

# The Baird Star.

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

VOLUME NO. 39

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1926

NO. 37

## COYOTES & OILERS TO FINISH GAME SUNDAY

One of the most grilling contests ever staged in West Texas, was raeled-off at the T-P Park last Sunday between the Coyotes and the Oilers of Cross Plains.

Thirteen thrilling innings of baseball was played, both teams scoring three times and no more, and as the shadows of twilight began to fall the opposing managers finally agreed to 'call' the game and resume the hostilities next Sunday at the T-P Park.

Manager, Bryan Bennett of the Coyotes certainly did cover himself in glory, the way he handled the hard-hitting Oilers; he pitched the entire thirteen innings, striking-out fourteen, allowing nine hits and three scores the Coyotes made three errors behind Bennett.

Martin pitched seven innings for the Cross Plains aggregation, and Mr. John Purvis pitched the last six; the two of them allowing nine hits and struck out seven of the Coyotes; the Oilers made six errors behind the pitchers. "Shorty" Nenamick playing center-field for the Coyotes was easily the fielding-star of the game, he ranged far and wide, covering more territory than is usually covered by one man; in the eighth inning, he made what appeared to be an impossible catch; Jeff Clark was on 1st base, with Chick Bond at bat, Chick connected with one of Bennetts in-shots and sent it soaring toward the brush, Nenamick gauging the height and speed of the ball, made a wild dash to the shin-oaks south of center-field and with a desperate leap snatched the ball out of the air and the mesquite trees; robbing Bond of a home-run and saving the game for Baird.

Neither team scored until the third inning, when Baird put across all of her tallies; Harold Ray struck-out; Shorty Nenamick singled between 3rd and sort Pete Bouchete safe at first and Shorty went to second when Alford fumbled Pete drive to short-stop; Earl Hall singled to right, scoring Shorty and sending Pete to third; Gus Hall sent a screeching-double to left field scoring Pete and Earl; Bennett grounded out Martin to Bond and Lon Ray struck-out.

Cross Plains made her first scores in the sixth; Bond doubled to right-center; Young sacrificed Bond to third; Mitchell smote the air; Alford doubled down the first base line scoring Bond; Martin sent a long single to right, which bounced over Earl's head, Alfred scoring; but Lee rolled out Poole to Hall.

The Oilers tied-it-up in the night without any hits; Puris flew out to Shorty; Ober was safe at 2nd when Bennett fumbled and then over-threw first Davidson sacrificed Oliver to third, from which point he scored a moment later when the umpire called Clark safe at first, on what appeared to be an easy out.

From then, until the end of the thirteenth, it was a battle of wit as well as brawn, neither team seeming to have the necessary punch to put over the winning tally.

It was the best ball game that has been unrec'd in Baird in many moons and the continuation of this game, which will be played at the T-P Park next Sunday between the same team promises to be a thriller.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends for their kindness to us in the illness and death of our baby boy. We also thank all for the beautiful flowers placed on his grave.

Sincerely,  
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Swinson.

## MRS. A. J. TOALSON DEAD

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Albin left on the Sunshine Special Monday morning for Kyle, Texas, called there by the sudden death of Mrs. Albin's mother, Mrs. A. J. Toalson.

Ed Hayden was in town Tuesday and reports that two oil wells, on T. E. Wyles land against his, Hayden's land. One well is making 75 barrels of oil and the other is making 32 barrels. These wells are near Moran.

## THE CALLAHAN CO. FAIR WILL NOT BE HELD THIS YEAR

At a meeting held at the Chamber of Commerce Monday night by the citizens of Baird the proposition of holding the Callahan County Fair this year was discussed. All those present were given an opportunity to express themselves and after a lengthy discussion it was decided to not hold the Fair this year, but plans were set on foot to buy a tract of land and make a permanent fair ground. Some fifty acres will be bought and fenced and buildings erected to take care of all the exhibits in the way that they should be taken care of.

## HOUSTON REVIVAL

Men may develop religious and systems of philosophy, but they can not within themselves save themselves, "Raymond T. Richey, evangelist, is telling his open-air audiences at Capitol and Riesner. According to the young evangelist, a man trying to save himself is like a man trying to lift himself by his bootstraps.

The famous evangelist, urging the casting out of self and selfishness and the enthronement of Christ in the heart, said:

"You within yourself can not live the Christian's life; let Christ come in, and He will live it for you, turning sorrow into song and failure into victory."

Mr. Richey said morality, church membership, citizenship, patriotism—all were good in themselves, but neither one nor all, when weighed in the balance of eternal rewards, met the standard or redemption.

"You must be born again," he urged. The revivalist said many persons were pleased with God's plan of salvation until they saw the cross. Here they balked. They sidestepped the shame of Calvary, they refused to humble themselves, and they stopped short of complete self-surrender.

Mr. Richey said it was his consuming passion to preach God's plan, the way of which passed through Gethsemane and up to the Cross.

"God is calling men," he said, "to preach the contents, and not the label."

The brave of the Great Staked plains has become "as a little child" before the Message of the Man of Galilee, according to testimony offered by a company of Christian Indians attending the revival. These unusual visitors are L. M. Akers, wife and son and daughter, and Oscar Barryhill, wife and two daughters. Akers is a Cherokee Indian; his wife an Osage. Barryhill a Creek; his wife a Cherokee. Both men were converted in Richey's revival held in Oklahoma. Akers testified his entire family had been healed in body through the prayer of faith. He declared himself out of sympathy with the evolutionary theory when he said:

"When Columbus discovered America, he did not find any of our ancestors hanging from limbs of cocanut trees."

Berryhill declared the love and the appeal of the Nazarene the only influence in the world that could bring every nation, tribe and tongue together before the throne of God, white robed and victorious over the world.

Both the men and their families paid tribute to Mr. Richey's work among the Indians as well as the whites in Oklahoma.

The revival—Mr. Richey's seventh campaign in Houston—has taken on the aspect of a great convention, with many men and women here from many states.

Converts on the fifteenth day totalled approximately 1,000.

Mr. Richey is praying for the sick at all services, with many reputed cures. The meetings are scheduled to continue indefinitely.

## NEW YEAR POSITION

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

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

## "BOUND" TO WIN OR LOSE



A town cannot progress any faster than the people in it. They are "bound" to win or lose together. If the individual comprising a city lack foresight and enterprise, they not only retard their own chances of success, but they hold back the town's chances as well. On the other hand, a vigorous and progressive citizenship sets a rapid pace and the community keeps up with it.

This close relationship between individual and community effort should never be overlooked. If the town is not making as much headway as some of us might think it should, it may be because something is holding it back.

We must remember that cities have characteristics the same as people and that BAIRD'S characteristics represent the average of those living here. Therefore it is up to all of us to keep alive the spirit of progressiveness in order that this shall be the dominating spirit of the community.

## TWO GOOD WELLS ARE REPORTED IN SHALLOW FIELD

As we go to press on Thursday evening it is rumored on the street that they have brought in two good producing wells in the Belle Plaine Shallow Field.

Quite a bit of interest is being shown in this field, also the Snyder-Williams field north-east of Baird.

## COMING TO BAIRD

Coming to Baird, August 16—The Alabama Minstrels with twenty-five people—Band and Orchestra will be the offering. A new program consisting of vocal and instrumental music, singing and dancing. The entire performance is clean-clever and classy and you are assured of 120 laughs in 120 minutes.

Remember the date—Monday, Aug. 16, 1926.

## GOVERNOR ENTERS SECOND PRIMARY

Mrs. Ferguson announces that she would be a candidate in the second primary for reelection, so we are in for an other two weeks hot campaign but thank the Lord, the time is short.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday's Program, Aug., 15, 1926

Sunday School, 10 A. M.

Our Sunday School was good last Sunday. Let us make it better.

Preaching, 11, A. M., By the Pastor.

At the evening hour the Methodist people will be with us. Bro. Cal C. Wright will preach.

We met John Walker, of Admiral, in town Wednesday, liked not have recognized him as he has all his teeth pulled out, since last we met. Glad to see him looking well.

## LITTLE BABY DIES

John Henry Swenson, 21 months old son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Swenson, died Sunday night at the family home. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Cal C. Wright, Pastor of the Methodist Church, and interment was made in Ross Cemetery.

John Henry Swenson was born in Hurley, New Mexico, November 15, 1924. The family have only recently returned to Baird from New Mexico, where they have made their home for several years.

## CITATION OF APPLICATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

The State Of Texas  
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County, Greeting:

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

The State Of Texas.

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

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

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

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

## CHICK HATCHERY TO START FALL SEASON

Mrs. Lee Counts, who is manager of the Baird Chick Hatchery stated this morning that they will start the 1926-1927 Hatching Season on August 23rd. and set each week after this date.

Mrs. Counts is very anxious for those that will have eggs for hatching to be sure and get their order in plenty of time. She stated that she has two trays left for August 23rd and Mrs. Counts' motto is: "First come first served."

## METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. E. G. Hamlett, Pastor of First Methodist church, of Brownsville, Tenn., will preach at the Methodist Church Sunday, August, 15th at 11 A. M., and at the Presbyterian Church, Sunday night. The public is cordially invited to attend both services.

Rev Hamlett is a son of Dr. W. S. Hamlett, of Baird.

## MC MURRY COLLEGE GYMNASIUM BEGUN

Abilene, Texas: Excavation work on a \$15,000 gymnasium for Mc Murry College has been begun. The building is to be completed by the time the basket ball season opens, and the Indians will no longer be a nomadic tribe. Theirs is to be a very modern wigwam, equipped with shower baths and up-to date dressing rooms, and will be the largest in Abilene. It will be of brick, and will be located at the north end of the athletic field. Part of the work will be done by students, thus killing the proverbial two birds with one stone— hastening the completion of the gym and permitting students to earn money to continue their studies.

McMurry is entering the Texas Intercollegiate Athletic Association this fall, and the gym will aid greatly in maintaining the record that has hitherto been hers in the realm of athletics.

## WINTER COVER CROPS

A. K. Short, Director  
Robt. Nicholson Seed Co., Agricultural Service Bureau, Dallas.

Winter cover crops are divided into two classes; first, the leguminous plants, the principal ones being peas, beans, clover, vetches and alfalfa; second, the small grains which include wheat, oat, barley and rye.

All cover crops add humus to the soil. Humus is absolutely necessary and the productive capacity of any soil depends primarily upon the amount of humus, (organic matter) it contains. Humus absorbs and retains moisture, a soil rich in humus warms up earlier in the spring. The bacterial action, which is necessary to plant growth is more active in a soil rich in humus. Commercial fertilizers respond more readily and give more profit when used in a soil with an abundance of humus.

The leguminous crops are of the most importance because, when inoculated, they take nitrogen from the air and store it in the soil.

There are a very limited number of the legumes that may be depended upon to grow and produce an abundant crop during the winter and mature in time for the land to be used for a summer crop. Recent experiments at the State Experiment Station at Denton and Temple, also from results obtained from farmers, it would indicate that an Austrian pea recently introduced from Europe, known in this country as the Nicholson. Winter pea, is most satisfactory winter legume that has been grown.

The Canada field pea has been successful over quite a large area of the state. The purple, and hairy vetches have also proven to be dependable for winter growth. Bur clover is a winter growing, soil building crop, that may be depended upon with the exception of in the extreme North-western section of the state. Sweet clover will prove successful over almost the entire state, and alfalfa may be depended upon over quite a large area, and especially along the creek and river valleys.

Plant winter legumes for the land's sake.

## SPLENDID WATER SUPPLY PROMISED BAIRD

The City Council has started working on the water system again and prospects for a first class water system for Baird is very bright indeed.

The water in the test well that is being dug on the city properties has been reached and it is producing a large amount of water. An effort is being made to go through the gravel to the clay and if they succeed this well will furnish more water than any of the wells on the R. R. property. The plan is to dig five wells and when these are completed they should furnish enough water for a population of 6000 people.

## NOTICE, APPLICATION TO PASS SPECIAL ROAD LAW

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

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

Dated this the 9th day of August, 1926.

VICTOR B. GILBERT,  
County Judge  
Callahan County, Texas

## URBAN vs. RURAL

A writer on Manhattan subjects pauses long enough in his daily stint to report the presence on Broadway of the tourists from Idaho—bedding roll on side of car, camp kit attached, and drinking in the sights of the big town.

Well, it's time the country got busy and repaid the city oglers for some of their ogling.

A hick on Broadway, his tin lizzie rattling along under half steam, is no more out of place than a city slicker out in the country, trampling down the wild flowers and musing up the farmer's peach orchards.

Goodness knows a country man in the city is in no more verdant than the city man in the country. If the city man gets a laugh out of the antics of his country cousin visiting in the city, the country cousin gets it back with interest whenever he catches the city man in the country.

Elevators and skyscrapers may be a bit disconcerting to the rural visitor to the city, but no more so than the appurtenances of the farm are to the city man.

And the countryman has the last laugh, which is always the best. He can always reflect that ninety percent of the city dwellers were countrymen at one time or othr, and have merely taken on a veneer or urban sophistication.

As for independence of thought and action, the countryman has it all over his city cousin.—Abilene Reporter.

## NOTICE

After this date, I will not be responsible for any debts, cheques or any obligations of any kind, except those made by myself.  
37-1tpd. G. A. Hamlett.



# Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

## THE STORY

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

## CHAPTER II

The interruption of the stage robbery took most of our morning. By dusk we had advanced only ten weary miles; for now we were really climbing. While I unspooled, cut down a dead pine for wood, built a fire on a course of rocks, and thrust it above the snow, started supper. Buck went ahead in the dying light to reconnoiter. He returned in his native state of cynical pessimism. We should be in luck if we made Cottonwood in two days. As for the chance at a claim, Buck revealed his pessimism on that score by a series of speculations concerning miners' wages in Cottonwood.

Above the ledge of rock where burned our fire a scant circle of young pines grow on a miniature plateau from which the snow had melted. There we tethered our weary train. After supper, dog-tired though we were, we had still more work. By the light of our candle lantern I cut a pile of fresh houghs to alleviate the hardness of our bed. Young and weary though I was, when I had rolled into my blanket and settled my head on my saddle, anticipation banished sleep for at least five minutes.

I knew nothing more until Buck shook me and I saw that the eastern edge of the sky below us had begun to glow.

The stars were fading and a shrill dawn wind was blowing down the gorge when we finished our coffee, gave the last touch to our packs by adding our tin cups and plates, saddled our horses, mounted.

For a twisted mile, our train scrambled from ledge to ledge, then slid into the main road. It was full daylight now; the half-frozen mud had a consistency of soft rubber, and each burro landed with a kind of elastic "plop." We rounded a pinnacle of rock. Above us the road carried for a mile or so straight up a 12 per cent grade; and I saw that we were at the tail of a procession.

We found a side trail running across smooth rock, and avoided, for the time being, a jam which grew thicker and thicker as we advanced. And now both our trail and the main road spilled out upon a small basin in the mountain side.

A widening of the road, built so that teams might pass, gave us a chance to advance two places in line and to wriggle in behind a light buckboard carrying what I took for a pair of gamblers. At the next sharp rise of the grade our pack train had its first accident. With the instinct of their breed, the burros had hitherto avoided the slippery spots and held their footing in spite of their tiny hoofs. But now the big fellow who had caused us all the trouble two days before slipped to his knees, rolled heavily over onto his side. Because he was larger of frame than the rest we had loaded him on that morning of the supreme effort with the heaviest of our mining equipment. We had not calculated on the inherent asininity of his character. This time, instead of waiting patiently for men to get him out of trouble, he struggled violently though vainly bidding fair to break our shovels and his own legs. Buck leaped forward, sat on his head until he accepted the inevitable and lay quiescent. Not only had the saddle shifted until the burro lay on his pack, but Buck's scientific arrangement had been knocked all askew. There was nothing for it but to loosen the cinches, slip him out of the saddle, and pack again.

"If I hold this line up there'll be shooting!" remarked Buck under his breath. "Got to pack this stuff to a level spot somewhere." And hard on this the freighter behind us, driving six mules with a jerk-line, called: "Well, git out of the road! Git a move on!"

Buck rose to his full impressive height.

"If you want us out of the way," he said, "ye kin drop that pretty jumpin' rope of yours and help!"

The buckboard went on, revealed a hundred yards ahead a cleft on the hillside down which, when the snows began really to melt, a stream would tumble across the road. There we assembled our jacks and our horses. As we returned to the scene of the jam I met the freighter and his assistant toiling up with part of our paraphernalia. When Buck had loaded himself to capacity there were left only the pack saddle, a shovel and an ax.

Possessing myself of these, I singered stride by stride behind Buck for at least ten yards. Although I was young and full of foolish pride in my own strength I could keep up with him no longer than that. I struggled into the creek bed far behind, dumped my load and dropped myself across it in the last stages of exhaustion. However, even the mountain-injured Buck I noticed with satisfaction, was fain to squat on his heels and rest himself for a minute. Then he sprang up, orroded the recumbent burro into position with the sole of his boot, began to saddle.

Now a white ridge rose just above and beyond us. Beyond lay not indeed the summit, but a round, wide and gentle slope which stretched a glittering white expanse to the sky line. We had passed the sources of the stream above which we had been toiling all that day. Buck mounted, and I with more relief than I can tell, followed his example. He did not need to inform me that this was the final dash to the Valley of Fortune. But the earlier arrivals were now receding, giving the last trim to loads or packs, and disappearing downward around a shoulder of rock. And as they passed from view Marcus Handy, who had been busily gathering items for his first number, described them all with a short phrase or two. It seemed to me that he knew our impermanent caravan as one knows the town where he has dwelt all his life.

Now outfits which we had passed even before we reached the stage station had attained the summit. Always the passengers dismounted and in-bored forward for a view of the promised land.

Then came Buck's voice, calling. I knew that he had arranged the pack to his own minute satisfaction, and

that the final dash to Cottonwood had begun. Sparing time only to wolf two sandwiches of camp bread and frizzled bacon, we rounded the rock. Below us the road zigzagged with many a hairpin turn down the mountain side.

As we rounded the shoulder of the rock the view burst on us again. I turned in my saddle toward that distant, gray mist which was Cottonwood camp. And my imagination flashed a picture of the town. Ridiculously at variance with Cottonwood as it was, it long persisted, even after I saw the reality. In the foreground, regarding the sights of that rough mining camp with superior but understanding eyes, walked—Mrs. Deane, the lady of the

than eleven thousand feet above sea level. "Kin leave the jacks for a minute. Buck went on. At a cautious trot which set the sides of my own horse to pumping against my legs like a bellows, we advanced to the group on the horizon line. It remained the horizon line; no further heights showed beyond. We pulled up beside a freight wagon, and—

The view burst all at once, without preliminary glimpses. I had come out at the top of a cliff, which fell away for a hundred yards below my feet. Across lay the white mother of ranges. I, seemed an immeasurable distance away; yet it seemed also to fill a third of the heavens. Far to the right the range which we were now traversing curved to meet the divide beyond. In that quarter the whiteness was broken by the composite tints of cliffs and rocky walls too steep for the clinging snow; and over their bases trailed a smoke cloud.

"That's it!"—A voice by my side brought my soaring thoughts back to earth. A freighter, his legs bound like puttees with gunny sacking against the cold and snow was pointing; and the less experienced argonauts grouped about him were straining their eyes. I followed the direction of his finger. That cloud, a day's journey away, rose from the fires of the camp, the El Dorado in which some of us were to find fortune and some to leave our bones. All along the edge of the cliff men and women stood talking in excited exclamations, broken suddenly with a catch of the breath. Buck, having taken one long look, rode back to round up the pack. I shivered and stayed fascinated.

A lone traveler stood, gazing. He was a small man, clad in an enveloping frieze ulster and a battered black hat. He turned on me, as I approached, a bright gray eye. The nose under it was strong at the root, and yet sharp. A long, thick mustache drooped between spare cheeks shaven only that morning—a detail worthy of comment in those surroundings, where most men wore beards varying in age from four days to thirty years.

"Hello!" he remarked. "Well, what do you think of our West?"

At which I bristled within. I had been nearly a year in the man's country; I had just brought a jack train, alive and in good order, up Ludlow's pass; I wondered how much longer I was to suffer the reproach of tender feet. But I managed to answer with what good nature I could summon: "Considerable country."

He laughed pleasantly. "College-bred, too, I'm betting!" he commented. Somehow his friendly manner seemed to strip the offense from this dreadful insinuation.

"How did you penetrate behind my mask of ignorance and vulgarity?" I asked, falling into the spirit of the occasion.

"It's my business," said the stranger, "piercing and penetrating the masks and disguises of the human soul."

"Sounds to me like gambling," said I, matching his impudence with impudence of my own. "What's your line? Three-card monte or the little pea under the little shell?"

"I almost hate to tell you," said the

It's the greatest gamble of all. And the most squalid and soul-destroying. That peaceful village yonder—and he waved his hand to the smoke stain amid the whiteness to the north—"has hitherto proceeded on its simple, rustic way, hiding and concealing from prying eyes its microscopic peccadilloes such as murder, highway robbery, brace fare boxes and claim jumping. I come to destroy that golden age. In you lumbering vain repose the sinister tools of my craft—two fonts of nonpareil and seven boxes of assorted job type. Casting your eyes farther to the eastward, you perceive an individual bearing all the marks and characteristics of a tramp printer, temporarily sober. He's conveying a second-hand flat-bed press, warranted not to register in any climate. What you behold, young but sapient sir, is the embryo of that great light-bearer, the Cottonwood Courier." As suddenly as he had begun it he dropped our old western game of chaff and rhetoric, held out his hand. "My name's Marcus Handy," he said. "I've pulled up my newspaper by the roots 'rom Quaker Creek, which is played out as a camp, and I'm locating in Cottonwood—if I get there!"

I introduced myself. "You're mining, I suppose?" asked Marcus Handy, this ceremony over. "Didn't know," he added hastily, "but you were starting some kind of a business, and might want to advertise. I've picked up a few ads along our primrose-dotted way-side."

As we talked we had turned our backs to a shrill, new wind blowing up from the immense depths below, and were facing the picturesque confusion at the summit of the pass. The crowd was growing—none so unimaginative as to grudge ten minutes for a look at the Valley of Fortune. But the earlier arrivals were now receding, giving the last trim to loads or packs, and disappearing downward around a shoulder of rock. And as they passed from view Marcus Handy, who had been busily gathering items for his first number, described them all with a short phrase or two. It seemed to me that he knew our impermanent caravan as one knows the town where he has dwelt all his life.

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I Turned in My Saddle Toward That Distant, Gray Mist Which Was Cottonwood Camp.

holdup episode. Then, my mind shifting from imagination to speculation, I wondered what she really was doing. She had joined a husband, waiting for her in Cottonwood, doubtless.

Did she know that I had just lived through the pure, magnificent experience of that view across the valley, as she must have lived through it two days before? Did she know that I had safely passed the summit and was coming down the long path of adventure? I suddenly pulled myself up, cursed myself for a sentimental, egotistical young fool, and slapped to action a lagging burro.

## CHAPTER III

"I told you—too much folks!" grunted Buck as he loosened the cinches of his weary horse. I paid no attention; Buck had been repeating that phrase like the response of a litany ever since we crossed the path and threaded the more intensive traffic rushing into Cottonwood.

As I rubbed down my little roan with the dry part of a gunny sack which Buck had rescued from the mud I asked humbly: "What's the program?"

"Git a regular supper of ham an' eggs from a sure enough restaurant,"

said Buck. "Guess it's comin' to us. An' find the lay of the land. Don't look good. Too much folks."

"What are we going to do about the outfit?" I asked.

"Leave it here," said Buck.

"Un-guarded?" I inquired.

"Sure," said Buck. "They'd lynch a man quicker fur sneakin' things out of a public corral than fur stealing a horse—in a new camp like this," he said.

When we had watered at the pool of an unpolluted brook, when we had judiciously distributed the last of our oats among the whole train, when we had blanketed our horses with tarpaulins from the pack, my impatient young feet were free to follow Buck's down the full-flowing street. It quivered with excitement, chatter, good humor. A two-story building swung its doors wide open to the street. It revealed a rough room, the walls covered with newspapers. Along the whole farther side ran a bar. It took a moment of inspection to tell that the first glimpse showed only a long row of men, leaning on their elbows, their stalwart backs hunched, their stretched coat-tails revealing their scabbarded sidearms. Nearer stood three tables fringed with card players, piled with gold pieces and buckskin sacks; about the players watched a silent, intent, standing border of spectators. Over all shone the brilliant light of one big kerosene lamp backed by a reflector and the soft, uncertain twinkling of candles, set row on row into boards. A crowd was incessantly climbing and descending the rough stairs to one side of the room. And from above I caught a voice bawling: "Place your bets, gents!" and the unmistakable whirr of a roulette wheel.

A long, low shack next door emitted the tinkle of two guitars and a violin, a little hazy on their tune but sure of their cadences. Its two windows emitted an exceptional blaze of light. Within, ladies in very short skirts were whirling clumping partners in a waltz, and men were dancing in pairs. The door of this establishment, also opened as I passed; I glimpsed a lady of whom my first impression was a knee-high yellow skirt and a pair of red stockings, my second that she wore many frizzes and no make-up. She was holding the lapels of a fat man who rolled a little uncertainly on his feet; and I caught her words: "Just one'll gold watch for—"

The slamming of the door cut out the rest. In a narrow alley running darkly up the hill were indications of ever lower diversions.

A very modest shack, in the light of blazing windows across the street, bore the sign, "Assay Office." The building next most pretensions to the two-story building which we had passed on our first entry to the street turned out to be a general store. It was open and doing a brisk business. Farther down the street a lantern swung from a pole before a tent, illuminating the sign:

GOLDEN EAGLE RESTAURANT  
MEALS AT ALL HOURS

As we edged through the crowd toward this objective Buck, being very hungry and low in spirits, voiced his pessimism.

"Startin' for a gold camp six months after the fall discovery an' a good month after the spring rush begun," he said. "Was you the fool or was I?" I had been feeling much the same thing, though with a less poignant disappointment, ever since we came out into Main street. Professedly the rush across the peaks was for gold. Unless all the claims had been staked, all the possibilities exhausted, why were people running shops, dives, concert halls, gambling dens? I had yet to learn the law of mining camps and gold rushes, which is also the law of life. Your advance on a strike was like an old-fashioned army with a fringe of camp followers greater than the army itself. Along with king-natures came slave-natures. Even at the first flush of discovery there were always men willing to sell their services for plain digging at four or five dollars a day. Where they got the imagination to come at all I never could see. There were others, again, who really had the gold fever, who failed at the first rush, and who immediately settled back to their predestined places in society.

