

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

MCCULLOCH CO. TOTAL GINNINGS 16,754 BALES, '22

Total ginnings in McCulloch county for the 1922 season have been 16,754 bales, according to the report of the Bureau of Census of the U. S. Department of Commerce, and which includes all ginnings up to January 1st. The McCulloch county figures compare splendidly with the total on the same date for the previous years crop, which was 11,903 bales.

Total ginnings in Brady for the season have been as follows:

Planters Gin	2310
Embry Gin	2298
Purdy Gin	1930

Total 6538

Comparative reports on ginnings for the years 1921 and 1922 in the leading cotton counties of Texas, as well as in counties neighboring McCulloch, are as follows:

County—	1922	1921
Bell	41,150	28,883
Brown	14,985	5,027
Caldwell	37,553	29,901
Coleman	30,362	21,225
Collin	66,276	45,547
Comanche	8,027	2,995
Concho	6,374	4,840
Dallas	18,945	10,607
DeWitt	33,161	14,565
Ellis	80,118	77,859
Erath	10,458	4,000
Falls	40,256	27,870
Fannin	53,513	28,111
Fayette	29,531	11,760
Gillespie	8,458	5,021
Gonzales	29,017	13,181
Guadalupe	27,200	32,783
Hamilton	13,686	8,184
Haskell	27,730	23,225
Hidalgo	31,751	14,078
Hill	72,526	56,122
Hopkins	23,888	12,691
Hunt	58,903	34,612
Johnson	35,948	22,070
Jones	44,768	39,860
Karnes	27,095	28,492
Kaufman	50,891	47,845
Lamar	48,767	29,006
Lampasas	7,255	4,644
Lavaca	29,978	6,187
Limestone	41,627	34,576
McCulloch	16,754	11,903
McLennan	69,661	56,831
Milam	43,730	22,098
Nolan	15,623	13,227
Nueces	31,429	64,713
Red River	29,280	15,397
Runnels	40,567	24,410
San Saba	10,263	5,353
Stonewall	9,212	10,858
Taylor	30,254	21,996
Tom Green	5,695	2,193
Travis	39,303	30,097
Van Zandt	29,551	18,726
Wilbarger	26,648	20,199
Williamson	80,277	66,129

MAGAZINE SECTION OF BRADY STANDARD TO CONTAIN DESCRIPTION OF "TEXAS ALPS."

The Davis Mountains, situated in Southwest Texas, has been aptly described as "The Texas Alps." Its natural scenic beauty is unexcelled and it is far-famed as a hunter's paradise. The Texas Legislature has up for consideration the creating of a state park out of this wild domain.

The Magazine Section of The Brady Standard, to be issued Friday, February 9th, will have a story written by Austin Callan about the Davis Mountains.

Watch our Magazine Section! Many splendid feature stories about Texas will appear in its pages, at intervals, each month. Pass it on to your neighbor and suggest that he subscribe for The Brady Standard. He and his family will be well pleased with the investment.

Wind Mills! Have you seen the New Model B Wonder? They are as good as the best, and better than the rest. We want you to see this mill before you buy. O. D. MANN & SONS.

See KIRK'S Adv. on the new prices of Phoenix Hosiery, the best hose at any price. Nuf-Sed.

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

HARRY BROAD, WELL-KNOWN IN BRADY, PASSES AWAY AT HIS HOME IN BROWNWOOD SAT.

Harry Broad, prominent citizen of Brownwood, and well-known to hundreds of Brady and McCulloch county citizens, passed away at his home there Saturday morning at 9:00 o'clock. His death is sincerely mourned here by all who knew him, and the sympathy of all is extended his brothers, Edd and Howard Broad of this city, and other members of the family. For many years after locating in Brownwood, Mr. Broad had engaged in the hotel and restaurant business, and for some six or eight years, he had been retired. He visited in Brady upon almost every public occasion, and his whole-souled geniality, cordial smile and warm hand-clasp served to make close friends of all with whom he met. In Brownwood he was likewise popular and highly esteemed and during his illness the neighbors and citizenship were untiring in their efforts to care for him and to provide every attention and comfort. The Knights and Ladies of Honor, a fraternal organization, were devoted in their efforts to prepare appetizing dishes and viands. Another act of courtesy and thoughtfulness which was highly appreciated by the family and relatives was the sending of a beautiful floral piece by the McCulloch County Retail Merchants association.

Besides the widow, there survive five children—three sons, George, Joe and Harry, and two daughters, Mrs. Fred Hayes and Mrs. Grace Shaw, all of Brownwood.

Attending the funeral from Brady were Messrs. Edd, Howard and Edwin Broad and their families, and Mrs. Julian F. Davis and daughter, Mary Louise. Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church by Rev. Gray, the pastor, and interment was made in Greenleaf cemetery with the beautiful ritual of the Knights of Pythias, of which Mr. Broad had long been a member.

Concerning Mr. Broad's death, the Brownwood Bulletin gave the following report:

The death of Harry Broad, a pioneer citizen of Brownwood, occurred this morning at nine o'clock at the family residence after an illness which extended over several years. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock at the new First Presbyterian church. Services will be conducted by Rev. W. B. Gray, who will be assisted by the Knight of Pythias lodge, of which order Mr. Broad had been a devoted member for many years. The lodge will have charge of the services at the grave.

Mr. Broad was born in Torkey, England, in 1860, his father moving to Canada when Harry was about nine years of age. About six years later the family removed to Colorado where Mr. Broad's early manhood was passed. In Colorado he was a railroad conductor and carried a card in the order of railroad conductors up to the time of his death, though for a number of years, since coming to Texas, in fact, he had been engaged in other lines of business.

On August 30th, 1887, he was married to Miss Lillian McKeever, who still survives him. To this union there was born six children, two daughters and three sons still living. He has one living sister, Mrs. O. E. Jackson of Houston and five brothers, E. J. Broad of Fort Worth, Howard and Ed Broad of Brady, Charles Broad of Dallas, and Will Broad of Coleman, all of whom are here to attend the funeral.

Harry Broad was known of all men for his cordiality, his friendliness, his never-failing optimism. For a long time his failing health had kept him out of the marts of trade and the business world, but he never lost interest in the things going on and was always ready to do his part to the best of his ability.

Come in and look at our Sunrise Poultry Fence. O. O. Mann & Sons.

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

Still Small Voice Cries for Justice in Shooting of Son



Walter S. Ward, son of Millionaire Bread King and political boss, leaving court a free man. He confessed to shooting ex-gov Peters three days after Peters' body was found by the roadside. With Ward is his wife, whom he is telling, "I'm so happy."

Mrs. E. O. Peters, mother of Sallor Peters, who was shot down by son of wealthy baker Ward, has gone to Gov. Smith of New York, pleading for a thorough investigation of the dismissal of the murder indictment against the man who shot her boy.

BANKERS DRAFT BILL ON BAD CHECK PASSING

Ten days' grace will be allowed passers of worthless checks in which to make them good or be subject to fine or imprisonment under a bill which the bankers of Texas, including the Fort Worth Clearing House Association, are seeking to have enacted by the present Legislature.

The maximum penalties provided are a fine of \$1,000 and imprisonment for one year and the act, per se, will constitute a misdemeanor under the law proposed.

On account of the fact that the present situation is deemed an emergency, an attempt will be made to have the bill passed under suspension of the rule requiring reading on three separate days.

The bill provides, according to its phraseology, that "against the drawer or maker thereof, the making, drawing, uttering or delivering of a check, draft or order, payment of which is refused by the drawee, shall be prima facie evidence of intent to defraud and of knowledge of insufficient funds in or in credit with such bank or depository, provided the maker or drawer shall not have paid the drawee thereof the amount due thereon, together with all costs and protest fees, within 10 days after receiving notice that such check, draft or order has not been paid by the drawee."

