

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

CALLAWAY CLUB ORGANIZED FOLLOWING SPEECH

J. M. Roe was elected chairman of a Callaway for Congress club, organized here Monday afternoon immediately following the address delivered by Hon. Oscar Callaway of Comanche, candidate for Congress, in his own behalf. Not only will a strong organization be effected at Brady, but within the next few days Mr. Roe will undertake the organization of a Callaway club in every precinct in the county.

A fair-sized audience heard Mr. Callaway's address yesterday, and there was no doubt but what members of the audience were in sympathy with the speaker. Mr. Callaway was introduced by Prof. M. L. Stallings, who paid him a glowing tribute, and who eulogized his statesmanship. Mr. Stallings said in part: "It is a real pleasure for me to present to this people a real Democrat. One who is not a Jeffersonian democrat, nor a Jacksonian democrat, nor a Bryan democrat, nor yet a Wilsonian democrat, but a Democrat because he believes in the true principles of democracy. Because he believes in a constitutional government; because he believes in freedom of speech, and liberty of conscience; because he believes in a trial by jury. I have known the Honorable Oscar Callaway for many years, and know him to be a man of honor and integrity—a man of strong convictions, with the courage of his convictions. Some of the friends of Mr. Blanton have said to me that they wished they had a hundred members of congress just like him, but this would be impossible, for there is not another like him in the whole world. He has represented this congressional district for the past five years, and more, has so conducted himself that today he has not one political friend in that honorable body of men, not even among his Texas colleagues. In my judgment it is time to change and give the 17th district representation in our nation legislature. The Honorable Oscar Callaway, of Comanche county, is with us and will now address you upon the important issues of this campaign.

"Mr. Callaway, ladies and gentlemen." At the outset of his address Mr. Callaway declared that the political and economic issues involved in the campaign upon which he was now entering because of the law requiring a run-off primary, had been stated time and again throughout this district and were well known to all the people. It would not be necessary therefore to undertake to rehearse these principles, he said, but instead the people of the seventeenth district would be shown by the printed records at home and in the halls of congress just what kind of specimen of humanity represented this district in Congress.

Mr. Callaway's address was built up around the central idea that Mr. Blanton is utterly without influence and respect in Congress, and that he has lost the respect of every one of the 430 members of the House of Representatives. As a result, the people of the Seventeenth district are virtually without a representative in Congress, for none of Mr. Blanton's fellow-members have the least confidence in him, and view all his efforts with contempt, stated the speaker. Further, he stated that Mr. Blanton was incapable of telling the truth; that when he appeared before an audience of his constituents he represented himself as a very wolf for courage in confronting his enemies and those who opposed him, but that on the floors of Congress he would slip away into the cloak room whenever any of his fellow-members sought to call him to account.

The speaker recalled Mr. Blanton's letters published in Texas papers in which was stated that he had to stand as watch dog and by raising points of order, to prevent members of Congress from voting to increase their own salaries. This brought about a scathing rebuke from Congressman Hatton W. Summers of Dallas. Mr. Callaway declared that

a point of order never saved a cent in appropriations, but that it merely served to delay a matter until it could be brought up in its regular turn, or else the item could be taken up first in the Senate and then returned to the House.

Other incidents in Mr. Blanton's career, which were dissected by the speaker included the extension of remarks published by Mr. Blanton in the Congressional Record, and which came so near to resulting in his expulsion from Congress. Mr. Callaway declared that the expunged affidavit, which was mailed by Mr. Blanton to his constituents was not an identical reproduction of the affidavit as it appeared originally in the Record, but that it was sent out in expunged form to mislead the voters. The whisky flask and other items which Mr. Blanton displayed as having been purchased in the stationery department of Congress with government money, Mr. Callaway declared was another untruth, and that not a cent of government money could be so used. He further declared that the whisky flask had been ordered from an outside point, instead of being bought in the stationery department. The speaker declared these as cheap tricks to prejudice the minds of the voters.

The endorsement used by Mr. Blanton, according to Mr. Callaway, were of ancient vintage, and many have since been repudiated, while others were given before Mr. Blanton ever saw the halls of Congress.

Mr. Blanton was also accused of duplicity in his stand on the Esch-Cummins bill, in that he at one time voted against it, and when it was returned to the House with amendments, he voted for it. Thus, said the speaker, when Blanton was among those who opposed the bill, he pointed to his negative vote, and vice-versa.

In speaking of his own record, Mr. Callaway read extracts from newspaper reports of his speeches showing that he had never advocated evasion of the draft, but on the other hand had stated that the draft law was the law of the land and should be obeyed, and he knew of no way, and did not suggest any way in which it could be evaded.

Speaking further upon the subject of economies achieved by Mr. Blanton, Mr. Callaway showed excessive use by him of government envelopes and stationery; that he had taken two more cedar chests than had been allotted to him, and that the last Congress in which Mr. Blanton had served had appropriated over \$5,000,000 dollars, or four times the amount appropriated by the Congress just before Blanton first took his seat.

At the close of his address, Mr. Callaway distributed copies of the original affidavit which Mr. Blanton had published in the Congressional Record, and which came so near causing his expulsion from Congress and did result in his being publicly reprimanded by the Speaker of the House for publishing such obscene matter; he also distributed copies of his challenge to Mr. Blanton for joint speaking tour to enable Mr. Blanton to defend his record as Mr. Callaway exposed it. He stated that Mr. Blanton had refused to accept the challenge, but preferred to remain at home in Abilene hoping that the various statements he had made over his district would not be exposed as false in time to prevent his being re-nominated in the run-off primary.

From Brady, Mr. Callaway went to Coleman and thence to Dallinger. He stated that he hoped to cover all nineteen of the counties in the district, but that he must depend largely upon his friends to push his candidacy and to bring to the people the real reasons why Mr. Blanton refused to meet him in debate and defend his record from the accusations made by Mr. Callaway.

Schleicher Gets Aid. Eldorado, July 26. — Schleicher has been granted \$82,000 additional State and Federal aid for Highway No. 4, which will result in the completion of the road to the Tom Green county line, according to announcement by County Engineer J. L. Neill.

COUNTY-WIDE COMMUNITY FAIR TO BE HELD AT BRADY IN SEPTEMBER

DIRECTORS OF BRADY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ENDORSE PROJECT AND WILL ASSIST IN PUTTING OVER BIG COMMUNITY EXHIBIT SEPTEMBER 25-26TH.

At a meeting of the directors of the Brady Chamber of Commerce this morning, the proposition of holding a County-Wide Community Exhibit this fall was brought up for consideration by Geo. E. Ehlinger, county agent, and after some discussion, received the approval and endorsement of the directors present. It was decided to effect an organization without delay, and to finance and arrange for the holding of the exhibit. Monday and Tuesday, September 25th and 26th, are the dates temporarily decided upon, inasmuch as A. & M. college will at that time have available for service here a number of specialists in various lines of endeavor.

The plan of operation will be practically identical with the first and greatest of all exhibits ever held in this section and which was staged in Brady in the fall of 1920. The plan evolved at that time was to make the exhibit a community affair, all entries to be made in the name of the community where the products originated, and a series of ten cash prizes ranging from \$50 down being given to the communities in the order of the rank they took in the exhibit. Individual exhibits were allowed to be included in any community exhibit, ribbon awards being made to the individuals.

By arranging the exhibits as community affairs, widespread interest was aroused, and the citizens of the various communities were drawn closer together by the spirit of friendly rivalry. Splendid exhibits were had two years ago, and the interest aroused was so great that many communities which at first did not take part, promised first class exhibits in the next exhibit.

