

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

WOMAN JUMPS FROM TRAIN AT GOLDTHWAITE

Goldthwaite, Tex., Sept. 8.—An unidentified woman jumped from the window of Santa Fe train No. 91 close to here tonight, about 8:00 o'clock, receiving, among other injuries a fractured skull. Her hand bag and grip had been thrown out before jumping from the window. A young man sitting behind her said he saw her jump from the window. She had boarded the train at Belton and was en route to Lubbock.

As she had thrown away all that might serve to identify her, except an envelope that was found later, she was taken to Temple on train No. 92 and taken to a hospital. The envelope that was found was addressed to R. B. Evans, Route 4, Box 49, Belton, Texas, and was sent from Atlanta, Ga., dated July 17, and inside of the envelope was the name, Mrs. Mary Evans.

Railroad officials made every effort last night to discover the identity of the woman. A man was sent to the address near Belton to see if the person to whom the letter was addressed could give him any assistance. At a late hour last night she had not been identified.

Young Woman Yet Unconscious.

Mrs. Roy Evans, who was seriously injured Friday night when she jumped from the westbound Santa Fe No. 91 near Goldthwaite, was in a critical condition in a local surgical institution last night, having been unconscious since she was brought here early yesterday morning.

Attendant physicians said that while her condition is quite critical and her recovery is uncertain, it is not believed that she suffered a fractured skull as it was at first reported. Besides the contusion, or possibly fracture, of the skull, she is suffering from a badly bruised left eye and bruises of the left hip and shoulder. It was also said that it is possible that her left side is paralyzed.—Temple Telegram, Sept. 9th.

Belton, Sept. 9.—The woman who is said to have jumped from a window of the westbound Santa Fe near Goldthwaite last night was identified at a Temple hospital this morning as Mrs. Roy Evans by relatives who live here.

Mrs. Evans formerly lived in Cleburne but she and her husband had moved to Slaton near Lubbock recently. Mr. Evans being employed as time-keeper by the Santa Fe railroad there. She was Miss May Adams of

Sugarland prior to her marriage and is a daughter-in-law of Mrs. John Evans, whom she had been visiting in this city.

BRADY BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION COMPLETES SECOND BUILDING LOAN

The Brady Building & Loan association has just completed its second building loan to a member of the association the directors on last Friday having approved the application of J. A. Holton for a loan. This assures another modern bungalow home in Brady, as Mr. Holton has already let a contract to A. D. Wright for the erection of a residence on his lots in the Crothers & White addition, one block west of the Wiley Walker residence.

Mr. Holton was one of the first to join the Brady Building & Loan association, as well as one of the first to make application for a loan. Incidentally, he also was the first to take advantage of the generous offer of Mr. G. R. White of two lots free to the first Building & Loan association member who would build a home of \$3,000 value or better out of the association funds. Mr. Holton selected two choice lots in the Crothers & White addition.

The new residence will be 28x50 ft. in dimension, and will comprise five rooms and breakfast room and bath, with a comfortable front porch. The design is entirely modern, and the new residence will form a most attractive addition to this already popular residence section.

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.

Ink Pads of various sizes and colors. The Brady Standard.

HOLD COTTON FOR BETTER PRICES, IS ADVICE TO GROWERS IN TEXAS

STATE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE SAYS CONDITIONS JUSTIFY 30c COTTON—APPEAL TO NOT FORCE ALL COTTON UPON A DECLINING MARKET.

Austin, Sept. 10.—In a statement issued by George B. Terrell, State commissioner of agriculture, he reviews the cotton situation and appeals to farmers and business men not to force cotton upon the market. He insists that conditions justify 30c cotton at the present time. He said: "I do not advise, I give facts and sensible men ought to reach sensible conclusions. The cotton crop this year, as estimated by the Government in the report of September 1, indicates a yield of 10,575,000 bales. The Texas crop is estimated at 3,644,000 bales, which I believe to be one million bales too high. The reports furnished my office from reliable men in all parts of the State indicate a crop of 2,462,400, as compared with a crop of 2,179,145 last year."

Spot Market Too Low.
The average cost of producing this cotton crop is estimated to be 22 cents per pound. The spot market is below this price now, and cotton has lost more than \$5 per bale in the last few days, caused by the rapid gathering and selling of the Texas crop.

This crop is several million bales short of the world's needs, and every consideration justifies a price of 30 cents. I appeal to the farmers, merchants and bankers not to force all the cotton upon a declining market, causing lower prices, and the loss of millions of dollars so badly needed to pay the farmers' debts and revive the business of the country.

The total crop of the South last year was 8,039,673 bales. The domestic consumption and exports for the year just closed are 11,799,331 bales, or nearly 4,000,000 bales more than was produced last year. The big surplus of 1920 is practically

used up. The crop this year will possibly not reach 10,000,000 bales, or nearly 2,000,000 bales less than consumption this year.

Would Force Better Price.
Nothing could keep the price of cotton from going to 30 cents if it were not dumped upon the market as fast as picked. Don't take my word for it. Consider the facts I have given and take the word of P. H. Naughton, a cotton manufacturer, as published in the Daily News Record of New York. He says: "The world's annual requirement consumption of cotton is 20,000,000 bales. This quantity of cotton cannot be produced today from the cotton growing countries of the world. A liberal estimate of the world's cotton crop for 1922 would be about 15,500,000 bales. The United States will produce about 9,000,000 bales. With all due respect to Mr. Wallace, United States Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, and his various theoretical bureaus, issu-

ing kaleidoscopic estimates for Wall Street—fluctuating, liquidating, profit-taking—erroneous big crop estimates emanating from Washington are prejudicial and a deterrent factor in the dry goods business.

The legitimate business in dry goods is halted by 'crying big crop of cotton, lower prices.'

Crops Generally Poor.
All cotton growing countries indicate poor crops—cotton famine is inevitable. The whole world wants cotton. The world is hungry for cotton goods. Middling cotton will sell at 30 cents before the beautiful snow flies."

In view of these undisputed facts, it seems to me that the business interests of Texas and the South, which must depend upon cotton for existence could not afford to force this crop upon the market at prices less than cost, causing a loss of millions of dollars to the farmers, and all interests dependent upon the cotton crop. As soon as pressing debts are paid, all interests should unite to stop the rapid sale of cotton, and the price would reach 30 cents in 30 days if the sale of cotton could be stopped that long.

RAIN AND FIRST NORTHER OF SEASON SUNDAY BREAKS CONTINUED TORRID SPELL

The torrid spell of weather, which has continued for the past four weeks or more with apparently increasing force, was finally broken on last Saturday night when a refreshing shower visited Brady and extended over a section of the county. The first downpour was followed by a heavier and far more extensive rain Sunday morning around about 11 o'clock. This downpour was particularly heavy in the Broadmoor and Lohn section, where in some places the precipitation was estimated as around 1½ inches. The rain appears to have covered an extensive scope of country north, northwest and southwest of Brady, good rains being reported at Fife, Lohn, Broadmoor, Calf Creek and down into Menard county.

