

## Correspondence Stationery

Everyone has need for good correspondence stationery—and in this line we excel. Call and see our complete line, or, in passing, notice the exceptional value displayed in our show window.

### Jones Drug Co.,

The Rexall Store On the Corner

### MOVE FORD GARAGE.

New Show Room in Rice Building on West Side.

The Ford garage, together with accessories and supplies, which have, for the past year or more been carried at the Brady Auto Co.'s stand, were moved on the 1st of the month to the Rice building on the west side of the square, which will be equipped as a display room and garage. The business will, in future, be conducted under the firm name of J. H. Hill. W. B. McKenzie will have charge of the book and the office work, and Otis Turney will continue in charge of the garage. A complete stock of accessories will be carried as well as lubricating oils.

### NOTICE.

Anyone wishing to settle their delinquent taxes, will pay to W. H. Ballou & Co. during the absence of Miss Loise Bradley.

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

### Buy Chalmers Cars.

J. P. Shafer of Voca was in town yesterday buying lumber for a garage to house his new automobile—a Chalmers 5-passenger just purchased from Mann, Ricks & Co. Ira Mayhew of this city is also the proud possessor of a Chalmers purchased yesterday through the local agency. Messrs. Hall and Ricks are well pleased with prospects and expect to have several other sales to report in the near future.

### NOTICE.

Dance at Skating Rink Friday night, June 8th. Music by the Mexican orchestra.

### A Model Garden.

Tom Jordan can easily lay claim to championship honors in Brady as the possessor of a model garden. Last fall Mr. Jordan placed a dam across Live Oak, which runs through his place west of town, but on account of the prolonged dry spell, he had given up hopes of getting water for irrigation purposes. When the rain first put water in the creek some three weeks ago, Mr. Jordan made his first preparations for the irrigation of his garden, and now already has a world of radishes, turnips and other early vegetables ready for the market, and within a very short time will have almost every imaginable variety of vegetable.

To give us first-hand information as to his success, Mr. Jordan left with us yesterday morning a bunch of the largest most tender and succulent radishes we have ever seen. The radishes were from six to eight or more inches in length, were firm and sweet, without the least indication of pith or bitter pulp. In fact, everyone who has seen his radishes is ready to admit that South Texas can offer nothing to compare. Mr. Jordan is justly proud of his garden, and can give amateur gardeners some good pointers on how to feed West Texas.

### TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH INSURANCE CO., "GOTA":

You are hereby notified to meet on Saturday, the 16th day of June, 1917, at 3:00 o'clock in Brady to elect delegates to a convention in Round Rock, Texas, and to attend to such other matters as may properly come before the meeting.

C. A. ANDERSON,  
Vice-President.  
Brady, Texas, June 5, 1917.

## PHONE SYSTEM READY JUNE 23RD

F. W. Greber, General Manager, Here from Brownwood Yesterday—Is Well Pleased.

F. W. Greber, general manager of the West Texas Telephone Co., was in the city from Brownwood yesterday, inspecting the progress of the work on the new system. He reports that while the work has proceeded slowly, it was through no fault other than inability to secure material as fast as they desired. At present the local crew of men are up with their work, and all that remains for them to do is to take up the ragged ends. Several small cables will be removed and loose wires in the down town district are to be eliminated having been replaced by large cables, giving the overhead wiring a neat and compact appearance. Between two and three weeks' work still remains to be done by the Western Electric corps of workmen, who are installing the new system. Most of the material for this work is on hand, and what is not will probably be received in time to allow the completion of the installation to continue uninterrupted.

A change has been made in the plans for cutting over from the old to the new system. The cutting over will very likely be done on Saturday night, June 23rd, after which, instead of ringing central, all that will be necessary will be to lift the receiver from the hook. During the following week the old phones will be replaced by the handsome new enameled iron telephones.

Mr. Greber is highly pleased with the new system, and while the company has good systems at Brownwood, Ballinger and other places, he says the Brady system will compare with the very best anywhere. The securing of quarters in the Masonic temple complete the ideal conditions for the new phone system, inasmuch as the building is entirely fire-proof. Besides this, the building is far enough removed from town so as to enjoy a comparative quiet; the securing of the entire second floor gives ample room, and the elevation and south exposure make the quarters cool and ideal in every respect.

Brady is proud of the progress and improvement made during the past twelve months, and among these, not the least in importance is her new telephone system.

If you want the best kind of a buggy cheap, let us sell you a Hercules. O. D. Mann & Sons.

## CLOUD BURST ON LAST SATURDAY

Torrential Downpour in South End of County—Lost Creek Bridge Washed Out.

The most torrential downpour recalled by many of McCulloch county's older citizens fell last Saturday afternoon over a wide strip of country in the south and southwest parts of the county. From all reports it is apparent that the rainfall was nothing short of a water-spout. One man reported that in the Voca community an empty molasses bucket, ten inches in depth, had been filled to overflowing, and another reported nine inches of water having been caught in an ordinary wash tub which had been left out in the open.

The San Saba river rose almost immediately following the rain, and the quickest any of the citizens remember. At Voca the rise in the river attained between 12 and 15 feet. Lost Creek became a raging torrent, and the low water bridge in the Lost Creek community was washed out and carried down stream for several miles, being dashed into fragments. Out on the London road, the farm of J. H. Bradshaw, which is comparative level and was never known to wash, was washed down to hard dirt.

The rain began shortly after 4:00 o'clock Saturday afternoon. None was had towards the north and northwest end of the county, and in Brady the downpour amounted to only a good shower. A heavy cloud lay towards the south and southwest, but nothing unusual was thought of until reports of the great rain were received. Out towards the Nine community the rain was about the same as at Brady as far as the Dave Harkrider place. At the Harkrider place about three inches of rain was had and farther south through the Calf Creek community about five inches is reported, while farther on towards the river and southeast of Calf Creek the downpour was terrific. Much hail accompanied the rain and a great part of the country was laid waste by rain and hail.

The rain appears to have fallen in about an hour's time, and the great rush of water filled the river and the various creek faster than was ever known. A bridge near Pontotoc and another across Comanche creek in Mason county, were washed away, and in the Field Creek community, a house standing on blocks two feet high and which had never before been troubled by overflow, was said to have been four feet deep in water.

## Photo Enlarging

By our Special Equipment, we are enabled to make enlargings from ordinary cabinet size photos. These enlargings are faithful copies of the original, are finished in soft, beautiful tones, and make appreciated gifts or home adornments. And the price is very reasonable.

SEE OUR DISPLAY

### St. Clair's Studio

## BAPTIST MEETING BEGINS SUNDAY

Preaching to be Done by Rev. Taylor—Services Will Continue Indefinitely.

Rev. J. H. Taylor announces the beginning of the protracted meeting at the Baptist church next Sunday. Rev. and Mrs. Aithe Shelton of Burleson college, Greenville, are expected to lead in song service and to give special music. Preaching will be done by the pastor. Two services will be held daily, at 10:00 o'clock in the morning, and at 8:15 at night. All Christians are invited to come and help. All who are not Christians are invited to come and be helped.

### TO REPLACE BRIDGE.

Commissioners Court Calls for Bids on June 13th.

Commissioners court met yesterday in called session to consider the replacing of the bridge over Lost Creek, which had been washed out during the big rain Saturday afternoon. This is the second time this bridge has been swept away by the raging torrent of water, only the piers and a few stringers remaining. Both bridges were low water bridges, built of steel on concrete foundations, and laid with wooden floors, the length being about 125 feet.

The commissioners yesterday decided it would be necessary to replace the structure with a high water bridge, and accordingly have notified various bridge building concerns that bids will be received on June 13th for the construction of such a bridge.

Niisse Principal at Georgetown. According to an item in the Georgetown Commercial, C. J. Niisse, formerly principal of the Brady high school, has been elected principal of the schools at that place.

