

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

J. A. TEMPLE, BUSINESS PARTNER OF GEN. SAM HOUSTON

The following story related by B. J. Hardi of Richland, concerning the early-day experiences and associations of the late J. A. Temple, who died at Brady on February 7th, will be of interest to all the many friends of deceased, Mr. Temple's claim to have given his name to the city of Temple was generally known here, but that he was once a business associate of General Sam Houston comes as a revelation to his friends. The letter was published in the Dallas News last Sunday, March 4th:

The passing of a personal friend and business partner of General Sam Houston and the man in whose honor the city of Temple probably was named occurred at Brady, February 7, with the death of J. A. Temple, according to a letter received by The News from B. J. Hardi of Richland. Mr. Temple was 92 years old. At the time of his death he and his wife were visiting at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alvin Parker. His home was at Eastland.

"Mr. Temple was born in Mississippi in 1832 and came to Texas with his father at the age of 2 years and stopped at old Fort Nacogdoches, Mr. Hardi wrote. "When he was 7 years old his father died, leaving four children. They moved to Cherokee, Texas, and when 15 years old J. A. Temple joined a company of soldiers and freighted to Fort Concho, Fort Davis and Fort Griffin. In making their trips the freighters would carry groceries on the outbound trip and stop at the head of the Colorado River, where they would make salt by boiling it out of the water in kettles. They would come back by following the divide between the Colorado and Brazos rivers.

Dallas Without Hats.

"On one trip Mr. Temple and his party went ahead to kill some game. They got lost and went down the draw of the Trinity instead of the Brazos. They came to a small settlement and one store where the city of Dallas is now located. The storekeeper had three hats and they bought all he had so at one time Dallas was without hats.

"Mr. Temple was a great friend of General Sam Houston and at one time they were in the stock business together, ranging their cattle along the Brazos river, where the town of Peadley now stands. Mr. Temple divided up with General Houston, taking his cattle out where the town of Temple is now located and put in the first store for that town. When he left there he went out on the Leon river and after staying there for a time went to what is now Eastland county, where he lived for five or six years.

"One spring the Indians went among the settlers. They killed Mr. Temple's sister-in-law, a Mrs. Coffey. Mr. Temple and a party, including Bill McQuah of Eastland and Jim Ellison of Gorman, followed the Indians and were able to kill quite a few of them.

"At the beginning of the war between the States, Mr. Temple went back East. He drove Sam Houston over the Eastern part of the State as far out as Waco, which was then about as far out as any settlement of that time. During the war he served as a Texas ranger and went as far West as New Mexico. After the war Mr. Temple lived in Hill county and then in Wilson county, where he ranched for a time and then went to Menard county."

WEST SWEDEN VICTORIOUS IN BOTH GAMES PLAYED WITH DODGE BASKET BALL TEAMS

West Sweden reports having added two more victories to their list on last Wednesday, when both the boys and girls' basket ball teams won from the Dodge boys and girls' teams. The games were played on the West Sweden grounds on the evening of February 28th, the boys winning by a score of 9 to 6, and the girls winning by a score of 14 to 5.

SUPT. JOHNSTON OF MONTGOMERY SCHOOL AT VOCA BOASTS BEST DISCIPLINED BODY IN CO.

McCulloch county schools are the pride of every citizen—but now comes A. S. Johnston, genial and popular superintendent of Montgomery school at Voca, advancing claim as to the best-disciplined school-body of them all. Mr. Johnston is a real live wire, and there is reason for his popularity among the student body, for he makes himself one of his students; he works with them, and he plays with them, and he knows and appreciates their thoughts and ambitions. Here is the story of what has been accomplished in building up a school spirit of the most praiseworthy sort through this kind of leadership:

March 9, 1923, there will be an entertainment at the school building. Included in this program will be fun and comedy for everyone. There is more real interest manifested in the school work since the Christmas holidays, than in the entire time preceding. The entire student body and faculty are in complete harmony and up to this time there has not been a break of any nature in the school work.

The student body and teachers maintain the credit for the best disciplined school in McCulloch county, and as near perfect as any in Texas. The responsibility of discipline is placed upon each individual pupil. We do not have an honor system (so called) primarily, but an honor system covers the entire student body. I have had supervision over many thousand girls and boys, but I say it, not boasting, but with pride, that the entire student body is the cleanest and most wholesome of any student body in the state. If anyone questions the above statements, we ask you to make a visit to our school at any time.

The Purpose of Our Program.

We have, up to the present spent about one hundred twenty dollars on play grounds equipment. We have ten acres in our play ground. We have an ideal plot of land, which can be made into one of the most beautiful play grounds found anywhere. We are now working on the primary grades equipment, (play ground) and in a few days we hope to have our entire play grounds one of envy to other schools.

The proceeds of the entertainment March 9, 1923, are to be used for paying accounts due, and adding other necessary equipment for the specific pleasure and contentment of the children in the school.

We have organized a school society for the purpose of furthering the progress of the student body.

We have some very interesting facts for the various schools in McCulloch county, said facts to appear in The Standard in the near future. Teachers, school officials, and pupils are requested to read these facts.

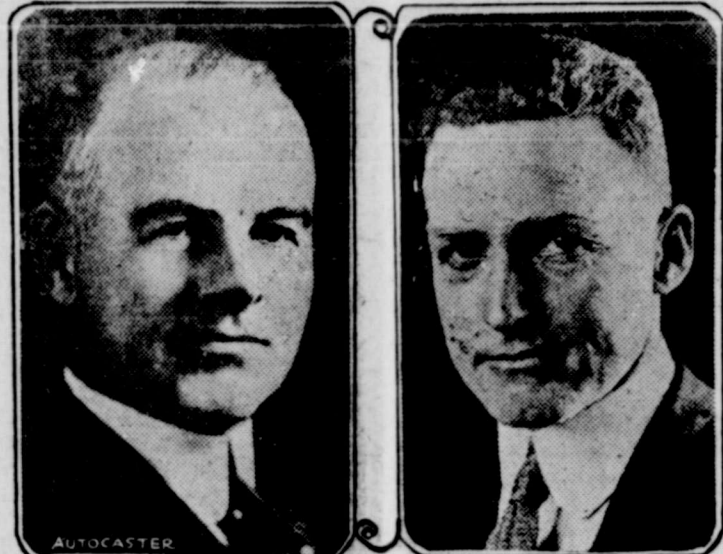
Very respectfully submitted,
A. S. JOHNSTON,
President McCulloch County Teachers Association.

