



Lyric Theater FRIDAY MAY 11

Presents What You Have Been Waiting For
GEO. M. COHAN

Broadway's Greatest Star. Outshining His Brilliant Stage Career in a Photo Play Adaptation of His Best and Funniest Play

"Broadway Jones"

6 REELS

A typical American play endorsed by the American public and personified by America's greatest stage interpreter the inimitable Geo. M. Cohan. Don't Miss This One.

PRICES, 25c, CHILDREN 15c

Only One Show, Starting 8:15

Coming, "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"

F. R. WULFF LETS NEW CONTRACT

Contract was let last Saturday by F. R. Wulff for one of the most modern business buildings of which Brady will boast, C. R. Horn being the successful bidder.

The new building will be located on the northwest corner of the public square on the lots adjoining The Standard building on the west and will have a frontage of 70 feet with 90 ft. depth. Construction will be of brick, with ornamental facing, and with practically a solid glass front, the plate glass windows extending part way round on the west side. An ornamental modern awning extending the full front and part of the west side, together with a ten-foot sidewalk also fronting and partly siding the building, will complete the attractive appearance of the new building.

A concrete floor will be placed throughout the building. A show room, 35x45 ft. in dimensions, and occupying the east front side of the building will be used by Mr. Wulff for the display of his line of Hupmobiles, Dodge and Emerson cars, and also his line of Matco trailers, auto parts and supplies. This show room will be, without question, one of the most distinctive ever planned. It will be finished entirely in white enamel, giving a striking background to the auto display and setting the cars off in a highly effective manner.

The balance of the building has been leased by W. M. Murphy and Co. who will occupy it as a garage and work shop. Mr. Murphy announces the purchase of additional equipment, including an electric gasoline pump, one of the latest and most approved design, and his new service, together with his vulcanizing and electric repair departments, will make his shop one of the foremost in all West Texas. Following the removal of his repair shop from his old location in the Henderson building east of The Standard office, Mr. Murphy will continue to use the same for auto storage. One of Mr. Murphy's plans is to apportion his floor space, and rent such space to autoists desiring a place to keep their cars out of the rain and weather, when not in use. This plan has already met with approval and assurance of sufficient support to warrant his undertaking the task of dividing off the space.

Work on the new building is to be begun at once, and dirt will be broken, some time this week. The approximate cost of the new building has been placed at \$9,000. Three months will be required to complete the building, which will make it ready for occupancy about August 1st. Mr. Wulff, in the meantime, will occupy the W. R. Rice building on the west side, where he has on display a full line of cars and trailers.

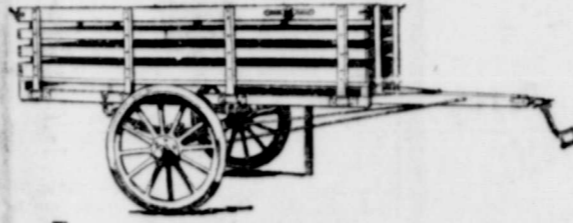
Come in and look over our buggies and we will make you the right price. Broad Mercantile Co.

Cotton hoes. O. D. Mann & Sons.

A COMPLETE LINE.

Of two-wheeler and four-wheeler Emerson trucks on display. Big service and small cost. Indispensable on the farm or wherever hauling is to be done. BRADY AUTO CO.

MATCO TRAILERS



Timken Axles

Timken Bearings

Artillery Wheels

Truck-Type Tires

Just Received a Full Carload

F. R. WULFF

PHONE 30

BRADY

SUNDAY'S RAIN WAS GENERAL

Sunday morning the most general rain of the year was had in McCulloch county, and from all reports had, the rain visited every community in this section of Texas, while the moisture extended up into the Panhandle country, where snow to a depth of from four to eight inches is reported.

The daily papers give reports of rains all along the Frisco from Fort Worth to Menard, and throughout the San Angelo country. Along the Santa Fe the rain extended from Temple to Eden, San Saba reporting a splendid shower. In the McCulloch county the rain fell very slowly, and starting before daylight, continued until uptill noon. The local rain gauge showed precipitation of nearly 3-4 of an inch, and the rain amounted to about the same in all parts of this section.

The rain was preceded on Saturday by the coldest May weather experienced here in many years. Straw hats, Palm Beach suits and other summer wearing apparel was hurriedly discarded and overcoats and winter clothing were hastily unearthed from the moth balls. Those who had not yet taken down their stoves, hastily kindled fires much to the gratification of the shivering multitudes. Despite the cold weather, a shower was had Saturday in the Fredonia neighborhood and other places southwest of here.

While the rain fell too slowly to put out stock water, it will give sufficient season to bring up crops and to save crops that were already up. The continued cool and cloudy weather Monday permitted the moisture to penetrate the earth fully, and today's sunshine is warming the atmosphere and will cause all vegetation to grow as if by magic.

Public Dance Friday Night.

Dance at the Skating Rink Friday night, May 11th. Prizes given best dancers. Special invitation to dancers from Rochelle and suburban communities. Orchestra music. Admission 50c, ladies free. Best of order maintained.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Galloway.

Camp Cots. Broad Mercantile Co.

Two Graduates of A. & M.

Berry Joyce and Chas. Koerth returned last Friday from A. & M. college, from which they have just graduated with high honors and are spending a few days here with home folks. Berry has completed a course in electrical engineering, and expects to leave shortly for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to enter the employ of the Westinghouse Electric Co. Charles has completed a course of horticulture in agriculture, and has under consideration an offer for service in the extension department of A. & M. college, made him by Clarence Ousley, Director. While not fully decided, however, he expects to spend a month or two on his father's ranch near Plainview, and then going to Chicago to take a course in medicine in the university.

Brady can well be proud of these two splendid representatives, both of them having distinguished themselves in their work at college, and both having bright futures before them. The world has need of bright, able and willing workers, and in this class we may always expect to find Berry Joyce and Charles Koerth.

Bring your auto troubles to us. Expert mechanic and electrician at your service. Simpson & Co.

Buy a Cream Separator while you can get them at the old price. E. J. BROAD.

Blacksmith coal. O. D. Mann & Sons.

Barb Wire. Broad Mercantile Co.

Milk coolers. O. D. Mann & Sons.

BROWNWOOD HAS A \$50,000 FIRE

At 3 o'clock this (Friday) morning Brownwood business district suffered another costly fire.

Originating in Ben Horton's pool and billiard hall, the fire destroyed that place and Petty Bros. garage adjoining. Both occupied one-story stone buildings, with a wooden wall between. The buildings belonged to the Stuart Scott estate and are a total loss.

Adjoining Horton's place to the north, with a fire wall between, M. O. Curry's jewelry store sustained serious damage from water and broken glass. Gilliam Bros store, adjoining Petty's garage, is heavily damaged by water and smoke. This building, owned by John A. Bernay, caught fire several times between the second-story ceiling, but fine work by the fire department, saved it.

Petty Bros' lost 18 new automobiles in the fire, the loss amounting to \$15,000. Ben Horton's loss is heavy with partial insurance. Mrs. Scott's loss on two buildings will amount to \$10,000 or \$12,000 and is well covered. Gilliam Bros. and M. O. Curry's loss is fully protected. Every plate glass show window, on the opposite side of the street, was broken by the heat of the fire.

Origin of the fire is not known but supposed to be due to bad wiring.—Brownwood News.

See the display of Crex Rugs in our show window. O. D. Mann & Sons.

