

## Home of Hart-Schaffner and Marx Clothes---MANN BROS. & HOLTON

### A. W. JONES, WELL KNOWN DOOLE CITIZEN, SUICIDES

A. W. Jones, life-long citizen of McCulloch county, and prominent citizen of the Doole community, committed suicide early Sunday morning at his home near the Gansel school house. A double-barreled shot-gun was used by the man in accomplishing his terrible deed. Domestic trouble is said to have been the cause of the rash act. That Mr. Jones was temporarily unbalanced is the opinion expressed by those who knew him best.

Mr. Jones was frequently given to despondent moods, and while in Brady last Saturday to confer with his attorney upon business matters, appeared under great mental strain. Despite encouraging and reassuring words spoken to him, he refused to be cheered up. Knowing of his great depression upon occasions, his friends were not greatly surprised at his rash act.

Saturday night, Mr. Jones had quite a long talk with two of his boys, telling them how to get along and how best to manage the place, and in his talk and actions gave indications that he contemplated going away. None of the family, however, surmised his real intentions. While Mrs. Jones was preparing breakfast, Mr. Jones had dressed himself completely, with the exception of shoes, and going from the porch where he slept, to a small room at the end of the porch, he entered and closed the door behind him. Cocking both barrels of the gun, he rested the butt on the floor and pointed the muzzle directly at his heart. Evidently he pulled the trigger with his toe; the heavy charge literally blowing his heart out, and part of the charge tearing a hole through the shingled roof just overhead. Death must have been instantaneous, and in falling the body caught the gun in such manner as to unbreach it, without exploding the other shell.

An inquest was held over the body by Justice of the Peace Graham. Funeral services were held Monday just before noon at Lohn, interment being made in the cemetery at that place.

Mr. Jones had lived in the north end of the county practically all his life. He was married about 21 years ago, his wife being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Blackwell of Brady. Together with eight children Mrs. Jones survives. The oldest daughter is married.

Mr. Jones and family had been living on their present farm since 1912, when he bought the 210-acre tract from G. V. Gansel. He was accounted one of the leading citizens of the community, and had served as school trustee for a number of years. News of the tragedy was learned with deep regret by the many friends of the family.

#### Parent-Teachers Association.

The Parent-Teachers association of Brady held its first meeting of the new school year at the High school Thursday afternoon, Sept. 8th.

The meeting was informal and gave the parents an opportunity to meet the new teachers and greet the old ones. An interesting program was given and consisted of talks by Prof. J. B. Smith and Mr. J. T. Mann. Piano numbers by Mrs. Jack Ragsdale and Miss Pinkie Jones, a voice number by Mrs. Duke Mann and readings by Miss Edith McShan was had.

At the close of the program a social hour was enjoyed and cake and punch were served.

#### Meeting of Church of Christ.

A revival meeting of the Church of Christ is being conducted at Davis school house by Elder S. H. Alford. Everyone is invited to attend the services.

#### Where Others "Come Across."

"How is she at bridge, strong?" "I should say so. Her bridge is strong enough to support the whole family."—Boston Transcript.

### CITY NOW PUMPING WELL WATER INTO MAINS—CREEK GOES DRY SATURDAY NOON

Last Saturday at noon the Brady Water & Light Co. pumped its last water from the creek, the water at the little dam having become virtually exhausted at that time. Without further ado, arrangements were made to pump the new well, and after 2½ hours pumping, something like 22 foot of well water had been placed in the big clear well, assuring Brady water consumers of an uninterrupted supply of water. Pumping of the well is being continued as needed, the fire pump motor being used in the operation.

While the water now being furnished consumers is a great improvement over the creek water, yet the waterworks company has been unable so far to flush the standpipe and water mains, as present pumping with the fire pump motor will not permit of this extravagance. Just as soon as the new 50-h. p. pumping motor arrives and is installed, the flushing of the entire waterworks system will be undertaken, and water consumers then will be enabled to enjoy water as pure and as good as nature can furnish.

### OREGON FRUITS TEMPTING ENOUGH TO LEAD EDITOR ASTRAY. ARE RECEIVED

If this editor should suddenly disappear from magnificent McCulloch, the chances are ten to one that it would be because he was headed pell-mell for Oregon—and the cause of the flight might with certainty be laid at the door of none other than J. T. Robertson, author of "Wonder Words," and who compiles Robertson's Reliable Reports upon the Oregon disposition as to climate, etc. Friend Robertson sent a magnificent collection of plums—plums they are, even though Robertson labels them prunes, for they bear no relation whatever, so far as we can see, to the boarding house prune with which we are many years familiar. There is one variety, a large purple kind, that our friend calls Bradshaw—and they are just about the meltingest, most delicious fruit you ever saw. Then there are some fine-looking yellow ones, also deliciously flavored. A small blue variety with green-colored meat, has a decidedly refreshing acid, tang. Another smaller variety, known as the Petite, is sweet and appetizing.

To Texans the prune is a dried-up substance surrounding about 50% of seed, and which can be made more or less palatable by soaking and cooking for several hours. Quite naturally, therefore, in its original state the prune is a rare delicacy, so far as Texans are concerned, and we are greatly indebted to Friend Robertson for this enjoyable introduction to the original article.

#### Critical Recognition.

The trap drummer in the jazz orchestra had been hitting the hooch. He had set his music stand within reach, but it started to fall. He reached for it and it upset and hit the bass drum. The drum rolled over, dropping the crash cymbal, and upset the xylophone, and the xylophone knocked over the cowbell. In reaching for the xylophone the drummer's feet slipped and he sat down on the baby squawker and the wood block fell with a loud crash on the tympani.

"What wonderful music," gurgled the jazz girl. This orchestra certainly keeps right up to date in all the new stuff."

#### Wonderful Cough Medicine.

Druggist—"How is that cough medicine holding out?"

Slimson—"I've got enough for a couple more dinner parties."

