

## BUY YOUR NEW SPRING HAT AT MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

### To Mr. Lee Jones:--Do You Favor a Reduction in Water and Light Rates, if Elected Mayor?

#### SAN ANGELO TO SAN ANTONIO INTER-URBAN SERVICE TO BE ESTABLISHED

DOUBLE DAILY AUTO PASSENGER SERVICE TO BE INAUGURATED WITH MASON AS DIVISION POINT—11½-HOURS' SERVICE—RATE, 3c MILE.

J. W. Owens was in Brady Saturday and announced that on or about March 15th, he expected to inaugurate a regular interurban passenger service between San Angelo and San Antonio, with double daily service in either direction. Automobile busses, of 20-passenger seating capacity, are being built especially to order of the company, of which Mr. Owens is the organizer and president, and which will be known as the San Angelo & Gulf Transportation Co. Mason will be made the division point for the line, stops being made there for dinner, and also over night. The line will have an 11½-hour actual running schedule, and passenger tariff will be placed at 3c per mile.

Mr. Owens, who was for many years in railway service of both the Southern Railway in Alabama, and the Orient Railway in Texas, as freight and passenger conductor, will incorporate railroad ideas of management and operation into the interurban line. In order to avoid long runs, and to enable the drivers to thoroughly understand their routes, one crew of drivers will operate between San Angelo and Mason, while another crew will operate between Mason and San Antonio. Starting simultaneously from both ends of the line at 6:00 a. m., both north-bound and south-bound cars will stop at Mason one hour for dinner; then, resuming the trip with a new and fresh drivers the run will be completed at 6:30 p. m. At noon the second cars will be started, simultaneously from both ends of the line, these cars lay-

ing over at Mason for the night, and resuming their trips the next morning.

The cars to be placed in service will be built with a White chassis, mounted on spring cushion tires, and with a body built especially to meet the requirements of the transportation line. Several removable seats will be built, so as to enable space for baggage, when required.

Another feature of the line is that in each town through which it passes, arrangements will be made to have a depot for the storage of baggage; also an agent will be appointed to see after passengers, baggage and express. Especial effort will be made to give a schedule that will enable connection with railway schedules at the various points.

The total length of the line will be 237 miles, and the following points

#### OPENING BALL GAME OF SEASON 4 P. M. WED'DAY

The season's baseball series opens tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon at Dutton City park, when the Brady Fire boys and Brady High school teams cross bats, the game being called promptly at 4:00 o'clock. Admission will be 25c, the proceeds to pay for equipment for a town baseball team.

will be made stations on the same: San Angelo, Mereta, Paint Rock, Millersview, Melvin, Brady, Mason, Fredericksburg, Comfort, Boerne and San Antonio.

#### More to the Point.

Jack had returned to his ship apparently under the influence of drink, and was being interviewed by the officer of the watch.

That worthy, to prove whether Jack was drunk or not, ordered him to repeat the sentence: "The Irish constabulary extinguished the conflagration."

Jack stood for a minute, blinking, apparently stunned by the magnitude of the task.

Then, with a smile of triumph, he blurted out:

"The Irish coppers put the fire out." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Get a metal waste basket and eliminate that fire risk. The Brady Standard.

#### STUBBORN FIRE FRIDAY EVENING BURNS 69 BALES

Fire of unknown origin Friday evening between 5:00 and 6:00 o'clock resulted in the destruction of 69 bales of cotton, held by local buyers in the cotton yard, adjoining the old Frisco freight depot. Incidentally the fire destroyed about 75 feet of loading platform adjoining the depot and for a time it appeared that nothing could prevent the complete destruction of the Bumgardner flour mill, housed in the old freight depot.

Origin of the fire is unknown, but was most probably the result of a carelessly thrown cigarette stub, or else sparks from a passing engine. When first discovered, the fire was spreading with amazing rapidity. A confusion in giving in the alarm further delayed arrival of the fire department, and the fact that the nearest fire plug was at the Brady Cotton Oil Mill, some four or five blocks distant, made necessary the borrowing of a string of hose from the mill before the boys could get a line laid to reach the fire. In the meantime, however, most effective work had been done by a bucket brigade, and with the arrival of the chemical engine the blaze was gotten under control, the fire boys getting their chemical stream directed underneath the platform and thereby extinguishing a most persistent blaze. The stream of water becoming available at this time, about two hours of persistent drenching followed before the last spark had been extinguished.

The cutting in two of the loading platform was resorted to when it appeared that the rapidly spreading flames could not be checked, but the persistent use of water buckets accomplished this feat, thereby saving not only a good portion of the platform, but the flour mill as well.

The losses, all of which are covered by insurance, ran as follows:

Huie & Roe	40 bales
King & Hampton	15 bales
Bellamy & Walker	3 bales
Will Hampton	10 bales
Ed Jacoby	1 bale
Total	69 bales

#### LOCAL PARTIES SEE ORE MINED BY SHERIDAN MINING CO. IN BURNET CO.

Messrs. Paul Sheridan, W. A. E. Wilder and A. Robinson came here last Saturday from the Sheridan Mining Co. properties in Burnet county, and have aroused great interest locally in their mining proposition. Samples of ore shown by these gentlemen, run a large percentage of valuable minerals; in fact, some of the ore runs \$75 per ton in copper alone. As compared with the percentage of ore value in Arizona mines, several of which are being operated with 2% or less production of copper, the Sheridan mines prove up over 6% copper. In addition, there are gold, silver and other valuable ore deposits, all of which are reclaimed through the modern machinery installed by the company.

Originally organized with a capitalization of \$100,000, the company now has been reorganized with a greatly increased capital; additional machinery is to be installed, and with the immense quantity of ore already blocked out, actual production is assured within the near future.

#### LAUNDRY BASKET FROM PEAR VALLEY.

Ludwick & Seymore of Pear Valley now handle laundry for the Brady Steam Laundry. Basket leaves Pear Valley Tuesday and returns Friday.

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

New Spring Suits. POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.

#### BAND-LEGION MINSTREL SEASON'S BIG HIT—PLAYS TO PACKED HOUSE

BIG SUCCESS OF MINSTREL AND SUPPLEMENTAL COMEDY ACTS, AND TURNING AWAY OF HUNDREDS AT DOOR, ENCOURAGES A REPEAT PERFORMANCE.

Playing to a packed house at the Methodist tabernacle, after approximately 300 people had been turned away at the door, the Band-Legion Minstrel last Friday night scored one of the greatest, if not the greatest, success ever recorded by a home talent performance in Brady. The performance, from start to finish, was a scream, and if there was anyone present who did not get his full money's worth, he has not yet been heard from. In fact, it was the universal opinion that the boys had, with their minstrel act alone, given more than the money's worth. The minstrel act was but the beginning of the evening's fun, however, the program consisting of four additional parts. Total attendance is placed at between 600 and 650. In order to enable those who failed to gain admission to see the show, a repeat performance, in which all new jokes and several new songs will be included, has been arranged for this coming Friday night.