BRADY SCHOOL BONDS ARE APPROVED BY ATTORNEY GENERAL IN RECORD TIME

Messrs. J. B. Smith and F. A. Knox returned the latter part of last week from Austin where they had gone for the purpose of securing approval of the attorney-general of the \$40,000 school bonds recently voted in the Brady Independent School district. They report that although the attorney-general had his desk stacked with various matters submitted for his approval, within twenty minutes after the delegates called upon him, they had received official approval of the bonds. In fact, the attorney-general remarked that it was a pleasure to inspect and approve a transcript gotten up in such splendid fashion.

Sale of the school bonds has been set for August 15th at 4:00 o'clock, and while the bond markets fluctuate, it is practically certain that an advantageous offer will be had on them. The providing of quarters for the Mexican children will be the first concern of the school board, inasmuch as they desire to segregate the Mexican school children at the very beginning of the September term. In the meantime, the board is studying up on latest and most approved plans of high school buildings.

ELLIS GOTCHER VICTIM OF ACCIDENT WHICH WAS SERIOUS IN NATURE

Ellis Gotcher of Churchill & Gotcher garage, was seriously injured Monday afternoon when he slipped and fell in such way as to strike his side against the projecting rear step of an ice truck. The impact was almost identical in place with a surgical operation which Mr. Gotcher had recently undergone, the place still being tender and in process of healing. He was taken home and medical aid summoned and while his injury is not necessarily fatal it is very painful. His physician has under consideration the question of an operation.—Brownwood Bulletin.

Brady friends will regret to learn of the accident that befell Mr. Gotcher. He was at one time a resident of Brady, being employed at the Wulff garage.

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

MANY PREDATORY ANIMALS CAUGHT AT SAN ANGELO

San Angelo, Tex., July 28.—The taking of 1,322 coyotes, 245 bobcats, 240 red wolves, 10 stock-killing dogs, 7 mountain lions, 5 ringtail cats and 1 lynx completed the catch of 1,830 true predatory animals during the fiscal year ending June 30, according to the annual bulletin published by C. R. Landon, predatory animal inspector, who has offices in the federal building in San Angelo. Fur-bearing animals, which were caught by the trappers employed on both bureau and co-operative funds, amounted to 497, including 278 skunks, 84 head of fox, 55 raccoons, 50 oppossums, 8 civet cats and one house cat. The cost of killing these 2,327 head of true predatory and fur-bearing animals was \$29,806.99, cost an average of almost \$13 to rid the country of each animal. Some of the animals killed had slaughtered as many as 600 sheep and goats.

Poisons were used by the trappers part of the time, killing a large number of animals, hundreds of coyotes dying in the range during the year. Two hundred were killed as the result of eight days' work, 155 were found dead in another section as the result of only one day's work.

Most of the trappers were paid on co-operative funds. Mr. Landon points out in his statement, the money coming from individual ranchmen, wolf clubs and county government. Efforts are being made to have money appropriated by the state during the ensuing year, and during the recent Sheep and Goat Raisers' association in San Angelo the organization pledged their assistance in calling upon the state for financial aid to carry this work on.

The Unforgivable Sin.

A year or two before his death Booker T. Washington made an address in a small town in Georgia. He looked like a bronze lion and he spoke as he always did, as one inspired. When he had finished an old Confederate soldier, white haired and white moustached, pushed forward to the platform, his face aglow with enthusiasm and approval for what the orator had said.

"Professor Washington," he declared, "I want to do now what I never thought I'd be doing. I want to clasp your hand and pledge you my support for the great work you are doing. And furthermore I want to tell you this—I want to tell you it's the best speech I ever heard in my life and that you are the greatest man in the country today."

"I'm afraid you do me too much honor," said Washington. "Would you not regard Col. Roosevelt as the greatest man we have?" "Huh," exploded the Southerner. "I've had no use for him since that time when he invited you to eat a meal with him at the White House."

Appreciation.

I wish to tender my heartfelt thanks to all my friends who voted and worked for me in the late primary election. Your grateful friend, JUNE COORPENDER.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

EF DEY DON' STOP TALKIN' BOUT DE HOL-UP MEN GITTIN' SO MUCH MONEY OFFEN FOLKS, FUS' THING DEY KNOWS DESE HEAR COLLECTURS GWINE GIT MAD!!



BRADY WINS OFF EDEN IN CLASSY BALL GAME MON.

While, perhaps, lacking in the keen rivalry that characterized the Brady-Coleman games, the match game of base ball between Brady and Eden Monday afternoon, furnished an exhibition of clean, clever and heady ball playing, and was conceded one of the best ever played on the local grounds. Robertson was in fine form, and pitched like the big-leaguer he really is, striking out Eden's crack batsmen, and pulling himself out of bad holes with apparent ease. Two scores in the second frame gave Brady a good lead, but Eden scored once in the fifth, and had a runner on third and one on first, with only one man down, when Robbie whiffed the next two batsmen. Again in the 7th, Eden looked dangerous. With no one down, she filled the bases. Robbie struck out the next three men without apparent effort.

Bungar, for the visitors, was in his usual fit condition and pitched a great game. He allowed but three hits, as compared with Robbie's six, but he mixed two of the hits with a walk and hitting a batter with a pitched ball in the second, the combination giving Brady her two scores. Robbie, however, also had the advantage on strike-outs, delivering fifteen to Bungar's twelve.

The line-up:
Brady—Eden—
Woosley, cf E. Daniel, cf
Bailey, c Hamilton, lf
H. Jones, 1b McVey, 1b
Adkins, 3b Jim Daniels, ss
B. Jones, lf John Daniels, 3b
Woods, rf Maddox, 2b
C. Fuller, 2b White, rf
White, ss Lively, c
Robertson, p Bungar, p

*Roberts replaced Chas. Fuller at second base in the second inning.

Score by innings:
Brady020 000 000—2
Eden000 010 000—1
Summary—Struck Out: By Bungar, 12; by Robertson, 15. Hits: Off Bungar, 3; off Robertson, 6. Two-Base Hits: Robertson. Bases on Balls: Off Bungar, 1; off Robertson, 1. Hit by Pitched Ball: By Bungar, 1; by Robertson, 1; Stolen Bases: None. Errors: Eden, 0; Brady, 4. Umpire: Morgan and Steffins. Time of Game: 1:40.

Brady Splits with Weatherford.

Two games were played last week with the Weatherford team, which was touring this section. In Friday afternoon's game, the locals made the visitors look like a bunch of school boys. McVey for the locals, scored four hits out of five times at the bat. Only one strike-out was scored against the locals. Final score, 7 to 0 in Brady's favor.

In the Saturday game, the visitors turned tables on the locals. Several of the Brady team were out of the game on account of Saturday duties and their places were filled by recruits from the Junior ball team; then, overconfidence on account of the easy victory Friday, undermined the morale of the team. The visitors had a good pitcher on tap, and proceeded to play rings around the locals, with the result that the game ended 5 to 1 in Weatherford's favor.

As I walked among the paths this morning, plucking flowers, I found, in the yellow heart of a lady's slipper, a little brown bee. My first impulse was to shake him out of his honeyed abode, but as I looked at his velvety body and sunlit rainbow wings, a feeling of foolish tenderness surged over me. Perhaps there were baby bees at home that would starve if papa bee did not bring back honey; and how useful the little creature was carrying the pollen from flower to flower—so I moved on leaving him unmolested. But even as I turned away thinking these pure sweet thoughts the damned thing stung me.—Fred T. Neale.

