

It Pays to Keep Fully Insured. A. B. Garrithers, All Kinds of Insurance

THE HEART OF TEXAS WANTS TEXAS TECH

BRADY BAND'S NEW UNIFORMS STRIKINGLY HANDSOME

Despite a heavy shower Saturday night and Sunday morning, the Brady Municipal band appeared in open-air concert on the court yard square Sunday afternoon, and delighted a large and appreciative audience not only with their customary excellent program of concert and march numbers, but with their strikingly handsome appearance in their new uniforms. The unanimous opinion was that the designing and color combination of the new uniforms was not only in perfect taste, but that the boys presented a strikingly attractive appearance which, in itself, enhanced the universal appreciation of the program rendered.

The new uniforms are black, with black braid and silver trimmings, and with regulation cap to match. Little Miss Virginia Hughes, as band mascot, is also uniformed in coat and cap to match the band uniforms.

The Brady Municipal band is now all set to attend the annual convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce to be held in San Angelo May 21-22 and 23rd, and where they will enter the competition with Class B bands—those organized between January 1st, 1921 and January 1, 1922—for a capital prize of \$350. The competitive test calls for the judging of the band on the rendering of one march, one concert number and a third number of their own selection.

In addition, the local band will also enter contests for special prizes offered for the best instrumentation and also the best-uniformed band. In both these special contests the band expects to carry off first honors. If Brady citizens are any judge of beautiful and pleasing uniforms, then the Brady band is certain to rank 100% in this contest.

Special 32-inch Gingham, regular price 30c the yard. Now 20c. A. R. HOOPER.

Why kill your young Turkeys and Chickens by improper feeding, when by buying a small quantity of Purina Chows you can save at least ninety per cent of them. MAYHEW PRODUCE COMPANY.

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

TOMORROW WILL BRING "DAYS OF '49" BACK AGAIN

The big stage is set, and every preparation is complete. Tomorrow Brady will shake off the veneer and polish and development of three-quarters of a century, and emerge once more, a wild and woolly western wigwag "In the Days of '49." The bad men of the old days, long sleeping in their narrow graves, and many with their boots on, will come to life once more and raise the terrors that were stilled when they passed on. The early day miner, his eyes flushed with the excitement of the lure of the lost Eldorado, will again seek the companionship of the brightly lighted saloon, the dance hall and the gambling den, to while away both his gold-dust and his time. The ancient long-horn cow-boy will ride three hundred miles to come to town for Saturday night. There will be boots and spurs, and chaps and leather leggin's, and red-eye and roulette—everything that the Days of '49 meant, will be brought back once more. There will be artillery, too, but all wearers of artillery are cautioned to leave the magazines of their artillery somewhere back in the sagebrush.

Money will float around in profusion, one hundred million bucks having been imported from the faro bank at Dead Man's Gulch, in order to help the celebration along. There are keys circulating around over this neck 'o the woods, too, that range in value from \$50 to \$500—have you got yours? The boys still have a few left, and you might, if you have the necessary bucks, bunco one of the boys out of the winning key.

Anyway, tomorrow (Saturday) is the big day; Brady is the place, and the time ranges from 1:00 p. m., when the big parade starts, to 12:00 p. m., when little Faro Nell kicks the last light out of the Three IXL bar.

NOTICE!

A play, "Deacon Dubbs," a three-act comedy, will be played at the Lost Creek school house Saturday night, April 28. A small admittance fee will be charged, which will go to the school.

Mavis, Palmolive and Marcelle talcum powder, 18c. A. R. HOOPER.

Most Unpopular Man In Town



BRADY LUNCHEON CLUB PLANS COUNTY CLEAN-UP AND DRESS-UP CAMPAIGN

WANTS CITIZENSHIP AND ENTIRE COUNTY ON DRESS PARADE WHEN "TECH" COLLEGE LOCATING BOARD VISITS BRADY ON TOUR.

Anticipating favorable action by the Locating Board on Brady's brief submitted together with her formal application as a site for Texas Technological college, the Brady Luncheon club yesterday enthusiastically endorsed various suggested campaigns looking towards the improvement and betterment of both sanitary and physical aspects of town and country. Approval was voiced of a thorough and county-wide clean-up and paint-up campaign, a road-dragging and street-improving campaign, a weed-killing and "Brady Beautiful" campaign, and a general campaign to thoroughly inform the entire citizenship upon Brady's claims and the many advantages set forth in her brief as making Brady the logical location for Texas "Tech."

Brady's brief was yesterday afternoon filed with the Locating Board at Austin. The filing was done by Brady's personal representatives, Wm. D. Cargill, secretary of the Brady Chamber of Commerce and F. M. Newman of Brady, and T. J. Beasley of Mercury. This committee carried autographed briefs, one for each member of the locating board, and several additional ones for use as a source of information for anyone who might be interested. Every member of the committee was carefully coached and fully informed upon every subject and every phase of every subject pertaining to Brady's claim as the logical location for Texas "Tech," and it goes without saying that the committee will waste no opportunity to talk Brady and to let the world know about Brady's superior qualifications. In furtherance of the work of this

committee, the Brady Luncheon club devised and took favorable action upon several plans for impressing Brady's name and fame upon every citizen of the state. Several novel advertising stunts were suggested and will speedily be put into effect.

Still another action planned, was to have Brady citizens attend the West Texas Chamber of Commerce at San Angelo next month in a body, accompanying the Brady Municipal band, and which will hereafter be officially dubbed the "Liza Jane" band. The Brady band concedes no superior—nay, not even an equal—in bands either of its own class, or older bands. It is the best band in the state, and it is prepared to substantiate this claim at the San Angelo conference. All it asks, is that Brady citizens give it their moral support and physical presence when they parade into San Angelo and during their stay there.

The meeting of Brady Luncheon club yesterday was unanimously declared the most enthusiastic ever held, and every member expressed himself in favor of carrying the messages delivered at the meeting to every citizen in Brady. Arrange-

ments will be concluded at once to stage a big get-together meeting in Brady in the near future, and every citizen is going to be inspired by the spirit and enthusiasm of the Luncheon club members.

LOST CREEK SCHOOL TO PRESENT PLAY, "DEACON DUBBS," SAT., APRIL 28TH

Announcement is made that the Lost Creek school will, on Saturday, April 28th, present a three-act comedy entitled "Deacon Dubbs." The play will be presented in the interests of the school, and a small admission fee will be charged. The citizens of Lost Creek have a splendid school, and there is a reason for it—the citizens of Lost Creek are solidly behind their schools. Furthermore, they believe in their school and do not depend upon the school faculty alone to make their school, but put personal effort and enthusiasm into the school work with the result that the school spirit runs high. Whenever Lost Creek announces an entertainment of any kind, one may rest assured that it is going to be a worthwhile undertaking, and one that every citizen from far and near will appreciate and enjoy. The play should be attended by everyone who can possibly go, and Lost Creek citizens should receive every encouragement in their praiseworthy efforts in the building up and maintenance of their splendid school spirit.

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

MAYOR E. L. JONES APPOINTS STANDING COMMITTEES

Tuesday night marked the regular meeting night of the Brady city council, and at which the chief business of the evening, aside from routine matters, was the seating of the newly-elected aldermen, Messrs. A. B. Cox, W. J. Evers and J. A. Maxwell, and as well the re-seating of C. A. Trigg, elected to fill out the unexpired term of W. F. Roberts, Sr., resigned. Messrs. C. A. Trigg, C. H. Vincent and B. Simpson were the three aldermen whose terms of office expired, and the last two retiring.

Appointment of Standing committees by Mayor E. L. Jones was announced by the mayor, following the seating of the new council, as follows:

- Street committee—J. A. Maxwell, chairman; J. H. Ogden, A. B. Cox.
- Claims committee—J. H. Ogden, W. J. Evers, J. A. Maxwell.
- Tax committee—A. B. Cox, J. H. Ogden, W. J. Evers.
- Police committee—C. A. Trigg, J. A. Maxwell, J. H. Ogden.
- Fire and Water committee—J. H. Ogden, A. B. Cox, C. A. Trigg.
- Printing committee—W. J. Evers, C. A. Trigg, J. A. Maxwell.
- Ordinance committee—C. A. Trigg, W. J. Evers, A. B. Cox.
- Cemetery committee—C. A. Trigg, A. B. Cox, W. J. Evers.
- Sanitary committee—J. A. Maxwell, W. J. Evers, J. H. Ogden.

At a previous meeting, held the first Tuesday in the month, the city license of Copeland Bros. show was remitted and allowed to go to the local post of the American Legion, under whose auspices the show appeared.

The bid of the Commercial National bank, offering to pay interest on inactive funds at the rate of 5 1/2%, and on active funds at the rate of 4 1/2-10%, from daily balances, was accepted and that bank designated as official city depository.

At a special meeting held the night following, the council canvassed the returns of the city election and declared A. B. Cox, W. J. Evers and J. A. Maxwell regularly elected aldermen, and C. A. Trigg elected at the special election to fill the unexpired term of W. F. Roberts, Sr.

Refrigerator time. Make your selection now while the stock is complete. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

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

MRS. AUG. F. BEHRENS

Cut Flowers, Floral Designs
Fine Pansy and other Bedding Plants
Greenhouses in North Brady Addition
PHONE 136 OR 4502

LEMON COCOA Butter Cream

A New Product for the Complexion

Every lady should use this new and efficient product.

It preserves the skin, beautifies the complexion.

One of the best products for Massaging the face and neck at night.

Then use the Liquid, Lemon, Cocoa, Butter Cream during the day before using powder and rouge.

Use only the Harmony brand products.

One Liquid, one Jar Cream price, the two \$1.00

Brady, "The Heart of Texas, Wants Texas Tech"
So Does Trigg Drug Comp'y

Uncle John's Josh

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE "WORK!"



BE WISE and Have Your Painting

done by the—**OWL PAINT CO.**
Old E. B. Ramsay Building
S.-W. Corner Square

FOR THIRTY DAYS



\$10 Gold Crown or \$5.00

\$10 Gold Bridge Teeth \$5.00

No More Asked

Plates Made by My New Methods Guaranteed to Fit Any Mouth. Pyorrhea and All Diseases of the Gums Successfully Treated

TEETH EXTRACTED PAINLESS
All Work Guaranteed Lady in Attendance

Dr. H. W. Lindley, Dentist
Over Broad Mercantile Co. Phone 81



COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

LOST CREEK ECHOES.

Fruit Crop Prospects Very Good—Pecan Timber Blooming Out.

Voca, Texas, April 17.
Editor Brady Standard:
Sometimes folks say things which on the spur of the moment, they believe to be a thing of absolute truth. Just so with this writer! Some time ago I said I was very sure the fruit crop seemed to be all killed or words to that effect, but now I am of the opinion that if nothing further hinders, there will be a very fair fruit crop here, a thing which we all are proud of. I see that the pecan timber is blooming out in fine shape and a prospect for a pecan crop although it's too early for us to say there will be a pecan crop.

D. H. Henderson of this community top-worked some of his pecan timber the past week, putting in a number of fine paper-shell buds.

The ground has been getting wetter and wetter every day in every way by the big rains for the past week; the creek has been up for nearly a week but not up high at any time, as we have not had any water-spouts—just fine, gentle, ground-soaking good rains.

One thing I am glad to report that this part of the county will have a gin this year to gin the big cotton crop that will be made here this year. Billie Jackson of Field Creek has, I am told, secured the old Deans gin at Voca and will put in new machinery and otherwise repair and arrange to take care of the ginning of the cotton. Voca is an ideal location for a gin and Billie Jackson with past experience in handling gin machinery, no doubt, will make a success in his undertaking here.

A fine big boy came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Schooley a few days ago. Mrs. Schooley has been quite seriously ill for the past few days, but is some better now. We are hoping she will soon be well again.

"A CITIZEN."

HELP WANTED.
We want customers to help us get out of the dry goods business. Prices far below cost price. **POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.,** Brady, Texas.

DON'T WAIT.
Take Advantage of a Brady Citizen's Experience.

When the back begins to ache, Don't wait until backache becomes chronic; Till kidney troubles develop; Till urinary troubles destroy night's rest.

Profit by a Brady citizen's experience. W. McShan, lawyer, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have proven very beneficial to me. I have used them at different times if I needed them. Doan's have always relieved my back and strengthened my kidneys." AFTER FOUR YEARS, Mr. McShan said: "Occasionally I need Doan's and they always relieve me. I highly recommend Doan's to all sufferers of kidney trouble."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARION MIXINGS.

Mr. George Gives Birthday Dinner—Marion School Out May 1st.

Brady, Texas April 9.
Editor Brady Standard:
Hello everybody! Here I am once more, after quite an absence.

Spring has come once more, and farmers are busy planting corn.

Miss Katy Woodward left for Waco last Saturday, where she will stay a month or so. Everyone will miss her, as she is loved by everyone around here.

Marion school will last three more weeks.

The plays at Waldrip Thursday and Friday nights were attended and enjoyed by a large crowd.

Mr. George celebrated his 48th birthday with a turkey dinner Sunday. Those who enjoyed the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Rethford and son, Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Ebb Rethford and children, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Blackwell and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin McMullen and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Walker and Opal Duke, Effie and Bonnie Short were visitors at the Mayo home the past three days.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ralston went to Mason Saturday afternoon, but returned Sunday.

Mr. Rinehart Richter was in Brady Saturday night.

Lit Walker left for California last Thursday.

Lola Butler visited Opal Duke Sunday.

W. D. Walker is erecting a new windmill over his new well.

"KOYALA."

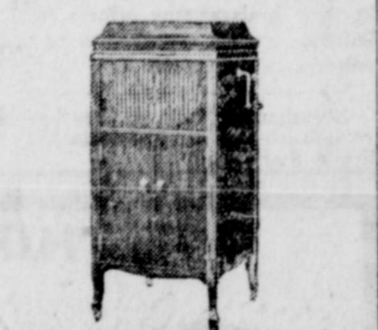
FOR OVER 40 YEARS

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE has been used successfully in the treatment of Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which Quickly Relieves by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces, thus reducing the inflammation Sold by all druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Plain white Plates, set, \$1.10; extra value in white Cups and Saucers, set, \$1.20. A. R. HOOPER.