ONE GOOD LARGE REFRIGERATOR—BEEN USED A LITTLE. MAKE YOU LOW PRICE. E. J. BROAD.

Herrick refrigerators maintain a dry cold with other sanitary features. You can keep your matches in them and they will always strike or put foods in them that usually taint other foods without their doing it. O. D. Mann & Sons.

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

### WARNING.

It is a violation of the City ordinances to stake live stock of any kind on streets, alleys or sidewalks within the city limits, and this is to give warning that this law will be strictly enforced. L. BAKER, City Marshal.

By Order of N. T. COOK, W. F. ROBERTS, A. H. BROAD, Street Committee.

## ANNUAL MEETING TOMORROW NIGHT

Brady Y. M. B. L. Will Entertain Members and Visitors. Election of Officers.

Practically all preparations for the annual meeting of Brady Y. M. B. L. for tomorrow night have been completed, and a rousing big time is being anticipated. Invitation is extended every member of the league and every one interested in the work of the league to come and spend the evening with us. A short program of interesting addresses, interspersed with music by Brady's own Concert band, has been arranged, and at the conclusion, election of officers for the ensuing year will be had, and directors will be voted upon. Following this light refreshments will be served.

The program reads as follows:

- Toastmaster ..... Jim Mann
- Opening Concert. Brady Concert Band
- "Pleasant Words" .....
- J. T. Freeman, Pres.
- Music ..... Brady Concert Band
- "The City and the Citizens" .....
- Bailey Jones
- Music ..... Brady Concert Band
- "Y. Men B Long" ..... Sam McCollum
- Music ..... Brady Concert Band
- "The Patriots" ..... Joe A. Adkins
- Music ..... Brady Concert Band
- "The Newspaper and the Town" .....
- M. S. Sellers
- Music ..... Brady Concert Band
- "A Few Remarks" ..... C. A. Trigg
- Music ..... Brady Concert Band
- Election of Officers
- Secretary's Report ..... F. R. Wulff
- "Star Spangled Banner" .....
- Brady Concert Band

- "Please Pass a Sandwich"
- "Are You in Love?—Here's a Pickle"
- "What'll you Have to Drink—Lemonade, Coffee or Water?"
- "The Smoky Trail"

### LAST CALL!

This is final notice that all automobilists exceeding the speed limit of 15 miles within the city limits, will be subject to arrest and prosecution. This ordinance will be strictly enforced!

L. BAKER, City Marshal.

Columbia Grafonolas. O. D. Mann & Sons.

### REGISTRATION DAY.

Young Men Wait in Line for Opportunity to Register.

Ever since the registration polls opened at 7:00 o'clock this morning there has been a line-up of from ten to twenty-five men awaiting their turn to answer the questions of the registration board. Up to noon 150 had been registered in Brady and it is anticipated that over 200 will have registered before the polls close.

The polls will be held open until 9:00 o'clock tonight to give all an opportunity to do their duty as the President asks and as the law requires.



## Correct Dress For Men and Boys

### Shirts, Ties, Hosiery and Underwear

OUR GOODS ARE RIGHT—OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT

Men's Athletic Union Suits \$1.00  
Boy's Athletic Union Suits 65c

E. & W. Shirts at \$1.00 to \$1.50  
Manhattan Shirts \$2.00 to \$3.00



## ALL WOOL Summer Suits

### Light Weight Serges and Tropical Worsteds

Guaranteed all Wool Materials and Perfectly Tailored.....\$16.50 and \$20.00

Cool Cloth Suits at \$8.50 and \$10.00

### Palm Beach Suits

All Sizes---All Colors  
Stouts, Slims, Regulars  
Your Choice.....\$7.50

### BOYS' SUMMER SUITS

"Nittier Than Dads"  
\$5.00 to \$7.50  
C. H. Vincent  
DRY GOODS  
SOUTH SIDE



Phone Your Ice  
Wants to 125



Mann Bros. Ice Co.

**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  
Entered as second class matter May 17, 1910, at postoffice at Brady, 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 responsibility for any indebtedness incurred by any employe, unless upon the written order of the editor.  
Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling 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, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged for at the regular rates.

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

BRADY, TEXAS, June 5, 1917.

**CONSCRIPTION IN CANADA.**

Will Canada be forced to enact conscription laws, such as have just gone into effect in the United States, or will it become a country of slackers?

Canada has sent four of five divisions to the battle front in Europe. It was the real battle front to which these splendid troops went and their numbers have been so decimated in desperate fighting that to keep the divisions up to their full strength constant recruiting has been necessary.

The number of recruits has recently been falling off, particularly has this been so in Quebec. The Christian Science Monitor is authority for the statement that from May 1 to May 15 the total number of recruits in Quebec was only twenty-one, despite public meetings being held and other efforts made to encourage enlistment.

The United States has its own grievances, its own insults and injuries to be resented and avenged and is in this war not solely on that ground either but, as President Wilson stated, the American people are fighting for the "principles of humanity."

With the allegiance Canada owes England, with the straits in which Great Britain finds itself, how much greater is the obligation resting upon Canada than it is on the United States and this country has enacted the necessary laws to call to the colors the very flower of its young men. Now let Canada do the same.—Austin American.

**PENROD**

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

Copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, 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 alleging loss of sleep because of a drunken uncle.

The teacher sympathizes with Penrod's aunt because of her wayward husband, and it then develops that Penrod has been lying.

Penrod, Sam Williams and two colored boys, Herman and Verman, get up a big show to entertain the town.

Verman makes a decided hit, but Roderick Magworth Bitts, Jr., says the show is a failure. Penrod asks him if he is a relation of Rena Magworth, a murderer.

Roderick, seeking fame, says she is his aunt. Roderick's mother finds him posing as a nephew of the murderer and stops the circus.

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.

Rupe Collins, a very tough boy, bullies Penrod and at once becomes a great hero in Penrod's eyes.

Penrod tries to be a tough boy himself. He arouses fear in the hearts of Sam Williams, Herman and Verman by describing Rupe's bullying tactics.

Rupe tries to intimidate Herman and Verman, and the two little colored boys speedily drive him off the place.

**CHAPTER XVII.**  
"Little Gentleman."

**M**EANWHILE the brooding Penrod pursued his homeward way; no great distance, but long enough for several one-sided conflicts with malign insulters made of thin air. "You better not call me that!" he muttered. "You just try it, and you'll get what other people got when they tried it. You better not sock fresh with me. Oh, you will, will you?" He delivered a vicious kick full upon the shin of an iron fence post, which suffered little, though Penrod instantly regretted his indiscretion. "Oof!" he grunted, hopping, and went on after bestowing a look of awful hostility upon the fence post. "I guess you'll know better next time," he said in parting to this antagonist. "You just let me catch you around here again and I'll—" His voice sank to inarticulate but ominous murmurings. He was in a dangerous mood.

Nearing home, however, his belligerent spirit was diverted to happier interests by the discovery that some workmen had left a cauldron of tar in the cross street close by his father's stable. He tested it, but found it inedible; also as a substitute for professional chewing gum it was unsatisfactory, being insufficiently boiled down and too thin, though of a pleasant, lukewarm temperature. But it had an excess of one quality—it was sticky. It was the stickiest tar Penrod had ever used for any purposes whatsoever, and nothing upon which he wiped his hands served to rid them of it, neither his polka dotted shirtwaist nor his knickerbockers; neither the fence nor even Duke, who came unthinkingly wagging out to greet him and retired wiser.

Nevertheless tar is tar. Much can be done with it, no matter what its condition. So Penrod lingered by the cauldron, though from a neighboring yard could be heard the voices of comrades, including that of Sam Williams. On the ground about the cauldron were scattered chips and sticks and bits of wood to the number of a great multitude. Penrod mixed quantities of this refuse into the tar and interested himself in seeing how much of it he could keep moving in slow swirls upon the ebon surface.

