

RAIN OR SHINE DAYS OF '49 TO BE HELD THIS TIME

Rain or shine, the "Days of '49" are coming back to Brady next week. The good old days, when saloons flourished on every corner, and in places in between corners. When no bar was complete without a dance hall, and no dance hall but what was ably sided by a gambling "hell." Those are the "happy" days. Old timer, you are going to live to see once more—if you come to Brady next Saturday. All the old nesters of '49—the boys with the pick and shovel, the boys who were handy with the lariat, and the boys that could ride hard and far and shoot fast—whoop 'em up, boys, they're all going to be here. And Dinty's saloon, and Moriarity's bar, and O'Keefe's gambling hell, and Sadie McGuire's dance hall—there's where you'll hear the clinking of glasses and the clicking of the roulette wheel and the stomping of boots and spurs to the sound of scraping fiddles. And will there be some fiddlers? Well, you know it. And a continuous square dance, with enough fiddlers and musicians to furnish music all the way from 1:00 p. m. to midnight. Join in, all you old timers—it's the time of your young lives lived all over again.

And oyez, all you knock-kneed, bowlegged bronc riders, bring your horses in for the big parade, starting at 1:00 p. m. sharp. Forms at the red barn, just east of the Methodist church and saunters down around the square and ends up just at the right place. Everybody with horses and wagons, and prairie schooners, and buck boards more'n welcome, and all automobiles taboo—they weren't hatched yet, back in the "Days of '49."

Cepting that Ford sedan they're giving away—have you got the lucky key? There's lots of 'em floating around, and just a few left that the boys still might part with. Keys worth all the way from \$50 up to \$500 are floating around this burg.

And money—you never seed such a stack of bucks—a hundred million bucks in cold cask filed away in the Brady National bank vault, and salted down so no fresh thieves will carry off the swag.

So, if you haven't got any bucks, why be sure to load up on 'em when you get to Brady Saturday, for everybody is going to be carrying a roll—a big roll that day. And there will be vaudeville, and minstrel, and athletics and bvd's—you'll see a sight of things that'll remind you of the "Days of '49."

REVIVAL BEGINS SUN. MORNING AT M.E. TABERNACLE

Beginning next Sunday, April 22d, Evangelist B. B. Crim and party will begin a great Revival meeting. The services will be held at the Methodist tabernacle. Mr. Crim is all his name implies. You will not need a dictionary to know what he is talking about. He is one of the most—if not the most successful evangelists of his day. Thousands have been won to Christ under his great gospel messages.

He uses 20th Century language, and applies 20th Century methods.

Mr. Crim also has a very strong music team, Mr. Eltor Roth and Mr. David Christianson, both young men, and graduates of the Moody Institute, Chicago, are experts in their line. Mr. Roth will lead the music. He is one of the greatest soloists and choir directors in America. Mr. Christianson and Mrs. B. B. Crim will be at the piano.

A choir that will seat over two hundred people is being made ready.

Mr. Christianson and Mrs. Crim have no equals when it comes to playing. Hear these gifted people.

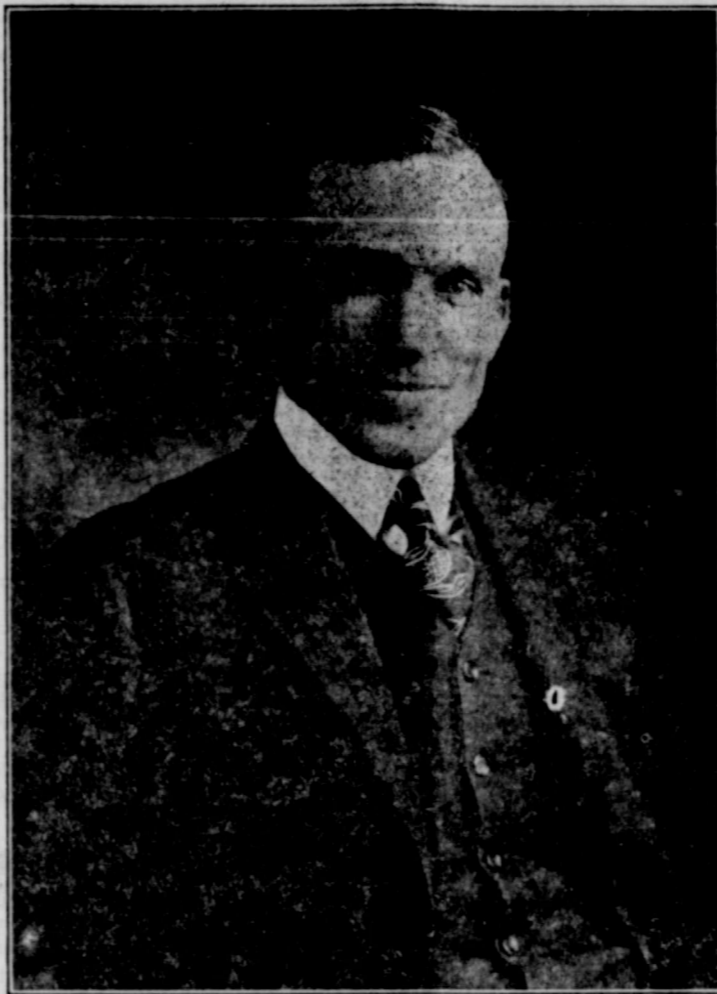
Mr. Crim has five in his party. Rev. W. W. Rives of Fort Worth, advance man, has been here several days getting everything in tip-top shape before the evangelist arrives. Rev. Rives filled Dr. Spark's pulpit Sunday night.

While the meeting will be under the auspices of the Baptist church, and the pastor, Dr. Buren Sparks, yet all churches and Christian people are invited to co-operate and help us to "put it over" in great shape. This is a great opportunity for Brady. Never has such a team come to this city!

Evangelist Crimm is at present conducting a great and successful meeting at Carthage, Texas, and will arrive here about Saturday.

Mr. Crim is a combination of Billy Sunday and D. L. Moody. If he has a hobby—it is hunting foxes. He is known as the "Fox Hunting Preacher." He has more than 40 fine blooded fox hounds.

Come and hear these live wires! Services 10:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Come early to be assured of getting good seats.



EVANGELIST B. B. CRIM
Who Opens Revival Meeting Sunday

RAIN DELUGES M'CCULLOCH CO. PAST FEW DAYS

McCulloch county has apparently put a wet plank in her 1923 platform to judge by her recent spree in wet goods. The past week showed considerable wet weather and the present week appears to follow last week's example with great success. Recent rains included one Saturday night, another Sunday night, an all day rain Monday, varying from drizzles to heavy downpours, and last night hung up a record for dew, or else carried over yesterday's rain in good style this morning. Today was pleasant and sunshiny the most of the time, although rain clouds still appeared in the offing.

While McCulloch county just now appears to be receiving a superabundance of rain, nevertheless the moisture is not unwelcome, as it finishes up the winter and early spring season in fine shape.

