

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

HOME BUILDERS MAKING BRADY A CITY BEAUTIFUL

Home builders, exemplifying the love of home, are enabling Brady to make rapid strides towards the goal of the "City Beautiful." To the Brady Building & Loan association goes much credit for fostering the move of better homes in Brady, the association having just completed making their fourth loan. As a result of these loans, Brady now boasts two additional modern and most attractive bungalow homes, while two other residences are being improved and beautified.

Paul Calvert, who received the third loan from the association, is now putting the finishing touches upon his home improvements, and which have served to give him one of the most attractive homes in the south section of town. The addition of a large porch, 10x18 ft. in dimension on the south side of his house, fronted by a pergola 8x8 ft. in dimension, has added immeasurably to the attractive appearance of the home, as well as providing a most comfortable out-door resting place. The laying of cement walks on both the front and side of the yard, together with walks inside the yard and around the flower beds, with concrete floor in the pergola, have added a trim and finished appearance to the place, setting it off in distinctive fashion.

Across the street from Mr. Calvert's, E. M. Womack has followed the good example by having sidewalks laid both without and within the yard, together with curbing, all of which complete the already attractive appearance of his cozy residence.

W. A. Ogden, who has just negotiated the fourth loan made by the Brady Building & Loan association, has C. R. Horn laying the foundation for a commodious addition to his bungalow home in southeast Brady. Mr. Ogden has planned a 14x28 ft. addition to his home, the construction being of frame, with studded walls. The new addition will be composed of two rooms with bath, and will give Mr. and Mrs. Ogden one of the neatest and most comfortable modern homes in the city. Bob Walters will have charge of the construction work.

Just a couple blocks north of Mr. Ogden's, C. C. Dawson of Dawson, Texas, is having the garage on the W. J. Moore homestead converted into a combination garage, and windowed sleeping room by the addition of a top story. Jim Anderson is in charge of the rebuilding of the garage. The second story will be windowed and screened, will have weatherboarded sides and a bungalow roof, making for a most attractive summer home. An outdoor stairway gives access to the second floor. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson plan to spend the spring and summer months here, both in order to look after the improvements upon their several farms, and also for the purpose of recuperating their health. Their bungalow sleeping room will afford them ideal quarters during their stay here.

At the Brady Water & Light Works plant, Superintendent W. O. Kirchner is converting the grounds surrounding the building into a most attractive park. A curb has been laid to mark the property line, flower beds will be laid out, grass planted and a miniature fish pond installed. Needless to say, this attractive improvement will give both home and out-of-town visitors a most favorable impression of Brady and will furnish one of Brady's foremost examples of civic attractiveness.

If you want new piano Sheet Music, we have it. Davis & Gartman. Phone 238. Show Card Ink in all colors. The Brady Standard.

E. R. Cantwell
MATTRESS MAKER
And UPHOLSTERER
Brady : Texas

OSCAR TURNER HAS DISASTROUS FIRE ON FARM

Oscar Turner last Friday night suffered a disastrous loss in the total destruction of the barn on the Will and Ike Myers farm, five miles north of Brady on the Coleman road, and which is operated by Mr. Turner. The total loss will run around \$2,000. Myers Bros. loss was confined to the big barn, a 40x60 ft. structure, and which cost \$1,400 to build. They carried \$1,000 insurance.

Mr. Turner lost nine sets of harness, including one set valued at \$150. Also a buggy, saddle, cotton seed from 18 bales, maize, threshed oats and other feed, and a number of chickens and turkeys, which were cremated in the blaze. Mr. Turner's loss was total, as he carried no insurance.

The fire originated from unknown cause between 10:30 and 11:30 o'clock and when he discovered the entire barn was a mass of flames and nothing could be saved. Tom Terry, who passed the place shortly after 10 o'clock, noticed a light in the barn, but paid no attention, thinking someone was using a lighted lantern in the barn.

MARION RICE BECOMES HOME OWNER--PURCHASES THE S. M. RICHARDSON RESIDENCE SAT.

Marion Rice is the latest addition to the long list of Brady home owners, Mr. Rice having last Saturday closed a deal for the purchase of the S. M. Richardson residence, located just south of the Christian church parsonage. Mr. Richardson was in Brady from Denton Saturday to close the deal with Mr. Rice.

The residence is a most comfortable and commodious one, comprising six rooms, with bath, hall way, front and back porches, and being nicely located in a most desirable neighborhood. Mr. Rice is to be congratulated upon his purchase and upon his decision to be numbered one of Brady's permanent residents.

Clemenceau attributes his longevity to grapefruit. It only remains for some one to attribute longevity to button shoes.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A London murderess has been sentenced to hang. English women contemplating murder should move to America.—Preston Press Guardian.

To Tell Europe When and How Much to Pay Us



This is the House Committee just after leaving the White House where President Harding outlined his policy for the European debt settlement. They are, left to right: Burton, Ohio; Mondell, Wyo.; Sanford and Longworth, Ohio; Campbell, Kas.; Towner, Iowa; Madden, Ill.; Green, Vermont; Green, Iowa.

ALL HAIL! IT'S JUDGE JOE MATTHEWS NOW--APPOINTED BY MENARD COMMISSIONERS

All Hail to Judge Joe Matthews. Doff your hats, boys, when Judge Matthews comes to Brady, for he is now high factotum of the judiciary of our neighbor, Menard county. The Menard county commissioners have thrust this greatness upon him, and it goes without saying that Judge Matthews will wear the ermine robe with becoming dignity and credit to Menard county. We are not "spoofing" as some may think, for here is the news in black and white, reprinted from yesterday's issue of the Menard Messenger:

"Joe Matthews, co-owner and proprietor of the Peg Leg Farm, a few miles down the river, received the appointment of County Judge at the hands of the commissioners court Tuesday afternoon.

"Mr. Matthews is a retired lawyer, having served McCulloch county as county attorney, but for the past several years he has confined his efforts and energies to farm and ranch activities.

"Mr. Matthews is not wholly a stranger to the working, duties, etc., of the county judge's office, having served his precinct as commissioner for a period of four years some years ago."

Unfortunately for our times, nobody has yet discovered a way to rest in a hurry.—Hartford Times.

Styles are wicked when you like them on the other man's wife better than you like them on your own.—Atlanta Constitution.

The world isn't really growing better. It just seems that way because you don't hear the word "sweetie" so much.—Hartford Times.

HARLEY SADLER'S PLAYERS OPEN WEEK'S ENGAGEMENT WITH GOOD PERFORMANCE

The Harley Sadler's performers arrived in Brady Sunday in their own magnificently equipped special railroad car, and last night opened their week's engagement with a splendid comedy, "The Country Boy," a four-act scream, which delighted everyone who saw the bill. The big tent theatre is located on the Dutton show grounds, just east of the Syndicate building. Despite the inclement weather, the big tent was heated in splendid fashion, and was as comfortable as any building. Special pains had been taken to provide and care for attendants at the show, a cinder path being laid from the Radford building to the tent, and which provided a dry footing for all.

The opening play gave ample opportunity for demonstrating the ability of the performers, and without a question of doubt, gave entire satisfaction to all. The specialties between acts were also splendid and won merited applause. One of the big features of the show is the excellent band and orchestra. Their open-air performances, and their orchestra numbers as well, classed them as artists of the first water.

The following is the program announced for the balance of this week: Wednesday night, Western comedy—"Across the Rio Grande."