To do justice to the performance is impossible in mere words. Every act was well carried out, and every character had evidently been selected with special care as to his fitness to the part. The parade last Friday afternoon drew an attendance second only to a circus crowd, and gave the public the first opportunity to see part of the minstrels in full costume. Their antics provided no end of fun, and the music by the band boys drew much praise and favorable comment.

The predominant figure in the minstrel, quite naturally, was Interlocutor Holton, who carried the heavy end of the talk, and who was kept busy as an Irishman's flea responding to the rapid fire jokes of the end men—Williams, Olian, McShan, Simpson, Conley, McMurray, Knox and Gartman. Their jokes, their songs, their comic make-up and their antics kept the audience in a continual uproar, and beggar description.

Holton made quite a hit with his speech in which mention of Brady's water rate brought a storm of applause. Williams and Ragsdale pulled quite a clever stunt in their combination grand opera-jazz harmony, and were encored until ready to drop in their tracks. Ragsdale also made a big hit in his parody on "Broadway Blues." Mention of the "lost cause"—the Road Bond issue—brought such a storm of applause that the singer was obliged to give the chorus over again.

A feature of the minstrel was the response to the song, "Thousand Mile Blues," sung by Ernest McMurray, with Mrs. Chas. Williams singing behind the scenes as his "Pal."

Mrs. J. W. Ragsdale provided the piano accompaniment in most praiseworthy manner, with Messrs. Matt Moore, Carl Sheppard, Maurice Cohen and Edwin Sayle giving orchestra numbers that won much favor with the audience.

Joe Ogden's tale of the Western Front in war time, proved one of the biggest surprises and jokes of the evening. Another surprise, and a most pleasant one, was the solo rendered by Harold Denton. Denton possesses a wonderful voice, and while this was his first public appearance, it should, by no means, be his last.

While the minstrels were getting the make-up removed, Messrs. Holton and Gartman entertained the audience with a line of talk replete with comedy and cutting up.

One of the most pleasing parts of the program was the Hawaiian act, with native costume and effective setting to enhance the number. Included in this part were a quartette by Messrs. Townsend, Ragsdale, Hughes and Holton; solos by Hubert Adkins, and company, and by J. W. Ragsdale and the quartette, and also a violin solo by Maurice Cohen, all of which found favorable response with the audience.

The cornet solo by Lester Calloway was an unexpected and very much appreciated treat.

The "Unreasonable Circus" provided its full share of the fun, Maurice Cohen and his flea circus being one of the big hits of the evening. Assist-

ing Mr. Cohen in the circus were Ernest McMurray as the strong man, Albert Steelhammer as the beautiful lady tight-rope walker, Bob Parrish as the shadow boxer, and Chas. Williams and Joe Ogden as aerial artists. All combined to make this act the most unreasonable of all circuses.

The grand climax of the evening's entertainment found expression in the "Country Store," which was as realistic as any backwoods picture ever drawn. Joe Conley made an ideal storekeeper, and Ernest McMurray as the red-headed country bumpkins looked and played the part to perfection. Eddie Olian was an exact copy of a New York Ghetto Jew and was fully equipped with the continual chatter for which this character is universally noted. The entire setting was as natural as life, even down to the checker board loafers and the back-woods band.

No better testimonial of the public's confidence and esteem could have been given the Legion and Band than the overwhelming attendance, and there can be not a shadow of doubt but what the boys made good every expectation.

There will be many who saw the show, who will want to see it again, and the many who were unable to gain admission, or who did not come feeling that they would not be able to secure seats, should not fail to phone in their order at once for the repeat performance to be staged this coming Friday night. Incidentally, the proceeds of the performance next Friday will be divided three ways—equally among the band boys, the Legion and the tabernacle. Inasmuch as the tabernacle supplies one of Brady's greatest needs, viz: a place for amusement and recreation, it is to be hoped that the attendance will make for good returns for all three of these worthy institutions.

#### MARGERY HELEN GRAHAM. READER, PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE THURSDAY NIGHT

Margery Helen Graham, a reader of exceptional talent, entertained on last Thursday night at the Methodist tabernacle, her program being one of the numbers of the White & Myers lyceum course, presented here under auspices of the Parent-Teachers association. A very good attendance marked the occasion, and the audience proved responsive, and made evident their appreciation of the reader's efforts.

Miss Graham's entertainment was supplemented in pleasing fashion by the program rendered both at the beginning and at the end of the evening, by local talent.

The next and concluding number of the lyceum course will be presented early in March.

#### Unaffected.

"How does Jibway's taste run in music?"

"He takes middle ground."

"He doesn't roll his eyes to the ceiling and sigh heavily over grand opera, and he can keep his feet still when a jazz orchestra unlimbers." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

## LEGION-BAND MINSTREL

Will be Given Again

At the Methodist Tabernacle, Next Friday Night, Feb. 24, 7:30 P. M.

Upon the insistent request of so many that were turned away unable to see the show because the tabernacle would not seat the crowd, it has been decided to show again on above date.

The show will be changed enough to make it seem almost new. So that those who want to see it again will enjoy it.

Tuneful Songs--Snappy Jokes  
Band Music

Something Doing Every Minute

Ask those that were there what they think of it.

Reserved Seats on Sale Now at Newman & Williams Confectionery. Price 75c.

Phone, write or call for yours now.

General Admission at Door:  
Adults 50c Children 25c

# THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

**ADVERTISING RATES**  
Local Readers, 7½c per line, per issue  
Classified Ads, 1½c 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.

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

BRADY, TEXAS, Feb. 21, 1922.

## HONEST INJUN.

Cutting off advertising may reduce expenses, but so does cutting your windpipe reduce the cost of living.

### CITY POLITICS.

City politics must be admitted as one of the live topics of the day, and the coming Spring election is certain to prove one of the liveliest held here in many a year. Where, ordinarily, sufficient interest can scarcely be aroused to get out a set of candidates in time to get their names printed on the election ballots, this year there already is presented to the voters the names of some four or five candidates.

On the front page of this issue, there appears a paid advertisement, addressed to Mr. Lee Jones, candidate for mayor, in which his position upon the question of a reduction in water rates is asked. While no provision has been made for space for Mr. Jones' reply, The Standard will gladly donate whatever space may be necessary to answer the query if he so desires.

The Standard believes this question is going to be one of the foremost in the coming city election. The citizenship has stood squarely behind the waterworks trustees for the past year or more—in fact, throughout its period of financial distress, the citizens have cheerfully, and without complaint, paid the high rates necessary to insure the placing of the plant upon a firm financial footing. Now, however, the universal sentiment is that these exorbitant rates are no longer necessary. If they are necessary, then, as trustees of property belonging to the citizens, the waterworks board should experience no difficulty in maintaining them if they will make a public statement showing wherein the need lies.

