

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

### BRADY CHURCHES UNITE IN CAMPAIGN FOR NEAR EAST RELIEF NEXT WEEK

**DR. DIXIE B. TUCKER OF CHICAGO MAKES APPEAL FOR "GREATEST HUMANITARIAN WORK IN THE WORLD"—THE SAVING OF STARVING ARMENIANS.**

"The Greatest Humanitarian Work in the World," is what the Near East Relief work was termed in an address filled with graphic pictures of death by starvation, dire distress, hunger and unspeakable atrocities, visited upon the Armenians by reason of the World War, and the merciless persecutions of the Turks. The address was delivered yesterday afternoon at the Methodist tabernacle by Dr. Dixie B. Tucker of Chicago, who is campaigning this section of Texas in the interest of the Near East Relief association. An audience representative of all the church congregations in Brady, heard Mrs. Tucker's appeal, and at the close of her address an organization was effected to undertake the interesting of all Brady citizens in the relief work.

Dr. Tucker is a lady of pleasing address, and she has put her heart and soul into this great humanitarian work. In speaking of the Armenians, and the desperate situation in Armenia, she said there were four superlatives to be used.

First, They were the oldest National Christian nation in the world.

Second, They were the greatest martyred nation in the world.

Third, There was at Alexandropole the greatest orphanage in the world.

Fourth, The Near East Relief was the greatest humanitarian work in the world.

Speaking of the Armenians, Dr. Tucker said that in the year 282 A. D. they had made the Christian religion the national faith, and all through centuries of distress and persecution, they had maintained their faith. During the war, the Armenian men joined the Allies and were famed as among the best soldiers in allied ranks. They were killed, wounded and maimed. The families they left behind were taken prisoners by the Turks, the older women suffered unspeakable tortures, were brutally murdered or left to die of starvation and pestilence. The younger girls, many of them of great intelligence, numbers of them graduates of Vassar and other notable American colleges and who spoke perfect English, were carried off into Turkish harems, where they were branded with the mark of their captor—not like we brand animals, but on the face so that wherever they might be they would be instantly recognized as the property of the Turk. As fast as possible, the workers in the Near East Relief were rescuing these girls from the harems and giving them sanctuary in the orphanages established there.

For their loyalty and bravery, the allies had promised protection to the Armenians, but the allied promises were being kept only by the U. S. To the Armenians, N. E. R. (Near East Relief) meant the United States, and the U. S. meant bread and clothes, and life.

In all, 130,000 are being cared for in orphanages, with as many more outside, pleading for bread, for clothing, for anything that will keep the spark of life in their emaciated bodies. No attempt is being made to care for the older folks—only the children.

At Alexandropole is the largest orphanage, where 30,000 children are being cared for. There are 538 workers here, many of them in the interior, cheerfully carrying on their work, with word from home in America reaching them but once a year. Mrs. Anderson at Alexandropole cares for 8,000 girls. She has looms for 1,000, but needs thread to keep the looms busy. The Armenians weave beautiful rugs, garments and cloths—and they need the employment to keep their minds from dwelling upon the horrors through which they have passed. Mrs. Emerick has 40 stations around Alexandropole and extending clear up to the Black Sea, where 5,000 children are cared for. Mrs. Anderson was confronted with the problem of turning off 2,500 of the children so that the other 2,500 might receive proper care, but the pleadings of the mothers was too much for her, and she vowed to divide her last crust of bread in order

that all the 5,000 might receive some sort of care. One mother, finely educated, speaking perfect English, gave all the money she possessed in the world, 10c. for three little garments for her children. Their food consists of one loaf of bread and one can of milk per week per child. Their garments are the cast-off clothes from America. Their cups are the empty milk tins, and their plates and spoons are fashioned from tin cans.

Sophie Holt at Ismid is caring for 350 children, aged from 7 to 14, all branded. When she permitted some of them to go out to work in restaurants, their Turkish masters, recognizing their brands, carried them back to their harems, and it required an appeal to American blue-jackets to get the children restored to the Holt orphanage.

The destitute Armenians need food; they need clothes and covering for the winters are very severe and thousands of them must sleep out in the open; they need medical attention for innumerable children are covered with nothing but sores resulting from starvation. Their stomachs are so drawn by their long siege of starvation that they can hold not more than a teaspoonful of food when they are first taken in at the orphanages.

Dr. Tucker's address at the tabernacle was one of several made in Brady, among others being one to the boy scouts and another at the Presbyterian church. Everywhere she has enlisted enthusiastic support, and in Brady a house-to-house campaign will be inaugurated next week for contributions to the N. E. R. fund. Old clothing of every description, underwear, both summer and winter, old quilts, anything in wearables. Shoes should be banded up separately, and high-top boots are especially desired, as the tops can be used in repairing and making shoes. The Armenians also appeal for canned tomatoes. In the orphanages the fare is limited to bread and a little cocoa, with macaroni for dessert upon occasions. Even then the children are willing to live two days of the week on bread and water so that the starving children on the outside may share their food.

Dr. Tucker also appeals especially to ranchmen and cattlemen for hides, inferior wool and cotton, which may be used in the looms in Armenia. It is greatly desired that a full carload of relief goods be made up in Brady, as the railroads furnish free transportation to New Orleans. Where goods are sent by local freight to fill out a car, say in Brownwood, freight must be paid to that point.

Clarence Snider, master of the Boy Scouts, will provide a ware room for all goods being collected, and the Scouts will assist in the collection. Mrs. Wm. C. Jones will direct the work and be chairman of a committee composed of two delegates from each of the Brady churches. This committee will divide the town into zones and make a thorough canvass of the entire city next week for contributions.

Representing the churches are the following:  
Episcopal Church—Mrs. H. I. Wood, Mrs. G. R. White.  
Church of Christ—Mrs. A. B. C. rithers, Mrs. Leonard Wood.  
Christian Church—Mrs. A. B. St.

### SANTA ANNA TEAM HERE FOR TWO-GAME SERIES ON TODAY AND TOMORROW P. M.

The Santa Anna ball team is here for a two-game series, the first game to be played this afternoon and the second tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon. Santa Anna has won both games played so far, and is determined to keep in the lead if she has to play Brady all summer to do it.

The locals play a class of ball that every fan should appreciate. They are going in the games with their full team in the line-up and they are going to play real ball. How can you afford to miss seeing the games? Let's go!

Paper made from water lilies will be produced in a new factory in Ocotlan, Mexico. The lilies are of such a peculiarly fibrous nature that they form the best material for a high grade of paper and the supply is inexhaustible, because the lilies cover the rivers in that vicinity and grow rapidly.

### OFFICIAL CALL U.C.V. REUNION AT CHRISTOVAL

Adjutant General's Department, Mt. Rem's 5th Brigade, Texas Div., U. C. V., Brady, Texas, June 15, 1922. Attention Confederate Veterans: Having received, and duly accepted a cordial invitation from citizens of Christoval, Tom Green County, Texas, to hold the 22nd Annual Reunion of this Brigade there; Notice is therefore given that we will meet on the 2-3-4th of August next, 1922, to enjoy the well known hospitality and courtesy of these good citizens. As is well known to all, our ranks are growing thin as the years go by, let all our Comrades, yet surviving, be present if possible, to enjoy this Reunion.

