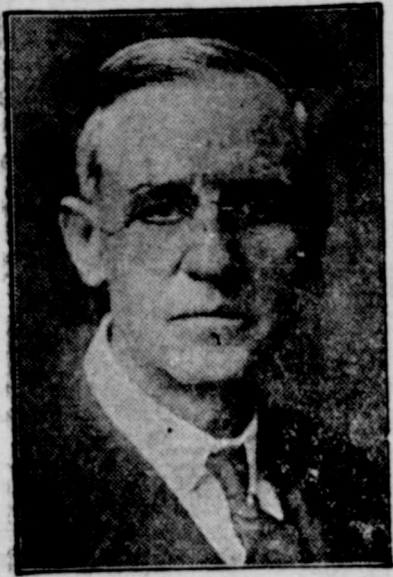


FLORSHEIM SHOES--BEST MADE--MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

OUSLEY, CANDIDATE U.S. SENATE TO SPEAK THURS.

Hon. Clarence Ousley, candidate for United States Senator, will speak in the district court room at Brady next Thursday afternoon at 2:00 p. m. On account of the great size of the state of Texas, it is impossible for Mr. Ousley to get to all parts, and this will be his only visit to this part



HON. CLARENCE OUSLEY. Candidate for U. S. Senator

of Texas, and his only opportunity to address the people of McCulloch county. For this reason, he is anxious to have a good crowd out to hear him.

The following strong endorsement of Mr. Ousley for Senator was given by Col. Robert E. L. Knight of Dallas, and was published this week in the "Letters from Readers" column of the Dallas News:

"Mr. Ousley's superb accomplishments, sound statesmanship and rational idealism combine to make him an ideal man to represent Texas in the United States Senate. He is a man of exalted character, great ability and of convictions swayed by principle. He was long a newspaper publisher in Texas—for several years in Galveston and then at Fort Worth. He has exhibited a clearer comprehension of our greatest problem that of agriculture, than any other man in Texas. He is recognized as the leading expert on cotton marketing of the South. As a member of the American commission which visited Europe he made a careful and detailed study of economics, agriculture and commercial relations between the United States and the rest of the world, acquiring a fund of information along such lines possessed by few statesmen of the United States. As Assistant Secretary of Agriculture during the Wilson administration, his grasp of the needs of our business enterprises, farmers and stockmen, viewed from both State and national angles, was further strengthened.

The affairs of our country were never in a more disturbed condition. Never was there a time when we needed efficient representation at Washington so badly. We produce more than we consume. We must restore foreign trade; transportation rates must be adjusted and we must have more flexible credits to stimulate production. Many other problems must be adjusted. Let us keep our minds on these great issues and elect a United States Senator of understanding, with a national grasp of the situation and the ability to carry into execution such remedial measures as fall within the range of economic adjustment and statesmanly policy. I firmly believe Clarence Ousley is such a man, and he is a winner."

Don't let that sour stomach sour your disposition and make your life miserable, while Tanlac is ready to give you relief. Get it now. Trigg Drug Co.

Transfer paper in large sheets—Red, Yellow, Purple, Black. The Brady Standard.

J. F. MONTGOMERY DIED FRIDAY, 9TH AT MT. PLEASANT

A news dispatch in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram last Saturday told briefly of the death at Mount Pleasant, Texas, of Jeff F. Montgomery former citizen of Brady, and well remembered here. The following is the item as published.

Mt. Pleasant, June 9.—J. F. Montgomery, secretary of the Farm Bureau of Texas, died today at his home after a brief illness. He maintained offices in Dallas at the bureau headquarters. He leaves a wife and three children. He had just returned from the funeral of his father at Denton when he became ill.

Mr. Montgomery was for several years cashier of the Brady National bank, leaving here in 1915 and returning to his former home at Rising Star, where he taught school for a year. Re-entering the banking business the following year, he located at Mt. Pleasant, and rose to the position of vice-president of one of the Mt. Pleasant banks. About a year ago he became interested in the work of the Texas Farm Bureau, and severed his connection with the bank to accept the position of secretary of the Farm Bureau of Texas.

First reports of his illness were received in Brady from a friend of his in Rising Star. This report stated that Mr. Montgomery was very low with small pox, and that his father, brother, sister and brother-in-law had all succumbed to the fatal disease. It has since been learned that the deceased brother had just returned from New Mexico before being taken down with small pox, and had attended the funeral of their father, who died at an advanced age at Denton, about six weeks ago. It is presumed that the fatal disease was brought from Old Mexico into New Mexico, there it was communicated to the member of the Montgomery family, and in turn communicated by him to other members of the family attending the funeral of the father in Denton.

The remains of J. F. Montgomery were laid to rest at Mt. Pleasant. His widow is a former Mason girl, having been a Miss Hoffman.

BRADY BALL TEAM HAS VARYING LUCK IN LAST THREE GAMES PLAYED

Brady ball team had varying luck in the last three ball games played. Last Friday, in a one-sided contest, they took the second straight game from Coleman on the local diamonds by a score of 8 to 0. Robertson was at his best in this game, and had the visitors at his mercy all through the game, which was interesting in spite of its one-sidedness.

Sunday the team journeyed to Fredericksburg, where a game full of thrills and one which kept both players and spectators on their toes throughout, was played. A big crowd of Brady fans accompanied the locals. Really, the game belonged to Brady by a score of 7 to 6, but an unfavorable decision enabled the Fritz-town boys to tie the score, the tallies standing 7 to 7 at the end of the 9th frame. Two more innings were required to decide the game, Fredericksburg winning by a score of 8 to 7. Blevins pitched for Brady in this game.

The Brady team is now in the throes of a three-game series with Coleman at Coleman. Yesterday's results were 10 to 1 in favor of Coleman, the bully boys from Hord's creek springing a brand new line-up on the Brady aggregation, which was itself badly shot to pieces on account of a number of the players being unable to go to Coleman. Robertson pitched for Brady. Hardin Jones and Hubert Adkins left today for Coleman, and will take their regular positions in the line-up, and a different story will no doubt be sung, when the game has ended this afternoon Coleman had a win coming—she got it!

THE COW, THE SOW AND THE HEN.

The farmer scowled as he passed them by,
The cow and the sow and the hen;
For the price of wheat had gone sky high,
And the cow and the sow and the hen
Ate up the grain he could sell at the mill;
They needed his care when nights were chill.
He swore of them all he'd had his fill—
The cow and the sow and the hen.

These barnyard critters had had their day,
The cow and the sow and the hen.
He could get thirty bones for a ton of hay—
No need for the cow or the hen.
He never would milk another cow,
He hated the sight of a grunting sow,
And raising chickens was work for the frau,
Goodbye to the cow and the hen.

They gave no heed to his jeer or frown,
The cow and the sow and the hen.
Whatever goes up, they said, comes down,
The wise old cow and the hen.
The hen laid eggs the winter through,
The cows gave milk, and the piggies grew;
But hay dropped down from thirty to two—
Oh, the cow, the sow and the hen.

Now he sits and sighs, as he counts his cost
For the cow and the sow and the hen.
He almost cries for the milk he's lost.
Oh, the cow, the sow and the hen.
He'd tend them gladly in mud and rain,
And lessen his acres of hay and grain,
If he only could buy them back again—
The cow and the sow and the hen.

—Dr. A. H. Upham, Pres. Idaho University.

MANY SIGNERS OF PROTECTIVE TARIFF PETITION

Last Saturday, the closing day for the signing of petitions favoring the Protective Tariff schedule as advocated by the Southern Tariff association, saw the local petition signed by practically every leading ranchman and stockman of this section. The petition was circulated by G. R. White, one of the leaders among the ranch and stockmen, and not one dissenting voice was encountered by him in the circulation of the petition. The petition read as follows:

"We favor a Tariff on Vegetable Oils, Peanuts, Livestock, Meats, Hides, Wool, Grain, Poultry, Dairy Products, and all Agricultural, Pastoral and Mineral Products, and urge our Senators and Congressman to support a National Tariff Policy that will preserve American Industries against foreign competition.

"We endorse the schedule demanded by the various organizations authorized to represent the industries as submitted by the Southern Tariff association to the Senate Tariff Bloc.

"We favor American Valuation as a basis of levying duties on these products."

Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady Standard.



BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION RECEIVES CHARTER

The Brady Building & Loan association has received its charter from the state, with authorized capital stock of \$5,000,000.00, and its officers are rapidly getting the details of organization rounded out to where the association will soon be functioning. It is hoped to begin loaning money to member between the 1st and 10th of July. Much interest has been manifested in the association, inasmuch as a real need, exists here for such a company, and the membership has been voluntarily growing steadily since the organization was first effected about a month ago. The membership committee, under direction of Chamber of Commerce Secretary Wm. D. Cargill, will inaugurate a membership drive about the end of this week, with the expectation of doubling the membership within the next week.