Thursday night, "Friends" or the "Dope Fiend."

Friday night, "The Parasite."

Saturday afternoon, 2:30, "Lena Rivers."

Saturday night, "My Dixie Rose."

See Macy & Co. for feed of all kinds, and field seeds. Phone 295.

HUBERT JACKSON EMBARKS IN GROCERY BUSINESS IN FORMER RAMSAY BUILDING

Hubert Jackson, one of Brady's enterprising and progressive young men, has embarked in the grocery business, opening up in the former grocery stand of Miss Pearl Walter on the southwest corner of the square, and which stand has just been vacated by the Smith Bros. barber shop. The new business will be operated as the City Grocery.

Mr. Jackson will carry a complete line of staple groceries, fruits and confections, and reports having enjoyed a splendid run of business since opening last week. His many friends will join in wishing him every success.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY ESTABLISHES NEW RECORD--SHIPS 2158 CARS ONE DAY

Simpson & Co., local Chevrolet automobile dealers, are in receipt of a telegram from the Texas Chevrolet headquarters in Fort Worth giving details of a new record established by the Chevrolet Motor Co. On Friday, January 19th, the company shipped from their various assembling plants, not including the Canadian plant, 2,158 cars, which is not only a record shipment, but forcefully demonstrates the tremendous flow of winter orders for this deservedly popular car.

Needless to say, the local dealers are delighted at this evidence of the growing favor of the Chevrolet, and which substantiates the popularity of the Chevrolet throughout their sales territory.

Let Macy & Co. fill your coal bins. Phone 295.

OPPORTUNE RAIN CAUSES MILES OF SMILES MONDAY

McCulloch county and, in fact, all this section of Texas has just been blessed with another opportune rain, as a result of which farmers, stockmen and the citizenship in general are wearing happy smiles. The only thing the downpour lacked was being heavy enough to put out stock water, of which there is great need, especially in the south part of the county. Starting with a light drizzling rain in the early morning hours of Sunday, the precipitation continued at intervals all through the day, something like a quarter of an inch being recorded at nightfall. Sunday night several sharp downpours brought the total precipitation up to .65 of an inch. Monday continued cloudy and drizzling throughout most of the day, with a chill north wind giving promise of a wet norther. However, the temperature lacked about one degree of reaching freezing point last night, and today's returning sunshine appears to forecast both an end of the rain and cold weather.

The moisture, while not heavy, will prove of immense benefit to winter grains, as well as giving a start to pasturage. The ground has been in fine shape for plowing the past couple weeks, with the result that the farmers have gotten the biggest part of their land broken, and every bit of the moisture was absorbed by the earth.

Incidentally, the cold rain and threatened norther will serve to retard the fruit trees, many of which have shown signs of beginning to bud out as a result of the extremely warm weather had the past several weeks.

According to press reports, the rain was heavier in Coleman and Brown counties and other points north of here, where two inches of rain is reported. The South Plains country reported rain, sleet and snow. A light flurry of snow was observed in Brady by some citizens.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT DEANS REPORTS ON SALVATION ARMY CONTRIBUTIONS

According to promise, you will find amounts raised by each school in the recent Salvation Army drive:

East Sweden	\$ 3.08
Salt Gap	3.50
Cow Gap	1.70
Martin	1.75
Dodge	2.25
East Gansel	.80
Camp San Saba	4.00
Lohn	2.40
Round Mountain	4.00
Placid	3.00
Whiteland	3.00
Rochelle	7.70
Mercery	10.44
Stacy	4.20
Corn Creek	5.15
Broadmoor	2.10

I have deposit checks for two schools that made offering to this cause, but I do not have the names of these schools. One school for \$1.20 and the other for \$3.61.

Respectfully submitted,
W. M. DEANS.

JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MEETING POSTPONED TO SECOND FRIDAY IN FEB.

The regular meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce announced for Friday night, has been postponed until the first meeting night in next month, viz: Tuesday night, February 13th.

Important business will come up for consideration at that time, and decision will be reached as to what undertakings the Juniors will first concentrate upon. It is hoped that the general citizenship will attend the meeting and lend their moral, financial and physical support to the endeavors of the Juniors.

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.

You Can Enjoy This Purse Protection

SHAKESPEARE wrote the greatest of all advertising truths when through his character of Cassio he said: "Good name in man or woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of the soul."

The greatest properties in the world have been built on the foundation of good name. Reputation and honor bring more interest than any capital that can be invested in business. More important still, they form an absolute guarantee for the Buyer.

There are single words, single names, that today are worth untold millions of dollars. Sheffield suggests cutlery of quality. Dresden brings chinaware to mind. Venice visualizes glassware, Nottingham pictures laces, and Paris—well, Paris fashions have become an international by-word.

These are the names of cities whose workmen have built character by living up to reputation.

Does any man question Gobelien tapestry, the Damascus blade, the violin of Cremona, or of more recent times, the product of Tiffany?

Business men and private individuals interested in the value to them of the art of advertising will do well to remember these facts. They were brought out forcefully in a speech delivered recently in Atlantic City by Earl D. Babst. Mr. Babst explained that reputations of value attach to localities as much as to individuals and corporations.

"The greatest asset in the world is good will," said Mr. Babst.

"Good will, in the simple terms of American business, is 'good reputation.'"

The average citizen who buys, but does not manufacture or advertise, may say: "Advertising is all very well for the SELLER. It makes HIM known, it makes HIM rich, it increases HIS business. But what good does advertising do ME?"

Advertising is more valuable even to the buyer than to the seller. For in a business established by advertising that has cost millions a business has established a NAME worth more than all its factories, machinery and money, and it MUST PROTECT THAT NAME.

The only way to protect a NAME is to protect the PROD-

UCT, by keeping up its QUALITY, by making good THE PROMISES of the ADVERTISING, by doing nothing to injure the chief asset, which is GOOD REPUTATION, GOOD WILL.

A man owning factories or other buildings will not set fire to them and burn them down if he can help it—especially if they are not insured.

The good will, the reputation back of a name, is a property that CANNOT BE INSURED. The good will of the public is the only insurance.

Having built up such a name, it must be KEPT UP. To let it fall, to deceive the public, to diminish quality for the sake of extra temporary profit, is as foolish and destructive as it would be to set fire to uninsured buildings.

ONCE TORN DOWN, A NAME CANNOT BE BUILT AGAIN.

Buyers protect themselves when they learn to test the promises and the fulfillments of advertisers, the value of a NAME ON A PACKAGE or a product of any kind.

A buyer has in his power constantly the standing, the life or death of any advertised product. Once the BUYER abandons it, it is gone.

Buyers should know, and many manufacturers, business men of good character with good products should know, more than they do know about advertising power, its meaning, its value to the producer AND MUCH GREATER VALUE TO THE CONSUMER.

There are advertised articles in which amounts as great as fifty millions and more have been invested, MERELY TO BUILD UP THE NAME. It is not likely that the owner of such a name, with his millions invested in it, would for the sake of temporary profit jeopardize the great capital that the name represents.

The business man who has not learned what advertising can do for him, locally and nationally, might write to Earl D. Babst, No. 117 Wall Street, New York City, for a copy of his speech.

THE BRADY STANDARD
H. F. Schwenker, Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1910, at postoffice at Brady, Tex., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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

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

Notices of church entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged for at the regular rates.