MISSES ULOTH OF DALLAS ENGAGE IN MILLINERY AT POPULAR DRY GOODS STORE

Misses Minnie and Mary Uloth of Dallas have opened a millinery department at the Popular Dry Goods store, where they have spacious and attractive quarters at the rear on the first floor. The Misses Uloth are not entirely strangers here, having visited their sister, Mrs. Lester T. Calloway, a number of times during the past year, and winning the esteem of all with whom they met by their winsome dispositions and attractive manners. The Misses Uloth have already on display their opening order of Spring millinery, a most attractive showing of new Spring modes, and will receive additional hats from the leading markets all during the coming season. In the meantime, they cordially invite the public to call and get acquainted, and will be pleased to have opportunity to show their hats.

Read it in The Standard.

SYMPATHY EXTENDED MR. AND MRS. ALF REEVES IN DEATH OF DAUGHTER, MRS. JACK DORAN

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Reeves of Hext have the sympathy of their host of friends in the death of their daughter, Mrs. Jack Doran, who passed away Saturday, January 20th, at her ranch home west of Eden. The following report of the death is reprinted from last week's Eden Echo:

Mrs. Jack Doran died at her home on the White ranch some miles west of town, Saturday night, of pneumonia. She was only in bed for a few hours before she died, as her son had been sick with pneumonia and other members of the family had flu, and she kept going as long as she could in ministering to their needs, giving, only as a mother can, her very life for those she loved. The remains were taken to Hext, her old home, for interment. Oscar Thompson hauled the corpse to Eden, and here they secured the services of Cross Medders to carry it on to Hext, late Sunday evening. Mrs. Doran was a sister of Mrs. Will Bell, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alf Reeves, live at Hext, or between Hext and Grit. We extend to them our sympathy.

JESSE GLENN COMPLETES NEW HOUSE AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS ON THE GLENN RANCH

L. F. Harvey was in Brady last Saturday and reported that he had completed the new residence for Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Glenn on their ranch four miles south of Brady and between the London and Mason roads. The new residence is a comfortable and modern home of four rooms, and has already been occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Glenn. The site is especially well chosen, and adds greatly to the attractiveness of the place. Mr. Glenn has moved his granary to the new place, and has enlarged it, and in addition is having a poultry house built, yards and lots fenced, all of which will combine to give him an ideal ranch and farm home.

JUDGE JOE A. ADKINS AND W. N. ELLIS SECURE FIRST FLOOR OFFICE SOUTH SIDE

Judge Joe A. Adkins and W. N. Ellis, secretary of the Brady Mutual Life association, have jointly rented the building on the south side of the square, now being vacated by the Baker tailor shop, and where they will establish their offices after February 1st. The advantage of the downstairs office, together with its prominent location on the public square, makes this an ideal location for both, as well as being most convenient for their clientele and members of the Mutual association.

In connection with law and insurance, Messrs. Adkins and Ellis also expect to engage in the real estate business, to which they will devote all of their spare time.

U. S. INCOME TAX COLLECTOR HERE, FEBRUARY 12-13

Postmaster H. N. Cook is in receipt of advice from James W. Bass, collector of the Internal Revenue service at Austin, Texas, announcing that there will be a deputy collector in Brady on February 12th and 13th to assist taxpayers in preparing their income tax returns for the year 1922. There will be no charge to the services of the deputy collector, and those who are in doubt as to the proper making out of their income tax report should by all means call upon him for assistance and advice. The deputy collector will have his office at the court house, where he may be seen on the dates above stated.

JOKE TOLD BY NOAH BEFORE FLOOD IS ONCE MORE GOING THE ROUND

The following joke alleged to have started by Noah before the flood, and since traced back as far as the days of Ninevah, has been sprung again as something brand new. Here it is:

A party of young men were on a hunting trip in a backwoods district. They had stopped at the home of a mountaineer to inquire for directions and information about the game of the country. Only women members of the household were found at home, but all questions were answered freely. As the party was about to move on a young theological student of their number, wide awake to matters of church advancement, flung out this inquiry to the talkative housewife:

"Can you tell us if there are any Presbyterian in this part of the country?"

"Land sakes alive, mister, I ain't never heard of no such animale as dat! Yo' might look out in de smoke house, where my husband has got a lot o' hides nailed on de wall an' see if yo' fin' any o' dat kin'."—Everybody's.

WANTS COW AND PIG IN ZOO FOR CHILDREN WHO NEVER SAW ONE

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 26.—Following suggestions that a cow and a pig be placed in the municipal zoo because many St. Louis children have never seen either, Superintendent of Instruction Maddox instituted a poll of six grade schools and today announced the following results:

Of 5,376 children questioned, 40 per cent never saw a sheep, 17 per cent never saw a mule and 12 per cent never saw a cow.

Postal Scales. Brady Standard.

When you get ready for that new Spring Hat, why I have received my New Stetsons. The best to be had. Nuf Sed KIRK.

MCCULLOCH CO. WOLF CLUB RE-DEEMS 96 SCALPS

The McCulloch County Wolf club is making a remarkable record in their campaign to clean up the county of wolves and wild cats, and the membership is enthusiastic over the success attending their efforts. Last Saturday the fourth monthly meeting of the board of directors was held, at which bounty was paid on 24 wolf scalps and on one wild cat. This makes a total of 96 wolves and 5 wildcats on which the Wolf club has paid bounty since its organization on the 7th of October, less than four months ago. The bounty paid is \$10 for wolf scalps and \$2.50 for wild cat scalps.

Originally starting with 200,000 acres of McCulloch county land pledged to the extermination program at 1c per acre, the success attending the work has brought additional ranchmen and farmers into the organization, with the result that 220,000 acres are now included. The organization desires the co-operation and support of every ranchman and farmer in their good work, and are bending their efforts now towards cleaning up the entire county.

Prior to the organization of the McCulloch County Wolf club, the depredations of wolves had become so serious as to cause thousands of dollars of loss to farmers and stockmen in the killing of stock. The local organization undertook to carry on the work already under way in Mason and San Saba counties by similar county organizations. The success of the local club duplicates that of the older clubs, as, for example, it is reported that at the last meeting of the San Saba club, its directors paid bounty on 60 wolf scalps and 45 wild-cat scalps.

So enthusiastic are the Mason ranchmen and farmers over their organization that a week or so ago a number of them made a trip to Kimble county in order to help effect the organization of a Wolf club there.

The officers of the McCulloch County Wolf club are giving their services free of charge, and they will be pleased to enlist new members at any time, and also earnestly request all members who are delinquent in their dues to make payment at once, so that the good work may be carried on uninterruptedly. The officers are G. B. Awalt, president; S. W. Espy, vice-president; H. P. Jordan, secretary. Directors are Tom Sellman, P. C. Dutton, S. W. Espy, G. B. Awalt, Jas. Finlay.

Notice to U. C. V. Veterans.

A meeting will be held of our Camp at the court house, Saturday, February 3, next, at 2:30 p. m. All members requested to be present as Delegates selected for New Orleans Reunion, April 11-13, 1923 must be reported 30 days beforehand. Also other matters of importance require our attention. Sons and daughters invited.

J. W. McCALL, Comdr.
L. BALLOU, Adjt.

COLDS

Should be properly treated from the beginning.

Pure Test Aspirin

Gives relief. Accept no other. Say Aspirin Puretest. Put up in boxes of 12s, 24s and 100. For sale only by

TRIGG DRUG CO.

THE RECALL STORE

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 1/2¢ per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1 1/2¢ 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. 30, 1923

HONEST INJUN.

In the annual seasonal race, Jupiter Pluvius, Jack Frost and the Planting Season are jockeying for position, with Jupiter and Planting prime favorites, and Jack the dark horse. If Jack wins the race, he is certain to make a "killing."

STRANGE CO-INCIDENT.

Over at Cooper, Texas, last week they had an explosion in a barber shop, which was located in the rear of a bank building, and which wrecked the shop, and as well the glass and plastering in the two-story bank building, and plate glass windows in neighboring stores. The explosion is ascribed to dynamites, and was reported as the result of a factional fight in that town. A reward of \$1,000 is offered for the apprehension of the guilty parties. Bloodhounds carried to the scene failed to take the trail of the supposed culprits because their footprints had been obliterated by the thousands of sight-seers who crowded around the destroyed building.