I have lived long enough to see the end of most careers which sprouted at Cottonwood. Those who took fortunes out of the earth in the days when the Rockies suddenly blossomed with new camps—where are they now? One died in his middle age in Alaska, a common musher on the Klondike trail; one in a cottage in the East, supported by the relatives who had lived hectically on his bounty in the days of his strike; one in the Denver poorhouse. Those descendants in the second generation of mining-camp fortunes who in this day struggle for the illusions of social position as their grandfathers struggled for realities, derive from men who came across the peaks not with rocker and shovel but with merchandise. One fortune that I know of sprang from a livery stable, one from a hardware store, one from a pawnshop; and one had its true beginning in a tray of cheap jewelry and varnished watches carried into Cottonwood by a wandering and adventurous young Jew. Andrew Carnegie, I have heard, said "pioneering don't pay." It does not—in any coin which Carnegie would have recognized.

However, Buck and I are in a big log cabin, the fresh mountain air blowing through a chink of the mud daubed into the cracks. Buck, with a "woof" of animal satisfaction, settled down to the bench, and addressed the waiter.

"What I want is eggs," he said.

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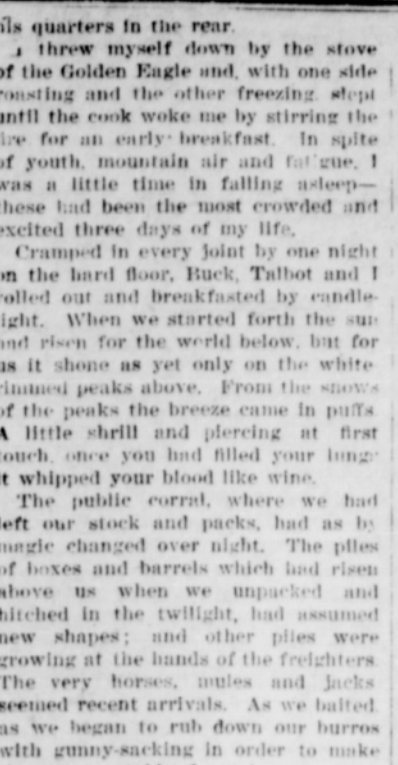
"Ham and eggs."
The waiter balanced his string of tin plates along his arm.
"Why, how-de-do, Commodore Vanderbilt!" he said. "Pleased to see you transfer your valuable patronage from the Astor house!" Having delivered himself in falsetto of this sarcasm, he dropped his voice to its natural note. "The last egg in this here camp," said he, "was at six bits apiece yesterday. What you'll get is venison steak, canned corn and coffee."
The waiter stopped to collect from the rest of the guests, now finished and going; then assailed our tin plates of venison along his arm, hooked the handles of two tin coffee cups into the fingers of his spare hand and returned with an expert professional swing. He slammed our provender before us, picked up half a loaf of bread from the debris at the other end of the table, struck it once or twice on the edge by way of dusting it off, and deposited it, uncut, between our plates. "I kin give you a job of rice, snow-white butter for two bits extra," he said. That final luxury laid out, he settled himself beside Buck, his elbows on the table, and when he resumed conversation, he clove by accident near to the heart of the matter. "Funny to see the way the boys was gettin' rid of gold claims a day or two ago," he said. "Ground that was yieldin' forty dollars a day to partners, led alone a chance at pockets, was goin' for a song."
"Did you git in on that?" asked Buck indifferently.
"Would 'a' if I'd had anybody to dig," replied the waiter. "This here's a better proposition. Pioneer restaurant of the camp. Was workin' as a waiter in the Palmer house in Denver when I saw the chance."
"Suppose gold claims is goin' up by now?" inquired Buck casually.
"Yep. But they're still to be got. Feller was in here today. Said he'd sell out for a wagon outfit or flocks of anythin' to git up to the Frozen River country. He's got some sort of notion about that country."
"I know a feller that might do business with him," said Buck. He was looking down at his plate, carving negligently at his steak.
I saw the waiter's eye fix itself upon Buck for a moment before he asked: "Meenin' an' signifyin' yourself maybe?"
Buck looked up, met his eye coolly and became utterly frank.
"Meenin' an' signifyin' me an' my partner here," he said. "We come for gold. I don't say I want your claim an' I don't say I don't. I want to see the dirt first. I suppose you're the party that owns it?"
"You're smarter 'n a whip, old boss, but you got it wrong this time," replied the proprietor. "I ain't the party that owns it. But I'm his agent, sort of."
The conversation drifted off to a debate about terms; I let my attention wander to the glimpses of the crowd surging past our door, to the muffled roar of a thousand cheerful conversations, to the spurts of distant music. When I returned my attention to business Buck and the waiter had evidently reached some kind of agreement. Our host was donning his canvas coat, was calling to the cook, "Keep her goin' till I git back, Johnnie," and Buck was making his preliminary move toward any positive action—he was biting off the corner from a black piece of plug tobacco. I followed, an unconsidered party to the bargain, out into the mushy, crowded road which served Cottonwood for a main street. And as we walked the proprietor of the Golden Eagle expanded, grew confidential about his business. His name was Huffaker, he said—Jim Huffaker.
"She'll be Huffaker's hotel soon's the lumber comes down," he noted. "I made the stake last winter. I hear 'ow a party from Pledst's is comin' up with backin' for a new hotel. I ain't losin' any sleep. The camp's goin' to stand two hotels—an' with the start I've got—But I'll have to hustle. Jest this week an' old stager of a body from down below stakes out a miners' boardin' house. Funny thing," he added; "she was in the last stage holdup. Somebody drove off the bandits before they done me the favor of lifin' her roll."
"She brought in a beaut with her. This Mrs. Barnaby who's startin' to put me out of business says she's jest a boarder, but if anybody asks me, I'll be answerin' and respondin' that she's the biscuit shooter."
We were now edging through the crowd; progress was too difficult for conversation; and I had a moment with my own thoughts. His mention of Mrs. Barnaby had brought a slight jerk of my nerves, which even yet tingled in my cheeks. And when he couched with this mention of the unknown song which had been singing behind my heart for three days seemed to burst suddenly into full tone. Not until that moment, I think, did I even half realize how deeply the episode of the Cottonwood road had touched me, what was really troubling my inmost thoughts during all that hard journey up the trails.
Huffaker had led us into a packed, stuffy little saloon. The object of his study was not there, apparently. We tried another; here Huffaker made inquiries. Yes, Bill Talbot had been seen round camp. Now we entered that two-story establishment, saloon and gambling house combined. The evening rush was on. The fringe of standing spectators about the poker tables had become a crowd. The row by the bar stood two and three deep; men were reaching over each other's shoulders for their drinks.
The room above seemed equally crowded, to judge by the tramping, the shaking of the ceiling. Even through our own babble, I could catch the whirr of the wheel, the call of the

deniers.
A series of thumps sounded from above; the footsteps came heavier and with an irregular rhythm. There were shouts, too; then one pistol shot. Through the door at the head of the stairs burst a glimpse of a man taking three steps at a time. Two miners, just starting to ascend, blocked his way. In the flash of an eye, he jumped like a cat over the rail without touching it, landed on the floor in a heap, got his feet, made like a streak for the door.
Held to the spot by the suddenness of events, I saw a man jump from the crowd by a poker table, clutch at him. I saw the little man strike out and backward, perceived that as he leaped away he was carrying a knife. He had reached the door when someone thrust out a foot, and he went forward onto his face. One man, then another, fell on him; I lost sight of him in the surging crowd. The babble was cut by the noise of heavy boots and a shout—again from the stairs; down clumped and lumbered a big fellow with a black beard, yelling:
"Don't let him get my roll—grab my roll!"
The man who clutched at the fugitive from the poker table had been stabbed in the forearm. Blood was running down his fingers, spattering onto the floor; someone was twisting a tourniquet. My mind suddenly coordinating, I perceived the situation. The little man, now strangled to quietude on the floor, was a pickpocket; he who had just lumbered down the steps had been robbed of his roll of bills. The crowd opened for an instant, giving me a glimpse of the pickpocket's face. It was natively dark, Latin; but now his complexion looked like dirty wax, and the fixed sullen black eyes in his set features held a world of dread.
"Knifed him in a white man's camp"—"dirty pickpocket"—and then, always in a tone that hissed: "Lynch him!" It came again out of the roar: "Lynch him!" It grew until it was a refrain on half the tongues in the room: "Lynch him!" I turned to Buck. His face was hard. Huffaker had stepped back to the wall, regarding proceedings with cold but apprehensive eyes. All the rest, it seemed to me, were howling: "Lynch him!" I grew faint with what I must see.
A mob, they say, needs only a leader to turn it from a herd of purposeless men to a legion of purposeful devils. In that instant the leader appeared. He was short, thick-necked, wrestler-built. He wore a great red beard from above which gleamed an eye as red, and now wicked with whisky and animal hate.
"Well, has anybody got a rope?" he asked. This positive suggestion seemed to hush the babble as a muted stop on an organ; for an instant there was almost silence; out of which a voice came:
"There's plenty of lariats in the corral."
"Two of you go and fetch one," said the leader. "Any of you got a couple of belts to spare? All right, strap his arms and legs."
As men shot through the back door, as men began stripping off their belts, the babble rose again; but not before I had heard from the thick crowd by the door a kind of low, choking wail, which made me if possible, even more sick of soul. It flashed upon me that I might make some countermove in the interest of real justice and mercy. I looked about; no eye but showed fury save only Buck's and the blue, impassive orb of Jim Huffaker. The back door flew open; a man entered with a coiled rope. And then—
"Drop that rope!" came a voice, a voice with ring and carry, which seemed to dominate all the noise. He who spoke stood in the door. Silence fell again—silence and quiet. It seemed that everyone froze in the midst of whatever he was doing—all except the newcomer. He was a tall man with a heavy brown mustache and imperial. He wore a black slouch hat of the G. A. R. pattern; and for all his height he moved with quick-flowing certainty. He did not wait for that mood of frozen hesitation to break; in two strides he had crossed to one of the empty chairs pushed against the wall when the players dropped their game. He stepped into it, stepped just as lightly to the table, his feet crunching on chips and the spilled stacks of twenty-dollar gold pieces. As the silence began to break into sinister mutterings, he spoke again:
"Bring that rope here—and that prisoner, too!"
Momentary silence again. He stood, his feet planted apart, a drawn revolver in his left hand—which I thought odd. It rested so, close to his body, its muzzle a little lowered. His eyes seemed to take us all in.
The leader of the mob stood alone in the middle of the floor. He spoke suddenly:
"Will hang a city marshal as quick as a pickpocket," he said. "Boys, bring on your rope. It's long enough for two."
"Drop that rope!" came from the man on the table, shifting his eyes, shifting slightly the muzzle of his gun. There the leader made his mistake. The muzzle was turned away from him; he had an instant to act. His hand went to his hip. In the same instant I had a glimpse of a dozen forms beginning a prudent drop toward the floor.
I never saw the man on the table change the direction of his muzzle from the back door to the center of the floor. The motion was too quick. I was only aware that his right hand, held flat, had brushed across his gun. The "bang" sent the crowd to the floor



The "Bang" Sent the Crowd to the Floor as a Strike in Bowling Drops the Ten Pins.

as a strike in bowling drops the ten pins. The leader had his gun out, and no more. It dropped clattering to the floor. His left hand went to his right biceps; and he sank slowly onto one knee.
A tall, rangy man with a hat like a marshal's pushed through the door. "Charlie," said the marshal, "take that prisoner there. You with the rope, come here." The man with the rope, walking unsteadily, jerkily, crossed the floor. The audience was now beginning to get up; and the marshal spoke again, and again seemed to freeze everyone into a grotesque statue.
"Is there anybody else wants to shoot?" he inquired. No one responded. "All right," he continued, "There's been no lynchin' in this camp yet, and there won't be. Get that? Somebody fix up the man I just shot. He's only winged in the arm." He cast his eye about again. "Your blood was up, boys. Nothin' like a little blood to cool blood." His face had been as blank as a stone wall except for the steady blaze of his eyes. But now he smiled and I liked the way his eyes crinkled. He leaped down from the table, turned his back deliberately on the crowd, he began to strip the belt from the prisoner's arms, to snap on handcuffs. The babble broke out again. Three minutes before, it had an animal note. Now, it sparkled with laughter. Before the marshal, the deputy and their now valuable prisoner passed out of the door, the poker-players were sorting out chips and piles of gold pieces at the tables, the bartenders were taking orders, the stairs were black with an ascending crowd.
"He is sure a shootin' man," remarked Buck in a tone of deep admiration. "Who might it be?"
"Town marshal," replied Jim Huffaker briefly. "Name, Chris McGrath. You're right, he shoots."
"Who's mayor of this camp, anyhow?" inquired Buck.
"Ain't none," replied Huffaker. "A town marshal like that is all the mayor we need—There! There's our man!" he suddenly broke off, darting past the poker tables and laying hands on an individual who had just entered.
After all this space of years, the figure of Bill Talbot, who wanted to sell his claim, has grown a little dim in my mind; he was to float into my life for a day only, and float out again never to reappear. Nor do I remember many details of the long dicker which he Buck and Jim Huffaker conducted in a comparatively quiet corner of the Black Jack.
"I suppose your title is O. K.?" inquired Buck.
"Good as the gold you'll dig," said Talbot.
"That's got to be proved," said Buck. "S'pose we kin look into that after I've seen the claim?"
Now watching this transaction idly from the outside, I had perceived that Talbot was eager to be gone. I was not surprised, therefore, when he said and, I felt, with sincerity:
"I wanted to be travelin' tomorrow mornin'. That's why I'm sellin' so cheap."
"Nothin' goes until I see your title's right," said Buck stubbornly. Here Huffaker came in with a solution.
"Well, if Chris McGrath says it's right and sound, you'll believe him, won't you?"
"Wha't's he got to do with it?" asked Buck.
"The whole works," said Huffaker. "He registers minin' claims, too."
"Mebbe," allowed Buck.
So forth we went under the burning stars and through the thinning crowd, to find Town Marshal McGrath. We cut him to earth in the tiny Comstock Lode saloon, his feet on the bar rail, his hand on a glass of water.
In two minutes the marshal had cordoned off the saloon with certainty that No. 32 placer, held by William Talbot was a bona fide claim without encumbrance. As we left, Huffaker asked us about our lodging for the night. That question had been dimly troubling me all the evening. Our blankets were with our packs in the public corral. Sleeping there, on the wet, trampled ground, seemed out of the question.
"I sleep people in my shack," said Huffaker, "keep up the fire all night so you don't need blankets." We found, indeed, a dozen men already snoring under the table of the restaurant.
"Won't cost you nothin', seein's we done so much business—good night," whispered our host as he departed to



