

## CITY CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN MAKING PROGRESS

The Clean-Up, Paint-Up proclamation issued last week by Mayor E. L. Jones is the law of Brady land, and indications are that the entire citizenship will dutifully perform their share of the work assigned. An inspection of the city shows numbers of premises already cleaned and presenting the most attractive of appearances, while others show that a good start has been made, and that the clean-up is on in earnest.

The city Monday started three wagons on the job hauling away trash, rubbish and all accumulated weeds and cans, and in addition a force of workmen was started out to cut all weeds and gather up all paper and trash on the main-traveled thoroughfares of the city.

It is the desire of the City Health administration that all possible dangers of epidemics be avoided and to that end special attention is directed to the elimination of all stagnant pools, all filth and breeding places for flies and mosquitoes, the proper screening and disinfecting of all surface toilets, the weekly removal of offal and droppings, and the observance of all other health safeguards.

In addition to the other good work being done, the city is making a most thorough and satisfactory job of grading and dragging the streets, including the much-needed work of smoothing over the public square. This work, in itself, adds materially to the comfort and well-being of the citizenship.

Add to this, the "Brady Beautiful" campaign soon to be inaugurated, and Brady will soon boast of the prettiest, most attractive and most

## PLUMBING AND HEATING PLANT NEW BRADY HOTEL TO BE CREDIT TO BRADY

A. T. Cheaney arrived Monday from Waco to give personal supervision of the installation of the plumbing and heating plant of the new Brady Hotel, and for which he has the contract. The plant to be installed is the Dunham Vapor System, accredited as the latest in heating devices, and giving a heating plant that will be a credit to the city of Brady. This plant will make the 72nd system installed in the State of Texas by Mr. Cheaney alone, and which indicates the popularity and universal adoption of this system.

Mr. Cheaney reports having unloaded a half carload of material yesterday, including pumps, valves, radiators and special apparatus, and Thursday expects a full carload shipment including boilers, radiators, hot-water tanks and supplies and the like, while Friday or Saturday another half carload shipment will about complete the supplies and equipment.

The Dunham system owes its superiority to the fact that it works under vacuum and is automatic, no mechanical equipment being required to operate the same. Not only does the vapor system maintain a uniform temperature, but it avoids the pounding and knocking of the steam, so common in other heating systems, and in addition has many other points of superiority.

sanitary and healthful town in the State of Texas.

Mother's Day, Sunday May 13th. We have a beautiful line of cards suitable for the occasion.  
THE BRADY STANDARD.

It isn't necessary for you to have butter put up in molds to sell us. We can handle it in bulk. Mayhew Produce Co.



The 134th anniversary of the inauguration of our first president was marked by a stirring scene as New York School children on April 30th trod the ground upon which Washington stood to make his inaugural address and take oath of office. The statue is located in New York, at Broad and Wall Streets, in front of the U. S. Sub-Treasury Building.

## BRADY HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES ON THURSDAY, MAY 17TH

BACCALAUREATE SERMON BY THE REV. BUREN SPARKS NEXT SUNDAY AFTERNOON—COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS BY DR. CHANDLER OF BROWNWOOD, TEXAS.

On Thursday night of next week, May 17th, there will be held the commencement exercises of the Brady high school, marking the close of another highly successful school year. Twelve pupils compose the Class of '23, the number being equally divided between the boys and the girls. The baccalaureate sermon is to be delivered next Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock at the Methodist church by the Rev. Buren Sparks, pastor of the First Baptist church of Brady. On the following Thursday night, Dr. Chandler, president of Daniel Baker college at Brownwood will deliver the address to the graduates, incident to the commencement exercises of the class at the Methodist church.

As before stated, six boys and six girls compose the Class of '23 of the Brady High school. The class roll is as follows: Misses Katherine Ballou, Viola Tom, Florence Bates, Frances Samuel, Dorothy Ogden, Gertrude Trigg; Messrs. Franz Taylor, Glenn R. Ricks, Daniel E. Epps, Arthur Await, B. Earl Deans and Jas. A. Snider.

The closing of the Brady schools on Thursday of next week marks not only the end of a brilliant and successful school year, but it marks also the beginning of a greater and more brilliant school future. With the opening of the new term next fall, the handsome new Brady High school building will be ready for occupancy, and this magnificent structure, of which every Brady citizen is proud, is certain to bring about a school spirit that is sure to place the Brady schools at the head of their class. Not only is the building modern and complete to the last detail, but the additional rooms enable the introduction of new courses, making for an enlarged curriculum, and in addition will enable the extension and development of other courses so that numbers of new credits will be obtained for Brady High school.

All Brady is proud of the school spirit that is being developed so rapidly here, and all Brady is backing the schools to the limit.

It's STRAW HAT time—and I've got Straw hats. See the new lightweight Straws; they're beauties. KIRK. Nuf-Sed.

We are now delivering coal on the new cheap summer prices. Order your winter coal today and save further worry. Macy & Co.

It isn't necessary for you to have butter put up in molds to sell us. We can handle it in bulk. Mayhew Produce Co.

Waste Baskets, various designs in wire and solid steel. The Brady Standard.

## R. L. BROCK, FORMER LOHN CITIZEN, SERIOUSLY BUT NOT FATALLY INJURED FRIDAY

News received here from Lubbock tells of the serious, but not fatal injury sustained by R. L. Brock, well-known former McCulloch county citizen, who was struck by an automobile there last Friday morning. Mr. Brock had made his home at Lohr for about twelve years and up to eighteen months ago, when he removed with his family to Lubbock, where he is at present engaged in the new and second-hand furniture business. Mr. Brock's friends and acquaintances over the entire county will regret to learn of his injury, and will hope for a speedy recovery.

The following report upon the accident is reprinted from the Lubbock Morning Avalanche of last Saturday:

R. L. Brock, of Brock's Furniture Store, is in a local hospital in a very serious condition as the result of an accident near the A. H. Travis Grocery at the corner of Ave. G and Broadway here Friday morning.

Mr. Brock had started across the street when a Buick six, driven by Mrs. E. E. Pew, whose home is five miles east of Lubbock, struck him, knocking him against the pavement.

