

BUY YOUR NEW SPRING HAT AT MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

MCCULLOCH HAS MAGNIFICENT "MILLIONS OF DOLLARS" RAIN

STAR WITNESS IN HORNSBY CASE REPUDIATES, THEN AFFIRMS TESTIMONY

WILLIE CARTER MAKES SWORN STATEMENT EXONERATING MAN SENTENCED TO HANG—LATER SAYS STATEMENT WAS MADE UNDER THREAT OF DEATH

Willie Carter, 17-year old boy, jointly indicted with George Hornsby for the murder of J. N. Weatherby at Brownwood, and upon whose testimony the state secured Hornsby's conviction at Belton and the passing of a death sentence upon the convicted man, last Thursday at Belton repudiated his testimony at the trial, stating that Hornsby was innocent, and naming an unknown party of Oklahoma as the real murderer. It had been planned to take Carter to Austin to make the statement before Governor Neff in an effort to secure a pardon or a commutation of sentence for Hornsby, but before this plan could be carried out, Carter was arrested upon request of District Attorney Walter Early and carried to Brownwood. There Carter made another sworn statement that his Belton statement was a fabrication and alleging that he had been threatened with death by Hornsby's brother unless he did something to save Hornsby from the gallows. Hornsby will be hung on the 14th, unless the Governor reprieves him or commutes his sentence.

The following is the statement published in last Friday's issue of the Brownwood News concerning the Carter repudiation, and also the daily press reports on Carter's later statements:

Willie Carter, the 17-year-old boy who was the chief prosecuting witness in the George F. Hornsby murder case, has repudiated his testimony, and has made a sworn affidavit at Belton that Hornsby is not guilty of the crime charged, and that he, Carter, swore falsely in the case. This is the substance of the sensational news that was phoned from Belton to Brown county officers Thursday.

Immediately upon receipt of the message District Attorney Walter U. Early ordered the arrest of Willie Carter at Belton on a charge of false swearing. A little later Belton officers phoned here that Carter had been arrested and had been placed in jail and would be held until Brown county officers came for him.

Sheriff Pugh informs the News that a deputy from his office will be sent to Belton Monday or Tuesday in quest of Carter, who will be brought back to the prison cell, from which he was released by order of the court about three weeks ago.

On account of his having testified against Hornsby, for the murder of J. N. Weatherby, and on account of his age, District Attorney Early a few weeks ago filed a petition with the district court for the Carter boy's release, which petition was honored by Judge Woodward.

Immediately upon being released from the Brown county jail the Carter boy disappeared. It is presumed now that he went direct to Belton where he joined his sister, Myrtle Chambers, the woman who was living in Brownwood with Hornsby as his wife at the time of Weatherby's murder, in October, 1920.

It is presumed that the Chambers woman is at Belton aiding in the heroic effort being made there to have the governor commute Hornsby's death sentence to life imprisonment.

It is believed here that immediately that Willie Carter rejoined his sister, that the later set to work to have him repudiate his testimony under which Hornsby was convicted. Myrtle Chamber's influence over her brother is believed by local officers to be the sole cause of the boy's action in signing an affidavit that he swore falsely. It will be remembered that in the

voluntary testimony of the Carter boy, describing the murder of J. N. Weatherby, and the manner in which he and Hornsby escaped across the country to Fort Worth, that he gave a minute account of where they stopped at Novice, Buffalo Gap, Abilene and other points, and the various hotel keepers with whom they put up and the several farmers who gave them rides along the way.

Hotel keepers at Novice and Fort Worth, and several farmers from around Buffalo Gap were summoned as witnesses for the prosecution, and testified in the case, and they corroborated the Carter boy's testimony in all particulars.

District Attorney Early in his petition asking for the release of Willie Carter, stated that without the Carter boy's confession that it would have been impossible to convict Hornsby on an indictment of first degree murder.

Now that the main prosecuting witness has repudiated his testimony and declares that Hornsby is innocent of the crime, many interested citizens of Brown county are wondering where it leaves the case.

Willie Carter is now to be tried for false swearing, and the district attorney declares that he will convict him for the act, and for imposing upon the court that granted him leniency.

Willie Carter spent 16 months in jail in Brownwood, but at that it seems the district court here made a mistake in giving him freedom before the sentence upon Hornsby had been carried out, as it has given Carter and those interested in Hornsby the opportunity to commit a new conspiracy in an effort to prevent the penalty against Hornsby being carried out.

Carter's repudiation of his testimony will be used of course to augment the appeal to the governor to commute Hornsby's sentence. How the governor will consider this turn in the case cannot be conjectured, except that many here believe that if the governor does not commute Hornsby's sentence that he may grant him a reprieve, pending a further investigation of the evidence on which Hornsby was convicted.

Boy Repudiates Hornsby Story. Brownwood, Texas, April 1.—Willie Carter, whose statement at Temple, Texas, yesterday exonerated George F. Hornsby of the killing of

CHUNK LIFTING GULLY WASHING RAINS AT LAST

That chunk-lifting, gully-washing, tank-filling rain the folks have been talking, wishing and praying about came at last—and it was a real rain. There's millions in it—so the Standard is safe in calling it a "Million Dollar Rain," although many vow it was worth tens of millions. Preceded by a slow, soaking rain early Monday morning, which covered all this county and section, and which averaged between half and three-quarters of an inch, the big rain came Monday evening about 5:00 o'clock and lasted up until about midnight. At Rochelle, Whiteland and Melvin the rain is reported to have fallen in sheets. Rochelle reports a 2½ inch rain, and the downpour is said to have extended all along the line of the Frisco into Brownwood. Melvin and Whiteland report all the way from three to four inches of rain, although some citizens who had put out rain gauges state the total was actually 2½ inches. Considerable hail is reported at Lohn, Stacy and Melvin. Lohn, Fife, Waldrip, Stacy and all the northern sections of the county, on into Coleman and Runnels county had big rains. At most all of these points, the rain came in sheets at three intervals.

South and East the rain was also heavy and at Goldthwaite a small cyclone accompanied the rainstorm, wrecking the Presbyterian church, a garage, warehouse, wagon yard and several residences.

Brady creek late last night came down bank full, and the San Saba river was reported on a 14-ft. rise. All creeks, tanks and water holes were reported full to overflowing, and the ground thoroughly saturated so as to assure a splendid planting season.

West at Eden, the rain was somewhat lighter, although an inch precipitation was had there.

About 100 ft. of fill, 2½ miles beyond Whiteland on the Frisco railer train last night was delayed of waters. The north-bound passenger train last night was delayed three hours before attempting to cross the weakened tracks, and a cribbing crew was sent out ahead of the southbound train this morning to get the track repaired before the train crossed. The Menard-bound train was delayed about an hour.

J. N. Weatherby, for which Hornsby was given a death sentence, has made another sworn statement to Brown county officers repudiating yesterday's statement and again declaring Hornsby killed Weatherby, officers announced today.

Carter was the State's chief witness in the Hornsby trial at Belton. In his statement of yesterday at Temple, he said not Hornsby, but an Oklahoman man killed Weatherby, according to officers.

In his statement here today, Carter, officers said, declared Hornsby killed Weatherby, and that he was induced to make yesterday's statement at Temple because a man had threatened to kill him unless he made some kind of statement to save George Hornsby from execution.

Carter, in his statement today, outlined all of his movements since being released from jail here, when a charge of murder was dismissed on the State's motion, according to officers. The statement, they said, implicates persons with whom he has associated since leaving here. The Carter boy is now held in jail here and a charge of murder has been placed against him.

Hornsby in Austin Jail. Austin, Texas, April 1.—George Hornsby, under sentence to hang on Good Friday, April 14 for the murder of J. N. Weatherby at Brownwood, and tried on a charge of venue at

ALLEY LIGHTS INSTALLED IN BUSINESS DIST.

Alley lights have been installed in the down town section of Brady, by the Brady Water & Light Works upon the order of business men of Brady. W. O. Kirchner, superintendent of the water works, took the initiative in the matter, offering to install the fixtures and furnish lights if sufficient number of contributions could be secured from the merchants and business men at the rate of 25c per month, to justify the water works in doing so. With but few exceptions, the Brady business men gladly accepted the offer.

Eight lights have been installed, three on each the north and south sides, and one each on the east and west sides of the business section. The fixtures used are those which formerly decorated and lighted South Blackburn and North Bridge streets. The location of the lights is given as follows: At the rear of Irwin's Cafe, Kirk's store, Brady Standard office, Hooper's store, Brady Water & Light Works, Broad Mercantile Co. store, Brady Storage Battery shop and Calley's Cafe.

Perhaps no better burglar insurance could be offered than is to be had in the installation of these lights.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE ELECTION PASSES QUIETLY—INTEREST SOME BETTER THAN USUAL

With approximately 1,000 qualified voters in Brady Independent School district, including the women, but 192 were interested sufficiently to cast their vote in the school trustee election held here last Saturday. At that, the number of votes cast was about 33 1-3% greater than usual.

With three trustees to be named Wilson D. Jordan headed the ticket with 126 votes, and with J. W. Townsend and F. A. Knox was elected trustee.

The vote cast was as follows: W. D. Jordan 126 J. W. Townsend 126 F. A. Knox 113 E. E. Polk 92 J. T. Mann 68 Henry Miller 58

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 255.

Tanlac is a powerful, reconstructive, systemic and stomachic tonic. It tones up the system, restores lost appetite and makes you feel strong, sturdy and well, as nature intended. Trigg Drug Co.

Belton, was transferred to the Travis county jail last night and is under guard of a deputy of Sheriff W. A. Bonds of Bell county.

In a statement to County Attorney John W. Hornsby today, the prisoner declared his innocence, claiming that he was a victim of a "frame-up," which, he said, clearly explained the case, as shown by the repudiation of Willie Carter, the State's star witness in the prosecution, of testimony given by Carter in the trial. In his conversation with the County Attorney, Hornsby stressed the point that he left Brownwood three days prior to the killing of Weatherby, that he was in Memphis, Tenn., on the day of the killing en route to his home in Alabama.

"After my talk with Hornsby, I am convinced that he is innocent of the crime which he has been convicted, and if he is hanged it will be nothing more than judicial murder," said County Attorney Hornsby. The county attorney is not related to the prisoner.

Governor Neff is to be urged to grant a stay of execution.

BRADY AND ROCHELLE TIE FOR FIRST PLACE IN INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

BIG TWO DAY'S EVENT HUGE SUCCESS—LARGE CROWDS IN ATTENDANCE UPON ALL CONTESTS AND MUCH SPIRITED RIVALRY SHOWN BY SCHOOLS

The McCulloch County Interscholastic League meet, held in Brady last Friday and Saturday was an unqualified success. Great interest was manifested in all events. There was an immense attendance from all sections of the county, and much spirited rivalry shown among the schools. Not only did the athletic contests attract a crowd that filled the big grand stand at Dutton City Park to overflowing, but the literary events were well attended, and the final debate at the Methodist tabernacle was presented before an audience that filled the entire auditorium. A remarkable fact was that Brady and Rochelle schools tied for first honors, each having a total of 179 points.

In making up the standing of the various schools in the several contests, it is not improbable that errors have occurred. Such errors will be gladly corrected if called to the attention of County Superintendent W. M. Deans, or any member of the executive committee of the interscholastic league, and the correction will be published in the next issue of this paper.

