

INSURANCE

IT STRENGTHENS YOUR CREDIT. IT KEEPS THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR. IT MAKES YOU SLEEP SOUND

Anderson & Garrithers

BURGLAR ENTERS TWO STORES YESTERDAY MORNING

The A. R. Hooper store on the West side was burglarized and the R. Wilensky store adjoining was entered between 1:00 and 2:00 o'clock yesterday morning, and although the burglar was seen as he crawled out of the window of the latter store, he managed to escape capture. Evidently money was the only object the burglar had, as no articles of clothing or wearing apparel were missed at either store. Mr. Hooper, however, lost about \$25.00 left in his cash drawer. When seen by Nightwatchman W. F. Evans, the burglar was making his getaway empty-handed.

While making his rounds shortly after 1:00 o'clock, Mr. Evans observed that the screen had been torn from one of the back windows of the Wilensky store, and the window pane was smashed. The fact that the wire netting over a window at the rear of the Hooper store had been loosened escaped his attention, for the reason that the window pane had long ago been broken, and the opening had been only partially boarded up.

Instinctively feeling that the burglar was still inside the store, Mr. Evans threw his flash-light about the interior without discovering anyone; then lay in wait for the intruder, who failed to show up. Mr. Evans then phoned Leonard Wood to come to his assistance, and returned to the alley to resume his vigil. Just as he did so, he saw the burglar climbing out of the Wilensky window, and called on him to stop. The man halted in the shadow of the building until Evans was within ten feet of him; then unexpectedly darted around a building across the alley and disappeared in the hazy moonlight. Evans shot at the fleeing man, but evidently without effect.

The officers are working on clues, which they hope will develop tangible results. Evans was positive that the intruder was not a negro, but was either a white man or a Mexican.

Use Vitrified Brick for Paving Good roads mean prosperity and travel your way. Thurber Brick Co., Ft. Worth, Texas.

You will find our stock of Hardware complete in all lines. We will appreciate your Hardware business. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

Don't forget Hooper's Sale lasts until the last of this week.

Plenty of Water For Fishing

—Plenty of Fishing Tackle to catch the fish.

—Plenty of time to go to the river, where you can have some of the real joys and pleasures of life.

—Get closer to Nature and you will live longer, feel better.

—We have plenty of Fishing Tackle of all kinds, for all people. Spend a dime—10c—for a Hook and Line at our store; enjoy a day on the river and see if you don't feel better.

TRIGG DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store On the Corner Where the People Trade.

LETTER OF INTEREST TO WOOL POOL MEN RECEIVED BY JUDGE J. E. SHROPSHIRE

A letter of interest to McCulloch county stockmen and farmers, interested in the wool pool of the Southwestern Farm Bureau Wool and Mohair Growers Co-Operative association, has been received by Judge J. E. Shropshire of Brady from B. D. Black, secretary and manager of the association warehouse at Houston, in which the delay in making remittances is attributed by Mr. Black to clerical errors which are now being checked.

The following is an excerpt from the letter:

"Knowing that you are interested to know just what has been done since the directors meeting, I am writing you this letter.

"When I returned to the office we began entering the charges according to the directors' instructions. When this was completed we attempted a balance which was not possible because of errors made on the account sales sheets. In running over these I soon found that it was necessary for every figure to be gone over again before we could enter same on the journal and to the ledger. We have just completed rechecking and are now entering from the account sales sheets to the ledger. If we finish the work according to the schedule I have made, we will be mailing out checks next Monday.

"I have let the man who is responsible for nearly all the errors go, and now have a bookkeeper who seems to be dependable in every way. I was supposed to go to Fort Worth and put on the exhibit, but I have turned all that over to Mr. Jones and Murry of the College. I could not afford to leave the office just at this time."

COMMISSIONERS GO TO COLEMAN TUESDAY TO MEET WITH COURT THERE

The McCulloch county commissioners court, which convened Monday, recessed over Tuesday for the purpose of going to Coleman in a body to make a fraternal visit with the Coleman county commissioners. Incidentally, they were enabled to get first-hand information upon road work and road contracting, as the Coleman county commissioners were letting road contracts for the building of several highways in that county. One interesting fact mentioned by the commissioners on their return to Brady, was that a stretch of road, the construction of which would be under conditions practically the same as McCulloch county road construction, was let at a cost of a little over \$4,000 per mile. The highway running north of Coleman, and which the highway engineers stated presented one of the most technical jobs ever encountered in Texas road work, inasmuch as it called for an unusually large percent of steel and concrete bridge work, was let on a basis of \$80 for road construction and \$169 for bridge construction. In other words, the bridge construction represented over two-thirds of the entire road construction cost.

COAL!

Macy & Co. still handles best grade of Coal. If your bin is running low, let us replenish it for the balance of the winter's needs. Phone 295.

SALE OF BANKRUPT STOCK.

Notice is hereby given that I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at Brady, Texas, on Friday, March 24, 1922, at 2:00 p. m., the stock and fixtures owned by the estate of J. C. Harber, invoicing \$2,647.84. The stock may be inspected on the morning of sale. For further information, address A. ROBINSON, Trustee, Austin, Texas.

THE INCOME TAX BLANK

We've figured out our assets And put them on the blank; We've written out the facts about Our money in the bank. The cash in hand that we command Is down in black and white, But still we quail with fears of jail— They probably aren't right.

Arithmetic appalled us, We could not learn a rule; It made us sad to have to add Or multiply in school. At problems which were set us We labored all day long, We tore our hair in dumb despair— And always got them wrong.

We've studied the directions The Government supplies, And only find they strain our mind And tangle up our eyes. We read and read them over, Then walk the floor and cuss, But all in vain; they're just as plain As so much Greek to us.

We've put down all the income We think that we have got, And yet, somehow, it strikes us now That we've left out a lot. However, it is finished, We've laid aside our pen; We'd rather go to jail, we know, Than to fill it out again! —James J. Montague.

TEXAS ARRESTS COVER BUT PART OF VAST NETWORK OF AUTO THEIEVRY

STATE RANGER R. D. SHUMATE, SHERIFF BOB MILLER OF PAINT ROCK, AND DETECTIVES IN BRADY TUESDAY AFTERNOON WHILE ON TRAIL OF STOLEN CARS.

That the gang of auto thieves just rounded up, an account of which appeared in Tuesday's issue of The Standard, is but part of a vast system or network of auto thieves whose operations extend all over the country, is the opinion expressed by R. D. Shumate of Brownwood, state ranger, and who was in Brady with other officers Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Shumate stated it appeared the gang even have a regular code which they use in talking to one another over the telephone, being able to order a stolen car from place to place to suit their demands without fear of being caught or suspicion, even when the conversation is overheard by officers. Mr. Shumate, accompanied by Sheriff Bob Miller of Paint Rock and Detectives Baird and Schwartz of Dallas were in Brady Tuesday while returning from Winters, where they picked up two stolen cars. While here, they also took possession of a stolen Ford coupe, which had been sold to J. K. Shelton of Lohn. Mr. Shumate was recently assigned by the adjutant general of Texas to do special auto investigation work under Chief Detective Gunning of Dallas.

A large crowd of interested citizens gathered around Mr. Shumate and other officers upon their arrival here. They had in their possession a Ford coupe stolen in Dallas and also a Ford touring, stolen in Brownwood. Both cars were recovered at Winters. It was stated that at Rowena there was a garage practically filled with stolen cars, most of which had been obtained in Dallas, Waco or some large city and sent to Rowena after the engine numbers had been changed. At Winters five Ford coupes, stolen in Dallas, and several others belonging in San Antonio, were recovered. The original numbers on the engines were burned off with an acetylene torch, and new numbers stamped on with neatness and dispatch, and in such a clean-cut manner as to equal the numbering done at the factory.

According to the alleged statement of Rex Lewis, member of the gang, three garages were maintained in Dallas and two in Waco, where the altering of engine numbers was accomplished. The work of altering was switched from one place to another on successive days, so as to avoid suspicion. Between the partition walls of one of these garages was found a great number of auto numbers, removed from stolen cars. Officers are said to have information that a clerk in a county adjoining Dallas had agreed to register all these stolen cars, and issue new numbers for a payment of \$25 per car. This clerk, along with five other men, is under arrest as members of the gang.

Following his alleged participation in operations of the gang, Lewis has accompanied officers to various points in West Texas, for the purpose, it is said, of helping to recover stolen cars sold by him, and giving detailed information as to what cars were handled on a legitimate basis. Lewis was brought to Brady late Tuesday night from Ballinger, stopping enroute at Lohn to pick up the Ford coupe sold J. K. Shelton, and which Lewis admitted had been stolen. Lewis was at liberty Tuesday night, presumably under bond, and left Wednesday morning for Belton, where he was to have stood trial on one of the charges against him yesterday.

According to information given the local officers, Lewis took no part in the stealing of cars, but is alleged to have handled cars which he knew had been stolen. He appeared anxious to do everything possible to straighten out the tangle as to rightful ownership of cars, and stated that once he got out of his present trouble, he expected to make restitution to all who had been victimized by him. It is further stated, that Lewis operated east of Brady and McCulloch county, while Jack Gordon is alleged to have operated all through West Texas.

Sheriff Wall states that he has information which has enabled him to spot some eleven or twelve stolen cars in this county. Many of the deals of the gang were on the level. By confining their stealings to new cars, which were to be distinguished from other new cars of the same make only by the engine number, they made positive identification of the car next to impossible, once the number had been changed. In the sale of these

COLEMAN COUNTY LETS \$250,000 ROAD CONTRACT— INCLUDES ROAD TO BRADY

Coleman, Texas, March 15.—The Commissioners' Court of this county let a contract for the construction of twenty-three miles of road leading from Coleman to the Callihan county line near Cross Plains, the contract price being \$250,000. This is known as highway No. 23 and receives Federal aid on a fifty-fifty basis with the county. Burke & Hart were awarded the contract on the grading and surfacing and McCall Moore Engineering Company was awarded the contract on the drainage work, work to commence at once. Also the 6.14-100 miles of the Brady road to the precinct No. 1 line was let to Burks & Hart of Comanche for \$25,250. This is not a highway, but a county road to Brady in McCulloch county.

Work on the city lake for the impounding of an adequate water supply by the city will be under way as soon as plans are completed.

Contractors for the road project have given out the information that only Coleman county people will be employed on the construction of the two roads.

TROPHIES OF DEER HUNT MOUNTED AND DISPLAYED IN LOCAL SHOW WINDOWS

B. A. Hallum has two full-size deer, mounted in natural pose, on display in Brady this week, the one in the G. C. Kirk show window and the other in the show window of the Brady Auto Co. The deer are trophies of one of the most enjoyable and successful hunts imaginable, which Mr. Hallum, his two nephews of Brownwood and some others took last Christmas out beyond Rock Springs. Four deer and thirteen turkeys was the bag of the party, Mr. Hallum bagging one of the biggest deer, and his nephew, Chas., getting two. It was Chas.' first deer hunt, and he made a record of two deer out of three shots, virtually killing each of his quarry in their tracks. Incidentally, the entire trip consumed only four days—one to go—two to hunt—one to return.

The mounted deer, one of which is a 5-point, and the other a 9- or 10-point, were both killed by Chas. Hallum, but were preserved and mounted by B. A. Hallum, who had neglected to save the skin of his own kill, but who values the trophies most highly now, as mementoes of the trip.

All kinds of Sewing done upstairs at Abney's Store. MRS. BERTHA NEAL, Brady.

No Wind Mill on the market today equals the Auto-Oiled Aermotor. We have them in stock. You cannot afford not to figure on an Aermotor. Broad Mercantile Co.

When you need anything in household goods, see C. H. ARNSPIGER. If he hasn't got it, he will get it for you. At the New and Used Store.

New cars, many second hand cars were taken on the deal, and these second-hand cars carried with them proper bills of sale, so that the next purchaser was, in every way, a legal holder.

Gold Crowns - - \$5.00 and up
Bridge Work - - \$5.00 and up
Set of Teeth - - \$15.00 and up

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

LYCEUM COURSE COMPLETED WITH PROGRAM TUES.

The closing number of the White & Myers lyceum course, presented here this winter under auspices of the Parent-Teachers association, will be given next Tuesday night at the Methodist tabernacle. The Parker-Fennelly Duo, presenting a program of impersonations and musical numbers, will be the closing attraction, and an entertainment of high order, and one which will be especially pleasing, is promised.

The Parent-Teachers association is very desirous of a large attendance at this number, and hope the interest will be sufficient to assure not only the success of this last number, but of the course as a whole.

The Parent-Teachers association has already signed up for a new lyceum course to be presented this coming fall and winter, and is assured of an entertainment course that will not only be out of the ordinary, but one which will be certain to meet with popular approval.

McCULLOCH COUNTY CITIZENS FAVOR JAS. FINLAY AS LEGISLATIVE CANDIDATE

Jas. Finlay was here from Fife last Saturday, greeting his many friends with his usual happy smile and cheery greeting. Incidentally, Mr. Finlay was giving serious consideration to the solicitations of his many friends to enter the race as a candidate for the legislature from this district. Needless to say, Mr. Finlay would be a great favorite with the voters of McCulloch county, for he is known to be a man of liberal views, and yet firm convictions, and one who would always stand ready to advocate what he believed was right and for the best interests of his constituency, and the people as a whole. As the district is now defined under the recent re-districting act of the last legislature, McCulloch, San Saba and Lampasas counties comprise the same. The omission of Swisher county in the re-districting act may result in the declaring of the act void, in which event, McCulloch and San Saba counties alone would be included in the district. Naturally, this state of affairs would affect the chances of any candidate, and as well the expense of making his candidacy known over the district. For this reason, Mr. Finlay has so far hesitated to make formal announcement, but the insistence of his friends leads him to believe that in either event he would be a leading candidate for the people's choice.

WOOL AND MOHAIR GROWERS.