PEAR VALLEY VOTES \$1.00 TAX LIMIT FOR SCHOOL IN ELECTION HELD RECENTLY

Add Pear Valley to the list of places whose citizens place the value of education above that of the dollar. Pear Valley recently voted 30 to 5 in favor of raising the school tax limit from 50c to \$1.00. Pear Valley a few years ago built a modern and substantial school building. Now the citizens are backing up the trustees in assuring a school of which they can be proud. All praise to Pear Valley and her progressive citizens.

A Day's Work.
A negro never fails to have an amusing answer, more particularly to a northerner. And a northerner never fails to draw a southern darkey out. A recently arrived northerner in Louisiana had begun a conversation with an old negro on the plantation where he was visiting.

"Tell me, uncle, he asked, "what kind of hours do you work here? How long do you work?"
"From can't see till can't see."

The sweetening quality of dahlia roots is 60 per cent greater than the amount of sugar obtained from sugar cane, according to estimates. The root is not starchy like that of the potato, but is rich in sugar. Dahlias grow wild in Mexico and can be grown anywhere in the United States.

BRADY TOURISTS CAMP GROUND ONE OF BEST IN STATE

"I have visited tourists-camp grounds all the way from Dalhart to El Paso, and Brady has the best I have yet seen," is the very complimentary comment made upon Brady's Tourist Camp ground by H. H. Elzey of Stamford, representative of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce now located at San Angelo. Mr. Elzey was in Brady Monday, and was shown over the city by Wm. D. Cargill, secretary of the Brady Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Elzey was especially taken with the arrangement and accommodations offered tourists, and also congratulated the citizenship upon the wonderful city water well and splendid water supply.

Through the publicity department of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Elzey promised Brady much favorable publicity upon her achievements, and Secretary Cargill is now arranging to secure a large number of kodak views, not only of scenes in and around Brady, but extensively covering the agricultural and live stock industries over McCulloch county. This plan will work in well with Mr. Cargill's endeavors to attract attention to the wonderful opportunities offered farmers and stockmen in McCulloch county, and should be the means of causing a tide of immigration to McCulloch.

Referring again to the Brady Tourist park, Mr. Elzey is not the only visitor to wax enthusiastic over the camp ground. Every night sees strangers camped at the park, and they represent almost every state in the union. An average of three or four parties stop here each night. They find splendid, shady camping places; a screened-in camp house at their command, and which will accommodate four parties, or which can be made to accommodate eight parties, simply by dividing the spaces with curtains or quilts; free wood, water and lights, and with Brady creek furnishing an excellent place for fishing. Then, in addition, the Searley swimming pool, close at hand offers a splendid place to take a swim, the pool providing not only every manner of slide, swing, spring board and diving platform, but also enabling shower baths in Brady's famed artesian water.

Still another innovation, which the park board intends installing without delay, is a dutch oven, which will be placed at the disposal of the tourists.

Dr. J. B. Granville, who last year made a trip to California and through the northwestern states, says that Brady's tourist camp grounds compares most favorably with the best he encountered upon the entire trip.

CIVIC BEAUTY CONTEST GAINS FINE INTEREST

The "City Beautiful" campaign, inaugurated by the Brady Civic league, promises to be accorded splendid interest upon the part of Brady citizens, and already a large number of entrants in the various contests have been listed, with more promised by next week. Brady already boasts of many attractive homes and premises—more than would ordinarily be imagined—and with a prize contest to spur on the endeavors, the premises are certain to be groomed and weeded and cared for as never before. More than that, the contest has encouraged many not eligible this year, to lay plans for capturing a prize if the contest is repeated next year, as is undoubtedly will.

The Standard will be glad to list all who desire to enter one or more, or all, of the contests, any time up to the closing day—July 14th. All entrants should be listed before the 14th as the judges will make inspection only of those premises entered in the contest.

The following are the entrants listed to date:

- Most Beautiful Front Yard. \$10.00 Prize.
- Mrs. A. L. Lang
- Mrs. C. T. White
- Mrs. F. R. Wulff
- Mrs. W. D. Crothers
- Mrs. J. B. Whiteman
- Mrs. M. S. Sellers
- Most Beautiful Back Yard. \$8.00 Prize.
- Mrs. A. L. Lang
- Mrs. C. T. White
- Mrs. F. R. Wulff
- Wulff Garage
- Most Beautiful Flower Boxes. \$5.00 Prize.
- Miss Lillie Lang
- Most Beautiful Shrubs. \$3.00 Prize.
- Mrs. W. D. Crothers

ODD FELLOWS MEMORIAL SERVICES AT LOHN FOR PATRIARCH J. R. HILL

Members of Brady Encampment No. 161, I. O. O. F., held memorial services at Lohn last Sunday, June 11th, at 3:00 o'clock, p. m., for deceased Patriarch J. R. Hill. Incidentally, the Encampment assisted Lohn Lodge, I. O. O. F., in services over their departed brother.

Odd Fellows from Stacy, Waldrip, Lohn and Brady were in attendance, and a great concourse of friends were present to witness the impressive ceremonies. A splendid floral offering was made in tribute to the memory of the departed brother.

Read it in The Standard.

END OF THE SEASON Hat Sale

Closing out every hat remaining in stock at and below cost. Now is your opportunity to get a beautiful Pattern or Dress Hat at a remarkable Saving.

Mrs. W. M. Bauhof
At R. Wilensky's West Side

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor
 Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and the McCulloch County Star May 2nd, 1910
 Entered as second class matter May 17, 1910, at postoffice at Brady, Tex., under Act of March 3, 1879.
 OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES
 Local Readers, 7½c per line, per issue
 Classified Ads, 1½c per word per issue
 Display Rates Given upon Application
 Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.
 Notices of church entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged for at the regular rates.

BRADY, TEXAS, June 13, 1922

HONEST INTJ.

Bigness is not so much of the body or head, but of the heart.—H. M. Stansifer in Star-Telegram.

THE B. & L. ASSOCIATION.

The Brady Building & Loan association offers a safe, profitable investment for funds. However, it is not the purpose of the organization to offer inducements in the way of an investment, so much as to offer inducements to members to build and improve homes. Every citizen who wishes to see Brady grow should be willing to take stock in the organization which has for its aim the building of more homes, better homes and the making of a more permanent citizenship. It is the permanent citizen that helps build a town; it is the permanent citizen who carries the Old Home Town through periods of drought and depression; therefore, every effort put forth to add to our list of permanent citizens is directed towards making a better town and a more permanent city.
 Boost the Brady Building & Loan association, for it, in turn, will boost you.

STREET LIGHTS.

Next Wednesday the Coleman City Commission will let contract for installation of twenty standard street lights. The lights will be ornamental as well as useful and will be placed in the center of the downtown streets. An underground conduit will supply the current. The local Chamber of Commerce recently urged this downtown lighting system and the commission has acted. The Indian Creek lake project, which is temporarily delayed pending the engineer's report, is "in statu quo."—Coleman Democrat-Voice.
 Coleman has long had the reputation of being a well-lighted city, and the efforts of the Coleman City commission to make for more ornamental and better lighting are to be commended. Brady cannot long linger behind her neighbors in this respect. Brady stands for progress and better and more lights help to light the way to progress.

Editor W. C. Edwards, of the Denton Record-Chronicle, promised his readers that he would publish all the comments made by Texas editors on their 1922 convention held in that city in May. We are of the opinion that he did not fully realize what a big clunk he was biting off in making such a promise, but being a dead-gone sport he is living up to it like a man, and every issue of his paper since the convention has carried a full page or more of the comments in question. Denton is the best advertised city in Texas just now.—Rockdale Reporter.

