

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

WELCOME TO BRADY, P. S.-TO-G. BOOSTERS

BRADY WILL BE HOST TO DELEGATES PUGET SOUND-TO-GULF CONVENTION

GOOD ROADS BOOSTERS FROM GULF TO STATE LINE TO ASSEMBLE HERE WEDNESDAY IN ANNUAL MEET—CHAMBER OF COM. TO ENTERTAIN AT DINNER.

The annual convention of the Puget Sound-to-Gulf Highway association will meet in Brady tomorrow (Wednesday) morning, with delegates in attendance from all along the route of this great highway, reaching from Corpus Christi on the Gulf to Texline at the extreme Northwestern corner of the State. It will be a meeting of the liveliest good roads boosters of Texas, and included among whom are some of the most prominent and influential citizens of our State. The program of speakers includes many notables, and the good roads movement is certain to receive great impetus as a result of their coming together. Ample preparations have been made to take care of the visitors, and concert programs by the Brady Municipal band will feature the entertainment program. The Brady band will also serve one of their justly-famous dinners to the visiting delegates, which will be tendered our guests with the compliments of the Brady Chamber of Commerce.

Probably at no meeting ever held in Brady has there been a more notable gathering of prominent Texans than are expected to be here tomorrow and to take part in the day's program. The Hon. Lee Satterwhite, representative of the Amarillo district, arrived here yesterday and will be on the program, speaking in behalf of the Texas Highway association. Mr. Satterwhite's mission is to interest the people of Texas in the matter of a State Highway system; in other words, in a program that calls for the State to build the major highway systems of Texas, leaving to each individual county the matter of constructing the laterals within such county. However, Mr. Satterwhite makes emphatic the statement that this project should not be permitted to interfere with any present contemplated road-building campaigns, since whenever the State takes over any county highway system for a State road, it will, as a matter of equity and justice, recompense such county for all construction work accomplished under the supervision and with the approval of the State Highway commission. Mr. Satterwhite's statement, published in another column of this issue, very clearly sets forth this matter.

Other speakers of note on the convention program, as announced in a wire received from John Boswell of Plainview, secretary of the Puget Sound-to-Gulf Highway association, are Wm. Pierson, Judge of the Supreme Court, W. T. Wheeler, secretary of the State Highway association, W. W. McCrory, member of the State Highway commission, Percy Terrell, manager of the Gunter Hotel at San Antonio, Lon Smith, State Comptroller, and D. E. Colp, president of the Old Spanish Trail and also of the Meridian highway.

Mr. McCrory will speak upon "Best Methods of Securing State and Federal Aid," a subject with which he is entirely familiar in his capacity of member of the State Highway Commission.

Mr. Terrell, who is president of the State Hotel Men's association and vice-president of the National Hotel Men's association, is in very good position to discuss the subject of "Value of Tourist Travel to Business Interest of a Town."

Mr. Colp will address the body on the subject, "The Tourist Crop, and When to Plant for it." There will be a number of other speakers, including county judges and county commissioners directly interested in the P. S.-to-G.

Immediately preceding the convening of the highway association in the district court room at 10:00 o'clock tomorrow morning, the Brady Municipal band will give a band concert, which will include several of their snappiest, peppiest and most appreciated airs, marches and concert numbers. Upon recessing at 12:00 m., the visiting delegates will be escorted to the Syndicate building, where the good ladies of Brady

will serve them with a chicken and barbecue dinner such as will long linger in the memory of every one of the visitors. The dinner will be given under auspices of the Brady Municipal band, and the band will provide a program of concert numbers during the noon hour. All of the visiting delegates are invited to partake of this splendid dinner. No charge will be made visitors, the dinner being served them with the compliments of the Brady Chamber of Commerce.

The afternoon program will be given over strictly to business, and will be concluded with the election of officers of the association for the ensuing year.

As before stated, it is earnestly desired that the entire citizenship of McCulloch county take interest in the convention of these good roads boosters, and everyone is invited to attend the meetings at the court house. There is much misinformation upon the subject of highways and highway building that this meeting can dispel. There is much other needed information that can be brought to the people through this meeting. Every citizen should be fully informed upon the subject, so that he may act intelligently, and at all times for the best interests of himself and his country.

BUSINESS BRISK OPENING TRADE EXPANS'N WEEK

Monday, the opening day of Trade Expansion Week in Brady, turned out a beautiful, sunshiny day and, following the previous week of alternating rain and cold, served to bring many people to Brady for the trade bargains offered by the Brady merchants. In some sections of the county, however, so heavy had the deluge been, that roads were reported all but impassable, and it will be towards the end of the week before the citizens of these sections can arrange their coming to Brady. However, the promoters of the Brady Trade Expansion idea had foreseen just such an emergency, and so the Trade Bargains will be continued through to Saturday, so that those who were unable to come to Brady the first of the week, still will have opportunity to come here the latter part of the week and avail themselves of the many bargains offered.

Monday's crowd represented a prosperous Saturday shopping throng. The stores which took active part in the campaign, enjoyed a good business, and all the shoppers were delighted with the many bargains offered and secured. Their return home with their splendid purchases is certain to still further advertise the big Trades Week and will add to the shopping throngs that will come to Brady during the remaining days.

Coal is cash. Macy & Co.

HON. LEE SATTERWHITE, MEMBER TEXAS LEGISLATURE, EXPLAINS SYSTEM OF STATE HIGHWAYS

Hon. Lee Satterwhite, who has just been elected for the third successive term as a member of the Legislature from the Amarillo district, is in Brady representing the Texas Highway association and is on the speaking program at the Puget Sound-to-Gulf Highway convention which convenes in Brady Wednesday morning at 10:00 o'clock.

"Some people have the impression that the proposed legislation to so change our present laws as to provide a State system of highways means that the State will build all of our highways," said Mr. Satterwhite, "but it does not mean that at all. It simply means that seven per cent of the highway mileage in Texas will be designated as State highways, and the building of this seven per cent, which approximates twelve thousand miles, will be financed by the State and under the supervision of the State. The county roads will be financed by the counties and be under the supervision of the counties.