#### Thought It Meant Her.

"Mrs. Gadder is terribly upset."

"What's the trouble with that leader of fashion and frivolity?"

"Mr. Gadder played a mean trick on her. He told her the 'maternity bill' requires every married woman in the country to have at least one baby and makes the possession of a poodle a penal offense."

### COURT HOUSE NEWS

The following is a record of vital statistics, marriage licenses issued and real estate transfers, as recorded in the county clerk's office during the month of August:

#### Births Recorded.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Collins, Stacy, boy, August 8.  
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Wright, Fife, girl, Aug. 10.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Carothers, Placid, boy, July 31.  
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Williams, Rochelle, girl, Aug. 15.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Laird Rochelle, boy, Sept. 6.  
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Moore, Rochelle, girl, Aug. 19.  
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Segrest, Rochelle, girl, July 6.

#### Deaths Recorded.

Mrs. Martha Ann Matlock, Rochelle, Aug. 5.  
William Milton Johnson, Rochelle, Aug. 8.

#### Marriage Licenses Issued.

Mr. W. M. Pyles and Miss Florence Buckley, August 4.  
Mr. Marion Holland and Miss Cora Bratton, August 10.  
Mr. Paul W. Powell and Miss Emma Bratton, August 10.  
Mr. David Peel and Miss Mildred J. Cowan, August 12.  
Mr. Burt Priddy and Miss Georgia Lee Black, August 13.  
Mr. Henry King and Miss Gladys Stobaugh, August 27.  
Willie Francis and Onnie Burditt, (col), August 27.

#### Real Estate Transfers.

S. W. Epy to E. B. Scarborough, east one-half block 20, Luhr addition. \$1500.  
H. B. Ogden to R. O. Wilkerson, south one-third of block 19, Crothers addition. \$3500.  
C. H. Bradley to C. A. Anderson, block 33, Crothers addition. \$1 and other consideration.  
R. B. Hardin to Wm. F. Burrows, south one-half of lot 9, block 18, town of Melvin. \$1 and other consideration.  
Oliver C. Utsey to P. H. Lisander, one-half interest in lot 5, block 18, town of Melvin. \$30.

H. P. Jordan and H. H. Session to P. H. Lisander, one-half interest in lot 5, block 18, town of Melvin. \$30.  
D. D. Smith to D. C. Middleton, east one-half of lot 2, block 13, town of Melvin. \$150.

W. A. Steelhammer to The City of Brady, part of Surv. 2293, Abst. 357, Cert. 4. \$200.

A. L. Locker to Oliver Cecil Cawyer and Cleo Cawyer, lots 7 and 8, block 68, town of Mercury. \$350.

O. E. Engdahl to C. J. Hendrickson, part of Surv. 240, Abst. 1727. \$100.

T. C. Allen to G. C. Kirk, 30x100 ft out of block 49. \$1 and other consideration.

A. D. Cawyer to B. F. Lovelace, lot 2, block 28, town of Mercury. \$300.

Chas. K. Woods to W. L. Cain, lot 8, block 10, Malmstrom addition to Melvin. \$75.

Abner Hanson and Joseph Hanson to Ben Moffatt, John Moffatt and B. A. Jones, 111½ acres, School section 8, Abst. 1560, Cert. 792. \$10087.50.

T. W. Mooring to G. W. Shafer, 63½ acres, Surv. 756, Cert. 842, Abst. 139. \$1500.

B. A. Hallum to O. B. Craddock, west one-half block 166, Luhr addition. \$1500.

Large Assortment of Memo Books, Diaries, Pocket Ledgers and Day Books at The Brady Standard.

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

An Even Break. Townley—"Do you often have to rush to catch your morning train?"

Subbubs—"Oh, it's about an even break. Sometimes I am standing at the station when the train puffs up and other times it is standing at the station when I puff up."—Boston Transcript.

## A Ford Deserves a Willard

You may think that a genuine Willard Battery for your Ford car would cost too much. We'd like to see the look of surprise that comes on your face when we quote you our price!

Brady Storage Battery Company  
PHONE 62  
BRADY, TEXAS

### MATTRESSES! MATTRESSES!!

Come in and see the new line of mattresses and get the new low prices on mattress making and renovating. The best of workmanship and material assured you by the label that each mattress bears. Not genuine without the label; look for it. It signifies quality and means money to you. "If this ad says it so, it's so."

## E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER  
New Location Two Doors East Sentinel Office

### WORLD'S PROGRESS IN 25 YEARS SHOWN BY LETTER —ANSWERS AFFIRMATIVE

Cleveland, Aug. 24.—A striking indication of the world's progress was shown here recently when the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the city's founding as celebrated. At that time a letter written in 1896 on the occasion of the centennial celebration was read. It contained the following questions, to be answered now:

"Have women the right to vote?"

"Has prohibition been achieved?"

"Has the North Pole been discovered?"

"Have people learned to fly?"

"Is the horseless carriage a reality?"

All the questions, moot then, are answered in the affirmative.

### MRS. S. BAUER LEASES CENTRAL HOTEL BLDG. ON SOUTH COLLEGE STREET

The Central Hotel building, recently purchased by E. B. Ramsay and moved to a new location on South College street, about two blocks south of the square, has been leased by Mrs. S. Bauer, who will operate the same as an up-to-date rooming and boarding establishment. The entire building has been overhauled and renovated, and has accommodations for some twelve or fifteen roomers. The residence formerly occupied by Mrs. Bauer, will be taken over by Mrs. Otto Armstrong, who will operate a rooming house there.

### BIG DOUBLE PROGRAM AT LYRIC THURSDAY NIGHT INCLUDES HAWAIIANS

A packed house is sure to greet the big double bill announced at the Lyric theatre for Thursday night. In addition to the remarkable special feature, "The Stealers," a 7-reel production, and one of the greatest drawing cards among the late pictures, there will be presented an elaborate program of Hawaiian and Philippine entertainments. It has received strong endorsement wherever shown.

