

# The Baird Star

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

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR

BAIRD CALLAHAN COUNTY TEXAS FRIDAY DECEMBER 15, 1939

NUMBER ONE

## SPORT BUREAU P A E

Heigh ho, and the football season for 1939 comes to a glorious close. Last week, with the Bi-district championship game was played on the Baird field with a resulting score that pit the Baird Bears on top.

Spirit ran high last week, with a fine rally on the court house steps and pep talks by interested backers of the team. There seemed to be little doubt then as to who would do what to who.

The game was a hard fought and grueling battle with both teams scoreless as the half and occupant of the grandstand with a nice case of jitters.

In the third quarter a fifteen yard pass from Bullet Cook to Arthur Burleson brought the first score. Cook made the extra point.

In the fourth quarter Aspermont Baugh, Big Boy of the squad, pushed the ball to Baird's one yard line and with the help of a fleet footed back, Rowan, Man aged a score. The kick was good. With a few minutes left to play the Baird team, miracle men at pulling out of the rut in the nick of time, plowed deep into Aspermont territory and at twenty eight yard pass completed from Cook to Browning brought the final score 13-7 for the localites.

The football season seems like we have mentioned before is over and the team has climbed at high in the conference as it is possible to go. There is little need for me to say how proud the town is of the powerful grid iron horses. The fine turn-outs at the games prove that. Football is over but the sports year is only beginning. There is basketball, base ball tennis, and track all looming up in the future and if chalking up those games is half as much fun as following the pigskin has been, then lemme' at 'em. Come along with us, won't you?

This column wants to thank you for the cooperation you have given in the past. If it hadn't been you, yes, all of you, there just wouldn't be a Sports Bureau or any need for one. Your suggestions and comments are welcome so come in any time. We want to especially thank the coach and assistant coach, the Superintendent and the boys for helping out, so readily the honors which have been heaped upon them are nothing more than they deserve.

## Buy Christmas Seals

The campaign against tuberculosis, made possible by Christmas Seals, merits the support of all people. President Roosevelt said today in praising the activities of the National Tuberculosis Association.

The 33rd annual Christmas seal Campaign of the National Association and its nearly two thousand affiliated groups through out the country starts December 1. "As the Christmas season approaches, my mind is drawn to the fact that it is again time for all of us to give our support to the sale of Christmas Seals," President Roosevelt said.

"This is such a well established custom in the United States that it seems hardly necessary again to call the attention of the people to its importance.

Tuberculosis still menaces the life of all our citizens and it leads in the cause of death of those between the ages of fifteen and forty five. The fine work that has been done by the National Tuberculosis Association in the prevention of this dreaded disease merits the continued support of all the people of our country.

## MIDWAY SERVICES

Preaching at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon by Rev. Hamilton Wright at Midway community church is announced. This is the regular appointment of the local pastor. Everyone is urged to attend.

Mrs. S. E. Campbell of Conway Springs, Kansas visited her sister Mrs. J. H. Hammonds this week. This is the first time the sisters have met in 45 years.

Judge J. H. and Mrs. Carpenter was in Baird yesterday.

## FFA News For The Week

The Baird FFA Boys are making feeding history. They have more and better stock on feed this year than ever before and if they don't win top honors at the shows this spring it won't be because they haven't tried.

On a special trip to check upon various projects it was noticed that the two calves put on feed a few months ago by George Warren, are doing extra well. One calf is getting a good gain of two and a half pounds a day and the other calf, retarded by respiratory ailment is coming from under the handicap with a gain of three pounds per day. The animals are getting a well founded and evenly distributed wight which will make them out standing entries in any stock show.

The calves being fed by L. W. McIntosh are in a fair way to be blue ribbon winners too. Young McIntosh, it will be remembered, won honors in the San Angelo show with a calf last spring and his chances this year are even better. McIntosh is a good cattleman and is picking up 'tricks' readily. L. W. has learned that a good way to make a calf eat full ration is to put its favorite food under the other feed and let him "eat to it".

George Warren is showing good management by following his calf with a hog. This way he wastes no feed and has cheap pork to sell to add to his profit. Gene Finley, whose calf brought top prices at the local stock show last year, has two hereford calves on feed which are shaping up nicely.

The Chapter bids farewell to their supervisor, E. E. Jones next week when Mr. Jones accepts a position with the F. S. A. office in Sweetwater. Mr. Jones has worked tirelessly with the local Chapter and has accomplished, during his three years stay, and unbelievable good. Under his direction, the chapter entered into local stock show, exhibited animals throughout the state and won recognition from the community as the foremost organization of the day. The F. F. A. has been a direct help to the county and the progress it has made has been progress for this territory. The new supervisor, when he arrives, will find an energetic organization at his command and a cooperative with which to deal. Mr. Jones leaves behind a number of friends whose best wishes accompany him in his new field.

## Births

Mrs. J. O. Eastham wife Staff Sgt. J. O. Eastham underwent a caesarian operation at the station Hospital, Ft. Sil, Okla. Dec 6th giving birth to a eight and half pound daughter who has been named Barbara Jo, mother and baby are doing well.

Sgt. Eastham is a son of W. B. (Bill) Eastham deceased, a former resident of Admiral and a nephew of Oscar and Tom Eastham.

## Married

Miss Dorene Finch, daughter of Mrs. W. C. Brumbaugh and Wallace Pike of Big Spring were married Saturday, November 24 at the home of Dr. J. T. Griswold at Clyde. Dr. Griswold officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Pike will make their home in Big Spring. Mr. Pike is a conductor on the T and P Ry.

## NOTICE

Will anyone who has used toys they will give to the fireboys to repair or the needy children please leave them at the City Hall or call the City Hall and leave your name and some of the boys will call and get them. So far the response for used toys is far below the usual, and the boys have only a week to do the repairing so if you care to donate something to this worthy cause be quick, about it.

The Baird Star begins its 53rd year with this edition.

## Mrs. W. O. Wylie Jr Will Present Pupils In Recital

Mrs. W. O. Wylie Jr. will present and accordin pupils in a recital Tuesday evening December 19 at 8 o'clock at the High school auditorium. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Those appearing on the program are Charitye Gilliland, Gusolyn Hall, Betty Gay Lydia Jackie Gilliland, Rene Russel, Laura Mae Windham, C. V. Jones, Jimmie Misshammer, Robert Louis Wylie Joyce Miller Rosa Pauline Jones, Sally Gay Corn, Flora Louise Brison, Betty Lou Lewis, Betty Jane Estes, Carrie Beth Griggs and Iva Dell Mitchell.

## County H. D. Council Met

Callahan County Council met in a regular monthly meeting in the County Court Room. 14 of the 15 clubs were represented and there were several visitors present.

Mr. Wallace Airheart AAA director spoke to the group on the AAA program and gave out matter to each club delegate in January.

Mr. Norman Coffey of Cottonwood yearbook committee chairman handed out the 1940 year books and explained to the group the books 312 had been mimeographed for a cost of \$12.00.

A table of cotton Xmas Gifts were on exhibit trying to guide the Xmas gift buying to cotton this year since the governor has proclaimed this a cotton Xmas.

Clubs present reported that they were giving the County Hospital a pair of sheets and pillow cases each. Admiral, Cottonwood, Cross Plains, and Enterprise clubs will each give linens for 1 room. The Council voted to purchase 4 sheets 4 pairs of pillow cases, a bed spread and a picture to go with the clubs shower.

Reporters scrap books were judged by Miss Yeager, wwith Enterprise, Denton and Oplin ranking highest prizes were presented.

Enterprise, Cottonwood and Oplin won in the Ball Canning contest. Prizes were presented to each club.

Mrs. Jim Barr, retiring president gave a forward ward to the group. The Council presented Mrs. Barr with 2 plaques as a Cookies and fruit juice were served to each one present. Clubs represented were: Atwell, Admiral Clyde, Cottonwood, Cross Plains Denton, Dressy Enterprise, Oplin, Tecumseh, Putnam, Union, and Zion Hill.

## Oplin 4-H Club Girls To Have Christmas Party

On Dec. 17 members of Oplin 4H club met in the school building with Evelyn Steakley, vice president presiding. After a discussion was held a christmas tree and party was planned to be held Friday night Dec. 22nd.

Members present were: Lola Pondexter, Evelyn Steakley, Jerrine Pentecost, Claudene Gwin, Magline Rirece, Mary Jane Shaffer, Mary Poindexter, Naomi Evander and Maxine Johnson.

## CHURCH OF CHRIST

Last Sunday we had the largest crowds we have had. We had 111 Bible Study which was the most in a long time. I think too, that everyone enjoyed Bro. Dunn's address on the European Situation. We had visitors who came as far as Snyder for the address.

Let us have the same good crowd for Bible study next Sunday. Remember, you are missing something if you miss Bible Study.

Bible Study at 10 o'clock with preaching at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7: 15 P. M.

Floyd Embree, Minister

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Joy and little son Bobbie spent Sunday with Mrs. Joy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Davis at Admira.

## Free Picture Show

The Merchants of Baird will give their rural customers in the Baird Trade Territory a Free Picture Show at The PLAZA Saturday morning, December 23., beginning at 9 o'clock a. m. and continuing until 12 m. This is the Merchants Christmas Gift to their customers.

## T & P Rail Employees Meet

T and P rail employees who assembled Tuesday evening in a rail way coach in the local yards discussed new methods for recovering L. C. L. freight and building up larger tonnage. The meeting, well attended, was presided over by A. G. Ogg, trainmaster, and L. C. Porter, assistant to President J. L. Landcaster.

Besides Ogg and Porter other speakers included Judge Ben Russell Sr. Agents Stover of Eastland, Gray of Abilene, Wilson general agent of Fort Worth, J. A. Florence, Baird; and Hamilton Wright, a guest.

Porter reported increased in L. C. L. tonnage this year. At his urgency employees expressed willingness to contact national senators and representatives for the passage in January of the Wheeler Lea Bill which would put all transportation facilities on a parity under I. C. S. control.

The T. P reported an additional of 2,000 employes in service since traffic increased. Also that the company is now maintaining a 60 mile an hour freight service between Fort Worth and Dallas and Baird Abilene Odessa.

Each real employee has been designated a special solicitor to get business. He will contact business men with whom he trades to share traffic with the railroad company.

In the last 10 years more than 13,000 miles of railroad has been abandoned, Porter told employees. Competition, he said, was becoming more and more keen with the railroads discriminated against because they had to operate under I. C. S. regulations.

## W. W. Slater Long Time Resident Dies At Clyde

W. W. Slater, 79, who had lived in Clyde the past 34 years, was buried Monday afternoon. He died at his home Sunday after a three-months illness.

A native of Van Zant county, Slater was married to Dona Carter in 1881 and the couple came to Clyde in 1905. His wife and four children are dead. He was an elder in the Clyde Church of Christ. His career had included activity as a farmer, nurseman and newspaper publisher.

Survivors are three children, Mrs. I. F. Williams and Eral Slated of Clyde and Mrs. W. F. Sowell of Van Horn.

## Ed J. Carpenter Named Howard County Comissioner

Ed J. Carpenter is back in harness and was on the job, Tuesday as county commissioner of precinct four. He was appointed by County Judge on last Saturday evening to fill the unexpired term of commissioner J.L.Nix who was claimed by death on Dec. 1. Mr Carpenter will have 13 month to serve of the present term. And he didn't have any new points to learn as he formerly held the office of commissioner in 1937 and 1938.

Mr. Carpenter's bond was approved by the court and he was sworn in on Monday afternoon.

Big Springs News Ed Carpenter is a former resident of Callahan County. He is a son of Judge and Mrs. J. H. Carpenter of Dudley.

Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Rucker of Cedar City, Utah, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Davis at Admiral. Mr. Rucker is a nephew of Mr. Davis.

## Gunshot Wound Fatal To Harold Cummings

Harold Cummings, 16, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Cummings was instantly killed early Monday morning by the accidental discharge of a shot gun. The gun had been used by Harold Sunday afternoon and when he returned he left the gun leaning against the wall in his room. Monday morning as his father was leaving for work he picked up the gun to put it away when it was discharged the shot striking Harold in the head as he lay asleep, killing him instantly.

The tragedy has cast a pall of gloom over the entire town. Harold was a noble boy, an obedient and devoted son and brother, ambitious, kind and courteous. He was a popular member of the sophomore class in Baird High School and a prominent member of the FFA class. He was held in high esteem by all and especially by his class mates and neighbors, who knew and loved him most and whose hearts go out in sincere sympathy to his loved ones in this hour of deep sorrow.

Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 the services being conducted by the pastor Rev. A. A. Davis assisted by Rev. Joe R. Mayes, former pastor and Rev. R. A. Walker, Presbyterian pastor.

Pallbearers were, class mates: Buddy Brumbaugh, Ralph Wylie Ben Glover, Junior Cutbirth, Ray Neithercutt, Tommie Meredith, Eugene Swinson and Welburn Briscoe. All other boys of the sophomore class were named honorary pallbearers.

Flower Girls were: Ivadell Mitchell, Betty Estes, Patty Estes, Maxine Schurruble, Bene Ila Blakley, Maxine Blackwood. The other members of the sophomore class accompanied by their room teacher, Miss Willard attended the funeral in a body and sat in seats reserved for them. Burial was made in Ross cemetery where the new made grave was covered with beautiful flowers. Funeral arrangements were in charge of Wylie Funeral Home.

Harold Lee Cummings was born in Baird February 25, 1923 being the eldest son of D. C. and Ada Frances Cummings. He was converted in 1935 and joined the Baptist Church. He is survived by his parents, one sister Mary Cummings and two small brothers, Kenneth and Durwood, Jr., also his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Ben Denler of Shrevesport and the following aunts and uncles: Mrs. Bertha Estes, Baird; Mrs. Fannie Mae Carr, Old Glory; Mrs. D. H. Thomas, O'Brien; Mrs. H. W. Day, Wright City Okla.; Mrs. D. W. Stanley, Falls City, Neb.; Mrs. M. F. Blount, Mrs. Hazel Louis, Mrs. R. R. Winn, all of Shrevesport, La., and the following uncles: Roy Cummings, Baird; Fred Denler, Joe Denler and Dick Denler of Shrevesport La.; J. W. Cummings, Bowie;

Those here to attend the funeral were, Mrs. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Stanley, Mrs. Thomas Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Louis and J. W. Cummings. There were also a number of friends from out of town here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Elder, who have been visiting Mrs. Elders mother, Mrs. Cora Works, will sail this week end for their home in Guana Venezuela, South America. They will be accompanied home by their daughter Sybil Ann who has been with her grandmother the past year and half attending Baird public school. Mr. and Mrs. Elder have been in the states the past three months and have visited in New York, New Orleans and Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Spencer of Burnt Branch were in Baird a few days ago.

Grover Windham and George Crane of Dudley were in Baird Wednesday.

## 10,000 W. P. A. Jobs Open In Texas Durnig December

Jobs for an additional 10,000 workers on WPA projects in Texas will be available during the month of December. State Administrator H. P. Drought announced this week.

Notification of the increased WPA employment was sent to the Texas state office from Washington.

The 10,000 increase will bring the Texas WPA employment for December to 89,100. Drought said Jobs are also available for 8000 farmers in drought-stricken Texas counties under a special two-months drought relief fund which has been granted this state. These positions are being filled in counties which have been designated as drought-stricken. WPA officials reported.

## Noodle, Denton Victors at Eula

Eula's first annual basketball tournament, with both boys' and girls' divisions, was concluded Saturday night. Noodle downed Divide in the finals to annex the boy's crown while Denton captured the femme title by beating Sylvester.

All tournament teams follow: Boys, Huff, Divide Graham Denton; Martin, Noodle; Barbee, Noodle; Smith, Eula. Girls, Floyce McHaney, Sylvester; Marie Jones, Bayou; Joyce Miller, Eula; Valta Connally, Denton; Helga Beasley, Trent.