Sunday afternoon a brisk norther blew up, and resulted in a drop in temperature, both Sunday and Monday nights being crispy cool.

While the rain was heavy and put out needed stock water in spots, upon the whole, the effect of the rainfall quickly disappeared by reason of the parched earth, and no material damage resulted to cotton.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank all my good friends and supporters for their encouragement and liberal vote in both the July primary and the August run-off. I also wish to assure all the citizens that I have none but the best feeling towards all, and hope to give you service as Commissioner of Precinct No. 4, such as will merit your confidence and approval.

H. H. KNIGHT.

Buy WALK-OVER SHOES—and you know you get your money's worth—the old Reliable Shoe. KIRK, of Course. Nuff-Sed.

BRADY SCHOOLS OPEN—1/3 GREATER ATTENDANCE

The Brady schools opened most auspiciously Monday morning and everything points to one of the most successful school years had yet. All records promise to be broken in the way of attendance, judging from the opening enrollment, the high school department showing an increase of 33.1-3% in attendance over the opening enrollment last year. The number of high school pupils enrolled Monday was 122, as compared with 87 last year. Not all the pupils have so far been enrolled in the grade school, but within the next few weeks all grades will, in all probability, be filled to overflowing.

The Brady high school opens under very favorable conditions, everything considered. Part of the auditorium has been cut off to make class room, and the study hall is not half large enough for the students. The large enrollment results largely from the number of students who have come here from other schools, attracted by the numerous advantages the Brady schools offer. The crowded condition of the school cannot be relieved until the completion of the new high school building, but in the interim, the pupils and teachers are making the best of the situation and a year full of good educational progress is assured.

Under the leadership of Mr. Hervey L. Hart, teacher of Science, and director of Athletics, Brady high is expecting one of the best foot ball teams this season it has ever boasted. Mr. Hart is a three-letter man, was captain of the foot ball team at Daniel Baker college, and has been under the best coaches in the United States and France. He was a member of the all-star foot ball team in France, recruited from among the marines. Under his efficient coaching, the local team is certain to develop into one of the most formidable in this section. Several games are already matched, and the opening game of the season will be had sometime along the latter part of this month.

Couldn't Swim.

Two negroes were taken by a mob to a railroad bridge where they were to be hanged.

The rope was tied about the first one's neck and he was pushed off the bridge. But the knot slipped, the negro fell into the water and swam ashore.

When the knot was being tied around the other negro's neck he turned pleadingly to his executioners and said:

"For de Lord's sake, gentlemen, tie dis rope tight, case I can't swim."

The Remaining Danger.

"Are you going any farther West?" "I planned so," said the foreign visitor. "Is there any danger from Indians?"

"Not if you keep out of the way of their motor cars."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Matco Trailer



One Bale Seed Cotton Each Trip. How many Trips Each Day?

They Stand Up

2,000 lbs. capacity **\$150.00**
Special Sale Price **\$100.00**

F. R. Wulff Motor Co.
Phone 30 Brady, Texas

MOVED!

I have moved from the Syndicate Building to my new quarters—

New Gibbons Building

East Side Square—

where I cordially invite the public to visit me, and inspect my new and large stock of Variety Goods.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS HERE

J. W. TOWNSEND, Prop.

TOWNSEND'S Variety Store

ROCHELLE VOTES SCHOOL BONDS IN SUM OF \$12,000

Rochelle voted stronger than ever in favor of bonds for school improvements in the election held last Saturday, when but one opposing vote was cast on the proposition. The election was held for the purpose of voting on \$12,000 school bonds in denominations of \$1,000 each, and the interest rate not to exceed 6%. Early in the year Rochelle voted on the same proposition, which carried by the remarkable vote of 94 to 6. However, on account of the bonds being in too small denominations, there was no sale for the same, and so it was decided to cancel the bonds and vote the issue over. On account of it being a foregone conclusion that the issue would carry, and the further fact that everyone was busy, the

vote was light, but the majority in favor of the issue was all the more decisive.

The Rochelle school board is now spending approximately \$2,000 in replastering and repairing the present school building, erected in 1910. The auditorium of the school building has been cut into two class rooms, and it is the purpose of the board to provide more class rooms and also to give the pupils an auditorium. Whether to build an addition to the present building or to build another school building has not been fully decided upon but whatever course is taken, will be to assure the pupils of ample school room and splendid school facilities.

For Pure Kasch Pedigreed Cotton Seed, place orders with R. E. WILLIAMS, Brady.

My credit is gone, none to let—strictly cash only, from this minute on. J. F. SCHAEG.

Read it in The Standard

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DEY TELLS ME A FOOL EN HE MONEY SOON PAHED, BUT SHUCKS! HE DON' HATTER BE NO FOOL--ME EN MAH MONEY DOES IT, TOO!



New Millinery Quarters in Gibbons Building

MOVED! I take pleasure in advising all my friends and patrons that I am now located on the deck of the R. Wilensky store in the new Gibbons building, northeast corner square, and of extending all a cordial invitation to visit me.

My new quarters are pleasant and comfortable and enable a splendid display of the newest and most attractive millinery styles.

A Visit Will be Appreciated

Mrs. W. M. Bauhof

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.

The management assumes no responsibility for any indebtedness incurred by any employee, unless upon the written order of the editor.

BRADY, TEXAS, Sept. 12, 1922

HONEST INJUN.

That rain was a Million Dollar Dust Settler!

BETTER BUSINESS FOR BRADY.

At the last meeting of the Brady Luncheon club, the theme for discussion among the members was "How to Make Better Business for Brady." Needless to say, in the round-table talk, there were advanced many good thoughts and ideas. Chief among these, was to get a spirit of closer co-operation among the citizens of town and country, whose interests merge into one common point. As the country advances, the town grows; as the town grows, the country is afforded better markets, greater opportunities, better service. Brady is the center of a great and wonderful trade territory, and it is to her interest to see this trade territory developed. To encourage more poultry, more cows, more sows. To provide better markets—in fact, the best markets of any town in this section.

Still another thought advanced was that Brady should have a marketing, or trades day once a month. A day on which every merchant offers special inducements in one or more lines, and which will result in making it to every one's interest to come to Brady on these days. There is nothing that will unite town and country together more than these trade days, on which farmers may bring their products here, assured that there will be buyers and a ready market here, while the merchants may look forward to getting in touch with the citizens of the rural districts and learning their needs and requirements.

The coming McCulloch County Exhibit promises one such great occasion, and no one can deny that the exhibit held here two years ago proved a great event for town and country alike. But there is every reason why these big get-together events should be had oftener than once a year or once every two years. Let's have them once every month and watch the good results.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It is rumored that Mr. De Valera has on several occasions eluded capture by disguising himself as an Irishman.—Punch.

It may be some time before the country is in a stable condition, but it has at least reached a garage condition.—New York Evening Mail.

In this country sapient editorial comment on Chinese affairs has reference chiefly to the rising and setting of Dr. Sun.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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- To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.50 per year
- SIX MONTHS \$1.25
- THREE MONTHS 75c
- Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, per copy, straight.

