

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, SEPTEMBER 10, 1926

NO. 41

Belle Plaine News

Reported by
Claude Stublefield Flores
Special Correspondent for
The Baird Star

Hickman-Flores Oil Field, Sept. 6, 1926.—Leases are selling for \$17.00 per acre and up in the neighborhood of Hickman-Flores Oil Field.

Moutray Oil Co., on Hickman No. 3 came in last Saturday, a very good gasser, but no oil. They are pulling casing. This is the first dry hole in this oil field.

H. Z. House, drilling on the Hearne estate has shut down at 582 feet on account of engine trouble. Mr. Homes, of Abilene, is here overhauling the engine.

Moutray Oil Co.—John Flores, No. 2.—Moving material in.

Tollett & Davis—Kelton No. 2.—drilling at 500 feet has shut down to repair engine.

Miss Marguerette Seale is spending the summer in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Seale, of Paris, France, after spending two months on the Seale Ranch, Mr. Seale left for Fort Bayard, New Mexico and Mrs. Seale is visiting a sister in Houston.

Miss Ella Moore Seale spent the week-end in Cisco.

Mr. Fred Heiser, of Putnam, attended the fish fry and picnic on the Bayou at the old Austin Hole, Friday.

Miss Evalyn Blakely is visiting her sister, Mrs. Buford Jones, near Putnam.

The Fish Fry and Picnic at the old Austin Hole, on the Bayou Friday, sponsored by Mr. Jim Price, is a annual affair. The first one given in 1881, promoted by the late Rev. T. J. Austin, the first minister of Belle Plaine. Mr. John Blakely attended the first affair and was present Friday. There were more than a hundred people in attendance.

Mrs. Carrel Bradford, who has been sick for some time is improving.

Jim Price was shipping cattle from the Henry Seale ranch Monday. The cotton crop will be short here on account of dry weather. Feed stuff is good and in the shock.

COTTON COMING IN SLOWLY

Mr. J. M. Reynolds, Manager of the Callahan County Gin, informs us that the gin turned out the 17th bale of new cotton yesterday. The bale was ginned by B. C. Chrisman, our County School Superintendent, who lives on his farm about 10 miles south of Baird.

Cotton was selling for 17.90 yesterday.

MRS. BOONE WILLIAMS DIES AT AGE OF 79 YEARS

Mrs. Parmelia Williams, age 79 years, wife of Mr. Boone Williams, died at the family residence in East Baird, Saturday, night. Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Joe R. Mayes. Interment was made in Ross Cemetery.

Mrs. Williams has been in ill health for a long time and for the past several months has been confined to her room. She is survived by her husband, a son and daughter; Bud Williams and Mrs. Tom Breechen, and a number of grand children.

MARRIED

Mr. Irby McIntosh and Miss Jacqueline Stephens, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stephens, of Baird, were united in marriage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Tullos, in Cisco, on Thursday evening, September 2, 1926, by Rev. B. C. Bony, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church. It was a beautiful impressive wedding with just a few of the family and friends present. Mrs. J. C. Stephens and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Corn, accompanied them from Baird. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh will make their home in Baird, where Mr. McIntosh is connected with the Texas & Pacific Railway Company.

INFORMATNON WANTED

When was the Methodist Church at Baird, organized? Any information on this subject will be appreciated. W. E. Gilliland, Box 718, Baird, Texas.

Baird Public School To Open Monday

Baird Public School will open Monday, September, 13, 1926. Mr. Elmer Atwood, is the Principal. A full report of the opening of school will be given next week.

MRS. VERDA JAMES HOSTES TO SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Mrs. Verda James entertained the Leader Class of the Methodist Church Monday evening at her home for the purpose of organizing and preparing for an ideal winter work.

Those who attended this meeting and rallied to the support of the class to the call of various committees needed to aid in the numerous problems they are facing we feel were more than glad to pledge themselves as a unit, to give the class their loyal support. New interest in the work of the class was manifested in the number who attended this meeting and all realized what an excellent opportunity they had to do a great service for the church.

This class, with one of the best teachers of the Sunday School, has been complemented many times for the successful way in which they carry on and it is their desire to keep marching to the front, ready at all times to throw themselves into the work that it might be pushed to the utmost. Their aim is to take a personal interest in all who join. They are trying to place the emphasis where they belong and that is the teaching of Bible.

After the business hour, refreshments were served. The following officers were elected with Mrs. Verda James as Teacher:

President—Mrs. Otho Lydia.
Vice President—Mrs. Bowden.
Secretary—Miss Lee Powell.
Treasurer—Miss Jean Powell.
Chairman Absentee Committee—Mrs. Bob Norrell.
Membership—Mrs. H. O. Tatum.
Visiting—Mrs. Gus Hall.
Social Service—Mrs. Brice Jones.
Social Secretary—Miss Hilda Albin.
Telephone—Mrs. Emery Wheeler.
Orphan Fund—Mrs. Tom Neill.
Finance—Mrs. Perry Hughes.
Reporter—Miss Alice Gilliland.

FORMER BAIRD BOY IS DROWNED

Jimmie Scott, age 15 years, son of J. R. Scott, formerly of Baird, and a nephew of Mrs. E. C. Fulton, was drowned at Long Beach, California last Friday morning. He had gone out on a Sunday School picnic and all went in swimming in a small lake in the park. No one saw him drown, and it is supposed he was seized with cramps as he jumped into the water. The body was not recovered until Saturday morning.

Jimmie Scott was an unusually bright boy and loved by all who knew him. He spent a year or more here with his aunt, Mrs. Fulton, some years ago. He is survived by his father, mother and brother, Robert, and another aunt Mrs. W. D. Chisenhall, of Long Beach, California.

SPECIAL MEETING OF BAIRD CHAPTER, NO. 182, R. A. M.

There will be a special meeting of Baird Chapter No. 182, Royal Arch Masons, on Saturday night, September 11, 1926, at which time Mr. T. M. Bartley, of Waco, Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter, of Texas, and Mr. Sam J. Helm, Past High Priest, of the Grand Chapter, will visit the Chapter. All Royal Arch Masons are invited to attend this meeting.

C. S. Gee, H. P. Martin Barnhill, Sec.

A QUILTING PARTY

Mrs. B. H. Bennett entertained a few of her friends with an old fashioned quilting party yesterday afternoon. Those enjoying this occasion were: Mesdames Roy Guffey, Alex McWhorter, Ollie Cunningham, Buck White, J. H. Terrell, E. E. Gilliland, O. B. Jarrett; Misses Sue Hornsby and Ila Mae Guffey. A salad course and iced tea was served.

Mrs. J. C. Jones spent the past week with her son, Walter and family at Rowden. While there, she attended the fish fry, given by Jim Price, on the Bayou.

Protect the Home Town's Interests



No farmer would stand for seeing his fattest pullets or live stock swept off by some large bird or prey. He would speedily take action highly detrimental to the invader in order to protect his own interest.

But curiously enough the same farmer and some of his townsmen might resort to the catalogue of a mail-order house or patronize an itinerant peddler when in need of supplies. Those who do this to the exclusion of patronizing home-town merchants are letting the hawk of out-of-town buying carry off treasures that belong here.

You get more for your money, better service and better satisfaction all around when you buy in BAIRD. Keep business here and the whole community will benefit by it.

HUNTERS ARE WARNED AGAINST EATING DOVES THEY KILL

Warnings are being sent out over the State urging hunters to be very care ful about eating doves killed close to or in the neighborhood of cotton fields that have been poisoned for leaf worms. It is said these birds eat the worms, and since poison does not effect fowls of this nature, they can safely do so, but the poison absorbed by their bodies makes it dangerous for persons to eat the meat.

CALLAHAN COUNTY PUTS SURFACE ON HIGHWAY

MORAN, Sept. 4.—E. B. Calvinx has a group of workmen here this week putting down the asphalt top on the rock base from Moran to the Callahan county line and from the Lammus hill to the Bray corner. Work was started Tuesday at the Brooks Hotel, and the hot top was completed to the city limits Wednesday. From there to the lane road was left open, and the road will be completed to the county line. When that is completed the strip from the city limits to the lane will be completed, then the portion from the Bray corner to the Lammus hill will be completed. The work will take approximately 12 working days. The top is 2 1/2 inches thick and completes one of the best roads of its type in West Texas. The hot top only holds traffic up for a few hours.

J. F. Dentor, contractor on this highway, is putting gravel down from Sedwick to Albany will be completed from Moran to Sedwick to Albany will be completed wick. It is stated that this strip from by the last of October. The gravel will set for several months, and the contractor hopes to be able to complete the top next year. A second base of crushed rock will be placed on top of the gravel, and when it sets sufficiently the asphalt top will be completed.—Cisco News.

UNION MEETING CLOSES

The Union Meeting by the Methodist and Presbyterian Church at the Tabernacle, closed a very successful two-weeks meeting last Sunday night. Quite a number of persons joined the different churches.

Mrs. Roy Jackson, son and daughter, James and Grace, are spending a week or so in San Antonio.

Putnam Man Killed By Brownwood Officer Baird "Loans" Secty. Tatum to W. T. C. C.

Charles Greenwood, of Putnam, was killed at Brownwood, Wednesday night by Assistant Chief of Police, Cy Thigpen, and Hoytt Shelton probably fatally wounded. Greenwood and Shelton, who work in the Putnam oil field, had been arrested by the officer and while enroute to the jail the shooting occurred.

Charles Greenwood is the son of Ed Greenwood, of Putnam and Hoytt Shelton is the son of A. J. Shelton, of Berger, both young men, 22 years of age and unmarried.

We are informed that Charles Greenwood will be buried at Putnam.

IN MEMORY OF EUGENE WILLIAMS

God's messengers are ever on the wing. In silence they cross the threshold and when they go away they leave a foot print named "death." God's plans are not interrupted. They are no accidents, no catastrophes into God. His wisdom and love are fully equal to every emergency—even to the grave.

Just as the sun had risen to the heights to kiss away the child-like ways. Just when bloomed the fragrant blossom of hope, love and beautiful idols of Boyhood, God's fairest like the sweet music of the Choir loftiest ministering Angle, with voice invisible, came and stood with out stretched arms, and so lovingly said; "Come I will be with you all the way." Thus Eugene so happily passed to be with God to join the rapture beauty of Deity. The hour of death for his soul was only falling asleep in Jesus.

The earth sheds its whitest souls into the skies as the seas shed their purest mist to the sun. Earth has given back to Heaven one of its fairest flowers in the bud of life, so pure and so white, and out of the dark hour coming to comfort us, his sweet voice whispers, "I still live." Unto God all live. We never realize the Immortal life is the real life until we lose our fairest and dearest. Eugene has just begun to live—and the influence and his memory will live forever in the hearts of all who knew him God only let us have him for awhile to cheer and be the idol of the home—then to crown him as one of heaven's brightest jewels.

Weep not that he has gone, for he is numbered with the glorious band of angles. Eugene stands on the other side with out stretched arms beckoning you to come to him, where sorrow is no more.

By one who loved him.

BAPTIST SERVICES SUNDAY

The Sunday Morning Sermon will be "Ahab's Last Sin." Now you listen, my friend, you are going to some day commit your last transgression and it may be just where Ahab fell down. I beg you come and see. The Sunday night subject will be the "Revelations Of The Cross." You are invited to attend and hear a real old time gospel sermon and I know you want to hear it.

We want 125 in our Sunday School and every one of them to stay for the preaching service. Will you be one of that 125? We are counting on you.

We want all the young people who will and especially do we urge all of the Baptist young people to meet with us at 7 o'clock Sunday evening for the B. Y. P. U. I want to call attention to the fact that every one of our young people are responsible for the young peoples society in our Churches, and when they fail to do their duty and that phase of the work goes down it is not wholly the pastors fault.

Hoping to meet you at Church next Sunday, I am going forward to make the best preparations I can for the day that we may have the most profitable time. Meet me there. Will you? I am looking for you.

Joe R. Mayes,
Pastor.

CALLED MEETING OF THE EASTERN STAR

There will be a called meeting of Callahan Chapter No. 242, O. E. S., tonight for the purpose of initiation of candidates. All members are requested to be present. Visiting members are welcome.

H. O. Tatum, Secretary of the Baird Chamber of Commerce, left last Friday evening for Llano, where he went to complete plans for holding the convention of the "Hill's County" District which is being held at Llano to-day. Baird "loaned" her efficient Secretary to Homer D. Wade, Manager of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, when he found it would be necessary to "borrow" a man to hold the Llano Convention because of the fact that two conventions were scheduled for the week—The Henrietta Meeting which was rained out in August, and the Llano Convention. B. M. Whittiker, the regular convention man of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce is holding the Henrietta Convention.

WHAT'S DOING IN WEST TEXAS

West Texas Chamber of Commerce

WHITE DEER—contract for a new forty-five room hotel has been closed here recently. Each of the rooms will have an outside exposure and will be equipped with all modern conveniences. This building will also be used for a number of offices, which will also have the advantage of an outside exposure.

LUBBOCK—Lubbock's new \$5000, 90 six-story hotel will be opened Sept. 1, according to the manager. The hotel is modern in every particular. There are 124 guest rooms, a large lobby and coffee shop on the main floor, a banquet hall, and three private dining rooms. There will also be an open court for dancing and for public gathering.

BIG LAKE—This city's paving program is to be gotten under way soon, following a recent meeting of property owners relative to carrying out the program which has been arranged, calling for paving from the Orient Ry. north on Main and one block each way on all streets at their intersection with Main Street.

CLYDE—Work on the Brown wood-Rising Star state highway is making good progress. The right of way, which will go through fields will be delayed until crops are gathered. Three crews are at work on this project at present.

PLAINVIEW—An incubator with a 12,000 egg capacity will be installed in Plainview by the Bonner-Price Co., of this city. The firm will have baby chicks to sell in season. M. M. Bonner believes that there will be a good market for the custom-hatching. The incubator to be used is one of the largest of its type sold.

