

CRIMM REVIVAL ESTABLISHES NEW RECORD—212 ADDITIONS TO CHURCH

THREE WEEKS' MEETING HAS WONDERFUL ATTENDANCE RECORD, AND CHURCHES ARE GREATLY STRENGTHENED—KLAN VISITATION MARKS CLOSE.

With the great Methodist tabernacle packed; with all the seats placed outside of the tabernacle filled to overflowing; with surrounding autos holding eager listeners, and with many standing, the great revival begun here three weeks ago last Sunday by Evangelist B. B. Crimm and his co-workers, under the auspices of the Brady Baptist church, was brought to a successful close Sunday night. Forty-seven additions to the church marked the closing service, bringing the total number of additions up to 212. Just after the opening song service, the audience was electrified by the entrance of eleven Klansmen, clad in full regalia, who solemnly filed down the aisle and presented Evangelist Crimm with a letter containing \$50, as a mark of appreciation for his services in the great revival.

Church Additions.

That there has resulted from the meeting a great spiritual uplift is evidenced from the long list of additions to the various churches of Brady, numbering, as above stated, 212. Of this number, 114 united with the Baptist church, 68 for baptism; 89 were added to the Methodist church; 16 gave the Christian church as their preference, and 5 were added to the Presbyterian church.

Baptizing.

Announcement is made by the Rev. Buren Sparks, pastor of the Brady Baptist church, that baptismal services will be held next Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock in Brady creek at the Coleman road crossing, just west of Brady.

Offerings.

Incidental offerings during the course of the meeting totaled \$902. The free will offering for Evangelist Crimm totaled \$862, this amount including the \$50 gift made by the Klan.

Singing Is Feature.

Aside from the dramatic and characteristic sermons delivered by the evangelist, the song service was one of the big features and drawing cards of the meeting. The leader, Elton Roth, possessed the remarkable faculty of getting the best out of his singers, and that with little apparent effort on his own part. This was evidenced in the wonderful fashion in which he trained the juvenile chorus. The piano accompaniments by Mr. Christiansen and Mrs. Crimm also added materially to the great volume of song.

Closing Service.

The closing strains of the opening song had scarce died away Sunday night, when the eleven Klansmen made their appearance. Entering at the rear door, and marching in single file down the aisle, the leader and two others mounted the platform, while the remaining Klansmen arranged themselves down in front of the same. The leader then presented a letter with the enclosure to Evangelist Crimm, who read the same—a declaration of principles of the Klan. The leader thereupon addressed the audience, further emphasizing the spirit of the Klan, its aims and purposes. The audience joined in the singing of the national anthem, "America," and a duet was rendered by Messrs. Roth and Christiansen. The conclusion of the Klan participation in the service was marked by a prayer by the leader, following which the robed knights marched out and disappeared.

Evangelist a Klansman.

Evangelist Crimm thereupon spoke briefly concerning the Klan, stating that he was a Klansman from the top of his head to the end of his toes.



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He stated that he, like many others, had at first been prejudiced against the Klan, and especially against the wearing of the robes, but that when he found out that included in Klan opposition were the bootleggers and other law violators, he decided to get in the Klan. He also briefly touched upon the Mer Rouge affair, denouncing Daniel and Richards, the two purported victims, declaring they got what they deserved and also stating that the whole investigation was a frame-up. The statements brought forth a storm of applause from the attending Klansmen and sympathizers, as had also those of the Klansman leader in the course of his address.

Concluding his discourse upon the Klan the evangelist stated that he did not have time to give full talk on the Klan, but he had a Klan address that was a good one and worth hearing. He then took up his delayed sermon and proceeded to the close of the service.

Death of Mrs. W. D. Walker

Following a period of suffering the past two weeks, Death closed the eyes of Mrs. W. D. Walker Sunday afternoon at 4:20 o'clock at the family home in the Marion community, bringing sorrow not only to the bereaved husband and children, but to the many scores of friends who admired and loved this noble woman, and many of whom had known her for the past forty years. Quiet and unassuming in disposition, Mrs. Walker was nevertheless a true Christian woman, a faithful wife and a mother whose ennobling influence will abide with her children throughout their lives.

Mrs. Walker was born in Fayette county December 1st, 1863; her maiden name having been Miss Florence Lee Donathan. She came to Brady in 1879 to make her home here, and her marriage to Mr. Walker took place on July 11, 1883. For a number of years they made their home in the log cabin on the banks of Brady creek just a block or two east of Bridge street, and which still stands. Later they occupied the place now the W. D. Crothers' home. Mr. Walker, who had come here in 1877, was a partner of Mrs. Walker's brother-in-law, and was engaged in the cattle business, making trips back and forth to the ranch. After a residence in Brady of about twelve years, they sold their Brady property and moved to the ranch to be more conveniently located, and where they had made their home since.

For the past ten years Mrs. Walker had been in bad health, but despite this she maintained a cheerful disposition, and endeared herself to all by her patience and kindness. She had been a member of the Presbyterian church for many years.

Funeral services were held Monday morning at 11:30 o'clock, the Rev. J. B. Wright of Waldrip, long-time friend of the family conducting, and a large concourse of sorrowing and sympathizing friends attending to pay homage to the departed. Interment was made in the family burial plot in Marion cemetery.

Surviving are the bereaved husband, five sons: Quinn of Sterling City, Wiley W. of Brady, Ed and Guy at home and Lit of Los Angeles; and one daughter: Mrs. H. D. Bradley of Waldrip. Also one brother, J. E. Donathan; and two sisters: Mrs. Ruth Winstead of Brady and Mrs. Dora Williamson of San Antonio. All of the children were at the bedside when the end came, except Lit, who had just recently gone to California.