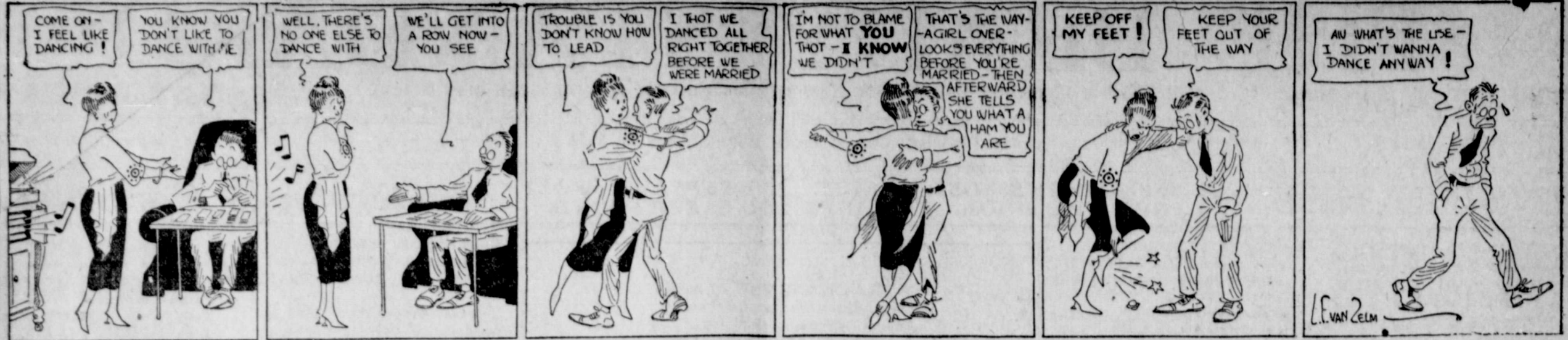
We are going to give free storage on Wool and Mohair, and any lots that are for sale, will be glad to figure with you. Spiller & Kirklen.

Rock Island Two-Row Planters and Cultivators; we have them in stock now. If interested, come and look them over. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.



BENJ. ANDERSON, Special Agent
Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co.
FOUNDED 1868
Assets \$65,199,251.16
Brady National Bank Building

AW, WHAT'S THE USE



By L. F. Van Zelm
© Western Newspaper Union

Do You Know Any Couples L...

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

EAST SWEDEN NEWS.

Miss Beda Hendrickson Entertains With "42" Party. Brady, Texas, March 14. Editor Brady Standard: Mrs. Will Dutton and Mrs. W. G. Galloway visited Mrs. C. A. Johnson Sunday. Miss Davie Dial visited Grace Engdahl Sunday. Mrs. and Mrs. Irvine Hurd and son visited at the D. A. Hurd home Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Walsh and family and Ray Salter visited at the Crane home Sunday. The Ladies Aid met Friday afternoon at Mrs. Oscar C. Johnson's. All who attended report a nice time. Misses Beatrice Dial and Ruth Hurd visited Beda Hendrickson Sunday. Miss Dorothy Salter visited Marjorie Galloway Sunday. Miss Beda Hendrickson entertained with a "42" party Saturday night. All who were present report a nice time. Mrs. John Eklund and daughter vis-

ited at the Henry Carlson home Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Joyce and family and Elex Carlson visited at the J. E. Carlson home Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Mitchell visited at the Salter home Sunday. Mrs. R. E. Williams visited Mrs. Carl Johnson Tuesday. Mr. Albert Carlson left Saturday night for Fort Worth, where he will visit relatives and attend the Fat Stock show. Beatrice Davee and Carroll Dial visited at the Tom Dial home Friday night. Mr. Albert Eklund visited Bennie Hill Sunday. Miss Dorothy Lehmann returned Sunday morning to her home at Menard after visiting relatives here. "MARGIE." 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.

MERCURY MIXUPS.

School Honor Roll—To Repeat Home Talent Play. Mercury, Texas, Mar. 14. Editor Brady Standard: Miss Ina Weldon is in Fort Worth attending the Fat Stock show. Miss Minnie Cawyer, Messrs. Robert Beakley and Oliver Billingsley spent Sunday week in Melvin as the guests of Dr. Beakley and family. Miss Myrtle Sansom, primary teacher in the Millersview school, visited home folks Saturday. Mr. Tracy Townsend went to Brownwood Saturday. The home talent play, "The Corner Stone" put on for the benefit of installing lights in the Baptist church was quite a success. The people of Mercury have asked that the play be given again. This will be done Saturday night, March 18th. Admission 10c and 20c. Everyone invited. Among those attending the singing at Locker Sunday were Misses Annie Berry, Merie and Mildred Gibbs and Messrs. Austin Cawyer and Frank Short. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Taylor spent Sunday and Monday in Richland Springs as the guests of Mrs. Taylor's sister, Miss Eunice Stevens. Messrs. Frank Cawyer and Walter Beakley spent the week end with home folks. School is progressing nicely. Those whose names appeared on the Honor roll were Willie Fay Cawyer, Fay Pool, Billie Pool, Nadine Lawson, Cora Palmer, Clara Cooper, Susie Cox, Marion Sansom, Virgie Chandler and Madolyn Cawyer. Everyone had a glad welcome awaiting Mr. Roy Cawyer when he returned home last week. He is rapidly regaining his strength and will soon be able to see after his stock again. Rev. W. F. Cawyer filled his regular appointment here Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Sansom and children visited Mr. Leslie Sansom and wife at Rochelle Sunday. Mrs. W. A. Cawyer and Mrs. Ethel Wear and daughter spent the week end visiting relatives here. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reinheimer are the proud parents of a little girl named Wanda Bordeen. The little cherub came Thursday. The Embroidery club met with Mrs. Earl Cawyer Monday afternoon. Ice cream and cake were served. "STAR."

MELVIN SOCIAL ITEMS.

Mother Armistead Has Painful Accident—Oscar Nelson's Barn Burns. Melvin, Texas, March 14. Editor Brady Standard: Miss Raymah Beakley left Friday night for Brownwood, where she will enter Howard-Payne college. Joe McClesky and J. H. Dunagan of Fort McKavett were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Jones Sunday. Fred Wahrmond received news Sunday of his mother's death at Fredericksburg. He left for that place Sunday evening. The Ladies Home Mission met with Mrs. John Westbrook Wednesday evening. An interesting lesson was discussed. The hostess served a delicious refreshment of fruit punch and cake. Those present included Messames F. Crum, V. Zimmerman, O. Sellers, B. Harden, H. Driskell, F. Wahrmond, F. Sheffield, Mother Armistead. C. D. Zimmerman and Allen McDonald left for Fredericksburg Sunday, where they will work. T. L. Jones was in Melvin Thursday from Fort McKavett, visiting relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Siler had the misfortune to lose their infant son, who was born Friday, 10th. The little body was interred in the Melvin cemetery Saturday at 11 o'clock. G. W. Siler and family wish to thank the people of Melvin for their kindness and sympathy during their daughter's and little son's sickness. Best F. Jones is home from Brownwood. Mother Armistead happened to quite a painful accident Sunday morning. While chopping kindling a piece of pine with a nail in it, flew up and the nail went through one of her fingers. They could not extract it. She was then carried to Dr. Beakley, who extracted it for her. We hope no complications will set up. Oscar Nelson lost his barn and a great amount of feed Wednesday when the fire blew from under the wash pot, setting a hay stack on fire, and it soon consumed the barn. Some grain and hay was saved. Oscar Sellers has been sick for several days with pneumonia but doing fine at present. "FLOWER BELL."



New Buick Four Lives Up to Reputation Made by its Predecessors

Fulfilling the promise for serviceability made by Buick Fours of other years the Buick four-cylinder car is held with high regard by motorists everywhere. In every respect it is reflecting the experience and knowledge gained by its designers and manufacturers in building Buick Valve-in-Head Fours and Sixes for many years.

BRADY AUTO COMPY

B. A. HALLUM, Mgr. Phone 152 Brady, Texas

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Let Kellogg's tell you the real Corn Flake Story

Of all the good things to eat, not one will afford you more delight than Kellogg's Corn Flakes! In flavor and crispness, Kellogg's are the most fascinating cereal food you ever put in your mouth! Children insist upon Kellogg's, for Kellogg's are never tough or leathery—and Kellogg flavor appeals to the little folks just as it does to every member of your family! Don't put off this wonder-treat! Order Kellogg's for tomorrow's breakfast! Serve heaping bowls—and get the pleasure of "hitting the nail on the head" with every big and little "breakfast guest"! It starts the day right! Be certain you get KELLOGG'S in the RED and GREEN package. It bears the signature of W. K. Kellogg, originator of Toasted Corn Flakes! None are genuine without it!



Don't forget, 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 CORN FLAKES

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLER and KELLOGG'S BR/4, cooked and krumbled

WALDRIP WONDERS.

Wedding Bells Ring for Mr. John Garner and Miss Hattie Kennedy. Waldrip, Texas, Mar. 15. Editor Brady Standard: We are just now beginning to breathe good again after that sand storm we had last Thursday. Mr. E. W. Frost says it is the worst he has ever seen, and he has been here quite a while. So we are going to call it the worst yet. Mr. John Garner and Miss Hattie Kennedy surprised their many friends by getting married last Thursday. Mrs. Garner was one of the most popular young ladies of Waldrip and was well thought of by everyone. Mr. Garner is a citizen of the Stacy community who is admired by all who know him. They will make their home at Stacy, where a host of friends wish them a happy life. Nelson Ryan, who has been suffering for some weeks from a broken leg is rapidly improving now. Misses Knola King and Bertha Geyer of Fife were visitors here Sunday night. Little Ethel Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hill is now suffering from a severe case of pneumonia. Mr. and Mrs. Davis of this community announce the arrival of a new boy at their home, last week. A base ball game between the Waldrip and Fife junior boys was played here Friday evening; the score was 7 to 16 in favor of Fife. "MUTT and JEFF"

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.

Make the old Shoes do for a while longer, for Spring isn't here yet to buy slippers. But think what you can save by letting us repair the old shoes. H. P. C. EVERS & BRO.

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

Have you seen the Rock Island Two-Row Planter? We have them in stock now; and we believe the Rock Island is the best two-row Planter on the market. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

To Stop a Cough Quick take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup. The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough. Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 36c. Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

PEAR VALLEY PARTICULARS.

Pear Valley Wins Base Ball Game, 19 to 1—More Games Matched. Pear Valley, Texas, March 13. Editor Brady Standard: Pear Valley is just about as dry as usual. Had a shower Monday morning which was appreciated. It looked as though we were going to have a good rain, but the wind went around to the west and a sand storm followed. But we are hoping and looking forward to a good one yet. Little John Vineyard is just recovering from pneumonia. Mr. Parker is able to be out again. Therston McAnally has been in bed since last Friday. Miss Daily Faught returned home Saturday from near Del Rio, where she has been teaching a governess school. Mrs. Faught's daughter and family, Mrs. Bagsly, of Lampasas, visited here Saturday and Sunday. Pear Valley and Rochelle played baseball on Pear Valley's grounds Saturday afternoon. The game was played nineteen to one in favor of Pear Valley. They will play again next Saturday here and also Lohn and Pear Valley will play a game. Bro. Wall, the Methodist pastor filled his regular appointment here Sunday morning. Bro. Dunn preached in the afternoon. Willis Faulkner is able to be up again. The intermediate pupils of Mrs. Lynn Ludwick's Sunday school class report a fine time at the entertainment at Mrs. Ludwick's Saturday night. Several of our people attended the funeral services of Mr. John Hill at Lohn Saturday. Mr. Hill had lived in Lohn community a number of years and was known all over the county. Several of the Lohn people came over Saturday afternoon to the ball game. Well, as news is scarce I will quit for this time.

Habitual Constipation Cured in 14 to 21 Days

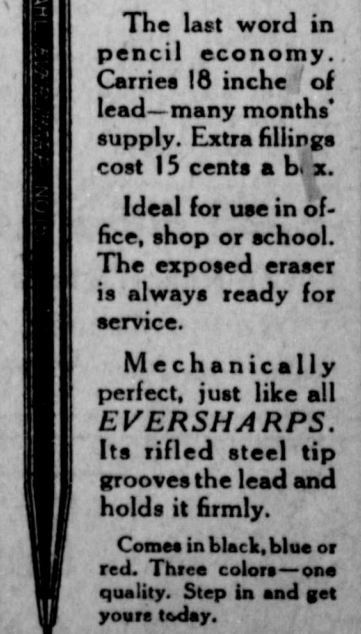
"LAX-FOS WITH PEP-SIN" is a specially-prepared Syrup Tonic-Laxative for Habitual Constipation. It relieves promptly but should be taken regularly for 14 to 21 days to induce regular action. It Stimulates and Regulates. Very Pleasant to Take. 60c per bottle.

Large stock Pipe, Pump Rod, Pipe Fittings, etc. We are prepared to take care of your wants in the Pipe and Fitting line. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

If you are feeling all worn out, if you can't eat, sleep or work with any satisfaction, you need Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

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 b. x. 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—one quality. Step in and get yours today.

STANDARD READER.

The Brady Standard

NDINGS.

Some Stock Water Show Visitors.
Fife, Texas, March 14.
Editor Brady Standard:

The best shower we have had since June 8th fell here Monday morning. It put out some stock water on Cow Creek and was beneficial to the entire community in that it settled the dust for a few days.

R. K. Finlay, Sidney McKeand, Jack McKeand and Donald Finlay are taking in the sights at the Fat Stock show at Fort Worth this week.

Temp Kennedy of Rockwood was here Saturday buying cattle.

Many of our people attended the funeral of John R. Hill at Lohn, Saturday.

J. J. Wright and son, John, were at Brady Saturday on business.

Floyd Smith was down from Lohn Saturday. Floyd has had five wells drilled on his place here and has found no water yet.

E. U. Wade and daughter, Miss Mayme, were shopping at Brady Saturday.

Miss Bertha Geye spent the week end visiting relatives at Lamkin, returning Sunday evening.