"Another point about which there seems to be some doubtful discussion is whether or not the State will re-imburse counties for designated State roads which may have been built prior to the time the State takes over such roads. As a matter of fact, no legislation could pass the Texas Legislature which would finance a State road across one county, which had failed to build roads, and then take over the road across the next county, which had been financed and built by the county, without making an equitable re-imbursement to that county. As an illustration, take the road crossing McCulloch county known as the Puget Sound-to-Gulf highway. Suppose your people should invest their money in a type of road approved by the engineer of the Texas Highway Commission, and after you have built this road the Legislature enacts laws providing this proposed system of State roads, the law would necessarily have to provide that your county be reimbursed to the amount of funds you invested in the construction of said road, otherwise it would not be an equitable or just law.

"Just how soon this legislation can be enacted and the finances for such a program can be provided is only guess work. It is earnestly hoped that we can arouse such a demand on the part of the people as to induce the coming session of the Legislature to enact such laws to carry out the program as the present constitution will permit; but at the very best we can hope for, it is more than likely to be several years before the system can be inaugurated to the extent that any extensive system of roads can be constructed. So, then, it occurs to me, that if you need a good road across your county within the next year or so, the wise thing for you to do is to build it yourselves and then when the State re-imburse you for the amount you put into this road you will have that fund for other roads in your county.

"One of the biggest problems confronting the people of Texas today is that of building good roads, and the Texas Highway association has been organized for the purpose of securing legislation that will give us a comprehensive system of connected State highways and a type of roads that means one hundred cents on every dollar invested in roads. The roads are going to be built and it is only the part of good business that the tax payers of the State move together in a systematic way. If the people will co-operate with the association it means results."

BRADY ENTERS LISTS FOR 1924 MEET WEST TEXAS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

WILL SEND STRONG DELEGATION TO SAN ANGELO NEXT YEAR TO PLACE BRADY IN NOMINATION BEFORE BODY AS CONVENTION CITY THE NEXT YEAR.

Brady will be an active contestant for the 1924 convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce. That fact was unanimously agreed upon at a recent meeting of the Brady Luncheon club. The discussion anent the placing of Brady in nomination as the 1924 convention city of the South's greatest and most successful commercial organization aroused the greatest of enthusiasm among the club's membership, and not one dissenting voice was raised. On the contrary, the proposition was enthusiastically endorsed by every speaker and by the body as a whole, and plans were laid and committees appointed to arrange to go to San Angelo when the West Texas Chamber of Commerce convenes there next year in annual session, storm the convention and carry off the prized honor as hosts for the 1924 meet.

While there will, without question, the 1924 convention, Brady expects to have a number of contenders for the great honor, Brady's live wires feel sure of success in their efforts. Brady is the logical center of the vast territory over whose destiny the West Texas Chamber of Commerce presides and keeps watchful eye. Brady is linked through some of the State's greatest highway systems, with all the leading centers of West Texas. This means that delegates from all over West Texas can reach Brady for the convention with comparative ease. Brady is, furthermore, essentially part and parcel of West Texas. All of West Texas' interest, aims and ambitions are the interests, the aims and the ambitions of the people of Brady and McCulloch county.

With the completion of Brady's modern, fireproof new hotel early next year, Brady will be enabled to offer hotel accommodations to visiting delegates unsurpassed by any city in West Texas. Incidentally, Brady's hospitality will extend to the homes of her citizens, and the visitors would find the homes of Brady thrown open to them. Then, Brady's modern tourist camp, with its many conveniences, fishing, swimming pool and other recreations, will offer splendid attraction to those who desire to camp out during the convention.

Still another thing, by the time of the 1924 convention, Brady expects to have a new convention hall and auditorium completed, so that there would be no question but what Brady would offer ample accommodations to the convention crowds, no matter how great the attendance might be.

Brady has an ambition to become known as the Convention City of this section of West Texas. Her citizens are agreed that Brady offers attractions which no other cities surpass, and when the Brady delegation storms the San Angelo convention next year, they are going to be in position to present Brady in such favorable light that Brady is certain to win instant favor from the entire convention assembled.

Sunset in the Desert. Dimmed is the vast theater Upon whose somber floor of sand and stone Spare shadows fall;

The delicate tented canopy Is hung upon the pointed pillars of her jagged rim; The superb stage is set, When suddenly there appears, Enframed in the vast proscenium, A silent burnished disk; Flinging his coats of gold afloat upon the air, He pauses for a moment unattired, Nude.

The footlights fade— The House is dark. —Sheik-of-the-Desert.

BOX SUPPER. There will be a box supper at the East Sweden school house Friday, November 24th, benefit of the church. Everyone invited to come.

DR. G. F. STEVENSON Osteopathic Masseur. Call on me at J. S. Abernathy's. Phone 397.


at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday evening at the Methodist tabernacle. The big auditorium will be well heated, and entire comfort is assured everyone who attends. Season tickets for the five numbers of the Lyceum course are selling at \$2.00 for adults and \$1.00 for school children. Single admissions will be 50c for adults, 25c for school children and 15c for children under the age of six.

BARGAIN DAYS ARE HERE!

You can get the Fort Worth Star-Telegram one full year now, Daily and Sunday, for only \$6.45. Daily Only, for \$5.30. New subscribers will receive the balance of November free. No bargain rates on subscriptions of less than one year. We will be glad to receive your subscription and to guarantee correct datings.

THE BRADY STANDARD BRADY, TEXAS

Better Vision = Brighter Children



Is your child backwards or dull in school?

MANY children go through life handicapped from the start because of their eyes. Fully 80 per cent of the so-called "backwards" or "dull" children have defective vision. The time to correct it is NOW, while they are still young. Bring your child to us to-day and insure its future happiness.

Malone & Ragsdale
Jewelers and Opticians

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, Nov. 21, 1922

HONEST INJUM.

