

Insurance FIRE-WINDSTORM-HAIL LIFE-ACCIDENT-AUTOMOBILE See Anderson & Garrithers, Agts., Phone 275

CITIZENS SIGN UP CHAUTAUQUA FOR NEXT YEAR

The Radcliffe chautauqua has been signed up again for next year, and the fact that the signers of the guarantee include practically all of the guarantee signers of this year, with the addition of a score of new names, places the unquestionable stamp of approval upon the Radcliffe program. This fact is further emphasized by the fact that the chautauqua signers this year have sustained a financial loss which will run about \$10 per individual. This loss was occasioned through light attendance, the holding of the reunion here interfering with the campaign for sale of season tickets, and the San Saba fair this week detracting from the attendance.

That the chautauqua was all, and more, than claimed for it, was evidenced by the action of several local citizens who volunteered to place their names upon this year's guarantee, thereby helping to bear the financial loss. It was decided to secure at least fifty signers for next year's guarantee, in order that the interest in promoting the welfare of the chautauqua might be more widespread, and that the list might be more representative of the citizenship interested in promoting the best of educational and amusement features for Brady.

So far some thirty-eight citizens have signed the guarantee, and it is planned to swell the number to the full fifty. The guarantors are:

- C. A. Trigg
- O. L. McShan
- J. S. Abernathy
- Duke Mann
- J. M. Coalson
- S. S. Graham
- J. B. Smith
- E. E. Spiller
- H. P. C. Evers & Bro.
- Joe McCall
- A. J. Ricks
- W. A. Baker
- Mrs. Katie Roberts
- A. B. Stobaugh
- W. B. Davidson
- G. C. Kirk
- C. Crawford
- H. C. Samuel
- B. Simpson
- A. F. Grant
- C. L. Roberts
- J. B. Westbrook
- G. L. Hollon
- Paul Klatt
- W. D. Jordan
- J. G. McCall
- J. M. Lyle
- F. A. Knox
- O. S. Macy
- A. H. Broad
- J. A. Holton
- Wm. Bauhof
- Sam T. Wood
- W. N. Roberts
- Roy O. Wilkerson
- S. H. Jones
- Henry Miller
- H. F. Schwenker

Card of Appreciation.
Language fails to express my appreciation to members and friends of the Baptist church for their courtesy, kindness and contributions upon the occasion of my 70th birthday, Monday, August 15th.
J. H. TAYLOR.

NEW WINDMILLS.
At reduced prices. Also Pipe and Fittings and Plumbing Goods. W. M. Bauhof, at Exide Battery Station.

Read it in The Standard.

E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER

New location, 3 doors East Brady Sentinel office

MRS. AUG. F. BEHRENS

FLORIST

CUT FLOWERS, POT PLANTS and FLORAL DESIGNS

Greenhouses North of Fair Grounds Phone 301 Brady, Texas

W. S. SHROPSHIRE LO-CATES STOLEN FORD CAR —TO SUE FOR POSSESSION

W. S. Shropshire this week returned from a trip to Pontotoc and Llano, where he had gone in search of his car, stolen a month or so ago. At Pontotoc he was unable to identify his car from among the stolen cars recovered there, but at Llano he had better success, and positively identified a 1920 model Ford as his property, even though the original engine number had been shaved off, new fenders had been put on, and the entire car, although practically new, had been repainted, and otherwise altered. One of Mr. Shropshire's chief points of identification was a scuffed door, the damage having resulted to the car when shipped from the factory. Another thing, was a rat hole eaten in the upholstery of one of the cushions.

Mr. Shropshire's first trip was made Sunday in company with Deputy Sheriff Hibdon, and while Mr. Shropshire felt sure the car was his, he returned to Brady and Tuesday made a second trip to Llano, carrying with him his brother, Attorney J. E. Shropshire and Otis Turney of the Ford garage. Mr. Turney made positive the identification by reason of repairs on the car, and also by the original tires still on the car.

The car was in possession of Cliff Scott, a Llano county ranchman, who said he had bought it from a Ford salesman of Harris county, from whom he held a bill of sale for the car. Mr. Scott refused to surrender the car, whereupon Mr. Shropshire sequestered the same, and the sheriff of Llano county took it in charge. Mr. Scott gave replevin bond, and regained possession of the car. The suit for possession will be tried in the McCulloch county court, which will be in session Monday, October 17th.

EXTREME HOT WEATHER CAUSES MUCH DERANGEMENT OF THE STOMACH.

Many young children had liver and stomach.

The use of Ricker's Milk of Magnesia is very helpful in such cases, especially in fermentations of stomach and irregularities of bowels. Also very useful where there is too much acid in the system.

Get a bottle of Ricker's Magnesia Milk—Rickers is made of purest purity and is guaranteed.

Trigg Drug Co.

The Rexall Store
"Your Money Back if You Want It."

ADDITIONAL DEALS IN BRADY AND McCULLOCH COUNTY REAL ESTATE

Two additional deals in McCulloch county realty have been recorded since the past week, the first being the purchase of the H. B. Ogden property on North Bridge street by Roy Wilkerson, who will occupy the place with his family as a permanent home. The property is a modern and attractive bungalow, built a few years ago by C. A. Anderson and occupied the past year or more by Mr. and Mrs. Thad O. Day. Its desirable location and attractive surroundings make it a most attractive home.

The second deal was the purchase of the E. G. Nelin farm of five sections, and located five miles east of Brady by L. G. and J. B. Rohde of this city. The Rohde brothers expect to stock the farm with fine beef cattle which they will fatten for their market.

Bring us all your repairing on Saddles, Harness and Shoes. H. P. C. EVERS & BRO.

JUDGE NORMAN G. KITRELL PRAISES BRADY AND WEST TEXAS HOSPITALITY

EMINENT SPEAKER AT SECOND DAY OF U. C. V. REUNION DESCRIBES IN GLOWING TERMS HIS IMPRESSIONS OF BRADY AND THE GREAT McCULLOCH COUNTRY.

There have been many kind words spoken and written of the Brady reunion, the Brady brand of hospitality and the generally progressive and undaunted spirit of the people of West Texas, but none have described the great reunion and the Brady hospitality in more glowing terms than has Judge Norman G. Kittrell, leading attorney of Houston, Texas, and who delivered the address to the veterans upon the first day of the reunion. Judge Kittrell not only stands high in the councils of his profession, but he is also one of the contributing editors of the Houston Chronicle, and one of the most brilliant writers and clearest thinkers of the day. The two articles contributed by him to the Houston Chronicle follow:

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Aug. 3.—If any man labors under the impression that drouths and dry grass and short crops and low prices of cattle and cotton can crush out the sentiment, or repress the ardor, or lessen the hospitality of the Western people, he will have such impression quickly and permanently removed if he were here in Brady, where the annual United Confederate Veterans reunion opened today. The grounds are beautifully located on the west bank of Brady creek in the dense shade of a lovely pecan grove, with tents and a pavilion for concerts and speaking and a large dining pavilion with a dining hall in which the old veterans are provided for as guests of the town—and all the grounds beautifully lighted with electricity, and the people are here from as far west as San Angelo, as far north as Coleman and as far east as Kerrville. Such a gathering of autos could be scarcely seen outside of Houston. The auto has annihilated distance in this section and made a joke of wasted time.

I attended a concert tonight on the grounds in which the solos and chorus singing and music on the violin world have done credit to Houston. The performance of a band of little girls, mere tots as graceful as Sylph and as sweet and natural as innocent childhood always is, called forth enthusiastic expressions of delight from the gray-haired old "Vets."

They have also a "Rodeo," besides hotly contested baseball games and every hour is given over to unrestrained pleasure. A band from Brownwood composed of young men and boys made music which reminded me of Charley Lewis and his trained band of musicians—and that is saying a good deal. I find The Chronicle is as well known here as it is in South and East Texas; and I find my strongest recommendation is that I write for it. I asked the "butch" on the Temple-Angelo train, who had a stack of Chronicles a foot high, how far west he found purchasers and he said "right in to Angelo." That is going some.

This county bears a historic name. Both Ben McCulloch and Henry E. McCulloch were worthy to have, had their names perpetuated by the name of this county, the county seat of which is a substantial well built town of about 2500 population, whose people know how to extend the stranger within its gates a cordial Southern welcome. They are a people who, whether resting 'neath fortunes favors or her reverses forever maintain that indomitable spirit which enabled their forbears to carry to the frontier boundaries over all obstacles that civilization which is yet developing and strengthening, and which is destined to make this one of the attractive sections of a great state.

Hospitality of West Texas Folks.
Brady, Texas, Aug. 8.—There is nothing more inspiring than to see people cheerful and brave under adverse conditions. When the seasons are favorable and crops are good, and the ranchman can get top prices for his steers, and money is consequently abundant, it is easy to be free-handed and hospitable and cheerful, and to indulge in splendid sentiment, but the courage and "real stuff" out of which people are made comes out when conditions are discouraging and

unpropitious. When conditions were hopeful and promising, the people of Brady asked to be allowed to be hosts for half of West Texas, and when conditions grew worse they did not recall their invitation. Their "cards" were out and they stayed "good"—and Brady made ready for her guests, and when West Texas people go in to do a job or perform a duty, whether in the line of business or of pleasure, they do it in style, and with West Texas wholeheartedness and unrestraint. They had for two days and nights housed and fed hundreds of veterans, and fed them on the fat of the land, and regaled them with band concerts and vocal concerts, and dances, but reserved the third day for the crowning event. They dug two parallel pits, I should say each a hundred feet long and five feet wide, and across them and the dividing solid ground laid three-inch iron pipes on which were to rest the carcasses to be barbecued. They filled the pits with dry mesquite wood and commenced to barbecue about midnight of August 4 and provided enough meat, with all the usual accessories and trimmings, to feed Pershing's army.

They had built galvanized iron cisterns placed in the shade of the giant pecan trees, filled them nearly full of pure water and completed the filling with blocks of ice. Pipes were fixed to each cistern and to the pipes were attached brass faucets, as many as nine to a cistern, and close at hand was a case or great box of tin cups, never before used—so, hot as it was, nobody wanted for cold water for a single minute. Did the people come? I should say they did. They came from Mason and Menard, and Lampasas and Callan. They came from San Angelo and Rochelle and Lometa and Junction and Brownwood, and from towns and ranch houses and farm houses, and every conceivable place of residence lying at every point of the compass. There were enough autos in Brady to have moved an army of 10,000 men.

Though there has been practically no rain since March, and the grass is dry and sere, and the roads are dusty and there is no sale for cattle, yet the unconquerable spirit of West Texas was superior to all adversity and misfortune, and they put aside all their troubles and gave themselves without reserve to the duty at hand, that of paying tribute and doing honor to the war-worn and gray-haired old men who had made history that is as unperishable as time itself.

A wonderful country produces wonderful people. The gifted Buckle in his "History of Civilization," shows in a chapter of remarkable strength how the character of people individually and in the aggregate is shaped and builded by physical environment, and West Texas people prove his argument. They live on wide expanses. They look out on broad areas of plains and valleys dotted beautifully with mesquite and live oak and pecan, and the valleys are fringed by limestone hills, which often reach the dignity of mountains. Herds of white-faced cattle look out of pastures onto far stretching fields of cotton and corn and sorghum and milo maize and kaffir corn, and out of the hills burst springs which feed never failing streams.

I am writing almost in sound of the swish and swirl and roar of the south fork of the Llano at Junction, and if you start up it you will cross it a dozen times in 15 miles, and travel most of the time in the shade of pecan trees.

I stopped at the springs in the very bed of Bear Creek with flowing cold water of crystal clearness, while a hundred feet away a company of auto tourists were resting under the shade of a dozen gigantic elm and pecan trees.

And the auto tourists! Their name is legion, and scores of them are from Houston. I found Houston friends at the Fritz Hotel here comfortably and delighted and loud in their praises, and the river bank from 10 to 20 miles is like an army camp.

Abundant water now rushing and swirling, now calm and smooth, knee deep, then shallow, with scores of unfalling springs and dense foliaged shade, splendid bathing, wide natural swimming pools and cool nights combine to offer every possible attraction to the tourist.

Am told that it is too late in the season for good fishing, though some are caught, but in the fall wild turkeys will be as thick as chicken in a barn yard, and coons and deer are now raiding the irrigated corn farms.

There is a telephone in every house and electric light plants in Brady, Menard and Junction, and Delco light plants on many farms and ranches.

Anybody who wants to loaf in the shade and sport in cold water of crystal-like clearness, and look on pretty scenery in the form of cliffs and gorges and canyons, and take a "sho nuff" inexpensive vacation can find it in West Texas.

I do not chance to be here on that kind of a mission, but am here rather by accident, flitting through as if were after a brief visit with relatives.

The number of auto tourists out here literally amounts to thousands and still they come.

NORMAN G. KITRELL.

PEAR VALLEY METHODIST MEETING COMES TO GLORIOUS CLOSE—51 CONVERTS

The Rev. S. C. Dunn has just closed a most successful revival meeting at Pear Valley, the meeting being concluded Wednesday night with a total of 51 conversions, 29 of the number adding their names to the membership roll of the Methodist church. In addition to this splendid result, an Epworth League was organized with about 35 members, the Sunday schools were filled to overflowing, and the pastor's salary was paid up to date. The big tabernacle, in which the meeting was held, was filled to overflowing every night.

PRAIRIE FIRE IN CONCHO COUNTY GETS 6,000 ACRES

One of the biggest prairie fires that has swept this section of the country in years burned off more than 6,000 acres of land along the east line of Concho county late Tuesday.

The fire broke out when a Mexican hauling water for a tanking crew in the mountain pasture of T. F. Benge dropped a match in the dry grass.

The burned range included about 400 acres in Benge's pasture, nearly 6,000 acres of the Bryan Bryson and small parcels of land on the Will Bryson and Gerald Bryson ranches.

RETURN FROM EXTENSIVE PLEASURE AND MARKETING TRIP IN NORTH AND EAST

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vincent returned Wednesday from an extensive trip to the north and east, during which they combined pleasure with business. While primarily intended as a trip to market for the Vincent store, they nevertheless enjoyed sight-seeing and recreation at various points. The trip included stops and visits in St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls where they crossed over into Canada, Buffalo, Albany and down the Hudson river to New York City. Returning they journeyed through Philadelphia, and Washington, D. C., and back to Texas via St. Louis.

They report large numbers of buyers on the market, and a rather complex situation facing the buyers. While the market is fairly well stabilized, yet certain lines of goods are hard to obtain, and other lines are obtainable only in limited grades and styles. This necessitates much additional hard work in shopping about in order to complete lines and grades. The dull summer period with resultant slackening of advance orders have caused many mills to close for periods, and this, again, has resulted in shortage in some lines of goods.

This was evident in the advance of from 1/2c to 1c in cotton goods registered a day or so ago. Mr. Vincent states, however, that he was fortunate in buying complete lines, and also finding some folks who were really anxious to sell, with the result that he bought most of his goods at very advantageous prices. Quite naturally, he expects to pass these savings on to his customers, and his offerings this fall are certain to prove very attractive to the trade.

Daters. The Brady Standard.



RADIATOR REPAIRING AND RECORDING

Fender and Lamp Welding a Specialty

New and Re-Built Radiators in stock.

BRADY RADIATOR COMPANY

Next Door to Murphy's Filling Station

Conductive Anesthesia or Nerve Blocking

Which is being used by modern dental surgeons, enables the dentist to perform operations upon the teeth, which are usually considered almost unbearable, practically PAINLESS. These operations include fillings, crownings, bridgings, nerve removing and extractions.

I took a special course this past summer in New York in Conductive Anesthesia and Extractions.

Abscessed, or impacted wisdom teeth, I now remove practically painless. No more fear of the dentist where this method is used.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Dr. H. W. Lindley, Dentist

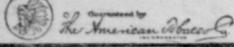
LADY IN ATTENDANCE

Over Broad Mercantile Co.

