, met him up an alley and administered the licking himself, though the other man was the bigger. Then he helped the defeated man back to the ship and sent him to the hospital ward.

Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas, who commands a division of the Pacific fleet, is another of the best



REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS.

flagship, the splendid battleship Connecticut, he will direct the movements of the sixteen great battleships and the other vessels. He has been forty-seven years in the navy, counting from the date of his entrance in the Naval academy. He began his career as an active fighter in the latter part of the civil war. In the assault upon Fort Fisher the young ensign received wounds which gave him a permanent limp and caused him to be retired from the navy for disability. But Evans made a stubborn fight for reinstatement, in which he was the winner. Thus was saved to the navy an officer who for a generation past has been its most picturesque character and one of its ablest men.

Rear Admiral Evans is now near the age of retirement for naval officers. It is said that he is highly pleased with his assignment to command the fleet on the cruise to the Pacific, thus rounding out his long career with a service of unusual distinction, which will be an important incident in naval history. Admiral Evans has seen much sea service, his experience in handling large fleets making him available for commander of this expedition. In spite of his sixty-one years he is still a vigorous, active man. The policy of the president and the navy department in preferring younger men for the main commands has not eliminated "Fighting Bob," who is said to possess the spirit of a young man of forty.

In Admiral Evans' fleet are several subordinate commanders who have made distinguished records—men of interesting personality aside from their performances. Rear Admiral William H. Emory, commander of the division

battleship Minnesota, flagship, and the battleships Ohio, Maine and Missouri, entered the Naval academy only two months later than Robley D. Evans. Admiral Thomas has had very large experience as an educator and trainer of seamen. For years he was senior instructor in ordnance and was in charge of the infantry battalion of cadets at the Naval academy.



CAPTAIN RICHARD WAINWRIGHT.

Captain Richard Wainwright, commanding the battleship Louisiana, is one of the notable heroes of the Spanish-American war. At the naval battle of Santiago he was in command of the torpedo boat destroyer Gloucester, a converted yacht. He dashed into the thickest of the fight and destroyed the Spanish torpedo boats Furor and Pluton. Later he captured without assistance the Porto Rican harbor of Guanica for use as a landing place for the army of General Miles. The secretary of the navy in presenting Wainwright a sword from the people of his native section said: "There is a roll of honor, Commander Wainwright, which is known as that of the bravest of the brave. On that imperishable roll your name has been written by your countrymen."

The commander of the battleship Virginia, Captain Seaton Schroeder, has distinguished himself not only as a naval officer in sea service, but in civil life as governor of the island of Guam for two and a half years. Governor Schroeder established a school system on the island and in other ways helped to Americanize Guam. He is also an author, having written a work entitled "Fall of Maximilian's Empire" and several notable magazine articles.

Mrs. Fenbee of Tennessee.

The stomach is such an easy organ to get out of order. One is troubled with it in the form of indigestion, another constipation, another heartburn, flatulency, etc. Mrs. Fenbee of Cumberland Furnace, Tenn., suffered for seventeen years from sour stomach. Naturally she tried "everything," and she says nothing ever benefited her until she took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and that cured her. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

All the new clocks at Schwartz' Prices absolutely the lowest. 46

If you want fresh groceries go to Clement & Price. 45.

Don't forget school books are cash. Powell & Powell. 41

CONTINUED.—B. L. Boydston's Sweeping Sale has been continued until Dec. 25th. 2-2t

Mrs. Northup, Quincy, Ill.

Mothers should be grateful to know of a remedy for their own stomach, bowel and liver troubles as well as for those of their children. Mrs. Alice Northup of Quincy, Ill., after trying many methods is free to admit that the best one is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which she uses herself and gives to her family. This grand laxative and tonic is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your name and address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

FOR SALE.

East half of the McManis Ranch on Pecan Bayou. About 400 acres, 100 acres tillable land, 25 acres in cultivation. Plenty of water, good pecan timber and good three room house. Can fix to irrigate at small expense. Price \$10 per acre. 5t McMANIS BROS.

CHILDREN'S

favorite tonic is White's Cream Vermifuge, the cure for worms and all children's diseases. It not only kills the worms, but removes the mucus and slime in which they build their nests. Its action on the child is mild and leaves him in a healthy condition. Joe Daniel, Surrac, Penn. says that he gave one of his children White's Cream Vermifuge when the doctor thought it had colic and from the first dose the child passed 73 worms. Sold by Powell & Powell.

Xmas Goods

We have a nice line of Holiday Goods, Dolls, Teddy Bears, Celluloid Novelties, Medallions, Shaving Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes Rings, Stick Pins, Hat Pins Brooches, Hand Painted China, Fancy Gold Headed Parasole, Call on us for your Xmas Goods, Drugs Wall Paper, Etc.

Powell & Powell, Druggists.

Santa Claus

Is making his headquarters at our store and has an immense stock to select from. We have the very nicest line of goods to be had from the smallest toys to the most expensive presents. We have a nice line of Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, etc.

COME SEE OUR LINE

Baird Drug Co.

THE FARMERS & MERCHANTS GIN CO., is in better shape than ever to gin your cotton, and we assure you we will appreciate your patronage. We can gin your cotton at night, if necessary, to accommodate you—All we want to know is that you want your ginning done before we close down at night so that we can have our crew. We have our corn mill ready to run, and will be glad to grind your corn.

COME AND SEE US

The Farmers & Merchants Gin Co.

P. H. CROOK, Manager

Austin & Gray,

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE

See us for Everything in the Hardware and Furniture Line.

Stoves, Guns, Saddles, Harness, Barb Wire, Queensware, Glassware, Hay Wire, Ammunition and Poultry Netting.

Sole Agents for Sherwin-Williams Paints, Anchor Buggies, Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves, Standard and Paragon Sewing Machines, Deering Harvesting Machines, Twine, Etc.

Xmas

Time

Is

Here

And so are we with the largest and most complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries ever brought to this City, and the prices that we are making for CASH are astonishing the people. We can save you money on your grocery and feed bill. Come and try us.

PHONE US YOUR CHRISTMAS ORDERS

J. G. JONES

The Grocer
Phone 231
Baird, Tex

It's Financial Strength

Your attention is directed to the names of the following well known business men, who comprise our Board of Directors

F. E. Powell S. L. Driskill
H. W. Ross Fred L. Alvord A. G. Webb
Harry Meyer Fred Lane

In addition to the above, we have a strong body of stockholders, all home people who you know, whose standing and responsibility give increased strength to the institution.

THE HOME NATIONAL BANK

Baird, Texas.

What shall I get them for Christmas? That is solved at Boydston.

Buy your Christmas goods from Hammans Bros. 3-1

We have the nicest line of Christmas and New Year post cards in town. Hammans Bros. 3-1

Miss Pearl Parry, who has been visiting friends and relatives here returned to her home at El Paso Tuesday.