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.



BRADY, TEXAS, Jan. 23, 1923

HONEST INJUN.

That rain might not be one of The Standard's famous Million Dollar moistures—but it was a good start on one.

PAY YOUR POLL TAX.

As the popular idea goes, it is an off year in politics, and therefore poll tax payments are apt to lag. This should not be the case, for more reasons than one. In the first place, while the payment of state and county poll tax is a pre-requisite to voting, yet it should also be remembered that money paid for poll tax goes to the schools, and every citizen should be loyal enough to the schools to want to see them derive as large a fund as possible.

However, most tax payers give this phase of the matter little consideration, their only thought being to qualify as a voter during election year. It should be borne in mind that there will probably be numbers of things to come before the voters this year of both local and state-wide nature, and which everyone will want to have voice in. For this reason alone, it is important that you pay your poll tax before the end of January. Don't sacrifice your right of franchise by neglecting or refusing to pay your tax during this month.

UTTERANCES OF TWO GOVERNORS.

In 1671, just 252 years ago, a governor of one of the colonies of Virginia, said:

"I thank God that there are no free schools nor printing presses, and hope we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world."

Governor Neff today says: "Every child in Texas, from the poorest to the richest, is entitled to a fair education. Not only is every child entitled to it, but the State must see that the child has it."

Governor Neff is growing in favor with the people of Texas because of his come-back powers. And one of the wisest statements he has made was uttered at Floresville, when he said:

"In the administration of the law, I am for the court house, its judgments, and its decrees. It is the one tribunal whose sole function is to make life sacred and property secure."
—Texas Commercial News.

"TAXES" WILL NEVER BE POPULAR.

Things like individuals seldom lose the coloring of their nativity. Born in Ethiopia, always an Ethiopian.

"Taxes" had its origin during the cruel days of lords and vassals. It was exacted from the vassal that the lord might use it in paying his own personal expenses, and for the purpose of promoting his own personal ambition; more, it was used to keep the vassals in vassalage!

Many hundreds of years of tax-paying came and went before the idea of "the general welfare" crept in as a governmental function.

"Taxes" denotes oppression, tyranny, degradation serfdom, and really should have gone into the limbo along with its progenitors.

It is a misnomer to call the money that we contribute of our own accord towards promoting the general welfare "taxes."

It is an investment. There is not a single tax we pay that we did not agree should be paid that the general welfare might be promoted.

Yet, as long as we call our investment in the promotion of the general welfare "taxes" men are going to resent it and hate it. We propose that some statesman coin a new term. We suggest "investment."
—Texas Commercial News.

Thumb tacks—assorted sizes and styles. The Brady Standard.

U. S. SENATOR GEO. W. NORRIS SAYS NOMINATE PRESIDENT BY DIRECT PRIMARY

Washington, D. C., Jan. 16.—A primary for the nomination of candidates for office is in reality a part of the election machinery. A primary election is often more important than the regular election which follows. To deny to the people the right to nominate their candidates for office, is in reality, a denial of the right of suffrage.

The primary elections have come into almost universal use in the nomination of all candidates for office except President of the United States. Why should this exception exist?

If the people are allowed by primary to select their candidates for governor for the House of Representatives and for the United States Senate, then by what logic are they deprived of the right to select in the same way their candidates for President?

The President is the most important office of all. He has more to do both with the making of the laws and their administration than any other official in the country. He is part of the legislative machinery of the Federal government. He helps to make the laws under which all of the people live.

The President is practically supreme in the enforcement of these laws. He appoints all of the executive officials in the entire country. He likewise appoints all of the judges of the United States courts and thus has an indirect influence upon the interpretation of laws as well as their enactment and their enforcement.

National Conventions Ignore Wishes of Rank and File.

Everybody knows that the national conventions of both of the great political parties pay but little heed to the wishes of the rank and file of those parties.

We have seen a great political party practically dominated and controlled by a sick man a thousand miles away from the place where the convention was held.

We have seen a great national convention of a great political party completely changed in the sentiment of its membership by the contests and the arbitrary rules of a national committee in making up the temporary roll of the convention.

Every intelligent American citizen knows that national conventions are not controlled by the people but by the political machines and the political bosses and when the two conventions of the dominant political parties are thus controlled, there is nothing left for the people except a choice between two evils.

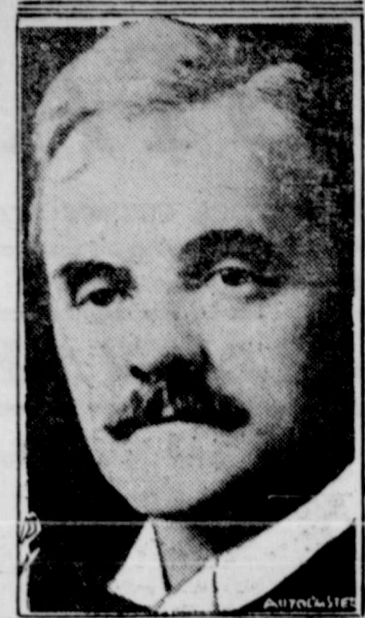
When the people do not nominate, the people cannot elect.

In the case of our President, the work of the national convention is the last and the final act. There is nothing left except a ratification of one or another. There is no appeal from their decree.

Independent Candidates Cannot Be Elected.

It is true that in theory an inde-

United States Senator George W. Norris



Nebraskan asks why most important office in our country, the presidency, is left to fill through choices of political bosses instead of by direct primary, the true voice of the voters?

pendent candidate might run for the office of President after the conventions had disregarded the wishes of the people.

As a matter of practice, however, this theoretical right is nothing but a myth, and it is practically impossible for an independent candidate to make any headway in running for President.

The electoral college stands in the way.

It would be necessary to organize a new party and form an organization in every congressional district in the United States, a thing that for practical purposes within the short time between the date of the holding of the convention and the election is an impossibility, and even if possible, requires an immense amount of money.

With the electoral college standing in the way, there is no possibility of an independent candidate for President having his name placed on the ballot.

If the people could vote directly for President, primary elections for the nomination of candidates for President would not be nearly so important, because in case the conventions entirely disregarded the wishes of the citizenship an independent candidate could be placed in the field and elected, but as long as the electoral college exists such a thing is as impossible as thought it were prohibited by direct language in the Constitution.

It is quite apparent, therefore, that a primary for the nomination of presidential candidates is more important and more fundamental than a primary for the election of a candidate for any other office in the United States, either State or Federal.—By U. S. Senator George W. Norris, Chairman, Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry.

THIRTY-SEVEN MOVE FROM GEORGIA TO TAKE UP FARMING IN RANNELS COUNTY

Saturday at noon, January 13th, there was perhaps more immigration to Rannels county than there has been at any one time since the early days when town lot sales were made in Ballinger. The West-bound Santa Fe passenger train No. 77, set off a sleeper at Ballinger which brought to this county the Brown family from Coosa, Georgia. These people are relatives of A. H. VanPelt of this city, and with them came his mother, Mrs. F. A. VanPelt, who is a great-grandmother, and is nearly 91 years old. She will make her home here with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brown, who make up one family of the party.

In the party are seven families, totaling 37 persons in all. They are: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brown and family, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Brown and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Brown and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brown and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrell Brown and family, Archie Brown, and Mrs. F. A. VanPelt.