The ATHENS of SOUTH AMERICA



Primate Cathedral of Colombia in Bogota.

THE name with which Licenciadu don Gonzalo Jimenez de Quesada and his warring hosts christened the Andean plateau was Santa Fe. To that nobleman nothing seemed more fitting than to give to the land he had discovered the name of his birthplace—that classic Santa Fe founded upon royal command of Ferdinand and Isabella opposite the heretic Mohammedans who aroused the jealousy and resentment of the Spanish by their fiestas and tournaments, the valor of their sons, the Moorish beauty of their women, and the unequalled romance of their arched windows, stone lacework, and balconies adorned by expert goldsmiths.

And what a thrill the conquistador must have felt, yet what homesickness must have awakened within him as he gazed upon a plain watched over by two somber hills, so like that of his own land, with the Moorish Granada guarding the Castilian city, writes W. F. Anzola Samper in the Bulletin of the Pan American Union. But the Valley of Castles (Valle de los Alcázares), the Teusaquillo or recreation spot of Zipa de Bacata, its rightful possessor, was renamed by the new lords in mail and gorget. Bacata fled, abandoning his dominion, to die in the heart of the forest, never knowing that after centuries justice should be paid him; that the "very noble and loyal city" should bear his name, slightly modified, as decreed by the Emperor Charles V in 1540. On December 3, 1548, it was given a coat of arms portraying a black eagle on a gold field, with an open pomegranate in each claw, and bordered by golden branches on a blue field.

Old and New Are Mingled.
 Bogota, the intellectual and cultured capital city, molder of thought, home of savants and thinkers, is a metropolis which, while offering to the tourist no startling display of New York or Parisian skyscrapers, boulevards or Broadways, claims attention by reason of the gifts with which nature endowed it. Spring is there eternal; the climate is ideal; the fertility of the soil surrounding is extraordinary.

Bogota conserves vestiges of her colonial period. Over the portals of rambling old houses which defied the ages are to be seen coats of arms. The century-old churches, venerable relics of the past, guard beneath panels of gold and costly wood collections of masterly paintings; Byzantine cornices of arabesque designs about the granite pilasters which support arches, and under dais of wrought gold and silver the choir lofts are to be seen; long spiral staircases, massive towers, and belfry spires stand out against the clear sky, just as they did centuries ago.

On the other hand, the tendency toward twentieth century building is irresistible, and the most up-to-date talent is displayed in the erection of luxurious homes or public buildings in Bogota today.

The national capital situated on the southern side of the Plaza de Bolivar, resembles the Church of the Madeleine in Paris, and is considered one of the best stone edifices in South America.

Along the entire western side of the plaza extends buildings uniformly of pure French style, and along the northern side modern buildings occupied by banks and commercial houses; the eastern side is occupied by the cathedral, a massive structure, the towers of which rise 30 meters, and some few old houses.

In the heart of the plaza there is a small park which attracts notice principally because of the statue of Bol-

BAND BOYS GIVE CONCERT IN HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM AT MENARD

The Brady band boys went to Menard on last Sunday, as announced last week, for the purpose of making a neighborly visit and to give the Menardites an opportunity to see what a splendid musical organization Brady boasted. While all the band boys failed to make the trip through, yet those that did, rendered a very enjoyable program at the high school auditorium, which was fully appreciated by the Menard citizens. Incidentally, Messrs. W. D. Cargill, secretary of the Brady Chamber of Commerce, and George E. Ehlinger, demonstration agent took opportunity to tell the Menard citizens of the McCulloch County Co-Operative Exhibit next month, and to extend to them a cordial invitation to come and visit us on that big two-days' occasion.

Members of the band who drove to Menard during the morning, encountered a series of rains on the trip, and at least four cars turned back at Hext for fear the increasingly muddy roads would prevent their ever making it through to Menard. One of the cars was stalled in a gully, and had difficulty in making it out. The rain, it is said, extended from this side of Calf Creek to a mile beyond Hext.

Now's the time to get out your last Winter's Suit or Dress and have it put into shape for the cool weather. Just phone, bring or send them to KIRK, The Tailor, Nuf-Sed.

Bride's books make an appreciated and unusual gift. See our stock. The Brady Standard.

CLASSIFIED ADS
 The Standard's Jassy-Fl-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion, with a minimum charge of 25c. Count the words in your ad and remit accordingly. Terms cash, unless you have a ledger account with us.

LOST
 LOST—At post office or Baptist church, a class pin in shape of harp, with H. P. C. '19 on it. Finder notify Pinkie Jones and receive reward.

LOST
 LOST—Black Traveling Bag Saturday evening between Brownwood and Brady or Brady and Menard. \$5.00 reward for return to Brady Standard office, or Miss Pauline Evans, Menard, Texas.

LOST
 LOST—Commercial check book containing cotton ticket with L. C. Taylor's name, and \$1 bill. Lost between Spiller Grain Co. and 5 1/2 miles north on Santa Anna road. Return to PETE CAMPBELL. Reward.

WANTED
 WANTED—Good second-hand wagon. Will pay cash. Call at Standard office.

FOR RENT
 FOR RENT—Unfurnished rooms. See A. R. HOOPER.

FOR RENT
 FOR RENT—Furnished room with east entrance. Phone 190.

FOR SALE
 FOR SALE—Five-room house two blocks south of Central school. F. R. WULFF.

FOR SALE or Rent
 House and 2 lots east of standpipe. Terms very reasonable. See J. A. TEMPLE.

FOR SALE
 My home; 1 Winchester Pump Gun, \$25; 1 Corona Typewriter, used 3 months, \$35. G. C. KIRK.

FOR SALE
 Oakland automobile, 1920 model; good condition. See Brady Auto Co. or R. L. Richter, Waldrip.

FOR SALE
 200 young Rambouillet Bucks, registered and pure-bred. W. O. SHULTZ, Paint Rock, Texas.

FOR SALE
 Ford truck with pneumatic tires; also a few second-hand cars, all in good condition. BRADY AUTO CO.

AJAX
BLACK TREAD TIRES
 With New Features
CORD-ROAD KING-PARAGON
 Supreme in Appearance, Mileage, and Non-Skid Security
 W. M. MURPHY FILLING STATION
 Brady

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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

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

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

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 Our Practice Embraces Osteopathy, Chiropractics and Swedish Massage.
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 Special attention to land titles. General practice in all the courts. Office over Brady Nat'l Bank, Brady, Texas

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 Office in Court House

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

IN BANKRUPTCY—No. 883.
 In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Texas, At Austin. In the matter of SAM WIL-ENSKY, Bankrupt.
 To the Creditors of Said Bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given that the trustees of the above estate has been ordered to sell the stock of merchandise, consisting of groceries and grocery sundries, dry goods, fixtures, and notes and accounts belonging to the above estate at the former place of business of the bankrupt at Brady in McCulloch County, Texas, between the hours of 10:00 a. m. and 4:00 o'clock p. m., on Tuesday, September 19, 1922, and that report of such sale will be heard and passed upon by me at my office at Austin in Travis County, Texas, on Thursday, September 21, 1922, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time all persons interested may appear and be heard for and against the approval of same.