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A Good Book For Good Company

CLOSING OUT OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

Story Books, Popular Novels and

Best Sellers

25 Per Cent to 40 Per Cent Discount

Come This Week—Enrich Your Library at a Little Cost

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Bring Your
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We Can Furnish You Any
Style Trailer With Any
Sized Body

O. D. MANN & SONS

THE BRADY STANDARD

Twice a Week

Published on Tuesday and Friday of
each week by
H. F. Schwenker, Editor

Official Paper of McCulloch County
Official Paper City of Brady

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Tex., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and
the McCulloch County Star
May 2nd, 1910

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING
North Side Square, Brady, Texas

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
Within Radius of 50 Miles of Brady
One Year \$1.00
Six Months 50c; Three Months 25c
More Than 50 Miles from Brady
One Year \$1.50
Six Months 75c; Three Months 40c

The management assumes no re-
sponsibility for any indebtedness in-
curred by any employe, unless upon
the written order of the editor.

Any erroneous reflection upon the
character of any person or firm ap-
pearing in these columns will be glad-
ly and promptly corrected upon call-
ing the attention of the management
to the article in question.

Notices of church entertainments
where a charge of admission is made,
obituaries, cards of thanks, resolu-
tions of respect, and all matters not
news, will be charged for at the regu-
lar rates.

ADVERTISING RATES
Local Readers, 5c per line per issue
Classified Ads, 3c per line per issue
Display Rates Given upon Application

BRADY, TEXAS, May 8, 1917

NO NEED OF FREAKISH ECONOMY.

The Standard has been re-
quested to give publicity to over-
all clubs, barefoot clubs and other
eccentric methods of so-called
war economy, but, in our opin-
ion, such methods of economy
are not only entirely uncalled
for, but, in the long run,
will defeat the very purpose
for which they were instituted,
viz: To improve economic con-
ditions.

If every citizen of the United
States went barefoot and wore
only overalls, our mills and fac-
tories, yes, even our fields, would
lie idle, for of what avail would
be the production, manufacture
and distribution of material
when the consumption is cut off.

Editor B. B. Hill of the Brown-
wood News states the situation
very effectively in the following
article:

"The pledge of a number of
Fochelle business men to wear
overalls during the war, referred
to in another item in this issue
of the News, must strike one as
being an evidence of freakish
economy.

"We frequently hear Brown-
wood business men say they will
wait until after the war to make
certain improvements or provide
themselves conveniences.

"We believe that the condi-
tions imposed by the war should
call for economy in the use and

care of food, but we see no reason
why the war should cause
people to impoverish themselves
in the matter of clothing, or in
matters of improvements, industri-
al expansion, and ordinary
pleasures.

"As this writer sees it, the war
will bring upon this country the
greatest degree of prosperity
we have ever experienced. Our
government has raised a fund of
billions to be placed in the chan-
nels of trade. It is lending bil-
lions to the European Allies,
which is all to be spent here, and
most of it for the products of
the farms at war prices, and the
price that we will pay in taxes,
for this opportunity to sell ev-
erything we produce and sell it
high, will hardly be felt.

"This need of enormous pro-
duction at enormous prices may
go on for several years, as the
war may last that length of
time, and the people who are
now reducing themselves to over-
alls and other freakish incon-
veniences may have to keep it
up so long, amid an era of plenty,
that they will find it a stupid
economy at best.

"There is no need, we think,
for the American nation to think
of hard times because the gov-
ernment has appealed for large
production and for the stopping
of waste in the use and handling
of food. There is no need for
the nation to stop growing, for
the people to stop building; to
stop improving; to quit riding
and go to walking, and abandon
the enjoyment of good raiment.

"As long as the war lasts and
for years to follow, times with
us are going to be abnormally
good; wages abnormally high,
prices high and money plentiful.

"When peace is restored finally
in Europe and the old world
has begun to feed itself from its
own soil, there will still be ab-
normal demands upon our cot-
ton, cattle, and horse and mule
production that will keep the
tide of our prosperity high and
flowing.

"There is no need now for any
panicky feeling by the people of
Texas or the nation. There is
no need for any stagnation in
the onward movement of prog-
ress; no need for freakish bluffs
at economy that conditions do
not warrant.

"Let's be level headed, industri-
ous and productive. Let us
resolve not to be calamity howl-
ers, but disposed to enjoy life
and the stupendous opportuni-
ties that are before us."

Our stock of Furniture is com-
plete; we are making a good
price on Furniture. Broad Mer-
cantile Co.

PENROD

By BOOTH
TARKINGTON

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Page & Company

SYNOPSIS.

Penrod, fearing the ordeal of playing
the part of the Child Sir Lancelot, seeks
forgetfulness in the composition of a dime
novel.

Penrod's mother and sister dress him
in his costume for the "Children's Pageant
of the Round Table." Penrod is ashamed
to wear it.

He breaks up the whole pageant by
putting on a pair of the janitor's overalls
over his costume.

A visit to a moving picture show gives
him an idea and he loafs away his time
in school, dreaming dreams.

The teacher reproves him. He seeks
to distract attention from himself by al-
leging loss of sleep because of a drunken
uncle.

Penrod gets very musical and buys an
accordion, with which he makes a great
hit with beautiful Marjorie Jones.

At the dog and pony show Penrod eats
so many different varieties of indigestible
things that he is taken violently ill.

CHAPTER XIII. Brothers of Angels.

"I NDEED, doctor," said Mrs. Scho-
field, with agitation and pro-
found conviction, just after 8
o'clock that evening, "I shall al-
ways believe in mustard plasters—mustard
plasters and hot water bags. If it
hadn't been for them I don't believe
he'd have lived till you got here—I do
not!"

"Margaret," called Mr. Schofield
from the open door of a bedroom, "Margaret,
where did you put that aromatic am-
monia? Where's Margaret?"

But he had to find the aromatic spir-
its of ammonia himself, for Margaret
was not in the house. She stood in the
shadow beneath a maple tree near the
street corner, a guitar case in her hand,
and she seemed with anxiety a bris-
kly approaching figure. The arc light,
swinging above, revealed this figure as
that of him she awaited. He was pass-
ing toward the gate without seeing her,
when she arrested him with a fateful
whisper.

"Bob?"

Mr. Robert Williams swung about
hastily. "Why, Margaret?"

"Here, take your guitar," she whis-
pered hurriedly. "I was afraid if fa-
ther happened to find it he'd break it
all to pieces!"

"What for?" asked the startled Rob-
ert.

"Because I'm sure he knows it's
yours."

"But what?"

"Oh, Bob," she moaned, "I was wait-
ing here to tell you, I was so afraid
you'd try to come in!"

"Try?" exclaimed the unfortunate
young man, quite dumfounded. "Try
to come?"

"Yes, before I warned you, I've been
waiting here to tell you, Bob, you
mustn't come near the house. If I
were you I'd stay away from even this
neighborhood—far away! For a while
I don't think it would be actually safe
for—"

"Margaret, will you please?"

"It's all on account of that dollar
you gave Penrod this morning," she
wailed. "First he bought that horri-
ble concertina that made papa so fur-
rious!"

"But Penrod didn't tell that!"