See the 4-burner and the burner second hand Petroleum stoves and ask for them at SAM'S Wide-Open Hardware.

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

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, Aug. 8, 1922.

SNAP SHOTS

One of the biggest tasks every community has to accomplish is to keep the home boys and girls at home.

COMING EVENTS.

Coming events cast their shadow before—and the shadow cast by the approaching cotton season is that Brady again finds herself face to face with the "first bale" without any advance preparations having been made for the offering of a premium on same.

Heretofore it has invariably been the case that the "first bale" was brought in first, and then the premium was raised afterwards. By that time the novelty and delight occasioned by the first bale had, perhaps, worn off or lost its appeal to a great extent, and it proved no easy matter to secure a premium adequate to the occasion.

The proper way to offer a premium on the first bale is to make it up at planting time, or before. Get up a worth-while premium, and hold it out as an inducement to the farmers to prepare their land early, plant it early, plant early-maturing seed, work their crop effectively and efficiently and help nature do her best. Such a premium will be worth many times over its monetary value to the merchants and citizens who offer it.

Of course it is now too late to do any such a thing this year—but we can, at least, forestall the inevitable by getting up a substantial premium now and offering it for the first bale marketed here.

Let's get a little "first" action on this "first-bale" business.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Joseph Pennell says women are less beautiful than formerly. Perhaps he has noticed, also that green apples don't taste as good as they did in his boyhood.—Birmingham News.

Auto thieves have put many a man on his feet.—Greenville Piedmont.

Among the possibilities of the future is also a hateless Haiti.—Boston Transcript.

A skin we'd love to touch, but with a red-hot poker, is the skinflint.—Greenville Piedmont.

Ireland's trouble is that she's trying to get a union suit on over her Ulster.—Washington Post.

It is now quite clear that the labor plank Mr. Gompers wants is not a railroad board.—Manila Bulletin.

It was certain at the outset that Mr. Taft would cut quite a big figure in England.—Omaha World-Herald.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Published Semi-Weekly
Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas

- To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year
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- THREE MONTHS 65c
- Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 25c per month.
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USE THE ELBOWS

Thin People Have a Natural Defensive Weapon.

Provided by Nature as Protection Against the Aggressions of the Plump, According to Helen.

She was what you might call sylphlike. Or if you prefer the less poetic and more modern term she possessed the popular pencil silhouette. Those of her friends built on more generous lines openly counseled her against the dangers of frail constitutions and mentioned the lurking evils of tuberculosis, indigestion and nervous prostration, says a New York Sun writer.

Secretly in their heart of hearts they admitted they would willingly have endured all three to be able to wear a tweed suit with the smartness that was hers.

It was Mabel, she of the generous curves and placid disposition, that finally drew fire.

"Helen," said Mabel as she dipped into the chocolate creams and then dropped a juicy morsel back with a hungry sigh, "I think you ought to put on more weight. It really is sinful for a girl to go around causing as much envy in the hearts of others as you do. Now, when I was up in Boston I got a menu from a hotel that tells what you should eat to get fat and what you should eat to get thin. You can have the 'how to get fat' column if you want it."

The sylphlike one sighed a mournful sigh.

"Mabel," she confessed, "you might as well know the truth. I positively gorge on such fattening things as cream, butter sauce, bananas, potatoes and bacon. I naturally prefer string beans, sour salad dressings, lemonade and water ices. But I pass them all up. Because I long ago got over any desire to be thin."

She arose and began to pace up and down the room in the restless manner peculiar to thin people. Her voice rose to a tremulous pitch.

"Do you know," she demanded, indignantly, "what thin people have to suffer? Do you?"

Mabel, who had succumbed to the temptation of the chocolates, shook her head blankly.

"Just take the subway trains and trolley cars that have those little seats built for two persons—two medium-size people. If a little person like me is sitting in one of them, what happens? At the next corner a woman or man who could qualify for Dumping Dora in the circus gets on. And, of course, makes for the seat next to the little thin person. You find yourself simply squashed by the weight of the person next to you. A fat person, I have noticed, looks eagerly around for a vacant seat beside a thin person, because they know it's the only way they can ride with any comfort. I have seen them stand rather than take a seat next to an average person or one who rivals their weight."

"Must remember that," said Mabel, temporarily ceasing to munch her chocolate drop. "Never thought of it before."

"Well, if you try it let me warn you that the poor little stringbean person may take protective measures," said the slender Helen, and there was fire in her eyes as she spoke.

"That so?" queried the plump one, and her tone held polite scorn and doubt.

"You bet it is. Let me demonstrate."

The slender one sat down on the couch beside her friend. "Now, when any of these generously proportioned souls plant themselves down beside me in the train and appropriate their half of the seat and three-quarters of mine I simply manage to fold my arms. That makes my elbows stick out. And all thin people have sharp elbows. They need 'em. They are the only weapon of offense and defense the poor things have."

"And most plump people love comfort. So after they have had the elbows of our little thin helpless creature boring into their tender ribs for a few minutes they decide to occupy only their own half of the seat or else find a more comfortable one."

"Business First," His Motto.

A small Franklin boy obtained a route for the News and as this was his first work he felt the responsibility of it more than his parents realized. When the day for collecting on his route came around there was a big picnic on hand, and the family was wondering what John was going to do about it.

However, before they had time to make his plans for him, he announced to them:

"You know, mother, today's the picnic and it's pretty tough on a fellow that's got a business and always says, 'Business first,' but that's what you've got to do when you're in business," and he started out proudly to call on his subscribers.—Indianapolis News.

Ended First Love Affair.

When I was in the fourth grade a boy whom I admired very much used to come and call for my brother, also hoping to see me. He usually did. One Saturday when returning from a rabbit hunt he stopped in front to talk to my brother, but I failed to appear. Then he exclaimed: "Watch me bring her out!" He fired the gun and did "bring her out," but the "her" was my mother, and the "bawling out" he got ended my first love affair.—Exchange.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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ELIJAH F. ALLIN
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Will appreciate your draying and hauling business. Your freight and packages handled by careful and painstaking employees.

AWALT & BENSON

CLASSIFIED ADS

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FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. Three blocks South of square. Call 204 or see MRS. B. H. HOLLON.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—5-gallon Bowser Gasoline pump. F. R. WULFF MOTOR CO., Brady.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—5-passenger automobile; has only been run 8,000 miles. Might take some trade. A. B. CARRITHERS, Brady.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—One 3-burner and one 4-burner second hand Perfection Oil Stove at Sam T. Wood's Wide-Open Hardware store.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—At a bargain, 4-room house with bath and sleeping porch. Might take some trade in a car. See W. N. ROBERTS, Brady.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—One solid Oak Dining Table and 6 good Chairs to match; 1 Buffet, 1 Davenport, 2 Dressers, 2 Wash Stands and several other good pieces of second-hand household goods cheap, at Sam T. Wood's Wide-Open Hardware Store.

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General Insurance
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Satisfied.
A shopkeeper had in his employ a man so lazy as to be utterly worthless.

One day, his patience exhausted, he discharged him.

"Will you give me a character?" asked the lazy one.

The employer sat down to write a noncommittal letter. His effort resulted as follows:

"The bearer of this letter has worked for me one week and I am satisfied."

BROADCASTING

Broadcasting has become a very popular word since the radio craze was started. It means the dissemination of news or progress or addresses over a large territory.

