

# The Baird Star.

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

VOLUME NO. 39

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1926

NO. 36

## BOY SCOUTS TO GO TO BUFFALO GAP FOR ENCAMPMENT

The annual Chisolm Trail Scout Camp which includes seven counties, will start Aug. 23rd and run for ten days at Buffalo Gap.

With plenty of shade, territory for hiking, a large concrete swimming pool, and big eats, there is no doubt but what the boy will have the time of his life who attends the camp.

### MESSAGE TO MOTHER AND DAD

The aim of the Chisolm Trail Scout Camp is to fit the boy, by intensive training and healthful recreation, to develop within himself the elements of self-reliance, resourcefulness, punctuality, cleanliness, and discipline with all the other qualities necessary to the best type of boyhood.

The camp will be located near Buffalo Gap with good tested drinking water and a fine concrete swimming pool (owned by the Presbyterian Encampment.) In case of necessity you will be able to get in touch with the camp at the local phone office at Buffalo Gap. There will be swimming, outside of regular swimming periods. The Buddy System will be used. Red Cross life savers will be on the job, several first aid men and a doctor will be in reach if necessary.

Plenty of good wholesome food will be prepared by professional cooks. Inspection will be held every morning and evening in regard to the welfare of the boy.

Talk it over with the boy and decide if it's worth while for him to receive this kind of training.

Sunday will be visitor's day—will be very glad to have you come, but will be unable to serve lunch not knowing how many to prepare for.

What will be required for each boy to bring:

- 1 Folding cot
- 2 Blankets (sheets and pillows if you want to)
- Bathing suit
- Tooth brush and paste
- 2 Towels, cake of soap
- Tin plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon
- 2 changes of clothing
- Uniform (Desired but not required)
- Some of the things we will do:
  - Swimming
  - All kinds of water games
  - Nature Study hikes
  - Sham battle
  - Camp fire program
  - Scout craft of different kinds
  - Contests
  - Big field day.

Any registered Scout is eligible to attend the Camp who sends in his registration to box 375, Abilene, Texas by August 16th. Registration fee \$2.00, \$5.00 when entering, camp.

## BAIRD METHODIST CHURCH



The above is a cut made from a photograph of the Baird Methodist Church, South building, constructed in 1923. The building cost around \$85,000 all of which was paid but \$7,000.00 during the construction. That debt has by hard work of the Pastor, Cal C. Wright, and a committee who worked faithfully with him, paid off or soon will be the last amount that was needed to pay the debt and interest, was raised by the committee last week. By payment of this debt the property of the local church is free of debt and stops \$490 yearly interest. Bishop, Moore will dedicate the church sometime in September.

## NEW LAW FIRM

County Attorney, B. F. Russell, and Judge B. C. Fuller, of Woodville, Texas, have formed a co-partnership in the practice of law. Judge Fuller has moved to Baird and expects to make his home here. The Star wishes the new firm success. Judge Fuller started off right, by subscribing for the Baird Star.

## CROPS GOOD IN THE EULA COUNTRY SAYS PATSIE

Well Uncle Billie how are you and The Star force. We are doing fine and this way is all well as far as I know. Plenty of rain and crops are looking fine.

I think we will make plenty of cotton. I hear some complaint of the cotton flea; also the weevil. You can hear almost anything.

Feed is sure good, so I guess we are all O. K.

We are having some good meetings and the main election is over. Ma is gone up salt creek; Lynch Davidson is a cinch, he is gone and Dan is the man. We had lots of mud-slinging, but thank the Lord it was not among our county candidates. They all run a clean race. I wish I could have voted for them all, for they were all my friends.

Good luck to every-body,  
"Patsie."

## WILLIE WILCOXEN THANKS FRIENDS

Cottonwood, Texas, August 2, 1926.  
Editor Baird Star:  
Baird, Texas.

Dear Editor:

Once more I have been forced to feel the sting of defeat—Again at the hand of the same man—One of the counties foremost citizens. I trust as before we will find that he and I ran a gentleman's race, each soliciting solely on his own merits and qualifications. He was made the choice of the people for they knew him best, and I wish to express my thanks to the loyal friends who supported me in the primary; Although my vote was again small, I feel that the friends that I made during the campaign are many; And even though it is not my intention to ever again ask for one of these paying offices, I wish to ask that they regard me as just plain Willie Wilcoxen, and

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by  
The men that are good, the men that are bad  
As good and as bad as, I,  
Then why should I sit in the scorners seat, or hurl a Cynic's ban?  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man."

The above lines from Sane Walter Foss strikes me as being my feelings to the public.  
Thanking you and The Star force for the favors it rendered me, I am,  
Respectfully yours,  
Willie Wilcoxen.

## NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS OF BAIRD I. O. O. F. LODGE NO. 271

There will be Degree work in the Initiatory and 1st., degree, put on by the Cisco Team at Baird, Tuesday night, August 10, 1926. Every member is urged to be present and all visiting members are extended a hearty welcome.

Victor B. Gilbert, N. G.  
B. H. Hornsby, Secretary.

## THE METHODIST CHURCH Cal C. Wright, Pastor

Sunday School at 9:45. If you belong to this church you should feel at home in Sunday School. If you are a stranger in town we extend to you a sincere welcome to meet with us, for we want to know you.

Preaching at 11 o'clock. Stay for Church. At the evening hour Rev. A. W. Yell, the Presbyterian Minister will preach for us.  
You are invited to worship with us.

## LOST BET, BUT NOT GOATS

Says the Coleman Democrat-Voice: Sam Gilliland has one hundred billy goats that he has been trying to sell for several months, but with no success. Finally in desperation he bet the whole flock with Upton Henderson that "Ma" would lead the ticket, and Upton refuses to take the goats.

Sam is a brother of the Editor, but never heard of him gambling before this. It looks more like a scheme to unload a bunch of goats on the other fellow than a bet.

## LIFTING TOO MUCH



Towns, like balloons, cannot make much upward progress if overloaded with deadweight. Either must discard excess ballast if it expects to get anywhere.

Frightened with an indifferent attitude on the part of its citizens unfair criticism or sentiment injurious to local business, a municipality is unable to overcome stagnation and will sink to earth with its burden.

Though Baird is not lacking in home-town pride, there may be bits of ballast here and there which could well be eliminated in order to lighten the load which all of us must carry. Toss apathy out-of-town buying and lack of co-operation overboard and the town will have smoother sailing on its journey to success.

## KINDNESS AND HAPPY DISPOSITION-REMINDS THEM OF CHILDHOOD DAYS

The following letter was received by Mr. R. E. Bounds, our congenial blacksmith, a few days ago—Just another evidence, of the pleasure a smile and a kind word will give: Churubasco, Indiana, July 31, 1926 "The Village Blacksmith," Baird, Texas.

Dear Sir:

You remember fixing a trailer hitch for Mr. and Mrs. Sible, who also stayed all night by your shop—they being from Arizona and were Indiana bound.

Just wish to inform you that you did a good job, for we made the rest of our trip without any trouble.

Your kindness to us and your happy disposition, reminded us of childhood days, when we used to read the poem, "The Village Blacksmith," and we think that "Village Blacksmith," still lives in Baird, Texas.

Very respectfully,  
Mr. and Mrs. Cecil W. Z. Sible.

## MRS. HOLMES MOTHER DIES AT KOPPERL

Mrs. M. J. Holmes received a message early Wednesday morning that her mother, Mrs. M. S. Greer was seriously ill, at her home in Kopperl, Bosque County. Mrs. Holmes left at once for her bedside, but her mother died before she arrived. Mr. M. J. Holmes left Thursday night for Kopperl to attend the funeral, which will be held at four o'clock Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Greer has often visited her daughter and family here and friends were made sad by the news of her death. Mrs. Greer has been in ill health for some months, and Mrs. Holmes returned about a week ago from a visit to her.  
We extend sincere sympathy to Mrs. Holmes in her sorrow.

## AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Brother Arthur Slater, of San Antonio will preach at the Christian Church on next Sunday August 8th. Brother Buchanan, of Clyde will preach the next Sunday, August 15th. The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

## CANDIDATES ARE GRATEFUL FOR SUPPORT

To The Voters of Callahan County:

You the Citizens of Callahan County, have by your votes said that you approved of my administration as Sheriff of Callahan County; the plurality of 128 votes which you gave me, over the three other candidates for this office, makes me feel very happy and grateful for the signal honor bestowed upon me, and regardless of the outcome of the "run off" I want to take this means of extending to my friends my sincere thanks for their support in the campaign just closed, and trust that they will continue their efforts in my behalf during the coming month, and to the supporters of Mr. Bray and Mr. Dillard, I earnestly request that you carefully examine my record as your Sheriff for the past two years, and if you feel, as my supporters feel, that my record is such that I am entitled to the customary second-term, I will surely appreciate your kindness in extending to me, your support in the coming "run-off" primary.

I have endeavored to conduct my campaign on a high plane, free from all personalities and mud-slinging and shall continue to do so during the coming month; realizing as I do, the utter impossibility of seeing the voters of Callahan County before the "run-off" primary, I want to assure you that I will appreciate your assistance and support, I will put forth an honest effort to see as many of you as possible, and please remember, that I want to be your sheriff for the next two years, and will serve you as faithfully as in the past.

Sincerely yours,  
G. H. Corn.

To The Voters of Callahan County:

I wish to express to each of you my appreciations for your vote of confidence in me for re-election to the office of County Clerk and desire to assure you that I shall continue to endeavor to do the work of the office courteously and efficiently. Thank you again, I am,  
Respectfully yours,  
S. E. Settle.

## Supporters Thanked, By Mrs. Kate Hearn, and Children:

I, together with my two little girls wish to express our deepest gratitude for the loyal support accorded me during the recent primary. I shall continue to solicit a consideration of my character and my qualifications to give a business administration, conducted in a courteous manner.

Again thanking you for your preference shown me in the Primary, just closed. I am,  
Very truly yours,  
Mrs. Kate Hearn.

To The Citizens of Callahan County:

I am very grateful for the majority vote given me in the recent July Primary for Representative of the 107th, Legislative District. The actuating desire of my life is to discharge public trust in such a manner as to promote the interest of my constituency, not a selected few, but of the masses. To this great end I solicit the earnest cooperation of all.  
Gratefully yours,  
Victor B. Gilbert.

## A LETTER OF INQUIRY

The letter below might be of interest to many. Clipped from the Dallas Morning News, of August 3, 1926:

Belle Plaine College  
On the Fourth of July I spent some time at old Belle Plaine, one time and for many years the county seat of Callahan County. I visited old Belle Plaine College, a three-story stone building, the walls of which are still standing in good repair. I would like to know how many of the students who attended Belle Plaine College in 1887-1891 or later are still living and where they are living. Also why not have a reunion, say in May next year of all the students at the old college and enjoy an old fashioned barbecue? It would be great. Claude Flores and Dick Young and the Seale family will no doubt help make the reunion a success. I want to hear from every former student. Let's get busy and boost the reunion.  
Henry C. Fuller.  
Brownwood, Texas. Box 304.

