

8 Pages THE BRADY STANDARD 8 Pages

TWICE-A-WEEK ABSORBED THE BRADY ENTERPRISE AND THE McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR MAY 2, 1910. TUESDAY-FRIDAY

VOL. XIII, No. 84.

THE BRADY ENTERPRISE Vol. XIII, No. 34

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Friday, January 13, 1922.

McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR Vol. III, No. 7

Whole Number 1151.

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

TOM GREEN COMMISSIONERS ARE ROAD BOOSTERS

County Judge Howard of Tom Green county, accompanied by Commissioners Murphy, Deats, LeMay and Jackson, County Engineer Gilchrist and Federal Engineer Sexton, were here Wednesday from San Angelo on a fraternal visit of a couple hours with the local commissioners court, and incidentally took advantage of the occasion to turn most of the discussion upon the subject of good roads.

In their trip and visit, the Tom Green county officials were endeavoring to ascertain what Concho and McCulloch county were doing, or would do, to connect up Highway No. 9 with the roads built at either end of the highway. Tom Green county has already completed ten miles of Highway No. 9, and intend to complete it through Tom Green county.

Inasmuch as it is anticipated that at the next meeting of the State Highway commission, the major highways of the state will, in all probability, be designated, the Tom Green county officials were desirous of having assurance from all counties along the route, that the Puget Sound to the Gulf, if designated a part of the major highway system, would be built by the counties traversed by it.

County Judge Adkins assured the visitors that while McCulloch county citizens had failed to give the required two-thirds vote to the plan for completing McCulloch county's highways, yet the good roads spirit was predominant in the county, and that at the proper time, McCulloch county would be found ready to take up her share of the good roads building along with all her neighbor counties.

After spending a couple hours here, the visitors left on their return to San Angelo, making the trip via Paint Rock.

Experience.

Mr. Harnutt—I admit, sir, that my life has not been what it should be, but I truly and unselfishly love your daughter, and if ever I give her a moment's pain I hope I'll be made to suffer torture for it.

Old Gentleman (warningly)—Oh, you will! You don't know her.—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Brighten up your furniture with O'cedar Polish. All sizes, 30c to \$2.00. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Read it in The Standard.

Tumbling Down Price Sale on Fine Candles

Look, Read, Purchase, Eat, (or give a box to your best girl and watch Her eat).
2-lb. box Liggett's Original regular price \$3.00; Special price \$2.25
1-lb. box Liggett's Mairou package, regular price \$1.75; Special sale price \$1.25
2-lb. Liggett's Debut package, regular price \$3.25; Special sale price \$2.40
Liggett's Elect package, 1-lb., regular price \$1.50; Special sale price \$1.10
Liggett's Fruit Cordials—juicy and rich—regular price, 1-lb. package, \$2.00; Special sale price \$1.35
Guth Brazil Nut, 1-lb., regular price \$1.75; our special price \$1.40
Liggett's Original 1-lb. package, regular price, \$1.50; special sale price \$1.15
Liggett's Orange and Gold packages (limited amount) 1-lb. packages, regular price \$1.25; special price \$1.00
Sale Lasts Until Saturday, January 21st
11:00 O'Clock P. M.,
TRIGG DRUG CO.

LYCEUM NUMBER TONIGHT AT THE TABERNACLE

Attention of Standard readers is again called to the splendid number offered tonight at the Methodist tabernacle by the White & Myers Lyceum course, viz: the Columbine company. This company comes heralded as one of the best groups of entertainers of the entire course, and their musical performers, with interspersed readings, is certain to prove most enjoyable. The tabernacle is being especially fitted up for this number and will be comfortable and commodious as well.

General admission will be 25c and 50c, while those who still wish to purchase season tickets for the remaining numbers of the course may do so by applying to Mrs. Wm. C. Jones, who has charge of ticket sales for the Parent-Teachers association, under whose auspices the lyceum course is being presented.

MIKE L. WOOD, CASHIER BRADY'S FIRST BANK, DIES IN CALIFORNIA

A brief news dispatch from Corsicana in the state papers recently announced death in California of Mike L. Wood, well-remembered by all old-timers in this section as cashier of Brady's first bank—the First National, something like thirty years ago. Wood had a brother living in Corsicana.

Mike L. Wood came to Brady about 1890, and was cashier of the First National bank of Brady up to the time it went defunct in 1893. Many of Brady's prominent citizens were stockholders in the bank, and lost heavily when it closed its doors.

Wood then went to Fort Worth, where he became connected with the State National bank, continuing in its employ for about twenty-five years and eventually advancing himself to the position of active vice-president. He again came into the public eye when that bank closed in 1916, its failure being followed by the suicide of Baldrige, one of the heaviest stockholders.

During his residence in Brady, Wood was regarded as a man of highest character. He was superintendent in the Sunday school, and highly esteemed by all. Mrs. Wood was a cousin of the then Governor Culberson which added to their influence and social importance.

GOVERNMENT ARSENAL DONATES SPRINGFIELD RIFLES TO LEGION POST

Elijah F. Allin post of the American Legion has just received ten Springfield army rifles from the government arsenal at San Antonio. The rifles are of the 1898 issue. They are intended for use during ceremonies of the local post, as for instance by a firing squad at a funeral, in parades, and the like. The local legion boys have been busily engaged the past several days in removing the thick layers of grease in which all metal parts of the guns were encased as a preservative measure, and now have the rifles in shape, so that they can be used by a drill squad, which is to be organized at once.

Sister Died at Goldthwaite.

Jack Gartman has the sincere sympathy of all in the death of his sister, Miss Eva Gartman, which occurred Sunday morning, following a long illness with tuberculosis. Mr. Gartman had been called Thursday to Goldthwaite by news of his sister's serious condition, and with other members of the family, was at her bedside when the end came. Deceased was the oldest of eight children, all of whom, with the mother, survive. T. E. Davis and A. F. Grant went to Goldthwaite Sunday to attend the funeral services, which were held at 2:00 o'clock Monday afternoon, with interment in the Goldthwaite cemetery.

Guaranteed wardrobe trunks, useful and handsome in appearance. Now going at exactly half price. O. D. MANN & SONS.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION

The Brady Standard's Americanization Series

Our American Constitution has derived more from the English constitution and charters than from any other one source. We are heirs to all that is best in English life and letters. There is a brotherhood of common beliefs that binds the two nations as no treaties or agreements ever could. It is with a feeling of profound gratitude and pride, therefore, that we acknowledge our kinship to the great minds of England and the debt we owe them.

Regarding the English form of government, it is interesting to note that about 1711, Joseph Addison wrote as follows:

I look upon it as a peculiar happiness that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I would most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquility. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another so far as the order and economy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved, where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners for truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men who live under slavery, though I look upon it as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shows how repugnant it is to the good of mankind and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the ends of all civil institutions.

(Editor's Note—The articles appearing in the above space from week to week are taken from "Americanization" by Elwood Griscom, Jr. This excellent volume, which is a collection of articles upon the general theme of patriotism and good citizenship, is presented to the schools of Texas by the Bodies of Scottish Rite Masonry in Texas).

ABSENCE OF FIRE RISKS IN BRADY WINS APPROVAL

City Fire Marshal M. P. Wegner Monday won strong commendation from E. R. Miller of Austin, representing the State Fire Insurance board in the capacity of inspector, by reason of the efficient manner in which he had carried out his duties. Mr. Miller, in company with Mr. Wegner, made a careful inspection of all business property in the city, and found all fire hazards reduced to the minimum, and with little or no cause for complaint. In fact, Brady was conceded by Mr. Miller to be one of the best ordered cities he has so far visited.

As president of the Fire Chief's and Fire Marshals' association of Texas, Mr. Miller has a wide-spread acquaintance among the fire boys, and enjoyed meeting with the members of the local company during his visit in Brady.

BASKET BALL CHAMPIONSHIP IN COUNTY TO BE DECIDED BY GAME SAT.

The Lohn and Rochelle basket ball teams will meet on the Brady field Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock to decide the championship in the County Interscholastic league, both towns being contenders for the title. According to County Superintendent W. M. Deans the contest will be well worth seeing, as both teams are in excellent shape and will give a snappy exhibition of the sport.

If good quality of shoe work is what you want, come and see us, for we have a first-class mechanic doing ours. EVERS & BRO.

BRADY GIRL POSSESSES THUMB-NAIL DICTIONARY

Many theatre-goers recently saw in a late Fox News Weekly feature at the Lyric theatre, the picture of the world's smallest book which was shown alongside the world's largest book. The former was comparable to a man's thumb-nail, so tiny was it, although it was a perfect book in every respect.

Now comes a Brady girl, Miss Estelle Levy, daughter of J. Levy, proprietor of the Lyric, with a thumb-nail book which must closely rival that shown in the motion pictures. The little book possessed by Miss Levy is a complete English dictionary, with leather cover, and containing 382 pages. Yet it is but three-fourths of an inch wide, one and one-sixteenth of an inch in length and one-fourth of an inch in thickness. It takes good eye-sight to read the printing without the aid of magnifying glass, but if your eyes are good, you will find the print plainly legible.

The little curiosity was given Miss Levy by a girl friend in California, and was just brought to light the other day while she was unpacking a trunk in which it had long been stored away.

Let us do your Cleaning and Pressing. Work guaranteed. Mann Bros. & Holton. Phone 148.

Have one nice new Library Set—must be seen to be appreciated. C. H. Arnsperger's New and Used Store.

COAL! COAL! The best grade McAlister Deep Mine Coal. BOWMAN LUMBER CO.

NEW CALF CREEK SCHOOL BUILDING IS CONTRACTED

A contract was let Monday to W. L. Council of Kerrville for the erection of a new and modern school building at Calf Creek, a meeting for the purpose of letting the contract having been called in County Superintendent Deans' office.

The new building will be erected upon the same school grounds as at present used, and according to specifications will be of concrete construction, with four school rooms. Work is to be begun not later than January 23rd, and the building is to be completed in 100 working days.

Bonds for the new school building were voted in 1919, and were sold in 1920. Erection of the building, however, has been stayed on account of the high cost of building materials. Now that prices are again nearing normal, an advantageous contract price was secured.

The citizens of Calf Creek are to be congratulated upon their good school spirit, and they may justly be proud of the up-to-date building which will house their school children with the beginning of next term.

NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS INSTALLED BY ODD FELLOWS ON MONDAY NIGHT

A large crowd was in attendance at the regular meeting of the Odd Fellows lodge No. 257 last Monday night, at which time installation of officers to serve for the next six-month period was had, District Deputy W. H. Goodner acting as installing officer. The following are the new officers:

- J. J. Mayse, N. G.
- C. P. Swim, V. G.
- W. J. Blair, Secretary.
- M. R. Moore, Treasurer.
- Willard Baker, Chaplain.
- George Shore, Warden.
- O. A. Schill, R. S. N. G.
- Allen McShan, L. S. N. G.
- Maurice Cohen, R. S. V. G.
- H. R. Hodges, L. S. V. G.
- Gene Tyson, Inside Guardian.
- Robert Parrish, Outside Guardian.
- R. E. Willman, Conductor.
- O. E. Johnson, L. S. S.
- Pat McShan, R. S. S.

Following the installation services refreshments of hot coffee and pie were enjoyed by the members.

Quartered Oak Chifferobes, suitable for the use of either gentlemen or ladies, each \$35.00. O. D. MANN & SONS.
Hook Files, Stand Files, Check Files at The Brady Standard.

Rock-a-Eye Baby Walkers, Handsome and useful, each \$5. O. D. MANN & SONS.

MATTRESSES

People wanting Mattresses made between now and September 1st, will please let me have their order before February 1st, as I am leaving Brady Feb. 1st and will not be back until September 1st.

E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER AND RENOVATOR

\$10.00 Gold Crowns - \$5.00
Bridge Crown - \$5.00

For Thirty Days

Plates Made by My New Methods Guaranteed to Fit Any Mouth. Pyorrhea and All Diseases of the Gums Successfully Treated.

Teeth Extracted Painless

All Work Guaranteed Lady in Attendance

Dr. H. W. Lindley, Dentist
Over Broad Mercantile Co. Phone 81

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

LOST CREEK ECHOES.

Lost Creek School to Give Play Saturday Night, January 21st.
Voca, Texas, Jan. 10.

Editor Brady Standard:
We had a light rain here Monday night, but the high winds Tuesday dried it about all out.

There is not very much farm work going on now.

The open winter is fine on stock. There is very little feeding being done although we have no grass. Stock is looking fairly well.

Messrs. D. H. and W. W. Henderson have been moving and rebuilding a residence on their Henderson Bros. place. Mr. Harvey Henderson will occupy the house, where he expects to engage in the poultry business. He expects to specialize in turkeys.

I see in The Standard that our good friend, "O. L. C. U. R. Right" of Oregon says he will tell us something about his big hogs. In his next I wonder if he will still contend that cross-bred hogs will make the biggest hogs, when he hears this. I sold C. M. Burns of Voca, Texas one registered big bone Polan China hog, age, when sold, 18 months; Burns kept the hog about one year, which would make the hog about two and one-half years old when butchered. He weighed nine hundred pounds.

The Lost Creek school will give a play at the school building on January 21, 1922 at 8:00 p. m., entitled "Her Honor, the Mayor." A comedy-drama in three acts. Cast of characters: Lester Parmenter, Burket Schooley—candidate for mayor, who becomes the mayor's husband; Hon. Mike McGoone, Ernest Henderson—political boss who becomes the hired girl; Clarence Greenway, Joe Henderson—Eve's brother who becomes village groom; Eve Greenway, Lillie Westerman—Lester's fiancée who becomes the mayor; Mrs. McNabb, Mrs. R. R. Evans—widow and suffragette who becomes a naval officer; Doris Denton, Lola McBee—an athletic bud who becomes the fire chief.

Rosalie Myers, Opal Evans—her chum who becomes a millionaire; Eliza Goober, Irene Taylor—the cullid cook who becomes chief of police. Act 1—Running the office; Act 2—When Women Rule; Act 3—He, Lord and Master.

"A CITIZEN."

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.

BIG BARGAIN IN ALUMINUM-WARE.