The Standard editor has the personal assurance of Mr. Jones that if the citizens want a reduction in rate, then he is willing to abide by their wishes, and make such a reduction as may best serve all interests. This is fair. The people can ask no more. Yet, they are entitled to know that this proposed reduction is expected to be, and just when it is anticipated that it will be put in effect. As a matter of fact, as The Standard has heretofore contended, if there is to be a material reduction in rates, then the citizenship should have been fully advised before the first of the year, so as to enable them to place their order for fruit trees, shrubs and flowers, which many desired to plant, but who were deterred from doing so by reason of not knowing whether they could get a rate that would permit of the free use of water during the coming summer.

The Standard has no desire to throw

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
 THE BRADY STANDARD  
 Published Semi-Weekly  
 Tuesday - Friday  
 Brady, Texas  
 To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year  
 SIX MONTHS ..... \$1.00  
 THREE MONTHS ..... 65c  
 Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 25c per month.  
 To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.50 per year  
 SIX MONTHS ..... \$1.25  
 THREE MONTHS ..... 75c  
 Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.  
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## Hold! Enough!!

Wasn't it Shakespeare who wrote: "Lay on, Mac Duff, and damn'd be he who first cries 'enough!'"?

Nowadays it's different—

W. N. White placed a little Classy-Fi-Ad in The Brady Standard Tuesday, and Wednesday he called at the office and said, "Don't run that ad any more; I'm about to be run to death by applicants."

## THE BRADY STANDARD'S Classy-Fi-Ads "WORK FAST"

a monkey-wrench into the machinery of municipal operations; yet, no one can for one minute deny that the water and light rates we pay are enormously out of proportion, when compared with those throughout this district. We can name several neighboring cities, whose water supply may be said to be precarious, and yet these same cities have a minimum water rate that is a mere bagatelle compared with Brady's.

The easiest way to get rid of this bone of contention is to have a thorough understanding upon the subject. If the rates are just and necessary, then the citizenship owes its municipal plant and its trustees the same loyal and unwavering support they have accorded in the past; if the rates will stand revision, then the trustees owe it to the citizenship to make such revision at the earliest possible moment.

### LOOKING AFT.

Can you remember twenty-five years ago? Only four autos in the whole United States then. Today there are about 10,000,000 motor vehicles registered in all the States. Farmers have 3,000,000 of them. The next twenty-five years probably will bring an equally rapid growth of airplanes and wireless telephones.—Abilene Reporter.

State Press dimly remembers twenty-five years ago and recalls that there were no automobiles in his neighborhood at that time. There were fine horse-drawn rigs, however, considered ample for rapid transit. Some rich men had family carriages that cost as high as \$800 and were looked upon with considerable awe. Such a carriage would last through ten or fifteen years' conservative usage, and the family of the owner had a right to feel, and did feel, that to ride in it, behind a pair of horses equally worthy, was a social achievement. Also some of the more wealthy and sporty young gentlemen of that period owned nifty side-bar buggies, some with red wheels, and horses that could step off a mile, along an ordinary chuggy road, in less than five minutes by the watch. Those were grand old days, when a buggy and horse of the first class cost as much as \$400 and only a few could afford them. Those who rode in style were rather proud, it must be admitted, but the poor were cheerful—unless some old-timers who talk about the old days are crass prevaricators. Today, when the automobile is as common as umbrellas used to be, we hear a great deal of talk concerning hard times. We are told that times are dreadful, that the bottom has dropped out. But how bad are times? Not as bad as when there was less talk about them. What has the bottom dropped out of? What bottom? Speaking of a return to the normal, how shall we know when we get there? Can it be possible that we are there now and don't know it? Anyhow, hard times or no hard times, more families own automobiles today than owned horses and buggies twenty-five years ago.—State Press, in Dallas News.

Achmed Abdullah, the novelist, is one of the best linguists in New York. He has knowledge of almost every language, including many of the tribal. He was in Cairo recently and the chief of police sent for him. They had picked up a man on the street who would not answer in any language. He was dark-complected and his clothes were in tatters. Abdullah tried out all of the languages he knew, but the fellow just looked at him dumbly. Finally he turned to an American friend who went with him. "I give up," he said. "I don't know what he is." The ragged fellow cocked his head and said: "Why, boss, I see a Baptist." He was an American negro who had missed catching a boat upon which he worked.—Clipped.

Just received shipment of Ladies Slippers in Satin, Patent and Kid. Priced very cheap. POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.

Is your liver out of order? Do you suffer from biliousness, headaches, constipation? If so, Tanlac is what you need. Trigg Drug Co.

### To the Voters of the City of Brady.

I beg leave to call your attention to my announcement in the local papers, wherein, in response to the demands of friends, I have consented to the use of my name as a candidate for City Secretary, in the election to be held on the 4th of April, 1922, in the City of Brady.

Since my announcement, I have learned that the present members of the City Council are opposed to anyone serving as city secretary who has been duly elected by the people of this city; and in order to defeat the will of the people, they have placed on record the price of \$1.00 per month as the salary of the City Secretary, who is elected by the choice of the tax payers and people of this city. I also understand that the council contends that, when anyone is elected to this office by the people, and in the event such person fails to do his duty towards filling the office, there is no course left open to get rid of him except by impeachment; and that such procedure causes unpleasantness, loss of time and money. Moreover, it is contended that the people (voters) are too careless in selecting a man to fill the office of City Secretary; therefore, they have adopted the plan of appointing a secretary of their own choosing, and paying him a salary commensurate with the duties of the office; and should such appointee, fail or refuse to do his duty, they, the council, would turn him off, "Can Him" and employ another.

Now, I ask in all earnestness, ladies and gentlemen, voters and citizens of Brady: did it ever occur to you that the City Council of Brady are not infallible; that they, too, are apt to make a mistake in their selection of a City Secretary? Try, the people make mistakes in choosing their representatives, even sometimes in selecting their Mayor and Aldermen. The council claims the right by law to place \$1.00 per month as the salary of the city secretary, making it impossible for the choice of the tax payers and the people to take care of the city's affairs; the people's property. On the day of the election, remember, that your vote counts one; and no man or set of men has the legal or moral right to disregard it. Every taxpayer has a vote; each is a stockholder in all municipal properties in the City of Brady and has a right, by vote, to express himself as to his choice among those who are to look after and direct the affairs of the City to the best interests of all.

This is democracy and the present members of the council certainly know that "democracy is a form of government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed." We have just paid our City taxes; can we not choose our own secretary who collects and receipts us for the money?

Does the Commissioners court of this county place a \$1.00 per month salary on any of the clerks or elected officers by the people of McCulloch county?

I am no lawyer, but will ask you to go to the polls and vote for me on the day of election, and I assure you that the salary will be arranged so that I will be willing to serve you as your City Secretary of Brady. This is written only with the kindest feeling towards each and every member of the City Council. I feel sure that each one is doing what he thinks is right and feel doubly sure that he is WRONG, and after the election is over, he will acknowledge his mistake, even to his wife.

