

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

### NEW UNIFORMS BRADY BAND ARE ENROUTE HERE

The new uniforms for the Brady Municipal band, ordered several weeks ago, have been shipped by the factory and are expected to arrive in Brady tomorrow. Included in the shipment are uniforms for 36 members, and a special uniform for little Miss Virginia Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Hughes, and who is mascot for the band. The purchase of the uniforms represents an investment of \$1,000 by the band, the most of which represents the accumulated earnings and savings of the band in the year and a half of its organization, while something over \$250 of the amount was personally made up by the band members themselves.

The uniforms are of black serge, with silver trimmings and, with caps to match, will make for a most natty and attractive appearance. The first public appearance of the band in their new regalia will, in all likelihood, be at the next concert given on the public square sometime during the coming month, and it goes without saying that the occasion will be one eagerly anticipated by the citizenship of Brady and McCulloch county, all of whom are proud of our band.

Incidentally the Brady Municipal band is now all set for the West Texas Chamber of Commerce convention in San Angelo during May, and at which they will compete for the Class B band prize. Incidentally the band will also compete for special prizes offered for best uniformed band, and best instrumentation.

### APRIL MAGAZINE SECTION OF THE BRADY STANDARD TELLS OF THE "OLD CATTLE TRAILS"

An adventure, which takes us back to the old Texas cattle trails, will be told in our monthly magazine for April 6th. Those were good old days, long before the railroads were built into the state, and the readers of the Brady Standard will enjoy this true story.

If your neighbor is not one of our subscribers, let him read the old cattle trail story. He will like it well enough to mail us a year's subscription without delay.

Don't fail to attend the one-day Aluminum Sale, Friday, March 30, at O. D. MANN & SONS.

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

### REGULAR AND SPECIAL ELECTION CITY ALDERMEN

The resignation last week of W. F. Roberts, Sr., as city alderman, has served to inject added interest in the city election to be held next Tuesday, April 3rd. Simultaneously with the regular election, a special election will be held to elect Mr. Roberts' successor. The announcement of C. A. Trigg for the office last week was followed Friday by the withdrawal of the name of W. M. Bryson from the list of candidates in the regular election, and his entrance in the special election as against Mr. Trigg. Just the one alderman is to be named in the special election, to serve one year, or the unexpired time of Mr. Roberts' term.

In the regular election, three aldermen are to be elected, with seven candidates entered. The winners in this election will serve the full term of two years.

The following is the order in which the names of the candidates were drawn for place on the ticket:

- Regular Election.
- J. A. Maxwell,
  - W. M. Murphy,
  - A. B. Cox,
  - O. S. Macy,
  - W. J. Evers,
  - Henry Miller,
  - T. T. Smith.
- Special Election.
- W. M. Bryson,
  - C. A. Trigg.

### BAND CONCERT SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDS TO POPULARITY OF MUNICIPAL BAND

If anything was needed to more firmly establish the Brady Municipal band as one of Brady's most valued and highly-appreciated institutions, Sunday afternoon's public concert furnished the occasion. The opening of the concert at 3:00 o'clock saw the entire east half of the square double-lined with automobiles, and a third row lined along the curbing fronting the buildings facing the square. Town and country both were largely represented in the assembly, and appreciation of the various numbers rendered was voiced in honking of auto horns.

The repertoire of the band included all the late popular numbers, and the splendid manner in which the band carried off the playing of even the most difficult of overtures, was a matter of gratification to all. The concluding number was "The Old Gray Mare," and served as a fitting climax to the most enjoyable afternoon's program.



CONSIDER the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed as one of these.

### WHERE SHOULD THE TEXAS TECHNOLOGICAL COLLEGE BE LOCATED?

That question is on the minds of several hundred thousands of people just now and forty-odd towns West of the 98th Meridian in Texas could answer the question.

Discussing the subject, Mr. J. F. Clark, writing in the Dallas News, says:

"Before the campaign for the location of the West Texas Technological College gets too far along I would like to say a few words about the location of the new school which is to be the pride of all Texas. In the first place I hope that there will be no political muddle in regard to the location of the new school. There are dozens of towns, all of which are worthy of the school. The citizenship of West Texas is equal to that of any in the entire Southwest.

"But while this is all so, we are sure that some places are more centrally located than others and in every respect are just as worthy. I think we have a committee of great and worthy men, into whose hands is committed the location of the college. There is one danger, however, to be guarded against; there may be a prejudice in the minds of friends of the A. & M. at College Station to want to place the new college far away from the old one, and that this prejudice may lead them to attempt to locate it too far west. As the new college is to serve Texas and West Texas, it ought to be centrally located as nearly as possible. Several things should be considered by the committee:

1. The location should be such as would be most easy of access from all parts of the State whose interests are to be served by the college.
2. There should be an abundant water supply. The town which is so fortunate as to get the college will need "much water" for all sorts of purposes as well as for "baptism."
3. If it is at all possible, there should be easy access by railroad. It should be located where it could be reached by several great trunk lines.
4. The character of the soil should be considered. The soil should be such as to meet all the different uses required by a college of the nature of this one.

I note that several good towns are "in the ring" in the contest for the location of the school. Each is very worthy; but a number of the best towns are too far to the west side of the State to make the location in any of them a little undesirable for all concerned. To place this new college too far to the west side would be like building it for New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado. Of course I shall not name the counties, but there is a block of eight or ten counties lying west of Brown county and including it, in which territory and at most any important town the committee of location would not err greatly should they locate the new college. I am wholly unbiased so far as the location is concerned; but I think the considerations above mentioned should not be overlooked by the committee or board into whose hands is committed the location of so great a school."

### \*\*\*\*\* IN RELIGIOUS CIRCLES \*\*\*\*\* PERSONAL MENTION. \*\*\*\*\*

Revival. The members of the Christian church wish to announce that Rev. J. A. Campbell, now of Woodson, Texas, will begin a short revival beginning April 3rd. Brother Campbell comes highly recommended, as one of the best Gospel preachers in the brotherhood. We invite the co-operation and attendance of the members of all the churches in the city.

J. H. Snodgrass was a business visitor here today from the Stacy community. V. L. Armor was up from Rochelle Saturday to witness the interscholastic league events, and was smiling most happily since Mrs. Armor is to return this week from Greentown, Ind., where she has been visiting her daughter since before the Christmas holidays.

Members of Christian Church. Inks in stock. The Brady Standard.

### INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE MEET IS FAVORED BY BEAUTIFUL WEATHER

IMMENSE CROWDS WITNESS VARIOUS ATHLETIC AND LITERARY EVENTS AND VOICE APPRECIATION OF WINNING EFFORTS—FINANCES WELL CARED FOR.