Phone 81



GENUINE
"BULL"
DURHAM
tobacco makes 50
good cigarettes for
10c



COW CREEK CALLINGS.

Hauling Water, Driving to Water and Pumping Water Now.
Lohn, Texas, August 16.

Editor Brady Standard:

It is still dry and very hot. Everyone is hauling water, driving to water and pumping water for their stock. We are surely in need of rain.

W. S. Young and family and several others from here attended church at Fairview Sunday and Sunday night. Other and Mamie Poe, from here, were baptized there Sunday afternoon.

Susie Hanley spent Thursday with Mrs. E. W. Woods.

Roy Wyers went to Brady today after groceries.

Mrs. Turner and daughters attended prayermeeting at Mrs. Gressett's Sunday night.

Miss Lois Marshall came home from Comanche Tuesday.

Miss Willie Teague from Kateyemy spent the week here with Miss Eula May and Fred Turner, returning home Saturday.

"WILD FLOWER."

Swat the rooster—and bring us your eggs. BRADY BROKERAGE CO.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

STACY SAYINGS.

Rev. P. I. Wood Conducts Successful Revival Meeting.

Stacy, Texas, Aug. 16.

Editor Brady Standard:

As I don't see any items from this community, I have decided to write and if this escapes the waste basket, will write again.

I want to tell the dear people about the great revival that has just closed, with Rev. P. I. Wood, the preacher—a real man of God, and who the Stacy people are expecting to make a second Billie Sunday. This has been the best revival this place has had for years, and we thank God for sending us this man of God, a Baptist minister. Through his preaching one of his sermons on the "Prodigal Son's Return," one young man, Jesse G. Stacy, who had just returned home from Fort Worth heard it, and also heard the call of God to preach the gospel. He at once joined the church and is ready to enter the Baptist Seminary, to study for God's work. Altho' Stacy community had fallen back into the ruts of sin, it's coming to the front again, and with Christian workers to keep up the good work started, this is to be a place one need not fear to live and raise families in.

If any church is in need of a revival, it would be well to see Rev. P. I. Wood of Pasche, Texas.

"CITIZEN."

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

NINE NEWS.

Attend Baptizing at Calf Creek—Farmers Making Molasses.

Brady, Texas, Aug. 15.

Editor Brady Standard:

Several of the farmers made molasses last week.

D. C. Blauvelt and family left Tuesday for Lometa where they will visit relatives and friends for a week.

Miss Grace Pearson of Eden is visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. L. Stanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Spivey spent Friday afternoon at John Spivey's.

Marl Mauldin and Enoch Spivey called at the home of Mrs. M. L. Stanton Thursday afternoon.

Quite a number of the Nine people attended the baptizing at Calf Creek Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. M. L. Stanton and nephew, Carlton Pearson, visited in the home of Frank Pearson, of Eden, Sunday.

John Spivey and son, Clint, called at J. S. Taylor's, of Dodge, Saturday.

Jim Harkrider and family, Ben Smith and family, and Lon Abernathy and family, are attending the encampment at Christoval.

Enoch Spivey spent Sunday night with Warren Harkrider.

Enoch Spivey and sisters visited in the home of A. Oliver of Lohn, Saturday afternoon and Mrs. Joe Spivey and son, J. D., returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thornton and children are visiting A. E. McCoy.

Horace Mauldin spent Sunday night with Alex Maltsberger.

"SUNSHINE."

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

Give me a trial with your next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

CALF CREEK NEWS.

Close Ten-Day Singing School—Meeting Results in 14 Additions.

Brady, Texas, August 17.

Editor Brady Standard:

Well it has been quite a while since I have seen any Calf Creek news, so I will try to send in a few items.

The farmers are about through hauling their feed and preparing to start picking cotton. It is still dry, and the most of the people are driving their stock to water and hauling water.

Mr. O. C. Whipple taught a ten-days' singing school and everybody seemed to be well pleased. Mr. Whipple is teaching now at Hext.

Brother Springer, the missionary, held a protracted meeting, and Bro. Moore, of Rising Star helped him a few days. We had a good meeting and 14 additions to the church.

Since I last wrote we have had a wedding in our community. Mr. Will Kinman and Miss Laura Bradshaw.

Grandma Whitley is visiting her nieces, Mrs. J. H. Williams and Mrs. J. W. Perry, Mrs. E. T. Bridge, and also her nephew, Mr. O. C. Whipple.

Miss Leah Blasdel spent the afternoon with Miss Hazel Awalt last Saturday.

Miss Zora Perry spent the afternoon with Miss Bernice Bridge last Saturday.

Miss Hazel Awalt is staying with her uncle at Hext, attending the singing school.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bridge of Bread Walker, Texas, has been visiting his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bridge.

Mrs. Bula Walker is visiting her sisters at Nine, Mrs. Jack Wood and Mrs. Bill Duncan.

"DAISY."

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or digest the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

Carter's Show Card Colors for sign writing. The Brady Standard.

DIRECTORS F. B. COTTON ASS'N ISSUE STATEMENT

Local directors in the McCulloch County Farm Bureau are in receipt of a communication from C. O. Moser, secretary of the Texas Farm Bureau association, giving an outline of the work being done by the executive committee, and the difficulties encountered and so far overcome in the work of getting the organization upon a sound footing. The letter, which follows, will be of interest to all citizens taking part in or looking to the welfare of the cotton pooling movement inaugurated by the Texas Farm Bureau:

"Since the incorporation of the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association there have been two meetings of its Board of Directors. The Executive Committee has been in continuous session since the first meeting of the Board and the Warehouse Committee has been in session practically all the time.

"I am writing you in regard to these matters so that you may know that everything possible is being done to put the Cotton Organization into the business of handling cotton. No one who has not been in daily touch with the problems and activities of the Executive Committee of the Cotton Association can realize the labor and the multitude of detail necessary to put so large a machine into operation. Everything to be done involves matters of such great consequence that both the Organization itself and the people with whom the committee deals can act only with the advice of counsel and after the most careful and painstaking consideration.

"Much of the time has been consumed complying with the requirements of the War Finance Corporation and the Texas and New York banks, affecting the loaning to this organization of many millions of dollars. Each of these sets of financial institutions have their own attorneys and before any of them will proceed in the advancing of funds, in accordance with the general understanding with us, they first have to have the written opinion of their lawyers, covering every legal point involved. About the time we think they have been entirely satisfied, a new point is brought up and all our efforts to rush their opinions, in order that matters may be consummated from our point of view, we are calmly advised that they are compelled to take as much time as is necessary to satisfy themselves on all points involved. While this is as provoking to us as it is to you, there is nothing left for us to do but patiently await their decision, after hours of consultations in which we undertake to satisfy all points which they raise. Up to this time we have successfully met and got favorable opinions and approvals of all forms and documents which have been prepared by our counsel, Mr. Sapiro, but some of them are still pending, which we are satisfied will be disposed of in a few days. These matters involve a great many technical points, such as the legality of the Association's title to cotton and form of conveyance submitted to all banks in Texas in which they authorize the Association to act for them in the sale of mortgaged cotton. It involves the matter of whether cotton loans will be made on compress and warehouse receipts in bonded warehouses, or whether loans will also be made on cotton yard receipts, bills of lading and other evidences of stewardship. A full and complete report of the manner of operation in connection with these and many other details which are now engaging the attention of your Executive Committee and all of the agencies and institutions with which they are dealing, will have to be given you in the course of the next few days.

"Your Executive Committee has also devoted much of its time to the consideration of the personnel of the organization, with special consideration of the Manager of the Sales Department. It may appear strange and almost unbelievable, but one of the most difficult transactions of your Executive Committee has been that of finding a suitable man that they could procure for this important post. The committee, however, is now practically certain of securing the services of a man of unusual ability and successful experience in the handling of cotton and a man who, after careful investigation enjoys the confidence and good will of the banks of Texas and everyone who has had any business transactions and relationship with him. We will be particularly fortunate if we secure the services of this man, and we have the definite promise of a final answer from him by the 15th.

"Many other problems of the Organization have been considered by the Executive Committee, but they desire the approval of the Manager before definitely acting upon them. These matters involve such things as types of insurance best adaptable to our kind of business, relative rates on interior warehouses of various classes, compresses and of storage house at the ports.

"The question of an accounting system adequate to our needs, all kinds of forms to be used in the office and at the points of origin of the cotton, the matter of a cotton classing organization and rooms, and the almost innumerable matters of similar purport have engaged the best thought of your most excellent Executive Committee. They have employed an office manager who will work out the system of accounting and all the forms to be used by the Organization and in general the conduct of the office from the standpoint of record keeping. He is a man of unusual ability and integrity and the Association is fortunate in having been able to secure so excellent a man.

"The Executive Committee is planning to send out letters to all of the officials of the State and County organizations at least twice a week, until the whole machinery of the Cotton Association is in smooth operation, so that all responsible officials of the Association will be kept fully and completely informed with regard to the progress and success of the movement.

"You may rest assured that at the earliest possible moment that cotton can be received and money advanced, you will be notified to deliver your cotton to the place best suited to the economical handling of our members' cotton this year.

"In the meantime we trust that you will explain to all members with whom you come in contact, the status of the movement, as well as to bankers and other men financially interested in our enterprise. You may also use your discretion in giving all or any part of this letter to local papers.

"We are sending out in the next few days membership certificates and official notices to growers of their membership in the Cotton Association.

"You will be further interested in knowing that while no active campaign has been made for new members, our office is daily receiving large quantities of new contracts, evidencing the general appreciation on the part of the cotton growers of Texas the sincere purpose and intelligent efforts being made by the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association in the solution of the marketing problem.

"Expecting you to encourage a proper spirit in your community in the consummation of our common task and trusting that you will cooperate with us in bringing these matters as well as all others that concern the progress and welfare of this Organization to the attention of our members in your county and community, and with best wishes, I am,

"Yours very truly,
C. O. MOSER,
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"Yours very truly,
C. O. MOSER,
Secretary, Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association."

"We are sending out in the next few days membership certificates and official notices to growers of their membership in the Cotton Association.

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Edna's Fall Strar
By WILLIAM FALL
(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Edna Wilbur never looked prettier in her life than upon the day when the "Industrial Exchange" opened at Millville. Imagine an old-fashioned double store made over into a modern emporium of trade, permanent counters and gaily decorated booths all about it. And an airy dancing room overhead and you have a mere idea of what the Village Young Ladies' club had done for the factory hands down the river and the families of farmers all over the county.

Edna and her girl friends had got rich old Jabez to fix up the ancient building. Her club had set everybody at fancy work. The place was to hold a sort of permanent fair every Saturday. Admission was free; all the articles carried were for sale or exchange. It was hoped to encourage the poor mill girls in needlework, and give to all cheap household knickknacks at cost price.

Then there was to be a band, a supper, a picture show, and dancing. The social and economic features of the enterprise appealed to everybody, and now, just before dusk, a great throng crowded the busy street in front of the Exchange.

A fashionably dressed young man pressed his way through the throng, about the first of those to enter the Exchange. He was at Edna's side as she passed into the cashier's booth.

"The sweetest of all flowers for the belle of the occasion," he said impressively.

Edna received the bouquet of redolent lilies of the valley with a happy smile and secured them at her corsage.

"A handsome couple—look as if they were mated for one another," said an observant visitor to his companion. "Who is he? Stranger, I see."

"Yes," was the reply. "Been here only a few days. Stock broker, they say, taking a little vacation. Calls himself Eugene Allen."

Edna was very busy, as were all her assistants for the next hour. More than once she stole a hurried, disappointed look about the room.

"Why did Robert not come?" she asked herself, and her rosy lips pouted slightly.

They were lovers, almost engaged. They were neighbors, their homes near together. Mary Dean was Edna's closest friend. And then as Edna at last saw Robert enter the room, a handsome brunette, a stranger to her, on his arm, her face drew down and she turned her back deliberately upon Robert as he smiled at her.

Purposely she evaded him after that. Edna allowed Mr. Allen to see her home and to carry the handbag containing the proceeds of the sales. When she got home, however, and reached her room, she sat down with a sigh and a dull pain at her heart.

Her parents were away visiting a relative in another town. Before she knew it, seated in a comfortable armchair, Edna was asleep.

She woke to the echoes of something falling, a human groan. A startling picture was revealed to her.

The window overlooking the porch roof was partly open, and held so by a masked man. The edge of the sash imprisoned his neck. One arm was reached through, striving to reach a pistol that had fallen from his hand. Upon a table lay the handbag and her diamond sunburst pin. There, too, were the silver scissors.

The man was struggling to force up the sash. Edna summoned up all her courage.

What should she do? She dared not leave the room—the burglar might release himself. Her eyes fell upon a toy telephone apparatus. It ran over the trees to the Dean home. Robert had rigged it up to enable his sister and his love to hail each other when they liked. Soon there was a response. The bell rang in the room.

"Mary! Mary!" gasped Edna, "rouse somebody, send over at once. There is a burglar here!"

Inside of five minutes Robert Dean, his sister, their brunette visitor and a hired man halled Edna from the garden. She called to them to force a way into the house. The burglar was unmasked—behold Mr. Eugene Allen!

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" sobbed the repentant Edna, when the elegant stranger was safe in the town jail and her lover had explained that the dark brunette was his cousin. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"I can always love you," replied Robert staunchly, "and that should answer every question."

Assyrians Employed Tin.

The tin used in the composition of bronzes from Assyria was probably obtained from Phoenicia, and it is believed that this was exported 3,000 years ago from the British Isles. The Assyrians appear to have made an extensive use of this metal, and the degree of perfection which the making of bronze had then reached clearly shows that they must have been long experienced in the use of it. They appear to have received what they used from the Phoenicians. Some think the Celtic tribes were acquainted with this metal previous to the arrival of the Phoenicians upon those shores.

The Artful Trader.

"Would you condescend to cheat a neighbor in a horse trade?"

"No, sir," replied Farmer Corntoesel. "The fine work nowadays is done with flippers, not with horses."

Loose Leaf Note Books at The Brady Standard.

THE MKT
The name "TEXAS SPECIAL" means A FAST, SOLID STEEL, DEPENDABLE TRAIN EQUIPPED FOR YOUR COMFORT—GIVING OVERNIGHT SERVICE BETWEEN TEXAS POINTS and ST. LOUIS—KANSAS CITY MAKING EXCELLENT CONNECTIONS FOR ALL POINTS WEST, NORTH AND EAST For further information write W. G. Crush, Passenger Traffic Manager, MK&T Ry., Dallas, Texas.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS
When your Battery needs distilled water, don't forget our service is FREE and we are glad to Test and Water your Battery. And when it needs Recharging or Repairing, we will do it at a reasonable cost and furnish you a rental battery while your battery is with us. REMEMBER WE SPECIALIZE ON STORAGE BATTERY WORK.
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Funeral Directors
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
MODERN AUTO HEARSE IN CONNECTION
Day Phone, 4 Night Phone, 195

Lucky Strike Cigarette



100 Cigarettes
The American Tobacco Co.

FARM BUREAU NOTES. THE FARMERS SHORT COURSE AT A. & M. COLLEGE A GREAT SUCCESS

I have just returned from a week's attendance at the Farmers' Short Course and Annual Conference of Agricultural Demonstration Agents held at College Station, Texas, July 25th to 30th, inclusive. I had the pleasure of the company there of Mr. W. Irvin Marshall, one of McCulloch county's progressive young farmers and incidentally county club leader of the McCulloch county Boys and Girls' Agricultural clubs. I feel confident that Mr. Marshall will bear me out in saying that the Short Course was a rousing success from start to finish.

While the attendance was somewhat limited owing to strenuous financial conditions the programme carried out was very instructive as well as interesting and those in attendance expressed themselves as being more than pleased with the returns they received for the time and money expended while in attendance.