A Simmons ambulance was called to the scene of the accident and the injured man rushed to the West Texas Hospital.

Dr. Baugh, who has charge of the case, made a thorough examination and unless undetected internal injuries become complicated, the man will recover, however he is in a very serious condition and has suffered intensely from the wounds, according to statements made by the physician.

## BAPTIST CHURCH AND PASTORIUM AT SAN SABA DESTROYED BY FIRE

Between two and three o'clock Wednesday morning fire completely destroyed the Baptist church and Pastorium. The fire when first discovered was burning in the alcove back of the choir rostrum, and quickly spread to the annex. Citizens promptly responded when the alarm was given but nothing could be done to save the building, the annexes out door seats, and the magnificent oak tree under which services were always held in summer were destroyed. The church was one of the landmarks of San Saba, was nicely furnished. A piano and two church organs were lost. The fire spread to the new Pastorium, which had recently been built and it was also consumed.

Rev. and Mrs. McHenry Seal lost much of their household effects. The loss is estimated at \$20,000.00, including church furnishings and Pastorium.

The origin of the fire is undetermined. The Sheriff's department is making investigation as the News goes to press.

## WORK BEGINS TOMORROW ON SYNDICATE BUILDING IN THE TOWN OF MELVIN

A. J. Bay, local contractor, who was recently awarded the contract for the construction of a syndicate building in Melvin, reports that ground will be broken tomorrow, and work will be gotten under way. Practically all building material and supplies have already been placed on the ground and the work is expected to run uninterruptedly until completion. The new building will have a ground space of 6,600 square feet, the frontage running 90 ft and the depth 70 ft., and the building being divided into five store-rooms. Construction will be of face brick and interlocking tile, and in addition to a modern plate glass front and awning, the contract calls for sidewalks and other up-to-date adjuncts.

We buy Packing Stock Butter. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

These warm days should remind you that it is STRAW HAT Time. Get in a new lid—those light weight straws will keep you cool and comfortable. KIRK'S QUALITY SHOP. Nuf-Sed.

The ingredients in Purina Startena supply just the elements to build up every portion of the tiny chick's body. Mayhew Produce Company.

## MILLION DOLLAR RAIN-COUNTY IS THOROLY SOAKED

The Standard is authorized to announce that Sunday night's rain came fully within the category of "Million Dollar" moistures. In other words, it was just what the doctor ordered. In Brady the rainfall amounted to about a half inch, and all portions of the county received like or even better precipitation. The rainfall appears to have been heavier to the west and northwest of the county, from which direction the rainclouds came, and West Sweden reports around an inch to one and one-half inches of fall. About the same amount of precipitation was had in the Pear Valley community, the rainfall being accompanied by a heavy windstorm and considerable fine hail. In the East Gansel community, the hail did much damage, Mac Coalson, who farms on the Gansel ranch, reporting the hail having beaten crops into the ground, and in some places cutting a swath about a mile wide. The hail damage crossed the Gansel ranch from northwest to southeast, but did not extend up to Pear Valley. Besides the damage on the Coalson farm, the farm of J. M. Pats, a mile or more north of Doolle suffered considerable crop damage, and replanting will be necessary. Small grain suffered the most, while feed stuffs will probably come out again. Only about one-fourth of the cotton was up. The hail was accompanied by about a three-inch rainfall.

There is a large acreage of oats and small grain over this entire section, all of which is heading out in wonderful fashion, and the rain comes at the most opportune moment to fill out the heads, and make the yield extra-heavy. Incidentally the rain will be of untold benefit to crops which the farmers have been just the past several weeks putting in, and also puts the ground in right shape for further planting.

With the splendid season had this spring, McCulloch county has become a modern Eden, and the Horn of Prosperity is evidently hanging over the citizenship in this good year of 1923.

We buy Packing Stock Butter. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

Coal Is Cheapest Now. Order your winter coal supply now, while the price is lowest. We are now filling bins on summer price schedule. Macy & Co.

Party Invitations. THE BRADY STANDARD.

Purina Chick Startena and Baby Chick Chow will carry your Chicks and Turkeys thru the first few critical weeks. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

## E. R. CANTWELL Mattress Renovating and UPHOLSTERING



When suffering from headache, Neuralgia, sciatica and other similar pains—the relief you get depends on the reliability of the medicine. Every person has a right to demand PURETEST ASPIRIN Tablets. Put up in bottles of 100 for \$1.00; tin boxes of 24 for 40c; tin boxes of 12 for 25c.

**TRIGG DRUG CO.**  
The Rexall Store

**Daily Passenger Service**  
BETWEEN BRADY AND BROWNWOOD  
STARTING THURSDAY, MAY 10TH  
Leave Brady at 8:00 A. M.  
Returning Leave Brownwood at 4:00 P. M.  
Phone Queen Hotel for Any Information.  
**BUD KISER, Owner**

**DO YOU REMEMBER?**

When you were a little tot, how eagerly you snatched the pennies that mother gave you. And with flying feet you scampered out for a bag of all-day suckers.

Do you remember how with shining eyes she watched your childish joys; how she skimped and saved so you could have your candy?

What could be a more fitting remembrance now of her loving care than a big box of good chocolates? Mother will appreciate it.

Our candies come in beautiful boxes with verse dedicated to "Mother" on top of box. Also, with each box of candy we present free a beautiful framed motto picture of oval design, also dedicated to "Mother."

**"Mother's Day" is Next Sunday, May 13th**

**C. H. Vincent**  
DRY GOODS  
SOUTH SIDE



# THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

### ADVERTISING RATES

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

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

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



BRADY, TEXAS, MAY 8, 1923

### HONEST INJUN.

A clean city means a low death rate.

### CLEAN UP TIME

It is indeed gratifying to note the spirit with which the City of Brady has entered the "Clean-Up" Campaign. A force of workmen and wagons have been employed to assist in the good work, the streets are being graded and dragged, and everything possible done to eliminate trash, rubbish, weeds, stagnant pools and everything of an unsightly and unsanitary nature.

The Standard heartily commends the "City Dads." Their action is going to bring rich returns to the city and citizens in the way of less danger from epidemics, from disease and from germ-carrying insects and pests. Incidentally, it is a good move and a long step in the direction of the "City Beautiful."