The McCulloch County Interscholastic League contests, held in Brady last Friday and Saturday attracted an immense attendance, which demonstrated very clearly the tremendous gain in school spirit since the inauguration of the first county event just a few years ago, and which was witnessed by a scant hand full of spectators. The athletic events in Dutton City Park Saturday drew by far the largest attendance, while the finals in debates at the Methodist tabernacle Saturday night drew a record audience. It is estimated that between 2500 and 3000 citizens were in Brady to attend the meet, and every community with contestants entered, was represented, with a live-wire aggregation, boosting for their home community and their own contestants in particular.

**Brady County Champion.**  
In track and field events, Rochelle scored more points than any other school in the county, thereby winning first place in track and field, with Brady her closest competitor. However, Brady's lead in Debate, Declamation and other literary events, gave her the all-around championship of the county. Lohn, Calif Creek, Voca and Fairview also made splendid showings in various field and literary events.  
Messrs. J. O. Trussel, superintendent of the Rochelle school, and J. A. Tibbetts, of Brady high school, who officiated as score-keepers in the various events and contests, held a meeting yesterday afternoon in the office of County Superintendent W. M. Deans, checking up and listing the winners in the order of the place awarded each. Prizes will be awarded to the winners in the various events by the Executive committee in the near future.

- Meet Pays Its Own Way.**  
Instead of adopting the former method of making up the expenses of the league meet through popular subscription, the Executive committee decided upon the plan of charging the small admission fee of 10c for Friday afternoon and Saturday night programs, and also at the morning and afternoon meets at Dutton City park. This plan met with universal approval, the amount being so small that no one could offer objection, and the total receipts running around \$250, or sufficient to cover the expenses of the meet and also provide for the purchase of medals and prizes.  
The receipts at Dutton City park alone totaled nearly \$200, although something like 200 contestants were admitted free, and children under 7 years were also admitted without charge.
- Summary of Events.**  
The following summary of the various events, subject to revision and correction, has been prepared by the judges for publication:
- DECLAMATION**  
High School Division.  
Senior Boys: Howard Aycock, Rochelle, 1st place; Dhelas Reed, Brady, 2nd place.  
Junior Boys: John Lawrence Evers, Brady Central, 1st place; Ernest Conrad, Lohn, 2nd place.  
Senior Girls: Bala Carroll, Lohn, 1st place; Ora Burk, Rochelle, 2nd place.  
Junior Girls: Gladys Lindsay, Brady Central, 1st place; Gladys Mead, Rochelle, 2nd place.
- Rural School Division.**  
Senior Boys: Roy Crawford, Fairview, 1st place; Clarence Nourig, Hanson, 2nd place.  
Junior Boys: Terry Mitchell, Fife, 1st place.

- Senior Girls:** Gay Mitchell, Fife, 1st place; Eula Sellers, Fairview, 2nd place.  
**Junior Girls:** Ruth Baldrige, Fife, 1st place; Bernice Davis, Hanson, 2nd place.
- MUSIC MEMORY CONTEST**  
Winning Team: Marjorie Winstead and Lois Stowe, Brady High.  
Second Team: John Lawrence Evers and Iva Wilder, Brady Central.
- ESSAY WRITING CONTEST**  
High School Division  
Florence Bates, Brady High, 1st place; Fredia Waddle, Lohn, 2nd.  
Rural Schools.  
Alice Dahlberg, Hanson, 1st place; Alice Rivenburg, Camp San Saba, 2nd place.
- Ward Schools.**  
Clara Taylor, Brady, 1st place.
- DEBATE**  
High School Division  
Walter Adkins and Dan Epps, Brady High, 1st place.  
Rochelle Team, 2nd place.  
Mary Lyle Vincent and Mable Wilder, Brady, 1st place.  
Rochelle Team, 2nd place.
- SPELLING CONTEST**  
Sub Junior: Brady Central, 1st place; Lohn 2nd place.  
Junior: Brady High, 1st place; Brady Central, 2nd place.  
Senior: Brady High, 1st place; Camp San Saba, 2nd place.
- ATHLETIC EVENTS**  
Senior Boys  
50-yard Dash: Guy McLerran, Voca, 1st place; Hollis Barnett, Melvin, 2nd place; J. A. Polk, Brady, tied with Barnett for 2nd place; R. Butler, Lohn, 4th place.  
100-yard Dash: Blackburn, Rochelle, 1st place; H. Barnett, Melvin, 2nd place; S. Cottle, Rochelle, 3rd; R. Wright, Brady, 4th.  
Discus Throw: Gainer, Rochelle, 1st; Reeves, Lohn, 2nd; L. Cottle, Rochelle, 3rd; Strickland, Brady.

(Continued on Page 3)

## Easter Millinery

New Shipment—Varied Selections

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Specially Priced for Easter at  
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# THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

### ADVERTISING RATES

Local Readers, 7 1/2c per line, per issue  
Classified Ads, 1 1/2c per word per issue  
Display Rates Given upon Application

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

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.



BRADY, TEXAS, Mar. 27, 1923

### HONEST INJURY

This top season should result in a tip-top crop.

Just what the doctor ordered.

### GETTING ON THE FRONT PAGE

Brady and McCulloch citizens experienced a thrill of pleasure and satisfaction last Friday morning when the Fort Worth Star-Telegram carried a complete account of the Brady "Tech" meet held here last Thursday and in which seventeen counties of the Central West Texas section participated. Appreciating the importance of the meeting, the Star-Telegram carried a scream-line heading across the top of the front page, together with a write-up that occupied a full column length and then was continued on another page.

It's a worth-while undertaking to get on the front page of a metropolitan daily—and Brady had arrived—and in a worthwhile way!

Needless to say, the publicity given the meeting, and the prominence given Brady in the eyes of the citizenship of Texas, was worth thousands of dollars. Indeed, it was worth inestimable thousands, for money could not buy the publicity which was so freely given.

There is a lesson in this publicity stunt—and Brady citizens should seriously take it to heart. It is this: Brady can and will accomplish great things, in a great way, if only her citizens are united in purpose; will co-operate understandingly and unselfishly; will join hands in all undertakings for our mutual benefit and advantage, and will rid themselves of the tendency to stand aloof and deride the earnest efforts of those really trying to do something. The town that is divided against itself, is merely losing—everyone loses. There is only one way for real success and that is all by throwing in together on whatever is attempted. Personally we may have doubts as to the ultimate success of an undertaking, but we can, nevertheless, lend our aid. If it should prove a success, then we will be surprised and all the more gratified; if the effort should prove a failure, then we can rest satisfied it was through no fault or neglect of our own, and the matter is settled once for all.