## Methodist Church

Hamilton Wright, Pastor

Remember Sunday is the day for the offering for the orphans at Waco. These 400 odd little ones are dependent solely upon the gifts of the church. Let's not disappoint them. Mr. Perkins, Wichita Falls drygoods merchant recently gave a \$60,000 new dormitory to the institution.

Our crowds were much improved Sunday, including a large increase in Sunday School. Next Sunday morning we preach on "The Changeless Christianity in a Changing Day." Many make excuses today because they claim they are living in a changed day. To many pure Christianity is nothing but old fogeyism. At the evening hour an evangelistic sermon. Leagues meet at 6:30 seniors in the basement, juniors in auditorium. Prayermeeting Wednesday evening to 7 o'clock with study being Hebrews 3 chapter.

Preparations go forward for the old fashioned Methodist Watch night service beginning at 8 o'clock Sunday night Dec. 31 and continuing till 12:01 a.m. Monday January 1. A special continuous program is being arranged.

Members of Senior League were scheduled to attend a zepe meet at St. Pauls Abilene, Friday night. Seniors enjoyed a social hour Tuesday evening in the basement of the church.

The Ace Hickman men's class extends a cordial welcome to all men adults in Baird not attending Sunday School elsewhere. It meets in the basement. Enter through the northwest door. A purring urn of steaming coffee with sugar and cream before lesson period. Coffee is furnished by Brashears Grocery.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE

The Junior League met at 6:30 new member.

Scripture, Buddy Brame Story, James Frazier Duet, Slora Brison and Wanda Brame Christmas Carols, Betty Gay Lida

Bible Questions, by group Benediction, Betsy Hickman

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Vaught of Kent, Washington, is visiting the Boydston families of Baird. The Vaughts and Boydstons are cousins. This is Mr. and Mrs. Vaught's second visit to Baird since 1886.

## On Baird Campuses

ATRELLE ESTES

IN MEMORY OF HAROLD CUMMINGS February 25, 1923 December 11, 1939

Twice this school year tragedy has struck the Baird High school. Its hard, in times, to say any thing that will come near to expressing the sorrow and deep sympathy that we all feel for the family of Harold Cummings. Death never comes but what it leaves behind broken hearts and sorrow. Time alone and the peace which come with understanding, can dull the ache but if the knowledge that the kindly and sincerely sympathetic thoughts of friends are directed toward you can help in any way take this means of assuring the Cummings family that the student body and especially the class mates of Harold, all join you in this time of trouble.

Next week the Baird school will dismiss for the Christmas Holidays. Christmas parties and banquets are being planned by the High and Grammar schools. The Red Battalion Pep Squad will climax an usually successful season with a banquet this week in the basement of the Methodist church. The girls have worked diligently through the past four months and have maintained their standing as the finest, best drilled pep organization in the district.

The youngsters have even manage to add to their laurels in many ways and it makes your school reporter rear back with pride to say that in all of the ramblings to schools far away and near at hand, never has the Baird pep club been out shown, either on the field or off. In my opinion the girls haven't even had a dangerous competitor.

Next week Miss. Hammock, Miss Mayes and Miss. Stephens will present a Christmas pageant in the High School auditorium. The entertainment will be open to the public and will be the school bit toward welcoming in the Yule tide season so predominant thru out the town.

Sometime in January the Dramatic club will present the three act play they had scheduled for the holidays. The play will come in celebration of the stage curtain which has been ordered and will arrive next month.

Mrs. Catroll McGowan was a special guest of the Home Economics Club last week. The club met in the Auditorium for a program which included several vocal numbers and a showing of the recently completed garments by the third year girls. Mrs. McGowan, guest speaker, read several of her selections which were included in Roberta Warren Mayes book, "Wings of Thought".

## Oil Well On Slaughter Ranch

Mrs. M. D. Heist of Deep Creek was in the office late yesterday afternoon and informed us that an oil well had been brought in on the Ibbie Slaughter ranch on Deep Creek by Gus Hutton, well known driller. The pay was struck between 300 and 400 feet.

## Bayou News

Loyce Miller, Reporter

The Home Room Club held its monthly meeting Dec. 1st.

A Christmas Program was presented by members of the class and was enjoyed by everyone.

We drew names for the Christmas tree and then refreshments were served by the boys of the class.

We had as a guest, Ray Nell Miller, of the Baird school.

The club will not meet again until after the holidays.

The Baird Independent Basketball Team will sponsor a boxing match at the High School Gym, Friday night, December 22.

Gene Brashear, ranchman of San Saba visited his father J. A. Brashear this week.

**"Leto's" for the Gums**

Do your gums itch burn or cause you discomfort, druggist will return your money if the first bottle of "LETO'S" fails to satisfy.

HOLMES DRUG COMPANY

POSTED: All lands owned or controlled by me is posted. No hunting or fishing allowed. Tom Windham, Oplin, Texas.



Positive . . .  
Comparative . . .  
Superlative . . .

If you've forgotten what your teacher told you (yes, so have we!), here's a practical way to remember: go to the nearest Humble Station. In one pump, you'll find a gasoline called Thriftane—a good gasoline at thrifty price—that's positive! . . . In another, you'll find Humble Motor Fuel, a better gasoline at regular price—that's comparative! . . . In a third, you'll discover Esso, the best motor fuel you can buy—and there's no doubt about Esso being superlative! . . . And at this point, ladies and gentlemen, we find ourselves squarely in the middle of the story of our three LEADED gasolines: there's one for every car, every gasoline budget under the Humble sign. One's good—one's better—one's best . . . So, whatever the car you drive, whatever the price you pay for gasoline, you'll find a LEADED gasoline for your car, at (or very near) your price under the Humble sign . . . Fill up with Humble!



**HUMBLE**  
OIL & REFINING COMPANY

A TEXAS INSTITUTION  
MANAGED BY TEXANS

COPY, 1939, BY HUMBLE OIL & REFINING CO.

mark but Star City was ever on anything in her box; not a magazine, nor newspaper, nor nothin' but local ads from them that get the County Superintendent's directory, and blank reports to be filled out by teachers every month.

And yet I could see she was starvin' for something, if it wasn't a letter. That's why I stopped every day, hopin' I could help her find it. Little P'like seen it too. That was what his eyes was for—to see with. He used to watch her open her mail to find out if it made her glad at all. Appeared like he was just starvin' to see her smile once. And he seemed to know by a child's instinct it hadn't. It got on his mind terribly. For a girl that never did smile, day in and day out, it was queer how those children did love that teacher. And especially P'like, who worshipped her from the first day. She had put something so new and sweet into his poor dry little child-life over at the Gabel ranch.

"When things I want don't want me," he confided to me one afternoon. "Why I just p'like they do come anyhow. I wish I had a phonograph for my grandma." He said it so wistful like. "But I haven't and I can't ever get one, and I'm never going to tell her there is one."

"Why mebbe you can get one when you grow up, a big man, and you will help her to have a lot of things," I suggested to him, seeing clearly now why the little cub hadn't mentioned the phonograph at home.

"Won't I be like Tobe, and have to be looked after, too?" he asked wonderingly.

It hadn't ever occurred to him he could get above the kind of life he'd always known.

"Why, no, little boy, you won't ever be like Tobe. You'll grow up and know a lot, and be strong, and do a lot, and be a good boy and love a lot, too. And you'll take care of Grandma then, because she won't be as strong as she is now."

As I went on encouragin' him, you should have seen his eyes shine, and the new light in his round face.

"I'm going to do it, and I'll p'like I'm doing it every day. But now—" The longin' of the hour came back sorrowfully for a minute only. "I know what I'll do now. When I sing 'My Old Kentucky Home' for Grandma Christmas morning, I'm going to p'like I have a phonograph all my own. P'like I'm it playing the song for Grandma, instead of singing it to her while she fries flap-jacks for Tobe and me for our breakfast. She does that every Christmas morning for us. It's our Christmas gift."

"But I want something else," he went on, the tears filling his big eyes. "something that don't want me."

"What's that?" I asked.

"I want to p'like my teacher's happy, but I just can't because she isn't."

"Well, just pretend she is, play like it anyhow," I suggested.

P'like only shook his head, and shut his lips up tight in the stubborn way he had sometimes. But I knew he'd told the truth. And I knew, too, it was the first time in his little dream life he hadn't been able to imagine he had what he wanted.

Folks in District 33 was puzzled, too. They had tried every way to do their best for their teacher. They was so grateful to her for stayin' there, and them eleven kids, all learnin' so fast. But they couldn't do a thing for her. 'Long toward the holidays, though, they began to feel it more, and wonder if there wasn't some way to show their feelin's, and to make her more at home among 'em. But they never seemed to get a bit nearer to her at all

might as well go out in the Star City cemetery and expect the lambs cut on babies' grave-stones to get off and gambol about, as to move that white-faced girl in the school house up there on the Smoky.

At her request they'd built a little lean-to room onto the side of the schoolhouse, and she lived in it all by herself. It seemed so unnatural for a smart pretty girl like her, that had had a college education, and been associated in a fraternity. There isn't one of the Star County girls ever went to college that didn't come back brimmin' with life, and doin' things, and makin' themselves felt every day in the week. But this girl was clear shut away from the world, walled in by the canyons of the upper Smoky Hill. However, as I say, us rural carriers come by and by to be more or less a part of the folks on our routes and Ruth Ravenstow wasn't no exception.

*Tom didn't say it, but see who knew him could understand what that kindly face, and cheery smile must have meant to the lonely girl-hermit on his route.*

JUST before Christmas, something, God knows what, made me stop at the school house one evening, on my way back to town. The children had all gone home and Miss Ravenstow was alone. We talked a little while and when I started to go I said sort of carelessly, "I'll try and bring you a letter tomorrow."

She looked up at me with her big dark eyes like she'd look me through, her face gettin' whiter every minute, then she said slowly: "There is no letter to come, Mr. Witherspoon. Nobody who could write to me knows where I am. I can neither help, nor be helped anywhere."

"But you'd oughtn't bury yourself while you are still alive," I couldn't help sayin', me bein' old enough to be her father, "and there ain't nobody in the world so alone they can't be worth something to somebody else. When Christmas eve comes we ought to put candles in our windows as a sign we still remember what the night means to the world."

"What will it mean to the world the twenty-fifth of the December of 1917? The world was never so full of hate before. And who would see my candle out in this far away place if I should light one?"

You can't imagine, gentlemen, how hard and dreary, and hopeless, a voice as soft as that girl's could be.

"I guess I'm kind of an old-style codger, Miss Ravenstow, but may I say that they's One who always sees, the Good Bein' who never forgets even a good-for-nothin' little lost sparrer. I do sort of wish you'd try it for your own sake. It might make you a little sicker happier," I insisted.

Her face was set and cold-like, and there was the strangest sort of hunted, hurt look in her eyes, but her voice was low and gentle as she said:

"I thank you for your kindness, Mr. Witherspoon. It was very good of you to think enough about me out here to stop and say this to me. I know you are sincere in your faith, and it makes you happy. Good-night."

Mebby some of you men could have gone further with her. McCullen, you know how to plead cases. You'd know what to follow up with. I didn't. That was all I could do. But her look haunted me all the way back to town that night. I could see her eyes every way I turned. Every shadow by the trail seemed to hold her face, white, with them great dark eyes. I knew then there was a slow-growin' desperation in them that I couldn't mistake, no matter how hard I tried to put it out of my mind.

They was hardly any show of the season's regular spirit of good-will in the upper Smoky valley that year. You all remember 1917, closin' with war clouds black around us though we was so many thousand miles away from them rain-sogged, blood-blackened fields of France. May the good Lord protect this world from ever seein' the same again. And may the good sense of the U. S. A. help Him to boost things so it won't.

*Tom paused a moment and stared at the lobby floor, but not a man moved or spoke. We were all with him back in that time his story was painting for us.*

Three days before Christmas I left my cart down by the corner and run up through the canyon to the Gabel's with little P'like. There wasn't no use for me to try to drive through the canyon over that rough trail. And as I told you it was a shorter way to the shack of a house hid behind the hills. The dark was droppin' down fast that night, it was just about the winter solstice, you know, the shortest day of the year. And I felt sort of uneasy about the boy goin' up there alone in the deepenin' dark. But I needn't of, for his bright eyes wasn't in his little button-head for nothin'. He could see better'n an owl any night in the year. As we turned out of the deepest pocket of the canyon he caught sight of Tobe Gabel wanderin' off down where I know I'd never seen him myself.

Tobe had started out to meet us, and as usual, with his poor twisted mind, about directions and everything, he went the wrong way. By the time we'd corralled him and run him in it was almost plum dark. But I stopped to speak a word to Grandma Gabel, and tell her I'd brought the children home all right,

one wasn't uneasy about why because he was with me almost every night. And he was such a cocksure little scamp, anyhow, and never afraid of anything. Always poppin' in, singin' like a bird just when she was beginnin' to feel anxious about him. But it was different with big, gentle Tobe. He wasn't ever off her mind.

Their home was an awfully cheerless, cold place. But it was real clean, and when Tobe and little Tully hit for the supper table I noticed that what little there was on it seemed to be well cooked. Mrs. Gabel being a southern woman, you know. I stayed a minute to talk with Grandma. Those folks are so lonesome out there they are glad to visit a mite with anybody. And she seemed to me somehow 'specially lonely and forlorn that night.

"Merry Christmas," I says to be cheerful, as I started to go.

"Same to you, Mr. Witherspoon." Her voice had a hollow sound like it come from anywhere, but the real heart of her. "If I can keep Tobe and Tully from freezin' and the stock fed and watered, and a bit of food so as we won't be clear starved, it's all I can hope for."

There come such a hungry, pitiful look into her hard, wrinkled face just then I couldn't leave her, for a minute.

"Seems like a body ought to do more than that, 'specially to make children remember the day with a little gleam of joy when they're grown up. Just some little sort of Christmas thing that's a bit different from the other three hundred and sixty-four days. It makes the fellow that does it feel so good, too. Kind of forgets himself in the doin'." I says. "If it's nothin' mor'n a candle in the winder, it's a token that it's Holy Night. And that's a lot. Children never forget those things, never."

"But if you ain't got even the candle, no matter how willin' you are, what are you goin' to do, Mr. Witherspoon?" she asked me.

"I'm thinkin' about that, too," I says. "I believe where the mind is willin' to carry a bit of Christmas sweetness in it, somehow the candle comes. That's what my own mother back in old Vermont used to tell us, when she made a happy Christmas for her eight children out of just next to nothin' at all, the Witherspoons was so poor. And I never did forget it, neither, and how happy the least little snip of a Christmas thing did make us, though we couldn't believe beforehand they could come. But miracles ain't all in Holy Writ, not yet, even in a world at war, and hatin' and killin' like devils; and Christ seemin' so lost and forgot out of it. Gentlemen, I ain't no preacher. The clerk missed me when it done its pickin' fifty years ago."

*Tom looked up at us with that mischievous grin that made us all love him.*

I AIN'T no preacher, but, as I told you, this was the best Christmas I ever had, and I guess I got sort of softened down in spirit, like it does a body good to get once a year. I went skallyhootin' home that night full up of a big idea. What's the use preachin' to other folks about cheer and good-will, and doin' little things to make folks happy, if they can't do big ones, when you ain't liftin' a finger to be and do the same your own self? I made up my mind right there I'd do my bit along with the free gratis advice I was sheddin' on my route so willingly. I'd take every mail-box out there a good wax candle to set up in their winder Christmas eve, far off lonely little homes, miles apart, and out of sight of anybody. But I'd learned to love the folks out there, and bein' a bit sentimental down under my alligator hide, I just wanted to once help spread the Christmas spirit in what simple way I could. Makes you all grin to think about it now, but you remember how much we needed peace and good-will in 1917!