Cooked rations of bread, meat and coffee for three days, free to veterans, wives, widows of veterans and minor children, and beautiful camp grounds will be furnished. Any war veterans, sons and daughters are invited to meet with us, and will be welcomed.

Done By Order of J. O. Frink, of San Angelo, Texas.

J. O. FRINK, Gen'l-Comdg. L. Ballou, Adjt-Gen'l and Chf of Staff (Press within our district please copy)

baugh, Mrs. W. M. Deans.  
Methodist Church—Mrs. F. M. Richards, Mrs. C. P. Gray.  
Baptist Church—Mrs. F. W. Lazzaller, Mrs. Sam Hughes.  
Presbyterian Church—Mrs. J. G. McCall, Mrs. S. H. Jones, Mrs. V. B. Deaton.

If you want more milk from your cows, feed Polka Dot Dairy feed. MACY & CO.

EFFECTIVE AT ONCE. Effective at once, a Reduction in price of Willard Batteries. BRADY STORAGE BAT. CO.

### HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DEYS TWO KIN' O' SMAHT FOLKS -- ONE UV 'EM DOES THINGS FUH YOU EN TOTHER DOES 'EM TO YOU!



### MRS. EARL CAWYER OF MERCURY ACCIDENTALLY WOUNDED BY SHOT GUN

Mrs. Earl Cawyer, of Mercury, who was accidentally shot and painfully injured at her home about ten days ago, is apparently recovering satisfactorily though slowly. She has been in Brownwood for medical treatment since the accident.

Mrs. Cawyer's injury was sustained while her husband was loading a shot gun with the purpose of shooting rattlesnakes in the vicinity of his home. The loading apparatus of the gun had become somewhat rusty and difficulty was experienced in jamming the cartridge into the barrel so that the weapon was accidentally discharged. The charge of No. 6 shot struck Mrs. Cawyer's left hand and arm as she was standing on a sleeping porch several feet away. The fingers of the hand were badly torn, and several of the shot took effect in the arm and a few in the left side of the body.—Brownwood Bulletin.

### BRADY TIES IN ON TOURIST TRAFFIC DEVELOPMENT SWT.

By action of the Brady Chamber of Commerce, at an enthusiastic meeting held Monday morning, Brady ties in on the tourist traffic development program now on foot for the Southwest Trail. This great interstate highway, running from Caldwell, Kansas, to Corpus Christi, the route running almost due north and south its entire length, and traversing the heart of Texas, is to be marked with standard signals every one-fifth mile of its entire route, so that no tourist need ever have to stop to inquire directions as he will never be out of sight of a signal. The plans further contemplate the issuing of strip maps showing the entire route, the distances between towns on the route, and also including a 300-word descriptive writeup of the towns and country along the route. These maps are to be distributed wherever tourists may stop and inquire for advice on trips and routes. The information given on the maps should prove a great advertisement for the various sections, and invite both prospectors and new citizens.

The plans for the revitalization of the Southwest Trail, heretofore more or less of a "paper highway," were presented the Chamber of Commerce committee by Mrs. Curtis Hancock, chairman of the Highway department, and Hardy Sammons, secretary-manager and publicity director, of the Southwest Highways and Motor league. Both these gentlemen are enthusiastic concerning the possibilities of developing a great tourist travel on this highway, which intersects several of the great transcontinental highways passing through Kansas City, and which offers not only the shortest route to the Gulf, but one of the best roadbeds as well. Mr. Hancock dwelt at length upon the manner in which California had capitalized her roads, literally selling California to the tourists, although she did not have greater advantages than does Texas, and, in fact, Texas has many advantages of which California cannot boast. The scenery in Texas, the flowers, the land, the people themselves, have California bested, but California has advertised what she has, while Texas has not given to the world the smallest idea of her vastness, greatness, possessions and possibilities.

The work of developing tourist travel is to be financed by the voluntary support of towns along the highway, each town paying according to one-half the mileage between it and the next towns on either side, and at the rate of \$7.00 per mile. Brady's quota totaled \$217, and the committee voted to give the project the amount with the understanding that the proposition was to be put in every town along the route and the subscription is to be refunded

### COUNTY DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING YESTERDAY

COMMITTEE DECIDES TO HOLD RUN-OFF PRIMARY 4TH SATURDAY IN AUGUST—USUAL PLEDGE TO BE PRINTED ON BALLOTS—W. R. DAVIDSON, CHMN.

The McCulloch County Democratic Executive committee met yesterday as required for the purpose of making up the official ballot, selecting the order in which names of candidates are to appear on same, levying assessments for the expense of the election against candidates, and attending to such other business as might concern the coming Democratic primary election. Chief of interest was their decision to hold a run-off primary the fourth Saturday in August (August 26th) and also to disregard instructions of the State Democratic Executive committee as to the pledge to appear on the ballots, using instead the simple pledge, "I am a Democrat and pledge myself to support the nominees of this primary," as provided by the statutes.

J. E. Brown having resigned, Wm. Sheriff: R. Davidson was named by the executive committee as county chairman, and his name will appear on the official ballot for this office. Mr. Davidson served several terms as county chairman, voluntarily resigning two years ago, and is unquestionably the right man for the place.

In the matter of holding a run-off primary in August for the purpose of deciding all contests by majority vote, rather than by a plurality vote in the July primary election, a difference of opinion was met with, both among the candidates and among members of the executive committee. The run-off for state offices has been ordered held, and consequently there will be little, if any, additional expense attached to holding the county run-off at the same time. The difference of opinion was as to whether the vote in the run-off would be more representative of the voice of the people than a plurality vote in the July primary election. A majority of the executive committee voted to hold the run-off, and the county candidates will therefore have their fate decided in August in all contests where more than two seek the office.

The matter of pledge to be used on the official ballot is plainly designated in the statutes, and all pledges not conforming thereto are declared illegal. The county executive committee two years ago had the unpleasant experience of having to destroy all printed ballots when the attorney-general declared the pledge prescribed by the State Democratic Executive committee unconstitutional, and having to have the ballots reprinted at the last minute. The county committee therefore decided to take no chances this year, but will use the pledge that will assure a legal vote being cast.

### Order of Candidates.

In selecting the order in which names of candidates are to appear on the official ballot, the names were drawn, and the following is the order in which they will appear on the ballot:

- Congressman, 17th Cong. Dist.: W. F. CUNNINGHAM, THOS. L. BLANTON, OSCAR CALLOWAY, E. G. ALLBRIGHT, JAS. B. DIBRELL, JR.
- Asso. Justice of Civil Appeals: J. K. BAKER, M. B. BLAIR, JNO. W. BRADY, N. A. RECTOR
- District Attorney: WALTER EARLY
- Representative, 93rd District: T. J. BEASLEY, A. B. WILSON, JAS. FINLAY
- District Clerk: BOYD COMMANDER, MISS MAGGIE McKEAND, FRANK W. LOHN
- County Judge: E. J. ADKINS, J. E. SHROPSHIRE
- County Clerk: W. J. YANTIS, H. D. BRADLEY

Brady's action makes the support given the league 100% so far. Messrs. Hancock and Summers left Monday noon for Mason to continue their work on to the Gulf.