Another Decoration Day This Month



"BUCK" BAILEY QUALIFIES AS SWAT KING IN BASE BALL GAME SATURDAY

SEASON'S OPENER IN BRADY GOES TEN INNINGS TO A DECISION IN FAVOR OF LOCALS—HEAVY SLUGGING OF BOTH SIDES FEATURES GAME.

Brady ball team opened the season's games last Saturday at Dutton City park, and in a 10-inning affray, defeated Lohn by a score of 9 to 8. Lohn virtually had the game sewed up and salted down up to the sixth inning, when "Buck" Bailey jammed out a liner up to the pens in the extreme left field for a home run, scoring two men ahead of him. Not satisfied with this, he swatted the horsehide into deep center in the ninth inning for three bases, thereby scoring the run that tied the game. It was a great day for the batters, and while the Lohn sluggers appeared to have the best of the game during the first six innings, Brady made up for lost time once they started making connection with the sphere.

Brady got off to a wrong start in the game. The first Lohn batter up tipped off a hot foul that went through the lower part of "Buck" Bailey's mask, hitting him in the throat and almost putting him out for the count. The big backstop couldn't do much talking the balance of the game, and so eventually he found a way to work off his enthusiasm with the bat. The Lohn battery, Milburn and McClary, were a team in themselves, Milburn pitching heady ball and having a delivery that proved most effective. When Brady hit the ball, invariably it was right into a fielder's mitt. McClary had a good peg, and did not hesitate to throw to second to block all attempts to steal. McClary split a finger in the 5th, handicapping his throwing. Flushed with victories of 18 to 0 over Melvin and 12 to 2 over Rockwood, Lohn started in to clean up on Brady. They landed freely on Hampton's offerings, and had a faculty of placing their hits in open territory. As a result, they scored three times in the third, and four times in the fourth, while in the same number of frames, Brady put one lone runner across home plate. In the lucky sixth, Adkins got a base on balls, White singled and then Bailey smashed out the long circuit drive that lacked but about ten feet of going to the extreme left field fence, and which netted three runs. The enthusiasm of the fans took expression in a liberal silver shower for the big backstop. In the same inning, "Chris" hit one into deep center which should have been good for three bases, but which sailed directly into the center's outstretched glove.

"Chris," a Dallas man with an unspellable name, who replaced Hampton in the pitcher's box in the fourth, after three men had scored, was hit for three bases by McClary on the first ball delivered. The new pitcher showed plenty of speed and good curves, but lacked training and consequently control. He managed to keep the game pretty well in hand, however, and pitched satisfactory ball. The climax of the game was

reached in Brady's half of the ninth, when the score stood 8 to 4 in Lohn's favor. F. Vogel was put in as a pitcher for Lohn. Chris hit safely and pilfered two sacks. Hampton struck out; Vaughn hit safely, and scored on Hardin Jones' two bagger. Adkins hit to third base and reached first while Jones was thrown out at home plate. White got a hit and then "Buck" Bailey, just to show that his home run wasn't an accident, accumulated two strikes and three balls and then knocked out a three bagger, dying on third when Fuller was thrown out at first.

The tie resulted in Lohn getting out in one-two-three fashion in the tenth. For Brady, Hart struck out; Chris, hit safely and stole second; Hampton hit safely and advanced the runner to third, and Vaughn knocked out a clean hit for the winning run.

The line-up:
LOHN—
McClary, c
Horne, ss
L. Vogel, 2b
F. Vogel, 1b-p
J. Vogel, 1b
Jeter, cf
Huie, rf
Barton, 3b
Milburn, p-lf
BRADY—
Vaughn, 2b
H. Jones, 1b
Adkins, 3b
White, ss
Bailey, c
Samuel, cf
Hart, lf
Chris, rf-p
Hampton, p-rf
*J. Fuller
**C. Fuller

*J. Fuller batted for Samuel in 8th.
**C. Fuller batted for Samuel in 9th.

Score by Innings:
Lohn003 401 000 0-8
Brady000 103 004 1-9
Summary of Game—Hits: Lohn, off Hampton 7; off Chris 6; Brady off Milburn, 7; off Vogel, 8. Strike-outs. By Hampton, 4; by Chris, 5; by Milburn, 9; by Vogel, 2. Pases on balls: Off Hampton, 1; off Chris, 1; off Milburn, 2. Two-base hits: Vaughn, H. Jones, L. Vogel, Milburn, McClary. Three-base hits: Bailey, McClary. Home runs: Bailey. Umpire: Joe Amberson. Time of game 2:15.

Plymouth Binder Twine ties every bundle, and saves all the grain. O. D. MANN & SONS.

DELEGATES TO FIREMEN'S CONVENTION REPORT GREAT MEET HELD AT SAN MARCOS

Delegates from Brady to the State Firemen's convention at San Marcos returned last Saturday, reporting a royal time and a great meeting, there being between 1200 and 1400 delegates and visitors and a most enjoyable time being shown. Attending from Brady were John Moffatt, fire chief; Frank Ogden, fire marshal, Bill Hill and Leslie Galbreath, delegates. Leo Campbell also accompanied the representatives, displaying and demonstrating the new Hose coupler invented by A. Williams of Brady.

Frank Baker of Lampasas was chosen president of the Firemen's association and McKinney was selected as the next meeting place of the convention.

TWO-YEAR OLD SON OF MR. AND MRS. LEWIS WILLIAMS DROWNS IN TANK YESTERDAY

The sympathy of all is extended Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Williams, who live on the Carroll Gray place, nine miles south of Brady on the London road, in the death of their two-year old son, who was drowned in a tank on the place yesterday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. The mother had gone into the field, leaving the little child with two older children at the house. In endeavoring to get a pet dog out of the water, the little fellow fell into the tank, which was deep enough to swim a horse. The frightened older children ran to the field to tell their parents of the tragedy, and when help arrived the boy was dead, and the body required diving to recover. Funeral services were held this morning, interment being made in the cemetery at Calf Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams lived in Brady a short while last year, moving to the Gray place a year ago.