*We were not grinning, not a man of us. Tee Jennings and Elbert McCullen and old Abram Star were very still; even the New York City commercial traveler sat like a stone man. There was something in Tom's voice as well as his words that held us all. And if we said nothing it was because nobody wanted to risk the sound of his own voice just then.*

THE next day I wrapped up a candle for every single mail-box I had. Wrapped it in pretty paper, and tied it with a red silk cord. Cost more'n a red ribbon, but didn't look quite so cheap as this here papery ribbon. And I put a pretty little Christmas card, with the season's greetin's on it, in with every candle, askin' the folks at every box to take it with my best wishes, and the hope they'd light the same and set it in the winder Christmas Eve. Something the Smoky Hill valley hadn't never seen in all the long still centuries its brown waters has run down from the high plains to the Kaw.

"I wasn't that the candle was worth so much. It just stood up with its tiny light to say that the Bible is the biggest, sacredest thing in all our outcomin's and higher developin's. You know, gentlemen, gettin' right down to brass tacks, once in a while, that we can psychologize society in general, and criminals who are rich men's sons, in particular, and get away with it fairly well, at least for temporary purposes; and we can educate the youth, each comin' generation a little more'n the one behind it, at our high-priced colleges, and make the State, I mean, government, and all it stands for, a lot safer for our posterity than it was for our ancestry. And we may domestic-economize and deco-

(Concluded on page 6)

**Mothersills**  
STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS BY SEA, AIR and TRAIN

**Oriental Cream**  
GOURAUD  
The Cream used by famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results.

**THE WORLD'S GOOD NEWS**  
will come to your home every day through  
**THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR**  
An International Daily Newspaper  
It records for you the world's clean, constructive doings. The Monitor does not smother crime or sensation; neither does it ignore them, but deals correctly with them. Features for busy men and all the family, including the Weekly Magazine Section.  
The Christian Science Publishing Society  
One, Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts  
Please enter my subscription to The Christian Science Monitor for a period of:  
1 year \$12.00 6 months \$8.00 3 months \$5.00 1 month \$1.00  
Enclosed find \$1.00, including Magazine Section; 1 year \$2.00, 6 issues free  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Sample Copy on Request

**IT TAKES FINER, COSTLY BREWING TO DO IT!**

**BUT IT MAKES SOUTHERN SELECT THE SOUTH'S "CHRISTMAS PRESENT" BEER!**

**THAT SAME KEEN, CLEAN FLAVOR IN EVERY BOTTLE**

Here is all-grain beer with the keen, clean flavor and appetizing aroma that only natural beer ingredients could produce! Costlier made at every step! We even filter the air in the brewery . . . distill every drop of water used in the brewing . . . age every drop of Southern Select to full maturity . . . sterilize each bottle . . . then remove the last breath of air from the bottle before capping. Costs us extra—but you pay no more! But you'll say we're right to give this protection to Southern Select's delicious, refreshing flavor. Make yourself a present of this true flavor-pleasure—ask for Southern Select.

Order By The Case From Your Dealer  
GALVESTON-HOUSTON BREWERIES, INC.  
Galveston, Texas

**GEO. H. JEWELL, DISTRIBUTOR**  
823 N. Breckenridge, Breckenridge, Texas

**BARGAIN HOLIDAY RATES**

**1 1/3¢ A MILE**

**GOOD IN CHAIR CARS AND COACHES BETWEEN ALL POINTS IN TEXAS AND LOUISIANA!**

**ROUND-TRIP coach and chair car fares between all points in Texas and Louisiana at 1 1/3¢ per mile will be on sale December 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24; return limit midnight, January 8, 1940.**

**New Low Round-Trip Coach and Chair Car Rates ON SALE EVERY DAY AT 10% REDUCTION! (Effective December 15)**

**THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RY.**

**SHOP EARLY**

**A Gift that SAVES Every Day in the Year**

**An ELECTRIC Refrigerator Pays for Itself In Greater Food Savings**

It really isn't enough that a gift just be given at Christmas time. To be fully appreciated it must last a long time, giving real joy, pleasure and satisfaction day after day . . . year after year! An electric refrigerator is that kind of a gift. And it saves!

**Now! Liberal trade-in allowance EASY TERMS**

**Cold-Wall FRIGIDAIRE**

**FREE** A beautiful sterling silver gift medal—engraved with any message you desire will be affixed to your Christmas Refrigerator, free of charge, if requested.

**West Texas Utilities Company**



**PROLOGUE**

**"THESE** cross-roads mail-box folks come to look on the family doctor, or the preacher in some ways. He calls them by their first names, and visits with them in little short chats, and hurries when they're lookin' for letters from their children gone away, or their sweethearts. And he generally knows without no black-edged envelopes when he's bringin' bad news. Oh, it's a great life when you count your friends by the country mail-boxes, every single one of them with its own story of hope and news."

"The Candle in the Window" is the story of Tod Witherspoon, a grizzled, shrewd, lovable old man on a Western Kansas rural mail route. His is the story of a simple, yet glorious Christmas. The eternal story of brotherly love—of peace on earth, good will toward men.

Faith, courage, tenderness, pathos—they're all a part of "The Candle in the Window." You'll find a lump in your throat when you read it. It's not a sad story, but it's one that will remind you of past Christmas joys, of old-fashioned sleigh bells, of holly-decked homes and the poignant pleasures and sorrows of childhood.

And it will remind you, too, of another Christmas—just 1939 years ago. There was no tinsel, no glittering decorations. Just unutterable joy and supreme contentment.

IT WAS a blizzard-beaten night in early December. The highways were blocked by drifts, and train service on the Star City branch was annulled. A jolly crowd of us, hotel "regulars," and storm-stayed commercial travelers, were gathered snug and warm in the Star House lobby together. Among our number were four men, any one of whom, each in his own way, could have entertained the entire company. They were old Abram Star, owner of the hotel, and the richest man in Star county; Tec Jennings, his clerk, the best dresser in town; Elbert McCullen, who, besides being attorney for the railroad, is the ablest lawyer on the upper Smoky; and a New York City salesman, a man of the world, unmistakably Eastern, but altogether companionable. We joked and laughed, and chatted about the weather, the business outlook, European finances, the Oriental situation, off-year elections, the coming holidays, and finally—growing reminiscent, as homeless men will do sometimes—of Christmas days of other years.

"Seems like Christmas would wear out sometime," the salesman declared. "It's so awfully overdone, or underdone, you'd think the rich would throw it up, and the poor would give it up. Must be just the commercial value at the bottom of it that keeps it alive. Great guns! Just listen to that wind and sleet. Looks like we would be here till Christmas ourselves. A country like this is no place for my business. How do they know when the day comes out here anyhow?"

"Lots of ways of finding out," Elbert McCullen declared. "I guess it's about the same Christmas here, only two hours later, that they have on the Atlantic seaboard. And there must be something besides commercial value to it in either place. How about it, Abram?"

"Well, mebbe it's just an old man's ideal, but there's always a memory deep down in every man's insides that keeps him looking back sometimes to the best one he ever had, you know, comparing all other Christmas days with that one. And that's a memory you don't buy and sell, either," old Abram declared.

It was thus we turned back reminiscently, as homeless men will do sometimes, recalling the outstanding Christmas days with each of us, when the street door opened suddenly and Tod Witherspoon blew in.

Tod is the mail carrier on the rural route up the Smoky Hill valley—a shrewd, homely, intensely human, local "character," whose

list of friends is one with the community's census. In all western Kansas his is the longest, loneliest route, with bits of the roughest roadway in it. But nobody ever heard Tod complain, and there is no record on the government files that he ever missed a day on it since it was established.

"Room with bath? Please register," Tec Jennings leaned across the desk and greeted Tod with a wide grin.

"Get into this here warm corner. We've been savin' it for you," Abram Star declared.

"Thaw yourself out a bit, old man, and then join in the services. We're having an old-fashioned experience meeting," the genial salesman declared, jovially.

"That's the stuff," Elbert McCullen broke in. "We've been harkin' back to Christmas days of yesterday, seeing there will be another down on us in just a few weeks. What was the best one in all your life, Tod?"

Tod is only a rural mail carrier, yet nobody in the lobby that night could equal him when it came to telling a story in his own simple way. I wish I could repeat the one he told us that night just as he gave it to us. That would be worth listening to. But I cannot do it. We have heard him tell many a tale of his childhood among the Vermont hills, and when he settled down comfortably in his chair, we began to hark back to our own boyhood days to be ready for his picture. But nobody could ever quite forecast Tod Witherspoon, any more than they could reproduce his quaint humor, and his appealing sympathy. What I am telling you here is only a poor imitation of the real Tod as he told us of the best Christmas he had ever known.

TAKES a night like this to make a fellow remember better things, and rememberin' things is good for all of us once in a while. Some winter, this, for early December, I'll say. Awfully good for the wheat, but not so easy on us rural routers. But most folks in the country would rather have the snow than their mail on account of the crops next summer. And I don't know as I can blame 'em. It's the crops they live by more'n the Star City Gazette, and the mail order catalogs, and tractor ads, and pamphlets on diseases of cattle and the like, that we're always packin' to them.

"Twa'n't that way durin' the World War, though, with everybody's hearts bustin' about their boys. Some of 'em was already over seas. You know, some of 'em got in ahead of their own government, and was either runnin' ambulances or goin' over the top themselves, while we was still considerin' the etiquette of the situation. And most of the boys that wasn't over there already, or wasn't too fat-footed to march, or too fat-headed for anything but a roll-top desk brigade, was already in trainin' camps waitin' to go any minute. I tell you, gentlemen, nothin' looked quite so good out in the rural districts—specially to the mothers—as us mail-carriers joggin' over the hills, and up through the canons of the Smoky River valley, and stoppin' at their corners. If they wasn't right down there themselves, where the nests of mail-boxes was—stuck on some old wagon wheel set on a post, mebbe—they was sendin' the children down, or watchin' from the winders to see how long we stayed sortin' out the mail there. Why I got well acquainted with more women them twenty months we was makin' the world safe for submarines, and silk petticoats, and safety-rifles, than I'd done in twenty years before. Awful thing that war was. And yet the best Christmas I ever see, or ever hope to see, was right in the middle of the thing, the Christmas of 1917. Saint Peter, himself, couldn't make a better one for me, some ways. The time I went harkin' back to the custom of my own boyhood days of puttin' candles in the winders on Christmas Eve, and I conceived the notion of takin' one to every mail-box on my route. There wasn't so many of 'em it would bust my bank account to do it. That was the time, I froze so near to death I didn't get thawed out proper till along about wheat harvest the next summer. Makes me shiver in August now just to think of that Christmas Eve.

Tod paused and slid back in his chair studying the face of the city salesman before he went on.

You see, gentlemen, Uncle Sam's hired man out on these rural routes knows a lot more about his people

than the city man on the same job does. It's the humanest business they is under government control, and the biggest thing Uncle Sam ever did, runnin' them lines daily out into the lonely places that 'd welcome your comin' if you never even brought 'em a post card. Sort of a voice from the outside world they've never had a chance to know; and it keeps 'em from turnin' anarchist, and hatin' imaginary oppressors, and breaks down their little prejudices against their neighbors. That's what the rural routes have done everywhere; and especially up in the pockets of the Smoky Hill valley where life was mighty natter, and shut in, and folks was poor. That's where my happiest Christmas come from, though, measurin' happiness by what's inside of you, and not by what somebody else can lay at your feet.

These cross-roads mail-box folks come to look on the mail carrier as they do on the family doctor, or the preacher in some ways. He calls them by their first names, and visits with them in little short chats, and hurries when they're lookin' for letters from their children gone away, or their sweethearts. And he generally knows without no black-edged envelopes when he's bringin' bad news. Oh, it's a great life, full of what the newspapers call "human interest," when you count your friends by the country mail-boxes, every single one of them with its own story of hopes and needs.

Tod paused again, and his weather-hardened face grew tender, the while his eyes twinkled under their shaggy brows.

THAT holiday of 1917 meant a lot to my route. Boys that had lived all their lives till then up in the hills, or out on these short-grass plains, boys that hadn't never seen a tree bigger'n the little locuses 'round the court house square, nor a garden flower nor nothin' nearer to it than this here burnin' bush shrub—some of them boys was powerful close to the front line trenches in France that year! And others was nailed down in trainin' camps that wasn't none too cozy and homelike that bitter winter. No wonder their folks watched for me like they'd watch for the doctor when the fever is the highest. I see a foreign post mark on a letter now and then today, and it takes me right back to them months when we wasn't too proud to fight, and our hearts wasn't so hard they wouldn't break.

They was one family that never watched for me, though, for they never had any mail at all, nor even a mailbox till some time that fall. That was Grandma Gabels 'way back in the hills. You couldn't see the house from the road, and if it hadn't been for little P'like Gabel I'd never found 'em at all, I suppose. Odd little tyke as ever lived, P'like was, the cub that give me the best Christmas I ever had. That wasn't his real name, of course, just a nickname I had for him. Nobody except a foreigner'd ever give a name like that to a child. I think they registered him as Tully Gabel when he started to school, but he was always just like P'like to me, and awfully interestin' though he was only a sturdy, round, button-headed, little mubbin, like most of the children on my route. But if you really study the little faces, as I've had plenty of time to do, comin' and goin', all these years—children are like open books and easy to read; that's why they are children and not little grown-ups—if you study their faces, I say, they ain't no two of 'em alike. Little P'like had a mop of light hair gettin' darker, and the brightest brown eyes that was ever give to see with. Seemed to me he could find a pin in the middle of the road, and as for the dark, he could look right through it, and walk without a stumblin' step straight where he wanted to go. I never see a youngster so solid on his feet anyhow. And he wasn't no more afraid in the blackest night that ever swallowed up the Smoky Hill valley, than I am settin' here in the Star House lobby.

I used to pick little P'like up and take him home from the school. They say mail carriers can't do that some places. Well, there never was a postal regulation against bein' human ever reached as far as my route. School was always out early them days because some of the youngsters had miles to go. They didn't start these school auto busses in the school districts to pick up the little children till after the war. My route was a longer way for little P'like, because it makes a loop at the end. But he liked the ride. And he could cut across from the other side on a shorter way than the one through the canon side nearer to the school house, and get home all right.

That little chap was a dreamer, livin' in a make-believe world all his own, like children will sometimes if you let 'em alone. That was what give him his name. It was always "let's play like," with him, and he shortened it himself to just "p'like." He'd "p'like" my old mail cart was a chariot and "p'like" the upper Smoky trail was a circus ring; that the rocks of the canon were castles; "p'like" he was a prince, and I was the king of fairyland. Took a whale of a lot of imagination for that last "p'like," but that little fellow was a whale at pretendin'.

Tod grinned at his listeners. No man in Kansas ever looked less kindly than Tod Witherspoon and he knew it.

I DON'T believe old John Milton ever see more in his "Paradise Lost" than little P'like Gabel could

create out of the sunsets and big bluffs and lonely trails up that barren valley.

Old Mrs. Gabel came here from Kentucky with him and her own boy, Tobe. The little cub was an orphan foundlin' and no relation to her at all. Wasn't the same breed of cats as the Gabels, neither, for he was made of better stuff, primarily. But she was a wonderful woman someways, built big and stout out of real pioneer timber that stands up strong. They were awfully poor, never took even a paper 'cept what I'd run into their mail box for 'em once in awhile, after I found 'em out. I don't think Mrs. Gabel ever read anything much except her old Bible, and that was part readin' and part just hearsay with her. She tended her little ranch, and took care of the stock and crops, what she had of both, and kept house, never buyin' anything hardly, but livin' on what she could produce on the place. It was a lonely life out on that little ranch, hid back among the hills from the trail, out of sight of anybody's house. Never a neighbor's light in a winder at night to tell her they was other human bein's like herself not so far away.

