

The Baird Star.

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

VOLUME NO. 40

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1926

NO. 4



New Improvements In Baird Shallow Field

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

DECEMBER 22, 1926

There is many new improvements and much work going on in the Baird Shallow Field.

No new wells to report, so far this week, and no dry holes.

Moutray Oil Company: John Flores No. 8, and 9, are on the pump and are good producers.

Moutray Oil Company: John Flores No. 10, drilling at 160 feet.

Wolff & Company: Jack Flores No. 3, shut down until after the holidays.

Manhattan Oil Company: A. T. Young No. 9, setting up rig.

J. H. Fulcher: A. E. Walker No. 1, drilling at 730 feet. From the log of the well, will likely hit the pay soon. If this well comes in it will extend the field about two miles south-west.

NEW LOCATIONS

Manhattan Oil Company: A. T. Young, No. 10.

Moutray Oil Company: John Flores No. 11.

Moutray Oil Company: Claude Flores No. 3.

Moutray Oil Company: Jack Flores No. 10.

Consolidated Oil Company: South Hearn Estate, No. 8.

Williams & Company: Ples West No. 1; setting up rig.

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

Tom French No. 1. This location is on the east side of the old Belle Plaine town site, one mile north of the production on the South Hearn estate.

Snee Bold: Berry Bros. No. 1, setting casing at 1630 feet to stop cave-in.

Kizer & Company: Lou Hadley No. 1, drilling at 400 feet.

Valley Oil Company: Ace Hickman No. 5, drilling at 300 feet.

Mississippi Valley Oil Company: R. H. Seale No. 1, drilling at 1000 feet.

THREE NEW POWER PLANTS

J. A. Murphy new Power Plant is in running order.

Manhattan Oil Company's ten thousand dollar plant is in running order.

The Moutray Oil Company's Power Plant No. 3, will be in running order in a few days.

Three new cottages have been finished in the past week, and a bungalow will be built on the South Hearn lease the first of the year.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

Third Class Postmaster Examination

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

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

The salary is \$1900 per year. This examination will be held at Baird, Texas, probably at the High School building.

(Miss) John Gilliland, Secretary Board of U. S. Civil Service Examiners, Baird, Texas

Santa Said It With Doll Babies



Twenty Barrel Well On Jackson Ranch North-east Of Baird

Another wildcat well was brought in north-east of Baird Thursday of this week. Drew Beam discovered a pay sand at a depth of 779 feet and drilled five feet into the pay and the well is estimated good for a 20 barrel pumper.

The well is located on I. N. Jackson ranch in the south-east corner of Section 5, T. & N. O. R. R. Co. Survey. This is about three miles north-west of the Williams well drilled by Gibson & Johnson and the White Eagle Oil & Refining Company.

Mee-Akers et al have nine producing wells offsetting the Beam tract to the east. This new discovery should create an active drilling campaign in this territory after the holidays.

MISS HELEN McDAVID AND NEWTON JACKSON WED SUNDAY AT EARLY MORNING CEREMONY

Beautiful floral decorations in bridal theme gave adornment to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McDavid on Victoria Street Sunday morning when at 9 o'clock their daughter, Helen became the bride of Newton Jackson with services read by Rev. Willis P. Gerhart, rector of the Episcopal Church of Heavenly Rest. A wedding scheme of green and yellow was conformed to in the clusters of shaggy yellow chrysanthemums in tall wicker floor baskets with a background of autumn leaves studded with the yellow blossoms. The baskets were placed in the reception hall at the foot of the stairway down which the bridal couple came and bedecked the living room where the ceremony took place in the presence of the two families. Miss Myrthe Dunn gave the wedding music and during the ceremony softly played "Indian Love Song."

The bride was looking especially lovely for her wedding in a handsome frock of brown crepe, a Meyer model, with touches of pastel colors in the velvet ribbon the flowers at the belt. She wore bows at neck and cuff and in a small closely fitting hat, a spring model, and other accessories in beige and carried an arm shaft of yellow roses. For traveling she donned a Poiret model coat, with silver fox collar and cuffs. The bride, who was reared in Abilene, is very popular in younger social circles of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson left immediately after the ceremony in their car for New Orleans, and will return by the first of the year to make their home in a new English brick cottage on South Eighth Street in Fair Park Acres, which completely furnished, is one of their wedding gifts. Mr. Jackson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Jackson of this city, formerly of Baird, is a prominent young business man here associated in the oil business with Gibson and Johnson. Wide interest centers in the wedding, uniting as it does two of the prominent families of West Texas, and a young couple with a host of friends.

The groom's brother, Rupert Jackson and family, of Baird were here for the wedding.—Abilene Reporter.

MARRIED

Mr. R. W. Jones and Miss Hazel Bengo were married at the Presbyterian Manse, Wednesday evening, December 22, 1926, and left immediately for Sweetwater, for a few days visit, after which they will make their home in Baird, where Mr. Jones is interested in the oil business. Mr. L. E. White and Miss Mae Ivey, attended the wedding.

Sam McClendon Dies

Sam McClendon, of Admiral died last night at the home of his brother Bud McClendon, in North Baird. Last Thursday was a week, Sam accidentally stuck a thorn in one of his eyes, at Admiral. He was brought to Baird for treatment; Wednesday it was reported that blood poison had developed, and he was in a serious condition yesterday, and died at 10 o'clock last night. Funeral services will be held at Admiral, tomorrow. Procession will leave the home of Bud McClendon at 12 o'clock, and funeral services will be held at Admiral, conducted by Rev. R. H. Williams.

Mr. McClendon was 48 years old. He is survived by his wife and two step-children, Sam Black, of Baird; and Mrs. Fred Hanson, of Dallas, also several brothers and sisters, who have the sincere sympathy of all in their sorrow.

Relatives from a distance, who are here for the funeral are: W. T. McClendon, a brother, of Lockney; Mrs. Gertrude Keathley, a sister, of Mineral Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hanson, of Dallas; Henry Hart, a brother of Mrs. McClendon, and his family, of Zephyr.

MARRIED

At the noon hour Sunday, December 19th, Pastor Joe R. Mayes quietly married Evert Hornbeck, of Cisco, and Miss Johnnie McIntire, of Oplin. They will make their home at Cisco. Mr. Hornbeck is a driller, and is very highly recommended by those who know him.

New Theatre Opened In Baird Last Monday

The new Theatre, The Gem, was formerly opened Monday night, showing "Passing of the West" to a large audience. The new Theatre, which is located in the Schwartz building is nicely equipped and will seat about 400 people.

MISS ILA MAE GUFFEY ENTERTAINS H. O. P. CLUB

The H. O. P. Club was beautifully entertained at the home of Miss Ila Mae Guffey Friday, December 17th. This was not a regular meeting night but at the last meeting at Miss Jewell Grimes, it was decided the next club meeting would be on this date.

The house was beautiful decorated in red and green. A Christmas tree was decorated with a gift for each one present. Even "Santa" agreed to make the club a visit on that night.

After an evening of delightful entertainment, which was enjoyed by all, refreshments were served to the members of the club, and P. K. Club, their guests.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

A. W. Yell, Minister
Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m.
Christian Endeavor at 6 p. m.
Wednesday Prayer Meeting at 7 p. m.
Let us close the Year 1926 with good services.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM

Subject—Missionary Meeting—General Feng, the outstanding Chinese Christian.
Introduction—Judythe Mayes.
Police Protection o Farece—
Madge Holmes.
Mary, the Bravest of The Band—
Mary, the Bravest of The Band—
Parlee Lasser.
Mary Faces the Mob—
Mildred Bell.
Effect Upon Feng—
Glenn McGowen.
A Chinese Truly Converted—
Dorothy Boydston.
Feng's Advancement—
Gladys Thompson.
Effect of Feng in Honan—
Leo Thompson.
Feng, A Soul Winner—
Lelia Weatherly.
China's Field Marshal—
Royce Gilliland.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

Cal C. Wright, Pastor.
Special Christmas Services next Sunday.
Sunday School, at 10 o'clock.
Services at 11 o'clock. Subject: "Tidings of Joy."
Mrs. Ross Williams will sing, with Mrs. Irving Mitchell, at the piano.
Junior League at 3 o'clock.
Senior League at 6:15 o'clock.
At 7 o'clock all the Churches will meet at the Methodist Church for the Christmas Cantata, "Peace on Earth" by Heysler.
You are invited to worship with us.

To One and to All

A
Merry Christmas
And
A
Happy New Year
Ray's Garage

We Feel Grateful

To Our Patrons For Many Courtesies in the
Past and As We Come to

EXTEND GREETINGS
For Christmas And
The New Year

WE WOULD NOT FORGET TO

Thank You Too

and tell you that in the days to come it is our
hopes and ambition to SERVE YOU BETTER.

Mayfield's

Known For Low Prices

Complete Outfitters For
Men & Boys
Phone 47

WE EXTEND GREETINGS AND
GOOD WISHES
FOR

1927

AND TRUST THAT WE MAY BEST SHOW OUR
APPRECIATION OF YOUR LOYALTY AND
PATRONAGE TO THIS BUSINESS BY

Serving You Better in the Year
At Hand

Blue Arrow Service
Station

Room for Christmas
By Frank L. Stanton, in
Atlanta Constitution

I.
WELCOME, Mister Christmas!
Here is where we live,
With room for you, and always
Just all you have to give.
Come in! The fire's burning
And fine the table's set,
And hear us sing the old song:
"This life's worth living yet!"

II.
Welcome, Mister Christmas!
We love you more and more
When we see you on the threshold
Of the dwellings of the poor.
You bring the wreny wanderers
From where their feet may wobble
To the light, and cheer and comfort
Of all our hearts at home!

The Old Toymaker

by Christopher G. Hazard.

"MRS. JONES has been makin' pies," observed Ruth. "Mince pies?" replied her sister. "No, Jones pies," answered Ruth. It was promising for somebody, for Keturah Jones never made pies without making one over. The batch might be mince, apple or pumpkin, but there was always an extra pie for good nature and good luck.

This time it was a Christmas pie and destined for the old toy maker. It was his only chance of holiday joy, for, while he could whittle out boats, carve dogs that could almost bark and cats that seemed afraid of them, and make doll houses, he could not cook, and he lived alone.

He was an old man, queer but kindly. His old house seemed to be falling down, or at least it was leaning that way, but yet it sheltered the toy shop bravely and tried to feel as young as ever because it had seen old Hans stand on his head just to show how young he was. On the way to him with the pie the children wondered if he would sing for them again as he had done the last time they watched him at his work. It was the song about the miller's dog that they wanted, but they found him working on a toy horse, and when they noticed that there was something wrong about the horse they forgot about the dog. "You haven't got that right, Mr. Hans," said Ruth; "you shouldn't put a necklace of sleigh bells around his stomach." "Well, well," said the old man, "I'll have to see about that; but perhaps I was thinking about something to eat when I put the bells in the wrong place." "Well, here it is," said Ruth, uncovering the pie, "and we wish you a Merry Christmas." "Sure," said Mr. Hans, "sure it will be merry, and you shall be merry, too," and he took down a bundle as he put the pie upon the shelf.