On account of receiving goods too late for the Christmas trade, we find ourselves overstocked on Aluminum Ware, and offer the following big bargain:

- Double Boiler\$1.50
- Combination Roaster and Stew Pan\$1.50
- Percolator\$1.50
- Dishpan\$1.50
- Syrup Pitcher 75c
- Total\$6.75

ALL SPECIAL, LONG AS THEY LAST \$5

O. D. MANN & SONS.

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, West Side Square.

Rubber Bands at The Standard office.

WORN NERVES.

Nervous troubles, with backache, dizzy spells, queer pains and irregular kidneys, give reason to suspect kidney weakness and to try the remedy that has helped your neighbors.

Mrs. J. U. Silvers, Brady, she says: "I had the 'flu' and it left my back in a very weak state. I could hardly get around as the pains in the small of my back were so severe. I was so nervous the least noise would irritate me. I would have bad spells of dizziness and everything would turn black before me. Nights I was so I couldn't get any rest and I was annoyed by the irregular action of my kidneys. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills so I bought some and I can't praise them highly enough for what they did for me. I was relieved of the backache and my kidneys were regulated."

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

FIFE FINDINGS.

Basket Ball Games Interest School and Community.
Fife, Texas, Jan. 10.

Editor Brady Standard:
A light shower fell here Monday night, not enough to do any good.

Bad colds are the order of the day now; everybody who has not one is just about to take theirs.

Singing at John Mitchell's Sunday night was attended by a large crowd of young folks and a good time was had by all.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Pearce have moved here from Brownwood and will make their home with Mrs. Pearce's father, R. K. Finlay, Sr.

Miss Maggie McKeand, who was here from Brady for a week end visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney McKeand, has returned.

The Pear Valley and Fife boys basket ball teams played here Thursday. The scores were 19 to 11 in favor of Pear Valley seniors and 4 to 4 between the junior teams. This is the first game of boys basket ball played here, and the senior boys feel encourage at their showing against the strong Pear Valley team. They will play a return game in the near future. Pear Valley has a good bunch of players and we were glad to have them with us.

Our girls basket ball team added two more victories to their string this week, defeating the strong Whon team on the home grounds Wednesday by a score of 30 to 5, and again defeating the Nine school Saturday at Whon by a score of 26 to 11. The team is composed of Misses Nellie and Nora Doyie, Eula Baldrige, Myrtle Conrod, Eddie Ranne and Imogene Tedder, with Miss Knola King coach. The girls will play Rochelle at the Teachers association meeting there on the 21st and a good game is anticipated.

"E. Z."

To Stop a Cough Quick

take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissue.

A box of GROVES' 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 healthy effect of Groves' 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.

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

Independence Day.

The Canary Corners Clarion never failed to publish a eulogy of anyone of any note who appeared in that small village. So when the Rev. Mr. Johnson, a preacher of some prominence, elected to come there for a few days, it started its story in this way:

"Dr. Johnson is among us for a brief season. He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinions or beliefs of anyone else. His wife is not with him."

"Tanlac made me feel younger." "It put me back on the pay roll." "I can eat whatever I want now." "I no longer suffer from indigestion." "I gained weight rapidly." These and many more expressions are now heard daily as people tell of their experience with Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

His First Case.

Rookie Sentry — "Halt, who's there?"

Voice — "Private Stock, Company C."

Rookie Sentry — "Advance, Private Stock, and be damned."—The American Legion Weekly.

Retrenching.

A traveler who was renowned for his tall stories on being asked out to dinner made arrangements with his friends, who were to accompany him, that they should kick him if he began to go too far.

Quite early in the evening he started off.

"That reminds me," he said to the hostess, "of a friends of mine who had a rose garden over ten miles long, and"—he felt a kick—"and two inches wide."

MELVIN SOCIAL ITEMS.

Several Families Move Into New Locations—Couple Showered.
Melvin, Texas, Jan. 10.

Editor Brady Standard:
Miss Maude Mitchell and Frank Marlar left for Austin Thursday. Miss Maude is returning home from a visit with relatives here.

Prof. Hall and wife were called to San Angelo Friday, where an operation was performed on Mrs. Hall's sister, Mrs. Daisy Bengé.

Mrs. Whitely has been very ill for the past few days.

The Ways and Means committee, Mesdames Sellers, McHenry and Zimmerman of the Ladies Home Mission society met with their president, Mrs. Crum, Monday afternoon to discuss some social benefit for raising funds for the M. E. church.

Virgil Middleton is at home from the oil fields, shaking hands with old folks and smiling at everyone.

John Stoneberg has moved into the Nelson house, vacated by C. D. Zimmerman.

Mrs. Peel visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Johnson the latter part of last week.

The Home Mission society and housewives of Melvin showered Mr. and Mrs. Hindsly Thursday.

The boys' basket ball team played Pear Valley team Saturday, 28 to 34 in favor of Pear Valley. The home boys played a close game; Pear Valley also has a very fine team, but we are thinking we will win next time.

C. D. Zimmerman and family moved into the house vacated by R. Wilensky Friday.

Will Spiller and family moved into the Galbreath house Thursday.

"FLOWER BELL."

WONDER WORDS.

Wonder, Ore., Jan. 1.

Editor Brady Standard:

On Christmas I told you about the snow. It is hard to guess just the amount that fell in all. The mail carrier said it was six feet deep on the summit of the coast range. I shoveled it off of my stock shed twice as it was very wet, heavy snow and where I dumped it on the ground it piled up to the lower eaves of the shed; but that was only about seven feet. However, it is now slowly melting away and we are glad to see the ground in places, and as Ma Perkins said, "I am glad to set my foot on terracotta again!" But her daughter, Polly, corrected her and said—"Terrafirma, mother, terrafirma!"

Snow is what counts in this country in the matter of insuring plenty of water for irrigation next summer. It melts off so slowly that the earth absorbs practically all of it.

Mr. Editor, I wish to mention the kind Christmas remembrances I received from McCulloch county. My dear friend, D. H. Henderson of Lost Creek sent me a box of pecans and "A Citizen" also sent me a box. I received also a box from my friend, J. P. Waddell of Rochelle and one from your correspondent, "Amos-kester." How many boxes was that I received. And as I claim to be a competent judge of good pecans, will say they are par excellence.

I also received a letter from a very sensible Brady man who, of course, entertains the same views in regard to the Harding peace parley that I do. This is one thing he said: "If when the law was enacted prohibiting the carrying of sixshooters, the law should have read: 'You shall be allowed to carry one sixshooter, but no more than one.' It would have been like the armament limitation." Now don't all speak at once! But someone please tell me why, while they are at it, they don't establish an international court of arbitration, composed of the head ruler of each nation, both large and small who shall sit as jurors to decide all disputes between nations. And let their decision be final. And establish an international police force to enforce the compliance of any obstreperous nation to the terms of their decision? Why O why! don't they do it? Ask of the winds why? There's a reason. "O. I. C. U. R. RIGHT."

Identification Destroyed.

Jones keeps pigeons and Brown, next door, tries to keep pigeons. Brown is constantly losing birds, while Jones is as constantly suspected of finding them. The other morning Brown, with a smile and a quarter, approached the youthful son and heir of Jones.

"Willie," began Brown, holding up the coin, "did daddy find a bird yesterday?"

Willie nodded.

"And was it a blue bird with some white feathers in its wing?"

"Dunno," responded Willie, pocketing the quarter. "You can't tell their color after they're cooked."

Rubber Bands. Brady Standard.

A good name

DODGE BROTHERS Sedan



F. R. WULFF, BRADY, TEXAS

This Is POLITICAL YEAR

Texas politics will be very interesting this summer. A United States Senator is to be elected. You will want the news.

HERE'S HOW:

The Fort Worth Star-Telegram

From Date Subscription Is Received to December 1, 1922—

Daily and Sunday\$6.00
Daily Only\$4.75

Then there's the local politics, which should interest everyone, especially since every lady becomes eligible as a voter. You can get this news, while it is news, through

The Brady Standard

Twice-a-Week, per year\$2.00

Special Combination Offer:

The Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Daily and Sunday and The Brady Standard, Twice-a-Week, Both Until December 1, 1922, for\$7.50

The Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Daily Only, and The Brady Standard, Twice-a-week, Both Until December 1, 1922 for\$6.25

FORWARD YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY TO—

The Brady Standard

Brady, Texas



**Prices Lowest
in History of Ford
Motor Company**

Today, with many commodities still priced above the pre-war basis, you can buy a Ford car for less money than ever before in the history of the Ford Motor Company.

The Ford Sedan at \$660, equipped with electric starter, demountable rims, extra rim and non-skid tires all around, is without doubt the greatest value ever offered in a motor car.

And you get the same quality, dependability and economy for which Ford cars are noted—with all the comforts and conveniences that go along with an enclosed job.

Let us have your order now for reasonably prompt delivery. Terms if desired.

W. H. HILL
Ford Authorized Sales and Service
BRADY - TEXAS

Member McCulloch County
Retail Merchants' Association

to take Christmas dinner with the ladies' aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Sharp and known to this writer as far back as her memory reaches, but have never had the pleasure of meeting those dear old friends since being in this county. They remained with them until the following Sunday, New Year's day, when they passed back to Rockwood. Mr. and Mrs. Moseley have many friends here who would have been glad to talk with them just a little while.

Quite a gloom was cast over this entire community when on December 14, or Christmas Eve about 3:00 p. m. the word went over phone that M. E. Woodford, wife of our depot agent, C. A. Woodford, had passed away after an illness of over two months. Just one more home broken up. A daughter left motherless and the husband's life wrecked from the removal of a sweet Christian wife and mother from its doors. Not only missed by her immediate family, but by many adoring friends and neighbors. Her body was taken out at 10 p. m. same day on the north bound El Paso train to Van Alstyne, being taken from the home to the depot by the young men members of her Sunday school class, whom she loved, as well as her friends.

Bro. Coati a Baptist minister of Guanine began a meeting here on Christmas day and closed on Wednesday, January 4. I hear he delivered some very interesting pure-gospel sermons and much and lasting good done.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bratton are rejoicing over the arrival of another fine boy in the home. Mother and son both doing nicely.

With many good wishes to the editor and staff, and all the correspondents and many readers for the New Year 1922.

—AMOSKEETER.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Cataract that cannot be cured by Hall's Cataract Cure. Hall's Cataract Cure has been taken by cataract sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Cataract. Hall's Cataract Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hall's Cataract Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Cataract Cure at once and get rid of cataract. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

ROCHELLE RECORDS.

A Recipe for Rain—True as the Gospel, Because It Is the Gospel.

Rochelle, Texas, Jan. 10. Editor Brady Standard:

A recipe for rain: If My people, who are called in My name shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways then will I hear from Heaven, and will forgive their sins, and will heal their land. II Chronicles 7:14. Also see I Chron. 7:13; Matt. 6:33. Born, to Ben Allen and wife, Jan. 10. But death claimed him. He was buried at Rochelle Friday evening. The bereaved parents and loved ones have our prayers and sympathies.

Revs. Jackson of San Angelo and Ray of Falls county were here last Sunday. The Christian church called Rev. Ray for their pastor for another year.

Our school basket ball team met the Vega team on the Vega court last Saturday. Score 29 to 8 in favor of Rochelle.

The Baptist meeting closed here last Wednesday night. Some five or six additions. Only two by baptism. Rev. Scott returned to his home at Groesbe. He brought us some very fine old-fashion gospel sermons. The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hardin died at the home of George Edgar in our city last Thursday morning and was buried at the Rochelle cemetery the same day. The bereaved have our sympathy of us all.

Rev. Wall and wife were over in Lohm and Pear Valley last Saturday and Sunday. He went to fill his regular appointment.

Our school went over to Lohm last Saturday night and put on their play, "The Winding of Letane." A very well done production. Mr. and Mrs. Byrd attended the football game between Center and A. & M. at Dallas last week.

Our Stewart entered Howard Payne last Monday. We bespeak for Otis a useful career.

Jim Powell and wife motored to Arkansas week before last in their new Dodge.

Buster Price held down one of the barber chairs in the Lord shop last Saturday. He seemed at home.

—Wm. TELL.

Tanler has made life worth living for millions of people who had almost given up hope. It will do the same for you. Trigg Drug Co.

The Faxon Boomerang

By UNA HUDSON

(Copyright.)

Mr. Faxon laboriously climbed two flights of stairs and let himself into his flat with his latch-key.

No pleasant odor of a nicely cooked dinner permeated the place, nor did Mrs. Faxon come to meet him.

Mrs. Faxon had the club-habit. Mr. Faxon did not approve, but he liked peace and quiet in his home.

He scratched a match and applied it to the burner under his dinner. Mr. Faxon did not like that stew, but as it had to be eaten, best to get it at as soon as possible and have it over with.

The stew had begun to bubble when Mrs. Faxon came in.

Her glance rested approvingly on the range.

"You're so handy about the house, Henry," she said. "You're the sort of husband that it is a comfort to have."

Time was when Mr. Faxon had proudly swelled with pride at his wife's praise of his domestic accomplishments. Now it made him feel as though he ought to go about wearing a checked blue-and-white gingham apron.

He merely granted unintelligibly as he watched her take up the dinner.

"Well," he said, as he followed her into the dining-room, "which club was it today?"

His air was that of a man determined to know the worst.

"A new one," said Mrs. Faxon delightfully.

"In Heaven's name, Claudia," said Mr. Faxon severely, "what do you want of another club?"

Mrs. Faxon sighed. Henry was such a difficult person to explain things to. "Well, you know," she said, making a brave attempt at it, "some of the city officials—I think that is what Mrs. Barlow called them—don't do their duty at all, and we're going to make them."

"How are you going to do it?" Mr. Faxon made haste to get away from dangerous ground.

So she said: "We're going to begin with Judge Sinclair. Why, do you know, Henry, the S. P. C. A. had a man up before him the other day for beating a dog, and he actually let him go. He said the evidence wasn't sufficient to convict him."

"So we want a letter written to Judge Sinclair," she said.

"Yes," said Mr. Faxon cheerfully. "And who is to write it?"

"You are."

Mr. Faxon dropped his fork with a clatter.

"Great Scott!" he said. "Claudia, are you crazy?"

"Henry," said Mrs. Faxon severely, "you always do attribute the very worst motives to people. You ought to be ashamed."

He took his fountain pen from his pocket and looked about for a sheet of paper.

Mrs. Faxon promptly supplied it.