Tobe, her boy, must have been over thirty then. In your mind you, but really not a day older'n little P'like. The neighbors out that way told me that Tobe's older brother was lost in the Kentucky mountains just before Tobe was born, and Grandma Gabel grieved so for him—they never did find him, and his father died from exposure hunjin' for him—that when Tobe came he just stayed a little boy in mind, happy and good, and willin' to do anything he was told. But he never grew up.

They say there was something wrong about fastenin' a gate, just the other way 'round, that let the lost child out some way, and he wandered off. Somebody up in the mountains, where most of 'em can't read a signboard, if there was any there to read, saw the little fellow, and out of ignorance, started him home the wrong way—and he perished. Tobe has that mark, too; does everything backwards. I found that out when he put up a mail box, number 33, to please little P'like, because all the other children had mail-boxes. Tobe marked it .33, instead of 33.



They tell me, too, the neighbors do, that little Tully, as the Gabels call him, was found where somebody that didn't want him had left him—mebbe just a tiny cub. I don't know the p'ticulars of that—but anyway, when he was found, Grandma Gabel just took him to her heart in place of her own boy lost about a quarter of a century before. It was then she picked up and left Kentucky for good and all, and came to Kansas—to forget. But you don't forget that way, gentlemen. You can't move away and leave your memories in the old house with the broken step-ladder, and the cracked brick jars. And Grandma Gabel's heart stayed back in the mountains. And she is ever thinkin' of their purple tops, and the little grassy coves in the Blue Ridges.

But little P'like was the happiest kid on the upper Smoky the day that box was put up, though, as I say, they never had any mail that I didn't put into it myself for them. But that youngster never missed a day lookin' into it. Seemed like he was always longin' to get a letter from somewhere. And he'd get big-eyed and all excited, if he found an old circular, or something like that, in it, though he wasn't fooled by it at all. He was too blamed quick for that. But he could "p'like" it was something for his grandma from Kentucky, because he knew she loved the old Blue Grass country so. And when you think of the dry treeless little ranch hid back in the Smoky Hill valley, you can't wonder.

School was heaven to little P'like, and he liked up learnin' something wonderful. Seemed like I could just see his mind growin' every day. It was like watchin' a vine on a trellis, the knowin' way he had of reachin' out and catchin' on higher up like. He was just a little deserted foundlin' of a woodscalf, picked up in the Kentucky mountains, outside of the protection of the State Game Laws, and worth nothin' at all, if it hadn't seemed to a poor, ignorant, heart-broken woman he might sort of take the place of her own boy lost so many years before. And I knew pretty soon—because us rural mail carriers learns to look right through house walls on our routes and know what's inside of 'em—I knew he was, all unbeknown', bein' in to be a real light-bearer into that lonely little home on the ranch lost sight of in the upper Smoky hills. He took every single thing he learned in the schoolhouse along with him. And it wasn't only just his little First Reader, and the numbers. It was clean finger nails, and bowlin' his head to say the Lord's Prayer, and the most amazin' scraps of information from listenin' to the older classes recitin', all openin' a new world to his big bright eyes and dreamin' soul.

THE teacher out in District 33—the farthest one on my route, it was—was a strange girl that nobody knew anything about. You remember, Abram, she come in here that fall one evenin' when the train was late, and left early the next mornin' for that school settlemint; and as far as I know Star City never did see her again. But teachers of any

kind was so scarce in 1917 or account of Red Cross, and high-grade pay for any-grade clerks in Washington—specially teachers worth a darn for a district like that one up on the Smoky Hill, that they was only too glad to get anybody willin' to come to them. Nobody knew how long that war would hang on. The real smart ones was declarin' it couldn't end under ten years.

So when this girl wearin' one of these sorority pins, and carryin' a diploma from some college, sort of dropped in from nowhere and offered to teach their school, District 33 took her as God's providence without a murmur. Her name was Ruth Ravenstow. She had big dark eyes, and about the prettiest hair I ever see. But her face was white as chalk. Never a bit of color in her cheeks, and never a smile on her lips, even when she was talkin' to the children that just adored her. Just a hard, white face, with no more show of feelin' in it than a marble woman. There wasn't no warmth of life about her, and yet she had that strange sort of what you call magnetism, that draws everybody in spite of themselves.

The schoolhouse they had then—it's just a pile of earth now—was an old soddy built back in the late seventies or early eighties—warm in winter, of course, as the soddies always was; and big enough, too, for they was only eleven children in District 33. P'like's mailbox was the same number, the only figures he knew when it was put up. He'd read them on the old soddy door the mornin' he started to school, and like every other snip of learnin' they stayed with him, and he used them. God's mercy was in it, too, but that comes later. Just a little sod school house and less'n a dozen children, but Miss Ravenstow was an angel of light to them eleven kids that winter. You can't begin to know how poor they were, and how few things there was in their hard, barren lives to give them pleasure. Miss Ruth had a little phonograph, the kind you can put into a hat box, and a stack of the sweetest song records you ever heard, all by real singers, too. Mebbe she never did smile, but she had good taste, dainty and refined to the tips of her pretty white fingers. And she give them children the best things they'd ever know. Lord, how those hungry youngsters ate that music. Just never got enough of it. But it seemed to me that little P'like got the most of all of 'em out of it. Especially one record—"My Old Kentucky Home"—sung by a good rich baritone voice, full and sweet.

"Way back in October P'like worked out a plan to do his Christmas shopping early, but he never told me about it till nearly Christmas. He was a close-mouthed little tyke if there ever was one, and when he shut his lips in front of his tongue it was like one of them abalone shells closin' up.

You see, there's never any Sanky Claus up that valley, 'specially in District 33. They do what they can for their children, even in the lean years, but it never is much at best. And Grandma Gabel hadn't no time out of her hard days' work, week after week, from Christmas to Christmas, to make anything for little Tully—and never a cent to spend buyin' him anything. You can't make holidays much of anything without them two necessities—time or money, or both. And after P'like started to school Tobe took to wanderin' off that fall, and his mother had to go huntin' for him through the canyon, and do all her hard work and her time was double full.

But how that old woman did love music, though she didn't sing any herself. Hard work bears down heavy on the singin' spirit if you add to it the memory of a lost child and the hopelessness of a living one. And little P'like, who could warble like a bird, never told her a word about the phonograph at school—he was odd that way, always had more inside of him than he'd let on about. But I found out later why he didn't tell her. She just loved to hear him singin' to her at her work, and he'd stand up before her and go clear through a song for her. But he kept it all to himself that he was learnin' a new one to spring on her singin'—hungry soul Christmas mornin'—his gift, you see, such as it was, but his best. And he'd picked out the song he loved best, "My Old Kentucky Home." His eyes would just shine like the stars reflected on the still Smoky waters when he'd tell me about it. And 'round in the deepest part of the canyon, where the walls run up awfully high, he'd have me stop still, and hear him sing it through. And he'd act out the way he was going to stand up before his grandma, Christmas mornin', and do it, and her never dreamin' he knew the song she loved so well. Oh, boy! the joy that little critter did get out of the surprise he was plannin' seemed strange even to me who sees such a lot of the inside of the life out on the lonely rural ways us routers follows.

THAT fall I got closer to my folks than ever before, owin' of course to the war; and closer to Grandma Gabel through little P'like; and closer to Miss Ravenstow. She had begun to watch for me, too, but with the saddest face I ever see in all my life. Never any expectation in it, nor the merest line as if she thought I'd stopped to give her any mail, though I'd got the habit of stoppin' a minute every single day, even if I did know she wasn't lookin' for a letter. Except for such mail as comes to any teacher, nothin' ever come to her that fall. No post-

**Meet Your Friends at The QUALITY**



You can't find a smarter spot for lunch—and dinner dates. Right in the heart of town for the convenience of business folk and smart shoppers who demand the best!

ESTES & ESTES, Props.  
Baird, Texas

**Constipated?**  
For years I had occasional constipation, awful gas bloating, headaches and back pain. Adlerika always helped right away. Now, I eat sausage, bananas, etc. regularly. I would never feel better if Mrs. Mabel Schott.

**ADLERIKA**  
HOLMES DRUG COMPANY.

FOR RENT—Furnished room with access to bathroom to couple or girls. Lights, water and gas for \$8.00 per month.  
Mrs. Lucibel Ivy, Baird, Tex.

THE FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM delivered on the porch Morning, Evening and Sunday. See, R. B. COOPER, Agent.

**Wylie Funeral Home**  
AMBULANCE SERVICE  
Lady Embalmer and Attendant  
Flowers for All Occasions  
Phones 68 and 38  
Baird, Texas

**Dr. M. C. McGOWEN**  
DENTIST, X-RAY  
Office, First State Bank Building  
BAIRD, TEXAS

**Dr. V. E. HILL**  
DENTIST  
X-RAY  
Office, Upstairs, Telephone Bldg.  
BAIRD, TEXAS

**L. L. BLACKBURN**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BAIRD, TEXAS

**OTIS BOWYER**  
LAWYER  
BAIRD, TEXAS

**Otis Bowyer, Jr.**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
1507 First National Bank Building  
Phone 2-2966—Dallas, Texas

**RANCH LOANS**  
Ranch Loans Made 5 1-2 per ce. Annual or semi-annual interest, ten years' time. No application accepted for less than three sections, 640 acres each, and as many more as desired. Prompt service.  
**RUSSELL-SURLES**  
ABSTRACT COMPANY  
Baird, Texas

**SPECIAL**  
MEN'S SHIRTS (Finished) 10¢ Will Call Monday, Wednesday and Friday of Each Week.  
Call Phone No. 131

**Abilene Laundry Co**  
GROVER GILBERT  
Representative, Baird, Texas

**B. F. RUSSELL**  
ATTORNEY AT-LAW  
(Office in Miller Building 2nd door north of City Hall)  
Baird, Texas

**GRIGGS HOSPITAL**  
X-Ray Laboratory and Special Diagnosis  
DR. R. L. GRIGGS  
Local Surgeon T. & P. Ry. Co  
Physician and Surgeon  
DR. RAY COCKRELL  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office Phone 340—Baird, Texas

**Dr. M. C. McGOWEN**  
DENTIST, X-RAY  
Office, First State Bank Building  
BAIRD, TEXAS

**TOM B. HADLEY**  
CHIROPRACTOR  
14 Years' Practice in Baird Since August, 15, 1922  
Office: Three blocks east of Court

**SUBSCRIPTION Bargain Rates NOW ON**

THE BAIRD STAR'S Annual Bargain Rates are now in effect—and we are making a

**SPECIAL OFFER OF \$2.50**

Which will clear-up all past due subscriptions and pay one-year in advance from date of payment.

**CLUBBING RATES**  
We are also making the following Clubbing Rates:

- Star Telegram—Daily and Sunday THE BAIRD STAR—Both For **\$8.25**
- Abilene Reporter News THE BAIRD STAR—Both For **\$5.45**
- Dallas Semi-Weekly News THE BAIRD STAR—Both For **\$2.00**

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE BARGAIN RATES IT SAVES YOU MONEY

NOTE:—These Bargain and Clubbing Rates are good only at The Baird Star office—Mail or bring your subscription to The Star Office, Baird.

# THE BAIRD STAR

Established by W. E. Gilliland, December 8, 1887

Issued every Friday, Baird, Texas

Entered as Second Class Matter, December 8, 1887, at the Post Office in Baird, Texas, under the Act of 1879.

W. E. Gilliland, Editor and Publisher Haynie Gilliland, Asso. Editor

Advertising Rates on Application

The publisher is not responsible for copy omissions, typographical errors, or any unintentional errors that may occur, further than to correct it in the next issue. All advertising orders are accepted on this basis only.

NOTICE: Any reflection upon the character, standing, or reputation of any person, firm, or corporation, which may appear in the columns of The Baird Star, will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE**

One Year (in Callahan County)	\$1.50
Six Months	\$1.00
Three Months	.50
One Year (Outside Callahan County)	\$2.00
Six Months	\$1.25
Three Months	.75

No Subscription Accepted for Less Than Three Months



More about Reversia, the land where everything is backwards: In California, real estate offices in the beach towns are open on Sunday, closed on Monday.

No matter what you order for breakfast, you'll get hash brown potatoes along with it.

And did you know that celery can be cooked? They serve it as a side order of vegetables. Imagine crispness and crunchiness celery Oil is the states biggest industry but the newspapers don't have an oil section or even an oil page (not even on Sunday); just a two-column headline stuck away down in the corner of a page. And, speaking of the newspapers the front page is page 1 but the next page is "A" and the next one is "B" and the fourth page is "No 2".

(That's done just to illustrate it a little more complicated, like the riddle: What has eight legs and feathers and sings. The answer is, A quartet. But why the feathers, Oh I just added that to make it harder for you to guess)

Los Angeles has a baker shop that makes nothing but bread, rolls cookies and cakes with whole wheat and a "health cafe" that serves vegetables, cheese and fruits but no meats, and another cafe which serves only sea-food. The front window of this place is a pool with live fish, crabs and bull frogs. One of the last-named clings to the glass and peers at me with Eddie Cantor eyes (probably an old acquaintance of mine from Marked Tree, Ark. where the houses are on stilks and the frogs sing their bass in the swamp warters)

Shall we join the 75 or 100 people who are watching a dough nut making machine in operation in a window? A blob of batter, zip into the greese, brown, browner, brownest. Inside are all kind of chocolate coated plain glazed powder-sugared cocanutt and other with tiny colored mints like seed pearls. (its hard for an old dough nut dunker like me to decide which to order.

The City of the Angle has no twilight. One minute it is bright sunshine, the next minutes downright dark.

And no rain thought they do have a celebrate brand or mist Mist is to rains what mesquite is to trees. A mesquite has almost no shade, no fruit, is no good for lumber and almost too tough to burn; and, as for mist, you can't see it falling or splashing as it lands, you can't hear it or even taste it and can't feel it, but after five minuets will you are soaked, the air being so saturated with moisture that you can tear loose a chunk and wring it out like a dishrag well almost.

Had my first experience wwith an earthquake the otherday though I knew nothing about it until I read of it in the next morning's papers. A mere earthquake can't fake me I've been through political campaigns in Texas. (me for Ma "Pass the biscuits pappy")

Inhabitants have sought to explain away undisarable weather out here with the explanation, "This is unusable" until even the papers quip about it and a columnist, the other day, remarked "This is unusually unusual

weather."

California's boast of fruits and flowers are lived up to. Carnation at a penny apiece and a huge cluster of big white flowers (nas turtiums, geraniums, chrysanthemums or something other hard-to-spell-name) for 30 cents. And did you eve see a rosebud of pale lemon gold with tips of dawn pink?

At the fruit stands you can buy fresh figs, pomegranates and nuts and pecons. Which brings joke

to mind the oldest California date that are stuffed with wal-

A fellow gazing at a watermelon remarked disdainfully, Not a bad looking alligator pear. A native asked, Where you from the other answered, "Florida." Snerled the Californian, "I thought so: get your dirty hands away from that olive."

Texas topics;

Award of the Texas Institute of letters for the best book of the year written by a Texan deservedly went to J. Frank Dobie for Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver."

Roy Bean, "the law west of the Pecos", is going to be the subject of a Broadway play and it'll probably be a hit.

Three weeks ago, I pointed out that Land ommissioner Bas giles, chairman of the School Land Board, was getting ready to gamble with school land by cifaensing it for oil on high royalty instead of high cash. A few days ago in the Dallas News, he admitted that high cash, and fixed royalty to the State would "take the gambling" out of leasing state land. Now that the Land Commissioner has been convicted by my argument, surly he is going to go ahead and hold the December leasing that high cash is best?