Brady most heartily welcomes every delegate and visitor to the Puget Sound-to-Gulf Highway association convention.

P. S.-TO-G. CONVENTION.

Brady and Brady citizens are mighty glad to have this opportunity of entertaining the delegates and visitors to the annual convention of the Puget Sound-to-Gulf Highway association.

Within the last two years more than twenty-five pork packing plants have been established on the Pacific coast and California has been coming to Fort Worth to buy hogs. But California is also buying stocker hogs.

boom, and bloom, and grow and prosper accordingly.

"ASK YOURSELF"

Salesmen, have you ever done this? Have you ever sat down and tried to answer on paper a few of these questions?
"Why should a buyer give me his business?"
"Am I as good a salesman as the other men who call on him?"

RAISE MORE HOGS.

Within the last two years more than twenty-five pork packing plants have been established on the Pacific coast and California has been coming to Fort Worth to buy hogs.

It has been demonstrated that corn is not needed to finish pork. Milo, kafir and darso make as good meat as corn, and at less expense.

AMERICA'S GREATEST NEED.

What America needs more than railway extension and western irrigation and a low tariff and a bigger wheat crop and a merchant marine and a new navy is a revival of piety.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD
Published Semi-Weekly
Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas
To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year

SEED OATS

See MACY & CO. for Red, Rust-Proof Seed Oats, tested and treated for smut.

At the Coontown Bank. Dusky Depositor: I want to draw out dat money I put in dis bank four years ago.

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Easy-Fit-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion, with a minimum charge of 25c.

WANTED

WANTED—To buy Pure Strain Black Minorca and Rhode Island Red Chickens. Also Poland China pigs. HARRY MILLER, Rt. 1, Brady.

BOARDERS WANTED
At Southern Hotel. Our motto is: "Cleanliness, and Plenty Of Something Wholesome to Eat." Your patronage solicited. M. D. Slaughter, Prop.

STRAYED

STRAYED—Three brown mules from my place on Mason road; 1 mare mule, coming 3-year old, branded S on jaw; two 2-year old, unbranded. Notify L. J. GLENN, Brady.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Or will trade for Ford car, two work horses. E. B. RAMSAY.

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

FOR SALE—Our demonstrator Willys-Light plant at a bargain. MANN-RICKS AUTO CO.

FOR SALE—About 200 feet of paling fencing, with cedar posts. See J. F. SCHAEF, Brady.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Barred Rock Cockerels, \$2 each. See or phone Mrs. E. W. Marshall.

FOR SALE—Mantel, quartered oak, with bevel plate mirror, at Second Hand Store. J. M. Page.

FOR SALE—Two choice lots in Jones addition; good concrete storm house. JOE BLOUNT, Brady.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Bourbon Red Turkeys, took all prizes during county exhibit. Phone 1603 or write WILLIE and WALTER HURD, Brady.

FOR SALE—Work stock horses, mares and mules. Small cash payment, balance on Fall time. Also a couple milk cows. Phone or see H. D. or Tom Bradley, Fife, Texas.

FOR SALE—80 acre farm, 15 acres in cultivation; no improvements; 1 1/4 miles South of Fife; 3 1/2 miles North of Lohn. Would trade for resident property in Brady, taking or giving difference. H. D. BRADLEY, Fife.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEN! Our illustrated catalogue explains how we teach the barber trade quickly, mailed free. MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, Houston, Texas.

POSTED NOTICE.
Hunting or trespassing of any nature is strictly forbidden on any of the lands owned or controlled by me. Parties desiring to hunt must get written permission or otherwise they will be prosecuted.
MAX MARTIN, Mason, Tex.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER!

During Trades Expansion Week only, The Brady Standard, published semi-weekly on Tuesdays and Fridays, one full year for only

\$1.50

The special rate is made for next week—Trade Expansion Week only, and is good on new or renewal subscriptions only when paid in advance one full year.

SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW NOW!

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

Our Annual Paul Revere



LOCAL BRIEFS

The many friends of Ben Anderson will regret to learn of his illness and hope he will soon be able to be up and about once more. Ben's customary smile and cheerful greeting always carries with it a sincerity that all his many friends appreciate, and nothing will give them greater pleasure than to be able to greet him downtown once more.

Reports from over the county indicate soaking rains last week all over the county, with especially heavy downpours in the north part of the county. While less than an inch of rain is recorded here in Brady, the various roads leading into town indicate much heavier precipitation.

ready soaked the earth quite thoroughly, so that even deep plowing failed to bring up dry dirt, but last week's rain put the finishing touch on the fall season, and adds a million to McCulloch's prosperous appearance. Present indications are that still more rain is in store.

Touchy!

At a lecture an authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts of the United States the number of men was considerably more than that of women and added humorously:

"I can, therefore, recommend the ladies to migrate to that part of the country."

A young woman seated in one of the center rows of the auditorium got up, and full of indignation, left the room rather noisily. Whereupon the lecturer remarked:

"I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry."—Detroit Free Press.

See Macy & Co. for your Winter Coal. Phone orders to 295. 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.

ADVERTISING

"There are millions who must be fed, clothed and housed. The world can't stop. It must go on—and it will. Let's advertise." N. C. B.

Yumpin' Yiminy!

Ole Olesen had been working as an engine wiper and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with such advice as:

"Now, Ole, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money. And don't waste the waste, either—that's getting expensive, too.

With these facts of economy pounded thoroughly into his head, Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility as fireman. The last query propounded was:

"Suppose you are on your engine, on a single track. You go around a curve and see rushing towards you an express. What would you do?"

To which Ole replied: "I grab the dam' oil can; I grab the dam' waste—and I yump!"

Our orders of coal are now being delivered. Let us know your needs at once. Phone 295. MACY & CO.



FALSE HOPE

Sin on every side is growing bolder, and the very delusion contained in the statement, "The world is getting better," is of satanic origin, and is for the purpose of putting to sleep the forces of righteousness.