SWEETWATER—Agitation is being started here for the establishment of a local creamery to be owned and operated by local dairymen. This project was started soon after the recent organization of the Nolan County Dairymen's Association.

SLATON—The Southwestern Bell Telephone Co., expects to spend an amount of \$77,000 in new building, new outside equipment, and the installation of the new common battery system here soon. The completion of the new system is expected early in the new year.

ALMAGORDA, N. M.—Work on the new power and light plant for this city is to be manager of the new plant. A total of 2300 volts of current will be generated by the plant. Lines are to be built immediately to Tularora and to a shallow water pumping belt. They will be constructed to other cities later. The cost of the entire plant is to exceed \$200,000.

STAMFORD—The West Texas Chamber of Commerce has been instrumental in aiding the farmers to kill the leaf worm which has recently made its way into the bumper cotton crop of West Texas. The Chamber has put those communities needing calcium arsenate of other poisons for this pest in touch with places where supply was in excess of the demand.

A PURE FOOD CARNIVAL

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church, will hold a Pure Food Carnival at the Tabernacle on October 7—8—9th. Watch for further announcements.



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

THE STORY

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

CHAPTER II.—Continuing the journey, Gilson makes the acquaintance of a fellow traveler, Marcus Handy, on his way to establish a journalistic enterprise, the "Cottonwood Courier," and is impressed by his personality.

CHAPTER III.—Gilson and Hayden purchase a mining claim. They learn of the coming of a "Mrs. Barnaby" to establish a restaurant, with a younger woman. Gilson realizes the two must be the women he had seen at the hold-up. A threatened lynching is averted by the bravery of the town marshal, Chris McGrath. Gilson meets the new "Boarding House Proprietors."

CHAPTER IV.—The hard work of digging for gold, with inadequate reward, rather disgusts Gilson, who has independent means, so the unexpected appearance of "Shorty" Croly, old companion of Hayden, is not altogether disconcerting to him. Handy offers Gilson employment on the Courier.

CHAPTER V.—Gilson arranges with Hayden to sell his share of their claim to "Shorty," and takes up newspaper work with Marcus Handy. His acquaintance with Mrs. Deane begins.

CHAPTER VI.—The Courier grows in circulation and influence as the camp expands, and an awakening civil spirit is in evidence, led by Marcus Handy.

CHAPTER VII.—A wave of lawlessness develops, which Marshal McGrath appears to condone. Handy, in his newspaper, demands a camp clean-up, though he realizes he is making powerful enemies. Pressed by Gilson, Mrs. Deane admits she has a husband living, but the young easterner has fallen deeply in love and he refuses to abandon hope of winning her.

CHAPTER VIII.—Gilson meets Mrs. Deane in a section of the camp which has an unsavory reputation. She becomes deeply agitated, and Gilson, endeavoring to comfort her, secures a view of her love for him, though she tells him their marriage is impossible. Hayden makes a "strike" on the claim, which bids fair to make him and his partner, "Shorty," millionaires. Handy, continuing his attack on the camp authorities, is assaulted and haded by McGrath. The fight for a clean "camp" is definitely on.

The aftermath of Marcus Handy's editorial on the political incompetence of Cottonwood was blurred and obscured for both the camp and me by another event, which seemed temporarily much more important in the scheme of fate.

I was wakened next morning by prolonged knocking at my door, and by the protesting grunts of Marcus Handy. As I struggled out of sleep, I saw Marcus sitting up in bed in his white-and-red nightshirt, holding his 45-caliber sidearm at ready. Then from outside a voice spoke; and Marcus, as he grasped the meaning of the words, laid down his revolver with another grunt, pulled the clothes up over his ears, and fell once more asleep.

"Does Bob Gilson live here? All right, Buck—Buck Hayden—wants to see you out to his claim right away. Says it's important!" came a heavy voice from without.

I hurried myself out of bed, antipating accident and calamity, dressed, hurried to the livery stable for my horse and through a clear, inspringing June air rode up the busy creek toward the rocky curve which I seemed to have abandoned such eternities ago. Busy all the way with speculation, as usual in such circumstances I reviewed every possibility except the true solution.

Was trouble breaking between Buck and Shorty? I wondered, as I rode toward the claim. Even had there been a tragedy? And, whatever happened, I must get through this thing quickly. For I did not want to miss a single one of those noon breakfasts at Mrs. Barnaby's, which were midday dinner for the rest but noon breakfast for me, and where daily I met—Constance Deane.

This was the claim, at the curve of the creek; but what had happened to the cabin? Its thatched and sodded roof lay on the bank, braced up six feet high on posts; from beneath it protruded various familiar objects of human use, such as our Dutch oven, my old set of red blankets. Where the cabin itself had stood were only chips, piles of sawdust, strips of bark, a trampled floor.

I was hailed from the hillside across the creek. I looked up, and was aware of a new object in the landscape. A timbered hole gaped at me, black and brutal-mouthed; beside it lay a fresh new dump, so small that even my inexperienced eye could see how shallow as yet was the tunnel which fed it. From that orifice Buck had emerged, taking off his hat to extinguish a miner's lamp, was walking toward me not with his customary even stride, but rapidly, jerkily. I dismounted, started toward him; he waved me back. As he approached, I saw that his eye glittered with some unnatural excitement.

"Got to see you alone, kid—all alone!" he shot out. He looked round,

his eye rested on that ridiculous shack of thatched and poles. Into this he drew me. He squatted on his heels, scrutinized all approaches before he burst out:

"Kid, don't it beat the Dutch?—I've struck it—struck it rich!"

"You have?" I asked inconsequently.

"I sure have—Shorty and me have—as rich as—" Buck paused, as though to find a simile wild enough to express the situation. "Rich as h—!" he concluded.

From my whirl of thoughts and emotions, not all generous, I brought out another triviale.

"Gold quartz?" I asked.

"Gold quartz your grandma!" ejaculated Buck. "Gold's a sucker proposition. No! What I've got is the only poor man's ore. Silver carbonates?"

He might have been talking Arabic for all I grasped the dramatic meaning in that technical term. But Buck was running on:

"You can scoop her out with a spoon—assays three hundred to the ton—she widens as she goes in—that stuff we hated so like pizen—"

"That sand?"

"You've called it. Shorty seen it!"

Buck stopped here, fumbled through the pockets of his overalls, produced a creased paper. "Here's where you come in," he said. It was a mining claim, filled out in my name and as yet, I saw, unregistered. "Ain't our claim?" Buck hastened to explain.

"It's the ground next. And"—waved an excited hand toward the hillside—"she's crammed with it, jammed with it! You can't lose! Your play is to get this registered quick, before the rush starts. Ride, boy!"

Yet I lingered to extract the details. Two years before, Shorty, as Buck expressed it, had been "shoved out of Mexico." With a "college-bred mining expert"—Buck's phrase again—he had been looking for gold. And down in Chihuahua they had found the natives washing not gold but a brittle sand. It was lead carbonates bearing silver, the expert informed Shorty. Further, they had tunneled into the adjoining hill, had found the parent body. Some of this ore assayed better than three hundred dollars a ton. So much they extracted from the cholo workmen. Then the "Mex boss" came back. He looked at things differently. That night he tried to murder the two Americans and, failing, raised the rurales against them. They barely got out to El Paso with their lives.

And Shorty had not worked a day on our claim before he recognized that brittle sand, which had so hampered our gold washing, as the same ore. It was lead carbonates; and the sample assayed three hundred dollars a ton in silver alone. How Shorty overcame the innate conservatism of Buck did not at this moment come out. I imagine that when Buck raked over those little pellets of pure silver which the blowpipe had magicked from this inert sand, his single-minded belief in gold collapsed. At any rate, he was by now so thoroughly converted as to forget that he ever held any other faith. Of course, the sand in our stream was but a trifling overflow from some main body of ore. Where did it lie? Shorty, working merely on a hazy resemblance between the lay of this land and that in the Mexican diggings, "sort of suspected"—said Buck—the hillside across the creek. He selected, I know now, the spot which of all locations on that hillside would have been the last choice to an expert mining engineer. But there is more luck in silver mining than any expert will admit; and the kind of man that Shorty was, always played the game of life in the spirit of one who shakes dice for the drinks.

The crafty Shorty, as I half suspected at the time, had not parted with the last of his resources when he produced that hundred-dollar bill from the back of his watch. They bought the necessary tools, explosives and apparatus in Cottonwood, hired for assistant a Swede who not only knew nothing about minerals, but almost nothing about the English language. Mining timbers being expensive and slow of delivery, they had cast their last coin into the pot, and torn down the cabin for the purpose.

Skidding out their debris on a crude sled and a trackway of poles, in a fortnight they had driven their tunnel twenty feet from the prism and had come to a streak of carbonates. I widened to a vein, to a pocket, to Heaven knew what. Buck's conscience and kindness were troubled because I, who shared the discovery of that curious sand, had no longer any stake in the game. And Shorty refused to

give me a share, maintaining with justice that hundreds of others must have seen that sand and failed to identify it; that if anyone should be favored in this transaction it was he, Shorty. So yesterday, before they visited Cottonwood to get final results, Buck had staked out for me a claim next to the twin property of the

partnership, had drawn up the necessary papers; and, but for Shorty's insistence on their agreement of secrecy, would have broken the news to me there and then. The samples from the tunnel assayed three hundred dollars a ton and upward; the farther you went, the richer it got. In approaching Major Brown, the Cottonwood assayer, Buck had maintained the fiction that he came from over the range. But in Brown's porter and man of all work—who was not in the office when he delivered the samples—Buck recognized an individual that had formerly delivered meat along the creek. This porter hailed him by name. "He's seen this tunnel—the boys on these here placers think I am digging for gold quartz. Only a matter of time till he puts two and two together and she gets out," remarked Buck. He swept his gaze over the hill. "By Gee, she's out now!" he said. "Lookee that!" Dim on the hillcrest, two men were digging furiously. Buck scrutinized the group for a moment. "Just as I figured," he said; "Major Brown, the assayer, and his hired man. They put two and two together d—n quick! Shorty's sitting on your claim with a shotgun and the Swede," he added. "Already started a shaft so—you can claim development work. But you never can tell. Git this registered and git back—now vamoose!"

My roan, I had discovered, possessed a trick of speed. I let him go his best. I was in a state of mind which I can describe only as triumphant greed. I was going to be rich, rich! Rich in my own right, through my own enterprise! I had absorbed, indeed, not only the joyous greed of Cottonwood but its indomitable optimism. I no longer doubted that Buck, that the piece of inert earth of which I was so strangely possessed, held fortune. That I was already a pampered child of luxury, needing no wealth beyond that which my father had won for me, never entered my mind. I had made a fortune in my own right. I would tell Constance about it—Constance Deane. She and I—and there the rosy light which illuminated my dream flickered and went out. I could not throw this fortune into the lap of Constance. Encircling Constance Deane, a barrier and a cage was that mysterious wedding ring.

And as I rode furiously down the creek road and into the head of Main street, another drop of acid worry curdled my triumphant mood. That morning's Courier would carry the editorial about the Curtis case, a challenge to Marshal McGrath. And Chris was the official registrar of mining claims. Was he up yet? He usually slept late. If he was already in his office, he might find ways to block my claim. But when I entered, giving an impersonation of leisure, there was within only his blood, sphinx-like clerk. He glanced over the form which Buck had filled out for me.

"All right," he said, "come back tomorrow." I had not expected this; and my ingenuity was taxed to invent a lie plausible enough to suit the circumstances. I created it at last—something about having to leave camp that afternoon to be gone a week.

"It'll make a lot of trouble," said the clerk; and his manner was insinuating. By good fortune, I carried most of my money on my person, as was the fashion in Cottonwood. I drew out a gold double-eagle, balanced it carefully as I said:

"I'd be sorry to trouble you, but I want it done now." The clerk fell immediately to work; in ten minutes, I had the title, all registered and sworn; and he had, besides his fee, my twenty dollars. Another glimpse, I reflected into the run of affairs at Cottonwood. My little piece of justifiable bribery had occurred to me just in time; for as I mounted and rode away, I passed the marshal, headed for his office.

Then, as I emerged into the head of Main street, I saw that I was not riding alone. Down the road, other horsemen, carrying awkwardly across their saddiehorns shovels, picks, mining paraphernalia, were spurring fast only northward. Dotted here and there over Hayden hill, horses were tethered or rousing at will; groups of men were digging or driving stakes, riders, fording the creek at a furious pace, were spurring on over the crest. Down by the site of our cabin, Buck's last stake in his gamble with fortune stood a knot of men gesticulating. As I rode toward them, I saw Buck in their center; and as I dismounted, the air shook with a resounding, ungodly shout "Aye!" The meeting, whatever it was, stood adjourned. Part of the crowd splashed through the creek and part surrounded Buck, shaking hands, slapping him on the back.

"Hello—there's the kid!" exclaimed Buck as I approached. "Boys, shake hands with Mr. Gilson, the kid—located the next claim after ours—" and I had to take my own panmouling. "And now," concluded Buck, "you boys better hustle back to your locations and git set for the rush!" Obediently, the rest of the crowd scattered; Buck, but yesterday a private in the hosts of ill luck, had become a commanding general in the army of fortune. And already he looked it, his tall, rangy figure had stiffened to a pose of authority. For the first time I realized that Buck, if he should ever clean up, would be a mightily respectable figure of a man.

"Miners' meeting!" he answered my word of inquiry. "If we don't work together, there'll be claim-jumpin' and shootin' all over the hill tonight! Just as soon as the crowd gets thick enough—we'll have all Cottonwood up here by nightfall—I'm going to hire nine guards for the whole bunch—you too. And a miner or two to keep your development work goin'. They're locatin' fast. Got any friend you want to let in on this?"