Need a New Stove? We carry a well assorted stock of Stoves and Ranges, in such lines as the Charter Oak, Wilson and Wesco. **BROAD MERCANTILE CO.**

BRUNSWICK Phonographs and Records



O. D. MANN & SONS

ATTENTION FARMERS

Buy your MEBANE Seed with A. D. Mebane, the breeder's guarantee on every sack. Look for his Trade Mark—a red circle with the word "Mebane" in green.

ARRIVED— CAR MEBANE SEED. WE ARE NOW READY TO MAKE DELIVERIES OF MEBANE SEED. CALL AT THE GIN.

J. H. PURDY

EXCLUSIVE DEALER Brady, Texas

DUSTY ITEMS.

Weeds Threaten to Take Crop—School Carnival a Great Success.

Voca, Texas, April 16.
Editor Brady Standard:
Here I come again with a wee-bit of news.

Well, as it is raining so much, all the farmers would be glad to see a little sunshine, or the weeds are going to take the crops.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Mayo were up from Pontotoc Saturday, visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Massey made a business trip to Mason Monday, returning home Wednesday.

The musical at Mr. Bill Pinson's Friday night was enjoyed by a large crowd.

Mrs. Arch Clevenger has been on the sick list the past week, but is reported better at present.

Mr. Bert Williams who has been working at Brady returned home Saturday afternoon to spend the weekend.

The carnival at the school house Saturday afternoon was reported a great success and cakes, pies, sandwiches and cold drinks were sold; also a negro minstrel was had Saturday night. Everybody reported a real nice time.

Well as news is scarce will drop to one side.

"SCHOOL BOY."

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

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or disintegrate the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

Words of Wisdom.

A hen is the only living critter that can set still and produce.—Ex. About the time you think you make both ends meet, somebody moves the ends.—Ex.

Prosperity will come when men watch their work instead of watching the clock work.—The Beehive.

Never imagine that only facts matter. Sentiment is a fact, too, and an important one.—Edward Goldbeck.

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

It would be an unspeakable advantage if men would consider the great truth that no man is wise or safe but him that is honest.—Walter Raleigh.

A business organization must resemble a cobweb; a straight and direct connection must lead from each point to the center.—Edward Goldbeck.

Colds Cause Grip and Influenza

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." W. GROVE'S is the one on box. 50c

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.

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.

Stockmen: We are ready for the Spring trade with a large stock of shop-made Boots, Saddles, Bridles, Spurs and Bits. **EVERS & BRO.**

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.**

TWO NATIONAL BANKS IN LLANO CLOSED—SERIOUS FINANCIAL SITUATION HAD

According to the Llano News of last week, the closing of the doors of the Home National bank there on Monday brought about an unexpected and serious financial crisis in that city. The closing of the bank is ascribed to the charging off by the bank examiner, of bad paper—notes executed by parties who were unable to meet their obligation, much of the trouble being brought about through the great depreciation in cattle.

The situation was further aggravated by the fact that the failure prevented the re-opening of the Llano National bank, which closed some time ago, for the same reason as the last failure, but which had been re-organized and was to have been re-opened Monday. It developed, however, that about \$24,000 of the \$50,000 capital stock of the re-organized bank was in checks on the Home National bank, and the checking out of this amount would not only close the doors of the Home National but would make the Llano National a preferred creditor.

It is now probable that two banks will be consolidated, re-organized and re-opened at an early date as a strong financial institution, with a capital stock of \$125,000.00.

The Kiss.

A kiss he printed on her lips, And she made this oration: Please, please continue doing that, It boosts my circulation. —Du Marquis.

A kiss he printed on her lips In a "preferred position." Said he, as he wiped off his lips, "I like your composition." —Ad Libitum.

A kiss he printed on her lips, His press work sure was great But thanks to faulty lock-up He spoiled her color plate. —Ad Club, New York.

A kiss he printed on her lips, Their forms were locked up tight And now he said, "if something slips, This will sure be pi alright." —The Times, Cuba.

A kiss he printed on her lips, The maiden cried "Oh stay," And stay he did, the printer bold, And kissed away her over-lay. —National Printer Journalist.

A kiss he printed on her lips, And others in succession The maiden snuggling closer sighed, "You made a good impression." —Richardson Echo.

A kiss he printed on her lips, The powder made him sneeze, The maiden smiled and softly sighed, "More impression, please." —Menard Messenger.

Habitual Constipation Cured in 14 to 21 Days

"LAX-FOS WITH PEP SIN" is a specially-prepared Syrup Tonic-Laxative for Habitual Constipation. It relieves promptly but should be taken regularly for 14 to 21 days to induce regular action. It Stimulates and Regulates. Very Pleasant to Take. 60c per bottle.

Our charter expires in May. We must close out the Popular Dry Goods Co. Get your goods now. Wholesale prices are advancing. Our prices are cut far below lowest cost prices in years. **POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.,** Brady, Texas.

Fishing time! Our stock of Fishing Tackle is complete; in fact, we believe we carry the most complete stock in Brady. **BROAD MERCANTILE CO.** We buy Packing Stock Enter. **MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.**

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.**

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The Chicago Motor Club has a fleet of motor cycle riders who pick up broken glass on the streets when they receive a call.

Because he had no money a young Canadian from Alberta, 18 years of age, was turned back at the American side of the international bridge in Niagara Falls, New York. He then climbed to the network of steel girders beneath the bridge and walked across the Niagara River, 150 feet above the water on an iron beam 12 inches wide. Thousands of tourists viewed the rash act and customs officers again escorted him back to Canada.

Our national wild life resources, if capitalized on the basis of a six per cent annual income, are worth more than \$1,000,000,000.

Italy plans to develop 75 per cent of her available water power within a year. All sources of water power are to be linked up so that when water is scarce in the north in winter the power can be conveyed from Central Italy, and in the summer when the water is scarce in the central part of Italy the power can be obtained from the Alpine streams of the north.

In Floor Coverings we are in position to please you. Linoleum, Rugs, Etc., have been very scarce and we have bought heavy on this line. We bought before a heavy advance and we are in position to make prices that will please you. If interested in Art Squares or Linoleum, we will be pleased to have you look over our stock. **Broad Mercantile Co.**

O. D. Mann & Sons
BRADY, TEXAS
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Undertakers and Embalmers
Modern Auto Hearse in Connection
Day Phone 4 Night Phone 195

Tan-No-More
"The Skin Beautifier"
35¢ 50¢ & 1.00 The Jar
4¢ TOILET COUNTERS
SAMPLES SENT ON REQUEST
BAKER LABORATORIES
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

EAGLE "MIKADO" Pencil No. 174
For Sale at your Dealer Made in five grades
ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND
EAGLE MIKADO
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

Low Cost—Comfortable Motoring

This Buick four cylinder, five passenger touring car affords dependable, comfortable motoring for every occasion.

Improvements in the design of both the chassis and the famous Buick Valve-in-Head engine have contributed further to the well known Buick qualities of dependability and economy. Innovations in equipment have provided comforts in the open model that approximate those found in much more expensive closed cars.

For instance, with the Buick designed storm curtains, reinforced by the Buick weather strip, closed car coziness in bad weather has been closely approximated. A signal pocket for the driver, complete instrument board, transmission lock and many other conveniences are features every motorist appreciates.

Fours		Sixes	
2 Pass. Roadster \$865	2 Pass. Roadster \$1175	4 Pass. Coupe - \$1895	
5 Pass. Touring 885	5 Pass. Touring 1195	7 Pass. Touring 1435	
3 Pass. Coupe - 1175	5 Pass. Touring	7 Pass. Sedan - 2195	
5 Pass. Sedan - 1395	5 Pass. Touring		
5 Pass. Touring	Sedan . . . 1935	Sport Roadster 1625	
Sedan . . . 1225		Sport Touring - 1675	
Sport Roadster 1025	5 Pass. Sedan - 1985		

Prices f. o. b. Buick Factory; government tax to be added. Ask about the G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan, which provides for Deferred Payments. D-15-57-NP

When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them
BRADY AUTO COMPY
B. A. HALLUM, Mgr. Phone 152 Brady, Texas.

As To Being Slim

Being slim may be a matter of pounds; but looking slim is a matter of where those pounds are placed.

Gossard Type Corsetry

as interpreted by our experienced corsetiers, will raise or flatten a curve, and re-proportion your entire figure to an appearance of graceful slimness.

And all this is attained without reducing a single pound or losing one atom of natural freedom.

You're always comfortable in a Gossard.

C. H. Vincent
DRY GOODS
SOUTH SIDE



HAVE you read "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman?" It is Jane Hill's newest and most interesting help to beauty, better appearance and real comfort. Copies are free, in the corset department

THE AVERAGE FIGURE— IS IT YOURS?

By JANE HILL

Those of us who have average figures are truly blessed, for our problem is much less complicated. But don't consider the class dismissed!

What are we doing with those figures? Do we always stand just as correctly as we did just now when we were being measured? Or do we betray our tailor by having him fit an upright-downright customer who promptly slouches just as soon as she gets home, and breaks the beautiful line of her suit over the bust, and makes her collar stick out in the back?

Do we stand with one hip up and one hip down, like a weary dray horse? Even Helen of Troy couldn't look lovely in that position—or the equally bad one we assume when we poke our necks out like so many humpbacked turtles. We all know how to stand. But—do we do it? Let's practice for even a single week and see the difference it makes.

But first let's be sure our fall from grace hasn't been due to the wrong corset. For slouching often comes from sheer weariness, and, oh, what weariness creeps into our very bones under the maddening pressure of a corset that chooses our favorite nerve on which to fit too soon! Did we get the correct size in the first place? The comfortable length? The right weight? Did we have the corset laced correctly? Are the garters adjusted as they should be?

Very few of us are ideal average. There is always a bit of coaxing to be done—a little crasing, a subtly straightened line, a comfortable support. With remarkably few bones and no undue constraint, the proper corset designed for the average figure brings it gently but surely to the injustice of looking older than you are.

Madam, How Do You Move?

Litheness and grace of movement are intimately tied up with this matter of standing correctly and wearing the right corset. No woman can be truly beautiful or even charming unless she's lovely when she bends her head and listens to you, when she plays the piano, when she dances, or sits on the floor with her kiddies, or sews a seam. Nerve tension expresses itself in jerks. And, just here, let us say that irritability prevents many an otherwise good-looking woman from ever being classed as such.

And the wrong corset may have almost as much to do with irritability as the wrong creed! Stand correctly. Move rhythmically. So far, so good. That advice applies to the whole group, and to all the groups, too. But what shall we wear when we do it?

The Fashion Parade Chez Moi.

Let each of us "average figures" go offstage and get her favorite afternoon dress and come back wearing it. Maybe it wasn't made this year. Perhaps it's a three-year-old gown we liked so much we just can't bear to give it up.

Why did we like it? Gertrude says, "I like mine because the blue is just a bit deeper than my eyes. It makes them look wonderful. Ted said so."

Jane says, "I like mine because

that drapery over the hips conceals the inch that oughtn't to be there—nobody knows whether it's hip or frock!"

Marion says, "I like mine because that neck-line hides those mean little collar bones and yet shows my neck to advantage—and it's a nice neck, if I do say it myself."

Cynthia says, "I like mine because it's so clever in the line it takes over the bust. I need to be careful just there, even if I did reduce twenty pounds to get back into the 'average' group."

Norma says, "I like mine because it's so simple. I don't believe I have a single real figure-defect, and this dress follows every line I have and doesn't muss up the effect with trimming."

And yet, how many of us will remember these little personal reasons when we go to get the next dress? Wouldn't we have been much better dressed in the past if we'd paid a little less attention to changing modes, new colors, and the desire to have something different at all costs, and more attention to reproducing, in some way or other, the point that had made last year's frock a success? Surely we can be up-to-date and yet remember the especially becoming way of presenting ourselves.

Try on all your old dresses and criticize them before you get a new one. Form the habit of mentally trying on the clothes you see in fashion magazines, on the street, in the shops. Put them on your friends—they won't know!—and tell yourself what you think of the result. You'll be surprised to see how much you'll learn.

If you have any corset problem, write to Miss Jane Hill, in care of this paper, and your letter (unopened) will be forwarded direct to her for answer.

New shipment of the best Cane-Seated Chairs in the world just arrived at C. H. ARNSPIGGER'S Second Hand Store.

A little hail can undo six months' work. Better get that Hail Insurance Policy today from W. H. BALLOU & CO.

If you will need anything in Outing, we have the best grade. Special, yard, 15c. A. R. HOOPER.

Persuasion Needed.

"Do you stand back of every statement you make in your newspaper?" asked the timid little man.

"Why—er—yes," answered the country editor.

"Then," said the little man, holding up a notice of his death, "I wish you would help me collect my life insurance."—American Legion Weekly.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

For the first time in the history of Pennsylvania a woman was named a member of the governor's cabinet. The position is Commissioner of Public Welfare.

Certain novels of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter are to be filmed. For years she has resisted the temptations of fabulous offers for the screen rights to her popular stories, fearing that they would be garbled and suggestive incidents added to give the thrill that producers talk about. Mrs. Porter's stories are interesting and popular and free of anything objectionable.

The Sahara Desert embraces more than 3,500,000 square miles, being nearly as large as the European mainland. This desert is famous for its extensive trade in musk, gum, dates, alum, hides, spices, cotton, palm oil and ostrich feathers. It supports a population of 2,000,000.

The millionaire son of the inventor of the rickshaw is converting his great factory into a manufactory of baby carriages, as he realizes that this convenient and picturesque vehicle of the East is on the road to extinction. The decline of the rickshaw in Japan is due to the fact that labor even in the Orient, is rising above the vehicle-pulling stage.

Stickers of animals will adorn the windshields of automobiles entering any of the 12 national parks. These stickers are designed with animals native to each particular park and are issued by the Department of the Interior.

During the last year \$500,000 was expended on construction of graveled roads in Alaska, most of the work being done on the Glacier National Highway.

R. K. Atkinson, of the Russell Sage Foundation, says, "We are rapidly becoming a nation of bleachers, because we have too much temptation and too much encouragement to be passive participants in recreation—to listen, and watch, and not perform. And all the while, we are piling up emotional stimulus, and repressing it."

Badgers live in the chalk cliffs of the British Isles and destroy much game while foraging at night. Badger-hunting, or digging, is a novel sport, for it entails following the badger into its lair deep in the ground. Extensive galleries with many ramifications are revealed in the chalk cliffs where for thousands of years the animals have been burrowing and excavating the soil.