C. T. Barton is visiting relatives at Fredonia this week.

Hop and Chas. Cheatam and families of Rockwood visited with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bradley here Sunday.

The school baseball team went to Waldrip, last Friday and played the school team there. The score was 17 to 6 in favor of the Fife team.

"E. Z."

No Criticism Intended.

"Friends," ayologized the minister. "I have unintentionally left my notes at home. I will make a few extemporaneous remarks, trusting to the Lord for guidance. But tonight I shal come better prepared."

Were Good Old Days, But—
Jud Tunkins says he notices the man who talks about the good old days is just as partial to taxicabs and electric lights and motion pictures as anybody.—Washington Star.

Must Send Out for Stuff.

"Does he order lavishly?"
"Lavishly? Why his bill is always longer than the bill of fare."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strategy.

She—"Our rooms look perfectly disgraceful and here are visitors coming."

He—"Let's throw things around a little more and then we can tell them that we are cleaning house."—Boston Transcript.

O. D. Mann & Sons
BRADY, TEXAS

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Undertakers and Embalmers

Modern Auto Hearse in Connection

Day Phone 4, Night Phone 195

WONDER WORDS.

Wonder, Ore., March 5.
Editor Brady Standard:

What do you suppose it is doing here in Oregon? Precipitating, of course! What kind of precipitation? Rain and snow. Once in the month of January we had two fair, sunny days and once in February we had two more. But we should be thankful for that much. Yes, "Mrs. Jiggs," it "do" mist in this country. Some call it an "Oregon mist," while others say that it "missed California and hit Oregon." I have no adequate idea of the amount of precipitation, other than that the earth is full, the wells as full to overflowing; every box, tub, bucket, can and old shoe is full. And snow four to ten feet deep on the mountains which will keep the springs and creeks full of cold water all thru the summer. And the same dry moon you had in Texas.

I notice in The Standard of February 24th a list of the grand and petit jury, which calls to mind a feature in the manner of selecting the grand jury which is different to the way it is done in Oregon. Here the names are all put in a box and shaken up together by the county clerk, who draws them out one at a time. When district court convenes and the first twelve names drawn, act as grand jurors. I like your system the best, as it is not so haphazard. But there is a feature in the matter of publishing the names of the jurors here that I think is commendable, viz: after each name is printed the occupation;—as J. A. Smith, farmer, T. J. Brown, blacksmith, A. V. Jones, merchant, H. B. Cox, miner, etc. They seem to have it pretty well mixed up, including men of all occupations.

I also notice in the same issue of The Standard a list of the first county officials of McCulloch county, elected in 1876. That is the year I moved to that county and to show I am right will state that Mr. Singer, the clerk, was a one-handed man, tho' he could ride and guide a horse as well or better than some people who have two hands; and H. T. Eubank, sheriff, was always called Henry Eubank. But in the name of the county treasurer, I am inclined to believe it should be J. N. Andrews instead of J. W. Andrew. We always called him John Andrews. Some day when I am in a reminiscent mood I want to tell you a whole lot about the early days of that country and write you a letter with "Ingens" in it.

"O. I. C. U. R. RIGHT."

Editor's Note.—J. W. "Andrews" is correct — the printer's proof was marked for correction, but the corrections were overlooked and the oversight not discovered until after the paper had been printed. "Ingens" stories are always of interest, both to the old-timers and those who never experienced the thrill of an Indian war-whoop, except as "seen" in a movie picture. Let's have the "Ingens" stories!

A Man of Letters.

Binks—"He must be fairly well to do. I notice he always smokes initial-ed cigarettes."

Banks—"Yes, but did you ever notice that they're never his own initials?"—New York Sun.

IS LAND OF SUPERSTITION

Almost Any Belief Which One May Fancy Can Be Found in Journey Through Italy.

If you ask an Italian about the superstitions of Italy he will say—if he is well traveled—that Italy is rife with superstition, and that one has but to journey 15 miles in any direction to find an entirely new superstition, writes Temple Manning in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A village at the foot of a mountain may vary in its belief in certain superstitions from a town in the plains or a village halfway up the mountain-side. Indeed, there is a tendency in old countries for one little community to vie with another community in its belief in or scorn of signs, portents, omens and charms. It is a sort of competition in superstition.

In the matter of days of the week, the average Italian girl and her fiancé have strict preferences. Many believe that to marry on a Monday is sure to bring bad luck to future generations.

Tuesday is frowned on because it is supposed to be devoted to witches, evil spells and all their attendant sorrows.

Wednesday is a fast day, and, therefore, out of the question, as is Friday. In addition, Friday is considered unlucky. If it happens to be Friday the thirteenth, was betide the Neapolitan youth who ever breathes the name and date of this day to the woman he loves.

Saturday is the day reserved for widows, and so is out of the question from a maiden.

Thursday might do, but Sunday—the day of rest and of sacred offices—usually is the day of the week chosen to celebrate weddings in Italy.

MADE IT PLAIN TO JUROR

Clever Lawyer Hit on Effective Method of Getting Facts Into Old Seaman's Head.

A Boston lawyer tells of a clever colleague who, in court there, once took advantage of the nautical knowledge he possessed to work upon the feelings of a juror who did not seem to show any great degree of comprehension of the case being tried, namely, a suit against a street railway for damages.

Now, the dull juror was an old sailor, who, though doubtless very keen of perception along some lines, was nevertheless rather slow in his understanding of the points involved in this case. The lawyer noticed this and made his strike with this particular man. Approaching the jury box he addressed himself to this one juror and said:

"Mr. Juror, I will tell you how it happened. The plaintiff was in command of the outward-bound open car and stood in her starboard channel. Along came the inward-bound closed car and just as their bows met she jumped the track, sheered to port and knocked the plaintiff off and ran over him."

The old sailor was all attention after this version of the affair and joined in a \$10,000 verdict for the injured man.

Wild Animals Loose on Ship.

Wild animals across the sea sometimes get loose on the voyage. An English dealer who came over from India to England with \$10,000 worth of animals aboard a sailing ship had such an experience.

An Indian badger was loose for two weeks and a specimen of the sacred monkey of northern India was out of its cage for nearly the whole voyage. Where the badger concealed itself during the day nobody knew, but the meat and boiled rice that were put out for it at night always disappeared before morning.

The monkey lived up in the rigging comfortably enough, notwithstanding five feet of chain hanging to its neck. Food was put out for it every night, and by day it satisfied its hunger by catching and eating the potatoes that the sailors amused themselves by throwing up to it.

Egyptian Dwellings Lasting.

The climate of Egypt, with its blinding sand storms and rising waters of the Nile, demanded dwellings of great stability.

Archeologists report that oftentimes houses are found so deeply imbedded in solid rock that even huge iron derricks remove them with difficulty. Egypt's whole private and public history seems woven about this innate sense of strength. She seemed to glory in the might of wise building of homes and fortresses.

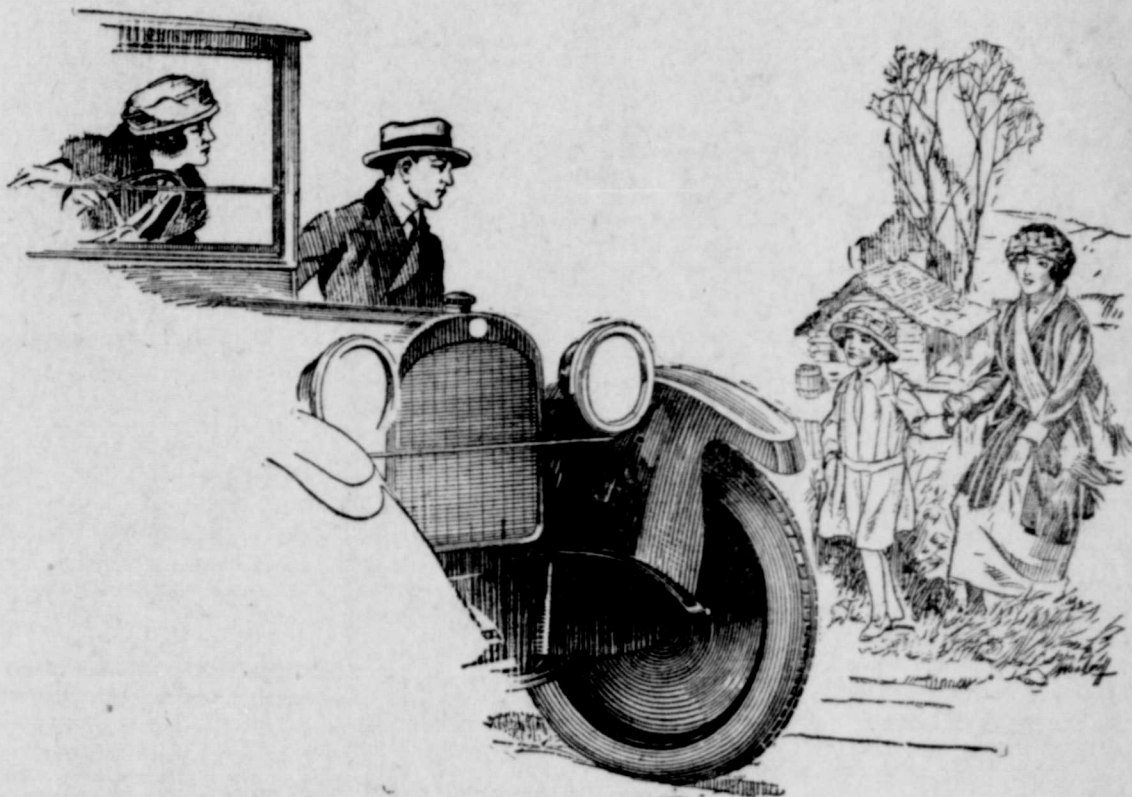
The furnishings of the homes, on the other hand, exhibit a crude but true sense of beauty and harmony. Homes of rough, bare stones were found to be as full of delicate color and rich adornments as those of any other ancient people.

Prehistoric Tin Trade.

Recent investigation of the old problem of the diffusion of tin over eastern Europe and Asia Minor in prehistoric times, leads to the conclusion that about a thousand years before Christ the tin of the British Isles was carried overland to the Aegean sea. The invention of the anchor led, about 2,700 years ago, to the opening of a marine route between England and the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and then the Phrygians controlled the tin trade with their ships. The short summer nights of north Britain were among the wonders that Greeks talked of in the days of Homer.

The tire mileage is unusually high

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Sedan, \$1605; Coupe, \$1430; Touring Car, \$1010; Roadster, \$980; Panel Business Car, \$1110; Screen Business Car, \$1010

F. R. WULFF MOTOR CO. BRADY PHONE 30

LOST CREEK ECHOES.

Voca, Texas, March 14.

Editor Brady Standard:

Our hopes that the winter was about passed over, and that spring was about here is like our dreams—have flown to the skies; and I'll never again ask the weather man whether it is going to be fair or warm or rain or shine, for we have just went thru one of the worst blizzards that we have had here in about twenty years. Nine above zero is mighty cold for this Southern climate, and that just as it appeared to be Spring time. Some folks have planted corn, and quite a bit of gardening was done, but with the ground frozen five inches deep there is not much hopes for any thing that has been planted to come up. Besides all plants that were up are killed. A number of cattle I hear of, froze to death during the blizzard.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Lemons recently and left a fine boy.

Listen, "O. I. C. U. R. Right," that pig that you had to set stakes to see it move must be a dandy; I can see my thoroughbreds moving out without setting stakes.

Under the administration of James Ferguson, governor of the State of Texas, a bill was passed in the State legislature, known as the State Aid Appropriation bill for rural schools. One of the best things that ever happened in Texas for the rural schools. And what it has done for rural communities; It has caused many communities to vote bonds and erect new and modern schools building in place of the barn-shaped or box car-shaped buildings, and the modern buildings are fully equipped with all the latest and modern maps, globes, charts and black boards, including sanitary heating and drinking equipments; and it has caused many communities to consolidate in order to have better advantage for higher education in rural communities. What was the purpose of the Appropriation bill for rural schools? It was to help the weaker rural schools, to enable them to employ better teachers and have a longer term of school. Are the weaker schools still enjoying the generosity from the State Aid for rural schools, as it was first intended they should? No sir—ee—they are not! I find that

the stronger schools are now, as to enrollment of scholastics, and also as to their financial condition, the more State Aid they get. It seems that all the schools of each county were lumped together and the strong schools drew in accordance to their number of scholastics and the small or weaker schools could only draw according to their number. So it is making the strong, stronger and the weak, weaker. A great many communities are going to be left with good houses and banded districts with very short terms of school if there isn't some change made. There were seven hundred more schools in the State that applied for State Aid this year than last, says the State superintendent. There will be only one million dollars for next year's schools, against one and one-half million for the present school year, which fell far short of actual needs for the weak schools. If there isn't strong pressure brought to light for more State Aid for the rural schools of the State, many schools will suffer for want of funds next year. But, says one, vote the dollar taxes to supply the shortage. If it could be done it would help much, but then, in small districts, it will not raise sufficient funds to maintain a sufficient length of school term. Besides, taxes are so high now it is almost impossible to get people to vote a tax on any proposition. The only hopes I see for the rural schools is for a bigger, or at least some more State Aid. Or it could be remedied some by granting State Aid according to the actual needs of the school applying for aid. This plan might leave out some strong schools, but probably they could stand it better than some weaker ones. The people at Lost Creek are "digging down" to run the schools until the children can make their grades.

"A. CITIZEN."

Confidence.

The following scrap of conversation was overheard in a London motor bus, and deeply impressed those fortunate enough to catch the words. Said one fair passenger to another: "Between you and me, I don't seem to like your husband so much as I did."

"And between you and me," said the other, "neither do I."—London Morning Post.

COW CREEK NEWS.