The following is the recommendation given the Raymond's Hawaiian and Philippine Review by Earl D. Massey, proprietor of the Texas Theatre at Killeen, and which unqualifiedly endorses this exceptional show:

"We played the Raymond's Hawaiian and Philippine Review at The Texas Theatre on Wednesday, September 7th. It is very seldom that I will personally recommend a play or vaudeville act, but in my opinion Raymond's Hawaiians that played in our theatre are head and shoulder above any other play of this character that I have ever had the pleasure of offering to my patrons.

"My patrons were well pleased and we received many favorable comments on them. Incidentally I might say that we had a packed house on this program. I do not believe that you will go wrong if you book this play."

Prices of admission to this big double feature will be 25c and 50c. Don't forget the date, Thursday night, September 15th.

#### Popular Couple Married.

Mr. W. R. Brinson and Miss Nina Eliza Bates, popular young folks of the Lohn community, were married Sunday night immediately following services at the Brady Christian church, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. G. T. Reaves, pastor of the church. A number of friends of the happy couple were in attendance upon the ceremony and showered good wishes upon the newly-weds.

Mr. Brinson has made his home in the Lohn community for the past five or six years, and is a popular young business man of that place, having for the past year been associated with his father-in-law in the gin business. His bride is one of Lohn's charming and attractive young ladies, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Z. Bates. A host of admiring friends extend good wishes for every happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Brinson.

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

### DANIEL HOME AT WALDRIP IS DESTROYED BY FIRE

The residence of Mrs. J. H. Daniel, 2½ miles south of Waldrip, was completely destroyed by fire early Monday morning. According to Lum and Grover Daniel, who were in Brady yesterday, the fire originated between 3:30 and 4:00 o'clock, and when first observed by the former, appeared like the glow of a lamp shining through the kitchen window. Arising to investigate, he found his brother already in the kitchen, the entire south wall of which was ablaze and the flames then were rapidly lapping across the kitchen ceiling. Realizing that nothing could be done to overcome the blaze, the boys then turned their attention to saving articles from the house. The fire spread so rapidly that only two trunks, three rocking chairs and a table were rescued from the doomed building. One of the trunks contained the clothing and papers of the late Mr. Daniel.

The origin of the blaze is a complete mystery as no fire had been in the kitchen since 10:00 o'clock Sunday night, and even the lamp had been removed to another room.

Insurance in the sum of \$2,500 was carried on the residence and contents.

### MENARD STOCKMEN TO DAM SAN SABA REPLACING OLD DAM

Menard, Texas, Sept. 8.—At a conference of the stockholders of the Menard Irrigation Company here today it was decided to build a reinforced concrete dam on the San Saba river to take the place of the old rock dam, which has stood for forty years.

The new dam, though huge in construction, will aid in irrigation and also be a benefit to stockmen along the river below here, as every year the river has to be turned loose to afford stock water, and the new dam will store water in the winter.

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

## Headache In the Morning

Don't Feel Good Anyway

"Not very well when you were taken," and feel worse as the days go by. ALL BECAUSE YOUR LIVER AND KIDNEYS ARE WRONG. Keep your liver right, and all the world will look bright. Get a bottle of REXALL LIVER SALTS and LITHIA TABLETS. Use them according to directions and you will feel fresh and fine.

—GET IT TODAY!

## Trigg Drug Company

REXALL  
Corner

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES  
Local Readers, 7 1/2¢ per line, per issue  
Classified Ads, 1 1/2¢ 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.

The management assumes no responsibility for any indebtedness incurred by any employee, 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.

BRADY, TEXAS, Sept. 13, 1921

**HONEST INJUN.**

Although it is going to be mighty nice to have an aerial line to San Antonio, let us get down to earth long enough to realize that we need a first-class auto highway along the same route!

**NOVEL ADVERTISING PROVES TOO NOVEL.**

A rather amusing incident occurred here last week, when a traveling show man, who, with his troupe was holding forth at a local theatre, decided to put on some novel and at the same time cheap advertising. It proved rather novel, but not exactly cheap. Said show man at about the hour of the performance hid himself to the street in front of the theatre armed with a six-shooter and began firing into the air. After each volley from the gun he would call out in strenuous tones that the show was about to begin; another volley and he would again call forth to all those within hearing that the big show would start immediately. Many local people thought by the successive shooting that there was a fire, and came forth to investigate. When in the midst of his advertising orgy, local officers appeared on the scene and informed the offender that such rough stuff did not go here, and his presence was desired at the mayor's office, where he donated \$25 to the treasury of the city. Such is the result of cheap advertising and publicity—it usually costs more than it is worth regardless of the price. We've seen it tried many, many times, with the same result. There is a time and place for all things.—Pampa News.

**SNAP SHOTS.**

A West Dallas widow says the reason she broke her last engagement was because her fiance was named Baker, and he was taking too long a—Dallas News.

**PERSONAL MENTION**

Dr. O. C. Jackson is here from Voca today on business.  
Miss Christine Matthews is here from the Peg Leg ranch near Hext.  
B. Simpson left Sunday night on a business visit of several days in Dallas.  
S. H. Deatherage was among the business visitors here from the Doole community Monday.  
J. V. Chandler and J. T. Price were numbered among the Rochelle folks in town today on business.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Young returned Sunday to Dallas, following a visit with her sister, Mrs. Marion Dean, and family.  
Misses Estelle Jones and Ethel and Margaret Harkrider went to Brownwood Sunday to enter Howard Payne college. Lee Jones took them over in his car.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Jordan and little daughter, have returned from an enjoyable auto trip and visit to Fredericksburg, San Antonio, Austin and Waco.  
Mr. and Mrs. Will Kennerly and son, Bill Gay, returned here Monday from Dallas to again make their home in Brady. Bill will help in the W. K. Gay store.  
Misses Winna Harkrider of Nine and Joe Ollie Barnes of Melvin will this week to Cherokee, where they will teach in the public school, which opens next Monday, September 19th.  
Jack Coward, representing the Phil Pierce Co. of Dallas, is here today being acquainted with former acquaintances, while on a tour of inspection of the musical orchestra of the Lyric

Mary Harkrider here  
Virginia Harkrider here  
F. S. Harkrider here  
for the re-enter

**WAVE OF ENTHUSIASM SWEEPS OVER NATION**

Thousands Write Grateful Letters of Appreciation As Famous Medicine Continues to Accomplish Remarkable Results—Great Tanlac Laboratories Running at Top Speed to Supply Record Breaking Demand—Over Half a Million Bottles Behind With Orders.