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.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

In a speech at Decatur recently, Clarence Ousley, candidate for U. S. Senator, spoke strongly against what he called "a passing spasm of racial and religious intolerance." The following is in part what Mr. Ousley said on this subject which is being discussed so widely all over the country, among ministers and laymen, and recently by the President of the United States:

"We seem to be passing through an attack of the age-old intermittent disease of religious and racial intolerance. Like the present type of influences it is less virulent than heretofore but it is the same old germ of bigotry that has scourged the human race from the beginning of government.
 "In this land of freedom, under a constitution guaranteeing the political equality of all men without discrimination against race or creed, we hear people inquiring whether candidates for office are Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant. The mere inquiring is a plain violation of one of the most positive prohibitions of the constitution of the United States which declares that no religion shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.
 "The men who wrote that declaration and the people of the thirteen original states who ratified it as one of the foundation principles of our great republic knew by wide observation and bitter experience the cruelty of intolerance. They knew that while in the early days of the Church of Rome was a political tyranny, that later the Church of England was also a political tyranny. They knew that the Puritan revolt which overthrew the bigoted and profligate kingdom, itself became a tyranny; there was never a more ruthless persecution than that which Oliver Cromwell waged against the Catholics of Ireland; it was as heartless as that which the Catholic Queen, Bloody Mary waged against the Protestants.
 "Our forefathers knew that religious persecution was not peculiar to Europe. It had cursed the American colonies. Thomas Jefferson could not have lived in Puritan Massachusetts; the bigots of that colony drove out Roger Williams who fled to Rhode Island and there set up for the first time in the world's history a free government based upon the absolute separation of church and state. The intolerant Protestants seized Maryland, which Lord Baltimore had established as a place of refuge for Catholics and repealed the Quakers.
 "I believe that this new spasm of intolerance will pass as the sectarian prejudices of the day of my youth are passing. It is significant that in many of our cities this month we have had spiritual revivals in which Protestants, Catholics and Jewish Clergymen, participated with equal zeal. But it will do much mischief if we do not constantly hold up the constitutional prohibition of religious tests for civil office. I remind you that the late Chief Justice White of the supreme court was a Catholic and that Mr. Justice Brandies is a Jew. Judah P. Benjamin, attorney-general in the Confederate States cabinet, was a Jew, and Father Ryan, the sweetest singer of the Lost Cause, was a chaplain in Lee's army.
 "The only proper religious test to apply to an aspirant for office under the United States is whether he leads a decent and Godly life. His church membership is the concern only of himself and God. Any attempt to use sectarianism of denominational influence in political office is infidelity to Christ's precept to 'render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's.'
 "Against every form of sectarian prejudice and propagandism, every kind of racial and religious intolerance I invoke every man free to enjoy the faith of his conscience and to worship the God of his fathers. For this freedom the early Christian martyrs went smiling to the flames. For this freedom every true freeman is willing to die, for without it free government is a lie."

TEXAS—THE GREAT STATE.

Here are the facts and figures given by the Texas Commercial News which emphasize the importance of Texas people taking note lest Mr. Edison might send out a questionnaire concerning what Texas has:
 The most desirable geographical location of any state in the Union, plus a temperate climate, ample rainfall, fertile soils and well drained areas.
 Land area of 262,398 square miles, plus water area of 3,498 square miles, making a total of 265,896 square miles.
 An acreage of 167,934,720, with 32,377,329 acres improved.
 A total population of 4,663,282—1920.
 A combination of 11 cities of over 20,000 population, showing an average increase in population of over 75 per cent for the past ten year period.
 A maximum length of 740 miles, and a maximum breadth of 825 miles.
 A total of 435,066 farms, with over 3,000,000 of its total population residing thereon.
 A total farm producing value of \$1,071,527,000 in 1920.
 Manufacturing plants, with a total investment of \$588,797,000, producing a great variety of products valued at \$999,996,000.
 Mines, quarries and wells, with an investment of \$361,084,392, with products produced in 1920 valued at \$160,378,158.
 Cotton mills with 170,296 spindles and operating 3,995 looms, using a total of 39,702,377 pounds of cotton which is Texas cotton.
 A production of mineral products of \$350,100,000, including silver, iron, ore, sulphur, gypsum, phosphate rock, graphite, mica, lead, quartz feldspar, asphalt, pyrites, talc and soapstone, lime, coal and tin.
 Produces great quantities of salt, salt-peter, sand, gravel, building stone, fireclays, potters' clay, Fuller's earth, turpentine, rosin, carbon black from natural gas, mineral waters, cement, coke.
 A total production of over \$1,330,000,000 feet of lumber, and has yet a pine-stand alone of over 27,000,000,000 feet with several great forests of other timber.
 A production of 96,000,000 barrels of petroleum. A reserve of 670,000,000 barrels.
 A production of coal amounting to 1,500,000 tons; also a field of 6,000 square miles area of lignite coal.
 A total undeveloped water power which is estimated at 500,000 horsepower.
 Fine dairy cattle numbering over 1,200,000. Other cattle over 5,000,000. Horses 1,200,000; mules 792,000; sheep 3,100,000 (producing fifteen million pounds of wool); hogs numbering 2,500,000; angora goats shearing over 1,500,000 pounds mohair.
 Railroad mileage, 16,168; highway expenditure in 1919, \$14,091,837.
 National banks, resources \$908,610,000; capital, \$63,832,000; deposits, \$515,848,000. Other banks deposits, \$287,363,000.
 A school system which calls for an expenditure of \$31,876,600.
 Assessed property valued at \$3,390,000,000.

THE SLANG OF THE RANGE.

Do you know a "dogie" is not a mongrel?
 A "dogie" is a calf whose ma is dead and whose pa has gone away with another cow.
 A "sleeper" is the calf of a stray cow, whose ears have been slit by a fellow who did not have the nerve to brand it at the time, but hoped to brand it in the future when there was less danger of being caught up with.
 A "cottonpicker" is an imitation of a cowpuncher. He wears a big hat, chaps, big spurs, a red neck handkerchief, a wild look and couldn't ride a stick horse with safety. His pictures are often found in magazines and the movies.
 A "coosie" is the man who cooks and wakes up the boys in the morning by hollering "chuck."
 A "hoi roll" is the roll of bedding of a cowpuncher.
 "Bulldozing" is the act of throwing an animal down by main strength and awkwardness.
 "Case of rings" is when a member of the outfit "rings and jars" at the "coosie" the wrangler, and fights his horse.
 The boss is the man who keeps the time, carries the check book and tells the boys when to "head in."—Junction Eagle.

WHAT A MILLION MEN MEANS.

Hugo Stinnes, industrial wizard and the uncrowned "new kaiser of Germany," employs a million men.
 Walking single file, four feet apart, at an average gait it would require these men 11 days and nights to march past their employer.
 The magnitude of Stinnes' enterprises, compared with American "big business" is shown by the fact that: Total employees in the American coal industry number 740,000.
 The Bell Telephone system employs 225,000 men.
 The U. S. Steel Corporation employs 275,000 men.
 Henry Ford employs 75,000.
 The Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey employs 60,000 men.
 A Hearne subscriber sends the Eagle the following: "A controversy arose here as to the salary of the lieutenant governor of Texas. 'A' wagered 'B' a hat that the office paid \$3,000 per year and 'B' claimed the salary was \$2,500 only. What is the salary?" Under the present constitution of Texas the lieutenant governor receives \$300 for two years or \$150 per year. It costs a candidate for the office more than that to get the several counties of Texas or about his name on the official tickets in \$400. Under the present conditions the lieutenant governor spends a great deal of time in Austin and elsewhere in the discharge of his duties and receives no pay! Both 'A' and 'B' are wrong and neither should have a new hat.—Bryan Eagle

R. H. LOWRY WROTE OWN OBITUARY BEFORE DEATH AT LUBBOCK ON MAY 25TH

R. H. Lowry, one-time citizen of the Camp San Saba community, and well-known throughout this section, died at Lubbock on May 25th. The following obituary, written by Mr. Lowry himself before his death, is reprinted from the Lubbock Avalanche of June 2nd:

It is rather unusual for one to write his own obituary, but this is true in the case of Mr. R. H. Lowry, a short account of his death appeared in the Avalanche Tuesday. Mr. Lowry wrote regarding himself and family and left same as a record. This story was read at the funeral services Saturday, by Rev. Bowen, pastor of the Baptist church, of which denomination he was a faithful and consistent member:
 "Robert Henry Lowry, eldest son of Andrew P. and Margaret C. Lowry, was born about one mile northwest from Preston, Georgia, on January 9, 1842. He was brought up on the farm, receiving a meager education in private and rural schools of the country until twelve or thirteen years old, after which he was not in school any more except one month in a grammar school at the age of seventeen. At the age of nineteen he taught school at an academy known as Philadelphia, three and a half miles south of Pineville in Missouri County, Ga., until July when the war between the states having broke out he volunteered in a company, at Preston, Ga., known at that time as the Webster's Rifles and left home on the 13th day of August, 1861, and bivouacked at Atlanta, Ga., for two weeks when the company was ordered to Lynchburg, Virginia, where he trained for about one month, when the company was ordered to Centerville, Va., and the 17th Regiment of Ga., volunteers was organized with this company and nine others. At which it was known as Company A, 17th Ga. Volunteers with Henry L. Benning as Colonel who was afterwards promoted to Brigadier General.