If elected, I will, with the approval of the Council, give a quarterly report through the papers on the finance of the city. We get this from the county; why not from the city?

E. G. GILDER.

## Announcements

Congressional	\$15.00
District	10.00
County	10.00
Precinct	5.00
Public Weigher	10.00
Commissioner	5.00
Justice of the Peace	5.00
Constable	5.00
City Offices	5.00

(One insertion per week.)

Terms: Strictly cash in advance. No announcements inserted unless cash accompanies same. Announcements inserted in order in which fees are paid at this office. Fee includes 100-word announcement to be furnished by candidate; all over 100 words at the rate of 10c per line. Fees do not include subscription to The Brady Standard.

### City Announcements.

For City Secretary:  
E. G. (BILL) GILDER

The Standard is authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary:

For District Clerk:  
FRANK W. LOHN  
MISS MAGGIE McKEAND  
For County Tax Assessor:  
H. R. HODGES (Re-Election)  
P. A. CAMPBELL  
S. R. (DICK) HAYS

For County Treasurer:  
JUNE COORPENDER (Re-Election)  
MRS. NONA MONTGOMERY  
D. H. HENDERSON

For County Judge:  
EVANS J. ADKINS (Re-Election)  
For County Sheriff:  
J. C. WALL (Re-Election)

For County Clerk:  
W. J. YANTIS (Re-Election)  
HENRY D. BRADLEY  
For County Tax Collector:  
HUBERT K. ADKINS (Re-Election.)

For County Surveyor:  
E. A. BURROW  
For County Superintendent of Public Instruction:  
W. M. DEANS (Re-Election)  
Mrs. M. L. STALLINGS

For Commissioner Prec. No. 1:  
WALTER W. JORDAN  
CHAS SAMUELSON (Re-Election)  
For Commissioner Precinct No. 2:  
R. L. (Bob) BURNS (Re-Election)  
LEONARD FASSMORE

For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:  
J. F. PRIEST (Re-Election)  
W. J. REED  
JOHN R. WINSTEAD  
J. M. CARROLL

For Commissioner Precinct No. 4:  
S. H. GAINER  
J. F. KYZAE  
H. H. KNIGHT  
For Public Weigher Prec. No. 1:  
ED JACOBY (Re-Election)  
H. C. (HENRY) KING

For Commissioner Prec. No. 3.

J. M. Carroll this week authorizes the placing of his name before the voters as a candidate for Commissioner of Precinct No. 3. Mr. Carroll makes his announcement in response to the solicitation of many friends, and after seriously considering the matter for some time he has decided to enter the lists with the assurance that his friends will back his candidacy and lend him their full support in his campaign. Mr. Carroll served this precinct as commissioner for six years, voluntarily retiring from the office. During his incumbency, he accomplished some splendid results all over his precinct in road improvement, and also looked after the interests of his constituents in a most satisfactory manner. With his past experience in office, and inasmuch as he now is able to devote his time freely to the duties, he feels that he can give greater study to the work and the problems, and devote himself to advancing the interests of precinct and county, as never before. He, therefore, asks consideration of his candidacy from all the voters of Precinct No. 3, the men and the ladies as well, and will appreciate the vote and support of all.

Special Values Saturday in Men's Hose, Shoes and Hats, at POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.

If you are feeling badly, put your troubles away by taking Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

The "Object."  
Scene: Police court. Sharp-tongued, red-faced lawyer, cross-examining a witness as to his sobriety.  
Lawyer—"You were seen entering the Spread Eagle directly the doors were opened, or soon afterward?"  
Witness—"Yes, but not to drink."  
Lawyer—"What object had you in view, then?"  
Witness—"The only object I had in view in going in, sir, was myself coming out."—London Weekly Telegraph.

Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady Standard.

## THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

ADVERTISING RATE FOR CARDS:  
One Inch Card, one time a week, per month .....\$1.00

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**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**  
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**J. E. BROWN**  
 LAWYER  
 Office Over Brady National Bank  
 BRADY, TEXAS

**Dr. Henry N. Tipton**  
 DENTIST

Office in Syndicate Building  
 Upstairs Over Moffatt Bros. & Jones  
 Office Phone No. 399; Res. No. 305

**Dr. MINNIE HARMON PIRTLE**  
 Dr. C. C. PIRTLE  
 Our Practice Embraces Osteopathy, Chiropractic and Swedish Massage.  
 Phone 398 Brady, Texas

**DR. WM. C. JONES**  
 DENTIST  
 Office: Front State Rooms Over New Brady National Bank Building  
 PHONES: Office 79 Residence 202

**T. E. DAVIS**  
 PIANO TUNING and REPAIRING  
 At Davis & Gartman's Music Store.

**J. E. SHROPSHIRE**  
 LAWYER  
 General Practice, Civil and Criminal Special Attention to Land Titles Office Over Broad Merc. Co. South Side Square, Brady, Texas

**S. W. HUGHES**  
 LAWYER  
 BRADY, TEXAS  
 Special attention to land titles. General practice in all the courts. Office over Brady Nat'l Bank, Brady, Texas

**JOE ADKINS**  
 LAWYER  
 Office in Broad Building South Side Square

**EVANS J. ADKINS**  
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
 Practice in District Court of McCulloch County, Texas  
 Office in Court House

**ELIJAH F. ALLIN**  
 POST AMERICAN LEGION  
 MONTHLY MEETINGS HELD LAST THURSDAY IN EACH MONTH

J. H. Ogden a Candidate for City Alderman.

I am announcing as a candidate for City Alderman, having been solicited by friends to make the race, with the promise of the support and endorsement of my platform. The following are some of the principal propositions in connection with the city administration for which I will stand, and upon which I base my solicitation of your support and vote:

I think we should have a cut in our water rate. I think we should buy some water and light meters that don't register as fast as the ones we have.

I think we should put the City Secretary and City Marshal office to a vote of the people.

I think that we should make a change in the way the management of the water and light office is handled.

I think that the city secretary can keep the books of the water and light office and have plenty of time with his own work.

I think that we could do away with the city marshal's job if he doesn't have any more to do than we have at present.

I think the books of the water and light office should be audited every two years and a statement made to the people as to the records.

I think this is the sentiment of the people of Brady.

J. H. OGDEN.

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days**  
 Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Instantly relieves Itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

A Youthful Mind.  
 "Mamma, why has papa no hair?"  
 "Because he thinks so much, my dear."  
 "But why have you so much?"  
 "Because \* \* \* Go away and do your lessons, you naughty boy."—London Weekly Telegraph.

Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady Standard.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
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## PERSONAL MENTION

Edd Broad made a business trip to Millersview Monday.

Miss Holly Reynolds of Santa Anna is a guest of Miss Erin Yantis. Mrs. V. B. Deaton was called to Lampasas Monday evening by news that her father, B. C. Greenwood, was quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hughes spent Monday in Brownwood as a guest of his brother and family, while there on a business visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Harris, accompanied by Mrs. Harris' nephew, Dr. Moulton Johnson, were visitors in Brady from their Broadmoor ranch Monday.