## Red Cross Donations

BAIRD  
\$1 ANNUALS

E. G. Post, Mrs. E. G. Post, Jack Flores Jr., Mrs. Verda James Ralph Ashlock, W. D. Hardy, Mrs W. D. Hardy, H. E. Farmer, Mrs H. E. Farmer, S. L. McElroy, Mrs S. L. McElroy, W. L. Bowlus, R. M. Warren, Mrs. H. W. Martin, Bill Hunt, W. B. Jones, M. G. Farmer, Dr. Ray Cockrell, Alex Shockley, Sarah M. Jones Colonel Dyer, Mrs. Colonel Dyer, J. Y. Gilliland, Mrs. V. E. Hill, Brice Jones, J. F. Dyer, Grimes Beauty Shop, Mrs. Bessie Hall, J. F. Price, Mrs. Lee Gemmett, D. F. Harp, Dale Brown, J. M. McFarlane, Mrs. Earl Johnson, Mrs. Paul Shanks, W. H. Boatwright, E. E. Horn, Claude Flores, Mrs. Everett Hughes, J. M. Glover, J. M. Glover, Olin Jones, Mrs. Ace Hickman, Mattie Ashabanner, Mrs. G. E. Sutphen, Mrs. C. K. Meadows, Fred Hart, W. B. Warren, C. W. Conner, M. L. Neitherrutt, Mrs. Fabain Bell, Mrs. L. G. Barnhill, W. Clyde White, Mrs. Clyde White, Hugh W. Smith, Mrs. Jess Mitchell, Tom French, Stephen Warren, Russell Warren, Hub Warren Jr., Mrs. W. J. Ray, Mrs. C. V. Sutphen, Mrs. J. H. Terrell, Mrs. Lua James, S. T. James, Jane Stephen, Mrs. Carl Lamb, Orven Rouse, Bowlus Lumber Company,

R. E. Bounds, Home Lumber Co., W. O. Wylie Sr., Mrs. J. B. Cuthbirth, Mrs. Frances Myers, Mrs. W. B. Jones, A & P Store, Ida Louise Fetterly, H. A. Mathews, J. P. Risinger, Helen Willard, Beatrice Hickman, Sixth and Seventh Overflow Evalyn Barton, Isadore Grimes, Olaf G. South, E. E. Jones, Mrs. Bessie Short, Second Grade, Dorothy Ward, Third Grade, Roberta Mayes, Fourth Grade, Lucille Hall Bill White, Lelia Hommack, Earlene West, Senior Class, Gaston Alford, Sixth Grade, Sibyle Myers, Eighth Grade, Junior Class Ninth Grade, First, Second and Third Grade,

Mrs. Robert Estes, E. L. Irvin, R. F. Jones, Cliff Jones, Stafford Alexander, Beryle Owens, Buckie Coats, Coats, Hugh Ross, Mrs. Hugh Ross, Mary Ross, Mrs. Stella Smith, B. L. Boydston, Mrs B. L. Boydston, H. D. Driskill, Mrs. H. D. Driskill, J. W. Loper, Mrs. Jim Lawrence, Jim Lawrence Tots Wristeen, Dr. Carroll McGowen, Cliff Johnson, Mrs. R. L. Alexander, Mrs. E. L. Woodley, Mrs. L. L. Blackburn, Mrs. M. J. Gilliland, Jean Powell,

P. H. King, Haynie Gilliland, Bruce Bell, Frank Bearden, Mrs. Frank Bearden, H. T. Rockwood, J. M. Ralston, Plaza Theatre, F. E. Stanley, Mrs. F. E. Stanley, T. B. Emmons, J. A. Florence, T. A. White, Bob Norrell, E. G. Hampton, Robert Estes, The First National Bank of Baird, Jack Cowart, B. F. Andrews, Mrs T. P. Bearden, W. A. Fetterly, Loyd Hughes, Mrs. J. B. Pitzer, R. L. Elliott, Mrs. R. L. Elliott, Eliza Gilliland,

B. L. Russell Jr., Mrs Josephine Hamlett, Frances Mayfield, Dr. V. E. Hill, Lewis Hill, Quality Cafe J. A. Allphin, Roy Williams Wylie Brisco, City Pharmacy, Dr. Hamlett, Miss Orme, Grigg Hospital, Reeves Hickman, W. H. Bryant, Edwards Cafe, West Texas Utilities Company, H. O. Anderson, J. D. Stroud, Mrs. C. H. Siadous C. M. Mills, Mrs. Fred Hollingshead, Mrs. E. M. Wristen, Mrs. W. O. Miller, L. L. Blackburn, L. L. Blackburn Office, C. W. Sutphen, Sam Gilliland, G. A. Brashear, B. F. Russell, Elite Cleaners, C. F. Ende, Mrs. Will McCoy, Tee Baulch, Mrs. R. C. Corn, Mrs. Gertie Sprawls, Sheriff's Office, C. R. Nordyke, W. D. Boydston, Borah Brame, T. P. Bearden, Charlie Spalling, Lucille Coats, Ina Bond, Ace Hickman, Betsy Hickman, Friend ship S. S. Class, M. E. Church, Men's S. S. Class, M. E. Church, David S. S. Class, Baptist Church W. M. S. Presbyterian Church, N. M. S. Baptist Church, Alpha Delta Delphian Club,

T. E. Powell, Mrs. T. E. Powell Jessie Powell, Olaf Hollingshead, (t. C. Yarbrough, Mrs. S. E. Settle Roy G. Thomas, Judge Russell, Mrs. Farris Bennett, F. E. Mitchell, Thelma White, W. H. Airhart, D. S. McGee, Anne Johnson, Mrs. Sam Gilliland, Raymond Young, Mrs. Sidney Foy, Rev. Hamilton Wright, Irvin Corn, Earl Johnson, Wednesday Club, Eastern Star Chapter 242, Ruth S. S. Class, Baptist Church, Pythian Sisters, W. M. S. Methodist Church, Junior Delphian Club,

R. H. Brison, Mrs. Edgar Smith Miss Eliska Gilliland, Mrs. Larmer Henry, Miss John Gilliland, B. C. Chrisman, L. B. Lewis, R. F. Mayfield, Harold Ray, Herman Schwartz, Mayor's Office, B. L. Boydston Store, A. R. Kelton, Miss Clara Brown, J. S. McGee, W. H. Curtis, Fred Estes, Joe Alexander Mrs. Joe Alexander,

Sam Henderson, Mr. Maag, C. B. Snyder Jr., Ben Halsted, Junior Rev. A. A. Davis' S S Class, Wednesday Club, Rebekah Lodge,

### DONATIONS

Mrs. Marjorie Ray, Mrs. Pearl Cowan, May Claire Wheeler, Sig Blakely, Fayne Hollingshead, H. W. Martin, Billy Walls, Mrs. Hamilton Wright, Mrs. W. L. Wallace, First Grade, Mrs. Irvin Corn, Mrs. Moore.

### CONTRIBUTIONS

A & P Store \$5.00  
West Texas Utilities Co. \$5.00  
L. L. Blackburn \$3.00

## The United States Army

It never rains on the army at least not enough to cut into a soldiers pay.

Sergeant H. Parham, United States Army recruiting representative stationed at Abilene, Texas, pointed out today that young men from this area who enlisted in the army will not lose time because of bad weather or sickness. The pay goes on just the same.

"And the pay" Sargent Parham declared. "s a lot better than some people think it is. It varies from \$21 to \$157.50 a month, but that is only part of the picture. A soldier doesn't worry about the cost of clothing, food or rents. Neither does he think about doctor or dentist bills, Uncle Sam takes care of all that. Out of his regular pay the soldier pays only for his haircuts and laundry, leaving a pretty neat net."

The recruiting representative, who has been around the army many years and knows most of the answers, can't figure why young men worry along with hardly a dime in their pockets when vacancies exist in various branches or the army.

"Any enlisted man may learn a trade that would bring him a good income if he left the army", he explained.

Much of the army is motorized today. There are excellent schools for radio operators, motor mechanics, and numerous specialists schools for the air corps. The medical department will train men as x-ray, dental or general laboratory technicians. There are dozens of other opportunities open and the soldier gets paid while he learns.

"There's a lot more to our modern army than shoulder-arms and squads right"

## At The Paramount Theatre in Abilene

With the crop harvested and the stubbles plowed under on their Ozark farms the Weavers, Cicero, Abner and Elviry, are ready once again to hit the Theatrical trail and Entrtain the folks throughout the nation. The Celebrated Weaver Trio, together with their Ozark homefolks Numbering at the earlist count twenty five have been booked for an engagement n the Paramount Theatre, Abilene, Friday and Saturday, Matinee and night, December 15 and 16, coming direct from dallas and Ft Worth. The delineators of the rustic Ozark, type and advance comments from the hill regions of Missouri and Arkansas indicate that most of the folks who tourel with the Weavers last season will again trod the boards this year. This aggregation of neighbors will bring along their outlandish music

## A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE



## DELPHIAN CLUB

The Junior Delhian Club met Dec 7, in the home of Beatrice Hickman with Mrs Curtis Sutphen leader. The following program was presented, "City Government" Mrs. Curtis Sutphen, "County Government" Evalyn Barton.

The club adjourned to meet Dec. 21, with Mrs. Fayne Hollingshead with a Christmas program. The following answered roll call: Evalyn Barton, Mrs. Edward Donaldson, Mrs. R. L. Elliott Jr., Juanita Farrar, Ida Louise Fetterly, Beatrice Hickman, Mrs. Fayne Hollingshead, Nita Ruth McElroy Mrs. Donald Melton, Beryl Owens,

Susie Lee Smith, Mrs. Curtis Sutphen, Maxine Williams, Muierl Young La Varne Chrisman.

### DRYING MACHINE

We have installed a drying machine in our laundry and wet cold weather will no longer interfere with our services in finishing laundry work.

Help-ur-self Laundry  
J. T. Loper, Mgr.

NOTICE - I will take care of your children while you visit, shop or attend clubs, day or night. Mrs. Ethel Warren  
1st door S. Wylie James res.

## TRAVELERS CHEQUES

The safe way to carry your money.

They are acceptable readily the world over.

The cost is nominal.

**The First National Bank of Baird**  
Baird, Texas

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

## JANE PARKER FRUIT CAKES



This is the fruit cake Christmas dreams are made of! It's packed full of nuts, fruits and spices which make for delicious eating.

5 Lb. CAKE \$1.75  
2 Lb. CAKE 69c  
1 Lb. CAKE 39c

**A & P FOOD STORE**  
H. D. Driskill, Manager

# Give Her A Robe For CHRISTMAS



**Ladies Silk Robes, extra long, Close Fitting—in Combination Colors with Zipper. Each \$3.95**

**Ladies' Long Satin Robes—Colors: Navy, Royal, Wine and Pastel Colors Sizes 12 to 20. Prices each \$4.95**

**1 Lot Ladies' Silk and Wool Robes—Colors: Navy, Red, Royal and Aqua. Price, each \$5.95**

**Ladies Silk Robes in Dark and Pastel Colors. Some Lace Trimed. others plain in extra Heavy Satin. Each \$7.95**

**Extra Heavy Skinner Satin Robes—Colors: Wine and Blue. Sizes 14 to 18 Priced at \$9.95**

You will find Many Appropriate Suggestions here Come And SEE.

# McELROY COMPANY

## Greetings To Our Friends... Christmas Cheer

While you are contemplating the CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCE to your FRIENDS, don't forget that a SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BASKET of GROCERIES make a useful gift.

Come into our store and let us assist you with suggestions in making up these gifts.



**BRASHEAR GROCERY & MARKET.**

YOUR RED & WHITE STORE, Baird, Texas.

# Plaza Theatre

BAIRD—TEXAS

ALL DAY FRIDAY and SAT. MATINEE

Dynamite Drama!  
**EDW. G. ROBINSON**  
**BLACKMAIL**  
with Ruth WATSON and Ruth HUSSEY

SAT. NITE ONLY  
10c and 25c

**GENE AUTRY**  
**COLORADO**  
**SUNSET**

SAT. NITE. 11:00  
SUNDAY and MONDAY

THE STORY YOU'VE  
NOW HEARD FROM THE SCREEN!

**JAMES CAGNEY**  
**PRISCILLA LANE**  
**THE ROARING 20's**  
HUMPHREY BOGART - GLADYS GEORGE  
JEFFREY LYNN - FRANK McHUGH - PAUL KELLY

TUESDAY ONLY

**GUEST NITE**

Attend the Matinee Show and Register.

\* ON THE SCREEN \*

**Joel McCrea**

—in—  
**"ESPIONAGE AGENT"**

A Picture that is Loaded With Action!

\* Wed and Thurs \*

**WEAVER BROS & ELVIRY**

—IN—  
**"JEEPERS CREEPERS"**

—WITH—  
**Roy Rogers**

## Sam Buchanan Well Known In This Section Dies

Sam Buchanan a former resident of the Tecumseh community died at his home in Howard county Nov. 29th. Mr. Buchanan lived for a number of years in the early 80's in that community where he was well known.

The following account of his death is taken from the Big Springs News. In the death of Sam D. Buchanan at his home in the Salem community on November 29 1939, Howard



SAM D. BUCHANAN

county lost one of her most highly esteemed and valued citizens. He was a real diamond in the rough, and those who knew him best loved him most.

Born near Nashville Tenn. November 28, 1859, his long and useful life of eighty years and one day was a busy and active one until ill health forced him to take to his bed some months ago.

He moved to Texas when he was 21 years of age and made his home near Dallas for seven years then moved to the Tecumseh community where he lived for 10 years and when he was married to Miss Parthenia Coats, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pink Coats, July 8, 1891.

He moved to Howard county in August 1895 and has been one of its most successful and dependable citizens this past fifty years. He was a good friend and neighbor and many there are to whom he lent a helping hand in time of need. He was one of the leading members of the Church of Christ at Coahoma, was most liberal in all donations for the church and active in personal service in connections with the church and was ever ready to visit the sick and help bury the dead.

He donated the land for the Salem cemetery, his last resting place, some 33 years ago and was always ready to help keep it neat and attractive.

The place he held in the hearts of the people was best evidenced by the vast throng which assembled at his home for the funeral rites at two o'clock last Friday afternoon, and by the beautiful floral offerings. It was stated this was the largest funeral ever noted in our county, and old timers agreed there were more friends at Mr. Buchanan's funeral than there were people in Howard county when he came there to make his home.

It was a sad throng which accompanied the remains from the Buchanan home to Salem cemetery one quarter mile east, and that bright sunshiny afternoon following the funeral service by Melvin J. Wise, minister of the Church of Christ.

There is left to mourn the death of this good man, his devoted wife; five sons, Gordon, Jerry, Sam Jr Roscoe and Douthill Buchanan, all of the Salem community and six daughters, Mr D. S. Phillips and Mrs. Oma Buchanan of Coahoma; Mrs. O. B. Hull of Big Spring, and Mrs. C. C. Wolfe of Salem.

Also surviving are seven grandchildren: two brothers, Thad an Ed Buchanan of Byars, Okla, a sister Mrs. Maggie Johnson of Oplin; two nieces, Mrs. Mallie Johnson and Mrs. Annie Sloug of Oplin; a brother-in-law, W. R. Coates of Lomax and three sister-in-laws, Mrs. J.R. Roper of Gail, Mrs. Josephine Coates of Shamrock, and Miss Maude Coates of Circle Back.

Serving as pallbearers at the funeral were John F. Wolcott, B. O. Jones, O. E. Wolfe, Edward Simpson, Pat Wilson, Sid Smith, O. W. Cathey and Leroy Echols, friends of many years, and around 100 old friends served as honorary pallbearers.

Another sad chapter in the death of Sam Buchanan was the sudden death of his friend and

neighbor Low Allen Wheeler, who dropped dead as he stood beside the grave of his longtime friend. Mr. Wheeler was also buried in Salem cemetery Sunday afternoon.

## Farm Security Agencies Meet In Abilene Dec. 18

How drifting farmers can be anchored to the soil will be the keynote of a "soil and human conservation" tour of Jones county farms Monday afternoon, Dec 18, and a mass meeting in Abilene Monday evening.