In making the awards, Brady and Rochelle schools will each be awarded a loving cup on account of having tied for first place. Following is the classified and corrected list of events as taken by the Brady and Rochelle schools:

BRADY		
Event	Place	Points
Declamation		
Junior Girl, Dorothy Nell Broad	3rd	2
Senior Girl, Eulalia Gavitt	2nd	5
Junior Boys, James Anderson	1st	10
Senior Boys, George Dutton	2nd	5
Spelling		
Senior Girl, Mabel Miller, 100%	1st	20
Essay Writing		
Noreen Dunn	1st	10
Tennis		
Boys' Doubles, Adkins and Adkins	1st	5
Boys' Singles, J. D. Miller	1st	5
Girls' Doubles, Adkins and Vincent	2nd	3
Girls' Singles, Mary Josephine Adkins	1st	5
Volley Ball		
Brady High School Team	1st	10
Junior Boys' Events		
50-yard Dash, Jake Wilensky	3rd	2
100-yard Dash, Jake Wilensky	3rd	2
440-yard Relay, Clark, Anderson, Wilensky, Carrithers	2nd	3
High Jump, Raymond Smith	3rd	2
High Jump, Randell Clark	4th	1
Broad Jump, James Maxwell	4th	1
Pull Up (Chinning the Bar) Milburn Carrithers, 21	1st	5
Pull Up, Wilensky Tied With Burns, Voca	3rd	1½
Senior Boys' Events		
120-yard High Hurdles, John Allison Polk, 19 4-5 sec.	1st	5
Broad Jump, George Dutton, 19 ft., ½ in.	1st	5
Broad Jump, John Allison Polk	3rd	2
100-yard Dash, Willoughby Craddock	2nd	3
Shot Put, Ralph Plummer	2nd	3
50-yard Dash, Craddock	2nd	3
50-yard Dash, George Dutton	3rd	2
Pole Vault, W. Adkins Tied Storms	2nd	2½
Pole Vault, Royston Taylor	4th	1
440-yard Dash, Eugene Samuelson	2nd	3
440-yard Dash, Richard Davis	4th	1
High Jump, Gerald Adkins, 5 ft., 1 in.	1st	5
High Jump, Dutton Tied With	3rd	2½
High Jump, W. Adkins, Tied With Dutton	3rd	1½
850-yard Dash, Samuelson	4th	1
Discus Throw, Plummer, 106 ft.	1st	5
Discus Throw, G. Adkins	4th	1
220-yard Dash, Craddock	1st	5
220-yard Dash, Awall	4	1
Debate		
Boys' Team, Gerald and Walter Adkins	1st	20
Girls' Team, Mary Joe Lyle and Amy Eidson	2nd	10
Total Points for Brady in Meet		
		179
ROCHELLE		
Declamation		
	Place	Points
Senior Girls, Lura Cottle	1st	10
Senior Boys, Howard Aycock	1st	10
Spelling		
Sub-Junior, Claudie Mae Wilson	1st	20
Junior, Gladys Mead	1st	20
Essay Writing		
Marie Dial	3rd	2
Tennis		
Girls' Doubles, Mead and	1st	5
Girls' Singles, Ouida Mead	2nd	3
Junior Boys' Events		
50-yard Dash, Sherman Cottle	1st	5
50-yard Dash, J. M. Dennis	2nd	3
50-yard Dash, Floyd Moseley	4th	1
100-yard Dash, Sherman Cottle	1st	5
440-yard Relay, Rochelle Team	1st	5
Running High Jump, Cottle	2nd	3
Broad Jump, Cottle	1st	5
Senior Boys' Events		
100-yard Dash, Blackburn	3rd	2
100-yard Dash, Cottle	4th	1

[Continued on Page 2]

MONEY TO LOAN
On McCulloch County Lands
 We want \$500,000.00 in farm and ranch loans within the next sixty days. We will meet all competition in rates and service.
Trimmier-McCarver & Lynn
 Ballinger, Texas

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES Local Readers, 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.

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

BRADY, TEXAS, April 4, 1922

HONEST INJUN.

That's what we call a "Million Dollar Rain."

DISGUSTING SENTIMENTALITY.

Over in Bell county is one of the hot beds of the Ku Klux Klan. Whether this fact has anything to do in the matter may be a mooted question, but certain it is that a heroic effort is being made in Bell county to substitute trial by public opinion for trial by jury.

The example:

George Hornsby was found guilty by an impartial jury of Bell county citizens of the foul murder of J. N. Weatherly at Brownwood, and has been sentenced to be hung April 14th, the supreme court having affirmed the sentence. The only man between Hornsby and the gallows is Governor Neff, and every possible effort has been made to get the Governor to commute Hornsby's sentence to life imprisonment. About 4,000 Bell county citizens have signed a petition asking the Governor to ignore the verdict and commute the sentence. In addition, there are a bunch of sickly sentimentalists who have turned Hornsby's cell into a garden bed of flowers, and in addition have run paid advertisements in the Temple Telegram seeking public sympathy for the condemned man by reference to his dear dead mother, and the fact that Hornsby was an orphan and "never had a chance."

Here is a sample of the hysterical sob stuff published in Hornsby's behalf: "He was mother's precious darling in the years of long ago. When he lisped a little prayer at mother's knee; But the years pass one by one And finds mother's precious son Pleading for his life to end me." The Standard believes it is no easy matter for twelve conscientious jurymen to make up their mind and be of one accord in condemning a man to death on the gallows. Surely, if there had been a shadow of doubt as to guilt in the minds of any one of those twelve, the death sentence would never have been agreed upon. The testimony showed that although the slain man had pled for his life, Hornsby had beat him to death without mercy. Now Hornsby begs for mercy. He says he "didn't have a chance." What chance did the innocent victim of his murderous desire have. Not one! Hornsby may have been an orphan, which is sad, it is true. But through his terrible crime he made a widow and orphans of innocent parties. The "sob sisters" weep over Hornsby and his impending fate; yet not a word of sympathy have they published for the tender

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

HINTS TO BUSINESS BUILDERS.

To see is to buy, when an article has been properly advertised.

children and their widowed mother, whom the murdered man left to fight life's battles without his sheltering care and guidance.

The Standard does not believe Governor Neff will commute the sentence of this condemned man, after a jury of twelve have determined his guilt and his punishment and their verdict has been upheld by the court of criminal appeals. To set aside this solemn verdict would be to overthrow our courts of justice and encourage the trial of prisoners by public opinion.

Now for some "Million Dollar smiles."

SNAP SHOTS.

Of course the baseball umpire has easy hours, but personally we don't want to go into any business where we would have to wear a hoopskirt on our face.—Dallas News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Where's there's a still there's a way.—Columbia Record. The situation in Porto Rico appears to be persistently Reily.—Detroit Free Press. A little four-power tact would help some, also.—New York Evening Telegram.

What Do You Want?

—USE THE— CLASSY-FI-AD COLUMN —OF—

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Rates—1 1/2 cents per word each time ad is run.

Cash With Order—Count your words and send cash with order. Send stamps if you wish.

—Use The Blank Below:—

The Brady Standard, Brady, Texas. Insert the following ad..... times. Enclosed find \$..... in payment. Your Name

BRADY-ROCHELLE TIE FOR 1ST

Table with 3 columns: Event, School, Points. Includes Shot Put, W. Gainer (3rd, 2), 1-mile Run, Clary (1st, 5), 1-mile Run, Cates (4th, 1), 50-yard Dash, Blackburn (4th, 1), Pole Vault, Storms Tied With W. Adkins (2nd, 2), 440-yard Dash, Gainer (1st, 5), 880-yard Dash, Clary (1st, 5), 880-yard Dash, Wilson (2nd, 3), Discus, Gainer (2nd, 3), 1-Mile Relay, Rochelle Team (5th, 5), 220-yard Dash, Blackburn (2nd, 2), 220-yard Dash, Cottle (3rd, 2), Boys' Basket ball (1st, 10), Debate (20, 10), Girls' Team, Mead and Gainer (1st, 20), Boys' Team, Neal and Wilson (2nd, 10).

Total Points for Rochelle in Meet 179

Places and Points won by other schools of the county are as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Event, School, Points. Includes Senior Girls' Declamation, Veda Oliver (3rd, 2), Junior Girls' Declamation, Beulah Carroll (2nd, 3), Junior Boys' 440-yard Relay (4th, 1), Bar Chinning, Junior Boys, Carey Hemphill (2nd, 3), Senior Boys' 120-yard Hurdle, Luther Vogel (3rd, 2), Senior Boys' 120-yard Hurdle, Floyd Huie (4th, 1), Shot Put, J. P. Horne, 38 ft., 1 in. (1st, 5), Shot Put, Carlos Harris (4th, 1), 1-Mile Run, Lincoln Lohn (3rd, 2), Discus, Horne (3rd, 2), Senior Boys' Declamation, I. J. Burns (3rd, 2), Essay Writing, Lorena Draper (2nd, 3), Junior Boys' 50-yard Dash, Willis Hardin (4th, 1), Chinning the Bar, Lewis Burn Tied Wilensky (3rd, 1 1/2), Junior Broad Jump, Hardin (3rd, 2), Senior 120-yard Hurdle, Other Deans (2nd, 3), Running High Jump, Deans (2nd, 3), 880-yard Dash, Deans (3rd, 2).

Total Points for Voca School 19 1/2

Table with 3 columns: Event, School, Points. Includes Essay Writing, Clara Taylor (1st, 10), Junior Declamation, Lucy May Ricks (1st, 10), Volley Ball (3rd, 3), Junior Boys' Declamation, Joe Ben Williams (3rd, 2).

Total for Brady Ward School 27

Table with 3 columns: Event, School, Points. Includes 1-Mile Run, Ray Wren (2nd, 3), 440-yard Dash, Deatherage (2nd, 3), Junior Girls' Declamation, Gay Mitchell (1st, 10), Senior Girls' Declamation, Ada Horne (1st, 10), Junior Boys' Declamation, Ernest Coonrod (1st, 10), Essay Writing, Nova Doyle (1st, 10).

Total Points for Fife School 46

Table with 3 columns: Event, School, Points. Includes Junior Girls' Declamation, Mildred Hinds (2nd, 5), Senior Girls' Declamation, Iris Spiller (2nd, 5), Junior Boys' Declamation, Aubrey Herberg (2nd, 5), Senior Boys' Declamation, Bruce Snodgrass (1st, 10).

Total Points for Stacy School 25

Table with 3 columns: Event, School, Points. Includes Junior Boys' 50-yard Dash, John Bradshaw (2nd, 3), Junior Boys' 440-yard Relay (3rd, 2), Running High Jump, Ray Alexander (1st, 5), Broad Jump, Alexander (2nd, 3), Senior Boys' Broad Jump, Bradshaw (2nd, 3), Pole Vault, Harvey Turner (1st, 5).

Total Points for Calf Creek School 21

Table with 3 columns: Event, School, Points. Includes Senior Boys' 100-yard Dash, Quince Weldon (1st, 5), 50-yard Dash, Weldon (1st, 5), Essay Writing, Richard Faulkner (2nd, 5).

Total for Pear Valley School 15

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

LOST—

LOST—Cameo Brooch, at Dutton City Park, or on streets of Brady. Finder please leave at Brady Standard office and receive reward.

WANTED

WANTED—Will the party who borrowed a 12-lb. sledge hammer from me, please advise me of its whereabouts. H. F. Schwenker, Brady.

JUNK! JUNK!

We are in the market for old Radiators, Brass, Copper, Lead and Tin Foil. Highest cash prices. J. E. WESTBROOK, At Singer Office.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Few Mammoth White Holland Turkey Eggs. Mrs. Jas. Coalson.

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

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

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred White Leghorn eggs, \$1.50 per setting. Also two Spitz pups, \$15.00 each. Phone 54, Kirk's store. H. T. Hudgins, Brady.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR HEMSTITCHING Call Singer Sewing Machine Co. Phone 40.

HIGHWAY COMMISSION REFUSES TO RE-ROUTE PUGET SOUND-TO-GULF HIGHWAY

A letter received here from Sam Crowther, Tom Green county vice-president of the Puget Sound-to-the-Gulf Highway association states that the route of this highway will remain as designated three years ago. A great effort was being made by Balingier, Sweetwater, Snyder and Post to change the highway through these points, after leaving Paint Rock, which would have made the route connect with the original highway at Lubbock. The State Highway commission has refused this proposed route, and the Puget Sound-to-Gulf highway will continue routed as originally designated, viz: from Paint Rock through San Angelo, Sterling City, Big Springs, Lamesa, Tahoka on to Lubbock.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. BUSINESS CARDS.