As I Looked She Dropped Back on One Knee, Her Arms Full of Plates and Faced Me.

his quarters in the rear.
I threw myself down by the stove of the Golden Eagle and, with one side resting and the other freezing, slept until the cook woke me by stirring the fire for an early breakfast. In spite of youth, mountain air and fatigue, I was a little time in falling asleep—these had been the most crowded and excited three days of my life.
Cramped in every joint by one night on the hard floor, Buck, Talbot and I rolled out and breakfasted by candlelight. When we started forth the sun had risen for the world below, but for us it shone as yet only on the white-rimmed peaks above. From the snows of the peaks the breeze came in puffs. A little shrill and piercing at first touch, once you had filled your lungs it whipped your blood like wine.
The public corral, where we had left our stock and packs, had as by magic changed over night. The piles of boxes and barrels which had risen above us when we unpacked and hitched in the twilight, had assumed new shapes; and other piles were growing at the hands of the freighters. The very horses, mules and jacks seemed recent arrivals. As we halted, as we began to rub down our burros with gunny-sacking in order to make them presentable for sale, two mud-spattered men on blowing lathered drooping horses spurred into the corral. Without introduction or ado, they halted us.
"Where's these galena locations?" asked the nearest.
"Up your way—up the hill!" said Buck, scarcely glancing from his work. With no further question, they jerked the savage Spanish bits in the lathered mouths of their weary mounts, whirled and spurred straight over the mushy ground, uphill.
Now, Bill Talbot was with us. The dicker finished, he saddled, mounted and started to inspect that end of our bargain which most interested us. Talbot's claim lay a mile up the creek; but the road was so jammed and noisy that we elected to take a side trail across the hill, which here started abruptly from the road and presently flattened out into a little plateau. My eyes were searching, as they had all the morning been searching half consciously. I dropped deliberately behind Buck and Bill Talbot. And suddenly my nerve centers gave a jump, my cheeks a little tingle. There was a sign, painted with the cross-line of the "N" turned the wrong way, with the stems of the capitals at all angles from the perpendicular. "Mrs. Barnaby's Boarding House, Open for Business Next Tuesday," it read. Behind it stood a tent, the posts and ridges poles in place, but the cover flapping in a state of collapse.
Bent down, earnestly and efficiently driving a tent-peg with the butt of a hatchet, was a form which I recognized as that of Mrs. Barnaby. In the rear, a big sheet-iron cook stove, set up in the open field, emitted a faint glow of smoke from its abbreviated pipe as though a fire which served to get breakfast was now dying out. Beside it were great packing boxes, some open, some still nailed shut, and all in spite of the conspicuous sign, "Handle With Care," lying as though some freighter had rolled them from the top of his load, and simply let them drop. Over the nearest box, head and shoulders half hidden, stooped the figure of

this unpacking. So you landed safely? I hope you staked your claim?"
"I think we're staked," I said, my embarrassment beginning to vanish, to yield to gloomy interior reflections on that circuit of gold. "And you arrived safely?"
"Yes, we're going to have a home soon, Mrs. Barnaby and I! We've been sleeping under the edge of the canvas so far—but it's been great fun! Fortunately, it hasn't rained."
Mrs. Barnaby at this moment rose up from the tent peg, stood with one hand in the hollow of her back and broke into the conversation—broke in like a flood.
"We're goin' to—maybe. We're goin' to if they deliver them pans and kittles—that freigh'tin' company robbin' you right at the start and then leavin' out the pans and kittles, and goodness, knows what's become of the carpenter I hired at ten dollars a day just to put the floor down which I could do myself—stampeded like a fool to the galena diggin's, I guess—and that sack of flour—" It flowed on, without punctuation or grammar; and from it all I gathered that Mrs. Barnaby's stake-out was merely temporary. She was erecting her tent on the bare ground, taking chances that there would be no rain until the pile of lumber stacked in between the boxes became a floor and a tent frame. "Anyhow, we open on Thursday if they eat off the stove," concluded Mrs. Barnaby.
"I hope I may come to see you when you get—settled," I said in parting. I had hesitated for the proper word, and when I came out with that "settled," suggestive of moving time in old, ordered New England scenes, Mrs. Deane laughed. Her laugh—I had noticed that before—ran a little gamut, played a half-tone. But the veil of inscrutable reserve behind her eyes had thickened, become momentarily a curtain. The gamut of her laugh died away on a grace note; and "I hope so," was all she replied. She went back to the boxes then, and I had to remember, as I withdrew and mounted, that it would be bad manners to stare at her over my shoulder. However, as I gathered rein and rode away, I did myself the luxury of another look. She was in her graceful, half-kneeling pose beside the boxes; the morning sun was making tawny gold of her hair.
(Continued)

Infant Is Rescued by Novel Operation

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Removal of a copper ring with a bronchoscope recently from the throat of Joseph Kesselman, thirteen-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kesselman, intercepted the possible death of the child from choking at the United Israel Zion hospital.
About a month ago Joseph was playing with a toy and in some manner he detached the ring and put it in his mouth. The parents were aware of the incident at the time, but took no alarm.
Later the child developed difficulty in swallowing, and after an examination the family physician ordered him to the hospital. An X-ray picture was taken, which showed the ring lodged behind the windpipe. The baby remained there for observation and two days later a second picture showed no signs of the trouble maker.
Despite the evident departure, Joseph continued to swallow with increasing hardship and a third picture again exposed the ring. By this time the child could hardly make a sound.
With an instrument known as the bronchoscope consisting of a long metal tube about half an inch in diameter and a small hook attached to a tempered wire, the ring was removed without any incision.
The tube, fitted with a small electric-light bulb, was inserted in the child's throat. It was then a simple matter to reach down with the hooked wire and extract the ring.
"The process is similar to fishing," said one of the doctors, "only in this instance you do not wait for the fish."
Recovery was speedy and the child returned home the next day.

Human Skull Unearthed; Thought 20,000 Years Old

Gibraltar.—Miss D. A. E. Garod, a student of the Institute de Paleontologie Humaine, Paris, who has been excavating here, has made an important discovery of portions of a human skull belonging to a young person.
The find was embedded in hard tufa with typical Mousterian implements.
The skull is of the same age and type as the celebrated "Gibraltar skull" discovered at Forbes quarry in the 1840s and now at the College of Surgeons museum, and according to a conservative estimate it is probably not less than 20,000 years old.

Sword That Opened Way Into Florida, 1565, Back

New York.—The sword that led the way of civilization into Florida, came back to America recently, after an absence of more than three centuries.
The sword is that carried by Pedro Menendez de Aviles, Spanish mariner, who founded St. Augustine in 1565. It was carried down a gangplank from the liner Manuel Armas by Cesar de Madariaga, royal commissioner general from Spain to the Sesquicentennial exhibition at Philadelphia. The weapon, with a blade 3 1/2 feet long, has been in the Naval museum at Madrid since its owner died.
With the sword came a collection of tapestries and Spanish art, valued at \$30,000,000, all to be exhibited in the Andalusian pavilion at the sesquicentennial.

# The Baird Star.

BAIRD, TEXAS

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W. E. GILLILAND,  
Editor and Proprietor

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

IN CALLAHAN COUNTY	
One Year	\$1.50
Six Months	.80
Three Months	.50

OUTSIDE OF CALLAHAN COUNTY	
One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.25
Three Months	.75

(Payable in Advance)

## ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertising, per inch.....	25c
Local Advertising, per line.....	5c
(Minimum Charge 25)	
Legal Advertising, per line.....	5c
All Advertising Charged by the week	

The weather is too hot in August to continue the hot contest in the governor's race. Let the politicians and candidates fight it out among themselves if they want to.

The second primary is often called a run-off. Then the proper name for the first primary this year, judging from results in the governor's race would be a "run-away."

Plenty of campaign funds and able political leaders to handle it judicially, is mighty hard to beat. The last state primary is not the first time, by several, that we went up against that kind of a brace game.

At any rate Speaker of the House, Lee Satterwhite and R. L. Bobbett, both members of the Legislature were perfectly willing to let the public believe that they had contributed to Moody's Campaign fund until it was learned they had violated a law, both had helped make.

We do not see that there is anything new to be said in the governor's race, if there is to be one, certainly nothing that will be likely to change many votes, but Texas voters are becoming so fickle that no one can count on what may happen. We recall that Colquitt lead Culberson for the senate some ten years ago, by some 40000 votes and was defeated by Culberson by 60000 majority. Strange to say with three strong candidates out of the race Colquitt did not receive as many votes in the run-off as he received in the first primary. We have never understood how that happened. Colquitt does however, and that is one reason we suspect, why he is fighting Jim Ferguson so hard today. He blamed Ferguson for his defeat and has not forgotten it.

There are 252 organized counties in Texas and Lynch Davidson carried three of them, all were small voting strength, and all West Texas counties Lynch lost his own county, Harris, to Dan Moody by a vote of 3236 to 22508 for Moody. Even Mrs. Ferguson beat Lynch in his own county by over 5000 votes. Mrs. Ferguson lost her home county, Bell, to Moody by 1036 votes. Dan Moody carried his own county, Williamson, and every home county of his five opponents. Probably this has never before happened in any race of governor in Texas.

Talking about sprinter's, Congressman Blanton, of Abilene, is some Sprinter himself. He carried every county in his congressional district, beat his opponent, Judge Smith 2 to 1 in his own county, Burnett.

## OFFICIAL COUNT OF VOTES

The Democratic State Convention met in Dallas and tabulated the official returns from the primary election. The vote for governor with two counties missing: Edwards and Gray, was: Moody, 409,732; Ferguson 283,482; Davidson 122,449; Zimmerman, 2,962; Wilms, 1,580; Johnson, 1,029. Moody lacked 1770 votes of a majority.

The committee refused to entertain a motion to disqualify Moody as a candidate in the second primary, but allowed the paper's filed. The names of Dan Moody and Mrs. Miriam Ferguson were named as candidates in the run-off. It was not definitely stated whether Mrs. Ferguson would go into the 2nd primary in view of her statement on July 26th that she accepted the result of the first primary and would not be a candidate in the

Run-off, but the opinion at Dallas was that she would now contest with Moody, August 28th. One consolation is that the campaign will be short, and hot. The weather is too hot to engage in another hot contest and likely the vote will be considerably less than in July. Two other contests for state offices will be decided August 28th: For Attorney General: Allred and Pollard; For State Treasurer: Hatcher and Ball.

## VALIDATING ROAD BONDS

Two notices appear in The Star giving notice of application to have enacted special laws to validate the District and bonds issued by these districts at the coming called session of the Legislature, September 13th. We hope that no mistake will be made in this matter. That the Legislature has power to so amend the Road Law as to meet the objection of the federal courts on all future bond issues, we do not doubt but we seriously doubt the authority of the Legislature either in called or regular session to validate bonds already issued. The court held that these bonds were illegally issued therefore void, consequently these districts and bonds stand today as though the District had never been created and the bonds just as though they had never been issued. Now the question is, has the Legislature the power to create road districts and vote bonds on the district at the same time. We do not believe that the legislature has the power to validate these road bonds in such a manner. If the people are allowed to vote on the bonds after the District has been created that may stand the test. The one safe way as we see it is to amend the constitution empowering the Legislature to do what evidently they are going to try to do in the called session.

We are as anxious to have these district bonds validated as any one but we are afraid that a blunder of some kind is liable to be made that will queer the whole business. We are told that eminent bond lawyers that pass upon ninety percent of Texas bonds approve the laws to be enacted also that the Attorney General, Department approved them. Well did not these bond lawyers and Attorney General approve these bonds when issued and the courts held the bonds void because the law conflicted with the Federal Constitution, consequently the opinion of these bond lawyers and state officials must be accepted with great caution. They are not infallible as their acts heretofore is proven provided the court decision is correct, and who has any authority to call that decision in question? No one.

We do not want any mistake made but fear that something of the kind may happen. Validating bonds already issued is not as easy as some people may imagine and in this case more so because of a federal question arising.

Addition of a department of gospel music and the enlargement of the departments of the religious education and business administration, has been announced for the fall term of Simmons University, Abilene, which begins September 15.

The development of the departments of gospel music and religious education has resulted from a constantly increasing demand in almost every community for trained teachers in religious work and for education and music directors for churches. The courses in these departments will include training in all branches of religious education work and in theory and voice training for gospel music and hymn playing.

