

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

A. C. ERKLE, PIONEER BRADY CITIZEN, PASSES ON

A. C. Erkle, pioneer citizen of Brady and McCulloch county, and one of the best-known men in this section of Texas, passed away at the local sanitarium last Friday at midnight, aged 68 years, and 8 months. For a year or so, Mr. Erkle had been in failing health, suffering with Bright's disease, and the past four months he had been confined to the local sanitarium, where his condition was recognized by all as most serious. In his fight with the Grim Reaper, his wonderful constitution carried him through, but after four months of battle, Death claimed the victory.

Funeral services were held Sunday morning at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. White, the Rev. G. T. Reaves conducting, and were attended by a large concourse of friends, who sincerely mourned his passing. Many beautiful floral offerings marked the funeral as silent tokens of the esteem in which the departed was held. Interment was made in Brady cemetery.

Mr. Erkle is survived by four sisters: Miss Emelie Erkle of Seguin, Mrs. S. M. Watkins of San Marcos, Mrs. A. B. Coleman of Gonzales, Mrs. Elvora McKelvey of Bastrop. Miss Erkle and Mrs. Watkins were here to attend the funeral. Two of Mr. Erkle's brothers, Henry Erkle of Houston and Dan Erkle of Seguin, died only recently. The former had been a conductor on the Southern Pacific for 35 years, and was killed when he fell beneath his train.

The life story of Mr. Erkle would indeed read like romance. Born in Seguin, he came to McCulloch county in 1875—before the county was organized, and before there was such a place as Brady. In fact, he was here and took part in the election which was held to decide the location of Brady. Three sites were placed in nomination—the one being where the Crothers residence is now located; the second, in the Marsden field, and the third, and the winning one, the Fulcher place, upon which Brady is now located. McCulloch county's first court house was also erected after Mr. Erkle came here, and no doubt he assisted in the work. Mr. Erkle's residence here was practically continuous with the exception of intervals he spent in Indian territory, looking after cattle interests, and his knowledge of the country and of the cattle business made him well known to every rancher and cattleman in West Texas.

Mr. Erkle possessed a most remarkable memory, and he was authority upon all the early happenings in this country, and a never-failing source of information regarding its early history. Possibly his greatest characteristic was his fidelity to his friends, and his devotion to their interests. Beneath a rough exterior, was to be found a warm heart. He loved children, and his charities, which were many, were, more often than not, directed towards aiding orphaned or needy children. In all his benevolences, he was unostentatious, and never sought publicity.

Mr. Erkle was a member of the Episcopal church from early youth. Mr. Erkle will be missed, not only by those who knew him intimately, but by the citizenship in general, who recognized in him one of that great band of progressive, far-seeing pioneers who helped wrest this country from a wilderness and who passed it on to the present generation improved a thousand-fold from the state in which they found it.

Tanlac overcomes rheumatism by toning up and invigorating the vital organs, thereby enabling them to eliminate poisons from the system. 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.

Banta-Carroll.
A wedding of interest to many friends in the county was celebrated Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock, when Mrs. Florence Banta became the bride of Mr. Sam Carroll, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. H. W. Millisap at his residence. Both Mr. and Mrs. Carroll are a well-known Brady couple, with a large circle of friends, all of whom will be pleased to learn of their happy marriage, and to wish them every happiness and success in their journey through life.

Baptist Revival at Rochelle.
The Baptist revival will begin at Rochelle next Friday night. Pastor L. S. Richardson will be assisted by J. Frank Weeden of Dallas, whose career in Evangelistic work has been great. If you love God and lost souls, come and help us, and if you are not a Christian, come that you might be saved.

BRADY BALL TEAM CLAIMS TWO MORE EASY VICTORIES FROM MASON AND PONTOTOC

The Mason and Pontotoc base ball teams each contributed another easy victory to the Brady ball team, making five straight wins for the locals. Mason came over last Friday afternoon and wound up the game with the little end of a 5 to 2 score. Fuller started the game for Brady in the pitcher's box, and Greathouse finished it up.

Saturday the Pontotoc team came to Brady. On account of arriving late, the game was not started until 5:00 o'clock, and a 7-inning game was agreed upon. The score resulted 3 to 1 in favor of Brady. Hobbs pitched for the locals. As will be noticed, the local line-up was far from the regular team. The line-up:

Pontotoc—	Brady—
Holloway, lf	Woosley, lf
Ficklen, 1b	Bailey, c
Rogers, p	H. Jones, 1b
Kyzaar, ss	L. Fuller, 3b
Jackson, cf	Robertson, ss
Morgan, rf	C. Fuller, cf
Britton, 2b	Melton, rf
Webster, 3b	Churchill, 2b
Dean, c	Hobbs, p

Score by innings:
Pontotoc 001 000 0-1
Brady 100 200 x-3
Brady was scheduled to go to Coleman Monday for a three-game series, but was prevented from going yesterday by the heavy rain which fell in Coleman county. They expect to go today, however, for the 4th of July game, and will remain over Wednesday.

A Unique Collector.

The young man had had no experience whatever in collecting bills, but he was desperately in need of a job and was willing to tackle almost anything. The merchant to whom he had applied for work hadn't much faith in his ability, and more to get rid of him than anything else gave him an old account against a man who had the reputation of owing everybody and paying nothing till he had to. "If you will collect this," he said to the young man, "I will give you a regular job."

To the merchant's great astonishment, the young man returned inside of half an hour with the money.

"How in the world did you do it?" he gasped.

"I told him," said the young man, "that if he didn't pay me I would tell all his creditors that he had done so."

If you feel tired, worn out, nervous and all unstrung, take Tanlac. It will straighten you out. Trigg Drug Co.

But Not Vice Versa.

When little Percival arrived at school on the opening day, he carried the following note to the teacher:

"Dear Teacher: Our sweet little Percival is a very delicate, nervous child, and if he is naughty—and he is likely to be naughty at times—just punish the boy next to him, and that will frighten him so he'll be good."—Wayside Tales.

MILLION DOLLAR RAIN MAKES MILES O' SMILES MANIFEST IN McCULLOCH

TIMELY, SOAKING DOWNPOUR COVERS ALL THIS SECTION OF TEXAS—LIFESAVER FOR FEED AND GRASS AND GREATLY BENEFICIAL TO COTTON CROP.

Another Million Dollar Rain in McCulloch fittingly and properly describes the splendid downpour which Sunday night covered all this section of Texas. The rain could not have come at a more opportune time, and its general character practically assures a bountiful harvest and the greatest of prosperity in McCulloch this fall. In Brady the rainfall was just a fraction over an inch, including the shower that fell Saturday night, and reports from all sections indicate that the rain was approximately the same wherever it fell.

Following a period of extremely hot and oppressive weather, the first break in the dry period occurred Saturday night, when a heavy shower fell. While the rain was only sufficient to settle the dust, yet it cooled

the atmosphere and brought general relief. Sunday night at about 9:30 o'clock the really beneficial rain began falling, and the downpour continued almost throughout the night, falling slowly and evenly, and almost

straight down, scarcely any breeze accompanying the rain. As a result, the earth is thoroughly moistened.

Feed crops had begun to show the effect of the three or four weeks' dry spell, and in the Lohn community, particularly, which missed the last rain, the crops showed the need of moisture badly. Cotton was said to be holding up well, but will nevertheless be greatly benefited by the rain, while a splendid feed crop is now assured. Still further benefit will be had in reviving grass, which has been fine, but which has been drying up rapidly.