D. K. WOODWARD, JR.,
 Referee in Bankruptcy.
 Austin, Texas, Sept. 5, 1922.

If you want more milk from your cows, feed Polka Dot Dairy feed. MACY & CO. Phone 295.

KILL SCREW WORMS.
 Heal Wounds and keep off Flies with "MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER." In handy squirt top cans. More for your money and your money back if you want it. Ask Trigg Drug Co.

Notice the ladies that wear the WELDREST Hose—the kind with a big, wide seam all the way down to the heel. Get them at KIRK'S. Nuf-Sed.

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

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
 NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY.
 Our new telephone directory will go to press on or about September 25th. Anyone wanting advertising space reserved, listing changed, or new telephone installed, will please let us have your order before the above date.
 WEST TEX. TEL. CO.,
 J. B. Whiteman, Mgr.

MAMMOTH FALL OPENING SALE

BEGINING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th

See Our Big Circular for Particulars

Dry Goods

C. H. VINCENT

South Side

PERSONAL MENTION

R. K. Finlay, Jr., was in from Five this morning and reported a very good rain Sunday out his way, with some stock water put out.

Mrs. Chas. Tupman returned Saturday from a three-months visit in Indiana and Ohio, where she has been spending the summer very enjoyably on a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Gordon B. Deaver and daughter, Miss Cleone, left Saturday for Kerrville, where they joined Mr. Deaver in making their home. Mr. Deaver is employed in a barber shop at that place.

Lewis McCoy, who has been spending the summer here with his grandmother, Mrs. J. L. Jordan, has returned to Waco, where he will graduate this year from the Waco high school. Incidentally he is taking up a special course in architecture, and upon completion of his high school course, he hopes to further qualify himself in his chosen profession through a course at A. & M.

Miss Dorothy Wood arrived Sunday from Cherokee to join her father, D. J. Wood, superintendent of the Brady compress, and incidentally to be here in time for the opening of school. The household effects of the family are being shipped from Cherokee here, and Mrs. Wood will arrive in Brady next Sunday. Brady friends will be delighted to again have this excellent family numbered as permanent residents of Brady.

Buy PHOENIX Hose and you know that you are getting the best. A new shipment at KIRK'S. Nuf-Sed.

If I have overlooked any accounts of City Steam Laundry, or D. Selvidge up to 9-9-22, please mail me statement at Abilene, Texas. Gen. Del. D. SELVIDGE.

When you buy Phoenix Hose, you know you double the wear of most any hose. The only place to get them is at Kirk's. Nuf-Sed.

Well Rather!

"If a woman had any other friend as candid as her mirror—"

"Yes?"

"Well they would mighty soon cease to be a friend—that's all."

Phone 295 for Polka Dot Dairy Feed, the properly balanced ration that increases the milk production and makes your cows healthy. MACY & CO.

The Retort Crushing.

Traffic Cop—"Say, you! Didn't you see me wave at you?"

Mirandy—"Yes, you fresh thing, and if Henry were here he'd paste you one for it."—Sun Dodger.

Boys! See those Suits at KIRK'S—the best prices you have had for some time! From \$25.00 to \$45.00—all wool. Don't fail to see them before you buy. Nuf-Sed.

Macy & Co. handles the famous Polka Dot Dairy Feed. Guaranteed to give better results than any other feed on the market. Phone 295.

Close Friends.

"You bore me," said the cork to the corkscrew.

"Never mind, I have gotten you of a pretty tight place."

What's the Answer.

The Minister—"Now that we have finished our little study hour, is there any bright infant who would like to put a question?"

Tim, the Terror—"I'd like to know if you have on pants under that nightgown."

String Tags, Shipping Tags, Linen Tags, Brass Eyelet Tags, Marking Tags—whatever your Tag wants, we can supply you. The Brady Standard.

GIBBONS BUILDING NOW PRACTICALLY COMPLETED AND IS BEING OCCUPIED

Plate glass for the front of the Gibbons building, which had been delayed in shipment, was finally received the latter part of last week, and its installation practically completed the construction work on Brady's newest addition to her business blocks. The handsome two-story structure, with its ornamental brick facing, and modern plate glass front, forms an important link in the chain of Brady's modern business houses, and Mr. Gibbons is to be congratulated upon his having given Brady so splendid a building.

Completion of the building was followed by its immediate occupancy, R. Wilensky moving into the corner store building, and Townsend's Variety store occupying the store building adjoining. Mrs. W. M. Bauhof also is moving to the corner building and will have most attractive millinery quarters on the deck in the rear of the building.

The new R. Wilensky store will be a most attractive addition to the east side of the square. Two large show windows on the west and north sides give ample opportunity for displays, while the interior shelving and cabinets are especially arranged so as to combine service, protection and incidentally afford good display.

Mr. Wilensky retains a lease until the first of the year on his old quarters on the west side of the square, and will continue his store there until the end of the year, with Miss Bessie Rice in charge. The large stock is being divided, so that both the new store on the east side and the original store on the west side, will have complete stocks to offer customers.

Mrs. Bauhof's quarters on the deck are most admirably suited for her millinery department, having three windows, which afford ample light and ventilation, and the floor space being ample to enable a most attractive display and showing of her hats.

In its new quarters the Townsend Variety store looks entirely at home once more, as it has for many years been located adjoining its present stand, and Mr. Townsend is delighted to be back there once more—and all the more because he has so comfortable and attractive quarters. Mr. Townsend's counters and shelving, with which he equipped his temporary quarters in the Syndicate building, were built with special view to installing them in the new building, and so they are admirably suited for their present use and requirements.

Finishing touches are now being placed on the office quarters on the second floor, with the new tenants anxiously awaiting their completion, so they, too, may move to and comfortably install themselves in their attractive new quarters.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The unrest of Russia still threatens the rest of Europe.—Washington Post.

What we need is a system that can fuel all the people all the time.—Columbia Record.

France is evidently convinced that across the Rhine lies Germany.—Washington Post.

FOR POULTRY INSECTS

That suck Blood, such as Blue Bugs, Mites, Fleas, etc., simply feed "MARTIN'S BLUE BUG REMEDY" to your chickens. Kill insects in home and hen house with "MARTIN'S LIQUID BUG SPRAY." Guaranteed by Trigg Drug Co.

Now's the time to get rid of that old straw and get into a New Stetson. New shipment at KIRK'S just arrived! Get yours while I have your size. Nuf-Sed.

WEDDING BELLS.

Davis-Steelhammer.