Prof. C. E. Strain and wife came down from Colorado Monday. Prof. Strain went on to Lancaster, where he was called by the death of his brother, Will A. Strain. Mrs. Strain went out to father's, near Dudley.

The brick work on the new bank building was completed the first of the week and they will finish putting on the gravel roof today. Interior work is progressing as fast as possible. The building shows up splendid.

R. E. Bounds of Baird, and Tom Slaughter of Tecumseh, who attended the Masonic Grand Lodge at Waco, have returned home. Both passed the examination and secured certificates to impart the secret work. Tom Slaughter was appointed District Deputy Grand Master for this Masonic District.

Baird Did 'It.

Did what? Why beat the pastor to the pastorium and filled the kitchen pantry with more good things than the faithful wife will feel like removing for months to come. And neither pastor nor wife felt offended. Ah, that was only Baird's way of saying: "We love you for your works' sake." I confess I like that way of making love. It gives a preacher a running start. I have high hopes of a useful stay with this people.—J. M. JOINER, Pastor Baptist Church.

The prettiest girl in town buys candy at Hammans. 3-1

Miss Mable Daniel has gone to her home at Fort Worth to spend the holidays.

Watch and see who does the business. Hammans Bros. 3-1

Jim Terry visited in Cisco Tuesday.

Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Jones were in town Tuesday.

J. E. Jenkins went to Abilene on business Wednesday.

All goods you may buy will be laid aside until you call for them. Hammans Bros. 3-1

Miss Minnie Gillett and sister were in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dawkins, of Admiral, were in Baird shopping Saturday.

W. J. Milliron, of Eula, was in town yesterday.

Miss Julia Cooper of Cottonwood, was shopping in Baird Tuesday.

You get bargains in everything at Hammans Bros. 3-1

Miss Alice Cutbirth left Tuesday for Pilot Point to spend Christmas with relatives.

A fine line of perfumery at Hammans Bros. 3-1

Little Miss Marguarite Boydston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Boydston, entertained a number of her little friends Monday evening, Dec. 16th in honor of her 7th birthday. Many different games were played after which chocolate, wafers and fruit was served. Miss Marguerite entertained her little guests most pleasantly and after wishing for her many more happy birthdays they departed.

MARRIED.

BERRY-BEASLEY.—Mr. Bob Berry of Baird, and Miss Ona Beasley, of Admiral, were married at Baird Sunday, Dec. 15th. Rev. Joiner officiating. We join the many friends of these popular young people in wishing them a happy and prosperous life.

DEBATE AT CLYDE.

Debate at Clyde Dec. 20, 1907, at 7:30 P. M.

Resolved that the sighs of the times point to a downfall of the republic.

Affirmative: W. H. Shanks, O. C. Kennison, W. R. Ely.
Negative: Jno. W. Robbins, H. C. Darden, M. C. Council.

See our many bargains in basement at Hammans Bros. 3-1

Tablets, pencils, ink, pens, etc. Powell & Powell. 41

Old Santa Clause will be found at Hammans Bros. 3-1

See our display of fascinators and children's headwear at Hammans Bros. 52-3

Visitors as well as buyers welcome at our store. Come and see our beautiful line of holiday goods now on display. 3-1

You want to eat, McGowen Bros. have what you want and in any quantity you want. 33

PERSONAL

Hermann Aiken, of Caddo Peak, is in town.

Dallas Scarborough of Abilene, was here Monday.

Christmas shawls, furs and other gifts at Boydston. 3-1

The prettiest line of lamps in the city at Hammans Bros.

Christmas reefers, mufflers, and ties just received at Boydston's. 3-1

Miss Bell Norton of Cottonwood, is attending the Institute.

Call and see our new goods. We will show them to you with pleasure. Hammans Bros. 3-1

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wristen left Tuesday for New Orleans.

Lap robes, art squares and rugs for Christmas gifts at Boydston's.

W. P. Wilcoxon and daughters, of Cottonwood, were here Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Jennett of Eula, were in town Tuesday.

Miss Charlsie Sartor, of Cottonwood, is attending the Institute.

A nice gift would be what you find on display at Boydston's. 3-1

Chas. Foster of Abilene, is home to spend the holidays.

Mrs. S. M. Brazwell, of Italy, is here to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Phillips. Mr. Bazwell will arrive Sunday.

WRISTEN & JOHNSON

Complete Stock
of Watches
and Jewellery
in Hardware
Department

JOHN A. CASTLES
Watchmaker

The Kaiser's Christmas.

PROBABLY no European country gives Christmas presents on an extended scale as the Kaiser. Every one gives presents to every one else, and for weeks before Christmas secret inquiries are made about the most suitable gifts to be stowed. The empress and her seven children mysteriously dash about Berlin and Potsdam, visiting jewelers, toy shops and other establishments where something new or striking is to be had and they hold a levee every morning of tradesmen whom they have no time to visit.

The Kaiser does no shopping himself, but he is the greatest Christmas box giver of all, and his presents in every case exactly fit the wishes of the happy recipient. Early in December he makes a list of the persons to whom he intends making presents. His wife heads the list, and at the foot is usually some old pensioner or invalided housekeeper who has served the Hohenzollerns for half a century.

Soon before Christmas the royal mint sends the Kaiser a bag of bright, new



HE BELLOWED OUT THE ONE WORD "MAJESTÄT!"

gold twenty and ten mark pieces and another of silver five mark pieces. His majesty fills his pockets when he goes walking in the parks at Potsdam, and the little children and old men and women who are fortunate enough to meet him or soldiers standing sentry, stamping in the snow, are certain of a gift, accompanied not infrequently by a joke.

The Kaiser's best side is seen at Christmas. There is a story current that once near the palace of Sans Souci the Kaiser came upon a half frozen sentinel with very red nose and eyes. The sentinel, with stiff fingers, brought his rifle to the salute.

"Cold day," said his majesty. The sentinel did not reply, but his teeth chattered.

"How long have you been on duty?" asked the Kaiser. Still no reply.

"Stupid!" said his majesty. "Why don't you speak when I address you?"

The sentinel moved his jaws and lips, but no word escaped. The Kaiser burst out laughing and, turning to his adjutant, said:

"Take this chap into the palace, put him before a fire, thaw him out, particularly his jaws, see he gets a big hot drink and a big feed, and, here," turning to the sentry, "take this and drink my health and the empress'!"

The soldier found voice at last. He bellowed out the one word "Majestät!"

The empress is always practical with her gifts. Every year her majesty grows more popular among the best elements of the people. Her unassuming ways, entire freedom from hauteur, consideration for servants and kindly interest in the welfare of the poor and helpless endear her in ever widening circles of Germans. She is fond of presenting ladies with costly lace.