According to reports received by the West Texas Telephone Co., a 1-inch rain fell at Mason and San Saba, while good rains are reported at Brownwood, Coleman, Lohn, Rochelle, Stacy, Voca, Melvin and Eden.

LYRIC THEATRE PRESENTS BIG FEATURE FILM—WILL CLOSE FOR SUMMER SATURDAY NIGHT

Cecil B. DeMille's big feature, "Saturday Night," is scheduled for a two-night exhibition at the Lyric theatre, the first showing being given last night and the second tonight. This picture has been one of the season's great successes—it is staged with such elaborateness, and presents a story so interesting and so true to life that it has been given high praise everywhere. Tonight (Tuesday) will be the last opportunity to see this spectacular production.

Incidentally, this week's program of pictures will conclude the showings until next fall, Mr. Levy being agreed to close the theatre for the summer on account of business being so slack as to make operations the past number of weeks run at a steady loss. The closing of the theatre is, of course, to be regretted, but Mr. Levy will take advantage of the opportunity to overhaul and thoroughly renovate the theatre and get everything epic and span and in readiness for the reopening September 1st. Incidentally he will go to Dallas to arrange for feature attractions during the fall and winter months and, as usual, may be expected to secure a program of feature productions such as will put Brady in line with the metropolitan theatres.

GOVERNMENT CROP REPORT RECEIVED BY WIRE MONDAY MAKES INTERESTING READING

The following is the Government cotton crop report received by wire yesterday and including the period ending June 25th:

Condition of crop: 71.2% of normal.
Acreage: 34,879,900 acres.
Crop indications: 11,065,000 bales.

The Bright Side.

"Ye-es," Mr. Billings said, reluctantly, in reply to his friend's remark that Mrs. Joyce was "an awfully sweet little woman."

"So cheerful! Always sunny! Always looking on the bright side!" Billings' friend continued, enthusiastically.

"There's such a thing as overdoing that 'bright side' business," said Billings. "The other night I was at their place, and Joyce—you know how absent-minded he is—put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth. He jumped three feet, and was a little noisy for a minute. In the middle of it all Mrs. Joyce smiled blandly and said:

"How fortunate you were, dear, to discover it at once!"

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

The Winner.

Casey was before the judge again on the same old charge—intoxication. "What is your excuse this time?" asked the judge.

"It was a bet, sor."

"Yes," answered Casey. "I bet Reagan I cud either drink a pint of whisky or let it alone, just as I pleased. He bet I cudn't."

"And you lost?" said the judge. "No, I won. I decided I'd drink it."

INFORMATION AS TO ABSENTEE VOTING IS GIVEN

Any qualified voter, at any time between July 12th and July 20th, who expects to be away from the county in which they desire to vote, may make their appearance before the county clerk of their county, deliver his or her poll tax receipt, or make affidavit that such has been paid, receive an official ballot for such primary election and vote a legal ballot in such election.

Also, any qualified voter who is away from their place of residence may, between July 2nd and July 12th, make their personal appearance before a notary public and deliver to such notary their poll tax receipt or make affidavit that such has been properly paid, which poll tax or affidavit shall be mailed by such notary public to the county clerk of such county where the elector resides, who shall verify such and mail to such voter an official ballot for use in such election, and such voter may vote a legal ballot, and have the same mailed to the county clerk of his county, to be voted.

CODE OF "SHALLS" AND "SHALL NOTS" OF A GOOD SPORT

The "Code of Good Sport" is the title of a set of "shalls" and "shall nots" posted on the bulletin board of the Recreation and Community Service Association which has charge of public playground activities in Houston. The code:

Thou shalt not quit.
Thou shalt not alibi.
Thou shalt not gloat over winning.
Thou shalt not be a rotten loser.
Thou shalt not take unfair advantage.

Thou shalt not ask odds thou art unwilling to give.
Thou shalt always be willing to give thine opponent the shade.

Thou shalt not underestimate an opponent nor overestimate thyself.

Remember that the game is the thing, and that he who thinketh otherwise is a mucker and no true sportsman.

Honor the game thou playest, for he who playseth the game straight and hard wins even when he loses.

COMING.

During barbecue a Fly Trap that swings from trees with an enclosed bait; don't fail to see it making a catch. A. FRED LEHNIENING, Inventor, Sonora, Texas.

Trustee Meeting.

The Board of County School Trustees will meet in special session on Monday, July 10th for the purpose of appointing trustees in the Common School districts, where vacancies occur, and to transact such other business that may properly come before it. W. M. DEANS, Sec.

Desk Pads and Desk Blotters. The Brady Standard.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

IF YOU FIGGURS OUT DE MAN WHUT DONE MISSED HE CALLIN' YOU GINALLY FINDS OUT HE SHOT TOO HIGH!



The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford-Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers



TWO elements distinguish this story: The gaiety that makes New Orleans stand out among American cities, and the dark struggle and intrigue that have come with the development of oil lands in the surrounding region.

The carnival period is enlivened by the sensational yet mysterious performances of a man masked in aviator's garb. It is a rich young man's Mardi Gras prank, but it leads him into the midst of a most amazing conspiracy. It leads him also to a meeting with an unusual girl; and the story that evolves is an enthralling blend of mystery, adventure and love.

"The Mardi Gras Mystery" Will Be Printed Serially in

The Brady Standard
Don't Fail to Read the Opening Chapters Commencing in this Issue

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 1/4c 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, July 4, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

Yea, bo, that's what we call a "MILLION DOLLAR RAIN."

WILDCAT INVESTMENTS.

A wise adage is that, "Experience is a good teacher;" but few there are who profit by experience. Man's memory is short; his faith is limitless. He is prone to "try, try again."

Burn a dog's nose with the lighted end of a cigar, and that dog is forever wary of lighted cigars. Burn a child's finger on a cigar, and as soon as the injury heals, he is ready for another try-out on lighted cigars.

There are many citizens of McCulloch county who bear the scars left by "blowed up" dreams. Immediately following the war, when prosperity was general, there were innumerable investment schemes offered to the people, and suckers there were a-plenty. They swallowed bait, hook and line. Today, their investment is represented by worthless certificates that would not make even good wall paper. Get-rich-quick schemes such as auto factories, tire factories, refineries, mining stock—they all took heavy toll from among our citizenship. Many of these propositions had undoubted merit, but the investors were at the mercy of unscrupulous promoters, and instead of completing factories, and getting production and sale of products started, these promoters drew immense salaries—until the bubble burst.

Have we learned the lesson? It appears not!

The get-rich-quick schemer has doped out new and glowing prospects to lure the gullible. Factories of various sorts are now being promoted. "Build factories in the South" is the cry. The slogan is good, but before investing, let every man look thoroughly into the proposition. Is the plan of operation feasible? After a million or a million and a half dollars have been spent in erecting buildings and equipping them with the necessary machinery, will there be enough funds left to cover operation? Are the funds held in reserve adequate to purchase and store immense quantities of raw material? Are these funds sufficient to store the finished product, to advertise them and to find a market for them? This may take a year, two years, or five years. Wholesalers do not jump at the chance to buy a new product of unknown merit and untried service. It takes money—oodles of it—to finance the marketing of a new product. Then, here is the big rock on which so many promising ventures are ship-wrecked. Salaried officers.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD Published Semi-Weekly Tuesday - Friday Brady, Texas To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year \$1.00 SIX MONTHS 65c THREE MONTHS 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 \$1.25 SIX MONTHS 75c THREE MONTHS Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

"COME BACKS"

"It was the first time I ever tried a Classy-Fi-Ad," said Conrad Johanson, "but it is not going to be the last. I surely got good results."