The following is the rain record for the month of April so far:

| | |
|----------|-------------|
| April 3 | .05 inches |
| April 10 | 1.00 inches |
| April 11 | .60 inches |
| April 13 | .25 inches |
| April 15 | .60 inches |
| April 16 | .65 inches |
| Total | 3.15 inches |

In connection with the rain, it is interesting to note that all Brady merchants, with one exception, dropped their rain insurance Sunday night. The sole policy-holder Monday was Henry Zweig, and he smiled broadly as the rain poured down throughout the day, inasmuch as it meant a \$50 payment. The cause for the sudden abandonment of the rain insurance was the sharp raise in rates effective April 16th. The rate, which had run something less than \$25, rose to \$40 on Monday, the reason for the advance being the greater possibilities of rain for the balance of the month than the early part of last month. At that, most of the policy holders quit a little ahead of the game.

BRADY SUBMITS "TECH" COLLEGE BRIEF TOMORROW

Compilation of Brady's brief to be submitted with Brady's formal application as a site for Texas Technological college, was completed yesterday, and the interesting volume, upon which may rest the responsibility of securing for Brady one of the greatest schools in the history of the South, will today be forwarded to the Locating Board of the Texas Technological college at Austin.

Considered from the standpoint of furnishing complete data and information, Brady's brief is a masterpiece. In the preparing of data for this work, there have collaborated all the leading and moving spirits of Brady. And each has done his work well. Every phase of the subject, every possible angle, and every advantageous point, has been covered in fashion so as to present Brady just as she is—the Heart of Texas, Who Wants Texas "Tech."

The interesting volume is bound in rich brown cover, with the name of Brady, her slogan, and the purpose to which the brief is dedicated, emblazoned on the cover in gold letters.

Brady Tech committee is proud of its brief, and submits it for consideration by the Locating Board, secure in the knowledge that Brady's many exceptional advantages cannot but impress themselves most forcibly upon that splendid body of discerning and far-seeing school men.

Accompanying the brief, in addition to the volumes of data, are maps and sketches, showing Brady's exceptional advantages from the standpoint of accessibility, and innumerable other reasons why Brady should be among the chosen.

Options upon four sites are offered in the brief, all of which are in proximity to Brady, and any of which would be admirably suited to the needs of Texas "Tech" college. Included in these offers are the Marsden-Wood-Jordan site immediately West of Brady, comprising 2101.63 acres, admirably situated along Brody creek, and which is offered at \$125,000. Site No. 2 is the Bell-Sessions site, Southeast and adjoining the townsite, also traversed by Brody creek, and containing 1827 acres, which are available at \$79,000. The third site is the Crothers Graham tract lying North, and within a half mile of Brady, and which includes 2010 acres, watered by Live Oak, offered to the site committee at an even \$100,000. The last tract to be listed is the Glenn estate, immediately South of Brady and adjoining several of the most popular resident additions to the town of Brady. It also lies between the two major highways, Nos. 9 and 10. This tract comprises 3400 acres, and privilege of selecting any 2,000 acres out of the tract is accorded the locating committee. This tract is being offered at \$130,000.

Brady has great hopes of having her brief viewed with favor, and if public opinion, expressed by visitors from other parts of the state, is worth anything, Brady will be one of the "chosen few" who will be honored by a visit of the locating board on their tour of inspection of sites. If that be the case, then Brady is all the more certain of getting Texas "Tech" for the Brady country surpasses in grandeur, and richness and inspiring fertility anything that pen or picture might tell.

PETRIFIED RATTLER WITH BUTTON IS CURIOSITY EX- HIBITED BY R. B. TURNER

R. B. Turner exhibited in Brady what was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable of curiosities in the form of a petrified rattler and button off of a rattlesnake. The find resembled hard rock in composition, but the button, together with four rattlers could be plainly discerned, the rattler being broken off at the fifth. The button measured one and one-eighth inches across, while the fourth rattler measured one and one-fourth inches across, giving some idea of the size of the reptile to which it was attached.

The petrified curio was found by Mr. Turner's son on the Jas. T. Mann place one mile east of Brady.

ROBERT E. BIDDY, MARRYING TRACTOR SALESMAN, RECEIV- ES 5-YR. SENTENCE, BIGAMY

Robert E. Biddy, traveling machinery salesman who was recently placed under arrest at Coleman upon complaint of swindling and later released, was convicted of bigamy at Stanton, Texas, April 4, and given a five-year sentence. According to testimony, as reported from Stanton, Biddy was divorced at Breckenridge January 6, the decree containing a stipulation that neither party marry again within 12 months. It was charged that Biddy married Miss Grace Ann Pettit of Breckenridge, and also that he married Miss Alice Hsley of Midland.

Fairview Home Service Club.

The Fairview Home Service club met with Mrs. A. J. Johnson April 5th, seven club members and two visitors, Mrs. Carlson and Mrs. Gustafson being present. Miss Mae Belle Smith, Demonstrator, gave lessons in dress-form making and the demonstration of alterations of commercial patterns.

Refreshments of cake and coffee were served.

The club meets with Mrs. A. R. Carlson April 19th.

Death of Mrs. M. M. Green.

A death of particular sadness occurred at 9:25 a. m. last Thursday at the local sanitarium, when Mrs. Bary Lee Green, wife of Mr. Milburn Green, passed away after a brief illness with uremic poisoning. Deceased was aged 17 years, 4 months and 29 days. Funeral services were conducted at 6:00 p. m., services being conducted at the local cemetery by the Rev. H. W. Millsap.

Mrs. Green was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Owens of Brady. Her marriage to Mr. Green occurred April 12, 1923, just ten months to a day prior to her passing. She had been a member of the Church of Christ at Lohn for about a year.

Surviving are her husband and her parents and also two sisters.

The local klan, it is stated, paid all funeral expenses and in addition contributed a purse of \$10 to the husband.

STANDARD TIRES AT RIGHT PRICES.

U. S. and Pennsylvania—all bought before the Rise.
LEE MORGAN'S SHOP.

Teachers' Examination.

The latest ruling from the State Department of Education is to the effect that there will be an examination held the first Friday and the Saturday following in May, 1923.

Signed, W. M. DEANS,
County Superintendent.

NOTICE.

I wish to tell the world that I am going to play the Jew—anything you may need in Leather Goods get my prices; money talks. J. F. SCHAEGER.

Have your crops insured against loss by hail. See A. B. CARRITHERS.

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

It only takes about two pounds of feed to raise baby chicks to six weeks old. Purina Chows is the cheapest in the long run, because it will save ninety to ninety-five per cent of your baby chicks. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

I have on hand a full line of tested Field Seeds; also all kinds of Garden Seeds in bulk. W. K. GAY.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to express my heartfelt and sincere appreciation to the Ku Klux Klan for their financial assistance in my hour of trouble, following the death of my beloved wife, and shall ever hold the Klan in grateful remembrance.

M. M. GREEN.

We buy Packing Stock Butter.

MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

We buy Packing Stock Butter.

MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

For the Girl Graduates
We Have Just Received
BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS IN LACE HATS

You will be charmed with their grace and becoming attractiveness, and delighted with the price

NEW SPORT HATS

Included in the new goods are all the Season's newest offerings in the sport line.

BE SURE TO SEE THE NEWEST OFFERINGS BEFORE YOU BUY

MRS. W. M. BAUHOF

Upstairs at R. Wilensky's
EAST SIDE SQUARE BRADY, TEXAS

—And Their Mother is Only 35

Mrs. O. D. Dalton, of Valdosta, Ga., age 35, is the mother of these ten beautiful children, the oldest 15 years and the youngest 14 months. Only one pair of twins is included. Mrs. Dalton is believed to be the youngest mother of ten.