Other surprises were arranged for the absent workmen. The cauldron was almost full and the surface of the tar near the rim. Penrod endeavored to ascertain how many pebbles and brick bats dropped in would cause an overflow. Laboring heartily to this end, he had almost accomplished it when he received the suggestion for an experiment on a much larger scale. Embedded at the corner of a grass plot across the street was a whitewashed stone the size of a small watermelon and serving no purpose whatever save the questionable one of decoration. It was easily gripped up with a stick, though getting it to the cauldron tested the full strength of the ardent laborer. Instructed to perform such a task, he would have sincerely maintained its impossibility, but now, as it was unbidden and promised rather destructive results, he set about it with unconquerable energy, feeling certain that he would be rewarded with a mighty splash. Perspiring, grunting vehemently, his back aching and all muscles strained, he progressed in short stages until the big stone lay at the base of the cauldron. He rested a moment, panting, then lifted the stone and was bending his shoulders for the heave that would lift it over the rim when a sweet, taunting voice close behind him startled him cruelly.

"How do you do, little gentleman?" Penrod squawked, dropped the stone and shouted, "Shut up, you dern fool!" purely from instinct, even before his about face made him aware who had so spitefully addressed him.

It was Marjorie Jones. Always dainty, and prettily dressed, she was in speckless and starched white today, and a refreshing picture she made, with the new shorn and powerfully scented Mitchy-Mitch clinging to her hand. They had stolen up behind the taller and now stood laughing together in sweet merriment. Since the passing of Penrod's Rupe Collins period he had experienced some severe qualms at the recollection of his last meeting with Marjorie and his Apache behavior—in truth, his heart instantly became as wax at sight of her and he would have offered her fair speech. But, alas, in Marjorie's wonderful eyes there shone a consciousness of new powers for his undoing, and she denied him opportunity!

"Oh, oh!" she cried, mocking his pained outcry. "What a way for a little gentleman to talk! Little gentlemen don't say wicked!"

"Marjorie!" Penrod, enraged and dismayed, felt himself stung beyond all endurance. Insult from her was bitterer to endure than from any other.

"Don't you call me that again!"

"Why not, little gentleman?" He stamped his foot. "You better stop!"

Marjorie sent into his furious face her lovely, spiteful laughter.

"Little gentleman, little gentleman, little gentleman!" she said deliberately.

"How's the little gentleman this afternoon? Hello, little gentleman!"

Penrod, quite beside himself, danced eccentrically. "Dry up!" he howled.

"Dry up, dry up, dry up, dry up!"

Mitchy-Mitch shouted with delight and applied a finger to the side of the cauldron—a finger immediately snatched away and wiped upon a handkerchief by his fastidious sister.

"Little gentleman!" said Mitchy-Mitch.

"You better look out!" Penrod whirled upon this small offender with grim satisfaction. Here was at least something male that could without dishonor be held responsible. "You say that again and I'll give you the worst!"

"You will not!" snapped Marjorie, instantly vitriolic. "He'll say just what ever he wants to, and he'll say it just as much as he wants to. Say it again, Mitchy-Mitch!"

"Little gentleman!" said Mitchy-Mitch promptly.

"Ow-yah!" Penrod's tone production was becoming affected by his mental condition. "You say that again and I'll—"

"Go on, Mitchy-Mitch," cried Marjorie. "He can't do a thing. He don't dare! Say it some more, Mitchy-Mitch—say it a whole lot!"

Mitchy-Mitch, with his small, fat face shining with confidence in his immunity, complied.

"Little gentleman!" he squeaked malevolently. "Little gentleman! Little gentleman! Little gentleman!"

The desperate Penrod bent over the whitewashed rock, lifted it and then, outdoing Portibus, John Ridd and Ursus in one miraculous burst of strength—heaved it into the air.

Marjorie screamed.

But it was too late. The big stone descended into the precise midst of the cauldron and Penrod got his mighty splash. It was far, far beyond his expectations.

Spontaneously there were grand and awful effects—volcanic spectacles of nightmare and eruption. A black sheet of eccentric shape rose out of the cauldron and descended upon the three children, who had no time to evade it.

After it fell, Mitchy-Mitch, who stood nearest the cauldron, was the thickest, though there was enough for all. Bre'r Rabbit would have fled from any of them.

When Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch got their breath, they used it vocally, and seldom have more penetrating sounds issued from human throats. Coincidentally Marjorie, quite berserk, laid hands upon the largest stick within reach and fell upon Penrod with blind fury. He had the presence of mind to flee, and they went round and round the cauldron, while Mitchy-Mitch feebly endeavored to follow—his appearance, in this pursuit, being pathetically like that of a bug fished out of an inkwell, alive but discouraged.

Attracted by the riot, Samuel Williams made his appearance, vaulting a fence and was immediately followed by Maurice Levy and George Bassett. They stared indelicately at the extraordinary spectacle before them.

"Little gentleman!" shrieked Marjorie, with a wild stroke that landed full upon Penrod's tarry cap.

"Oooh!" bleated Penrod.

"It's Penrod!" shouted Sam Williams, recognizing him by the voice. For an instant he had been in some doubt.

"Penrod Schofield!" exclaimed George Bassett. "What does this mean?" That was George's style, and had helped to win him his title.

Marjorie leaped, panting upon her stick. "I called him a little—oh—gentleman! And oh—lul—look—oh, lul—look at my du—dress! Lul—look at Mummy—oh—Mitchy—oh!"

Unexpectedly she smote again—with results—and then, seizing the indistinguishable hand of Mitchy-Mitch, she ran walling homeward down the street.

"Little gentleman?" said George Bassett, with some evidences of disturbed complacency. "Why, that's

what they call me!"

"Yes, and you are one, too!" shouted the maddened Penrod. "But you better not let anybody call me that! I've stood enough around here for one day, and you can't run over me, George Bassett. Just you put that in your gizzard and smoke it!"

"Anybody has a perfect right," said George, with dignity. "To call a person a little gentleman. There's lots of names nobody ought to call, but this one's a nice!"

"You better look out!" Unavenged bruises were distributed all over Penrod, both upon his body and upon his spirit. Driven by subtle forces he had dipped his hands in catastrophe and disaster. It was not for a George Bassett to bend him. Penrod was about to run amuck.

"I haven't called you a little gentleman, yet," said George. "I only said it. Anybody's got a right to say it."

"Not around me! You just try it again!"

"I shall say it," returned George. "All I please. Anybody in this town has a right to say 'little gentleman!'"

Bellowing insanely, Penrod plunged his right hand into the cauldron, rushed upon George and made awful work of his hair and features.

Alas, it was but the beginning! Sam Williams and Maurice Levy screamed with delight and, simultaneously infected, danced about the struggling pair, shouting frantically:

"Little gentleman! Little gentleman! Sick him, George! Sick him, little gentleman! Little gentleman! Little gentleman!"

The infuriated outlaw turned upon them with blows and more tar, which gave George Bassett his opportunity and later seriously impaired the purity of his fame. Feeling himself hopelessly tarred, he dipped both hands repeatedly into the cauldron and applied his gatherings to Penrod. It was bringing coals to Newcastle, but it helped to assuage the just wrath of George.

The four boys gave a fine imitation of the Laocoon group complicated by an extra figure—frantic splutterings and shakings, strange cries and stranger words issued from this tangle; hands dipped lavishly into the inexhaustible reservoir of tar, with more and more picturesque results. The cauldron had been elevated upon bricks and was not perfectly balanced, and under a heavy impact of the struggling group it lurched and went partly over, pouring forth a Stygian tide which formed a deep pool in the gutter.

It was the fate of Master Roderick Bitts, that exclusive and immaculate person, to make his appearance upon the chaotic scene at this juncture. All in the cool of a white "sailor suit," he turned aside from the path of duty—which led straight to the house of a maiden aunt—and paused to hop with joy upon the sidewalk. A repeated epithet, continuously half-panted, half-squawked, somewhere in the nest of gladiators, caught his ear, and he took it up excitedly, not knowing why.