Ad ran but two times—reached the folks he wanted—brought him a buyer at the right price.

"THAT'S SERVICE"

The Brady Standard's

Classy-Fi-Ads

Will come back and help him with his wants.

BY RADIO PHONE.

drawing huge compensation for little or no work, with no executive ability of any marked note, unknown to 99% of the stockholders, constitute a burden that few new enterprises can stand up under. Is the money you invest going into production, or is it going into the coffers of some over-paid, excess-rated, grandiose-titled officer of the company?

Look into these things before you plunk your hard-earned money down for a piece of gold-sealed, brightly lithographed paper, called stock certificate.

If you want an investment, then the opportunity lies right here at home in the Brady Building & Loan association. This organization operates under the strict supervision of the State Commission of Banking and Insurance. It is a home institution, designed to do a good work in building your home town and county; providing homes for our home people, and making of them permanent citizens. The association provides a good investment feature—but its most commendable feature is that it is a home-builder, a community-builder, and a builder of desirable citizenship.

Beware of the will-o'-wisp investment—it is a delusion and a snare. Let's keep McCulloch county money in McCulloch!

Let's build McCulloch county first, last and all the time!

FOURTH OF JULY CLOSING.

The Tuesday edition of The Standard is being issued a day early this week in order that the office may be closed throughout Tuesday in observance of the nation's birthday—the glorious 4th. Business will be at a standstill tomorrow, as practically every business house will be closed in observance of the holiday.

PRAISING THE BEAUTIFUL.

Perhaps no praise is more sincere than that of strangers, voluntarily offered. Perhaps no more appreciated bouquet could be indirectly made the McCulloch county court yard improvements than in the following article, reprinted from the Comanche Chief, published at Comanche, Texas, and which describes a similar beauty spot at Ballinger. If the court yard at Ballinger is a thing of beauty and worthy of comment by a newspaper published at Comanche, Texas, then the court yard at Brady is just as much entitled to the praise as is the Ballinger court yard.

The Comanche Chief says: Those are fortunate towns which had founders wise enough to realize the value of a pleasant green spot in its center. Ballinger, Texas is such a town, and every day its citizens ought to rise up and call blessed the far-seeing men who kept for the use and pleasure of its people for all time enough of the land that could then be had for a song to make that lovely lawn in the midst of which her court house sits. And not to them alone are thanks due, but also to their followers who set the trees which now form a dense shade at one end of the grounds, creating an outdoors auditorium which is shady and cool and pleasant on the hottest day, and laid the turf which makes a green carpet underfoot. Plenty of room there is for band concerts, for public speaking, for dropping down on the turf to rest, and plenty of beauty to please the eye in the well kept grounds which one efficient man keeps in perfect condition. That court house park is bound to be a drawing card for Ballinger. Though so much smaller in extent it is reminiscent of the Mall in Washington, D. C.

Counter indexes. The Brady Standard.

McCulloch county appears to be favored of the gods in this good year of 1922.

KEEPING ROADS IN REPAIR.

Experience in road construction has cost the taxpayers hundreds of millions of dollars and as many more will be spent before some who have to do with road building will learn just what type of highway to construct and how to take care of it after it is finished.

Most types of roads will remain serviceable a long time if properly maintained, but the general impression of the County Commissioners and voters seem to be that a road once constructed at a cost of many thousands of dollars per mile, should last forever without further attention. When a railroad company constructs a line, not costing many more dollars per mile than some of our good roads, and in some instances, not so much, they divide it up into sections and put a crew of men on each section to keep it in repair. If they did not do this, their original investment would soon be lost. If counties and road districts would patrol their new highways and keep them in thorough repair it is possible that they would still be serviceable even after the bonds had matured and had been cancelled. Too often are our expensive roads worn out long before they have been paid for. Such has been the experience of every county and good roads district in the Southwest.

Serviceable roads in all seasons of the year are one of the necessities of the twentieth century, but it is a waste of money and unequalled extravagance to spend from \$10,000 to \$40,000 per mile in their construction only to let them go to pieces for want of attention. No county or road district should vote bonds unless a sinking fund is provided for the cancellation of the bonds at maturity. It is of even more importance that a fund for maintenance be provided in order that taxpayers may get value received for the large expense necessary for the construction. — Farm & Ranch.

TELLS WHY NEW PAPER ADVERTISING PAYS.

Why the newspaper gets all other mediums for advertising explained to the Advertising Club of Memphis at a luncheon given recently at Cavalry church parlors here in that city by John C. Burch, advertising manager of the Piggly Wiggly Corporation.

The Piggly Wiggly stores all over the country, according to Mr. Burch, are doing a business of \$55,000,000 annually. They also are extensive advertisers, with their combined copy reaching a total of 100,000 inches each week.

"We have demonstrated," Mr. Burch said, "that for a corporation doing the tremendous volume of business along merchandise lines that Piggly Wiggly Corporation is doing, newspaper columns are the best advertising mediums."

This is true, he said, because of the speed and ease in reaching the consumers, because rapid changes incident to market fluctuation may be printed and because the newspaper goes home, where its advertising message is assimilated at a minimum of expense to the advertiser.

ALL GOING OUT; NOTHING COMING IN.

The state highway commission handed out more than three million dollars in various counties in Texas for aid in building highways last week, but Runnels county did not appear in the list of counties receiving aid. Some counties received more than one hundred thousand dollars, Coke county receiving \$50,000.

Runnels county pays its prorata part of the cost for maintaining the state highway commission and carrying on the work of road building in connection with the federal commission, acting as a distributing agency for the federal appropriation, but Runnels county will receive no benefit, unless the citizens here show an inclination to first help themselves.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Jersey yearling bull, from good milk stock. Also some good young cows coming in. GEO. E. YOUNGDALE, Brady.

FOR SALE—Brand new Ford Touring car—with all new improvements. Also old Ford Touring at a bargain. Mann-Ricks Auto Co.

PIANOS FOR SALE—We have in the vicinity of your city one Upright Piano, Player Piano and Grand Piano that will be sold at greatly reduced prices if bought at once. Terms can be arranged to suit. Write for full particulars on any one of these three mentioned that you might be interested in. Bush & Gerts Piano Company, Box 179, Dallas, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS

\$25.00 REWARD. \$25.00 Reward will be given for the conviction and arrest of party who took fishing equipment of joint pole and reel from home garage. W. D. CROTHERS, Brady.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets) if you have a Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 3c.

The Brady Standard for Gueas.

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 Office 79 Residence 202

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

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

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

JOE ADKINS LAWYER Office in Broad Building South Side Square

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

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

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Fi-Ad rate is 1 1/4c 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.

STRAYED STRAYED—Black horse, fifteen hands high, five or six years old. Notify FLOYD SANSOM, Mercury, Texas.

FOR SALE FOR SALE—Jersey yearling bull, from good milk stock. Also some good young cows coming in. GEO. E. YOUNGDALE, Brady.

FOR SALE—Brand new Ford Touring car—with all new improvements. Also old Ford Touring at a bargain. Mann-Ricks Auto Co.