The heavy gypsy earrings of the latest fashion in London are stretching the ears of women who wear them into triangular shapes, and permanently disfiguring them. Some of the earrings weigh four ounces. Paris women are wearing earrings attached to their hats or evening head-dresses.

The World Prohibition and Reform Federation is an organization formed by the merging of the International Reform Bureau and the World Prohibition Federation. It was announced that the aims of the federation were "to add to the happiness of America and to develop such an understanding between the nations of the earth that as a result the whole world might be educated to the cooperative task of eliminating all causes that produce misunderstandings and result in wars."

Tractors are replacing the dog sledge trains in the spring rush to the Yukon this year. The first tractor train, consisting of a 10-ton hauler with three trailers, was made up at White Horse recently for the 300-mile trip to Mayo. Tractors are also being pressed into service to carry ore from the Keno Hill silver mines to Mayo landing.

The newly organized Chicago Civic Theatre Association plans to establish and maintain a theater wherein plays of the highest standard and significance may be performed by artists who are recognized as having ability and reputation. Free performances will be given Saturday afternoons with a classic play for the public school children of Chicago. A library of drama and art literature, to be known as the Actor's Library, will be maintained in connection with the organization.

The treasures of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are guarded each night by two giant police dogs who are trained to refuse to accompany anyone but the watchman who has charge of them. At intervals each night they are led through the darkened galleries. All employees have been cautioned against remaining in the building after hours because of the danger of attack by the powerful canines. But for the intervention of the watchman recently, an official of the museum, who stayed until late in the evening, would have been torn to pieces.

ON VACATION

By MARION E. LEIGHTON

(© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

With an exclamation of disgust, Joe wound up his line, pulled his dangling legs up to solid planking and stood on the wharf. With rather gloomy countenance he stood for a moment, gazing out over the harbor to the tumbling surf breaking over The Ledges.

Gone, for the moment, was his appreciation of the natural beauties of his surroundings. Old Fort with its waving flag, Beaver and John's islands and distant Thumbcap in her setting of blue salt water had temporarily lost their power to charm.

Joe was lonely and—though he probably wouldn't have admitted it—just the least bit homesick.

Two weeks ago he had come to Pen-aquid for a quiet vacation, and now he was thinking that he was getting too much. He reflected that he hadn't made the acquaintance of a half dozen people, that they were too busy to entertain him, that the scenery was good, but not exactly lively company, and, last but not least, that he was "blamed lonesome."

Vacation only half gone, too! He was going out to try a little harbor fishing. Too rough to go outside—see that surf pile in over The Ledges! Twenty minutes later he was rather sleepily dangling a line over the side of his dory (hired for the month) and wishing a shark or something would swallow his bait and make him fight for possession of the line, hook, sinker—or even the boat! He felt like fighting!

Well, what idiot was that? A boat, a dory no larger than his own, was putting off from the beach wharf directly across the bay. In this heavy sea, too! The fool would be swamped unless he were a mighty good oarsman.

Joe craned his neck and watched the little boat take the rougher water. Then he said a single word—that sounded like one of those obstructions they build across streams to make mill-wheels turn, and reached for his field-glasses.

"Jumpin' catfish! It is—it's a woman!" he informed himself. "And she's going to be in a peck of trouble right away or I don't know summer visitors. Get busy, Joe!"

Thus commanded, Joe pulled up anchor and sent his brave rescue ship toward the scene of the coming disaster. About half way out a shrill, feminine scream, borne on the wings of the fateful wind, reached his expectant ears.

Joe gritted his teeth and pulled harder.

"I knew it!" he muttered. "They all need a guardlan." An extra twist of his neck showed him the other boat being buffeted about by the waves, while the single occupant was splashing frantically with one oar. Considering the odds, Joe covered the intervening distance in incredibly short time. With the skill of an old salt, he worked his boat alongside and by the bow of the other. As he glided past, both boats bobbing like corks, he reached out and seized the painter of the helpless craft. It was more difficult to make it satisfactorily fast to his own boat, but he accomplished it without mishap and pulled back to calmer waters. Neither occupant had spoken a word.

Inside the harbor he eased up a bit and sighed with relief.

"I—I lost an oar," came timidly from the other boat.

"Oh, did you? I thought probably you had only one to start with," was the reply.

Under this biting sarcasm she subsided and spoke no more until his boat rubbed the edge of the float.

He stepped out and turned to look at her. He kept on looking, and decided she was very good to look at.

When she finally met his gaze there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes and her lip trembled.

"I—I don't know how to thank you," she faltered. "You—you probably saved my life and—I think a lot of it—even if you don't seem to—to share the feeling."

"Forgive me. I was nasty mean, wasn't I? Step out and get your nerve back, and then I'll set you across to your own wharf."

For one hour they sat on the wharf and talked. Two lonely people can exchange a lot of confidences in one hour, especially two of opposite sex.

He confided that he had been terribly lonely, and she confessed that loneliness was what had driven her to attempt a row in rough water—only she hadn't supposed it quite so rough as it proved. He also learned that she answered to the name of Ruth Armstrong, and admitted he had always liked the "Ruth" part of it particularly. The next two weeks gave neither Joe Carey nor Ruth Armstrong opportunity to be lonely. They rowed and fished, hunted shells, went clamming—and they talked.

The natives grinned and wisely nodded their heads; couldn't fool them when a first-class romance was in port. The cottagers merely grinned.

Two weeks don't last forever, and one bright September morning Ruth and Joe stood on the wharf and watched the launch that was to take him across the bay glide up to the float. They were both downcast as she gave him her hand.

"You'll come—at Christmas time—won't you?" she asked in a low voice. "You know I do want to meet your wife."

"I'll come," he replied in the same low tone; "I want to meet your husband, too."

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STOCK & POULTRY FEEDS

Save Your Baby Chicks

FEED SUPERIOR BUTTERMILK STARTER

A good start is assured when you feed your Baby Chicks Superior Chick Starter, which contains dried Buttermilk and ground bone. Both of these ingredients are very essential to the good health and rapid growth of your baby chicks. Superior Starter prevents bowel trouble and reduces mortality to a minimum.

Insist on Superior Feeds—You'll recognize them in their red chain bags.

Universal Mills, Fort Worth, Texas
MACY & COMPANY
Brady, Texas Phone 295

Making Sure.
O'Reilly was a henpecked husband, unforgiving even when Mrs. O'Reilly had been called to the "great beyond." He refused to have anything to do with the funeral or go to the cemetery. All of the arrangements were looked after by neighbors. When they had straightened up the house, they got O'Reilly to consent to come in and look over the floral offerings of the friends. Then they asked him if there was anything further they could do before they took their leave. Still regarding the floral pieces, O'Reilly nodded and observed:

"If yez don't mind, yez might close thim 'Gates Ajar.'—Everybody's."

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ter. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

Our stock of Furniture is complete. We can supply your wants in most any quality of Furniture desired. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

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Is Like Sleeping
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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 M.

UNION BUS COMP'Y
BRADY PHONE 409

—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

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.

Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and the McCulloch County Star May 2nd, 1910

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES
Local Readers, 7½c per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1½c per word per issue
Display Rates Given upon Application

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.

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

BRADY, TEXAS, April 20, 1923

HONEST INJURY

Where are those San Angelo rain-makers of ten years ago, and what is their present line of business?

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, etc., of The Brady Standard, published semi-weekly at Brady, McCulloch county, Texas, for April 1, 1923, required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912:

State of Texas, County of McCulloch, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. F. Schwenker, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The Brady Standard, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption:

That the name and address of the publisher, editor, business manager and owner, is: H. F. Schwenker, Brady, Texas.

That the known bondholders, mortgages and security holders, owning or holding 1% or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Mrs. Mary Schwenker, 1017 So. 13th St., Burlington, Iowa.

H. F. Schwenker,
Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of April, 1923.

H. Meers, Notary Public.

My commission expires June, 1923.

CONTEMPORANEOUS COURTESY.

The Standard is duly appreciative of the kindly comment of our contemporary, The Brady Sentinel, in this week's issue of that worthy newspaper, as regards The Standard's handling of Brady's Tech college brief. Time was when one's competitor was one's enemy, or at least, such was the popular belief and practice. This belief found expression in cut-throat business methods, in gloating over the other's misfortunes and in belittling the other's efforts. Fortunately this day and time is past, or should be past in every line of business. Intelligent co-operation is the keynote of present-day success, and the new feeling finds expression in better business methods with highest standards of efficiency and quality of workmanship as points of rivalry.

But, getting back to the original subject. When The Standard was first presented with the task of printing Brady's brief late Monday afternoon, after the original plan of having the same typewritten was abandoned, the task appeared insurmountable. With but four days remaining in which to have the brief at Austin and in the hands of the locating board; with much of the material

still to be compiled, edited, revised and approved, it appeared a task before when the stoutest of hearts might quail. Calling upon Mr. Sellers for assistance in the dilemma, we received assurance that he would do everything possible to help in the matter, and would place his linotype machine and force at our disposal until the momentous task could be accomplished.

As the hours of night slipped along, gradually the work began to take form, and when Tuesday dawned, two-thirds of the work had been composed and printed, and the goal appeared in sight. While it was not necessary to take advantage of Mr. Sellers' kindly offer, yet it was a comforting thought to know that help was available should our best efforts fail to accomplish the momentous task.

The irony of it all was that just as the first completed brief was delivered to the waiting and expectant committee a telegram was received announcing that the time limit for filing the briefs had been extended to May 1st.

In passing, it is not improper to state that The Standard was accorded every assistance and possible aid by various members of the committees in charge of the work, not only in expediting the printing, assembling and binding of the brief, but even to the extent of initiating several as cub reporters so that the Tuesday issue of The Standard might not be unduly delayed.

A WRONG GUESS.

James Finlay, representative from this district, is laughing in his sleeves, we guess. It is funny how he made that Brady constituency back up on its stand on the tax equalization problem.—San Saba News.

Which is another instance of where you have to go away from home to get the news. We had not heard of the "Brady constituency backing up on its stand." To the best of our knowledge the Brady constituency is still on record as favoring tax equalization. Representative Finlay is not laughing up his sleeve, either, we opine. He has tackled a big proposition, and it is pretty serious business with him. There is no question but what he was and is right on his stand as opposing the placing of the authority to settle the matter in the hands of a board of three men at Austin. Those three men might be from East Texas, and hostile to, or at least unfamiliar with, West Texas—and vice-versa. But the fact remains that there are tax inequalities, and that some counties have their tax rates low because a low rate suffices for their county needs, while another county has a tax rate quite high because it is young, or ambitious, or building or developing, and must have a large tax fund to meet its needs.

The State tax fund benefits not according to its needs, nor in proportion to the returns it gives to these counties, but merely in proportion to the counties' home needs.

This tax question will be settled some day, and in a much more satisfactory manner than its present status. The Brady constituency neither has its back up, nor has it backed up on its stand. It is standing pat, and patiently hoping for some real legislation to amend the situation.

AND THEN THERE'S THIS.

The game of politics that is being played in West Texas relative to the location of the West Texas Technological College is disgusting. There are likely no less than a hundred towns clamoring for the location, most of these towns in West but not a few of them in Central Texas. More than one town that has been shelling the woods for a number of years to prove to the world that it is located in the heart of Texas, that the central stake is just over the hill or just outside the city limits, has suddenly awoken to the fact that it is in the heart of West Texas, and

therefore ought to have the location of this college. The fact is just as Sun-of-a-Gun pointed out during the session of the Legislature. There is no earthly use for this college except to boost some individual town. It is not and never was a public necessity. It is being demonstrated every day that it was only an individual clamor. If the Legislature had named any town in West Texas as the location for the college there could not have been found a half dozen chambers of commerce to demand the passage of the bill. So far as I have been able to check them up there has not a single town applied for the location, but that has given a good reason and shown conclusively that it would be a good location for the college. But not a single town has yet given the best reason for locating the college at that particular town. The best reason that any of them could give is the college would be a good thing for the town. Texas is now spending too much money on higher education and everybody knows it. If this new college does anything it will be at the expense of the best Agricultural College in the South. Every new state institution of education that gets an appropriation of the people's money of six to nine figures rings down the curtain on the common schools and fewer and better high schools is the crying need of the hour in grand old Texas.—W. A. Smith, in San Saba News.

To read the foregoing, one would think that "Billy" Smith of San Saba was a regular "sour grapes" sort of a guy—but he isn't. He is really a lovable old cuss; a sort of a combination soldier-patriot, legislative-newspaperman, who issues a most readable paper, takes a prominent part in Texas Press association matters, and always has an interesting and readable editorial column presided over by one "sun-of-a-gun."

As a matter of fact, "Billy" is laboring under the general delusion that the new Texas Technological college is to be a West Texas A. & M., when nothing is farther from the truth. The new school is to be a combination of A. & M. and C. I. A. and in addition will teach the sciences of the more important manufactures, as spinning, weaving, metallurgy, etc. "Billy" Smith went to Denton last year to attend the Texas Press association, and he marveled at the great work that was being done at C. I. A. "Little had he dreamed of the wonderful courses in training offered by this great school. And yet, C. I. A. teaches but comparatively few of the many sciences such as are taught in that great institution, the Boston School of Technology.

And if there is any great protest going up over the state concerning the establishment of this Texas Technological college, then we have failed to take note of same. If it is going to be detrimental to A. & M., as inferred by Smith, then why should W. B. Bizzell, president of A. & M. accept a place on the locating board. Why would he not, rather, decline the position and vigorously assail the establishment of this new college? And the same for F. M. Bralley, president of C. I. A., and State Superintendent S. M. N. Marrs, and the other members of the boards?

There is no question but what each of the fifty or more towns contesting for the locating, wants the college because it would be a good thing for a town. So would most any other institution or successful enterprise—and the towns that are striving for the location of Texas Tech are to be commended, and not lambasted, for their efforts.

Incidentally, as a result of this contest for the college, West Texas, and Central West Texas, if you please, are accomplishing one great purpose, too long deferred, and that is these sections, with their wonderful undeveloped resources, their limitless possibilities—the storehouses of Texas' future wealth and greatness—are in the limelight and are receiving the advertising and publicity which long ago should have been claimed.

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

A SUPERHUMAN EFFORT.

"The Heart of Texas Wants Texas Tech," shouts The Brady Standard. So nice of Harry Schwenker to boost for Brownwood that way.—Brownwood Bulletin.