"Little gentleman!" shouted Roderick, jumping up and down in childish glee. "Little gentleman! Little gentleman! Little gentleman!"

A frightful figure tore itself free from the group, encircled this innocent bystander with a black arm and hurled him headlong. Full length and flat on his face went Roderick into the Stygian pool. The frightful figure was Penrod. Instantly the pack flung themselves upon him again, and, carrying them with him, he went over upon Roderick, who from that instant was as active a belligerent as any there.

Thus began the great tar fight, the origin of which proved afterward so difficult for parents to trace owing to the opposing accounts of the combatants. Marjorie said Penrod began it; Penrod said Mitchy-Mitch began it; Sam Williams said George Bassett began it; George and Maurice Levy said Penrod began it; Roderick Bitts, who had not recognized his first assailant, said Sam Williams began it.

Nobody thought of accusing the barber. But the barber did not begin it. It was the fly on the barber's nose that

began it, though, of course, something else began the fly. Somehow the nose

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manage to hang the real offender. The end came only with the arrival of Penrod's mother, who had been having a painful conversation by telephone with Mrs. Jones, the mother of Marjorie, came forth to seek her errant son. It is a mystery how she was able to pick out her own, for by the time she got there his voice was too hoarse to be recognizable.

(To be Continued.)



Rate: 5c Per Line Per Issue

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

**FOR SALE—Dining room set, piano, writing desk and household articles. See Mrs. T. P. Grant, Brady.**

**FOR RENT—Small furnished house; one large room, sleeping porch and bath. Suitable two young men, or for light house keeping. Phone 163. Brady Standard.**

**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.

**CULTIVATORS AT LESS THAN FACTORY COST. E. J. BROAD.**

Water coolers. O. D. Mann & Sons.

See Macy & Co. for "Nutra-line" feed for horses, cows and hogs; or phone orders to 295.

New rubber hose from 10c, to 15c per ft. Cotton hose 12 1-2c. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**RUBBER HOSE. E. J. BROAD.**

**A Quarter's Worth.**

The kindly old squire was giving a little treat to the village school children. After tea he stepped onto the platform and announced with a beaming smile:

"Now I am going to perform certain actions and you must guess what proverb they represent. The boy or girl who succeeds first will receive a quarter."

That did it. Instantly every eye was fixed on him.

First of all, the old gentleman lay down on the platform. Then one man came forward and tried in vain to lift him. Two others came to his aid and between them they raised the squire, who rather was portly.

The actions were meant to represent the motto, "Union Is Strength." When they had finished, the squire stepped forward and asked if any child had solved the puzzle.

At once a grubby hand shot up and an eager voice squeaked: "Let sleeping dogs lie"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**CONSTIPATION**

**And Sour Stomach Caused This Lady Much Suffering. Black-Draught Relieved.**

Meadorsville, Ky.—Mrs. Pearl Patrick, of this place, writes: "I was very constipated. I had sour stomach and was so uncomfortable. I went to the doctor. He gave me some pills. They weakened me and seemed to tear up my digestion. They would gripe me and afterwards it seemed I was more constipated than before."

I heard of Black-Draught and decided to try it. I found it just what I needed. It was an easy laxative, and not bad to swallow. My digestion soon improved. I got well of the sour stomach, my bowels soon seemed normal no more gripping, and I would take a dose now and then, and was in good shape."

I cannot say too much for Black-Draught for it is the finest laxative one can use."

Theodore's Black-Draught has for many years been found of great value in the treatment of stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Easy to take, gentle and reliable in its action, leaving no bad after-effects, it has won the praise of thousands of people who have used it.



A Frightful Figure Tore Itself Free From the Group, Encircled This Innocent Bystander With a Black Arm.



**AT CAMP FUNSTON.**

**Life in Officers Reserve Camp Graphically Described.**

Life in the Officers Reserve camp at Camp Funston (Leon Springs) is graphically described by E. E. Murphy, in the San Angelo Standard. Mr. Murphy in company with four others, having recently returned from the camp, having been rejected for various reasons.

"There are nearly 3,000 men in training at the camp to say nothing of the 1,000 regulars who are on duty there, and the several hundred National guardsmen and officers who have charge of the training. The training camp is 23 miles west of San Antonio.

"At the camp the men are quartered and 150 motor trucks are operating between San Antonio and the camp, hauling supplies, etc.

"At the camp the men are quartered in frame barracks, about seventy-five men to the building, or two barracks for every company. Cots and blankets are furnished, but if the boys want mattresses they just fill them with hay which they can pull from a stack on the grounds. Other equipment issued includes a uniform, four pair of pants, khaki trousers, regulation army shoes, two wool shirts, and a fatigue blouse which must be worn in the evening.

"The camp is kept in a perfect sanitary condition. There is a gymnasium, a hospital, a bank, a post office, a quartermaster's depot, on the grounds. The bank and commissary are operated by the government on the profit-sharing basis and all profits are used in procuring better food.

"The physical examination is rigid and many applicants have been rejected for minor defects. All recruits are inoculated against typhus as soon as they arrive at the camp.

"There is something doing at the camp all the time, and the three months training promises to work some real vitality into the young men, and equip them for hard service. The first call comes at 5:54 in the morning and the last at 9:45, and the last call is for bedtime. Each company has a mess hall, in which paid cooks and waiters prepare and serve the meals and the men are not required to do camp duty. The menu varies each week, and is about as follows for one week:

"Breakfast—coffee, light bread, oat meal, fried potatoes occasionally, and a light hash; Lunch—canned corn, bread, coffee, and more hash; Dinner—canned fish, potatoes and hash again. This menu is varied each week and proves appetizing, as all food is well prepared. There is no butter for one's bread or cream for coffee, however; nor ice tea, while such a thing as a cold bottle of beer is absolutely tabooed, as is all idleness, including cards, etc. Visitors are allowed to visit the camp, but not remain.

Following were the list of calls, duties, etc., observed last week: 1st call for reveille, 5:45 a. m.; reveille, 5:55; assembly, 6:00; (Calisthenics without arms to), 6:10; Mess call, 6:30; Sick call, 7:00; Inspection of quarters, 7:05; 1st call for drill, 7:15; Assembly, 7:20; Recall, 12:00 m.; Mess Call, 12:15 p. m.; 1st call for drill, 1:40; Assembly, 1:45; Recall, 4:25; N. C. O. school, 4:35-5:00; Sick call 4:40; 1st Sergeant call, 4:50; 1st Call for retreat, 5:25; Assembly 5:30; Retreat, 5:35; (Parade, review or company drill for twenty minutes after retreat, also company inspection of arms.) Recall, 5:55; Mess Call, 6:15; Lectures, etc., 7:00-7:20; Call to quarters, 7:30; Tattoo, 9:30; Taps, 9:45.

**Sundays and Holidays.**  
"1st Call for reveille, 6:15 a. m.; reveille, 6:25; Assembly, 6:30; Mess Call, 7:00; Sick Call, 7:30.

Let us help you keep out the flies by furnishing you screen wire. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**CROQUET SETS.** E. J. BROAD.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hitchcock*

**PERSONAL MENTION.**

Walter Caldwell made a trip to Brownwood Monday night.

Oscar Squyres went to Brownwood on business last night.

J. A. Butler, one of our good Nine friends, made us a pleasant call yesterday.

Mrs. Clara Millerkin left Saturday for Brownwood, where she will be a guest of Miss Laura Steffins.

M. E. Abernathy leaves tonight for Brownwood to attend the summer normal at that place.

O'Farrell Craddock has accepted a position as office assistant with the W. M. Murphy & Co. garage.

Misses Virginia and Bernice Hall returned last week from Denton, where they have been attending the College of Industrial Arts.