## BAIRD METHODIST CHURCH TO BE DEDICATED IN SEPT.

The people of the Methodist Church are justly proud of their achievement in raising something over \$8000.00 to pay off the final indebtedness against their beautiful Church building. This Church, with its small membership, has done a wonderful piece of work in erecting and paying for the \$36000.00 building, in three years time. Perhaps none of us expected to accomplish this so soon, but the work is done, and the entire town is proud of it. The committee stated that the \$8000.00 recently raised was the easiest money that they ever tried to collect.

We are informed that Bishop John M. Moore, of Dallas, is expected to hold the Dedication Services some time in September. Of course the Baird Methodist are looking forward to a great day upon that occasion.

## ENTERTAINS IN HONOR OF DR. AND MRS. H. J. CORNEY, OF BOSTON

A delightful affair was given last Thursday by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hatchett at their country home complimenting Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Corney of Boston, Mass.

On arrival the guests were taken for an enjoyable swim after which a plate luncheon of fried chicken, egg salad, sandwiches, potato chips, olives, pickles, fruit ice cream and cake was served to the following guests:

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Farmer, Mr. and Mrs. Buddie Tankersly, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Brown Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Ivey, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Brundage, Mrs. J. T. Asbury, Jr. Mrs. Ed Dunlap, of Fort Worth; Mrs. Rannels, of Center; Misses Irma Powell, Annie V. Foy, Freda West, Lillie May and Jaunita Norwood, of Marlin, Glyndol Elliott, Messers Bill Evans, W. B. Griggs, James C. Asbury, Charlie Rannels, of Center, and the honorees, Dr. and Mrs. Corney.

Mrs. Corney, was formerly Miss Rena Bell Hatchett, and her many friends here are delighted to see her again.

## TO SEE THE WORLD'S SERIES

Is J. C. Asbury, of Baird, a Babe Ruth or a Ty Cobb of the Insurance world? And will he see the World's Series this fall? And will his efforts prove that his section of the state shows signs of being the most prosperous and promising?

These questions will be answered during the month of August in a unique test to be conducted by the Southland Life Insurance Company.

The life insurance business is considered an unfailing barometer of prosperity and with that in mind Col. W. E. Talbot, former officer of the Rainbow Division in the world war and now agency director for the Southland Life, has arranged a contest which should give direct answer to these questions.

The contest has to do with the production of agents in August and as prizes for greatest production, greatest number of applications, and gain in business over the previous competing months, trips to the World Series are offered. The contest should prove a true barometer of business conditions since for that purpose the state has been divided into four sections and the total production in each of these sections should indicate prospects for prosperity this fall.

The standing of contests will be announced from time to time.

## COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic Convention was a tame affair at Baird Saturday. Nothing was done but elect delegates to the various conventions. B. F. Russell, was elected Secretary, and he has gone off on a vacation trip and we could not get a list of the delegates. No resolution condemning Mrs. Ferguson or asking her to quit was even offered so we learn. Perhaps for the reason that it was not possible to get such a resolution through. We will publish a list of delegates to conventions, as soon as we can get them.

## OIL DEVELOPMENT STILL CONTINUES NEAR BAIRD

The Ace Hickman No. 2 in the Belle Plaine Field came in a few days ago. The well is estimated to produce close to the production of No. 1; about 25 barrels. Drilling is in progress on the Ace Hickman No. 3.

Great hopes are entertained that this field will yet prove a great oil field.

Much interest is manifested in the Snyder field, north-east of Baird.

## METHODIST MISSIONERY SOCIETY

The Woman's Missionary Society met Monday evening.

The meeting was opened by singing "Loyalty To Christ," with Mrs. H. O. Tatum at the piano. Mrs. W. S. Hamlet had charge of the devotional and read 16 verses from the 2nd chapter of Timothy, and brought to us a very interesting talk. Prayer by Mrs. Whaley.

The roll was called and we had 12 present each answered with their report on visiting the sick; sending trays, or literature to shut-ins, after which the meeting was a social at Mrs. Ed Wristens, where every one present reported a loyal time. The business session was called and all holding office were called on for a report of their work. Mrs. H. Ross dismissed the society with prayer. Those absent, were greatly missed.  
Publicity Reporter.

## FARM LOAN INTEREST CUT TO 5%

The Federal Land Bank has cut the interest rate now to 5% on long time and low rate. Total payment required on both principal and interest only 6%.

\$500 to \$25,000.00. Best Loan in Texas. We want a loan for every man in the county; ranchman or farmer.  
W. Homer Shanks,  
Secretary-Treasurer,  
Clyde, Texas.

Miss Addie Day, is in Dallas this week buying a new stock of Fall Millinery.



# Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin



Author of some twenty splendid novels, in past years, Will Irwin has not written one for a very long time. But in **YOUTH RIDES WEST** he has gone back to his early love and besides, has prospected a new locale and era in the literature of the West.

The scene is Cottonwood, camp in the heart of the Rockies during the mining rush of the Seventies. Undoubtedly it is Leadville, although the impression given is that it might be any one of several camps in Colorado, Montana or Idaho. Into a land where some of the colossal fortunes of today were being made, comes an eastern tenderfoot, fed up with stuffy social life, in search of adventure and romance.

## CHAPTER I

"Drop and crawl," whispered Buck Hayden; and when he turned I saw that his complexion had turned from mahogany tan to a bronzed yellow—"and don't show yourself out of kiver."

But for a wrong turn that morning Buck would not have frown this first symptom of anything like craven emotion that I ever witnessed in him; and the story I have set myself to tell might never have happened.

I say this last without being exactly sure. As I review in my age that episode which crowned and finished my youth, I have a feeling that an iron thread of destiny ran through it all. Had it not begun dramatically, there on the hogback above Ludlow gulch, it would have begun just the same—perhaps undramatically, but just as certainly—at some other turning in the path of my fate.

Buck, when we threw our outfit and fortunes together down at Piested's, had boasted that he knew these mountains about as well as anyone. This may have been true; but in those days of the rush to the far, high camps I think that no one, not even the trappers, had gone much beyond the outskirts of ignorance. There was simply too much to know. It was like having acquaintance with every soul in New York. A road, such as it was, ran from Piested's to the new camp of Cottonwood—more than a hundred perpendicular miles to accomplish a distance which an eagle covers in fifty. On the first day of our journeying we had followed that highway. It proved less a road than a bog. Two hours out of Piested's we found it necessary to unload our feeblest burro because he could not both pull his slender feet out of the clinging mud below and struggle with the haystack which was Buck's idea of a proper pack. All that morning our more agile outfit was threading the edge of the road to pass immigrant wagons stalled hub-deep in the mire.

A light buckboard, extricated from the mud, presently caught up with us; we seemed to be distancing the rest. Then, toward noon, we struck an obstacle which equalized the race. Our way had fallen in with the course of a tumbling, roaring, fast-falling creek. In whose pools I could see the native mountain trout jumping. The road began to climb; we were threading the edge of a low cliff above a little canyon. We rounded a corner of rock, and Buck pulled us short at the very tailboard of a ponderous open freight wagon carrying a heavy load of winches and mine buckets.

"What's busted ahead?" Buck called. "Cave-in—bliteh and help!" came between puffs of labored breath from the seat of the freight wagon. When I had dismounted and crawled perilously along the foot-wide strip of rock between the giddy atmosphere and the ponderous wagon wheel I saw that a ton of rock and oozy earth, dislodged by one of the miniature brooks now running from the melting snows, lay piled along the road. Five years before, during one of the abortive rushes to a camp now dead, gone and forgotten, this section of roadway had been blasted from the hillside at the top of the cliff; on one side was a sheer drop, on the other an eight-foot wall. We could

not round the obstacle on either side; the only alternative to waiting was to go back half a mile, try to traverse the hillside and chance getting mired.

While I contemplated this quandary exit was barred in that direction by the jaunty arrival of a stage coach. Cottonwood was now reaching such importance that a regular line with daily departures ran from Piested's. It rounded the corner, the driver expertly pulling up his leaders a foot from where my bronco stood tethered at the rear of our train. My feet on the edge of the chasm, my hands against the wagon wheel, I was contemplating this party, when Buck poked me in the side with such force as nearly to make me lose my balance. "Unship their tools!" said Buck. "Gotto dig!" We crawled and stopped



We Could Not Round the Obstacle on Either Side.

back to our pack train, where Buck, expertly untying and knotting again, took out our two new miners' shovels.

I had estimated that there were two tons of earth in the cave-in. When I, with Buck and some of the passengers, fell to work it looked more like ten. And presently, as we heaved the loose, mushy earth over into the canyon, we began scratching the surface of a rock which in itself must have weighed a ton. Long after a dozen hands had heaved over the last of the dirt we were working on that inert obstacle. It resisted the efforts of a dozen strong backs and the three crowbars which we could commandeer from the freight wagon, the stage and our pack. At one moment Buck, the stage driver and the freighter, experts all, were of the opinion that we should have to take to dynamite. But there stood the freight wagon, unable to move either forward or back; which rendered blasting impossible. Buck ventured bravely that a cradle might do. The stage driver and I took axes from the freighter's tool chest, cut and heaved down trunks and brush from the dwarf firs on the ledge above. That device finally worked. With stout green poles reinforcing our crowbars, with everyone putting his back into the work, we managed to roll it to the edge of the canyon, where, with a terrible but satisfying rush and roar, it dropped to the bed of the creek.

But the episode was not entirely over. When the freighter laid his weight to the jerk-line and yelled "Gid-dap!" his scrambling, tugging mules, though urged with a seven-foot blacksnake, could not budge the wagon. The wheels had been settling all this time. He was obliged to uncouple the trailer, to haul the leader a half-mile farther along the road, to return with his mules for the trailer.

While we waited every one had luncheon—Buck and I from camp bread and frizzled bacon put up before we broke camp that morning. We fed our horses their rations from our carefully calculated store of oats, had our smoke.

Soon the six-mule team had hauled out the trailer, and we bitted, tightened cinches, mounted and stirred up our burros, which had been standing patiently on three legs, asleep with their eyes open. Where the road widened we turned into the mesa. The stagecoach, the driver's whip crackling briskly, surged round the stalled wagons and was gone smartly up the road.

I have said enough about the state of the Cottonwood road, and will only sketch the main trouble of the afternoon—that stretch of corduroy. Two miles or so after we left the freighter we came to a piece of low country which might have been firm enough in midsummer, but was now a bog. The

stage company had made it passable by cutting ten-foot poles and laying them edge to edge. That turned out to be practicable enough for the wide hoofs of our horses, but treacherous-footing for the little feet of our burros. Sure of step though they were, the legs would roll under them now and then, and their legs would be scrapping down into the morass. By the time we reached the end of this stretch the little beasts were fairly staggering—less from the weight of their packs than from the heat; breaking labor of pulling out their hoofs, which cut into mud like bed-kins. By now, too, they had reached the limit of endurance even for the patient ass loved. Even though I was the junior of the partnership and had resigned all direction into the hands of the expert Buck, I was about to protest, when he spoke: "Can't kill our live stock," he said. "Keep 'em goin' till I ride ahead and look for a place to camp."

He found it a mile or so farther along. We camped, unsaddled, unpacked, staked out our horses to graze, turned loose the weary packs to roam and feed at will, and slept.

An hour after we swung into the plain, open entrance of the old Ute trail next morning it became apparent to me that a little of the confidence with which Buck had started was wearing away. Now and then he leaned over his horse's neck, his hands folded on the saddle arm, peering uneasily downward or ahead. At this or that patch of snow he held up his hand for a halt, dismounted and tried to trace the trail by the creases. Twice we went wrong; once trouble was signaled when the forequarters of Buck's horse disappeared under the crust, leaving his hind legs struggling and scratching grotesquely.