For Nervousness

When you feel as if you were on needles — your whole nervous system shattered—the treatment is—

They give relief and form no habit. Put up in—12s for 25c; 24s for 40c; 100s, special sale, price only 69c

TRIGG DRUG CO.
The Rexall Store

Musical Treat Next Wednesday.

A rare musical treat is promised Brady citizens in the entertainment to be given Wednesday night at the Methodist tabernacle by Miss Juel Ray, instructor of the Brady Choral club, assisted by her sister. The Misses Ray are accomplished musicians and soloists, and their entertainment is certain to be highly appreciated. In connection with the entertainment by the Misses Ray, several home talent numbers will be offered, the entire program being presented under auspices of the Parent-Teachers association. Admission will be 25c for school children and 50c for adults.

See us for Purina Chows that will save your young turkeys and chickens. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

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, 7½¢ per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1½¢ 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, April 17, 1923

HONEST INJUN.

Texas "Tech" is certain to find a warm spot in the "Heart of Texas."

RUNNING BEHIND SCHEDULE.

It isn't The Standard policy to offer excuses, because excuses merely serve to advertise a fault, which may otherwise be overlooked. But this is one time we do not mind telling all about the reason why The Standard's Tuesday issue is late getting into the mails.

You see, it was a ground-hog case. The Brady "Tech" committee had a mass of data assembled and which had to be compiled, arranged and published in form to submit to the State Locating board, and April 20th—that's next Friday—was the day all this data concerning Brady's eligibility as a location for this great new school must be in the locating committee's hands. When no one else will hurry, then the printer must, and so we "hurried" along on a 36-hour schedule, stopping scarcely for a bite to eat, and lo, and behold, 'tis done—the great transaction's finished. At 4:00 p. m. this (Tuesday) afternoon, the first completed copy of the brief was in the committee's hands, and was being commented upon—all complimentary, while within our hearing. Brady is submitting not only what is believed to be a winning brief, but has compiled a vast amount of data that should, and doubtless will, be of great use in future advertising of Brady.

One of the peculiar freaks of fate was that just as the local committee had placed in their hands the first completed copy of the brief, a message from Austin was received stating that the time limit for submitting briefs had been extended from April 20th to May 1st.

So, if you receive this issue of The Standard a few hours behind regular schedule, just remember we were putting the time to good use, and maybe, if we land the Texas "Tech" you will feel almost repaid for having had to forego The Standard for that length of time.

CLEAN-UP TIME.

This from the Abilene Reporter is to the point: "West Texas towns are cleaning up, in preparation for the coming of the Tech locating committee. Entire citizenships are turning out en masse to clean the streets and alleys—and from all accounts they are making a good job of it. Abi-

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
THE BRADY STANDARD
Published Semi-Weekly
Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas

- To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady per year **\$1.50**
- SIX MONTHS 75c
- THREE MONTHS ... 40c
- Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 15c per month.
- To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady per year **\$2.00**
- SIX MONTHS \$1.00
- THREE MONTHS ... 65c

Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

Effective January 1, 1923.

lene will have to get into the swim. This is naturally a clean town, but it can be made cleaner. And the trees must be whitewashed and trimmed up. Householders are working like Trojans on their lawns and gardens. The city will be a bower of beauty in another four weeks. Company is coming, and it behooves the candidates for Texas Tech to spruce up."

How times do change—a couple years ago the farmers would like to have had some insurance of rain, and now the Brady merchants insure against rain.

THANKS.

A whole lot of editors and other folks are worrying about the pronunciation of the name of his Highness the late Tutankhaman. They ought not to worry. They have his name wrong. It is Tutan K. Haman. He was not the inventor of Tut's pills, as many have inferred. He was a republican of the stand-pat type, very fond of the order of things political as they existed in his day, and gloried in gorgeous regalia and royal trappings. Otherwise Mr. Haman was of the same clay that poor but honest democrats are made of.—Troup Banner.

Morning Delights.

How sweet to waken in the morn,
When sunbeams first begin to creep
Across the sea, and then to turn
Right back again and go to sleep.
—Youngstown Telegram.

How sweet to waken in the morn,
When sunbeams first begin to bob
Across the sea, and then to know
That poor old dad has got a job.
—Plainsville Telegraph-Republican.

How sweet to waken in the morn
And know that you were not a fool
But chose to wed a brilliant maid
Who has a fine job teaching school.
—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

How sweet to waken in the morn,
When the wind is cold and the sun-
beams dour
Across the sea, and then to think
The pipes is busted—Won't be no
shower!
—Daily Texan.

How sweet to waken in the morn,
When you still may lie in bed
And know the labor's all performed
By the woman you have wed.
—Hearne Democrat.

Too Late.

Hotel Guest—"Is there water in my room?"
Manager—"There was, but I had the roof fixed not an hour ago."

We buy Packing Stock But-
ter. **MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.**

How Old Are You?
At ten a child; at twenty wild;
At thirty, tame—if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good—if ever.

We buy Packing Stock But-
ter. **MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.**

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Tasty-Fl-Ad rate is 1½¢ per word for each insertion, with a minimum charge of 25¢. Count the words in your ad and remit accordingly. Terms cash, unless you have a ledger account with us.

WANTED

WANTED—Plain sewing. Phone 294.

FOUND

FOUND—Watch at high school, following track meet. Owner describe and pay for this notice.

LOST—

LOST—Back comb, with white sets and one green set. Return to Standard office.

LOST—Out of my pasture, one fine sheep (buck) marked (Swallow-Fork and Underbit the Right.) Will pay liberal reward for information leading to his recovery. A. BEHRENS.

FOR SALE

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

FOR SALE—Good, gentle Jersey milk cow. See **ED BROAD.**

FOR SALE—Six months' old registered Jersey male; also fine milk cows. K. W. HUFFMAN, Route 2, Brady.

FOR SALE—350 Chickens from 1 day to 3 months old; also 6 Bronze Turkeys; 2 incubators; 2 coal oil Brooders. See **LEE MORGAN**, Phone 48.

FOR SALE—Triumph Mebane Cotton Planting Seed, one year from breeders. Machine culled; any size lots. \$1.25 a bushel. J. D. POWELL, Rochelle.

GET THE BEST STOCK.
Trap nested breeding pens—200-300 egg strain. A certified flock. A paying flock. We pay transportation and guarantee delivery. Chix \$15 a hundred. Eggs \$7.50 a hundred. **BREEZELAND WHITE LEGHORN FARM**, San Angelo, Texas.

Sucker Race Intact.
In Barnum's time there was a sucker born every minute, and from the number of used cars sold every day we would say there's been no race suicide.—The Vivifier.

A Promise.
It was Irwin S. Cobb who remarked that when a man used to reach back under his coat tail it was a threat; now it is a promise.

We buy Packing Stock But-
ter. **MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.**

LOWEST PRICES EVER OFFERED ON FAMOUS Empire Baltic CREAM SEPARATOR

Direct to You
\$5.00 Down—Balance Monthly
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

An astounding offer—the World-Famous **EMPIRE-BALTIC Cream Separator**—at a price that will sell thousands of these wonderful separators to farmers and dairymen everywhere.