By CHARLES MURRAY GILBERT

ATLANTA, Ga., September 13.—“Tanlac made me feel younger.” “It put me back on the payroll.” “I now have a fine appetite.” “I can eat whatever I want.” “No more dyspepsia for me.” “I gained weight rapidly.” These and scores of like expressions are now heard daily from tens of thousands, as grateful users of Tanlac tell of their experiences.

Leading drug men of the country are amazed at the tremendous sales of Tanlac, and point out enthusiastically that nothing has ever equalled the phenomenal demand for this preparation.

At the great Tanlac laboratories at Dayton, Ohio, letters and telegrams are pouring in daily asking that shipments of Tanlac be rushed at once. Many of these orders are for full carload shipments, and quite a few of them for two and three carloads. Although running at top speed, the Tanlac laboratories are now over half a million bottles, or approximately twenty-four carloads behind with orders. This statement will no doubt be received with great surprise in the drug world, because business in many lines, especially in the drug and medicine business, has been off from '0 to 50 per cent.

Agents in Every Town. One druggist in every city, town and village in the United States and Canada where agencies have not already been established will be awarded the exclusive publicity agency for Tanlac within the next thirty days. These agencies will carry with them a big publicity campaign exclusively for the one druggist in each city and town who secures the agency. Tanlac is going right ahead more vigorously than ever before. For Tanlac there is no such thing as business depression. In fact, Tanlac does not believe there is such a thing as hard times; at least, not in the

drug business. Things are getting better every day. In a few weeks' time crops will begin to move. Hundreds of millions of dollars will be put into circulation, and business will soon be back on a better and sounder basis than in years.

Notice to Dealers. Many wholesalers and manufacturers stopped pushing at the very first sign of a dark cloud. The result being that many drug lines slumped. Tanlac went right ahead and the result has been that more Tanlac has been sold during the first six months of the present year than in any corresponding period in the past.

Line up with Tanlac. Connect with a product that sells no matter how the times, because of its superior merit.

Although Tanlac has been on the market over six years, it is an actual fact that more Tanlac is being sold today with the same amount of advertising than during any time in the past.

Tanlac will not only prove your greatest seller for this year, but for many years to come.

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

Tragedy of the Street. “What's the matter, little girl?” asked the policeman of a little girl in tears.

“I want to find my muvver,” she wailed.

“Did you run away from home, little girl?”

“No, I came down town with muvver and got losted.”

“Why didn't you hold on to her skirt?” the policeman asked.

“Couldn't reach 'em,” was the little tot's reply.

Johnnie Knew. Johnnie (to new visitor)—“So you are my grandma, are you?”

Grandmother—“Yes, Johnnie! I'm your grandma on your father's side.”

Johnnie—“Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll soon find that out.”

**\$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 Medicine is taken internally and acts thru 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 power of Hall's Catarrh Medicine 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.

**REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK**

At Brady, in the State of Texas, at the close of business on Sept. 6, 1921.

ASSETS	
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts (except those shown on b and c) .....	\$709,221.89
Notes and bills rediscounted with Federal Reserve Bank (other than bank acceptances sold) .....	178,865.64
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc. ....	70,300.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures .....	27,545.00
Real estate owned other than banking house .....	900.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank .....	32,849.47
Cash in vault and amount due from national banks ..	56,286.81
Amount due from state banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States (other than included in Items 8, 9, or 10) .....	13,318.81
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than Item 12) .....	5,897.21
Total of Items 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13 .....	75,502.83
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items .....	12,013.97
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$754,467.52</b>
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in .....	130,000.00
Surplus fund .....	100,000.00
Undivided profits .....	30,590.71
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid .....	7,666.14
Amount due to national banks .....	3,104.76
Amount due to State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States and foreign countries (other than included in Items 21 or 22) .....	35,921.55
Total of Items 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25 .....	39,026.31
Individual deposits subject to check .....	404,366.64
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, Items 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31 .....	404,366.64
Bills payable, other than with Federal Reserve Bank (including all obligations representing money borrowed other than rediscounts) .....	55,000.00
Letters of Credit and Travelers' Checks sold for cash and outstanding .....	150.00
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$754,467.52</b>

STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch, ss:  
I, W. D. Crothers, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
W. D. CROTHERS, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of September, 1921.  
MARY ESTELLE THOMPSON, Notary Public.  
Correct—Attest: G. R. White, J. G. McCall, J. S. Wall, Directors.



**Camels are made for Men who Think for Themselves**

Such folks know real quality—and DEMAND it. They prefer Camels because Camels give them the smoothest, mellowest smoke they can buy—because they love the mild, rich flavor of choicest tobaccos, perfectly blended—and because Camels leave NO CIGARETTY AFTERTASTE.

Like every man who does his own thinking, you want fine tobacco in your cigarettes. You'll find it in Camels.

And, mind you, no flashy package just for show. No extra wrappers! No costly frills! These things don't improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons.

But QUALITY! Listen! That's CAMELS!



**Camel**

R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

**CLASSIFIED ADS**

**LOST—**

LOST—One small black mare mule, 7 years old, branded Z—left shoulder. G. R. WHITE.