"Oh, wait!" she cried lamentably.
"Listen! He didn't tell at lunch, but
he got home about dinner time in the
most—well, I've seen pale people be-
fore, but nothing like Penrod. Nobody
could imagine it—unless they'd
seen him. And he looked so strange
and kept making such unnatural faces
and at first all he would say was that
he'd eaten a little piece of apple and
thought it must have had some mi-
crobes on it. But he got sicker and
sicker, and we put him to bed, and
then we all thought he was going to
die, and, of course, no little piece of
apple would have—well, and he kept
getting worse, and then he said he'd
had a dollar. He said he'd spent it for
the concertina, and watermelon, and
chocolate creams, and heurice sticks,
and lemon drops, and peanuts, and
jaw breakers, and sardines, and rasp-
berry lemonade, and pickles, and pop-
corn, and ice cream, and cider, and
sausage—there was a sausage in his
pocket, and mamma says his jacket is
ruined—and cinnamon drops, and wa-
affles, and he ate four or five lobster
croquettes at lunch—and papa said, 'Who
gave you that dollar?' Only he didn't
say 'who.' He said something horri-
ble, Bob! And Penrod thought he was
going to die, and he said you gave it
to him, and, oh, it was just pitiful to
hear the poor child, Bob, because he
thought he was dying, you see, and he
blamed you for the whole thing. He
said if you'd only let him alone and
not given it to him he'd have grown
up to be a good man, and now he
couldn't! I never heard anything so
heartrending. He was so weak he
couldn't hardly whisper, but he kept
trying to talk, telling us over and over
it was all your fault!"

"In his bitterness of heart there was
increasing a critical disapproval of
the Creator's methods. When he made
pretty girls, thought Penrod, why
couldn't he have left out their little
brothers!"

there. He said it was the acutest case
of indigestion he had ever treated in
the whole course of his professional
practice."

"Of course I didn't know what he'd
do with the dollar," said Robert.

She did not reply.

He began plaintively, "Margaret, you
don't—"

"I've never seen papa and mamma
so upset about anything," she said
rather primly.

"You mean they're upset about me?"

"We are all very much upset," re-
turned Margaret, more starch in her
tone as she remembered not only Pen-
rod's sufferings, but a duty she had
vowed herself to perform.

"Margaret! You don't!"

"Robert," she said firmly and, also,
with a rhetorical complexity which
breeds a suspicion of rehearsal: "Rob-
ert, for the present I can only look at
it in one way—when you gave that
money to Penrod you put into the
hands of an unthinking little child a
weapon which might be, and, indeed,
was, the means of his undoing. Boys
are not respon—"

"But you saw me give him the dol-
lar, and you didn't!"

"Robert!" she checked him with in-
creasing severity. "I am only a wom-
an and not accustomed to thinking ev-
erything out on the spur of the mo-
ment. But I cannot change my mind
—not now, at least."

"And you think I'd better not come
in tonight?"

"Tonight!" she gasped. "Not for
weeks! Papa would!"

"But Margaret," he urged plaintively,
"how can you blame me for—"

"I have not used the word 'blame,'" she
interrupted. "But I must insist
that for your carelessness to—wreck
such havoc—cannot fall to—lessen
my confidence in your powers of judg-
ment. I cannot change my conviction
in this matter—not tonight—and I can-
not remain here another instant. The
poor child may need me. Robert, good
night!"

With child dignity she withdrew, en-
tered the house and returned to the
sick room, leaving the young man in
outer darkness to brood upon his
crime—and upon Penrod.

That sincere invalid became conva-
lescent upon the third day, and a week
elapsed, then, before he found an op-
portunity to leave the house unaccom-
panied—save by Duke. But at last he
set forth and approached the Jones
neighborhood in high spirits, pleasur-
ably conscious of his pallor, hollow
cheeks and other perquisites of illness
proventive of interest.

One thought troubled him a little be-
cause it gave him a sense of inferiority
to a rival. He believed, against his
will, that Maurice Levy could have
successfully eaten chocolate creams,
heurice sticks, lemon drops, jaw break-
ers, peanuts, waaffles, lobster croquette,
sardines, cinnamon drops, watermelon,
pickles, popcorn, ice cream and sausage
with raspberry lemonade and cider.
Penrod had admitted to himself that
Maurice could do it and afterward at-
tended to business or pleasure without
the slightest discomfort, and this was
probably no more than a fair estimate
of one of the great constitutions of all
time. As a disaster, Maurice Levy
would have disappointed a Billia.

Fortunately, Maurice was still at At-
lantic City, and now the convalescent's
heart leaped. In the distance he saw
Marjorie coming—in pink again, with a
revisiting little parasol over her head.
And alone! No Mitchy-Mitch was to
mar this meeting.

Penrod increased the feebleness of
his steps, now and then leaning upon
the fence as if for support.

"How do you do, Marjorie?" he said
in his best sickroom voice as she came
near.

To his pained amazement she pro-
ceeded on her way, her nose at a cele-
brated elevation—an icy nose.

She cut him dead.

He threw his invalid's airs to the
winds and hastened after her.

"Marjorie," he pleaded, "what's the
matter? Are you mad? Honest, what
do you say to come back next morn-
ing and you'd be on the corner, I was
sick. Honest, I was awful sick, Mar-
jorie! I had to have the doctor!"

"Doctor?" She whirled upon him,
her lovely eyes blazing. "I guess we've
had to have the doctor enough at our
house, thanks to you, Mister Penrod
Schofield. Papa says you haven't got
near sense enough to come in out of
the rain after what you did to poor
little Mitchy-Mitch!"

"What?"

"Yes, and he's sick in bed yet!" Mar-
jorie went on with unabated fury.
"And papa says if he ever catches you
in this part of town!"

"What'd I do to Mitchy-Mitch?"
gasped Penrod.

"You know well enough what you
did to Mitchy-Mitch," she cried. "You
gave him that great, big, nasty two-
cent piece!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Mitchy-Mitch swallowed it!"

"What?"

"And papa says if he ever just lays
eyes on you once in this neighbor-
hood!"

But Penrod had started for home.

In his bitterness of heart there was
increasing a critical disapproval of
the Creator's methods. When he made
pretty girls, thought Penrod, why
couldn't he have left out their little
brothers!"

shed up the alley. And although Mr.
Robert Williams after a very short in-
terval began to leave his guitar on the
front porch again, exactly as if he
thought nothing had happened, Pen-
rod, with his younger vision of a fa-
ther's mood, remained coldly distant
from the Jones neighborhood. With
his own family his manner was gentle,
proud and sad, but not for long enough
to frighten them. The change came
with mystifying abruptness at the end
of the week.

It was Duke who brought it about.

Duke could chase a much bigger dog
out of the Schofield's yard and far
down the street. This might be thought
to indicate unusual valor on the part
of Duke and cowardice on that of the
bigger dogs whom he undoubtedly put
to rout. On the contrary, all such
flights were founded in more supersti-
tious than boys and colored people,
and the most firmly established of all
dog superstitions is that any dog, be
it the smallest and feeblest in the
world, can whip any trespasser what-
soever.

A rat terrier believes that on his
home grounds he can whip an ele-
phant. It follows, of course, that a
big dog, away from his own home, will
run from a little dog in the little dog's
neighborhood. Otherwise the big dog
must face a charge of inconsistency,
and dogs are as consistent as they are
superstitious. A dog believes in war,
but he is convinced that there are times
when it is moral to run, and the
thoughtful physiognomist, seeing a big
dog fleeing out of a little dog's yard,
must observe that the expression of the
big dog's face is more conscientious
than alarmed. It is the expression of a
person performing a duty to himself.