BOUNTY ON WOLVES IS RAISED TO \$20 PER HEAD FOR NEXT 60 DAYS—MAKE GRAND CLEAN-UP

The directors of the McCulloch County Wolf club, meeting in special session the past week, decided to raise the bounty on wolves to \$20 per scalp, the offer to stand good for a period of 60 days. The new offer doubles the previous bounty of \$10 per scalp. Growing scarcity of the wolves, coupled with particular cunning on the part of those still at large, have made the capture of the pests increasingly difficult, but the heavy bounty now offered will serve to make for redoubled efforts on the part of the trappers. The local club has been extremely successful in their efforts to rid the county of the menace of these predatory animals, and during the next 60 days, the directors hope to effect as near as possible a 100% clean-up of the county.

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.

Farm Bureau Centers Fire on Foreign Outlet



The American Farm Bureau Federation is centering its fire at Washington in the effort to revive a foreign outlet for farm commodities. It has submitted a convincing report to Farm Bloc members. Martin J. Gillen, of New York, prepared the report which was checked by H. W. Moorehouse, of the Dept. of Research. The Farm Bureau recommends a revival of confidence in European securities.

COURT HOUSE NEWS

Old Dan Cupid was stupid in February, and the fact that Valentine day gave him a free hand with his arrows and his darts seemed to have availed him nothing, for February shows the lightest record of marriage licenses issued in many a year, only two couples kneeling at the altar of Hymen. The Stork appears to have been a fairly busy bird for such a cold and uncertain and short month, having delivered eleven new arrivals to proud and happy parents; boys predominated in the ratio of eight to three. The death record was quite heavy, six deaths being on record. The following is the report on vital statistics, as taken from the records of the county clerk's and city secretary's offices, and also a list of real estate transfers as placed on the county records:

- Marriage Licenses Issued.
 - Mr. Roy Canon and Miss Ruby Horton, Feb. 16.
 - Antonio Trevino and Marie Fernandez, Feb. 17.
- Births Recorded.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Burnett, Mercury, boy, Feb. 5.
 - Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Turnell, Placid, boy, Feb. 16.
 - Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Cowan, Mercury, boy, Feb. 19.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Sam Burke, Sr., Mercury, boy, Feb. 27.
 - Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bissett, Waldrip, boy, Nov. 18.
 - Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Mayes, Brady, boy, Jan. 4.
 - Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wingo, Rochelle, girl, Jan. 1.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Eubank, Brady, boy, Jan. 15.
 - Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tubbs, Brady, girl, Feb. 26.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Swen Hermanson, Brady, boy, Feb. 21.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Floyd V. Allen, Brady, girl, March 1.
- Deaths Recorded.
 - Mrs. Annie Leach, Mercury, Jan. 31.
 - James Franklin Wagner, Mercury, Feb. 27.
 - Charley I. Bessie (col) Brady, Feb. 25.

67TH CONGRESS' ACHIEVEMENTS

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—Established formal peace with Germany by ratifying a separate treaty.
Ratified the treaties of the Washington Armament Conference limiting world naval construction, and establishing a four-power alliance to maintain the peace of the Pacific and Far East.
Created machinery for the settlement of Europe's \$11,000,000,000 indebtedness to the United States, and ratified the settlement with Great Britain.
Established a Mixed Claims Commission to settle claims between Germans and Americans arising out of the war.
Forbidden the President to appoint a member of the Reparations Commission except on authorization from Congress.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS—Enacted a high protective tariff law.
Repealed excess profits and luxury taxes, imposed during war time, and revised other tax laws.
Enacted a budget system for the Federal Government.
Enacted more agricultural legislation than any Congress in history.
Restricted immigration by enacting a three per cent law.
Established peace time strength of the Army at 125,000 men and the Navy at 86,000 men.
Passed a soldiers' bonus bill, which was vetoed by the President.
Passed by Bursum bill, increasing Civil War pensions, also vetoed by the President.
Enacted a Federal maternity law in which the Government co-operates with the States in protection of motherhood and children.
Tightened up the Volstead law by enacting an anti-beer bill.
Put the big packing industries more completely under Federal direction by enacting the Parker Control bill.
Brought grain exchanges under Federal supervision by regulation dealings in grain futures.
Authorized by a searching inquiry into the basic ills of the coal industry by a Federal Commission.
Appropriated \$1,000,000.00 for prosecution of war grafters.
Established a Federal Narcotic Board to better regulate distribution of habit-forming drugs.
Effected considerable reduction in the cost of running the Federal Government by decreasing appropriations.

STEELHAMMER BROS. TELEPHONE NOS. ARE 416 DAY AND 412 NIGHT—CORRECTION

Through oversight, one of the phone numbers given last Friday in the display ad of Steelhammer Bros., announcing the opening of their new garage and auto repair shop, was not correctly stated. The day phone should have been 416, while the night phone, as stated, is 412. As explained last week, the Steelhammer Bros. expect to give service anywhere at any time, day or night, and motorists in trouble will only have to bear the above numbers in mind to be assured of prompt and efficient service.

Mrs. Lucy Jane Lewis, Brady, Feb. 16.
Hanse Williams, Brady, Feb. 26.

Real Estate Transfers.