It was a very interesting bundle, but the children suddenly remembered the song and forgot the bundle. This was the song:
The miller's big dog lay on the mill floor,
And Bango was his name, oh,
A wondering what he lay there for,
And why he was so lame, oh,
B-a-n-g-o-o-o
O Bango was his name.
The miller he said if the dog was dead,
Why, that would be the end, oh;
But since he only lame instead,
Old Hans would soon him mend, oh,
B-a-n-g-o-o-o
O Bango was his name.

The special fun of it was when they spelled the dog's name around the circle, each singer taking one letter, and then all joining in on the last line.

Then the children forgot the song and remembered the bundle. It was well wrapped, for they took off paper after paper, like peeling an onion, until they came to the girl doll that could call for mother and the boy doll that could play on a mouth organ. Then, with both the presents going, they also went, leaving a pleasant smile on the old man's face and all the toys looking happily at each other.

Mrs. Jones welcomed the travelers back with a taste of her cooking for themselves, and was as happy as all good Christmas cooks are. She said, "You can't make chocolate almonds out of horse chestnuts, but those youngsters surely did put in their thumbs and pull out plums."
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Navy Officer Sues

Washington.—Rear Admiral Bradley Flske charges that the navy has infringed his patents for shooting submarine torpedoes from airplanes. He is suing Mr. Wilbur and several officials of the Navy department for a quarter of a million.

Home for Widows

Constantinople.—Constantinople has dedicated a new widows' home, the first institution of its kind in Turkey.

WE WISH FOR OUR PATRONS
OLD AND NEW



As Merry a
Christmas



and

As Prosperous a
New Year

AS WE HOPE TO ENJOY OURSELVES

And we tell you now we'll try to make all your days
happy days if it is within the power of our service.

MAY WE HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY
IN 1927?

Jones Dry Goods, Inc.

WE GREET YOU

With the Best Wish of All---

A
Merry Christmas
And
A
Happy New Year

Volumes By Great Writers
Could Not Say More

EMERSON'S VARIETY
STORE

Don't Say It Is Not In Baird Until You Have Tried
Emerson's Variety Store

Holiday Greetings

HOW WE WELCOME THIS SEASON OF GLADNESS AND GOOD CHEER WHEN KINDNESS AND LOVE PREDOMINATE IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE AND JOY ABOUNDS IN OUR MIDST.

In The Spirit of The Season

WE PAUSE TO SEND OUT THIS MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION AND BEST WISHES TO OUR MULTITUDE OF GOOD PATRONS AND FRIENDS WHERE EVER YOU MAY BE TODAY.

MAY JOY BE WITH YOU THIS CHRISTMAS AND MAY 1927 BE HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS

Mitchell Motor Co.



Out across the singing wires that weave a web of pulsing power across the brown hills and tawny prairies of West Texas comes leaping tonight a radiance to light your fireside.

Would it be too much to hope that in the glow that illumines your heart you may sense something of the warmth of friendship we, your "electric light folks," feel for the thousands of friends we have been privileged to serve during the year now closing?

Would it be too much to hope that those lights may carry something of the Christmas message of good will and good cheer we would like to send to you?

It has been a good year for most of us here in West Texas—a year crammed full of progress and achievement and jobs well done. Old friendships have ripened and grown sweeter and new friends have come still further to multiply our riches. And before us stands a new year, beckoning with new opportunities, eager with the promise of new conquests to be made.

Well, it IS good to be a West Texan in West Texas when Christmas rolls 'round! Somehow the lights DO shine just a little brighter; handclasps ARE a little stronger—

"GOD BLESS US, EVERYONE."

West Texas Utilities Company

TWELFTH NIGHT

CHRISTMAS ends in England on the fifth of January, old Christmas Day, or Twelfth Night, with a great party for the little folks, which is the occasion for the cutting of the special "Twelfth Night cake," thus winding up the season; and if you have not tasted at least twelve samples of Christmas pudding during the twelve days between new and old Christmas—well, you are out of luck.



"THIS," said the quiet voice of the young minister to his waiting audience, "might be called 'A Christmas Meditation.' We shall try to give you merely a reverent impression of the spirit of the season. A bit of carol singing . . . some lighted candles . . . a reading from the Bible and one tableau."

There was a soft rustle of expectation throughout the church. The lights snapped off. All was dark and still.

Like the slow uprising of a far wind came the sweet, subdued voices of a hidden choir. The beautiful notes



floated over the heads of the people like a benediction.

Noiselessly candle after candle sprang into flame at the windows, each taper lighted by the hand of a small boy. Then the screens about the stage under the pulpit were removed. And there was the dear and treasured scene so loved and so cherished at this season.

The manger . . . Mary bending over it . . . Joseph standing near by. A soft glow from the rude cradle suffused the faces about it. Mary all in spotless white . . . Joseph bearded and dressed in blue, with a scarlet mantle over his shoulders, a striped headdress and a broad sash about his waist.

The music sild softly into "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." From the front of the church came a tall figure with a crook. A shepherd from the hills, who knelt in front of the manger and then stood near. Then another and another, rough men with kindly, awkward manners. Two little fellows followed, their eyes round with awe.

Again the music changed. "We Three Kings of the Orient Are." A thrill passed through the church. The strange notes of this music ushered in an impressive figure who advanced toward the manger with royal dignity.

His dress gleamed richly. He carried a gift high in both hands.

Then came the second king, also bearing costly presents. Then a third, who knelt with bowed head in front of the stable scene.

The tableau took on a deeper and more tender significance.

The young minister read the Christmas story from the Bible. His voice was low and clear, keeping in perfect tune with the surroundings. When he had finished, soft music drifted down from the choir-loft. "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem."

The notes seemed to caress the entire place. A hush of reverence enveloped everyone.

Silently from the side of the church near the altar came a procession of white-robed children, each bearing a lighted taper. They arranged themselves in a sort of frame about the manger scene, standing one above the other on the two flights of stairs leading up into the pulpit. This was the final impression.

The transcendent glow from the manger . . . Mary bending over it lost in rapt adoration . . . Joseph at her elbow . . . the shepherds . . . the wise men . . . and the frame of lighted candles.

Then the screens were again set up. The church flooded with light . . . the minister dismissed the people with a short prayer and benediction.

A simple service, as he said, but one which left an unforgettable impression of the true reverence and spirit of Christmas on all who attended.

(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Stamps of 1925 Would Circle Globe 11 Times

Washington.—The little postage stamp you use from time to time is one of a huge family.

There were more than 18,000,000,000 of them made in Washington last year, being sufficient for supplying each man, woman and child in the country with 100.

They represented a face value of \$450,000,000 and required 900 tons of paper and \$70,000 pounds of ink in their manufacture.

Placed end to end, they would girdle the earth eleven times. The cost of producing them was about 1 cent for each 125.

AT THE

YULETIDE

WE ARE REMINDED

of the kindness shown us back through the year and of the new friends and old friends. As we do so this Christmas our hearts are filled with gratitude and we are made to believe that 1926 has been good to us. Thus feeling and in the great spirit that fills our hearts and minds at this season we extend

Greetings

And Good Wishes For Christmas And For 1927

Will D. Boydston

Happy Christmas

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS EVERYWHERE

May this be the happiest and best Christmas you have ever known and may the year 1927 be good to you, bringing just the blessings to make life sweet and useful and enjoyable to you and yours. From the depth of sincere hearts we thank you for all favors of the past and indulge the hope that it will be ours to serve you through the New Year.

Hi-Way Garage

"We Give You Our Best"

To the Old Folks The Middle Aged The Young Folks

Whatever your age may be, we send you good wishes for Christmas and bright hopes for the New Year.

We Are Thankful

Because we live in a good town and can do business with such a people as we have here.

Bowlus & Bowlus

FURNITURE

"Everything for the Home"

Phone No. 8

Baird, Texas

The Baird Star.

BAIRD, TEXAS

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1926
Serial (whole) No. 2128
Issued Every Friday

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

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

12 Pages This Week

We are not so hide bound as to fear that the belief in Santa Clause, by children will cause them to lose faith in other things when they grow up. There is a Santa Clause, and will be as long as the spirit of giving lives in the human heart.

From the talk, the Legislature will be flooded with bills to regulate the farmers. The curse of the age is too much law—too many laws now that are not enforced, and a law to regulate the farmer, attempting to force his to restrict cotton acreage next year, and to regulate crops, will likely prove a farce, and harder to enforce than the volstead law.

Wets mobilizing to attack the volstead law, is a head line from Washington. Mobilizing will be all that will come of it, except the expenditure of a lot of hot air. The Pros outwitted the Antis and got prohibition in the federal constitution and it is a waste of time, energy and money to try to modify or repeal it, just as The Star predicted before it was adopted by the people.

We used to have egg-nog every Christmas, but the nog has been prohibited and the hens threaten to go on a strike and we fear that this Christmas the egg part of egg-nog will vanish with the nog. We recall that as a boy almost up to manhood, that the only time we tasted intoxicating liquor was what was in one or two glasses of egg-nog each Christmas. It was a little strange at first to have no egg-nog on Christmas, but after several years absence—of egg-nog, does not disturb us, and we get along as well without it.

The old year is dying. Christmas tide always brings happiness to some and sadness to others, and so is life, checkered with good and evil; prosperity, and poverty and; "In prosperity let us most carefully avoid pride, disdain, and arrogance."—Cicero, ang again, "In every pang that rends the heart. The man of sorrow had a part."—Michael Bruce-Moral, be not puffed up with pride because of prosperity or fall into despair because of misfortune. Fear God, and keep his precepts in letter and spirit.

Rev. J. Frank Norris, spectacular career as a preacher, has ended, for the present at least, and on January 10 he will go to trial at Austin on a charge of murder. Norris shot an unarmed man, D. E. Chipps last summer, and the case was sent to Travis County, on a charge of venue. Rev. Norris may find a trial for murder a little more serious than a trial on charge of burning his own church. Norris was acquitted on that charge in Tarrant County some years ago, and he expresses confidence of triumphant acquittal of the murder charge against his. Guilty or innocent, we would not take his place for all the glory he may get out of it, no not for the wealth and glory of the world. Norris loves the spot light and the plaudits of admiring crowds he speaks to, our guess is that he is up against a serious case that he seems to be sure of. One thing is significant, Norris' attorneys were afraid to go to trial in his case in Fort Worth, Norris' home town, where the killing occurred, and where Norris was tried and acquitted of the two cases of arson, years ago when he was indicted charging him with burning his own church and parsonage. An acquittal in this case cannot wipe

out the stain of that dead mans blood on Norris' hands that will follow him to the grave and to the judgment.

A Christmas Message To The People Of Baird And Callahan County

Swiftly the days are passing and as they flash past they bring us nearer and nearer to another Christmas season—to the close of another year. It is a joyous time, and this year promises to bring more than usual for the reason that better business conditions have made possible more money with which to meet the multifarious wishes of our people at a time when generosity is uppermost in the hearts of all.

In many respects Baird has cause more than usual to be thankful and happy this Christmas and make it an occasion of usual rejoicing. The year has been harmonious, in keeping with the ideal: "Peace on earth, good will toward man."