The fact that the Cooper affair followed within a week of the explosion here in Brady, which damaged the Jones barber shop, offers a peculiar co-incident, and raises the question as to whether or not the Cooper explosion might not have been traceable to a similar cause, viz: the exploding of the water heater. Ordinarily, such a thought would never have occurred, but with circumstances so similar, the two incidents offer a strange parallel. Both explosions occurred in a barber shop; both hurled iron and missiles for great distance; both were located in proximity to a bank, and both gave rise to fear that the bank vault had been dynamited. However, the Cooper citizens appear to take a much more serious view of their explosion than did the Brady citizenship.

AMERICANISM.

"Americanism"—teachers preach it, civic organizations inculcate it, demagogues mouth it....but who explains it? "What is 'Americanism'?"

The very question will be hailed by some as "un-American." "Why," says the patriot, "every one knows what Americanism is." But do they? And is there not a steady tendency to bring under the banner of the word ideas which have no place there? Is

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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- To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.00 per year
- SIX MONTHS \$1.00
- THREE MONTHS 65c
- Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

Effective January 1, 1923.

LAMPASAS MAN HASN'T HAD A DOCTOR IN 100 YEARS—HE'S A HEALTHY YOUNGSTER

While in Brownwood last week, Howard Broad met an old-time acquaintance, Bob Russell, of Lampasas, a man about 70 years of age, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Broad remarked that Mr. Russell was retaining his youthful appearance, and, in fact, looked younger and better than at the last time they had met, quite a number of years ago. Imagine his surprise when Mr. Russell replied, "Well, that's nothing remarkable! My father is a younger and better looking man today than I am, and he hasn't had a doctor with him in one hundred years." Further inquiry developed the fact that the elder man, Robert Russell, who also lives at Lampasas, was 110 years of age, and, as his son had stated the old gentleman had not had a doctor to attend him since he was 10 years old. Robert Russell is quite a prominent character in Lampasas county, and recently his picture was published in the Dallas News along with that of other centenarians.

there not a continuous attempt on the part of enthusiastic factions and minorities to twine into the Stars and Stripes beliefs and convictions which do not there belong?

Americanism is something more than taking off your hat when the flag goes by, going to the polls to vote, and paying a tax. The real American believes in the principles upon which this Nation was built, not necessarily upon the way some people have thought these principles should be worked out. There are good Americans who believe the League of Nations is anathema, and there are good Americans who believe it the salvation of the world. There were good Americans who fought and died abroad who believe there were two sides to the world war. But there are no good Americans who refused their country's call because they personally didn't believe in the right of the call; there are no good Americans who refuse to stand by America, not in the league, because they believe in the league.

Americanism is a matter of principles, and living up to them. Americanism means freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of religion, the rule of the majority, freedom of person, respect for law, toleration of the other fellow's idea, live-and-let-live. To call a man un-American because he doesn't believe in a law is foolish. Call him un-American if he doesn't abide by it. To call him un-American because he doesn't believe in this that, or the other proposal made under the guise of its being "patriotic" is unjust. It is he, not we, who has the right to decide what he shall believe is right and just and true and patriotic. But call him un-American if, when the country decides, he does not fall in line in spite of his personal belief to the contrary.

Many who boast of their patriotism shout, "My country, right or wrong, but my country always." The good American couples with it, "If I think her wrong, I will yet abide by her laws, but strive to make them better."

It is un-American, unjustly to call a man un-American! — San Angelo Standard.

Safety Hatch Incubators and Brooders. O. D. MANN & SONS.

A cut of 50% a pair on all Phoenix Hosiery is now in effect, so let the next pair be PHOENIX and you will buy them the rest of your life. And the place is KIRK'S. Nuf-Sed.

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.

New shipment of typewriter ribbons for Olivets No. 5 and 9; Underwood, Royal, Remington Visible, and other machines; both solid and two-color ribbons. The Brady Standard.

Just received car poultry, wolf proof, and barb Wire; also Nails and Staples in same car. O. D. MANN & SONS.

J. B. BAKER MOVES TAILOR SHOP TO QUARTERS NEXT DOOR EAST FORMER LOCATION

J. B. Baker has leased the building occupied by the Marshall Duke grocery and dry goods store, and will jointly occupy it with Mr. Duke, who will consolidate his grocery and dry goods stock in the east half of the building, which Mr. Baker occupies the west half with his cleaning and pressing shop. The building is being partitioned, and Mr. Baker has planned to fit up most attractive quarters, with show window for display, and ample light by reason of windows along the side of the building. The new place, which is just one door east of Mr. Baker's former stand, will give him much needed room, and will enable him to install a complete hat renovating outfit for the cleaning and reblocking of hats.

Mr. Baker expects to be in his new quarters by the 1st of next month.

W. H. GOODNER PURCHASES HOME ON NORTH SIDE NEAR PRESENT HIGH SCHOOL BLDG.

W. H. Goodner has purchased the residence on the north side at present occupied by J. W. Jones and family, and which Mr. Goodner will occupy with his family on February 1st, thereby establishing himself as a Brady home owner. The residence is located east of the C. H. Tupman place, and north of the high school building. It comprises seven rooms, with a large two-story barn and a half block of land. Mr. Goodner expects to completely remodel both the residence and the barn to better suit his requirements, and the improvements, when completed, will give him a most comfortable and attractive home. Purchase was made from the Commercial National bank.

How about that old Suit? Let me have it to be Cleaned and Pressed. KIRK, Nuf-Sed.

Get a Safety Hatch Incubator and MAKE MONEY While You Sleep. O. D. Mann & Sons.



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

WANTED

WANTED—Sacks. O. D. MANN & SONS.

I have full-blood Bronze Turkeys at Spiller Grain Co. for sale at \$6.00 each. T. M. PARTON.

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

FOR SALE—My residence, household goods, cow, chickens, tools, and everything I possess. See J. T. WADE, Brady.

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

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.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mrs. Marion Holland was stricken with appendicitis at her home in Waldrip last Saturday, and Sunday evening was brought to the local sanitarium, where she underwent an operation. Her many friends are pleased at its successful outcome, and are hoping for her early recovery. Mr. Holland is here attending her.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Benham leave tonight for Dallas, where they will spend some time at market, and from where Mr. Benham will go to St. Louis and other northern and eastern markets to complete their Spring and Summer stock purchases. Mr. Benham is enthusiastic over the outlook in McCulloch county, and says the Benham store will have more new goods, more pretty goods and better values to offer the trade the coming season than ever before.

The many friends of Mrs. J. T. Terry will be delighted to learn that she was able to return home yesterday after a three-weeks' stay at the local sanitarium, where she underwent a

very serious operation. Mr. Terry and son have been attending her here throughout her stay. Mrs. Terry returns home wonderfully improved, and is getting along as nicely as could be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vincent, accompanied by Mrs. J. D. Branscum, left Sunday night for Dallas and other points in the north and east on their annual Spring marketing trip. With the new and splendid arrangement of the Vincent store, Mr. Vincent is determined to present the trade with one of the most attractive stocks he has ever offered. With this idea in view, he expects to buy the most complete of stocks in all departments, and will have a range of styles and patterns such as is sure to delight the feminine heart. Something like ten days will be consumed in the marketing trip, and every effort will be made to secure complete lines before further advances in the market become effective.

We have just received a large shipment of Poultry Netting. Prices are right. O. D. MANN & SONS.

CHIROPRACTIC

Kiro-Practic

Every organ and tissue depends on its normal flow of life-giving impetus from your brain thru the spinal cord and its nerve trunks. Let one of them be pinched where it passes out between any two vertebra and some corresponding organ or tissue of your body is deprived of its full share of impulses—you are now ready to welcome a chronic disease. A Chiropractor can trace the reason for your illness directly to the malposition of a vertebra in your spine. Professionally he calls this a Subluxation, and he knows that a Subluxation is a common cause for disease.

Consultation and analysis free.