The college and its various departments were up to the standard and open to all the visitors for their inspection and study. There were various lectures delivered by experts in their lines and covering the many phases of farm activities and problems. The outstanding feature of these lectures was the masterful manner in which Mr. Aaron Sapiro, the young California attorney, discussed the present day marketing problems of the farmers. His lecture was delivered in two installments, so to speak. One on Tuesday morning in which he discussed the California Co-operative Plan of marketing perishable products, such as fruits, vegetables, etc. In his lecture on Wednesday morning he dealt with the marketing of non-perishable products such as cotton, etc., and the plans now being devised to handle the cotton situation. Mr. Sapiro is a genius in his line of endeavor; he is a Moses come to lead the farmers out of darkness, and it was a great privilege to hear him lay his plan of marketing before that assembly of farmers in a manner that each and everyone could clearly understand and appreciate it. He assured those farmers that the success of the Farm Bureau Cotton Marketing Association was practically assured as the thorn in its side the question of financing same had been removed. He stated that there were nine or ten millions of dollars available from the Federal Government, two and one-half millions available from Texas Banks and the same amount from New York banks making a total of over fifteen millions available and more to be had if necessary.

The principle factors to be considered in marketing a perishable product according to Mr. Sapiro are grading, packing, routing and short time merchandising, while the factors relative to marketing a non-perishable product, such as cotton, etc., are financing, warehousing, grading and long time merchandising. In unorganized sections up to eighty per cent of the perishable products rot and are a total loss, while only from five to eight percent rot in organized sections as we find in California.

Mr. Clarence Ousley also delivered a fine lecture on the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton-Growers Co-operative Marketing Association. Colonel Ousley is a great friend to the cotton farmer and he rightly stated that if this present cotton association should fail that very few, if any of us, now here would live to see another move of any consequence made to liberate the farmer. He laid especial stress upon the fact that while we were

producing this crop more cheaply than we have heretofore yet we were yet producing it with less labor but were enslaving the wives and children of our farmers, a greater curse than was the black slavery which eventually disrupted our country into civil strife. Colonel Ousley predicts that when the time comes to pass that our farmers are given a decent return on their effort that our Southland will be the foremost among the agricultural sections of the world in development and prosperity.

Each morning at seven o'clock a free automobile tour was given the visitors to the various departments of the college including the up-to-date college dairy establishment, the poultry farm, college zoo, experiment farms, both field and orchard, the experimental feeding and breeding station, the veterinary department, etc.

Friday the 29th was designated as Grimes County Day and the people came from Grimes, hundreds strong, to visit a great state institution which, although situated in a county adjoining theirs, many of them had never before visited. The interest exhibited by Grimes county was, no doubt, due to a great extent to the efficiency of their County Demonstration Agent, Mr. Caesar (Dutch) Hohn, and their efficient Home Demonstration Agent, who had previously brought twenty seven girl club members with her. The Grimes County farm boys had their own baseball club and challenged the rest of the state farm boys, winning two of three games played.

On Friday night the boys were to stage a rodeo but the management was unable to produce the bronc and so the boys staged a general frolic in the arena of the big stock judging pavilion. At this time the Hill county boys Stock Judging Team was presented with the Progressive Farmer Loving Cup having made the highest score during the week on judging live stock.

The Farmer-Banker Livestock Specialist left College Station Saturday upon an educational tour to extend over fifteen days, going up one side of the continent, and coming down the other, visiting the big stock farms over the route. This trip is undoubtedly an education in itself and I urge anyone who can to take advantage of the Farm Woman's Special, a similar trip scheduled for next year. Deny yourselves something during the year and let's have a good McCulloch county representation on the tour next year. Two club boys who stood highest in stock judging are today enjoying a free tour in recognition of their efficiency. I am sure that the McCulloch county boys and girls can do as well, so let's make up our minds to win a free tour with the Farm Women's Special next year.

Signed, GEO. E. EHLINGER,
County Demonstration Agent.

WONDERS OF AMERICA

By T. I. MAXEY

© Western Newspaper Union.

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

THE Lord didn't make many geysers or water volcanoes, but he gave a distinct individuality to each of the few which he did make.

He placed the majority of them in Yellowstone park and of these, one has been dignified with the name—Old Faithful, because of its dependability.

Geysers are do-as-you-please freaks of Nature. Their activities are generally devoid of any regularity. Some "go off" with great frequency; others only at long intervals. But, Old Faithful, true to the name, can be depended upon, day and night, winter or summer, to thrust her tremendous column of water high into the air (some times 170 feet), for four minutes at a time, at intervals of from sixty-five to eighty minutes.

From a bowl-shaped surface opening an irregular passage, known as a tube, reaches down to the intensely heated regions. Water from the surface or underground springs trickles down through rocks and holes and collects in the bottom of this tube. The heat makes it boil. Then it turns to steam. The steam forces the water toward the top. Later, clouds of steam arise. Finally, the pressure of the steam overcomes the weight of the water above and the geyser erupts with astonishing force, continuing to do so until all the water in the tube has been expelled.

The discharged water falls to the ground and cools off. Soon the water again collects in the tube, becomes heated to the boiling-out point and the operation is repeated.

According to observations made by the U. S. Geological Survey, Old Faithful "shoots" 1,500,000 gallons of water at each eruption, or about 33,225,000 gallons every twenty-four hours—enough to supply a city of 300,000 inhabitants.

Pin Tickets. The Brady Standard.

CAPT. MILLS WINS LONG HARD FIGHT

Prominent Texas Man Says Tanlac Is the Only Medicine He is Willing to Endorse.

"If people knew the value of Tanlac like I do the drug store couldn't keep enough on hand to fill the orders," said Captain E. B. Mills, one of the most widely known and popular men in Texas and owner of a vast area of sugar lands. Captain Mills' home is R. F. D. 4, Box 51, Houston, Texas.

"Tanlac was certainly worth its weight in gold to me," he continued. "All my many years of suffering are gone and I now feel as active and happy as a schoolboy. For twenty years I had a hard fight with indigestion, followed by stomach trouble and rheumatism, and I have won out solely because I got hold of the right medicine at last.

"I suffered from accumulation of gas on my stomach and at times would swell up so that I couldn't button my clothes. My waist would actually distend until I would measure fifty-six inches instead of my normal measure of forty-four. I had to have my clothing let out to fit me and even had to have a special saddle made to order, I was so badly bloated. My breath was terribly foul and I had a rosy, slimy taste in my mouth, my eyes were watery and I had a dull headache nearly all the time. My case was diagnosed as catarrh of the stomach and I was told there was little or no hope for me.

"I just can't say enough for Tanlac, for it has done away with all of the disagreeable symptoms and I feel at least twenty years younger. I never bloated now after a meal nor have any other trace of indigestion. I sleep sound and get up in the morning feeling fine. There's no such thing as measuring the good Tanlac has done me in dollars and cents, but if there was there isn't enough money in Texas to buy it. It is the one and only medicine I am willing to endorse and I do it heartily."

Tanlac is sold in Brady by Trigg Drug Co., in Mercury by J. T. Matlock, in Rochelle by C. W. Carr, and by leading druggists everywhere.

QUESTIONS ANY HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO ANSWER.

The series of questions recently propounded by Thomas A. Edison which attracted so much attention contained a great many which were somewhat technical in their nature. Here is a list which almost any high school pupil should be able to answer, says the Dallas Times-Herald. How many of them can you answer offhand?

1. Which was the first miracle performed by Jesus?
2. Of what battle was Leonidas the hero?
3. What is the emblem of France?
4. What is the oldest town in the United States?
5. Who are the Blacksox?
6. Who is John Drinkwater?
7. Who wrote the most popular wedding march?
8. To what territory was Missouri attached after the Louisiana purchase?
9. Who conquered the Inca empire? The Aztec empire?
10. Who said, "Dam the torpedoes, go ahead!"
11. Who was "Butcher" Weyler?
12. What was the Caporetto disaster?
13. What two great disasters occurred in Chicago in recent years?
14. Name the provinces of Canada?
15. What is the greatest hay market in the world?
16. What tributary of the Missouri river flows through Canada?
17. Who was the first emperor in America?
18. What prime minister of England also was a famous novelist?
19. Of what nationality was George I, of England?
20. Who was the predecessor of Victoria on the throne of England?
21. What Hollander became a king of England?
22. Who was Napoleon the Little?
23. How many Napoleons reigned in France?
24. What was the first capital of Missouri?
25. What Missouri governor was born in Kansas?
26. Which of the United States was a republic?
27. Which great musician recently has figured in international affairs?
28. Who said England expects every man to do his duty?
29. Which are the only independent governments in Africa?
30. Which two governments are ruled by women?
31. What nation is named for the principle figure in the Bible?
32. What is the other name of the Helvetian Republic?
33. Which nation owns colonies on the mainland of South America?
34. What large island governs part of the adjacent coast of America?
35. What Sultan pays allegiance to the United States?
36. What island is divided into two republics?
37. Which living ruler was born a king?
38. Where is the Euxine sea?
39. Who invented the electric telegraph?
40. Which is the highest range of mountains?

Here are the answers to the questions:

1. The changing of water into wine. Thermoplaea. 3. The Cock. 4. St. Augustine, Fla. 5. Ball players implicated in the world series scandal of 1919. 6. English playwright. 7. Mendelssohn. 8. The Indian Territory. 9. Pizarro, Cortez. 10. Farragut. 11. Governor general of Cuba during the insurrection. 12. The Italian defeat when they were driven back to the Piave river in 1918. 13. Iroquo's Theatre fire. The capsizing of the steamer Eastland. 14. Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia. 15. Kansas City. 16. Milk river. 17. Don Pedro of Brazil. 18. Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield. 19. German. 20. William IV. 21. William of Orange. 22. Napoleon III. 23. Two. 24. St. Charles. 25. Hadley. 26. Texas. 27. Paderewski. 28. Admiral Lord Nelson. 29. Liberia, Abyssinia. 30. Holland-Luxemburg. 31. El Salvador. 32. Switzerland. 33. British, French and Dutch Guiana. 34. Newfoundland governs Labrador. 35. The Sultan of Sulu. 36. Santo Domingo. 37. King Alfonso of Spain. 38. The Black Sea. 39. Samuel F. Morse. 40. Himalayas.

STOP THAT ITCHING

Use the reliable Blue Star Remedy for all skin diseases and foot troubles such as Itch, Eczema, Poison Oak, Red Bugs, Old Sores, Sores on Children, Prickly Heat. Sold on a guarantee by all Drug Stores.

Served Him Right.
He—"There'll be a lot of disappointed girls when I marry."
She—"For heaven's sake! How many do you expect to marry?"

GOING!
REGARDLESS OF COST—
J. F. SCHAEG'S LEATHER GOODS.

ORDER COAL TODAY!
And get in on our July shipment. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

Save money and be sure of your winter fuel by placing your coal order with us now. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

Where You Get the Best of Everything

THIS store serves particular people, those who insist on having the best of everything in canned goods, preserves, meats, vegetables, flour, etc.

You can order of us with every assurance that our goods will live up to your every expectation.

Today's Specials

- Flour\$4.25
- Green Velva\$1.00
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- Mary Jane60c
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- 15c Canned Corn10c
- 15c Canned Tomatoes10c

LOW PRICES ON ALL DRY GOODS

Joe Myers
CASH GROCERIES

We Sell SMITH'S BEST FLOUR
each sack of which bears a Money Back Guarantee



INTERESTING DOCUMENT ON DISPLAY AT REUNION RELATES TO TEXAS LIBERTY

Among other interesting documents on display at the Red Cross tent during the reunion was a time-stained piece of paper, dating back to 1836, and relating to the efforts of patriotic volunteers in the United States to come to the aid of Texas, then fighting for liberty, and to avenge the fall of the Alamo. The patriot issuing the call for volunteers was one Stanley Young of Bardstown, Ky., and his call to his fellow citizens was couched in the following inspiring language:

Bardstown, July 31, 1836.
Fellow Citizens:—
Having received an appointment from the Texan government, it has thereby become my duty to endeavor to procure volunteers for Texas, to aid that oppressed people in their glorious struggle for liberty.

I have accepted of the appointment upon the condition of raising the requisite number, and shall in that event resign my seat in the Senate of Kentucky in time to afford my constituents an opportunity to elect my successor at the presidential election.

However successful I may be in this deeply interesting enterprise, I am sensible that I must be more indebted to the enlightened liberality and generous philanthropy of my own countrymen than to my own exertions. I shall however, under a firm consciousness of the justice of my cause, use my best exertions to procure the requisite number of volunteers, which nothing shall prevent unless unfortunately obstacles should be presented beyond my power to surmount.

Come my countrymen—come and join me, and go with me to Texas—the finest country in the world for the fertility of its soil, the salubrity of its air, and the deliciousness of its fruits. Let us aid in conquering the enemies to human liberty.—If necessary, we will roll back the tide of war upon the proud city of Mexico itself, and force them to yield up to the Texans, not only the rich jewel of liberty, but also the proud distinction of independence itself.

Many of our countrymen have gone before us, and some of them have fallen in this glorious struggle; yea some of our personal friends, with other American citizens, after bravely defending themselves in bloody strife against a greatly superior force, in the proportion of five to one, and after having surrendered to a perfidious enemy under a solemn agreement and guarantee of personal safety as prisoners of war, were marched out and murdered by the enemy.

For the honor of human nature, the bright cheek of the civilized world is suffused with a blush at such unparalleled baseness and cruelty. Will not justice send forth its vengeance? The innocent blood of these brave and generous young men is crying aloud from earth to heaven for vengeance upon the heads of a guilty people. Oh, my country! will not thy thousands go forth and avenge the wrongs of our injured citizens! In avenging their wrongs, and the wrongs of that op-

pressed people, we shall impart life and vigor to the budding tree of liberty in Texas, which will, by proper nurturing extend its branches to all parts of that widely extended and delightful country, when its delicious fruits may be freely plucked and enjoyed by millions now living, and unborn millions yet to come.

I design addressing the public on this subject,—

- At Boston, Nelson county, Aug. 8.
- At New Hope, August 9th.
- At Liver's Springs, Marion, Aug. 10th.
- At Lebanon, August 11th.
- At Moses Harold's, August 12th.
- At Chapline postoffice, Aug. 13th.
- At Bloomfield, August 15th.
- At Mount Eden, August 16th.
- At Taylorsville, August 17th.
- At McGee's Mill, August 18th.
- At Davis's precinct, August 19th.

And will be thankful for the attendance of the people at those times and places.

I refer briefly to the compensation offered to those who may think proper to join us in the Texan service, which I think affords even to the private soldier a fair prospect for realizing an independent fortune. Three months service will entitle him to three hundred and twenty acres of land; six months service will entitle him to six hundred and forty acres; and those that serve during the war will be entitled to two thousand one hundred and ten acres of land, if single men; and if men of families, they will be entitled to five thousand two hundred and forty acres; and in addition to this rich beauty in land, they will be also entitled to the same pay, rations and clothing allowed by the United States.

STANLEY YOUNG.

It's Useful at That.

"I hope you are selecting friends at your new school whose companionship will be of value to you," said Jimmy's mother.

"Rather!" replied Jimmy, "Tommy Davis is teaching me how to smoke and make the smoke come down my nose and Jack Higgins says if I'll give him my roller skates he'll teach me the punch that knocked out Battling Bill."

Habitual Constipation Cured in 14 to 21 Days

"LAX-FOS WITH PEPSIN" is a specially-prepared Syrup Tonic-Laxative for Habitual Constipation. It relieves promptly but should be taken regularly for 14 to 21 days to induce regular action. It stimulates and regulates. Very Pleasant to Take. 60c per bottle.

PICKNICKERS, ATTENTION!

We now have one gallon Hot and Cold Bottles for Picknickers. Bottles have opening large enough to insert hand. BRADY AUTO CO.

Down Dusters never scratch. The Brady Standard.