Christmas is also a time of stock-taking. We come to the close of the year and face the unfinished tasks, the unachieved goals, the untrodden paths that lead upward to those heights to which we would wish to have gone. Thus it is that the happy days of the Christmas season blend with the sobering hours of reflection and help us to understand the present and purpose anew for the future.

We are a city of contented homes, of attractive advantages and inviting conditions; a city of leadership in workshop, in culture, in finance, in building and business expansion. We are a city giving new measures of evidence in every phrase of existence of the intelligence, perseverance and faith of a citizenry looking to a yet better city of the future.

Let's remember these things, among others, as we celebrate the "Greatest of All Birthdays."

And let us remember that Christmas breathes of peace, that it throbs with hope, that it sighs of victory; an dlet it inspire us to acts of sweet charity to gladden those less fortunate than we are.

We wish for every citizen of Baird, for the people of Callahan County, a joyous, happy Christmas, and a true appraisal of the year which is passing. May the days that stretch out ahead be freighted with increased measures of service for each of us.

Board of Directors of the Baird Chamber of Commerce.
L. L. Blackburn
H. H. Shaw
B. L. Russell
T. E. Powell
W. S. Hinds
C. B. Holmes
E. Cooke
W. O. Fraser
Ace Hickman
T. P. Bearden
W. B. Jones
Jas. Asbury
J. R. Black
H. O. Tatum, Secy.

A LETTER TO "SANTA CLAUS"

"SANTA CLAUS"
% The Baird Star
Baird, Texas.

Dear Santa Claus:

I know that you are a busy Santa trying to get around to see everybody but please do not pass us up. I hate for you to have to travel over the rough roads from Abilene to Baird but when you leave here you wont have any bad roads to Cisco as we have killed old man De-tour who gave you so much trouble the last time you were here.

We still have our "good business" you gave us last year but please bring us this year some paved streets, a good hotel, a new Court House and Santa please drop a note in everybody's stocking and tell them they must have more confidence in their town, their neighbors and in themselves if they ever expect to build a big Baird and please ask them to apply the Golden Rule.

I want you to leave us something else Santa Claus as you come through Baird. Leave us a nice City Park, a big tourist camp, a new school building, a band, a nice rest room for people who trade in Baird, lots of concrete sidewalks, some more business houses, a Building and Loan Association, a Jersey cow and some hogs and chickens for every man in the county, and don't forget we want lots of fruit and pecan trees.

And say, Santa I almost forget to ask you for a new Fire Truck and if we keep on getting oil wells we must have more supply houses.

If these things do not fill my stockings please give us some electric lights to put under our awnings on Main Street. Also please bring us two or three oil tank farms and some Casing Head Gas Plants for our county.

This is my first letter to you dear

He Rules the Kingdom of Hearts' Delight



"A Merry Christmas to All"

Santa and I hope you will not disappoint us but give us the things that I have ask for.

Yours very truly,
H. O. Tatum.

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday, December 26th will round out the year for my work with the Church here and as it is the closing Sunday of the year, I think it fitting to have a sort of special service, so we are inviting every one to come and be with us in that service.

I have spent the year in Baird with no other thought, only to do my duty as a citizen and have tried to fill the place accorded me in a way that would be a blessing to as many people as possible and to be a glory to my Savior. Now if I have in any way been a help to you my friend, I will be glad if you will say so by coming to our services Sunday morning and worship with us.

As it is Christmas time and the birth of our Lord is one of the worlds' greatest events, the text and sermon will be of that glorious happening; read Luke 2: 1-12 and you will find the text; the 10, 11 and 12 verses, be sure and read it and come, lets study it together.

We will not have any services at the Baptist Church Sunday night, because we are all going to the Methodist Church to hear the Christmas Cantata, and let me say: If you miss that you are a sure enough looser. We are expecting a good house and you can come expecting good entertainment.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock, Sunday morning for every one who will come and our young peoples' meeting at 6 o'clock p. m. I want to express my appreciations for the work being done by brother Royce Gilliland, and his fine groupe of B. Y. P. U. workers. It is indeed a joy to know they are doing so splendidly and we are giving a pressing invitation to every young man ans woman to attend these meetings and take a part with us.

Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy, Happy New Year to all.
Joe R. Mayes.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

On account of the unforeseen circumstances, it has been found necessary to change the time of our New Year's Midnight Matinee, from 12:01 M., to 11 o'clock P. M. Suitable observance of the New Year will be made at Midnight. Help us usher in the New Year.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to our friends at Putnam, and elsewhere for their kindness and sympathy to us in the illness and death of our wife and mother.

Sincerely,
F. I. Tabor, and family.

NOTICE

On account of the bad condition of the streets, I will have to make a change in the price of milk, delivered to residences. On January 1st, the price will be 15c per single quart and 25c for two quarts. I want to thank all for their past and future business. I wish you all a Happy New Year.
J. M. Glover.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

Notice is hereby given that the Putnam Supply Company, a mercantile firm, composed of L. E. Brock, Putnam, Texas; W. E. Dawson, Moran, Texas; T. C. Kelly, Cross Plains, Texas; John H. Brock, Brownwood, Texas; and Dan O. Martin, Brownwood, Texas; with places of business at Putnam, Callahan County, Texas; Baird, Callahan County, Texas; Cross Plains, Callahan County, Texas; Albany, Shackelford County, Texas; Moran, Shackelford County, Texas; and Brownwood, Brown County, Texas; will be dissolved on the first day of January, A. D. 1927, and from and after said date, will cease to exist; said dissolution being for the purpose of forming a mercantile corporation, to be known and called by the old, or original name, "Putnam Supply Company", with places of business at each and all of the above mentioned towns, with its principal office and place of business at Putnam, in Callahan County, Texas;

All debts and claims due and owing to said firm at the time of such dissolution, shall be payable to said corporation at the office of the corporation situated where such debt or claim was incurred, and all legal obligations and debts due and owing by said firm at the time of its dissolution will be paid by said corporation.

L. E. Brock
W. E. Dawson
T. C. Kelly
John H. Brock
Dan O. Martin.

1-4t.

"Clyde sandy belt will rival Belle Plaine when tested. Buy a lease or royalty and watch development."
50-3tpd.

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T. P. BEARDEN,
Manager.

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

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO INCORPORATE "WITHOUT ANY CHANGE FROM ORIGINAL FIRM NAME"

Notice is hereby given that L. E. Brock, W. E. Dawson, T. C. Kelly, John H. Brock, and Dan O. Martin, composing the firm and partnership known as Putnam Supply Company, with places of business at Putnam, Callahan County, Texas; Baird, Callahan County, Texas; Cross Plains, Callahan County, Texas; Albany, Shackelford County, Texas; Moran, Shackelford County, Texas; and Brownwood, Brown County, Texas; intend to incorporate, without any change of said firm name, within thirty, (30) days from this date, or as soon thereafter as a permit can be obtained and a charter filed and granted under the Laws of the State of Texas.

Witness our hands this the 27th day of November, A. D. 1926.

L. E. Brock
W. E. Dawson
T. C. Kelly
John H. Brock
Dan O. Martin.

1-4t.

NOTICE, SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas,
County of Callahan

By virtue of a writ of execution, issued out of the Honorable 96th District Court of Tarrant County, on 6th day of December, 1926, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of Wagner Supply Company, a corporation versus C. R. Dutton No. 73741 and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in January, 1927, it being the 4th day of said month, before the Court House door of said Callahan County, in the City of Baird, the following described property, to-wit: All of the right, title, interest and estate of C. R. Dutton in and to the oil and gas lease, covering all that certain parcel or tract of land in Callahan County, described as being 40 acres of land out of the north-west corner, Section 9, B. O. H. Lands, described as beginning at the north-west corner of said section 9, at an old stone mound on the east side of mountain; thence south 45 1-2 degrees, east 475 varas to a stone mound in south-west corner of field; thence east 475 varas to a stone mound in mesquite flat, east of south-east corner of said field; thence north 45 1-2 degrees, west 475 to a stone mound near north-east corner of field in south line of Section 1, B. O. H. Lands; thence west 475 varas to place of beginning; together with the same interest in: 1732 feet of 6 5-8" casing; 1100 feet of 8 1-4" casing; 900 feet of 10" casing, and 375 feet of 12 1-2" casing, now in a well on said property; as well as the same interest in and to all other oil well equipment, casing, rig, power houses, power plants, derricks, tools, fishing tools, drilling tools; together with all rights privileges and appurtenances thereto annexed or appertaining, now owned or held by C.

ATTABOY EDDIE



The never the least melancholy, Our Eddie's unusually jolly For Christmas is here— The season of cheer, Of mistletoe, tinsel and holly

Apropos of the festive occasion, Eddie and all of us extend herewith to all of you our heartiest, whole-souled wishes for the Merriest of all Merry Christmases. May the spirit of the day in it's deepest significance abound in your hearts and may it bring you all joy and peace and a realization of universal good will

Warren's Market

Berry & Berry, Proprietors
Call 120 or 130 for Service

CONSISTENT AND STEADY: THAT'S "ATTA-BOY EDDIE"!

Baird Texas

R. Dutton and levied on as the property of C. R. Dutton to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$756.43 in favor of Wagner Supply Company and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 8th day of December 1926.
2-3t. G. H. Corn, Sheriff.

Make your lunch a Butter—Kist-wich every day: We serve boiled hams; ham salad; cream cheese; peanut butter; orange marmalade; grape jelly; swill cheese; sliced fruit; roast pimento cheese; lettuce; chicken lettuce and eggs; cinnamon toast; hot chocolate and coffee. Try this lunch once and you will come again.
3-1t. Baird Drug Company.



MAY this Christmas be for you finer and more joyous than any of the happy Christmases that are treasured in your memory; and may the coming year bring to you a richer store of good things than any that have gone before!

These are our wishes for the Holiday Season—and they are the sincere, personal wishes of every one of us here in the bank to you and to all those near to you.

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

The Dallas Morning News.

DALLAS BANK AND SAVINGS COMPANY

DALLAS, TEXAS. *Nov 12* 1926. NO. *100*

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100

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**REVISE ALPHABET
AND SAVE BILLION**

**Professor Would Shorten
Thought Expression.**

Philadelphia.—"Revise the alphabet and save a billion dollars a year."

This was the advice given by Dr. Godfrey Dewey of Harvard university, a speaker at the English language congress.

Doctor Dewey's suggestion for a new alphabet was followed by presentation of a concrete scheme.

He showed the members a new system of letters, considerably in excess of the present 26.

The proposed alphabet includes 24 consonants, 13 vowels, 4 diphthongs and a sign for the word "the," which in itself takes up 7 per cent of all the words in "the printed page," he said.

By introducing this new alphabet fewer symbols would be needed to express a thought. Lone words would be spelled with a few letters. Such a word as "through" could be expressed in three symbols.

Millions of tons less print paper would be required, according to advocates of the plan. Huge sums would be saved in type composition.

Typists could do their work in less time, as could letter writers. Readers would do their reading quicker and the human eye would be among the agents benefited.

Books and newspapers would be smaller and lighter, therefore costing less. The general result would be a saving in materials and labor, which means a saving in time.