W. S. HANCOCK, D. C.
Doctor of Chiropractic
Office Hours, 9-12a.m.—1-5p.m.
Brady National Bank Building
Brady, Texas
Phone 408

Chickens! Chickens! Chickens!

We will load another car of chickens the first of next week.

We are in the market for all kinds of poultry at highest market prices.

MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

Brady, Texas

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

Kubanka Seed Wheat

For the Next Thirty Days I Will Price Kubanka Seed Wheat at

\$1.50 Per Bushel

Former Price \$2.00 Per Bushel

Kubanka is the very best Spring Wheat.

Sacked, Ready for Delivery at SPILLER GRAIN CO.

J. T. H. Miller, Brady

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 elder 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-travelled man of the world and even the slight interest which he takes in her is appreciated, because it is something new in her life.

III—JUNE—At an outing which the family takes, Ninian and Lulu become in a measure confidential. He expresses his disapproval of her treatment as a sort of dependent in the Deacon home. Lulu has vaguely had the same thoughts, but her loyalty to her sister and her own diffidence make Ninian's comments embarrassing. He declares his intention of giving the family a "good time" in the city before he leaves. Diana and Bobby, in the course of "soft nothings," discuss the possibility of eloping and "surprising the whole school." Lulu, despite herself, has awakened to pleasant possibilities concerning Ninian's intentions toward herself, the more so because hitherto she has been a practical nonentity in the household, having little to do with its simple social functions. The fact that Ninian had walked home with her causes all sorts of speculations to disturb her slumbers that night.

Ninian had a boyish pride in his knowledge of places to eat in many cities—as if he were leading certain of the tribe to a deer-run in a strange wood. Ninian took his party to a downtown cafe, then popular among business and newspaper men. The place was below the sidewalk, was reached by a dozen marble steps, and the odor of its griddle-cakes took the air of the street. Ninian made a great show of selecting a table, changed once, called the waiter "my man" and rubbed soft hands on "What do you say? Shall it be lobster?" He ordered the dinner, instructing the waiter with painstaking gruffness.

"Not that they can touch your cooking here, Miss Lulu," he said, settling himself to wait, and crumbling a crust.

Dwight, expanding a bit in the aura of the food, observed that Lulu was a regular chef, that was what Lulu was. He still would not look at his wife, who now remarked:

"She's, Dwightie. Not chef."

This was a mean advantage, which he pretended not to hear—another mean advantage.

"Ina," said Lulu, "your hat's just a little mite—no, over the other way."

"Was there anything to prevent your speaking of that before?" Ina inquired acidly.

"I started to and then somebody always said something," said Lulu humbly.

Nothing could so much as cloud Lulu's hour. She was proof against any shadow.

"Say, but you look tremendous to-night," Dwight observed to her.

Understanding perfectly that this was said to tease his wife, Lulu yet flushed with pleasure. She saw two women watching, and she thought: "They're feeling sorry for Ina—no body talking to her." She laughed at everything that the men said. She passionately wanted to talk herself. "How many folks keep going past," she said, many times.

At length, having noted the details of all the clothes in range, Ina's isolation palled upon her and she set herself to take Ninian's attention. She therefore talked with him about himself.

"Curious you've never married, Nin," she said.

"Don't say it like that," he begged. "I might yet."

Ina laughed enjoyably. "Yes, you might!" she met this.

"She wants everybody to get married, but she wishes I hadn't," Dwight threw in with exceeding rancor.

They developed this theme exhaustively, Dwight usually speaking in the third person and always with his shoulder turned a bit from his wife. It was inconceivable, the gusto with which they proceeded. Ina had assumed for the purpose an air distraught, casual, attentive to the scene about them. But gradually her cheeks began to burn.

"She'll cry," Lulu thought in alarm,

and said at random: "Then, that that is so pretty—ever so much prettier than the old one." But Ina said frostily that she never saw anything the matter with the old one.

"Let us talk," said Ninian low, to Lulu. "Then they'll simmer down."

He went on, in an undertone, about nothing in particular. Lulu hardly heard what he said, it was so pleasant to have him talking to her in this confidential fashion; and she was openly aware that his manner was open to misinterpretation.

In the nick of time the lobster was served.

Dinner and the play—the show, as Ninian called it. This show was "Peter Pan," chosen by Ninian because the seats cost the most of those at any theater. It was almost indecent to see how Dwight Herbert, the immortal soul, had warmed and melted at these contacts. By the time that all was over, and they were at the hotel for supper, such was his pleasurable excitement that he was once more playful, teasing, once more the irrepensible. But now his Ina was to be won back, made it evident that she was not one lightly to overlook, and a fine firmness sat upon the little doubling chin.

They discussed the play. Not one of them had understood the story. The dog-kennel part—wasn't that the queerest thing? Nothing to do with the rest of the play.

"I was for the pirates. The one with the hook—he was my style," said Dwight.

"Well, there it is again," Ina cried. "They didn't belong to the real play, either."

"Oh, well," Ninian said, "they have to put in parts, I suppose, to catch everybody. Instead of a song and dance, they do that."

"And I didn't understand," said Ina, "why they all clapped when the principal character ran down front and said something to the audience that time. But they all did."

Ninian thought this might have been out of compliment. Ina wished that Monona might have seen, confessed that the last part was so pretty that she herself would not look; and into Ina's eyes came their loveliest light.

Lulu sat there, hearing the talk about the play. "Why couldn't I have said that?" she thought as the others spoke. All that they said seemed to her apropos, but she could think of nothing to add. The evening had been to her a light from heaven—how could she find anything to say? She sat in a daze of happiness, her mind hardly operative, her look moving from one to another. At last Ninian looked at her.

"Sure you liked it, Miss Lulu?"

"Oh, yes! I think they all took their parts real well."

It was not enough. She looked at

them appealingly, knowing that she had not said enough.

"You could hear everything they said," she added. "It was—" she dwindled to silence.

Dwight Herbert savored his rambles with a great show of long wrinkled dimples.

"Excellent sauces they make here—excellent," he said, with the frown of an epicure. "A tiny wee bit more Athabasca," he added, and they all laughed and told him that Athabasca was a lake, of course. Of course he meant tabasco, Ina said. Their entertainment and their talk was of this sort, for an hour.

"Well, now," said Dwight Herbert when it was finished, "somebody dance on the table."

"Dwightie!"

"Got to amuse ourselves somehow. Come, live up. They'll begin to read the funeral service over us."

"Why not say the wedding service?" asked Ninian.

In the mention of wedlock there was always something stimulating to Dwight, something of overwhelming humor. He shouted a derisive endorsement of this proposal.

"I shouldn't object," said Ninian. "Should you, Miss Lulu?"

Lulu now burned the slow red of her torture. They were all looking at her. She made an anguished effort to defend herself.

"I don't know it," she said, "so I can't say it."

Ninian leaned toward her.

"I, Ninian, take thee, Lulu, to be my wedded wife," he pronounced. "That's the way it goes!"

"Lulu aren't say it!" cried Dwight. He laughed so loudly that those at the near tables turned. And, from the fastness of her wifehood and motherhood Ina laughed. Really, it was ridiculous to think of Lulu that way.

Ninian laughed, too. "Course she don't dare say it," he challenged.

From within Lulu, that strange Lulu, that other Lulu who sometimes fought her battles, suddenly spoke out:

"I, Lulu, take thee, Ninian, to be my wedded husband."

"You will?" Ninian cried.

"I will," she said, laughing tremulously, to prove that she, too, could join in, could be as merry as the rest.

"And I will. There, by Jove, now have we entertained you, or haven't we?" Ninian laughed and pounded his soft fist on the table.

"Oh, say, honestly!" Ina was shocked. "I don't think you ought to—oh, things—what's the matter, Dwightie?"

Dwight Herbert Deacon's eyes were staring and his face was scarlet.

"Say, by George," he said, "a civil wedding is binding in this state."

"A civil wedding? Oh, well—" Ninian dismissed it.

"But I," said Dwight, "happen to be a magistrate."

They looked at one another foolishly. Dwight sprang up with the indeterminate idea of inquiring something of some one, circled about and returned. Ina had taken his chair and sat clasping Lulu's hand. Ninian continued to laugh.