- C. D. Allen to B. L. Craddock, north one-half block 81, Luhr addition. \$1000.
- W. D. Crothers and G. R. White to G. C. Kirk, lot 4, block 3, Crothers & White addition. \$150.
- Lewis Brook to G. C. Kirk, lots 1 and 2, block 3, Crothers & White addition. \$600.
- June Coopender to H. H. Sessions, west 120 ft. by 200 ft., block 13, Luhr addition. \$3500.
- G. W. Jones to Charles Shafer, lots 1 and 2, block 9, Gault's addition to Placid. \$1000.
- J. S. Allen to Elsie Allen, lots 11 and 12, block 8, Jones addition. \$300.
- J. H. Huey to Jas. T. Mann and Duke Mann, north one-half block 57, Luhr addition. \$3000.
- J. M. Page to J. T. Holmes, part of Surv. 407, Abst. 71, Cert. 81. \$1500.
- Dr. O. J. Bryan to Evans Adkins, lots 1 and 2, block 11, Rutherford-Trigg addition. \$50.
- James A. Stevens to Susie E. Ogden, block 78, Luhr addition. \$275.
- J. A. Maxwell to E. T. Jordan, lots 11 and 12, block 16, town of Melvin. \$2500.
- Bank of Fredericksburg to N. J. Huie, 287 acres, Surv. 1118, Abst. 1405, Cert. 727. \$10,500.
- B. A. Hallum to H. F. Schwenker, lot 5, block 11. \$5500.
- J. H. and G. R. White to J. C. Anderson, part of block 59, Surv. 182. \$550.
- S. R. Hayes to W. A. Baker, one-half interest in west one-half Surv. 718, Abst. 1478. \$1150.
- Udo Toepferwein to Tom Lackey, lots 42, 43 and 44, block 1, Neal addition to Rochelle. \$5 and other consideration.
- Joe Vick to Charley Shafer, 160 acres, Surv. 293, Cert. 33-3349, Abst. 740. \$4400.
- G. M. Wade to W. H. Cornelius, 75x 100 ft., block 87, Luhr addition. \$400.
- H. P. Jordan to W. D. Crothers and B. A. Hallum, lots 8 and 9, block 17. \$6750.
- W. D. Vinson to I. D. Adams, southeast one-half block 70, town of Rochelle \$600.
- Jas. T. and Duke Mann to Gordon Valliant, 160 acres, Surv. 640, Cert. 832, Abst. 496; 160 acres, Surv. 641, Cert. 832, Abst. 499; 40 acres, Surv. 642, Cert. 832, Abst. 497; 40 acres, Surv. 643, Cert. 832, Abst. 498. \$10,000.
- C. H. Bratton to E. J. Howard, 26.6 acres, Surv. 678, Abst. 784, Cert. 718; 54 acres, Surv. 231, Abst. 706, Cert. 33-3326. \$1000.

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

Better and Better.

We heard a new one of Coue the other day. Two newsboys arguing the point—one was trying to persuade the other to "bet" and the other was putting over the point that he "was too good to gamble." The first lad, listening for a while, then as a light suddenly dawned upon him, wrecked the argument with this outburst: "Why, Duke, every day in every way, I'm a 'better' an' you're NO better."

THE AMERICAN CAFE

OPEN AT ALL HOURS
Special Low Prices.
Short Orders of All Kinds.
Regular Dinners—40c.
Try one of our Hamburgers with a cup of Coffee—The Best Ever.

HUBERT JACKSON, Prop.

Leave Your KODAK FILMS With DAVIS & GARTMAN TO BE FINISHED

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

Back to the Garden. Speaking of income tax schedule—who made out the first one? Boy in the back row yells—"Eve had to Adam."

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 employee, 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, Mar. 6, 1923.

HONEST INJUN.

These winds are as wild as the proverbial March here.

BEAUTIFYING BRADY.

In the Springtime—a young man turns lightly to thoughts of love; the home-man to gardening; the nature-lover to fishing, and most everybody's thought include that of planting and growing and beautifying the home place and surroundings.

In that magic of nature lies the lure that spurs the home-loving citizen to Spring-time efforts in the way of enlisting nature's aid in the work of beautification.

We could dream on, and paint many another beautiful picture, bright spotted with dabs of color, fragrant with the perfume of roses and violets and forget-me-nots—but it's March, and the wind blows cold, and we merely want to drop the thought that the "Brady Beautiful" idea is one that will readily lend itself to pretty yards and vines and shrubs and flowers, and that Spring is just around the corner, and that it's a good time to plan now and plant a little later. Thank you!

A serious blow has been struck at co-operative marketing in Texas by the Appellate Court ruling that the cotton contract of the Farm Bureau Federation is void for the reason that it is without the necessary elements of a valid contract of sale.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD Published Semi-Weekly Tuesday - Friday Brady, Texas To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$1.50 per year SIX MONTHS 75c THREE MONTHS 40c Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 15c per month.

Effective January 1, 1923.

reau obligate themselves to sell all the cotton to the Bureau and to no one else, is the most essential part of the whole scheme for co-operative selling of cotton, because it is the only guarantee offered to the members of the association that their efforts toward co-operative selling of their product may be successful.

WHAT TO WEAR.

They are taking new styles from a tomb 3,400 years old in Egypt because they know the women have nothing from that date.—Altoona Mirror.

Our memory serves us badly at times, but we thought all they wore in those days was a coat of tan and a dress of fig leaves.

SATURDAY NIGHT DISSIPATION.

The following brief history of the bathtub in American society is clipped from The Waterworks Journal: The first American bathtub was installed December 20, 1842 in Cincinnati by Adam Thompson.

The next day the Cincinnati papers discussed the invention, and violent controversy was provoked. Some papers designated it an epicurean luxury, others as undemocratic, as it lacked simplicity in surroundings.

The controversy soon reached other cities and in more than one place medical opposition was reflected in legislation.

Late in 1843 the Philadelphia common council considered an ordinance prohibiting bathing between November 1 and March 15 and the ordinance failed of passage by but two votes.

In Hartford, Providence, Charleston and Wilmington, Del., heavy rates were laid on people who had bathtubs. Boston, early in 1845, made bathing unlawful except on medical advice, but the ordinance was never enforced and in 1862 it was repealed.

President Millard Fillmore gave the bathtub recognition. While vice-president he visited Cincinnati, in 1850 and inspected the original bathtub, and used it. On becoming President he had a bathtub installed in the White House. This tub continued to be used until the first Cleveland administration.

And now one can hardly wait until Saturday night for a bath.

THE FINE ART OF KISSING.

People will kiss! Yet only one in a thousand knows how to extract the maximum of bliss from ruby lips. And yet it is simple, at least for the initiated. Follow these directions for best results:

First, know with whom you are clinching—don't make any mistakes although a mistake may be a good one.

Don't jump like a cat for a mouse and smack the dainty thing on the arm, or in the ear, or on the head.

The gentleman should be taller, although this isn't absolutely necessary. He should have a clean face, a kindly eye, and a mouthful of expression.

Don't be anxious to kiss in a crowd. Two are plenty to corner and nab a kiss, more would spoil the fun.

Take the left hand of the female in your right. Let your hat go to hell! Throw your left arm over the shoulder of the lady and slip it around to her right side below her arm.

Do not be in a hurry! Her left arm is in your right—let there be a faint pressure on that, not like the grip of a vise, but a gentle grasp, full of thought, respect, and electricity. Do not be in a hurry!

Her head lies lightly on your shoulder. You are heart to heart. Look deep into her half closed orbs. Gently, but firmly, press her to your vest. Stand firm, be brave but do not be in a hurry! Her lips are almost open. Lean slightly with your head, take careful aim—the lips meet, the eyes close, the heart opens, the soul rides through tempests, but do not be in a hurry! Heaven opens before you, the earth flies from under you like a blazing rocket across the evening sky. Don't be afraid. No fuss, no noise, no fluttering, no squirming. You are twanging the golden chords of ecstasy.