"He served in this command until the end of the war when he was surrendered under General R. E. Lee to General U. S. Grant, on the 9th day of April 1865, near Appomattox Court House in Virginia. During the war he was engaged in most of the principal battles in which the 17th Ga. Regiment was engaged, including Mechanicsville, Seven Pines and the seven days battles in front of Richmond at Manassas on the 30th of August, 1862, at which place he was wounded and sent to the hospital, thereby failing to be in the Chancellorsville battle in Maryland on the 17th of September, and the Fredericksburg battle in December. These were the only big battles that he missed during the war.
 "Returning to his company in January, they were soon started on the drive through Maryland and Pennsylvania and engaged in several minor engagements, culminating in the battle of Gettysburg, Penn., where they retraced their steps to Virginia. After recuperating there, Longstreet's corps, of which Benning's Brigade was a part, was detached from General Lee's army and sent to North Georgia, where the command was engaged in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, after which the command was sent against General Burnside's army in Knoxville, Tenn., and spent the winter campaigning in East Tennessee, going back to Virginia in time to engage in the battles of Wilderness and Cold Harbor, and on down to Mechanicsville, finally ending up at Petersburg, where it was engaged in campaigning until April 1865. Petersburg was evacuated and the retreat made to Appomattox, where the army surrendered, and the few survivors started on their long hike to Southwest Georgia. Arriving there the subject of this sketch taught a school at Pineville, Ga., in the fall of 1865 and the spring of 1866.
 During 1867 and 1868 he farmed in Georgia and in December 1868 came to Texas, stopping at Columbus, then the terminus of the G. H. & S. A. Ry. In 1869 he moved to Lavaca county and in 1874 to Hays county. In 1876 he moved to Live Live Oak county and in 1882 to McCulloch county, and in 1907 he came to Lubbock county, where he has made his home continuously, being away only a part of last year.
 He was married on January 9, 1866 to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Harrell and to them was born six children, four sons and two daughters. The oldest, Margaret, died when three

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R. H. Lowry, one-time citizen of the Camp San Saba community, and well-known throughout this section, died at Lubbock on May 25th. The following obituary, written by Mr. Lowry himself before his death, is reprinted from the Lubbock Avalanche of June 2nd:

It is rather unusual for one to write his own obituary, but this is true in the case of Mr. R. H. Lowry, a short account of his death appeared in the Avalanche Tuesday. Mr. Lowry wrote regarding himself and family and left same as a record. This story was read at the funeral services Saturday, by Rev. Bowen, pastor of the Baptist church, of which denomination he was a faithful and consistent member:
 "Robert Henry Lowry, eldest son of Andrew P. and Margaret C. Lowry, was born about one mile northwest from Preston, Georgia, on January 9, 1842. He was brought up on the farm, receiving a meager education in private and rural schools of the country until twelve or thirteen years old, after which he was not in school any more except one month in a grammar school at the age of seventeen. At the age of nineteen he taught school at an academy known as Philadelphia, three and a half miles south of Pineville in Missouri County, Ga., until July when the war between the states having broke out he volunteered in a company, at Preston, Ga., known at that time as the Webster's Rifles and left home on the 13th day of August, 1861, and bivouacked at Atlanta, Ga., for two weeks when the company was ordered to Lynchburg, Virginia, where he trained for about one month, when the company was ordered to Centerville, Va., and the 17th Regiment of Ga., volunteers was organized with this company and nine others. At which it was known as Company A, 17th Ga. Volunteers with Henry L. Benning as Colonel who was afterwards promoted to Brigadier General.

"He served in this command until the end of the war when he was surrendered under General R. E. Lee to General U. S. Grant, on the 9th day of April 1865, near Appomattox Court House in Virginia. During the war he was engaged in most of the principal battles in which the 17th Ga. Regiment was engaged, including Mechanicsville, Seven Pines and the seven days battles in front of Richmond at Manassas on the 30th of August, 1862, at which place he was wounded and sent to the hospital, thereby failing to be in the Chancellorsville battle in Maryland on the 17th of September, and the Fredericksburg battle in December. These were the only big battles that he missed during the war.
 "Returning to his company in January, they were soon started on the drive through Maryland and Pennsylvania and engaged in several minor engagements, culminating in the battle of Gettysburg, Penn., where they retraced their steps to Virginia. After recuperating there, Longstreet's corps, of which Benning's Brigade was a part, was detached from General Lee's army and sent to North Georgia, where the command was engaged in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, after which the command was sent against General Burnside's army in Knoxville, Tenn., and spent the winter campaigning in East Tennessee, going back to Virginia in time to engage in the battles of Wilderness and Cold Harbor, and on down to Mechanicsville, finally ending up at Petersburg, where it was engaged in campaigning until April 1865. Petersburg was evacuated and the retreat made to Appomattox, where the army surrendered, and the few survivors started on their long hike to Southwest Georgia. Arriving there the subject of this sketch taught a school at Pineville, Ga., in the fall of 1865 and the spring of 1866.
 During 1867 and 1868 he farmed in Georgia and in December 1868 came to Texas, stopping at Columbus, then the terminus of the G. H. & S. A. Ry. In 1869 he moved to Lavaca county and in 1874 to Hays county. In 1876 he moved to Live Live Oak county and in 1882 to McCulloch county, and in 1907 he came to Lubbock county, where he has made his home continuously, being away only a part of last year.
 He was married on January 9, 1866 to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Harrell and to them was born six children, four sons and two daughters. The oldest, Margaret, died when three

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years of age. The other daughter, Mary, died when 19 years old. The four boys are Robert, John, Henry and Ed, all of whom survive him, and were all present at the funeral of their father except Robert. He is also survived by his wife. Mr. Lowry became a member of the Baptist church after the war in 1865 and remained a member of the church till death claimed him.
 Deceased was the oldest of fifteen children, they being Joe, Lowrey of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, John of Columbus, Texas. These two boys being twins. Steve and George of Columbus, Texas. F. B. of Graham Texas; Mrs. Maggie Thomas of Eagle Peak, Texas; these all surviving him. He had three sisters and five brothers who died some years ago. He also had three great grandchildren of Roy Wood, who at one time resided in Lubbock, now residing in Hazelton, Idaho.

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"I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me a lift and wondered where he had gone."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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Imagination.
 Scene: A cinema studio. The producer is raging up and down before two stolid lovers.
 Producer: "Now, madam, that's better; look into his eyes. Put all the yearning affection into it that you can muster. I want to see a thrill in it, too. * * * Good heavens! Madam, that won't do. Are you an English woman? Yes? Well, then, be a true Briton. Imagine that the roast beef has just been brought up for the Sunday dinner, and then look at him again!"

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Storm Country

Polly

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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, Jerry, and an old woman, Granny Hope. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly alone knows their secret. Marcus 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 carries 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 tells her that she has 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 cruelty of MacKenzie, take an oath to do him no injury.

Robert brushed off his clothes slowly. The farmer still lay on the ground. "Get up," ordered Percival scornfully, touching the prostrate man with the toe of his boot. "Get up and make off if you don't want me to lick you again."

Oscar rolled over and crawled slowly to his hands and knees.

CHAPTER V.—Evelyn unsuccessfully tries to get money from her mother with which to buy off Bennett and induce him to leave the country, giving her her freedom. She is really enamored of Marcus MacKenzie. At the same time she realizes that night Bennett threatens Evelyn with exposure unless she procures money for him.

CHAPTER VI.—Polly meets Robert Percival, and they are mutually attracted. Polly's feeling being something like adoration.

CHAPTER VII.—Overhearing a conversation between Polly and Robert Percival, Bennett, really caring nothing for Evelyn and fancying himself in love with Polly, wangles a chance to induce Percival to return and thrash the farmer. He asks Polly in what way he can aid her and she begs him to help her squatters. Percival is rich and influential, though lacking the power of MacKenzie, but agrees to do his best. MacKenzie visits the Hopkins shack with an offer to the squatters, through Hopkins, to leave the vicinity, offering them a trifling sum of money. The offer is refused and MacKenzie threatens to burn their pitiful dwellings and leave them homeless.

CHAPTER VIII.—Polly visits Percival in the Robertson home in an effort to enlist his aid, and he is on the point of declaring his love for her when the girl, in a panic, flees. MacKenzie asks Evelyn to be his wife. The girl agrees to marry him after he has brought the Bennett farm and got rid of the squatters. Robert fills in an effort to secure the aid of Mrs. Robertson and Evelyn in a project to help the Silent City peopls.

CHAPTER IX.—Knowing Bennett's infatuation for Polly, Evelyn tries to induce the girl to promise to marry him, he having agreed to release Evelyn to secure Polly. In love with Percival, though scarcely realizing it, the girl refuses. Meeting Robert next day, he tells her he loves her, and she acknowledges a similar feeling for him. MacKenzie lays a trap for Hopkins and the latter is arrested.

CHAPTER X.—Polly goes to the Robertson home to enlist Percival's aid in freeing her father. MacKenzie jerks her. He is also deaf to Robert's pleadings, and the latter, though assuring Polly of all the help he can give her, feels himself powerless.

