

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 3, 1926

NO. 40

Belle Plaine News

Reported by
Claude Stubblefield Flores
Special Correspondent for
The Baird Star

August 31, 1926—The Hickman—Flores Shallow Oil Field is visited daily by parties from over the state and adjoining states.

Six oil wells and no dry holes, up to-date.

Moutray Oil Company, is drilling on Hickman No. 3.

H. Z. House, drilling on the late Col. Lark Hearn estate.

Tollett & Davis, drilling on Kelton No. 2.

Moutray Oil Company have power house completed and a four room bungalow under construction.

The Primary Election has passed and I hope the next topic of general interest will not bring fourth such a bitter controversy.

Governor Ferguson has made a good governor and the state is in as good shape, if not better than it was ever known to be.

Governor Ferguson is a good and gracious woman, and her every act proves she is a perfect mother, and when the time comes her marble bust will be placed in the hall of fame along with her illustrious husband Jim.

Dan Moody is a very promising young man and should be congratulated on his wonderful victory. If Moody makes as good a governor as Governor Ferguson, and when the time comes for him to step down and out of the governors chair if he leaves the state in as good shape as it is at the present date, Moody will have nothing to regret.

I, with other millions of admirers, regret the demise of Rudolph Valentino. Rudolph Valentino, like Caruso and devine Sarah Barnhart, bright stars in a sphere all their own and each one reigned supreme in their world of art.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crutchfield and family of Baird, were visitors here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Renaud, of Cisco; John Flores, Jack Flores and sons, Jack Jr. and Pearce, of Baird, were the week-end guests at the Flores ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones, son and daughter, Robert, and Miss Louise; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jones, of San Antonio, returned home Monday, after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Blakely, on the ranch.

The Rev. Mrs. Gamble, of East Texas, closed a very successful meeting Monday, at the Methodist Church.

Ed Cox, of Eastland, with the Prairie Oil & Gas Co., was here recently on a deal to lay pipe line.

Our City of Ruins have been toured by many old settlers. Some recall the days they treaked through here in an ex drawn wagon on the old Buffalo and Spanish Trail, over fifty years ago. A number of students of the old Belle Plaine College, have passed through, and much interest is being taken in the college students and Old Settlers Reunion, that is being sponsored by Col Henry Fuller, of the Brownwood Bulletin.

One party of two men and one woman, spent several days touring the ruins; on leaving late one evening called at a near-by ranch, saying they would return the following day and wanted to ask some questions. Also remarking, if they found anything they would divide with the owner, of the place, but the party has not returned. Later it was discovered that the party had done a lot of excavation in the ruins of an old home settled by one of the wealthy families of West Texas. This old land mark has been the home of more prominent families than any place in this locality. It's walls of gray stone and white-washed halls, are rich in romance of long ago.

"Behold this ruin! Twas a home,
What beauteous visions filled this spot;

What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

The ranchers wondering if the exploring party found the pot of gold that Tradition says was buried in this locality? Or the old Spanish chest of gold buried on the old Buffalo and Spanish Trail which runs through here. Back in the late eighties, a great deal of excavating was made through here in search for the Spanish Treasurer, and some very interesting discoveries were
Concluded on Last page

Pioneer Settler Passes Away At Her Home In Dudley

Mrs. August Betcher, 87, early settler of the Dudley community, died at her home there last Thursday, afternoon at five o'clock.

Funeral services were held at three o'clock Friday afternoon from the Dudley church, conducted by Rev. Cal C. Wright, pastor of the Baird Methodist church. Interment was made in the Tecumseh cemetery.

Mrs. Betcher was a native of Germany, but for more than a half century has lived in America. With her husband, she came with a German colony from South Bend, Ind. in 1878 settling at Colony Hill in Taylor county. When the colony disbanded about five years later, the Betchers moved to the Dudley settlement.

Seven children, 30 grand-children, and 18 great-grand-children survive her. The children are: Mrs. H. Schults, Abilene; Mrs. Ed Wristen, Mrs. Melvin Farmer and Mrs. Bob Cutbirth, of Baird; Otto and Henry Betcher, Dudley; Albert Betcher, Oplin. She also leaves a brother and a sister in Nebraska.

Her husband preceded her in death seven years, having reached the age of 83. He also is buried in the Tecumseh cemetery.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Friday, August 27th, was the happy day on which the 13th birthday of Nadine Mauldin was celebrated at her home at Rowden.

A drizzling rain fell on the Rowden community all day, but the grayness, without was not thought of indoors, by the happy merry-makers.

They came tramping in, filled with good will, laden with various gifts, everyone ready for fun.

Many games were played, then a plate of chicken sandwiches and orange-ade was served to the 24 guests and at last the wonderful Birthday Cake was cut, which is always the dearest remembrance of a birthday party.

Those sending gifts, and not being present were: Mrs. J. B. Mauldin, grand-mother, Pete Jones, uncle; Miss Elveda Miller, Sunday School Teacher and Miss Sue Hornsby.

A Well Wisher.

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. Partley, 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.

MOTHER OF T. H. WEBB DIES AT HOME IN MARYLAND

Mrs. Albert Webb, mother of our County Engineer, Mr. T. H. Webb, died at her home in Vienna, Md., Monday morning, August 30th. Mr. Webb left on the Sunshine Special Monday morning to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Webb would have been 80 years old in January, of next year, having lived to a ripe old age. It was the pleasure of friends in Baird to know her through her son, who so often talked of her to his friends here and expressed a desire to bring her here for a visit with him and so often refers to her with that tenderness and love that marks the attitude of a thoughtful and obedient son to his mother or father. Mr. Webb's many friends extend to him sincere sympathy in the death of his mother.

Mr. Webb expects to be gone about ten days.

TO THE PUBLIC

You are invited to come out and hear Bro. Geo. W. Cypert, who will begin a meeting at Putnam Christian Church, Friday night, September, 3, 1926. Ernest Witt, who has been a member of Abilene Christian College Quartette for four years, will conduct the singing.

A LEAK IN THE DAM



Money flowing out of town to enrich the coffers of distant mail-order houses and other establishments is a drain upon local civic prosperity. To reap the best results for our community and thus for ourselves as well, our dollars should be kept at work in town.

Buying in BAIRD means getting the most for our money. Not only do we get standard goods at the most reasonable prices, but we make an investment that eventually brings dividends in the form of better stores, better streets, and a better city.

Do not let any such leak as out-of-town shopping threaten local enterprise. We should make our community spirit a bulwark so strong that nothing can penetrate it.

Urge Blanton For Senate

Congressional Committee Wants Him to Oppose Mayfield



HON. THOMAS L. BLANTON
ABILENE, Texas, Aug. 30.—The Congressional Convention of the Seventeenth District in session here Saturday passed a resolution urging Congressman Thomas L. Blanton of Abilene to enter the race for the United States Senate in 1928 against Senator Earl B. Mayfield. Tabulation of the vote in the July 21 primary election showed Judge Blanton has a 3 to 1 majority over his opponent.

The resolutions declared that "our junior Senator has been a luxury too costly and expensive to the people to be continued in office longer than his six years, there having been spent out of the public treasury \$65,984.61 in the contest over his seat and on Feb. 23, 1926, Senator Mayfield had the Senate pay him the additional sum of \$50,560 as his own expenses."

The resolution condemned Senator Mayfield for voting to increase Senators' salaries, for supporting the Parker railway bill and for supporting the Haugen bill.

The record of Blanton in Congress was commended. Congressman Blanton made no comment on the action of the committee in urging his race for the Senate.—Abilene Reporter

CONTRACT LET FOR NEW SCHOOL BUILDING AT HART

Bonds for Hart Common School District No. 15, have been approved, by the Attorney General and the contract let last week for the new school building, which will be ready for the fall term of school.

Eugene Williams, Of Putnam, Dies Monday

Eugene Williams, age 14 years, youngest son of Mrs. R. D. Williams, of Putnam, died at the Graham Hospital in Cisco, last Monday evening, following an operation for appendicitis on Saturday. Funeral services were held at Putnam Tuesday evening conducted by Rev. Twitty, pastor of the Abilene Presbyterian Church, assisted by Rev. A. W. Yell, of the Baird Presbyterian Church. The body was laid to rest in the Putnam cemetery, beside his father, who died several years ago. Eugene is survived by his mother and several brothers, all of whom were present at the funeral, except Lynn Williams, of Stamford, who is confined to the hospital in that city, he having undergone an operation for appendicitis on Wednesday of last week.

Many friends from Baird, attended the funeral.

DEATHS

Mr. Henry T. Appleton, living near Clyde, died at an Abilene hospital Saturday, night, following an operation for appendicitis. Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church at Clyde Sunday afternoon, at 4:30 conducted by Rev. Littleton and interment made in the Clyde cemetery.

Mrs. B. O. Brady, died at the home of Mrs. T. B. Hadley, where the family had apartments. Wednesday afternoon, following an illness of 30 days with typhoid fever. Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church at 10:00 o'clock yesterday morning, conducted by Rev. C. C. Andrews, and interment made in Ross cemetery.

Mrs. Brady was born on October 4, 1902 and would have been 24 years old, on her next birthday. She is survived by her husband and two little girls, age four and two and one half years, a sister and brother, Mrs. Bales of Fort Worth and W. J. Jeureyson, of Eastland. The family have only lived here about three months. Mr. Brady is proprietor of the Standard Battery Station.

PRIMARY AND KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL

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

County Returns Of 2nd. Primary Election

In the Second Primary Election last Saturday, in Callahan County, the vote was as follows:

For Governor:

Moody 1559
Ferguson 1206
Moody's majority 355.

For Attorney General:

Allred 1405
Pollard 1082
Allred's majority, 323.

For Treasurer:

Hatcher 1321
Ball 1076
Hatcher's majority 245.

Court Civil Appeals:

Davenport 1306
Hickman 1163
Davenport's majority 245.

For Sheriff:

Hughes 1514
Corn 1273
Hughes's majority 241

For Tax Assessor:

Conner 1446
Boen 1350
Conner's majority 96

Total number of votes polled in the county were: 2796.

Moody led the ticket with a vote of 1559.

Everett (Ev) Hughes followed with a vote of 1514.

Returns from the Texas Election Bureau Wednesday give the following:

Moody, 486,464 Ferguson, 268,290
Pollard, 354,765 Allred, 347,533
Hatcher, 401,599 Ball, 270,772
Hickman, 27,518 Davenport, 25,355

CLYDE TO VOTE \$60,000 BOND ISSUE FOR WATER AND SEWERAGE

At a meeting of the City Council last Monday night an election was ordered to be held at the City Hall on September 28, 1926, to vote on bonds in the sum of \$60,000.00 for the purpose of installing water and sewerage systems. W. W. Slater, A. D. Adams, P. F. Boyd and J. T. E. Smith were appointed as judges of the election.

Mr. Perry O'Neill, of the Municipal Engineering Co., Dallas, was present at this meeting and made a report and estimate as to the cost of installing the systems. The estimates call for water mains and fire plugs within reach of every house in town, and large enough to meet the requirements of the State Insurance Department. With such a system the insurance rate would be reduced from 91 cents to 56 cents. The reduction on the insurance rate would equal the amount of the interest on the bonds.

The bonds will be for forty years and issued serially. A tax rate of 45 cents on the \$100.00 valuation, in addition to the revenue from the water and sewerage systems, will be sufficient for the interest and sinking fund.—Clyde Enterprise.

PROGRAM FOR THE CALLAHAN COUNTY ASSOCIATION W. M. U.

At Eula, Texas September 9, 1926
9:30 A. M. Devotional—Mrs. B. L. Russell, Baird.

9:45 A. M. Greeting—Mrs. Tom Thaxton, Eula.

Recognition of Special visitors.

10 A. M. District President message.—Mrs. J. M. White, Ranger.

Special music.

10:45 A. M. Recognition of Society Presidents.

11 A. M. Associational President message.—Mrs. James H. Hunt, Clyde.

Following reports. Missions—Mrs. Teague.

Young people.—Mrs. Humphry.

Missions study.—Mrs. H. O. Hearne.

Benevolence.—Mrs. George Scott.

Personal Service.—Mrs. Joe R. Mays.

Christian Education.—Mrs. Dan Flemings.

Secretary-Treasury Report.—Mrs. Melvin Green.

Report on Nominating Committee.—Mrs. Lesley Cooke, Chairman.

Reading Minutes.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank my many friends for their support in the recent primary election.

Each vote is highly appreciated and in return, I will do my very best to make you a good Sheriff.

May you never have cause to regret your vote. Again thanking you, I am yours truly,
Everett (Ev) Hughes.