But do not be in a hurry! —By A. Wize Gie.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A man who means well doesn't always keep within his means.—Nashville Tennessean.

Of the making of laws there is no end. Same thing as to the breaking.—Greenville Piedmont.

Human nature is what makes us all hate autoists while walking and hate pedestrians while driving.—Muskegon Chronicle.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but many a poor boob in other lines of work has gotten the merry "ha ha," too.—Louisville Courier Journal.

A movement is on foot to get the finger prints of the nation. Why not

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Tasty-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.

WANTED

WANTED—Man with large family to work on farm. Splendid residence. Inquire at Brady Standard office.

LOST

LOST—Tan colored coat for lady, on road between Dodge and Brady morning of March 3. Finder please leave at Standard office.

STRAYED

STRAYED—From Edd Bryson pasture, 18 head DeLaine ewes, branded 9 (figure nine) on hip; also have H on left side. Will pay liberal reward for information leading to recovery. ED CAMPBELL, Brady.

FOR TRADE

TO TRADE—Radio outfit complete for Ford car in good condition. See WILL KENNERLY, at the Radio and Electric Shop.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One good, used Dodge car. See DUKE MANN.

Buff Orpington Eggs, 15 for \$1.50. See A. R. POOL at the Court House.

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

White Bermuda Onion plants, very strong and hardy. 15c per hundred, postage prepaid. R. B. McCARTY, Mercury, Tex.

HOGS FOR SALE.

I have about 45 young full-blood Duroc Jersey Hogs for sale. R. B. McCARTY, Mercury, Texas.

FOR SALE—White Leghorn eggs, English and American strains, \$1.50 per setting of 15. Satisfaction guaranteed. MRS. AB SALTER, Rt. 2, Brady.

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

FOR SALE—Pure Mebane Cotton Planting Seed, one year from breeders; machine culled, in bulk, and any amount desired. \$1.25 per bushel. J. D. Powell, Rochelle, Texas, Rt. 1, Box 57.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

From my famous Ringlet Barred Rocks, Thompson strain, \$2.00 per setting, or \$8.00 per 100. G. W. WILKS, Brady, TEXAS

FOR SALE—Eggs for hatching from prize-winning Barred Pymouth Rocks. \$1.50 for setting of 15 eggs; \$4.00 for 100 eggs. Address White Dairy and Poultry Farm, Chr. Mathisen, Prop. R. R. No. 1, Fredericksburg, Texas.

collect all the old telephone directories and simplify the work?—Dayton News.

They claim to have found a Kansas man who says he never heard of prohibition. They could find plenty like him in Kentucky.—Des Moines Register.

Geraldine Farrar appeared at her divorce trial in galoshes, but it happened to be the only case of the sort on record where the spectators didn't need 'em.—Decatur Herald.

Professional spy says many reports he made as a private detective were false. Next thing we know, somebody will be claiming novels aren't strictly true.—Cleveland News.

Tan-No-More The Skin Beautifier 35c per jar AT TOILET DEPARTMENTS BAKER LABORATORIES

WEDDING BELLS.

Rooker-Terry.

As a complete surprise to relatives and friends, Mr. Clarence Terry and Miss Macie Rooker were quietly united in the holy bonds of matrimony on last Saturday evening at 7:00 o'clock, the wedding ceremony being read by the Rev. C. L. Browning at the Methodist parsonage.

The bride is a niece of Mrs. Jim Bradley, and came here from her home near Baird last October, taking up the study of nursing at the local sanitarium. Of sweet and charming disposition, she soon endeared herself to everyone with whom she met, and surrounded herself with a large circle of friends and admirers.

Mr. Terry is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Terry. He is a McCulloch county product; a young man of sterling worth, ambitious and energetic and in every way deserving of his good fortune in winning so great a prize for his life's companion.

In their journey through life, Mr. and Mrs. Terry have the good wishes of all their hosts of friends.

Nothing Simpler. "Don't be afraid," said an aviator to a timid passenger. "All you have to do is sit quiet."

"I know all about that," retorted the passenger. "But suppose something happens and we begin to fall?" "Oh, in that case," the aviator reassured him, "you are to grasp the first solid thing we pass and hold tight."—American Legion Weekly.

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

Down at Palm Beach. Where are you going my pretty maid? I'm going forth to bathe, said she. Where are you going, fresh young sir? Me? I think I'll go fifth, said he.

When the price of gasoline goes up a cent a gallon, most persons forget that John D. Rockefeller is one of the world's greatest philanthropists.—Canton News.

Jud Tunkins says he never understands why people can't be artistic or athletic and still keep a reasonable amount of clothes on.—Washington Star.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. BUSINESS CARDS. STEAM VULCANIZING in all its branches. Auto Accessories. United States Tires and Tubes. Texaco Gas and Oils. LEE MORGAN BUILDING Phone 48

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

G. B. AWALT Breeder of Red Poll Cattle CAMP SAN SABA, TEXAS

W. W. WILDER CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER Estimates on All Classes of Building and Repair Work. Phone 151 BRADY, TEXAS

LEE MORGAN CONTRACTOR Estimates Gladly Furnished Will Appreciate a Share of Your Trade Planing Mill So. Blackb'n St.

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

Richard Lloyd Jones tells ABOUT TOWN BUILDING WHEN Chicago burned, its bankers and builders were in despair, until its leading real estate operator, who at the time was in California, was reached by wire with the question, "What shall we do?" The one word answer came back, "BUILD." It was that faith in the future that remade the ocean metropolis.

HOMEY PHILOSOPHY for 1923 IF you have a dollar and you take off ten per cent you have ninety cents left. If you put ten per cent back again, however, you haven't got your dollar back again. You've got ninety-nine cents. One cent has vanished in the operation of tearing down and building up. You can bank on it whenever you begin to monkey with something one hundred per cent strong you're going to suffer somehow. It's all very well to tear down before you build up, but it's best to be sure that the thing you attack can be improved. Tearling down before the plan of rebuilding is well in mind is a risky business. Watch your step. Better keep on building. The useless things either away of their own accord.

poem by UNCLE JOHN With all of the rubbish that litters our minds, we only endure the impossible kinds; there's some that blows in, with the dust of the day, but it's never much trouble to bresh 'em away. . . . There's other afflictions that do us to death; they sizzle our whiskers and shorten our breath—and the geezer in front of the villainous clan, THE MENACE is what we may term 'the impossible man.' The wisdom of sages is stored in his bean—He's the knowingsst critter that ever was seen. . . . He's allers around where there's nothin' to do,—discussin' religion and politics, too! He can periscope, publish, and piffle, and plan—this most super-human, impossible man. . . . He's full, to the muzzle, of virulent gall, and generally fights with his back to the wall—for no one endorses his militant jazz—if any one did it he's sorry he has,—we're sick of his bombast, and babble, and bosh—he ort to be sent to the Senate, begosh!