The English teachers pondered Doctor Dewey's statement that the greatest problem of printed English today is a "typographical problem" and straightened in their chairs when the Harvard professor advised them to throw out all plans for reforming the language by the use of phonetic signs in dictionaries, and to call in the type designer to make the whole business over again.

To Doctor Dewey, the immortal 26 of the English alphabet is very bad and a new one is needed.

Longer to learn, the professor admitted with a smile, and an awful job to introduce, but easier and cheaper, when all's said and done.

Labrador Is Claimed

by Jewish Precentor

London.—The romantic claim of a synagogue precentor to the ownership of the peninsula of Labrador has just been submitted to the British privy council, according to the Jewish World. The ownership of the peninsula, which embraces an area of 511,000 square miles, is at present the subject of a suit now before the privy council between Canada and Newfoundland.

The individual claimant is Rev. Isaac de la Penha of the Hepard congregation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews in Montreal, who declares that King William III granted the peninsula to one of his ancestors. The ancestor, one Joseph de la Penha, was a wealthy Rotterdam merchant, who lived in the Seventeenth century. During a storm at sea, it is said, he prevented several of King William's family from drowning when the vessel on which they were traveling was wrecked. As a reward the king gave him a charter, so his descendant declares, bestowing on him and his heirs the peninsula of Labrador. The royal concession was never acted upon, probably because in that day Labrador was virtually inaccessible.

Labrador's population consists of 15,500 Indians, Eskimos and whites. It is divided politically among the governments of Canada, Newfoundland and the province of Quebec. Its potential resources in timber, gold, copper, nickel and lead are supposed to be enormous.

Our Second Port

Washington.—Which is the second largest port in the United States? Duluth and Superior, handling 45,600,000 tons last year, second only to New York.

Moonlight Helps

Washington.—Love may thrive on moonlight, but tomatoes won't. Uncle Sam's farm experts have decided that even the full moon does crops no good.

**High-Speed Insect
Suggests Plane Design**

Washington.—One branch of aviation research has been turned from study of the planing gull and the soaring eagle to scrutiny of a tiny fly as holding the possible answer to "the next step" in airplane design.

Not long ago an American entomologist, standing beside a canyon in the wilds of Brazil, saw a flash of color—a mere blur of orange—flit before his eyes. A search identified the insect-missile as a new variety of deer-fly, scientifically catalogued as the cephenomyia, and capable of flight at the speed of 815 miles an hour, about half the speed of a rifle bullet.

His report aroused interest of engineers, several of whom are now studying the "stream lines" and motive plant of the new subject. The fly is about the size of a bumble-bee.

The Baird Star.
BAIRD, TEXAS

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1926
Serial (whole) No. 2128
Issued Every Friday

Entered as Second Class Matter, Dec. 3, 1887 at the Post Office at Baird, Texas, under Act of 1879.

W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor

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One Year	\$1.50
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Three Months	.50
OUTSIDE OF CALLAHAN COUNTY	
One Year	\$2.00
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Shade and Ornamentals
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Prefers Prison

Milwaukee.—Lonely outside prison was Michael J. Harris is going to spend the rest of his life among his old-timers inside. Paul Harris in 1916, he insisted upon return.

Criticizes Eating

Washington.—Eating has fallen into a very low state in America, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, pure-food expert, declares. "It is too standardized and isn't engaged in with leisure and so stability," he said.

*More Value
than the Price Suggests*

In the year just drawing to a close the price of Dodge Brothers Motor Cars was materially lowered.

Yet during this period more important improvements were incorporated than in any year in Dodge Brothers history. Advances were made in engineering and body designs. The cars possess a greater degree of smoothness, silence and ease. They are more comfortable, more beautiful.

Current prices—made possible, of course, by constantly mounting sales—are therefore not an obvious measure of value. Prices, in fact, have never told the full story of Dodge Brothers dependability and basic worth.

But now, more than ever before, there is far more value than the price suggests.

Touring Car	\$ 935.00
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We Also Sell Dependable Used Cars

**DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS**

**MOST CORDIAL
GREETINGS**

TO 1927

*With Its Untold Possibilities
For All Of Us*

We are glad to pause, here at the beginning of 1927, to send Greetings and Thanks to all our friends and patrons and to pledge anew our strongest efforts to please you.

**BAIRD DRUG
COMPANY**



Yuletide Greetings

To Our Friends and Patrons:

With hearts attuned to the spirit of this joyful season and with our minds going back over the days of the year now drawing to a close, we send this message of greetings to our friends and patrons everywhere. We are thoroughly imbued with the spirit, brought down through the centuries of "Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men." Christmas brings us each year anew the pleasure of extending greetings to the people with whom we have dealt in the past and to those with whom we hope to deal in the future.

**May A Merry Christmas Serve as a Forerunner to
A Happy New Year**

This business, since the day of its establishment, has striven for the good will and the friendship of the people of Baird and Callahan County and has constantly broadened its policies and expanded its facilities to meet the demands of its trade. To merit your confidence, to impress you with our desire to serve you in a thoroughly acceptable manner, has been our constant aim and desire. And being deeply appreciative of the loyalty of our friends and patrons during the days of 1926 we come with this Christmas message. Grippd by the spirit of the season we are prompted, out of the dictates of the feeling that is within us, to send our Christmas message to you. May the joy that comes at this Yuletide be sufficient to last on through the days of a New Year which will bring to a full realization the things for which you have striven. Out of the fullness of grateful hearts we add our thanks to this Yuletide Message.

The Baird Star

Established 1887

W. E. Gilliland, Editor and Proprietor

Gilliland Printing Co.

Commercial Printing

Eliza & Haynie Gilliland, Proprietors

Holiday Specials
GEM THEATRE



HAL ROACH
presents
REX
IN
"THE DEVIL HORSE"
 Pathépicture

Saturday, December 25th--One Day Only



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
presents
Norma Talmadge
in
"KIKI"

Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 27th and 28th

Find Traces of Race Antedating Indians

Manville, Wyo.—An ancient civilization which antedated and was further advanced than that of the American Indian, is claiming the scrutiny of archaeologists in the "Spanish diggings," eight miles south of here.

Excavations have revealed traces of inhabitants, who, scientists believe, were blotted out of existence by some cataclysm of nature.

Specimens of weapons and tools, made of jasper and agate, have been discovered strewn in profusion about tepee circles in which the "lost race" housed itself. Unlike the usual Indian relic finds, the agricultural tools and cooking utensils predominate over the weapons of battle and chase.

How Doctors Treat Colds and the Flu

To break up a cold overnight or to cut short an attack of grippe, influenza, sore throat or tonsillitis, physicians and druggists are now recommending Calotabs, the purified and refined calomel compound tablet that gives you the effects of calomel and salts combined, without the unpleasant effects of either.

One or two Calotabs at bed-time with a swallow of water,—that's all. No salts, no nausea nor the slightest interference with your eating, work or pleasure. Next morning your cold has vanished, your system is thoroughly purified and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please,—no danger.

Get a family package, containing full directions, only 35 cents. At any drug store. (adv)

The Christmas Coat
 By Minna Irving
 in Town Topics

"THE earth on Christmas Eve exclaimed To winter, with a pout,
 "My old brown coat is shabby now,
 In fact it's all worn out,
 It's ragged here and tattered there
 And torn the other way,
 I ought to have a brand new one
 To wear on Christmas Day."

Old winter blustered for awhile
 And loudly banged the door,
 And then gave in as he has done
 So many times before.
 And lo! when Christmas morning dawned
 All gold and blue and bright,
 Earth wore a truly regal coat
 Of ermine pure and white.

Improved Uniform International

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
 (© 1926 Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 2

THE CHRISTIAN A FOLLOWER OF JESUS

LESSON TEXT—Mark 1:16-20, 2:13-17; I John 2:6.

GOLDEN TEXT—And said unto him "Follow me," and he arose and followed him.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Learning from Jesus.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Enlisting with Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What It Means to Follow Jesus.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Receiving Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

I. Jesus Calls Four Men to Follow Him.

1. Who they were (vv. 16, 19).

Simon and Andrew, John and James, two pairs of brothers. It is usually wise to engage in the Lord's service in fellowship—in pairs. This is not only necessary for effective testimony, but for needed fellowship on the part of workers and protection of the witnesses.

2. From what they were called (vv. 16, 20).

They were called from positions of definite service. God always chooses His servants from the ranks of the employed.

3. To what they were called (v. 17).

"To become fishers of men." These men no doubt had been successful as fishers. The qualities which made them good fishermen, namely, patience, bravery to face the storm at night and perseverance which led them to toil all night, though no fish were caught, would make them good fishers of men. Winning souls for Christ requires great patience, bravery and perseverance. Becoming fishers of men is the most important business in the world. It is the hardest work in the world to do.

4. The cost of obedience to Christ's call (vv. 18, 20).

Obedience to Christ's call meant sacrifice, painful separation, to give up all business interests and leave their father behind. Regardless of the cost they yielded prompt obedience. They put their trust in Him who called them, believing that He was able to supply all their needs.

5. Their reward (v. 17).

These four men have wielded wondrous influence in the world. Their names have become immortalized. Had they remained at their business they would only have been humble fishermen.

II. Matthew Becomes a Follower of Jesus (Mk. 2:13-17).

Matthew was a despised tax gatherer under the Roman government. For a Jew to fill such a position was to become unpopular. Since they regarded taxes paid to the Roman government as unlawful extortion, a member of their race engaging in the business of tax collection was to be exposed to shame and contempt.

1. Observe the abruptness of this call (v. 14).

While sitting at his place of business he heard the call of Jesus.

2. The definiteness of the call (v. 14).

It was to follow Jesus. To follow Jesus means to learn of Him and to engage in service for Him.

3. His instant decision (v. 14).

Matthew did not stop to reason on the question, but rendered definite and instant obedience. He openly gave up his business and identified himself with the Lord. Happy is the man who has the good judgment to instantly respond to the call of the Lord even though it may be costly. Matthew made a feast and invited many of his publican friends to meet his newly found Saviour. This had a two-fold objective:

(1) An expression of grateful appreciation to the Lord for His saving grace.

(2) To bring his former friends and associates into touch with his newly found Saviour. It is natural for those who have found the Lord to desire to bring their friends into touch with Him.

III. Walking as Jesus Walked. The Supreme Test of Abiding in Him. (I John 2:6).

Abiding in Christ means to have experienced the life of God in Christ, to have come into contact with Christ's personality and to be consciously living in fellowship with Him. Christ's oneness with the Father and His devotion to His will is the supreme and grand example. Anyone who pretends to abide in Christ, who is not walking as He walked, is not entitled to the claim of Christian. The walk of the Christian implies the whole of his life. The reality of our profession is determined by the consistency of our walk.

"Ye Must Be Born Again"

Wesley, who, it is said, preached three hundred times from the words, "Ye must be born again," was asked, "Wesley, why do you preach so often on 'Ye must be born again'?" Because," said Wesley, "ye must be born again!"—King's Business.

Forgiving

And be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Paul.