"I never saw one done so offhand," said Dwight. "But what you've said is all you have to say according to law. And there don't have to be witnesses . . . say!" he said, and sat down again.

Above that should-like plaited lace, the veins of Lulu's throat showed dark as she swallowed, cleared her throat, swallowed again.

"Don't you let Dwight scare you," she besought Ninian.

"Scare me!" cried Ninian. "Why, I think it's a good job done, if you ask me."

Lulu's eyes flew to his face. As he laughed, he was looking at her, and now he nodded and shut and opened his eyes several times very fast. Their points of light flickered. With a pang of wonder which pierced her and left her shaken, Lulu looked. His eyes continued to meet her own. It was exactly like looking at his photograph. Dwight had recovered his authentic air.

"Oh, well," he said, "we can inquire at our leisure. If it is necessary, I should say we can have it set aside quietly up here in the city—no one'll be the wiser."

"Set aside nothing!" said Ninian. "I'd like to see it stand."

"Are you serious, Nin?"

"Sure I'm serious."

Ina jerked gently at her sister's arm.

"Lulu! You hear him? What you going to say to that?"

Lulu shook her head. "He isn't in earnest," she said.

"I am in earnest—hope to die," Ninian declared. He was on two legs of his chair and was slightly tilting, so that the effect of his earnestness was impaired. But he was obviously in earnest.

They were looking at Lulu again. And now she looked at Ninian, and there was something terrible in that look which tried to ask him, alone, about this thing.

Dwight exploded. "There was a fellow I know there in the theater," he cried. "I'll get him on the line. He could tell me if there's any way—"

and was off.

Ina inexplicably began touching away tears. "Oh," she said, "what will mamma say?"

Lulu hardly heard her. Mrs. Bett was incaleculably distant.

"You sure?" Lulu said low to Ninian.

For the first time, something in her exceeding isolation really touched him.

"Say," he said, "you come on with me. We'll have it done over again somewhere, if you say so."

"Oh," said Lulu, "if I thought—"

He leaped and patted her hand.

"Good girl," he said.

They sat silent, Ninian padding on the cloth with the flat of his plump hands.

Dwight returned. "It's a go all right," he said. He sat down, laughed weakly, rubbed at his face. "You two are tied as tight as the church could tie you."

"Good enough," said Ninian. "Eb, Lulu?"

"It's—it's all right, I guess," Lulu said.

"Well, I'll be dashed," said Dwight. "Sister!" said Ina.

Ninian meditated, his lips set tight and high. It is impossible to trace the processes of this man. Perhaps

they were all compact of the devil-may-care attitude engendered in any persistent traveler. Perhaps the incomparable cookery of Lulu played its part.

"I was going to make a trip south this month," he said, "on my way home from here. Suppose we get married again by somebody or other, and start right off. You'd like that, wouldn't you—going south."

"Yes," said Lulu only.

"It's July," said Ina, with her sense of fitness, but no one heard.

It was arranged that their trunks should follow them—Ina would see to that, though she was scandalized that they were not first to return to Warbleton for the blessing of Mrs. Bett.

"Mamma won't mind," said Lulu. "Mamma can't stand a fuss any more."

They left the table. The men and women still sitting at the other tables saw nothing unusual about these four, indifferently dressed, indifferently conditioned. The hotel orchestra, playing ragtime in deafening concord, made Lulu's wedding march.

It was still early next day—a hot Sunday—when Ina and Dwight reached home. Mrs. Bett was standing on the porch.

"Where's Lulu?" asked Mrs. Bett. They told.

Mrs. Bett took it in, a bit at a time. Her pale eyes searched their faces, she shook her head, heard it again, grasped it. Her first question was: "Who's going to do your work?"

Ina had thought of that, and this was manifest.

"Oh," she said, "you and I'll have to manage."

Mrs. Bett meditated, frowning.

"I left the bacon for her to cook for your breakfasts," she said. "I can't cook bacon fit to eat. Neither can you."

"We've had our breakfasts," Ina escaped from this dilemma.

"Had it up in the city, on expense?"

"Well, we didn't have much."

In Mrs. Bett's eyes tears gathered, but they were not for Lulu.

"I should think," she said, "I should think Lulu might have had a little more gratitude to her than this."

On their way to church Ina and Dwight encountered Di, who had left the house some time earlier, stepping sedately to church in company with Bobby Larkin. Di was in white, and her face was the face of an angel, so young, so questioning, so utterly devoid of her sophistication.

"That child," said Ina, "must not see so much of that Larkin boy. She's just a little, little girl."

"Of course she mustn't," said Dwight sharply, "and if I was her mother—"

"Oh, stop that!" said Ina, sotto voce, at the church steps.

To every one with whom they spoke in the aisle after church, Ina an-

nounced their news: Had they heard? Lulu married Dwight's brother Ninian in the city yesterday. Oh, sudden, yes! And romantic . . . spoken with that upward inflection to which Ina was a prey.

Mrs. Bett had been having a "tan-trim," brought on by nothing definable. Abruptly as she and Ina were getting supper, Mrs. Bett had fallen silent, had in fact refused to reply when addressed. When all was ready and Dwight was entering, hair wetly brushed, she had withdrawn from the room and closed her bedroom door until it echoed.

"She's got one again," said Ina, grieving. "Dwight, you go."

He went, showing no sign of annoyance, and stood outside his mother-in-law's door and knocked.

No answer.

"Mother, come and have some supper."

No answer.

"Looks to me like your muffins was just about the best ever."

No answer.

"Come on—I had something funny to tell you and Ina."

He retreated, knowing nothing of the admirable control exercised by this woman for her own passionate satisfaction in sending him away untraced. He showed nothing but anxious concern, touched with regret, at

his failure. Ina, too, returned from that door discomfited. Dwight made a gallant effort to retrieve the fallen fortunes of their evening meal, and turned upon Di, who had just entered, and with exceeding facetiousness inquired how Bobby was.

Di looked hunted. She could never tell whether her parents were going to tease her about Bobby, or rebuke her for being seen with him. It depended on mood, and this mood Di had not the experience to gauge. She now groped for some neutral fact, and mentioned that he was going to take her and Jenny for ice cream that night.

Ina's irritation found just expression in her office of motherhood.

"I won't have you downtown in the evening," she said.

"But you let me go last night."

"All the better reason why you should not go tonight."

"I tell you," cried Dwight. "Why not all walk down? Why not all have ice cream . . ." He was all gentleness and propitiation, the reconciling element in his home.

"Me, too?" Monona's ardent hope, her terrible fear were in her eyebrows, her parted lips.

"You, too, certainly." Dwight could not do enough for every one.

Monona clapped her hands. "Goody! goody! Last time you wouldn't let me go."

"That's why papa's going to take you this time," Ina said.

These ethical balances having been nicely struck, Ina proposed another:

"But," she said, "but you must eat more supper or you cannot go."

"I don't want any more." Monona's look was honest and piteous.

"Makes no difference. You must eat or you'll get sick."

"No!"

"Very well, then. No ice cream soda for such a little girl."

Monona began to cry quietly. But she passed her plate. She ate, chewing high, and slowly.

"See? She can eat if she will eat," Ina said to Dwight. "The only trouble is, she will not take the time."

"She don't put her mind on her meals," Dwight Herbert diagnosed it.

"Oh, bigger bites than that!" he encouraged his little daughter.

Di's mind had been proceeding along its own paths.

"Are you going to take Jenny and Bobby too?" she inquired.

"Certainly. The whole party."

"Bobby'll want to pay for Jenny and I."

"Me, darling," said Ina patiently, punctiliously—and less punctiliously added: "Nonsense. This is going to be papa's little party."

"But we had the engagement with Bobby. It was an engagement."

"Well," said Ina, "I think we'll just set that aside—that important engagement. I think we just will."

"Papa! Bobby'll want to be the one to pay for Jenny and I—"

"Di!" Ina's voice dominated all. "Will you be more careful of your grammar or shall I speak to you again?"