MISS LULU BETT

by
Zona Gale

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



Copyright by D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

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 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 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.

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 made 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.

IV—JULY.—Ninian redeems his promise of a "good time," and dinner in the adjacent city, with the attentions shown her by her brother-in-law, is a delight to Lulu. At supper, after the theater, the conversation languishes, and Herbert banteringly suggests reading the funeral service as a rebuke for the dullness. Ninian apparently jokingly urges the substitution of the wedding service, himself and Lulu participating. As part of the joke Lulu repeats the words of the civil ceremony, with Ninian. The laughter subsiding, Herbert remembers that a civil wedding is binding in the state, and inasmuch as he is a magistrate, Ninian and Lulu are legally wedded. The rest of the party is shocked, but Ninian declares he is perfectly satisfied. Lulu is dumbfounded but secretly happy. She and Ninian depart at once for their honeymoon, without returning to Warbleton. The Deacons lose no time spreading the news in the home town, though the services of Lulu are sadly missed in the household.

V—AUG.—Lulu's marriage, now an event of a month ago, still is a subject of conversation in the Deacon family, Ina feeling that there is something vaguely disquieting in her sister's letters. Abruptly, Lulu returns to her former home, without Ninian, and with the appalling news that he had a wife living (though he declares he believed her dead), when he and Lulu went through the wedding ceremony at that after-theatre supper. With little feeling for Lulu's unhappy position, the Deacon's think only of the disgrace to the family. Reluctantly Herbert agrees to write to Ninian, insisting on the whole truth, and Lulu takes up her old position. Herbert is inclined to blame Lulu for her part in the proceedings, and Ina defends her feebly. Billing and cooing between Bobby Larkin and Diana goes merrily on, though neither Diana's father nor her stepmother appear to notice anything out of the ordinary.

VI—SEPTEMBER.—A new arrival in the little town, one Neil Cornish, is an event of interest. Herbert invites him to the house and he becomes a friend of the family. A message announcing the alarming illness of Herbert's foster mother calls him and Ina to the East. In his absence Lulu tells him of her unfortunate affair with Ninian and for the first time receives sympathy. Ninian's answer to Herbert's demand for full information arrives. It gives proof of his first marriage. And that the woman

is living and not divorced. Lulu receives the news with something like satisfaction, now that she understands her position. Diana, with youthful impulsiveness, decides she will marry Bobby Larkin, and goes alone, to the adjoining town of Millton to meet him. Dismayed, Lulu follows her, succeeding in inducing her to return home. There they find Diana's parents, unexpectedly returned. Despite Lulu's pleadings, the girl refuses to tell her mother of her foolish adventure. Confronted with proof, she admits it, but denies any intention of having planned an elopement. Disgusted at the lie, Bobby impulsively breaks with her. The unsympathetic attitude of her sister and brother-in-law regarding her affair with Ninian causes Lulu to decide to leave their house and make her living elsewhere. She tells Cornish of her intentions. He declares he has loved her almost from their first meeting, asking her to take pity on his loneliness and share his humble fortunes. Happy in the first real love that has come to her, Lulu and Cornish are quietly married and immediately astound Herbert and Ina with the news that they are taking their last leave of Miss Lulu Bett.

"You opened the letter?" he inquired incredulously. Fortunately he had no climax of furious calm for high occasions. All had been used on small



"You Opened the Letter?" He Inquired Incredulously.

occasions. "You opened the letter" came in a tone of no deeper horror than "You picked the flower"—once put to Lulu.

She said nothing. As it is impossible to continue looking indignantly at some one who is not looking at you, Dwight turned to Ina, who was horror and sympathy, a nice half and half.

"Your sister has been opening my mail," he said.

"But, Dwight, if it's from Ninian—"

"It is my mail," he reminded her. "She had asked me if she might open it. Of course I told her no."

"Well," said Ina practically, "what does he say?"

"I shall open the letter in my own time. My present concern is this disregard of my wishes. Why do you do it?"

Lulu smiled faintly and shook her head.

"Daight," said Ina, reasonably, "she knows what's in it and we don't. Hurry up."

"She is," said Dwight, after a pause, "an ungrateful woman."

He opened the letter, saw the clipping, the avowal, with its facts.

"A-ha!" said he. "So after having been absent with my brother for a month, you find that you were not married to him."

Lulu spoke her exceeding triumph.

"You see, Dwight," she said, "he told the truth. He had another wife. He didn't just leave me."

"I want the people to know the truth," Lulu said.

"But it's nobody's business but our business! I take it you don't intend to sue Ninian?"

"Sue him? Oh no!"

"Then, for all our sakes, let's drop the matter. Tell you, Lulu, here are three of us. Our interests are the same in this thing—only Ninian is our relative and he's nothing to you now. Is he?"

"Why, no," said Lulu in surprise.

"Very well. Let's have a vote. Your snap judgment is to tell this disgraceful fact broadcast. Mine is, least said, soonest mended. What do you say, Ina—considering Di and all?"

"My poor, poor sister!" Ina said. She struck together her little plump hands. "Oh, Dwight—when I think of it: What have I done—what have we done that I should have a good, kind, loving husband—be so protected, so loved, when other women . . ."

"Darling!" she sobbed, and drew near to Lulu. "You know how sorry I am—we all are . . ."

Lulu stood up. Her white shawl slipped to the floor. Her hands were stiffly joined.

"Then," she said, "give me the only thing I've got—that's my pride. My pride—that he didn't want to get rid of me."

They stared at her. "What about my pride?" Dwight called to her, as across great distances. "Do you think I want everybody to know my brother did a thing like that?"

"You can't help that," said Lulu. "But I want you to help it. I want you to promise me that you won't shame us like this before all our friends."

"You want me to promise what?"

"I want you—I ask you," Dwight said with an effort, "to promise me that you will keep this, with us—a family secret."

"No!" Lulu cried. "No, I won't do it! I won't do it! I won't do it!"