The young princes, headed by the crown prince, show little discrimination in their gifts—scarfpins, rings, dogs, cigarette cases, matchboxes, and so on, being their staple gifts, varied sometimes by a book, a picture or a statuette. Victoria Louise's gifts of dolls to her friends are numerous. To favored friends she does not mind presenting kitchen ranges and furnished dolls' houses. She is in close association with the matrons' and soldiers' orphanages at Potsdam, and the number of little girls who receive her gifts is enormous. Stores of oranges and honey cakes are collected by her for distribution on Christmas eve.—New York World.

An Old Christmas Custom. A century or two ago there was a

custom in Germany for all the parents in a town or village to send the presents they designed for their children to one chosen individual, who called at each house clad in a motley robe, a mask and a huge faxen wig. Knocking on the door, he called in a loud voice for all the good children to appear and receive the gifts which the Christ Child, the Christ-Kindleln, had sent them. This was the primeval Kriss Kringle. Coleridge describes this custom and records that the bad little children had a real left for their correction.—Bradley's Children

LARGE COLONY.

It Is to Be Composed of Five Hundred Artisans.

New York, Dec. 13.—Five hundred Americans, Germans, Irish, Swedes and Russians, including clergymen, salesmen, bookkeepers, stenographers, printers and carpenters, will leave New York Jan. 15 for San Francisco. There will be railors in the party, too, for the 100 are to go away from that port in a bark to seek homes in the southern Pacific ocean, or either in one of the islands that dot portions of it. Back of the expedition is Elmer S. Prather, president of the Modern Science Publishing company. Mr. Prather is a sociologist. Last June, it seems, becoming convinced that the wage earners were gradually becoming weaker as the "trusts" and the combinations were growing stronger, he decided to start a South sea colony. So he discussed the matter with friends, and then started to carry out the plan with the result that up to date 478 members have been accepted. Only \$200 is required to participate in the enterprise, the entire amount to be put into a common fund to institute a co-operative colony on some island in the south Pacific.

When the proper island is found every one will settle down to business. Every one will be expected to do six hours' work a day, although every one may have four weeks' vacation a year. The colony will be non-sectarian, and the form of a government, that of a republic, with a president elected every year. He will choose his cabinet, but there will be no secretary of war. Coconuts will be the chief product of the colony, but the members may make a try at tobacco raising and other crops suitable to the climate.

GROUND TO PIECES.

Boy Meets Horrible Fate Underneath Wheels of Locomotive.

Dallas, Dec. 13.—J. Drayton Race, fourteen years old, fell off the switchboard of a Texas and Pacific switch engine at the corner of Pacific avenue and Griffin street, one square from the company's general offices. His head was cut off, both legs crushed to a pulp and strips of flesh picked up along the track.

E. J. Kiest Chosen President.

Dallas, Dec. 17.—By unanimous vote E. J. Kiest, head of the Times Herald Publishing company, was elected by the board of directors of the Texas State Fair association president. The fair next year will be held Oct. 17 to Nov. 1, inclusive. Secretary Sydney Smith, Treasurer Adoue, Assistant Secretary Cabell, First Vice President Ferris and Second Vice President Duke were re-elected.

QUEER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Some of the Things Found by the British Dead Letter Office.

During the ten days preceding Christmas about 100,000 parcels are handled every twenty-four hours by British postoffice officials, or approximately 1,750,000 for the entire ten days during which the rush lasts.

The contents of many of the parcels are, to say the least, somewhat curious, says the Pictorial Magazine. A hamper of live leeches, for instance, seems a strange sort of Christmas gift. So does an artificial leg. Yet both of these were among the parcels "treated" last Christmas. Another long coffin shaped box excited suspicion on account of the odor emanating therefrom. On opening it, however, nothing more dreadful was found than a young alligator in a dormant condition. Another evil smelling hamper was found to contain no fewer than 300 dead mice, while yet a third inclosed a defunct puppy consigned for postmortem purposes to an eminent surgeon.

Christmas presents of live animals are constantly being sent through the post notwithstanding the fact that the practice is strictly prohibited. Pigeons, rabbits, white mice, rats, ferrets, silk worms, lizards, snakes, guinea pigs, and even on one occasion a pet lamb have all been dealt with at some period or other.

No longer ago than last Christmas eve a box was intercepted containing 150 live frogs, and a short time before twelve healthy young adders were discovered in an innocent looking hamper which was supposed to contain poultry.

Some of the inclosures are decidedly sarcastic. Of this class was a two foot long cane bearing the indorsement: "A Christmas present for Johnny. For outward application only. To be well rubbed in."

EULA LOCALS.

Dec. 18.—Well, Uncle Billie as we are almost on the eve of another Xmas, thought I would write you a few happenings in and around Eula.

We are having some cold weather just now.

There will be lots of moving to take place this week.

S. N. Ozment left today with his family for the Big Springs country. We hate to see Mr. Ozment leave us he has been living here 16 years and made a good citizen, but Eula's loss is Big Springs gain.

Sweet Webb and Marion Miller, who have been attending Draughon's Business College at Fort Worth, are at home for the holidays.

W. L. Harris made a flying trip to Baird today.

H. Killorick is visiting in Coleman this week.

Rev. Bob Williams, of Abilene, formerly of Eula, happened to quite a serious accident in Eula a day or so ago. While driving his horse became frightened and ran away throwing Mr. Williams out, hurting him right badly. The buggy was a complete wreck.

John Ferguson made a business trip to Abilene today.

There are several in Eula who are going to take advantage of the excursion rates and spend the holidays in the old States. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Miller Ozark Ala., Mrs. P. C. Steen, Rayner, La S. W. Steen, New Orleans, La.

John Roberson, who has been working at Midland, is at home for a few days.

Isham G. Harris was in Eula the first of the week.

Prof. Gross and Miss Lillie Robbins

are attending the Teachers' Institute at Baird this week.

Manson Reynolds of Weatherford, is visiting in Eula

Bob Smith has moved to his new home in Mitchell county.

J. M. Watts will move to the Eagle Cove country soon.

Rev. Rutherford preached at the new church last Sunday.

Jesse Chandler of Abilene, was in Eula this week buying cotton seed.

Miss Willie Merrick who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Foster, at Baird has returned home.

PATSIK.

B. L. Boydston's Sale is continued until Dec. 25. 2 2t

When you see Powell think of drugs. 16-tf

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

The Protective Stock Association of Callahan and adjoining counties will pay above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person for the theft or unlawful branding of any horses or cattle belonging to any member of this Association, in good standing.

J. B. CUTBIRTH, Pres. A. G. WEBB, Secy.

A Good Ending

Old people are especially prone to stomach, liver and bowell ailments. Old age can be made the pleasantest time of life if these diseases can be avoided. They can be avoided, and cured by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which cures chronic constipation, dyspepsia, liver troubles, earburn, sour stomach, flatulency, indigestion, etc. It is guaranteed to do what we claim, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

Notice.