More than 500,000 **EMPIRE-BALTIC** in use. Has never-failing record for bringing bigger **CREAM CHECKS**. Larger profits assured—because it's the Cream Separator with the

"MILLION DOLLAR BOWL"
A 30 Years' Success
If not satisfactory after 30 days trial—return separator and get your money back.

| Type | Capacity | Cows | Price | 1st Pay't | Mo. Pay't |
|--------|-----------|------|---------|-----------|-----------|
| M. O. | 140 lbs. | 2 | \$22.25 | \$5.00 | \$ 5.75 |
| No. 1 | 240 lbs. | 4 | \$25.00 | \$5.00 | 5.00 |
| No. 2 | 330 lbs. | 6 | \$28.00 | \$5.00 | 5.75 |
| No. 4 | 350 lbs. | 6 | \$36.50 | \$5.00 | 5.25 |
| No. 5 | 400 lbs. | 7 | \$38.00 | \$5.00 | 5.50 |
| No. 6 | 500 lbs. | 9 | \$41.00 | \$5.00 | 6.00 |
| No. 8 | 800 lbs. | 12 | \$53.00 | \$5.00 | 8.00 |
| No. 10 | 1000 lbs. | 16 | \$65.00 | \$5.00 | 10.00 |

Railroad Freight Charges Prepaid
ORDER your **EMPIRE-BALTIC Cream Separator** without delay.
Prompt shipment in all cases.

Low prices effective for this special sale only

EVERYONE with two or more cows should own an **EMPIRE-BALTIC Cream Separator** Shipped Complete with tools, oil, brushes, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write today. Investigate. Ask for Big Catalog and full particulars. Postal will do. Address

Sam T. Wood's
WIDE-OPEN HARDWARE STORE
BRADY, TEXAS

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. 295.

We buy Packing Stock But-
ter. **MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.**

Coal is Cheapest Now.
Order your winter Coal supply now, while the price is lowest. We are now filling bins on Summer price schedule. **MACY & CO.**

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.**

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DENTIST
Upstairs in New Gibbons Bldg.
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DENTIST
Office: Front Suite Rooms Over New Brady National Bank Building
PHONES: Office 79 Residence 202

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

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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ING
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POST AMERICAN LEGION
Meetings Held Second and Fourth Friday Nights Each Month.
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Breeder of
Red Poll Cattle
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CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
Estimates on All Classes of Building and Repair Work.
Phone 151 BRADY, TEXAS

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

It Makes a Wonderful Difference
Think of this for a moment

ICE makes a wonderful difference in your comfort and health, yet it costs so little that most people actually forget the big part it does play in better living.

Ice keeps the butter hard, the milk pure, the lettuce crisp and tender; with it meat does not spoil; food is saved. Try eating uniced foods for a short while during really warm weather and you will know the difference it makes. These are vital facts:

Ice is an absolute necessity the whole year 'round, but during these spring days it is absolute folly to expose your foods to the varying temperatures which are so harmful to purity and flavor.

Telephone us today to start service.
PHONE 125

Mann Bros. Ice Co.
Member National Association of Ice Industries
163 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

Shaw-Walker *"Built Like a Skyscraper"*
Steel Filing Devices

Made to Endure
Made for Service
Made for Efficiency

The Business Man's "Man Friday"
Sample Cabinets in Stock
Test Them in Your Business
Note Increased Efficiency

Steel Offers Protection
Against Fire
Against Theft
Against Rats

"Built Like a Skyscraper"

SHAW-WALKER
Steel Letter Files

SKYSCRAPERS in miniature, having girders, cross-pieces, sills, etc., of channel-steel, interlocking and bracing each other against strain. In addition, it is solid one-piece steel—made so by electric spot-welding. No nuts—no bolts—no rivets—no rods—no screws. Drawers non-rebounding—stay closed without superfluous mechanism. Will run silent, smooth and speedy 100 years without repair or attention. Highest awards San Francisco and San Diego Expositions. You will understand why when you examine a Shaw-Walker File beside your old equipment. You will also understand our guarantee: Money back if it isn't the best file you ever owned. Phone us to send you a Shaw-Walker File today.

—The—
Brady Standard
Office Outfitters
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**

COPYRIGHT BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

SYNOPSIS

PROLOGUE—Seeking gold in the desert, Cameron, a military prospector, forms a partnership with an unknown man whom he later learns is Jonas Warren, father of a girl whom Cameron wronged, but later married, back in Illinois. Cameron's explanations appease Warren, and the two proceed together. Taking refuge from a sandstorm in a cave, Cameron discovers gold, but too late; both men are dying. Cameron leaves evidence in the cave of their discovery of gold, and personal documents.

CHAPTER I—Richard Gale, adventurer, in Casita, Mexican border town, meets George Thorne, lieutenant in the Ninth cavalry, old college friend. Thorne tells Gale he is there to save Mercedes Castaneda, Spanish girl, his affianced wife, from Rojas, Mexican bandit.

CHAPTER II—Gale "roughhouses" Rojas and his gang, with the help of two American cowboys, and he, Mercedes and Thorne escape. A bugle call from the Fort orders Thorne to his regiment. He leaves Mercedes under Gale's protection.

"Reckoned as much," replied the cowboy. "There's more than Rojas' wantin' to kidnap a pretty girl. Shore he does that every day or so. Must be somethin' political or feelin' against class. Well Casita, ain't no place for your friend's girl at night or day, or any time. Shore, there's Americans who'd take her in an' fight for her, if necessary. But it ain't wise to risk that. Lash, what do you say?"

"It's been settin' hotter round this Greaser corral for some weeks," replied the other cowboy. "If that two-bit of a garrison surrenders, there's no tellin' what'll happen, an' bein' across the U. S. line a few inches or so don't make no h—l of a difference. My advice is, don't let Miss Castaneda ever set foot in Casita again."

"Looks like you've shore spoke sense," said Ladd. "I reckon, Gale, you an' the girl ought to come with us. We know people who'll take care of the senorita till your friend can come for her."

Dick warmly spoke his gratefulness, and, inexpressibly relieved and happy for Mercedes, he went toward the clump of cactus where he had left her. She stood erect, waiting, and, dark as it was, he could tell she had lost the terror which had so shaken her.

He led her into the road up to the cowboys, who now stood bareheaded in the starlight. They seemed shy, and Lash was silent while Ladd made embarrassed, unintelligible reply to Mercedes' thanks.

There were five horses—two saddled, two packed and the remaining one carried only a blanket. Ladd short-

ened the stirrups on his mount, and helped Mercedes up into the saddle. From the way she settled herself and took the few restive paces of the mettlesome horse Gale judged that she could ride. Lash urged Gale to take his horse. But this Gale refused to do.

"I'll walk," he said. "I'm used to walking. I know cowboys are not." Once started with protection assured for the girl and a real objective point in view, Gale relaxed from the tense strain he had been laboring under. How glad he would have been to acquaint Thorne with their good fortune! Later, of course, there would be some way to get word to the cavalryman. But till then what torments his friend would suffer!