It was like some crude chant, knowing only two tones. She threw out her hands, her wrists long and dark on her blue skirt.

"Can't you understand anything?" she asked. "I've lived here all my life—on your money. I've not been strong enough to work, they say—well, but I've been strong enough to be a hired girl in your house—and I've been glad to pay for my keep . . . Well, then I got a little something, same as other folks. I thought I was married and I went off on the train and he bought me things and I saw the different towns. And then it was all a mistake. I didn't have any of it. I came back here and went into your kitchen again—I don't know why I came back. I s'pose because I'm most thirty-four and new things ain't so easy any more—but what have I got or what'll I ever have? And now you want to put on to me having folks look at me and think he run off and left me, and having 'em all wonder . . . I can't stand it. I can't stand it. I can't stand it."

"You'd rather they'd know he fooled you, when he had another wife?" Dwight sneered.

"Yes! Because he wanted me. How do I know—maybe he wanted me only just because he was lonesome, the way I was. I don't care why! And I won't have folks think he went and left me."

"When a family once gets talked about for any reason—"

"I'm talked about now!"

"But nothing that you could help. If he got tired of you, you couldn't help that. This misstep was Dwight's."

"No," Lulu said, "I couldn't help that. And I couldn't help his other wife, either."

"Bigamy," said Dwight, "that's a crime."

"I've done no crime," said Lulu.

"Bigamy," said Dwight, "disgraces everybody it touches."

"Even Di," Lulu said.

"Lulu," said Dwight, "on Di's account will you promise us to let this thing rest with us three?"

"I s'pose so," said Lulu quietly.

"You will?"

"I s'pose so."

Ina sobbed: "Thank you, thank you, Lulu. This makes up for everything."

"You'll be happy to think you've done this for us, Lulu," said Dwight.

"I s'pose so," said Lulu.



Was He Really Getting Anywhere With His Law, and Where Did He Really Hope to Get?

with him to his bed; or when he waked before any sign of dawn. In the mornings all was cheerful and wanted—the question had not before attacked him among his red and blue plush spreads, his golden oak and ebony cases, of a sunny morning.

A step at his door set him flying. He wanted passionately to sell a piano. "Well!" he cried, when he saw his visitor.

It was Lulu, in her dark red suit and her tilted hat.

"You're out early," said he, participating in the village chorus of this bright challenge at this hour.

"Oh, no," said Lulu.

He looked out the window, pretending to be caught by something passing, leaned to see it the better.

"Oh, how'd you get along last night?" he asked, and wondered why he had not thought to say it before.

"All right, thank you," said Lulu.

"Was he—about the letter, you know?"

"Yes," she said, "but that didn't matter. You'll be sure," she added, "not to say anything about what was in the letter?"

"Why, not till you tell me I can," said Cornish, "but won't everybody know now?"

"No," Lulu said.

At this he had no more to say, and feeling his speculation in his eyes, dropped them to a piano scarf from which he began flicking invisible specks.

"I came to tell you good-by," Lulu said.

"Good-by!"

"Yes, I'm going off—for a while. My satchel's in the bakery—I had my breakfast in the bakery."

"Say!" Cornish cried warmly, "then everything wasn't all right last night?"

"As right as it can ever be with me," she told him. "Oh, yes. Dwight forgave me."

"Forgave you!"

She smiled, and trembled.

"Look here," said Cornish, "you come here and sit down and tell me about this."

He led her to the folding table, as the only social spot in that vast area of his, seated her in the one chair, and for himself brought up a piano stool. But after all she told him nothing. She merely took the comfort of his kindly indignation.

"It came out all right," she said only. "But I won't stay there any more. I can't do that."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"They'll miss more than that. I know. I've often watched you there—"

"You have?" It was not so much pleasure as passionate gratitude which lighted her eyes.

"You made the whole place," said Cornish.

"You don't mean just the cooking?"

"No, no. I mean—well, that first night when you played croquet. I felt at home when you came out."

That look of hers, rarely seen, which was no less than a look of loveliness, came now to Lulu's face. After a pause she said: "Well, I must be going now. I wanted to say good-by to you—and there's one or two other places . . ."

"I hate to have you go," said Cornish, and tried to add something. "I hate to have you go," was all that he could find to add.

Lulu rose. "Oh, well," was all that she could find.

They shook hands, Lulu laughing a little. Cornish followed her to the door. He had begun on "Look here, I wish . . ." when Lulu said "good-by," and paused, wishing intensely to know what he would have said. But all that he said was: "Good-by. I wish you weren't going."

"So do I," said Lulu, and went, still laughing.

Cornish saw her red dress vanish from his door, flash by his window, her head averted. And there settled upon him a depression out of all proportion to the slow depression of his days. This was more—it assailed him, absorbed him.

He came back to his table, and sat down before his lawbook. But he sat, chin on chest, regarding it. No . . . no escape that way . . .

A step at the door and he sprang up. It was Lulu, coming toward him, her face unsmiling but somehow quite lighted. In her hand was a letter.

"See," she said. "At the office was this . . ."

She thrust in his hand the single sheet. He read:

" . . . just wanted you to know you're actually rid of me. I've heard from her, in Brazil. She ran out of money and thought of me, and my lawyer wrote to me . . . I've never been any good—Dwight would tell you that if his pride would let him tell the truth once in a while. But there ain't anything in my life makes me feel as bad as this. . . . I s'pose you couldn't understand and I don't myself. . . . Only the sixteen years keeping still made me think she was gone sure . . . but you were so downright good, that's what was the worst . . . do you see what I want to say . . ."

Cornish read it all and looked at Lulu. She was grave and in her eyes there was a look of dignity such as he had never seen them wear, incredible dignity.

"He didn't lie to get rid of me—and she was alive, just as he thought she might be," she said.

"I'm glad," said Cornish.

"Yes," said Lulu. "He isn't quite so bad as Dwight tried to make him out."

It was not of this that Cornish had been thinking.

"Now you're free," he said.

"Oh, that . . ." said Lulu.

She replaced her letter in its envelope. "Now I'm really going," she said. Good-by for sure this time . . ."

Her words trailed away. Cornish had laid his hand on her arm.

"Don't say good-by," he said.

She looked at him mutely.

"Do you think you could possibly stay here with me?"

"Oh!" said Lulu, like no word.

He went on, not looking at her. "I haven't got anything. I guess maybe you've heard something about a little something I'm supposed to inherit. Well, it's only five hundred dollars."

His looks searched her face, but she hardly heard what he was saying.