Like unto a man lifting himself by his own bootstraps, Brownwood has a death grip on the center stake of Texas and is pulling for it with all her might and main. As before stated, Brownwood is making good progress Bradyward, and when Texas "Tech" is located at Brady, no doubt Brownwood will be sitting on our doorstep begging to be allowed to come in.

GLIMPING THE FUTURE.

A swallow identified by a band on its leg is found dead in South Africa, having flown six thousand miles, from Langhorne, a village in Wales.

There is a wonderful engine for you. That tiny heart of a swallow, smaller than your finger tip, carrying its owner across oceans, one quarter the distance around the world.

It makes our flying machines seem childish, but men have only started. When they borrow the sun's power, or the forces locked up in the atom, they will surprise and surpass the swallows.

To predict an engine as small as your fist, capable of generating a thousand horsepower, would seem like a foolish raving now. But our descendants will build such engines and talk to each other half way around the world, as they fly collectively or individually wherever they please. "Large flocks of travelers flew over our town today," the small newspapers will say.

However, what we need just now is better thinking, rather than better machines. It is the machine in man's skull that needs improvement.—New York American.

APROPOS PAINTING.

The editor of the Honey Grove Citizen took a vacation, and went fishing for a week after writing the following editorial:

This is clean-up and paint-up week. If towns would observe it every day in the year, like the young ladies of Honey Grove do, the week would not have to be set aside annually.—Rockdale Reporter.

LOGIC!

Says the Rockdale Reporter: The editor of the Clarksville Times quit being funny long enough to drop the following bit of logic into his paragraph column:

You can put this in your pipe and smoke it: Taxes will continue to advance in this country until the people begin voting for, instead of against candidates.

Stop a Minute!

Each and every ingredient in Royal Baking Powder is wholesome.

You would not hesitate to use any one of them by itself.

Will the baking powder you use stand this test?

Read the ingredient clause on the label and decide for yourself.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

BRIEFLY TOLD.

A miniature engine, whose power was generated by the rays of the sun, was successfully demonstrated in an eastern college recently. A parabolic copper mirror focused the rays upon a test tube of water, the heat caused by the steam which in turn operated the tiny motor at a high rate of speed.

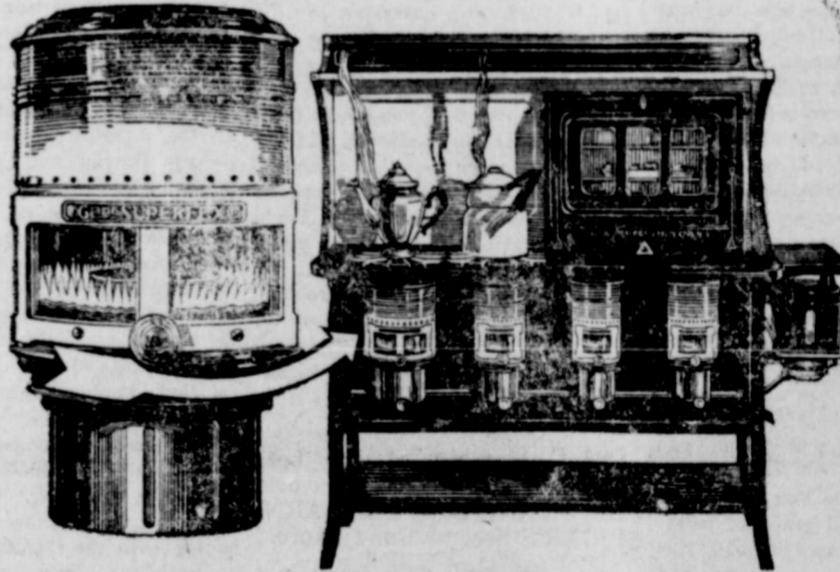
Taxes on farm land have more than doubled during the past eight years. The average tax per acre in 1922 was 71 cents as compared with 31 cents in 1914.

One of Murillo's greatest paintings, "The Assumption," is hidden away in Guadalajara, Mexico. It is valued at more than \$400,000 and is held by the church of that city. It is still in the city but has been hidden since the revolution.

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GLASSES REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST
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This new Oil Range Equals the Cooking Speed of Gas

We now have on display for the first time, the new and greater New Perfection Oil Range with SUPERFEX Burners which you are reading about in the magazines. The invention of the new SUPERFEX Burner has made possible this oil range that equals the cooking speed of gas. It is new in every respect—a big, handsome, sturdy range—the latest addition to the world famous line of New Perfection Oil Stoves. It's worth your while to come and see it.

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Raises Dough and Batter JUST RIGHT

This perfect leavener also brings out the full, delicious flavor of your good ingredients. Rumford-raised foods are *more nourishing* because Rumford restores the vitalizing phosphates which are lost in milling the flour.

Assures Success Without Experience



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THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

SOCIETY

Bridge Club.
Mrs. G. V. Gansel entertained for the Bridge club on Tuesday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. J. W. Bingham of Chicago. Lilacs and violets were used in effective decoration of the Gansel home.

In the series of "Bridge," Mrs. Cargill received club prize, and Mrs. C. T. White, guest prize. Mrs. Bingham received out-of-town guest prize.

The hostess served a salad course and an ice.

Mrs. Crothers entertains at the next meeting of the club.

Bridge Club.
Miss Lucille Benham was hostess on Thursday of last week to the Bridge club, members present including Mesdames G. V. Gansel, H. B. Ogden, J. G. McCall, Dimmitt Wood, W. D. Crothers, Sam McCollum, Edwin Broad, Wm. D. Cargill, B. L. Malone, J. W. Ragsdale; and as guests: Mesdames Jas. Brook, H. M. Brannum, Wm. R. Davidson, Dick Winters, S. S. Graham; Miss Leslie Samuel.

Decorations of apple blossoms, and lavender verbenas added fragrance and attractiveness to the rooms.

In the series of "Bridge," Mrs. Broad received club prize and Mrs. Brannum, guest prize.

The hostess served a salad course.

Forty-Two Club.
Mrs. L. Y. Callihan entertained with three tables on Thursday afternoon of last week in compliment to the Forty-Two club. Ferns and flowers furnished pleasing decorations. Following the series of games, the hostess served a salad course.

Members present included Mesdames W. S. Hancock, Will Russell, E. B. Newman, Will Allen Jones, George W. Henderson, R. T. Trail, Will Kennerly, O. S. Macy, A. B. Carrithers, F. A. Knox, Tom Wood. Mrs. Henry C. King was a guest of the club.

Mrs. Carrithers entertains at the next meeting.

Five Hundred Club.
The Five Hundred club was entertained Friday with a Night party by Mrs. H. W. Lindley, the gentlemen being guests of honor. Six tables of "500" furnished interesting diversion during the evening, following which a salad and an ice course were enjoyed.

Numbered among those present were Drs. and Mesdames J. S. Anderson, J. G. McCall; Messrs. and Mesdames Ed Campbell, G. C. Kirk, B. L. Malone, P. B. Melton, Harry F. Schwenker, G. R. White, C. T. White, Herbert L. Wood, J. S. Wall, Burt T. Wiley.

Club prizes were awarded Mrs. Schwenker for the ladies and Mr. Wall for the gentlemen.

Mrs. McCall entertains this afternoon for the club.

Intermediate B. Y. P. U. Program.
For Sunday, April 22, 1923, at 4:30 p. m.
Song.
Prayer.
Song.
Leader—Marjorie Cottrell.
Subject—"A Lady of North China."
Production—Marjorie Cottrell.
"In Old Virginia,"—Lydia Mae Blount.
"In College"—Fred Pool.
"In China"—Opal Mitchell.
"In the Southern Baptist Convention"—Vera Wooten.
"Little Moon Christmas Offering"—Harvey Smith.
"Gone Home"—Euna Mae Rogers.
Song.
Prayer.

There will be a Sword Drill between the Junior and Intermediate B. Y. P. U. and all of the members are urged to be present.

Silver Tea.
The Brady Music club entertained on last Saturday afternoon with a Silver Tea at the residence of Mrs. J. A. Maxwell, the event being enjoyed by a large attendance. Blue bonnets and lilacs added beauty and fragrance to the scene. Programs in the shape of Indian tepees were distributed by little girls in Indian costumes, as being especially appropriate to the subject, "Indian Music."

The following was the program had:

"Indian Rhapsody"—Miss Jennie Banister.
Paper—"Origin of American Indian Music"—Mrs. J. B. Smith.
Vocal solo—"By the Waters Minnetonka"—Mrs. C. P. Swim.
Quartet—"Minnehaha"—Mesdames Duke Mann, E. A. Burrow, G. V. Gansel, F. W. Lazalier.
Vocal—"Invocation to the Sun-God"—Mrs. Duke Mann.
Reading—Miss Neal.
Dance—"Diana, the Huntress"—Miss Lucille Benham.
Appreciation of the enjoyable program was universally voiced, and a splendid offering was made for the club.

Delicious refreshments were served.

We buy Packing Stock Butter. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.
Goodyear Hose is the best you can buy; large stock. Broad Mercantile Co.
50c Marcella Cold Cream, 39c; 50c Marcella Vanishing Cream, 39c. A. R. HOOPER.

He's Just as Shaky.
When many a feller travels, He's fussed throughout the trip. Because he can't get off his mind, What he's got on his hip.
—The Vivifier.

And He Probably Does.
"Daughter, doesn't that young man know how to say good-night?"
"Oh, daddy! I'll say he does."—Exchange.

Maybe Not Ice Cream, Tom.
Tom—"There's no bunk about girls liking ice cream."
Harry—"Have you been feeding some blonde again?"
Tom—"Nope—studying arithmetic—that's all—and it says one gal is equal to four quarts."

Brother Eph Opines
It used to take a man 20 years to drink his'elf to death—now he can do it in 5 seconds.

Literal Lem.
"Was the pole cat Bill Spivena caught a good one?"
"Yep—100 purr-scent."
10c box Epsom Salts, 5c; 2-oz. bottle Turpentine, 7c; 2-oz. bottle Castor Oil, 7c. A. R. Hooper.

Baseball season at hand. We are Baseball Headquarters. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.
Profitable turkey raising can be attained by the proper feeding of young poults. Purina Chows will save them. Mayhew Produce Company.
Six bars 5c Toilet Soap for 25c. A. R. HOOPER.
We have a large stock of Perfection and Superflex Oil Stoves, Ovens and Cabinets also. Broad Mercantile Co.

Ransom's Plans Mislaid

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)
RANSOM had quite determined to kill himself, and he was not acting under the pressure of impulse. He was simply tired of living. Quite calmly and deliberately he made his arrangements.

The only thing he had had to hold him to life for years past had been his infatuation for Claire Richmond, the beautiful actress. Claire was as cold as she was prudent. She posed as one whose mission it was to elevate the tone of the stage. No breath of scandal had ever tarnished her name.

She certainly had treated Ransom badly. For two years he had wooed her, and she had hung fire, deliberating. Ransom had plenty of money; but in the end she decided that he would not do. When Claire married she meant to get a man who could give her professional and social advancement.

The cold, deliberate way in which she finally discarded him filled him with a bitter hatred against the beautiful actress. True, she still represented the unattainable in his eyes. Without her he still felt life to be valueless. But his great longing was mingled with a great hate, and a resolve to drag her down with him, to be avenged in death.

He knew that he could strike her only through her reputation, that she had so carefully built up as a business asset—her reputation for moral integrity. Once that was gone, Claire Richmond was finished. And that was what he meant to destroy.

He planned to commit suicide in her apartment.

He had not been there, had not seen her for months, but he had once had a key made—secretly, with the feeling that it gave him a more intimate relationship with her. Of course Claire had not known when he purchased her key for a few hours. It had been a foolish act, but he still had the key. He could turn it to good account. Easy to slip in one evening when Claire was at the theater. He would telephone night after night—that would arouse no suspicion, for people were always ringing up Claire night after night—until the maid failed to answer. Then he would know that the apartment was empty. Claire would come back and find him dead. Ransom chuckled over the scandal that would follow.

He telephoned only twice before the night arrived on which he obtained no answer. He went up to the apartment house, avoided the negro boy in the hallway, and walked up the stairs. Claire's apartment was on the seventh floor. He opened the door.

How strange it was to find himself alone in her apartment! For a few moments the old, desperate longing for her overcame him again. There was the old sense of personal intimacy in the sight of her belongings, her books, the little articles of adornment, the photographs of celebrities. He sat down in the large, roomy chair in the living-room. He remained absorbed in thought for a long time, but he never repeated of his decision. He chuckled as he thought of Claire's approaching downfall.

But the sound of a key in the lock at an early hour startled him. It was the maid returning. Hastily he concealed himself in a large closet. Through the crack of this he saw the girl enter the room, look about her, touch a few things, and go out again. She had gone to bed. Good! Ransom drew the little phial from his pocket. That meant death in three minutes. But he must swallow it as Claire came along the passage—there must just be time to let her know what he had done. He must have the gratification of seeing his revenge before he died.

And mentally he pictured Claire's astonishment, her terror; then he saw himself lying dead on the floor, the police called in. And he pictured all the scandal of the next day, the large newspaper headlines, the public, sniggering over the downfall of their idol.

She was coming. Hastily he uncorked the phial, raised it to his lips, and swallowed the contents. The slightly bitter taste was not unpleasant. He rose to his feet.

The poison was very strong, for already a mist was swimming before his eyes. Now she was in the room. He saw her unsteadily; and in a few bitter words he blurted out the tale of his revenge.

The mists cleared for a moment. This was not Claire. Who was she? Dimly there filtered into his mind the knowledge that he had been cheated somehow. What was she saying? He heard and understood as he collapsed in death.

"Miss Richmond rented this apartment to me for the summer."

Californite Highly Prized.
In stones that are ranked a little lower than precious stones, but that lend themselves to gem making or that may be made into ornaments of great beauty and considerable value, the United States is particularly rich. Chief among these stones, perhaps, is the Californite of California, a variety of Vesuvianite, that is shipped to China in the rough, there carved into ornaments, and resold to the United States as the rare and precious Chinese Jade. This industry provides continuous employment for many Chinese.

Pictorial Review Patterns

—the best, most stylish, and most economical of all patterns

Styles were never so fascinating as they are today, and the season's new fabrics fairly glow with Oriental brilliancy.

Your new Summer blouses, skirts and dresses may now combine the utmost economy with the utmost beauty.