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Dr. Henry N. Tipton DENTIST Office in Syndicate Building Upstairs Over Moffatt Bros. & Jones Office Phone No. 399; Res. No. 305

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JOE ADKINS LAWYER Office in Broad Building South Side Square

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

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

FIVE-DOLLAR AWARD BASED ON SCHOLASTIC CENSUS IS MADE

Austin, April 2.—The largest single apportionment ever made by the state school board was announced by S. M. N. Marra, assistant state superintendent of education. The amount of the apportionment was \$5 and this based on a scholastic census of 1,290,000, makes an amount of \$6,450,000, which will be paid the school teachers of the state.

The \$5 apportionment announced Saturday makes a total apportionment of \$9.50 already paid by the state board of education. The total amount for the scholastic year of 1921-22 is \$13 and with the amount already paid, leaves only \$3.50 yet to be paid.

It was explained that the money is in the state treasury and if the teachers wish immediate payment they can secure same by mailing the checks direct to the treasurer instead of experiencing the usual delay by sending their checks to the various banks in the state.

Descriptive. Up at our boarding house there are two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is the living photograph of his father and the girl is the very photograph of her mother.—Ohio Sun Dial.

Not All Pleasure. In 1862 an intimate friend of President Lincoln visited him in Washington, finding him rather depressed in spirits as the result of the reverses then repeatedly suffered by the Federal troops.

"This being President isn't all it is supposed to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" said his visitor.

"No," Lincoln replied, his eye twinkling for a moment. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman who, after being ridden on a rail, said: 'If it wasn't for the honor av th' thing, I'd rather walk.'"

Budding Bookkeeper. "My son," said the father who was somewhat addicted to moralizing, "this is the age of specialties and specialists. Is there anything you can do better than anyone else in the world?"

"Yeth, sir," lisped the small boy, "I can read my own writing."

NEW WATER RATES WILL BE CONTINUED UNTIL PERMANENT RATES ARE SET

The plan of the board of trustees of the Brady Water & Light Works, announced for the month of March, through which the income of the plant was to be maintained at the February mark, and at the same time enable water consumers to use on an average of double the quantity of water, apparently met with popular approval. No complaint on the plan has so far been had; those who desired to use up to double the quantity of water were enabled to do so without increasing the cost to themselves.

That the income of the plant was more than maintained, is proven by the fact that the February receipts from water totaled \$1,665, while in March the receipts totaled \$1,687, showing a gain of \$22 over the February mark.

The water rates for succeeding months will be maintained as for March until the waterworks trustees see their way clear to readjust the rates upon a permanently lower basis.

Cotton Seed for planting, Mebane, \$1.50 per bushel. We are also agents for the Watson Imported Acala Cotton Seed. Matures two weeks earlier than other varieties, staple 1-16, at \$2.00 per bushel. We also have a full line of feed. See us. SPILLER & KIRKLEN.

Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White
Illustrated by R. H. Livingstone

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Occupying a dilapidated shack in the Silent City, a squatter settlement near Ithaca, New York, Polly Hopkins lives with her father, small Jerry, and an old woman, Granny Hope. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He is secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly alone knows their secret. Marcus MacKenzie, who owns the ground the squatters occupy, is their determined enemy. Polly overhears a conversation between MacKenzie and a stranger, in which the former avows his intention of driving the squatters from his land. The stranger sympathizes with the squatters, and earns Polly's gratitude.

CHAPTER II.—Evelyn Robertson discovers from her mother that she are not rich, as she supposed, but practically living on the bounty of Robert Percival, Evelyn's cousin.

CHAPTER III.—Polly learns from Evelyn that the sympathetic stranger is Robert Percival. Evelyn charges Polly with a message to Bennett, telling him she can give him no more money, and urging him to be patient. She already bitterly regrets her infatuation with and marriage to the ignorant farmer.

CHAPTER IV.—Polly conveys her message, and Oscar makes threats. He insists Evelyn meet him that night. Polly has her father and Larry Bishop, a squatter who has suffered from the enmity of MacKenzie, take an oath to do him no injury.

By familiar paths, sipping past a shanty here and there, Pollyop came at length upon a lonely shack set on a point by itself. She went around to the back, opened the door, and once



When Oscar Bennett Stepped into the Hut, He Uttered an Oath.

within the room touched a match to a small candle which she had taken from her pocket, and sat down amidst.

When Oscar Bennett stepped into the hut, he uttered an oath. He was not expecting to see Polly Hopkins.

"My lady won't come, eh?" he demanded gruffly.

"Oh, she's comin' all right," answered Polly, "but she were afraid. So I came along to see she got home safe."

A loud laugh fell from Bennett's lips.

"You're a clever kid, Pollyop," he said, morn' affably. "Cunning as a weasel, d—d if you ain't! Sit down. I won't bite you."

Polly squatted on the floor by the old table, and Oscar eased himself gingerly down onto a rickety bench.

"I bet she was scared pink at what I told you to tell 'er," he burst out after a while. "She's about the most lily-livered woman I ever saw."

For the space of a few seconds Polly looked at the speaker. Then:

"I'm thinkin' she ain't lovin' you no more, Oscar, an' a woman without love in her ain't worth nothin'."

There was no smile on the lovely face when the words were finished. She had spoken the truth, and Oscar Bennett knew it.

"I've been a fool, I guess," he ejaculated, "a perfect fool! I might better 'a' married you, Pollyop. Since you was knee high to a grasshopper, I've had a leaning toward you. By now I'd had a home and some comfort."

His glowing eyes were upon her, and for an instant Polly lost her breath.

"I wanted to 'fess up to you this mornin', Polly," Oscar ran on. "It's a sorry thing, but I reckon I care more for your little finger than for E. W. Groves' body. Maybe some day I'll give you all her cash—"

He laid down a lump that had been lying in her throat. "I bet you'd love to see, Oscar, 'an' I believe in be-fore your woman as well give you a bit

cap to your boots. I wouldn't use you for a doormat in front of Daddy's shanty!"

He shot a look of amazement. The confident smile faded from his face, and his lips sagged at the corners. Then he arose to his feet.

"I been thinking about you all day," he broke forth. "You've got everythin'—looks, action and brains. I want you, Pollyop, and I'm going to kiss you this time, so help me God!"

He took a step toward her and Polly scrambled up. Just at that moment Evelyn Robertson entered. Oscar Bennett turned swiftly, and Polly, very pale, placed herself at Eve's side. And as the wind foamed the lake to fury and shook Granny Hope's forsaken little hut, the man and two girls stood silent a long, tense minute.

Then Oscar smiled at Evelyn, a triumphant, insulting smile.

"So you thought it best to mind me, my lady," he laughed. "I guess after a while you'll come to know I mean what I say."

Eve tried to speak but could not. Polly squeezed her arm encouragingly.

"You're a mean duffer, Oscar," she thrust in. "Your woman's scared of you, that's all. Try bein' better, an' see how she likes it."

"She's got a good right to be d—d scared," grunted Bennett. "Now out with it, Eve. What's the rumpus? You haven't sent me a cent for a month."

With shaking fingers Evelyn pushed back her wind-blown hair.

"I couldn't get any money, Oscar," she wailed. "My allowance is all gone. I gave every cent of it to you. You know very well mother won't give me any more."

She had one card left to play, and she hoped it would take the trick.

"I might as well tell you," she continued, the steel in her eyes wiping away the blue. "Mother hasn't any money. All I thought we had belongs to Cousin Bob."

She ceased speaking and waited an instant to note how her news struck her husband. He flung up a clenched fist.

"The devil take you, Eve!" he cried. "Don't try to put anything over on me like that. You're the biggest liar in Tompkins county."

That he partly believed her showed in his manner.

"I'd never 'a' married you if I'd a known that two years ago," Oscar asserted hoarsely. "You can be dead certain of that, my lady. You were pretty careful to keep your money troubles to yourself. Sit down, both of you! You're shivering like two cats."

Impulsively Evelyn went toward him.

"Oh, Oscar, listen, listen to me," she said, trying to steady her voice. "I want to be free. I can't, I can't live this way any longer."

A coarse oath fell from Bennett's lips.

"You don't need to," he shouted. "You got a home to come to—my home. You can do the work my old mother's doing. It's your job, not hers. You're my wife, by giner, and as I said to Pollyop here, you live with me, or you pay up. I don't give a tinker's d—n which you do."

His voice grew deep as he finished, and an evil, taunting smile drew up his lips. Evelyn shuddered and swayed, and Polly slipped one arm around her waist.

"You want to be free from me, eh? That's it, is it?" he sneered. "Some other guy loomung up to love, I s'pose. Well, I don't mind who gets my leavings if you make it worth my while. But if not—"

Evelyn's pale, beseeching face lifted to his. She could not quit him without his promise that she should have her freedom. Neither must he think that she could get him a large sum of money.

"I can't get another dollar," she repeated hoarsely. "I simply can't. And—and I must be free."

A frown drew the man's heavy brows together until they touched, and he lifted his fist to strike; but Polly Hopkins, by one swift movement, thrust Evelyn from under the man's upraised arm and crowded in between them. Because Evelyn was his wife, he had the right to beat her if he pleased, Polly thought, but he would not dare to strike Polly.

"If you've got to swat some one, Oscar," she gritted between her teeth, "swat me!"

The beautiful white face came close to Bennett's, and the challenge in the squatter girl's flashing eyes stirred a feeling within him that he never had before for Evelyn Robertson. Oscar had always believed that a woman must fear a man to respect him, and that to respect him meant to love him. He did not want Evelyn Robertson in the farmhouse, but he did want money and Polly Hopkins. If he could master her as he had Eve, she would come to him willingly when he was ready for

Working on that principle, he struck out. As the huge fist came in contact with Pollyop's shoulder, she staggered backward. Her low cry was followed by Evelyn's scream. The squatter girl sank to the floor limply. No one had ever struck her before.

"You've killed her," cried Evelyn; and Oscar Bennett, fearful that the girls' clamor would summon some inquisitive squatter, turned swiftly to go.

"Both of you keep mum about this, my lady," he ordered. "I'm off! See?"

With that he tore open the shanty door; and Evelyn stood panting with her hand on her heart until the sound of his running footsteps was lost in the windstorm.

Then Evelyn led Polly Hopkins home. One arm hung at the squatter girl's side; and the pain in her shoulder, where Oscar's fist had landed, was terrific. On nearing the shack, Polly whispered:

"Mebbe he'll be quiet a while now. You'd best scoot home, huh?"

A small box passed from Evelyn's handbag to the squatter girl's pocket.

"I brought them for Jerry," said Evelyn softly. "and oh, Polly, whatever can I do for you to even up things? Perhaps—"

"Scoot home," interrupted Polly. "I'm goin' in."

Pollyop stole into the shanty in the greatest torment she had ever known. Granny Hope and Daddy Hopkins had gone to bed, and she could hear her father's loud breathing from the back room. She was glad of that, for if he were to learn how she had been hurt, his rage would know no bounds. She lighted a candle and looked about dazedly. The billy goat was snuggled against the wood-box; and Nannie Lamb poked her head up and blinked at the light. Polly put down the candle and slipped the dress from her shoulder. How dreadfully it hurt her! Oh, how she wanted something to make her misery less! But squatters did not have money to spend on drug-store remedies.

From an old can she poured a little oil on a rag and bathed the injured flesh. Then she took up the lamb and dropped into a chair by the table. In sheer exhaustion her head sank down upon it. After a while she straightened up, threw back her curls, and raised the lamb's face to hers, a wry smile flitting across her lips.

"It's goin' to be a hard job lovin' Oscar and Old Marc like Jesus loved wicked folk, Nannyop," she said under her breath. "but mebbe now I been face to face with an angel, I can do it."

Again her head fell forward; but almost instantly she arose, and with the lamb in her right arm like a baby, moved to the side of the bed. Then she snuggled the lamb under the blankets and put Granny Hope's Bible beneath her pillow. Carefully she slipped off her clothes and put on a coarse nightgown. Then, having snuffed the candle, she crawled in beside the lamb.

CHAPTER VI.

Twice had the golden sun sunk in a welter of splendid colors behind West hill, and twice had the warmth of his rising scattered the mists from the lakeside since the encounter in the hut, and Polly Hopkins was making ready for her daily walk through the Silent City.