It seemed to Dick that a very long time had elapsed since he stepped off the train; and one by one he went over every detail of incident which had occurred between that arrival and the present moment. His meeting

with Thorne; the wonderful black eyes of a Spanish girl; her appeal to him; the hate inspired by Rojas, and the rush, the blow, the action; sight of Thorne and Mercedes hurrying safely away; the girl's hands pressing his to her heaving breast; the sweet fire of her kiss; the fact of her being alone with him, dependent upon him—all these things Gale turned over and over in his mind, only to fall of any definite conclusion as to which had affected him so remarkably, or to tell what had really happened to him.

Had he fallen in love with Thorne's sweetheart? The idea came in a flash. Was he, all in an instant, and by one of those incomprehensible reversals of character, jealous of his friend? Dick was almost afraid to look up at Mercedes. Still he forced himself to do so, and as it chanced Mercedes was looking down at him. With a quick, graceful impulsiveness she put her hand upon his shoulder. Like her appearance, the action was new, strange, striking to Gale; but it brought home suddenly to him the nature of gratitude and affection in a girl of her blood. It was sweet and sisterly. He knew then that he had not fallen in love with her. The feeling that was akin to jealousy seemed to be of the beautiful something for which Mercedes stood in Thorne's life. Gale then grasped the bewildering possibilities, the infinite wonder of what a girl could mean to a man.

The desert began to lighten. Gray openings in the border of shrubby growths changed to paler hue. In the east a white glow grew brighter and brighter, reaching up to a line of cloud, defined sharply below by a rugged notched range.

"Senor, I am cold," said Mercedes. "Dick had been carrying his coat upon his arm. He stopped the horse and raised the coat up, and helped Mercedes put it on.

"I should have thought of you," he said. "But I seemed to feel warm. . . . The coat's a little large; we might wrap it around you twice."

Mercedes smiled and lightly thanked him in Spanish. He was about to start when he observed that Ladd had halted and was peering ahead in evident caution. Mercedes' horse began to stamp impatiently, raised his ears and head, and acted as if he was about to neigh.

A warning "hiss" from Ladd bade

Dick put a quieting hand on the horse. Lash came noiselessly forward to join his companion. The two then listened and watched.

Presently Lash went to the rear and Ladd started ahead. The progress now, however, was considerably slower, not owing to a bad road—for that became better—but probably owing to caution exercised by the cowboy guide. At the end of a half hour this marked deliberation changed, and the horses followed Ladd's at a gait that put Gale to his best walking paces.

His steps were halted by Ladd's actions. The cowboy reined in his horse, listened a moment, then swung down out of the saddle. He raised a cautioning hand to the others, then slipped into the gloom and disappeared. Gale marked that the halt had been made in a ridged and cut-up pass between low mesas. To the right, up under the ledges some distance away, stood two square black objects, two uniform, he thought, to be rocks. While he was peering at them, uncertain what to think, the shrill whistle of a horse pealed out, to be followed by the rattling of hoofs on hard stone. Then a dog barked. At the same moment that Ladd hurriedly appeared in the road a light shone out and danced before one of the square black objects.

"Keep close an' don't make no noise," he whispered, and led his horse at right angles off the road.

Gale followed, leading Mercedes' horse. As he turned he observed that Lash also had dismounted.

To keep closely at Ladd's heels without brushing the cactus or stumbling over rocks and depressions was a task Gale found impossible. It was no easy matter to lead a spirited horse through the dark, winding lanes walled by thorns. Dick saw that the travel was fast, but by no means noiseless. The pack animals at times crashed and ripped through the narrow places. It seemed to Gale that anyone within a mile could have heard these sounds.

Presently Ladd led out into a wider lane that appeared to run straight. The cowboy mounted his horse, and this convinced Gale that the march directed back to the road. The march proceeded then once more at a good, steady, silent walk. When Dick consulted his watch he was amazed to see the hour was still early. He asked Mercedes if she was cold, and she answered that she was speaking especially of her feet, which were

growing numb. Then she asked to be helped down to walk awhile. At first she was cold and lame, and accepted the helping hand Dick proffered. After a little, however, she recovered and went on without assistance. They had reached the summit of what was evidently a high ridge sloped with much greater steepness on the far side. It was only after a few more forward steps, however, that Dick could see down the slope. Then full in view flashed a bright campfire around which clustered a group of dark figures. They were encamped in a wide arroyo, where horses could be seen grazing in black patches of grass between clusters of trees. A second look at the campers told Gale they were Mexicans. At this moment Lash came forward to join Ladd, and the two spent a long, uninterrupted moment studying the arroyo. A horse laugh, faint yet distinct, floated upon the cool wind.

"Well, Laddy, what 'r you makin' of that outfit?" inquired Lash, speaking softly.

"Same as any of them raider outfits," replied Ladd. "They're across the line for beef. But they'll run off



"Senor, Chapparejos and I Are Not Strangers." She Said.

any good stock. As hoss thieves these rebels have got 'em all beat. That outfit is waitin' till it's late. North'n to it but head south for the Rio Forlorn. It's on the border line, but it's country where these rebels ain't been yet."

"It's a hike to Beldin's ranch. An' if we get there in daylight some Greaser will see the girl before Beldin can hide her. I'll get talked about. The news'll travel to Casita like sage balls before the wind."

"Shore we don't ride into Rio Forlorn in the daytime. Let's slip the packs, Jim. We can hide them off in the cactus an' come back after them. With the young man ridin' we—"

The whispering was interrupted by a loud ringing neigh that whistled up from the arroyo. One of the horses had scented the travelers on the ridge top. The indifference of the Mexicans changed to attention.

Ladd and Lash turned back and led the horses into the first opening on the south side of the road. The packs were slipped, securely tied and hidden in a mesquite clump. Ladd strapped a blanket around one of the horses. His next move was to take off his chaps.

"Gale, you're wearin' boots, an' by liftin' your feet you can beat the cactus," he whispered. "But the—the—Miss Castaneda, she'll be torn all to pieces unless she puts these on. Please tell her—an' hurry."

Dick took the chaps, and, going up to Mercedes, he explained the situation. She laughed, evidently at his embarrassed earnestness, and slipped out of the saddle.

"Senor, chapparejos and I are not strangers," she said. "Definitely and promptly she equipped herself, and then Gale helped her into the saddle, called to her horse, and started off. Lash directed Gale to mount the other saddled horse and go next.

Dick had not ridden a hundred yards behind the trotting leaders before he had sundry painful encounters with reaching cactus arms. The horse missed these by a narrow margin. Dick's knees appeared to be in line, and it became necessary for him to lift them high and let his boots take the onslaught of the spikes.

Ladd pursued a zigzag course southward across the desert, trotting down the aisle, cantering in wide, bare patches, walking through the clumps of cacti. Gale became chilled to the bone, and his clothes were damp and cold. His knees smarted from the wounds of the poisoned thorns, and his right hand was either swollen stiff or too numb to move. Moreover, he was tired. Mercedes must be made of steel, he thought, to stand all that she had been subjected to and yet, when the stars were paling at dawn perhaps not far away, stay in the saddle.

So Dick Gale rode on, drowsier for each mile, and more and more giving the horse a choice of ground. Once when he, thinking to fight his weariness, raised his head, he saw that one of the horses in the lead was riderless. Ladd was carrying Mercedes.

It seemed that hours passed, though he knew only little time had elapsed, when once more he threw off the spell of weariness. He heard a dog bark.