ITCH!
Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Rashes, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.
C. A. TRIGG DRUG CO.

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1910, at postoffice at Brady, Tex., under Act of March 3, 1879.

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

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

The management assumes no responsibility for any indebtedness incurred by any employe, unless upon the written order of the editor.

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, 7 1/2c per line, per issue. Classified Ads, 1 1/2c per word per issue. Display Rates Given upon Application.

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.

BRADY, TEXAS, Aug. 19, 1921

HONEST INJUN.

If every citizen would earnestly endeavor to do some good and lasting deed today, maybe in years to come he would live to see his children enjoying the returns from his efforts. "Big oaks from little acorns grow."

WHEN A TOWN FALLS DOWN.

This week has witnessed an instance where the citizens of a town have fallen down! They have gone back on those who are endeavoring to better the town and advance its interests through securing some attraction for the town and its citizens that is really worth while. Of course, you have guessed it—the failure of the Brady chautauqua to round out its otherwise successful staging by being also a financial success.

Twenty-seven Brady citizens had the welfare of the city enough at heart to guarantee the chautauqua company \$550 for the staging of a three-day program in Brady. They were willing to assume this risk to get this splendid class of

entertainment for Brady. The street carnival has been frowned upon, and theoretically, at least, placed under ban by all right-minded citizens; yet these self-same citizens refused to give that support which the chautauqua so richly deserved. It is not too much to ask three hundred citizens to spend an average of \$2 apiece for a chautauqua—it is a pitiful sum for any man to refuse a committee who not only take the risk of financial failure, but who also devote their time and efforts to a thing in which every citizen should be interested.

The twenty-seven signers will lose approximately \$10 apiece on this year's chautauqua. Are they down-hearted? Not on your life! They are made of better stuff than that. Almost without exception these same men have signed the guarantee for next year's chautauqua. They know it's a good thing! They are willing to pay the price. Not a one of them will ever derive one penny's worth of monetary benefit from any chautauqua ever to be held here—the surplus, if any, is to be given to some meritorious local institution. Can Brady citizens afford to be pikers? Can they afford to lay down on a bunch of public-spirited citizens whose effort is in behalf of the town's welfare? It is to be sincerely trusted that Brady never again will present the sorry spectacle of deliberately falling down in a matter which requires only a small pittance from each citizen to make a success.

As for the chautauqua itself, its value and merit can best be illustrated by the words of commendation coming from those who signed this year's contract and those who attended the performances. One of the number who not only bought tickets, but who will also have to pay his part of the chautauqua guarantee, said the enjoyment his little daughter derived from the entertainment of the magician, Milburn, was alone worth all it cost him. Another citizen was so well pleased with the entire series of entertainment that he volunteered to help the 1920 committee stand the season's loss. Is there any better recommendation needed?

SNAP SHOTS.

And the old-fashioned mother who used to find so much pleasure in bathing her baby now has a daughter who leaves baby on the sand and goes in herself.—Dallas News.

AUTOMOBILE PROTECTION.

That there was a concerted band of automobile thieves operating throughout this section, recent arrests and discoveries of stolen cars was not needed to confirm. For a long time the continued thieving, ranging all the way from petty to grand larceny, has harassed and annoyed automobile owners. As a rule, the major portion of this stealing was confined to Ford cars and accessories, very obviously for the reason that such thefts would be harder to trace. All of which brings us down to the subject of automobile protection.

The Standard's recent editorial about the subject of organization of automobile owners for mutual protection against thieves has received warm commendation. One Ford owner, who estimates his loss the past year at around \$100, is advocating the immediate organization of an automobile association and the raising of a fund which will be sufficiently large to quickly run to earth of this gang of thieves. That a liberal reward will accomplish this most desirable end there can be little doubt, for there are always plenty of folks with guilty knowledge who will readily give their information up if sufficient inducement is offered them.

The Standard opens its columns to a free and full discussion of the matter and places itself at the disposal of those citizens who desire to rid the country of this most despicable class—the automobile thief.

Newspaper publicity was decided as the best advertising medium in a choice between newspaper publicity and a permanent exhibition of products at a joint meeting of the Advertising Men's club and the Fort Worth Manufacturers' Association last Wednesday at Fort Worth. Each association voted individually with the same result. The advertising men voted first unanimously, agreeing on the publicity campaign. The manufacturers then voted with the same result. A publicity committee was named. This committee will have charge of the campaign to raise \$15,000 among local manufacturers. The money will be expended during the ensuing year on newspaper publicity to advertise Fort Worth products to the state of Texas and the southwest.—Hamilton Herald.

CARDS—Visiting, Announcement, Business, Social, Plain, Paneled, Index, Filing, Mailing, Square-Cornered, Round-Cornered, with Envelopes—did you know we have the most complete stock in West Texas? The Brady Standard.

THE FOOL AT THE WHEEL.

We saw a car the other day which bore upon its windshield this legend, "Drive carefully, you don't know how soon you may meet a fool."

The man who painted those words on the front end of his car, was the author of a whole sermon, a sermon which should be heeded by every man who owns a mechanically propelled machine.

It is not the fellow who drives carefully that has the blood of innocent victims upon his head. It is not the fellow who drives carefully that is responsible for the maiming of some man, some woman, some child.

But it is the fool, the person who speeds up and down the streets of the cities, who thunders madly along the roads of the county, who takes curves on two wheels and beats the railway train to the crossing by a hair, who cuts corners and fights the wind in an effort to outpace Time in its race against eternity, who is to blame for all the accidents, big and little.

Drive carefully, you gentlemanly car owner, you lady motorist, for you don't know in what block, at what street crossing, at what point in the road you may meet the inevitable fool.—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

Wedding Invitations and Announcements—paneled stock and plain. The Brady Standard.

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Published Semi-Weekly
Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas
To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year
SIX MONTHS \$1.00
THREE MONTHS 65c
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Effective July 1, 1920.

Bring Us Your Eggs

We will pay 15c for Canded Eggs and 17 1/2c for Infertile Eggs. We would appreciate a part of your eggs.

Brady Brokerage Co.

250,000 Words At One Filling

And a point for every word. No lost lead or lost time with Eversharp. Always sharp—never sharpened. Always writes smoothly and easily. One filling lasts many months. Costs only a quarter to reload—enough for another quarter million words—ten thousand words one cent!

EVERSHARP

Eversharp sells for \$1 and up. We have various designs in stock for pocket, chain or lady's bag—all beautiful. Built with jeweler precision for life-long service. Come see Eversharp—today.

The Pen That Writes Like You

No matter how you write, light or heavy, fast or slow, there's the very Tempoint Pen for you. Drop in today for details and see your particular style of writing on the wonderful Tempoint Hand-writing Chart.

TEMPOINT

Tempoint is the pen with the tempered point. Ask us about the other distinctive Tempoint features. There are ten in all, including the hand-hammered 14-karat gold pen which can not become sprung.

THE BRADY STANDARD

NEW

Meat Market

Now open and ready for business in the Henderson building, north side square. We kill our own choice beef, baby beef and pork and you will always find our meats of highest quality and the prices lower. Chas. Chapman, an expert meat cutter is in charge. We only ask a trial—we guarantee satisfaction.

Behrens Bros

North Side Next Door Simpson & Co.

Dove Season WILL OPEN September 1

GUNS and AMUNITION

Come in now and get what you need, while our stocks are complete. Don't wait until they are sold. Get ready now. Lots of Doves to shoot this season.

CLIP THIS OUT AND SAVE IT

The seasons here shown are the times when migratory game birds may be hunted without violating either Federal or State laws:

	Opens	Closes
Dove	September 1	December 15
Rail	October 16	November 30
Ducks	October 16	January 31
Golden Plover	October 16	December 15

UPLAND GAME

Quail	December 1	January 31
Turkey	March 1	April 30

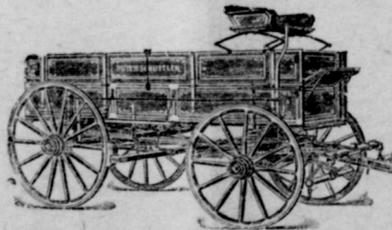
Deer Season Opens November 1st
Closes December 31st

WE ARE SPORTSMEN HEADQUARTERS

PETER SCHUTTLE WAGONS

We have a large stock of the Peter Schuttler Wagons on hand, which we are

Closing Out at Prices That Will Make Them Move



This Wagon represents the acme of value and service. The cotton season is coming on and no doubt you will need a new wagon. We wish to recommend the PETER SCHUTTLE. This is the wagon we have sold for years and hundreds are in use in this county. The chances are your neighbor has one—ask him. We stand behind the SCHUTTLE and know they will give satisfaction. We have them in the different sizes and wide or narrow tire.

Get Your Cotton Picking Sacks Here—Knee Pads, Too

When You Start Out On That HUNTING TRIP

Don't forget we have everything to make the hunt both successful and enjoyable. You will want a Tent, of course, and Cots, and, perhaps, a Wagon Sheet or two. This is where we are prepared to fit you out in first-class fashion, for we have just the tents you want, and our Gold Medal Cots are the best to be had.

Then, too, we have all those other necessities, such as—

- Skillets
- Cooking Utensils
- Tin Cups and Tinware
- Flash Lights
- Camp Stoves, Etc., Etc.

O. D. MANN & SONS

"We Appreciate Your Good Will As Well as Your Trade"

FIRST SHOWING EARLY FALL MILLINERY

The season's newest and most popular models for early Fall Wear are now on display and ready for your inspection.

CHARMING STYLES, ATTRACTIVE SHADES AND COLORS, NEW AND NOVEL TRIMMINGS

You will find them all here—and just the very hat you like best.

A Cordial Invitation to Visit Upstairs at Vincent's Store

MRS. W. M. BAUHOF

PERSONAL MENTION

T. B. Cobb was a business visitor from the Doole community yesterday.

T. T. Smith returned on Tuesday from Waco, where he had been on a business trip.

Virgil Wilhelm is in Galveston this week as a guest of his brother, Clyde Wilhelm and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Shore were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Spiller at Voca, Wednesday.

J. T. McDonald, old-time and well-known Brownwood citizen, was a business visitor in Brady Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Collier and children have returned from a brief vacation visit with relatives at Coleman.

G. R. White, who was quite seriously ill the past week, has recovered and his many friends are pleased to see him able to be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Day are enjoying visits this week from their daughters, Miss Inez, of Fort Worth and Miss Nautie May of Dallas.

Chas. Yeager, who is employed with the Western Weighing association at Waco, arrived in Brady Wednesday for a visit with friends, while on a week's vacation.

Chas. Morris, former Brady boy, and who is now employed in a bank at Del Rio, is here for a visit with his parents, the Rev. and Mrs. I. T. Morris, and other relatives.

Mrs. Harry Irwin and mother, Mrs. S. J. Flannery, left last Friday in their car for a visit of a week or ten days at San Angelo and at the S. E. McKnight ranch near Sonora.

Miss Mable Thompson, who has been spending a week or so here visiting her mother, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, and relatives, returned Sunday to Austin, where she is employed.

Mrs. Ella Fields of Victoria arrived Wednesday afternoon for a visit with her brother, Ev Simpson, and family. This being their first meeting in seven years, the visit is naturally proving most enjoyable.

Whit Longley, postmaster at San Saba, accompanied by his mother, passed through Brady yesterday enroute to New Mexico on an outing trip, this being the first vacation Mr. Longley has taken in the past ten years or more.

H. B. Crozier, staff correspondent for the Dallas News, was in Brady Tuesday on a brief visit while enroute from the Baptist encampment at Christoval which he "covered" for his paper, to San Saba where he will likewise "do" the fair.

Mrs. G. W. Henderson returned Tuesday from Miles, Texas, where she had been enjoying a three weeks' visit. She joined Mr. and Mrs. Edd Bryson at Brownwood upon their return to Brady from a combined business and pleasure trip to that city.

W. D. McChristy, Jr., is here from Brownwood as a guest of Mr. and

Mrs. A. B. Reagan. Master McChristy is the son of W. D. McChristy, Brownwood's popular postmaster, and this makes his eighth consecutive summer to spend a vacation with the Reagans.

Mrs. B. L. Malone and children returned the first of the week from Brownwood, where they had been visiting relatives. They were accompanied to Brady by her sisters, Mrs. E. E. Bell and Miss Margaret McGhee of Brownwood, who are her guests.

Mrs. F. J. Harris and little daughter, Eva Virginia, are here from Lampasas for a visit with her sister, Mrs. V. B. Deaton. They came to Brady with Mr. and Mrs. Sid Espy and Jack Deaton, who had gone to Lampasas the past week for a visit with Mr. Espy's mother, Mrs. Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilensky and little daughter returned Monday night from Dallas, where they had been guests of the lady's parents the past couple months. Incidentally, Mr. Wilensky visited market to purchase the fall stock of goods for the Wilensky store. They were accompanied to Brady by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ormish, who are their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hudgins, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Arnsperger and son, Chas., visited at the San Saba fair Wednesday. They report a very attractive and enjoyable program in the beautiful and shady San Saba fair park, although the crowds attending were comparatively small.

MUSIC CLASS.

Mrs. J. B. Smith will begin classes in piano, at music room near Central school, also at residence near High school, Monday, Sept. 12. Phone 154.

CARTER'S INK AND ADHESIVES—You see them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, System and other national magazines. Nationally known; nationally used. We have Carter's complete line on sale. THE BRADY STANDARD.

ICE CREAM SOCIAL.

A Lawn Social will be held at the A. J. Johnson residence on Brownwood road Friday night of this week. Ice cream and cake will be served. Everybody invited.

To Stop a Cough Quick

take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup. The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough. Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 35c. Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Complimenting Miss Ebba Ekdall. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eklund entertained last Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Ebba Ekdall of Austin, a very pleasant occasion being reported by all attending. During the afternoon a salad course and ice cream was served to the guests, included among whom were Mrs. Bailey Jones, Mrs. Edwin Broad, Mrs. A. J. Johnson, Mrs. Oscar Nelson of Paris, Mrs. C. C. Johanson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Pearson and son of Austin, Miss Eva Rubenson of Austin, and Mr. and Mrs. Eklund.

Rev. Taylor Surprised.

Monday, August the 15th, the Rev. J. H. Taylor celebrated his 70th birthday. At about 8 p. m. he was surprised by the gathering of a large number of the members of the church who presented him with tokens of love in appreciation of his devoted services. Included was a large birthday cake which was later served with punch by his two daughters, Misses Nell and Lou Ella who were with him to share the happy occasion.

Brother Taylor has reached the age allotted to man, that of three score and ten. Prayer was offered before the guests departed that many useful years may yet be added to the life of this devoted man of God.

Black-Priddy.

A wedding of interest to the many friends of the happy couple took place last Saturday evening, August 13th, at 5:00 o'clock, when Miss Georga Black became the bride of Mr. Burt Priddy. The wedding was quietly celebrated at the Baptist parsonage, the Rev. J. H. Taylor performing the marriage ceremony.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Priddy are popular and highly-esteemed young folks of the Fairview community. The bride is the charming and attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Black, and during the several years she has lived in this vicinity has, by her charm and sincerity of manner, surrounded herself with a large circle of admiring friends. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Priddy, and is a young man of highest character, industry and ability. His many friends rejoice with him in his winning so charming a life's companion and wish for the newly-weds the greatest measure of happiness and prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. Priddy will take charge of the A. J. Priddy homestead on the Santa Anna road, the elder Mr. Priddy having decided to move to Brady, and will be at home to their friends there.