Human nature is incapable of moral improvement by any human process known to mankind. The only thing within the power of God that can change human nature is regeneration. Regeneration cannot affect its character. Regeneration must precede reformation. Those who have been regenerated are of course growing better; they are improving; they are progressing; they are growing more Godlike.

The good are getting better, but the bad are getting worse. The ungenerated, the unwashed, the unsaved are more skilled, subtle,



and powerful in the practices of sin than ever before in the history of the world.

The corrupt are becoming more scientific in their corruption, and more determined to practice corruption.

There are three great stubborn facts confronting us. FIRST—The fact of sin. It is the most stubborn fact, the most awful fact, and the most destructive fact in the universe.

SECOND—The fact of salva-

tion. There would be no salvation if we were not lost. You can't save something that hasn't been lost. The salvation provided by the blood of Christ is the only fact that is constructive, redemptive, and recreative.

THIRD—The stubborn fact of depraved, lost human nature. This great entity known as sinful man cannot be improved by external processes; he cannot be redeemed by education or evolution, or any other of the delusions. He can be saved only by the regenerating act of the Holy Ghost.

It is the duty of the church and of every minister of the gospel to preach the awfulness of sin, the absolute certainty and power of salvation, the judgment that awaits the unrepentant, and to denounce with all the power possible the selfish delusion that the world is growing better.

Awake! Strive! Preach! And reach the unsaved, for they are growing worse—not better.

poem by UNCLE JOHN

My little niece has bobbed her hair—which makes her look a trifle queer about her upper story. . . . For she was mighty well supplied with what we call the woman's pride, in fact, her crownin' glory. . . . I couldn't say that she's improved, by whackin' off the curls I loved—it makes her look so sassy! But—when she's had 'em off a spell, she may look sweeter—who can tell?—or, mebbe, twice as classy!

HOMEY PHILOSOPHY for 1922

WHEN you get a silver in your finger it's likely to cause trouble if it's left there. As a matter of fact, after a time old mother nature sooner or later will force it out whether it likes it or not. It just don't belong there. One way or another it's got to get back to where it came from. When it does then both silver and stick are better off. They're stronger. The chances are both silver and stick must pass through all sorts of changes before they unite again. That's the price they pay for getting away from where they fit.

Periwinkle House by OPIE READ ILLUSTRATED BY R.H. LIVINGSTONE COPYRIGHT, THE BELL SYNDICATE, INC.

Supposing you were a young man who had served in a war and escaped its perils and that the future were rosy with promise, excepting that fate had called upon you to execute a grim and terrible purpose; the circumstances being that during the conflict, an outlaw operating under the semi-sanction of guerrilla warfare had raided your home and murdered your father, and then hanging his body to a tree, had insolently pinned a card to it bearing the outlaw's name! Would not you likely do as Virgil Drace did—swear a solemn vow to find that outlaw, hang him as high as Haman, and decorate his corpse with your own card? Then, while you were setting about to execute that vow, suppose you met a fascinating girl with whom you fell in love and had the satisfaction of finding your affection sincerely reciprocated. Then supposing it developed that the girl were the daughter of the man upon whom you had sworn to wreak vengeance. What would you do? Is it not a satisfactory web upon which to weave an intensely interesting story of romance, especially when the incidents occurred in the South following the Civil war, the young man a northern officer, the girl a beautiful, fiery southerner, and all the other characters and episodes of the South and that turbulent period which marked the days of reconstruction? Would it not be more absorbing if, as in this case, the author were one of the greatest of American novelists? You will find this stirring romance worked out in the most charming way in "Periwinkle House," by Opie Read. No man in the United States has written as many stories as Opie Read, and no author has had a larger number of readers. He was born in a small town in Tennessee in 1882, followed newspaper work for awhile in Kentucky, and then moved to Little Rock, Ark., where he edited the Arkansas Gazette from 1878 to 1881. He was next on the staff of the Cleveland (O.) Leader and then returned to Little Rock, where he established the Arkansas Traveler, a humorous paper which attracted the attention of the entire English-speaking world. Mr. Read furnished most of the material that went into the publication. He conducted it from 1883 to 1891 and then moved to Chicago, where he has since resided, engaged in literary work. It is doubtful if Opie Read himself could recall the titles of all the books he has written, without referring to a list. One or more of them is in nearly every home where fiction is indulged in throughout the land. They form a conspicuous part of the fiction section of every public library, and are carried in stock by every enterprising book dealer. During late years he has been less prolific, due to the fact that he has not had the leisure for writing, for he has become one of the most sought after lecturers, and his time is practically filled with Chautauqua, Letchum and special platform engagements. In this work he has covered practically the entire nation and has visited some sections several times for there always is a demand for his return.



Opie Read

CHAPTER I On upon the sheen of the mighty river the pine-torch flames fell in rippling streams, and the full moon, peeping over the tall timber, made mouths at herself in the wrinkled mirror of flood. On the steamboat Leona the negro deck-hands were chanting the buoyant anthem of the June rise. In the gilt, encased saloon, a sweet-stringed waltz, emanated from the melodic bellow of the black bucks below, swelled out upon a breeze that seemed eager to mingle with it, while sentiment smiled and gallantry bowed in the studied graces of a floating ballroom on the Mississippi. All ceremony was precise with the inherited observance of precedent, save when some half-greased and less refined dandy of the woods, having lingered too long at the bar, let liquor fly to his heels to cut a rebellious pigeon-wing. The boundless ranch of the West was unknown, and along the lower Mississippi lay the great plantations of America. Except for the toll of the slaves, industrial life had been only a sort of happy indolence; but society held many a thrilling charm, and with its libraries from Europe, intellectual life indulged the luxury of ceremonious romanticism. This atmosphere was still breathed on the big Mississippi steamboats, for fantasies which render poetic the condition of us all linger on the water after having been driven from the land. In the ballroom of the Leona the dress of the men and the women was variegated with the odd ends of different periods of style. Old chests, hidden during the Civil war, only a few years past, had been opened to give up the faintly scented fluffs and gourd-flowered vests of Andrew Jackson's day; and the brigadier in ruffled shirt poured gallantry's extravagant figures of speech upon the sleek that