It was her custom to go among the squatters and give them courage, to tell them that they had a right to their homes, to food, and warmth. How her girl's heart ached for their dumb misery! Surely the squatters had suffered in the past year! Many a boy had been taken from his home and sent to France, and many a mother had crept about the settlement with grief-worn face, waiting for news from over the sea.

Pollyop understood what war meant. The squatters were always at war! Granny Hope had explained to her that, whenever people fought and were cruel to one another, that was war. Hadn't she warred but two nights ago with Oscar Bennett?

She had not seen him since, and the pain and humiliation he had dealt her had been lightened by Granny Hope's assurances that love was the leveler of hate. So Polly, having quantities of love and sympathy to spare, sent it broadcast over the hopeless ones in the settlement and promptly put Oscar Bennett's cruelty out of her mind. She did not even remember sometimes how much the milk Oscar had been grudgingly given her was missed in the shack. To offset that deprivation, she was free from him, and the ugly quarrels she had had to settle almost daily between him and Evelyn.

This morning, while Daddy Hopkins was in Ithaca, Pollyop started out with her many loves for a walk. On her shoulder perched Wee Jerry; at her side, in stately dignity, stalked the billy goat, and tied to one of her arms by a small rope gambled Nannie Lamb Hopkins.

Through the Silent City she wandered, helping people here and there to see the sunny side of things. Beyond the row of shacks was the fence Marcus MacKenzie had erected to

keep the squatters from trespassing on his woodland, and in front of it Polly Hopkins stood. A bill poster had passed and left on the fence a picture that caught her attention.

It was a beautiful woman, her eyes suffused with tears, and she looked straight out of exquisite coloring at the wide-eyed squatter girl. In her arms was a withered, sick, little man, and Pollyop knew that somewhere over the ocean an enemy, perhaps a man like Old Marc, had hurt him. The woman held him close as she looked

poster carried its wondrous message to the very bottom of the squatter girl's heart.

A sound, close at hand, caused her to turn swiftly. A man on horseback had drawn up on the side of the road. The blood came in swift leaps to Polly's face. There was the "beautiful angel" looking down upon her! What could she do but stare back at him? In another instant he had dismounted and was coming toward her.

Jerry slid from her shoulders to the ground. Pollyop's hand clasped his; but she did not speak. What had happened to her "angel"? He looked different; more like the other men she occasionally saw on horseback. That was it! He was not wearing the olive-drab uniform! To add to her confusion Robert Percival was smiling at her in the most friendly way. Then he glanced up at the picture, his fine face saddening.

"The Greatest Mother in the World, little girl," he said, and he smiled again.

"The Greatest Mother in the World," repeated Pollyop, in awed tones. "Does that mean she's mother to the squatter kids what was hurt in the war, mister?"

"Yes," he replied after a short pause. "Yes, it means that, and more. She's mother to every hurt boy and brings comfort to every one on earth that needs help."

"Golly, she's some mother, ain't she?" breathed Polly soberly. "She's beautiful too. Squatter mummies has too many kids to stay handsome like her." She made a backward motion with her thumb toward the fence and searched his face gravely.

A choking sensation in Robert's throat made him cough. The girl's statement was like a charcoal drawing in which a few broad lines tell the whole story. He felt his interest in her increase. She was the quaintest, prettiest and most solemn child he had ever seen. Yes, he knew she was an inhabitant of the Silent City by the clothes she wore, and the thin, bow-legged child, to say nothing of the bewiskered goat and woolly lamb that were with her.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Just Pollyop," was the answer.

"Polly Hopkins. My daddy is Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of this settlement."

Surely! Robert remembered very well MacKenzie speaking of Hopkins, and he remembered too the painted invitation over a hut door as if it were before his eyes. Looking Pollyop over from the top of her curly head to the tips of her bare feet, he decided that she had written it.

Question after question he flung at her, and answer after answer came from Polly's lips. She told him where she lived, and how she cooked the beans, bacon and fish Daddy Hopkins provided; how cold it was in the shanty when the cruel north wind swept up the lake; and how wet it was when the rain fell and clammy fogs shrouded the world in gray; how Granny Hope was sick with pains. She gave him an inside view of life in the Silent City. Long before she had finished her recital, Percival's courtesy had put her at her ease, and she was chattering like a magpie.

"Can I do something for you, Polly Hopkins?" queried Robert, as she finished telling about life in the squatters' city.

She flung out both hands in a comprehensive gesture as much as to say he could see for himself how much she needed.

"Sure, sure you can," she said with fierce emphasis. "You can make Old Marc leave us squatters be. You're bigger'n he is! The squatters need you awful bad."

Her voice broke. Robert took a long breath. Of course he could help this girl and her people. He would, too! As far as money gave power, he could equal and surpass Marcus MacKenzie.

"I did try to talk sense into Mr. MacKenzie's head," he returned presently. "but now I will make him leave you alone."

In spite of the curved lips about which a smile lurked, there was apprehension in her voice when she asked:

"Can you lick 'im to a finish, mister?"

"Yes, I think I could," laughed Robert; "but it won't be necessary."

"Then I see us Silent City folks bein' happy again," sighed Polly. "We got a awful lot of things an' folks to take care of here."

Robert made a sweep with his arm that encompassed the group before him.

"You have, evidently!" he laughed.

"An' I got more home," interjected Polly. "I got Daddy Hopkins an' Granny Hope—an' this brat is my brother, an' this goat is Billy Hopkins an' this lamb's Nannyop. Oh, sure, sir, I've got a hull lot to love in this good old city."

Polly made an upward motion with her hand toward the picture on the fence.

"She's got a bunch to love, too," she said softly. "Ain't she?"

He walked to her side and contemplated with her the pictured woman, making her silent appeal to them for the wounded boy in her arms.

"Of course she has," answered Percival reverently. "She's the Greatest Mother in the World, Polly Hopkins, and—and—" his gaze dropped upon her, and he continued, "and you're the littlest mother in the world."

A glad smile widened the girl's lips. All the fear that had been as a ton weight upon her had fallen away. She wanted to pay him the highest compliment she knew. When he had mumbled, she told him, gently:

"Some day you'll be the biggest an' most beautiful daddy in the world, Good-by."

CHAPTER VII.

To describe Oscar Bennett's rage when he left the two girls in Granny Hope's shack would indeed be a task.

Of late Evelyn had ceased to attract him. In the excitement of the courtship he had put his best foot forward, and for a time after the marriage he had found a great satisfaction in the thought that she was his. When the glamor of their secret honeymoon-time had worn off, and the farmer's crude, cruel nature had been disclosed, Evelyn's mad infatuation had disappeared in terror-stricken horror.

As Evelyn was finding in Marcus MacKenzie a mate more to her taste, Bennett's primitive passions had burst into a sudden flame for Polly Hopkins. The squatter girl's scorn of him, her drawing ridicule, only made him desire her the more.

A couple of days after the night scene with the girls, he left his house and took his way to the lake. He crossed his fodder lot and plunged into the MacKenzie forest which lay between the railroad tracks and the water. In his pocket he had a letter for Evelyn. He intended to kill two birds with one stone. If he could find Polly Hopkins alone, he would tell her the decision he had come to and give her the note to deliver.

Oscar did not relish entering the Silent City by the highway. The squatters hated him as much as he did them, more, in all probability; and it was his habit to give the settlement a wide berth. If he discovered any of them on his land, with the exception of Polly Hopkins, he drove them away furiously. Oscar was one of those who would rather have produced rot on his land than give it to the needy.

Before vaulting the MacKenzie fence, the sound of people talking on the other side halted him. Pollyop's voice came distinctly to him, and another voice, a man's, answered her. The deep well-bred tones Bennett was sure did not belong to a squatter. He listened carefully to pick up the import of the conversation. The bass voice mumbled something about a

mother. In response, the squatter girl's tones fell upon his ear: "Some day you'll be the biggest an' most beautiful daddy in the world." Then followed the rush of departing hoofs.

Jealousy tore at the cavewalker. It did not take him long to get to the top of the fence.

Some sound he made brought the squatter girl's head around sharply from her survey of the picture.

"What do you want?" she asked sullenly, frowning at him.

Robert jumped to the ground.

"I come down to see you, Pollyop," he rejoined, coming forward. "Who were you talking to?"

The only safe way to get along with the farmer, Polly had concluded, was to have nothing to do with him.

"Leave me be, Oscar Bennett!" she shrieked. "I don't want nothin' to do with you. I'm goin' home."

To cut off her retreat, Oscar needed to take but a couple of strides, and he promptly took them.

"Jenny crickets!" he expostulated. "Don't be so confounded short, Pollyop! You needn't be mad because I swatted you one. You aren't my woman yet, but you're going to be just as soon as I can get shut of my lady Robertson."

Observing no signs of softening in the girl's face, he switched his attack. "Say, where'd you get that h.m.b.?"

This query unfolded new terrors for Polly. She had not thought of the lamb belonging to anyone but herself. Had she not found him dying in the water and loved and fed him ever since? She looked first at the man, then down at the lamb.

"He's mine, Oscar," she hesitated. "I've had him two hull days now."

Oscar laughed.

"A likely story!" he jeered. "How long since squatters raised sheep? Where'd you get him?"

"Found him," she answered, putting her hand on the little animal.

"Then he isn't yours," he retorted, "and he can't be anybody's but mine. I thought I was missing some lambs."

Polly's eyes filled with alarm. She was trying to frame an argument in favor of herself and the creature she loved.

"When you find a thing dyin' in a creek, Oscar," she faltered at length,

"you can take him home an' love him, now can't you?"

The man's loud guffaw brought a deep flush to the girl's face. She placed herself directly between him and the lamb.

"He's mine," she insisted. "He'd drowned sure if I hadn't jumped into the drink an' pulled him out."

Her words made the farmer certain where the creature came from.

"Dead or alive, he's mine!" he exclaimed.

Besides coveting the lamb, he hated the squatter girl's way of fondling animals. When he got her, he determined, he would take all of that kind of nonsense out of her.

With one sweep of his mighty hand, he thrust her aside, and, whipping out his knife, he cut the rope that held Nanny Hopkins to Polly's arm. Then, in spite of the girl's frantic cries and her desperate fighting against it, Oscar picked up the lamb.

Pollyop screamed frantically, for from the look on his evil face, she saw instantly what he intended to do. He was going to kill Nannyop! Again she flew at him, but he was tall and strong and held the lamb aloft in the air, high out of her reach. With a rough oath he pushed the girl from him so roughly that she fell. When Polly scrambled up, he had the lamb in one hand and a large stone in the other.

"Oscar!" she shrieked.

"There," he grunted, "that's to teach you a lesson, Miss Polly Hopkins. And now I'll open your eyes to something else."

As he crossed to her, she tried to struggle to her feet; but her legs were weak, and she was sick over the quivering body there in the road. In another minute Oscar had snatched her into his arms.

She shrieked again and again; and Jerry's loud cries followed, as she fought desperately with the burly farmer.

Once out of sight of the Red Cross poster and the little group in front of it, Percival checked his horse. Bay Dexter shook his head and clamped his bit in disapproval. He was accustomed to mad, hurrn-scarum gallops, and he loved them; but this morning, especially since the pause by the fence corner, he had been compelled to mope along like a worn-out, old nag.

His master was thinking, really and seriously thinking. Happily born and the heir to an immense fortune, his way through life so far had been marked out for him. He had gone to war carelessly, in a mood of hot patriotism and because it was the thing to do. Over there he had done his share and gained, especially from his French comrades, an inkling of life's vital purpose. He had decided that, when he returned, he would do something worth while, something to make the world a little better because he had lived in it.

Now he was home; and almost the first day had come to him this appeal. He smiled ruefully at the recollection of Pollyop's plan. He had promised to help the squatters, and he meant to do it. Suppose it did bring him into conflict with Marcus MacKenzie! He knew how to fight, and a good fight was not bad fun.

Faintly from the direction he had ridden, the sound of cries came to his ears. Idly he wondered what the row was. Some squatter man disciplining his wife, he decided; but he could not stand to have a woman beaten!

He vaulted into the saddle and raced back over the road. It was not long before he located the place where the screams came from. Then Bay Dexter had an opportunity to show all the speed he had.