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The Brady Standard for Gueas.

MRS. AUG. F. BEHRENS FLORIST Am Prepared to Fill All Orders for Cut Flowers and Floral Designs. Greenhouses North of Fair Grounds. PHONES: Day—136. Night—301

STEAM VULCANIZING in all its branches. Auto Accessories. United States Tires and Tubes. Texaco Gas and Oil. LEE MORGAN BUILDING Phone 48

RADIATOR REBUILDING AND REPAIRING ALUMINUM SOLDERING Fender and Radiator Shell-Welding BRADY RADIATOR CO.

G. B. AWALT Breeder of Red Poll Cattle CAMP SAN SABA, TEXAS

W. W. WILDER CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER Estimates on All Classes of Building and Repair Work. Phone 151 BRADY, TEXAS

LEE MORGAN CONTRACTOR Estimates Gladly Furnished Will Appreciate a Share of Your Trade Planing Mill So. Black'n St.

AWALT & BENSON Draying and Heavy Hauling of All Kinds Will appreciate your draying and hauling business. Your freight and packages handled by careful and painstaking employees.

AWALT & BENSON

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

Latest News from Below. Hell is a lake of fire under the earth, but the devil himself never goes near the place.

That is the latest news from hell, sent out by Wilbur Glenn Voliva, supreme dictator of Zion City. The same informant reassures us, lest we worry over the devil's loss of a home, that Satan hovers over the earth, directing murders, suicides, wars and general crime, and directing his squads of evil here and there to grab some damned soul as soon as it leaves the mortal body.

However, the devil will not always have his own way. The time will come, according to Voliva, when the prince of evil will receive homeopathic treatment. At the end of the world he will get back into hell and be destroyed in his own lake of fire.

Meanwhile, says this hot wireless, hell is in charge of a prince who represents Satan. But it is a bit disturbing to know that his Satanic majesty is personally in charge here on earth.—Washington Times.

PLYMOUTH BINDER TWINE. Plymouth Binder Twine—strongest and best. O. D. MANN & SONS.

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

FOR BLUE BUGS! HEAD LICE, STICK-TIGHT FLEAS, CHINGIES, CHIGGERS AND OTHER BLOOD-SUCKING INSECTS FLEE! MARTIN'S BLUE BUG REMEDY DO YOUR CHICKENS MONEY BACK GUARANTEE BY TRIGG DRUG CO., Brady



The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER I.

Carnival.

Jachin Fell pushed aside the glass curtains between the voluminous over-drapes in the windows of the Chess and Checkers club, and gazed out upon the riotous streets of New Orleans. Half an hour he had been waiting here in the lounge room for Dr. Cyril Ansley, a middle-aged bachelor who had practiced in Opelousas for twenty years, and who had come to the city for the Mardi Gras festivities. Another man might have seemed irritated by the wait, but Jachin Fell was quite untroubled.

He had much the air of a clerk. His features were thin and unremarkable; his pale eyes constantly wore an expression of wondering aloofness, as though he saw around him much that he vainly tried to understand. In his entire manner was a shy reticence. He was no clerk, however; this was evident from head to foot in soberly blending shades of gray whose richness was notable only at close view. One fancied him a very precise sort of man, an old maid of the wrong sex.

Doctor Ansley, an Inverness flung over his evening clothes, entered the lounge room, and Fell turned to him with a dry, toneless chuckle.

"You're the limit! Did you forget we were going to the Maillards' tonight? However, we need not leave for fifteen minutes yet, at least."

Doctor Ansley laid aside his cape, stick and hat and dropped into one of the comfortable big chairs.

"You intend to mask for the Maillards?" Ansley cast his eye over the gray business attire of the little man.

"I never mask," Jachin Fell shook his head. "I'll get a domino and go as I am. Excuse me—I'll order a domino now. Back in a moment."

Doctor Ansley followed the slight figure of the other man with speculative eyes. Well as he knew Jachin Fell, he invariably found the man a source of puzzled speculation.

During many years Jachin Fell had been a member of the most exclusive New Orleans clubs. He was even received in the inner circles of Creole society, which in itself was evidence supreme as to his position. At this particular club he was famed as a wizard master of chess. He never entered a tournament, yet he consistently defeated the champions in private matches—defeated them with a bewildering ease, a shy and apologetic ease, an ease which left the beholders incredulous and aghast.

With all this, Jachin Fell was very much of a mystery, even among his closest friends. Very little was known of him; he was a lawyer, and certainly maintained offices in the Maison Blanche building, but he never appeared in the courts and no case of his pleading was known.

Ansley knew him as well as did most men, and Ansley knew of a few who could boast of having been a guest in Jachin Fell's home. There was a mother, an invalid, of whom Fell sometimes spoke and to whom he appeared to devote himself. The family, an old one in the city, promised to die out with Jachin Fell.

Ansley puffed at his cigar and considered these things. Outside, in the New Orleans streets, was rocketing the mad mirth of carnival. The week preceding Mardi Gras was at its close.

Now, as ever, was Mardi Gras symbolized by masques. In New Orleans the masquerade was not the pale and pitiful frolic of colder climes, where the occasion is but one of display of jewels and costumes, and where actual concealment of identity is a farce. He in New Orleans wears jewels and costumes in a profusion of splendor; but here was preserved the underlying idea of the masque itself—that in concealment of identity lay the life of the thing!

When Jachin Fell returned and lighted his cigar he sank into one of the luxurious chairs beside Ansley and indicated a newspaper lying across the latter's knee, its flaring headlines standing out blackly.

"What's that about the Midnight Masquer? He's not appeared again?"

"What?" Ansley glanced at him in surprise. "You've not heard? Good heavens, man! He showed up last night at the Lapeyrouse dance, two minutes before midnight, as usual! A detective had been engaged, but was afterward found locked in a closet, bound with his own handcuffs. The Masquer wore his usual costume—and went through the party famously, stripping everyone in sight. Then he backed through the doors and vanished."

Fell pointed his cigar at the ceiling, and sighed. "Ah, most interesting! The loot was valued at about a hundred thousand?"

"I thought you said you'd not heard of it" demanded Ansley.

Fell laughed softly and shyly. "I didn't. I merely hazarded a guess."

"Wizard!" The doctor laughed in unison. "Yes, about that amount."

"The Masquer is a piker," observed Fell, in his toneless voice.

"Eh? A piker—when he can make a hundred-thousand-dollar haul?"

"Don't dream that those figures represent value, Doctor. They don't! All the loot the Masquer has taken since he began work is worth little to him. Jewels are hard to sell. Of course, the crook has obtained a bit of money, but not enough to be worth the risk."

"Yet he has got quite a bit," returned Ansley thoughtfully. "All the men have money, naturally; we don't want to find ourselves bare at some gay carnival moment! I'd warrant you've a hundred or so in your pocket right now!"

"Not I," rejoined Fell calmly. "One ten-dollar bill. Also I left my watch at home. And I'm not dressed; I don't care to lose my pearl studs."

"Eh?" Ansley frowned. "What do you mean?"

Jachin took a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to the physician.

"I met Maillard at the bank this morning. He called me into his office and handed me this—he had just received it in the mail."

Doctor Ansley opened the folded paper; an exclamation broke from him:

"So far as the door, at least," interrupted Ansley, with evident caution. But Fell drily laughed aside this wary limitation.