The entire family have been farming around Coosa, Georgia, for many years and a short time ago sold everything they possessed in that state and began making arrangements to come to Rannels county. For some time A. H. VanPelt has been busy getting farms for the new settlers and at present he has secured places for all except J. M. Brown, who is the father of the big family. Oscar, Ed and Ferrell Brown will be on the Thos. C. Hall place, four miles from Ballinger on the Crews road. Larkin Brown will be on the A. H. VanPelt place between Ballinger and Winters. J. F. Brown will be on the Luther Poe place near Winters, and the rest of the Georgians will likely locate around Winters.

The family chartered a Pullman at Rome, Ga., straight through to Ballinger, and the sleeper was sidetracked on the siding opposite the A. H. VanPelt home here Saturday at noon.

Household goods, farm implements and tractors are coming through in special cars and will arrive in a few days. Friday noon eight registered bird dogs arrived which were taken care of by Mr. VanPelt.—Ballinger Banner Ledger.

PENCIL POINTERS—From a dime to a dollar seventy-five. The Brady Standard.

HARLEY SADLER'S TENT THEATRE All This Week

Positively the Best Dramatic Company Playing the South

NEW PLAYS, GOOD MUSIC POLITE VAUDEVILLE

Tent Waterproof, Well Heated and Comfortable. Plays Changed Each Night.

Absolutely a Guaranteed Attraction. Ask Your Neighbor Who Has Attended.

Doors Open 6:45. Curtain Rises 7:45

LOOK OVER THE LIST OF PLAYS

WEDNESDAY NIGHT—Western Comedy—**"ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE"**

THURSDAY NIGHT—Our Feature Play—**"FRIENDS" OR THE "DOPE FIEND"**

FRIDAY NIGHT—the Great Religious Play—**"THE PARASITE"**

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 2:30—The Greatest of All Book Plays—**"LENA RIVERS"**

SATURDAY NIGHT—**"MY DIXIE ROSE"**

Don't stay away waiting for the good ones—they're all good.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK—

THAT your city's business is your business. **DON'T LAY DOWN ON THE JOB!**

THAT you should not expect your five business men to spend all the time and money building your city, while you ride along on a free pass. **DO YOUR SHARE!**

THAT you should do everything in your power to stimulate and strengthen the industries of your city. **THEIR SUCCESS MEANS YOUR SUCCESS.**

THAT your city should aim to please in HER APPEARANCES, HER BUSINESS AND BEHAVIOR.

THAT you should not criticize or condemn the business organization of your city for failures to get the results you desire, unless you have given time, money, thought and effort in getting these results.

THAT year around good roads save cost of getting farm products to buyers and get better prices.

THAT the value of roads that can be used Summer, Winter, Fall and Spring have been demonstrated.

THAT good roads are a profitable investment.

THAT people who live in rural districts, use roads daily, both for pleasure and in their business. Distances to towns and cities and homes of neighbors have been immeasurably shortened by the automobiles. Good markets have been brought closer by the motor trucks.

THAT it is to the advantage of the manufacturer and jobber, to use motor trucks for short hauls of all kinds. The manufacturer has learned the lesson, the same as the farmer that it is pure waste to load and unload their products to ship by rail when they may be conveyed within reasonable distance by motor trucks. **BOOST GOOD ROADS!**

THAT without doubt, your city could make an impression on people living elsewhere, by placing in their hands, copies of your newspapers. They reflect the spirit of progress of your city. After you read your paper today, mail it to some friend or acquaintance.

E. R. WAITE
Secretary

SHAWNEE OKLAHOMA BOARD OF COMMERCE

February---the Month of Holidays---the Month of Parties

How are you celebrating? If you're giving a party you need Dennison's decorations, novelties and table favors.

Patriotic designs of all kinds.

If you're going, you'll need a costume, and crepe paper is just the thing. Easy to use and inexpensive.



Make Your Valentine Parties a Success



Use Dennison's timely invitations, gay crepe paper for decorations, many favors for the table—place cards, bon-bon boxes, caps and snappers.

Read all about entertaining in the 1923 Gala Book (formerly the Party Book).

We have it. Price 10c.

THE BRADY STANDARD
PHONE 163 BRADY, TEXAS

MISS LULU BETT

by
Zona Gale

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



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SYNOPSIS

I—APRIL.—General factotum in the house of her sister Ina, wife of Herbert Deacon, in the small town of Warbleton Lulu Bett leads a dull, cramped existence, with which she is constantly at enmity, though apparently satisfied with her lot. She has natural thoughts and aspirations which neither her sister nor her brother-in-law seemingly can comprehend. To Mr. Deacon comes Bobby Larkin, recently graduated high-school youth, secretly enamored of Deacon's eldest daughter, Diana, an applicant for a "job" around the Deacon house. He is engaged, his occupation to be to keep the lawn in trim. The family is excited over the news of an approaching visit from Deacon's brother Ninian, whom he had not seen for many years. Deacon jokes with Lulu, with subtle meaning, concerning the coming meeting.

II—MAY.—Chiefly because of the ripple in her placid, colorless existence which the arrival of Ninian will bring, Lulu is interested and speculative, meanwhile watching with something like envy the boy-and-girl love-making of Bobby and Diana. Unexpectedly, Ninian arrives, in the absence of Herbert, at his business, and of Ina, resting. Thus he becomes acquainted with Lulu first and in a measure understands her position in the house. To Lulu, Ninian is a much-traveled man of the world and even the slight interest which he takes in her is appreciated, because it is something new in her life. The dishes were washed, Lulu had washed them at breakfast speed—she could not, or would not, have told why. But no sooner were they finished and set away than Lulu had been attacked by an unconquerable inhibition. And



And instead of going to the parlor she sat down by the kitchen window.

instead of going to the parlor, she sat down by the kitchen window. She was in her cholly gown, with her cameo pin and her string of coral.

Laughter from the parlor mingled with the laughter of Di and Jenny upstairs. Lulu was now rather shy of Di. A night or two before, coming home with "extra" cream, she had gone round to the side door and had come full upon Di and Bobby, seated on the steps. And Di was saying:

"Well, if I marry you, you've simply got to be a great man. I could never marry just anybody. I'd snore."

Lulu had heard, stricken. She passed them by, responding only faintly to their greeting. Di was far less taken aback than Lulu.

Later Di had said to Lulu: "I s'pose you heard what we were saying."

Lulu, much shaken, had withdrawn from the whole matter by a flat "no." "Because," she said to herself, "I couldn't have heard right."

But since then she had looked at Di as if Di were some one else. Had not Lulu laughed her to make buttonholes and to hem—oh, no! Lulu could not have heard properly.

"Everybody's got somebody to be nice to them," she thought now, sitting by the kitchen window, adult yet Cinderella.

She thought that some one would come for her—her mother or even Ina. Perhaps they would send Monona. She waited at first hopefully, then resentfully. The gray rain wrapped the air.

"Nobody cares what becomes of me after they're fed," she thought, and derived an obscure satisfaction from her phrasing, and thought it again.

Ninian Deacon came into the kitchen.

Her first impression was that he had come to see whether the dog had been fed.

"I fed him," she said, and wished that she had been busy when Ninian

entered. "Who, me?" he asked. "You did that all right. Say, why in time don't you come in the other room?"

"Oh, I don't know." "Well, neither do I. I've kept thinking, 'Why don't she come along?' Then I remembered the dishes." He glanced about. "I come to help wipe dishes."