Bids To Be Asked For On Extension Of Water System

At a called meeting of the City Council held yesterday morning, Messrs Koch and Fomler, Consulting Engineers, submitted plans and specifications for the improvement of the water system and were authorized by the City Council to advertise for bids for the construction of the proposed work.

A very careful survey of the proposed system has been made by Mr. Fowler, who is an expert engineer, and who has made himself thoroughly familiar with the proposed plans. The test well which is 43 feet deep, in which a partial test was made Wednesday, is producing 40 to 45 gallons of water per minute. They could not make a complete test because of the pump being of insufficient strength for the final test.

As we understand the proposed system, they are to put in five wells, each at a depth of something like 40 feet, each well to be equipped with a vertical centrifugal motor driven pump, pumping the water into the reservoir, which will be made by cementing the big well, which is about 30 feet in diameter and 22 feet deep, from which the water will flow by gravity through the 8 inch main to town. This reservoir will hold about 150,000 gallons of water. The 900 feet of tunnel, will not be lost, as some think, but will be used as a reservoir between the big well and the first well west of it which will be dug down through the tunnel. The five proposed wells will be dug about 225 to 275 feet apart, at right angles to the water flow, which is to the south-east.

An 8 inch main will be laid from the stand pipe to and through the business section of town, which is necessary to meet the requirements of the State Fire Insurance Commission. The entire system will be replaced with 6 inch mains, and all small pipes crossed by the new line will be interconnected, so as to give ample water supply.

The proposed system will cost something like \$55,000.00 including wells, pumps, pipes, meters, etc, everything properly installed. All wells are to be covered in concrete and kept in a perfect sanitary condition, no open wells or ditches.

We are glad that the City Council, has, after so long a time, decided upon some plan whereby we can have a sufficient water supply. We have always believed there was plenty of water to be had from this great "Subterranean Lake," as the late Capt. W. C. Powell always called it, and we hope that his dream will be realized by the people of Baird.

The meter system is the only fair way. Let those who use the water pay for it—we believe the meter system alone would make a big increase in the water supply, as there would not be so much water wasted.

We hope the proposed plan goes through without a hitch—get plenty of water and other needed improvements will come.

There was never a time in the history of Baird that it was more necessary for the people to stand together, and all-together put over a proposition than it is at present. If we fail to get a sufficient water supply—how can we ever expect our town to grow. People who are looking for new location do not as a rule, select a town which does not have a good water and sewer system.

Water is the first essential of any town. Let's get the water and build old Baird up—Let's come out of the old rut in which we have been so long.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SADDLE STOCK OFFERED AT ABILENE FAIR

The West Texas Fair at Abilene has added a special class to their Premium List for mares or horses four years old and up, 14 3-4 to 15 1-4 hands high, to be shown under saddle before the Grand Stand. Conformation, action and speed for Polo or handling stock will be the judging points. The first prize will be \$50.00; second \$25.00; third \$15.00; fourth \$10.00. The date for judging this class will be announced later.

BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Alexander, on Monday, August 30, 1926, a boy.



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 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 acquaintanceship with Mrs. Deane ripens.

CHAPTER VII

Returning from supper to write up my sheet of miscellaneous information gathered during the afternoon, I found Marcus Handy in close conversation with a stranger. I surveyed him casually as I pushed through the door, and set him down in the tenderfoot class. Then he turned, revealing a stark, small-featured American countenance, now veiled in deep gloom. One would have said, indeed, that he had been crying. Marcus looked up.

"Come here, kid; shake hands with Mr. Curtis," he said. "I want you to listen to this!"

With conscientious precision, Mr. Curtis told his story. He had arrived only three days before, bringing ten thousand dollars, receipts from the sale of his grocery business and his house in Cairo, Illinois; this money he deposited in the Bank of Cottonwood while he saw the town and looked for an opening. In the bar of the Black Jack he met a stranger, also from Illinois, who knew some of his people. Precisely at this moment, I anticipated the whole story. The proceeding as Mr. Curtis told it in his dead, grief-stricken voice, was typical, orthodox. The meeting with two other strangers—the deal in mines by which he invested nothing and could not lose—the necessity, just when the deal stood at completion, for proving that he had funds—the trip to the bank for his ten thousand dollars—the display of the money in the back room of the Black Jack—the discovery, when he returned to the bank, that he held only a packet of waste paper, Mr. Curtis offered no excuses for his innocence and gullibility; he was past vanity. Only when he told us that he had left his family in the East and had expected to send for them did his voice choke and break. This was the second lesson to my slow imagination in the essential, invariable cruelty of crime.

The story varied, grew more interesting—and especially to Marcus—when Mr. Curtis touched on the aftermath. He had thought it over, swallowed his pride, and reported the matter to Chris McGrath. Chris had promised to look into the matter. "Didn't seem much interested—" added Mr. Curtis. And he did nothing. At this point, Marcus Handy and I exchanged furtive, significant glances. It was part of an unwritten agreement that Chris McGrath should inform me of all crimes. Concerning this, the most sensational confidence operation which had happened as yet in Cottonwood, he had dropped not even a hint.

Mr. Curtis resumed his narrative. Getting no further with the town marshal, he had addressed himself next to Si Conway, head-man, presumably chief stockholder, in that syndicate of gamblers which conducted the Black Jack. "He seemed real astonished that such things could happen in his house," said Mr. Curtis. "But while he was talking—it was in the bar—I saw one of the fellows that robbed me come out of the back room. 'That's him!' says I, and started to grab him. And the bartender started too. But he got stuck in the door in front of me, and before I could shove past him my man was gone. 'You did that a-purpose?' says I, and hit him. But they pulled me off him and threw me out. So I come to you. I want to know if there is any justice in this town?" Here Mr. Curtis raised his subdued voice for the first time, struck a clenched fist into the palm of the other hand. Marcus Handy spoke, his voice unwontedly low.

"Kid," he said, "you've heard this

story, haven't you? I want you to go straight over to Chris McGrath and put this up to him. Put it strong, Ask him why we haven't heard about this little affair, and what he's done. And on your way home, see Si Conway and touch him up similar. Then come back, and tell me what they have to say." He turned to Mr. Curtis.

As I approached Chris McGrath sitting in his rocking chair, chewing his cigar, I felt that I was not going to relish this job. However, the plain recital of Mr. Curtis had warmed my own indignation; I let some of my feelings into my voice. I suppose, when I retold the story. And as I talked, the smile-wrinkles smoothed out from about the marshal's eyes; they grew hard.

"Come to your paper!" he interrupted. "Who does he think runs this



"Come to Your Paper!" He Interrupted. "Who Does He Think Runs This Camp?"

camp—the county government, or your little two-by-four sheet?"

"I suppose he felt he had to come," I said, unwilling to put the already troubled Mr. Curtis into a false position, "because he thought the authorities were doing nothing."

"Nothing!" snorted Chris McGrath. "And how am I going to do anything until I git a detective or two?"

"But Mr. Curtis says he saw one of the men who robbed him today," I argued weakly.

"He did, huh?" inquired Marshal McGrath sardonically. "Then why don't he come to me with the news instead of to your paper? It's a triflin' matter to be botherin' me about anyhow."

"It involves ten thousand dollars," said I.

"Do you think," said Marshal McGrath, "that we're supposed to be wet furs for every tenderfoot that comes into camp? What was he doin' anyhow? Tryin' to work a swindle according to his own admission—tryin' to cook up a dirty deal. The other fellow gets ahead of him. And he squeals. How do I even know it happened? I've got nobody's word for it but his. No, boy—" and here the tones of the marshal's voice usually so pleasant, vibrant and cordial, took on a larring note of arrogance, "no boy, a couple of tenderfoots can't come into a camp and tell the old-timers how to run it." He rose abruptly, fished out from his trousers pocket a huge key, unlocked the door, disappeared inside the jail. But he turned at the last moment, and jerked out:

"Tell your editor I know exactly what he's tryin' to do." The door clanged.

I noticed, as I turned away, that Charlie Meek stood in the shadows by the corner of the jail, on guard with his Winchester. Doubtless, I reflected hazily, he must have heard the conversation.

I found Si Conway in the gambling room of the Black Jack, watching the faro tables as they warmed up to their night's run of business. Hitherto, I had not spoken with Si Conway; but I knew him as a personage about camp. Those who knew him pronounced him a good fellow; which I readily understood when I drew him to the one unfrequented corner of the Black Jack and, as tactfully as I could, began my inquiry. For he took it all very simply; and his low voice had an agreeable quality; it seemed oiled with affability.

"I'm right sorry," he said, "if my house has been used for a skin game. It's a public place after all, you know, kid. And anybody will tell you that my games are straight."

"But Mr. Curtis says he saw one of the men that robbed him here this aft-

ernoon—" and again I recited the story of that episode.

"I was here when he came in, makin' a disturbance," said Si Conway. "Who do you suppose he saw? Fritz, one of our porters. That's who he took for his friend the confidence man. As for the bartender getting in his way, that's his imagination. I was here, I tell you. The trouble with him is he's a poor loser, and he's gone a little crazy."

"But after all, he was robbed," I said.

"Was he?" inquired Si Conway pleasantly. "When a man goes into a game like that, what's he doing? Fixing to rob somebody else, ain't he? Then one of his partners in crime turns round and robs him. And instead of taking his medicine, he always hollers, like this party Curtis has done." The same argument; plausible, almost convincing! "But of course I'll see it don't happen again in my house—if it did happen."

I was turning away; for, after all, I had my answer. But Si Conway called me back.

"What's your editor going to do about this?"

"I don't know," said I. "Print the story, of course."

"Tell him he better not do anything rash or sudden," said Si Conway. And his voice lost nothing of its affability.

Re-entering the Courier office, I found Marcus at his case, setting type. He looked up; I had never seen him so still and grave. Normally, he was a somewhat dramatic person, as all journalists tend to be. Day by day in the past fortnight I had watched him grow more subdued. I reported accurately, sparing him nothing. At my recital of the marshal's closing remark, he started slightly. I came to the valedictory of Si Conway. Marcus was at the moment reaching into the "e" box. He froze like a statue—all but his right hand, which fumbled over the types, picking them up and dropping them with nervous fingers. At last he turned on me; and I saw that he had gone pale.

"Kid," he said, "you're a good sort. I guess you've got sand. I'm crossing the Rubicon. Will you go with me?"

"Of course!" I said. Nothing draws youth like a challenge to its courage. Nor did I understand, at that moment, all that my decision implied.

"Then sit down and write the story—straight off—just as it happened—no editorial."

I was finishing my task when Marcus laid before me the proof of his leader, remarking with what seemed to me like forced joviality:

"Think this'll make us enough trouble!"

I read; and I realized that Marcus had outdone himself. His literary faults and merits alike were, as a usual thing, those of the old-time mining-camp editor. He overloaded his thought with words and figures of speech; he wrote in stock phrases. But this editorial was simple, explicit, as forceful and as straight to the point as a pistol shot. It recited, with the Curtis affair as a text, the present state of Cottonwood camp—holdups, robberies, brace faro games and all—"Where are our schools?" it inquired "Where is our fire protection? Does any sensible man doubt that a single fire in the heart of town would sweep Cottonwood off the map? Where is our provision for public health? The back alley of Main street smells as loud as our municipal morals. Where, above everything, is our protection against crime? Do the present authorities really want to suppress our epidemic of holdups and highway robberies? Have we here the greatest camp in the Rocky mountains? The editorial trailed off into the glories and possibilities of Cottonwood and ended with a demand for a municipal government—"to replace the existing regime of weak, inefficient bluff."

I looked up from my reading, and my eyes must have told Marcus what I thought.

"It's the Rubicon, I guess," said Marcus; "may get me killed in the next twenty-four hours." And here, as though the weight had begun to lift from his spirits, he became his normal, dramatic self.

"Don't give a d—n if I do die," he chuckled. "By G—d, the sooner the d—n, the sooner we'll clean up Cottonwood!"

I no longer concealed from myself that I loved Constance Deane, loved her with every kind of warm emotion that a man can hold toward a woman, but mostly—so young was I—as a devotee loves his saint. Like one who sinks by imperceptible degrees under a narcotic, I passed gradually into this torturing yet agreeable mood.

ness. And, like a bad patient, I fought the ether. According to the ethic upon which I had been reared, to love a married woman was a thin, no genteel person so much as contemplated. When it happened—I had heard rumors of cases—one whispered the news to his intimates in the shocked tone with which one mentions hideous vices. For all our repressed exterior, we were a romantic lot in the circles of my origin, resolutely shutting our minds to such facts of life and lessons of experience as did not fit the picture we found in our sugary fiction. Somewhere there waited for you the One Being. Destiny would bring her down a flowery path to you. Of course, she would be unmarried; it was always arranged that way. There were soft passages at which the sickly imagination of youth grew sweetly faint. Then you were married. And afterward—but imagination halted there. Marriage did not come within the scheme of romance.