"Nay, good physician, farther!" went on Fell. "Our Columbine has an excellent passport, I assure you. This gauzy scarf about her raven tresses was woven for the good Queen Hortense, and I would venture a random guess that, clasped about her slender throat, lies the queen's collar of star sapphires."

"Oh!" From the Columbine broke a cry of warning and swift dismay. "Don't you dare speak my name, sir—don't you dare!"

Fell assented with a chuckle, and subsided.

Ansley regarded his two companions with sidelong curiosity. He could not recognize Columbine, and he could not tell whether Fell was speaking of the scarf and jewels in jest or earnest. Such historic things were not uncommon in New Orleans, yet Ansley never heard of these particular treasures. However, it seemed that Fell knew their companion, and accepted her as a fellow guest at the Maillard house.

"What are you doing out on the streets alone?" demanded Fell, suddenly. "Haven't you any friends or relatives to take care of you?"

Columbine's laughter pealed out, and she pressed Fell's arm cordingly.

"Have I not some little rights in the world, monsieur?" she said in French. "I have been mingling with the dear crowds and enjoying them, before I go to be buried in the dull splendors of the rich man's house. Tell me, do you think that the Midnight Masquer will make an appearance tonight?"

"I have every reason to believe that he will," said Jachin Fell, gravely.

Columbine put one hand to her throat, and shivered a trifle.

"You—you really think so? You are not trying to frighten me? Her voice was no longer gay. "But—the jewels—if they are taken by the Masquer—"

"In that case," said Fell, "let the blame be mine entirely. If they are lost, little Columbine, others will be lost with them, fear not! I think that this party would be a rich haul for the Masquer, eh? Take the rich man and his friends—they could bear plucking, that crowd! Rogues all."

"Confound you, Fell!" exclaimed Ansley, uneasily. "If the bandit does show up there would be the very devil to pay!"

"And Maillard would do the paying," Fell's dry chuckle held a note of bitterness. "Let him. Who cares? Look at his house, there, blazing with lights. Why pays for those lights? The people his financial tentacles have closed their sucker-like grip upon. His wife's jewels have been purchased with the coin of oppression and injustice. His son's life is one of roguery and drunken wildness."

"Man, are you mad?" Ansley indicated the Columbine between them. "We're not alone here—you must not talk that way."

Jachin Fell only chuckled again. Columbine's laugh broke in with renewed gaiety.

"Nonsense, my dear Gals! We masquers may admit among ourselves that Bob Maillard is—"

"Is not the man we would have our daughters marry, provided we had daughters," said Fell.

They had come to a file of limousines and cars, and approached the gateway of the Maillard home. They turned into the gate. Jachin Fell

say he's become quite popular in town."

Ansley nodded. "Quite a fine chap. His mother was an American—she married the prince de Gramont—an international affair of the past generation. De Gramont led her a dog's life, I hear, until he was killed in a duel. She lived in Paris with the boy, sent him to school here at home, and he was at Yale when the war broke out. He was technically a French subject, so he went back to serve his time."

"Still, he's an American now. Calls himself Henry Gramont, and would drop the prince stuff altogether if these French people around here would let him."

A page brought the domino. Fell, discarding the mask, threw the domino about his shoulders, and the two men left the club in company.

They sought their destination afoot—the home of the banker Joseph Maillard. The streets were riotous, filled with an eddying, laughing crowd of masquers and merry-makers of all ages and sexes; confetti twirled through the air, horns were deafening, and laughing voices rose into sharp screams of unrestrained delight.

At last gaining St. Charles avenue, with the Maillard residence a half-dozen blocks distant, the two companions found themselves well away from the main carnival throngs.

As they walked along they were suddenly aware of a little figure approaching from the rear; with a running leap and an exclamation of delight the figure forced itself in between them, grasping an arm of either man, and a bantering voice broke in upon their train of talk.

"Forfeit!" it cried. "Forfeit—where are your masks, sober gentlemen? This grave physician may be pardoned, but not a domino who refuses to mask! And for forfeit you shall be my escort and take me whither you are going."

Laughing, the two fell into step, glancing at the gay figure between them. A Columbine, she was both cloaked and masked. Encircling her hair was a magnificent scarf shot with metal designs of solid gold—a most unusual thing. Also, from her words it was evident that she had recognized them.

"Willingly, fair Columbine," responded Fell in his dry and unimpassioned tone of voice. "We shall be most happy indeed to protect and take you with us."

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touched the arm of Ansley and indicated an inconspicuous figure to one side of the entrance steps.

"An outer guardian," he murmured. "Our host, it seems, is neglecting no precaution! I feel sorry for the Masquer, if he appears here."

They came to the doorway. Columbine produced an invitation, duly numbered, and the three entered the house together.

CHAPTER II.

Masquers.

Joseph Maillard might have hopefully considered the note from the Midnight Masquer to be a hoax perpetrated by some of his friends, but he took no chances. Two detectives were posted in the grounds outside the house; inside, two others, masked and costumed, were keeping a quietly efficient eye on all that transpired.

Each guest upon entering was conducted directly to the presence of Joseph Maillard himself, or of his wife; was hidden to unmask in this private audience, and was then presented with a favor and sent forth masked anew to the festivities. These favors were concealed, in the case of the ladies, in corsage bouquets; in that of the men, inside false cigars. There was to be a general opening of the favors at midnight, the time set for unmasking. All this ceremony was regarded by the guests as a delightful innovation, and by Joseph Maillard as a delightful way of assuring himself that only invited guests entered his house. Invitations might be forged—faces, never!

Lucie Ledanois entered the presence of her stately relative, and after unmasking, dutifully exchanged kisses with Mrs. Maillard. Until some months previously, until she had come into the management of her own property—or what was left of it—Lucie had been the ward of the Maillards.

"Mercy, child, how marvelous you look tonight!" exclaimed Mrs. Maillard, holding her off and examining her high color with obvious suspicion.

"Thank you, ma'am," and Lucie made a mock courtesy. "Do you like little Columbine?"

"Very much. Here's Aunt Sally; take Miss Lucie's cloak, Sally."

An old colored servant bobbed her head in greeting to Lucie, who removed her cloak. As she did so, she saw that Mrs. Maillard's eyes were fastened in utter amazement upon her throat.

"Isn't it pretty, auntie?" she asked, smilingly.

"My goodness gracious!" The stern eyes hardened. "Where—where on earth did you obtain such a thing? Why—why—"

Columbine's features flinched. She was a poor relation, of course, so the look in the older woman's eyes and the implication of the words formed little less than an insult.

Quietly she put one hand to her throat and removed the collar, dropping it into the hand of Mrs. Maillard. It was a thing to make any woman's eyes widen—a collar of exquisitely wrought gold studded with ten great blazing star sapphires. Beside it the diamonds that bejeweled Mrs. Maillard's ample front looked cold and lifeless.

"That?" queried Lucie, innocently, producing a scrap of camolis and dabbling at her nose. "Oh, that's very interesting! It was made for Queen Hortense—so was this scarf that keeps my ragged hair from lopping out! They were a present—only this morning."

"Girl!" The lady's voice was harsh. "A present? From whom, if you please?"

"Oh, I promised not to tell; he's a particular friend of mine. Aren't the stones pretty?"

Mrs. Maillard was speechless. She compressed her firm lips and watched Lucie replace the sapphire collar without a word to offer. Silently she ex-

pressed her hand to her forehead, and murmured:

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pressed, smiling to herself, "and neither have I! So we're all agreed, except Bob."