"Oh!" she laughed so delicately, so delightfully, one wondered where she got it. "They're washed—she caught herself at 'long ago.'"

"Well then, what are you doing here?"

"Resting." "Rest in there. He bowed, crooked his arm. "Senora," he said—his Spanish matched his other assimilations of travel—"Senora, allow me."

Lulu rose. On his arm she entered the parlor. Dwight was narrating and did not observe that entrance. To the Plows it was sufficiently normal. But Ina looked up and said:

"Well!"—in two notes, descending, curving.

Lulu did not look at her. Lulu sat in a low rocker. Her starched white skirt, throwing her cholly in ugly lines, revealed a peeping rim of white embroidery. Her lace front wrinkled when she sat, and perpetually she adjusted it. She curled her feet sideways beneath her chair, her long wrists and veined hands lay along her lap in no relation to her. She was tense. She rocked.

When Dwight had finished his narration, there was a pause, broken at last by Mrs. Bett:

"You tell that better than you used to when you started in telling it," she observed. "You got in some things I guess you used to clean forget about. Monona, get off my rocker."

Monona made a little whimpering sound, in pretense to tears. Ina said, "Darling—quiet!"—chin a little lifted, lower lip revealing lower teeth for the word's completion; and she held it.

The Plows were asking something about Mexico. Dwight was wondering if it would let up raining at all. Di and Jenny came whispering into the room. But all these distractions Ninian Deacon swept aside.

"Miss Lulu," he said, "I wanted you to hear about my trip up the Amazon, because I knew how interested you are in travels."

He talked, according to his lights, about the Amazon. But the person who most enjoyed the recital could not afterward have told two words that he said. Lulu kept the position which she had taken at first, and she dare not change. She saw the blood in the veins of her hands and wanted to hide them. She wondered if she might fold her arms, or have one hand to support her chin, gave it all up and sat motionless, save for the rocking.

Then she forgot everything. For the first time in years some one was talking and looking not only at Ina and Dwight and their guests, but at her.

III. June.

On a June morning Dwight Herbert Deacon looked at the sky, and said with his manner of originating it:

"How about a picnic this afternoon?"

Ina, with her blank, upward look, exclaimed: "Today?"

"First class day, it looks like to me."

Come to think of it, Ina didn't know that there was anything to prevent, but mercy, Herbert was so sudden. Lulu began to recite the resources of the house for a lunch. Meanwhile, since the first mention of picnic, the child Monona had been dancing stiffly about the room, knees stiff, elbows stiff, shoulders immovable, her straight hair flapping about her face. The sad dance of the child who cannot dance because she never has danced. Di gave a conservative assent—she was at that age—and then took advantage of the family softness incident to a guest and demanded that Bobby go too. Ina hesitated, partly because she always hesitated, partly because she was tribal in the extreme. "Just our little family and Uncle Ninian would have been so nice," she sighed, with her consent.

When, at six o'clock, Ina and Dwight and Ninian assembled on the porch and Lulu came out with the basket, it was seen that she was in a blue cotton house gown.

"Look here," said Ninian, "aren't you going?"

"Me?" said Lulu. "Oh, no."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I haven't been to a picnic since I can remember."

"But why not?"

"Oh, I never think of such a thing."

Ninian waited for the family to speak. They did speak. Dwight said: "Lulu's a regular home body."

And Ina advanced kindly with: "Come with us, Lulu, if you like."

"No," said Lulu, and pushed. "Thank you," she added, formally. Mrs. Bett's voice shrilled from within the house, startlingly close—just beyond the window blind, in fact: "Go on, Lulle. It'll do you good. You mind me and go on."

"Well," said Ninian, "that's what I say. You hustle for your hat and you come along."

For the first time this course presented itself to Lulu as a possibility. She stared up at Ninian.

"You can slip on my linen duster, over," Ina said graciously.

"Your new one?" Dwight incredulously wished to know.

"Oh, no!" Ina laughed at the idea. "The old one."

They were having to wait for Di in any case—they always had to wait for Di—and at last, hardly believing in her own motions, Lulu was running to



"Look Here," said Ninian, "Aren't you going?" "Me?" said Lulu. "Oh, No."

make ready. Mrs. Bett hurried to help her, but she took down the wrong things and they were both irritated. Lulu reappeared in the linen duster and a wide hat. There had been no time to "tighten up" her hair; she was flushed at the adventure; she had never looked so well.

They started. Lulu, falling in with Monona, heard for the first time in her life, the step of the pursuing male, choosing to walk beside her and the little girl. Oh, would Ina like that? And what did Lulu care what Ina liked? Monona, making a silly, semi-articulate observation, was enchanted to have Lulu burst into laughter and squeeze her hand.

Di contributed her bright presence, and Bobby Larkin appeared from nowhere, running, with a gigantic bag of fruit.

"Bullyuh!" he shouted, and Lulu could have shouted with him.

She sought for some utterance. She wanted to talk with Ninian.

"I do hope we've brought sand-wiches enough," was all that she could get to say.

They chose a spot, that is to say, Dwight Herbert chose a spot, across the river and up the shore where there was at that season a strip of warm beach. Dwight Herbert declared himself the builder of incomparable fires, and made a bad smudge. Ninian, who was a camper neither by birth nor by adoption, kept offering brightly to help, could think of nothing to do, and presently, bethinking himself of skipping stones, went and tried to skip them on the flowing river. Ina cut her hand opening the condensed milk and was obliged to sit under a tree and nurse the wound. Monona spilled all the salt and sought diligently to recover it. So Lulu did all the work. As for Di and Bobby, they had taken the pail and gone for water, discouraging her to the point of tears. But the two were gone for so long that, on their return, Dwight was hungry and cross and majestic.

"Those who disregard the comfort of other people," he enunciated, "cannot expect consideration for themselves in the future."

He did not say on what ethical tenet this dictum was based, but he delivered it with extreme authority. Ina caught her lower lip with her teeth, dipped her head and looked at Di. And Monona laughed like a little demon.

As soon as Lulu had all in readiness, and cold corned beef and salad had begun their orderly progression, Dwight became the immemorial dweller in green fastnesses. He began:

"This is ideal. I tell you, people don't half know life if they don't get out and eat in the open. It's better than any tonic at a dollar the bottle. Nature's tonic—oh? Free as the air. Look at that sky. See that water. Could anything be more pleasant?"

He smiled at his wife. This man's face was glowing with simple pleasure. He loved the out-of-doors with a love which could not explain itself. But he now lost a definite climax when his wife's comment was heard to be:

"Monona! Now it's all over both ruffles. And mamma does try so hard."

After supper some boys arrived with a boat which they beached, and Dwight, with enthusiasm, gave the boys ten cents for a half hour's use of that boat and invited to the waters his wife, his brother and his younger daughter. Ina was timid—not be-

cause she was afraid, not because she was congenitally timid—with her this was not a belief or an emotion. It was a disease.

"Dwight, darling, are you sure there's no danger?"

"Why, none. None in the world. Whoever heard of drowning in a river?"

"But you're not so very used—"

"Oh, wasn't he? Who was it that had lived in a boat throughout youth, if not he?"