The leading burro, which I had already noted as a grizzled, pessimistic veteran of the trails inclined to trouble when trouble might vary the monotony of life, took a plunge forward; in turn his forequarters were lost. He lurched sideways with a metallic clang as he rolled on to our cooking outfit, Dutch oven and all. Buck was strangely silent as he swung from the saddle, jerked his horse backward on to a patch of the snow which covered some kind of firm footing, and set out with my help to extricate him.

Buck, as he reproved the delinquent burro with a heavy boot, heaved the pack back into place, and threw a new diamond hitch here and there, had a sinister gleam in his gray eye and worked in a strange silence, quite contrary to his usual profane habit in face of trouble. After a long inspection of the surface, varied with squints at the sun, the atmosphere and the peaks above, he silently beckoned me to follow. We rounded a clump of dwarf pines perched on a little knoll, and came out in face of a cliff. The train halted automatically. I saw Buck cock his eye upward, then turn it on me; and I, abandoning the rear of the train, rode forward for a conference. Buck's head was wagging; and now I could hear his roll of low, complicated and picturesque language.

"No mortal sense in this," he concluded. "We'll waller here all day. Gotto strike west an' see if we kin connect with the d-n, muddy Cottonwood road."

Getting lost in this manner—with the whole day ahead of us, with an intact train of live stock, and with simple provisions in our packs—struck me at the moment as a minor and rather enjoyable adventure. Besides, there was the joke on Buck, who, in our brief partnership, had been rather patronizing toward my youth and easiness.

Our way, after we crossed the patch of snow, revealed no trail, but a passable surface. Half a mile beyond rose a rather sharp hogback, dotted here and there with that species of dwarf fir which seems to choose rocks in preference to soil. I conjectured that Buck expected to reach the Cottonwood road below the further slope of this hogback, and would be perplexed to find a trail. I was not surprised, then, when he pulled up just short of the obstacle, threw himself out of the saddle, tossed the reins over his horse's head and went forward on foot. Buck had halted near the crest of the hogback and I was close behind him, when I was stopped short by the sound of two shots—rifle shots. I noted mentally as they reverberated like a diminishing volley among the rocks.

The sound did not strike me as especially significant; some one, I thought, was shooting at a deer. It was then that Buck whispered through his beard: "Drop and crawl, and don't show yourself out of kiver!"

Across a very uncomfortable carpet of rock I wriggled to Buck's side. He lay peering from under a low-hung branch of dwarf fir. I ranged myself beside him, looked; and caught my breath.

Some seventy-five yards away stood a stagecoach, in build and color twin to the one which we had seen yesterday. Three of its horses were struggling and milling, with the driver throwing all power on to the reins. The fourth, a little white leader, lay on his side, feebly kicking; as I looked I saw a pool of blood by his head. I was aware of a man posed like a statue before the horses, his feet wide apart, a repeating rifle held at ready; I was aware that a black mask dropped from the lower edge of his sombrero.

Another man, he very tall, stood just by the edge of the road. His back was toward me, but I could see the band of a mask cutting his black hair. He was holding close in his chest two heavy revolvers, trained upon an outside passenger who stood with his

hands in air, balanced dizzily on a seat. Other details swam in upon me—the passengers coming out through the door, their hands up—two women among them—the bandit with the rifle exchanging that weapon for a revolver and stepping forward—finally, two other men, masked also, lying sprawled on a shelf of rock, their repeating rifles trained on the group about the stage.

I remember now with some pride that in my whirl of emotions—astonishment, righteous rage, pure fear—the manlier for a moment prevailed. We at least could fight! My hand went to my hip. Buck had apparently seen the motion; for he whispered: "No chance, kid. An' somethin' might hit the ladies."

The bandit whom I had noticed first, he who had just exchanged his rifle for a revolver, was saying something now to the man who stood balanced at the top of the stage—the express messenger. I learned afterward. The messenger leaped from the seat to the ground and landed in a heap; as he scrambled to his feet he showed a comic eagerness to get his hands up again. I could hear Buck chuckling lightly in his beard. Then he spoke in a whisper which scarcely carried to me: "We're all right if they don't come out this-a-way."

"Why aren't we all right even then?" I asked, in my innocence.

"They don't want witnesses," replied Buck. "Shoot a witness quicker'n they would a passenger." He paused a moment. "Guess I'd better get them long guns," he whispered. "You stay an' watch—signal if they start this way." We had two long guns—that pride of our lives, a new-fangled Winchester repeating rifle and a shotgun for small game. Providing against trouble, Buck had slipped in among our shotgun ammunition fifty shells loaded with buck-shot.

Buck tiptoed away, his heavy boots making only a gentle rustling. I was free to fix my attention on the drama below. The two inactive bandits still lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness singular in one so big, he went over the rail in a leap, landed catlike, rose and said something. It appeared to the nearest passenger, a slouching little fellow, dressed roughly, like a miner.

The leader, thrusting his pistol into its holster, began what seemed to me a rather superficial search. He patted the pockets of the little man, pulled out a wallet, opened it, took something from its contents; then, reaching under the coat of his victim, hauled his pistol from its holster and tossed it into the bushes. The same process with the next man—then there was a rustling behind me which made me jump and realize how tightly my nerves were strung. It was only Buck, creeping up silently with his hands full of long gun. When I looked back again the turn of the two women had come. The foremost was plump and moved jerkily, as though struggling against fear. The other was slim; she stepped out with a free stride which I found myself admiring.

A sudden movement from the right caught my sharpened attention; the nearest of those two evil lizards sprawled on the rock had started, raised himself on his elbows, let the muzzle of his long gun droop. Then I saw the other bandit give him a kick, sidewise, of his heavy boot. The careless robber jerked to attention. A grunt from Buck drew my eyes back from this bit of byplay. The bandit chief had laid hands on the younger woman, was awkwardly jerking her dusky coat apart at the throat. I felt another spurt of hot rage, and—down the road a rifle had fired twice in succession. I jumped so that had the bandits been looking our way, I am sure I should have betrayed myself. For a moment the group about the stagecoach was as still as a photograph. Then the leader, dropping his hands from the shoulders of the younger woman, bawled a word which carried even to me: "Vamoose!"

At that, the two lizards on the rock became men again. Holding their rifles at ready, they leaped down into the road.

"Somebody's coming and they're going," whispered Buck. One of the men from the rock, his muzzle still on the huddled crowd of passengers, stooped and picked up the rifle which the leader had dropped in the road. It had a strap, like an army gun. He slung it over his shoulder. The leader and his assistant, slipping their pistols into their scabbards, grasped the handles of the box.

"Now we'll know," muttered Buck. "If it's this way, don't shoot until I say!" But the robbers turned in the other direction. Then I heard Buck mutter: "Looker there—down by the creek!"

I saw a disturbance of the leaves among the willows. Into a space between patches of the green pattern I saw a horse swing round, sidewise and backward, as an independent steed will when he is about to be

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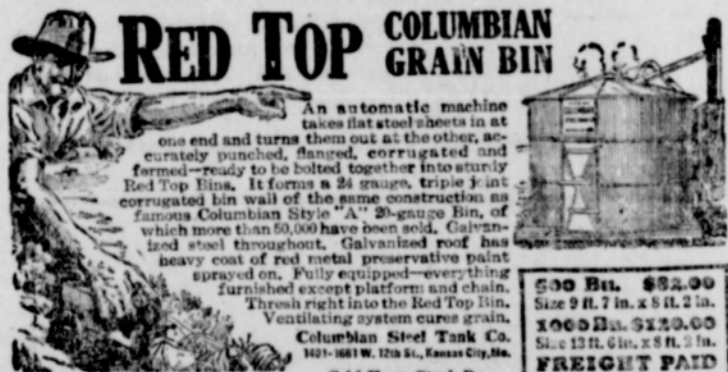
Baird, Texas

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**AGENT WANTED IN BAIRD TERRITORY.** Sworn proof of \$75 per week. \$1.50 an hour for spare time. Introducing Finest Guaranteed Hosiery. 125 styles and colors. Low prices. Auto furnished. No capital or experience necessary.  
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### TRAIN SCHEDULE

#### West Bound Trains

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

#### East Bound Trains

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

mounted. His flanks appeared first; then his side. He was a rangy, lean, American horse of that yellow shade which we called buckskin in the West in those days; but on his high flank, as he exposed it to my view, the full flash of the sun brought out a lighter patch, as though he were turning white; a patch which, with my sharpened observation, I compared mentally to the top of a pear or the back view of the head and shoulders of a veiled woman. A second later I saw his rider mount—booted, in inconspicuous dark clothes, still wearing a mask. The handbits were all dressed so much alike that, except for the big



"Now We'll Know," Muttered Buck. "If It's This Way, Don't Shoot Until I Say!"

fellows, they had to me no separate identity. The thicket quivered no more; they were gone.

"Keep on layin' close a minute," said Buck. Now, he no longer whispered, but spoke aloud. "They kin see us just as we kin see them." He chuckled in his beard. "Hid their horses from the stage people. Hard to mask a horse!"

"Well, even if we didn't shoot—" I began, throwing forward my uneasiness of conscience.

"An' what was the use of shootin'?"—only to get the woman killed," interrupted Buck.

"Even if we didn't shoot, we've got a little evidence," I pursued.

"Kid Tenderfoot," replied Buck impressively, "what you don't know in this man's country don't hurt you none."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my eastern sense of law and order not a little shocked.

"I mean," replied Buck, "that we don't know nothin' yet about the lay of this country, or what's goin' to git you in an' out of trouble." He chuckled again in his beard and grew almost garrulous. "Darn slick job did you notice how smooth they got away? If anybody up here had been disposed or inclined to do any shootin' they was only a second when you could 'a' got all four of 'em. I wonder," he mused, "just what the rear look-out was signalin' fur." His question was answered at that instant, when a mule team drawing an emigrant wagon hove into sight below us.

"Steered off by a family outfit of nesters," remarked Buck. "Wish't they could 'a' known the joke on 'em! Well, I guess we'd better be gettin' back to the licks."

"I'm going down there," I said. Curiosity, perhaps something stronger, was drawing me. Buck rolled over, and regarded me full in the face.

"If anybody asks you questions, you didn't see nothin' but the tall end of this little circus," he said. "An' especially you saw no horses. What'd they do, anyway, but git a roll or a watch or two from those first passengers they stuck up?"

"They got the express strong-box," said I.

"Yes, and who owned what was in it? Some money devil or other in Wall street," replied Buck.

"All right," I replied, perhaps assuming more reluctance than I felt. Really I was a little relieved not to have to admit that we had witnessed this episode without opening fire. Buck, remarking, "You go ahead. I want to pack these licks," took the two long guns and turned back to the train. I rose up then, and began scrambling toward the road down the face of the hogback. As I came down, the little bearded man whom I had seen relieved of his wallet was remarking to the express messenger:

"You're a fine guard, you are—let your stage git held up in broad daylight and you with a sawed-off shotgun over your knees—"

"I was robbed, too, wasn't I?" put in a larger man with a drooping lion mustache. "And I say he done right. One shot at the leader's down, and this here messenger is lookin' into four sets of hardware. Suppose he had 'a' shot—how many of us would 'a' got it—huh?"