Penrod understood these matters per-
fectly. He knew that the gaunt brown
hound Duke chased up the alley had
been only out of deference to a custom,
yet Penrod could not refrain from
bragging of Duke to the hound's own-
er, a fat faced stranger of twelve or
thirteen, who had wandered into the
neighborhood.

"You better keep that ole yellow dog
o' yours back," said Penrod ominous-
ly as he climbed the fence. "You bet-
ter catch him and hold him till I get
mine inside the yard again. Duke's
chewed up some pretty bad bulldogs
around here."

The fat faced boy gave Penrod a
fishy stare. "You'd oughta learn him
not to do that," he said. "It'll make
him sick."

"What will?"

The stranger laughed raspingly and
gazed up the alley, where the hound,
having come to a halt, now coolly sat
down, and, with an expression of
regulish benevolence, patronizingly
watched the tempered fury of Duke,
whose assaults and barkings were be-
coming perfunctory.

"What'll make Duke sick?" Penrod
demanded.

"Eatin' dead bulldogs people leave
around here."

This was not improvisation but for-
mula, adapted from other occasions to
the present encounter. Nevertheless, it
was new to Penrod, and he was so
taken with it that resentment lost it-
self in admiration. Hastily commit-
ting the gem to memory for use upon a
dog owning friend, he inquired in a
social tone:

"What's your dog's name?"

"Dan. You better call your ole pap,
'cause Dan eats live dogs."

Dan's actions poorly supported his
master's assertion, for upon Duke's
ceasing to bark Dan rose and showed
the most courteous interest in making
the little old dog's acquaintance. Dan
had a great deal of manner, and it be-
came plain that Duke was impressed
favorably in spite of former prejudice,
so that presently the two trotted
amicably back to their masters and
sat down with the harmonious and
different air of having known each other
intimately for years.

They were received without com-
ment, though both boys looked at them
reflectively for a time. It was Penrod
who spoke first.

"What number you go to?" (In an
"oral lesson in English" Penrod had
been instructed to put this question in
another form. "May I ask which of our
public schools you attend?")

"Me? What number do I go to?"
said the stranger contemptuously. "I
don't go to no number in vacation."

"I mean when it ain't."

"Third," returned the fat faced boy
"I got 'em all scared in that school."

"What of?" innocently asked Pen-
rod, to whom "the third"—in a distant
part of town—was undiscovered coun-
try.

"What of? I guess you'd soon see
what of if you ever was in that school
about one day. You'd be lucky if you
got out alive!"

"Are the teachers mean?"

The other boy frowned with bitter
scorn. "Teachers! Teachers don't or-
der me around, I can tell you. They're
mighty careful how they try to run
over Rupe Collins."

"Who's Rupe Collins?"

"Who is he?" echoed the fat faced
boy incredulously. "Say, ain't you got
any sense?"

"What?"

"Say, wouldn't you be just as happy
if you had some sense?"

"Ye-es," Penrod's answer, like the
look he lifted to the impressive stran-
ger, was meek and pensive. "Rupe
Collins is the principal at your school,
I guess."

The other yelled with jeering laugh-
ter and mocked Penrod's manner and
voice. "Rupe Collins is the principal
at your school, I guess!" He laughed
harshly again, then suddenly showed
trunculence. "Say, 'no, why'n't you learn
enough to go in the house when it
rains? What's the matter of you, any-
body?"

"Well," urged Penrod timidly, "no-

body ever told me who Rupe Collins
is. I got a right to think he's the
principal, haven't I?"

The fat faced boy shook his head
disgustedly. "Honest, you make me
sick!"

Penrod's expression became one of
despair. "Well, who is he?" he cried.

"Who is he?" mocked the other,
with a scorn that withered. "Who is
he? Me!"

"Oh!" Penrod was humiliated but
relieved. He felt that he had proved
himself criminally ignorant, yet a peril
seemed to have passed. "Rupe Collins
is your name, then, I guess, I kind
of thought it was all the time."

The fat faced boy still appeared em-
bittered, burlesquing this speech in a
hateful falsetto. "Rupe Collins is your
name, then, I guess? Oh, you 'kind
of thought it was all the time,' did
you?" Suddenly concentrating his
brow into a histrionic scowl he thrust
his face within an inch of Penrod's.

"Yes, sonny, Rupe Collins is my name.



"You understand that, 'bo?"

and you better look out what you say
when he's around or you'll get in
big trouble! You understand that,
'bo?"

Penrod was cowed, but fascinated.

He felt that there was something dan-
gerous and dashing about this new-
comer.

"Yes," he said, feebly drawing back.
"My name's Penrod Schofield."

"Then I reckon your father and
mother ain't got good sense," said Mr.
Collins promptly, this also being for-
mula.

"Why?"

"'Cause if they had they'd of give
you a good name!" And the agreeable
youth instantly rewarded himself for
the wit with another yell of rasping
laughter, after which he pointed sud-
denly at Penrod's right hand.

"Where'd you get that wart on your
finger?" he demanded severely.

"Which finger?" asked the mystified
Penrod, extending his hand.

"The middle one."

"Where?"

"There!" exclaimed Rupe Collins,
seizing and vigorously twisting the
wartless finger naively offered for his
inspection.

"Quit!" shouted Penrod in agony.

"Quee-yut!"

"Say your prayers!" commanded
Rupe, and continued to twist the luck-
less finger until Penrod writhed to his
knees.

"Ow!" The victim, released, looked
grievously upon the still painful finger.

At this Rupe's scornful expression
altered to one of contrition. "Well, I
declare!" he exclaimed remorsefully.
"I didn't s'pose it would hurt. Turn
about's fair play; so now you do that
to me."

He extended the middle finger of his
left hand and Penrod promptly seized
it, but did not twist it, for he was
instantly swung round with his back
to his amiable new acquaintance.
Rupe's right hand operated upon the
back of Penrod's slender neck; Rupe's
knee tortured the small of Penrod's
back.

"Ow!" Penrod bent far forward in-
voluntarily and went to his knees
again.

"Lick dirt," commanded Rupe, forc-
ing the captive's face to the sidewalk,
and the suffering Penrod completed
this ceremony.

Mr. Collins evinced satisfaction by
means of his horse laugh. "You'd last
jest about one day up at the Third!"
he said. "You'd come runnin' home,
yellin' 'Mom-muh, mom-muh,' before
recess was over."

"No, I wouldn't," Penrod protested
rather weakly, dusting his knees.

"You would, too."

"No, I w't—"
"Looky here," said the fat faced boy,
darkly, "what you mean, counterdic-
king me?"

He advanced a step and Penrod hasti-
ly qualified his contradiction.

"I mean, I don't think I would. I—"
"You better look out!" Rupe moved
closer, and unexpectedly grasped the
back of Penrod's neck again. "Say,
I would run home yellin' 'Mom-
muh!'"

"Ow! I would run home yellin' 'Mom-
muh.'"
"There!" said Rupe, giving the help-

CHAPTER XIV. Rupe Collins.

FOR several days after this Pen-
rod thought of growing up to
be a monk and engaged in good
works so far as to carry some
mittens (that otherwise would have
been drowned) and a pair of Margaret's
outworn dancing slippers to a poor,
ungrateful old man sojourning in a

legs hope a final squeeze. "That's the way we do up at the Third."

Penrod rubbed his neck and asked mockly:

"Can you do that to any boy up at the Third?"