We have three good used REAPERS for sale at reasonable prices. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Art Corners for Mounting Pictures. THE BRADY STANDARD.

BRADY MUNICIPAL BAND FEATURE AT ANGELO

The Brady Municipal band will be one of the big features of the San Angelo convention next week. The Brady band will go over fifty strong, and will enter the band contest as the "Liza Jane" band—and the boys are certain to pull down first prize when they do. If you have any doubts of that statement, then come out next Friday night on the court yard square in Brady and attend the band rehearsal to be staged in public that night. The band will carry out the exact program which they expect to put on in the band contest in San Angelo, and will let the Brady citizenship be the judge of their efforts. The boys have been faithfully at work practicing the past several weeks, and have everything down according to Hoyle.

There is another reason why you should come out Friday night, and that is, the band wants the co-operation and assistance of Bradyites in the singing of the song hits which the band members have planned. Brady folks can sing—they demonstrated that in the meeting just closed—and the band wants the singers to be with them. Come out—next Friday night at 8:00 o'clock.

Big Delegation from Brady.

Secretary Wm. D. Cargill of the Brady Chamber of Commerce is expecting to send the banner delegation of all West Texas towns to San Angelo. A committee is today calling on all business men and requesting that they close up next Wednesday, and attend the convention in a body. Brady wants to put on a real show in Angelo next Wednesday, and need the co-operation of every citizen—it will mean the biggest advertisement Brady has ever received.

As a matter of fact, Brady will have quite a representative delegation at San Angelo for all three days of the convention, viz: next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The big pageant, in which Miss Marjorie McCall, sponsor of Brady, will be presented as "Lady Brady," will take

(Continued on Page 4)

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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.

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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.
Make Connection at Brownwood with Ft. Worth Bus Leaving at 12:00 o'Clock. Also Bns Leaving Brownwood at 3:00 o'Clock for Bangs, Santa Anna and Coleman.
Phone Queen Hotel for Any Information.
BUD KISER, Owner

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

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

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



BRADY, TEXAS, May 15, 1923

HONEST INJUN.

"Physicians Never Prescribe the Rest Cure for Merchants who Do Not Advertise."

TEN CIVIC COMMANDMENTS

1. Honor thy city and keep its sanitary laws.
2. Remember thy cleaning day, and keep it wholly.
3. Thou shalt love thy children and provide for them decent homes and playgrounds.
4. Thou shalt not keep in disorder thy alley, thy back yard, thy hall and thy stairways.
6. Thou shalt not kill thine own nor thy neighbors' bodies with poisonous air and disease-breeding filth.
7. Thou shalt not let the filthy fly live.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy children's happiness from them by neglecting their health.
9. Thou shalt not bear filthy, decayed teeth in thy mouth nor tolerate them in the mouths of those about thee.
10. Thou shalt not spit on the sidewalks, nor on the floor, nor in any public place whatsoever.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

FIGURES NEVER LIE

Covering the calendar year of 1922, according to a bulletin issued by the bureau of animal industry at Washington, there was an average of less than four head of cattle lost each year for 1,000,000 head of cattle dipped, and the importance of Texas in the tick eradication campaign carried on the bureau and the work of the livestock sanitary commission is indicated by the fact that during 1922 the more than 72,000,000 dippings recorded more than 51,600,000 of these were in Texas.

This shows that the opponents of tick eradication in Texas did not know what they were talking about when they declared that eradication results in heavy cattle loss. As the figures show an average of less than four head of cattle are lost each year for each 1,000,000 head of cattle dipped.

Three of four senators made these charges during the regular session of the 38th Legislature and the government statistics show that they were far wide of the mark in the statistics submitted and the alleged facts placed before their fellow lawmakers.

Tick eradication isn't in its experimental stage and the work done by the livestock commission saves millions annually to the cattle raisers of the country.—Austin American.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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- THREE MONTHS 40c
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The Secretary of Agriculture has placed his stamp of approval on me.

Bankers back me with millions where they will not loan a cent without my presence.

Intelligently used I am an irresistible force.

I will reorder the commercial activities of men to more nearly conform to the teachings of Christ.

With my aid, the individualistic selfishness of men may be turned into closer brotherhood.

I will supplant competition as the life of trade.

I will be successfully imitated, and with me everything worthwhile refuses to go.

My name is Co-operation. Use me more and watch your town grow.

It should not be necessary to launch a clean-up campaign in order to get people to put their premises in a condition which would mean

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Car Leaves San Antonio for Brady and Angelo 7:00 A. M.
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A DAY TO GIVE THANKS

will be that on which we replace that old, rusty, broken vent or air pipe with a new one. And how about the leaders, gutters, roof, cornices, and other parts of the house requiring tinning, sheet metal work?

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for better health and civic attractiveness and comfort. The average woman would resent it should someone start a campaign to get her to clean up her house, but it seems that this special pressure of steam has to be turned on occasionally to get the people to do what is best for themselves.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

AN ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

Just now, all over the country there are numerous High School graduates who are contemplating entering college next fall. These young people look forward with great expectation to their college experience, and to this class the following "Preliminary Entrance Examination" is a timely thought at this time. This "examination" is sent out from the University of Texas, and is worthy of the most serious consideration of every boy and girl who finishes high school, whether they intend entering college or not. The Reporter prints it in the hope that it will come to the attention of many young people and start them to thinking rightly about the seriousness of life. Read it:

Question 1. Are you man enough to get up promptly every morning, get to your meals and to school on time every day, and go to bed at a fixed hour every night, all of your own initiative, without a word of reminder from anybody?