The sight of Pollyop writhing in the strong arms of a man he did not recognize made Percival see red. He was off his horse with one leap, and two long strides took him to Oscar's side.

One blow from his powerful knuckles in the farmer's face staggered Bennett and freed Polly so quickly that she fell to the ground. Instinctively she crawled out of the way of the battling men. The blow that had released her had done no damage to Bennett except to aggravate his rage. He recovered himself and confronted his assailant, dripping oaths like rain from a cloudburst.

Bennett took the offensive, his fists flying like balls. He wanted to get his arms around the other fellow, to trip him and make the fight a rough and tumble on the ground, but Percival avoided the rush, and struck as Bennett went by. Again and again Bennett tried to come to close quarters. But he could not; neither could he hit his elusive opponent. At length he hesitated, distressed as much by his own efforts as the blows he had received.

Then Percival stepped in, and quickly it was all over. Two well-planted thumps laid Bennett like a log on the ground.

Robert dusted off his hands, picked Wee Jerry up, and handed him to his sister.

"Did he hurt you, Polly?" he queried, and her answer was positively gleeful:

"Nary a bit, sir, an' I reckon the big hummer's cot a plenty this time."

(Continued Next Week)

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H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

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Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

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

BRADY, TEXAS, April 4, 1922

HONEST INJUN.

That's what we call a "Million Dollar Rain."

DISGUSTING SENTIMENTALITY.

Over in Bell county is one of the hot beds of the Ku Klux Klan. Whether this fact has anything to do in the matter may be a mooted question, but certain it is that a heroic effort is being made in Bell county to substitute trial by public opinion for trial by jury.

The example: George Hornsby was found guilty by an impartial jury of Bell county citizens of the foul murder of J. N. Weatherly at Brownwood, and has been sentenced to be hung April 14th, the supreme court having affirmed the sentence. The only man between Hornsby and the gallows is Governor Neff, and every possible effort has been made to get the Governor to commute Hornsby's sentence to life imprisonment. About 4,000 Bell county citizens have signed a petition asking the Governor to ignore the verdict and commute the sentence. In addition, there are a bunch of sickly sentimentalists who have turned Hornsby's cell into a garden bed of flowers, and in addition have run paid advertisements in the Temple Telegram seeking public sympathy for the condemned man by reference to his dear dead mother, and the fact that Hornsby was an orphan and "never had a chance."

Here is a sample of the hysterical sob stuff published in Hornsby's behalf: "He was mother's precious darling in the years of long ago. When he lisped a little prayer at mother's knee; But the years pass one by one And finds mother's precious son Pleading for his life to you and me." The Standard believes it is no easy matter for twelve conscientious jurymen to make up their mind and be of one accord in condemning a man to death on the gallows. Surely, if there had been a shadow of doubt as to guilt in the minds of any one of those twelve, the death sentence would never have been agreed upon. The testimony showed that although the slain man had pled for his life, Hornsby had beat him to death without mercy. Now Hornsby begs for mercy. He says he "didn't have a chance." What chance did the innocent victim of his murderous desire have. Not one! Hornsby may have been an orphan, which is sad, it is true. But through his terrible crime he made a widow and orphans of innocent parties. The "sob sisters" weep over Hornsby and his impending fate; yet not a word of sympathy have they published for the tender

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To see is to buy, when an article has been properly advertised.

children and their widowed mother, whom the murdered man left to fight life's battles without his sheltering care and guidance.

The Standard does not believe Governor Neff will commute the sentence of this condemned man, after a jury of twelve have determined his guilt and his punishment and their verdict has been upheld by the court of criminal appeals. To set aside this solemn verdict would be to overthrow our courts of justice and encourage the trial of prisoners by public opinion.

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Of course the baseball umpire has easy hours, but personally we don't want to go into any business where we would have to wear a hoopskirt on our face.—Dallas News.

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BRADY-ROCHELLE TIE FOR 1ST

[Continued from Page 1]

Table with 2 columns: Event and Points. Includes Shot Put, W. Gainer (3rd, 2), 1-mile Run, Clary (1st, 5), 1-mile Run, Cates (4th, 1), 50-yard Dash, Blackburn (4th, 1), Pole Vault, Storms Tied With W. Adkins (2nd, 2), 40-yard Dash, Gainer (1st, 5), 880-yard Dash, Clary (1st, 5), 880-yard Dash, Wilson (2nd, 3), Discus, Gainer (2nd, 3), 1-Mile Relay, Rochelle Team (3rd, 5), 220-yard Dash, Blackburn (2nd, 3), 220-yard Dash, Cottle (3rd, 2), Boys' Basket, ball (1st, 10)

Debate Girls' Team, Mead and Gainer (1st, 20) Boys' Team, Neal and Wilson (2nd, 10)

Total Points for Rochelle in Meet 179

Places and Points won by other schools of the county are as follows:

CLASS B HIGH SCHOOLS

Lohn

Table with 2 columns: Event and Points. Includes Senior Girls' Declamation, Veda Oliver (3rd, 2), Junior Girls' Declamation, Beulah Carroll (2nd, 3), Junior Boys' 40-yard Relay (4th, 1), Bar Chinning, Junior Boys, Carey Hemphill (2nd, 3), Senior Boys' 120-yard Hurdle, Luther Vogel (3rd, 2), Senior Boys' 120-yard Hurdle, Floyd Huie (4th, 1), Shot Put, J. P. Horne, 38 ft., 1 in. (1st, 5), Shot Put, Carlos Hennis (4th, 1), 1-Mile Run, Lincoln Lohn (3rd, 2), Discus, Horne (3rd, 2)

Total Points for Lohn School 25

Voca

Table with 2 columns: Event and Points. Includes Senior Boys' Declamation, I. J. Burns (3rd, 2), Essay Writing, Lorena Draper (2nd, 3), Junior Boys' 50-yard Dash, Willis Hardin (4th, 1), Chinning the Bar, Lewis Burn Tied Wilensky (3rd, 1 1/2), Junior Broad Jump, Hardin (3rd, 2), Senior 120-yard Hurdle, Other Deans (2nd, 3), Running High Jump, Deans (2nd, 3), 880-yard Dash, Deans (3rd, 2)

Total Points for Voca School 19 1/2

Brady Ward School

Table with 2 columns: Event and Points. Includes Essay Writing, Clara Taylor (1st, 10), Junior Declamation, Lucy May Ricks (1st, 10), Volley Ball (2nd, 3), Junior Boys' Declamation, Joe Ben Williams (3rd, 2)

Total for Brady Ward School 27

RURAL SCHOOLS DIVISION

Fife

Table with 2 columns: Event and Points. Includes 1-Mile Run, Ray Wren (2nd, 3), 440-yard Dash, Deatherage (2nd, 3), Junior Girls' Declamation, Gay Mitchell (1st, 10), Senior Girls' Declamation, Ada Horne (1st, 10), Junior Boys' Declamation, Ernest Coonrod (1st, 10), Essay Writing, Nova Doyle (1st, 10)

Total Points for Fife Schools 46

Stacy

Table with 2 columns: Event and Points. Includes Junior Girls' Declamation, Mildred Hinds (2nd, 5), Senior Girls' Declamation, Iris Spiller (2nd, 5), Junior Boys' Declamation, Aubrey Herberg (2nd, 5), Senior Boys' Declamation, Bruce Snodgrass (1st, 10)

Total Points for Stacy School 25

Calf Creek

Table with 2 columns: Event and Points. Includes Junior Boys' 50-yard Dash, John Bradshaw (2nd, 3), Junior Boys' 440-yard Relay (3rd, 2), Running High Jump, Ray Alexander (1st, 5), Broad Jump, Alexander (3rd, 3), Senior Boys' Broad Jump, Bradshaw (2nd, 3), Pole Vault, Harvey Turner (1st, 5)

Total Points for Calf Creek School 21

Pear Valley

Table with 2 columns: Event and Points. Includes Senior Boys' 100-yard Dash, Quince Weldon (1st, 5), 50-yard Dash, Weldon (1st, 5), Essay Writing, Richard Faulkner (2nd, 5)

Total for Pear Valley School 15



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LOST—

LOST—Cameo Brooch, at Dutton City Park, or on streets of Brady. Finder please leave at Brady Standard office and receive reward.

WANTED

WANTED—Will the party who borrowed a 12-lb. sledge hammer from me, please advise me of its whereabouts. H. F. Schwenker, Brady.

JUNK! JUNK!

We are in the market for old Radiators, Brass, Copper, Lead and Tin Foil. Highest cash prices. J. B. WESTBROOK, At Singer Office.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Few Mammoth White Holland Turkey Eggs. Mrs. Jas. Coalson.

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

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

FOR SALE — Thoroughbred White Leghorn eggs, \$1.50 per setting. Also two Spitz pups, \$15.00 each. Phone 54, Kirk's store. H. T. Hudgins, Brady.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR HEMSTITCHING Call Singer Sewing Machine Co. Phone 40.

HIGHWAY COMMISSION RE-FUSES TO RE-ROUTE PUGET SOUND-TO-GULF HIGHWAY

A letter received here from Sam Crowther, Tom Green county vice-president of the Puget Sound-to-the-Gulf Highway association states that the route of this highway will remain as designated three years ago. A great effort was being made by Balinger, Sweetwater, Snyder and Post to change the highway through these points, after leaving Paint Rock, which would have made the route connect with the original highway at Lubbock. The State Highway commission has refused this proposed route, and the Puget Sound-to-Gulf highway will continue routed as originally designated, viz: from Paint Rock through San Angelo, Sterling City, Big Springs, Lamesa, Tahoka on to Lubbock.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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

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

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

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

FIVE-DOLLAR AWARD BASED ON SCHOLASTIC CENSUS IS MADE

Austin, April 2.—The largest single apportionment ever made by the state school board was announced by S. M. N. Marrs, assistant state superintendent of education. The amount of the apportionment was \$5 and this based on a scholastic census of 1,290,000, makes an amount of \$6,450,000, which will be paid the school teachers of the state.

The \$5 apportionment announced Saturday makes a total apportionment of \$9.50 already paid by the state board of education. The total amount for the scholastic year of 1921-22 is \$13 and with the amount already paid, leaves only \$3.50 yet to be paid.

It was explained that the money is in the state treasury and if the teachers wish immediate payment they can secure same by mailing the checks direct to the treasurer instead of experiencing the usual delay by sending their checks to the various banks in the state.

Descriptive. Up at our boarding house there are two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is the living photograph of his father and the girl is the very photograph of her mother.—Ohio Sun Dial.

Not All Pleasure. In 1862 an intimate friend of President Lincoln visited him in Washington, finding him rather depressed in spirits as the result of the reverses then repeatedly suffered by the Federal troops.

"This being President isn't all it is supposed to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" said his visitor. "No," Lincoln replied, his eye twinkling for a moment. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman who, after being ridden on a rail, said: 'If it wasn't for the honor av th' thing, I'd rather walk'."

Budding Bookkeeper. "My son," said the father who was somewhat addicted to moralizing, "this is the age of specialties and specialists. Is there anything you can do better than anyone else in the world?" "Yeth, sir," lisped the small boy, "I can read my own writing."

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W. H. BALLOU & CO. General Insurance Office Over Commercial National Bank

NEW WATER RATES WILL BE CONTINUED UNTIL PERMANENT RATES ARE SET The plan of the board of trustees of the Brady Water & Light Works, announced for the month of March, through which the income of the plant was to be maintained at the February mark, and at the same time enable water consumers to use on an average of double the quantity of water, apparently met with popular approval. No complaint on the plan has so far been had; those who desired to use up to double the quantity of water were enabled to do so without increasing the cost to themselves. That the income of the plant was more than maintained, is proven by the fact that the February receipts from water totaled \$1,665, while in March the receipts totaled \$1,687, showing a gain of \$22 over the February mark. The water rates for succeeding months will be maintained as for March until the waterworks trustees see their way clear to readjust the rates upon a permanently lower basis. Cotton Seed for planting, Mebane, \$1.50 per bushel. We are also agents for the Watson Imported Acala Cotton Seed. Matures two weeks earlier than other varieties, staple 1 1/16, at \$2.00 per bushel. We also have a full line of feed. See us. SPILLER & KIRKLEN.