"See here now," said Rupe in the tone of one goaded beyond all endurance, "you say if I can. You better say it quick or—"

"I knew you could," Penrod interposed hastily, with the pathetic semblance of a laugh. "I only said that to fun."

"In 'fun' repeated Rupe stormily.

"You better look out how you"—

"Well, I said I wasn't in earnest." Penrod retreated a few steps. "I knew you could all the time. I expect I could do it to some of the boys up at the Third myself. Couldn't I?"

"No; you couldn't."

"Well, there must be some boy up there that I could"—

"No; they ain't. You better"—

"I expect not, then," said Penrod quickly.

"You better expect not! Didn't I tell you once you'd never get back alive if you ever tried to come up around the Third? You want me to show you how we do up there, bo?"

He began a slow and deadly advance, whereupon Penrod timidly offered a diversion:

"Say, Rupe, I got a box of rats in our stable under a glass cover, so you can watch 'em jump around when you hammer on the box. Come on and look at 'em."

"All right," said the fat faced boy, slightly mollified. "We'll let Dan kill 'em."

"No, sir! I'm goin' to keep 'em. They're kind of pets. I've had 'em all summer. I got names for 'em and"—

"Look here, bo. Did you hear me say we'll let Dan kill 'em?"

"Yes, but I won't"—

"What won't you?" Rupe became snister immediately. "It seems to me you're gettin' pretty fresh around here."

"Well, I don't want"—

Mr. Collins once more brought into play the dreadful eye to eye scowl as practiced "up at the Third" and sometimes also by young leading men upon the stage.

Frowning quite appallingly and thrusting forward his underlip, he placed his nose almost in contact with the nose of Penrod, whose eyes naturally became crossed.

"Dan kills the rats. See?" hissed the fat faced boy, maintaining the horrible juxtaposition.

"Well, all right," said Penrod, swallowing. "I don't want 'em much." And when the pose had been relaxed he stared at his new friend for a moment, almost with reverence. Then he brightened.

"Come on, Rupe!" he cried enthusiastically, as he climbed the fence. "We'll give our dogs a little live meat—bo!"

At the dinner table that evening Penrod surprised his family by remarking in a voice they had never heard him attempt—a lawgiving voice of international gruffness:

"Any man that's makin' a hundred dollars a month is makin' good money."

"What?" asked Mr. Schofield, staring, for the previous conversation had concerned the illness of an infant relative in Council Bluffs.

"Any man that's makin' a hundred dollars a month is makin' good money."

"What is he talking about?" Margaret appealed to the invisible.

"Well," said Penrod, frowning, "that's what foremen at the ladder works get."

"How in the world do you know?" asked his mother.

"Well, I know it. A hundred dollars a month is good money, I tell you!"

"Well, what of it?" said the father, impatiently.

"Notthin'. I only said it was good money."

Mr. Schofield shook his head, dismissing the subject; and here he made a mistake; he should have followed up his son's singular contribution to the conversation.

That would have plainly revealed the fact that there was a certain Rupe Collins whose father was a foreman at the ladder works. All clevers are important when a boy makes his first remark in a new key.

"Good money?" repeated Margaret curiously. "What is 'good' money?"

Penrod turned upon her a stern glance. "Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had some sense?"

"Penrod!" shouted his father. But Penrod's mother gazed with dismay at her son; he had never before spoken like that to his sister.

Mrs. Schofield might have been more dismayed than she was if she had realized that it was the beginning of an epoch. After dinner Penrod was slightly scalded in the back as a result of telling Della, the cook, that there was a wart on the middle finger of her right hand. Della thus proving poor material for his new manner to work upon, he approached Duke in the back yard, and, bending double, seized the lowly animal by the forepaws.

"I let you know my name's Penrod Schofield," hissed the boy. He protruded his underlip ferociously, scowled and thrust forward his head until his nose touched the dog's. "And you better look out when Penrod Schofield's around, or you'll get in big trouble! You understand that, 'bo'?"

The next day, and the next, the increasing change in Penrod puzzled and distressed his family, who had no idea of its source. How might they guess that hero worship takes such forms? They were vaguely conscious that a rather shabby boy, not of the neighborhood, came to "play" with Penrod several times, but they failed to connect this circumstance with the peculiar behavior of the son of the house, whose ideas (his father remarked) seemed to have suddenly become identical with those of Gyp the Blood.

"BROADWAY JONES."

George M. Cohan in His Great New York Success.

Probably everyone has had a desire to see Cohan's great New York success, "Broadway Jones," and on next Friday night the opportunity presents itself, with George M. Cohan in the role of "Broadway." Mr. Cohan has long been renowned as one of the greatest writers of comedy successes, and this is acknowledged his best and funniest play.

The story tells of a small town youth who secures a goodly inheritance and journeys to the Great White Way to "burn it up." After various exciting experiences he finds that his money has dwindled to nothing and learns that there are many unpaid bills to be met. After complications involving a rich widow whom he asks to marry, he turns back to his home town and starts life anew, taking over his father's chewing gum plant where new experiences await him. Sparkling with a continuous series of humorous situations, offset by various dramatic scenes, this subject under the direction of Joseph Kaufman, presents a breezy story of rapid action and human interest, a typical George M. Cohan production.

When produced at the George M. Cohan Theatre, on Broadway some three years ago, "Broadway Jones" immediately proved itself the biggest popular success in which Mr. Cohan ever appeared, as well as the hit of the entire theatrical season.

Prices of admission will be 15c and 25c. Show starts at 8:15.

Bath tubs and fixtures. O. D. Mann & Sons.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rate: 5c Per Line Per Issue

LOST—Black muley cow. Return to Roddy market and receive reward.

LOST—Pink cameo breast pin, between town and depot. Reward for return to Brady Standard office.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—Two cows with yearling calves, and one 3-year old heifer. Three cows branded Y (bar over Y). Red cow crop and underbit on each ear. Notify T. L. Bodenhamer, Brady, Texas.

FOR SALE—Horse, buggy and harness. Cheap. A. A. Lange.

FOR SALE—Oats, Hay and Turkey eggs. J. T. H. Miller.

FOR SALE—Horse and buggy at a bargain. See Roy Wilkerson.

FOR SALE—65 head of goats, at \$5.00 per head. See Nat Randals, Waldrup, Texas.

FOR SALE—Practically new L. C. Smith typewriter. Brady Water & Light Works.

FOR SALE—Rowden cotton seed. See D. A. ROPER, Rochelle, Tex.

FOR SALE—Cracker-jack Hercules rubber-tired surrey; practically new; sell at almost half price. Simpson & Co.

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms. See J. R. Lovelace.

FOR RENT—During the summer, furnished house of six rooms; desirable neighborhood. Apply Brady Standard.

WOOD! CHEAP!

For a few days or until we move wood off land we will sell good dry mesquite stove wood at \$5 per cord delivered or \$3.50 at our farm 4 miles on Masor road. Will take orders for delivery till May 15th.

MANN BROS.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Zella Roark of Ballinger is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. Biggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Terrell of Dallas, arrived Monday on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Lee King.

J. A. Crutsinger sends his renewal to The Standard from Sinton, Texas, stating "We can't stay down here without it."

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Koerth and son, Charles, left this afternoon for Yoakum, where they will spend a week or two visiting relatives. Mr. Koerth incidentally looking after business affairs.

Miss Floyce King returned Monday from Hot Springs, Ark., where she has been spending the past month or so, and her many friends will be pleased to learn that she is greatly improved in health.