Heads of various agriculture and welfare will take part in the tour and Congressman Clyde L. Garrett will address the night meeting at Abilene. The public is invited to attend both the tour and meetings.

The tour will leave Anson Monday afternoon. The entire afternoon will be spent in visiting farms upon which the Farm Security Administration, Soil Conservation Service, Extension Service and other agriculture agencies have put soil and human conservation practices into use.

At the night meeting at Abilene where Congressman Garrett will be the speaker, there will be a motion picture which has won international honors as the finest film of its kind ever produced. It drew record crowds at the recent State Fair at Dallas. Among the more dramatic moments are scenes along the Mississippi River taken during the last great disastrous flood.

The tour and meeting are a step in carrying out a program of closer coordination between various agricultural agencies at work in the nation, which was recently announced by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

"Prevention of human erosion" the Secretary said, "is the first goal of our agricultural program. Damage to the land is important only because it damages the lives of people and threatens the general welfare. Saving soil, forest and water is not an end in itself

it is only a means to the end of better living and greater security for men women. Vital as the need for soil and forest conservation may be, human conservation is our finest goal."

"There is a vital need for coordination of the work being done in the field of human and soil conservation," Secretary Wallace stated. "No one could claim that the tremendous amount of work done toward conservation with the last few years had been wasted. Substantial progress has been made, but a tremendous task still faces us. We have made only a start, for we have not yet succeeded in holding our own in this conservation battle"

Land is still wearing out faster than we are able to restore it," he added.

Arrangements for the tour and meetings are being arranged by Robert Fisher, Eastland, district supervisor for the Farm Security Administration.

## PYTHIAN BOOSTER CLUB

The Pythian Booster Club met in the home of Mrs. C. Nordyke 18 members and 2 guests were present. The evening was spent making rugs for the home at Weatherford, after a short business session, all present received sacks of fruits, nuts from a beautiful Christmas tree. The meeting closed by singing carols.

FOR RENT, Two bed rooms, one could be used as an apartment. All modern conveniences, water, gas and lights furnished. Mrs. Bill Paulson 2 bl W Holmes Drug Co.

FOR SALE or RENT- Harmon Property, Write Mrs. J. B. Harmon 3520 St. Johns Drive or telephone, Dallas 52145, Dallas Texas. Keys to house, see Mrs. C. M. Mills.

## Christmas Trees



Beautiful Native Cedar Trees

—See—  
**Sam Black**  
Baird, Texas



# Christmas Time is Turkey Time

LET ME HAVE YOUR ORDER FOR TURKEY—  
By Tuesday, December 19.

If You Want Real Bargains in Gifts; Come to us for same:  
2 81x90 Garza Sheets \$1.75 2 81x99 Garza Sheets 1.95  
Ladies' House Dresses 89c 3 Boxes Kotex 50c  
\$1.25 Bed Spread \$1.00

See Our New JACKETS and TOPPERS.

Yours for more Business,

**WILL D. BOYDSTUN**

Built to receive TELEVISION SOUND!

NEW 1940 PHILCO



with BUILT-IN SUPER AERIAL SYSTEM

No installation . . . just plug in anywhere and play! Self-contained Loop Aerial, costly R. F. Stage and super-efficient Loktal Tubes bring you new super-performance in this magnificent Philco console. Clear tone, even in noisy locations . . . finer Foreign and American reception . . . Push - Button Tuning, including Television button. Come in . . . see it!

PHILCO 100XF \$79.95

AND YOUR OLD RADIO Phone 224—Baird, Texas

**SAM GILLILAND**

## Federal Loans

If interested in refinancing or purchasing farm on long terms per cent interest through Federal Land Bank and supplemental and Bank—foreclosed farms and other real estate for sale; small town payment and easy terms on advance with cheap rate of interest or write,

M. H. PERKINS, Sec-Treas., Citizens N.F.L.A., Clyde, Tex

LOST—U. S. Royal Tire, size 600x16 on tan colored wheel. Lost Friday, Dec. 8 on Highway 191 between Henry Ranch on Clear Creek and Baird. Suitable Reward or return. Bill Henry, St. Rt. 2, Baird. Phone 20-5 rings.



Give Flowers For Christmas



Flowers make one of the loveliest gifts and is appreciated by all. SEE US FOR FLOWERS for all occasions

**Kelton's Flower Shop**  
Baird, Texas



## HOLIDAY SPECIALS

We are making the following SPECIAL PRICES on Machine Permanents.

\$5.00 Permanent \$4.00  
\$3.50 Permanent \$2.95  
\$2.50 Permanent \$1.95

These Special Prices are good through Sat. Dec 23rd. WE ALSO HAVE A NICE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

**MODERN BEAUTY SHOP**

# Food Specials FOR THE HOLIDAYS

After completely re-modeling our store we are cordially inviting every one to ATTEND OUR FORMAL OPENING, SATURDAY, DEC. 16. Refreshments served all day.

COME AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR MANY SPECIALS—

MEAL	Bewleys	20 Lbs.	39c
CORN	No. 2 Can—2 For		15c
TOMATOES	No. 2 Can—2 For		15c
FLOUR	Fancy Patent	24 Lbs.	75c
CATSUP	14 Oz. Bottle—3 For		25c
MUSTARD		Quart	10c
SALAD DRESSING		Quart	19c
PEACHES	No. 1 Tall—3 Can		25c
FRUIT COCKTAIL	No. 1 Tall		10c
SYRUP	Staley's	Gal.	49c
OATS	Cup, Saucer or Plate	Pkg.	21c
JELLO		Pkg.	5c
MATCHES		6 Boxes	15c
SOAP	Crystal White or P & G	5 BARS	19c
PEPPERED HAM	Half or Whole	Lb	20c
BACON	Sliced	Lb.	18c

FREE—Coffee and Cake—All Day	
ADMIRATION	
1 Lb.	22c
3 Lb.	65c
CHILI	Large Can 10c
SALMON	Chum 2 Cans 25c
CANDY	Christmas Mix 2 Lbs. 25c
GRAPE FRUIT	Bushel 79c
APPLES	Dozen 10c
ORANGES	Medium Size 2 Dozen 15c
BANANAS	Nice Size Fruit DOZEN 10c
LETTUCE	60 Size—Head 5c
ONIONS	2 Lbs. 5c
CRANBERRIES	2 Lbs. 35c
SAUSAGE	Pure Pork 2 Lbs. 25c
LARD	Pure Hog 4 Lbs. 35c

# ALLEN'S FOOD STORE

WE DELIVER

(Formerly Houston's Food Store)

PHONE 4

# BARGAIN DAYS

ARE HERE ON  
THE ABILENE REPORTER-NEWS

ONE FULL YEAR WITH THE SUNDAY EDITION

BY MAIL IN WEST TEXAS AT THIS LOW PRICE

495

THIS INCLUDES THE SUNDAY EDITION  
With 8 Pages Of Sunday Colored Comics

A COMPLETE NEWSPAPER—  
Get All The News, For Less Money!

BIG NEWS WILL HAPPEN IN 1940—  
KEEP POSTED BY READING THIS  
BIG TERRITORIAL DAILY

Subscribe to this newspaper NOW—at the lowest price of any  
State or Territorial paper serving your County.

ORDER TODAY and SAVE \$2.05

Your local newspaper editor, postmaster or home town agent will be  
glad to take your subscription; or mail direct to the Reporter-News.

Use this Coupon

The Abilene Reporter-News  
Abilene, Texas

I enclose \$4.95 for a year's subscription including  
Sundays—

Name .....

Rt. .... Box .....

City .....

(This offer expires Dec. 31, 1939)

# BARGAIN DAYS

## FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

Largest Circulation in Texas

(Now Until December 31st)

A LITTLE OVER TWO CENTS A DAY  
FOR A STATE PAPER

ONE YEAR  
\$6.45

6 DAYS  
MONDAY  
TUESDAY  
WEDNESDAY  
THURSDAY  
FRIDAY  
SATURDAY

TO INCLUDE SUNDAY ISSUE ADD 12¢  
72¢ FOR A PAPER EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

NEXT YEAR ELECTIONS—  
National, State and County

The Daily-Changing Markets and  
the World War No. 2

You need Maps, Pictures and Facts. Next year, of  
ALL years you should subscribe for the State Daily  
which will reach you first, with all the News and  
Pictures from everywhere.

A Newspaper for the Entire Family

We believe the kind of a newspaper we will publish  
for you during the coming eventful year, will satisfy.

AMON CARTER,  
President

FOR SALE OR TRADE—12 acres  
Clyde Fruit and Truck Farm well  
located on gravel road, Electric-  
ity and phone service available.  
Plenty of water. All land in cul-  
tivation. Small payment down and  
terms on balance. T. H. Floyd,  
owner, Rt. 1, Hawley, Texas.

FOR SALE - 100 Native Grown  
Pecan trees only \$25 will plant  
6-acres Peach, Plum Apple trees  
25 cts. each Shrubs, Evergreen  
shade trees AAA quality English  
white Leghorn Pullets. ready to  
lay \$1.50 each. Also Cockerels.  
Shanks Nursery and Poultry Farm

### Nobody's Business

By JULIAN CAPERS Jr.

Those citizens of Texas who have believed that the answer to the problem of the state lies not in increasing taxation on anybody either on the people through a sales tax, or on oil industry through increased natural resources, but in retrenchment, increased efficiency in government, may be without a candidate to represent them in the election of a governor next year, but they are nevertheless growing into a group that is substantial numbers, and powerful in influence. Candidates for governor and the legislature may well take note of the growing sentiment for a return to sanity in state taxation and expenditures. The law of diminishing return has already begun to operate, as the burden of taxation has mounted. It is inexorable, and those Texans who think before they vote, are getting a little weary of the constant cry of the demagogues for more taxes to raise more money to give more people something for nothing.

#### WANT NO SALES TAX

There is a definite, powerful and growing sentiment against a sales tax in Texas. There has never been in the opinion of this correspondent during the five of close observation of the Austin scene, a time when a preponderant majority of Texas were not opposed to a sales tax.

So far as additional taxes on natural resources are concerned, it is becoming increasingly obvious that the limit of taxation on oil is being approached. The Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association has just completed an authoritative study of oil taxation in Texas, made by competent research experts. They have gone to the state and county records for their data, and there is no valid reason apparent for questioning its accuracy.

Briefly summarized, this study shows that every barrel of oil produced in Texas during 1939 will pay an overall average tax of 9.8 cents per barrel. That is approximately 10 percent of its average value of \$1.00 a barrel. The oil men, and the millions of merchants, farmer, doctors, lawyers, and others in every line of trade who live off the oil dollars which circulate in 140 Texas counties that are now producing gas or oil, think that is enough. It is according to the Mid-Continent survey, the highest overall tax paid on oil produced in any State in the union.

#### WHAT OIL PAYS

The figure is arrived at as follows: Cross production tax at 2-3-4 cents per barrel, on total production of 460,000,000 barrels, \$12,650,000; regulatory tax, 3-16 of a cent per barrel, \$860,000; other state taxes, including franchise, gross receipts, social security, permits, fees, car and truck licenses, and gasoline taxes paid by the industry on its own cars and trucks, \$2,800,000. This totals \$16,875,000 state taxes, exclusive of the state ad valorem taxes on oil properties, which figure \$7,868,000 this year. The grand total of state taxes is \$24,561,000.

The survey shows that local taxes—paid to counties, school districts, cities, water districts, drainage districts, levee districts etc.—totals over \$20,000,000 additional. On a per barrel on all oil produced.

Despite the fact the Legislature passed no increased taxes on oil at the regular session, the industry's tax bill went up this year \$3,600,000 to the state alone, due to the 57 percent increase in the State ad valorem tax rate, payable in 1940.

#### HIGH RATE CUTS REVENUE

Texas has no monopoly on oil. If a tax burden on any non-monopoly becomes so heavy that it cannot carry the load and make a reasonable return, that business becomes so heavy that it cannot carry the load and make a reasonable return, that business quits and moves into a competitive field where it can operate. With production of oil or gas now a fact in 140 Texas counties, and exploration under way in 105 others and with most voters cognizant of the part the billion dollar a year oil industry plays in the economic life of every Texan, it is going to recruit a majority of members willing to stifle development of the oil industry with heavy additional taxes. That would be cutting the throat of the goose that lays the golden egg, and, in fact, official figures from the Comptroller, showing a decline of more than \$2,000,000 this year in receipts from the gross production tax under 1938, would indicate that the law of diminishing return has al-

ready begun to operate. Several states, which piled taxes of seven, eight and nine cents a gallon on gasoline in the early days, and saw the next yield less than under a reasonable tax rate, learned about that law.

The answer, then, is not more taxes on anybody, but a wiser and more efficient expenditure of the \$175,311,068.53 of income which the state of Texas took in during the 1938 fiscal year.

#### COUNTY TAXATION

The big problem of all of the taxpayers of Texas, including the oil industry, is not the State's tax bill, big as that is, but the hundreds of millions exacted by cities, counties, school districts, and the 101 other independent taxing bodies throughout Texas. The East Texas Chamber of Commerce, through its tax department, ably administered by Curtis Morris, has made a splendid start with its county tax control program in 70 East Texas counties. Actual reductions in tax rates were obtained in 1939 in 24 counties, by direct work with the county taxing bodies, totaling millions of dollars in savings to taxpayers. Next year, every county in East Texas, will operate under an intelligently planned budget—something that was never done before in nearly half the counties. The citizenships of East Texas is being encouraged to take an interest in local tax affairs, attend budget hearings, discuss matters with the taxing authorities. Morris works in cooperation with county officials, who usually are quite willing to do what the people take the time to let them know they want accomplished.

In East Texas, the folks have let their officials know they want economy and efficiency in county affairs. And they are getting it.

### Oil Industry Educational Advertising

With December's issues of state newspapers, the Texas Oil industry through its service organizations the Texas Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association, will begin a series of institutional and educational advertisements.

"Its logical that Texas, being the biggest producer of oil should think along lines of institutional advertising," George C. Gibbons executive vice president of the oil and gas group, said. "Twenty-five per cent of all the oil in the world and forty percent of the oil in America comes from Texas. One hundred and thirty-four companies located throughout the state are now in production with exploration or leasing under headway in all fourteen counties of the 254.

"Out side competition has forced average well production to such a low figure in Texas today that only by most careful management can our industry survive its fixed overhead costs. If through this institutional advertising program we can stimulate the bringing of other industry into the state, we can help stimulate added employment and incidentally our own industry through the use of more of our products at home.

"Each time we interest other industry in coming to Texas to use our oil products we cut down exportation of our surplus. The new paper mill at Lufkin is an example in point. Through the paper is made of another raw product, timber, it is made possible through the tremendous supply of cheap fuel. Much of our raw product is yet to be processed within the state. Wool and cotton are both examples of such opportunities.

"The oil industry has made tremendous strides in the processing of its crude oil, now refining more than eighty percent within this state borders and thereby furnishing employment for many thousands of Texas people.

"The advertising series will endeavor to portray to the public the part the oil industry plays in the economic life of Texas and its contribution to employment, tax revenues, distribution of new wealth created through constant production of oil and the advantage it offers to the new industry.

### AMERICAN BOY MAGAZINE COMPANION TO THOUSANDS

Hundreds of thousands of boys and young men read THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine every month and consider it more as living companion than as a magazine.

"It's as much a buddy to me as my neighborhood chum," writes one high school senior. "THE AMERICAN BOY seems to understand a boy's problems and considers them in such a sympathetic and helpful way. It gives advice every subject in which a young fellow is interested. It is particularly helpful in sports. I made an entertaining reading on our school basketball team because of playing tips I read in THE AMERICAN BOY."