The marriage of Mr. T. R. Steelhammer and Miss Fay Davis was quietly celebrated at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the home of the bride, and with the Rev. Dunn officiating. Only a few relatives were in attendance. The groom is one of Brady's popular young men, a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Steelhammer and has made his home here practically all his life. For a time he was at Marlin, where he was employed in the Conley garage as mechanic, but for the past several years he has made his home in Brady again, and is now a valued employe of the Mann-Ricks Auto Company. His bride is a most charming and attractive young lady, and is a daughter of Mrs. Frank Bennett. Both are popular in a wide circle of friends, all of whom join in extending to them every good wish for their future happiness.

Stobaugh-Jones.

A wedding of interest to a host of admiring friends was celebrated at the Methodist church at 8:30 o'clock on last Saturday night when the Rev. S. C. Dunn spoke the words that united for better or for worse Mr. Will Allen Jones and Miss Erin Stobaugh. Accompanying the couple were Misses Fannie Jones, sister of the groom, and Miss Monita Stobaugh, sister of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are popular members of the young folks set in Brady, and number their friends by their acquaintances. He is a son of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Jones, and is strictly a Brady product. For several years past he has been a valued employe of the Mann Bros. & Holton establishment. Of quiet, yet congenial disposition, he has proven himself a young man of sterling worth and ability, and one who is deserving of the prize he has won. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stobaugh of this city, coming here from San Saba with her parents the early part of last year. She is possessed of charm and graces that at once endear her to all, and since coming here, she has formed a large circle of admiring friends.

In their journey through life, Mr. and Mrs. Jones have the best wishes of all their many friends for every joy and happiness that life holds forth.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

Professor Dallas L. Sharpe, of Boston University, will enter the race in Massachusetts for the United States Senate in September. He has declared himself out and out for the Eighteenth Amendment and opposed to light wines and beer. He believes that great moral issues belong to no party and that Christian men must come out and be willing to stand up for what the church advocates.

The cost of warming the famous zoo established by the kaiser in Berlin, is too expensive and unless private funds are forthcoming it will close October 1st. This zoo is regarded as the best in the world. It once contained 1,500 species of animals.

Each citizen of the United States should receive an average of 112 letters each year, according to the post office officials.

China plans to adopt a constitution similar to that of the United States. Each province is to maintain its own assembly which will comply with the demands of the southern provinces for provincial autonomy.

Millions of grasshoppers recently passed over Sheridan, Wyoming, in such a dense mass that when seen against the sun they looked like a mass of cotton. For over three hours they clouded the sky.

Large Assortment of Memo and Day Books at The Brady Standard.

LOCAL BRIEFS

M. C. Bingham was in from the Calf Creek community Monday to get his name on The Brady Standard list. Mr. Bingham says the several showers had out his way have been of material aid to late cotton, although they did not benefit early cotton. He expects his crop to run about a quarter bale to the acre. His corn was especially good this year, as was also his maize.

J. O. Trussell was in Brady from Rochelle on business Monday. Mr. Trussell is highly pleased with the prospects for a splendid school at Rochelle this year, and he is more than pleased with the way the Rochelle people are behind their school. The repairs on the school building have been temporarily held up by lack of material, but should soon be completed. With the \$12,000 bonds voted Saturday, Mr. Trussell feels that adequate school room and facilities will be had to make the Rochelle schools one of the top-notchers in this section. Mr. Trussell says he is looking for Rochelle to have a splendid display at the county exhibit next month and that there is growing interest over the affair throughout the Rochelle section.

C. A. Jacobson was in Brady Saturday and reported that his sons, Albin and Frithiof Jacobson, who have been farming near Kenedy the past two years, had decided that there is no place like Old McCulloch and were preparing to return here and again make their home near Brady. The crops at Kenedy were very short this year and the boys were thoroughly discouraged with the results of their farming in that section. Their share of the crops off the land they had rented was so small that one of them scarcely realized \$200 for his year's work. The father-in-law, Mr. Vickery, also plans to sell out and come here with them. The boys are expected in some time this week, and will help Mr. Jacobson with his crop.

E. B. Ramsay is this week enjoying a visit from his son, R. E. Ramsay, and wife and also his daughter, Mrs. B. F. Sherman, who with Mr. Sherman and their daughter, Miss Bertha, arrived here last Friday from Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman and daughter came from Los Angeles by rail, via Salt Lake City and Denver, and while Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay were rejoicing over their coming, they heard a familiar honk outside and looking out beheld Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Ramsay who had just driven in, having made the long trip via Needles and New Mexico in their auto. They report a most enjoyable trip, and while they found the weather extremely hot here, the rain and norther speedily remedied that and they now contemplate a most enjoyable stay. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay are taking their guests down on the San Saba river to enjoy some of our superior fishing and camping.

With the starting of day
and the parting with play



TWO MEMORABLE TIMES
daily
IN THE LIVES OF ALL KIDDIES
the dawn
OF A NEW DAY
the close
OF JOYOUS PLAY
the day starts
WITH BREAKFAST
fill the bowl
FULL
of wholesome, delicious
POST TOASTIES
with cold milk or cream
AND EAT AND EAT
and smile and laugh
AND EAT!
aren't they great—
THESE CRISP, GOLDEN FLAKES
of full-ripened corn?
AND WITH THE SETTING SUN
and the parting of play
BEFORE BED-TIME
another heaping bowl-full
OF EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE
Post Toasties
AND MILK OR CREAM!
easy to digest
ENERGY-BUILDING NOURISHMENT
a healthful food
AN IDEAL
bed-time dish
THAT EVERY CHILD ENJOYS
and readily eats
ONLY BE SURE
to get the yellow and red package
BY ASKING YOUR GROCER
for Post Toasties
AND FOR THE KIDDIES SAKE
accept no other kind

Post Toasties

—improved Corn Flakes

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan



The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

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 by the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine.

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 unskilled suitor.

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

CHAPTER V.—Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, sergeant in the American army in France, and there known to Gramont lives with him. He was the original Midnight Masquer, and Gramont, for a particular purpose, after discovering Hammond's activities, assumes the role. Where Hammond had been a robber for financial gain, Gramont, of course, is not. He arranges to return the "loot" to those whom he has robbed. The jewels and money, in individual packages, are got ready for delivery next day to their original owners. That night they are stolen from Gramont's auto.

CHAPTER VI.—Ben Chacherre, an individual of unsavory character, appears to be associated with Jachin Fell. He has a peculiar interview with one Memphis Izzy Gumberts, notorious underworld crook, in which there is significant reference to a mysterious "boss."

CHAPTER VII.—Lucie summons Gramont to her home and shows him the packages from his auto. He admits he is the Midnight Masquer, but convinces her that he had no thought of robbery. He refuses, however, to explain his purpose. The packages are returned to their owners.

CHAPTER VIII.—That evening Fell, Gramont, and Dr. Ansley, at the Krewe of Comus ball, are accosted by an intoxicated masked individual whom they recognize as Ben Chacherre. He invites them to a convivial party in a private room. They refuse, and Gramont leaves the building. Joseph Maillard seeks his son, fearing public scandal as a result of Ben's conduct. With Fell and Ansley they find the room where the revels are going on. Entering they discover an individual attired as an aviator in the act of robbing the intoxicated youths. A struggle that ensues Maillard is shot and killed. The "Masquer" escapes.