"That little Warden house—it don't cost much—you'd be surprised. Rent, I mean. I can get it now. I went and looked at it the other day, but then I didn't think—"

He was startled by that "we," and began again:

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Ella Berquist left Saturday night for Fort Worth to attend the Fat Stock show.

Miss Willie Florence Yantis left Tuesday for Abilene, where she will be a guest of her brother, George Yantis, and wife.

Miss Estelle Jones spent the week-end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Jones, returning Sunday night to her studies at Howard-Payne at Brownwood.

A. T. Jordan of Lohn was in Brady Friday as a guest of his son, Wilson D. Jordan, and family while enroute to the Fort Worth Fat Stock show. Mr. Jordan said that he had been trying to get to go to the big show for several years, but that this was the first time he had really gotten started.

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

Pencil. The Brady Standard.



His Look Searched Her Face, but She Hardly Heard What He Was Saying.

must mind if I hurry a little wee bit. I've got something on."

He and Ina and Monona were at dinner. Mrs. Bett was in her room. Di was not there.

"Anything about Lulu?" Ina asked.

"Lulu?" Dwight stared. "Why should I have anything to do about Lulu?"

"Well, but, Dwight—we've got to do something."

"As I told you this morning," he observed, "we shall do nothing. Your sister is of age—I don't know about the sound mind, but she is certainly of age. If she chooses to go away, she is free to go where she will."

"Can't you get mother to come out?" Dwight inquired.

"I had so much to do getting dinner onto the table, I didn't try," Ina confessed.

"You didn't have to try," Mrs. Bett's voice sounded. "I was coming when I got rested up."

She entered, looking vaguely about. "I want Lulu," she said, and the corners of her mouth drew down. She ate her dinner cold, appeared in vague areas by such martyrdom. They were still at table when the front door opened.

"Monona hadn't ought to use the front door so commonly," Mrs. Betts complained.

But it was not Monona. It was Lulu and Cornish.

"Well!" said Dwight, tone curving downward.

"Well!" said Ina, in replica.

"Lulu!" said Mrs. Bett, and left her dinner, and went to her daughter and put her hands upon her.

"We wanted to tell you first," Cornish said. "We've just got married."

"Forevermore!" said Ina.

"What's this?" Dwight sprang to his feet. "You're joking!" he cried with hope.

(THE END)

STRANGERS INVADE PEACEFUL WEST WITH RIVAL STORIES AS TO TOUGHEST PLACES EXTANT

The following two stories are going the rounds of the newspapers, in which, it would appear, rival claims are being advanced as to fame via the "tough town" route. Without venturing an opinion, we present the stories to the readers, and let them be judge in the contest:

A Tough Place is Waco.
A drummer dropped into town last week and told this story: A man riding astride a Bengal lion, and using a live diamond-back rattlesnake as a quirt, rode into the town of McGregor and parked in front of a drug store. Approaching the drug store fountain he was seen to dry his fevered brow with the skin of a wildcat, at the same time calling for a six-ounce bottle of carbolic acid, which he drank after having the clerk dissolve six moth balls in the acid. "Where you from?" asked the astonished clerk. "I'm from Waco," he said; "they got too rough for me over there and I had to leave."—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

Rough Place This.
It is reported that a stranger in town the other day, created considerable comment. He was dressed in true western style—big hat, bell spurs, leather breeches, etc. He rode a wirey paint pony. Riding up in front of one of our establishments, he called for a pint of nitro-glycerine, which he drank with relish. Then he called for a glass of carbolic acid. Smacking his lips he gulped it down. The people standing around were bewildered and with one accord they began to scatter. The stranger noticing the consternation he was creating smiled a smile child-like and bland, and requested that a stick of dynamite be brought him. He chewed up half of the stick without removing the wrapping. Apparently pleased and feeling fittin', he turned Pinto's head towards the west, when an excited native and to the manner born in these parts stepped from the sidewalk and asked: "What's the idea, stranger?" "Pardner," said the stranger, "I'm on my way to Mexico. I was driven out of Mer Rouge for being a jelly bean," and he broke into tears.—Wise County Messenger.

AUSTIN CALLAN WRITES INSPIRATIONAL ARTICLE FOR NEXT FRIDAY'S PAPER

The Standard's Magazine Section for March, which will appear in 8-page form with next Friday's paper, will carry an inspirational and instructive article on the Texas School for the Blind and the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Austin. This article will be from the pen of Austin Callan, one of the best of Texas' many good newspaper writers.

Mr. Callan was with the members of the Texas Press Association recently when they visited those two institutions, and like every editor present, he was deeply impressed with the wonderful work being done there. In a letter to the Magazine management he said: "As a man fairly posted on the affairs of my state I must confess I did not know such splendid work was being done for our unfortunates. To see the condition of these children, and to note how Texas is striving to salvage humanity—to keep these lives from being wasted, and to put sunshine in hearts where all must otherwise be dark—is an inspiration. The story should go to all Texas; it is calculated to make a man less selfish and to feel a deeper interest in government. I am going to undertake to tell the story."

STATE CONVENTION OF RETAIL MERCHANTS ASSOCIATIONS AT EAGLE PASS MAY 21-22 AND 23rd

The following invitation is being extended all members of Retail Merchants associations in Texas, and it is hoped that several members of the McCulloch county association will arrange to take in the annual convention to be held at Eagle Pass on May 21-22 and 23rd. The invitation reads: "Don't fail to make arrangements to go to the Convention of the Retail Merchants Association of Texas and the Associated Retail Credit Men of Texas at Eagle Pass. The twin cities of Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras, Mexico will entertain you. To those who have never visited Mexico, this is your opportunity. In addition to the hotels and apartments in Eagle Pass, as many hotels in Piedras Negras as are necessary will be open for the Convention's use at very moderate rates. Make your business arrangements so that you can attend this Convention. The city of Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras welcome you most cordially."
—Brady Standard.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

The sympathy of all is extended Mrs. Alex Tupman in the death of her father at Evansville, Ind. The sad message was received here last Friday, and Mrs. Tupman left that night for Evansville to attend the funeral.

L. L. Thornton was among the business visitors in Brady. Mr. Thornton last year farmed on Route 1, but this year is located three miles this side of Lohn, having bought a farm there in order to get permanently located with his family, thereby adding one more to the great number of McCulloch county's progressive and substantial home-owning citizenship.