Then Mr. Faxon handed the finished epistle to his wife.

She read it attentively and looked up with beaming eyes.

"Oh! Henry!" she said.

"It couldn't be better," Mrs. Faxon assured him earnestly.

He smiled it, and afterwards wondered how it had come about.

When Mr. Faxon came home he found his wife on her knees in the kitchen, coaxing a small gray kitten to drink more milk than was altogether good for it.

"It was in the alley," she explained. "And it's been mewling all day dreadfully. I just couldn't bear to hear it crying, so I brought it up here."

Mr. Faxon went out and closed the door after him. The kitten's voice rose several octaves and piercingly followed him down the stairs.

"Oh," called Mrs. Faxon, "what will Mrs. Stierlee do? She simply cannot endure noise."

The Stierlees occupied the flat just below the Faxons.

The Faxons then went to the theater. The play was one of the hits of the season, but Mrs. Faxon's attention wandered.

"Three more acts!" she exclaimed pettishly at the end of the first one. "Why couldn't they have written it in two as they do come opera?"

"I know I'm bored," Mrs. Faxon apologized contritely. "But I simply can't get my mind off that awful kitten. Henry, do you suppose it's still howling?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Faxon. "And," he added, with reckless bravado, "I don't care."

Mr. Faxon opened the door and stood aside for his wife to pass.

"At any rate," he said, "the kitten's quiet now."

"She!" exclaimed Mrs. Faxon. "It's probably asleep. Don't wake it."

He opened the door and had the surprise of his life.

The kitten apparently was entertaining company. It perched on the knee of a stout man in a suit of clothes that spoke for themselves, and purred loudly.

"W—w—w—w—" stammered Mr. Faxon, indelicately.

The stout man rose, and thrust an official-looking document at the astonished Mr. Faxon.

"Warrant for your arrest, sir," he said briskly.

Mrs. Faxon shrieked, but Mr. Faxon, red and angry, demanded an explanation, and suggested a mistake.

"Oh, I guess not," said the stout

man, "when a nice, quiet animal like this"—he stroked the kitten that clung to him affectionately, and Mr. Faxon smiled sardoniously—"yowls so that the neighbors send in a complaint, and we find it with its head stuck fast in an empty succotash can, it can mean only one thing."

"And what's that?" demanded Mr. Faxon.

"Cruelty to animals."

Mr. Faxon fairly choked with indignation.

"I brought it in from the alley," Mrs. Faxon declared vehemently, "and fed it, and it wouldn't go back, and we left it here while we went to the theater."

He checked Mr. Faxon's further protests by a peremptory command to accompany him to the county's boarding-house where the windows are barred and the simple life is observed.

It was 3 a. m. when he finally reached home. Mrs. Faxon had not yet gone to bed. She was pale and disheveled, and she threw herself into her husband's arms and wept for sheer relief and joy at his safe return.

"I t—thought they h—had you l—locked up in a horrid c—cell," she sobbed.

"Not on your life," scoffed Mr. Faxon. "I'm out on bond," he explained. "I've got to appear in court at nine in the morning," he explained.

Merely because he believed it to be the expected thing, and not because he considered it in any degree necessary, Mr. Faxon engaged a lawyer for his defense.

There was not much testimony offered by either side, but to such as there was he gave the closest attention.

"In my judgment," said the judge, "the evidence is insufficient for conviction. But—complaint has been made to this court concerning a recent judgment of the court in a similar case."

He smiled pleasantly at Mr. Faxon, who nudged his counsel's elbow.

"I say," he whispered, "who is he, anyway?"

"Judge Sinclair," returned the lawyer in surprise. "Didn't you know?"

"But," protested Mr. Faxon, "it says Judge Benton on the door."

"Oh, yes; they traded court-rooms, you know, and the names haven't been changed."

"And so," concluded his honor, "thirty days in the county jail."

Mr. Faxon's lawyer leaped to his feet.

"What!" he shouted.

"Five dollars for contempt of court," said the judge imperturbably. "I beg your honor's pardon," said the attorney, "but did your honor mean thirty days or thirty dollars?"

"Thirty days," repeated his honor inexorably. "Next; Ferguson vs. McPherson."

Mr. Faxon pulled at his counsel's sleeve.

"It's all right," he whispered weakly. "I understand."

The lawyer gazed at him in blank surprise. He thought they were all going mad together.

It was a meek and crestfallen prisoner whom the jailer received that morning.

He lunched on thin bean soup and thick slices of bread.

At first his anger waxed hot against his wife. Then his loyalty to and love for her overbore it, and it turned against her numerous clubs. She had simply been the unwitting tool of a lot of misguided women and he—he had been their dupe.

That night the governor and Judge Sinclair dined together. They had been friends and cronies for years. So it was no surprise to his excellency, the governor, when his honor, the judge, asked a favor.

"I want a pardon," he said, "for a man I sent to jail this morning."

"For a man you sent to jail this morning?" echoed the governor. "Great Scott! Man, hadn't you better change your mind the next time before you send him?"

The judge laughed and told the story. The governor laughed and dispatched the pardon by special messenger, so that Mr. Faxon was enabled to reach home only an hour later than usual.

Mrs. Faxon was not in. In the kitchen were the customary pie—apple—and the saucy-on non-descript stew.

Mr. Faxon looked at them long and earnestly. Then he consigned them both to the garbage-can.

"I'm ashamed to look an apple pie in the face," he muttered.

After which he sat down to await the return of the mistress of the household.

She came in the usual flutter of hurry and apology.

Mr. Faxon stood quite two inches taller than usual, and related quietly and dispassionately, but truthfully, the harrowing experiences of the day.

"Claudia," said he, in conclusion and with an air of finality, "I think we have had enough of clubs."

"I—I think so, too," said Mrs. Faxon.

She looked at the dust thick on the furniture, at the littered floor—she had been sewing and had gone out in a hurry—and her lip quivered.

"I—I guess," she said very low, "that reform ought to begin at home. And, Henry, I'm so ashamed; but there's pie for dinner and—"

"Was," softly corrected Mr. Faxon. "It's in the garbage-can now. Dinner's waiting for us in the restaurant around the corner."

Mr. Faxon lifted an April face. She slipped her hand into her husband's arm.

"Henry," she said solemnly, "you're a dear. And—home's best, after all."

CALF CREEK NEWS.

Land Very Dry to Plow—Rain Only a Little Shower.

Brady, Texas, Jan. 10.

Editor Brady Standard:

Calf Creek was visited by a little shower of rain last night. Still we are hoping for a big rain soon, for we surely need it. The people are still hauling water and watering stock.

Some few farmers have started plowing, but complain of the land being very hard and dry.

Miss Ople Mae Turner left Monday for her school at Pontatoc, where she is teaching. She has been visiting home folks during the holidays.

All the young folks enjoyed the party at Mr. Lee Garner's Saturday night.

Mr. Dick Capps and Mr. Mike Miller from Fredonia were visiting at Calf Creek Sunday.

All enjoyed the singing at the school house Sunday night.

Mr. Charles Coffee and Mr. Marion Kiser from Hext, attended the singing Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bolt of Menard are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Blaisdell.

Miss Zora Perry spent the day Sunday with the Kolb girls.

Gladd to report that Mr. Raymond Bradshaw, who has been sick so long is able to be up.

Mr. Zed Bingham made a business trip to Brady Tuesday.

Mrs. Cavin from the Gray ranch and her two boys, Aubrey and R. W., visited her mother, Mrs. E. L. Bridge one day last week.

Mrs. J. W. Perry and Mrs. J. W. Attaway called on Mrs. E. L. Bridge and Grandma Whitley one day last week.

—DAISY.

One good Range, practically new. A real bargain. C. H. Anspiger's Second Hand Store.

Stains and floor paints in all colors. Now is a good time to brighten up your floors. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Remember the fact that it is economy to have shoes repaired, no matter whether new shoes are cheap or high. EVERS & BRO. SHOE SHOP.

Buy the Van Heusen Collar and have your Collar worries over. MANN BROS. & HOLTON.

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 dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

Making a Pig.

A man who had the gift of shaping a great many things out of orange peel was displaying his ability before Theodore Hook and Thomas Hill, and succeeded in carving a pig, to the admiration of the company.

Mr. Hill tried the same feat, and after stewing the table with the peel of a dozen oranges, gave it up, with the exclamation:

"I must give up the pig! I can't make him!"

"Nay," exclaimed Hook, glancing at the mess on the table, "you have done more! You have made a litter!"

—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

**Lasts a Lifetime
Costs Only 50c**

WAHL
EVERSHARP
No. 151
Enameled Pencil

The last word in pencil economy. Carries 18 inches of lead—many months' supply. Extra fillings cost 15 cents a box.

Ideal for use in office, shop or school. The exposed eraser is always ready for service.

Mechanically perfect, just like all EVERSHARPS. Its rifled steel tip grooves the lead and holds it firmly.

Comes in black, blue or red. Three colors—only quality. Step in and get yours today.

The Brady Standard

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 employee, unless upon the written order of the editor.

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, Jan. 13, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

We're not superstitious, BUT— This is Friday, the 13th, and this is Volume 13 of The Brady Standard!

THE BRADY CEMETERY.

Every Brady citizen must agree that since the City took charge of our City of the Dead, the cemetery has been placed and maintained in better shape and given more care and attention than ever before in its history. The cemetery was platted; streets and paths were laid out, and family burial places and lots marked off. The weeds have been kept down, water has been provided, and everything done to make of this a place of which Brady need not be ashamed.

But— Within thirty days the funds upon which the City has been operating and maintaining the cemetery, will have been exhausted. This is due to no fault upon the part of city officials. Numbers have neglected or failed to pay for the lots in which rest their beloved dead.

Here's how one man and his wife did it. It's an interesting example of the powers of a man's will—and how a devoted wife can help her husband to success.

In Seattle, Hardin T. McClelland has been a park-department employe since he left high school in his second year of attendance. He decided to learn the Chinese language. Try that, if you want to tackle a real job. Chinese is built up from 214 key-words. But these, by combination, form 27,000 different words—spoken in 20 different dialects.

For instance, ask a Chinese laundryman or waiter about the word "chou." He won't pronounce it. He'll sing it. According to the tone it can mean bank, tree, heat, relate, Northern Lights, accustomed, losing a bet, etc. Expert linguists find Chinese hard to master. For a comparatively uneducated man to learn it, is almost impossible.

McClelland got a book about Chinese talk from the library. He had to return it before he even got an inkling of the meaning. Felt he couldn't afford to buy a \$9 copy of the book. So Mrs. McClelland in spare moments took off her apron and copied the text book with pencil. Her husband studied the copy.

Now he is making a lot of spare money translating Chinese philosophical works for highbrow magazines.

It wasn't the mere learning of the Chinese language that brought McClelland a comfortable spare-time income.

The real things that put him across were his will power, his ambition and his imagination—and his wife's interest and assistance. There is a lesson in this for men out of work.

It's difficult to get daily work, let alone spare-time jobs. But if you have the imagination or determine to develop it, you can create a job. Ambition will make you like work—make you an efficient worker.

Will power will furnish the gasoline to drive the motor of your ambition. Don't give up. Don't get discouraged. Keep on trying. Somewhere, even in business depression, there is an opening for you—a road to big things. This is as true of regular daily work as it is true of spare-time or extra-pin-money employment.—Hamilton Herald-Record.

INVISIBLE FORCE. You cannot see the force of advertising, but you can feel it, said Ernest C. Hastings, managing editor of the Dry Goods Economist, New York. He told a story of a conversation between an advertising man and a merchant that illustrates the point.

"Ever had your hat blown off?" asked the advertising man.

"Yes," said the merchant.

"What blew it off?"

"The wind."

"Did you ever see the wind?"

"No."

"Well advertising is like the wind—an invisible force. You can't see it but you can and will see the result just as you saw your hat go rolling down the street. And just as bending trees and flying dust are a symbol of the wind in the pictures, the stories I shall print in the newspapers about the merchandise carried in your store will be symbolical of advertising force."

dividing lines between North and South or between East and West.

Above all Henry Watterson was a master of human hearts, because he drew them to him from all walks and all parties, all divisions and sections and creeds and opinions.

It is such a master that has passed thru the curtain that separates the known from the unknown, now from the hereafter, this from the other world.

In an exquisite fancy, written only a few months ago, he declared, with a delicious and characteristic commingling of sentiment and whimsicality, that when he entered the eternal camping ground "the bonnie blue flag will be flying at the fore and the bands will be playing 'Dixie' on parade and the pretty girls will be distributing 'The Chattanooga Rebel' (the newspaper published by him during the war between the states) to groups of ragged, red-nosed angels who have not forgotten the rebel yell."

Colonel Watterson was the last survivor of that coterie of great "personal editors," which included Greeley and Reid and Lana and Bennett. But while he wielded an enormous personal influence he was unlike any of them. He had the personal touch as none other had it. He led willing followers, not followers who went where he bade them go. He leaves behind him a shining record of achievement in a wide range of activities. He loved the Stars and Stripes, not because he loved the South less but America more. He loved his party with a chastening love which changed his pen into a lash at times. He loved his country and that is why he loved Lincoln so much, and that is why Americans loved him.

He will go down in history as a gentleman whose friendship was an honor, a great editor, a great political polemic, a great and chivalrous Southerner and a great American.—Hamilton Herald-Record.

SPARE-TIME MONEY.

You often wonder how you could make some extra money in your spare time. Especially housewives who have little spending money left after paying the week's bills.

Here's how one man and his wife did it. It's an interesting example of the powers of a man's will—and how a devoted wife can help her husband to success.

In Seattle, Hardin T. McClelland has been a park-department employe since he left high school in his second year of attendance. He decided to learn the Chinese language. Try that, if you want to tackle a real job. Chinese is built up from 214 key-words. But these, by combination, form 27,000 different words—spoken in 20 different dialects.

For instance, ask a Chinese laundryman or waiter about the word "chou." He won't pronounce it. He'll sing it. According to the tone it can mean bank, tree, heat, relate, Northern Lights, accustomed, losing a bet, etc. Expert linguists find Chinese hard to master. For a comparatively uneducated man to learn it, is almost impossible.

McClelland got a book about Chinese talk from the library. He had to return it before he even got an inkling of the meaning. Felt he couldn't afford to buy a \$9 copy of the book. So Mrs. McClelland in spare moments took off her apron and copied the text book with pencil. Her husband studied the copy.