Mrs. R. H. Weesner arrived last week from Ada, Okla., and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Ewing, at Nine, and relatives and friends here.

Nath Cooper left last night for Brownwood where he will be employed on the new school building being erected by Contractor W. P. Gray.

Miss Lena Vinson left Saturday night for Brownwood, where she will spend a month's vacation as a guest of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Vinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Baze, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. P. Baze, were here from the Camp San Saba community, yesterday.

Following an operation Sunday, Mrs. Will Ballou is reported getting along as nicely as could be expected, and her many friends are entertaining hopes for her speedy recovery.

Mrs. Will Ballou has as her guest this week her mother, Mrs. C. D. Newbold, sister, Miss Rebecca Francks and brother, Barry Francks, who arrived Thursday from Marlin.

Miss Pearl Banty of Fredericksburg was a guest here yesterday of her cousins, Misses Lena and Mayme Spiller, while enroute to Duncan, Ariz., where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Charles Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Fowler left Saturday night for Fort Worth and Dallas, being guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Warman at the former place, while Mr. Fowler will attend to business matters in the latter place.

Mrs. J. H. Taylor and son arrived Friday from Greenville, Texas, to join Rev. Taylor, pastor of the Baptist church. Their daughter, Miss Nellie Taylor, arrived Tuesday from El Paso, where she has been teaching school. Brady citizens gladly welcome this estimable family to citizenship.

**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.

**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.

Cedar chests save your winter clothing from moths. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**Blue Uniforms in C. S. A.**  
Colonel Mouton, of the 18th Louisiana, said of the Shiloh fight: "Anxious to intercept the enemy, I rushed on at a double-quick; but unfortunately, our troops on the right mistook us for the enemy, owing, I presume to the blue uniforms of a large number of my men, and opened fire on us with cannon and muskets." Colonel Trabue, C. S. A., said: "I was likewise delayed and embarrassed by some Louisiana troops, who were dressed in blue like the enemy." General Duke, in his admirable book, "Morgan's Cavalry," says that these Louisianians, getting tired of being assailed alike by friend and foe, finally retaliated by returning the fire of any body of men that shot at them, saying: "We fire at anybody what fire at us."—Confederate Veteran.

**Graduating Recital of Miss Neal.**

The following is a very complimentary account of the graduating recital of Miss Ethel Neal at Brownwood, on April 28th. Miss Neal is a talented young lady, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Neal or Rochelle.

"That Miss Ethel Neal is far above the amateur as a reader, was clearly to be seen in her senior expression recital on the night of the twenty-eighth. The main body of the program was an original arrangement of the act play, 'A Rose O' Plymouth Town' by Dix and Sutherland. The scene of the story is laid in Plymouth in the days of the first settlers, and it carries with it the story of the test which determines which of two gentlemen is 'the better man.' It is pathetic and also humorous and through all the play one can see the difficulties that were thrown in the way of our forefathers before they could make their homes secure.

"Miss Neal showed herself to be an artist of the highest type in her portrayal of each character. The audience, the strict, soldierly Miles Standish, captain of Plymouth; John Marqueseon, Garret Foster, Phillippe De Le Noye, Rose De Le Noye, Miriam Chillingsly, Mrs. Standish and Aunt Resolute Story. Each of these was brought out so that there was no confusing one with another. Only a student who has worked very hard on her technique could have held her audience from start to finish.

"Miss Gertrude Baker assisted on the program and delighted the audience with her lyrics."—The Prism, Brownwood.

**A CHILD GETS CROSS, SICK AND FEVERISH WHEN CONSTIPATED.**

**Look, Mother! If Tongue Is Coated Clean Little Liver and Bowels.**

If your little one's tongue is coated, it is a sure sign the stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When your child is cross, peevish, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach sour, system full of cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the clogged-up, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know a little given today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. Get the genuine made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

**South Side Bible Class.**  
The South Side Bible class met last Friday afternoon with Mrs. L. A. Williams, with a good attendance, and two new members enrolled.

The class meets next Friday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock with Mrs. J. E. Wiley for a study of the last twelve questions of the book of Job. We earnestly request all to come and especially the members.

**Presbyterian Missionary Society**  
The Presbyterian Missionary society will meet next Thursday evening at 3:00 o'clock, with Mrs. C. C. Johanson. All members of the Aid and Missionary society are requested to be present.

**I HAVE A BIG STOCK OF SURREYS, BUGGYS AND HACKS. AM CLOSING OUT AT LESS THAN COST.** E. J. BROAD.

Croquet sets. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**Card of Thanks.**  
To our many friends at Melvin and Brady, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks for their kindness during the serious illness and death of our loving mother and daughter. MR. and MRS. OMER CONNER MISSES CHEASONS MR. and MRS. J. T. WADE.

**Mrs. J. C. Woodward Dead.**

The sudden death of Mrs. J. C. Woodward, which occurred last Friday night at her home near Melvin, was learned with surprise and deepest regrets by her many friends throughout the county. Mrs. Woodward was in Brady the day of her death, and appeared in usual good health and spirits. She complained, however, of rheumatism in her arm, with which she had suffered for some time, and for which she was undergoing treatment.

Returning to her home at Melvin, the family had prepared to retire for the night at about nine o'clock, Mrs. Woodward remarking "My arm hurts like it was going to kill me. It just seems like it is going to make my heart stop beating." Alarmed at her apparent agony, her twelve-year old daughter and the other members of the family attended her and did all in their power to relieve her suffering, and about 11:00 o'clock she bade them all go to sleep. As they retired, she appeared to be sleeping peacefully, but when morning came her sleep was found to be that of death. A physician who was summoned stated that she must have been dead at least five hours, and that she had probably passed away before 12 o'clock. Blood poison was said to have caused death.

The body was conveyed from the family home Sunday morning to Brady, and laid to rest in Brady cemetery, Rev. Owen Hornburg conducting services.

Mrs. Woodward was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wade of this city, her maiden name having been Miss Etta Oma Wade. Had she lived until the 20th of August, she would have been 39 years old. She was married 14 years ago to J. C. Woodward, who with one daughter, survives. There are also three daughters by a former marriage: Mrs. Omar Conner of Brady, Mrs. Ada Edwards, Miss Johnnie Chasen. Two brothers, Ed Wade of Alpine, and Otto Wade of San Antonio, and three sisters Mrs. Joe Howard of Dallas, Mrs. Katie Yeager of Wingate and Mrs. Frankie Miller of Voca are left to mourn her loss.

The sympathy of all goes out to these bereaved ones, and especially to the aged parents, especially as their daughter, Mrs. Joe Howard is lying very low at her home in Dallas.

**TO AUTOISTS.**  
Have secured the services of a first class vulcanizer and rubber man. Don't throw your car tires away—bring them in and have them vulcanized and get additional miles out of your tires.

**MURPHY'S GARAGE.**  
**KILL the BLUE BUGS.**  
By feeding "Martin's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer" to your chickens. Your money back if not satisfied. Jones Drug Co.  
Ladies Home Journal only \$1.50 a year; 15c a copy. Jones Drug Co.  
Lawn mowers. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN. MAXWELL ROADSTER.** E. J. BROAD.

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

Advertise it in The Standard.

**A Later Version.**  
Some time ago a well-known political speaker made an address in a western city and in order to illustrate an important point, he loudly declaimed that Samson slew the Philistines. Instantly a man in the audience jumped to his feet.

"Just a minute there, Mr. Speaker," he cried in a large voice, "You are dead wrong about that Samson business."  
"Wrong," said the speaker, who for a moment was considerably nonplussed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have got another guess," confidently answered the other. "It was Dewey who licked the Philistines, not Samson."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**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.

**CLIP THIS AND PIN ON WIFE'S DRESSER.**

**Cincinnati Man Tells How to Shrive Up Corns or Calluses and Lift Off With Fingers.**

Ouch ! ? ? ? ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezone when applied to a tender, aching corn or hardened callus stops soreness at once, and soon the corn or callus dries up and lifts right off without pain.