Let every citizen catch the spirit and clean-up and paint-up his premises. The investment we put into this work will bring dividends to ourselves, our neighbors—the whole city in general.

### OBSESSION.

A "very religious Sunday school teacher" in an eastern city bought a radio set, soon became a bug. The craze gripped him so deeply that, when the family tried to lure him away from his radio long enough to eat his meals, he seized an auto axle, beat two of them to death, then killed himself with a razor.

The most innocent and sensible things can wreck our lives and unbalance our reason if we let them become obsessions. The man who is always harping on one subject is dangerously near the borderline. It's wisdom to diversify our interests, particularly hobbies.—San Angelo Standard.

### SPRING(ING) BLANK(ETY) VERSE.

The Blue Bonnets are nodding to the golden sunrise and the little birds are chirping a song of spring. Schwenker of The Brady Standard will please pick up the refrain.—San Saba News.

The spotted Trout are leaping fit the silvery sunshine and the creek banks are beckoning to the anglers. We pass it on to Josh Munsell of the Menard Messenger.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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SIX MONTHS ..... \$1.00  
THREE MONTHS ... 65c  
Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.  
Effective January 1, 1923.



## Housewives—Play Safe on the Weather

EVERY now and then you hear some of the oldsters say that the weather has changed mightily in the last few years. The fact is that changeability is the only thing you can count on in the weather.

Play safe when it comes to protecting food.

Telephone us today and make sure that our driver starts making regular deliveries. Don't let the weather decide when you should call us up.

We are ready for the call—better equipped than ever to give you the very best of daily service.

This Emblem



Your Protection

PHONE 125

## MANN BROS. ICE CO.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES  
163 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

### A CONTINUED STORY

A "mass meeting" at Greenville protests against the appropriation of money for the founding of the Texas Technological College in West Texas "at this time."

Does it not come with bad grace that such a demand should be made by Hunt county?

Most of West Texas counties have been paying in more taxes to the State than they get back for years. Hunt county gets back every year considerably more than it pays in.

Suppose West Texas counties decided to quit paying in this surplus? If the Legislature wants to start a real movement to divide the State and create a new State in West Texas, let them repeal the law creating the Texas Technological College.—Star-Telegram, Fort Worth.

Respectfully recommended to the earnest consideration of "Billy" Smith of San Saba.—Brady Standard.

That's the dope. When you have troubles that you want to shift off somewhere, brethren, just hand them to Sun-of-a-Gun. S. G. gets lots of fun out of his troubles, and still a lot more fun "earnestly considering" the troubles of others. Just lay on, pile it up in heaping measures. If it's a question of feeding sweet milk to kittens, or of dividing the great State of Texas, just you hand it to

Sun-of-a-Gun. He can fix it, and fix it mighty quick. The fixin' may not suit everybody. Ah, there is the rub. About the time S. G. gets a lot of things fixed and fixed good, Schwenker and a lot of other folks come along and unfix them, and there you are. But the fun is all in the fixing. There is that old question of dividing Texas. Everybody knows that Texas ought to be divided into about four states. Nobody has ever given any kind of a plausible reason for having one state where there ought to be a half dozen. If that man is blessed who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, then thrice blessed will be the man who some day rises up with force enough of personality to make four states flourish where only one flourished before. All that old sob stuff about the Alamo has too long held Texas people and the South to the bottom of the lake, strangled. Then again Sun-of-a-Gun can count on the fingers of his left hand, and have five to spare, every boy and girl who gets an education in the Texas Tech during the next 50 years who couldn't have gotten as much, and more, at A. & M. or C. I. A. This chapter may be continued next week, and then it may not.—W. A. Smith in San Saba News.

If "Billy" Smith expects to get the last say on what he has started, he surely will have to continue the

### PUTTING YOUR TOWN ON THE MAP.

There are two ways of putting a town on the map. The man who prints a map upon a piece of paper puts a dot—a speck—with the name of your town attached to mark the location of your town. This is put there not because of you; but in spite of you. This method is all right for the study of geography; but it doesn't cut much ice in the material welfare of your town.

There is another way, though, of putting your town on the map, really, honest-to-goodness putting it there so that everybody knows you ARE there. It's no one man's job either, nor can any one individual accomplish this task. This is how it's done: when the citizenship of any town hide their hammers and forget to knock; when they discover the splendid habit of boosting their town and its best interests; when they are willing to lay aside in a large measure their own personal interests, and pull and work for the public good; when they stand FOR progress and not in the way of progress; when they tell others whom they meet about the BEST town of them all—their own; they will wake up to find their town sure enough on the map, the map that counts in the world's affairs.

The process of putting your town in its rightful place may seem a slow and a tedious one; the sacrifice you may be called upon to make may seem a bit heavy sometimes; you may think you are doing more than your share; but don't worry; don't get weary in the game; push right ahead strengthened by the thought you are doing the right thing, and then when victory really comes, which it surely will, the consciousness that comes to you of duty done will then repay you well for every effort made, for every sacrifice endured, and YOUR town will most certainly be on the map, to remain there a fitting monument to your efforts and to your sacrifice.

Believe in your town; work for your town; boost. If you can't say something good for your town, then at least say nothing.

Hide your hammer and buy a horn.—The Merchant.

argument in his next issue. We never saw a prettier setting, or a more apparent need of a Texas "Tech" college, located in West Texas, than in Sun-of-a-Gun's advocacy of the division of Texas into several states. That's one subject that we are agreed upon, and if the State of Central Texas is to be established, then wouldn't a Texas Technological college, located in the center of Central Texas just about be the cat's pajama? We'll say so. And who is this Sun-of-a-Gun who wants Texas cut up into five separate states, and yet wants all the institutions of knowledge, criminology, pathology, bug-ology and phrenology in East Texas, or South Texas or North Texas or West Texas—but not in Central Texas?

### REMEMBER TWO YEARS AGO.

With the price of sheep getting high and the money market getting easy, there is an element of danger to the man who fails to exercise the proper precaution. There may be a reaction and a flareback in the price of sheep. The man who owns his sheep and has them paid for will not be really hurt if he fails to sell at the high market when it is reached, but the man who invests his money and strains his credit and prices slump, will find himself in the same condition that many western people were following the palmy days of high prices a few years ago.—Menard Messenger.