P. C. Clifton Again Able to Be Up—
News Items of Interest to All.
(Too Late for Last Week)

Lohn, Texas, March 7.

Editor Brady Standard:

We are very glad to report P. C. Clifton who has been sick for some time as being somewhat improved and able to be up some.

Mrs. E. W. Turner and daughter, Miss Eula Mae and Fred visited Mrs. Killingworth and children Monday evening.

Misses Lucy Purdy and Mamie Wade were in Brady Saturday. Miss Velma and Myrtle Hall of Lohn visited at the Turner home Sunday evening.

Roy Wyres and Leonard Turner were business visitors in Brady Saturday.

Jack Roles, of Kelley Field, San Antonio, came in Saturday for a few days' visit to his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Roles.

Miss Merle Farnsworth spent Saturday night and Sunday with Lora Killingworth.

Charles Hanley and Driscoe Woods were in Brady Monday.

Mr. J. H. Hanley and family left last Tuesday for a visit with their daughters at Ballinger.

"WILD FLOWER."

Trouble Brewing.

"You have some polite clerks in here," said the man with a steely glitter in his eyes.

"Yes, sir," replied the proprietor. "Politeness is our watchword."

"But it can be carried too blamed far. I'm looking for the whippersnapper with greased hair who invited my wife out to luncheon."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Compromise.

Wife—"But why don't you want me to buy your neckties any more?"

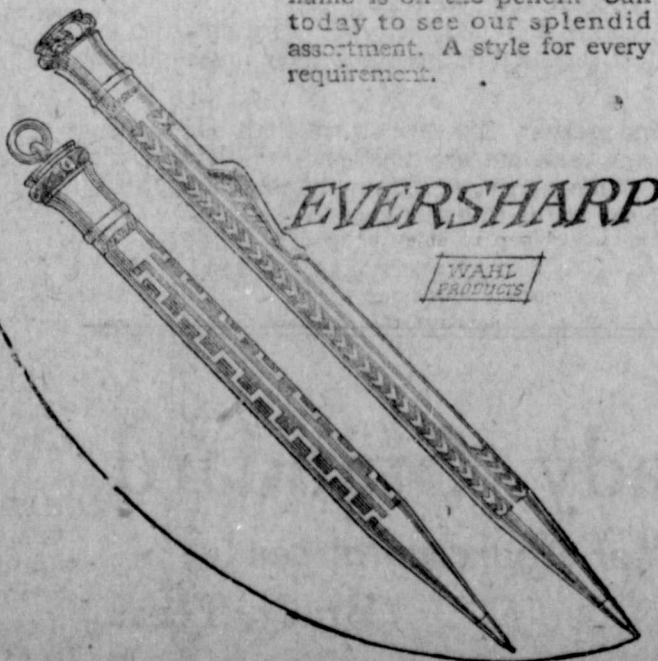
Hub—"Well-er-er-I'd rather buy them myself than have you to go to all that trouble."

Wife—"But I like to do things for you?"

Hub—"In that case I'll let you look after the furnace this winter."—Boston Transcript.

Read The Standard's Classifieds

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.



THE BRADY STANDARD Office Supplies

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, Mar. 17, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

No, Mathilde, just because a young lady has clox in her stockings is no indication that she wears an ankle watch.

ROTARY EDITION.

The Brownwood Bulletin last Friday issued a most complete and creditable "Rotary Edition," the occasion being the Rotary convention held in that city. With its customary enterprise, the Bulletin carried off the edition in great style, issuing sixteen pages, with the Rotary spirit, enterprise and aims predominating each and every one. The record of the Brownwood Rotary club, since its organization two years ago, was presented and its achievements set forth in interesting manner. Of all the features of the edition, however, the individual write-ups of each member of the Brownwood Rotary club, most of them accompanied by a likeness of the favored one, was most interesting and commendable. The Bulletin has attained the goal sought by every good newspaperman, viz: A REAL Newspaper. Editor Jim White of the Bulletin is a Rotarian—and Rotarian principles and practice furnish the stepping stones to such a laudable attainment.

POPULARIZING A TOWN.

Recently an automobilist was arrested and fined at Junction upon complaint of a party he had difficulty with along the road. The complaining witness told one tale, the automobilist another. He paid a fine.

This leads to the following very pertinent comment upon the part of the editor of the Junction Eagle:

"... we are not criticizing the actions of any one, but we do think that authorities should be very careful in fining people passing through here, without establishing the fact that they were really guilty of some violation. Most any man, passing through a country, will pay a small fine rather than be detained and put to the trouble of proving his innocence, and it is certainly going to have a bad effect on outside people to hear that people are arrested in passing along the roads and compelled to pay fines or go to a great deal of trouble to fight their case."

The Junction editor's position is well taken. Perhaps we all know or have heard of towns where the town marshal busies himself, and incidentally fattens his bank account through fees, with filing complaints against passing autoists who park their cars wrong, or who, unintentionally, violate some of the local ordinances. Such towns may profit momentarily from the collection of fines so assessed, but they might as well hang out a "yellow fever" signal, so far as the good effects are concerned. That one auto-

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Published Semi-Weekly
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Effective July 1, 1920.

ist will spread word to avoid that town among any other autoist he meets. The town will virtually be black-listed among tourists. As the Eagle editor says, almost anyone would rather pay a fine than have to stay and fight a case—but the recollection remains.

The importance of this fact is no better illustrated than in Colorado, California and the Western and Northwestern states, where the annual tourist travel is heavy. Violation of any rule, brings a smiling admonition from the traffic cop or town officer, or a card is left in the car on which the regulations are printed, and the rule that has been violated is marked.

Give the stranger within our gates a fair deal—he may want to return; or he may say a good word for us sometime, someplace, that will bring us the rewards that unfeeling kindness and courtesy always warrant.

JUST A "LOOK-IN" FOR UNCLE SAM.

The claim of the United States for payment of \$247,000,000 out of the first payments made by Germany in remuneration for the outlay by this country is recognized by the allies, but there is no money immediately forthcoming to drop into the federal coffers. The first billion of gold marks paid by Germany in reparations has been partitioned, and with their accustomed selfish and greedy manner of doing things, the allied governments set about appropriating the whole amount regardless of the claim made by the United States and the demand by this country that the claim be paid out of the first payment made by Germany.

Upon attention being pointedly called to the United States claim, the allies inserted in their agreement of partition a clause admitting the United States to a "look in" at the gold of Germany, but did not place any of it within the grasp of Uncle Sam. It was a sort of eleventh hour action and provides that the partition of the billion gold marks be made, as originally determined, "Subject to all rights of the United States, however, these may be defined." This was the only recognition given the American claim and it doesn't mean anything so far as actual payment to this country is concerned now. There is a hope that in the future the money will be paid, just as there is a hope that the allies will repay the money they borrowed and used to prevent Germany from wiping them out.

Great Britain, of course, gets the lion's share in the partition of the billion just paid by Germany which is apportioned as follows:

England, 550,000,000 marks.
France, 140,000,000 marks.
Italy, the equivalent of 150,000,000 marks.

Belgium the remainder.
The allied ministers also provided for divisions of German payments in kind to be made this year. Of these France gets 65 per cent, from which she must deduct 300,000,000 on account of her Saar mine holdings and the rest is partitioned among the other allies.

There is a sharp and business-like ring to the American note submitted to the allied conference by Roland W. Boyden, unofficial representative of the United States before the reparations commission. The note apprises the commission that the United States "intends to obtain integral payment with interest to May 1, 1921, before any portion of the German payments is distributed for reparations or anything else."

In view of this language it seems to have been necessary for the allies to take some sort of action and it develops that they made acknowledgment of the merit of the American claim. This claim is for the outlay made by this country in maintaining military forces on the Rhine as an army of occupation, all of which was in the interest of the allies. It is high time that the United States go about its dealings with the allies in a strictly business manner. The emergency of war has passed and these matters can be handled with deliberation and full understanding.—Temple Telegram.

ROADS AND RUIN.

Spring is practically upon us. Hundreds of thousands of miles of roadway need rebuilding or improving. Countless thousands of honest American citizens are out of employment and begging for work with which to support their wives and children. Motorists are annually paying into the public fund millions of dollars for road improvement. The stage is all set, the audience is assembled, yet there are no actors to start the play.—Belton News.

There is a great mileage of roads now under construction. There are many more miles of good roads being built than there are of good roads being maintained. Roads are far from being as durable as granite or as cheap as dirt, therefore the cost of building a road and the carelessness in letting it go to ruin are taxing many taxpayers within an inch of their lives, or of their solvency. An ordinary gravel road with a limestone base is a fragile highway in comparison with the responsibility put upon it by a loaded truck. If State Press ever becomes King of this country, an office that he does not aspire to but one which he would not decline if offered, he would set up a toll gate at every two-mile interval on every macadamized road. He would collect a toll from every loaded vehicle that negotiated the gate, and these tolls would be spent in maintaining the identical road along which they were

Clean-Up and Brighten-Up

Spring's here—and it's time to brighten up the home and get the house and the premises in spotless order.

FIRST AID IS OFFERED

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Linoleum and Matting, all aid in brightening up the home and making the rooms look like new.

O'CEDAR OIL

And O'cedar Mops are real necessities in every home for renewing and keeping all varnished surfaces. Also have Scrub Mops and Brooms, Carpet-Sweepers and Vacuum Cleaners to aid in the house-cleaning.

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You need it every day for every cleaning purpose. A cleaning powder for use on walls, window casings, doors, floors and any metal ware or woodwork.

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CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
ART-RUGS

THEY'RE new, they're different, and even though they're low-priced they're unusually durable and good-looking.

We have sold a great many to the housewives about town and have yet to hear a complaint about them.

Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rugs are fast supplanting all other types of medium-priced rugs now on the market. They're washable, water-proof, and positively sanitary. Lie flat without fastening.

Come in today and let us tell you about them and show you some of the very handsome patterns which we have

collected. Drivers who objected to the tolls could build themselves some roads of their own, or rebel and have their heads cut off. The choice would be left up to them. To build a good road is virtuous. To maintain a good road is wisdom. To ruin a good road is a crime.—Dallas News.

THE GHOSTS OF ANTIGONISH.

Science has routed the ghosts of Antigonish.

Mysterious fires, unusual noises in the air, a hefty punch to the jaw apparently from nobody or nowhere, groaning sounds and an altogether spooky atmosphere—these have been found attributable in a little settlement in Nova Scotia to cross wireless currents, and a noted scholar warns the farmers in the locality to move or else run the risk of having their houses burned down on them again.

Thus the prize hunt tale of the year is shattered to smithereens. A situation inspiring descriptive articles from the pens of clever writers sufficient to career our curious souls and make us pull the cover up over our heads as we retire—the greatest of all ghost stories has proved a bubble. It's nothing but wireless, and we had all hoped to find another bellied coon, an animal trained to apply the torch or—best of all, or is it worst?—an honest-to-goodness ghost!

But the simple assertion that all these curious capers in Antigonish may be attributed to wireless currents is hardly enough to satisfy the curious, or those endowed with imaginations of wide range. In the first place, how do wireless currents get that way? If they do get that way, isn't there a mystery back of that somewhat more fascinating than the slyest ghost that ever stalked from a graveyard? Are we coming to the era when all the elements will be rendered dangerous by the inventive skill of man?

There is no occasion for alarm, for pictures of such menaces from wireless are nothing more than ghosts. If a community in Nova Scotia can be routed by wireless stations several miles away, we may rest assured that man in time will learn to harness all the forces of electricity and the whole world will receive its motive power from plants in distant points. We may get a few bumps here and there

in reaching such a high state of efficiency, but it is characteristic of man to overcome his obstacles and set them to work in his own interest. The ghosts of Antigonish are signals of the era of wireless power.—Temple Telegram.

SNAP SHOTS.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she likes her present boarding-house is because she and her roommate both have nightmares, and sometimes they put on a horse show.—Dallas News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The allies insist upon a stable government in Russia. Probably with John Bull in the stable.—Debs' Magazine.

Perhaps there would be more respect for law if we could conjure up more respect for the law-makers.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Voliva, of Zion City, has discovered that the earth is flat. Business men beat him to this conclusion many

weary months ago.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

The rising generation is too fond of sitting.—Asheville Times.

The man with a burning ambition is seldom fired.—Baltimore Sun.

Home, to the small boy, is merely a filling station.—Hartford Times.

Isn't it funny how human geese will fall for a quack? — Asheville Times.

Our observation is that when a flip young girl gets flipper, she becomes a flapper.—Dallas News.

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HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DEY CALLS A POLICEMAN
A "PEACE OFFICUH" BUT
IT SHO DON' FEEL VEY
PEACEFUL WEN DEY GITS
ROUN' WHAH AH'S AT!!



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SOCIETY

The Editor Will Appreciate Items for this Column. Phone 163.

Brady Music Club.

The Brady Music club met last Wednesday, with a good attendance. A few music numbers were rendered. A drill was given on key signatures by Misses Pinkie Jones and Mary Campbell. Miss Arvie Wegner, who has been attending C. I. A. at Denton, made an interesting talk on the musical activities of that institution.

A puzzle game was played and afforded much enjoyment to the occasion.

Home-made candy was served by Norma Wegner and Juanita Taylor.

Bridge Club.

The Bridge club met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Chas. Williams, members present being Mesdames J. W. Ragsdale, P. B. Melton; Misses Lucille Benham, Vivian White, Sarah Johanson, Norma and Leslie Samuel; Miss Jennie Bannister was a guest.

In the series of "Bridge," Mrs. Ragsdale received high score.

The hostess served a delightful two-course refreshment, consisting of tomatoes stuffed with chicken salad, coffee, sandwiches and olives, followed by punch and angel food cake.

Miss Benham entertains at the next meeting of the club.

McCune-Rice.

A wedding of interest to a host of Brady friends and admirers of the high contracting parties, was celebrated at 5:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon in Dallas, when Miss Lorena McCune of that city became the bride of Mr. Marion Rice of Brady. The ceremony was read by Dr. Covington, Baptist minister, at his parsonage. Attending the happy couple were the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCune of Dallas, and her sister, Mrs. C. Crawford of Brady.