That is just exactly what

The Brady Standard's Classy-Fi-Ads

do—they Broadcast your wants almost as quickly as by radio, and with such good results that "come-backs" are nearly always to be expected.

BRADY BOY SCOUTS AT JUNCTION FOR TEN DAYS OUTING ON THE LLANO

Twenty-eight Boy Scouts from Brady arrived in Junction Monday afternoon for a few days camping on the South Llano a few miles above town. They are in charge of Clarence Snider, Scout Master, and have their full camping equipment for a real encampment. Mr. Snider is assistant cashier of the Brady National bank. He has been here with the boys three times before.

The following comprise the party: John Adkins, Walter Adkins, James Anderson, Willard Awalt, Elton Bodenhamer, Milburn Carrithers, Randall Clark, Hilmer Fahrenthold, Willie Gavit, Howell Gray, David Hall, Stewart Hallum, James Maxwell, J. D. Miller, Curtis Montgomery, Malvin Montgomery, Odell Olson, J. A. Polk, Dhelas Reed, Travis Reed, Glenn Ricks, Aubra Townsend, J. B. Vincent, Clifford Vierus, Buster White, Carroll Wood, Thomas Erickson.—Junction Eagle.

Manila Second Sheets, also Tissue Seconds. The Brady Standard.

Why the No. 2070 Excels



Built by Shaw-Walker. Has no nuts, bolts or screws. It's rigid. The drawers open and close easily and smoothly. The slide is progressive. It's a well-made, durable slide.

The drawers are 25 1-2 inches deep. This gives you eight or ten more inches filing space per four drawers than you secure in other low-priced files.

So this case gives you the essentials—rigidity, big capacity, easy operating drawers.

Of course, it's not as good a case as the No. 1070. Have to sacrifice somewhere. Lighter gauge of steel, steel hardware, and a slip-in follower block save money, yet detract little from the file's actual usefulness.

May be had in olive green or mahogany, with or without locks.

The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

BRADY, TEXAS

LOCAL BRIEFS

S. A. Benham left Sunday night for St. Louis and Chicago, where he goes to inspect the latest market offerings and to select the Fall and Winter stock for the Benham store. Mrs. Benham and daughter, Miss Lucille, expect to join him within the next couple weeks and assist him in the purchase of their line of millinery and ready-to-wear.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kelley, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Tatum, arrived here Sunday from Fort Worth for a visit with the former's brother, J. A. Kelley, and family. Joined by the latter, and by W. M. Murphy and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Davis, the party left Monday morning for Fort McKavett, where they will spend a week or two camping and fishing.

J. M. Pate is now a member of the Brady school board, having been chosen to the place vice J. E. Brown, resigned. Mr. Pate is one of the most substantial citizens of the community, with splendid executive ability, and with a progressive and far-sighted business man, and his services as member of the board will prove invaluable to the Brady Independent School district.

Mrs. H. B. Ogden and little son, Billie accompanied by her sister, Mrs. M. C. Wolfe, and little son, Jack, left Sunday for San Antonio, where Mrs. Ogden goes to join Mr. Ogden who has been under treatment there by a specialist the past several weeks, on account of nervous indigestion. Their friends will be pleased to learn that his condition is responding to the treatment. Mrs. Wolfe will go on to Victoria, where Mr. Wolfe is buying cotton the early part of this season.

R. Todd and grandson are here from Milam county for a visit with his old-time friend, W. B. Taylor, and also with E. L. Bridges at Calf Creek, whom he knew when the latter was a boy. In fact, Mr. Todd says he bought Mr. Bridges, then an orphan, his first pair of shoes. Mr. Todd served as Sheriff of Milam county for eight years, and has served still another eight years as county treasurer, having been renominated in the recent primary over a lady opponent.

The many Brady friends of Miss Willie Garner will be pleased to learn that she is now superintendent of the Wright sanitarium at Bowie. Miss Garner was here the past week arranging to go to Bowie to take up her new duties. Her mother, Mrs. M. A. Garner, however, will continue to make her home in Brady. Miss Garner was for several years with the local sanitarium, where her efficiency and capability made her one of the most popular of the nurses. In addition, she has a winning personality that endears her to all. All her many friends feel assured that abundant success will attend her in her new and responsible position.

Chas. Reynolds, premier orchardist from the Milburn community, was in Brady Saturday with a load of his superior Elberta peaches. Chas. never forgets his old friends and customers, and while he could easily have sold out his entire crop in the orchard, yet he saved back enough to deliver to his friends in Rochelle and Brady. While his 21-acre orchard only had about a third of a crop this year, yet he has already sold over 200 bushels of peaches at the orchard and, besides those delivered by him, has about 50 bushels left. When he announced he would begin to pick the peaches on a certain Monday, the toists came down on Sunday and camped all night, so as to be on the spot the first thing Monday morning. Mr. Reynolds peers will begin ripening within the next few weeks, as he expects a very fair crop of the delicious fruit also.

A good shower fell Sunday night over McCulloch county, but the moisture was not sufficient to be of any benefit. In the Brownwood section the downpour is reported as having been much better, that county having had a very good general rain. Last night about midnight another good rain fell in the Brownwood section, extending this way to Deep Creek, the water standing in some sections. The Brady court, however, missed these good rains. A heavy windstorm blew up with the clouds Monday afternoon. In the vicinity of the Brady oil mill a heavy shower, totaling about a quarter of an inch, fell, but scarcely a drop fell within the environs of the city proper. The intense humidity of the past few days, and the recurring cloudiness, give promise of some much-needed moisture, and it is the general opinion that a good downpour of several inches would come in most timely just now.

BRADY-BROWNWOOD BUS LINE NOW OPERATING

Bud Kiser, who has been driving the Amberson bus line between Brady and San Angelo, has resigned the position to operate an independent line between Brady and Brownwood, which, however, will co-operate with the San Angelo-San Antonio line operated by the Ambersons. One of the younger Ambersons will take Mr. Kiser's line between Brady and San Angelo.

Mr. Kiser made his first run to Brownwood Monday, making the trip in his Buick Six, and will operate daily, negotiating the 50-mile trip in approximately two and one-half hours. His route is via Rochelle and Mercury, and the return trip is made over the same route. He plans to leave Brady for Brownwood at 4:00 p. m., and returning, will leave Brownwood at 7:00 a. m., both of these schedules permitting connection with the San Antonio bus line. This service will be of distinct advantage to traveling men, as it will give through service from Brownwood to San Antonio, and return, and should prove highly popular.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Virabel Bowers of Caldwell, Texas, is a guest of F. A. Knox and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Lembke were visitors in Brady from Lohn community Monday.

Mrs. C. O. Bellinger of Weatherford arrived last week as a guest of her brother, C. A. Stevens, and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal Estill have been visiting here, guests of the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Willoughby. Mr. Estill is now assistant district attorney of Tarrant county.

Messrs. J. A. Maxwell, L. W. Bellamy, J. U. Silvers and Leonard Wood returned last Friday from Corpus Christi, where they had been stationed the past few weeks buying cotton.

Mrs. Wm. D. Cargill and little son have arrived from Stamford to join Mr. Cargill in making their home in Brady. For the present, they have apartments at the Queen hotel. Brady citizens are delighted with Mrs. Cargill's coming, and welcome her to local civic and social circles.

Driving from the Back Seat.

Before we take an auto seat Pa says to Ma: "My dear, now just remember, I don't need suggestions from the rear."