"Columbine!" A hand fell upon her wrist. "Columbine! Turn and confess thy sins!"

She had come to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned stairway that led to the floors above, and beside her had suddenly appeared a Franciscan monk, cowed and gowned in sober brown from head to foot.

"You frightened me, holy man!" she cried, gaily. "Confess to you, indeed! Not I."

"Never a better chance, butterfly of the world. Haste not to the dance, fair sister—tarry a while and invite the soul in speech of import! Having passed the dragon at the gate, tarry a moment with this man of vows—"

"Shrive me quickly, then," she said, laughing.

"Now, without confession? Would you have me read your thoughts and give penance?"

"If you can do that, holy man, I may confess; so prove it quickly!"

The Franciscan leaned forward. His voice came low, distinct, clear-cut, and he spoke in the French which Lucie understood as another mother-tongue, as do most of the older families of New Orleans.

"See how I read them, mademoiselle! One thought is of uneasy suspicion; it is typified by a hard-lipped, grasping man. One thought is of profound regret; it is typified by a darkly swelling stream of oil. One thought—"

Suddenly Lucie had shrunk away from him. "Who—who are you?" she breathed, with a gasp that was almost of fear. "Who are you, monsieur?"

"A humble brother of minor orders," and he bowed. "Shall I not continue with my reading? The third, mademoiselle, is one of hope; it is typified by a small man who is dressed all in gray—"

Lucie turned away from him quickly. "I think that you have made some grave error, monsieur," she said. Her voice was cold, charged with dismissal and offended dignity. "I pray you, excuse me."

Not waiting any response, she hastily ran up the stairs. After her, for a moment, gazed the Franciscan, then shrugged his wide shoulders and plunged into the crowd.

While she danced, while she chattered and laughed and entered into the mad gaiety of the evening, Lucie Ledanois could not banish from her mind that ominous Franciscan. How could he have known? How could he have guessed what only she and one other barely suspected? There was no proof, of course; the very breath of suspicion seemed a calumny against an upright man!

Joseph Maillard had sold that Terrebonne land six months before any gas or oil had been discovered there, and eight months before Lucie had come into the management of her own affairs. He had not known about the minerals, of course; it was a case only of bad judgment. Yet, indubitably, he was now a shareholder and officer in the Bayou Oil company, the concern which had bought that strip of land.

Lucie strove angrily to banish the dark thoughts from her mind. Why, Maillard was a rich man, a banker, an honorable gentleman! To doubt his honor, although he was a harsh and a stern man, was impossible. Lucie knew him better than most, and could not but believe—

"May I crave pardon for my error?" came a voice at her elbow. She turned, to see the Franciscan again beside her. "With a thousand apologies for impertinence, mademoiselle; I am very sorry for my faults. Will not that admission obtain for me one little dance, one hint of forgiveness from fair Columbine?"

Something in his voice spelt sincerity. Lucie, smiling, held out her hand.

"You are pardoned, holy man. If you can dance in that friar's robe, then try it!"

Could he dance, indeed! Who could not dance with Columbine for partner? So saying, the monk proved his word by the deed and proved it well. Nor did he again hint that he had recognized her; until, as they parted, he once more left her astonished and perturbed. As he bowed he murmured:

"Beware, sweet Columbine! Beware of the gay Aramis! Beware of his proposals!"

He was gone upon the word.

Aramis? Why, that must be the Musketeer, of course—Bob Maillard! The name, with its implications, was a clever hit. But who was this brown monk, who seemed to know so much, who danced so divinely, whose French was like music? A vague suspicion was in the girl's mind, but she had no proof.

Half an hour after this Bob Maillard came to her, and with impatient words made a path through the circle which surrounded her. "I know you now, Lucie!" he murmured. "I must see you at once—in the conservatory."

She was minded to refuse, but assented briefly. The words of the monk intrigued her; what had the man guessed? If Bob were indeed about to propose, she would this time cut off his hopes for good. But—was it that sort of a proposal?

As she managed to rid herself of her admirers, and descended to the conservatory, she was highly vexed with herself and the Franciscan, and so came to her appointment in no equable frame of mind. She found Maillard waiting in the old-fashioned conservatory; he had unmasked, and was puffing a cigarette.

"By gad, Lucie, you're beautiful tonight. Where did you get that collar of jewels?"

"Indeed!" The girl proudly drew

herself up. "What business is that of yours, sir?"

"Aren't you one of the family? Don't it—Lucie! Don't you know that I want to marry you?"

"My dear Robert, I certainly do not want to marry any man who swears to my face—you least of all!" she coldly intervened. "I have already refused you three times; let this be the fourth and last. Now, kindly inform me why you wished me to meet you here."

"I have a chance to make some money for you in a hurry," he said. "Your father left you a good deal of land up Bayou Terrebonne way—"

"Your father sold some of it," she put in, idly. His eyes flickered to the thrust.

"Yes; but you've plenty left, near Paradis. It's away from the gas field, but I'm interested in an oil company. We've plenty of money, and we're going to go strong after the liquid gold. That land of yours is good for nothing else, and if you want to make some money out of it I'll swing the company into leasing at a good figure and drilling there."

"You think there's oil on the land?"

"No." He made a swift, energetic gesture of dissent. "To be frank, I don't. But I'd like to throw a bit of luck your way, Lucie. That fellow Gramont—the prince, you know him—he's an engineer and a geologist, and he's in the swim."

"So," the girl smiled a little, "you would betray your business friends in

order to make a bit of money for me?"

Maillard stared at her. "Well, if you put it that way, yes! I'd do more than that for—"

"Thank you," she interrupted, her voice cold. "I don't think I'd trust your sagacity very far, Robert. Good-night."

She turned from him and was gone, dancing through the great rooms like a true Columbine.

Midnight neared, and brought a concern to many; the Midnight Masquer had gained his name by invariably appearing a moment or two before the stroke of twelve. Jachin Fell, who divided his time between enjoying the smoking room and wandering about among the masquers, perceived that Joseph Maillard was watching the time with anxiety.

A large man, stern and a bit scornful of look, Maillard was imposing rather than handsome. He appeared the typical banker, efficient, devoid of all sentiment. Amused by the man's evident uneasiness, Jachin Fell kept him in view while the moments dragged. One might have thought that the little gray man was studying the financier as an entomologist studies a butterfly on a pin.

Shortly before twelve Columbine pirouetted up to Fell and accepted the arm he offered her. They were for the moment alone, in a corner of the ballroom.

"I must see you tomorrow, please," she breathed.

"Gladly," he assented. "May I call? It's Sunday, you know—"

"If you will; at three. Something has happened, but I cannot speak of it here. Does any one else know that you—that you are interested in my affairs?"

The pale gray eyes of the little gray man looked very innocent and wondering.

"Certainly not, my dear! Why?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow." Then she broke into a laugh. "Well, it is midnight—and the

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Will Keng was in from Whiteland community Saturday. We saw Will at the West Sweden picnic near Whiteland recently, but he was so busy seeing to it that everybody had a good time, that he didn't have time to stop very long with anyone. Will said a rain would be mighty acceptable, and we can't help but believe that he has gotten it by now.