My conscience smote me a resounding thump. I had been less generous

than Buck; I had never thought of Marcus Handy, employer and friend. It is odd, as I look back, to remember that Constance Deane did not cross my mind in connection with this gamble for fortune. But to me Constance dwelt in a world apart from the practical realities of Cottonwood.

Still breakfastless, I mounted and spurred back toward camp. I had not gone two hundred yards before I realized that my generous impulse had come too late. The trickle along the road was now a flood. Horsemen weaved through knots of pedestrians, walking briskly or puffing along at a clumsy run. All Hayden hill must be staked out by now. Then I saw a way out; and the tangled, excited emotions of that full morning melted into a rosy, altruistic glow. It would take money to reach my ore body. I had no money, or but little—unless I drew on my mother. Marcus should put up that money and receive half of my claim.

Main street was almost deserted as I galloped toward the office. I pulled up my horse to make a sharp turn round a freight wagon blocking the entrance to our street, and there com-



There, Coming Along the Pavement Toward Me, Was Marshal McGrath.

ing along the pavement toward me was Marshal McGrath. He had seen me first, was stopping. He was reaching toward his hip. His face was a mask—as on that night when he stepped the lynching. My arm tingled with an impulse which a flash of reason, happily for me, put back. Die I but make a motion to draw, this dead shot would kill me in my tracks. Suddenly the marshal's hand stopped, fell to his side; and he turned away.

"Tenderfoot, better go up and look after your little, blackmillin' friend," he said through clenched teeth.

I galloped on. From the door of the Courier burst Johnnie the office boy—merciful, excitable, Celtic.

"The boss is hurted—oh, the boss is hurted!" he gasped.

I rushed inside. Marcus sat at his desk, head and back bunched over his arms. There was blood on the scattered papers. And then—he moved—moved, turned round, faced me. His nose was bleeding. So was a cut over his left eye. One side of his mouth was beginning to puff, but the other smiled.

"He beat me up," said Marcus, "that dirty crook McGrath—sneaked on me and got my gun and beat me up. Didn't kill me and didn't give me a chance to kill him—just beat me up G—d, I feel relieved!"

CHAPTER IX

Had Town Marshal McGrath assaulted Marcus Handy on a day when the camp was booming along at its accustomed pace, the politics of Cottonwood might at once have rushed forward to a climax. I speculate yet on this, wondering if it all would have turned out more happily, in that event, for Marcus Handy and me. More and more the "business element" and the better men who lived by industry—which meant of course most of us—were beginning to see a change must come. But also, more and more had the gamblers, the dispensers of vice and the actual criminals grown insolent and overbearing through immunity. To meet this situation head-on would have taken all a man's courage with both property and life. If the citizenry of Cottonwood boasted in common any virtue, it was courage. But things were going very well for most of us; decent, public opinion in general, while deploring our civic condition, inclined to let well enough alone. It needed a dramatic incident to crystallize the western spirit of fair play to translate sentiment into action. This unfair and brutal assault by a sworn officer of the law might have served that purpose—but for the discovery on Hayden hill.

The ebullient joy inspired by that event left no room in the public bosom for any other emotion. By afternoon the camp had become a madhouse; by night, a joyous chaos. It was settled now, said the public opinion of the bar-rats, Cottonwood was a "permanent camp." Permanent! She was the greatest camp ever discovered in the Rockies—in the world—in the universe!

Even Marcus Handy, nursing his physical and moral injuries, was caught up in the universal wave of optimism and enthusiasm. He had better reason than most of the rest. Before I had finished staunching his wounds, I had broken the news in one confused burst; and hastened to inform him that he was to be my partner. Marcus balked a little at that,

Fresh Groceries

Our Service is Second to None
Our Groceries are Clean and Fresh
And Our Prices Can't Be Beat

BLACK & PRICE GROCERY

Groceries and Feed Telephones No. 128 & 247

BIDS WANTED

for the purchase of 190 shares of the capital stock of the First State Bank of Baird, Texas, will be received by the undersigned, the right being reserved to reject any and all bids.

R. B. Caldwell
Receiver of First National Bank
Ranger, Texas

HOME LUMBER CO.

ALL HOME PEOPLE

We carry a full stock of Lumber, Shingles and Builder's Supplies. See us before you buy anything in this line.

W. M. COFFMAN, Manager.

CIGARETTES TOBACCO

Quality Cafe

NOON DAY SPECIALS
Hamburger, Chili, Sandwiches
SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY

FRED ESTES

CANDY CIGARS

ASHBY WHITE

Dry Cleaners

The Only Modern Dry Cleaning Plant in the County

ONE DAY SERVICE

"First Aid To The Smartly Dressed."

Phone 268—"Use It." BAIRD TEXAS
We Call For And Deliver

Fresh Meat and Groceries

Fresh, Cured, Cooked and Canned Meats of all kinds

A small but well selected stock of Groceries, which always fresh.

FRESH BACON

We keep a supply of Fresh Bacon in our Refrigerator, which insures it always being Fresh—Try a few pounds of this good Bacon

WARREN'S MARKET

Berry & Estes, Props.

FREE DELIVERY BAIRD, TEXAS PHONE, 130

Professional Cards

R. G. POWELL
Physician and Surgeon
Office Over Holmes Drug Co.
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.
Residence Phone 245, Or No. 11

R. L. GRIGGS
Physician and Surgeon
Local Surgeon, Texas & Pacific
Railroad Company
Calls Answered Day or Night
Office Phone 279.
BAIRD, TEXAS

G. A. HAMLETT
Residence Phone 235
W. S. HAMLETT
Kidney Diseases A Specialty
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

PILES CURED
No Knife : No Pain :
No Detention from Work
DR. E. E. COCKERELL
ECTAL AND SKIN SPECIALIST
Room 312 Alexander Bldg.
Abilene, Texas.

V. E. HILL
DENTIST
Office Up-Stairs, Telephone Bldg.
BAIRD, TEXAS

OTIS BOWYER
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

CLYDE NURSERY
Pecan Trees Our Specialty
Shade and Ornamentals
J. H. Burkett, Prop.
CLYDE, TEXAS

Sam Gilliland

SINKS
TIN WORK
PLUMBING
GAS STOVES
GAS LIGHTS
BATH TUBS
GAS FITTING
PHONE, 224
ELECTRIC WIRING
BAIRD, ——— TEXAS.

It Pays To Advertise
In The Star

"I'm afraid you're letting your generosity get away with you, boy!" he said. "But it's the way I'd expect you to act," he added shyly.

"Someone's got to stake me, or I can't develop that claim," said I, "and it had better be you than anyone I know." The man's quaint habit of secrecy about his most vital affairs had infected me, and I had never told him about my background in the East.

"All right; I guess I'll take a whirl with you," announced Marcus at last. "If I can keep any of my money out of the paw of that d—n paper company!"

So was born the partnership which developed and operated the Upper Case claim on Hayden hill, which was the name given the location, in honor of Buck. For of course, when we came to name it, we used a printing term. Let me tell here, once for all, the story of the Upper Case, simple but typical. Hayden hill was "spotted." The ore, as many learned by hard experience, lay in pockets, great and small, and not the most experienced geologists could prophesy their lay from the surface conformation. The Hayden and Croly tunnel tapped one of these pockets—nearly the greatest. Our shaft was only fifty yards away, yet never, from the morning when we turned the first shovel of earth until the night when its mouth was boarded up as a dangerous prospect hole, did it turn up an ounce of paying ore. After we had sunk to a depth below which carbonates had never yet been discovered on Hayden hill, we abandoned it as a bad job. Then a company with a theory that a deep sulphide formation underlay the whole hill made offers for some of the unproductive or worked-out claims. We sold for just enough money to pay Marcus back what he had sunk in it, plus a block of stock. I am keeping the stock yet—as a souvenir.

But Marcus, when we had patched him up with court-plaster from the drug store, displayed a nobler emotion than greed of gold or hate of man. "She's the biggest story that ever came out in this camp!" he said. "We've got to spread ourselves! We're making history, boy. When Cottonwood is capital of the state, this issue of the Courier will be framed in the statehouse for a souvenir! You know the story. Write it for all you're worth."

My story finished, Marcus sent me forth to get an interview with Buck. Estimating the probabilities, I repaired straight to Huffaker's. My judgment had led me aright. Already, the first story of the hotel was finished and occupied; and the dining-room and bar, as I approached, radiated light, bubble and song. I pushed inside. Buck, still in his red flannel shirt, his overalls tucked into his muddy boots, was dining in state. Heading a long table heaped with food, plannated with champagne bottles, he had seated Jim Huffaker at his right, Isidore Cohen at his left. The company was peaced out with "hulning men," brokers, even Taylor the banker—the financial aristocracy of the camp. I had scarcely stepped through the door when Buck saw me and rose to his feet, roaring boisterously welcome.

"Gents!" he cried, rapping for order with the butt of an empty bottle. "There's the mascot! There's the tenderfoot that brought me luck! Step up, kid, and let 'em see you. He's going to be rich too! Jim, 's my credit still good? All right. Wine again!"

So I was surrounded, congratulated, welcomed prematurely to the financial aristocracy. While the false light of adulation tickled my vanity as well as my sense of humor, I had no desire to sit with the mighty that evening; life had moved so fast since Buck's messenger woke me as to yield no opportunity for seeing Constance. On the plea of urgent business necessity, I got Buck away from the table, dragged him past the clutching, congratulating hands, shut him up in a back room of Huffaker's bar, and interviewed him.

"Well, Buck," I said, "now that you're rich, what are you going to do? Go East and settle down?"

"East, h—!" exclaimed Buck. "These here Rockies is good enough for me!"

"Here in Cottonwood?" I asked.

"Sure! Cert! What's the use of movin' to New York or Frisco when we're going to have New York right here?"

"Buck," I warned from the depths of my Yankee caution, "it's certain you have a very rich mine. There may be a million dollars down there, enough at any rate so that you might invest it and—"

"Sure I'm going to invest it!" said Buck. "Don't think I'm going to blow it all in, do you? In mines, I'll own this here camp before I'm through—"

"But mines are a matter of luck," I interrupted.

"Cert. And my luck has turned," replied Buck simply. I had no time for further argument, because a new delegation of prominent citizens was pounding at the door; and Buck, lapped in such jobs as he had never before known, was in no mood for introspection.

I hastened to Mrs. Barnaby's—late, Glancing through the door, I saw that the place at the head of the table was cleared; Constance had supped and departed. I went round to the sleeping tent and called. At the sound of my voice she came running forth into the twilight, both hands outstretched.

"I hear that you have struck it," she said, "and oh, I'm glad!"

I went all a-tremble; except for memory of that afternoon in the gulch, I should have lost my self-control again. She seemed to perceive my emotion; for she said quickly:

"We musn't talk here by night this way—people gossip—I've had to make

It a rule not to see men callers in the evening. Good night, Robert; I hope your claim makes a million!" and was gone through the tent-flap. Had I yielded to my impulses, I should have torn the canvas into shreds.

Reading page-proofs that night, I glanced up at Marcus, who was looking a form.

"Aren't you going to refer to the McGrath episode?" I asked.

"Nope!" said Marcus cheerfully. "Crowded out to make room for more interesting matter. By the way, boy—don't you go taking this matter up with Marshal McGrath. Next time he'll shoot, and I don't want to lose my best and only reporter. Just keep out of his way. We're going to get the criminal news for the Courier from others than the appointed authorities."

"Is the campaign for municipal government abandoned then?" I asked, and held my breath for the answer. I esteemed Marcus, and did not like to think that he lacked nerve.

"No," he replied. "But when I cut my wolf loose again, old boss, he's going to bite!" To which cryptic utterance he put a period with a resounding blow of his maul on the block.

The days passed, bringing the advance-guard of a new rush to Cottonwood camp. Again we were crowded beyond all possibility of accommodating our pilgrims and strangers.

At about this time Mike, the day bartender of the Silver Dollar saloon, began to loom up from the hazy mists of my general acquaintance. For some weeks now he had held a loose connection with the Courier as a solicitor of printing jobs on commission and a gatherer of small news items. The Silver Dollar, which stood just where the glories of Main street encountered the cheap, open brothels of Pearl street, had a hard name in camp. Rumor called it headquarters for the thug element. As for Mike—I never knew his other name—he was a small, hatched-faced man with a dead, inscrutable eye and the appearance in his street clothes of a respectable and somewhat self-effacing mechanic. He said little at any time, and that little in a voice which sucked the words in through a set of narrow teeth slanted backward like an anaconda's. He used to bring his information as rough notes, written in a business hand whose Spencerian flourishes contrasted oddly with its grammatical atrocities. Only by a process of painful cross-examination could I extract the human lights which made the story.

When we severed relations with the marshal's office, Mike became at once invaluable. Our necessary criminal news we got from his reports; and we never missed an essential item. Twice, after I had drawn from him his budget of information, he stepped over to Marcus, spoke a quiet word; they retired then to the space behind the printing-press—the only private place in our office—and talked in whispers. Except for the uncomfortable feeling of being on the outside and a touch of amusement at my editor's mania for dramatic secrecy, I gave little thought to these conferences.

One night Marcus did not come back from dinner. Mike, reporting at eight o'clock as was his habit, laid down his budget of notes and gave his usual unilluminating explanations. He had only two unimportant hold-ups and a case of assault and battery; I put aside his notes to "work up" when I had finished the "telegraph" news. But Mike did not at once depart. For fifteen minutes he stood around the office, shifting from one foot to the other and asking faintly at intervals when I expected the boss to come back.

"Say," he said at last, "I got business that won't wait. Give this note to the boss as soon as he comes in, will you? It's important."

I took the piece of folded copy-paper, slipped it into my pocket. A minute later, in fear that I might forget it, I laid it on the desk before me. I was working furiously that night. The telegraph matter finished, I turned to Mike's items. Absently, I unfolded the note with the rest, read it over at one glance of the eye before I realized what I was doing.