I first looked at the facts of this sentimental entanglement—shyly, as round the edge of a door—when I had been for less than a week a boarder

at Mrs. Barnaby's.

The presence of Mrs. Deane at that board had worked according to the shrewd Jim Huffaker's prophecy. Herself unconscious, she was bait to Mrs. Barnaby's fishing. Within two days after she consented to receive me, Mrs. Barnaby took no more transients. At twelve dollars a week—ruinous rates for those days—she filled her table with permanent guests. Even could she boast that she shared with Jim Huffaker "the best patronage in camp." As Jim drew the kind of man who in settled communities goes in for clubs, so we gathered up those with inhibited desires for the comfort and society of decent women. Hutchins, a dapper clerk at the bank, Michelson, chief owner in one of the most promising galena claims, Selden, the assayer, Barton, the mining broker, old Pop Eldridge, agent for the stage company—these, probably because they gave me most reason for ineluctable jealousy, remain most vivid in my memory. Mrs. Barnaby, it appeared, sternly erased from her waiting list all other women than Mrs. Deane. Though, indeed, women of the class which any respectable boarding house would receive applied but rarely.

So all threads of conversation at the table ran together, knotted themselves. In the person of Mrs. Deane, she had the gift of drawing confidences; her very reserve, backed as it was by a sense of vivid sympathy, seemed to spur the confessor on. When I think of her as she was in that rosy dawn of a stormy morning, I see her always as she sat at the head of Mrs. Barnaby's table, the lamplight drawing flecks of gold from the curl of golden-brown hair which tumbled across her shoulder, throwing from her brows shadows that could not veil the blue glint of her eyes, blurring to mystery the quick, whimsical expressions of her mouth. I hear her laughter running its gamut like a flute; the delicious pause and drip of her voice when she hesitated between syllables. And then over that vision rises always the vulgar, inviolable glitter of Sam Barton.

My dawning jealousy could find in the conduct of the rest no flaw to criticize. Never had queen more respect, never saint more reverence, than she from this tiny court of hers—all except Barton. He glistened, did Sam Barton—his diamond studs and rings, his heavy watch chain, even his too perfect teeth. Most of his profession and kind took meals at Jim Huffaker's, where passed all the gossip of the camp. In his presence at Mrs. Barnaby's I read a sinister meaning. When he looked at Mrs. Deane, his expression, as I defined it to myself, became sinister, oily, insinuating. Of course, I exaggerated. Still, reviewing Sam Barton after the intervening years, I cannot say that it was all imagination. He alone plied Mrs. Deane with open compliment; he alone sometimes introduced ideas considered in that time wholly inappropriate to the hearing of a lady. Which always caused a moment of embarrassed chill about Mrs. Barnaby's dinner table; a silence broken only when Mrs. Deane adroitly turned the subject.

"There's going to be an assembly ball," I announced one evening as, having got the floor, I retailed camp news.

"Guess I'll have to put on a clean collar and take Mrs. Deane! There, boys, get my bid in first!" said Pop Eldridge hastily.

"Aw, no fair—if you tried to dance at your age, you'd look plumb unseemly!" put in Selden.

"Guess I will need an assistant," said Pop Eldridge, "in case Mrs. Deane gives me the contract. Boys, why don't we all take her?"

The one exclamative "Sure!" exploded like a bunch of firecrackers round the table.

"It's selfish of me," said Mrs. Deane, "but you gentlemen have tempted me beyond my strength. I accept: it's understood, though, that Mr. Eldridge is head escort. So I'll go with you all—you, Mr. Michelson, and you, Mr. Selden—and you, Mr. Gilson—" Here she paused.

"I'm afraid I'll have to forego the pleasure," I said, trying to keep out of my voice the sulkiness I felt. "But I must drop in to report it," I added, exerting my self-control, "and if I may have the pleasure of one dance—"

But on the night of the ball, having seen Mrs. Deane at dinner with her hair newly curled for the event, having lived through a scattering fire of persiflage which turned me sick of soul, I sulked again. I told myself, as I walked furiously back to the Courier, that the ball could go hang; all the while knowing perfectly that I was lying to myself. And at about ten o'clock of an especially busy evening I dropped a murder story half written and took the trail to Odd Fellows' hall.

Couples were waltzing furiously through the mist raised by their feet from a dusty, soft-pine floor. Two reflector lamps illuminated a background of pathetically sparse evergreen decorations tied up with tiny and sleazy American flags; in the corner, an orchestra of guitars and violins twanged dreamily. Out of the crowd emerged Constance Deane, waltzing. She was in blue brocade, a dress simple for those days. The throat opened in a lace-edged square to show a bosom full, yet virginal. . . . I caught my breath. Then I was aware that Barton held her in his arms, held her all too close for current ideas on dancing. What was looking down on her with what I described to myself as his vulgar, insinuating smile. A surge of blood struck with the force of a tidal wave the base of my skull. I could have killed Barton. I hated him because—I loved Constance Deane. It was ridiculous, unprecedented, even disgraceful. But I loved Constance

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Deane, I loved.

Now half a dozen men arrayed in every description of evening dress, swallow-tails to blue reefer jackets surrounded her. Impulsively, I started toward the group to claim my dance as impulsively, I turned, left the hall walked back to the Courter. I could not bear in that moment to see anyone else so much as rest a hand upon her arm. I was jealous of Barton, jealous of the whole world, jealous beyond all things of that wedding ring.

But lying awake that night with the whoops, the rattle, the music of Cottonwood flowing in discordant waves through the chinks of our cabin, I spawned a rosy hope which became, as my stimulated imagination played upon it, a reality. Widows also wore wedding rings. I had even read in stories of maidens going to far, perilous places, who assumed for protection the title and symbol of marriage. That was it; that must be it; I could float away now on the enchanted river of my dreams.

It did not seem so plausible when I woke early—for me—next morning with the brilliant mountain light streaming through my window.

Must know. An hour ahead of the dinner time which was my breakfast I went over to Mrs. Barnaby's and to that tent where Mrs. Deane lodged.

She came at my call through the flap, faced me with no halt or embarrassment of manner, not even the touch of an emotion like fear. And I realized it was not going to be so easy. "I saw you at the ball last night," she began. "It was most interesting. Though I must admit I'm tired this morning. You wild Westerners are energetic dancers, Mr. Gilson!" "Why didn't you claim your dance?" I forced a laugh.

"I noticed you dancing with Barton. You seemed to be enjoying yourself," I said; and my ill-natured mood must have shown through these simple words. For Mrs. Deane's head came up straight, and her eyes became for a moment serious. Then they twinkled.

"Barton at least has enterprise!" she said.

"You mean—if I'd had the enterprise—" I began. But her laugh cut me off.

"You are to be punished by not understanding what I mean!" she said. "I think if I gave you the chance, you'd be very naughty!"

The charm of her was creeping over me again like a spell. "It's an hour yet before my breakfast and your dinner," I said. "Will you suspend sentence long enough to go with me for a walk? That is—if you have nothing better to do."

Mrs. Deane hesitated just a moment. "I never have anything really urgent to do just now," she replied. "Wait until I get into my things, won't you?" There were suggestive feminine rustlings within the tent before she emerged, a little bonnet crowning with blue flowers the glory of her hair, her fingers fluttering like a flock of love birds over the business of putting on her gloves.

Up from the hill where Cottonwood was building its residence district near a shallow gulch wherein no miner had as yet found sign of ore, no lumberman a tree large enough to be worth cutting. Even the little brook which had gouted it out from the hills ran unpolluted, heavenly-clean, over entanglements of fern and water-cress. Toward this, as by common impulse of youth and holiday, we turned. She was walking at my right hand; the single great, coiled curl in which her hair was dressed that morning fell over her left shoulder. It gave out a faint perfume, which sent my blood beating; so that I could not trust my voice. A little shelf of rock guarded the approaches to the trail up the gulch. As I helped her across it, I felt that my own hand, at the warmth radiating through her glove, at the soft, yet firm grasp of her fingers, was trembling. She too must have perceived that; for suddenly she withdrew her hand and slipped lightly down into the trail. The very embarrassment of this pulled me together. I controlled my voice and clutched at the first commonplace which popped into my mind.

"Mrs. Taylor was asking about you last night. She was very enthusiastically called you a radiant creature or something like that. I think Mrs. Taylor is preparing to call. You'll be called once a member of the elite, associating with the wives of the mining engineers."

"A dazzling prospect, certainly!" exclaimed Mrs. Deane. Then suddenly the laughter died from her eyes. "Did Mrs. Taylor tell you she was going to call?" she asked, her voice a trifle muffled.

"Oh, no! That was merely my inference. Only I can see that you're elected. Mrs. Taylor is the outward and visible sign—like an accolade or a royal proclamation."

"If she says anything about that to you, discourage it." Mrs. Deane had slackened her pace. "I'm not sure I wish to belong to the camp aristocracy—there are so many other interesting things here, after all—and I may not stay long enough to make it worth while."

"Then you're going soon!" I exclaimed; and my voice, in spite of my will, was sharp.

"That depends on many things. Oh, I must have some of those daisies!" replied Mrs. Deane. I knew perfectly that she was changing the subject deliberately, and that I was rebuked. She had dropped on one knee at a bed where mountain asters, pink and blue, fringed the stream. I knelt beside her; we picked two double handfuis, fringed them with fern from the stream bed, tied their stems—tight, bunched bouquets being then the fashion in flowers—with withes of dandelion stalk.

When our bouquet was done, she asked for the time, found that it lacked but ten minutes of the dinner hour at Mrs. Barnaby's. We stood by the flap door of her tent now, and the question I had come to ask her had been parried. I could not face the next twenty-four hours without some satisfaction of my inflamed curiosity.

"Did you say you might be going away soon?" I asked.

"Perhaps."

Then I blundered boldly toward the heart of the subject.

"When Mr. Deane comes for you?" She was laying her hand on the tent flap. It stopped, frozen, and she shot out one quick glance before she answered:

"Call it that if you wish."

Already convicted in her eyes of impertinence and curiosity, I might as well be hanged for an old sheep as a lamb. So I pursued the subject.

"There is a Mr. Deane, then—a living Mr. Deane?"

"Yes. Do I seem like a widow?" she asked rather sharply, and was gone inside the tent.

Yet when ten minutes later she entered the dining room and took her accustomed seat, her manner toward me had neither warmed nor chilled. It was a crumb of comfort to perceive that if she had changed toward anyone, it was Barton. Somehow she broke that day his monopoly of conversation; the more readily as Barton showed less than his usual disposition to converse. He boarded out his week with Mrs. Barnaby, and was seen among us no more. I suspected then what a dramatic revelation afterward confirmed—that he had taken too much for granted the night before. So exit Barton from the board; only a pawn in the game fate was playing with me, but a pawn whose slight move had served—and was to serve again.

She was married. Constance Deane was married. I tried, as I walked downtown, to resolve that I would move from Mrs. Barnaby's and never see her again, and even while making this resolution, knew that I was deceiving myself.

CHAPTER VIII

I looked up through the hazy but brilliant light thrown by the edge of the mountain shadow—for it was late afternoon and already sunset in that gulch. The trail, as it wound its sinuous course upward toward Forty-Rod, curved round a castle-like shoulder of striated rock and crossed a hillside. A moment visible as a black patch against the electric-blue sky, in a moment hidden by a little hogback of intervening rock, appeared a horse at a slow walk. He bore a side-saddle; the rider was a woman. Just as she disappeared, she leaned forward, laid her hand on the horse's neck as though steadying herself for the descent or arranging something at the pommel. In a world of women, I could never mistake that motion. It was Mrs. Deane. She was coming down the trail; I should encounter her, ride with her! The mere fire story which was taking me to Forty-Rod might go hang. I kept my own horse at a walk, prolonging the delicious anticipation.

Her horse's head emerged about the gray barrier of rock. She had dropped the reins on his neck; as he waited,

he was cropping at the bushes by the roadside. She still leaned forward, her hands resting on the pommel. Resting—may, clutching. We were so near now that my horse stopped because hers was blocking the trail. And looking straight at me, through me, was the face of a Constance Deane which I had never seen before. Those blue eyes were set and hard, yet absent. It was as though she were sleeping, walking toward some challenging, repulsive vision. The lines of her face were all fallen, the corner of her expressive mouth drawn downward. Misery or hate or anger—whatever this emotion was—it held her with devastating, overpowering force. All this I saw in a wink of an eye before



It Was Mrs. Deane—She Was Coming Down the Trail.

my rather independent little roan plunged forward and nipped at the intruder in his path. At that awakening motion, she gave a hysterical start so violent that she bent backward over the cantle of her saddle; she stared at me with round, terrified eyes and mouth. Then, before I could utter a word of reassurance, she dismounted in one swift motion, stood in the road

way—grasping a horn of her side saddle with both hands. And the terror was still upon her face.