He says freezone dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any drug store, but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. Millions of American women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels. If your druggist doesn't have freezone tell him to order a small bottle for you.

**North Side Bible Class No. 1.**  
Last Friday afternoon at the usual hour the North Side Bible Class No. 1, met with Mrs. Tom Elliott. A nice crowd was present. Some were detained on account of sickness, nevertheless the class is moving along nicely.

The lessons were very interesting, and, as usual, were thoroughly discussed and enjoyed, and we find they proved very beneficial to all. The lessons are always taught by Mesdames Bryson and Marshall. Let every member be on hand, and ask their neighbor to come. Let the mothers come and bring their small children; they are always welcome. We love the children, enjoy and need them. Let us have as many children as possible with us every meeting. By and by they will have grown up, and we will go on before.

Our next meeting will be with Mrs. A. W. Tipton, at 4:00 o'clock, and our lesson will be from the 26th to the 31st chapters of Proverbs. Visitors are cordially invited.

Bring us your Cream. Prices are good. Wednesdays and Saturdays. Lange's 5c, 10c, and 25c Store.

**"From Now On."**  
"A Marshal was taking a couple of negro prisoners to the Federal prison in Atlanta," said Capt. L. P. Woodford of Georgia. "The unfortunates were from different towns and were strangers to each other until they had been rounded up by the minions of the law."

"As they were traveling southward to begin their prison sentences they engaged in the following colloquy:  
"How long did the Judge send you down for?"  
"Three years. How long you goin' down fo'?"  
"From now on."—Washington Post.

Tires and inner tubes. Murphy, the auto accessories man. Next to Standard office.

**Attention Autoists!**  
First-class mechanic and expert electrician at Murphy's garage.

**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.

**The Question Settled.**

Two colored troopers in Chihuahua called upon the chaplain.  
"Look here, Mr. Chaplain, we wants you for to settle an argument" said one of them. "Dis here man says lots of saints were colored folks. Would you please tell me how many of dem 'postles were niggers?"  
"None of them was a darkey," said the chaplain.

"Well, sir, that settles it. Dis man wanted me to believe that St. Peter was a nigger, and I just told him: No, sah, St. Peter was no nigger, 'cause I heard you say about St. Peter and dat rooster crowin' twice. If St. Peter was a nigger I jest knowed dat rooster would never have crowed a second time; no sah!" —Topeka State Journal.



**ROUND TRIP SUMMERTOURISTFARES**

Now in Effect  
FROM  
**BRADY**  
TO

St. Louis	.....	\$39.30
Kansas City	.....	32.10
Chicago	.....	50.00
Buffalo	.....	65.75
Detroit	.....	57.45
Cleveland	.....	60.15
New York	.....	68.65
Washington	.....	59.35
Cincinnati	.....	51.35
Louisville	.....	46.35
St. Paul or Minneapolis	.....	51.10
Denver	.....	39.60
Colorado Springs	.....	36.65

Also to Many Other Points.

These fares will be in effect daily until September 30th.

Final Return Limit October 31, 1917.

Liberal Stop-overs allowed.

USE THE  
**Texas Special**

For further particulars see your Local Agent or write

C. O. JACKSON,  
Gen. Pass. Agent, Fort Worth.

**Parrot Learned. Too.**

They were speaking of hubby's boast of how beautiful he can keep house the other evening when this anecdote was smilingly released by Congressman Swager Sherley of Kentucky: "Downtown recently Mrs. Jones met Mrs. Brown, and during the conversation that followed the latter told of a two weeks' visit that she had just made to the home of her mother.  
"While I was away," continued Mrs. Brown, my husband kept house and insisted on cooking his own meals."  
"You don't really mean it," exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "How did he make out?"  
"Well," answered Mrs. Brown, heaving quite a long sigh, "when I got back I noticed that the parrot had learned to swear."  
Philadelphia Telegram.

**SWEEPS, SHOVELS, GARDEN RAKES, HOSE, HOES. E. J. BROAD.**

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

We want to show you the Moline (Buckeye) row binder. We believe it is the best one made. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**How It Looked.**

In Washington two women hired a broken-down old "night-liner" and paid the Jehu his dollar for their ride with the following coins: A twenty-five-cent piece, three dimes, five five-cent pieces and twenty coppers.

After regarding this miscellany for a moment, the driver showed all his teeth in a grin and asked whimsically:  
"Well, now, ladies, how long you-all been savin' up for dis nice little treat today?—Everybody's."

**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.



**Fine Sense of Touch.**  
 One of two darkeys who run a bootblack "parlor" in partnership was bragging of his well developed sense of touch, particularly in the matter of money. He boasted that he could tell the denomination of the United States coin merely by feeling it. His partner wearied of these boasts, and came back with this: "Your sense o' feelin' ain't nothin' to my friend Marcus. Him and me used to work on the Pullman down thru Kansas. Marcus had been on this route about ten years. One night when we was both a-sleeping 'long around midnight I wakes up and I shakes Marcus and I says: 'Marcus where are we?' And Marcus he just rolls over and sticks his hand out the window and he says: 'We're goin' thru Oswego.'"—Everybody's.

**I WILL MAKE YOU FALL TERMS.** E. J. BROAD.

Porch and gallery furniture. O. D. Mann & Sons.

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

**AM CLOSING OUT MY FURNITURE STOCK AND WILL GIVE YOU SOME BARGAINS.** E. J. BROAD.

Saturday Evening Post, full of thrilling articles. Jones Drug Co.

**HAY PRESSES, ANY STYLE YOU WANT.** E. J. BROAD.

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

Window Shades. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**BIG STOCK WEEDING HOES.** E. J. BROAD.

**No Reason To Do So.**

Little Bessie was sent to school for the first time, and the teacher asked her the name of her father. The little girl sat very thoughtful, but seemed unable to think what it was. Finally, teacher decided to help her out if possible, and said:

"What do you call him, dear?"

"Why," replied the child, promptly, "I call him father."

"Yes," smiled teacher, "of course you do. But what does your mother call him?"

For a moment the child was silent, and then she answered: "Why, she doesn't call him anything—she likes him"—Harper's.

**SOME GOOD SECOND-HAND WAGONS.** E. J. BROAD.

We help you keep cool in your kitchen these hot days by selling you a New Perfection oil stove. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**I HAVE SEVERAL GOOD SECOND-HAND ROW BINDERS AT A BARGAIN.** E. J. BROAD.

**Moral Suasion.**

"Bless me!" said Tommy's great-uncle (in Motherhood Magazine), "do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

"Never," replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at; and that's all."

**OIL STOVES, WASHING MACHINES.** E. J. BROAD.

Binder twine. O. D. Mann & Sons.

**I HAVE 3 GOOD SECOND HAND McCORMICK BINDERS CHEAP.** E. J. BROAD.

**Evidently.**

An admirer of Whistler is responsible for this: The artist was once visiting at a house with rather complicated stairways. During the course of the evening, after considerable good cheer with the rest of the company, Whistler started to make his way upstairs to write a note.

Very soon there was a loud crash. Whistler had fallen from the second floor to the first landing. Rushing to his rescue the other guests heard him mutter:

"Who built this house, anyway. Some darned teetotaler, that's sure!"—Everybody's.

## In Honor Bound

By  
**GEORGE ELMER COBB**

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Don't do it, Rowland."  
 "I must! Listen, you are human, you, whose kindness has won me back to believe there is some good in the world after all. I crave the heaven of one last look at a woman's face. This is my last opportunity. Don't deny me."

"If you should be tempted, Rowland, once beyond restraint—"

"Nothing can tempt me from honor," declared Harvey Rowland vehemently.

"Then go. I trust you, but if you should fail to return, remember every man in the honor squad will suffer because of your act, and privileges withdrawn. Besides that, I happen to know that the pardon board is considering your case. It would be a pity to spoil all your prospects."