"That's right," came in half a dozen voices. Plainly the general sentiment ran against shooting, and my pride of courage rested easier. I looked about me, then, for the women. She whom I recognized as the elder sat inside the stage, fanning herself with the edge of a newspaper. She was middle-aged and a little more. I forbore to speak to her; she did not seem receptive.

Glancing around, I remembered that I had overlooked the one real tragedy of this affair—the high white horse. At some time in these proceedings he

had let his head settle into the dust for the last time, and died.

And by his head stood the other woman, her eyes on his wounded head. Drawn by I know not what impulse, I approached her; she looked up across the dead horse, looked me full in the eye. Her face was so full of pity and tenderness that I could feel the tears starting behind my own eyes.

That expression of tenderness which held me speechless changed and merged into a little flicker of wonder. Then I saw that she was indeed young—and beautiful. When finally she dropped her gaze from mine and spoke, her accent was of the East.

"You aren't—you weren't one of the passengers?"

"No," I said. "But I saw the end of it. I didn't shoot." I added hastily, "It wouldn't have been of any use." In excusing myself I was accusing myself. But she reassured me; and, I felt, with genuine feeling.

"I'm glad you didn't," she said. "I'm glad I don't have to see a man this way—" she glanced down at the dead horse—"even a handbit." She stood musing a moment. I had time to notice a firm chin, a mouth just a trifle too wide for our standards of beauty in those days—like my mother's. I noted mentally—but pink and gently bowed, a fine-drawn, pointed nose, dark-blue eyes.

"Crime is always cruel," she said. "I—I never thought of that before. This—is this my first sight of it." She seemed now to pull herself out of this mood; and she looked me over with her engaging glance of frankness.

"You're from the East, too?" she remarked.

"How did you know?" said I.

"I didn't mean to be impertinent," she answered, smiling, "but it's your accent."

"Acquired at Harvard and most difficult to alter into the forceful and many tones of the West," said I. She laughed at that, though lightly; and I liked her laugh.

"And at present," I went on, "I'm bound for Cottonwood too; only instead of traveling in the effete luxury of a stage, I'm driving a jack train."

"I don't know how else a lone woman is to travel," she replied. "It's just as well those bandits didn't rob me—" She stopped, as though feeling she had said too much.

"Oh, they didn't get round to you then?" I inquired; and cursed myself for my hypocrisy. Somehow I felt averse in that moment to lying.

"No," she said, "though I think they were going to when that shot stopped them."

"And the lady inside there—your—" I began.

"Oh, she's just another passenger," she replied to my unformed question. "I'm traveling to Cottonwood alone. She took it all beautifully."

"I'm going to stake a claim and take my chances," I said, leaving it delicately open for her to stoke my curiosity if she wished. Apparently she saw the point, and parried.

"I'm going up—on business," she replied. Just then Buck joined us, asking innocently what the difficulty might be. The passengers surrounded him, babbling out their separate stories, Buck breaking in now and then with a bland, "Well, well!" or "You don't say!"

"Didn't notice which way they went?" inquired Buck on the first pause.

"That's what I've been saying," declared the little man who had been robbed. "Trail's hot now. By the time the sheriff gets started it'll be dead cold. If we was half a set of men we'd be formin' a posse right now an' chasin' 'em."

"And us without a saddle in the outfit," I interposed the express messenger coldly, logically.

"Well, a great, grand line this is!" said the injured passenger. "Payin' a hundred dollars to git robbed. Took three hundred dollars in bills off me, an' if I hadn't 'a' hid—"

"We've heard that before," said the express messenger.

It looked for a second like trouble; doubtless it would have been trouble but for Buck.

"I'm goin' to follow a ways on foot," he said. "Anybody goin' along?" I had to suppress a smile at my crafty partner. He and I alone knew that the bandits had got clear away. The injured passenger his bluff called, said rather weakly I thought: "That's the ticket." The express messenger threw his sawed-off shotgun over his arm; they two plunged into the thicket and the rest of the passengers, after a second of hesitation, followed I saw that, with the eye of beauty on me, I must not hold back.

"Wait a minute," I called. "I am going along." At that, the unknown woman put out her hand so that she almost touched my elbow, drew it in with a little flush of confusion and—

"Oh, you won't do anything rash!" she faltered.

"There's no danger—they must have gone!" I replied with exact truth and yet with hypocrisy. As I waded through the mud past the coach I looked up; the middle-aged woman was regarding me from under her fringes.

"Well, it's time!" she remarked grimly.

I came upon our company following in open order the footprints of the four bandits. For a quarter of a mile we floundered and stumbled. Already faint protests were rising from the rear over the futility of the whole proceeding, when Buck came to a turn of the creek and peered around a clump of willows growing close to the curve of the bank. I shot up beside him; he pointed. Half sunken in the creek lay the big iron box, open. We

plunged forward.

"That's yer express safe," said Buck. The messenger bent down and examined it. A cold chisel, quite evidently, had been edged into the crack between box and lid and the inadequate lock had been severed by a few smashing blows.

The messenger was running over the envelopes which strewed the bottom of the box. He turned toward us, and he was pale under his tan.

"They took the money," he said. "That's gone."

"How much?" said Buck.

"I ain't supposed to know," said the express messenger, "but twenty thousand if anybody asks you."

"Where's the mail sack?" some one inquired. As we spread out in a straggling line of searchers the express messenger still squatted by the box, stared blankly into its depths. But suddenly he looked up and said:

"Didn't take the mail sack."

Buck whistled.

"Ain't no raw beginners, these here bandits," he remarked. "Know if they rob the mail they're in trouble with Uncle Sam."

We gave up the pursuit. As we turned back the express messenger and I picked up the box by its handles and carried it between us.

By now two more wagon outfits had piled up back of the stage. I saw the driver was hitching a little bay bronco into the place of the dead leader. I learned afterward that he was the spare horse of a wagon outfit, leashed on the spot at a ruinous rate. My unknown lady was leaning against her shelf of rock, surrounded by four men caught her face; she was smiling out with all her feminine reserves up. However, as I came into the road she saw me; and I felt that her deep-blue eyes had for just an instant flattered me with personal concern, that momentarily she had stepped out from her intrenchments.

"What did you find?" she asked as I approached the group. So not to her but to the company I told the story of our little adventure. I had not finished when the stage driver yelled, "All aboard!" The wagon men departed to their outfits. I was

alone with her now, but only for the brief passage from the rock to the stage-coach door.

"My name is Gilson, Robert Gilson," said I.

"That's a good old New England name," she remarked.

"Second Cliff, Seltuate, in 1633," said I; then felt my cheeks tingling with the ghost of shame; it seemed like boasting that. She was gathering her duster about her; she was starting; but I said no more lest she change the subject. Doubtless she saw the point in my pause.

"Mine is Deane—Mrs. Deane," she replied; and we stepped to the stage-coach.

Then, as I closed the door and she settled down lightly in her seat, she said without hint or prompting from me: "I shall be boarding with Mrs. Barnaby here," and a wave of her gloved hand indicated the woman to her right.

"You will," put in that lady grimly, "if ever that freight company gets my outfit into camp. The way this stage-line is run, I must say—the chances is promise!" I must say—the coach jerked away, but her conversation buzzed monotonously through the creaking of the leather boot, the rattling of the wheels.

She—the young unknown—she had given me a subtle, half-expressed invitation. The glow about my heart told me that I liked that, just as I did not like her "Mrs."

Buck spoke; I found that my eyes were still on the retreating coach.

"One damn thing after another," he said. "If it ain't a cave-in it's robbers. Won't be a four-foot patch of pay dirt left by the time we strike camp. Well, anyhow, stage drivers is sometimes some use. This here outfit me right about that trail." Forth with we clambered over the rocks to the men where our burros, which Buck had calmly staked out before he rejoined me, grazed at the extreme end of their lines.

Continued

WANTED—Household and Kitchen Goods. A. J. Jordan at O. K. Wagon yard. 34-2tpd.

## HUNTS TREASURE SUNK ABOUT 1700

Logan Expedition Seeks Gold of Lost Vessel.

New York.—Maj. R. A. Logan, manager of the mapping division of the Fairchild aerial surveys, left New York for a treasure hunt in Nova Scotia, which, he says, may net him at least \$100,000 and perhaps \$2,000,000.

The treasure was the cargo of a French "pay ship" which fell into the hands of the English off Cape Breton Island about the year 1700.

After various vicissitudes the crew of the French vessel managed to sink the treasure in Canadian lakes, but were prevented by the English from returning to claim it. All trace of it was eventually lost and repeated searches failed to give a hint of its whereabouts.

Major Logan discovered last winter, in an old Spanish narrative, an account of how the treasure passed into the hands of a Spanish privateer. The captain of this vessel hanged the Frenchman who gave him the information, but the captain was prevented by the French from salvaging the treasure. He left the records for his son, however, and it is this record which Major Logan is using as his guide.

Knowing the country well, Major Logan last spring bought up all the land on which the treasure can possibly be hidden if the Spanish records are accurate.

"All I have to do now is to dig," said the major just before his departure, "and I'm so sure I've got the right dope I'm willing to spend five months digging if necessary. I'll have two laborers helping me. That's all there is to my expedition."

## "Man Without a Country" Has Many Allies in U. S.

Washington.—The "man without a country" of book fame would have plenty of company were he to set foot on American shores.

More than 1,000,000 persons in the United States, or approximately 1 per cent of the total population, are in the same fix and most of them don't know it.

This revelation was made by Harry E. Hull, commissioner of immigration, in discussing some of the queer workings of the immigration laws.

"You can safely say," he asserted, "that there are more than a million persons in this country today who cannot claim citizenship of any land. A great majority of them are unaware of this, but quite a few of them who are don't seem to care."

The commissioner explained that this huge total of "outcasts" was created largely by aliens who have overstayed their temporary entries, and by tourists, who, en route to some other country, stopped off here, found a job, and settled down. Many also came over the borders when restrictions were less rigid, lost their original citizenship by remaining here too long and then forgot or ignored American citizenship requirements.

Hull said his bureau never seeks out these noncitizens, but often comes in contact with them. Some are anxious to find out that they have no legal claim to any citizenship when they apply for passports or re-entry permits; others learn about their status when they go before a court to sue or in some other legal proceeding.

"It works the other way around, too," he asserted. "An American can go abroad and lose his citizenship here and there also if he is ignorant or careless about the law."

## Has Self Arrested, but Can't Get Guilty Verdict

Council Bluffs, Iowa.—James Harrington, thirty-one years old, had himself arrested for disturbing the peace by fighting, charged himself with the offense and testified against himself in police court here.

He told the judge that he met two acquaintances on the street here and one of the men asked him where he was going.

"It is none of your business," Harrington testified, he replied. The fight ensued.

The judge took the case under advisement and later dismissed it.

"I want to beat this fellow in it and get the trial over with," Harrington explained.

## Noisy Radio Lands Owner in Jail Cell

New York.—Long Beach's mid-night curfew law clashed with a radio belonging to a Long Beach resident and at last no counts the law seemed to have the better of the argument.

The radio belongs to Edward H. Dobbs.