The department of business administration is intended to better prepare young men and women for business careers. Eleven courses will be offered during the year in these departments, which will include typwriting, principles of economics, stenography, investment, money and banking, office training, theory and practice in accounting, psychology of advertising, and other courses.

The summer session of Simmons University will close August 18, at which time 34 students will receive their degrees. There were 85 graduates at the spring commencement, making a total of 119 graduates for the year.

As a result of the prospects for a bumper crop throughout the entire west, Simmons is expecting the largest enrollment in the history of the institution. The enrollment last year was 1,262.

C. E. Smith, of Cisco, who has charge of the Baird office of the West Texas Utilities Company during the absence of C. W. Porter, is an old Callahan County boy, born and raised at Putnam. We did not know this until in a conversation with him one day this week. Like all Callahan boys, he seems to be making good; at any rate we know that he understands his business, and he is accommodating and pleasant in dealing with customers

## NOTICE SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas,  
County of Callahan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## SHE WON

A few short months ago a lady, accompanied by a friend, came into the office, Byrne Commercial College Dallas, just to make some inquiry about a course in Shorthand and Typing. After securing from the secretary the information desired she was still reluctant and undecided for the reason that she feared she would not be able to find employment after finishing. She being a widow with two small children and none too much of the worldly goods, would naturally hesitate to be out the money necessary through the persuasion and encouragement of her friend and the assurance of the secretary that she should have no difficulty in finding a position, and that their employment department would assist her, she made the start. She graduated in just two months and good in every department of the work. Just about that time a gentleman from one of the large construction firms, handling large jobs, running into the millions, came into the Byrne Commercial College Employment office in search of a stenographer and secretary. He stated that it was his custom to employ help from the open market just like he bought material. We sent him this lady and one other for interview. He had many applicants of all degrees of experience, but only tried out twenty-five out of which number he selected three for final decision, two of which were the two we sent and in the final test, our student referred to above was given the place and has "made good." She is now on the road to independence, for herself and her babies. She praises the Byrne Commercial College and its Employment Department and justly so, but she was a good student and we are proud of her. We could relate many similar instances. Why should you hesitate or fear the attempt? Start out now to find a business position and what will happen you will be asked, "What can you do? -keep books, typewrite, know shorthand or office work?" Unless you know business, business has no place for you. Yet business offers never ending promotion to the thoroughly trained for business.

Write Byrne Commercial College, Dallas, Texas for the finest and most interesting catalogue ever published on commercial work. 371t.

Miss Louise Thaxton, who with a party of friends, has been on a three weeks trip to Cuba, Porto Rico and Panama, landed at New Orleans yesterday according to a message to her sister, Mrs. J. H. McGowan. Miss Thaxton, attended the first summer session of the State University at Austin. She will return to Austin for a short stay before going to Wichita Falls, her home; Miss Thaxton, reports a fine trip.

## SUN VARIABLE STAR, SCIENTIST ASSERTS

### Measure Changes in Energy From Orb to Earth.

Washington.—The sun is a variable star. This central fire of the planetary system does not glow with a steady heat but flickers from day to day and from year to year, and the vagaries of our earthly weather must depend at least partly on the sun's variations. This opinion, which has been supported for many years by Dr. C. G. Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution, finds new support in evidence produced by a new system he has devised for measuring and recording the changes in the energy reaching the earth from the sun.

Doctor Abbot calls attention to the work of H. H. Clayton, who has announced that he finds variations of weather caused by solar changes. But many meteorologists have not been convinced that the sun really varies. They fear that the complicated measurements of Doctor Abbot, hindered as they are by the haziness and humidity of the earth's atmosphere, are not conclusive. The variability which he reports, they suggest, may all be due to unavoidable atmospheric sources of error.

### Announces a Direct Test.

Doctor Abbot now announces a very direct test that should settle the question. Although it is impossible to do the measuring from a point outside the atmosphere, yet it is possible to select times when the transparency and other affecting qualities of the air are closely alike, and the sun stands at equal height above the horizon. At such times the solar heating should vary only if the sun does.

Selecting the month of July in the years 1910 to 1920 for his test, he collected results observed on Mount Wilson for all days of practically constant atmospheric conditions. The average monthly values thus selected he compared with those obtained by the usual process and heretofore published. He also compared them with the average monthly numbers of sun spots. The three curves that express his results run along very closely together. They show that the sun's heating in July, 1917, averaged over 2 per cent above that of July in 1910 and 1911. Correspondingly, the sun spot numbers were 117 in July, 1917, and only 14 and 3, respectively, in July 1910 and 1911.

Not content with this proof of the reality of long-range solar changes, Doctor Abbot rearranged the measures in a way to test short-interval solar variation. For this purpose he picked out from the new data all the days that gave high values of solar heating, and all those which give low ones. The average excess value for 51 high days was plus 1.43 per cent, and the average defect for 51 low days was minus 1.47.

### Range Not So Great.

The same days, as already published four years ago, indicated on the average plus 0.51 and minus 0.42 per cent, respectively. Thus the days shown above normal by the new method of selecting times of equal atmospheric clearness had already been shown as above normal by the usual process, and vice versa. Of course the range as formerly published could not be so great, because the errors of observation could not be expected to fall the same in the two sets of data. Some days would be high and some low, not because of the sun's condition, but because the small observational errors helped to make them so.

Doctor Abbot's new method, he hopes, may be convincing of the sun's real variability. This will make all the more important and interesting his establishment under the joint auspices of the National Geographic Society and the Smithsonian Institution of a new solar observatory on Brukkaros mountain in southwest Africa. This site he selected last March after studying on the ground conditions in Algeria and Baluchistan. The mountain is 5,200 feet high in a desert where the yearly rainfall averages only 3 1/2 inches. Roads and construction are rapidly going ahead under the supervision of A. Dryden, Inspector of public works for the government of southwest Africa. The complex apparatus required has been prepared and the expedition is expected to go forward soon in care of W. H. Hoover, director, and F. A. Greeley, assistant.

## Religious Bodies' Wealth Placed at Three Billion

Washington.—The total wealth of all religious organizations in the United States in 1922 is estimated at \$3,271,558,000 on a basis of returns received by the federal commission. The study is part of a voluminous report on national wealth and income made in response to a senate resolution. The wealth of the religious organizations, it is disclosed, is slightly more than 2 per cent of the total estimated wealth of the country.

The largest single religious denomination, both in property and in membership, is the Roman Catholic church. Its membership embraced 85 per cent of the estimated entire church membership of the country in 1922. The estimated value of its church property represented 28 per cent of the total church property. In proportion to its size, however, the Protestant Episcopal church is the wealthiest of all, its church property being estimated at a value of \$228 a member.

# Can You Guess?

You couldn't guess how many beans the jar contained, but you ought to be able to guess how many towels in our window. Just one kind of a towel—a large 22x24 Bath Towel. The lady guessing the nearest to the number in the window receives the premium. That ought to be easy—try your luck next

SATURDAY—IT'S FREE

We will also sell you 50c Silk Stripe Shirting for	33c
Ladies' Silk Hose for	39 and 89c
40c Dotted Voile for	19c
Flowered Voiles for	13c
Yard Wide Percale	13 1-2c
Wilson Golf Balls	47c

It will pay you to come to see us

## BLACK'S STORE

Dry Goods, Shoes and Variety Goods  
Phone 140 Baird, Texas

## Simmons University

ABILENE, TEXAS

Jefferson D. Sandefer, LL. D., President

More than a Million Dollars Invested In The  
Training of Young Men and Women

### SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Standard Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts Degrees offered. Certificates granted on completion of freshman year. Special Training in Business Administration, Pre-Law and Pre-Medic Courses, Domestic Art and Science for women, including Home Nursing. Affiliated with the Texas Association of Colleges. Membership in Texas State Oratorical Association, Texas Intercolligiate Press Association, and with the Texas Conference in Athletics

### SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

Beautiful Caldwell Fine Arts Building, Specially Designed, Arranged and Equipped for Instruction in Fine Arts. Courses in ART VOICE, VIOLIN, PIANO, SPEECH ARTS. Special Department in GOSPEL MUSIC

Registration for Fall Term begins September 15th

Hall accommodations for both Men and Women. Send \$5.00 for reservation. Write for new catalogue, addressing the

BURSER or REGISTRAR  
SIMMONS UNIVERSITY  
Abilene, Texas

## M. E. KOSSEE Expert Watchmaker

Located at Baird Drug Company

## Saving by Checking

It would be interesting to know how much money the American people save in a year by carrying Check Books in place of cash, which is so easily lost or stolen.

You, too, can avoid losses by leaving your money in this good bank and paying it out by means of a Checking Account.

## THE First National Bank

CAPITAL \$ 50,000.00  
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$ 25,000.00

1884—The Old Established Bank—1884  
BAIRD, TEXAS

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Tom Windham, President	W. S. Hinds, Cashier
Henry James, Vice President	Bob Norrell, Assistant Cashier
Ace Hickman, Vice President	W. A. Hinds
	A. R. (Rod) Kelton

## Smart New Rumble Seat For Sport Roadster

Rumble seats are justly popular. They add a smart, rakish touch to roadster lines, and increase the carrying capacity by two passengers.

That Dodge Brothers Sport Roadster now provides this convenience, will be welcome news to thousands.

Like the main seat it is deeply upholstered in gray Spanish genuine leather, and the seat back is high and well pitched, providing unusual comfort.

When closed, the rear compartment is absolutely waterproof, even in rainiest weather.

Ample space is provided behind the main seat for golf clubs, suit cases, tennis rackets and similar luggage.

Brilliant pheasant green lacquer body and hood, strikingly in contrast with the tan top, black fenders and full special equipment, complete a general color scheme of exceptional dash and charm.

Sport Roadster	\$1015.00
Touring Car	921.00
Coupe	972.00
Sedan	1031.00

(Delivered)

KEELAN-NEILL MOTOR CO.  
Phone 169 Baird, Texas

## DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS



## New Fall Hats

Miss Day has just returned from Market with a complete line of

### Beautiful Fall Hats

and invites you to call and see them

## MISS DAY'S HAT SHOP

## Don't Talk of Impossibilities

The automobile—the aeroplane—moving pictures—wireless telegraphy are evidences of what can be accomplished.

Just so with a bank account. You can make it larger by believing in bigger to-morrows. All you need to do is open an account. You are earning so much, at least 10 per cent should be laid aside. Let us help you. We offer you our service as a bank. Call and see us.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

## FIRST STATE BANK BAIRD, TEXAS

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

E. L. Finley, President	T. E. Powell, Vice President
F. L. Driskill, Cashier	H. Ross, Vice President
E. D. Driskill, Assistant Cashier	P. G. Hatchett, Vice President

M. Barnhill, C. B. Snyder

### CLASSIFIED ADS

See Mrs. W. O. Wylie for flowers for funerals and etc. From the Philpot Florist, Abilene. 36-2tpd.

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

WIND MILL—Sft steel windmill, 49 barrel cypress tank, 75 ft. of 2in. galvanized pipe, 75 ft. pump rod, for sale, 3 miles North of Cottonwood, J. G. Varner, Box 475, Baird, Texas 33-tf.

SURVEYORS COMPASS—For sale Miss Willie Floyd, 1833 South 5th st. Abilene, wants to sell the compass her father, the late T. H. Floyd used while surveyor of Callahan county, perhaps a surveyors chain also, write Miss Floyd at above address. 33-tf.

PIANOS—I have in the vicinity of Baird, 2 new Kimbell Pianos, also 2 new Starr Players, that I will sell at a discount, rather than re-ship. Also have several good used pianos, in good shape, \$75.00 and up. Write at once. Your own terms. S. B. McCawley, 1011 North 22nd., St. 22-4tpd. Waco, Texas.

AGENT WANTED IN BAIRD TERRITORY. Sworn proof of \$75 per week. \$1.50 an hour for spare time. Introducing Finest Guaranteed Hosiery. 126 styles and colors. Low prices. Auto furnished. No capital or experience necessary. WILKNIT HOSIERY COMPANY Dept. M-85 GREENFIELD, OHIO. 34-4t.

#### LAND FOR SALE

160 acres of land on Bank-Head Highway, fairly well improved plenty of wood and water, small orchard. No trade. Ask no questions unless you mean business. W. F. Pearson, 26-2tpd. Baird, Texas.

FOR SALE—A Kitchen Cabinet and two 9x12 Rugs. See Mrs. R. F. Jones at Mrs. H. N. Ebert's. Phone, 261. 37-1t.

#### POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

For Tax Assessor:  
C. W. CONNER, Baird.  
R. J. (Ray) BOEN, Rowden.

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

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. D. Grounds and Mr. and Mrs. Arvil Green returned from Kansas City where they visited their daughter, Mrs. Wooden, who was recently attacked by a burglar in her home. She recovered from the collars and with her daughter, Miss Ruby, are expected on visit here on August 23rd.

#### To Head University Named for Commoner



F. E. Robinson has been chosen as president of the proposed Memorial university in memory of the late William Jennings Bryan, which is to be established in Dayton, Tenn., the scene of the great Commoner's last and most important fight for his principles. The university will be financed by popular subscription and endowment.

### PERSONALS

Mrs. J. B. Cutbirth's beautiful home in East Baird is near completion.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Beck returned Sunday from a visit with relatives in Hale county.

Mrs. W. R. Wade has returned from a visit with her daughter in Albany.

Mrs. C. M. Mills and daughter, Francis left Sunday for Galveston to spend a few days.