So carefully had the two guarded their secret that their intention to marry at this particular time was unknown to their friends here, even though such a happy culmination of their mutual attachment had been predicted. The bride-elect, accompanied by Mrs. Crawford, had returned to her home in Dallas some weeks ago, and last week Mr. Rice quietly slipped away to join her. His intentions became known when he sent a long message collect to his friend, John Moffatt, in which he expressed regret that they had come to the parting of their ways, but that he refused longer to journey through life in single blessedness merely to keep Mr. Moffatt company.

Sweet revenge was planned by Mr. Moffatt and members of the fire department, of which Mr. Rice had long been one, and Sunday morning the fire boys turned out en masse with the fire truck to meet Mr. Rice and his bride on their home-coming, and to give them a welcome home that they would ever remember. Again they were out-witted, for Mr. and Mrs. Rice had left the train at Rochelle, where they were met by Mr. Paul Klatt, who rushed them to Brady by automobile, reaching the Crawford home even as the train pulled into the station. Not to be outdone, the fire boys rushed the Crawford home, captured the unwilling bridegroom, and carried him in triumph atop the fire truck to town, where he gallantly stood "treat" to the entire bunch and a great assemblage of friends as well.

The bride is a most attractive and lovable young lady, and during the past year has made an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Crawford. Almost at first sight Mr. Rice fell victim to her charms, and Dan Cupid favored him in his suit. Mr. Rice is one of Brady's young stock and ranch men, is well-known and universally esteemed by all and his many friends join in congratulating him and wishing for him and his bride a most happy and successful journey upon matrimonial seas.

Forty-Two Club.

The Forty-Two club met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Ira Mayhew and the following members in attendance: Mesdames N. A. Collier, J. E. Granville, Evans Adkins, Wilson Jordan, Clyde Hall, T. Gray, Henry Tipton, Edwin Broad.

Following an enjoyable series of songs, the hostess served a refreshment consisting of an orange and cake.

The club meets next week with Mrs. Jordan for a Night party, and the gentlemen will be guests.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ledbetter returned Wednesday from Fort Worth, where they had been numbered among the visitors at the Fat Stock show.

Hollis Smith has accepted a position as stenographer and office assistant with the Mayhew Produce Co. and his many friends will be glad to know that he will again be numbered a Brady citizen.

T. M. Hodges, Sr., of Junction came up Wednesday for a brief visit with his son, Henry, and wife. Mr. Hodges reported about half an inch rain at Junction Monday, and says in low places the ground was pretty well moistened, while in the high places the downfall was sufficient to lay the dust for the time being.

Miss Ina Dell Caruthers of San Antonio is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lewis Brook, who came here a couple weeks ago to attend her daughter, Mrs. Edward Willoughby, who is now recuperating from a nervous breakdown suffered several months ago. Mr. Willoughby will accompany her mother and Miss Caruthers upon their return to San Antonio, and will visit there for some time.

Allen Ledbetter is here to spend a couple weeks visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ledbetter, and family and friends. Allen has been employed on the ranch of his uncle, R. B. Ledbetter, near Elgin, Kans., since last September, and accompanied his uncle to the Fort Worth Fat Stock show. After a visit of a few days with his sister, Miss Veda, who is attending school in Fort Worth, he came on to Brady to visit here.

FREAK SET OF DEER HORNS ON DISPLAY AT CENTRAL DRUG STORE

A freak of unusual interest and value is to be seen at the Central Drug store in the form of a set of deer horns, presented to Joe McCall by E. L. Brooks of the Voca community. Evidently the deer that grew the horns was one of the anti-prohibition irreconcilables, for it grew a bunch of horns that more closely resemble cork screws than anything else. Each horn is strangely gnarled and twisted, and some of the prongs show seamed and very rough. On the left side are six main prongs, with innumerable smaller, twisted and grotesquely shaped prongs, while on the right side are four main prongs, besides many small ones.

The deer was killed last winter while Brooks and Grady Burns were out hunting. At the time, Brooks was incidentally engaged in trapping, and so was unable to save the deer head.

Mr. McCall proposed to have the horns mounted.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its strengthening, invigorating effect. Price 60c.

Fine everblooming Rose Bushes, Dahlias, Cannas and Gladioli Bulbs, Porch, Box and Bedding Plants at MRS. AUG. F. BEHRENS.

Just received a nice line of Art Squares. Our price is right. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

After the fire: Friends may sympathize, but we pay cash. Anderson & Carrithers, Insurance.

Same goods for less money; better goods for same money. HOOPER'S.

After the fire: Friends may sympathize, but we pay cash. Anderson & Carrithers, Insurance.

Everything in Sweeps, for Planters, Cultivators, etc. Broad Mercantile Co.

Phone 295 for anything you may need in the line of feed. We will be glad to serve you. MACY & CO.

We have anything you need in Toilet Articles, at saving prices. A. R. HOOPER.

We still have Oats for sale. Now is a good time to buy oats. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

Mild but Firm.

A telephone pole never fits an automobile except in self-defense. Toledo Blade.

Spring is Just Around the Corner

Time to think of dressing up—and as usual, at this time of the year, we are prepared to fit you up in the latest for spring.

NEW SPRING SUITS JUST ARRIVED!

We Want to Show Them to You

Pencil Striped Blue and Brown, Plaid checks and all of the popular colors for spring. It is only four weeks until Easter, so get your suit early and be sure that you get what you want.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE



The "Parkway"



FOR THE MAN

WHO CARES

Mann Brothers & Holton

"ALWAYS FIRST WITH THE NEWEST"



Copyright 1921 Hart Schaffner & Marx

If you wear shoes for Spring, wear a FLORESHEIM. They are best in the long run. We have a fine line in the new spring models of low quarters in Brogues and Plain Lasts.



Get your mind on a Straw or Felt hat for Spring. We have a dandy line. Watch for our window display of STRAWS.

PHONE 148

LOCAL BRIEFS

The C. W. L. Schaeg family last Saturday moved to North Bridge street, occupying the M. Simon house bought by them last summer from Mr. Simon. G. W. White and family have occupied the house in South Brady vacated by the Schaegs.

J. N. Walker and family have moved here from Cherokee, occupying the Mrs. M. Carroll place, north of the Union depot, and which is at present owned by Striegler & Matthews. Mr. Walker is one of the Walker boys who established and have been operating the San Antonio-Brady bus line.

The Standard was in error Tuesday in mentioning deliveries here of chickens from Rochelle by Messrs. George Cole and Milton Gainer, the chickens Monday having been delivered to Walter Williams. The load totaled 4,884 pounds and helped to complete a full car of live birds shipped out Tuesday by Mr. Williams.

S. W. Alford yesterday notified us that that "million dollar rain" we have so long been promising is "just around the corner;" in fact, he said it would be here within three days and would find many folks unprepared for it. Mighty glad is The Standard editor that we have someone else on whose shoulders to shift responsibility for that "million dollar moisture."

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Macy returned yesterday morning from Fort Worth, where they had spent several days visiting the stock show. Mr. Macy says among other things, they witnessed the public wedding of the couple in the arena at the stock show, and says it was at once the biggest wedding and the longest ceremony he ever witnessed. There were thousands in attendance upon the event. Incident to their visit in Fort Worth, the Macys had the pleasure of a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bradley, former Bradyites, now residing in Oak Cliff. Mr. Bradley has been engaged recently in dealing in suburban homes in one of the new residential districts, and has so far built and sold four houses there.

Banking with Eternity, might be

the title of a story of the experience of Jeff Meers and a couple of well shooters at the Texas-Meers well in Concho county last week. Failing in their first efforts to shoot off a string of casing, the shooters prepared a second shot of nitro-glycerin. After letting the charge down in the well by means of a wire, they adopted the usual method of setting off the charge by slipping a short piece of pipe over the wire, and which should have exploded the percussion cap, but did not. Another attempt failed, and then the shooters decided to withdraw the charge. When the charge was almost out of the hole, the two men found themselves in a position where they could neither pull it farther, let go or take a new hold. The slightest bump might explode the dangerous charge, or even a little bit of friction on the wire might turn the trick. In their

dilemma, they called Mr. Meers to their assistance. It was an instance where the nerve strain is sufficient to turn a man's hair white. As it was, not one of the three were able to sleep since that night, so shattered were the nerves of even the professional shooters.

R. D. Draper of Lohn was in Brady Monday, reporting a heavy shower of rain there over a space of about fifteen minutes. A very fine hail accompanied the rain. Mr. Draper expressed great interest in the "Hog" controversy between J. T. Roberson of Wonder, Ore., and D. H. Henderson of the Lost Creek community. As between registered breeds and cross breeds, Mr. Draper said he was bound to side with his old-time friend, Mr. Roberson. More than that, Mr. Draper raised a hog that puts to shame anything so far mentioned either by

Mr. Roberson or Mr. Henderson. This hog, a cross between a Duroc and a Poland China, at the age of twelve months and three days tipped the scales at 440 pounds and dressed out 370 pounds. Mr. Draper lived for a number of years on Mr. Roberson's old place in the Fredonia community. He is very much gratified at the good success Mr. Roberson has met with since locating in Oregon and says Mr. Roberson deserves every bit of good luck that comes his way. However, Mr. Draper thought it might be well to remind him that he might have attained even greater success if he had stayed in Grand Old McCulloch and kept on raising cross-bred hogs, such as Mr. Draper mentions. If any of our readers have any bigger hog tales, or tails, than this one, The Standard has the ink to cover it with.

Read it in The Standard.

Report of the Condition of the Commercial National Bank Statement at the Close of Business Dec. 31st, 1921

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$681,336.59	Capital Stock	\$130,000.00
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	8,700.00	Surplus	100,000.00
Banking House	27,545.00	Undivided Profits	26,783.30
Other Real Estate	2,749.00	Rediscounts, F. R. B.	110,952.00
Cash and Ex.	\$117,237.20	War Finance Corp.	30,000.00
Demand loans—		Bills Payable	40,000.00
Cotton	35,682.98	Deposits	435,515.38
.....	152,920.18		
TOTAL	\$873,250.77	TOTAL	\$873,250.77

STATE OF TEXAS,) I, W. D. Crothers, Cashier of the above named bank, do hereby certify that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Succeeded the Commercial Bank of Brady, Mar. 1

The stock in this bank is owned by some of the most progressive business men and stockmen of the country, whose individual responsibility is over \$16,000,000.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

standstill. conditions and tobacco of greatest importance. In addition, arrives under the promise of a new era. The coconut palm groves. Tenmes climb thickly up the tall trees, and dead for all wood, planted in even and shade the road. and tremendous natural resources. The influence of warring tribes old Sumatra practically at a still.



Jump into the open drawer. Jump hard! You can't harm it. The drawer will still "coast" in or out at a touch afterward.

SHAW-WALKER STEEL LETTER FILES

BUILT like skyscraper—with skyscraper uprights, cross-pieces, girders, etc., of channel steel.

Even go skyscrapers one better, because electric welded into one solid piece. No nuts---no bolts---no rivets---no rods---no screws.

Drawers silent and speedy. Will run 100 years without repair or attention.



VOLUNTARY SLIDE.

This is the carriage on which the Shaw-Walker Silent-Speed drawer rides. It is built of Cold-Drawn Steel; runs on Cold-Drawn Steel rails planted in a rigid, non-vibrating roadbed—the Shaw-Walker Steel case. The carriage runs on 10 case-hardened roller bearings that have beveled edges.

Guaranteed the best file you ever used---or your money back.



This man is standing on the channel steel top sill of a Shaw-Walker open section. It supports him without injury or strain. This channel steel construction explains why Shaw-Walker files never sag.

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- miles from Brad...
- per year
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- THREE MONTHS
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- of less than three mutfitters
- 5c per copy, straight.
- Effective July 1, 1920.

—SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY—

—The—

Brady Standard

Phone 163

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SANTA'S PACKING

Santa Claus was busy packing his huge bags full of presents of all sorts. He had great enormous boxes of candy to be divided up into other boxes and into candy bags. He had huge barrels of oranges and of apples, of nuts and raisins, of popcorn, and of cranberries to decorate the Christmas trees with.

He had hundreds and hundreds of dolls and trains of cars and boats and games. He had any number of books with lovely pictures and interesting stories, and he had drawing books and paint boxes too.

He had puzzles and he had balls. He had machinery of different kinds and mechanical toys which went when they were wound up.

He had some pretty dresses and some fine little suits, and some useful mittens and muffs and furs.

He had everything you can possibly imagine and he was packing them all up.

"Of course," said Santa, "when people pack up they are usually going away for a visit or they are going to move to another place.

"They have to take all sorts of things with them—every kind of a thing from a toothbrush to a party dress.

"But when I pack up I have toys of all sorts. That is what I have indeed. "And now I must keep all these things straight. Oh, yes, I must do that.

"The zoo keepers and those who know about animals say that the elephants never forget, but I must say that old Santa Claus can never forget either.

"He never can forget a thing for he would never want to make such a mistake. And so he never does forget a thing! No, not indeed.

"And while the elephant has a trunk he doesn't have to pack up what Santa Claus has to pack up."

Santa Claus laughed as he said this and then he picked up a toy gray elephant.

"So you're going to belong to Billy, are you? Well, you are a fine looking



"He Was Packing."

elephant and I'm sure he'll like you, and that you'll be great friends.

"Yes, the children like toy animals. I have a great many teddy bears to take along with me and some of the dearest little white lambs in all the world.

"The little white lambs are very cunning. I couldn't help but make them that way for little white lambs always turn out into such dear, lovable toys.

"Quite a few little girls who all have the name of Mary have asked for lambs. I wonder if they want to be like the Mary who had a little lamb in the old story.

"Anyway I have given collars to the lambs and little strings are attached so that they can be taken around and so that they can be pulled along and so that they will follow after their owners!