<p>1605 Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch printed crepe at \$2.50.....\$5.94 1/2 yard 36-inch satin to bind at \$1.50......75 2 yards 6 1/2-inch ribbon at .50c.....1.00 1 Blouse Pattern......35 Findings......50 Will cost you complete \$8.54</p>	<p>9890 Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch twill serge at \$2.75.....5.50 2 1/2 yards 36-inch silk for lining at 75c.....2.16 1 Jacket Pattern......35 1 Embroidery Pattern......35 Findings......50 Will cost you complete \$8.86</p>	<p>1608 Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch satin at \$2.50.....\$7.81 1 1/4 yard 36-inch silk for bodice at 75c......94 1 Skirt Pattern......35 Findings......50 Will cost you complete \$9.60</p>
<p>1635 Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch crepe satin at \$3.75...\$7.97 1 Blouse Pattern......30 Findings......50 Will cost you complete \$8.77</p>	<p>1609 Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yd 40-inch crepe de Chine at \$2.00 \$3.00 1 Blouse Pattern......30 1 Cross-stitch Pattern......30 Findings......50 Will cost you complete \$4.10</p>	

A child can lay out a PICTORIAL REVIEW Pattern with the aid of the patented CUTTING and CONSTRUCTION GUIDES furnished free with every pattern.

SOUTH - SIDE C. H. Vincent DRY GOODS BRADY, - TEXAS

You save from 1/2 to 1 1/4 yard of material with Pictorial Review Patterns, thereby saving from 50 cents to \$10.00 on each garment.

LOCAL BRIEFS

If you want a good laugh, read "The Initiation Ceremony," a new Booth Tarkington "Penrod" story, complete on Page 7 of this issue. Booth Tarkington is one of the nation's best writers of boy stories, and this is one of his very best.

Just to prove that he hasn't quit the job, Jupiter Pluvius last night ran his rain tart over McCulloch county giving a precipitation in Brady amounting to 11-20 of an inch. "The Heart of Texas" appears to be Old Jup's sweetheart, the way he cries over her.

L. W. St. Clair spent a few days here the first of the week, driving over from Brownwood, where he is at present doing art photography. Incidentally, Mr. St. Clair had the unpleasant experience of sticking in a mud hole near Mercury Monday night, and not being able to extricate himself until help arrived on the scene Tuesday morning.

The Copeland Bros. show, which moved out of Brady Sunday enroute to Mason, where they were billed to show this week, got as far as the Mann Bros. farm on the Mason road, where the five big truck loads of show equipment was stalled until Tuesday afternoon, before they could secure aid and get started on their way once more.

Brady radiots had the pleasure last night of hearing Miss Carmen Anderson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Anderson, in concert performance. The program, broadcasted by the San Antonio Express station, was furnished by pupils of Our Lady of the Lake, where Miss Anderson is a student. Miss Anderson appeared twice on the program, once as accompanist in

"The Cradle Song," and again as solo pianist, rendering "Fantasie—Impromptu" by Chopin. Unfortunately, the statics chanced to be bad last night, but in the intervals between the crashes and noises occasioned by the piano could be clearly heard.

BUILDING ACTIVITIES CONTINUE IN BRADY AND McCULLOCH CO.—NEW CONTRACTS

The building spirit—which is the home-loving spirit—continues strong in Brady and McCulloch county, two new residences having been let the past week. H. B. Ogden will build a modern and most attractive home on Crothers avenue and Carl Hanson will also build a model and attractive farm home on his place in the East Sweden community.

Contract for the Ogden home was let to C. R. Horn and Bob Walters, and work was begun the first of this week. The contract calls for an attractively designed home of hollow tile and stucco composition, comprising five rooms. The new residence will be located on Crothers avenue, and just east of the S. S. Graham home. The new residence will be complete with all modern conveniences and will serve as a most ornamental addition to this popular resident district.

Mr. Hanson's contract was let to J. E. Haynes, and work will be begun just as soon as material can be hauled out and placed on the grounds. The contract calls for an attractive home, of bungalow design, and will serve as a model in country residences. Mr. Hanson is to be complimented upon his progressive spirit, and will have every reason to be proud of his new home when completed.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets) It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Arvie Wegner went to San Antonio Wednesday for the Battle of Flowers.

Mrs. Wiley Emboden and little son, Wiley Pool, arrived Wednesday from Lufkin for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pool.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ballou returned Wednesday morning from a brief visit at Marlin. They were accompanied here by Mrs. Ballou's mother, Mrs. S. E. Newbold, and also her sister, Miss Rebecca Francks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Zweig are enjoying a visit from his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Zweig, who arrived Wednesday morning. Mr. Zweig is one of the leading merchants of Bartlett.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Burning, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Instantly relieves Itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

Turkeys are very profitable, and by feeding a balanced ration such as Purina Chows you can raise a large bunch. Mayhew Produce Co.

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET



"Saves Miles of Steps"
O. D. MANN & SONS

GLACIER TO GULF HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION WANTS TEXAS "TECH" LOCATED ON ROUTE

The Glacier to Gulf Highway, of which D. E. Colp of San Antonio, pioneer good roads booster and live wire, is manager, has just issued and distributed the first of a series of monthly bulletins on this great highway, and which, in addition to much interesting and valuable information, shows a map of the Glacier to Gulf and Park to Park highways, connecting the twelve National parks of the Northwest with the beauties of the Gulf Coast of the Southwest, and linking the oil fields of Montana, Wyoming, Texas and Mexico.

The advantages of this great highway, together with the reasons why the great Texas "Tech" college should be located somewhere along or near this highway, are ably set forth in the following paragraphs, reprinted from the Glacier to Gulf Highway bulletin:

Serving a territory where railroad connections are made in a roundabout manner, necessitating much loss of time, the Glacier to Gulf Highway is destined to become a great commercial highway as well as one for the pleasure of the motoring tourist. When the hardsurfacing of this highway is completed, cities and towns along its way will be brought into closer association and the undeveloped land will blossom forth as it is put into cultivation.

A number of San Antonio business men, headed by Messrs. North and Colp of the Glacier to Gulf, met with the citizens of the Brady section recently and gave their hearty endorsement to the move started by the Brady Chamber of Commerce to have the West Texas Tech College located in that section. The citizens of Brady did not ask an endorsement for their town, but for their section, leaving the matter of the exact choice to the legislative locating committee.

Since the meeting at Brady the Glacier to Gulf organization has been active in supporting the above plan in San Antonio and Southwest Texas, and a determined effort is being made by these cities and towns of Southwest Texas to have the West Texas Technological College located at some point on the Glacier to Gulf Highway.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of Dr. W. GROVE, 302.

Editor a Song Writer.

(Sung to the tune of "Old Oaken Bucket" to all delinquent subscribers). How dear to our heart is the old silver dollar, When some kind subscriber presents it to view; The Liberty head without necktie or collar, And all the strange things which to us seem so new; The wide-spreading eagle, the arrows below it, The stars and the words and the strange things they tell; The coin of our fathers, we're glad that we knew it, For sometime or other 'twill come in right well; The spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, The old silver dollar we all love so well."

OIL! OIL! Give the GULF MAN your next order—it will be appreciated. C. E. STRICKLAND, Phone 423.

We buy Packing Stock Butter. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

Yea Bo. French dressing is expensive stuff, As costly as a pearl— Whether it is put on salad, or Upon a pretty girl.

Better Than Pills For Liver Ills. MR Tonight to tone and strengthen the organs of digestion and elimination, improve appetite, stop sick headaches, relieve biliousness, correct constipation. They act promptly, pleasantly, mildly, yet thoroughly. Tomorrow Alright. TRIGG DRUG CO.

DISEASE CAME FROM EUROPE

No Record Of, or Name For, Malaria Has Been Found Among the American Indians.

The slow diseases which sap vitality do not have spectacular records, but in the long run the damage which they do is incalculably greater than that of epidemics, writes Herbert J. Spinden in the World's Work. Malaria, for instance, is a greater obstacle today to the development of the tropics than yellow fever ever was, although the latter could accomplish much at one fell swoop. For one thing, the effects of malaria reach around the globe and into nearly all its habitable parts.

The three kinds of malaria are described by the Greek physician Hippocrates and the names which we use today are of Roman origin. The two-day fever is called tertian, or third, because the Romans counted both ends of any numerical sequence, and the three-day fever is called quartan, which means fourth. There is no good evidence that malaria existed in America before the discovery. We do not find terms for it in American Indian language nor do we find any records that the early explorers in Central and South America suffered from this disease. For instance Cortes led an army across the base of the peninsula of Yucatan, through a region of swamps and flooded streams where today malaria is rife in every village, yet we find no mention of this illness among any of his troops or Indian burden bearers.

CAN GO LONG WITHOUT FOOD

Healthy Human Being, Drinking Plenty of Water, Will Survive Fast of Forty Days.

Some weeks ago a pig disappeared from its sty on a Cornish farm. Search was made, but the creature could not be found, and was given up for lost.

Twenty-four days later a man passing an old mineshaft heard something below, and made a search. There was poor piggy, some thirty feet down, quite unhurt, and it was speedily got out.

It was thin, but otherwise not a bit the worse, and at once started feeding ravenously, says London Answers.

It takes a long time to starve a fat pig, which can actually lose half its weight before it dies. Most full-grown animals can go without food for a long time, and can lose as much as two-fifths of their weight before succumbing. An exception is the mole, which, when deprived of food, starves to death in less than 48 hours.

A healthy human being can fast 40 days if he or she takes plenty of water. A case is on record of a woman going 43 days without food, during which time her weight decreased from 143 to 99 pounds.

Children cannot fast for long without fatal consequences. They collapse after a fast of three to five days, and lose a quarter of their weight.

Snakes, of course, are the champion fasters. The big python in the zoo recently went more than two years without a meal.

How to Get Used to Noises.

"What I like about the neighborhood," insisted the enthusiastic resident of Brooklyn Heights, "is the quiet. No trolleys, no elevated roar, no heavy trucks thundering through our streets, no sound from the subway. Why, I think—"

"Just a minute," objected his friend from across the bridge. "You live so near the harbor that your back door is virtually a dock, and yet you have the nerve to tell me that yours is a quiet neighborhood. What about the tugs and harbor craft that go tooting up and down the bay all night?"

"Well," admitted the Brooklynite, "I do remember hearing a toot or two the first few nights I lived there. But I never hear 'em now."

"Exactly," said the Manhattan man. "Just what I thought. Used to 'em now. That's just the way the elevated and the two-ton trucks affect me now. My neighborhood's quiet if you live there long enough."—New York Sun.

A Quack Quacks.

A quack cure for the evils of reckless driving is offered by a psychologist, who says the slow, nervous driver who has in his mind or his subconsciousness the vision of a wreck is the one who goes headlong into a crash. "Instead of a vision of the accident and how it happens the driver must have a clear vision of how to drive correctly" in critical situations. Every seventeen-year-old driver of a light delivery truck proceeds with perfect self-confidence, proceeding in many cases without regard to the rights of other drivers, feeling that the impressive displacement of his vehicle in the atmosphere ahead of the driver of a passenger vehicle will warn that driver not to stand up for his rights, has a clear vision of how to drive. He sees himself hogging the road and getting away with it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

True Sacrificial Spirit.

Dad was having one of his economical fits. Bluebelle received a solemn caution to cut down on expenses. Dad pointed out a number of things the government was taxing and declared that more would be added to the list. He said he had even heard it rumored that the authorities were contemplating slapping a tax on bridge games. The girl was not greatly disturbed. "All right," chirped Bluebelle. "I'm willing to play bridge all day long for my country."

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-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—Plain sewing. Phone 294.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Unfurnished 5-room apartment; couple without children preferred. Phone 135.

FOUND

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

FOUND—One mile from Brady on Lohn road, 1 mud chain. Owner may recover same by paying for this notice.

LOST—

LOST—Illinois Watch, open-face; had leather strap attached. Reward. Return to SAM BRALY or Brady Standard. LOST—Bunch of keys on ring, with Jim Mann's name on tag. Finder please notify O. D. Mann & Sons store and receive reward.

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 fresh milk cows. K. W. HUFFMAN, Route 2, Brady.

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

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

FOR SALE—Registered Jersey bull; also Big-Bone Poland China Pigs. BEN MOFFATT, Brady.

FOR SALE—75 nanny goats and 29 muttons practically all young, at \$3.00 around; 53 kids thrown in; average shearing 4 pounds a head per year. O. J. SCOGGIN, Rochelle.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR WINDMILL WORK. I am back on the job and prepared, as always, to do first-class work. Can be found at Rochelle, Texas. R. W. HAD-DOW.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

The Caspian Sea is 84 feet below sea level.

A roof over the Chicago River 10 miles in length, carrying boulevards, parks, garages and oil-filling stations, has been proposed as the solution of Chicago's traffic problem. The roof would be 200 feet wide, of nine-inch concrete supported on concrete piling sunk into the river bed. On the roof would be two sidewalks, 15 feet wide; two boulevards, 50 feet wide, and a vacant space in the center, 70 feet wide. The proposed plan would not interfere with river traffic as it would be constructed from 20 to 30 feet above the surface of the water.

To eliminate the unintelligible calling of railroad stations by hoarse-voiced passenger train conductors, a device in Prague automatically displays electric-illuminated signs in cars just before the arrival at each station.

There are 42 persons drawing pensions for the War of 1812. All these pensioners are women. Hiram Cronk of Ava, New York, was the last soldier actually on the rolls of that war. He died in 1905.

Due to the fall in the value of the mark, cash registers are now useless in Germany.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An American dancer is to wed a Scottish peer. Like so many others in this country, she just must have her Scotch.—Nashville Banner.

It develops that those German cooks who arrived at Hoboken are bent on finding American husbands to do the cooking for.—Washington Star.

A subscriber asks Mr. Haskin, "Which is correct: 'Have you a dollar?' or 'Have you got a dollar?'" It is more effective to go right to the point with, "Lend me a dollar."—Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.

Twenty-one senior co-eds at Columbia University boast that they have never been kissed. The newspapers charitably refrain from publishing their pictures.—Nashville Tennessean.

We used to think "dying a thousand deaths" was stretching of poetic license, but that was before Lenine appeared on the scene.—Greenville Piedmont.

"Gloved Yeggmen Left No Finger Prints." Here is a chance for more legislation. Let's prohibit the sale of gloves to yeggmen.—Philadelphia Record.