CHAPTER XI.—A week later Polly, alone during a heavy thunder storm with her little brother and Granny Hope, has a visit from Evelyn. She tells Polly something has "struck" Oscar. The two women carry him from the road into the shack. He is insensible. Polly sets out to get a doctor. She meets Percival, who accompanies her back to the hut. Evelyn tells Robert she is there on a visit to small Jerry, who remains in the Robertson home. Robert, who conducts Polly from the hut, after bitterly denouncing Polly for her duplicity, Bennett dies and Evelyn is free.

CHAPTER XII.—Polly borrows a dress from Evelyn and with Jerry tries to heat her way on a train to Auburn prison to visit her father. She is discovered by MacKenzie and Percival. Evelyn is with them and denies having given the dress to Polly, who is accused of stealing it. Percival takes her home, disgraced.

CHAPTER XIII.—Evelyn and MacKenzie are married. Determined to oust the squatters, MacKenzie takes Baby Jerry from Polly, intending to place him in an institution. Polly's heart is broken. She swears to have revenge.

CHAPTER XIV.—With Larry Bishop and Lye Braeger, Polly arranges to kidnap Mrs. MacKenzie. The woman is taken to the Hopkins shack where Polly intends to kill her. MacKenzie, seeking his wife, comes to the shack, but she is successfully hidden.

"Daddy were sick, too," shot back Polly, "an' Jerry's turned up his toes by this time! I ain't heard a word from him since he was took away. Mebbe I could a' seen him if you hadn't made 'our cousin believe I were a bad woman! What'd you know about babies, an' how cunning an' sweet they are? You're as wicked as h—!! Ithaca'll be better off when you're food for the fishes. I'm glad your man'll live, though. Lordy, how I laughed when he busted into the shanty. And there was you right beside me! Huh? Wasn't it a good joke on Old Marc'?"

The speaker held Evelyn's stare, the chestnut eyes glittering as the question was fairly spat out.

"I can't die, Pollyop!" growled Evelyn, her head drooping against the cot. "Oh, Polly dear, listen—please—"

Polly reached out for the ax.

"Don't you dare 'Polly dear' me," she gritted convulsively, "or I'll hit you with this!"

"God!—Jesus!" came from behind Evelyn's chattering teeth. "No, don't pick it up! Don't! Oh, I want to tell you something, Polly Hopkins."

"Then fire ahead," Polly grumbled sulkily.

She withdrew her fingers from the ax-handle and leaned her chin in the palm of her hand.

Evelyn straightened up and bent forward, her eyes swimming with tears.

"Polly," she gasped, "Pollyop, in the summer God's going to send me a little baby. Oh, Polly—"

The squatter girl scrambled up as the speaker dropped back, terrified at the exultant fire in the brown eyes and the awful smile that crept across Polly's face.

"Glory be to God in the sky!" she cried. "Two of you belong'n' to Old Marc' goin' with one swipe of the ax."

She wheeled around and paced the length of the shanty. Old Marc's baby! Old Marc's woman! Both to go out of his life forever! And by her hands—hers, Polly Hopkins' hands!

She lifted them up, those slender, brown fingers, and looked at them against the candlelight. But a few months ago they had been the most willing fingers in all the county! But tonight—Marc's baby! Evelyn's baby!

Like a hive of bees, the joy of dissipating the home of Marcus MacKenzie buzzed through her brain. No sound came from the girl on the floor, for Evelyn MacKenzie had given up all hope. The squatter girl was crazy. No human being could entertain such a ghastly purpose and be in his right mind!

Presently she called Polly's name faintly, and then again; because Polly gave her no heed, she cried louder: "Pollyop, my feet hurt so! I can't bear it!"

Polly paused, leaned against the wall and glared at her.

"I'm glad they hurt that," she muttered. "You can't hurt anywhere too much to suit me!"

Then something gave way behind her, and wheeling around, she found herself staring into the face of "The Greatest Mother in the World."

Daddy's dust-covered coat which had hidden the picture all the past weeks lay at her feet.

As she looked, the glare left Polly's eyes. The serious face that had once smiled at her, the smile that had been a benediction for herself and Daddy Hopkins, was there no longer. Rather was there an expression of sorrow. Death rested in the nurse's arms, but from her whole reverent attitude the sense of protection swept out at Polly Hopkins.

Then suddenly she heard a man's voice. It seemed to drift into the hut through every crevice and crack.

"And you're the Littlest Mother in the World," came plainly to her. Like one struck, she stood rooted to the spot. Evelyn MacKenzie ever

themselves in golden fire on her memory.

"I love you, Polly," touched her like a caress, and, "You're my little girl," fell upon her like the tender hand of Granny Hope's God.

"The Greatest Mother in the World," whispered Pollyop; and then something hard and hateful within her broke, and the flood-tides of love came pouring in. As when a dam bursts, the pent-up waters sweep away all the accumulated rubbish in the old, unused channels, so was the squatter girl's heart cleansed of every unlovely emotion. To her uplifted vision "The Greatest Mother in the World" smiled again in benediction; and beyond her, dim in the background, appeared a wrinkled, toothless smile, and Polly heard Granny Hope's withered lips saying:

"Love's the hull thing, brat. Just love, an' love, an' keep on lovin'."

Full of the tenderest compassion, Pollyop turned swiftly, and at the sight of her flashing, radiant face, Evelyn fainted, toppled forward and rolled almost under the bed.

The squatter girl bounded to her side, her frantic fingers tearing loose the ropes that Larry and Lye Braeger had made secure around Evelyn's body. They fell away, leaving the girl but a little heap on the floor.

Tears streamed over her dark lashes as Pollyop gathered the limp head of Evelyn MacKenzie into her arms. And then she prayed as Granny Hope had taught her to pray. "Our Father which art in heaven." The rest of the petition slipped from her mind, and she quoted with chattering teeth, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Her strong arms lifted Evelyn and as she rolled over on the cot, Polly Hopkins stood up and cried:

"Underneath Old Marc's woman are your everlasting arms, God dear!"

CHAPTER XVI

"Can you speak to me?" Pollyop's voice was as tender as when she had repeated heavenly promises to the sad ones of the Silent City and had taught them that love was ever present.

Evelyn gazed at her electrified. The brown eyes were softly luminous. The lips which only a little while ago were strained and blue now were scarlet and fraught with sympathy. What wonderful thing had happened? Pollyop had taken the rope off her feet and hands. She could wriggle a little, although her flesh hurt dreadfully when she tried it.

Prompted by the attempted movement, Pollyop dropped to her knees and began to chafe the injured ankles.

"I'm goin' to give you back to your man," she said, quaking. "But you got to swear to him I swiped you, an' not any squatter men. He'll jail me forever, mebbe, but I don't care about that. I love Larry an' Lye Braeger too much to haul 'em into this."

Then her face fell beside Mrs. MacKenzie's, and she wept hysterically. Evelyn's fingers clutched at the chestnut curls.

"Pollyop, oh, Polly, darling!" This was all she could say, for she, too, was weeping even more wildly than the other. In the presence of such divine selflessness, the petals of her withered soul seemed to lift and

open, as she groped for a broader understanding.

"Granny Hope learned me a lot of things," came up to Evelyn brokenly. "She always said, Granny Hope did that love was stronger'n hate an' I must just pray your man wouldn't be so wicked to us squatters."

The glistening brown head rolled back and forth in consuming agony.

"Don't, Polly, darling," Evelyn begged. "Don't, it's all right now. And my husband will—"

Polly sat up, brushing back damp ringlets from her brow. "He won't do nothin' to help me," she shot out. "Nothin' at all! First, I know him better'n you do. Then next, I wouldn't ask him. 'Cause—'cause I'm that bad, I ought to be without my Daddy Hopkins an' my Jerry baby." Her voice rose in wild appeal. "But, God dear, how much I want 'em, oh, how I want 'em!"

The words cut into Evelyn's heart with the keenness of physical pain. Only a little while before she had stood alone at the brink of the grave. There had been no hope that the summer would bring a helpless weeping thing to hold her close to Marcus. But now—her thoughts whirled. So great was her faith in Polly Hopkins that she knew in a little while she would be back in her husband's arms.

The attack of weeping over, Pollyop arose and beat again into pap the hard bread and hot water. This time she took all the sugar left in the cupboard. Daddy would not be home for over two years, and Baby Jerry probably never, and she—she wouldn't be in the shanty long. Groaning, she whipped the spoon so fiercely that some of the contents of the cup splashed on the floor.

"It ain't very toothsome," she said, coming back to the cot; "but the hut's cold, an' you need a lot of warm'n' up. I'm goin' now an' get your man. You get this hot pap into your stomach while I'm gone."

Evelyn waved the cup away, holding out a shaking hand.

"I don't want you to go without me, Pollyop," she cried. "Please, don't leave me here alone. I'm terribly scared, I—"

The grave young squatter contemplated her for the space of twenty seconds, perhaps.