"Magnolia" and "Angel Food" flour, guaranteed best in town. Sold by CLEMENT & PRICE. 45

Old papers for sale at THE STAR office, 25 cents per hundred.

See McGowan Bros. for groceries.

A lot of new bracelets. See them Powell & Powell. 16-tf

Remember B. L. Boydston's Sweeping Sale continues until Dec. 25th. 2-2t

Clement & Price, sole agents for "Pleasant Cup" coffee. Guaranteed best in town. Try it. 45

G. A. Clement J. J. Price

Clement & Price

Dealers in

Fancy and Staple Groceries

Also

Fresh Fish, Oysters, Pork and Sausage

And we handle the

Best Flour Made

Give us a trial

We will save you some money

We guarantee satisfaction

PHONE 114

EXPLOSION IS TERRIFIC.

Frightful Mine Accident Occurs In Alabama.

MANY MEN ARE KILLED.

For Several Hours After the Frightful Mishap the Air Issuing Forth Was So Hot That It Was Impossible to Remain Near Entrance.

Yolande, Ala., Dec. 17.—Not since the disaster at Virginia mines, eight miles north of here, two years ago, has there occurred such a catastrophe as the explosion which took place in mine No. 1 of the Yolande Coal and Coke company at 15:25 o'clock Monday morning. In the Virginia mine disaster 112 were killed.

The work of rescue has been extremely slow because of the debris in the mines and the terrible crowd of women, children and sight-seers at the opening. The explosion is known to have occurred in either the fifth or sixth right entrances. All of the bodies recovered have been from these entries and some of them were so horribly mutilated that identification is almost impossible.

According to Superintendent T. C. Luckabee, the explosion was undoubtedly due to "windy shots." Mr. Luckabee had just made a tour of inspection and had congratulated with some of the men on the condition of the mines. A few minutes after reaching the top he saddled his horse and was about to go for a day's hunt, when the explosion occurred.

Parties of miners from Annet, Searles, Davis Creek and Brookwood are here ready to help in the recovery of those who are still entombed.

At midnight Monday night thirty-five bodies had been taken out and it was then believed there were about thirty more in the lower entrance.

The explosion, which was terrific, was below the right sub-entry. The force was seen outside, dust and timber being blown out in great quantities, destroying small buildings nearby and also landing on the depot some little distance away. The heat immediately after the explosion was intense. Officials of the company on the scene immediately took steps to rescue the imprisoned men. Rescue parties were organized and the fans were started up and other methods taken to eliminate the bad air. Within an hour fourteen men had crawled out of the mine and their description of the inside was heartrending. Several of these men were badly burned. Two hours after the explosion it was still impossible to venture even near the mouth of the mine, so hot was the outpouring air.

Yolande is about thirty-five miles south of Birmingham on the Birmingham Mineral railroad. The Yolande Coal and Coke company is headed by Dr. G. B. Crowe of Birmingham. Between 123 and 150 men are given employment in the No. 1 mine. Being Monday morning the large crowd did not go into the mine.

BLACK HAND ARREST.

Letter Dropped at Spot Named and Picker Up In Custody.

Dallas, Dec. 16.—Tony Zaby, an Italian shoemaker, received the following document:

"Traitor: You think you fool us. You make mistake. You are fool yourself. Your death is assured. We have been waiting up to the 8th of the month and you not send money. You have to pay for it. You are going to come under our hand. You make a miser of yourself. Thousands and thousands are stronger than you and have been killed. Take everything off you mind as soon as you get this mail and bring \$20 before 11 o'clock to corner near saloon, put up in any kind of piece of paper and throw down on sidewalk and walk away quick. Be careful. If you make report to officer, worse for you. We are fine in game. All of us in Black Hand. We will come free and you are going to pay for it. You will die. Remember this is going to be the last one. Remember!

"BLACK HAND."
Mr. Zaby wrapped a piece of metal in a paper and dropped it at designated place, then hurriedly departed. A man stepped forward and picked it up. Two officers took the party in charge and marched him to the station house, where he gave the name of Vito Palera.

BURNS MANY BILLS.

On Death Bed Man Destroys a Vast Amount.

Chicago, Dec. 16.—John Gordon, a farmer of this county, says a special to the Record Herald from Marion, O., burned \$10,000 in bills a short time before he died. Gordon was eight-five years old and in the last few weeks had grown childish. He had steadfastly refused to put the \$10,000, savings of years, into a bank, but kept the bills under his pillow. Yesterday he amused himself by setting fire to them and watching them burn. He succumbed to heart disease soon afterward.

KING HEROD'S ROOSTER.

The Legend of St. Stephen, First of the Noble Army of Martyrs.

Ever since that first Christmas eve the cock has crowed all night long on the anniversary to keep away evil spirits, for the cock is a holy bird and a knowing one. There is a pleasant tale of him and St. Stephen, the first martyr, whose day is Dec. 26; close by his dear Lord's.

St. Stephen was King Herod's steward, it seems, who served him in the kitchen and at table. One night as he was bringing in the boar's head for his master's dinner he saw the star shining over Bethlehem. Immediately he set down the huge platter and exclaimed:

"No longer, Herod, will I be thy servant, for a greater King than thou is born."

"What aileth thee?" cried the king wrathfully. "Do you lack meat or drink that you would desert my service for another's?"

"Nay," answered Stephen; "I lack neither meat nor drink, but the Child that is born this night is greater than all of us, and him only will I serve."

"That is as true," quoth Herod, smiting the table with his fist, "as that this roast cock on the platter shall crow before us."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the cock stretched his neck and crowed lustily, "Christus natus est!" At this proof that Stephen's words were true Herod was so angry that he made his soldiers take Stephen outside the walls of Jerusalem and stone him to death. And this is the reason why unto this day St. Stephen is the patron of stonecutters.—Able Farwell Brown in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE NEWSBOYS' PIE.

It Took Man Who Looked Like Bingham to Find It.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Two hundred and fifty pairs of little feet, keeping step, are marching to dinner in the New York newsboys' lodging house. Five hundred pairs more are restlessly awaiting their turn upstairs. In prison, hospital and almshouse the great city is host and gives of her plenty. Here an unknown friend has spread a generous repast for the wallofs who all the rest of the days shift for themselves as best they can—turkey, coffee and pie, with vegetables to fill in. As the file of eagle-eyed youngsters passes down the long tables there are swift movements of grimy hands, and shirt waists bulge, ragged coats sag at the pockets. Hardly is the file seated when the plait rises; "I ain't got no pie! It got swiped on me!" Seven demopled ones hold up their hands.

The superintendent laughs—it is Christmas eve. He taps one tentatively on the bulging shirt. "What have you here, my lad?"

"Me pie," responds he, with an innocent look. "I was scart it would get stole."