"Proved that somebody in town informs when they is monney shipments," it read. "Regular sistem . . . May have interesting facts tomorrow."

I folded the note quickly, put it back into my pocket. When Marcus arrived half an hour later I gave it to him, wondering if the honorable and discreet thing was to admit my mistake or to keep silence. I decided on silence. Of course, I would keep his secret; and to let him know that I knew would only disturb him. A little guiltily, however, I watched him read it. He whistled, caught up his hat and hurried through the door to be gone for another half-hour. The loose ends of this affair began to knit themselves together in my mind. Mike, of course, was a detective, admirably placed in the Silver Dollar, admirably concealed by the device of giving him desultory employment on the Courier. But was he Marcus Handy's man alone—or whose?

The next day brought another tiny, significant incident—like a jet of steam from a verdant and blossoming earth, which indicates the volcano awakening to eruption underneath. But whereas my deductions from Mike's notes revealed to me part at least of the hidden truth, the meaning of this at the time escaped me.

Through a still summer afternoon, with the great mountain above seeming very near, I had ridden out to Hayden hill. Ostensibly, I made this journey in order to report progress on our

development work to Marcus; in reality I went to gloat. That piece of earth was mine—not a gift or inheritance, like the fruits of life I had enjoyed hitherto, but already discounting my stroke of luck, attributing my good fortune to my native acumen.

Across the site of our placer diggings stretched now a bridge of unseasoned logs, the needles still green on their roughly trimmed stumps of branches. The rather large cabin on the next claim down-stream had passed from a private residence to a public institution. A shrewd saloon-keeper, newly arrived, had seen his chance for business with the owners, the prospectors and the mere sightseers crowding to Hayden hill, had rented the cabin at rates which returned its owners much greater revenue than their dwindling placer claim. Had opened the Big Bonanza saloon.

At the door of the Big Bonanza saloon stood hitched a team of matched coal-black Morgan horses, the silver mountings of their harness reflected in the glossy polish of their hides. The carriage behind them seemed, from the glint of its varnish, the unspotted newness of its yellow trimmings, to be out on its maiden journey. As I pulled up to admire this equipage, its owner strode from



Buck Strode From the Big Bonanza Chewing an Unlighted Cigar.

the Big Bonanza, chewing an unlighted cigar. He unlighted and mounted to the seat. He wore checked trousers as new as the paint of his carriage, as light as the hides of his team, a black "diamond" coat with binding an inch wide, a low, loud waistcoat revealing a white, hard and glossy shirt-front, wherein gleamed two diamond studs. Above that were a round felt hat, a set of whiskers evidently put that morning trimmed by a too expert barber, and the countenance of—Buck! I was forced to look twice before I made sure of that and hailed him.

"Hello!" he cried as I approached; and then, somewhat sheepishly: "What think of the new shell?"

"It's great. It's swell," I said, suppressing my smiles. "You must be cashing in!"

"Nope!" replied Buck. "Not till next week. First shipment started to Denver yesterday. Don't have to pay. Everybody gives me tick." Then, reverting a little shyly to the fascinating subject of his clothes:

"Since the boys elected me president of the Hayden Hill Mine Owners' association I kinder feel I ought to dog up a little!" He withdrew the unlighted cigar from his mouth, spat a loose piece of wrapper from his lips. "Tryin' to break myself of chavin'!" he remarked. "Jim Huffaker said a dry cigar was the best way. But it ain't very satisfiyin'."

We drifted into the gossip of the day. Buck's claim was developing beyond all expectations. Still the ore body seemed to widen out; and still it grew richer. One sack which had gone down to Denver assayed eight hundred dollars to the ton. Shorty had been shirking his share of the work. "Drunk a heap," said Buck. "And then there's that girl from Red Nell's house. . . . Two of the other claims had already reached 'signs.' 'You'll break into it your self any day, now," pronounced Buck. "Hadn't been any symptoms of claim jumping yet. Probably because the crooks in town knew what kind of men had located on Hayden hill. 'That was just blind luck,' he commented. 'The right kind of men got locations here. Had a mine owners' association before they'd scratched ground. And we'll stand together, too. Anybody that tries anything funny up here is monkeyin' with a buzzsaw. I guess the camp's next in order.' He paused a moment.

"Sacramento diggings," he added in a low, even tone.

"What?" I asked. Buck was seldom cryptic.

"Guess you ain't a member of our lodge," laughed Buck; and at once changed the subject to the shortage of mine hardware.

If I thought at all of this curious phrase, it was to reflect with amusement that Buck had probably joined by now every secret order represented in Cottonwood.

I looked up to realize that if I kept straight on, I must pass round the county jail. I had taken that course from the suburbs, where I had gone to look for a freighter with a bear story, in pure absentmindedness born of a troubled mind. The dazzling interest of my dual job as reporter for the Courier and owner of the Upper Case mine had saved me all this time from

but sickness of the spirit which afflicts unhappy lovers. But sometimes when I was alone—as tonight—the hopeless misery of my situation and the uncertainty of the path I was following came over me in a wave of black, tormenting misery.

I hesitated just a moment. Not since the day when he beat up Marcus Handy had I encountered Marshal McGrath face to face. Subconsciously, I had been dreading the meeting. Of course, I should look through him, as though he were not there. Then, probably, the marshal would taunt me—or Marcus, which would come to the same thing. If I answered him in kind, he would probably shoot. I had no illusions as to my chance in a pistol match with the marshal. Moreover, Marcus had again and again explored me not to hunt trouble in that quarter. On the other hand, if I failed to answer in kind I should lose all standing; should be known simply as a tenderfoot that backed down. And by now my growing position in camp had become sweet, so young was I.

In the shadow of a cabin which blocked the approaches from the hillside to the jail, I hesitated, my pride disputing with my prudence. I glanced at the jail. Brilliant light flooding through its front window illuminated Marshal McGrath's rocking chair. I noted, on the hazy edge of the belt of light, two male figures standing close together as though in conversation, and the outlines of a horse. But neither was the marshal. All this in the mere pause of an interrupted step.

I was about to advance, certain that the chance of meeting my enemy was remote, when the two men stepped out into the belt of light. One, though his face lay in shadow, I recognized as the talkative Charlie Meek. The light shone full on the face of the other. It was a comely countenance; my first, photographic glimpse recorded a brow running almost without break into a straight regular nose; from beneath his black slouch hat, now pushed back on his head, emerged a tuft of curling blond hair. Then he turned from profile to full face, and smiled at some remark of Charlie Meek. And I saw that a loose mouth marred his comeliness.

I had lifted my foot to step forth and boldly to pass the jail, when he stooped, picked up the reins, led his horse's head and foreshoulders into the belt of light. The motion stirred in me a faint memory which held me, searching my brain, to the spot. The face was new. Yet that motion reminded me of something significant, dramatic, buried perplexingly in the depths of memory. Charlie, talking in low tones over his shoulder, thrust his key into the lock of the jail. A forward motion of the horse blotted out his figure. The stranger mounted; the horse swung round backward and sideward as an independent steed will. On his buckskin flank lay a white marking—shaped like the upper half of a pear, the head and shoulders of a veiled woman.

That was the horse I had seen in the bushes after the robbery of the Cottonwood stage! And the rider . . . when I saw him before, he was masked. But that motion, that figure were the same. As certainly as though he had confessed it, I knew that this was the man whom I had seen lying along the rock covering the stage passengers, whom I had seen mounting that same horse with the pear-shaped marking.

Charlie stepped into the jail; the rider sent his horse at a walk through the belt of shadow into the light of Main street. At a run I rounded the corner after him. I caught up, slowed down just behind him, and followed. Still at a walk, he was weaving through the late traffic. Before the Black Jack he stopped, threw the horse's reins over a pin of the hitching rail, walked a little unsteadily through the door. I waited until he was gone, and made a swift inspection of his mount. I had not been mistaken—a rangy American horse, buckskin in color, and with that distinguishing mark on his flank. I entered. There stood the rider at one end of the crowded bar, sipping into himself a glass of whisky. I pushed into the convivial knot next to him, watched him furtively. His hand, as he reached toward his waistcoat pocket to pay, missed twice; then came down hard as he rang his silver dollar on the bar. His gray eye, as he turned it casually a moment in no direction, seemed filmed. He had "been drinking," as we expressed it in that day—not yet drunk, but on the way. His face, seen now in full light, was less comely than at first glance. There lay a kind of blackness under the smooth, young blond skin. He was dressed like a miner or a prospector; but he wore his rough frize coat, his corduroy trousers, his top-boots and his blue flannel shirt with a touch of jauntiness; his trousers seemed draped above his boots rather than tucked into them. He gathered up his change, stabbed it into his pocket, rolled upstairs to the gambling-room.

When after a discreet interval I followed him, he had just staked a twenty-dollar gold piece at roulette. I joined the group of spectators, who stood watching with fascinated interest the descending whirl of the wheel.

He lost; the dealer's hand raked in his coin. He was reaching again to his pocket, when from the spectators a man stepped up beside him as though to play; but instead laid a hand stealthily on his arm. This was a tall man; I caught a glimpse of a full, black beard. The smaller man turned angrily, then froze for a second in position. Some signal, evidently, had passed from eye to eye; a movement of the larger man's beard

showed that he was speaking; though I could not catch even the sound of the words through the babble of night in the Black Jack. The smaller man's hand went away from his pocket. He pushed through the crowd to the stairs. I followed him closely as, with only a second of hesitation when he passed the bar, he walked on out of doors. Through the front windows of the barroom I watched to mark the direction in which he rode. But he did not advance toward his horse. A moment he stood as though undecided; then turned to the right and strode rapidly down Main street.

Thrilled with the adventure of shadowing a man, exulting with the thought of a scoop I was going to score for the Courier, I shot as unostentatiously as possible through the door of the Black Jack, followed. For a moment I lost him in the congested crowd before Myers' Variety theater. When I had crammed my way through that, I picked him up again at the head of Main street. There he turned to the right toward the Addition, the route which I followed every day to my meals. That was odd—did he live in the Addition? Had the enactors of this stage robbery dwelt so near me—and Constance—all this time?

Past Mrs. Barnaby's he strode, and stopped dead. Here was a contingency I had not foreseen. If I went on, I should pass him and forfeit my usefulness as a shadow. If I too stopped and he saw me standing—he would suspect. Hastily, I dodged into the shade of the big tent. I waited for a few seconds, then ventured a cautious look round the corner. He was nowhere in sight. Still above Mrs. Barnaby's the street threw off a sidetrail running up the hill. Doubtless, he had taken that. I sped on tiptoe to the other end of the tent. There he was again—but he was not taking the trail. He had stopped before the little tent where lodged Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Deane.

"Hoo-hoo!" he was calling, gently. I dropped to the ground, less from caution than from a weakness in all my limbs.

The edging of light along the tent-flap became a triangle. Some one had emerged. It was Constance Deane. I



The Tent Flap Became a Triangle—Some One Had Emerged—it Was Constance Deane.

could not see her face in the moonlight, but did I not know the tripping move and trim figure of her, the poise of the bare head? Surely, he had mistaken the place! She would tell him so, and go back. But she laid a hand on his arm, led him a little way from the tent; they stood talking in whispers whose vocalization did not reach me; talking with swift gestures. Now I could see her face in the moonlight, upturned toward him. . . . Again she laid her hand upon his arm. . . . she who had told me that she would not receive men in the evening. . . . she who had kissed me. . . . she who had been on the robbed stage. . . . In letters of red fire that phrase of Mike's note danced before my eyes. . . . "Somebody in town informs."

Was this Mr. Deane? . . . She had been curious, overcurious about affairs in the camp. . . . and Eldridge was agent for the stage company. . . . Hutchins worked in the bank. . . . and I. . . . I had told her everything I knew. . . . She had advised me to leave her, to go away. . . . Ah, but she knew I wouldn't. . . . She had played with me. . . . Oh, but it was impossible. . . . I would rush upon her and beg her to tell me it was impossible. . . . no, unwittingly, I was an eavesdropper, a spy. . . . I had not even the consolation of a dignified position. . . .

Suddenly the group in the moonlight broke. She had darted back inside the tent. The man stood still a moment as though hesitant; then turned, disappeared round the boarding-tent, emerged a moment later into the moonlight, retracing his course. I followed no longer. When he was gone out of sight, I lay there, my eyes on the dim blob of light which was the tent, the brilliant slash which was the opening of the flap—lay and dug my fingers into the ground and panted. Suddenly the light in the tent went out. I rose and stumbled blindly down the hill to Main street.

(Continued)

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," says Enos Lollar of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." Sold by all dealers.

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	

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS TO WATER WORKS SYSTEM

The spending of a sum of money between fifty and sixty thousand dollars for improvements to a water works system which has already cost eighty thousand dollars or more, requires some good sound thinking and study on the part of those who are responsible for the spending of the money and those who are deeply interested in the welfare of the community.

The City of Baird is now up to the point of spending money for needed improvements and its citizens are entitled to know what the proposed improvements to the water works system are and what the cost of such improvements will amount to.

The Engineers, Koch & Fowler, of Dallas, who have been selected to handle this work have made a thorough study of the source of supply and distribution system and have prepared detailed plans and specifications covering the proposed improvements. Through this investigation and study it has been found that improvements are necessary both at the source of supply, which is on the city's one hundred acre tract of land approximately three miles west of Baird, and in the distribution system within the city.

The most vital feature which has been found lacking in the present supply is that proper storage has not been provided to collect and build up a supply during minimum usage to apply during the period of maximum demand. The distribution system has been found to be badly in need of additional larger mains both for fire protection and for service to customers.