LOST—On Sunday night, check book of Lohn State Bank, containing note and deposit slips. Reward for return to this office.

LOST—On road between Brady and Eden, detachable rim off Ford car, mounted with 30x3 1/2 Mohawk casing. Reward for return to Radford Grocery Co., Brady.

**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE—A good wagon. For particulars see Ed Jacoby.

TO TRADE—Some good mules for good Merino Sheep. ROHDE BROS., Brady.

FOR SALE—Good, heavy cleaned Red Oats, 50c per bu. at the barn. M. E. Abernathy.

FOR SALE—All my thoroughbred Rhode Island Reds, including good lot of Cockerels. C. A. YOAS, Brady.

FOR SALE—Furniture and lease of Southern Hotel at Mason, Texas. For information, write OVY GARNER, Mason.

FOR SALE—Good, heavy, cleaned Red Oats, 50c per bu. at the barn. M. E. Abernathy, London road.

FOR SALE—5-room house and lot, 2 blocks south of Central school building. F. R. WULFF, Brady.

FOR SALE—30 Merino Rams; some wrinkly, some smooth; in fine shape. P. C. DUTTON, Brady.

FOR SALE—40 head of good Jersey milk cows, some fresh, others fresh this month and next. Will sell reasonable. Phone 2450 or 2402, or see G. E. or AUGUST YOUNG.

Another car of Porto Rica Yams from East Texas. Fully guaranteed. Will be on sale all this Fall at J. H. Behrens' Store, North Side Square, F. M. PHILLIPS

**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE—Two-acre tract of ground, with 3-room house, lots and barn, located in Rochelle, just across street from school building, and near churches and tabernacle. For price, etc., address J. P. Waddell, Box 1416, Fort Worth, Texas.

**FOR RENT**

FOR RENT At Once—Furnished house. Mrs. O. E. Lawweek.

**WANTED**

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

**MISCELLANEOUS**

Parties in Ford car, going West after taking my Milk Cans Sunday night, will avoid prosecution by returning same on or before Saturday night. CHAS. ROBERTS.

It would be a happy occasion if parties that owe past due notes or accounts to J. F. Schaege would come forward and take them up.

WATER WELL DRILLING. Will contract deep or shallow wells. If interested, see or write CURTIS ELLENS-WOOD, Gen. Del., Brady, Tex.

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

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**EVERSHARP**

The Brady Standard

# The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENDISH"  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY AWEIL  
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### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clue to a revolutionary movement in this country, seeking to overthrow the Chilean government. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate.

CHAPTER II.—Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry.

CHAPTER III.—At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who appears to recognize him.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger addresses Severn as Harry Daly. The incident plays into Severn's hands and he accepts it. His new acquaintance is a notorious thief, "Gentleman George" Harris. Concealed, Severn hears the girl he had followed address the conspirators. She urges them to hasten the work of revolution.

CHAPTER V.—Leaving the crowd to discuss the message she had brought, the girl discovers Severn listening. She accepts his explanation of his presence and makes an appointment to meet him next day. He tells her his name is Daly. Harris informs him of a scheme he has to secure a sum amounting to \$1,000,000, the revolutionary fund, and to "split" with him. Severn accepts the proposition.

CHAPTER VI.—Severn learns it was his new friend and a "Captain Alva" who had lost the box which started him on the trail. Harris tells him the woman is Marie Gessler. He arranges to meet Severn next day at Tom Costigan's saloon. Leaving the building, Severn notices a stall-d automobile a few blocks away. Investigating, he finds the body of Captain Alva, stabbed to death with a hatpin dagger. Securing it, he remembers having seen it, or one like it, in Marie Gessler's hat.

CHAPTER VII.—Believing Marie left the foundry with Alva, Severn is forced to believe she is the slayer. He takes the dagger with him, leaving the presumption to be discovered later. At the address Marie had given him he finds she is unknown. He visits Costigan's and learns that Harris has disappeared. Costigan apparently has no doubt that Severn is really "Daly," and gives him his full confidence.

CHAPTER VIII.—At his hotel Severn finds a message asking him to phone the Hotel McAlpin. He does so and is invited to call. At the McAlpin he meets Marie Gessler. She refuses fully to explain her position, and he is unable to make up his mind as to whether she is guilty or innocent of Alva's murder. The presumption, however, is all against her, and Severn, on whom she has made a deep impression, is in a quandary.

CHAPTER IX.—With Marie, Severn visits Peron's cafe, an underworld resort, where the girl believes they may meet Harris and a Russian Jew, Ivan Waldron, a leading spirit in the scheme of robbery. At Peron's, Harris discovers Severn, and believing the latter has obtained the money after killing Alva, attacks him. Severn fights him and Waldron off, and with Marie, escapes. The girl refuses fully to explain her position in connection with the conspirators, insisting that Severn must give her his full confidence. With that he is forced to be content.

CHAPTER X.—After leaving the girl at the McAlpin, Severn finds that his room has been entered and the dagger stolen. Bewildered, he about comes to the conclusion that Marie has secured it as incriminating evidence. On a telephone call from Harris Severn visits Costigan's. There Harris, Costigan and Waldron confront him. They refuse to believe he has not got the money stolen from Alva, and after a fight Severn is left unconscious.

CHAPTER XI.—Returning to consciousness, Severn escapes from the room in which he is confined. He finds Marie in another room, and her partial explanation of her part in the tangled affair almost convinces him of her innocence. She explains her presence in the house by the fact that she and Ivan Waldron's wife had been girlhood friends. She has been deceived to the place by Harris in the hope that, having her in their power, the conspirators can induce Severn to share the money which they are convinced he and the girl had stolen from Alva.

CHAPTER XII.—Escaping from the house, Severn has a fight with Harris and Waldron. Harris is accidentally killed by Waldron and Severn and the girl get away. Severn meets a cab driver who gives him information turning his mind to Gaspar Wine as the murderer of Alva. Wine was present at the meeting at the iron foundry.