"You're afraid of the fishermen, ain't you, Miss?" she asked. "Well, you've got a right to be! Larry's different from the rest, though he was as will-

in', up to this night, to chop off your lead, as me. But Larry's hear's soft and kind, Larry's is."

"I'm afraid of everybody," gasped Evelyn. "Everybody but you, Polly."



"I'm Afraid of Everybody," Gasped Evelyn.

Please, take me with you, or—or let me stay till morning."

A slight shake of Pollyop's head brought Evelyn to a sitting position, but pain-racked bones and nerves laid her back again.

"There," interjected the other girl. "You can see how hard it'd be to get you through the snow to your man's house. You'd die before you got there. I'm best if you wouldn't. No, I got to go alone, Miss."

Noting the fear in Mrs. MacKenzie's eyes, she bent over the cot.

"Will you believe something I'm goin' to tell you, Eve?" she said in a wheedling tone.

"Surely I will, Polly," answered Evelyn, wiping her eyes, "but I'm so afraid, so awfully afraid."

"That's no lie," replied Pollyop impatiently, "an' as I said, you got a right to be scared of the squatters. Why, only this afternoon I hated you an' Old Marc as hard as the rest of the Silent City folks—more, mebbe! But—but what I was really goin' to tell you is this. If I lug you along with me, you won't have no baby in the summer. That's God's truth I'm tellin' you, too."

Evelyn lowered her lids, and a painful flush mounted to her hair.

"You're wantin' the little thing, ain't you?" demanded Polly, her voice vibrant with emotion. "Now, be a big woman, an' stay while I'm gone, will you? I'll promise to hustle for all I'm worth."

Mrs. MacKenzie's timid glance ran around the room.

"I suppose so," she whimpered, "but what if some of your people came here? She shuddered and went on hurriedly: "Polly, what're you going to say to Marcus?"

"I don't know yet," mumbled Pollyop. "But I'll bring him back. Oh, I got it! Say, I'll stick you away in Granny Hope's coop-hole. No squatter'd think to go in there, even if he comes in. Here! I'll help you."

Tenderly she coaxed and begged, but without avail, and patiently Polly sat down on the side of the cot.

"Miss Eve," she took up in low tones, "I'm goin' to tell you something Granny Hope told me. Now, you want to get home to your man, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, oh, so bad, Pollyop," cried Evelyn, "but I can't stay here alone! I can't! I can't!"

She did not think then of the many days and nights the other girl had passed by herself in the same little shack.

"Mebbe it does seem so, Eve," said Polly Hopkins. "But, honey, when I'm done you'll be thinkin' different. Now, listen; don't you know way down in your insides that your man's nearly sufferin' his life away?"

Evelyn burst forth into weeping afresh.

"Of course I know it, Polly," she sobbed, "but—"

"An' you want him to be walling all night till daybreak, not knowin' whether you're in the land of the livin' or not, huh?"

This was a solemn question asked by a very solemn-eyed girl.

"Another thing," continued Polly. "When it comes daybreak, there'll be a lot of squatters about. They come every day to this hut. I'd have to leave you then, wouldn't I? Tonight it's stormin', an' most of 'em are in bed. I could run as fast as a rabbit an' be back in a fift. Can't you screw up your courage an' let me go?"

This long statement Evelyn thought over for a few moments. Then:

able for any girl to show, Evelyn allowed Pollyop to pick her up and stand her on the floor.

Then the weak leaned on the strong, and when Polly Hopkins tucked the blankets about Evelyn, she whispered:

"Granny said prayers in this room all last year an' way on till she died. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want!' Granny said was one of the best to keep in mind."

She stooped and smoothed back the hair from Evelyn's wet brow.

"Now, while I'm gone you just lay quiet-like, askin' Jesus every minute that your man'll be bikin' here faster'n a crow can fly."

Evelyn raised her head.

"Kiss me, Polly dear," she begged, with streaming eyes.

"All right!" murmured the squatter girl. "Kisses're mighty comfortin', ain't they?"

She stooped and laid her lips on Evelyn's and, turning swiftly, left the room. Evelyn heard her snuffing the candles outside and then heard the latch click as Pollyop closed the door behind her.

Bounding out into the snow, Pollyop raced through the road toward Bishop's hut, for she had decided to speak to him before going on. She lifted the latch and peeped in.

Larry sat by the stove, puffing his pipe. He gave her but a glance then dropped his head mournfully.

"Where's Lye, Larry?" Polly asked in a hissing whisper.

"Gone home," came in a grunt. "He's sick to his stomach, an' so be I. I'm most froze, too."

With her hand on the latch of the door which she had closed against the storm, the girl stood in shivering indecision. She felt intuitively the inner emotions going on inside the stolid squatter. She wanted to throw her arms about him and tell him all that had passed in her home during the last hour. But if she did, Larry would take the blame of the crime on himself. Of course he would! Polly Hopkins knew the heart of Larry Bishop as if she had made it herself from God's own clay. If the person in her shack had been Old Marc, he would have had no compunction in putting him out of the way, but a woman—

"I don't want you for anything to-night, Larry Bishop," she broke out, fumbling with the latch. "An', mind you, dearie, never tell nobody you an' Lye swiped Old Marc's woman. That's a promise, Larry, ain't it?"

"Yep," replied Bishop, nauseated.

"Then go to bed an' sleep!" returned Pollyop. "You'll get warm, an'—an'— I'll see you tomorrow—mebbe. I won't be needin' you in my shanty tonight."

Then she went swiftly out, slammed the door and was away like a winter bird, before the squatter could question her.

Swiftly she ran on, her hair almost on end because, to save her friends, she must face the haughty MacKenzie himself. It had been her cruelty that had prompted their act, and now, besides saving Evelyn, she must shield them. The nearer she came to the MacKenzie house, the harder her heart pounded, with dread at the task before her.

In the meantime Marcus MacKenzie and his wife's mother were together, the lady stretched out on the divan, and Marcus pacing the floor. Since MacKenzie had left the Hopkins shack,



"Why Didn't You Tell Me So Before?" Cried the Man, Turning on Her Swiftly.

he had ridden madly over the hills, urging every man available to help him find his wife. Secretly he had wept tears such as never had poured from his eyes before in all his supercilious days.

Having set in motion what aid he could summon from town and country, he had come back home to the hysterical mother. He had no comforting assurances to give her, or any to allay the burning grief within himself. Evelyn had disappeared as if the ground had opened and swallowed her up. He paused in front of Mrs. Robertson, his dark, handsome face working painfully.

"You're very sure she was feeling well just before she went out?" he inquired. "She didn't act as if she had anything to worry over?"

Mrs. Robertson used her handkerchief before she answered.

"I can't think of anything," she hesitated, "unless it was about Bob. Late-ly he's been so different. I asked Eve—"

She broke off—

"Yes, you asked her one day—what?" MacKenzie urged.

"It was about Bob," continued the weeping lady. "Eve thought he was suffering over—over—"

"Well!" snapped Marcus. Would the woman never cease her everlasting crying and give him a clue if she had one?

"Well!" he goaded her on more furiously. "Polly Hopkins!" she sobbed. "Eve said your continual pounding at the squatters had about broken the boy's spirit."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed MacKenzie. "Eve wouldn't waste her time worrying over such rats. Bob's a fool, I've discovered!—Where is he?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Robertson. "He goes away for days at a time without saying a word to Eve or me. And he looks perfectly dreadful. I think Evelyn's grieved over him."

"Why didn't you tell me so before?" cried the man, turning on her swiftly. "I'd have soon made my young gentle-

man put on a smile, at least when he's home. It's a shame my poor wife had to be tormented like that!"

That he had started the rumper and done his full half of the quarreling never occurred to him. He was determined to find some one to blame for his wife's disappearance.

"Well, there's one thing certain," he ejaculated, after measuring the room several times with long strides. "I can't stay here, but good God! I don't know where to go."

A deep groan fell from his lips, and he began with heavy tread to walk up and down again.

"Can't you think of any place she might have gone?" he begged. "You know all her friends. Where would she go if she had determined to leave home?"

"Leave home?" gasped Mrs. Robertson, her jaw dropping.

"Yes!" faltered Marcus. "I don't know whether she told you or not, but we had some words before I started for Cortland."

"Of course she didn't tell me," came from behind the lady's handkerchief. "She never tells me anything, but I heard it. You were quarreling over the squatters, and in Eve's condition, I think you might spare her a little. —She's not strong! So much wangling makes her sick!—I wish Bob were home. Oh, dear, I can't stand it."

"It's Bob that's made all this trouble," snarled Marcus. "He's spent several months trying to circumvent me about the squatters, and Eve and I would have had no quarrels at all if he had attended to his own affairs."

He spoke moodily, conscious that he had treated his wife harshly, yet unwilling to admit it.