Merry Christmas
 1926
 Happy New Year
 1927

Miss Day's Shoppe

YULETIDE Greetings

And Good Wishes For Christmas
 And For 1927

T-P. CAFE

F. E. STANLEY, Proprietor

Delight Your Family With

Golden Krust Bread

Clyde Bakery

1926

Greetings

And Best Wishes to all Our Friends and Patrons

SIGAL THEATRE

1927

LYDIA of the Pines

by
**Honoré
Willis**

(© by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

WNU Service
his somber eyes, his thin, cold lips, his tense shoulders the young girl saw the savage. But she knew the tale was true.

She moistened her dry lips. "But what can I do, Charlie! I'm only a girl."

"I'll tell you what you can do. You can throw down your murderer friend and side with me. You can get everyone you know to side with me. And, Lydia, never tell Levine, or anyone else, what you know about him. It wouldn't be safe!"

He leaned toward her as he spoke and Lydia shivered. "I won't," she



"Father Put Up an Awful Fight and They Killed Him."

whispered. Then she said aloud in sudden resentment, "But I'm not going to throw Mr. Levine down without his having a chance to explain. Who are you to think you've got a right to ask me? I'm just a girl. I want to be happy just a little while before I grow up. I've had too much unhappiness."

"Yes, you have had," agreed Charlie, grimly, "and that's why you will think about it in spite of yourself. You understand how I feel because you've suffered. When are you going to throw Levine down?"

Lydia's face whitened. "Never!" she said.

"What! When you know he's a murderer?"

"He never intended to kill your father. Anyhow, I can't help what he's done. He's like my own father and brother and mother all in one to me."

The two young people sat looking into each other's eyes. Suddenly Charlie threw Lydia's hand from him, and, like Billy Norton, he strode down the path and out of the gate without a word.

Lydia did not appear at the cottage for several days. During that time Lydia tried to put Charlie's story out of her mind.

When John did come out she avoided talking to him and he caught her several times looking at him with a sad and puzzled expression. When they started on their usual Sunday walk, Amos went back to the house for his cane and Levine said, abruptly, "Out with it, young Lydia! Been hearing more stories about my wickedness?"

Lydia nodded, miserably.

"My dear," Levine said quietly, "this is a man's game. I'm playing a rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can fight. In it the weak must fail and maybe die. But out of it great good will come to this community. As long as the Indians are here to exploit, this community will be demoralized. I'm using every means, fair or foul, to carry my purpose. Can't you let it go at that?"

Lydia set her teeth. "Yes, I can and I will," she said, as her father came up with his cane.

And though this was more easily said than done and the thought of murdered chiefs and starved babies troubled her occasionally, she did not really worry over it all as much as she might have were she not entering her senior year in the high school.

After the Christmas holidays Margery departed for an eastern finishing school. The night after her departure Kent made his first call on Lydia in many months. The two withdrew to the kitchen to make candy and there Lydia's surprise and pleasure gave way to suspicion. Kent seemed to want to talk for the most part about Margery!

"Hasn't she grown to be a beauty?" he said, beating the fudge briskly.

"Anybody as pretty as Margery doesn't need to be brilliant," said Kent.

"And she spoons, and you don't think much of girls that spoon," Lydia's cheeks were a deeper pink than usual.

"Shucks, don't be catty, Lydia!" growled Kent.

Kent called several times during the winter, but he never asked Lydia to go to a party nor did any of the other boy friends she saw daily in school—boys with whom she chummed over lessons, who told her their secrets, who treated her as a mental equal, yet never asked her to call, or slipped boxes of candy into her desk or asked her into a drug store for a sundae or a hot chocolate.

Nobody resented this state of affairs more than old Lizzie. After Kent's third or fourth call, she said to Lydia, closing the door behind him, "Yes, Kent'll come out here and see you but I notice he don't take you anywhere. If you had fine party clothes and lived on Lake Shore avenue, he'd be bowing and scraping fast enough."

Lydia tossed her head. "I don't care about going to parties."

"You do, too," insisted the old lady. "You're eating your heart out. I know. I was young once."

Amos looked up from his paper. "Lydia's too young to go if they did ask her. But why don't they ask?"

"It's because I'm too poor and I live so far out and I don't spoon," answered Lydia. "I don't care, I tell you."

And just to prove that she didn't care, Lydia bowed her face in her hands and began to cry.

A look of real pain crossed Amos' face. He got up hastily and went to Lydia's side.

"Why, my little girl, I thought you were perfectly happy this year. And your clothes look nice to me." He smoothed Lydia's bright hair with his work-worn hand. "I tell you, I'll borrow some money, by heck, and get you some clothes!"

Lydia raised a startled face. "No! No! I'd rather go in rags than borrow money. We're almost out of debt now, and we'll stay out. Don't borrow, daddy," her voice rising hysterically. "Don't borrow!"

"All right, dearie, all right!" said Amos.

The matter was not mentioned again directly. But the little scene rankled with Amos. A week or so later he said at supper, "Lydia, I'm thinking seriously of moving. I can borrow enough money, I find, to add to the rent we're paying, to rent the old stone house next to Miss Towne's."

My idea is to move there just till you finish college. Then we'll go out on a farm. But I'll give you your chance, Lydia."

Lydia hesitated. To move into the house next to the Townes would be to arrive, to enter the inner circle, to cease to be a dodd. But—she looked about the familiar rooms.

"Daddy," she said, "would you really want to leave this cottage?"

"I'd just as soon," replied Amos. "Most places are alike to me since your mother's death. I could stand doing without the garden, if I had the farm to look forward to."

"How'd we pay the money back?" asked Lydia.

"After the Levine bill passes," said Amos, "I'll have a section of pines."

Instantly Lydia's sleeping land hunger woke and with it the memory of Charlie's tales. She sat in deep thought.

"Daddy," she said, finally, "we're not going to borrow, and we're not going to move again. What's the use of trying to make a spurge with borrowed money?"

"All right," said Amos, reluctantly. "But remember, you've had your chance and don't feel abused about our poverty."

"I won't," replied Lydia, obediently.

And, to her own surprise, she did feel less bitter about her meager, homemade clothing. She had had a chance to improve it and had resisted the temptation.

Late in March the valedictorian and salutatorian of the class were chosen. The custom was for the teachers to select the ten names that had stood highest for scholarship during the entire four years and to submit these to the pupils of the class, who by popular vote elected from these the valedictorian and the salutatorian.

To her joy and surprise, Lydia's was one of the ten names. So were Olga's and Kent's.

The day on which the election took place was cold and rainy. Amos, plodding home for supper, was astonished to see Lydia flying toward him through the mud a full quarter of a mile from home.

"Daddy, they elected me valedictorian! They did! They did! Olga got four votes and Mamie Aldrich ten and I got sixty-six. Daddy! And Mamie wasn't cross but Olga was. Oh, isn't it wonderful!"

"Valedictorian! My little Lydia! Scholarship and popular vote! I wish your mother was here. I'll write to Levine tonight. He'll have to be here for the exercises."

"And Kent is salutatorian. He won by just two votes. I've got to begin to plan about my dress."

"Now, I'm going to buy that dress, Lydia, if I have to borrow money. You aren't going to begin any talk about earning it."

"Oh, all right," said Lydia, hastily. "You won't have to borrow. White goods is always cheap and I'll get it right away so I can put lots of hard work on it."

"What's your speech going to be about?" asked Amos, as they turned in the gate.

"I haven't had time to think about that. I'll plan it all out while I'm sewing."

Billy did not congratulate Lydia. He passed her just as he had during all the months, with a curt little "Hello." To tell the truth, Lydia was heartily ashamed of herself for her shabby reception of Billy's plea. She knew she had been unkind and she missed the desultory companionship she had had with Billy.

The preparation of the dress went on amazingly well. The speechmaking was less simple. As was customary, Lydia chose the class motto, "Ducit Amor Patriae," for her subject and sweated inordinately to find something to say. She complained bitterly because during the four years at high school nothing at all was taught about love of country, or patriotism, or anything that would make the motto suggestive.

Amos answered her plaint indignantly. "Well, the motto is 'Ducit Amor Patriae.' And you know the motto is 'I love my country!'"

"No, I won't help you at all. Think it out for yourself."

And think it out Lydia did, sitting on the front steps with her sewing and listening to the sighing of the pine by the gate.

There was but one flaw in Lydia's happiness. Nobody asked her to attend the senior ball that was to take place on graduation night. To be sure, it was not an invitation affair. The class was supposed to attend in a body, but there was, nevertheless, the usual two-ing and only a very few of the girls who had no invitation from boys would go. Lydia, herself, would have cut off her hand rather than appear at her own senior ball without a young man.

Mortified and unhappy, she avoided her mates during the last week of school, fearing the inevitable question, "Who is going to take you, Lydia?"

The tenth dawned a lovely June day. The exercises began at ten and by half-past eight Lydia was buttoned into her pretty little organdie, Lizzie was puffing in her black alpaca and Amos was standing about in his black Sunday suit, which dated back to his early married days. By nine-thirty they had reached the Methodist church and Amos and Lizzie were established in the middle of the front row of the balcony, while Lydia was shivering with fright in the choir-room, where the class was gathered.

Somebody began to play the organ and somebody else, who looked like Miss Towne, shoved Lydia toward the door and she led the long line of her mates into the front pews. A college professor spoke at length, then Kent appeared on the platform.

Good old Kent, even if he wouldn't take Lydia to parties! Kent, with his black eyes and hair, his ruddy skin and broad shoulders, was good to look on and was giving his speech easily and well, but Lydia was seeing him in a red bathing suit as he hung Florence Dombey from a yard arm of the willow. What a dear he had been! Now it all was different. They were grown up. This day marked their growing up and Kent didn't want to take her to parties.

Kent bowed and took his seat. The quartette sang and somebody prodded Lydia smartly in the back. She made her way up to the platform and began to speak automatically.

Amos with tight clenched fists and Lizzie with her lips a thin seam of nervous compression, were swelled with vanity and torn with fear lest she forget her lines.

But John Levine, who had dashed in late and stood unnoticed in the crowd under the gallery listened intently, while he yearned over Lydia's immature beauty like a mother.

"Aps do," she ended, "when we say good-by, you all must remember that we go out into the world resolved to live up to our motto. That we believe with our forefathers that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. That all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And that because the New England people in the Middle West are far from the cradle of liberty where these ideas were born, living among foreigners it behooves the members of our class to carry our motto into their daily life. Love of country leads us, and so farewell!"

It was a foolish, sentimental little speech with one or two real thoughts in it and John Levine smiled even while the tears filled his eyes. He told himself that no one, least of all probably Lydia herself, realized the cynical application of the class motto to Lake City conditions.

The diplomas were distributed. The great morning was over.

After dinner Amos rushed back to the factory. Lydia hung the graduation gown away in her closet and she

and Adam spent the afternoon on the lake shore, where the delicate splendor and perfume of June endeavored in vain to prove to Lydia that the senior ball was of no consequence.

After the supper dishes were washed she sat on the steps in the dusk with Adam's head in her lap when a carriage rolled up to the gate. A car came swiftly up the path. Lydia with a gasp recognized Billy Norton. Billy wearing a dress suit and carrying a bouquet of flowers!

"Good evening, Lydia," he said calmly. "Will you go to the senior ball with me?"