### HOKUM.

A religious fanatic, William Miller, predicted that the world would come to an end October 22, 1844. He had a big following—so big, in fact, that the leading store in New York City displayed huge signs in its windows offering "white muslin for ascension robes." The store did a tremendous business until October 23 came and people found the world going ahead as usual.

On the average, we're just as sane as our ancestors. Which isn't saying much for either of us.—San Angelo Standard.

If you want a real up-to-the-minute Panama Hat, why KIRK has it, of course. See show window. Nuf Sed.

It isn't necessary for you to have butter put up in molds to sell us. We can handle it in bulk. Mayhew Produce Co.

## THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**Dr. Henry N. Tipton**  
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**DR. WM. C. JONES**  
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Will appreciate your draying and hauling business. Your freight and packages handled by careful and painstaking employees.

### J. C. BENSON

Macy & Company still have plenty of the Jap Amber Cane Seed. Phone your order to 295. We buy Packing Stock Butter. MAYHEW PRODUCE CO.

## Gifts for the Graduates

Graduation Time—The culmination of years of patient study and work—the first great achievement in the life of the young man or young woman—make it an even more memorable occasion with a distinctive Graduation Gift.

We Are Showing Beautiful Gifts In Graduation Record Books.

### School Friendship Books Stunt Books, Etc.

Beautifully Bound—Some Loose Leaf

### Combination Writing Sets

The Famous Eversharp Pencils and the Wonderful Wahl Fountain Pens in Gift Sets, or Singly. Also Eversharp Ribbon Guards. A wide Variety of Styles and Prices

### Graduation Gift Cards

Also folders, beautiful in coloring and designing. Some hand-painted.

## The Brady Standard

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



# DESERT GOLD

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



Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

SYNOPSIS

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

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

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

**CHAPTER III**—The pair, aided by the cowboys who had assisted Gale in the escape, Charlie Ladd and Jim Lash, arrive in safety at a ranch known as Fort Horn River, well across the border.

**CHAPTER IV**—The fugitives are at Tom Belding's home. Belding is immigration inspector. Living with him are his wife and stepdaughter, Nell Burton. Gale, with Ladd and Lash, take service with Belding as rangers. Gale telling Belding the cause of his being a wanderer, a misunderstanding with his father concerning the son's business activities.

**CHAPTER V**—Mercedes gets word to Thorne of her safety. Dick also writes to his parents, informing them of his whereabouts. Nell's personality, and her kindness, attract Gale.

Ladd's prophecy of trouble on the border had been mild compared to what had become the actuality. With rebel occupancy of the garrison at Casita, outlaws, bandits, raiders in rioting bands had spread westward.

**CHAPTER VI**—Riding the range, Gale falls in with a party of three Mexican raiders encamped at a water hole. Watching his opportunity to desert them, he sees two Indians ride into the camp. One of them, a Yaqui, is evidently badly wounded, and the Mexicans seek to kill him in a cruel way. Dick drives them off, conveying the wounded Yaqui to Belding's ranch.

**CHAPTER VII**—The Indian is taken in, cared for and remains in Belding's services, becoming Dick's ardent admirer. Gale's admiration for Nell increases, and he believes she is not averse to his attentions. Belding's horses, thoroughbreds, the pride of his life, after his wife and stepdaughter, are run off by Mexicans.

A great fenced field of velvety green alfalfa furnished a rich background for the drove of about twenty white horses. Blanco Diablo was the only one in the field that was not free to roam and graze where he listed. A stake and a halter held him to one corner, where he was severely let alone by the other horses. He did not like this isolation. Blanco Diablo was not happy unless he was running, or fighting a rival. Of the two he would rather fight. If anything white could resemble a devil, this horse surely did. He had nothing beautiful about him, yet he drew the gaze and held it. The look of him suggested discontent, anger, revolt, viciousness. When he was not grazing or prancing, he held his long, lean head level, pointing his nose and showing his teeth. Belding's favorite was almost all the world to him, and he swore Diablo could stand more heat and thirst and cactus than any other horse he owned, and could run down and kill any horse in the Southwest.

The cowboys admitted some of Belding's claims for Diablo, but they gave loyal and unshakable allegiance to Blanco Sol. As for Dick, he had to fight himself to keep out of arguments, for he sometimes imagined he was unreasonable about the horse. Though he could not understand himself, he knew he loved Sol as a man loved a friend, a brother. Free of heavy saddle and the clumsy leg shields, Blanco Sol was somehow all-satisfying to the eyes of the rangers. The dazzling whiteness of the desert sun shone from his coat; he had the fire and spirit of the desert in his noble head, its strength and power in his gigantic frame.

"Belding swears Sol never beat Diablo," Dick was saying.

"He believes it," replied Nell. "Dad is queer about that horse."

"I've often wondered how Belding ever came to give Blanco Sol to me," said Dick.

"I think he wanted to get rid of Sol."

"Maybe, he surely has strange passion for horses. I think I understand better than I used to. I owned a couple of racers once. They were just animals to me, I guess. But Blanco Sol!"

"Do you love him?" asked Nell; and now a warm, blue flash of eyes swept his face.

"Do I? Well, rather."

"I'm glad. Sol has been finer, a better horse since you owned him. He loves you, Dick. Sol always hated Diablo, and never had much use for Dad."

Dick looked up at her.

"I'll be—be pretty hard to leave Sol—when I go away."

"Well sat perfectly still."

"Go away!" she asked, presently.

with just the faintest tremor in her voice.

"Yes. Sometimes when I get blue—as I am today—I think I'll go. But, in sober truth, Nell, it's not likely that I'll spend all my life here."

There was no answer to this. Dick put his hand softly over hers; and, despite her half-hearted struggle to free it, he held on.

"Nell!"

Her color fled. He saw her lips part. Then a heavy step on the gravel, a cheerful, complaining voice interrupted him, and made him release Nell and draw back. Belding strode into view round the adobe shed.