I dismounted in turn; stood facing her there in the road.

"What is the matter—are you ill?" I asked.

Something of the normal Constance Deane began to come back into her face. It lightened now; but yet I felt that her smile was forced.

"No—you frightened me coming upon me so suddenly," she said. Then the smile went, driven away by a tense expression. She stared at me a moment before she asked with a catch in her voice:

"Why did you—are you—following me?"

"Why should I follow you? You said I might not ride with you," I replied, for a moment piqued; yet taking at once the defensive, as a man always will with the woman he loves.

"Yes," breathed Constance Deane. And what she meant by that simple monosyllable I could not tell, except that it expressed pain. She straightened up, took hold of the saddle as though to mount. Instinctively, I stepped forward to help her.

She turned, laid her hand on my outstretched arm, trying weakly, it seemed, to fend me away. And it was as though that light touch pulled a trigger which had been restraining an explosion of passion. I did the thing, which, one minute before, I would have thought impossible.

"Constance!" I said. "Constance!" I had never called her by that name before. And I took her into my arms. She did not struggle against me. She lay for a moment inert in my embrace. Then her hands dropped from the saddle, went round my shoulders. And I kissed her—long, long, in ecstasy.

But as the hammering of blood against my brain died out, as the red mist cleared from my eyes, I realized that Constance had not returned my kiss, that her arms clung to me not in an embrace but as though she had grasped at me for support, for safety. Then her hands fell from my neck, began gently to push me away. We stood facing each other. Again that black mood lay on her face. She swayed, grasped at her saddle horn. I stepped forward—this time in fear she might fall, she was trembling so—but one hand lifted itself for an instant and warned me back. Now her trembling increased to a quaking which shook her whole body, broke her speech into queer fragments as she said:

"Robert—why did you—why did you—do this?"

"You know why," I said. "Because I love you!"

"Yes!" said Constance, and repeated it as though the words were a poem. "You love me!"

"And you too!" I said. "You too!"

She started to answer; and with another rush of blood against the base of my brain, I anticipated her word. But she did not speak. And suddenly her trembling stopped.

"If I did," she said, "what good would it do? What could come of it?"

I saw what she meant; and the obstacle between us, which only just now had appeared so feathery light, became a stone wall.

"I shouldn't have done this," she went on, every moment becoming

more the mistress of herself. "Shouldn't have let you do it."

"You couldn't have stopped me!" I replied. "I couldn't stop myself."

"Such things are always in the woman's hands." Almost was she again the Constance I knew. I had rent for

an instant the veil over her soul; now I could feel its edges drawing together again. She turned to where the two horses, unperceiving witnesses of this crisis in human affairs, were grazing through their bits on the edge of the stream. "Hadin't you better hitch them?" she said. "Then come back here and talk—if you wish to talk this over any further."

The simple act of catching the horses, tossing the bridles over their heads, staidled me also. I turned back. She had seated herself on a broken pillar of the castle rock, and her eyes regarded me steadily as I advanced.

"Robert," she began, "don't you think you had better go away?"

"From camp?" I asked.

"From me. See me no more. You will be safest so."

"Safest from what?"

"From yourself—and me!"

"What is the danger in you?"

"Robert, a man is always in danger when he loves a married woman!—in less—here her voice grew sharp for an instant, "unless this is only a flirtation with you. Unless you are that kind of a man."

"I couldn't tell you," I said, "how much this isn't a flirtation. Don't you think I've fought it? Don't you know that I did what I did just now because my guard was down, and you touched me and I was carried beyond myself?"

"I know all that," she said, "—trying to be very honest now. And it isn't honest in me, Robert, to say I doubt your honor. I'm certain of that. You're not like—well, our friend Barton, for example."

"He was—familiar?" I asked, my hands clenching.

"Oh, somewhat. But don't let that trouble you. With you, it's different. Don't you think you'd better leave me—for your own good?"

"Constance, is it absolutely hopeless?"

"Absolutely," she said finally, firmly.

"But you're in trouble. I want to help. If there's one chance in a hundred million to help you, I want that more than anything else that I can have in life," I said.

She rested her elbow on her knee, dropped her chin into her palm, and gazed at the stream.

"Robert," she said finally, "if I let you—stay in my life—do you think you can go on as before—just coming to talk to me now and then until—until perhaps I go away?"

"If that is all you will give me—I have no choice!"

"I can give no more. Even then, I warn you that you are likely to be betrayed."

"But will you be burned? That is a thing which matters."

"No, it doesn't matter. I am at ready hand—scorched—withered."

"Constance, won't you tell me about your life?"

"That isn't living up to the count-down," she replied. "No! Suddenly with one of her light movements she slipped to the ground. "The pain now. Would you mind fixing the reins for me?" As I turned to throw the bridle over her horse's head, I saw that she had swung unaided from a wayside rock into the side-saddle.

"Where were you going?" she asked, looking not at me but at her hands as they grasped the reins.

"To Forty-Rod. Matter of a little story about a fire," I said. "It isn't really important. If—"

"No. Go on with it. I want to ride back alone. Try to forget this afternoon. Let us play it hasn't happened." With the touch of an expert

horsewoman, she gathered the reins, and her brown nag started up.

She broke him into a trot, into a lope. Once she looked back, saw me staring after her, turned her head quickly to face the road. Then she disappeared round the hill.

(Continued)

English Can't Tango, Says Spanish Dancer

London.—Vincente Escudero, the dancer from the Theater des Champs Elysees, who has been giving exhibitions of Spanish dancing in London, is doubtful whether English dancers will ever master the tango.

"Dancing in London is very good in the ballrooms," said the Spanish dancer, "but most dancers do best the fox trot. Even the Parisiennes, who dance better than the English, cannot tango. I have found only the Argentinians and the Spanish really understand the dance. And danced badly it is ridiculous."

"Perhaps in its simplified form it might be attempted generally in ballrooms, but I do not think it should then be called the tango."

Scared Into Suicide

West New York, N. J.—Paul Bethmann, a weaver with a family, woke up in a cell and shrieked out his curiosity as to the reason for being there. "Shut up," yelled another prisoner, "you're in for murder." There was prolonged silence and Bethmann was found to have strangled himself. He had been put into a cell to sleep off his intoxication.

Parrot Yells: Slander Suit

London.—Jones is a rotter, Jones is a rotter, Jones is a—was the cause of a slander suit brought between two neighbors here recently. Neither neighbor spoke the words, but Jones charged that Emmett, the owner of a large parrot, had taught the bird to shout it to the world.

Mosquito Has New Foe

New York.—Paris green, so fatal to the potato bug, is now being used to kill off the larvae of the malaria mosquito, according to a report of the Rockefeller foundation. Breeding areas are sprinkled with a dust of which paris green is a small part.

Claims Medal Awarded to Him 24 Years Ago

Washington.—Joseph L. Epps has turned up to claim a congressional medal of honor awarded him 24 years ago for bravery in the Philippines. As a private in the Thirty-third United States volunteer infantry in 1896 he is credited with having captured 21 armed Filipinos, forcing them to stack arms and surrender.

The War department, unable to locate Epps, recently received a letter from him at Panama, Okla. He said he had come across his old captain, Lieut. Col. Charles Van Way, retired, of Portland, Ore., and had heard from him about the medal.

It was forwarded to the commanding general of the Eighth corps area, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, for presentation to Epps with appropriate ceremony.

The Baird Star.

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W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor

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CALLAHAN COUNTY SHEEP AND GOAT RAISERS ORGANIZE

Pursuant to the call of W. Homer Shanks, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, a number of sheep and goat raisers and local farmers met at the W. O. W. Hall Saturday afternoon and organized the Callahan County Sheep and Goat Raisers Association. W. P. Stange was elected president, Eli Perkins, of Abilene, vice president and John Berry secretary.

Messrs Stange, Perkins, Morris Edwards and others made good talks on various subjects connected with the sheep and goat industry.

Mr. Stange, the president, is already the owner of 1600 head of sheep, and Eli Perkins, the vice president, has a herd of 900. Both men made strong talks. Mr. Perkins emphasized cooperation marketing and the building of ware houses to handle the wool. Mr. Edwards discussed the question of raising sheep for mutton.

The association plans to build ware-houses here and make Clyde a marketing center for wool. The association also plans to help anyone in buying stock and possibly assist in financing beginners in this industry.

The next meeting of the association will be held on Saturday, September 4, and everyone who is in any way interested in the sheep and goat industry is urged to attend this meeting. The meeting will probably be held at the W. O. W. Hall. A large crowd is expected to be present.

In a few years time Clyde can be made an important center for the marketing of wool. With waif houses located here there is no question but that this would be the marketing point for several counties adjoining Callahan.—Clyde Enterprise.

BAIRD BAPTIST CHURCH AND EVANGILISM

Perhaps when you read this you will say "Not the Church, but the Pastor has been Evangelizing" but I am sure it is both for as the pastor goes out and holds these meetings he is representing the Church and thru him the Church is engaged in the work.

After our meeting here in June, I went to Real County, and spent a week among those ranch people. We had a good time and the Lord blessed us. Then I spent a week at Belle Plaine and that was a good week. Next was Dethan, where we had a good old fashioned meeting for one week, next was on Hubbard Creek, between Albany and Breckenridge. Two Churches, Newcome and Center, were together. It was a glorious time, two weeks of profitable service. Next, and the last meeting, was with New Hope Churches, between Ranger and Caddo. For nearly two week, a fine time. In all six meetings, five besides the one here at home.

In these five meetings I have preached some 75 times and in many instances have conducted a class in young peoples Bible Studies. 78 people have been baptised during these meetings and 125 have made profession of faith in Christ and I think 30 have joined the Churches by letters.

It has been a joy to me to render this service and as I have gone I have ever been mindful that the Baird Church was working thru me. It has been a long hot time and I have longed many times to be home, but have always been willing to forego

any pleasure, that Jesus may be glorified in the salvation of souls.

Now I am home and will be in our own Church and pulpit again next Sunday morning and I will be so glad to meet every one of our folks there in the service. Come right on dear members and let us put our efforts together to move the work along. I can not do it by myself, but if you will help me, by God's help, we shall win for the glory of our Savior.

Joe R. Mays.

EGG MAKING

For the most profitable results in egg production feed simple mixtures composed of home-grown grains and their by-products, supplemented with meat or fish scraps or milk, such as a scratch mixture of 2 parts cracked corn and 1 part wheat, and a mash of 2 parts corn meal and 1 part each of meat scrap, brand and middlings.

Meat scraps or some other animal feed high in protein is one essential constituent of the mash which can not well be omitted. In a series of experiments a pen of pullets, on free range, which did not get any meat scrap or other animal-protein feed, laid only 90 eggs each in a year, compared with yields of from 125 to 150 eggs from pens fed rations containing meat scrap. Fish meal or fish scrap can be used to replace the meat scrap and compared favorably with a good-grade of meat scrap containing the same per cent of protein.

Skin milk or buttermilk, either sweet or sour, is excellent for replacing part or all of the meat scrap. The milk may be used in mixing the mash if a moist mash is fed, or it can be kept before the fowls as a drink. If clabber and feed thick or like cheese, hens will eat enough of it to replace all the meat scraps needed.

If table scraps and cooked vegetables are used, it may be possible to reduce the amount of the meat feed from one third to one-half depending on the quantity of meat products in the scraps.

Feed the scratch mixture twice daily preferably in litter from 2 to 5 inches deep on the floor of the hen house, using about one-third of the daily allowance in the morning and the remainder in the afternoon. A mash may be fed either dry or moist, the dry form being commonly used. The mash should not be sloppy.

RESOLUTION OF RESPECT

W. B. JONES
Born February 12, 1837
Died July 26, 1926

To the Worshipful Master, Warden and Brethern of Baird Lodge, No. 522, A. F. & A. M., Baird, Texas

We, your committee appointed to prepare resolutions on the death of our highly esteemed Brother, W. B. Jones, submit the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, it has pleased God to call Brother Jones, a long time, worthy member of this Lodge from labor, Resolved: that in the death of Brother Jones Masonry has lost one of its most loyal members. He was always loyal to his country and ever on the side of Justice and right as he understood it. Brother Jones was a kind loving father and an indulgent husband. To his family he has left the priceless heritage, the name of an honest honorable man.

W. K. Boatwright
John T. Asbury
W. E. Gilliland.

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 the 1st, day of September A. D. 1926.

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

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 a 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 the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1926.