Tiny Brady Miss Gives Interpretive Dance

Little Miss Mildred Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Coleman, former Brady citizens, was one of several little ladies who took part in a program given at a luncheon by the Cinema club of San Antonio recently. The San Antonio Light gives the following account of the luncheon and the part taken by little Miss Coleman:

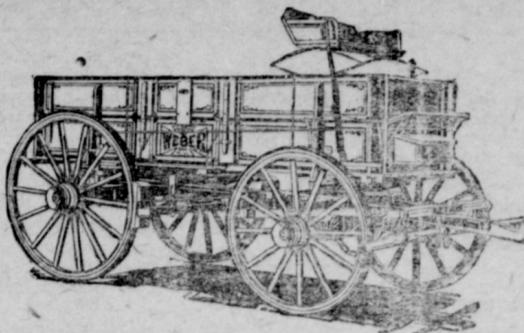
The second luncheon of the Cinema club since its organization five months ago, will be held Monday at the St. Anthony hotel. The first luncheon was held last Tuesday in the tapestry room of the hotel.

The program for the luncheon Monday will be under the direction of Mrs. Cora Shannon. Mrs. Shannon has arranged for a juvenile ballet and specialty team, composed of children under 10 years of age. Miss Blanche McGarrity will address the club on qualifications young women must possess in order to be successful in screen work.

Little Miss Roberta Kister who is on the program for the luncheon is a member of a professional team which has been playing over the Pantages circuit. She is spending her vacation in San Antonio. Carl Flaxman, age 9, will act as toastmaster. Among other children who will appear before the club are Laura Keller, black face impersonator and May Bernhardt, showing variations in the fox-trot. The program includes also the following:

- Sea Shell Dance Interpretation Geraldine Wills, 10 years.
- Spring Song Dance . . . Interpretation Mildred Coleman, 8 years.
- Popular Airs and Dances . . . Specialty Roberta Kister, 9 years.
- A Woman and Her Vanities
- Impersonation Gene Walters, 8 years.
- Stately Lilly Impersonation Celise Lynn
- "Italy" and "Frenchy"
- Songs and Dances

WAGON TIME



We have in stock Weber and Springfield Wagons, with regular beds or cotton frame beds. No better wagons are made than the Springfield and Weber. Figure with us.

Everything in Harness Broad Mer. Co.

ON AN OUTING

You will need one of those new Hot and Cold Bottles, one-gallon size, with opening large enough to insert hand. Call and see them. BRADY AUTO CO.

16-oz. Duck for Covering Cots and Hacks at Evers' Saddle, Harness and Shoe Shop.

Stylographic Pens. The Brady Standard.

We are now located on the West Side of the Square, where we will be glad to welcome you. We are still rendering the best of service in our repair department; also carry a line of the best in jewelry. A. F. GRANT, Jeweler.

So This Is a Free Country. "Step lively," says the guard in the subway. "Move on," says the policeman. "Don't walk on the grass," reads the sign in the park. "Grape juice," said the bartender.

Idle? Big business is ready for you. Sell 137 products direct to farmers on credit. If you own team or auto, are under 50, can give bond, we start you. Twenty millions use our products. Good territory open. Write J. R. Watkins Co., Dept. 114, Winona, Minn. It's your life chance.

Cotton Pickers Knee Pads at Evers Saddle & Harness Shop. Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

COMING TO BRADY FOR THE SCHOOLS?

If you want to buy desirable Brady property for a permanent home, we have it for you. For further information, apply at Brady Standard office.

Rubber Bands at The Standard office.

BAY & SON

CONTRACTORS — BUILDERS
BRICK AND CEMENT
We Specialize in Pebble Dash Work. Estimates and Blue Prints Furnished. Will Appreciate a Share of Your Business
Office Phone No. 241 Brady

Why the No. 2070 Excels



Built by Shaw-Walker.

Has no nuts, bolts or screws.

It's rigid.

The drawers open and close easily and smoothly.

The slide is progressive. It's a well-made, durable slide.

The drawers are 25 1/2 inches deep. This gives you eight or ten more inches filing space per four drawers than you secure in other low-priced files.

So this case gives you the essentials—rigidity, big capacity, easy operating drawers.

Of course, it's not as good a case as the No. 1070. Have to sacrifice somewhere. Lighter gauge of steel, steel hardware, and a slip-in follower block save money, yet detract little from the file's actual usefulness.

May be had in olive green or mahogany, with or without locks.

The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

BRADY, TEXAS

YOU'LL HARDLY RECOGNIZE



your old suit after we have Dry Cleaned it. You'll find it hard to believe that those new looking clothes are the same soiled and ill looking garments you sent us. Yet we do just that wonderful work every day and in every case. Hunt up another of your old suit and have us make it new again.

Mann Bros. & Holton

"If Men Wear It, We Have It."



BUICK



The new Buick Four is a distinctively Buick creation in every feature of design and construction. It embodies those principles of construction that have characterized Buick automobiles for more than twenty years.

The engine is of the famed Buick Valve-in-Head type. The bore is 3 3/8"—the stroke, 4 3/4". Wheel base, 109", turning radius, 36 feet.

A Marvel carburetor with the new automatic heat control.

Multiple disc clutch, the transmission and universal joint are of standard Buick construction—the universal joint being lubricated from the transmission.

The rear axle is the three-quarter floating type, with semi-elliptical type springs front and rear. The frame is a deep channel section, stongly reinforced with four cross members.

High pressure Alemite system. Delco equipment with Exide battery.

All models have non-glare headlight lenses—all are complete with tire carrier and extra rim. Closed models are equipped with adjustable windshield visors, windshield cleaner, dome light, ventilating windshield, adjustable windows, and sun shade in rear window.

Cord Tires Standard Equipment on all Models

See Us for Specifications and Delivery Date

BRADY AUTO COMPANY

Phone 152

B. A. HALLUM, Mgr.

Brady, Texas

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

One of the saddest sights in the country is a promoter trying to kid an American city into the belief that it hungers for grand opera.—Muskegee Phoenix.

Premier Wirth, of Germany, announces a plan to collect 80,000,000,000 of paper marks a year. Must have bought an extra printing-press.

We have lost all hope that China will ever become civilized; eleven handits have just been executed over there within twenty-four hours after capture.—Columbia (S. C.) Record.

The Philippines have asked for a bigger debt limit, probably just to demonstrate their advanced status as a civilized people.—New York Morning Telegraph.

A congressman wishes to know what we get out of the Philippines, anyway. The real question is not what, but whether.—Fort Wayne News and Sentinel.

You would be surprised to know how much wear an Armenian could get next winter out of that old suit you have worn for the last time.—Indianapolis Star.

A GOOD FRIEND.

A good friend stands by you when in need. Brady people tell how Doan's Kidney Pills have stood the test. A. H. Connor, carpenter of Brady, endorsed Doan's four years ago and again confirms the story. Could you ask for more convincing testimony?

"My back hurt me pretty bad and it seemed that the pains were mostly over my left kidneys," says Mr. Connor. "My kidneys were very congested and the secretions pained in passage and contained sediment. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills relieved the trouble with my back and regulated my kidneys."

(Statement given April 29, 1915)

On May 16, 1919 Mr. Connor said: "I still recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as highly as I did when I previously endorsed them. I think Doan's are a fine kidney remedy and I find occasional use of them keep my kidneys in good shape."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Connor had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Superlative.

Visitor: "Are there any fish in the river?"

Native: "Fish I should rather think there is. Why, the water's simply saturated with them."

Told Itself.

"The prisoner refuses to give his occupation," said the police sergeant to the bench.

"Why don't you say what you are?" asked the magistrate of the man in the dock.

"Cos it's superfluous, ain't it?" was the reply.

"I don't understand you," said the magistrate.

"No?" said the prisoner, with elevated eyebrows, "Then you're as dull as the police themselves, if you'll excuse me saying so, sir. What's the charge against me?"

"Stealing two chairs and a table," answered the police sergeant.

"There you are," replied the cheerful prisoner. "I'm a furniture remover, ain't I?"

Speakin' of Business.

"How is business?"
"It's looking up."
"How do you make that out?"
"Why, it's flat on its back and can't look any other way."

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady Standard.



Come on along!

Fill up your makin's papers with P. A.

Greatest sport you know to pull out your makin's papers and some Prince Albert and roll up a cigarette! That's because P. A. is so delightfully good and refreshing in a cigarette—just like it is in a jimmy pipe! You never seem to get your fill—P. A.'s so joy'usly friendly and appetizing.

Prince Albert will be a revelation to your taste! No other tobacco at any price is in its class! And, it rolls up

easily because it's crimp cut and it stays put.

It's the best bet you ever laid that you'll like Prince Albert better than any cigarette you ever rolled!

And listen! If you have a jimmy pipe hankering—by all means know what Prince Albert can do for you! It's a revelation in a pipe as well as in a cigarette! P. A. can't bite or parch. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process.

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top.



Copyright 1921 by E. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Subscription Bargain!!

For New Subscribers

The Standard From Now to
Jan 1, 1922, for Only

50c

(To Points Beyond Brady Zone 1, Only 75c)

Every business in the country is experiencing a slump, and there is universal demand for bargains. The Standard is meeting this demand with the above bargain offer. For a short time only this offer will be in effect. The sooner you take advantage of it the bigger will be your bargain. All subscriptions taken on this offer will expire Jan. 1, 1922.

Our subscription price is \$2.00 per year in McCulloch county and \$2.50 per year to distant points out of the county. During this bargain offer the paper will be sent until Jan. 1, 1922, for 50c in McCulloch and adjoining counties, or 75c to more distant points.

This offer will last only a few weeks. Take advantage of it NOW. Give your order to your Postmaster, your R. F. D. Carrier or bring or send the money to this office. Cash must accompany offer, and the paper will stop when the time is out.

Think Of It--Six Months Fifty Cents

The Standard is now running in serial form every Friday, the great story

THE CLAN CALL

This story is one of the newest "best sellers," and in book form retails at \$2.00 per volume. Don't fail to read the opening chapters next Friday.

In addition we are now publishing in serial form in our Tuesday issue, the thrilling novel--

"The Mystery of the Silver Dagger"

This is another popular seller at \$2.00 per volume. If you haven't read the opening chapters, ask for back copies at this office.

In these two great serials alone, you are getting the value of a year's subscription twice over.

Subscribe Today! Renew Now!

The Brady Standard

BRADY TEXAS

CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

CHAPTER I—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

Two minutes later Caleb leaps the old rail fence on the other side of the road and approached them hastily. He was breathing rapidly and his strong young face was drawn and pale—with the old hate.

"Well," said his iron father, "what is it?"

Caleb held up his broad-rimmed black hat and ran a finger through a hole in the upper part of the crown's peak.

"He didn't miss!" snapped John Moreland.

"No," quickly replied Caleb, "he didn't miss. He don't never miss. You know that, pap, as well as ye know God made ye. He done it jest to show me he meant what he said. He told me to go and tell you to gether up yore set o' rabbit-hearted heathens and come down to the river for a lead-and-powder picnic, unless ye was a-keered to come! He said to tell ye the wimmenfolks had hid our guns, and we'd find 'em under the house floors."

John Moreland took it with utter calmness, though his face was a little pale behind his thick brown beard. He turned to his wife, who looked at him squarely.

"Addie, honey," said he, "I'm mighty sorry."

"Ef—ef you was much sorry, John," Mrs. Moreland half sobbed, "ye wouldn't go down thar to the river."

"Me a coward?" Moreland appeared to grow an inch in stature. "Me let a Littleford send me news like this here which Cale brings, and not do nothin' at all about it? I thought you knowed me better'n that, Addie."

He faced his two stalwart sons. Always he was the general, the leader of his clan. He sent Caleb in one direction and Luke in another, to arouse his kinsmen.

Then he beckoned to Dale, who had been trying hard but vainly to think of something to do or say that would be of aid to the cause of the women.

"I don't want you in this here mix-up," he said decisively. "You must stay clean out of it. You ain't used to this way o' fightin'. Asides, you're our hope. More'n that, mebbe, you owe yore life to Babe Littleford; you can't get around that, Bill Dale."

He went on, after a moment, "Ef I git my light put out today, I want ye to do the best ye can with the coal. Do me 'course ye will. I want ye to do me two favors, Bill Dale, ef I have my light put out today. Will ye do 'em for me, my friend?"

"Certainly," Dale promised.

"Much obliged to ye, shore. The fust is this: I want ye to take good pay out o' what the coal brings, pay yore work. The second is this: I want ye to go to Ben Littleford after kin done—provided he is yet alive—and tell him about the end o' my bed-time prayer; I want him to know I want him one better, 'at I was a bigger man inside 'an him. Remember, Bill, you've done promised me. Now you go ahead 'n' do it, the least thing about this 'ere a-goin' to have. So 'n' good luck!"

"I don't," Dale began, when interrupted sharply.

"No good," he said, "no good."

"He don't," Dale said, "no good."

"He don't," Dale said, "no good."

"He don't," Dale said, "no good."

"He don't," Dale said, "no good."

"He don't," Dale said, "no good."

"He don't," Dale said, "no good."

"He don't," Dale said, "no good."

the tall grasses, the ironweed and the meadow clover. They were intent upon reaching the shelter of the trees that lined the banks of the river without being seen. The stream here was more than fifty yards wide; this was Blue Cat shoals. The two lines of



They Dropped to Their Hands and Knees and Began to Crawl Through the Tall Grasses, the Ironweed and the Meadow Clover.

trees stood back a rod or so from the water, making the final shooting distance some seventy yards.

Drawled Heck: "Let's set down here and watch it; hey?"

Dale was silent. The very air was filled with the spirit of tragedy. The faroff tinkle of a cowbell seemed tragic; tragic, too, sounded the song of a bird somewhere in the tree branches overhead.

"Did ye hear me, Bill?"

"I think," Dale muttered, "that I'd better not go away until tomorrow. I can't leave matters like this. Do you know of any way to stop that down there?"

By Heck shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know o' any way to stop the risin' and settin' o' the sun?" he grinned.

They went back to John Moreland's cabin.

It was altogether by accident that the Littleford chief found his weapons. He had dropped a small coin through a crack in the floor. Babe was quick to say that she would crawl under the house and look for the coin, although she had just put on a freshly laundered blue-and-white calico dress. Her anxiety showed plainly in her face. Her father questioned her sharply, and she stammered in spite of herself. Ben Littleford's suspicions were aroused.

So he came out from under the cabin floor with his hands full of the steel of rifle barrels, and with the money forgotten. He placed the rifles carefully on the floor of the porch, turned and caught his daughter by the arm.

"Who hid 'em?" he demanded gruffly.

"I hid 'em," was the ready answer, defiant and bitter—"I, me! What're you a-goin' to do about it?"

Littleford flung his daughter's arm from him. He was king, even as John Moreland was king. His keen eyes stared at the young woman's face as though they would wither it.

"What made you hide 'em?" he growled. "Say, what made ye do it?"

"To try and save human lives, 'at's why!" Babe answered. "That man from the city—what'll he think o' us a-doin' this-away, a-fightin' like crazy wildcats?"

"Ef he don't like the way we do here, he can go back home," retorted the angry mountaineer. "He ain't tied, is he?"

Babe smiled a smile that was somehow pitiful, and turned off.

"The ain't no use in a-argyin' with you, pap," she said hopelessly. "I—I might 'nigh wisht I was dead."

At that instant the gate creaked open. Babe glanced toward it and saw coming that black beast of a man, Adam Ball the Goliath, and he was armed heavily: in one hand he carried a new high-power repeating rifle, and around his great waist there was a new belt bristling with long, bright smokeless cartridges fitted with steel-jacketed bullets.

to go down that to the river and see of the anything ye can do to stop it afore it begins. You jest walk out bold in the open and ye won't be shot at, and I'll be obliged to ye. Oh, I know the ain't but one chancin in ten

thousand, but I'm a-prayin' ye'll strike that one chancin."

Dale knew that he could do nothing toward bringing peace, and he knew that John Moreland would be angry at his interfering. But he nodded and went toward the river. He didn't have the heart in him to refuse.

Then there came the keen thunder of a rifle shot.