Test your ability by making arrangement with your parents that for a trial month you are to be left entirely to yourself in these matters, keeping a strict record of your "oversleeps," "tardies," etc. If you stand the test continue the arrangement indefinitely in the joy of real manhood. If you fail, stay away from college till you are more of a man. You are not "ready."

Question 2. Are you man enough to go off by yourself every day and study all your lessons till you know them, without having any one tell you to get to work?

At college nobody "makes" you study. If you haven't grit enough to do it of your own accord, you will soon be off Main Street in the college graveyard. Your excuses will seem flawless to you but, alas, not to your hard-hearted college extentioners, who have a special thirst for the gore of brilliant excuse-makers. If you cannot "pass" this part of the entrance exam, therefore, save yourself by staying away from college till you are better prepared.

Question 3. Are you man enough to carry loose change in your pocket without spending it?

Childish lack of self-control in handling money ruins more college careers than liquor and gambling combined. Over-spending, buying on credit, borrowing, deceiving the home folks—then the inevitable exposure and smash-up. It is an every-day tragedy on Main Street.

Test your ability by asking your father to give you a cash "salary" in a lump sum at the beginning of each month. Agree with him on a written list of personal expenses it is meant to cover. If, with this money in your pocket, you cannot help "running out" before the month is over, you are not old enough financially to be turned loose on Main Street.

Question 4. Are you man enough, when another fellow's answer is in easy reach, to fail on an examination rather than obtain unlawful aid? In the whirlwind rush of the college Main Street opportunities to lie and cheat are innumerable. If, when the temptation comes, you are too weak to resist, you are unfit for college, and will soon be kicked out by your fellow students and disgraced for life. Until you can safely be trusted with entire liberty in matters involving your truthfulness and honor, stay away from college. You are not yet "prepared," whatever your age, height, or "units."

This is a short but searching entrance examination. If you cannot stand it, remember that for the weak-willed, short-sighted, and dishonest, the college graveyard is yawning and never full. If you can, rejoice that from the Main Street of college life all roads of success are wide open to the self-controlled and energetic.—Rockdale Reporter.

SNAP SHOTS.

Of course it may not be important, but if we ever kiss a lady who smokes cigarettes it will be an act of charity.—Dallas News.

The only way the Prince of Wales can outdo the Princess Mary and the Duke of York is by eloping.—New York Post.

A traveler reports that he finds no Jazz in the wilds of Africa. Then why call 'em "wilds"?—Nashville Tennessean.

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ANNOUNCEMENT—There was a shortage of Royal Cord Clincher Tires last year. Production is doubled this year.

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

There's a brighter side. If ancient Egyptian styles died out once, no doubt they will again.—Baltimore Sun.

The sad thing about buying an auto is you run into so many creditors.—Muskegon Chronicle.

Secretary Mellon proposes a further decrease in the income tax rate and the chair has heard no dissenting voice.—Detroit News.

Henry Ford says he has a plan to burn coal twice. That's a good idea, that we are paying two prices for it.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

"How long should a nose be?" asks a beauty expert. Speaking off-hand, we should say long enough to reach the grindstone.—Baltimore Sun.

In view of the amount of it he has been getting for nothing, W. H. Anderson must feel rather sore when he thinks of that \$24,000 he spent for publicity.—Life (New York).

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DESERT GOLD

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



Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

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SYNOPSIS

PROLOGUE—Seeking gold in the desert, Cameron, a 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, "roughhouse" 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 Furlorn 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 affairs.

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 oust 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 service, becoming Dick's ardent admirer. Gale's admiration for Nell increases, and he believes she is not adverse to his attentions. Belding's horses, thoroughbreds, the pride of his life, after his wife and stepdaughter are run off by Mexicans.

The other rangers sawed the reins of plunging steeds and whirled to escape the unseen battery. Gale slipped a fresh clip into the magazine of his rifle. He restrained himself from useless firing and gave eager eye to the duel below. Ladd began to shoot while Sol was running. The .405 rang out sharply—then again. The heavy bullets streaked the dust all the way across the valley. The raiders spurred madly in pursuit, loading and firing. They shot ten times while Ladd shot once, and all in vain; and on Ladd's sixth shot a raider toppled backward, threw his carbine and fell with his foot catching in a stirrup. The frightened horse plunged away, dragging him in a path of dust.

Ladd had emptied a magazine, and now Blanco Sol quickened and lengthened his running stride. He ran away from his pursuers. Then it was that the ranger's ruse was divined by the raiders. They hauled sharply up and seemed to be conferring. But that was a fatal mistake. Blanco Sol was seen to break his gait and slow down in several jumps, then square away and stand stockstill. Ladd fired at the closely grouped raiders. An instant passed. Then Gale heard the spat of a bullet out in front, saw a puff of dust, then heard the lead strike the rocks and go whining away. And it was after this that one of the raiders fell prone from his saddle. The steel-jacketed .405 had gone through him on its uninterrupted way to hum past Gale's position.

The remaining two raiders frantically spurred their horses and fled up the valley. Ladd sent Sol after them. The raiders split, one making for the eastern outlet, the other circling back of the mesquites. Ladd kept on after the latter. Then puffs of white smoke and rifle shots faintly crackling told of Jim Lash's hand in the game. However, he succeeded only in driving the raider back into the valley. But Ladd had turned the other horseman, and now it appeared the two raiders were between Lash above on the stony slope and Ladd below on the level. There was desperate riding on part of the raiders to keep from being hemmed in closer. Only one of them got away, and he came riding for life down under the eastern wall. Blanco Sol settled into his graceful, beautiful swing. He gained steadily, though he was far from extending himself.