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

NOTICE OF APPLICATION BY GUARDIAN TO COUNTY COURT OF CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FOR AUTHORITY TO MAKE MINERAL LEASE

Notice is hereby given that I, H. N. Nutt, as guardian of the estate of Wanda Nutt and Jesse Nutt, minors have made application to the County Court of Callahan County, Texas, in cause No. 707 on the Probate Docket of said Court, for an order authorizing said H. N. Nutt as such guardian to join with said H. N. Nutt individually in making and executing and delivering to LeRoy Adams an oil and gas lease on their undivided one-eighth interest in the East sixty acres of the South half of the South-east one-fourth of Section No. 16 in Block No. 7, S. P. R. R. Co. land in Callahan County, Texas, and that said application will be heard by said Court at two o'clock, P. M. on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1926 at the Court House of Callahan County, Texas in the City of Baird, Texas; all persons interested in the welfare of said minors and their estates will take notice of said application and said hearing thereon.

H. N. Nutt,
Guardian of the Estate of Wanda Nutt and Jesse Nutt, Minors. 40-1t.

NOTICE, APPLICATION TO PASS SPECIAL ROAD LAW

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

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

Dated this the 9th day of August,

1926.

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

WHY OUR GRADUATES SUCCEED

Business is taught here as it is done in the business office. Our students are at all times surrounded with an atmosphere of business. In addition to theory and practice, the training you get here is made up of usual information regarding trade laws, customs and the possibilities of business.

We give our students a broad knowledge of business principles and practices and the actual conduct of business. In all the departments of this large school our teaching leads the student to exact habits in all they do. We develop in them ambition, the ability to think clearly self confidence and poise, a thorough grasp of the principles and methods of modern business. Our courses are thorough and practical and include many important subjects not in the curriculum of other schools. These claims are borne out by the wonderful growth and popularity of the school as our attendance now far exceeds our expectations and our mail promises such heavy enrollment this fall and winter that we have been compelled to secure additional space and equipment, doubling our present capacity. Also by the great demand upon us by business firms of Dallas and surrounding territory for trained graduates and by the cooperation of the city. The question of securing a position need not disturb you in the least. Your services will be in demand. You will be able to hold the best positions. Our employment department will place you and follow you on through your business career.

Write today for beautiful illustrated catalogue, giving full information on our ten complete business courses.

Byrne Commercial College, 1924 1/2 Main Street, Dallas, Texas. 40-1t.

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 Draughons 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.

LEE BROS. SHOW COMING

The remarkable and complete collection of trained wild animals actors, comprising the most important specimens of zoology, assembled in the wild beasts' performance of Lee Bros. Wild Animal Show, which will exhibit in Baird on Wednesday, September 3, 1926, has never been equaled in the history of the world. No corner of the globe has been considered too remote to make this collection the most unique on earth.

Chief among these wonderful creatures is a hybrid lion-tiger, a magnificent animal of feline grace and terrific power, with all the peculiarities of both lion and tiger, but wearing the tiger's stripes upon the lion's skin. One of the most important groups is composed of two lions' three Bengal tigers, and the singular hybrid lion-tiger. Here, too, we are confronted with the incredible spectacle of six different species and the aforementioned inter-mixture of two of them, each naturally the instinctive, implacable foe of the other, and some of them hitherto considered by the best masters of zoology as wholly untamable, performing together in a colossal steel-girt arena, which absolutely insures the safety of the public, there bearing toward their trainer and one another being as amiable and considerate as characterizes the intercourse of an assemblage of human beings at a social function.

Imperceptibly directed by a single trainer and of seemingly happy accord and eager unity, these formerly dreaded kings and queens of the seething jungle, the howling wilderness and the remote, inaccessible frozen wilds of the poles build their sky-scraping pyramids, balance with a skill rivaling that of the human acrobat upon barrels, play rollicking games of saw-saw; with courteous consideration for the luxuries comforts of their masters form soft living couches of themselves and invite his confidence by opening their terrible blood-red mouths for the temporary insertion of his trusting hand.

It would require pages to tell in advance all the startling novelties introduced in Lee Bros. Wild Animal Show, which, besides the many trained wild animals features, has domestic animals, vastly superior to an organization now traveling.

Celebrate Labor Day in EL PASO

\$13.00

ROUND TRIP



LEAVE BAIRD at 1:50 P. M.

Saturday, Sept. 4th.

Arrive El Paso 7:15 A. M., Sunday

SPECIAL TRAIN

Standard and Tourist Sleepers
Chair Cars and Diner

Spend Two Days in El Paso

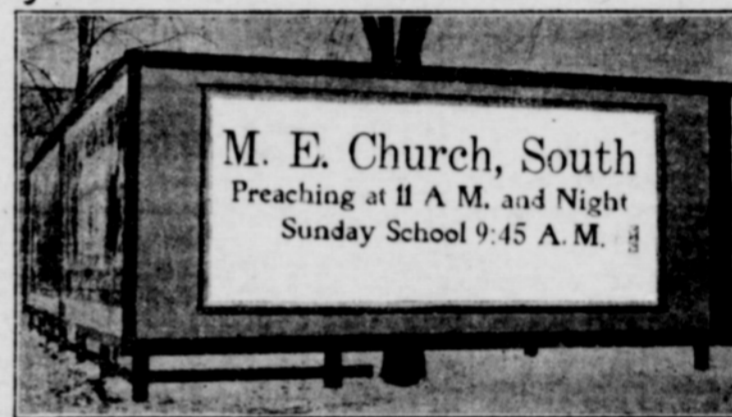
RETURNING

Leave El Paso Monday, Sept. 6th, 9:00 P. M.

Visit Juarez, Mexico, Across the River,
and See the many Interesting Sights
of a Foreign Land

For Full Particulars and Pullman Reservations See

W. O. FRASER, Ticket Agent
The Texas & Pacific Railway



STATE SCHOOL OF AUTO MECHANICS

NORTH TEXAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Arlington, Texas

COMPLETE AND UNIT COURSES:

- Oxy-acetylene Welding
- Machine Shop
- Automotive Electricity
- General Automobile Repair

ADDRESS: DIRECTOR ENGINEERING AND MECHANICS

BUSINESS BALANCE

Name any bank which has won and held a high reputation for soundness, and you'll name a bank that is capably and conservatively managed.

THIS bank is directed by men known for their business balance and conservatism. Isn't that a pretty good reason why so many people come here for good service and security?

THE First National Bank

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

1884—The Old Established Bank—1884

BAIRD, TEXAS

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

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

CLASSIFIED ADS

SEWING WANTED.—Dress making a specialty. At Nubear place. 401tp

ARRIVING SATURDAY.—A pretty line of felt hats.
Miss Day's Hat Shop.

I HAVE—opened up a nice line of gifts and novelties. Call and see them.
40-1t.
Miss Day's Hat Shop.

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

SEED OATS FOR SALE.—Red seed oats for sale. Free from Johnson grass and weed seed. See or phone, Mrs. J. H. Terrell, Phone, No. 112.
40-2t.

LOST—A blue canton crepe dress. Please return to B. L. Boydston Mrs. Joe Vines.
39-2t.

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

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

Posted

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

TRAIN SCHEDULE
West Bound Trains

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

East Bound Trains

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

WHEN SATISFIED

ABOUT THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD who is satisfied with his job is the self-made man.

It is a fact that a large part of the poverty of the world is due to downright unwillingness to fight for a competence. And the most dangerous thing about such poverty is that its victim often becomes reconciled to it, and take it for granted that it is their fate and not to be overcome. Fill yourself chuck full of ambition. Start a bank account—It will grow.

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 |

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 (bowel), 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. 39-4t.

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

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.

Making It for Him

"What's Helen doing?"
"Making a shrimp salad."
"I didn't know we had any shrimp in the house."
"We haven't, but there's one going to call on her this evening."

"Back Seat" Driving Ruled Divorce Cause

San Francisco.—"Back seat" automobile driving is a just cause for divorce. The Supreme court of California has ruled so, in a case here. Claude H. Harman sued for a divorce on the ground that his wife, Jessie, belittled his ability as a driver by constantly telling him from the back seat just how he should negotiate the dangerous curves ahead. A lower court refused to grant a divorce, and Harman appealed to the Supreme court. The decree was granted.

BOY SCOUTS HOME AGAIN

Jack Henderson, Scout-master and Scouts, George Whaley, Reeves Hickman, Billy Wright, Morris and Willard Kelton, David LaLonde, Junior Jackson and Tolan Melton, have returned from Buffalo Gap, where they attended the 10 days encampment of the Chisolm Trail, Boy Scouts. They report a wonderful time. There were 85 Boy Scouts present, from Baird, Abilene, Winters, Anson and Merkel. They were in charge of G. M. Quirel, Joe Baker, Rev. Little, Jack Henderson and Ed McCook. Hundreds of visitors visited the camp last Sunday and were enthused with the scout work.

HONORING MRS. IRVING H. MITCHELL

One of the most delightful events of the season, was a miscellaneous shower given in honor of Mrs. Irving H. Mitchell, by Mesdames B. L. Russell, Sr.; B. L. Russell, Jr.; and Brown Jones, at the spacious home of Mrs. B. L. Russell, Sr.

The rooms were decorated in a pink and white color scheme, with flowers and bridal bells.

The guests were received by the hostesses, and when they had all arrived, Mrs. Ben Russell, Jr., presented the bride to her many friends.

Two vocal solos were given by Mrs. C. B. Holmes, and a good luck wish by Miss Dorothy Boydston.

Each guest was given a blank piece of paper on which to write her favorite receipt for the bride's cook book. Then an exciting fifteen minutes was spent writing the most thrilling love letters. The award for the best love letter was given to the bride, of course, who was led to a table on which there was a large bell—she was told to lift the bell and receive the prize. As she lifted the bell, Mrs. Bessie Foy Short gave a clever toast, wishing the bride every happiness.

After inspecting the many useful gifts, a delicious salad course was served by Madke Holmes, Dorothy, Boydston, Bonnie Bell James, Donna McGowen, Glenn McGowen, Dorothy Mae Scott, Doris Foy and Juanita Finch.

"A Guest."

Above Nations

Goethe, without being a Shakespeare, was cast in that mighty mold which we must call Shakespearean. He fell short of Shakespeare and he was different from Shakespeare, who was so to speak, a "ninth wave" breaking on our Elizabethan shores with the momentum of great seas behind him. Whereas Goethe was virtually a first wave unsupported and unimpelled by tradition and racial inspiration Shakespeare crowned English literature. Goethe founded German literature. No Chaucer, no Spenser behind him; no long speech of his race; no great companions such as Shakespeare had; no air of poetry and national exultation such as Shakespeare breathed.—H. G. Wells.

Yes, It's a Puny One

"There are hundreds of practical jokers in this world," declared the Leslie avenue bachelor, "and each one has a bagful of tricks to play on his friends. But there is one they all use that apparently gives them the utmost in pleasure. They play it on the bald-headed guest whom they invite out to dinner, by offering him the use of a comb. Being bald myself, I have been forced to chuckle my way through this joke on countless occasions. But secretly, I think it's the zero of them all. And while I don't think there is a chance to eliminate it, I wish it could be done if only to add what little respect might be added to a practical joker's effectiveness."—Detroit News.

Reverence for God

Your reverence for God increases as you meditate upon His matchless worth and His wonderful works to the children of men.—Gospel Herald.

Elect and Non-Elect

The "elect" are the "whosoever wills"; the "non-elect" are the "whosoever won'ts."—Echoes.

Sin and Profit

He who sin for profit shall not profit by his sin.—Palmosa.

Augsburg Confession's Original Draft Found

Nuremberg, Germany. — The original of the Augsburg Confession, which forms the doctrinal basis of the Lutheran church, has been found in the archives of the Germanic National museum, thus ending a search in which theologians and historians have been engaged for years. The Confession, drafted by Luther's friend and collaborator, Philipp Melancthon, was sent on June 15, 1530, to Nuremberg's city council, and thence to the Diet convoked in Augsburg by Charles V.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Brown Jones will start her school Monday, September 13th. See her notice in this issue.

Mrs. M. W. Uzzell, and daughter, Elizabeth, who have been visiting Mrs. A. Cooke, left this morning for her home in Slotan.

Mrs. George C. Page has returned to her home in Dallas, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Conner, of Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Estes returned Tuesday from Dallas. Mrs. Estes has been there for four weeks with her sister, Mrs. M. D. Hoover, who has been ill.

Miss Emogene and Master Sam Orr, have returned to their home in Dallas, after spending several weeks with their grand mother, Mrs. W. L. Henry, and other relatives in Baird.

Sam H. Gilliland, of Coleman, came over yesterday to see his brother, W. E. Gilliland, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks. Mr. Gilliland is some better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Russell, Misses Rubye Harp and Lora Johnson returned the first of the week from a trip to Colorado, Yellow Stone Park and other points.