"Hey, Dick, that darned Yaqui Indian can't be driven or hired or coaxed to leave Fort Horn River. He's well enough to travel. I offered him horse, gun, blanket, grub. But no go."

"That's funny," replied Gale, with a smile. "Let him stay—put him to work."

"It doesn't strike me funny. But I'll tell you what I think. That poor, homeless, heartbroken Indian has taken a liking to you, Dick. You saved his life. That sort of thing counts big with any Indian, even with an Apache. With a Yaqui maybe it's of deep significance. I've heard a Yaqui say that with his tribe no debt to friend or foe ever went unpaid. Perhaps that's what all this fellow."

"Dick, don't laugh," said Nell. "I've noticed the Yaqui. It's pathetic the way his great gloomy eyes follow you."

"You've made a friend," continued Belding. "A Yaqui could be a real friend on this desert. If he gets his strength back he'll be of service to you, don't mistake me. He's welcome here. But you're responsible for him, and you'll have trouble keeping him from massacring all the Greasers in Fort Horn River."

"The probability of a visit from the raiders, and a dash bolder than usual on the outskirts of a ranch, led Belding to build a new corral. It was not slightly to the eye, but it was high and exceedingly strong. The gate was a massive affair, swinging on huge hinges and fastening with heavy chains and padlocks.



Her Color Fled. He Saw Her Lips Part.

At night Belding locked his white horses in this corral. The Papago herdsmen slept in the adobe shed adjoining. Belding did not imagine that any wooden fence, however substantially built, could keep determined raiders from breaking it down. They would have to take time, however, and make considerable noise; and Belding relied on these facts. Belding did not believe a band of night raiders would hold out against a hot rifle fire. Ladd did not share Belding's sanguine hopes.

One January morning Dick Gale was awakened by a shrill, menacing cry. He leaped up bewildered and frightened. He heard Belding's booming voice answering shouts, and rapid steps on flagstones. But these had not awakened him. Heavy breaths, almost sobs, seemed at his very door. In the cold and gray dawn Dick saw something white. Gun in hand, he bounded across the room. Just outside his door stood Blanco Sol.

It was not unusual for Sol to come poking his head in at Dick's door during daylight. But now in the early dawn, when he had been locked in the corral, it meant raiders—no less. Dick called softly to the snorting horse; and, hurriedly getting into clothes and boots, he went out with a gun in each hand. Sol was quivering in

every muscle. Like a dog he followed Dick around the house. Hearing shouts in the direction of the corral, Gale bent swift steps that way.

He caught up with Jim Lash, who was also leading a white horse.

They reached the corral to find Belding shaking, roaring like a madman. The gate was open, the corral was empty. "Tom, where's the Papago?" said Ladd.

"He's gone, Laddy—gone!"

"Double-crossed us, eh? I see here's a crowbar lyin' by the gatepost. That Indian fetched it from the forge. It was used to pry out the bolts an' steeple. Tom, I reckon there wasn't much time lost for that gate."

Daylight made clear some details of the raid. The cowboys found tracks of eight raiders coming up from the river bed where their horses had been left. Evidently the Papago had been false to his trust. His few personal belongings were gone. More horses were found loose in the fields. The men soon rounded up eleven of the whites, all more or less frightened.

Belding was unconsoled. He cursed and railed, and finally declared he was going to trail the raiders.

"Tom, you just ain't agoin' to do nothin' of the kind," said Laddy, coolly.

Belding groaned and bowed his head. "Laddy, you're right," he replied, presently. "I've got to stand it. I can't leave the women and my property. But it's sure tough. I'm sore way down deep, and nothin' but blood would ever satisfy me."

"Leave that to me an' Jim," said Ladd.

"What do you mean to do?" demanded Belding, starting up.

"Shore I don't know yet. . . . Give me a light for my pipe. An' Dick, go fetch out your Yaqui."

**CHAPTER VIII**  
The Running of Blanco Sol.

The Yaqui's strange glance roved over the corral, the swinging gate with its broken fastenings, the tracks in the road, and then rested upon Belding.

"Malo," he said, and his Spanish was clear.

"Shore, Yaqui, about eight bad men, an' a traitor Indian," said Ladd.

"I think he means my herder," added Belding. "If he does, that settles any doubt it might be decent to have—Yaqui—unlo Papago—Si?"

The Yaqui spread wide his hands. Then he bent over the tracks in the road. They led everywhere, but gradually he worked out of the thick net to take the trail that the cowboys had followed down to the river. Belding and the rangers kept close at his heels. He found a trampled spot where the raiders had left their horses. From this point a deeply defined narrow trail led across the dry river bed.

The trail of the raiders took a southeasterly course over untrodden desert. The Yaqui spoke in his own tongue, then in Spanish.

"Think he means slow march," said Belding. "Laddy, from the looks of that trail the Greasers are having trouble with the horses."

"Tom, shore a boy could see that," replied Laddy. "Ask Yaqui to tell us where the raiders are headin', an' if there's water."

It was wonderful to see the Yaqui point. With a stick he traced a line in the sand, and then at the end of that another line at right angles. He made crosses and marks and holes, and as he drew the rude map he talked in Yaqui, in Spanish; with a word here and there in English. Belding translated as best he could. The raiders were heading southeast toward the railroad that ran from Nogales down into Sonora. It was four days' travel, had trail, good sure waterhole one day out; then water not sure for two days. Raided, not looking for pursuit, could be headed and ambushed that night at the first waterhole, a natural trap in a valley.

The men returned to the ranch. The rangers ate and drank while making hurried preparations for travel. Blanco Sol and the cowboys' horses were fed, watered, and saddled. Ladd refused to ride one of Belding's whites. He was quick and cold.

"Get me a long-range rifle an' lots of shells. Rustie, now," he said. "I want a gun that'll outshoot the dinky little carbines an' muskets used by the rebels. Trot 'em out an' be quick."

"I've got a .405, a long-barreled heavy rifle that'll shoot a mile. I use it for mountain sheep. But Laddy, it'll break that bronch's back."

"His back won't break so easy. . . . Dick, take plenty of shells for your Remington. An' don't forget your field glass."