Some few hundred rods to the left of Gale the raider put his horse to the weathered slope. He began to climb. Zigzag they went up and up, and when Ladd reached the edge of the slope they were high along the cracked and guttered rampart. Once—twice Ladd raised the long rifle, but each time he lowered it. Gale divined that the

ranger's restraint was not on account of the Mexican, but for that valiant and faithful horse. Up and up he went, and the yellow dust clouds rose, and an avalanche rolled rattling and cracking down the slope. It was be-



Only One of Them Got Away, and He Came Riding for Life Down Under the Eastern Wall.

yond belief that a horse, burdened or unburdened, could find footing and hold it upon that wall of narrow ledges and inverted, slanting gullies. But he climbed on, sure-footed as a mountain goat, and, surmounting the last rough steps, he stood a moment silhouetted against the white sky. Then he disappeared. Ladd sat astride Blanco Sol gazing upward. How the cowboy must have honored that raider's brave steed!

Gale, who had been too dumb to shout the admiration he felt, suddenly leaped up, and his voice came with a shriek:

"Look out, Laddy!"
A big horse, like a white streak, was bearing down to the right of the ranger. Blanco Diablo! A matchless rider swung with the horse's motion. Gale was stunned. Then he remembered the first raider, the one Lash had shot at and driven away from the outlet. This fellow had made for the mesquite and had put a saddle on Belding's favorite. In the heat of the excitement, while Ladd had been intent upon the climbing horse, this last raider had come down with the speed of the wind straight for the western outlet. Perhaps, very probably, he did not know Gale was there to block it; and certainly he hoped to pass Ladd and Blanco Sol.

A touch of the spur made Sol lunge forward to head off the raider. Diablo was in his stride, but the distance and angle favored Sol. The raider had no carbine. He held aloft a gun ready to level it and fire. He sat the saddle as if it were a stationary seat. Gale saw Ladd lean down and drop the .405 in the sand. He would take no chances of wounding Belding's best-loved horse.

Then Gale sat transfixed with suspended breath watching the horses thundering toward him. Blanco Diablo was speeding low, feet as an antelope, fierce and terrible in his devilish action, a horse for war and blood and death. He seemed unbeatable. Yet to see the magnificently running Blanco Sol was but to court a doubt. Plain it was the raider could not make the opening ahead of Ladd. He saw it and swerved to the left, emptying his six-shooter as he turned.

Blanco Sol thundered across. Then the race became straight away up the valley. It was a fleet, beautiful, magnificent race. Gale thrilled and exulted and yelled as his horse settled into a steadily swifter run and began to gain.

The gap between Diablo and Sol narrowed yard by yard. All the devil that was in Blanco Diablo had its running on the downward stretch. The strange, cruel urge of bit and spur, the crazed rider who struck like a burr upon him, the shots and smoke added terror to his natural violent temper. He ran himself off his feet. But he could not elude that relentless horse behind him.

Then, like one white flash following another, the two horses gleamed down the bank of a wash and disappeared in clouds of dust.

Gale watched with strained and smarting eyes. The thick throb in his ears was pierced by faint sounds of gunshots. Then he waited for the most unendurable suspense.

Sudd

background of dust appeared above the low roll of valley floor. Gale leveled his glass. In the clear circle shone Blanco Sol's noble head with its long black bar from ears to nose. Sol's head was drooping now. Another second showed Ladd still in the saddle. The ranger was leading Blanco Diablo—spent—broken—drugging—riderless.

CHAPTER IX

An Interrupted Siesta.
No man ever had a more eloquent and beautiful pleader for his cause than Ladd Dick Gale in Mercedes Casaneda. Nell lay in the hammock, her hands behind her head, with rosy cheeks and arch eyes. Indeed she looked rebellious.

Dick was inclined to be rebellious himself. Belding had kept the rangers in off the line, and therefore Dick had been idle most of the time, and, though he tried hard, he had been unable to stay far from Nell's vicinity. He believed she cared for him; but he could not catch her alone long enough to verify his tormenting hope. He had long before enlisted the loyal Mercedes in his cause; but in spite of this Nell had been more than a match for them both.

Gale pondered over an idea he had long revolved in mind, and which now suddenly gave place to a decision that made his heart swell and his cheek burn. He went in search of Mrs. Belding, and found her busy in the kitchen.

The relation between Gale and Mrs. Belding had subtly and incomprehensibly changed. He understood her less than when at first he divined an antagonism in her. If such a thing were possible she had retained the antagonism while seeming to yield to some influence that must have been fondness for him. Gale had come to care greatly for Nell's mother. Not only was she the comfort and strength of her home, but also of the inhabitants of Fortorn River. Indian, Mexican, American were all the same to her in trouble or illness; and then she was nurse, doctor, peacemaker, helper. She was good and noble, and there was not a child or grownup in Fortorn River who did not love and bless her. But Mrs. Belding did not seem happy. She seldom smiled, and never laughed. There was always a soft, sad, hurt look in her eyes. Gale often wondered if there had been other tragedy in her life than the supposed loss of her father in the desert.

Mrs. Belding heard Dick's step as he entered the kitchen, and, looking up, greeted him.
"Mother," began Dick, earnestly. Belding called her that, and so did Ladd and Lash, but it was the first time for Dick. "Mother—I want to speak to you."
The only indication Mrs. Belding gave of being startled was in her eyes, which darkened, shadowed with multiplying thought.

"I love Nell," went on Dick, simply, "and I want you to let me ask her to be my wife."
Mrs. Belding's face blanched to a deathly white. Gale, thinking with surprise and concern that she was going to faint, moved quickly toward her, took her arm.

"Forgive me. I was blunt. . . . But I thought you knew."
"I've known for a long time," replied Mrs. Belding. Her voice was steady, and there was no evidence of agitation except in her pallor. "Then you haven't spoken to Nell?"
Dick laughed. "I've been trying to get a chance to tell her. I haven't had it yet. But she knows. I hope, I almost believe Nell cares a little for me."