"We talked about him, of course; we couldn't help it, but she never hinted at nothing, and she didn't ask no questions. Only it seems they've found out one thing that hasn't been reported by the police—she knew what he was killed with."

"What's that? She told you what stuck him?"

"You bet she did; she had one of 'em herself, an' took it out of her hat, and put it right down here on the desk. I thought for a second I was going to keel over, but she didn't notice, just went on talkin'. How do yer suppose she ever found that out?"

"Severn told her, that's how. It

was dropped there in the dark. That feller got it some way, and hid it in his valise. That was what made Harris so sure he was in on the job, because he raided the room at some hotel and found the thing."

"You don't imagine the girl is playin' us?"

"I don't imagine nuthin', but I'm playin' safe. I don't know what the hell either of them are up to, but I figure they know too d—n much, an' I ain't goin' to take any chances hangin' round till they nose out the rest. That's my idea, to skip out while there's some chance to get away. So pony up my share, Wine, an' then you can do whatever you darn please with what's comin' to you. What do you say?"

I could hear the other tramping nervously back and forth across the room. His failure to answer must have angered the Russian, for, after a minute, he burst out with an oath:

"D—n it, why don't yet say something? Part o' this boodle's mine, ain't it?"

"Y—yes—of course."

"Well, then, cough it up! Where did you plant the stuff?"

"It's put away in a safety vault," Wine explained, his voice almost falling flat. "Honest, Waldron, I can't get it tonight, it's too late. The bank is locked, and I haven't opened it."

"You're a liar! You never dared to lug the thing around! You wouldn't be seen with it in your hand in daylight. I know you, you sneaking cur. You brought the stuff straight to this office that night, and, by God, I believe it is here yet. What do you want me to do—kill you, and then hunt? That is what's goin' to happen, unless you come across, too. I'll shake the gizzard out of you, you little sneak, if you try any trick on me."

He must have gripped the other, for there was a struggle, Wine whimpering as though half choked.

"Speak up, you cur! This thing divides fifty-fifty. Where is it now? What's that—behind those books? H—l, I wouldn't believe you under oath. Go get it out from there; let's have a look at the stuff."

He must have flung the other clear across the room, for he came down sprawling, his body striking against the door of the closet, behind which I crouched. The catch broke under the impact, and, before I could draw back, I was in full view of both men.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### The Death of a Murderer.

Wine, outstretched on the floor at my very feet, stared up at me, so startled by my sudden appearance as to be speechless. Waldron, oblivious of all else but the money, now almost in his possession, was upon his knees before a bookcase, dragging out the heavy volumes from the lower shelf, dumping them on the floor. From behind these he had already drawn forth into view a black leather valise, when Wine found voice, uttering a strange cry of terror, which caused him to glance about. He leaped to his feet instantly, his eyes glaring into mine, one hand flung back as though in search of a weapon.

I gave him no time. I leaped straight at him, striking so hard even as we grappled that the blow sent him reeling back against the bookcase. He knew me then, and the recognition brought with it a fury which transformed the Russian into a wild beast. Coward as I felt him to be, now that he was cornered, with the spoils of victory in his very grasp, he became a demon, a mad dog, whose only desire was to kill.

"You're fighting a man this time, yer h—l-bound; not a whiflet like Harris. I'll blow a hole clear through yer! Sneaked in, did yer? Well, yer'll never sneak out again! Say, how do yer like the taste o' that?" He struck with a knee in the stomach, grinning as I loosened my grip on his beard, and tried to butt into me with lowered head. I caught him instantly, with a free fist, rocking his head back and cutting a gash in his cheek from which blood spurled. If he possessed any self-control before, he lost it then, crazed with hate and the desire to kill. He was a barroom fighter, bound by no rules, capable of any ferocity—biting, gouging, using hands and feet, a ruthless savage. It was this which defeated him, for while I was neither cool nor clear of mind, I kept my head sufficiently to remember my training and accept every advantage that presented itself; more than that, the very threats with which he tried to goad me were guides to his own action, giving me the swift hint needed for defense.

Realizing Wine was back of me, I managed to whirl the big bulk of the battling Russian about so as to block any surprise attack from the rear. This movement gave me the support of the wall, and, using it as a de-

vice, I resorted to the same tactics adopted by Waldron, assaulting him with feet as well as hands, breaking his struggle hold on my throat and forcing him backward, so that a swift kick sent the fellow stumbling over a pile of books, clawing at the empty air for support. He would have gone sprawling upon his back if Wine had not been directly in the way. As it was, he struck the other, the force of his big body hurling the smaller man heavily against the ledge of the outer window. As the fellow struck, the glass shattered and crashed into a thousand pieces, but before Waldron could regain firm footing, or realize what had happened, I was again upon him, breaking through his dazed guard and driving my fists straight into his face.

The revolver in Wine's hand was discharged, the bullet whistling past me, but even as the report cracked, the pressure of the Jew's body forced the smaller man relentlessly backward over the sill. He gave utterance to one wild yell of fright, releasing the gun and gripping desperately at Waldron's collar for support, then toppled over backward and went down.

We both heard the crash as the splinters of glass gave way, and the dull, dead thud of the body as it struck somewhere far below. The Russian seemed paralyzed with terror, unable to quite comprehend what had occurred behind him. But I had seen the tragedy, and my mind worked like a flash. He made one weak effort to spring



The Clenched Fist Crunched into His Whiskers.

aside, forgetful of his own danger, his guard dropped, and I let him have it—straight in the jaw. The clenched fist crunched into his whiskers, and, with arms flung up, he went over as if shot, his head striking an edge of the overturned bookcase as he fell, and lay there motionless, a trickle of blood slowly oozing out upon the floor.