In less than an hour after the time of the raid the three rangers, heavily armed and superbly mounted on fresh horses, rode out on the trail. As Gale turned to look back from the far bank of Fort Horn river—he saw Nell waving a white scarf. He stood high in his stirrups and waved his sombrero. Then the mesquite hid the girl's slight figure, and Gale wheeled grim-faced to follow the rangers.

They rode in single file with Ladd in the lead. He took a bee-line course for the white escarpment pointed out by the Yaqui; and nothing save deep washes and impassable patches of cactus or rocks made him swerve from it.

At noon the rangers got out of the thick cactus. The desert floor inclined perceptibly upward. When Gale got an unobstructed view of the slope of the escarpment he located the raiders and horses. In another hour's travel the rangers could see with naked eyes a long, faint moving streak of black and white dots.

"They're headin' for that yellow pass," said Ladd, pointing to a break in the eastern end of the escarpment

"When they get out or sight we'll rustle. I'm thinkin' that waterhole the Yaqui spoke of lays in the pass."

The rangers traveled swiftly over the remaining miles of level desert leading to the ascent of the escarpment. When they achieved the gateway of the pass the sun was low in the west. Ladd gave the word to tie up horses and go forward on foot.

The narrow neck of the pass opened and descended into a valley half a mile wide, perhaps twice that in length. It had apparently unscalable slopes of weathered rock leading up to beetling walls.

"Keep down, boys," said Ladd. "There's the waterhole an' hosses have sharp eyes. Shore the Yaqui figgured this place. I never seen it like for a trap."

Both white and black horses showed against the green, and a thin curling column of blue smoke rose lazily from amid the mesquites.

"I reckon we'd better wait till dark, or mobby daylight," said Jim Lash.

"Let me figger some. Dick, what do you make of the outlet to this hole? Looks rooky to me."

With his glass Gale studied the narrow construction of walls and roughened rising floor.

"Laddy, it's harder to get out at that end than here," he replied.

"Shore that's hard enough. Let me have a look. . . . Well, boys, it don't take no figgerin' for this job. Jim, I'll want you at the other end blockin' the pass when we're ready to start."

"When'll that be?" inquired Jim.

"Soon as it's light enough in the mornin'. That Greaser outfit will hang till tomorrow. There's no sure water ahead for two days, you remember."

The rangers stole back from the vantage point and returned to their horses, which they untied and led farther round among broken sections



"Dick, Here's Your Stand. If Any Raider Rides in Range Take a Crack at Him."

of cliff. For the horses it was a dry, hungry camp, but the rangers built a fire and had their short though strengthening meal.

Jim Lash rolled in his saddle blanket, his feet near the fire, and went to sleep. Ladd told Gale to do likewise while he kept the fire up and waited until it was late enough for Jim to undertake circling round the raiders. When Gale awakened, Jim was up saddling his horse, and Ladd was talking low.

With Ladd leading, they moved away into the gloom. Advance was exceedingly slow, careful, silent. Finally the trail showed pale in the gloom, and eastern stars twinkled between the lofty ramparts of the pass.

Ladd halted and stood silent a moment. "Luck again!" he whispered. "The wind's in your face, Jim. The horses won't scent you. Try to get up as high as this at the other end. Wait till daylight before riskin' a loose slope. I'll be ridin' the job early. That's all."

Ladd's cool, easy speech was scarcely significant of the perilous undertaking. Lash moved very slowly away, leading his horse. Then Ladd touched Dick's arm, and turned back up the trail.

Together they picked a way back through the winding recesses of cliff. The campfire was smoldering. Ladd replenished it and lay down to get a few hours' sleep, while Gale kept watch. The after part of the night wore on till the paling of stars, the thickening of gloom indicated the dark hour before dawn. Ladd awoke before the faintest gray appeared.

The rangers ate and drank. When the black did lighten to gray they saddled the horses and led them out to the pass and down to the point where they had parted with Lash. Here they awaited daylight.

The valley grew clear of gray shadow except under leaning walls on the eastern side. Then a straight column of smoke rose from among the mesquites. Manifestly this was what Ladd had been awaiting. He took the long .405 from its sheath and tried the lever. Then he lifted a cartridge belt from the pommel of his saddle. Every ring held a shell and these shells were four inches long. He buckled the belt round him.

"Come on, Dick."

Ladd led the way down the slope until he reached a position that commanded the rising of the trail from a level. It was the only place a man or horse could leave the valley for the pass.

"Dick, here's your stand. If any raider rides in range take a crack at him. . . . Now I want the lend of your hoss."

"Blanco Sol!" exclaimed Gale, pass-

in amaze that Ladd should ask for the horse than in reluctance to lend him.

"Will you let me have him?" Ladd repeated, almost curtly.

"Certainly, Laddy."

A smile momentarily chased the dark, cold gloom that had set upon the ranger's lean face.

"Shore I appreciate it, Dick. I know how you care for that hoss. I guess mobby Charley Ladd has loved a hoss! An' one not so good as Sol. I was only tryin' your nerve, Dick. Askin' you without tellin' my plan. Sol won't get a scratch, you can gamble on that! I'll ride him down into the valley an' pull the Greasers out into the open. They've got short-ranged carbines. They can't keep out of range of the .405, an' I'll be takin' the dust of their lead. They can't gain on Sol, an' he'll run them down when I want. Can you beat it?"

"No. It's great! . . . But suppose a raider comes out on Blanco Diablo?"

"I reckon that's the one weak place in my plan. But if they do, well, Sol can outrun Diablo. An' I can always kill the white devil!"

Ladd's strange hate of the horse showed in the passion of his last words, in his hardening jaw and grim set lips.

Gale's hand went swiftly to the ranger's shoulder.

"Laddy, Don't kill Diablo unless it's to save your life."

"All right. But by G—d, if I get a chance I'll make Blanco Sol run him off his legs!"

He spoke no more and set about fastening the front of Sol's stirrups, while he had them adjusted to suit, he mounted and rode down the trail and out upon the level. He rode leisurely as if merely going to water his horse. The long black rifle lying across his saddle, however, was ominous.