Mrs. Frank Kilbourne and baby, of Beaumont, are visiting her sister, Mrs. Aaron Bell and other relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Holmes have returned home from Kopperl, where they went to attend the funeral of Mrs. S. M. Greer, mother of Mrs. Holmes.

Mr. M. E. Kosse and expert watch maker, from Dallas is now located at the Baird Drug Company. See his ad in this issue.

Mrs. Terrell Perdue and baby, of Putnam, visited her mother, Mrs. Ella Foster, the first of the week.

Miss Inez Bennett, returned to Abilene Monday morning to resume her studies in Draughon's Business College, after spending a few days at home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dyer and children and Miss Lillian Blakely, left the first of the week for a months auto trip to Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bowls and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Ogily, left Tuesday on an auto trip to Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Bill Evans and Clyde White, of Baird, and Fred Hyser, of Putnam, attended the 17th. District Meeting of the American Legion, at Ballinger, last Sunday.

R. F. Jones has sold his residence near the public school building, to Bryant Bennett, and is building a modern bungalow, just west of the old home. Mr. Tyson, has the contract.

Mrs. T. P. Bearded and son's Fabian and Frank, have returned from Fort Worth, where the boys took a summer course in Draughon's Business College.

Mrs. Don C. Carter, little daughter, and son, Haynie and Don Jr., are visiting Mrs. Carters' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland. They have been visiting relatives in Wichita the past week.

Mrs. E. C. Hill and daughters, Misses Ruby and Lucille, who have been visiting Dr. V. E. Hill and family in Baird and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hill, on the ranch, south of Baird, for some time, left yesterday for El Paso and other points west.

J. Brice Jones, Carrier on Rt. No. 1, accompanied by Mrs. Jones and children, and his mother, Mrs. W. B. Jones, left Monday evening for Truscott and Kress, where they will visit relatives for several days. Joe Leach is substitute Carrier during Mr. Jones absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Isbell, of Plainsview and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Asbury and children, of Big Springs spent several days the past week with Mr. and Mrs. John Asbury. Mrs. W. C. Asbury and other relatives here. Mr. Isbell is a brother of Mrs. W. C. Asbury.

Our old time friend, R. A. St. John formerly of Cottonwood-Baird, and for many years a citizen of Cisco, made The Star office a pleasant call yesterday. We do love to meet these old time friends like Saint, because they are becoming fewer as the years roll by. We were glad to see Saint looking to be in better health than when we last met. May his shadow never grow less.

### CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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



## Men's Summer Pants

We have just received a shipment of Men's Pants, suitable for the hot Summer days. Be sure to see them before the sizes are broken

## Summer Goods on Sale

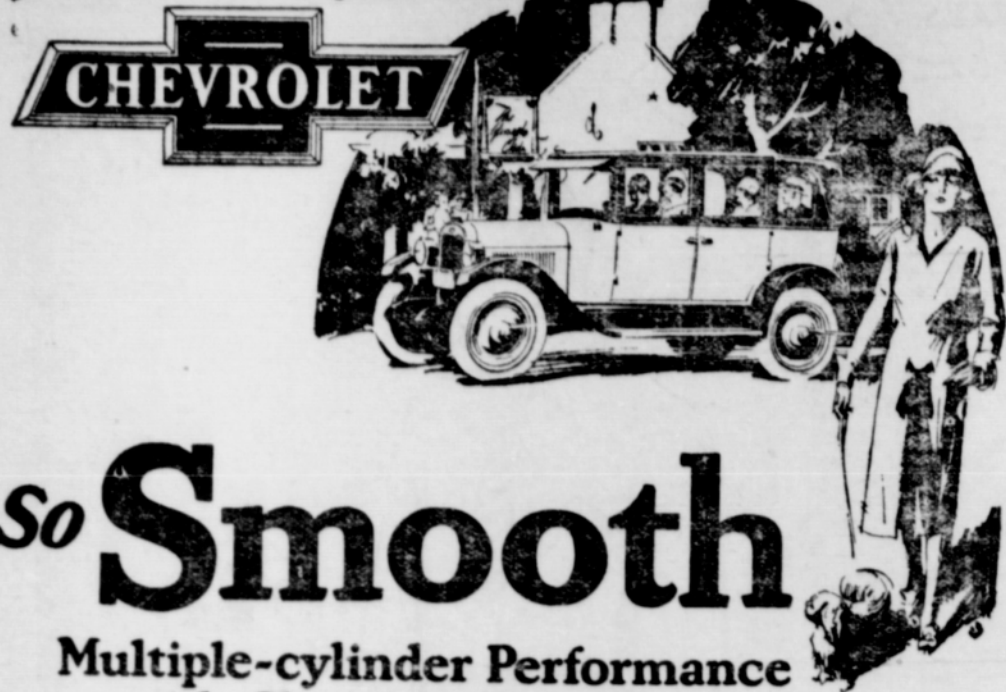


We have a wonderful reduction on our Summer Piece Goods, such as Rayons, Flaxons, Voiles and Prints. This is a good opportunity to choose patterns to finish the Summer with while the prices are exceedingly low.

## B. L. BOYDSTUN

The Place Where It Pays You to Trade

for Economical Transportation



# So Smooth

Multiple-cylinder Performance with Chevrolet Economy

Never before has any automobile enjoyed such spectacularly increased popularity!

Never before has any low priced car offered such brilliantly swift acceleration—such velvety operation at every speed—such an abundance of alert, responsive power under such effortless control!

Because it completely answers the public demand for multiple cylinder performance and smart appearance combined with strictest economy, today's Chevrolet represents one of the greatest engineering

and manufacturing achievements in twenty-six years of automotive history!

Come in and get behind the wheel of the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history, the car which has created an entirely new idea of driving luxury, combined with economy of purchase and ownership!

A single drive, and you will see for yourself that no other car of comparable cost offers an equally impressive combination of quality construction, modern design, modern appearance and modern performance

--- at these  
**Low Prices!**

Touring	\$510
Coach	\$645
Four Door Sedan	\$735
Landau	\$765
1/2-Ton Truck	\$375
1-Ton Truck	\$495

All prices f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

## RAY'S GARAGE

Phone 33

Baird, Texas

World's Lowest Priced Gear-shift Trucks

### FISH TALES BACKED BY RARE SPECIMENS

Museum Party Collects Deep-Sea Denizens.

Charleston, S. C.—Fish tales, the kind that are sometimes taken with a little salt, are being told here, backed by proof, however, in the form of a collection of hundreds of species gathered by the schooner Blossom on its recent scientific cruise.

The Blossom traveled 20,000 miles seeking specimens of pelagic littoral and island life for the Cleveland museum. Of the more than 12,000 collected, 5,000 were forms of bird life and the next largest collection consisted of fish.

Headed by Capt. George F. Simmons, the expedition spent 31 months gathering the specimens. Sharks, the gently barracuda, bonitos, tunny fish, yellow-tail jacks, flying fish, needle fish, skippers, half beaks and grunts were only a few of the hunters' prey.

Among the interesting specimens brought back is the Portuguese man of war, known to science as a siphonophore. The fish possesses tentacles speckled with microscopic bombs which explode when they land on its victim, and fire minute harpoons, injecting an acid poison into the flesh. Harpoon "Sea Devil."

The "sea devil" or "vampire of the sea," closely resembling the stingaree of these waters, was harpooned by the Blossom. It has been known to pull the weight of a vessel after running afoul of the anchor chain. One blow from one of the wings, which extend as much as twelve feet from tip to tip can stave in a whaleboat.

The Blossom encountered cat sharks, brown, blue and deep-sea blue sharks, and obtained several excellent specimens of them, including some newly born aboard ship. Man-eating sharks, known as tigers or great white sharks, were rarely met.

Several specimens of the deadly barracuda were secured. These are the only fish the South American natives dread.

With two fangs, measuring an inch, jutting out from jaws of from eight to ten inches long, the barracuda is equipped to feed upon any flesh it meets. It is from two to four feet long as a rule and attains a maximum weight of seventy-five pounds.

Capture Golden Dolphin.

Other fish caught included the golden dolphin, of changing hues, and the oceanic bonito, reputed to be the fastest inhabitant of the ocean. One flip of its tail is said to be sufficient to carry its torpedo-shaped body a distance of 100 feet or more.

Mid-ocean fishing did not prove very productive and most of the specimens were caught near islands in the South Atlantic.

### Firm Ruined as "Frog Crop" Is Only Toads

Sacramento, Calif.—How the inability of an individual in New Orleans, La., to distinguish between a toad and a bullfrog wrecked a budding California industry is revealed in a letter received by the state department of agriculture from Prof. Silas Wentworth of Los Gatos, Calif. He writes in part:

"At Los Gatos, a company was formed to propagate frogs for the market. A shipment of the American bullfrog was ordered from New Orleans.

"The company borrowed a large sum of money to build netted runways and more land was purchased to keep the millions of young. An estimate showed that the company would market at least 1,000,000 frogs.

"An advertising campaign was just about to be launched when it was discovered the stock sent from New Orleans was toads instead of frogs, and the company went 'broke.'"

### Dog Population of U. S. Estimated at 7,000,000

Washington.—Estimating the dog population of the United States at approximately 7,000,000, the Department of Agriculture admitted that it does not attempt to predict the value of this live stock. "It is composed," said an announcement, "of animals with mixed or mongrel ancestry and canine aristocrats whose known parentage traces back through generations of pure-bred stock."

About 60 breeds of dogs are considered of enough consequence to be given a classification in the dog world. Only 35 of this number, however, are of sufficient importance in this country to warrant inclusion in Farmers' Bulletin 1491-F, Breeds of Dogs, just issued by the bureau of animal industry. A copy of the bulletin may be obtained from the department.

### More Rain and Cold Than Sun in "Sunny" Italy

Rome, Italy.—Southern and central Italy's proverbial sunniness have become somewhat of a jest as a result of the constant drizzle and biting cold rain which have been falling for several weeks. Rome itself is beginning to present an astonishing spectacle with its streets filled with pedestrians wearing overcoats and carrying umbrellas.

The oldest inhabitants of southern Italy say that the summer has been unprecedented within their memory. Thousands of vacation seekers have been flocking back from the beach and mountain resorts. The South has been particularly affected, Naples, where the heat is usually intense at this season, was swept by a cold rainstorm.

### NAVAL ENGINEERS INVENT ENGRAVER

New Device Makes Charts and Maps in Metal.

Washington.—A new method of engraving charts and maps in metal has been devised by the United States hydrographic office of the Navy department. This process, the invention of J. H. Larrabee and T. Peter Lampe, engineers of that office, results in increased accuracy and a considerable saving in time, as its operation permits the engineer to compile charts and maps directly on metal printing plates without the necessity of preparing a finished drawing.

This machine, named the Pantograver by its inventors, produces a chart plate from which charts are made which contain oceanographic and topographic features necessary to navigation, these plates being approximately 90 per cent complete when they leave the machine.

As partial evidence of the value of this machine, Mr. Larrabee said, one of its attachments for engraving soundings easily can engrave 4,500 figures in a day, whereas a skilled hand-engraver can engrave only about 300.

Laying an acid-proof etching ground on a highly polished copper plate, the operator sets the instrument for the required reduction and compensation, to make allowance for any distortion of the tracing original, due to paper shrinkage, moisture or other causes. Carefully following the design on the data print, the operator transfers the design by the pantograph principle to the copper plate by means of a diamond point, varying the depth and width of the lines by weights supported by this engraving tool.

Although there are a few symbols which the machine cannot insert, it was pointed out such as bluffs and sand beaches, it is possible to attain absolute uniformity in the various symbols used in navigation as well as in the lettering, another of its ingenious devices being a method of inserting lettering on a curved line.

### Plane's Right to Fly Over Farm Upheld

Lincoln, Neb.—A temporary injunction to prevent an aircraft corporation's planes from flying over the premises of Emil Glatt, whose farm adjoins the flying field, has been denied by District Judge Stewart.

In addition to the injunction Glatt asked \$10,000 damages. He complained that noise of the airplane motors frightened his chickens, disturbed his rest, produced nervousness and was detrimental to his general health.

### HOARD OF GOLD UNDER GOTHAM

"Real U. S. Treasury" 85 Feet Below Sea.

New York.—The "real treasury of the United States" is in New York, and not Washington. It is in the Federal Reserve Bank building in the financial district, 85 feet below the floors of which are great stacks of gold bullion.

President Louis Borno of Haiti saw the shining hoard on his recent visit here, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Marvelous! One's feelings cannot be put into words." He and the party with him were guided by Pierre Jay, president of the Federal Reserve bank.

An elevator took the party to "Level E," which, Mr. Jay explained, was the lowest of five subsurface floors, given over to the storage of bullion. It is 50 feet below tide-water. The party halted at iron-grilled doors while guards peered out, and other watchmen inspected all corridors preliminary to opening the door.

When it was swung open President Borno entered, then looking around, asked, "But where is the gold?"

"On the other side of this steel wall, which is ten feet thick," replied Mr. Jay.

The only entrance to the vault proper, he pointed out, was through a vertical section of steel, shaped like a cylinder, and weighing ten tons. The cylinder rotated, disclosing a slot the width of a man's shoulders, through which the party passed.—Another heavy door of one-inch steel bar was in the inner vault. Through still another set of heavy steel grills he gazed at treasure enough to stock ten Treasure Islands, or buy out a hundred Captain Kidds.