Misses Ethel Harkridge and Estelle Jones of Howard Payne spent the week-end here with home folks. Miss Wilma Mason accompanied Miss Jones upon her visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Jordan and daughter, June, and Mr. and Mrs. Ira Mayhew and son, Ira Quentin, left Sunday for Dallas, where they are in attendance upon the annual convention of the Poultry & Egg association.

Messrs. Joe Ogden, Hubert Adkins and Maurice Cohen returned Monday from San Antonio, where they had been in attendance upon the meeting of the State Adjutants of the American Legion, in session there Sunday.

Joe Ogden went as delegate from the local Elijah F. Allin post.

In Russia.  
 "What is the national song of the Russian Bolsheviki?"  
 "I'm forever blowing roubles!"—Wayside Tales.

Possibly.  
 Traveler—"Close that window—it's cold outside."  
 Next Seat Occupant—"Do you think it will be warmer outside if I close it?"—Life.

# The GIRL, HORSE AND DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$500,000. He is "wide open" latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a pelted horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

**CHAPTER II.**—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

**CHAPTER III.**—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while. His idea finally centers on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

**CHAPTER IV.**—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appear to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

**CHAPTER V.**—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback and THE DOG. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jeanie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie, in whom he has become interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty per cent of the property. Broughton refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$20,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Jeanie cautions Broughton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and, apparently in a spirit of mischief, allows him to overhear a conversation with Daddy Hiram, Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

**CHAPTER X.**—Next day, during Stanford's temporary absence from the mine, an enemy, without doubt Bullerton, wrecks the pumping machinery. Broughton decides to have it out with him next day.

**CHAPTER XI.**—In the morning he finds Bullerton and Jeanie have disappeared, apparently eloped. He also discovers that his deed to the mine has been stolen, and as it has not been recorded, he has no proof of ownership. Mysterious actions of the dog cause Hiram and Broughton to take the trail in search of Jeanie.

**CHAPTER XII.**—They find Jeanie's pony abandoned, but no trace of the girl. When they get back to the cabin, Bullerton is there, apparently awaiting their return.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Believing Jeanie to have gone with Bullerton, the sight of the man is too much for Broughton, and he uses him roughly. Bullerton denies knowing the whereabouts of Jeanie. Broughton orders him off his property, and he departs vowing vengeance. Satisfied Bullerton means mischief, Broughton and Hiram fortify themselves in the mine shafthouse and prepare for a siege. Bullerton comes with a crowd of desperadoes and on their refusal to vacate, begins an attack.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—Almost ready to give up, Broughton is heartened by Hiram's assertion that the sounds of the firing must have reached Atropia, and an investigating party will soon appear.

**CHAPTER XV.**—The siege continues. Bullerton vainly endeavors to induce Hiram to abandon Broughton. He finally announces his purpose to destroy the shafthouse, with its defenders. They defy him.

The ax was near at hand and I ran for it. Holding my breath I began to chop madly at the floor planking. By this time the air was so bad that it was impossible to breathe it, and after a few blows I had to drop the ax and run to the breathing gap. Daddy took his ax instantly, snatching up the ax as I flung it down and hacking away as long as he could hold his breath. When he was forced to make a bolt for the life-saving hole in the door, I ran in again; thus got a couple of the floor planks loose and pried them out. In the space beneath the open-cracked floor we found Bullerton's chimney end; an old discarded boiler flue, it seemed to be, leading up from the bench below. From unearthing the deadly thing to muzzling it with one of our wet blankets was the breathless work of only a minute or two; and with the gas-main thus shut off, the air in the shafthouse soon became bearable again, the hole we had chipped through the floor serving as a ventilator through which the cool, crisp night air came rushing in a revivifying blast.

Our first care, after a prolonged silence led us to believe that the raiders had withdrawn to study up some fresh scheme for getting rid of us, was to get a bar and pry our two doors

open so that the breeze might blow through and air the place out a bit.

Closing and barring the doors after the sulphur stench had been reduced to a mere match-box odor, we established our night-watch, Daddy Hiram taking the first trick under a solemn promise to call me at the end of a couple of hours. This time he behaved better, rousing me a little before midnight. He reported everything quiet, and pointed to the sleeping dog as evidence that there were no intruders within smelling distance.

"Been that-away ever since you turned in," he said, meaning, as I took it, that the dog had been resting easy. "You can just keep an eye on Barney. If anything goes to stirrin', he'll know it afore you will."

Nothing did stir; and after Daddy had gone to wrap himself in his damp blankets, I had my work out for me keeping awake; in fact, I shouldn't want to swear that I was fully awake during all of the one hundred and twenty minutes that my sentry-go lasted. No matter about that. Bullerton didn't spring any more surprises on us during my watch; and when I turned the fortress over to Daddy at two o'clock I was able to pass the "all quiet" report back to him and go to the blankets with an easy conscience.

I had just, groped asleep, as it seemed to me—though in reality I had slept like a log for more than two hours—when Daddy Hiram came to shake me awake.

"Somethin' doin'," he announced quietly, and when I sat up I saw that the collier was moving steadily from one door to the other, stopping now and then to stand motionless with his ears cocked and his head on one side. "Barney hears somethin'," I ventured, and a moment later Daddy broke in:

"Huh! It's plain enough for my old ears, now; it's a wagon comin' across the bench."

Now the presence of a wagon on our bench at this early hour in the morning might mean either one of two diametrically opposite things: Our deliverance; or the upcoming of reinforcements for the raiders. We were not left long in doubt. Shortly after the rick-rack of the wagon wheels stopped we heard footsteps, and the hair stiffened on Barney's back. Next we heard Bullerton's voice, just outside and apparently under our window openings.

"Broughton!" the voice called; "can you hear me?"

"So well that you'd better keep out of range!" I snapped back.

"All right—listen. You've got to get out, Broughton—that's flat. I haven't wanted to go to extremes. For perfectly obvious and common-place reasons I don't want to have to kill you to get rid of you. But we are not going to gentle you any more. You've already hurt four of my men, and two of the four are crippled. The next time we hit you, it'll be for a finish."

"Yes," said I. "You brought the new club up in a wagon, didn't you?" He ignored this.

"We could starve you out if we chose to take the time. I know pretty well what you've got to eat—or rather what you haven't got. It's your privilege to take your life in your own hands, Broughton; that's up to you. But how about the old man?"

"The old man's a plenty good and able to speak for himself!" yapped Daddy. "You do your darndest, Charley Bullerton!"

"All right, once more. You'll hear from us directly, now; and as I said before, we've quit gentling you. That's my last word."

For a time after this the silence, and the darkness, since it was the hour before dawn, were thick enough to be cut with an ax. But the dog was more restless than ever, and we knew that something we could neither see nor hear must be going on. After a while I asked the question that had been worrying me ever since I had heard the wagon wheels.