I stepped back and leaned out through the broken window; three stories below, on a gravelled roof, lay something black, huddled up gro-

teously, which I knew was a human body, crushed helpless, its bones broken. I drew back from the gruesome sight, so sickened I reeled dizzily, clutching at the sill for support. As I clung there, uncertain, dazed, my mind for the moment a blank, some one began rattling and pounding against the door leading into the corridor.

I crossed the room, my limbs trembling so I could scarcely walk, my breath coming in gasps. They were kicking against the wood and pounding with fists, seeking to break in the lock. The sight sobered me, brought back my self-control and I threw the door open and faced them almost coolly. There were four policemen, the first a gray-mustached sergeant, revolver in hand, and behind these a jam of excited individuals of both sexes, peering over shoulders to gain view within. The sergeant gripped me by the collar. "Now, you; what's up here? Have you killed somebody?"

"No," I answered, making no effort to break away, still breathing hard, but able to express myself clearly. "There is a man dead, but he fell from a window. I have nothing to conceal, sergeant. My name is Severn, and I am connected with the United States consular service. Give me a chance and I'll hand you my card."

He must have been impressed by the way I acted and spoke, for he released his grasp and accepted the card I fished out of a vest pocket, holding it up to the light in order to read the script.

"Philip Severn," he repeated slowly, his glance wandering again to my face. "You are a friend of Clement Breckenridge—is that right?"

"Why, yes," in surprise. "I have known him for some years."

"So you didn't know about that, even! Well, I'll tell you. Captain Alva was killed to gain possession of a large sum which had been paid him for revolutionary purposes in Chile. These fellows inside found out about such a payment having been made and waylaid him. They had to kill him in order to get the money."

"Who did it?"

"I am not quite sure, sergeant, but I think Gaspar Wine committed the murder. He plunged from a window and is lying dead down below there. The other fellow is still alive and was going to share in the spoils. You know him, I guess, a Russian Jew by the name of Waldron."

"Ivan Waldron, the Red orator?"

"That's the man. I'll tell you the story briefly; all that needs to be told now. I had reason to suspect these two and hid in that closet, where I could overhear them discussing a division of the spoils. The two quarreled, during which Wine was forced out through the window. Then I got the best of Waldron, just as you fellows tried to break in."

The sergeant looked about, plainly puzzled.

"I guess your word ought to be good, Mr. Severn," he admitted. "Seem' as who you are. You live in Washington?"

"Yes—officially; my home is in Ohio."

"Where yer stopping here?"

I told him, naming the hotel at which I was registered.

"All right, then. I'll look around a bit; Morris, run down and call the patrol; have 'em get that body down out of there first when they come; Kelly, you stay here, with Halsey at the door."

I followed him and the fourth officer into the inner office. It was a wreck, but the sergeant took the scene in at a glance and picked his way across to the shattered window. The policeman bent over the outstretched figure of Waldron.

"How is the cuss, Carr?"

"Alive, all right, but got a h—l of a crack on the coco."

"Give him a glass of water in the face. Is this the grip you was telling me about, Mr. Severn?"

"Yes; it's locked, but supposed to be full of yellowbacks."

He pulled it forth from beneath the grasp of Waldron's arm.

"All right; I'll see it safe out o' here. I guess you'll have to go along with us, Mr. Severn; the captain will likely want ter ask some questions."

### CHAPTER XV.

#### The Private Secretary.

I told my story to the captain much more in detail, and Breckenridge being found, stool sponsor for my identity, so that I was not detained. The next morning I testified before the coroner's jury over the crushed body of Wine, and later appeared in the room of the grand jury which indicted Waldron. On both these occasions I told enough to make matters reasonably clear, yet carefully avoided any direct mention of Miss Gessler. No doubt her name would be brought into the case later, but I was determined it should not be introduced through any indiscretion on my part. Krantz's name was used, but only indirectly, and the im-

pression was left upon me that influence was being brought to bear to shield the banker from any direct connection with the crime.

I knew that when the time came for trial I could scarcely hope to escape this easily. Under cross-examination by the defendant's attorney, the whole affair would be probed to the very bottom, and I should be compelled to disclose every bit of information I possessed. In the meanwhile I must discover the girl, and learn from her own lips, if possible, just how deeply she was involved. Then, and then only, could I decide upon my own future course. But how was I to locate her? I had nothing to guide me in the search. There were only two people to whom I could turn for even a suggestion—Krantz, the banker, and Sarah Waldron. I doubted if either would reveal the truth, but I could use the threat of exposure against Krantz, and might thus terrorize him into revealing the truth. I decided that if the girl did not call me by phone before noon the next day I would certainly exhaust every effort to find her. She would assuredly learn by that time what had occurred, but, whether she so desired or not, I was not willing to let her drop out of my life. I would learn, at least, whatever Adolph Krantz knew about her.

The hours dragged away bringing no message, the silence merely strengthening my resolution and increasing my interest. After a lonely lunch, in which her face seemed ever before me, I took a taxi and drove direct to the bank. I crossed the marble-floored lobby and approached the desk rather doubtfully. A middle-aged man glanced up from his work, and listened quietly to my question, examining my card attentively.

"Ah, yes, United States consular service—I see. I regret to say that Mr. Adolph Krantz is not in the bank today. In fact he is out of town, possibly for a week. Yes, he left rather suddenly for Washington. Perhaps you might talk with his secretary."

I hesitated, yet almost as quickly decided to see what might develop.

"I will if you please, for just a moment."

"Very good, sir. The third door down that corridor to the left. You will find it ajar, I think; walk right in."

I proceeded as he directed, the glass partitions of the bank on one side, the

equipment plainly noticeable. The third door stood partly open, giving me a glimpse within before I ventured to enter. The place had far more the appearance of a private library than a downtown business office. A woman was bending over the further desk, busied at some work. With heart beating somewhat faster I ventured to open the door sufficiently wide to enter.

There was no one else present, but her head instantly lifted, and she rose to her feet, with a quick smile, and outstretched hand, coming directly toward me.