A little fellow who has been eying one of the visitors attentively takes his knife out of his mouth and points it at him with conviction.

"I know you," he pipes. "You're a p'lice commissioner. I seen yer picture in the papers. You're Bingham!"

The clatter of knives and forks ceases suddenly. Seven pies creep stealthily over the edge of the table and are replaced on as many plates. The visitors laugh. It was a case of mistaken identity.—Century.

Where Bells Ring Underground.

Near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, there is a valley said to have been caused by an earthquake several hundreds of years ago, and it is now usual on Christmas morning for old men and women to tell their children and young friends to go to the valley, stoop down and hear the bells ringing merrily in the ruins of the church under the ground.—Tit-Bits.

Captain L. O. Fell, a noted Ohio river man, is dead at Paducah, Ky.

North Louisiana Truck Growers' association was organized at Shreveport.

J. W. Reeves of Childress, Tex., was so badly kicked by a horse that he died.

P. S. Knowles died at Medina, Tex., from the effects of cyanide of potassium.

Pauls Valley, Okla., having over 2,500 people, is now a city of the first class.

The Katy railway has reduced working time in car shops at Denison to five days.

Colorado State bank at Durango, Colo., has suspended business pending investigation.

C. C. McCulloch Passes Away.
Waco, Dec. 17.—Hon. C. C. McCulloch, ten years mayor, who declined the office of secretary of state from Governor Ross, an ex-Confederate and leading Mason, is dead, aged fifty-six years. A widow and six children survive.

Confederate Bills Passed.
Fort Worth, Dec. 17.—Two merchants had Confederate bills passed on them.

Four New Cardinals.
Rome, Dec. 17.—The pope has created four new cardinals.

Here's To Your Health My Friends



FREE TO ALL CHURCH SUPPERS AND SOCIETY DINNERS IMPORTED JAPANESE NAPKINS WITH PURCHASES OF CHASE & SANBORN'S HIGH GRADE COFFEE.

There is nothing to be more enjoyed than good health. It is your if you eat pure food. That's the kind we handle. Everything in our stock is Absolutely Pure and you have to pay no more for pure goods than for adulterated stuff. So why not trade where you get the BEST.

Phone No. 4

McGOWEN BROS.,

Baptist Ladies Entertain.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Jackson the ladies of the Baptist Church will be pleased to meet all of their friends, both young and old December 27th, 1907, from four to six and from seven to eleven p. m. A literary program interspersed with music will be rendered at night and refreshments will be served to every one who attends. Everybody cordially invited to attend, and to bring a Christmas offering of 25cts.

A nice line of rugs at Hammans Bros. 3-1

The rush is now on. Come and buy your Christmas goods at Hammans Bros. 3-1

We have a beautiful line of holiday goods now on display. 3-1 Hammans Bros.

We have a nice line of books, stationery, etc. Hammans Bros.

We have a nice line of table covers, dresser scarfs, and rugs. Hammans Bros. 3-1

A complete line of cuff and collar boxes, glove boxes, handkerchief boxes, toilet cases, manicure sets, work boxes and albums at Hammans Bros. 3-1

Bud Lambert and Morgan Stokes were in from the Bayou Tuesday.

Roy and Ed Wadham, of Tecumseh were in town Tuesday.

Charley Aycock, of Oplin, was in town Wednesday.

Miss Beatrice Halbert, who has been employed in the Millinery Department of Wristen & Johnson's store, left Tuesday for Brownwood.

TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.

The Callahan County Teacher's Institute is being held at Baird this week with fifty to sixty teacher's present.

Dr. Cooper of Abilene addressed the teacher's Tuesday in favor of the proposed school tax amendment to the constitution. State Superintendent R. B. Cousins delivered an address at 10 a. m.

The following is a list of teachers present.

B. C. Chrisman Jr., Atwell.
Miss Mary Graham, Denton.
Miss Grace Sullivan, Gardner.
M. J. Baird, Denton.
Miss Emilie Russell, Lanham.
Roscoe Griffin, Harts.
Miss Maude Shuford, Rough Creek.
O. H. Barkett, Long, Pecan.
Miss Ola Asbury, Vigo.
" Alice Floyd, Cross Plains.
" Minnie Willson, Clyde.
" Daisy Henderson, Dressy.
" Belle Brewer, Putnam.
G. C. Jones, Putnam.
G. W. Brogder, Admiral.
Miss Eldora Taylor, Zion Hill.
L. J. Taylor, Iona.
C. R. Ramseur, Cross Plains.
B. R. Cook, Oplin.
Miss Willie Cliett, Tecumseh.
" Minnie Grace, Belle Plain.
E. A. Mauldin, Deer Plains.
W. C. Tisdale, Erath.
J. D. Carter, Board Flat.
Miss Ada Sikes, Pilgrim.
" Audrey McAfee, Oplin.
O. C. Kinnison, Clyde.
Miss Jennie Bee Bonham, Baird.
Miss Pearl Birmingham, Baird.
Miss Lillie Robbins, Eula.
" Frances Coates, Cedar Grove.
" Beulah Respass, Cottonwood.
Mrs. Gussie Surles, Baird.,
Lee McGee, Dudley.
Mrs. W. P. Brightwell, Oplin.

Miss Maud McFarland, Fairview.
" Stella Young, Clyde.
" Belle Estes, Enterprise.
" Jessie McCammon, Pleasant View.

Miss Maud Austin, Baird.
D. W. Young, Union.
C. S. Surles, Cedar Bluff.
R. F. Bennett, Turkey Creek.
H. S. Varner, Cottonwood.
W. H. Shanks, Burnt Branch.
J. W. Mauldin, Cedar Peak.
C. R. Steele, Dressy.
Eugene Leverett, Callahan.
S. E. Settle, Baird.
Miss Stella James, Baird.
J. E. Smith, Baird.
C. C. Crownover, Clyde.
Miss Eva Teague, Fish.
" Belle Norton, Cottonwood.
N. E. Wood, Pleasant View.
J. M. Gross, Eula.
Miss Lucy McCoy, Oakland.
" Allie Wylie, Colony.
" Charlie Sartor, Cottonwood.
H. C. Darden, Clyde.
Miss Mable Tisdale, Miss Louise Tyles, Miss Susie Barr.

Master Haynie Gilliland is visiting his sister, Mrs. Lowery Blakely, at the Johnson Ranch, this week.

See Cattell, the marvelous bag-punching expert, Munvro, the "Lone Hottentot", Hap Ward, minstrel memie, and the the funny farces with the Girl in Red Company. Remember the date and get seats early. Popular prices will prevail.

There is only one Girl in Red Co., and that will appear at the opera house on Monday night, Dec. 23d.

OPERA NEWS.

"When We Were Friends", one of W. B. Patton's popular plays, will be presented at the opera house Tuesday night, Dec. 31st.