The education of the 14-year-old prodigy speaking 12 languages is not complete unless he understands baseball lingo.—Washington Post.

Early peas should be planted in drills, and in fact you couldn't get them into the grounds this spring without a drill.—Boston Transcript.

"What is your opinion of civilization?" asks Life. It's a good idea. Somebody ought to start it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One drawback to motoring is that it is so much easier to get batteries charged than to get gasoline charged.—Baltimore Sun.

Lenine is a great man. Lenine has eight doctors and gets well.—Erie Dispatch-Herald.

In view of the generally increased strain on the hip pocket, there may be some foundation for the report that galluses are returning to popular favor.—Detroit Free Press.

A reformer is a man who doesn't know what a good time is, and doesn't want anyone else to know.—Nashville Tennessean.

War appears in the near future as well as the Near East.—Washington Post.

The story of crime's decrease is not to be told in short sentences.—Washington Post.

There's no "tick" for Germany in the new Watch on the Rhine.—Fairmont (W. Va.) Times.

Pen Points. The Brady Standard.

PUBLIC FORUM.

Very Interesting Coincidences.

The Governor of Texas delivered a speech in a South Texas town a few weeks ago in which he stated some startling facts. He says: "We averaged last year more than three homicides a day in Texas. We have in this State approximately 200 homicides a year to each million inhabitants." Italy has 95 to each million; France has 17 to the million, Germany 12, Canada 5." More people were murdered in Texas, with a population of five million, than were murdered in the British Empire with a population of fifty million, during the past 20 years.

"During recent years, London, with a population of approximately eight million people, averaged 24 murders a year, while Texas, with a population of five million averaged more than 1000 murders a year.

People, isn't it time we began to look around for the cause of these awful conditions?

Look once more at the figures and make the comparison: "Texas, 200 homicides a year to each million inhabitants, while none of those other countries have one-half so many. What the cause?

Well, disrespect for laws, of course—is one thing. Disrespect for one law breeds contempt for other laws. The ones who make laws are not supposed to take any part whatever in enforcing them. Probably they sometimes make a law without seriously considering having difficulties, or, if you please—how hazardous the enforcing of obedience to the same might be, I believe it will be always "hard sailing" for a minority—ever so well organized, when they stubbornly persist in forcing obedience of a majority against their will.

In this same old Texas a "Volstead Law" is being enforced (rather, trying to be enforced) without the "consent of the governed."

What a wonderful foresight of those Atti-cuss Webbs and Bartons of Anti-Saloon League folks must have had when they preached that with prohibition we would have "less crime—not much use for jails." How has it turned out? Take the Governor's own statistics, and tell the world it has been a big failure.

Why should intelligent people try to carry the failure any further? Look once more at the figures, and bear in mind—none of those other countries have prohibition. Italy, Germany, Canada, have no Volstead Act to enforce. The soldier boys tell us how it was in France, yet France's record is 17 murders as against 200

in Texas. What about England? Well, Pus-sy-foot Johnson was rotten-egged over there—and from the above record people are not murdering each other so much there as in this Fair Land of Texas. C. R. HORN.

STANDARD TIRES AT RIGHT PRICES.

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

We received a few more Rock Island Planters, both in the regular and variable seed drops. If your old planter has played out, let us replace it with a new one. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

We buy Packing Stock Butter. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

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.

These Ad Writers.

"The horse shortage is still something awful." "Oh, I don't think it is acute." "Don't huh? Well, listen to this want ad: 'Lady wishes to share kennel with some dog owner.'"

HELP WANTED.

We want customers to help us get out of the dry goods business. Prices far below cost price. POPULAR DRY GOODS CO., Brady, Texas.

And then the Fun Began.

For the first dinner in their new home the bride had made a pie. "I am afraid," she said, as she helped her husband to a slice, "that I have left something out, and that it isn't good."

The husband tasted it and said, "There is nothing, my dear, you could have left out that would make a pie taste like this. It's something you've put in."—Sales Sense.

To Stop a Cough Quick

take HAYES' HEALING HONEY—a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVES' O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup. The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Groves' O-Pen-Trade Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough. Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 50c. Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

Editorial He is Un-American who Puts Self Wealth Above the Commonwealth

The Cost of Our Local Improvements

From all parts of the country come reports of great activity in towns and villages in the matter of public improvement. Nothing could be more encouraging providing the problem is sensibly attacked, but if your villages begin to run wild and act without a proper perspective of finance then many of them are brewing serious trouble. Taxation is on the jump almost everywhere. The amount of taxes now paid by the American people is larger than the whole foreign trade of the United States both incoming. The sum total of taxation is four times as great as the American profit on all foreign trade.

In Germany is heard the cry that taxation has brought utter ruin to the people. We hear the echo from France, and also from England. Let us not forget that the law of economics is not national. It is universal. America cannot escape the effect of exchange taxation any more than can Great Britain or the benighted Choctawhogs of Passamaquaddy.

The business of the world today needs more capital than ever. The trouble is the man on the street does not grasp the first rules of national business building.

With restricted capital business cannot expand. It requires more money to harvest and market a hundred acre crop than it does a ten acre crop and if American industry is to expand and prices be kept within the normal, liquid capital and legitimate credit must be increased. We cannot have our cake and eat it. If the money of the nation is spent because of a sudden craze for improvements something else will have to go by the board.

Steering Business Ships to Success

Fred P. Mann is a drygoods merchant in Devil's Lake, North Dakota. He sells a half million dollars' worth of goods every year in a town of five thousand population. He has built his business from nothing. His capital has been intelligence. He stands today an inspiration for any small town merchant who seeks to build a paying business on a sound foundation.

There are thousands of merchants who flop along without any definite aim except an instinctive desire to accomplish. These are the merchandising derelicts. The ship that reaches port in time to win the cargo is one that is steered with a definite purpose and along a course thoroughly charted.

Mr. Mann frankly says his success is one of two things—sensible buying and vigorous newspaper advertising. He spends more money in newspaper advertising than any small merchant in the United States. The answer is he does more business than any small merchant in the United States.

Half the local merchants in small towns see in advertising nothing but typographical announcements. The money they waste in direct by mail advertising is astounding. There is not a skilled advertising man in the whole of the United States who uses a direct-by-mail advertising except as a supplement to the newspaper. Without the newspaper the rest is useless. If we fail to learn by the experience of others who have succeeded than we fall behind in the march of progress.

John Wanamaker, Marshall Field and Fred P. Mann are not fools. Hitch your wagon to a star, not to a doubting Thomas.

Punchettes Rev. M.A. Matthews D.D. AUTOCASTER

THE CHURCH BLACKHAND

As has been said by many who are students of the condition, there are two tendencies that are working together to disrupt all orthodox evangelical denominations. These two forces might properly be called false teaching and autocracy.

The false teacher has been in the church since the first century. He tried to destroy with his false doctrine the little group of Christians who began in the first century, and since that time he has been marching across the continents of time.

The rationalist is compelled to set up a human gospel, a piece of human machinery, and to build his little bureaus in order that he may advance his cause. He is corrupt at heart, designing in his motives, autocratic in his methods, bureaucratic in his government.

A great many of those who are teaching and who have taught false doctrines have taught them because they wanted to reduce God's standard and mode of living, or because they have never become regenerated Christians.

The false teachers and the advocates of the vicious doctrines are perfectly willing to use money, political machinery, or any other means that they can devise, to destroy the influence and power of the great Christian leaders of the day. They use every method of chicanery to keep such ministers out of pulpits, to prevent their being called to permanent pulpits, and to deprive them of leadership in their denominations.

No regenerated man has ever denied or will ever deny the deity of Christ. Therefore, any such denial on the part of any man who claims to be a minister of the gospel is prima facie evidence that he has never been regenerated.

These false teachers and rationalistic agents enter our denominations and try to destroy our church governments and establish their Nero-like autocratic, bureaucratic government of destruction.

Will the laymen awake and drive this black hand from the church?

The Initiation Ceremony

A New and Unwelcome Member Is Admitted to the In-or-Ins

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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But Georgie did. It is difficult to imagine how cause and effect could be more closely and patiently related. Inevitably, Georgie did come poking around. How was he to refrain when daily, up and down the neighborhood, the brothers strutted with mystic and important airs, when they whispered together and uttered words of strange import in his presence? Thus did they defeat their own object. They desired to keep Georgie at a distance, yet they could not refrain from peering before him. They wished to impress upon him the fact that he was an outsider, and they but succeeded in rousing his desire to be an insider, a desire which soon became a determination. For few were the days until he not only knew of the shack but had actually paid it a visit. That was upon a morning when the other boys were in school, Georgie having found himself indisposed until about ten o'clock, when he was able to take nourishment and subsequently to interest himself in this rather private errand. He climbed the Williams' alley fence, and having made a modest investigation of the exterior of the shack, which was padlocked, retired without having disturbed anything except his own peace of mind. His curiosity, merely piqued before, now became ravenous and painful. It was not allayed by the mystic manners of the members or by the unnecessary emphasis they laid upon their coldness toward himself; and when a committee informed him darkly that there were "secret orders" to prevent his coming within "a hundred and sixteen feet"—such was Penrod's arbitrary language—of the Williams' yard, "in any direction," Georgie could bear it no longer, but entered his own house, and, in burning words, laid the case before a man higher up. Here the responsibility for things is directly traceable to grown people. Within that hour, Mrs. Bassett sat in Mrs. Williams' library to address her hostess upon the subject of Georgie's grievance.

"Of course, it isn't Sam's fault," she said, concluding her interpretation of the affair. "Georgie likes Sam, and didn't blame him at all. No; we both felt that Sam would always be a polite, nice boy—Georgie used those very words—but Penrod seems to have a very bad influence. Georgie felt that Sam would want him to come and play in the shack if Penrod didn't make Sam do everything he wants. What hurt Georgie most is that it's Sam's shack, and he felt for another boy to come and tell him that he mustn't even go near it—well, of course, it was very trying. And he's very much hurt with little Maurice Levy, too. He said that he was sure that even Penrod would be glad to have him for a member of their little club if it weren't for Maurice—and I think he spoke of Roddy Bitts, too."

The fact that the two remaining members were colored was omitted from this discourse—which leads to the deduction that Georgie had not mentioned it.

"Georgie said all the other boys liked him very much," Mrs. Bassett continued, "and that he felt it his duty to join the club, because most of them were so anxious to have him, and he is sure he would have a good influence over them. He really did speak of it in quite a touching way, Mrs. Williams. Of course, we mothers mustn't brag of our sons too much, but Georgie really isn't like other boys. He is so sensitive, you can't think how this little affair has hurt him, and I felt that it might even make him ill. You see, I had to respect his reason for wanting to join the club. And if I am his other—she gave a deprecating little sigh—"I must say that it seems noble to want to join not really for his own sake but for the good he felt his influence would have over the other boys. Don't you think so, Mrs. Williams?"

Mrs. Williams said that she did, indeed. And the result of this interview was another, which took place between Sam and his father that evening. For Mrs. Williams, after talking to Sam herself, felt that the matter needed a man to deal with it. The man did it man-fashion.

"You either invite Georgie Bassett to play in the shack all he wants to," said the man, "or the shack comes down."

"But—"

"Take your choice. I'm not going to have neighborhood quarrels over such—"

"But, papa—"

"That's enough! You said yourself you haven't anything against Georgie."

"I said—"

"You said you didn't like him, but you couldn't tell why. You couldn't state a single instance of bad behavior against him. You couldn't mention anything he ever did which wasn't what a gentleman should have done. It's no use, I tell you. Either you invite Georgie to play in the shack as much as he likes next Saturday, or the shack comes down."

"But, papa—"

"I'm not going to talk any more about it. If you want the shack pulled down and hauled away, you and your friends continue to tantalize this inoffensive little boy the way you have

been. If you want to keep it, be polite and invite him in."

"But—"

"That's all, I said!" Sam was crushed.

Next day he communicated the bitter substance of the edict to the other members, and gloom became unanimous. So serious an aspect did the affair present that it was felt necessary to call a special meeting of the order after school. The entire membership was in attendance; the door was closed, the window covered with a board, and the candle lighted. Then all of the brothers—except one—began to express their sorrowful apprehensions. The whole thing was spoiled, they agreed, if Georgie Bassett had to be taken in. On the other hand, if they didn't take him in, "there wouldn't be anything left." The one brother who failed to express any opinion was little Verman. He was otherwise occupied.

Verman had been the official paddler during the initiations of Roddy Bitts and Maurice Levy; his work had been conscientious, and it seemed to be taken by consent that he was to continue in office. An old shingle from the woodshed roof had been used for the exercise of his function in the cases of Roddy and Maurice, but this afternoon he had brought with him a new one, which he had picked up somewhere. It was broader and thicker than the old one, and during the melancholy prophesies of his fellows, he whittled the lesser end of it to the likeness of a handle. Thus engaged, he bore no appearance of despondency; on the contrary, his eyes, shining brightly in the candlelight, indicated that eager thoughts possessed him, while from time to time the sound of a chuckle issued from his simple African throat. Gradually the other brothers began to notice his preoccupation, and one by one they fell silent, regarding him thoughtfully. Slowly the darkness of their countenances lifted a little; something happier and brighter began to glimmer from each boyish face. All eyes remained fascinated upon Verman.

"Well, anyway," said Penrod, in a tone that was almost cheerful, "this is only Tuesday. We got pretty near all week to fix up the 'nishment for Saturday."

And Saturday brought sunshine to make the occasion more tolerable for both candidate and the society. Mrs. Williams, going to the window to watch Sam, when he left the house after lunch, marked with pleasure that his look and manner were sprightly as he skipped down the walk to the front gate. There he paused and yodeled for a time. An answering yodel came presently; Penrod Schofield appeared, and by his side walked Georgie Bassett. Georgie was always neat, but Mrs. Williams noticed that he exhibited unusual gloss and polish today. As for his expression, it was a shade too complacent under the circumstances, though, for that matter, perfect tact avoids an air of triumph under any circumstances. Mrs. Williams was pleased to observe that Sam and Penrod betrayed no resentment whatever; they seemed to have accepted defeat in a good spirit and to be inclined to make the best of Georgie. Indeed, they appeared to be genuinely excited about him—it was evident that their cordiality was eager and wholehearted.

The three boys conferred for a few moments; then Sam disappeared round the house and returned, waving his hand and nodding. Upon that, Penrod took Georgie's left arm, Sam took his right, and the three marched off to the backyard in a companionable way which made Mrs. Williams feel that it had been an excellent thing to interfere a little in Georgie's interest.