Tall trees lined the open lane down which he was riding. Presently in the gray gloom he saw low, square houses with flat roofs. Ladd rode on for perhaps a quarter of a mile, though it seemed interminably long to Dick. A grove of trees loomed dark in the gray of morning. Ladd entered it and was lost in the shade. Dick rode on and the trees, presently he heard voices, and soon another house, low and flat like the others, but so long he could not see the farther end, stood up blacker than the trees. As he dismounted, cramped and sore, he could scarcely stand. Lash came alongside. He spoke, and someone with a big, hearty voice replied to him. Then it seemed to Dick that he was led into blackness like pitch, where, presently, he felt blankets thrown on him, and then his drowsy faculties faded.

CHAPTER IV

Forlorn River.

When Dick opened his eyes a flood of golden sunshine streamed in at the open window under which he lay. His first thought was one of blank wonder as to where in the world he happened to be. The room was large, square, adobe-walled. It was littered with saddles, harness, blankets. The sight of huge dusty spurs, a gun belt with sheath and gun, and a pair of leather chaps bristling with broken cactus thorns recalled to Dick the cowboys, the ride, Mercedes, and the whole strange adventure that had brought him there.

He felt a dead weight of complete lassitude, and he did not want to move. A sudden pain in his hand caused him to hold it up. It was black and blue, swollen to almost twice its normal size, and stiff as a board. The knuckles were skinned and crusted with dry blood. Dick speculated that it was the worst-looking hand he had seen since football days, and that it would inconvenience him for some time.

The door at the far end of the room was open. Through it he saw poles of peeled wood upholding a porch roof, a bench, rose bushes in bloom, grass, and beyond these bright-green foliage of trees.

"He shore was sleepin' when I looked in an hour ago," said a voice that Dick recognized as Ladd's.

"Let him sleep," came the reply in deep, good-natured tones. "Mrs. B. says the girl's never moved. Must have been a tough ride for them both. Forty miles through cactus! Laddy, I'm right down glad to see you boys, and I'll do all I can for the young couple. But I'm doing some worryin' here; don't mistake me."

"About your stock?"

"I've got only a few head of cattle at the oasis now. I'm worryin' some, mostly about my horses. The U. S. is doing some worryin', too, don't mistake me. The rebels have worked west and north as far as Casita. Of course, my job is to keep tab on Chinese and Japs trying to get into the U. S. from Magdalena bay. But I'm supposed to patrol the border line. I'm going to hire some rangers. Now, I'm not so afraid of being shot up, though out in this lonely place there's danger of it; what I'm afraid of most is losing that bunch of horses. You know what those guerrilla Mexicans will do for horses. They're crazy on horse flesh. They know fine horses. So I don't sleep nights any more."

"Reckon me an' Jim might as well tie up with you for a spell, Beldin. We've been ridin' up an' down Arizona tryin' to keep out of sight of wire fences."

"Laddy, it's open enough around Forlorn River to satisfy even an old-time cowpuncher like you," laughed Beldin. "I'd take your staying on as some favor, don't mistake me. Perhaps I can persuade the young man Gale to take a job with me."

"That's shore likely. He said he had no money, no friends. An' if a scrapper's all you're lookin' for he'll do," replied Ladd, with a dry chuckle.

"Maybe I ought to think twice before taking a stranger into my family," said Beldin, seriously. "Well, I guess he's all right, Laddy, being the cavalryman's friend. No bum or lunker? He must be all right?"

"Bum? Lunker? Say, didn't I tell you I shook hands with this boy an' was plumb glad to meet him? He demanded Laddy, with considerable heat. Manifestly he had been at first. "Tom Beldin, he's a gentleman, an' he could lick you in—up half a second. How about that, Jim?"

"Less time," replied Lash. "Tom, here's my stand. Young Gale can have my hoss, my gun, anythin' of mine."

"Aw, I didn't mean to insult you, boys, don't mistake me," said Beldin. "Course he's all right."

The object of this conversation lay quiet upon his bed, thrilling and amazed at being so championed by the cowboys, delighted with Beldin's idea of employing him, and much amused with the quaint seriousness of the three.

"How's the young man?" called a woman's voice. It was kind and mellow and earnest.

Gale heard footsteps on flagstones. "He's asleep yet, wife," replied Beldin. "Guess he was pretty much knocked out. . . . I'll close the door there so we won't wake him."

There were slow, soft steps, then the door softly closed. But the fact scarcely made a perceptible difference in the sound of the voices outside.

"Laddy and Jim are going to stay," went on Beldin. "It'll be like the old Panhandle days a little. I'm powerful glad to have the boys, Nellie. We'll see some trouble before the revolution is ended. I think I'll make this young man Gale an offer."

"What is he? Who is he? Where



"What is he? Who is he? Where Did He Come From? Surely You Must Be—"

did he come from? Surely you must be—"

"Laddy swears he's all right," interrupted the husband. "That's enough reference for me. Isn't it enough for you?"

"Humph! Laddy knows a lot about young men, now doesn't he, especially strangers from the East? . . . Tom, you must be careful! He'll fall in love with Nell!" protested Mrs. Beldin.

"Well, wouldn't that be regular? Doesn't every man who comes along fall in love with Nell? Hasn't it always happened?"

"But, Tom, Nell might fall in love with this young man!" exclaimed the wife, in distress.

"Laddy, Jim, didn't I tell you?" cried Beldin. "I knew she'd say that. . . . My dear wife, I would be simply overcome with joy if Nell did fall in love once. Real good and hard! She's wilder than any antelope out there on the desert. Nell's nearly twenty now, and so far as we know she's never cared a rap for any fellow. And she's as good and lovable as she is pretty, but I'm afraid she'll never grow into a woman while we live out in this lonely land. And you've always hated towns where there was a chance for the girl—just because you were afraid she'd fall in love. You've always been strange, even silly, about that. I've done my best for Nell—loved her as if she were my own daughter. I've changed many business plans to suit your whims. There are rough times ahead, maybe. I need men. I'll hire this chap Gale if he'll stay. Let Nell take her chance with him. She'll be all the better for it."

"I hope Laddy's not mistaken in his opinion of this newcomer," replied Mrs. Beldin, with a sigh of resignation. "Well, supper is to be got. That young man and the girl will be starved. I'll go in now. If Nell happens around don't—don't flatter her Laddy, like you did at dinner. Don't make her think of her looks."

Dick heard Mrs. Beldin walk away.

"Shore she's powerful particular about that girl," observed Laddy. "Say, Tom, Nell knows she's pretty, doesn't she?"

"She's liable to find it out unless you shut up, Laddy. When you visited us out here some weeks ago, you kept paying cowboy compliments to her."

"An' it's your idea that cowboy compliments are plumb bad for girls?"

"Downright bad, Laddy, so my wife says."

"I'll be darned if I believe any girl can be hurt by a little sweet talk. It pleases 'em. . . ."

"Chop it," interrupted Beldin. "Here comes Nell now."

Dick's tingling ears took in the patter of light footsteps, the rush of someone running.

"Here you are," cried a sweet, happy voice. "Dad, the senorita is perfectly lovely. I've been peeping at her. She sleeps like—like death. She's so white. Oh, I hope she won't be ill. How strange and sad, that about her! Tell me more, Laddy. You promised, I'm dying to know. Didn't you say the senorita had a sweetheart?"

"Shore I did."