Many famous athletes in all sports credit much of their success to helpful suggestions received from sports articles carried in THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine. Virtually every issue offers advice from a famous coach or player. Football, basketball, track, tennis, in fact every major sport is covered in fiction. Teachers, librarians, parents and leaders of boys clubs also commend THE AMERICAN BOY enthusiastically. They have found that as a general rule regular readers of THE AMERICAN BOY advance more worthwhile characteristics than do boys who do not read it. Trained writers and artists, famous coaches and athletes, explorers, scientists and men successful in business and industry join with an experienced staff BOY, the sort of reading matter boys like best.

THE AMERICAN BOY sells on most newsstands at 15c a copy. Subscription prices are -1.50 for one year or \$3.00 for three years. Foreign rates 50c a year extra. To subscribe simply send your name, address and remittance direct to THE AMERICAN BOY, 743 Second Blvd Detroit, Michigan.

#### STOMACH COMFORT

Why suffer with Indigestion, Gas, Gall Bladder Pains or High Blood Pressure? Restore your Potassium balance with Alkalin-A and these troubles will disappear. Sold on money-back guarantee. 30-day treatment for \$1.50 by Holmes Drug Company. 44-24-tp.

FARM FOR SALE—Located 11 miles from Baird. 160 acres, 60 in cultivation balance in grass land. All under sheep proof fence \$20 per acre, easy term. See Mike Sigal, Baird. 49-2t

### SPECIAL ATTENTION

WE HAVE BEEN APPOINTED THE

Authorized Philco Radio Dealer

Agency for this locality. Come in and see our New 1940 Models, now on display, or call us for a demonstration of one of these beautiful new Radio's in your own home. No obligations, Easy Terms.

Sheet Metal and Plumbing, Sinks, Bath Tubs, Gas Heaters Perfection Oil Heaters and Ranges, Beautiful New Norge Gas Ranges, Electrolux Refrigerators (Gas and Kerosene)

SAM H. GILLILAND

Baird Sewer Office—Phone 224

### MONUMENTS

The fitting tribute to one whom you have loved is a monument of permanence and grace; a stone that will go down through the years marking the last resting place of one whose name you respect and honor.



We have a beautiful line of the very latest designs in grave markers from which to make selections. Our prices are reasonable and our work guaranteed. Come in and look over our line; we will take pleasure in showing you our stock and our workmanship.

SAM L. DRYDEN & SON

Corner Walnut and North 5th Street, Abilene, Texas

### NEW AUTOMOBILES FINANCED

LOWEST RATES OBTAINABLE  
INSURANCE THAT PROTECTS YOU  
No Finance Or Carrying Charge  
5% Interest Rate

ASHLOCK INSURANCE AGENCY  
BAIRD, TEXAS

COOK & ASHLOCK AGENCY  
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

## The Star and 6 Magazines AT BARGAIN PRICES

#### BIG ECONOMY OFFER

Woman's Home Companion.....12 issues  
Pathfinder.....52 issues  
Breeder's Gazette.....12 issues  
Country Home.....12 issues  
Farm Journal-Farmer's Wife.....12 issues  
Progressive Farmer.....24 issues  
THE BAIRD STAR.....52 issues

ALL SEVEN  
FOR ONLY

\$3.00

Value—\$5.25  
You Save \$2.25

#### GIANT VALUE OFFER

Collier's Weekly.....52 issues  
Woman's Home Companion.....12 issues  
McCall's Magazine.....12 issues  
Country Home.....12 issues  
Farm Journal-Farmer's Wife.....12 issues  
Progressive Farmer.....24 issues  
THE BAIRD STAR.....52 issues

ALL SEVEN  
FOR ONLY

\$3.50

Value—\$7.00  
You Save \$3.50

YOU WILL GET ALL SEVEN publications, and if you are already a subscriber to ANY of these SEVEN publications your present subscription will be extended. Mail AT ONCE, and you will receive THE SIX or bring the coupon below to our office BIG MAGAZINES and THE BAIRD STAR each week. ORDER AT ONCE because we may soon have to withdraw this offer.

USE THIS COUPON AND SAVE

Date

Gentlemen: Here is \$\_\_\_\_\_ Send me a year's subscription to your newspaper with the magazine offer I have checked.

( ) BIG ECONOMY OFFER ( ) GIANT VALUE OFFER

My Name is \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

BE WISE... SHOP EARLY

2 WEEKS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

GIFT BARGAINS IN THIS ISSUE!

...and when the knowin' ones throw the Bible overboard the Ship of State, and the little crafts that we call our own, why then either as a nation, or as an endurin' home, we go down for the third time. You can bet that. Well, a bit of something like this was in my mind when I wished them candles onto every house on the upper Smoky route that holiday of 1917. You see I was tryin' to do my share.

"A house is built of brick and stone,  
With sills and posts and piers,  
But a home is built of lovin' deeds  
That stands for a thousand years."

And when the knowin' ones throw the Bible overboard the Ship of State, and the little crafts that we call our own, why then either as a nation, or as an endurin' home, we go down for the third time. You can bet that. Well, a bit of something like this was in my mind when I wished them candles onto every house on the upper Smoky route that holiday of 1917. You see I was tryin' to do my share.

Tod paused, but nothing broke the stillness of the room save the scish of the blizzard-lashed snow against the Star House windows.

The day before Christmas was a corker that year. Started in well enough, but "the end of that perfect day" was a good deal like the one endin' on us tonight, only fiercer, a lot. And while I wasn't as loaded with holiday mail as some rural carriers, and nothin' at all like town and city postmen, I was pretty well worked down, helpin' in the office, till I hadn't had enough sleep in a whole week to match more'n one good night's rest. Added to that I had taken a cold that settled in my eyes. Say, if you gentlemen think the winds have forgot how to blow, because Kansas is higher civilized, and intensiver cultivated, just start up the Smoky Hill valley some day like this one's been, and you won't need three guesses on how long it will take to sliver your eyeballs to pieces. One of my eyes was bloodshot, and half blind; and the other one would never be eligible for no labor union, and do all the time and half time it had to do for nothin'. That was how it happened I got so I couldn't hardly read the addresses on my mail, unless it was writ big and plain, or type-writ clear. I just had to depend mainly on the rural box number. If that was all right I let it go at that.

School in District 33 held up till Christmas Eve that year. And Christmas come Tuesday, too. But I guess Miss Ravenstow wanted the children with her just as long as she could to keep her from herself. It looked that way to me, anyhow, and while I didn't say a word to anybody, I did a lot of thinkin', and—Lord, yes, a lot of pityin' of that poor girl.

But the children never objected to stayin' in school till plum Christmas Eve. They was all havin' a better time there than they'd had at home. And the old soddy, besides bein' naturally warm, didn't lack for fuel. The district seen to that. It was one thing they could do for her to show they appreciated all she was doin' for their children. And they'd gone cold themselves, as some of 'em is always bound to do every winter anyhow, rather than to let that pretty white-faced girl need a warm place to stay in, her bein' all alone, too. Anyway, she kept them kids till the last afternoon before the holidays.

I THOUGHT a lot about her while I was slingin' my mail matter together. Nothin' in it for her, of course. Not a single card of greetin's, the kind that chokes the postal service to death every December. I wasn't lookin' for any for her, no more than I would have looked for one for the Gabels. I'd give that all up for her by the last of October. But it got on my nerves more and more, wonderin' what her story might be. It wasn't natural nor right at all. For even if she did live by herself, and had forgot how to smile, even with children—and that's the acid test of an over-massterin' sorrow—there must have been a time somewhere back in her life when she had Christmas in a pretty home, mebbe.

I got so worked up over her case I nearly forgot to have a thrill when I caught sight of a letter for Box 33, the Gabels, and the very first one they'd ever had. But mail was pallas on my curiosity, as it will on a carrier's by the mornin' of December twenty-four every year. I was thinkin' only of Ruth Ravenstow, when I stopped at the schoolhouse to pick up little P'like, and—yes—to chat a minute with the pretty girl. I guess all men are alike about things like that. I don't suppose Methuselah ever really got over it, though you can't say it hastened his end. I knew she was in for a silent Christmas in her little room off the old schoolhouse, alone in a lonely land, shipwrecked on the earth billows of the canyons out there. She'd told all the children but Tully Gabel, good-by, and watched them trudgin' off out of sight. Then—I don't know yet just how she did manage it. Women's home economics is clear beyond my feeble intellect, but somehow she got by little P'like slick as anything, and slid a big-sized bundle into my

cart before I knew, myself, what she was up to, sayin':

"It's the phonograph for Grandma Gabel from Tully. He wants one for her so much, it will be better than any gift I could give him if I had one. I've taught him how to use it, and I want her to have it. I shall not want it any more."

The look in her eyes as she said that stays with me yet, and I'll never forget it. It was so strange and different from any look I ever see before or since.

"Don't leave it at the mail-box," she went on, "but take it to the house when you come around the loop. Smuggle it in without him seeing it. Tell his Grandma it is something for Tully, and not to open it till tomorrow morning. Then let him open it. I know him well enough to believe he will be the happiest boy on the Smoky Hill river valley tomorrow morning. Good-by."

You'd have thought if my principle works at all, that she'd been a little bit happy herself makin' him so happy. But that was the coldest good-by I ever heard. Seemed like a voice from the grave; so sad, and far away, and final. And I went on with my heart so heavy for her that the only thing that kept any joy in it was the thought of the glad surprise coming to my little pal snuggled in beside me.

You wouldn't believe, if I told you,

how few Christmas packages there was in my old cart that afternoon. You know mine is the loneliest route there is this side of Nome City, Alaska. The weather had been ugly all day, and late in the afternoon it was gettin' nasty, with the wind comin' higher, and a full-grown blizzard, not a baby one like this tonight, was beginnin' to uncurl its long whips to lash the land to pieces. The snow at first was just needies stingin', scatterin' like, but increasin' every minute. I put P'like out at his box to run across the canyon to his home. I knew he'd get there sooner that way, and I see what I was facin' for the rest of my ride. I pretty near forgot to give him the letter for box 33, and he'd so wanted to find a letter in that box all that fall. But I was thinkin' all the time about the big box I was carryin' for him, that Ruth Ravenstow had give me, and plannin' how I'd sneak it up to the Gabel house. I know if I could get to Mrs. Gabel without him seein' us, I could get by all right, tellin' her to keep it till mornin' for him and let him open it himself.

I looked back after I had gone a little ways, and I see little P'like standin' by the mail-box with that letter in his hand. I waved him good-by again, and motioned him to run on quick. But he just stood still like the stubborn little tyke he was sometimes, and you couldn't move

him. I wished I'd told him to hurry with that letter to his grandma, it bein' the first one she'd had since I'd knowed her. I wished I'd took more interest and noticed the post-mark. But my eyeballs were burnin' with reading addresses, and the bleary, bloodshot things were inflamed with my cold. I had a notion to go right back then and make the cub hurry, but I needed to hurry myself, and P'like was such a funny youngster, he had his own ways of doing everything.

I DID look back again at the turn of the trail, but I couldn't see the little fellow at all then, so I knew he had cut for home. It had probably just dawned on him that he really had a letter for the Gabels, and he'd be dreamin' all sorts of dreams, and "p'likin'" to his heart's content as he skipped along through the canyon to tell his grandma what he had for her. And somehow I kept hopin' there was a check in that letter, till I about convinced myself there was. You see, I'd been with Tully so much I'd learned his trick and could "p'like" myself. My old horse was tough as a nut, and hard as nails, and with real horse sense, for he knew ever' foot of my crooked, windin' way through that valley, and never needed me to pull a rein to turn him right or left. Just

trotted up and down, more'n forward, but he jig-jagged him and me along the route by sheer instinct and habit. It was a good thing he had that leadin' in him. It saved me that night. For the first thing I know I sort of come to with a snap, and see that while I thought I was picturin' out things up at Gabels I was really gettin' that drowsy sleepiness that makes gettin' cold so perilous.

I roused myself wide awake and sensible, and hunched my shoulders firm down against the wind. For it seemed in just a minute, the storm busted suddenly out of the foothills of the Rockies and begun to slam around gettin' ready for a real blizzard. What followed the rest of that trip I have tried to forget. It was the maddest, gashingest wind I ever faced in all the years I've trekked up that valley. The snow didn't fall till later. But, good Lord of heaven, how the Smoky River valley was tortured by that bitter wind in the darkening hours of that late afternoon and early evenin'! I struggled through, determined to make every single mail box, and then come back and tote that precious phonograph up to Grandma Gabel's. I couldn't think of not deliverin' that one thing, though it ain't a carrier's business to do that. But out there we're human more'n we are "regular," as I've said, when duty and needs call

us. And the old man at Washington wearin' the striped pants and high hat, and general regalia of the flag fixin's is apt to wink at our short comin's when it's done in the name of Him our silver quarters says we trust in. Seemed to me pretty soon that I was the only livin' thing west of Hutchinson, Kansas. All the world was just rock and roar and cold dark nothingness.

I didn't seem to be followin' a trail at all. I just spattered into space when I left the last box and turned back on my home route with that precious thing of Ruth Ravenstow's. All I could do was to trust in the Lord, and my old horse's manhood to do the right thing by me then. For when you are lost in them canyons on a night like that, you are lost, and the ocean ain't no crueller about givin' you up. To forget that, because I knowed it so blamed well, I begun to wonder how many of them candles would be lighted later, in the valley. And I tried to picture them, each flickerin' its little bit of a glim against the big riproarin' storm swearin' so at 'em. And I tried to think the storm itself wasn't no monster but just a big bully that only needed you to call its bluff to "quile down" as Grandma Gabel used to say, bein' a southerner, and behave itself proper. When you're freezin' you'll do most anything to kid yourself

through, you know. When I got to Gabels I sneaked around carefully to keep out of range of them bright, big eyes that could see further'n an owl can. But I didn't need to sneak. Nobody was there but the old woman and Tobe. "Here's a present for your little boy in a 'night-before-Christmas' tone." "She said you must let him open it himself tomorrow morning. You mustn't let him see it tonight. He will go to bed pretty soon, won't he? I hope your letter brought you good news," I added, to be friendly, even if I was just freezin'.

"Letter?" Grandma Gabel said, wonderin' like. "I don't know what you mean. Did Tully go to sleep in your cart? Why don't you bring him in?" "Bring him in?" I bust out. "I left him at the mail-box as I went by it on my round. He had a letter for you, too. I told him to hurry right home with it, and I thought he would do it because he's always wanted to get you a letter; and it was good it come just on Christmas Eve. It was too cold for him to go on the long ride with me tonight. Don't say he ain't here yet."

(Concluded on last page)

# DON'T HUDDLE!

HEAT YOUR ENTIRE HOME *and live all over it* FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE . . . .



DON'T GIVE A COLD AN EVEN BREAK!

"Huddling" is the unhealthy practice of living in one or two rooms during the winter season. "Huddling" invites colds that are forerunners of many serious winter illnesses. If you "huddle", with part of the house blocked off in a shivering quarantine, sudden body chilling temperatures are unavoidable every time a member of the family leaves a heated room to go to some other part of the unheated home.



Fight the dangerous common cold this winter with these simple rules: (1) Don't "huddle" but provide comfortable temperatures in every room so that quick body-chilling changes will be avoided at all times; (2) Introduce sufficient oxygen-laden air into the home through adequate ventilation; (3) Keep connecting doors open so that a natural circulation of warm air prevails from one room to another; (4) If you should "catch cold" consult your family doctor before it has an opportunity to undermine your health.

Lone Star Gas System

### CHRISTMAS COMMISSION

By Ormsby Clark

THE grounds were pitch black as Blackie approached the house. It was scary business, trying to enter some one else's home. Blackie had been so intent on getting even for having his commission taken away, being cheated by a slick lawyer from his hard earned cash, that he hadn't realized just how he'd feel. Even Hilda hadn't held out against it finally. That was because the kids kept talking about what Santa would bring them tomorrow, and there wasn't even money for food. The thought bucked him up a little, but as he came out of the grounds close to the house, Blackie's heart was going faster than it should.