CHRISTMAS THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS TIMES

Lower Prices were never made than the prices that we are making on our up-to-date stock of Christmas Goods. We have suitable gifts for everyone, and you can't appreciate the superb showing we are making unless you would come and see. Our stock and prices can't be beat. We have plenty of competent clerks to wait on you.

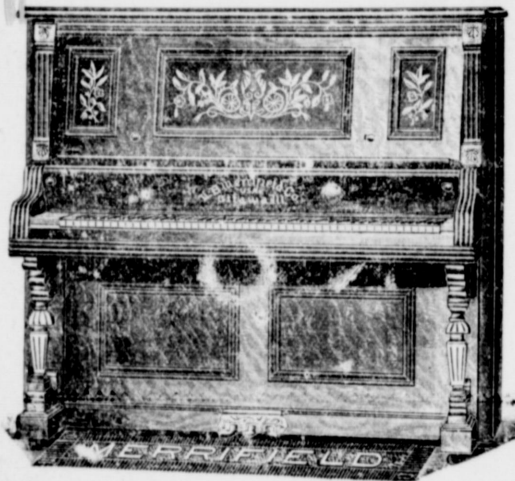
THE BAIRD DRUG CO.

Our Best Attention

Everything of a banking nature entrusted to our care receives our best attention. We thank you for your past patronage and would be glad to have a share of your future business. Open an account with us and begin the year right.

The First National Bank of Baird
BAIRD, TEXAS

A Nice Christmas Present



Pianos
Organs
Phono-
graphs
Sewing
Machines

And a full line of
Phonograph Rec-
ords. Come and
see our line.

SOLD ON
EASY TERMS. C. H. Mahan, Baird, Tx.

CLEMENT & PRICE

DEALERS IN

STAPLE
AND
FANCY **Groceries**

Give us a trial we will appreciate your order and will deliver your good promptly to any part of the City.

Phone Us Your Xmas Order. No. 114

Candies



We have the largest and best line of Fine Candies, Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobaccos. We have a fine line of box candies that will make excellent Xmas gifts. Come and see our stock of Post Cards, the finest out.

J. B. HICKS, Baird, Texas.

Christmas Dinner

Would not be complete without some of the good things from our store on your table. We carry only the best brands and the highest grade of goods. Phone us your order.

J. G. JONES The Grocer
Phone 231
Baird, Tex

Wishing You A Merry Christmas

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

We extend you a cordial invitation to come and see us when you have any business in the banking line.

The standing and responsibility of our stockholders, Officers and Directors, are a guarantee of careful, judicious management. We are all Callahan County people and We Want Your Business.

The Home National Bank of Baird

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS.

The Big Sweeping Sale

Is Still Raging at B. L. Boydston's and Can't be Stopped Until Christmas Day

Hot Stuff At Hottest Possible Prices

Another cut on Clothing, 200 Suits to go at nearly half price.

\$4.75	All of our 7.50 and 8.00 go now for	\$4.75
\$5.65	All of our 8.50 and 9.00 go now for	\$5.65
\$6.95	All of our 10.00 Suits go now for	\$6.95
\$9.25	All of our 12.50 Suits go now for	\$9.25
\$11.00	All of our 15.00 Suits go now for	\$11.00
\$13.50	All of our 17.50 Suits go now for	\$13.50

2000 yds of Outing, is sold everywhere for 10cts to 15cts to be swept out at 10cts **8¹/₃C** and at / / /

Ladies, Misses and Childrens Cloaks to be swept out at less than wholesale cost.

\$1.75	Childrens 3.50 Cloaks to go in this sweeping sale at	\$1.75
\$1.50	Childrens 2.50 Cloaks to go in this sweeping sale at	\$1.70

COME COME

Blankets and Comforts cut to the Red

Overcoats and Duck Coats cut to the red. Hurry and get you one.

Boys knee pant suits at all kinds of low prices during this sale.

Ladies' Collars, Purses and Hand Bags swept out at half price.

I Wish You All A Merry Christmas and A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Ladies and Mens Fleeced Underware each garment goes sweeping out at 45c

Ladies and Misses Skirts go at 25 per cent reduction in this sweeping sale.

Shoes of all kinds at the lowest possible prices during this sweeping sale.

Start The New Year Right by Buying Your Dry Goods and Groceries from THE STORE AHEAD.

Xmas Ties, Furs and Mufflers and other Nice Xmas Gifts

B. L. Boydston

Xmas Candies, Nuts, Fruits and other Fine Groceries.

A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries in the retail district a jostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Great extremes of life bumped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the slums to view the good things—things forbidden to her pocketbook—brushed her threadbare skirts against the fur lined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the opium scent of his blouse with the delicate violet of the well dressed crowd. Children from Fifth avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squabbly dressed urchins with unwashed faces and uncombed hair.

There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands, in contrast to the pinched, hungry, hopeless, feverish eyed faces of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the world's greatest thoroughfare.

At the Rialto theater great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out. The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeit presentations of camels, for there was to be a grand march of the king's caravan across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and os-



THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

triches and weird objects, all piled in confusion with artificial plants and floral devices, glittering armor and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minstrel of the Sahara."

The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Granger, the artist on whom the projectors of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and nights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little east side home, tossing and raving in the delirium of typhoid fever. He had been absent from the "painter's bridge" for nearly a fortnight, and, although his loss was considered serious at first, some one else had filled his place, and now he was forgotten. Scenic artists, like actors, are improvident creatures, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of aught except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and helplessly ill, might be suffering for want of money. Granger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant savings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever reminded the company of Granger's absence it might have been that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he painted away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweetly coy little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful and pale face, surrounded by golden curls.

And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow of his cage by the sweet voice of a child. She had "a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager." No, the manager was not around just then, but she could wait. He might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the bonny one to a proscenium box and, lifting her into a big upholstered chair, which she far from filled, bade her wait. A busy rehearsal was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell asleep.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face snugly pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair. Her red tam had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the evolutions and singing to announce that an hour would be given for something to eat. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few moments previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shuffling and patter of feet and the shouts of the excited director. After awhile, one by one and in pairs and more, the company began to assemble again. There was still a good half hour, and the boys and girls of the chorus accepted the opportunity to chat and gossip as they sat on boxes, bundles of carpet or even squatted on the floor of the stage, their talk causing a hum to resound throughout the big auditorium.