**SANITARY DUES.** Remember your Sanitary dues are due July 1st. It is very essential that this work be looked after, so please do not forget to pay them. If you do not get service, please report same. E. G. GILDER, City Secretary.

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, June 20, 1922

HONEST INJUN.

The Standard last week advertised for rain—and forthwith a section of the northern end of the county was visited by a near deluge. This time we will be more specific and say we want a good rain, general all over this entire section, and the sooner the better.

MARVELS OF SKILL.

Have you ever seen some exceedingly small writing? Certainly, you have. Maybe, at some time or other, you have competed in a contest in which the prize went to the person who could write a certain word the most number of times on a postcard.

That used to be sure-fire, in the good old days of letter-copying-presses, when every office man had to "write a good hand" to get a job, and master-penmen proudly signed with great flourishes, occasionally working birds and flowers into the ink-work.

The old-time master-penmen all seem to have vanished, along with the fellow who wrote "Jones Brothers, General Store," 3,000 times on a postcard.

But interest in such things is as keen as ever, for man never wearies of admiring that peculiar ability—delicate skill—that underlies our whole civilization.

For instance, veteran editors—so blasé that they never experience more than one thrill a year—are "all hot up" lately by small chunks of lead, souvenirs distributed by the American Type Founders Company to demonstrate the skill of its machines that cast type from molten metal.

One end of these chunks of lead is five-sixteenths of an inch square—much smaller than the nail of your little finger—and in this space, if you use a microscope, you see the Lord's Prayer engraved with the mathematical accuracy of the headlines of this newspaper.

That seems marvelous, and it is. But John Phin, author of microscopy, has the Lord's Prayer written at the rate of eight complete Bibles to one square inch. This writing was done with a diamond point, on glass, by W. Webb, master-micrographer.

You probably will not believe that scientific truth, so it might be best not to mention the copy of the Lord's Prayer shown to the London Microscopical Society, done in such minute letters that 22 complete Bibles could be written on a single square inch of glass.

Prof. Richard Whiddington, of Leeds University, England, has a device that measures a 200,000,000th of an inch and a 10,000th of a second.

That would excite the envy of the fine needle-maker who, complimented on his skill by Queen Victoria, borrowed one of her hairs and drilled a needle eyelet through it.

At the far extreme of all this is the most powerful machine in the world—the Olsen Testing Machine in the Pittsburgh laboratories of Uncle Sam's Bureau of Standards. It exerts a pressure of 10,000,000 pounds.

These marvels all are the creations of that weak machine, the human being. Think of these accomplishments when you have an obstacle that you are wondering if you can overcome.—San Angelo Standard.

MAKING IT SNAPPY.

Here is a hot one by Editor Gayle Talbot in the Lometa Reporter last week: The picture printed elsewhere of Hon. Clarence Ousley, candidate for United States Senator, is disappointing if your preconceived notions demand both physical pulchritude and mental equipment in our national statesmen. The picture is misleading as to the first quality. Along the latter qualifications—general mental equipment—Mr. Ousley easily distances all competitors. But as bombast and buncomb outdistances brains in Texas these days he will probably be defeated by Cullen Thomas in the July primary. One of these years, maybe, Texas will build better than the 22 calibre, rim-fire politicians who have imposed upon her bounty these twenty years past, and happy will be those days.

Time's Changes.

Mrs. Newlywed—"Immediately after marriage a man is different." Mrs. Longwed—"Yes, and a year after marriage he is apt to be indifferent."

"COME BACKS"

Jess Williard may never stage a come-back, but here is how we do the trick:

M. C. Wolfe had a car to sell cheap. Advertised it one time, sold it next day; told us with his happiest smile that it paid. Will he

Come Back?

You bet he will—whenever he has anything to sell, wants anything, or has anything he wants done.

The Brady Standard's Classy-Fi-Ads

Will come back and help him with his wants.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Nora Neal of Rochelle was a visitor in Brady last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Elkins of Cisco are guests of Mrs. Elkins' brother, A. B. Reagan, and wife.

W. P. Doty is here from Brownwood greeting his many friends with his old-time friendly smile, while on a business visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Britton Embry were here from Sherman last week visiting his brother, N. B. Embry, and family and other relatives.

R. Wilensky plans to leave Saturday night on a marketing trip to New York City. He expects to be gone for some two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cavin and little son were here from Calf Creek community Saturday. They stated a rain would be very welcome out their way.

Dr. Harold Craddock was here from Eden, visiting home folks over Sunday. Dr. Craddock is associated with Dr. Burlison in the dental profession at Eden.

CLOSED FOR MEETING. During the revival meeting at the Methodist tabernacle, my store will be closed from 10:00 o'clock until 11:00 a. m. J. F. SCHAEG.

HEAVY DELUGE OF RAIN FALLS IN WALDRIP VICINITY SATURDAY EVENING

A heavy deluge of rain is reported in spotted sections of the county on last Saturday afternoon. E. B. Baldrige of Fife reports the rain light at his place, but from his place to the river, and in the Waldrip community and extending into Coleman county a heavy rain was had. H. H. Knight reports a rain of about 2 1/2 inches on the old Kid Jeffers place on Corn Creek, while it was lighter towards Placid.

The continued humidity, and the appearance of thunderheads gives continued hope for a most timely downpour.

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

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

Public auction of the following concessions at the Three Wars Veterans Reunion, to be held July 12, 13 and 14th, will be had Wednesday, June 28th, 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 privileges will be auctioned off Wednesday, June 28th. 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.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

The Standard was in error in stating that Ed Fleming, shot at Telegraph last week, was a brother of S. M. Fleming of Camp San Saba. It develops that we were misinformed, and that the two were no kin whatever.

Howard, ten-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Price, fell from a swing at Hugh Armstrong's place last Friday, breaking both arms in the fall, and one arm being broken in two places. The little lad has suffered greatly with the injury, but is reported getting along as nicely as could be expected.

M. S. Middlemiss last week returned from Melvin, where he had just completed the re-papering of the Swedish parsonage. This week Mr. Middlemiss and C. H. Tupman have charge of the work on the exterior of the Commercial National bank, which is being given a press brick finish, adding greatly to its appearance and attractiveness.

E. W. Turner was in from Lohn community the latter part of last week, and reported plant lice on cotton has been noticeable for the previous ten days. Mr. Turner was in hopes of a rain, which would not only serve to wash off the plant lice, but which would be most opportune for feed, which is now in great need of rain. Mr. Turner said it had been three weeks since rain had fallen on his place five miles east of Lohn.

Judge M. B. Blair of Belton, candidate for Associate Justice of the Court of Civil Appeals, Third Supreme Judicial District at Austin, Texas, was in Brady last Saturday meeting the voters. Judge Blair has served Bell county four years as county judge, and is now District Judge of the 27th District of Texas, composed of Bell, Lampasas and Mills counties, in which capacity he served as trial judge on the famous Hornsby murder case. Judge Blair is highly endorsed by not only the bar of the counties in the district, but by the citizenship as well.