Lydia was too much overcome for speech. She never before had seen a man in a dress suit! It made of Billy a man of the world. Where was the country boy she had snubbed?

"Here are some flowers I hope you'll wear," Billy went on, formally. "Would you mind hurrying? It's pretty late."

"Oh, Billy!" breathed Lydia, at last. "Aren't you an angel?"

In half an hour the two were seated in the carriage, as actual, party-going, city hack, and bumping gayly on the way to the ball.



She and Adam Spent the Afternoon on the Lake Shore.

Lydia's first dancing party! Lydia's first man escort and he wearing a dress suit and there were only two others in the hall! Who would attempt to describe the joy of that evening? Who would have recognized Billy, the farmer, in the cool blond person who calmly appropriated Lydia's card, taking half the dances for himself and parceling out the rest grudgingly and discriminatingly.

For three hours, Lydia spun through a golden haze of melody and rhythm. Into three hours she crammed all the joy, all the thrill, that she had dreamed of through her lonely girlhood. At half after eleven she was waltzing with Billy.

"We must leave now, Lydia," he said. "I promised your father I'd have you home by midnight. I want to get a stand-in with your dad because I want to take you to more parties."

"Oh, Billy! Do you!" breathed Lydia. "Well, I don't think there's any one in the world has nicer things happen to them than I do! Oh, Billy, just this waltz!"

At the end, Lydia looked up with a wondering smile. "I didn't know any one could be so perfectly happy. Billy. I shall always remember that of you—you gave me my happiest moment."

On the way home in the bumping back, Billy seemed to relax. "Well, did I give you a good time, miss, or didn't I? Could Kent or Gustus have done better?"

"Billy," said Lydia, "last summer I was just a silly little girl. Now, I'm grown up. You were the swiftest person at the ball tonight. You just wait till I tell your mother about it."

Billy went up the path with Lydia to the steps and held her hand a moment in silence after he said, "It's a wonderful night!"

A wonderful night, indeed! The moon hung low over the lake and the fragrance of late lilac and of hidden blooms enveloped them. Youth and June moonlight and silence! A wonderful night indeed!

"You are very sweet, Lydia," whispered the young man. He laid his cheek for a moment against her hand, then turned quickly away.

(Continued)

Slump in Fur

Washington.—Fur coats may gain an enhanced standing as luxuries if the supply of fur-bearing animals continues to decrease as steadily as in the last year. The Agricultural department said the number of fur wearers was increasing much faster than fur bearers.

Canadian Farmer Seeks Meteor Buried in Yard

Detroit, Mich.—George Turner, a farmer living near Amherstburg, Ont., and a number of his friends, are planning to dig up what is believed to be a portion of a meteor that buried itself in the ground outside Turner's home.

The missile is buried about ten feet and the hole which is about twelve inches in diameter, indicates that it must have been whirling at a great rate of speed when it struck.

"My wife and I were reading in the front room when my attention was attracted by what I thought resembled a pillar of flame," Turner said. "At first I believed the house was afire and I rushed out of doors, but I found nothing."

Turner plans to send the missile to the government laboratories at Toronto for examination.

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1926

1927

Christmas Greetings

THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS SEASON CALLS TO MIND THE PLEASANT RELATIONS WE HAVE HAD WITH YOU DURING THE PAST YEAR AND BRINGS TO US A DEEPER APPRECIATION OF OLD ASSOCIATES AND OF THE VALUE OF NEW FRIENDS. THIS MESSAGE OF GOOD WILL IS TO THANK YOU FOR THE MANY FAVORS YOU HAVE SHOWN US IN THE PAST AND TO EXTEND TO YOU AND YOURS A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND MAY YOUR NEW YEAR BE BLESSED WITH HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY.

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Personal

Tom Windham, of Oplin, was in town Wednesday.

Pat Bounds, who is attending Tulane Medical College, New Orleans, is at home for the holidays.

J. B. Walker, of Texola, Oklahoma is here on his annual Christmas visit to his relatives and old friends.

Miss Louise Bell, who is attending State Normal at Canyon, is at home for the holidays.

Miss Catherine Walker, of Balmorhea is visiting her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland.

Miss Bess Holmes left Thursday night for her home in Gatesville, to spend Christmas.

Mrs. Ross Williams, of Amarillo, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wristen.

Mrs. Chas. Roe, Keilty, of Amarillo, is spending Christmas with her father, B. L. Boydston and family.

Haynie Spencer, who is attending Teck College at Lubbock, is home for the holidays.

Misses Burna Louise Brightwell and Francis Snyder, who are attending C. I. A., at Denton, are at home for the holidays.

Morris Bennett, who is attending the University of Colorado, is at home in Baird, for the holidays with his parents.

W. C. Tisdale and family left Tuesday for Arcadia, Florida to visit his mother, and sister Mrs. M. Tisdale and Mrs. John Cole.

Mr. VanHorn, the oil man burned in the Baird Shallow Field last week, is reported in a critical condition at Cisco.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Purdy and little daughters, Thelma, are visiting Mrs. Purdy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Sigal.

Bob Price employe of The Star office, together with his brothers, Archie, of Abilene, and Tom, of Merkel, is spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Price, of Van Horn, Texas.

Mrs. Eula Presslar, of Eastland, spent Friday night in Baird with relatives. Mrs. Presslar was on her way home from Tecumseh, where she had gone to see her father, H. Windham, who has been in ill health for some time. She reports her father about the same, seems to improve at times, then relaps again.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15. Tom Mix in "NO MANS GOLD." The most sensational thriller Tom Mix ever made. Also "MIXED BABIES," comedy. 4-1t.

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CHRISTMAS CANTATA

A Christmas Cantata, "Peace on Earth" will be given at the Methodist Church, Sunday night at 7:30 o'clock. Everyone cordially invited to attend.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

The Ladies Bible Class, of Church of Christ Sunday School, will meet at the Church, Monday afternoon, December 27th., at two o'clock.

DECEMBER 27 and 28TH. "Fig Leaves," with George O'Brien and Oliver Borden. A rollicking Comedy Drama that proves Adam didn't know what he was starting when he gave a rib to learn the quaint old sport of matrimony. Also a Western Feature and a good comedy. 4-1t.

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PECANS: Either whole or shelled. Phone or see Ed Lambert. Phone, 253 2 L and 1S. 2-2tpd.

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FOR SALE: One double iron bed and a floor lamp. See or phone, Mrs. L. L. Blackburn. 4-1t.

APARTMENT: Two room, furnished apartment for rent. See or phone, Mrs. Joe Alexander. 4-1t.

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Merry Christmas Time



It is Christmas time again The time of the year when most of us are inclined to forget somewhat the urge and the surge of business and to think more seriously of the beauties of life and the things which make life more worth living.

One of the most beautiful things in life, as we see it, is the spirit of friendship which underlies our relations with each other. Without friends life would indeed be an empty shell.

As in our personal lives so is it also in our business lives. With an understanding such as is born of true friendship our business relations with our fellow men become warm and cordial.

And so at this time we want to tell you that we have appreciated your friendship for us, your confidence in us, your loyalty to us.

In token of our genuine appreciation of your friendship we extend to you our sincere wish that you, and those who are near and dear to you, may enjoy a truly Happy Christmas Season and a most Prosperous New Year.

Very sincerely yours,



LYDIA of the Pines

by HONORÉ WILLSIE

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City. Her father's friend, John Levine, after discussing affairs with Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Moulton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food. Margery, small daughter of Dave Marshall, the town banker, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, unharmed but frightened, and taken home by Lydia and Kent. Her father calls on Amos to complain, blaming Lydia for the mishap.

CHAPTER III—Lydia explains the accident and asserts that because Margery is considered "stuck up" she is not a popular playmate. Marshall arranges for Lydia to teach Margery to swim and otherwise become "one of the crowd." Levine tells Amos his plan to take timber from the Indian reservation and ultimately have it opened for settlement. From an older boy, Billy Norton, Lydia gets a pair of wild ducks, and despite their poverty the Dudleys have a Christmas feast.

CHAPTER IV—Patience succumbs to an attack of diphtheria, leaving Lydia feeling that her trust in God is not and her small world has collapsed. She finds comfort in the loving kindness of John Levine. Lydia learns that a note of Amos, backed by Levine and said by Marshall's due and cannot be met. The child pleads with Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

CHAPTER V—Overhearing her the loss of little Patience, Lydia's health falls. Levine, understanding the situation, gives her a pup, which the lonely child takes to her heart. Reaching the age of fifteen, Lydia enters high school, where she at once realizes that her homemade frock and general appearance of poverty set her apart from her better-dressed companions. She attends a party given by her teacher, Miss Towne. The other girls, smartly dressed, make fun of her makeshift costume.

CHAPTER VI—Lydia is elected sheriff. A sixteen-year-old Indian boy, Charlie Jackson, tells Lydia of numerous wrongs done his people, mainly by Marshall and Levine. Lydia defends her friend vigorously. Meeting Levine in Lydia's house, Charlie Jackson threatens and endeavors to attack him.

CHAPTER VII—Lydia is shot by an unseen assassin. Recovering at the Dudley cottage, she learns the identity of Lydia's loneliness and her shakable faith in God. The man and girl enter into a compact to start a "Search for God" together. Levine, recovered, begins his campaign for congress.

CHAPTER VIII—Lydia is unable to give the hatred of Levine from Charlie's heart, and despite herself her faith in her old friend is shaken by the young Indian's stories. Levine has long realized that despite their disparity in age he is passionately in love with the young girl.

CHAPTER IX—Lydia is triumphant in his campaign for congress. Lydia earns enough money selling fudge to go camping with Charlie, Kent, Margery and two school friends, Gustav Bach and a girl named Olga. Miss Towne chaperons them.

CHAPTER X—Walking with Kent in the woods, Lydia witnesses a meeting of Levine and some half-breeds. Their conversation convinces Lydia that Charlie has been right in accusing Levine of plotting to rob the Indians.

CHAPTER XI—A visit from the old squaw whom Lydia had befriended long ago causes Charlie to tell more of Marshall and Levine's thievery. Lydia promises to talk to Levine. Billy Norton makes a boyish proposal of marriage to Lydia, who repulses him. In her talk with Levine the man avers his methods are lawful and really best for the Indians. The girl is only half convinced.

"Lots of good 'll do," grunted Kent. "And if you tell him we overheard him in the woods, 'll be sore."

"I don't see why."

"Because, after I finish high school, I'm going to tell him I know, to make him let me in on the deal. Look here, Lyd, don't tell him I was with you, anyhow."

"Oh, all right," replied Lydia, crossly. "For goodness' sake, don't let's talk about it any more. I don't see why men always have to be plotting! I'm going back to camp and help pack."

The driver arrived with the carry-all at five o'clock the next morning, and at mid-afternoon, Lydia was dropped at the gate, where Adam took possession of her.

The house seemed small and dingy. Lydia dropped her suitcase in the kitchen.

"I've just got to train old Lizzie," she said, "so that she won't leave her old carpet slippers and her apron in the middle of the kitchen every time she goes out. I do wish we had Mission furniture instead of this everlasting old mahogany. I just guess there's got to be some reforming in this house, this summer."