"I've known that, too, for a long time," said Mrs. Belding, low almost as a whisper.
"You know!" cried Dick, with a glow and rush of feeling. "Mother! You'll give her to me?"
She drew him to the light and looked with strange, piercing intensity into his face. Gale had never dreamed a woman's eyes could hold such a world of thought and feeling. It seemed all the sweetness of life was there, and all the pain.

"Dick Gale, you want my Nell? You love her just as she is—her sweetness—her goodness? Just herself, body and soul? . . . There's nothing could change you—nothing?"
"Dear Mrs. Belding, I love Nell for herself. If she loves me I'll be the happiest of men. There's absolutely nothing that could make any difference in me."
"But your people? Oh, Dick, you come of a proud family. I can tell. You've become a ranger. You love the adventure—the wild life. That won't last. Perhaps you'll settle down to ranching. I know you love the West. But, Dick, there's your family—"

"If you want to know anything about my family, I'll tell you," interrupted Dick, with strong feeling. "I've no secrets about them or myself. My future and happiness are Nell's to make. No one else shall count with me."
"Then, Dick—you may have her. God-bless—you—both."
Mrs. Belding's strained face underwent a swift and mobile relaxation, and suddenly she was weeping in strangely mingled happiness and bitterness.

"Why, mother!" Gale could say no more. He put his arm around her. In another moment she had gained command and, kissing him,

he simply could not keep his steps turned from the patio. Every path led there. His blood was throbbing, his hopes mounting, his spirit soaring. "Now for some spunk!" he said, under his breath.

Plainly he meant his merry whistle and his buoyant step to interrupt this first languorous stage of the siesta which the girls always took during

the hot hours. But neither girl heard him. Mercedes lay under the pale verde, her beautiful head dark and still upon a cushion. Nell was asleep in the hammock. Her sweet, red lips, with the soft, perfect curve, had always fascinated Dick, and now drew him irresistibly. He had always been consumed with a desire to kiss her, and now he was overwhelmed with his opportunity. It would be a terrible thing to do, but if she did not waken at once—No, he would fight the temptation. That would be more than spunk. It would— She stirred—she feared she would awaken.

He had dropped back erect when she opened her eyes. They were sleepy, yet surprised until she saw him. Then she was wide awake in a second, bewildered, uncertain.

"Why—you here?" she asked, slowly. "Large as life!" replied Dick, with unusual gaiety.

"How long have you been here?" "Just got here this fraction of a second," he replied, lying shamelessly. "I thought—I was—dreaming," she said, and evidently the sound of her voice reassured her.

"Yes, you looked as if you were having pleasant dreams," replied Dick. "So sorry to wake you. I can't see how I came to do it. I was so quiet. Mercedes didn't wake. Well, I'll go and let you have your siesta and dreams."

But he did not move to go. Nell regarded him with curious, speculative eyes.

"Isn't it a lovely day?" queried Dick. "Yesterday was finer, but you didn't notice it."
"Oh, yesterday was somewhere back in the past—the inconsequential past."

Nell's sleepy eyes opened a little wider. She did not know what to make of this changed young man. Dick felt gleeful and tried hard to keep the fact from becoming manifest. "What's the inconsequential past? You seem remarkably happy today."
"I certainly am happy. Adios. Pleasant dreams."

Dick turned away then and left the patio by the opening into the yard. Nell was really sleepy, and when she had fallen asleep again he would return. He walked around for a while. Presently, as if magnet-drawn, he retraced his steps to the patio and entered noiselessly.

Nell was now deep in her siesta. She was inert, relaxed, untroubled by



Nell Was Now Deep in Her Siesta. She Was Inert, Relaxed, Untroubled by Dreams.

dreams. Her hair was damp on her brow.

Again Nell stirred, and gradually awakened. Her eyes unclosed, humid, shadowy, unconscious. They rested upon Dick for a moment before they became clear and comprehensive. He stood back fully ten feet from her, and to all outside appearances regarded her calmly.

"I've interrupted your siesta again," he said. "Please forgive me. I'll take myself off."
He wandered away, and when it became impossible for him to stay away any longer he returned to the patio.

The instant his glance rested upon Nell's face he divined she was feigning sleep. Dick dropped upon his knees and bent over her. He wanted more than anything he had ever wanted in his life to see if she would keep up that pretense of sleep and let him kiss her. She must have felt his breath, for her hair waved off her brow. Her cheeks were now white. Her breast swelled and sank. He bent down closer—closer. But he must have been maddeningly slow, for as he bent still closer Nell's eyes opened, and he caught a swift purple gaze of eyes as she whirled her head. Then, with a little cry, she rose and sat.

(Continued Next Week)

Plymouth Binder Twine ties every bundle, and saves all the grain. O. D. MANN & SONS.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

FOR RENT

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

FOR SALE

For good milk cows, see Oscar Turner.

FOR SALE—About 25 good S. R. I. Red hens and pullets. Price matter of correspondence. Mrs. TOMMIE LEE KIDD, Camp San Saba, Texas.

FOS SALE—Thirty-two head of young Aberdeen-Angus cows and heifers. W. S. Pence.

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

How it Happened.

At the annual church bazaar one young lady was making a considerable amount of money as a palmist. To one of her girl clients she said:

"I see by your hand you are going to be married."

"How wonderful!" answered the astonished girl.

"And," continued the diviner, "I see you are engaged to a man named Gibson."

"It's perfectly amazing!" gasped the girl. "Surely the lines on my hand cannot tell you the name of—"

"Who said anything about lines?" interrupted the palmist scornfully. "You are wearing the engagement ring which I returned to Mr. Gibson three weeks ago."

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. F. Roberts, Jr., of Lohn left last night for Dallas on a business trip.

Misses Eva and Myrtle Sheppard of Lampasas were guests of Miss Cora Snider from Saturday to Monday.