down upon the deck-hands, loading freight, listening to the stream of the second mate's profanity, who swore his emotion by the stars, the moon, the river, the universe; and when the Leona was on her way again, the fiddles going, the muddy roustabouts singing, Liberty Shottle and Drace seated themselves on campstools, engendering toward swift acquaintance, the friendship of two natures far apart in aim and principle. "If you've got two cigars, I'll join you in a smoke," said Shottle. "Thank you. You see, my people, what few of them are left, say that I don't exist. They haven't cast me off, or anything of that sort, but being of staid habits themselves, they swear that I am too unreal to exist. Lord, what is the world but queer? What's your game?" "I haven't any—any game," parried the Northerner. "But what are you doing on this boat yourself?" "I'm going down to New Orleans," replied Liberty. "To see how long I can stay there. I had a pretty fair job a couple of months ago teaching a school near Memphis. They liked me, too. I've got a sheep's hide from Chapel Hill university, North Caro-



"Then Tremble; I Am Liberty Shottle."

lina, with all the wool singed off and the board acknowledged my qualifications, but they caught me shaking dice with the boys and told me that as there were some branches of learning they didn't care to have instilled, I'd better get a professorship in some higher institution. Have you been in there?" Liberty Shottle waved his hand; and Drace, thinking he meant the ballroom, answered him: "Only passed through. I've been rather worn with that sort of thing." "Oh, you think I meant the ball!" I meant the poker-room." "Yes, I sat in there for a time." "How did you come out?" "Not very well. Lost two hundred." "You speak of losing two hundred as lightly as if it were a matter of breath instead of blood. Would you mind holding my hand till you say it again? Two hundred! Why, you know, a fellow would teach bullet-heads and sissies for two months for two hundred dollars. . . . Now, let me lay down a proposition: I am lucky tonight. I lost fifteen dollars, all I had, but I'd just got up to the point of winning when I lost my last dollar. Just one more ante, and it would have come my way. I saw it coming, but a blundering fool headed it off. Now, here's my scheme, and it's a good one: you want your two hundred back; you stake me to a hundred, and I'll go in there and make a cleaning. Don't refuse, now, until you have let your mind digest the situation. Most of the errors in this life come from snap judgment." "Ah, you think you can win, because you lost?" "My dear Virgil, there is, you might say, a psychology in everything. Who wins a fight? The man who believes he can't? No, the man who knows he can. And I know right now. Why, I'd stake my life on it. You give me the hundred and stay right here and wait. As for my honesty, I can give you references—the mayor of New Orleans and Judge Hebbins of Memphis—but he died last week. No matter—I'd jump into the river and let the paddle-wheel beat me into sausage-heat before I'd deceive you. Liberty Shottle, that's my name!" Drace leaned back and laughed. "Liberty, a thing astonishing to me is going to happen. I'll stake you to the hundred." No superstitious devotee ever received from the priest of the gods a libation with more of emotional strain than Liberty Shottle evinced when he closed in tight clutch on Drace's adventurous hundred. Then he bowed and disappeared. Drace sat musing, and soon he began to wonder why he had been so weak as to give \$100 to this peculiar fellow, a stranger. Well, Liberty had amused him. Made him laugh, and in this world there is more money spent for the promotion of laughter than for the relief of tears. Presently Shottle returned. He sat down and though physically he was light, the camp stool groaned beneath him. Drace watched. The Leona blew her great horn and all the world

seemed to tremble. When the sound had died, echoing miles away, the gambler coughed lightly and groaned. Drace wondered why he should be tickled over any one's misfortune, but he felt a merry tingle in his blood. "This boat's got a good bass voice," he remarked. "Bass voice! Do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to bore a ten-inch hole in her bottom and let her go down." "You must have lost, Liberty." "Don't call me Liberty. Call me Lib—just Lib; that's enough. But let me tell you something. Never in all my life have I ever come as near being a rich man as I was just now. I had won—by George, I had so much money stacked up in front of me that a mulatto from the North called me 'marster.' And then a cog slipped. We could have split and had a small fortune apiece." "Blundering fool again?" Drace inquired. "Yes, sir, and I was the fool. I wanted to be a rich man—and came within one of it. You know, sometimes Fortune hesitates as to whether she shall crown you or slap you." "In your case, she didn't seem to hesitate long, Lib." "No the half-tangled hag! And then do you know what she did just as I was forced to get up from the table in as hot a fever as ever scorched a man's blood? She smiled at me. Now, I'll swear to that. But it's all over. A fellow has his little day, and then stretches out and lets the undertaker measure him." "Yes, Lib, and I'd advise him to bring along extra tape when he comes after you." Shottle attempted to smile, but the fever within him was still so hot that his effort ended in a grim tightening of the mouth. "That's all right, Virgil, but you must remember that you are one out of a million. How a fellow can lose \$200 at poker and get up from the table with money still in his pocket is beyond me. However, it means that you haven't got poker in your blood, which of itself is a marvel. But I want to tell you that every man is food for some sort of desperate passion. If it isn't gambling, it may be love. How about that?" "Hasn't caught me yet," answered Drace, stoutly, even though the picture of the girl in the passageway was at the moment floating bright before his mind's eye. "Of course," he added, "I may marry, Liberty; that sort of thing runs in our family, you know. But I don't think the subject very interesting." "I grant you. In this we walk shoulder to shoulder. But there is something of vital interest. Just now—I lost." "Yes, and a very natural thing," Drace agreed. "No, it wasn't natural. It was unnatural that I should lose just at that time. It was an accident. Listen to me for just a minute. Anybody can do the natural and expected thing. A dog or a cat or any other animal always does. It is doing the thing that nature didn't intend that marks the progress of civilization. Now, I have a proposition to make that may seem unnatural. Perhaps no man you ever met before would make it. But you never met such a man as I am, before. You couldn't look forward and see me. Could you?" "I didn't," Drace cheerfully admitted. "And it would have been hard for you to believe that I exist, which I don't, according to the belief of some of my folks. Now, then, what are we getting at? Another stake? No, I am not going to ask you to risk any more of your money. But this is my proposition: You let me have \$100; if I win, I'll pay back all I owe. And if I don't, I'll belong to you—your property, body and soul—but with this understanding, I am not to perform any menial service in public. And it is further understood and agreed upon that if by any chance I can raise \$100, I am to have the privilege of buying my freedom. The first \$100, you understand, was a stake and not a loan. Before you decide, weigh the advantages of owning a man. I will be your Greek, your enslaved philosopher, be your Epicurus and turn your mill. We will revise the ethics of ancient society. Won't that prove that history really does repeat itself?" "Yes," answered Drace, "but I don't care any more whether history repeats herself than I do that a stammering man repeats himself." "Now my dear friend soon to be my master, I hope—I ask you; isn't it something to own a companionable slave?" "Yes. By the way, do you know New Orleans very well?" "What! Does a bloodhound know the scent of a darkey?" "All right, Lib—here's \$100. And I believe that within an hour from now you'll be my property."