"What did they bring up in that wagon, Daddy—a Gafling?"

"The Lord only knows, Stannie—and he won't tell," was the old prospector's reply, made with no touch of irreverence; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a thunderbolt struck the shafthouse.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### Tit for Tat.

That word "thunderbolt" is hardly a figure of speech. The thing that hit us couldn't be compared to anything milder: than thunder and lightning. There was a flash, a rending, ripping roar as if the solid earth were splitting in two, and the air was filled with flying fragments and splinters. Air, I say, but the acrid, choking gas which filled the shafthouse could scarcely be called air.

"Dynamite—that's what they fetched in that wagon!" gurgled the old man on my side, and I could have shouted

for joy at the mere sound of his voice, since it was an assurance that he hadn't been killed outright.

"It's only a question of a little time, now, Daddy," I prophesied. "What you said yesterday—that Bullerton would try to get possession without destroying the property—no longer holds good. He has evidently decided that we've got to be ousted, even at the expense of building a new shaft-house and installing new machinery. Why has he changed his mind, when he knows that he could starve us out in a few days?"

"I been thinkin' about that, right p'intedly, Stannie. Shouldn't wonder if somethin' in the wind—somethin' we don't know about."

"Then there's another thing," I put in. "Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that our first guess was right: that he did take Jeanie to

Angels three days ago and that they were married there. You know your daughter, Daddy, and I know her, a little. Nobody but an idiot would suppose that she'd live with Bullerton as his wife for a single minute if he makes himself your murderer."

"It sure does look that-away to a man up a tree," admitted the stout old fighter.

"I'm hanging on to the little hope like a dog to a root, Daddy," I confessed. "If I can only keep on believing that they're not married, I can put up a better fight, or be snuffed out—if I have to be—with a good few less heart-burnings."

But at this the old man, who, no longer ago than the yesterday, had seemed to lean definitely toward the no-marriage hypothesis, suddenly changed front.

"Don't you go to hankin' on anything like that, Stannie, son," he said in a tone of deep discouragement. "Charley Bullerton's a liar, from the place where they make liars for a livin', and 'tain't goin' to be no trick a-tah for him to make Jeanie, and a lot o' other folks, believe that we blowed ourselves up with our own dynamite. No, sir; don't you go to hankin' on that."

"Then you do believe that Jeanie went with Bullerton?"

"Looks like there ain't nothing else left to believe," he asserted dolefully. "Look at it for yourself, son; she's been gone three whole days. If she hadn't gone with him—and the good Lord only knows where else she could have gone—don't you reckon she'd've been back here long afore this? No, Stannie; we been lettin' the 'wish it was' run away with the 'had to be.' I reckon we just got to grit our teeth, son, and tough it out the best we can."

During this waiting interval, which seemed like hours and was probably only a few minutes, we were momentarily expecting another crash. It did not come; but in due course of time we heard a stir outside and then voices, and one of the voices, which was not Bullerton's said: "I'll bet that ca'tridge smoked 'em out good 'n' plenty, cap'n. Gimme th' ax, Tom, till we bust open the door an' have a squint at 'em."

Just at that moment a submerging wave of depression surged over me and shoved me down so deep that I think possibly if Bullerton had called 'out and demanded our surrender I should have been tempted to tell him that I was not so much of a hog as not to know when I had enough. But the old man squeezed in beside me under the arched boiler plate was made of better fiber; he was game to the last hair in his beard. With a wild-Indian yell he hunched his Winchester into position and fired once, twice, thrice, at the door, as rapidly as he could pump the reloading lever.

A spattering fusillade was the reply to this, but the aim was bad and the only result was to set the air of our prison fortress to buzzing as if a swarm of angry bees had been turned loose on us. After this, the raiders withdrew, so we judged; at all events, the silence of the dark hour before daybreak shut down upon us again, and once more we had space in which to "gather our minds," as Daddy put it.

It may be a dastardly confession of weakness to admit it, but I am free to say that the prolonged struggle was gradually undermining my nerve. If Bullerton had made up his mind to write off the loss of the mine buildings and machinery, it was a battle lost for us. It could be only a question of a little time, and enough daylight to enable the bombers to throw straight, until we should be buried in the wreck of the shafthouse and hoist—and without the privilege of dying in a good, old-fashioned, stand-up fight.

All of this I hastily pointed out to Daddy Hiram, adding that, for Jeanie's sake, if for no better reason, he ought to take his chance of staying upon earth. As long as I live I shall always have a high respect for the wrath of a mild-mannered man. The old prospector was fairly Berserk, mad, foaming at the mouth, and short of dragging him out by main strength there was no way of making him let go.

"No, sir; I done promised your gran'paw 'at I'd stand by for him, and he paid me money for doin' it. When them hellions get this here mine, they're goin' to dig a hole somewhere and bury me afterward," was all I could get out of him.

We were not given very much more time for discussion, or for anything else. The first faint gray dawn was coming, and with the partial lightening of the inner gloom, we craned our necks—like a double-headed turtle peering out of its shell—and got a glimpse of the damage done by the initial thunderbolt. We saw it without any trouble; a great hole torn in the shaft-house roof directly over the hoist

and shaft mouth. Knowing the use and effect of explosives pretty well, Daddy said that the bomb had gone off prematurely; had exploded before it had fairly lighted upon the roof.

"If it hadn't—if it had been layin' on the roof when it went off—we wouldn't be lookin' up at that hole right now, Stannie, my son. We'd be moggin' up the golden stair and a-wonderin' how much farther it was to the New Jerusalem, and what kind o' harps they was goin' to give us when we got there. We sure would."

We didn't keep our heads out very long. While we were staring up at the hole and at the patch of sky beyond it, a small dark object with a smoke-blue comet's tail trailing behind it crossed our line of sight, and we ducked and held our breath—or at least, I held mine. The crash came almost immediately, and it was followed in swift succession by a second

and a third. Luckily, none of the three hit the shaft-house, nor, indeed, fell very near to it; and this uncertainty of aim told us where the attack was coming from. The bomb throwers were posted somewhere on the steep slope of the mountain above us; the slope which I have described as running up from the brink of the abrupt cliff overlooking the mine plant.

"They'll get the range, after a while," Daddy grunted. "And when they do, I reckon it'll be good-by, fair world, for a couple of us and one mighty good dog. I'm a-tellin' you, Stannie, son, the shot that comes down through that hole fixes us a plenty. Sufferin' Methusalem! what



The Crash Came Almost Immediately.

all is the folks down yonder at 'Tropia n-dreamin' about, to let all this laughin' and whangin' go on up here without comin' up to find out what's happenin' to 'em?"