Ninian refused out-of-hand, lighted a cigar, and sat on a log in a permanent fashion. Ina's plump figure was fitted in the stern, the child Monona affixed, and the boat put off, bow well out of water. On this pleasure ride the face of the wife was as the face of the damned. It was true that she revered her husband's opinions above those of all other men. In politics, in science, in religion, in dentistry, she looked up to his dicta as to revelation. And was he not a magistrate? But let him take oars in hand, or shake lines or a whip above the back of any horse, and this woman would trust any other woman's husband by preference. It was a phenomenon.

Lulu was making the work last, so that she should be out of everybody's way. When the boat put off without Ninian, she felt a kind of terror and wished that he had gone. He had sat down near her, and she pretended not to see. At last Lulu understood that Ninian was deliberately choosing to remain with her. The languor of his bulk after the evening meal made no explanation for Lulu. She asked for no explanation. He had stayed.

And they were alone. For Di, on a pretext of examining the flocks and herds, was leading Bobby away to the pastures, a little at a time.

The sun, now fallen, had left an even, waxen sky. Leaves and ferns appeared drenched with the light just withdrawn. The hush, the warmth, the color, were charged with some influence. The air of the time communicated itself to Lulu as intense and quiet happiness. She had not yet felt quiet with Ninian. For the first time her blind excitement in his presence ceased, and she felt curiously accustomed to him. To him the air of the time imparted itself in a deepening of his facile sympathy.

"Do you know something?" he began. "I think you have it pretty hard around here."

"I?" Lulu was genuinely astonished.

"Yes, sir. Do you have to work like this all the time? I guess you won't mind my asking."

"Well, I ought to work. I have a home with them. Mother, too."

"Yes, but glory! You ought to have some kind of a life of your own. You want it, too. You told me you did—that first day."

She was silent. Again he was investing her with a longing which she had never really had, until he had planted that longing. She had wanted she knew not what. Now she accepted the dim, the romantic interest of this role.

"I guess you don't see how it seems," he said, "to me, coming along—a stranger so. I don't like it."

He frowned, regarded the river, flicked away ashes, his diamond obediently shining. Lulu's look, her head drooping, had the liquid air of the look of a young girl. For the first time in her life she was feeling her helplessness. It intoxicated her.

"They're very good to me," she said.

"Turned." "Do you know why you think that? Because you've never had anybody really good to you. That's why."

"But they treat me good."

"They make a slave of you. Regular slave." He puffed, frowning.

"I—d shame, I call it," he said.

Her loyalty stirred Lulu. "We have our whole living—"

"And you earn it. I been watching you since I been here. Don't you ever go anywhere?"

She said: "This is the first place in—in years."

"Lord! Don't you want to? Of course you do!"

"Not so much places like this—"

"I see. What you want is to get away—like you'd ought to." He regarded her. "You've been a blamed fine-looking woman," he said.

She did not flush, but the faint, unsuspected Lulu spoke for her:

"You must have been a good-looking man once yourself."

His laugh went ringing across the water. "You're pretty good," he said. He regarded her approvingly. "I don't see how you do it," he mused, "blamed if I do."

"How I do what?"

"Why come back, quick like that, with what you say."

Lulu's heart was beating painfully. The effort to hold her own in talk like this was terrifying. She had never talked in this fashion to anyone. It was as if some matter of life or death hung on her ability to speak an alien tongue. And yet, when she was most at loss, that other Lulu, whom she had never known anything about, seemed suddenly to speak for her. As now:

"It's my grand education," she said.

She sat humped on the log her beautiful hair shining in the light of the warm sky. She had thrown off her hat and the linen duster, and was in her blue gingham gown against the sky and leaves. But she sat stiffly, her feet carefully covered, her hands ill at ease, her eyes rather piteous in their hope somehow to hold her vague own. Yet from her came these sufficient, insouciant replies.

"Education," he said laughing heartily. "That's mine, too." He spoke a creed. "I ain't never had it and I ain't never missed it."

"Most folks are happy without an education," said Lulu.

"You're not very happy, though." "Oh, no," she said.

"Well, sir," said Ninian, "I'll tell you what we'll do. While I'm here I'm going to take you and Ina and Dwight up to the city."

"To the city?"

"To a show. Dinner and a show. I'll give you one good time."

"Oh!" Lulu leaned forward. "Ina and Dwight go sometimes. I never been."

"Well, just you come with me. I'll look up what's good. You tell me just what you like to eat, and we'll get it—"

"I haven't had anything to eat in years that I haven't cooked myself."

He planned for that time to come, and Lulu listened as one intensely experiencing every word that he uttered. Yet it was not in that future merry-making that she found her joy, but in the consciousness that he—some one—anyone—was planning like this for her.

Meanwhile Di and Bobby had rounded the corner by an old hop-house and kept on down the levee. Now that the presence of the others was withdrawn, the two looked about them differently and began themselves to give off an influence instead of being pressed upon by overpowering personalities. Frogs were chorusing in the near swamp, and Bobby wanted one. He was off after it. But Di eventually drew him back, reluctant, frogless. He entered upon an exhaustive account of the use of frogs for bait, and as he talked he constantly flung stones. Di grew restless. There was, she had found, a certain amount of this to be gone through before Bobby would focus on the personal. At length she was obliged to say, "Like me today?" And then he entered upon personal talk with the same zest with which he had discussed bait.

"Bobby," said Di, "sometimes I think we might be married, and not wait for any old money."

They had now come that far. It was partly an authentic attraction, grown from out the old repulsion, and partly it was that they both—and especially Di—so much wanted the experiences of attraction that they assumed its ways. And then each cared enough to assume the pretty role required by the other, and by the occasion, and by the air of the time.

"Would you?" asked Bobby—but in the subjunctive.

"She said: 'Yes, I will.'"

"It would mean running away, wouldn't it?" said Bobby, still subjunctive.

"I suppose so. Mamma and papa are so unreasonable."

"Di," said Bobby, "I don't believe you could ever be happy with me."

"The idea! I can, too. You're going to be a great man—you know you are."

Bobby was silent. Of course he knew it—but he passed it over.

"Wouldn't it be fun to elope and

"Surprise the whole school?" said Di, sparkling.

"Wouldn't it be fun to elope and surprise the whole school?" said Di, sparkling.

Bobby grinned appreciatively. He was good to look at, with his big frame, his head of rough, dark hair, the sky warm upon his clear skin and full mouth. Di suddenly announced that she would be willing to elope now.

"I've planned eloping lots of times," she said ambiguously.

It flashed across the mind of Bobby that in these plans of hers he may not always have been the principal, and he could not be sure . . . But she talked in nothings, and he answered her so.

Soft cries sounded in the center of the stream. The boat, well out of the strong current, was seen to have its oars shipped; and there sat Dwight Herbert gently rocking the boat.

"Bertie, Bertie—please!" you heard his Ina say.

Monona began to cry, and her father was irritated, felt that it would be ignominious to desert, and did not know that he felt this. But he knew that he was annoyed, and he took refuge in this, and picked up the oars with: "Some folks never can enjoy anything without spoiling it."

"That's what I was thinking," said Ina, with a flash of anger.

They glided toward the shore in a huff. Monona found that she enjoyed crying across the water and kept it up. It was almost as good as an

echo. Ina, stepping safe to the sands, cried ungratefully that this was the last time that she would ever, ever go with her husband anywhere. Ever.

Dwight Herbert, recovering, gauged the moment to require of him humor, and observed that his wedded wife was as skittish as a colt. Ina kept silence, head poised so that her full little chin showed double. Monona, who had previously hidden a cookie in her frock, now remembered it and crunched sideways, the eyes ruminant.