Brady has a wonderful future. We may not all be able to see the glories and achievements just beyond, but when we review the accomplishments

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THREE MONTHS 65c  
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Effective January 1, 1923.

of the past, then we know that even greater things lie before us.

And to The Standard's way of thinking, there can be no better way to unite in our endeavors than thru a strong, virile and active Chamber of Commerce. In the past year, the Brady Chamber of Commerce has proven its worth and its value time after time. Any worth-while project that comes up, is immediately referred to the C. of C. If we wish to entertain a convention or a delegation of visitors—it's up to the C. of C. to finance the entertainment. If a matter of importance—one that affects the entire citizenship—is to be decided, again the C. of C. is called into action. It is the city's most active representative. It acts as a buffer between the citizens and outside interests and influences. It is a clearing house of ideas and worth-while projects. It is the spirit and soul of the town, and as true a representative of the entire citizenship as we, ourselves, make it. If we take no part in its activities, then it cannot represent us. But if we all join in, then it will become the living composite of the wishes and desires of the citizenship.

A Chamber of Commerce is an institution every city must have if it would take its proper place in the councils of its state and section of the state. In the hands of the citizenship rests the responsibility of making the organization a truly representative one. It stands or falls just as we stand by it, or stand aloof from it.

The little town of Winters, west of Ballinger, is putting down several blocks of standard brick pavement in its business section. It is costing a lot of money, but Winters is looking futureward. Towns which expect to grow can afford to make such investments.—Brownwood Bulletin.

A Constitutional amendment providing for an increase of the Confederate pension tax from five to seven cents will be laid before the people of the state for approval. The number of Confederate pensioners is steadily decreasing, while the needs of those who survive are likewise increasing. For a few years more Texas ought to be generous with those stalwart old heroes. They fought and lost, but they fought gloriously.—Brownwood Bulletin.

No man needs an introduction to the Ford car. We know them when they pass. Know their merits and their price, yet Henry Ford spends millions of dollars each year in advertising the car that has made him famous. Despite this fact, there are business men, depending upon the trading public for their livelihood, who will tell you that money spent for advertising is thrown away. But these men are growing scarcer with each succeeding year, and the time is close at hand when their names will not be known in the business world.—Llano News.

A recent Austin dispatch says reports have reached the State Game and Fish Department of violations of the fish and game law which prohibits the catching of bass and crappie during the spawning season. Commissioner W. W. Boyd has sent out notices of the provisions of the law on which he advises: "No bass of any sort or any crappie (known as white perch) may be taken from any public fresh waters of Texas, by any means during the closed period between March 1 and May 1; this period covers the spawning season of these game fish, and rigid enforcement of such closed season will result in better fishing through the remainder of the year. Violation of this law is a misdemeanor, and is punishable by fine which may be as high as \$100."—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

### SNAP SHOTS

Tillie Clinger says the reason she is quitting her present boarding-house is because the bathroom is so cold she has to bathe in her sweater.—Dallas News.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

The balance of power is a bank balance.—Tacoma Ledger.  
Public opinion is queer. Why is it that it speaks slightly of small business and threateningly of big business? What kind of a business does public opinion want?—Shoe and Leather Reporter (Boston).  
Jud Tunkins says he has tried afternoon tea, but it's nothing near as receiving as an early morning pitcher of ice water.—Washington Star.  
An ex-service man was arrested at Vancouver for speeding and released on his plea that he was hurrying for an examination for tuberculosis. Perhaps he had galloping consumption.—Portland Oregon Journal.

New Shoes, Hats, Ties, Shirts, Hose—all the latest styles at KIRK'S, Nuf-Sed.

99c will purchase regular values from \$1.50 to \$2.50 on Friday, March 30. Many beautiful and useful articles included. O. D. MANN & SONS.

## LET'S ALL WORK FOR BRADY—IT'S YOUR OWN TOWN

It should be unnecessary to have to ask any citizen of Brady to join the Chamber of Commerce, for being a citizen of Brady implies being a live wire who would let nothing stand in the way of connecting with every dynamo to make his home town better. But there are people in every town who regard a Chamber of Commerce as a loose-knit body of self-flatterers who run around in rings trying to secure new industries for the town, and at the annual dinner report that their efforts have been without results. The Brady Chamber of Commerce is trying to accomplish something, and we hope to keep so busy doing something that we will not have time to brag on what we have accomplished.

You can make your town a good town to go back to as well as to come from, but you can best do it by joining the Chamber of Commerce and working for the good of your town along the lines of a well thought out program. No town should go backward; there is only one way for a town to go and that is forward. Advertise your city; help it put its best foot forward. Dwell on its advantages. The former is for the public and the latter for yourself only.

And always wake up in the morning glad that you live in your town, proud of it, tickled to death that you can call it your home, where you vote, where your kids go to school, where you worship God and where the sun always shines and the clouds never gather. Talk your town, dream your town, and breathe your town. Be a booster and not a boaster. Join your Chamber of Commerce and put the "am" in Chamber and the "me" in Commerce and always recall that if your towns seems to be a back number—"it isn't your town; it's you."

A Chamber of Commerce is the concentration camp, the mobilization center of a city's interest and enthusiasm; we have much work to accomplish for this country and we need help; we need all of you for we have work to do. Don't stay out because you think there is some one in to whom you object; too, we can't all love everybody and everybody can't love us. Let's get above petty likes and dislikes. The fee to join is anything you want to pay.

Below is a list of things to be considered. If you are not interested in any of them or there is something that is not mentioned, please let us know and we will assist you in getting it, if the public desires it. Put a check mark in front of the item that you are interested in and return to the Chamber of Commerce with your name signed at the bottom:

- ....Street Planning.
- ....Municipal Building.
- ....Home Ownership.
- ....Civic Improvement.
- ....Parks.
- ....Streets.
- ....Education.
- ....Library.
- ....Water and Lights.
- ....City Finances.
- ....City Laws.
- ....Fire Department.
- ....Sanitation.
- ....Conventions.
- ....State Institutions.
- ....Railroads.
- ....Highways.
- ....Scenic Drives.
- ....Natural Resources.
- ....Factories.
- ....Religion.
- ....Free Mail Delivery.
- ....Shows.
- ....Lectures.
- ....Base Ball.
- ....Other Amusements.
- ....Ornamental Shade Trees.
- ....Landscape Gardening.
- ....Agriculture.
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- ....Advertising.
- ....Publicity.
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Just select the one item you are most interested in, place a check mark in front of it.

Signature .....

Mail to Brady Chamber of Commerce, Brady Texas.

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Let Macy & Co. fill your coal bins. Phone 295.  
How about trying Phoenix Hose next time and you will be a customer always. The best to be had at KIRK'S, Nuf-Sed.