"Is he the young man who came with you?"

"Nope. That fellow's the one who saved the girl from Rojas."

"Ah! Where is he, Laddy?"

"He's in there asleep."

"Is he—nice, Laddy?"

"Shore."

"What is he like?"

"Well, I'm not long acquainted, never saw him by day, but I was some tolerable took with him. An' Jim here, Jim says the young man can have his gun an' his hoss."

"Wonderful! Laddy, what on earth did this stranger do to win you cowboys in just one night?"

"I'll shore have to tell you. Me an' Jim was watchin' a game of cards in the Del Sol saloon in Casita. That's across the line. We had acquaintances—four fellows from the Cross Bar outfit, where we worked a while back. This Del Sol is a billiard hall, saloon, restaurant, an' the like. An' it was full of Greasers. Some of Campo's rebels were there drinkin' an' playin' games. Then pretty soon in come Rojas with some of his outfit. They were packin' guns an' kept to

themselves off to one side. "A little while afterward I seen a fellow standin' in the restaurant door. He was a young American dressed in corduroys an' boots, like a prospector. He looked round the saloon, an' when he spotted Rojas he sorta jerked up. Then he pulled his slouch hat lopsided an' began to stagger down, down the steps. First off I made shore he was drunk. But I remembered he didn't seem drunk before. It was some queer. So I watched that young man.

"He reeled around the room like a fellow who was drunker'n a lord. Nobody but me seemed to notice him. Then he began to stumble over pool-players an' get his feet tangled up in chairs an' hump against tables. He got some pretty hard looks. He came round our way, an' all of a sudden he seen us cowboys. He gave another start, like the one when he first seen Rojas, then he made for us. I tipped Jim off that somethin' was doin'. Then this queer young man shot some cool, polite words at me an' Jim.

"He was only bluffin' at bein' drunk—he meant to rush Rojas, to start a rough house. The bandit was after a girl. This girl was in the hotel, an' she was the sweetheart of a soldier, the young fellow's friend. The hotel was watched by Rojas' guards, an' the plan was to make a fuss an' get the girl away in the excitement. Well, Jim an' me got a hint of our bein' Americans—that cowboys generally had a name for loyalty to women. Then this amazin' chap—you can't imagine how scornful—said for me an' Jim to watch him.

"Before I could catch my breath an' figger out what he meant by 'rush' an' 'rough house' he had knocked over a table an' crowded some Greaser half off the map. Then, quicker'n I can tell you the young man dove at Rojas. Like a mad steer on the rampage he charged Rojas an' his men. The whole outfit went down—smash! I figured then what 'rush' meant. The young fellow came up out of the pile with Rojas, an' just like I'd sling an empty sack along the floor he sent the bandit. But swift as that went he was on top of Rojas before the chairs an' tables had stopped rollin'.

"I woke up then, an' made for the center of the room, Jim with me. I began to shoot out the lamps. Jim threw his guns on the crazy rebels, an' I was afraid there'd be blood spilled before I could get the room dark. Bein' shore busy, I lost sight of the young fellow for a second or so, an' when I got an eye free for him I seen a Greaser about to knife him. Think I was considerate of the Greaser by only shootin' his arm off. Then I cracked the last lamp, an' in the hullabaloo me an' Jim vanooosed.

"We made tracks for our hosses an' packs, an' was hittin' the San Felipe road when we run right plumb into the young man. Well, he said his name was Gale—Dick Gale. The girl was with him safe an' well; but her sweetheart, the soldier, bein' away without leave, had to go back sudden. There shore was some trouble, for Jim an' me heard shootin'. Gale said he had no money, no friends, was a stranger in a desert country; an' he was distracted to know how to help the girl. So me an' Jim started off with them for San Felipe, got switched, an' then we headed for the Rio Forlorn.

"Oh, I think he was perfectly splendid!" exclaimed the girl. "But, Laddy,

you haven't told me what he looks like."

At this juncture Dick Gale felt it absolutely impossible to play the eavesdropper any longer. Quietly he rolled out of bed. Beldin's kindly interest, Laddy's blunt and sincere cowboy eulogy, the girl's sweet eagerness and praise—these warmed Gale's heart. He had fallen among simple people, into whose lives the advent of an unknown man was welcome.

He was wild to be one of Beldin's rangers. The idea of riding a horse in the open desert, with a dangerous duty to perform, seemed to strike him with an appealing force. Something within him went out to the cowboys, to this blunt and kind Beldin. He was afraid to meet the girl. If every man who came along fell in love with this sweet-voiced Nell, then what hope had he to escape—now, when his whole inner awakening betokened a change of spirit, hope, a finding of real worth, real good, real power in himself?

Gale imagined he made noise enough as he clumsily pulled on his boots; yet the voices, split by a merry laugh, kept on murmuring outside the door. It was awkward for him, having only one hand available to lace up his boots. He looked out of the window. He heard bees, birds, chickens, saw the red of roses and green of grass. Then he saw, close to the wall, a tub full of water, and a bench upon which lay basin, soap, towel, comb and brush. The window was also a door, for under it there was a step.

Gale hesitated a moment, then went out. He stepped naturally, hoping and expecting that the cowboys would hear him. But nobody came. Awkwardly, with left hand, he washed his face. Upon a nail in the wall hung a little mirror, by the aid of which Dick combed and brushed his hair. He imagined he looked a most haggard wretch. With that he faced forward, meaning to go round the corner of the house to greet the cowboy and these new-found friends.

Dick had taken but one step when he was halted by laughter and the patter of light feet. He saw a little foot sweep into view, a white dress, then the swiftly moving form of a girl. She was looking backward.

(Continued Next Week)

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Car Leaves Brady for San Antonio . . . 9:00 A. M.
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—THE—
Commercial National Bank
 OF BRADY

WILL BE CLOSED
SATURDAY, APRIL 21st

On Account of
San Jacinto Day

Please Arrange to Do Your
Banking Friday, April 20

**TWO ISSUES ARE
 RAISED IN TRIAL
 IN COUNTY COURT**

The tedium of county court grind was this week somewhat enlivened by some interesting developments in the case of Dudley Crothers, local well-known negro, on a charge of gaming. The defendant entered a plea of not guilty, but upon being given a trial by jury, a verdict of guilty was returned and a fine of \$15.00 and costs was assessed. This case had been appealed from the corporation court. Defendant at once gave notice of appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeals at Austin, Texas. This case has attracted some attention because of two issues raised, one of which is the constitutionality of the office of Justice of the Peace and that of City Recorder being held by one person, and the other question raised being whether or not it is necessary to file all corporation court papers with the city secretary before they have any standing in court.

Another case of interest was the sentencing of Baxter Henley, 14-year old negro, by the juvenile court to the State Juvenile training school, following his being found guilty on a burglary charge. The negro youth was charged with burglarizing a number of local stores, and quite a lot of loot from various places was recovered through him.

Other cases disposed of in county court this week, included the following:

T. C. Ward, aggravated assault; plea of guilty and assessed a fine of \$100 and costs.

Louis Alonzo and Juan Alonzo, theft under value of \$50; plea of guilty and fine of \$10 and costs and two days in jail.

A. W. Keller, assault; plea of guilty and fined \$5.00 and costs.

Jim Turman, carrying a pistol; case set for Monday, April 23rd, at 1:30 p. m.