Call it fool-hardy or dare-devilish, or whatever you want; we merely relate the tale as it was told us. Sunday evening while Sherman Coots and Dave Freeze were fishing on the San Saba river, they caught a monster cat fish on an ordinary hand line with a small hook. The big cat immediately dove under a rock, so Coots dove in after him, stuck his hand in the fish's mouth and brought him to the surface, where Freeze grabbed him in both arms and swung on for dear life until the cat was landed high and dry. The big cat tipped the beam at better than 40 pounds. Pretty tall fish tail, but the head has been on display in front of the F. R. Wulff Motor Co. and does not permit of any disputing of the statement.

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

Fatal Proof.

Hoax—"Do you believe that thirteen is a fatal number?" Joax—"Well, all the people who lived in the thirteenth century are dead."—London Tid-Bits.

NEW YORK HINT OF VENICE

Reservoir is Beautiful Spot, With Stately Homes That Seem to Arise From the Water.

What the Brooklyn bridge is to the resident of Brooklyn the reservoir is to the middle uptown New Yorker—a refreshing and beautiful place for a brisk walk, says the New York Sun.

The reservoir, particularly the upper one, with a path on the brink, is a place of romance. Across the water rise stately houses; they seem almost on the edge of the water, like the houses of Venice. Sometimes the water is a sheet of ice. One day it seemed like a stretch of gray taffeta, with inserts of blue crepe where the wind rippled the patches of water that remained. Close to the shore broken bits of ice tinkled continually against a stretch of solid ice, with the sound of sleigh bells.

But in summer there is another aspect to the reservoir. Horseback riders gallop around in fetching costumes, while the water sparkles in the sun.

But there is one point at a certain hour that lifts you out of New York, out of America, out of the world. The point is the western stretch of the southern side. The hour is sunset. The magic is produced by the fountain, a thin, high sweep of spray painted with rainbow shades by the setting sun. Up goes the stream, swirling into a gigantic feather in the gentle hands of the breeze. Suddenly the rainbow appears, to vanish as the wind swings the spray in another direction, to reappear again for a few breath-catching seconds. The spray sweeps here and there, covering you for an instant. The sun leaves it for a moment and the fountain becomes a bridal veil. Out comes the sun and the fountain flashes into glory.

SMALL BIRDS FALCON'S PREY

Peregrine, Like the Pirate He is, Takes Toll From Weaker Creatures of the Air.

It was reported recently that in the circle of a peregrine, a vicious bird, the rings of 22 racing pigeons were found. The peregrine falcon often kills birds which are unfortunate enough to cross its path. Peewits and other birds that frequent the coast are relentlessly pursued by this hawk, and another prey is the golden plover, but this bird affords the hawk a good chase before it is caught.

The peregrine catches its prey by protruding its strong legs and talons to their fullest extent when within a few feet of the quarry. Then for a moment its wings are almost closed, and the next the prize is seized and carried off. If, however, the object is too heavy to be lifted from the ground it is forced along sometimes a hundred yards on the ground, and killed and devoured on the spot. The nest of the peregrine is usually placed on the face of some precipitous cliff, resting on a shelf of rock or tuft of vegetation, and consists of a mass of sticks and coarse stems of grass and ferns.

"Blood Money."

"Blood Money" was the name applied in the Middle Ages and well into the more modern period to the money paid for bloodshed. It might be either the compensation paid by a manslayer to the nearest relatives of the victim, to secure himself and his kin from vengeance, or the money paid as a reward for bringing about the death of another, directly or through evidence. It was once common among the Scandinavian and Teutonic peoples, who called this money payment wergild. The price varied with the nature of the crime and the rank of the victim. Certain crimes, such as the slaying of a sleeping person, could not be compensated by a money payment; such criminals were declared outlaws and could be slain with impunity. The term is now often applied to the reward or bribe paid for giving up a criminal to justice.

Original Playing Cards.

The original pack of cards was a quiver of arrows. Playing cards are regarded as derived from the divinatory use of the arrow away back in the cradle of civilization—China or India, says Stewart Culin, the archaeologist. The ancients played games with marked arrows, and the Museum of Archeology, University of Pennsylvania, has several specimens of these primitive playing cards.

Ancient Chinese and Korean cards are long and narrow, and by their design and name show unmistakably that they are conventionalized shaftments of arrows, retaining in their suit marks the same symbolism as that of the quiver of arrows from which they were derived. The old Korean and Chinese name for playing cards is "fighting tablets."

Was Just "Checking Up."

One morning a negro sauntered into the office of a white friend. "Good-mornin', Mr. Withrow. Kin I use yo' phone a minute?" he asked. "Why, certainly, Sam." Sam called his number, and after a few minutes' wait, said: "Is this Mrs. Withrow's?" "I seen in de paphe where you-all wanted a good cullud man. Is you still wantin' one? Then the man youse got is puffedly satisfactory, and you doesn't conneplate makin' no change soon? All right, ma'am. Good-by." Mr. Withrow called to Sam as he left the phone, "Now that's too bad, Sam, that the place is filled." "Oh, dat's all right, Mr. Withrow, I see de nigger what's got de job, but I see jest a wantin' to check up."—From the Argonaut.

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.

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

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

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

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

T. E. DAVIS PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING At Davis & Garman's Music Store.

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

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

JOE ADKINS LAWYER Office in Broad Building South Side Square

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

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FIRE INSURANCE COMMISSION RULES CAN SEND FIRE TRUCK OUT OF TOWN

The matter of sending the fire truck to fight fires in neighboring towns is a matter that is entirely up to the discretion of the city officials, and it in no wise affects the insurance carried in this city, according to a letter to Mayor Raby from the State Fire Insurance Commission. Mayor Raby asked the insurance department for a ruling on the question, as there was some criticism recently because the fire fighting apparatus was sent to Paint Rock, and in reply to his letter G. N. Holton, secretary of the State Fire Insurance Commission says: "In reply to your inquiry of May 29th, with reference to dispatching the fire department equipment to the aid of a neighboring town, would say that this is a matter left entirely to the discretion of the city officials, and any action of that sort that might be taken would have no effect on the insurance carried on property located in your town, even though the apparatus might be absent on a mission of this kind at the time of the fire."—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

# Story 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, Mrs. Bennett. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He is secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposed 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 art marriage as the freest man.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Polly conveys her message, and Oscar makes threats. Her sister Evelyn meets 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 pay off Bennett and induce him to leave the country, giving her her freedom. She is really enamored of Marcus MacKenzie. At the arranged meeting 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, waylays the girl when she leaves Percival and abuses and threatens her. Percival returns and thrashes the farmer. He asks Polly in what way he can aid her, and she begs him to help her. Percival is rich and influential, though lacking the power of MacKenzie, but agrees to do his best. He 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 bought the Bennett farm and got rid of the squatters. Robert falls in an effort to secure the aid of Mrs. Robertson and Evelyn in a project to help the Silent City people.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Knowing Bennett's infatuation for Polly, Evelyn tries to induce the girl to promise to marry him, she having agreed to release him to secure Polly. In love with Percival, though scarcely realizing it, the girl refuses. Meeting Robert next day, she 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 intercepts her. He is also deaf to Robert's pleadings, and the latter, though assuring Polly of all he can do for 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 happened. Oscar and 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. She insists that Bennett is Polly's sweetheart. Robert believes her, since the girl, true to a promise to Evelyn, does not deny it. He conducts Evelyn 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 beat her way on a train to Auburn prison to visit her daddy. 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 hold her. MacKenzie, seeking his wife, comes to the shack, but she is successfully hidden.