"Well, I'd rather use bad grammar than—than—than—" she looked resentfully at her mother, her father. Their moral defection was evident to her, but it was indefinable. They told her that she ought to be ashamed when papa wanted to give them all a treat. She sat silent, frowning, put-upon.

"Look, mamma!" cried Monona, swallowing a third of an egg at one impulse, Ina saw only the empty plate.

"Mamma's nice little girl!" cried she, shining upon her child.

The rules of the ordinary sports of the playground, scrupulously applied, would have clarified the ethical atmosphere of this little family. But there was no one to apply them.

When Di and Monona had been excused, Dwight asked:

"Nothing new from the bride and groom?"

"No. And Dwight, it's been a week since the last."

"See—where are they then?"

He knew perfectly well that they were in Savannah, Georgia, but Ina played his game, told him, and retold bits that the letter had said.

"I don't understand," she added, "why they should go straight to Oregon without coming here first."

Dwight hazarded that Nin probably had to get back, and shone pleasantly in the reflected importance of a brother filled with affairs.

"I don't know what to make of Lulu's letters," Ina proceeded. "They're so—so—"

"You haven't had but two, have you?"

"That's all—well, of course it's only been a month. But both letters have been so—"

Ina was never really articulate. Whatever corner of her brain had the blood in it at the moment seemed to be operative, and she let the matter go at that.

"I don't think it's fair to mamma—going off that way. Leaving her own mother. Why, she may never see mamma again—" Ina's breath caught. Into her face came something of the lovely tenderness with which she sometimes looked at Monona and Di. She sprang up. She had forgotten to put some supper to warm for mamma. The lovely light was still in her face as she bustled about against the time of mamma's recovery from her tantrum. Dwight's face was like this when he spoke of his foster-mother. In both these beings there was something which functioned as pure love.

Mamma had recovered and was eating cold scrambled eggs on the corner of the kitchen table when the ice cream soda party was ready to get out. Dwight threw her a casual "Better come, too, Mother Bett," but she shook her head. She wished to go,

wished it with violence, but she contrived to give to her arbitrary refusal a quality of contempt. When Jenny arrived with Bobby, she had brought a sheaf of diadoll for Mrs. Bett, and took them to her in the kitchen, and as she laid the flowers beside her, the young girl stopped and kissed her. "You little darling!" cried Mrs. Bett, and clung to her, her lifted eyes lit by something intense and living. But when the ice cream party had set off at last, Mrs. Bett left her sapper, gathered up the flowers, and crossed the lawn to the old cripple, Grandma Gates.

"Inie sha'n't have 'em," the old woman thought.

And then it was quite beautiful to watch her with Grandma Gates, whom she tended and petted, to whose complaints she listened, and to whom she tried to tell the small events of her day. When her neighbor had gone, Grandma Gates said that it was as good as a dose of medicine to have her come in.

Mrs. Bett sat on the porch restored and pleasant when the family returned. Di and Bobby had walked home with Jenny.

"Look here," said Dwight Herbert, "who is it sits home and has ice cream put in her lap like a queen?"

"Vanilly or chocolate?" Mrs. Bett demanded.

"Chocolate, mamma!" Ina cried, with the breeze in her voice.

"Vanilly sets better," Mrs. Bett said.

They sat with her on the porch while she ate. Ina rocked on a creaking board. Dwight swung a leg over the railing. Monona sat pulling her skirt over her feet, and humming all on one note. There was no moon, but the warm dusk had a quality of transparency as if it were lit in all its particles.

The gate opened, and some one came up the walk. They looked, and it was Lulu.

"Well, if it ain't Miss Lulu Bett!"

"Well, if it ain't Miss Lulu Bett!" Dwight cried, involuntarily.

Dwight cried involuntarily, and Ina cried out something.

"How did you know?" Lulu asked.

"Know! Know what?"

"That it ain't Lulu Deacon. Hello, mamma."

She passed the others and kissed her mother.

"Say," said Mrs. Bett placidly. "And I just ate up the last spoonful o' cream."

"Ain't Lulu Deacon!" Ina's voice rose and swelled richly. "What you talking?"

"Didn't he write to you?" Lulu asked.

"Not a word." Dwight answered this. "All we've had from you—the last from Savannah, Georgia."

"Savannah, Georgia," said Lulu, and laughed.

They could see that she was dressed well, in dark red cloth, with a little tiffing hat and a drooping veil. She did not seem in any wise upset, nor, save for that nervous laughter, did she show her excitement.

"Well, but he's here with you, isn't he?" Dwight demanded. "Isn't he here? Where is he?"

"Must be 'met to Oregon by this time," Lulu said.

"Oregon?"

"You see," said Lulu, "he had another wife."

"Why, he had not!" exclaimed Dwight absurdly.

"Yes, he hasn't seen her for fifteen years and he thinks she's dead. But he isn't sure."

"Nonsense," said Dwight. "Why, of course she's dead if he thinks so."

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At first dumb before this, Ina now cried out: "Monona! Go upstairs to bed at once."

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"Do as mamma tells you."

"But—"

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She went, kissing them all good-night and taking her time about it. Everything was suspended while she kissed them and departed, walking slowly backward.

"Married?" said Mrs. Bett with tardy apprehension. "Lulu, was your husband married?"

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"Well, go on—go on!" I might cry. Tell us about it."

To Every One With Whom They Spoke in the Aisle After Church Ina Announced Their News.

Mrs. Bett had been having a "tan-trim," brought on by nothing definable. Abruptly as she and Ina were getting supper, Mrs. Bett had fallen silent, had in fact refused to reply when addressed. When all was ready and Dwight was entering, hair wetly brushed, she had withdrawn from the room and closed her bedroom door until it echoed.

"She's got one again," said Ina, grieving. "Dwight, you go."

He went, showing no sign of annoyance, and stood outside his mother-in-law's door and knocked.

No answer.

"Mother, come and have some supper."

No answer.

"Looks to me like your muffins was just about the best ever."

No answer.

"Come on—I had something funny to tell you and Ina."

He retreated, knowing nothing of the admirable control exercised by this woman for her own passionate satisfaction in sending him away untraced. He showed nothing but anxious concern, touched with regret, at

his failure. Ina, too, returned from that door discomfited. Dwight made a gallant effort to retrieve the fallen fortunes of their evening meal, and turned upon Di, who had just entered, and with exceeding facetiousness inquired how Bobby was.

Di looked hunted. She could never tell whether her parents were going to tease her about Bobby, or rebuke her for being seen with him. It depended on mood, and this mood Di had not the experience to gauge. She now groped for some neutral fact, and mentioned that he was going to take her and Jenny for ice cream that night.

Ina's irritation found just expression in her office of motherhood.

"I won't have you downtown in the evening," she said.

"But you let me go last night."

"All the better reason why you should not go tonight."

"I tell you," cried Dwight. "Why not all walk down? Why not all have ice cream . . ." He was all gentleness and propitiation, the reconciling element in his home.

"Me, too?" Monona's ardent hope, her terrible fear were in her eyebrows, her parted lips.

"You, too, certainly." Dwight could not do enough for every one.

Monona clapped her hands. "Goody! goody! Last time you wouldn't let me go."

"That's why papa's going to take you this time," Ina said.

These ethical balances having been nicely struck, Ina proposed another:

"But," she said, "but you must eat more supper or you cannot go."

"I don't want any more." Monona's look was honest and piteous.

"Makes no difference. You must eat or you'll get sick."

"No!"

"Very well, then. No ice cream soda for such a little girl."

Monona began to cry quietly. But she passed her plate. She ate, chewing high, and slowly.

"See? She can eat if she will eat," Ina said to Dwight. "The only trouble is, she will not take the time."

"She don't put her mind on her meals," Dwight Herbert diagnosed it.

"Oh, bigger bites than that!" he encouraged his little daughter.

Di's mind had been proceeding along its own paths.

"Are you going to take Jenny and Bobby too?" she inquired.

"Certainly. The whole party."

"Bobby'll want to pay for Jenny and I."