Experiencing the benevolent warmth that comes of assisting in a good action, she ascended to an apartment upstairs, and, for a couple of hours, employed herself with needle and thread in sartorial repairs on behalf of her husband and Sam. Then she was interrupted by the advent of a colored serving-maid.

"Miz Williams, I reckon the house goin' fall down!" said this pessimist, arriving out of breath. "That s'ety e' Mist' Sam's sutenly tryin' to pull the roof down on ow' haid's!"

"The roof?" Mrs. Williams inquired mildly. "They aren't in the attic, are they?"

"No'm; they in the celluh, but they reachin' fer the roof! I nev' did hear no such a rumpus an' squawkin' an' squawlin' an' fallin' an' whoopin' an' whackin' an' bangin'! They troop down by the outside celluh do', ne'en—bang!—they bus' loose, an' been goin' on ev' since, wuss'n Bedlam! Ef they anything down celluh ain' broke by this time, it cain' be only jes' the foundashun, an' I bet that ain't goin' stan' much longer! I'd gone down an' stop 'em, but I'm 'fraid o' Hones. Miz Williams, I'm 'fraid o' my life go down there, all that Bedlam goin' on. I thought I come see what you say."

Mrs. Williams laughed.

"Well, I'll have to stand a little noise in the house sometimes, Fanny, when there are boys. They're just playing, and a lot of noise is usually a pretty safe sign."

"Yes'm," said Fanny. "It's yo' house, Miz Williams, not mine. 'You want 'em tear it down, I'm willin'." She departed, and Mrs. Williams continued to sew. The days were growing short, and at five o'clock she was obliged to put the work aside, as her eyes did not permit her to continue it by artificial light. Descending to the lower floor, she found the house silent, and when she opened the front door to see if the evening paper had come, she beheld Sam, Penrod and Maurice Levy standing near the gate engaged in quiet conversation. Penrod and Maurice departed while she was looking for the paper, and Sam came thoughtfully up the walk.

"Well, Sam," she said, "it wasn't such a bad thing, after all, to show a little politeness to Georgie Bassett, was it?"

Sam gave her a noncommittal look—expression of every kind had been wiped from his countenance. He presented a blank surface.

"No'm," he said meekly.

"Everything was just a little pleasant because you'd been friendly, wasn't it?"

"Yes'm."

"Has Georgie gone home?"

"Yes'm."

"I hear you made enough noise in the cellar—Did Georgie have a good time?"

"Ma'am?"

"Did Georgie Bassett have a good time?"

"Well"—Sam now had the air of a person trying to remember details with absolute accuracy—"well, he didn't say he did, and he didn't say he didn't."

"Did he thank the boys?"

"No'm."

"Didn't he even thank you?"

"No'm."

"Why, that's queer," she said. "He's always so polite. He seemed to be having a good time, didn't he, Sam?"

"Ma'am?"

"Didn't Georgie seem to be enjoying himself?"

This question, apparently so simple, was not answered with promptness. Sam looked at his mother in a puzzled way, and then found it necessary to

gasp when Fanny appeared, summoning her to the telephone.

It is pathetically true that Mrs. Williams went to the telephone humming a little song. She was detained at the instrument not more than five minutes; then she made a plunging return into the library, a blanched and stricken woman. She made strange, sinister gestures at her husband.

He sprang up, miserably prophetic.

"Mrs. Bassett?"

"Go to the telephone," Mrs. Williams said hoarsely. "She wants to talk to you, too. She can't talk much—she's hysterical. She says they lured Georgie into the cellar and had him beaten by negroes! That's not all—"

Mr. Williams was already on his way.

"You find Sam!" he commanded, over his shoulder.

Mrs. Williams stepped into the front hall.

"Sam!" she called, addressing the upper reaches of the stairway. "Sam!"

Not even echo answered.

"Sam!"

A faint clearing of somebody's throat was heard behind her, a sound so modest and unobtrusive it was no more than just audible, and, turning, the mother beheld her son sitting upon the floor in the shadow of the stairs and gazing meditatively at the hat-rack. His manner indicated that he wished to produce the impression that he had been sitting there, in this somewhat unusual place and occupation, for a considerable time, but without overhearing anything that went on in the library, so close by.

"Sam," she cried, "what have you done?"

"Well—I guess my legs are all right," he said, gently. "I got the arnica on, so probably they won't hurt any more."

"Stand up!" she said.

"Ma'am?"

"March into the library!"

Sam marched—slow-time. In fact, no funeral march has been composed in a time so slow as to suit this march of Sam's. One might have suspected that he was in a state of apprehension.

"Well, he didn't exactly go in the cellar," said Sam reluctantly.

"Well, how did he get in the cellar, then?"

"He—he fell in," said Sam.

"How did he fall in?"

"Well, the door was open, and—well, he kept walkin' round there, and we hollered at him to keep away, but just then he kind of—well, the first I noticed was I couldn't see him, and so we went and looked down the steps, and he was sitting down there on the bottom step and kind of shouting, and—"

"See here!" Mr. Williams interrupted. "You're going to make a clean breast of this whole affair and take the consequences. You're going to tell it and tell it all. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell me how Georgie Bassett fell down the cellar steps—and tell me quick!"

"He—he was blindfolded."

"Aha! Now we're getting at it. You begin at the beginning and tell me just what you did to him from the time he got here. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go on, then!"

"Well, I'm goin' to," Sam protested. "We never hurt him at all. He wasn't even hurt when he fell down cellar. There's a lot of mud down there, because the cellar door leaks, and—"

"Sam!" Mr. Williams' tone was deadly. "Did you hear me tell you to begin at the beginning?"

Sam made an effort and was able to obey.

"Well, we had everything ready for the 'nishment before lunch," he said. "We wanted it all to be nice, because you said we had to have him, papa, and after lunch Penrod went to guard him—that's a new part in the ritual—and he brought him over, and we took him out to the shack and blindfolded him, and—well, he got kind of mad because we wanted him to lay down on his stummock and be tied up, and he said he wouldn't, because the floor was a little bit wet in there and he could feel it sort of squishy under his shoes, and he said his mother didn't want him ever to get dirty, and he just wouldn't do it; and we all kept telling him he had 'nishment; and he kept gettin' madder, and said he wanted to have the 'nishment outdoors where it wasn't wet, and he wasn't goin' to lay down on his stummock, anyway." Sam paused for wind, then got under way again: "Well, some of the boys were tryin' to get him to lay down on his stummock, and he kind of fell up against the door and it came open and he ran out in the yard. He was tryin' to get the blindfold off his eyes, but he couldn't, because it was a towel in a pretty hard knot; and he went tearin' all around the backyard, and we didn't chase him, or anything. All we did was just watch him—and that's when he fell in the cellar. Well, it didn't hurt him any, but he was madder than what he would have been if he'd just had sense enough to lay down in the shack. Well, so we thought, long as he was down in the cellar anyway, we might as well have the rest of the 'nishment down there. So we brought the things down and—'nished him—and that's all. That's every bit we did to him."

"Yes," said Mr. Williams sardonically; "I see. What were the details of the initiation?"

"Sir?"

"I want to know what else you did to him? What was the initiation?"

"It's—it's secret," Sam murmured piteously.

"Not any longer, I assure you! The society is a thing of the past, and you'll find your friend Penrod's parents agree with me in that. Mrs. Bassett had already telephoned them when she called us up. You go on with your story!"

Sam sighed deeply, and yet it may have been a consolation to know that his present misery was not altogether without its counterpart. Through the falling dusk his spirit may have crossed the intervening distance to catch a glimpse of his friend suffering simultaneously and standing within the same peril. And if Sam's spirit did thus behold Penrod in jeopardy, it was a true vision.

"Go on!" said Mr. Williams.

"Well, there wasn't any fire in the furnace because it's too warm yet, and we weren't goin' to do anything'd hurt him, so we put him in there—"

"In the furnace?"

"It was cold," protested Sam. "There hadn't been any fire there since last spring. Course we told him there was fire in it. We had to do that," he continued earnestly, "because that was part of the 'nishment. We only kept him in it a little while and kind of hammered on the outside a little, and then we took him out and got him to lay down on his stummock, because he was all mucky anyway, where he fell down the cellar; and how could it matter to anybody that had any sense at all? Well, then we had the ritual, and—why, the teeny little paddlin' he got wouldn't hurt a flea! It was that little colored boy lives in the alley did it—he isn't anyways near half Georgie's size—but Georgie got mad and said he didn't want any ole nigger to paddle him. That's what he said, and it was his own foolishness, because Verman won't let anybody call him 'nigger, and if Georgie was goin' to call him that, he ought to had sense enough not to do it when he was layin' down that way and Verman all ready to be the paddler. And he needn't of been so mad at the rest of us, either, because it took us about twenty minutes to get the paddle away from Verman after that, and we had to lock Verman up in the laundry room and not let him out till it was all over. Well, and then

things were kind of spoiled anyway, so we didn't do but just a little more—and that's all."

"Go on! What was the 'just a little more'?"

"Well—we got him to swallow a little teeny bit of asafidity that Penrod ushed to have to wear in a bag around his neck. It wasn't enough to even make a person sneeze—it wasn't much more'n a half a spoonful—it wasn't hardly a quarter of a spoonful—"

"Ha!" said Mr. Williams. "That accounts for the doctor. What else?"

"Well—we—we had some paint left over from our flag, and we put a little teeny bit of it on his hair and—"

"Ha!" said Mr. Williams. "That accounts for the barber. What else?"

"That's all," said Sam, swallowing. "Then he got mad and went home."

Mr. Williams walked to the door, and sternly motioned to the culprit to precede him through it. But just before the pair passed from her sight, Mrs. Williams gave way to an uncontrollable impulse.

"Sam," she asked, "what does 'In-Or-In' stand for?"

The unfortunate boy had begun to snifle.

"It—it means—Innappent Order of Infidelity," he moaned—and plodded onward to his doom.

Not his alone; at that very moment Master Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., was suffering also, consequent upon telephoning on the part of Mrs. Bassett, though Roderick's punishment was administered less on the ground of Georgie's troubles and more on that of Roddy's having affiliated with an order consisting so largely of Herman and Verman. As for Maurice Levy, he was no whit less unhappy. He fared as ill.

Simultaneously, two ex-members of the In-or-In were finding their lot fortunate. Something had prompted them to linger in the alley in the vicinity of the shack, and it was to this fated edifice that Mr. Williams, with demonic justice, brought Sam for the deed he had in mind.

Herman and Verman listened—awed stricken—to what went on within the shack. Then, before it was over, they crept away and down the alley toward their own home. This was directly across the alley from the Schofield's stable, and they were horrified at the sounds which issued from the interior of the stable storeroom. It was the St. Bartholomew's Eve of that neighborhood.

"Man, man!" said Herman, shaking his head. "Glad I ain' no white boy!" Verman seemed gloomily to assent.

A Hindrance.

An army officer who served in the Spanish war tells of a New York regiment, many of whose members were recruited on the East side. They were spoiling for a fight, and it became necessary to post guards to preserve order.

A big husky Bowery recruit, of pugilistic proportions, was put on duty outside and given special orders to see that quiet reigned, and, above all things, if trouble came his way, not to lose possession of his rifle.

Soon a general row began, growing in proportions as the minutes passed. The soldier walked his post nervously, without interrupting, until the corporal of the guard appeared on the scene with re-enforcements.

"Why didn't you stop this row?" demanded the corporal.

The sentry balanced his rifle on his shoulder, raised his arm to the correct boxing position, and replied: "Shore, phwat could I do wid dis gun in me hands?"—Harper's.

Causes of Winds.

Winds are produced by a disturbance of the equilibrium in some part of the atmosphere; a disturbance always resulting from a difference in temperature between adjacent sections. Thus, if the temperature of a certain extent of ground becomes higher, the air in contact with it becomes heated, it expands and goes towards the colder or higher regions of the atmosphere; when it flows, producing winds which blow from hot to cold countries. But at the same time the equilibrium is destroyed at the surface of the earth, for the pressure on the colder adjacent parts is greater than on that which has been heated, and hence a current will be produced with a velocity dependent on the difference between these pressures; thus two distinct winds will be produced—an upper one setting outwards from the heated region, and a lower one setting inwards towards it.

One Thing at a Time.

Perhaps because you have so many goals you wish to reach you are far away from any of them, observes an efficiency expert.

You are dividing your forces.

You must have one real objective point if you would win success—the success which is worth winning.

It is quite impossible to have one major subject which you study and aim to excel in, and then fritter away part of your time on others.

Certain arts and studies are allied, 'tis true.

Then select one and study it thoroughly and well.

Concentrated thought, study and action in one direction will accomplish great things.

But a smattering of all and finish of nothing is time wasted.

Choose wisely; then go to it, one thing at a time.

Mutual Understanding.

"How are you getting on with your French lessons?"

"First rate. I'm getting so I know what I'm talking about almost as well as the teacher."



"Well, Then We Had the Ritual, and— and—Why, the Teeny Little Paddlin' He Got Wouldn't Hurt a Flea!"

rub each of his shins in turn with the palm of his right hand.

"I stumbled," he said, apologetically. "I stumbled on the cellar steps."

"Did you hurt yourself?" she asked quickly.

"No'm; but I guess maybe I better rub some arnica—"

"I'll get it," she said. "Come up to your father's bathroom, Sam. Does it hurt much?"

"No'm," he answered truthfully, "it hardly hurts at all."

And having followed her to the bathroom, he insisted, with unusual gentleness, that he be left to apply the arnica to the alleged injuries himself. He was so persuasive that she yielded, and descended to the library, where she found her husband once more at home after his day's work.

"Well?" he said. "Did Georgie show up, and were they decent to him?"

"Oh, yes; it's all right. Sam and Penrod were good as gold. I saw them being actually cordial to him."

"That's well," said Mr. Williams, settling into a chair with his paper. "I was a little apprehensive, but I suppose I was mistaken. I walked home, and just now, as I passed Mrs. Bassett's I saw Doctor Venny's car in front, and that barber from the corner shop on Second street was going in the door. I couldn't think what a widow would need a barber and a doctor for—especially at the same time. I couldn't think what Georgie'd need such a combination for, either, and then I got afraid that maybe—"

Mrs. Williams laughed. "Oh, no; it hasn't anything to do with his having been over there. I'm sure they were very nice to him."