Now he is making a lot of spare money translating Chinese philosophical works for highbrow magazines.

It wasn't the mere learning of the Chinese language that brought McClelland a comfortable spare-time income.

The real things that put him across were his will power, his ambition and his imagination—and his wife's interest and assistance. There is a lesson in this for men out of work.

It's difficult to get daily work, let alone spare-time jobs. But if you have the imagination or determine to develop it, you can create a job. Ambition will make you like work—make you an efficient worker.

Will power will furnish the gasoline to drive the motor of your ambition. Don't give up. Don't get discouraged. Keep on trying. Somewhere, even in business depression, there is an opening for you—a road to big things. This is as true of regular daily work as it is true of spare-time or extra-pin-money employment.—Hamilton Herald-Record.

INVISIBLE FORCE.

You cannot see the force of advertising, but you can feel it, said Ernest C. Hastings, managing editor of the Dry Goods Economist, New York. He told a story of a conversation between an advertising man and a merchant that illustrates the point.

"Ever had your hat blown off?" asked the advertising man.

"Yes," said the merchant.

"What blew it off?"

"The wind."

"Did you ever see the wind?"

"No."

"Well advertising is like the wind—an invisible force. You can't see it but you can and will see the result just as you saw your hat go rolling down the street. And just as bending trees and flying dust are a symbol of the wind in the pictures, the stories I shall print in the newspapers about the merchandise carried in your store will be symbolical of advertising force."

ON A BUSINESS BASIS.

One passage from the report of President John T. Orr of the Texas Farm Bureau deserves all the emphasis that can be given it. He said:

"Most of the export firms since we began business have co-operated with us and have paid us for our cotton a price substantially in excess of street prices. We are not attempting to destroy any agency for the distribution of cotton but only those that are not efficient. We have sold cotton to spinners' agents and exporters with satisfaction to all. Our relations with cotton buyers are pleasant."

"The spinners are interested in the stabilization of price rather than in a low price. They know how to conduct their business better with a stabilized market."

It is the truth contained in that passage which gives greatest promise of making the Farm Bureau movement an efficient selling agency for the farmer. For neither with respect to cotton nor any other commodity is the movement a "holding" movement in the old sense. It is simply an attempt at scientific and businesslike marketing. And the far-seeing men among the exporters, the cotton factors and the spinners recognize this. Everybody in the cotton industry is interested in stabilization of the price and the only way to bring this about is by putting the marketing of cotton on a business basis.

And behind this must be scientific and business-like production. In no field, except agriculture, is their unlimited production of a single commodity irrespective of the market demand for it. The drive which has been started by the combined agencies in Texas interested in stable agriculture, for better farming, and with which the Farm Bureau is co-operating heartily, is an essential part of the marketing program.

There is great promise that we have started on the road towards making every department of agriculture efficient.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

In the good roads election in McCulloch county, Melvin was "The Noblest Roman of Them All," as three-fourths of the voters were in favor of the bonds. The bonds were defeated in the county.—Eden Echo.

Benjamin Franklin was born on January 17, and this day is being celebrated in many states of the union each year as the annual Thrift day. The idea was inaugurated by a New York man now residing in Philadelphia, an advertising man, by name Charles H. Norton. It was taken up by the bankers of the nation and is now made an important day in many states and especially in the smaller towns. The Y. M. C. A. adopted National Thrift day as the first day in their national thrift week, which has been celebrated annually for two or three years. One of the greatest virtues of Benjamin Franklin was thrift and it is fitting that his birthday should be the National Thrift day.—Fort Worth Record.

SNAP SHOTS.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she gave up her job as cashier at the milk station was because all the funny gents asked about her calves.—Dallas News.

Hard Boiled. The black-haired waitress, very much out of sorts, sailed haughtily up to the table, at which sat the grouchy breakfast customer. She slammed down the cutlery, snatched a napkin from a pile and tossed it in front of him.

Then striking a furious pose: "Watha want?" she snapped.

"Couple eggs," growled the customer.

"How ya want 'em?"

"Just like you are."—Life.

Mean Thing. Miss Olde—I fainted dead away last night.

Miss Keen—Who proposed?

Instead of the Peach. "So your efforts to win the beautiful heires were fruitless."

"Fruitless? I can't say that exactly. I got the lemon."—Boston Transcript.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AH DODGED A MAN FUH DE LONGES' T KEEP OUT DOIN' SOME WORK FUH 'IM EN NOW ATTEH AH'S DONE DID DE WORK HE BIN DODGIN' ME!



Copyright, 1921 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

CARD FILES---SECTIONNETS, AND SOLID CABINETS

Equip Your Office With



Labor-Saving Devices

The two-drawer sectionnets are the handiest of all card-filing and indexing systems.

SHAW-WALKER SECTIONNETS

have four distinct advantages—high quality, extra filing capacity and Neverstick drawers.

IN STOCK FOR 3x5 CARDS AND 4x6 CARDS. ALSO CARRYING FILING CARDS AND INDEXES FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

SOLID CABINETS, JOGGERS, CARD TRAYS, ETC.

Useful Anywhere—Everywhere. CARD CABINETS in One and Two-Drawer styles for both 3x5 and 4x6 Cards.

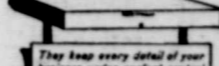
JOGGERS AND CARD TRAYS

for both 3x5 and 4x6 Cards—with and without Tops.

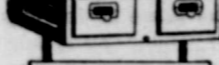
Shaw-Walker Wood Furniture is Made in the Ever-Popular Light-Oak Finish



Card Tray with Cover



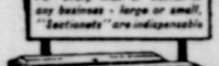
Jogger



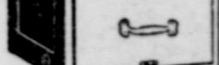
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



Solid Cabinet



Card Tray with Cover



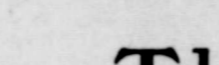
Jogger



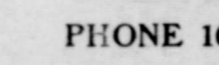
Card Tray with Cover



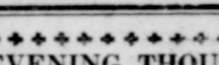
Solid Cabinet



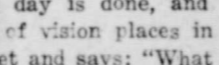
Card Tray with Cover



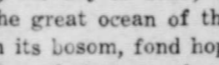
Jogger



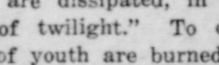
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



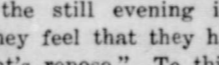
Solid Cabinet



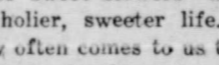
Card Tray with Cover



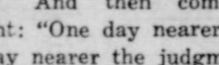
Jogger



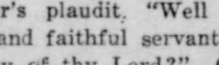
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



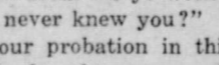
Solid Cabinet



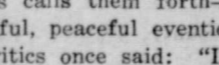
Card Tray with Cover



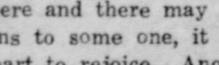
Jogger



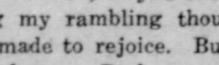
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



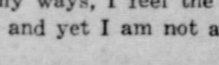
Solid Cabinet



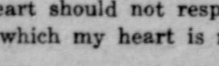
Card Tray with Cover



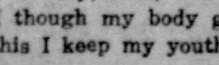
Jogger



Two-Drawer Card Index Section



Solid Cabinet



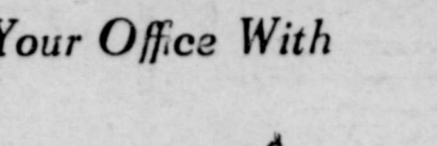
Card Tray with Cover



Jogger



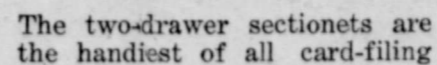
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



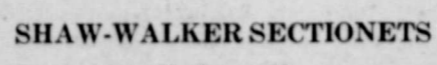
Card Tray with Cover



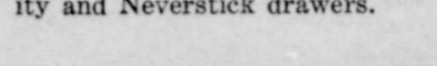
Jogger



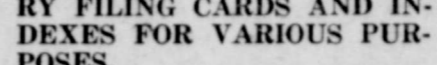
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



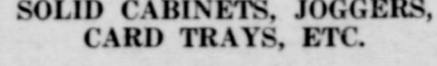
Solid Cabinet



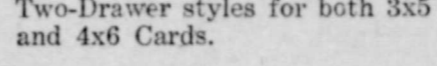
Card Tray with Cover



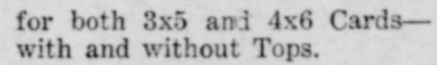
Jogger



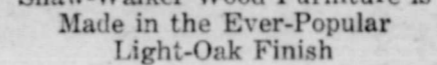
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



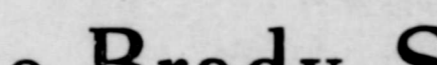
Solid Cabinet



Card Tray with Cover



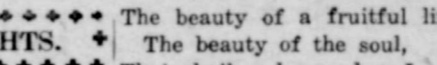
Jogger



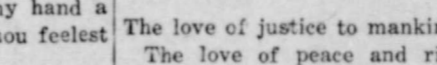
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



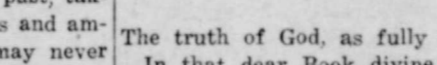
Solid Cabinet



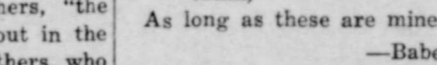
Card Tray with Cover



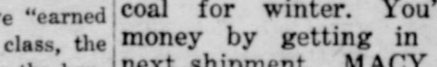
Jogger



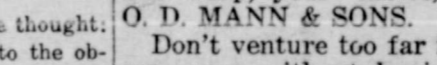
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



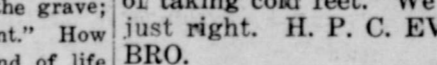
Solid Cabinet



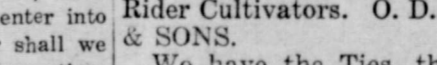
Card Tray with Cover



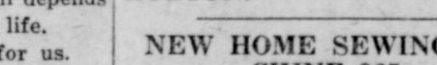
Jogger



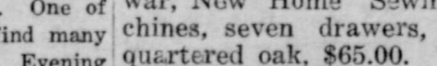
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



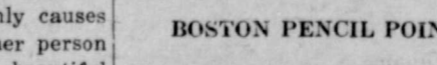
Solid Cabinet



Card Tray with Cover



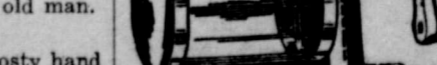
Jogger



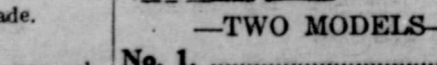
Two-Drawer Card Index Section



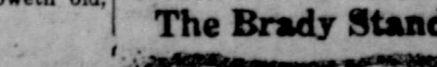
Solid Cabinet



Card Tray with Cover



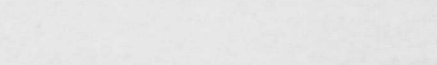
Jogger



Two-Drawer Card Index Section



Solid Cabinet



Card Tray with Cover

The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

BRADY, TEXAS

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The day is done, and the mystic angel of vision places in my hand a bouquet and says: "What thou feelest write!"

Yes, the day is done; it has flown into the great ocean of the past, taking on its bosom, fond hopes and ambitions, and dreams, that may never come true. To some "the visions of dawn are dissipated, in the witherings of twilight." To others, "the fires of youth are burned out in the smoke of old age;" but to others, who walk in the path of duty, and progress, the still evening is welcomed and they feel that they have "earned a night's repose." To this class, the mystic angel of vision brings the bouquet of sweet flowers—the blossoms of a holier, sweeter life.

How often comes to us the thought: "One more day has gone into the oblivion of the past; gone to never return." And then comes another thought: "One day nearer the grave; one day nearer the judgment." How much depends upon the kind of life we are living. Shall we hear the Master's plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord?" Or shall we hear those words of condemnation: "Depart from me ye worker of iniquity; I never knew you?" All depends upon our probation in this life.

Such thoughts are good for us. They are wholesome. The eventide always calls them forth—the quiet, beautiful, peaceful eventide. One of my critics once said: "I find many beautiful sermons in your Evening Thoughts." Well, if a little suggestion here and there may prove to be sermons to some one, it only causes my heart to rejoice. Another person said: "You say many beautiful things." Well, if you find some gem among my rambling thoughts, again I am made to rejoice. But now for a little rhyme. Perhaps you may appreciate it more, when I tell you, that in many ways, I feel the pressure of years, and yet I am not an old man.

You think because Time's frosty hand Upon my head is laid, My heart should not respond to that Of which my heart is made.

—TWO MODELS—
No. 1\$1.25
No. 2\$1.75

The beauty of a fruitful life, The beauty of the soul, That shall endure, when I am dead, As long as seasons roll.

The love of justice to mankind; The love of peace and right; The love of friendship's holy charm, The love of wisdom bright!

The truth of God, as fully told, In that dear Book divine, What care I what the world may think, As long as these are mine.

—Babe Bert.

Don't delay ordering your coal for winter. You'll save money by getting in on our next shipment. MACY & CO. Panama Matting Rugs, 9x12, 240 warp, your choice, \$6.50. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Don't venture too far into the new year without having your shoes repaired. There is danger of taking cold feet. We fix 'em just right. H. P. C. EVERS & BRO.

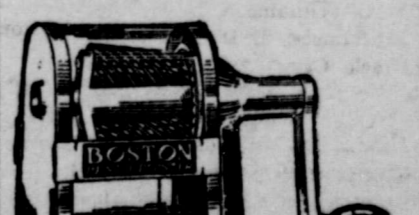
A good stock of Old Reliable Mr. Bill Planters and Avery Joy Rider Cultivators. O. D. MANN & SONS.

We have the Ties that will trim you up. MANN BROS. & HOLTEN.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE \$65.

Just like old times before the war, New Home Sewing Machines, seven drawers, Golden quartered oak, \$65.00. O. D. MANN & SONS.

BOSTON PENCIL POINTER



—TWO MODELS—



Brady Music Club Entertains.
The music class of Miss Pinkie Jones entertained last Wednesday afternoon at the studio on the South side of town from four until six. A short program was rendered, after which refreshments were served and games enjoyed by all.