"Me, darling," said Ina patiently, punctiliously—and less punctiliously added: "Nonsense. This is going to be papa's little party."

"But we had the engagement with Bobby. It was an engagement."

"Well," said Ina, "I think we'll just set that aside—that important engagement. I think we just will."

"Papa! Bobby'll want to be the one to pay for Jenny and I—"

"Di!" Ina's voice dominated all. "Will you be more careful of your grammar or shall I speak to you again?"

"Well, I'd rather use bad grammar than—than—than—" she looked resentfully at her mother, her father. Their moral defection was evident to her, but it was indefinable. They told her that she ought to be ashamed when papa wanted to give them all a treat. She sat silent, frowning, put-upon.

"Look, mamma!" cried Monona, swallowing a third of an egg at one impulse, Ina saw only the empty plate.

"Mamma's nice little girl!" cried she, shining upon her child.

The rules of the ordinary sports of the playground, scrupulously applied, would have clarified the ethical atmosphere of this little family. But there was no one to apply them.

When Di and Monona had been excused, Dwight asked:

"Nothing new from the bride and groom?"

"No. And Dwight, it's been a week since the last."

"See—where are they then?"

He knew perfectly well that they were in Savannah, Georgia, but Ina played his game, told him, and retold bits that the letter had said.

"I don't understand," she added, "why they should go straight to Oregon without coming here first."

Dwight hazarded that Nin probably had to get back, and shone pleasantly in the reflected importance of a brother filled with affairs.

"I don't know what to make of Lulu's letters," Ina proceeded. "They're so—so—"

"You haven't had but two, have you?"

"That's all—well, of course it's only been a month. But both letters have been so—"

Ina was never really articulate. Whatever corner of her brain had the blood in it at the moment seemed to be operative, and she let the matter go at that.

"I don't think it's fair to mamma—going off that way. Leaving her own mother. Why, she may never see mamma again—" Ina's breath caught. Into her face came something of the lovely tenderness with which she sometimes looked at Monona and Di. She sprang up. She had forgotten to put some supper to warm for mamma. The lovely light was still in her face as she bustled about against the time of mamma's recovery from her tantrum. Dwight's face was like this when he spoke of his foster-mother. In both these beings there was something which functioned as pure love.

Mamma had recovered and was eating cold scrambled eggs on the corner of the kitchen table when the ice cream soda party was ready to get out. Dwight threw her a casual "Better come, too, Mother Bett," but she shook her head. She wished to go,

(Continued Next Week)

SPECIAL PRICES

Crystal White Soap, per bar, 5c; 6 for..... **25c**
 Mothers Oats, per package..... **30c**
 East Texas Syrup, per gallon..... **80c**

All Other Grocery Prices in Proportion.

Will Pay 25c per Doz. for Eggs in Trade

T. E. DOBBS

Dry Goods and Groceries
 BRADY, TEXAS

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS
 To the Sheriff or any Constable of McCulloch County, Greeting:
 You Are Hereby Commanded to summon Geneva Graham by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the Thirty-fifth Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of McCulloch County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Brady, Texas, on the Third Monday in March A. D. 1923, the same being the 19th day of March 1923, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 26th day of January A. D. 1923 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 2147, wherein W. C. Graham is Plaintiff, and Geneva Graham is Defendant, and said petition alleging that the plaintiff and defendant were legally married in Comanche County, Texas, on Nov. 2d, A. D. 1913, and lived together as husband and wife till about July 16, 1921. That for about 1 year before July 16, 1921, the defendant prosecuted a course of misconduct towards plaintiff and his family, such as rendered their living together insupportable. That during said last year of their cohabitation, the defendant was guilty of unchastity, lewdness and adultery with other men; and during said time the defendant contracted and communicated to plaintiff a venereal disease, thus compelling plaintiff to abandon defendant about July 16, 1921, after which time plaintiff and defendant have never cohabited as husband and wife. That the plaintiff and defendant had born unto them of said wedlock 2 children, to-wit: W. C. Graham, Jr., a boy 8 years old, and Victor Graham, a boy 5 years old. That the defendant is incompetent and unfit to care for and rear the said children and that the plaintiff is, in every way qualified to care for, rear and educate his said children. Wherefore, plaintiff prays for proper citation to the defendant, and upon final hearing on said petition for judgment of the Court granting plaintiff a full divorce from the defendant, and a judgment awarding to plaintiff the care and custody of said minor children.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of Said Court at office in Brady, Texas, this 26th day of January A. D. 1923.

BOYD COMMANDER,
 Clerk District Court McCulloch County, Texas.

MONTGOMERY FIRST TEAM DEFEATS CAMP SAN SABA BASKET BALL TEAM 45 TO 0

Montgomery's Giant basket ball players from Voca came over to Camp San Saba last Friday afternoon and defeated Camps. Score was 45 to 0. There was good playing done on both sides, but because of the fact that some Camps' players had the flu, they had substitutes playing in their places.

Two of Camps' girls were aged 13 years, and 14 years.

Montgomery's players were all over 15 years of age.

One of the Camps girls, age 13, guarded a Montgomery girl 17 years of age.

Camp San Saba players state if they could get players to their size, they couldn't skunk 'em again.

"LITTLE FRANCIS."
 Camp San Saba, Texas, Jan. 22, 1923.

WE ALWAYS WANT TO EMPHASIZE WE APPRECIATE YOUR GOOD WILL AS WELL AS YOUR TRADE. O. D. MANN & SONS.

We always want to emphasize we appreciate your good will as well as your trade. O. D. Mann & Sons.

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 Clerk District Court McCulloch County, Texas.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Mrs. Wm. Bauhof left Sunday night for Dallas to visit the millinery markets, and to make her selections for the Spring and Summer seasons. Mrs. Bauhof was accompanied by Mr. Bauhof, who will spend the week in Dallas on business, and also by their daughter, Nance. Before leaving, Mrs. Bauhof stated that her purchases this year would be far more extensive than ever before and that her selections would be made with a special view to pleasing the most exacting of her customers. She expects to open her Spring stock in her attractive new quarters in the R. Wilensky store on the east side shortly after the first of February.

A new form of petty thievery is becoming manifest in Brady, and woe betides the culprits if they are caught at their nefarious work. Last Sunday night while Rev. Buren Sparks was discoursing upon the sermon subject at the Baptist church, his hen roost was robbed of half a dozen blooded chickens. Mrs. Sparks heard the rucus among the chickens and ran out in time to see a dark form disappearing around the corner. Just recently the clothes line at the A. Ogden residence was robbed of several trousers and other articles of wearing apparel, during the night. While the loss involved may not be so very great, yet the annoyance occasioned by these nocturnal visits is sufficient to class this form of crime as intolerable, and the citizenship should unite in an effort to put a stop to the practice.

Mrs. I. G. Abney, accompanied by Mrs. Maggie Gray, left Sunday night to spend the entire week at market, selecting the Spring and Summer stock for the I. G. Abney store. By reason of the notable improvements just completed at the Abney store, and which give greatly added floor space, making for much better display of all departments, Mrs. Abney and Mrs. Gray will take special pains to select a stock entirely in keeping with the attractiveness of the store. The millinery department, which will occupy the center of the balcony, will be specially attractive to feminine shoppers this season, and all other departments will likewise boast of complete and most attractive stocks.

Proverbs of Methusalem.
 Hearken unto me, my son, and be wise—for a woman's last kiss does seem better than her first.
 Giveth a man enough rope—and verily will he smoketh himself to death.
 Like unto Dumb Dan is the absent-minded prof. who, leaving his home in the morning, doth throw his wife out of the back door and kiss the garbage can good-bye.
 Verily I say unto thee, my son, when amongst women, let not thy "right" girl know what thy "left" girl is doing.
 When a man taketh unto himself a wife, verily he hath then a better half. But ye bachelors hath better quarters.
 Be wise, my son, be wise.

We have a special style Hog Fence. Good stock on hand.
 O. D. MANN & SONS.

Living With Her New Daddy Now — THE KAISER



Here is Princess Henriette at play on the grounds of her new daddy's exiled retreat at Doorn, Holland. She is the youngest daughter of the former kaiser's new bride.