Mrs. Robertson, touched with the same feeling, sat up, wiping her face and brushing back her hair. She, too, remembered now all the bitter words she had flung at her daughter.

"Marcus," she said. "If—we—get Eve back again—"

"If we get her!" he interjected, his face going snow-white. "Of course, we'll get her. Why say such ridiculous things?" He turned away to hide the emotion her tremulous question had filled him with. "It will be my death if we don't," he ended.

Mrs. Robertson raised on her elbow.

"But Marcus," she exclaimed, "there's been something on my mind ever since—since— Oh, you don't think the squatters have her, do you?"

"I don't know," moaned Marcus, and he sat down quickly as if his legs would no longer bear the weight of his body.

And they were sitting thus, each busy with his own unspeakable unhappiness, when the servant entered.

"There's a girl here, sir," she began, and Marcus sprang up.

"Bring her in," he cried. "Bring her in instantly!"

The maid hesitated.

"She's queer looking, sir," she said timidly, "and she's wet through. She's one of them squatters."

"Bring her in, I said," ordered Marcus once more, and the girl went out, closing the door softly.

Pollyop crept into the warm room, her teeth chattering, her legs unsteady. Her first glance fell upon Mrs. Robertson, who, when she saw her, made a husky throat sound. Then the brown, fearful eyes traveled to the tall man, no longer an enemy to be hated, merely a wounded human creature, like her dear ones in the Silent City, to be loved and comforted.

"I got your woman in my shack," said Pollyop, straight to him, swallowing.

"God be thanked," screamed Mrs. Robertson.

Something snapped in MacKenzie's head, and for a moment he feared he was losing his mind. Polly thought by the blank expression of his face that his wife had gone completely. Ignoring the woman whom she detested, she went rapidly to MacKenzie's side.

"I had her roped up in the bed when you was there tonight, mister," she told him, the words tumbling over each other in the haste of confession. "I were goin' to chop her head off to get even with you. But—but—my dear Granny Hope, an' the Biggest Mammy in All the World wouldn't let me."

(Continued Next Week)

EFFECTIVE AT ONCE. Reduction in price of Willard Batteries. BRADY STORAGE BATTERY CO.

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Fi-Ad rate is 1 1/2¢ 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.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Several good Jersey cows. See J. F. SCHAEGER, Brady.

FOR SALE—Limited number of yearlings. S. G. SWENSON, Rochelle.

FOR SALE—White corn, at my place, 6 miles north of Brady, 70c per bu. See H. E. PATTERSON on farm.

FOR SALE—Mountain Cedar Posts—all sizes. The only yard in San Saba County selling the 6 1/2-ft. post. AYLOR CEDAR CO., San Saba, Texas.

FOR SALE Or Trade—165 Acres fine black land located 7 miles Southwest of Brady, 1 mile South of Dodge School House. 100 acres in cotton this year; balance tillable. This must be sold at once—bargain. W. H. McClanahan, c-o Austin Petroleum Co., Austin, Texas.

SALE OF PRIVILEGES VETERANS REUNION JULY 12, 13, 14TH.

Sealed bids for the following concessions at the Three Wars Veterans Reunion, to be held July 12, 13 and 14th, will be received up until noon, Tuesday, June 20th, as follows:

- 2 Bottle Drinks.
- 1 Lemonade and Orangeade.
- 2 Ice Cream.
- 2 Hamburger.
- 2 Pop Corn.
- 1 Restaurant and Barbecue.
- 1 Dance Platform.
- 1 Hobby Horse.
- 1 Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes.
- 1 Novelty Stand.
- 1 Fruit Stand.
- Doll Racks.
- Specials.

All bids must be in the hands of Henry C. King, Brady, by noon, Tuesday, June 20th. The Legion reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids. All concessions are marked off and may be inspected at Dutton park. Anyone with a show, or special concession, may advise what they have and make bid on same.

ELIJAH F. ALLIN POST, AMERICAN LEGION.

Strictly Etiquette.
"Look here, soldier," demanded the major of the little man who had passed him with a cigarette in his mouth and without any signs of recognition "who taught you about saluting?"
"Cap's Smith, sir; but cap'n says never salute with a cigarette in your mouth." — The American Legion Weekly.

Cities of the ancient Philistines are being excavated by a prominent British archeologist in the belief that many mysteries of this very old race will come to light. The cities of Ascalon and Gaza are now being worked and the "tells," or artificially formed hills near these cities, will undoubtedly reveal information as to the race history of the peoples who inhabited this district before Moses. For three thousand years nothing is known of the history of Philistines. Ruins of Greek and Roman buildings, constructed at a later date, will have to be unearthed before reaching the cities of the Philistines.

MONEY TO LEND on ranch and farm lands. BROWN BROS. San Angelo, Texas.

The removal from the south of France of the famous fourteenth century Gothic ruin of the Oratory of Belle Croix, at Villeneuve, is being protested by French archeologists. The ruin consists of one pointed arch and a few scattered stones. It was purchased by an American antiquary in 1918 for a large sum.

The town crier is not extinct. Chertsey, England, has a woman town crier who adds charm to the town by her picturesque presence. London in the old days had its crier who clanged a bell to arrest the attention of the public. The seaside towns of England in the old days had a crier who "cried" for lost children, watches and purses. Ramsay, the little town in the Isle of Man, still retains the crier as strong of voice and bell as ever.

WONDER WORDS.

Science's New Theory on Growing Apple Orchards.

Editor Brady Standard:
Wonder, Or., May 28.

I forgot to tell you that I this spring set out a dozen of "Burbank's Thornless Blackberry" plants and I have some of his new choice varieties of plums in my orchard. I suppose you have all heard of his "Spineless Cactus?" You don't have to scorch the thorns off for the cattle to eat the cactus. He certainly deserves the title of "Plant Wizard." How does he get these new superior varieties? By crossing! Judicious selection and survival of the fittest. And the same rule applies to the animal kingdom as well as to the vegetable kingdom, my dear friends. If not, why not? So long as we retain a registered pure-bred sort—of which there are many (each one) claiming to be the best, there is no possible chance for advanced improvement. It can only be done by crossing the breeds and retaining the superior improved specimens of the new product. Yes, and I have some plants of Burbank's new production called "The Sunberry" or "The Wonder Berry." Here is the quotation I promised you printed in the Literary Digest of the 13th Inst.

"Grow Two Kinds of Apples." One variety of apples grown alone, whether one tree or a whole orchard, does not produce as large a yield as when two varieties are planted side by side, according to recent investigations made by the Washington State Experiment Station. This has been proven in various orchards in the Pacific Northwest, we are told in Science Service's Science News Bulletin (Washington) and several commercial growers have discovered it when they planted orchards of one variety to meet market demands. We read: "The cause of the low yield of inferior fruit is the same as inbreeding with animals and marriage of relatives. In such cases we know the offspring to be inferior physically and often mentally, while with apples there is often a total failure of the blossom to set fruit." The article goes on to explain the advantages to be derived from cross pollination of eighty different varieties grown in the same locality. And knowing all these facts of science yet we have a titled pedigree aristocracy in the world such as kings, queens, dukes, princesses, etc., who imagine that their own blood is blue while that of the scallied common herd of humanity is red blood and inferior in quality. And they continue to marry and intermarry until their offspring are so deficient in intellect that they cannot rule a nation only as a figurehead. While Thos. Jefferson declared that all men are created equal and entitled to the same exalted rights and privileges. And yet another mightier than Jefferson, The King of kings and Lord of lords recognized this same principle of human equality.

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

Something Missed.
"The millionaire said he didn't know there was \$20,000 worth of liquor on board?"

"That's what he testified in court."
"Umph! I suppose everybody in court snickered?"

"Everybody but a friend of the millionaire, who had been invited to go on a cruise. He groaned aloud." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

The old home of Daniel Boone in Kentucky is falling to pieces. It has withstood the elements for nearly 200 years and is slowly falling to ruin from lack of care. One room contains a large fireplace of stones still in good condition. The doors and shutters of the dwelling are hung on wrought iron hinges, but many of the windows are broken, permitting snow and rain to enter and causing the floor to decay.

Sheep came in for shearing from the ranges near Centralia, Washington, with a luxuriant growth of moss on their backs which prevented the fleece from being sold as the wool was not worth the expense of shearing. During the winter the flocks fed in the open country and the wool became drenched in the misty rains, and, mixed with the soil of the feeding pens, formed the basis for the formation of the fungus moss.

The latest thing in counterfeits is a green diamond. The peculiar tint of the genuine gem is said to have been copied successfully by the use of radium, and large white stones of cheaper quality afford the material on which to work. Fortunately, the smaller gems do not allow enough profit to warrant treatment, and it is only the wealthy who can afford to buy those that are large enough.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

O. L. Fleming was in Brady last Saturday and reported having had a fine shower on his place last Wednesday evening. However, the rain was local, and a quarter of a mile north of the Fleming place, it hardly laid the dust.