**CHAPTER XV.**—Polly taunts the captive woman, threatening to kill her and throw her body into the lake. Her nature rally good heart triumphs, however, and she releases her false friend, telling her she will restore her to her husband.

"She—she's alive!" he demanded hoarsely. "You're very sure she is dead? Girl," he bounded up and grasped Polly's arm, "if you lie to me—"

"I ain't lyin' to you, nister," interrupted Polly dully. "You don't need to be scared for Miss Eve, but now you'd best come along to my hut an' get her. She's mournin' for you in Granny Hope's coop-hole, covered up

with blankets."

Something like a huge fist struck MacKenzie. The conviction that the squatter girl's words were true lifted him immediately from the bottom depths of hopelessness. The sudden lurch of joyous relief brought with it a mental illumination, and he saw himself as others had seen him. The terrible, blighting uncertainty he had borne for a few maddening hours the girl before him had known for months. If she were to blame for his suffering, what was the measure of his own responsibility?

He turned swiftly to his mother-in-law and said huskily:

"Call some one to get this child some dry clothes. Take anything of Eve's you can find that will keep her warm, and for God's sake, take those ragged boots off her feet!" He sprang to the bell. "I'll order the team."

When he had given his orders to the servant who appeared at the door, he sank back into a chair, and Mrs. Robertson went swiftly out.

Utterly oblivious of the squatter girl's presence, Marcus MacKenzie buried his face in his hands. The new Pollyop, the Polly of the Sun, crept forward and touched him.

"Your woman's all right," she said huskily. "Don't cry! She told me about—the little kid a-counin' in the summer, an' she howled like mad to come along with me. But I says to her she couldn't walk all this way to you without dyin'."

The soft tones vibrated sympathetically as she voiced the assurance. MacKenzie thrust up his hand and clutched the slim brown fingers.

"Tell me something about it while we're alone," he whispered.

Pollyop shuddered.

"Well, sir," she began, so low that MacKenzie had to raise his head to hear, "all the squatters hate you, but none of 'em was wicked like me. I said, I did, that you couldn't be hurt no way only through your woman, an'—an—I was goin' to cut her head off with the ax an' then sling 'er in the lake. I s'pose I'm goin' to get sent up for years, but I just had to come and tell you."

Before MacKenzie, against at the danger his dear one had faced, could answer, Mrs. Robertson entered, followed by Evelyn's maid.

"I'll get my coat," exclaimed Marcus, jumping up. "Dress the girl warm and send along Evelyn's fur motor coat."

A furtive smile curled the maid's lips as she helped pull off Jeremiah's heavy coat, and then grew broader as Pollyop slipped out of Daddy's great boots. Yet the woman admitted to herself as she dried the wet feet and attired the squatter girl in her mistress' beautiful clothes that she was pretty, even prettier than Mrs. MacKenzie.

When the robing process was finished, Mrs. Robertson glanced over the little figure and grudgingly acknowledged to herself that there was something of elegance in the girl's bearing, even if she were a squatter.

"Come here," she said. A haughty gesture indicated the spot. "Right here before me."

Polly's shaking legs carried her within a few inches of the august presence.

"You're very sure, girl," asked Mrs. Robertson, "that my daughter's safe in your shack? How did she come there?"

Polly remembered the Larry Bishop and Lye Braeger. She had been instrumental in bringing them within the prison shadows, and if any one suffered from the deed done that night, it must not be her friends. She alone must take the blame!

"I wheedled 'er there, ma'am," she replied humbly. "I'm goin' to tell her man all about it."

Pollyop searched her mind for the details that Meg had given of the horrible place.

As the horses trotted along the boulevard, Pollyop's chin sank into the warm fur about her neck, and until they turned into the narrow lane from the road, no one spoke a word.

"Go straight to the igke, Hank," ordered MacKenzie, and at the sound of his deep voice, Pollyop felt another shock of surprise. She had heard it so often in strident abuse! Now it was actually pleasant to listen to!

Down the hill through the furry flakes of snow the strong horses picked their way. Once the cutter nearly turned on its side but righted itself. The Hopkins hut was dark when they



He Put the Girl Down Before the Door.

drove up before it. Marcus jumped into the snow, picked Polly out of the cutter as if she had been a kitten, and waded through the drift to the narrow path leading into the house.

He put the girl down before the door, and turning, called to the coachman:

"Drive the team down the road, Hank, out of the wind! I'll call you when I want you!"

It was Pollyop's trembling hand that unlatched the shanty door. It was she who struck a match and touched it to the candle. Then she pointed to Granny Hope's room.

"She's in there, mister," she said, trembling like an aspen leaf.

Then because she was about to face an outraged wife in the presence of a powerful husband, she sat down, shaking with fear from head to foot.

### CHAPTER XVII

In the meanwhile a covered carriage containing two men and a little boy was making slow progress along the drifted boulevard. About two miles from Ithaca a double cutter, with sleigh bells ringing, dashed by them, the little light on the back of it glowing like a steady red eye until a sharp curve in the road blotted it from sight.

"Somebody else out, if 'tis a bad night," commented the older man, who held the boy.

"They went awful fast, too, Daddy Hopkins," murmured the child. "Didn't 'um, darlin'?"

"Yep, son," was the reply. "Sleighs go over the snow better'n wagons."

The words hardly penetrated the younger man's reverie. His thoughts were busy with a squatter girl who would have a real Thanksgiving the next day. Her joy he could picture, but he could not join it. All his thoughts of her were marred by another vision that poisoned his every moment. Never since he had found Oscar Bennett dying in Polly's bed had he known a peaceful instant.

When the vehicle came to the corner where MacKenzie's magnificent turnout had swung into the lane leading to the row of squatter shacks at the lakeside, Robert Percival opened the carriage door and thrust his head out.

"This is where we turn," he shouted to the driver. "Go slow! The drifts are deep all the way down."

When he settled again into his seat, he remarked:

"It's a bad night, Hopkins. Perhaps it would have been better to have waited until morning, after all."

The other man bent over the boy's head and laid his face against it.

"I would had to be something more'n a snowstorm to keep me in Ithaca all night," he returned. "Where my pretty brat is, I want to be."

"Pollyop," squeaked the child, wriggling. "Daddy, Wee Jerry wants Pollyop."

"Hush, Jerry," soothed his father. "We're a-counin' near home now—There! Here we be."

As they descended from the carriage, the baby hid his face in his big father's shoulder.

The snow was still falling quietly into the dark lake, and the squatter, with a throb at his heart, caught the thread of light at the edge of the window blind of his home. Then his Pollyop was still up.