CHAPTER II Drace sat musing over the strange creature who had just left him, but soon his mind flowed down another channel, far different from a whim or an amusement—his mission in the South, secret, grim and desperate. But life on a river steamboat in that day left little time for brooding, for a few moments after Shottle left to risk his liberty and Drace's hundred, a roustabout thrust his head in at the door and announced that down on the deck there was to be a throwing and tying match. The big freeman of the Leona was about to encounter Vicksburg Joe for the championship of the River. In an instant Drace was on his feet, all his instincts keen and ready to jump. He was something of a boxer and wrestler, but he had not been taught in this peculiar art of tying an adversary once one has thrown him. And there was that in his mind which made the acquisition of this knowledge seem to him desirable indeed. As he joined a group of men making their way below, he overheard the Colonel, Miss Lucy's admirer, explaining the gentle pastime. "Tying a man once you have thrown him," the Colonel was saying, "is the climax of prowess. I saw Cal Blodgett throw and tie Nick Pavin at a barbecue at Mount Zion campground, and I have cause to remember it, for the young lady I went with deserted me for the hero, sir—actually stuck flowers into his hair. Here we are." Two enormous fellows were struggling, while nearby lay a convenient rope. Finally Vicksburg Joe tied the freeman, and he lay helpless, unable to get up. "I will give you five dollars if you can throw me and tie me that way," called Drace to the victor when the excitement had a little subsided. Joe looked at Drace a moment. The young man looked powerful enough to be dangerous, but—five dollars was five dollars. He smiled, bowed, spread out the wrinkled rug and took Drace by the hand to lead him forth. To the astonishment of all, Drace threw Master Joe; but he could not tie the champion. "Show me how it's done," said Virgil, "and I'll give you the money." For a long time, and until the Colonel and Shottle were worn out with waiting, the two struggled; and so apt was the student that he succeeded finally in turning the master over and tying him. But it seemed that the burly champion was too willing, and Drace insisted on another fall. And now, though the struggle was genuine on Joe's part, Drace tied him. Still more, another five promised, and Virgil was willing to quit. "Finest sport I ever had," he said as he turned away to the upper deck again to avoid the questions and felicitations showered upon him. . . . Drace was musing—not, it must be confessed, upon the serious purposes which had brought him to the South, but upon that girl of the red roses—when Shottle appeared again. Liberty stood in his presence, not with a droop but straight in the manly resolution to discharge the duties an adverse fate had thrust upon him. In the belief that it would make him look more like a slave, he now wore his coat turned wrong side out. "Master, I salute you," he remarked. "All right," said Drace. "But turn your coat. I want my slave, the grinder of my mill, to appear respectably clad. You may sit down." "I thank you, sir." "You didn't last long." "No, master. The tangled-haired hag kicked me sidewise, like a cow. In only two pots! But what can you expect of a man that has an ace-full beaten? How long can a man preserve his freedom at that rate? And a fellow with a spindle chin and a nose no bigger than the average wart beat me with four jacks. Crushed me! And he would have crushed Julius Caesar just the same. Well, after all, freedom has many responsibilities. As a slave I'll cultivate what virtues I can get hold of, and look toward old age and a cabin on the hillside. And now, as it is natural for every man to hide his degradation, will you permit me to call you Virgil in the presence of other people?" "I thought you didn't believe in the natural thing! But all right; I grant your request. And now I suppose I'd better give you some pocket-change. It isn't well for even a slave to be broke." The slave's face brightened with hope. "You couldn't make it as much as five dollars, could you?" "No, thirty cents." Shottle took the money and sat drooping. Drace gave him a cigar, and they smoked for a time in silence. At last Shottle looked toward Drace. His face glit with the whimsical humor that had hitherto possessed it. "Master," he said, "I don't want to be inquisitive, and if I'm prying into what's none of my business, I won't mind your saying so. But I want to be a faithful slave, and I can serve you best if I know what—what are my master's purposes in life. For example, was there any special reason for your learning to throw and tie that way? Is there anybody in particular I could help you to put the rope on?" Drace made no answer for a moment, but bent a searching eye upon his new servitor. Somehow the man's soul seemed to shine transparent in his face; and through it Drace saw sincerity; moreover the longing of youth for comradeship was strong within his lonely soul and won him from reticence. "Liberty," he said, "did you ever hear of a man named Stepho La Vitte?" Liberty nodded. "Yes, I've heard of him; they say he's an outlaw, a smuggler." "And worse," said Drace. "He's the man who—Liberty, give me your word, your oath, that you'll keep this a sacred secret!" Liberty gave his word and his oath with a certain quaint dignity, and Drace went on: "Liberty, before the war my father, Alfred Drace, was manager of a line of steamboats on the Ohio. In his employ was the creole Stepho La Vitte. After a time it came to my father's knowledge that Stepho was not only dishonest in ordinary dealings, but was guilty of piracy along the coast. And so my father dismissed Stepho from a position which the creole's dishonesty had made lucrative and valuable to him. "Just after that," Drace went on, "the war broke out. La Vitte became a guerrilla—one of the men of Quantrell's stamp, who kept out of the army, but who gathered in bands and lived by rapine along the border. I was only a little boy, Liberty, when La Vitte's band of guerrillas crossed the Ohio near Cincinnati and raided the little town where we lived. But the horror of that night still burns like a flame in my brain, Liberty." Drace stopped, drew from a breast pocket a card and handed it to Shottle. On it was written in bold black characters: "Stepho La Vitte, with the compliments of Alfred Drace's son, Virgil." Shottle read the card, then looked inquiringly at Drace: "Liberty," the young man explained, "those guerrillas under La Vitte burned our little town and killed nearly every grown man in it. For word was brought of their coming, and the men—nearly all of them married men or old—who had not gone to the war seized weapons and went out to defend their houses. "They were massacred almost to a man. . . . And it was not plunder alone that led them to choose our little town for outrage, Liberty, but a passion for revenge. For next morning my father was found hanging to a tree. And on his breast was pinned a card that read: 'Alfred Drace, with the compliments of Stepho La Vitte.' Liberty looked again at the card he held in his hand, then handed it back to Drace. "I reckon I understand now, master," he said. "You are hunting this Stepho to—"