Judge and Mrs. E. P. Lea returned last Saturday from a two weeks visit with relatives, the Judge having visited his daughter at Jewett, while Mrs. Lea was a guest of her daughter at Rogers. They report an enjoyable trip and visit.

Mrs. R. A. King came in from the ranch last week to spend a few days here with relatives among whom the most important is her new grand-son, who arrived last Friday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Granville. Bob King brought her in from the ranch.

Tom Elliot returned last Friday morning from Fort Worth, where he had been a couple weeks superintending the shearing of 2300 head of sheep belonging to W. E. Campbell. Mr. Elliot reports the sheep as having been placed on a very satisfactory market.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Mann, Mrs. Duke Mann and Raymond and Ralph Plummer came over from Brady Friday, for a visit at the Jimmie Bevans ranch. Saturday afternoon, Jim Mann and Grace Lucile Bevans gave a picnic on the river in honor of their two boy visitors which proved to be a most enjoyable affair.—Menard Messenger.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal C. Estill, accompanied by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Estill, Sr., are here from Grapevine, Texas, to spend a day or two visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Willoughby and other relatives. The party had quite an experience on their trip here, the cold and rainy weather which they encountered Sunday compelled them to abandon their car at Stephenville, and make the balance of the journey by rail.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Cure fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ART SQUARES, LINOLEUM and RUGS at the old PRICE. Save money and buy where you get your money's worth. E. J. BROAD.

Let us figure with you on a Rock Island and John Deere Cultivator. Nothing better made in a Cultivator than we can show you. All new goods. Broad Mercantile Co.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*

LOCAL BRIEFS

The many friends of Clint Zimmerman will be pleased to learn that he is making a splendid recovery from an operation for appendicitis. Clint was operated upon last Thursday, and is feeling so well and strong that only the orders of the doctors keep him in his bed.

The shivery blasts of winter the past few days, caused J. W. Blakeney, who is visiting here this week, a guest of his daughter, Mrs. Albert Rose, to grow reminiscent. He recalled that in June, 1876, McCulloch county experienced a killing frost. Mr. Blakeney chanced to be passing through the Rochelle neighborhood, and there saw corn that had been about waist high, black and wilted.

Our good friend, Bud Crawford, who usually is an evangel of good cheer, allowed his genial features to be slightly overcast with gloom this morning when he reported only a very light shower at Pasche. He says the rain amounted to only 1-4 of an inch, and that his pasture looks as barren of grass as it did in December. Here's hoping better luck next time—and may the next time be soon.

G. W. Anderson of Rochelle was a pleasant visitor at The Standard office Monday. Mr. Anderson is making a remarkable recovery from an operation for appendicitis, and was able to be down town on the thirteenth day following the ordeal. As he is 60 years of age, his vitality is regarded as remarkable. He expects to spend some time at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Emil Samuelson, before returning to his home.

In making mention of the departure from Brady of the number who went to San Antonio to make application for enrollment in the officers reserve corps at the Civilian Training camp to be established at Leon Springs, the name of S. P. Boon was included. Mr. Boon has been asked innumerable times as to his failure to be enrolled. In justice to Mr. Boon, it should be stated (although The Standard lacked information at the time the article was originally written) that Mr. Boon did not accompany the party with the intention of enrolling, but spent the time on a visit with relatives. Oscar Westbrook also accompanied the party to San Antonio, and he also made no effort to secure enrollment.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

AN EMERSON TRAILER.

Will give you service at a minimum cost. Complete line in both two-wheelers and four-wheelers. See them before buying. Prices from \$75 upward. Brady Auto Co.

We still have a few more PLANTERS to offer you. E. J. BROAD.

If it is glassware we can please you. O. D. Mann & Sons.

KILL the BLUE BUGS by feeding Martin's Blue Bug Killer. Your money back if not satisfied. Sold by TRIGG DRUG CO.

How about a Mower or Rake, or Corn Harvester. Better give us your order now. Binders will be hard to get this year, unless you get your orders in early. We sell the Deering & McCormick. Broad Mercantile Co.

Full line of base ball goods. O. D. Mann & Sons.

CREX GRASS RUGS

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Don't be misled by imitations
Be sure it's a CREX

Insist upon the salesman showing you the name C-R-E-X woven in the edge of the side binding—it's the hall-mark of quality, satisfaction and value in grass rugs

You can put CREX in every room in the house—and on the porch—with equal effect, equal satisfaction, equal ECONOMY

Ask your dealer for color-folier or write to us direct—it's FREE

CREX CARPET COMPANY
212 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK

We Carry a Complete Line of "Crex" Rugs

O. D. MANN & SONS

North Side Bible Class No. 1. The South Side Bible class met last Friday with Mrs. J. C. Hall. Quite an interesting lesson was had. The class meets next Friday with Mrs. F. M. Richards for a study of the last seven questions of Esther and first five of Job. It is earnestly requested that all members be present, and others desiring to come are cordially invited.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, 25c.

Full stock of casings and inner tubes at Murphy's. Next to Standard office.
Bicycles. Broad Mercantile Co.

Report of the Condition of THE COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
At Brady, in the State of Texas, at the Close of Business on May 1, 1917

Resources.		
Loans and discounts (except those shown on b and c)	\$697,030.61	\$697,030.61
U. S. Bonds pledged to secure postal savings deposits (par value)	2,000.00	2,000.00
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock		1,500.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)		6,000.00
Value of banking house (if unencumbered)	10,400.00	10,400.00
Furniture and fixtures		7,200.00
Real estate owned other than banking house		9,300.00
Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	1,801.76	
Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	19,261.45	21,063.21
Net amount due from banks and bankers, other than included in 12 or 20		30,280.56
Other checks on banks in the same city or town as reporting bank		2,378.10
Outside checks and other cash items	4,756.31	
Fractional currency, nickels, and cents	727.85	5,484.16
Notes of other national banks		10,467.00
Lawful reserve in vault and net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank		68,876.65
TOTAL		\$871,980.29
Liabilities		
Capital stock paid in		\$130,000.00
Surplus fund		70,000.00
Undivided profits	\$ 58,476.99	
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	10,062.17	48,414.82
Net amount due to banks and bankers other than included in 29 or 30		61,432.55
Individual deposits subject to check		534,650.85
Postal savings deposits		1,472.07
Total demand deposits, Items 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41	536,132.92	
Certificates of deposit		26,000.00
TOTAL		\$871,980.29

State of Texas, County of McCulloch, ss:—I, W. D. Crothers, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. D. CROTHERS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, 1917
H. B. OGDEN, Notary Public. McCulloch County, Texas.

Correct—Attest:
W. E. CAMPBELL,
G. R. WHITE,
LEWIS BROOK,
Directors.

**Report of Condition of
THE BRADY NATIONAL BANK**
At Brady in the State of Texas, at the close of business on
May 1, 1917.