Dale halted for a moment. Between two sycamores on the nearer side of the river he saw a puff of smoke rising lazily from behind a water oak on the farther side; a Littleford had fired first. Dale went on, moving rapidly and trying to keep himself always in plain view.

Then came a puff of white smoke and a report from one of the Moreland rifles, then shots from both sides—and the battle was on. Dale heard the nasty whine of a bullet in full flight; he heard the coarse "zzz" of a half-spent ratchet. He knew that he was in some danger now, and he was surprised to find that he was not frightened.

When he halted again it was on his knees behind the big white sycamore that sheltered John Moreland.

"Back, are ye?" frowned the mountaineer. And with the grimmest humor, "I reckon ye had a fine, large time in Cincinnati. Yore friend Harris was well, I hope. Git that money from him?"

"Cut that out," said Bill Dale. "It doesn't get us anywhere—"

A bullet threw particles of sycamore bark to his face, interrupting. John Moreland pointed to a green furrow in the side of the tree.

"Ben Littleford himself," said Moreland. "He's ahind o' that water oak across thar. Don't stick yore head out!"

The mountaineer turned his gaze over Dale's shoulder, and his countenance seemed to freeze. Dale looked around quickly and saw Babe Littleford, less than ten feet behind him! She had crept up through the tall grasses and weeds. In one hand she carried a white flag made of a man's handkerchief and a willow switch. She halted and sat up.

"Babe!" Dale cried out. "What are you doing here?"

Babe gave him a pale smile. "Ef pap'd shoot me, a-thinkin' I was a Moreland, mebbe it'd stop the everlastin' fightin'," she said.

John Moreland stared, and Bill Dale stared. They were in a Presence, and they knew it. Babe went on:

"I've come to save all o' yore lives; but ef I do it, ye'll haf to make yore men quit a-fightin' right now—jest order 'em to stop a-shootin', and hold up this here—and I promise ye on a Littleford's word 'at pap'll call ye a better man 'an him 'cause ye done it—"

She tossed the white flag to him. "The ain't no time to lose, John Moreland; hold up the flag! Ef ye don't, ye'll every one be killed, 'cause ye're every one in a trap!"

"I don't believe ye, Babe!" snapped the Moreland chief. "Yore people can hold up a white rag jest as well as we can!"

Babe went paler. There was a sudden burst of firing from the Moreland rifles, and she crept a little nearer to John Moreland in order that he might hear plainly that which she had to tell him next.

"I'm a-goin' to tell ye o' this danger," she said, "and trust you a-bein' man enough to do what I axed ye to. Black Adam Ball, he's got a new-fashioned rifle and smokeless cartridges and steel bullets; and in a few minutes he'll be hid in a cum o' sassafras back thar in yore meadow, whar he means to set and pick off you Morelands one by one—and you and Bill Dale fust, 'count o' the beatin' you two put on him! But pap had nothin' to do with it, and rickollet that! Now I've saved all o' yore lives, 'cause ye couldn't ha' heard the sound o' his rifle in all o' this noise; and ye couldn't ha' seed the smoke o' his gun, 'cause it don't make no smoke. Hold up the white flag, John Moreland—hurry!"

Dale wanted the fast mail stopped, and gave his reasons.

The engineer smoked and considered. It was against rules. Dale swore at rules. The engineer said he would see the conductor. He did, and the conductor stepped to the ground and began to consider.

"Better put her on my train," he said finally, "and take her to Barton's station. There's a good doctor at Barton's—"

"But this is a case for a surgeon!" impatiently interrupted Bill Dale.

They disagreed. The old trainman was a close friend of the doctor at Barton's station. What was the difference between a doctor and a surgeon, anyway?

Dale became angry.

"You'll stop the fast mail for us," he snapped, "or we'll take your d—d red flag and hold her up long enough to put the girl aboard, and you've got only half a second to decide which!"

The conductor was obdurate. The mountain men were too hot-headed to bear with him longer. The positions of a dozen rifles underwent a sudden change. The conductor immediately went pale and mentioned the law—but he agreed to stop the southbound.

As he ordered his flagman up the tracks, the sound of the fast train's whistle came to their ears.

The fiercer came to a screeching halt with sparks streaming from its wheels. Bill Dale and John Moreland passed the litter and its burden into the baggage car and followed it hastily, and Ben Littleford climbed in after them. John Moreland leaned out of the doorway and ordered his son Luke to pass him his rifle, and Luke obeyed promptly.

There was a shriek from the whistle, and the brakes were released; and the train began to gather momentum. A baggageman approached John Moreland and asked why the rifle. Moreland gave a hoarse cry and gathered



Hold Up the White Flag, John Moreland—Hurry!

Babe thoughtlessly arose to her feet, and one side of her brown head appeared before the sights of her father's rifle—her father fired quickly, too quickly for a perfect aim—the bullet burned its way across her temple and through her hair, and she crumpled at Bill Dale's knees, totally unconscious.

There was a shriek from the whistle, and the brakes were released; and the train began to gather momentum. A baggageman approached John Moreland and asked why the rifle. Moreland gave a hoarse cry and gathered

her limp figure into his arms. John Moreland waved aloft the white handkerchief and bellowed to his kinsmen to stop firing. Then silence came.

"Come over here, Ben Littleford!" shouted John Moreland. "Ye've shot yore own gyral!"

And to his brother Abner, whose right forearm was wrapped in a blood-stained blue bandana:

"Black Adam is hid som'eres in this meadow; go and ketch him, and don't take no chancin with him. Shoot him like a dawg ef he tries to trick ye!"

A dozen men ran to look for the would-be sniper. The Littlefords, still armed, came dashing across the river. Ben Littleford threw down his rifle and knelt beside his daughter; he wrung his big hands and cursed the day that had seen him born.

Dale held her close. His face was as white as hers, and his eyes were flaming.

"Why don't you shoot all your women-folk?" he said to the Littleford chief, and every word cut like a knife. "It's by far the simplest way; it's merciful, y'know. See, she isn't breaking her heart over your murderous fightin' now. No, keep your hands away—you're not fit to touch her!"

They brought water and wet the young woman's face, and bathed the red streak across her temples. They did all they knew how to do to bring her back to consciousness, but, except for her beating pulse and her breathing, she remained as one dead. Hours passed, leaden hours, and her condition was unchanged.

Dale beckoned to John Moreland, who had just returned from having seen Adam Ball caught, disarmed, and imprisoned in an old tobacco barn. Moreland hastened to Dale, the new master.

"What does the next south-bound train pass the Halfway switch?" Dale wanted to know.

Moreland looked toward the sun. "We could make it, all right, but it's a fast train, and it don't never stop at the switch."

"Then we'll hold it up," declared the new master in a voice of iron. "This is a case for a surgeon. Get a blanket and two poles and make a litter."

John Moreland hastened away obediently. Dale turned to Ben Littleford, who sat in a motionless heap beside the still figure of his daughter.

"It was only a few hours ago," he said accusingly, "that this poor girl told me she'd be glad to give her life to stop your fightin', and now, perhaps, she's done it! You're a brute, Littleford. I like to fight, myself, but not when it costs women anything."

The conscience-stricken hillman gave no sign that he had heard. There was silence save for the low murmur of the river and the tragic song of a bird somewhere in the branches of the big white sycamore.

CHAPTER VI.

Back Home.

Every mother's son of the feudists was numbered in the party that fled across David Moreland's mountain to intercept the next south-bound train. The old enemy was for the time being forgotten. Members of one clan rubbed elbows with members of the other clan, and thought nothing of it. John Moreland himself carried one of the crude litters that held the limp form of Babe Littleford; Bill Dale carried the other end.

Close behind the litter walked Babe's father, seeming old and broken with remorse for the thing he had done. The grief of Ben Littleford was touching now, and Dale was a little sorry that he had spoken so bitterly to him.

They reached the Halfway switch ten minutes before the arrival of the fast mail. A short passenger train was on the long siding, waiting for the south-bound to pass. Dale gave his end of the litter to Caleb Moreland, and strode up to the locomotive. The engineer sat quietly smoking in his cab.

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land half closed one eye and

and patted the walnut stock of his repeater.

"Oh, I jest brought it along to see 'at everybody has a straight deal," he drawled—"go on about yore business, mister."

The baggageman went about his business.

The conductor of the fast train was very unlike the conductor of the north-bound. When he had learned something of the circumstances, he instructed that Dale had done exactly the right thing. He would see whether there was a doctor aboard.

Within five more minutes he returned in company with an elderly man wearing a pointed beard and nose glasses.

"Doctor McKenzie," he said politely; "Mr. —"

"Dale."

The two nodded, and the physician knelt beside the litter, which had been placed with its ends on boxes to allow the center to swing free. He made as though an examination was as possible under the conditions, then arose and stood looking down upon the young woman with something like admiration in his sober, professional eyes.

"Perfect physique," he said as though to himself. . . . "She will

have to undergo an operation," he told Dale. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has fine chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job, so there's not much ground for worry."

Dale was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littleford laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He went down to his knees beside his daughter, took up one of her limp hands and stroked it in a way that was pitiful.

When he arose he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt.

Doctor McKenzie was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them with an ambulance, if Dale wished.

"If you please," said Dale.

They reached the city shortly before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon. Braemer took charge of the patient, put her into his ambulance and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Dale and the two clan chiefs followed in an automobile. The hillmen had never before seen an automobile; but they asked no questions about it, and the only word of comment was this, from John Moreland:

"I don't like the smell."

Everything had been made ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay.

The two mountaineers and Dale waited in another room. Dale had induced John Moreland to unfold his rifle, both chamber and magazine. Babe's father paced the floor anxiously now and then. Moreland sat like a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy queerly.

It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them smilingly that it was all over and that the girl was then coming from under the effects of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was reasonably certain. No, they'd better not see her just then. But perhaps they could see her at some time during the afternoon of the following day.

Dale escorted his two companions to a modest hotel and then put them in a room that had but one bed; by thus throwing them together in a strange land, he hoped to do something toward making them friends. Then Dale went to another room, undressed and went to bed.

It may be noted, parenthetically as it were, that John Moreland and Ben Littleford quickly reached a wordless agreement not to sleep together—they divided the pillows and linens evenly, tore the odd coverlet exactly in half, and slept on the floor.

When Dale went down to the lobby the following morning an alert-eyed young fellow sprang from a chair and hastened up to him.

"By George, Bobby!" Dale exclaimed, as they began to shake hands. "How did you know I was here, anyway? Your boasted nose for news,

"Guilty," smiled McLaurin. "I got word last night that a mountain girl had been brought to Braemer's, accidentally shot, and I smelled a feud; so I hurried over to get the story. You had just left, and Braemer's didn't know much about it. It was too soon after the operation, they said, for her to see me; then one of the nurses whispered to me that you had brought her, and said that I would find you here. So here I am, Bill, and I want the story. I'll phone it in, and then I'll give you some news."

"The story mustn't be published, Bobby," Dale replied. "For one reason, there is a feud; and if the law knew, it might take a hand—you see, I think there is a better way to take care of that feud. And I am of the opinion that the girl wouldn't like the publicity. Suppose you forget all about it, Bobby."

If McLaurin was disappointed, he kept it well to himself.

"They said she was handsome, a sort of primitive Venus," he winked. "Is there a romance connected, Billy?"

"Not yet," smiled Dale.

"But soon?"

"Who can tell?" Dale shrugged a little. "Tell me the news."

"All right," McLaurin drew his fingers toward a pair of empty chairs. "I married Patricia Clavering the day before yesterday. We—"

"Billy! Go on."

"We were married in an automobile, with her father and poor dead Harry chasing us like wildfire in another car. Yesterday we went to housekeeping in a cute little suburban bungalow, furniture on the installment plan. Her people won't even look at us, Billy! But do we care? Bill Dale, I ask you, old dear, do I seem to be worrying? Honest, I'm so happy I'm afraid something is going to happen to me. I'm to have a lift in salary soon, and we won't be long in paying for the furniture; and when that's done, we'll buy the bungalow."

"And I'm informing you now, old savage," he continued, "that you're having dinner with us this evening. You'll find it pleasant. We do as we please, you see. If you like, you may stir your coffee with your finger, eat with your knife, reach clean across the table, and pick your teeth with your fork. You can eat with your hat on, and you may have your dessert first. You can have an extra chair for your feet, and you can go to sleep at the table. Don't fall us. Pat wants to thank you for 'casting her aside' at the altar."

Dale laughed boyishly. McLaurin went on:

"There's more news. Your father has been trying hard to find you. He sent a man to Atlanta to look for you. He told me he'd give me a house and lot if I'd find you—and if there was a little more of the highway robber in me, I'd call his hand!"

"And mother—have you seen her?" Dale muttered.

"I've seen her twice since the near-wedding."

"Did she have anything to say about me? Tell me the whole truth, Bobby. I can take it, old man. I'm big enough."

McLaurin frowned. "Since you've asked me, Bill, your mother—I overheard her telling your father that she would never forgive you for the 'utterly shameful, disgraceful scene' you made in church."

"I see," said Dale. He brightened and went on, "As soon as I can get my two friends down to the dining room, Bobby, you're going with me to father. We're going to claim that house and lot for you."

"For Patricia's sake, I've a thundering big notion to take you up," laughed McLaurin. "Your dad would never miss it."

"That's it—take me up for Pat's sake," said Dale, rising. "You'd be foolish if you didn't. You should be willing to do anything, almost, for Pat. She's a Jewel, Bobby."

Half an hour later they caught a passing car that soon carried them to a palace of granite and stone and cream-colored brick—the home of the old coal king, John K. Dale.

At the wide front gateway young Dale drew back.

"Bring father out here," he said in a low voice. "From what you told me, I guess mother wouldn't want me to come in. But you can find out about that—"

He hoped his mother would want to see him. While she had never seemed to care for him as other mothers cared for their boys; while she hadn't been quite so dear to him as she might have been—

"And if she wants to see me, Bobby, let me know."

McLaurin smiled a somewhat worried smile, and went up to the front door. A moment later he was shown in. Yet another moment, and John K. Dale, his florid face beaming with gladness, hastened out to the gateway. Young Dale was instantly touched by his father's new attitude toward him; then he remembered the long night of David Moreland's people, and he stiffened a little and drew back a pace.

"You've come home to stay, haven't you, Carlyle?" said the older man, and his voice was filled with pleading. "What you did is all right; we'll never mention it again. You'll stay, won't you, Carlyle, my boy?"

"No," answered the son, a trifle coldly in spite of himself. "I've spent all the idle, useless years I'll ever spend. I'm getting ready to develop the coal in David Moreland's mountain."

"David—Moreland's—mountain!"

The retired coal magnate breathed the three words in a husky tone. He put forth a hand and rested it against one of the huge stone gateposts, as though to steady himself, and some of the color went from his face.

(Continued Next Friday)



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The Philippines have asked for a bigger debt limit, probably "just to demonstrate their advanced status as a civilized people.—New York Morning Telegraph.

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Native: "Fish I should rather think there is. Why, the water's simply saturated with them."

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"The prisoner refuses to give his occupation," said the police sergeant to the bench.

"Why don't you say what you are?" asked the magistrate of the man in the dock.

"Cos it's superfluous, ain't it?" was the reply.

"I don't understand you," said the magistrate.

"No?" said the prisoner, with elevated eyebrows, "Then you're as dull as the police themselves, if you'll excuse me saying so, sir. What's the charge against me?"

"Stealing two chairs and a table," answered the police sergeant.

"There you are," replied the cheerful prisoner. "I'm a furniture remover, ain't I?"

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"How is business?"

"It's looking up."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, it's flat on its back and can't look any other way."

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Claverling, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

Two minutes later Caleb leaps the old rail fence on the other side of the road and approached them hastily. He was breathing rapidly and his strong young face was drawn and pale—with the old hate.

"Well," said his iron father, "what is it?"

Caleb held up his broad-rimmed black hat and ran a finger through a hole in the upper part of the crown's peak.