Burl T. Wiley returned Saturday from Fort Worth, where he attended a meeting of Chevrolet dealers, and at which the sales and advertising managers were present and addressed the 150 dealers attending upon Chevrolet sales promotion. Burl reports the roads from Fort Worth to Brady as having been in good shape at the time of his return home.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Macy returned last Thursday morning from Shawnee, Okla., where they had attended Mr. Macy's sister, Miss Mary Macy, through her last illness. Her death occurred there June 24th, and interment was made at Shawnee, the body being laid to rest beside that of her brother, with whom she had made her home in Shawnee for several years, before going to Adel, Iowa, to make her home. The funeral was attended by a great number of friends who knew her during her residence in Shawnee.

According to a report published in the Brownwood Bulletin, R. D. Price, Howard Payne student, and son of Dr. Sterling Price of Locker, who was shot near Pendleton, Bell county, a couple weeks ago, is making a splendid recovery and is now able to sit up in bed at a sanitarium in Temple. Young Price was engaged in selling maps during the vacation period, and was shot down by a farmer, who mistook him for another party. The shooting has aroused much comment. Dr. Price, father of the boy, formerly lived at Melvin and Rochelle.

The Standard editor owes an apology to our good friends of the West Sweden community for not having given them full credit for the splendid picnic on Brady creek near Whiteland last Saturday a week ago. As a matter of fact, the picnic was originally designed as the regular annual affair of the West Sweden Sunday school. The Standard has nothing to take back concerning the good things it said about the picnic and the praise it gave the good citizens who were sponsor for it, for they deserved everything said—and more. The further fact that several of the Whiteland citizens joined in with the West Sweden folks, making donations of meat and assisting in making the picnic the big success it was, speaks highly for the pleasant relations that exist between West Sweden and Whiteland folks. It is good to dwell together in harmony, and it really does anyone good to get out and mingle with such hospitable folks. Our hat is off to the citizens of West Sweden and their hospitable neighbors.

JOHN DEERE ROW BINDERS
John Deere Row Binders will save your feed in the best shape. O. D. MANN & SONS.

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

A Kind Invitation.
The lady from Boston and the lady from Montgomery had taken a decided dislike to each other on the occasion of their first meeting, and it was at a fashionable reception, at which they chanced to meet, that the Bostonian seized an opportunity to publicly show her contempt for the Montgomerian.
"You are from Alabama, where they still lynch people, aren't you, dear?"
The Alabamian replied: "Yes; and you just must come down some time."

Except Uncle Sam.
Attending conferences seems to be all the rage. It looks as if all the world was going to the pow-wows.—London Opinion.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Druggists refund money if PAIN-O-GENTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles. Instantly relieves itching Piles, and you can get a restful sleep after the first application. Price 50c.

PLYMOUTH BINDER TWINE.
Plymouth Binder Twine is strongest and best. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Moisteners, The Brady Standard.

Old Joe's Lapse

By AUSTIN FLEET
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Harvey Ackers, the president of the County Farmers' bank, sat late at his desk. It was common gossip in town that the County Farmers' was in a bad way. There had been a run on the institution that day, and the next day would find it straining all its resources to meet the rush of withdrawals.

Ackers was puzzling, working desperately as he sat there alone that evening. But his mind would wander. He was thinking at the moment that, of all his acquaintances in town, there was not a single friend whom he could summon to help him in his difficulty.

How many friends had he? He could count them on his fingers. There was his brother Tom, whom he had not seen in twenty years; there was a woman in St. Louis, whom he intended to see very soon; and there was—why, there was Old Joe, the watchman.

Old Joe's devotion to Ackers was one of the jokes of the bank. Since the day, two years before, when Ackers, on an impulse, had given Old Joe fifty dollars to help pay for his sick wife's operation, the old man had watched him with the trustful eyes of a dog. When Harvey had grippe, Old Joe had inquired about him at his door three times a day.

Ackers smiled. It was peculiar, Old Joe's devotion. It touched him in a way, too. He always passed the time of day to Joe when he entered the bank. Sometimes Old Joe asked his advice about his son at college. Old Joe was very proud of the boy. And Ackers wondered of what use their friendship was.

Suddenly he stiffened in his chair. Some sixth sense in him had given him warning. He did not know what the warning portended, but instinctively he thought of the safe in the vault below.

It was all nonsense, of course, but Ackers hurriedly glanced at the telegram he was writing to the girl in St. Louis. "Meet me at depot 4.25," it ran. He was going to see her on the morrow. He had not seen her for a whole year. They would have a happy time together.

Then he made his way out of his office, went softly down the stairs, and, with his key, unlocked the door of the vault. Instantly he stood stock still in amazement at what he saw.

Old Joe was on his knees before the open vault, busily transferring bundles of bills into a leather bag.

At the sound of the click of the key Old Joe turned round, and remained, crouching upon his knees, and looking up at Ackers in consternation and horror.

Ackers was unarmed, but he felt confident that, if Old Joe had a pistol, he would not go to the length of using it. He strode forward.

"I'm sorry to see this, Joe," he said, in matter-of-fact tones that surprised him as he uttered them.

"How did it happen?"
And Joe was equally succinct.

"It's that boy of mine, Mr. Ackers," he said, almost whimpering. "He's got into trouble. He's going to be pinched unless—it's a thousand dollars, Mr. Ackers, and—and I went mad, I guess."

"So you've been in the business before?" asked Ackers sternly.

Old Joe gulped. "Twenty years ago, sir," he answered. "And—I'm ready to go to the pen. I took a chance. You've caught me with the goods."

Ackers appeared to hesitate; a frown wrinkled his forehead.

"Joe," he said at last, "the best men are tempted sometimes. It doesn't pay, Joe. I'm not speaking on moral principles, but—it doesn't pay. You fool, don't you see discovery was certain?"

Joe looked dumbly up at the president, the faintest gleam of hope in his eyes leaping into ecstasy at Ackers' next words.

"Joe, I'm not going to send you to the pen. I know temptation comes to all of us."

"God bless you, sir," faltered Old Joe. It was clear that the old man was utterly abject. Ackers took the bundles out of the bag and counted them.

"Forty-five thousand, Joe," he said. "You certainly were going some. Here!" He peeled off a roll of yellowbacks. "Here's your thousand. You can pay me back during the remainder of your working days here. Now skip!"

Joe fell at his feet. "You mean you won't have me arrested, Mr. Ackers, and you'll lend me the money?" he babbled. "God bless you—Oh, He'll reward you, sir!"

"Maybe," said Ackers caustically, "but this thing's strictly between us two, and you understand. I don't want to be shut up in a madhouse for the rest of my days. Back to your job; and when you get outside that door this is forgotten."

When Joe had gone, mumbling blessings on his head, Ackers looked at the telegram which he still held in his hand, and smiled.

"I've certainly done my best for Joe," he reflected.

And, transferring the packages of bills to the large, interior pockets of his own coat, he closed the safe and made his way out of the building in the direction of the depot, to catch the night train for St. Louis.

True Detective Stories
MASTER CRIMINAL

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SHORTLY after Allan Pinkerton founded the detective agency which was destined to be feared by so many criminals, a number of banks and financial institutions throughout the country were made the victims of a particularly clever gang of crooks headed by Walter Eastman Sheridan, the man whom Pinkerton in his memoirs declares was the cleverest criminal he ever tracked.