It is proposed to overcome the storage feature at the source of supply by concreting the bottom and wall of the larger circular well at the east side of the city's property to make it into a thorough water-tight reservoir. The capacity of this reservoir will be approximately 150,000 gallons of water and will be covered with a concrete slab to eliminate any chance of contamination. Such a reservoir being connected to the upper end of the eight inch flow line leading to Baird should insure plenty of good cool water, if kept full, for the citizens at all times. A basin will be provided in the bottom of the reservoir to collect fine sand which might be held in suspension in the water and prevent some from getting into the mains and reaching the meters. A by-pass line is provided into the flow line in the event the sand collecting basin in the bottom of the large reservoir requires cleaning.

It has been determined by making a study of the underlying water bearing strata that the water apparently travels in a south-east direction and the proposed location of the various wells has been made so that no two will be in a direct line with each other as far as the assumed underground flow of water is concerned. The construction of five wells is contemplated which are estimated will develop a total of at least 250,000 gallons per day. These wells will be equipped with vertical motor driven centrifugal pumps automatically operated by means of float switches which will eliminate the necessity of constant attention. In addition to the automatic arrangement at each individual well a master switch will be placed at the storage reservoir which will automatically cut off the power to all the wells in the event the storage reservoir is full or cut the power back on when the water is

Vote By Boxes Of Second Primary In Callahan County---Official

BOX	Governor		Att'y Gen.		S. Treas		As. Jst. Ct. Clv. Ad.		Sheriff		Tax Ass'r		Pub. Wgh. Pract. No. 5	
	Ferguson	Moody	Pollard	Allred	Hatcher	Ball	Hickman	Davenport	Corn	Hughes	Conner	Boen	Caperton	Bouchette
1 BAIRD	282	283	253	280	256	257	191	340	349	219	293	280		
2 BELLE PLAINE	33	20	20	24	19	25	20	24	30	23	14	39		
3 COTTONWOOD	57	83	47	55	48	46	45	55	64	77	63	81		
4 TECUMSEH	39	10	14	25	15	24	27	11	17	32	29	18		
5 CLYDE	175	358	164	335	287	208	292	204	178	362	267	276	242	309
6 CROSS PLAINS	98	214	130	161	185	98	153	139	90	223	184	120		
7 ADMIRAL	37	33	26	38	34	30	35	30	42	35	12	62		
8 PUTNAM	117	179	126	151	143	124	105	167	221	77	195	105		
9 ERATH	12	33	15	27	32	11	22	21	18	25	41	4		
10 EULA	66	82	69	58	65	54	58	69	28	119	59	87	104	43
11 CADDO PEAK	8	15	6	9	13	2	4	12	4	18	17	6		
12 DUDLEY	25	8	16	15	14	14	9	21	12	21	24	9		
13 ATWELL	10	34	8	30	25	10	14	25	20	28	29	19		
14 LANHAM	12	5	3	13	5	11	5	11	12	5	13	3	10	7
15 DRESSEY	39	50	37	42	43	33	43	31	19	71	55	35		
17 OPLIN	80	67	60	59	66	51	59	61	71	73	79	64		
18 ROWDEN	42	20	28	23	27	22	31	24	23	40	4	59		
19 DENTON	51	36	35	39	27	43	29	37	36	53	43	47		
20 HART	14	19	16	12	13	14	9	17	32	1	23	9		
21 HILLSIDE	9	10	8	9	10	9	12	6	7	12	2	17		
TOTAL	1206	1559	1081	1405	1327	1086	1163	1305	1273	1514	1446	1340	356	359

used down to a certain point in the storage reservoir.

In commenting on the distribution system which is inadequate both for fire protection and for supplying water for domestic consumption, it is proposed to lay an eight inch cast iron main from the present eight inch supply main on Peyton street along Fifth street to Market street, then through Market street along which is located the business district. The present six inch main on Market street will be removed and used in the residence district. Larger and better fire hydrants will be set in the business district, removing the old hydrants to the residence districts. The change in the pipe line and hydrants in the business district is for the purpose of meeting the requirements of the State Fire Insurance Commission and will tend to lower the present key rate. Additional distribution mains will be laid consisting principally of six inch cast iron pipe and from these mains additional hydrants will be connected. All new lines will be interconnected with the old lines in order that the very best circulation possible may be obtained. In addition to the installation of the eight inch and six inch cast iron mains and smaller service pipes there will be installed a meter for every consumer for measuring the water used by each and every consumer. The operation of a water works system is purely a business proposition and should be given the same attention as any other business. It is the desire that Baird have a good water works system and be operated on a basis equal to or better than any other water works system. Cooperation is needed.

TO THE VOTERS OF CALLAHAN COUNTY

I desire to express my sincere appreciation to all the voters of the county for the majority vote given me in the run-off primary, on the 28th of August. With malice toward none, and friendship to all, including the supporters of my opponent, it will be my constant purpose to render efficient service to which the people of Callahan County are entitled. Respectfully yours, C. W. Conner.

TO THE CITIZENS OF CALLAHAN COUNTY

I take this means of expressing my gratitude to all of my friends who supported me so loyally in my race for Tax Assessor. I tried to run a clean honest race on my own merits and appreciate the vote and support that I received although I lacked a few votes of winning the office. I am now with The Farmers National Bank, of Cross Plains, at which place I will be glad to meet all my friends and any time that I can be of service to any of you, I will be glad to do so. Respectfully yours, Ray J. Boen.

SPECIAL PREMIUM ON MAIZE HEADS AT ABILENE FAIR

The West Texas Fair Association Abilene to be held from September 20th to 25th will award the lump sum of \$100 to the exhibitor of the best ten heads of maize. Competition is open to the world and either white or red maize will be acceptable. Farmers, especially, are urged to enter

ten heads for this premium.

This Association will also award \$100 to boy and girl club members who are working with a County or Home Demonstration Agent for the exhibitors of the best ten heads of maize, to be divided as follows: 1st, 25., 2nd \$20., 3rd \$10. 4th \$9., 5th \$8., 6th 07., 7th \$6., 8th \$5., 9th \$4., 10th \$3., 11th \$2., 12th \$1.

Boy or girl club members may compete for both the lump sum of \$100 prize and also for these club specials by entering 20 heads of maize.

This Association will also award \$10, \$5, and \$2.50 to exhibitors of the best bunch of sweet clover three inches in diameter. Entries are open to the world.

All entries must be on the Fair Grounds not later than noon of September 20th and specimen that are mailed in should be addressed to J. R. Masterson, Superintendent Agricultural Department, West Texas Fair, Abilene, Texas.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION OF FINAL ACCOUNT

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

You are hereby commanded to cause to be published, for at least twenty days, in newspaper printed in Callahan County, Texas, the accompanying citation, of which the herein below following is a true copy.

Citation By Publication The State Of Texas,

To all persons interested in the Account for Final Settlement of the Estate of Nana Bell Estes, et al Minors, No. 511, on the Probate Docket of said County, Allie V. Estes, Guardian thereof, has filed in the County Court of Callahan County, Texas, on the 20th day of August A. D. 1926, her Final Account, receipts from said Minors, of the condition of the Estate of said Minors (All of said named minors now being of legal age,) together with an Application to be discharged from said Guardianship which will be heard at the October term of said court, commencing the 4th day of October A. D. 1926 at the Courthouse of said County, in the City of Baird, at which time and place all parties interested in the Account for Final Settlement of said Estate are hereby notified to appear and contest said Account and Application of the said Guardian if they see proper to do so.

Herein fail not, and have you then and there before said court this writ with your return thereon endorsed showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1926.

S. E. Settle, Clerk County Court Callahan County, Texas. 40-3t.

CITATION OF APPLICATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

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

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

The State Of Texas To all persons interested in the Estate of Libbie Boettcher, Deceased, Henry Boettcher and Otto Boettcher

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

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

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas this 1st day of September A. D. 1926.

S. E. Settle, Clerk, County Court Callahan County, Texas. 40-3t.

BUSINESS TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN EARN MORE THAN COLLEGE TRAINED

Stop and think, young folks. You are headed to just one point—the point of efficiency in business. If you try to reach it by the college training route you will have to "detour" a distance of about three and one-half years at a cost of about \$5000.00 in school expense and \$6300.00 in lost salary to say nothing of the valuable experience lost. The direct business training route, through the Byrne Commercial College, will bring you to your destination in three to six months at a cost of \$200.00 to \$400.00 including board and incidental expense. Why don't you "step on the gas" and go the direct route to sure success and let the one who does not value time and money make the costly detour. And do you know that business trained men, in the first three years, earn \$200.00 per year more than college trained men? Business prefers young people who know how to conserve both time and money; if you have learned to do it for yourself you can do it for your employer. The Byrne Commercial College places a much larger percent of their graduates in good positions than any other business college in the South. In fact they place practically every graduate and often could place more. Business men of Dallas and Dallas trade territory have learned that Byrne training does not stop with theory, but that it gives the student the practical side of business that enables them to render high grade service from the day they start.

Write Byrne Commercial College, Dallas, for their illustrated catalogue. Also see editor of this paper for information. 41-1t.

IT'S UP TO YOU

You can have a \$1,000 to \$1,200 position within a few months—this we guarantee if you master the world-famous Draughon's Training. 35 positions last month—many more this month. Free catalog will convince. Mail Coupon today for Special Opportunity.

Draughon's College, Abilene, Texas. Name Address 40-2tpd.

Richard Price, Associate Editor of The Toyah Valley News, at Balmorhea is visiting his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland.

Tenth Annual
WEST TEXAS FAIR ABILENE

6 Days---September 20 to 25, 1926--6 Nights

WONDERFUL EXHIBITS

An interesting display of the marvelous program of West Texas. Agriculture—Live Stock—Poultry—Farm Machinery—Domestic and Fine Arts—Automobile—Merchants and Manufacturing Display.

\$25,000 AMUSEMENT PROGRAM

AUDITORIUM SHOW

Ernie Young's Revue, "The Passing Parade of 1926", and four Vaudeville numbers of unusual merit. Wonderful Music and Dancing. Beautiful Girls gorgeously costumed. The Largest and Best Entertainment Feature ever brought to West Texas.

ON THE MIDWAY!

John T. Wortham's big Carnival on the enlarged Midway. Every show a real entertainment! All the latest Riding Devices!

AUTOMOBILE RACES—COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Two Automobile Race Days, September 22nd and 24th. \$5,000 in Purses. Famous Racing Stars—The Fastest Dirt Track in America.

Four Days of Football. Frenzied Battles for the Glory of the Game between West Texas hardest fighting College and High School Teams.

Every convenience for Visitors. Come early and spend the Day. Something different to interest and amuse every day.

"IT'S YOUR FAIR"

M. E. KOSSE
 Expert Watchmaker
 Located at Baird Drug Company

Why Not Here

The money you bank and the money you spend goes into circulation—SOMEWHERE.

It stimulates business, pays taxes, and increases real estate values—SOMEWHERE.

Why not right here at home? Buy and bank in Baird!

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

SEE THIS LIST

No doubt there are at least a few names on our list of customers that you will recognize. Why not consult them as to the advisability of buying your Used Car here? The list is at your disposal any time.

Keelan-Neill Motor Co.
Phone, 169 Baird, Texas

A USED CAR IS ONLY AS DEPENDABLE AS THE DEALER WHO SELLS IT

PILES CURED

No Knife, No Pain, no Detention from Work

Dr. E. E. Cockerell

Rectal and Skin Specialist Abilene, Texas, Will be in Baird, Tuesday, Sept. 14th, at Hotel Mae From 12 to 5 P. M.

CHIROPRACTIC

The Natural Method to Regain Your Health



EVERY YEAR FOR 31 YEARS IT HAS RESTORED THE SICK TO HEALTH

CHIROPRACTORS are very successful in removing the cause of stomach trouble, bowels, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, troubles of head, throat or lungs, appendicitis, gall-stone, typhoid fever, constipation, diabetes, infantile paralysis, heart trouble, neuralgia, neuritis, which has thus been proven that acute and chronic cases yield readily to Chiropractic.

T. B. HADLEY
CHIROPRACTOR
BAIRD, TEXAS
Office second door South of Court—House

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.

Success or Failure WHICH!

The course is Onward; therefore, the standards for efficiency are raised daily. Each day you are required to meet a different problem. Effort and earnestness directed intelligently will help you meet the demands and bring success.

To be insured against failure you must save your earnings, because cash is a very handy thing for opportunity.

Put a limit on your spending; deposit the rest in our bank, and what you accumulate will prove a real friend in time of need.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

FIRST STATE BANK
BAIRD, TEXAS

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

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

M. Barnhill, C. B. Snyder

PERSONALS

Claude Flores left Monday for Amorillo, to attend the State meeting of the American Legion.

Carl Aliphant, Advertising Salesman for the Fort Worth Star Telegram, is visiting in Baird this week.

Mrs. Jack Lambert, and little daughter, Doris Jean, of Houston, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lambert.

Mrs. Gordon Phillips, of Big Spring, is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. B. Cutbirth.

Mrs. Cooper, of Winters, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bennett.

Tom Price and his mother, Mrs. J. R. Price visited Mr. and Mrs. Wade Harding in Cross Plains, Tuesday.

Mrs. Mims, of Big Spring, is here visiting her father, A. W. Johnson, who is ill.

Miss Rose McEver, of Ranger, and Miss Aubrey Forrest, of Sedwick, are the guests of Miss Catherine Mullican.

H. Windhan, Ex-County Commissioner, is reported quite ill at his home at Tecumseh.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Lidia and daughter, Miss Ina, of Stephenville, spent several days the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Otho Lidia.

Mrs. Lanham Stokes and little son, Sam Boydston, of Kingsville, are visiting Mrs. Stokes parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Boydston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Ferguson, of Breckenridge, spent the week-end with Mrs. Ferguson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Boydston.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde White and Bill Evans, returned the first of the week from a trip to San Antonio and other points in South-west Texas.