"He didn't miss!" snapped John Moreland.

"No," quickly replied Caleb, "he didn't miss. He don't never miss. You know that, pap, as well as ye know God made ye. He done it jest to show me he meant what he said. He told me to go and tell you to gather up yore set o' rabbit-hearted heathens and come down to the river fo' a lead-and-powder picnic, unless yore was a-keered to come! He said to tell ye the wimmenfolks had hid our guns, and we'd find 'em under the house floors."

John Moreland took it with utter calmness, though his face was a little pale behind his thick brown beard. He turned to his wife, who looked at him squarely.

"Addie, honey," said he, "I'm mighty sorry."

"Ef—of you was much sorry, John," Mrs. Moreland half sobbed, "ye wouldn't go down that to the river."

"Me a coward?" Moreland appeared to grow an inch in stature. "Me let a Littleford send me news like this here which Cale brings, and not do nothin' at all about it? I thought you knowed me better'n that, Addie."

He faced his two stalwart sons. Always he was the general, the leader of his clan. He sent Caleb in one direction and Luke in another, to arouse his kinsmen.

Then he beckoned to Dale, who had been trying hard but vainly to think of something to do or say that would be of aid to the cause of the women.

"I don't want you in this here mix-up," he said decisively. "You must stay clean out of it. You ain't used to this way o' fightin'. Asides, you're our hope. More'n that, mebbe, you owe yore life to Babe Littleford; you can't get around that, Bill Dale."

He went on, after a moment, "Ef I git my light put out today, I want ye to do the best ye can with the coal. But o' course ye will. I want ye to do me two favors, Bill Dale, ef I have my light put out today. Will ye do 'em fo' me, my friend?"

"Certainly," Dale promised.

"Much obliged to ye, shore. The first is this: I want ye to fake good pay out o' what the coal brings, pay fo' yore work. The second is this: I want ye to go to Ben Littleford after I'm done—provided he is yet alive—and tell him about the end o' my bed-time prayer; I want him to know I went him one better, at I was a bigger man inside 'n him. Remember, Bill, you've done promised me. Now you go ahead to Cincinnati, and do jest like ye didn't know the least thing about this trouble we're a-goin' to have. So long to ye, an' good luck!"

"I don't like the idea"—Dale began, when the big hillman interrupted sharply.

"Go on! You can't do no good here!"

Heck started. Dale turned and followed the lanky moonshiner; there seemed to be nothing else to do.

When they had reached a point a little way above the foot of David Moreland's mountain, the pair halted and looked back. They saw the Littlefords and the Morelands, every one of them armed, going toward the river. It had a strange and subtle fascination for Bill Dale, a fascination that he did not then try to understand.

As the fighters reached dangerous ground they dropped to their hands and knees and began to crawl through

the tall grasses, the ironweed and the meadow clover. They were intent upon reaching the shelter of the trees that lined the banks of the river without being seen. The stream here was more than fifty yards wide; this was Blue Cat shoals. The two lines of



They Dropped to Their Hands and Knees and Began to Crawl Through the Tall Grasses, the Ironweed and the Meadow Clover.

trees stood back a rod or so from the water, making the final shooting distance some seventy yards.

Drawled Heck: "Le's set down here and watch it; hey?"

Dale was silent. The very air was filled with the spirit of tragedy. The faroff tinkle of a cowbell seemed tragic; tragic, too, sounded the song of a bird somewhere in the tree branches overhead.

"Did ye hear me, Bill?"

"I think," Dale muttered, "that I'd better not go away until tomorrow. I can't leave matters like this. Do you know of any way to stop that down there?"

By Heck shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know o' any way to stop the risin' and settin' o' the sun?" he grinned.

They went back to John Moreland's cabin.

It was altogether by accident that the Littleford chief found his weapons. He had dropped a small coin through a crack in the floor. Babe was quick to say that she would crawl under the house and look for the coin, although she had just put on a freshly laundered blue-and-white calico dress. Her anxiety showed plainly in her face. Her father questioned her sharply, and she stammered in spite of herself. Ben Littleford's suspicions were aroused.

So he came out from under the cabin floor with his hands full of the steel of rifle barrels, and with the money forgotten. He placed the rifles carefully on the floor of the porch, turned and caught his daughter by the arm.

"Who hid 'em?" he demanded gruffly.

"I hid 'em," was the ready answer, defiant and bitter—"I, me! What're you a-goin' to do about it?"

Littleford flung his daughter's arm from him. He was king, even as John Moreland was king. His keen eyes stared at the young woman's face as though they would wither it.

"What made you hide 'em?" he growled. "Say, what made ye do it?"

"To try and save human lives, at's why!" Babe answered. "That man from the city—what'll he think o' us a-doin' this-away, a-fightin' like crazy wildcats?"

"Ef he don't like the way we do here, he can go back home," retorted the angry mountaineer. "He ain't tied, is he?"

Babe smiled a smile that was somehow pitiful, and turned off.

"The ain't no use in a-argyin' with you, pap," she said hopelessly. "I—I might nigh wish I was dead."

thousand, but I'm a-prayin' ye'll strike that one chanst."

Dale knew that he could do nothing toward bringing peace, and he knew that John Moreland would be angry at his interfering. But he nodded and went toward the river. He didn't have the heart in him to refuse.

Then there came the thunder of a rifle shot.

Dale halted for a moment. Between two sycamores on the nearer side of the river he saw a puff of smoke rising lazily from behind a water oak on the farther side; a Littleford had fired first. Dale went on, moving rapidly and trying to keep himself always in plain view.

Then came a puff of white smoke and a report from one of the Moreland rifles, then shots from both sides—and the battle was on. Dale heard the nasty whine of a bullet in full flight; he heard the coarse "zzz" of a half-spent ricochet. He knew that he was in some danger now, and he was surprised to find that he was not frightened.

When he halted again it was on his knees behind the big white sycamore that sheltered John Moreland.

"Back, are ye?" frowned the mountaineer. And with the grimmest humor, "I reckon ye had a fine, large time in Cincinnati. Yore friend Harris was well, I hope. Git that money from him?"

"Cut that out," said Bill Dale. "It doesn't get us anywhere."

A bullet threw particles of sycamore bark to his face, interrupting. John Moreland pointed to a green furrow in the side of the tree.

"Ben Littleford hisself," said Moreland. "He's a-ahnd o' that water oak across thar. Don't stick yore head out!"

The mountaineer turned his gaze over Dale's shoulder, and his countenance seemed to freeze. Dale looked around quickly and saw Babe Littleford, less than ten feet behind him! She had crept up through the tall grasses and weeds. In one hand she carried a white flag made of a man's handkerchief and a willow switch. She halted and sat up.

"Babe!" Dale cried out. "What are you doing here?"

Babe gave him a pale smile. "Ef pap'd shoot me, a-thinkin' I was a Moreland, mebbe it'd stop the everlastin' fightin'," she said.

John Moreland stared, and Bill Dale stared. They were in a Presence, and they knew it. Babe went on:

"I've come to save all o' yore lives; but ef I do it, ye'll haf to make yore men quit a-fightin' right now—jest order 'em to stop a-shootin', and hold up this here—and I promise ye on a Littleford's word at pap'll call ye a better man 'an him 'cause ye done it—"

She tossed the white flag to him. "The ain't no time to lose, John Moreland; hold up the flag! Ef ye don't, ye'll every one be killed, 'cause ye're every one in a trap!"

"I don't believe ye, Babe!" snapped the Moreland chief. "Yore people can hold up a white rag jest as well as we can!"

Babe went paler. There was a sudden burst of firing from the Moreland rifles, and she crept a little nearer to John Moreland in order that he might hear plainly that which she had to tell him next.

"I'm a-goin' to tell ye o' this danger," she said, "and trust to you a-bein' man enough to do what I axed ye to. Black Adam Ball, he's got a new-fashioned rifle and smokeless cartridges and steel bullets; and in a few minutes he'll be hid in a cun o' sassafras back thar in yore meadow, whar he means to set and pick off you Morelands one by one—and you and Bill Dale fust, 'count o' the beatin' of the two put on him! But pap had nothin' to do with it, and rickollet that! Now I've saved all o' yore lives, 'cause ye couldn't haf heard the sound o' his rifle in all o' this noise; and ye couldn't haf seen the smoke o' his gun, 'cause it don't make no smoke. Hold up the white flag, John Moreland—hurry!"



"Hold Up the White Flag, John Moreland—Hurry!"

Babe thoughtlessly arose to her feet, and one side of her brown head appeared before the sights of her father's rifle—her father fired quickly, the bullet quickly for a perfect aim—the bullet burned its way across her temple and through her hair, and she crumpled at Bill Dale's knees, totally unconscious.

her limp figure into his arms. John Moreland waved aloft the white handkerchief and bellowed to his kinsmen to stop firing. Then silence came.

"Come over here, Ben Littleford!" shouted John Moreland. "Ye've shot yore own gyral!"

And to his brother Abner, whose right forearm was strapped in a blood-stained blue bandana:

"Black Adam is hid som'eres in this meadow; go and ketch him, and don't take no chanst with him. Shoot him like a dawg ef he tries to trick ye!"

A dozen men ran to look for the would-be sniper. The Littlefords, still armed, came dashing across the river. Ben Littleford threw down his rifle and knelt beside his daughter; he wrung his big hands and cursed the day that had seen him born.

Dale held her close. His face was as white as hers, and his eyes were flaming.

"Why don't you shoot all your womenfolk?" he said to the Littleford chief, and every word cut like a knife. "It's by far the simplest way; it's merciful, y'know. See, she isn't breaking her heart over your murderous fighting now. No, keep your hands away—you're not fit to touch her!"

They brought water and wet the young woman's face, and bathed the red streak across her temples. They did all they knew how to do to bring her back to consciousness, but, except for her beating pulse and her breathing, she remained as one dead. Hours passed, leaden hours, and her condition was unchanged.

Dale beckoned to John Moreland, who had just returned from having seen Adam Ball caught, disarmed, and imprisoned in an old tobacco barn. Moreland hastened to Dale, the new master.

"When does the next south-bound train pass the Halfway switch?" Dale wanted to know.

Moreland looked toward the sun. "We could make it, all right, but it's a fast train, and it don't never stop at the switch."

"Then we'll hold it up," declared the new master in a voice of iron. "This is a case for a surgeon. Get a blanket and two poles and make a litter."

John Moreland hastened away obediently. Dale turned to Ben Littleford, who sat in a motionless heap beside the still figure of his daughter.

"It was only a few hours ago," he said accusingly, "that this poor girl told me she'd be glad to give her life to stop your fighting, and now, perhaps, she's done it! You're a brute, Littleford. I like to fight, myself, but not when it costs women anything."

The conscience-stricken hillman gave no sign that he had heard. There was silence save for the low murmur of the river and the tragic song of a bird somewhere in the branches of the big white sycamore.

CHAPTER VI.

Back Home.

Every mother's son of the feudists was numbered in the party that fled across David Moreland's mountain to intercept the next south-bound train. The old enmity was for the time being forgotten. Members of one clan rubbed elbows with members of the other clan, and thought nothing of it. John Moreland himself carried one end of the crude litter that held the limp form of Babe Littleford; Bill Dale carried the other end.

Close behind the litter walked Babe's father, seeming old and broken with remorse for the thing he had done. The grief of Ben Littleford was touching now, and Dale was a little sorry that he had spoken so bitterly to him.

They reached the Halfway switch ten minutes before the arrival of the fast mail. A short passenger train was on the long siding, waiting for the south-bound to pass. Dale gave his end of the litter to Caleb Moreland, and strode up to the locomotive. The engineer sat quietly smoking in his cab.

Dale wanted the fast mail stopped, and gave his reasons.

The engineer smoked and considered. It was against rules. Dale swore at rules. The engineer said he would see the conductor. He did, and the conductor stepped to the ground and began to consider.

"Better put her on my train," he said finally, "and take her to Barton's station. There's a good doctor at Barton's."

"But this is a case for a surgeon!" impatiently interrupted Bill Dale.

They disagreed. The old trainman was a close friend of the doctor at Barton's station. What was the difference between a doctor and a surgeon, anyway?

Dale became angry.

"You'd stop the fast mail for us," he snapped, "or we'll take your d-d red flag and hold her up long enough to put the girl aboard, and you've got only half a second to decide which!"

The conductor was obdurate. The mountain men were too hot-headed to bear with him longer. The positions of a dozen rifles underwent a sudden change. The conductor immediately went pale and mentioned the law—but he agreed to stop the south-bound.

As he ordered his flagman up the tracks, the sound of the fast train's whistle came to their ears.

The fier came to a screeching halt with sparks streaming from its wheels. Bill Dale and John Moreland passed the litter and its burden into the baggage car and followed it hastily, and Ben Littleford climbed in after them. John Moreland leaned out of the doorway and ordered his son Luke to pass him his rifle, and Luke obeyed promptly.

There was a shriek from the whistle, and the brakes were released; and the train began to gather momentum. A baggageman approached John Moreland and asked why the rifle.

land half closed one keen eye and peered at the walnut stock of his repeater.

"Oh, I jest brought it along to see 'at everybody has a straight deal," he drawled—"go on about yore business, mister."

The baggageman went about his business.

The conductor of the fast train was very unlike the conductor of the north-bound. When he had learned something of the circumstances, he insisted that Dale had done exactly the right thing. He would see whether there was a doctor aboard.

Within five more minutes he returned in company with an elderly man wearing a pointed beard and nose glasses.

"Doctor McKenzie," he said politely; "Mr. —"

"Dale."

The two nodded, and the physician knelt beside the litter, which had been placed with its ends on boxes to allow the center to swing free. He made as though an examination as was possible under the conditions, then arose and stood looking down upon the young woman with something like admiration in his sober, professional eyes.

"Perfect physique," he said as though to himself. . . . "She will



"Perfect Physique," He Said, as Though to Himself.

have to undergo an operation," he told Dale. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has fine chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job, so there's not much ground for worry."

Dale was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littleford laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He went down to his knees beside his daughter, took up one of her limp hands and stroked it in a way that was pitiful.

When he arose he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt.

Doctor McKenzie was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them with an ambulance, if Dale wished.

"If you please," said Dale.

They reached the city shortly before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon. Braemer took charge of the patient, put her into his ambulance and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Dale and the two clan chiefs followed in an automobile. The hillman had never before seen an automobile; but they asked no questions about it, and the only word of comment was this, from John Moreland:

"I don't like the smell."

Everything had been made ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay.

The two mountaineers and Dale waited in another room. Dale had induced John Moreland to unload his rifle, both chamber and magazine. Babe's father paced the floor anxiously now and then. Moreland sat like a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy queerly.

It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them smilingly that it was all over and that the girl was then coming from under the effects of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was reasonably certain. No, they'd better not see her just then. But perhaps they could see her at some time during the afternoon of the following day.

Dale escorted his two companions to a modest hotel and then put them in a room that had but one bed; by thus throwing them together in a strange land, he hoped to do something toward making them friends. Then Dale went to another room, undressed and went to bed.

It may be noted, parenthetically as it were, that John Moreland and Ben Littleford quickly reached a wordless agreement not to sleep together—they divided the pillows and inens evenly, tore the odd coverlet exactly in half, and slept on the floor.

When Dale went down to the lobby the following morning an alert-eyed young fellow sprang from a chair and hastened up to him.

"By George, Bobby!" Dale exclaimed, as they began to shake hands. "How did you know I was here, anyway? Your boasted nose for news,

"Gully," smiled McLaurin. "I got word last night that a mountain girl had been brought to Braemer's, accidentally shot, and I smelled a feud; so I hurried over to get the story. You had just left, and Braemer's didn't know much about it. It was too soon after the operation, they said, for her to see me; then one of the nurses whispered to me that you had brought her, and said that I would find you here. So here I am, Bill, and I want the story. I'll phone it in, and then I'll give you some news."