"Now I have all of these bags filled and all of these yet to fill!

"What a place my toy shop looks like at this time. Dear me, but it does look as if I'd never get all of these toys packed up, but I will!

"The children will never need to worry that I'll forget any of the toys. "I won't! I have heard that when people visit they often forget and leave things behind them.

"But they wouldn't, I'm sure, if they were taking things to others—and if those others were children!

"Besides I'm so used to this packing up before Christmas."

As Santa Claus talked he packed and packed until bag after bag was packed full!

"I'm almost through," he said at last, "and I'm not in the least bit tired. I couldn't be tired! I'm much too excited to feel tired. If the children think they're the only ones who feel excited they're wrong, for old Santa Claus is just as excited as he can be, and just as happy too!

"Heigh-ho," he said after a long time had passed and he had packed and packed and packed. "I'm ready now and everything is packed up."

Possible Solution.

"I see where a life-guard has eloped with an heiress," remarked Mr. Glip-pig.

"That may explain something that has puzzled me a long time," said Mr. Gads-pur.

"Well!"

"I've often wondered what they did in winter."

True Detective Stories

NUMBER 2695

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WHEN Policeman William Lawrence of Bath, Me., was found in a dying condition—a bullet having drilled a hole through his lung—it was only natural that Dennis Tracey should take up the trail of the murderers. Tracey was Lawrence's closest friend on the force.

No one knew anything about the circumstances which led up to the crime, and, apparently, there was little hope of discovering any clue, because Lawrence, though not dead when discovered on the following morning, was extremely weak from exposure and loss of blood. According to the physicians, it was practically a certainty that he would die without recovering consciousness.

After leaving orders at the hospital that he was to be notified at once if his friend showed signs of being able to talk, Tracey visited the scene of the shooting in the hope of being able to find footprints or other evidence which would assist him in the search which he intended to make. The investigation, however, was entirely fruitless.

The dying policeman's revolver had been fired three times, but without effect—for Tracey found the bullets lodged in the rafters of a nearby warehouse, sufficiently close together to provide a hazy outline of the place from which Lawrence's assailant must have fired. So far as Tracey was able to reconstruct the affair, Lawrence had come upon some one trying to break into the warehouse, had probably warned him by a shot over his head and followed that by two other shots which failed to take effect. The burglar had then turned and fired point blank at the policeman, dropping him where he stood.

But who was the other man? This was the question to which Tracey determined to devote as much time as necessary, the problem without a clue.

It was late the following night before Lawrence's condition showed any signs of change, and then only for the worse. The physicians gave him only a few hours to live, and Tracey hung continually over the bed, hoping for some word or sign which would provide an indication of the murderer's identity. Finally it came.

With an almost superhuman effort the dying officer raised himself on one elbow, and gathering every ounce of his fast-fading energy, whispered the single word:

"Wil-kin-son!"

Then he fell back, dead. But that last word was enough. Had it not been Tracey who heard it, it would have meant nothing—for the two officers had been secretly working on a number of recent warehouse burglaries and they alone knew of the suspected connection of Daniel Wilkinson, son of a prominent New Hampshire family, with the one-man thefts. Now Tracey knew that not only was Wilkinson guilty of the burglaries, but of a far greater crime—the murder of Policeman Lawrence.

Putting himself in the place of the criminal, Tracey felt certain that the latter would not remain in or around Bath. He must have known that Lawrence had recognized him, and would fear that the dying man would find some way of imparting this knowledge. It was probable, therefore, that he would head for some hiding-place where he would be comparatively safe.

Knowing that Wilkinson's family, in an effort to whiten the character of the black sheep, had sent him to sea a number of years before, Tracey thought it likely that the fugitive would attempt to join the crew of a sailing vessel and lose himself in a foreign port. He accordingly warned the authorities of all the New England sea ports to be on the watch for a man of Wilkinson's description, and then, securing leave of absence, he took up the search—combing the waterfronts of every city and town from the Canadian border to Boston.

It was nearly six months later, after he had almost abandoned hope, that Tracey wandered along the wharves at Bangor and spotted the man he wanted "porting" lumber into the schooner Good Intent, at the foot of the Railroad street wharf. Without a sound the policeman edged his way along the dock until he was behind Wilkinson, and then dropped on top of his man, flattening him to the deck. Almost before he knew what had happened the fugitive found himself handcuffed and on his way back to Bath, there to be convicted of the murder of William Lawrence, after one of the hardest-fought legal battles in the history of the state.

The fact that in the shadow of the state prison wall at Thomaston, there stands today a headstone bearing the numerals "2695," does not close the case, for there are many who claim that the murderer had powerful friends who succeeded in saving him from the gallows and helped spirit him out of the country into the Canadian Northwest. But Tracey, who is now house detective at a big Florida hotel, considers that he fulfilled his obligations to his dead friend, when, after months of patient searching, he located the man who was responsible for Lawrence's death and produced the evidence which led to his conviction.

"Maybe Wilkinson is still alive," says Tracey, "but the soul of Bill Lawrence and my conscience are both at peace."

McCulloch County Misses Show LITERARY TALENT OF HIGH DEGREE

The Standard herewith presents three more short stories from the pens of talented McCulloch county Misses. Two of the stories, "Between the Cotton Rows" and "Mabel's Date," were composed by Miss Grace Draper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Draper of Lohn, at the age of 18 years, and have been published in the paper at San Marcos, where Miss Draper is attending the State Normal. The other little literary gem, "In 1925," was written by Miss Estelle Levy, daughter of Julius Levy of this city.

BETWEEN THE ROWS OF COTTON.

"The idea of him hangin' 'round my darter and he can't even pick as much cotton as she kin," old man Carson growled contemptuously to the five men around him as he smoothed a place with a hoe for the cotton to be piled. As other men measure a man according to their own standards, so the farmer in Mid-West Texas rates the worth of a man by his ability to pick cotton.

Big Bill, the champion picker in the field, voiced his agreement with the old man's sentiments by a hearty "Haw, haw, 'bout right, Mr. Carson."

The barbed wire fence creaked as the object of their conversation, a tall, slim, boyish looking man stepped over it and brushed himself with his kneecaps. He had heard and felt the conversation, and his soul sank as he slid the strap off of the long sack over his shoulder.

The pickers, whites and Mexicans, began to arrive as the autumn sun rose brilliantly, promising a beautiful day. The Mexican women were coaxing and scolding their children along, while their stolid faced husbands were trudging along not saying a word. Then came Mr. Carson's force, several children, ranging from Bud, the lanky, overgrown boy of nineteen, to the boy and girl twins, who picked in flour sacks which dragged the ground. Last of all came Sadie, the "darter," pinning on her long gloves and tying a handkerchief around her neck.

As everyone bent over the short stalks with their easily-reached big bolls, Big Bill, who was ahead, yelled back without even looking up: "Say, sissy-boy, the ol' man says it's all up with you and Sadie if you can't beat 'r pickin' cotton today. Ain't that right, Mr. Carson?"

As the old man, who was picking along by the side of Louis, spat a mouthful of tobacco-juice periously near the "sissy-boy's" hand and grunted gruffly, Louis set his chin and ground his teeth. He made a vow that he would never say a word to Sadie about—well, anything, if he did not beat her picking cotton that day. Someone else knew it too. It was the innocently-indifferently looking Sadie on the rows next to him. He did not know that, while her slender brown fingers moved mechanically from boll to boll, she was devising schemes to let him beat her picking cotton that day.

"She don't even think about a gink that can't pick as much cotton as a girl," thought Louis in his self-abasement.

But in his heart he knew that this reasoning was not true, and that he had a place in her heart even if he did not come up to her father's standard of judging. Only yesterday, at the dinner table, Big Bill followed up a story of gathering five hundred pounds in a day and fooling along half of the time by ramming his knife down his throat like a juggler. Then, she had looked at Louis with something of an air that showed Bill's method of making advances towards her were not relished by her. Louis thought he understood her feeling for Bill, and he was hopeful.

But today it was different, he was to be judged solely on his cotton picking merits. If he failed to beat her he would go back and clerk in the grocery store in which he had been reared

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—a place which he hated as much as he loved the beautiful outdoors and—Sadie.

At noon the mirage danced on the tops of the neighboring hills and the cotton bolls glistened in the white heat. The tried, hungry, perspiring cotton pickers shouldered their sacks and walked with long strides to the weighing place, where they threw down their burden, breathing heavily and wiping the sweat from their grimy faces. Louis trembled as his sack was weighed. She had beaten him six pounds.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Sadie and Lewis were side by side. They had picked this way all day, and she had beaten him only three pounds. The old man was a few feet ahead, with one of the twins on either side.

"Thar's the jug," he said, setting it on Sadie's row. "Har' up thar."

Sadie drank from the big, heavy, two-gallon jug and passed it on to Louis.

"You left a whole stalk back there," she said to him, pointing to the un-picked stalk a few steps behind them.

Louis cursed himself as he left his sack and went back to pick it. That was where she had the edge on him. He could keep up with her, but he left a tagged row, and so kept a lighter sack of cotton.

"Gee! but my sack is awfully heavy," he observed as they emerged from the tall cotton as they were quitting for the day. Sadie did not look at him; she was trying to pick something out of her finger with a cotton burr.

As the sun went down, the horizon was purplish-red, with a single bright gold cloud where the sun had been a while before. The bull-bats darted down with their peculiar fluttering and a cool breeze filled with the odor of the cotton came to them, as they lifted their heads from between the cotton rows. The pickers again loaded their sacks and turned towards the cotton pile, walking wearily, but with a calm, peaceful, satisfied air of having done something that day.

"Let's lay the sacks over the pile without emptying 'em," suggested Sadie, as Louis lifted her sack from the scales for her.

Then Louis hung up his sack and closed his eyes. When he opened them again Sadie was saying, "Oh, my! you beat me ten pounds. This weighin' makes one pound you've beat me today."

"I always give out in the evening," she explained to her father's snarl; she did not mind his crossness a bit. She saw the look of triumph in Louis' face. The first star appeared with the gathering darkness. "Star light," "Star bright," chanted happily to herself.

The big, bright evening star lived to pass. It saw two figures standing by the back gate of the Carson home so close together it might have mistaken them for one at its great distance from them.

"I would have never had nerve enough to tell you if I hadn't beat you that one pound today," he confessed.

"I know it; that why I—will you always hate me if I tell?" she hesitated.

"Never," he declared in such a way that she was assured.

"Well, when you went back to pick that stalk, I put the jug of water in your sack."

A Plausible Theory. "I wonder why it is that women seem to have a weakness for marrying wicked men."

"It isn't weakness," said Mr. Dub-waitte firmly.

"No?" "It's the same kind of feeling that makes an animal trainer take more pride in subduing the fiercest creatures of the jungle than he would in teaching a tomcat to jump through a hoop."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Real Question. "We had not been hunting long when there lay a rabbit in my feet. "What had it died of?"—Sondage Nisse, Stockholm.

That's the Question. "My father weighed only 4 pounds when he was born." "Great heavens, did he live?"—Harvard Lampoon.

Tricks of the Trade. Chauffeur (to taxi-driver): "I say, lend us your wrench a minute. Taxi-driver: "Not much, cully—that's 'ow I got it!"—London Opinion.

Adding Machine Paper. The Brady Standard.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THE JACK RABBITS COMING YEAR?

The jack rabbits are just as anxious to see it rain as are our farmers and stockmen, for they enjoy the devilry which they do in destroying the young crops which our farmers are working hard to get started in the spring. A number of our best farmers were almost bankrupted last year due to the ravages of jack rabbits and yet they are slow about taking measures to prevent a recurrence of this crop destruction. The destruction of one female rabbit at this time may mean the absence from the country, in six or eight months time, of hundreds of rabbits. The female rabbit is capable of reproducing young every five to six weeks and will have from four to ten per litter. These young in turn will begin to reproduce at from five to six months of age and one can easily figure the rapidity with which the family of just one rabbit will increase. So it is much less work and expense to destroy the source of all these rabbits than it is to try and destroy them, once they have come among us.

A jack rabbit is a heavy feeder, owing to its size and aside from what it actually eats its greatest destructibility lies in the fact that it cuts down and leaves more of the vegetation than it consumes. Unfortunately they are also endowed with a bad habit of destroying crops by scratching them up and letting them waste.

Now is a very opportune time to poison the rabbits as food is scarce and they are therefore more apt to eat the poisoned baits put out for them. They are poisoning them very successfully in Brown county by the following methods:

Mixture: 1 part of strychnine to 3 parts of salt, by measure.

Bait used: Sweet Potato, Apples, and bran and molasses mixture.

Preparation: Take a potato or apple and cut into thin slices; then split these slices about halfway, like you would open a biscuit in making a sandwich. Now place a pinch of the mixture inside the bait, just what you can pick up easily on the end of a pocket knife blade. Your bait is now ready to be stuck up on a stick somewhere that the rabbits can get at it readily and away from stock. These baits should be put out late in the evening and taken up again in the morning. A good place to put them

out is around watering places and around stack lots, because the rabbits visit these places at night to feed and water. It has been found a very good idea to put out unpoisoned baits for a couple of nights, in order to get the rabbits accustomed to feeding on them. Temporary fences should be built to put the poison in, especially near watering places, as stock lots are generally fenced against stock anyway. One Brown county farmer in taking up his baits and placing them in the barn was much disappointed that evening when he went to put out his baits to find that the rats had gotten off with them. Of course he didn't stop to think how much good he had accomplished in killing his rats accidentally.

In making wheat bran and molasses mixture, use one ounce of strychnine to twelve quarts of the mixture and put out in small balls about the size of an ordinary plum.

By these methods of poisoning rabbits one ounce of strychnine will make about fifteen hundred baits, containing about one quarter grain of strychnine per bait and will cost about one-fifth cent each.

For more detailed information see the County Agent.
GEO. E. EHLINGER,
County Agent, McCulloch County.