Everett Hughes left Wednesday morning for Rochester, Minnesota, where he will undergo an operation for a throat trouble at Mayo Brothers Sanitarium.

Mr. Tom Livingston will open his School Supply Store across the street from the Public School building, on September 13th. See his ad in this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boren and daughters, Misses Elizabeth Ruth and Marguerite have returned from Boulder, Colorado, where they spent the summer.

Mrs. James H. Walker, who was called here last week by the serious illness of her father, W. E. Gilliland, returned to her home at Salmorhea, last night. Mr. Gilliland is some better, but he is still confined to his bed.

J. C. Barringer, City Marshal, returned yesterday from El Paso, where he attended the state meeting of City Marshals and Chief of Police. He reports a fine trip. C. W. Conner is in charge of the Marshal's office while he was away.

Mrs. Homer Driskill and Miss Ruth Simonds returned Monday from an auto trip to Dallas, Muskogee, and Chickasha, Okla. In company with Mr. and Mrs. George Simonds, of Muskogee and Miss Inez Franklin, of Dallas, they spent two weeks camping in the Ozark Mountains, near Beatonville, Arkansas.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to sincerely thank our many kind friends, whose loving sympathy made it possible for us to bear our overwhelming sorrow in the death of our precious son and brother, Stafford Eugene Williams. Also for the beautiful flowers.

Mrs. Louie M. Williams, and Sons, and families.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the kind people of Baird for their kindness and sympathy shown us in the illness and death of our loved one, Mrs. Ruby Brady. We were strangers among you, yet we found kind friends in our time of sorrow and we thank you from the very depth of our hearts. We especially thank the pastors of the different churches, who were so kind to us, also for the many beautiful flowers. May God bless you, all.
Sincerely yours,

- B. O. Brady and children.
- Mrs. O. B. Bales
- W. J. Jemeyson
- Mrs. Francis Hamby
- Mrs. Mary Harris.

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.



Autum Fashions

No doubt you have grown tired of your Summer wardrobe---more especially if you have just returned from a delightful vacation and find costumes and surroundings dull. The best way to rid yourself of the tiresome wait till the fall social season opens is to freshen your mind with a view of the new Fall attire, and freshen your wardrobe with a Fall Dress and Hat to wear at once.

Hats and Dresses

We are receiving daily new Hats and Dresses for your inspection. It will pay you to look this line over before you buy. You are always welcome in our store whether you buy or not.

Handkerchiefs

Dainty Handkerchiefs in all the new bright shades in Crepe-de-Chene and Georgette, priced at Only 39c

Mens' and Boys' Suits

We have received our new Fall line of Suits in the latest styles and wanted colors. Be sure an come in before the sizes are broken. You can get them with one or two pair of pants. We also have the Little Gent's Suits with one pair of Knickers and one pair of Longies. Now is the time to make your selection from a line that is complete. Sizes 6 to 16.

Sure-Fit Caps

We have a wonderful line of new Fall Caps for both men and boys, with unbreakable bills. These Caps are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

The Place Where It Pays You to Trade

HUDSON, MELTING POI OF WORLD COMMERCE

Vessels From All Nations Enter That River.

New York.—The commerce of the world comes into the Hudson river, and about its mouth clusters unequaled activity.

It often has been compared to the Thames and the Seine, but neither of these is deep enough to care for the great liners which rest at uptown docks along the Hudson.

This activity even descends beneath the river for subway lines and railroads have run cylindrical tubes far beneath its bed, so deep that the roar of passing trains is muffled in the depths.

For miles below Seventy-second street there is the commercial activity of a metropolis, and it continues even farther north, but from that juncture upstream, there are two west shores.

The largest ocean liners, including the Leviathan, tie up at piers on the Hudson, while others accommodate the freighters from every land. There is a clamor and bustle different from other busy sections about these docks, and there also usually is a distinctive odor that marks the product of commerce handled on each freighter's pier.

Space is at a premium along the river's bank, whether for a business requiring a square or merely a place to set a shanty. There are lumber yards, chandler's places, mechanic's shops, blacksmiths, garages and junk yards. The only order in this confusion is that necessary to keep one business from flowing over into another. But hardly ever does a ship sail late, or a cargo remain aboard too long.

Here the river is democratic, but above Seventy-second street there is more exclusiveness in its carriage.

Aristocratic Section.

The northern channel in the summer months usually is graced by naval vessels, trim in their gray paint and gayly decked with pennants. The river has a "tone" for about fifty blocks. White river boats arrive and depart and at intervals of ten or fifteen blocks are the anchorages for exclusive yacht clubs. Close to each club house rest the motor boats. The dingys hug the shore, the speed boats line up next, and then the cabin cruisers. Usually there lie in the open channel one or more ocean-going private craft with brass gleaming and paint fresh.

Here is where the river has two banks.

The lower one, skirting the edge of the water, is used by railway tracks, much of the land having been formed with dirt dredged from the channel. Freight trains drawn by switch engines shift back and forth between the docks, and cargoes are transferred to continental trains.

High above this level is Riverside drive, or "The Drive," for it is the only one of its kind.

Schwab's Home Overlooks.

The foot of the street is marked by the most aristocratic house on the drive. It is the home of Charles M. Schwab, occupying a large part of an iron-fenced square, its trees and shrubbery forming a beautiful private park.

Continuing north there are other smaller houses, mostly ten or more years old, for the street has been given over almost entirely to large apartment structures.

Up and down, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, between these two levels runs Riverside park, a strip of green used principally by the children for a playground and where nurses wheel their charges.

It also is marked by two great structures, the Soldiers and Sailors' monument and Grant's tomb, the latter a mecca for sightseers. Famous statues of famous people there are, too, among them being Gen. Franz Sigel and Jean d'Arc.

And then its grandeur passes. The ferry slip at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street marks the line, although the change starts some blocks below.

Sepulcher on Cliff Awaits Builder's Body

Lexington, Ky.—On a jutting cliff of the Floyd county hills stands a concrete sepulcher, which for more than a century has awaited the body of its owner—an eccentric Kentucky mountaineer, who hopes that his body will be petrified by the action of the limestone in the hillside.

He is S. P. "Pogue" Ratliff, sixty-eight years old, of Wilson Creek, Floyd county, who had the tomb erected twelve years ago on the crest of a knoll back of his house, from which it is visible every time the owner steps into his back yard.

"I'll be laid in there on my right side," he explains—"my right eye is sightless—and my right hand will be under my head. There'll be no coffin—I'll just be laid in there as I am, garbed in a white shroud that I have figured will cost less than \$1. Under my head will be a homespun coverlet. I expect my body to petrify, with lime taking action upon it. But when the resurrection morning comes I hope to come forth just as you see me in this life, only with renewed vigor of youth."

FROTH-BLOWERS ARE ALL GOOD FELLOWS

Six Thousand Londoners Are Banded to Help the Poor.

London.—London has discovered the existence of a new and weird organization rejoicing in the title of "Ye Ancient Order of Froth-Blowers," of which the head and front, or in the language of the order, the "No. 1" is no less a person than Sir Alfred Fripp, the king's surgeon.

Let it be said at once, for Sir Alfred's reputation for sobriety, that the order, at any rate, as far as he is concerned, is not a mere beer drinking organization—though its members are supposed to "gossip their beer with zest," and to be adepts at "the noble art and gentle and healthy pastime of froth-blowing." It is in fact a charitable society which aims to assist East side London slum children, and already it has contributed handsome sums to various charities.

The order has some 6,000 members, a number which is growing daily, for every true Froth-Blower must bring in new members. The outward badge of the order is engraved silver cuff links, and the wearers thereof carry "passes" or "permits" purporting to grant permission for them to wear the cuff links in the United States and other foreign countries. A "Blower" (the lowest grade) must never wear Oxford "bags" or "Borstal Blazers." He must pay a subscription of 5 shillings per year.

Next in rank comes the "Blaster," who must undertake to obtain 25 members, to eat his wheats only with a steel fork; to chew the date stamp off his railroad ticket; eat asparagus with boxing gloves on his hands; to doff his hat to all pawnbrokers' signs and brewers' drays, and to carry a cork-screw.

Highest of all comes the "Grand Typhoon"—a rank specially created for Jack Hayes, who secured 1,000 new "Blowers" in six weeks.

"No. 1"—Sir Alfred Fripp—revealed the creation of this post in a circular letter to the order as follows:

"My dear Froth-Blowers. In acknowledging the receipt of the wonderful sum of £500 from you for our Wee Waifs fund . . . please accept our earnest congratulations, and especially do we thank the Blasters for their additional zeal, and in particular, the grand typhoon (Jack Hayes) for his wonderful record of 1,000 new Blowers in six weeks. You are helping me to help those who are unable to help themselves. Get on with it, boys."

The money referred to is the balance of members' subscriptions after payment for stationery and cuff links.

BABY MARMOT



One of the favorite pets of tourists in the Yellowstone National park is this baby marmot, which is photographed getting his meal of milk from a medicine dropper.

Former Stage Favorite Made Dame by England

London.—Mrs. Madge Kendal, who has been made a Dame of the British Empire and will hereafter be known as Dame Madge Kendal, was a favorite with theatergoers in the United States during the late eighties, when she toured there with her husband, W. H. Kendal, in "A Scrap of Paper," "Murder" and many other plays with which she and her husband were identified in England.

Dame Madge Kendal was born of theatrical parents and first appeared on the British stage in 1854. In more than sixty years of acting she has played nearly every female part in Shakespeare and the other English classical plays, as well as countless modern roles. Mrs. Kendal made her last stage appearance fifteen years ago, but is still very active as a speaker and philanthropic worker.

Drop in Baggage

New York.—The fad of scant raiment is tough on baggage transfer men. This year's business in the city is estimated at half a million trunks against treble that number two years ago. The principal reason assigned is that a girl traveler carries her wardrobe in her purse or something such and a man totes his in his golf bag.

Killed Child as Prowler

Pine City, Minn.—Mistaken for an animal prowling about the chicken yard, Elsie Kalklepp was shot and killed by her father here.

PORTO RICAN SWAMPS OF VAST AREA FOUND

Ten Thousand Acres That Could Be Redeemed.

New York.—The discovery below sea level of a 10,000-acre swamp in Porto Rico is described by H. A. Gleason, curator of the New York Botanical Garden, who has just completed a survey of the plant life of the island in co-operation with the insular government.

This swamp, now hopeless, could, if redeemed, produce cane worth millions, according to Doctor Gleason, who said that the Porto Ricans, like the Hollanders, may be forced to use dikes, pumps and windmills to reclaim large waste areas.

"Some vegetational features of Porto Rico which probably have no counterpart in the Western Hemisphere were revealed in our explorations," said Doctor Gleason.

"The big swamp lies along the north shore of the City of Arecibo. It is nearly surrounded by some of the most fertile cane fields in Porto Rico. As it is now, it merely stands a vast expanse of cut-tails and sedges, populated by mosquitoes, frogs and water-birds.

Geological Progress Traced.

"The history of this swamp shows how geological processes may have an effect upon plant life. At some prehistoric time it was dry land sloping gently down to the north shore. Along that north shore a great ridge of sand was piled up by the wind and in the course of time gradually consolidated into rock.

"Then the land began to sink, the ridge of rock was brought down to the level of the ocean, and the waves pounding away at it for thousands of years finally broke gaps in the rock and let the ocean through.

"As a result of this sinking of the land the present swamp is at or even below sea level. Now it is a considerable distance from the end of the swamp to the ocean. Plenty of fresh water finds its way into the swamp, but the salt tides come in only at one end, so that there is a gradual decrease in the saltness of the swamp water from its outlet inland.

"So we have at the end of it nearest the ocean the salt-loving mangroves. Beyond them are several hundred acres of acrostichum ferns and several thousands of acres of cut-tails and sedges.

Believes Shore Line Sinks.

"There has been much speculation as to whether the shore line of Porto Rico is rising, stationary or sinking. The present plant life of the swamp seems to give a little evidence in answer to the question. If the shore line were rising the swamp would be getting dryer and less salty and the cut-tails would be moving down toward the outlet. But at present the ferns seem to be moving up into the cut-tails, indicating that the swamp is actually getting saltier and therefore that the shore line is still sinking.

"This, of course, does not imply any immediate catastrophe for the island, as the actual rate of submergence is probably so slow that any important effect would require thousands of years for its consummation.

"The south shore of Porto Rico differs greatly from the north shore in its rainfall. While the latter has 60 to 80 inches every year, the south shore has only half that much, and the climate there is characterized by long periods of drought. A heavy forest growth is impossible."

Captures Wolf Fish

Vancouver, B. C.—An unusually large and ferocious-looking wolf fish, captured at Seymour inlet, is attracting much attention in a local store window. The fish is more than five feet long and has two rows of long sharp teeth in its jaws. In appearance it suits the description of some of the fabled sea serpents of other days.