"Well, I'm glad of that."

"Yes, indeed—" Mrs. Williams be-

Mr. Williams entered at one door as his son crossed the threshold of the other, and this encounter was a piteous sight. After one glance at his father's face, Sam turned desperately, as if to flee outright. But Mrs. Williams stood in the doorway behind him.

"You come here!" And the father's voice was as terrible as his face. "What did you do to Georgie Bassett?"

"Nothin'," Sam gulped; "nothin' at all."

"What!"

"We just—we just 'nished him."

Mr. Williams turned abruptly, walked to the fireplace, and there turned again, facing the wretched Sam.

"That's all you did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Georgie Bassett's mother has just told me over the telephone," said Mr. Williams deliberately, "that you and Penrod Schofield and Roderick Bitts and Maurice Levy lured Georgie into the cellar and had him beaten by negroes!"

At this, Sam was able to hold up his head a little and to summon a rather feeble indignation.

"It ain't so," he declared. "We didn't any such thing lower him into the cellar. We weren't goin' near the cellar with him. We never thought of goin' down cellar. He went down there himself, first."

"So! I suppose he was running away from you, poor thing! Trying to escape from you, wasn't he?"

"He wasn't," said Sam doggedly. "We weren't chasin' him—or anything at all."

"Then why did he go in the cellar?"

from
Pills to Powder

Jim's cut finger
Or Sadie's nose
That needs some powder
To hold her beaus;
Or baby's food
That must taste good.
Whatever you seek
You will find if you peek
In through the door
Of our drug store.

We have everything that a modern up-to-date drug store should have. Our prices are fair and our drugs are pure.

"Quality and Service" Our Motto

TAYLOR-FINLAY DRUG CO.
Hughes Building South Side Square

RECITAL BY MISSES RAY PROVES ONE OF SEASON'S MOST ENJOYABLE EVENTS

The recital presented Wednesday night at the Methodist church under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers association, was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable events yet presented by this body, and while the attendance was not large, the audience was splendidly entertained and showed itself thoroughly appreciative.

The program, rendered in two parts by the Misses Adele Ray, high soprano, and Jewel Ray, contralto, was a musical treat seldom had in Brady, while the accompaniment by Mrs. Jack Ragsdale also was very fine and found great favor with all.

The first part of the program consisted of classic and religious offerings, while the second part consisted of presentation of colonial songs, with the Misses Ray appearing in colonial costumes. Encores were in the form of popular songs.

During the intermission, several delightful numbers were rendered, and included a duet by the Misses Mary Campbell and Maurine Wolf, and readings by Misses Lucille Womack and Mackie Lee Neal, all of whom responded to encores. Miss Neal gave as her encore a reading entitled "Foolish Questions," with musical accompaniment.

Ferns, pot plants and lilacs formed beautiful decorations for the church auditorium.

W. L. CAIN NEW HEAD FIRST STATE BANK OF MELVIN SUCCEEDING T. C. WARD IN BANK

E. A. Baze, cashier of the Melvin State bank, while in Brady Wednesday, reported that W. L. Cain of Melvin was selected at a recent meeting of the board of directors to head the bank, following his purchase of the stock of T. C. Ward, who has been president of the bank since its organization. Mr. Cain is one of the prominent and most substantial citizens of Melvin and in his selection, a strong and able man is added to the directorate of the bank.

SAVED SICK SPELLS

Black-Draught Found Valuable by a Texas Farmer, Who Has Known Its Usefulness Over 30 Years.

Naples, Texas.—"I have used Thedford's Black-Draught for years—I can safely say for more than 30 years," declares Mr. H. H. Cromer, a substantial, well-known farmer, residing out from here on Route 3.

"I am 43 years old, and when a small boy I had indigestion and was puny and my folks gave me a liver regulator. Then Black-Draught was advertised and we heard of it.

"I began to take Black-Draught, and have used it, when needed, ever since. I use Black-Draught now in my home, and certainly recommend it for any liver trouble.

"I have given it a thorough trial, and after thirty years can say Black-Draught is my stand-by. It has saved me many sick spells."

Mr. Cromer writes that he is "never out of Black-Draught," and says several of his neighbors prefer it to any other liver medicine. "I always recommend Black-Draught to my friends," he adds.

This valuable, old, powdered liver medicine is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and has none of the bad effects so often observed from the use of colored, or other powerful mineral drugs. Be sure to get the genuine, Thedford's. NC-145

NEW AUTO PAINTING SHOP TO BE OPENED NEXT WEEK IN BRADY BY C. F. HEYDORF

Chas. F. Heydorf of Denver, and more recently of Lampasas, was in Brady this week and concluded arrangements for opening an auto painting shop here. The shop will be located in the Gibbons building, recently occupied by the Roddie Produce Co., where Mr. Heydorf will install complete equipment, including the ovens for baking all removable parts of automobiles being repaired.

Mr. Heydorf is the man who completed the auto painting jobs at Lampasas, after the original contractor, who collected pay in advance, had absconded, leaving much uncompleted work. Mr. Heydorf arranged to complete this work at a minimum expense to the auto owners, and his work was declared by all to have been highly satisfactory.

The new shop will probably be ready for business by the end of next week, as Mr. Heydorf expects to come here the middle of the week and install his equipment.

VICTORY NOTES STILL OUTSTANDING—THESE CALLED NOTES DRAW NO INTEREST

Postmaster H. N. Cook is advised by the Treasury Savings department of the Federal Reserve bank at Dallas to request all holders of Victory Notes, either those already called and which no longer bear interest, or those which mature May 20th, next month, to bring them in and reinvest them in Treasury Savings certificates, which do bear interest.

According to the letter, there are outstanding in the Dallas district alone \$12,000,000 in Victory Notes. Approximately one-fourth, or \$3,000,000, of these are called notes, and the balance, between \$8,500,000 and \$9,000,000, mature for payment next month.

A good grade 27-in. Gingham, special price, the yard 19c. A. R. HOOPER.

A balanced ration for your baby chicks and turkeys will pay you a larger percentage of profit than any one thing. Mayhew Produce Company.

We have received several nice living room Suits. Would be glad to show you. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

Our charter expires in May. We must close out the Popular Dry Goods Co. Get your goods now. Wholesale prices are advancing. Our prices are cut far below lowest cost prices in years. POPULAR DRY GOODS

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

All shoe and boot Repairing done in first-class style, at our Saddle and Shoe Shop. EVERS & BRO.

OIL! OIL!
When in need of Coal Oil, Gasoline or Lubricating Oil, phone the GULF man—423. He will appreciate your patronage.

All sizes Lawn Mowers and Baskets. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.

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

SUGAR COOKIES

By JULIA A. ROBINSON
(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mrs. Willis had lived with her husband for thirty years. She was a model housekeeper. Not a speck of dirt could be found anywhere in the house, not a thing was out of place, and she was a good cook.

In all these years Mrs. Willis had not been away from home, even for a single night.

Somenow, of late Mrs. Willis had become restless. She could hardly tell why, and Silas did not notice. She had a longing to get away for a time. The feeling came over her that life was passing and she had seen nothing of the world beyond the little home town.

There was Mattie, her younger sister, living in New York. She did not write very often, but when she did she told of parties, concerts and opera, of great preachers who stirred her soul, of shops, the great underground railway and all the wonderful mysteries of the city.

Why had she never seen these things! She had not thought about it before, but now they filled her with longing.

She thought about it for so long and so constantly that at last it seemed that she must go, and she began to plan. She was sure Silas could get along very well without her if she cooked up enough to last. Mrs. Hooper could look in now and then to see if he was all right. She would go early before Mattie went to the seashore. Mattie always went in June.

"I'm going to New York, father," announced Mrs. Willis, as her husband sat by the kitchen stove toasting his feet, even in May, for there was a chill in the air.

He was leaning forward, half dozing, but at her words he started up, a terrified look in his eyes.

"How? What's that you say?"

"I'm going to New York," she repeated calmly.

"New York? What put that idea in your head?"

"I ain't never seen Mattie in her home, and I'm agoin' now. It's time."

"But you've seen Mattie; she's been here lots o' times."

"That ain't like going to her home," his wife objected. "Besides, I want to see something afore I die."

"Well, now, I never! You ain't a-thinkin' of dyin', are you? You ain't sick, be you?" Silas' tone was worried and he gazed at her anxiously.

"No, I ain't sick," she assured him, "not now, but I will be some day, then I can't go. I'm going now while I can."

That settled it, for Mr. Willis knew that what his wife made up her mind to do, she did.

For three days Mrs. Willis scrubbed and cooked.

"Everything's ready in spic-span order," she said to her husband the night before she was to start. "There's vittles enough to last you. I shan't be gone but two weeks. You can boil a bit o' pork and fry some eggs. Be sure and keep the bread covered or 'twill get so dry you can't eat it. There's lots o' cookies, same's you like. There's a jar of molasses an' a jar of sugars. Eat the sugars first, 'cause they don't keep so well. I'll write you when I get there and you write if you're sick."

On the way to the station neither spoke much. They had never been separated a night since the day they were married, and the situation was almost too much for them. Mrs. Willis gave a few last admonitions, then the train bore her away.

Time passed slowly for Silas. At last his wife reached home at the appointed time. She had been away just two weeks, but it seemed a year to her. She had seen and done so much. She came home perfectly satisfied with her trip into the world, but she would never go away from home again, he might be sure of that.

She looked about the room, at chairs filled with articles of clothing, at the unswept floor, at the dishes piled high in the sink, but said nothing.

"I thought I'd leave 'em for you, as you was a-comin'," he said by way of apology, "seem'n as you know how to fix 'em best."

She laid aside her bonnet, put on her working dress and fell to.

"Have enough to eat?" she asked.

"Reckon I didn't starve," he chuckled.

"Were them cookies good? I put lots o' shortening into 'em."

"First rate! I ate 'em, every one."

Mrs. Willis was putting things to rights in the closet. All at once she uttered a cry.

"Father!" she called, "you ain't ate one of them lemon sugar cookies, an' they're all spoiled!"

"What?" stammered Silas. "Lemon cookies—"

"Yes. I told you to eat the sugars first, 'cause they wouldn't keep with lemon in 'em. Why didn't you eat 'em? You always like 'em best."

"I never see 'em, mother."

"Never see 'em, when they was right here in the stone jar next to the 'lasses!"

"I ate the 'lasses, but I didn't see no others."

"All the sugar and butter I put into 'em, and they're was'ed!" she wailed.

"Well, mother, next time you go just leave the jar open so I'll see 'em," said Silas.

"There won't be no next time, father," she assured him. "I'm going to stay right here, and take care of you, and see that things don't get wasted."

"IN THE DAYS OF '49"

Saturday is the day everybody is coming to Brady to help the Legion and Band Boys celebrate "In the Days of '49", and when you come to town, be sure to drop in and see what Benham is offering.

Big Hat Specials

Special prices on Millinery that you can't afford to miss—Hats at
\$3.00 \$5.00 \$17.50
You can't find better hats anywhere at these prices

Special Prices on Dresses

Just to make it interesting for shoppers, we are including all our better Dresses at Special Prices. Come in and pick out the choicest Dresses in our big stocks—you'll marvel at the price.

All Well Dressed Ladies Buy at

BENHAM'S

BRADY HIGH WINS GAME FROM MELVIN WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—SCORE 5 TO 1

Brady high school won handily from Melvin school Wednesday afternoon at Dutton City park in a most interesting game of base ball, the score resulting 5 to 1. The Melvin team was accompanied here by quite a number of Melvin live wires. Brady appeared to big advantage over her opponents, the locals hitting hard and playing good ball all the way through. J. D. Miller was in the lox for the locals and proved in fine form, the visitors getting five hits off of him, while Wood, Melvin's mound artist, delivered eight hits to Brady. But two errors were chalked up against Brady, and four against Melvin. Melvin's score is credited to Ward, and was made in the third inning.

New shipment of the best Cane-Seated Chairs in the world just arrived at C. H. ARNSPIGERS Second Hand Store.



Have beautiful window decorations
Nothing gives so much pleasure as a well decorated window. Your windows will be the envy of your neighbors if you use the **Kirsch Flat Rod** for curtains and draperies. Guaranteed not to sag or tarnish. There is a Kirsch Flat Rod in a color to match your woodwork or draperies. Every rod contains a written guarantee that it will not sag or tarnish. It's so easy to have an attractive window with the Kirsch Flat Rod. We have many new designs in curtain and drapery fabrics. Come in—see them.

O. D. MANN & SONS

LAW PASSED BY RECENT LEGISLATURE REQUIRES NEW BONDS OF COUNTY OFFICIALS

Austin, Texas, April 9. — County commissioners, judges, clerks and sheriffs of Texas are required to execute new bonds within 30 days after adjournment of the recent regular session of the Legislature, under terms of measures passed by that body, the Attorney General's department held in an opinion Monday. The effect is to hold the laws constitutional and not retroactive. Question as to their constitutionality was raised on grounds that they were retroactive.

In Porch Furniture, we have a complete stock. Call in and let us show you our line. Broad Mercantile Co.

32-inch Gaze Marvel Tissue Gingham, our regular price 65c; now 58c. A. R. HOOPER.

With a Hail Insurance Policy you are secure against one of the most annoying risks of the farming business. Better get protection today. W. H. BALLOU & CO.

Quick Delivery Service

We are now operating a delivery truck in connection with our Grocery and Dry Goods departments, and will be pleased to have you phone your orders to us.

Our stock of Groceries is complete, is new and fresh, and is sold at closest prices. Our Dry Goods also offers real values to the careful and discriminating buyers.

PHONE 413
We're R'aring to Go

T. E. DOBBS
Groceries - - Dry Goods

IN RELIGIOUS CIRCLES

St. Paul's Church. Services Sunday morning and evening by the Rev. John Power, LL.D.

Catholic Church. Services will be held at St. Patrick's church each third Sunday in the month by the Rev. J. B. Lavoie. Mass 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Baptist Church. Rev. W. W. Rivers of the Crim evangelistic party will speak at the Baptist church Friday evening at 7:30.

Subject, "The Importance of a Revival Meeting." All the church people of Brady are cordially invited to attend.

New shipment of the best Cane-Seated Chairs in the world just arrived at C. H. ARNSPIGERS Second Hand Store.

Everything in Hardware; not a more complete stock in this section than you will find in our Hardware Department. BROAD MERCANTILE CO.