Bridge Club.
Miss Sarah Johanson entertained pleasantly on Tuesday afternoon for the Bridge club with the following members in attendance: Mesdames Sam McCollum, R. W. Turner, G. V. Gansel, M. C. Wolfe, J. W. Ragsdale; and the following guests: Mesdames R. N. Adams of Fort Worth, Burl T. Wiley.

Prizes for high score were awarded Mrs. Turner, as member, and Mrs. Adams, as guest. The hostess served a salad course.

Forty-Two Club.
The "Forty-Two" club was organized last Friday at the home of Mrs. A. B. Cox, and will have regular weekly meetings on Friday afternoons.

The following are the members: Mesdames J. F. Davis, H. R. Hodges, J. E. Shropshire, A. B. Collier, Elma Campbell, C. P. Gray, Roy Wilkerson; Miss Mozelle Glenn. Guests for the afternoon were Mesdames Paul Calvert, Will Day, P. B. Melton, J. D. Branscum.

A salad course with coffee served by the hostess, was enjoyed.

The club meets this afternoon with Mrs. Collier.

Delightful Shower.

(Contributed)

Mrs. J. F. Crew of Rochelle, assisted by Mrs. I. D. Adams entertained at the home of the former Monday afternoon with a bridal shower, honoring her niece, Miss Blanch Smith, charming young bride-to-be. Immediately upon the arrival of the guests a prize package contest was engaged in, the contents of the packages going as prizes to Mrs. A. L. Neal winning first place. A toast to the bride-elect by Mrs. W. L. Wall was followed by a paper entitled "Our Expectancy," read by Mrs. A. L. Neal and very much enjoyed by all, containing as it did advice as to "How to manage a husband," what to expect of the victim, etc.

At the conclusion of this feature, Mrs. Aycock's announcement that a number of packages had been left by special messenger in an adjoining room for the special guest of the evening caused everyone to hasten in, where piled upon a bed was found package upon package of table linen, towels, aluminumware, etc., which were opened by Miss Smith and each gift commented upon in her own original and jolly manner. In a very appropriate way she thanked each and every one for their kindly gifts.

A cook book with each guest's favorite recipe and own autograph was then presented, after which refreshments of hot chocolate and delicious cake were served by the hostess.

The personnel of this delightful event was composed of Mesdames W. L. Wall, J. P. Williamson, S. H. Gainer, Milton Gainer, I. D. Adams, Jess Burk, Lee Hurd John Kavanaugh, Geo. Lockwood, Edgar Price, A. L. Neal, V. L. Armor, C. W. Carr, W. H. Smith, R. Boyd, R. H. Moseley, Other Williamson, Mrs. Galaway and the hostess, Mrs. J. F. Crew; Misses Mollie Green, Mairce Cole, Lera Phillips, Alma Hurd, Nora Neal and the bride-elect Blanche Smith.

Tanlac now has the largest sale of any medicine in the world. There is a reason. Trigg Drug Co.

Have one set of Good Harness left. C. H. ARNSPIGER'S Second Hand Store.

Plenty of matting, solid white and colors, 116 warp, per yard, 45c. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Making a Correction.

A famous General was the guest of honor at a club dinner, and a cub reporter, bubbling over with enthusiasm, referred to him as "this battle-scarred hero."

Imagine the General's wrath when the local paper appeared and he found himself alluded to as "this battle-scarred hero."

Anxious to put things right, the editor wrote a correction for his next issue, and this is how it appeared: "What we intended to say was 'this battle-scarred hero.'" — Pittsburgh Post-Telegraph.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Maxwell and daughter are guests of his sister, Mrs. J. H. Hill, and family.

Mrs. W. T. Petmecky of Kerrville is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Embry and family.

Mrs. Jesse Archer of Richland Springs arrived Wednesday afternoon and will be saleslady at the Davis & Gartman music store.

The Rev. S. C. Dunn left Sunday night for Austin, where he will conduct a revival meeting at the Hyde Park Methodist church.

The many friends of E. P. Lea, county attorney, are glad to see him able to be about once more, after a spell of illness, which has kept him confined to his home.

Tom Bell, erstwhile Brady citizen, but who has been making his home in Corpus Christi the past six years was in Brady this week greeting friends, while attending to business matters.

Mrs. Wm. Borchers arrived last Thursday from Yoakum for a visit of several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. L. Schaege. Mrs. Borchers is remembered here as Miss Mary Schaege.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crothers, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wolfe, left Wednesday on a trip to San Antonio, where they will visit several days, and where Mr. Crothers will incidentally undergo examination by a specialist for an affection of the ear.

D. H. and W. W. Henderson were here yesterday from Lost Creek community, having come up to pay their taxes. D. H. reported a good shower down his way, and says they are ready for that "million dollar rain" anytime now. He says, considering how dry it is and there being no grass, the cattle are holding up remarkably well.

J. E. Wilson and J. G. Milburn were here yesterday from the Onion Gap community. Mr. Wilson reported having a good water well on his place, which has stood between him and a lot of water-hauling, as most of his neighbors have had to do. Nevertheless a good rain would be appreciated by him, as well as by the citizenship in general.

W. B. Taylor returned Saturday from an enjoyable visit with his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Allbright, at Dublin, and while away from Brady, he took advantage of the opportunity to extend his trip so as to include Waco, Rosebud and Taylor also, being a guest of another daughter and also a son, and numerous friends as well, at the latter points.

The Pranks of Dan Cupid.

Mrs. Jack Crew entertained Monday evening at her beautiful home in Rochelle with a party, honoring Miss Blanche Smith, a bride-elect. After the arrival of the honoree, a toast was given by Mrs. Wall, followed by desires of the guest as to the further welfare of the groom to be given by Mrs. Arthur Neal.

An alarm was given that something mysterious was happening, and upon inquiry it was learned that the fairies had entered another apartment of the house and wished to see Miss Smith, who wended her way up the hall and into fairyland, as it seemed to her. The honoree was presented many lovely gifts, and in her sweet and cunning way expressed her appreciation.

Games and music were the diversion of the evening, and refreshments were served to the following guests: Misses Nora Neal, Laura Phillips, Hurd, Alma Hurd; Mesdames Grace Smith, Mary Galloway, W. L. Wall, Freda Hurd, Arthur Neal, F. H. Gainer, C. W. Carr, J. H. Burk, Richard Moseley, Edgar Price, J. H. Kavanaugh, Robert Sellman, Mollie Gainer, Geo. Lockwood, C. C. Williamson, L. A. Aycock, J. F. Williamson, I. D. Adams, R. J. Boyd, Jack Crew, and Miss Blanche Smith.

—A Guest.

Colds Cause Grip and influenza
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 30c.

The Only Time.

"What is a honeymoon, pa?"
"A honeymoon, my son is that time in a man's life when his wife is really supplied with all she wants to wear."
—Boston Transcript.

Read it in The Standard.

ENTIRE COUNTY FREE FROM TICK QUARANTEE NOW

The entire of McCulloch county is now free from tick quarantine, the last few spots having been cleaned up, according to Inspector O. F. Bates. As a matter of fact the greater portion of the county has been free of quarantine greater part of the past year, only two or three places being infected. Mr. Bates speaks in highly complimentary terms of the tick eradication work here, and says he has never worked in a county where the work was accomplished as quickly, nor as effectively as in McCulloch. He ascribes this largely to the fact that he had both the earnest co-operation and support in his work of the commissioners court and also of the citizenship, as a whole.

Further than that, so well has the commissioners court financed the eradication work, that although the cost has totaled \$21,150.66 every cent of it has been paid. Compared with this, Mr. Bates says, many counties are \$50,000 in debt on their eradication work. The tick work in this county was begun less than three years ago, and one year ahead of the time when state law made the work compulsory. The building of dipping vats, the employment of a corps of inspectors, the purchase of dip preparations, etc., entailed a heavy expense upon the county; consequently, the citizenship may view with pride the result and the fact that it has all been paid for.

Mr. Bates is now devoting his energies to the cleaning up of San Saba county, and will also supervise the work in Lampasas and Mason counties. Incidentally, he will continue to keep watch over McCulloch, as so long as Mason and San Saba counties remain under quarantine, there is danger of McCulloch county again becoming "dirty." This, by reason of cattle moved out of Mason county over McCulloch county roads, or else from San Saba county cattle moved to Rochelle or Mercury for rail shipment. Mr. Bates will probably move his family to San Saba at the close of school in order to make that point headquarters while cleaning up San Saba and adjoining counties.

IN RELIGIOUS CIRCLES

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

Epworth League Program.
Subject, "The Pure and the Happy Life."

Leader—Blanche Awalt.
Opening song.
Scripture Matt. 5:1-16—by leader.
Song, Sentence prayers, closed by Lord's Prayer in concert.
Subject Text, Matt. 5:8—read by Glenn Ricks.

"What is This Purity?"
(1) It is internal of the heart; (2) It is soul purity. (The blood of Jesus Cleanseth from all sin.) (3) Heart and Soul Purity are manifested in the outward life. ("Out of the heart are the issues of life.")—Talk by Ralph Plummer.

"Who Are the Pure and Happy?"
(1) Those who are saved by Christ's blood; (2) Surrendered to His will; (3) Consecrated to His service. — Talk by Mary Kramer.

"What Makes Them Happy?" (1) God is with them in Divine love; (2) He always approves and blesses His obedient children; (3) His Divine promises are real to His own; (4) This purity and happiness is for all. ("Whosoever will may come.") — Talk by J. A. Holton.

Notices.
Song.
Dismissed by reading 23rd Psalm.

BIG BARGAIN IN ALUMINUM-WARE.

On account of receiving goods too late for the Christmas trade, we find ourselves overstocked on Aluminum Ware, and offer the following big bargain:
Double Boiler\$1.50
Combination Roaster and Stew Pan\$1.50
Percolator\$1.50
Dishpan\$1.50
Syrup Pitcher 75c
Total\$6.75
ALL, SPECIAL, LONG AS THEY LAST \$5
O. D. MANN & SONS.

In the Chain Gang.
Mr. Kriss—Matrimony is a regular chain.
Mrs. Kriss—Yes, and the man is the weakest link.—New York Sun.

THE FAIR MAKING IMPROVEMENTS BY ADDING LADIES' DEPARTMENT

"The Fair" store is undergoing interior improvements this week which serve not only to make the store doubly attractive to the visitor but as well to enhance its value and service to the lady shoppers. The spacious deck at the rear of the store has been remodeled so as to place the stair-case in the center of the store, and where it is readily accessible. This, with the view of devoting the deck to a ladies' ready-to-wear and millinery department. The deck is being provided with dust-proof clothing and millinery display cases, enabling a most splendid display of these lines.

Her Ultimatum.
His Better Half (regarding him from the bedroom window)—Where you been this hour of the night?
"I've been at the union considering the strike."
"Well, you can stay down there and consider this lockout."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Williams Repair Shop
CLOCK—GUN—PHONOGRAPH and GENERAL REPAIRING
RAMSAY BUILDING

LOCAL BRIEFS.

D. D. Hargroves, who has been on one of the White places near White-land the past year, this year will farm one of the Conrad Johanson places in the East Sweden community.

Our good friend, C. G. Cowan, was in Brady the first of the week to order his paper changed from Pear Valley to Doole, he having moved to one of Pate Bros. places in the latter community, and which he will farm the coming year.

A complaint charging forgery was sworn out Wednesday against Dave Booker (colored), and Booker was placed under arrest and confined in the county jail. The complaint charges that Booker forged the name of Carroll Gray to checks totaling in the neighborhood of \$100. Booker has been employed as cook for a tanking crew on the Gray ranch. He will have his preliminary hearing this afternoon.

Optimistic.
"Bobby, I'm surprised. This note from your teacher says you're the last boy in a class of twenty-five!"
"Well, I could be worse."
"I don't see how."
"It might have been a bigger class."—Boston Post.

EAGLE "MIKADO" Pencil No. 174


For Sale at your Dealer
ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND
EAGLE MIKADO
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK



Wall Paper

Have a nice line of new patterns in Wall Paper, and am selling them at very reasonable prices. Repaper your house during the holidays.

E. B. RAMSAY



"Who said Kellogg's Corn Flakes? Oh, good, Jane, I'll bet we're going to have KELLOGG'S for our supper, 'see we won't dream!"

Leave it to the kiddies to pick Kellogg's Corn Flakes—they are never tough or leathery!


Put a bowl of KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes and a bowl of imitations in front of any youngster! See KELLOGG'S disappear! Try the experiment on yourself!

It's great to know the difference in corn flakes—the difference between the genuine and the "just-as-goods"! Kellogg's have a wonderful flavor that would win your favor by itself—but when you know that Kellogg all-the-time crispness! Well—they just make you glad! Kellogg's are never tough or leathery or hard to eat!

Kellogg's will snap-up kiddie appetites something wonderful! And, our word for it—let the littlest have their fill—just like Daddy must have his!

You'll never know how delicious corn flakes can be until you eat KELLOGG'S! You will know the KELLOGG package because it is RED and GREEN! Look for it!

Bear in mind KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes are made by the folks who gave you the JUNGLELAND Moving Pictures. Coupon inside every package of KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes explains how you can obtain another copy of JUNGLELAND.



Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLER and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled

O. D. MANN & SONS
BRADY, TEXAS

Funeral Directors
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

MODERN AUTO HEARSE CONNECTION

Day Phone, 4 Night Phone, 195

ONCE you have bought an Eversharp you incur no further pencil expense except the insignificant cost of Eversharp Leads. A single supply of these leads, made especially to fit Eversharp Pencils, lasts months and months. Eversharp quickly pays for itself. And, remember, it lasts a lifetime! Be sure you get the genuine Eversharp. The name is on the pencil. Call today to see our splendid assortment. A style for every requirement.



EVERSHARP
WASH PRODUCTS

TRIGG DRUG CO. The Rexall Store
THE BRADY STANDARD Office Supplies

What the Mirror Told

By ANNA WYNNE

The girl slipped out of the brightly-lighted cabin to the deck, and chose a seat in a dim and deserted spot, close to the rail.

Once, indeed, she did say softly: "Oh, Lord! I'm that glad—honest!"

The two, who paced the deck leisurely at some little distance, approached her at length, coming so directly and with such evident intent that she looked up.

Then she rose at once and stood beside her chair, for one was the cloaked and veiled black figure of a nun, with beads and snowy bands and deftly-plaited wimple.