It was a strange situation. Harvey Rowland was convict No. 1978. He did not look it, for he was an innocent man and that consciousness kept at bay the prison taint and the prison demoralization. He had served two years of his ten years' sentence. His record as a prisoner had attracted the favorable attention of the warden and he had been made a member of the honor squad.

It seemed like a new life to be dressed in civilian attire, free from surveillance, trusted, with full freedom within his power if he was willing to risk recapture. But of that Rowland thought little. It was now, however, when the squad of some thirty men under charge of Trusty John Dore was on its way to a road-making job fifty miles across country, that, as they camped two miles from a town called Ellsville, a devouring longing for a few hours' freedom assailed him.

Briefly, he wished to steal into the town and get a stolen glimpse of the woman he had once loved, whom he loved now, whom he would continue to love to his dying day. She was Eunice Landon. From the day of his arrest he had not seen her nor heard a word from her. They were all but engaged when, like an obliterating avalanche, there overcame all his hopes, prospects and ambitions the dreadful charge of crime.

It was not at Ellsville that he had known Eunice Landon, but at the palatial city home of the Landons. From a stray newspaper item, in the gloom of his prison cell a week previous he had read of the summering of the Landons at Ellsville.

"Go," said his staunch friend, the trusty. "I pity you. I hope for you, but I tremble for you."  
 "I will keep my word of honor!" declared Rowland staunchly. "I will return before midnight. And I will have seen her! Then I will go back to the dull old grid, content."

As he reached the purlieu of the town Rowland observed that the place was in gala attire. The center of the town was alive with lights, decorations, activity. People arrayed in mask and costume were flocking to the great central square. A street carnival was on. Rowland stunk from street to street, finally his wish to conceal his identity was gratified. A half-drunken parader in reckless abandonment flung aside the half mask and fanciful tinsel cape he wore. Rowland donned these.

Now, mixing with the throngs, he was bolder and felt more secure. He did not know where the Landons lived, but he planned to make inquiries that would lead to that discovery. As he approached the public square he came to a halt with a shock. An automobile had drawn up to the curb in a side street. It contained an old man, the chauffeur and a girl. At her Rowland stared, breathless, ecstatic.

It was Eunice! It was the object of the undying love he had cherished all these years. Her father spoke to her as if asking her to join him in a tour of the gay square. Her face was set, cheerless. She shook her head, settled herself back in her seat and her father and the chauffeur mingled with the throngs and were lost to view.

Eunice Landon gazed with lack-luster eyes at the bubbling-over living panorama. It did not interest her. Only her own secret thoughts kept her company. She started as a hand touched her arm. She glanced regarded a man who had approached the machine, half-masked, looking up at her. Then Rowland lifted aside the mask which he wore.

She was not startled, she was not agitated. Over that beautiful face there spread a joyous smile, glad, welcoming, ineffable. She put out both her jeweled hands to clasp his own, with the fervent thrilling words:

"Oh, at last—I knew you would come. My love! My love!"

The man fairly staggered. She did not release his hands. He stammered forth:

"You do not know—that I am still a convict?"

"You are my love, my own true love, that is all I know and the moment is rapturous!" she said simply. "A convict? Yes, but—innocent!"

"You believe—"

"I know!" she declared. "The man you suffered for, my unworthy relative, confessed to me, dying, and died ere I could secure a witness to his confession. And then my father—I promised

him I would never seek you or write to you, but I knew that some day you would come to me, and you are here, and I am content!"

She drew him towards her as if to have him by her side. In a rapid storm Rowland told of his situation, of his brief furlough of an hour.

"Listen!" she burst forth, as he had finished. "There has not been an hour since you—you went away that you have not been in my thoughts. I promised my father I would not seek nor write to you. I shall keep my pledge. But you have come to me. Take me away, here, now. Speak the word and I will go with you anywhere. I care not what poverty or hardships may be before us—let us hide from all the world, happy man and wife!"

He was amazed, he was thrilled. For a moment he was urged to take her at her word. Then he straightened up. His soul of honor spoke in his eyes.

"Eunice," he said, his voice quivering with profound emotion, "you offer me paradise, but I dare not accept it. I must follow out the rugged path fate has awarded me. I must return to the prison, as I have promised."

"Too late!" gasped Eunice, and fell back fainting. Her father was returning to the automobile. Rowland kissed the cold, lifeless hands of his love and faded away amid the shadows.

"You're a man, every inch of you!" spoke the trusty, as Rowland appeared at the honor camp at midnight.

"Your pardon, and you deserve it," were the words of the warden at the prison, as he handed Rowland a legal looking document a month later.

It was several weeks after that when the girl, who kept her word to her fa-



Approached the Machine.

ther and the man who had kept his word to the law, met again.

The father of Eunice had died and she was her own mistress. The loyal pair quickly drifted away from their old environment to a new district, staunch souls, all in all to each other, and, therefore, blessed and true.

### CITY WELL WORTH VISITING

Kum, in Persia, Called by Traveler One of the Most Picturesque Spots of the East.

The little known city of Kum is one of the most picturesque spots in the near East and one of the few really interesting towns in modern Persia. It is reached by horse from Teheran and the journey is still made in such primitive fashion that Kum is little visited by tourists in the best of times, although the road, in many parts built over the grade of an old high road of the days of Persia's glory, is good enough judged by the standards of the near East.

The European visitor to Kum is likely to feel a certain veiled hostility in his reception, for the city is one of the holy places of the Mohammedan faith, hardly behind Mecca and Medina in this respect. A stream of pilgrims pours into Kum almost as large as the one that flocks continually to those other shrines, and, even more than the holier cities, Kum is sought by the faithful as a fitting and sacred spot for the burial of the dead. The country round about, the city itself, is strewn and dotted with tombs, from the humble mud mound of the common man to the elaborate shrine-topped mausoleums of princes and even kings. The dead are more numerous than the living in Kum, but the natives do not seem to be conscious of any funereal atmosphere.

**You Yourself.**

Your greatest problem is yourself. You are also your greatest treasure. If you can get yourself determined upon, find out what you are and what you are for, and if you can discover and develop the elements of value in your nature, your life will take on the beauty of orderliness and your need of the savings bank will be less and less, for you will be your own riches.—Richard Wightman in the Ohio State Journal.

**When Water Boils.**

Put some water to boil in a test tube or glass flask, without any stopper in it. When boiling remove from the fire, insert a cork and turn it upside down, and by this time the boiling will cease. Then place a wet sponge on the upturned bottom of the flask and you will see the water begin to boil again.

### DISCHARGING BETTY

By ISABEL FROST.

Curzon had definitely, positively made up his mind to discharge Betty. If discipline was to be maintained in the office at all, that was the first step toward it. In the first place, she never should have been employed in such a place as the Benzinger Iron works. She had walked through the outer gates one early spring morning, the last of a line of applicants, and had asked the first worker she met what the superintendent's name was.

"Frank Curzon," she was told. Therefore, instead of waiting her turn, Betty had marched valiantly up to the book-keeper's desk and had asked for Mr. Curzon quite as if she were paying a little afternoon call. And she got the position.

The salary was only \$9 a week, but there was no carfare to pay, and the factory lay just across the railroad tracks from the pretty suburban neighborhood where she lived with her father and the four boys, all younger than herself.

"You mustn't mind," she said that evening, beaming on her docile home circle at the supper table. "I'm a terrible cook, and this way I can hire old Mrs. Ransom to come in and work for us by the day for \$4 a week. That leaves me five for myself. I am Mr. Curzon's private secretary."

"What does he look like?" demanded David, the eldest brother.

"Well, he's rather tall, and possibly thirty, more or less." Betty dished the preserved cherries thoughtfully. "And very, very businesslike and short-spoken."

"But," said Dave sarcastically, "wait till he's Bettied."