"To hang him as high as Haman and to pin that card on his breast," declared Drace passionately. "While my mother lived, Liberty, I could do nothing. You know how women are in such matters. But—she died this spring, Liberty, after long years of grieving for the man that d-d out free to strike for my honor and my father's memory—to carry justice to that murderer." With an awkward gesture Liberty stretched forth a hand, caught Drace's and wrung it warmly. "You're like—like Hamlet!" he exclaimed. "I'll do my best to help you, Hamlet. Let us be your Horatio as well as your slave." Drace returned the fervent hand-clasp. "My Horatio!" he agreed. And then, solemnly again, he added: "It's a worthy cause, Liberty. It's not alone my private vengeance, but the wrongs of a whole community that the ordinary machinery of justice can never right. Why, Liberty, dozens of men were murdered by those drunken fiends; little children were trodden under the hoofs of their horses, and women—near our house, Liberty, an old couple live in poverty. At the time of Stepho's raid their son and his young wife lived next door to them; they were well-to-do and prosperous. The day of the raid the son had received ten thousand dollars from the sale of some lands. When rumor of the raiders came, he hurriedly hid the money somewhere in the neighborhood, scribbled on a piece of paper the location of that treasure and gave it to his wife before he went out with the other men to fight. Next morning he had been shot; and the young wife had been carried off by those devils—her child with her, after the Indian custom, to keep her from suicide. No one knows what became of her. Now has that money ever been found, Liberty, if I could find Stepho, get him in my power, I believe, I could at least learn what became of that poor young woman—possibly find that paper and learn where to find the money those poor people so surely need; for once, some years ago, a mysterious fellow was caught digging about their yard. . . . But I've talked enough, Liberty. Action! Do you know any more about La Vitte?" (Continued Next Week)



And on His Breast Was Pinned a Card That Read: "Alfred Drace, With the Compliments of Stepho La Vitte."

Profit-sharing coupons with each \$1.00 purchase at The Brady Standard.

Honoring Our Yankee Heroes



President Harding and former President Woodrow Wilson were the principals in impressive Armistice Day activities at Washington, D. C. In simple ceremony Pres. Harding visited the grave of America's Unknown Soldier, to place a huge floral wreath, as shown in the upper picture. Former President Wilson broke his long silence when more than 5,000 admirers marched to his home in Washington to pay tribute. His tribute was to our soldier boys who made the supreme sacrifice.

COLEMAN AND RUNNELS COUNTIES ARE PUSHING GOOD ROADS CAMPAIGNS

Runnels and Coleman counties are in the midst of a great road building campaign which involves almost every locality and as the citizens view it, will be of great benefit to all parts of the county as a whole. In a recent issue of the Ballinger Ledger the following is said in regard to the matter in Runnels county:

"County Highway Engineer U. Stephens will go before the State Highway Commission on the 27th of this month and ask the commission to match the \$15,000 with state and federal aid, and it is believed that the commission will grant the aid.

When asked if he did not consider the Winters-Ballinger road more important, and a road which should receive first attention, Engineer Stephens stated that it was impossible to get state aid for the Winters road until the question of right-of-way was settled. The state will not grant aid for the construction of a highway over the present crooked route, and the highway commission has approved the Coleman-Ballinger road which now follows the railroad parallel and is almost on a straight line to the county boundary.

"Mr. Stephens stated that it was the Commissioners' court plan to build from ten to fifteen miles of earth-graded road, with concrete drainage system in the Ballinger precinct each year, until money was available for carrying on the work on a larger program. There are 300 miles of public roads in the precinct, but state and federal aid can be had only on the 42 miles of designated highway in the precinct, and at that rate it will require four years to carry out the program adopted by the Commissioners' court. The proposed work will be carried on from funds created by the regular road tax, auto tax for upkeep, and any possible aid the precinct can get from the state and federal highway commissions."

On the same subject The Dallas News, under a Coleman date line, carried the following article in its Sunday issue:

Coleman Campaign.
Coleman, Texas, Nov. 18.—Coleman county is in the midst of a road building campaign that is expected by next summer to give the county hard surfaced highways running north and south and east and west from line to line. Approximately \$500,000 is being spent on road construction in the county at this time. Bonds voted for road construction approximate \$1,300,000. By Jan. 1, 1923, contracts for the entire program of construction will have been let, according to present expectations.