If you will just sit still back there and hold in check your fright, I'll take you where you want to go and get you back all right.

Remember that my hearing's good and also I'm not blind, and I can drive this car without suggestions from behind."

Ma promises that she'll keep still, then off we gladly start.

But soon she notices ahead a peddler and his cart, "You'd better toot your horn," says she, "to let him know we're near."

He might turn out!" And Pa replies: "Just shriek at him, my dear."

And then he adds: "Some day, some guy will make a lot of dough by putting horns on tonneau seats for women folks to blow!"

A little farther on Ma cries: "He signaled for a turn!"

And Pa says: "Did he?" in a tone that's hot enough to burn.

"Oh, there's a boy on roller skates!" cries Ma, "Now do go slow."

I'm sure he doesn't see our car," and Pa says: "I dunno, I think I don't need glasses yet, but really it might be that I am blind and cannot see what's right in front of me."

If Pa should speed the car a bit some rigs to hurry past Ma whispers: "Do be careful now. You're driving much too fast."

And all the time she's pointing out the dangers of the street, and keeps him posted on the roads where trolley cars he'll meet.

Last night when we got safely home, Pa sighed and said: "My dear, I'm sure we've all enjoyed the drive you gave from the rear."—Edgar A. Guest, in "A Heap o' Livin'."

See the 4-burner and the 3-burner second hand Perfection Oil stoves and ask for a price on them at SAM T. WOOD'S Wide-Open Hardware Store.

California produces 8,600,000 boxes of navel oranges a year. This huge industry sprang from one little slip budded to a navel orange from Brazil 51 years ago. The original orange tree is still standing in the greenhouse of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C.

DEATH CLAIMS ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, INVENTOR OF MODERN MARVEL TELEPHONE

Sydney, N. C., Aug. 2.—Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, died at his home in Baddeck last night.

Mr. Bell died at 2:30 o'clock this morning at Beinn Breagh, his estate, near Braddock. Although the inventor had been in failing health for several months, he was not confined to his bed and the end was not expected. Yesterday his condition became serious. Mrs. Bell and daughter, Mrs. Marian Fairchild, were at his bedside. He leaves another daughter, Mrs. Eliza Grosvenor, wife of a Washington magazine editor. He will be buried on top of Mount Beinn Breagh, a spot chosen by himself.

Biographical.

Alexander Graham Bell lived to see experiments which he began with a dead man's ear less than fifty years ago result in a means of communication for millions of long distance telephone conversations daily in all parts of the world. The possibility of talking over a wire, ridiculed then as a dream by almost everybody except Bell, became during his lifetime a reality commonplace and marvelous.

The Bell basic patent, known in the records at Washington as No. 174,465, has been called the most valuable single patent ever issued in the whole history of invention. There are today over thirteen million telephone instruments through which billions of telephone conversations are carried on each year.

Means of communication had been a hobby in the Bell family long before the inventor of the telephone was born. Two generations back, Alexander Bell became noted for inventing a system for overcoming stammering speech while his son, Alexander Melville Bell, father of the inventor of the telephone, perfected a system of visible speech.

With this heritage, the son, born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847, undertook similar experiments while still a lad. He constructed an artificial skull of gutta-percha and Indian rubber that would pronounce several words in a weird tone, when blown into by a hand bellows. At the age of sixteen he became, like his father, a teacher of elocution, and an instructor of deaf mutes.

Bell reached a crisis in his life at the age of 22, when he was threatened with tuberculosis. The white plague caused the death of his two brothers and the Bell family migrated to Brantford, Canada.

A meeting at that time with Sir Charles Wheatstone, the English inventor of the telegraph, fired the young elocutionist with ambition to invent a musical or multiple telegraph, which eventually turned out to be a telephone.

Taught Deaf Mutes.

His father, while giving a lecture in Boston, proudly mentioned the son's success in teaching London deaf mutes. This led the Boston Board of Education to offer the younger Bell \$500 to introduce his system in the newly opened school for deaf mutes. He was then 24 years old, and instantly became the educational sensation of the day. He was appointed a professor in Boston University, and opened his instantly successful "School of Vocal Physiology."

But teaching interfered with his inventing, and he soon gave up all but two pupils. One of these was Mabel Hubbard, of a wealthy family. She had lost her hearing and speech in an attack of scarlet fever while a baby. It was she who later became Bell's wife.

Bell spent the following three years in night work in a cellar in Salem, Mass. His money-needs were met by Gardiner G. Hubbard, his future father-in-law, and Thomas Sanders, the owner of the cellar. As he worked he began to see the possibility of conveying speech over an electrically charged wire—the telephone. He used a dead man's ear for a transmitter.

"If I can make a deaf mute talk," Bell had declared, "I can make iron talk."

His First Success.

His first success came while testing his instruments in his new quarters in Boston. Thomas A. Watson, Bell's assistant, had struck a clock spring at one end of the wire, and Bell was electrified to hear the sound in another room. For forty weeks the instrument struggled, as it were, for human speech. Then on March 10, 1876, Watson became almost insane with joy when he heard over the wire Bell's voice saying:

"Mr. Watson, come here, I want you."

On his 29th birthday, Bell received his patent. It was at the Centennial Exposition held at Philadelphia, two months later, where men of science the world over had come to examine

and study the numerous inventions exhibited, saw Prof. Bell give a practical demonstration of the transmission of the human voice by electricity.

The next Sunday afternoon Bell was promised an inspection of his invention by the judges of exhibits. It was a hot day and the judges had seen a great deal. Some of them were for going home; one jeered, and there was a general boredom. Then there appeared the blonde-bearded Emperor of Brazil, with outstretched hands. He had heard some of Bell's lectures in Boston; the deaf mute work appealed to him. His greeting made a stir. Bell made ready for his demonstration. A wire had been strung the length of the room. Bell took the transmitter, Dom Pedro placed the receiver to his ear. He started up amazed:

"My God—it talks!"

Scientists Amazed. Afterward Lord Kelvin—plain William Thomson then—took up the receiver. He was the engineer of the first Atlantic cable.

He nodded his head solemnly as he got up.

"It does speak," he said emphatically. "It is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America."

The judges took turns talking and listening until 10 that night. Next morning the telephone was brought to the judge's pavilion. It was mobbed by scientists the remainder of the summer.

While Dr. Bell will be best remembered as the inventor of the telephone, a claim that has been sustained through many legal contests, he also became noted for other inventions. He was joint inventor of the graphophone with Sumner Taintor. He invented an ingenious method of lithography, a photophone, and an induction balance. He invented a telephone probe which he used to locate the bullet that killed President Garfield. He spent fifteen years and over \$200,000 in testing his famous tetrahedral kite, and established a principle in architecture, the use of a tetrahedral cells or units.

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BRADY-BROWNWOOD BUS LINE
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FARE FROM BROWNWOOD TO SAN ANTONIO \$10.00
SCHEDULE OF LOCAL FARES:
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Brady to Rochelle... 75c Bwd. to Rochelle...\$1.75
Brady to Mercury...\$1.25 Rochelle to Brady... 75c
Mercury to Bwd...\$1.25
Leaves Brady 4:00 P. M. Leaves Brownwood 7:00 A. M.

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The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER I—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jachin Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Ansley, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who, invariably attired as an aviator, has long defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Ansley, on their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball.

CHAPTER II—Lucie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine.

CHAPTER III—In his library Joseph Maillard and a group of friends are held up and robbed by the Midnight Masquer.