Moving toward them, with Di, Bobby was suddenly overtaken by the sense of disliking them all. He never had liked Dwight Herbert, his employer. Mrs. Deacon seemed to him so overwhelmingly mature that he had no idea how to treat her. And the child Monona he would like to roll in the river. Even Di . . . He fell silent, was silent on the walk home, which was the signal for Di to tease him steadily. The little being was afraid of silence. It was too vast for her. She was like a butterfly in a dome.

But against that background of ruined occasion, Lulu walked homeward beside Ninian. And all that night, beside her mother who groaned in her sleep, Lulu lay tense and awake. He had walked home with her. He had told Ina and Herbert about going to the city. What did it mean? Suppose . . . oh no; oh no; oh no!

"Either lay still or get up and set up," Mrs. Bett directed her at length.

IV
July.

When, on a warm evening a fortnight later, Lulu descended the stairs dressed for her incredible trip to the city, she wore the white waist which she had often thought they would "use" for her if she died. And really, the waist looked as if it had been planned for the purpose, and its wide, upstanding plaited lace at throat and wrist made her neck look thinner, her forearm sharp and veined. Her hair had been "crimped" and parted in the middle, puffed high—it was so that hair had been worn in Lulu's girlhood.

"Well!" said Ina, when she saw this coiffure, and frankly examined it, head well back, tongue meditatively teasing at her lower lip.

For travel Lulu was again wearing Ina's linen duster—the old one.

Ninian appeared, in a sack coat—and his diamond. His distinctly convex face, its thick, rosy flesh, thick mouth and cleft chin gave Lulu once more that bold sense of looking—not at him, for then she was shy and averted her eyes—but at his photograph at which she could gaze as much as she would. She looked up at him openly, fell in step beside him. Was he not taking her to the city? Ina and Dwight themselves were going because she, Lulu, had brought about this party.

"Act as good as you look, Lulle," Mrs. Bett called after them. She gave no instructions to Ina, who was married and able to shine in her conduct, it seemed.

Dwight was cross. On the way to the station he might have been heard to take it up again, whatever it was, and his Ina unmistakably said: "Well, now, don't keep it going all the way there"; and turned back to the others with some elaborate comment about the dust, thus cutting off her so-called lord from his legitimate retort. A mean advantage.

The city was two hours distant, and they were to spend the night. On the train, in the double seat, Ninian beside her among the bags, Lulu sat in the simple consciousness that the people all knew that she too had been chosen. A man and a woman were opposite, with their little boy between them. Lulu felt this woman's superiority of experience over her own, and smiled at her from a world of fellowship. But the woman lifted her eyebrows and stared and turned away, with slow and insolent winking.

(Continued Next Week)

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Those who are in a "run down" condition will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are in good health. This fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly influenced by constitutional conditions.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which quickly Relieves by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which assists in improving the General Health.

Sold by druggists for over 40 Years. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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Effective January 1, 1923.

PUBLIC FORUM.

A LETTER ON 100 PER CENT AMERICANISM WITH THE MASK LEFT OFF

The man with ideas in accordance and under the Great Creator, and God the Maker of earth and man, will not join an organized band of any kind wherein a mask is used to disguise his identity in the sight of all who may look upon him.

The man who has good in his heart and good in his works, is not afraid to face a world full of people without a disguise.

The man who has to sneak about under cover of a mask and in the darkness, in my estimation, is a 100 per cent outlaw, and coward.

If you are right, and working for right, you do not need a mask to make the fight.

If you are an officer, duly sworn and elected by the people to serve according to law, and needed assistance, how could you put confidence in those that had to mask to assist in justice? In other words, every man who joins an organized band of men would not be capable of carrying fire arms.

I believe in the Creator, justice to all men and women, upholding the constitution of our forefathers, religion according to anyone's own conscience, higher education and the protection of good womanhood, and above all things, without a disguise by mask.

Sincerely and from my heart,
G. M. HARROD.
Brady, Texas, Jan. 22, 1923.

Aluminum Pen Points. The Brady Standard office.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value. Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, invigorating Effect. 60c.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Perry, who have been making their home in the Dodge community, have moved to Whiteland, where Mr. Perry will operate one of the F. R. Wulff farms the coming year.

W. T. Braley and son, Houston, were here Saturday to look after his realty interests in this county. Mr. Braley and family live five miles this side of Mason, and he owns a farm 6 1/2 miles southwest of Brady, which was the occasion of his visit. Mr. Braley is originally from Milam county, and he enjoyed meeting up with Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Baird, Joe Campbell and other good citizens of the Fairview community, whom he had known as neighbors years ago in Milam county.

S. M. Richardson, former member of The Brady Standard force, and who for the past eight years has been making his home in Denton, where he is in charge of the linotype department of the Denton Record & Chronicle, was a visitor in Brady Saturday, while here on a business mission. As always, Mac's many friends were delighted to see him and to learn that he and his estimable family are getting along splendidly, and like their North Texas home fine, the while keeping a warm spot in their heart for Brady and McCulloch county, and their many friends here.

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

To Stop a Cough Quick
take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVES O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup. The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Groves' O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough. Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 35c. Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

Post Extensions for Transfer Binders at The Brady Standard office.

CITY POLL TAX IS NOT A PREREQUISITE FOR VOTING, RULING ATTORNEY GENERAL

The Ledger recently urged upon city tax payers to qualify for voting by paying their poll tax. We still urge the payment of a poll tax as the fulfillment of an obligation, but a city poll tax receipt is not necessary for voting in city elections, either by men or women.

In adopting the woman suffrage amendment and in passing laws enfranchising women, the legislature failed to provide for payment of city poll taxes in towns of Ballinger's class, by the women, as a prerequisite to voting, and as to require men to pay city poll taxes and not require women to do likewise, would be class legislation. Until the legislature corrects the error, it has been held that both men and women can vote in city elections without payment of city poll tax. However, a state and county poll tax receipt is necessary before you can vote in any election.

It is expected that the present legislature will correct the law, but it will be too late to become effective for this year.—Ballinger Bannr-Ledger.

BURNS AND McLERRAN START ON NEW FILLING STATION ON SO. BLACKBURN STREET

Grady Burns and J. O. McLerran, who is to be associated with him, last week started excavation for the foundations of the new filling station on South Blackburn street, and on the lots just recently purchased by T. J. Spiller of Voca from S. A. Benham. The filling station will occupy the corner lot fronting on Blackburn street, with driveway and approach running across the corner of the lot from South Second street to South Blackburn street. The building proper will be of concrete, with stucco finish, and will be 20x44 ft. in dimension, and will face the double driveway, fronting Blackburn street. The gasoline pump will be installed so as to enable filling auto tanks on either of the driveways.

The building will be distinctively ornamental in design, and will form a most attractive addition to the business buildings in this section of the city.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS.

Two-color ribbons for No. 9 Oliviers, Woodstock and standard typewriters, just received. Also copying ink ribbons and purple and black record ribbons for all makes machines. The Brady Standard.