The highway leading northeast of the town of Coleman towards Cisco is highway No. 23 and is a State aid project. This highway will connect at Cross Plains with a direct route into Fort Worth and Dallas. Another highway of considerable importance now under construction is State No. 7, leading from north of Coleman through Santa Fe to the Brown county line. This highway is also receiving State aid. It is being built by the Womack Construction company at an estimated cost of \$135,000. Hard surfaced roads lead out of Coleman eight miles south towards Brady, west to the Runnels county line and south eight miles to the rich farming center at Gouldbusk.

The present county commissioners' court expects to have all these highways completed by summer. By that time Coleman county will have a hard surfaced road from the Brown county line on the east to within four miles of the Runnels county line on the west, another from the Callahan county line at Cross Plains on the north to Valera on the south, a distance of thirty-three miles, and from Valera to the McCulloch county line an improved road of dirt surface. Thus two lines will cross the county, east and west, and north and south.—Brownwood Bulletin.

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That's Different.

"Why in the sacred name of John Burroughs are you putting those dodged, dirg-blasted things there?" roared the enraged lieutenant as he came into the officers' mess hall and discovered the company dog robber placing a canteen cup full of flowers on the table. "Think this is a dog-gone female seminary? Know there's a war going on? Think we're a bunch of boarding-school girls, you iron-headed idiot? Who told you to put those there?"

"The captain, sir."

"Pretty, aren't they?"

NOTICE TO FARMERS.
After Nov. 10, our gins will run Friday and Saturday each week.

PLANTERS GIN.
N. B. EMBRY GIN.
J. H. PURDY GIN.

Practice Needed.

There's wasn't a much tougher outfit in the whole State of Wyoming than the Flying V, and it was with some surprise that the cowboys had gathered together and heard the boss proclaim:

"I want you fellers to get out yer guns and practice up a bit."

"What fer?" demanded the chorus.

"Well, we're goin' into Chicago with a train of cattle in a week or so, an' we wanta be able to at least hold our own."

Needs All His Attention.

Friend—Why do you always eat a good meal before dining out?

Mr. Newrich—So that I can give my entire attention to the management of the various knives, forks, and spoons.—Boston Transcript.

Wig Wag.

Bilkens showed up with a set of hand-carved features that resembled the field after Chateau-Thierry.

"Pete's sake!" gasped a friend.

"What happened to your face? Been in an accident?"

"Nope," returned Bilkens sadly. "A deaf and dumb barber shaved me 'side the way he was feeling chatty."

DAIRY-POULTRY-LIVESTOCK CAMPAIGN DEC. 11-12

Wm. D. Cargill, secretary of the Brady Chamber of Commerce, is advised by Porter A. Whaley, secretary of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, that McCulloch county has been included this year in the Joint Poultry-Dairy-Livestock campaign, and that meetings will be held in Brady on December 11th, and at Melvin the morning of December 12th and at Mercury the afternoon of the 12th. The campaign team will be composed of Col. C. C. French of the Fort Worth Livestock company, Miss C. C. Murray, Poultry Expert of the A. & M. college of Texas, B. M. Whitaker, Agricultural Exhibit manager, and one or two others. They will talk to the citizens along practical lines in connection with diversified agriculture. There will be little theory, but all will have practical suggestions to offer. Col. French is rated one of the best-known men in America on the subject of livestock.

The United States Department of Agriculture and the International Harvester Co. are to furnish several excellent motion picture films. One will be entitled "America's Golden Harvest," and another "Cherryland," the latter being of special interest to the farmers interested in orchards. A film on the subject of diversification will be supplied by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Further announcements will be made later.

SEED OATS

See MACY & CO. for Red, Rust-Proof Seed Oats, tested and treated for smut.

Two of a Kind.

Jay: Don't you hate to play poker with a bad loser?

Ray: Yes, almost as much as with a good winner.—Wayside Tales.

Not Much Left, Either!

"Why do you call him scatter-brained?"

"Because he gives every one a piece of his mind."—Wayside Tales.

Some Diplomat.

They had just been married and were about to start on their wedding trip. He was embarrassed to the point of forgetfulness but he met the situation expertly.

"Why, Harry, you've bought only one ticket," reproached the bride.

"Just like me, dear," flashed Harry; "always forgetting myself."



A SMASHING CLEAN-UP SALE

All Ready-to-Wear, Suits Hats, Coats, Dresses, Etc.

Will be sacrificed beginning MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH. We have had a splendid season in these lines and are determined to close the season without any carry-overs. If you haven't bought yours yet, this is your opportunity.

Silk Stockings Free!

Extra Special!

With each pair of Ladies' Billiken Shoes or Oxfords sold during Trade Expansion Week, we will give Free of Charge one pair of Silk Hose.

One Lot—50 Pairs—Wool Finished Plaid Blankets—Good Weight and Good Quality. Large Size. Will be offered special for Trade Expansion Week, at a pair, only \$2.48



C. H. VINCENT

The Store of Dependable Quality

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE ROADS LIKE THESE CONNECTING YOUR COMMUNITY WITH EVERY OTHER?



DENTON COUNTY ROADS. Above, type of underpasses at a railroad crossings. Note reinforced concrete slabs. Below, waterbound macadam on Denton-Dallas Highway. —Courtesy Fort Worth Star-Telegram

Well Trained.

Old Gentleman—"I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the train."

Archie—"Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."—London Answers.

And That Goes.

Buck—"Can you give me a definition of an orator?"

Private—"Sure. He's a fellow that's always ready to lay down your life for his country."

Impossible.

"Did my wife make a speech at the meeting this afternoon?"

"Well, I don't believe I've ever met your wife, but a large distinguished-looking woman got up and started out by saying that she couldn't find words to express her feelings."

"That wasn't my wife."

Be sure of plenty of fuel for Winter. Place your order now with MACY & CO.

All grade shop-made Saddles and Harness, at special reduced prices during Trade Expansion Week. EVERS & BRO., Brady.

Coal is cash. Macy & Co.