CHAPTER IV—Lucie Ledanois, the ward of an old family, is in straitened circumstances. Joseph Maillard's handling of her funds has been unfortunate. Fell is an old friend of her parents and deeply interested in the girl. Henry Gramont, really the prince de Gramont, son of a French father and an American mother, but who spurns the title of prince, is enamored of Lucie and believes himself a not unfavored suitor.

"You—your wish to cash a check? But you are not known here—"

"Bah, insolent one! Monkey in the calabash that you are! Do you not know me?"

"Heaven preserve me! I will not answer for your accused checks."

"Go to the devil, then," snapped Chacherre, and turned away.

His roving eyes had already found the correct window by means of the other persons seeking it, and now he stepped into the small queue that had formed. When it came his turn, he slid his check across the marble slab, tucked his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, and impudently stared into the questioning, coldly repellent eyes of the teller.

"Well?" he exclaimed, as the teller examined the check. "Do you wish to rent it, that you sniff so hard?"

The teller gave him a glance. "This is for a thousand dollars—"

"Can I not rent?" said Chacherre, with an impudent gesture. "Am I an ignorant 'Caljun'? Have I not eyes of my head? If you wish to start an argument, say that the check is for a hundred dollars. Then, by heaven, I will argue something with you!"

"You are Ben Chacherre, eh? Does anyone here know you?"

Chacherre exploded in a violent oath. "Dolt that you are, I have to be known when the check is indorsed under my signature? Who taught you business, monkey?"

"True," answered the teller sulkily. "Yet the amount—"

"Oh, bah!" Chacherre snapped his fingers. "Go and telephone Jachin Fell, you old woman. Go and tell him you do not know his signature—well, who are you looking at? Am I a telephone, then? You are not hired to look but to get about it."

The enraged and scandalized teller beckoned a constable. Jachin Fell was telephoned. Probably his response was reassuring. Chacherre was presently handed a thousand dollars in small bills, as requested. He insisted upon handing over the money at the window. Insolent assiduity, flung a flourish of contempt at the teller, and swung across the lobby. He was still standing by the entrance when the teller and constable passed him.

Gramont arrived about noon. Behind the garage, in the half-darkened main room sat two men.

"Pretty good, cap'n." Hammond glanced up, then paused.

A stranger was strolling toward them along the alleyway, a jaunty individual who was gaily whistling and who seemed entirely carefree and happy. He appeared to have no interest whatever in them, and Hammond concluded that he was innocuous.

"They got them prints fine, cap'n. What's more, they think they've located the fellow that made 'em."

"Ah, good work!" exclaimed Gramont. "Some criminal?"

Hammond frowned. The stranger had come to a halt a few feet distant, flung them a jerky, careless nod, and was beginning to roll a cigarette. He surveyed the car with a knowing and appreciative eye. Hammond turned his back on the man disdainfully.

"Yep—a sneak thief they'd pinched a couple of years back; didn't know where he was, but the prints seemed to fit him. They'll come up and look things over sometime today, then go after him and land him."

Gramont gave the stranger a glance, but the other was still surveying the car with evident admiration. If he heard their words he gave them no attention.

"Who was the man, then?" asked Gramont.

"A guy with a queer name—Ben Chacherre." Hammond pronounced it as he deemed correct—as the name was spelled. "Only they didn't call him that. Here, I wrote it down."

He fished in his pocket and produced a paper. Gramont glanced at it and laughed.

"Oh, Chacherre!" He gave the name the Creole pronunciation.

"Yep, Sasherry. I expect they'll come any time now—said two bulls would drop in."

"All right." Gramont nodded and turned away, with another glance at the stranger. "I'll not want the car today nor tonight that I know of. I'm not going to the Proteus ball. So your time's your own until tomorrow; make the most of it!"

He disappeared, and Hammond returned to his work. Then he straightened up, for the jaunty stranger was peering down upon him with evident intent to speak.

"Some car you got there, brother!" Ben Chacherre, who had overheard most of the foregoing conversation, lighted his cigarette and grinned familiarly. "Some car, eh? All she needs is some good tires, a new coat of paint, a good steel chassis, and a new engine—"

"Huh?" snorted Hammond. "Say, you 'bo, who sold you chips in this game? Move along!"

Ben grinned anew and rested himself against a nearby telephone pole.

"Free country, ain't it?" he inquired lazily. "Or have you invested your winnings and bought this here alley?"

Hammond reddened with anger and took a step forward. The next words of Chacherre, however, jerked him sharply into self-control.

"Seen anything of an aviator's helmet around here?"

"Huh?" The chauffeur glared at his tormentor, yet with a sudden sick feeling inside his bosom. "Who you kiddin' now?"

"Nobody. I was asking a question, that's all. I was flyin' along here last night in my airplane, and I lost my helmet overboard. Thought maybe you'd seen it. So long, brother!"

Hammond stood staring after the swaggering figure; for once he was speechless. The jaunty words had sent terror thrilling into him. He started impulsively to pursue that impudent accoster—then he checked himself. Had the man guessed something? Had the man known something? Or had those words been only a bit of meaningless impertinence—a chance shaft which had accidentally flown home?

The last conjecture impressed itself on Hammond as being the truth, and his momentary fright died out. He concluded that the incident was not worth mentioning to Gramont, who surely had troubles enough of his own at this juncture. So he held his peace about it.

As for Ben Chacherre, he sauntered from the alley, a careless whistle upon his lips. Once out of Hammond's sight, however, he quickened his pace. Turning into a side street, he directed his step toward that part of the old quarter which, in the days before prohibition, had been given over to low cabarets and dives of various sorts. Coming to one of them, which appeared more dirty and desolate than the rest, Chacherre opened a side door and vanished.

He entered what had once been the Red Cat cabaret. At a table in the half-darkened main room sat two men.

One of them, who was the proprietor, jerked his chin in an invitation to join him.

A man famous in the underworld circles, a man whose renown rested on curious facts and facts, this proprietor; few crooks in the country had not heard the name of Memphis Izzy Gumberts. He was a grizzled old bear now, but in times past he had been the head of a far-flung organization which, on each pay day, covered every army post in the country and diverted into its own pockets about two-thirds of Uncle Sam's payroll—a feat still related in criminal circles as the ne plus ultra of success. Those palmy days were gone, but Memphis Izzy, who had never been "mugged" in any gallery, sat in his deserted cabaret and still did not lack for power and influence.

The man at his side was apparently not anxious to linger, for he rose and made his farewells as Chacherre approached.

"We have about eighteen cars left," he said to Gumberts. "Charley the Goog can attend to them, and the place is safe enough. They're up to you. I'm drifting back to Chi."

"Drift along," and Gumberts nodded, a leer in his eyes. His face was broad, heavy-jawed, filled with a keen and forceful craft. "It's a cinch that nobody in this state is goin' to interfere with us. About them cars from Texas—any news?"

"I've sent orders to bring 'em in next week."

Gumberts nodded again, and the man departed. Into the chair which he had vacated dropped Ben Chacherre, and took from his pocket the money he had obtained at the bank. He laid it on the table before Gumberts.

"There you are," he said. "Amounts you want and all. The boss says to gimme a receipt."

"Wouldn't trust you, eh?" jeered Gumberts. "Why wouldn't the boss leave the money come out of the takin's, hey?"

"Wanted to keep separate accounts," said Chacherre.

Gumberts nodded and produced two large sealed envelopes, which he pushed across the table.