### BRIEFLY TOLD.

There is a scarcity of cats in Russian villages. During the famine many cats were eaten by the people. Now mice are devouring the grain.

The turken, a cross between a turkey and chicken, is a new development in the poultry industry. For four years this hybrid has been propagated by a California breeder. The male bird has a gobble neck and resembles a turkey. The female has a turkey head, but otherwise looks like a chicken. When full grown they weigh from 10 to 14 pounds. The eggs weigh 26 ounces to the dozen, and hatch in 21 days.

The longest ski-slope in the world is in Oberhof, Thuringia. It is 9 1/2 miles in length and the course is laid out on an old road winding through the hills of the Thuringian forest.

Serious consideration is being given to the construction of a new inter-oceanic canal, either at Panama Canal or by the Nicaragua route. The Panama Canal cost in round numbers \$400,000,000. The gross revenue for the fiscal year of 1922 was \$11,197,000. In six years the canal has increased its business almost 300 per cent and it is increasing yearly.

For every marriage in Denver in 1922 there was a separation. For every two marriages licenses there has been a divorce suit filed, according to Judge Ben B. Lindsey. He states that in the last four years the marriage and divorce rate has changed from four to one to two to one.

Until recently the Codex Vaticanus, so called because it is kept in the library of the Vatican in Rome, was the oldest Bible manuscript. Now, however, is found in Egypt an older Bible manuscript, containing the apostolic epistles, the prophecies of Jonah, and the fifth book of Moses. The manuscript is written in the Coptic tongue and consists of 109 papyrus rolls. It is the oldest Bible manuscript in existence, dating from 360 B. C. It is in the library of the British Museum, for which it was bought at a high price.

The dreaded Hessian fly, which constantly threatens our wheat crop, entered the United States in some straw which the Hessian soldiers of Revolutionary fame brought to America as bedding for their horses. The loss resulting from the Hessian fly costs the United States as much each year as the entire expense of the Revolutionary War.

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## Easter Novelties

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NOVELTIES, BUNNIES  
NOVELTY CANDY BOXES

You'll Be Surprised

At the Clever and Original  
Easter Ideas Incorporated  
Into Our Easter Display.

## EASTER GREETINGS

In addition to sending an appropriate card to each friend you will want a touch of the spirit of the season in your home. We have Dennison's crepe paper in Easter designs, table favors, place cards, bon-bon boxes, etc. Come and see full assortment of cards and other Easter Goods.



# The Brady Standard

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



# DESERT GOLD

by **ZANE GREY**  
Author of *Riders of the Purple Sage*,  
*Wildfire*, Etc.



Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

Romance and the thrill of adventure have not departed from the West. There are recesses of the southwestern desert known only to Yaqui and Papago Indians. These ultra-arid sections contain perils as great as when the entire expanse was a trackless waste.



**ZANE GREY**

At times the border between the United States and Mexico becomes a veritable "No Man's Land," as dangerous as any territory that existed in pioneer days. There is a great unwritten history of the experiences of present-day settlers, rangers and soldiers that is fine material for the novelist, especially for one with the talents of Zane Grey, who loves his modern West, who has caught its spirit, and who sees it in all its aspects with a clear eye.

Zanesville, Ohio, was his birthplace, and he is descended from the famous Zane family which figured so largely in pioneer history. Although he passed through the public schools of his native place and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with credit, he had more fondness for outdoor sports than for studies, and became a distinguished player of amateur, college and professional baseball. After a short residence in New York city he became attracted to the West and adopting a writing career, has become about the most prominent exponent in America of virile, western literature. He is better able than any other novelist to present its more stirring phases romantically, interestingly and without resorting to exaggeration.

Wash for water, he was brought sharply up by hearing the crack of hard hoofs on stone. There down the cañon came a man on a burro. Cameron recognized them.

"Hello, friend," called the man, halting. "Our trails crossed again—that's good."

"Hello," replied Cameron slowly. "Any mineral sign today?"

"No." They made camp together, ate their frugal meal, smoked a pipe, and rolled in their blankets without exchanging many words. In the morning the same reticence, the same aloofness charac-



"Hello, Friend," Called the Man, Halting. "Our Trails Crossed Again—That's Good."

## PROLOGUE

A face haunted Cameron—a woman's face. It was there in the white heart of the dying campfire; it hung in the shadows that hovered over the flickering light; it drifted in the darkness beyond.

This hour, when the day had closed and the lonely desert night set in with its dead silence, was one in which Cameron's mind was thronged with memories of a time long past—of a home back in Peoria, of a woman he had wronged and lost, and loved too late. He was a prospector for gold, a hunter of solitude, a lover of the dread, rock-ribbed infinitude, because years of his wandering he had met and wanted to be alone to remember.

Then a sharp clink of metal on metal and the soft pads of hoofs in sand dust storms, the wilderness of sand prompted Cameron to reach for his gun and rock and lava and cactus, the turgid, and to move out of the light of ribble silence and desolation of the waning campfire.

Figures darker than the gloom approached and took shape, and in the light turned out to be those of a white man and a heavily packed burro. "Hello there," the man called, as he came to a halt and gazed about him. "I saw your fire. May I make camp here?"

Cameron came forth out of the shadow and greeted his visitor, whom lately he took for a prospector like himself, and for a few days my company won't Cameron resented the breaking of his lonely campfire vigil, but he respected the law of the desert.

The stranger thanked him, and then slipped the pack from his burro. Then he rolled out his pack and began the preparations for a meal. The camp-fire burst into a bright blaze, and by its light Cameron saw a man whose gray hair somehow did not seem to make him old, and whose stooped shoulders did not detract from an impression of rugged strength.

Another of those strange desert prospectors in whom there was some relentless driving power besides the lust for gold! Cameron felt that between this man and himself there was a subtle affinity, vague and undefined, perhaps born of the destination that here was a desert wanderer like himself, self, perhaps born of a deeper, an intelligible relation having its roots back in the past. A long-forgotten home to him the realization that for sensation stirred in Cameron's breast, years he had shunned companionship, one so long forgotten that he could not recognize it. But it was akin to pain.

When he awakened he found, to his surprise, that his companion had parted. A trail in the sand led off to the north. There was no water in that direction. Cameron shrugged his shoulders; it was not his affair; he had his own problems. And straight—less abode of silence and desolation, way he forgot his strange visitor, where he could be alone with it, he Cameron began his day, grateful for the solitude that was now unbroken, other men. Somehow this silent com-

panion for the cañon-furrowed, cactus-spired rade reminded him. One afternoon late, after they had life. While it was yet light, and he was digging in a moist white-bordered sand and gravel, they came upon a

dry waterhole. Cameron dug deep into the sand, but without avail. He was turning to retrace weary steps back to the last water when his comrade, asked him to wait. Cameron watched him search in his pack and bring forth what appeared to be a small, forked branch of a peach tree. He grasped the prongs of the fork and held them before him with the end standing straight out, and then he began to walk along the stream bed. Cameron, at first amused, then amazed, then pitying, and at last curious, kept pace with the prospector. He saw a strong tension of his comrade's wrists, as if he was holding hard against a considerable force. The end of the peach branch began to quiver and turn, kept turning, and at length pointed to the ground.