A few minutes earlier in the counting department he had seen great piles of bills of all denominations rising in bales to the ceiling, and Mr. Jay explained: "Here is some of the gold in back of those bills."

President Borno gazed for minutes at the long ingots from South Africa, the flatter ingots from the London house of Rothschilds, the heavy bars of the United States treasury, long banks of yellow, gleaming brightly under high-power electric lights.

"The wealth of the United States!" was his only remark.

### 1,200 Tons of New Paper Money Made Every Year

Washington.—Twelve hundred tons of paper money is being manufactured each year by the United States government to supply the needs of the country. In 12 months approximately 1,000,000,000 new pieces of paper money are put into circulation. The same number are worn out each year. The life of a dollar bill is estimated at six months, or shorter than ever before in history.

The use of paper money in this country has increased three-fold during the last 15 years. At the same time the government has been seeking ways and means of increasing the life of paper money. Paper which is 100 per cent stronger than the present standard is to be put into use soon.

The cost of the annual replacement of paper money is estimated at \$4,000,000. The life of paper money is steadily decreasing, the government reports, due to increased circulation and greater carelessness in handling it.

### Kept Alive 30 Hours by Artificial Breathing

Norfolk, Va.—Artificial respiration administered by friends kept R. H. Stephens, aged thirty, chief pharmacist's mate, stationed at the Naval hospital, Portsmouth, alive for more than thirty hours after he was apparently drowned in Lake Colerain, near Ashokle, N. C., but he succumbed later in the Naval hospital after his companions had rushed him back for medical attention by motor and train.

Stephens, who was prominent in naval athletics, with his wife and two hospital corpsmen, J. E. Hunt and J. J. Mitchell, and two young women, set out for a day's excursion in North Carolina.

After lunch the group went for a swim in Lake Colerain. Stephens, a good swimmer, was seen to throw up his arms some distance from the other group and called for help.

### A Crying Need

Philadelphia.—One crying need of the times is a pronoun meaning either he or she. Dr. Josiah H. Pennington, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, wants such a word coined, as the increasing number of girls at colleges and in business causes awkward circumlocutions.

### Man 77 Years Old Hikes 16,000 Miles

Vancouver, B. C.—W. A. Chapman, seventy-seven, arrived here recently after completing a hike of 16,000 miles, which he began July 10, 1923, for a \$5,000 prize. He finished his task with two years to spare. Chapman left Milwaukee May 27, 1924, on the last lap of his jaunt and then continued through Florida, North Carolina and West Virginia. There he turned north, passing through Indiana and Ohio and entered Canada at Fort Francis. He lives in Millington, Conn.

### U. S. WEALTH 353 BILLIONS IN 1922

Trade Commission Reports Increase of 72 Per Cent Since 1912.

Washington.—National wealth in 1922 is placed at \$353,000,000,000 and national income for 1923 at \$70,000,000,000 in a special report by the federal trade commission, made public in response to a senate resolution.

While the increase in wealth between 1912 and 1922, measured in dollars, amounted to 72 per cent, the commission says, the real increase would be 46 per cent, allowing for changes in purchasing power of the dollar, and would compare with about 15 per cent increase in population.

Some 35 per cent of the total wealth was in land values and the aggregate of real estate, land and improvements, was \$230,000,000,000, of which \$43,000,000,000 was tax exempt as government owned, federal, state or municipal. More than one-fourth of the total was in dwellings "and other goods used for personal necessities and enjoyment," the summary added. Agriculture accounted for 18 per cent, mining and manufacturing 14 per cent, and railroads and other public utilities, 12 per cent.

Less Concentration of Wealth. In estimating distribution of wealth among individuals, the commission examined 43,000 probate records in twenty-four typical counties and also estimated unprobated estates.

"On this basis," the commission's summary says, "about 1 per cent of the number of decedents owned 59 per cent of the estimated wealth and 12 per cent of the number of decedents owned over 90 per cent."

During the period under consideration, 1912 to 1922, the commission found diminished concentration of wealth in the later years.

"In counties having a city of more than 50,000 population," it notes, "the average estate was larger and the concentration of wealth greater."

As to ownership of natural resources in 1922, the summary says that "six companies controlled about one-third of the developed water power, eight companies three-fourths of the unmined anthracite coal; two companies over one-half of the iron ore reserves, four companies nearly one-half of the copper reserves and thirty companies about one-eighth of the petroleum reserves."

Railroads Lead Industries. Book value on Treasury department records of corporation wealth was placed at \$102,000,000,000, of which 34 per cent was held by manufacturing concerns, metal producers being the most important.

"The railroad companies had a greater amount of wealth than any other single industry and much the largest average amount per company," it is added.

The commission found ownership of corporations widely distributed. It examined returns from 4,307 corporations with an aggregate capital stock of \$9,000,000,000 and 1,047,851 holdings of common stock, 90 per cent of which was in the hands of individuals and only 1.1 per cent held by corporations.

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

#### East Bound Trains

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

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### HYDRAULIC MINING IS BEING REVIVED

Project to Wash Out \$600,000,000 in Gold Dust.

Sacramento, Calif.—A California giant, shackled for 42 years, is beginning to show signs of recovery. The giant is hydraulic mining, shackled by the Sawyer injunction, and the \$600,000,000 in gold, estimated to be in the gravels of Sierra, Plumas, Nevada, Placer, Eldorado, Mariposa and Calaveras counties, is in a fair way toward being recovered.

This is the statement made by Lloyd L. Root, state mineralogist, who reports that efforts are being made to revive hydraulic mining in California in such a way as to protect farmers in the valleys and lower streams users from the deluge of debris which, under the old plan, swept downstream, filling channels and raising river beds to the detriment of farmers and others.

Monster dams on the Yuba and tributaries, the Bear and the American rivers, to cost approximately \$50,000,000 and to be of such size that the debris coming downstream will fill only about 10 per cent of the space are contemplated to revive the giant.

For two and a half years engineers have been making surveys and plans for the revival. They have estimated the amount of gold-bearing gravel and found that \$400,000,000 of the \$600,000,000 still in the ground is in the gravel of Sierra, Nevada and Placer counties. Dam sites have been surveyed and other steps taken.

It is proposed to obtain the \$50,000,000 from the United States government as a loan provided for in the Cullenitt act passed in 1903 to provide for the restoration of hydraulic mining in California.

Besides allowing hydraulic mining, the plan, Root says, would take care of flood control and obtain an adequate supply of water for irrigation and power purposes.

"A series of dams will be constructed in the mountains," he declared. "Miners will store the water in the winter months and release it in the summer, just when it is needed downstream."

### France Restores 14,199 Buildings Razed in War

Washington.—France's war reconstruction program, which has required the expenditure of 70,000,000,000 francs, is far advanced with little proposed restoration work remaining to be done this year, the commerce department has been advised by Trade Commissioner Green at Paris.

Some of the accomplishments of the French toward restoring damaged property were outlined in the report. A total of 53,165 kilometers of highways have been repaired out of a total of 58,697 damaged, while 2,301 kilometers of railway lines of local interest have been restored to operation out of a total of 2,408 destroyed.

Of 17,616 public buildings destroyed or damaged, 11,343 have been rebuilt and 2,856 provisionally repaired, and of 8,344 projects of various sorts, connected with highways, railroads and water courses, 6,740 have been restored.

Out of a total of 1,923,479 hectares of land requiring restoration, 1,815,449 had again been placed under cultivation; of 866,844 fixed properties destroyed or damaged, 521,913 have been rebuilt or repaired, of which 364,406 were residences or business quarters; 42,400 temporary homes have been erected with materials left over from the war, and 108,901 temporary wooden homes which were built during or since the war, were still serving as residences.

Operations have been resumed in 8,228 out of 9,332 destroyed or damaged factories, each employing at least ten laborers. Pumping and other work in the mines has been completed in the departments of Nord, Meurthe-et-Moselle and Meuse, but considerable work remains to be done in the department of Pas-de-Calais.

### "A Thing of Beauty Is a Joy Forever"



This is one of the beauty spots of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia. The exposition celebrates the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The view shows the tower o, one of the main exhibit buildings rearing its head up from among the gorgeous landscape which artifice have built around the giant structures which house exhibits from forty-three nations of the world. The Exposition continues until December 1.

### Boy Battles Seal to Save Life of Pet Dog

New York.—The almost boundless affection of a boy for his pet dog, coupled with a fight for life between the dog and a young seal that almost resulted in the drowning of both dog and master, furnished the material for a thrilling afternoon for Nelson Hoelt, fourteen-year-old student, and his dog Dignity Kid.

Dignity Kid and his young master went for a romp along Baker's beach. Just off shore near some rocks a young seal was disputing itself, and Dignity Kid made for the seal. With a joyful yelp he swung onto the seal's starboard flipper.

There was a series of quick canine yelps of pain, then the seal and dog disappeared. In a moment the dog's head appeared above water and he started struggling toward the beach. The seal had fastened its teeth in his hind leg.

Nelson plunged in the surf, armed with a short stick. Unmindful of the facial scratches he received as Dignity Kid's paws struck him while struggling to shake the seal off, Nelson wrapped one arm around the dog and with the stick reached down and made a quick lunge that broke the seal's hold.

Nelson was sixty yards from shore and tiring rapidly. He was unable to make it, but he refused to let go his pet. He called for help.

Jack Bernstein and Louis Texter, both members of Company L, Thirtieth infantry, were swimming at the other end of Baker's beach. They heard the cries and in a moment had both boy and dog ashore.

### Milwaukee Woman Builds Home for Dumb Animals

Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee's stray birds, dogs, cats and all other animals without comfortable quarters and food will find a haven in the new animal home which Miss Lenore H. Cawker, Milwaukee's self-appointed guardian of neglected pets, will erect at her home here this summer. An architect will provide plans for the latest things in kennels, catteries, aviaries, stables, paddocks and cages.

### Radium Hair Tonics Near-Fakes, Says U. S.

Washington.—Most hair tonics, bath compounds, face powders and other patent preparations advertised as containing radium have been found by the Agricultural department to have little or no value because of the radium content.

The department, in making this announcement, also issued a general warning that any patent preparation actually containing an efficacious amount of radium can work great harm, as well as benefit, and therefore should be used with great care.

Action will be taken to prevent shipment of articles falsely advertised as giving the benefits of radioactive products.

Improved Uniform International

## Sunday School Lesson

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

### Lesson for August 15

#### JETHRO'S WISE COUNSEL

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 18:1-27.  
GOLDEN TEXT—To every man his work.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jethro Helps Moses.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jethro Gives Moses Good Advice.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Being Helpers.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Organizing for Service.

I. Jethro's Visit to Moses (vv. 1-6).

1. The occasion (v. 1).

Upon the receipt of the news of the marvelous deliverance of the Israelites from the Egyptians, Jethro went out to meet Moses.

2. The object (vv. 2-4).

It was to bring to Moses his wife and children. When God called him to Egypt to deliver His people Moses did not deem it wise to take his wife and children, therefore left them with his father-in-law.

3. The place (vv. 5, 6).

At Mount Sinai where the Israelites were encamped.

II. Moses' Reception of Jethro (vv. 7-12).

1. He bowed to him and kissed him (v. 7).

Moses not only honored him as his father-in-law, but as a priest of Midian. Jethro, though outside of the covenant people, evidently retained proofs of the true God as Melchisedec before him did.

2. Moses rehearsed to him the wonders which God had wrought through him (v. 8).

It is through the testimony of those who have experienced the wonders of God's grace that men come to know the true God.

3. Jethro's response (vv. 9-12).

(1) He rejoiced for all the goodness which the Lord had done to Israel, whom He had delivered out of the hand of the Egyptians (v. 9).

(2) He blessed the Lord (v. 10). He not only praised the Lord for His deliverance of his son-in-law from the Egyptians, but for the deliverance of the people of Israel from their bondage.

(3) He confessed the supremacy of the Lord (v. 11). He said, "Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods."

(4) He offered sacrifices to God (v. 12). We are unable to determine the degree of intelligence of this worship, but he evidently out of a sincere heart made this offering.

III. The Occasion (vv. 13-18).

1. After Jethro came to Moses he observed how completely Moses' time was taken in judging Israel. When he saw the greatness of the task, he inquired as to why he was doing the work all alone. Moses explained to him that his task was not merely a matter of judging, but of teaching the statutes and laws of God to the people. Jethro recognized Moses' motive, but insisted that his method was not a good one, as it would result in wasting his strength.

2. Jethro's plan (vv. 19-23).

(1) Moses was to be unto the people Godward—to bring their causes unto God and teach them the ordinances and laws, to show them the way wherein they must walk and the work they must do (vv. 19, 20).

(2) Suitable men should be provided as rulers over thousands, hundreds, fifties and tens (v. 21). All great matters should be disposed of by Moses, and all subsidiary matters should be adjudged by these judges.

(3) Qualifications of these subordinate judges (v. 26).

(a) "They were to be 'able men,' that is, men of strength. They must be men of such intellectual power as to enable them to understand the problems presented, and of such will power as to execute the judgments rendered.

(b) "Such as fear God." This is the basis of true strength.

(c) "Men of truth." This means men who are able to discern truth, men who love truth, men who tell the truth.

(d) "Hating covetousness." These men must be haters of unjust gain. The man who is to be a ruler of the people must be free from the suspicion of following his profession because of personal gain.

IV. Moses Accedes to Jethro's Counsel (vv. 24-27).

This common sense advice made a response in Moses' heart. He recognized that God was speaking through Jethro. According to Deut. 1:9-18 the people selected the judges and Moses appointed them. When this work had been done according to Jethro's advice, he took his departure, going into his own land.