CHAPTER IX.—Gramont, with Hammond, visits Terrebonne, a wild section of the country, to inspect Lucie Ledanois' land, which he believes contains oil. He finds indications of apparently almost unbelievable quantities of the stuff. While stooping over a pool of water which clearly shows traces of oil on its surface, Gramont hears his name spoken.

"I suppose not," answered Gramont, his eyes fastened thoughtfully on Hammond. The latter caught the look, let his jaw fall in astonishment, then flushed and compressed his lips—and waited. Gramont glanced at Chacherre, and launched a chance shaft. "You're Ben Chacherre, aren't you? Do you work for Mr. Fell?"

The chance shot scored. "Yes," said Chacherre, his eyes narrowing. "What are you doing here, then?" For an instant Chacherre was off guard. He did not know how much—or little—Gramont knew, but he did know that Gramont was aware who had taken the loot of the Midnight Masquer from the luggage compartment of the car. This knowledge, very naturally, threw him back on the defense of which he was most sure.

"I came on an errand for my master," he said, and with those words gave the game into Gramont's hands.

There was a moment of silence. Gramont stood apparently in musing thought, conscious that every eye was fastened upon him, and that one false move would now spell disaster. He gave no sign of the tremendous shock that Chacherre's words had just given him; when he spoke, it was quietly and coolly:

"Then your master is evidently associated with Memphis Izzy Gumberts, who owns this place here. Is that right?"

Both Hammond and Chacherre's two friends started at this.

"I don't know anything about that," returned Chacherre, with a shrug which did not entirely conceal his uneasiness. "I know that we've got a murderer here, and that we'll have to dispose of him. Do you object?"

"Of course not," said Gramont, calmly. "Step aside and give me a moment in private with Hammond. Then by all means take him in to Houma. I'd suggest that you tie him up, or make use of handcuffs if the sheriff brought any along. Then you'd better take in the body of the sheriff also. Hammond, a word with you!"

This totally unexpected acquiescence on the part of Gramont seemed to stun Chacherre into inaction. He half moved, as though uncertain whether to bar Gramont from the prisoner, then he stepped aside as Gramont advanced. A gesture to his two companions prevented them from interfering.

"You'll have to submit to this, old man," he said, in a tone that the others could not overhear. "Don't dream that I'm deserting you; but I want a good look at this place if all three of them go away. They must not suspect—"

"Cap'n, look out!" broke in Hammond, urgently. "This here is a gang—the whole thing is a frame-up on me!"

"I know it—I was present when the sheriff was murdered; but keep quiet. I'll come to Houma later tonight and see you." He turned away with a shrug, as though Hammond had denied him some favor, and lifted his voice. "Chacherre! How are you to take this man into town? How did you get here? Will you need to use my car?"

"No." The Creole jerked his head toward the barn. "I came in Mr. Fell's car—it's got a sprung axle and is laid up. We'll take him back in another one."

"Very well," Gramont paused and glanced around. "This is a terrible blow, men. I never dreamed that Hammond was a murderer or could be one! You don't know of any motive for the crime?"

They shook their heads, but suspiciously from their eyes. Gramont glanced again at his chauffeur.

"I'll not abandon you, Hammond," he said, severely, coldly. "I'll stop in at Houma and see that you have a lawyer. I think, gentlemen, we had better attend to bringing in the body of the sheriff, eh?"

The wounded man dodged into the barn and returned with a strip of rope. Chacherre took this and firmly bound Hammond's arms, then forced him to sit down and bound his ankles.

"You watch him," he ordered the wounded member of the trio. "We'll get the sheriff."

Allowing Chacherre and his companion to take the lead, Gramont went with them to the place where the murdered officer lay. As he went, the conviction grew more sure within him that, when he lay there by the rivulet, he had actually heard the last words uttered by the sheriff; that Chacherre had committed the murder in that moment—a noiseless, deadly stab! That Hammond could or would have done it he knew was absurd.

They found the murdered man lying among the bushes. He had been stabbed under the fifth rib—the knife had gone direct to the heart. Chacherre announced that he had Hammond's knife as evidence and Gramont merely nodded his head.

Lifting the body between them, they bore it back to the barn.

"Now," said Gramont, quickly. "I'm off for Houma—if I don't miss my road! You men will be right along?"

"In a jiffy," said Chacherre promptly. Gramont climbed into his car and drove away. He had no fear of anything happening to Hammond; the evidence against the latter was damning, and with three men to swear him into a hangman's noose, they would bring him to jail safe enough.

"A clever devil, that Chacherre!" he thought, grimly. "We're up against a gang, beyond any doubt. Now, if they don't suspect me—"

He turned in at the Ledanois gate, knowing himself to be beyond sight or hearing of the Gumberts place. He drove the car away from the house, and into the thick of the densest bush-growth that he could find, where it was well concealed from sight. Then, on foot, he made his way along the bank of the bayou until he had come to the rivulet where oil showed. Here he paused, concealing himself and gaining a place where he could get a view of the Gumberts land. He saw Chacherre and Hammond there beside the body of the sheriff; the other two men were swinging open the barn door. They disappeared inside, and a moment later Gramont heard the whirr of an engine starting. A car backed into the yard and halted.

The three men lifted the body of the sheriff into the tonneau. Chacherre took the wheel, Hammond being bundled in beside him. The other two men climbed in beside the body, rifles in hand. Chacherre started the car toward the road.

"All fine!" thought Gramont with a thrill of exultation. "They've cleared out and left the place to me—and I want a look at that place!"

Suddenly, as he stood there, he remembered the slight "plump" that he had heard during that interminable silence which had followed the conversation between the sheriff and Ben Chacherre. It was a sound as though something had fallen near him in the soggy ground.

The remembrance startled him strangely. He visualized an excited murderer standing beside his victim, knife in hand; he visualized the abhorrence which must have seized the man for a moment—the abhorrence which must have caused him to do something in that moment which in a cooler time he would not have done. Gramont turned toward the little marshy spot where he had lain listening. He bent down, searching the wet ground, heedless that the water soaked into his boots. And, after a minute, a low exclamation of satisfaction broke from him as he found what he sought.

CHAPTER XI

The Gangsters.

Gramont led the covert and walked forward.

He was thinking about that odd mention of Jachin Fell—had Chacherre lied in saying he had come here on his master's business? Perhaps. The man had come in Fell's car, and



A Low Exclamation of Satisfaction Broke From Him as He Found What He Sought.

would not hesitate to lie about using the car. For the moment Gramont put away the circumstance, but did not forget it.

He walked openly toward the Gumberts buildings, thinking that he would have time for a good look around the place before dusk fell; he would then get off for Houma and attend to Hammond's defense.

As for the place before him, he was convinced that it was abandoned. Had any one, other than Chacherre and his two friends, been about the buildings, the late excitement would have brought out the fact. No one had appeared and the buildings seemed vacant.