When Dobbs retired weary with the strain of the holiday, the "juice" was still turned on. A while after he had gone to bed the radio picked up some jazz orchestra somewhere and began to relay the strains to the neighborhood.

When the strains continued on! twenty minutes after midnight a neighbor telephoned the police and had a detail sent to the Dobbs home.

According to the police Dobbs was peevish and refused to stop the radio. It was turned off by one of the policemen and Dobbs was taken to the police station attached to the station.

Continued

**The Baird Star.**  
BAIRD, TEXAS

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1926  
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

We understand that the T. & P. Railroad Company is having a mineral survey made of the county. Probably that is what gives rise to the rumor about coal mines near Baird. The coal is here all right, but the value and extent of the coal measures must be determined by more development that we have had so far.

Wonder if the cotton flea is not a new name for an old cotton pest we heard so much about in South Texas Fifty years ago, called the sharp-shooter, that would sting or suck the cotton blooms and cause them to fall off? We remember seeing thousands of blooms that were thick in the cotton rows, but never saw a sharp-shooter, said to be the cause of blooms falling off the stalks.

Oil wells and coal mines around Baird would be of more value to the town and county than the election of any man or woman governor. Prospects are good both oil, gas and coal, but just how much, is the problem yet to be solved. At present the Ace Hickman oil field, near Belle Plaine; south-east of Baird; and the Snyder field north-east of Baird are attracting the most interest just now. That there is coal, oil and gas on three sides of Baird only a few miles away is now certain. East north-east and south-east and it may be all around us.

Election forecast by candidates for governor makes interesting reading after the election. J. E. Ferguson predicted that Mrs. Ferguson would receive 411,000 votes. Must have been Dan's vote he envisioned. Lynch Davidson manager predicted that he would lead the ticket by 50,000 votes with Ferguson a poor third. He too must have been looking at Dan's vote as his candidate was the poor 3rd, with less than half the votes for Ferguson. Moody's guess was near correct than any other yet he lacked 4000 votes of reaching his guess but he had a majority over all and that is sufficient.

From our profound knowledge of the Bible, we can truly say that we Lynch Davidson voters are the only ones referred to in Holy Writ. Don't you remember where it says: "Fear not little folks?" IClarendon News.—say Sam, have you overlooked Brother Zim, the Tithing Evangelist? Zim told us that a vote for him was a vote for God and his righteousness or words to that effect, and, per contra, a vote against him was a vote for unrighteousness.

We hope that Zim was mistaken, because if he was right in his conclusion then there are less than three thousand righteousness Democrats of the eight hundred thousand that voted in the last primary.

REPRESENTATIVE 107TH. DIST.  
Victor B. Gilbert Nominated

He carried Callahan County and report is that he had over 1000 majority over Black in Eastland county.

Friends of B. C. Chrisman, former Cisco boy, will be interested to know that he has been re-elected county superintendent of Callahan county, to serve his fourth term. He lives at Baird. Mr. Chrisman is the son-in-law of W. R. Ezzell, of Cisco.—Cisco Daily News.

**AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH**

Mr. Virgil Cross, of Megargel, will preach at the Baptist Church, Sunday Morning and evening.

**APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN TO MAKE MINERAL LEASE**

In Re Guardian of the Estate of Charles Owings, Emma Owings and Eva Owings, Minors.

In the County Court of Callahan County, Texas.

Notice is hereby given that I, D. W. Stanley, Guardian of the estate of Charles Owings, Emma Owings and Eva Owings, Minors, have filed my application in the above styled and numbered cause for an order of the County Judge of Callahan County, Texas, authorizing me as Guardian of the estate of said Wards to make a mineral lease upon such terms as the Court may order and direct, of the following described real estate belonging to the estate of said Wards, to-wit:

Being all of the estate of said minors in Forty (40) acres of land in Survey 3156 T. E. & L. Co. Survey, Callahan County, Texas, and described as follows:

Beginning 637 vrs. West of the Northeast corner of said Survey No. 3156; Thence South 413.01 vrs. for Southeast corner; Thence West 546-2-3 vrs. for Southwest corner; Thence North 413.01 vrs. to the North line of said Survey 3156; Thence East with said North Boundary Line to the place of beginning.

Said application will be heard by the County Judge of Callahan County, at the Court House in the city of Baird Texas, on the 16th day of August A. D. 1926.

D. W. Stanley,  
Guardian of the Estate of Charles Owings, Emma Owings and Eva Owings, Minors. 36-4t.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**  
Sunday, August 8, 1926

Sunday School 10 A. M.  
Preaching 11, A. M.  
We will have services with the Methodist people at the usual evening hour. All that were present to hear Dr. Lyons at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday enjoyed his sermon on Life and Light. Come again Dr. you did us good.

A. W. Yell,  
Pastor.

**COOK FOOD SALE**

There will be a Cooked Food Sale by the Presbyterian Ladies, Saturday, August 7, 1926, in the Schwartz building.

**REVIVAL MEETING AT BELLE PLAINE METHODIST CHURCH**

Rev. J. B. Baker, pastor of the Belle Plaine, Methodist Church, (near the Cemetery) will begin a Revival Meeting to-day, August 6th. Services will be held at 10:30 A. M. and 8:30 P. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend and cooperate with the church. A special invitation is extended to the people of Baird and other communities to attend.

**POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

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

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

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

**FREE - FREE**

Anything of an educational nature that comes free is just that much to add to what already have and that you are going to get, so except it and if you can pass the good work on to some friend, why not do so? The career of many a young boy and girl, has been radically changed by absorbing a little free information on business education and by having literature sent them from some good college. For the sending of three names and addresses, of young people you believe to be interested in getting a business education, within the next few months, we will send you your choice of an inspirational article, full of aluable information, on the importance and possibilities of one who completes, with us, either a course in Banking, Business Administration and Finance, Bookkeeping, and Cotton Classing and include with it one of our new catalogues, the most attractive published by any commercial college in the South-West. This catalogue, will tell you all about the best and most popular business college, its splendid system and methods of teaching, all its own and radically different from others. It will tell you how you can save two to four months time and salary, while you would still be in school if you attend any other. We place our graduates on the payroll three months earlier than others, they are in demand.

Write at once, stating which of these inspirational articles you prefer. Byrne Commercial College, 1924 1/2 Main Street, Dallas, Texas. 36-1t.

F. H. Whayley, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Whayley, of Baird, arrived a few wdays ago on a visit to his parents. He has just received discharge from the United States Navy, having seen three years of service aboard the U. S. S. Pennsylvania. He has been two trips around the world and has had quite an interesting experience in Uncle Sam's service. He was discharged at Seattle, Washington.

Mrs. M. E. Moon, of Fort Worth, spent several days here the past week, looking after her business interest here. She was enroute home from El Paso, where she had been visiting her son, Norman Moon, and family.

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

The Jones Dry Goods Buyers  
Leave for Market  
Sunday, August 8th

We will have the most complete stock of  
Merchandise we have ever had

QUANTITY BUYING MAKES IT POSSIBLE  
TO SELL FOR LESS

**JONES DRY GOODS**

BAIRD 13 Stores in Texas TEXAS

**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING**

FOR RENT—To bed rooms for rent, south-east window. Phone 197 352tp

WATCH FOUND—Inquire of Otis Bowyer, Baird, Texas. 35-1t.

Lost a Blue Canton Cape dress came from B. L. Boydstuns. Please return to B. L. Boydstun's store. Mrs. Joe Vines. 36-2tpd.

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

FOR SALE—A few articles of furniture at avery low price. See Mrs. J. D. Barran. 34-1tpd.

WIND MILL—8ft steel windmill, 40 barrel cypress tank, 75 ft. of 2in. galvanized pipe, 75 ft. pump rod, for sale, 3 miles North of Cottonwood, J. G. Varner, Box 475, Baird, Texas 33-tf.

APPLES—Get some of those Cooper apples, from S. Edmund Webb at orchard, just east of Clyde, Maggart place, on North Baird and Clyde road. Culls 50c, Seconds, 75c; Best \$1.00 per bushel. 33-3t.

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

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

**LAND FOR SALE**

160 acres of land on Bank-Head Highway, fairly well improved plenty of wood and water, small orchard. No trade. Ask no questions unless you mean business.

W. F. Pearson,  
Baird, Texas. 36-2tpd.

Mr. and Mrs. Wylie James have returned from Oklahoma, where they have been several months.

Mrs. Ben Halsted and children, Clyde and Dot of Baird, Mrs. Otto Engle and sons, of Brownwood, left Tuesday for Aberdeen, Maryland, where they will visit, Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Ben Halsted and children,

Your bank connection is, to you, a very important and a very personal matter.

If you establish a connection with this bank, you will find that we too regard our relations with you as something personal, calling for personal attention, personal interest and personal helpfulness.

**THE First National Bank**

CAPITAL \$ 50,000.00  
SURPLUS & PROFITS \$ 25,000.00  
1884—The Old Established Bank—1884  
BAIRD, TEXAS

**OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS**

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

**THERE IS NO SATURATION POINT FOR HONEST VALUE**

Build a product that the world needs, better than the world expects, and mounting sales will answer those who are constantly predicting a saturated market.

During the first six months of this year, for instance, Dodge Brothers sold 207,115 motor cars and trucks. This represents a gain of 49.3 per cent over the first six months of 1925, and continues Dodge Brothers in the enviable position of THIRD IN THE INDUSTRY.

For the three weeks ending July 17th, 23,862 motor cars and trucks were delivered to customers—an increase of 62.4 per cent over the same period last year, and impressive evidence that Dodge Brothers great sales gain is continuing through the quiet weeks of mid-summer.

There may be a saturation point for mediocrity, but honest value will always command a great and ever expanding market.

KEELAN-NEILL MOTOR CO.  
Phone 169 Baird, Texas

**DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS**

**GUARANTEED**  
*Ford*  
**used cars**

**WHEN** you buy a used Ford car, the logical person with whom to deal is an Authorized Ford Dealer.

Through contact with the previous owners, the Ford dealer is in a position to give you the exact history of used cars he sells.

He knows when the car was first sold; who has owned it; how far it has been driven; and what treatment it has had. Naturally, with all this infor-

mation available, your investment is absolutely safe.

Furthermore, when you deal with an Authorized Ford Dealer you are assured courteous treatment, and a fair trade-in allowance when you are ready for your new car.

See the nearest Authorized Ford Dealer today. He will sell you a car for a small cash payment, arranging easy terms to suit you for the balance.

**SHAW MOTOR COMPANY**

**AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS**

*Ford*

**FOSSIL DATES HUMAN LIFE  
BACK MILLIONS OF YEARS**

**Fish Scale Found in Vermont Forces  
Scientists to Revise Estimates  
of Pre-Human Life.**

New York.—A fossilized fish scale, scarcely larger than a match head, discovered at St. Albans, Vt., is forcing scientists to extend estimates of pre-human life backwards millions of years, the New York Times says.

"Howell's dawn fish" is the name that has been given this denizen of the Cambrian age, which it had heretofore been supposed was peopled only in invertebrates and plants of low order. And, although there is no information on which to base a description but this "fish plate," as it is called, scientists say it is highly important because it proves that chordata—or primitive vertebrate—existed in what had been considered a "backboneless age." 50,000,000 to 100,000,000

years ago at the dawn of life in its lowest forms.