After the fire: Friends may sympathize, but we pay cash. Anderson & Carrithers, Insur-

A GOOD FRIEND.

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

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

(Statement given April 29, 1915)
On May 16, 1919 Mr. Connor said: "I still recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as highly as I did when I previously endorsed them. I think Doan's are a fine kidney remedy and I find occasional use of them keep my kidneys in good shape."

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

IN 1925!

This story was composed by Estelle Levy. It is quite a quaint story:

Some old people believe that in the year 1925 this world will be changed. The bald-headed will have hair; the toothless people will have teeth; the pretty, ugly; and those ugly will be pretty.

My advice to people is this: Don't worry if you haven't any teeth; wait until 1925—and you will have some. The bald, listen! You also wait and you will have hair. And fat people—don't waste your time rolling on the floor, or taking any other reductions. Guess you will be thin in 1925.

Oh, what a strange world this would be if everything happened as people wished or thought! I guess we would be living in the air, look like animals and have horns and wings. It was said not long ago, in the year of 1920, the world would come to an end, on a certain date. People were very distressed (I mean those who believed it) and went to church every day (a good way to make people pay up their bills so they will have nothing against them when the day comes and they stand before the Judgment).

Yet, when that day came the world was the same as ever, and we are still alive today.

So if you believe this—you had better get prepared.

COAL! COAL!

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

An Important Detail.

"Anything else?" asked the fair defendant after an hour's consultation with her lawyer.

"You might let me inspect your ankles."

"Sir!"

"No offense, ma'am. I must know how long I would be justified in keeping you on the witness stand."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Referred to 'Dad.

"Girlie, I would die for you."

"See pa."

"Eh!"

"He sells life insurance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MABEL'S DATE.

It is Saturday night! off night! social night! A visit to town, the weekly milk chocolate, a letter from home, have put the memories of the week just ending far behind, and next week looms far, very far in the distance. "There is no time like the present."

A bustle is going on all over the boarding house. Mabel skips down the hall from the telephone excitedly and cries "Jack" to the question flung at her from every door. "O-o-oh, can I wear your pink crepe tonight, Anna?" she asks, all in one breath, as she stops herself by catching the door-filing.

Mabel tries on Anna's pink crepe and the girls declare it is a perfect fit, though Anna is the larger by about thirty pounds. But when the sash which covered a chocolate-stained spot cannot be found, Mabel is forced to give up the idea of wearing Anna's perfectly lovely dress. Nettie offers her a rose meseline which is considerably wrinkled from lying in the corner of the closet with shoes piled on it. So two of the girls watch out at the head of the stairs while Mabel borrows an electric iron from the quiet girl who rooms at the end of the hall and "goes after" the wrinkles. During this time Mabel's room-mate cleans up her own white Oxfords for the fortunate one to wear.

Mabel's room is the scene of wildest confusion for the next half hour. Six or eight girls are talking, giggling, trying on clothes, and advising Mabel what to wear. After she has tried in vain to arrange her light frowsy hair to suit her exacting self, her room-mate takes the job and, with an exaggerated quirk, pulls the tangles down over her right eye. With Nettie's dress, Susie's slippers, Mary's new green-and-gold beads, and a plentiful supply of Susie's rouge, Mabel drains the perfume bottle and sails down to the parlor.

The April moonlight streams down on the swing where Mabel and Jack are sitting. They have just come in from the show, in which Anita Stewart has played such a bewitching part. The minds of both are still under the influence of thrills they got from the picture, which showed that the storm was over and the villain had gone, and the hero and heroine had a few supreme moments to themselves. Jack and Mabel are now talking more in breaths than in tones. Time goes fast.

Jack gazes into Mabel's face with his heart in his eyes. She looks up at him kittenishly. "Aren't you tired of looking at me that way?" she sighs, her tone inviting a negative answer.

"Why, I could look at you all night," is his gallant reply.

"Not tonight, please,—bed-time, Mabel!" pipes out the landlady's firm, acidly polite voice, as she in kimona and noiseless house slippers, appears on the scene.

A short, metallic groaning of the empty swing, "waitin' for the cat to die," the ghost-like disappearance of the interrupter, Mabel's muffled tread up the stairway to her room, and the crack! crack! of the pebbles slipping from under Jack's feet as he takes to the street in flight,—all this, and Mabel's date is ended.

Why He Laughed.

The proprietor of a certain store is constantly scolding his employes for their indifference in the matter of possible sales. One day, hearing a clerk say to a customer: "No, we have not had any for a long time," the proprietor, unable to countenance such an admission, began to work himself into the usual rage. Fixing a glass eye on the clerk, he said to the customer:

"We have plenty in reserve, sir—plenty downstairs!"

Whereupon the customer looked dazed; and then, to the amazement of the proprietor, burst into hysterical laughter and walked out of the shop.

"What did he say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk.

"We haven't had any rain lately." —London Mail.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

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

Easy One.

Friend — "How's the mining scheme?"

Promoter—"We took \$50,000 out last month."

Friend—"Out of the mine?"

Promoter—"No; out of the stockholders."

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

CONDENSED CLASSICS

LORNA DOONE

By R. D. BLACKMORE

Condensation by Katherine R. Markward, Allston, Mass.



Richard D. Blackmore was born at Longworth, Berkshire, England, June 7, 1825. He was educated at Blundell's school, Tiverton, and at Exeter college, Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship. His first publication was a volume of poems which showed a particular promise, nor did a later volume; but he was, nevertheless, ambitious to succeed, and enthusiastic in his pursuit of literature. A complete breakdown in health rendered it necessary for him to leave city life in London, and he determined to combine a literary life in the country with a business career as a market-gardener.

He settled down in Teddington, and set earnestly to work. Several publications followed, the first novel being "Clara Vaughan," the merits of which were promptly recognized. But it was in 1860 that he suddenly sprang into fame with "Lorna Doone." This story was one of the first in the revival of the romantic novel, and appeared as it did, at a time when the reading public was waiting and ready for a work of this type, it was a great success, and pronounced a novel of "singular charm, vigor and imagination."

Though Blackmore wrote many other stories, none has reached the popular heart like "Lorna Doone"; and he will be remembered chiefly as the author of this charming story, which is a classic of the west country. Many pilgrimages are made annually to the Doone valley, although the actual characteristics of the scene of the story differ greatly from the descriptions inspired by the lively imagination of the author.

"Lorna Doone" is a truly outdoor story; at times it is very dramatic and picturesque and threaded with adventure.

Blackmore kept to his quiet country life to the last, and passed away at Teddington on Jan. 20, 1906.

IN EXMOOR in the county of Somerset, in the year of grace 1661, dwelt the outlawed Doones, who, huge and brutal, defied king and common, committed brazen robberies with impunity, and took refuge after every outrage in the well-nigh impregnable Glen Doone. On the nearby farm of Plover's Barrows dwelt John Ridd, a great limbed lad who had been summoned home from boarding school in his teens to learn that his father, a wealthy farmer, had been slain in a night raid by the Doones. John, blunt and honest, was kind to his mother and his two sisters, did his share of the farm work, and, as he grew to manhood, learned to ride a horse and shoot a blunderbuss with unflinching skill.

One day, while yet a boy, his fishing excursions in Bagworthy water led him to discover an entrance to Glen Doone, so secret, so remote that the robber band stationed no guard there, never dreaming that living soil would discover it. Following a little cascade, John emerged at last into a dell blooming with primroses and beheld with amazement a beautiful child of eight with hair like a black shower and eyes full of pity and wonder. Her name (pretty, like herself) was Lorna Doone and John often had her in his thoughts through the six years which followed. He was twenty then and Lorna fourteen, and already John Ridd knew that he loved her, that fate had decreed it so and that all the world was naught when weighed against this girl.

To be found in Doone valley spelled death for any man, but the thought of Lorna "light and white, nimble, smooth and elegant," filled John with yearning and lured him to the hazard. Again and again he sought the maid in the primrose bowers above the cascade and then one afternoon in the splendor of an April sunset John once more threw down the gauntlet which love ever casts at danger. To Lorna's tremulous, "You are mad to come; they will kill you if they find you here," John smiled and thought her fairer than the primroses amid which she stood. She lived in constant fear, she confessed, for the gigantic and passionate Carver Doone openly paid her homage and glowered with jealous eyes at any man who durst cast a glance at her.

"I care naught for him or his jealousy," cried John Ridd. "I have loved you long, as child, as comely girl, and now as full grown maiden. I love you more than tongue can tell or heart can hold in silence." Lorna raised her glorious eyes and, flinging her arms about his neck, cried, with her heart on his, "Daring, I shall never be my own again. I am yours forever and forever." But before her went she was in tears. "How dare I dream of love? Something in my heart tells me it can never be."

That fear of his beloved's spurred John to penetrate into Glen Doone one night at the risk of his life for word of Lorna. Once a guard leveled his gun at him but went off cringing at the thought that after all so huge a form could be only that of Carver Doone.

It was a real danger which threatened Lorna, for old Sir Ensor Doone, head of the robber crew, lay dying and he alone had been her protector

against the brutal Carver. For John to play a desperate game and carry Lorna off would but incite the Doones to wreak revenge upon the countryside with fire and sword. At times he swore to smoke out this nest of rascals, but the timid farmers, overawed by their savagery, would promise no support.

Meanwhile an unparalleled winter had set in. Day after day the snow fell steadily and, blown by the wind, almost smothered the low-eaved cottages. Desperate for some word of Lorna, John made his way on snowshoes into the very heart of Glen Doone, unobserved in that feathery fog. John found Lorna's hamlet, stifled her exclamations of surprise with kisses, and felt his heart swell with anger on learning that she and her maid, Gwenny Carfax, were kept in confinement and deprived of food by order of Carver Doone until Lorna should consent to be his wife. Not for naught was John Ridd a giant—and in love. Throwing discretion to the winds he carried Lorna and Gwenny away upon his sledge that very night to the warm refuge of his mother's fireside.

The Doones, though so openly set at defiance, bided their time. With spring the roads were open and one moonlight night, with an arrogance worthy of Carver, they attacked Plover's Barrows in force. John Ridd, nothing daunted, defended his fireside and loved ones with spirit, meeting the attackers squarely with a handful of men and putting them to speedy flight. A murderous attack by the Doones was had business enough, but to John's honest soul a worse trouble followed.

His Lorna was discovered to be no true Doone, but the niece of the great Lord Dugal, kidnaped as a child. To London and the protection of her noble uncle she was summoned, her heart as well as her lover's torn by the separation. The thought that he might never again behold his Lorna plunged him into misery.

"After all," he asked himself, "who am I but a simple farmer, who dares lift his eyes to the niece of an earl?"

But this was no time for repining, for the ill-starred rebellion of Monmouth flamed out, catching John Ridd, innocent though he was, in its toils. But all came to a happy issue when John, summoned to London, frustrated the intended murder of Lord Dugal, captured the attackers, and turned them over for punishment to the terrible Lord Jeffreys. Events moved swiftly; his exploit made London ring, he was knighted by King James, and when the earl of Dugal died soon after, a well-directed bribe secured Jeffreys' permission to let Lorna, his ward in chancery, wed the redoubtable Sir John Ridd.

Back to Exmoor and Plover's Barrows went John Ridd, knight, to lead the farmers of the countryside who, infuriated by a new outrage committed by the Doones, took the law into their own hands and swept the robber stronghold clean with fire and sword. Only the scheming old "counselor" and his son, the brutal Carver, escaped a bloody death.

Now at last the great day dawned for John and Lorna and they made their way to the little country church to be wed while all the neighboring farmers came to applaud the event. Scarcely were the sacred words of the service pronounced when a shot rang through the church and Lorna, her dark eyes drooping, her wedding gown stained with blood, sank into her husband's arms. John Ridd never forgot the agony of that moment and yet he seemed strangely calm. Only Carver Doone could have done this dastardly deed and as John dashed off in hot pursuit he swore that the world was too narrow a place to harbor him and his enemy another day. For Carver on his jaded horse there was no escape. His pistol missed fire, and at last in a narrow defile flanked by a wood and a stretch of bog the two men came to grips. They spoke little and that grim duel was fought with neither knife nor pistol but body to body as became two giants.

John felt a lower rib crack beneath Carver's terrible embrace, but his iron hand ripped the muscles of his assailant's arm from the bone like an orange pulp and he flung him, crushed and bleeding, upon the ground. In an instant the black lips of the bog fastened upon Carver's huge limbs, swiftly, silently, and John Ridd had scarce time to get his own feet upon firm soil before his enemy was sucked down into those grim depths, his face distorted with agony, but his quivering lips uttering no sound.

Love's true course does not always run awry and both John and Lorna recovered, he to worship her and she to assure him through the serene years with eyes and lips all eloquent: "I love you, John Ridd."

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Sumatra at a Standstill.

The rubber plantations and tobacco fields of Sumatra are of greatest importance in the island. In addition, Liberian coffee thrives under the protection of vast coco-palm groves. Ten-foot pepper vines climb thickly up the trunks of small trees, and dead forests of teakwood, planted in even rows, overhang and shade the road.

With rich alluvial soil, unflinching rainfall and tremendous natural resources, only the lack of labor and the deterrent influence of warring tribes has held Sumatra practically at a standstill.

The Happiest Days of Life



The School Days

You can make the memory of these happy days remain fresh and enjoyable to the school boy or girl of today through the gift of a

Memory Book

or

School Days Book

Just the thing for recording school events, parties, clubs, games, classmates' names, class records, and all the innumerable events that crowd school life and add to its joys and pleasures.

Ask to see the "Graduate Books"

It's a Pleasure to Show You

The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

BRADY, TEXAS

Gossard Brassieres

are designed for types.

They are made of the best materials that laundry beautifully, fit perfectly and wear—wear—wear.