"There's a rakeoff for week before last," he announced. "Last week will be the big business, judgin' from edrly reports."

Chacherre pocketed the envelopes, lighted a cigarette, and leaned forward.

"Say, Izzy! You got to send a new man down to the Bayou Latouche right away. Lafarge was there, you know; a nigger shot him yesterday. The nigger threatened to squeal unless he got his money back—Lafarge was a fool and didn't know how to handle him. The boss says to shoot a new man down there. Also, he says, you'd better watch out about spreadin' the lottery into Texas and Alabama, account of the government ralers."

The heavy features of Gumberts closed in a scowl.

"You tell your boss," he said, "that when it comes to steerin' clear of federal niggers, I don't want no instructions from nobody! I've got every man in this state spotted. Every one that can be fixed is fixed—and that goes for the legislators and politicians clear up the line! Tell your boss to handle the local government as well as I handle other things, and he'll do all that's necessary. What he'd ought to attend to, for one thing, is this here guy who calls himself the Midnight Masquer. I've told him before that this guy was playin' h— with my system! This Masquer gets no protection, see? The quicker Fell goes after him the better for all concerned—"

Chacherre laughed, not without a swaggle.

"We've attended to all that, Izzy—we've dropped on him and settled him!"

Upon this evening of "Fat Tuesday," indeed, both Rex and Comus hold forth. Rex is the popular ball, the affair of the people, and is held in the Athenaeum. From here, about midnight, the king and queen proceed to Comus ball.

Comus is an assembly of such rigid exclusiveness that even the tickets to the gallery are considered social prizes. The personae of the Kreve, on this particular year, as in all previous ones, would remain unknown; there is no unmasking at Comus. This institution, a tremendous social power and potentially a financial power also, during decades of the city's life, is held absolutely above any taint of favoritism or commercialism. Even the families of those concerned might not always be certain whether their sons and brothers belonged to the Kreve of Comus.

Henry Gramont did not attend the ball of Proteus on Monday night. Instead, he sat in his own room, while through the streets of the French quarter outside was raging the carnival at its height. Before him were maps and reports upon the gas and oil fields about Bayou Terrebonne—fields where great domes of natural gas were already located and in use, and where oil was being found in some quantity. Early on Wednesday morning Gramont intended to set forth to his work. He had been engaged to make a report to Bob Maillard's company, and he would make it. Then he would resign his advisory job, and be free. A smile curled his lips as he thought of young Maillard and the company.

"The young gentleman will be sadly surprised to discover that I've gotten out from under—and that his respected father holds my stock!" he reflected. "That was a good deal; I lost a thousand to old Maillard in order to have the balance of thirty thousand!"

A knock at his door interrupted the thread of his thought. Gramont opened, to find the concierge with a note which had been left at the door below by a masked Harlequin, who had then disappeared without awaiting any reply.

Gramont recognized the writing on the envelope, and hastened to the note inside. His face changed, however, as he read it:

"Please call promptly at eleven tomorrow morning. I wish to see you upon a matter of business."

"LUCIE LEDANOIS."

Gramont gazed long at this note, his brows drawn down into a harsh line. It was not like Lucie in its tone, somehow; he sensed something amiss, something vaguely but mostly decidedly out of tune. "Eleven tomorrow morning, eh?" he murmured. "That's queer, too, for she's to be at the Proteus ball tonight. Most girls would not be conducting business affairs at eleven in the morning, after being up all night at Proteus! It must be something important. Besides, she's not in a class with anyone else. She's a rare girl; no nonsense in her—full of a deep, strong sense of things—"

He forced himself from thoughts of Lucie, forced himself from her personality, and returned to his reports with an effort of concentration.

When Gramont went to bed that night it was with a startling and audacious scheme well defined in his brain; a scheme whose first conception seemed ludicrous and impossible, yet which, on second consideration, appeared in a very different light. It deserved serious thought—and Gramont had made his decision before he went to sleep.

The following day was Tuesday—Mardi Gras, Shrove Tuesday, the last day before Lent began, and the final culminating day of carnival. Henry Gramont, however, was destined to find little in its beginning of much personal pleasure.

At eleven in the morning Hammond drove him to the Ledanois home, where Gramont was admitted by one of the colored servants and shown into the parlor. A moment later Lucie herself appeared. At first glance her smiling greeting removed the half-

sensed apprehensions of Gramont. Almost immediately afterward, however, he noted a perceptible change in her manner, as she led him toward the rear of the room, and gestured toward a mahogany tilt-top table which stood in a corner.

"Come over here, please. I have something which I wish to show you."

She needed to say no more. Gramont, following her, found himself staring blankly down at the symbol of consternation which overwhelmed him. For upon that table lay all those boxes which he himself had packed with the loot of the Midnight Masquer—the identical boxes, apparently unopened, which had been stolen from his automobile by the supposed thief, Chacherre!

For a moment Gramont found himself unable to speak. He was thunderstruck by the sight of those unmaskable boxes. A glance at the calm features of the girl showed him that there was nothing to be concealed from her, even had he wished it. He was further stunned by this realization. He could not understand how the packages had come here. Recovering his voice with an effort, he managed to break the heavy silence.

"Well? I suppose you know what is in those parcels?"

She nodded. "Yes. One of them was opened, and the note inside was discovered. Of course, it gave a general explanation. Will you sit down, please? I think that we had better talk it over quietly and calmly."

Gramont obeyed, and dropped into a chair.

He was absurdly conscious of his own confusion. How had Lucie come into the affair? This staggered him above all else. What she behind the theft of the loot? It must be. How long had she suspected him, then? He had thought Jachin Fell the sole danger that this gray-eyed Athene could be tracing down the Masquer! He tried to visualize the situation more clearly and his brain whirled. He knew, of course, that she was fairly intimate with Fell, but he was not aware of any particular connection—

He glanced up at her suddenly, and surprised a glint of laughter in her eyes as she watched him.

"You seem to be rather astonished," she observed.

"I am," Gramont drew a deep breath. "You—do you know that those boxes were taken from my car?"

She nodded again. "Certainly. They were brought to me."

"Then you had someone on my trail?" Gramont flushed a little as he put the question to her.

"No. I have been chosen to settle affairs with you, that is all. It has been learned from the note in the opened box that you were not criminal in what you did."

She leaned forward, her deep eyes searching him with a steady scrutiny.

"Tell me, Henry Gramont, what mad impulse brought you to all this? Was it a silly, boyish effort to be romantic—was it a mere outburst of bravado? It was not for the sake of robbery, as the note explained very clearly. But why, then? Why? There must have been a definite reason in your mind. You would not have taken such dangerous chances unless you had something to gain!"

Gramont nodded slightly. A slight smile touched his lips. "You're not going to send me to prison, I trust?"

"I ought to!" The girl broke into a laugh. "Why, I can hardly yet believe that it was really you who were guilty of those things! It mortified me, it stunned me—until I realized the truth from the note. Even the fact that you did not do it for criminal ends does not relieve the sheer folly of the act. Why did you do it? Come, tell me the truth!"

Gramont shrugged. "The truth? Well, my chauffeur, Hammond, was the original Masquer. I caught him in the act—you remember I told you about him? After taking him into my employ, I became the Masquer."

"Why did you do it?" persisted the girl.

"Call it bravado, my dear Lucie. Call it anything you like—I can't lie to you! I had a motive, and I refuse to admit what it was; that's all."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Not particularly." He smiled. "I had a good end in view, and I accomplished it. Now that I'm all through, now that I've finished playing my little game, you happened to discover it."