Mrs. W. M. McClure and sons, Wayne and Walter, Jr., of Fort Worth are visiting D. S. McGee and family, and John Asbury and family.

Mrs. Lus James, of Abilene and her daughter, Mrs. Wolfe, of Big Springs, visited friends in Baird Tuesday, for a short time. They were enroute home from Rising Star.

Miss Hazel Becker, of Fort Worth, spent a few days the first of this week with Miss Hilda Albin. Miss Albin returned home with her for a short visit.

Miss Ruth Akers has returned from De Leon, where she was called about two weeks ago to attend her mother, who was painfully hurt in an auto accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl West, Messrs Earline and Lula West; Mrs. Kate Hearn and little daughters, Mildred and Carlene, are on an auto trip to New Mexico.

Mrs. J. R. Price, who was called here some two weeks ago by the illness of her father, W. E. Gilliland, left Tuesday evening for her home, in Van Horn, Texas.

Mrs. Don Carter and children, who have been visiting Mrs. Carter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland, for the past month, returned to their home in Big Spring, Sunday.

Archie Price, who is with the West Texas Utilities Company, Abilene, had the misfortune to get a splinter in the elbow, off his right arm while at work Monday, which has given him considerable pain.

Miss Lois Bailey, of Dallas, is visiting Mrs. Bessie Short for a few days this week. Miss Bailey taught in the Baird School last year, and has many friends here. She will attend S. M. U. this winter.

Marvin S. Johnson returned Tuesday from San Antonio, where he visited relatives. He also visited relatives at Nuevo Lorado, where he saw Sidney Franklin, the only American Madator in the world, compete with Juan Sileti, for honors in a bull fight.

Lee Bros. Circus was in Baird Tuesday and drew a large crowd. This was a good show; They put on a splendid parade which was headed by a new Ford Coupe, furnished by the Shaw Motor Company, which is always wide-awake when it comes to advertising the Ford, and at the tail end of the parade a Fordson, was pulling the steam caliope. Both the shows were attended by a large crowd.

NOTICE

Oneita Russell will open a Studio near the School House in Baird, Monday, September 13th. Public Speaking, Expression, Dramatic Training and Folk Dancing will be taught.

W. E. Gilliland, Editor of The Baird Star, who has been ill for nearly four weeks is slowly improving. He is still confined to his bed but Dr. Powell the attending physician, thinks he will be able to set up in a few days.

NOTICE

We are prepared to do your laundry work now, rain or shine, as we now have our drying house completed. Family washing, 8 cents per pound, and flat pieces ironed.

We will call for and deliver your laundry.

J. C. Johnson, Prop.

Five blocks West of Court House.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO MAKE MINERAL LEASE

In Re Guardianship of the Estate of Harry Dunlap and Burney Dunlap, Minors. No. 892 in the County Court of Callahan County, Texas.

Notice is hereby given that I, Mrs. Minerva Dunlap, Guardian of the Estate of Harry and Burney Dunlap, Minors, have this day filed my application in the above entitled and numbered cause for an order of the County Judge of Callahan County, Texas, authorizing me as the 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 land, or any part thereof, belonging to the estate of said wards, situated in Callahan County, Texas, Lot No. 1, which was set apart to F. M. Dunlap by a decree of the District Court of Callahan County, Texas, dated April 14, 1919, in cause No. 1836, said Lot No. 1, containing 112 acres and being out of the South-east 1/4 of B. B. B. & C. R. R. Co., Survey No. 150, and described by metes and bounds as follows:

Beginning at the North-east corner of said South-east quarter of said Survey 150; Thence South 668-1/2 varas; Thence West 950 varas; Thence North 668-1/2 varas; Thence East 950 varas to the beginning, said application will be heard by the County Judge at the Court House in the City of Baird, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1926.

Mrs. Minerva Dunlap,
Guardian of the Estate of Harry and Burney Dunlap, Minors. 41-1t.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE—A good buggy, harness and buggy horse. A regular family carryall. A child can handle it with perfect safety. E. Sandford. 41-1tpd.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A good house with 3 lots and good barn. Three good stoves and bedding. E. Sanderfor. 41-1tpd.

SEED OATS—Red Rust Proof Seed Oats for sale. Free from Johnson grass and weed seed. See or phone Mrs. J. H. Terrell. Phone 112. 41-tf.

BLUE GAME COCKERALS—and Pullets for sale at 41-1tpd. O. K. Wagon Yard.

DON'T FORGET—the little School Supply down by the school building. It will be ready for you. 40-2tpd. The Baird School Supply.

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

WIND MILL—Sft steel windmill, 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.

CASING LOST—One Agas casing 31x525 between Baird and Admiral, September 8, in cover with the firm Hardy & Anderson, Bay City, on same. Finder please return it to The Star Office and receive reward. 41-1tp.

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, 36-tf. Clyde, Texas.



You will enjoy seeing all these newest ideas in fall and winter wearthings. New arrivals are coming in every day and we extend to you a most cordial invitation to come in and learn for yourself just what the most favored styles are to be.

Dresses

All the new shades such as Jungle Green, Channell Red, Rust Brown and Black

Felt and Velvet Hats

Beautiful line of Felt and Velvet Hats in all the new shades for both ladies and children. See these hats and our line of dresses before you buy.

Piece Goods

12 Mommie Pongee in natural tan for65c
Beautiful colors in Imperial Chambray, both solid and checks, guaranteed fast colors for29c

Men and Boys' Hats

We have just received a shipment of Stetson and Willard hats for Fall wear in all that is new. Come in and see them.

School Supplies

Remember we are headquarters for School Supplies. Children always given special attention in our store.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

The Place Where It Pays You to Trade

Are You a Paradox?

A Paradox, if we were required to define it, is a dolt who throws his Douglas shoe at his Big Ben, rolls off his Ostermoor onto a Congoleum rug, hops into his B. V. D's, runs his Gillette quickly over his Mennen-lathered face, eats a hurried breakfast of Shredded Wheat and Postum, lights a Chesterfield on his way to the office and there, later, in the day, dismisses an advertising solicitor with the blunt remark, "Advertising don't Pay. It never sold me nothin'!"

If we are not doing your printing, somebody is to blame. Is it you or us?

The Baird Star

1887 (39 Years in Baird) 1926

Experienced—Equipped—Service—Honesty

Phone 8

Baird, Texas

Improved Uniform International

Sunday School Lesson

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

Lesson for September 19

(Temperance Lesson.)

OBEDIENCE TO LAW

LESSON TEXT—Leviticus 26:1-46.
GOLDEN TEXT—Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Daniel Chooses the Right.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Self-Control of Daniel.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why Obey the Law.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Enforcing the Law.

I. Some Fundamental Laws Stated (vv. 1, 2).

1. God alone to be worshiped (v. 1).
God is a jealous God, therefore He cannot tolerate a rival. There must be no idolatry. God is to have full place in our lives or no place at all.
2. The Sabbath must be observed (v. 2).

The one who has enthroned God in his heart will reverence His Sabbath. The Sabbath was ordained that man might better cherish God in his heart.

3. Reverence for God's sanctuary (v. 2).

The believer needs to frequent the sanctuary of God in order to have his soul refreshed. Respect for God's holy day and the frequency of the sanctuary are inseparably united in those who fear and reverence God.

II. Blessings for Obedience to God's Laws (vv. 3-13).

1. Fruitful seasons (vv. 3-5).

Temporal well-being is secured through obedience to God's government. Godliness is profitable unto all having the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come.

2. Internal security (vv. 6-8).

In addition to the fullness of temporal blessings, God assured them that for obedience to His Word He would grant peace and safety. No robbers were to invade the land to disturb their tranquillity by day or night. No wild beasts would be allowed to devour them.

3. Numerical increase (vv. 9, 10).

Their number would be multiplied according to God's covenant to Abraham and the produce of the land increased to support them.

4. God's abiding presence (vv. 11-13).

The greatest of all God's blessings is His abiding presence. Happy is that nation and people in whose presence God chooses to dwell.

III. Calamities for Disobedience (vv. 14-33).

1. Judgments in general (vv. 14-17).
For disobedience and rejection of God's laws, general calamities would be permitted to come upon them. They include:

(1) Physical diseases. Their health would be taken away and they were to be afflicted with diseases.

(2) Bereavement. Physical disease would take away kindred and friends, thereby causing sorrow of heart, and mourning.

(3) Famine. God would withhold the rain, therefore food supply would be lacking.

(4) Conquest. They would be slain before their enemies.

(5) Oppression and dispersion. God would allow the enemy to overcome and oppress them and ultimately take them out of their own land and scatter them.

2. The specific judgments (vv. 18-19).

Merely rejected and warnings unheeded must be followed by more severe strokes of wrath. Four series of warnings are pointed out by Kellogg, each conditioned on the supposition that they did not repent as the result of the preceding experiences. Each series is prefaced by the formula, "I will punish you seven times more for your sins" (vv. 18, 21, 24, 28). The thought is that each new display of impotence on Israel's part shall be marked by increasing severity.

(1) The rains will be withheld (vv. 19, 20).

(2) Their children and cattle will be destroyed by wild beasts (v. 22).

(3) This to be followed by war, pestilence and famine (vv. 25, 26).

(4) Increasing terror (vv. 29-32).

If the previous judgments were not heeded then severer ones would follow so that in their distress they would eat the flesh of their sons and daughters and their seed should become waste and their land so desolate that even their enemies would be astonished at it.

5. Scattered among the Gentiles (v. 33).

God would scatter them among the heathen and pursue them with a sword. How awfully this has been fulfilled in the history of that people.

The Happiest Homes

The happiest, sweetest, tenderest homes are not those where there has been no sorrow, but those which have been overshadowed with grief and where Christ's comfort was accepted.
—J. R. Miller.

Read Your Bible

Read your Bible, make it the first morning business of your life to understand some portion of it clearly, and your daily business to obey it in all that you do understand.—Ruskia.

COMPETITION IN WORDS

One who goes into the market to buy a motor car today is naturally confused.

He has read the words *best* and *greatest* so often that they have ceased to be convincing. Where *all* is best, he reflects, there can be no best.

Thousand-dollar cars have been described to him in ten-thousand dollar language. And vice versa.

He finds himself the target in a war of adjectives; the helpless victim in a gigantic competition of words.

And so he is forced to rely on chance—the advice of friends—or his own limited experience.

Dodge Brothers, Inc., have never participated in this verbal competition.

They are content with the position they have long maintained in the far more vital competition of *honest value*.

They have continued steadily to improve their product, not only in comfort and beauty, but *basically*—beneath the body and hood where fundamental values lie.

Yet they have not unduly stressed each betterment that has marked the steady progress of their motor car toward a higher perfection.

And when economic conditions or greater sales have permitted them to reduce prices without reducing quality, they have announced the fact without excessive emphasis.

Unexaggerated truth is not spectacular. But in the long run, implicit public confidence has been Dodge Brothers reward, and this they propose to preserve *forever* by continuing to build just a little better than they tell.

Keelan-Neill Motor Co.
Phone, 169 Baird, Texas

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

MICKIE SAYS—

AGIN I REPEAT,
OUR REPORTER AINT NOSEY,
HE'S JEST TROHN' TO GIT ALL
TH' NEWS FER TH' PAPER.
AN' TO DO THIS, HE'S GOT
TO ASK QUESTIONS AND
LOTS OF THEM, SO PLEASE
HELP HIM OUT BY
GIVIN' HIM ALL TH' NEWS



CHARLES SUGHRUE

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

Use your Telephone to save time, it will serve you many ways—in business, socially or emergency. Your Telephone, is for yourself, your family or your employes only. Report to the Management any dissatisfaction.

T. P. BEARDEN,
Manager.

40th Annual State Fair
DALLAS
OCT. 9-24
1926

is the "PRINCESS FLAVIA"
Brightest Success
Auditorium THAVIUS BAND
and Opera Company

Monster Agricultural Exhibit
Texas Counties in Competition
Permanent Livestock Display

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION
Texas Manufactured Products
In Endless Variety
From Automobiles to Glass

FOOTBALL CONTESTS
More Free Attractions Than
Ever. Most Amusements.
LIVE BATTLE RAILROADS
AND INSURGERS

"Blue Ribbon" Bread

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

City Bakery

O. Nitschke, Proprietor.
BAIRD, TEXAS.



We Serve Shaw Bros. Ice Cream 365 Days in the Year

DRUGS

We carry a complete line of everything to be had in a first-class drug store. Let us serve you.

CITY PHARMACY

We Never Substitute

BAIRD

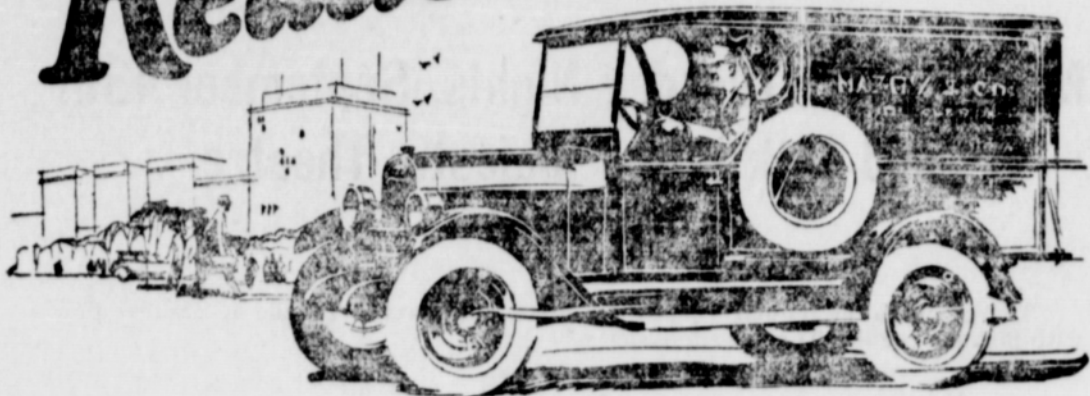
TEXAS

for Economical Transportation



Now Reduced to \$375

[Chassis only] For a Flint, Michigan



The Finest Chassis ever Offered at the Price

Because of economies due to its ever-increasing truck production, Chevrolet again is able to decrease the cost of quality commercial transportation units.