Gramont's intent was simple and straightforward. In case he found, as he expected to find, any evidence of illegal occupation about the place—as the sheriff seemed to have discovered to his cost—he would lay Chacherre and the other two men by the heels that night in Houma. He would then go on to New Orleans and have Gumberts arrested, although he had no expectation that the master crook could be held on the murder-accessory charge. If this place were used for the lotteries, even, he was fairly certain that Memphis Izzy would have his own tracks covered. The men higher up always did.

He walked straight in upon the barn. It loomed before him, closed, lurid in the level rays of the westerling sun. The doors in front had been only loosely swung together and Gramont found them unlocked. He stood in the opening, and surprise gripped him. He was held motionless, gazing with astonished wonder at the sight confronting him.

Directly before him was a small roadster, one which he remembered to have seen Jachin Fell using; in this car, doubtless, Ben Chacherre had driven from the city. He recalled the fact later, with poignant regret for a lost opportunity. But, at the present moment, he was lost in amazement at the great number of other cars presenting themselves to his view.

They were lined up as deep as the barn would hold them, crammed into every available foot of space; well over a dozen cars, he reckoned swiftly. What was more, all were cars of the highest class, with the exception of Fell's roadster. Directly before him were two which he was well aware must have cost close upon ten thousand each. What did this mean? Certainly no one man or one group of men, in this back-country spot, could expect to use such an accumulation of expensive cars!

Gramont glanced around, but found no trace of machinery in the barn. Remembering the motor that he had heard, he turned from the doorway in frowning perplexity. He strode on toward the long shed which stood closer to the house. At the end of this shed was a door, and when he tried it, Gramont found it unlocked. It swung open to his hand, and he stepped inside.

At first he paused, confused by the vague objects around, for it was quite dark in here. A moment, and his eyes grew accustomed to the gloomier lighting. Details came to him: all around were cars and fragments of cars, chassis and bodies in all stages of dismemberment. Still more cars!

He slowly advanced to a long bench that ran the length of the shop beneath the windows. A shop, indeed—a shop, he quickly perceived, fitted with every tool and machine necessary for the most complete automobile repair establishment! Even an air-brush outfit, at one end, together with

a drying compartment, spoke of repair jobs.

Comprehension was slowly dawning upon the mind of Gramont; a moment later it became certainty, when he came to a stop before an automobile engine lying on the bench. He found it to be the engine from a Stutz—the latest multi-valve type adopted by that make of car, and this particular bit of machinery looked like new.

Gramont inspected it, and he saw that the men had done their work well. The original engine number had been carefully filed out, and the place was carefully filled and leveled with metal. Beside it a new number had been stamped. A glance at the electrical equipment around showed that these workers had every appliance with which to turn out the most finished jobs.

As he straightened up from the engine Gramont's eyes fell upon a typed sheet of paper affixed to the wall above the bench. His gaze widened as he inspected it by the falling light. Upon that paper was a list of cars. After each car was a series of numbers plainly comprising the original numbers of the engine, body, radiator and other component parts, followed by another series of new numbers to be inserted. That sheet of paper showed brains, organizing ability, care and attention to the last detail!

Here was the most carefully planned and thorough system of automobile thievery that Gramont had ever heard of. He stood motionless, knowing that this typed sheet of paper in itself was damning evidence against the whole gang of workers. What was more to the point, that paper could be traced; the typewriting could be traced to the man higher up—doubtless Memphis Izzy himself! These men ran in cars by the wholesale, probably from states adjacent to Louisiana. Here, at this secluded point on the bayou, they changed the cars completely about, in number, paint, style of body, and then probably got rid of the new product in New Orleans.

Gramont stood motionless. Surprise had taken hold of him, and even a feeling of slight dismay. This was not at all what he had hoped to find there. He had thought to come upon some traces of the lottery game—

"Seen all you want, bo?" said a voice behind him.

Gramont turned. He found himself gazing directly into an automatic pistol over which glittered a pair of blazing eyes. The man was a stranger to him. The place had not been deserted, after all. He was caught.

"Who are you?" demanded Gramont, quietly.

"Me?" The stranger was unsmiling, dandy. In those glittering eyes Gramont read the ferocity of an animal at bay. "I s'pose you would like to know that, huh? I guess you know enough right now to get all that's comin' to you, bo! Got any particular business here? Speak up quick!"

Gramont was silent. The other sneered at him, viciously.

"Hurry up! Turn over the name



"Hurry Up! Turn Over the Name and Address."

and address, and I'll notify the surviving relatives. Name, please?"

"Henry Gramont," was the calm response. "Don't get hasty, my friend. Didn't you see me here a little while ago with Chacherre and the other boys?"

"What's that?" The glittering eyes flamed up with suspicion and distrust. "Here—with them? No, I didn't. I been away fishing all afternoon. What the h—l you doing around this joint?"

"Your best scheme," said Gramont, coldly, "is to change your style of tone, and to do it in a hurry! If you don't know what's happened here this afternoon, don't ask me; you'll find out soon enough when the other boys get back. You'd better tell them I'm going to get in touch with Memphis Izzy the minute I get back to the city, and that the less talking they do—"

"What the h—l is all this?" demanded the other again, but with a softening of accent. The moniker of Gumberts had its effect, and seemed to shake the man instantly. Gramont smiled as he perceived that the game was won.

"Never heard of no Gramont," went on the other, quickly. "What you doin' here?"

"You're due to learn a good many things, I imagine," said Gramont, carelessly. "As for me, I happened on the place largely by accident. I happen to be in partnership with a man named Jachin Fell, and I came out here on business—"

To Gramont's astonishment the ple-

toil was lowered instantly. It was well that he ceased speaking, for what he had just said proved to be open to misconstruction, and if he had said any more he would have spoiled it. For the man facing him was staring at him in mingled disgust and surprise.

"You're in partnership with the boss!" came the astounding words. "Well, why in h—l didn't you say all that in the first place, instead of beedin' around? That's no way to butt in, and me thinking you was some dick on the job! Got anything to prove that you ain't pullin' something cute on me?"

"Do you know Fell's writing?" asked Gramont, with difficulty forcing himself to meet the situation coherently. Jachin Fell—the boss!

"I know his mitr, all right."

From his pocket Gramont produced a paper—the memorandum or agreement which he had drawn up with Fell the previous afternoon, relating to the oil company. The other man took it and switched on an electric light bulb overhead. In this glare he was revealed as a ratty little individual with open mouth and teeth hanging out—an adenoidal type, and certainly a criminal type.

It crossed the mind of Gramont that one blow would do the work—but he stood motionless. No sudden game would help him here. The discovery that Fell was "the boss" paralyzed him completely. He had never dreamed of such a contingency. Fell, of all men!

Jachin Fell the "boss" of this establishment! Jachin Fell the man higher up—the brains behind this criminal organization! It was a perfect thunderbolt to Gramont. Now he understood why Chacherre was in the employ of Fell—why no arrest of the man had been possible! Now he perceived that Chacherre must have told the truth about coming here on business for Fell. Reaching farther back, he saw that Fell must have received the loot of the Midnight Masquer, must have turned it over to Lucie Ledanois—

Did she know?