A dark figure, bulky and moving with difficulty, passed not far from the bushes where he was resting before the final entry. Blackie slunk back out of sight. But before the other figure was gone, a light was flashed on in an upper room. A moment later a shriek was heard: "Help, help, the baby is gone!" A head was stuck out of the window, and the screams increased.

Blackie's response was instantaneous. "What if it was one of my kids," was his thought. He dived

through the bushes at once with a yell to the nurse: "I think he's here with the child!"

Unencumbered by a struggling child, Blackie had no difficulty overtaking the man with the bundle which looked suspiciously like it might be a child. As the nurse, and some of the servants drew near, Blackie made a flying tackle and stopped the man. The nurse grabbed the child. To secure the kidnaper was the work of only a moment. Then Blackie was ready to slip out of the picture completely.

RELUCTANTLY he waited in the reception room of the home he had come to rob. The parents had been sent for and were on their way home from a Christmas Eve ball. He was unhappily thinking how near he had come to a frame-up. It was the chauffeur who had taken the child. The chauffeur had hunted Blackie out and told him the Henshaws were to be at a ball that night and most of the servants were to be at a show. He would be chauffeuring the Henshaws. It had come out simply and straightforwardly and Blackie hadn't suspected that the chauffeur had adroitly suggested the whole thing to him.

There was a trample of footsteps and the sound of voices. The mother went straight up stairs. Mr. Henshaw to the hall, and straight over to Blackie. Taking him by the hand he said: "You have done a wonderful thing tonight, Mr. Black. I can never forget it, nor repay you for it. But I want to do something

tangible to show my appreciation," and his hand stole into his pocket. Blackie had stood just about all he could. He rose to his feet and looked squarely into Henshaw's face.

"Don't attempt to reward me, Mr. Henshaw. Perhaps you don't remember me. But I sold some property for you, in Verdugo Hills, and your lawyer cheated us out of our commission. Today I was penniless and I came up here to enter your house and take back my \$500. But when your nurse called that the baby was stolen, I thought of my own kids and made a dash for the kidnaper. I'm not low enough to steal kids, but I was a thief at heart. I don't deserve any reward, or any thanks. I think the Lord I was stopped in time for stealing!"

Mr. Henshaw's face had been a study. Now he smiled a crooked smile at Blackie. "I'm glad I have this opportunity to pay you a commission you earned months ago. It is a joy to know you don't have to steal what is yours, rightfully. Come around and see us after you have done your Christmas shopping!" And he handed him the \$500.

© Western Newspaper Union.

#### A Long Christmas

Many countries in Europe celebrate Christmas on the principle that you cannot have too much of a good thing. In Italy, Holland, and elsewhere, the first celebrations begin on December 6, St. Nicholas' day, and last till Twelfth Night on January 6. In Poland the Christmas season lasts till February 2.

HE WASN'T there. Hadn't been there since he left to go to school that mornin'. Hadn't been seen since I looked back and motioned to him to hurry on home.

And the storm was on us. Gentlemen, I lived a thousand years in the next five minutes. And there was only one gleam of light in all them ten laggin' centuries. Just one. The boy was lost out in the awful night comin' on. Only one hope—the candles. They might be lit. Oh, if only one could be shinin' somewhere. Just one little feeble frazzle of light. But would the little boy see it? The houses were so far apart; and mebbe nobody would waste them in a winder on such a night, Christmas Eve, too, and Him that made it possible had once blessed little children . . . At the end of my thousand years, say about four minutes and twenty seconds, I came to and got action on me.

"Grandma," I said, "Little Tully isn't lost. He's safe somewhere. Put that box from Miss Ravenstow away out of sight. Then you and Tobe go down and get my horse and put him in your stable, and you wait. I'm goin' to find him."

You see, gentlemen, when you've had to depend on a horse to do for you, like he was a brother, you don't run off and leave him to freeze, even in a stress like that.

But that woman stood up before me and seemed like I never heard a voice like hers before.

"I heard folks say that same thing years ago before Tobe was born. And that was a Christmas Eve, too. Where will you go?"

"There's a candle in every house in this valley, tonight. I know some of 'em is lighted, and there will be a gleam somewhere to guide me. That's what I keep my religion for. It's to carry me through just such dark nights as this," and I left her.

Out into the pathless dark and bitter cold of that stormy night I went, with nothin' to trust to, but God's mercy. But which way? Somehow that letter kept comin' up in my mind. Why hadn't little P'like run home with it? You couldn't no more have lost him between their mailbox and home than evenin' than you could lose me in the Star House lobby tonight. He was too sure-eyed, and sure-footed for that. The wind wasn't so bad right then, and he'd gone singin' home like it was a mid-summer mid-day. And they'd never had a letter before. Ah, that was it, after all. He knew it could mean much, not to Gabels for he'd given that up long ago. I guess—but he was a dreamer. He had stood with it in his hand till I was out of his sight. Where had he gone with it? Where, but to the schoolhouse? He hadn't rid in the same cart with me, day after day, for me not to know a little bit of the workin' of that child's mind. I say again, all children is just open books if you only try to read 'em a little. But the way was a long one, and the storm and twilight had come before he could have got half way back, sure-headed as he was. You remember it was on the loop I let him out, not the nearest point between his home and the old soddy.

I won't tax you to picture what I went through between the lonely hidden Gabel ranch house and the sod school house that night. But one thing in that long perishin' way I'll never forget. Far and wide, here and there, sometimes seen, sometimes lost, was the faint glimmer of a candle light. It guided my steps, else I never could have made the trail down the Smoky hill. Seems to me now that every house had its candle in the winder, and though I couldn't have reached any of the homes, I would have wandered far out of the track and mebbe never come back to tell you this tonight if it hadn't been for them.

After while they all went out and I knew I was in the deep valley, and I got all confused about directions and had to fight on, numb and blind with the cold, sure of nothin' any more. All memory of the landmarks went blooey, and at the last turn of the trail I was utterly lost. For one long minute hell took hold of me. Hell ain't hot and fiery at all. It's eternally cold and black. But as I started forward, prayin' as I'd never prayed before, I see a light—bless the Lord—a real light, a Christmas candle in a winder. And it grew till the sod schoolhouse seemed to sort of be comin' forward to meet me . . . Miracles ain't all in Holy Writ. Some of 'em happens out on the rural route on the upper Smoky. Humble place, you city fellows might think, but Bethlehem wasn't an up to date place neither, 'specially the cattle garages outside the town proper. But somehow it got into history to stay.

That cold, white-faced girl had lit her candle, lettin' it flare out on the lonely, storm-threshed darkness of my way. Hardly one chance in a thousand, on that Christmas Eve, that any human bein' would need it. But they did. Golly! Don't I know they did. I was froze nearly to death, but how that candle light did begin to warm me. I staggered up to the winder, too chilled to find the door, and looked inside. My eyes were blurred for a minute. Then I see a sight that made it the best Christmas I ever had, just as I told you long ago in the beginnin' of this evenin'. Some of you here may remember back when this tale begun.

Tod's eyes were sparkin' now, but his voice, that had dropped low, did not change.

There was a big fire in the stove, and the room was dark, except for the light through the gratin' in the stove door, and the Christmas candle. Ruth Ravenstow was sittin' by the fire with little P'like cuddled in her arms. And she was

smuggin' "my Old Kentucky Home." But what seemed strangest to me, and I rubbed my bleared eyes with my frozen paw to be sure I wasn't dead and in heaven, was Ruth's face in the frelight through the bars of the stove door. Day after day, that fall, I'd never seen anything but a still, cold, marble woman's face. That night in the warm shadders, her cheeks was pink as June roses. And her smile—a man would be willin' to be froze nearer to death 'than I was just to get the memory of that smile, and the red lips, and the pretty white teeth—the picture of it, I say—tucked away for a keepsake in his mind's big storehouse.

Can you vision it, gentlemen? Me outside clingin' to the winder sill to hold myself up, and lookin' in at a thing like was inside that old soddy of the plains? . . . I'm talkin' a mile too long tonight . . .

The hotel lobby was very quiet, and Tod's voice, even and gentle, hardly seemed like sound. We were visioning the story as he told it, and the world outside was forgotten in the sweetness of that Christmas spirit.

THE rest can be told quick enough, though it took some little time then. As I've said, P'like was a stubborn little round-head when he got set on a thing. He'd got a letter, and his bright eyes saw what mine, bein' blurred, had overlooked—that it was for District 33, not Box 33, as I had supposed. He didn't know the word "district," but he could read "box" all right anywhere, and as the Gabels never got any letters, he figured it must be for somebody else. And who, but for teacher? His little heart was bustin' with sorrow for her—children can love so much deeper than us grown-ups, who blab about love, can understand—and that little boy had the grief of the world on his heart that night.

"I knew it wasn't for Grandma, she doesn't read writin' very well," he told me as I was thawin' out, "and I wanted to make teacher glad 'cause she didn't have any letter or anything at all. And you know, most anything can happen at Christmas, so I thought I'd p'like 'thirty-three' meant her, and I had something for her, and it would be a letter that would make her so happy, and I'd run all the way back and give it to her, and then scoot for home fast as I could. And I'd p'like she'd be so glad she would smile at me sweet. But . . ." his voice went down low . . . "It got cold and dark, and . . . I didn't get lost."

The little fellow buttoned his lips up tight.

"I didn't get lost, but it was awfully, awfully dark, till—I found a light, and it was teacher's candle in the winder. She put it there herself just to p'like somebody way out on this big prairie might come Christmasin' along, and need it. And it called to me. I heard it, and it said 'hurry,' and I hurried, and hurried, and hurried, and it got brighter, and brighter, and—I laughed when I come in. And my letter wasn't a 'p'like' at all, but a real sure-enough letter and teacher is so happy. We've just been laughin' and laughin'."

Was teacher happy? Gentlemen, can you run off through your minds what it would mean to you if you'd ever been a pretty young girl livin' back in New England? You'll have to "p'like" like the dickens to do that, but stretch your imagination to the crackin' point and do it. And you had a sweetheart over seas. And the last word you'd got, definite, awfully definite, was that he was dyin' in a German prison camp—dyin' of sickness, and hard labor, and starvation. And the world went black before your eyes. And all you could do to keep from goin' desperately mad, was to burn every bridge behind you, and bury yourself out of sight. You can do that about as effective on the upper Smoky as anywhere I know of. And just to live on day after day, the only thing to feed your soul on—but it's the dead-surest thing they is—bein' the touch of children's hands, and the sound of children's voices five days in the week—the other two days bein' a dumb blank—growin' more deperate and lonely every day, till it took a lot of courage and an awful grip on a far-away, seemin' unmerciful God to even light a candle on Christmas Eve.

AND then—"so far that little candle throws its beam." I've heard you say that, Albert—then a little child from a home of poverty and ignorance, a child that had to just dream all his good times, till his dreamin' is realer than his reality, he comes through the dark and cold, beckoned on by that candle light, and filled with child love, to bring you a make-believe letter, that I, in my broken eyesight, had throwed into Box 33, that was meant for District 33, and I hadn't never read the name, "Miss Ruth Ravenstow" on it at all. This little child comes in the dark and bitter cold of the lonely twilight of Christmas Eve, 'cause he loves you. And you read—your pretty, broken-hearted girl—you read the letter he had had to just "p'like" would make you happy. And it told you, the letter did:

"Darling Ruth: "I'm safe in Paris, and almost well. Will sail for America when it's over, over here. Two German guards—heaven bless them—helped me to escape. One lost his life by it in the (Deleted by censor). Love is bigger than hate. "Always yours, "Hadley."

were playing Santa Claus ahead of time with a bagfull of BARGAINS in USED CARS!



- the car you want at the price you want to pay!

1937 FORD PICK-UP—Stake body, low mileage.

2 1936 CHEVROLET TRUCKS—Good Trucks for road work.

1936 CHEVROLET COACH—New Tires and Clean.

1935 FORD TUDOR—New paint, good rubber motor perfect.

1937 FORD COUPE—Radio, New Tires and in A-1 shape.

1930 BUICK SEDAN—Tight and with only a few miles.

1935 CHEVROLET COACH—New paint, good tires, runs perfect. Bargain.

1931 MODEL A TUDOR—One of the last Model A's. Far above the average. Cheap.

EARL JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY  
Phone 218—Baird, Texas

FOR BETTER USED CARS OF EVERY MAKE SEE YOUR FORD DEALER

cases. The celebration continues for several weeks with dancing and merry-making every night.—Alice B. Palmer.

generally a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes and sometimes decorated with tiny flags. There are always plenty of candies and fruits and plates and plates of gayly colored miniature

My best Christmas? The time I took them candles to the folks on the upper Smoky; the time a little light glowed in a winder in every one of them far away homes of that valley; and maybe a little sweetness of Holy Night glowed in the hearts of those poor folks. And one of the candles shinin' from the winder of an old soddy schoolhouse, saved a little boy with his precious message, and saved the storm-wracked soul of a girl from madness. Saved me to tell you fellows here, that all the riches in the world, all the fame, all the power, and learnin', all the big business, and beautiful homes, are only half finished and more than half worthless without the candle in the winder, the sign of sympathy for the wanderer outside. The token you might say of the love that a baby came more'n nineteen centuries ago to put into the heart of the world, and bring it peace and good-will.

FURS WANTED—High prices paid at V. L. Chatham's Produce House, Baird, Texas.

LOST—One white ring neck Fox Hound. Notify L. R. Hughes, Baird Nice Reward.

FOR SALE—Small bay pony, mare, young and gentle for children. See me at my home, 2 blocks south of Ward School. Mrs. S. D. Hill.

POSTED—All land controlled by me is posted No hunting or trespassing of any kind will be allowed. Warren Price, Baird St., Rt. 2.

### PURENA

Layna mash and Checkers, Baby Chick Startena, Cow Chow. Sold By MORGAN STOKES On Highway, East Baird



Tod Witherspoon . . .

A shrewd, homely, lovable old maulman who would sooner die than neglect one of the poverty-stricken families on his route in Western Kansas. Tod celebrated his best Christmas back in 1917, with the aid of little button-nosed "P'like" Gabel, pupil in School District 33. It's a Christmas that Tod will never forget—so forget that you will be able to forget "The Candle in the Window," one of the greatest Christmas stories ever written.

IN THESE COLUMNS

## Values FOR THE HOLIDAY Festivities

FREE COFFEE AND CAKE—SERVED ALL DAY

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16

BEWLEYS BEST FLOUR	48 Lbs.	\$1.45
PURE CANE SUGAR (Limit)	10 Lbs.	48c
JEWEL SHORTENING	8 Lb. Carton	76c
JEWEL SHORTENING	4 Lb. Carton	38c
BRIGHT & EARLY COFFEE	In Glass Jar 3 Lbs.	65c
ADMIRATION COFFEE	In Glass Jar 3 Lbs.	75c
ADMIRATION COFFEE	1 Lb.	26c
HOMINY	No. 2 1-2—2 Cans	15c
FRUIT SALAD	1 Lb.	10c
CHOCOLATE COVERED CHERRIES	1 Lb.	17c
PORK & BEANS	No. 2 1-2—1 Can	10c
MINCE MEAT	3 Boxes	25c
LETTUCE	Per Head	5c
FRESH TOMATOES	Per Lb.	7c
BELL PEPPER	Per Lb.	6c
CARROTS	3 Bunches	10c
ORANGES AND APPLES	2 Dozen	25c
BANANAS	2 Dozen	25c
PORK SAUSAGE	Per Lb.	10c
SLICED BACON	Per Lb.	17c
PICNIC HAMS	Per Lb.	16c
ROUND STEAK	Per Lb.	20c

(HOME FED BEEF)

## NORVELL'S GROCERY AND MARKET

PHONE 297 WE DELIVER