"Sister and I have been talking about you," said her young companion. She was black-faced, too, slender, pale, and grave.

"She's going to be one, too," flashed through the mind of the girl, "poor thing!"

"And sister is so glad and happy for you—and so am I—that your father did such a wonderful thing. We heard; all the passengers know. How proud you must be of him?"

Something in the sad young voice pierced the reserve of the girl's pent-up emotion, and though she struggled for self-control as she met the eyes of the speaker, the rise and fall of her breast quickened and she pressed her hands over her quivering face as she burst into tears.

"Ain't I, though?" she sobbed, "that proud. B—bub—but—" Her voice failed.

The young woman looked doubtful for an instant, glancing at the nun; then stepped nearer to the girl and pushed toward her the chair she had occupied.

"There," she said gently, "you are overwrought—cry it out; it's the best way."

"Ain't that," protested the girl; "it's how I always felt till now. Suppose he'd been killed and me never different—oh—h—"

"It's tough for a girl to feel at a parent like I always felt at pop—but his getting in jail for seven years when I was a kid done it."

"It seemed like treating mom kind of thin with three of us already and the twins, when he wasn't gone six months. And it's a clench what a man's up against when he gets out."

"It don't take no clairvoyant to see trouble ahead for him, good and plenty. Pop's been out over five years now, and say, honest—well, there's a lot of hot air blown about the brotherhood of man—I hear it at the union, but take it from me—not! That's what."

"They ain't nobody playing that game with jailbirds—they're poor relations."

Bitter lines in the little old-young face deepened and her mouth shut grimly, but she did not pause long. Indeed, she talked with an eager breathlessness which showed a heart full of bursting.

The somber habit of one listener took all strangeness from the fact that she talked to strangers. She needed to talk—how she needed to talk.

"All pop needed was a chance—I know now; I learnt that yesterday and today. But it took this steamboat company job, and a busted boiler, and next door to his dying for me to find it out."

She fell to sobbing again softly, and nothing was said until the voice of the young woman asked: "Did you tell him?"

She shook her head, sobbing harder. "Tell him—nothing," she jerked forth, "when I seen him laying in that hospital bed, with bandages all over him, most up to his eyes, and them kind of hollow-looking, like he'd seen a whole lot of ghosts; it all come over me and I flumped right down, hanging onto his hand—one ain't burned, only the arm down to the elbow—and only saying, 'Pop—oh, pop, my poor old pop.'"

The young woman's dark eyes grew darker; the nun's head, with moving lips, bent above the head. "And what did he say?" asked the soft voice in the silence.

"Bime-by he says, choky, 'Is your ma all right?'"

"Then I remembered to tell him how her rheumatism kept her home, so I had got off for two days and the company let me come up on one of the boats; and how the man from the company come to see mom and called him another Jim Budso—some fellow out West, he was."

"Said he'd saved hundreds of lives and would get a Carnegie sure—and then I began boo-hooing, and he smiled, twinstylike and said, 'I'm glad I got the chance, for your sake, Mamie, and your ma's. It seemed as if I wasn't going to get no chance, though—some men never does, Mamie; some men never does.'"

The young woman leaned forward and put her hands on Mamie Flynn's knees, looking eagerly into her face.

"Will you do something for me?" she asked, "or for sister—it's the same thing."

The girl glowed delightedly. "Say," she said warmly, "anything I can, you bet."

The other laughed a little. "You are the company's guest on this boat tonight."

"Well, then—here's what I want

The boat is crowded—there isn't a room to be had—and sister and I had no chance to reserve one at Albany. She isn't very well—nor very young. Will you share yours with her?"

The pleasure which the request gave Mamie Flynn was so obvious that even the stern reserve of the nun relaxed.

"I will go in with sister now," resumed the young companion. "It is her retiring time; good-night. The door will be unlocked for you."

It was such a queer dream—a dream in which she knew it was a dream! For a suffocating instant her heart stopped still with horror—then leaped madly into her throat!

Darkness enveloped the room except where, through a chink in the blind, a long pale finger of dawn shone directly onto a small hand-mirror hung to catch it. Before this stood a figure in long, black, trailing robes—the figure of the nun—shaving!

She saw the uncovered, close-cropped head plainly from the shadow of her bunk, and the white face as it was reflected in the glass—a young face, marked with tense lines; not bad, but perhaps a little weak; boyish, in spite of those terrible tight lines and that unmistakable, chalky pallor.

Even the blue eyes had the strained look; suffering was stamped on every feature and emphasized in the ghastly, grayish morning light.

Then the fascination gave place to fear, and her lids contracted and shut her back into darkness.

The man's movements were noiseless, save for the sound of his razor.

Then came a dreadful interval of absolute silence, during which her own breathing seemed too deafening to be borne.

What instant would she feel the blade bite her quivering throat? Or would it be swifter than the agony it brought—the flaming, piercing, scarlet agony!

Supine under the bewildering terror she lay, not even simulating sleep, yet appearing to sleep profoundly.

The man worked quickly and then slipped again into his berth, with a sigh of relief.

"Good morning, Miss Mamie Flynn," cried the captain as she came out into the bright morning light. "Sleep all right?"

She nodded without speaking.

During breakfast she determined what to do, but she could not make up her mind just how she would tell, and when she was again at the captain's side she had regained her poise and composure.

"That's a mean-looking man," she said, nodding her head toward the figure that had passed her just as she came upon Captain Pilkins.

"I seen him last night. If he ain't got the sneaking, fox-face, walking around and popping up like a jack-in-the-box!"

"Phew!" said the captain, and then laughed. He was the real fine old kid of sea dog, and he had a fine old laugh. "Know who that is? He laughed."

"No," she answered, with some impatience; "how should I?"

Captain Pilkins' face straightened. "Well," said he impressively—but the corners of his eyes crinkled—"that's Grant, the detective—Buckner Grant. Biggest man in the service."

"He's looking for young Darrow that broke Sing Sing two days ago; thinks he may be aboard this boat. There's a thousand reward up for Darrow."

Mamie Flynn drew in her breath and opened her mouth—then shut it again. Far along the deck she caught sight of two figures—a man and a slender girl—approaching!

She watched as they drew near until the vision of a worn and hunted man lying on a high little cot, swathed in bandages, suffering yet, with a strange new light in his eyes, blurred everything for a moment; then she heard a tired voice say, brokenly, "Some men never get a chance, Mamie—"

Buckner Grant emerged from a companionway in time to see her walk straight toward the two with hands extended, and say:

"Sister was asleep, so I come out still. I rested fine. And wasn't it fine I seen you—I'm so glad. I'm coming out to school to vespers Sunday after next, sure."

"Don't forget, give my love to Lizzie McManus, will you, Miss Barson? Good-by; no—go down that way—down them stairs back there. The gate to get off at is back there—ain't it, Captain Pilkins?"

Captain Pilkins bowed and saluted, and they turned in the direction indicated. Mamie Flynn went along a few steps. In fancy she saw the young wife sitting sewing, sewing on the nun's garments. Were they correct in every detail, or was the piercing gaze of Grant detecting some flaw, even now?

"Good-by, Miss Barson," she said again.

"Good-by, dear," came the answer. There was no tremor in the sweet young voice, but the last, swift wondering look of the startled eyes held a flash which swept over Mamie Flynn like the peace of heaven, making her soul warm and glad.

She turned around, absolutely conscience-clear through the inward illumination which followed instantly—and came back with almost a strut.

"Friends of yours?" said the captain, smiling in his nice way. Grant still lingered near.

"Yep," she answered proudly. "Ain't Miss Barson grand? Sister just thinks everything of her and takes her everywhere. Ain't she beautiful? Gee—think of her, maybe some day being a nun—Gee! Maybe—some day."

CLEVER SYSTEM OF SIGNALS

More Ingenious Scheme Than That Contemplated by Germans Probably Never Was Devised.

German war secrets are now being disclosed in scientific literature. At the close of the conflict the Germans in their laboratories were working on secret-signal lights of special character. To the ordinary observer nothing would be present to indicate that the light was sending out signals, but changes would be going on which would be apparent to an observer equipped to view it with a suitable optical device.

Different principles were employed for accomplishing this. In one of them polarized light was to be sent out by the signal, the character of which would change in accordance with the dots and dashes of the code. When viewed through properly fitted binoculars, the color would no longer be white but would alternate between red and green. In another method, a glass screen containing compounds of the rare element didymium was arranged to alternate in the beam of light with another screen of suitable shade. When the resulting light was viewed with binoculars equipped with prisms, a black line would appear in the yellow region of the spectrum formed whenever the didymium glass was interposed, permitting the signals to be read. Another method consisted in first breaking up the light at the source into a spectrum across which was placed one or more wires cutting out narrow regions of color, and these were arranged to be moved back and forth a short distance along the spectrum in signaling. The colors were then recombined into white light and transmitted. With binoculars provided with suitable prisms to re-form the spectrum, the signal was perceived in the motion of dark bands back and forth along the spectrum, corresponding to the movement of the wires at the transmitting station. One important application of this method of signaling would be at sea.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

SECRETED HIS LITTLE HOARD

Indiana Man Evidently Had Little Confidence in the Wearers of the Cloak.

After much persuasion, Mrs. Housewife, in Connersville, finally prevailed on her husband to let two ministers use their spare bedroom during a church conference.

A day or two later the telephone rang in the office of the factory where he worked and Mrs. Housewife insisted on talking to him. She was informed that he could be called to the telephone only on matters of sickness or death or of the gravest importance. She said it was all three combined, or words to that effect, and he was summoned.

Having difficulty in hearing on the telephone, the superintendent repeated the message.

"She says it is gone," said the superintendent.

"What's gone?" asked the puzzled husband.

"She says the money's gone," repeated the superintendent, after inquiring of the woman.

"What money?" inquired the puzzled husband.

"Why, the money in the spare bedroom," she explained, through the superintendent.

"Oh," he said, his face clearing, "don't worry about that. I took the money out of there and put it in the cowshed. I took no chances with them two fellers."—Indianapolis News.

Largest Generator Built

A 60,000-kva, 7,000-volt, three-phase generator, rated at 1,000 r.p.m., but designed to withstand 50 per cent increase in speed, has been completed by the Siemens-Schuckert works in Germany, according to the Electrical World. The largest rating provided in any generator previously built by this company was 21,500 kva, so that this order represents a big jump beyond all experience. The ability to withstand such overspeeding was also a severe requirement, owing to the utter lack of high-grade nickel steel at the time the unit was ordered. Owing to the size of the generator, special cars had to be built for the rotor and stator. The rotor gondola car had two ten-wheel trucks.—Scientific American.

First Canadian Marriage

According to Johnson's "First Things in Canada," the first marriage celebrated in Canada was that of Etienne Conillard and Marie Hebert, the ceremony being performed at Quebec on August 23, 1617. The three hundred and fourth anniversary of that event was celebrated at Quebec on August 23 last. Many descendants of the couple took part in the celebration.

The bride at that first wedding was a daughter of Louis Hebert upon whom history confers the honor of having been the first Canadian farmer.

Unanswerable

Mrs. Doolan's passion for fighting policemen makes her his majesty's guest at regular intervals.

"Halloo," said the prison visitor, resignedly, "you here again?"

Mrs. Doolan gazed at him with dignity.

"And wot of it?" she demanded. "Wot I says to them coppers and the rest of 'em I says to you. If it wasn't for the likes of me wot would you all be doin' for a livin'?"—London Tit-Bits.

HAS ADDED TO VOCABULARY

Gabriele D'Annunzio Is Credited With Making Important Additions to the Italian Language.

Commander Gabriele d'Annunzio has become a coiner of words. Aside from having a special d'Annunzio dictionary compiled and published by some enterprising Italian publishers to assist his leaders in knowing the meaning of words not found in the ordinary dictionaries, the premier Italian poet and adventurer lets very few weeks pass without promulgating some new addition to the Italian vocabulary.

The former dictator of Fiume is in a quiet retreat. Various pilgrimages are made to him by men who were adventurers with him in the Quarnero enterprise. Some of them asked him for a new name for cognac. He said: "There is but one name for cognac and that is 'arzenite,' which signifies that it is the very force of the wine."

He inquired how the people of Florence were taking his suggestion that the name of Florence be changed from the present Italian name of Firenze to Fiorenza, meaning "a city of flowers." The pilgrims stated the people of the town welcomed the idea and may adopt his proposal.

The poet is doing a little literary work while there are no more Fiume fields to conquer.

BUSY STREET CORNER SAFEST

Logical Reason Why There Are Few Accidents Where the Traffic Is the Heaviest.

"You must have lots of accidents here," said a friend of Traffic Commissioner Harriss the other day as they were passing one of the most congested corners of the city. "I'm not surprised either," he added as he saw a large touring car come suddenly to a halt less than half a foot from a passing pedestrian.

The commissioner shook his head. "That's where you're wrong," he replied. "Not only are there not more but there are actually less accidents here in proportion to the amount of traffic that goes by than almost any other place in New York. If you'll think a minute you'll see the reason for it, too. Where the street is more or less quiet and deserted a person crossing the road is less apt to look for approaching vehicles. Where they are always passing, however, he is always on the lookout. The theory works both ways. While the pedestrian keeps a close watch on the stream of traffic, the automobile driver also keeps tab on the continuous file of pedestrians in his way. On a comparatively quiet street both pedestrians and cars are exceptions and accidents are bound to occur."—New York Sun.

Still Powerful Ruler

With an area of 245,000 square miles, Afghanistan is, next to Tibet, the largest country in the world that is virtually closed to the citizens of other nations. But political life at war, alert Kabul is in sharp contrast to the meditative seclusion and classic aloofness of the pious lamas at Lhasa. Amir Amanullah Khan, through his agents in India and elsewhere, is in close touch with the world's current events; and, as the last remaining independent ruler of a Moslem country, now that the power of the caliph at Stamboul is broken, he yields a far-reaching influence throughout the Mohammedan world; also, because his land happens to lie just as it does on the map of the world, it is plain that for a long time to come he will be an active force in the political destinies of middle Asia. Like Meneik of Abyssinia, Queen Lil of the Hawaiian Islands, or the last of the Fiji kings, this Amir, remote and obscure as his kingdom is, stands out in his time as a picturesque world figure.