"Dig here," said the prospector. "What!" ejaculated Cameron. "Had the man lost his mind?"

Then Cameron stood by while his comrade dug in the sand. Three feet he dug—four—five, and the sand grew dark, then moist. At six feet water began to seep through.

"Get the little basket in my pack," he said.

Cameron complied, and saw his comrade drop the basket into the deep hole, where it kept the sides from caving in and allowed the water to seep through. While Cameron watched, the basket filled. Of all the strange incidents of his desert career this was the strangest. Curiously he picked up the peach branch and held it as he had seen it held. The thing, however, was dead in his hands.

"I see you haven't got it," remarked his comrade. "Few men have. Back in Illinois an old German used to do that to locate wells. He showed me I had the same power. I can't explain. The old German I spoke of made money traveling round with his peach fork."

"What a gift for a man in the desert!"

Cameron's comrade smiled—the second time in all those days.

They entered a region where mineral abounded, and their march became slower. Generally they took the course of a wash, one on each side, and let the burros travel leisurely along nipping at the bleached blades of scant grass, or at sage or cactus, while they searched in the cañons and under the ledges for signs of gold.

Each succeeding day and night Cameron felt himself more and more drawn to this strange man. He found that after hours of burning toil he had insensibly grown nearer to his comrade. He reflected that after a few weeks in the desert he had always become a different man. In civilization, in the rough mining camps, he had been a prey to unrest and gloom. But once down on the great billowing sweep of this lonely world, he could look into his unquiet soul without bitterness. So now he did not marvel at a slow stir stealing warmer along his veins, and at the premonition that perhaps he and this man, alone on the desert, driven there by life's mysterious and remorseless motive, were to see each other through God's eyes.

One night they were encamped at the head of a cañon. The day had been exceedingly hot, and long after sundown the radiations of heat from the rocks persisted. Cameron watched his comrade, and yielded to interest he had not heretofore voiced.

"Partner, what drives you into the desert? Do you come to forget?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" softly exclaimed Cameron. Always he seemed to have known that. He said no more, but grew acutely conscious of the pang in his own breast, of the fire in his heart, the strife and torment of his passion-driven soul. He had come into the desert to remember a woman. She appeared to him then as she had looked when first she entered his life—a golden-haired girl, blue-eyed, white-skinned, red-tipped, tall and slender and beautiful. He had never forgotten, and an old, sickening remorse knocked at his heart. He rose and climbed out of the cañon and to the top of the mesa, where he paced to and fro and looked down into the weird and mystic shadows, like the darkness of his passion, and farther on down the moon track and the glittering stretches that vanished in the cold blue horizon. In that endless, silent hall of desert there was a spirit; and Cameron felt hovering near him what he imagined to be phantoms of peace.

He returned to camp and sought his comrade.

"I reckon we're two of a kind," he said. "It was a woman who drove me into the desert. But I come to remember. The desert's the only place I can do that."

"Was she your wife?" asked the elder man.

"No."

A long silence ensued. The campfire wore down to a ruddy ashen heap. "I had a daughter," said Cameron's comrade. "She lost her mother at birth. And I—I didn't know how to bring up a girl. She was pretty and gay. It was the—old story."

His words were peculiarly significant to Cameron. They distressed him. He had been wrapped up in his remorse. If ever in the past he had thought of anyone connected with the girl he had wronged, he had long forgotten. But the consequences of such wrong were far-reaching. They struck at the roots of a home.

"Well, tell me more?" asked Cameron earnestly.

"It was the old, old story. My girl was pretty and free. The young bucks ran after her. I guess she did not run away from them. And I was away a good deal—working in another town. She was in love with a wild fellow. I knew nothing of it till too late. He was engaged to marry her. But he

didn't come back. And when the disgrace became plain to all, my girl left home. She went west. After a while I heard from her. She was well—working—living for her baby. A long time passed. I had no ties. I drifted west. Her lover had also gone west. In those days everybody went west. I trailed him, intending to kill him. But I lost his trail. Neither could I find any trace of her. She moved on, driven, no doubt, by the hound of her past. Since that I have taken to the wilds, hunting gold on the desert."

"Yes, it's the old, old story, only sadder, I think," said Cameron; and his voice was strained and unnatural. "Partner, what Illinois town was it you hailed from?"

"Peoria."

"And your—your name?" Went on Cameron, buskily.

"Warren—Jonas Warren."

That name might as well have been a bullet. Cameron stood erect, motionless, as men sometimes stand momentarily when shot straight through the heart. In an instant, when thoughts resurged like blinding flashes of lightning through his mind, he was a swaying, quivering, terror-stricken man. He mumbled something hoarsely and backed into the shadow. But he need not have feared discovery, however surely his agitation might have betrayed him. Warren sat brooding over the campfire, oblivious of his comrade, absorbed in the past.

Cameron swiftly walked away in the gloom, with the blood thrumming thick in his ears, whispering over and over:

"Merciful G—d! Nell was his daughter!"

III

As thought and feeling multiplied, Cameron was overwhelmed. Beyond belief, indeed, was it that out of the millions of men in the world two who had never seen each other could have been driven into the desert by memory of the same woman. It brought the past so close. It showed Cameron how inevitably all his spiritual life was governed by what had happened long ago. That which made life significant to him was a wandering in silent places where no eye could see him with his secret. Some fateful chance had thrown him with the father of the girl he had wrecked. It was incomprehensible; it was terrible. It was the one thing of all possible happenings in the world of chance that both father and lover would have found unendurable.

Something within him cried out to him to reveal his identity. Warren would kill him; but it was not fear of death that put Cameron on the rack. He had faced death too often to be afraid. It was the thought of adding torture to this long-suffering man. All at once Cameron swore that he would not augment Warren's trouble, or let him stain his hands with blood. He would tell the truth of Nell's sad story and his own, and make what amends he could.

Then Cameron's thought shifted from father to daughter. She was somewhere beyond the dim horizon line. In those past lonely hours by the campfire his fancy had tortured him with pictures of Nell. But his remorseful and cruel fancy had lied to him. Nell had struggled upward out of menacing depths. She had reconstructed a broken life. And now she was fighting for the name and happiness of her child, little Nell! Cameron experienced a shuddering ripple in all his being—the physical rack of an emotion born of a new and strange consciousness. He felt that it had been given him to help Warren with his burden.