Amos came in the gate shortly after six. Lydia was waiting for him at the front door. He looked suddenly shabby and old to Lydia and she clasped him very tenderly. It required all the supper hour and all the remainder of the evening to tell the story of the camp and to answer Lizzie's and Amos' questions. There were several episodes Lydia did not describe; that of the half-breed council in the wood, for example.

Lydia was sitting on the front steps, the next afternoon, with a book in her lap and Adam at her feet, when Billy Norton called. He stopped at

a chat in the garden with her father, before coming up to greet Lydia.

"He is awful homely. A regular old farmer," she thought, comparing him with the elegant Gustus and with Kent's careless grace.

"Hello, Lyd! Awful glad you're back!"

He sat down on the step below her and Lydia wrinkled her nose. He carried with him the odor of hay and horses.

"How's your mother?" asked Lydia. "I'm coming over, tomorrow." "Mother's not so very well. She works too hard at the blamed canning. I told her I'd rather never eat it than have her get so done up."

"I'll be over to help her," said Lydia. "We had a perfectly heavenly time in camp, Billy."

"Did you?" asked her caller, indifferently. "Going to try to sell fudge, this winter, Lyd?"

"I don't know," Lydia's tone was mournful. "Daddy hates to have me. Now I'm growing up he seems to be getting sensitive about my earning money."

"He's right, too," said Billy, with a note in his voice that irritated Lydia.

"Much you know about it! You just try to make your clothes and buy your school books on nothing. Dad's just afraid people'll know how little he earns, that's all. Men are selfish pigs."

Astonished by this outburst, Billy turned round to look up at Lydia. She was wearing her Sunday dress of the year before, cheap cotton that she had outgrown. The young man at her feet did not see this. All he observed were the dusty gold of her curly head, the clear blue of her eyes and the fine set of her head on her thin little shoulders.

"You always look just right to me, Lyd," he said. "Listen, Lyd, I'm not going to be a farmer, I'm—"

"Not be a farmer?" cried Lydia. "After all you've said about it!" "No! I'm going in for two years' law, then I'm going into politics. I tell you, Lydia, what this country needs today more than anything is young, clean politicians."

"You mean you're going to do like Mr. Levine?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed the young man. "I'm going to fight men like Levine. And by heck," he paused and looked at Lydia dreamily, "I'll be governor and maybe more, yet."

"But what's changed you?" persisted Lydia.

"The fight about the reservation, mostly. There's something wrong, you know, in a system of government that allows conditions like that. It's against American principles."

Lydia was impressed. She forgot that Billy smelled of the barnyard.

"Well," she said, "we'd all be proud of you if you were President, I can tell you."

"Would you be?" Billy's voice was pleased. "Then, Lydia, will you wait for me?"

"Wait for you?"

"Yes, till I make a name to bring to you."

Lydia flushed angrily. "Look here, Billy Norton, you don't have to be silly, after all the years we've known each other. I'm only fifteen, just remember that, and I don't propose to wait for any man. I'd as soon think

of waiting for—for Adam, as for you, anyhow."

Billy rose with dignity, and without a word strode down the path to the gate and thence up the road. Lydia stared after him indignantly. "That old farmer!" she said to Adam, who wriggled and stammered, sympathetically.

She was still indignant when John Levine arrived and found her toasting herself and the waffles for supper, indiscriminately. Perhaps it was this sense of indignation that made her less patient than usual with what she was growing to consider the foibles of the male sex. At any rate, she precipitated her carefully planned conversation with Levine, when the four of them were seated on the back steps, after supper.

The others were listening to Lydia's account of her investigating tour with Charlie.

"I shouldn't say it was the best idea in the world for you to be wandering through the woods with that young Indian," was Levine's comment when Lydia had finished.

"I don't see how you can speak so," cried Lydia, passionately, "when this minute you're taking his pine wood."

"Lydia!" said Amos, sharply. "Let her alone, Amos," Levine spoke quietly. "What are you talking about, Lydia?"

"The Indians are people, just like us," she cried, "and you're treating them as if they were beasts. You're robbing them and letting them starve! Oh, I saw them! Charlie showed the poor things to me—all sore eyes, and coughing and eating dirt. And you're making money out of them! Maybe the very money you paid our note with was made out of a starved squaw. Oh, I can't stand it to think of you!"

Lydia paused with a half sob and for a moment only the gentle ripple of the waves on the shore and the crickets were to be heard. Levine, elbow on knee, chin on hand, looked through the dusk at the shadowy sweetness of Lydia's face, his own face calm and thoughtful.

"You're so good and kind to me," Lydia began again, "how can you be so hard on the Indians? Are you stealing Charlie's logs? Are you, Mr. Levine?"

"I bought his pine," replied Levine quietly.

"He doesn't believe it. He thinks you're stealing. And he's so afraid of you. Why does he feel that way, Mr. Levine?"

"Lydia! What're you saying!" exclaimed Amos.

"Keep out, Amos," said Levine. "We've got to clear this up. I've been expecting it, for some time. Lydia, years ago before the government began to support the Indians, they were a fine, upstanding race. The whites could have learned a lot from them. They were brave, and honorable, and moral, and in a primitive way, thrifty. Well, then the sentimentalsists among the whites devised the reservation system and the allowance system. And the Indians have gone to the devil. Just as whites would under like circumstances. Any human being has to earn what he eats or he degenerates. The only way to save those Indians under these is to kick them out. The strong ones will live and be assimilated into our civilization. The weak ones will die. Just like weak whites do."

"But how about Charlie's pines?" insisted Lydia. "What makes him think you're stealing them? And he says that when the pines go, the tribe will die."

"I paid for the pine," insisted Levine. "An Indian has no idea of buying and selling. It's a cruel incident, this breaking up of the reservation, but it's like cutting off a leg to save the patient's life. Sentiment is wasted."

Lydia was turning over in her mind the scene in the woods between John and the half-breeds. That, then, was a part of the process of removing the patient's leg! The end justified the means.

She heaved a great sigh of relief. "Well, then, I don't have to worry about that any more," she said. "Only, I don't dare to think about those starving old squaws, or the baby that froze to death."

"That's right," agreed Levine, comfortably. "Don't think about them."

If there was still a doubt in the back of Lydia's mind regarding the reservation, for a time, at least, she succeeded in quieting it.

One of the not unimportant results of the camping trip was that Lydia rediscovered the pine by the gate. It was the same pine against which she had beaten her little fists the night of Patience's death.

She liked to sit on the steps and stare at it, dreaming and wondering. For the Indians and the pines were now unalterably associated in Lydia's mind. The life of one depended on that of the other. Strange thoughts and perhaps not altogether cheerful and wholesome thoughts for a girl of Lydia's age.

So it was probably well that Margery about this time began to show Lydia a certain Margery-esque type of attention. In her heart, in spite of her mother's teachings, Margery had always shared her father's admiration for Lydia. In her childhood it had been a grudging, jealous admiration that seemed like actual dislike. But as Margery developed as a social favorite and Lydia remained about the same quiet little dodd, the jealousy of the banker's daughter gave way to liking.

Therefore, several times a week, Margery appeared on her bicycle, her embroidery bag dangling from the handle bars. The two girls would then establish themselves on cushions by the water and sew and chatter.

One day Lydia said, "I wish we had hardwood floors like yours."

"What kind are yours?" inquired Margery.

"Just pine, and kind of mean, spintery pine, too."

"Upstairs at Olga's all the floors were that way," said Margery, "and they had a man come and sandpaper 'em and put kind of putty stuff in the cracks and oil and wax 'em and they look fine."

"Gee!" said Lydia, thoughtfully. "I'll do it! And I'll cut our old living-room carpet up into two or three rugs. Lizzie'll have to squeeze enough out of the grocery money for fringe. I'd rather have fringe than a fall coat."

Amos, coming home a night or so later, found the living-room floor bare and Lydia hard at work with a bit of glass and sandpaper, scraping at the slivers.

"Ain't it awful?" asked Lizzie from the dining room. "She would do it."

"Lizzie's complained all day," said Lydia. "She doesn't realize how our house looks like 'poverty and destruction' compared with other folks'. I'm going to get some style into it, if I have to tear it down. Oh, daddy, don't you get sick of being poor?"

"Yes," said Amos, shortly, "and I think you're a silly girl to wear yourself out on this kind of thing."

Lydia sat up and looked at him. She was growing fast and was thinner than ever, this summer. "If mother was alive," she said, "she'd know exactly how I feel."

Suddenly there came to Amos' memory a weak and tender voice, with contralto notes in it like Lydia's.

"Lydia," he said, abruptly, "make the house over if you want to, my dear," and he marched out to the kitchen to wash and take off his overalls.

It took Lydia several days to complete her task. When it was done the cracks were still prominent and the oily finish was spotted. But in Lydia's eyes it was a work of art and she cut the old carpet into three parts with enthusiasm. She sewed the fringe on the rugs, on the front porch. Sitting so, she could see Margery when she appeared far down the road. On the afternoon on which she finished the last of the rugs Charlie Jackson and not Margery appeared.

He admired the rugs and the gleam of the shining floor through the doorway. Then, without preamble, he asked, "Did you talk to Levine, Lydia?"

"Yes," she said. "He—he just doesn't see it any way but his, Charlie! He insists that the only way to save you Indians is to make you work for a living."

"He's doing it all for our good, huh?" sneered Charlie.

"He doesn't pretend. He says he wants the land. He's paying for it, though."

"Paying for it!" cried the Indian. "How's he paying for it, do you know?"

"No, and I don't want to know! I'm tired of hearing things about Mr. Levine."

"I don't care if you are," said Charlie, grimly. "You might as well decide right now whether you're going to take him or me for your friend. You can't have us both."

"I wouldn't give up Mr. Levine for anyone on earth," Lydia's voice shook with her earnestness. "And I don't see why I have to be dragged into this business. I've nothing to do with it."

"You have, too! You're white, and it's every white's business to judge in this. You'll be taking some of the profits of the reservation if it's thrown open, yourself."

"I will not!" cried Lydia. "I wouldn't want an inch of that land." Then she caught her breath. Something within her said, "Wouldn't, eh—not the vast acres of cathedral pines, you thought of as yours, at camp?" She flushed and repeated vehemently, "Not an inch!"

Charlie smiled cynically. "Listen, Lydia, I'll tell you how Levine pays for his Indian lands."

CHAPTER XII

The High School Senior

"Years ago," began Charlie, grimly "my father foresaw what the whites were trying to do. None of the other full-bloods believed him. Father was the chief of the tribe and he called council after council until at last they all decided he'd better go to Washington and see if he could get help from the Indian commissioner. Even then John Levine had a following of half-breeds. He told the yellow ears to kidnap my father and he'd see if he could make him more reasonable. So the half-breeds laid in ambush the day father started for Washington. Father put up an awful fight and they killed him!"

"Oh, Charlie!" cried Lydia, dropping her sewing. "Oh, Charlie!"