Bars Sunday Bob

New York.—The bobbing of a maid's tresses on Sunday is to cause lengthy court proceedings. A new state law forbids barbering on the Sabbath.

Spent on Cosmetics

Philadelphia.—The money spent on cosmetics in the country in a year exceeds the salaries of primary and second-grade school teachers, if Miss Nanette F. Weeks is correct.

Cuts, Threshes, Plows 100 Acres in One Day

Hutchinson, Kan.—What a few years ago would have been the wildest dreams of imagination are now becoming matter of fact, everyday stories in the Kansas wheat fields. For instance, there's the case of Irwin Brownlee, a young farmer near Zenith, west of here a few miles. He started in at daybreak one morning with a 50-horsepower tractor and a combine cutting a 20-foot swath. Hooked on behind were plows. As the wheat was cut and threshed the ground behind the harvester was immediately plowed. When night came Brownlee had cut, threshed and put in the bin 100 acres of wheat—some 3,000 bushels in all—and his land was plowed again. All in one day's work. And he and two men did it.

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LAKE SERPENT AGAIN SIGHTED IN CANADA

Mysterious Fish With Ruffled Neck Called "Maniti."

Summerland, B. C.—A mysterious fish or reptile, which for want of a better name has been dubbed a "maniti," has caused more commotion this summer around the shores of Okanagan lake than residents of this locality have experienced since some one discovered the fruit-growing possibilities of this region.

Fisherfolk, summer vacationists and other residents hereabouts have become steeped in fish lore during the last few weeks in an endeavor to fix the species of the strange being. Endless perusal of the one and only encyclopedia at last determined the creature could be none other than a sea serpent, so the foregoing name was affixed to it.

The creation of the "maniti" is not the result of a hangover or the brain-child of a disordered mind; several persons have seen it. Individuals and groups of persons have gazed upon it, some with glasses and others with the naked eye.

The description given by all tallies in many particulars, but as might be expected under such circumstances, differs on slight details. All claimed that it was somewhere between ten and sixteen feet long, and that its head resembled that of a sheep. One person, who viewed it through glasses, stated that there appeared to be folds or ruffles of skin which gave the neck a raised appearance.

All agreed that it traveled with great speed, nearly 20 miles an hour, and that it made considerable wash as it sped through the water. It traveled with a sinuous movement, they say, the undulations of the body being up and down.

Some say the sea serpent is a vegetation, but the belief is spreading that fish forms its diet, for the lake has been practically depopulated of fish since the monster made its appearance.

Several hunters, spreading themselves at different strategic points along the shore, have lain in wait for hours at a stretch, hoping to be favored with an opportunity for a pot shot, but the creature is gun shy. It is camera shy as well, for an out-of-town photographer made a special trip here and spent two days in an unsuccessful hunt for the "maniti."

Rail Extension Would Tap Arctic Mine Zone

Tanana, Alaska.—An extension of the Alaska railroad from the Fairbanks to the Yukon river and thence north along the Chukchar river, a survey of which is proposed by a bill in congress, would tap an undeveloped area north of Brooks range 600 miles long and 100 miles wide.

Placer mining camps have pushed beyond the Arctic circle into the foothills south of Brooks range. Stories are told here of prospectors who reached the top of the range, but, dependent on rifle and fishhook for food, did not go on to work streams flowing north to the Arctic ocean.

Streams whose heads are known to cut into a lime formation capping the Brooks range bear nuggets of gold, silver and copper in raw state, indicating mineral deposits in the divide region. A bed of black gold has been reported in the extreme north on the Arctic slope near the government oil reserves.

The Alaska railroad, built by the government, runs from Seward on the Pacific ocean to Fairbanks, 125 miles east of here and the same distance south of the Arctic circle.

MICKIE SAYS—

IF I WUZ A CITIZEN O' THIS TOWN AN' DIDNT SUPPORT MY HOME PAPER, I'D SURE BE ASHAMED 'Y ADMIT IT! TH' FELLER WHO SNEERS AT HIS HOME PAPER MOST GENERALLY SNEERS AT HIS HOME TOWN TOO



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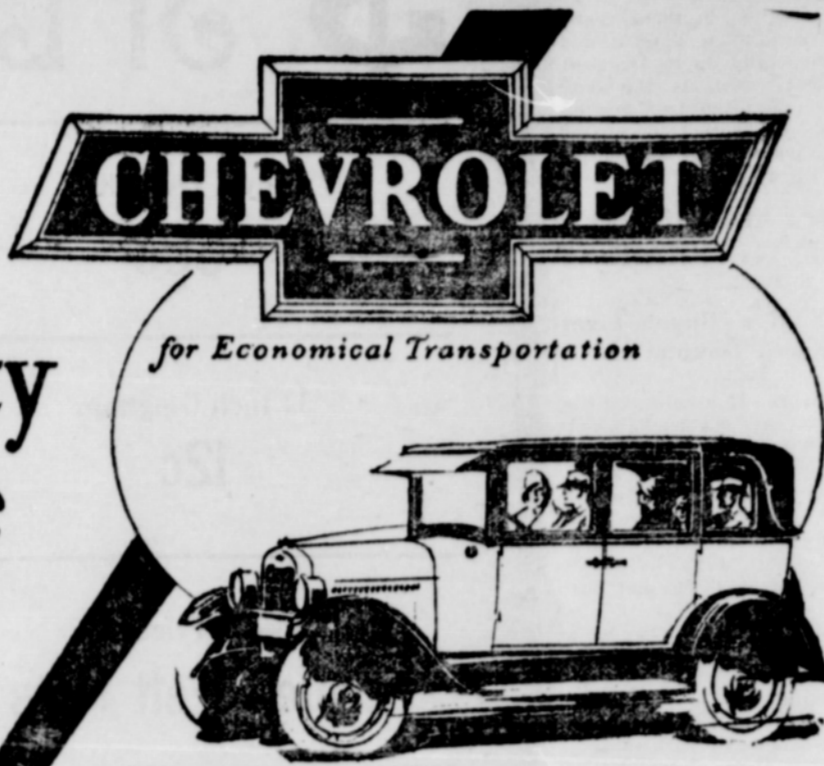
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Cleopatra, the Charmer, Ate Garlic and Onions

London.—British food experts who have been making a special study of the history of salads say the tomato is the single new ingredient modern times have contributed to salad making.

The pharaohs—even the beautiful Cleopatra—ate onions in large quantities in their salads, and used garlic and other high-scented ingredients.

Confucius ate cucumbers and the ancient Chinese used mustard, water-cress and nasturtium leaves and flowers in mixing their elaborate salads, which often contained hard-boiled eggs.

Ancient Persia also was very fond of salads, and used lettuce and radishes much as they are used in modern salad making. Sour wine, not unlike modern vinegar, was used on lettuce by the Persians four thousand years ago.

Cat With Wings Caught by Washington Rancher

Yakima, Wash.—Bats, owls and goblins, beware! The capture of a cat with wings has excited people at Wapato, where Arthur Kingray, rancher, is exhibiting the creature. Except for the wings it looks like any cat, weighing about twenty-five pounds. On the back are four rows of black flesh and

loose skin, which when extended possess a modified form of wings a foot wide.

The cat has full control of this floppy skin, and when running stretches it out to help in speed and to expeditiously leap to fences and porches. Usually the appendages are folded tightly to the body.

Canadian Indian Who Carries Vanity Case

Edmonton, Alta.—There is at least one Indian in Canada who prefers the modern vanity case and make-up box to the war paint of his ancestors, according to H. P. Murphy, trapper, from the Ptarmigan lake district.

Murphy says that recently he met an Indian on the trail wearing a vanity box where formerly a scalping knife had hung. From this the Indian pulled a powder puff, powdered his face and then extracted a small mirror from the bag to assure himself that his make-up was good.

Sourdoughs Look to Asia

Juneau, Alaska.—Alaska sourdoughs, imbued with the "mush on" spirit, are looking across Bering sea to Siberia with visions of going into that region in numbers to wash the Asiatic sands for gold. A second Alaska lies just over the straits, they believe, as well as opportunities to trade for furs with natives.

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 12

GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 35:4-29.
GOLDEN TEXT—Honor the Lord with thy substance and of the first-fruits of thy increase.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Gifts for God's House.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Willing Gifts to God.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Liberal Giving.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Generous and Systematic Giving.

I. What the Tabernacle Was.

It was a rectangular structure 30 cubits long, 10 cubits wide and 10 cubits high. This was divided into two rooms, the holy place and the holy of holies. The two rooms were separated by the veil. The tabernacle was within a court 100 cubits long and 50 cubits wide. Within the court, before the door of the tabernacle was situated the brazen altar. Between the altar of sacrifice and the door of the tabernacle was placed the laver. Inside of the holy place was found the candlestick and also the table of shewbread. Directly in front of the veil was found the altar of incense. The altar of incense was closely connected with the brazen altar in the context of fire and blood. In the holy of holies was found the ark of the covenant, the most sacred object of the entire tabernacle. This ark contained the table of stone, the pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded.

II. The Meaning of the Tabernacle.

The tabernacle was the symbol of God's dwelling place. This tabernacle typified the incarnation of God in Christ. John says that the Word became flesh and tabernacled among us (John 1:14). The furniture of the tabernacle, beginning with the brazen altar symbolizes the spiritual history of the worshiper, making clear the sinner's method of approach unto God. The position of the brazen altar at the door of the tabernacle indicated that no one could draw nigh to God without going by the way of that altar. The question of sin must be settled before man dares approach God. The laver typifies the sanctification of the believer. The sacrifice at the brazen altar signified atonement. The ablutions of the laver prefigured sanctification. Atonement was made by the sacrificial death of Christ. Sanctification was effected by the washing at the laver, prefiguring the influence of God's Word, His ordinances and the operation of the Holy Spirit. The candlestick, with its central shaft and its extending branches indicated the unity and diversity of God's people. The candlestick also shows the purpose of the sanctification of the believer, namely, to shine for God. The table of shewbread was for a memorial unto God of his chosen people, one loaf for each tribe. What the bread was for Israel, Jesus Christ is to the church. The altar of incense symbolized communion with God in worship. The putting of the blood from the brazen altar on the altar of incense shows that acceptable prayer rests on the ground of the atoning work of Christ. The veil symbolized the flesh of Christ. The rending of the veil at the time of Christ's crucifixion shows that the death of Christ gives access to God. The mercy seat upon which the blood of the sin offering was sprinkled indicates that the claim of God's law had been satisfied.

III. The Offerings of the Tabernacle.

1. The motive of giving (v. 5).

"Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering of the Lord." Giving which meets God's approval must spring from the heart. The offering must not only be made of a willing mind but it must be as unto the Lord, an expression of love and godly fear.

2. Who had part in giving (v. 22).

"They came, both men and women." It was God's purpose from the beginning that women should unite in the support and care of the worship of God.

3. What was to be given (vv. 23-28).

Under this heading two interesting things stand out—measure and variety.

(1) Measure. They brought what they had to bring.

No one is under obligation to give that which he does not possess. Capacity is the measure of responsibility.

(2) Variety.

Some brought jewelry (v. 22); some brought gold (v. 22); some brought fine linen (v. 23); some brought goat's hair and rough skin (v. 23); wise-hearted women did spin with their hands (v. 25); the rulers brought the expensive things that were needed (v. 27). This shows what variety of things are needed in the Lord's house.

Sentence Prayer

O God, we come into Thy presence and confess the many sins we have been guilty of, and we pray that Thou wilt forgive them. H.

The Only Safeguard

The only safeguard against error is a full knowledge of Christ.—The Gospel Minister.

Unselfish Prayer

God loves an unselfish prayer.—Echoes.

OIL MAJOR FACTOR IN PEACE OF WORLD

Experts Agree on Immense Importance of Petroleum.

Williamstown, Mass.—Oil, the source of giant energy that has been a major factor in the world's progress, has been pictured before the Institute of Politics as a potential modern counterpart of Mars, the ancient god of war. Five speakers—three Americans, a Frenchman and an Italian—agreed that oil was a major factor in the future peace of the world.

A warning that America is traveling a dangerous path in its "prodigious depletion" of the country's oil supply was sounded by Henry L. Doherty, public utilities magnate. Maintaining that from the viewpoint of national defense there was no substitute for petroleum, he said that predictions of discoveries about to be made "deserve no more credence than the ravings of a delirious invalid."

U. S. Laws Held Handicap.

Asserting that the present laws of the United States prohibit the application of scientific methods to the production of oil, he said:

"Not even the knowledge possessed by an unskilled child can be used. There is little likelihood that we can maintain much longer even our present rate of oil production. Already we are using as much oil every year as Pennsylvania, long the banner oil-producing state, has produced in 67 years."