He returned to camp trying to evolve a plan. All night he lay awake thinking. In the morning, when Warren brought the burros to camp and began preparations for the usual packing, Cameron broke silence.

"Partner, your story last night made me think. I want to tell you something about myself. In my younger days—it seems long now, yet it's not so many years—I was wild. I wronged the sweetest and loveliest girl I ever knew. I went away not dreaming that any disgrace might come to her. Along about that time I fell into terrible moods—I changed—I learned I really loved her. Then came a letter I should have gotten months before. It told of her trouble—importuned me to hurry to save her. Half frantic with shame and fear, I got a marriage certificate and rushed back to her town. She was gone—had been gone for weeks, and her disgrace was known. Friends warned me to keep out of reach of her father. I trailed her—found her. I married her. But too late! . . . She would not live with me. She left me—I followed her west, but never found her."

Warren leaned forward a little and looked into Cameron's eyes, as if searching there for the repentance that might make him less deserving of a man's scorn. Cameron met the gaze unflinchingly, and again began to speak: "You know, of course, how men out here sometimes lose old names, old identities. It won't surprise you much to learn my name isn't really Cameron, as I once told you."

Warren stiffened upright. It seemed that there might have been a blank, a suspension, between his grave interest and some strange mood to come.

Cameron felt his heart bulge and contract in his breast; all his body grew cold; and it took tremendous effort for him to make his lips form words.

(Continued Next Week)

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

## LOCAL BRIEFS.

Friend W. D. Walker of Marion community was here last week and advised The Standard editor to order another good rain—and here it is.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kight arrived Saturday from Dublin to spend several days here visiting the lady's sister, Mrs. L. W. Bellamy, and family. Mr. Kight is one of the leading gingers of the Erath county section, owning a string of gins located all along the Frisco from Hood to Comanche counties.

The Rev. J. H. Taylor arrived Saturday from Arlington, where the family is now making their home, and was kept busy greeting his many old-time friends here. Rev. Taylor was enroute to Mason, where he conducted services Sunday morning, returning here in the afternoon to conduct the night services at the Brady Baptist church.

Messrs. L. B. Reeves and S. J. Howard, managers respectively of the Mayhew Produce Co. branch houses at Richland Springs and San Saba, were in Brady Monday for a conference at headquarters. Mr. Reeves stated that the fire which destroyed half a block of buildings in Richland Springs last week, came dangerously near his business house, only a twenty and sixty foot street intervening. Fortunately, the fire was brought under control before it could leap the intervening space.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Weldon and daughter were in Brady Saturday, having accompanied Mrs. Weldon's mother, Mrs. R. T. Martin, of Sterling City, to Brady. Mrs. Martin has been visiting at Mercury for several weeks past, and was enroute to Millersview, where she will visit another daughter, Mrs. Henry Barr. Mrs. Martin is well known in Brady, her husband, Dr. R. T. Martin, being one of the early-day physicians here, and their rock residence just east of Brady still being known as the Dr. Martin place.

The old two-story frame building just at the rear of the Queen hotel, and which for many a year served as the combination domicile and restaurant of the late Jose Ma Moreno, has been torn down, thereby removing a picturesque reminder of early days in Brady, but which had degenerated into a dangerous fire trap. The building, located as it was, just across a narrow alley from one of Brady's most prominent and substantial business blocks, constituted a fire hazard that resulted in the raising of fire insurance rates upon this particular block to a noteworthy degree.

## Too Bad.

A colored parson, calling upon one of his flock, found the object of his visit out in the back yard working among his hen coops. He noticed with surprise that there were no chickens.

"Why, Brudder Brown," he asked, "whar' all yo' chickens?"

"Huh," grunted Brother Brown without looking up, "some fool niggard lef' de do' open an' dey all went home."—Drew's Imprint.

Aluminum Pen Points. The Brady Standard office.

JAPANESE AMBER CANE SEED—the favorite of the Plains farmers. Ripens two weeks earlier than Red Top Cane and sells at same price. Short-jointed and heavy top. See Macy & Co. for this seed.

Now is the time to have that suit Cleaned and Pressed for Easter—next Sunday. Just phone 54—KIRK'S—the best place. Nuf-Sed.

Regular 75c to \$1.00 values can be bought for 49c at the one-day Aluminum Sale at O. D. MANN & SONS, Friday, March 30. Those coming early will get first choice.

## INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE MEET IS FAVORED THROUGH BY BEAUTIFUL WEATHER

(Continued from Page 1)

4th. Distance, 103 ft. 8 in.

Pole Vault: Bradshaw, Calif Creek, 1st place; R. Squyres, Brady, 2nd; Perry, Calif Creek, 3rd; Alexander, Calif Creek and Adkins, Brady, tie for 4th place.

440-yard Run: L. Cottle, Rochelle, 1st place; Time, 56 3-5 seconds; Mitchell, Rochelle, 2nd; T. Cates, Rochelle, 3rd; D. Epps, Brady, 4th.

Running High Jump: Adkins, Brady, 1st place; height, 4 ft. 10 in.; Hutchenreuter, Brady, 2nd; Sellman, Rochelle, 3rd; Freeman, Dodge, 4th.

120-yard High Hurdles: Adkins, Brady, 1st; Polk, Brady, 2nd; Awalt, Brady, 3rd; Duncan, Calif Creek, 4th. Running Broad Jump: Alexander, Calif Creek, 1st; Bradshaw, Calif Creek, 2nd; Dodge, 3rd; Polk, Brady, 4th.

220-yard Dash: Polk, Brady, 1st; Blackburn, Rochelle, 2nd; S. Cottle, Rochelle, 3rd; L. Cottle, Rochelle, 4th.

1-mile Relay: Rochelle Team, 1st place; Brady team, 2nd; Melvin, 3rd; Fairview, 4th.

12-pound Shot: Horn, Lohn, 1st; Reeves, Lohn, 2nd; L. Cottle, Rochelle, 3rd; Bradshaw, Calif Creek, 4th.

880-yard Run: Cates, Rochelle, 1st; Mitchell, Rochelle, 2nd; Gainer, Rochelle, 3rd; Crawford, Fairview, 4th.

1-mile Run: Clary, Rochelle, 1st place; O. Clary, Rochelle, 2nd; Reed, Lohn, 3rd; Lohn of Lohn, 4th.

Tennis Singles—Girls: Lohn, 1st place; Rochelle, 2nd. Boys: Brady, 1st; Rochelle and Lohn tie for 2nd. Tennis Doubles—Girls: Rochelle, 1st; Brady and Lohn tie for 2nd. Boys: Brady, 1st; Rochelle, 2nd.