Storm Country

Polly

by Grace Miller White

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Occupying a dilapidated shack in the Silent City, a squatter settlement near Ithaca, New York, Polly Hopkins lives with her father, small Jerry, and an old woman, Granny Hope. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He is secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly alone knows their secret. Marcus MacKenzie, who owns the ground the squatters occupy, is their determined enemy. Polly overhears a conversation between MacKenzie and a stranger, in which the former avows his intention of driving the squatters from his land. The stranger sympathizes with the squatters, and earns Polly's gratitude.

CHAPTER II.—Evelyn Robertson discovers from her mother that they are not rich, as she supposed, but practically living on the bounty of Robert Percival, Evelyn's cousin.

CHAPTER III.—Polly learns from Evelyn that the sympathetic stranger is Robert Percival. Evelyn charges Polly with a message to Bennett, telling him she can give him no more money, and urging him to be patient. She already bitterly regrets her infatuation with and marriage to the ignorant farmer.

CHAPTER IV.—Polly conveys her message, and Oscar makes threats. He insists Evelyn meet him that night. Polly has her father and Larry Bishop, a squatter who has suffered from the snub of MacKenzie, take an oath to do him no injury.

By familiar paths, slipping past a shanty here and there, Pollyop came at length upon a lonely shack set on a point by itself. She went around to the back, opened the door, and once



When Oscar Bennett Stepped Into the Hut, He Uttered an Oath.

within the room touched a match to a small candle which she had taken from her pocket, and sat down quietly.

When Oscar Bennett stepped into the hut, he uttered an oath. He was not expecting to see Polly Hopkins.

"My lady won't come, eh?" he demanded gruffly.

"Oh, she's comin' all right," answered Polly, "but she was afraid. So I came along to see she got home safe."

A loud laugh fell from Bennett's lips.

"You're a clever kid, Pollyop," he said, more affably. "Cunning as a weasel, 4-4 if you ain't! Sit down. I won't bite you!"

Polly squatted on the floor by the old table, and Oscar eased himself gingerly down onto a rickety bench.

"I bet she was scared pink at what I told you to tell 'er," he burst out after a while. "She's about the most lily-livered woman I ever saw."

For the space of a few seconds Polly looked at the speaker. Then:

"I'm thinkin' she ain't lovin' you no more, Oscar, an' a woman without love in her ain't worth nothin'."

There was no smile on the lovely face when the words were finished. She had spoken the truth, and Oscar Bennett knew it.

"I've been a fool, I guess," he ejaculated, "a perfect fool! I might better 'a' married you, Pollyop. Since you was knee high to a grasshopper, I'd had a leaning toward you. By now I'd had a home and some comfort."

His glowing eyes were upon her, and for an instant Polly lost her breath.

"I wanted to 'fess up to you this mornin', Polly," Oscar ran on. "It's a sunny thing, but I reckon I care more for your little finger than for Eve's whole body. Maybe some day after I get all her cash—"

Polly coughed down a lump that persisted in coming up in her throat.

"You needn't spile lovin' to me, Oscar," she gulped, "an' I believe in bein' honest. So, before your woman comes, I might as well give you a bit of my mind. If I loved you from your

cap to your boots, I wouldn't use you for a doormat in front of Daddy's shanty!"

He shot a look of amazement. The confident smile faded from his face, and his lips sagged at the corners. Then he arose to his feet.

"I been thinking about you all day," he broke forth. "You've got everything—looks, action and brains. I want you, Pollyop and I'm going to kiss you this time, so help me God!"

He took a step toward her and Polly scrambled up. Just at that moment Evelyn Robertson entered. Oscar Bennett turned swiftly, and Polly, very pale, placed herself at Eve's side. And as the wind foamed the lake to fury and shook Granny Hope's forsaken hilly hut, the man and two girls stood silent a long, tense minute.

Then Oscar smiled at Evelyn, a triumphant, insulting smile.

"So you thought it best to mind me, my lady," he laughed. "I guess after a while you'll come to know I mean what I say."

Eve tried to speak but could not. Polly squeezed her arm encouragingly.

"You're a mean duffer, Oscar," she thrust in. "Your woman's scared of you, that's all. Try bein' better, an' see how she likes it."

"She's got a good right to be 4-4 scared," grunted Bennett. "Now out with it, Eve. What's the rumpus? You haven't sent me a cent for a month."

With shaking fingers Evelyn pushed back her wind-blown hair.

"I couldn't get any money, Oscar," she wailed. "My allowance is all gone. I gave every cent of it to you. You know very well mother won't give me any more."

She had one card left to play, and she hoped it would take the trick.

"I might as well tell you," she continued, the steel in her eyes wiping away the blue. "Mother hasn't any money. All I thought we had belongs to Cousin Bob."

She ceased speaking and waited an instant to note how her news struck her husband. He flung up a clenched fist.

"The devil take you, Eve!" he cried. "Don't try to put anything over on me like that. You're the biggest liar in Tompkins county."

That he partly believed her showed in his manner.

"I'd never 'a' married you if I'd a known that two years ago," Oscar asserted hoarsely. "You can be dead certain of that, my lady. You were pretty careful to keep your money troubles to yourself. Sit down, both of you! You're shivering like two cats."

Impulsively Evelyn went toward him.

"Oh, Oscar, listen, listen to me," she said, trying to steady her voice. "I want to be free. I can't, I can't live this way any longer."

A coarse oath fell from Bennett's lips.

"You don't need to," he shouted. "You got a home to come to—my home. You can do the work my old mother's doing. It's your job, not hers. You're my wife, by giner, and as I said to Pollyop here, you live with me, or you pay up. I don't give a tinker's 4-4 which you do."

His voice grew deep as he finished, and an evil, taunting smile drew up his lips. Evelyn shuddered and swayed, and Polly slipped one arm around her waist.

"You want to be free from me, eh? That's it, is it?" he sneered. "Some other guy loomin' up to love, I s'pose. Well, I don't mind who gets my leavings if you make it worth my while. But if not—"

Evelyn's pale, beseeching face lifted to his. She could not quit him without his promise that she should have her freedom. Neither must he think that she could get him a large sum of money.

"I can't get another dollar," she repeated hoarsely. "I simply can't. And—and I must be free."

A frown drew the man's heavy brows together until they touched, and he lifted his fist to strike; but Polly Hopkins, by one swift movement, thrust Evelyn under the man's upraised arm and crowded in between them. Because Evelyn was his wife, he had the right to beat her if he pleased, Polly thought, but he would not dare to strike Polly.

"If you've got to swat some one, Oscar," she gritted between her teeth, "swat me!"

The beautiful white face came close to Bennett's, and the challenge in the squatter girl's flashing eyes stirred a feeling within him that he never had had for Evelyn Robertson. Oscar had always believed that a woman must fear a man to respect him, and that to respect him meant to love him. He did not want Evelyn Robertson in the farmhouse, but he did want money and Polly Hopkins. If he could master her as he had Eve, she would come to him willingly when he was ready for

Working on that principle, he struck out. As the huge fist came in contact with Pollyop's shoulder, she staggered backward. Her low cry was followed by Evelyn's scream. The squatter girl sank to the floor limply. No one had ever struck her before.

"You've killed her," cried Evelyn; and Oscar Bennett, fearful that the girls' clamor would summon some inquisitive squatter, turned swiftly to go.

"Both of you keep mum about this, my lady," he ordered. "I'm off! See?" With that he tore open the shanty door; and Evelyn stood panting with her hand on her heart until the sound of his running footsteps was lost in the windstorm.

Then Evelyn led Polly Hopkins home. One arm hung at the squatter girl's side; and the pain in her shoulder, where Oscar's fist had landed, was terrific. On nearing the shack, Polly whispered:

"Mebbe he'll be quiet a while now. You'd best scoot home, huh?"

A small box passed from Evelyn's handbag to the squatter girl's pocket.

"I brought them for Jerry," said Evelyn softly, "and oh, Polly, whatever can I do for you to even up things? Perhaps—"

"Scoot home," interrupted Polly. "I'm goin' in."

Pollyop stole into the shanty in the greatest torment she had ever known. Granny Hope and Daddy Hopkins had gone to bed, and she could hear her father's loud breathing from the back room. She was glad of that, for if he were to learn how she had been hurt, his rage would know no bounds. She lighted a candle and looked about dazedly. The billy goat was snoring against the wood-box; and Nannie Lamb poked her head up and blinked at the light. Polly put down the candle and slipped the dress from her shoulder. How dreadfully it hurt her! Oh, how she wanted something to make her misery less! But squatters did not have money to spend on drug store remedies.

From an old can she poured a little coal oil on a rag and bathed the injured flesh. Then she took up the lamb and dropped into a chair by the table. In sheer exhaustion her head sank down upon it. After a while she straightened up, threw back her curls and raised the lamb's face to hers, a wry smile flitting across her lips.

"It's goin' to be a hard job lovin' Oscar and Old Marc like Jesus loved wicked folk, Nannyop," she said under her breath, "but mebbe now I been face to face with an angel, I can do it."

Again her head fell forward; but almost instantly she arose, and with the lamb in her right arm like a baby, moved to the side of the bed. Then she snuggled the lamb under the blankets and put Granny Hope's Bible beneath her pillow. Carefully she slipped off her clothes and put on a coarse nightgown. Then, having snuffed the candle, she crawled in beside the lamb.

CHAPTER VI.

Twice had the golden sun sunk in a welter of splendid colors behind West hill, and twice had the warmth of his rising scattered the mists from the lakeside since the encounter in the hut, and Polly Hopkins was making ready for her daily walk through the Silent City.

It was her custom to go among the squatters and give them courage, to tell them that they had a right to their homes, to food, and warmth. How her girl's heart ached for their dumb misery! Surely the squatters had suffered in the past year! Many a boy had been taken from his home and sent to France, and many a mother had crept about the settlement with grief-worn face, waiting for news from over the sea.

Pollyop understood what war meant. The squatters were always at war! Granny Hope had explained to her that, whenever people fought and were cruel to one another, that was war. Hadn't she warred but two nights ago with Oscar Bennett?

She had not seen him since, and the pain and humiliation he had dealt her had been lightened by Granny Hope's assurances that love was the leveler of hate. So Polly, having quantities of love and sympathy to spare, sent it broadcast over the hopeless ones in the settlement and promptly put Oscar Bennett's cruelty out of her mind. She did not even remember sometimes how much the milk Oscar had been grudgingly given her was missed in the shack. To offset that deprivation, she was free from him and the ugly quarrels she had had to settle almost daily between him and Evelyn.

This morning, while Daddy Hopkins was in Ithaca, Polly started out with her many loves for a walk. On her shoulder perched Wee Jerry; at her side, in stately dignity, stalked the billy goat, and tied to one of her arms by a small rope gambled Nannie Lamb Hopkins.

Through the Silent City she wandered, helping people here and there to see the sunny side of things. Beyond the row of shacks was the fence Marcus MacKenzie had erected to keep the squatters from trespassing on his woodland, and in front of it Polly Hopkins stood. A bill poster had passed and left on the fence a picture that caught her attention.

It was a beautiful woman, her eyes saddened with tears, and she looked straight out of exquisite coloring at the wide-eyed squatter girl. In her arms was a withered, sick, little man, and Pollyop knew that somewhere over the ocean an enemy, perhaps a man like Old Marc, had hurt him. The woman held him close as she looked

poster carried its wondrous message to the very bottom of the squatter girl's heart.

A sound, close at hand, caused her to turn swiftly. A man on horseback had drawn up on the side of the road. The blood came in swift leaps to Polly's face. There was the "beautiful angel" looking down upon her! What could she do but stare back at him? In another instant he had dismounted and was coming toward her.

Jerry slid from her shoulders to the ground. Pollyop's hand clasped his; but she did not speak. What had happened to her "angel?" He looked different; more like the other men she occasionally saw on horseback. That was it! He was not wearing the olive-drab uniform! To add to her confusion Robert Percival was smiling at her in the most friendly way. Then he glanced up at the picture, his fine face saddening.

"The Greatest Mother in the World, little girl," he said, and he smiled again.