"The story mustn't be published, Bobby," Dale replied. "For one reason, there is a feud; and if the law knew, it might take a hand—you see, I think there is a better way to take care of that feud. And I am of the opinion that the girl wouldn't like the publicity. Suppose you forget all about it, Bobby."

If McLaurin was disappointed, he kept it well to himself.

"They said she was handsome, a sort of primitive Venus," he winked. "Is there a romance connected, Bill?"

"Not yet," smiled Dale. "But soon?"

"Who can tell?" Dale shrugged a little. "Tell me the news."

"All right," McLaurin drew his friend toward a pair of empty chairs. "I married Patricia Claverling the day before yesterday. We—"

"Bully! Go on."

"We were married in an automobile, with her father and 'poor dear Harry' chasing us like wildfire in another car. Yesterday we went to housekeeping in a cute little suburban bungalow, furniture on the installment plan. Her people won't even look at us, Bill! But do we care? Bill Dale, I ask you, old dear, do I seem to be worrying? Honest, I'm so happy I'm afraid something is going to happen to me. I'm to have a lift in salary soon, and we won't be long in paying for the furniture; and when that's done, we'll buy the bungalow."

"And I'm informing you now, old savage," he continued, "that you're having dinner with us this evening. You'll find it pleasant. We do as we please, you see. If you like, you may stir your coffee with your finger, eat with your knife, reach clean across the table, and pick your teeth with your fork. You can eat with your hat on, and you may have your dessert first. You can have an extra chair for your feet, and you can go to sleep at the table. Don't fall us. Pat wants to thank you for 'casting her aside' at the altar."

Dale laughed boishly. McLaurin went on:

"There's more news. Your father has been trying hard to find you. He sent a man to Atlanta to look for you. He told me he'd give me a house and lot if I'd find you—and if there was a little more of the highway robber in me, I'd call his hand!"

"And mother—have you seen her?" Dale muttered.

"I've seen her twice since the near-wedding."

"Did she have anything to say about me? Tell me the whole truth, Bobby. I can take it, old man. I'm big enough."

McLaurin frowned. "Since you've asked me, Bill, your mother—I overheard her telling your father that she would never forgive you for the 'utterly shameful, disgraceful scene' you made in church."

"I see," said Dale. He brightened and went on, "As soon as I can get my two friends down to the dining room, Bobby, you're going with me to father. We're going to claim that house and lot for you."

"For Patricia's sake, I've a thundering big notion to take you up," laughed McLaurin. "Your dad would never miss it."

"That's it—take me up for Pat's sake," said Dale, rising. "You'd be foolish if you didn't. You should be willing to do anything, almost, for Pat. She's a jewel, Bobby."

Half an hour later they caught a passing car that soon carried them to a palace of granite and stone and cream-colored brick—the home of the old coal king, John K. Dale.

At the wide front gateway young Dale drew back.

"Bring father out here," he said in a low voice. "From what you told me, I guess mother wouldn't want me to come in. But you can find out about that—"

He hoped his mother would want to see him. While she had never seemed to care for him as other mothers cared for their boys; while she hadn't been quite so dear to him as she might have been—

"And if she wants to see me, Bobby, let me know."

McLaurin smiled a somewhat worried smile, and went up to the front door. A moment later he was shown in. Yet another moment, and John K. Dale, his florid face beaming with gladness, hastened out to the gateway. Young Dale was instantly touched by his father's new attitude toward him; then he remembered the long night of David Moreland's people, and he stiffened a little and drew back a pace.

"You've come home to stay, haven't you, Carlyle?" said the older man, and his voice was filled with pleading. "What you did is all right; we'll never mention it again. You'll stay, won't you, Carlyle, my boy?"

"No," answered the son, a trifle coldly in spite of himself. "I've spent all the idle, useless years I'll ever spend. I'm getting ready to develop the coal in David Moreland's mountain."

"David—Moreland's—mountain!"

The retired coal magnate breathed the three words in a husky tone. He put forth a hand and rested it against one of the huge stone gateposts, as though to steady himself, and some of the color went from his face.

(Continued Next Friday)



It's easy to own the AMBEROLA

EVERYONE can afford Mr. Edison's New Diamond Amberola—the perfected musical instrument which is actually the world's greatest phonograph value.

Despite the fact that the Amberola actually surpasses in sweetness, and realism all of the so-called "talking machines", its price is unbelievably moderate. Because the permanent Diamond Point Reproducer does away with the bother and expense of changing needles, and because the Edison Amberol Records are practically indestructible, the Amberola is the most economical phonograph to maintain.

If you enjoy good music, and if you have refrained from investigating the Amberola because you naturally believe it to be expensive, come in today, ask us for full information. The low price of the Amberola will astonish you—particularly when you hear the convenient payment terms which we will be happy to arrange.

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Ask us how you can have the Amberola in your own home for three days—absolutely free, and without obligation to buy. If you can't come in—simply phone or write us a postcard.

MALONE & RAGSDALE

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Full-blood White Leghorn Cockerels. BEN MOFFATT, Brady.

FOR SALE—Army tent, first-class condition; suitable for cotton picking. Inquire at Standard office.

FOR SALE—Four Black Minorca roosters, purest breed. See HENRY HODGES, or phone 364, Brady, Texas.

FOR SALE—One hollow-wire lighting system with four drops, 800-candle power each. Fine for church or country store. See OSCAR GALLOWAY, Brady.

FOR SALE—1 buffet, 4 dining chairs, dining table, 2 leather-bottom rockers, Princess dresser, Singer sewing machine and five 48-inch window shades. Phone 345 or see O. F. WOODARD at Curtis Benson residence.

—FOR SALE—

Four-room house two blocks south from Central school building. Recently been painted. On good lot 100x100 ft. Price \$1250.00. Part cash, balance good terms. Good title and all taxes paid up including this year 1921. See H. Meers, Owner.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms for light house-keeping. See E. B. RAMSAY, at Planning Mill.

WANTED

WANTED—All People to use Classy-Fi-Ads.

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper; three years experience, good references. Address left with Brady Standard.

BIDS WANTED.

Sealed bids will be received on the Calf Creek School Building up to 12 M. September 1st, 1921. Plans and specifications may be had at the county superintendent's office. Bids to be filed with County Superintendent W. M. Deans at his office in Brady, Texas.

LOST—

LOST—Cameo brooch, set with pearls; on reunion grounds Friday night. Reward for return to Brady Standard office.

MISCELLANEOUS

TREES—TREES—TREES. NOW is the time to PLACE YOUR ORDER for all kinds of Nursery stock. I can always serve you with the very best quality. See me in my office at the courthouse. J. COOPENDER.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

A fishing party composed of H. W. Zweig, Abe Ornish, Ike Myers and Louis Ornish of Dallas are enjoying fishing and camping on the Colorado river this week.

The Brady Storage Battery company is this week attracting attention by reason of its new bright red front, which gives the station a distinctive appearance, as compared with its neighbors. The effect is still further accentuated by reason of the awning posts being painted the same brilliant hue.

Mrs. J. S. Abernathy yesterday received word of the arrival of a bright 9-pound little Miss at the home of her niece, Mrs. R. L. Stephens, at Stephenville on Monday, the 15th. Mrs. Stephens is well known to many Brady folks, having been a guest of Mrs. Abernathy upon numbers of occasions, and all will rejoice with her in her great happiness.

Much concern was occasioned at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Bratton the first of the week on account of their 12-year old son, Ted, having been bitten by a pole cat. The lad was carried to Austin Tuesday for examination and treatment at the Pasteur institute, and meanwhile the head of the cat, which was captured and killed, was also sent to the institute for examination as to rabies.

While playing about his grandparents' automobile, parked on the courthouse square, little Turner Mangum, three-year old son of Mrs. O. B. Mangum of Plainview, dashed into a Ford roadster driving along. The driver brought his car to almost instant halt, with the result that the youngster fortunately escaped with a badly skinned nose and bruises about the head and face. Mrs. Mangum and son had just arrived for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Turner of Calf Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Abney returned Sunday from market, where they had been to purchase the fall and winter stock for the Abney store. They report having secured some splendid values in all lines for their store, and state the goods this year are more attractive than ever before—both in values and in quality. Mrs. Abney purchased a particularly large and attractive line of hats, varying from the more expensive to the comparatively moderate in price, and says she feels sure everyone will be delighted with her display.

Messrs. Oscar Westbrook and Hardin Jones returned this week from their vacation trip to the East and report a most enjoyable time. Among other places of note they visited Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York City, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Washington and Gainesville, Ga. While in New York City they enjoyed a trip to the top of the famous Woolworth building, and they say the building is so near the clouds that it fairly sways to and fro. Upon the whole, they had a most delightful visit, it being comparatively cool in the east, as compared with the torrid wave that has swept all other sections of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jones have just returned from a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Alice Herrington, near Fort Worth, where they spent a couple weeks most enjoyably. Their daughter, Miss Pinkie, joined them there during their stay, and will spend a week in Dallas, before returning to Brady next week. Mr. Jones says the best cotton he saw anywhere was in McCulloch, and that in two cotton patches west of Fort Worth, which were visited by him, he would not have the crop as a gift. The plant has grown to good average size, but row after row did not have a single boll, and much that he saw did not have more than one boll to the plant.

SHAW-WALKER Steel Letter Files—"Built Like a Skyscraper." Drawers will run silent, smooth and speedy for 100 years without repair or attention. They are a permanent investment—never an expense. The Brady Standard.

Irish Wit.

An officer on board a warship was drilling his men.
"I want every man to be on his back, put his legs in the air, and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained.
"Now commence."
After a short effort, one of the men stopped.
"Why have you stopped, Murphy?" asked the officer.
"If ye please, sir," was the answer, "O'm coasting."

REX SUN SHADES.

Make Auto Driving a pleasure. Can furnish shades for any make of car. J. D. BRANSCUM, over Brady National Bank.

WATER WELL DRILLING.

Having finished the city water well, we are now ready for new contracts. Will drill wells from 500 to 3000 ft. depth. BODNER & CONAWAY, Brady, Texas. Phone 318.

WITH THE CHURCHES

Catholic Church.
Mass will be said on the third Sunday of each month at 10:00 a. m. by the Rev. Francis Hudon.

Brady M. E. Church.
Rev. Dunn will occupy the pulpit at the Brady Methodist church both Sunday morning and evening, August 21st, in connection with the usual Sunday services.

Revival at Calf Creek.
The Rev. S. R. Coburn, of the Rochelle Methodist church, will start a revival at Calf Creek next Tuesday night, and will probably be assisted in the meeting by Rev. Dunn of Brady. All are cordially and earnestly invited to attend these meetings.

First Christian Church.
Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Worship and sermon at 11:00 a. m. The subject for the morning hour will be "Apostasy."

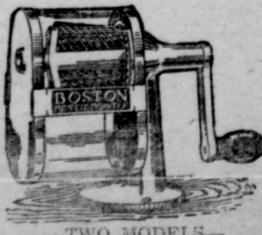
The evening services will start promptly at 8:15. The subject for the evening will be "God or Mammon."
I believe you will appreciate and enjoy the messages that will be brought to the people next Sunday and a cordial invitation is extended the public to attend these services.
G. T. REAVES, Pastor.

Don't fail to call around and see those handsome New Rugs just received at C. H. Arnspiger's New and Used Store.

You expose them, and let me finish them. John McDowell.
You might bring me some Old Chairs to Mend as I am opening up again at the same old stand. J. M. PAGE, Second Hand Store.

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CHAUTAUQUA IS SUCCESS, ALTHO' FINANCIAL LOSS

The Radcliffe Chautauqua, just closed, was an unqualified success from every standpoint, except that of financial. The three-days' program was replete with good things, that were not only interesting and entertaining, but the educational features alone made them worth the price many times over. That the chautauqua has been a factor for good there can be no question. The lectures have been of the most inspiring character, and served to unite the citizenship in matters pertaining to the public good.

The community program, in charge of Dr. Carson, chautauqua director, resulted in the establishment here of a free public library, a greatly needed institution, and one which should prove of greater value to the community than the entire cost of the chautauqua. The library will be in charge of a board of twelve directors, with Mrs. W. D. Crothers as chairman, and all citizens are invited and urged to donate good, readable books of the better class to the library. C. A. Trigg, of the Trigg Drug Co., has donated a corner of his store for use as a library, and the committee will install a case there to contain the books. Two students of the Brady high school will be named to have charge of the library and will give out and receive returned books on Wednesday and Saturday of each week. The books will be loaned out free of charge for a period of from ten to fifteen days, as may be decided upon, following which a penalty of 2c per day will be charged for as long as the book is kept over the time limit. The plan of operation is to be more fully worked out at a meeting of the directors.

The second day's program was one of the most varied and complete ever offered here. Dr. Carson lectured upon the development of a community spirit, through which a city or town may be developed into its rightful sphere of usefulness and service, and made vigorous protest against the exploiting of foreign-born citizens by reason of which many foreigners become radical in their ideas. Then there was a children's playground

and story-telling program by Miss Marybelle LaHatte in the afternoon, which proved delightful for the little folks. Then the concert program by the Emerson Winters company was in a class with the best offerings of metropolitan cities, and won salvos of applause. The whistling by the young lady entertainer ranked well with that of professional whistlers heard here upon previous occasions, and the character impersonations were also splendid. Quite the hit of the occasion, however, was the clever performance of M. Gustave Milburn, magician, who performed all sorts of wonderful and confusing tricks, the crowning feature of which was the extraction from a hat borrowed from "Uncle Sam" Wood of a miscellaneous variety of articles ranging from ladies' hose, to baby shirts and life-size negro doll babies. As an entertainer, Milburn ranks among the best, and his clever monologue, with which he spiced his act, kept the audience in continual uproar.

The closing day's program was the culmination of a series of laudable entertainments. Lecture of Dr. Harry Hibschanman upon "America's Industrial Ideal," was a timely exposition of the causes and effects underlying the bolshevist movement in America, known as the I. W. W. organization. The theme upon which Dr. Hibschanman based his lecture was the Americanization of our foreign-born population, and the instilling in their hearts and minds of the ideals of American citizenship. That Dr. Hibschanman has a mission which he is ably endeavoring to perform, could readily be discerned in his earnest lecture. He is putting his heart and his soul into the work, for he believes that only through the earnest and intelligent co-operation and work of true American citizens can the beneficial influences of the I. W. W. be overcome.

As carrying out the thought contained in Dr. Hibschanman's lecture, the entertainment of the group of soldiers from the Recruit Educational centers of the U. S. army, gave living example of what can be accomplished in the educating and training of citizens of the present and of the future as well. The soldier boys gave a program replete with peppy drills and exercises, snappy songs and interesting life experiences. Their entertainment was new and novel and carried the audience by storm. Their drills were carried out

with beauty of precision, and were interspersed with whistable (even the soldiers whistled some of the airs) jingles and songs. As each first marched to position upon the stage, he snapped to attention and announced his name and place of birth. The eight were a cosmopolitan bunch—one from Georgia, another from Alabama, a third from Mexico, fourth from Italy and from Denmark, Sweden, France and Hungary. Later each briefly addressed the audience giving an account of his life's experiences. They showed some growing up as orphans, others roaming the seven seas, and the Georgia boy being placed in a cotton mill at a tender age and working there for seven years. His educational opportunities came only when he was placed in the re-educational school. Despite all these early handicaps, the boys, in their brief nine months' schooling under direction of the U. S., had developed into American citizens with an insight into the benefits and advantages offered through education. And so they were touring the U. S., carrying the message to its citizens, and giving living example of the benefits of education and training in citizenship.

When they closed their program, and the chautauqua program as well, with the song, "America," the whole audience stood at attention, and then encored the group so repeatedly that the little Swedish sergeant, their leader, first threatened to sing an encore by himself and then compromised by promising to endeavor to come back here again next year.

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