He denied the practicability of substituting coal products for petroleum.

R. T. Haslam, professor of chemical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said that chemistry, by perfecting means of transforming coal into oil cheaply, would provide a great safeguard to international peace. He pictured a future when through use of this chemistry-made energy smokeless cities would flourish under conditions of health and prosperity unknown today.

France Has Excess.

Three other speakers agreed that oil was a powerful factor in world peace. Justin Dul'out, French perfume manufacturer, said that France now had more liquid fuel than she uses, through the adoption of by-products with coal, and was thus independent of the rest of the world in this respect.

Umberto Pomilio, Italian electro-chemical authority, saw in the conversion of coal into oil a solution of the problem of national defense, as well as cheap power for national development.

A. C. Fieldner, superintendent of the bureau of mines experiment station at Pittsburgh, Pa., said the problem of converting coal into oil was "one of national defense, for perfection of the processes would make each country independent as to oil."

U. S. Pensions Hero in War on Yellow Fever

Washington.—Clyde L. West, who volunteered to submit to the bites of infected mosquitoes during the study of yellow fever in Cuba in 1900, and was stricken with the disease, has been rewarded by the government for his heroism in the campaign to exterminate the scourge.

The War department announced that congress had ordered that West be paid \$100 monthly for the balance of his life "in special recognition of the eminent service he rendered, the suffering endured and the permanent disabilities contracted by him in the interest of humanity and science."

Giant Scales Accurate

Sheffield, England.—A 14-foot scale which weighs the thick armor plates used on naval vessels, under test here after being rebuilt, was sensitive to a weight of 10 pounds when loaded with steel ingots weighing 104 tons, according to E. G. Hattersley, head of the department of weights and measures of this city. This is an error of only 15-1,000 per cent.

Novel Noise Maker in Fight on Blackbirds

Rushville, Ind.—Rushville's annual warfare on the blackbird has opened with great vigor, and many ingenious devices have been made to frighten the birds from the shade trees.

As the black squadron makes its appearance over the city about 7 p. m., it is greeted by a crash and bang from the indignant enemy. As soon as the pursued birds alight in the top of a tree the owner of the perch fires a broadside of noise in an attempt to force the black-coated pests to continue their journey.

The war on blackbirds has developed some unusual noise-making inventions, probably the most original of which was worked out and put in operation by Dr. H. V. McCully. After suffering repeated annoyance from the birds, Doctor McCully climbed to the topmost limb of a maple shade tree in front of his home and fastened a loud electric automobile horn there. He ran a wire from the horn to his front porch and attached it to a push button. When the birds gather in the evening, he presses the button and the blare of the horn quickly drives them from "No Bird's land."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS HAVE NEW PROBLEM

Deserted Half-Breed Boys and Girls in Sad Case.

New York.—The well-known human nature, as is pointed out everywhere by every one every day, has not been reformed to any great extent by the equally well-known civilization. Human nature, in fact, seems to be just about the same old thing, doing the same old business at the same old stand. However, human nature seems to be like fashions and morals in this: It varies considerably with location.

For example: It does not surprise an American woman social worker in the Philippines to come upon a case where an American has deserted his woman and children; American husbands and fathers have been known to do the same thing in the United States. But it is rather startling to find the same kind of case in the Philippines complicated by the sale of a girl of twelve—half American, with blue eyes and freckled face—traded to a Chinaman for a pig!

American occupation of the Philippines since the Spanish-American war of 1898 has given the islands the material benefits of civilization. American administration has added to the prestige which the nation now enjoys both in the Far East and the Near East. The Philippines, nevertheless, have not entirely escaped that result of contact between a dominant race and a weaker people which world history seems to show to be inevitable.

Serious Situation.
Americans in the Philippines, in short, are now confronted by a serious situation that has not hitherto attracted public attention in the United States—the necessity of caring for several thousands of abandoned and neglected children of American fathers.

There are said to be 18,000 children of American blood among the 11,500,000 people of the Philippines. The American Guardian association of Manila, officially incorporated in 1921 to deal with the situation, has 4,000 listed as in need of assistance. Of these 2,000 are "desperate" cases where prompt aid is imperative if the boys are to be saved from vagabondage and the girls from immoral exploitation. Says Mrs. Mary Frances Kern of Chicago and New York, who has returned from a first-hand study of the situation:

"Foreign occupation always leaves traces like this upon a country. It is a marvel that these traces are not greater in the Philippines, 10,000 miles from home as they are. With the changes in the islands since American possession, due to the shifting about of our pioneers and to the Filipinization of the insular government which forced great numbers of Americans from minor posts, many American men were obliged to leave through sheer necessity. Often they failed to return. And, above all, death has taken very many.

"It is unfortunately true that the Filipino women who have consorted with American men have largely been of the peasant class. Many of these widowed or abandoned women, unable by the hardest drudgery to earn more than 50 cents a day, have taken new partners or drifted into immorality. The boys are left to care for themselves. The girls are 'loosed' to relatives or friends. This is usually the first step toward their immoral exploitation when they attain maturity at twelve to fourteen years.

Deplorable Conditions.
"American women in Manila, supporters of the Guardian association, break down and weep when they tell of girls of twelve found locked in chicken coops because they would not obey the demands of their masters; girls of eleven blinded by disease; girls of twelve traded to Chinamen for pigs. Cared for and educated, these boys and girls will become decent men and women and useful citizens—the bulwark of Americanism in the Far East in years to come."

The American Guardian association of Manila has annually expended from \$15,000 to \$20,000 contributed by Americans in the islands, and has been able to care for about 150 boys and girls. Now the demands of the situation have become too large for the 6,000 Americans to meet.

Gov. Gen. Leonard Wood of the Philippines has asked the American people to co-operate by raising a fund of \$2,000,000. This fund is to be invested in the United States, through a trust committee, and its earnings disbursed through the American Guardian association of Manila. W. Cameron Forbes of Boston, former governor general of the Philippines, is national chairman of committees formed throughout the country. Mrs. Kern, authorized by General Wood, has opened headquarters at 8 West Fort 8th street, New York city.

Find 800-Room Dwelling in Underground Ruins

Albuquerque, N. M.—Ruins of ancient Pueblo Bonito, N. M., which revealed to geologists a prehistoric underground settlement, are declared to be only the "upper story" of still another buried village.

Neil Judd, director of excavations of the National Geographic society, has announced that diggings disclose the second underground city covers at least three and a quarter acres.

Among the dwellings found in the pueblo, Judd said, was a building of 800 rooms, of which 500 were on one floor. Many of the underground dwellings stand four stories high, he said.

LAST CONTRACT LET ON WELLAND CANAL

New Ditch Will Let Ocean Liners Pass Niagara Falls.

Toronto.—A few days ago the last contract was let for the completion of the new Welland canal connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, forming the first link in the scheme of navigation which will enable ocean liners, instead of halting at Montreal, to steam westward to the far inland ports of Duluth and Port Arthur and all intervening points.

Without much flourish or advertisement, work on the new Welland canal has been proceeding for 13 years. It will be completed, according to present estimate, in five years more. Delay has been due to the war.

From an engineering point of view, the new Welland is a mightier feat than the building of the Panama canal. While it is only 25 miles long as compared with Panama's 50, Panama's summit is only 85 feet above its entrance while the Welland must overcome a lift of 326 feet, which, owing to the falls of Niagara and accompanying rapids, separates the higher level of Lake Erie from Lake Ontario. As a consequence lifting apparatus is on a colossal scale.

To give some idea of the magnitude of the work it may be noted that if all the earth and rock to be excavated were loaded on dump cars the train would stretch for 1,500 miles, exactly the length of the great wall of China. The amount of concrete to be used would be sufficient to build a solid concrete wall 20 feet high, 6 feet wide and 100 miles long.

Rebuilt Three Times.
A hundred years ago the first Welland canal was built, connecting the present terminus, Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, with Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario. Three times the work has been reconstructed, and the existing canal accommodates a substantial share of lake navigation. But the new enterprise is infinitely more ambitious.

The northern or Lake Ontario terminal has been moved from Port Dalhousie three or four miles east to Port Weller (named after the engineer). The canal will follow an almost straight line, and will be five miles shorter than the old.

There will be only seven locks on the new as compared with 27 on the old. Not only the largest steamers on the Great Lakes can come through the locks, but come through in one-third the time. Instead of 24 hours for passage through the present structure, it is estimated that only eight hours will be required for the new.

Another way to estimate the immensity of this undertaking, calculated to cost \$50,000,000 even at 1912 prices, is to say that while the present canal will accommodate only boats at the most 350 feet in length, the new one can let through vessels measuring 800 feet. Such a length is 200 feet more than the largest boat now plying the lakes.

Among Largest Locks in World.
Some of the new locks are among the largest in the world. The locks of the present canal are only 250 feet long, 45 feet wide and 14 feet in depth. The new are not only 800 feet long, but 80 feet wide, with 30 feet of water over the gate-sills at extreme low stages of the lake. Capacity loads for vessels during the present low water levels in the old canal are 71,000 bushels. Not only will the Great Morden, with her 500,000 bushels and 22 feet draft, pass through the new locks, but have 8 feet to spare. It will take just exactly eight minutes to clear this gigantic freighter through each lift.

These huge lock compartments, built throughout of concrete and founded on bedrock, will have walls towering 82 feet above the gate-sills. Two of the locks will have walls over 100 feet high. The gates, a notable feature, are to be among the largest in the world, weighing 1,100 tons each. Three of them are twin locks in flight, similar to the Gatun locks of the Panama canal, that is, each pair rising one above the other.

For construction purposes the work

of the canal was divided into nine sections, No. 1 being at the Lake Ontario end of the canal, and No. 9 at the Lake Erie or Port Colborne end. The first three sections include the Lake Ontario entrance and all the seven lift locks, each one of which will raise or lower a vessel 40 1/2 feet. These sections, begun in 1912, will all be ready for navigation in three years. Section No. 5, between Thorold and Port Colborne, really an enlargement of the present canal, is the only section completed and in use. Section No. 4, south of Thorold, is almost finished. The contract for section No. 6 has just been awarded.

FEW BUFFALO HERDS ROAM THE PRAIRIES

Last of Phillips' Bunch Lives in South Dakota.

Ft. Pierre, S. D.—In a gully on the Missouri river's western bank a few hundred buffalo nestle lazily where once roamed thousands of their kin.

They represent the remainder of the old Scotty Phillips herd, once the largest buffalo herd in captivity and the source of almost all the buffalo to be seen in American parks and preserves.

Phillips, an Indian trader and a rancher of a generation ago, was the first to take practical recognition of the fact that the buffalo was dying out. He established a herd of the shaggy beasts on his ranch here, and with his half-breed wife cared for the animals until the herd numbered many thousands and was virtually the only buffalo herd, wild or tame, in the United States.

Since the death of Phillips some years ago the herd has been largely dispersed, and parks and reserves in a dozen states have established herds of their own by acquiring animals from the ranch here. Circuses and carnivals also have been good customers.

The Phillips herd now numbers less than 200, but each fall the ranch is the scene of a big buffalo hunt, in which sportsmen from throughout the country participate.

Pioneers of western South Dakota recall many interesting tales about buffalo hunts of bygone days. The most famous was at Buffalo Gap, S. D., so-called because there, at a pass through a mountain chain, the buffalo would congregate at the migrating season, sometimes to the number of 300,000.

The buffalo hunter's greatest peril lay in the danger of being unhorsed in the path of a buffalo stampede. The animals, running forward, would never swerve from a straight line. Occasionally the buffalo would charge a hunter, but the animals are easily outwitted if a path of escape is clear.

Likelihood that the buffalo ever will become extinct has virtually passed. A hardy animal, the buffalo will live and flourish in captivity. He is difficult to transport by train, however, and most of the shipments of buffalo from the Phillips ranch have been made on passenger train schedules, longer trips proving fatal to many of the beasts.

Strayed Bonds Found

Toronto, Ill.—Twenty-six registered liberty bonds of the par value of \$14,150 were found recently by a laborer in a glass jar buried several feet in the ground near Sylvania. The bonds range in denomination from \$50 to \$1,000 and are thought to be the loot of bank robbers. The bonds, together with the glass jar and the wrapper, will be turned over to federal authorities here.

BELLE PLAINE NEWS

Concluded from First page

Misses Ella Moore and Francis Elaine Seale entertained the following guests Sunday: Mrs. W. J. Cowler and son Schman, of Abilene, Tex.; Bershfield; Mr. Theodore Bark, of Fort Worth; Mrs. Aycock; Mr. Ed Glover; Mr. Luther Smith; Mr. Comas and Mr. Thompson, of Baird.



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