"Cover your horses and wait here," directed Percival to the driver. Then to Hopkins he said: "As I told you, sir, your daughter's suffered frightfully. Poor girl, I am afraid, if you appeared without warning, the shock would be too much for her. Do as we agreed in town, and go to Bishop's shack until I come for you. I'll tell her you and the boy are home."

A long sigh slipped from the squatter's lips. He desired to rush in and hold his girl-brat to his overwrought heart. He had heard with suppressed emotion Robert's tale of his Pollyop's trials, and now as he recollected them, he could scarcely restrain himself. Yet he realized the young man was right, so, pulling the child's bowed legs around his neck, he faded stolidly into the falling snow.

Inside the hut Polly Hopkins was seated, tensely silent, her slender fingers clasped together about her knees. Suddenly she heard voices other than the low hum of MacKenzie's questions and Evelyn's sobbing answers in the coop-hole.

She arose slowly, ready to spring at Larry Bishop or Lye Braeger if they appeared at the door. To send them away instantly was the decision that she made as she saw the latch lift and the door slowly swing in. A figure she recognized with startled eyes stepped across the threshold; she sat down, but was up again before he spoke.

The man she had so longed to see had come again. But now he was here, she did not dare let him stay a moment. Marcus MacKenzie might come out of the coop-hole even before she could send the newcomer away. While he was pressing his great coat collar down over his shoulders, she tiptoed to him and with uplifted hand whispered:

"Hush! Go away! Go away quick!" Making a backward gesture, she added: "There's some one in the coop-hole I don't want you to see."

His errand having completely left his mind, Robert, after a moment of startled inspection, stopped stiffly by the door. The resentment and jealousy he had nursed so long flared into active life and licked him like flames. Clothes such as she wore had never been paid for with squatter money! She was beautiful! So much his eyes told him, but he knew she was not honest!

She had said there was some one in the coop-hole.

He fixed her with stern eyes and then shoved her aside.

"I'm going to see who he is," he snapped.

Polly's fingers caught him as he tried to pass her.

"No, you can't go in there," she cried. "Please don't do it."

The sound of their voices brought Marcus MacKenzie out into the kitchen in one stride. He halted at the sight of the squatter girl hanging desperately to Robert's arm. An exclamation broke from him; and with one wrench Percival was free and was at him.

(Concluded Next Week)

### SAYS SAN ANGELO-SAN ANTONIO BUS LINE WILL START-BOOSTING LINE

That the San Angelo-San Antonio Bus Line will be in operation, making trips daily, was the information given here Saturday by Joe Amerson, a promoter of the company, who has been detained in his room at the St. Angelo since his arrival here on account of sickness. He is accompanied by Bud Kiser who will drive one of the cars from San Angelo. "By all means we should start to leave San Angelo for San Antonio by Wednesday," Mr. Amerson says.

This line, which will be known as the San Angelo-San Antonio Bus line, is a branch of the Union Bus company of San Antonio, which is operating six other lines out of San Antonio.

"Later," Mr. Amerson says, "we expect to have an express line in connection with this bus line and run the truck every other day."

Four new Stephens automobiles are to be used on the line, all seven passenger models. There will be a stop at Mason, the mid point, as well as a change of cars. The cars will leave San Angelo every morning at 6:00 o'clock and arrive in San Antonio at 6:15 p. m.

The reason we have not opened the line all the way through is because of the bad condition of the roads between Brady and San Angelo," Mr. Amerson said, adding that the roads were impassable in bad weather.—San Angelo Standard.

## WANTED: A Suffragist Wife

(©, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Something unusual had happened at suffrage headquarters that morning. A man—a big, thoroughly masculine one, too, who looked as if with the proper make-up he might have been a moving picture impersonation of the good-looking western ranchman or cowboy—had actually walked up to Miss Hester Judd's desk—Hester was the paid secretary of the organization—and had asked to enroll as a member. To be sure, there were many men on the list of membership, but those men members were usually brothers or fathers, whose task of becoming suffragists had been smoothed by some daughter, wife, or sister, eager to add new names to the roll and more membership fees to the treasury. It was really rather unusual for a man of his own free will to walk right up to the secretary and say, as did this newest member: "If you please, Miss, I'd like to belong to your organization, and if there is anything I can do besides paying a check for a hundred dollars to show I am a member, be so good as to tell me what that is. I'd like to come to the meetings and do anything else I can to help."

The newcomer hesitated when it came to signing the enrollment blank, and then he said to Hester: "I may as well tell you that I am acting for Mr. Warwick Stevens—and not for myself. I am his private secretary, you see. Perhaps I had better sign my own name." Then Hester took the blank she saw that the secretary's name was Robert Walker.

Hester, in virtue of the generous enrollment fee and perhaps even more because the newcomer was of the outdoors type of man that especially appealed to her, felt inspired to detain him as long as possible. She rose from her chair at her desk and conducted him through the four or five rooms that made up the suffrage headquarters—the reading room with its array of suffrage pamphlets and magazines, the tea room with its cheerful, cheap wicker chairs and tables, a private office for the officers, a cubbyhole of a pantry and the outer office where she herself had her desk.

Mr. Walker spoke with something of a drawl and this, as well as a certain hesitancy and friendliness of his manner, betokened to Hester that he was not a man of the city. She was not especially surprised when he asked her to let him talk to her a minute. He motioned to two wicker chairs in the tea room placed conveniently for a tête à tête and so began their confidence. Mr. Stevens, whom he represented, was, he told Hester, a grandson of Mrs. Warwick Stevens, senior, and of course Hester had heard of her as one of the most prominent of the very wealthy suffragists.

"Perhaps I should not have told you I was Mr. Stevens' secretary," said Mr. Walker, "so I'll depend on you not to say anything about that. For a reason I cannot mention now Mr. Stevens is very anxious to get acquainted with some of the prominent suffragists here. That is why I dropped in."

Having filled his overcoat pockets with pamphlets on the various phases of suffrage the new member left the headquarters that day promising to return the next day when Miss Hazel Stoppleton—usually mentioned in newspaper accounts as the "suffrage beauty"—was to give a talk on the cause.

Hester thought it was perhaps because they were both secretaries, though of rather different sorts, that they were attracted to each other from the first and she was not entirely surprised when after a few interviews in the headquarters, Mr. Walker took her completely into his confidence regarding Mr. Stevens' attitude toward suffrage.

"I'll tell you how it is," he began. "Young Stevens is very anxious to know some of the young women interested in the cause. His grandmother, who is completely absorbed with the question, has made a queer sort of disposition of her property. Warwick is her only grandson and heir, and she has stipulated that she will give him a couple of millions more or less on the spot if he will marry a suffragist, and if he does not marry a suffragist she will cut him off entirely in her will. She has gone so far as to say that the girl must have been actively associated with suffrage before she made that stipulation, because it would be an easy matter for any girl whom Mr. Stevens fancied to assume an interest in suffrage as a pretense. However, Mr. Stevens doesn't care for any girl in particular, so he is, to put it bluntly, in the matrimonial market for an attractive young suffragist."

"Can you imagine anything so calculating?" was Hester's reply. "He must be rather mercenary to be willing to marry for money rather than love."