Gale securely tied the other horse to a mesquite at hand, and took a position behind a low rock over which he could easily see and shoot when necessary. Ladd rode a quarter of a mile out upon the flat before anything happened. Then a whistle rent the still, cold air. A horse had been or scented Blanco Sol. The whistle was prolonged, faint, but clear. It made the blood thrum in Gale's ears. Sol halted. His head shot up with the old, wild, spirited sweep. Gale leveled his glass at the patch of mesquites. He saw the raiders running to an open place, pointing, gesticulating. Then he got only white and dark gleams of moving bodies. Evidently that moment was one of boots, guns and saddles for the raiders.

Then Gale saw a rider gallop swiftly from the group toward the farther outlet of the valley. This might have been owing to characteristic cowardice; but it was more likely a move of the raiders to make sure of retreat. Undoubtedly Ladd saw this galloping horseman. A few waiting moments ensued. The galloping horseman reached the slope, began to climb, with naked eyes Gale saw a puff of white smoke spring out of the rocks. Then the raider wheeled his plunging horse back to the level, and went racing wildly down the valley.

The compact bunch of bays and blacks seemed to break apart and spread rapidly from the edge of the mesquites. Puffs of white smoke indicated firing, and showed the nature of the raiders' excitement. They were far out of ordinary range; but they spurred toward Ladd, shooting as they rode. The raiders' bullets, striking low, were skipping along the hard, bare floor of the valley. Then Ladd raised the long rifle. There was no smoke, but three high, spanging reports rang out. A gap opened in the dark line of advancing horsemen; then a riderless steed sheered off to the right. Blanco Sol seemed to turn as on a pivot and charged back toward the lower end of the valley. He circled over to Gale's right and stretched out into his run. There were now five raiders in pursuit, and they came sweeping down, yelling and shooting, evidently sure of their quarry. Ladd reserved his fire. He kept turning from back to front in his saddle.

Manifestly he intended to try to lead the raiders round in front of Gale's position, and, presently, Gale saw he was going to succeed. The raiders, riding like vaqueros, swept on in a curve, cutting off what distance they could. Blanco Sol pounded by, his rapid, rhythmic hoofbeats plainly to be heard. He was running easily.

Gale tried to still the jump of heart and pulse, and turned his eye again on the nearest pursuer. This raider was crossing in, his carbine held muzzle up in his right hand, and he was coming swiftly. It was a long shot, upward of five hundred yards. Gale had not time to adjust the sights of the Remington, but he knew the gun and, holding coarsely upon the swiftly moving blot, he began to shoot. The rifle was automatic; Gale needed only to pull the trigger. Swiftly he worked it. Suddenly the leading horse leaped convulsively, not up nor aside, but straight ahead, and then he crashed to the ground, throwing his rider like a catapult, and then slid and rolled. He half got up, fell back, and kicked; but his rider never moved.

(Continued Next Week)

Customers are coming in every day telling us of the wonderful results they are getting from Purina Chows. Let us tell you the merits of these chows for raising little Chicks and Turkeys. MAYHEW PRODUCE COMPANY.

Read it in The Standard.

## ROCHELLE WINS FIRST PLACE IN STATE MILE RUN

Of the contestants going from McCulloch county to the State Inter-scholastic League meet at Austin last Friday and Saturday, Rochelle alone carried away any State honors. Clary of Rochelle won first place in the mile run, and his brother won fourth place. Rochelle also won fourth place in the relay race.

While Brady won no place in the finals, yet the trip and the preliminaries were quite an experience and education to the entrants.

In debate, the Brady team lost in the first preliminary, when they drew Jacksonville for the opposing team. At that, they had the satisfaction of knowing that of the 32 districts contesting, sixteen were numbered among the first losers. Jacksonville, in turn, lost to Kenedy in the semi-finals, and Kenedy entered the finals in both girls and boys debates.

C. H. Vincent and Evans J. Adkins, who carried the Brady contestants to Austin, report a most delightful trip. Following the contests, the party drove to New Braunfels, where they found a most delightful park, with a pool of spring water so clear that the fish swimming some eight or nine feet below the surface could be plainly seen. Swimming, boating and other pleasures were provided here. When the party arrived in San Antonio, they enjoyed a drive around to the various missions, and then revelled in the wonderful beauties and attractions of Brackenridge park—unquestionably one of the most beautiful and elaborate park systems in Texas. The party returned to Brady Saturday.



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LOST—From Rochelle, two black mares. One bald-face, branded W— on left hip, other had saddle mark on withers, roach mane. \$5 reward for information leading to their recovery. J. M. Buchanan, Rochelle, Texas.

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FOR RENT—Three furnished rooms, with garage. Phone 335.

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

**FOR SALE**—Ford Touring Car Body. Broad-Window Co.

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**FOR SALE**—or Trade—Fifteen pure-bred Silver Spangled Hamburg pullets and rooster, price \$18.00; or will trade for 150-egg incubator in good condition. C. M. HICKS, Brady.

**FOR SALE**—Good oats, .60 per bushel at my place 8 miles east of Brady. Mrs. C. M. Roper.

**FOR SALE**—Oak mantel with mirrors. Phone 12 or see Mrs. J. S. Wall.

During the month of May, my Buff Orpington Eggs will be half price—only 75 cents for 15. MRS. A. R. POOL, Phone 26.

**BARGAINS IN USED CARS.**  
Small cash payment; balance in monthly installments. Also new cars sold with a payment of \$170.00; 12 months' time on balance. CURTIS NORMAN CO.

**MISCELLANEOUS**  
SALESPeOPLE WANTED—The Nustile Hosiery Mills desire a few more salespeople to sell their high-grade and Guaranteed Hosiery direct to Consumer. Steady work with a permanent income. Write S. M. POLK, Jr., Dist. Mgr., SANTA ANNA, TEXAS.

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Daily Service, Beginning Thursday, May 10th

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GOING:		RETURNING:	
Lv. Brady	10:00 A. M.	Lv. Rising Star	2:30 P. M.
Ar. Rochelle	10:30 A. M.	Ar. Maytown	3:00 P. M.
Ar. Placid	11:00 A. M.	Ar. Brownwood	3:30 P. M.
Ar. Mercury	11:30 A. M.	Ar. Milburn	4:45 P. M.
Ar. Milburn	11:45 A. M.	Ar. Mercury	5:00 P. M.
Ar. Brownwood	1:00 P. M.	Ar. Placid	5:30 P. M.
Ar. Maytown	1:30 P. M.	Ar. Rochelle	6:00 P. M.
Ar. Rising Star	2:30 P. M.	Ar. Brady	6:30 P. M.