"The Greatest Mother in the World," repeated Pollyop, in awed tones. "Does that mean she's mother to the squatter kids what was hurt in the war, mister?"

"Yes," he replied after a short pause. "Yes, it means that, and more. She's mother to every hurt boy and brings comfort to every one on earth that needs help."

"Golly, she's some mother, ain't she?" breathed Polly soberly. "She's beautiful too. Squatter mummies like too many kids to stay handsome like her." She made a backward motion with her thumb toward the fence and searched his face gravely.

A choking sensation in Robert's throat made him cough. The girl's statement was like a charcoal drawing in which a few broad lines tell the whole story. He felt his interest in her increase. She was the quaintest, prettiest and most solemn child he had ever seen. Yes, he knew she was an inhabitant of the Silent City by the clothes she wore, and the thin, bow-legged child, to say nothing of the bewhiskered goat and woolly lamb that were with her.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Just Pollyop," was the answer. "Polly Hopkins. My daddy is Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of this settlement."

Surely! Robert remembered very well MacKenzie speaking of Hopkins, and he remembered too the painted invitation over a hut door as if it were before his eyes. Looking Pollyop over from the top of her curly head to the tips of her bare feet, he decided that she had written it.

Question after question he flung at her, and answer after answer came from Polly's lips. She told him where she lived, and how she cooked the beans, bacon and fish Daddy Hopkins provided; how cold it was in the shanty when the cruel north wind swept up the lake; and how wet it was when the rain fell and clammy fogs shrouded the world in gray; how Granny Hope was sick with pains. She gave him an inside view of life in the Silent City. Long before she had finished her recital, Percival's courtesy had put her at her ease, and she was chattering like a magpie.

"Can I do something for you, Polly Hopkins?" queried Robert, as she finished telling about life in the squatters' city.

She flung out both hands in a comprehensive gesture as much as to say he could see for himself how much she needed.

"Sure, sure you can," she said with fierce emphasis. "You can make Old Marc leave us squatters be. You're bigger'n he is! The squatters need you awful bad."

Her voice broke, Robert took a long breath. Of course he could help this girl and her people. He would, too! As far as money gave power, he could equal and surpass Marcus MacKenzie.

"I did try to talk sense into Mr. MacKenzie's head," he returned presently, "but now I will make him leave you alone."

In spite of the curved lips about which a smile lurked, there was apprehension in her voice when she asked:

"Can you lick 'im to a finish, mister?"

"Yes, I think I could," laughed Robert; "but it won't be necessary."

"Then I see us Silent City folks bein' happy again," sighed Polly. "We got a awful lot of things an' folks to take care of here."

Robert made a sweep with his arm that encompassed the group before him.

"You have, evidently!" he laughed. "An' I got more home," interjected Polly. "I got Daddy Hopkins an' Granny Hope—an' this brat is my brother, an' this goat is Billy Hopkins an' this lamb's Nannyop. Oh, sure, sir, I've got a hull lot to love in this good old city."

Polly made an upward motion with her hand toward the picture on the fence.

"She's got a bunch to love, too," she said softly. "Ain't she?"

He walked to her side and contemplated with her the pictured woman, making her silent appeal to them for the wounded boy in her arms.

"Of course she has," answered Percival reverently. "She's the Greatest Mother in the World, Polly Hopkins, and—and—" his gaze dropped upon her, and he continued, "and you're the littlest mother in the world."

A glad smile widened the girl's lips. All the fear that had been as a ton weight upon her had fallen away. She wanted to pay him the highest compliment she knew. When he had mounted, she told him gently:

"Some day you'll be the biggest an' most beautiful daddy in the world, Good-by."

CHAPTER VII.

To describe Oscar Bennett's rage when he left the two girls in Granny Hope's shack would indeed be a task.

Of late Evelyn had ceased to attract him. In the excitement of the courtship he had put his best foot forward, and for a time after the marriage he had found a great satisfaction in the thought that she was his. When the glamor of their secret honeymoon-time had worn off, and the farmer's crude, cruel nature had been disclosed, Evelyn's mad infatuation had disappeared in terror-stricken horror.

As Evelyn was finding in Marcus MacKenzie a mate more to her taste, Bennett's primitive passions had burst into a sudden flame for Polly Hopkins. The squatter girl's scorn of him, her drawing ridicule, only made him desire her the more.

A couple of days after the night scene with the girls, he left his house and took his way to the lake. He crossed his fodder lot and plunged into the MacKenzie forest which lay between the railroad tracks and the water. In his pocket he had a letter for Evelyn. He intended to kill two birds with one stone. If he could find Polly Hopkins alone, he would tell her the decision he had come to and give her the note to deliver.

Oscar did not relish entering the Silent City by the highway. The squatters hated him as much as he did them, more, in all probability; and it was his habit to give the settlement a wide berth. If he discovered any of them on his land, with the exception of Polly Hopkins, he drove them away furiously. Oscar was one of those who would rather have produced rot on his land than give it to the needy.

Before vaulting the MacKenzie fence, the sound of people talking on the other side halted him. Pollyop's voice came distinctly to him, and another voice, a man's, answered her. The deep well-bred tones Bennett was sure did not belong to a squatter. He listened carefully to pick up the import of the conversation. The bass voice mumbled something about a

mother. In response, the squatter girl's tones fell upon his ear: "Some day you'll be the biggest an' most beautiful daddy in the world." Then followed the rush of departing hoofs.

Jealousy tore at the eavesdropper. It did not take him long to get to the top of the fence.

Some sound he made brought the squatter girl's head around sharply from her survey of the picture.

"What do you want?" she asked suddenly, frowning at him.

Oscar jumped to the ground.

"I come down to see you, Pollyop," he rejoined, coming forward. "Who were you talking to?"

The only safe way to get along with the farmer, Polly had concluded, was to have nothing to do with him.

"Leave me be, Oscar Bennett!" she shrieked. "I don't want nothin' to do with you. I'm goin' home."

To cut off her retreat, Oscar needed to take but a couple of strides, and he promptly took them.

"Jenny crickets!" he expostulated. "Don't be so confounded short, Pollyop! You needn't be mad because I swatted you one. You aren't my woman yet, but you're going to be just as soon as I can get shut of my lady Robertson."

Observing no signs of softening in the girl's face, he switched his attack. "Say, where'd you get that lamb?"

This query unfolded new terrors for Polly. She had not thought of the lamb belonging to anyone but herself. Had she not found him dying in the water and loved and fed him ever since? She looked first at the man, then down at the lamb.

"He's mine, Oscar," she hesitated. "I've had him two hull days now."

Oscar laughed.

"A likely story!" he jeered. "How long since squatters raised sheep? Where'd you get him?"

"Found him," she answered, putting her hand on the little animal.

"Thea he isn't yours," he retorted, "and he can't be anybody's but mine. I thought I was missing some lambs."

Polly's eyes flared with alarm. She was trying to frame an argument in favor of herself and the creature she loved.

"When you find a thing dyin' in a creek, Oscar," she faltered at length,

"You can take him home an' love him, now can't you?"

The man's loud guffaw brought a deep flush to the girl's face. She placed herself directly between him and the lamb.

"He's mine," she insisted. "He'd drowned sure if I hadn't jumped into the drink an' pulled him out."

Her words made the farmer certain where the creature came from.

"Dead or alive, he's mine!" he exclaimed.

Besides coveting the lamb, he hated the squatter girl's way of fondling animals. When he got her, he determined, he would take all of that kind of nonsense out of her.

With one sweep of his mighty hand, he thrust her aside, and, whipping out his knife, he cut the rope that held Nanny Hopkins to Polly's arm. Then, in spite of the girl's frantic cries and her desperate fighting against it, Oscar picked up the lamb.

Pollyop screamed frantically, for from the look on his evil face, she saw instantly what he intended to do. He was going to kill Nannyop! Again she flew at him, but he was tall and strong and held the lamb aloft in the air, high out of her reach. With a rough oath he pushed the girl from him so roughly that she fell. When Polly scrambled up, he had the lamb in one hand and a large stone in the other.

"Oscar!" she shrieked.

She dropped to her knees, clasped Wee Jerry in her arms, and shrouded his face and her own in her curls. When she dared look up again, Oscar had thrown the dead lamb on the ground.

"There," he gritted, "that's to teach you a lesson, Miss Polly Hopkins. And now I'll open your eyes to something else."

As he crossed to her, she tried to struggle to her feet; but her legs were weak, and she was sick over the quivering body there in the road. In another minute Oscar had snatched her into his arms.

She shrieked again and again; and Jerry's loud cries followed, as she fought desperately with the burly farmer.

Once out of sight of the Red Cross poster and the little group in front of it, Percival checked his horse. Bay Dexter shook his head and champed his bit in disapproval. He was accustomed to mad, harum-scarum gallops, and he loved them; but this morning, especially since the pause by the fence corner, he had been compelled to mog along like a worn-out, old nag.

His master was thinking, really and seriously thinking. Happily born and the heir to an immense fortune, his way through life so far had been marked out for him. He had gone to war carelessly, in a mood of hot patriotism and because it was the thing to do. Over there he had done his share and gained, especially from his French comrades, an inkling of life's vital purpose. He had decided that, when he returned, he would do something worth while, something to make the world a little better because he had lived in it.

Now he was home; and almost the first day had come to him this appeal. He smiled ruefully at the recollection of Pollyop's plea. He had promised to help the squatters, and he meant to do it. Suppose it did bring him into conflict with Marcus MacKenzie! He knew how to fight, and a good fight was not bad fun.

Faintly from the direction he had ridden, the sound of cries came to his ears. Idly he wondered what the row was. Some squatter man disciplining his wife, he decided; but he could not stand to have a woman beaten!

He vaulted into the saddle and raced back over the road. It was not long before he located the place where the screams came from. Then Bay Dexter had an opportunity to show all the speed he had.

The sight of Pollyop writhing in the strong arms of a man he did not recognize made Percival see red. He was off his horse with one leap, and two long strides took him to Oscar's side.

One blow from his powerful knuckles in the farmer's face staggered Bennett and freed Polly so quickly that she fell to the ground. Instinctively she crawled out of the way of the battling men. The blow that had released her had done no damage to Bennett except to aggravate his rage. He recovered himself and confronted his assailant, dripping with rain from a cloudburst.

Bennett took the offensive. His fists flying like balls, he wanted to get his arms around the other fellow, to trip him and make the fight a rough and tumble on the ground, but Percival avoided the rush, and struck as Bennett tried to come to close quarters. But he could not; neither could he hit his elusive opponent. At length he hesitated, distressed as much by his own efforts as the blows he had received.

Then Percival stepped in, and quickly it was all over. Two well-planted thumps laid Bennett like a log on the ground.

Robert dusted off his hands, picked Wee Jerry up, and handed him to his sister.

"Did he hurt you, Polly?" he queried, and her answer was positively gleeful: "Nary a bit, sir, an' I reckon the big limmer's cot a plenty this time."

(Continued Next Week)

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

WEDDING BELLS.

Read-Everhart.
The many friends of Mr. Manon Everhart and Miss Charlie Read will be pleased to learn of the marriage of this popular young couple, who were united in the holy bonds of matrimony Sunday evening at 4:00 o'clock by the Rev. H. W. Millsap. The wedding was performed at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Read, in the south part of town. The many friends and loved ones join in extending congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Everhart.

Bundick-Roberts.
The marriage of Mr. Lonnie Robert Saturday night, March 25th, at the Baptist parsonage, the Rev. J. H. Taylor officiating at the ceremony. Quite a gathering of friends of the couple were present and witnessed a happy affair. Mr. Roberts is one of Brady's popular young men, being a son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Roberts and having made his home here all his life. His bride is a charming young lady, and has made her home with her mother in Brady the past year. The best wishes of a host of friends is extended to the newly-weds.