CLASSIFIED ADS
The Standard's Easy-Fi-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.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Good Milk and Butter Cow, 3 1/2 gallons per day. See MARION DEANS.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—25 pure-bred Dark Cornish Game Chickens. See them at Turner Produce Co.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Rebuilt Overland 4; guaranteed to be in good shape. MANN-RICKS AUTO CO.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Water Well Rig. Also team to trade for the right car. Call on or write owner, J. A. HARVISON, Mercury, Texas.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Dresser, Dining Room Table, Kitchen Cabinet, Ice Box, Bedsteads, Springs and Mattresses, 4-Burner Oil Stove, Heater. See J. F. SCHAEGER.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Mebane Cotton Seed, first year from the breeder, \$1.50 per bushel; lots of 50 bushels or more, \$1.25 per bu., at the bin. W. M. HARRIS, Lohn.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—Two nice unfurnished rooms. Phone 394.

WANTED
WANTED—Sacks. O. D. MANN & SONS.

WANTED
WANTED—All the hogs we can get next week. 70-lbs. and up. APPELTON BROS.

LOST
LOST—Two Goodyear Cord tires on rack lost Monday on Brady-London road. Finder please notify or return to Brady Standard.

Organizes Women of "Invisible Empire"



Mrs. R. H. Davis, of Portland, Ore., is now in Louisiana where a class of 1,000 women are to be initiated into the Klu Klux Klan Auxiliary. The women claim to have branches in 33 states.

BERNARD SHIELDS, FORMER LOHN CITIZEN, DIES AT BROWNWOOD JANUARY 13th

From the Brownwood Bulletin is noted an account of the death and burial there of B. H. Shields, prominent young business man of that city, and well-known former resident of Lohn. According to the Bulletin's report, Mr. Shields passed away at Brownwood at 2:30 o'clock Saturday morning, January 13th. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, at the First Baptist church, the Rev. C. Q. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist church, assisted by the Rev. J. Wesley Loftis of the Baptist church, conducting. Interment was made in Greenleaf cemetery. Deceased was a member of Shields Bros. Grocery Co., and was held in highest esteem by Brownwood citizens. He was a son of A. B. Shields, former long-time resident of Lohn, and who now makes his home in Brownwood. The many McCulloch county friends to the family will learn with regret of the passing of Mr. Shields and will join in extending sympathy to the bereaved family.

New Pianos at Davis & Gartman's. Call and hear them. Also New Music. Phone 238.

Eversharp Checking Pencils—big colored leads—red, green, black. The Brady Standard.

GOOD VALUES IN REBUILT CARS

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With all the business integrity which assures Dodge Brothers value, we are able to substantiate our assertion that these Rebuilt Cars are exceptional values.

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Death of Mrs. Clements.

It is with deep regret The Standard chronicles the death of Mrs. C. M. Clements, who passed away at her home at Melvin last Thursday morning at 1:00 o'clock, aged 69 years, 8 months. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon, S. W. Alford conducting, and interment was made in the Melvin cemetery. The husband was sick in bed at the time, and was unable to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Clements was a well-beloved citizen of the Melvin community where the family has made their home the past twelve years, and where Mr. Clements has engaged in farming. She was a noble Christian woman, a loving wife and mother, and she will be greatly missed, not only by her family, but by the many close friends she had made.

Besides the husband there survive seven children, two daughters and five sons.

New shipment INK WELLS. The Brady Standard. Get a metal waste basket and eliminate that fire risk. The Brady Standard.

Important Notice to Teachers.

The 1923 Examinations will be held on the first Friday and the Saturday following in each month except July, August and November.

Beginning with the teachers examination of April, the State Department of Education has ruled, "All persons who enter the examination will register the name, Post Office or residence, both permanent and temporary and the grade or kind of certificate for which they propose to be examined, with the county superintendent, not later than the 20th day of the calendar month preceding the examination." Please take notice and comply with this ruling which goes into effect with the April examination.

(Signed) W. M. DEANS, County Superintendent.

Kindergarten Drawing Paper, for crayon or colored pencil work. Assorted colors. The Brady Standard.

Call and see us at our new location for the latest Sheet Music for the piano. DAVIS & GARTMAN. Phone 238.

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DENTIST
Office: Front Suite Rooms Over New Brady National Bank Building
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Richard Lloyd Jones tells About Our New Crop, Culture.

IN 1847 a play by an American author was produced in a New York theatre. It was the custom then, as long since, for Americans themselves to believe that that which represented purest culture must come from overseas.

Before the curtain rose on this new play, the leading actor stepped before the footlights and read a poem-prologue which scoffed at the idea that an American could write a drama, and then rebuked the sneer by emphatically declaring that an American can. The audience greeted the patriotic plea and the play with cheers.

Since that day many Americans have written many great plays. An American culture has expressed itself as well in the field of fiction, poetry and philosophy; in art, music and in science.

Culture is just as much a crop as corn. It is the refinement of the product of the cultivated field. Growing great crops, producing great bulk, we have refined our output into the best makes of food and clothes the world has ever known. From the earth we dig both gold and iron ore, and through the refining processes we produce the delicately intricate watch.

The genius that can dig out the hillside and convert it into a watch can find the melody of the brook in the string of the violin.

An American pianist who had acquired international note went abroad to play. With the skill of 1922 she had the frail faith of 1847, and had to go abroad to discover America.

In her first performance only once, and then for an encore, did she play a composition penned by an American composer. The critics rebuked her.

"We know what European music is," they said. "We came to get your message. We came to rejoice over the harvest of your crop of culture. Give us not that which is ours; give us that which is yours."

America is developing an architecture as distinct and as secure as that of Ancient Greece or Rome. One of our greatest sculptors found his art on the parched plains of Utah. One of our greatest painters came from a little town hidden in the foothills of the Adirondacks. He has pictured for the future historian the romance of the opening West.

O. Henry, the master artist of short-story, writing in the English language, found his fiction in the ranch life of Texas.

When a \$10,000 prize was recently offered for the best copyrighted movie scenario, it went to an unknown writer from Apalachicola, a small town with a big name. Brains are found on Main Street as well as on Broadway.

The phonograph, the radio and the moving picture screens are building, not only appreciation, but the creative genius to which appreciation responds.

We need no longer look east for the finer things. That east is looking westward for that which we have to give.

We are ripening a crop of culture just as surely as we are ripening a crop of corn.

poem by UNCLE JOHN

I love to talk with fellers, with a glitter in their eye, in defiance of the panic that is slowly passin' by. . . I love to see 'em swagger, an' to elevate their chin—an' to hear 'em speak of pluggin' till their ship comes in. . .

I like to run across 'em, as we travel on ROUGH SEA our way. . . I take a lot of stock in what they SAILORS do, an' what they say. . . I get my inspiration, and the firm desire to win, from the feller that's a-pluggin' till his ship comes in.

I ain't got time to listen at the bird of grim despair,—that 'dotes on disappointments, till they get him by the hair,—but you'll see my spirit quicken, like you'd stuck me with a pin—when my neighbor speaks of pluggin' till his ship comes in!

HONEY PHILOSOPHY for 1922

WHAT a wonderful boy they say he is—David Gladstone, fifteen years old, four feet tall, and yet a freshman in the College of Arts and Pure Sciences of New York University. He plans to enter law school as soon as he has completed his college requirements. Education? A prodigy, one of the seven wonders of the world. Ain't it a funny idea when those who see the setting of the sun know that a boy of seven—the age of reason—always has a much better education than Gladstone when he is taught, and really learns that happiness comes from making the other fellow happy. That's the meat. Why fuss over the trimmings?