Mr. and Mrs. Billie White passed through here from Menard Saturday night enroute to Fort Worth, where Mrs. White Sunday underwent an operation at the Johnson-Beall sanitarium. Their many friends will be pleased to learn that the operation was a success, and that Mrs. White is reported resting splendidly.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Ragsdale returned Monday morning from Dallas where the doctor had taken the standard examination in optometry, being one of forty, out of a class of 100 who passed the examination. The examination was not obligatory upon the doctor, but was taken by him so that he might be assured that he was up among the top-notchers in his profession.

The original M. P. Wegner, who was transferred a month or so ago to Brownwood by the Santa Fe, stayed there only long enough to instill some pep and ginger into the Brownwood-ites. Saturday he and Mrs. Wegner returned—came home, so to speak—and "Bully" is now holding down the chief clerk's desk, left vacant by the transfer of J. W. Townsend to Brownwood a few weeks ago.

Brady friends of the Rev. P. R. Campbell, Christian church revivalist, will regret to learn that his health has continued so bad that he has decided to go back to the Ozark mountains in an endeavor to recuperate, and for the present he will be located at Springdale, Ark. Since holding the successful revival service at the Christian church the middle of last summer, Bro. Campbell and wife were, for a time, located at Waco, later taking up their residence at Lampasas. Some months ago, his health was reported as failing, and while recuperating he made a trip to California, where his parents were quite ill. His many friends trust that the Ozark mountains may soon restore him to full health and strength once more.

Mirth Before Music.

"Mme. Yewler, the prima donna, refuses to follow the trained monkeys."

"You tell the madame," said the stage manager, "that I'm not going to change this bill just to suit her. Besides, a vaudeville crowd is better able to stand a little grand opera after it has had a good laugh." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

In the spring when icebergs come floating down from the glaciers of Greenland, coastguard service vessels of the American fleet go out in search of them. When a berg is found the vessels wireless its presence to the boats of all nations in the vicinity. The cost of the patrol is borne by all the maritime nations using the Atlantic in proportion to the number of ships sailing under their respective flags.

MONEY TO LEND on ranch and farm lands. BROWN BROS. San Angelo, Texas.

Tanlac can bring health to you as it has to thousands of others. Trigg Drug Co.

Japan has a "Yellow Menace" as well as California and other Pacific coast states. During and after the war boom, Japanese employers imported coolies and operatives from Korea and China to work in their textile mills, mines and smelters. Now the native Japanese workers consider the presence of this alien labor a grievance and their attitude toward these invaders is the same as the attitude of white labor on the Pacific coast towards the Japanese. Because of the California question the Japanese find it difficult to handle this matter as the cases are considered identical.

Turkey Tonic

SAVE YOUR TURKEYS
Take no chances prevent as well as cure. Put Turkey Tonic in their drinking water, a remedy for Yellow Diarrhoea, Black Head, Turkey Pox, Worms in the intestines of Chickens, Cholera or Bowel trouble. Satisfaction guaranteed. Disinfect your hen house or roost with Martin's Dip and Disinfectant. TRIGG DRUG CO., Brady

SOCIAL ITEMS.

Owens-Green.

Mr. Miburn M. Green and Miss Barcie Lee Owens, popular young couple of Brady, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. H. W. Milsap, the wedding ceremony having been performed Monday at high noon. The many friends of the happy couple will be pleased to learn of their marriage, and will extend congratulations and best wishes to the newly-weds.

Mrs. E. A. Alcorn Celebrates 84th Birthday.

Quite an enjoyable affair was the Old Ladies Birthday party given by Mrs. E. B. Ramsay last Wednesday, June 7th in honor of her mother, Mrs. E. A. Alcorn's 84th birthday. A number of invitations were sent out to old ladies past 70 years, but owing to the weather only a few were able to attend. Special music for the occasion consisting of old-time songs, such as "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "Old Black Joe," etc., were rendered by Mrs. W. A. Wilder on the violin, accompanied by Miss Mable Wilder on the piano. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all. "Old Uncle Ned," sung by little Miss Eluru Wilder, age 4 years, was greatly appreciated.

Delicious refreshments were served, consisting of ice cream, cake and apricots. It was a sight never to be forgotten, 84 candles burning around the birthday cake. Many beautiful presents were received from friends in and out of town.

Mrs. Alcorn, whose maiden name was Miss Amanda Gentry, was born in Tennessee, but came to Washington county, Texas, at the age of four years; for a number of years she has made her home in McCulloch county. She is the mother of eight children, but only three living: Mrs. E. T. Scruggs of Houston, W. R. Alcorn of Three Rivers and Mrs. E. B. Ramsay, of Brady, Texas. She has sixteen grandchildren and twenty-three great-grandchildren living.

The following guests were present to wish her many more happy birthdays: Mrs. Henry Shaver, Mrs. Dozier, Mrs. Conner, Mrs. T. J. Ward, Mrs. Orian Brown, Mrs. Galloway, Lillian Galloway, Mrs. Guy Smith.

Edith Smith, Ray Steelhammer, Edwin Ramsay, Mrs. W. A. Wilder, Mable Wilder, Ivor Wilder, Eluru Wilder.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

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

Well Watched.

Senator Lenroot from a windswept pier waved his cigar with an approving gesture over the glittering beach of Atlantic City.

"All these pretty girl bathers down here," he said, "are clad in modest bathing dresses. That pleases me. In California now—"

The senator frowned and shook his head.

"In California," he went on, "the girl bather wears a maillot, a one-piece suit of black silk, skin tight, cut without arms and practically without legs. I don't deny that such suits are very convenient for swimming and that they set off a fine figure admirably, but—but what would our grandmothers say?"

"A beautiful Chicago girl came out on a California beach in a black silk maillot one day and gazed timidly at the tremendous Pacific breakers."

"Is it safe?" she said to an attendant. "That wild surf makes me nervous."

"Don't be nervous, lady," said the attendant, as he studied the girl's figure with respectful admiration. "All the young fellows'll be keepin' an eye on ye all the time."

A motion picture city rivaling that of Los Angeles is being built near Nice, France. Practically everything used in the film production will be manufactured within the city gates. Workshops and studios, built to include the very latest devices for the making of a movie, are now nearing completion. The chief studio measures 500 feet in length. Other studios will be equipped with terraces and other features of old French architecture, thus adding to the romantic and beautiful atmosphere that will furnish the film drama background.

Phone 265 for Polka Dot Dairy Feed, the properly balanced ration that increases the milk production and makes your cows healthy. MACY & CO.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Wood spent Sunday visiting in San Saba.

Mr. and Mrs. Demp Branscum, accompanied by Mrs. P. B. Melton, visited relatives in Richland Springs over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Striegler and son, Cecil, returned Sunday from Fredericksburg, where they enjoyed a visit with relatives.

Miss Elizabeth Ballou is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Jess Mervin, in Fort Worth this week, and will also visit her grandmother, Mrs. S. E. Newbolt, in Marlin before returning home.

John Moore was here from Lohn last Saturday. John says they are needing rain in his section, as the recent moisture did not quite reach his place.

J. T. Smith of Lohn was a pleasant visitor at The Standard office this afternoon, reported crops a little late, but looking fine. A good rain would be appreciated just about now, says Mr. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Kirk are spending a few days visiting his mother in San Angelo, and incidentally enjoying a family reunion in which all the children, including a sister from Wyoming, are taking part.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spiller and baby, accompanied by Miss Eunice and Chas. Schaege, have gone to San Antonio on a ten-day visit with Mrs. Spiller's grandmother. They will also visit her sister, Mrs. Clint Baker, at Yoakum, before returning.

The many friends of Mrs. B. R. Miller of Pear Valley will be interested to learn that she underwent a successful operation at the local sanitarium last Saturday, and is now reported making a splendid recovery. Mr. Miller is here attending her.

No Exception.

Mr. Owens—"Our son, William, is so restless."

Owen—"Yes, unsettled like the rest of our Bills."—Boston Transcript.

A. J. Livingston, living near Ashland City, Tennessee, says: "I feel like going from house to house and telling the people about Tanlac." Trigg Drug Co.

FLAG DAY—JUNE 14th INDEPENDENCE DAY—JULY 4th

—WILL SOON BE HERE—
HAVE YOU

Our National Emblem

to display on these days? Be as patriotic as your neighbor—or if they haven't a flag to display be more patriotic than they are—by displaying a flag from your home on these occasions.



The flag we have for you measures 4x6, sewed stripes, guaranteed fast colors, heavy binding, brass grommets.

Regular retail price of this flag is \$2.75. Our special price to subscribers only—

\$1.75

The Brady Standard
BRADY, TEXAS