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Car Leaves Brady for San Antonio - - - 9:30 A. M.  
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All run down, no appetite, food don't digest. This is because you need Peptona—the Peptonized Iron and Nux Tonic. A bottle holds a pint. TRIGG DRUG CO.

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### LOCAL BRIEFS.

F. W. Henderson arrived here Saturday from Houston, having been called there from his home at Junction by news of the serious illness of his cousin, Mrs. H. S. Willett, and who passed away last week in the Baptist sanitarium there, where she had been confined the previous twelve months by a lingering illness. All Mr. Henderson's many friends will sympathize with him in his bereavement.

Carl Sheppard has resigned his position with The Standard and is planning on leaving next week for Fort Worth, where his father is located, and where Carl expects to make his home. He has promised, however, to return to Brady the week following in time to join the Brady Municipal band on their trip to San Angelo, and where the band is entered in the competitive band contest to be staged during the West Texas Chamber of Commerce annual convention. Carl has been in charge of The Standard's linotype the past seven years, with the exception of about a year during which he worked in various daily offices, and also was in army service. Since first taking charge of The Standard's old Model 1 linotype, he has developed into one of the speediest and most accurate operators in this section of Texas, and he feels that by locating in Fort Worth he can put his talents to good use on daily newspaper work. Mr. Sheppard has proven himself a most agreeable workman, is popular with everyone who knows him, and The Standard force, in common with his many friends, regret his contemplated departure, the while wishing him every success in his new home.

Don't forget a card to Mother for Sunday, May 13th—Mother's Day. See our line. The Brady Standard.

Every person should use a Spring Tonic; the tonic should contain among other ingredients, Extract Cod Liver Oil, Manganese, Iron, Nux Vomica. These ingredients help make rich, red blood; make a person feel "chesty." Peptona contains above ingredients and is put up in pint bottles. Price, \$1.25 at TRIGG DRUG CO.

No matter what you like in a STRAW HAT or a PANAMA, KIRK has it. See the biggest stock of Straws ever shown in Brady. Nuf-Sed.

Gold Initial Seals The Brady Standard.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

Eddie Olian is spending several weeks in San Antonio on a combined pleasure and business trip.

Miss Lula Belle Ogden, who has been teaching at San Ygnacio, Texas, the past year, returned home Sunday.

John Moore was in Brady from the Lohn community last Saturday, giving good reports from his section of the country.

Mrs. Zula Knight and little baby are here from Comanche for a visit with her mother, Mrs. H. Meers, and relatives and friends.

Grandma Jeter of Lohn leaves tonight for Fort Worth and plans to spend about a year visiting her sons there and at Denton.

Mrs. Jewel Pemberton and baby, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Galloway, returned Saturday night to their home in Fort Worth.

Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Anderson left Sunday night for Fort Worth, where they will spend the week in attendance upon the annual convention of the State Medical Association.

Mrs. E. M. West of Lohn left this noon enroute to Marlin, where she will spend about three weeks recuperating her health at the wells. Mr. West accompanied her to Brady from Lohn.

Miss Grace Sheppard left Saturday enroute to Chicago, where she will spend some time as a guest of her sister, Mrs. Vincent D. Roth, who has been making her home there the past year or more.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Greer of Dallas, and Buddie Baker of Ranger are here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Elliott, having accompanied Mrs. Elliott home from a visit at Dallas and Eastland.

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.

Fill Your Coal Bins Early while coal is cheapest. Now is a good time to place your orders. Phone 295. Macy & Co.

### COLORED POPULATION WILL CELEBRATE EMANCIPATION DAY JUNE THE NINETEENTH

The Standard has been asked to announce the "Emancipation Day" celebration by the negroes of McCulloch and adjoining counties, to be held on June the 19th, 1923. The celebration will be held on the farm of Mr. W. D. Crothers, near the home of John Stranfield. A barbecued beef will be given away at noon. Speaking will be had after dinner.

The picnic will be given under auspices of Mount Calvary Baptist church. Look for bills later.

J. N. O. BROWN, Pastor.

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## MOVED! MOVED!

We wish to announce that we have moved to our new location, formerly Brady Water & Light office, next door to Sam Wood's Hardware Store.

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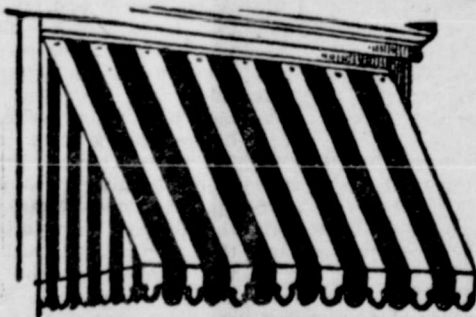


That is the way some women order the most essential article that enters their kitchens. Did you ever stop to think just how many things you use flour for? It goes into your biscuits, your bread, your pies, your cakes, all kinds of pastry, and a dozen other good things for your table. You never serve a meal that has not its share of flour in it. It is always there, and usually in three or four forms. Even the most simple luncheon or tea would be a failure if this one article, flour, were to be removed. And yet, some women just order "a sack of flour." They do not seem to realize that the quality of this "sack of flour" may determine whether their meals are good or poor for days. Do you use just flour? AUNT JEMIMA FLOUR is, we believe, the best flour that can be made today. It is an all-purpose flour, and is guaranteed to give the very best results for every kind of baking. If you have been using just any flour, it will pay you to ORDER a sack of AUNT JEMIMA next time. Try it in all of the many things in which you use flour. You will be glad when you see just what good things that you can bake. Did you ever stop to think that the best flour does not average costing 1-2 cent per meal more than the cheapest. Try it once on our guarantee, and become a satisfied AUNT JEMIMA customer.

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SUNDAY, MAY 13th

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