"Oh, I wouldn't be so hard on him as that. He figures that the money would be a rather pleasant little bit

to have and since he has never fallen in love with any one yet he might as well fall in love with a suffragist as anybody else."

Hester laughed. "So he has commissioned you to meet some attractive suffragists and introduce him to them so he can find a wife to fill the bill?"

"Yes, that is substantially why I came to the headquarters the other day. And I must say I have had to report to Mr. Stevens that there are some very attractive looking girls interested in the cause. The idea used to be that good looking women didn't go in for that sort of thing, but judging from what I've seen over here I should say that the bad looking women must all be antis."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if he should meet and marry Hazel Stoppleton?" suggested Hester, beginning to approve of the scheme. "He couldn't help but love her—she is a regular goddess."

"I don't quite believe Mr. Stevens goes in for the goddess type and if you mean that tall, copper haired, cold-blooded lady who talked with broad 'w's' here the other afternoon, why I can just say that Mr. Stevens wouldn't fall for her one little bit."

"What type does he like?" asked Hester, quite willing to help in the search for a wife since it was all for the cause.

"I've heard him say he was partial to smallish, brown-eyed girls. I know for a fact he's very fond of dimples."

Both secretaries reddened a little with confusion—Mr. Walker, because he felt he had said something rather foolish and Hester, because she was little, and had brown eyes and very nice dimples. There was an awkward pause, and then Mr. Walker went straight to the point.

"I have an idea that Mr. Stevens would like a wife very much like yourself. Excuse me for being personal but ninety-nine men would lose their hearts to you—that is, a girl like you—to the one that would fall in love with Miss Stoppleton."

There was another awkward pause and then: "Pardon me for asking, but if I should arrange to have Mr. Stevens meet you and he should fall very much in love with you, as I am practically certain he would—judging from what I've heard him say about his taste—there, what any reason you know of why—well, what I want to know is this—are you engaged to any other man or pledged in any way that would make it quite out of the question for you to think of marrying Mr. Stevens?"

Hester struggled to hide her embarrassment. She thought of half a dozen possible things to say to relieve the tension, but the silence grew longer till Mr. Walker explained: "You see sometimes a man like Mr. Stevens falls very, very much in love with a girl like you in a very short time—and I'd hate to have him lose his heart only to find out that—that you were engaged to somebody else."

"But, I'm afraid you didn't know that I'm only a paid secretary. To be sure, I'm a suffragist but a man in Mr. Stevens' position would want to marry a society suffragist."

"There was nothing about that in the grandmother's stipulation," argued Mr. Walker. "All that was necessary was a suffragist who had worked for the cause and you work harder than all the rest put together."

It was late in the afternoon and fortunately the headquarters was empty save for Hester and the big man sitting beside her desk, so there were no eyes to be opened in dismay when he leaned forward and took Hester's two hands in his and kissed them. Then he slipped on his knees before her in the attitude of supplication that Hester thought had passed out of mode among suitors.

"I'm mad about you, Hester. You must listen to me. I've known you only a few days, but with a girl like you falling in love doesn't take long. That very first time I felt there was something that drew us together and I was fool enough to think that you felt that way, too. Tell me you love me—"

"I believe—in fact, I know that I do love you. There is no use saying I don't. Perhaps after all, Mr. Stevens would like Hazel Stoppleton. I can't be a bigamist even if I am a suffragist."

And it was not till a half-hour later, after Hester had been escorted to her boarding house door, that she realized that she was really promised to marry the heir of the celebrated Mrs. Stevens and that Robert Walker, private secretary, was merely a convenient alias of that notable woman's grandson.

**WAITERS WOULD BE PLEASED**  
Woman's Suggestion Must Be Recorded as Decidedly the Right Thing in the Right Place.  
The Woman attended a large semi-public luncheon given by a well-known literary club. It was held in the ballroom of one of our newest hotels and the tickets were \$4 a head.  
The members and their guests were scattered haphazard at the different tables; there had been no placing and consequently the Woman found herself seated next to a garrulous stranger, who took possession of her every moment.  
After the efficient, attentive waiters had placed the finger bowls and the speeches were about to be delivered, the talkative one gathered the attention of the smartly gowned women at the table by tapping on her glass.  
"Ladies," she said brightly, "please, please don't let any of us forget the waiters! Let each of us put our 10 cents in the middle of the table."—Chicago Journal.

**DODGE BROTHERS BUILD  
NEW COUPE—FIRST CAR  
WITH AN ALL STEEL BODY**

Behind the simple phraseology of an announcement which Dodge Brothers, Detroit automobile manufacturers, are publishing today in every important city and town in America, lies the story of a new achievement, in automobile development. "Dodge Brothers announce a business coupe; conservative changes in the body design of all other types," the advertisement reads.

The business coupe is the first all-steel closed car ever marketed. In this respect it takes a new and distinct place in automotive history, for it involves an entirely unique principle of coupe body construction. The steel body not only practically eliminates the problem of limited production, due to the tedious and costly individual workmanship required on wood bodies, but also enables the manufacturers to give the coupe the same lustrous baked enamel finish which has already contributed so much to the reputation of Dodge Brothers open cars. This process in itself will also facilitate quantity production, as an enormous amount of time was consumed heretofore in applying the numerous coats of paint required on wood.

Naturally, there are important factors in the determination of the selling price, resulting in economies which Dodge Brothers are passing directly to the purchaser. "Wood is practically eliminated from the construction of this car," said F. R. Wulff, the local dealer. "Even the framework and panels are of steel and the natural result is a lighter, quieter and more durable car. Steel prolongs life and reduces the possibility of squeaks and rattles."

"The Business men of America have been expecting such a coupe and Dodge Brothers have given it to them."

"It is in reality a coupe at a roadster price. While it is easily attractive enough for any use, it is particularly designed for the business man—who needs the comfort and protection of a closed car in his work, but who can easily get along without a few of the luxuries which, in the past, have made the closed car so expensive. The business coupe is built inside and out to withstand the wear and tear of every day use—and yet it retains the same lightness and beauty of line which everyone is accustomed to look for in Dodge Brothers closed cars. It lacks only what I might term the depreciation liabilities of the more expensive coupe. It is upholstered in genuine leather, has a wide, comfortable straight seat, is equipped with cord tires, heater, dome light, windshield cleaner and adjustments for raising and lowering windows. The doors are unusually wide and are fitted with new easy closing Yale locks. There is more than the usual amount of leg room and convenient and spacious luggage compartments are provided. Doctors, real estate men and salesmen of all kinds will find it just the car they need. We already have good indications of a tremendous demand."

"The change of design in the other Dodge Brothers cars indicates that while Dodge Brothers have always adhered closely to the practical they are also progressive and abreast of the time. It is Dodge Brothers policy to make improvements year after year and month after month and this is simply another step forward."

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

Two teaspoonful of Tanlac in a little water taken three times a day just before meals will make you eat better, feel better, sleep better and work better. Trigg Drug Co.

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.

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

**Turkey Tonic**

**SAVE YOUR TURKEYS**

Take no chances prevent as well as cure. Put Turkey Tonic in their drinking water, a remedy for Yellow Diarrhea, Black Head, Turkey Fox, 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

**Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale**  
BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

**COUNTRY CHRISTMAS**

"It makes no difference to me," said Santa Claus to his dog, Boy of the North, "whether they live in the city or in the country."