—Also—

Gossard Corsets

C. H. Vincent
DRY GOODS
SOUTH SIDE



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
W. G. JOYCE
- 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)
O. C. (OTIS) WADDILL
- 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 Pre. No. 1:**
WALTER W. JORDAN
CHAS SAMUELSON (Re-Election)
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 2:**
R. L. (BOB) BURNS (Re-Election)
LEONARD PASSMORE
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:**
J. F. PRIEST (Re-Election)
W. J. REED
JOHN R. WINSTEAD
J. M. CARROLL
L. A. WATKINS.
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 4:**
S. H. GAINER
J. F. KYZAR
H. H. KNIGHT
GEO. C. PARKER
- For Public Weigher Pre. No. 1:**
ED JACOBY (Re-Election)
H. C. (HENRY) KING

OSCAR NELSON AND JOS. HANSON LOSE BARN AND FEED BY FIRE FRIDAY

Joseph Hanson and his son-in-law, Oscar Nelson, living in the Melvin community, had quite a serious loss by fire last Friday, when their feed barn was completely destroyed. Mr. Nelson lost all his feed, totaling around \$500, while Mr. Hanson, although he saved part of his feed, nevertheless had a loss of about \$300.

The fire originated from sparks blown from under a wash pot, located a hundred yards or more distant, and which set fire to a feed stack.

The house is full of nice Used Furniture. When you need anything in my line, come to see me. C. H. ARNSPIGER, at the Second Hand store.

A TEXAN TELLS ABOUT TEXAS.

(From February Issue Scottish Rite News).

A Shriner out in California seems to have been somewhat nettled by press reports of the recent golf tournament at San Antonio wherein our wonderful winter climate was extolled as being equal to that of California.

"How do you people get that way?" he asks. "I admit that your state has a wonderful area and it certainly requires a wonderful area to contain all of your arrogance. Indeed, I understand that Texas assumes to be the greatest state in the Union."

Ah, no, Brother Noble, it doesn't assume to be—it is.

There are only two things worth mentioning in the world that Texas does not contain and those are the North and South Poles.

Texas occupies all of the continent of North America except an ornamental ruffle of so-called states—including California—to the North and a rosette, called Mexico, to the South. It is bounded on the East by all the oceans in the world except the Pacific; on the West it is bounded by the Pacific and most of the sidereal universe.

Under Texas is a subterranean sea of natural gas and pure petroleum. Above it is most of the sky and all of the major constellations.

Texas is so big that the sun, in five hundred million years, has never been able to travel over in it less than a day, and when it has finished its journey, it is always ready to set.

State senators and representatives, elected from the border counties, travel for months to reach the state capitol at Austin, and are paid millions of dollars in mileage fees alone. The United States with Texas separated from it would look like the tail of a dog, with the dog amputated.

A map in order to convey any idea of the magnitude of Texas, would have to be tattooed on the side of the largest elephant, the tail and trunk being sufficient for the rest of the states in the Union.

Unless your front gate is at least eighteen miles from your front door, you cannot claim to belong to the first families of Texas. Mrs. King's gate is one hundred and fifty miles from her front door and she is thinking of moving her house back so that she will not be annoyed by the passing automobiles.

Texas grows enough cotton every year to wrap California in a winding sheet three miles thick.

She has enough timber and horses to supply a chariot and four for all California's risen dead on Resurrection morning.

If all the hogs in Texas were one big hog, he could root California into the sea with three roots, and his squeal would make the thunders of Niagara sound like a chicken with the pip.

If all the steers in Texas were one big steer, he could stand with his front feet in the Gulf of Mexico, his hind feet in the Bay of San Francisco and brush the lulu birds off the golden gate with his tail.

If all the he-men in Texas were one man he could carry the soil of California around under his finger nails.

The glory of Texas, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken aurora borealis.

Poor old California! Look on Texas and weep.

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.

WANTED

WANTED—Best prices on wood in large quantities. City Steam Laundry. Phone 67. Brady.

WANTED—Dry Bones delivered to Union Warehouse. Brady. Pay \$8.00 per ton. A. SUGGS.

FOR SALE

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

FOR SALE—About 450 head of good ewe sheep. Apply at Brady Standard office.

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

FOR SALE—Maxwell touring car, or will trade for Fordson or team. See J. LEE WOFFORD, at Lee Morgan's shop.

FOR SALE—Mountain Cedar Posts—all sizes. You can save money by buying them from AYLOR CEDAR CO., San Saba, Texas.

FOR SALE—Pure bred single comb White Leghorn Eggs. \$1 per setting; 15 selected eggs to setting. T. E. DOBBS, Katemcy, Texas.

FOR SALE—Mrs. G. A. Lehmann's 19-room Hotel, on the North Side of Menard, is for sale, or will trade for Brady property.

FOR SALE—50-acre lease in shallow field; splendid location, Brady, Texas. For further information, write M. JUDICE, 614 East Commerce St., Mexia, Texas. C-o F. C. Yarbrow.

FOR SALE—70-acre farm, mostly in cultivation; or will trade for mules, horses, cattle, good automobile, or good resident property in Brady. Located 7 1/2 miles northwest of Brady. V. L. BRADLEY, 8 miles northwest of Brady.

FOR TRADE

TO TRADE—Property in and near San Angelo for residence or business property in Brady. Some cash. No agents. Write J. W. ANDERSON, San Angelo, 1208 Orient.

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.

Colds Cause Grip and influenza
LAXATIVE PROMO QUININE Tablets remove the mucus. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." W. GROVES' capsules on box. 30c

If you have foot trouble, let us show you our complete line of Dr. Scholl's Foot Remedies and Appliances. They are giving relief to thousands of foot sufferers. For sale at Evers Shoe & Saddle Shop.

Perfection Oil Cook Stoves. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

MEERS WELLS IN CONCHO AND McCULLOCH GOING

J. Meers was in Brady Wednesday on a short business visit, and reported operations in progress both on the Texas-Meers Oil Co. well in Concho county, and the Jeff Meers Oil Co. well being drilled by J. Cory Snow on the Zelle ranch in this county. The drillers in Concho county have been pulling 6 1/2-inch casing from the Hargroves well to use in the Texas-Meers company's Shultz No. 1. The depth of this well is 1407 feet to the top of the sand.

On the Zelle tract, the drillers Wednesday had made 190 foot of hole and were preparing to set 6 1/2-inch casing to shut off a flow of fresh water.

FIRE DESTROYS HALF BLOCK IN CISCO—NEPHEW OF BRADY MAN IS HEAVY LOSER

Cisco, March 14.—Defective electric wiring is held responsible for a fire at 2:30 o'clock this morning which destroyed the Nime Dry Goods store, the Ward-Gude Dry Goods and Ready-to-Wear store and the R. C. Pass & Co. Grocery, at Avenue D and Broadway.

Half a block of Cisco's best business houses were burned.

A. L. Mayhew, owner of the buildings occupied by the Ward-Gude store and the Pass grocery, estimates his loss at \$35,000 with insurance for \$7,000. Alex Ward, owner of the building occupied by the Nime Company, has a loss of \$3,000 partially covered by insurance. The stock of the J. E. Nime store was valued at \$60,000, with \$40,000 insurance. The Ward-Gude loss was \$53,000 with insurance of \$4,000; R. C. Pass grocery loss \$4,000, insurance \$3,200.

This was Cisco's biggest fire since 1910, when the same block burned with a loss of \$75,000 to Mayhew & Co., dealers in general merchandise.

Owners of the buildings announce they will rebuild at once.

A. L. Mayhew, mentioned in the above account, is a nephew of J. C. Mayhew of Brady, and the latter was one of the firm of Mayhew & Co. who suffered a \$75,000 loss in 1910, when their general mercantile stock was burned.

BE WELL HEELED: Badly-worn heels not only ruin the shoes, but make your feet sore. Have them re-heeled with Good-year Rubber Heels, the best made. EVERS' SHOE & SADDLE SHOP.

When you need anything in household goods, see C. H. ARNSPIGER. If he hasn't got it, he will get it for you. At the New and Used Store.

R. M. A. RATING BOARD GIVING ACCURATE STAND-ING TO "PROMPT PAY" CLASS

More interest is being manifested each week in the Rating Board meetings of the Retail Merchants association. These meetings will be conducted throughout the year for the purpose of determining a person's credit standing in the county.

The association was organized for the purpose of helping an honest man build up his credit, and to protect the merchants against those who are indifferent towards their obligations. A person's rating changes; therefore, these meetings will be held throughout the year for the purpose of keeping in touch with those people who have been slow in the past, but who are now making an effort to meet their obligations and get in the "Prompt Pay" class; and those who have been prompt, but are now falling behind into the "Slow Pay" class; and also those who never take any interest in their obligations, preferring to let the merchants do the worrying.

At the last meeting on Tuesday of this week there were twenty-seven credit managers present, including L. O. Marshall and P. M. Lembke of Lohn, and it is expected that every town in the county represented in the membership will be present at the next meeting, which will be held on April 11th.

MID-TEXAS TEACHERS ELECT OFFICERS—ARE TO MEET IN BROWNWOOD IN SEPTEMBER

Brownwood, March 14.—The Mid-Texas Teachers' association, which has been in session here, adjourned at noon Saturday. J. B. Layne of Comanche was elected president; G. L. Huckabee of San Saba, vice-president and Miss Ola Cunningham of Comanche, secretary.

The following executive committee was elected:

Bosque county, Professor Silas Turner of Meridan; Brown county, Superintendent G. W. Page of Brownwood; Coleman county, Superintendent C. H. Hufford of Coleman city; Callahan county, Professor W. H. McDonald of Cross Plains; Comanche county, Professor O. W. Fagala of Proctor; Concho county, Professor R. C. Patterson of Millersview; Erath county, Neal Gearrard, Stephenville; Mason county, Professor P. A. Bennett of Mason; McCulloch county, Superintendent J. B. Smith of Brady; San Saba county, Professor F. A. Tippen of Richland Springs. Brownwood was chosen as the next place of meeting.

Macy & Co. can supply your needs for all kinds of field seed. See us before you buy.

Aermotor Windmills cost no more than ordinary Windmills, but there is a difference in the mills. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

TELEPHONE SERVICE

West Texas Telephone Company service is universal. It reaches all sections of your community. It also, by means of its long distance lines, reaches practically all points in this State as well as most points in other states.

The party you want is no further away than the telephone in your residence or your place of business.

It saves time and money.

Our rates are reasonable.

West Texas Telephone Co.

IN RELIGIOUS CIRCLES PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

Lutheran Lenten Services.
Every Friday night at 8:00 o'clock, divine service will be held at the Episcopal church. The public is cordially invited to attend these meetings.

At the Church of Christ.
Announcement for Sunday, March 26th:

At the morning service, our subject will be: "Christian Unity," and at the night service: "Does the Word of God Authorize or Command the Use of Musical Instruments in Christian Worship?"

Read Gen. 4:21; Isa 6:5-23; 1. Chro. 15:24-28 and 16:42; 2 Chro. 29:25; Ps. 33-31-92-108 and 150 Chap.

We shall consider this subject from reason, logic and the scripture.
S. W. ALFORD, Minister.

Christian Church.
Services for next Sunday, March 19, 1922:

At the morning hour we will have a Memorial service in honor of Dr. Shelton who recently gave his life on a foreign soil for the Christian cause.

At 7:30 p. m. the subject will be "The Book Wonderful." Good books are needed in every home. They are essential in properly training the mind. No home is complete without the "Book Wonderful." You are invited to hear this message.
G. T. REAVES, Pastor.

Fresh Sweet Milk, on ice, at JORDAN BROS. GROCERY.

The house is full of nice Used Furniture. When you need anything in my line, come to see me. C. H. ARNSPIGER, at the Second Hand store.

Williams Repair Shop

CLOCK—GUN—PHONOGRAPH and GENERAL REPAIRING RAMSAY BUILDING

Otis Waddill for Sheriff. O. C. (Otis) Waddill of Rochelle this week makes announcement of his candidacy for the office of Sheriff of McCulloch county. Mr. Waddill is one of McCulloch county's native sons, having been born and reared in the Rochelle community. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Waddill, who are numbered among the pioneer and most highly respected citizens of McCulloch county, and whose acquaintance extends far and wide over the county and this section. Mr. Waddill, aside from a couple years in business in Rochelle, has engaged all his life in farming at Rochelle. He is a man of high character, and sterling qualities, and is universally esteemed and admired. Many of his friends have been soliciting him to make the race for sheriff, and he has the promised support of friends all over the county. After fully considering the matter, Mr. Waddill has reached the conclusion that he can make a winning race, and so has thrown his hat into the ring. That Mr. Waddill is a 100% American is evidenced by the fact that when the armistice was signed he was in training at Camp Stanley, Texas, having volunteered for service although beyond draft age when the first call was made. While at the camp, he got 14 weeks of good, hard training, and which should stand him in good stead, should he be the choice of the voters in the coming election. Mr. Waddill respectfully asks consideration of his candidacy and his merits for the position to which he aspires, and will heartily appreciate the vote and support of the ladies as well as the men.

If you need furniture, figure with us. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

Statement of the condition of
LOHN STATE BANK OF LOHN, TEXAS
At the close of business March 10, 1922.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$90,087.65
Overdrafts	383.22
Bonds and Stocks	700.00
Furniture and Fixtures	5,000.00
Real Estate	500.00
Interest in Depositor's Guaranty Fund	1,128.69
Assessments in Depositor's Guaranty Fund	1,648.64
Bills of Exchange—(Cotton)	\$25,904.79
Cash and Exchange	17,572.33
TOTAL	\$142,905.32
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$30,000.00
Surplus	2,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,619.00
Individual Deposits	109,286.32
Bills Payable	None
TOTAL	\$142,905.32

STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch.
I, W. F. Roberts, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
W. F. ROBERTS, JR., Cashier.

Rye and Graham Bread Baked Fresh Every Day

Try a loaf—you'll like that wholesome flavor.

Complete Line of Cakes

We also bake to special order Cakes of any kind.

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