This drastic price reduction on the world-famous Chevrolet half-ton chassis now makes available, even to the smallest merchant, a commercial car of modern design that offers—

—the flexibility and handling ease of a three-speed

transmission—the power and smoothness of a valve-in-head motor—the durability and dependability of rugged construction—the beauty and advertising value of unusually fine appearance—all combined with a remarkable economy of operation and up keep.

Come in. See this sturdy haulage unit. Learn how little it costs to own a truck on which you will be proud to have your name appear!

New Low Prices

1-Ton Truck \$495 reduced to \$405

1/2-Ton Truck \$375 reduced to \$315

(Chassis only) For a Flint, Michigan

MORGAN CHEVROLET COMPANY

PHONE, 218

BAIRD, TEXAS

QUALITY AT LOW COST

OLD VIRGINIAN BONDS TURN UP

Long Thought Worthless But Recently Presented and Paid.

Richmond, Va.—The Virginia-West Virginia treasure chest of \$500,000 dwindled recently when H. B. Churnside, court clerk of Charlotte county, Va., presented for payment at the office of Rosewell Page, second auditor of Virginia, certificates known as "Virginia deferred certificates" or "West Virginia certificates" amounting in present value in principal and interest to \$83,000.

Mr. Churnside represents the British heirs of Charles and Alfred Morrison. His own aunt, Mabel Churnside, married Alfred Morrison. Among those who will share in the money are the children of Alfred Morrison. One of these is Hugh Morrison, member of parliament, and another is Maj. Archibald Morrison. There are two daughters—Viscountess St. Cyres and Lady Stephen Gattling.

Under the arrangement made in the Virginia-West Virginia debt settlement, ordered by the Supreme court of the United States, Mr. Page, as auditor, forwarded the certificates to West Virginia for payment by that state.

Search Started by News Report.

A newspaper reporter digging into the archives of the commonwealth of Virginia a few months ago discovered that more than half a million dollars of the West Virginia certificates had not been presented for redemption. He found that among those not presented were certificates having a face value of \$70,000 listed in the names of Charles and Alfred Morrison of London. He wrote a story which began, "Who can explain the mystery of the missing Morrison certificates?" Mr. Churnside, in his home in Charlotte county, Va., read the story and at once communicated with his relatives in England.

West Virginia authorities have ruled that no matter how complete may be a title to a certificate the certificate itself must be presented before payment will be made. Therefore the Morrison heirs conducted a systematic search. Old trunks were ransacked and yellowed documents scanned. Finally the certificates were found in the safety box of one of the solicitors for the Morrison estate. The papers had been considered of little or no value, for England had heard that the southern states had repudiated their old public debt.

Charles Morrison lived in London, an unknown millionaire. When he died

on May 20, 1887, even London gasped when it found that his estate was appraised at \$75,000,000, of which \$55,000,000 was in personal property alone. He had large realty holdings in London, Berks, Island of Islay and in Middlesex county. His brother, Alfred, died in 1897. Charles never married.

Once Sold at One-Tenth Value.

In 1871 Virginia, broken and poor because of the Civil war, began to try to solve the problem of paying off nearly \$40,000,000 in bonds that had been issued before the war. The commonwealth took the position that West Virginia, which as part of Virginia at the time had benefited from these bonds should pay one-third of this indebtedness. Virginia issued refunding bonds for two-thirds of the amount due and certificates for West Virginia's part. West Virginia declined to acknowledge these certificates and they were considered of such little value that they sold for ten cents on the dollar.

Finally, to protect her credit, Virginia, for the benefit of holders of the certificates, sued West Virginia, and in 1915 won the suit in the Supreme court of the United States. Pursuant to the decree of the tribunal, West Virginia agreed to pay these certificates. More than \$400,000 of them are still outstanding, and many of these may yet be found. Nearly all of those which have not been presented for payment are listed in the names of people who resided in the United States.

Boris of Bulgaria Has Many Hobbies

Sofia.—King Boris of Bulgaria is the only reigning monarch who has neither a crown nor a throne-chair nor courtiers. But he does have plenty of hobbies.

Seven of them in fact—automobiles, tractors, locomotives, hunting, flowers, butterflies and elephants.

His elephants, of which he has two at his country place in Vrania, are Indian and are legacies from his father.

Although the food they consume makes a big dent in the \$21,500 yearly allowance the king receives from the state, he says he likes to keep the elephants to carry timber from the forests and to do circus tricks.

His majesty's favorite hobby is automobiles. He is an expert driver and is known throughout the countryside for his daring and high speed. He has acquired two American machines, which please him much.

"I have covered more than 2,500 miles in eight weeks, and, as you know, the roads in Bulgaria are not at all good," he said.

The king joked about his mechanical hobbies and said if he ever lost his job as king he could make a living as a chauffeur or as an engine driver.

Kaiser's Mustache Secret Is Revealed

Omaha, Neb.—The secret of Kaiser Wilhelm's spiked-effect mustache is explained by Carl Schropp of Omaha, who, as personal barber to the former emperor, originated the famous torsorial characteristic.

Schropp, who served many of Europe's royalty until "discovered" by the kaiser, said:

"First, I would wet the mustache thoroughly. Then, with my fingers, I would push the hairs up at either end until they stood as you have seen them in pictures. Next I took a schnurbarnde (a mustache strap), made of fine silk, with hooks on end, and put it over the mustache and attached the hooks to the kaiser's ears. I used my fingers and a fine comb to put the hairs just so; then with the mustache strap on it, I would wait for it to dry. After that the kaiser's mustache would stay the way he wanted it for 24 hours."

Two hours was the usual time spent by the kaiser in the royal torsorial room, Schropp said.

Cat Burned at Stake

Tiffin, Ohio.—Boys who burned a cat at a stake while playing Indian, were sought by county humane agents here.

Police found the cat writhing at the stake and shot it. Four boys have been cited to appear in court here.

"Allah Is Merciful" When Wine Enters

Paris.—All faithful Moslems must be teetotalers. The Koran forbids the use of even light wines and beer.

During the recent visit of Mulai Yusef, sultan of Morocco, to Paris, a Parisian society woman was surprised when she saw one of the sultan's most trusted aids, beside whom she sat, imbibing champagne.

"Doesn't your religion forbid you to drink wine?" she asked.

"Allah is great!" replied the aid. Then, as he picked up another glass of the sparkling liquid and quaffed it, he added: "Allah also is merciful."

Our Assignments

God never gave man a thing to do, concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it.—G. Macdonald.

A Prayer

Father, we thank Thee for Thy tender mercy and Thy loving kindness shown us in so many ways.

The Humble Saint

A humble saint looks most like a citizen of heaven.—Echols.

FIRE ISLAND IS DUE FOR CHANGE

Primitive Life of the Sand Spit Menaced by Motor Causeway.

New York.—To returning ocean travelers Fire Island's long stretch of sandy beach is the first land sighted once Europe has been left behind. Its tall lighthouse has served ships that pass in the night for three-quarters of a century. Although its aspect is familiar to hundreds of thousands of transatlantic voyagers, and although its western extremity is only 40 miles from Manhattan, it houses in summer only a few hundred families and during the winter barely half a dozen.

The life that is lived there is primitive. The place is almost devoid of modern improvements. It is one of the few places close to New York where existence is necessarily simple. The reason for its elemental condition is its isolation.

Fire Island has about 60 miles of sea beach as fine as that of New Jersey. It is little more than a sandbar five miles off Long Island. It fronts the ocean on one side, and Great South bay on the other. It is completely cut off from Long Island and contains no roads, automobiles, horses or railroads. Its main street is the ocean front; its market places are the piers, where boats arrive daily with provisions.

Marketing With Handcarts.

There are three clusters of cottages on Fire Island, the villages of Saltair and Ocean Beach, and the community of Point o' Woods. Ocean Beach has 375 houses, Saltair and Point o' Woods about 100. The only modern improvements in these three places are water mains and sewers. Sidewalks of wood and cement are laid between the shore and the houses. Electric lighting, except for a few private plants in residences, is unknown. There is no gas. Telephones have not yet been installed on this sandy stretch.

In Saltair there is one store where groceries and a few drugs may be bought. Meat must be ordered a day ahead and sent by boat from Bayshore. A daily vegetable boat arrives from Patchogue every noon. A fish boat supplies a local market with bluefish, sea bass and lobsters whenever fishing is good. No deliveries are made except for ice.

Cottagers go to market with handcarts. Bicycles are the fastest conveyances on the island. Life is leisurely. There are no great distances to travel. There is no hurry.

People Carry Lanterns.

Travel is difficult at night except when the moon is bright. There are no street lights. The sidewalks, which are set two or three feet above the sandy earth, are not easy to follow after dark. Nocturnal strollers usually carry flashlights and kerosene lanterns. Baggage is conveyed in handcarts.

Fire island dwellers are divided between devotees of the ocean and those who prefer the bay. Surf bathing is about the only activity on the Atlantic side of the island. But Great South bay offers yachting, fishing, clam digging. There is no golf course; the soil is too loose and sandy. A very few tennis courts suffice for the needs of summer residents.

In recent seasons there has been a tendency to wear fashionable clothes. Old settlers look askance at the flannel trousers which are replacing khaki, and at the sports suits which the women wear in the afternoon. But the bathing suit is still the most popular daylight attire. Many persons wear no other out of doors.

Overrun With Children.

Fishing is not what it used to be in the vicinity of Fire Island. This is due to the use of nets by professional fishermen near the inlet. Still, many small boats may be seen any day in the bay waiting for the fish to bite.

There are no theaters. Except at Ocean Beach there are no motion picture performances. In spite of the isolation radio sets are unbelievably scarce. Music is forgotten. Dancing is rare. The things that are looked upon as necessities in the city are not wanted by the summer colony. The ocean is enough. The sun and the surf have no rivals.

Fire island is overrun with children. It is a great playground. Saltair, Ocean Beach and Point o' Woods receive no tourists nor picknickers. These villages exist for residents, not for transients. But close to the lighthouse there is a state park where, on Sundays, a few straggling parties of city people come ashore from motor boats. There is a bathing pavilion for them; slides and swings for the children.

Tranquillity Threatened.

Back in 1891 when there was a cholera scare and every steamer from Europe was considered a menace to public health, a state quarantine station was located on this spot. A ship from Italy containing several cholera suspects was not permitted to land in New York. The governor, with the permission of the legislature, purchased an old Fire Island hotel, the Surf house, famous in the '80s for its sea food, and there the passengers and crew were interned for a month.

Within a few years the primitive aspects of Fire Island threaten to disappear. A project has been started to build an automobile road from the mainland. It is to be called Sunrise trail. It will leave Long Island near Freeport and will cross Long beach, Jones beach and Oak Island before it

reaches Fire Island. It will return to Long Island somewhere near the Hamptons.

While the tranquillity of the island will be disturbed by the entrance of automobiles, many miles of white sand beach will be made accessible to the general public. In time Fire Island may be as populous as the coast of New Jersey.

Honolulu to Mark Spot Where Capt. Cook Landed

Honolulu.—The spot on the island of Kauai where Capt. James Cook, British navigator and discoverer of Hawaii, landed 150 years ago, will be marked with a monument or tablet if the drive for necessary funds started by the Pan-Pacific club of this city is a success. Foremost among the promoters of the movement is Sir Joseph Carruthers, former premier of New South Wales, who is now visiting in Honolulu and who recently went to the historic spot.

Captain Cook landed at Waimea, Kauai, in 1778, the first white man to set foot on Hawaiian soil. Here he obtained fuel and water for his ships, and designated his landing by carving an arrow in the face of a large rock. The sign is still to be seen. It is near the spot where Commander John Rodgers and his crew were taken ashore after their failure to make a nonstop flight from the American mainland to Hawaii last year.

Cook was later killed by the natives on the island of Hawaii. A stone monument erected by the British government marks where he fell. Negotiations have been under way for several months to include the area about the monument in a public park.

Making Movies of Life on Sea Bottom



His body covered with olive oil, and his head encased in a helmet, Dr. Paul Bartsch, curator of mollusks of the United States National museum, will spend most of six weeks on the bottom of the Atlantic ocean near Tortugas island, off the Florida coast, photographing undersea life. For his deep-sea photography Doctor Bartsch has had made a special moving-picture camera (shown in photograph) with which he hopes to secure a record of just how the fishes of the deep live.

Japanese Prince Fond of "Tactics" in Paris

Tokyo.—Prince Higashi-Kuni, husband of Princess Toshiko, youngest daughter of the late emperor, Meiji, is reported to have incurred the displeasure of the imperial household because of disinclination to return to Japan after residing in Paris more than five years. The prince went to Paris in 1920 to "study tactics."

The princess, with their two children, resides in Tokyo. Recently two friends of the prince, said to have been sent to Paris with orders from the imperial household for the absence to return, reported that his highness liked France so well that he was uncertain when he would return to Japan.

The prince, who is thirty-nine years old, is a colonel of infantry. In Paris he is known as Count Higashi.

New Cancer Serum Which Cures Rats

London.—A cancer serum making rats immune is described in the annual report of the British empire cancer campaign. Dr. Thomas Lunsden of the Lister institute performed experiments on 50 rats successfully, according to the report.

Injection of the appropriate serum in malignant tumors in the feet of rats, the report indicates, caused the tumors to disappear. Temporary stoppage of circulation in the part affected is a part of the procedure.

It was found, the report declares, that two tumors in different feet of a rat could be made to vanish by treatment of only one and that rats which had been subjected to the serum treatment were immune to subsequent attacks of cancer.