SANTA FE DEMONSTRATION TRAIN WILL BE EPOCHAL EVENT AT BRADY MARCH 16

On the morning of Friday, March 16, the Santa Fe demonstration train will pull in to the station at Brady remaining till noon. This train is being operated by the Santa Fe railway company mainly for the purpose of developing interest in farming, poultry raising, live stock raising and all kindred industries that in any way contribute to the material welfare of the localities through which the Santa Fe system operates, and since one comes to think about it, this is almost every industrial locality in Texas. Over in east Texas the Santa Fe runs through practically every agricultural and cotton producing county and over in Louisiana it has reached far into the vast stretches of the great lumber producing areas.

J. D. Tinsley, agricultural agent of the Santa Fe will be in charge of the train that is going to traverse the great central and west Texas area and he wants to see every farmer, stock raiser, dairyman and poultry raiser in the great section which the train intends to visit and show them just what is being done and what can be done by way of diversification, intensive farming and improved methods as applied to every line of rural and agricultural life. Every farmer in McCulloch county is given a special invitation to be in Brady on Friday, March 16, and learn from experienced speakers some information of most valuable character. Among these speakers will be J. F. Jarrell, editor of "The Earth," the official organ of the Santa Fe covering industrial subjects of every nature. J. G. Fitzhugh, manager of "The Earth" for the southwest, Colonel F. G. Pettibone, vice president and general manager, who is personally acquainted with more people from one end of the Santa Fe lines to the other, perhaps, than any other living man and who is well known to the people of Brady. Colonel Pettibone will be called on for an address on his arrival at Brady and he is put on notice now to begin to collect his data and have it in good shape. J. S. Hershey, general freight agent of the road, will also be here and if the business people of Brady want to meet a real, live wire, they will miss much if they fail to shake the hand of Mr. Hershey.

The Santa Fe railroad company like other plain common sense business enterprises is seeking to develop its resources by calling the attention of the public generally to the magnitude and immeasurable value of these resources in the various counties thru which the road operates. The ideal railroad condition would be that every car of any kind hauled over the tracks is a loaded car, whether it is going from the centers of production, which are the fields, orchards and pine forests, as well as cattle, sheep and grain regions, or whether it is returning from the great markets after its cargoes in the commercial centers. As a matter of fact every empty car whether going or coming, is a liability and the more empty cars that a railroad has to haul of its own over its own lines the greater and more burdensome its liabilities become. On the other hand every loaded car, whether of its own or belonging to somebody else, that passes over the line, is an asset, and assets are the foundations upon which the road builds its permanent future prosperity and upon which also it reaches out and lays plans for future and more comprehensive development. The railroad that hauls nothing but empty cars would not keep out of the bankruptcy court very long. It is therefore, a simple matter of business philosophy that in order that all cars may be loaded cars and that there may be no empty cars, passing over a given line of railroad that every acre of land on the line of this road be developed and made to produce something that will do to sell—something that may be hauled by the railroad and for which freight rates are paid. The ideal railroad therefore would

run through a territory where every acre of land was in cultivation or in pasturage on which cattle roamed or on which dairy herds produced milk and butter for shipment, or where hundreds of other industrial enterprises were in operation, each and all contributing to the material development of the country or locality in which they were located and each furnishing something in the way of cargo to be hauled by the railroad and something in turn to be brought from distant markets. This would be the ideal railroad and this would be an ideal country in which to live were every industrial enterprise that is needed in operation and contributing its share to the prosperity of the people.

So in order to impress the necessity of the development of agricultural enterprise and all the kindred industries to the end that the entire country may be made to blossom as the rose the Santa Fe company is going to operate a special train over its lines with the view of educating the people by free and actual demonstration of what has been done and what is being done in other localities, and showing what may be done along every mile of the road in Texas. Let every farmer, dairyman, poultry raiser, stock man, cotton man and grain man, and every business man in McCulloch county remember the date—March 16th—and be in Brady on the morning of that day.

Card of Thanks.
 To neighbors and friends, who by their many deeds of kindness and assistance during the illness of our brother, W. E. Benson, have placed us under great obligations to them, and whose words of comfort and consolation we treasure most highly, we wish to express our sincere thanks and gratitude. We also appreciate more than words can tell the many floral tributes. May God's richest blessings reward you all, is our prayer.
 J. D. Benson and family,
 Mrs. Bell Taylor and daughter,
 Gladys
 Mrs. Mollie Finigan and family,
 Miss Emily Benson
 and other relatives.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Fern Oliver of Abilene arrived Tuesday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. J. A. Johnson.

Mrs. Millard Fuller has as her guests this week her niece, Mrs. A. C. Robbins, and daughters, Bonnie Clyde and Patsy, of Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Finigan of Eldorado have been spending the past week here greeting their many friends, having been called here by the death of Mr. Finigan's uncle, W. E. Benson, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Striegler and son Cecil, accompanied by Mrs. Striegler's mother, Mrs. A. W. Keller, drove to Fredericksburg Saturday, where they attended a great celebration in honor of the 70th birthday anniversary of Mr. Striegler's mother, Mrs. F. C. Striegler.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Hancock made a trip to San Antonio last Saturday, where Mrs. Hancock will spend the week visiting relatives. The doctor reports San Antonio as growing and improving in miraculous fashion, and says, aside from the Alamo and the Plaza, one fairly becomes lost about the city because of the notable improvements everywhere to be seen.

Lots of Lard Cans, Sausage Mills and Stone Jars, all sizes.
 O. D. MANN & SONS.

CARTER'S INK AND ADHESIVES—You see them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, System and other national magazines. Nationally known; nationally used. We have Carter's complete line on sale. THE BRADY STANDARD.

Nice line of Rugs and Art Squares. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Acclimated Digit.
 "Hey, waiter, you've got your thumb in my soup!"
 "Oh, I don't mind, sir, it isn't hot."

No Foreign Entanglements.
 Paris decrees longer skirts—but American women refuse to wear them. Who says the Declaration of Independence was written in vain?

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. Henry N. Tipton
 DENTIST
 Office in Syndicate Building
 Ustairs in New Gibbons Building
 Office Phone No. 399; Res. No. 305

DR. WM. C. JONES
 DENTIST
 Office: Front Suite Rooms Over New Brady National Bank Building
 PHONES: Office 79, Residence 202

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

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

JOE ADKINS
 LAWYER
 Office in Broad Building
 South Side Square

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

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

ELIJAH F. ALLIN
 POST AMERICAN LEGION
 Meetings Held Second and Fourth Thursday Nights Each Month.
 W. A. KNOX W. S. PENCE,
 Adjutant Post Com'dr

Let us figure with you on your next bill of Hardware and Furniture. Our prices are right.
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BUSINESS CARDS.

STEAM VULCANIZING
 in all its branches. Auto Accessories. United States Tires and Tubes Texaco Gas and Oils
LEE MORGAN BUILDING
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 Breeder of Red Poll Cattle
 CAMP SAN SABA, TEXAS

W. W. WILDER
 CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
 Estimates on All Classes of Building and Repair Work.
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LEE MORGAN
 CONTRACTOR
 Estimates Gladly Furnished Will Appreciate a Share of Your Trade
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W. H. BALLOU & CO.

General Insurance
 Office Over Commercial National Bank

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

J. C. BENSON

—ANNOUNCING MILLINERY OPENING

We are pleased to announce the opening of a select showing of newest and most popular styles in—

Spring Millinery At Popular Dry Goods Store

We will have one of the largest and most beautiful hat displays in Brady, and can assure our customers of becoming hats, attractively priced.

We cordially invite the public to call and get acquainted, and it will be our pleasure to show our hats and assist in making a selection.

Millinery Department Popular Dry Goods Store

MISSES ULOTH, Proprietresses
 Brady, Texas

Chickens! Chickens!

We are in the market for all your chickens and are paying the top market prices. Remember we are always in the market for all kinds of produce in season with the best market prices.

Turner Produce Co.

Bridge Street Brady, Texas