"Yes," said the Indian, tensely, "and though Levine wasn't there he was just as much my father's murderer as if he'd fired the shot. Of course, nothing was ever done by the authorities. It was hushed up as an Indian brawl. But my sister, she was twenty then, she found out about Levine and she came in and set fire to his house one night, thinking she'd burn him to death. Instead of that, she just scared his old hired man, who was drunk. Levine was away from home, drunk. He found out it was my sister and he told her the only way she could keep from being jailed was to sell him all our pines—for a hundred dollars. So she did, but she shot at him that Thanksgiving night when he'd been at your house."

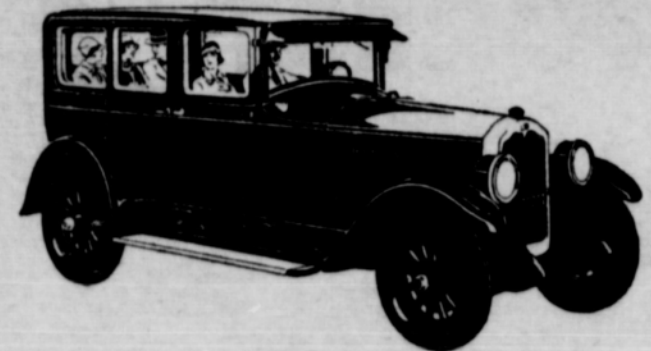
"Oh, Charlie!" whispered Lydia, horror in her blue eyes and her parted lips. She looked at him in utter dismay. No longer was he the debonaire favorite of the high school. In

"Oh, All Right," Replied Lydia Crossly.

Continued on last page

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... BUICK WILL BUILD THEM ...]

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May

This be a Good Christmas to our great family of patrons and may 1927 be a better year than you have known before. We have enjoyed our relations with you.

May We Serve You On?



CITY PHARMACY
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BAIRD

TEXAS

WILL IT BE

Your Fireplace

OR THE OTHER MAN'S YOU SIT BEFORE
THIS CHRISTMAS EVE?

We wonder if it is the other man's—as you sit before it this Christmas—if you won't decide that before another Christmas rolls around that you will be enjoying your own home.

AND NOW OUR GOOD WISHES
FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS

This old firm in Baird appreciates its friends and counts hundred of them, and we would be ungrateful if we failed at least once each year to let you know that we do fully appreciate you. That's why we take this opportunity to add to your good cheer with our best wishes—to join with your other friends in hoping all that is best for you and yours during the holiday season and in the months of the New Year so soon to unfold.

W. G. BOWLUS
Lumber and Building Materials

It happened—there was the feeling of some huge bulk bearing down upon him and he knew no more.

When he awoke he was lying in a cool, white bed in a very bare and spotlessly clean room. Beside his bed sat a white-robed figure, a trained nurse, he saw at a glance. He was in a hospital! Yes, he remembered all now! He tried to ask the nurse how long he had been there, but his strength was scarcely enough for even that. She told him very quietly that he had been there a little over a week—that he had been badly injured, but was well on the way to recovery now, and that the doctor had said he would be as well as ever very soon if he would do just as he was told. He looked more closely into the nurse's face as she spoke—yes, this was the girl that had been in his dreams so much—the dreams must have been really true.

In the days that followed, Arthur Benton began to be more and more interested in the sweet-faced young nurse. She was so very good to him, so gentle and so kind; no one had ever been that good to him before. He realized now that with all his wealth he had missed something in life—something that money could not buy. She read to him a great deal, too, and he enjoyed listening as her soft, melodious voice rang out in the still room. But often he would find himself losing the thread of the story or poem in watching the play of her delicate features or the glint in her shining hair. But he liked best of all when she sat and talked to him and told him of herself and her ambitions. She and her father were very much interested in little crippled children and they were planning to build a home where they could be cared for. Her father was a doctor and the most wonderful man in the whole world. He had done so much for the poor of the city, but she rather feared that this time he was trying to do more than was possible—he was finding the financial aid for the home a great problem. As she spoke he could almost visualize the multitude of little ones that would come to the home through the years and pass out of its doors again into the world strong in body again. What a wonderful work it would be—how great a privilege to have even a part in its making!

Finally there came a day when there seemed no further need of Arthur Benton staying at the hospital. The doctor had pronounced him as fit as a man could be and he, himself, felt that it was true, yes, even more than true. For in addition to regaining the health and strength that had been his before, something new and wonderful had come into his life—something that made him feel better and happier than he had ever felt before. For he had won the love of a girl so wonderful that he marveled each time he thought about it. Helen Goodman was different from all the girls he had ever known—there was no question about it in Arthur's mind. He had also learned the many wonderful things that he could do with his wealth—how much happiness he could bring to humanity by using part of it to do the things for which there was such a crying need—and how much happiness he could also bring to himself in doing all of this.

A few weeks later there was a wedding and the two who had been brought together during the Christmas time started out as one, on a road that was straight and shining—the road to happiness.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

and strength that had been his before, something new and wonderful had come into his life—something that made him feel better and happier than he had ever felt before. For he had won the love of a girl so wonderful that he marveled each time he thought about it. Helen Goodman was different from all the girls he had ever known—there was no question about it in Arthur's mind. He had also learned the many wonderful things that he could do with his wealth—how much happiness he could bring to humanity by using part of it to do the things for which there was such a crying need—and how much happiness he could also bring to himself in doing all of this.

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Santa Fetched My Dolly



The Christmas Coat

By Minna Irving in Town Topics

THE earth on Christmas Eve exclaimed To winter, with a pout. My old brown coat is shabby now. In fact it's all worn out. It's ragged here and tattered there And torn the other way. I ought to have a brand new one To wear on Christmas Day.

Old winter blustered for awhile And loudly banged the door, And then gave in as he has done So many times before. And lo! when Christmas morning dawned All gold and blue and bright, Earth wore a truly regal coat Of ermine pure and white.

Bering Sea and Straits Getting Much Warmer

Dutch Harbor, Alaska.—Bering sea and straits connecting the Arctic ocean are warming up, icebergs diminishing in size and fish ordinarily fearful of the cold migrating farther north, declare crews of whalers just back from the frigid regions. Seals and walrus have found the water of Bering sea too warm and were scarce except in the Arctic ocean this last season, while whales appeared more numerous in the polar waters than along the Alaskan coast. Herring, smelt and salmon, rarely frequenting Bering straits, have taken the old sealing grounds, say the whalers.

School for Gypsies

Uzhorod, Czechoslovakia.—The first school of gypsies in Europe will soon be established here.

The Road to Happiness



by Katherine Edelman

ARTHUR BENTON had been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. Ever since he could remember he had never felt the need of a single thing that money could buy—there was scarcely a wish of his that had ever been left ungratified. His father had left him a large fortune before he was twenty-one and things had always been very easy for him. His father, shrewd business man that he was, had left the money so that there would be no chance of Arthur's running through it in a hurry, were he so inclined. But he need not have worried on that score, for so far it seemed as if Arthur was truly following in his father's footsteps—his one desire seemed to be to add to the pile. He did not even spend one-fourth of the lavish allowance he had been left which would come to him each year until he was twenty-eight.

He was now twenty-five and there seemed great danger of his developing into a money-making type. Not that he denied himself a single thing that he cared for, but like many others who have had everything all their lives, Arthur never stopped to think that there were many whom he could help to happiness by a little of what was his.

Three days before Christmas he stood at the counter of one of the largest stores in town. It was during the rush hours of the day and the clerks were all busy. Arthur chafed at the delay. "Hang it all," he thought to himself, "why won't they wait on somebody. I'll go somewhere else and get service."

Leaving the store hurriedly he started impatiently across the street, forgetting to look for passing cars. He never could tell afterwards how

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A Merry Christmas A Happy New Year

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QUALITY CAFE

Fred Estes, Proprietor

Baird

Here at Christmas Time

With a new year close at hand we come with our Greetings and appreciations to our patrons. May the season be bright and happy for you and may the time that lies out before you be laden with good things.

Ashby White

"First Aid To The Smartly Dressed."

Seasons Greeting

With Christmas at hand and the approach of a New Year we deem it signally appropriate that we should give expression to our sentiment—
TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

We trust that this will be the most wonderful Christmas of your life to date and that 1927 will bring a cargo of rich treasures for you and yours.

Sam Gilliland

Our Wish For You

Is that you may have the most enjoyable Christmas you have ever had and that the year just ahead will be the best you have experienced to this date.

We have enjoyed our relations with you this year and we trust that we can further and better serve you in the year just ahead.

AGAIN WE THANK YOU

City Bakery

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For The 24 Hours of
CHRISTMAS DAY
 And The 8,760 Hours of
THE NEW YEAR

We wish you peace, comfort, happiness and prosperity and express the hope that as we received much pleasure from our service to you that we pleased you---and that we may be honored with your continued friendship and patronage in 1927.

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**WOMAN, 92, BOASTS
 308 LIVING HEIRS**

**Challenges Any Grandmother
 to Show Equal Record.**

Ogden, Utah—Boasting that she has the largest posterity of any woman in the country, Mrs. Sarah Jane Taylor of Harrisville recently celebrated her ninety-second birthday. She has 308 living descendants, who include 8 children, 50 grandchildren, 189 great-grandchildren and 61 great-great-grandchildren.

She has challenged any woman in the country to show a larger number of lineal descendants and is anxious to correspond with any such woman.

Mrs. Taylor has been married twice, the first time when she was only sixteen. The marriage was with Bailey Lake, a fellow Mormon convert whom the young girl met on her way to Utah in 1850. They settled in Ogden where four children were born.

When the youngest was still a baby Brigham Young pressed Mr. Lake into service and sent him to Idaho to spread the Mormon gospel among the Indians. With the other Mormon elders at Fort Lemhi, Lake was attacked by Indians. The little garrison, besieged, sent Lake as a messenger for help. He was ambushed and killed in the Malad mountains.

A few years later his widow was married to the late Pleasant Green Taylor. Six children, four of them still living, were born from this union.

Mrs. Taylor was born in Port Gibson, Miss., November 12, 1834. She has the distinction of being one of the few remaining Mormons who crossed the plains in ox-carts in the early fifties. She was among the religious followers who left the northern part of the state and went south when General Johnston's army came to Utah to subdue Brigham Young.

**Plan to Revive Whaling
 Off California Coast**

San Diego, Calif.—After a hiatus of more than half a century whaling operations are to be resumed on an extensive scale on the southern California coast. A whaling fleet consisting of the factory steamer Lansing, with four killers, has established a base at South Bay, San Clemente Island, and has started a hunt for the famous California "grays," the humpback and the sperm, the only species frequenting these waters.

The whale oil, fertilizer and chicken feed, the principal products derived from the whale catch, will be disposed of entirely in the California markets, officials of the whaling company announce.

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All pastures controlled by me, are posted—no Pecan gathering, or trespassing allowed what ever; please bear this in mind.
 51-tf. W. P. Brightwell.

Cold Type Cannot Carry the Warmth of Our
Christmas Wishes

To Our Hundreds of Loyal Patrons

But nevertheless we appreciate the medium of the press and take pleasure in sending our best wishes. To make you KNOW our sincerity we have RESOLVED to so serve you in the future as to add to your joys and take from your cares.

May You Welcome 1927

And Find It a Happy Year in Which Health and Good Times Will Be With You.

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