Manuel Mireles, theft under value of \$50; continued by defendant because of sickness of witness.

The above disposes of all criminal cases on the docket in County Judge Adkins office, except two where no arrests have as yet been made.

The civil docket will be called next Monday, April 23rd.

Read The Brady Standard.

KILL HEN HOUSE BUGS

and keep them away by painting with Taroline, a lasting tar oil that penetrates cracks and crevices. For insects on Poultry feed "Martin Blue Bug Remedy." Money back guarantee by TRIGG DRUG CO.

 * PERSONAL MENTION *

Mrs. J. P. Waddill is here from Rochelle for a visit with her son, Sheriff Otis Waddill, and wife.

Mrs. H. B. Ogden and son, Billy, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. W. D. Crothers, left yesterday for Waco, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. M. C. Wolfe, and family.

Mrs. J. W. Bingham arrived Tuesday from Chicago to be a guest for the week of her sister-in-law, Mrs. G. R. White. Mr. Bingham will make a brief stop here Friday, and Mrs. Bingham will accompany him on the return to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bauhof and daughter, Nance, returned Tuesday from Dallas, where they had spent several days. Mr. Bauhof going there on business, while Mrs. Bauhof spent the time at market selecting new millinery, and also arranging for her stock of mid-summer suits and dresses, with which she will stock her handsome new quarters in the new R. Wilensky building, following its completion.

 * LOCAL BRIEFS *

Quite the champion "pee wee" hen egg is on exhibition at The Standard office this week. About the only way of describing the freak is that it very much resembles in size and appearance a large-size goober-pea, although perfectly smooth and a speckled brown in color. The novel egg was found by Lackey Abernathy in a hen's nest.

What makes Ben Brown smile so happily these days? Well, why shouldn't he smile, when there is a new grand-daughter up at his home, who arrived Sunday morning, April 8th, weighing 9 1-2 pounds, and bringing about a million tons of sunshine into the home. The new arrival is the bright-eyed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Brown, who are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

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

Fill Your Coal Bin Early.
 While coal is cheapest. Now is a good time to place your orders. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

Ledger Sheets for Loose Leaf Ledgers. The Brady Standard.

Some Brains.
 Rastus and Moses were having a heated argument. In reply to some remark of Rastus, Mose said:—"Guess I know, niggah! Don't you think I see got any brains?"
 "Huh!" Rastus replied, "Niggah, if brains were dynamite, you couldn't blow off your hat.—Exchange.

Tan-No-More
 "The Skin Beautifier"
 35¢ 60¢ & 1.25 The Jar
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AUCTION SALE
 —OF—

Horses, Mares and Mules
Saturday, April 21
At Bodenhammer Wagon Yard
BRADY, TEXAS

ONE CAR of GOOD MARES, HORSES and MULES

I will sell this stock without fail. On account of bad weather and sickness didn't try to sell this stock last Saturday.

Gentlemen, I have Good Stock to offer you. I am no stranger to you. I guarantee everything as represented to you. Will trade. If you have something you can't use, maybe I can. Be with us Sure. You Will See Some Good Stock.

SALE AT 1:00 P. M.

P. F. MIDDLETON
 SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

We are now delivering coal on the new cheap summer prices. Order your Winter coal today and save further worry. MACY & CO.

PurinaStartena fed with Baby Chick Chow will save from ninety to one hundred per cent of your small Turkeys. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

Dwarf Maize Seed
and Kasch Cotton Seed

We have plenty of Dwarf Maize Seed at \$3.50 per 100-lbs., as good as the best. Kasch Cotton Seed at \$1.50 per bu.—first year from breeder. Other Seed and Feed priced right. See us before you buy.

APPLETON BROS.
 Old Brady Sentinel Bldg.

poem
 by **UNCLE JOHN**

If I was makin' sejestions, which I seldom attempt to do,
 I might remark that old friends is giner'ly safer'n new. . . .
 If you feel that Spring is upon us, remember this sage advice:
 Be slow to part with yer fuzzies, till you're feelin' the need of ice.

SPRING WARNING If I should admonish my neighbors, which I hardly expect to try, I'd start with the freaks of weather, from now till about July, —an' I'd sorter dwell on the danger of takin' a blasted cold, if you peel off the winter fuzzies, because they're a trine old. . . .

If I was disposed to orate on matters of health in spring, I might refer to the changes that April is bound to bring; an' the crime of clippin' yer whiskers a month and a half too soon, is as fatal as sheddin' yer fuzzies before it's the tenth of June.

PHILOSOPHY
 by **UNCLE JOHN**

Ah, the joy of childhood!—to romp, to swim, to fish, to play, to while away the live long day filling the storehouse of the mind with memories that last through life. And youth—the thrill of vision—the possibilities, its potentialities, the expanding intellect, the virility of the hour, the ardour of sweet companionship, the birth of love. And middle age—the satisfaction of accomplishment, the handling out, the giving, the pride in recreation, the honor of responsibility, of guidance to the young. And age—repose, the vision of the setting sun, reflection of the day well spent, the task performed—the kindly word, the deeper understanding of humanity. Tired? Comes the day of passing, the end of weariness, the entry into the great new world.

Richard Lloyd Jones Says Your Success is Within Yourself

Others can bring you up carefully: can give you equipment and education, but at the end there is but one power that decrees for or against our success, and that is yourself.

Stevenson said, "One man I had to make good. Myself. All others I have to make happy—if I can."

Yourself is your direct point of contact with the world and those about you. Yourself is the point that needs study and adjustment because the world by all the laws of physics and metaphysics is bound to react upon you as you affect it.

Were it not for the real serious business of training and bringing the best out of yourself, the business of bringing happiness out of this world would be automatic.

As the world has grown complex, more and more study of the relation of each individual to his surroundings has been necessary.

There are certain qualities that belong to you yourself. Your most devoted friend cannot force them on you. Your most relentless enemy cannot take them away. They are a free gift of your inheritance.

If your birth has been niggardly with these qualities, then all your life you will be to disadvantage, but if yourself be mostly of the right spirit, you will triumph anyway.

There are unfortunate, ill-born souls who come into the world with their heritage of self-mastery stolen from them. They are foredoomed to be a drain on humanity and a burden to their fellowmen. They

may have many gifts of brilliancy and power, but they are like a fine and delicate machine that cannot be co-ordinated into productive power.

This is an age of attempt to study oneself with the idea of making oneself of use to others. More and more religions center on the necessity and duty of being right-minded.

You say, superficially, "My duty in this world is to others—not to myself." The truth is, your pre-eminent duty in this world is just to yourself. Only by doing the very highest best for yourself can you do the very highest best for others.

No man can teach mathematics who has not himself mastered mathematics. You can only teach astronomy so far as you have studied the story of the stars.

You cannot hope to make others cheerful until you have made cheerfulness your habit. You cannot give sympathy until you have acquired sympathy.

Emerson said that the best thing a boy got out of college was a room to himself.

Every wise man, like the wise merchant, knows where he stands because he knows the worth of pause for invoice. Take stock of yourself. If on reviewing your shelves you find your stock of consideration for others below, or your jars of generosity be empty, get more of those commodities in your storehouse. You need them to make yourself good to yourself and therefore good to others.

It is only the poorly man who slices of self-study,

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