And still the child slept on. Suddenly there was an ominous hush as Manager Hardcraft strode upon the stage, shaking snow from his fur lined coat and shining silk hat. His keen eyes pierced the darkness toward the boxes, probably in an effort to detect any of the company who might be stealing some comfort in the box seats, a privilege strictly forbidden. He roughly demanded to know who the "kid" was asleep in one of his forty dollar chairs. Calling old Pete from his post at the back, he wanted to know who let her in, anyway. Going to the little sleeper, Pete deftly took the envelope from the little hand which still clasped it, however loosely. The great man impatiently tore open the note, gave it a swift glance, crunched it and, throwing it among the footlights, gave a pull at his cigar and strode hurriedly into the street. The company crowded forward to view the little intruder. Tony Thompson, the comedian of the organization, picked up the note, straightened out its creases and read aloud:

John Hardcraft, Esq., Manager the Rialto Opera Company:

Dear Sir—I beg indulgence for thus intruding upon your time and patience. It is with reluctance I write to ask if you cannot send me a few dollars to be paid back as soon as my husband is able to work again. I have used all the money he has saved for the doctor's bill and to purchase medicine and our necessities. We have not had a cent in the house for two days now, and not only are we—my little daughter and myself—in need of food, but I fear that if I cannot renew the prescriptions for the medicine the doctor has ordered Mr. Granger will have a relapse. I dislike very much to ask this favor of you, but our condition is becoming desperate. You will be doing an act of kindness we shall never forget if you will send something to aid us in our predicament, and may God bless you for it. Respectfully, HELEN GRANGER.

Some one put his hand deep into his pocket and brought up a piece of money, and then without a word there was a tinkling of dimes, quarters and halves as they dropped into the hat of the fat and rosy little comedian. The collection was tied up in a handkerchief and noiselessly placed into the lap of the sleeping child.

But that was not all. A happy thought came to the comedian, now as serious as a Hamlet. From a roll of money he whipped a twenty dollar bill. In a very few minutes the property man and his assistant had placed on the stage in front of the sleeping girl a nice green Christmas tree, purchased without much ado from the vendor on the corner. Others had hurriedly brought little red, white and blue candles, strings of popcorn, tinsel and candy hearts, which were quickly attached to the boughs of the cedar. While this was going on Tony was giving orders in rapid succession, as follows:

"Quick, there, Jennie; bring that big Cossack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Hurry, now. Somebody get me an old man's wig, long white hair, mind you, and a beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the shadow. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's barge in the starlight. That's it—just a little softer!"

The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illuminated the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child. She opened her eyes, blinked them again from the light, sat straight, rubbed her eyes with her tiny fists, stirred herself and then, settling back in the big chair,

sobbed aloud. Jumping down from the stage, the Santa Claus took her on his lap and tightly held her in his arms.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?"

"Yes, I know, dear Santa, but I am crying because I am afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't real." And the trembling child huddled closer.

"But it is real, and you are not asleep. See this handkerchief filled with money for your dear sick papa. Now take it home, and tonight be sure to hang up your stockings, both of them, for when every little boy and girl is asleep I am going to make my rounds, and I am not going to forget you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Turkey Once a Side Dish.

Turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses.

When Christmas Lasted Weeks.

Our ancestors thought nothing of taking three weeks' holiday at Christmas time.

Life sentence was given at Victoria, Tex., Antonio Innocenti, convicted of criminal assault.

Caddo parish, Louisiana, will hold a local option election Jan. 14. This includes Shreveport.

The New York board of estimates has allowed \$15,000 more for expenses of the Thaw trial.

The first bale of cotton ever raised in Moore county, Texas, has just been sold at Channing.

Sixteen miles west of Memphis, Tex., the five-year-old daughter of Ben Smith burned to death.

W. H. Pigley was robbed at Dallas of \$80 in Mexican money and an express money order for \$175.

Governor Campbell has appointed Hon. W. B. O'Quinn of Lufkin, Tex., district attorney of that district.

A mail pouch was robbed at the depot at Navasota, Tex. It contained over 300 letters, but none registered.

Chicago United Societies, after a bitter meeting, decided to take no part in the Sunday closing crusade.

A. P. Traweck, a prominent stockman, thrown from a horse near Lufkin, Tex., succumbed to his injuries.

W. N. Lane, given a life term in the penitentiary for murder, suicided in the Crockett, Tex., jail; carbolic acid.

William Richardson, charged with the murder of another negro, name unknown, was jailed at Lake Charles, La.

Mattie Bennett, a negro girl, was fatally burned at Bonham, Tex. She attempted to light a fire with coal oil.

William Bliss, for the past twenty-six years president of the Boston and Albany Railroad company, died at Boston.

At Livingston, Tex., Willis Macklin was convicted on charge of killing Jack Darden and given death penalty.

Mrs. Catherine Pfeiffer fell into a deep well near Boerne, Tex. She lived but a few minutes after being rescued.

Near Stillwater, Okla., Harry Keebler, eleven years old, accidentally shot and killed his sister, Dora, six years of age.

Mayor Guthrie of Pittsburg has received a letter warning him that if his policy is not reversed death will be his portion.

Hon. W. J. Bryan has accepted an invitation to address the Texas State Teachers' association at Houston on the 28th.

The wagon suspension bridge over Pease river at Vernon, Tex., has been completed. It is 1,540 feet long and cost \$29,800.

William Gordon was executed in reality at Memphis by other negro boys during a game of "hangtag." Arrests were made.

New street car company of Ardmore has purchased \$40,000 worth of property northwest of that city and will extend its line there.

Texas Land Commissioner Terrell has issued his tenth list of land sales, placing about 1,000,000 acres on the market to actual settlers.

"I have no desire to fly," said Mayor Busse of Chicago, who weighs 250 pounds, in declining an invitation to join the Chicago Aeronautique club.

M. M. Starr, a negro, was shot to death at Frankston, Tex. Town Marshal Boles was released by Justice Moss on ground of justifiable homicide.

J. J. Gray and wife and Edward Leonard journeyed down Trinity river from Dallas to Galveston bay, 525 miles, in a houseboat. They started June 2 and arrived at destination on Dec. 9.

Near Brownsville, Tex., E. H. Brackett of that city, while climbing into a wagon on a hunting trip hit a gun. It was discharged and Mr. Brackett shot in the right arm. He bracked shot in the right arm. He bled to death.

While crossing the Arkansas river, four miles from Muskogee, Dave Connor, a Katy fireman, hit his head against a bridge timber. His body dropped into the river. He was dead when found.

Miles Chace, eighty-two years old, was found dead in bed at Medina, N. Y. His body was badly mutilated. His dog was locked in the room, and is believed, through hunger, to have gnawed his master's corpse.

DENVER IS DECIDED ON.

Democratic National Convention to Be Held There.

JULY SEVENTH THE DATE.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars Was Offered by Winning City and After a Spirited Debate It Was Decided to Accept Entire Amount.

Washington, Dec. 13.—After deciding to hold the next Democratic national convention at Denver, and fixing the date of the meeting for July 7, 1908, the Democratic national committee entered upon a spirited debate on the propriety of accepting more of the \$100,000 offered by Denver for the convention than is actually needed to pay the convention expenses in that city. The opposition to the acceptance of the contribution took the form of a resolution by Committeeman Clayton of Alabama, declining money not actually needed for convention purposes, but after a long debate the resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 31 to 14.