(Continued Next Week)

### WEDDING BELLS.

#### Marriage Announcement.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Yoas are in receipt of announcement of the marriage of their son, Bird, at Tucson, Arizona, last Wednesday. The announcement reads:

Mr. J. B. Reams Announces the marriage of his daughter Nellie Gwendolyn to Mr. Bird Yoas On Wednesday, the fifteenth of February Nineteen Hundred and twenty-two Tucson, Arizona

The announcement will be of interest to the many friends of Mr. Yoas in McCulloch county, who will be further interested to know that his brother, Dick Yoas, who was supposed to also be a confirmed bachelor, entered the ranks of the benedicts over a year ago. So well, however, did Dick keep his secret, that not even his sister, Mrs. Lee King, and family, who visited him a couple months last summer, learned of the happy event. The congratulations and best wishes of all are extended both the Messrs. Yoas and their brides.

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

### INCOME TAX COLLECTOR AT COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 27-28TH.

We are advised that the government will have an income tax collector at our bank on Monday and Tuesday, February 27th and 28th, to assist anyone desiring his services in the proper filling out of his income tax report. Call at our bank on those dates. Commercial National Bank. W. D. Crothers, Cashier.

Large Assortment of Memo and Day Books at The Brady Standard.

## CYCLOPS' FATE MAY BE CLEARED BY JAP'S STORY

The mysterious disappearance of the American naval collier, Cyclops, during the world war, has always aroused the great interest of the American public, and every effort has been made to throw light upon the subject. Local interest has been heightened by the fact that Roy Scoggins, a Runnels county boy, was a member of the ship's crew. What may prove a new clue to the story of the ship's disaster, is reprinted here-with from last week's Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

The mysterious disappearance of the Cyclops, an American naval collier, during the war, may yet be cleared, according to another report coming out of Washington.

Among the ship's crew was Roy Scoggins, of this county, and on that account the story of the dropping out of existence of the ship has held the interest of the people of this county.

A report from Washington within the last few days says that the mystery may be cleared up with the settling of war claims against Germany, which is to start soon.

This craft put out of Barbadoes nearly four years ago for a United States port. Since then nothing definite has been known of her. Today a weird tale of a German or Austrian mother ship as the assassin came to light for the first time from the files of the naval intelligence service.

The man who gave the naval intelligence service its report is Lyman Seeley, who lives on the Lone Lummi Island, about fifteen miles from Bel-

ingham, Wash. His story runs thus: A Japanese sailor landing in the island community last summer sought information of a woman—a German courier, of whom Seeley had been supposed to have knowledge. According to the Japanese the woman and he were aboard the German or Austrian ship Waiblingen, which put out of Austrian waters in the spring of 1918 for the West Indies to act as a mother ship for German submarines there.

The woman had valuable papers of the German government, and in some way obtained other important papers which the Japanese was carrying. The Waiblingen, changing her name to read "State of Maine," put in at Gibraltar enroute to the Indies.

Arriving at the West Indies she encountered the electrically driven Cyclops, the strangest ship of its kind in the world, and put off mines, which blew the collier to bits. The explosion also caused the Waiblingen to sink.

The Japanese, the woman and an engineer managed to get into a motor-boat before the Waiblingen sank. Off Santiago he said, they were fired on, but the Japanese claims they made their way to Galveston, Texas, where he lost trace of the other two.

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.

Just received shipment of Ladies Slippers in Satin, Patent and Kid. Priced very cheap. POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.

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



**Storm Country Polly**  
by Grace Miller White  
Copyright by Little, Brown and Company

THE MILLIONS whose hearts were touched by the story of "Tess of the Storm Country" or who were equally affected by the sweet, pathetic little heroine as acted on the screen by Mary Pickford, will be charmed by this new tale of the squatter folk who once lived on Lake Cayuga, a few miles outside of Ithaca, N.Y. Polly herself, crude and untaught, but beautiful in face and fine in spirit, is an adorable heroine, loyal through thick and thin, tempestuous at times when her anger is aroused by wrong or injustice, but tenderness itself at all weak and helpless creatures.

The situations in "Storm Country Polly" are tensely emotional, skillfully portrayed and adroitly handled, and the reader's sympathy with Polly and her people never lapses from start to finish.

This DELIGHTFUL STORY has been SELECTED by US to RUN as a SERIAL in THESE COLUMNS & DO NOT MISS THE OPENING INSTALLMENT

## Beautiful New Spring Millinery

I am pleased to announce that I am again ready to serve my friends and patrons, having opened a most attractive display of the Season's newest millinery offerings at the R. Wilensky store on the west side of the square.

Space does not permit describing the many new styles, attractive shapes and beautiful colorings—you must see the display to appreciate the hats.

Bring the Children, too, for I have an especially attractive lot of Children's Hats.

Best of all, you will find all my hats priced most reasonably.

A Call Will Be Appreciated

**Mrs. W. M. Bauhof**  
R. Wilensky Store West Side

### SAN ANTONIO-BRADY BUS LINE

Via Fredericksburg and Mason. Cars leave San Antonio at 6 a. m. from Union Bus Station; arrive in Brady at 4 p. m. Fare—\$9.00. Round Trip—\$16.00. Leave Brady, from Queen Hotel at 9 a. m.; arrive at San Antonio Union Bus Station at 6 p. m.

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

Special Values Saturday in Men's Hose, Shoes and Hats, at POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.

### YOUNG MAN!

Don't be a renter; be a homeowner; J. F. Schaege will give you an opportunity to buy a home just like paying rent. The time to buy is when everyone else wants to sell. See J. F. SCHAEGE; let's talk it over—all his property is for sale on these terms.

Tanlac is well advertised, but advertising alone could not have produced Tanlac's popularity. It had to have merit. Trigg Drug Co.

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

### STEPHENVILLE HIGH SCHOOL WINS DISTRICT B. B. CHAMPIONSHIP

Due to a serious injury sustained by Carl Price, one of the Rochelle basketball team's leading players, in the preliminary meet at Comanche, Rochelle was unable to enter the Saturday finals, and so lost her opportunity to win the district championship in the interscholastic league. The accident was a most unfortunate one, as the Rochelle team was accounted one of the strongest contenders for first honors.

In recounting the various events of the meet, the Stephenville Tribune reports as follows:

Last Friday and Saturday at Comanche our team representing Erath and Hood counties, won the district basketball championship in competition with the following teams, Rochelle, champions of McCulloch and San Saba counties, Gustine, champions of Comanche and Erath counties, Mays, champions of Brown and Coleman counties, and Pottsville, champions of Hamilton and Mills counties.

The games—  
Mays, 33, Rochelle 18.  
Stephenville Hi 46, Pottsville 27.  
Mays 32, Gustine 39.  
Stephenville Hi 31, Mays 17.

The first game was a listless affair with High School always in the lead and never having to play hard ball. Nix was sick and played only a half but Henson filled his place in a fierce manner. Edward Miller, playing at the other forward, was high point man of the game with 18 points. It is well remembered that in the last game on the home court this young man threw 24 field goals for 48 points against the Bowman Ridge team. The team played well but did not have to extend itself in the least.