Scots "Fish" With Swimmers

Over in canny Scotland they "fish" with swimmers, that is with students who are learning to swim.

Stimulating instructors have various methods of teaching their pupils, but none is more novel than that used by some of the Scotch. These instructors have a rope and pulley arrangement by which the pupil is suspended at the end of the rope in the water. The instructor holds the other end of the rope and can raise or lower the pupil in the water.

In his other hand the instructor has a long pole with which he prods the pupil at various times to correct the movements of the arms and legs. Should the instructor lose his grip on the rope what would happen to the pupil can be imagined. But supposing, with that pole in his hand, the instructor loses his temper? The field of conjecture is open.—Cleveland News-Leader.

Improbable Story Beginnings

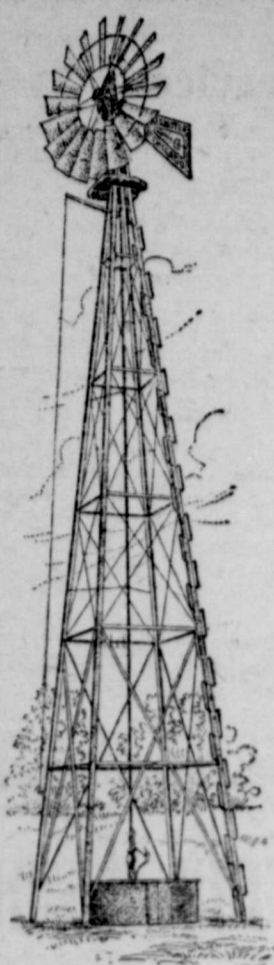
Heckvencker had been in the dance place for over three hours, but still, he had not tired of the jazz music.

When Landeck presented his check at the paying teller's window, the man in the cage did not count the money more than once.

Svenska objected to her boy friends spending money on her.

Roquefort had just returned from the dentist, who refused to accept the regular fee because he had inflicted so much pain upon his patient.

"No," said the insurance agent, "I was not 'just' in the neighborhood, but I came uptown especially to see you."—Melvin Lane in the New York Sun.



AUTO OILED Aermotor

A Real Self-Oiling Windmill

Oil an Aeromotor once a year and it is always oiled. Every moving part is completely and fully oiled. A constant stream of oil flows on every bearing. The shafts run in oil. The double gears run in oil in a tightly enclosed gear case. Friction and wear are practically eliminated. Any windmill which does not have the gears running in oil is only half oiled. The Aeromotor pumps in the lightest breezes, because it is correctly designated and well oiled.

We have reduction in prices on windmills, pipe, etc.

BROAD

MERCANTILE CO.

Member McCulloch County Retail Merchants' Association

WEATHER 46 BELOW ZERO REPORT OF FORMER McCULLOCH CITIZEN; IN CANADA

Caroline, Alberta, Canada.
Jan. 2, 1922.

Editor Brady Standard:

Although long years and distances separate me from Brady and the good old Lone Star State, my memories often go back to the time when I was a neighbor of your correspondent who signs himself "A Citizen." Am I in hopes that some of your correspondents and readers may care to listen to a little "news from nowhere." I thoroughly enjoy the news in The Standard, especially news of my old friends and neighbors. I suppose few of your readers will agree with me when I say that this is a pleasant country to live in. But for the greater part of the year this climate cannot be beaten. For one week in December we had some strenuous weather that went as far as 46 below zero. But it has been mild and balmy since. As a matter of positive fact, every

country has its drawbacks and they all draw humps in the backs of the working class. And here as in every clime where modern industrial society rules, those who do the hardest (and most useful) work get the smallest pay; those who create all the wealth of the world get all the poverty in the world and farmers unions, pot-house democracy, reciprocity and all kindred "will o' the wisp" are like the flowers that bloom in the spring or like the sailor who loves but for a day then he'll kiss and sail away.

Flour here is only \$3.50 per hundred pounds, but wheat is 50c per bushel and hogs are 8 cents, live weight; cattle live weight, and every other useful commodity which the worker produces, including labor-power is very cheap. I would love to visit Texas, see the towns and cities that have sprung up where the cattle used to graze and the automobile roads where the old wagons used to jolt along. But I suppose the northern lights will hold me for the remainder of my days.

"CANADIAN."

It Was a Hot Day.

The historic old church of St. Michael's, in Charleston, S. C.—to be a member of which is the open sesame to Charleston society—had at one time a very eccentric pastor, whose congregation never knew just what he would do next. One hot July afternoon he entered his pulpit with the sounding board above, sat down and wiped the perspiration from his face, remarking in a calm, unruffled tone: "Darned hot day!"

Of course the congregation was thunderstruck. With all his peculiarities he had not dreamed of anything like this. So still was the audience that the drop of a pin could have been heard. After a long time, when the perspiration had been carefully wiped from cheek and brow, he concluded:

"That's what I heard an irreverent young man say as I came in."—Harper's Magazine.

Waste Baskets. The Brady Standard.

SCHOOL DAYS



LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

UNCLE PETE.

His mule used to come and rub her coat against his leg; He had a dog, a mongrel scrub, He taught to sit and beg; The horses used to whinny when they saw him on the street; The children ran from other men To play with Uncle Pete.

He was a sort of village joke Who tinkered here and there, And always poor, and always broke, And yet he didn't care. The banker used to sit and frown And growl like anything; But half the way across the town You'd hear old Peter sing.

Folks said he was a failure, yes, He hadn't any sense; To go through life in idleness And make no competence. Now, what do you think?—what they said "About a 'failure?' Do you think the folks who shook their head Had estimated true?

Me? Well, I think that they were right. Pete had a brother Pat Who was like him, the kids' delight And loved by dog and cat. Besides all that Pat worked his land, Raised hogs and corn and wheat, Provided for his family, and Supported Uncle Pete. (Copyright.)

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"BETWEEN YOU AND I."

"BETWEEN you and I," says the careless speaker, "I do not like that fellow." Probably the speaker has been taught, in school, the rule of grammar which says that in English all prepositions govern the objective case; that is the word which follows a preposition must be in the objective case, but he has forgotten the rule.

Now, "between" is a preposition—a word used before a noun or pronoun to show the relation between the person or thing named and the idea expressed by some other word or phrase in a sentence. And "I" (used incorrectly in the phrase "between you and I") is a pronoun and should not be "I" at all, but "me" since "me" is the objective form of the personal pronoun, first person singular.

All of the above, expressed in simple English, means simply this: Never say "between you and I" but say "between you and me."

Wrecks on British Coast.

During the last forty years more than eight thousand wrecks have occurred on the coasts of Great Britain.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

There's an Essence of joy that just floats through the world; It thrills in each flower and tree, It sings in each bird and it shines in each star, And I have quite a little in me.



Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

WANT WHAT YOU NEED

PHILOSOPHERS tell us we can have anything we want, provided we want it enough.

With certain qualifications this is true. It explains why many men get things out of life that their friends never expected to get. They wanted them, and they got them.

Getting things in that way for most people involves considerable sacrifice. For example, if a dry goods clerk wants an automobile he may get it, but he will have to skip pretty heavily on his clothes and diet if he gets it while he still remains a dry goods clerk.

It is for this reason that, when you begin wanting something, it will pay you to want what you need.

That will involve thought, for none of us know what we need until we devote considerable time to reflection and study.

There are men who want new wives, when they have perfectly good wives at home. They don't need them, and therefore ought not to want them.

There are other men who want wealth, when they don't need wealth at all.

Still other men want steam yachts when rowboats would do them more good, and private swimming pools when they would get more fun and health out of public baths in the ocean.

They may get these things, but they will be no better off when they do get them.

The wanting habit can grow into a very bad habit indeed unless you are careful to want what you need.

It is well to remember in this connection that there are some very important needs that you ought to want first of all.

One of them is a good reputation. Another is good health. A third is a home.

Want these badly enough to get them, and confine your wants after that to things that are reasonably certain to bring happiness.

Then want as hard as you like, and your wanting will not hurt you.

But wanting to be a "movie" star when you were born to be a furniture salesman, or to be a Caruso when you were born to be an accountant, will only make you unhappy.

You won't get either of these things, even by wanting them, and you will spend a very unhappy life in the effort.

Want what you need and you will be reasonably sure to get it, if you begin young enough. But don't want what you don't need. It will only make you miserable for life, even though you attain the object of your desires.

WHY? — DOES THE WIND BLOW?

WHEN any part of the earth becomes heated by the sun's rays, the air becomes thinner and rises. As it goes up, a current of cooler air comes in to take its place, thus making the disturbance we call the "wind." Likewise, damp air—which is lighter than dry air of the same degree of heat—will also rise and, rising, cause a disturbance above and below.

It is for this reason that there is usually a breeze from the sea by day and from the land by night, the land being heated faster than the water and the fresh air from the sea coming in to take its place. At night the process is reversed. The land cools faster than the water and the "wind" goes out to sea. Because these processes are continually going on all over the globe, the wind frequently acts like a snowball and attains the proportions of a gale or a hurricane.

(Copyright)

TOO STARVED TO BE HUNGRY?

There Comes a Final Stage in the Horror, When Taste for Food Is Lacking.

I cannot quite bring myself to tell tales of famine horrors—the monkey-faced, pop-eyed babies tugging hungrily at the cold breasts of dead mothers lying on the frozen ground; the piteous old women and the stoical men; the incredibly deformed starving walf whom I picked up outside of the city of Tsingkiangpu; the boy on the wall of Chinkiang who was carrying home a starved cat for food, and in response to a query, tried so hard to sell it to me as a delicate morsel, and such general concomitants as the incidence of smallpox plague with the famine.

One of the unexpected aspects of work in the famine camps came when I was accompanying Mrs. Paxton of Chinkiang as she made rounds to distribute medicine to the sick among the hungry. As a matter of fact, relatively few persons ever die in a famine directly from actual hunger, but rather from diseases induced by malnutrition.

Obligingly, Mrs. Paxton freely translated for me as we went along, and we found, in pathetic paradox, that the commonest request of these starving creatures was for medicine to give them an appetite! Even when they succeeded in getting a bowl of food from the relief station, ran the repeated tale, they could not eat it, having no taste for food.

To us this meant, obviously, that the sufferers had reached the final stages, where craving for food had passed away. They were not hungry, because they were starving!—William T. Ellis in the Outlook.

NEW TOY FINDS MUCH FAVOR

Parisian Children Hail With Joy Idea Which Has Been Imported From Central Borneo.

The latest toy which Parisian children are buying, and which threatens to displace the scooter in popular favor, is a modern form of the old "jumping stick."

The new "jumping stick," which is called a "pogo," is more scientific than its predecessor, which was nothing more elaborate than a single stick with two rests for the feet.

It is made with an india rubber pad and with a strong spring, which enables its possessor to take a series of leaps without jar.

The pogo was first found in use, in a primitive form, among the Dyak natives of central Borneo, who gave it that name. It was a stick with a cross-piece, on which certain favored young men used to perform a kind of dance at sacrificial ceremonies.

As the chiefs took charge of the pogos after the ceremony, hiding them until the next occasion for their use, it was very difficult to obtain them, but a French traveler who saw the dance in progress, described them on his return to Paris. From his rough sketch the new Paris toy has been made.

"Mounties" In With Dominion Police

Under an act of parliament the Royal Northwest mounted police of Canada was merged with the Dominion police May 1, 1920, with jurisdiction throughout Canada, and known as the Royal Canadian mounted police.

The Dominion police was a small body of men, the uniformed members of which were employed largely in guarding the parliament buildings, the mint and other government structures in Ottawa. To it was attached a number of highly trained experts, skilled in dealing with international criminals and their schemes, and having knowledge of the finger print system. These are now all members of the Royal Canadian mounted police, under the command of Col. A. Bowen Perry.

The force is now recruited to its prewar average of 1,200. Canadian government officials hope soon to be able to increase it far beyond that number, but the dominion's war debt has to date made that impossible.

Facts Concerning Eels.

Whence the eel comes and whither it goes is the text for an erudite piece of which American Consul Dennis at London claims authorship in a cablegram to Secretary Hoover.

Quaint belief that the eels were miraculously born of horsehair's tails is entirely dispelled by Mr. Dennis, who comments upon research work by Doctor Smith, Danish scientist.

The eel's life history, an unfathomable mystery twenty years ago, thus for the first time is made a wide open book, and Mr. Dennis warrants these facts:

The eel lives up to eight years in fresh waters. Adult eels, living their life span, go down to tidewater, where they spawn and die. Newly hatched eels live in a cold and gloomy depth of 500 fathoms. They reappear in late winter.

Bear Island's History.

Midway between Norway and Spitzbergen, Bear Island thrusts its head, known as Mount Misery, above the cold waters. The whole island, save for moss and lichens, is almost destitute of vegetation. Long ago it was joined with the Spitzbergen archipelago; the continental shelf upon which the island sits shows a drowned valley deepening to 200 fathoms; this marks the course of an ancient river system that must have drained an area larger than the present basin of the Volga.—Scientific American.

Studebaker

announces

New Prices

Series 22 BIG-SIX Prices

| | |
|---------------|--------|
| TOURING | \$1785 |
| COUPE | 2500 |
| SEDAN | 2700 |

Series 22 SPECIAL-SIX Prices

| | |
|------------------------------|--------|
| ROADSTER (2-Passenger) | \$1425 |
| TOURING | 1475 |
| CLUB ROADSTER | 1475 |
| COUPE (4-Passenger) | 2150 |
| SEDAN | 2350 |

The New LIGHT-SIX

Prices Reduced Effective January 7th

| | |
|------------------------------|--------|
| TOURING | \$1045 |
| ROADSTER (3-Passenger) | 1045 |
| COUPE-ROADSTER | 1375 |
| SEDAN | 1750 |

All Prices F. O. B. Factory

Simpson & Co.

Phone 10 Prady, Texas

THRILLED BY STATE "LINES"

English Women Surprised at Simplicity of Crossing Boundaries in the United States.

I like the feeling of crossing from one state into another, especially as the American states are as big as European countries.

At Ticonderoga you cross from New York state to Vermont, or from Vermont to New York state.

It is also the gateway from the Green mountains in the Adirondacks, blue and shapely, and from the one you can see the other on either side of Lake Champlain.

SPANIARDS' DEBT TO MOORS

Art of Tile-Making Is a Legacy Which Invaders Left When They Were Driven Out.