"All right, Mr. Gramont." The ratty little man turned to him with evident change of front. "We ain't takin' no chances here, y'understand. Got quite a shipment of cars comin' in from Texas, and we're tryin' to get some of these boats cleaned out to make room. Bring out any orders?"

Gramont's brain worked fast.

By overcoming this guttersnipe he might have the whole place at his mercy—but that was not what he wanted. He suddenly realized that he had other and more important fish to fry in New Orleans. Gumberts was there. Fell was there. What he must do demanded time, and his best play was to gain all the time possible, and to prevent this gang from suspecting him in any way.

"Did you see Ben Chacherre?" he countered.

"Uh-huh—seen him just after he come. Gumberts will be out day after tomorrow, he said. The boss is fram'in' some sort of deal on a guy that he wants laid away—some guy name o' Hammond. Chacherre is running it. He figgers on gettin' Hammond on account of some car that's been hunted up—"

Gramont laughed suddenly, for there was a grim humor about the thing. So Jachin Fell wanted to "get something" on poor Hammond! And Chacherre had seized the golden opportunity that presented itself this afternoon—in the theft of a car, Chacherre had coolly fastened murder upon him!

"Ben is one smart man; I expect he thinks the gods are working for him," said Gramont, thinly. "So you don't know what happened today, eh? Well, it's a great news, but I've got no time to talk about it. They'll tell you when they get back—"

"Where'd they go?" demanded the other.

"Houma. Now listen close! Chacherre did not know that I was in partnership with the boss, get me? I didn't want to tell all the crowd in front of him. Between you and me, the boss isn't any too sure about Ben—"

"Say, I get you there!" broke in the other, sagely. "I tells him six months ago to watch out for that Creole guy!"

"Exactly. You can tell the boys about me when they come back—I don't suppose Ben will be with them. Now, I've been looking over that place next door—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the other, suddenly. "Sure! The boss said that one of his friends would be down to—"

"I'm the one—or one of them," and Gramont chuckled as he reflected on the ludicrous aspects of the whole affair.

"I'm going to Houma now, and then back to the city. My car's over next door. Mr. Fell wanted me to warn you to lay low on the lottery business. He's got a notion that some one's been talking."

"You go tell the boss," retorted the other in an aggrieved tone, "to keep his eye on the guys that can talk. Who'd we talk to here? Besides, we're workin' our heads off on these here boats. Memphis Izzy is attending to the lottery—he's got the whole layout up to the house, and we ain't touchin' it, see? Tell the boss all that."

"Tell him yourself," Gramont laughed, good-humoredly. "Gumberts is coming out day after tomorrow, is he? That'll be Friday, hm! I think that I'd better bring Fell out here the same day, if I can make it. I probably won't see Gumberts until then—I'm not working in with him and he doesn't know me yet—but I'll try and get out here on Friday with Fell. Now, I'll have to beat it in a hurry. Any message to send?"

"No message," was the answer.

Gramont scarcely knew how he de-

parted, until he found himself scrambling back through the underbrush of the Ledanois place.

He rushed into the house, found the fire had died down beyond all danger, and swiftly removed the few things they had taken from the car. Carrying these, he stumbled back to where he had hidden the automobile. He scarcely dared to think, scarcely dared to congratulate himself on the luck that had befallen him, until he found himself in his own car once more, and with open throttle sweeping out through the twilight toward Paradis and Houma beyond. A whirlwind of mad exultation was seething within him—exultation as sudden and tremendous as the past weeks had been uneventful and dragging.

Gramont, in common with many others, had heard much indefinite rumor of an underground lottery game that was being worked among the negroes of the state and the Chinese villages along the gulf coast. And now he knew definitely.

Lotteries have never died out in Louisiana since the brave old days of the government-ordained gambles, laws and ordinances to the contrary. No laws can make the yellow man and the black man forego the get-rich-quick heritage of their fathers. On the Pacific coast lotteries obtain and will obtain wherever there is a Chinatown. In Louisiana the days of the grand lottery have never been forgotten. The last two years of high wages had made every negro wealthy, comparatively speaking. The lottery mongers would naturally find them a ripe harvest for the picking. And who would gravitate to this harvest field if not the great Gumberts, the uncaught Memphis Izzy, the promoter who had never been "mugged!"

Here, at one stroke, stumbling on the thing by sheer blind accident, Gramont had located the nucleus of the whole business!

Gradually his brain cooled to the realization of what work lay before him. He was through Paradis, almost without seeing the town, and switched on his lights as he took the highway to Houma. Sober reflection seized him. Not only was this crowd of crooks working a lottery, but they were also managing a stupendous thievery of automobiles, in which cars were looted by wholesale! And the man at the head of it all, the man above Memphis Izzy and his crooks, was Jachin Fell of New Orleans.

Did Lucie Ledanois dream such a thing? No. Gramont dismissed the question at once. Fell was not an unusual type of man. There were many Jachin Fells throughout the country, he reflected. Men who applied their brains to crooked work, who kept themselves above any actual share in the work, and who profited hugely by tribute money from every crook in every crime.

To the communities in which they lived such men were patterns of all that wealthy gentlemen should be. So, except perhaps in gossip of the underworld, was their connection with crime ever suspected. And—this thought was sobering to Gramont—never did they come within danger of retribution at the hands of the law. Their ramifications extended too far into politics; and the governors of some Southern states have unlimited powers of pardon.

"This is a big day!" reflected Gramont, dismissing the sinister suggestion of this last thought. "A big day! What it will lead to, I don't know. Not the least of it is the financial end of it—the oil seepage! That little iridescent trickle of oil on the water means that money worries are over, both for me and for Lucie. I'm sorry that I am mixed up with Fell; I've enough money of my own to drill at least one good well, and one is all we'll need to bring in oil on that place. Well, we'll see what turns up! My first job is to make sure Hammond is safe, and to relieve his mind. I'll have to leave him in jail, I suppose—"

Why did Fell want to "get something" on Hammond? To this there was no answer.

He drove to Houma to find the town abuzz with excitement, for the news of the sheriff's murder had stirred the place wildly. Proceeding straight to the courthouse, Gramont encountered Ben Chacherre as he was leaving the car.

"Hello, there!" he exclaimed. "Lost my road. Where's Hammond?"

Chacherre jerked his head toward the courthouse.

"In yonder. Say, are you going back to the city tonight?"

"Yes," Gramont regarded him. "Why?"

"Take me back, will you? I've missed the last up train, and if you're goin' back anyhow I won't have to hire a car. I can drive for you, and we'll make it in a couple of hours, before midnight sure."

"Hop in," said Gramont, nodding toward the car. "I'll be back as soon as I've had a word with Hammond. No danger of his getting lynched, I hope!"

"Not a chance," said the other, conclusively. "Six deputies up there now, and quite a bunch of ex-soldier comin' to stand guard. You going to fight the case?"

(Continued Next Week)

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