W. G. Bundick of Lohn was a Brady visitor last Friday, it being his second time out after a 40-day siege of flu followed by an attack of the mumps. Mr. Bundick says the flu wasn't so bad, but the mumps kept him laid up for thirty days. While able to be about, he is still very weak and feeling the effects of the combination illness.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Downs of Whiteland will be interested to learn that their 12-year old daughter, Irene, was taken suddenly ill with appendicitis Sunday morning, and was operated on that afternoon at the local sanitarium. It will be good news to all to know the patient stood the operation splendidly, and is getting along as nicely as could be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cope were here from Eden last Friday for the American Legion and Band Boys' big celebration, being unaware of the postponement of the big show. Mr. Cope might be called a "reformed" newspaper man, having forsaken the editing and publishing of the Eden Echo several years ago to engage in railroad work, and at present being local agent for the Santa Fe at Eden. However, he still has a hankering after the ink-pots of Printerdom, and expects some day to be re-established in the printing business in some good, live town.

The following account of oil drilling activities in which two well-known Brady men are taking part, is reprinted from the D'Hanis Star: The California Association Number 2, with head offices at Oakland, Calif., located seven miles north Seco Switch on the Mrs. Emma Rothe ranch, was spudded in last Thursday afternoon. According to last reports they are drilling at 200 feet. The work is progressing rapidly under the skillful supervision of Mr. C. E. Huffman of Alameda, Calif., and with the able assistance of Messrs. Walker and Stanton, two experienced oil well drillers from Brady, Texas.

The following story concerning three former well-known Bradyites is reprinted from a recent issue of the San Antonio Express, the article being inspired by a visit to San Antonio on the part of one of the young ranchmen mentioned. The article reads: Gordon Stewart of Sonora, young, handsome and prominent breeder of registered Hereford cows and heifers was a visitor in San Antonio recently. Gordon has about 250 head of registered Hereford cows and heifers—one of the fine herds of Texas, and is an enthusiastic on the subject. He reports that Wes Bryson is behaving himself splendidly nowadays; and is setting himself to the task of selling off about 6,000 mutton sheep in the spring. These are fellows who have been sheared right along for four or five years and are getting ready for the market. Also, Gordon says Wes is soon to get on the market with about 800 head of aged steers. There is considerable local activity in the buying and selling of livestock out his way, he says, one man—W. F. Crothers—having recently bought 7,500 lambs and young mutton stuff, paying therefor from \$5 to \$6.50. This stuff was not sheared last fall, and the spring clip will be heavy.

Claude Callan, who left dear old Jaggersville these many years ago, being enticed out into the big wide, wild world by an innate craving for the bright-lights of the cities, has written a Brady friend and has incidentally remarked that "he didn't see why Schwenker didn't send his paper to him (Callan) so that he could keep up with Brady." Smatter of fact, during Claude's long absence from freedom and Texas, we have had plenty of opportunity to say all sorts of mean things about him, without so much as a come-back. Really, Claude deserved and earned all this by the lambastings he used to give us when he was piloting the

UNCLE AND AUNT OF H. J. HUFFMAN CELEBRATE 65TH ANNIVERSARY OF WEDDING

To celebrate their 65th wedding anniversary is a privilege accorded but few couples; yet that has been the fortune of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Huffman, uncle and aunt of H. J. Huffman of Brady, and who live on a farm near Keokuk, Iowa. Both are octogenarians, he being 86 years and she 83 years of age. The following is an account of the remarkable celebration, and in which this venerable old couple was joined by a number of friends and old acquaintances:

Mr. and Mrs. James Ganley entertained a large number of friends and relatives at their home at Sugar Creek last Saturday evening, honoring their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Huffman on their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary. Mr. Charley Saeewet in a few well-chosen words presented them with china and silverware from the family and a gift from the Aid society of which they are members. Mrs. Seabold read a poem, "Looking Backward," composed by Mrs. Edward Johnson for the occasion.

Refreshments were served, while the orchestra played "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and other old time selections.

Mr. and Mrs. Huffman were married in 1857 at Balwin's mill on the old Des Moines railroad at Sugar Creek, and have continuously lived in Jackson township, Lee county.

The following poem was dedicated to the couple upon the occasion of their anniversary celebration:

Looking Backward.
Sixty-five years of working together—
Sixty-five years of sorrow and mirth,
Surely a record many might envy—
Worth more than many treasures of earth.

Sixty-five years of sunshine and shadow—
Sixty-five years of pleasure and pain,
Time has sped past on swiftest of pinions
Bringing to them as to all, loss and gain.

Children have come and have grown up and left them—
Grand-children too, have lived in the home;
Sickness has come and sometimes bereft them;
Accidents too, have not left them alone.

Sixty-five years crowded with memories
Of blessings by patience and courage achieved—
Changes many have been all around them;
Friends come and gone for whom they grieved.

Sixty-five years of living together—
Working and planning, both early and late;
Cheerful, industrious, peaceable, friendly—
Envy not the ambitious and great.

Here your friends have gathered to greet you,
Wishing you joy, prosperity, health,
May naught but the best of good luck ever you meet
Friendship and love—all the best of earth's wealth.

The twilight of life descend on you gently—
You who are ready for well deserved rest;
May health and happiness ever attend you—
The evening of life be the brightest and best.

Attention, Mr. Volstead.
The other night I
Went to a show with a Low Brow
Friend of mine and the
Orchestra struck up
The "Little Brown Jug."
And he thought it was the
National anthem and stood up,
The durned fool—
And so did I.

Menard Messenger over the mountainous billows of the journalistic sea—but, being of a forgiving nature, we have refrained from saying all the naughty things that thoughts of Claude give rise to. Anyway, Claude is gradually reforming—he has left the effete East behind, and is now located in Kansas City. As a further step towards getting "back home" he is again a contributor to the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, wherein the doings of the "Ripple family" are daily chronicled by the irrepressible Claude. Perhaps some day, who knows, he may call to mind the time he left Brady—and tell us the reasons why. It might make interesting reading.

**STOP
LOOK
LISTEN**

**P
D
G
Q**

!

**Dennison's
CREPE and
PARTY GOODS**

We have a complete stock of Dennison's Crepe—in the packet fold we have every color and shade manufactured. All leading colors in Dennison's Imperial Crepe.

Our line of Party Goods covers a selection for all special, as well as general occasions.

New Dennison Books on sale are "Tables and Favors" and "How to Decorate Halls, Booths and Automobiles." We have them—also the popular "Gala Book." Price 10c Each.

THE BRADY STANDARD
PHONE 163 **OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS** BRADY, TEXAS