The Spaniards have been fighting the Moors for the last 1,000 years, but the Moors, during the centuries of their occupancy of the Iberian peninsula as conquerors, developed much in the way of art and architecture that is most highly valued today.

To them we owe, for one small item, the tiles which so beautifully adorn our bathrooms and which, utilized in various ways, contribute so much to the artistic finish of dwellings and other buildings.

Many of the designs are artistic, representing scenes from Don Quixote, bull fights, etc. Sacred paintings are reproduced in tiles for churches.

Treasures for University. Four important manuscript letters from the sixteenth century have been placed in the manuscript room of the University of Chicago.

What She Must Know. In a woman's magazine has been set down a list of twenty-five accomplishments necessary before a young woman can be said to be educated.

Office Boy Got Even. There was a knock at the office door, says the London Chronicle, and a clerk threw up the communication panel, through which was thrust a parcel wrapped in brown paper, some two feet square.

The Tramp's Orchard

By MALCOLM BROWN.

"The phenomena of conversion," said the evangelist to the psychologist, "may be, as you say, the culmination of a series of obscure mental impressions, but the condition itself is the result of a moment. Something which was not in the sinner's heart enters there and drives out something that was there."

"I knew a man—never mind who or what he was. He was uneducated, the sort of average American countryman who is the staple human product of this nation.

"It was early spring and the orchards were aglow with peach blossoms. As he passed outside a long line of blossom-bearing trees he saw a girl standing on the other side of the fence, her arms full of spraying boughs.

"He learned something of her circumstances. Her parents had been compelled to mortgage their farm; they were heavily in debt; they feared the loss of their home.

"The ragged man could see that this was the type of girl whom education would bring the highest success.

"Gradually the memory of this girl took possession of his life. As the months changed into years he pictured her, first completing her course in high school, then going to college.

"What was she to become? No stenographer or clerical assistant in any business, of that he was resolved.

"And at last the day came when he turned his dreams into actual plans. He would return and humbly ask her to be his wife.

"I was not until he actually descended from the train at the obscure little Georgia village that the fulfillment of his dreams suddenly dawned upon him. He had heard nothing from her during ten years.

"When he heard the harsh voice of the mother at the door, he told me of afterward," continued the evangelist, "he was conscious of an absurd desire to run away, just as when he had passed by the house, a tramp, ten years before. But the woman, seeing that he was dressed like a man of means, invited him in to rest, and she gossiped readily about her circumstances and was loud in complaint of her husband.

"There's one trouble I've got," she grumbled, "and that's Bessie. She declares she won't go to a city. She hates city life and says if I go she's going to hire out somewhere. Jim refuses to give her an education. She wanted to go to high school and Jim hadn't the money."

"At that moment the farmer stamped into the room casting a suspicious look at the visitor. The woman introduced him. 'This gentleman talks of buying the farm,' she announced.

"The farmer's visage cleared. 'Maybe you'd like to come and talk it over outside,' he said, and my friend followed him.

"Well," said the psychologist, "I can guess the rest. They were married and settled down on the farm and spent a life of idyllic happiness."

"That's obvious," answered the evangelist. "But now that you have the story, you must endure the moral. Suppose that the money had reached her—would it have benefited either of them so much as that which actually occurred? He had come back, an ignorant man, not daring to ask what he had so long dreamed, and he found an ignorant country girl of his own station in life in place of a fine, vain lady. And the years of toil and discipline had not gone for nothing.

"Mr. Jones," yelled the office boy, "your lunch has come now!"

MARRIAGE IN THE ANDAMANS

Life Convicts Pick Brides Sight Unseen, but Women Are Allowed Three Choices.

Those of you who talk cynically of the lottery of marriage should ponder awhile on the pleasant little customs of the Andaman isles, that delightful little colony where "lifters" from British India are sent.

Every Saturday morning, in those delightful Andamans, all women who wish to be married—and you can bet your life there are always many candidates for matrimony—are heavily veiled and paraded round a square. Then prisoners, qualified by good conduct for the privilege of getting married—I know certain cynically minded folk who would aver that the punishment for bad conduct must be too appalling to contemplate—stand looking on, judging as best as they can of the merits of the candidates.

But when once you've made your choice the thing is done! The veil is removed and, in the words of the ancient song, "You've got to have it whether you like it or not."

OIL FROM FOSSIL SEA FISH

Substance Highly Valued for Its Curative Properties Obtained From Centuries-Old Deposits.

In certain parts of the world mining for fish is a very profitable occupation. Many thousands of years ago the oceans covered large portions of the world which now are dry land.

"As the mountains were heaved up by subterranean explosions, the waters receded, leaving behind the remains of countless millions of their inhabitants. That is why we find in Switzerland enormous deposits of fossil sea-fish hundreds of miles away from the sea.

These fossils retain the oil that was present in the bodies of living fish thousands of years ago. Matured by its immense age, this oil has extraordinary curative properties when used in the treatment of chilblains and certain forms of skin disease.

The fossils are dug out, often from considerable distances beneath the soil, and the oil known as ichthyol is distilled from them. It is extremely valuable, for a great quantity of fossil fish is needed before a pint of oil can be produced.

Horseshoe Superstition. A well-known writer of curious histories says of the horseshoe: "It was the custom long ago to place in every church and home an image of its patron saint. Around the head of this image was carved a halo or glory, as we see it painted in all old pictures. Sometimes it was a piece of polished metal. The halo often remained after the figure of the saint had disappeared and was fastened at the door as a substitute for the image itself. Soon these pieces of semi-circular metal became articles of sale in the shops, presently taking the shape of the horseshoe; they finally became the symbol of that protection which the saint was thought to give, and thus originated the charm implied to the horseshoe. This myth is poetical. There is, however, a more prosaic account for the reason that the horseshoe is so often deemed to possess the virtues of an amulet. It is said that the shoe naturally reminds one of the horse, the noblest of domesticated animals, and was first hung up indoors and out that men might always have in sight, and thus in mind, a symbol of the creature who has been man's most efficient helper in advancing his civilization."

A Paradise. Hawaii is in many ways literally an island paradise. Scarcely anywhere else in the world may one roam through tropical jungles with never a thought of poisonous insects or snakes. Such creatures do not exist in these fair islands. Even poison ivy and similar plants are unknown. And though in the edge of the tropics, Hawaii has a cooler temperature by ten degrees than any other land in the same latitudes. Moreover, one may change his climate at will by a journey of a few miles; for the northeastern half of each island, swept by the trade winds, is rainy and heavily wooded, while just over the mountain ridge is a drier, warmer region.

Power in Silence. The proper value of the power of silence is probably best expressed in the Scriptural reference to the various convulsions of nature, the wind and the earthquake, followed by the still, small voice. Coming down to a more recent period and a less renowned authority, we are reminded of the man who advised his son to keep his mouth shut so that people would not know he was a fool. This advice is still good for the great majority. Astronomy is said to be one of the best means of teaching the individual his relative unimportance in the universe of matter, but to be left alone, far from any human habitation, in a vast silence, will probably accomplish the same.

Lucia Finds a Real Man

By CLAIRE SMITH.

Daniel Forsythe considered himself one of the most fortunate men in the world when he became a partner with Roger Bell. He was getting old, his new business cares would be light, and Bell was a money maker. Besides that, young Denzil Bell and Lucia Forsythe were engaged.

It was true that young Bell was by no means the man the old business veteran would generally have selected for a son-in-law. The scion of the Bells was idle, without ambition, fickle and a spendthrift.

Then, rudely, unexpectedly, came the darkest day in the life of old Daniel Forsythe. With a crash the great house of Bell, Forsythe & Co. went down in ruin. All of the Forsythe fortune was involved. The Bells, however, were notorious for having ever "an anchor to windward."

"We are paupers!" mourned her father. "And now the engagement is broken. It crushes me to think of you, Lucia. I had so counted on your trip abroad to finish up your art and music. Now—"

"Now, dear papa," cried Lucia, almost joyously, "I am free to have my own way, to really live, to be of some actual use in the world."

"Even if the crash had not come," declared her father, "it would not have meant much to me, for I am gradually breaking down in health."

"Nonsense!" cheered his hopeful daughter. "A month up among the pines with Aunt Carrie will soon drive away all such megrims. Papa, you have taken care of me all my life—now I am going to pay you back."

Years previous Mr. Forsythe had given his widowed sister a small home at Wareham and had secured a permanent pension to her. This was now their refuge.

Lucia had arranged in the city to do some illustrating for two publications. A music house, too, had agreed to pay her something for arranging songs, so she began her new life with quite an encouraging income. Her work did not take up all her time, and she became immensely interested in the children of the poor factory workers of the town.

"I declare, papa," she said, one day about six months after their arrival in Wareham. "I believe I never knew what real happiness was until now. Think of it, this grand air and exercise have made you twenty years younger, the bank is willing to pay you well for a few hours of your time as adviser, I am earning a nice little sum, and oh! these dear little children. Mr. Page has selected those who seem to have the musical and art instinct, and Saturdays I have four different free classes."

The Mr. Page she had alluded to had come into Lucia's life quite prominently of late. He had charge of a school supported by the manufacturing plants at the edge of the town. The work was purely philanthropic.

Lucia would never forget to her dying day one golden afternoon when she was strolling by the riverside with Harold Page, discussing her plans for the benefit of their mutual work. Suddenly Harold had sprung from her side. Then she saw that a little girl playing in a boat tied to the shore near the mill dam had fallen into the water. Just in time Mr. Page made a plunge that rescued the imperiled child from sure death.

The little girl was more frightened than hurt. When Page carried her to a grassy plot, Lucia sat down to care for the weeping child, and her rescuer hovered near by to soothe her with gentle words. "Oh, dear Mr. Page! You was so good, so grand to jump in and get all wet and mussed up—just for a bad, naughty little girl!"

She was so grateful, so happy, that she seized his hand. She drew it close to that of Lucia, and kissed them both and held them there so close together that Lucia blushed and Page looked embarrassed. It served Mr. Page to speak out what had been in his heart for some time.

"Miss Forsythe," he said, as they walked slowly homeward, "anybody would be pardoned for the common belief that you are a princess in disguise, and really I was led to believe that you were the great heiress they said. But I have learned that your work here is real soul labor. I have something more in worldly wealth than my humble but glad position here would seem to indicate. Let me share it with you."

English Not Fickle

One of the best characteristics of Englishmen is the steadiness of their character and their attachment to those who have won a place in the galaxy of Great Britain's famous men or women. It is the true "Land of Steady Habits," and the one who has once been fortunate enough to win a place in British hearts need not fear being dispossessed at short notice by a later comer.—New York Tribune.

Telephone Service

We have passed through a long, dry seige. Ours is a wonderful country, though. It will come back. It always has. The law of average is always in operation. Our turn will come. Our patience will be rewarded.

Until then, every dollar must be made to count and do double duty. Through the medium of the telephone, local and long distance, both time and money are saved.

Make your local telephone run more errands and our long distance lines carry your orders and do your traveling. It's cheaper and more convenient.

We are at your service.

West Texas Telephone Co.

LOCAL STOCKMEN CLEANING HERDS BY TB TEST ROUTE

As an example of commendable local enterprise, the editor's attention has been directed to the work being undertaken by Kid Jeffers in the cleaning up of the herds of pure Aberdeen Angus cattle owned jointly by himself and W. S. Pence. Not satisfied with having some of the best cattle of this breed in Texas, Mr. Jeffers has contracted with state and federal agents to clean up the entire lot through tuberculosis tests, the work being carried on under the direct supervision of the State Livestock Sanitary commission.

The herds are to be subjected to the tuberculosis test every six months, until cleaned up, following which they will be placed on the accredited list. Inspection of the cattle will be continued, however, being made every twelve months. In the first examination, the cattle were subjected to the double test, viz: both injection and eye test.

The great advantage in getting a herd placed upon the accredited list, lies, first of all, in the assurance it will give every purchaser of these cattle that they are free of tuberculosis. Also, it will enable the shipment of the cattle anywhere at any time without the necessity of their being stopped and tested for tuberculosis enroute.

Mr. Jeffers is building his herd into one of the most valuable institutions in the county, and is to be commended for his progressiveness and foresight.

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.

Had One Himself.

One day at the seashore a stout man rushed down the pier in great excitement. "My wife!" She's drowning!" he cried, pointing to a woman struggling in the water. "Fifty dollars to the man who will save her." A fisherman leaped in and rescued the woman. Then he modestly demanded the \$50 reward, but the stout man shook his head.

"I'm sorry," said he "but it wasn't my wife you saved, after all. It was my mother-in-law. I mixed the two ladies up in the confusion of the moment."

The fisherman took out his purse. "That's just my luck!" he said resignedly. "How much do I owe you?" —Boston Transcript.

We have a few Thomas Grain Drills for quick delivery in case it rains. O. D. MANN & SONS. See the nice new Dressers at C. H. Arnsperger's New and Used Store.

Army Goods

- Men's Wool Coats for \$2.45
- Men's Wool Pants for \$3.45
- Wool Lace Pants for \$3.95
- Wool Shirts for \$3.45
- Khaki Lace Pants for 95c
- Hunting Bags for 45c
- Laundry Bags for 95c
- O. D. Shirts (Rec) for \$1.95
- Wool Leggings for 95c
- Canvas Leggings for 75c
- Leather Leggings for \$4.95
- Canteen Covers for 25c
- Overcoats for \$8.75

W. I. Myers

Member McCulloch County Retail Merchants' Association

RHYMES OF THE TIMES By Evangelist Campbell.

The Voice of My Dog. I have heard cultured voices in my time; I've been charmed by some sweet and soulful clime; I have heard some violin playing that would set my heart to swaying. But none moved me like the baying, Of my dog.

I'd know his voice 'mid thousands of his breed; Whether in the chase or after he had treed, Whether chasing wolf or deer, Just as long as I can hear, Nothing brings to me more cheer, Than my dog.

O, I like to speed my would-be Super-Six; I love to watch it doing its best licks; But for me, when life is best, Astride my pony, I confess, Comes perfect peace and happiness, Out with my dog.

His voice is sweetest music to my ears; I mean to take him with me down the years. And if you want me to rejoice And to note where lies my choice, Of all others—it's that voice, Of my dog. Lampasas, Tex.