"I think you've been very silly," she said with a disconcerting calmness. He regarded her for a moment, steadily. "And you have displayed a fearful lack of judgment!"

"Silly! Well—perhaps. What are you going to do with those boxes?"

"I'll put them in the mail. I'm going downtown for luncheon, and will do it then. They'll be delivered this afternoon."

He nodded. "I had meant to have them delivered tomorrow; it makes no difference. You're the boss. It will give the good people a little more reason for jubilation tonight, eh?"

A sudden laugh broke upon his lips. "I'm beginning to see the humor of it, Lucie—and I know who put you next to me. It was Jachin Fell, the old fox! I suspected that he was on my trail, and I thought that he had managed the theft of those boxes. In fact, I was preparing to give him a big surprise this afternoon. But tell me, Lucie—are you angry?"

She looked at him steadily for a space, then a swift smile leaped to her lips and she extended a pardoning hand. Her gesture and words were impulsive, sincere.

"Angry? No. I think you've some good reason behind it all, which you won't confide to me. I can read you pretty clearly, Henry Gramont; I

think I can understand some things in you. You're no weakling, no romantic, blustering crackbrain. And I like you because you won't lie to me. You've a motive and you refuse to tell it—very well! I'll be just as frank and say that I'm not a bit angry. So, that's settled!"

"Now what was the big surprise that you just mentioned you were going to give poor Mr. Fell this afternoon?"

Gramont's eyes twinkled. "You remember that I thought he suspected me of being the Masquer? Well, I was going to him to propose that we enter business together."

"Oh! As bandits?"

"No, as oil promoters. I'm out of Maillard's company, or shall be out of it soon. The minute I'm out, I'll be free to go into business for myself. It occurred to me that if Jachin Fell had brains enough to run down the Midnight Masquer, he would be a mighty good business partner; because I'm poor on business detail. Also, I think Fell is to be trusted. He's very strong politically. I have found—although few people know it."

"But he's not interested in oil, is he?"

"I don't know; I take for granted that he's interested in making money. Most men are. The only way to make money in oil is to have money—and he has some! I have a little. I can put in twenty-five thousand. With an equal amount from him, we can sink a couple of wells, perhaps three. If we go broke, all right. If we find oil, we're rich!"

"But, my dear Henry, if he knew you to be the Midnight Masquer, do you think he'd want to go into business with you?"

"Why not?" Gramont laughed. "If he knew that I had brains enough to pull off that stunt and keep all New Orleans up in the air—wouldn't I make a good partner? Besides, I believe I have some notion where to go after oil; I'm going to examine your land first—"

"My good prince, you surely have no lack of audacity!" She broke into a peal of laughter. "Your argument about inducing Mr. Fell to go into business with you is naive—"

"But, as an argument, isn't it quite sound?"

"Possibly. Since it is Lucie Ledanois and not Jachin Fell who has brought you to a confession of your crimes against society—arent you going to propose that she go into business with you? Doesn't the argument hold good with her?"

"No. Oil is no woman's game, unless she can well afford to lose. I imagine that you cannot, Lucie."

"You're right, I can't put in any money. I'm land poor. Unless I were

to sell that Bayou Terrebonne land—it's an old farm, abandoned since before father died—"

"Don't sell it!" he exclaimed, quickly. "Don't consider any dealings with it until I have looked it over, will you?"

"Since you ask it, no. If there's gas near by, there must be oil."

"Who knows?" he shrugged. "No one can predict oil."

"Then you still mean to go to Jachin Fell with your scheme?"

Gramont nodded. "Yes. See here, Lucie—it's about noon! Suppose you come along and lunch with me at the Louisiana, if you've no engagement. We can put those boxes in the mail en route, and after luncheon I'll try and get hold of Fell."

She put her head on one side and studied him reflectively.

"You're sure you'll not kidnap me or anything like that? It's risky to become a friend of hardened criminals, even if one is trying to uplift them."

"Good! You'll come?"

"If you can give me ten minutes—"

"My dear Lucie, you are the most charming object in New Orleans at this minute! Why attempt to make yourself still more attractive? Gilding the lily is an impossible task."

"Well, wait for me. Is your car here? Good! I want to see Hammond's face when he sees us carrying out those boxes."

Laughing, the girl started toward the stairs. At the doorway she paused.

"One thing, M. le prince! Do you solemnly promise, upon your honor, that the Midnight Masquer is dead forever?"

"Upon my honor!" said Gramont, seriously. "The farce is ended, Lucie."

"All right. I'll be right down. Smoke if you like—"

(Continued Next Week)



"Go to the Devil, Then," Snapped Chacherre, and Turned Away.

calabash that you are! Do you not know me?"

"Heaven preserve me! I will not answer for your accused checks."

"Go to the devil, then," snapped Chacherre, and turned away.

His roving eyes had already found the correct window by means of the other persons seeking it, and now he stepped into the small queue that had formed. When it came his turn, he slid his check across the marble slab, tucked his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, and impudently stared into the questioning, coldly repellent eyes of the teller.

"Well?" he exclaimed, as the teller examined the check. "Do you wish to rent it, that you sniff so hard?"

The teller gave him a glance. "This is for a thousand dollars—"

"Can I not rent?" said Chacherre, with an impudent gesture. "Am I an ignorant 'Caljun'? Have I not eyes of my head? If you wish to start an argument, say that the check is for a hundred dollars. Then, by heaven, I will argue something with you!"

"You are Ben Chacherre, eh? Does anyone here know you?"

Chacherre exploded in a violent oath. "Dolt that you are, I have to be known when the check is indorsed under my signature? Who taught you business, monkey?"

"True," answered the teller sulkily. "Yet the amount—"

"Oh, bah!" Chacherre snapped his fingers. "Go and telephone Jachin Fell, you old woman. Go and tell him you do not know his signature—well, who are you looking at? Am I a telephone, then? You are not hired to look but to get about it."

The enraged and scandalized teller beckoned a constable. Jachin Fell was telephoned. Probably his response was reassuring. Chacherre was presently handed a thousand dollars in small bills, as requested. He insisted upon handing over the money at the window. Insolent assiduity, flung a flourish of contempt at the teller, and swung across the lobby. He was still standing by the entrance when the teller and constable passed him.

Gramont arrived about noon. Behind the garage, in the half-darkened main room sat two men.

"Pretty good, cap'n." Hammond glanced up, then paused.

A stranger was strolling toward them along the alleyway, a jaunty individual who was gaily whistling and who seemed entirely carefree and happy. He appeared to have no interest whatever in them, and Hammond concluded that he was innocuous.

"They got them prints fine, cap'n. What's more, they think they've located the fellow that made 'em."

"Ah, good work!" exclaimed Gramont. "Some criminal?"

Hammond frowned. The stranger had come to a halt a few feet distant, flung them a jerky, careless nod, and was beginning to roll a cigarette. He surveyed the car with a knowing and appreciative eye. Hammond turned his back on the man disdainfully.

"Yep—a sneak thief they'd pinched a couple of years back; didn't know where he was, but the prints seemed to fit him. They'll come up and look things over sometime today, then go after him and land him."

Gramont gave the stranger a glance, but the other was still surveying the car with evident admiration. If he heard their words he gave them no attention.

"Who was the man, then?" asked Gramont.

"A guy with a queer name—Ben Chacherre." Hammond pronounced it as he deemed correct—as the name was spelled. "Only they didn't call him that. Here, I wrote it down."