"Mr. Philip Severn, at last," she exclaimed pleasantly. "My faith is rewarded."

"Your faith," I echoed, rallying from my surprise at this greeting. "Then you were expecting me?"

"I have never felt a very serious doubt. Does that sound odd? Let me close the door, and then we will sit down and talk. I am never disturbed when the door is shut. Here is the best place. Yes, Mr. Severn. I was certain curiosity would cause you to seek me, even if there was no other motive. I did not phone, so you came here."

"I had but two choices—to seek information either through Adolph Krantz or Sarah Waldron. I chose to try Krantz first."

"And you really had no suspicion I was to be found here?"

"None whatever. Why should I? Not even yet do I know whom I am speaking with."

"Oh, yes, you do—Marie Gessler, revolutionist, messenger to the Chilean Junta." She laughed, her eyes sparkling. "Does not that satisfy?"

"Far from it; I believe I am entitled to even more."

"Indeed you are. I have the honor of being also private secretary to Mr. Adolph Krantz. Now, what next?"

"Well, when he writes you a check, what name does he make it payable to?"

"Let me see; did you ever know any one called Tom Longdale?"

"Did I? Why, great Scott! you cannot mean that you are actually Helen? It is not possible."

"Oh, yes, it is; little girls grow up, you know. And now if you will be very good and quiet I am going to tell you just how it all happened. What led me to become a desperate conspirator, and—well, yes—a famous detective. Are you all ready for my confession?"

She rested her hand on mine, and permitted my fingers to close over it, in a spirit of frank good fellowship.

"Then listen; it may make you shudder in some of its blood-curdling details, and possibly you may consider my actions very unwomanly. Now just be quiet until I finish."

"You had no reason to believe he possessed such a weapon?"

"None whatever; I merely took a chance. I think now the pin used belonged to Sarah Waldron, but how it

came there can only be determined through a confession by her husband."

"Her eyes lifted again to mine, questioning, and a bit anxious."

"Was my course right or wrong, Philip Severn?"

"Undoubtedly right, although I imagine few girls would have had the courage."

"You believe in me still? In the woman?"

My handclasp tightened, and her eyes dropped before the message she must have instantly read in mine.

"This has been a test of us both which we will never regret," I answered soberly, "for it has brought faith, hope, love; is this not true?"

She did not move, or glance up, but I caught the whispered response of her lips.

(THE END.)



She Did Not Move, or Glance Up.

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**LOCAL BRIEFS.**

Count H. T. Graham, popular traveling salesman for the Radford Grocery Company, as one upon whom Dame Fortune has smiled most benignly. The occasion was the arrival on Monday, September 12th of a bright-eyed baby girl, and who brought with her just a world of happiness and joy for the adoring parents.

Sheriff Bob Miller, accompanied by his deputies, passed through Brady Monday enroute from Paint Rock to San Antonio with a couple of Mexicans arrested on the charge of being draft evaders. The Mexicans were handcuffed together, and Sheriff Miller was keeping them under close guard, evidently taking no chances with the bad hombres.

In speaking of the close of the ball season in the West Texas league, the Ballinger Banner-Ledger gives a brief account of what each of the Ballinger players will undertake next. The number includes two former Brady players—Buck Bailey and Jack Robertson, concerning whom the Banner-Ledger says: "Buck Bailey is off to West Virginia, where he will play football for some college. Buck will do it better with the big ball." "Robertson, on the pitching staff at the close of the season, will return to Emory, Texas, his home."

If Carroll Gray should, perchance, let out a couple of whoops, or greet you with a broader smile than usual, or act as though he wanted to kick up his heels and dance a jig, just blame the Old Stork with it, since that wise old bird stopped at Carroll's house, nine miles out on the London road, last Tuesday, the 6th, long enough to leave with Mr. and Mrs. Gray a pretty little daughter. Quite naturally the fond parents are overjoyed, and just know no little morsel of humanity was ever as cunning as the one they now possess.

The condition of Harry Hill, accident victim of last week, continues favorable, according to latest reports. While the lad suffers greatly from the terrible wound made by the charge of shot, which was distributed all about his right side, and several of which penetrated the lung, yet so far no untoward complications appear to have arisen. Attending physicians the latter part of last week removed eleven shot from his back, one of which was lodged just at the point of his shoulder blade. The remainder of the 32 shot contained in the cartridge are still in the body of the victim.

A. T. Riley, father of Mrs. W. E. Lohn of Lohn, and well-known to McCulloch county citizens, returned Monday from Idaho, where he went immediately following the Brady reunion last month, to visit his son. Mr. Riley brought back with him an assortment of fine fruit, just to show what they raise in Idaho, his collection including three varieties of plums—the egg plum, which is as large as a large-size hen egg, the Gansel and another, the name of which he did not recall. Then he had two varieties of prunes—the purple and silver; a half-dozen varieties of apples and three varieties of pears. He says the worms struck the apples, as a result of which he had no classy showing of this fruit, but all the rest of his exhibit was as choice as could be imagined. Mr. Riley says they have already had two frosts since the 1st of September, and snow in the mountains. As a consequence, he decided that was too cold a country for him, and will visit here a month or two and will probably spend the winter in Houston. For those interested he will have the fruit he brought with him on exhibition at the L. O. Marshall store in Lohn Saturday.

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Loans and Discounts	\$ 76,164.56
Cash and Exchange	\$77,894.10
Bills of Exchange (Cotton)	1,240.77
Furniture and Fixtures	79,134.87
Real Estate	5,285.00
Interest in Depositors' Guaranty Fund	550.00
Assessment Depositors' Guaranty Fund	900.00
Stock Federal Int. Bank, New Orleans, La.	307.97
Overdrafts	450.00
	129.71
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$162,922.11</b>

**LIABILITIES**

Capital Stock	\$30,000.00
Undivided Profits	3,844.98
Individual Deposits	129,077.13
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$162,922.11</b>

I, W. F. Roberts, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

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