Curtis Norman is in Dallas on a business visit. He expects to return via Paint Rock, reaching Brady tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Judge McShan were here from Sanatorium Sunday and Monday, visiting relatives and greeting their many friends.

Miss Estelle Jones, who is attending Howard Payne college at Brownwood, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Jones.

Ed S. Clark left Saturday for San Angelo, called there by news that his mother was at the point of death. Word received today is that his mother is still alive, although very low.

Mrs. L. D. Kitchen returned Monday night to Sanatorium, where she is making her home, following a stay of a month here, during which she underwent an operation. Her many friends will be pleased to learn that she is recovering nicely.

Mrs. Harry F. Schwenker and children left last night for Dallas, where they had been called by news of the illness of her father and also an uncle, both of whom had undergone serious operations. They will be guests of relatives during their stay there.

Cecil Biggs was in Brady Saturday, a guest of his brother, Kyle Biggs, and family. Cecil was on his return from San Marcos, where he attended the State Fireman's convention, to Sweetwater, where he is employed in the Walker-Smith Wholesale Grocery house.

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

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

Birthday Greeting Cards at The Brady Standard.

RECITAL

PIANO AND EXPRESSION

By the Pupils of
**MRS. J. B. SMITH AND
MISS MACKIE LEE NEEL'S CLASSES**
Methodist Church, May 18, 1923
8:15 P. M.

PROGRAM

- "The Graces" Lange
Mary Evers
- "Dance of the Fairies" Paul
Ebba Carlson
- "Il Trovatore" Verdi
Lois Stowe.
- "Danube Waltz" Strauss
- "Venetian Serenade" Strauss
Marjorie Winstead
- Duet—"Witch's Flight" Russell
Lucy Mae Ricks and
Mildred Jones
- "The Sprites" F. Clark
Dorothy Nell Broad
- Reading—"The Lunthead" W. Foss
Charles Jones
- "Faust" Gounod
Gladys Martin

PLAY

"For the Love of a Hat"

CHARACTERS

- Mrs. Clipper Pauline Jordan
- Kitty Clipper Gladys Lindsay
- Aunt Hopkins Lucy Mae Ricks
- Mrs. Fastane Camie Helen Carrithers
- Dora Fastane Hazel Aline Branscum
- Katy Doolan Wilma Baze

"Secret Love" G. Lange
Mary Joe Adkins

Duet—"Melody of Love" Engelmann
Marjorie Winstead and
Dorothy Nell Broad

PLAY

"Six Cups of Chocolate"

CHARACTERS

- Miss Adeline Von Lindan A German Girl
Frances White
- Miss Dorothy Green A New Englander
Irene Murphy
- Miss Marion Lee A Southern Girl
Mary Elizabeth Wood
- Miss Jeannette Durand A French Girl
Hazel Owens
- Miss Hester Beacon A Bostonian
Johnny Batey
- Miss Beatrix Von Kortlandt A New Yorker

Roll
after
meal
Price
Two
c

The Rexall Store

ONE CENT SALE!

MAY 17-18-19

THURSDAY--FRIDAY--SATURDAY

WHAT IS A ONE CENT SALE?—This is a sale where you buy an item at the regular price—then another item of the same kind for 1c. As an illustration: The standard price of Jontel Combination Cream is 50c. You buy a jar at this price, and by paying 1c more, or 51c, you get two jars. Every article in this sale is a high-class standard piece of merchandise, just the same as we sell you every day at regular prices and have sold you for years.

POUND PAPER
Lord Baltimore famous linen, per pound75c
Two pounds for76c



Lord Baltimore envelopes, a high grade linen envelope, you all know Lord Baltimore, per box50c
Two for51c

Cascade linen, a good medium grade paper50c
Two pounds for51c

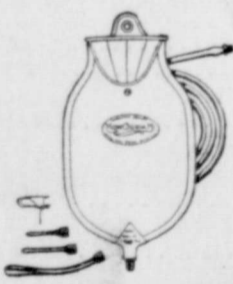
Symphony Charm Stationery, a high grade production in stationery, too well known to the particular public to need commenting on...\$1.25
Two for\$1.26

Cascade Envelopes, 50 to a box, good linen40c
Two for41c



Puretest Aspirin tablets for headaches, colds and neuralgia, 100 tablets to the bottle\$1.00
Two bottles for\$1.01

Phenolaxative, a mild and effective tablet for liver and bowels, 36 tablets to the bottle30c
Two bottles for31c
Puretest Calomel tablets, put up 100 tablets to the bottle50c
Two bottles for51c



Fountain Syringes\$2.00
Two for\$2.01

Effervescent sodium phosphate, an effective liver laxative. A bottle should be in every medicine cabinet. Throws gas off stomach and bile off liver50c
Two for51c
Rikers Antiseptic Solution, an ideal Antiseptic for mouth-wash, sore throat or nasal spray30c
Two for31c
Klenzo Antiseptic, a germicide for household and toilet use, par excellent as a mouth-wash after using your tooth paste25c
Two for26c
Rexall shaving stick, lasting and lathering, does not dry out, price35c
Two for36c
Lather brushes, a real high grade lather brush, good bristles, price\$1.25
Two for\$1.26

Washing Alcohol used for ching and sore, stiff

.....\$1.00
.....\$1.01

Many other items of Merchandise on this sale not listed above.