Volley Ball: Brady Central, 1st; Lohn, 2nd.

## SUB-JUNIOR EVENTS

50-yard Dash: Bodenhamer, Brady, 1st; Short, Lohn, 2nd; Williams, Rochelle, 3rd.

50-yard Sack Race: Patterson, Fairview, 1st; Sanders, Brady, 2nd; Milburn, Brady, 3rd.

200-yard Relay: Bodenhamer, Brady, 1st; Williams, Rochelle, 2nd; Short, Lohn, 3rd.

## JUNIOR EVENTS

Boys

50-yard Dash: Leddy, Voca, 1st; Maxwell, Brady, 2nd; Burns, Voca, 3rd.

100-yard Dash: Leddy, Voca, 1st; Barker, Dodge, 2nd; Verdelle, Rochelle, 3rd.

440-yard Relay: Mosley, Rochelle, 1st; Burns, Voca, 2nd; Anderson, Brady, 3rd.

Running High Jump: Harlow, Calif Creek, 1st; Leddy, Voca, 2nd; Lee, of Calif Creek tied Leddy for 2nd; Maxwell, Brady, 4th.

Running Broad Jump: Lee, Calif Creek, 1st; Wood, Voca, 2nd; Haynes, Dodge, and Anderson, Brady, tie for 3rd.

Chinning Bar: Holland, Brady, 1st; Spiller, Voca, 2nd; Cox and Hall of Brady tie for 3rd.

## JUNIOR GIRLS' EVENTS

Basket Ball Throw: Laura Horn, Lohn, 1st; Mildred King, Brady, 2nd; Winnie Lohn of Lohn, 3rd.

50-yard Dash: Laura Horn, Lohn, 1st; Winnie Lohn of Lohn, 2nd; Carmoise Guyton, 3rd.

100-yard Dash—Jewel Bodenhamer, Brady, 1st; Winnie Lohn of Lohn, 2nd; Louise Brown, Voca, 3rd.

120-yard Relay: Voca Team, 1st; Five team, 2nd; Fairview team, 3rd.

## SENIOR GIRLS' EVENTS

Basket Ball Throw: Alice Horn, Lohn, 1st; Inez Jewel, Fairview, 2nd; Lucile Johnson, Brady, 3rd.

50-yard Dash: Alice Horn, Lohn, 1st place; Inez Jewel, Fairview, 2nd; Hazel Awalt, Calif Creek 3rd.

100-yard Dash: Inez Jewel, Fairview, 1st; Alice Horn, Lohn, 2nd; Lucile Johnson, Brady, 3rd.

120-yard Relay: Lohn team, 1st place; Brady team, 2nd; Fairview team, 3rd.

Ink Tablets. The Brady Standard.

**UNION BUS COMP'Y**  
FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICE  
Between Brady and San Antonio  
Announcing **DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE**  
After April 1st.

Car Leaves Brady for San Antonio - - - 9:00 A. M.  
Car Leaves Brady for San Antonio - - - 1:00 P. M.  
Car Leaves San Angelo for San Antonio - - - 6:00 A. M.  
Car Leaves San Antonio for Brady and Angelo 7:00 A. M.  
Car Leaves San Antonio for Brady - - - 12:00

**UNION BUS COMP'Y**  
BRADY PHONE 409



# LAST CALL

—FOR—  
**Pre-Easter Selling**  
**A Week of Wonderful Offerings**

A Store-Wide Display of Seasonable  
 Fabrics and Fashions

Hundreds of Exclusive  
 Easter Frocks—Suits—Hats—Coats  
 Capes and Blouses

**EASTER APRIL 1ST**

Come to Us for YOUR SPRING APPAREL. We  
 Feature **Style and Quality** Without Extravagance.

**C. H. Vincent**  
 DRY GOODS

South Side

"A Complete Department Store"

## CLASSIFIED ADS

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

### WANTED

WANTED—Any kind of dress-making, plain or fancy. Men's shirts a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. MRS. MATTIE STURDIVANT, Phone 422.

### FOUND

FOUND—Gold Pin. Owner may recover by describing and paying for this notice at Brady Standard office.

### LOST—

LOST—Savage casing on rim, between Fife and Waldrip. Notify Walker-Smith Co.

LOST—Saturday, 7-year old child's Coat, brown mixture with grey fur collar; on Coleman road between Conner wagon yard and bridge over Brady creek. Return to Standard office.

### FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Three-room house. See E. B. RAMSAY.

FOR RENT—Two rooms, furnished or unfurnished. Apply at Brady Standard office.

### FOR SALE

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

FOR SALE—21 registered Hereford bulls, from one to three years old. Prices reasonable. Will trade for sheep or steer cattle. P. C. DUTTON.

FOR SALE—3-room bungalow, nicely finished, newly painted, located on Melton avenue, and known as Bob Harmon house. See J. R. KENNEDY, Brady.

FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorn Eggs. Foundation stock from famous pen No. 9, A. & M. College of Texas. \$2.00 per 15; \$8.00 per 100. CHAS. SMITH, Melvin, Texas.

FOR SALE—Rhode Island Red Eggs, finest in the land, \$2.00 per setting. Also English strain White Leghorn—the laying hens—\$1.00 per setting of 15 eggs. A. W. KELLER, Brady.

FOR SALE—Silver Laced Wyandotte Eggs, \$1.15 per setting; \$6.50 per 100. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also have several roosters at \$2.00 each. MRS. E. E. MITCHELL, 3 miles S. W. Rochelle.

for hatching Barred Ply-for setting of 50 eggs. and Poul-sen, Prop. ricksburg,

## Beautiful Model Slain and Robbed



\* Dorothy King, beautiful model, was violently slain and jewelry and furs valued at \$15,000 stolen from her luxurious apartment in New York. A wealthy New England manufacturer admits leaving her apartment late the night she was murdered. Police are vigorously at work trying to solve the mystery.

New York, March 25.—The immediate arrest of a Broadway black-mailer on the charge of slaying Dorothy Keenan or King was scheduled by the police after "Mr. Marshall" and his associate, "Mr. Wilson," stripped of their anonymity, had been questioned for nearly five hours by Inspector John D. Coughlin and Chief Assistant District Attorney Ferdinand Pecora.

The disclosure of the true identities of the two mysterious figures in the case was made by Pecora. He said that "Marshall" was John Kearsley Mitchell, prominent Philadelphian, who married the younger daughter of Edward T. Stotesbury, Philadelphia associate of J. P. Morgan, and member of the banking firm of Drexel & Co. Mitchell, active in clubs here and in his home city, is president of the Philadelphia Rubber Company with big plants in Philadelphia and in Akron, Ohio.