Resources.		
Loans and discounts (except those shown on b and c)	\$197,266.94	\$197,266.94
Overdrafts unsecured	12.26	12.26
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	50,000.00	50,000.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)		3,600.00
Value of banking house (if unencumbered)	26,500.00	26,500.00
Furniture and fixtures		6,095.00
Real estate owned other than banking house		655.32
Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago and St. Louis	3,670.00	
Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	89,559.85	93,229.85
Net amount due from banks and bankers (other than included in 12 or 20)		69,687.74
Outside checks and other cash items	2,468.12	
Fractional currency, nickels and cents	45.00	2,513.12
Notes of other national banks		3,385.00
Federal Reserve notes		1,000.00
Lawful reserve in vault and net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank		37,119.51
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer		2,500.00
TOTAL		\$493,564.74

Liabilities.		
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00
Surplus fund		20,000.00
Undivided profits	\$ 22,992.58	
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	5,344.27	17,648.31
Circulating notes outstanding		50,000.00
Net amount due to banks and bankers (other than included in 29 or 30)		5,209.69
Individual deposits subject to check		300,113.74
Cashier's checks outstanding		593.00
TOTAL		\$493,564.74

State of Texas, County of McCulloch, ss:—I, E. L. Ogden, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. L. OGDEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1917.
S. P. BOON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
C. P. GRAY
J. L. VAUGHN
A. N. BRYSON
Directors.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is the list of letters remaining unclaimed at Brady, Texas, for the week ending May 5, 1917.

Ladies List.

1. Chappel, Mrs. Ida Mae.
2. Davis, Mrs. W. C.
3. Hudson, Mrs. Hattie.

Gentlemen's List.

4. Crumley, Lum.
5. Mitchell, Charley.

When calling for any of the above listed letters please say that they were advertised, and give number and date of advertisement.

A. BURTON REAGAN,
Postmaster.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO GENTLETT fails to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives ease and rest. 50c.

The Magic Washing Stick.

"I received your Magic Washing Sticks and have tried them and think they are just fine. They make the clothes so clear and clean," writes Mrs. Fay Collins, Route 1, Box 20, Ponta, Texas. Washes clothes without rubbing. Guaranteed to please you. Ask the Jones Drug Co., Brady, Texas.

FREE FROM PAIN

And No Longer Nervous, Since Taking Cardui, Says Georgia Lady.

Trenton, Ga.—Mrs. Ellie Gifford, of this place, writes: "I have always suffered . . . but was worse after marriage. I would have . . . pains and misery in my stomach and hips. I would have a bad sick headache every time, which would generally last two days. I had always heard what a good medicine Cardui was, so I thought I would try it. I used two bottles and it helped me.

Fifteen months later I began to be nervous and was worse at my . . . But at these times I did not have any pain and do not now suffer any pain. But I was very nervous, so nervous that my hands would shake. Any noise would make me jump. So I took two more bottles of Cardui. I have never been nervous since . . . and do not have any pain. I think this is all due to Cardui and Black-Draught."

Cardui, the woman's tonic, is composed only of pure, vegetable ingredients, which have been recognized for many years by standard medical books as of medicinal value, in the treatment of many diseases peculiar to women. Try Cardui.

NC-128

Mistakes Location.

A very young wife, in a strange hotel, trying to find her husband, and thinking he was taking a bath, knocked on the bathroom door and said: "Honey, are you there?"

And a strange masculine voice replied: "Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

The Magic Washing Stick.

We want the people of Brady to know that we positively guarantee that the Magic Washing Stick will in fact wash clothes without the use of a washboard or machine, thus saving all the hard work on washday. We will let you try the Magic Washing Stick five times at our risk and if at the end of that time you do not say it is the best thing you ever saw, we will give you your money back. Come and let us explain it to you. The Jones Drug Co., Brady, Texas.

FOR HAULING.

Loads to and from the farm, nothing excels the Emerson trailer. Strong and durable; attach to any car or truck, and drawn with little power. Both two-wheelers and four-wheelers, the latter tracking perfectly with your car. BRADY AUTO CO.

The thing to do in this trying time, is to get your needs figured as far in advance as possible. Material is getting hard to get; the quicker you get what you will need, the better chance you will have getting it. Figure with us now on your future wants. Broad Mercantile Co.

We are making shipments every week, and are in the market for your cattle and hogs. Hanson & Strickland.

How about your watch? Is it keeping correct time? If not, let us remedy the trouble for you. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. F. Grant, jeweler, east side square.

Screen Wire. Broad Mercantile Co.

Phone or write us if you have cattle or hogs for sale. Hanson & Strickland.

CULTIVATORS, SWEEPS, GEORGIA STOCKS, ACME HARROWS. E. J. BROAD.

Attention Autoists!

First-class mechanic and expert electrician at Murphy's garage.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Ex-Senator S. C. Mayfield of Charleston, S. C., who is here with his sister, Mrs. J. H. Martin, assisting in her removal from the city, is one of the distinguished counselors-at-law of that state, and is a man well read and very entertaining conversationally. While here Mr. Mayfield expressed the opinion that the U. S. was now engaged in a war that would draw upon all her vast resources, and that the war would continue for several years.

A letter received by his parents from James D. (Delmar) Connally brings word that he is safely lodged in the training camp at Great Lakes, Illinois (in the vicinity of Chicago.) Delmar writes that he is well pleased with the service so far, and has already done one night's guard duty. He reports that there are 28,000 soldiers in training in the camp, and that a great wall surrounds the camp, while electric wires, heavily charged, prevent anyone from attempting to climb over the walls. No one is allowed to leave the camp after 9:00 o'clock at night, and no one is allowed to come into the camp after that hour of a night. Delmar promises to write more of his experiences in the near future.

The Magic Washing Stick.
"The Magic Washing Stick is the thing—sure will do the work. It makes the clothes so white and clean," says Mrs. M. L. Beaver, Canton, Texas. We want you to try this article at our risk. If you don't like it, it don't cost you one cent. It washes clothes without rubbing. Makes washing a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Call and let us tell you about the Magic Washing Stick. The Jones Drug Co., Brady, Texas.

AUTO TIRES AND INNER TUBES. E. J. BROAD.

De Laval cream separators are the best in the world. O. D. Mann & Sons.

You auto tell your troubles to our expert. Simpson & Co.

Cedar chests keep moths from woollens and furs. O. D. Mann & Sons.

A good AUTO TRUCK FOR SALE OR TRADE. E. J. BROAD.

This is a good time to buy your repairs for your old Deering and McCormick Binders, Row Binders and Mowers and Rakes. Everything in the steel line is getting scarcer every day and by ordering now you will be sure to get your repairs. Broad Mercantile Co.

Full line of sweeps. O. D. Mann & Sons.

IT is time to lay your WATER HOSE. OUR LINE IS OF THE BEST. E. J. BROAD.

All kinds automobile accessories at Murphy's. Next to Standard office.

Remember the date of our demonstration of the Great Majestic Range, May 21st to 26th inclusive, and make your arrangements to come. O. D. Mann & Sons.

When you have auto trouble of any kind, phone 10 or call at our garage. Simpson & Co.

Get your Harvesting Machinery fixed up now, while you can get the repairs. Get orders in to us now. Broad Mercantile Co.

CULTIVATORS—both SHOVEL and DISC. E. J. BROAD.

A nice assortment of clocks to choose from at reasonable prices. O. D. Mann & Sons.

Undoubtedly.

Miss Wilcox had been giving the class an elementary talk upon architecture.

"Now," said she, "can anyone in the class tell me what a buttress is?"

Little Willie arose, his face beaming with a flash of intelligence.

"I know," he shouted, "a buttress is a nanny goat."—Chicago Herald.

**CLEAN UP DAYS
MAY 14 TO 17TH**

Mayor John P. Sheridan, acting upon the suggestion of Aldermen Howard Broad, N. T. Cook and W. F. Roberts, composing the Sanitary committee of the city council has officially proclaimed four days of next week—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 14, 15, 16, and 17th—as BRADY CLEAN UP Days.