"I go to both the villages and the cities and the places far out in the country. I will admit, though, that I think the country is lovelier at Christmas time than the city."

"To be sure, there are wonderful toy stores in the cities, but the people in the stores told me a long time ago they liked to have it that way."

"You see," they told me, "we haven't the beautiful snow banks and the wonderful Christmas look that the country has, so we like to make up for it as well as we can."

"Will you help us, Santa Claus?"

"So I promised them that I would and of course I always have."

"I try to have as gay decorations as possible in their stores and to make everything look just like Christmas."

"For in the country it somehow looks so much more like Christmas with the greens and the snow and everything so close at hand to help decorate with."

"Then fireplaces are so cosy and nice to sit around before Christmas when the children are writing their letters to me."

"I've always found, too, that people were very careful to have their fires go quite out before it was time for me to come down the chimney."

"Or they have had an extra chimney for me to come down."

"Santa Claus knows how to get down all chimneys. But still I am fond of big old-fashioned kinds of chimneys."

"What a time I had at first getting used to those fire-escapes they have in the cities."

"But I got used to them all right. Still I do enjoy a nice big chimney. Yes, I most certainly do enjoy that."

Now Santa Claus was in the country. He had a few more cities to visit, too, but he was enjoying his talk with the reindeer while they were dashing through a long distance of country where scattered here and there were some farm houses where children lived.

"To be sure, there are some places which I visit where there isn't any snow at all."

"I should be used to them by this time," Santa continued, "but they all seem strange to me, for I'm so much more used to the snow and the cold weather."

"And then we have to use the hard-ground sleigh, don't we, my lovely reindeer?"

The reindeer all understood, for when they came to the place where



"A Nice Big Chimney."

there was no snow Santa Claus always put on the sleigh what he called his hard-ground runners.

They were for the places where the snow-runners would not do.

Oh, yes, Santa Claus had spent time in his work shop a long, long time before, fixing up the sleigh for such places.

"I must sing a song about the snow and the country," Santa said.

So, as the reindeer hurried, scurried, scampered along, Santa Claus sang, and his voice rang out in the cold, clear air of the night. This was his song:

"Merrie Christmas, this I say,  
Christmas is my favorite day!  
I am happy as can be,  
That the children care for me!  
I make toys to please them all,  
I make trains and mazy a ball,  
I make dollies that can talk,  
And dollies that can hug,  
Dollies also made to hug,  
Which will look so very snug  
When they're laid and rocked to sleep.  
Now I will take a little nap,  
At the girls and boys tonight,  
And I'll whisper, 'You're all right!  
I love you all—yes! Every one!'"

And Santa Claus sang as they went from house to house on Christmas Eve and the sleigh bells made music for Santa's song!

Admirable.

"How did you get on with spelling?" Harry's mother asked him after his first day at school. "You look so pleased that I'm sure you did well."

"No, I couldn't spell much of anything," admitted Harry, "and I couldn't remember the arithmetic very well, nor the geography."

The mother showed her disappointment, but Harry had consolation in reserve.

"But that's no matter, mother," he said; "the boys admire me; they say I've got the biggest foot in the class!"

**SHOOTING OF HOWARD  
PAYNE STUDENT IS TERM-  
ED NEGLIGENT ACT**

The Temple Telegram last Friday described the deplorable attack upon R. Dee Price, of Locker, a student of Howard Payne college, which occurred in Bell county, near Pendleton, Thursday. Young Price is a son of Dr. Sterling Price, formerly of Melvin and Rochelle, and the news of the shooting will be learned with regret by the many McCulloch county friends of the family.

The Telegram says: Joe Brewster, lawyer and member of a prominent farm family who lives between Pendleton and Troy, was released on \$1,000 bond yesterday afternoon at Belton following his arrest by Sheriff Bonds on a charge of assault to murder in connection with the shooting of R. Dee Price, 21 years old, of Locker, Texas.

"It was a miserable mistake—a case of mistaken identity," Mr. Brewster declared.

The story of Mr. Price, a student of Howard Payne college, Brownwood, who was spending his vacation selling maps as a part of a crew of salesmen working in this section with the National Map Company, here out account given by Mr. Brewster.

The young man alighted from a service car driven by M. L. Easterwood, and walked upon the front porch of the Brewster home. Mr. Easterwood remaining in the car, according to witnesses. When Price knocked on the front door, some one from inside the house began firing at him through the plate glass front door. The first shot is believed to have struck him.

He turned and fled, followed by other shots. At the gate he was faint and became blind, falling to the ground. Getting up, he got into the car and was brought to a local hospital. The bullet that struck him was fired from a .45 calibre gun and penetrated the upper left lung, lodging between his left shoulder blade and spinal column. Attendant physicians said last night that his condition was not believed serious.

Mr. Brewster and others said that members of the family were seated at the table at the noon meal when steps were heard on the front porch. Because of trouble and threats alleged to have been made by a man, expected to arrive from Dallas about this time, it was supposed that the man on the porch was the one the family had expected, according to Mr. Brewster. The shooting followed. Four shots were fired in all, it is said.

The young man wounded is the son of a physician at Locker, who was notified and had started for Temple yesterday afternoon to be at the bedside of his boy. Locker is on the Eden branch of the Santa Fe out of Lometa.

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days**  
Druggists refund money if PIAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, bleeding or protruding Piles. Instantly relieves itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

**BROWN COUNTY FAIR  
SET FOR SEPTEMBER 21-23  
BY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**

The call meeting of the agricultural and live stock committee of the Brownwood Chamber of Commerce was well attended Wednesday night. It was decided for a certainty that Brown county would hold an Agricultural and Livestock Fair this fall, the dates of the fair being set for September 21, 22 and 23. The name of the fair will be announced later.

Another call meeting will be held Friday night and permanent plans will be made and regular committees appointed. It is hoped that a large representation of city and country people will attend the meeting. It is the intention to make up the farm and livestock exhibits from the different farm organizations of the county.

Efforts will be made to make the fair one of the best of its kind in the State of Texas. It has been suggested that it be known as the Texas Pecan Palace.

Waco has its permanent Cotton Palace, and why should not Brownwood have as a permanent annual event a Pecan Palace?

The preliminary committees that were appointed Wednesday night will lay their full plans with the Chamber of Commerce Friday night.

Macy & Co. handles the famous Polka Dot Dairy Feed. Guaranteed to give better results than any other feed on the market.

"Tanlac did what everything else failed to do." Thousands have said it. So will you. Trigg Drug Co.

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30 x 3 1/2 - \$10.90**

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The Cruel and Unusual. He was not brutal. He never reprov- before him and read her a list of all "Ruskin treated Lady Millais when ed her. But he kept a diary, and her misdemeanors for every day in she was Mrs. Ruskin abominably. every Monday morning he had her up the past week."

**JULY 4TH**

—WILL SOON BE HERE—  
HAVE YOU

**Our National Emblem**

to display on that day? 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 on this occasion.



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

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