It took about four weeks to Bettify the whole office. It began with the strike at the gray iron foundry across the street. After the reserves had been called out and the fight in the yards was over, Curzon came back, looking rather tense and angry.

"Why didn't you keep out of range when those fellows were firing at us?" he demanded of Betty.

"I wanted to see," answered Betty laughingly. "It was very interesting."

It was the end of the second month that Curzon began to make up his mind. In the first place, he was ambitious and had put all thoughts of love or marriage out of his scheme of life. The foundry was his life. And still it was June, and Betty wore the most entrancing, fluffy gowns to work, absolutely unbusinesslike.

Likewise, at the lunch hour, Betty had a tiny electric contrivance which she calmly applied to the company's switch, and on which she managed somehow to concoct the daintiest and most unexpected of luncheon dishes, since there was no good restaurant in a radius of a mile. And then she would invite him to partake.

So one night toward the end of June, when she had worked overtime, he stood by the window of the office that overlooked the gray iron building and spoke gloomily, fatalistically.

"Of course, you know this can't go on much longer."

"Are you trying to discharge me, Mr. Curzon?"

"I've got to," answered Curzon slowly, returning her look with unswerving intention. "I've either got to fire you or marry you. This can't go on I can't think of anything under the light of heaven but you, day or night, and I want to work."

"Then, of course, I must leave," said Betty, with her very nicest, her very kindest manner.

"Betty," said Curzon, in a curious voice, a voice of accusation and appeal, too. "Betty, why did you ever come to work here? I didn't want you. You know perfectly well you've seen this coming on, and I believe you've gloated over it."

Nobody knows how far Betty's dignity would have gone if it had not been for the half-brick that came sailing through the open window. Curzon went down like a hewn tree at her feet. When the ambulance arrived Jim and the engineer were holding down the two strikers who had lain in wait outside the office windows for a chance at the boss.

But inside the office Betty knelt on the floor beside Curzon. She had washed and bandaged the cut on his brow and had pilloved his head on her coat—the little pongee silk coat she wore to work. And the young surgeon, entering hastily, hesitated on the threshold, for Betty's hand was stroking back the hair from the patient's forehead with more than a nurse-like touch, and the upward gaze of his eyes was—as he told Jim later—"a lead give-away."

"I'm not going to work at the foundry any longer," Betty broke the news to the family circle that night with tact and gentleness.

"Thought it wouldn't last much longer," scoffed Dave. "Who discharged you, Betty?"

"Mr. Curzon," sweetly.

"Or carrying on in business hours," Archie hinted darkly. Just then the bell rang at the front door, and the color deepened in Betty's cheeks as she rose.

"That's Mr. Curzon, and you behave very last one of you. He's come to see father."

"Are you going to scold him for firing you, Betty?" whispered Dave, eagerly.

And Betty turned at the door to whisper back with joy:

"No, I'm going to marry him, goose." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### LOCAL BRIEFS.

E. O. Perry was here this morning accompanying his daughter, Miss Ivy, who left on the noon train for San Marcos, to attend the summer normal at that place.

Robert White, who has been attending A. & M. college, is back for the summer, having spent some time in Austin following the close of school and returning yesterday with his brother, Bill White.

Work on the new garage being built for F. R. Wulff has been temporarily suspended while awaiting the arrival of architectural stone for the windows and doorways. It is thought this material will arrive today and work will probably be resumed tomorrow.

Chas. Atchison and family arrived last week from Oklahoma and have located in Brady. For a number of years he was engaged in raising hogs in Oklahoma, later engaging in the garage business. He is desirous of securing some suitable location for engaging in hog and cattle raising, which he thinks would be a profitable industry here.

In writing us concerning his renewal subscription, S. W. Mofatt, now sojourning in the "Golden West" and being located at Huntington Park, Calif., sends us the following pleasant word: "Keep it (The Standard) coming, as it is just like getting a letter from home. We are all doing fine."

County Superintendent E. L. White left Saturday for Denton, where he will take up a course in the study of School Supervision under the celebrated Dr. Focht of Washington, D. C. Incidentally Mr. White will teach in the summer normal school that place. He expects to be gone several weeks.

Rev. J. T. H. Miller left last night for Dallas where he will visit his children. From there he will go to Marlin to spend several days with his son, Harry. Mr. Miller carried a grip full of rather unusual contents—a couple hams, butter, eggs and the like—and we do not doubt but what these articles will receive a welcome as well.

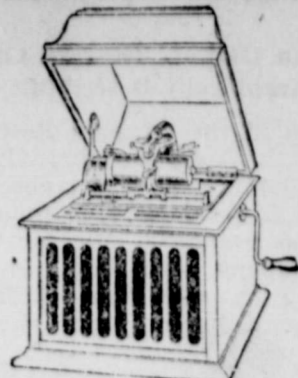
Miles Abernathy drove to Austin last week returning Thursday accompanied by Mrs. Abernathy and son, Elton, who had been undergoing treatment at the Pasteur Institute, following the attack made a few weeks ago upon them by a rabid skunk. Both have entirely recovered from the effects of the wounds and are greatly relieved now that all danger is past.

The street work on Blackburn has been completed and that thoroughfare again opened to traffic. While the city forces have not been able to make a finished job of the work, by reason of lack of material and the urgent need of improving other streets, nevertheless the waves and bumps in the street have been eliminated, and with a few more rains and constant use, Blackburn should be in splendid condition.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. McCoy were in the city from Nine yesterday morning enroute to Burnet county. Mr. McCoy had received a message Sunday evening announcing that his father was very low at that place. The elder Mr. McCoy is 86 years old, and his advanced age makes his recovery doubtful.

Mrs. F. M. Newman has returned from Temple, where she underwent treatment, and her many friends are pleased to learn of her great improvement.

Dr. Wm. C. Jones left Saturday in his car for Brownwood, where he left on the Santa Fe for New Orleans to attend a meeting of the Four States Dental association, and incidentally he will take a post-graduate course in dentistry. The states comprising the Four States association are those of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas, and a great delegation is ex-



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pected from each of the states. The meetings began Monday and will continue all through the week.

Messrs. Bill White, Bostic Roddie and Boy Crothers, who were called to Austin last week, are taking advantage of an opportunity to spend a few days here with home folks. The boys are part of a company who will be assembled at Austin for training in aeronautics. As all the company has not yet been assembled, they were granted a few days' leave of absence. They expect to return to Austin within a day or two, and express the belief that their company will be sent to France in about eight weeks to complete their training behind the firing lines.

E. L. Bridges and daughter, Miss Bula, were here from Calf Creek last week and were pleasant visitors at The Standard office. Mr. Bridge having us send the paper to his son, C. L., who is stationed at Carazal, in the Panama Canal zone, where he is a member of the U. S. Cavalry troop 4 F. B. C. L. served in the U. S. Army for three years, prior to returning to McCulloch county, having been stationed at Fort Stevens, Ore. Since the U. S. declared war on Germany, he could no longer stand civilian life, and five months ago re-enlisted. The Standard is also being sent, by courtesy of the elder Mr. Bridges to Ben F. Witcher, a well-known McCulloch county boy, who is also now in government service, being stationed at Fort Washington, Maryland. Both boys feel like they must hear from the folks back home and think The Standard offers the best means of getting regular letters about the happenings in McCulloch county.

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days**  
 Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives ease and rest. 50c.

**HARDWARE, FURNITURE, ICE CREAM FREEZERS, ICE BOXES, SCREEN DOORS CHEAP.** E. J. BROAD.

Ice Cream Freezers. O. D. Mann & Sons.

We want to buy 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.

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

**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.

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

**True to Life.**  
 Photographer (to young man)—It will make a better picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder.  
 Father—H'm! It would be a more natural picture if he put his hand into my pocket.—Youth's Companion.

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 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 appearance and pleasing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the Sun and Wind. In the evening its use causes a faultless complexion. All dealers 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.  
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