Every citizen is requested to have his premises cleaned up and placed in good condition by that time. All rubbish and trash, old cans, bottles and each and every germ catcher or disease breeder, should be cleared out and hauled to the dump grounds. Citizens who are able to do so, are expected to have this hauling done at their own expense. Those who are unable to have the hauling done, should gather their rubbish in piles, easy of access, and the city will, on the above-named four days, place the dump wagon on the job. The cleaning up and hauling will be in a systematic manner, the city being divided into sections and every bit of offal or trash in streets or alleys, together with that gathered by citizens, will be carted away.

All citizens should take notice of this "request," and see that their property is in good shape. Following the clean up days, the sanitary committee, accompanied by City Health Officer Granville, will make a thorough inspection of every town lot and premise in Brady, and failure to take such notice of the foregoing clean-up request will result in complaint being filed against the offender.

Each and every citizen's patriotic duty is to protect himself, his neighbor and his city against any dangers of disease or epidemic arising from the preventable causes. You can be patriotic at small cost and with but little effort. Do your duty today!

LET US DEMONSTRATE.
The Emerson two-wheel or four-wheel trailer, and prove to splendid investment. Priced from \$75 up. BRADY AUTO CO.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING is on US. You save DOLLARS in BUYING from E. J. BROAD.

We want to sell you McCormick & Deering Binder Twine. If you are going to need twine, you will not go wrong in buying now. Broad Mercantile Co.

We sell the New Perfection stoves. O. D. Mann & Sons.

Don't sell your cattle and hogs without getting our bid. Hanson & Strickland.

I have a good MAXWELL ROADSTER in good condition at a BARGAIN. E. J. BROAD.

We now have the service of an expert mechanic and electrician, and are prepared to handle all your work. Simpson & Co.

Hardware of all kinds—ICE BOXES, ICE CREAM FREEZERS. E. J. BROAD.

A Difference.
The class in spelling was asked to state the difference between "results" and "consequences."

One bright-eyed little miss replied: "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."—Country Gentleman.

Large stock Hardware. Broad Mercantile Co.

We want to buy your cattle and hogs. Hanson & Strickland.

YOU HAD BETTER BUY YOUR CULTIVATOR this season and you will save at least \$15. E. J. BROAD.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. F. A. Knox has returned from Brownwood, where she visited relatives last week for a few days.

Mrs. H. W. McGhee is spending several days a guest of relatives in Brownwood. She expects to return home tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blakeney of San Antonio are guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. F. Rose, and family, and will spend a week or two here.

Miss A. H. Savage, who has been a guest of her brother, John Savage, and friends in the city the past several weeks, returned last Thursday to her home at Bay City, Mich.

Virgil Reynolds is here from Midland for a visit a week or so with relatives. He reports himself well pleased with his new location, and expects to return there after a short vacation.

F. M. Butler and son, C. D., were business visitors in Brady today, and made The Standard office a pleasant visit, being very much interested in the operation of The Standard's new linotype machine.

Emmett Fleming, who left a few weeks ago for Naples, Texas, has returned and says nothing can beat Brady in his opinion. In fact, he is so well pleased with Brady that he expects to again locate among us.

W. R. Dickens of Eden was in the city Monday enroute to Leon Springs, where he will enter the training camp for the officers reserve corps. Mr. Dickens just recently was released from the service as a member of the National Guard. He is quite well known in Brady, having been a fellow-student at A. & M. with a number of McCulloch county boys.

Mrs. J. H. Martin and family, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Coke Martin, of Ardmore, Okla., returned yesterday morning from Brownwood, and the many friends of the family will regret to learn that they are arranging to remove to Brownwood, where they will again make their home. Mrs. Martin's brother, ex-Senator S. C. Mayfield, of Charleston, S. C., accompanied them here.

Drives Out Malaria. Builds Up System
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

HACKS and BUGGIES at close-out prices. E. J. BROAD.

Get a Perfection Oil Stove—either in the long or short burner. We will make you the right price on an oil stove. Broad Mercantile Co.

We are agents for the "CREX" rugs advertised in this paper. Look that ad up and see what we are offering. O. D. Mann & Sons.

I HAVE a FORD ROADSTER and one 5-PASSENGER CAR at a BARGAIN. E. J. BROAD.

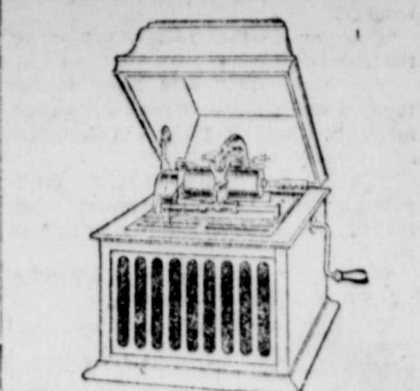
Cutlery. O. D. Mann & Sons.

Puzzled.
Friend—I suppose deafness is a source of annoyance to you? Last night for instance, I danced with a most charming young lady, and I would give a good deal to know whether she compared my dancing to a "zephyr" or a "heifer."—Ex.

She Didn't Overlook the Chance.
One of Yale's best football men, who is as generous in praise of the work of his fellow-athletes as he is modest concerning his own, was showing a girl he had known some time about the practice field.

"See Harkins, over there?" he asked, pointing to one of the substitutes. "In a year he'll be our best man."

"Oh, Charlie!" exclaimed the girl, blushing. "This is so sudden."



\$35.00 For this EDISON and 10 Records
B. L. MALONE & COMPANY

TAN-NO-MORE
The Skin Beautifier
The most scientific and most wonderful facial preparation of the modern age. It imparts to the skin a velvety softness and delicacy which is delightful in appearance and pleasing to its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening it assures a faultless complexion. All dealers 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.
Baker-Wheeler Mfg. Co., Dallas, Tex.

To Firemen's Convention.

Messrs. Frank and Irvine Hurd and F. Y. Jackson left yesterday for San Angelo as delegates to the State Firemen's convention which meets in that city May 8, 9 and 10th. The firemen's convention is one of the most appreciated of outings for the fire boys, as it enables them to fraternize with the fire boys from other cities and parts of the state, to exchange ideas and opinions, and to generally profit by one another's experience.

A CHILD HATES OIL. CALOMEL, PILLS FOR LIVER AND BOWELS.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" If Cross, Sick, Feverish, Constipated.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. See that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

An ice cream freezer comes in handy nowadays. O. D. Mann & Sons.

The Freshie sat on the burning deck; As far as we could learn, He sat in perfect safety, For he was too green to burn. —Ex.

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE CATHARTIC AND LIVER TONIC

LAX-FOS is not a Secret or Patent Medicine but is composed of the following old-fashioned roots and herbs:

- CASCARA BARK
- BLUE FLAG ROOT
- RHUBARB ROOT
- BLACK ROOT
- MAY APPLE ROOT
- SENNA LEAVES
- AND PEPSIN

In LAX-FOS the CASCARA is improved by the addition of these digestive ingredients making it better than ordinary CASCARA, and thus the combination acts not only as a stimulating laxative and cathartic but also as a digestive and liver tonic. Syrup laxatives are weak, but LAX-FOS combines strength with palatable, aromatic taste and does not gripe or disturb the stomach. One bottle will prove LAX-FOS is invaluable for Constipation, Indigestion or Torpid Liver. Price 50c.