### Lesson From the Son of God

The highest service may be prepared for and done in the humblest surroundings, in silence, in waiting, obscure, unnoticed. In years of uneventful, unrecorded duties, the Son of God grew and waxed strong.

### Cure for Indolence

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the arms of doubt.

Improved Uniform International

## Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### Lesson for August 22

#### THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—DUTIES TO GOD

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, with all thy soul and with all thy strength.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Commandments About God.

JUNIOR TOPIC—How to Serve God.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Loving and Honoring God.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—God's Claims to Loving Service.

The Ten Commandments furnish us with the greatest moral code that the world has ever seen.

I. The Preface to the Decalogue (vv. 1, 2).

The Ten Commandments are based upon the truth set forth in the preface. Two great thoughts underlie this. What the Lord is and what He did. What He is is embodied in the name Jehovah-Elohim. The name Jehovah sets forth three great truths, viz.:

1. His all-sufficiency. All that He is and does centers in Himself.

2. His sovereignty. There is no being equal to Him, nor above Him. He is outside of and above every being in the universe. He is immanent and transcendent.

3. His unchangeableness. The "I am that I am" (Ex. 3:14) may be expanded into "I am what I was," "I will be what I am," "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever" (Heb. 13:8). The name Elohim signifies the strong and mighty one. What He did is asserted to be their deliverance from Egyptian bondage.

II. The First Commandment (v. 3).

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me" means literally, "Thou shalt have no other gods before My face." This commandment requires single-hearted worship and service. Every man has his god. It is either the true God or a false god. Life itself with all its activity is worship. The center around which our activities revolve is our God. This commandment may be broken:

1. By living for one's self. If one's activities gather around himself he worships himself and is therefore an idolater.

2. By making pleasure the goal of our lives and spending our time and money for sensual enjoyment.

3. By being covetous (Col. 3:5). Every man who is greedy for gold breaks this commandment.

III. The Second Commandment (vv. 4-6).

The first commandment is directed against false gods. The second is directed against the worship of the true God with false forms. This commandment may be broken:

1. By resorting to the use of crosses and images in our worship.

2. By putting into the place of Christ the pope and following after priestcraft. It should be observed that this commandment is accompanied with a warning and a promise. The warning is that iniquity will be visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation. The promise is that He will show mercy to thousands.

This means that the workings of the same divine law will pass on God's mercy to thousands of generations.

IV. The Third Commandment (v. 7).

The Hebrew word translated "vain" in this prohibition against taking the name of God in vain means lying, deceptive, unreal. Therefore, to take the name of God in vain means to use it in a lying, deceptive and unreal way. The word "root-meaning of which is to be clean, to go unpunished. The meaning, therefore, is that God will not hold such a man to be clean and will not allow him to go unpunished who takes the divine name in a lying and hypocritical way.

The third commandment may be broken:

1. By profanity.

2. By perjury.

3. By levity and frivolity.

4. By hypocrisy, which is professing to live for God when living for self.

V. The Fourth Commandment (vv. 8-11).

The essential principle embodied in this commandment is work and rest. It enjoins work on six days and forbids work on the seventh. The command to work six days is just as binding as the rest on the seventh. Only those who have worked can really rest. This commandment may be broken:

1. By living in idleness.

2. By working on the day set apart for the worship of God.

3. By making it a day of feasting.

4. By devoting it to pleasure and games.

### Trusting in God

An individual heart, which worships God alone, and trusts Him as it should, is raised above all anxiety for earthly wants.—Geikie.

### Every Sin a Mistake

Every sin is a mistake as well as a wrong; and the epitaph for a sinner is: "Thou Fool."—Maclaren.

### Men of Secret Prayer

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### FLOOD-WRECKED LEON INTERESTING PLACE

**Happiest and Busiest City of Mexico.**

Washington.—Nearly a thousand people were reported drowned when a dam broke and a wall of water descended upon Leon, fifth city of Mexico.

"Blotting out of the center of Leon is a serious catastrophe to Mexico," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society from its headquarters in Washington, D. C. "Comparatively it is a greater disaster than the Johnstown or Dayton floods, because Leon is one of the most important manufacturing centers of Mexico.

"Leon's extensive tanneries, cotton and woolen mills, and other manufactures were close to the mountain stream which runs through the town. Gomez, the river is called, and when its waters broke loose it sent a flood through the heart of what has been called 'the happiest and busiest city of Mexico.' Into the wash of the flood the workmen's houses of adobe earth dissolved like lumps of sugar in hot tea.

**Sow and Reap at the Same Time.**

"Citizens of this industrial city cannot be held to account for not guarding against such a menace. After Leon had been swept, in 1888, by a similar flood which drowned 200 people, retaining walls and dikes more than a mile in length were built to protect the city. But apparently these walls could not cope with the rush of water.

"Leon, full name Leon de los Aldamas, is on the main line of the railroad from Mexico City to El Paso, in the westernmost corner of Texas, and has a population of 58,000. It is 250 miles northwest of Mexico City, and therefore lies in the famous Mexican highlands where altitude has denied the rigors of latitude. A region that ought to be steamingly tropical or a hot desert has been elevated to a temperate-zone climate. It is not uncommon to see barley being sown in one field while it is being reaped in the next.

"Leon lies in such a fertile valley that agriculture holds its own easily against the competing demands of mining and manufacturing. Irrigation, however, is at once necessary and picturesque. The fertile valley round about is dotted with small reservoirs mirroring the clear blue skies.

"Citizens of Leon are proud of its industry. 'We are not rich,' they tell travelers, 'but we are workers.' They are proud of La Hormiga (The Ant) the largest tannery in Leon and presumably in Mexico. They grow enthusiastic over the cotton and woolen and silk mills using modern New England machinery. Yet large smoke stacked factories are not to be seen, for two reasons. First, that electric power is the free gift of mountain streams and second, much of the manufacturing is done in the home. The saddles for which Mexico is famous are made largely at Leon. Their beauty lies in the tooling, the embroidery and the intricate silver ornaments. This is a task for the craftsman, and like the craftsman of the Middle Ages, he works, in Leon, at his home.

"Names of the garments made in Leon are new to the average American. Different fashions reign so there is the serape, the robezo, the manta, and the poncho. The robezo is the poor woman's equivalent of the expensive mantilla of the upper classes. The manta is the white cotton garment worn by laborers everywhere. The poncho and serape are woolen shawls which serve as overcoat, blanket or raincoat as the need arises.

**Circuit of Romance.**

"A belle of Leon is very particular that her father shall live somewhere on Leon's street car line. It isn't that she is concerned that her father have easy transportation back and forth to work. It isn't that she worries about bringing the family supplies home from market. Street cars in Leon are vehicles of romance. Despite the Hollywood movie the senior does not come on a prancing mustang to his senorita in this corner of Mexico. He comes by street car.

"Wooing is called 'playing the bear' in Mexico. Once a young blood of most Mexican towns has fixed his fancy on a girl he stands long hours before her house. Sometimes he follows her as she promenades, but at a respectful distance. If his attentions are encouraged he receives an invitation to call with the family present during the session. But in Leon the belles and beaux begin differently. The street car line in the city makes a loop. The beaux, therefore, find it expedient to board a street car and ride past the houses of their beloved. Not once but again and again and round and round. And as the car rolls along, each watches his especial house for a signal. For the girls, of course, the custom introduces a delightful element of expectancy. One never knows just when the street car will round the corner. One never knows whether the 'bear' will be on that car. For the wooers of Leon it has this additional advantage, they get to see all the girls on the circuit."

**Clever These Czechs**

Berlin.—An automobile driven by a Czech in a speedway race looped the loop and kept on racing. It turned a somersault and landed on all fours among the spectators. Nobody was killed just then.

TO THE CITIZENS OF CALLAHAN COUNTY

I understand there is a rumor over the county that I did not pay my 1925 poll tax before January 31, 1926. I am having this poll tax receipt reproduced for the benefit of the citizens of this county to show you that I did pay my poll tax before the above mentioned date. I also have poll tax receipts for the years 1922-1923 and 1924. I refer you to the records of Callahan County in this matter, and if you find that this statement is untrue, I will gladly withdraw from the race for Tax Assessor.

Sincerely yours,  
R. J. (Ray) Boen.

ORIGINAL ROLL B PAGE 10 LINE 6

### Poll Tax Receipt

STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF CALLAHAN

1925 Ward \_\_\_\_\_ Date 1-18 1926

NO. 2090

RECEIVED OF RAY BOEN

Address Rowden, Texas R. F. D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

Precinct No. 1	Age	32	Occupation Farming
	State	32	
	County	32	
	City		Race: White Colored
			Sex: Male Female
			Paid By _____

Agent \_\_\_\_\_

THE SUM OF ONE AND 75-100 DOLLARS IN PAYMENT OF POLL TAX FOR THE YEAR SHOWN ABOVE. THE SAID TAX-PAYER BEING DULY SWORN BY ME SAYS THAT THE ABOVE IS CORRECT ALL OF WHICH I CERTIFY.

By W. P. R. Deputy W. C. White Tax Collector

(Political Advertisement)

**Dr. Chas. E. Harrison**

of the West Texas Optical Clinic, Abilene, Texas, has opened an office in Baird. Why neglect your eyes? I can take care of your eye troubles. Practice limited to Refracting, Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted. Will be in Baird Every Monday. Office with Dr. R. L. Griggs, over the First State Bank.

**RED TOP COLUMBIAN GRAIN BIN**

Thresh right into a Red Top Bin from the header or shock. Its scientific ventilating system cleans grain—improves the quality.

Made of galvanized steel throughout, 24 gauge bottom and side walls and 20 gauge roof. Some design and construction as famous Columbian Style "A" Bin, of which more than 50,000 have been sold. Triple-joint and corrugated side walls give it extra strength. Galvanized roof is heavily coated with metal preservative paint, sprayed on.

At the big value delivered prices—specie, no grain grower can afford to rush to market for want of fire, rot and weather proof storage.

Columbian Steel Tank Company  
1401-1461 W. 12th St. Kansas City, Mo.  
Sold From Stock By

**500 Bu. 1000 Bu.**  
7 ft. x 8 ft. 2 in. 13 ft. 6 in. x 8 ft. 2 in.  
**\$82.00 \$120.00**  
FREIGHT PAID

**SAM H. GILLILAND**  
Baird, Texas.  
Phone 224

**FRESH GROCERIES**

Fancy and Staple Groceries, Fresh and Cured Meats

We now have an experienced butcher and carry a full line of Fresh Meats—home killed.

**FRED I. WRISTEN**  
Phones 215 and 4. Baird, Texas

**M. E. Church, South**  
Public Log at 11 A. M. and Night  
Sunday School 9:45 A. M.

### LEON INTEREST SHOWN IN COUNTY EXHIBITS FOR 1926 STATE FAIR

With enthusiasm already at high pitch as a result of the various activities toward agricultural effort in Texas, keenest interest is manifest in the \$10,000 cumulative premium over a five-year period, offered by the State Fair of Texas, according to J. A. Moore, superintendent of the State Fair agricultural department.

Mr. Moore is convinced that at least sixty Texas counties will enter the State Fair contest, and declares that every section of the state will be represented. This conviction was expressed after visits in East, West, and North Texas counties, following announcement of the county contest.

"County exhibits at the 1926 State Fair," Mr. Moore said, "should prove revelations in every particular. Interest is the keenest I have ever seen it. Those interested in showing the advantages of their several localities, are already vigorously at work gathering every variety of grown product to be placed in the various county exhibits. They are carefully considering the requirements of the score cards and selecting their exhibits accordingly, and in the work of preparing exhibits the matter of attractiveness is also entering to a greater degree than ever before. Even to those who do not appreciate agricultural versatility, the exhibits will prove of paramount interest from an artistic standpoint."

Numbers of counties, Mr. Moore says, are planning "county days" at the State Fair, upon which large delegations will come in and by their numbers and enthusiasm, direct at

which they are particularly interested.

### STATE FAIR MEETING FOR C. OF C. MEN

Saturday, Oct. 16, will be Commercial Executives' Day at the 1926 State Fair of Texas.

According to announcement by John Boswell, of the Southwestern Development Department, Dallas Chamber of Commerce, arrangements have been completed, and a large attendance is expected.

The commercial executives are those hustling, enterprising efficient folk, connected with various chambers of commerce throughout the state, who are constantly striving to bring to the attention of the people outside, the advantages to be found in the several sections of Texas.

Entertainment plans anticipate a luncheon for the visiting secretaries, when the Dallas Chamber of Commerce will be host. Of course a visit to the State Fair is on the program—it wouldn't be complete otherwise.

It is expected that the next meeting place of the Commercial Executives Association will be decided at the State Fair gathering.

### FRIO COUNTY TO SHOW PRODUCTS AT STATE FAIR

News from Pearsall and Dilley, in Frio County, is that the Chambers of Commerce in both those hustling towns, are hard at work, in co-operation with business men, property owners and realty people, on plans for an extensive county exhibit at the 1926 State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 9-24. Dudley F. Bredthauer is making a thorough canvass of the county in the effort to obtain the choicest products to be displayed in the Frio county exhibit.

**Wholesome Food**

**Well Cooked Well Served**

This, with cleanliness courtesy and prompt service makes our restaurant favored both for regular meals and short orders.

**T-P. CAFE**

Day and Night Service  
F. E. Stanley, Prop.  
BAIRD.

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