The operations of the Sheridan organization were marked by a simplicity which was almost startling. Their favorite trick was to plant one of their members in a line leading to the window of the receiving teller of a prominent bank shortly before the closing hour. The man so planted would take up a position behind someone who held in his hands a large roll of bills, and would wait until the depositor had almost reached the window. Then he would tap him on the shoulder, call his attention to a bill which "he had dropped on the floor," and the man would naturally stoop to pick it up, in nine cases out of ten placing his money on the teller's shelf as he bent over. The criminal would then snatch the money and make off.

While the hauls secured in this manner were, of course, of varying sizes, Sheridan and his men picked up \$75,000 as the result of less than five minutes' work at a Baltimore bank.

After several other coups of a similar nature, Sheridan tried the same game at the First National bank of Springfield, Ill., but was arrested. He promptly skipped his bail, however, and the next that Pinkerton heard of him was when he assisted at the robbery of a Cleveland bank which netted the gang some \$40,000. This was followed by a raid upon the Mechanics' bank of Scranton, Pa., where Sheridan and one of his men got away with \$30,000 worth of negotiable bonds.

His next exploit—one which took more than four months of careful planning—was the looting of the Falls City Tobacco bank in Louisville, Ky., when upwards of \$300,000 was secured.

As a result of these operations, together with the shrewd manner in which he had invested his money, Sheridan was worth fully \$250,000.

Feeling certain that his past exploits had left no clue to his connection with the robberies, and having obtained his acquittal of the only charge on which he had been arrested, Sheridan joined in a series of the most gigantic frauds ever known in America—the issuance of bonds purporting to be worth more than \$5,000,000. These forgeries were so cleverly executed as to deceive even the officers of the companies involved, and the discovery of the swindle ruined scores of Wall street brokers and private investors.

On the eve of the day on which the bubble burst, Sheridan quietly cashed all his assets, closed his office at No. 69 Broadway, and sailed for Belgium, which at that time provided a safe refuge from extradition. Had he remained there, he would have died a free man. But he could not resist the lure of gambling with the law, and he slipped back into America under the name of William A. Stewart, establishing himself in business in Denver, and finally opening a bank of his own in Rosita, Colo.

Even up to this time Pinkerton had no idea that the master criminal had returned to the states. Pinkerton, however, chanced to have business which carried him into the mining districts of Colorado, and it was on the streets of Denver that he came face to face with the man whom he was certain was Sheridan.

Investigation developed the fact that "Stewart" had been leading an apparently upright and honest life, and beyond his arrival in Denver shortly after Sheridan had left Brussels, there was nothing to connect him with the bank robber and bond forger.

Realizing that identification under the circumstances would be extremely difficult, Pinkerton determined to resort to a ruse which would serve a double purpose—that of proving whether Stewart and Sheridan were one and the same man, and at the same time implicating him, if guilty, in the planning of a new crime. Accordingly, Pinkerton sent two of his best men to Colorado with instructions to make the acquaintance of the bank president at Rosita, and finally to lay before him the details of a huge swindle which they were supposed to be planning.

"If Stewart is really honest," argued the detective, "he will not listen to such a proposal. But if he is the man I think he is, he will not be able to resist the bait, and will come to New York to participate in the fraud."

The plan worked out precisely as Pinkerton had figured. "Stewart" not only agreed to handle some of the more difficult details of the proposed bond forging, but suggested improvements identical with those which had previously proved successful. He balked on coming east, but his "associates" finally persuaded him to do so, with the result that he was arrested the moment he stepped off the ferry at New York.

In spite of the fact that the grand jury returned no less than 82 indictments against him, Sheridan escaped with a five-year sentence in Sing Sing, but he died before the expiration of his term.

PERSONAL MENTION

J. T. Brown was up from Voca on a business visit to Brady Saturday.

J. D. Shoumette was here from Lohn Saturday, and said it had been a long time since Lohn had gotten in on any rains. He was confident, however, that moisture would be had in good time yet, and said cotton was doing fine.

Miss Lela Jordan and Miss Ada Bagley left for San Antonio Saturday morning to visit Miss Jordan's sister, Mrs. Homer Crunk. Miss Jordan will then accompany Miss Bagley to her home in San Marcos to spend a few days.

Mesdames C. Crawford and Marion Rice have been enjoying a visit from their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCune of Dallas, and also their brother, E. McCune and family, also of Dallas, and Mrs. W. C. Williams of Minco, Okla. E. McCune and family returned yesterday to their home.



EVANGELIST E. A. BEDICHEK
Conducting Gospel Meeting at Pear Valley, Texas.

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 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

Silent Music.
A very deaf old lady, walking along the street, saw an Italian turning a peanut roaster. She stood looking at it awhile, shook her head and said: "No, I sha'n't give you any money for such music as that. I can't hear any of the tunes, and besides, it smells as if there was something burning inside."
JOHN DEERE ROW BINDERS
John Deere Row Binders will save your feed in the best shape. O. D. MANN & SONS.
Proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. Thousands praise Tanlac. So will you. Trigg Drug Co.
The Brady Standard for Pastes.

BIG GOSPEL MEETING
AT PEAR VALLEY, TEXAS
Conducted by the Church of Christ
Beginning Friday, June 30th,
Continues Ten Days
Services Held Under Large Tabernacle
Evangelist E. A. Bedichek, of Abilene, will do the Preaching. He is well known in the county, having conducted several Revivals in Brady and various Other Communities.
OUR MOTTO:
"Preaching Christ and Him Crucified."
"Speaking the Truth in Life."
SUBJECTS:
SATURDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"Christ Immanuel God With Us."
SUNDAY, 11:00 A. M.—"Christ Teaching and Life."
SUNDAY, 3:30 P. M.—"Christ Miracles and Divinity."
SUNDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"The Cry of the Lamb of God in the Garden and on the Cross."
MONDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"The Cry of the Dying Thief."
TUESDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"The Cry of the Lost Soul."
WEDNESDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"The Seven Wonders of the World."
THURSDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"The Voice of the Dead."
FRIDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"The Scarlet Thread that Hung in the Window."
SATURDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"The Devil's Dream."
SUNDAY, 11:00 A. M.—"The Devil's Scarecrows."
SUNDAY, 3:30 P. M.—"Turning the Word Upside Down."
SUNDAY, 8:15 P. M.—"From the Pig Pen to the Parlor, and from the Parlor to the Prayer Meeting in Hell."
Come Once and You Will Come Again. The Evangelist has Conducted Revivals in Several of the Largest Cities in the U. S., from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and Pacific Coast, Having Been Instrumental Through the Help of God and His People in Converting Over 5000 Souls.
After Reading the Program Pass it to Your Neighbor.
THE SPIRIT AND BRIDE SAY COME. YOU WILL BE WELCOME.

On Sale everywhere from Now on
The New & Better USCO Tire
with many improvements
The price remains the same
\$10.90
for the
30 x 3 1/2
When "USCO" announced its new low price of \$10.90 last Fall, the makers were already busy developing a still greater "USCO" value.
The new and better "USCO" as you see it today—with no change in price—and tax absorbed by the manufacturer.
You'll note in the new and better "USCO" these features—
Thicker tread, giving greater non-skid protection. Stouter sidewalls.
Altogether a handsomer tire that will take longer wear both inside and out.
The greatest money's worth of fabric tire in the history of pneumatics.
United States Tires
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Where You Can Buy U. S. Tires:
LEE MORGAN, Brady, Texas.
BROAD MERCANTILE COMP ANY, Brady, Texas
SELLMAN MERCANTILE CO., Rochelle, Texas
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