Prof. B. F. Howell of the department of geology at Princeton university, the discoverer of the plate, said that it corresponded to the scale of the present species of fish. It was described as being part of the armor which probably defended the head and foretrunk of some hitherto unknown fish. It is said it may throw light on the origin of the fish as a genus.

The plate is now in the Princeton museum of paleontology. Professor Howell and Prof. Charles Schuchert of the department of geology at Yale found it last summer on the final day of a field expedition which was one of a series extended over 13 years by Professor Howell to find chordata in Cambrian strata.

The fossil was found in shale which contained trilobites and brachiopods, which enable scientists to estimate the age of the strata, and indicated the fish might have had their origin in salt water, instead of fresh, as had been believed.

**Snakeskin Jackets  
Now in Vogue in Paris**

Paris.—Snakeskin spats and pocket-books and now snakeskin jackets have made their appearance on the Champs-Elysees and at the Longchamp races. These startling reptilian coats, which are weird enough to make any serious drinker believe his dreams of pink and blue snakes have come true, are the length of a jacket and trimmed with fur at the neck and the hem. They are patterned to resemble the mottled skin of a rattlesnake, usually toned to light brown color. The snakeskin effect is produced by glazing the material.

**An American Romance**

**Youth Rides  
West**

By WILL IRWIN

\*\*\*  
The story of Leadville has never been so well told as in this work of romantic, melodramatic fiction. Will Irwin claims that it is not Leadville alone but a composite of several mining camps in Colorado, Montana and Idaho. Nevertheless, it is Leadville which furnished the inspiration, for the author spent a portion of his early life there, and the scenes, incidents and characters fit no other place so well as that most loud and vivid of all the old camps. It could not be realistic without being melodramatic, for Leadville was melodrama in actual life. No one should miss this splendid, thrilling tale.

\*\*\*  
**Our New Serial Starting in**

This Issue of

**The Star**  
Read the Opening Chapter

**PERSONALS**

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lambert and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lambert made an auto trip to Trent Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Windhan and little son, Billie, from Clear Creek, were in town, Monday.

Mrs. Mollie Warren, and family, of Oklahoma, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Than Warren, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Royce Gilliland and Mrs. J. Y. Gilliland returned Monday night from a two weeks auto trip to the Davis Mountains.

Miss Bernice Foy, of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram Staff, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Foy, of Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Dyer and children will leave the first of the week for a months trip to Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bowlus and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Ogilvy will leave Monday for Colorado for a two week's trip.

Miss Sennabelle and Master Porter Forrest, of Sedwick, are visiting their grand-mother, Mrs. W. L. Henry and other relatives in Baird this week.

Mrs. J. H. Terrell has returned from Denver, Colo., where she has been visiting her son, Charley Terrell and wife, for the past month.

W. B. Jones, Manager for Jones Dry Goods, will leave Sunday for the eastern markets, where he will buy his new fall goods.

Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Perriman and family returned Thursday morning from a ten days visit to Pope and Green counties, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Windhan and Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan, of Oplin left Monday for an auto trip to New Mexico.

Little Miss Grace Blakely, from the Bayou is spending the week with her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Russell, Misses Lola Johnson and Ruby Harp, left Tuesday morning on an auto trip to Wyoming and other states. They will visit Gordon Harp in Wyoming.

Mrs. Ella Foster and little grandson, J. L. Walker, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Conner Elliott at Cross Plains.

Miss Lizzie Hinds has returned from a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Willie Richards in Dallas. Mr. and Mrs. Richards accompanied her home for a week's visit.

Wylie Lambert accompanied by his daughter Mrs. H. A. Mc Whorter, and little son, Willie Oscar, left yesterday for Fort Worth, where they will visit his eldest daughter, Mrs. Sallie Likins and family.

L. B. Mc Neal, Rt. 2 Clyde, and son L. B. Jr. called at The Star office this morning and paid up his subscription. He brought in two bunches of Concord grapes, grown on his farm. These bunches are absolutely perfect.

Mrs. Perry Hughes and children, Misses Christine Hearn and Abbye Maye Mead, of Eastland have returned from an auto trip to Arizona, California and Old Mexico. They report a wonderful trip and fine crops in the Yuma Valley.

**16,000 GERMANS  
FIGHT FOR FRANCE**

**Help Former Foes Battle the  
Riffians.**

Paris.—Once enemies at arms, 16,000 Germans—exactly half the total strength of the French Foreign legion—are in Morocco fighting the battle of France against the rebellious Moorish tribesmen.

Applications from former German soldiers to be permitted to lend their aid to their former enemies in the warfare against the Riffians are coming in such numbers that it is impossible for the French ministry of war to accept all of them.

The Foreign legion, to which the Germans are attached, has been in the thickest of the fight since Abd-el-Krim, the Moroccan war lord, began his offensive, and French officers assert that the Germans have given a good account of themselves. They battle in the manner of the trained soldiers they are, and it is said that the percentage of desertions of them to the enemy ranks is not larger than that among the other nationalities represented in the legion.

**BUTTERICK  
PATTERNS**



New Fashion Plates, Quarterlies and Transfer Books are in. Also the September Delineators.

We have our new Patterns in for Fall. Let us show you the new Fall Prints and Patterns to make them by.

**Shower and Wedding Gifts**

We have received an assortment of Gift Novelties such as Luncheon Sets and Buffet Sets, also Baby Gifts done in nice Packages.

**Munsing Wear**



We have just received a new shipment of Munsing Wear in Bloomers and Teds in Peach and Flesh Shades

**Price \$1.95**

**B. L. BOYDSTUN**  
The Place Where It Pays You to Trade

**Learn to Keep Your  
Money**

Through a bank account you will learn the value, use and care of money. The ability to save, and spend less than one earns, makes up the successful business man. We would urge you to start a Bank Account at once.

The harder it is for you to Start, the Greater your opportunity for Growth. Beginning a Bank Account is just like beginning life—creeping today, walking tomorrow. Begin at our Bank.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

**FIRST STATE BANK**  
BAIRD, TEXAS

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

M. Barnhill, C. B. Snyder

for Economical Transportation



Another Chevrolet Achievement

\$55 Reduction on 1-Ton Truck

New Low Prices

1-Ton Truck \$495 reduced to

1/2-Ton Truck \$375 reduced to

(Chassis only) for Flint, Michigan

Chevrolet trucks have won worldwide acceptance on the basis of low first cost, low operating cost and slow depreciation. This spectacularly growing popularity has made

necessary a greatly increased production—the economies of which are now being passed on to Chevrolet truck buyers in the form of a drastic price reduction.

RAY'S GARAGE

Phone 33

Baird, Texas

World's Lowest Priced Gear-shift Trucks

GIANT FLASHLIGHTS ROCK WHOLE CITIES

Aerial Photographers Use Powerful Light Bombs.

Dayton, Ohio.—When the convention photographer says "Hold it!" and pulls the chain of his flash pan, he discharges only a pinch or two of flashlight powder. But when Lieut. George W. Goddard, army aviator, takes a flashlight of a city he explodes bombs measuring as much as ten feet in length and weighing as much as fifty pounds.

The detonation is so great that it is not a few frightened girls who jump and blink but a whole city that is shaking and hundreds of thousands of eyes that are temporarily blinded. Several night photographs from airplanes have been taken of Dayton and of Rochester, N. Y. Soon all of the nation's greatest cities are to be "snapped" as gigantic bombs are released over them with their warlike crash and rattle.

High Explosives Used.

The bombs are innocent looking affairs, resembling bolts of goods in a department store, but under the folds of cloth are separate compartments loaded with special high explosive powders concocted to give a quick brilliant light. Each of the compartments is connected to an electric fuse which, explodes them all simultaneously.

The bombs are carried under the fuselage of the airplane and are dropped by the working of a lever as the plane reaches the designated point. There is first a discernible stream of sparks as the fuse burns and six seconds later comes the flare.

So efficiently are the bombs constructed and so accurately timed, that, although of such large proportions, they are exploded completely in as brief a space of time as one-fiftieth of a second. So complete is the explosion that there is no after-glow.

Too Quick for Human Eye.

Never has the minutest bit of the bomb's covering been found afterward. The flash is so quick that although persons on the ground see the illumination it causes, they do not actually see the flare itself. It is too quick for the human eye.

In Dayton and Rochester photographers also were stationed at various points on the ground, in spires and on tall buildings to take panoramas of the surrounding country by the light of the bursting bomb. Some of these pictures have been exceptionally clear and have approximated daylight photographic work. The photographic plates are usually exposed when the burning trail of sparks is seen and

are left exposed until after the flare. The shutters on the cameras carried by the planes in the test flights are usually four times as fast as those on the average commercial camera. Some of these cameras are between four and five feet long with 36-inch lenses, measuring nine inches in diameter. They take photographs measuring nine by twenty-three inches. The usual height at which these pictures are taken is 3,000 feet.

College Girl Writes With Pencil in Teeth

New York.—Although unable to use her hands, Henrietta Eldeishelm, has passed through primary and high school and now is a student at Hunter college, doing all her written exercises with a pencil held in her teeth.

Her dream is to be a designer or a journalist, in which careers she would have to put her pencil to a more delicate use than she did in school.

Henrietta is inclined to think she has done nothing unusual in triumphing over such a handicap.

"People talk as though what I have done is remarkable," she said, "but it never occurred to me. I could not use my hands to write and I had to write to go to school and having nothing else I used my teeth."

Two Boys, Digging, Reveal Old Ruins

Washington.—An interesting ruin of a prehistoric building has recently been discovered in New Mexico, near the Gran Quivira National monument in the south central portion of the state. Word has just been received at the Department of the Interior that two boys of the neighborhood, seeing a slight elevation of the ground at this point, became curious and started digging into it.

After digging down about eight inches the top of a wall was reached, made of rocks. The rock extended about twelve inches, and from there on down the wall was of adobe. Excavations were followed only to a distance of about three feet.

It is estimated that the walls of the newly discovered building will measure about one hundred and fifty-nine feet from north to south and about ninety feet from east to west. In the course of their digging the boys brought to light some pottery and food bones.

The Gran Quivira National monument was reserved by Presidential proclamation in 1909 to preserve one of the most important of the early Spanish mission ruins in the Southwest. Ruins of ancient pueblo dwellings are also contained within the monument boundaries.

"MR. AMERICA"



Contests to select a "Miss America" have been so popular that the New York Arts club determined to try to find a man with perfect physique. Out of 300 contestants Winford S. Turner of Nashua, N. H., was picked as a perfect specimen. He is twenty-six years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 153 pounds. He is a painter, is married and has posed for leading sculptors. He is an ardent athlete and a basket ball player.

Only Middle-Aged Dance in London's Night Clubs

London, England.—Gray heads, or heads that would be gray if nature had not been assisted, are so numerous in London night clubs that newspapers generally agree with the statement of the late Sir Squire Bancroft that the "young-man-about-town" no longer exists in England.

The Kit-Cat and other well-known London night clubs are the haunts of the middle-aged and aged. Practically none of the dancers is really young. This is true of the women as well as the men.

Youth has its fling in the popular dance halls where the cost is less and it is not necessary to be so formally dressed.

SEND ABD-EL KRIM TO ISLAND OF REUNION

France Picks Future Home of Riff Chief.