CARROL WOOD, AGED ELEVEN, STRUCK BY AUTO SATURDAY; SUSTAINS SLIGHT CONCUSSION

Carrol Wood, 11-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wood, was struck by an Overland roadster driven by G. R. Thacker of Pear Valley about 5:00 o'clock Saturday evening, sustaining quite serious injuries, including a slight concussion of the brain. Mr. Thacker was returning from the track meet, and Mr. Wood, who was with his son, stopped at the crossing to let the car pass. Evidently thinking he intended crossing in front of his car, Mr. Thacker steered to the left and struck both full on. Mr. Wood was pitched forward and the boy was knocked under the rear wheel. Fortunately, the car had almost been brought to a stop by Mr. Thacker, and he jumped out and picked up the unconscious lad as the father pushed the car back off the boy's legs. First aid was administered at the drug store, and the boy was then carried to the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wood. He regained consciousness about 5:00 o'clock Sunday morning.

His injuries include a bad blow on the right temple and also on the back of the head, either when he was struck by the car, or when his head struck the gravelled street. His legs were bruised somewhat.

Attending physicians report the lad resting easy, and believe he will have fully recovered from the effects of the accident within the next three or four weeks.

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

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

CITATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of McCulloch County, Greeting:
You are hereby commanded to cause to be published in some newspaper in McCulloch county, Texas, once each week for three consecutive weeks, the first publication to be not less than twenty days immediately preceding the return day thereof, one copy of the following notice or citation:

To all persons interested in the welfare and estates of Eugene Samuelson, Gordon Samuelson, Vivian Samuelson and Georgia Samuelson, minors:
Know ye, that Mrs. Rosa Samuelson, guardian of the Estates of said minors, having on the 25th day of March, 1922, filed in the County court of McCulloch county, Texas, her application for an order of the court authorizing her to extend the time of payment of certain indebtedness therein described amounting to \$2000.00 or more, owing by the estate of said minors, by paying off \$3000.00 of said indebtedness by hypothecating and mortgaging the real estate of said minors, at a lower rate and upon more advantageous terms, all more fully set out in said application.

Now, therefore, these are to notify you, and each of you, who are interested in the welfare of said minors, to be and personally appear at the next regular term of the Honorable County Court, to be holden thereof at the courthouse in the city of Brady, Texas, on the 17th day of April, A. D., 1922, and then and there to show cause why such application should not be granted.

Herein fail not, but of this writ make due return, showing how you have executed the same.
Witness my hand and official seal this 25th day of March, 1922.
(Seal) **W. J. YANTIS,**
County Clerk of McCulloch County.

NEW CANDIDATES SWEEP FIELD IN CITY ELECTION

The heaviest vote ever recorded in a Brady city election was cast today. Out of a total of between 700 and 800 qualified voters, 467 registered their choice at the polls. The result was a clean sweep of the field by the new candidates in the races for city aldermen and city secretary. Several scattering votes were recorded for officers in the races where there were no opposition candidates on the regularly printed ballot. Some forty voters also registered preference for city marshal, although this office had been abolished by the city council and was not printed on the ballot.

The vote cast was as follows:

- For Mayor:**
E. L. Jones.....435
J. M. Pate..... 5
F. R. Wulff..... 2
T. J. Wood..... 1
W. R. Davidson..... 1
I. G. Abney..... 1
W. L. Roberts..... 1
- For Aldermen:**
(Two To Be Elected)
J. H. Ogden.....305
W. F. Roberts, Sr.....285
Roy Wilkerson.....163
G. B. Awall.....158
- For City Recorder:**
N. G. Lyle.....451
F. M. Campbell..... 1
- For City Marshal:**
C. B. Whitehead..... 36
Henry Miller..... 3
A. B. Carrithers..... 1

Cotton Seed for planting, Mebane, \$1.50 per bushel. We are also agents for the Watson Imported Acala Cotton Seed. Matures two weeks earlier than other varieties, staple 1-16, at \$2.00 per bushel. We also have a full line of feed. See us. **SPILLER & KIRKLEN.**

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 |
- (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.

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. E. (DICK) HAYS
- For County Treasurer:**
JUNE COOPENDER (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 Prec. No. 1:**
WALTER W. JORDAN
CHAS SAMUELSON (Re-Election)
H. S. SNEALLY
- 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 Prec. No. 1:**
ED JACOBY (Re-Election)
H. C. (HENRY) KING

LOCAL BRIEFS.

E. P. Lea has disposed of his household effects and last week left for Orchard, Texas, where he will visit among his nieces for some time, and later expects to make his home with his daughters in Bell county. Mr. Lea said he regretted deeply to leave all his many friends here, terming the Brady and McCulloch county people "the best people on earth." All his many friends join in wishing him Godspeed, and trust good fortunes and contentment may accompany and abide with him in his new home.

Friend S. M. Young, former Lohn citizen, but who has been boosting the New Mexico country to beat the band the past three or four years, writes from Knowles to have us send him some adding machine paper, and incidentally mentions that he would like to have us send him a good shower of rain, if we have any rain to spare. Well, S. M., heretofore we have been sorter stingy with our showers, for the simple reason that they were so very hard to get; but since we have had our "Millions of Dollars" rain yesterday, we'll gladly send you some. Hope the adding machine paper will be sufficient for you to figure up your rainfall on, and also to get your crop totals listed. If not, let us know; we'll try to send more—and more rain.

J. B. Kerr Passes Beyond.
Brady and McCulloch county citizens will learn with regret of the death of John B. Kerr, former Brady citizen, and well-known to many McCulloch county people. Mr. Kerr owned a farm here at one time and was a member of the blacksmithing firm of Willbanks & Kerr. The family removed to Rock Island, Texas about ten years ago.

The following account of Mr. Kerr's death is reprinted from the Eldorado Success:

Tuesday morning at 8:15 the spirit of John Bowling Kerr, took its flight from this earthly tabernacle to dwell in that mansion not built with hands.

Mr. Kerr was born April 17, 1859, in Alabama, was married to Miss Viola Capps in 1882, and to this union were born 14 children, 12 of which survive him.

For many years he was a member of the Baptist church, but he later in life joined the Holiness Brethren, and died with the admonition for his children to serve God.

Mr. Kerr has spent the most of his life in Texas; he had only been in Eldorado about three weeks, coming here from Houston, but lived in McCulloch county prior to going to Houston. He has been suffering from dropsy for several months and his death was expected.

Rev. F. G. Clark, pastor of the Methodist church conducted the funeral services, the body taken to the church where services were held, after which it was taken for interment in the Eldorado cemetery.

Many beautiful flowers were sent to the home from friends here, and the shop employees of the Houston Electric Co., where two of Mr. Kerr's sons work sent a most beautiful wreath.

Besides Mrs. Viola Kerr, the companion of the deceased, 12 children survive: George D., John B. Jr., Mrs. S. W. Hudson and Miss Virginia Kerr of Houston; Sam Kerr of Baird, Texas; Mrs. J. B. Lively of Fort Worth; L. B. Kerr, Rock Island, Texas; Ed and Doc Kerr; Misses Viola and Mable Kerr and Mrs. T. K. Jones all of Eldorado.

Father Dies in Mississippi.

B. L. Malone has the sympathy of his many friends in the death of his father at Eupora, Miss. The sad news was contained in a message received by Mr. Malone last Saturday. His father, who was 77 years of age, had been in bad health for several years, and his demise was not entirely unexpected. Two years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis, at which time Mr. Malone and family visited him; spending a month at the old home place. Surviving are the widow and four boys and two girls. Of the boys, two, V. M. and W. J. live at Frost, Texas, and B. L. here. All the other children are at home or near home, in Mississippi.

If you are run down, discouraged and out of heart, get a bottle of Tanlac and see how different it makes you feel. Trigg Drug Co.

Cotton Seed for planting, Mebane, \$1.50 per bushel. We are also agents for the Watson Imported Acala Cotton Seed. Matures two weeks earlier than other varieties, staple 1-16, at \$2.00 per bushel. We also have a full line of feed. See us. **SPILLER & KIRKLEN.**

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals addressed to "Commissioners Court of McCulloch County" for the improvement of the court house square will be received at the office of E. A. Burrow, County Engineer of McCulloch county, until 2 p. m. o'clock, April 10th, 1922, and then publicly opened and read.

Description of work to be done: 3,876 cubic yards of dirt (furnished by county from blocks 29, 34, 56, 57, city). A distance of about one-quarter of a mile.

1,078 lineal feet of 5"x8"x16" curb, 17,200 square feet of walk, 296 lineal feet of 3"x5"x16" curb, Two 6x6x25 feet, coal and ash bins. Detailed plans and specifications of the work may be seen for examination, and information may be obtained at the office of E. A. Burrow, engineer and can be taken out of said office by making a deposit of \$5.00 with said E. A. Burrow.

Bidders may bid on the entire work or may bid on the concrete and dirt work separately.

Bidders on dirt work may qualify their bid by making a price of dirt furnished by the contractor with the understanding that said dirt must meet the requirements of the county engineer.

The right is reserved by the county to let the dirt work separately from the concrete work or together as they see fit. The right is reserved by the county to reject any and all proposals and to waive all technicalities.

EVANS J. ADKINS,
County Judge.
E. A. BURROW, County Engineer, McCulloch County, Texas.

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.**

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

COME ON! LET'S GO!
All This Week Under the Big Tent
Dubinsky Bros. Stock Co.
Presenting High Class Comedies and Dramas Between the Acts
Presenting Wednesday Night
A Funny Screaming Comedy in Three Acts
"THE CRY BABY"
Thursday Night
A Big White Slave Play of New York in Four Acts
"THE GIRL WITHOUT A CHANCE"
Friday Night
A Feature Play That is a Real Feature, With a Wonderful Story of Heart Interest and Good Comedy
"A MOTHER'S LOVE"
Saturday Night—Another Funny Comedy in 3 Acts
"THE TOWN FOOL"
Prices: Children 15c, Adults 35c; Prices Include the Tax. Doors Open 7:15, Show Starts 8:15 P. M.
COME AND SEE A REAL SHOW

Bargain Days.
During April we are enabled to make the following special three- and six-month offers on the Fort Worth Record:
3 Months, Daily and Sunday...\$1.80
3 Months, Daily Only..... 1.50
6 Months, Daily and Sunday... 3.25
6 Months, Daily Only..... 2.85
THE BRADY STANDARD.

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

Many people on the verge of despair have taken Tanlac and recovered. **Trigg Drug Co.**

PERSONAL MENTION

Evan W. Harris returned this morning from a business visit to Houston, and reported heavy rains all along the route homeward.
Leslie Galbreath has accepted a position with the Jones barber shop, and is holding down one of the chairs in this popular shop.

We sell the celebrated "PLUTO" copying pencils made in Jugoslavia—none better. The Brady Standard.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Druggists refund money if PAIN-O-INTMENT fails to cure itching, itching, bleeding or protruding Piles. Instantly relieves itching Piles, and you can get relief almost after the first application. Price 60c.

—ANNOUNCING THE NEW—
Remington Portable Typewriter
"Your Ever-Handy Helper"
Price \$60.00
Terms if You Want Them
Here are the "boiled down" facts concerning the **Remington Portable:**

It is the most compact of all writing machines—fits into a smaller space than any other practical typewriter ever built. Case when closed, is only four inches high. Weighs but eleven pounds.

It is a complete typewriter. Has the leading features found in all standard machines. Nothing is sacrificed to size. Carries same guarantee as the regular Remington machine.

It writes standard letters—in the standard way. It has the regulation 42 writing keys, single shift and back spacer—like any standard machine. No shifting for figures.

In design and materials it is standard through and through. Built for strength and reliability—just like every Remington.

The touch of the Portable Remington is light; its action is easy; its operation simple; and the quality and volume of its work are all you could ask of any writing machine.

These facts tell you why this is the machine YOU need. By YOU we mean everyone—man, woman or child—who needs a typewriter for his or her individual use.

Remington Typewriters
And the complete Remington line will be on display at our office.
We can repair your old machine, no matter what make.

Typewriter Supplies.
CHECK YOUR TYPEWRITER NEEDS—
Typewriter Papers
Typewriter Carbons
Typewriter Second Sheets
Typewriter Oil
Typewriter Ribbons
Typewriter Carbons
—we'll deliver the goods.

Don't forget that we have a complete line of office furniture, filing devices and office supplies.
"It's a Pleasure to Serve You"
The Brady Standard
PHONE 163 **OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS** BRADY, TEXAS