A newspaper portraying him as the visitor to the studio home of Miss Keenan was shown him in his big home in Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, early today. He denied he was the man. When he was summoned to the office of District Attorney Pecora in the Criminal Courts Building, he realized that the lime-light had struck him fully and authorized the district attorney to confirm him as "Marshall."

### Attorney's Name Revealed.

Coupled with the exposure of the masquerade, came Pecora's statement that "Wilson," the confidential man who was used to precede "Marshall" on the visitations was John H. Jackson, attorney and member of the firm of Moore, Hall, Swan and Cunningham of Manhattan. He is a specialist in corporation law and handled confidential matters for Mitchell since the Autumn of 1917. He is married.

### JAPANESE AMBER CANE SEED.

We have just received a shipment of this seed—produces a short-jointed stalk with heavy top; sells at the same price as Red Top Cane seed and is two weeks earlier. Especially fine for stock. MACY & CO. Phone 295.

### DOG TAX DUE!

All dogs must be tagged on or before April 1st. Get your license tags at City Secretary's office.

E. G. GILDER,  
 City Secretary.

Gee Whiz! Did you see those new Low Quarters in Kirk's window? Some good-looking ones. See them before you buy. KIRK, Nuf-Sed.

O. D. MANN & SONS Aluminum Sale, one day only, March 30, offers you many bargains. Every piece guaranteed 20 years.

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.

For Heavy Head, Pain in eye balls, Swimming of head, "when you see things what ain't," it's time to take Rexall Liver Salts. TRIGG DRUG CO.

Regular 10c to 25c values for 1c, Friday, March 30, at O. D. MANN & SONS Aluminum Sale. One day only.

# EASTER TOGS

When a Man Thinks of Easter Togs  
 He Thinks of Kirk's Quality Shop



because he knows the best in materials, the latest in styles and the niftiest haberdashery is always to be found here. See Kirk's big line of

Whipcords, Gaberdines and Tropical Worsteds

Just the thing to dress up with for Easter. Priced—

**\$25.00 TO \$45.00**

### See Kirk's Show Window

For the niftiest Low Quarters and Oxfords you ever did see—and remember, when it comes to

Shirts, Collars, Ties, Belts, Hose

—and everything for Men, we are showing all the newest and best sellers.

Don't forget we carry the biggest stock of Hats in this section—Stetsons and Mallory hats—the world's best.

Easter calls for light-weight Underwear—we've got the kind that's comfortable and always satisfies.

# Kirk's Quality Shop

Phone 54 Nuf Sed

## CITY GRAVELS COMMERCEST. TO TOURIST PARK

Under the direction of Street Commissioner E. Simpson, the city street force is this week completing the graveling of West Commerce street for its entire length: from the west corner of the public square to the entrance to the Brady Tourist park at the waterworks plant. The work was begun about two weeks ago, and the surfacing of the stretch required in the neighborhood of 1,000 loads of gravel.

This important thoroughfare has for many years been a problem with the city, inasmuch as every rainy spell resolved the street into an impassable succession of ruts and bogholes. The heavy surface of gravel, however, will effectually put an end to the mud, and render it passable in all kinds of weather. In fact, as soon as the street is rolled and packed down, it promises to become one of Brady's most popular drives.

### Cutting the Price.

A young matron in whom the shopping instinct was strong, asked a German butcher the price of Hamburger steak.

"Twenty-five cents a pound," he replied.

"But," she said, "the price at the corner store is only twelve cents."

"Vell," asked Otto, "vy don't you buy it down there?"

"They haven't any," she explained.

"Oh, I see," replied the butcher.

"Ven I don't have it I sell it for ten cents."

The best-looking Oxfords at KIRK'S you ever did see—and the price is right! See show window. Nuf Sed.

A one day Sale of Quality Brand Aluminum Ware, Friday, March 30, at our store. Every piece guaranteed for 20 years. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Ring Price Books—various sizes colors, at The Brady Standard office.

## MAGICIAN DAVIS MYSTIFIES LARGE AUDIENCE WITH FEATS OF MAGIC AND MIRTH FRIDAY

An audience that comfortably filled the Methodist tabernacle last Friday night saw Davis, Master Magician, in a program of mirth, magic and mystery that proved him fully deserving of his title of master of this art. The number was, without question, one of the best and most appreciated of the entire lyceum course, and everyone present was entertained every minute of the performance, both with Mr. Davis' remarkable feats and with his running fire of comment with which he accompanied the magic.

Picking dollars out of the air, extracting yards of colored handkerchiefs from underneath the coat of a man in the audience, finding a flask of whisky in the pocket of a spectator and picking an egg off the nose of a man he accused of "laying" for him were some of the simpler feats. His really artistic and most clever stunts were those in which he shot rings, borrowed from members of the audience from a pistol into the interior of a ball of paper napkins. Layer after layer of the napkins were removed before the rings were found tied together in the middle of the ball. Then his feat of borrowing a match and shooting it out of a folded handkerchief through a small paper drum into the middle of a series of boxes, one contained within another, was a most mystifying performance. Another was the dropping of handfuls of colored sand into a bowl of water, the thorough mixing of water, and then the picking up of the sand, perfectly dry, out of the bowl with his wet hand. Still another pair of mystifying stunts were his being tied securely to a chair with ropes about his neck, body and both wrists, from all of which he extricated himself within a few moments time after retiring behind a curtain. The old familiar trunk mystery, in which he was first tied with ropes, then tied within a sack, the sack enclosed within a trunk, which was both locked and securely strapped, and from all of

## SLOW DRIZZLING RAIN ADDS TO OUR FINE PROSPECTS

With Saturday an almost ideal day for the holding of the County Inter-scholastic meet, and with Sunday a near-approach of the good old summer time, Monday's sudden drop in temperature was all the more noticeable. With a chill norther blowing, the thermometer registered a temperature of around 40 degrees. Another late freeze was nipped in the bud, however, by the gathering of rain clouds, and the falling of a slow, drizzling rain, which started at about 8:00 p. m. last night, continuing all last night and practically throughout today.

Needless to say, the rain could not have come at a more opportune time, and is thoroughly appreciated by the farmers, gardeners and all the citizenship in general.

which he walked out free within a few seconds, was enlarged by his returning in less than five seconds back into the locked and strapped trunk, and being sacked and bound exactly as at the start, when the trunk was opened.

Sufficient to say, the program offered Friday night was worth the price of a season's ticket. The Parent-Teachers association was delighted with the attendance, and it now appears will have a neat fund remaining in their treasury after all the expenses have been paid.

When you get ready for an extra pair of Pants, go to Kirk's—he can fit you up right. Nuf-Sed.

## KILL HEN HOUSE BUGS

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