Washington.—Abd-el-Krim, for two years defender of the Riff against the armies of Spain and later France, is to be exiled. News from Paris puts the Island of Reunion in the limelight as the future permanent home of the Moroccan insurgent.

"France carries a full stock of islands usable for exiles," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "Madagascar was first suggested for Krim, but the weight of decision falls 400 miles southeast of Madagascar on Reunion.

"What good exile islands have you nowadays?" one may imagine the French minister of war phoning the minister of colonies.

"Some very good ones, indeed," the colonial minister certainly could reply. "There's Devil's Island in French Guiana for criminals, and then there's New Caledonia away out in the Pacific, a soothing paradise of the South Seas. How about Madagascar? Lots of room on Madagascar. Splendidly situated near the Equator. Or Reunion! There's a perfect retreat for political exiles. Forty-eight miles long and twenty-four miles wide, two volcanoes and only 107 vessels dock each year."

"Abd-el Krim is quite familiar with Europe. It may subtract from the inconvenience of exile for him to be set down in an island predominantly European. To be sure the Reunioners are not as purely Caucasian as the British and Dutch of South Africa. Still, 107,000 of the population of 172,000 are classed as Europeans. Indeed, Reunion is a department of France. The commonly accepted departments of France are within 380 miles of Paris. Reunion is 7,500 miles by steamer and train from Paris.

"Even the names Reunion has taken from time to time show its intimate link with Europe. Like a lady fair in days of old when knight and lady wore ribbons of the same color, Reunion has changed its name with the rise of new political conquerors on the continent. Mascarenhas was its first name in honor of a Portuguese discoverer who sailed when Portugal was a first rate power. Louis XIII was in ascendant in 1643 when Flacourt claimed it for France, so it became Bourbon Island. That name was impossible to the Revolutionists. The island therefore became Reunion until a new 'knight' arose in Europe, when it became Ile Bonaparte. Since 1848 Reunion has been the official name.

"Conditions, geographical, climatic, and industrial, have changed less frequently than the island's name. Reunion, ever since its settlement, has been a sort of agricultural five-layer cake. The shore level is marked by the gardens of the ring of towns. Next comes a sweet layer; the sugarcane belt. Then a dark green layer of forests. Fourth is the plateau region where European vegetables can be raised. The fifth layer is the brown of the volcanic peaks. Only occasionally is Reunion 'cake' frosted with white snow because the warm sea all about tempers the climate.

"If Mr. Krim cares to examine a slice of Reunion he will find it sugar-and-spice-and-everything-nice. The second layer, as mentioned above, is mostly sugar. Sugar and one of its progeny, rum, are the chief exports of the island; and during the World War it profited and perhaps profited on sugar. In the spice line Reunion offers cloves. And thereby hangs a tale.

"Our medieval ancestors loved to eat. Where the Twentieth century spends its surplus on six cylinders, the Fifteenth century spent its pin money on its palate. Its idea of a square meal was red meat well seasoned. Seasoned well did not mean a pinch of salt and a dash of pepper. Our forebears doused pepper on their meat and stuck it full of cloves. Spice islands or the Moluccas in the tangled straits of the East Indies were found to be the native habitat of cloves. The joy with which the Portuguese greeted this discovery could only be equalled today by the burst of a Texas gusher oil well. They tried to keep their find a treasured secret. But the Dutch, who came into ascendancy restricted cloves to Amboyna island and ordered their navy to destroy all other clove trees every place. In the face of death at the hands of the Dutch, a man named Polvre introduced the clove tree to Reunion and neighboring Mauritius, thus emancipating Europe from the Dutch monopoly.

Geranium Town.

"Many orchards of clove trees with their shiny evergreen leaves can be seen on Reunion. The clove buds are in clusters. First they are green, then they turn red, when they are ready to be picked.

"Another specialty from which Reunion profits is vanilla. The production of vanilla orchid beans, Reunion shares with the Seychelles to the north and with Mexico.

"There are three towns on Reunion with a population of more than 18,000—St. Denis, St. Pierre and St. Paul. If Abd-el Krim is given his choice, St. Pierre would appear to be the most attractive for a permanent residence. It is the center of the island's trade in essence of geranium. The flower that decorates our houses and gardens, is a commercial product here. What a prospect. A life of pensioned ease on a tropical isle amid acres of geraniums!"

MICKIE SAYS—

WUNST THEY WUZ A MAN WHO WUZ RUINED BY TOO MUCH ADVERTISING! IT DROVE HIM INTO BANKRUPTCY! THE ADVERTISING WUZ DONE BY THE MAN'S COMPETITOR! NEP!



Singer Sewing Machine, Free For the first one hundred oldest machines received, of any make, the Singer Sewing Machine Company will give in exchange, free, a new machine for the old. For full particulars, see agent below.

J. C. Neal, Clyde, Texas.

"Blue Ribbon" Bread

Loaf 10c.....3 for 25 Cts. Also Fresh Rolls, Cakes, etc every day

City Bakery

O. Nitschke, Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS.

Sam Gilliland

TIN WORK, PLUMBING, GAS FITTING, ELECTRIC WIRING, GAS STOVES, GAS LIGHTS, BATH TUBS, SINKS

PHONE, 224

BAIRD, TEXAS.

CLUB RATES

Dallas Semi-Weekly News, one of the best farm and general newspapers in the South.

THE BAIRD STAR — \$1.50 SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS — \$1.00

\$2.50 Both papers One Year for \$2.30

In Advance Always

Chickens Wanted

I will pay the highest Market Price for Frying Size Chickens

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

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Physician and Surgeon

Office Over Holmes Drug Store

BAIRD, TEXAS

R. L. GRIGGS

Physician and Surgeon

Local Surgeon Texas & Pacific Railroad Company

Calls answered day or night Office Phone, No. 279.—Res. Phone, No. 181.

W. S. Hamlett G. A. Hamlett Kidney Diseases a Speciality Residence Phone 45

HAMLETT & HAMLETT

Physicians and Surgeons

Special Attention to diseases of Women and Children Office at Baird Drug Co. Phone 29 BAIRD, TEXAS

A. R. HAYS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Local Surgeon T. & P. Railroad Co. Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted Office down stairs Telephone Bldg. Res. Phone 245 or No. 11 BAIRD, TEXAS

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Attorney-at-Law

Office in Odd Fellows Building

BAIRD, TEXAS

OTIS BOWYER, JR.

Attorney-at-Law

Western Indemnity Building

DALLAS, TEXAS

JACKSON ABSTRACT CO.

Rupert Jackson, Mgr.

BAIRD, TEXAS

B. F. RUSSELL

Attorney-at-Law

Practice in Civil Courts

Office at Court House

BAIRD, TEXAS

PAUL V. HARRELL

Attorney

and McCartney, Foster & McGee Attorneys

Associated Law Offices

Cross Plains, Texas

W. O. WYLIE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Phone. 68 Baird, Texas

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J. H. Burkett, Prop.

CLYDE, TEXAS

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All property lying south and west of Putnam, belonging to R. F. Scott, is posted. No trespassing, hunting or fishing allowed. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

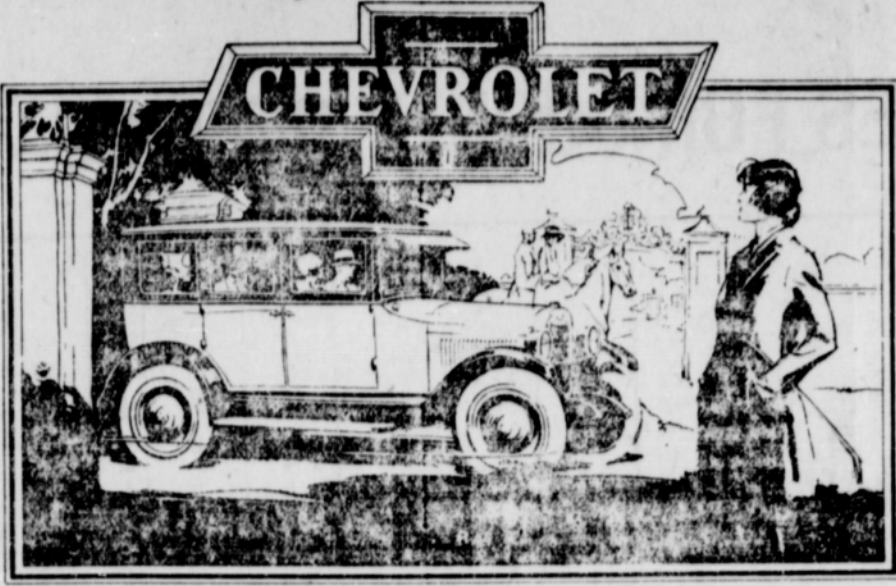
W. M. ARMSTEAD, Mgr.

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T. P. BEARDEN, Manager.

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# The Smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet History!

### Multiple-Cylinder Performance with Chevrolet Economy

--- at these Low Prices!

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

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

Into the field of low-priced cars the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history brings exactly the velvet acceleration and freedom from high-speed vibration that have been the big reasons for the buying of multiple-cylinder cars.

Imagine loafing up a hill in a loaded car—with the motor turning so easily that you are scarcely aware of its operation. You can in the smooth Chevrolet!

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## RAY'S GARAGE

PHONE 33

BAIRD, TEXAS

### QUALITY AT LOW COST

#### ROCK CARVINGS WORK OF INDIANS

##### Scientist Disputes Story of Viking Exploration.

Washington.—The ancient rock carvings along the Columbia river, which are translated by Prof. Oluf Opsjon of Spokane as runic inscriptions made by Vikings in the Eleventh century, tell a big story, but it is an Indian story and not a record of Viking exploration in western America. This statement was made by Herbert W. Krieger, curator of ethnology of the National museum, who has just returned from three months' stay in the region of the rock pictures.

Mr. Krieger spent some time studying the petroglyphs, which are numerous along the Columbia river, and has a number of photographs, including some from Vantage Ferry, where Professor Opsjon claims to have found runic inscriptions.

"The pictures pecked in the hard basalt are extremely crude," said Mr. Krieger, "and anyone can read into them anything he likes in order to make a plausible story. To say that they are Viking remains is to read into them something that is not in the pictures themselves."

Crude as they are, some of the objects scratched out on the rocks are typically Indian, Mr. Krieger points out. In the carvings can be seen such objects as bows and arrows and a representation clearly meant for a feather head-dress.

Considering the numerous rock pictures along the river as a whole collection, he finds evidence that they tell the story of tribal migrations in search of food and the use of the Columbia river as a path of migration. They are mostly hunting and fishing scenes, he believes. Mountain goats and curved horned mountain sheep are frequently portrayed. But why these artists left such records to be preserved in the hard stone and what it was they wanted to communicate can only be guessed at, in the opinion of this ethnologist. They had no system of fixed symbols with one or two exceptions, so there is no hope of finding a key to the mystery.

#### Shove Man's Heart From Right to Left; He Lives

Columbus, Ohio.—Breathing normally, his heart action steady, although a little weak, and sleeping the sleep of the weary, Harry C. Cramer, forty-five, was "resting as well as could be expected," in the new McKinley hospital here after one of the most peculiar operations on record in Ohio hospitals.

Cramer's heart, forced far over to the right side by an accumulation of pus in the left lung, was shoved from the right to the normal side by the operation, during which he was conscious throughout.