With the championship between two teams Stephenville high school and Mays it was decided to play the game Saturday morning at 10. The boys loafed through the first half and couldn't seem to get together, the guards couldn't guard and the forwards couldn't "forward," and the half ended with Mays on the long end of a 13 to 10 score. However, the boys came back with everything in the second half and the fine work of Kay and Loveless and the rest of the team on the defense kept Mays' scoring down to 2 field goals—one being made as the starting whistle blew.

Nix and Edward Miller each threw 4 field goals and Webb and Loveless one each in the last half and Nix added a free throw bringing it up to 21 points. Nix was high point man with 13 points, E. Miller 10 and Webb with 6 followed. This game gave us the district championship.

### LOCAL BRIEFS.

Richard Wall Winters is the name of a sturdy young man whose advent into the world was heralded Sunday, February 19th, by the proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Winters. Mother and babe are reported doing nicely.

Congratulations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Joe S. Morse, the occasion being the arrival of a son and heir yesterday afternoon, February 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Morse are very happy over the newcomer's safe advent, and have bestowed upon him the attractive name of Howard Ross.

Monday, February 20th, was a happy day in the household of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Sayles, for it marked the arrival of a winsome little daughter, who will make her home permanently with them. Quite naturally, both parents and grand-parents are overjoyed, and are being showered with congratulations by their many friends.

J. H. White appeared in an especially happy and benevolent humor Monday and inquiry developed the fact that he had attained one of the greatest of honors that could befall mankind, viz: he had become a great-great uncle following the arrival Sunday of Richard Wall Winters, son and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Winters. Small wonder, then, for Mr. White's happy smiles.

R. K. Finlay, Jr., was in Brady this morning from Fife, and made us happy with his annual contribution. Robert says that hauling water and burning pear continue to be two of the chief amusements (?) out his way, and confirms the report that Jas. Finlay, who has been hauling water for 46 head of stock, the past six months or so, and burning pear in between water-hauls, during the recent cold spell, got caught up with his work, and was perfectly miserable because for one whole day he didn't have a thing on earth to do.

Read it in The Standard.

## Inst Arrived-- New Spring Goods

--Now on display  
Watch Our Window for New Goods  
Arriving Daily

Ladies' Spring Dresses, Suits, Hats  
Shoes and Hosiery.

Ladies' Mahogany Oxfords, high, low and military heels with rubber tips.....	\$3.45	and up
Ladies' Satin and Suede Slippers, high, low and military heels.....	\$5.95	and up
Patent Leather Slippers, any style and size, special.....	\$3.95	and up
Ladies' Spring Hats, just arrived.....	\$2.45	and up

WE HAVE RECEIVED OUR SPRING LINE OF

**Tissue Gingham, Organdies, Silks and Satins**

And are well supplied to fill your needs in yard goods. Also have a beautiful new line of Dress Goods.

We have many new things in ladies' spring wearing apparel waiting for your inspection. While in Brady be sure to come in and let us show you through our beautiful new spring stock of goods.

On the Square **THE FAIR** For What You Wear

## Maurice H. Cohen Violin Teacher

Lessons given at your home if so desired. Classes now forming. Orchestra work for beginners at the end of six months teaching. Rates given on application.

OUT OF TOWN PUPILS SOLICITED  
PHONE 65 BRADY, TEXAS

## The Commercial National Bank OF BRADY



WILL BE CLOSED  
Wednesday, February 22nd

In Observance of  
**Washington's Birthday**



Please Arrange to Do Your Banking on Tuesday.

### CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Fi-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion. Where advertiser has no monthly account with us, cash must accompany order. Count the words in your ad, and remit accordingly.

### LOST

LOST—Pants to an infant's blue sweater suit, near E. J. Broad building. Finder please notify B. L. MALONE.

### FOR RENT

FOR RENT — Rooming house. See E. B. RAMSAY.

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Classy-Fi-Ad space in The Brady Standard.

FOR SALE—Buick Six, in A1 mechanical condition. Priced right, for cash. MANN-RICKS AUTO CO.

FOR SALE Or Trade—Second-hand Car in good condition; will give terms, or trade for live stock. JAS. T. MANN.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock Eggs. Yard run, \$1.00 per setting; No. 1 Pen, \$2.00 per setting. See OSCAR TURNER, Rt. 1, Brady.

FOR TRADE — Two coming year-old mules for cattle; will pay difference, if any. G. M. HARROD, Waldrip Route, 8 miles northwest Brady.

### FOR LEASE

FOR LEASE.  
640 acres to lease for one year for grazing purposes. This land is on public road near Pear Valley and is fenced separately. Formerly leased by W. D. Priest. For full particulars, write M. A. TYLER, Russell Building, San Antonio, Texas.

### NOTICE

Cleaning and pressing neatly done for \$1.00 per suit. All work guaranteed. Phone 393. J. C. MARTIN.

### PUBLIC FORUM

Flowers I Give to The Living.  
To The Brady Standard:

There are a lot of people in the world that deserve flowers before they die, so I am thankful that I have found many of them, in Rochelle and Pear Valley. We have only been in Rochelle since last October, when the West Texas Methodist conference sent Mr. Wall here as pastor of the church. I was just a little doubtful of the work, then, and felt that I dreaded to go. But I am glad that we were sent among the good people of Rochelle, and also Pear Valley. We have found them fine people—people of wonderful talents and ability, can do most anything and are willing to try, at least, when called on. Our people here are enthusiastic and spiritual, willing and anxious to do something for the Master. This spirit was manifested at our Second Quarterly Conference, which was held at Pear Valley the 11th of February. It was like an old-fashion, Quarterly Conference, large crowds and a fine report from the official board; also a good report from the pastor on the spiritual condition, and work of the church. Ask our Presiding Elder Bro. King. He will tell you how good it was. We also want to thank the Pear Valley people for their co-operation

and help in the entertainment given at the church last week for the benefit of the church, proceeds going to the Epworth league to buy seats for the choir.

We found a fine set of young people to work with, all willing to do their part, and especially do we want to thank the elderly ladies that so faithfully helped us; also Bro. Ricks for his lights; we appreciated them very much as they are fine and we can recommend them very highly to others.

Our entertainment was quite a success. We also thank all that lent their help in any way. After our entertainment, Cupid came darting through the Pear Valley community and thrust his arrow into the heart of one of our girls and claimed her as his own, the couple being that of Miss Carrie Ludwick and Mr. Roy May. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. L. Wall, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ludwick. Supper was served to about thirty guests. It was indeed a wedding supper too, a feast for all. May God's richest blessings ever rest upon this couple.

MRS. W. L. WALL, Rochelle.

New Spring Suits. POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.

Don't delay ordering your coal for winter. You'll save money by getting in on our next shipment. MACY & CO.

## SPEND

The winter at Corpus Christi, First Class Hotels. Reasonable Prices.

For information write

C. W. Strain, Gulf Coast Lines  
Houston, Texas