Fake Coffee

Jersey City, N. J.—Coffee has been made here from sour and moldy dough discarded by bakeries, if a city health inspector is correct. Two grinding plants have been raided.

ALTAR STONE RECENTLY FOUND SOLVES A PUZZLE OF BIBLE

Explains Why Paul and Barnabas Were Dubbed "Hermes" and "Zeus" When They Visited Lystra.

London.—An event in the life of the Apostle Paul which has long puzzled scientists and biblical students alike has at last been explained, according to an announcement made by two experts on Greek inscriptions, Prof. W. M. Calder of the Manchester university and W. H. Buckler of Baltimore.

The puzzle question is, Why were Paul and Barnabas saluted respectively as "Hermes" and "Zeus" when they appeared in the town of Lystra, in Asia Minor? For answer, the two Greek scholars point to inscriptions and carvings they have found near the town, which indicate these were the two gods regularly worshipped by the natives of the valley of Lystra.

The general reason why the mystified inhabitants thought the two strangers were gods is traced to the statement that Paul healed a man who had been crippled from birth. But why these two particular gods were chosen has never been understood.

Professor Calder states that "archeologists have long searched for the answer among the monuments of the valley of Lystra, but these monuments revealed nothing about the ancient religion of the valley."

Recently, however, he and Mr. Buckler were journeying in this region, under the auspices of the American Society for Archeological Research in Asia Minor, when an accidental detour brought them to Kavak, seven miles from Lystra.

While there they found a limestone altar in the courtyard of a house. The stone bore a Greek inscription, defaced and worn. The inscription ended, Prof. Calder says, in the words "to the god who harkens to prayer and to the god . . . and to Hermes a vow." The name of the second god is lost, but the Greek letters for Zeus would exactly fit in the gap, he states.

At the same place the two scientists were also shown a small bronze figure of Hermes, with an eagle, the bird of Zeus, beside him.

Earlier evidence of the prominence of those two deities in the region had been found in 1909 by Prof. Calder at another place, a day's journey from Lystra. This discovery was an inscription telling of the dedication of a figure of Hermes, together with the dedication of a sun dial to Zeus. The dedicators, Prof. Calder points out, were of the same racial stock as the people of Lystra.

Ovid's story, that Zeus and Hermes appeared in a Phrygian valley to found a temple for their joint worship, has been used to discredit the story in the book of Acts, on the theory that the two narratives were confused versions of the same tradition. Professor Calder believes his finds prove that the Bible story has a solid and logical background, as the event would have been a natural happening in this region.

Will Place Tablet on Clara Barton's Home

Dunsville, N. Y.—The Clara Barton Red Cross chapter of Dunsville, first unit of its kind in the United States, is making plans to mark with a memorial tablet the house owned and occupied by Miss Barton during the years when she was working for the establishment of the American Red Cross society.

The house is located at the foot of a hill leading to the Jackson health resort. Nearby is Brightside, home of the Jackson family, friends of Miss Barton and caretakers of her health while she was recovering from paralysis after arduous work as an international Red Cross nurse. Previously her brother, Capt. David Barton, who served in the Civil war, had recovered his health here.

Loving the quiet of the hillside and enjoying the friendship of many local friends, Miss Barton purchased the cottage, conveniently located between hill and village. Here it was that she planned and furthered her efforts to bring the United States into the association of 31 nations pledged to support Red Cross work.

Liquor Thieves Burn 139-Year-Old Mansion

Washington.—The lure of old wines and fine liquors was blamed for the fire which recently destroyed Ravensworth, 139-year-old Fairfax county (Va.) mansion.

The historic house, home of Gen. W. H. F. (Rooney) Lee, Confederate general, had been deserted for a year, since the death of his widow, but it still contained its luxurious furnishings. Some one who knew of the valuable contents of the liquor vaults started the fire in the hope of gaining access to the cellar, it is believed.

The home was built by Lord Ravensworth in 1787. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

House Fly Fast Is Becoming Extinct

Providence, R. I.—According to Dr. Charles H. Chapin, superintendent of health, the common house fly, carrier of disease and general pest, is rapidly becoming extinct.

The doctor says that the automobile is the cause of their decrease. The growing number of automobiles on the roads of all types is gradually doing away with the horse and stables and manure piles where the flies breed.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

Cal C. Wright, Pastor.
 Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Our aim is to have every member present, and on time.
 We invite the mothers to bring the baby to the Nursery and go to your class, for your baby will be cared for.
 At the close of the Sunday School hour we will dedicate the infants presented at the altar.
 Preaching at 11 o'clock. Stay for Church.
 If you are a stranger here, and if we have not extended to you an invitation, we hereby invite you to worship with us.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTES

A. W. Yell, Pastor.
 There will be preaching in the Presbyterian Church, Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. You are invited to attend these services after the two weeks of good services. We feel that the Church is better equipped to go on and up, so come and help make it go.
 Sunday School at 10 A. M. Remember the class showing the largest number of new members at the end of this month, will be given an entertainment.
 The pastor will preach two sermons on the subject, "The Church." So if you don't understand us come. "No Abuse" just information on Presbyterianism.

PRIMARY AND KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL

I will begin my Primary and Kindergarten School on Monday, September 13, 1926. I will appreciate your patronage.
 Mrs. Brown Jones.
 40-2t.

NOTICE, APPLICATION TO PASS SPECIAL ROAD LAW

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

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

Dated this the 9th day of August, 1926.

VICTOR B. GILBERT,
 County Judge
 37-4t. Callahan County, Texas

Wholesome Food Well Cooked Well Served

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

T-P. CAFE

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

New Hats

I have just opened up a beautiful line of

Velvet Hats

Also a pretty line of Children's School Hats

Miss Day Hat Shop

Dr. and Mrs. V. E. Hill and little son, Clifton, returned Saturday from Philadelphia.

Mrs. F. L. Driskill and little son, Master Sam, returned Wednesday from a week's visit with relatives in Fort Worth.

Mrs. E. C. Fulton and little daughter, Helen, went to Fort Worth yesterday to spend a few days with friends.

J. W. Brown and family; J. H. Grimes and family, accompanied by Glen Boyd, report a nice time during their two weeks trip to Galveston, Houston and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Jones and daughter, Ester and Goldia Mae; Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Eubanks and daughter, Maurine, and little grand-son, Eugene have returned from an auto trip to Plainview. They also visited Memphis, Texas, and Grandfield Okla. They report fine crops in Okla., and Hall County.

J. C. Johnson, Proprietor of the Home Laundry, informs us that they have just finished a drying room, 24x70 feet, which will enable them to do their work, in all kinds of weather. They have modern electric equipment: Washers, irons and mangles and are prepared to turn out your work promptly. They do good work and deserve the patronage of the people of Baird. Give them a trial, we are sure that they will please you.

NOTICE, BOYS

I just want to remind the boys who are on the streets every day with "Nigger shooters" that they are violating the city laws, and are subject to a fine of \$5.00 for every offence. Parents might be interested in this. Maby your boy is one of the number, who is violating the law.

J. C. Barringer,
 Marshal.

Oil Found in France in Small Quantities

Paris.—Oil in small quantities has been struck in the south of France near Beziers on the gulf of Lyon.

Water "contaminated" with oil has been known near the little village Gabilan outside of Beziers since the Seventeenth century, but quite recently two zoologists were moved to investigate its industrial possibilities. Their efforts were rewarded, for three pockets were located at depths around 500 feet, which between November, 1924, and March, 1925, yielded 1,500,000 gallons of crude oil.

Unfortunately, this product was characterized by the drawback of a 10 per cent paraffin content, but even after the process of refining the total output reached a figure well over a million gallons.
 The future value of these wells is impossible to predict, says Dr. R. Brunshweig, engineer of the French bureau of mines, but the quantity thus far produced is a respectable contribution to the ever-increasing demand of the French nation for more gasoline for automobiles.

Find Tiny Flower After Century Hunt

Enalaska, Alaska.—More than 100 years ago a small white flower, declared to grow only on this island of the Aleutian group, was found near here. During the last century botanists vainly searched for it. This summer the second specimen was obtained here by Prof. George Halsey of St. Ignatius college, San Francisco.

The bloom was first reported by a Frenchman who accompanied a party known as the Kotzebue expedition to this island in 1815-19. Five other parties came to hunt for it and left empty handed.

SECRET OF BIG GERMAN CANNON

Famous Guns Used to Bombard Paris Longest Artillery Pieces Made.

Berlin.—The secrets of the long-range German cannon that bombarded Paris from a distance of over sixty miles, closely guarded even after the armistice, have now been permitted to leak out, following the recent death of the inventor, Dr. Fritz Rausenberger, of the Krupp firm.

It has been generally guessed that the guns were the longest pieces of artillery that had ever been constructed, and the new information confirms these conjectures, for their length was 36 meters, or about 128 feet. Each gun was assembled out of three principal parts. Into an ordinary 15-inch naval gun an inner tube of 8.2-inch caliber, 98.4 feet long, was fitted, and over the part that projected beyond the naval gun an additional strengthening hoop was shrunk on. The total weight of the piece was 154 tons.

The weight of the 8.2-inch shell was 220 pounds; its wall thickness was about 2 3/4 inches at the base and a little over 1 1/4 inches at the top. Its head was given an extraordinarily long taper, 15 to 20 inches, to aid in overcoming the resistance of the air.

Fired at Extreme Elevations.

To obtain its unprecedented range, the gun had to be fired at an extreme elevation. Theoretically, 45 degrees would have been the proper angle, but this would have been correct only in a vacuum, and to get the shell far up into the thin air where resistance was low, the gun was set at 50 degrees. The angle of elevation remained fixed, and to correct for differences in wind, air pressure, etc., the powder charge was varied, being calculated anew for each separate shot. The charge for the longest range at which any of these guns was ever fired, 80 miles, was 600 pounds. At the range of 74 miles, the shell reached heights of over 25 miles, making more than two-thirds of its flight at elevations of over 6 miles, or half a mile higher than Mount Everest. The time of flight was three minutes.

Due to the great length of the gun and the very heavy powder charge, the comparatively light shell left the gun's nozzle at the velocity of over a mile per second, with the enormous muzzle energy of 43,000 foot tons—enough to lift the whole mass of the world's largest battleship a foot into the air.

Two Fuses Necessary.

Because the shells tended to drop on their target, the city of Paris, side-wise instead of end on as a projectile normally does, it was necessary to provide them with two fuses to insure their explosion on impact. The fuse system worked successfully, for none of the shells that struck Paris failed to explode. Another difficulty arose due to the long, high flight of the shell: the rotation of the earth tended to deflect its path, sometimes as much as half a mile.

The terrifically high pressure, temperature and friction of the discharge of the piece tended to make the barrel bulge slightly, and because of its great length the gun tended to "whip," raising the danger of a premature explosion of the shell in the tube. This did happen once, ruining one of the four guns. The other three, according to the terms of the armistice, were dismantled and destroyed.

The designer of the battery, Dr. Fritz Rausenberger of Baden-Baden, was a well-known authority on ballistics and had for several years been associated with the Krupp firm. In addition to the long-range gun, he designed the great 42-centimeter "Big Bertha" that destroyed the Belgian forts early in the war. This was a relatively short-barreled howitzer of no great range but of terrific smashing power due to the enormous weight of its shells and the heavy charge of high explosive they carried.

No Pellagra After Three Treatments

Dr. W. C. Rountree, Texarkana, Texas.
 Dear Doctor:—I had Pellagra five years. I was nervous, had stomach trouble, rash on hands and arms, skin itched and turned brown, sore mouth, could not eat or sleep, lost weight and got awful weak. I tried many treatments. Took Hyndermics six months, got no relief. I took 2 of your treatments and was well of Pellagra. I wish I could influence every one who has this terrible disease to write you.
 W. W. FOSTER, Hico, Texas, Rt. 1.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

We Invite You to Our Style Revue

Monday and Tuesday Nights, September 13th and 14th at the Majestic Theatre

TIME 8 O'CLOCK

There will be the regular Theatre Program besides the Parade of Mannequins with just the regular Theatre admission price:

Children 15c Balcony 35c Adults 50c

The Week of September 13th will be "Fashion Week" at Grissom's

We invite you to attend the Style Revue and visit Grissom's while in Abilene

Display of Apparel for Everyone

GRISSOM'S

Read The Baird Star

Lowest Prices in History of



Never before has the public been offered a value equal to the New Improved Ford Car. Never before has the public been offered more economical and dependable service than by Authorized Ford Sales and Service Dealers.

The public is quick to appreciate real value. That's why Ford sales lead the world. That's why production is being increased at all Ford branches and factories to take care of the demand created by the new improved Ford car at its new low price level.

The Ford Motor Company has recently changed the CLOSED BODY FINISH from a varnish paint job to PYROXYLIN PAINT.

This paint withstands the elements and is not affected by alkali and acids, and will not mar as easily as the old type varnish finish. For above reasons, we are positive that you will find the PYROXYLIN finish to be much more satisfactory from a service standpoint. This type of finish has been very popular and is becoming more so all the time.

Prices on all Ford cars were reduced from \$41.00 to \$51.00 recently and are now the lowest ever in the history of the Ford Motor Company. Many improvements have been added during the past few months, and the Ford Car offers you a greater value today than ever before.

We have on display at our showroom closed models in the new PYROXYLIN type finish. The following prices are delivered in Baird and include STARTERS, BALOON TIRES and OIL and GAS

COUPE—\$571.95 TUDOR SEDAN—\$582.20
 FORDOR SEDAN—\$633.35 TOURING—\$458.25
 ROADSTER—\$437.75

TRUCK CHASSIE—Less starter—\$392.40

The Fourteen Millionth Ford was Turned out on July 21st.—There is a reason.

SHAW MOTOR COMPANY

Phone 281

Lincoln—FORD—Fordson

Baird, Texa