Minus the sixth rib of his left side and suffering only the natural soreness left by the incision, Cramer is on the road to recovery, hospital attendants said.

Cramer, a switchman for the Big Four railroad, and who weighs over 200 pounds, suffered intense pains in his right pleura ten days ago and consulted Dr. F. S. Lawrence, house physician at the new McKinley hospital. A stethoscopic examination revealed his heart was beating on the wrong side. An X-ray picture showed the twisted heart, the left lung congested and highly inflated.

The insertion of a hollow needle to drain the lung was unsuccessful and the operation became necessary. Cramer was so weakened that a local anesthetic only could be used.

Physicians were unable to find the cause of the lung congestion.

#### Saves Actress Who Leaps Into River After Spat

Budapest.—For having leaped, fully clothed, into the raging waters of the swollen Danube and rescued the beautiful Hungarian actress, Paula Csaky, Prince Domenico Rosso, secretary of the Italian legation, is the hero of the hour. While the prince and the actress were having tea in a cafe on Margaretten island, in the river, they had a quarrel and the temperamental actress leaped into the river. The prince brought her ashore with great difficulty.

#### GREAT READING DAM WILL FLOOD GRAVES

##### Reservoir Will Cover Two Old Cemeteries.

Reading, Pa.—Construction of the huge Maiden creek dam by the city of Reading, the contract for which was awarded to the McLean Construction company of Baltimore, at a bid of \$308,000, will wipe out two rural cemeteries. Actual work will be started shortly and the dam will back up the waters of the creek, covering parts of three townships, to serve as an impounding reservoir to take care of Reading's water needs for many years.

The descendants of the Maiden creek pioneers feel keenly the desecration of their cemeteries. Many of the residents of Maiden Creek, Ontonagon and Richmond townships have relatives buried in the plot at the Friends' meeting house or in Forney's cemetery, both of which are included in the area proposed to be flooded. Goes Back to 1730.

The burial plot of the Friends' meeting house dates back to 1730, with interments as recently as two years ago. The first burials were made in unmarked graves. The faith of those worshipping there forbids any showing whatsoever, with the result that no tombstones were erected to mark the last resting place of the pioneer settlers of the section. Since the cemetery is to be relocated it will mean that the entire plot to a depth of at least six or seven feet will have to be gone over, as it is impossible to locate all the graves. Only the more recent are marked. It is this that disturbs those who have relatives interred there.

The parents of State Secretary of Agriculture Frank P. Williams and Williams Willets, an implement dealer, at Calem, are buried in the old graveyard. Both men made a plea before the state water power and resources board to save the cemetery, but the board granted the permit to the city to proceed with the work of erecting the dam. Many other descendants of the pioneers of the Maiden creek re-

gion and representatives at the hearing before the state board, some of the oldest families in that section being represented. The board, however, refused to delay the matter of water supply.

Forney's graveyard is a family plot and is located on the farm of Jacob Forney. The entire farm will be taken by the city and the burial plot will have to be relocated. This has been the burial place for the family for a number of generations and always has been maintained in first-class condition.

#### Historic Landmark.

The destruction of the Friends' meeting house will remove an historic landmark. It was erected in 1730 by the Society of Friends and has weathered the storms of almost two centuries. In late years it has been used as a place of worship, but hardly a day passes that one or more descendants of those responsible for its creation do not visit the hallowed spot.

Down through the ages the old meeting house has stood as a monument to the efforts of the Lightfoots, Starrs, Parvins, Wylers, Penroses, Lees, Houltons and others, who were among the first settlers. They blazed the trail in an unclaimed land and, after many years, were successful in giving Berks one of the most productive agricultural sections, only to have their descendants view the disturbance of the remains resting for more than a century in the burial plot.

The erection of the impounding dam is a big undertaking and has been under consideration for some time by the city council. It will solve Reading's water-supply problem for many years to come.

#### Anonymous Rector Gives Phone Advice to Troubled

London.—Anybody with trouble other than financial, may, by calling East 0548, London talk them over with a sympathetic rector. This is the telephone of an anonymous rector who has considerable leisure and has consented to give advice on religious and social problems to persons who feel the need of talking over their affairs with some experienced

and disinterested person. "If I can give a word of encouragement and advice to persons in trouble, it will afford me much pleasure," says the rector. "I prefer to remain anonymous, and I believe most persons in trouble also want to talk without making their identity known. But if there are troubled persons who want personal interviews with me, I shall be glad to make appointments at my home."

#### Intermarriage Blots Out Hawaiian Races

Honolulu.—If interracial marriages in Hawaii continue at the present rate, it will be a wise child, after a few generations, who even knows to what race his ancestors belonged. In the belief of Dr. Romano Adams, head of the department of sociology at the University of Hawaii.

Thirty-five per cent of the marriages of white men in the islands are with women of other races, Doctor Adams said. More white men than women contract interracial marriage, because there are more white men here, owing to the presence of large numbers of soldiers.

The pure-blooded Hawaiians and Portuguese are disappearing, he said, while the part-Hawaiian and the part-Portuguese groups are growing.

#### Diplomat Goes Home to Take High Position



Senor Don Beltran Mathieu, Chilean ambassador to the United States, has left Washington to become minister for foreign affairs in his home government.

#### Perique Tobacco Is Louisiana Product

Baton Rouge, La.—In the parish of St. James, a short way from New Orleans, is a historic and picturesque industry, infinitesimal in comparison with many of the other bountiful agricultural crops of the state, but which is peculiarly Louisianian. This is the perique tobacco industry, alone in the world.

First grown many years ago by an Arcadian, whose name the tobacco now bears, its cultivation has been kept up continuously ever since by direct lineal descendants of the original M. Perique.

Cultivation is confined to a very small area on the banks of the Mississippi, where a favorable combination of soil and climate is particularly adapted to its growth. This tobacco, which finds its chief use as a seasoning for mixtures, is exceedingly strong, with a distinct flavor and aroma. Not many more than 500 acres are given over to its growth.

#### GAS WILL PROPEL LARGEST ZEPPELIN

##### Germans Start Drive for Funds to Complete It.

Friedrichshafen, Germany.—Work is progressing favorably on the world's largest Zeppelin-type dirigible, half again as large as the Los Angeles and designed to test the feasibility of trans-Atlantic passenger and packet service.

The dirigible will be the first to be propelled by gas instead of a liquid fuel, an epoch-making invention credited to the Zeppelin works chemist, Doctor Lempertz.

It will be named the "L. Z. 127." Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the Los Angeles on the flight from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst in October, 1924, is in charge of the construction. The air giant will cost approximately \$1,500,000, being raised by popular subscription.

Doctor Eckener said the hydrogen content of the gas bag will be 3,800,000 cubic feet, exceeding that of the Los Angeles by 1,400,000 cubic feet. It will be slightly longer than the Los Angeles and propelled by five 420-horse-power Maybach motors.

The gas fuel, the exact composition of which remains secret, Doctor Eckener said, is more efficient than gasoline or benzol and will simplify navigation by eliminating difficulties arising from carrying heavy loads of liquid fuel and from manipulating the gas-bag content or ballast to make up for fuel consumption.

The dirigible is expected to be completed about August, 1927, though less than half the cost has been raised. A renewed patriotic effort to raise the remainder of the money is to be made this summer.

#### DEVILS HAUNT SHIP, COOLIE CREW SAYS

##### Seven Boarded Castle Wray in Chinese Waters.

New York.—A full share of the wonders of the deep which are seen by those who go down to the sea in ships was reported by the officers of the British cargo steamer Wray Castle, Staten Island, after half a year's voyage around the world.

They said that if the coolie members of the crew were to be believed, they were haunted by no fewer than seven malignant devils during nearly the whole of their sojourn in Chinese waters. It was only when they had reached the Indian ocean that the sailors, by setting off firecrackers, burning joss sticks and throwing overboard tempting meals of roast chicken, could persuade the evil spirits to leave.

The Wray Castle, a sturdy 6,000-ton freighter, left New York last January, but it was not until she reached the Philippines that the presence of the demons was suspected.

#### Things Happen.

While the vessel was at dock in Manila an apprentice lost his balance while painting part of the superstructure. He fell, breaking his collarbone. Shortly afterward, when the vessel had reached Shanghai, Second Officer William Spencer fell into Hatch No. 5. He was nearly killed. When, on the way south toward Singapore, several of the crew sustained minor injuries there was no longer any doubt as to what was the cause.

As a result Chief Steward Wong Jong King, who has been employed by the company twenty years, held a conference with "Number One," the head Chinese. As soon as they reached Singapore the two went to the Buddhist temple, where they asked the priest to send down a "kwong-ho-duk-duk man" or magician to drive away the spirits.

The priest told them that the magician would do no good owing to the noise of the harbor. He advised them to let him sell them \$20 worth of fireworks and to buy three fresh chickens. He said this would accomplish their purpose.

When the ship was in midocean the chickens were roasted and placed steaming hot on the hatch covers. They were then thrown overboard in the hope that the devils would follow them. After this for three hours the crew set off the fireworks and burned the joss sticks and false paper money.

Evidently the devils left, for from then on the weather was fair and no accidents took place until the Atlantic ocean was reached. Just past the Azores they ran into a heavy storm.

Wong Jong went to the captain. "Ship's cats have two black kittens," he said. "Bad joss come engine room again. Makee waves go up. Throw overboard quickly all go all right."

The captain allowed one kitten to be consigned to the deep, but insisted on saving the other. Apparently, according to Chief Officer Dwyer, this was not enough for the joss. The bad weather lasted until they reached New York.

#### Professor Is Greatest Linguist in Europe

Posen, Poland.—Tassilo Schultheiss, professor at the University of Posen, who is regarded as one of the greatest linguists in Europe today, knows 30 languages and 240 dialects.

Few people in Posen know him, for he leads the life of a recluse. Snow-white hair—he is only thirty-eight years old—heightens the unusual character of his appearance.

For a number of years he was merely a modest teacher at the "gymnasium," or high school. When his unusual gifts were discovered, however, he was called to the university.

From a remote province in China there recently arrived a letter for a Posen merchant, who took it to the department of oriental languages at the university. The professors in charge pondered over the document for a week, and were about to give up in despair, when one of them remembered Schultheiss.

"Why, that's such-and-such dialect, spoken by only a few thousand people in China," he said, and locked himself up in his study for the next 56 hours. As he emerged, he was able to place a faultless translation into the hands of the Posen merchant.

#### \$700,000 a Year Is Cost of Sunburn

Atlantic City, N. J.—Approximately \$700,000 can be saved to American employers if the practice of overexposure to the sun at beaches to gain a coat of tan is discouraged, says Dr. Charles F. Pabst, professor of skin diseases at the Greenpoint hospital, Brooklyn. "Bathers should be warned that lying in the sun for hours at a time is a dangerous practice which often results in serious harm," said Doctor Pabst. "The skin cannot manufacture pigments quickly enough to protect one from injury unless the first exposures are of short duration and are lengthened only gradually. The sun emits more ultra-violet light during July and August than at any other time of the year. It may damage the skin cells and even produce death."

Doctor Pabst estimates that 10,000 working days are lost every week of summer annually as a result of intense sunburn. Putting the average working wage at \$7, he sees a loss to employers of \$70,000 a week, or \$350,000 for the ten weeks of summer.