Double vanity case, beautiful and useful, handy and practical, price\$1.25
Two for\$1.26

Goodform double mesh hair nets, made of best selected human hair, they fit—they last, all shades15c
Two for16c



Boquet Ramee complexion powder, an exceptionally high grade face powder, spreads on easy and stays on well, price\$1.00
Two for\$1.01



Boquet Ramee Talc powder price50c
Two for51c

Puretest mineral oil, Russian type, the effective bowel lubricant, an absolutely pure liquid petrolatum, is tasteless and odorless, regular price\$1.00
Two for\$1.01

Toothbrushes, good quality regular price40c
Two for41c

Good medium priced hair brush, serviceable75c
Two for76c

Cloth brush, good value, good bristle, full length, regular price75c
Two for76c

Liggett's fresh candy mints, all flavors5c
Two for6c

Puretest Epsom Salts, full pound package, the highest quality of purity25c
Two for26c



Hot water bottles\$1.75
Two for\$1.76

TOILET SOAPS



The Rexall hand soap15c
Two for16c

Cocoon oil shampoo, an ideal shampoo for ladies hair50c
Two for51c

BRADY MUNICIPAL BAND WILL BE FEATURE AT SAN ANGELO

(Continued from Page 1)

place Tuesday night and many Bradyites expects to be in attendance and witness the presentation in court of their princess.

Brady Ball Team Plays.

The Brady ball team is scheduled to play three games. The first two games will be played with Winters the first two mornings of the convention, and the winner of this series will be matched against the winner of the afternoon series, this match to be played the third afternoon. Of course, Brady is going to be there as a winner, and is certain to enter the matched game. Manager J. M. Fuller states that he has a good team lined up, and he expects to show real class in ball. The following is the line-up for the first game, with other players yet to be heard from:

- Bailey, c
- McVey, 1b
- Red White, 2b
- Williams, ss
- H. Adkins, 3b
- Hampton, lf
- Lefty Blevins, cf
- Bill Vaughn, rf
- Bungar, p

Brady Will Camp.

As stated last week, Brady has arranged for a splendid camp in the San Angelo tourist park, where the band members and all Bradyites who expect to camp out, will headquarters. Arrangements have been concluded for a camp restaurant, in charge of Hubert Jackson, local restaurateur, and at which meals will be served for 35c. Two big trucks will be started for San Angelo Saturday, and all who wish to send over bedding should arrange to send it via these trucks. Incidentally the trucks will be entered in the parade by Brady.

Every Brady citizen, school boys, school girls, men and women, who expect to go to the San Angelo convention, should remember that they are urgently requested to come out next Friday night and help the band sing.

HUBERT JACKSON BUYS CITY CAFE—TO OPERATE SAME AS UP-TO-DATE EATING HOUSE

Hubert Jackson last week closed a deal for the purchase of the City Cafe from G. L. Hollon, taking immediate charge. Mr. Jackson, who is one of Brady's enterprising and energetic young business men, has been operating the American Cafe in the former Ramsay building the past several months. He announces that the American Cafe has been closed, and that he will give personal attention to the City Cafe, under which name he will continue the business at its present location in the W. R. Rice building, on the west side of the square.

Mr. Jackson states that he expects to operate a model, sanitary restaurant, handling the best of everything in season, and catering especially to parties and families, the while giving personal attention to the short order counter. John Robertson and "Uncle Billy" Floyd will continue in his employ, taking charge of the kitchen.

PARTY FROM BRADY TAKE SHRINE AT FORT WORTH—BRADY MAN TAKES PRIZE

A. B. Carrithers last week escorted a party to Fort Worth, where shrine degrees were conferred upon the novices. Included in the delegation were J. B. Smith and E. M. Womack of Brady, R. G. Armor of Eden and Byron Anderson of Rochelle. The party witnessed the big Shrine parade last Friday, said to have been one of the best ever staged at the big ceremonials, following which the novices received the Shrine degrees. Mr. Womack was one of the chosen few to travel over the burning sands, and performed so ably that he received one of the prizes and was the subject of an address by Fritz Lanham, congressman of the Fort Worth district, who officiated as ringmaster.

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.

Kindergarten Drawing Paper, for crayon or colored pencil work. Assorted colors. The Brady Standard.

It's Only Fair.

She—"How dare you kiss me."
He—"Oh well, if that's the way you feel about it—get off my lap."

Macy & Company still have plenty of the Jap Amber Cane Seed. Phone your order to 295.

Loose Leaf Note Books. The Brady Standard.

STRAWS



A man is happy

when his hat is "right." It's in that feeling of satisfaction which comes when one knows their apparel is above criticism.

Man is always sensitive about his hat.—Not, however, when it comes from

C. H. Vincent

SOUTH SIDE
All the season's newest braids in straws,—
REASONABLY PRICED

LOCAL BRIEFS.

The many friends of R. M. Vierus and family will regret to learn of their departure Monday to their old home in Winona, Minn., and where they expect to again take up their residence, Mr. Vierus following his profession of carpentering. The family has resided here the past four years, making many friends, whose best wishes accompany them.

Judge and Mrs. J. E. Shropshire and son, Gus, returned yesterday from a two weeks visit in South Texas. Mrs. Shropshire and Gus stopping at Yoakum, while Mr. Shropshire visited a nephew at West Point in Fayette county and also spent some time below Beeville and in the Alice section. He reports that country looking fine, although crops are somewhat backward, and cattle are not in as good condition as might have been expected on account of the March frost killing vegetation. The party saw many fine wheat and oat fields between Brady and Fredericksburg, with a showing of rust in spots. The landscape presents a sight too beautiful even to be imagined, they say, the vari-colored flowers forming a bright-splashed carpet as far as the eye can see in the fields and on the hill sides.

For Cheap Binder Twine, come to TURNER BROS.' Grocery.

We have three good used REAPERS for sale at reasonable prices. O. D. MANN & SONS.

See MACY & CO. for the famous Universal Stock and Poultry Feeds. Phone orders to 295.

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.

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"The Skin Beautifier"
35¢ 60¢ & 1.25 The Jar
AT TOILET COUNTERS
SAMPLE MAILED ON REQUEST
BAKER LABORATORIES
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

SAVE YOUR TURKEYS. Put Turkeytone in their drinking water and prevent and cure disease.

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