Mr. Clayton, Hon. John Sharp Williams of Mississippi and Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia spoke in favor of the passage of the resolution. Mr. Smith was emphatically emphatic in saying that the \$100,000 which has been offered to secure the Republican convention and refused by the Republican national committee had been offered, and was about to be accepted by the Democratic committee. He said the Republicans had turned the offer down because it was regarded in the nature of a bribe, and that Democrats, in view of that circumstance, could not afford to accept it. Mr. Williams spoke in similar vein as also did Mr. Clayton. Mr. Tamm advocated the acceptance of the \$100,000, saying it would be needed now even worse than money was needed in 1900, and that at that time it would have been practically impossible to have opened headquarters for Judge Parker if they had not had the extra money secured from St. Louis, where the convention was held.

Senator Stone of Missouri made a long speech in which he favored the acceptance of the money.

Mr. Clayton declared that the acceptance of this money would be in line with the very practice in campaign contribution that had been conducted by the committee.

This view was antagonized by Senator Stone, who declared that the transaction was open and above board, and this was not to be compared with any of the propositions that had been condemned. Many people, he said, would go to Denver, and the young and growing city was glad to make this contribution for the advantage it would receive. The money, he said, would be badly needed in starting the campaign.

Mayor Tom Johnson advocated the acceptance of the money offered by Denver. He said the money for campaign purposes is contributed by corporations with the view of securing the advantages in legislation or otherwise, while the contribution of Denver could not be ascribed to any such purpose. The people of Denver, he said, have a regular organization for the purpose of attracting conventions to the city for business reasons, and it was perfectly proper for the Democratic national committee to accept the offer.

Senator Tillman opposed the acceptance of the money. "Let the local Democratic organization of Colorado," he said, "have the money to fight their next campaign. Guggenheim can be depended on to furnish the money for the Republicans. Now give the Democrats of Colorado a chance, and let them use the money to return Senator Teller." Mr. Tillman voted against the motion to lay the resolution on the table.

Charles Wilson, sitting as a proxy for the member of the committee from Colorado, assured the committee that Denver had no desire to appear as unduly influencing the committee. He said that there is a Business Men's league in Denver, an important part of whose business it is to secure conventions, and the proposition to the Democratic committee to go to Denver had been made as it has been to secure many other meetings. He said the Denver people would be disappointed if the entire sum was not accepted.

The motion to table by Mr. Clayton's resolution was made and carried at the conclusion of Mr. Wilson's speech. Denver, Louisville, Chicago, St. Paul and Atlantic City were nominated for the convention city. First ballot nominated for the convention city resulted: Denver, 22; Louisville, 17; Chicago, 5; St. Paul, 1. Committeeman Johnston of Texas voted for Louisville.

The following, offered by Committeeman Johnston of Texas, was discussed without action:

"Resolved, That the Democratic national committee cordially approves the movement now under way to secure publicity in the states as well as in the national convention of money contributed and of expenditures made by any association, committee, or other

organization for financial purposes.

Mr. McGraw moved that the thanks of the committee be extended to Percy Belmont because of what he had done to secure publicity of campaign funds. Adopted.

Bryan Pleased.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 13.—When told of the fate of the Democratic national convention Mr. Bryan expressed his satisfaction, and said he believed the convention was wise in selecting a date following the Republican convention. He said that while he had taken no part in the canvass for the convention city, he was sure the delegates would find Denver a delightful place to meet on the date they decided upon.

WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Barley crop of Japan exceeds 119,000,000 bushels.

Every worthless dog at Austin is to be put to death.

A. Wagner was found dead one mile north of Rockwall, Tex.

Oklahoma legislature will recess from Dec. 21 to Jan. 6.

Past twelve months Oregon dairy-men have made \$17,000,000.

UNUSUAL SUIT.

Brought About by the Withdrawal of an Insurance Company.

Waco, Dec. 14.—The withdrawal of insurance companies from the state because they did not like the new insurance law has given rise to an unusual suit here. The point raised is the right of the companies to withdraw where the contracts had a permanent character with its agents. Dr. E. E. and Tom Cranfill have filed suit in the district court against the Reliance Life Insurance company of Pittsburgh alleging that they had a permanent contract with the company, which has since withdrawn from the state, to their detriment.

CROWS ATTACK MAN.

Knocked Down and Picked About the Eyes and Face.

Chicago, Dec. 13.—Paul Niles, a hunter, says a dispatch to the Record-Herald from Freeport, Ill., was attacked by an enormous flock of crows near Freeport and barely escaped with his life. Niles fired into the flock, wounding several, and the others attacked him. The man started to run, but was knocked down and picked about the face and eyes and beaten almost insensible by the birds' wings. With the greatest difficulty he crawled to a nearby barn, the birds fighting him all the way, and it was not until he was inside that they desisted. Niles is in a critical condition.

BURGLAR GETS CASH.

Man He Robbed Fires Three Futile Shots at the Fleeing Mauder.

Dallas, Dec. 13.—At 3 o'clock Friday morning the residence of R. L. Hardy, in the Colonial Hill section of the city, was entered by a burglar, who stole \$157 from Mr. Hardy's pants pockets. As the miscreant was departing the former was awakened and fired three ineffectual shots at the burglar, who fled the scene with great alacrity, carrying his booty along.

COLONEL COLYAR DEAD.

Distinguished Jurist, Statesman and Author Departs This Life.

Nashville, Dec. 13.—Colonel A. S. Colyar, aged ninety years, the distinguished jurist, statesman and author, died at his home in this city. He was a member of the lower house of the Confederate congress.

EAGLE FIGHTS MAN.

After Desperate Conflict Bird's Throat Is Cut With Trowel.

Waterbury, Conn., Dec. 13.—Charles Kench of East Litchfield was severely injured in a fight with an eagle. The eagle seized Kench's dog, but turned its attention to the man when Kench went to the dog's rescue. Kench's scalp was badly torn and his face and hands scratched by the bird's beak and claws. He finally managed to cut its throat with a garden trowel which he had in his hand.

Oates Appointed.

Washington, Dec. 13.—Ex-Governor Oates of Alabama has been appointed by President Roosevelt as the successor of the late Colonel Elliott to mark Confederate graves. The Alabamian was a Confederate general and served several times since the war in congress.

Commuted to Twenty Years.

Monterey, Mex., Dec. 13.—Word received here from Chihuahua, Mex., is to the effect that acting Governor Sanchez has commuted the death sentence of Dr. C. S. Harle, William Mitchell and C. T. Richardson to twenty years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Killed in Runaway.

Anadarko, Okla., Dec. 17.—Six miles from here Miss Mary Winn, sixteen years old, was thrown from a buggy and killed.